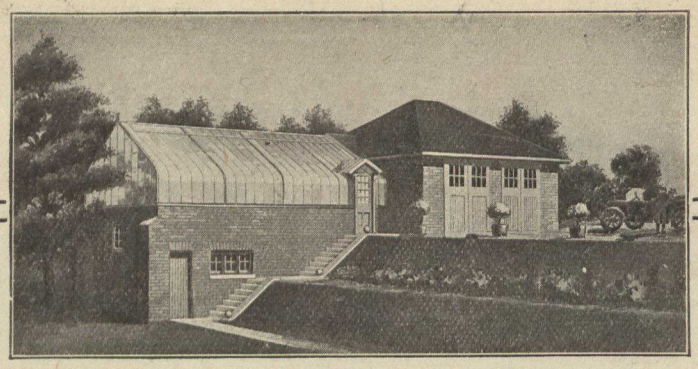
THE CANADIAN COURIER

Make the Play Fit the Town

By THE EDITORS

Vol. XXI. No. 9 January 27th, 1917

COURIER PRESS, Limited, TORONTO



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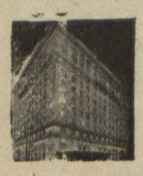

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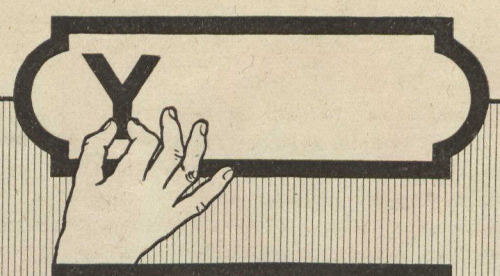

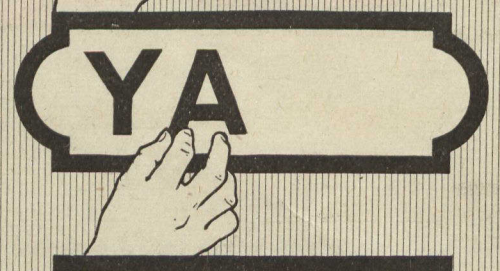

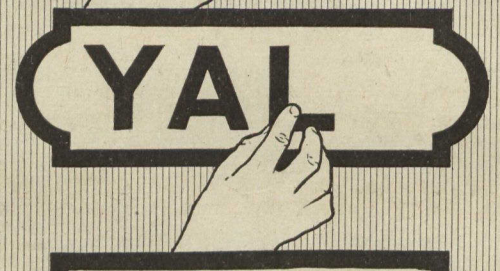

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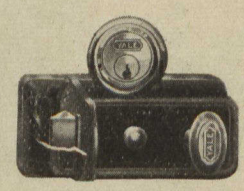

Yale Cylinder Night Latch. No. 44.

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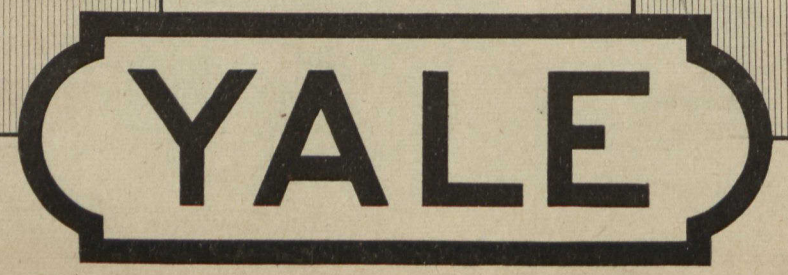
St. Catharines, Ont.



THE CANADIAN COURIER

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NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS

You will have noticed that with the issue of Oct. 7 the price has been reduced from 10 cents to 5 cents per copy.

EXTENSIONS

In keeping with this we are extending all subscriptions, so that the subscriber will receive extra copies sufficient to make up for the reduction in price.

CANADIAN COURIER

TORONTO - - - - - ONTARIO

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DEPARTMENT OF FINANCE, OTTAWA
OCTOBER 7th, 1916

THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE

SIR EDMUND WALKER, C.V.O., LL.D., D.C.L., President.
JOHN AIRD, General Manager. H. V. F. JONES, Ass't. General Manager.

CAPITAL, $15,000,000 RESERVE FUND, $13,500,000

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Interest at the current rate is allowed on all deposits of $1.00 and upwards. Careful attention is given to every account. Small accounts are welcomed. Accounts may be opened and operated by mail.

Accounts may be opened in the names of two or more persons, withdrawals to be made by any one of them or by the survivor.

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45th ANNUAL STATEMENT

For the Year Ending November 30th, 1916

Bank *of* Hamilton

As submitted to the Shareholders at the Annual Meeting held at the Head Office of the Bank at Hamilton, on Monday, January 15th, 1917.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS

SIR JOHN HENDRIE, K.C.M.G., President
CYRUS A. BIRGE, Vice-President

C. C. DALTON	ROBT. HOBSON	W. E. PHIN
I. PITBLADO, K.C.	J. TURNBULL	W. A. WOOD

J. P. BELL, General Manager

PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT

Balance at Credit of Profit and Loss Account, 30th Nov., 1915		$ 175,821.53
Profits for the year ending 30th November, 1916, after deducting charges of management, interest accrued on deposits, rebate on current discounts, and making provision for bad and doubtful debts		442,525.69
		618,347.22
Appropriated as follows:		
Four quarterly dividends, in all 12%	$360,000.00	
Pension Fund, Annual Assessment	$ 8,790.65	
Special Contribution	10,000.00	
	18,790.65	
War Tax on Bank Note Circulation	30,000.00	
		408,790.65
Balance of Profits carried forward		$209,556.57

GENERAL STATEMENT

LIABILITIES

To the Public:

Notes of the Bank in Circulation		$ 4,409,351.00
Deposits not bearing interest	$10,927,818.79	
Deposits bearing interest, including interest accrued to date of Statement	34,470,355.27	
		45,398,174.06
Balances due to other Banks in Canada		31,799.58
Balances due to Banks and Banking Correspondents elsewhere than in Canada and the United Kingdom		604,135.42
Acceptances under Letters of Credit		119,730.83
		$50,563,190.89

To the Shareholders:

Capital Stock paid in		$ 3,000,000.00
Reserve Fund	$3,300,000.00	
Balance of Profits carried forward	209,556.57	
	$3,509,556.57	
Dividend No. 110, payable 1st December, 1916	90,000.00	
Former Dividends unclaimed	597.00	
		3,600,153.57
		$57,163,344.46

ASSETS

Current Coin	$ 860,142.93	
Dominion Government Notes	4,462,261.00	
	$ 5,322,403.93	
Deposit in the Central Gold Reserves	1,500,000.00	
Deposit with the Minister of Finance for the purposes of the Circulation Fund	157,000.00	
Notes of other Banks	437,655.00	
Cheques on other Banks	2,337,085.36	
Balances due by other Banks in Canada	119,399.63	
Balances due by Banks and Banking Correspondents elsewhere than in Canada	439,409.74	
	$10,312,953.66	
Dominion and Provincial Government Securities, not exceeding market value	569,458.46	
Canadian Municipal Securities, and British, Foreign, and Colonial Public Securities, other than Canadian	6,635,336.88	
Railway and other Bonds, Debentures and Stocks, not exceeding market value	641,982.10	
Call and Short loans (not exceeding thirty days) in Canada, on Bonds, Debentures and Stocks	3,844,635.08	
		$22,004,366.18
Other Current Loans and Discounts in Canada (less rebate of interest)		31,995,961.60
Real Estate other than Bank Premises		485,605.86
Overdue Debts, estimated loss provided for		178,194.68
Bank Premises, at not more than cost, less amounts written off		2,042,595.55
Other Assets not included in the foregoing		336,889.76
Liabilities of Customers under Letters of Credit as per contra		119,730.83
		$57,163,344.46

JOHN S. HENDRIE, President J. P. BELL, General Manager

ANDITORS' REPORT

In accordance with the provisions of Sub-sections 19 and 20 of Section 56 of the Bank Act, we report to the Shareholders as follows:—

We have examined the above Balance Sheet with the books and vouchers at Head Office and with the certified returns from the Branches, and we have obtained all the information and explanations we have required, and in our opinion the transactions which have come under our notice have been within the powers of the Bank.

We have checked the cash and verified the securities of the Bank at the Chief Office and at several of the principal Branches during the current year, as well as on November 30th, 1916, and have found that they agreed with the entries in the books of the Bank with regard thereto.

In our opinion the Balance Sheet is properly drawn up so as to exhibit a true and correct view of the state of the Bank's affairs according to the best of our information and the explanations given us, and as shown by the books of the Bank.

C. S. SCOTT, }
E. S. READ, } Auditors
Chartered Accountants.

Hamilton, 18th December, 1916.

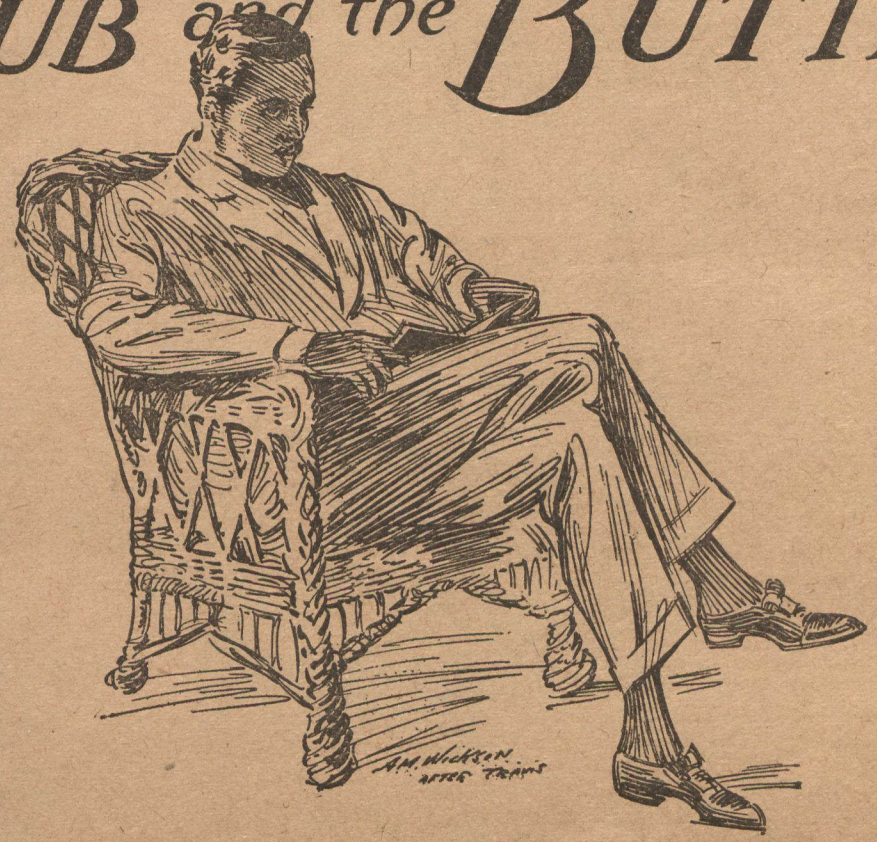
THE COURIER

Vol. XXI. January 27th, 1917 No. 9

The Grub and the Butterfly

By
Mary Heaton Vorse

Line Drawings by
A. M. Wickson, after Originals
by Stuart Travis



THERE is no doubt about it; some of the flowers in the garden of joy wither up and die when a man realizes for the first time that instead of being regarded as a man he is regarded as a husband. This I can make clearer by a little incident.

It occurred as far back as the first dance to which Felicia and I went after our marriage. It was a large dance, and though I am no more light-minded than my neighbours, I confess to a childish joy in a good dance. Indeed, I had often wondered why the husbands I knew, who had blithely footed it in their young days, had now to be drugged and bound ere their wives could carry them off triumphant to a dancing party. Among other reasons why this should be so, I was shortly to learn the principal one.

The dance was an informal one, but fairly large. In the course of a few moments I was presented to a girl in flame-coloured clothes. She had large brown eyes and a smooth, childish brow and a childish mouth. She looked, indeed, like a very beautiful little girl whom a fairy godmother had touched with a wand and made to grow up overnight, and dressed up very wonderfully and sent out to a party. But behind this mask of childishness there flickered and gleamed a demon of mischief. Indeed, a most delectable little girl, altogether, was what I thought.

We danced. She danced as she looked she would, and as she danced she looked into my eyes. Having been dead to the world because of my Felicia, I had forgotten girls did this, and it came to me with a shock of pleasant surprise. She tried on me one after another of her charming, innocent artillery of coquetries. As I say, I had forgotten girls acted this way. It was like waking up after a long sleep.

How sincerely glad I was that they did so I showed artlessly. I felt like a mariner returned from a long sea voyage who sees beautiful women afresh, after months on the salt water. We sat out a dance or two in a convenient corner. "How beautiful," I thought, "is the world. We really should go out oftener." The tide of enjoyment rose high within me.

THEN, because I was as innocent of the world I found myself in as a new-laid egg, and seeing Felicia walking past:

"I should like to have you meet my wife," says I.

"I should love to meet Mrs. Jeffers," returned my partner, with every cordiality.

I effected the introduction, and we sailed away. But where those innocent coquetries that had so pleased me a moment before? "Gone with the snows of yesterday," nor could any cajolement of mine bring from her an answering flicker. The little sparkle of awakening interest was replaced by a staid friendliness. I might have been dancing with my sister. It was all very depressing.

I took my partner back to her place and soon had the chagrin of seeing the mischief in her eyes reawaken at the call of a wabble-kneed, chinless youth with lank drab hair. Gloom settled on me. I danced with some married women I knew, and talked with some old ladies. I danced with Felicia—who wasn't interested in me. She did it, I felt, much as she might give orders about the pressing of my clothes—part of one of her wifely duties, and to show the world at large that we were good friends, though married.

In the carriage home:

"What happened to you?" Felicia asked me. "You seemed to be having such fun the first part of the evening, and then, all of a sudden, you turned sulky."

"What happened to me, Felicia, was this," I replied with dignity. "I discovered one of Nature's laws which isn't flattering to my vanity. The career of man is exactly opposite to that of the butterfly. Man starts with wings; then he enters into the cocoon of marriage; presently he eats his way out into the world and expects to fly. He finds that instead of being possessed of iridescent wings, he is nothing but a useful grub. It is no doubt good for the world that this should be so, Felicia, but it is depressing for the grub."

"Piffle!" consoled Felicia. Then she said, dreamily: "Did you notice what a heavenly dancer that long-legged man with the red hair was?"

I looked at Felicia. There are things about my wife that I never quite understand. Why should she have expected me to notice the gymnastics of a long-legged youth with red hair? I ignored her remark.

"There are countries, Felicia, where it is the woman who retires into the cocoon and emerges, as I have said, a useful grub. If you lived in one of these, you would have listened with more sympathetic attention."

"I asked him to call," replied Felicia.

It was a series of experiences like this which taught me the difference between a man and a mere husband. We continued to go to dances, and I found myself becoming a frequenter of the smoking room and an attache of elderly ladies. Felicia, instead of sympathizing with me, complained that I didn't seem to have a good time, and that I was on her mind.

"I perform my useful, if humble, function," I told Felicia. "Let me alone. I will cheerfully dance with all the girls who don't find partners. I will sit in the smoking room, doing harm to no one. I will talk to the old ladies. But I refuse to have my feelings trampled on by misses who find more excitement in dancing with any flat-footed, freckle-handed, turkey-necked, unmarried kid than with a decent married man!"

Occasionally a flicker of sunlight diversified my monotonous existence as a husband. Now and then one of the older girls would smile at me impudently, signifying that, husband or no, it was all the same to her. Occasionally a married woman, whose husband no doubt treated her badly, would make me the temporary solace of her disappointed heart.

So I went on with my role of encourager of the aged, and partner to the unsuccessful, until one day—or rather one evening—there drifted into my life a little girl as young as spring, with the smile of an indecorous angel, and pale gold as to the hair. It was Felicia who introduced me to her, and in my lack-lustre married way I asked her to dance. To my surprise, she lifted her velvety purple eyes to mine and said:

"I should love to."

During our dance she plied the blandishments of youth upon me. When the dance was over, and we stood chatting together, there approached a young man with no more expression in his face than a new-washed slate. I resigned myself to have the monotonous story repeated. When he asked to see her dance card, and asked for the first vacant dance, the seventh, the unbelievable happened.

"I've just given the seventh to Mr. Jeffers," said she.

"Can I have the tenth?" asked the young man.

"I've given him that, too," replied my partner; "that and the supper dance. That's all I have left."

BEATEN, the young man bowed stiffly and turned his disappointed back. I felt sorry for the fine, upstanding young fellow, who was one of the nicest looking boys I had seen in a long time.

She turned her dove's eyes on me again, pleading, "I hope you don't mind!"

Did I mind? Under them, my heart grew young again. The tender green grass of innocent affection sprang up in the arid places. Bird song again was heard in the trees where no song had been for so long. Spring came again. After all, it was nice to be treated by the young as though one were a person of some value in oneself. Here at last was a nice girl, a girl who liked me for myself, who was willing to dance with me and talk with me, and didn't care a bean that she wouldn't be able, because of my being married, to tie me to her chariot wheels.

What happened next rather piqued me. Of course, it was very kind of Felicia, and very high-minded, and not for the world would I have her feel otherwise than she does. Still, to have your wife start in to cultivate an attractive young thing the way she might cause your favourite dessert to be made for you, has its elements of humiliation.

"I know I'm not dangerous, Felicia!" my heart cried aloud. "I know—and glory in the fact—that no more well-behaved married man than I could be found in the four kingdoms. But oh, Felicia, why rub it in? It's all very well to be a virtuous husband of one's own free will, but to have it taken for granted in this cold-blooded way!"

IN a certain way, too, it is highly unbecoming in a woman to let her husband perceive that she's so darn sure of him. I've seen many a woman married to a man beside whom I am a roaring lion, giving him the gratifying impression that she at least considers him a roistering blade, and needing looking after. That's how a man likes to feel. But for your wife to toss you a nice-looking young lady to amuse yourself with, with the same serenity that she'd toss you a new book—well, it did stick in my crop.

"Oh, Felicia," I thought to myself, reproachfully, "how much more becoming in you a little flicker of jealousy would have been! Then I could have taken you in my arms, Felicia, and embracing you fondly, said, 'There's no one in the world but you for me, my darling!' Then you, with your head resting upon my shoulder, could have looked up and murmured, 'Yes, I know—but—' I should have under-

stood your little tremor of doubt of yourself, and have soothed you. 'I never will see the girl again,' I could have said, 'if you don't want me to. And you, all indignation in such a thought, would have besought me to see her all I wished to, which, of course, I should have done—but with how much more gusto under those circumstances, Felicia! How much more nobility and interest would have been lent to life!"

AS it was, I was sent out into the world marked, as far as Felicia was concerned, with a sign in six-foot letters: "Not dangerous!" Hang it all, it's all very well to be not dangerous; but it's a thing you want to keep to yourself. I'm a modest man. I don't like to wear my virtues on my sleeve. In fact, many a more worthy man than I has been driven to acts he has afterwards regretted by the complacent behaviour of his wife.

"Oh, very well, woman!" they say to themselves. "I'm not dangerous, am I? Just watch me!"

Indeed, the only woman whose duty it is to treat her husband as the lamb with mint sauce is the woman who in reality has a roaring lion for a mate, who goes around devouring what he can. For her, Felicia's irritating serenity would be the wise policy. But do you catch women with husbands like this acting so? No! You find them hopping up and down like excited sparrows on their doorsteps, and calling after the departing figures of their lords:

"Don't eat anybody, John! Oh, don't eat anybody before you come home!"

The lion goes off, muttering and grumbling things about "darn fools" and "jealousy." And there you are. That's the way with women.

So it happened that I found myself thrown with my little friend of the pale gold hair, whose romantic name was Rosalie. Indeed, I do not think that I am doing Felicia injustice when I say I was thrown at Rosalie. There was something about my wife's manner that led me to suspect that she had been guilty of thoughts like:

"Thank God, he's got something to amuse him at last! Now when we go out I shan't see him 'glommering' at me from doorways."

To test the truth of this theory, I asked an old friend of mine who is a married woman of some

"Here at last was a nice girl who liked me for myself."

years' standing, why it was that wives were always so worried about their husbands when they were out in company. I threw this out as a fisherman throws a fly to a salmon. I might get my answer; I mightn't.

I got it. It was wriggling large at the end of my question mark before it had fairly touched the water.

"Good Heavens!" she said. "It's because a man's a tremendous responsibility. There's hardly a husband living who will go out and have a good time and amuse himself. He's always coming back to his wife and hanging around, until she's afraid that each party's going to be her last. First you go through the awful misery of getting your husband dressed, and next you nurse him through the whole evening; and when you think that most men begin to think of going home the minute they get to a dance, and put on airs about being nice if they do happen to stay——!"

My friend wagged her head. The indictment against the husband was indeed heavy. I didn't say to her, as I might:

"And whose fault is it, woman, that these young men who went gayly to parties now shun them like the plague? Whose fault is it that all decent men, who are fond of their wives, are left to languish in doorways and smoking rooms?"

BUT I said nothing, and merely resolved that the unpleasing thought that Felicia had thrown Rosalie at me as a bribe, and also to get me off her hands, should not dampen my pleasant friendship with Rosalie.

We became, indeed, the best of friends. Our relation became one recognized by the society in the gay little summer place where we were stopping. At dances it was a matter of course that I should dance with Rosalie a number of times, just as if I were any gallus young blade. Was there a motoring expedition planned—I had my place near Rosalie. People gave me Rosalie to take in to dinner. All of which I did with my weather eye on Felicia, ready at the first signal to assure her how heart free I was, and of my utter innocence of even incidental disloyalty. But Felicia continued to be as complacent and unruffled as any bowl of cream on the pantry shelf. During our many tete-a-tetes, Rosalie told me of

(Continued on page 23.)

OUR GREAT HALIFAX HARBOUR

How a Great Eastern Water-Front Strikes a Friendly Visitor

By VICTORIA HAYWARD

—Photographs by Edith S. Watson.

THE growth of a splendid materialism is seen everywhere along the Halifax waterfront.

In the shipping of the world, gathered here, may be read a graphic account of a development that is but a beginning of the great future in store for Halifax, as "Canada's gateway" to Europe and the markets of the world.

As this material growth advances by leaps and bounds quaint "bits" pleasing to the eye and gratifying to lovers of the picturesque, are everywhere in evidence.

The coming of the "new" has not driven out the "old"; rather the "old" has said to the new order of things: "My children, my experience and shortcomings are alike at your service—you will go far ahead of us, but you will build in proportion as you learn of experience," and the "new" has nodded a good-humoured and wise acquiescence.

So here are to be seen at work together old men and boys, driving each at his own particular little "bit" of the world's work.

There is practically nothing in the way of trade that Halifax is not touching just now. She is building her great terminals for ocean greyhounds and for trans-continental railroads—this is the new thing, that alone, will give to Halifax much prestige of several different kinds. It may not only make her a first-rank Canadian port, but it may place her in rivalry with New York. Time and the extent of the far-sightedness of Canadians concerned in the maritime growth of Canada, will soon tell.

Over against the big terminal with its faith in iron and steel are the old pile-driven fish-wharves, where "wooden-walls," wind and sails, struggle for the supremacy of the sea. Here on these schooners are bred the "captains courageous" of the north country, and for that reason as much as anything else they must never pass out.

This white-winged fleet of fish-schooners is the floating home of this race of men who reap for Canada the harvest of the sea.

The "harvest" is brought to market in Halifax. From every fishing-town of the Nova Scotia, Cape Breton, Gulf of St. Lawrence shore, they come. From far-away Newfoundland and from Labrador, all are represented here. Vessels discharging fish, vessels

Another of those much-debated Norwegian ships in Canadian waters; the Halfoford—once the General Roberts, an English bottom, photographed in Halifax harbour.

This old dockside mariner can't figure out why the Norwegians are so strong in Canadian shipping.

(1) War Scene in German East Africa.
(2) Mine Sweepers Come Back With Explosion-ized Codfish.
(3) British Recruits Answer the Million-More Call.

loading fish "outward bound" to distant West India, South American and Mediterranean ports. With men running hither and thither, some definite object in view, for furthering the dispatch of fish.

Piles of barrels stacked high against buildings. Carts coming and going. Codfish in handfuls flying through the air from the hands of men on decks to expert "catchers" on the wharf where there is a weighing machine. Fish is everywhere! In schooners' cavernous holds, on slippery decks, in the air, in barrels, in transit to houses, in salted piles, in "drying trays" in huge steam-drying houses, in boxes, in drums, and half and quarter-drums, in pails, in carts, on the housetops, on stages, skinned and unskinned, unboned and boneless, dry and in pickle.

Here are the packers, busily laying each mackerel in place in the barrel. There are the pickle-mixers, stirring brine in hogsheads. There the coopers, with interesting hand-made tools, hammering down hoops and mending leaks. There the boys, pouring pickle into the bung-hole till the barrel will hold no more and then putting in the cork with a bit of coarse sacking to catch any possible leak.

Action everywhere, bespeaking an awakening and growth in trade that cannot fail to strike a deep note of pleasure into the hearts of all Canadians.

Over there at the next wharf are schooners of a larger tonnage. They are the deep-sea, foreign-carrying fleet of the fish-trade.

Outward bound with dried and pickled fish they find their way across pathless seas to the markets of countries tropical and quaint and different.

In such countries codfish and mackerel from Halifax is a welcome change to the largely fruit diet, and the natives actually have far more tempting and appetizing ways of serving "a dish of fish" than are known in the home of fish. This is not a reflection, but arises from the fact that the appetite of the South on account of climatic conditions is more capricious—it requires of their cooks dainty and varied presentations of the commonest dishes. Not much red-meat is eaten in such countries, and so it falls out that Nova Scotia fish appears on table three or four times a week, and every time it is served in a different way.

Playing their parts in the subtle law of exchange the fish-schooners homeward bound come laden with the produce of these more southern climes.

If the life-history of one of these busy deep-sea schooners could be written it would be as romantic as "Robinson Crusoe" and as helpful as history. Here is one discharging sugar and molasses from Barbadoes. Products of a British colony arriving at the water-front of a sister colony. Carrying this exchange even further among each other, the colonies of the Empire could in fact supply all of each other's needs. In this direction doubtless much of the trade of Halifax in years to come will be engaged.

At yet another dock is a returned Mediterranean schooner with salt from Cadiz. Here is trade with a friendly foreign country. Exchange is good.

Up the stream at the Richmond docks are seen the "square-rigged" vessels lying two and three deep. These vessels are loading lumber for "across," as sailors so appropriately say.

The war has given these old wind-jammers, "the matrons of the fleet," a new lease of life.

Before the war it certainly looked as if the sailing-vessel's day for deep sea voyages was over.

Not only did the war bring them back to life, in the opinion of more than one master-mariner, but the "wind-jammers" have come to stay.

We sincerely hope so, for their great timbers, rounded-bows and royal-yarded masts seem to cradle all the romance of our national past. They are not only woven into the history of the past; in their capacity of wood-carriers, they are taking a hand in history-making at the present time.

British-built vessels now sailing under the Norwegian flag and manned by hardy Norsemen, worthy descendants of viking forefathers, while the ships themselves were turned out from British yards by British ship-builders whose ancestors built the "Victory."

Halifax falls heir to a noble heritage, of which she should be very proud, when she realizes all that these stately square-riggers in her harbour stand for.

Out in the stream "tramps" inward bound with sugar passing others on the way outward bound laden to capacity with apples and potatoes, Province products, or western wheat—the food-supplies for "across."

And scattered in and out, keeping open the port of Halifax, with its marvellous growth and unlimited opportunities, are the warship-guardians of Britain's far-flung battle-line.

DIS-FRENCHISING CANADIANS

Chapter IV.—How the Seeds of Dissension Were Planted

By WILLIAM H. MOORE

WHILE the English-speaking American colonies, without exception, threw off their allegiance to the mother land in the American Revolution, not all the colonists were disloyal. It has been estimated that about a million of the three million colonists disapproved of an armed revolution, yet only a few thousand ventured to serve in the British army.

During the war the families of those who cast in their lot with the royal cause, were subjected to great hardships; after the war the Loyalist families were by State acts of banishment sent into exile and their property confiscated. "Why should persons who are preying upon the vitals of their country," wrote the Governor of Connecticut, "be suffered to remain at large whilst we know they will do us every mischief in their power?" There were Loyalists who, at this stage, gave up their principles and retained their property; others gave up everything except principle, and returned to the mother land, or migrated to the islands retained by Great Britain, to Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, or to Canada, and commenced life over again.

It will be remembered that until this time Canada had continued almost exclusively French. The British criminal law had been introduced by the Quebec Act, but in other respects the conditions of the colony continued much as they were under the French regime. When English joined French in Canada the country became bilingual.

"And then the trouble began," interrupted Price Green, who as an Englishman may be excused for not being familiar with the finer points of Canadian history.

Green's conclusion is the almost general opinion of this day, but the facts of history do not bear it out. At that time the French in Canada were regarded as a blessing, perhaps in disguise, but still a blessing. They gave the country an individuality which set it apart from the more populous English-speaking republic to the south. The newly-formed government of the United States was still to be tried out and no one knew what its relations would eventually be with British North America. Men reasoned that there was nothing—except the French-Canadians—to prevent the former disloyal colonists from migrating to Upper Canada, and by their influence accomplishing that which force of arms had failed to do, namely, the wresting of the land north of the Great Lakes and the St. Lawrence from the British. Bilingualism was considered the best safeguard against what my friend, John R. Robinson, of the "Toronto Telegram," was pleased to call Continentalism in the days of the reciprocity debate.

In truth there was scant reason for a quarrel between French and English in the first days of settlement after the war. The men whom Fate had brought together in the wilderness of the great Northland at the close of the eighteenth century, had much in common, whether of French or of English tongue. For one thing, they were both Royalists and Loyalists.

THE English-speaking settlers who had come from the old American colonies during the War of the Revolution, or from the United States after the Declaration of Independence, were proud of sacrifices made for King and Empire; and at one time it was seriously represented that they should form a Canadian aristocracy. Naturally, with this claim forward, a clear definition of the term, "United Empire Loyalists" became necessary. W. S. Herrington, the author of an interesting little book describing the pioneer life of the Loyalists in Upper Canada, gives this definition of the phrase: "The appellation, United Empire Loyalists, was bestowed upon those who had taken their stand for the unity of the Empire, and who had allied themselves with the Royalists before the Treaty of Separation in 1783."

When I had read the definition over to my friend, Price Green, as we worked together in my library one night, he asked:

"Is not that definition wide enough to include the French-Canadians almost to a man?"

"Why not?" was my reply. "Loyalty to the British Empire is surely as commendable in French as in English, in a race as in an individual."

Yet the hard fact remains that the names of French Colonial Loyalist families have not been handed down to posterity. Is it because there were no French Colonial Disloyalists?

The men of English and French race who had chosen to be British ,bitterly knew the meaning of war. Common hardships drew them together in bonds of sympathy during the first years of their common habitation of the Northland. If men had talked to them of the necessity of homegeneity in language—and perhaps they did—the answer would have been: "It was only yesterday that in a nearby land English-speaking men threw off their allegiance to the British Crown, plundered and shot down their English-speaking neighbours, brutally maltreated women and children of English parentage." When we remember that these things were burnt into the memory of the people who inhabited Upper Canada—and the scars were still unhealed—it will not seem strange that an Anglicizing crucible looked like any thing but a panacea for state ills.

"You ought to say something about the Civil War between Northern and Southern States, in which English-speaking foes were matched against each other," again interrupted Green.

"Even to-day, men of common language are fighting in opposing trenches," I assented. "As we shall see later, a common language was never a guarantee of peace. But we must not be led away from our study of Canadian history."

In these first days the hospitality of the Canadian wilderness was proverbial. There were few inns. The stranger—be he English or French—was made welcome in the home; and the guest of to-day was the host of to-morrow. The fires were kept burning under the kettle; pea-soup and soupe-aux-pois, served in the rough-hewn log-houses, were one and the same thing to the hungry traveller. There was a difference between French and English, it is true, but it was that between p-e-a-s and p-o-i-s. Throughout the land there was a spirit of the brotherhood of man which, with the growth of population and the herding of men in cities, has become only a thing of meaningless words.

AS recorded in the history of that period, the Recollet Fathers placed a church at the disposal of the Presbyterians whilst their place of worship was being built. The Presbyterians were grateful, as was to be expected, and recorded their acknowledgment of the kindness in one of the first minutes of their church meeting, presenting the Fathers with "one box of candles, 56 lbs., at 8d., and one hogshead of Spanish wine, at £6, 5s." The preservation of the details may be regarded as an illustration of true Scottish thrift, but the incident itself stands among the monuments, marking the relations between French and English, Catholic and Protestant, in the days before politicians and editors became directors of public sentiment.

And then arose discord; and, as we shall see, it came not first as a clash between English and French Loyalists.

As the stream of Loyalist refugees from the United States diminished and finally ceased, there came, an English historian tells us, others, "whose loyalty consisted in an unremitting attention to their own personal interests, and who were attracted from the Republic by the more material consideration of good cheap land; and the British Isles supplied a third stream of settlers of the yeomen and labouring classes, whose sturdy virtues and steady energy assured them a position of far greater independence and comfort than they could ever have obtained in the land of their birth."

These later immigrants knew little of the traditions of the country and cared naught for the obligations to French-Canadian loyalty which had preserved it to the Crown. The newcomers, most of them sturdy Protestants, looked askance at their French-Catholic neighbours; but not yet was the main feud between Catholic and Protestant, French and English. Many of the immigrants were from the United States and had recently laid down the arms of rebellion. Upon them the United Empire Loyalists poured out their pent-up wrath for losses and hardships suffered in rebellion days. "Some of the extreme Loyalists could not reconcile Methodism and Loyalty to the Crown," says Herrington. And the records inform us of more than one persecution for preaching the doctrines of the Methodist Church. In fact, one duly-elected member of the Legislative Assembly was refused his seat in the House because he had upon occasions filled the pulpit of the Methodists.

"INTOLERANCE is an internal malady which vents its poison upon the first object by which it is excited," was Price Green's comment, as I read aloud the tale of this almost-forgotten episode in Canadian history.

"If we hadn't the French, or the French hadn't us, if we all spoke the same language, whether French or English, we should still have intolerance," I replied. "Those afflicted would then break forth upon the men of their own race and religion. There is always a nearby object for the intolerant-minded. You will remember, Green, the Puritans fled from England to escape intolerance. They had hardly become settled when they set about the persecution of the Quakers, albeit their own English-speaking countrymen, mutilated them, broke them on the wheels of their waggons and drove them from the colony. Remember, in the New World greater atrocities have been committed by English-Protestant on English-Protestant, than by English-Protestant on French-Catholic or French-Catholic on English-Protestant. Intolerance is by no means measurable by the extent of difference. I wonder if, after all, there is a cure for it?"

"The Golden Rule. The Golden Rule applied to the every-day things of life," was Green's reply. But Price Green is a keen churchman, a sidesman for the Anglicans out Mimico way, and looks upon Christian precepts as work-a-day rules, and best of all comes within hailing distance of living up to them himself.

However, I must not forget that we are on a quest for facts connected with the early history of Upper Canada.

Shortly after the commencement of the nineteenth century the Irish came, driven by distress from the tight, little, green island. The Bishop of Limerick of that day placed the situation in the home land graphically before the select committee appointed by the Parliament of the United Kingdom to consider measures for relief. Said the Bishop: "Take any system of home relief, it must be gradual in its operation; before it can be brought to bear the present sufferers will have died off, and others will have supplied their place, but not without a dreadful course of intermediate horrors. No, emigration is an instantaneous relief, it is what bleeding would be to an apoplectic patient. The sufferers are at once taken away; and, be it observed, from a country where they are a nuisance and a pest to a country where they will be a benefit and a blessing."

Limerick's bishop was a prophet. The Irish have been a blessing to this country; but, because of their peculiar faculty for disturbing, they have never conspicuously contributed to its harmony. The French-Canadians received the Catholic Irish immigrants as they landed, hungry and worn from weeks of ocean voyage, fed and cared for them, and French priests ministered to their spiritual comfort. "Here at last we have found brothers," thought the French-Canadian. But no sooner were the Irish rested and settled than they took an active part in the domestic broils; and, with proverbial impartiality, frequently sided against their benefactors and co-religionists. But that was not all. The Protestant Irish brought with them the memory of bitter religious feuds and a secret organization for their perpetuation, planting both in the land of their adoption.

When North America settled back into its hundred years of peace and the soldier made his exit from the stage, the politician was cast for the leading part. And in the first days the politicians formed a veritable caste. They were men apart from the great mass of the people, for it must be remembered that for several decades after the war there was no representative government. The people followed their work of home-building, unaffected by the prejudices which the politicians then, as always, sought to create in the hope of covering up their designs upon coveted places of power.

WHEN in the second days, representative government had been introduced and the politicians represented the people, their efforts to embroil the different classes, sects, and races, in domestic strife, were continued with even greater vigour and, unhappily, with more success. Then, as now, the man appointed to public position was not always, as

(Concluded on page 26.)

STRANGE SCENES
. . BY . .
CAMERA REPORT
. . FROM . .
FAR-OFF PLACES

These interesting old people belong to the Leukerbad district, in Switzerland. Here all the old women delight in smoking a pipe; whether the fact that the district has now been opened by an electric railway will change the habit, remains to be seen. What may happen in case of a German raid through Switzerland or France or Italy—is another question. This couple is thoroughly neutral. The man is half French and half German by descent. The woman is part English and part German.

Canadian women war workers are fast adopting the practical overall costume. This group of workers were photographed during lunch hour at the shops of the Canadian Pacific Railway works at Montreal, where a large number of women are now taking the places of men. They claim the new garments are not only more convenient in their work, but comfortable and—becoming as well. These young ladies are French-Canadian extraction. Three years ago they would have been horrified at the suggestion of wearing masculine clothes.

Although the explosion of the munitions plant was three-quarters of a mile away, this shell was found in the wall of this house in Kingsland, N.J. One of the residents, Miss Nellie Day, is attempting to pull the shell out.

Gorgeously costumed as Schemsel-nihar, the favourite of Haroun-al-Raschid, Mrs. Arthur D. Cook was one of the notable figures at the Arabian Nights Ball. This ball took place at Coronado Beach, on January 13, and was the most splendid and dazzling pageant ever portrayed. Princesses, dwarfs and genii were part of a scene of Oriental magnificence.

A NEW OUTBREAK IS CERTAIN

Nothing is more Dangerous than Desperation. Germany is Desperate. Her new energies will be measured only by her disappointment

By SIDNEY CORYN

WRITING in this column a few weeks ago, I expressed the conviction that the pacifist would find small comfort in an examination of such peace terms as it might be found possible to extract from the belligerent governments. That was at a time when sanguine minds had seized eagerly upon Germany's tacit promise to evacuate Belgium and France and to leave the Balkan question to the wisdom of a conference. Surely, said these hopeful ones, the main difficulties have now been removed and nothing remains but to apply the blessed principle of compromise. The invasion of Belgium was the main cause of war, and therefore the liberation of Belgium ought to be its cure, and with the liberation of Belgium goes, of course, the liberation of the occupied portions of France. It was the view of that order of intelligence that may be described politely as cursory, and that takes no note either of the great currents of expansive national ambitions or the patriotic sentiments that were always strong, but that have now been revivified by opportunity.

Writing at that time, I ventured to say that even the broadest sketch of peace terms would aggravate the situation by the avowal of demands that would be considered as beyond the pale of discussion and that could be settled only at the point of the sword. Into the political wisdom that has virtually compelled such an avowal there is no need here to enter. The avowal has been made, at least partially, and the result is precisely as it seemed to me that it must be. Among the then unformulated demands that would certainly be considered by both sides as non-debatable, as outside the range of discussion, were the return to France of Alsace-Lorraine, and an interference with German control of the transcontinental railroad in the Balkans. The Alsace-Lorraine impasse seemed to be the graver of the two. France would not consider even the preliminaries of a peace that did not include the return to her of her lost provinces without argument or delay. Germany would not entertain a proposal that set upon her the ineffaceable seal of disastrous defeat. Nor would Germany, except under dire compulsion, enter a peace conference founded upon the wrecks of her commercial hopes in Persia and Asia Minor. To compel the disclosure, the avowal, of hopeless antagonisms can hardly be considered as a diplomatic triumph—not, at least, from the pacifist point of view.

This is precisely what has been done. Alsace-Lorraine has been dragged from the background and set in the forefront of the quarrel. It is true that the Allied note to the American Government contains no specific mention of the Rhine provinces, but we need not debate the meaning of the phrase, "the restitution of provinces or territories wrested in the past from the Allies by force or against the will of their populations." This may mean a great deal more than Alsace-Lorraine, but certainly it means nothing less. Still more unequivocal is the demand for "the expulsion from Europe of the Ottoman Empire, which has proved itself so radically alien to Western civilization." It is true that there is no mention of a Russian occupation of Constantinople, but we need not doubt the Allied intention to stand with a heavy foot upon some link of the Far Eastern railroad chain that Germany intends shall be wholly Teutonic. Nor need we doubt the attitude of the Turkish Government toward a peace conference which can be held only on the basis of its own expulsion from Europe. Turkey, at least, must now become irreconcilable. She, at least, has nothing to gain from peace. The effort of the President to discover some ground for compromise has disclosed the fact that there is no such ground.

BUT there is another fact that has now been amply demonstrated by the recent interchange of notes, and it is a fact that finally disposes of the pleasant and popular fallacy that all the belligerents are heartily sick of the war and anxious to find some gently coercive way out of it. For there is not the slightest suggestion in the Allied note to Washington of a desire to compromise, not the least indication of a willingness to veil those demands that make compromise impossible. We can imagine nothing more resolute than the terms of that note, a note to which all of the Allies have appended their names, and with a rapidity that precludes the idea of dissension and even of discussion. It is perfectly evident, moreover, that the Allies expect to win, that they are not in the least discouraged by their reverses, and that they have the utmost confidence that their vastly superior forces, combined with the economic distresses of their enemies, must presently prevail. We may believe, if we wish, that such confidence is not justified, that it is due, as one important German newspaper remarks, to the stupid obstinacy of the British mind, but that is not the question and it has no bearing upon the situation. The obvious fact remains that the Allies believe confidently that they can win and that they intend resolutely to continue the struggle until they have won or until they can fight no more. We may delude ourselves by the effort to discern the element of bluff in the Allied note, but that delusion is likely to be dissipated by the events that are now pending.

Some mention has already been made in this column of the causes that must have led to the German proposals, proposals that were hopelessly doomed from their inception by the accompanying demand for an admission of German victory. Among those causes were the inevitable waning of Germany's military resources, and particularly in the matter of men, the economic distresses of the German people, the exhaustion of Austria, and the probable disposition of the young Emperor to save as much from the wreck as possible and to inaugurate his reign by the establishment of peace. We may as well leave Germany's military resources out of the question, since we know little of them except from vague calculations that rest upon no very certain basis of fact. We do not know the number of Turks that Germany can call upon nor their disposition. She may be enlisting numbers of Poles, while the Belgian deportations must have released from home duties a considerable amount of fighting material. But when it comes to the distress in Germany and Austria we are upon much surer ground. To recount the evidence of this that comes from Teutonic sources would demand more space than the whole of this article. It comes in the form of innumerable official statements and regulations and from the many personal letters that are published from day to day by the responsible New York press. An official statement emanating from Vienna says plainly that the food supply will be entirely exhausted two months before the new harvest is available. The Munich Post says bitterly that the Bavarian people are "tired of playing the part of Cinderella among the German tribes" and complains that the Prussians are seizing the food that is so terribly needed by the Bavarians and that the Bavarians have actually paid for. Speaking of the egg supply, the Post says: "Are the Prussians about to seize these eggs for their own consumption or will they allow them to rot rather than feed them to the Bavarian riffraff, as we have more than once heard the northern officials call us? Urgent prayers that have been addressed to the Prussian bureaucrats by our business men and importers have not until now received a moment's attention. Are they blind in Berlin? Can not they see that things can not continue thus? Must it come to a catastrophe?" The Mulhausen Volkszeitung complains that the working people are being fed upon offal and that the country is falling into anarchy. The Tageblatt speaks in similar vein, and of course the Vorwaerts (Socialist) is unceasing in its denunciations of existing conditions. Reports from neutral countries we may well discount as unreliable and sensational, but we can not discount the utterances of German newspapers that are increasingly numerous and increasingly portentous.

IN this connection it may be well to mention a rumour circulating among well-informed quarters in the east and that cannot be dismissed as wholly improbable. It is to the effect that Austria will speedily seek a separate peace, and may even now be doing so, and that this will be done not in defiance of Germany but with her concurrence. Germany, says the rumour in question, is actuated by the realization that Austria would probably get favourable terms and would be saved from the dismemberment that might be her fate as the result of a conclusive military defeat, and that her value as an ally would thus continue to be a factor in the policies of the Teutonic world. But the immediate advantage of a move like this on the part of Austria would be still greater, for the defection of such an ally would be a sufficient explanation to the German people of peace proposals that are certainly born of necessity and that are likely to become more emergent in the near future.

But these things do not indicate an immediate ending to the war. Far from it. They indicate a new outbreak that will probably be more tremendous than anything that has preceded it, since nothing is more dangerous than desperation. Incredible as it may seem, it is yet certainly true that Germany confidently believed that her proposals would be accepted and that the Allies would admit their defeat. This is shown by the frequent references in the highest quarters to the almost immediate end of the war and to the good news that would come with Christmas. Germany believed that no more than some great victory would be needed, and as she could not find that victory at Verdun she sought it in Roumania. Her new energies will now be proportionate to her disappointment. She will be now disposed to take magnificent chances because nothing but magnificent chances can avail her. Whatever she is able to do must be done before Austria actually breaks, before Turkey finally succumbs to pressure from the sea and from the south, and before Bulgaria decides that she has sufficiently played the part demanded by her self-interest. And in this connection we may note the significant speech just made by the Bulgarian Premier, in which he defended himself from the charge of military adventure, asserted that Bulgaria had now achieved her ambitions, and declared that she was ready to make peace. Whatever Germany intends to do she must do quickly.

The new campaign will begin early. Germany must begin it early for the aforementioned reasons, and the Allies will begin it early for the sake of

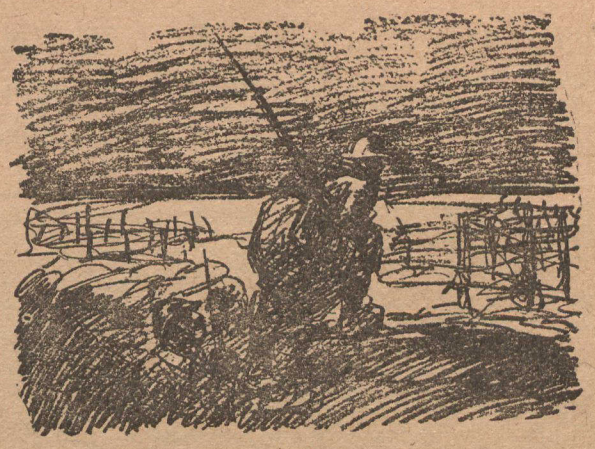
EDITOR'S NOTE.

IN this article Mr. Coryn assembles in a masterly fashion all the factors in diplomacy, world politics and strategy that explain the present situation and the immediate prospects of war—except the rumoured invasion of Switzerland by Germany in order to turn the Anglo-French flank on the west front. He reiterates his former views that there is no symptom of any back-down on the part of the Allies in their conditions for a world peace. He shows clearly that Germany, met by an uncompromising front will be forced into more desperate measures in a last offensive. This prediction is suggested by the rumoured violation of Swiss neutrality and by the despatches this week indicating a fresh outbreak of super-submarines.

The writer makes no attempt to bolster up a case for the Allies or to draw an unduly dark picture of Germany's condition. He does not take the confident assertions of commanders on either side as meaning anything—since commanders cannot afford to express anything else but confidence in their own cause. He makes no pretence of estimating Germany's present military resources. But he makes it quite clear that Germany has undoubted economic troubles which explain the necessity for mighty quick action on her part. A statement from Vienna intimates that the food supply in Austria will be exhausted two months before next harvest. The Munich Post says that Bavaria is tired "playing Cinderella among the German tribes" and complains that Prussia is seizing Bavarian food. Other reliable German newspapers eloquently depict the growing discontent in Germany. These cannot be discounted. They are absolutely reliable and sincere. The rumour that Austria may seek a separate peace is equally significant. Mr. Coryn's allusion to this is enlightening.

gaining and keeping the initiative. Germany would prefer that the heaviest fighting should be in the east because she knows that if she can but put Russia out of the running she will then be able to gain the preponderating strength everywhere else. Russia will strike heavily for the sake of choosing her own positions, and the French and British will do what they can to prevent the sending of reinforcements to the east, and also if possible to compel the sending of reinforcements from the east and the consequent weakening of the German forces in Russia. The Russians indeed are already attacking heavily in the neighbourhood of Riga and have admittedly won some successes there. But this does not necessarily mean that they have chosen Riga for their ultimate offensive. Frozen ground is much to the advantage of the attackers, since it is they who have to move from their positions. Moreover, we must remember that an artillery assault upon fortified positions is more effective when the ground is frozen than when it is soft, and that an enemy forced from its trenches in frozen ground finds it difficult to dig new ones. The same reasons account for the immediate energies displayed by Mackensen in Roumania. Whatever is to be done there must be done quickly and before an Allied offensive elsewhere compels the sending of reinforcements. Indeed, it seems as though the Russians and the Germans were racing for the initiative. If Mackensen can cross the Danube and seriously menace the Russian flank, the initiative would be with him, since a threat to the Russian line northward to Galicia would demand all possible Russian attention. But if the Russians can show a dangerous aggressiveness elsewhere then the German activities in Roumania would probably be starved out.

As to the prospects of an Allied offensive in the west we can do nothing but guess. The expressions of confidence on the part of the commanders are, of course, worth little. They would be hardly likely to express anything else. Sir Douglas Haig speaks of the Somme battle as being unfinished. He says it was stopped by the weather and will be resumed as soon as the weather allows. Indeed it has already been resumed in the Ancre section. The German commanders assert that they won the battle, since their lines were only pushed back and not pierced. They, too, expect that it will be resumed, thanks to British stupidity, but naturally they express the utmost confidence in the result. Prince Rupprecht speaks of his twelve lines of defence and of his ability to hold them, but none the less he adds, rather indiscreetly, that "we can safely say now that there were some critical moments at the beginning when the enemy was immensely stronger than we." But we may remember that at the time to which the prince presumably refers, there was very little fighting in the east and it was possible to bring men back to the Somme. But what would be the situation if Russia should make a great effort such as Brussiloff made in the direction of Lemberg and which probably ceased from a shortage of ammunition? Would not the British and French then once more be "immensely stronger" than their opponents? Nor must we forget that the British forces in France have been steadily increasing in numbers and improving in efficiency. If there were "critical moments" at the beginning of the Somme battle the Allies may reasonably hope that there will be more of them. Hindenburg may express his comparative unconcern with the western situation, but he must, none the less, be uneasy as he foresees the tremendous strain to which that situation will be exposed by a simultaneous Allied effort in east and west.



AH, YOUTH!

"You aren't going! Are you crazy?"
"Got to. Promised my girl a pickelhaube."

—From L'Opinion, Paris.

WESTERN FARMER HAS BOTH

Wheat Prices and Title Deeds

By CHARLES STOKES

IN a seventeen-mile automobile rush we passed twenty-eight waggons hauling grain. I began to count them after the fifth.

"You may not believe me," said my friend the chauffeur when I remarked upon it, "but you passed nearly five thousand dollars in real money."

A grain-box with its necessary human and quadrupedic accompaniment is not a very aesthetic sight. The horses could never usually be accused of as much as having sniffed at pure-bred ancestry; whatever good equine blood the owner might possess, he would not use it in the humdrum work of hauling grain. If they were not so sturdy, so essentially farm horses, you might have called them plugs. But they plod along very faithfully at their three miles an hour on the prairie trail, which sometimes runs between fences and often doesn't, their driver, unshaven, and wearing the dirty, thigh-length sheepskin coat that seems such a favourite with western farmers, mostly dozing with the lines in his mitted hands. He generally keeps to the only travelled ruts of the rough trail—or rather, to be exact, his horses do, for he is dreaming of how he'll blow his money in; and when you honk-honk behind him it is usually several minutes before he hears, and, waking, steers his jarred team to the side. Sometimes he has a double waggon, with four horses, but he sleeps just the same; and as you skim by him he blinks frowzily at you, and you say to yourself, "Five thousand dollars!"

An ugly sight, perhaps, and an uninspiring one unless your imagination can play tricks round the idea of the grain which he is transporting, imprisoned in a homely setting but in essence like fairy gold. Unless, also, your thoughts wander to the many hundreds of thousands of dollars that he and his fellows are bringing down to its primary connection with commerce these days. A little like the whole west, no starched linen, but there with the goods.

Where we turned in for lunch they were threshing. That is to say, one farmer's wife at least wore a worried countenance immediately she saw we wanted lunch, because she was already cooking for ten; but she guessed she could take a couple more. Her husband and the boys were down the field; and having said this, she turned to tell her daughter to go get some more of that there liver. Her husband we recognized at once, because he was having words with the foreman of the gang after the latter had ordered him around like any common farm hand. All help, of course, had been impressed, and the farmer and his two boys were hauling sheaves to the separator. The "gang," consisting of two Swedes and one Irishman, were really hard at work, pitching them into the self-feeder; but the engineer in charge of the motive power that emanated from a very noisy engine seemed to have both mind and hands free, and greeted us jovially from where he read an old newspaper in the cab. What he was apparently paid for was the responsibility.

If there is one job at least at which I personally draw the line, it is pitching sheaves. It is comparatively light work to pitch them from the top of the rack-waggon into the separator, but it's another matter entirely to follow the waggon and pitch them up into it from the ground. Therefore the farmer had no cinch, and his indignation was perceptible on being requested by the foreman of the imported gang—a gang he was paying, mind you, by the day, and whom he fed—to hustle some.

The curious thing about agricultural work is that the last thing it will do is to hustle. It is either slack or it is feverish; at this present season of the year, it is feverish. The separator eats up wheat at the rate of some three thousand bushels a day if there is a large gang working and there is plenty of help for hauling. This one was not working so fast; its attendant sprites were few, but the ambition of the man in control of its destiny seemed to be to make its performance equal its biggest competitors.

The farmer told me afterwards at lunch, over the liver, that threshing help is ruinous. He gave me details. It would be—in any other year and to one whose gross returns were not so high. For if there is one thing certain in this world of changing perspectives, it is that the Western Canadian farmer is making money. He has not had such a wonderful year as 1915—in fact, it is scarcely fifty per cent. of that year's crop—but it is worth more. The western wheat crop has undergone many vicissitudes. Beginning with a smaller acreage under cultivation, due to the retarding influences of 1915's abnormal harvest upon this year's ploughing and to the scarcity of labour, it encountered new and unexpected terrors in the shape of rust as well as extraordinarily unfavourable weather conditions. To cope with rust is almost impossible even in countries where it is a frequent visitor, and to most Western Canadian farmers it is a stranger.

But God sent rust to the United States, too, and all over the world He seemed to have had a special grudge against wheat. The consequence is that the western farmer is rejoicing in wheat prices that seemed like a fairy tale three years ago. Wheat stands to-day at approximately twice its price a year ago, and any man who has had any kind of a crop at all is making money at a rate that demagogues might call scandalous. Quite a number of farmers, it must be confessed, do not regard wheat prices as anything but a dream. They read them in newspapers, but incline to the conviction that it is some new trick of them there fellers in Winnipeg or Shicawger; that they will actually get them at their local elevator is another matter. They are apprehensive that they will not last; they view every fluctuation with alarm, as a breath that will bring the house of cards down. Hence, they are rushing more grain to market at a rapid rate than circumstances really justify, to be able to stand from under when the anticipated collapse comes.

Meantime they are paying their long-standing debts, buying cattle, paying off their mortgages and getting their title-deeds. That a man should pay for his land with one crop only is far from the phantasm it once seemed, in these days when $25-an-acre land is producing crops valued at twice or three times that sum. The official statistician estimates that the average yield of wheat per acre in Western Canada is sixteen bushels. Multiply that by $1.90, or a few cents less, and you will see that a man has to get per acre only the official average yield to realize more than the current average price of land per acre. From crop reports received from many quarters, there is every reason to believe that the government's estimate was unduly pessimistic as regards Alberta.

A ride across the prairie is a wonderfully revivifying thing these days. Several impressions stand out. One—rather trivial if you like—is the waste of a by-product; the high straw flies out of the separator into a golden mound ten or more feet high and is left there to be burned. One day it will be conserved. Another memory is standing on a slight mound and counting the smoke from sixteen separators in a panoramic swing round the horizon. Yet another is meeting all those teams travelling the road to the elevator, some of them having come forty miles or more and consumed two days in the journey. We meet them later in the small towns that cluster round the elevators; the drivers are being barbered and bay-rummed and transformed out of all resemblance to farmers, blowing in a prudent pile in the pool rooms or bowling alleys, or even—such is the off-guarded state to which unexpected prosperity will reduce a man—visiting the offices of the country weekly newspaper and paying arrears in subscriptions. The prairie sunset calls for mention. Always wonderful, its soft clearness is at this season of Indian summer still further beautified by the straw-golden glow that fills the western sky.

The last impression is of the elevator in a small town at night. Ugly and gauntly dominant as it is by day, by night it takes on a kind of massive strength. The town quietens to absolute still, except when the Limited comes through after midnight, and in the clear cold air, with a million stars twinkling as a background, these great structures look not unpicturesque. There seems to be some significance of mystery to them, as they tower over the two-storey frame buildings and shacks of the pioneer town. They seem, somehow, to symbolize eternity by suggesting a heathen idol whom the people serve. It somehow reminds one very much of the statue of Memnon by the Nile.

STUDYING OUR NEW CANADIANS

The Ukrainians . . . By W. W. SWANSON

Three months ago W. W. Swanson left Queen's University to take over the political economy department in Saskatchewan University. He promised the Courier to study humanity out west for our benefit. This article on Ukrainians is the first of his studies. And there's a vitalizing idea—in the article. —The Editor.

HIS Royal Highness the Duke of Connaught, on his departure from Canada, admonished the people of this country, in formulating their future policy of immigration, to see to it that settlers are received, for the most part, from the mother land. The Duke had in mind, when giving this advice, a problem which has proved a serious one, not only to the Dominion, but to the United States as well, during the course of the war. The republic, especially, had been proceeding complacently on its way before the outbreak of hostilities, happy in the belief that it had, above all other nations of the world, met with most success in the welding together of the various heterogeneous elements that had gone to make up its population. So convinced were the Americans that they had made the republic the melting pot of the world, that little or no thought was given to the dangers which now appear to have been inherent in the situation.

Canada had, indeed, turned admiringly to the United States for help and guidance in the solving of her own immigration problem; being fully convinced that American assertions of success in dealing with the hordes that annually sought the shores of the United States could be taken at their face value. The war has smashed many a graven image, and this comfortable assurance among others. Canadians, as the Duke's advice goes to prove, are perhaps swinging to the opposite extreme, at the present time, and are anxiously seeking to discover whether past immigration policies have been desirable, or sufficient, for their needs. In an attempt to look into this matter at close range, and, so to speak, on the ground, the writer a short time ago spent some time in the study of a cross-section of Canada's population, richly shot through with the foreign element, in the city of Fort William.

Seven nationalities are represented in the group of students shown above. These are all attending the night school at Fort William. The diligence of these non-Canadian-born will leave some of us in the rear of the procession.

Theodore Stuninuk will enter a Canadian University next year, after three years' hard work in a night school, and one year at Wesley College, Winnipeg. He is a Ukrainian and as fond of getting intellectually ahead as an Icelander.

MR. J. SHAVER, of the Wesley Institute in that city, kindly acted as guide, philosopher and friend, in this adventure. Perhaps we should mention at this point that Mr. Shaver, with the assistance of Miss Mabel L. Hannah, is carrying on a most admirable bit of social service work in connection with the Wesley Institute at Fort William. He has laboured with marked success in that city for several years past, and has had, in Miss Hannah, a colleague of great skill and initiative in the carrying on of the multifarious duties connected with the work of the Institute. We may say that we have never seen a more effective service rendered to the foreign element in any social settlement that it has been our privilege to investigate, considering the available means at hand. The work is carried on in an unpretentious-looking building located in the heart of the foreign district; but from that centre there radiates light and life and helpful guiding. The work is carried on among men, women and boys; Miss Hannah, naturally, devoting most of her attention to work among the women. Mr. Shaver, with a corps of hard-headed business men, imbued with a sense of duty toward the development of Canadian citizenship, carries on the men's work; and notably a night school for the teaching of the English language, Canadian history, reading, writing and arithmetic, and so forth, to a polyglot group of students, many of whom have approached man's estate. So effective has this teaching been, and so successful have these public-spirited men been in inculcating sound ideas upon Canadian citizenship, that many of the young men who attended night school have gone to fight for their newfound liberties on the field of battle in Europe. Among these is a group of thirty Russians, some of whom have already laid down their lives for their adopted country. Magnificent as is the work of this Institute, however, a complete description of it must be left for another time.

IN his report to the Governors for the year 1914-15, President Murray, of Saskatchewan University, says: "Non-English students have in several cases, attained very high distinction. May I remind you that last year's most distinguished graduate who won the triple distinction of High Honours in Mathematics and Physics, a gold medal and a travelling fellowship, was the son of an Italian who came to Canada not many years ago. This year's Governor-General medal in Agriculture went to the son of a German-Mennonite, and his closest competitor is of Icelandic origin. Two candidates for the Governor-General's medal in Arts were found to have attained an unusually high standing. One is a young Russian who has been in the country but two or three years. One of the Canadians receiving the degree of Bachelor of Arts was born in Russia and came to Canada with the Doukhobors about fifteen years ago. . . . The life of this province has been greatly enriched by the artistic, musical and literary gifts which they and their people are contributing to us. We of Canadian birth do not realize to the full how much Saskatchewan owes to European culture."

WE were particularly interested in the status of the Ruthenians, their bias in thinking and their aspirations since they have come to Canadian shores. Many surprising things were discovered: among others that these so-called ignorant people had, out of the hard earnings of manual labour, built for themselves several halls in the city of Fort William, one of which is a most creditable structure. The largest of these buildings was designed as a physical and social culture club, and is given over to meetings of the youth among the Ruthenian element of the population, both men and women. In addition to the giving of social entertainments of various kinds, an attempt is made to put on work of a more serious order. For example, national plays with a time-honoured history in the homeland, are given; and we were informed by those in a position to know, that really excellent talent is often thereby revealed. Moreover, the Ruthenians at Fort William have several "Prosuita Societies"—that is, societies whose aim and object is, literally, the "spread of enlightenment."

It is interesting to note the nature of the enlightenment that these people have in mind. It consists of the retention, and the inculcation of, the hoary traditions and folk-lore of their native country, and their customs, manners and racial aspirations; and, above all, of the spread of education. It was as pathetic as it was gloriously hopeful, to find among these so-called untutored and uncultivated manual labourers a real thirst for knowledge, and a genuine love for culture. This is not the culture, of course, of the "high-brow" in the university circles of the Dominion; but it may be a culture that is more worth while, as it expresses the longing of the heart, as much as it does the power of the intellect—a power that too often yields only barren results. In conversation with several of the leaders of the local community we discovered that, while they lay such stress upon the necessity af preserving all that is best in the Ruthenian race—its history, its traditions and its ideals—yet they were no less anxious to teach their kin the value of Canadian citizenship and the liberty that comes thereby. While it is true, of course, that relatively only a small number of Ruthenians, as of other foreign elements in our population, have volunteered for foreign service, yet it seems that more would have been willing to go had the leadership been there.

IN a word, it can be fairly said as a result of this investigation, that this little group of foreigners at Fort William, not only are willing to be identified completely with Canadian life, but are eager to do their part in defending the interests and honour of the land that has welcomed them, and given them a home. Yet, above all else, they assert their determination to retain their own national characteristics, in the hope that they may be able thereby to add something of permanent value to Canada's national life.

Of course, we do not mean to say that the rank and file of the Ruthenians understand completely, or even sympathize with, in all their entirety, the objects of their leaders. But, it can be safely said that, on the whole, they appreciate the opportunities that have come

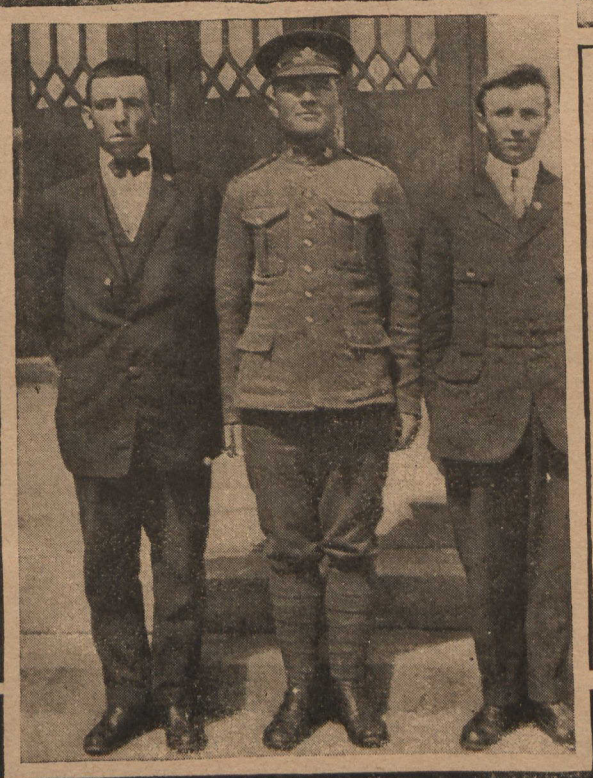
to them in this new country; and that they are willing to give of their best in return, so far as they are able or instructed. As yet they lack adequate leadership—such leadership, for example, as the French have in Quebec—but that obstacle will soon be removed. We came in contact with several clever young men, who have risen from the ranks, and who are preparing themselves for this work. Some of these men have taken advantage of the opportunity given them at the Wesley Institute to study English, history, and so forth; and a few have gone even farther, and have prepared themselves for the universities. One such youth whom we met—Theodore Huninuk by name—has within the last three years, through taking advantage of the night school, prepared himself for the university, and will next year enter upon an arts course. He is at present doing preparatory work at Wesley College, Winnipeg. This is no mean record when it is considered that but three years ago he was ignorant even of the English language. It is not possible, of course, to estimate the general intelligence of the body of these people by the achievements of the few who have come to the front; but it is significant that not only the Ruthenian element, but the foregn element in general, has done exceptionally well in our western universities.

CANADIANS may, then, well ask themselves whether their future policy shall be that followed hitherto in the United States, and which has admittedly failed, of attempting to assimilate the foreign races, or whether it shall be their aim to nationalize them spiritually. That is to say, the Dominion must consider whether all its peoples shall be melted, so to speak, into one shape and form, or whether it will be best, in the end, to permit these foreign elements in our population to contribute each its own special gift to the national life as a whole, and thus, through giving them common community and economic interests and national ideals, perfect the nation's life. Must all Canadians speak one language, and live according to established rules, ideas and principles? In this connection President Murray, of the University of Saskatchewan, has made a significant statement with reference to the value of the various foreign elements in our population.

If President Murray's words (quoted on the opposite page) are true—and they are trebly true—can Canadians any longer pursue the inane policy of attempting to eliminate all the traits, traditions, customs and peculiar aptitudes of the foreign stocks that go to make up our nation, and which, as President Murray says, so richly endow our national life? Or should spiritual unity, resulting in the formation of a national will and purpose, be the great object in view?

TO return, however, to the Ruthenians. One thing that strikes the investigator, in talking with these people, is their intense love and sympathy for their own people in the motherland. Most Canadians imagine that Slavs are just—Slavs. Included in the term Slav, there are, as a matter of fact, many distinct languages, if not distinct races; such as the Russians, the Poles, the Ruthenians, the Czecks, Slovaks, Croats, and Serbs. All these peoples differ in language, in social customs and religious beliefs, and in many other directions. If this war is to achieve anything, and if the United Kingdom is to carry out its explicit promises, the rights of the little nations and of the little peoples will be respected. This is what the Ruthenians in Canada long for in connection with their own race. For generations, and, indeed, for centuries, separatist tendencies—that is, all tendencies making for the preservation of national life and culture—have been struggling for supremacy against the almost overwhelming power of autocracies, whether in Russia, or Prussia, or in old Poland and in modern Austria-Hungary. The Ukrainians, or as they are generally called, the Ruthenians, base their claims to a separate national existence on the fact that they make up a population of 30,000,000, inhabiting that district in Russia and Austria which lies between middle Galicia and the Caspian Sea. This is a territory which in itself is greater than the entire German Empire, and considerably larger than France. The Ukrainians, moreover, speak a language which they maintain is not merely a dialect of Great Russian—the language of the majority in Russia—but a distinct language in itself, allied to Great Russian, but not identical with it. This race has been oppressed, in the modern historical period, first by the Poles, and then by the Russians and Austrians. Under Polish domination, as latterly under Austrian and Russian domination, the Ruthenian nobility have betrayed the common people, and have adopted the conventions and manners of their rulers, and supported autocratic government. The Ruthenians in Canada, having acquired liberty for themselves, naturally enough long for the day when a democratic government shall be established in the homeland.

This Ruthenian National Hall is a Physical Culture and Social Club, "Zaproska Zich." It was built in 1914, on the 100th anniversary of the birth of Taras Chevchenko, the Chaucer of the Ruthenians.



Of the twenty-five Russians who went out of the Night School with the Canadian forces to the front, these are three. The man on the right has been killed in action, and eight of his comrades have been wounded.

Little tots, not old enough to enter the Public schools, are given their first lessons in English in the school shown below. It is supported by the people of Fort William themselves, and has a native teacher at its head.

NOW, throughout Ukrainia, the aristocracy of the population forms the dominant majority, though not the actual majority, among the people. The aristocracy occupy all positions of value in the civil service, direct the country's educational programme, or lack of programme, and control its legislation. In Eastern Galicia, the Ukrainians have one secondary school for each 700,000 in the population, while the Poles, who support the Austrian bureaucracy, have one secondary school to each 50,000 in the population. Moreover, the Polish minority controls seventy-three per cent. of the seats in the provincial legislature, while the Ruthenians, who make up the bulk of the population, control only twenty per cent. of the seats. Not until after much hardship and persecution did the Ruthenians secure the right, in 1905, to publish newspapers and books in their own language. Even health bulletins advising the people how to protect themselves against cholera and other epidemics were published in what to them was a foreign language, that is, in Great Russian. The Ukrainians propose a programme after the war which all friends of democratic government are willing to aid them in putting through. They demand that illiteracy shall be abolished, that the civil service shall be opened to them, that they shall be given an opportunity to advance their economic interests so that Germans and Jews will no longer dominate their industrial life; that agrarian reforms shall be instituted whereby large estates shall be broken up into small holdings; and that democratic tendencies, in a word, shall become the order of the day.

WE have gone thus far into the situation in Galicia and Russia to explain why the Ruthenians in Fort William and elsewhere in Canada devote so much of their time to the discussion of what to us would be considered foreign problems. To them it is a matter, however, of the most vital concern. And, indeed, in this respect, there is no cause for blame, but much for praise, inasmuch as by their interest in European affairs the Ruthenians widen their horizon, and obtain an insight into world affairs. Canadians, as well as Americans, tend to become parochial merely, in their outlook, and here also, perhaps, there is room to learn.

War Bunkum Abroad

WE are somewhat fed to sufficiency upon the peculiar newspaper commodity known as "war bunk." Of course none of our newspapers have deliberately misled us about the war. We have no Imperialized press as they have in Germany. For a long while and up till about a year ago we were conscious of getting a high percentage of strictly reliable truth in our news of the war. We still believe that in the citation of facts, if the heading writers would let it go at that, we are getting just about what happens. It is not the facts that are to blame for the unstable condition of the public mind concerning the war. It is the use made of the facts, the colours and garbs and faces the facts are made to wear in order to make them palatable. Where there is no deliberate attempt to bamboozle as there is in Germany, our headliners feel that they must as far as possible please us. So the show window artist gets in his work. A small advance, a few hundred prisoners, an enemy attack repulsed, are made to look like significant victories. On the front they are but a flash in the pan. The "victory" was all in the headline. Somebody in Bavaria wants the German Emperor deposed. That some one is probably a crank who if caught will be shot with Prussian bullets. There are cranks even in England who would like to see George V. deposed. But that gives very little comfort to our enemies. There is a relative scarcity of some kinds of food in Germany. The headliners wish us to believe that Germany is starving. Germany has been starving more than a year now. The fact is, that ever since we have been forced to wage the kind of war we like least, we have been taking particular incidents for general principles. In the absence of first-hand news our correspondents have fed us up with opinions. There are more opinion-mongers abroad over this war than there were soldiers in Europe five years ago. From Belloc down these experts have played upon our optimism. They know which way the cat likes to be rubbed. And they can sell that kind of treatment better than the opposite. But a large percentage of it is "war bunk," and it's that kind of buncombe that keeps a lot of us from putting the last ounce into the prosecution of the war.

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The New "National Government"

WHAT is this national government of which so many editors and publicists are talking? We understand that Sir Robert Borden is to be asked by the new national party to resign from the Premiership until after the war; that Sir Wilfrid Laurier will automatically resign as leader of the Opposition for the same period because there being no political party government an Opposition would have no function; that a new national party will be formed of business men, the big interests who will form a national Board to take over the business management of Canada for the purpose of winning the war and saving the country.

This is the main outline of the most amazingly revolutionary programme ever undertaken in Canada. In a time of revelations and upheavals we should not be alarmed at this. If we feel that Canada is withholding her real strength from war-winning by party government, let us turn everybody out and put in these supermen who are supposed to be bigger than politics, these men who from purely patriotic motives will rip away all the trammelings of partyism and let this great young giant of a country exert her full impact on the business of winning the war and saving the country.

But let us first of all examine the programme. Let us not be misled by mere evangelizing enthusiasm. Above all, who are the men that can occupy this position of National Commissionership above politics and without parliament? Some names have been mentioned—Lord Shaughnessy, Mr. J. W. Flavelle, Sir Edmund Osler, Sir Thomas White. There are others; these will do as examples. We might add Sir William Mackenzie, Mr. Grant Hall and half a dozen leaders in manufacturing, finance and other big business. What entitles these or any such men to be considered as super-men big enough to win the war and save the country without party politics? Are these men of the type who can emulate Lloyd George and his War Council and Cabinet? If we are following England's lead let us follow it. Where did England get her Lloyd George? From politics. Her Milner, Curzon, Bonar Law and Henderson? From politics. It was the political big man who had the public confidence, who was in touch with the people in public business that got the national confidence in a crisis and made it possible to retire Asquith, Haldane, Churchill and half a dozen other giants of administration and political business.

Where in Canada have we such men? All the men mentioned above are men who have big private business. They are not public men. They are not supermen. They are big businessers who perhaps should long ago have turned their great talents in the direction of public affairs but did not do it. The people do not know these men as public administrators. The people will not easily get to know them in a time of war as super-statesmen.

Much as we admire these men we do not regard them as nation-savers over and above the men who have been trained in the business of national service. We admit that our politicians have played the game of politics too well and that they have too often been mere dilettanti in statesmanship. But they were and are the men whom the people chose in a time of peace to do the national business. They were and are the men who must be expected to get big enough to conduct the nation's business in a time of war. Parliament is our natural house of national business. If Parliament is inept let us reform it and as quickly as possible. But if we abolish Parliament for the time of the war how shall we return to it in a time of peace? Let us get the weak men out of Parliament, the small men out of Cabinets, and let our national machinery do its work. Let us, if need be, put any of the nation-saving supermen we can find into national service, into the Cabinet, into Parliament, where they can dynamize our lawmakers and administrators into higher national service.

But for the love of the country—let us not admit that in fifty years of Confederation, in the semi-centennial year of responsible government, a united Canada has produced nothing but a set of party politicians that in a crisis must be replaced by representatives of the big interests.

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Our So-Called Prosperity

WE all believe in war time economy in order that we may prevent waste that weakens a nation and that we may have money to give to war funds and war loans. But we don't all believe that economy begins at home. A casual look at a lot of the new limousines lined up at our munition fronts does not put the accent on wartime economy. The furs people wear, the gowns they display, the expensive amusements they go to—but why enumerate? The fact is that wartime economy isn't practicable past a certain stage. People ran to cover when the war started. They were afraid of the unknown. Those who paid rent for separate houses doubled up in smaller houses or went into flats. Houses were a glut on the market. Munition orders came along. Factories became busy. Languishing industries revived or were replaced by new ones. Labour got bigger wages. More money circulated. People had the power to buy more. They bought. Prices of everything went up. The people paid them because they had to and because most of them had the money. And what is called prosperity returned to the country when most of us had to be told what it was in order to recognize it. Now a number of our experts predict that the country will fall flat when war orders cease along with the war. The same experts never would have told us that by two years after war broke out we should be uneasy because of our prosperity in a time of 50 per cent. increase in the cost of living.

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Two Pictures

AT a certain Toronto corner stands an empty hotel. It is not a cheerful spectacle. One imagines the ghost of old convivialities leaning over the dusty bar within that dusty windpw—sobbing. Industrious, brilliant little engineers in grey lay lines of silk trestling from cornice to cornice in the deserted rooms, and dust falls on the gay beer calendars and piece of a broken glass, and the worn spots in the floor where men's heels once dangled while they sat and smoked and spat. . . .

But across from that dead pub. stands a row of small tradesmen's shops: a druggist, a butcher, a bakery, a shoe store. They fairly reek with prosperity. If you ask the druggist, or the butcher or the shoe man, you will learn that trade was never better; they are beginning to sell goods to people who never had money before. If you ask why, they will point across at the pub. "That place used to take a thousand dollars per Saturday!"

But don't ask the baker anything. He, too, is more prosperous. His cakes are better and the jam on his jam tarts even a little redder than before—brilliant creations. As you walk past his store you may hear him whistling down in his cellar whence the fumes of his trade and the whistling issue by way of a grating. HE used to contribute a bit of the pub.'s thousand—more than he should. He is still growling about prohibition at intervals. But the intervals grow longer between whiles.

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Russia's Un-Nationalized Mass

RUSSIA continues to disconcert us. Russia persists in disappointing and defeating herself. We may talk until we are black in the face about the vast unroused and arousing national consciousness of the Slav that is going to mean so much to the Entente in winning the war and in reorganizing the world for peace after the war is over. But the fact remains that the great Slav aggregation which comes to a head on the Neva is a million miles from anything like effective national organization. No doubt if the people had their way there would be no Germanized, "penetrated" bureaucracy; just as long ago Moujiks and Nihilists would have abolished Siberia. But the people didn't have their way because as a general thing the people of Russia haven't any will. The only will they have is epitomized in the Duma; and the Duma at Petrograd is a poor match for the Reichstag at Berlin when it comes to dealing with a Germanized Petrograd warlordry that is supposed to be managing the war. Had the masses who were supposed to be able in the words of the Czar to smite the "ramshackle empire" of Wilhelm II. been half as mighty as their millions indicated, we should long ago have had weight enough on the eastern front to defeat Germany on the Danube as we have beaten her on the Somme and the Aisne and the Marne. But those masses are not organized nationally. And as long as the war party is penetrated by Germanism they will not be so organized. It is the relative national weakness of Russia in spite of her vast man strength that has prevented the war from being won now. As long as Germany can play her eastern cards the game will not be all in our favour. And it was a wise old plotter by name of Bismarck who forty years ago, as he himself confessed, began to accomplish the Germanizing of Russia as part of the Berlin foreign policy.

THE WAY OF THE SCULPTOR

By ESTELLE M. KERR

THE way of the Artist is hard, but that of the Sculptor is indisputably harder, and in view of the excessive discouragements put upon this form of art in Canada, it is surprising that it survives. Artists are usually indebted to exhibition committees for their introduction to the public, and after the paintings have been arranged to the best advantage, the statuary is fitted into odd corners, stood in draughty halls, or stood on central tables against which rows of seats are placed and people seat themselves with their backs to the statuary. Unless something of a sensational character is in view, the plastic arts do not compete upon even terms with painting, and through seeing the statue and the bust habitually placed in unsuitable surroundings we adopt the attitude that they are of no importance and it is not surprising that they fail to arouse public interest. Sculpture is the child of light and air, it is indissolubly wedded to an architecture or at least a decorative ensemble and should be shown with a greater attention to its background than pictures which are isolated to some extent by their frames. The intimate relationship between plastic form and nature has been almost wholly neglected, and, in consequence, few of us can be blamed for growing unresponsive to the claims of this noblest and most exalted of all phases of artistic expression.

AT the Panama-Pacific Exposition, the sculpture was for once placed so that it appeared to the best advantage. Silhouetted against luxuriant foliage or warm-toned wall surface in the grounds near the Palace of Fine Arts, figures of fauns, nymphs, shepherd lads and water sprites were exposed to the shifting light and shade and bathed in colour by the sun and the sky and the growing green. In Buffalo, too, they were charmingly placed in the grounds of the Art Institute, but when some of the smaller examples were brought to Toronto they were all huddled together on central tables in a dark room. Small wonder that the crowds surged by them with hardly a word of comment. If such scant courtesy is given to the world's greatest sculptors, small wonder that our Canadian artists are slighted, yet how, except through such exhibitions, is the sculptor to find a market for his wares?

Portrait bust of Mrs. Hester Harvey, by J. M. Lawson.

THERE is no house without a picture. It may be a print cut from a magazine, it may be a photograph of a famous painting, it may be the work of the rankest amateur, but the picture is there because there are bare walls crying for it. But where, in most of our modern houses, do we find room for a statue? To be sure, plastic art enters into candlesticks, vases, frames, furniture, spoons, but when a sculptor expresses an original idea, there is small possibility that his conception will ever leave his own studio. The most important commissions are for public monuments, but the government says: "No job from us until you have won the national reputation obtainable only by getting a job from us."

So the poor Sculptor must find a market for his wares as best he can, and he is faced with tremendous difficulties: the price of bronze and marble, the difficulty or impossibility of getting a good bronze cast in Canada, the customs duties, the damage to his casts in shipping, the trouble of keeping the clay model moist and at the right temperature, the storage of his larger works and the difficulty of obtaining good models—for a model to pose for "the round" must have greater points of excellence than one used by a painter.

Lack of appreciation is the greatest hardship. Many people with a taste for original paintings are quite satisfied with reproductions where statuary is concerned. Some years ago the plaster cast occupied a prominent place in our homes. Venus de Milo and the Winged Victory were the favourites. Perhaps their popularity was due to the fact that in their mutilated and half-draped appearance they were less shockingly nude than other statues of classic fame. Servants gazed at them uncomprehendingly, but they did not call them "shameless hussies," as they did the Venus de Medeci. At one time it was said: "Every Boston woman has a moral purpose, a rubber plant, and a Samothracian victory." The word went forth that plaster casts were "the thing," just as at one time etchings were "the thing"—any etching—but especially a long, slim, wishy-washy creation in a wide mat and a white enamelled frame that hung above a potted palm. We sympathized with Beppo, who dropped his basket and wailed, "Two Venuses, four Popes and six Lord Roberts—all gone to hell together." In our own family we had two Venuses. The smaller one —as if to make up for her lack of fingers—had six toes on one foot! Perhaps this mania for plaster casts had some educative value, perhaps it paved the way for the modern statuette, the elaborate candlesticks and book-ends whose popularity often enables modern sculptors to subsist until the government, or those in power to give commissions of importance, recognize their merit. The vogue for formal gardens has produced a demand for sun-dials, fountains and garden statues; the sun-room, with all its greenery, forms an ideal background for portrait busts and statuettes, and the wealthy now prefer to have exclusive bronzes and marbles by modern sculptors, rather than reproductions of the classics.

Undine, by Mrs. Hester Harvey, of Sackville, N.S.

WOMEN have taken a less prominent place in sculpture than in painting, due, no doubt, to the greater manual labour involved, but there has lately been a remarkable advance in lines of serious endeavour. No longer is their work restricted to representations of motherhood, infantile charms, or household pets. An American woman, Miss Anna Vaughan Hyatt, has been awarded the Auguste Rodin medal for her equestrian monument to Jeanne d'Arc, recently erected in New York. This is considered one of the finest public monuments executed by a woman. Amongst the Canadian artists are several women sculptors of promise. Miss Florence Wyle, whose work we have previously reviewed in our columns, has taken a collection of her smaller bronzes and plaster casts to Los Angeles, where she intends to hold an exhibition. Her latest effort, "The Sun Worshipper," a female figure, with outstretched arm, is considered her best work and is now on exhibition in New York. Miss Wyle is particularly successful in her statues and portraits of little children. Her fountain in the Chicago Art Institute is also a representation of childhood.

VISITORS to the Royal Canadian Academy in Montreal may have noticed in an obscure corner some charming bits of statuary that were overlooked by the majority. One was "Faun," a plaster bust by Miss Margaret Scobie, a promising young Toronto artist, and two other bronze statuettes by Miss Hester Harvey, of Government House, Sackville, N.B. "Cypress," a particularly pleasing standing figure with drapery falling in classically graceful lines, is one of Mrs. Harvey's most recent works, the other, "Mellisande," was modelled in London and exhibited there at the Royal Academy. Another of her works, "Undine," reproduced on this page, represents that nymph rising from the water, while tiny figures of water sprites in the wave (hardly discernable in the photograph) call her back to her native element. The other reproduction is a portrait bust of Mrs. Harvey, by a clever Scotch artist, Miss J. M. Lawson, who is at present making her work known in New York. This was exhibited both in the Royal Academy in London and the Scottish Royal Academy in Edinburgh.

Art Exhibitions

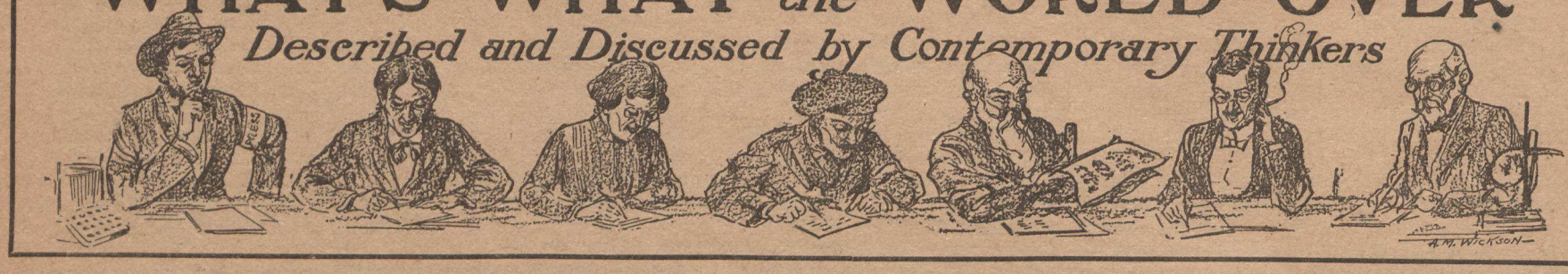
TWO very interesting exhibitions have recently been held at the Art Museum of Toronto. In December a collection of Wood Block Prints and coloured etchings from the Library of Congress, Washington, was shown. Helen Hyde and Bertha Lum, whose work in coloured wood engraving follows the Japanese school, contributed the greatest number of prints. Their subjects were, for the most part, Japanese, some executed in the oriental quarters of San Francisco and New York, others in Japan itself. The faces are somewhat Anglicized and the drawing of the figures is made with a regard to anatomy, but the Japanese artists have a delicacy of line and a subtle harmony of colour that cannot be equalled by a European.

DURING January a collection of the works of American Illustrators is on view. This was assembled by the American Federation of Arts, and contains good examples of some of the foremost illustrators of the day, but it is by no means representative. There are figure studies and decorative designs, many in full colour, elaborate drawings of industrial subjects, etchings and book decorations galore, but the dashing and brilliant illustrations so familiar to us and so characteristic of American life are unrepresented. There are picture-books for grown-ups as well as for children, and in these elaborate drawings have their place, but we believe that the ideal illustrator is he who keeps his work secondary to the author's text and uses his pencil, pen or brush to elucidate the story, visualize the character and incidentally embellish the page. For that reason we prefer the sketches of Gruger, Raleigh and May Wilson Preston to the most finished productions represented in this collection.

WAR zone paintings are now on view in Paris, and artists all wearing the horizon blue uniform are showing the work they have accomplished under colossal difficulties. The object of the exhibition is two-fold: "To offer to the public a view of the artistic work of all kinds due to the imagination and ingenuity of the soldiers, procuring for them a legitimate reward in the sale of their creations; and to aid the mutilated, the orphans and other war victims with the money paid for admission."

WHAT'S WHAT *the* WORLD OVER

Described and Discussed by Contemporary Thinkers



G. B. S TALKS OF PEACE

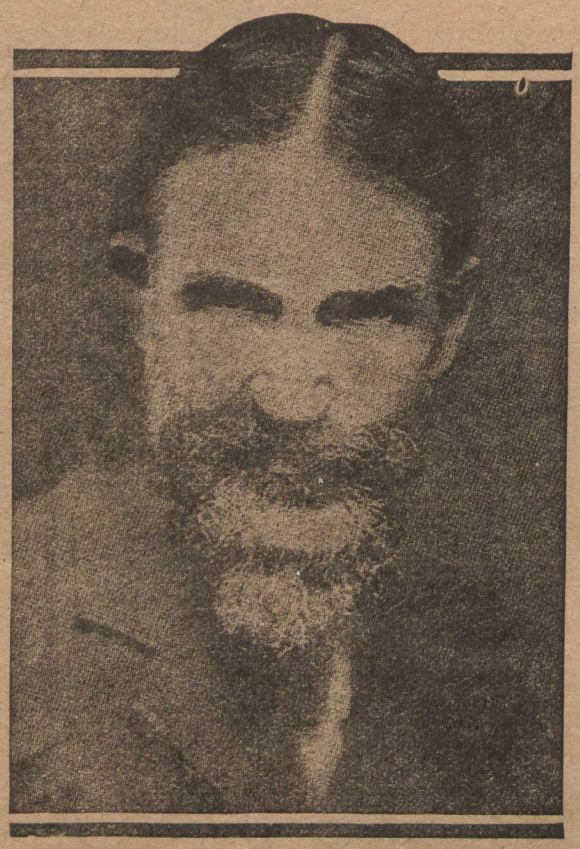
The Insuppressible Shaw Airs His Views on a Chesterton Book

UNDER the heading (chosen by himself) "British Squealing and the Situation After the War," George Bernard Shaw contributes to the New Republic a sermon on "squealing" disguised as a review of Cecil Chesterton's book, "The Perils of Peace." Striking paragraphs from the article are here quoted:

There are two main facts to be grasped before any sensible criticism of the war can be delivered. The first is that the judgment of international relations by the ordinary morality of personal intercourse between fellow citizens in peace is as idle as taking the temperature of molten steel by a common bath thermometer. "The doctrine that great nations live only by aggression and expansion" may be called into question as between great nations and God; but to call it into question as between the British Empire, the French Republic, the Russian Empire, and the Central Empires is mere mud-slinging. The British nation has expanded by sheer aggression and extermination over North America, Australia, at least half the available part of Africa, and the whole of Egypt and India, whilst Germany is still clamoring for a place in the sun. The cry of "World power or downfall," as applied to the only form of physical domination that is practicable as world power, that is, command of the sea, is a British cry. Bernhardi's contention that Prussia must destroy the power of England or lose her own is exactly balanced by Mr. Cecil Chesterton's contention that England must destroy the power of Prussia or lose her own. We may say to Prussia, like the Shakespearian warrior, "For one or both of us the hour is come"; but we must not make ourselves ridiculous by claiming moral superiority to a line of conduct of which we have never ceased to boast that we set the example to the world. Mr. Chesterton himself, when he turns from abusing the Prussians to attacking the government, throws it in the teeth of our Cabinet ministers that they are not "'bloody, bold, and resolute," crafty and unscrupulous, acquisitive and domineering in the old oligarchic fashion; and here I think he does the national spirit and instinct an injustice (however the nation's very inadequate mouthpieces may deserve his scorn); for never has the British Lion made so terrible a spring or chosen his moment and cut off the retreat of his prey with such consummate luck and cunning, as in this matter of striking down his German rival. Just consider it! Germany, placed morally in the wrong by her own initiative; Germany, hemmed in and besieged and blockaded by all the formidable Christian Powers of Europe; Germany, lured to attack whilst her navy was still incomplete and her alliances still unachieved; Germany, at such a discount that Italy deserts her, Rumania attacks her, and Viscount Grey is at least in a position to bully Sweden: is not all this a theme for the trumpet rather than the harmonium, for the shouting triumphant warrior rather than for the hypocrite concealing his copy of Machiavelli in the binding of a hymnbook? The Lion's Ambush will long be remembered as the culminating feat of the war like old England in the mastery of the warlike old world; and the epitaph of the warlike old Prussian will be, "She met her match in England."

From the things that Mr. Chesterton must not say let us turn to the facts that he must face. First, the fact that nothing has happened in this war as yet that should make any man who knows what war means turn a hair. Atrocities in Belgium, pogroms in Galicia, Lusitania sinkings, bombs falling like the rain on the just and on the unjust, the old and the young, the male and the female, Lille deportations, shootings of Nurse Cavell and Captain Fryatt and Sheehy Skeffington and the Baralong crew, the Wittenburg funk and the Ruhleben food, starvation blockades, violations of neutrality and tearing up of scraps of paper, poison gas and liquid fire and Juggernaut tanks: none of these raise any new moral question nor throw any new light on what human nature is capable of or on what war involves. If you go to war, you engage yourself not only to fight, but not to squeal. The Germans are out to shake our nerves; and the symptom of such shaking is squealing.

The other fact to be faced is that non-German Europe is not going to spend the remainder of the duration of this planet sitting on Germany's head. A head with the brains of sixty millions of people in it takes more sitting on than we shall have time for. What we really ought to consider is what is to become of the Alliance when the pressure under which it was rivetted is removed. That pressure was the fear of Germany ("Fear is the mainspring of war"); and we have already shown that the German terror was a scarecrow. Nobody now supposes that Germany can steamroll Europe, or that it was ever worth her while to try. The day after the peace we shall be more afraid of Russia than of Germany; and all Europe will be more afraid of us than of any other single Power. France will for the first time have a very keen sense that we cannot afford to quarrel with her, and that her fleet, which counted for something in our command of the sea, hitherto eclipsed by the military German bugaboo, will shine out before the world as a menace to the rest of the world of precisely the same character as the German army was two years ago. Our victory, or at worst our demonstration that a German victory is impossible, will knock the linchpin out of the Allied applecart and the strained embrace in which the Tommy, the Poilu, and the Cossack are now enlaced will relax with a very perceptible lowering of the temperature of the three pairs of shoulders. The French tariffs will gall whilst the French navy grows; and the rugged Russian bear will, from his new vantage grounds of Persia and Poland and Constantinople, overshadow regions which, within my lifetime and even Mr. Chesterton's we would have fought for to our last penny sooner than have left them under Russia's influence or that of Japan, much less of the two in alliance. I was ridiculed in my youth for saying that the Balance of Power was still as live an issue as ever. Well, nobody ridicules me for uttering that platitude now; yet some of us imagine that we can suddenly take the enormous weight of Germany out of the scales and replace it by a burning feather without bringing down the opposite scale with a crash that may jerk half the weights out of it. Our transient rages and spites and quarrellings and vendettas have no place in the diplomacy of such balancings. They are useful only as whisky is useful to a soldier who runs short of British pluck and has to eke it out with Dutch courage. Still less have they any place in the diplomacy which alone can supersede the diplomacy of military power-balancing. Supernational law, when it comes, will not be a respecter of nations; nor will it act on Mr. Cecil Chesterton's proposal to establish a class of feeble-minded professional-criminal nations with curtailed rights as an excuse for plundering and disabling Germany.



The brilliant, irreconcilable G. B. S., sometimes more erratic than Harden, sometimes more sensible than John Bull himself.

Failing the establishment of supernational law, the Powers will have to fall back on alliances as before; for the days of single combat between the great Powers are over. And in the bidding for allies the balance of power will more and more lie with the United States, because they now form the only single political unit of the first magnitude that is completely self-sufficient. England will want an alliance with America; and Germany will have to choose between the west and the east. It will be vital to England's interest that Germany should not choose the east; and the only way to prevent her will be to let her into a western alliance. Now the exclusion of France from an Anglo-German-American combination would suit neither France nor the combination; and thus we may get what we should have played for all along: an irresistible magnetic nucleus for western civilization consisting of an allied France, Germany, Britain, and North America. Such a combination would almost instantly accrete the Netherlands and Scandinavia. As compared to it a combination of Japan, Russia, Italy, France and England is a desperate and unnatural adventure in wanton heterogeneity; and nothing but the sense of an overwhelming danger from Germany keeps it together to-day. Mr. Cecil Chesterton, in clamouring for the utter destruction of that danger, is also clamouring for the inevitable break-up of the combination it has called into being and held together. The more he studies the combinations that are likely to succeed it, the more he will appreciate the wisdom of the old political precept, "Treat your friend as one who may some day be your enemy, and your enemy as one who may some day be your friend."

THE GERMAN CHILD

Has a Miserable Time of It Since His Country is at War

MR. D. THOMAS CURTIN, of Boston, who is delivering a series of lectures in England on "Ten Months in Germany," furnishes us with an illuminating picture of German Child Life.

The old German Hausfrau of the three K's—which I will roughly translate by "Kids, Kitchen, and Kirk"—has become even more a servant of the master of the house than she was. The State has taken control of the souls of her children and she has not even that authority that she had twenty years ago. The father has become even more important than of yore. The natural tendency of a nation of which almost every man is a soldier is to elevate the man at the expense of the woman, and the German woman has taken to her new position very readily.

At four years of age the German male child begins to be a soldier. At six he is accustomed to walk in military formation. This system has a few advantages, but many disadvantages. A great concourse of infants can, for example, be marshalled through the streets of a great city without any trouble at all. But that useful discipline is more than counterbalanced by the killing of individuality. German children, especially during the war, try to grow up to be little men and women as quickly as pos-

sible. They have shared the long working hours of the grown-ups, and late in the hot summer nights I have seen little Bavarian boys and girls, who have been at school from seven and worked in the fields from three o'clock till dark, drinking their beer in the beer-garden with a relish that showed they needed some stimulant. The beer is not Bass's ale, but it contains from two to five degrees of alcohol.

Unhealthy-looking little men are these German boys of from twelve to fifteen during the war. The overwork and the lowering of the diet have given them pasty faces and dark rings round their eyes. All games and amusements have been abandoned, and the only relaxation is "corps marching" through the streets at night singing their hate songs and "Deutschland, Deutschland uber Alles."

The atmosphere of the German home is so different from that in which I have been brought up in the United States and have seen here that the Germans are not at all shocked by topics of conversation never referred to in other countries. Subjects are discussed before German girls of eleven and twelve and German boys of the same age that make an Anglo-Saxon anxious to get out of the room. I do not know whether it is this or the over-education that leads to the notorious child suicides of Germany, upon which so many learned treatises have been written.

Just before the war it looked as though the German young man and woman were going to improve. Lawn tennis was spreading, despite old-fashioned prejudice. Football was coming in. Rowing was making some progress, as you may have learned at Henley. It was not the spontaneous sport of Anglo-Saxon countries, but a more concentrated effort to imitate and to excel.

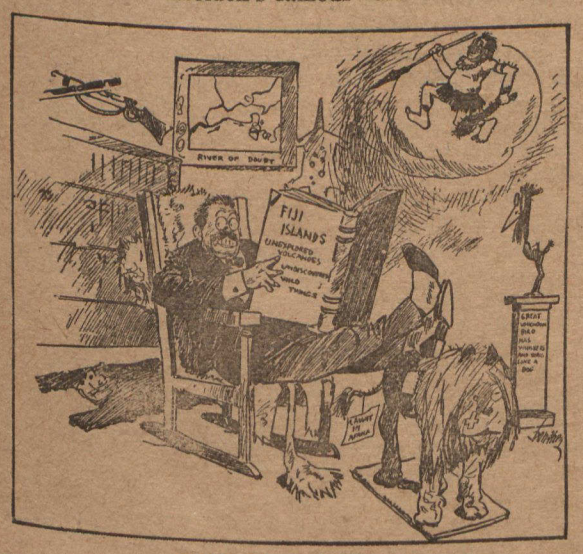
Running races had become lately a German school amusement, but the results, as a rule, were that if there were five competitors the four losers entered a protest against the winner. In any case, each of the four produced excellent excuses why he had lost, other than the fact that he had been properly beaten.

A learned American "exchange professor" who had returned from a German university, whom I met in Boston last year on my way from England to Germany, truly summed up the situation of athletics in German schools by saying, "German boys are bad-tempered losers and boastful winners."

As to the school structures in modern Germany it would be idle to pretend that they are not excellent in every respect. Perfect ventilation, sanitation, plenty of space, large numbers of class-rooms, and halls for the choral singing which is part of the German system of education and by which the "hate" songs have been so readily spread. The same halls are used for evening lectures for adults and night improvement schools.

It is significant that all the schools built between 1911 and 1914 were so arranged, not only in Germany but throughout Austria, that they could be turned into hospitals with hardly any alteration. For this purpose temporary partitions divided portions of the buildings and an unusually large supply of water was laid on. Special entrances for ambulances were already in existence, baths had already been fitted in the wounded reception-rooms, and in many cases sterilizing sheds were already installed. The walls were made of a material that could be quickly whitewashed for the extermination of germs. If this obvious preparation for war is named to the average German, his reply is, "The growing jealousy of German culture and commerce throughout the world rendered necessary protective measures."

A total lack of a sense of humour and sense of proportion among the Germans can be gathered from the fact that Mr. Haselden's famous cartoons of Big and Little Willie, which have a vogue among Americans and other neutrals in Germany and are by no means unkind, are regarded by Germans as a sort of sacrilege. These same people do not hesitate to circulate the most horrible and indecent pictures of President Wilson, King George, President Poincare, and especially of Viscount Grey of Fallodon. The Czar is usually depicted covered with vermin, and the King of Italy as an evil-looking dwarf with a dagger in his hand. Only those who have seen the virulence of the caricatures circulated by picture post cards can have any idea of the horrible material on which the German child is fed. The only protest I ever heard came from the Artists' Society of Munich, who objected to these loathsome educational efforts as being injurious to the reputation of artistic Germany and calculated to produce permanent damage to the juvenile mind.



DREAMING AGAIN.

Theodore Roosevelt Will Make an Exploration Trip to the Fiji Islands.—News item.

—Donahey, in Cleveland Plain Dealer.

DOBRUDJA PICTURESQUE

Colourful Scenes in Peace Time in this Half Oriental Region

WIDDIN (in the Danube), is a place best seen from a distance, according to W. F. Bailey and J. V. Bates in a joint article in the Fortnightly. A nearer view brings disappointment. At night from the river it seems possessed of a mysterious charm, but the practical light of day shows it to be a very ordinary town. Like many of the Danube ports, it has not yet made up its mind whether to be Christian or Mohammedan, Bulgarian or Turkish. As a terminus for some of the larger sailing vessels that navigate the river, it has importance and an air of activity. Balkan towns invariably awake with a spontaneous and universal clatter. There are no timid preliminary noises. Apparently everyone bounds up at exactly the same moment, and, without more ado, gets to work. Ten minutes after dawn business is in full swing.

Two country women, perched aloft on pack saddles with legs crossed on the top of their skinny little ponies' necks ride by, industriously plying their distaffs. Donkeys drift along, their worried, wistful faces and trembling spindle legs alone visible neneath their enormous loads. Not always does Widdin show such a queer medley of peoples and races. But this is the chief fair day of the summer, and many quaint folks and strangers have come to buy and sell. Here are some poor, cringing, unmanly Armenians, dressed in ankle-long dirty cotton dressing gowns, slit up at the sides, giving a glimpse of baggy trousers, their bare feet thrust into slippers, the heels of which have long departed, with dirty fezzes on their shaggy, filthy heads. Here, too, are a couple of nomad Turkomans, accompanied by their ladies, all riding astride. Greeks, Jews, Serbs, Vlachs, flit in and out of the shops and stand in knots about the corners. Roumanian shepherds, brown of face, brown of eye, clad in voluminous soft brown woollen cloaks, brown woollen leg wrappings and brown hide sandals, discourse wild melodies on brown reed pipes as they lead their shuffling, bleating flocks of brown sheep to the market place. Troops of blunt-nosed, mat-like dogs wander about. That high-turbaned, blue-cloaked, crumpled-looking personage over there is a Tartar farmer from Medjidie, in the Dobrudja. He has an evil countenance and his squinting, shifty eyes peer furtively from under his lofty headgear. A prodigiously fat, long-haired, black-robed priest puffs and pants up the steps of the sacred edifice, pausing half-way to take breath and bestow his blessing on any who may care to claim it.

Riding at anchor near the wharf are many old-world sailing vessels, in appearance like those in which Drake sallied forth to seek empire in a new world. Their sterns are towering, pompous and ornate, with single masts rising from the centre of their decks. Various peculiar and primitive fishing boats and numerous gigantic flat-bottomed barges roll and heave along the river. Cargoes are being unloaded. One gaping hold is vomiting out a freight of squealing Dobrudja swine, more like wild boars than ordinary domestic pigs, thin, light little brutes, but capable of being converted into most succulent pork. It is well to give them a wide berth for the fleas which reside on them are quite the most active and ferocious of their kind. Another craft is crammed with a flock of the famous Baragan sheep, which in former times provided the only mutton thought fine enough to be served at the Sultan's table. On a raft alongside are stacks of odoriferous Dobrudja ewe's milk cheeses wrapped each in its separate sheepskin.

Hamlets and towns slip by one after the other, each shining whitely against the low, drab, grassy, willow-grown banks, and the muddy shore, where, at intervals amongst the reeds and drying fishing nets, children and even grown women are bathing and disporting themselves in the shallows, their only covering being the mud on their bodies.

Another day dawns and develops to noon and wanes to sunset, leaving behind unfading memories of sunken marshes, glassy-surfaced lagoons and solitary lakes, where the silence is unbroken save by the faint rustling of shy animal life, by the calling of the pheasants, the "peeh-wheeting" of the plovers, the water dashes of the coots, the whirl of flocks of winged bustard, duck, geese, and swans, the flop-flopping of the huge beaked pelicans, white cranes, herons and gawky storks, by the twittering bickerings of the blue-tits, and yellow hammers, dab-chicks,

"Loretta says that if this war economy goes much further she'll literally be reduced to nothing but her skin."

"Did she mention it was a 900 guinea chinchilla?"

—The Bystander.

chaffinches, mavises, ring doves and countless other feathered species which inhabit the willows and alder bushes overshadowing the rush and reed-grown creeks.

Summer may be terrible here, but winter is still more awful when the snow covers the face of the earth, when the fierce Russian wind sweeps by with hurricane force, leaving men and beasts frozen stark in death; when the wolves muster to satisfy their hunger and the ravens croak over the icy fields. Civilization cannot tame the Dobrudja; civilization may bring railways and bridges, but the homes and thoughts and customs of the inhabitants are not more civilized to-day than they were in the days of the Roman Conquest. The village huts are the same now as they were eighteen hundred years ago: queer erections of earth which, viewed from a distance, show only their wattle roofs. For, in order to render the heat of summer and the cold of winter more endurable, they are built in holes or caves dug in the ground. When a Dobrudja homestead is being constructed the earth is first hollowed out into a pit, the sides of which are smoothly plastered with mud mixed with cow-dung. A great fire of straw is then lighted within the hole and kept burning until the interior is baked to a brick-like solidity and dryness, after which the place excavated is roofed in by wooden beams covered by wattles and rushes.

Y.M.C.A. AND THE EMPIRE

How a World-Wide Organism Follows the Soldier Along Every Battle-Front

IT was a glorious winter's morning when I set out to visit the Headquarters of the Young Men's Christian Association. In this way Mrs. Ellis Chadwick opens in World's Work on the work of this Association in England. As the huge building in Tottenham Court Road came into view, the four large gilt letters on the dome shone forth in the brilliant sunshine like harbour lights pointing out shelter from the storm.

The wonderful resourcefulness of the Y.M.C.A. is

amongst the many surprising revelations of this cruel war. Its red triangle badge is known in every country where the British soldier sets his foot. In pre-war days the average citizen looked upon the Y.M.C.A. as a sort of grand-motherly institution for youths

NOBBLED.

"'Ow long are you up for, Bill?" "Seven years." "Yer lucky—I'm duration."

—By Bairnsfather.

who needed to be preached to, and held in leading strings by older and more experienced men, mais nous avons change tout cela, as the French as well as the English soldier is willing to testify.

In London alone there are a dozen large huts, besides numerous canteens and dormitories, which have been improvised from old, discarded or little-used buildings. Motor-cars ply between the stations and the sleeping places at all hours of the night. In one week alone no fewer than 1,800 men were conveyed from the stations to the huts, where a good meal and comfortable bed awaited them, instead of being obliged to wait for hours in cold stations for a train to the North or to Ireland.

Not content with following the soldier to the battlefield, the Y.M.C.A. is "standing-to" when Tommy returns wounded, for at the big hospitals a Welcome Club is there to put new life into the convalescent. These huts are veritable clubs, cosy and warm, with everything to help the wounded and weak to forget their ailments.

The work is enormous, and is still growing. Before the advent of the Y.M.C.A., the little French villages, where many of our brave men are billeted, had nothing but the public-house or estaminet into which the soldiers could go for rest or refreshments; now there are 240 huts in France, besides motor-kitchens for taking hot food up the communication lines.

In the first ten days of the war 250 huts were erected near the military camps in England; since then over a thousand more have been opened at home and abroad. The word "hut" is a very inadequate description of what is really an excellent club-house, thoroughly equipped with everything necessary.

The Wounded Soldiers' Relatives Department has a splendid record. The Y.M.C.A. officers are prepared to meet all trains on receipt of a postcard giving time and date of arrival. They take the motor-cars and carefully pilot the visitors to the hospital, and take charge of them until they return to the station on their way home.

In France the same kind service is rendered, every boat and boat train being met by a Y.M.C.A. official, and the anxious, tired traveller, with not a French word at command, is usually overwhelmed by the kindness of the courteous men of the Red Triangle.

Not being content with all this splendid work for the soldiers, the Y.M.C.A. has nobly come to the aid of the Government munition factories, by providing canteens and hostels for the workers, on the same magnificent scale as the huts.

Many of the women and girls come from a distance, some from Ireland, Scotland or the Channel Islands, and to them the Y.M.C.A. hostels are a great boon. For a small charge per week, a nicely furnished private bedroom, with hot and cold water at hand in the numerous lavatories and bathrooms, is provided; even a special key for each girl's private drawer is not forgotten.

The Red Triangle, which is symbolic of the three sides of human character—spiritual, intellectual, and physical—is carefully ministering to all three, and chaplains of all denominations, professional lecturers and entertainers are giving their services freely.

One of the latest phases of the work is the department which arranges tours in London, by which convalescent soldiers and those on leave are taken in motor-cars to see the great historic places of the Metropolis.

Miss Lena Ashwell's concert parties are also doing splendid work at the Front, under the auspices of the Y.M.C.A. In addition to the new huts, huge buildings have been purchased or taken on a long lease. In Cairo, where so many Allied troops congregate, a palatial hotel has been acquired at a bargain price, and further contributions are needed so that it can be worked free of a building debt.

Funds are needed in all directions. Every penny forwarded to the Y.M.C.A. is spent on behalf of those who are defending the Empire; and when the full record of the war comes to be written, the Y.M.C.A. will have earned an honourable place as an institution that has served the King and Country right royally, and after the war the good work will still go forward in other directions.

MORE FARMS IN BRITAIN

Lord Hindlip Raises the Cry "Agriculture: Wanted a Policy"

WHAT effect would an increased production of food in Britain have on Canadian food exports? This question is indirectly raised when one reads Lord Hindlip's article in the Nineteenth Century in which he says that as a result of the War, and especially of the submarine method of warfare, there seems to be a possibility that Agriculture may receive some genuine attention and become at last recognized as a really important National Industry. I explain the meaning in simple words of Agriculture because there seem to be thousands of people in England who think that Agriculture means money for Landlords, that Land means a fortune without work or knowledge, and that food is supplied by some mysterious agency and is to be purchased as and when required.

PUSSYLANIMOUS!

The Warrior: Phew! This is going to be a Three-Years' War!

Drawn by G. E. Studdy, in the Sketch.

It would be interesting to know what support the President of the Board of Agriculture really receives in the Cabinet in his efforts to increase production and to maintain a great industry. The writer believes he gets very little. What powerful voices are ever raised in England in support of or in the interests of Agriculture?

What happens in other countries? May I take three quotations from Prince von Bulow's Imperial Germany: "Introduced the tariff laws of 1902; for I was persuaded that vigorous agriculture is necessary for us from the economic, but, above all, from the national and social points of view, just because the industrialization of Germany continues to progress steadily." "Agriculture is the mother of the nation's strength which industry employs, the broad acres in which the trees of industry and commerce stand, and from which they derive their nourishment." "Even the highest industrial wages are of no avail if the workman can buy no food in the country with his money."

What is the backbone of France? Agriculture. Turn to the English-speaking countries—America, Canada, South Africa, here again the Government and all the large interests insist on the importance of a prosperous agricultural community. America has its State Agricultural Colleges, some of its railways have their own agricultural experts, and demonstration cars on which farmers living on the line can travel and learn.

The late Mr. J. J. Hill, to whom the American agriculturists, especially those of the North-West, owe a great debt, used to insist on the importance of agriculture; he had his agricultural expert on his railways; he carried out experiments all along his lines, and spared neither trouble nor expense to develop the interests of the soil. It paid, as it pays everywhere, and can be made to pay in England. Canada has a magnificent system of agricultural colleges and experimental farms. In Ontario in every fair-sized town is a representative of the Government holding an agricultural degree; he can be seen on certain days at his office, where all information collected is open for inspection for the benefit of the farmers. On other days he is travelling round his district giving advice, if asked, and seeing how agriculture can benefit. At first the farmers were shy, but, to use the words of one, "when they saw that tested seeds grow and untested seeds did not, that inocculated hogs lived and uninocculated hogs died," they began to think there was something in it.

Likewise in England there are a very large number of farmers who are shrewd men, and if they can be shown, for example, a wheat that will give a larger yield than their favourite seed they will in a very short time grow it. The establishment of Government demonstration farms in various parts of the country might be considered as part of an educational programme. They should be industrialized farms run on strictly business lines, with accurate and minute accounts, and expected to pay and pay well. They could be centres for the dissemination of information for the surrounding districts, where reliable data could be obtained by the agriculturalist seeking knowledge and for the refutation and correction of statements made by cranks and by those who maintain that the price of foodstuffs such as milk, etc., leaves an unfair and exorbitant profit to the producer. They would have to be of an economic size, probably round about a thousand acres.

Farms such as these could also be used as training-places for ex-Service men and their wives, whom the State might select to go on the land. Perhaps, too, for unskilled work, and even skilled ex-Service men could be given preferential employment. But the management would have to be of the best, and the wages paid would also have to be the current wage of the district and free from all unfair competition with the farmer. We should then have the unusual spectacle of Government officials producing wealth in place of squandering it, a spectacle from which much might be learnt!

But purely agricultural education will be of little value unless accompanied by economic education, and education of a culinary character. Intensive cultivation, the parrot-cry of the politician seeking the urban vote by inducing the ignorant town-dweller to believe that under grass lies gold, surely means vegetables or fruit, or both. Who buys vegetables in England—where, out of the best hotels, do you get vegetables? "Vegetables" in England means boiled potato, cabbage swimming in water, and an old dry carrot, a turnip, a large onion warranted to kill at a mile.

When you have taught a section of the meat-eating community to use vegetables, and their womenfolk to cook them, then you can encourage your small holders, etc., to grow them. But to encourage the production of vegetables before the market exists is to doom many to disappointment and loss, while the production of wealth in the shape of food is hindered; food is produced but is wasted and is not an asset. In this connection village and rural industries should be started, such as bottling fruit, preserving and drying vegetables, and, when started, encouraged and increased, thus not only providing a market but preventing the appalling waste so patent everywhere.

Along with an education of an agricultural and culinary type must go the preaching of co-operation, but not at the expense of individualism. The object of co-operation should be to find markets for the producer in big centres, to protect him against his natural enemies the middlemen and the carriers; the co-operative society must see the producer produces good quality and packs properly and fairly; they must then see the produce is delivered by the carrier in good condition in the market and that a fair price is obtained according to the ruling rates.

MAKE THE PLAY FIT THE TOWN

Every worth-while community has people who can act. Why not encourage home amusement industry by getting up plays of your own?

By THE EDITORS

ALL you family people have a prodigy in the house. I know this because I have been in your house—or if not YOUR house, one just like it, for you and I, and your house and my house, and our neighbours and our neighbours' homes are much more alike than gossip and the assessment rolls make out. I have actually seen your prodigy. At first you pretended that you didn't think you had such a thing. You wanted me, the visitor, to believe—not that you had an ordinary child, which Heaven knows you haven't, but that you BELIEVED it was an ordinary child, which Heaven knows you don't. You mentioned its name and its age with an almost successful casualness, with scarcely a hint in your voice to lead me to suspect how remarkable the child was for its years. And then, perhaps because you thought I looked, after all, a deserving sort of person, you invited the child to do its trick:

"How does the birdie go?"

—— and the prodigy was revealed at once, giving a thrilling imitation of a choo-choo, a trifling mistake which in no way detracted from the real merit of the performance. I can't at this moment recall just how I expressed my astonishment, but with patience and a little skill I brought the subject around to MY prodigy and what SHE can imitate——

But the point is this: that as the years toddle past our notions of what is prodigious in children change. We lay less stress on the art of mimicry and more on the art of repeating by rote what a teacher at school is repeating by rote, and then on the art of business as signified by the bank accounts of the children, or the art of being desirable as signified by successful marriages with successful people. The everlasting Mimic is lost except on the professional stage, which is, after all, an unendorsed world, to say the least, and one to which few parents consciously direct their children. If we do not altogether turn our backs upon the theatre and its message—for it has, or could have, as much power for good as the pulpit—we fall into the equally bad habit of regarding it as a means of amusement only. We read new novels as fast as they tumble from the press, but we are at a loss to read a printed play comfortably. We either forbid our "prodigies" who are now grown up, to take any part in theatrical productions, or we chuckle over their simpering and ranting in amateur-amateurish theatricals. As a rule we have done justice neither to the mimic and play instinct in young numan beings, nor to the possibilities of the amateur theatrical, nor to that great body of excellent literature which is contained in play-form. It is surprising, in this latter connection, to consider how many people who read fairly good novels are all but unaware that any plays have been written for library reading since William Shakespeare's day. It isn't a creditable thing, either; there is more concentrated thinking and art, and more ideas to the square inch of paper in some of the modern plays than in many pounds of modern novel and a dollar and a half-a-pound.

IN a certain small Ontario city a school master discovered these two things at once one winter's night. He had long known the play-acting instinct of his pupils. He knew how his senior girls loved to get themselves up in costumes and powder and speak aloud, and before audiences, poetical ideas they would not dare to own in the calm language of the school room. He had a pretty shrewd idea, too, that his boys were far from unwilling to take part in plays. He had made some use of this much of his knowledge in staging productions of Shakespeare in the "Opera House." He had been impressed, too, with the usefulness of these stage productions in teaching the pupils the value of the great writer's lines.

But there had come a time when he found that Shakespearian productions palled on the jaded taste of the town. A good many of the mothers and fathers went asleep when they should have been listening to Portia, and there were sure to be some cynical young lads from the local woollen mill, to snicker in the best passages of Romeo and Juliet. Few good commercial plays ever reached his city. Once in a very long while he was able to see really good productions, and that, usually, by making the long train journey to Toronto. In that way he had seen Shaw's Man and Superman, and an Augustus Thomas "masterpiece." He had returned, discontented with Shakespeare, looking for something new and vivid.

Like countless Canadians, even educated Canadians, he had somehow never come in contact with people who read plays just as they would read novels. He knew of Ibsen and he had heard of the German, Hauptman. But Galsworthy and Granville Barker were not even names he was familiar with—till he met a deformed flower tender who worked in the famous greenhouses in that town, and who knew, besides flowers, plays. The flower-tender taught him where to send for the newest plays. Read him the Russian "Cherry Orchard" and told him why it was interesting, though it observed few of the rules of ordinary commercial play-writing. One night he read to the school master a play that made the teacher shudder with horror and yet held him fascinated. It was Andriev's Life of Man. When the cripple had commenced the reading the listener was a mere citizen of that town—when the cripple finished (with the fluttering out of the flame of the candle in the Life of Man), the schoolmaster was a citizen of the world. And yet not half the plays were unpleasant. Through the cripple the teacher met Rabindranath Tagore and learned the tremulous music of Tagore's "Post Office" and the heavy-scented exotic beauty of the same poet's Chitra.

He sent for books for himself and tried to enjoy reading for himself Galsworthy's "Strife" and Ibsen's Brand. Hauptman's play, The Weavers, all but put him to sleep (for there is a slight trick in learning to read plays) although he knew he was reading a great work. Then came his bright idea. He conceived the idea of enjoying life himself and extending the literary knowledge of some of the young people of the city who were no longer his pupils but with whom he was still in touch, by arranging amateur productions of one or two of these plays. They were not the kind of thing the commercial theatres usually presented. Sometimes he had difficulty understanding some of the allusions, or more practical difficulties in the way of stage setting and costumes —but he worked patiently and succeeded in the end in spreading real literary knowledge and a larger outlook upon life, throughout that town. By putting on amateur productions he learned a great deal of stagecraft and his collaborators, in order to speak their lines intelligently, learned something of the deeper lines of thought moving in the intellectual centres of the world.

"And some day," said the school-master producer to the writer, "Our crowd is going to present a Canadian play. We have arranged for a prize to be given for the best Canadian play produced in our city for performance by our group. That is our big ambition —to put across a Canadian play."

AMATEUR theatricals can be made of very great importance to a community, and through the community, the whole nation. Of course the all-too-common conception of amateur theatricals is a mere social event arranged to allow certain good looking ladies to exhibit themselves in their favourite colours and under a spot light. Too often the amateur's notion of a play is a musical comedy written by some local piano-playing school-boy out of all the popular tunes he has ever heard. Or the amateur may be misled into trying to play some of the heavy modern commercial plays—things he or she cannot help but do badly. But if a few intelligent people in any Canadian town or village really want to become something better than the usual, and if they would like to be of real service to their community, helping to make life more amusing and the outlook on life broader and deeper—no better medium than the amateur community players could be devised. Such an organization can find innumerable amusing and interesting plays, plays that are infinitely well worth doing and at the same time, plays that the commercial stage never puts on. Thus a good amateur organization in even the smallest and most out-of-the-way village may keep up with, or even rival, the large cities in the matter of good plays decently presented.

The first essential of such an organization is an organizer, preferably a man or a woman who has read or is willing to read good plays—and read them with insight and imagination. A school house or a town hall, or even a good, big drawing room in somebody's house is all that is required for a stage. For scenery—the simpler the better. The day of elaborate imitation of nature is over. Amateurs will find that an ingenious use of a few dark hangings, or some very simple stage-carpentry will do very well.

TO MY BROTHER

(Enlisting before he was 17 years of age.)

By Mary Ann.

HE put the khaki on to-day,
He's but a child—my brother!
You did not plead with him to stay,
You're not regretting, mother?
He dropped his lessons and his play—
The little fair-haired brother!

'Tis not so very long ago
He came, that baby brother;
In that chill night of ice and snow—
You're not forgetting, mother?
And I have always loved him so—
My little one, my brother!

He said to me: "They need more men!"
Good bye, my little brother!
I shall not see your face again—
I must be brave, for mother.
So soon you pass beyond our ken,
God keep you safe, my brother!

The Church Hamletians

NEVER shall I forget the fine spring evening when Ophelia walked into town from the college on the outskirts—two miles or so—and clean clever forgot her gown! Blessed Ophelia! She was one of the brightest girls of all the young folk set that undertook to play Hamlet in a small Ontario city, or overgrown town, more than twenty years ago. And they were a sparkling, clean-souled lot of enthusiasts. All one winter, once a week and on into the late spring they met, here, there, anywhere, studying that one play of Shakespeare. Three evenings we acted it out, one act a week.

But that was never the original intention. The first idea was literary. Twenty-five young people had a desire to study. There was no Browning Club. Sunday-school bands and Christian Endeavour societies failed to fill the bill. There was something in plays after all. But in that town—mentioning no names—real plays were taboo by church folk. In the best church circles it was still a matter of shuddering debate whether we should not be committing some sort of unpardonable sin if we turned out to a Shakespeare play in the Town Hall.

But at least there could be no harm in studying Shakespeare. We decided to go the limit by taking up Hamlet. We were all intentional high-brows. It was a fine thing to speculate whether or not Hamlet loved Ophelia; whether he was mad or acting; whether it was good theology to have doubts about the hereafter as expressed in To be or not to be.

The preacher was never invited. Still we kept the discussion from damaging any of our Sunday-school notions. Five of the society had classes in Sunday-school besides myself. One of them had a Bible Class. To have a little doubt about some of these things was refreshing after the finalities of Biblical lore. Honestly, I think most of us enjoyed the Shakespeare as much as we did the Bible, which was ground into us every Sunday, three times.

When at length some one suggested playing the thing—for a moment we all shoved back our chairs and stared at one another. What freethinker—surely some Congregationalist or Universalist—had dared suggest such a piece of profanity?

"Well, why not?" came the question.

I had no argument against it. Nobody had. We had all come to the point where the thing had to be staged. For seven weeks we had been considering characters and poetic form and dramatic values. The play was beginning to stage itself. None of us had ever seen it, or we should never have dared do it. There were no traditions to respect, no canons to observe. We were at liberty to create every role. And we did it. The freedom of the thing was glorious. Nobody's ideas to consider, no box office, no smart set, no critic—just our untrammeled selves.

It was as good as a play just to cast the parts. That occupied most of an evening. When it was all done about fifteen members remained to make an audience.

Two things were now to consider: lines, costumes and make-up, and theatre.

The first was easiest. But it was a new experience just to have one set of lines to learn. Most of us had a smattering of all the great speeches. Most of us knew "To be or not to be" altogether. The business of each one snooking his own pet lines off into a corner and hanging them on the cues was as much excitement as courting a girl. Here we were laying hands on a classic, dissecting it, poring and peering into it each in his own garden of delight.

BUT from the first there was nothing stagy about any of it. The great play was to become an easy vehicle of expression. Getting it up for performance was only the final way of studying it. And it was a guarantee that none of us would be tired of it before we got to the end.

I remember seeing young men come to breakfast at the boarding house with copies of Hamlet at their plates. So engrossed did we all become that presently one or two became quite critical. Going in one day to buy a pair of boots from the young man who was cast for the king—he was a shoe clerk in real life—I had to defend Shakespeare.

"Honest Injun," he asked, "don't you think anybody that had enough of a grouch and a fair knowledge of English could have written To be or not to be?"

"Not in a thousand years," said I, warmly.

"Well, of course you're a school teacher, and I'm only a clerk," he admitted.

"Don't make distinctions," I snapped. "We're all on a level in this thing. You're likely to break up the show."

I knew better. The business of selecting costumes and makeups was less absorbing, more adventurous. There were no costumiers or wig-men in that religionizing town. My own conception of Hamlet—after due discussion with some of the cast and a critical inspection of the piece—was that he must have worn a cloak, a sword, a large black hat with a plume, buckled shoon and black hose. Most of these items seemed to be suggested in the play. Besides the Dane was a prince.

Believe me, in that Methodist-Presbyterian town I had some difficulty gathering those things. I went the round of the dry-goods stores, most of whose proprietors had daughters in the cast, and intimated that inasmuch as we were to engage in the high-brow and holy business of presenting Shakespeare——

That always made it possible to rifle the store, giving in each case my personal receipt for the goods, for fear being smitten with stage fever I should board a train and take my whole church company on the road.

When I got into this tout ensemble I was a prodigious person. I felt like swelling and strutting. The sword I remember I got with some difficulty from an old army captain who taught calisthenics. I knew as much about fencing as a goose knows about a two-step. But oh how gloriously the lines seemed to melt into that costume of mine. I could hang those things on a chair and almost hear them speak "Angels and ministers of grace defend us!"

THE other members of the cast had as much difficulty and as much fun as I had getting their rigouts. Some of them were peculiarly good. They were all fine enough to satisfy our censor. But we committed the unpardonable sin of omission by never getting our photograph taken. It goes on our united word, wherever we may be scattered now in a world of disturbing drama, that no local newspaper was ever pestered with a group flash-light of the church Hamletians for his Sunday edition. No, we were in art for its own sake. The calcium never should seduce us. We were not going out to the public, not even to the Town Hall.

The friendly town crier in an amateur production of Tagore's "Post Office" tells the child about the King's Post Office.

This admonitory scene between Father Time and the youth High Spot was one of a number of unrehearsed episodes put on to celebrate the marriage of a member of a Toronto Art Club. Note the impromptu character of the setting.

We were therefore devoid of most of the accessories. None of us knew A B C about any accredited settings of Hamlet. We had no scenery and none of our members had the least talent for creating it. We decided to play without any, going on the boards with a stark simplicity of Ben Greet, of whom none of us had ever heard, using nothing but the immediate furniture and drapings of whatever house we chose for any particular act.

We decided to select just the houses that had big drawing rooms; and that town had a good many such old-style long houses with a front and back parlour which could be thrown into one theatre, using the halls and the dark places behind the stairways for ante-rooms and making dressing rooms of all the bed rooms in the house.

From the moment we began to invade house number one on our circuit we were as important as though Sir Herbert Tree's company of actors had descended upon the town. Madam the hostess regarded us with awe. We spoke to her in swelling tones and went about with pride in our port—very ridiculous.

THERE is no room to describe how we put on those three acts of Hamlet. The thing is better imagined than described. It was all so gawkish and sprightly and in spirito that it would be a sin to analyze it. Makeup we had none. Not even a superinduced eyebrow. Not a tinge of rouge or a fleck of grease paint. Our good orthodox maidens should not be tarnished by these garish things. We would keep the drama simple, and stupid and human. And we did. It was the silliest stagger of an attempt to produce Hamlet ever known anywhere. But it filled the bill. It gave us all an outlet for what dramatic desires we had; and we were all astounded to discover that the most demure Sunday-school miss in the society had more theatrical instinct than she wot of. It was the easiest thing in the world to stimulate passion and situations, great characteristics and sublime moments. Where we fell down most grievously was in our presentation of the comic. We had but one comedian; and we had unfortunately cast him for the part of the king. What we should have done if we ever got as far as the grave digger scene I know not, but we should probably have resurrected the dead king for a grave digger.

Now that I come to think back over it all, I am sure we did not lack the ridiculous. Unable absolutely to be comedians by intention or by acting, we were superlatively ridiculous and a complete burlesque in our whole presentation. It was all very absurd. And it was all very gloriously full of the real afflatus of drama. I would not be without that experience for a great deal. In fact I quite pity some of our professional folk who seem so jaded and perfect in their parts and are so weighted down with accessories.

And I shall never forget the sublime naivete of Ophelia the April evening she forgot her gown and had no time to go back to get it.

"Goodness me," said she. "Don't worry. I'll soon fix that."

She went to the lady of the house and asked for a nice clean bed sheet and a paper of pins. In ten minutes the blessed creature had garbed herself in snowy white with the most faultless draperies of pure and virginal innocence. As Hamlet I bear testimony, even at this distance in time to the amazing ingenuousness and simplicity of that gown. That Ophelia I shall never forget. She is married now and the mother of a large family. I only hope that if she reads this she also will remember her Hamlet with as much fond retrospection.

MUSIC AS SHE IS PLAYED AND SUNG

By THE MUSIC EDITOR

EVERY new baritone that comes along causes us to shudder in anticipation of the dreadful things he may do before we have heard the last of his programme. He may bawl like a glorified bull, bleat like a ram or discredit the bombastic trombone. These and twice as many other painful things he may do if he be not an artist. And if he be an artist, ten to one he will have little or no voice; he will Wullninze and make faces and talk melodically—and that's all.

Thankful we are therefore that Mr. Vivian Gosnell is an artist baritone—with a real voice. He sang a dozen songs or more with the Academy Quartette—second of their series of concerts this season—last week in Toronto. He is a young Englishman, tall, somewhat suggestive of Plunkett Greene, amiable, cultivated and eclectic. This last word means in his case—not confined to any one particular style of song. His selections on this occasion ranged pretty much over modern musical literature without much regard to eminent names. Handel, Faure, Debussy, Cyril Scott and Macdonell were the only names of composers on his programme well known to the large audience. The rest were novelties. Mr. Gosnell seems able to sing anything. He has a small voice for so large a man, yet an instrument of much charm of expression. He is first of all an artist; second, a singer. Hence he made a good educative impression.

His rendering of Handel's "Hear me, ye winds and waves," was not a great vocal feat. His voice is too velvety and timid for those Watkin Mills rolling and foaming passages. But he did Pretty Creature, that fragrant old chestnut, with fine cordial suavity and some degree of wholesome caricature. His Begli Orchi Merce was a smooth bit of pathos.. The two French things of Debussy and Faure he sang with considerable subtlety. He was about 100 per cent.

successful in Cyril Scott's "Afterday," which was meant for a more sonorous organ than his. In the song from Omar Khayyam he was quite grandiosely impressive—but heavens! why will the lyricists try to make old Omar so lyrical? Why don't they let him be a gutturalizing cantor and leave the melodic texture to the accompanist? He sang Macdonnell's "My Beaming Eyes" with undisputed virtuosity of expression and came within an ace of a big climax in the finale, "A Song of Liberty," by Fox.

The net result of his two groups of songs was that the audience went away agreeably stimulated by a sense of discursive art and in no way insulted by the banditry of a new baritone. But Mr. Gosnell is scarcely a bass-baritone. That he succeeded in convincing the audience of a certain indefinable artistry is due not only to himself, but to the splendidly sympathetic conspiracy of his accompanist, Mr. Richard Tattersall, who is always there with the colour and the accent at just the psychic moment.

As to the Quartette, they gave us two things. The Mozart in D minor is a pretty bit of mediaeval skylarking, tuneful, gay and transparent; a nice little old-world open window with latticed panes and ivies from which one looks out upon tinkling placid sheep in a pastoral valley. And of course it takes smooth artistry to send such guileless stuff into the appreciation of a critical audience.

The Beethoven F. Major—these key-names be hanged!—is a glorious bit of writing. No doubt the best of Beethoven consistently went into these quartettes, trios and sonatas.

This quartette is one of the finest of the lot; belongs, let us say, to the early middle period. Listening to it, quite decided to read the annotator's eulogy after you get home, you are conscious of being masterfully seduced from any sort of materialistic grouch or war pessimism, into a real glow of immortal feeling. It matters not whether it is the delightfully sensuous glorification of the conventional in the first movement, the delicious, sparkling humours and epigrams of the Scherzo, or the wistful yearning pensiveness sky-brood and gray and all shot up with evening colours, such as you encounter in the Aldagio. It is all big and human and divine.

Once again it goes without proof that such a work never could be expressed by any but a highly competent and sensitized body of experts such as the Academy Quartette.

WHY ARE SCOTCHMEN MUSICAL?

SOME musicians are Scotch. Some Scotchmen are also musical. And there are times when even a Scotch musician is musical. But why this should be so can never be explained. It is in the same limbo of the irrational as squaring the circle or appreciating Limburger. There is positively nothing about the Scotchman to make him musical; in proof of which be it recorded that the bagpipes are not even mentioned in a creditable modern music encyclopaedia as instruments of music.

Ask why this is so, and we are reduced at once to what the Scotch mind detests more than heresy or bankruptcy—conjecture. And this in spite of much evidence to the contrary.

For instance, it is common knowledge that Richard Tattersall, organist of old St. Andrew's in Toronto, is a musician. Indisputably. The evidence sticks out all over him "like quills upon the fretful porcupine."

Alfred Bruce is also a musician. He plays the viola and violin, conducts orchestras, teaches music—and does it all with the native ease of a master. His brother George is a cellist. But why did a Scot ever elect to play the cello? He didn't. He was just pre-elected. The cello may be indigenous to Siberia or Madagascar; to Scotland, never. Yet George Bruce plays the cello with uncommon skill and a fair degree of naivete. And there was in Canada a few years ago one John Linden, as kinky a Scot as ever squandered his substance in riotous living, and he was a genius on the cello.

McLean Borthwick is another Scotch musician. He sings. So few Scotchmen really sing. They are usually better at pre-centing. Did anybody ever hear of a Scotch-world tenor? Not forgetting George Neill and a few others in this part of the world. And there's M. M. Stevenson, clean Scotch, teacher of singing and an organist—a man of reputable qualities in music.

After all — there's our old friend Lauder. Proves nothing. Harry is a real Scotchman. But he is neither a musician nor a musical person. He makes money by singing and proves his faith in the British Empire by taking $250,000 of the war loan. So he should. The Empire has been good to Harry. There never was an Aberdeen professor or an Edinburgh preacher or a Glasgow choral conductor that ever made the Imperial cash Lauder has made. But he never made it out of music.

So in spite of these evidences to the contrary, the exceptions that form the rule, we are to conclude that Scotchmen are not by nature musicians. The essence of the real Scot is opposed to music. A race that produces political economists, metaphysicians, theologians, philosophers, furpost factors and feudsters, cannot equally produce musicians. The few that struggle through to the treble clef do so as a protest against the genius of the race. Those we have mentioned are examples. A Scotchman never becomes phosphorescent enough to exude music. He is too much of a logician. He argues too well. Music is the antithesis of argument. It is the soul of impulse. We shall never hear of a Scotch Carmen or Tosea.

Along comes some dour-faced doubter and points us to Ruthven McDonald or George Dixon—both Canadians, however. Not being able to prove his point by these he alleges that the Highlands are the home of impulsive people; that all Celts are artists. He may even allege that the Scotch proved their musicianship long ago by being the last to admit the pipe organ to rank as a musical instrument.

But we shall dismay him with the horrible and irrefutable example of the bagpipes. And if that fails we shall hang his soul with the Scotch Symphony which proved that Mendelssohn never understood the Scotch and came very near demonstrating that he was not even a musician.

And if any doubt remains that Scotchmen are not by nature musical it may be dissipated by a glance at the picture from The Sketch on this page. The fact that one of these Scots looks a little like Brahms makes no difference. Men who can quarrel from generation unto generation—and then some—are not fitted by fate to be musicians. It is the essence of music to raise a row, work it up to a climax, and then smooth it all out again. Any good symphony is an example of this crescendo - diminuendo principle in passion. But no Scotchman every could write a symphony. If any Scotchman ever does, be sure it will end on a combination of irresolute irreconcilable chords that leave a claymore hanging up ready for action.

Donald (after the reconciliation): "Aweel, Jock, I wish ye a' that you wish me!"
Jock: "There ye gang—raking up the quarrel a' over again!"
—Drawn by Will Owen, in The Sketch.

If you change your address and desire to receive your copy without delay, always give your old address as well as your new one.

FINANCIAL

By INVESTICUS

Trust Companies

INQUIRIES from Courier readers make it very clear that the usefulness of the trust company is far from generally understood by the public. Of course there are trust companies that fall below the general average, of their kind, and each company has to be judged on its own merits, but it is nevertheless wise to consider these companies in connection with certain of our business problems. Take just two points affecting the average man or woman: one is the usefulness of the trust company in executing wills. Another is their relation to the mortgage as an investment—or the "guaranteed mortgage." As executors of estates a company has innumerable advantages over the private executor. As handlers of mortgages they have many times the facility and the experience of the private dealer. As I said before: take each trust company on its merits, but when in need of the sort of services just mentioned, think long before choosing an individual as against a trust company.

Where There's a Will—

THE old saying used to be: Where there's a will—there's a lawsuit. But it sounded truer than it was. It isn't necessary to make a will in order to have your heirs quarrel over your estate. They can quarrel just as well without any will at all—in fact, better. Prudent folk leave wills but——. And the "But" is the subject of this small financial sermon.

It should be taken for granted that no sane man or woman wants a lawsuit over his or her estate. It is a thing worth avoiding. You never can tell from this side of the Great Ferry, just what the world may rake up against you when you've got to the other side and left your watch, your tie-pin and your cuff-links to a set of quarrelsome nephews and nieces, or even closer relatives. In the hands of any good lawyer the average family skeleton can be made not only to come out of his cupboard, but to talk, and talk for publication, too. It will then be learned that you did have a sort of weakness for drink—that is, at least it was thought you might have had—if it hadn't been for Aunt Emily refusing to let them bring you 'round with Jamaica rum that time. Heaven only knows how many sweet spinsters' lives may have been wrecked on the concrete corners of your perfidious heartlessness—until your aunts and nieces (who need the money) get to counting up and comparing notes. In short, however happy one may be at the other end of the ferry—one can't get back to defend oneself from the well-meant remarks of peeved relatives and county court lawyers.

The moral is: make a will, but make it just and make it clear. Perhaps no one is guiltless of using ambiguous sentences once in a while. It isn't always possible to examine and arrange one's words in such perfect order that there is no mistaking the exact shade of meaning intended to be taken from those words. But the number of ambiguities that are tested in courts of law are ample warning of the need for care in the wording of wills. As for making a "just" will—one may imagine that in a will one has the right to do as one pleases. But nobody ever did have that precious right—without paying heavily for it. For instance, your niece Mary B. nurses you and looks after you for a number of years. Then she marries somebody you don't like. You get peevish about it and go to live with your other niece, Annie K. Annie K. is exceedingly kind to you and you feel a glow of gratitude every time you see her watering your pet geraniums. And she grows more and more worthy to be a beneficiary under your will by contrast with Mary B., who by this time has some children. So you make your will, giving Annie K. all that you can for her trouble—and Mary B. just enough to be contemptible. In your estimation Mary B. has perhaps cancelled her right to your money by opposing your desires in the matter of marriage. But in law that doesn't always hold. Mary B. may have married a husband who will back her claims in a lawsuit to "break the will." It would then prove to have been much cheaper to have been "just" than to have Mary B. and Annie K. squabbling about your precious habits of life and what they sacrificed for you. Far!

Three Bank Reports

THREE bank statements in this issue of the Courier present a formidable array of facts and figures—chiefly figures—for the consideration of those readers who may be industrious enough to try to untangle them, and hardy enough to survive the effort. As a matter of fact, bank statements look more difficult than they are, and they are worthy of attention not only from those who have a direct interest in the banks in question, but from those also who are merely interested in observing the careers of leading financial institutions. From the point of view of the man who owns stock in these banks, the statements published herewith should be thoroughly satisfactory. Dividends are not only good, but the reserve funds are appreciably strengthened, thus increasing not only the general strength of the banks, protecting the shareholders from the chance of misadventure, but adding to the earning power of the banks without adding to the number of those among whom such increased earnings have to be divided. From the point of view of the depositor in these banks, the situation is apparently satisfactory in every respect. Canadian banking institutions have a good reputation to maintain and are apparently living up to it. The annual statements do not perhaps throw very much light on the money-borrowing situation. Wild-cat schemes or ill-conceived projects are not likely to find the banks helping them. Legitimate enterprises are not suffering for lack of capital.

There has been a big gain, of course, in the savings of this country, and in the number of savings-bank depositors. This needs no explanatory comment.

These statements of the Royal Bank, the Bank of Hamilton, and the Bank of Nova Scotia are distinctly satisfactory in every way. They afford ample testimony of strength and steady progress. The earlier years of these banks were years of varying fortunes through times that were not uniformly propitious to financial enterprise, but their progress has been, and during more recent years that has been markedly rapid, always along sound lines.

EIGHTY-FIFTH ANNUAL REPORT

The Bank of Nova Scotia

Capital Paid-Up, $6,500,000 Reserve Fund, $12,000,000

PROFIT AND LOSS

Balance Dec. 31st, 1915	$396,114 99
Net profits for year, losses by bad debts estimated and provided for	1,252,038 96
	$1,648,153 95
Dividends for year at 14%	$910,000 00
War Tax on Circulation to December 30th, 1916	65,000 00
Contributions to Canadian Patriotic, British Red Cross, and Sailor's Relief Funds	38,500 00
Contribution to Officers' Pension Fund	50,000 00
Balance carried forward December 30th, 1916	584,653 95
	$1,648,153 95

RESERVE FUND

Balance December 31st, 1915	$12,000,000 00
Balance forward December 30th, 1916	$12,000,000 00

GENERAL STATEMENT AS AT DECEMBER 30th, 1916

LIABILITIES

Capital Stock paid in	$ 6,500,000 00	
Reserve Fund	12,000,000 00	
Balance of Profits, as per Profit and Loss Account	584,653 95	
Dividends declared and unpaid	228,399 50	
		$19,313,053 45
Notes of the Bank in circulation	7,945,081 48	
Deposits not bearing interest	$21,278,801 64	
Deposits bearing interest, including interest accrued to date	66,546,078 30	87,824,879 94
		95,769,961 42
Balances due to other Banks in Canada	201,904 12	
Balances due to Banks and Banking Correspondents in the United Kingdom	17,673 61	
Balances due to Banks and Banking Correspondents elsewhere than in Canada and the United Kingdom	759,246 33	
		96,748,785 48
Acceptances under Letters of Credit		559,888 39
		$116,621,727 32

ASSETS

Current Coin	$7,187,031 00
Dominion Notes	10,339,227 25
Notes of other Banks	1,225,083 06
Cheques on other Banks	5,420,061 87
Balances due by Banks and Banking Correspondents in the United Kingdom, and sterling exchange	3,556,059 50
Balances due by Banks and Banking Correspondents elsewhere than in Canada and the United Kingdom	3,286,375 77
	31,013,838 45
Deposit in the Central Gold Reserves	2,000,000 00
Dominion and Provincial Government securities, not exceeding market value	3,110,743 20
Canadian municipal securities and British, Foreign and Colonial public securities other than Canadian, not exceeding market value	10,569,067 35
Railway and other bonds, debentures and stocks, not exceeding market value	4,767,081 57
Demand loans in Canada secured by grain and other staple commodities	7,793,853 21
Call and demand loans elsewhere than in Canada	7,791,173 57
	67,045,757 35
Call and demand loans in Canada secured by bonds, debentures and stocks	4,519,455 77
	71,565,213 12
Deposit with the Minister of Finance for the purposes of the circulation fund	360,867 09
Loans to governments and municipalities	163,543 41
Other current loans and discounts in Canada (less rebate of interest)	34,930,637 41
Other current loans and discounts elsewhere than in Canada (less rebate of interest)	5,909,211 01
Liabilities of Customers under Letters of Credit, as per contra	559,888 39
Overdue debts, estimated loss provided for	103,089 44
Bank Premises at not more than cost, less amounts written off	2,637,306 66
Real Estate other than Bank Premises	326,250 00
Other assets not included in the foregoing	65,720 79
	$116,621,727 32

CHARLES ARCHIBALD, Vice-President.

H. A. RICHARDSON, General Manager.

AUDITORS' CERTIFICATE

We have examined the books and accounts of The Bank of Nova Scotia at its Chief office and have been furnished with certified returns from the Branches, and we find that the above statement of Liabilities and Assets at December 30th, 1916, is in accordance therewith. The Bank's investments and the securities and cash on hand at the Chief office and at several of the principal Branches of the Bank were verified by us as at the close of business December 30th, 1916, and in addition we visited the Chief office and certain Branches during the year, when we checked the cash and verified the securities and found them to be in agreement with the books. We have obtained all information and explanations required, and all transactions of the Bank which have come under our notice have, in our opinion, been within the powers of the Bank. And we certify that the above statement of Liabilities and Assets as at December 30th, 1916, is properly drawn up so as to exhibit a true and correct view of the state of the Bank's affairs according to the best of our information and the exolanations given to us, and as shown by the books of the Bank.

A. B. BRODIE, C.A.
D. McK. McCLELLAND, C.A. } Auditors of the firm of Price, Waterhouse & Co.

Toronto, Canada, 13th January, 1917.

Royal Bank Reveals Financial And Real Strength Developed

Important References to Position Canada Occupies and Need of Preparation for Conditions That Will Arise After the Close of the War—Reports Submitted Best in History of the Bank

"The statement of the Royal Bank, just presented, excels any previous exhibit. During the past year the total assets of the Bank increased Fifty-five Million Dollars. Seven years ago they were Sixty-seven Million Dollars. To-day they are Two Hundred and Firty-three Million Dollars."

SIR HERBERT HOLT.

"The Financial and economic strength developed by Canada since the beginning of the war is little short of marvellous. In the first seventeen months the country emerged from a debtor to a creditor country with a balance of $206,706,000 in our favor. In the past twelve months the balance has reached $329,000,000. More remarkable still is the transition from a habitual borrower in London to a lender to the Imperial Government."

EDSON L. PEASE.

From our own Correspondent, Montreal.

The addresses submitted at the 48th annual meeting of the Royal Bank of Canada, held at the head offices, drew attention in the most convincing manner to the wonderful strides made by both the Bank and Canada during the past twelve months. It also drew attention to the temporary character of much of the industrial activity the country is now enjoying and the necessity of constantly becoming more fully prepared for the inevitable readjustment that would have to be faced just as soon as the war comes to an end.

Mr. C. E. Neill, the general manager, referred particularly to the chief causes that had resulted in the bank enjoying a year of unprecedented growth and expansion, and paid a touching tribute to the fine record of the staff overseas, and the desire of the Bank to fully recognize and compensate for the sacrifices made.

At the meeting the final arrangements were made in connection with the absorption of the Quebec Bank by the Royal, three of the shareholders of the Quebec Bank being added to the directorate of the Royal. The new directors appointed were: John T. Ross, Quebec, who was for so many years the president of the Quebec Bank; R. MacD. Paterson, Montreal, and G. G. Stuart, K.C., Quebec.

President's Address.

Sir Herbert Holt, the president, dealt particularly with the general future of the Bank's business, with a special mention of the character of the business of the country at the moment, and conditions that might be looked for at the close of the European war. Sir Herbert said, in part:

"During the past year, total assets of the Bank have increased $55,000,000. Seven years ago they were $67,000,000. To-day they are two hundred and fifty-three million dollars. We are not singular, however, in respect of the year's growth. The wonderful prosperity of the country is reflected in the assets of the Canadian banks in general, the total increase amounting to two hundred and fifty-five million dollars.

"Liabilities of manufacturers and others to their bankers have been greatly reduced; in many cases wiped out—and large credit balances created. We should bear in mind that there is no permanence in war prosperity; that it is war business which has so accelerated the wheels of industry; and the termination of this must react on industrial activities with far-reaching results. Factories employed exclusively in this connection will close down. Kindred industries stimulated by high prices will suffer by the establishment of more ordinary conditions. Exports will decline as Europe imports less, and commodity prices will recede. Labor will become a glut on the market, aggravated by the return of soldiers in large numbers. All this appears certain to follow the establishment of peace, and the longer the war endures the more drastic will be the depression, because of the greater economic exhaustion of Europe and the effect upon her buying power. We have already seen the stock markets convulsed by a most improbable suggestion of peace.

"However, after the first shock of readjustment, we may expect a great demand for our farm products, builders' material, farming implements, etc., etc., in the rehabilitation of Europe. Pending this demand and in preparation for the dark days that must intervene, the prudent man will put his house in order.

"The war is now in its third year and prospects of peace in the near future are not bright, but the people of Canada are increasingly determined to help at any cost to bring about a complete victory for the Allies.

"Last winter six of your directors, including the Managing Director and myself, made a tour of inspection of our branches in the South. None of us had previously visited any branch South of Cuba. We returned most favorably impressed with the excellent connection acquired in Cuba, Porto Rico, Santo Domingo, Costa Rica and the British West Indies by many years of patient work. It was distinctly advantageous to obtain a personal knowledge of local conditions, and to meet our leading customers. We were pleased with the buildings erected by the Bank and our locations in general, and were happy to learn that the Bank is held throughout the South in the highest esteem.

"We also visited the republics of Venezuela and Colombia. Since then we have opened one branch and will open two others forthwith in Venezuela, where the outlook is promising. We were gratified to receive from Viscount Grey, the late Foreign Secretary, his approval of the establishment of branches in that country, and a promise of support from the British Government."

Mr. E. L. Pease, the Vice-President and Managing Director, referred interestingly to many features of the general situation. In this connection, Mr. Pease said, in part:

"The financial and economic strength developed by Canada since the beginning of the war is little short of marvellous. In the first seventeen months she evolved from a debtor to a creditor country, with a balance of $206,706,000 in her favor. In the past twelve months the balance has reached $329,000,000. More remarkable still is the transition from an habitual borrower in London to a lender to the Imperial Government, coincident with the raising of large domestic loans.

"In July, 1914, before the war, the percentage of liquid assets of the associated banks to their liabilities to the public as it is commonly determined, was 43.34 per cent. On November 30th, 1915, this percentage stood at 50.85, and on November 30th, 1916, at 55.73. During the period between November 15th, 1915, and December 15th, 1916, the Dominion Government floated two domestic loans of $100,000,000 each, the first of this character put out in Canada. The banks underwrote $25,000,000 of the first loan and $50,000,000 of the second, but were relieved of the latter underwriting as public subscriptions aggregated $200,000,000. Despite withdrawals of savings for investment in these loans, and the fact that during the same period the Canadian banks advanced the Imperial Government $100,000,000 (expended for munitions of war in Canada and still current), their combined deposits on November 30th last were $232,000,000 greater than at the beginning of the year, and the liquid percentage was higher. Of the increase in deposits $122,000,000 was in the savings department in Canada. This extraordinary showing is due to large expenditures for munitions, to a rich harvest; to the sale of surplus wheat (estimated at 30,000,000 bushels) from the previous year's bumper crop at very high prices; and to the sale in the United States of $75,000,000 Dominion Government and $75,000,000 miscellaneous securities. It is probable, however, that a large proportion of these security sales represented renewals of obligations. Be that as it may, the accession of national wealth has been great."

Success of Internal Loans.

"It was a wise and courageous departure of the Government to take advantage of the great improvement in the monetary situation in Canada to float internal loans. The vigorous response by the public was a general surprise, both offerings being subscribed twice over. The benefit of the investment of the Country's savings in our own Government bonds is obvious. Another notable feature of the times is the loan of $100,000,000 made by the associated banks during the year to the Imperial Government on Treasury Bills at twelve months' date for the purpose of purchasing munitions. Since the close of our fiscal year $20,000,000 additional at 6 months date has been advanced by a syndicate of six banks, including ourselves, for the purpose of buying wheat and storing it over the winter. A further munitions credit of $50,000,000 having a currency of twelve months has also been recently extended. The affording of credits to the Imperial Government will have a very beneficial influence on Canadian finance, and the possession of short date British Treasury Bills will place the banks after the war in a very strong position.

"The great factor in support of the financial situation in Canada since the beginning of the war has been the collaboration of the chartered banks, through the intermediary of the Canadian Bankers' Association with the Minister of Finance. They may be depended upon to co-operate loyally in assisting the Minister to the utmost limit, having due regard to the needs of commercial borrowers and the maintenance of proper liquid reserves, in his arduous task of financing Canada's war. The Banks are also co-operating with the Minister of Agriculture in his praiseworthy efforts to increase production and expand the country's live stock trade. To this end, liberal advances are being extended to breeders of cattle. As a result of their combined action, the Department of Agriculture has been instrumental in turning back to the farms of Western Canada from Winnipeg Stock Yards in the last three months, over 9,000 head of cattle and 1,400 sheep, which would otherwise have been slaughtered or shipped to the South. Likewise, the Minister of Trade and Commerce will receive the hearty support of the Banks in his campaign to develop our foreign trade in preparation for after-war competition. It will be seen that the Canadian Bankers' Association is endeavoring to further the interests of the community by every means in its power, and I am pleased to say that at no time in its history has there been greater unanimity among the members.

"Compared with the marvellous crop of 1915, the harvest of last year was very disappointing in volume, but in value it approached the previous year, owing to the abnormal prices which prevailed. A small crop with high values is not so beneficial on the whole as a large crop with lower values, as the proceeds of the larger crop are more widely disseminated. The farmer received unusual returns last year, and no one will begrudge the wealth which has come to him. High prices for all grains prevailed from the beginning of the harvest. Usually prices rule lowest during the harvest.

Foreign Trade Opportunities.

"In addition to revealing to us our economic power, the war has created a great opportunity in the field of foreign trade. The primary essentials to success in this direction are immigration, which should be stimulated to a sufficient extent to provide for a large development of our natural resources, and encouragement by the Government in some form to industrial interests, without which, as a young manufacturing country, it would be difficult to take full advantage of the coming opportunity to enter competitive markets.

"We believe the present prosperity will probably continue while the war lasts, to be followed by an inevitable reaction during the readjustment period. But with the triumph of the Allies—a foregone conclusion—a new era of prosperity will eventually come to us. We should have less to fear from the readjustment if the people of this country would curb their propensity to reckless speculation and extravagance in this time of plenty."

Board of Directors.

The following were elected Directors for the ensuing year:

Sir Herbert S. Holt, K.B.	W. J. Sheppard
E. L. Pease	C. S. Wilcox
E. F. B. Johnston, K.C.	A. E. Dyment
Jas. Redmond	C. E. Neill
G. R. Crowe	M. B. Davis
D. K. Elliott	G. H. Duggan
Hon. W. H. Thorne	C. C. Blackader
Hugh Paton	J. T. Ross
Wm. Robertson	R. Mac. D. Paterson
A. J. Brown, K. C.	G. G. Stuart, K. C.

At a subsequent meeting of the Directors Sir Herbert S. Holt was unanimously re-elected President, Mr. E. L. Pease, Vice-President and Managing Director, and Mr. E. F. B. Johnston, K.C., Second Vice-President.

Grub and Butterfly

(Continued from page 6.)

her life, especially her childhood. She confided to me lovely things that I had never expected to hear again—things that Felicia had never told me. For instance, Rosalie told me that she was very different from other girls; that she had been strange even as a child—so strange that it worried her aunts terribly. Her mother had always said, "Let her alone—she'll turn out all right." Never had Felicia allowed such an appealing and simple-hearted confession to drop from her lips.

Rosalie told me further that she had the very highest ideals; that she thought, between people, absolute trust must be the basis of any affection.

"I wouldn't marry a man," she said, "who could mistrust me; no matter what I did—no matter how appearances were against me, he would have to give me his absolute and unbroken trust. Even if," she said, "he thought he had caught me with the goods on, he would have to trust me!"—for Rosalie had a piquant way of interspersing elevated conversation—she was extremely fond of elevated conversation, as it is right and good that the young should be—with fragments of the slang of the day.

She had never, she said, cared for boys of her own age; she seemed rather gratified that this was so. She gave me to understand that maturity of a rather hoary sort appealed to her. This was not as flattering as she intended it to be, in her innocence; but I capped it off neatly by telling her that she had no idea what an uplifting influence the fresh, sweet friendship of a young girl might be to a

THE NATIONAL DIRECTORY OF STANDARD PRODUCTS

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

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

ADDING MACHINES.
United Typewriter Co., Ltd., Toronto.

ARTIFICIAL LIMBS AND TRUSSES.
Dominion Artificial Limb Co., Toronto.
Authors & Cox, Toronto.

ASPHALT.
Imperial Oil Company, Limited, "Imperial" Asphalt, Toronto.

AUTO BODIES FOR COMMERCIAL PURPOSES.
Robert Elder Carriage Works, Limited, Toronto.

AUTOMOBILE ACCESSORIES.
Canadian Fairbanks-Morse Co., Limited, Toronto.
Cutten & Foster, Toronto.
Deer Park Garage & Livery, Toronto.
Hyslop Bros., Toronto.

AUTOMOBILE LUBRICANTS.
Imperial Oil Company, Limited, "Polarine," Toronto.

AUTOMOBILE RADIATORS.
White & Thomas, Toronto.

AUTOMOBILE TIRES.
Dunlop Tire & Rubber Goods Company, Limited, Toronto.
Gutta Percha & Rubber, Limited, Toronto.
Kelly-Springfield Tire Co., "K. & S." Auto Tire, Toronto.
The B. F. Goodrich Co., of Canada, Limited, Toronto and Montreal.

AUTO TOPS AND EQUIPMENT.
Cain, Fussell & McLean, Toronto.

BABBITT AND SOLDER.
Hoyt Metal Co., Toronto.

BAND INSTRUMENT MANUFACTURERS.
Whaley, Royce & Co., Limited, Toronto and Winnipeg.

BATTERIES (Minature).
Interstate Electric Novelty Co. of Can., Ltd.,, Toronto. "Radio" Batteries.

BELTING.
Beardmore Belting Co., Toronto.

"BETHLEHEM AMMUNITION BOX," CHAINS AND RINGS.
Tarbox Bros., Toronto.

BICYCLES AND SUPPLIES.
R. G. McLeod, Toronto.
Planet Bicycle Co., Toronto.

BICYCLE TIRES.
Dunlop Tire & Rubber Goods Co., Limited, Toronto.

BISCUITS AND CAKES.
Christie-Brown Co., Limited, Toronto.

BOATS, (Pleasure, Commercial, Lifeboats).
The Gidley Boat Co., Ltd., Penetang, Ont.

BOILERS.
Polson Iron Works, Limited, Toronto.

BOOTS AND SHOES.
W. B. Hamilton Shoe Co., Limited, "Model" Shoes, Toronto.
The John McPherson Company, "Dr. Vernon Cushion Shoes," Hamilton.

BRICKS AND TERRA COTTA.
Don Valley Brick Works, Toronto.

BUILDERS' SUPPLIES.
Britnell & Co., Limited, Toronto.

BUSINESS SCHOOLS.
Central Business College and Seven City Branch Schools, Toronto.
Dominion Business College of Shorthand, Bookkeeping and Matriculation, Toronto.

CANNED GOODS.
Balfour Smye Co., Tartan Brand, Hamilton.

CARBORUNDUM GRINDING WHEELS.
Norman Macdonald, Toronto.

CARPETS AND RUGS.
Toronto Carpet Mfg. Co., Ltd., Toronto.

CAR WHEELS AND CASTINGS.
Dominion Wheel & Foundries, Limited, Toronto.

CEREALS.
White Swan Spices & Cereals, Ltd., "White Swan," Toronto.

CHAFING DISHES (Electric).
The Toronto Electric Light Co., Toronto.

CHARCOAL.
Ely Bros., Toronto.

CHARCOAL, for Kindling.
Charcoal Supply Co., Toronto.

CHOCOLATES AND CONFECTIONERY.
Patterson Candy Co., Ltd., Toronto.

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

CIGAR LIGHTERS (Electric).
The Toronto Electric Light Co., Toronto.

CLEANING & CARETAKERS' SUPPLIES.
Soclean, Limited, "Soclean," Toronto.

COAL AND COKE.
The Standard Fuel Co. of Toronto, Limited, Toronto.

COAL AND WOOD.
The Elias Rogers Co., Ltd., Toronto.
The Rose Coal Co., Limited, Toronto.

COATS AND PANTS.
A. R. Clarke & Co., Limited, Toronto.

COFFEE.
Club Coffee Co., Toronto.

COKE (Gas).
The Consumers' Gas Company, Toronto.

CONDENSED MILK.
Aylmer Condensed Milk Co., Limited, "Canada First" Condensed Milk, Aylmer, Ont.

CONTRACTORS AND ROAD EQUIPMENT.
Wettlaufer Bros., Limited, Toronto, Halifax, Regina.

CORDAGE AND TWINES.
Scythes & Company, Limited, Toronto.

COTTON AND WOOL WASTE.
Scythes & Company, Limited, Toronto.

COTTON DUCK.
Scythes & Company, Limited, Toronto

CREAM SEPARATORS.
The Sharples Separator Co., Toronto.

CURLING TONGS (Electric.)
The Toronto Electric Light Co., Toronto.

DIAMONDS (On Credit).
Jacob Bros., Toronto.

DUPLICATORS.
United Typewriter Co., Ltd., Toronto.

ELEVATORS.
Otis-Fenson Elevator Co., Toronto.

EMERSION HEATERS (Electric).
The Toronto Electric Light Co., Toronto.

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

FENCING (Ornamental, Farm, Railway).
The Banwell Hoxie Wire Fence Co., Limited, Hamilton.
The McGregor-Banwell Fence Co., Limited, Walkerville, Ont.

FIRE EXTINGUISHERS.
Ontario May-Oatway Fire Alarms, Limited, "Pyrene Fire Extinguishers," Toronto.

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

FLASHLIGHTS (Electric).
Interstate Electric Novelty Co. of Can., Ltd. "Franco" Flashlights.

FLY SWATTERS.
Perfection Mfg. Co., Weston, Ont.

FOLDING CHAIRS AND TABLES.
The Stratford Mfg. Co., Ltd., Stratford, Ont.

FURNACES.
The McClary Mfg. Co., London, Ont.

FURNITURE POLISH.
Imperial Oil Company, Limited, "Ioco Liquid Gloss," Toronto.

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

GLOVES (Men's and Women's).
Perrin, Freres & Cie., "Perrin Gloves," Montreal.
Dent, Allcroft & Co., "Dent's Gloves," Montreal.

GLOVES AND MITTS.
A. R. Clarke & Co., Limited, Toronto.
The Craig-Cowan Company, Limited, Toronto.

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

HAIR DRYERS (Electric).
The Toronto Electric Light Co., Toronto.

HARDWARE.
Hardware Company of Toronto, Limited, Toronto.
Rice Lewis & Son, Limited, Toronto.

HARDWOOD, FLOORING AND TRIM.
T. H. Hancock, Toronto.

HEATERS (Water, Electric).
The Toronto Electric Light Co., Toronto.

HEATING PADS (Electric).
The Toronto Electric Light Co., Toronto.

HOT WATER BOILERS, RADIATORS
Cluff Bros., "Regent" Hot Water Boilers and Radiators, Toronto.

HY-LO LAMPS.
The Toronto Electric Light Co., Toronto.

INFANTS' FOOD.
J. R. Neave & Co., "Neave's Food," Fordingbridge, England. Edwin Utley, Agent, Toronto.

IRON AND STEEL.
Baines & Peckover, Toronto.

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

KITCHEN CABINETS.
The Stratford Mfg. Co., Ltd., Stratford, Ont.

LADDERS.
The Stratford Mfg. Co., Ltd., Stratford, Ont.

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

LEATHER (Sole-Hemlock & Union Oak).
The Breithaupt Leather Co., Ltd. Kitchener, Penetang, Hastings and Woodstock, Ont.

LUMBER AND TIMBER.
R. Laidlaw Lumber Co., Ltd., Toronto.
The Boake Mfg. Co., Limited, Toronto.

MARINE ENGINES.
Polson Iron Works, Limited, Toronto

THE NATIONAL DIRECTORY OF STANDARD PRODUCTS—Continued

MATCHES.
The E. B. Eddy Company, Limited, Hull, Que.

MAZDA LAMPS.
The Toronto Electric Light Co., Toronto.

MILITARY AND CIVILIAN BOOTS AND SHOES.
H. C. Wilson, Toronto.

MILITARY EQUIPMENT.
Wreyford & Co., Toronto.

MILK.
City Dairy Co., Limited, Toronto.

MOPS (Scrubbing and Dry Dusting).
Tarbox Bros., Toronto.

MULTIGRAPH LETTERS & MAIL LISTS.
Harry Edwards, Toronto.

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

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

NITROGEN LAMPS.
The Toronto Electric Light Co., Toronto.

OFFICE FURNITURE.
United Typewriter Co., Ltd., Toronto.
Green Bros., Toronto.

OILS AND GREASES.
Canadian Oil Companies, Ltd., Toronto.
Ontario Soap & Oil Co., Toronto.

OIL REFINERS.
The British American Oil Co., Limited, Toronto.
The Imperial Oil Co., Limited, Toronto.

OIL SOAP.
Ontario Soap & Oil Co., Toronto.

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

OVERALLS.
Hamilton Carhartt Cotton Mills, Limited, Toronto.

PAINTS AND VARNISHES.
Benjamin Moore & Co., Limited, Toronto.
Brandram-Henderson, Limited, Montreal, Toronto, Halifax.
Dominion Paint Works, Limited, "Superior Graphite Paint," Walkerville, Toronto and Montreal.
International Varnish Co., Limited, Toronto.
Lowe Brothers, Limited, Toronto.
R. C. Jamieson & Co., Limited, Montreal and Vancouver.
Martin-Senour Co., Ltd., Montreal, Que.
A. Ramsay & Son Company, Montreal, Toronto, Vancouver.
Standard Paint & Varnish Co., Limited, "Superlastic Rust Preventer," Windsor, Ont.
The Canada Paint Co., Limited, Montreal, Toronto, Halifax, Winnipeg, Calgary.
The Dougall Varnish Co., Limited, Montreal.
The E. Harris Co., of Toronto, Ltd.
The Sherwin Williams Co. of Canada, Limited, Montreal, Toronto, Halifax, Winnipeg, Vancouver, Calgary.

PAPER (Bonds and Writings).
Howard Smith Paper Mills, Limited, Montreal.

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

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

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

PIANOS AND PIANO PLAYERS.
The Cecelian Co., Ltd., Toronto.

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

PORTLAND CEMENT.
Alfred Rogers, Limited, Toronto.

PRINTERS, Commercial & Theatrical.
W. S. Johnston & Co., Limited, Toronto.

PRINTING INKS.
Sinclair Valentine Co. of Canada, Limited, Toronto.

PUBLICATION PRINTERS.
The Ontario Press, Limited, Toronto.

RADIATORS (Luminous, Electric).
The Toronto Electric Light Co., Toronto.

RAZORS (Safety).
AutoStrop Safety Razor Co., Limited, AutoStrop Razors and Accessories, Toronto.

RAILWAY SUPPLIES.
Lyman Tube & Supply Co., Limited, "Shelby," Montreal and Toronto.

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

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

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

RUBBER HEELS.
Dunlop Tire & Rubber Goods Co., Limited, Toronto.

RUBBER STAMPS.
W. E. Irons, Toronto.

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

SCALES.
C. Wilson & Son, "Gold Medal Scales," Toronto.
The Canadian Fairbanks-Morse Co., Limited, Toronto.

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

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

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

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

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

SHEET METAL WORKS.
Fred F. Bowell, Toronto.

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

SHIPS.
Polson Iron Works, Limited, Toronto.

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

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

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

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

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

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

STOVES, COOKING, Coal, Wood, Electric and Gas.
The McClary Mfg. Co., London, Ont.

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

STOVES, (Oil).
Imperial Oil Co., Ltd., Toronto.

TANKS.
Polson Iron Works, Limited, Toronto.

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

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

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

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

TOASTERS.
The Toronto Electric Light Co., Toronto.

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

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

TUBING, Seamless Steel.
Lyman Tube & Supply Co., Limited, "Shelby," Montreal and Toronto.

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

UNDERWEAR.
The C. Turnbull Co., of Galt, Limited, "Ceetee" Pure Wool Underclothing, Galt, Ont.

UNIFORMS.
Beauchamp & How, Limited, Toronto.

VACUUM CLEANERS (Electric).
The Toronto Electric Light Co., Toronto.

VARNISH.
The Holland Varnish Co., Limited, "Dyke" Varnish, Montreal.

VARNISHES AND JAPANS.
The Ault & Wiborg Varnish Works, Toronto.
Scarfe & Co., Brantford, Ont.

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

WASHBOARDS AND CLOTH PINS.
The Wm. Cane & Sons Co., Limited, Newmarket, Ont.

WASHBOARDS, Zinc and Fiberware.
The E. B. Eddy Company, Limited, Hull, Que.

WASHING MACHINES.
Hurley Machine Co., "Thor Electric Washing Machines," Toronto.
"1900" Washer Company, Toronto.
One Minute Washer Co., Toronto.

WASHING MACHINES (Electric).
The Toronto Electric Light Co., Toronto.

WASTE-PAPER.
The Levi's, Toronto.
E. Pullan, Toronto.

WATCHES AND JEWELLERY.
Scheuer's Limited, Toronto.

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

WATCH SPECIALISTS.
F. J. Steward, Toronto.

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

WIRE CABLE AND SCREENING.
B. Greening Wire Co., Limited, Hamilton, Ont.

WIRE FOR COMMERCIAL PURPOSES, BRIGHT AND GALVANIZED.
Frost Steel and Wire Co., Ltd.

WIPING RAGS.
E. Pullan, Toronto.

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

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worn wayfarer. It was here she gave me to understand that I couldn't conceive what the strong friendship of a hoary-headed elder would mean to her. She needed friends, she said, with a pathetic droop of her lower lip. Indeed, friends would probably be the only thing she would have in life! She gave me to understand that, though young, she had suffered much.

It may sound foolish in the telling, but it was like revisiting Youth for me to listen to Rosalie's artless immaturities. I loved to have her look at me with naive wonder, saying:

"I don't know how it is that I can talk to you so much more easily than anybody else!"

Indeed, I do not think there was one of the well-worn platitudes of youth that Rosalie did not hand me out with the air of bestowing upon me a new-minted coin of thought—as indeed she was, dear child, as far as she was concerned. For even now, I can think with no bitterness of Rosalie.

It was about this time that our little personal understanding began. It happened this way.

"You'd better," I said to Rosalie, "put those chocolates in an unostentatious spot; your aunt is coming, and she'll catch you with the goods on."

Rosalie, I may explain, has an inordinate fondness for chocolates, which her aunt tries to curb. At this speech, Felicia frowned at me.

"I don't think," she told me austerely, "it's dignified in you to teach Rosalie slang like that."

Rosalie also turned a cold eye upon me.

"No," she emphatically agreed with Felicia; "I think it's a horrid slang phrase."

It was too good a joke to keep, and I would undoubtedly have told Felicia had not she gone to greet Rosalie's aunt, who now arrived, and Rosalie seized this opportunity to say to me:

"Oh, I was so frightened when you said that! You must never tell Felicia—never—that you got 'caught with the goods on' from me!" Dear child, she supposed she had taught it to me!

As I say, the joke was too good to keep, so I let it out that Felicia herself could go Rosalie three better in the picturesque use of her mother tongue, and had only been throwing a bluff; at which Rosalie, recalling the solemn and elevated talk of only a moment before, giggled and giggled again, until Felicia asked:

"What are you giggling about?"

"We'll never tell!" Rosalie giggled. "We've got a secret!"

After that our friendship took on a more intimate tone. I used slang frequently in Felicia's presence, to be reproved with severity by both Rosalie and Felicia. It was one of the simple delights of my simple heart to hear Rosalie exclaim affectedly:

"Oh, Mr. Jeffers, I wish you wouldn't use slang—I shall be using it next, if I hear you!"

So I went on permitting Rosalie to enliven for me the boredom of things, and feeling, by the way, that I was doing her no end of good. Little by little I began to talk to her on serious subjects, and the thought that I might form her young mind occured to me. I even mentioned the matter to Felicia, a little sheepishly. At which Felicia asked me:

"Has she one, do you suppose, to form?"

Which, I confess, was a question I couldn't very well answer.

"Here she is now!" Felicia added, and went forward to meet our little friend and left me to decide the question.

They came in together, Felicia and Rosalie. Rosalie was blushing, with every evidence of confusion, and yet pride.

"You tell him!" she implored Felicia.

"No, you tell him," said Felicia.

"You tell him!" Rosalie echoed, like a little parrot. "He'll be so pleased!"

"Oh, very well," said Felicia. "He will." With the most unconscious air in the world, "Rosalie's engaged," was the amazing piece of information she gave to me.

It took me all in a heap, knocked me in the solar plexus.

"Rosalie's what?" I echoed stupidly.

"Engaged," dimpled Rosalie. "Isn't it nice!"

"Very," I agreed. By this time I had got myself together again, although in my own mind I was asking "When?" and "How on earth?" and "Where?" I didn't see where she had made the time to accomplish this. I realized at the same time what an industrious girl Rosalie was.

"Of course," I went on, with somecasm, "it's quite an incident, I know, to a girl—it's being engaged that counts—that's the grand affair; but her friends like to know the name of the man—not that it matters very much, of course. He's naturally an incident in the whole affair."

thing of what I trusted was light sar-

Rosalie's mouth formed itself into a round, red "O."

"Why," she exclaimed, "I thought you'd guess who it would be!"

She spoke with the voice of a girl who doesn't know that there is more than just one man in the world, and who, from the hour of her birth, has known but one, and who has been potentially betrothed to him always.

"It's Henry Standish, of course," she announced.

This, I may explain, was the name of the young man with the expression of a white-washed cellar door whose dances Rosalie had given me the night of our meeting.

"I've been proving him," she went on. "And, oh!"—she clasped her hands here with a little girlish gesture that seemed less fascinating to me than it had the day before—"you don't know how beautifully he's acted—beautifully! I thought at first I'd tell you about it, so that you could help me out—but Felicia said you'd act more natural if you didn't know anything about it. You see," she went on, her face falling into a sad little expression, "I've seen so much grief and misery come into the world from people suspecting each other that as I told you, I couldn't marry any man who didn't give me implicit trust, no matter what I did, no matter how bad it was. When I first began to"—she hesitated, to choose her words—"to—to be nice to you," she faltered, "I thought he was going to be like all the rest of the men; but after that he was just as sweet and patient! Instead of glommering, he took any dances or any little thing I did for him, as gratefully, and never made any hateful references when he came to call. There aren't many men"—I never had noticed how Rosalie did run on when she got wound up!—"there aren't many men who would see the girl they care for going around with a married man, and not be cross! And then I asked Felicia if I might, and she said she didn't care——"

Here, I am glad to say, is where I acted nobly—or rather, I acted so that I didn't need to blush for myself. Advancing to Rosalie, I took both her hands in mine, and wished her joy, told her what a happy man the young man was.

I had been put in my place once for all! My one little friend had used the fact that I was a married man to further her own ends. It was the hand of Rosalie that dealt me the final blow—or, to use a more fitting simile, who had slammed the door of the cage upon me forever.

Yes, Rosalie had used me scandalously! All her innocent wiles, that I thought were for me, had been so many put-up jobs done for the benefit of a long-legged oaf. I shuddered to think of the depths of self-control that it must have taken to keep her by my side when every bit of her cried aloud for the presence of her blank-faced swain—what perseverance she had shown!—what continuity of purpose.

Then, as I looked over these unvarnished facts, there swept over me a great pity for Henry Standish. Indeed, I found myself voicing my thoughts to Felicia with:

"There's a young woman who's going to rule her house with an iron hand!"

Felicia's reply to this was:

"I couldn't have stood her around much longer! Oh, Bobby, I'd forgotten that girls burble the way they do!"

To listen to the woman, one would have thought that she had been leading a long life of self-sacrifice. Silence again fell between us. I hope I gave the impression of being immersed in my book. Light dawned on me.

"Felicia!" I said sternly, "you told him!—I'll bet you anything you choose you told him!"

To this Felicia answered virtuously:

"I'm not one of those criminals who sit back and watch fools slap their own happiness in the face!"

She walked across the room, and turning suddenly, faced me:

"Think of her having the impudence of asking me if I minded—I minded—her talking much with you!"

She wagged her head as she gazed into the nameless depths of Rosalie's lack of tact. Then a puzzled look came into her face, and I knew she was wondering how on earth I had stood so much of what she called Rosalie's "burbling"; and I realized the gulf there was yawning between us, a gulf put there by Felicia's fatal lack of imagination. I longed to cry:

"Oh, Felicia, can't you realize that as a clever woman who finds herself a wallflower will dance gratefully with a sixteen-year-old boy——"

I stopped. There was more in it than that. There came to me a vision of Rosalie, a little gay, glancing, laughing vision. The world of parties suddenly seemed to me a blank desolate. I glanced covertly at Felicia over the edge of my book. Good Heavens! Did the woman suppose that one wanted intellectual conversation from girls like Rosalie; wasn't warm youth, and pretty looks, and gayety enough?

Dis-Frenchising Canadians

(Concluded from page 8.)

Carlyle has stated, "he who was ablest to discharge the duty, but he who was ablest to be appointed." There was a little group in the colony whose chief political asset consisted in an ability to protest their own loyalty and, in the same breath, denounce the French; but a self-confessed propagandist ought to let another's words describe the tactics first employed to turn English against French in Canada. Lord Elgin tells us that there was in the colony "a certain section of those who professed to be emphatically the support of the British interests"; and "to denounce the Parliament as French in its composition and the Government as subject to French influences, has been their constant object, and the wildest doctrines have been preached with respect to the right which belongs to a British minority."

"Substitute the word 'majority' for 'minority' and Elgin's words hold true to-day," interrupted Price Green. But I refused to give up the thread of my argument.

That the politicians of the thirties and forties of the last century succeeded in sowing the seeds of discord between English and French, was due to the ever-growing tide of immigration of men and women to Canada who were unfamiliar with the circumstances under which the French inhabitants had acquired their national institutions and who, as Lord Durham states, "disregarded the implied, not to say precise, engagement of England to respect the peculiar institutions of French Canada." And he adds, "But the Imperial Government, on the contrary, never quite forgetting that ancient pledge, has rather extended its protection to the Canadians than espoused the cause of the British settlers." This is a point that I would have firmly fixed in every mind. It was only when the country became peopled with men who knew nothing of the circumstances under which the "ancient pledge" had been given, and who valued at naught the services which the French-Canadians had rendered to the British Crown, that the politicians were able to create a race feud.

The Loyalists were still strong in Upper Canada, and they resented Durham's report denouncing, as it did, English and French alike. A select committee was appointed by the Old Council to draw up a report on his report. The latter report is of special interest to our present investigation, since it contains an express acknowledgment of the rights of the French-Canadians to language. "The preservation of the French LANGUAGE, laws, and institutions, and the consequent perpetuation of the contest between the races, so strongly deprecated by the Earl of Durham, was a popular measure," reads the report on the report. Remember, please, these are the words of the English-speaking Legislative Councillors of old Upper Canada. They might well have said that the ancient pledge was more than a popular measure of the day; that it was a recognition of the moral right to national self-expression, or, at least, a guarantee of the preservation of the culture of a people overcome in war; and further still, that the events of the American Revolution had proved its value to the Empire. However, we must take the words precisely as we find them, and coming from the Old Council of Upper Canada, filled with Loyalists, they may be regarded as an expression of the clear understanding of the early English settlers that the French language was to be preserved in the country over which the Quebec Act was made law.

It is true that many of the English Loyalist settlers watched with more than passing regret their French neighbours tenaciously continue to spell p-o-i-s instead of p-e-a-s; but they were sensible enough to appreciate that had circumstances been reversed they would have done the same thing themselves. That men should cling tenaciously to their mothers' culture, has ever been and ever will be accounted a sign of strength rather than weakness. The Loyalists who preferred principle to property, who sacrificed all save honor to perpetuate their ideals of nationality and citizenship, recognized within the French-Canadians a legitimate desire to perpetuate the traditions of their ancestors and admired their unchangeable sense of responsibility, to keep inviolate the culture of their race.

The "ancient pledge" is the bed-rock of the French-Canadian claims. We have seen it declared by Lord Thurlow; we have seen its existence recognized by Lord Durham, who, Heaven knows, was no friend of the French race in Canada; we have seen the Loyalists in the Old Council of Upper Canada justify the pledge as a popular measure of the day. We have seen the ancient pledge first questioned, then denied, only after the country has become settled by men who were either unfamiliar with the circumstances under which it had been given, or, knowing them, regarded the preservation of the pledge as personally distasteful and inconvenient; therefore no longer to be kept inviolate.

KING—OF THE KHYBER RIFLES

CHAPTER VI.

By TALBOT MUNDY

THE hero of this story, Captain King, was the only officer of his set in India who was not "placed" shortly after the war began. While his brother officers were at the front or on their way, or settled down to garrison duty in India, King was apparently unattached and loafing.—But—

The General in Charge of the forces in India had uses for King. He had secret information of a great plot being prepared among the hill-tribes up through the Khyber Pass. And one of his helpers was the famous Yasmini, whose entrancing beauty is the centre of a secret cult to whom Yasmini's lightest wish is law. The General gives King orders, therefore, to follow Yasmini.

King is given Ismail, one of "Her" men, as a guide. He meets her lieutenant Rewa Gunga. He is about to depart from Delhi for the Hills with Ismail, and thirty of Yasmini's humbler followers, whom he rescues from jail.

"I THINK I envy you!" said Courtenay.

They were seated in Courtenay's tent, face to face across the low table, with guttering lights between and Ismail outside the tent handing plates and things to Courtenay's servant inside.

"You're about the first who has admitted it," said King.

Not far from them a herd of pack-camels grunted and bubbled after the evening meal. The evening breeze brought the smoke of dung fires down to them, and an Afghan—one of the little crowd of traders who had come down with the camels three hours ago—sang a wailing song about his lady-love. Overhead the sky was like black velvet, pierced with silver holes.

"You see, you can't call our end of this business war—it's sport," said Courtenay. "Two battalions of Khyber Rifles, hired to hold the Pass against their own relations. Against them a couple of hundred thousand tribesmen, very hungry for loot, armed with up-to-date rifles, thanks to Russia yesterday and Germany to-day, and all perfectly well aware that a world war is in progress. That's sport, you know—not the 'image and likeness of war' that Jorrocks called it, but the real red root. And you've got a mystery thrown in to give it piquancy. I haven't found out yet how Yasmini got up the Pass without my knowledge. I thought it was a trick. Didn't believe she'd gone. Yet all my men swear they know she has gone, and not one of them will own to having seen her go! What d'you think of that?"

"Tell you later," said King, "when I've been in the 'Hills' a while."

"What d'you suppose I'm going to say, eh? Shall I enter in my diary that a chit came down the Pass from a woman who never went up it? Or shall I say she went up while I was looking the other way?"

"Help yourself!" laughed King.

"Laugh on! I envy you! If the worst comes to the worst, you'll have had the best end of it. If you fail up there in the 'Hills' you'll get scoughed and be done with you. You'll at least have had a show. All we shall know of your failure will be the arrival of the flood! We'll be swamped ingloriously—shot, skinned alive and crucified without a chance of doing anything but wait for it! You're in luck—you can move about and keep off the fidgets!"

For a while, as he ate Courtenay's broiled quail, King did not answer. But the merry smile had left his eyes and he seemed for once to be letting his mind dwell on conditions as they concerned himself.

"How many men have you at the fort?" he asked at last.

"Two hundred. Why?"

"All natives?"

"To a man."

"Like 'em?"

"What's the use of talking?" answered Courtenay. "You know what it means when men of an alien race stand up to you and grin when they salute. They're my own."

King nodded. "Die with you, eh?"

"To the last man," said Courtenay quietly with that conviction that can only be arrived at in one way, and that not the easiest.

"I'd die alone," said King. "I'll be lonely in the 'Hills.' Got any more quail."

And that was all he ever did say on that subject, then or at any other time.

"Here's to her!" laughed Courtenay at last, rising and holding up his glass. "We can't explain her, so let's drink to her! No heel-taps! Here's to Rewa Gunga's mistress, Yasmini!"

"May she show good hunting!" answered King, draining his glass; and it was his first that day. "If it weren't for that note of hers that came down the Pass, and for one or two other things, I'd almost believe her a myth—one of those suppositious people who are supposed to express some ideal or other. Not an hallucination, you understand—nor exactly an embodied spirit, either. Perhaps the spirit of a problem. Let y be the Khyber district, z the tribes, and x the spirit of the rumpus. Find x. Get me?"

"Not exactly. Got quinine in your kit, by the way?"

"Plenty, thanks."

"What shall you do first after you get up the Pass? Call on your brother at Ali Masjid? He's likely to know a lot by the time you get there"

"Not sure," said King. "May and may not. I'd like to see him. Haven't seen the old chap in a donkey's age. How is he?"

"Well two days ago," said Courtenay. "What's your general plan?"

"Hunt!" said King. "Hunt for x and report. Hunt for the spirit of the coming ruction and try to scrag it! Live in the open when I can, sleep with the lice when it rains or snows, eat dead goat and bad bread, I expect; scratch myself when I'm not looking, and take a tub at the first opportunity. When you see me on my way back, have a bath made ready for me, will you—and keep to windward!"

"CERTAINLY!" said Courtenay. "What's the Rangar going to do with that mare of his? Suppose he'll leave her at Ali Masjid? He'll have to leave her somewhere on the way. She'll get stolen. Gad! That's the brightest notion yet! I'll make a point of buying her from the first horse-thief who comes traipising down the Pass!"

"Here's wishing you luck!" said King. "It's time to go, sir."

He rose, and Courtenay walked with him to where his party waited in the dark, chilled by the cold wind whistling down the Khyber. Rewa Gunga sat, mounted, at their head, and close to him his personal servant rode another horse. Behind them were the mules, and then in a cluster, each with a load of some sort on his head, were the thirty prisoners, and Ismail took charge of them officiously. Darya Khan, the man who had brought the letter down the Pass, kept close to Ismail.

"Are you armed?" King asked, as soon as he could see the whites of the Rangar's eyes through the gloom.

"You jolly well bet I am!" the Rangar laughed.

King mounted, and Courtenay shook hands; then he went to Rewa Gunga's side and shook hands with him, too.

"Good-by!" called King.

"Good-by and good luck!"

"Forward! March!" King ordered, and the little procession started.

"Oh, men of the 'Hills,' ye look like ghosts—like graveyard ghosts!" jeered Courtenay, as they all filed past him. "Ye look like dead men, going to be judged!"

Nobody answered. They strode behind the horses, with the swift silent strides of men who are going home to the "Hills"; but even they, born in the "Hills" and knowing them as a wolf-pack knows its hunting-ground, were awed by the gloom of Khyber-mouth ahead. King's voice was the first to break the silence, and he did not speak until Courtenay was out of earshot. Then:

"Men of the 'Hills'!" he called. "Kuch dar nahin hai!"

"Nahin ha! Hah!" shouted Ismail. "So speaks a man! Hear that, ye mountain folk! He says, 'There is no such thing as fear!'"

In his place in the lead, King whistled softly to himself; but he drew an automatic pistol from its place beneath his armpit and transferred it to a readier position.

Fear or no fear, Khyber-mouth is haunted after dark by the men whose blood-feuds are too reeking raw to let them dare go home and for whom the British hangman very likely waits a mile or two farther south. It is one of the few places in the world where a pistol is better than a thick stick.

Boulder, crag and loose rock faded into gloom behind; in front on both hands ragged hillsides were begining to close in; and the wind, whose home is in Allah's refuse heap, whistled as it searched busily among the black ravines. Then presently the shadow of the thousand-foot-high Khyber walls began to cover them, and King drew rein to count them all and let them close up. To have let them straggle after that point would be tantamount to murder probably.

"Ride last!" he ordered Rewa Gunga. "You've got the only other pistol, haven't you?"

Darya Khan, who had brought the letter, had a rifle; so King gave him a roving commission on the right flank.

They moved off again after five minutes, in the same deep silence, looking like ghosts in search of somebody to ferry them across the Styx. Only the glow of King's cheroot, and the lesser, quicker fire of Rewa Gunga's cigarette, betrayed humanity, except that once or twice King's horse would put a foot wrong and be spoken to.

"Hold up!"

But from five or ten yards away that might have been a new note in the gaining wind or even nothing.

AFTER a while King's cheroot went out, and he threw it away. A little later Rewa Gunga threw away his cigarette. After that, the veriest five-year-old among the Zakka Khels, watching sleepless over the rim of some stone watch-tower, could have taken oath that the Khyber's unburied dead were prowling in search of empty graves. Probably their uncanny silence was their best protection; but Rewa Gunga chose to break it after a time.

"King sahib!" he called softly, repeating it louder and more loudly until King heard him. "Slowly! Not so fast!"

"Why?"

King did not check speed by a fraction, but the Rangar legged his mare into a canter and forced him to pull out to the left of the track and make room.

"Because, sahib, there are men among those boulders, and to go too fast is to make them think you are afraid! To seem afraid is to invite attack! Can we defend ourselves, with three firearms between us? Look! What was that?"

They were at the point where the road begins to lead up-hill, westward, leaving the bed of a ravine and ascending to join the highway built by British engineers. Below, to left and right, was pit-mouth gloom, shadows amid shadows, full of eerie whisperings, and King felt the short hair on his neck begin to rise.

So he urged his horse forward, because what Rewa Gunga said is true. There is only one surer key to trouble in the Khyber than to seem afraid—and that is to be afraid. And to have sat his horse there listening to the Rangar's whisperings and trying to see through shadows would have been to invite fear, of the sort that grows into panic.

The Rangar followed him, close up,

The small boy's enthusiasm makes him an easy mark.

and both horse and mare sensed excitement. The mare's steel shoes sent up a shower of sparks, and King turned to rebuke the Rangar. Yet he did not speak. Never, in all the years he had known India and the borderland beyond, had he seen eyes so suggestive of a tiger's in the dark! Yet they were not the same colour as a tiger's, nor the same size, nor the same shape!

"Look, sahib!"

"Look at what?"

"Look!"

After a second or two he caught a glimpse of bluish flame that flashed suddenly and died again, somewhere below to the right. Then all at once the flame burned brighter and steadier and began to move and to grow.

"Halt!" King thundered; and his voice was as sharp and unexpected as a pistol-crack. This was something tangible, that a man could tackle—a perfect antidote for nerves.

The blue light continued on a zigzag course, as if a man were running among boulders with an unusual sort of torch; and as there was no answer King drew his pistol, took about thirty seconds' aim and fired. He fired straight at the blue light.

It vanished instantly, into measureless black silence.

"Now you've jolly well done it, haven't you!" the Rangar laughed in his ear. "That was her blue light—Yasmini's!"

It was a minute before King answered, for both animals were all but frantic with their sense of their riders' state of mind; it needed horsemanship to get them back under control.

"HOW do you know whose light it was?" King demanded, when the horse and mare were head to head again.

"It was prearranged. She promised me a signal at the point where I am to leave the track!"

"Where's that guide?" demanded King; and Darya Khan came forward out of the night, with his rifle cocked and ready.

"Did she not say Khinjan is the destination?"

"Aye!" the fellow answered.

"I know the way to Khinjan. That is not it. Get down there and find out what that light was. Shout back what you find!"

The man obeyed instantly and sprang down into darkness. But King had hardly given the order when shame told him he had sent a native on an errand he had no liking for himself.

"Come back!" he shouted. "I'll go."

But the man had gone, slipping noiselessly in the dark from rock to rock.

So King drove both spurs home, and set his unwilling horse to scrambling downward at an angle he could not guess, into blackness he could feel, trusting the animal to find a footing where his own eyes could make out nothing.

To his disgust he heard the Rangar follow immediately. To his even greater disgust the black mare overtook him. And even then, with his own mount stumbling and nearly pitching him headforemost at each lurch, he was forced to admire the mare's goatlike agility, for she descended into the gorge in running leaps, never setting a wrong foot. When he and his horse reached the bottom at last he found the Rangar waiting for him.

"This way, sahib!"

The next he knew sparks from the black mare's heels were kicking up in front of him, and a wild ride had begun such as he had never yet dreamed of. There was no catching up, for the black mare could gallop two to his horse's one; but he set his teeth and followed into solid night, trusting ear, eye, guesswork, and the God of Secret Service men who loves the reckless.

Once in a minute or so he would see a spark, or a shower of them, where the mare took a turn in a hurry. Once in every two or three minutes he caught sight for a second of the same blue siren light that had started the race. He suspected that there were many torches placed at intervals. It could not be one man running. More than once it occurred to him to draw and shoot, but that thought died into the darkness whence it came. Never once while he rode did he forget to admire the Rangar's courage or the black mare's speed.

His own horse developed a speed and stamina he had not suspected, and probably the Rangar did not dare extend the mare to her limit in the dark; at all events, for ten, perhaps fifteen, minutes of breathless galloping he almost made a race of it, keeping the Rangar either within sight or sound.

BUT then the mare swerved suddenly behind a boulder and was gone. He spurred round the same great rock a minute later, and was faced by a blank wall of shale that brought his horse up all standing. It led steep up for a thousand feet to the sky-line. There was not so much as a goat-track to show in which direction the mare had gone, nor a sound of any kind to guide him.

He dismounted and stumbled about on foot for about ten minutes with his eyes two feet from the earth, trying to find some trace of hoof. Then he listened, with his ear to the ground. There was no result.

He knew better than to shout, for that would sound like a cry of distress, and there is no mercy whatever in the "Hills" for lost wanderers, or for men who seem lost. He had not a doubt there were men with long jezails lurking not far away, to say nothing of those responsible for the blue torchlight.

After some thought he mounted and began to hunt the way back, remembering turns and twists with a gift for direction that natives might well have envied him. He found his way back to the foot of the road at a trot, where ninety-nine men out of almost any hundred would have been lost hopelessly; and close to the road he overtook Darya Khan, hugging his rifle and staring about like a scorpion at bay.

"Did you expect that blue light, and this galloping away?" he asked.

"Nay, sahib; I knew nothing of it! I was told to lead the way to Khinjan."

"Come on, then!"

He set his horse at the boulder-strewn slope and had to dismount to lead him at the end of half a minute. At the end of a minute both he and the messenger were hauling at the reins and the horse had grown frantic from fear of falling backward. He shouted for help, and Ismail and another man came leaping down, looking like the devils of the rocks, to lend their strength. Ismail tightened his long girdle and stung the other two with whiplash words, so that Darya Khan overcame prejudice to the point of stowing his rifle between some rocks and lending a hand. Then it took all four of them fifteen minutes to heave and haul the struggling animal to the level road above.

There, with eyes long grown used to the dark, King stared about him, recovering his breath and feeling in his pockets for a fresh cheroot and matches. He struck a match and watched it to be sure his hand did not shake before he spoke, because one of Cocker's rules is that a man must command himself before trying it on others.

"Where are the others?" he asked, when he was certain of himself.

"Gone!" boomed Ismail, still panting, for he had heaved and dragged more stoutly than had all the rest together.

King took a dozen pulls at the cheroot and stared about again. In the middle of the road stood his second horse, and three mules with his baggage, including the unmarked medicine chest. Close to them were three men, making the party now only six all told, including Darya Khan, himself and Ismail.

"Gone whither?" he asked.

"Whither?"

Ismail's voice was eloquent of shocked surprise.

"They followed! Was it then thy baggage on the other mules? Were they thy men? They led the mules and went!"

"Who ordered them?"

"Allah! Need the night be ordered to follow the day?"

"Who told them whither to go?"

"Who told the moon where the night was?" Ismail answered.

"And thou?"

"I am thy man! She bade me be thy man!"

"And these?"

"Try them!"

King bethought him of his wrist, that was heavy with the weight of gold on it. He drew back his sleeve and held it up.

"May God be with thee!" boomed all five men at once, and the Khyber night gave back their voices, like the echoing of a well.

King took his reins and mounted.

"What now?" asked Ismail, picking up the leather bag that he regarded as his own particular charge.

"Forward!" said King. "Come along!"

He began to set a fairly fast pace, Ismail leading the spare horse and the others towing the mules along. Except for King, who was modern and out of the picture, they looked like Old Testament patriarchs, hurrying out of Egypt, as depicted in the illustrated Bibles of a generation ago—all leaning forward—each man carrying a staff—and none looking to the right or left.

AFTER a time the moon rose and looked at them from over a distant ridge that was thousands of feet higher than the ragged fringe of Khyber wall, The little mangy jackals threw up their heads to howl at it; and after that there was pale light diffused along the track, and they could see so well that King set a faster pace, and they breathed hard in the effort to keep up. He did not draw rein until it was nearly time for the Pass to begin narrowing and humping upward to the narrow gut at Ali Masjid. But then he halted suddenly. The jackals had ceased howling, and the very spirit of the Khyber seemed to hold its breath and listen.

In that shuddersome ravine unusual sounds will rattle along sometimes from wall to wall and gully to gully, multiplying as they go, until night grows full of thunder. So it was now that they heard a staccato cannonade—not very loud yet, but so quick, so pulsating, so filling to the ears that he could judge nothing about the sound at all, except that whatever caused it must be round a corner out of sight.

At first, for a few minutes King suspected it was Rewa Gunga's mare, galloping over hard rock away ahead of him. Then he knew it was a horse approaching. After that he became nearly sure he was mistaken altogether and that the drums were being beaten at a village—until he remembered there was no village near enough and no drums in any case.

It was the behaviour of the horse he rode, and of the led one and the mules, that announced at last beyond all question that a horse was coming down the Khyber in a hurry. One of the mules brayed until the whole gorge echoed with the insult, and a man hit him hard on the nose to silence him.

King legged his horse into the shadow of a great rock. And after shepherding the men and mules into another shadow, Ismail came and held his stirrup, with the leather bag in the other hand. The bag fascinated him, because he did not know what was in it, and it was plain that he meant to cling to it until death or King should put an end to curiosity.

King drew his pistol. Ismail drew in his breath with a hissing sound, as if he and not King were the marksman. King notched the foresight against the corner of a crag, at a height that ought to be an inch or two above an oncoming horse's ears and Ismail nodded sagely. Whoever

now should gallop round that rock would be obliged to cross the line of fire. Such are the vagaries of the Khyber's night echoes that it was a long five minutes yet before a man appeared at last, riding like the night wind, on a horse that seemed to be very nearly on his last legs. The beast was going wildly, sobbing, with straggled ears.

Instead of speaking, King spurred out of the shadow and blocked the oncoming horseman's way, making his own horse meet the other shoulder to breast, knocking most of the remaining wind out of him. At risk of his own life, Ismail seized the man's reins. The sparks flew, and there was a growled oath; but the long and the short of it was that the rider squinted uncomfortably down the barrel of King's repeating pistol.

"Give an account of yourself!" commanded King.

THE man did not answer. He was a jezailchi of the Khyber Rifles —hook-nosed as an osprey—black-bearded—with white teeth glistening out of a gap in the darkness of his lower face. And he was armed with a British Government rifle, although that is no criterion in that borderland of professional thieves, where many a man has offered himself for enlistment with a stolen Government rifle in his grasp.

The waler he rode was an officer's charger. The poor brute sobbed and heaved and sweated in his tracks as his rightful owner surely had never made him do.

"Whither?" King demanded.

"Jamrud!"

The jezailchi growled the one-word answer with one eye on King, but the other eye still squinted down the pistol barrel warily.

"Have you a letter?"

The man did not answer.

"You may speak to me. I am of your regiment. I am Captain King."

"That is a lie, and a poor one!" the fellow answered. "But a very little while ago I spoke with King sahib in Ali Masjid Fort; and he is no captain, he is leftnant. Therefore thou are a liar twice over—nay, three times! Thou are no arrficer of Khyber Rifles! I am a jezailchi, and I know them all!"

"None the less," said King, "I am an officer of the Khyber Rifles, newly appointed. I asked you, have you a letter?"

"Aye!"

"Let me see it."

"Nay!"

"I order you!"

"Nay! I am a true man! I will eat the letter rather!"

"Tell me who wrote it, then."

But the fellow shook his head, still eying the pistol as if it were a snake about to strike.

"I have eaten the salt!" he said. "May dogs eat me if I break faith! Who art thou, to ask me to break faith? An arrficer? That must be a lie! The letter is from him who wrote it, to whom I bear it—and that is my answer if I die this minute!"

King let his reins fall and raised his left wrist until the moonlight glinted on the gold of his bracelet under the jezailchi's very eyes.

"May God be with thee!" said the man at once.

"From whom is your letter, and to whom?" asked King, wondering what the men in the clubs at home would say if they knew that a woman's bracelet could outweigh authority on British sod; for the Khyber Pass is as much British as the air is an eagle's or Korea Japanese, or Panama United States America, and the Khyber jezailchis are paid to help keep it so.

"From the karnal sahib (colonel) at Landi Kotal, whose horse I ride," said the jezailchi slowly, "to the arrficer at Jamrud. To King sahib, the arrficer at Ali Masjid I bore a letter also, and left it as I passed."

"Had they no spare horse at Ali Masjid? That beast is foundered!"

"There are two horses there, and both lame. The man who thou sayest is thy brother is heavy on horses."

King nodded. "What is in the letter?" he asked.

"Nay! Have I eyes that can see through paper?"

"Thou hast ears that can listen!" answered King.

"In the letter that I left at Ali Masjid there is news of the lashkar that is gathering in the 'Hills,' above Ali Masjid and beyond Khinjan. King sahib is ordered to be awake and wary."

"And to lame no more horses jumping them over rocks!"

"Nay, the karnal sahib said he is to ride after no more jackals with a spear!"

"Same old game!" said King to himself. "What knowest thou of the lashkar that is gathering?"

"I? Oh, a little. An uncle of mine, and three half-brothers, and a brother are of its number! One came at night to tempt me to join—but I have eaten the salt. It was I who first warned our karnal sahib. Now, let me by!"

"Nay, wait!" ordered King. But he lowered his pistol point.

To hold up a despatch rider was about as irregular as any proceeding could be; but it was within his province to find out how far the Khyber jezailchis could be trusted and within his power more than to make up the lost time. So that the irregularity did not trouble him much.

"Does this other letter tell of the lashkar, too?"

"Am I God, that I should know? But of what else should the karnal sahib write?"

"What is the object of the rising?" King asked him next; and the man threw his head back to laugh like a wolf. Laughter, at night in the Khyber, is an insult. Ismail chattered into his beard; but King sat still.

"Object? What but to force the Khyber and burst through into India and loot? What but to plunder, now that English backs are turned the other way?"

"Who said their backs are turned?" demanded King.

"Ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ho! Hear him!"

The Khyber echoed the mockery away into the distance.

"THEIR backs are this way and their faces that! The kites know it! The vultures know it! The little jackals know it! The little butchas in the valley villages all know it! Ask the rocks, and the grass—the very water running from the 'Hills!' They all know that the English fight for life!"

"And the Khyber jezailchis? What of them?" King asked.

"They know it better than any!"

"And?"

"They make ready, even as I."

"For what?"

"For what Allah shall decide! We ate the salt, we jezailchis. We chose, and we ate of our own free will. We have been paid the price we named, in silver and rifles and clothing. The arrficers the sirkar sent us are men of faith who have made no trouble with our women. What, then, should the Khyber jezailchis do? For a little while there will be fighting—or, if we be very brave and our arrficers skilful, and Allah would fain see sport, then for a longer while. Then we shall be overriden. Then the Khyber will be a roaring river of men pouring into India, as my father's father told me it has often been! India shall bleed in these days—but there will be fighting in the Khyber first!"

"And what of her? Of Yasmini?" King asked.

"Thou wearest that—and askest what of her? Nay—tell!"

"Should she order the jezailchis to be false to the salt—?"

"Such a question!"

The man clucked into his beard and began to fidget in the saddle. King gave him another view of the bracelet, and again he found a civil answer.

"We of the Rifles have her leave to be loyal to the salt, for, said she, otherwise how could we be true men; and she loves no liars. From the first, when she first won our hearts in the 'Hills,' she gave us of the Rifles leave to be true men first and her servants afterward! We may love her—as we do!— and yet fight against her, if so Allah wills—and she will yet love us!"

"Where is she?" King asked him suddenly and the man began to laugh again.

"Let me by!" he shouted truculently. "Who am I to sit a horse and gossip in the Khyber? Let me by, I say!"

"I will let you by when you have told me where she is!"

"Then I die here, and very likely thou, too!" the man answered, bringing his rifle to the port in front of him so quickly that he almost had King at a disadvantage. As it was, King was quick enough to balance matters by covering him with his pistol again. The horses sensed excitement and began to stir. With a laugh the jezailchi let the rifle fall across his lap, and at that King put the pistol out of sight.

"Fool!" hissed Ismail in his ear; but King knows the "Hills" better in some ways than the savages who live in them; they, for instance, never seem able to judge whether there will be a fight presently or not.

"Why won't you tell me where she is?" he asked in his friendliest voice, and that would wheedle secrets from the Sphynx.

"Her secrets are her own, and may Allah help her guard them! I will tear my tongue out first!"

"Enviable woman!" murmured King. "Pass, friend!" he ordered, reining aside. "Take my spare horse and leave me that weary one, so you will recover the lost time and more into the bargain."

THE man changed horses gladly, saying nothing. When he had shifted the saddle and mounted, he began to ride off with a great air, not so much as deigning to scowl at Ismail. But he had not ridden a dozen paces when he sat round in the saddle and drew rein.

"Sahib!" he called. "Sahib!"

King waited. He had waited for this very thing and could afford to wait a minute longer.

"Hast thou—is there—does the sahib—I have not tasted—"

He made a sign with his hand that men recognize in pretty nearly every land under the sun.

"So-ho!" laughed King, patting his hip pocket, from which the cap of a silver-topped flask had been protruding ever since he put the pistol out of sight. "So our copper's hot, eh?"

"May Allah do more to me if my throat is not lined with the fires of Eblis!"

"But the Kalamullah!" King objected. "What saith the Prophet?"

"The Prophet forbade the faithful to drink wine," said the jezailchi. "He said nothing about whisky, that I ever heard!"

"Mine is brandy," said King.

"May Allah bless the sahib's sons and grandsons to the seventh generation! May Allah—"

"Tell me about Yasmini first?"

"Nay!"

King tapped the flask in his pocket.

"Nay! My throat is dry, but it shall parch! I know not! As to where she is, I know not!"

"Remember, and I will give you the whole of it!"

He drew the flask out of his pocket and rode a little way toward the man.

"None can overhear. Tell me now."

"Nay, sahib! I am silent!"

"Have you passed her on your way?"

The man shook his head—shook it until the whites of his eyes were a streak in the middle of his dark face; and when a Hillman is as vehement as that he is surely lying.

King set the flask to his own lips.

"Salaam, sahib!" said the jezailchi, wheeling his horse to ride away.

King let him ride twenty paces before calling to him to halt.

"Come back!" he ordered, and rode part of the way to meet him.

"I but tried thee, friend!" he said, holding out the flask.

"Allah then preserve me from a second test!"

(To be continued.)

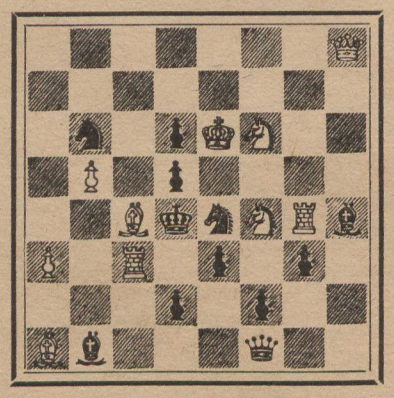
CHESS

Conducted by Malcolm Sim

Solutions to problems and other correspondence should be addressed to the Chess Editor, Canadian Courier, 30 Grant St., Toronto.

PROBLEM No. 112, by Th. C. Henriksen, Fredrikstad, Norway.

Black.—Twelve Pieces.



White.—Ten Pieces.

White to play and mate in two.

The above problem, which has a rather surprising key, took first prize in the Good Companions' Club, November Tourney.

SOLUTIONS.

Problem No. 108, by L. Rothstein.

1. R—B5, B—K4; 2. Q—B6 mate.
1. ...., Kt—K4; 2. QxP mate.
1. ...., Kt—K6; 2. Q—Q3 mate.
1. ...., B—K7; 2. Q—B2 mate.
1. ...., threat; 2. R—B5 mate.

Problem No. 109, by A. Ellerman.

1. P—K7, B—K4; 2. Q—Q3 mate.
1. ...., Kt—K4; 2. Q—KB2 mate.
1. ...., Kt—Kt4; 2. QxB mate.
1. ...., B—Q4; 2. QxQB mate.
1. ...., P-Q4; 2. Q-B4 mate.
1. ...., threat; 2. Kt—K6 mate.

Correct solutions of Problems 103 and 104 were received from W. J. Faulkner, Toronto, who speaks highly of these fantasies of Dawson's. Mr. B. Gordon sends in correct solutions of Nos. 107, 108 and 109 from Ottawa.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

(W. J. F.) Thanks for letter and solutions. (J. R. B.) Thanks for letter. Solutions very welcome any time. (G. C.) Staunton's Handbook, $2.40, to American Chess Bulletin, 150 Nassau St., New York. Ask for new edition. A good primer. (R. G. S.) Thanks for the two games. (B. G.) Thanks for letters and solutions. Your interest is appreciated.

STALEMATE STRATEGY.

In the following two unique compositions, the defence exhibits a sense of humour by unconcernedly attempting to arrange a stalemate position. The attempt in each case has a fine strategic influence upon the procedure of the attack. We will give a further specimen next issue.

By F. Kohnlein,

Deutsches Wochenschach, 1905.

White: K at QKtsq; R at K3; B at QKt2; Kts at QB7 and KKt2; Ps at QR3, QKt4, QB3, Q2, KB4 and KR4. Black: K at KKt5; R at K4; B at Q2; Ps at QR3, QKt3, QKt6, QB5, Q6, K5, KB4 and KR4. Mate in five. (1. K—Bsq, B—R5! 2. K—Qsq, R—R4! 3. P—Kt5! RxP; 4. Kt—K8, etc. If 3. ...., BxP; 4. Kt—Q5, etc. The threat is 3. K—Ksq and 4. K—B2, etc.

By K. Erlin and O. Nemo,

Munchener N. Nachrichten Ty., 1903.

White: K at KR7; Q at QB8; R at K3; B at KKt8; Kt at QR2; Ps at QKt4, QB5, Q6, KB2 and KKt4. Black: K at QKt8; B at KB3; Ps at QR5, QR6, QKt4, K5, KB6 and KKt4. Mate in four. (1. Q—B5, B—Rsq! 2. RxKP, K—Kt7! (preventing 3. R—Ksq) 3. R—K6, etc.

CHESS IN ENGLAND.

Conde v. Yates.

(Third game of the match.)

A match of five games was recently contested at the Bradford C.C., between Mr. A. G. Conde, a Mexican expert, and F. D. Yates, the Yorkshire champion. Play took place on Saturdays, the final game being contested December 2, which Mr. Yates won and drew the match, each player having won two games with one drawn. The first game appeared last issue. The notes in each case are abridged from the British Chess Magazine, who in turn are indebted to the "Field" and the "Yorkshire Weekly Post."

Ruy Lopez.

White. A. G. Conde.	Black. F. D. Yates.
1. P—K4	1. P—K4
2. Kt—KB3	2. Kt—QB3
3. B—Kt5	3. P—QR3
4. B—R4	4. Kt—B3
5. Castles.	5. B—K2
6. R—Ksq	6. P—Q3
7. P—QB3	7. B—Kt5
8. P—KR3 (a)	8. B—R4
9. P—Q3	9. Castles.
10. Kt—Q2	10. Kt—Q2
11. P—KKt4 (b)	11. B—Kt3
12. Kt—Bsq	12. Kt—B4
13. B—B2	13. P—Q4
14. Q—K2 (c)	14. P—Q5
15. Kt—Kt3	15. Kt—K3
16. Kt—B5	16. B—Kt4
17. KtxB	17. KtxKt
18. K—R2	18. Kt—K3
19. Q—B3	19. Q—Q2
20. B—Q2	20. QR—Qsq
21. P—B4	21. P—KB3
22. R—KKtsq	22. Kt—K2
23. R—Kt2	23. B—Ksq
24. QR—KKtsq	24. Kt—Kt3
25. P—KR4	25. Kt (Kt3)—B5
26. R—Kt3	26. P—QB4
27. BxKt	27. KtxB
28. P—R5	28. K—Rsq
29. Kt—R4	29. P—KKt3 (d)
30. PxP	30. PxP
31. R—KRsq	31. R—B2
32. K—Ktsq	32. R—R2
33. Kt—Kt2	33. RxRch
34. KxR	34. P—KKt4
35. KtxKt	35. KPxKt
36. R—R3ch	36. K—Kt2
37. R—R2	37. B—Kt3
38. Q—R3	38. P—QKt4 (e)
39. PxP	39. PxP
40. B—Kt3	40. P—B5
41. PxP	41. BxPch
42. P—B3	42. Q—K3 (f)
43. Q—R6 ch (g)	43. K—B2
44. P—B5	44. R—Q4 (h)
45. PxB	45. QxPch
46. R—Kt2	46. K—K3
47. Q—R8 (i)	47. K—Q2
48. BxR	48. QxB
49. Q—Kt7ch	49. K—Ksq
50. Q—Kt6ch	50. K—K2
51. Q—B5	51. Q—B6
52. K—R2	52. P—Q6
53. P—B6	53. QxBP
54. QxQP	54. P—B6
55. R—QB2	Resigns (j)

(a) The advance of the Rook's Pawn is apt to weaken White's position. Preferable would have been P—Q3 at once, afterwards manoeuvring the Queen's Knight via Q2 and Bsq, to K3.

(b) This move forestalling Black's intended P—KB4, was, perhaps, a little premature. Kt—Bsq might first have been played.

(c) White does not exchange Pawns on account of his Queen's Pawn being weak on the open file, and Black plays on to Q5 to cramp the action of the White King's Bishop.

(d) This might well have been delayed, as White is left ultimately in command of the King's Rook file.

(e) The objective is, of course, to force through a passed Pawn on the Queen's file, but the plan is insufficiently prepared, with the result that White's Bishop joins the attack from Kt3. Better was R—QBsq.

(f) To avoid the threat of PxP and Q—R6 mate.

(g) White's best move here was to capture the Bishop, e.g., 43. PxB, QxPch; 44. K—Ktsq, Q—K8ch; 45. Q—Bsq, Q—Kt6ch; 46. R—Kt2; Q—K6ch; 47. R—B2, and the position is too complicaated to analyse further, but is probably won for White; Black, however, would have had good drawing chances. If, instead, 44. Q—Kt2, then 44. ...., Q—K8ch; 45. Q—Ktsq, Q—K5ch, and draws, as the Rook cannot interpose. If, instead of the text-move, 43. PxP, then 43. ...., BxPch; 44. QxB, Q—K8ch; 45. K—Kt2, R—Ksq; 46. B—B4, R—K6; 47. Q—Kt7ch, R—K2; 48. Q—B3, R—K6, and draws.

(h) 44. ..... BxPch and 45. ....., B—Q4, would have lost, as follows: 44. BxPch; 45. K—Ktsq, B—Q4; 46. Q—R7ch, K—Ksq; 47. BxB, QxB; 48. Q—KKt7, and wins. If instead 47. ...., RxB, then 48. Q—R8ch, K—Q2; 49. R—R7ch, K—B3; 50. Q—R8ch, KxP; 51. R—B7ch, K—Q3; 52. R—B6ch, and wins. After rejecting 44. ...., BxPch, Black then made the text-move, which also loses, overlooking that 44. ...., B—Q4 at once, instead of first capturing the Pawn, would probably have drawn, e.g., 44. ...., B—Q4; 45. Q—R7ch, K—Ksq; 46. BxB, QxB; and White could not now win by 47. Q—KKt7, because of 47. ...., QxPch, drawing by perpetual check.

(i) A useful move, threatening mate at once, which brings the Queen into good play with a few checks.

(j) An exciting game.

TORONTO CHESS LEAGUE.

The following results have not previously been recorded.

Division "A."

Jan. 6.—Central Y.M.C.A. 1½, West End Y.M.C.A. 3½.

Jan. 6.—Varsity 2, Parliament 2.*

Jan. 6.—West End Y.M.C.A. 3, Toronto 2.

Jan. 17.—Beach 3, Toronto 0.†

Jan. 20.—Parliament 2½, West End Y.M.C.A. 2½.

Jan. 20.—Varsity 4½, Central Y.M.C.A. ½.

*One game to be adjudicated. †Two games to be adjudicated.

The Beach Club, with a record of 5 wins and a draw, are almost certain winners of the "A" division.

Division "B."

Jan. 6.—Beach 3½, West End Y.M.C.A. 1½.

Jan. 20.—Parliament 4, West End Y.M.C.A. 1.

Storiettes

A REAL EXPERIENCE.

"YES," said a travelling man, "I was once out of sight of land on the Atlantic Ocean twenty-one days."

Another man spoke up: "On the Pacific Ocean one time I didn't see land for twenty-nine days."

A bald man knocked the ashes from his cigar and contributed his bit:

"I started across the Kaw River at Topeka in a skiff once," he said, "and was out of sight of land before I reached the other side."

"What!" demanded the man who had spun the first yarn. "The Kaw is not more than 300 feet wide at Topeka."

"Quite true," said the bald man quietly. "The skiff turned over and I sank twice."

NEGLECTED PLUNDER.

THE lady of many portable possessions was moving from town to the seashore for the summer. A cab had been thought big enough to convey her and her property to the station, and the cabman sat there, passing from one stage of disgust to another still deeper, while his vehicle, inside and out, was piled high with a miscellaneous assortment of cherished belongings. At last the task of loading came to an end.

"Is that all?" inquired the cabman with polite incredulity.

"Yes," was the reply.

The cabman looked surprised.

"Seems a pity," he ejaculated, "to leave the doorstep."

THE SENSIBLE COURSE.

JIMMIE giggled when the teacher read the story of the Roman who swam across the Tiber three times before breakfast.

"You do not doubt that a trained swimmer could do that, do you, Jimmie?" teacher demanded.

"No, ma'am," answered Jimmie, "But I wondered why he didn't make it four times and get back to the side his clothes were on."

INVALUABLE ADVICE.

I HAVE a most valuable work to sell, madam," said the book agent. "It tells you how to do everything."

"Does it tell how to get rid of a pestering book agent?" asked the busy woman.

"It does, madam," returned the agent serenely. "It says you should buy something from him."—N. Y. Times.

"Some day you'll be rich enough to retire from business." "Give up my nice pleasant office and stay home?" rejoined Mr. Growcher. "I should say not."—Washington Star.

"Is dis where dey wants a boy?" "It is; but it must be a boy who never lies, swears, or uses slang." "Well, me brudder's a deaf-mute; I'll send him round."—Topeka Journal.

Hub—One night while you were away I heard a burglar. You should have seen me going downstairs three steps at a time. Wife (who knows him)—Where was he, on the roof?—Boston Transcript.

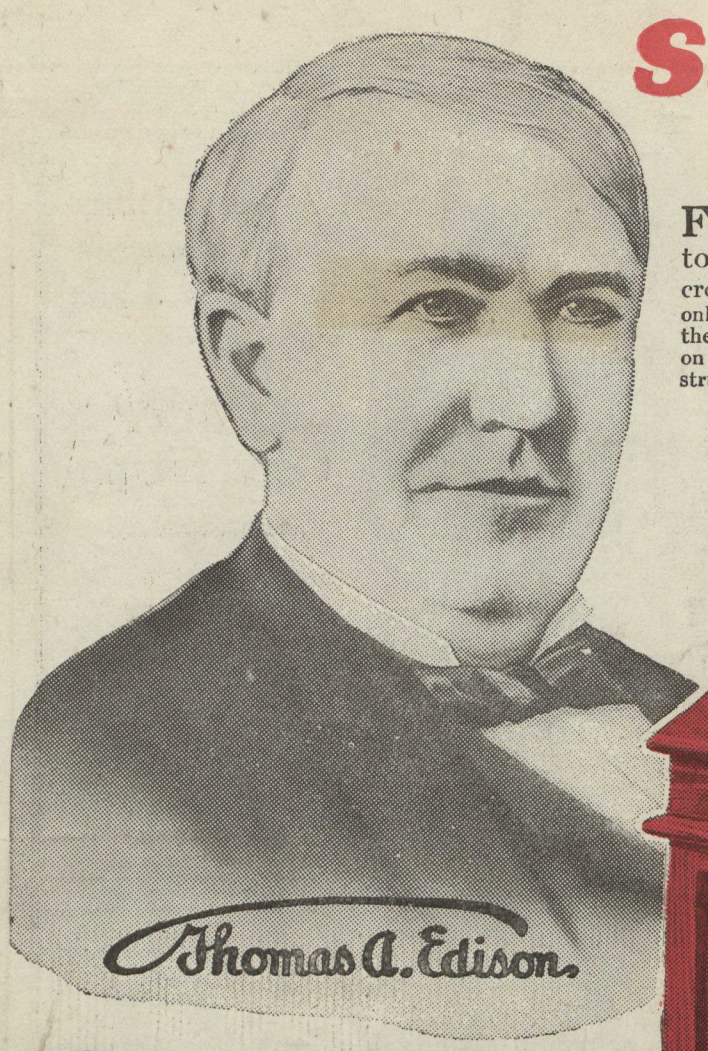
"My old doctor wouldn't take my malady seriously. He says it's only headache." "He said that to a woman with your money?" "He did." "I am astounded. You suffer from migraine."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

He—Of course there's a big difference between a botanist and a florist. She—Is there really? He—Yes; a botanist is one who knows all about flowers, and a florist is one who knows all about the price people will pay for them.—Boston Transcript.

Success for Mr. Edison

Life-Like Music At Last!

For years, the world's greatest inventor worked night and day to make the music of the phonograph true to life. At last he has been crowned with success. Just as he was the first to invent the phonograph, so is he the only one who has made phonograph music life-like. And now we make this great, rock-bottom offer on the genuine New Edison, the phonograph invented by Thomas A. Edison. Now that you can get *the best* on this wonderful offer, you need no longer be satisfied with anything less than Mr. Edison's great instrument. Just read below how easily you may have the genuine New Edison in your home.



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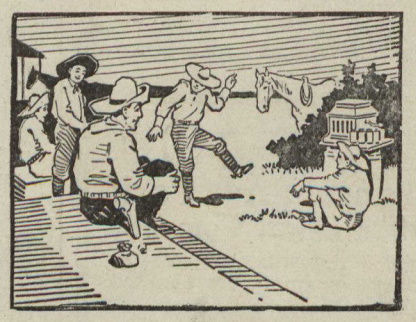

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