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TEN CENTS

MAY 11, 1918

ONE HUNDRED YEARS OF CANADIANISM HERE



Doctors Differ on What's Good for the Rest of Us

What of the Japs in Siberia and the West?

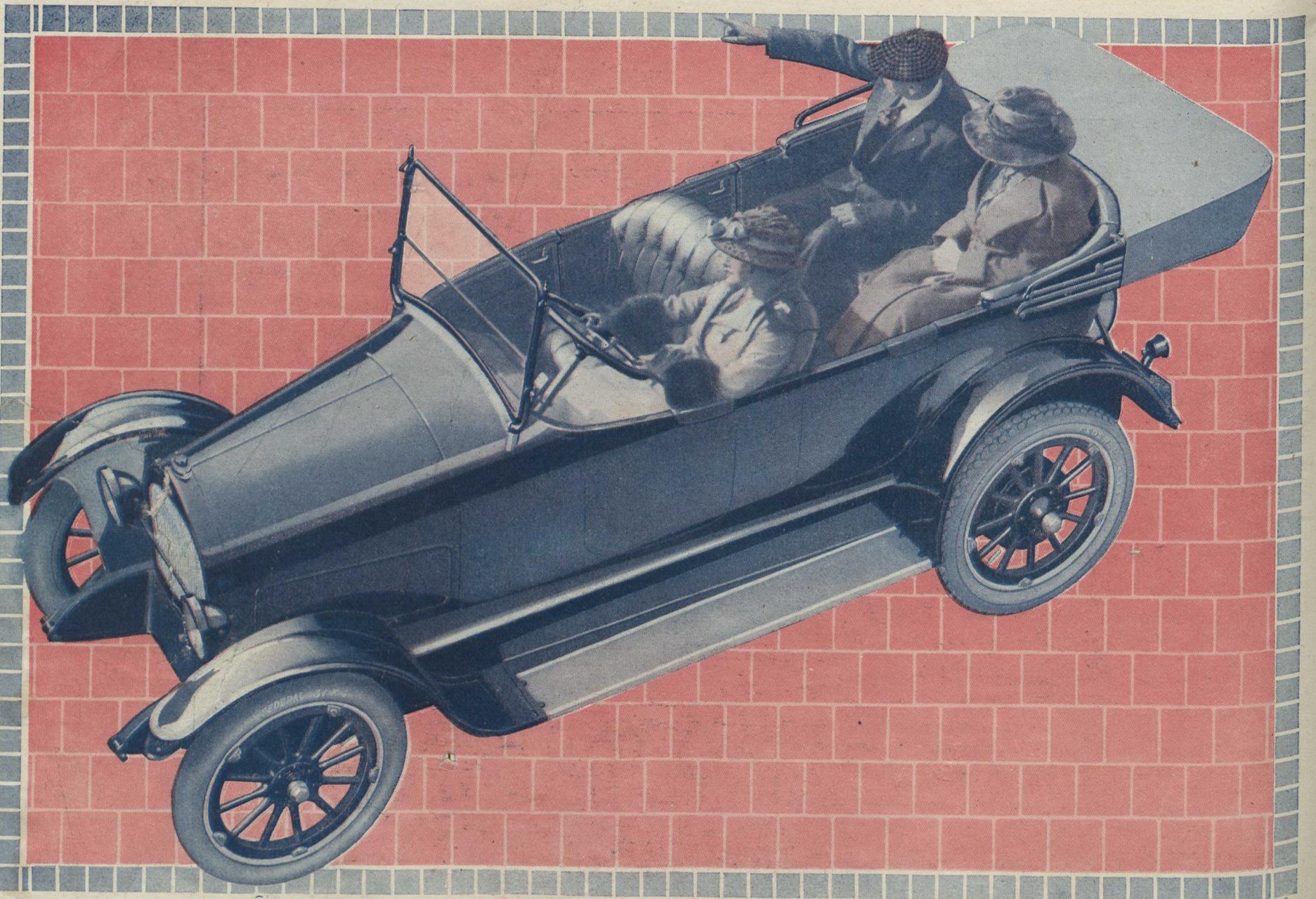
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CANADIAN COURIER

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Published Every Other Week

In Our Next Issue

A STRIKING analysis of what our economics are going to be before the war is won, based upon a consideration of what has become a sort of prehistoric Germany. Out in Victoria two public-minded women are into a popular survey of nation problems that are coming to a focus on the Pacific. One is a member of the Legislature; the other a writer. The first letter will appear in our next Women's Section. Arthur Lismer, head of the Art School in Halifax, has sent us a number of striking sketches depicting what is being done to rehabilitate Halifax. The sketches will be illustrated by a brief article. A citizen of that remarkably bi-lingual town of St. Johns, P. Q., will give the views of a man who writes both French and English, on the subject of Across-the-Ottawa cordiality. Candida will have a third article in a series which has already excited much comment, the problem of the Native Born. This will interest anybody. The Editor will be along with another chapter of Jonathan Gray's Woman, a close study of a few of the simple, strong home things that made Ontario so big in our national life. We shall also have an announcement of our New Serial, which will link up almost sensationally with what is going on in the world drama of war.

Carry the Interest Load

HERE is a news item which fits in with the Canadian Courier policy of making white space carry its load:—

SMALLER PAPERS IN U. S.

Fifty Per Cent. Reduction is Predicted By Publishers.

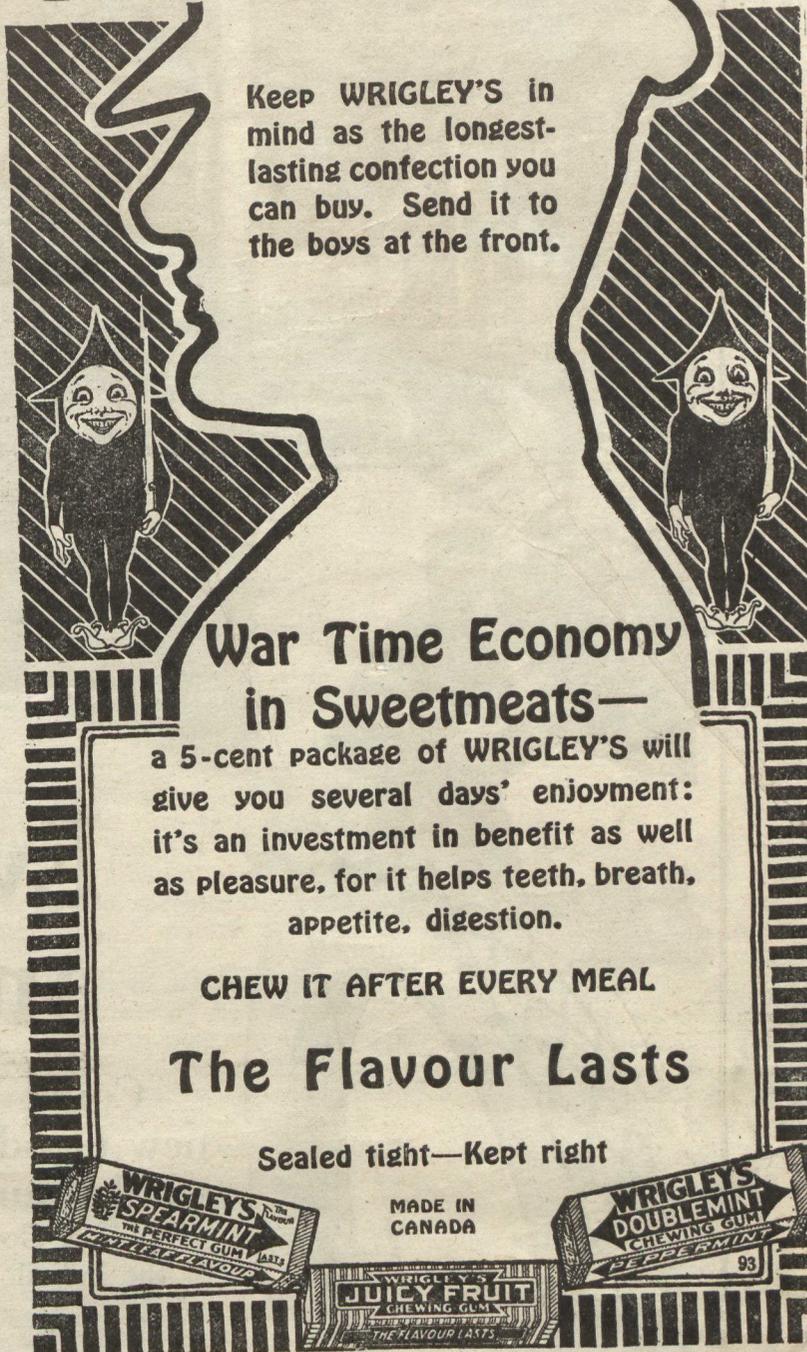
New York, April 23.—Newspapers in the United States probably will find it necessary to reduce fifty per cent. in size the coming year, publishers here to attend the annual convention of the American Newspaper Publishers' Association predicted to-day.

Long ago English papers were forced to reduce in size, because of paper scarcity. Thank heaven, the fat, bulging pound-weight Sunday illustrated is likely to be given a course of rations. This insult to intelligence and sheer waste of valuable paper, not to speak of printer's ink, printing labor and engraving materials, has long been a menace to the land of its birth, and far too much to the land right next door. We have suffered from this fat and noisy invader. Canadian homes have been vulgarized by the Sunday comic. We hope to see no more of these monstrosities.

The need of the world now is to make everything in use earn its cost by showing its value. The Canadian Courier has voluntarily reduced its page output for the sake of giving its readers better stock at a price consistent with everybody's pocket, and at the same time providing a peak-load service in all the essentials of bright, clean journalism.

No, we won't say anything about being democratic. Everybody is doing that. We know that the Courier is being read as never it was before; that we stand for an all-Canadian policy of making a paper grow in the soil of the country and carry a national message to Canadian people. If we could show you our renewals, coming by scores in a day from every province in Canada, we could convince you that in continuing to stay on our list you belong to the best representative all-Canadian crowd of readers in the world.

WRIGLEY'S



Keep WRIGLEY'S in mind as the longest-lasting confection you can buy. Send it to the boys at the front.

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 a 5-cent package of WRIGLEY'S will give you several days' enjoyment: it's an investment in benefit as well as pleasure, for it helps teeth, breath, appetite, digestion.

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 Minister of Lands, Forests and Mines.

H. A. MACDONELL,
 Director of Colonization,
 Parliament Buildings,
 TORONTO, CANADA.

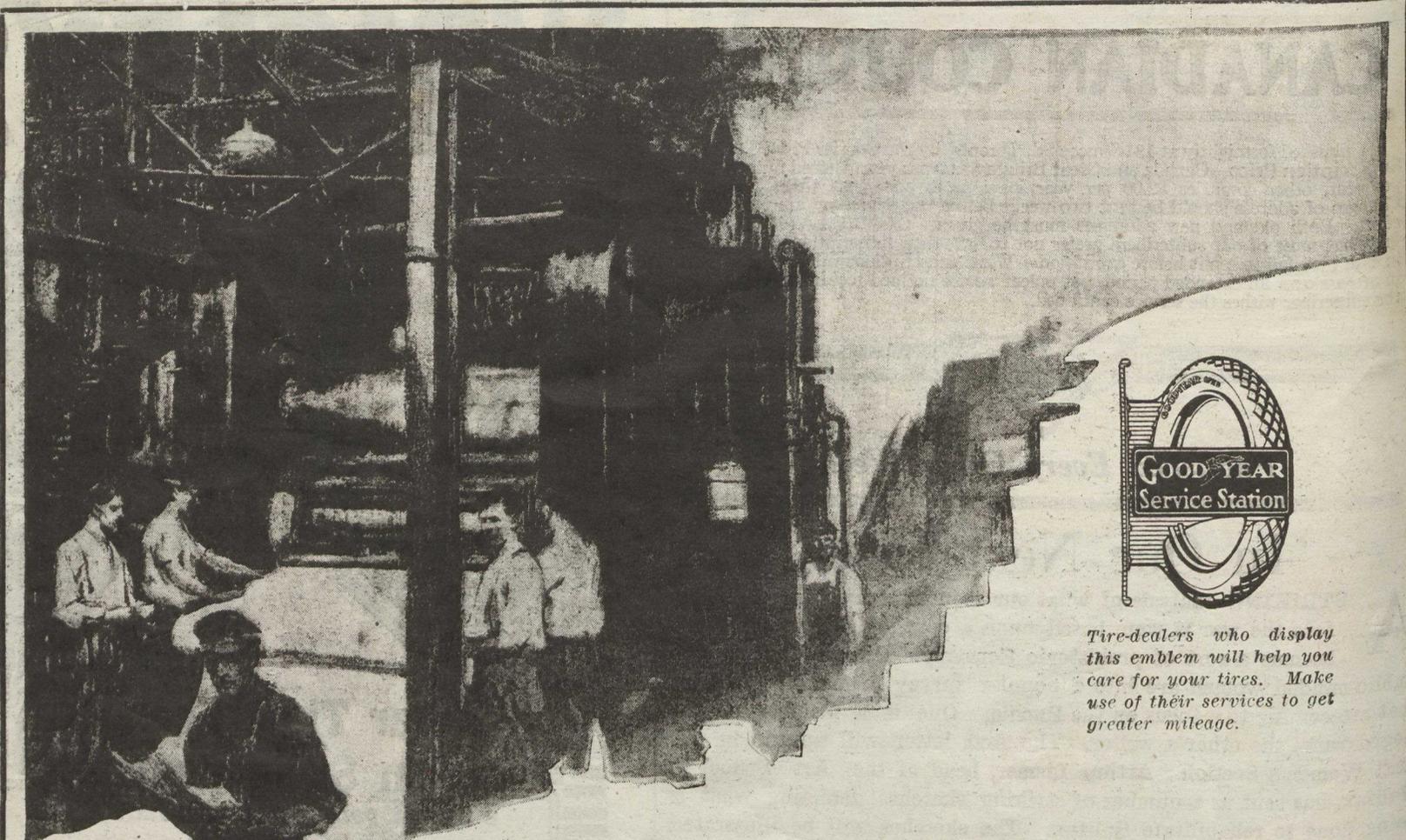
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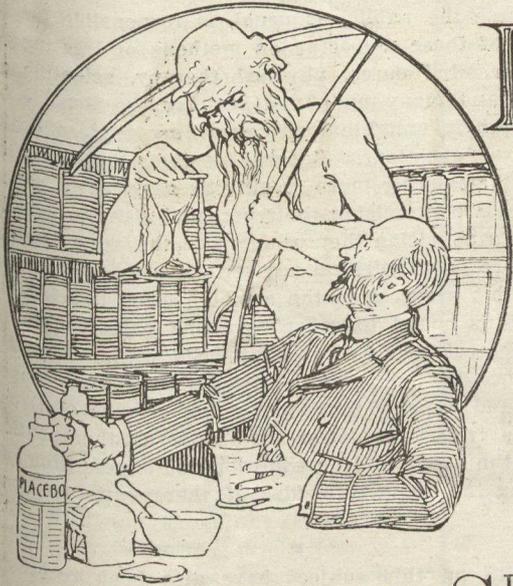


CANADIAN COURIER



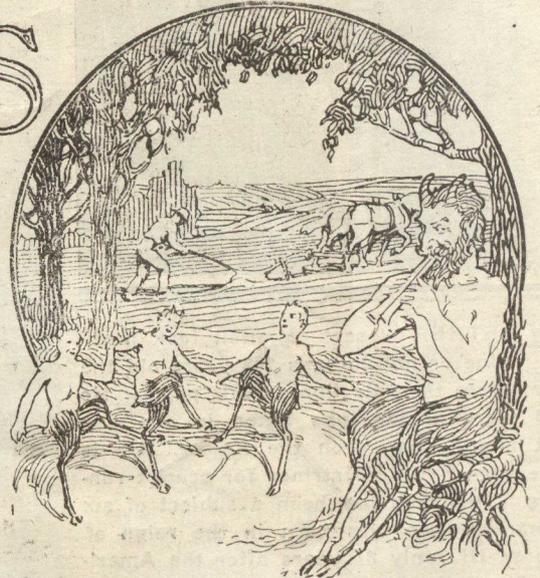
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DOCTORS DIFFER

THIS is not an attack on the Medical Profession. Materia Medica cannot be abolished. But the human being is not governed entirely by what is known as the alimentary tract. Neither is a man merely a state of mind.



CIVIL SERVANTS OR MEDICAL MASTERS?

By GEORGE R. LOWE

There is exquisite naivete in the observation that the article, "MAKE DOCTORS CIVIL SERVANTS," is written by a medical man. Except for the dosing mother, who forces nauseous preparations down the throats of her resistant offspring, whose nose may be held by father, it is always a medical man who advocates compulsory medicine. If he could he would do more than advocate it, he would—like the dosing mother—administer it, and willy-nilly the public should take its regular doses. Then there would be fewer of us "at large." Wouldn't it be lovely to have everyone's physical status, "from the cradle to the grave," to quote your "medical man," regulated at medical apron-strings? No need for the dear public to do any thinking for itself! It should simply open its multitudinous mouths and swallow, with infinite credulity, the doses of perpetual foster-mothers under a benevolent medical paternalism. "The general public do not, as a unit, rely on medical skill for the treatment of their ills," writes your medical man. Therefore, he reasons, medical treatment should be made compulsory. He speaks of education being compulsory, meaning, I suppose, that children must attend the public schools for some years and learn Arithmetic. We must not forget that Mathematics is scientific. The multiplication table, for instance, does not change every decade, and arithmetical diagnosis does not vary in different schools. Even "parsing" is fairly stable, but is it not universally admitted that Medicine is experimental, throughout its history of over four thousand years? Your medical writer says, "In spite of modern education, the popular mind is

SINCE the time when man was supposed to have sinned, bringing disease and hard work upon the human race as a punishment, the world has been concerned with the problem—How can I get rid of what ails me! Thus there arose a class known as doctors who found in herbs, and later in minerals also, specifics that either by outward application or inward absorption give nature a chance to effect a cure.

Aesculapius in ancient Greece is the alleged father of medicine. If he has ever been reincarnated in the 20th century he has probably found himself liable to more diseases in a month than ancient Greece knew in a life time. Also instead of a few simple specifics prepared from herbs and minerals he can count by thousands upon thousands the drugs and mixtures invented in great laboratories of medicine. The evolution of materia medica has been even more amazing than the development of diseases.

The amazing progress of medical science has apparently not made the average human body in town or country less liable to get diseases. It has not, except in certain isolated cases, reduced the rate of mortality. The number of people who die before they grow up, or before their allotted span of three score years and ten, has not materially abated. The average human being is no healthier than his ancestors. The number of proprietary medicines has enormously increased. Millions upon millions have been increasingly spent upon hospitals and medical laboratories. Doctors have been multiplied, and the profession has subdivided itself into a number of camps, each claiming superior methods of treating disease and all more or less in league with the undertaker.

The net result of all this organization against disease is that we are far less subject to pestilence and epidemics, but not less liable to individual ailments which are paraded before us in symptoms, both printed and spoken, from our youth up. We are only beginning to realize that an average child is not born to get by fatalism any six of a score of ailments supposed to be indigenous to childhood; only in the A. B. C. of wise maternal nurture that prevents such things; only in the kindergarten of combatting such maladies in the school and on the street. In Canada, supposed to be a land of natural vigor, born of a strenuous climate, we have as many diseases as can be found in any other country, and some in peculiar intensity.

If the business of drugs and of surgery is to give nature a chance to cure the disease, how can we make that business more effective? If the remnant of men folk left by the war in any white man's country are to be more efficient in work and better able to transmit health to their offspring in the development of more virile humanity, how can we revise our practice of curative agencies to accomplish that purpose? If the average human being is entitled to enjoy life more than he can ever do when haunted by ailments from the cradle to the grave, how can doctors and Christian Scientists and osteopaths and drugless healers and physical-culturists come to a better common understanding on this all-important business? At least eight million men have been slaughtered by the present war, and the vitality of millions more impaired. Will medical science tell humanity how to help save as many millions who now die annually from disease or wear out before their work is done? Shall we learn that the building up of sound bodies governed by sound minds is the only salvation for the race? Or shall humanity be the pawns of medicine as of war?

still empirical," and evidently the medical mind is likewise empirical, though prone to limit even the field of experimentation. This trait has been remarked upon by Mr. Justice Hodgins in his Report.

By all means, let the public obtain the service of doctor, lawyer, editor, when it so requires, and pay the fees, but let us not come under a medical hierarchy, authorized to dominate human bodies as the Church once claimed to dominate souls.

When it becomes generally recognized that there is a Science of healing, by which men, women and even children can learn to be good and healthy by the same Principle, no compulsory legislation will be needed to enforce this Science. It is not mere faith-healing, but it is after the manner of the best healer who ever walked the earth—Christ Jesus. This indicates the significance of Christian Science, which your writer calls a public danger. There were political doctors in Jesus' day, who considered His methods dangerous; they—Jesus' methods—are never safe for auto-cracy.

Justice Hodgins' Report, to which the doctor refers, is a very exhaustive one, and, with its supporting statements, covers over 400 typewritten pages. It was drawn up after several years of investigation, and after numerous hearings of all the parties involved in medical legislation. No evidence was produced by M. D. or anyone else to prove that Christian Scientists "refuse vaccination and evade quarantine," or that they are careless about communicable disease.

In point of fact, Christian Scientists are enjoined by their church to observe the regulations of Boards of Health, as good citizens and out of regard for their neighbors. They have a good reputation to maintain in this regard. It is very unfair, therefore, for this M. D. in advocating a "state-paid medical profession," to cir-

Canadian Health

By AN OSTEOPATH



WHETHER Joseph Mantell took medicine or not, he was 108 years old the day before the date line on this paper. He had more photographs taken in one day last month than even the Kaiser. He is here seen fixing up strings for scarlet runners. This man has been a subject of six monarchs. He was born in the reign of George III., only 37 years after the American Revolution and 27 years before Victoria came to the throne; the year he went to live in Toronto, where he has been ever since. Mr. Mantell, centenarian, has always been a daylight saver and a friend of the out-of-doors.

culuate the mere medical fiction that Christian Science is "a public danger." Christian Science inculcates clean living based on clean thinking. It knows that the kingdom of heaven cannot be taken by violence, and it makes its way by demonstrating its efficacy. And it is essentially opposed to all tyrannical kultur, everywhere.

—Christian Science Committee on Publication for Ontario.

WE have to-day in Canada a disorganized staff of healers and pretended healers of wounded minds and broken bodies. There is much conflict of ideas as to what kind of a composite physician to legalize, which the public must employ without appeal. Many are now invested with autocratic authority, some are called irregulars, others even worse, irregular irregulars.

But the drug school is the party in power and the drug dictionary grows in size every year. Car loads of drugs have passed through the stomachs of the people of every great city every month for hundreds of years, and with what results? Suffering has not been abolished; disease not conquered; health not improved; the average life time not prolonged one year. Any progress made in the physical betterment of humanity is due to the science of prevention, the radical removal of certain causes by surgery and the marvelous curative powers of nature.

The intelligent patient has tired of the fallacy of the arbitrary methods of drug treatment. Even shining lights of the profession frankly confess that "drugs do not cure diseases." The noted Indiana health expert, J. N. Hurty, M.D., states that "the medicine method of getting rid of disease is a foolish method. It is cranky and irrational. Let us then be rational and live according to the laws of our well being and enjoy the delights of health which will follow."

Sir Wm. Osler, M.D., in the Encyclopedia Americana, argues that "the new school does not feel itself under obligation to give any medicine whatever, while a generation ago not only could few physicians have held their practice unless they did, but few would have thought it safe or scientific. . . . The modern treatment of disease relies very greatly on the so-called natural methods, diet and exercise, bathing and massage, in other words, giving the natural forces the fullest scope by easy and thorough nutrition, increased flow of blood, and removal of obstructions to the excretory systems and the circulation in the tissues."

But tradition is stubborn. Humanity knows only that which is memorized. The progress of new ideas and originality is a painful proposition because most people believe and continue to believe that which they were taught, so every good thing has to fight for existence. But no great ideal can die.

Great reforms affecting the spiritual or physical wel-

fare of man have invariably developed from without rather than as a natural growth within the established 'ism or 'pathy. Therefore it is natural that the great revolutionary ideas of the healing art were developed without the medical profession. There are three notable examples in the history of therapeutics.

Ling, the founder of the modern Swedish system of Physical Therapy had all the medical and surgical degrees, but his ideas were not tolerated in the medical profession.

Hahnemann, M.D., the originator of Homeopathy, was cast out of a high standing in his profession.

A. T. Still, a surgeon and physician of the old school, the founder of Osteopathy, was hounded out of his profession and his modern ideas ridiculed.

Of course the public, as usual, is responsible for the progress of these non-orthodox methods of treating the sick, with mind cures, physical therapy, scientific adjustment and many undefined systems; responsible because of their enlightenment regarding modern health and disease questions. Because of their education the laity are demanding more intelligent services of a physician and are exercising their personal right to call the "kind" of a physician they prefer with the same freedom they choose their spiritual adviser.

While this progress in the art of healing is a healthy growth, it is bound to cause "growing pains."

The greatest pain is caused by the recognition of a new science by the public, which has been encouraged to grow and develop until to-day the science of Osteopathy has truly revolutionized modern therapeutics, breaking the bonds of drug tradition and superstition and advocating the democratic idea of therapeutic freedom to all.

LETTERS on this subject have also been received: from an optometrist in Brantford, Ont., who says, "You have the courage of your convictions in that you can 'speak right out in meetin'' in reference to the medical practitioners"; from a Doctor of Osteopathy in Toronto, who says, "We appreciated your publishing that article, and many read it."; from a drugless healer in Ingersoll, Ont., who has no use for medical folk and wants us to share his opinions, which we do not; from the Medical Superintendent of the Hospital for the Insane in Brockville, Ont., who says, "There is an article in your issue of April 13 which I would particularly like to see and would be very glad if you would forward a copy under that date."

We are ready to publish brief contributions on both or all sides of this question, in the interests of public health and the welfare of the people.—Editor.

Merely Words

By MARK KETTS

SOMEONE has compared words to flowers, growing in national gardens; and although the comparison may not in all respects be a good one, words, like flowers, are inherently subject to pollination. And this is a day of lingual pollination.

Not since the days of the Crusades has there been a deeper co-mingling of the inhabitants of the world's different countries. And while only venturesome souls attempt to predict the results of this strange unparalleled war, lingual changes, radical and permanent, are inevitable. Chinamen and Hindus have carried into France words which will leave their impression upon Frenchmen and upon all the men of the allied armies; when they return to the Orient they will carry back habits and ways of Western life and Western words with which to express them. But the greatest effect of the lingual tendency to pollination will, undoubtedly, be apparent in the interchange of words between the several languages of Western civilization—and more particularly between French and English.

For several years France has been housing millions of English-speaking men and, if Americans continue to reinforce the Allies on the Continent, France will soon have several millions more. The French and English languages, like everything else that is French and English, will never be the same—as a result of the war. Of this much we are already assured: more English is being spoken in France than ever before, and English-speaking soldiers are returning to the United Kingdom, to Aus-

tralia, and to Canada, with a smattering knowledge of French, and a desire for more.

But the great lingual influence of the war will probably come in the incorporation of English words into the French tongue, and French words into English—in pollination. It is quite probable that the Americans are going to be more susceptible than the Englishmen of England, to this interesting process. They are not tongue-tied by tradition; they have ever delighted in new words, coining some which the more staid Englishmen formerly deriding as slang, now accept as honest members of their lingual community. They are above all practical, these Americans; if they find a good machine, a good idea, a good word, or a good anything-else, they promptly make it their own, regardless of the fact that it may be the creation of others.

The process of pollination, as applied to language, is not new; but not for several hundred years have the international winds accelerated its course as to-day. Recently a COURIER reader protested against Canada being described as an Anglo-French country, and was compelled to register the complaint in an English-French language—for such English certainly is. Sometimes English-Canadians pedantically reprove French-Canadians for having incorporated

English words into their language, for having clung to French words, which have long passed to disuse in France. But we English-speaking people should be the last to register such a charge.

and particularly against those who speak French. We have too many words of French origin in our own tongue—and too many of what we have, were taken from the provincial dialects of Old France. To-day we regard the word PATCH as Anglo-Saxon, and yet the etymologist tells us that it came from the old French dialect form PÊCHE; while similarly MATCH came from MÊche. Few of us on Sundays think of CHIME as made out of archaic French. CHIMBE; or PEW as coming from PAY, that once meant a stage in France. When we play cards, we fail to remember that in using the word TRUMP, we are repeating a mistake in pronunciation of some long-forgotten ancestor, who attempted to say TRI-OMPHE. TENNIS we have taken from TENEZ, which "the Frenchmen, the onely tennis-players used to speake when they strike the ball." Here we are indebted to the French for more than a word—for one of our most popular games. And this reminds us that we took the word LACROSSE from the French-Canadians, and that they took the game itself from the Indians. We are apt to regard the French CROSSE as related to the French CROIX, meaning CROSS in English. But as Professor Weekley reminds us: "A French bishop carries a CROSSE, and an archbishop a CROIX. These words are of separate origin. From CROSSE, which does not mean CROSS, comes our derivative crosier, carried

by both bishops and archbishops. It is etymologically identical, as its shape suggests, with the shepherd's crook."

Philologists have estimated that we are indebted to the French for fully one-half of our words; the extent of the obligation having been concealed by the number of dialectic forms, and words of PATOIS, which with or without change we have incorporated

into our language. Professor Weekly again tells us: "We find in Anglo-French many words which are unrecorded in continental old French, among them which we like to think of as essentially English, namely: DUETÉ, duty, an abstract formed from the past participle of the French DEVOIR. This verb has also given us endeavour."

That English should have been more affected by

French than French by English is explained by remembering the prolonged occupation of the greater part of the British Isles by the cohorts of William of Normandy and their long line of successors; and the existence of dialect French in English by remembering that in the early days of the Norman conquest there was no single standard of French.

(Concluded on page 30.)

HERE is a man who has got in his next winter's coal. He has taken time by the forelock and given his tailor bill a six-months' hoist. Or he may have borrowed the money from his uncle. He has made affidavit of his 70 per cent. and in so doing has got enough coal to last him until a year from now. Because he shut up his attic last winter and next winter expects a family to move into it because of the scarcity of houses; gave the family's name and address, and the dealer believed him, not being directly under the beak of the controller.

So he patted himself on his own back, thinking that he had done his part of humanity a good turn. And after the coal had arrived, one of those long, cool evenings when there was frost enough outside to require a blaze in the furnace, he went below to gloat over his black diamonds. He was alone in the cellar; alone with his coal. With the shovel he carefully pushed out on to the brick floor a small heap of these costly black stones.

"I suppose," he said softly to himself—"I suppose there is actually a limited number of them in that bin. I daresay I could count them all and set them down by arithmetic. Yet, I've never done so before. In fact it never seemed to me possible that counting coal was any more sensible than counting the leaves on a tree."

He picked the shiny black lumps over, one by one, not caring that they soiled his hands, or that in squatting

COUNTING THE ROOF



so he would bag his \$10.00 trousers at the knees. None of the family were

near him. He was all alone with his coals. The birds were warbling with-

out and the babies were playing on the boulevard. A street piano was chortling up along the street. And the peanutman's steam whistle drifted in between somebody's whacks on a delinquent, ash-dusty carpet. His wife was in the midst of house-cleaning. But he—was alone with his coals. Sublime moment! He had never felt so much like a near-relation to Midas before.

"Beautiful sparkling coals!" he murmured. "Aren't they just—?"

And suddenly he got hold of a piece that changed his tune. This lump was different from all the others. It did not sparkle. It was dull and dingy, like a piece of lead. It was as heavy as lead; heavier than the other lumps. It was flat. He rubbed it, and it did not soil his hands. He looked at it critically.

"N—no," he mumbled, "it's not cannel. It's not lignite. It's not anthracite. It's not plain bituminous. It's—oh what is it?"

He clutched and scrambled all over the bin-heap, to find all the others like it. And he found a precious heap. He made such a racket chucking them out that his wife came to the head of the cellar-stairs.

"What on earth are you doing, Arthur?"

He stood up, with his hand on the banister.

"My dear," he said icily, cuttingly. "My dear—I'm thinking of building a house. I've got slate enough here already for half the roof."

But that was only his sarcasm.

WEALTH AND BROTHERHOOD

JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER, JR., is potentially the richest young man in the world. He is a Bible-class teacher and a very earnest young man. He represents the sheep-and-goats idea in Henry George's book, Progress and Poverty, better than anyone else in America. And he knows it. John D., Jr., knew what he was talking about when he told the Canadian Club in Montreal a few days ago that the greatest thing in the world to-day is the brotherhood of men and of nations. He has had a lot of experience with the idea of brotherhood among men. The great Rockefeller Foundation, of which he is the administrative head, is the sanest attempt to make vast wealth useful to society ever attempted in America. Carnegie wants to die poor and can't. Rockefeller wants to make his mountains of money accomplish something for mankind—in science, medicine, charity, exploration, improvement of industry, encouragement of art and education. This keeps him and a large staff pretty busy, along with the varied money-making interests of the Rockefeller mill still dominated by his conspicuous father. But he has always time to consider the problem of getting across to the man in overalls. John D. was born to luxury and might have been a spendthrift. But the Rockefeller idea, however wrong it may have been in action, has always been built on a principle of hard work. John D., Jr., was in danger of being lonesome by being fenced off from mankind in overalls. He is trying to get across. He knows that the man in overalls has always been as necessary to the man in a Fifth Avenue palace as Germans to the Kaiser. But he knows also that unless Fifth Avenue and the overalls come to an understanding in the interests of the rest of mankind, there is coming a revolution that will make the French and the Russian seem like running to a false-alarm fire. Hence John D.'s talk in Montreal about the brotherhood of men and of nations.

MRS. AUGUST BELMONT, who used to be Eleanor Robson, dear to theatre-goers, lately addressed two packed meetings in Toronto. She says that service is more needed now than money. In her visits to the front she got a bigger insight into life than ever she got on a stage. She found people in England going without bread, sugar and bacon; men at the front eating bread, sugar and bacon. That to her spelled sacrifice and service. In talking about the great sacrificing spirit of England she became more eloquent than she had ever been in a play. She has seen realities; the morality of the life that means more than money. And she has the faculty of making other people see the importance of the one great spiritual thing which is only now beginning to be organized to beat Germany.



TWO BIG CANADIAN PROBLEMS

WHEN the brown men marched to Vladivostock to avenge the killing of Japanese there, why was there any doubt in America that they were justified? When the Bolshevik is disintegrating Siberia, where he does not belong, giving the peasant a notion that nothing matters except freedom from a Czar and a rich man, does it matter to Canada?

"Immediately after the revolution," says William T. Ellis in the National Geographical Magazine, "when all sorts of radical conceptions of liberty were abroad in the land, groups of wandering soldiers would take complete control of ships, driving first-class passengers from their state-rooms, on the argument, which I have since heard frequently advanced, in somewhat similar conditions, that the revolution overthrew the rich, and that now the poor should have the best. If the bottom does not come to the top and the top go to the bottom, wherein is the revolution?"

These are the misguided masses who are coming under the dog-whip of Kaiserism when they think they are escaping it. Germany will give them freedom enough—to hang them. That's the psychological method. Bolshevism is a mania of microbes. It spreads. The peasants will catch it.

And then what? Germany in Siberia. Kaiser in place of the knout.

Has Japan no right to object? Must she be guided only by the Anglo-Jap Alliance? Is Japan not being menaced by Germany? And who can doubt the result, if Germany conquers Siberia by dominating Russia?

Japan is overcrowded, as Germany was. She must have room. She has industry and labor and system and a national idea. She has been sending her surplus population across the Pacific, as Germany has been doing everywhere; planting little Mikado-lands here and there, on the Pacific



WHAT OF THE JAPS?

THE German invasion of Asia is the gravest menace to the Allies since the Marne. The German Government is already boasting that its road is now open to Persia and Afghanistan, and through them, of course, to the Persian Gulf and the Indian Ocean, and to the borders of British India. It is also quite evident that the Bolshevik betrayal comprised the surrender of Siberia to the hordes of German prisoners of war who were in that country and who were released from confinement as a result of the treason of Brest-Litovsk. Would such an incursion of the Huns, with the appearance of Hunnish U-boats and cruisers in the Indian and Pacific oceans, be a matter of indifference to the Powers? How is it to be guarded against unless by a Japanese advance through Siberia, which would block the Huns' raids in that direction and which, if carried far enough, either into European Russia or into Turkestan, would make it too perilous for Germany to attempt to reach India or the Persian Gulf?

Such a campaign would place Germany again between the "jaws of the nutcracker," with Japan taking Russia's place as the eastern jaw.

Can we not trust Japan? We are not unfamiliar with diplomatic history, but we cannot remember nor can we by searching find a case in which Japan has regarded a treaty as a "scrap of paper," or in which she has not loyally fulfilled her obligations.

But if we could not trust Japan, if we feared that she would make her occupation of Siberia permanent, and if we feared her hostility toward us, what would be the logic of the case? Why, beyond question, for those very reasons we should assent joyfully to the invasion of Siberia, because it would be turning the peril away from our own shores. We have a pretty high opinion of Japanese efficiency, but we really do not believe that that country would be capable of invading, annexing and assimilating Siberia, and then at the same time or a little later invading, annexing and assimilating the United States. If we were afraid of Japan, the shrewdest thing we could possibly do to protect ourselves would be to send her off on this Siberian enterprise.

There is, we know, no little prejudice against Japan in the United States. That simply means that there is a lot of German propaganda. Would it not be an astounding anomaly if in the present tremendous crisis this country permitted this same pernicious German propaganda to alienate it from Japan and to deprive us of the cooperation of that country in a matter which may involve the very existence of America?

How, therefore, shall we answer the question concerning the temporary control of Siberia and perhaps of all that is left of Russia herself?

The Jap, or the Hun?

As for us, we prefer Japanese loyalty to German treachery. We prefer Japanese cleanliness to German filth. We prefer Japanese who keep treaties to Germans who treat them as mere "scraps of paper." We prefer Japanese civilization to Hunnish barbarism.

The Jap, or the Hun?

In Heaven's name, the Jap!—Col. Harvey, in North American Review.

WHAT OF THE KNIGHTS?

By DEMOCRATICUS

WHEN Parliament debated titles, Parliament proved that titles are not as popular as they used to be. Hereditary titles were merely the excuse. The whole question of titles came up for review. Why should Canada have an aristocracy created by the King of England? If we want an aristocracy why can't we create them for ourselves as they do in the United States? And get—a Canadian Four Hundred! According to Mr. Nickle's speech we were getting a large number of these before the war. A man was judged, he said, by the number of motor-cars he drove, and a woman by her dinner parties and the gorgeousness of her gowns. But why hold the King responsible for these? Do all our Canadian Knights have fleets of motor cars? Scarcely. A number of them have no cars at all. Do all our "Ladies" have great dinners and gorgeous gowns? A number of them are among the plainest people we have. The logic of this is not evident. A large number of men in Canada have fleets of motor cars and no titles.

We were—admittedly—far and fast along the road to a spurious aristocracy depending on gorgeous gowns and squads of motors. But the prohibition of imported motors and gowns will do more to curb such an aristocracy than any talk about the abolition of titles. The United States has such an aristocracy. Is it less vicious in a democratic country than knights and titles? Any more aloof from the people? Any more indifferent to the interests of workingmen? Any worse for the welfare of that most sacred of all Anglo-Saxon institutions, the family? Let those who know be the judges. Off-hand we prefer our knights and titles—because there is some limit to the number the title mill can turn out, while the untitled "bourgeoisie" aristocracy are limited only by the creation of wealth and yet more wealth. And the march of Bolshevism is not so much against kings as against capitalists.

How then shall we explain the parliamentary eruption of sentiment against titles? We have only to examine ourselves for an answer. We have all been doing it. Every time a new batch of titles was created everybody became cynical over one or other of the lot. "The top of the shaker had come off," to use the forcible expression of a writer in the Courier. Somebody had blundered. Some of the men given titles—what had they done for their country to deserve them? Echo answered—what? Parliament only took up the echo.

Does the feeling of Parliament and people on this question mean that Cana-

dians are growing restive about royalty; that Rideau Hall is under suspicion; that Lieutenant-Governors must look to their laurels? We think not. Mr. H. G. Wells would have difficulty in accusing us of any desire to abolish kingship in Canada. A German spy might discover in the anti-hereditary titles debate a sign that we are drifting towards a republic. But German spies are proverbially "rotten" reporters.

Suppose, for instance, that some radical M. P. should move a resolution advocating commercial union with the United States as a step towards republicanism in Canada. Would he go far with a hearing? Or would not even the most ardent Quebecker with Nationalist leanings leave the Chamber?

The storm that would engulf such a resolution would be a cyclone compared to which the anti-titles debate was only a summer breeze. The sentiment against a conferred aristocracy in Canada is not a republican sentiment. It has nothing to do with abolishing or even restricting kingship. It is—an expression of our nationhood. It is consistent with "God Save the King."

That is clear, at least. Canada has now spent \$1,400,000,000 in the war and has raised an army of 500,000. It is time Canada, with such a record, had the right to raise her national voice against the indiscriminate creation of a so-called aristocracy.

The result? Who can say that the exercise of such a right and the expression of such an opinion does not mean much more to the commonwealth of nations known as the British Empire than the unchallenged acceptance of titles and yet more titles, hereditary or otherwise?

Further, who will deny that Canada is better off even with the aristocracy she has, than she would be as an independent nation? If we consider separation from Great Britain—and we don't—we can obviously not have a Canadian king. Do we want a republic? Not until vast and yet undreamed of changes have come to commonwealths all over the world.

Aristocracy as England knows it may have its drawbacks. But we are better with that than a Canadian Four Hundred. Better as a nation without either. Because—and this we can never forget—the real knights of Canada are coming back to us; some of them. Some of them have one arm and one leg. Some will never come back. But these men of Canada have won their spurs. And they are the true knights of Canada

Coast, in California, in British Columbia, down in Australia, among the Chinese. And she knows why. Japan is a virile, progressive nation. Does the West want her to go to sleep again? Canada has been helping to wake Japan up. Count the millions of missionary money we sent to the Mikado. Do we want her to lapse into barbarism? But that would be impossible. Japan is alert, awake, alive—the only organized nation in the world not spending itself on war. What shall she do? Bite her nails and bide her time; waiting until President Wilson has decided whether or not he should have a hope of the Bolsheviks originating a new Russia?

Suppose the Jap suddenly decided that it might be better to go in with the Hun? How would that suit us on the Canadian Pacific Coast?

Or suppose instead that the Jap were given some latitude to fight the Hun by putting a crimp in Bolshevism, which is the hope of the Hun? Then Japan might decide to do her expanding where there is least resistance. If the Bolsheviks wish to destroy Russia because they are out to kill capitalism, why should Japan not be permitted to expand into Siberia? It is surely as right for Japan to go there as to come to America.

If we give Japan some rope in the Orient, perhaps she will work out her own salvation; so long as the Allies see that neither Japan nor Germany are permitted to exploit China. So long as we feel certain that the Jap is fighting the Hun and not the Russian; so long as any remaining attempt to rally the best national forces in Russia—which are among the millions in Siberia—is respected by the Jap and the Allies his rightful directors. The Jap is a fighting machine. When ever the Hun's fighting machine menaces the Jap, shall the Jap not be allowed to get into action?

GOOD

Pictures of What Some People are Doing Here and There, all on the One Great Job of War — Working With Shells and Farm Jobs and Money Routed from its Hiding Places.

WORK



Many a Painter Might Envy the Man Who Took This British Official Photograph.

Over There and The Difference

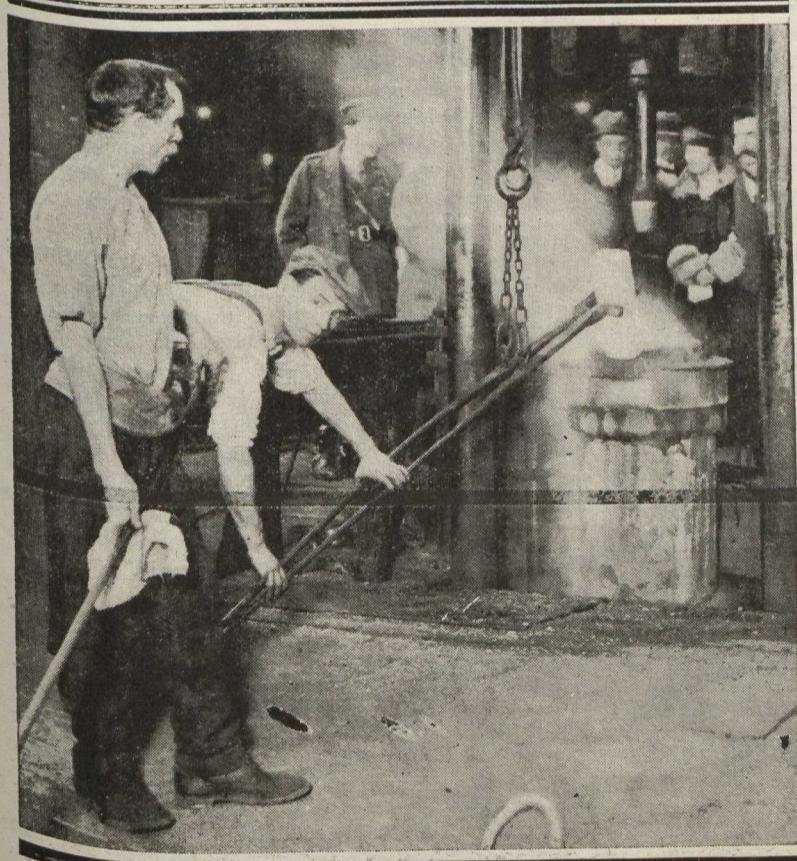
JOHN BULL is always hitting some nail square on the head. In the meantime, says Bottomley, I want you to consider with me the seriousness of the existing situation. All depends upon putting in the whole of our strength, and not wasting any of our energies. No more strikes! Just think if Tommy were to strike; if the splendid chap who is standing between us and death and the Devil in the shape of the Hun, were to "down tools"—what then? The very thought is a shame on his gallantry, a libel on his radiant patriotism. And yet what is the difference between the man making ships on the Clyde and the man fighting before Cambrai? They are both British—both leave British homes and women and children they love. Yet one is earning big wages, with domestic comfort; the other is courting death every minute, for eighteen-pence a day. His home is a dugout; his bed the coat he stands up in. Does he strike; does he "down tools"; does he dispute whether it is "according to the rules" that he should be ordered to do this or that; does he raise Cain over his hours of labor; does he want more for overtime and double pay for Sundays? In God's name, let us look at things with the eyes of sanity. In the name of patriotism, let there be the silence of amity and agreement in the shipyards and engineering works of Britain; let the only noise be the noise of hammer and rivet.

S. O. S. and S... O.... S.

HUNDREDS after hundreds of school-girls and school-boys paraded in Toronto a few days ago to show the S. O. S. In Toronto Red Cross in Winnipeg

people the kind of thing that has driven Coxe's Army into oblivion in this or any other live country. It was the circus parade of the soldiers and soldierettes of the soil; the youths of both sexes who in 1913 will give the farmer of Ontario a lift getting in and taking off his crops, feeding his pigs, milking his cows. When they get back home in the fall they will be better Canadians than some of their parents.

Some days ago Winnipeg had a Red Cross Drive. It was a real drive. No poppycock. Cold cash or its equivalent was the result. At the end of the day a group of bankers got together at the Campaign Headquarters and counted the proceeds—\$275,000 and no less! From left to right, if you are interested, these bankers are: H. M. Modeland, paying teller, Bank of Toronto; J. A. Burnie, Inspector of the same; W. Stuckley, Bank of Commerce; A. N. B. Rogers and L. G. Gillette, both Bank of Toronto; R. G. Park, Western Canadian Grain-Growers' Association; E. C. De Wolfe, Bank of Toronto again; and W. R. Campbell, one of the Red Cross Committee Secretaries.



The TELEPHONE at MINEOLA

By J. SMYTH CARTER



NATHAN BINGS put an extra crimp in his dollar-mark brows as he framed up his reply to a delegation presenting a petition signed by his fellow-taxpayers down the line.

"What? Sign that dokiment? Not if I know it! By gum! We're taxed to death now. Anyhow, what good would a rural telephone do anybody in Mineola? Eh?"

The deputation moved off, except in speed very much like a horse with a tin-can to its tail. Bings was an important character in Mineola. What he said—usually went. If he wanted to hold back the progress wagon, he just held back. And if he ever wanted to go ahead, why the rest of the community had to get Nathan's gait or they didn't arrive. Nathan understood this perfectly; and time had been when he was looked upon as a likely leader. But now wealth was everything to Nathan.

In the Bings' homestead lived patient Mrs. Bings and her four daughters. A frequent remark of Nathan's was that "hired help is scarce"; with the result that his girls had to assist largely with the laborious work of the farm.

Which was not nice. Not at all.

The refusal of Nathan Biggs to sign the telephone petition had not dulled the ardor of those who had the project under way. It was the chief topic of discussion at the post-office, the cheese factory and the corner store, the last-named of which constituted the local parliament of Mineola. Finally a public meeting was held in the hall above the blacksmith shop, with a large attendance. Anthony Caswell, the local postmaster, was chairman, and after furnishing an outline of what had been accomplished, he invited expressions of opinion. The majority of those present endorsed the scheme.

Was Nathan Bings there? Not so. He was making prophecies at home. He heard about it next day, how a committee had been appointed to present the Telephone Company with a petition and so forth, and he said as he took a new hitch in his suspenders,

"Well, let'm ever pray and so forth till the cows come home. By gum! they'll know the color of a white-elephant before they're through with it."

Nathan used to stop work in his fields when he saw the line-men come along with the poles, which he said were a dead waste of good firewood; and the wire, as he said, might better have been used by some of those good-for-nothing prinked-up farmers in improving their fences. The first instrument Nathan came across taking dinner in the house of a neighbor after the line was in operation gave him a fit of acute indigestion. The neighbor was called to the telephone just as he was serving Nathan a plate of meat and potatoes.

"By hokey!" growled Nathan when he had waited three minutes and the gravy was getting cold, "any man that'll leave a good dinner to talk to a man he can't see has a lot coming to him in the next world, for he won't amount to much in this one."

He rose and helped himself.

"Fool thing!" he blurted to the man of the house when he sat down. "Absolutely fool thing! Good hedges!"

At the general store of Hiram Hanes was located the central office for the district. This was for the convenience of those without a home telephone, who for a small cash consideration could use the line. But for a long while Hiram's percentage of the collected fees was an exceedingly small sum. The line was constantly busy.

Like most rural telephone lines the Mineola branch was arranged on the party system; and soon each subscriber was quite accustomed to the outline of audible dots and dashes—a dot being a short ring, a dash a long one. Each had his own code of rings, positively his; hence in a locality where the principles of honor and truth were never questioned, the new telephone was likely to afford the same measure of privacy as that enjoyed by urban centres. But there sometimes occurred within the borders of Mineola events of such widespread interest that even the Golden Rule was forgotten.

Cases of mistaken identity constituted the chief negative feature in connection with the Mineola line and it was further determined that such errors occurred more frequently during the operation of the day or early evening service. At night after folks had retired it was indeed a rare occurrence to answer any ring except their own. The conclusion was that the sense of accurate enumeration of the length of the rings was more acute when the listener was in a condition of repose.

The new system was soon at work all over Mineola. But Nathan Bings would have none of it.

"Any old time I can't hitch up a horse to see a man about a dawg," he said, "I'll quit farming. I can't do business with a man I can't see. Business is like poker. And you can't play poker over a phone."

One morning when Nathan got in from doing the chores he found that breakfast was not ready. On the vacant table not far from the steamless stove was a note:

"Dear Papa:—Unless you put in a telephone we won't do any more work on this farm."

Signed by both of his daughters who were nowhere to be seen.

"By hokey!" remarked Nathan, "I guess that's what the noo woman calls an ultimatum. Oh blazes! I s'pose they'll get a job in a munition factory—"

He secretly imagined the girls might be bluffing him. But he made no reference to the note. He noticed, however, that the girls refused to go out to work on the farm.

"I know they're bluffin'," he said to himself. "Con-sarn 'em! They know I'm reasonable—and stubborn as a mule."

BUT the munitions factory idea stuck in his brain. He read the munition advertisements in the papers; noted the wages paid; observed that the girls also read them and talked about them at meals. And they seemed so set up and independent that Nathan at last concluded he had better instal the telephone. He would lose in two months hiring help more than he would pay out for the telephone in a year, and he knew it—even though he might lose his reputation as a stubborn man.

Of course everybody was glad when the word went round that a telephone was being placed in

the Bings' home; but the mystery remained as to how Nathan's consent had been secured. Soon the Bings' phone was as busy as the others. The social circle found in the family a worthy acquisition. Mrs. Bings was appointed Secretary of the Red Cross, while the daughters were prominent in the various social features for which Mineola was widely known.

The first practical result of the new telephone to Nathan Bings came when he requested Mrs. Bings to telephone to Toronto as to the price of barley. As a direct result of this, the local buyers paid an additional seven cents per bushel for the Bings' crop.

Year after year the leading event had been the Mineola oyster supper, proceeds of which were in aid of the public library. As the time drew near again, the telephone was busy indeed; and one night in early March a sleigh-load halted at the Bings' home for the family to join them. Nathan, however, was fatigued after a hard day's work in the woods, and decided to remain at home and look after the fires.

SO pulling his favorite chair close to the huge old-fashioned fire-place, he reclined therein and indulged in reminiscences. As he was taking stock of the neighborhood happenings of the past month he was interrupted by the telephone.

True, it wasn't the Bings' ring. Still, what harm could there be in listening? It was the neighborhood habit, and Mineola etiquette never went far astray.

So he listened, and he found the listening good. Wallace Jones and Dick Greer were discussing an interesting transaction, thinking this time opportune as everyone was probably at the oyster supper. Even so, they spoke with considerable reticence, but the third party readily understood. After agreeing to consult again at an early date, the conversation ended.

In vigorous fashion Nathan stirred the fire with the long iron poker. He placed another hardwood log on the fire and sat watching the blaze. But the voice of conscience was calling. Was it honest to listen to that conversation? And having listened, should he make use of the knowledge thus procured? True, Wallace Jones had never repented in sackcloth and ashes for the financial wrong done Nathan some years ago. On the other hand, his own good name must be preserved; because the neighbors, while looking askance at his avaricious habits, nevertheless deemed Nathan the soul of honesty in every particular.

He viewed the conditions from every angle. Why should he not make full use of the telephone? He paid the quarterly assessment; and it was within the four walls of his own house. Surely it was his, just as much as the kitchen range was his.

So after holding court for about two hours, the verdict was finally rendered "that the owner of any telephone was well within his rights in making the fullest possible use of the service." Nathan's conscience was finally fully at ease.

One of the most valuable farms in the whole county was that of Wallace Jones. But the one drawback was the fact that the two-acre plot of Dick Greer's with its dilapidated buildings was really a corner section of the Jones' farm, and all too near the palatial home of Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Jones and family. Some of Dick's ancestors must have had settlers' rights, because this small plot had long been held in the Greer family. When Wallace purchased the farm, the owner had refused to part with the "old place," as he called it. But the lure of the prairie took possession of him; and Wallace Jones' opportunity had arrived.

Particularly busy was the day following the oyster supper; but the one extraordinary event of the day was the presence of Nathan Bings at the home of Dick Greer. He had called during the morning, and remained fully two hours. Then late in the afternoon he had returned in company with a well-known lawyer. Speculation ran riot, for it had not been generally known that Dick was going to move away; but next day the solution came in the news that Nathan Bings had purchased the Greer home.

"Wallace, you were too slow in closing that deal"

said Mrs. Jones to her husband, as they discussed this latest real estate exchange.

"Yes, I reckon I should have hustled the thing through; but I never thought of anyone hearing about it. Blamed if I'm not yet puzzled how it became known," answered Wallace.

Complete particulars were soon in possession of all the neighbors. The purchase sum was \$650, just one hundred in advance of the amount promised by Wallace Jones, who of course had reduced Dick to his lowest terms, believing that there could be no rival purchaser. It was generally admitted that even at this higher figure, it was a real bargain. Surely Nathan had been a benefactor to an even hundred.

What Nathan Bings would do with his newly acquired property worried the Jones family for some weeks after. He might use it for a glue factory, for all they knew; or lease it as a dynamite depot. There remained but one thing to do; and

that was to buy the property.

Nathan was approached. His first and final answer was \$850, and at that he declared it good value. So it was. And lest further unexpected complications should develop, Nathan was immediately tendered ten dollars to clinch the bargain. Twenty-four hours later the name of Wallace Jones appeared on the books of the County Registry as the sole and rightful owner of that tract of land formerly known as the Dick Greer property.

For three years now the telephone system had been working successfully in Mineola; and the company, being anxious to extend their work to another section, issued a booklet describing the beautiful location of the place, and the satisfaction the new system had given, adding to this a few testimonials from the citizens.

The book was interesting; but by far the most interesting and unexpected thing in it was the following complimentary message:

"Gentlemen:—My first duty is to apologize to you for my conduct in trying to obstruct proceedings when the line was instituted. My greatest pleasure is now to state that we would not be without it. Personally I have found it of considerable financial advantage, and it has made our home a happier spot. Furthermore, I can joyfully trace directly to the telephone the possession of two of the finest sons-in-law to be found in the whole county.

"Yours truly,

"NATHAN BINGS."

But to this day most people in Mineola, recalling the Wallace-Greer episode, firmly maintain that his admiration for the telephone was solely because of its magic power to increase his store of this world's goods. And furthermore, that Nathan Bings would not have counted in his sons-in-law had they not been reputed to be worth upwards of thirty thousand dollars each. A fairly good example of a changed outlook in a man who hated a rural 'phone.

THE YANKEE AND THE HUN

GERARD'S second book is the kind of thing that irritates some people. And then they go on and read it to the end just to see how irritated they can be.

For a book without an atom of style or knowledge or how to write Face to Face With Kaiserism is quite remarkable.

James W. Gerard is evidently a born gossip. He prattles along like a comfortable old grand-aunt who has known your family long before you were born. His book has scores of pages that have as much to do with Kaiserism as some people's self-denial has with winning the war. But it has all sorts of chit-chat about old families, and queer tribes of people, and quaint customs, and how "Mrs. Gerard and I" along with M. Hanotaux and M. Ribot and Jules Cambon and several learned people at breakfast in Paris discussed the art of war as revealed in Bloch's book written long before the war.

All this is very naive and quite enjoyable. Gerard understands that anything he can spin out to an extra page will be read, and that the edition is sure to run into hundreds of thousands. If he had been planning this invasion of the American public since 1914 he could not have managed it better. But if he had followed the example of James J. Hill and handed over his memoranda to somebody who knew the elements of writership he might have produced a work capable of making a huge, powerful drive on the American public. As it is—we read it and pass on.

Unimpressed? Oh no. Let us give Gerard his due. He has acted the good scout. He has a newspaperman's sense of what people will read. And he knows what the American people want.

Now here was Gerard, representing the greatest republic in the world face up with the Kaiser who is the most powerful monarch under the sun. Mark Twain's Yankee at King Arthur's Court was nothing compared to this. Here were the two greatest contrasts in the world; this alert, democratic Yankee who announced that he would stay in Germany "until hell freezes over" confronted by the ponderous and inscrutable secrecy of all that blood-hunting great General Staff which he says is the real power of Germany, and by the Kaiser whose ambition, as stated by Mr. Gerard, was to do for the butchery and enslavement of mankind what Caesar and Alexander and Napoleon had failed to do. Here was the typewriter opposed to the Siegfried sword; "Pike's Peak or bust" arrayed against "Is est verboten"; the skyscraper against the Zeppelin; government by headlines compared to government by muzzling the press. And the result is a genial book of first-rate gossip with some shrewd ideas scattered through where nobody can find them, along with a few attempts to impress the American people, first, with the monstrosity of the Hun; second, with the potentiality of the Yankee.

With such material on such a stage what, for instance, would James Russell Lowell, once Ambassador to England not have done with that wizard pen of his? Or the late Ambassador Hay?

James W. Gerard's Face to Face with Kaiserism should have been the greatest indictment of the King of the Huns ever printed. All he needed was somebody to write what he knows.

BY THE EDITOR

However, let us be thankful for small mercies. Gerard made a marvelous collection of interesting miscellanea. He has a genius for burrowing into more or less secret places. And his book with all its lack of dramatic punch may be crudely catalogued with Pepys' Diary and Boswell's Johnson.

Undoubtedly Mr. Gerard abominates despotism. He says so. But he deeply admires the Kaiser, and he devotes several pages to admitting it.

"In conversation," he says, "the Emperor reminds one very much of Roosevelt, talking with the same energy, the same violence of gesture and of voice."

"In appearance and conversation the Emperor William is very manly. His voice is strong, with a ring in it. He is a good rider."

"In my conversation with the Emperor I have been struck by his knowledge of other countries, lands which he had never visited."

"A friend of mine," he says, "who was present at Kiel with his yacht, in 1910, tells me that when all the yachts and warships had been assembled along the narrow waterway with the crews lined up on deck or manning the yards, with bands crashing and banners floating, the Hohenzollern slowly steamed into the harbor. Alone on the upper bridge stood the Monarch, attired in full military uniform, with white coat and tight breeches, high top boots, shining silver breastplate and silver helmet, surmounted by an eagle, the dress of the Prussian Guard Regiment, so dear to those who portray romantic and kingly roles upon the stage, a figure on whom all

eyes were fixed, as splendid as that of Lohengrin, drawn by his fairy swan, coming to rescue the unjustly accused princess."

All very fine. But why admire it?

"When I talked at length one day with President Wilson on my visit to America in October, 1916, he remarked, half to himself, in surprise at my tale of war, 'Why does all this horror come on the world? What causes it?' 'Mr. President,' I answered, 'it is the king business.'

"I did not mean nominal kings as harmless as those of Spain and England. I was thinking of the powerful monarchs."

Poor George! But George was very much alive to the "honor" when he flung that first little army and the great navy at the Kaiser's head.

GERARD admits that the Kaiser is an intriguer and gives some personal instances of this. But half of what he has to say about Wilhelm is eulogy. Away in the back of the book he begins a chapter thus:

"Once the Kaiser said to me, 'I wish I had as much power as your President. He has far more power than I have.' What would the Kaiser say of the power and prestige now enjoyed by the President?"

Did James W. Gerard really hate a despot? Did he understand the Kaiser's capacity for dispensing—buncombe? Evidently the Kaiser wished him to forget that the powerful President of to-day would be the private citizen of to-morrow, while Kaiserhoods go on forever.

In the same chapter he remarks, "Since the war the cabinets of England have twice changed radically, that of France five times, and Italy very frequently."

"How much more enduring is our government!" he says.

Quite so. There is no War Cabinet in the United States. In fact there is no responsible government at all, because the heads of departments do not sit in Congress, are not elected by the people, but chosen by the President. And some of the ablest critics in the United States are asking why, if Germany's despotism changes its lords, the Cabinet of President Wilson is unalterable.

Gerard says that the one force in Germany which ultimately decides every great question except the fate of its own head, is the Great General Staff. To this he gives the Kaiser second place. But he does not make it plain that the Kaiser is the man who impresses the German people, and that he does it in a way which is just about the same thing as President Wilson or Roosevelt spellbinding a crowd of Americans. He believes that the Kaiser, however, directed the Lusitania horror. He says that the only defect in the character of the Crown Prince is his mania for war; in other words, the young man would be all right if he were not a professional butcher of mankind. He thinks that at present the Hohenzollerns are safe. But he also predicts that

(Continued on page 27.)



This "landing on the west front" by Uncle Sam, done by the Baltimore American, is what Mr. Gerard's books are intended to help along.



B O N J O U R !

DOWN the St. Lawrence we have the greatest picture-gallery of history to be found in America. The more the rest of Canada finds out about Quebec, the better for—everybody. But perhaps Ontario would like to be visited by Quebec.—The Editor.

By QUEENIE FAIRCHILD

EVERYONE has read Dickens's "Christmas Carol" and remembers that the Spirit of "Christmas Present" called out to old Scrooge as he looked around the door, "Come in, and know me better, man!" It is to young Canadians I would say, "Come and know us better"; for it is to the boys and girls now growing up that we must look for better understanding in years to come; at present they have no political or strong religious prejudices to combat, and if my outline for a visit to Québec is ever carried out, our young guests would soon find that a spouting politician does not by any means represent his constituents in the sense of resemblance, nor does the policy of the Roman Catholic Church affect the kindly feeling between some priest and his Protestant neighbor.

Travelling within the boundary of our Dominion should be fraught with great benefit to young provincials if a vacation were to be spent in old Québec. No doubt the youngsters are primed with as yet meaningless dates and names of Québec history, but it will not be until they reach Montreal that they will receive their first impression of being in a different country.

From Montreal to Gaspé Peninsula will stretch out a choice of innumerable villages on either side of the St. Lawrence, each will furnish the same delightful study of local life, but again each will have some little characteristic that might be missed in the next "parish," as every nine miles or so is called of which the Roman Catholic Church is the centre. "Above" and "below" Québec is another old French division of all the Province, and it would be hard to say which part has best conserved the old world flavor. "Below" has a more nautical twang, and the North Shore the more rugged conditions of living.

Let us imagine our family settled down near Québec either "en pension," or occupying a farm house from which its owners have moved out into a smaller summer cottage built just across the yard so that "Madame," although busy from morning to night with her own work, may also be right on hand to make extra money by doing anything for her English boarders. All children think they are Christopher Columbuses when it comes to discovering anything new to themselves, and would find out more interesting facts about French-Canadian habits than I can describe, and even another language seems a trifling obstacle between children of different races.

Nowhere on this continent have the same traditions of family life, as lived in Europe three centuries ago, been kept so unchanged as along the shores of the St. Lawrence. Perhaps it is the view of the big river sweeping by in front of the fields, or the sight of the blue Laurentian Mountain tops along the sky line at the rear of the cultivated upland, but attribute it to what one will, there is a "something" that lends a charm of setting to what in other places would be just the ordinary farm surroundings. True, the house will be furnished with articles that in cities are called "handicraft," but neither "M'sieu" nor "Madame" Habitat think them anything but the natural using up of any materials they had on hand to spin, weave, or make with an axe or clasp knife. Pictures of saints will adorn the walls, a little cross, "sacred heart," or sprig of dusty balsam blessed last Palm Sunday will be tacked above the door; and young people of another faith would be warned from the first to accept these

emblems without comment that would offend. The familiar exclamation of "Mon Dieu" is not to be considered as swearing, and the Saints will be alluded to as persons very real, by children in their play.

There will be much a little French-Canadian girl can teach her English-Canadian sister, although it may not be culled from text books used in the convents, but she will be instructed there how best to live, to love her church, to have nice manners, and in her turn to settle down to be a hard-working mother or other good citizens. Between the boys I think the English-speaking Canadian could instill a greater spirit of fair play in games and plead for kinder treatment of horses and dogs, for a love for those animals such as Englishmen feel as a sporting race, is not inherent to the French. On the other hand the French-Canadian youth has an instinctive knowledge of wild nature, of hunting, trapping and camping; he is born with an axe in his hand. There are few parishes not within reach of the "bush," nor without a nearby trout stream. So let the boys get into "bottes sauvages" and go off together for a glorious day's outing, play Indian to their hearts' content, even try to smoke tabac Canadienne without too unhappy results, and return with added boyish respect for each other, for if one can show greater skill, the other can always rely on his English pluck.

The girls, too, will be interested in the preparations for some religious "feast" as it is called, but nothing as material as eating has any part in the ceremonies. The patron saint's day will be sure to be observed in the parish under his or her protection, the village streets will be decorated with maple branches and the girls will look like a flock of tiny brides as they walk in the procession, marshalled by the nuns. People go abroad to see Brittany, and rave about a Brittany "Pardon" when they can see equally picturesque ceremonies in Québec. English-Canadian children would go back to their Protestant Sunday Schools with a better understanding that there were no dark mysteries in the Roman Catholic Church, only a wonderful strength to carry out all her obligations that passes our comprehension.

All sorts of new dishes will be tasted, beginning and ending with pea soup. Madame will be begged to make delicious pancakes (crepes) rolled in maple sugar; pull "latire" (molasses candy) or beat sucre a la creme to just the right consistency. If a boucherie takes place during the visit, most remarkable things will be made out of poor piggie.

Village folk will not be all cut out in the same commonplace pattern, but each one a character study in himself. An old beggar travelling from parish to parish asks alms in the name of the Bon Dieu, and is never refused the cent that gains them a blessing. Quaint old houses, women baking at out-of-door ovens, wayside crosses, barns with thatched roofs, oxen drawing heavy carts, and a hundred and one subjects fit for an artist's brush can be snapped just as well by kodaks if young people are shown how to appreciate the picturesque-ness before their eyes.

For boys and girls who are just at the age when books are the joy of life, a greater knowledge can be gained of French Canada by the choice of a few good histories and romances founded on real events, that could be studied between sight seeing.

The Voyages of Champlain can now be read in English, as can many of the best authorities on Canada. "The Canadians of Old," by Philippe Aubert de Gaspé will ever remain one of the happiest pen pictures of the old seignorial manner of living. "The Golden Dog," by William Kirby, would stir the imagination of the dullest person, even if he could not take the book and read the opening page on the very ramparts of Québec, follow the characters from place to place, driving out on the roads leading to the country places mentioned, and so on with more absorbing interest in each page. Sir Gilbert Parker's "Seats of the Mighty," would be the next book to read, as it is about the same period of Canadian history. I remember the interest with which we children devoured the manuscript of the story and the wonderful tales Sir Gilbert used to tell us at bedtime.

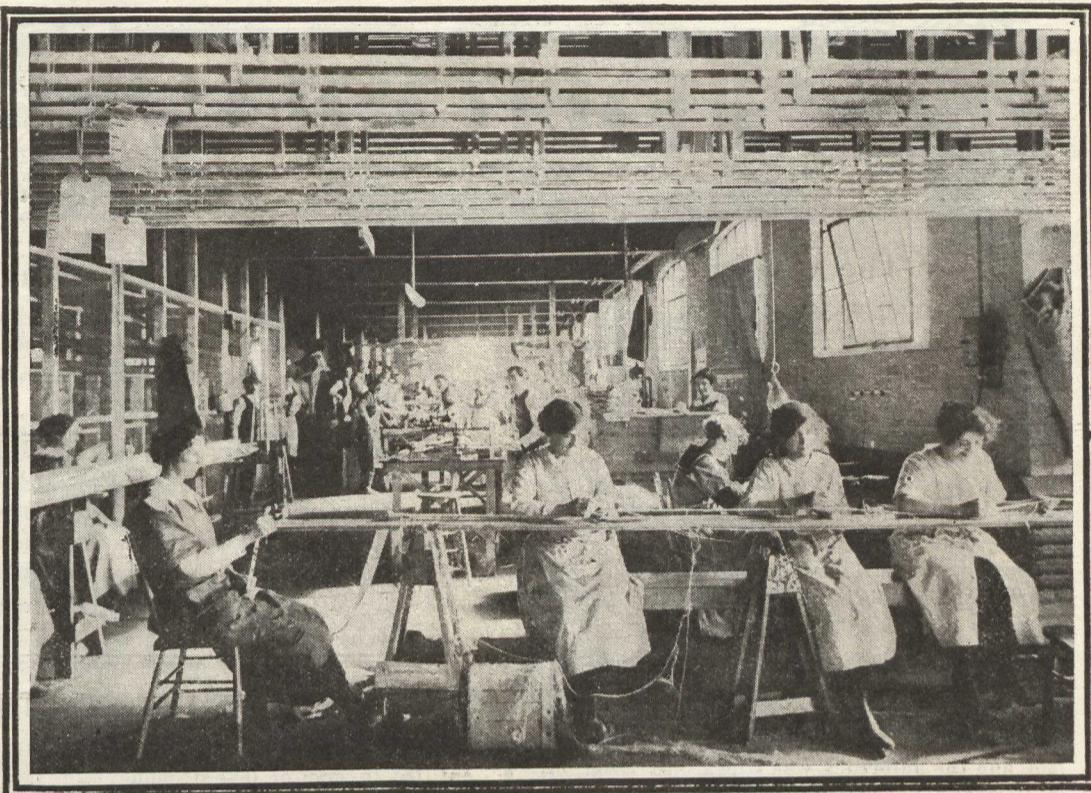
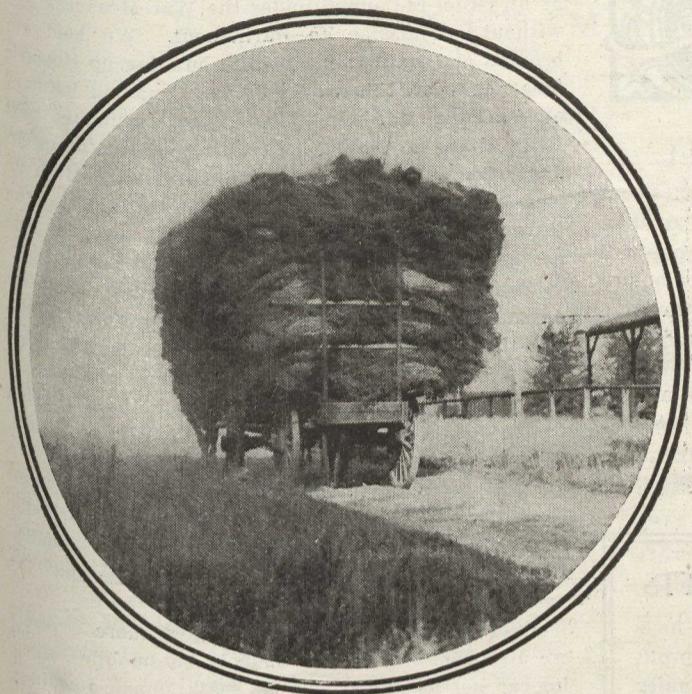
Young girls visiting Québec will enjoy the history of the convents and of the many romances that lead the pleasure-loving French girls to seek consolation in the cloister. In the Chapel of the Ursulines, the nuns of to-day still sing their service behind the grille or barred grating, that divides them from the world well lost. Votive lamps are burning yet in memory of some one loved centuries ago, although the hands that first placed them before the altar have long since become dust. Beautiful laces and vestments can be seen that were sent out from France by some of the greatest Queens and court ladies.

Henty, the well-known writer of books for boys, could never picture deeds half as heroic as those to be found in the history of early Canadian life. About Wolfe, Montcalm and Montgomery's campaigns every youth has more or less knowledge, but there are hundreds of other fights or adventures that are just as thrilling. The mere words "Voyageurs" "Coureurs de Bois," and the "Pays en haut" (the up-country), carry one's imagination off to the Great Lakes and woods. Boys are keen on the different makes of motor cars, but how many associate the name of Cadillac with Lamothe Cadillac and the history of Fort Pontchartrain, now Detroit! The adventures of LaSalle and his devoted Tont, Joliet, and La Verendrye, the discoverer of the Rockies, make fascinating reading.

It is not to be believed that French-Canadian men of this age are any less brave, but their ancestors having fought and fought until France abandoned them to the English, they have never since felt any further instinct to fight for their country, except to defend their own hearths against American invasion in 1775 and 1812. This is the feeling English-speaking people with their wide Colonial sympathies cannot understand, and dub it as disloyalty.

But the most appealing method of learning to understand French-Canadian sentiment is through their songs, for a refrain will haunt long years after much else is forgotten. Young people who have sung on a summer's evening in the Province of Québec about poor "Alouette," or of going to "La Claire Fontaine," and paddled their canoes to "En Roulant," will never hear those songs without a chord of memory being touched that will draw French and English-Canadians closer.

WINGS AND WOMEN



Sewing the linen tapes over the seams in the fibre cover. Overhead a store of uncovered wings.

WOMEN have always been more or less identified with wings. But—getting rid of the angel idea—nowadays women are making the wings that men wear. Canadian girls are going into aeroplane factories. The reason why they like to go is not that they care so much about the wings, but because making wings means good wages—\$15 a week and upwards at very pleasant work, not very different from a quilting bee, with hours from 9 to 5, clean premises, not much dust and not a great deal of noise. Making wings under these conditions is the next best thing to wearing them. All wings are covered with linen, which of course is made from flax; grown in Canada for both fibre and seed (linseed); Ontario flax for fibre—a load of it shown above; western flax for oil seed. There is such a shortage in overseas flax owing to none from Russia and Belgium, and a failure last year in Ireland, that members of the Irish Linen Industry decided to raise a large fund for planting 10,000 Irish acres with western Canada oil seed, hoping that it might turn out good for fibre. But the seed bought for Ireland last year can't be shipped owing to the lack of cargo-space. So the seed must stay here. A campaign is on to increase flax acreage. The slogan, We Must Give Them Wings, is translated to mean that every acre of flax is good for a pair of wings for some Canadian aviator. Canada is going to be a flying-nation. The best aviation-atmospheric conditions in America are said to be at Beamsville, Ont., where fruit-farms are being uprooted to make air-dromes. All which is another of the restless new things created by the war.



These men will soon go. Women can paint the linen covers quite as well.

LANGUAGE AND PROPAGANDA

Editor, Canadian Courier:

In reference to my brief article of March 30, entitled "Reasons for Putting a Ban on German," some correspondents have expressed their sympathy with the views set forth therein. But they still doubt the wisdom of barring German from our higher schools of learning.

It would be foolish to continue the gilded smattering of German, for this is all that the average High School and University student really gets. He receives a hazy idea of German on the one hand, and a heavy dose of deliberate German propaganda on the other. If for the sake of argument I were to admit this smattering to be of great advantage to our students, I should at the same time in all candor be ready to also admit the deliberate German propaganda to be of a far greater disadvantage to them and to their country.

In order to make the study of German in our higher schools of learning of real value to the individual student and to our beloved country, we should have to make a bonfire of almost all German text-books at present in use, substituting new ones that are minus the German propaganda. We should have to revolutionize the teaching of German, introducing the conversational method early. Thus we would teach the language itself, instead of something about it, as we do to-day. But for that, native German teachers would be required; and how many such men without Pan-German sympathies would be found? Moreover, how many would our schools and universities want to employ in the years to come? A remedy might be found by persuading Canadian university graduates now overseas to act as German teachers after the war.

Why should we not substitute conversational Spanish for German? No trouble would confront us in getting teachers, and we need fear no Spanish propaganda. It must be plain to any observant student that Germany will start a fierce commercial battle in South America after the war, for the purpose of recapturing her pre-war trade in the Spanish-speaking South American republics. Therefore those among us who believe in studying foreign languages for "commercial reasons" should welcome Spanish in place of German.

It is idle to talk about the mental discipline gained through a study of German grammar; if this is our object, let us have Latin, a thorough and not a smattering knowledge of Latin, the "mother of languages."

H. V. RIETHDORF.

CAN YOU READ MINE?

Editor, Canadian Courier:

Your periodical is of so great interest to me that I am sorry to report that we receive your Courier very slowly—when we receive it. I am sorry that such things happen, because there comes out so small a number of intelligent papers from Ontario that I don't want to miss yours. The last received but not the least! I am glad to give you my best congratulations concerning your paper. It is probably the only one to fight for that "dam" province of Quebec.

And what about the troubles in Quebec a while ago? They were 10,000 rioters, says the Ottawa Evening Journal. No, sir, they were 200. You laugh? Well, I must know something about it. No, in the Province of Quebec, where my forefathers and father and brothers were born, there may be and must be, like everywhere (what about the Sinn Feiners?) some rioters, some fools; but the good old people of my country love his Canada better than every man from Toronto or Winnipeg. The difference is that we are Canadians born, and that we want to live on here, and die here. We have only one country, not two.

We owe nothing to France. What shall we owe her? Our culture? I don't know 100 Frenchmen who are able to say where is situated Quebec on the map. Our religion? They are losing theirs. Our courage and energy? Well, it may be, but we have kept it intact since three hundred years that we are British subjects. Thank God, my dear Mr. Editor, if we are British subjects we owe that to my grandfathers, who fought against Montgomery and Arnold, on the Quebec citadel.

I am a poor country man. I never studied English in any English college, not much in a French college, but by a little practice when I had the chance. I don't write English like Byron, Shakespeare, etc., but I can read them fluently. And what is better, I can speak English to be understood when—it is necessary. And I can read your papers. Can you read mine?

No, Mr. Editor, there is no use to try to fool the Frenchy, you can't do it. The same for me. I can't fool anyone from the "pure" Toronto city. But I can suffer to be your neighbor. Please do the same thing. Don't bother me, and I'll do the same. Respect the beautiful French language and try to learn it as well as I try to speak English, and all will be well in the best part of the world—in our dear old Canada.

J. BAPTISTE (Princeville, Que.)

EDITORIAL

The Censorship

CENSORSHIP of newspapers ought to be decreased instead of increased. Muzzling newspapers early in the war was the only safe policy. But we have been 44 months at the business of press tactics now, and we ought to be pretty well advised, if we have any sense at all, as to what is good or bad material for publication. This paper has consistently stood for a principle of reasonably supporting any government. The Toronto Telegram, for instance, has always criticized governments. In doing so both papers act independent of party politics. The Telegram may object to this; but we can't help that. "Public opinion be damned!" was a very good slogan for autocratic Russia. Public opinion suppressed, became a volcano of Bolshevism, and the autocracy was wiped out. Even in Germany public opinion has been of incalculable value to a wise paternal Government. England has benefited tremendously by her critics. Canada is in no less need of criticism. The group of high-average citizens chosen to conduct public business at Ottawa are not those of whom Job said, "No doubt ye are the people and wisdom will die with you." That group of men can wisely do this country's work only as they are in league with public opinion. The way to shut off that friendly criticism is to gag the press. A Union Government may represent more collective wisdom than a party. It cannot afford to use the gag.

Ploughs and Politics

WE think we know a real Canadian thing when we see it. And among contemporary writers the Canadian thing that strikes a root any further back than the last election is not very common. Sir John Willison's Reminiscences, beginning in the May number of the Canadian Magazine, have their hickory tap root a way back in the bush farm in Huron Co., where the writer of them first saw daylight. "The trees," he says, "were beech and maple, ash and elm, basswood and hemlock. . . . The woodpecker beat his tattoo. The squirrel chirped and gambolled in leafy branches. Plaintive voices whispered from the underbrush or came faintly from the tree-tops. . . . Near was the great tamarack marsh where we gathered cranberries. We know that the bush could be loud and angry, for we had heard the great trees wail and seen them thrash their arms in the storm. . . . The sound of the axe was heard all through the winter. The great trees were felled; the brush piled in heaps for burning, and the trunks cut into lengths for logging."

We endorse this—by reference to sundry articles appearing on this subject in the Canadian Courier. In our next instalment of Jonathan Gray's Woman, appearing in our next issue, we shall reprint a further brief extract from this very sincere and authentic narrative whose only fault is that the writer seems to tolerate the bush-back-ground because he wanted a suitable drop curtain for his political reminiscences. That is a pity. Much as we admire the political knowledge of Sir John in all its varied phases on the triangle of party politics, we consider that the vision of Canada which he had from the bush clearing looking ahead into a wonder-world of great but slow public movements, should be of more value to this country than his political reminiscences. Not many great editors were born in the bush.

Most Everybody's Budget

NEVER before, we imagine, has the individual known as Most Everybody, read a Canadian budget speech—until 1918; and that one not delivered by the Minister of Finance. Never before was there so little acrimonious debate on the budget as there promises to be this year. This Budget is extraordinary. We expected it would be. Almost anything nowadays is extraordinary. And almost any speech nowadays resolves itself into a budget. Which is precisely where we want things to get. Budgets are not like baseball, to be played by a

IDLERS, PROFITEERS AND SPENDTHRIFTS

IF there is anybody in Canada who still thinks he is entitled to save or invest money for future profit without the Government having the opportunity to check him up, he is living in the dark ages. This is a war country. The only difference between Canada and Germany as a war country, is that Germany in 1915 began to levy on the people as we are doing in 1918. We are three years behind Germany in organization of the entire country for the nation's one great business, war. All we ask of the Government is that as soon as possible we may catch up on this handicap.

But let the greatest effort of the Government be to stop every item of national waste. Every wasted effort and penny and ounce is a hindrance to our getting through with this great national business. The three greatest hindrances of all are the idlers, the profiteers and the spendthrifts. We have them all. Every country at war has had them. Germany had them all but the idlers.

The anti-loafing law should have been put into effect long ago. The I-Wont-Works are no good anywhere. Loafers in a time of world-crisis should be made to work, if necessary, by being put on bread and water with not too much bread. But loafers are still encouraged by law. Any theatre matinee or moving picture house operating in daylight is a resort of idlers for whom no daylight saving is any use. Theatres and moving-picture houses have no use for daylight. Baseball has at least the daylight advantage. But if we are to have baseball at all—and heaven only knows why we must—why not play it after six? The clock has been put ahead an hour. From the middle of May to the middle of August there is now plenty of light between six and sundown for any game of ball.

Profiteers are becoming more and more impossible, because the common sense of the average man regards a profiteer, not as a clever man, but as a criminal. The storage expert who lets food rot while he holds it for a higher price is a criminal and should be treated as such. There is now a law against private hoarding of sugar and flour. There should be a still more drastic law against public hoarding of anything beyond the necessary storage of perishable commodities during a period of non-production.

Spendthrifts alas! are on almost every street-corner. Their headquarters is the fashionable shop-window. Both the tradesman who exhibits for sale and the spendthrift who buys luxurious articles of apparel are wasting the country's labor, material and money, not to speak of the strutting standards they set up. Anybody who carries on his or her person a bigger investment in clothes and ornaments than is necessary in the performance of work and the maintenance of average respectability is a chunk of mud on the wheel of society and should be flung off.

professional team while those who pay the gate sit on the grandstand. We are all budgeteers now.

But we expect the Government, who are professionals, to play the game a little more slowly for amateurs. About a month ago we were told that the War Trade Board, chairman, Sir George Foster, recommended cutting off \$150,000,000 of U. S. ex-

ports into Canada for the purpose of stabilizing the Canadian dollar. We were led to believe by those who seemed to know that this would go into effect as an Order-in-Council under the War Measures Act, without submission to Parliament. We held our breaths and waited; meanwhile building up Homeric ideas on what this would do for Canadian industry and national self-help. Then it was intimated that there might be trouble in framing so drastic an Order-in-Council. Then the matter seemed to drop into a hole. Then—a week ago we were told that the Government would in all probability impose a one per cent tax on all purchases, no matter what.

Then on the heels of this unconfirmed rumor we have the budget, which settles everything. In the speech of the Acting Minister we find a radical revision of our war taxes, no reference whatever to the rumored one per cent, and only a timid allusion to the reduction of imports from the United States.

This is playing ball a little fast for amateurs. We all want to be in the game. We all know jolly well that we shall be. This is no revision of a tariff for the sake of manufacturers. It is a drastic application of the thumbscrew to everything that has the suspicion of luxury.

Among the "luxuries" to be taxed more severely we discover: tea, coffee, tobacco; automobiles, sleeping-car berths and parlor-car seats; music-machines, including player-pianos and phonographs; moving-picture films, matches and playing cards.

Now let us be quite clear about this. The purpose of taxing these commodities is not to make us more economical, but to raise money for war revenue. The Government must have the money. Agreed. We shall provide it. And we wish the Government had begun this "thorough" business earlier in the game. We agree on the general principle that a tax on bread, milk, meat, coal and common clothing would be bad. We are already paying high prices for these necessities and we must have them in order to do our necessary work. We can all drink less tea and coffee, by brewing more carefully. We can all smoke less and be more thrifty about the "heels" in the pipe and the siftings from the bottoms of packages. There is nobody in Canada who needs to buy any more "pleasure" automobiles. And there are some people who should be asked to confiscate a few of the palace cars they already have. If we must travel by night, an extra 25 cents a night won't make sleeping-cars more objectionable than they already are. Parlor-cars will soon be converted into day coaches if the war keeps up, so an extra tax on that won't bother us. Player-pianos were credited with bringing good music into Most Everybody's ears. Most Everybody can get along with a little more "rag" and old-time melodies. About a thousand miles of the moving-picture films already in use here can be regarded as neither luxuries nor necessities. They are outrages.

In all these things, remember, the principle is that we are gradually reverting to a more primitive state of existence, the world over. Civilization is approximating to the pioneer life. We shall have more to say about this next issue in "Prehistoric Germany of 1918." For the present, let us be thankful that the needed revenue of the Government can be got without taxing the clothes off our backs.

Canadians, Please

ONE American magazine for this month contained two un-Canadian items. On one page a writer refers to Florence Easton, famous this season as a new light in Broadway opera, as an American soprano. Florence Easton is, if anything, Canadian. She got her early choir experience and vocal training in Toronto and 13 years ago made her operatic debut in Canada under Henry Savage. If she is an American it is either because she prefers to be called such, or because the market is the place where a good vegetable grows. On another page a writer extols Admiral Sims and calls him an American. Admiral Sims was born not far from Port Hope, Ont. We don't mind letting him become a protegee of Josephus Daniels, and Florence Easton a protegee of Gatti-Casazza, because we have neither a navy nor a grand opera of our own. But we should like to insist on remembering at least where these clever people were born or brought up.

OUR CANTEEN

By ESTELLE M. KERR

Paris, March 17, 1918.

WE call it "Our Canteen," though the word hardly describes it. It is more like an unpretentious restaurant beloved by artists, but neater and cleaner than any I have seen. The wooden shacks which house it do not realize my conception of the word "hut"—yet that is what they are called in military parlance. Oh, yes, we are the "militaire"; you can tell that by the sentry boxes at our gates, painted in the tri-color.

Rows of long brown sheds of mushroom growth have sprung up on the ramparts, by the Bois de Boulogne, through the courtesy of the French Government to the various war charities. Their temporary character explains their crudity; but nothing can remain ugly for long in France, and gardeners have been at work training vines and planting hedges. The huts that are perched on the higher ground, approached by winding steps, have assumed the air of Swiss Chalets, belied by rows of formal flower pots that are typically French. A gravelled court-yard and garden has been laid out in the centre, and the huts around it are painted green to relieve the dull monotony of the brown.

THE majority of the sheds serve as packing-rooms or storehouses; a few are used as offices, but the strict economy of space admits of no ornamentation. Only in the canteen has fancy been allowed to breed, and the furnishings are so simple, so in keeping with the character of the place, that even a professional decorator must admit it to be an unqualified success. The walls are cream with a dado of deep yellow bordered with painted flowers to match the bold decoration on the Breton china. The tables are covered with checked red and white oil-cloth; the napkins and the gingham curtains have the same design; and the deep yellow buffet forms a pleasing background for the latest patriotic designs in mustard pots. Flags and military emblems are rampant; the French cock struts on every plate, while every bowl and jug celebrates a hero or utters a patriotic sentiment. The framed prints echo them, especially one which expresses the spirit of the whole canteen: "L'Entente Plus Que Cordiale."

MORE than cordial is the handsome host, M. Galley, as he moves about with a military air among the tables. He who formerly ran two hotels in Paris now presides over this little canteen; but he is serving France none the less, and performing his military duty in this way. It is not very glorious work, perhaps, but we all work better as a result of the excellent luncheons he serves. It is pleasant to be treated as "militaires." Things which are forbidden to civilians may be obtained here. Butter is served no longer; but there is milk for our tea, which cannot be purchased in the most expensive restaurants of Paris after 9 a.m.

For luncheon we have a variety of hors d'oeuvres, then fish or omelette, then a meat course with vegetables as only the French know how to cook them, followed by cheese, fruit and coffee—all this for less than half the price one would pay elsewhere.

THE canteen comprises three huts. The first is brighter than the others; it has a gravelled floor and is painted a light bluish-green. The windows are covered with a trellis, which will soon be draped with climbing vines. At twelve o'clock the workers begin to seat themselves in their customary places. The table by the door is usually occupied by nun-like women in white. They are not nurses, as their costume suggests, but workers "pour les Blessés," who spend their days making splints of papier mache, and other surgical requisites to bring inestimable comfort to the mutilated.

A great contrast to these aesthetic garments are the rough serge suits of the chauffeurs at the next table, which is reserved for the motor drivers of the Canadian Red Cross. I wish I could say they

LITTLE Chauffeuse who has spent three days man-handling her mud-plugged car, tells her friends in the canteen that when she gets her three-weeks leave she will lie all day on a sofa in a pink satin negligé and have her nails manicured. But the girl who has three stars on her sleeve says "Wait till you get sent to the Front and—by jove, it's nearly two o'clock. Come on girls."

were all Canadians, but there are only two who share my birthright. They are sent here by the British Red Cross and their work lies chiefly among the French. The bales of goods they distribute have been packed by Canadian hands, and the word "Canada" displayed in large red letters across their roomy warehouses and over their garage, thrills me every time I pass by.

Their coats and skirts of dark blue are eminently practical for driving; a red cross badge ornaments their peaked caps, and they are obliged to wear this severe uniform during their entire stay in France. Earlier in the day they may be seen washing, greasing and oiling their heavy motor ambulances, dressed in dark overalls and high rubber boots. Even off duty on a Sunday afternoon they never relapse into "civies" as the rest of us are apt to do. We call them "the Canadians," regardless of their birthplace; and they reflect great credit on the country they represent.

NO salaries are paid to the chauffeurs, but a bill-letting allowance goes far toward meeting their living expenses in Paris.

"Driving in the city is child's play," they will tell you, "compared with the work we have to do up the line. In some places we are obliged to work seventeen hours at a stretch; at others we are twelve hours on duty and twelve off. Here our work is more methodical. Sometimes we take parties of wounded to concerts and theatre parties; sometimes we carry them from the trains to the hospitals. Often we deliver goods. Our touring cars are used for taking officers of the Society on visits of inspection; and whenever a disaster occurs in Paris, through air-raids or explosions, our ambulances are ordered out."

They are not required to have an extensive knowledge of mechanics; but six months' driving experience, as well as practice in taking care of a car, is essential. Their eyes are brighter and their cheeks redder than those of the girls at the next table.

"If you aren't as strong as an ox the work will kill you," they say; but they love it just the same.

IN the last room the sergeants attached to the "Entrepot des Dons" have their meals. Smart-looking young Frenchmen they are, some in blue, some in khaki. Occasionally our black-bearded chief with the red ribbon, the Legion of Honor, in his button-hole, honors us with his presence. He represents the French war minister; and is in supreme authority over this military enclosure where more than a dozen war charities are established. Here too are tables occupied by Parisian lady workers in fashionable clothes; and here members of the vari-



"L'Entente Plus Que Cordiale."

ous "Oeuvres" may entertain their guests. Sometimes a British officer on Paris leave joins his sister; and anyone who has once enjoyed the hospitality of our canteen is anxious to repeat the experience.

Workers for the Duryea Committee, in blue aprons and head-dresses, who have been packing cases with good things for hungry and homeless refugees, come in to lunch; and groups of girls who are doing similar work for the American Red Cross have a couple of tables near the window reserved for them.

ON cold days the central room, off the kitchen, is the most attractive; and the workers who have patronized the canteen from the beginning—before the other two rooms were added—love it best. Beneath a casement window is a table that is always occupied by workers for the French War Emergency Fund, in their neat khaki uniforms. The little French cocks embroidered on their hats and collars repeat the decoration on the china; while the "Oeuvre Anglaise" embroidered on the sleeve-bands is the title by which the Society is most generally known to the people of Paris, who find F. W. E. F. rather too complicated.

At this particular table sits the chief of the Paris depot, with five silver stars on her sleeve-band, each star representing six months of service. She and the three or four other workers at that table wear their hair cut short—"à la guillotine," the French call it. They say it is for comfort; but it looks so well with the practical little cloth hats we are obliged to wear, that one may be pardoned for suspecting that the persistently feminine love of harmony may have inspired some of the number.

As a new arrival—a humble chauffeuse with the conventional number of hair-pins—I cannot aspire to a seat at this table; but I can at least sketch it from my place at the other side of the doorway. The ladies are busy talking—there are only three here to-day—and they don't pose as well as the cocks on the china plates, and the checks of the cloth in front of me. Even they are not immovable, for Madeleine, the pretty black-haired waitress, insists on offering me food.

We try to avoid talking business during meal-time; but it is inevitable. I have so many questions to ask the other chauffeurs—how to get the advice of a skilled mechanic; where a certain tool may be obtained; what is the best thing to use for cleaning one's hands. This last problem is one of

great importance, and it gives a hint of another reason why we motor drivers sit together. We are jealous of the pink finger-tips of the office-workers; even the hands of the packers are clean compared with ours; while the workers in the hospital canteens shudder on beholding them, for of all branches of the service, ours is the dirtiest. This worries us. We have discovered a variety of grease and coal tar solvents, and test them under the cold tap in the courtyard. The result does not satisfy a fastidious taste.

Paris is still gay for those who seek pleasure.

The opera is always crowded; queues wait before the most popular theatres; the shops are filled with pretty clothes; but such distractions are not for women war workers. The new recruits miss them most. One little chauffeuse who has spent the last three days overhauling a muddy car that has just come from the front, is already planning how to spend the three weeks' leave that are granted to us at the end of six months' service.

"I shall lie all day long on a sofa, clad in a pink satin negligee, and have my nails manicured," she says. "I may sometimes ride in a limousine, but I

shall never, never look at the inside of a car again!"

But the girl who has three stars on her sleeve laughs and says, "When your leave comes, you won't want to go home. Just wait until you get sent to the Front, and you'll feel that the work is worth while!" Then she looks at her wrist watch. "By Jove! It's nearly two o'clock. Come on, girls, let's get back to work. Au revoir, M. Galley!" And jabbering a mixture of French and English, the patrons of the canteen wave a gay farewell to their good friend the Frenchman and quickly disperse to their respective garages.

MORE ABOUT BIRDS

By YOUR UNCLE DUDLEY

The Amateur



The Gay and Audacious Yellow-Hammer.

No town garden is truly happy without a high-holer somewhere in the neighborhood. But one high-holer family are enough for a whole block. You will find in any section of a town twenty robins to one yellow-hammer. And any child who doesn't know the yellow-hammer song has something coming to him yet.

I don't think this bird is found very far north on the prairies, mainly because he needs trees. He is probably not found in British Columbia so much because the trees there are too big; though one would fancy him very much at home in the Okanagan Valley. And he must be a great favorite down in the orchard-lands of the Maritime Provinces

SCREW the field-glasses down a bit and listen a little more intently—and you are in a mood to appreciate the oriole. One of these is a common, but always aristocratic visitor in town gardens. The other two must be searched after in the country.

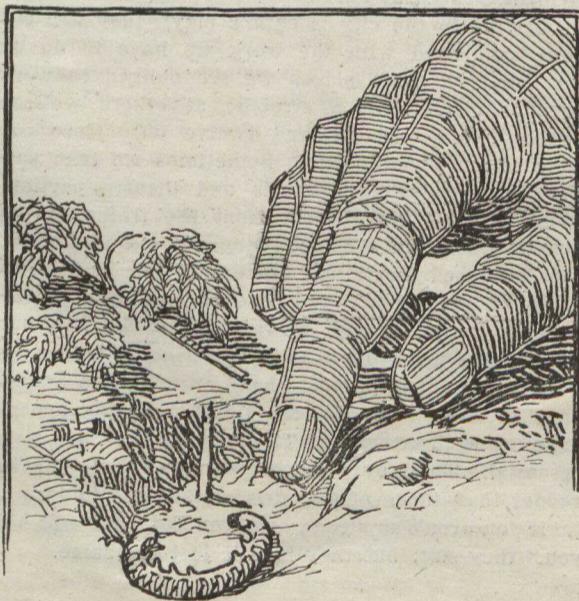
The scarlet oriole that used to dart through the slash like a whole red sunset compressed into a little ball has not been seen for years. He was a note of almost unbelievable joy. The uglier the slash the better he liked it. And he seldom came near enough to the house to see whether anybody liked him or not. The orchard oriole with a dull bronze hue on his little vest was much more sociable. He liked the grubs and he had his nest deftly hung in an appletree, as fine a bit of pouch-work as ever you saw.

The town oriole—though he's just as much at home in the country—is the Baltimore. And he is a dandy. Literally so; as well-tailored a little fop as ever was with his golden-orange vest and his black coat. He could go down bird-Piccadilly and be reckoned the finest gentleman of them all.

And that whistle of his—you never can hear anything more deliriously optimistic in a million miles. He has only about three distinct notes in his scale and he never does any Galli-Curci business with them either. He just drops his little whistling-Rufus song in little bits wherever he happens to be as sudden as a streak of lightning. Some birds start low and work up to a climax. Not so the Baltimore. He whistles at your ear, laughs as he does it, and is gone again. Not a bit shy and by no means familiar. One of the joys of both spring and summer, for his song carries on down till late in the season

THOSE GRUB AND INSECT PESTS

By A BROOKER KLUGH



No. 1.—The Garden Submarine
THE CUTWORM

close up their breathing-pores, and suffocate them.

The cutworm is the first pest against which the gardener has to contend. He destroys the whole plant by cutting it off at the surface of the soil and is particularly prone to attack young plants of tomato, cabbage, cauliflower, etc., which have just been set out. Cutworms are the larvae of medium-

sized, usually brown or grayish, moths, and are smooth caterpillars about an inch to an inch and a half in length.

usually greenish-gray and greasy looking. There are many species of cutworms, a common one being the Spotted Cutworm.

Where a plant has been cut down the culprit may as a rule be discovered by turning over the soil just round the plant.

The best method of protecting plants which are set out is to place a collar of stiff paper round them, setting it three inches into the ground, and leaving two inches projecting above the soil.

When cutworms are very abundant they should be given a feed of poisoned bran. In preparing this bait 6 pounds of bran should be moistened with 1 quart of water in which 1 ounce of sugar has been dissolved and then 1 ounce of Lead Arsenate thoroughly mixed in. The bait should be spread about after sundown, since the cutworms work at night, and it is essential that the mixture be moist, as while in this condition it is very attractive to the cutworms but they will not touch it if it is dry.

TO all of which anybody who in sandy soil has spent his choicest swear-words on the cutworms will say Amen! Except to the certainty of fighting the cutworm by any method known to man. I have tried the poisoned bran. It might as well have been a bran picture. Mere camouflage. Other people may find it successful. I did not. The bran was all there next morning. So were the cutworms—and the cut tomato plants and cobs—15 cents apiece—and the petunias. I have tried wrapping tomato plants in heavy brown paper. And I have found cutworms working right inside the paper. I have

(Concluded on page 17.)

LAST year many who were patriotically endeavoring to make their gardens produce to the maximum

were sadly disappointed with the results, chiefly because of the attacks of insects. It is therefore my purpose, in this series of little articles, to deal with the most serious insect pests of the garden, to show how they may be recognized and how they may be fought. Furthermore, it is my aim to point out, in advance, what insects should be looked for, and thus to place the reader in a position to deal with a pest the moment it is discovered, and with this aim in view I shall endeavor to keep about a week ahead of the insects.

We can divide insects into two groups—those which go through a complete metamorphosis and those which do not. By complete metamorphosis we mean that the insect passes through four stages—the egg; the larva, which is usually an active feeding stage and in which stage the insect is termed a caterpillar, grub, maggot or "worm"; the pupa, also termed cocoon and chrysalis, which is a resting stage; and the adult. This kind of life-history is shown by the Moths, Butterflies, Beetles and Flies. In incomplete metamorphosis the insect has no larval or pupal stage, but after hatching it goes through a series of moults, after each of which it more closely resembles the adult, until it becomes mature. This is the life-history of the Bugs, Locusts, and Grasshoppers.

The second important consideration is the way in which an insect feeds, that is, whether it gets its food by biting or sucking. If it is a biting insect it may be poisoned, but in the case of insects which such the juices of plants it is obviously useless to try to poison them, and they must be treated with some substance which will adhere to their bodies,

PERCY'S PERPLEXITIES ON THE FARM

PERCY CUMMINGS made one initial discovery the first week on the Dundreary farm. His brain must get into harmony first; his body next. Of course Mr. Hookwell wasn't paying him \$30 a month and his board for just brains. But Percy wasn't farming just to help Mr. Hookwell and his country. He intended to make the farm regenerate himself. He had determined to make a new man of Percy Cummings; a being in which body and mind were united in a moral purpose. Which was very inspiring to contemplate, as most moral self-reforms are. It was in the practical working out that the troubles began.

Having shut out of his mind all tender regards for his former estate, Percy took a physical inventory. He had once been a platform specimen of somebody's physical culturism in Massey Hall. He could make his thin little pneumatic region into a pouter pigeon on a moment's notice; and in his room at the Hookwell's he could blow up quite a tidy little pair of puff-balls on his biceps.

When they cleaned goose wheat in the barn, Percy did the fanning-mill, and held the bags while Mr. Hookwell handled the grain.

"Quite a heft in one o' them bags," said Percy.

"Hundred and twenty-five pound, my son. What heft are you?"

"Me?—oh, about 137.50."

"I guess we'll chuck those on the wagon and tote 'em out to the field. Kin you heave one o' them?"

"Wha—at? A whole bagful?"

"Less than your own heft—why not?"

Hookwell tied the rest of the bags while Percy began his struggle, which lasted three minutes with no visible effect on the bag except to maul it over the floor, and to give Percy a very red face.

"Can't you hoist 'em, son?"

Percy let out one of his deep Yogi breaths that he had been doing his best to hoard up because he had been taught that a chest full of breath makes a man very powerful.

"N—not yet, sir."

"Put it on your shoulder."

Percy tried that—all ways.

"Oh the devil!" he blurted as he saw the farmer choke a grin. "You're stringing me. I didn't come out here to be a young Sandow. Do it yourself. I guess it'll worry you."

Hookwell calmly shouldered the bag with one hand and tossed it in.

"Oh!" mumbled Percy. "You expect me to worship you. Well, I'd like to put you through a few stunts in the gym: I guess—"

MAKING a New Man of Himself was all right as a moral purpose. The shoe pinched when a novice like Percy came up against a virtuoso like Hiram Hookwell of Dundreary.

By AUGUSTUS BRIDLE



Then he laughed at himself. There was no other way. Hookwell was not a hard taskmaster, though his 37 years of tussling on a farm had made him a vastly different kind of body and brain from anything Percy had ever been acquainted with. He was so amazingly versatile. Hookwell was a whole cycle of labor unions in one man. He had made himself expert in seven kinds of machinery, both to operate and to tinker; in twenty kinds of field-work, with or without horses; in milking and tending cattle, horses and pigs, familiar with all their food needs, their medicines, their harness, etc.; able to synthesize his whole farm as shrewdly as though it were a factory; to keep books, estimate costs and profits, shrewdly examining the markets; to kill insects and rust in wheat and to put the necessary "pep" into any kind of soil depending on its drainage and chemical composition; to run his electrical machinery operated by hydro; to preside at township meetings and write petitions and do tax computations—and all this without any theories about how much more capable a good farmer is than anybody else.

WHEN he contemplated the virtuosity of Mr. Hookwell, Percy humbly decided that he had better lose no time making himself technically efficient when the man wasn't looking. It was Hookwell's panther speed and critical eye that made Percy nervous.

So one morning before breakfast Percy decided that he would harness his own team of Clydesdales, while Hookwell was milking the cows by the hydro-electric method. He got the collar on the off horse. Easy. Now if the rest of the harness had been in sections that might have been easy also. But it was all one conglomeration, consisting of back-band, tugs, belly-band, martingales, reins and breeching-straps, of which Percy did not even know all the names. He took it gingerly off the pegs and flung it on the back of the horse. Had he followed his inclinations he would have mounted the animal and from there proceeded to distribute the various parts.

"No wonder a horse laughs!" he said when the

thing fell on him for the third time, and then became hopelessly tangled.

"Stand over, you mutt! I beg your pardon, you're not a mutt. You know more about this than I do."

It takes a pretty tolerant horse to think you have any brains when you are trying to make the breeching

straps into a back-band; which so far as Percy could see might not be so bad if he could only make the back band do for breeching; but rings under a horse's tail certainly were not very becoming. And by the time the belly-band and the reins got into the conglomeration, Percy had one set of harness into a very awful mess. Which Mr. Hookwell swiftly disentangled with the remark,

"Say, you're worse than a cat with a skein of yarn."

"Certainly," chirped Percy. "I'm a muddle-head. But I may come out of it."

THE crops were going in. Harrow and drill, bags of oats and wheat; the teams creaking away in the smell of fresh earth, when neither man or boy had taken a bath since seeding began, and Percy's alabastine legs up to the knees were the color of an old grey sock. He got a new pair of thick cowhide boots and felt glad when his hands were as hard as the boots. Whether he earned it or not his wages came due week by week, and in the two changes of the moon he had spent nothing but the price of the boots and a few cigarettes.

Mr. Hookwell lectured him on the cigarettes. "Taint y'r morals I care so much about as my property," he said. "One cigarette butt can burn me out o' house and home."

"Awright!" consented Percy. He flung the rest of the package into the stove. "Just like that. Now, are there any more reform jobs you want me to tackle? I want to be a real farmer."

"Well, you think a little less about y'rself, and more about the work and you're all right, my son."

Advice was quite unnecessary. Percy was keen enough to anticipate all that might be coming. He went at horses and harness, harrows and cows as though he were captain of them all. He choked down his desire to be a country gentleman and flung himself on the farm. He said he was glad every morning he got up at sunrise because of the things he saw that he never had before, and the robust appetite for meals that always tasted so good and never had to be punched off on a ticket. He washed his feet at night, went to bed when the hens did, and was devoutly glad to do it. Sleep came to him like a benediction.

Thus seed-time swung along towards hoeing time. By the middle of May Percy was too tough to tucker out on a common team-trailing job, and he knew every field on the farm, the names of all the horses, the personal peculiarities of all the cows and how to call the dog. He discovered that when you call a horse you have to turn a dog-whistle upside down. And while three times out of five the dog would go after the cows when Percy called him, three times out of three the horse that was hardest to catch knew that Percy was a false alarm and refused to be cajoled by any camouflage that he was carrying a handful of oats or salt. That same baldfaced horse would come across a ten-acre field at the whistle of the boss.

Percy's straightforward tactics made an impression on Hookwell.

"Why don't you come and live on a farm?" he asked the youth.

"Oh no, no thanks! I'll stick the summer out. Back to the store for mine."

"Suppose the store's closed, my son?"

Here was a real, uncomfortable idea.

"Suppose all that's left worth keeping in this country is farms?"

"Oh, but farmers ain't everything," protested Percy. "I wasn't born to this."

GRUBS AND INSECTS

(Concluded from page 16.)

concluded that the cutworm is the garden submarine, and that as yet no devices have been created to deal with the menace effectively.

I am sure the cutworm originated in Germany. He is a born ravager. The more expensive your plants the more certain he is to cut them off. He will not eat dandelions, nor any kind of weeds. He is out to destroy your garden that costs money, and the more it costs the better he likes it. Salvias, cobias, dahlias, asters, petunias, cabbages, tomatoes—anything you transplant—are a fair mark for this subterranean submarine.

If you are a gardener in the cutworm zone the best thing you can do, besides such expedients as bran poultices and brown paper wraps is to dig your garden twice over and kill all the cutworms you can by cutting them in pieces. And above all whenever you find a plant sawn off in the morning, don't fail to dig around the ruins. You'll be sure to find the submarine, all curled up, playing dead. And every one you get is one less in the fleet. So, good luck.—Experienced Amateur.

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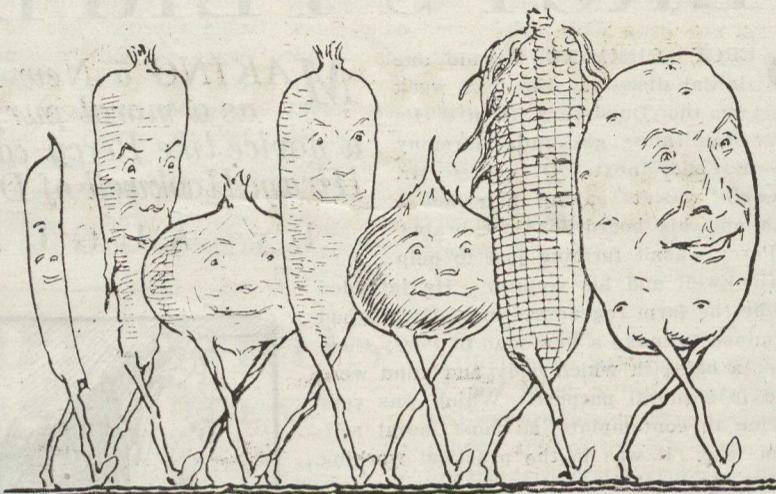
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WHAT SHALL WE GROW?



By EDWARD W. REYNOLDS

RADISHES, Lettuce and Parsley will soon be in the ornamental class along with Dahlias and Verbenas. The Potato and the Carrot, the Onion and the Bean are calling for you in 1918.

IF you can't fight, well, farm. If you can't farm, then hoe potatoes on that nearby vacant lot. Canadians in general, and the city dweller in particular, still need to be told what best to grow, how to grow it, and how to improve on last year's efforts.

A seed catalogue is now a war document; it is the literature of the S. O. S.—Soldiers of the Soil. Pater will now leave his bowls and his golf clubs in the locker. Mater will stow away her furs and her reception tea-sets, and don her gardening gloves and poke bonnet.

But what's the use unless you know what and why and how to grow? A year ago armies of gardeners were formed overnight; armies of raw recruits; men, women, boys and girls. They did not know the needs of the soil, the methods of cultivation, the nurturing of tender plants, the imperative value of an eternally relentless war against grubs and insects. The great idea was to grow and grow, to ward off the expected famine.

In the sandy wastes of some sections of the Province of Ontario, people made energetic efforts to grow a summer's supply; they worked hard and long, but their work was wasted. In Northern Ontario people grew some magnificent crops, but they were not the kind needed for a winter's supply, yet these people were the most successful. Journeying through the clay belt from North Bay to Cochrane the writer saw some excellent gardens properly located, while others were set on stony ground, yet the growing crops gave promise of good report, and the many gardens in North Cobalt, where cultivation was considered out of the question, produced some fine potatoes.

The general yield was not up to expectations. Blame the experts or the lack of them, or the experts who don't know that they do not know. Thanks to these much valuable seed and labor was wasted in 1917, because it did not produce all possible. Thanks to contradictory advice budding gardeners found themselves in a similar position to that of the parties in the fabled story of the man, the boy and the ass.

The painful sights so frequently

seen in the larger cities and towns through the country last fall should be prevented this year. There is a certain park in Toronto that should never had been set apart as a kitchen garden. The soil was absolutely unfitted for cultivation, it had been a baseball pitch for many years. The soil was absolutely hard and barren, but nevertheless it was ploughed up, and workers sweated out their evenings trying to make things grow. What was the result? A caricature of a garden; a sick ward of feeble plants; hysteria that produced nothing but anaemia.

Most people would rather listen to a pessimist than to imbibe the enthusiasm of an optimist. One disappointed gardener can do more harm than can an army of successful gardeners do good.

Every would-be gardener must **HAVE A PLAN.** This is what a good field husbandman advises: The weather is beyond our control, but we can so conduct our farming and gardening operations as to get the greatest benefit from a good season, while the same preparations will best fit our crops to withstand the injuries of bad weather. In the first case, a bumper crop is assured; in the second, most probably a fair one. Cropping operations poorly and carelessly performed, on the other hand, can only result in a medium crop in the very best of years, and in a poor year, mean a crop failure.

Experience has proved that seeds sown as soon as the land can be worked give better results than those sown later, but the problem is when to start, and in what condition shall the soil be before sowing. If land is worked too early, experts state that it is ruined for that season and for years to come.

Mr. J. A. Clark, of the Experimental Station, of Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island, puts this matter this way: "In order to get a solution of this problem of spring tillage, the following question has been asked of many hundreds of gardeners, etc., 'Will you tell the boys how to decide when to start on the land in preparation for spring planting?' The easiest method and the most frequent answer given when people speak of what they do and not what they think they ought to

(Concluded on page 30.)

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Luke 6: 25.

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We know “it is difficult to talk to the belly which hath no ears,” and it is just as difficult to persuade a person who has a full dinner before him to-day that he may want for food next month.

But you may as well let this fact sink into your mind—*the last people that Canada and the United States will allow to suffer for want of food are our fighting men*, and if a sufficient exportable surplus of food cannot be raised and saved by voluntary efforts, then very drastic rationing measures will be enforced.

It may astonish you to learn that in 1917 Ontario did not grow enough wheat for its own needs. Consequently every Ontario farmer whose land is suitable, has been urged

to sow 5 acres more spring wheat this year so that Ontario’s demand for wheat shall not be met at the expense of that portion of the Western crop that should more rightly be shipped Overseas.

For this reason every householder who has a garden or a piece of vacant land is being urged to grow vegetables, because the more vegetables that are grown and eaten in Ontario, the less wheat and meat will be consumed, and that being so, the Ontario wheat crop should then be sufficient to feed our own people, and leave more Western wheat and other foods available for export.

If you have not yet decided to plant a vegetable garden make up your mind to do so now. You will not regret it. There is still lots of time. Potatoes and beans may be planted up to June 1st and these are the best substitutes for wheat and meat.

For good, practical advice upon how to lay out and cultivate a Vegetable Garden, write for a free copy of the booklet entitled: “A Vegetable Garden for Every Home.” This has been prepared by the Ontario Department of Agriculture for the guidance of citizens who will respond to this call for increased production.

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How tremendously important copper is now as a world metal is ably indicated by Mr. Sydney Brooks in the North American Review. This is a war of metals, he says, and if copper does not furnish the base for the whole monstrous mechanism of modern war, at least it holds the second place. In war and in peace the whole electrical industry comes to a standstill without it.

Germany, the greatest importer of copper in Europe, will, when the war is over, be absolutely bare of it. What applies to Germany applies also to her Allies. The end of the war will find areas in Europe and Asia Minor inhabited by 150,000,000 people practically without a pound of copper among them. It is not easy to realize all that this means; for nowadays we consume annually over 1,000,000 tons.

Copper has won its position as an indispensable metal only within the

last forty or fifty years; and so the demand for the metal, while accentuated by the war, was not caused by it. What the war has done is to accelerate its production, and also to impose a severe drain on existing sources of supply. This brings us to a question of how long our reserves, which will have to be drawn on heavily when peace returns, will last. Copper is found more or less all over the world's surface; but the countries are very few where the beds are rich enough and accessible enough to have any appreciable effect on the world's supply. Almost sixty per cent. of the total copper production comes from the United States; so that the big mine in the United States, then, is the main element of the situation. If we take the six biggest American mines, we find that they have before them an average life of no more than 22 years. If again, we add to these the two giants in Chile, that are owned by American interests, we find that their average period of productivity may be reckoned at 27 years.

If we are really—as we seem to be—nearing a time when copper will be as relatively valuable as diamonds, the big American group that controls the copper production of the United States may institute a hold-up of the entire world. Only one thing can prevent this—and that is the discovery of fresh sources of supply.

An Economic Tragedy

HE was 19 when he left school in 1915 to go to war; left his father's office where after school hours he got small wages beginning to learn the business. He joined the Naval Service and was transferred at his own request to the Air. He is now a Flight Commander and has the D. S. O. to show that he sent below one German destroyer, one submarine and a number of Hun planes. But the point of deep significance about that young Canadian officer as related by his father is—let the father's words tell it:

"He gets \$2,750 a year. If he should get disabled before the war is over he will get on top of that \$750 a year more till the end of the war. Where is the money? Gone. He gets \$2,750 a year. He spends it all. He tells me of a dinner he gave to brother officers in London. The dinner cost him \$100. Now when that son of mine comes back to my office—at a few dollars a week for all he is worth to my business till he learns more about it—what under heaven is he going to do?"

The answer may not be obvious. But the idiocy is. Any flight commander spending \$2,750 a year is spending \$1,000 a year more than it ought to cost him. A flight commander who spends \$100 on a dinner in a country where food is scarce and money running like water is wasting somebody's substance in riotous living. A military system which allows him to spend so much money and does not compel him to save some of it for the time when he comes back to a country of too many men for the jobs is wasting more than the people's money. The thing that will be wasted is a good part of that young officer's life. Because he is an undoubted hero as a Flight Commander, is his life

work over when the war is done? If so, then this country is not standing behind the men at the front as it should. Somebody is blundering. The war has let loose too much money. And the money is far too cheap, because the things that money can buy are so infernally, pitifully scarce. The pin scratches us now. We shall get the knife presently. There are banks, trust companies, all sorts of institutions in Canada able to take care of the money that the young officer does not need. And the young officer will need the money.

Percy's Perplexities

(Continued from page 17.)

"Makes no difference. You can learn it."

"Yes—and forget it likewise."

This Bolshevikian idea that a townsman is no better than an agriculturist rather disturbed Percy, who didn't encourage too much free discussion on the subject.

Sunday was awkward. All the Hookwells went to church in the motor. Percy stayed at home writing letters and reading popular stories.

"Dear Maisie," he wrote to the manicure girl, "I'm not coming to town for a long while. I'm getting converted. You wouldn't know me. I wouldn't dare trust myself in town for fear I'd vamoose on this farmer. Oh, I'll stick it out. Honest Injin, though, I'm beginning to like it. Why don't you join the S. O. S.? Quit that sissy-business in the barber shop."

Then he went on to describe all the delights of a bucolic existence; all about the apple blossoms and things we used to sing about but never knew.

"You come and be an S. O. S. and I'll marry you," he wound up blithely.

(To be continued.)

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Four April Concerts

Fag-End of the Season finds Local Artists in Good Form and quite as Interesting as some Itinerants.

By THE MUSIC EDITOR

ALL the concerts spoken of in this column took place in the last few days of April, which is not a good time for criticizing music. The first was a mixture of sociability, music and refreshments. Some war fund—no matter which—needed the critic's dollar as much as anybody else's, with an extra 25 cents for coffee and cake. But these were merely the practical result. The engaging cause was a very enjoyable song recital by Mrs. A. H. E. Procter, who is a mezzo soprano of high range and much dramatic ability in some things. She sang twenty-one times. No artist could have sung oftener, with greater certainty and apparently more ease, so exacting a programme. We cheerfully record the fact that not one of these put us to sleep, which is a good thing, because there was always so much worth while going on. Mrs. Procter has the gift of investing her songs with the local color and the dramatic quality which in some singers does a good deal to make up for purely vocal qualities and lyric charm. Some of her songs were lyric gems. She has a good stage presence; an unmistakable personal quality in her work. She was ably assisted by Mr. Blachford in violin obligato and Mr. Harvey Robb at the piano.

THE second was a debut performance by Mme. Rubanni, who is also a Canadian and who seems destined by natural endowment, whatever teaching she may have had or missed, for big work on the coloratura stage. Rubanni—to use her "spaghetti name," is right in the fashion of coloraturas. She has a range as great as that of Emma Beach Yow, a big tonality, a striking flexible ease in all the nuances of bel canto and an inexhaustible vigor. Sometimes her vigor is overplus. There is nothing she will not essay. Some things she has not learned how to do. Her value is in what she may yet achieve. She has great potentiality and a promise of considerable vocal charm. Is she also to be a Galli-Curci imitator?

LEO SMITH, Mus. Doc., is never at a loss for a new sensation as a cellist and composer. His cello recital last week, in which he was accompanied at the piano by that other able Englishman, Mr. H. A. Fricker, was an ultra-modern exposition of great talent in both playing and composition. Leo Smith has a picturesque style with the cello, which he understands in its sub-human qualities very well. He is not always so obviously lyric as one might wish. He prefers the descriptive and the suggestive. In a word he Debussyizes. Now that Debussy is dead, this is legitimate. But the best work he did at his recital was a thing by Locatelli, a not well-known old composer of great charm. His most characteristic combination was the pair of descrip-

(Continued on page 28.)



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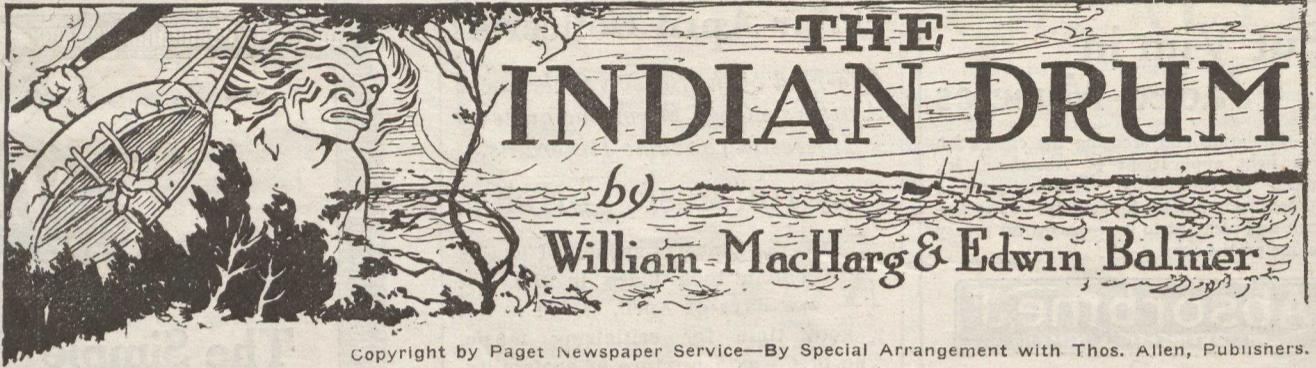
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THERE was no more than this. Constance let the papers fall back upon the desk and looked to her mother; Mrs. Sherrill loosened her fur collar and sat back, breathing more comfortably. Constance quickly shifted her gaze and, trembling and with head erect, she walked to the window and looked out. The meaning of what she had read was quite clear; her mother was formulating it.

"So they are both lost, Mr. Corvet and his—son," Mrs. Sherrill said quietly.

Constance did not reply, either to refuse or to concur in the conclusion. There was not anything which was meant to be merciless in that conclusion; her mother simply was crediting what probably had occurred. Constance could not in reason refuse to accept it too; yet she was refusing it. She had accepted it as always to be existent, somehow—a companionship which might be interrupted often but always to be formed again. It amazed her to find how firm a place he had found in her world of those close to her with whom she must always be intimately concerned.

Her mother arose and came beside her. "May it not be better, Constance, that it has happened this way?"

"Better!" Constance cried. She controlled herself.

It was only what Henry had said to her months ago when Alan had left her in the north in the search which had resulted in the finding of Uncle Benny—"Might it not be better for him not to find out?" Henry, who could hazard more accurately than any one else the nature of that strange secret which Alan now must have "found out," had believed it; her mother, who at least had lived longer in the world that she, also believed it. There came before Constance the vision of Alan's defiance and refusal to accept the stigma suggested in her father's recital to him of his relationship to Mr. Corvet. There came to her sight of him as he had tried to keep her from entering Uncle Benny's house when Luke was there, and then her waiting with him through the long hour, and his dismissal of her, his abnegation of their friendship. And at that time his disgrace was indefinite; last night had he learned something worse than he had dreaded?

The words of his telegram took for her more terrible significance for the moment. "Have some one who knew Mr. Corvet well enough to recognize him even if greatly changed meet . . ." Were the broken, incoherent words of the wireless the last that she should hear of him, and of Uncle Benny, after that? "They are sticking to it . . . down there . . . they won't give up . . . sinking . . . they have cleared another car . . . sink . . ." Had it come as the best way for them both?

"The Richardson is searching for boats, mother," Constance returned steadily, "and Number 26 must be

there too by now."

Her mother looked to the storm. Outside the window which overlooked the lake from two hundred feet above the street, the sleet like snow was driving ceaselessly; all over the western basin of the great lakes, as Constance knew—over Huron, over Michigan, and Superior—the storm was established. Its continuance and severity had claimed a front page column in the morning papers. Duluth that morning had reported temperature of eighteen below zero and fierce snow; at Marquette it was fifteen below; there was driving snow at the Soo, at Mackinac, and at all ports along both shores. She pictured little boats, at the last moment getting away from the ferry, deep-laden with injured and exhausted men; how long might those men live in open boats in a gale and with cold like that? The little clock upon her father's desk marked ten o'clock; they had been nearly five hours in the boats now, those men.

Constance knew that as soon as anything new was heard, it would be brought to her; yet, with a word to her mother, she went from her father's room and down the corridor into the general office. A hush of expectancy held this larger room; the clerks moved silently and spoke to one another in low voices; she recognized in a little group of men gathered in a corner of the room some officers of Corvet, Sherrill, and Spearman's ships. Others among them, whom she did not know, were plainly seamen too—men who knew "Ben" Corvet and who, on hearing he was on the ferry, had come in to learn what more was known; the business men and clubmen, friends of Corvet's later life, had not heard it yet. There was a restrained, professional attentiveness among these seamen, as of those in the presence of an event which any day might happen to themselves. They were listening to the clerk who had compiled the report, who was telephoning now, and Constance, waiting, listened too to learn what he might be nearing. But he put down the receiver as he saw her.

"Nothing more, Miss Sherrill," he reported. "The Richardson has wireless that she reached the reported position of the sinking about half-past six o'clock. She is searching but has found nothing."

"She's keeping on searching, though?"

"Yes; of course."

"It's still snowing there?"

"Yes, Miss Sherrill. We've had a message from your father. He has gone on to Manistique; it's more likely that wreckage or survivors will be brought in there."

THE telephone switchboard beside Constance suddenly buzzed, and the operator, plugging in a connection, said: "Yes, sir; at once," and through the partitions of the private office on the other side, a man's heavy tones

came to Constance. That was Henry's office, and, in timbre, the voice was his, but it was so strange in other characteristics of expression that she waited an instant before saying to the clerk,

"Mr. Spearman has come in?"

The clerk hesitated, but the continuance of the tone from the other side of the partition made reply superfluous. "Yes, Miss Sherrill."

"Did you tell him that mother and I were here?"

The clerk considered again before deciding to reply in the affirmative. There evidently was some trouble with the telephone number which Henry had called; the girl at the switchboard was apologizing in frightened panic, and Henry's voice, loud and abusive, came more plainly through the partition. Constance started to give an instruction to the clerk; then, as the abuse burst out again, she changed her plan and went to Henry's door and rapped. Whether no one else rapped in that way or whether he realized that she might have come into the general office, she did not know; but at once his voice was still. He made no answer and no move to open the door; so, after waiting a moment, she turned the knob and went in.

HENRY was seated at his desk, facing her, his big hands before him. One of them held the telephone receiver. He lifted it slowly and put it upon the hook beside the transmitter as he watched her with steady, silent aggressive scrutiny. His face was flushed a little—not much; his hair was carefully brushed, and there was something about his clean-shaven appearance and the set of his perfectly fitting coat, one which he did not ordinarily wear to business, which seemed studied. He did not rise; only after a moment he recollected that he had not done so and came to his feet. "Good morning, Connie," he said. "Come in. What's the news?"

There was something strained and almost menacing in his voice and in his manner which halted her. She in some way—or her presence at that moment—appeared to be definitely disturbing him. It frightened him, she would have thought, except that the idea was a contradiction. Henry frightened? But if he was not, what emotion now controlled him?

The impulse which had brought her into his office went from her. She had not seen nor heard from Henry directly since before Alan's telegram had come late yesterday afternoon; she had heard from her father only that he had informed Henry; that was all.

"I've no news, Henry," she said. "Have you?" She closed the door behind her before moving closer to him. She had not known what he had been doing, since he had heard of Alan's telegram; but she had supposed that he was in some way co-operating with her father, particularly since word had

come of the disaster to the ferry.

"How did you happen to be here, Connie?" he asked.

She made no reply but gazed at him, studying him. The agitation which he was trying to conceal was not entirely consequent to her coming in upon him; it had been ruling him before. It had underlain the loudness and abuse of his words which she had overheard. That was no capricious outburst of temper or irritation; it had come from something which had seized and held him in suspense, in dread—in dread; there was no other way to define her impression to herself. When she had opened the door and come in, he had looked up in dread, as though preparing himself for whatever she might announce. Now that the door shut them in alone, he approached her with arms offered. She stepped back, instinctively avoiding his embrace; and he stopped at once, but he had come quite close to her now.

THAT she had detected faintly the smell of liquor about him was not the whole reason for her drawing back. He was not drunk; he was quite himself so far as any influence of that kind was concerned. Long ago, when he was a young man on the boats, he had drunk a good deal; he had confessed to her once; but he had not done so for years. Since she had known him, he had been among the most careful of her friends; it was for "efficiency" he had said. The drink was simply a part—indeed, only a small part—of the subtle strangeness and peculiarity she marked in him. If he had been drinking now, it was, she knew, no temptation, no capricious return to an old appetite. If not appetite, then it was for the effect—to brace himself. Against what? Against the thing for which he had prepared himself when she came upon him?

As she stared at him, the clerk's voice came to her suddenly over the partition which separated the office from the larger room where the clerk was receiving some message over the telephone. Henry straightened, listened; as the voice stopped, his great, finely shaped head sank between his shoulders; he fumbled in his pocket for a cigar, and his big hands shook as he lighted it, without word of excuse to her. A strange feeling came to her that he felt what he dreaded approaching and was no longer conscious of her presence.

She heard footsteps in the larger room coming toward the office door. Henry was in suspense. A rap came at the door. He whitened and took the cigar from his mouth and wet his lips. "Come in," he summoned.

One of the office girls entered, bringing a white page of paper with three or four lines of purple typewriting upon it which Constance recognized must be a transcript of a message just received.

She started forward at sight of it, forgetting everything else; but he took the paper as though he did not know she was there. He merely held it until the girl had gone out; even then he stood folding and unfolding it, and his eyes did not drop to the sheet.

The girl had said nothing at all, but, having seen her, Constance was thrilled; the girl had not been a bearer of bad news, that was sure; she brought some sort of good news! Constance, certain of it, moved nearer to Henry to read what he held. He looked down and read.

"What is it, Henry?"

His muscular reaction, as he read,

had drawn the sheet away from her; he recovered himself almost instantly and gave the paper to her; but, in that instant, Constance herself was "prepared." She must have deceived herself the instant before! This bulletin must be something dismaying to what had remained of hope.

"8.35 a.m., Manitowoc, Wis.," she read. "The schooner Anna S. Solwerk has been sighted making for this port. She is not close enough for communication, but two lifeboats, additional to her own, can be plainly made out. It is believed that she must have picked up survivors of No. 25. She carries no wireless, so is unable to report. Tugs are going out to her."

"Two lifeboats!" Constance cried. "That could mean that they all are saved or nearly all; doesn't it, Henry; doesn't it?"

He had read some other significance in it, she thought, or, from his greater understanding of conditions in the storm, he had been able to hold no hope from what had been reported. That was the only way she could explain to herself as he replied to her; that the word meant to him that men were saved and that therefore it was dismaying to him, could not come to her at once. When it came now, it went over her first only in the flash of incredulous question.

"Yes," he said to her. "Yes." And he went out of the room to the outer office. She turned and watched him and then followed to the door. He had gone to the desk of the girl who had brought him the bulletin, and Constance heard his voice, strained and queerly unnatural. "Call Manitowoc on the long distance. Get the harbor master. Get the names of the people that the Solwerk picked up."

He stayed beside the girl while she started the call. "Put them on my wire when you get them," he commanded and turned back to his office. "Keep my wire clear for that."

Constance retreated into the room as he approached. He did not want her there now, she knew; for that reason—if she yet definitely understood no other—she meant to remain. If he asked her to go, she intended to stay; but he did not ask her. He wished her to go away; in every word which he spoke to her, in every moment of their silent waiting, was his desire to escape her; but he dared not—dared not—go about that directly.

THE feeling of that flashed over her to her stupefaction. Henry and she were waiting for word of the fate of Uncle Benny and Alan, and waiting opposed! She was no longer doubting it as she watched him; she was trying to understand. The telephone buzzer under his desk sounded; she drew close as he took up his receiver.

"Manitowoc?" he said. "I want to know what you've heard from the Solwerk. . . . You hear me? . . . The men the Solwerk picked up. You have the names yet?"

". . ."

"The Benton?"

". . ."

"Oh, I understand! All from the Benton. I see! . . . No; never mind their names. How about Number 25? Nothing more heard from them?"

Constance had caught his shoulder while he was speaking and now clung to it. Release—release of strain was going through him; she could feel it, and she heard it in his tones and saw it in his eyes.

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"The steamer Number 25 rammed proves to have been the Benton," he told her. "The men are all from her. They had abandoned her in the small boats, and the Solwerk picked them up before the ferry found her."

HE was not asking her to congratulate him upon the relief he felt; he had not so far forgotten himself as that. But it was plain to her that he was congratulating himself; it had been fear that he was feeling before—fear, she was beginning to understand, that those on the ferry had been saved. She shrank a little away from him. Benjamin Corvet had not been a friend of Henry's—they had quarreled; Uncle Benny had caused trouble; but nothing which she had understood could explain fear on Henry's part lest Uncle Benny should be found safe. Henry had not welcomed Alan; but now Henry was hoping that Alan was dead. Henry's words to her in the north, after Alan had seen her there, iterated themselves to her: "I told that fellow Conrad not to keep stirring up these matters about Ben Corvet. . . Conrad doesn't know what he'll turn up; I don't know either. But it's not going to be anything pleasant. . ." Only a few minutes ago she had still thought of these words as spoken only for Alan's sake and for Uncle Benny's; now she could not think of them so. This fear of news from the north could not be for their sake; it was for Henry's own. Had all the warnings been for Henry's sake, too?

Horror and amazement flowed in upon her with her realization of this in the man she had promised to marry; and he seemed now to appreciate the effect he was producing upon her. He tried obviously to pull himself together; he could not do that fully; yet he managed a manner assertive of his right over her.

"Connie," he cried to her, "Connie!"

She drew back from him as he approached her; she was not yet consciously denying his right. What was controlling him, what might underlie his hope that they were dead, she could not guess; she could not think or reason about that now; what she felt was only overwhelming desire to be away from him where she could think connectedly. For an instant she stared at him, all her body tense; then, as she turned and went out, he followed her, again calling her name. But, seeing the seamen in the larger office he stopped, and she understood he was not willing to urge himself upon her in their presence.

She crossed the office swiftly; in the corridor she stopped to compose herself before she met her mother. She heard Henry's voice speaking to one of the clerks, and flushed hotly with horror. Could she be certain of anything about him now? Could she be certain even that news which came through these employees of his would not be kept from her or only so much given her as would serve Henry's purpose and enable him to conceal from her the reason for his fear? She pushed the door open.

"I'm willing to go home now, mother, if you wish," she said steadily.

Her mother arose at once. "There is no more news, Constance?"

"No; a schooner has picked up the crew of the ship the ferry rammed; that is all."

She followed her mother, but stopped in the anteroom beside the desk of her father's private secretary.

"You are going to be here all day, Miss Bennet?" she asked.

"Yes, Miss Sherrill."

"Will you please try to see personally all messages which come to Corvet, Sherrill and Spearman, or to Mr. Spearman about the men from Number 25, and telephone them to me yourself?"

"Certainly, Miss Sherrill."

When they had gone down to the street and were in the car, Constance leaned back, closing her eyes; she feared her mother might wish to talk with her. The afternoon papers were already out with news of the loss of the ferry; Mrs. Sherrill stopped the car and bought one, but Constance looked at it only enough to make sure that the reporters had been able to discover nothing more than she already knew; the newspaper reference to Henry was only as to the partner of the great Chicago ship owner, Benjamin Corvet, who might be lost with the ship.

She called Miss Bennet as soon as she reached home; but nothing more had been received. Toward three o'clock, Miss Bennet called her, but only to report that the office had heard again from Mr. Sherrill. He had wired that he was going on from Manistique and would cross the Straits from St. Ignace; messages from him were to be addressed to Petoskey. He had given no suggestion that he had news; and there was no other report except that vessels were still continuing the search for survivors, because the Indian Drum, which had been beating, was beating "short," causing the superstitious to be certain that, though some of the men from Number 25 were lost, some yet survived.

Constance thrilled as she heard that. She did not believe in the Drum; at least she had never thought she had really believed in it; she had only stirred to the idea of its being true. But if the Drum was beating, she was glad it was beating short. It was serving, at least, to keep the lake men more alert. She wondered what part the report of the Drum might have played in her father's movements. None, probably; for he, of course, did not believe in the Drum. His move was plainly dictated by the fact that, with the western gale, drift from the ferry would be toward the eastern shore.

A LITTLE later, as Constance stood at the window gazing out at the snow upon the lake, she drew back suddenly out of sight from the street, as she saw Henry's roadster appear out of the storm and stop before the house.

She had been apprehensively certain that he would come to her some time during the day; he had been too fully aware of the effect he made upon her not to attempt to remove that effect as soon as he could. As he got out of the car, shaking the snowflakes from his great fur coat and from his cap, looking up at the house before he came in and not knowing that he was observed, she saw something very like triumph in his manner. Her pulses stopped, then raced, at that; triumph for him! That meant, if he brought news, it was good news for him; it must be, then, bad news for her.

She waited in the room where she was. She heard him in the hall, taking off his coat and speaking to the servant, and he appeared then at the

door. The strain he was under had not lessened, she could see; or rather, if she could trust her feeling at sight of him, it had lessened only slightly, and at the same time his power to resist it had been lessening too. His hands and even his body shook; but his head was thrust forward, and he stared at her aggressively, and, plainly, he had determined in advance to act toward her as though their relationship had not been disturbed.

"I thought you'd want to know, Connie," he said, "so I came straight out. The Richardson's picked up one of the boats from the ferry."

"Uncle Benny and Alan Conrad were not in it," she returned; the triumph she had seen in him had told her that.

"No; it was the first boat put off by the ferry, with the passengers and cabin maid and some injured men of the crew."

"Were they—alive?" her voice hushed tensely.

"Yes; that is, they were able to revive them all; but it didn't seem possible to the Richardson's officers that any one could be revived who had been exposed much longer than that; so the Richardson's given up the search, and some of the other ships that were searching have given up too, and gone on their course."

"When did you hear that, Henry? I was just speaking with the office."

"A few minutes ago; a news wire got it before any one else; it didn't come through the office."

"I see; how many were in the boat?"

"Twelve, Connie."

"Then all the vessels up there won't give up yet!"

"Why not?"

"I was just talking with Miss Bennet, Henry; she's heard again from the other end of the lake. The people up there say the Drum is beating, but it's beating short still!"

"Short!"

SHE saw Henry stiffen. "Yes," she said swiftly. "They say the Drum began sounding last night, and that at first it sounded for only two lives; it's kept on beating, but still is beating only for four. There were thirty-nine on the ferry—seven passengers and thirty-two crew. Twelve have been saved now; so until the Drum raises the beats to twenty-seven there is still a chance that some one will be saved."

Henry made no answer; his hands fumbled purposelessly with the lapels of his coat, and his bloodshot eyes wandered uncertainly. Constance watched him with wonder at the effect of what she had told. When she had asked him once about the Drum, he had professed the same scepticism which she had; but he had not held it; at least he was not holding it now. The news of the Drum had shaken him from his triumph over Alan and Uncle Benny and over her. It had shaken him so that, though he remained with her some minutes more, he seemed to have forgotten the purpose of reconciliation with her which had brought him to the house. When a telephone call took her out of the room, she returned to find him gone to the dining-room; she heard a decanter clink there against a glass. He did not return to her again, but she heard him go. The entrance door closed after him, and the sound of his starting motor came. Then alarm, stronger even than that she had felt during the morning, rushed upon her.

She dined, or made a pretence of dining, with her mother at seven. Her mother's voice went on and on about trifles, and Constance did not try to pay attention. Her thought was following Henry with ever sharpening apprehension. She called the office in mid-evening; it would be open, she knew, for messages regarding Uncle Benny and Alan would be expected there. A clerk answered; no other news had been received; she then asked Henry's whereabouts.

"Mr. Spearman went north late this afternoon, Miss Sherrill," the clerk informed her.

"North? Where?"

"We are to communicate with him this evening to Grand Rapids; after that, to Petoskey."

Constance could hear her own heart beat. Why had Henry gone, she wondered; not, certainly, to aid the search. Had he gone to—hinder it?

CHAPTER XIX.

The Watch Upon the Beach.

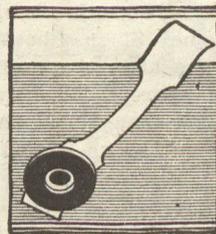
CONSTANCE went up to her own rooms; she could hear her mother speaking, in a room on the same floor, to one of the maids; but for her present anxiety, her mother offered no help and could not even be consulted. Nor could any message she might send to her father explain the situation to him. She was throbbing with determination and action, as she found her purse and counted the money in it. She never in her life had gone alone upon an extended journey, much less been alone upon a train over night. If she spoke of such a thing now, she would be prevented; no occasion for it would be recognized; she would not be allowed to go, even if "properly accompanied." She could not, therefore, risk taking a handbag from the house; so she thrust nightdress and toilet articles into her muff and the roomy pocket of her fur coat. She descended to the side door of the house and, unobserved, let herself out noiselessly on to the carriage drive. She gained the street and turned westward at the first corner to a street car which would take her to the railway station.

There was a train to the north every evening; it was not, she knew, such a train as ran in the resort season, and she was not certain of the exact time of its departure; but she would be in time for it. The manner of buying a railway ticket and of engaging a berth were unknown to her—there had been servants always to do these things—but she watched others and did as they did. On the train, the berths had been made up; people were going to bed behind some of the curtains. She procured a telegraph blank and wrote a message to her mother, telling her that she had gone north to join her father. When the train had started, she gave the message to the porter, directing him to send it from the first large town at which they stopped.

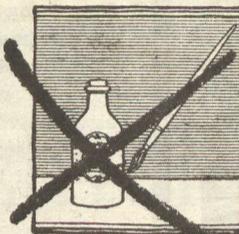
She left the light burning in its little niche at the head of the berth; she had no expectation that she could sleep; shut in by the green curtains, she drew the covers up about her and stared upward at the paneled face of the berth overhead. Then new frightened distrust of the man she had been about to marry flowed in upon her and became all her thought.

She had not promised Uncle Benny that she would not marry Henry; her promise had been that she would not

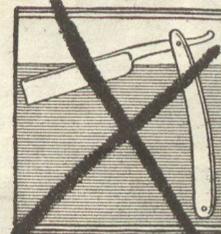
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engage herself to that marriage until she had seen Uncle Benny again. Uncle Benny's own act—his disappearance—had prevented her from seeing him; for that reason she had broken her promise; and, from its breaking, something terrifying, threatening to herself had come. She had been amazed at what she had seen in Henry; but she was appreciating now that, strangely, in her thought of him there was no sense of loss to herself. Her feeling of loss, of something gone from her which could not be replaced, was for Alan. She had had admiration for Henry, pride in him; had she mistaken what was merely admiration for love? She had been about to marry him; had it been only his difference from the other men she knew that had made her do that? Unconsciously to herself, had she been growing to love Alan?

Constance could not, as yet, place Henry's part in the strange circumstances which had begun to reveal themselves with Alan's coming to Chicago; but Henry's hope that Uncle Benny and Alan were dead was beginning to make that clearer. She lay without voluntary movement in her berth, but her bosom was shaking with the thoughts which came to her.

Twenty years before, some dreadful event had altered Uncle Benny's life; his wife had known—or had learned—enough of that event so that she had left him. It had seemed to Constance and her father, therefore, that it must have been some intimate and private event. They had been confirmed in believing this, when Uncle Benny, in madness or in fear, had gone away, leaving everything he possessed to Alan Conrad. But Alan's probable relationship to Uncle Benny had not been explained; she saw now that it had even been misleading. For a purely private event in Uncle Benny's life—even terrible scandal—could not make Henry fear, could not bring terror of consequences to himself. That could be only if Henry was involved in some peculiar and intimate way with what had happened to Uncle Benny. If he feared Uncle Benny's being found alive and feared Alan's being found alive too, now that Alan had discovered Uncle Benny, it was because he dreaded explanation of his own connection with what had taken place.

CONSTANCE raised her window shade slightly and looked out. It was still snowing; the train was running swiftly among low sand hills, snow-covered, and only dimly visible through snow and dark. A deep-toned, steady roar came to her above the noises of the train. The lake! Out there, Alan and Uncle Benny were fighting, still struggling perhaps, against bitter cold and ice and rushing water for their lives. She must not think of that!

Uncle Benny had withdrawn himself from men; he had ceased to be active in his business and delegated it to others. This change had been strangely advantageous to Henry. Henry had been hardly more than a common seaman then. He had been a mate—the mate on one of Uncle Benny's ships. Quite suddenly he had become Uncle Benny's partner. Henry had explained this to her by saying that Uncle Benny had felt madness coming on him and had selected him as the one to take charge. But Uncle Benny had not trusted Henry; he had

been suspicious of him; he had quarreled with him. How strange, then, that Uncle Benny should have advanced and given way to a man whom he could not trust!

It was strange, too, that if — as Henry had said—their quarrels had been about the business, Uncle Benny had allowed Henry to remain in control.

Their quarrels had culminated on the day that Uncle Benny went away. Afterward Uncle Benny had come to her and warned her not to marry Henry; then he had sent for Alan. There had been purpose in these acts of Uncle Benny's; had they meant that Uncle Benny had been on the verge of making explanation—that explanation which Henry feared—and that he had been—prevented? Her father had thought this; at least, he had thought that Uncle Benny must have left some explanation in his house. He had told Alan that, and had given Alan the key to the house so that he could find it. Alan had gone to the house—

IN the house Alan had found some one who had mistaken him for a ghost, a man who had cried out at the sight of him something about a ship—about the *Miwaka*, the ship of whose loss no one had known anything except by the sounding of the Drum. What had the man been doing in the house? Had he too been looking for the explanation—the explanation that Henry feared? Alan had described the man to her; that description had not had meaning for her before; but now remembering that description she could think of Henry as the only one who could have been in that house! Henry had fought with Alan there! Afterwards, when Alan had been attacked upon the street, had Henry anything to do with that?

Henry had lied to her about being in Duluth the night he had fought with Alan; he had not told her the true cause of his quarrels with Uncle Benny; he had wished her to believe that Uncle Benny was dead when the wedding ring and watch came to her—the watch which had been Captain Stafford's of the *Miwaka*! Henry had urged her to marry him at once. Was that because he wished the security that her father—and she—must give her husband when they learned the revelation which Alan or Uncle Benny might bring?

If so, then that revelation had to do with the *Miwaka*. It was of the *Miwaka* that Henry had cried out to Alan in the house; they were the names of the next of kin of those on the *Miwaka* that Uncle Benny had kept. That was beginning to explain to her something of the effect on Henry of the report that the Drum was telling that some on Ferry Number 25 were alive, and why he had hurried north because of that. The Drum—so superstition had said—had beat the roll of those who died with the *Miwaka*; had beaten for all but one! No one of those who accepted the superstition had ever been able to explain that; but Henry could! He knew something more about the *Miwaka* than others knew. He had encountered the *Miwaka* somehow or encountered some one saved from the *Miwaka*; he knew, then, that the Drum had beaten correctly for the *Miwaka*, that one was spared as the Drum had told! Who had that one been? Alan? And was he now among those for whom the Drum had not yet beat?

She recalled that, on the day when the *Miwaka* was lost, Henry and Uncle Benny had been upon the lake in a tug. Afterwards Uncle Benny had grown rich; Henry had attained advancement and wealth. Her reasoning had brought her to the verge of a terrible discovery. If she could take one more step forward in her thought, it would make her understand it all. But she could not yet take that step.

In the morning, at Traverse City—where she got a cup of coffee and some toast in the station eating house—she had to change to a day coach. It had grown still more bitterly cold; the wind which swept the long brick-paved platform of the station was arctic; and even through the double windows of the day coach she could feel its chill. The points of Grand Traverse Bay were frozen across; frozen across too was Torch Lake; to north of that, ice, snow-covered, through which frozen rushes protruded, marked the long chain of little lakes known as the "Intermediates." The little towns and villages, and the rolling fields with their leafless trees or blackened stumps, lay under drifts. It had stopped snowing, however, and she found relief in that; searchers upon the lake could see small boats now—if there were still small boats to be seen.

To the people in her Pullman, the destruction of the ferry had been only a news item competing for interest with other news on the front pages of their newspapers; but to these people in the day coach, it was an intimate and absorbing thing. They spoke by name of the crew as of persons whom they knew. A white lifeboat, one man told her, had been seen south of Beaver Island; another said there had been two boats. They had been far off from shore, but, according to the report cabled from Beaver, there had appeared to be men in them; the men—her informant's voice hushed slightly—had not been rowing. Constance shuddered. She had heard of things like that on the quick-freezing fresh water of the lakes—small boats adrift crowded with men sitting upright in them, ice-coated, frozen lifeless!

PETOSKEY, with its great hotels closed and boarded up, and its curio shops closed and locked, was blocked with snow. She went from the train directly to the telegraph office. If Henry was in Petoskey, they would know at that office where he could be found; he would be keeping in touch with them. The operator in charge of the office knew her, and his manner became still more deferential when she asked after Henry.

Mr. Spearman, the man said, had been at the office early in the day; there had been no messages for him; he had left instructions that any which came were to be forwarded to him through the men who, under his direction, were patrolling the shore for twenty miles north of Little Traverse, watching for boats. The operator added to the report she had heard upon the train. One lifeboat and perhaps two had been seen by a farmer who had been on the ice to the south of Beaver; the second boat had been far to the south and west of the first one; tugs were cruising there now; it had been many hours, however, after the farmer had seen the boats before he had been able to get word to the

town at the north end of the island—St. James—so that the news could be cabled to the mainland. Fishermen and seamen, therefore, regarded it as more likely, from the direction and violence of the gale, that the boats, if they continued to float, would be drifted upon the mainland than that they would be found by the tugs.

Constance asked after her father. Mr. Sherrill and Mr. Spearman, the operator told her, had been in communication that morning; Mr. Sherrill had not come to Petoskey; he had taken charge of the watch along the shore at its north end. It was possible that the boats might drift in there; but men of experience considered it more probable that the boats would drift in farther south where Mr. Spearman was in charge.

Constance crossed the frozen edges of the bay by sledge to Harbor Point. The driver mentioned Henry with admiration and with pride in his acquaintance with him; it brought vividly to her the recollection that Henry's rise in life was a matter of personal congratulation to these people as lending luster to the neighborhood and to themselves. Henry's influence here was far greater than her own or her father's; if she were to move against Henry or show him distrust, she must work alone; she could enlist no aid from these.

AND her distrust now had deepened to terrible dread. She had not been able before this to form any definite idea of how Henry could threaten Alan and Uncle Benny; she had imagined only vague interference and obstruction of the search for them; she had not foreseen that he could so readily assume charge of the search and direct, or misdirect, it.

At the Point she discharged the sledge and went on foot to the house of the caretaker who had charge of the Sherrill cottage during the winter. Getting the keys from him, she let herself into the house. The electric light had been cut off, and the house was darkened by shutters, but she found a lamp and lit it. Going to her room, she unpacked a heavy sweater and woolen cap and short fur coat—winter things which were left there against use when they opened the house sometimes out of season—and put them on. Then she went down and found her snowshoes. Stopping at the telephone, she called long distance and asked them to locate Mr. Sherrill, if possible, and instruct him to move south along the shore with whomever he had with him. She went out then, and fastened on her snowshoes.

(To be continued.)

The Yankee and the Hun

(Concluded from page 11.)

unless the Hun makes a big smash on the West front now he can no longer fool his people, and that if the war is not ended by a German peace the people may make a revolution that will dethrone the H's. He says that Ludendorff and not Hindenburg is the real brains of the country. He makes it very clear that for years there has been a serious food shortage in Germany, but that the people long ago learned to make sacrifices, and that Germany cannot be starved out even though she may find it impossible to get food from Russia and other conquered territories fast enough for her purpose. He sees




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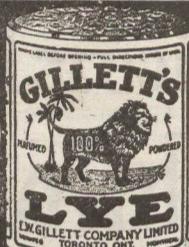


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clearly that unless America organizes herself on a basis of sacrifice Germany may yet use her recent conquests to enslave the world. Germany, according to his estimate, raised a total army, all Germans, of 12,000,000 by combing out every man.

"I believe," he says, "that there are in the States of New York and Pennsylvania alone 175,000 professional chauffeurs. If all these, nearly all with some knowledge of machinery, were put at work building ships or making rifles, there would be no loss to the country, but certain overfed women and their poodles would have to walk."

A good nail hit square on the head! Gerard concludes an interesting chapter by describing a service which he attended in the Protestant Cathedral of Berlin to celebrate the 500th anniversary of how the Hohenzollerns grabbed the Mark of Brandenburg. Dr. Dryander, court physician, delivered the sermon.

"What an opportunity then," says Gerard, "if Dr. Dryander, lifting an accusing finger, had spoken of the rivers of innocent blood sacrificed to the Prussian Moloch of conquest; if he had demanded in the name of Christianity that the barbarities of Prussian rule should cease, that the Belgian workmen, dragged from their homes—!"

And so on for a page of horrors. Really, did Mr. Gerard want Dr. Dryander to be shot? Suppose that Mr. Gerard, when the Lusitania was sunk, had been as bold as he wanted that court preacher to be!

No, Gerard had his books to write. We are all wiser for reading them. But, be it said, the United States of America will wield the sword better than James W. Gerard used his typewriter—or freedom may yet perish from the earth.

Four April Concerts

(Continued from page 21.)

tive Irish things of his own, one of them depicting a horse race with almost the unconventional vigor of an Ornstein.

THE fourth recital of the lot led me to ask why people sometimes persist in thinking that no native-born Canadian teacher can ever do as much with foreign talent? Here was a young Spanish violinist—Miss Kate Menandes—appearing here as a pupil of Mr. Frank Blachford, a native of Toronto. Miss Menandes has a great gift which her teacher has developed and respected. Her programme was not all within her easy reach. But three or four of her numbers were exceedingly beautiful; notably the Brahms Sonata, which she invested with a wealth of tone-quality and did not overwork in technique, and the lovely Adagio by Riis, which was perhaps the most beautifully haunting thing she did. The Pugnani-Kreisler Praeludium and Allegro got away from her entirely, because it is as yet out of her style. Her handling of the Saint-Saens thing with the elongated name was marked by much distinctive and fine feeling.

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This season Chicago sent its own opera troupe down to New York. And Chicago conquered. The effect was almost as sensational as though the White Sox had won the World's Series from the Giants.

The one bright particular star in the Chicago battery—including also Barrientos, Muratore (tenor) and Melba—was Galli-Curci; thanks to whom the result, says Current Opinion, was little short of madness. At every performance in which the singer appeared prices in the hands of the speculators rose to \$25 and even \$40. According to the Times a crowd of students applied for positions as "supers" in order to get a glimpse of the diva. According to police reports, 7,000—perhaps 10,000—people attempted to get into the Lexington Theatre for the last performance of "Traviata."

And this packed house, once the singer had had her chance, rocked itself weary with perhaps the most tumultuous reception ever staged in New York. The city's elect flung themselves into the train of those who idolize this young soprano with such an enthusiasm that after she had finished her marvelous singing of the 'Shadow' waltz song the whole house rang with impetuous cheers."

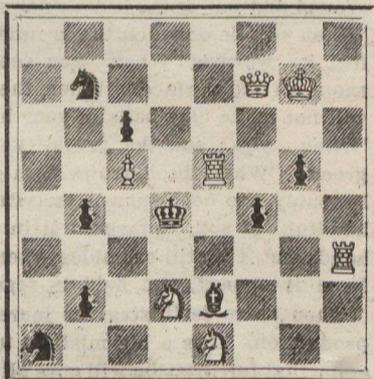
How opinions differ! Here is what Margaret Anderson, editor of *The Little Review*, a magazine of criticism, says about the lady:

Galli-Curci is a very unattractive little person without presence, personality, charm, brains, taste, spirit, or looks. She is awkward and silly on the stage, simpering and excessively saccharine, untrained in any of the beautiful uses of the human body. I am not trying to disparage the gift of voice which Galli-Curci has. I am merely objecting to the riot of idiocy through the country which calls that voice art.



PROBLEM NO. 182, by J. A. Broholm.
First Prize, Scandinavian Chess Federation Tourney.

Black.—Nine Pieces.



White.—Seven Pieces.

White to play and mate in three.
Problem No. 183, by L. Berg.
First Prize, Scandinavian Tourney.
White: K at QR5; Q at QK4; R at QB3; B at KR8; Kts at KB4 and KR4; P at KB6.
Black: K at K4; Q at KB4; B at K7; Kt at KB8; Ps at Q4, K6 and KR6. White mates in two.

SOLUTIONS.

Problem No. 180, by Alain C. White.
1. B-Kt2. The threat is 2. B-Q4 mate. There are eight variations from the moves of the Black Knight.
Problem No. 181, by E. Brunner.
1. Q-R6, R-B6; 2. Q-B8, P-B7; 3. R-K3 mate.
1. R-Q5; 2. Q-B8, K-B4; 3. R-K6 mate.
1. B-R3; 2. R-K4ch, any move; 3. Q-B8 mate.
1. P-B7; 2. QxPch, K-B6; 3. Kt x R mate.
We omitted solution to Problem No. 179 in last issue. The key-move is: 1. R-KK3. The construction is masterly in the extreme and the change-mate after 1... Q-B4 a clever one.

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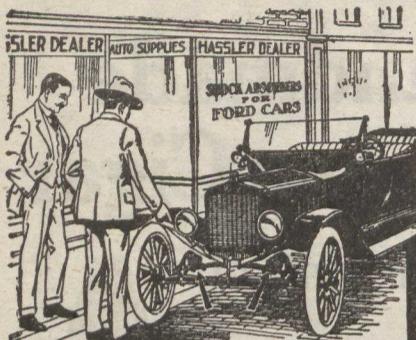
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Correct solution of Problem No. 178 received from John McGregor, Tamworth.

CHESS IN TORONTO.

The following game was played at Board No. 1 in the return Toronto League match between the Central Y.M.C.A. and Parliament Chess Clubs. The winner, Mr. M. Sim, thereby avenged his two previous defeats during the season at the hands of the redoubtable Y.M.C.A. expert. Mr. Hunter was successful in the previous league game and also put his opponent out of the running in the Handicap Tournament of the Toronto Chess Club, which competition he won with a clean score.

Sicilian Defence.

Chess game notation table with columns for White and Black moves, including piece names and board coordinates.

(a) The usual P-Q4 is to be preferred. Mr. Hunter, however, is very partial to the close game.

(b) If 5. Kt-B3, Black replies 5... Kt-Q5.

(c) To prevent Kt-KKt5 eventually.

(d) The advance of White's King's Bishop Pawn could be adequately met by 9... P-K3; 10. P-KB4, Q-K2. The text-move is contrary to the spirit of the opening and compromises Black's Pawn position.

(e) It is unaccountable that Mr. Hunter did not continue with P-KB4.

(f) 11. B-R6, which appeared the intention, would have prevented Black's next move. The development of the Knight instead, only adds to its effectiveness.

(g) If 12. PxBt, then 12... BXP; 13. Q-Qsq, PxB; 14. PXP, Q-Kt3; 15. R-B3 (if 15. Kt-B4, then 15... RxBt; 16. PXR, QxPch, followed by 17... KtxP, and wins). B-K3 (to prevent Kt-B4 or R-QBsq); 16. P-QKt3, P-Q4; 17. PXP, BXP; 18. 16. P-QKt3, P-Q4; 17. PXP, BXP; 18. QR-Kt3 (if 18. Kt-B4, then RxBt!) Q-B2, with the better game. If, instead, 12. Q-Qsq, then 12... KtxBch; 13. QxKt, P-Q4; 14. B-Kt5, B-B3 is in Black's favor.

(h) Preventing effectively the advance of the Bishop's Pawn.

(i) White's moves here about, denote the embarrassment of a difficult position. Black, on the other hand, gets a powerful attack following this advance.

(j) This is a serious mistake, though a satisfactory continuation to meet the advance of Black's King's Pawn cannot be evolved. If 27. Q-K2, then 27... P-K5; 28. PXP (R-Qsq would also incur the loss of the Queen's Bishop Pawn). KtxP (threatening Kt-Kt6ch and also Kt-B6); 29. R-Kt3, KR-Bsq, and the Bishop's Pawn cannot be saved. An interesting position.

(k) 28. BXP is obviously out of question, while if 28. QXP, then 28... KtxP, again threatens to fork on either wing.

(l) The Knight now crosses the board with decisive effect.

(m) If 35. Kt-R2 (to meet eventual Kt-B5 with Q-Bsq), then 35... Kt-Kt4; 36. Q-Kt2, QxKtch; 37. QxQ, BxQ; 38. KxB, KtxBPch, and wins.

(n) The Rook's Pawn cannot be saved. (o) More forcible was 38... Kt-Kt4. If 39. Kt-R2, then 39... BxKt; 40. KxB, Q-B5ch; 41. K-Ktsq! KtxPch; 42. KtxKt, QxKt, and wins.

(p) K-Ktsq might have enticed the unfavorable P-R6.

(q) Preventing Kt-Q2 and from there to K4.

(r) If 41. Kt-B2, then 41. B-K6 forces matters.

(s) B-K6 was the correct continuation.

(t) An unfortunate miscalculation which loses the Queen. 42. KtxR, QxKt; 43. P-Kt2, would have enabled White to defend himself for some time.

(u) Of course if 43. OXRP, Black captures the Knight with a check. An interesting game, in spite of, or rather because of the inaccuracies. Mr. Hunter's usual clear-sightedness was missing.

MERELY WORDS

(Concluded from page 7.)

The dialect of the Isle of France had not then succeeded, as it did in later years, in overshadowing all other provincial dialects. The habit of language is strong and for many years after the Parisian dialect had become a national language, our forefathers continued, like Chancer Priores, to speak a PATOIS.

"And Frensch sche spak ful faire and fetysly, After the scole of Stratford atte Bowe, For Frensch of Parys was to hire unknowe."

Through the literary achievements of Paris, the Isle of France finally succeeded in imposing upon Britain as well as on the Continent, recognition of the supremacy of its tongue in France. Even then, we continued to borrow. Let us not forget that for years the French of Paris was the language of English legal procedure, of English parliamentary legislation—and of the British court. That we should now look upon the two languages as widely apart, is due not to the meagreness of our word-borrowing, but rather to the failure of Englishmen to take with the French words their French pronunciation. And herein lies a lesson for those who find in lingual unity an object of desire. Let me illustrate. Recently l'abbe Philippe Perrier of Montreal, expressing the idea that Canada is an Anglo-French confederation, constituted principally by the descendants of the two grand races which have labored in old Europe for the diffusion of Christian civilization, and that their descendants form two

groups with each its own language officially recognized by the constitution of the country, wrote in French as follows:

"Le Canada est une confédération anglo-francaise, constituée principalement par les descendants de deux grandes races qui ont travaillé, dans la vieille Europe, à la diffusion de la civilisation chrétienne. Ces descendants y forment deux groupées qui ont chacun leur langue reconnue officiellement par la Constitution du pays."

Reading these sentences, and they are by no means unusual, the reader is necessarily impressed with the striking similarity of the words which English and French use to express a common idea. Without a knowledge of French, the professor's meaning is plain—when read. But—if the reader had heard Monsieur l'abbe deliver these sentences by word of mouth, then I venture to predict he would not have so readily understood them. More than one half of the difference between French and English, the two great languages of the world, the two official languages of Canada, lies in pronunciation. If we could but persuade the French to adopt our way of speaking syllables, or the French persuade us to adopt theirs, we would be measurably near a mutual understanding of each other's tongues—and this without violation of each other's literature. We ought to make a start upon this common sense reform in these days of lingual pollination, and from no country in the world would the movement come in better grace than from Canada.

WHAT SHALL WE GROW?

(Concluded from page 18.)

do was: 'When the neighbors start.' Other replies which have more merit are: 'When there is no gloss on the sod from the mouldboard.' 'When the horses do not sink on the land.' 'When you see the land steaming.' 'When the fences appear to be dancing.' 'If when you drive your heel into the ground and pull it up, it does not suck.' 'When you lie down on the ground and feel it warm.' 'When you see dry spots on the surface.' 'When the soil will not make clay balls in your hand.' 'When you see the grass getting green.' 'When the harrows do n clog.' Probably the best answer is: 'Take a handful of soil, squeeze it in your hand, and if it still crumbles when the hand is opened, the field is ready.'

Then as to fertilizing for increased production. It is a big mistake to imagine that fertilization will cure all land ailments. Fertilizers help materially. Providing the land has been properly tilled, the fertilizers that return the most nitrogen, phosphoric acid and potash to the soil do the most good. Of the nitrogenous fertilizers, nitrate of soda is the most popular, but nitrogen is furnished also by sulphate of ammonia cyanamide, dried blood, tankage and fish scraps. It is declared that the most popular source of phosphoric acid is acid phosphate, or superphosphate, while other important phosphatic fertilizers are basic slag, bone meal, etc. Through the loss of German potash, many substitutes have been devised. An Ontario chemist succeeded in extracting potash from feldspar, while cement concerns are collecting it from their kilns. Wood

ashes are also very suitable.

Coming back to the original question, "What Shall We Grow?" sentiment plays a very big part, but lacks the commercial element. The grower is not usually growing for profit; therefore he invariably gives little heed to the future. At this day, and in these times, the grower must eliminate much of his sentiment.

The man who would cultivate a small plot accomplishes practically nothing if he produces only perishable vegetables. These are not what is wanted. Vegetables that keep through the winter months are prime necessities. People have the idea that they must grow for the sake of thrift, to same money, which is not the case. The people are urged to grow, to release larger supplies for our allies overseas. Growing a few lettuce, tomatoes, some mustard and cress, a few cabbages or caulifower does not turn the trick. Try potatoes, beans, beets, carrots, parsnips, onions and corn. Just to illustrate, a certain citizen with a reputation for much friendliness towards his neighbors took up gardening. He set the pace for intensive and extensive gardening, but they all grew the perishable produce, and he gave them the go-by.

"Why have you cut yourself adrift from your neighbors?" asked a friend one day as he was going home.

"I am afraid to pass the time o'day with them," came the mournful response, "because if I do they will want to present me with a vegetable marrow, a bundle of lettuce, or some tomatoes, and I am already glutted."

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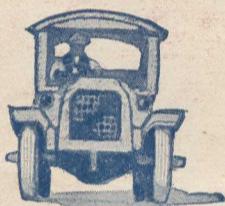
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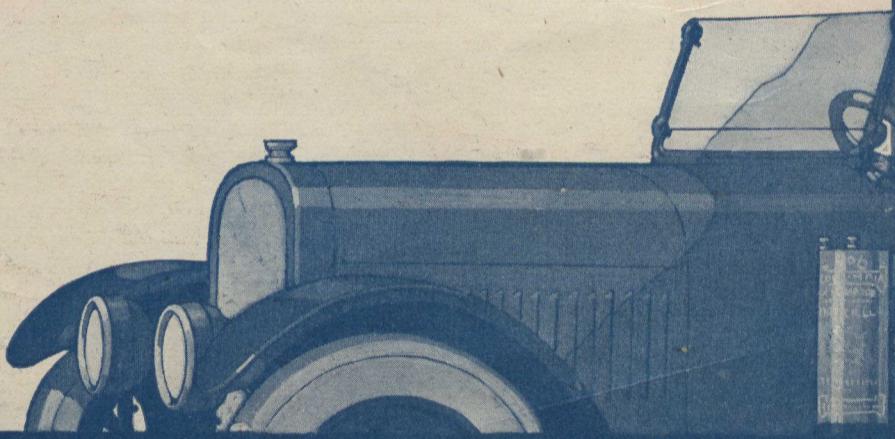
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