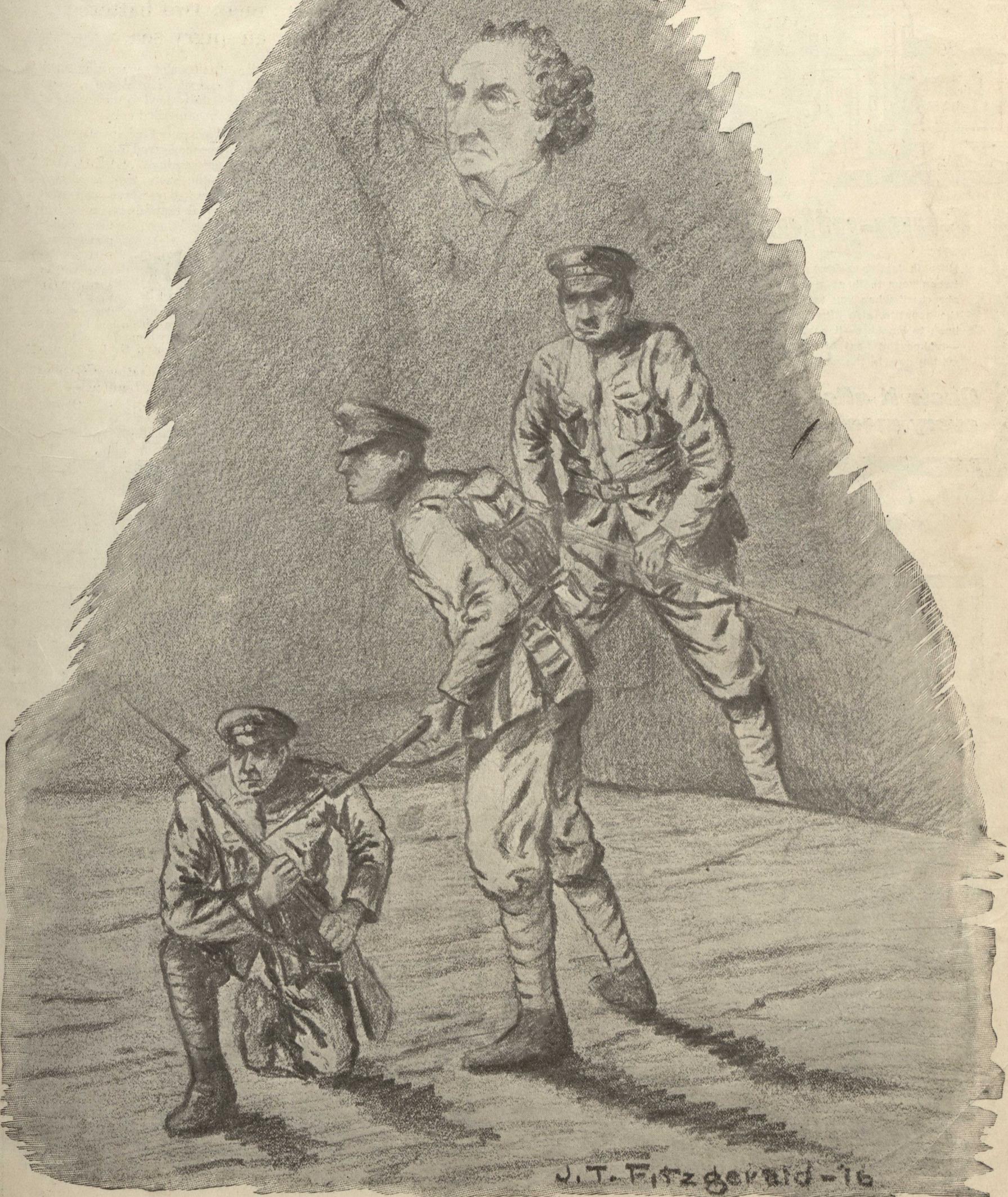


THE CANADIAN COURIER

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The
**CANADIAN
 COURIER**
The National Weekly



Vol. XX.

July 1st, 1916

No. 5

IS PERSONAL JOURNALISM DEAD?

THE first issue of the Toronto Evening Telegram paid. I have this fact, remarkable in the annals of newspaper birthdays, from the founder and present publisher of the paper. I have no information as to each of the thousands of issues that have gone forth from the presses during the 40 years in which the "Telegram" has been published, but it is safe to say that few, if any of them, have failed to return their quota of dollars to the strong box. The "Tely," the "real pink'un," has been a huge financial success and, more than that, it is the most influential organ of public opinion "in Toronto." The secrets of the "Telegram's" success are not secrets to the readers. The "Telegram" is a nearly-great newspaper, but this fact is often beclouded by the obtrusive, chronically dogmatic personality that lies in the editorial heart of the paper and overflow in its news pages.

In an attempt to analyze the success of the "Telegram," it is imperative never to lose sight of the "in Toronto." The "Telegram" boasts that of its 60,000 readers, all but a paltry five thousand live in Toronto. It has made a safe constituency for itself within the 21,000 acres that comprise that city. There is no need to trim sails to catch the winds from the outlying towns of the province; no fear of wearying readers in Brantford or Bobcaygeon, with the squabbles of the City Hall, the scandals of the Fire Department, or the uproarious doings of a ratepayers' association in Earls Court. No anxiety to reconcile the interests of town and country; the high cost of living may be put on greedy farmers without receiving a single "stop my paper" order. The "Telegram" concentrates its energy upon Toronto, and no village weekly more faithfully records the goings-on of its bailiwick than does the "Telegram" of the half million people who call Toronto home.

Of course, the pages of the "Telegram" are not confined to the news of Toronto; they contain all the news from the outside world that is fit for Toronto to read. As a matter of fact, few Canadian papers possess as good a news cable service, or keep their readers better informed of the movements within Uncle Sam's wide domains. But Toronto news is the first, the main, consideration, in fact, the "Telegram's" speciality.

There is a by-no-means unimportant business side to this concentrated circulation. The shop-keeper gets all but sixteen ounces to the pound when he buys advertising space in the "Telegram." There is no waste, as the advertising manager shrewdly points out to the buyer. Ninety-five copies out of a hundred reach possible customers, if you are looking for custom in Toronto. Five to a family, the usual calculation, and it is only a stray straggler who will not see your want if you express it through the "Telegram."

Why do so many people in Toronto read the "Telegram"?

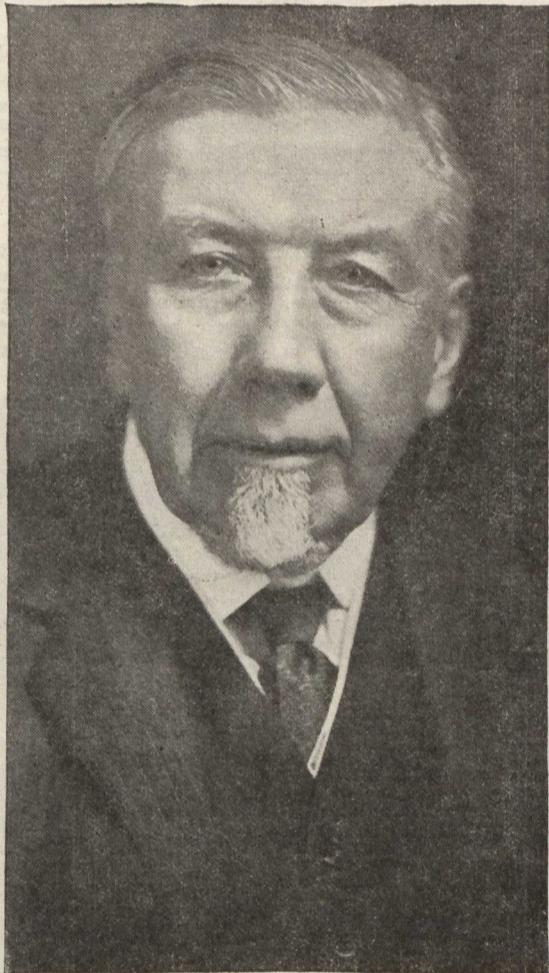
As it happens, the city of Toronto is Conservative, and the "Telegram" is Conservative; between elections critically Conservative, but never Liberal. If Sir Robert or Mr. Hearst require castigation in the opinion of the "Telegram," they are promptly castigated; but the reader is invariably informed in an editorial postscript that if Borden and Hearst are bad, Laurier and Newton Wesley Rowell are worse. The "Telegram" is not an independent. While it is not always Conservative, it is never Liberal.

Toronto is ultra-Protestant, politically Protestant, and the "Telegram" editorials have the general approval of the Orange hierarchy. Church domina-

*Not while John Ross Robertson,
 Founder and Proprietor of the
 Toronto Evening Telegram
 — Lives*

By WILLIAM H. MOORE

JOHN ROSS ROBERTSON,



Who, by means of a newspaper founded by himself has become a municipal autocrat, and by virtue of his public benevolences should be honoured with a title.

Accredited Photo by courtesy the International Press.

tion is ever imminent; public school rights are constantly subject to invasion; the Pope has a watchful and greedy eye for an extension of power within Canada; at least, the "Telegram" thinks so, or says so, and is always on the job to save the day—a constant defender of the faith.

Public sentiment in Toronto is anti-corporation, and the "Telegram" makes a business of throwing balls at corporation heads. It throws them viciously, sometimes wildly, but usually with the practised hand of an adept at the game. The reporters have caught the spirit of the thing, and are not content to let the editor throw all the balls. Not many months ago the editor's attention was called to the fact that a member of the "Telegram" staff, in taking

down the statements of a street railway official before the Railway Board, had injuriously misquoted him in three out of four statements, according to the official stenographic report. A letter of complaint to the editor was a wasted effort and, if I remember correctly, did not even bring a reply. Probably such letters are of every-day occurrence!

The cause is everything; and an enemy to that which the "Telegram" believes to be right, even an unbeliever, is to be pursued and destroyed, he and his household, what odds, the means! If persistent misreporting will do the deed, well, the end will justify the means. It is not according to Marquis of Queensbury rules, but men who try to break heads with clubs have little use for rule books. When the "Telegram" ceases to turn disagreeable news upside down, prints interviews as given, and refrains from colouring reports of public meetings, then it will be more than a nearly-great newspaper, but will it still be successful? I presume that the "Telegram" will admit "the king can do no wrong," but then there is no chance of the king running foul of the "Telegram" plans, for they who do, can do no right.

Toronto has, over and over again, asserted its voice in favour of public ownership, and the "Telegram" is the first apostle of public ownership. The "other five papers" may print double-columned editorials for the cause, W. F. Maclean, M.P., may devote pages of the "World" to recording his own House of Commons speeches on the subject, yet the "Telegram" remains securely entrenched in the affections of the public ownership disciples.

Is it a series of coincidences that the "Telegram" and Toronto see so nearly eye to eye on different public questions? Or does the "Telegram" influence Toronto, or Toronto influence the "Telegram"?

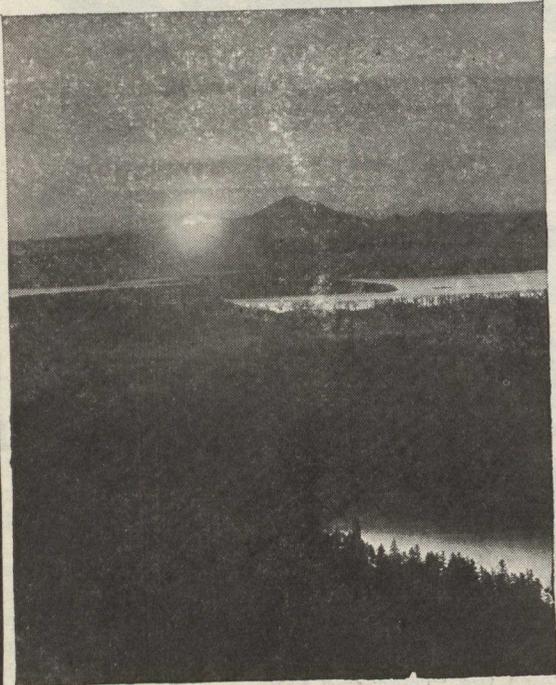
Sir Adam Beck might conceivably desert the Hydro-Electric, but the "Telegram" will never desert Sir Adam Beck as long as he continues to run the Hydro-Electric to suit the "Telegram." And here we have a feature of the "Telegram" that is characteristic. It gives support to public men, it elects men to high positions, but on condition—and there is always the condition—that they travel along paths marked out by the "Telegram" and drink at the fount of its wisdom. The "Telegram" doesn't accept other people's heroes; it makes its own, and sometimes makes them out of pretty flimsy material. But what's the difference, so long as they pass for the real thing with the public "in Toronto."

The "Telegram" understands the public. Even its bitterest opponent must take off his hat to "Telegram" strategy in manipulating the crowd. All questions are reduced to matters of personality; the Toronto Street Railway becomes in its columns, simply R. J. Fleming; a loan or a bond guarantee to the Canadian Northern is charity to Bill and Dan; bilingualism is an effort of one Wilfrid Laurier to capture Quebec; the delinquencies of the War Department are so many stupidities on the part of Sam Hughes; official agriculture is "Jimmy" Duff; and so on with the various activities that cross the "Telegram's" path. There is no disguising the fact that the public like it. The man on the street has no time to read long dissertations on public questions, but he does read and understand at least the "Telegram's" viewpoint of these questions when translated into pungent personal "Telegram" editorial paragraphs.

And catchwords! The "Telegram" is a past-master

Editor's Note:—This is the third in the series—The Personality of Our Newspapers. The first and second dealt with the Montreal Star and the Toronto Globe.

World's Largest Telescope Is on a B. C. Mountain

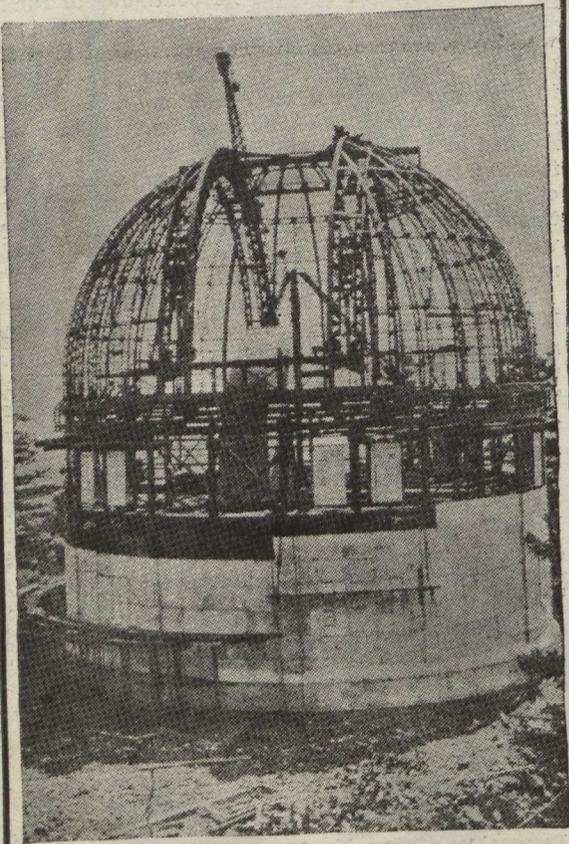


Sunrise over Mt. Baker, 80 miles from the new observatory at Little Saanich.

THE upper illustration in this panel is taken from beside the new observatory at Little Saanich Mountain, near Victoria, B.C. The observatory is now nearing completion and is to have the largest telescope in the world. The lower picture shows the dome that will shelter this instrument. The telescope is what is known as a reflecting type and consists essentially of a tube open at the front end and having a concave mirror at the rear end. In this case the tube is something over thirty feet long, ninety inches in diameter, and weighs eight tons. The light from the object looked at falls on the mirror and is reflected back. The large mirror in this telescope is seventy-two inches in diameter and was made in Belgium. It was shipped to Canada just prior to the outbreak of the war. This telescope is moved by very delicately adjusted machinery.

The building and dome rise to a height of over sixty feet, and, taking into consideration that Little Saanich Mountain is nearly eight hundred feet high, this will give a very satisfactory altitude.

The upper photograph is of exceptional interest in that it was taken at sun-rise, and shows old Sol just mounting to his day's work from behind the famous Mount Baker. Although this mountain is in the State of Washington and the Observatory is on the lower end of Vancouver Island, over 80 miles distant, it is almost always in clear view from the hill.



This slotted dome is to shelter the telescope.

of the forty-third degree—whatever that may be.

Reciprocity was "Continentalism"; no laboured economic treatise to prove that the farmer would get less for his produce and the city man pay more for his food. Nothing of the sort for the "Telegram"! The water looked murky, treacherous, deep, and besides, there was a shorter and more effective way to defeat the ill-fated pact: reciprocity was condemned every afternoon of the campaign, as "Continentalism"—whatever that is—until "Telegram" readers in their sleep fairly clutched at their throats to throw off the monster which all but had them in its grip.

Then there was the "intangible assets" phrase, which a few years ago did much to defeat the purchase of the street railway. The "Telegram" plastered the paper with the idea that millions were being paid for "intangible assets," and men who were almost convinced of the wisdom of the purchase, by the energetic campaigning of Hocken, or the sweet, persuasive eloquence of McCarthy, hesitated, balked, and voted the other way when they remembered they were paying millions for "intangible assets." Not one voter out of a hundred could tell what the "intangible assets" meant, and it was lost labour to attempt an explanation of their intrinsic worth; they rang like counterfeit quarters in the ears of "Telegram" readers, and they passed them up.

The editor possesses a real genius for borrowing or creating catch-phrases, knows how to dress them up and make them perform day after day until they have served their purpose.

Two men have given the "Telegram" its personality, the owner and the editor. Let me refer first to the editor, John R. Robinson. Before I knew him, and when I was just one of the many thousand readers of his editorial columns, I imaged him as a garret philosopher, living perhaps in the City Hall tower, and thinking himself right, and the rest of the world wrong, because he did not know the world; or as a cold ascetic writing his editorials from the top of a pedestal. But in later years I have met the editor, have dined with him, and discussed public and other questions and—well, I hate to disillusionize his less favoured readers, but—I must confess my first impressions were wrong. He lives, not in a garret, but in a comfortable, homelike house, and writes his editorials, not from a marble pedestal, but in an easy lean-back chair before an ordinary roll-top desk. He is, in fact, a human being, with close friendships, loves a joke—hugely, if it is on the other fellow—goes to the Presbyterian Church and spends his summer days in the country. And—may I tell it?—he used to be a Liberal, for years a more or less humble follower of the French-Canadian Catholic Laurier, a believer in tariff for revenue, or any other kind of tariff the Liberals, for the time being, endorsed. But then, Sir Robert Borden and Sir Thomas White, they say, were Liberals once.

There is a marked difference between John R. Robinson, man, and John R. Robinson, editor. The man is never wantonly cruel, vindictive, and never narrow to a degree that borders on bigotry. But the

editor—well, let us remember only that his editorials are terse, witty, and readable, which is more than can be said for the average editorial; and they are clearly indispensable—to the "Telegram." Once in a long while, hard-working John R. Robinson takes a holiday, and then the "Telegram" struggles hard to be the "Telegram," but it is a struggle. The paper is like a dish of good oatmeal done into porridge on the morning that the cook has forgotten the salt.

So unlike the average newspaper, the "Telegram" must needs confront him who would attempt to dissect it, with a dual personality, so inextricably woven together that the two personalities cannot be dissociated. I cannot imagine the "Telegram" without John R. Robinson as its editor, nor without John Ross Robertson as its proprietor. They may have their differences, but if so they are not apparent to the onlooker; to all outward appearances their dispositions and viewpoints on public questions are the same.

John Ross Robertson, like his paper, is unusual. A self-made millionaire, he lives in commendable simplicity; an unbending autocrat, he preaches democracy. But then we are told that "democracy is always the work of kings." He is never happy except when playing a lone hand, and invariably refuses to join a movement that he cannot himself control. He is a philanthropist, but not of the usual co-operative sort. Where most men donate to the funds of a hospital, he created a great big one of his own and dedicated it to the cause—if you knew the man you would expect his choice—of sick children.

Fond of history, an adept at writing, and practical, he reached not to Russia or remote parts, for material, but to his own city, and set forth the annals of the early days "in Toronto." Fond of art, he spent tens and tens of thousands of dollars, and years of arduous labour and travel, in acquiring a gallery, and when it was completed gave it to the public "in Toronto." A man who has reached the time of life which most people devote to relaxation, he follows the sports of youth with all the ardour of an athlete in his prime.

The man behind the "Telegram" has a strange, conflicting, forceful personality. Men say he does not fight fairly, and so it has sometimes seemed to me; but it must be admitted he usually picks out grown-up men as opponents who ought to be able to defend themselves; and he is a friend of the children. When the count is taken, there will be a tremendous balance of good in his favour. The achievements of John Ross Robertson have been so marked in journalism and philanthropy that few remember he was once entitled to write M. P. after his name. He is an outstanding citizen in his favourite Toronto, and ranks with the big men of the country. It is said that he refused knighthood, and if this be not true then those who possess the official "eyes of the king" are singularly blind. Men may not agree with much that the "Telegram" has said and done, but there can be no difference of opinion as to the great philanthropic service, the public spirit, and strong personality of John Ross Robertson, its proprietor.

GERMANY'S STRATEGIC ERRORS

COLONEL FEYLER is Switzerland's distinguished military critic. From Land & Water we quote his article on Germany's strategical blunders.

It is only when the full consequences become manifest that one can obtain a clear insight into the errors committed by a staff or by an army at the beginning of an action, he writes. In Germany's case strategical errors make themselves immediately manifest. We can already ask ourselves whether the Germans did not commit a first mistake in 1914 in passing to the left bank of the Belgian Meuse, and a second, in sweeping blindly forward between Paris and Verdun. The disadvantages consequent upon the crossing to the left bank have shown themselves as follows: A great loss of time, which postponed the moment of the general attack just when one of the essential conditions was that this attack should be immediate and overwhelming. To keep in alignment with the left wing in Alsace, the right wing had to march for several days which would have been better employed had it kept to the right bank of the river. This loss of time was aggravated by a resistance superior to the expectations of the German Staff, who had under-estimated the value of the obstacles to be overcome, thus leading to a further delay in the general attack and the loss of the strategical element of surprise which was the fundamental point of the operation. A second disadvantage of this movement between Meuse and Scheldt, was the extension of front thereby involved,

necessitating a large increase in the forces engaged, whereas the plan of a campaign against France and Russia simultaneously advised strict economy. Proportionate reserves, too, had to be constituted. A third disadvantage was in the extension of lines of communication in an enemy country, which immobilized considerable forces.

The consequences of the second strategical mistake, namely, the blind rush between Paris and Verdun, were even more immediately conspicuous, and the German armies were forced to beat a hasty retreat out of the trap into which they had rushed. Quite truthfully, this was described as a "concentration to the rear" and quite inaccurately as a "voluntary retirement." No one will easily believe that the German Staff led their advancing columns forward till their heads almost reached the Seine with the intention of withdrawing them beyond the Marne only forty-eight hours later. They retired because they were taken in flank, and they were taken in flank because their higher command, precisely as in Belgium, failed to appreciate the true value of the obstacles to be overcome.

Since that moment the second strategical mistake has not ceased to manifest its consequences. The weaker the German forces grow, the more hampering is the effect of the great extension of their lines. Moltke's saying, that such a mistake may compromise the whole course of a war, threatens to find confirmation.

FOUR VERY BUSY PERSONALITIES



Li Yuan Hung, the new President of China—which is once more a Republic, but different from what it was under Lem Yat Sen after the abolition of the Manchu Dynasty by Young China four years ago. Hung succeeds Yuan Shik-Kai, who was first President, then Emperor. He may yet be able to give President Wilson pointers in managing a republic.



Casually the little man in the sailor hat might be taken for Sir Herbert Drayton, chairman of the Dominion Railway Commission. It happens to be Sir J. E. M. Barrie, who has lately organized an all-star company of players in aid of one of the numerous war funds. Barrie's first war effort was *Der Tag*, which did not make a hit. He is here seen talking to Mr. Drinkwater, a member of his company. Other members of the all-star cast included Ellen Terry, Vesta Tilley and Mr. Charles Hawtrey.



Gen. Brusiloff is at present occupying the centre of the stage formerly held by the Grand Duke. He is carrying out with a real army what the Grand Duke was expected to do with a bureaucratized, unmunitioned, phantom army—and consequently failed to do. From present appearances there is no need for Brusiloff to go to any such region as the Caucasus.

THE WOOD-SOREL OF NEW BRUNSWICK

Number 10 in Flowers of Forest and Field

By A. B. KLUGH

WHILE the tides of war ebb and flow and humanity suffers victories and defeats, the quiet, secret affairs of nature proceed as thoroughly, unhurriedly and beautifully as though cannon thunder had never been invented. Take for example this flower, which the scientists call *Oxalis acetosella*, but which the old women and flower-seeking children in New Brunswick know as the Wood Sorel. It blooms modestly in the moisture-laden air and the windless shadows of the spruce woods that fringe the Atlantic in New Brunswick. Mankind in these strenuous days finds it difficult to pursue its civil affairs without frequent pauses to observe what is going on in European battlefields. Human beings calling themselves artists produce beautiful pictures, or songs, or statues, or writing—but only for an audience of some sort. Beauty for beauty's sake is known only to the very young or to inarticulate nature, as represented by such items as the Wood Sorel.

Looking into this picture one can almost smell the moist earth in the deep shadow underneath the flowers. To such a quiet place mere humans seldom penetrate. In an age when tenors refuse to sing except for great audiences and painters strive to show their canvasses to the multitude, the foolish generosity of nature in painting a mere nook of the forest with white and purple blooms seems frightful waste. In Germany it would be called sinful inefficiency.

Showing in the foreground of the photograph are a few Oak Ferns, thin-leaved and very small, like miniature Brackens. They have wiry, shining, black stems.



THE MAGIC OF A NUMBER

How a Canadian War Unit is Built Up

By BRITTON B. COOKE

THREE young infantry officers were walking on St. James Street, Montreal, one noon-hour. The number of their battalion—the man who told me the story had forgotten the number—shone on their shoulder straps.

Suddenly, out of a crowd at the corner of McGill Street, a shabby, broken-looking man in private's uniform, with thin face and sunken eyes, leaped hysterically in front of the youthful trio. Without saluting, without apology, he pointed, stammering with excitement, at the number of the nearest officer's shoulder-strap.

"That number!" he cried, jerking the words out painfully. "That—the thirty-third! The thirty-third! God! Where did you come from?"

And then, glancing down, he saw the infantry breeches.

"Oh H—!" he muttered, trying to straighten to attention. "You—you gentlemen must excuse me. I—I thought you was artillery. . . . I thought you was artillery."

With that he tried to get away into the crowd again, but one of the officers caught his arm.

"Look here," he said. "What made you do that?"

"I—I b'en gassed, sir," the man replied, short of breath. "It makes me nervous. . . . I thought. . . . Y'see, I thought. . . . Again his eyes wandered to the numbers on the shoulder straps. "Y'see, sir," he explained, finally, "you're of the thirty-third infantry. That's different. I was in the thirty-third artillery. . . . At St. Julien, sir. . . . and when I saw the number, sir—"

"But why—"

"The number, sir! The number! I b'en lookin' for that number for months and months and weeks and weeks. . . . I know there ain't another of 'em left but me. . . . All wiped out. But when I see the brass on your shoulders, sir. . . . Y', y'see, I got excited. . . . I thought maybe it was. . . . was one of us. . . . Beg pardon, sir!"

The point of this story is not the tragedy of the battery, nor the tragedy of the man, but the strange significance of a mere number—the number of an artillery unit. To the broken man who alone remained of all that unit, "thirty-three" had become and would always be as deeply significant as the face of his wife, if he had a wife, or the name of his child, if he had a child. "Thirty-three" will follow that man to his grave. When he grows old, if he ever grows old, it will weave itself into the stories he tells his children, again and again. It will be on his lips when he dies. It will go with him to his grave.

It is the magic of a number which might just as well as not have been thirty-two or twenty-nine or forty, but for the accidents of enlistment. It is the number of that particular 1,400 individual wills who "will" together to fight or, if necessary, die as they march in a parade, a rippling mass of khaki.

HOW is this magic power acquired by a mere number? How is the mere recruit-elect transformed from an individual walking foot-loose, fancy-free in civilian clothes, into a fragment of a unit, not only moving like an integral part of that unit, but thinking with it, living with it and in it, and giving it of his deepest affections?

You probably did not know Colonel John Jones before he became commanding officer of the —th overseas battalion. He was a pot-bellied little man with a shabby office tucked away in the Church-Street-and-Wellington region, under the shadows of warehouses. He went to business at the same hour every morning and came out every night with the smell of fruit and crated-cabbages hanging to his clothes. He apparently lived comfortably in a good district. He had friends, but never talked his business with them. His one hobby was the militia. He held a captain's commission in a popular regiment. He was regular in his attendance at drill. He looked very quaint pushing his rotundity in front of him on church-parade days.

He had resigned because he had reached the usual age for resigning before the war broke out. He was on the reserve list of his regiment. He stayed on it. He had wife and children and apparently no one to whom to leave his responsibilities. He continued at his business. In time, however, as the active officers of his regiment volunteered and were sent overseas, the officers on the reserve began to volunteer, and with them, Jones himself.

"Can't help it," he told his wife. "Can't stay at home any longer. Got to go."

He was gazetted for overseas service as a captain

in the —th battalion. He ordered his new khaki uniform with three pips on the sleeve. He gave the management of his business—a coffee importing business—to his wife's younger brother. He rubbed up his drill manual and went to work.

Meantime, at Ottawa, it was decided to authorize a large number of new battalions. The Minister made a list of the new numbers—on the back of an envelope. In consultation with the commanders of the various military districts, he began picking out commanders for the new units. Thus when half the new battalions were settled for Jones' district, Jones' name came up.

"Could he raise a battalion?" demanded the Minister.

"Believe so, sir," said the District C. O.

"Money or brains?"

"Brains."

"And friends?"

"Enough, I think, sir."

"Good. Then Jones is gazetted Lieutenant-Colonel to command the —th. Better ask him first by wire."

Jones didn't refuse. Jones wired his acceptance and began telephoning his rich friends. Within twenty-four hours they had formed a "Finance Committee" for the —th and had started at the foundations of a new battalion.

JONES' finance committee consisted of rich men who could not go to war. First Jones wanted shelter for his headquarters. For this they leased an empty house in a down-town district. Then, though Jones didn't ask for it, they got him a second-hand touring car. He would need it. Jones' old business office was meantime the rendezvous for numbers of young subalterns from other battalions. These men, chiefly supernumeraries in their present battalions, were seeking better appointments. Jones chose two to help in getting his battalion together. The first one he sent out to buy kitchen tables, chairs and a second-hand typewriter as furniture for the new battalion's headquarters. The other he gave a roving commission to pick up a few good men as non-com. material. The latter found a good lad anxious to go to war and at present doing office work. He placed him in the newly furnished office to fill out forms and answer the telephone. This same subaltern, being of an enterprising and daring—though not highly original—frame of mind, lured several good corporals from existing battalions, making them sergeants and sending them to the nearby armouries for training as such. Meantime Jones got hold of a young bank man with whom he had done business and made him paymaster with captain's rank. He selected a further lot of subalterns and made three of them, who had captains' certificates, captains. Two he took on as provisionals and sent them up to the infantry school for training. He stole his junior major from an older battalion—a captain. And for his second in command picked a former associate in the old militia regiment, one who had since done good work in a rural battalion. For adjutant, Jones chose an insurance agent who had once pestered him with a policy. He knew that agent's qualities and he proposed turning to the service of the King, via the Jones' battalion.

The band was one of Jones' greatest difficulties. The Colonel scarcely knew Tipperary from Old Hundred, or a piano from a hand-organ. The Government allowed the regiment a certain amount for a bugle and drum band, and one of the subalterns had already got this institution underway with a dozen lads practising various calls in an empty room over a Greek fruit store. Jones' financial committee put up half the cost of the band instruments. The balance was supplied out of regimental fees charged against the officers. A former cornetist in Jones' old regimental band was made band sergeant and guaranteed a little extra allowance from the officers' own pockets if he would get a decent band together. This the cornetist did by dragging the highways and byways for all manner of horn-blowers and drum-beaters. Probably no one but the cornetist and perhaps the tenants within a block of the room over the Greek fruit shop will ever know the agony of getting that band licked into shape; how many inexperienced men had to be tried and rejected before one could be found who could be trusted to beat the base drum with regularity and evenness of "touch"; how many podgy clarinet players applied and had to be refused because it was to be an all-brass band

with no reeds in it; how many men had to be cursed and threatened into avoiding sharps and flats waiting always to lure an honest musician off the key. That cornetist earned every penny of his bonus, and finally led his little herd out for the first time playing "O Canada." They had, as a matter of fact, three tunes in that first repertory, including God Save the King and a suitable tune for inspection. So far as the band-master was concerned the war might end when it pleased. He had all the scars that could frighten him. No shelling, he felt, could ever drown out the memory of the room over the Greek fruit store.

BUT none of these petty things explain the spirit that started to grow in old Jones' battalion from the day of its first big parade in Toronto. The men fell in for that parade more or less indifferent. Of course outwardly they were in the habit of bragging about their colonel and their adjutant and their band, and so on. But that was in sheer self-defence against the bragging of other battalions. In its heart of hearts the battalion was far from certain of its own superiority until after the first parade the word came down from higher-up that the —th had made a better showing than any other battalion.

"Who said so?" growled the battalion cynics.

"The Duke!"

That was the beginning. The —th based its whole character on that first great compliment. When it marched thereafter it was with conscious pride. It dressed its ranks with stern rigidity. It took the corners with dignity. It wheeled and deployed with increasing precision.

Meantime the second element of esprit de corps crept in. This was the man to man comradeship and the relations of subalterns to platoons and companies to captains and everybody to the C. O. himself. In business Jones had never been a very popular sort of man. He took much "knowing," as his friends used to say. So, in his battalion he was first thought to be a bit crusty. Then somebody discovered a weakness, and that weakness was secretly jeered at through the whole regiment. Then, one day, somebody in another battalion called the commander of the —th an "old woman." Those of the —th who heard it leaped to the defence of their C. O. and produced their reasons, reasons they had never guessed they knew. The battalion suddenly found that all C. O.'s have their failings and that others had more than theirs. His one failing was what made him human!

One day, at Valcartier, the —th had a dirty bit of marching to do through rain-soaked fields. At the head rode the C. O. high and dry. Finally the path lay through water knee-high—and the Colonel dismounted. Without a moment's hesitation he walked straight ahead through that water, his battalion at his heels, his horse splashing nervously along beside him.

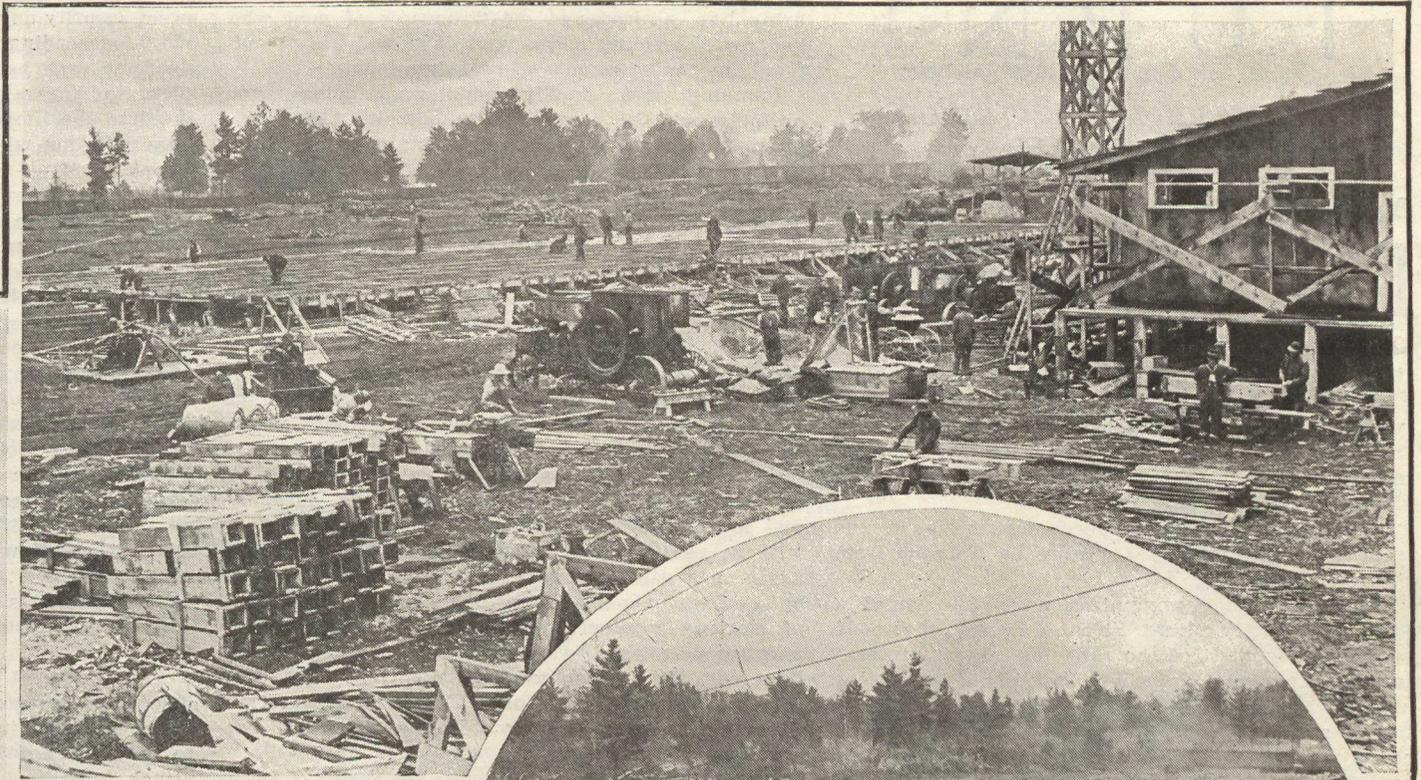
The men at the head of the column passed it back, platoon by platoon: the Colonel was leading afoot! The word bucked up every man in the long line. The C. O.'s stock went up fifty per cent.

AS a matter of fact the Colonel had not dismounted for the reasons his men supposed. Soldiers are sentimentalists always. They have a right to be—but the Colonel's motive had been a selfish one. He was afraid to trust the horse in that water. It might step in a hole and break a leg. Worse yet, it might throw him off. And yet, strange to say, the episode taught the Colonel quite as much as it taught the men. Somehow or other it got to his ears that the men thought he had dismounted as an example to them! He found himself wishing suddenly that he HAD dismounted for that reason. In the shelter of his own tent he scowled and contemplated letting the truth out in some way or other—Jones hated deception. But his better sense triumphed. Thereafter, whenever the —th had dirty work to do Colonel Jones lived up to that accidentally established tradition. It showed the way.

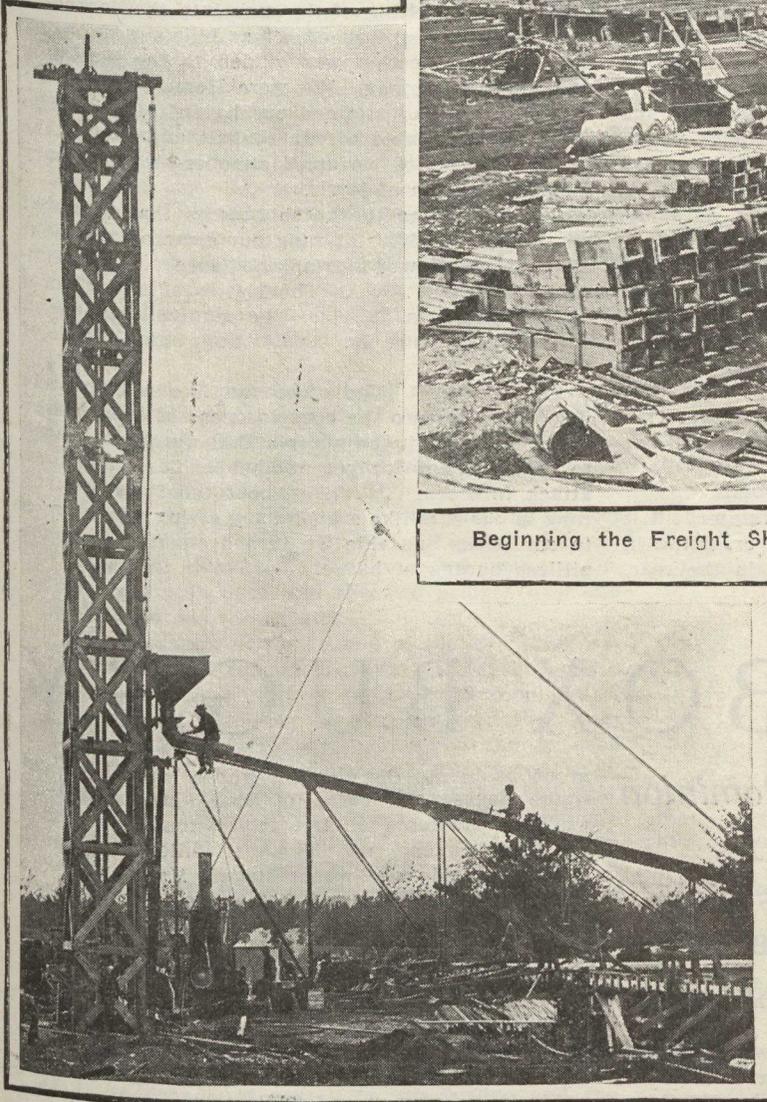
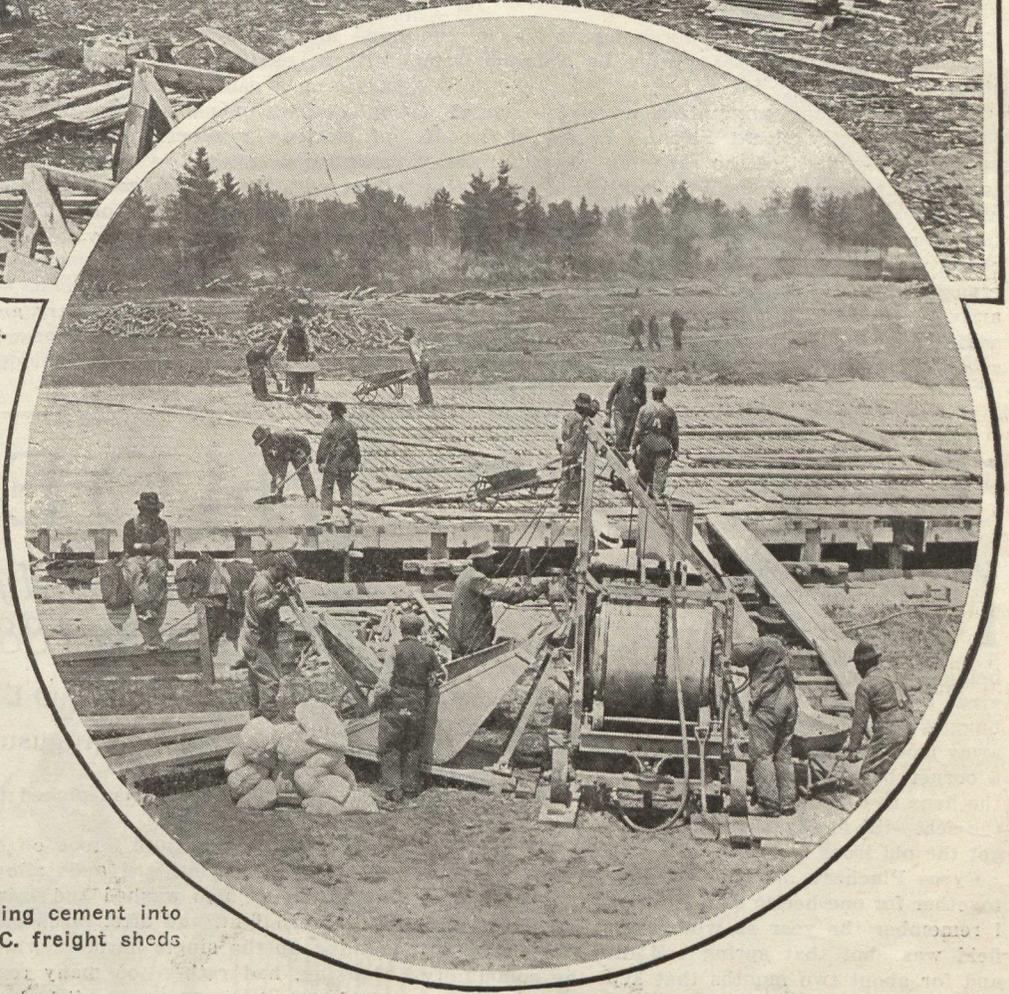
The —th is still in Flanders, deeply bitten by the fangs of war. Few of its old men survive. Jones is a brigadier-general. His adjutant is Colonel. But the feeling of the —th survives. The magic of the war-worn old number is enough to make brothers of all its old veterans. And when new drafts come and have to be absorbed they are first taught the honour of their position that they are permitted to wear the numbers of old Jones' battalion—his former battalion—on their shoulders.

MAKING A GREAT MILITARY CAMP

Recent Photographs of Camp Borden, the new war city near Lake Simcoe, to accommodate 45,000 troops; the greatest war camp in America



Beginning the Freight Sheds.



Tower 70 ft. high for pouring cement into walls; on the right, A. S. C. freight sheds under way.



THE building of Camp Borden is on a scale never before attempted in America, and it represents the organizing spirit of the Canadian army and the Canadian nation. A few weeks ago there was nothing at Camp Borden for the camera but acres of wet land with a swollen river rushing through. Last week the camera told the story of a new war city beginning to arise on that 20,000 acres. The photographs on this page are a few of the scenes representing the organized invasion of engineering industry, for the building of what must become a great permanent camp of war—perhaps long after the present war is over. Camp Borden is not growing out of some

old fort, a cluster of tents and a bugle-band. It is being built as a national property, to all intents and purposes as permanently as Montreal Harbour or the Quebec Bridge. What it will come to be after the war is over not even the Minister of Militia might be able to predict. But it is already too much of an organized enterprise to become a mere summer picnic ground for troops. According to advices, advance parties of many of the special services went over to Camp Borden last Friday. Headquarters Staff of Divisional Area No. 2 went over Monday this week. All the units in that divisional area Gen. Logie expects to be under canvas at Camp Borden by July 11.



One of the new wells that will solve the water problem of Camp Borden; building an embankment to stop bullets at the rifle ranges.

ABOUT TURN!

A Picturesque Description of Life at the Front

By LIEUT. AUGUSTUS MUIR

DUSK had drawn down; the wind scattered the clouds so that a few pale stars winked with a chill, unkindly light; there was no moon. Starlight is a frail illumination even at the best of times and in the most perfect place; but in the depth of the trench it yielded a steely grey gleam which accentuated the blackness of the surrounding night; so that a clump of shattered pine-trees on the near horizon stood out against the dark indigo sky with the clean-cut sharpness of a silhouette.

"As soon as the relieving company is in the trenches," came the order, "retire by platoons from the right."

From down the communication-trench sounded a jerking, unsteady plosh! plosh! Round the bend came the vanguard of the relieving company: fresh men, untried by their primal baptism of fire; clear of eye; healthy of skin; with tunics that told no tale of nights of muddy travail. There was a quick conference of officers—and what a contrast, as they crouched beneath the parapet; the outfits of the new arrivals, a virginal, clear-cut black, standing out against the light, mud-caked grey of the old hands' accoutrements! A few hurried directions: the listen-

ing posts described; gun emplacements explained; dangerous spots pointed out; and the subaltern of the waiting platoon plunged into the darkness of the communication trench with the sharp whisper, "Lead on!" And so, close on his heels we filed out of the firing line, a tired and weary muster of men who had for a seeming eternity of days and nights suffered the taxing rigours of ceaseless battle.

Plunging into muddy puddles, tripping over obstacles on the trench floor, bumping into the gnarled walls so that stones and clay were dislodged to drop with a patter as we passed, we stumbled on joyous with a vast relief. The trench grew shallower; suddenly we emerged into the open; between us and the Bosche lines loomed the black, rugged figure of a square, solid, shell-torn house; in front of us lay the uneven street of a shattered village, silent as the hushed, deserted aisles of death; and into the midst of its slumber and shadows led our way of sanctuary and of rest. The wind freshened. It cut sharply across our cheeks. It was like the fragrant breath of hope to tired bodies and war-sick souls. Though it came from the battlefield it bore sweet burdens of joy and promise; and flavouring its fresh and tingling touch, we plunged into the darkness and mystery of the desolate village. I recall, not without emotion, the strange sensation of moving again on a path unbounded by two clay walls. The open street, pale in the star-light, was like a symbol of glorious freedom; and this sudden foretaste of unfettered release was a beneficent balm that lingered like some soothing lenitive upon our wearied and stricken souls. Freedom and rest!—these were the fuel of joy. In the silence of our hearts we laughed aloud.

THE crisp clatter of musketry grew fainter, till it died to a softened and spasmodic crackling in the dim distance. We left the village in the rear,

and our road led along by the tall outline of poplars that stood like silent sentinels beneath the stars. We ploughed through an invisible lake of mud; but to us it was a lake of pure, unbridled joy; for the road was the pathway of peace leading to a spell of sweet security untried by war's importunate alarms; every succeeding step gave a glimpse of coming comfort; each bend in the road yielded a vision of silent and fragrant nights. *Dies irae*—these we relegated to the limbo of the harsh, unkindly past; we were pilgrims whose faces were turned toward the Happy Land—

The road swerved sharply. We heard the hollow echo of footsteps that presently fell into a rhythm quickly caught up, and we knew that the head of the column had entered a street of houses. A sudden halt; a slow melting of the men into the darkness; the crisp accents of an officer as billets were meted out; and our section was guided to the blackness of a gaping doorway. We were Home—here in the long last, we had attained our haven! . . . The scent of hay floated to our nostrils and evoked the sweet prospect of perfumed slumber—to our weary limbs, the zenith of joy.

And then came the harsh accents that shattered all things: "Halt!" It rang out clear on the night air. There followed a gripping silence. . . . "Officers forward." . . . The clatter of a few boots on cobble stones. . . . The muffled tones of an authoritative voice. . . . Again the clink of feet.

"About turn!" The order ran like a spreading flame burning into the consciousness of every weary brain, and with it the whisper that we should return to the trenches for yet another endless night; an attack foreseen. . . . "About turn!" . . . it rang in our ears like a knell; and giving a last hunch to our packs and rifle we turned about to face the pitiless burden of battle.

THE OLD SHOEBOX BUGGY

A Recollection of My Dominion Day in 1881

By JACOB HOLDFAST
Elucidated by Augustus Bridle

IT was all on account of the old shoebox buggy. Perhaps you never saw one—shaped like a broad boot with the dashboard for a toe and the part behind the seat covered in for a heel, the seat being the instep; in 1881 as much a rarity by survival as the top buggy was by innovation. Top buggies became as common as measles before I got away from the farm. And the old shoebox went into a corner between the corncrib and the hog pen for the hens to roost upon and hatch out chickens under the seat—till finally a jew-junk man came along and got the old irons.

Cyrus Pincher's old shoebox and I were in league together for one hectic day, July 1, 1881. The reason I remember the year so well is that President Garfield was shot that spring and died that summer; and for about two months that kept the community adjacent to Jericho in a state of agitation.

Being wise enough to ask for no 24th of May, and having made it quite clear that I had no intention of mortgaging the 12th of July in the middle of wheat-cutting. I had persuaded Cyrus Pincher, my new boss—successor to Hiram Buckle—that he should let me have Dominion Day.

"All right, Bub," says he, with a wry flicker on his quidgy old face that came to a focus in a little wedge of greybeard. "I ain't never beheld any sense in that holiday. I dunno what she celebrates outside o' Confederation, and I'm pledged if I know what wuz."

However, he had offered me the loan of the old shoebox buggy for the celebration at Tilbury and the driving horse, which was a good one; and I rather suspect now that he suspicioned I had a girl in my mental photograph gallery—whom I had, and her name was Maggie Malone. By the Tilbury Times and sundry large posters on the telegraph poles out Jericho way, there was to be a regatta on the river, a field day in the park, and a circus out on the timothy meadow opposite the fair grounds. The circus was Forepaugh, who was then a second up to Barnum, and had the reputation of not dividing his show into more than two parts for the small towns. The great and only Ned Hanlan, then in one of his zeniths of glory on three continents, was to row an exhibition mile under the two bridges of the Idlewild—which wasn't the name of the river at all, but the kind of name that it ought to have been.

I had Maggie's promise to go with me. She was the first girl I had ever asked to go anywhere. Naturally she was a phantom of immeasurable delight. My taste may have been amateur. But Maggie was the only girl who ever had looked at me as

though she knew she was picked for the same programme.

Evening of June 30th I took off the wheels of the old buggy and put lard and tallow on the end of each axle. I also washed and shined the old thing by lantern-light, and afterwards put in an hour furbishing up the single harness, which, to my way of thinking, had rather too many toggles to be undeniably topping. Then, I polished my Sunday boots till Maggie could have seen her face in them, laid out my Sabbath clothes, celluloid collar, fat green tie and all, along with a pair of clean socks and a white shirt; put my Waterbury watch under the pillow and turned in to rehearse every blessed mile of that twenty-mile drive with Maggie, which was to begin at seven in the morning. And the last thing I remember doing before I faded to sleep was to feel in my trousers pockets for the tuck of a five dollar bill along with a pair of quarters that hadn't been aired for three weeks. I was prepared to spend every cent of it on Maggie if it seemed necessary—which I hoped it wouldn't.

Up at break of day I curried Bob, the chestnut horse, put on the harness, backed out the old buggy and got the new whip and the buggy-spread with tassels on the edge.

"Got no time to lose, Bub," growled Cyrus Pincher, as he lugged in the milk. "That gal's probably got her bes' bib an' tucker on a'ready."

That of course took away all my leisure for breakfast, after which I hooked up Bob, whose peck of oats I tucked away in the knot of a grain-bag under the shoebox seat. Bob was a rather ungainly beast with a long, tireless reach and a pair of bellows that never had been tuckered out by his legs. All I had to do was to rub one hand down the whip as I drove out the lane, to start him off at a three-minute clip.

When I got to the high turnpike of the new-graded road I thought I had never seen or smelled so perfect a morning. The clover hay was all in. The fall wheat was nearly ripe. The corn was kneehigh to a small boy. The oats were heading out. And the sun danced a jig through the screens of the glad

green bush into the clearing whose log houses and frame houses and barns of both kinds became a whirling panorama of first impressions to me as I put Bob over the two and a half miles that led to the Becket side-road where Maggie Malone was the eye of the morning.

By my Waterbury, as I turned on to her side-road, it was yet ten minutes of seven. So I slowed up a bit, not wanting to appear too frenziedly eager. First farm round the turn was Becket's—well-up folks that had recently got a top buggy for young Dave, two years older than myself. They had offered me a job at sixteen a month that spring, but I had no desire to play second fiddle to young Dave, who was a high-lifed young pacer supposed to be in love with one of the girls over on the next side-road.

Sure enough, there were buggy-tracks out of Becket's. So Dave also was off to the celebration. I suspected he would be—with that top buggy, and I rather resented the fact that he had got off first. However, Maggie and I might pass him on the road.

I pause here to knock the ashes from my cigar, reflecting upon the crookedness of some people I have known in modern business. Making what money has come my way I have noticed that some men like to get what somebody else is entitled to. That seems to be human nature. Most men don't know how to be creative. They have an idea that a merger, for instance, pays Paul without robbing Peter.

Cigar is out. Well—

I was just about to say that when I turned out a bit to turn in at Malone's—I noticed that some other buggy had done the same trick.

"Whoa!" I says to Bob, not too loud, hoping that none of the Malones would hear me.

I leaned over the shoebox to scan those tracks. Now I noticed that the same buggy had turned out again. From the marks where the wheels left the bridge that was plain as one of my shiny boots. Furthermore, it was the same hoof-tracks—in and out again; and it was Dave's high-stepper, the dapple bay with the long neck! I looked up the lane because I couldn't help it; and I saw where his buggy had turned at the chip hill.

"Bob," I said, with a ragged voice. "That bird of ours has flown with another gaffer. Maggie Malone didn't—wait for you and me—and we're just a minute too soon by my Waterbury."

I headed him into the road.

"I guess, Bob," I soliloquized, "we'd better pike home again to Cyrus Pincher, eh?"

The way he whinnied and pawed the road I could almost hear him say, "Not much, Mary Ann!"

He somehow backed himself, buggy on the bridge, turned and hit up a rattling clip towards Tilbury. Madder and sadder than I had ever been all at one time I let him have his head. He seemed to have an occult idea that we might overtake the guilty pair on the road and give 'em a whirl of our dust to swallow. Which kept him in a state of high-mettled ferment mile after mile—till by nine o'clock we got into the thick of the dust and the rigs heading in all directions on to the gravel road that slid off into the main street of Tilbury, passing rig after rig in a cloud of dust, but never a sign of Maggie Malone.

Here, opposite the fair ground, was the circus city; all tents up and flags flying, procession about to begin.

Yonder on the railroad tracks was the circus train. In a wild sort of way I enjoyed it all. But the part of the joy I should have got from seeing it along with Mag—

(I guess I'll have another cigar; this one seems to be frazzled.)

The Corkery House stables, opposite the market, were crammed with horses and the street both sides lined with rigs. Corkery was a big, wooden rookery, and its one negro ostler made it feel like a fabulous hostelry in some place that clever people write novels about. Sambo managed to find a cranny in the corner of the yard for Bob, and vowed not to water him till he was cooled off. The smell of those stables alone was almost uplifting enough for a circus.

But when I got sight of the Becket top buggy, backed up in the barricade, I forgot all romances to pause and grate my teeth a bit. Oh, it was a lovely rig. The image of my old shoebox out on the street line made me feel ill.

But the circus parade came along past the market square and the firehall. It was all very glorious. That trailed away again and the crowd swung to the little peninsula park and the two bridges over the Idlewild to see the regatta.

Towards noon I was on one of the two bridges—regretting, as I remember now, that for one day I was neither big enough to see over the shoulders of a mob or little enough to look between their legs at the white-flanneled oarsmen struggling in such a strange craft on the muddy and shipmasted river. Tilbury had a lot of river giants, of whom I had read. Here they were—with a score of others from surrounding towns. The Idlewild was only an overgrown creek. But that Dominion Day of 1881 it seemed as famous as the Thames. The bridge was as hot as a steam box in one of Tilbury's stave mills. The sun beat up from the river. I saw nothing; heard cheerings, puffings of little tugs, blowing of whistles, shouts below—a splash or two under the bridge—people up at the rail, those on the other bridge going wild, as I could see.

And suddenly I knew that the marvel thrilling those thousands of people on the bridge and the banks as far as the eye could see, was the great and only Ned Hanlan, the most wonderful oarsman in the world. I saw that gleaming dot in the long shell with the slide seat shoot over the course between the bridges like a devil's darning-needle in full hickory. I heard the cheers. Our bridge struck up as he passed under. The crowd veered across till I thought the old thing would go over like a load of hay into a ditch. Somebody tramped on my shiny boots. Strangling a lump of national pride in my throat, I looked up—

It was Dave Becket, the loose-hung, daredevil, slim Jim who had stolen my girl in the dawn of the morning. But just at that moment he was only a circumstance. The girl t'other side of him, Maggie Malone, was nothing but a dream. I was full to the eyes of Ned Hanlan, wishing to be a man like him, with no girls to bother me. I wanted to be able to do something somewhere some Dominion Day to give people a thrill and make 'em proud of a country that could produce the likes of me.

I met old Ned years afterwards, in 1903. One summer evening I was in his house on Beverley St., Toronto, I remember, and he was showing me two rooms crammed of trophies and illuminated addresses; chattering about them like a garrulous old grandmother—when I had to make myself believe he was the identical man that thrilled me in 1881.

But I suppose there are heroes operating nowadays that thrill the present generation quite as much. In 1881 we had no "fans." We were all that way. I was a whole grandstand myself.

In the afternoon there was a land tournament in the park that was between the river Idlewild and Rat Creek. I wish to mention just one thing about that—because at this distance that's about all there is to remember. I'll admit there was a good programme of variegated sports rather more top-lifting and professional than most of the things put

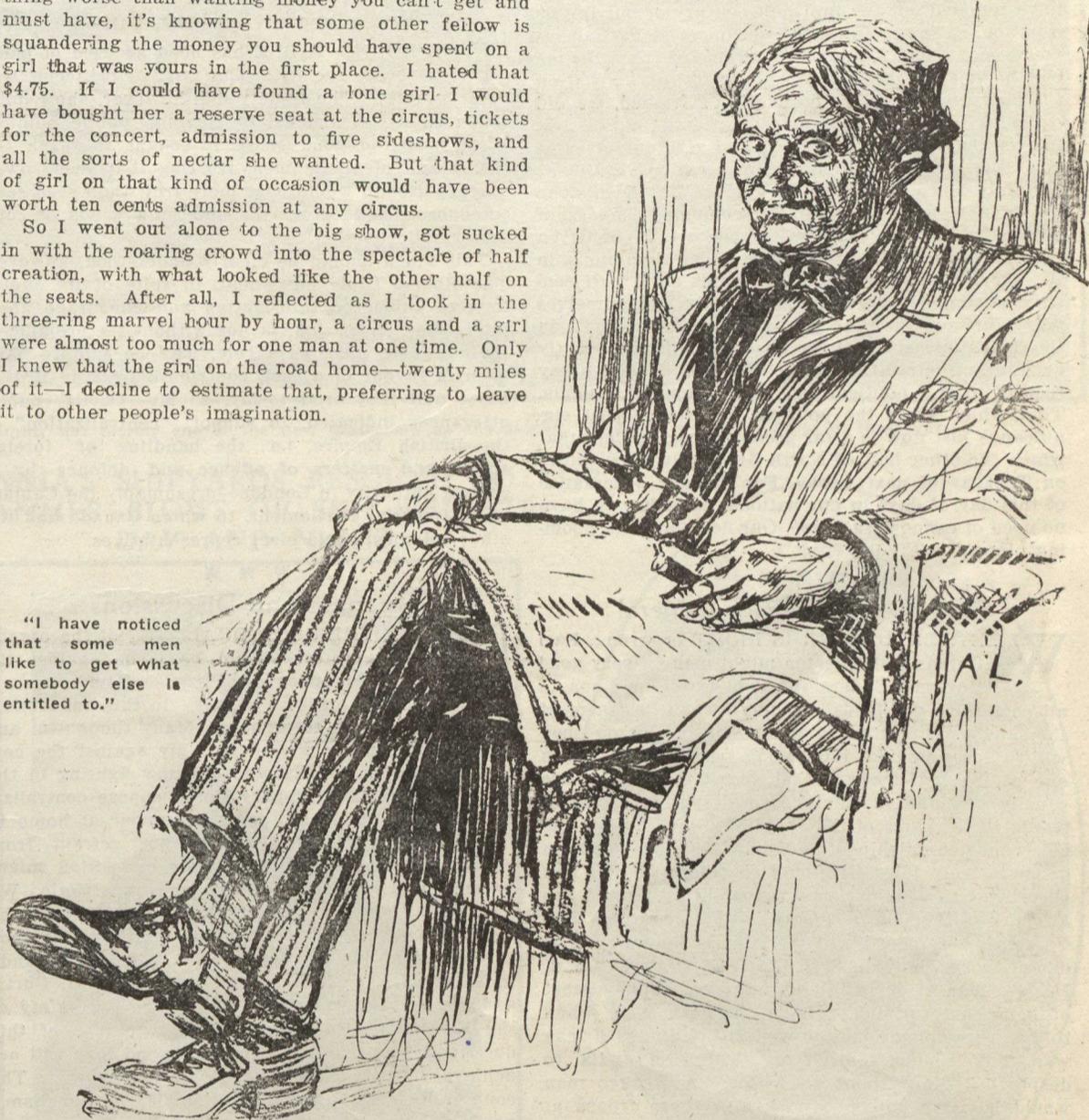
on by the sawdust squad out at the Corners. But the nerve-tingling thing of the afternoon was the lacrosse match between the county town and Picketon. It was a marvelous, skull-endangering struggle. I was powerfully excited. Picketon won. The score was close. After that was over nobody seemed to take much interest in the rest of the programme—which included, as I remember, a game of baseball, a form of amusement just beginning to come into vogue in those parts.

And I am free to admit that it would have taken some imagination in 1881 to see in a game of baseball—even if one of the teams had been the celebrated Maple Leafs—any excitement compared to a good game of lacrosse. There again we have other heroes in 1916, and most of them don't grow up in Canada.

Supper at the Corkery House was a real goal scrimmage between hunger and plenty—with the circus pulling everybody. So far I had spent only 75 cents of my \$5.50. If there's any financial one thing worse than wanting money you can't get and must have, it's knowing that some other fellow is squandering the money you should have spent on a girl that was yours in the first place. I hated that \$4.75. If I could have found a lone girl I would have bought her a reserve seat at the circus, tickets for the concert, admission to five sideshows, and all the sorts of nectar she wanted. But that kind of girl on that kind of occasion would have been worth ten cents admission at any circus.

So I went out alone to the big show, got sucked in with the roaring crowd into the spectacle of half creation, with what looked like the other half on the seats. After all, I reflected as I took in the three-ring marvel hour by hour, a circus and a girl were almost too much for one man at one time. Only I knew that the girl on the road home—twenty miles of it—I decline to estimate that, preferring to leave it to other people's imagination.

"I have noticed that some men like to get what somebody else is entitled to."



Out among the sideshows after the big circus was over and the concert about to begin, I began to speculate again on the chance of seeing Maggie Malone. In such a cram it seemed impossible. In some of the sideshows there was an off chance. I went to three. The fourth I was considering whether or not—the snake-charmer this time, a really good-looking girl—when I became aware of two people arguing about it. The one went in; the other waited for him outside.

That was Maggie, trim as a young hen in a garden, just a bit frayed at the edges, but jaunty as ever; and when she saw me she spoke first—which was not at all the way I had intended.

"Jacob, ain't you lonesome?"

Maggie always seemed to be sincere. But of course I was too much of an amateur in the lingo of coquetry to know when she wasn't.

"Yes," I said, bluntly, "but I like it."

To which she replied:

"Yes you do—like ducks."

"I'm used to it. I been alone all day."

"Poor little orphan."

"And you know why," was my next hot-headed break into repartee. It was no use trying to be haughty with Maggie Malone.

"Early bird gets the worm," she said.

"Not before daylight, Maggie. Besides—you ain't any kind of a worm. You're a—"

She knew I was in a fizzle between criticism and compliment, and she interrupted me.

"You didn't see the animals unload, did you?"

She knew I hadn't. This was her way of joggling my memory on what a timid adventurer I had been. And as the conviction dawned upon me I suppose a scarlet poppy would have looked pale beside my face. I asked her,

"Why the Sam Hill didn't you stump me to be on hand at two a.m., then?"

To this her obvious and inevitable rejoinder was, "Well, why in the dickens didn't you have gumption enough to propose it?"

There was no regret in her voice; more like defiance. So I said,

"Maggie, you know very well that I hadn't the least idea I had any right to expect—"

"Fiddle-diddle-dee!" she interpolated.

"All right, then. If you don't believe that—let me tell you I think the top buggy seemed to you like a fine business and the old shoebox—"

That choked me. She knew she was caught; and when Maggie gave in that much she was too beautiful for language—at least such as I had in those days.

Then a sudden, impetuous desire seized me and I said,

"Maggie—come on with me now to the Corkery House—and go home with me in the old shoebox—just to be a —"

No use. Words weren't invented to explain just why I was fool enough to make such a proposal. She poohpoohed it. I knew she would. Besides, Dave would be out in a jiffy. It took a powerful snake-charmer to offset Maggie Malone, even if he had been with her all day and I hadn't a word with her till now.

"All right," I said, with a brave show of temper. "I'll make both'v you sorry—that you didn't do it."

So saying, as they tell us in novels, I turned upon my heel and walked swiftly away from that glittering, thumping, torturing circus; back up town to the Corkery House where I ferreted out Sambo, bribing him with a quarter to give Bob just enough water and no more, telling him that I had a scheme on foot—and I had.

By the time I got my feet planted against the old dashboard the town was swarming with home-bound rigs. I trotted Bob leisurely out of town on to the gravel road, past the circus just beginning to

(Concluded on page 20.)

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TORONTO, JULY 1ST, 1916.

Our 50th First of July

THE DATE ON THE COVER of this issue marks the beginning of the fiftieth year of Confederation. Twelve months from to-day we shall have rounded out the first half century of our life as a nation, so far as an Act of the Imperial Parliament could make us. Under the terms of the British North America Act, as wise a piece of legislation for overseas dominions as ever was framed, we did as much as might have been expected in the first forty-seven years of that period to give ourselves at least the physical semblance of a nation. Quite as certainly since August 4, 1914, more has been done by Canada, when most of the common business of nation-making was reversed, to make this country a united people with all other overseas dominions in the Empire. Before this year rounds out a half century of confederated Canada we may find ourselves much further along the road than we are to-day. In the meantime quietly we observe, without exactly celebrating, our fiftieth First of July. What we pay respect to is a political fact, not a popular struggle. That which gives the political fact its deepest significance just now is a far greater struggle than that which the other half of North America will celebrate on Tuesday of next week. For the due observance of this day of days in our national calendar we have no need of cannon-crackers. Our field-guns are booming along the French front.

Curzon as Governor-General

WHETHER RUMOUR IS RIGHT or wrong, Earl Curzon of Kedleston might make a very good Governor-General of Canada. Canadians of all conditions of life will be sorry when the Duke of Connaught returns to England, but in Curzon they will at least find an interesting personality. He is one of the half-dozen or half-score men who are usually on hand in England for important appointments in far parts of the Empire. Since he left the Governor-Generalship of India, in 1905, he has been comparatively idle. It would therefore be the less surprising to see his great capabilities turned to account as the King's deputy in this country. Earl Curzon is the opposite to a Little Englander. He is one of those who believe in Empire and works for it. He is a man of decision and, at times, guilty almost of being enterprising. He is the man who, when things were going none too well in the South African war, took it upon himself as Viceroy of India to despatch Indian troops to Africa. A weaker man would have hesitated to part with these troops at a time when India was resting none too easily of nights. A more cautious man would have consulted with the London authorities and sent his aid too late. These qualities, admirable in those circumstances, might not be so useful here. For tact he would have a hard man to follow.

The "Round Table"

THE ROUND TABLE movement has come out in the open. Lionel Curtis, one of the leaders, spoke recently, as such, in Hamilton and in Toronto. His book, "The Problem of a Commonwealth," is to be issued to the general public under his name. Let us add: it is an important book and should be read by all thoughtful Canadians.

The Round Table is likely to play an important part in Canada as well as in other parts of the Empire in the near future. Its history and purpose should be understood. It was started by Englishmen of the stamp of Viscount Milner, Lionel Curtis and Philip Kerr, after the formation of the Union of South Africa. These men, of the intellectual Empire builder type, were apparently moved by the story of the British in South Africa—in whose troubles, by the way, Germany played a much larger part than the public suspects—to consider the whole problem of organizing the British Empire. They believed in the inevitability of war with Germany and sought to do something toward organizing the whole British

Empire. Being wise and experienced men, they chose quiet methods, avoiding the danger of starting a mere popular propaganda, eschewing anything that even faintly resembled dictatorial manners toward colonials, appealing chiefly to the young and thoughtful men. They emphasized the fact that they laid down no policy, had no fixed theory how the Empire should be organized, but instead placed what data they could in the hands of the members of the "segments"—there are, or were, many segments or groups in Toronto alone—and asked them to discuss it, criticize whatever tentative suggestions came before the segments, and offer counter-suggestions. The data given the members of the segments was in the form of historical memoranda on various phases of Empire history or Imperial problems, such as the government of the backward people, and so on. The Round Table Quarterly was another instrument for spreading knowledge of current history in the various parts of the Empire.

Not a Secret Society, But---

THE ROUND TABLE has been accused of being a secret society. The implied criticism was unjust. The society did, however, show quite inadvertently a distrust of common public opinion. With profound good sense it sought to reach the young and idealistic men, trusting that seed sowed on that ground would bear more fruit than seed scattered broadcast before the uncertain winds of common public opinion.

This much should be clearly understood, however. The Round Table movement, in spite of its efforts to give unbiased information and encourage absolutely free discussion, is not without its prejudices. Round Table men, as a rule, may be said to have been in favour of a cash contribution to the British navy, and they tend to-day, as Mr. Curtis' public utterances indicated, to support "centralization" of the British Empire, i.e., the handling of foreign affairs and matters of offence and defence by a central authority in London—presumably the Cabinet of an Imperial Parliament, to which Canada and the other colonies would elect representatives.

Inopportune Discussions

DESPITE THE GOOD QUALITIES of the organization, protest should be made against the public discussion of schemes of Imperial centralization until the war is over. In this connection, Mr. Curtis is open to censure. Many thoughtful and loyal Canadians hold very strongly against the centralization idea. Many who are now fighting in the ranks of our Expeditionary Force oppose centralization bitterly. Only too great a number at home in Canada distrust centralization, but refrain from opposing it openly for fear their opposition might be misconstrued as anti-British and unpatriotic. We join with these in condemning the raising of the issue at present. Mr. Curtis may urge that the time is opportune. For the popularizing of his propaganda it is indeed opportune. But if we judge Mr. Curtis and his associates rightly they desire the safety of the Empire before the popular acceptance of this doctrine. And that is precisely the end they will not achieve by advocating centralization now. The counter-doctrine to centralization is "nationalism," not Mr. Bourassa's kind, not of the Sinn Fein variety, certainly not anti-British and not unmindful of the need for preserving the happy relations of the English-speaking countries, and improving that relationship for the lasting benefit of all parties. But "nationalism," either as an alternative or a corrective of centralization, cannot to-day be given a fair hearing. And until it gets a fair hearing the question of organizing the Empire cannot be settled.

The less sober advocates of centralization will choose the obvious retort that if nationalism is honest and not anti-British, it can declare itself as well now as later. More thoughtful men will admit the delicacy of the subject and the need for cool argument. So good an Imperialist as Lord Milner declared once that a sound Empire could be expected only out of sound nations. Canada has to-day barely achieved national consciousness. What she has achieved must be consolidated before the common Canadian—and the strength of the Empire will depend ultimately on the devotion of that common Canadian—can be asked to comprehend, for example, an Imperial parliament.

Readjustment there must be, but centralization achieved in a rash moment will wreck not only itself, but the Empire it would preserve. Sentiment drew Canada into this war heart and soul. Had it been ordained by written words that we should enter it—the will would have been much less gracious and happy. Let sentiment, with the correction of out-

standing injustices, serve until we are older, cooler and therefore better able to judge just what is to be the permanent basis of our relationship.

Divorce Laws in Canada

THE CANADIAN BAR ASSOCIATION, at its recent convention in Toronto, deplored the uneven bearing of the divorce laws of the country on the various classes in the Dominion. Being a somewhat costly proceeding, a divorce is practically out of the reach of any but well-to-do Canadians. The poor are thus encouraged to endure their domestic infelicities, if they have any, as best they can. This condition should be removed. If the cost of divorce proceedings in Canada is intended to act as a deterrent to rash litigants, it is the wrong sort of deterrent. Generally speaking, domestic unhappiness means more to the poor than to the rich, because the poor have fewer distractions. Moreover, according to American statistics, the poor are not the ones who get into domestic trouble most easily. The facts are rather the other way.

He Knew the Soil

WE ARE ALL ultimately farmers. Because a majority of Canadians sit on the grandstand six months every year watching the professional farmers extract their annual increment of national wealth from the soil and the weather makes no difference to the fact that in our primal instincts we are all agrarians—or ought to be. The trouble is that when a lot of us get away from the land to the town we take good care to clean our boots for good of the last relic of the soil and begin to play being gentleman.

The late C. C. James, who died suddenly in a street-car near St. Catharines last week, was a man who in the guise of a perfect gentleman of culture carried with him always a conscience passionately devoted to the interests of the soil. As Deputy Minister of Agriculture for Ontario Mr. James reached his high-water mark of citizenship in this country. He was the most devoted servant of efficiency year in and year out that the Ontario farmer ever had. Under political Ministers of whatever temperament, or lack of it, James was the non-political, unwearying student of farm science and economics. There was no wheat-aggregate too vast and no microscopic scale-pest too small to get past that lynx-eyed, almost poetically passionate devotee who smoked strong cigars in his office, had the finest collection of Tennysonian in Canada, and always kept his boots on the ultimate soil. All we farmers, potential and otherwise, will miss the work and the active brain of C. C. James, who in his way did a man's work to keep the moral and practical problems of the farmer in the forefront of common economics and national consideration.

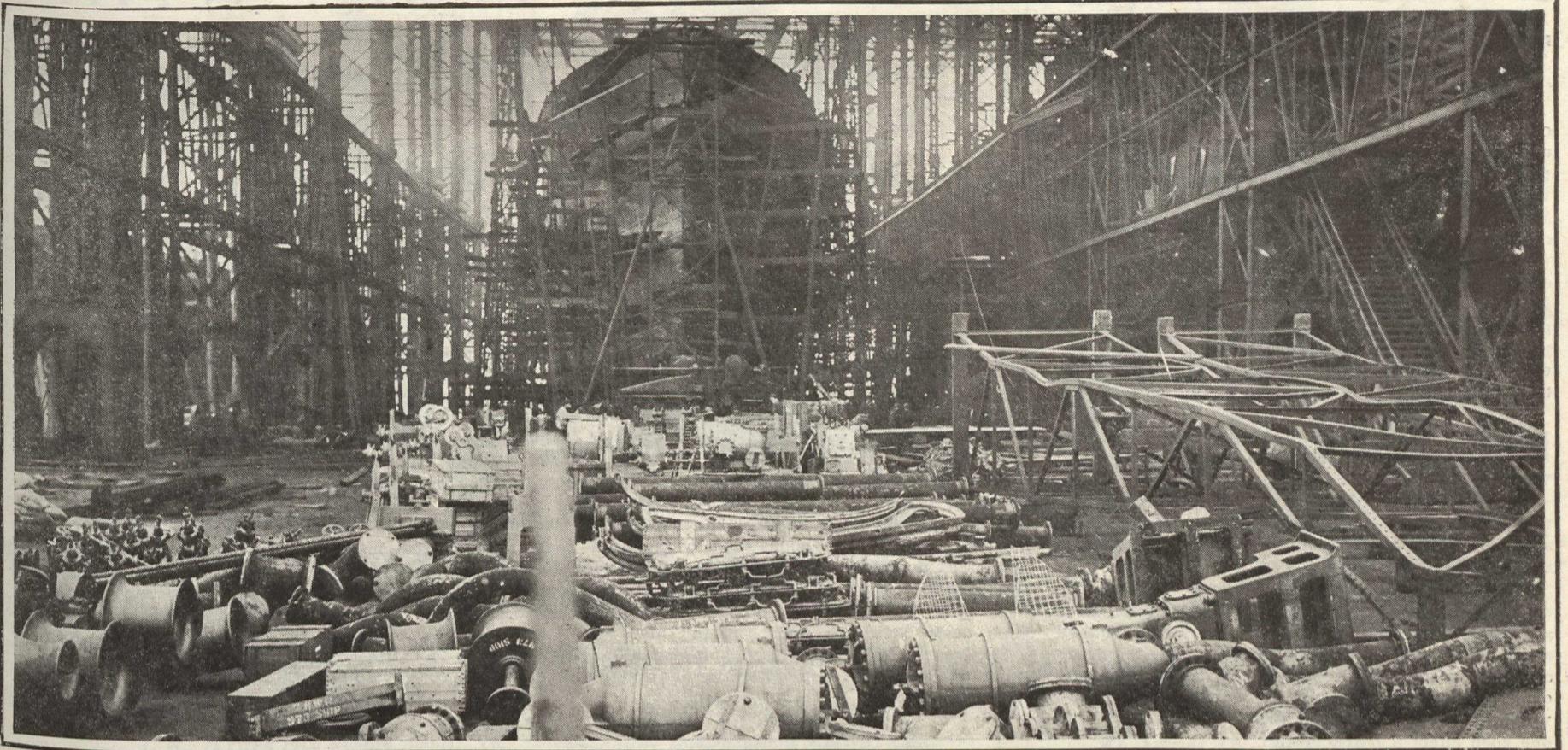
Americans and War

WAR with Mexico—any war in which Americans fight as Americans—will do our excellent friends to the South a world of good. It is a horrible process, but we wish it on Uncle Sam as whole-heartedly and with as friendly intentions as a good friend wishes a sobering pail of cold water on an inebriate brother. There is too much feminism in the United States; too much individualism—spelled with a capital "I"; too much wife-and-child government in the homes. We don't believe in people of one country preaching at another, especially when they happen to be countries so neighbourly and with so much in common as Canada and the United States. But since the war has brought out of Canada a bigger expression of what makes nationhood worth while than we ever had in time of peace, we believe that a chance to look a real war square in the face will do that country no more harm than it did us. Too big a capital S in Success is a bad thing for any people. When along with success there is an overplus of sentiment the case is considerably worse. The United States has become both too successful and too sentimental.

If these things indicated a higher respect for or a better appreciation of women, children and the home, we should refrain from lamentations. But they represent, unfortunately, no such thing. They indicate rather the decline of the male instinct in Americans, the softening of masculine fibre so that it more nearly approximates that of the opposite sex, being moved by emotion rather than reason, swayed by sentiment, not judgment.

And war, to people in this condition will be, as it has been to others, a sobering and inspiring influence. Every sacrifice, however bitter to the individual, is a legacy of nobility to the mass. In the case of our American cousins a crown to their other virtues.

WOMEN HELP KEEP BRITISH SHIPYARDS MANNED



This gigantic-looking hull is not that of a Dreadnought, but merely one of the new destroyers on the stocks. There is a steady output of these vessels.

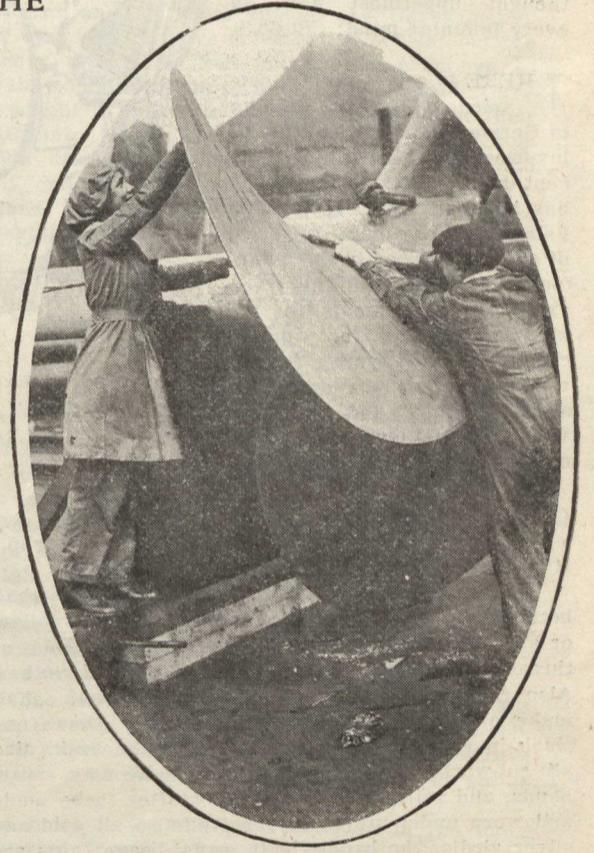
BRITANNIA'S SHIPYARDS RESOUND TO THE HAMMER BLOWS OF SHIP-WRIGHTS DAY AND NIGHT



These workers are engaged on small parts.



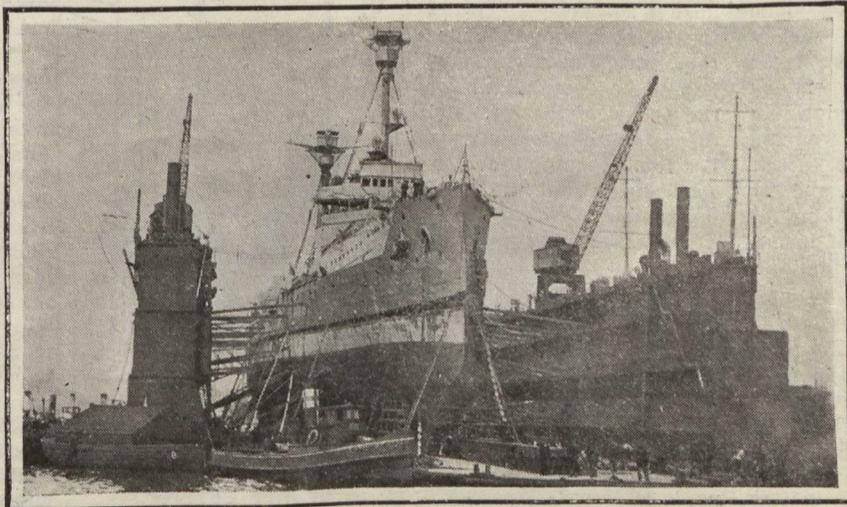
Admiral Sir David Beatty, whose Battle Cruiser Squadron bore the brunt of the fighting in the Skager Rack.



A woman checking a propeller's measurements.

SEVERAL years ago, when Canada proposed to learn the art of ship-building, the opponents of the project backed their jeers with allegations that Canada had not the men to do such work. They said it would take too long to teach them. Yet, as these pictures show, the short-handed shipyards of Great Britain have actually been recruiting women to help turn out the steel leviathans of war. Not only that, but it is reported that women workers have had little difficulty in picking up the knowledge how to handle even gigantic cranes and hydraulic hammers.

Actual physical power is not nearly so much in demand in turning out a modern ship as would appear in the eyes of the outsider. The girl shown standing beside a battleship propeller has strength enough to control practically all the operations in handling this big piece of steel work. Compressed air jacks and cranes do all the heavy lifting. As yet, of course, women are doing only the lighter tasks, but as more and more



A fighting ship in a floating dry-dock.

demands are made on the shipyards for ships, the women's share of the work is increasing.

Britain has not been content merely to maintain her superiority over the Germans. That she has been increasing the margin by putting out new ships is visually demonstrated by pictures on this page. The Mistress of the Seas will never lose her lead through lack of energy in her shipyards. They resound day and night with the sounds of the ship-builders. In the centre is a picture of Beatty the Lion Hearted. Sir David needs no comment. The story of how his fleet of battle cruisers met the Germans and gave battle until superior British forces could come to his help, is in the same class as Tennyson's "Revenge," though happily its conclusion was not so tragic.

Ship-building is to-day probably the most lucrative of all the great industries.

In Canada the Nova Scotia Steel Company has shown at least some of the "Canada Can't" croakers that Canada "Can," by starting a yard for large steel ships.

PIONEER SIMPLICITY AND WAR-TIME ECONOMY

TO-DAY we are reminded that fifty years ago Canada celebrated her first Dominion Day.

Some may have personal recollections of the event, but most of us think of our parents or grandparents in this new land who used to tell us of "the good old days."

Whether or not fifty years ago is associated in our minds with pioneers, depends upon where our family was located. To some westerners a still more recent date suggests the pioneer; to the far easterner, fifty years ago is distinctly modern. But from whatever part of the Dominion we hail, pioneer suggests simplicity of living and work on the land. In fact, the early settlers practised what we now call, "War-time Economy."

LUXURY has crept so insidiously into our living, that we do not recognize waste. "Matches? Why they are so cheap!" you say. "It isn't worth while to save them." Our great-grandmothers twisted spills of waste paper on winter evenings, and one of these, lighted at the fire, sufficed to illuminate all the lamps.

"Dress!" you cry. "But I always buy cheap, ready-mades. I never spend much on clothes!" Our grandmothers wore gingham made for wear, and we all remember the good black silk that was frequently altered and turned. Perhaps a silk that formed part of a trousseau was "let out" to wear at a daughter's wedding. The war will have one good effect if it teaches all women in buying clothes to remember two things: "Wash and wear," and to forget the thought uppermost now in every feminine mind: "Style."

THERE is a law against conspicuously rich clothing in Germany, the importation of luxuries is forbidden, and a recent ban on extra-wide skirts has been enforced by a law fixing the maximum measure of cloth to be used in the manufacture of garments. This gives explicit measurements for all kinds of clothing for women, children, and young girls, whom the Germans designate as "Backfische" and the English as "Flappers." A fine of \$75 and upwards will be levied on all garment-makers who do not conform to this rule.

SO, the Pilgrim Fathers—the first settlers of America—judged it necessary to turn their people from vain thought and passed this law:

"That no person, either man or woman, shall hereafter make or buy any apparel, either woollen, or silk, or linen with any lace on it, silver, gold, or thread under the penalty of forfeiture of said clothes. Also that no person, either man or woman, shall make or buy any slashed cloths, other than one slash in each sleeve, and another in the back, also all cut-works, embroideries, or needle-work, capbands, and rails are forbidden hereafter to be made and worn under aforesaid penalty; also all gold and silver girdles, hatbands, belts, ruffs, beaver hats are prohibited to be bought and worn hereafter."

EARLY settlers were far too busy to give much thought to clothes. One would think such a restriction was unnecessary. They, too, were faced with the servant problem, few caring to employ Indians, and the wives of the largest landowners had to personally oversee the spinning and weaving of flax and wool, the making of garments, soap; picking geese for quills with which to write, and for soft beds, pillows and quilts, and the making of sugar, besides a much more extensive list of household duties than those with which we are familiar. There were no hot and cold water taps in those days, no tinned foodstuffs and ready-cooked meats. The chief men in Boston made a law that all boys and girls be taught to spin flax, and a certain sum of money was set aside to be given those who made the best linen. In some of the villages every family was required to spin so many pounds of flax each year, or pay a large fine.

The importation of luxuries was no easy matter one hundred years ago. A letter sent by a lady in St. John, N.B., to her brother in London, by the



Ever, Children Span.

PREPARED BY
ESTELLE M. KERR

packet "True Blue," in 1816, gives a formidable list of things for him to buy, including moreen curtains, bell rope to correspond, satin slippers, satin and cloth dresses ("to be made genteelly, fashionably and not too expensive!")

OF course it was the women who milked the cows, and now the gentle milkmaid is returning to her own once more. They also knitted—better, though perhaps not so constantly as we have learned to knit since the war. Indeed, there was a little pioneer girl of thirteen who knitted into a single pair of mittens, the alphabet and a verse of poetry. Knitting, like spinning, had almost grown to be a lost art, but now even our civilians are learning the comfort of hand-knit socks and have often been known to buy from their wives socks intended for the brave defenders overseas. The high price of wool may bring some quaint old spinning wheels from dusty attics to their rightful place in the living room once more, for spinning has been warmly advocated, particularly in districts devoted to sheep-raising.

MODERN housekeeping in the homes of well-to-do Canadians consists largely of telephoning to the butcher and grocer once a day. "My idea of the simple life," a friend confided to me, "is to press an electric button and let a well-trained maid do the rest." But well-trained maids are becoming rare: electricians are difficult to obtain when the electric button fails to work; the grocer's boy and the butcher's boy are enlisting. That sort of a simple life will not stand the test of war.

ANOTHER reversion to "the good old days" is seen in the dark streets of London, England, where, in 1416, citizens were obliged to hang out candles on dark nights to illuminate the streets. In 1684 Edward Heming, the inventor of oil lamps, made a daring offer, which was that for a proper consideration he would engage to place a light before every tenth door, on dark nights, from 6 p.m. till midnight. His proposition was accepted, and he was given the exclusive right to light the streets as indicated for a term of years. But the scheme provoked a great uproar among the people. Some of them enthusiastically applauded it, and hailed Heming as the greatest benefactor the city ever had. Thousands of others furiously denounced him and his scheme, and demanded that the contract be canceled. Heming held on, and in time the people became reconciled to having the streets lighted. In 1736 the city government assumed the responsibility, but now it is dark once more. It is also dusty. For obvious reasons the streets in the West-end have to do without the nightly wash and brush-up which they used to enjoy. They are lucky if they get it once a week. Consequently in dry weather there is an excessive amount of dust in circulation. Owing to the shortage of labour the watering-carts have had to be demobilized for the period of the war, and this is another reason why London, during the present spring and the coming summer, is likely to be a rather sabulous spot.

EVEN the Daylight Saving idea is nothing new, for people used to rise earlier in the morning and dine at five o'clock in the afternoon, which we may soon be doing, though the clocks may tell us it is later. We speak of the past, we speak of the present, but what of

the future? Who can foretell the strange changes this war will accomplish? Mr. Ywells Brex makes some humorous comments which he claims to have been communicated to him by the Shade of the great Diarist, Samuel Pepys, in 1946, in the 32nd year of the Great War, from which we take

the following quotations:

May 1.—The London season (such as it now be) opening this day, walked in the Park in the morning, where great parade of munition-makers and their wives, all rich attired. Was shown one man who hath made a fabulous fortune tapping rivets in searchlights, and was but a day labourer before the war. Saw other who, they do say, went as young men into munition works and have now retired in middle life and know not how to handle their many investments. But grievous to see also in the Park, watching the rich people and their display, so many men disabled in battle and so many other men who have been broken by the war. My friend Sir W. Pen, who is mighty poor himself now



The Servant Problem.

and hath his toes through his boots, did point me out one of them who is a Peer, another who was a stockbroker, another who was a City merchant. But Lord, how the money hath changed over from one class to another! And never in the old days did I see so much show of wealth. And the munition-makers' wives' gowns wonderful to behold.

July 2.—Took this day a walk in the country, which hath become strangely like it was in olden days. Scarce any motors and pleasant to see people driving horses, and many cyclists. And it do take me back fifty years to behold a horse shy at a motor and see a constable throw a cyclist for speeding thirteen miles an hour. Saw also fields, with little mounds like unto the burial mounds of our ancient Britons, that were once golf links. How that do remind me of old days, when this same golf was the most urgent and important business in men's lives, and they put all other business aside for it, and talked of scarce anything else, so that, even while our enemy people prepared, and until the day this long and grievous war broke out, a great golfer counted among us more than a great soldier or a great man of science. Strange now to see sheep prettily and peacefully grazing on the golf links, untroubled, gentle souls, by the oaths of the golfers.

September 9.—To-day wore again my ancient frock-coat (put by these many years, and once nearly bartered for two ferns by my wife) that my tailor hath cleverly altered into a short coat such as is now only worn. Did offer the tail-ends to my wife, they being long enough to make up one of the new skirts, but she did sulk and refuse them. Truly it is wonderful what sacrifices women have endured in this war, except in their dress, which few of them will abate. Lord knows if they be therefor so wicked as their critics say. For it do seem that they and their dress are all we have left to keep us from melancholy.

November 14.—Dined with my friend Sir John Tibblings, the shipowner, at his wonderful mansion in Grosvenor-square. Much good and high company present, including Mr. Sniftoft, of the Land Valuation Department (a warm man with his banker), Sir George Bobbin, the Sam Browne Belt-millionaire, Mr. Absolom Bendet, M.P., the "khaki cloth king," and Colonel Syruppe, the expert military writer, who did confide to me at the dinner table that, and he willed, he could have retired with a handsome fortune in the very first year of the war, made by his prophecies that the Germans would collapse in a few months. But that he had toiled on, making a fresh fortune each year by like prophecies. "Glad I am," said he, merrily, cracking a nut, "that when a young man I did read Carlyle and his saying that 'mankind be mostly fools.'"



Feathers for Pillows.



The Call to Arms!
—Cassel, N. Y. World.



Here's the new teacher ringing the bell.
—N. Y. Herald.



Devilry in two hemispheres: Bill, the Kultur chief.
—N. Y. Evening Telegram.

WHAT'S WHAT THE WORLD OVER

New Phases of the World's Thinking Recorded in Current Events

Sir Edward Grey Plays Bad Poker What Yuan Did for China Aggravating the Negro Problem
T. R. Writes His Views Viscount Bryce on, After the War The Real Use of the Zepp

YUAN SHI-KAI'S WORK

*Dead "Emperor" Fought Hard
Against Disaster*

THE death of Emperor Yuan Shi-Kai passes almost unnoticed and yet, according to Frederick Moore, writing in *The World's Work*, on "China's Empire Lost," he was the man who stood between China and the demands of the Japanese. Though the article was written before Yuan's death it is of double interest since that event. We reproduce important parts of the article:

Within the last five years, Moore says, Mongolia and Tibet have passed from under Chinese control; Chinese Turkestan, because of its geographical position, has been cut off from direct communication with Peking; and Manchuria has gone through another stage in the process of passing over to the Japanese and the Russians. These are not all the political changes that have taken place detrimental to China's sovereignty, but they are enough.

The great dependencies of China, vaster in extent of territory than all her provinces, have passed away; and, moreover, the independence of China proper is being assailed and is already seriously impaired.

It is an intensely interesting story. A little more than a year ago, five or six hundred Japanese troops under orders from their Government proceeded by rail, despite the protests of the Chinese authorities, to the city of Tsinanfu, a strategic central point on the north-and-south railroad that connects the capital, Peking, and the principal shipping port, Shanghai. Japanese troops (about five hundred) were already established in barracks at Hankow, in the heart of China. This latter contingent had control of the other of the two railroads that connect Peking with the Yangtze River. And Japanese troops still occupy these two cities. It is, geographically, as if St. Louis and Chicago were occupied by foreign soldiers.

In Wuchang, across the river from Hankow, and in and around Tsinanfu, large permanent Chinese armies have been maintained. At times there have been a hundred thousand Chinese soldiers at Wuchang and probably forty thousand near Tsinanfu. Yet the Chinese Government restrains its troops, petitions the Japanese in vain to withdraw, and has sought to persuade Great Britain and America to induce the Japanese to depart.

In the summer of 1911, the Manchu Government seemed as secure as it had been for a score of years. It was a feeble government, as every one knew, but there was no immediate pressure from without and no serious disorders within. Huge parliament buildings were being erected, a constitution had been promised, railroads were being constructed, though slowly, and the Government's credit was so good that

loans of millions could always be obtained from France, Great Britain, and Germany. And the United States, through the so-called "American Group" of bankers, was endeavouring to get into China on the same basis as other lending nations.

The programme inspiring the American and British Governments in particular was the maintenance of the independence of China and the "Open Door." Accordingly, in the matter of loans and franchises, compromise and an understanding was sought with other nations so that a repetition of the Battle of Concessions which brought China to the verge of partition in the nineties should not again take place. The Quintuple Group of British, French, Russian, German, and Japanese bankers, supported by their governments, was the result reached prior to the European War. The American Group of bankers, who had entered the international group supported by the Republican Administration, withdrew when the Democrats came into office, because President Wilson condemned the scheme as restrictive to fair competition and tending to the financial control of China.

On October 10, 1911, suddenly the revolution broke

out in the south. It was a feeble revolt, with little more than the strength of public opinion behind it. Inefficient and spiritless though the Government's army was, it could have defeated the rebels; but the Manchus themselves had not character enough to give the soldiers orders to fight. They became terrified, sought to negotiate and compromise, sent their wealth into foreign banks for safety, offered concession after concession to their adversaries, and finally called upon Yuan Shi-kai—a Chinese of exceptional character, being a man of action—to come to Peking and administrate for them.

A POOR POKER PLAYER

*Sir Edward Grey Lost Game to
Levantine Diplomats*

THERE is no one in our public life whose fame has passed through more phases than Sir Edward Grey's, according to a writer in *The World's Work* for May. If one drew a chart of his record as Foreign Secretary, it would be a chart of high points and deep depressions. He is first remembered as the slim, good-looking young Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs during the Gladstone Government of the early nineties.

To repeat the old fable, he is lazy.

No one says that Sir Edward Grey neglects his duties, or ever did neglect them. His laziness consists in a disinclination to engage in the competitive ambitions and pleasures and excitements of public life.

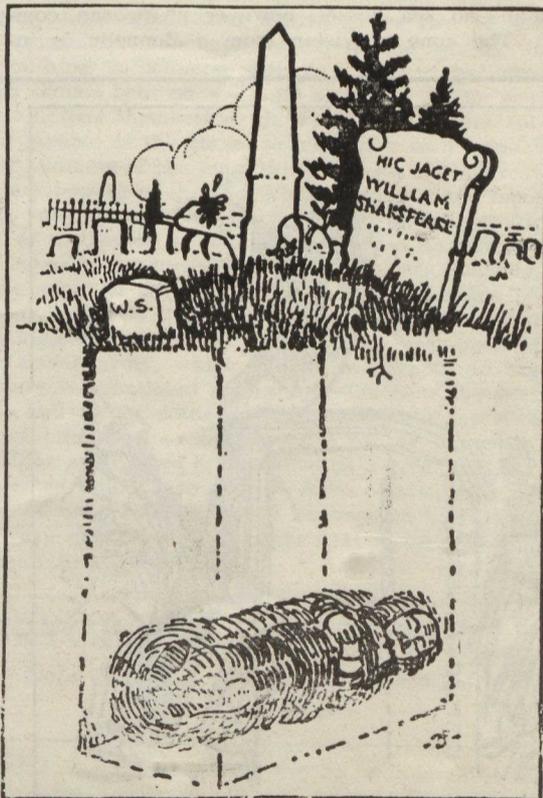
Too indolent to take his recreation in the more sensational forms, among the shining stars of society, he retires to his fishing in the north and spends days in his woods watching the habits of birds. That is the whole of what is true in the charge of laziness.

Those to whom the character of the Foreign Secretary is a matter of life and death, were confronted with a problem of unknown magnitude when the Liberals returned to power and Sir Edward took up the direction of our foreign affairs.

Gradually it developed that Sir Edward was faithfully carrying on the Lansdowne tradition. The Japanese Alliance, questioned in many quarters, received from him a firm and unvarying support.

He went so far in favouring the new Entente with Russia that many of his own party assailed him for too frequent surrenders where the British and Russian spheres of influence clashed in Persia. He it was who directed several of those State visits on which King Edward so admirably acted as a representative of his Government, that that able, but strictly constitutional sovereign has been ever since widely credited with an interference in foreign policy of which he would never have dreamed.

The historical documents which have been pub-



Turning in His Grave: How the "Humbugs" affect the departed bard whose burial-place hasn't seemed to impress the cartoonist.

—The Outlaw (New York).

lished, the admirable biography of Sir Sidney Lee, are of no avail in convincing our enemies on the Continent that King Edward was not the father and originator of the Triple Entente, for the deep-laid purpose of isolating Germany. No one was more truly grieved than Sir Edward Grey when death deprived him of so excellent a special ambassador for the consummation of his policies; yet, as we now know, no one would more promptly have resented the undue participation of the Crown in the conception or direction of foreign policy.

Sir Edward soon made it plain that he was also on the side of tradition and against the ambition of certain groups in Parliament to demand information and to exercise control in diplomatic negotiations.

This attitude was a great disappointment to the forward wing of the Liberal party; and since that time there has been a growing breach between them and the Foreign Minister. Sir Edward has now come to be recognized as one of the first of what may be called the group of Conservative Liberals.

It was after the last Balkan treaty was signed at Bukharest that the Kaiser is reported to have said, "Not I, but Sir Edward Grey, is the most powerful man in Europe."

Sir Edward was not, is not, and never could be held to be a man of genius. He has not any great experience or striking aptitude for affairs.

He is not a born Foreign Minister in the sense that Lord Kitchener was a born administrator. We must add that he is also no orator.

But there is a mysterious and secret force in the man which sometimes we have attributed to his love of solitude.

Perhaps in our heart of hearts we never regarded him as so great a man as in those early days of the war when with what depths of thanksgiving we read the first of the many White Papers dealing with the period immediately preceding the war!

Of course you may argue that this (his calm attitude) in a statesman is a virtue. But there is another point of view which demands that our leaders shall really lead; and in time of war, leaders should sound a clarion note, avoiding subtleties and sophistries. Democracy still likes its sentiments strong; still loves to see its precepts set in heavy headlines. Gentle reasoning is all very well for days of peace. We want fiery eloquence in time of war.

Sir Edward Grey has courted the charge that he is as much of a friend to Germany as Lord Haldane, and that he is guilty of an undue clemency wherever the enemy is concerned.

Undoubtedly the conduct of the Foreign Office in regard to the blockade of Germany, the delays over the declaration of various articles as contraband and the early attempts to enforce the unpopular and unratified Declaration of London, supplied a basis for reasonable criticism.

Sir Edward clung tenaciously to this unhappy instrument, which had its making in his department; and even went so far as to give our enemies a famous rallying cry in admitting that after the war there might be a profitable discussion of "the freedom of the seas." In the whole course of the Foreign Office over the blockade, in its reluctance to increase the list of contraband, in its refusal to declare a blockade in law what was already one in fact, in

its too tender treatment of the susceptibilities of not always friendly neutrals, is to be found a weakness for which Sir Edward must shoulder the blame.



Sweden: "This food requires strong teeth."
(Sweden is represented by the Danish cartoonist as having exported so much food that she has only the gold she received for it to eat.)
—Social Democrat, Copenhagen.

It was not until the utter failure of his diplomacy in the Balkans and in the Near East that the ground opened beneath him, and much of his prestige was engulfed in a general earthquake.

Of course one must not forget, in connection with Sir Edward's failure in the Balkans, that he was hampered on every side by the ambitions of Italy and the sentimentality of Russia.

But even granting all these difficulties, Sir Edward still treated Balkan governments with too much blunt honesty and too little subtle intrigue. And so he failed lamentably; and our prestige in the Near East went down with him. In attempting to beat Levantine diplomatists at their own game, he stood about as much chance as the Pope would have at a poker party.

REAL USES FOR ZEPPELS
Should Have Helped Kaiser's Navy
—But Failed

THE supreme value of the Zeppelin, in the opinion of a writer in the English Review of Reviews, is as a scouting auxiliary to the fleet and in this respect we are powerless in the face of the enemy. Seaplanes and aeroplanes cannot do the work of the Zeppelin—no sea vessel, however swift, can compete. The zone of vision from a Zeppelin is in-

initely greater than anything obtainable from the surface of the ocean. There is no danger from submarine attack, and a Zeppelin can remain for hours practically stationary, high above that wonderful network of naval defence and patrol existing in the North Sea. Close contact by wireless between the airship and the German raiders or fleets enables the maximum of advantage to be taken of any temporary gap or preparation to be made against coming attack. We on our side have no such "eagle's eyes" to aid us.

To-day there is (the article was written before the Skagerrack fight) much probability of a naval attack on our coasts—probably directed towards the narrower waters of the Channel. Zeppelins are scouting, locating the various fleet units, giving a comprehensive account of our whole defence lines. When the Zeppelins signal "Steam ahead," then from many miles back the German warships will steam out and the fight be on. And this is the real value—the real danger of the Zeppelin—not the power to throw bombs on villages in England.

We have remained without acting now for years, in face of a known peril, and to-day we are doing nothing. Every detail of the construction of the Zeppelins has been known for years, but we are still unable to make one. Since the beginning of the war even, there has been time enough to make many Zeppelin factories—the works on Lake Constance of the old wise Count turn out one or two a week, but we have only completed one airship of this type in twenty months. Several years ago we pointed out that thirty or more Zeppelins could be built for the cost of one super-Dreadnought, and each Zeppelin in the naval battle that is to come will be the doom of many super-Dreadnoughts, even if it never throws a bomb.

U. S. NEGROES UNEASY
Clouds on the "Colour Line"
Trouble the South

RAY STANNARD BAKER takes up the old, old negro problem of the United States in an article in World's Work. He sees difficulties ahead and claims that no one who is at all familiar with the conditions which confront the American negro at the present time can doubt that discontent and unrest among them have been spreading, particularly within the last two years.

This is due in part to perfectly clear and possibly temporary economic causes. The war in Europe has made the staple industry of the South—cotton-raising—momentarily unprofitable; and the burden has naturally fallen most heavily upon those with the least resources, both white and coloured, and has resulted in a sharpening of competition between the races for the tenancy of the land and for the available work of the towns. In several instances the point of violence has been reached. Last spring, as a single example, night riders appeared in New Madrid County, Mo., and nearly cleared that district of negro labourers.

But the strain due to the present distress in the cotton industry, which may be only temporary, is



Nobody Home!
—N. Y. Morning World.



The Speech of Bethmann-Hollweg: "The Peace-Polichinelle."
—Louis Raemackers, Amsterdam Telegraaf.



Money talks, but the lack of money talks louder.
—Racey, Montreal Star.

only one of the causes of unrest. There are several others.

First: The cause which an inquirer hears most about in talking with negroes is the changing attitude of the Federal Government toward them. It has been a deep and comforting feeling among negroes ever since the Civil War that, no matter what happened, Uncle Sam was their friend and protector. Without entering at all into the merits of the case, the movement to segregate negro workers in the departments at Washington and the failure of the Democratic Administration to reappoint most of the negroes who occupied important Federal positions have been regarded by negroes as a body blow at their aspirations.

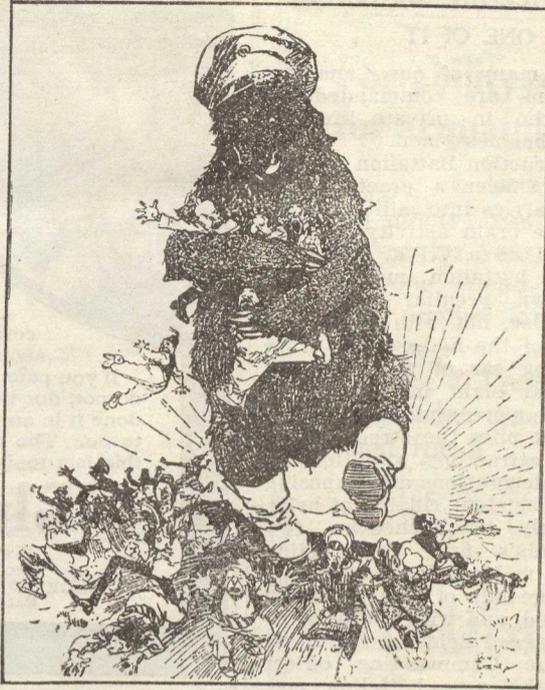
Second: Negroes feel a steadily changing sentiment in the North. The older generation of men who fought for the abolition of slavery, and who looked upon the negro with peculiar sympathy, has passed away: and the men of the newer generation are not only not interested, but are impatient of being worried with a problem so essentially disagreeable. They dislike, quite frankly, to see negroes crowding into Northern cities; and they are more than willing that the South should deal with its own problem in its own way, so long as they are not disturbed.

Third: Nowhere in the Southern States has the negro any direct political power (though, in a peculiar way, he does possess an enormous indirect influence), and segregation laws in cities are gradually becoming more strict. The recent vote at St. Louis in favour of the segregation of negroes in certain sections of the city is a case in point.

Nor is this all. The negro is now being threatened at the very point at which his opportunity for development has been the widest and freest, that is, in the country districts of the South. It was the wise advice of the late Booker T. Washington, as it is the advice of Major Moton, his successor, to the coloured man to "get land," "own a home," and thus make himself independent. But now that negroes have actually acquired millions of acres of Southern land, and are renting millions more (negroes now own or control a territory equivalent in acreage to twice the state of South Carolina), a movement, supported by a leading agricultural paper, to force segregation also in country districts and to restrict the freedom of the negro to purchase land where he will.

Fourth: Though negro children represent about 40 per cent. of the school population in 11 Southern States, they are getting only 12 per cent. of the school funds expended in those States; and in certain States the coloured people do not even get back all the money for their schools they themselves actually pay in taxes. That is, in these States, they are not only paying for their own schools, but contributing to the support of the white schools. In Louisiana, the amount spent for education is only \$1.60 a year for each negro child of school age.

Fifth: Once, it was asserted that negroes were lynched only for the "usual crime," but now they are lynched for all sorts of crimes and offences, sometimes of the most trivial character, and there are numerous recent cases in which wholly innocent negroes have been lynched. While for twenty years, down to 1905, there was a rapid and hopeful decrease in the number of lynchings, the last ten years, during which the progress of the negro has been most rapid, have shown little change.



And they said he was done for!
—The Passing Show (London.)

T. R. WRITES HIS VIEWS Insists on Universal Service for All Americans

WHILE Washington walks calmly into war with Mexico Roosevelt is, among other things, thundering away about "universal service" for Americans in the Metropolitan Magazine. Universal service should, he declares, be accepted as a matter of course in any country enjoying universal suffrage; for those who enjoy the suffrage as a right should perform the service as a duty; and the duty and the right should be correlated. In time of war different kinds of service would have to be rendered by different men. The skilled mechanic who could do a particular thing better than any one else should be kept at it and not sent to the front. It should be the duty of the government in time of peace to find out what the peculiar fitness of each man is, so as to be ready to utilize him where he can best perform the work if the country is assailed. Such training as I advocate should be welcomed by every one. Above all, it should be welcomed by those men, working men or farmers, who have been most apt to be suspicious of a regular army; for this would make a potential army which would be nothing whatever but the people themselves, the people trained not only to the use of arms, but to obedience and discipline and orderly liberty, expressed and secured by their own actions. Such universal training for universal service has nothing in common with militarism. Switzerland and Australia are two of the least militaristic commonwealths in the world. It has nothing in common with any system that produces armies bent on war. Its aim is to fit the people to defend themselves. It would not produce soldiers capable at the outset to hold their own against equal numbers of the long-trained troops of the great military powers of the Old World; and it would have to be supplemented by special camps or schools for tens of thousands of men to be trained as officers. But it would produce men who could very speedily, in the event of danger, be trained to reasonable efficiency, and who after a short time would be trained to a high degree of efficiency. Therefore, back of our regular army, which should be able to do the ordinary international police duty (such as it ought to do and is not doing in Mexico) and to act with instant efficiency so as to secure us the necessary breathing spell if we are assailed as a great military power, we would have a great force of men who, instead of being a mob, would possess such training that very speedily they could be sent forward to supplement the regulars.

BRYCE ON THE FUTURE Late American Ambassador Forecasts Results of War

WILL the effect of this war be to inflame or to damp down the military spirit? Some there are, says Viscount Bryce in the Hibbert Journal, who believe that the example of those States which had made vast preparations for war will be henceforth followed by all States, so far as their resources permit, and that everywhere armies will be

larger, navies larger, artillery accumulated on a larger scale, so that whatever peace may come will be only a respite and breathing time, to be followed by further conflicts till the predominance of one State or one race is established.

The effects which the war will have on the government and politics of the contending countries are equally obscure, though everyone admits they are sure to be far-reaching. Those who talk of politics as a science may well pause when they reflect how little the experience of the past enables us to forecast the future of government, let us say in Germany or in Russia, on the hypothesis either of victory or of defeat for one or other Power.

Economics approaches more nearly to the character of a science than does any other department of inquiry in the human as opposed to the physical subjects. Yet the economic problems before us are scarcely less dark than the political. How long will it take the great countries to repair the losses they are now suffering? The destruction of capital has been greater during these last eleven months than ever before in so short a period, and it goes on with increasing rapidity. It took nearly two centuries for Germany to recover from the devastations of the Thirty Years' War, and nearly forty years from the end of the Civil War has elapsed before the wealth of the Southern States of America had come back to the figures of 1860. One may expect recovery to be much swifter in our days, but the extinction of millions of productive brains and hands cannot fail to retard the process, and each of the trading countries will suffer by the impoverishment of the others.

This suggests the gravest of all the questions that confront us. How will population be affected in quantity and in quality? The birth-rate had before 1914 been falling in Germany and Britain; it had already so fallen in France as only to equal the death-rate. Will the withdrawal of those slain in the ab-



The Kaiser (to Ananias): "Prosit!"
—Kirby, in New York World.

restore the productive industrial capacity of each country? More than half the students and younger teachers in some of our Universities have gone to fight abroad: and many of these will never return. Who can estimate what is being lost to literature and learning and science, from the deaths of those whose strong and cultivated intelligence might have made great discoveries or added to the store of the world's thought? Those who are now perishing belong to the most healthy and vigorous part of the population, from whom the strongest progeny might have been expected. Will the physical and mental energy of the generation that will come to manhood thirty or forty years hence show a decline? The data for a forecast are scanty, for in no previous war has the loss of life been so great over Europe as a whole, even in proportion to a population very much larger than it was a century ago. It is said, I know not with how much truth, that the stature and physical strength of the population of France took long to recover from the losses of the wars that lasted from 1793 till 1814. Niebuhr thought that the population of the Roman Empire never recovered from the great plague of the second century A.D.; but where it is disease that reduces a people it is the weaker who die, while in war it is the stronger. Our friends of the Eugenics Society are uneasy at the prospect for the belligerent nations. Some of them are trying to console themselves by dwelling on the excellent moral effects that may spring out of the stimulation which war gives to the human spirit. What the race loses in body it may—so they hope—regain in soul. This is a highly speculative anticipation, on which history casts no certain light.

SOMETHING IN THE WAY.



The Landstrum Abroad—Will His Majesty tell us how? We've been trying to get to the Fatherland ever since the war started.

—Racey, Montreal Star.

Your
Refrigerator
Will Always
Be Sweet
And
Sanitary
If
You
Use



An Engineering Battalion

By ONE OF IT

A GREAT many of our Canadian battalions are commanded by men who in private life are lawyers and business men.

No. 1 Construction Battalion has for Commanding Officer a practical engineer, who carries into military business the same brain activity that he formerly used as a C.P.R. engineer. This unique battalion manages to make its own peculiar kind and amount of noise, not with bugle and drum. Most of the noise comes from the advertising car of the Battalion now a popular sight in Toronto at noonday, and more conspicuously at night, when it plies the streets, gaily illuminated, attracting attention to the patriotic decorations and imposing signs by the insistent ringing of bells. Although only established a few weeks, Canada's first Construction Battalion is making big headway—more than one-half of total strength being recruited, and with the possibility of an enlarged field for recruiting activities, the Commanding officer hopes that the new battalion may have its complement early in July. Construction men are urgently needed at the front, and as the British Government intimated this necessity to Ottawa, the Dominion with characteristic spontaneity will send her first quota at the earliest possible date, under Command of Lieut.-Col. Ripley, late Construction Engineer of Canadian Pacific Railway, who built the Lethbridge viaduct and supervised the C.P.R. North Toronto grade separation. Colonel Ripley is selecting his staff from men who have had civil engineering experience, as well as the requisite military certificates, and many readers of Canadian Courier will recognize the names of the following officers connected with No. 1 Construction Battalion: Capts. T. R. Loudon (Adjutant), Ketterson, Holland, Byrne, Lieuts. J. B. Heron, G. G. Fleming, A. E. V. Steele, F. G. Cross, F. A. R. McNair, Medhurst Saul, and O. B. Hertzberg, who recently returned from Flanders where he had the misfortune to get wounded and gassed.

The functions of the battalion will be to assist in keeping the lines of communication open, which necessitates road-making, bridge-building, railwaying and other means to facilitate the quick movement of troops. This is a supremely important work and particularly now, when a general advance by our troops on the western front is contemplated, the necessity of keeping the highways clear is of vital moment so that the quick transit of men and munitions may not suffer by delay.

We have had many exemplifications of the celerity and expedition afforded by Germany's elaborate net work of railways, and know in many instances how movements of the allied troops were hampered by lack of transportation facilities. Members of the Construction Battalion are well equipped for the work, being proficient in some department of skilled labour: Mechanics, engineers, steel structural workers, carpenters, masons, telegraph and telephone linemen, and labourers. The majority of men enlisting are of Canadian and Old Country origin. So well officered and physically equipped, the first Canadian Overseas Construction Battalion should be of valuable assistance to the Imperial Government.

Bathos of the Bounty

I'm going to tip the janitor—maybe!
I'm going to tip the grocer's boy—we'll see!
I'm going to tip the cook, of course, oh, yes!
I'm going to tip my typewriter—I guess!
I'm going to tip the waiter—well, I'll think!
I'm going to tip the candy girl—a wink!
And, if there should be others—after that—
To him or her I'm going to tip my hat!
—New York Times.

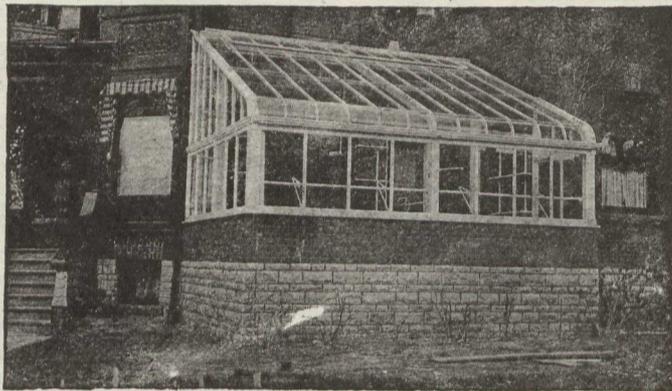
Every Debutante Can Now Say
I SHALL NEVER HAVE A CORN

Nowadays anyone can keep entirely free from corns. No young girl need ever know the ache of a kill-joy corn. Millions of people know that. Corns are needless—are absurd—since Blue-jay was invented. At the first sign of a corn apply a Blue-jay plaster. It can't pain after that. In two days the corn disappears. New corns or old corns can be ended this way. But some old corns—about nine per cent—require the second application.

If you pare corns or use harsh old-time treatments, quit them. If you do not, don't begin. Blue-jay has eliminated 70 million corns. It has done it in an easy, gentle way. With all corns always this is the thing to do. The quicker you do it the better. For your own sake, prove this fact tonight.

Blue-jay Ends Corns

15 and 25 cents—at Druggists
Also Blue-jay Bunion Plasters
BAUER & BLACK, Chicago and New York
Makers of Surgical Dressings, etc.



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WAR NOTES.

Well, President Wilson is at least not too proud to parade. Canadians are now commanded by General Byng. That's the kind of a name for a leader. It means something.

War prices have affected Bibles. Most of us have copies almost as good as new, however.

New York Staats Zeitung calls the Kaiser "Admiral of the Atlantic" now. For the present, however, his flagship remains in the Kiel Canal.

An eagle in full flight is pictured on the new coins just minted at Washington. "In full flight," mark you.

When the war began Germany wanted the earth. Now the Huns will be satisfied with a peace.

English corset-makers cannot get exemption from compulsory military service. Well, many women are now self-supporting.

The Germans have set their clocks an hour ahead, but that doesn't seem to hasten their entry into Verdun.

Greece denies that it tried to get a loan from Germany. Of course not. The Fatherland is not making loans just now.

Courierettes.

JOHN BULL is fairly busy on the high seas these days, reading Uncle Sam's letters and keeping a weather eye out for stray German ships.

There may be peace in Europe soon, but there'll be none in the U. S. until November.

Why does a man who talks as much as Teddy live at a place with a name like Oyster Bay?

Sir Edward Carson and John Redmond have recently been seen smoking cigarettes together. Will their peace parley end in smoke?

Man arrested in England had his pants lined with Treasury notes. "Cheque trousers" indeed.

A wise girl may throw herself at a man if she is sure that he is a "good catch."

Germany has ordered that crows and sparrows are to be used as food. Just by way of getting accustomed to the diet of crow that is sure to come.

Nasty critics of the British Government accuse it of killing nothing but time.

Germany has had a lot of war, but food reports do not go to show that she is "fed up" with it yet.

Sir Sam Hughes would be a great Minister of Militia if he were as silent as his namesake, the Republican nominee.

Shoes are going up in price, and it's only natural that people should kick.

Herr Liebnicht says that the war is living on lies. There's no lack of that kind of war munition.

Rockefeller has bought a new suit of clothes. The price of gasoline didn't go up for nothing.

It is announced that the labour unions in Mexico are opposed to war. We did not know that there were enough workers down there to form a union.

Von Tirpitz has retired to the Black Forest, which is a fitting resort for a man with such a black record.

Query.—Some months ago, was it not, the newspapers proclaimed the fact—"Portugal enters the war." What war?

Just a Suggestion.—In order to modify to some extent the horrors of war, why do not the armies use mild anesthetics instead of poison gases?

Rather.—"Going to the mountains for your vacations?"
"No—cost of living is too high already."

Sir David Beatty's Thanks.—Col. Cecil G. Williams, chief recruiting officer for the Dominion, a live wire of

an officer who has risen with remarkable rapidity to his present important post, tells of an interesting incident which gives a glimpse of the human side of the character of that great British naval officer, Vice Admiral Sir David Beatty.

It happened in Picton, Ont., last fall when Col. Williams was lecturing there, and making an appeal for comforts to be sent the sailors in Britain's navy. The colonel himself had spent 18 years in the navy and knew the needs of the men. He is a man of magnetic personality and compelling eloquence, and he made a strong impression on the mind of a lad named Carter. As Col. Williams, along with the local newspaper man, was leaving the hall, the boy approached him and extended his hand. There were 40 cents in it.

"That's for the sailors" said the lad, shyly. "I was saving it up to buy a pair of skates, but I can do without them."

Col. Williams refused to take the money. "God help me, I didn't see the spirit of the boy," he remarked afterwards. But the Picton editor nudged him on the arm, and said, "Take the boy's money—it will do him good." The colonel finally took the 40 cents.

He sent the money to Lady Beatty, along with a note explaining the origin of the gift. She was so struck by the spirit of self-sacrifice shown by the lad that she sent the letter on to Sir David, who with his British bulldogs was somewhere in the North Sea, keeping watch day and night for the fleet of the foe. Sir David liked the lad's unselfish spirit so much that he assembled the crew of the Lion and read Col. Williams' letter, to the accompaniment of the cheers of the men.

A few weeks later there arrived in Picton a pair of the best silver-mounted boy's skates obtainable in England, the thanks of Sir David and Lady Beatty for the 40 cents given by young Carter.

"It was a paying investment" says Col. Williams. "That pair of skates will be historic."

There's a Reason.—A Boston stenographer declares that she has had eight employers, and that not one of them tried to kiss her. It is quite evident that her face is not her fortune.

Rightly Said.—Teacher.—"What are the chief exports of the United States?"

Bright Pupil.—"In time of peace, tourists; in time of war, munitions."

Tough.—Three thousand newspapers shut down in Germany since the war began. Liberty of the press is a tough proposition in Hunland. It consists chiefly of liberty to cease publication.

For ability---not for acquaintance

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PUBLIC Notice is hereby given that under the First Part of chapter 79 of the Revised Statutes of Canada, 1906, known as "The Companies Act," letters patent have been issued under the Seal of the Secretary of State of Canada, bearing date the 21st day of February, 1916, incorporating Thomas Anderson Burgess and J. Ogle Carrs, barristers-at-law, Charles Osborne Wood, civil engineer, and Mary Ida Keays and Margaret Sungenor, stenographers, all of the City of Ottawa, in the Province of Ontario, for the following purposes, viz:—

(a) To prospect for, open, explore, develop, work, improve, maintain, and manage gold, silver, copper, nickel, lead, coal, iron and other mines, quarries, mineral and other deposits and properties and to dig for, dredge, raise, crush, wash, smelt, roast, assay, analyze, reduce and amalgamate and otherwise treat ores, metals and mineral substances of all kinds, whether belonging to the company or not, and to render the same merchantable, and to sell and otherwise dispose of the same, or any part thereof, or any interest therein, and generally to carry on the business of a mining, milling, reduction and development company;

(b) To acquire by purchase, lease, concession, license, exchange, or other legal title, mines, mining lands, easements, mineral properties or any interest therein, mineral and ores and mining claims, options, powers, privileges, water and other rights, patent rights, processes and mechanical or other contrivances, and either absolutely or conditionally, and either solely or jointly with others, and as principals, agents, contractors or otherwise and to lease, place under license, sell, dispose of and otherwise deal with the same or any part thereof or any interest therein;

(c) To construct, maintain, alter, make, work and operate on the property of the company, or on property controlled by the company, tramways, telegraph or telephone lines, reservoirs, dams, flumes race and other ways, water powers, aqueducts, wells, roads, piers, wharves, buildings, shops, smelters, refineries, dredges, furnaces, mills and other works and machinery, plant and electrical and other appliances of every description, and to buy, sell, manufacture and deal in all kinds of goods, stores, implements, provisions, chattels and effects required by the company or its workmen or servants;

(d) To construct or acquire by lease, purchase, or otherwise and to operate and maintain undertakings, plant, machinery, works and appliances for the

generation or production of steam, electric, pneumatic, hydraulic, or other power or force; also lines of wire, poles, tunnels, conduits, works and appliances for the storing, delivery and transmission under or above ground of steam, electric, pneumatic, hydraulic or other power or force for any purpose for which the same may be used, and to contract with any company or person upon such terms as are agreed upon to connect the company's lines of wire, poles, tunnels, conduits, works and appliances with those of any such company or persons, and generally to carry on the business of generating, producing and transmitting steam, electric, pneumatic, hydraulic or other power or force; to acquire by lease, purchase, or otherwise steam, electric, pneumatic, hydraulic or other power or force, and to use, sell, lease or otherwise dispose of the same and all power and force produced by the company, provided, however, that any sale, distribution or transmission of electric, pneumatic, hydraulic or other power or force beyond the lands of the company shall be subject to local and municipal regulations;

(e) To take, acquire and hold as the consideration for ores, metals, or minerals sold or otherwise disposed of, or for goods supplied or for work done by contract or otherwise, shares, debentures, bonds or other securities of or in any other company having objects similar to those of the company and to sell or otherwise dispose of the same, notwithstanding the provisions of section 44 of the said Act;

(f) To manufacture and deal in logs, lumber, timber, wood, metal, all articles into the manufacture of which wood or metal enters and all kinds of natural products and by-products thereof;

(g) To build upon, develop, cultivate, farm, settle and otherwise improve and utilize the lands of the company and to lease, sell, or otherwise deal with or dispose of the same and to aid and assist by way of bonus advances of money or otherwise, with or without security, settlers and intending settlers upon any lands belonging to or sold by the company, or in the neighbourhood of such lands, and generally to promote the settlement of such lands;

(h) To purchase or otherwise acquire and undertake and assume all or any part of the assets, business, property, privileges, contracts, rights, obligations and liabilities of any person, firm or company carrying on any business which this company is authorized to carry on, or any business similar thereto or possessed of property, suitable for the purposes thereof;

(i) To raise and assist in raising money for and to aid by way of bonus, loan, promise, endorsement, guarantee or otherwise any corporation in the capital stock of which the company holds shares, or with which it may have business relations, and to act as employee, agent or manager of any such corporation, and to guarantee the performance of contracts by any such corporation, or by any person or persons with whom the company may have business relations;

(j) To build, acquire, own, charter, navigate and use steam and other vessels;

(k) To apply for, purchase or otherwise acquire any patents of invention, trade marks, copyrights or similar privileges relating to or which may be deemed useful to the company's business and to sell or otherwise dispose of the same as may be deemed expedient;

(l) To join, consolidate and amalgamate with any person, society, company or corporation carrying on a business similar in whole or in part to that of this company and to pay or receive the price agreed upon in cash or in paid-up and non-assessable shares, bonds or debentures or other securities or guarantees of the company;

(m) To develop or assist in developing any auxiliary or allied company carrying on business of a like nature or germane to that of this company and to become shareholders in the same;

(n) To enter into partnership or into any arrangement for sharing profits, union of interests, co-operation, joint adventure, reciprocal concession or otherwise with any person or company carrying on or engaged in, or about to carry on or engage in any business or transaction which the company is authorized to carry on, or engage in;

(o) To lease, sell or otherwise dispose of the property and assets of the company, or any part thereof, for such consideration as the company may deem fit, including shares, debentures or securities of any company;

(p) To do all acts and exercise all powers and carry on all business incidental to the due carrying out of the objects for which the company is incorporated and necessary to enable the company to profitably carry on its undertakings;

(q) To do all or any of the above things as principals, agents or attorneys. The operations of the company to be carried on throughout the Dominion of Canada and elsewhere by the name of "Canadian Calumet & Montana Mining Company, Limited," with a capital stock of forty thousand dollars, divided into 40,000 shares of one dollar each, and the chief place of business of the said company to be at the City of Toronto, in the Province of Ontario.

Dated at the office of the Secretary of State of Canada, this 24th day of February, 1916.

THOMAS MULVEY, Under-Secretary of State.

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MONEY AND MAGNATES

Reasons for Good Humour

WHATEVER the future may hold the indications of present day business prosperity are good: reasons for optimistic outlook at least so long as the war lasts are not far to seek. For example, Canadian farm implement manufacturers, who have been called on in the past three months to fill the demand for farm implements in the west, report that this year's business is showing big increases over last year and also as compared with 1914. In the aggregate, trade is running 40% above 1915. Farmers are evidently taking advantage of last year's large profits to secure additional machinery.

Then comes good news from the flour millers. Owing to the preferential duty of 24 cents a barrel, Canadian milling companies have been able to develop a profitable trade with Trinidad, and this will probably be further enlarged. Imports of flour into Trinidad declined last year, but despite that fact the Canadian flour increased slightly, being 201,720 barrels, as compared with 201,675 two years ago. The development of the outside markets has been a feature of the milling business during the past few years, at least in so far as the larger companies are concerned.

Meantime better business methods are increasing the net profits of many concerns as in the case of the G.T.R. For the first four months of 1916 the gross earnings of the Grand Trunk were £561,000 in excess of the same time a year ago, while the increase in expenses amounted to only £280,800, so that net earnings showed a gain of £280,200. The detailed report shows that the Grand Trunk Western gross increased £131,850, while the expenditure declined £5,450, a remarkable showing. London advices state that the earnings of the road would probably lead to improvement in the securities were it not for the condition of the market.

The British Treasury will take a hand in the buying of Canadian securities. This has its cheerful bearing on the several situations. The list of investment securities which will be bought by the British Treasury in connection with its American dollar security mobilization scheme includes the Bell Telephone of Canada 5% bonds, Canadian Pacific common stock (for loans only, not purchase), C.P.R. 6% notes, "Soo" bonds and stock, Montreal Light, Heat & Power 4½% and 5% bonds, Montreal Tramways 5% bonds, Ontario Power Co. 5% bonds, and Ontario Transmission Co. bonds. As a result of this scheme it is probable that large quantities of these securities will pass from English into American hands.

Perhaps the most important news of all is from the United States. Canadian financing in the United States since the war began—that is in less than 2 years—has been over \$200,000,000, and the Wall St. Journal says that this is increasing. May sales of Canadian, provincial and municipal bonds across the line totalled \$7,000,000, and June has already surpassed that figure, with prospects good for further sales at an early date. Canada is, of course, not borrowing any more in the English market, but Uncle Sam is proving a willing banker to an extent that is surpassing the fondest anticipations of a few years ago.

This is all "to the good" for Canada.

More Branch Banks

THERE were 3,292 branches of the Canadian chartered banks at the end of last month, compared with 3,261 on July 31st, 1914, so that the number has increased 31 since war began. In the last five months of 1914 there were more branches opened than those closed three months, during last year in nine months, and in the first five months of this year in two months.

Injuring Our Railway Credit

CANADA'S financial standing in England has not been benefitted in the slightest by the recent history of the Algoma Central and Hudson Bay Railway. A Bill promoted by the Algoma Central and Hudson Bay Railway was passed by the Canadian House of Commons on March 20 and assented on April 12, according to a writer in the Financial News of London. Future investors in Canadian Railway and Industrial first mortgage bonds specifically secured on certain detailed assets should take careful note of the time-table of these transactions.

On August 25, 1915, they were asked to deposit bonds in a blind pool. On February 25, 1916, the details of the scheme are published; on March 24 the confirmatory meeting is held, when four hands were held up in favour of the committee's proposals and about 200 against them.

On March 20, four days before the bond-holders' meeting was held to confirm the scheme and authorize the Bill, the Bill was actually passed by the Canadian House of Commons upon a preamble, which set out the consent of the bond-holders, which had not then been obtained.

On April 12 the Bill received the Assent of the Governor-General of Canada, that these practically defenceless Railway bondholders were to be deprived of their principal asset and mulct in usurious interest for the benefit of the usurping Terminals Co.

The legal question as to whether subscribers to these bonds have any remedy against the parties responsible for the issue in this country will no doubt receive careful consideration. There are many features of the matter that would not make a very favourable impression in a Court of Justice in this country. The Bondholders' Defence Committee in England had elaborate arrangements made for bringing the whole matter before the Canadian Legislature; but these arrangements took time. The Railway Committee and their advisers took good care, and with good reason, from their point of view, that the Canadian Legislature should have no time to hear the other side.

We shall be interested, says the same British writer, to hear some day what the Canadian authorities think on finding that they have been hustled into being made parties to a scheme so disastrous to their credit, at such a critical time in the history of Canadian railway affairs.

Ottawa! What's the answer?



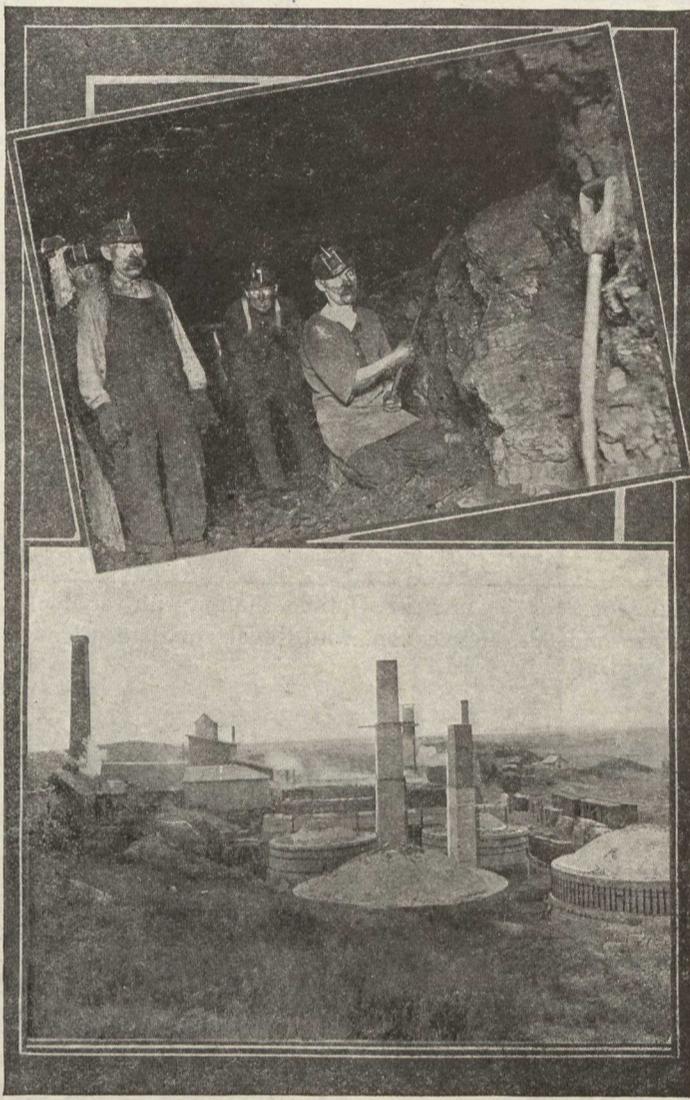
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The Old Shoebox Buggy

(Concluded from page 9.)

come down—and to-morrow all left of it would be a timothy meadow with streaks of sawdust.

What did I care? Revenge was all I wanted now; not on Maggie, but on the youth who had so hypnotized her by just being audacious.

A few miles out past the last sound of the circus where the rigs began to drizzle off into the concession lines and the dust was just thick enough to rise easily and not so thick as to make hard going, I slowed up. About forty rigs went by. Bob at first ginged up at this. But he soon sobered down to see what I intended to do.

Presently—then about seven miles from town—I gazed back at a rig that was coming along smarter than most. I could see its top. And the top was up.

That I surmised was Dave Becket's rig.

Bob surmised as much when I turned again.

Just jogging along when up came the top rig and it turned out to pass. Bob saw that and let himself out a tuck or two. The other horse did the same. Bob let out another tuck. And the race was on.

"Git off the road," bawled Dave. "Room enough for two," says I. "Why don't you go by?"

Down went the top to let the wind slide over.

"Dave," screamed Maggie. "Don't let him—"

Dave emitted a yell. That sent his horse into a lope. The dust was now flying in a cloud and the telegraph poles were going to the rear at a terrible clip. Dave had no idea he couldn't get past that old shoebox buggy weighing half as much again as his top rig. So he kept at it—till I finally gave Bob his last stretch and that settled it. The top rig slowed up. So did I.

"Say, Mr. Ben Hur," I remarked in the quiet of the midnight, "you don't seem to go by very fast."

He made no reply and let his horse dawdle a bit. I knew what he would do—turn up the next concession to avoid me; and he did. I turned old Bob and trailed them up the same concession. That began miles of curious jog-trotting and sometimes walking, when we got into narrow bush roads with only one track. They knew I was not far behind. No doubt he had his left arm round Maggie all the while and very likely kissed her a number of times in the dark canyons of those bush roads.

When we got out of that section of bush roads into another old settlement where the roads were better I saw that there wasn't a house or a school-house or a church or any sort of place that I seemed to have seen before.

Much to my surprise Dave and Maggie begin to slack up. Presently at a cross-roads they stopped. There wasn't a rig on the road. All the houses were dark. I could hear Maggie arguing vehemently with Dave, and him making scornful replies, and the horse pawing the dust.

"Say," I made bold to suggest from the rear, "don't you people think you're lost?"

No reply. "All right," says I as cheerfully as possible. "So be I. But allow me to throw out a hint Miss Malone"—as I drove up alongside and stopped.

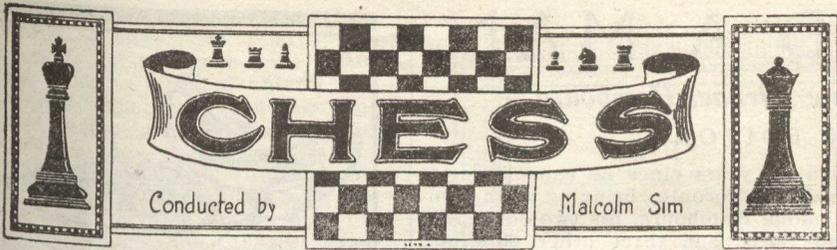
I knew that any other time and place Dave would have fetched old Bob a slash with his whip.

"This horse I'm driving," says I, "knows all these roads in his sleep. All you have to do is to follow this old shoebox buggy and you'll get home."

"Course," I added—quite irresistibly—"if I wanted to be nast, I could lay down the law that the lady come and ride with me in the old shoebox. But that would hurt her feelings and I don't want to do that."

I jogged ahead and let Bob find his way back to the Centre Road from which the folks behind would be able to get their bearings.

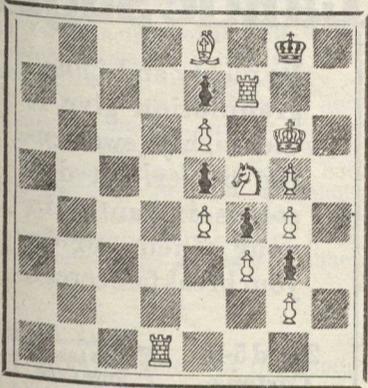
Just at what point they made a turn when Bob didn't I don't remember. But I know that for some miles Bob and I were alone; and that when we turned into Cyrus Pincher's lane it must have been about the same time in the morning as Maggie had started out on the morning of Dominion Day, 1881.



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

PROBLEM NO. 51, by W. J. Faulkner. (Specially composed for the "Courier.") (Task.—R. B and Kt Block.)

Black.—Five pieces.



White.—Eleven pieces.

White to play and self-stalemate in twelve.

The above excellent fantasia by Mr. Faulkner is not included in the solve's ladder contest, the two problems for which are given below. Solution, however, will be acknowledged.

We invite solver's comments on our specially contributed problems. They should be incisive and decidedly brief to receive publication.

Correction.

Problem No. 49 should have been given as a three-mover.

Solver's Ladder. Second week.

Table with 4 columns: Name, No. 45, No. 46, Total. Lists names like J. Kay, R. G. Hunter, F. Coombs, W. J. Faulkner, R. A. Leduc.

Problem No. 46 is cooked by 1. Kt-B5. This was sent in as the solution by Mr. Kay, who receives his three points on that account.

To Correspondents.

(J. R. B.): Pleased to find you out of chrysalis, and hope permanently so.

Problem No. 52, by Giorgio Guidelli. Good Companion Solving Turney, Feb., 1916.

White: K at QR7; Q at KB7; Rs at QR4 and QB4; B at KR8; Kts at Q5 and R3; P at KKT4.

Black: K at K4; Q at KR8; R at KKT2; Bs at QBsq and KR3; Kts at K7 and KKTsq; Ps at QB4, K5 and KB5.

White mates in two.

Problem No. 53, by V. Marin. Ruy Lopez, Aug., 1899. (Chameleon Echo).

White: K at K7; Q at QR5; R at Ksq; Kts at QB3 and KBsq; P at K2.

Black: K at Q5; B at KKT7; Kts at QKT8 and KR6; Ps at QR6 and KR6.

White mates in three.

SOLUTIONS.

Problem No. 47, by D. J. Densmore. 1. R-KB5, K-R6; 2. R-B4. Kt moves; 3. RxKt mate.

Problem No. 48, by Giorgio Guidelli. 1. Kt-B8, Kt-K4 dis. ch; 2. Kt-K6 mate.

White: K at KB6; Q at KR7; Rs at KB7 and KKT7; Bs at KKT3 and KKT4; P at QB6. Black: K at Qsq; Q at KR4; B at KR3; Kt at K2; P at QB2. Self-mate in eight.

SOLUTION.

1. Q-R8ch; 2. RxKtch; 3. R (B7) xBch 4. B-R4; 5. K-KT6ch; 6. B-R5; 7. K-R6ch; 8. Q-KT7ch, QxQ mate! Black's moves are all forced.

CHess IN WESTERN AUSTRALIA. We extract the following remarkably fine correspondence game from the unheralded publication issued from the offices of the Magazine, which contains a comprehensive review of the game during the past year.

Eighty-six games in all are given, besides some up-to-date analyses of several openings and some constructive end-game tips. Forty of the best prize problems also appear.

King's Gambit.

- White. J. K. Younkman. (Kalgoorlie.) 1. P-K4 2. P-KB4 3. Kt-KB3 4. B-B4 5. Castles 6. P-Q4 7. P-B3 8. Kt-R3 9. Kt-B2 10. B-Q3 11. P-Q13 12. P-K13 13. R-Ksq 14. B-R3 15. Q-Q2 (b) 16. RPxP 17. Q-B2 18. QR-Qsq (d) 19. P-QKt4 20. Pxp 21. B-Kt2 22. R-Rsq 23. QxB 24. P-R4 25. RxP 26. P-K5 27. Kt-K3 28. R-R5 29. Kt-B4 30. Kt-Kt6 31. KtxR 32. QRxKP 33. RxRoh 34. QxKtch 35. Kt-B7 (g) 36. RxBeh 37. R-K8ch 38. R K6! 39. P-Q5 dis. ch 40. BxPch 41. Kt-K8ch
- Black. E. A. Coleman. (Claremont.) 1. P-K4 2. Pxp 3. P-KKt4 4. B-Kt2 5. P-Q3 6. P-KR3 7. Q-K2 8. P-R3 9. B-K3 10. Kt-KB3 11. QKt-Q2 12. Kt-R4 (a) 13. Castles KR 14. P-QB4 15. P-Kt5 16. BxKKtP 17. B-B3 (c) 18. KR-Ksq 19. PxpP 20. Kt-Kt6 21. BxKt 22. B-Kt4 23. Pxp 24. Kt-B3 25. P-KR4 (e) 26. Pxp 27. Q-Q2 28. Kt-Kt5 29. Q-K2 30. B-R3 31. B-R3 32. Q-R5 (f) 33. B-Bsq 34. Pxp 35. Q-B3 (h) 36. KxR 37. K-Kt2 38. Q-R5 39. P-B3 40. QxB Resigns (i)

(a) So far following a correspondence game between Petrograd and Moscow in 1879. Here the Moscow players moved 12. Kt-Kt3; 13. P-B4, Kt-R4.

(b) 15. P-Q5 seems a stronger alternative.

(c) A poor position for this Bishop. Possibly 17. BxKt, and if 18. QxB, Q-Kt4 would have been more satisfactory.

(d) In the light of future events this proves a waste move. Better, perhaps, was B-Kt2.

(e) Black does not fear 27. PxpKt, because of 27. QxRch; 28. KtxQ, RxKtch; 29. K-B2, QR-Ksq, threatening mate by Kt-R8!

(f) Black stakes all on his threatened mate, but his sacrifices are met by counter-sacrifices, leading to an exceedingly pretty finish.

(g) A fine move, to which there seems no adequate reply. If 35. P-B6, then 36. RxBeh, KxR; 37. R-K8ch, K-Kt2; 38. P-Q5 dis. ch, P-B3; 39. Kt-K6ch, K-B2; 40. R-B8ch, K-K2; 41. BxPch, K-Q3; 42. R-Q8 mate. If 41. QxB, then 42. RxQ, KxR; 43. BxRP wins easily.

Or 35. Kt-R4. If 36. P-Q5, then 36. Kt-B3; (if P-B3; 37. R (Ksq) -K7 mates in a few moves); 37. P-Q6, KtxR; 38. RxKt, P-Kt6; 39. B-K4, P-B6; 40. BxP, QxP; 41. P-Q7, Q-Kt3 ch, draws by perpetual check. But 36. RxBeh, KxR; 37. R-K8ch, K-Kt2; 38. P-Q5 dis. ch, P-B3; (if 38. Kt-B3, then 39. P-Q6, P-Kt6; 40. B-K4. If here 39. P-B6, then 40. Kt-Q5.) 39. Kt-K6 ch, K-B2; 40. R-B8 ch, K-K2; 41. B-Q4 wins.

(h) And to this move, which prevents P-Q5, white has a crushing rejoinder on his 38th move.

(i) A splendid game of attack and counter-attack, the ideal for a correspondence game. Even the loser must have enjoyed it!

END GAME NO. 9.

By A. Troitzky.

White: K at KKT2; Q at KBsq; B at KR8; Kts at QKT8 and KB5; P at KR2. Black: K at KKT3; Q at Ksq; Kts at QKT2 and KR8; Ps at QB5, K6 and KKT6. White to play and win.

SOLUTION.

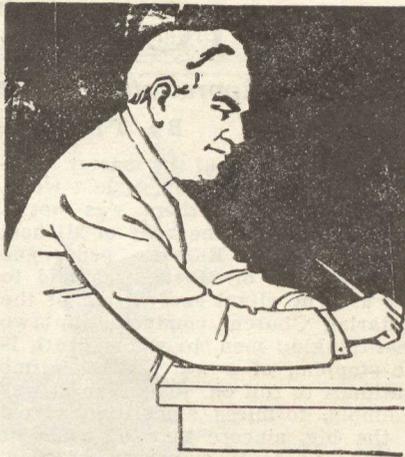
1. Q-QKtsq, QxB (a); 2. Kt-Q6ch, K-Kt2 (b); 3. QxKtch, K-Kt3 (c); 4. Q-K4ch, K-Kt2; 5. Q-K5ch, K-R2 (d); 6. Q-R5ch, K-Kt2; 7. Kt-B5ch, K-Ktsq; 8. Q-K8ch, K-R2; 9. Q-Bch and mates next move.

(a) The study is a little complex. White, of course, threatens 2. Kt-Q6ch. If 1. K-Kt4; 2. P-R4ch, K-Kt5! (if 2. K-B5; 3. Kt-Q6); 3. Kt-R6ch, and mates in four. If 1. Q-Bsq; 2. Kt-R4ch, K-B2 (if K-Kt4; 3. Q-KKt6ch, K-B5; 4. B-K5oh! and wins the Queen); 3. Q-R7 ch, K moves; 4. Q mates. If 1. Q-Qsq, QxKt or Q-R5; 2. Kt-Q6ch, etc.

(b) If 2. K-R4; 3. Q-B5ch, K-R5; 4. Q-R3 ch.

(c) If K else, White either mates or wins the Q at once.

(d) If 5. K-Ktsq; 6. Q-K8ch, K moves; 7. Kt-B5 ch or Q-R5ch bring about the same finish.



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(d) To manufacture, buy, sell and deal in aerated, mineral or other water of every kind;

(e) To acquire any concessions, grants, rights, powers and privileges whatsoever from any government, which may

seem to the company capable of being turned to account, and to work, develop, carry out, exercise and turn to account the same;

(f) To develop the resources of and turn to account any lands and any rights over or connected with land belonging to or in which the company is interested, and in particular by clearing, draining, fencing, planting, cultivating, building, improving, farming, irrigating, grazing or otherwise howsoever;

(g) To manufacture, buy, sell, export, import, and deal in goods, wares and merchandise composed of wood, cement, clay, oil, chemicals or metals or any combinations of such materials or any of them with each other or with other materials;

(h) To carry on any other business (whether manufacturing or otherwise) which may seem to the company capable of being conveniently carried on in connection with its business or calculated directly or indirectly to enhance the value of or render profitable any of the company's property or rights;

(i) To acquire or undertake the whole or any part of the business, property and liabilities of any person or company carrying on any business which the company is authorized to carry on, or possessed of property suitable for the purposes of the company;

(j) To apply for, purchase or otherwise acquire, any patents, licenses, concessions and the like, conferring any exclusive or non-exclusive, or limited right to use, or any secret or other information as to any invention which may seem capable of being used for any of the purposes of the company, or the acquisition of which may seem calculated directly or indirectly to benefit the company, and to use, exercise, develop or grant licenses in respect of, or otherwise turn to account the property, rights or information so acquired;

(k) To enter into partnership or into any arrangement for sharing of profits, union of interest, co-operation, joint adventure, reciprocal concession or otherwise, with any person or company carrying on or engaged in or about to carry on or engage in any business or transaction which the company is authorized to carry on or engage in, or any business or transaction capable of being conducted so as to directly or indirectly benefit the company; and to lend money to, guarantee the contracts of, or otherwise assist any such person or company, and to take or otherwise acquire shares and securities of any such company, and to sell, hold, re-issue, with or without guarantee, or otherwise deal with the same;

(l) To take, or otherwise acquire and hold shares in any other company having objects altogether or in part similar to those of the company or carrying on any business capable of being conducted so as directly or indirectly to benefit the company; and to sell, hold, re-issue, with or without guarantee or otherwise deal with the same, notwithstanding the provisions of section 44 of the said Act;

(m) To construct, improve, maintain, work, manage, carry out or control any roads, ways, tramways, branches or sidings, bridges, reservoirs, watercourses, wharves, manufactories, warehouses, electric works, shops, stores and other works and conveniences which may seem calculated directly or indirectly to advance the company's interests, and to contribute to, subsidize or otherwise assist or take part in the construction, improvement, maintenance, working, management, carrying out or control thereof;

(n) To lend money to customers and others having dealings with the company and to guarantee the performance of contracts by any such persons;

(o) To draw, make, accept, endorse, execute and issue promissory notes, bills of exchange, bills of lading, warrants and other negotiable or transferable instruments;

(p) To sell or dispose of the undertaking of the company or any part thereof for such consideration as the company may think fit, and in particular for shares, debentures or securities of any other company having objects altogether or in part similar to those of the company;

(q) To do all or any of the above things as principals, agents, contractors or otherwise, and either alone or in conjunction with others;

(r) To do all such other things as are incidental or conducive to the attainment of the above objects;

(s) To remunerate any person or company for services rendered or to be rendered in the placing of any shares in the company's capital stock, or any debentures or other securities of the company, or in or about the formation, or promotion of the company, its organization or the conduct of its business, and to pay for same in cash or, with the approval of the shareholders, in issuing fully paid-up shares of the company, or partly in cash and partly in fully paid-up shares of the company.

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MUSIC—AND A MAN

An Appreciation of the Late Michael Hambourg

By THE MUSIC EDITOR

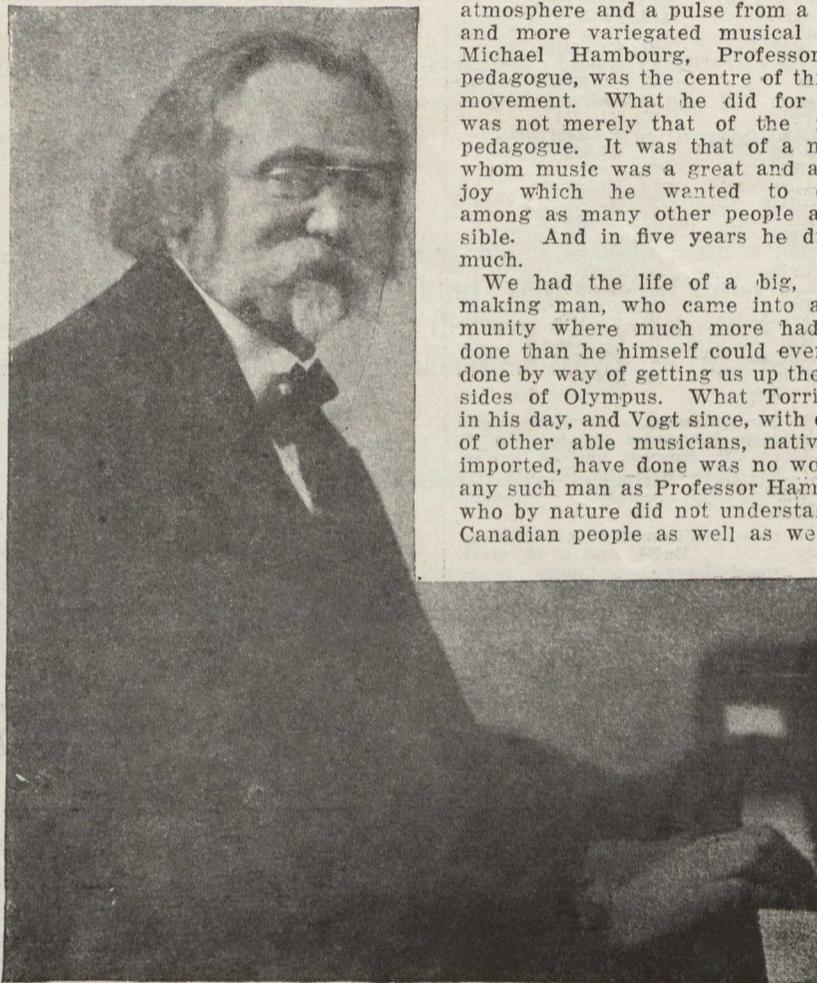
AT the funeral of the master musician, Wednesday, of last week, in Toronto, there was not a sound of music. The body of Michael Hambourg, the Russian pedagogue and Professor of Music, was laid to rest with no ritual except that of the Unitarian Church, conducted by two clear-thinking men, to whom death is the stopping of a watch while time continues to roll on. The funeral was a simple, formless sincerity, as real as the big, sincere man of whom it was the finale to a career of continuous labour in the cause of good music in three countries.

Michael Hambourg had practised at the piano two hours that very morning, as he did every morning, that he might be in form to teach his pupils the next day. In the evening he went

than six years since he came here to settle in Toronto, bringing with him Madame Hambourg, his two sons, Jan and Boris, and three other children. They came on the advice of Mark, who had estimated Toronto as a coming centre of music. And no musical advent to this country ever seemed quite so auspicious.

Six years ago Toronto was famous as the home of a great choir of almost world reputation and of an orchestra well known in Ontario. We had one conservatory and one college of music. Normally Toronto was making more progress in music than perhaps any other city in America. The arrival of the Hambourgs accelerated the movement. But it did more. There is no denying that the establishment of the Hambourg following injected into this part of Canada a musical atmosphere and a pulse from a bigger and more variegated musical world. Michael Hambourg, Professor and pedagogue, was the centre of this new movement. What he did for music was not merely that of the formal pedagogue. It was that of a man to whom music was a great and abiding joy which he wanted to diffuse among as many other people as possible. And in five years he diffused much.

We had the life of a big, epoch-making man, who came into a community where much more had been done than he himself could ever have done by way of getting us up the steep sides of Olympus. What Torrington, in his day, and Vogt since, with dozens of other able musicians, native and imported, have done was no work for any such man as Professor Hambourg, who by nature did not understand the Canadian people as well as we knew



to a recruiting meeting, where he became excited. After he went home he was taken ill. Before the telephone summons to the doctor he was dead. He died the way he wanted to die, dropping practically at his work—though he was virile enough to have had ten or fifteen years more of earthly music but for excessive hard work, rheumatism and the depression of bad weather. His going from Canada leaves a large vacancy in the world of music.

Michael Hambourg was an uncommon figure in this country, where unusual people are becoming a very noticeable and increasing minority. He was a striking figure in London, where he spent twenty-five years of his music. He was a big, recognizable virility in Russia, where, as a young man, he was the friend of Tchaikovsky and the pupil of Nicholas Rubinstein, with whom he was a conferee on the staff of the Imperial Conservatory at Moscow. He was big, as many Russians are, and of amazing virility. He had shoulders like a giant and a strength of muscle that became a very essential part of his music.

Physically so much; but the least of Michael Hambourg, who was the first teacher of Mark Hambourg, his eldest son. What his life was in London, where most of his family were born, has less concern for readers of this paper than what he accomplished and stood for during the little less

ourselves—though he made amazing progress in that direction because of his fine, open geniality and responsive temperament. And he had the equipment of big ideas in music to back up his propaganda. We recognized in him a man of deep and abiding worth to whom enthusiasm day in and day out, hour by hour, everywhere, among all manner of people and conditions, in health or in illness—which he sometimes had—was the great necessity of living. No one ever saw Michael Hambourg when he was not as full of enthusiasm over music as a boy over his games. He was always fresh up in the morning—and the morning to him was most of the day. After he had done a hard day's work teaching—with the expenditure of vital energy such as only a man of tremendous temperament could put forth on his pupil, he went out to some concert or some other meeting almost every night. His hand-clap could be heard in almost every concert of any importance. His Bravo! was the first to break out to encourage some performer. He never seemed weary. Even when he was racked with rheumatic pain he enjoyed a good cigar with a friend down town at noonday lunch and went steaming away with the energy of a motor-car to his next lesson.

Michael Hambourg was too busy to be discontented and too full of enthusiasm to be pessimistic. He



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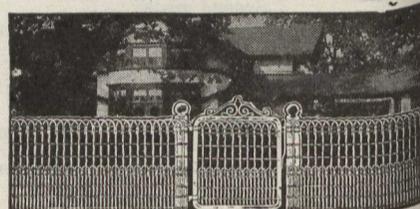
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breathed the larger life in art. He could never get too much good music in any form. With all his knowledge and experience and his undoubted genius for teaching piano, he was never in the least degree pedantic. He was ready to argue with any one or to share up his knowledge with the man across the table or the man on the street. Such musical zest and simplicity in a big man is none too common among us as a people. We are not yet lost in our music. We scarcely understand the temperament of people to whom music is a living consuming passion hour by hour. To Michael Hambourg it was, and to the extent that it was he left on this community a big abiding impression.

This is quite independent of whatever value we may attach to the title "Professor," which in this country is a title of very little significance and sometimes as much a matter of dispute as the term "Mus. Doc." Whatever standing Michael Hambourg had in Moscow, or in the Guildhall School in London, he would have been just as effective in this country if he had been advertised as plain Michael Hambourg.

Songs in June

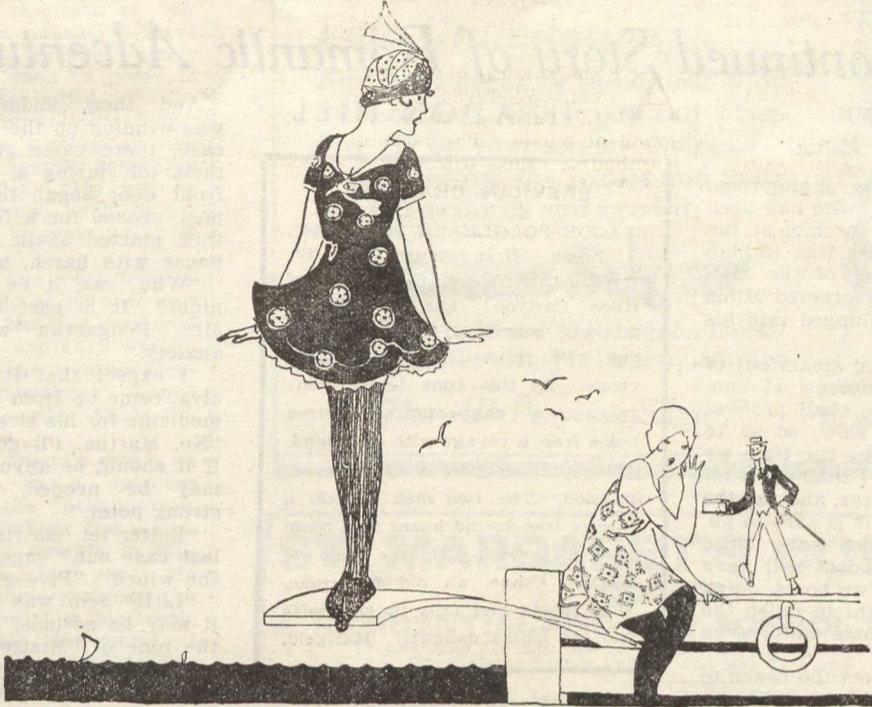
A RECITAL of three of the pupils of Miss Marie C. Strong was given in Miss Strong's new studios, 563 Sherbourne Street, on Saturday afternoon, June 17th. A large audience filled the beautifully decorated rooms and the concert was most delightful. Those who provided the programme were the Misses Verna G. Harrison and Vera L. Harrison, both of Calgary, Alberta; Miss Dorothy Kingsford, Miss Jinks, pianist, and Miss Kathleen Reid, violinist. A piano solo, played splendidly by Miss Jinks, opened the programme. The Misses Harrison sang "Snowflake," by Cowen, arranged as a duet, in finished style, and these young singers have voices which blend beautifully. The dainty expression requisite in this song was admirably brought out by the Misses Harrison and gave such pleasure that it had to be repeated. Miss Vera L. Harrison sang two miniature songs by Nutting, "In My Little Garden," and "Come to Me My Own, I Call You," and created a good impression by her work. Miss Verna Gladys Harrison gave "La Serenata," by Tosti, with violin obligato played by Miss Kathleen Reid, and "Evening Boat Song," by Schubert. Her rich, pure, liquid tones rang out clear and possessed good carrying qualities. Miss Harrison has a brilliant future before her as a concert singer, if present indications mean anything. The Misses Harrison sang a duet, "Beauty's Eyes," by Tosti, and showed much proficiency in ensemble. Miss Dorothy Kingsford sang two French songs, "Chansonne de Florian," by Godard, "Elegie," by Massenet, with violin obligato played by Miss Kathleen Reid, "Grey Days," by Noel Johnson, and "Rose in the Bud," by Forester. Miss Kingsford is coming to the front as a vocalist very rapidly.

Novelized, Dramatized

THE inclemency of weather may have been partly responsible for inducing capacity audiences to the Strand Theatre last week, when "Trilby" was the special film attraction. Possibly the present generation is not so familiar with George Du Maurier's "classic" of student life in the Latin Quarter in Paris, but if the novel is not widely read to-day, we at least have the compensation of seeing and hearing those delightful characters impersonated in the spoken drama and visualized on the screen. Wilton Lackaye, whose name is inseparably connected with the role of Svengali on this continent, is very impressive as a moving picture artist.

NEXT WEEK.

Owing to lack of space we are compelled to hold over a report of the art recital given by the pupils of the Hesselberg Studio until next week. This was a recital of much more than ordinary interest, and deserves more space than can be given in this week's issue.



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CHAPTER VII.

An Unwelcome Visitor.

LANCE entered the dining-room with his mother, who had been on the look-out for him at the front door. He was in high spirits at the prospect of the morrow's venture. Having greeted Hilda and Diaz, he at once plunged into his final arrangements.

"I shall up anchor and steam out of Falmouth harbour to-morrow at sundown," he began. "We shall proceed along the coast dead slow, so as to ensure that it is dark by the time we are off the cove. Then I shall order all lights out, alter the course, and run the steamer in as near as it is safe to go. Fortunately there is deep water close in shore, so that our boats will have to make short trips. Two boats, doing two journeys each, ought to finish the job unless there is some unforeseen hitch."

"You will come up from the beach to superintend the lowering of the cases yourself?" said Mrs. Pengarvan wistfully.

"Well, mother, I had meant this to be good-bye, because I thought that I should be better employed in seeing the stuff into the boats," Lance replied. But, perceiving the swift disappointment on Hilda's face, he affected to glance critically at the imposing array of cases ranged round the derrick, and added: "Perhaps you would be short-handed with only Craze and Pascoe and Tony to work the tackle. Yes, I'll run up from the shore and lend a hand. Then when it's all down Tony and I will clear out and go aboard with the last shipment."

"I hope you have chosen a crew you can trust," said Mrs. Pengarvan. "To use the mildest phrase, this will seem very irregular to them, and you've got to think of when you come home, you know."

"There will be no trouble with the crew—thanks to Tony's dollars. They are most of them devoted to me, and the new hands won't peach on a deal that will bring them back with full pockets."

"What about Mr. Polgleaze? He is a very cunning old man," said Hilda. "It would not only be short shrift to me as nominal owner of the Tower, but to you as captain of 'The Lodestar,' if he did."

"No, Jacob does not suspect," replied Lance with a dry intonation that puzzled his hearers. "But," he went on, turning to Diaz, "that reminds me, Tony, I have told you that my cheese-paring owner has a flashy rip of a son who was not to be reckoned with seriously. I must take that back. Wilson Polgleaze has taken to haunting the office lately, and has developed general signs of uneasiness. I'm not sure of him. He may have smelt a rat, and for that reason I want you not to show out of doors again before we sail."

Hilda glanced at the South American, sympathy getting the better of her amusement. For by the light of their recent talk she guessed that this prohibition was a blow to him. If so, he did not show it, and she realized that the shipment of his guns meant more to him for the moment than his "interest," as he had called it, in Marigold Craze.

"Right you are, my friend. You are in charge, and it is for me to obey," his response came firmly.

"Then everything is in trim and the conclave is adjourned till to-morrow night," said Lance gaily. "Let the conspirators feed if the varlets, in the shape of dear old Martha, will bring in the viands."

Two hours later Lance left to return to Falmouth, and the rest of that day and the whole of the next was a period of feverish inactivity to those at St. Runan's Tower. At sundown on the eventful day, Nathan Craze arrived to help with the cases, and was shown by Martha into the dining-room, where Hilda, Mrs. Pengarvan and Antonio

By HEADON HILL

PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

JACOB POLGLEAZE, ship-owner, holds a mortgage on St. Runan's Tower, the home of Hilda Carlyon. His son Wilson proposes marriage to her, but is met with refusal, and swears revenge. At this time Lance Pengarvan, a ship-captain, arrives home from a voyage with his friend, Antonio Diaz, who is on a secret mission. The two men conceal a load of iron-bound boxes in a room in the tower, with the help of Nathan Craze, an old fisherman. Diaz meets and falls in love with the old man's daughter, Marigold.

Diaz were already assembled. Pascoe was waiting in the kitchen till he should be wanted.

"Here you are, Nathan!" cried Hilda, as the old fisherman entered. "The band of law-breakers is now complete."

"I don't hold it law-breaking to break bad laws, and a law that hinders a brave people fighting to be free is a danged bad law, Miss," replied Craze, in what was for him a lengthy speech. He was in a state of restrained excitement, the smuggling blood of his ancestors craving for the coming outlet. "Any strangers prowling about?" Diaz inquired.

"I've kept a good look-out on the beach all day, and I ain't seen any," was the cautious reply.

After this they settled down to watch for the steamer's lights, where they would appear round the distant headland. A better night for the purpose could not have been chosen. The sky was densely overcast with sullen, stationary clouds, but there was neither wind nor rain, and the sea was in a state of flat calm. The trips of the boats between ship and shore would be easy, and the alteration of "The Lodestar's" course when off the cove would not be noticed from the main track of vessels further out. From the land there would be no witnesses of the secret shipment on that desolate coast, unless they were there with intent, since the coastguard station a mile away had been abolished the year before.

It was about eight o'clock when Nathan Craze, perched on the sill of the great oriel window, stiffened his huge frame and strained forward for clearer vision.

"That's her!" he pointed to a yellow light and a faint blur of green below. "Masthead and side lights. Nothing else would be so close in."

Almost as he spoke both lights went out, and they knew that out there in the darkness Lance Pengarvan was steering his ship towards them by "dead reckoning," creeping inshore over the shallowing water of the bay. Their patience was severely taxed. Pascoe was fetched from the kitchen, but it was a long hour before they heard the scraping of a boat's keel on the shingle far below.

A quarter of an hour later Lance, who had been admitted by Martha, entered the room, and wasting no time on more than a general greeting, took charge of the operation. One by one the iron-bound chests were hooked on to the derrick, slung out of the window and lowered to the shore. Lance himself controlled the winch, while the other men got the cases into position, ready to feed them in turn to the derrick, so soon as the chain was wound up again. The subdued hum of voices below and the trampling of feet on the shingle told that the shipment was going merrily forward.

And then, suddenly, while Lance was winding up the chain for the last case, there came an alarm that set them all staring at each other. The front door began to ring a jangling peal, ceased for a few moments, and then started again, filling the whole house with harsh, metallic discord.

"Who can it be at this time of night? It is past ten o'clock," said Mrs. Pengarvan with ill-concealed anxiety.

"I expect that it is William Penalva, come up from the cove for some medicine for his sick boy," said Hilda. "No, Martha, I'll go and see myself. If it should be anyone else diplomacy may be needed, and it isn't your strong point."

"Better let 'em ring till we get this last case out," suggested Lance from the winch. "Five minutes will do it."

"Little Jem was worse to-day, and it may be serious," Hilda insisted in the tone of "Mistress of the Tower," which she so rarely assumed. "I do not wish Penalva to be kept waiting. If it should be someone whom I do not trust I shall refuse admission. Leave it to me."

With the air of taking no denial she walked out of the room, crossed the hall, unbolted the front door, and for once found that she had over-rated her powers. For no sooner had she begun, very cautiously, to open the door than it was pushed wide with such force as nearly to knock her down, and Wilson Polgleaze entered. His dissipated face was flushed with triumph, and he bore himself with an insolent familiarity that he had never used towards Hilda before.

"You forget yourself, sir. I cannot receive you so late," said the girl, her first impression being that the intruder was drunk.

"You'll have to," came the loudly uttered reply. "I have a heap of things to say to you, my proud lady, and they're going to be said to-night, so you'd best knuckle under and listen."

Still believing that the man was intoxicated, and knowing that his blustering voice must have reached the others, Hilda retreated at first slowly towards the dining-room door. But when Polgleaze followed her she started running, hoping that she might shut the door in his face before he saw what was going on in the room. She was a fraction of a second too late. She reached her refuge, but not in time to exclude her pursuer. He slipped in after her, and then came to an abrupt halt, taking in with malignant eyes the scene that was being enacted.

But he had no chance to master more than a general view of the derrick at the open window, with the last case attached to its hook, and of four men busy around it, when he found himself confronted by Lance Pengarvan. The captain of "The Lodestar," on hearing the commotion in the hall, had surrendered the winch to Nathan Craze, and had held himself ready for the emergency.

"Lance, this man forced his way in and insulted me; I couldn't keep him out," Hilda panted breathlessly.

"As part owner of the ship this servant of mine is supposed to be taking down channel it is a jolly good thing I did force my way in," said Wilson Polgleaze, trying to pierce the gloom by the window, so as to identify the dim shapes clustered round the derrick, but failing in the short time allowed him.

For Lance Pengarvan's great brown fist shot out, and, catching him full between the eyes, felled him like a pole-axed bullock.

CHAPTER VIII.

I Can Prove It.

HILDA and Mrs. Pengarvan uttered a simultaneous cry of alarm, but Lance, laying his hand on the heart of the fallen man, quickly re-

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assured them. "The brute's all right. No need to be frightened, Mother," he said. "I delivered the blow with just the right amount of power to knock him out without doing him permanent injury. I did it deliberately, not so much because he was rude to Hilda, as to prevent him from making awkward discoveries. It wouldn't have done for him to recognize Craze, for instance."

The big fisherman was making uncanny noises, which seemed to denote joy. "I ain't afeared of him, Master Lance," he growled. "I'd not weep if you'd put out his lights once for all."

ANTONIO DIAZ was now stooping over the prone figure, feeling his pulse and fingering the lump that was rising on the battered forehead.

"It is unfortunate, but it must be treated as a mere interlude," was his verdict. "They will be waiting down below for the completion of the shipment. Shall we let them have it and then discuss the situation?"

The suggestion was carried out. Wilson Polgleaze was left where he lay, and Lance, relieving Nathan Craze at the winch, lowered the last case to the beach. Then they all held a hasty conference, the outcome of which was that when the unconscious man had been deposited on a settee in the hall, Lance and Diaz prepared to go down to the beach to board one of "The Lodestar's" boats.

"I wouldn't leave you with that reptile in the house, Mother, if you were not well protected," said Lance. "And as it is we will stay if you say the word. But you have a stout body-guard in Craze and Pascoe, and I expect he'll slink off directly he comes to. I wonder how he got wind of our doings. He could have had no other reason for coming so far so late."

Diaz had been walking up and down the hall, his swarthy brows knitted in a perplexed frown. "I am not so sure of that," he said. "I don't like it, Lance. I think we ought not to go till he comes to his senses, and we can make him talk. I would rather incur the delay than leave these dear ladies to bear the brunt of any unpleasantness. Remember, we should be away on the high seas to-morrow, beyond recall, if he meant to be nasty. Supposing he did not expect to find us here to-night, for instance, and came for some other purpose? What is your feeling about it, Miss Carlyon?"

"Mine?" laughed Hilda. "I really haven't any, except that you must not think of delay on our account. I am not afraid of Mr. Wilson Polgleaze, or of any purpose that may have brought him here, if that is what you mean, Senor. Probably he was the worse for liquor. He has that reputation, I believe."

"That is true, Tony," came Lance's confirmation. "But I am still of the opinion that he has ferreted out our scheme, and in that case there may be others behind him. Having carried the thing so far it would be a pity to risk being stopped altogether."

Still Diaz hesitated, remembering what he had overheard in the cave. He wondered if Miss Carlyon was aware of the scoundrel's sentiments towards her, and if so, whether she would be so willing to have him left there. But another glance at the proud face of the young mistress of the Tower, and at the strong, resolute features of Mrs. Pengarvan, decided him. In any ordinary circumstances the two ladies were well able to take care of themselves, and Nathan Craze and Timothy Pascoe would be at hand should they be needed.

He could not foresee the very extraordinary circumstances that were to arise and enmesh them in a net from which stout arms and lusty sinews would not avail to extricate them.

"Very well," he yielded reluctantly. "You good people must have it your own way, but I shall never forgive myself if there is trouble."

The matter being settled, Lance issued his commands to Craze and Pascoe. They were to remain within call but out of sight, not showing themselves if Wilson Polgleaze took his de-

parture peaceably. If the young man accepted his chastisement in a proper spirit there was no reason why they should be recognized, and be implicated in any fuss that might follow on the clandestine shipment of contraband. Only if he refused to leave the house, or made himself openly offensive, were the men to come to the protection of the ladies.

"We are not likely to want help," said Hilda, her lip curling as she looked down at the heavily breathing victim of Lance's fist. "He will be only too keen to crawl back to his kennel in Falmouth as soon as he is able to."

Lance had opened the front door, in sailor fashion eager to be off now that his course was clear. Nothing remained but to say good-bye, and Diaz was already bending over the weather-beaten hand of Mrs. Pengarvan. Lance went out under the portico, Hilda following.

"Ha! there's our friend's nag," he exclaimed, pointing to a dejected horse fastened to the hitching-ring. "You needn't worry about the worm, Hilda. There isn't a wriggle in Wilson Polgleaze that can hurt you." He stopped short, and then, resisting the impulse to take the girl in his arms, added quickly: "After this voyage I am going to ask for the right to protect you. I think you know what I mean?"

"Yes, I know; and I shall have my answer ready," was the softly spoken reply.

They looked into each other's eyes, and the question and answer might have been put and returned there and then had not Mrs. Pengarvan and Diaz come out of the hall door and broken the spell. For a minute there was a general chatter of farewell, and then the captain of "The Lodestar" and his companions in adventure vanished into the darkness on their way to the beach and the waiting boat.

The ladies went back into the hall, oppressed by a strange feeling of reaction now that the excitement of the shipment was over. And, though they had made light of it, they could not anticipate Wilson Polgleaze's return to consciousness with anything but disgust. At best an awkward scene was to be expected, and at the worst they might have to invoke the protection of Craze and Pascoe.

The unconscious man still lay, breathing stertorously, on the couch, but Mrs. Pengarvan noticed a faint flicker of the eyelids, and she whispered to Martha and their two male guardians to leave the hall, but to hold themselves in readiness for a sudden summons.

TEN minutes passed, and Wilson Polgleaze stirred uneasily, groaned, and finally sat up, blinking at the two women who stood over him, and then shooting furtive glances round the hall in evident search for his late assailant. At length he rose unsteadily to his feet.

"Am I to be murdered?" he demanded, with a show of extreme terror.

"Nonsense!" was Mrs. Pengarvan's blunt rejoinder. "You have been properly punished for an insufferable intrusion. All you have got to do is to go away and leave us in peace."

"I've got to take care of myself," said Polgleaze, again looking this way and that. "St. Ruanan's Tower seems to be the sort of place where one does have to be cautious. Is your son in the house, Madam?"

"He left some time ago."

"Then I'll be going too, and uncommon glad to be allowed to go in peace, as you call it."

The speaker stood, swaying from foot to foot, shifting the gaze of his bloodshot eyes from the door into the dining-room, where the gaunt derrick offered silent testimony of a work well done, to the open front door. The women wondered if he was going into the dining-room to confirm suspicions already dawning when Lance's crushing blow knocked him down, and if so, whether they should summon Craze and Pascoe to prevent him.

But no; he began to move towards the front door, through which his horse was visible, impatiently paw-

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ing the gravel. Just as he was about to pass out he turned, his swollen forehead and half-closed eye making him resemble some hideous gargoyle in the flickering lamp light.

"Yes, I'm lucky to get out with my life," he hurled his bomb at the astounded women. "Anyone who falls foul of Captain Lance Pengarvan is lucky to escape with his life, as my poor old Dad found to his cost this afternoon."

"What do you mean to imply?" demanded Lance's mother scornfully, but conscious of a sinking at her heart.

Wilson Polgleaze laughed, a shrill, cackling laugh, that echoed among the age-blackened rafters of the hall. Then he suddenly dropped his voice and answered:

"I mean to imply nothing. I state a fact. The bully who went for me just now murdered my father half an hour before 'The Lodestar' left harbor. Probably because the old man had got wind of the pretty games he's been up to. I can prove it up to the hilt."

And while Mrs. Pengarvan and Hilda sought for comfort and incredulity, each in the face of the other, the accuser mounted his horse and rode off into the darkness.

CHAPTER IX.

The News From Falmouth.

THE morning after Antonio Diaz shipped his guns on "The Lodestar" broke dull and gloomy over St. Runan's Tower. At sunrise, Hilda, who had slept but fitfully after the excitements of the previous evening, got out of bed and drew up her blind, half expecting to see the black hull of the tramp steamer in the cove. But the sullen water between the twin headlands was destitute of craft larger than Nathan Craze's coble, plodding towards the snaky line of lobster-pot floats, which was plainly discernible from that height on the oily swell. "The Lodestar" with her secrets had vanished under cover of the night as silently as she had come.

"I am glad they have gone," the girl breathed a sigh of relief. "That wretched creature meant mischief, and I was afraid he might have taken steps to stop them. Of course his story about old Mr. Polgleaze was a spiteful lie—the only revenge he could think of off-hand. 'The dear old Dad' is most undoubtedly alive and well, getting ready for another hard day's work at his money-mill."

That was the conclusion to which Mrs. Pengarvan and Hilda had come after closing the door on the ship-owner's son, and ascertaining that Craze and Pascoe, though waiting within hall, had not heard the accusation.

"Of course there was nothing in that nonsense about Jacob Polgleaze so far as Lance was concerned, but I can't help wondering if anything has happened to the old miser," Hilda broke the ice.

Lance's mother uttered one of her blunt laughs. "That was in my mind, too, as I believe you guessed," she replied. "I also confess to a certain amount of curiosity on the subject."

After a pause Hilda remarked with apparent irrelevance: "Pascoe told me last week that he wanted a new spade and potato fork. If he is not busy to-day I think I will send him into Falmouth to buy them. It will do Jenny good to get some exercise."

"An excellent idea," the elder woman assented. "Jenny is far too fat and lazy. She wanted to lie down in the road when I drove her to the Pentreaths' the other day."

So after breakfast Timothy Pascoe was given his instructions, and harnessed the ancient pony, which was the sole occupant of the dilapidated stables, sometimes doing duty in the shafts of the farm cart, and on the rare occasions when the ladies had to return the visits of neighboring gentry, in those of an antiquated chaise. The latter, as the lighter vehicle, was chosen for the present mission.

No direct reference was made by the anxious women to the real object of their faithful retainer's excursion to the town, but as the long day drag-

ged to a close they exchanged many surmises as to the time of his return. Jenny's "records" were quoted, and none of them gave hope of a reappearance before six o'clock. Punctually at that hour Hilda remarked with some petulance:

"That pony must have tumbled down."

"Nothing of the kind," declared Mrs. Pengarvan. "Timothy has been taking his time in the town gathering the news, I expect, and you may as well own, my dear, that is what we want. Thank goodness he is a listener, and can keep his tongue between his cheeks."

It was past eight when the heavy jog-trot of the outraged Jenny was heard in the drive. It branched off towards the stable-yard, and it was some minutes before Pascoe came into the hall where they awaited him. They scanned his stolid countenance anxiously, perceiving at once that something had happened. In fact, Timothy Pascoe in his quiet way was palpably bursting with news.

"I've bought them tools," he announced, like all bearers of momentous tidings taking pleasure in dallying with the tremendous mouthful that he was rolling on his tongue.

"You have been a long time gone," said Mrs. Pengarvan, loth to disclose by hurrying him the fear that she was half ashamed of.

"There's a powerful how-de-do going on in Falmouth, and I bided there to get the hang of it, seeing as how in a manner of speaking the Tower may feel the difference," replied Pascoe. And then, slowly and with great gusto he added: "Mr. Polgleaze—the old 'un, Jacob—is dead. Murdered, seemingly, in that cock-loft over the shop where he does his writing."

"What else did you hear?" demanded Hilda breathlessly.

And the two ladies, with their faces as white as chalk, listened to the details which Pascoe had been able to gather. Having sprung the central item on them, he grew terse and lucid in his narrative, quickly putting them in possession of his scanty stock of information, and assuring them it was all that had been given to the public up to the time of his leaving the town. Knowing the man's pertinacity, they had no doubt about that.

It appeared that late on the previous evening—at half-past ten to be precise—Mr. Polgleaze's housekeeper had become uneasy because he had not returned to his house. Sometimes he stayed late at his office, but never so late as that. She had therefore sent the maidservant to the salesman in the shop, Israel Hart, who lived near by. Hart had lost no time in going down to the Market Strand, and, letting himself in with his duplicate key, had discovered the dead body of the senior partner in his chair at the office table upstairs.

THE shopman had promptly raised the alarm. The police and a doctor were quickly on the spot, and it was soon known to the small crowd which had collected in the street that "old Jacob" had died of several knife wounds inflicted by someone who had stolen on him from behind. Messengers had been despatched to Mr. Wilson Polgleaze's hotel, and subsequently to scour the town for him, but it was nearly one o'clock in the morning when he returned from a long ride in the country, before he was apprised of his father's death. He had seemed very much upset, but had been able to throw no light on the occurrence.

"Which ain't to be wondered at, seeing that Master Lance was punching his head out here at half after ten," grinned Pascoe.

"Never mind that," snapped Mrs. Pengarvan. "This horrible affair has nothing to do with what happened here last night."

"Of course not, ma'am. You can leave that to me."

"Well, is there any more to tell?" Not much, it seemed, except that Israel had left the shop at six o'clock, in the belief that his employer was in his office overhead, finishing correspondence which he would post himself. The salesman had heard no sounds of quarrelling or of any scuffle

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during the afternoon, though many persons, whose names he had furnished to the police, had gone up to interview Mr. Polgleaze and come down again afterwards. So far no arrest had been made.

"But have the policemen got—what do they call it?—a clue?" asked the young mistress of the Tower. She had listened to the narrative without comment, a stately figure in her well-worn evening gown as she stood with her hands clenched behind her under the arms of the Carlyons, carved in stone over the huge fireplace.

"Trust 'em for that," Pascoe grinned. "Leastways they say so, as is the way of the creatures. I'll wager it don't amount to a row of pins. If so be as they'd got a real one they'd be bleating like a flock of sheep about it, but never a word has leaked out."

Hilda dismissed the man to his supper, but as he was leaving the hall Mrs. Pengarvan called him back, and put the inquiry:

"After you dismantled the derrick last night it was taken to the hay-loft, was it not?"

"Yes, ma'am, and hidden under the

hay. So the Captain bid us."

"It will be better to throw it down the old well at the back of the cowbyre. Get Craze to help you, and do it to-night, before you go to bed. Mind there is no mistake."

"That was thoughtful of you," said Hilda, as soon as they were alone. "You think there will be trouble?"

"It is well to be prepared for it," was all that the older woman would admit. "You see the discrepancy, of course?"

Hilda nodded gravely. It was not necessary to specify the obvious. The

murder of Jacob Polgleaze had not been officially discovered till eleven o'clock at night, yet his son, who must have left the town not later than seven o'clock, had announced at St. Runan's Tower an hour before the alarm was raised that his father had died a violent death, naming Lance Pengarvan as his slayer.

It was curious that no definite charge had been preferred during the day, but if the police had not obtained a clue already it was more than probable that they soon would.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

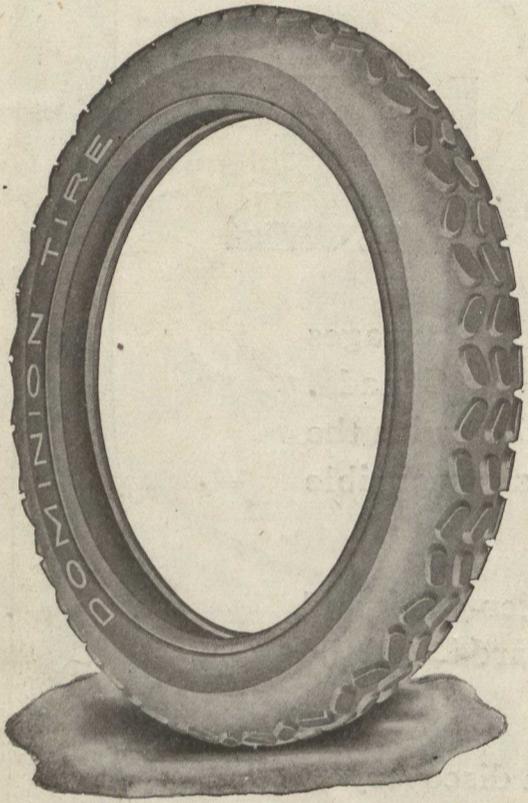


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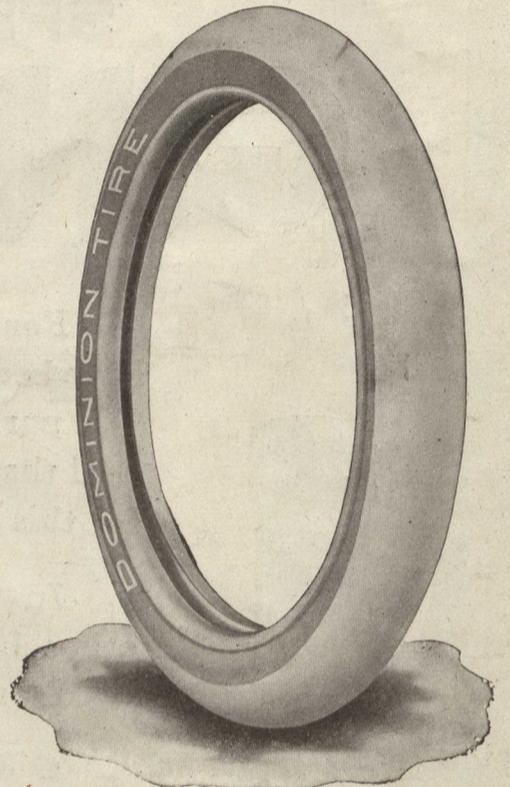
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