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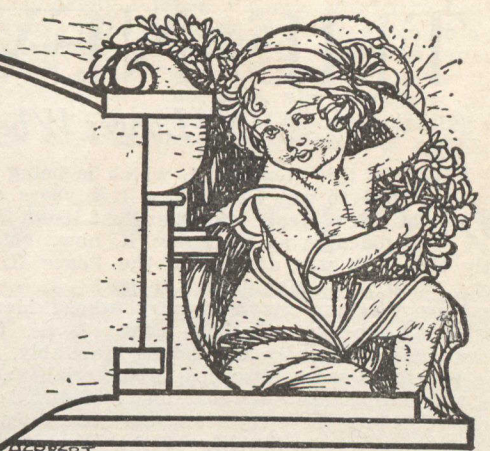
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The
**CANADIAN
 COURIER**
The National Weekly



HERBERT
 PIER.

Vol. XVIII.

September 4th, 1915

No. 14

PERTINENT PARAGRAPHS

Sidelights on What Some People Think the World is Doing

ONTARIO farmers have a just cause of complaint. Since St. Swithin's Day, July 15th, there has been a rainy season. The good, pious folk who look after the changes in the Anglican prayer-book are to blame, and St. Swithin knows it. There is a prayer for rain. But did any one, since the days of Noah's Ark, ever hear of a prayer being offered to stop the rain?

METHODISTS are usually up to the minute in methods. The new hymn book now being compiled for the Methodist Church in Canada contains the first hymn on record asking for the protection of air-men. We do not know the hymn nor the name of the writer. But if Kipling is the author, we know it will have some reference to the carburetter.

HINDENBURG is said to have learned his strategy from Loutao, a Chinese war expert who wrote a book about war 3,000 years ago. The obvious inference is that as soon as Russia gets Hindenburg's pincers smashed to flindereens, she ought to lay a plot to include China in the new Russian Empire.

MESSRS. Bryan and Edison endorse the P. P. movement. We have one in Canada, but not that kind. Mr. Bryan thinks the United States should not go to war and that American citizens should be careful about traveling on any boats not recommended by the Kaiser. He preaches peace. Mr. Edison is an exact echo of Mr. Bryan on these two points, but he puts the loud pedal on prosperity. Peace and Prosperity, no matter what they cost, are the principles represented by America's greatest inventor and the United States' most dazzling public failure. On the whole, the Canadian P. P. movement looks better than the American.

MONTREAL faces a deficit for next civic year of anywhere between one and three million dollars. Toronto, the second greatest city in Canada, will have a deficit about as large, if not larger. The civic debts of these two metropolises now aggregate to the dimensions of a good-sized national debt. Rents in both cities are going down and taxes going up. The chief business of Montreal and Toronto for years has been to let the real estate experts decide how big and therefore how costly the city should be. But the subdivisionist has never been able to show how millions of annual deficit can be regarded as good business, nor how taxes going up and rents going down can be considered as sound political economy.

THREE young men belonging to a certain canoe club and a well-known college have spent their holidays since the end of May paddling, playing tennis and wearing white ducks. Three other young men in the same canoe club have spent the same time drilling, sleeping out of doors and wearing khaki. Somewhere about a year from now the three white-duck young men may be at the station to welcome home the three young men in khaki. Dialogue: "Glad to see you back, boys. Been reading about you in the newspapers. You're all right. Canada's proud of you. Shake!" "Oh, thanks! Are you—quite well?"

PARENTS should be careful to pick Christian names for boys that sound well in a title. Our Minister of Militia has been knighted. He will now be called Sir Samuel. In the whole-category of Christian names in Canada is there a worse-sounding name than Samuel to be prefixed by Sir? If so, it

must be Ebenezer. It is stated on good authority that the Minister was christened Sam with no reference to Samuel. Which only makes it worse.

CANARDS are worse in war than in politics. Hon. T. Chase Casgrain, acting Minister of Militia, was credited last week with having said, in a speech at Vancouver, that 15,000 Canadians would be sent to the Dardanelles. That was the day after the Royal Edward transport was torpedoed with a loss of 900 British troops. Mr. Casgrain proves that he made no such statement. The reporter misquoted

EVERY MAN TO HIS TRADE.



This Australian is getting a fine art shave from a Turkish prisoner who used to be a hair-dresser in Constantinople.

him, and in so doing added to the anxieties of thousands of people in Canada. A similar inaccuracy in politics would have cost that reporter his job.

THE Bishop of Huron writes to a Toronto editor to say that there are 2,500,000 Teutonic reservists in the United States who have never been naturalized and who report regularly to the Kaiser; and that vast quantities of munitions have been bought by the German government and secretly

stored away in the United States in case of need. Bishop Williams is an authority on a number of public questions outside the pulpit, but when he quotes George Moore on the German-American situation, it is time to suspect a bogey.

AN unconfirmed rumour says that Japan has been asked to send troops to Russia; when, according to a well-known Canadian expert on Russia, the trans-Siberian railway is lined far into the interior with war camps, 50,000 men to a camp, thoroughly drilled, who have never even had rifles.

A RECENT intimate description of Gen. Joffre by an American writer says that his head is far too big for his body. Up to the present it looks as if Joffre's head might yet be too big for the German armies. It is said that when Hindenburg was asked what general he would like to have with him in taking Warsaw, he replied—"Joffre."

CONSTANTINOPLE is said to be lighted with coal-oil, owing to a shortage of coal at the Doldabotche gas works. In case coal-oil should become scarce at the Ottoman Capital, the Turks may decide to open the Dardanelles with no further resistance, to let Standard Oil in with its tanks.

SIR IAN HAMILTON is credited by cable with saying that before October 1 the Dardanelles will be in possession of the Allied forces. That statement should be of some comfort to Hon. Winston Churchill, who, in a speech about two months ago, said the Allies in that part of the world were within a few miles of one of the greatest victories of the war. Unfortunately, distances in some areas of this war are not computed in miles, but in yards.

THE greatest book in the world is said to be the new English dictionary, which contains 300,000 words, and kept the editor 37 years at his task till the day of his death a couple of years ago. Many English-speaking people may wonder what is the use of the other 299,000 words. The only explanation is that most of them may be needed to write the story of the decline and fall of the German Empire.

SINCE Mr. Andrew Kelly, president of the Western Canada Flour Mills, estimated the western wheat crop as nearly 300,000,000 bushels, the grain elevators have been asking the box cars on the railways—"What are you going to do about it?"

THE German Chancellor is said to have saved his job with the Kaiser by making a ferocious attack on England in his recent speech to the Reichstag. It is not stated that he quoted the Hymn of Hate, which he has probably not had time to learn. And as the author of that hymn has expressed his regrets that it was ever put in the hands of children, the Chancellor may not be permitted to see a copy.

Our New Serial
 Robert Machray, the novelist and author of the new serial story beginning in this issue, was the first medallist of the University of Manitoba and afterwards lecturer in English literature in that institution.

THE NEW WEST—WHAT IS IT?

No Longer Wheat, City Lots and Oil, But Art, Education and Public Affairs

By MAIN JOHNSON

WHAT is this New West, which is being referred to now-a-days? A few years ago the "new west" was the West itself, geographically, as we know it now. More recently the term was applied to the Peace River district. What is its significance to-day?

The New West means a country whose ideals, interests and mode of life have changed. A few years ago, quite naturally and indeed inevitably, the prairie provinces were absorbed in materialism, in buying and selling things—wheat, city lots, and, later still, oil. Of these three interests, only one remains as a potent factor in the life of the Westerner—wheat, the least materialistic of the three, for although its chief value lies in its power of being transmitted into money, yet there is a constructive idealism and an epic bigness in the cultivation of the world's crops which saves it from the contamination of sordidness.

What are the interests of Westerners to-day? For one thing, they play golf. Five or six years ago there was very little "putting" between Winnipeg and the Mountains; this year there are more golfers in proportion to the population than anywhere else in Canada, so many in fact that golf in this part of the world might almost be called democratic. For one thing, distances are comparatively short in Western cities like Regina and Edmonton, and the golf links are much closer to town, nearer the business and residential sections than in the East, with its half-million centres of population, and its secluded, inaccessible country clubs.

Even the younger set have taken up golf in the West. Young men, who have not yet gone to the war, and who, in Montreal or Toronto, would be playing tennis or yachting, are golfing in Saskatoon and Calgary and other cities of the plains and the foothills. Even newspaper men and women who, in the East are among the busiest communities in the cities, and who have scarcely time to eat, much less to play games, shoulder their sticks in the late afternoon and walk, ride or drive to the links. One of the causes of the popularity of golf in the West is the long afternoons of the northern latitudes. During midsummer, one can play at least an hour and a half later in the evening in Edmonton than in Toronto, and, therefore, one can begin that much later in the afternoon, after having plenty of time to finish the day's work.

During the temporary lull in the bounding prosperity of the West, and during the days when, even

with good crops, the rosy hue of the world has lost something of its colour, the Westerner is finding solace in the contemplation and enjoyment of the artistic buildings and environment which he created for himself in the days of easy money. At the time, he was not always thinking about the enjoyment-value of magnificent public, private and commercial edifices, wide streets and charming parks. Quite often he was making such improvements in a spirit of rivalry, and with the feeling that he must not allow any competing city to gain the ascendancy in providing spectacular signs of prosperity. To-day, in spite of the difficulty in paying for some of these adornments, they are appreciated as they never were in the hey-day of 1912.

"A heavy load to pay for these palaces?" was the typical remark of a Regina man. "Yes, they are expensive luxuries, but they make us feel contented. They make the city worth living in."

So also in Saskatoon—in that city, as elsewhere, there are public and private buildings, which, from a mere dollars and cents standpoint, could be eliminated without being missed, and if they had not been built, taxes would not have been as oppressive to-day. And yet, the typical resident of Saskatoon, as he takes you to the top of one of its skyscrapers and shows you the marvellous panorama of rich and well-built structures, will tell you that he would not give them up in spite of all the money stringency. The artistic in architecture and the solidity of civic institutions are soothing forms of consolation.

PEOPLE of the West have more leisure than they had in boom days, and more time to think of literature and art. There is quite a marked increase in the demand for standard books of the best sort, in cheap editions, and there is, also, in certain centres, a growing appreciation of painting. In Saskatchewan, this encouraging development is being fostered by the brilliant and versatile Governor of that province, Hon. G. H. Brown, who is a generous patron of the arts. His own portrait, painted by Sir Hubert Herkomer, he recently presented to the province, and the painting is hung in a most striking and original position in the delightful entrance hall of the Parliament Buildings. In Government House, His Honour has a number of valuable originals, including a Titian.

The Universities of Saskatchewan and Alberta, at Saskatoon and Edmonton (Strathcona) were begun in the boom days, but their worth was never realized so fervently nor were the people as proud of these institutions of learning as they are to-day. President Murray, of Saskatchewan, and President Torrey, of Alberta, are looked up to as men who stand for the permanent things of life, unaffected in their essence by either the low or high prices of city lots. The financial situation has undoubtedly curtailed the building programme of both these universities, but it has not stopped it completely. This is particularly true in Alberta, where a new Arts College, the finest of any of the buildings in that group up to date, is being rushed to completion for the opening of the autumn term.

BESIDES the more or less "Applied" faculties, including schools of Agriculture and demonstration farms, which are features of these Western universities, there is also an enlarging interest in the more traditional literary courses, although, for these subjects, many Western students continue to come East.

The changed West is nowhere more in evidence than in the public affairs of the prairie provinces, and in the public opinion which finds expression in the policies carried out. Not that Westerners formerly neglected to take an interest in public affairs—in spite of their absorption in business, enough of them always seemed to find sufficient time to see to it that their governments were efficient and modern. In those days, however, the interest was more or less in strictly material matters, such as markets, elevators, and co-operation. These questions are not yet in abeyance; they are still active, but they are not the chief issues. The ground has shifted, and to-day the most vital policies in the West are temperance and woman suffrage. Public opinion on the first point has already crystallized into legislation in Saskatchewan and Alberta, and is in the formative period in Manitoba and British Columbia. The second issue is not quite as far advanced, but close observers predict that within two years, probably before that, women will have the vote in Alberta and Saskatchewan, and that Manitoba will soon grant the same right.

The emergence of such definite movements in the political field as prohibition and women's suffrage goes to show vividly that in this phase of life also there has arisen a New West.

SEEING THE GREAT FLEET

The Only First-hand Description Ever Published of the British Navy in the North Sea

By THE ARCHBISHOP OF YORK

In the London Times

Sailor, what of the debt we owe you?
Day or night is the peril more?
Who so dull that he fails to know you,
Sleepless guard of our island shore?
Safe the corn to the farmyard taken,
Grain ships safe upon all the seas—
Homes in peace and a faith unshaken,
Sailor, what do we owe for these?

THESE lines (from a poem in The Times of September 16, 1914) came into my mind when from the bridge of a destroyer I saw the Grand Fleet stretched before me, the grey ships silent and ready in the grey light of the northern seas. It may perhaps serve to enforce the debt of gratitude which the nation owes to the officers and men of the Fleet if I give a short account of a memorable fortnight which, at the invitation of the Commander-in-Chief, I was recently allowed to spend among them. My desire was to bring them a message of thanks and remembrance from the Motherland and of benediction from the Mother Church which has the great majority of them under her care.

It is difficult for them to realize the value of their long-drawn vigil. Their one longing is to meet the German ships and sink them; and yet month after month the German ships decline the challenge. The men have little time, or chance or perhaps inclination to read accounts in serious journals of the invaluable service which the Navy is fulfilling by simply keeping its watch; and naval officers do not make speeches to their men.

The arrangements for the visit were made by the Commander-in-Chief and the Admirals commanding the other bases, whose guest I was. They were models of careful organization. They proved that by the Navy, whether in arranging the visit of an Archbishop or in preparing for a fight, nothing is left to chance. I wish that the masters of ecclesiastical ceremonies at home could learn some lessons from the flag captains of the Fleet. It proved to be possible to arrange great voluntary services on two Sunday afternoons and on a week-day

morning. At the first there were the Commander-in-Chief and his staff, the other Admirals, and nearly 5,000 officers and men. The ships of the Fleet were lying around, looming out of a dull grey mist—it was a most moving experience to commit that distant Fleet to the care and blessing of God. The scene of the second, bathed in sunshine, where about 3,000 officers and men were grouped, was very different. The third service, if less romantic in its setting than the first, was as a spectacle the most impressive of the three—indeed, I have never seen anything like it. Nearly 9,000 officers and men were gathered in a vast dry dock. The weather was beautiful; the acoustics of the dock were perfect. I shall never forget that sea of upturned faces frank and bronzed, the stillness with which they listened to every word, the sense of an unseen Presence in our midst.

TEN DAYS' WORK.

THERE were four Confirmation services—two of them in the flagships of the Admirals in command, attended by hundreds of men. About 180 were confirmed—warrant and petty officers, artificers, men and boys, and one or two midshipmen. One afternoon, wet and squally, I consecrated a field as a new naval cemetery. The congregation was about 1,800 men from the destroyer flotillas, who sang and listened with a true naval indifference to weather. One whole day, in a shelter extemporized as a chapel, one afternoon and one morning in churches ashore elsewhere, I spent with the chaplains in quiet thought and prayer. Every day there were visits to selected ships, to which drafts of men from neighbouring ships were sent; and there I spoke and gave God's blessing to crowds of men standing on deck or sitting among the turrets in every variety of picturesque grouping. Never again can I hope to find such keen and ready listeners. Altogether, during ten days, I gave over 40 addresses. It was impossible to feel tired in an atmosphere of such generous attentiveness and welcome.

Let me try to describe some of the impressions which this visit has left indelibly printed on my heart and mind. It is not easy. The Grand Fleet is a world apart, with its own life, its own task, its own wonderful and incommunicable spirit. It is difficult to speak of it to those who inhabit a world so different.

To share the life of the Grand Fleet even for a short time enables one to realize the sacrifices which its officers and men have made and are making for their country. We are entering the second year of the war. Let it be remembered that not for three or six, but for 12 months the Fleet has been enduring the strain of immediate readiness for battle. Almost all of its ships have been constantly at sea. They had no harbours secure from danger. They roamed ceaselessly over waste northern and western seas at full speed, often in wild weather, with the water covering the decks, in a region where the winter light lasts only a few hours, each ship moving hither and thither in the dark, her hundreds of men shiver down below. It is almost impossible to realize the perpetual strain of such an experience. Officers and men have all the responsibilities of war without the thrill and excitement of battle. Day by day they have to be ready for action. Leave is almost impossible. Many of them have not had 48 hours' leave, few of them have had more, since the war began. No men have a greater love of their homes. They have often been within reach, sometimes even within sight, of them. Yet none can be spared. Week by week they are waiting for a chance which never comes. Some of them, to the envy of their comrades, have had their day—in the Dogger Bank, the Heligoland Bight, the Falkland Islands, the Dardanelles. But for most of them "the day" is still to come. It is impossible to describe the strain of waiting for it.

THE SPIRIT OF CHEERFULNESS.

YET in spite of all they are full of cheerfulness. Every captain had the same word—nothing could be better than the spirit of the whole crew. On deck you may see officers wrestling with the mighty "medicine-ball," and men playing cricket

or quoits and every variety of ingenious game. Concerning the efficiency of the Fleet it is not for a mere outsider to speak; but even he cannot fail to be impressed by the all-pervading sense of readiness. It seemed as if there was one word written on every ship, on every part of her, on every man within her—the word Ready. There was no

hasté, no bustle, no confusion.

I left the Grand Fleet for home again sharing to the full the admiration, affection, and confidence which every officer and man within it feels for its Commander-in-Chief, Sir John Jellicoe. Here assuredly is the right man in the right place at the right time. His officers give him the most absolute trust

and loyalty. When I spoke of him to his men I always felt that quick response which to a speaker is the sure sign that he has reached and touched the hearts of his hearers. The Commander-in-Chief—quiet, modest, courteous, alert, resolute, holding in firm control every part of his great fighting engine—has under his command the heart of his Fleet.

LIFE-BOAT EXPERTS IN ACTION



Life-boat experts at Toronto Island getting a boat right side up after capsizing it for drill purposes.

LIFE-SAVING at Ward's Island, Toronto, is a branch of practical science carried on as vigorously as a fire-brigade or camp drill for war purposes. Every year the sudden squall, the man that rocks the boat and other natural and unnatural accidents add to the list of casualties. Toronto has by far the biggest sailing, canoeing and rowing population in Canada. Thousands of people may be on open water at once. It is the business of the life-saving crew to police this pleasure population. The conning tower shown in the centre picture on this page commands a view of the Bay and the lake front. Within a few seconds after observing any upturned craft the life-saving crew are off in a motor-boat at 30 miles an hour, or in a big lifeboat if the sea is too heavy.

The crew are drilled experts in the business of handling capsized craft. They make it a regular business to upset boats,

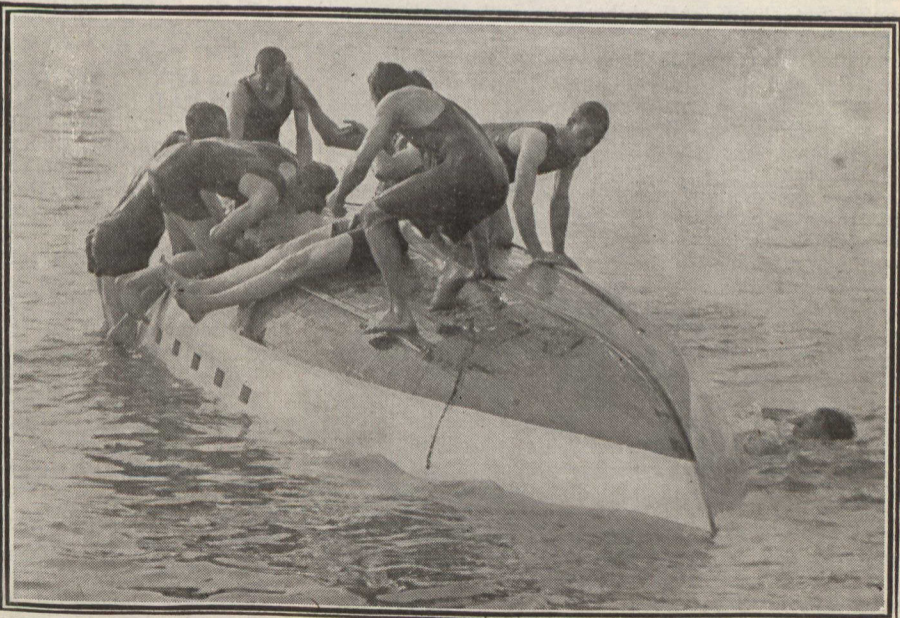


General view of the life-saving station at Ward's Island, Toronto.

putting them right side up again and looking after swimmers in the water. Life-saving on Toronto Island used to be considerably a matter of volunteers. For many years there was a sign at various points of the Island—perhaps it is still there—"In case of drowning, telephone Mait. Akroyd." It is no longer the immediate business of a drowning man to telephone anybody. All a capsized crew of a skiff or a canoe or a dinghy have to do is to hang on to the boat for a few minutes till the life-saving brigade arrive on the scene. The organization of this life-saving station is one of the tokens that Toronto has become one of the great harbours of America. People are as likely to get into water accidents as houses are to get on fire. A life-saving station and crew are as necessary six months in the year as fire-halls and fire brigades are necessary the year round. The fool that rocks the boat is always with us.



Overturning the Drill Boat, some of the crew getting ready to climb to the keel, others diving off.



The Drill Boat capsized, with part of the crew on top, getting ready to flop the craft back again.

THE NEUTRAL, By JOHN HOLDEN

A Story in Which the Element of Surprise Works Both Ways

Illustrated by A. M. Wickson

"Of course you've got my best wishes and all that, but to tell you the truth, fellows, I think you Canadians are foolish to get mixed up in this war."

Tommy Day drew his well-pressed trousers up from his violet-socked ankles, seated himself on his typewriter stand, and lighted an after-luncheon cigarette. The rest of the Alberta Packing Company's office staff glanced first at Bob McFall, the big, hot-tempered Scotch shipping clerk, then exchanged significant glances.

The fresh young man from Chicago, not realizing that he was agitating a sizeable portion of trouble, continued with all the smug assurance of his inexperienced years:

"Really, you Canadians should worry if Germany does win. Our Monroe Doctrine amply protects you. You should follow our example. Americans know enough to keep out of European squabbles. We—"

"Americans!" Bob McFall's rising wrath had boiled over sooner even than was expected. "You Americans," he sneered, "are a pretty poor lot. D'ye ken the German atrocities? The devilish treatment of helpless women and bairns?" Bob's Scotch accent broadened as his wrath rose. "The shellin' of peaceful towns? The violation of The Hague agreement that your country signed? The sinking of American ships? Americans! Bah! Ye've no got the spirit of rabbits."

Tommy Day's pink and white countenance flushed to all pink. For a tense moment he calmly puffed at his cigarette, while his fellow clerks looked at one another and wondered what he would do. As a fighting man, Tommy, to all appearances, was a joke. Bob McFall looked big and strong enough to pick him up and crack him over his knee. But there are fighting qualities quite as valuable as muscle.

Tommy took a final puff at his cigarette, tossed it into a cuspidor and stood up, facing the flushed and excited Scotchman.

"Mac," he said, very slowly and deliberately. "I regret to have to inform you that you're a damned liar!"

A vicious smack cracked on the surcharged atmosphere like the sound of a lath broken in two, and Tommy staggered back against George Martin, the ledger-keeper. The slap seemed to relieve McFall, for as Tommy came back, brimful of fight, he grinned.

"Now, me laddie, if you're such a brave American, let's see what you'll do."

It was obvious that Tommy could do very little. McFall's extended palm, broad as a platter, blocked his onslaught as effectually as a telegraph pole. For a tense moment Tommy glared, probably as David glared at Goliath before executing his justly celebrated sling feat.

"Well, if a fellow is a rabbit because he can't do anything but his fists, then I guess I'm one," he said.

Contempt and good-nature mingled together in McFall's laugh. George Martin, an American also, but wiser than Tommy, flushed and started to say something—but Tommy had only commenced.

"Remember, though, it's easy to be brave when you've got all the weapons and the other fellow has none. You've won out now, McFall, because you've got them. All right; but just to show you whether we Americans have the spirit of rabbits or not, I'm going to fight you again; in such a way that I've got an equal chance. That's fair, eh, fellows?" turning to his fellow clerks.

"Sure is," agreed someone and there was no dissenting voice.

"All right, then. Next Saturday afternoon"—Tommy spoke slowly and deliberately—"we'll fight this thing to a finish in the grove below the plant—with revolvers."

Billy Mullen broke the silence.

"Forget it, Tommy. This is 1915, not 1815."

"I don't care if it's 2015," shot back Tommy. "That big dub will fight a real fight, with an equal chance for both of us, or admit before the whole plant that he hasn't got the spirit of a rabbit."

IN the excitement the half dozen clerks had disregarded the one o'clock whistle. They were brought back to earth by the scowling entrance of the chief clerk and immediately scuttled to their desks.

On leaving the office that evening, Billy Mullen joined George Martin.

"Oh, you fighting Americans!" he joked. "Look here, George, what about this duel, anyhow? D'ye suppose that kid knows what he's talking about?"

"Why not? Mac handed him a pretty hot one,

didn't he? You don't expect any good American to stand for an insult like that. It's a cinch Tommy has no chance with his dukes; so why shouldn't he fight him some other way?"

"But a duel with revolvers! Do you know what you're talking about? Why one of them might—probably will—murder the other."

George laughed.

"No chance, old scout. One or the other will back down—the big Scotchman, I'll bet. Here he comes behind us; let's see what he's got to say."

"Hello, Mac," he laughingly addressed McFall, after slowing down his pace to allow the latter to catch up. "How do you like the idea of facing a bullet?"

McFall's rough-hewn countenance was as mirthless



"Tommy looked suspiciously at his, broke it open, examined the cartridges, and handed it back with a sneer."

as granite.

"I guess I'm no afraid of lead when there's any sense in facing it," he said. "I'm going to join the army if any more men are called for."

George Martin winked at his companion.

"So you're not going to face Tommy? Well, well! Honest, Mac, I thought you were made of better stuff than that. Going to let the kid make you back up, eh?"

McFall flushed.

"Who says I won't face him?" he demanded, hotly. "So you want that cursed nonsense to go on, do you? I thought you'd have sense enough to stop it. Well, it'll be a long day, George Martin, before any bragging American will make McFall back up."

He turned abruptly into a side street, leaving a rather startled pair of office employees staring after him.

"There—what did I tell you?" croaked Billy Mullen. "First thing you know there'll be something started we can't stop. Joke, eh? You forget that Scotchmen are not so keen on jokes as you Americans. How d'ye figure on stopping this duel, eh?"

George refused to be serious.

"Don't need to stop it," he laughed. "You'd never get Mac to fight a real duel—big bluffer."

"I guess he'd fight as willingly as any American," returned Billy, with some asperity.

"Bet you five," George challenged.

"You're on—no, you're not, either. Good heavens! Revolvers—think of it!"

"Rats! If neither backs down we can put blanks in the pistols, can't we?"

Billy was thoughtful for a moment. "All right," he agreed. "The bet stands."

Friday afternoon Billy Mullen took advantage of

the chief clerk's absence to saunter across to Tommy's desk.

"What are you looking so glum about, Tommy? Haven't seen you smile since you had that run-in with Mac. Not getting cold feet over your duel tomorrow, are you? Hello, what's this?" He picked up a blue, paper-bound book that Tommy had been reading during the after-luncheon interval. "German Atrocities; Compiled by the British Government."

"What's this mean, Tommy?"

"That I'm learning something about this war." Tommy's voice was sober and thoughtful. "This affair with McFall has set me thinking, Billy. I wish now I'd kept my fool mouth shut."

Billy laid his hand on Tommy's shoulder.

"That's all right, old man. None of us had any idea of letting you fight a real duel—"

Tommy pushed his chair back indignantly.

"Oh, do you think I want to get out of it?" he demanded. "Not on your life. That fellow insulted my country. Rabbits, eh? I'll show him!"

"But he didn't mean—"

"Didn't he, though! I've heard no apology."

Billy sauntered over to George Martin's desk, shaking his head.

"Look here, George, we'd better go to Mac and tell him we won't think any the less of him if he apologizes to Tommy. I'm sure he'd like to."

But George still considered the affair a huge joke.

"Rats!" he negated. "They can't hurt each other with blanks. What's wrong, Billy? Getting afraid you'll lose your bet?"

"All right, joke about it if you want to—but if anything happens it's your fault, remember." Billy resumed totting up columns in his ledger with an uneasy conscience.

SATURDAY morning Tommy Day did not appear at the office, whereat Billy Mullen indulged in a sigh of relief and greeted George Martin gleefully:

"Oh, you fighting Americans! So your man has backed down, eh? I'd just as soon have my five-spot now."

"Wait a minute. Has McFall shown up?"

McFall had not!

"Now, what d'ye know about that?" observed Billy, disgustfully. "Both backing down. Good Lord!"

"The duel is set for this afternoon," George reminded him. "Perhaps they'll both show up after a while."

Both did show up.

"You're sure you've got the pistols fixed?" whispered Billy, as the two principals, followed by a small retinue of clerks, all of whom were in the secret, made their way to the grove below the plant early in the afternoon.

George winked and tapped a cigar box significantly.

"You bet."

The duellists marched very solemnly to the grove. To them it was no laughing matter. The spectators pretended a vast solemnity also.

"Both you fellows should join the army and shoot Germans if you're so bloodthirsty," remarked someone.

McFall glared at the speaker and seemed on the point of saying something. But he curled his lip in a sneer and remained silent.

Tommy said nothing, either. Indeed, the past few days had wrought strange alterations in the boy's demeanour. The blatant, egotistical youth had metamorphosed into a very thoughtful and preoccupied young man.

The little party arrived at the grove.

"COME here, both of you." George Martin handed each a very business-like revolver. "They're loaded and ready. Take ten steps in opposite directions, stand with your backs to each other and cock your revolvers; then I will count, one, two, three. When I say 'three' you are to turn and fire—see?"

McFall took his pistol without a word and walked off.

Tommy looked suspiciously at his, broke it open, examined the cartridges, and handed it back with a sneer.

"Did the gallant Scotchman insist on blanks?" he observed, with biting sarcasm.

Perhaps McFall also had suspected that the cartridges were harmless. At any rate, he flushed like a bank president caught stealing pennies from a blind beggar.

"That's showing him up, Tommy," applauded someone.

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PLAIN SAM HUGHES, PLUS K.C.B.

A More or Less Random Misappreciation of the Minister of Militia

By AUGUSTUS BRIDLE

FOUR years ago it was so easy to say just who was meant when you tried to give an opinion about a certain violent, talkative and aggressive person who sat in the House of Commons for Victoria and Haliburton. The answer was—Sam Hughes. Now—let's be quite sure we have the thing



right—that same blustering, dynamic person is Major-General the Hon. Sir Sam Hughes, K.C.B., Minister of Militia and Defence. But leave it to the average man that wants to talk about him if he won't still call him Sam Hughes; because that's what he really is, and what he would still be if he had a yard of decorative prefixes and affixes to his name. The original Sam is still there. Does he scorn the ornaments? Not likely. If he had twice as many he would be willing to take as many more, wear every one of them on his clothes if possible, and insist on being regarded as a man who reckons he has earned every decoration he

went to Toronto and attended the Model School where his brother James was teacher. He graduated from the Normal School, and with a first-class certificate, went teaching down at Belleville, where he became a friend of Mackenzie Bowell, then a pretty old man and still living. His next school was in Lifford. Did he wallop any of the bad lads? Well, likely. But he never needed to wear a strap on his sleeve. Sam was able to scare a good-sized rebel out of his boots by just setting his jaw and looking at him. Such gusto had never been known in a teacher in those parts. So it was in the Jarvis Street Collegiate where Sam Hughes taught next and where he plugged up an honour course in Toronto University.

All this while he was soldiering. He didn't enlist in the Fenian Raid at the age of fourteen and a half to forget it. He was an officer in the old 45th Regiment for many years when his brother John was a senior. When John took the colonelcy of the 46th Sam took the colonelcy of the 45th. We don't read that as a lad he was given to playing with tin sol-

boxing; a good deal with one Charlie Kelly a baritone singer that kept a barber shop in Bowmanville, and whom one evening with the gloves on Sam man aged to lam through the front window of the shop into the street. But, of course, the big Hibernian knew nothing about that. When the crowd began to collect at the market to see the fun, the Irishman slambanged into the Warder Office and said a few things impromptu to the editor, who told him to move out. The move was not made quick enough to suit Sam, who landed one on the jaw, knocking him down, another when he got up, and a third that sent him on to the sidewalk. After which the editor invited all and sundry to come on—but none of them came.

So runs the story; which is not apocryphal either. And, of course, there are others that sound a little different.

HOWEVER, it was not long till Sam Hughes got into a field where there was more fighting to be done than in the editor's chair. In 1891 he made his first attempt to enter the House of Commons. He was defeated by John Barron, now Judge Barron, of Stratford. The very next year he turned the tables. He was re-elected in 1896 when Laurier came into power, and has never been defeated since. In his four years of Opposition he was always sparing in the House; not always taken seriously; by a great many Liberals regarded as a joke. When he got on the Government side he was rather more of a soldier than a politician. War was always with him. In 1897 he was acting Brigade-Major of Military District No. 3. And it was then only two years from the Boer War, in which Sam Hughes first became known as a real character in a more adventurous field than pedagogy, lacrosse or politics. Did he go like anybody else? Not likely. Sam Hughes, Colonel, went to South Africa convinced that Canadians had something to do in that war bigger than anything ever done by a colony in any Empire struggle.

There are almost as many contrary opinions about Sam Hughes' part in the Boer War as there are about who started the present one. Some people who thought Sam was an egotist before he went down there, thought he was a real I-Amist afterwards. The fact of the matter is Sam Hughes wasn't loafing a bit, and although he was working hard at war in several capacities he found time to talk. He poured out his criticisms of things in particular in letters home to friends, some of whom published them; result—Hughes came in for all sorts of criticism at home for talking about himself.

Well, discretion was never the better part of valour with the Hughes family. Lord Milner sent Hughes as assistant to Col. Wynter on the transports to the Modder. Sam facilitated the movement of supplies. The old custom was to have a mixture of goods for various posts in one car; time wasted digging them out. Hughes introduced the post-office or freight-

(Concluded on page 16.)



The way Major-General Sam Hughes felt after he had seen the first C.E.F. off for England down in the Gulf of St. Lawrence.

diers. But he always had in his mind the possibility of war. Fighting was in the Hughes blood. It was part of the sporting nature. It came out first in lacrosse. Both Sam and Jim were two of the greatest lacrosse players ever known in Canada. Sam founded the Millbrook lacrosse team. Jim organized lacrosse in the Model school at Toronto. They both played on the crack Toronto team that used to mop the earth with the Shamrocks. Sam had the knack of catching a ball coming his direction and sending it along without stopping it. General Otter remembers those old lacrosse struggles, for he used to play on the same team with both the Hughes boys. And if Sam Hughes to-day were asked which he would rather cut out of his career, lacrosse or school-teaching—he would hardly say lacrosse. That swift, slugging, open-handed game suited him.

Pedagogy with him was only a stepping-stone—to just what, he hardly knew. When he quit teaching and got hold of the Lindsay Warder he had no intention of becoming a great editor. He was an Orangeman and a Tory; and to have a paper of his own gave him a good opportunity of slugging something. Which he did.

Once in those earlier days the editor lambasted a certain class of people who didn't happen to think the same as Orangemen. The article made these people very warm. One market day it was decided to pick out the biggest pugilist in the community to give the editor a trimming. It so happened, however, that in his former days Sam Hughes had done some



Sir Sam Hughes on the right—with his two brothers, Col. John in the middle, and Jas. L. Hughes, LL.D., taken in 1912.

has, and before he quits storming his way through life, may happen to get more of them.

This peculiar capacity of the Minister of Militia for "more to follow" was tersely expressed by him in what the Standard of Empire calls a picturesque phrase which he let off in London. Referring to what the Empire has yet to do in this war he said, "We have only just begun to roll up our sleeves." In a London despatch printed in our daily papers, "Chester" said a few days ago:

"His directness, optimism and forthrightness have won him many friends and much public appreciation. London likes him."

Whatever "forthrightness" may or may not mean as applied to Sam Hughes, there is no doubt about the optimism and the rolling up the sleeves. Sir Sam is a sleeves-up character. Ergo, he usually has nothing up his sleeve. He was never born to be a humble, retiring person. Sir Sam was cut out for the stage of action. He was meant to be a knocker and to get knocked; to be a talker and to get talked about; to do things and be ready to hand over robust opinions why he did them or what the devil he meant by it.

So there is no need to apply the soft pedal to this man. He is as full of faults as an egg is of yolk. He knows most of them; admits many; knows that even his friends say he is sometimes bumptious, self-confident, inclined to bull-in-the-china-shop methods, not overly modest and not always tremendously discreet. What of it? Sam was born that way. So were his brothers and his cousins and his aunts. It's in the Hughes blood. They must always be up and doing. They recognize rules often to break them. And of the whole quartette of brothers, beginning with James L., the Minister of Militia is the best rule-smasher of the family.

Bear this in mind, when trying to estimate Sam Hughes. He is a March wind, and the more hats he blows off and poles he blows down the better he likes it. It is never necessary to understand him well enough to explain him. Sam Hughes doesn't want to be explained. He doesn't care particularly for anybody to vindicate him. He doesn't mind what stories are told or invented about him. Some of them are true; others are legendary. Which is which concerns nobody. If half the stories banded about Sam Hughes since he started to organize the first C. E. F. were published as truth, he would have been out of the Cabinet by this time instead of being honoured by the King with a K.C.B., and written about in despatches as though he were some new kind of Canadian public character intended to help save the Empire.

SAM HUGHES was only well into long trousers when he began to be the original of yarns. He was born on a farm; so was his brother Jim, for nearly forty years Inspector of Schools in Toronto. So was his brother John, the elder, who not long ago wanted the worst way to be allowed to go to the front, but Sam had to refuse him because he was far over age. His father was a school-teacher who owned a farm down in Durham County, Ont. At the age of fourteen he was being taught school lessons by his brother James at Frankford, Hastings County. At the age of fourteen and a half he enlisted at Bowmanville. That was the time of the first Fenian Raid in 1866. After the Raid was over he

MAINLY PERSONAL

Business in Soldiering

GETTING Canadian troops to the front and wounded Canadians back across the Channel again is the particular business of a Montreal soldier. Brig-General John Carson has been a long while soldiering. It was in 1891 that he became lieutenant in the 5th Royal Highlanders of Montreal. And he became Captain, Major, and Lieut-Colonel, all inside of fifteen years. It took him just nineteen years' soldiering to become C. O. of the regiment. Then in 1910 he retired; went back the next year commanding the Grenadier Guards. All this while he was working at insurance as a chief means of livelihood and getting established in various lines of business; not perhaps taking soldiery more to heart than a number of other men who wondered when parade soldiering would become the real thing in this country, but always ready to try out what he knew. As supervisor of Canadian transports, Gen. Carson has a responsible job, which none but a good business head as well as a soldier could do successfully.



Brig-Gen. John Carson, in charge of Canadian troop transports from England.

As supervisor of Canadian transports, Gen. Carson has a responsible job, which none but a good business head as well as a soldier could do successfully.

Visible and Invisible

PROBABLY the last thing Sir Oliver Lodge expected to do at any time during his remarkable scientific career was to go to war. He is now doing it. He is a member of the Inventions Board, attached to the British Admiralty, which has to do with a great many things visible and invisible concerned with the defence of Great Britain. Sir Oliver Lodge is pretty well known by reputation over here. Most people who know this eminent scientist couldn't tell whether he uses a microscope or an algebraic formula or a test tube. He is a professor of physics, which, in these days, means a great deal more than it did when Sir Oliver began to study science. But his studies of physical life have led him to investigate the spirit world, and it is his knowledge of spiritism that has made him popularly known to many who have not otherwise studied his career. From physics to psychics is only a state of thinking to Sir Oliver Lodge. He believes in communion with spirits. He has made more investigations into this field of psychic research than any other man in England. If Sir Oliver could manage to hold a seance with the shade of Bismarck and of King Edward VII. he might be able to throw a lot of light on the dark places of this war. But his main business now is to help defend Great Britain by helping to devise inventions. And any intelligent spirit knows that to do this nowadays is very largely a matter of studying the invisible whether beneath the top of the sea or up among the clouds.

The Vortex Ring

SIR JOSEPH THOMSON, who stands at the right of Sir Oliver Lodge in the picture on this page, is one of the most eminent practical scientists in the world. He also is a physicist. He has honours and titles and medals from nearly every country in the world where science is known. The fact that he looks like a keen-eyed business man might lead a casual observer to disregard the capacious dome of thought that overtops his spectacles. Behind that frontal arch lurk the secrets of Huxley, Tyndall and many other people who have made practical science the hobby of great Englishmen. It's not so very long ago that England led the world in practical science. Of late years Germany has got ahead of her in the purely diabolical sphere of modern inventions. Sir Joseph Thomson knows as much about physical science as any German professor in the school class of the Kaiser, but he has never imagined that any one nation had a monopoly of modern science, and he has never bothered his head about the precise meaning of "kultur." One of his publications is a treatise on the motion of vortex rings. As a member of the Inventions Board he is quite welcome to expound a scheme of how to get all the German submarines involved in a series of vortex rings that will send them to the bottom of the last spiral convolution of the everlasting sea. The British Admiralty don't tell us much

about what happens to German submarines. But things are happening to these scientific war-sharks, and it is the business of British scientists to see that as much more happens to them as possible.

A Clergyman Novelist

CLERGYMEN who write good novels are said to be about as rare as ministers who preach good sermons. Robert Machray, whose novel, "Sylvia's Secret," begins as a serial in this issue of the Courier, was once a clergyman in the West. He is a nephew of the late Archbishop Machray, under whom he worked in Rupert's Land. He was a Canon in St. John's Cathedral, Winnipeg, and afterwards, when his throat made preaching difficult, he became a professor of history and assistant in English literature in St. John's College in that city. His novels are neither pure literature nor newspaper stories. He has a much better command of the English language than many modern novelists, and pays respect to what may be called art in writing. But he knows pretty well where style has to leave off for the sake of letting in a good story, and that real art in modern literature is a bigger thing than mere style. The novel now running in the Courier was written just before the war.

The Athlete in War

LIEUT.-COL. JAMES GEORGE ROSS, who early this month will arrive in London to join the Canadian troop transport staff of Brig-General Carson, used to be a famous amateur athlete. When he first went into the 5th Royal Highlanders, in Montreal, he was known by description of some sporting writer as "the best man in Canada who ever strapped on a racing shoe." That may be a matter of opinion, but there is no doubt that Col. Ross was always an

BRITISH SCIENTISTS IN THE WAR.



Sir Joseph Thomson and Sir Oliver Lodge, members of the British Admiralty Inventions Board.

athletic soldier. Away back in 1879 he was a member of the Ontario Field Battery. In 1884 he was an officer in Victoria Rifles, Montreal, retiring with rank of Captain. Four years later he joined the 5th Royal Highlanders, and worked his way up till ten years later he was Lieut.-Colonel. Once upon a time he accompanied explorer Lieut. Schwatka into the Yellowstone Park, and according to a newspaper writer of that time was "the only man of the party who came out in as good shape as he went in." Barring the bad language, that description conveys a fair idea of the temperamental qualities of Col. Ross, who, since the war began, has been very active in the formation of active service units in Montreal allotted to the 5th Royal Highlanders in Montreal. His appointment on the staff of Brig-Gen. Carson will enable him to do as much for Canada abroad as he

has done at home to make a thoroughly fine military reputation for himself.

A Canadian's Adventure

A GOOD story of hair-raising adventure is told concerning Lieut. Erskine Ogden, from Toronto, who is one of the despatch riders with the British Army at the front. He is a young man of 23—though he put that unlucky number clean out of the running in the adventure; always an athlete, a crank on bicycle riding, and certainly an expert with the motorcycle. The story goes that he went from his division to Gen. French's headquarters to get a message. The route was a well-known road infested with snipers, who, however, did no damage to the despatch corps on their way into headquarters. On the way out the fun began. Ogden was humming along at a high clip with his messages in his pocket, dodging snipers here and there all the way along. And as any good German sniper knows, it's about as hard to hit a man that goes fifty miles an hour as it is to hit one wild duck on the high wing. He was getting along famously, till suddenly across the road he saw a large tree which, since he passed along to headquarters, had been struck by a shell and smashed fair across the road. He had about four seconds to decide what to do about it. If he dismounted and trailed his motorcycle round the top he would be a sure mark for a sniper. He didn't do it. Fortunately it was only the bushy top that lay across the road; had it been the trunk, however, the story might have been much the same. He took a fraction of a second to make up his mind; the rest of the second he spent opening up the machine. He shut his eyes, chugged his chin on the handlebars, and charged that treetop at sixty miles an hour. By the time he realized that he had done something really strenuous, he was clean through the top and along the clear road on the other side; a trifle scratched but none the worse. And he got his message to the firing line.



Lt.-Col. J. G. Ross, assistant on Canadian troop transports.

An O'Leary Yarn

AT a recent meeting in Albert Hall, London, in the presence of King George and Queen Mary, a poem on Michael O'Leary, V.C., was read by the author, Mr. John McGrath. The first verse of the poem as quoted in a morning paper this week is:

"Kelly and Burke and Shea,
Flannigan, Doolin and Geary,
Very good men in their day,
But nothing to Michael O'Leary."

All the world knows Michael O'Leary, whose single-handed exploit in the German trenches has been immortalized in picture, cable despatch and verse to the great glory of loyal, fighting Ireland in the British Empire. And, of course, more or less legendary stories have been circulated about this remarkable Irishman. As often happens in an Irish story, the improbable and the unexpected sometimes crops out. This story—which has not hitherto been published in Canada at least—was told by a very eminent Irishman. Its character is legendary, but the interest is decidedly human. It is probably quite untrue, and it is told here for the sake of the joke which Irishmen the world over love so dearly.

When O'Leary, after getting his Victoria Cross, was honoured by the corporation and citizens of his home town, he was given a public address. An old woman, a great friend of the family, was present. She listened to the eulogies and looked at all the ceremonial of the grand occasion. Some one said to her:

"Sure, isn't it the grand affair and all?"
The old woman shook her head.

"Yes," she said, "it's a wonderful thing, I'm sure. And it's a grand, good boy is that same Michael. I don't know what he's done, at all, but I know it's a great thing whatever it is, for I know Michael O'Leary. They say he's been in the war. Och! I don't know what the war is all about—but bless you! I do hope that whatever side England is on, she will get the worst of it."

In all probability, no one appreciates the humour of this better than Michael O'Leary.



PART OF THE 3.73 PER CENT. OF ALBERTA'S POPULATION WHO HAVE ENLISTED.
 Artillery drilling in the rain at Sarcee Camp, the old Indian stamping ground on the Elbow River, four miles out of Calgary.

ALBERTA TOPS THE LIST

Impressions of Sarcee Camp, Calgary, Where Thousands of Men Are Training For the Front

By CHARLES STOKES

Photographs by Oliver, Calgary

ALTHOUGH comparisons are both invidious and odious, the people of Alberta are pointing with justifiable pride to the fact that the Province has contributed a greater percentage of men to the fighting forces of the Empire than any other Province of the Dominion. The figures recently published by the authorities at Ottawa show that the number of Albertans who have enlisted in the Canadian forces alone amounts to 14,200, a percentage of the population of 3.73; while if to these be added the men who have enlisted in other forces, chiefly in England, the number is nearer 20,000, or practically 5 per cent.

Every part of Alberta, from the international boundary in the south to the furthestmost recesses of the Peace River in the north, has furnished its quota. Edmonton and Calgary, as the largest recruiting centres, have naturally collected the largest numbers, each having raised in the city and in the surrounding district about eight thousand men.

When the decision was reached not to concentrate all the westerners at one point, probably in Manitoba, but to establish separate camps, Calgary was selected as the concentration point for the Military District Number 13. The men of the first contingent were of course mobilized direct, many of them continuing their everyday employment in the intervals of drilling until the very last moment before they left for Valcartier. The Second Contingent, which as far as Calgary was concerned, comprised the 31st Battalion, experienced some delay before leaving, and were housed in the various buildings accessory to the Calgary Exhibition, where they were joined later by the then newly-raised 50th Battalion. In May the new concentration camp was ready for oc-

cupation, and the 50th moved out to it, the 31st in the meantime having left for Shorncliffe.

The camp is known as the Sarcee Camp, and lies on the north bank of the Elbow River about four miles from Calgary, immediately adjoining the reserve of the Sarcee Indians. The regiments at present under canvas there are the 50th, the 56th, the 63rd and the 66th, the 12th and 13th Mounted Rifles, and several companies of the R. A. M. C. and the A. S. C. A battery (the 20th) of the Royal Canadian Artillery has recently been drafted to Shorncliffe. Altogether there are at present between six and seven thousand men at the Sarcee Camp.

At the same time, a new battalion, the 82nd, is now being recruited under the command of Lieut.-Col. W. A. Lowry, who, himself a Calgary man, was invalided home after St. Julien. This battalion will be quartered in the camp eventually. The recruiting for the 82nd has been notable for the number of very prominent Calgary men who have received commissions, amongst whom is ex-Mayor Mitchell.

The 13th Military District is under the charge of Col. E. A. Cruickshank, D. O. C. The camp is beautifully situated, and a backwater of the Elbow River has been utilized to form a swimming-pool for the men. Adjoining the camp a young city, "Sarcee Camp," has sprung up overnight, the completeness of which is testified by the fact that in addition to a number of stores it contains a branch of a bank and two picture houses. The Y. M. C. A. has established a big depot here too. About seventy-five per cent. of the men at Sarcee Camp registered their names as volunteers for harvest help, and most of them are now assisting in reaping Canada's greatest harvest.



Loyal Blood Indian Cadets in training at Sarcee Camp. Thirty years ago this year the Indians on the prairies were fighting Canadian soldiers under Gen. Middleton. German papers please copy.



Baking from No. 1 Hard at the Sarcee Camp, near Calgary.



Line-up of men anxious to join the popular 56th Regiment of Calgary.

ORGANIZED OR PRUSSIANIZED?

By THE MONOCLE MAN

THE success with which the Government has "mobilized" the industries of Canada for the manufacture of war munitions and other activities connected with the campaign, is most striking and creditable alike to Ministers and manufacturers. But every now and then we hear of some loose screw—some failure in co-ordination which seriously affects the output. It is easy to exaggerate this weakness—and I make no doubt it is exaggerated in private conversation. But it will not be denied that a more complete organization of the industrial abilities and resources of the nation would greatly assist our participation in the war. They have been suffering—and are still suffering—the same way in the United Kingdom. Some of the facts have cried aloud so openly that we all know them. Skilled workers in munition factories have been allowed to enlist and go to the front when they would have been of ten times as much use to the fighting forces if they had simply stayed on the job. Munition machinery has been allowed to lie idle for a part of the time when it ought to be run day and night.

WE may be confident that nothing like this is happening in Germany. That nation has organized its whole people to fight this war. There is probably not a man in Germany who is not helping fight—helping by doing the thing he can best do to that end. In many cases, this merely implies doing the same work he was doing in peace-time; and possibly doing it a bit harder. The organization of a nation for war purposes does not mean—and does not stop short at—conscription. I am not talking now about getting men into uniform. In Britain and in Canada, we are getting all the men into uniform that we can handle. The voluntary system has filled the fighting ranks of our armies to the entire satisfaction of our war chiefs. There is no trouble there. It is the men who are not going to war—who are not being asked to go to war—who should never be allowed to go to war—who are failing in their duty. And they are not failing, as a rule, for any lack of desire or willingness; but simply because they do not know.

IF one benevolent dictator had charge of this nation as a great business concern, with power to set every industry and every man in it doing the thing it and he can best do to help forward the fighting activities of our volunteers, our output in war material and efficiency would be materially increased. And, in most cases, no one would be disturbed. In many cases, indeed, the individuals would be much better off.

FOR the life of me I do not see why this nation, confronted by the tremendous crisis and peril of this war, should not permit itself to be organized by some central bureau with power at least to suggest to each man and industry what he might do. I can quite see the objection to compulsory organization. I am not asking that a central bureau be permitted to order any man or industry to do the smallest chore. I understand that a free-born Britisher would rather see his Empire shivered to atoms and his flag trailed in the dust than be deprived of his glorious liberty to shirk and get under the barn. He will never be what he calls "Prussianized" until the odious thing is done to him by a genuine Prussian drill-sergeant under the flag of Germany. That will protect his own meteor flag from being soiled by the blood-stain of "militarism." But surely even British "love of liberty" and Canadian love of irresponsibility would not be pained too deeply by a mere suggestion from a central organizing bureau!

THAT we are not taking this war seriously enough is a commonplace remark. Our whole future is being decided with "blood and iron" on the torn and ravaged fields of Europe; and we act as if we were watching the close of an exciting football series. We have not yet risen to the grim realization that what these millions of men settle in Europe with their lives, it will be entirely idle for us to attempt to set aside by the shrillest protests or the most vocal mass meetings at Massey Hall. These armed men in Europe are dying for great programmes; and you may be perfectly sure that whichever group of them conquer the power to put their programmes in force will not hesitate to do so because of any feeble dislike for them on the part of people who cannot meet howitzers with still heavier guns.

SHOULD Germany secure—either in this war or in one to follow it—the power to dispose of the future of Canada, that is exactly what she will do with as little regard for our preferences and feelings as she would have for the natives of any other

conquered district. She would wipe "Canada" off the map—as we know it—and plant here a new Prussianized "Poland" in which even the babies must live according to regulations drafted in Berlin. Some of our men feel the truth of all this; and they are going to Europe to prevent this frightful catastrophe at the cost of their lives. But it is only the simple truth that the majority of us do not feel it; and that we have not taken even so little trouble to help avert it as would be implied by a national organization of our industrial capacity. It seems to me that this is the least we can do, and that our people would be entirely ready to do it under some sort of Government leadership.

SUCH a step would be a long, long way short of Prussianizing this country—a cry we sometimes hear when it is proposed to do something which might make our united efforts more effective. Of our own free-will, we will never Prussianize ourselves. We have neither the docility nor the sense of need. But the Prussians themselves may Prussianize us in complete fashion some black day if we do not wake up and put our whole strength into this fight for freedom.

THE MONOCLE MAN.

Daddy's Plain Duty

WAR has sometimes played hob with sculpture. Napoleon once stole the great Quadriga bronze-horses statue that now caps the gate of the Brandenburg Thor in Berlin and carried it in triumph to Paris. The Germans got it back. And though German "kultur" may be a pretty ferocious animal at its worst, no one doubts that a great piece of sculpture is appreciated in Berlin. France, too, has her immortal Rodin, whose works are the pride of the nation. Any Frenchman found guilty of defacing one of his statues would be considered unspeakable. France may have her distorted notions about politics, but France has never failed to appreciate art. And over in old London there are a few sculpturesque spots where the feet of the nations go slow and the visitors behold in a sort of historic awe such overtopping historic memorials as the Nelson monument in Trafalgar Square. From among those four mammoth lions great speeches have been delivered to great crowds on behalf of King and country; and the figure of Nelson was a fitting climax to the scene. It seems that the recruiting agents for Kitchener's army have chosen this popular historic rendezvous to erect recruiting signs. That is used as an argument why similar signs should be put up in similar places. But in London, Trafalgar Square is the one place capable of gathering tens of thousands at once; more people pass the Nelson monument than any other public building; there is plenty of room for the signs, the big lions probably don't mind it anyway, and Nelson is so high up in the air that nothing bothers him. Suppose also, that some

equally misguided sign painter had been permitted by Mayor Mederic Martin to disfigure the historic monument in the Place d'Armes, Montreal. Would not French-Canadians howl to the tops of the towers of Notre Dame?

Then, oh tourist, whoever you may be, in search of a new idea in patriotism applied to art—pause for a moment nowadays in front of the South African Memorial, at the foot of University Avenue in Toronto. Behold that immortally inartistic signboard which obscures most of the splendid heroic figures at the base of the monument, and by means of a very atrocious picture done over-night, asks—"Daddy, what did you do in the great war?" And you will probably say to yourself that Daddy might have done his King and his country some service without shouldering a rifle. He might have taken a good-sized bush axe and chopped to kindling wood that ugly, art-defacing insult to a Canadian sculptor and to the soldiers who fell in a former war. Walter Allward, the sculptor who spent a year at this memorial, will not be pleased at seeing this in print. Neither will he be displeased, because it expresses some of his own views on the subject.

Some people may say that art has no business to be respected in times of war. They are right—if mere art stands in the way of enthusiasm for the war. But in the case of this signboard at the South African Memorial there was plenty of room to have put it up fifty feet in the rear of the monument, instead of square in front of the most interesting part of the memorial.

A NEW WAR STORY.

OUR new Serial, "Sylvia's Secret," which begins in this issue, deals with some phases of the relations between Britain and Germany just before war broke out. It is a thrilling mystery, reflecting events which are better understood now than they were a year ago.

Canadian Progress Appreciated

Belfast, Ireland, Aug. 10, 1915.

Editor, Canadian Courier:

Sir,—Like other social reformers here, I am glad to hear of the progress that local prohibition is making in Canada, and hope that other forms of Fabianism, municipal and national, are going ahead in the path of outward progress. As for inward progress, each one must do one's own temple cleaning and cultivate the higher self or holy spirit.

Canada, as well as Australia and New Zealand, has done well from an Imperial point of view. The descendants of Highlanders in the Colonies are not easily put down by Kaiser, Bernhardt, Krupp & Co., and had better be left alone by these force worshippers, who ignore wisdom and love!

Could we not see more of your papers and magazines in Belfast and other parts of the United Kingdom.

Yours, etc.,

E. McA. OSBORNE.

P.S.—Canada, etc., should have a voice in the Empire.



A GOOD EXAMPLE OF "MISPLACED ENTHUSIASM."

A Poster, intended to get recruits for the present war, stuck up in front of a memorial to heroes of another war.

With the Camera Around the World

Photographs Which Show the Numerous Sources from Which the Courier Draws



A strange scene in England—Mohammedans at prayer at Woking, near London, Eng.

GENERAL BOTHA has completed his task in a most businesslike manner and the whole Empire is ringing with his praises. No man in all the varied Britannic forces in the Empire on which the sun never sets has done his work in such a finished manner as has the conqueror of German South-West Africa. The photograph shows him with Mrs. Botha and staff officers, with an unusual guard of honour from the Navy. Botha is one of the plainest, most practical men in high places. He is a man of no particular college culture, and was a plain farmer in the days of Kruger. Years ago he told an eminent Canadian that the Boer War might have been avoided altogether if England could have waited. The progressive Boers, including Botha, had practically discarded Kruger and were waiting for him to move off the scene. Botha's actions since the war prove



Floods in Canton, China, on July 12th, inundated the streets with four to fifteen feet of water.

that he was a real progressive.

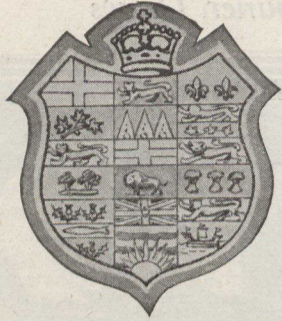
CANTON, China, and Galveston, Texas, have both experienced heavy floods this year. Thousands of shops in the principal streets of Canton were completely ruined by the flood. Bands of thieves started fires and made matters worse. The amateur police system of that country was hardly equal to the occasion. A thousand shops and homes were destroyed.

THAT the Mohammedans are fighting for their Emperor is well shown by this picture from England, showing a number of British Indian troops prostrated for the purpose of prayer. Their faces are towards the East, and some of them have doffed their uniforms and military boots and put on their Eastern garb for the occasion. At Woking, this scene is daily enacted, as there is a Mosque at that point.



General Botha taking salute of guard of honour at Cape Town on his return from South-West Africa.

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TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 4, 1915

Optimism

A CITIZEN of the United States, resident in Toronto, has written a book entitled "The War Thoughts of An Optimist." It ought to have a large sale right in Mr. Gould's own city, which, at the present moment is so full of pessimists that the City Hall tower is almost obscured by the blue mist. If the Allies do not make haste and get through the Dardanelles, some of Toronto's most prominent financiers will die of apathy.

At Last

CANADA'S other national weekly, the "Saturday Evening Post," of Philadelphia, has at last expressed an opinion on the war. For over a year it has sturdily kept silence. Nothing could tempt it away from general observations. But last week it ventured to say:

"There will be no embargo on shipment of war munitions from this country. The activities of our pro-German friends to that end are so much lost labour. . . . To put an embargo on war shipments would, in the circumstances, be tantamount to a declaration of opinion that the Allies ought to be beaten."

This is not very violent, of course, but then it must not be forgotten that it appeared on the editorial page of the "Saturday Evening Post."

Beer and Alcohol

SOME one in New Jersey has got out a poster to show that beer is less dangerous to humanity than certain patent medicines. This document quotes Dr. Gregor, of Bellevue Hospital, New York, as saying that "The American people spend \$500,000,000 annually on patent medicines." It then states that American beer contains from 3 to 5 per cent. of alcohol, while certain patent medicines contain from 16 per cent. in Buchu Juniper compound to 65 per cent. in Hamlin's Wizard Oil. Peruna is given as 18 per cent. alcohol, Lydia Pinkham's the same, and Paine's Celery Compound as 19.85. If these figures are correct, then beer is a harmless beverage in comparison.

Conscription

BRITAIN is likely to have conscription, not in name, but in reality. The Government is making a list of all the men in the country, and it will then be able to send recruiting officers directly to every unmarried man between 21 and 35 and ask him why he has not enlisted.

This is a scheme which might with advantage be adopted in Canada. There are too many married men being taken. These men are needed at home to look after the wives and the children. Besides, a married soldier costs the Government nearly twice as much as an unmarried soldier, when you consider separation allowances and family pensions.

The Gift of a Hospital

A DESPATCH from London tells about Canada's splendid gift of a hospital to France. The writer describes in glowing terms the magnificent contribution and the tremendous pleasure with which it has been received in France.

Now what are the facts. Since the Allies ceased to fight in France and Flanders, the hospitals have little to do. Three weeks ago there were 30,000 idle

hospital beds in France. Moreover, Canada has sent more hospitals than the British want or need, and even the Toronto University Hospital has not yet found a place to lay its wandering head. So many doctors wanted to be colonels that the Government is overloaded with hospital staffs.

What Sir Robert Borden has done, apparently, is to sanction the transfer of a largely idle Canadian hospital from England to France, where, later on, it may be more useful. The Ontario Government might follow Sir Robert's example and present its hospital to Belgium. Apparently all the other countries are well supplied.

Wilson's First

PRESIDENT WILSON has had his first real compliment on his attitude towards Germany's submarine warfare—the Germans are apologetic concerning the Arabic. If Dr. Wilson's notes had been as mild as some people thought them to be, Germany would not be so anxious to appease United States wrath. Apparently private advices from Washington to Berlin were to "Go Slow."

The Political Issue

CANADA'S present political issue is: "If the Conservatives agree not to hold an election until after the war is ended, will the Liberals agree to give the Government a further two years in which to hold an election?"

The Conservatives say: "If you do not agree to



LIEUT.-COL. C. W. BELTON.

Recently appointed a member of the new Pensions Board, which will decide all questions of pensions for soldiers. Dr. Belton is a graduate of Trinity College, and became a medical officer of the Royal Canadian Regiment (regulars) in 1907. After qualifying at Aldershot he became principal medical officer at London. Since war broke out he has acted as Director of Medical Services at Winnipeg and at Sewell Camp. His present home is in Kingston.

this proposition, we will go to the country now."

The Liberals answer: "Shoot. Your gun has only blank cartridge."

That is the conversation epitomized to date; other remarks will follow.

The Price of Wheat

FOR months the Courier has been pointing out that the test of the Government's efficiency would come when Canada's record wheat crop was ready for the market. There was a danger that Canada would lack customers and ocean shipping facilities, and that as a consequence the crop could not be marketed. The time to meet those possible dangers was last spring, as the Courier pointed out again and again.

The customary answers were given. Inspired articles appeared saying that Canadians would get a big price for their wheat. Political hack writers did fancy figuring at prices ranging from \$1.20 to \$1.50 a bushel. They printed stories about the number of ships that would arrive from somewhere when the crop was ready. They hinted that Sir George Foster, Minister of Trade and Commerce, could be safely trusted to look after the export arrangements.

They declared again and again that the Premier was taking up this matter with the British Government and that all would be well.

Yet what has happened. The farmer in Western Canada is being offered 90 cents for his wheat, with a prospect of the price falling to 80 cents. It is disappointing, to say the least.

It may be that the Government has done its best. It may be that the circumstances were beyond its control. Nevertheless, it seems unfortunate that the farmer has been misled by the "Patriotism and Production" campaign to produce an article which he cannot sell advantageously. Had the Government been able to establish a minimum of even one dollar a bushel, the situation would have been saved. Lord Selborne's committee is trying to establish a minimum of \$1.40 in Britain, and it will be interesting to see if that can be done there.

Canada was asked to produce wheat because the Empire would need it. Will the Empire now decide that it would just as soon buy wheat from the United States and the Argentine? If so, there is an end of appeals based upon imperial considerations.

National Organization

M. R. A. G. GARDINER, in his revised analysis of the Kaiser, in a new book entitled "The War Lords," makes this remark:

"The completeness of the preparations will remain a monument of German efficiency and organization. And their failure will remain a monument of the truth that force is not the absolute master of the destiny of men even on the field of battle."

This was written before the German machine began its recent drive into Russia, but the events which have occurred since the writing have but emphasized the first half of the remark. "Efficiency and organization" is the summary of the German war machine.

In contrast there is the inefficiency and the lack of organization in Britain and in Russia. The failure to drive the Germans out of France and the failure to hold the Huns at the Vistula line in Russia are due entirely to lack of organization in the industrial systems of the British and Russian empires.

Some have answered that the Allies were organized for Peace, not for War. This is a doubtful answer. If there had been the proper kind of organization for peace, there would have been greater efficiency when war came.

The lesson for Canada is the need for a business rather than a political government. In the past, the business inefficiency of governments in this country has been excused by saying that nothing better can be expected of politicians. The answer condones the offences, instead of pointing a remedy. Canada has been supporting political efficiency rather than business efficiency—at Ottawa especially. The cabinet minister who was a political manipulator received higher honours than he who was a business organizer. For example, Sir William Mulock, who tried to conduct the post-office department on business lines, without regard to political exigencies, was forced out of office.

Nor need the criticism be confined to cabinet ministers. There was and is a lack of organization and efficiency in the civil service. The various departments of government are not conducted in such a way as to produce business results. It takes two dollars of government money to do the work done by one dollar in private business.

This weakness is not more manifest here than it is in England, and possibly in the United States. Nevertheless, Canadians have vaunted themselves upon their initiative, their disregard for official red tape and their ability to perform public services quickly and intelligently. The vaunting was something of a joke. Even after twelve months of war what have we? An army without a satisfactory rifle; an army without machine guns, which are now being ordered at prices fifty per cent. higher than they could have been obtained in time of peace; an army until recently inadequately clothed and booted; an army without adequate transports; an army without trained generals and qualified drill-sergeants; an army which overcame all physical disabilities only with superior intelligence, magnificent spirit and unconquerable courage!

True, we are overcoming these disabilities at a rapid rate. Mr. Kemp's purchasing commission is doing splendid work. Mr. S. R. Wickett has straightened out the boot situation. The Patriotic Fund Association seems to be working well. A strong Pension Board and a Dominion Hospital Board have been appointed. And Senator Lougheed is establishing a Disability Fund. This is excellent, but there is still more to be done.

It is quite true that the test has been severe. It is quite true that in some respects the results in Canada have surpassed those obtained in Britain. Nevertheless, we would be wise to learn the lesson of the times—a nation which lacks efficiency and organization must in the end succumb. If Canada is to take its place as one of the great nations of the world, it cannot depend upon bushels of wheat nor even upon numbers of people. Canada's success will be based on her ability to organize her people and her resources in every possible contingency of peace or war. Let us not exalt force, but let us seek sincerely after national efficiency and national organization.

AT THE SIGN OF THE MAPLE

A NEWS DEPARTMENT MAINLY FOR WOMEN

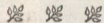
As We See Others

Women and Recruiting

SEVERAL authorities have recently been urging that Canadian women should do nothing to discourage recruiting. So far as my observation and experience are concerned, I have heard no discouragement, from Canadian women, when the subject of enlistment has presented itself. On the contrary, there has been a quiet and brave acceptance of the necessity for sending the men of the Dominion to the front, unless we are prepared to see our land Germanized. When we consider how remote a great war has seemed to Canadians of this generation, it must be admitted that Canadian women have adapted themselves with wonderful readiness to the unprecedented conditions, and have counted not their own feelings first, in the momentous decision for the son or husband anxious to enlist.

As for the actual work of recruiting, that may best

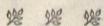
sion, that she will be to this generation a "Rosalind" and a "Juliet," to be associated always with the golden days in the Forest of Arden or the tragic love and strife of old Verona. A modern critic has described theatrical fame as "a statue of snow," melting in the spring sunshine which beams on new favourites. The true artist, however, has exerted an influence far beyond the immediate audience, and has created an image which remains among the treasures which do not pass away.



A Comedian to the Rescue

THE men in the trenches are still the first consideration of the Allied countries. Women must be prepared for another strenuous winter of providing hospital supplies and varied comforts for the men who are doing the actual work of withstanding the enemy. Among offers which have recently been announced, to assist in making the men at the front more content with their lot, none is more noteworthy than that of Harry Lauder, who is anxious to go to the front for the purpose of giving free concerts and keeping up the spirits of the fighting men.

In the piping times of peace, the papers have jested at the expense of the hilarious Harry, suggesting that the successful comedian has an undue fondness for the "baw-bees." Harry Lauder, like the majority of his fellow-countrymen, may be a bit thrifty, but he is also capable of a truly Caledonian generosity in time of stress. So, he is going to desert the music halls for the scene of military action, and his talents will be at the service of all such fighting men as desire to be cheered by the Laudereseque songs. The men, doubtless, will be more than glad to hear from Harry, and are to be permitted to "join in the chorus." Next to a military man, a melodious ally is the best aid possible, these days, and the popular Scottish comedian will find the tour of the trenches the time of his life.

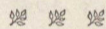


Freak Fashions

WHATEVER fashions may come out of this war, like the froth which flecks the storm-waves, there are a few features in to-day's vogue which are sufficiently distressing. Our headwear remains military unto roguishness, with consequences little short of disastrous to some women's countenances. Very few women, in fact, can wear a helmet-shaped hat and not look like caricatures. Then there is the coquettish bit of a turban, which is most trying to the lady of mature years, and which, when worn at a defiant angle, gives the wearer an aspect of inebriation, unknown to local option districts! Military headwear, when worn by young and rosy-cheeked girls, has an alluring chic of its own; but when donned by older women it has a deplorable effect of belated sprightliness.

Then there is the cretonne skirt to add to the horrors of modern fashions! Whoever introduced it must have been a German and a secret foe, who maliciously desired to make the women of Anglo-Saxondom ridiculous. If you think you see your grandmother's sofa or your great-aunt's ottoman coming up street, do not tear your hair and wonder

if your mind has given way, at last. It is not a spectacle of upholstery on a promenade, but another specimen of the cretonne skirt—in all its flowered glory.



Jewels of Modern Make

IN the development of modern handicraft for women, nothing of a decorative nature has been more interesting than the jewellery work, which has been so popular in recent years. If you will visit any

A STORY WORTH WHILE.

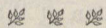
ROBERT MACHRAY'S Serial Story, beginning in this issue, is a gripping piece of writing. This Canadian author has done nothing better. It is quite stronger than any of his previous novels, which number more than a dozen. Because it describes the experiences of a British journalist arrested in Germany as a spy, it is decidedly opportune.



A NATIONALIST HAT.

Women are nothing if not adaptive, hence the Nationalist hat for a Nationalist year. This is the Welsh hat, with its high crown, smart rolling brim and gold quill. Will some one please design a Canadian Hat?

be done by the men, especially those who have been at the front and who realize the nature of this warfare, and the price which must be paid, if we are to preserve the civilization which our forefathers bequeathed. Except in the home circle, woman's influence as recruiting officer is indirect—but it is, none the less, effectual.



The Retirement of Julia Marlowe

THE theatrical world, in which Julia Marlowe has been so striking a figure, will be the poorer for her withdrawal from all stage activities. One does not wish to be pessimistic concerning the modern drama; but it must be admitted that there are few women in theatrical life to-day who may be mentioned with Julia Marlowe. The popular play of the last ten years has been that warranted to "amuse the tired business man," and to make the seeker for serious or noble drama very tired, indeed. It seems a long time since Julia Marlowe first delighted the public with "Rosalind," and yet her retirement is an all-too-early closing of a career which meant so much to lovers of the things that are more excellent in histrionic art. In Shakespearean repertoire, she possessed a charm which will be an abiding memory. Perhaps her "Katherine" in "The Taming of the Shrew" was somewhat lacking in virago fire—and we can hardly believe that she really enjoyed the part of "Kate the Curst." But there was so much that she gave us, in brilliant succes-



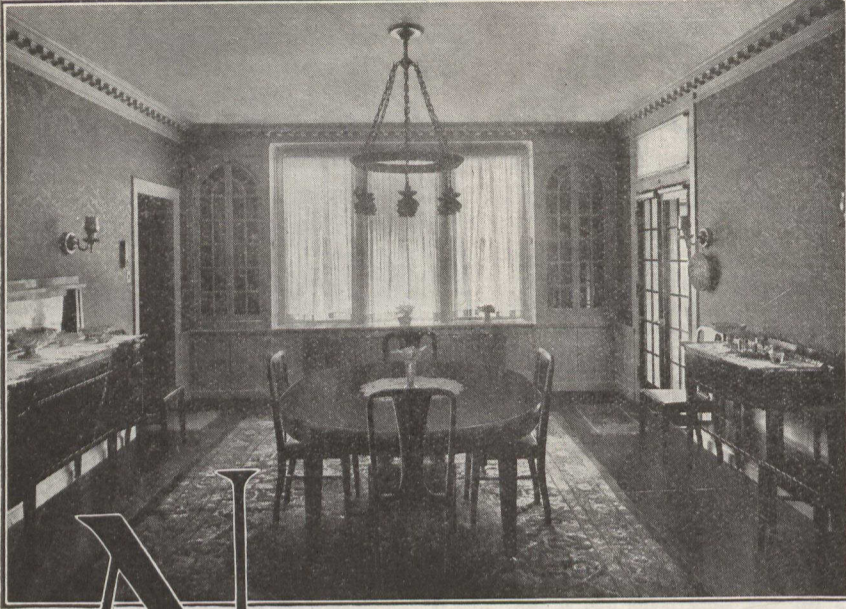
AN ACTIVE WORKER.

Lady Tilley is the widow of the late Sir Samuel Leonard Tilley, who is president of the Soldiers' Wives League of St. John, N.B. She was married in the year of Confederation. When she lived at Ottawa, she was one of a brilliant circle of women of whom Baroness Macdonald was the leader. She has been a prominent member of the National Council of Women since its inception.



A NOTABLE GROUP AT THE QUEEN'S CANADIAN HOSPITAL.

Lt.-Col. Charles Gorrell, M.D., of Ottawa, has charge of the Queen's Canadian Hospital on the Astor Estate. He has received Premier Borden, General Sir Sam Hughes and other prominent Canadian visitors. Here is a group of English celebrities—including Queen Alexandra, Princess Royal, Princess Maude, Lady Antrim and Mrs. Astor. Miss Campbell (left), the matron, recently received the Royal Red Cross.



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museum containing cases of ancient jewellery, nothing is more noticeable than the fondness of humanity for jewelled caskets and knives, in the early ages of history. The knife with handle set with dull sapphires or encrusted with rubies is much older than the pendant or the bracelet.

There is a new aspect of jewelled adornment which is welcome to most of us. That is, the wearing of jewellery, solely with regard to suitability of colour and design. Costliness, which was once the most frequently mentioned item, in connection with an acquisition of a new possession for the jewel-case, is not so often stated now, as an assurance of attractiveness. Indeed, some of the semi-precious stones have won a favoured place, solely on their merits of colouring, or their appeal to individual suitability. It is only the woman who has no appreciation of jewels for their own shining sake who wears them merely as a display of wealth. The jewel-craft of the future is likely to revive the delicacy and discernment of the Italian workmanship.

ERIN.

To Women of Canada

AN open letter addressed to the women of Canada concerning the need for fighting men, issued by the National Committee of Women, reads as follows:

"A year ago the thunderbolt of war fell upon us out of a clear sky! After the first moment of surprise and confusion had passed, we asked, 'How can we help?'"

"During the year that has passed, that question has found many answers. The trained nurse quickly proved her value. Other women were called upon to organize and direct Red Cross and St. John Ambulance work or Patriotic Societies, while all gave time or money or personal service in preparing supplies.

"To comparatively few came the need for the supreme sacrifice—the sending forth of husband, son or brother to the fight. The first appeal for volunteers was limited and did not appear very urgent. All honour to those who heard and obeyed the earliest call of Empire and whose women sent them forth with pride to fight in the front rank of the Canadian forces.

"To-day the situation has changed. We have learnt, after a year of war, that our task is harder, our danger more real, than we thought a year ago. We have 'given' gladly; now we are called to 'give-up,' and service must fulfil itself in sacrifice. Most urgent of all to-day is the call to give up ungrudgingly our husbands, sons and brothers. We are called to create in our homes such an atmosphere of self-devotion that our men and boys may feel their resolution to offer themselves in their country's service is simply what we expect of them.

"This does not mean that women should be constantly urging their men to enlist, for it is doubtful if the patriotic persistence of a wife or mother would produce anything but a reluctant and resentful recruit. The men of Canada have not shown themselves less patriotic than their women; but it is for us, the women of Canada, to ask ourselves whether our self-sacrifice is falling short of the supreme test.

"Are we making it hard or easy for our men to obey their country's call to service?"

"Why is the call so urgent now? The answer is simple: it is because our existence as an Empire is at stake. 'We went into the war to keep our solemn pledges to our Allies; and this reason still holds good.

"But there are now other reasons which did not exist a year ago. Belgium with her ravaged land and exiled people cries aloud for justice. What do Canadian women say to the appeals of her outraged women and mutilated children? They have suffered for us: what are we willing to suffer for them?"

"The women of France and Russia and the United Kingdom have long ago heard the appeal to give up their men, and have responded nobly. What will Canadian women do?"

"Beyond the keeping of our pledged word, the woes of Belgium, and the example of our Allies, there comes to

us to-day the knowledge that we are called on to fight our own battle; not to send help to Belgium or France or even England, but to fight for our own national existence.

"We are told by the men who know that we cannot win in this war without more men.

"If we hold back our men we are counting defeat: and defeat means, not a vague misfortune to the Empire at large, but the very practical result of a Canada governed by Germans.

"Do we want to know what that would mean? Then let us look at Belgium, and learn how the yoke of the conqueror galls the neck of a freedom-loving people. Defeat would mean for us a period of bitterest shame and discontent, and then—another war. Can we risk it? We are risking it if we do not make the path of service easy for our men.

"But the most compelling call for sacrifice rings out from the graves of those who on the fields of Flanders, at Langemarck, and Ypres, and Festubert, have blazed the trail to glory with their life blood.

"Can we make their self-surrender of no avail by holding back the men who would take up and complete their splendid task?"

"There is a saving which is losing: is it worth 'saving' our men from death if we lose their respect? There is a loss which is gain: even though we learn to face 'Desperate tides of the whole great world's anguish, Forced through the channels of a single heart.'

"We are called to scale the gleaming peaks of self-sacrifice, in the company of our brave sisters of the Allied nations.

"What will the women of Canada do?"

Municipal Markets in the West

MRS. GEORGINA FRASER NEWHALL, Honorary President of the Consumers' League, of Calgary, and formerly President of that organization, is a native of Galt, Ont. Mrs. Newhall became associated with the Local Council of Women of Calgary soon after taking up her residence there, some three years ago, and as chairman of the Home Economics Committee of that body began an active investigation into the causes for the exceedingly high cost of living. Some two years previously a municipal market had been built, but for several reasons the market was regarded as a dead letter. Mrs. Newhall revived interest in it by calling a number of public meetings, with the result that a Consumers' League was formed with Mrs. Newhall as president. Together with her executive, a body of most energetic women, Mrs. Newhall attacked the problem of the municipal market. Alberta farmers were circularized asking what produce they could put on the Calgary market; a carload of vegetables was brought in from British Columbia in order to prove that these could be sold more cheaply than prevailing prices; amendments were secured to by-laws dealing with the market, and a single fare on the street railway to and from the market on market days was secured.

The result of these activities was soon evident, and stall space was much in demand. Prices among the larger grocers and butchers fell every Wednesday and Saturday to meet the competition at the market, but as the organization, which grew rapidly in membership, remained loyal to the last-named, the reduction in prices up-town became permanent, thus benefiting the public generally. Within a very short time it became necessary to build a \$20,000 addition to the market. "The best thing that every happened to Calgary" is the way Calgary people speak of the Consumers' League. Nor is appreciation of the work confined to the townspeople—farmers, railway men and politicians say it has given a wonderful impetus to mixed farming in Alberta. Mrs. Newhall was invited to speak in Edmonton, Regina and Red Deer, where similar leagues were established with decided success.

Mrs. Newhall resigned the active presidency last fall, the work having become too exacting, but is still a deeply interested member.



COURIETTES.

Thieves broke into a New York editor's house. Boneheaded burglars!

C. P. R. is to build a fence for 3,500 miles along its tracks. It may keep the kids out but it won't keep the smoke in.

Dr. Pease has failed again in his attempt to prevent smoking on the open cars in New York. Pease in the soup, so to speak.

"Poor man finds \$160; gives it to policeman," reads a headline. No doubt the officer thanked him.

We note in the marriage column that a chap named Damm has married a girl named Good. That's all.

Uncle Sam is worried because the "honor system" at Sing Sing got a black eye. But what about the students at Annapolis who cheated in their exams. and thought it quite right?

Suffrage leader complains that the feminine vote will not hang together. Same thing seems to be true of the masculine.

What's the matter with Evelyn Nesbit Thaw's press agent? Haven't noticed her name in print for a week.

Mexico has an awful problem on its hands—what to do with all its ex-presidents.

Most everybody has had a chance this summer to find out something about the high cost of getting a sun-burn.

The summer schools are the fly in the ointment of the holidaying host of young folks.

Those doctors who are trying to devise a way to stave off old age are wasting their time. Haven't women been trying to do the same thing since Eve left the garden of Eden?

With all the rain that we've been having lately, has any chap the inclination to sing "A Son of the Desert Am I"?

The day of the gold brick is past. Nowadays Chicago confidence men, it seems, can sell a street car for \$2 and get 50 cents extra for the use of the tracks.

About the best thing that Woodrow Wilson could do to Mexico would be to send Bryan down there as a pacifier. He'd talk all the scappers to death.

American submarines are being armed with 3 inch guns. Past experience goes to show that what they need most is emergency exits.

These days of hysteria and dangerous suggestion remind the average man that he should be happy in his obscurity.

An American holiday celebrator lost his life in trying to save his hat. Now, if it had been a woman—

Illness Note.—With every fresh advance of the Allies in the Gallipoli peninsula the Sick Man of Europe gets just a little bit sicker.

Just a Suggestion.—It is suggested by a citizen of the republic to the south that if that nation quarrels with Germany they might do without actual fighting and just make faces at each other. In that case we stake all our money on Col. Teddy as able to outclass any face-maker in the Hohenzollern family.

He's Human, of Course.—Henry James, the novelist, recently took the oath of allegiance as an Englishman, rather than remain an American. The only thing American that Mr. James possibly retains an affection for are his

American royalties, which may sound like a paradox.

Defined.—There seems to be some doubt as to the qualifications of a war expert, but broadly speaking we would define an expert as a man who tells others how to do things he can't do himself.

Diplomacy.—Our Uncle Sam needs a few lessons in diplomacy. Instead of sending marines and warships to turbulent Haiti, why did he not end the rebellion by sending a freighter loaded with watermelons?

The Question.—But with Georgia misbehaving as she has been, why should Uncle Sam go looking for trouble farther afield with Germany and Haiti?

WAR NOTES.

Germany assures Uncle Sam that she regrets her submarines' mistakes, but she keeps on making them.

The Russians may not be allowed to treat, but there seems to be nothing to prevent them from retreating.

The nation that refuses to prepare for danger in these days is surely playing the part of the ostrich.

The hand that hurls the torpedo is the hand that rocks at least part of the world.

It's not war—this capturing of scores of thousands of Russians by Germany—it's immigration.

The King of Italy takes orders from the general in chief in the field. It's a wise King that knows his own superior.

Not all the hyphenated citizens are to be suspected. There is Lloyd-George, for instance.

If the censorship keeps on tightening the press will soon be better known as the suppress.

The Sultan of Turkey is a sick man all right—but the Allies won't give him sick leave.

Sure He Won't Be.—A man named Muck is running for mayor of a town across the line. We'll wager he is not in favor of muck-racking if he's elected.

Not Enough.—In Indianapolis the other day a man was arrested when the authorities found that he was trying to establish a moving picture concern on a capital of 11 cents. If some kind officer had lent him a quarter and let him go he might have succeeded.

The Comparison.—They make a lot of fuss about the high cost of living, but a glance at the war bills of the nations makes the H. C. of L. look like the merest circumstance in comparison to the high cost of killing.

Regarding Georgia.—After reading of the lynching of Leo Frank in Georgia, we can only remark that whatever Sherman did to that State when his army marched across it, he didn't do half enough.

Hard to Find.—"The Lord loveth a cheerful giver," said the parson as he announced that the collection would be taken up.

And after he got a glance at the plate when it had made its rounds he

muttered, "But I wonder if He ever finds one."

The Way It Was.—"My wife has made me a success," said the man who had made good.

"How's that?" queried his friend. "She wanted so many things that I had to get out and hustle to get them."

All at Once, Too.—Five sisters, who had not seen each other for 48 years, met the other day in San Diego, Cal. What a treat it would have been for the man who invented conversation?

Hard Lines.—We read in the papers the sad story of a young man sent to jail for a minor offence, who was courted while serving his term by a young woman who had been jailed for trying to kill an objectionable suitor. As soon as they got out she married him.

Oh, well, a man is not safe these days, even in jail.

A Matter of Course.—"Blinks always has trouble with his typewriter." "How is that?" "He married her."

Teddy's Advantage.—Roosevelt seems to have quite an advantage over Bryan. He likes to talk so well that he is willing to do it for nothing and pay his own board.

His Main Concern.—The old lady from the country and her small son were driving to town when a huge automobile bore down on them. The horse was badly frightened and began to prance, whereupon the old lady leaped down and waved wildly to the chauffeur, screaming at the top of her voice.

The chauffeur stopped the car and offered to help get the horse past. "That's all right," said the boy, who composedly remained in the carriage. "I can manage the horse. You just lead mother past."

THE LISTS.

Have you read the lists, the terrible lists,

The lists of the wounded and dead? Have you scanned the names in the cold black type,

With a nervous shrinking and dread?

Has your heart lain still, has your blood run chill,

As you searched with the calm of despair?

Have your pulses leaped when you found it not—

The name that you feared was there?

"Maimed for life," is the way it is told—

"Crushed and bleeding and torn!" "The lifeless forms of the mangled ones

From the places of death were borne."

Horrors of war? Who's talking of war?

The lists of which we speak

Are those of the victims of Sunday fun

That are published every week.

Those German-American Plots.

The wily Dernburg has gone home—

It might be hard to find him—

But the Kaiser's envoy seems to have left little trails behind him.

They'll All Agree.—Germany, it is now reported, is threatened with a sausage famine. The Teuton nation will now agree with Sherman's definition of war.

True Test.—In these days of extremes a wise woman is known by the freak fashions she avoids.

HERE'S MARY AGAIN.

Mary had a little lamb— (A hard, hard heart is hers), She slaughtered it so she could have A set of summer furs.

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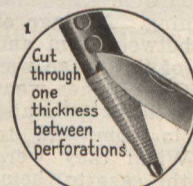
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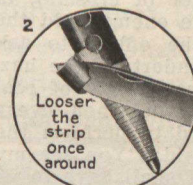
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Plain Sam Hughes, Plus K.C.B.

(Concluded from page 7.)

car system of handling goods. He was next assistant to Sir Henry Settle on lines of communication. On one occasion Hughes solved for Settle the problem of supplies by heading a forage expedition. Canadians were celebrated in Africa for knowing how to get grubstake. Col. Hughes was no exception. If he hadn't got the impromptu rations for Sir Henry Settle that officer would have shifted his base and gone back to headquarters.

Those who care to find out just what Col. Hughes did in that war in some detail may have time to read the files of the London Times, which contain special articles on that subject written at that time by Mr. L. C. Amery, M.P., brother-in-law of Sir Hamar Greenwood. Also in the seven-volume history of the Boer War there are appreciations of Hughes as a constructive soldier in that campaign, written by people who are not supposed to know Hughes from Who's. The trouble always has been that because the colonel talked more than he needed to sometimes, his critics imagined he was doing less than he needed to at other times. The fact is that Sam Hughes always did a little more than he talked about. Another trouble is that people have got into the habit of regarding a

in action, and discovered the right quality of Englishmen.

Another told by the same admirer relates how Col. Hughes with less than a dozen men at his back blustered horseback into a Boer village and compelled 300 disloyal inhabitants to surrender by making them believe he had 2,000 men half an hour in the rear, issuing loud orders for the billeting of these men when they arrived, and taking guns and ammunition from the stores to arm the loyal inhabitants against the others. He was commander of a mounted brigade that led in the capture of Orpen's Heights (despatches), Faber's Pats (despatches); and he commanded a force in advance into Bechuanaland.

* * *

HERE is another story—this one told by James L. Hughes, who began to be a military worker a few years before his brother Sam, whom he did a good deal to educate in his early days.

Sir Henry Settle, Col. Hughes' old commander, returned to England and was made Governor of Portsmouth and commander of the army of the south of England. A few years ago James L. Hughes was in England and went to visit Sir Henry Settle out of respect to the regard they both had

THE OLDEST GARDENER IN CANADA.



Mr. Joseph Mantell, said to be 105 years old, won the cup donated for the oldest gardener at the recent back-yard garden competitions in Toronto.

typical Hughes story as apocryphal. Here is one, told in the words of a Hughes admirer, who wrote it down concerning the time when Col. Hughes was Chief of Intelligence Staff to Sir Chas. Warren in Griqualand:

"He had under him in South Africa twenty young Oxford and Cambridge men of the best English families who formed a bicycle brigade for scouting purposes. Late one night Col. Hughes accidentally learned some important news which he wished Gen. Kitchener to know before morning. A range of low mountains lay between him and Kitchener. The top of the range was held by the Boers. Col. Hughes went to the tent of the Bicycle Brigade and asked the officers in command to rouse the others. When they were awake he explained the case to them, told them the danger of crossing in the moonlight as the enemy held the heights, and told the officer to ask for a volunteer to undertake the hazardous mission. The quality of real Englishmen was shown when every man stepped forward to perform the duty. The officer said: 'You see my difficulty, Colonel. I shall have to go myself.' He went, over an unknown path, saw Kitchener, and returned before morning."

The point of this story is that Col. Hughes got the news, got the brigade

for Colonel Sam. When he arrived the first thing that caught his eye as he entered the long drawing room of Government House was a half-life-size portrait of Col. Sam alone on the table.

"Really Lady Settle," said Dr. James L., with his customary politeness, "it is very kind of you to place my brother's picture in so prominent a position because I have the honour of visiting you."

"Indeed," said Lady Settle, "I have done no such thing. Sir Henry himself placed it there long ago; it is always there, and he says it will be there as long as he lives."

Sir Henry was grateful to Col. Hughes for his personal services to him in South Africa.

When Lord Milner was in Canada a few years ago the only man to whom he paid a visit on a special train was Col. Sam Hughes.

* * *

A GOOD-SIZED book might be filled with little Hughes' anecdotes that would be poor material for history, but as a human document would throw a lot of light on the Hughes family—not least upon Sir Sam. Since he became Minister of Militia he has not settled down to a life of stodgy decorum to have these stories discarded as belonging to a

career of adventure. Since he got hold of the war machine in this country he has not become a primpy Major-General, willing to forget his days of Stalky and Co. Now that he has become K.C.B. there is no danger of Sir Sam pooh-poohing the blood and thunder stages in his past history. If he lives to be a hundred he will talk about the Fenian Raid and the old lacrosse games and the Lindsay Warder and the Boer War as though they happened yesterday. That's the plain Hughes of it. Irrepressible, audacious, talkative, blustering, adventurous—and always doing something to get ahead somehow; England has at least one such a man in Winston Churchill. Canada certainly has one in Sir Sam Hughes; and with all his faults he will be a long while becoming a dead issue in this country. He may be Major-General the Hon. Sir Sam Hughes, K.C.B., Minister of Militia, and as many more as you like. He is still Sam Hughes.

The Neutral

(Concluded from page 6.)

"Put bullets in them!" snarled McFall.

"Not much, we won't," negated George Martin. "Do you think we're going to let you two fools murder each other. This thing has been nothing more or less than a joke from the start. We never had any idea—"

"Joke, is it?" broke in Tommy. "Joke to say Americans have no more spirit than rabbits? George, I thought you were an American."

"Yes—but I'm not a fool."

"And I'm not a rabbit. Here, I'll load the guns. I suspected some funny business all along." Tommy slit open a box of very real .32 cartridges and loaded his weapon.

"Afraid?" he sneered, looking McFall straight in the eye.

Mac looked around rather helplessly.

"Go ahead," he said, at last.

Tommy took Mac's revolver, threw out the dummy shells, put genuine ones in their place, and handed back the weapon.

"Now, then, who's going to count?"

No one volunteered.

"Then, McFall, you may count. I'll rely on your honour to do it properly," said Tommy, and walked to his position.

McFall looked as though he had half a mind to protest. He looked appealingly at the spectators, who stood there like dolts, seemingly dazed by the tragic turn of what had been a joke, wanting to stop the deadly affair, but saying and doing nothing. Then his rugged countenance settled into lines more grim than usual and he stepped briskly to his position.

"One," he said.

George Martin found his voice.

"For the love of God, boys, stop this nonsense!" he cried, but he did not step between and separate them.

"Two."

The word petrified the spectators.

Tommy stood tense as an athlete awaiting the starting signal. His pink and white countenance did not appear girlish now, and his lips were pressed together in a thin line of determination. McFall did not seem nearly so businesslike. The dreaded "three" was a long time coming.

Then, without speaking, McFall whirled around—and walked to the tensely waiting group.

"No, by heaven, I'll no shoot at Tommy!" he broke out. "Call me coward if you like. I joined the army this morning and I don't care. Maybe I am a coward—I'll find out for sure when I get into the trenches—but I think I'd be a worse coward to let this thing go on, because"—Mac stepped to Tommy and grasped his hand—"when I enlisted this morning to fight for Britain and Freedom, I saw, boys—though he didn't see me—I saw Tommy Day enlisting also."

The grove rang with cheers for the Stars and Stripes and the Union Jack as Tommy and Mac shook hands.

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MONEY AND MAGNATES

A Chat About "War Babies."

WITH the interest in the stock market situation in Canada so intense that attention to Canadian industrials, particularly of the war order kind, has been aroused in Wall Street, it might be well for Canadians to stand back a little and get a proper perspective of the situation. Financiers in this country are urging caution in respect to the stock market, and advisedly. Canada has often been accused of playing second fiddle to the United States, and while this may be entirely true, there is no doubt that we have profited by the mistakes of our big neighbour and governed our own actions accordingly. And yet a little study of the technical situation should prove, to our own satisfaction, that the attitude of investors and speculators in Canada towards our national securities is not only tinged but deeply dyed with conservatism.

Taking the market values of the securities of seven of the largest Canadian companies now working on munition orders, July, 1914, prices worked out at a decline of nearly 30 per cent. from the high quotations of 1913. A comparison of these same stock prices, taking the market values in July, 1914, and the quotations of the present day, shows an increase of over 56 per cent. The actual cash increase in the valuation of the seven securities, taking present market values of the shares, amounts to something over \$13,000,000.

The latest available figures from Ottawa show that Canada has received something like \$200,000,000 in war orders. Of this last amount, \$188,000,000 was for actual munitions, such as shells, shrapnel and otherwise, cartridges, cordite, lyddite and fuses, all of which are manufactured by the seven firms above mentioned. These concerns represent easily the largest of those engaged in munition manufacture in Canada, and it is safe to assume that out of the \$188,000,000 at least \$150,000,000 may be divided among them, the balance being distributed among the dozens of infinitely smaller companies engaged in the same work.

And now we come to percentage of profit. This has been quoted at anywhere from 20 per cent. to 75 per cent., depending on the class of work. Being most conservative, however, and taking only 10 per cent. as a profit out of the \$150,000,000 worth of war orders which are being handled by the Canadian concerns in question, we find we still have a balance of \$2,000,000 over and above the increase in market values of these securities.

The Canadian Courier's idea in working out this analysis is by no means to encourage speculation, but to disprove, once and for all, the statement that we are not conservative and that the securities of Canadian "war babies" are selling far above their actual value. There are many things to consider, and the first of these is the duration of the war. The second might be given as the likelihood that the British Government will soon reduce the ratio of profit on war orders—the present high prices being offered as an inducement to industrial concerns to buy the necessary equipment for the manufacture of munitions and to help pay the initial costs. But in the meantime it is safe to assume that war orders are at least providing as much in the way of profit as the business of normal times, and that the big plants engaged on them are working to full capacity.

The White-Taylor Loan

MR. GIVENS, of the Kingston "Standard," has been collecting New York opinions of Canada's forty-five million dollar loan. Mr. Hamilton, editor of the Wall Street Journal, writes: "The talk of floating the loan at four and a half per cent. is childish. Anybody who knows the cost of underwriting could tell these critics that Canada would be worse off with a failure at four and a half per cent. than with success at five per cent." Mr. Siebert, of the "New York Commercial" says: "The Canadian Government must be considered as having been fortunate in the terms it obtained for the new \$45,000,000 loan." Other opinions are to the same effect.

Of course, the New York experts could not be expected to say that they or their confreres, J. P. Morgan & Co., overcharged the Canadian Government. Naturally they are interested in justifying what happened. Nevertheless the opinions are interesting and Mr. Givens has done his party a service in collecting and publishing them. If they do not settle the argument, they at least illuminate it.

Notes

A. E. Ames & Co., Toronto, are offering Ontario Government bonds to yield five per cent. and City of Toronto bonds to yield \$5.05 per cent.

Canadian Steamship lines are reported to have twenty per cent. of their boats on the ocean, which thus reduces their need for business in the Great Lakes and the St. Lawrence. When navigation closes in the Lakes, more of the boats will be put into the ocean service.

A report was going around last week that the Ames-Holden Company of Montreal had an order for two million pairs of boots from the French Government. This is an exaggeration. However, this company has an order from the Canadian Government which is larger than any one would care to state at present.

The City of Toronto is calling for tenders, to close September 9, for four million four and a half per cent. debentures. Most of them mature in 1925. Interest accrues from July 1. The price should be somewhere around 91.

Montreal bank clearings showed an increase last week of 18 per cent. over the same week a year ago. Last year the stock markets were closed. Nearly all the eastern cities, except Toronto, showed improvement.

Hon. Mr. White has announced that the banks may deposit grain certificates with the Dominion Government and get currency. This will help to sober down the rush of wheat out of the country.

In normal times flour could be shipped in carload lots from Toronto to Great Britain for 30 cents a barrel. Now it costs about \$1.19 because of loss in exchange, war insurance and increased freight rates.

Canadian boats on the Great Lakes are capable of taking a million bushels of grain a day out of Fort William and Port Arthur. Between September 1 and December 1 they can thus take only 90,000,000 bushels of the western crop, which is estimated at over 500,000,000 bushels of all kinds of grain. Much of the western barley is made into malt at Calgary and Winnipeg and shipped east in that form. A bushel of barley makes about thirty pounds of malt.

A New York firm says Steel of Canada, Hamilton, earned at the rate of 21 per cent. per year in its common stock in June. Perhaps it did. In any case, somebody in New York bought the stock rather freely last week.

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Sylvia's Secret

by Robert Machray
Author of - "Sentenced to Death," etc.

SYLVIA'S SECRET is one of the most successful spy stories yet given to the world, and the spy story has begun to replace the old detective story; because the German spy system and the operations of the Secret Service in other countries contain more material for mystery stories than anything else in vogue. "Sylvia's Secret" was written before the war. It deals with condi-

tions in England and Germany that led up to the war. It is a first-class detective story with all the elements of mystery, suspense, surprise, climax and interesting human people. It is also a story written in good form. The author spent years as professor of English literature in Manitoba; but he did not forget the old adage that "literature is life." "Sylvia's Secret" is a story with a grip.

CHAPTER I.

"All Change Here!"

SHE had been christened Margaret, but it was felt, even while she was a child, that the name did not really fit her.

Very few people who knew Miss Margaret Willoughby at all well addressed her by her baptismal appellation; they invariably called her Peggy—which at once makes it plain to any discerning person that she was possessed of a gay and friendly disposition, that she was popular, and did not belong to the order of beings to whom "prunes and prisms" are as the breath of life.

Her mother, indeed, sometimes spoke of her as Margaret, but that was only on occasions of ceremony; her father, Colonel Willoughby, a retired cavalry officer, called her "Peg." He was an Anglo-Indian, "with a natural weakness for pegs," as she once saucily told him.

The young lady was twenty-five years of age, and of course had been "out" for some time. A younger sister, Mary, was married, but Peggy was not even engaged. Yet she was the more attractive of the two.

Peggy was a fair girl, somewhat above the medium height of women. Her features were rather irregular, but she had fine grey-blue eyes, the most beautiful color in the world, a charming figure, and the prettiest and most delightful manners. She had a lovely voice, and a trick of speech that was fascinating. Her admirers were legion—which perhaps was why she had not given her heart to anyone of them; it certainly was not their fault, for they had tried their hardest.

It may as well be admitted that she was a bit of a flirt (was there ever a Peggy who wasn't?), but in an open and innocent fashion. For the most part her young men were, in the slang of the day, "boys" at one or other of the 'Varsities or in the army; as might be expected the Willoughbys' set was an army set. Her boys were devoted to her, and fetched and carried for her with right good will; they took her to theatres and dances and wherever it pleased her to go, with an eager competition amongst themselves for her favour. And if in return she only gave them smiles and thanks and the sight of her evident pleasure, she had a way of making them think they were well repaid.

The truth was, Peggy had a very good time, and enjoyed it to the full. But both her mother, who pondered the matter seriously, and her father, who thought of it less urgently, being not specially desirous in his secret soul to part with his Peg sooner than was necessary, said now and again to each other that it was time she married. The Colonel, however, would remark to his wife apologetically, "Girls don't marry so early nowadays."

Unfortunate speculations had materially reduced the Colonel's income, and the Willoughbys were not well off for their position; the only son, who was in a cavalry regiment, was an expensive young gentleman. So a year or two ago they had moved from a fashionable part of London to one of its western suburbs, St. Anton's Park, the main and best residential street of which is St. Anton's Avenue.

Speaking of the change to his intimates, Colonel Willoughby frankly deplored the necessity for it, but said hopefully that the air was better out there, and trusted his friends would not forget him. He pointed out that his house was no great distance from

St. Anton's Park station on the North London Railway, and that that station was easily reached from Earl's Court on the Underground. And his friends did not forget him. His modest home was the scene of many happy little gatherings, particularly of people connected with the service. Though Peggy was often out for the evening, she had, no doubt, a good deal to do with the success of these affairs.

On a Saturday evening in the middle of January there was one of these pleasant reunions; two or three men and their wives had been invited, while others had dropped in, sure of a welcome. Colonel and Mrs. Willoughby, with ten of their friends, made up three tables at bridge, which they played for small stakes but with keen enjoyment. Peggy and two guests did not play, for a "fourth" was not to be found, in spite of her efforts. She had telephoned in vain.

Peggy had expected that Captain Hollander, a man whom she liked very much, would have put in an appearance, but she had rung up his number without response; he frequently turned up, when he was in town, on Saturday evenings; she came to the conclusion that he must be "off somewhere," as she phrased it indefinitely to herself, and dismissed him from her mind.

In any case she was quite content, for of the two men whom fate, as represented by "cutting out," had left for her to entertain, or rather to entertain her, one was Maxwell Hamilton, and the other Villiers Chase, the brother of an old school friend of hers. Chase was well over thirty, and she thought him a trifle dull, but she knew that he worshipped her and cherished a hopeless passion. She always was kind to him. She also knew, as women know these things, that Maxwell Hamilton, whom everybody called Max just as everybody called her Peggy, was deeply in love with her.

OF all her admirers Peggy liked him the most, but her heart had not really been touched—as was shown her by her thinking sometimes that she preferred Hollander to him. Hollander had what is termed a magnetic personality and a certain distinction; he was handsome and good-looking, but he was a fair man, and she had a fair woman's instinctive predilection for dark men. Still she thought him interesting, and felt there was something subtle, something she could not explain about him. He was in a different class from her "boys."

So, too, was Max Hamilton. He was interesting undoubtedly. Just turned thirty, he had already made a mark among men, and had a life story behind him which impressed her imagination. As a subaltern he had gone through the South African War with honour, but with no more than that to which hundreds of other young officers were entitled. After the struggle was over, he resigned from the army, feeling that his career did not lie in soldiering, but he wrote the best book on the War, and soon after its publication his way was made plain before him. He was invited to join the staff of "The Day," the most widely-read of all English journals.

He speedily justified his appointment. As what Americans call the "star" Special Correspondent of that paper, he had done some wonderful things—things of which editors and newspaper men spoke with admiration and respect, tributes not easily gained in what is perhaps the most difficult field of human endeavour. The public, including Peggy Willough-

by, had heard of some of these things. Her father said Max was a fine fellow, as his father's son was bound to be, for was there ever a finer fellow than Major Hamilton? But Colonel Willoughby regretted that Max had left the army.

Peggy had known him for several years—it may have been that this fact was against him so far as her falling in love with him was concerned; sure it is that she was not in love with him that evening. She knew he was a successful man, and like most women she wanted success in the man for whom she would care. His appearance certainly was not against him, for he was tall, dark and striking-looking—rather than good-looking; perhaps it was that he had beautiful eyes under black brows set in an otherwise plain face which was apt to be serious and sometimes even stern. He and Peggy were excellent friends; with all his soul he wished that Peggy's friendship would be transmuted into love, such passionate love as he felt for her, but he was acutely conscious that friendship was all she gave him, and he longed for ever so much more than that!

Peggy was well aware of what was passing in his mind with respect to herself, and she thought of it with a sort of pensive amusement. She had never been in love; she had "never been swept off her feet by a man," as she phrased it, but she had seen this amazing yet quite common thing in the case of other girls; she had seen it with wonder not untinged with envy in the case of her sister, Mary, who had made a "love match," and whose happiness was patent to everybody. "Perhaps it is," she sometimes said to herself, "that I am not built that way."

When Peggy, Max and Villiers Chase were sitting together at one end of the drawing-room, chatting in low voices so as not to disturb the bridge players, she understood perfectly that Max wished the other man anywhere else in the world. But she seemed serenely ignorant of it, and though she liked Max much more than Villiers she did not like him to such an extent as to make it unmistakably plain to the latter that she would prefer his room to his company. To do so would, as matters stood, have been unpleasant to her, painful to him.

It was a few minutes past eleven o'clock when Max arose from his chair, and said he must catch the 11.24 from St. Anton's Park station for Earl's Court—the last train that night.

"You haven't much time," said Villiers glancing at a clock near them. "A bare ten minutes."

"I fancy I'll just do it," replied Max.

"You may have to run for it," said Peggy smiling, adding, "I'll say goodbye for you to father and mother—that will save you a minute or two."

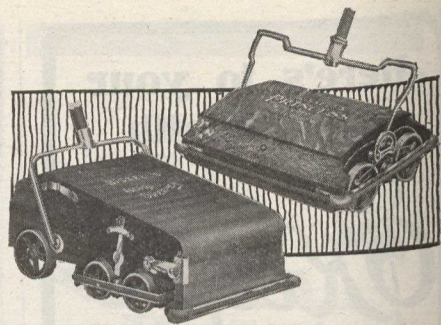
"Thank you," said Max, and Peggy walked with him into the hall where he put on his overcoat.

"When shall I see you again, Peggy?" he asked.

"Come when you like, Max," she responded; "you know we are always glad to see you."

"We," he said, with a faint note of reproach. He looked into her eyes, but they shone with nothing more than sheer friendliness, and on her face was a charming expression, but there was nothing special, nothing individual for him in it. He sighed, and turned away.

"You will lose your train unless you hurry," she reminded him. With a glance at a tiny watch she wore in a



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bracelet on her wrist, she exclaimed, "You have only seven minutes, and I never can do it much under twelve." "I must have a try for it," he said. They shook hands, and Peggy saw him out at the door.

HE began to run at once for the station. The night was cold and frosty, the pavement slippery, and he had to use some caution. The immediate approach to the station is a gangway inclined at a somewhat steep angle from the street, on either side of the line, and Max had just reached it on the near side up which he had to go when he heard his train steam in and stop. With an effort he managed to rush up the gangway and gain the platform as the train was moving slowly out. Hurling himself at the door of a compartment, he succeeded in opening it and getting in; closing the door, he sat down quite spent and out of breath.

It was a first-class compartment, and contained but one other passenger, a lady, who was veiled and much muffled up in handsome furs, so that Max could not see her face. He looked at her once or twice, but she made no sign that she was aware of his presence, and he was immediately absorbed in his own thoughts which had their centre in Peggy Willoughby.

"She is as far off from me as ever," he told himself. He wondered if there was no way by which he might win her love; he was more than confident that it was worth all the world to win it, but how?

The train ran on to Uxbridge Road where it halted for a moment or two. No one got into the compartment; the lady in the furs did not move—she sat so very still that Max fancied she must be asleep. Addison Road station came next, and there the train stopped for a couple of minutes; there was the sound of opening and shutting of doors but Max's compartment remained uninvaded and silent. As the train moved on again, he shot a glance at the lady—she sat as still, as motionless as before. Max smiled a little, but he did not really think much about her, for his mind dwelt on Peggy. "How soundly she sleeps," he said to himself of the fur-wrapped lady, and then thought no more of her.

Earl's Court station is the western terminus of the North London line, and as the train drew up to the platform Max heard the porters shouting: "All change; all change here!"

The door of the compartment was opened by one of these men, and Max was about to step out when he observed that the lady in the furs was sitting still and silent. "Her sleep must indeed be profound," he thought.

"All change; all change here," cried the porter who stood at the door.

"Madam," said Max to the silent figure, "this is Earl's Court."

"All change; all change here," cried the porter again.

The lady made no response; there was no faintest indication that she had heard a word.

"Such deep sleep seems strange, unnatural," thought Max, and he repeated his remark in a louder voice, but with the same result.

After a moment's hesitation, he touched her on the shoulder gently, then with some force, but in vain. Next he looked from the lady to the porter at the door, as if to call on him to witness what he was about to do.

"What's the matter with her?" asked the man.

Max, now anxious and suspicious, turned again to the lady in the furs, and pulled at her arm—when suddenly her head fell backward with a queer, mechanical jerk, and the light fell on her face so that he saw it with some clearness in spite of her veil—saw how white it was, and how wide and staring and dreadful was the expression of her eyes.

Shocked and alarmed, he started back a pace, letting her arm drop by her side.

"Sylvia Chase!" he ejaculated. "Dead!"

CHAPTER II.

Through the Heart.

"DEAD!" echoed the porter stupidly, and his jaw dropped. He gazed at the white face above the furs, and then turned to

Max blankly, repeating dully, "Dead!"

But was she dead?

Max, quickly recovering himself, took her arm in his left hand and with his right searched for her pulse; it did not beat, but her wrist was not cold.

"Perhaps she has fainted, or she's been overtaken by some sort of seizure," he said to the porter; "please run and fetch a doctor at once." As an afterthought he added, "You might tell the station-master or some one in authority to come here immediately."

"Yes, sir," said the porter obediently, and he moved away from the door of the compartment. But meanwhile two or three more railway men had gathered about the door, and stood staring in; the porter said something to one of them who accompanied him off the platform and up the steps—he had suggested to the other to call a policeman, "as there might be trouble."

The station-master appeared almost at once, and his subordinates stood away from the door as he came forward. He took in the situation at a glance. He saw a man, who evidently was a gentleman, bending over the form of a woman, who as evidently was a lady, and he noted the deathly whiteness of her face.

"What's wrong, sir?" he asked Max, but more for the sake of saying something; it was plain there was something very wrong. As Max faced about, he said, "I am the station-master," and the way in which he spoke asked, "Who are you?"

"I am Maxwell Hamilton of 'The Day,'" Max replied to the implied question, "and I am glad you have come. This poor lady, I am afraid, is—"

"Dead?" asked the station-master, as Max paused.

"I fear she is, but I don't know; the body is still warm. I told a porter to fetch a doctor."

THE station-master looked at the pallid face above the furs, and shook his head gravely.

"Not much hope, I should think," he said. "A doctor has been telephoned for, and will be here very soon." He stopped speaking, and then stepped into the compartment; he gazed more closely at the lady, and shook his head again. "Dead," he said, simply and decidedly. "Was she with you, sir?" he inquired of Max.

"I was not acting as her escort," said Max. "I got into this compartment at St. Anton's Park station, and she was in it then."

"I see, sir."

"Here is my ticket," said Max, producing the return-half of a first-class ticket issued at Earl's Court station to St. Anton's Park and back.

"You don't know who she is, I suppose?" asked the station-master, taking Max's ticket.

"Yes, as it happens, I do know who she is," answered Max. "I know her slightly; she is Miss Sylvia Chase, and the strange thing is that I left her brother, whom I know very well—Captain Villiers Chase of the War Office—at a friend's house in St. Anton's Avenue only a few minutes before I got into the train."

"Indeed, sir!" exclaimed the station-master, surprised. "Did you speak to her? When did this happen?" he asked, with a bewildered air.

"No," said Max, realizing that his position might be one of considerable difficulty, "I did not speak to her. She wore a veil, as you see, and her furs otherwise concealed her face which was not tilted back under the light as it is now. I had no idea who she was. I merely noticed that she sat very still, and I fancied she was asleep—even when the train got here, I thought she slept, though uncommonly soundly, and I tried to wake her. I spoke to her first, and then I touched her shoulder; finally I pulled at her arm, and her head fell back—exactly as you see it—and I saw who she was."

"How—how extraordinary!" said the station-master, looking more and more bewildered.

"That I should know her," said Max, "is perhaps a coincidence, though I should hardly call it that. She might have been a perfect stranger to me, and the same thing have happened."

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"But she wasn't," retorted the station-master. "And you say you saw her brother only a few minutes before you got into the train at St. Anton's Park?"

"Yes, though that has nothing to do with this," answered Max, with a glance at the silent figure. "My being in the same compartment with Miss Chase was entirely accidental; if I had gone into another compartment I should not have known she was in the train at all. Do you not understand?"

"You mean—that when you got into this compartment, sir, she was in the same state then that she is in now, and you had no notion there was anything wrong?"

"Precisely," said Max; "that is the case."

"You thought she was asleep after you got into the compartment because she sat so motionless, and when the train pulled up here you thought she was still asleep and tried to wake her?"

"I saw him trying," said the porter, who had witnessed Max's efforts at arousing Sylvia Chase. The man had returned to the platform, and by his side was a policeman.

"Yes; just so," said Max.

"It sounds rather strange," said the station-master, with an accent of doubt, "but I dare say it's all right so far as you are concerned, Mr. Hamilton."

"Oh, yes," rejoined Max, and he beckoned to the constable, who came into the compartment, looked at the lady, and then asked Max what he had to tell him about the case—which Max did, while the officer took notes of what he said.

"I must ask you to wait for a few minutes at least," said the constable to Max whom he eyed in a curious manner.

"Certainly. I am deeply interested, naturally, and I wish to hear what the doctor has to say," Max answered readily.

"Oh, he can do no good," said the policeman, with decision. "She's past all help; she's dead. I wonder what is the cause of her death, but the doctor will soon tell us."

He looked at Max.

"And you are Mr. Hamilton of 'The Day'?"

"Yes."

"I know your name, sir," he said, "for I've taken in your paper every morning for years."

But the station-master broke in, with some impatience.

"What are you going to do?" he asked the constable. "We must shift the train; it cannot stop here unless it's absolutely necessary; we ought to run it on to the line just behind the station where it will stop until it's wanted again in a few hours. Shall I have a stretcher brought? The lady can be put into the waiting-room for the present."

"Very well," said the constable, after some hesitation; he took a rapid yet keen survey of the compartment. So far he had not touched the body, probably because he had made up his mind from the beginning that it was the body of a dead person. He now drew up Sylvia's veil, and put his hand upon her cheeks which were not yet rigid.

"She's been dead only a short time," he remarked to Max.

"Yes; I told you that when I felt her wrist it was not cold," he replied. "I did not feel sure that she was dead."

THE constable scanned Sylvia's face minutely, as did Max who, now that the veil no longer partially concealed it, read not only death in it but something unnatural, something terrible. For the first time there flashed upon him the thought that there had been foul play.

"Mr. Hamilton," said the constable, "I read those articles of yours in 'The Day' which you wrote during the war between Russia and Japan. On the battlefields in Manchuria you must have seen the faces of many men who died a violent death." He paused suggestively. "Looking at that," he went on, nodding at the white face, "would you not say that Miss Chase had died a violent death?"

"But it is so improbable," said Max, following out his own line of thought.

"Why should she kill herself, or why should anyone kill her?"

"Ah, I see," said the constable, who was a man of experience, "you have been thinking the same thing as myself."

"Yes—looking at her face just now, it flashed upon me that there might have been foul play. But why? Who could have done it?"

It was the question many people were to ask in the days that were to come.

"Who could have done it?" repeated the constable.

"Who could have a motive for killing her?" asked Max. "And it's hardly likely she would kill herself!" he protested.

"I suppose not. But I don't think I can have the body taken out of the compartment till after the doctor has seen it; he ought to see the position it is in."

Two porters had appeared with a stretcher.

"No," said the constable to the station-master; "I think we must wait for the doctor."

"The train must remain here, then?"

"It can't be for very long," said the constable soothingly. "The doctor must come soon."

All this had taken place much more rapidly than it can be written. The train, a few minutes late, had come into the station about a quarter to twelve, and it was not quite midnight when a middle-aged man, of distinctly professional aspect, came into the compartment.

"Ah, Doctor Wagstaff," said the station-master, with a sigh of relief; "here you are at last!"

"I came as quickly as I could," said the doctor, and immediately turned his attention to the unfortunate lady, while the others watched his every movement.

"She's dead," he said almost at once, and his voice was uncommonly grave. "But she must have died very recently," he continued; "within the last hour, I should say."

He held his fingers, which were stained, to the light.

"Blood," he said, simply. "It comes from her clothes just over her heart. I must make a further examination before the body is moved. This is a serious business."

He was not more than a minute or two in giving his verdict.

"There is a wound over the heart," he said. He looked at the body. "Has it been moved?" he asked the constable who thereupon looked at Max.

"It has not been moved," said Max. "Except for the head, the body is in the same position in which it was when I saw it on entering the compartment at St. Anton's station."

"Then," said the doctor, positively, "the wound was never self-inflicted. The lady has been murdered."

The constable nodded at Max, as much as to say, "What did I not hint to you?"

"Murdered!" cried the station-master, and there were murmurs among the little crowd on the platform.

"I cannot say more," observed Wagstaff, "—at the moment; there will have to be a careful investigation of the wound. You know what to do," he said to the policeman.

"It's a case for the coroner and for us," the constable answered. "The body must be removed to the mortuary," he said to the station-master, "and the compartment must be sealed up. I'll telephone to Scotland Yard, and a superintendent will come who will take charge of the case."

"What about the train?" inquired the station-master.

"You can move it, once the body has been taken away and I have sealed up the compartment," was the reply.

Max handed his card to Dr. Wagstaff who read it.

"Your name is well-known to me, Mr. Hamilton," said the doctor civilly, but something in his glance asked what Max was doing there. Max told him the circumstances in a few words.

"When did you get into the train?" asked the doctor.

"The train was due at St. Anton's Park at 11.24, but I fancy it was a minute or two late, otherwise I could scarcely have caught it," Max replied.

"Ah, 11.24. I should put her death a few minutes, perhaps fifteen or twenty minutes, earlier," said the doctor.

after a moment's thought. "Shortly after eleven," he added.

"What would you say was the cause of her death?" asked the constable, who had been listening.

"I imagine you will find she has been shot or stabbed through the heart," said the doctor.

CHAPTER III.

The Fatal Telegram.

THE station-master also had been listening to Dr. Wagstaff, and though he was much upset by the tragedy, the railway and its interests were, quite naturally, most prominent in his mind even at that moment.

"She's been shot or stabbed through the heart—on the line!" he said with a quaver in his voice. "It's a terrible thing to happen—on the line!" And still thinking of the "line," he asked the doctor, "When did you say you thought Miss Chase's murder—death," he corrected himself, "must have taken place?"

"Shortly after eleven o'clock," said Dr. Wagstaff, who had been considering the matter of the time as exactly as he could.

"Shortly after eleven," repeated the other. "In that case the train would be about Hampstead Heath station or perhaps Finchley Road. It's due at Hampstead Heath at 11.2 and three minutes later or so at Finchley Road."

The constable said, "That's important," and made a note in his pocket-book. Then he addressed Maxwell Hamilton, "You stated that you got into the compartment at St. Anton's Park about 11.24?"

"Thereabouts," Max replied. "A minute or two later, I fancy."

"Have you your ticket, or have you given it up?"

"I have it," said the station-master.

"Give it to me," said the constable.

"It's important too." Then he turned again to Max and said, "Everything so far bears out your statements, Mr. Hamilton. Still—" He paused.

Max understood his difficulty.

"You wish me to go with you to the police station, is that it?" he asked the officer. "It is what I should prefer to do. As I have come into this sad affair, I should like to see it through—on personal as well as journalistic grounds."

LITTLE did Max foresee what "seeing it through" was to mean to him, and how it was to affect his whole life—most of all his love for Peggy Willoughby.

"Right," said the constable, rather relieved. He did not wish to arrest Max Hamilton, but duty compelled him to keep in close touch with him until they had reached the station where Max would be "detained" pending the arrival of a superintendent from Scotland Yard.

Max read what was in the constable's mind, and knew that after what Dr. Wagstaff had said he would not be detained long. Besides his interest had been excited to the highest pitch; he said to himself that never had he taken part in anything so deeply dramatic.

Before the body was placed on the stretcher he gazed on Sylvia's face, striving, as it were, to penetrate its dreadful secret. Until that terrible look had come upon it, it had been a beautiful face. "Who could have killed her?" he kept on asking. "And why?" But he could see no answers to these questions. He thought, however, that they must soon be answered, that everything would be quickly brought to light.

When the body was moved, there was disclosed a small pool of blood where Sylvia's feet had rested; her dress had completely covered it. A small bag, such as ladies carry nowadays, was found; it had been lying between the body and the side of the compartment. Somewhat to Max's surprise the constable did not remove the bag.

"They," he explained, "like everything to be left exactly as it is." By "they" he meant his superiors at Scotland Yard.

"Why not leave the body also?" asked Max.

"That's a matter for the doctors at once," replied the man. "How can

they make a thorough examination of the body here?" he inquired.

"That is so," said Dr. Wagstaff approvingly.

Next the constable sealed up the compartment, remarking to the station-master that in an hour or two a superintendent or other senior officer would come and unseal it.

"I suppose the carriage will be quite handy," he went on, "and the station must be kept open till he comes."

"Certainly," said the station-master. "I shall stop here myself, for I am as anxious as you are to get at the truth. I shall have to make a report to my head office," he added, "and I should like it to be as full as possible."

A small procession, composed of Max, the doctor, the constable, the porter who had seen Max try to arouse Sylvia Chase, and a few others accompanied the stretcher along the platform and up the steps into Earl's Court Road, where a crowd, mainly made up of people returning to their homes from the theatres, had gathered, notwithstanding the bitter cold of the night. Already a report had got about that a young and beautiful woman had been murdered on the North London line from Broad Street to Earl's Court. Many of the crowd followed the body to the police-station of the district, which is in High Street, Kensington, and hung about its entrance eager for news, but speedily dispersed as none was vouchsafed.

The constable at once telephoned to Scotland Yard, and in less than an hour Superintendent Johnson, one of the ablest heads of the Criminal Investigation Department, and the police surgeon on night duty, drove up in a taxi. It was now about a quarter past one on Sunday morning, a little more than two hours after the time when, according to Dr. Wagstaff, Sylvia Chase had been murdered. Max, who with the doctor had been given a seat in the office beside a roaring fire, observed that it was an excellent demonstration of the efficiency of the organization of the London police.

THE superintendent and the surgeon came into the office, and the former immediately spoke to Max, whom he knew very well, while the surgeon fraternized with Dr. Wagstaff.

"I gathered, over the 'phone," said Johnson to Max, "that you were mixed up in this affair quite accidentally."

"That is exactly how it came about," Max replied.

"Tell me the story," said Johnson, and Max did so, in much the same words as those in which he had told it to the station-master and the constable in Earl's Court station; he also referred to what Dr. Wagstaff had said as to the time about which the murder had been committed.

"So, you see, I could have nothing to do with it," said Max, by way of conclusion.

"I never supposed that you could have," said Johnson; "I know too much about you to imagine anything of the sort," he went on with great cordiality. "Of course, as a matter of form, I shall want some proof of your statement regarding your being at Colonel Willoughby's and the time when you left his house, but I dare say that will be forthcoming."

"No doubt of it," said Max with a smile. "Miss Willoughby can tell you that as I said goodbye to her I had barely seven minutes left in which to catch the train; she told me that I should have to run to catch it."

"I shall see her presently," said the superintendent, in a kind tone. He was a man of some imagination, and he scented a little romance in Max's saying goodbye lingeringly to Miss Willoughby. Then he asked some questions respecting Miss Sylvia Chase and her brother, Villiers.

"Queer coincidence your leaving him, and then getting into the very compartment in which his sister was," remarked the superintendent, "but life is full of coincidences; we see a great many of them in the course of our investigations—coincidences, many of them, which beat fiction hollow."

"That is true," agreed Max. "I will admit to you that I felt a little uncomfortable—about myself, I mean my being suspected—when I realized who



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the lady was and that she was dead. I believe the constable would have arrested me at once had it not been that he knew me by name from my articles in 'The Day!'"

"Oh, he's an intelligent man, but all the same you could have scarcely been surprised if he had arrested you."

"As it is, I suppose I am 'detained.'" "Only until I hear from Miss Willoughby—and I intend to motor to St. Anton's Avenue to-night to see her."

"What, to-night! Everybody will be in bed!"

"I shall have to wake them up; it's too important a matter to stand on any ceremony." The superintendent thought for a few seconds. "I have no doubt that what you have told me is the truth, but it must be confirmed else you will remain 'detained' much longer. Still, to show my confidence in you, I'll take you with me to Colonel Willoughby's house."

Max made no further protest, as he saw Johnson's mind was made up, but he thought the line of action extraordinary.

After some conversation with the constable, Johnson stated that he was going to Earl's Court station at once to look at the compartment, and that in the meantime the surgeon must make a report on the nature of the wound which had killed Miss Chase, and on the time when she had died.

"I wish you would let me come with you, Mr. Johnson," said Max eagerly. "Yes, come along," said Johnson. "It may not be exactly regular, but in the circumstances I see no objection."

BEFORE starting for the railway station, however, Johnson, with the surgeon and Dr. Wagstaff, went into the room in which the body had been placed; when he came back, his face wore a harassed expression.

"Whatever the motive for the murder may have been," he said to Max, "it certainly was not robbery; there are three or four rings on her fingers that are very valuable, and there is a string of pearls round her neck which are real, unless I am greatly mistaken. This is no sordid crime. I believe we must be prepared for something very unusual, something altogether out of the course of ordinary crimes."

"Yes; that is what I have been thinking," said Max. "There must be some strange, perhaps some great story behind it, but I confess I have not a glimmer of a notion what it can be, unless—" Max paused, and looked at the superintendent.

"Unless what, Mr. Hamilton?" "I hardly like to say it, but the great stories of the world have always behind them the elemental things—love, passion, jealousy, hatred, revenge," Max replied thoughtfully, and paused. "And you would say that Miss Chase's story, which has ended so disastrously for her, belongs to this class?"

"So it seems to me."

Johnson nodded. "There is just a chance that she was murdered by some madman," he said; "such things have happened, you know." He mentioned a series of murders, all committed by one man, evidently a lunatic, who had never been caught. "But if the criminal was not insane, which is not a likely supposition, then I agree with you. Now, let us go and see if the compartment in which the body was found—your compartment—can tell us anything."

Johnson, accompanied by Max and the constable, went to Earl's Court station without further delay; the station-master was awaiting them, and immediately asked the constable, "Is there any news?" He seemed to expect to hear some.

"None yet," said Johnson laconically.

Traffic had now ceased on the line for the night, and the whole train, which had brought Max and the murdered woman from St. Anton's Park, was brought up to the platform. The compartment was unsealed, and Johnson made a systematic investigation, but with the exception of the lady's handbag already referred to he found nothing that bore in any way upon the case.

But the bag itself contained more than enough to reward him. For in it was a telegram, that appeared of the

most vital importance; it had been dispatched from the telegraph office at Charing Cross about five o'clock on the previous afternoon; that is, on the Saturday afternoon, for it was now between two and three o'clock on Sunday morning.

The message was "Hamstead Heath station eleven."

The superintendent showed the despatch to Max, observing, "I should not wonder if that was her death-warrant."

Max turned to the station-master. "What was it you said about the train being about Hamstead Heath station or Finchley Road at the time of Miss Chase's death?" he asked.

"Dr. Wagstaff told us," replied the official, "that she died shortly after eleven o'clock, and I remarked that the train would be near one or other of these stations then."

"Yes," said Johnson in a deep voice, "that telegram brought her to her death."

CHAPTER IV.

The Birth of Love.

"LURED her to her death, poor thing!" cried the station-master, with feeling.

"I don't know about that—quite," dryly said Superintendent Johnson, who was engaged in going over the few other things which the handbag contained—a gold chain-purse, holding both gold and silver money, a small bunch of keys, and a notebook.

Johnson counted the money carefully.

"Nearly six pounds," he said to Max. "Here is another proof that the motive for the crime was not robbery."

Max agreed with a nod. Johnson glanced at the note-book; then handed the bag and its other contents, except the telegram and the keys, to the constable to take to the police station. He spoke a few words to the station-master, and he and Max got into the taxi for St. Anton's Park. He was taciturn during the journey which occupied perhaps a quarter of an hour.

Max, too, was silent. For the time being his mind was full of this mysterious tragedy, the murder of this young and handsome woman, with whom blind chance, as some fools term it, had associated him. He had seen the telegram, and noted it was unsigned, a fact which at once suggested that Sylvia must have known who had sent it, for otherwise would she have gone late, on a bitter winter night, to Hampstead Heath Station? The telegram implied a considerable degree of intimacy between her and the person who had dispatched it—so much was clear. Who was this person? A man or a woman? He had no doubt it was the former, would a woman have made such an appointment at such a place and hour? It was not at all likely. Who then was this man?

He pictured to himself her meeting this man at this station, and thought of their going into that first-class compartment, of the terrible deed that had been done in the next few minutes, of the murderer arranging her furs and perhaps her veil, so that no one could see who she was, of his stepping out quietly, and as if nothing had happened, at the station before St. Anton's Park that suited him best—probably Willesden. He recalled that the windows of the carriages were white with frost, and how improbable it was that the dreadful act had been witnessed by anyone; he remembered how empty the train was. Everything pointed to a deliberate, premeditated crime. Again he came back to the man who had done it; who could he be that had such knowledge, such power over Sylvia Chase, as to induce her to meet him, as had been the case, and what in the world could have been his motive for killing her?

Lost in these speculations, Max thought that the taxi reached Colonel Willoughby's house in St. Anton's Avenue in an amazingly short time. He felt very uncomfortable about having to arouse his friends, but there was no help for it. The bell was rung several times; at length the Colonel's head was dimly seen thrust out from a window of the second floor.

"Who are you? What's the matter?" asked Colonel Willoughby in a

sleepy yet irate voice. It was as if he had said, "How dare you wake me up in the middle of the night?"

"It's I, Max Hamilton, sir," Max replied. "I am sorry to disturb you in this manner and at this hour, but you may be sure the matter is a very serious one. Will you kindly come down and let us in?"

Max spoke in a quiet, clear voice, and it had an instant effect on Willoughby.

"Bless me!" he ejaculated. "You Max, my boy! A very serious matter, you say. Well, well!"

"Very serious indeed."

The Colonel withdrew his head, and they could hear him speaking to Mrs. Willoughby; the night was exceedingly still and sounds carried far. The window was closed, in a few minutes the door was opened, and Max and the superintendent went in. Willoughby looked at the latter, and started somewhat when he saw his uniform.

"This is Superintendent Johnson of the Criminal Investigation Department of Scotland Yard," Max explained. "I know him very well."

Colonel Willoughby stared, and wondered what was coming.

"I have told him," Max continued, "that I was here this evening, and left in time to catch the 11.24 to Earl's Court."

"That is the case, superintendent," said Willoughby. "Peggy, my daughter Peg, said to us that you might very likely miss it, as you were very late in starting from here," he went on turning to Max. "My daughter Peg" had been thrown in for the officer's information. The Colonel's face, however, wore a mystified expression.

Max now looked at the superintendent.

"I think you mentioned Miss Willoughby's name," said Johnson to Max. "I should very much like to see the young lady, Colonel," he said to Willoughby.

"If it is necessary, certainly," cried Willoughby, with sudden fierceness. "Can't you tell me, Max, what it's all about? You spoke of something very serious indeed. In what way can it possibly affect my Peg?"

As briefly as he could Max recounted the circumstances, but the story took some time, for the Colonel, who was at first dumbfounded, asked many questions. As they were talking, there was the noise of movements in the house.

"I'll see if Peg is up," he said, and left Max and Johnson.

PRESENTLY the young lady and her mother came in with her father. It was evident they had been told the main facts.

"Oh, Max, how awful!" exclaimed Mrs. Willoughby. "Sylvia Chase murdered in the train! And you to find her!" Her voice was agitated and her eyes were humid.

"Sylvia!" said Peggy, "Sylvia murdered. It seems so impossible. And I knew her so well once; we were at school together in Bath—and we were always friends. You must tell us everything, Max," she entreated in tremulous tones.

"Yes, Peggy," said Max, gazing at her, his eyes sparkling; they were beautiful eyes, as has been recorded, and more than redeemed the plainness of his face.

In vivid, dramatic language, with hardly a pause, he told her the story from beginning to end, and told it in such a way that not only Peggy but the other listeners hung upon his words in breathless silence; the magic of his craft was upon him as on them, and so he told the story as he would have written it, only far more powerfully, because of its inspiration. Remember, he spoke to her, and as he spoke she saw him in a new light—this was another Max, not exactly a stranger, but different. When he began she was thinking of poor, dead, murdered Sylvia Chase, but he had not gone far before she was thinking more of him.

How does love come? Surely, in many ways. At first sight, or after prelude short or long? Is there always the conscious moment of its birth, or does it come subtly and as if by scarce perceptible degrees—till the faint form described in the far distance turns into the strong man armed and in possession of the house? However it may be, it was on this occasion and in this manner that Peggy Willoughby discovered for the first time that Max Hamilton touched a chord of emotion in her heart that vibrated to him alone—was wholly personal to him; she listened as Desdemona to the Moor. No doubt, the unusual circumstances had something to do with it, clothing both the man and the occasion with that mystical, glamorous, wonder-working thing, romance.

Max finished his story with the finding of the fatal telegram in Sylvia's handbag. There was a pained silence. The Colonel looked at his wife; Peggy looked away; like Sir Bedivere, they were "revolving many things." Then Willoughby uttered a horrified exclamation. The superintendent relieved the tension somewhat by producing the telegram and showing it to the Colonel, who read it and without remark passed it back to him.

"Who could have sent it? What does it all mean?" asked Mrs. Willoughby, in a deeply shocked voice.

"That's what I must find out, ma'am," said Johnson. "If I can lay my hands on the person who sent the despatch—"

"That may be easy," broke in the Colonel.

"Or it may not," said the superintendent, soberly. Then he addressed Peggy. "I came here, Miss Willoughby, to have a statement made to me by Mr. Hamilton, confirmed by you. He said that he left here to catch the 11.24 train to-night at St. Anton's Park for Earl's Court, and that you saw him out of the house. Can you tell me the exact time or as exactly as possible?"

"Fortunately, yes," replied Peggy, who understood the importance of the question as it affected Max's position. "Just as he was going out I looked at my watch—I was wearing it on my wrist in a bracelet at the moment—and saw that he had just seven minutes, that is, it was seventeen minutes past eleven."

"Thank you, Miss Willoughby," said the superintendent. "You can swear to it?"

"Yes."

"May I see the bracelet or rather the watch?"

"Yes, I'll fetch it," said Peggy. When she had brought it to him, Johnson compared its "time" with that of his own watch.

"Quite all right," he said. Then he made a note in a book, and after thanking the Willoughbys and apologizing for disturbing them, said to Max that they "must get on."

"Where?" asked the Colonel, blandly.

"To the telegraph office at Charing Cross—it is open all night, sir," Johnson replied.

"Oh, yes! That telegram," sighed Willoughby.

WHILE Max said good-bye to Peggy he looked into her eyes, as he had done some hours before, and he was rather put out when he observed that they seemed to be veiled—never suspecting what lay beneath the maidenly veiling. Yet afterwards he thought it rather odd that her expression was not as frank as usual, but put it down to her being tired. Still later, he wondered if she were thinking of him, and what it was she was thinking.

Peggy was not fully aware of all that had happened to herself, but she was intensely conscious that, however sorry she was for the dreadful fate of Sylvia Chase, and however much she occupied herself in guessing at the man who had sent the telegram, her thoughts would come round to Max Hamilton.

She kept on remembering how he looked—mainly at her—while he was telling the story, and how his appearance and words had thrilled her with a strange persistence. "Dear old Max," she said to herself, and at once knew in her heart that the words were adequate no longer; the words of affection and comradeship were not enough. She felt curiously happy, and went to sleep in a dream.

(To be continued.)



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