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Vol. XXII. No. 20

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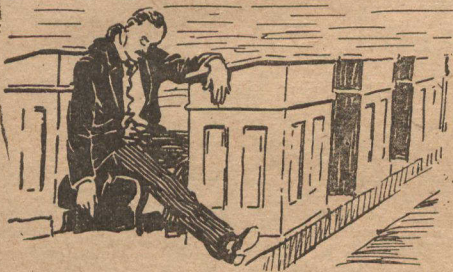
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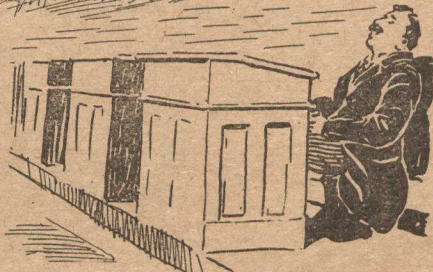


Published at 181 Simcoe St., Toronto, by the Courier Press, Limited. **IMPORTANT:** Changes of address should be sent two weeks before the date they are to go into effect. Both old and new addresses must be given. **CANCELLATIONS** We find that most of our subscribers prefer not to have their subscriptions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

The Strikers



By
WILLIAM
HENRY



II.

The wages paid in other occupations are so much higher that the fishermen have given up fishing

SPEAKING of little fishes, reminds me that I used to be a fisherman. Just as there are pomeranians, wire-haired terriers, and dogs, so there are fishermen and fisherman. I was just the plain, ordinary sort of fisherman. I stood not picturesquely, knee-deep, with water-proof boots, in rushing waters, scientifically casting metallic flies; nor did I loll messingly with fish-worms over shady, silent pools. I fished with unsportsmanlike gill nets, to fill, at so much per pound, the fish-pots of the city. In government terminology, I was a commercial fisherman. Being a professional, I am barred from amateurs' performances, and thus may you depend upon my veracity.

However, I am a fisherman no longer, for I have joined the great strike of food-producers, and in the simple story of my desertion lies much of the pith of the food problem. Over on the banks of Frenchman's Bay, in a little white frame cottage, lives a man who has told most of the story in fewer words than I could. He is not a professional story-teller; perhaps that is why he has crowded so much into so few words. Thomas Mansfield, for that is his name, is a government fishery inspector. In March, 1915—the year after the war began—the Honourable Findlay S. Macdunnald transmitted to His Honour, Sir John Strathearn Hendrie, C.V.O., the Lieut.-Governor of the Province of Ontario, the substance of a report which he had received from Thomas Mansfield, in these words:

"Less fish was taken than formerly, but he accounts for this by pointing out that the wages paid in other occupations are so much higher that the fishermen have given up fishing in consequence. Now one man attempts to do the work of two, but it is difficult for him to locate or keep track of the fish running in and out."

Did Sir John call a special session of the Ontario Legislature that the wise men of the province might apprehend the importance of Thomas Mansfield's pregnant words and devise ways and means by which the strike might be broken and the food shortage averted? He did not. Nor in the sessions which have been subsequently held, did Sir William Howard Hearst bring to the attention of the wise men within the Legislature the strike reported by Thomas Mansfield and his fellow-inspectors. Nor did Newton Wesley Rowell chide Sir William for his neglect; although one would have thought here was an opening such as leaders of Oppositions gloat over.

Thomas Mansfield is only one of the many inspectors—they are about as numerous as the fish that are caught—but the condition which he reported is

general. "Fishermen have been giving up fishing because the wages paid in other occupations are so much higher." These words might have been written of every strike that has made our wise men grey or bald with concern. They should have been more concerned over this strike because it presaged food-shortage and hunger—and there were no brick-bats.

There are many reasons why fishing in the great inland lakes is unprofitable, but at present I will draw your attention to only one. The huge cities which cry out for food have fouled the sources of production. So filthy are the waters of Toronto Bay that wholesome fish and birds either die within them or swim half dead out into the lake, spreading disease. Nor is this true of Toronto alone. Of Arthur Corsant's report in 1914—Corsant is another inspector—the Minister of Public Works for the Province of Ontario, told Sir John Strathearn Hendrie:

"There was a slaughter of fish for many miles west of the City of London. He does not think there was one fish left alive in the river for twelve miles west of London. The water seemed to be polluted with some strong drug or acid, for it turned a black colour. The trouble might arise from a number of sources, one of which is the sewer from the city into the river.

But the filth that oozes from the cities does not alone explain the lack of fish taken from the Great Lakes, the lack of interest for capital, and the lack of wages for labour in fishing. By-and-by we will have more reasons why our fishing-boats, crewless and useless, lie in the harbours, why our nets rot in their boxes and children swing upon the drying reels along the beach—all the while men and women in the cities that line the shores of the Great Lakes are crying out for food.

The Soul of an Author

By AUNTIE WELLS



WHAT shall it profit a man, though he gain the whole world and lose his own soul? asks the Bishop. And the answer of H. G. Wells in his latest book, "The Soul of a Bishop," is:

"My dear sir, what you want is a soul with bulk-head compartments and a cash register system. You are foolish to imagine that the soul and the world are not very much the same thing after all."

"Preposterous!" says the Bishop, again between the lines. "The soul of man has always been admonished to beware of that ungodly trinity, the world, the flesh and the devil."

"Not so fast my episcopus," says Wells. "I am not arguing that soul and body are one and the same or that they necessarily intercohere. But—"

By this time the great Carry-oner of Profitable Pen-Pushing has the Bishop by the top buttonhole. Escape is impossible. Remorselessly, relentlessly, the author of the Invisible God and other light reading for leisure hours unfolds to the cloth his co-ordinated synthesis of the ascent and descent of man on the Jacob's ladder of life. The Bishop is caught up and convoluted in the coils of the metaphysical cobra. But as the coils of the cobra tighten, his spiritual vision looks amazed into

The Soul of an Author.

"Bless me!" confessed Edward Princhester on the Prin when he had got the Wells' belladonna out of his eyes, "did I ever conceive it possible that the soul of any mortal man could be so curiously created? My word! The soul of that author is nothing but a miniature of the Bank of England. It is, sir, a vault overflowing with gold; sovereigns—did I say?—no, he doesn't care for kings; but gold, gold, specie, bullion, currency, coin, cash, all the equivalents for price were heaped up and active in that man's soul. It was like a mystic reel from which at every turn came off a new instalment of soul, at so much an ell—I'm sure it was an ell."

Canada's Supreme Need

BY REV. A. O. MACRAE.

CANADA'S supreme need, in what has become a great crisis, is splendid self-sacrificing men.

It is not men of genius, nor great heroic figures that are required, so much as fearless men with divine discontent and sanctified common sense. We are tired of the many cocksparrows that have been hopping into the public eye because they were pushful and pertinacious. Our hearts and souls cry out for men that, long before they have entered politics, have learned that he that rules his spirit is better than he that takes a city (as a soldier or a politician).

We demand Federal members that will bid organized labour halt wheer it is wrong, and make Capital stop when it is rapacious. But where are they to come from? Political life and a political career are counted among the occupations that are tainted. To enter politics is to consort with elements that are lost to common decency when it comes to gaining votes. "If you want to damn yourself body and soul, enter politics," were the words of a scholar to a young man just come back to Canada.

But the answer must ever be the same: If political Associations are in the hands of men of no principle, then these are the governing class, and the citizens that have the chances, the education, the position, are letting these elements of society rule the country. There is but one way to meet this situation: It is for men of moral courage who have means, intellectual or financial, or both, to rise to

this knowledge: that the good citizen owes his first duty to the State.

Such men can rid our Canada of the spoils politicians, the party heelers, the whole gang of those that do the thing that is expedient in preference to the thing that is right.

They do not need to be paragons. Let them remember that "the best men are moulded out of faults." But they must be remorseless enemies of mere expediency, self-seeking, self-seekers and party advantage. The man that is guided by "what will it do for the party," is but a time server. He preserves that which is the curse, the dry rot of any party.

Now is the time in Canada to cut the bonds of blind partizanship. The man seeking the suffrage of his fellows should be applauded to the echo when he declares: "I shall be of this party so long as it is good and not one instant longer"; "I am and will be for the decent against the selfish and indecent who will not act squarely, and this will hold true of men or parties, capital or labour, corporations or consumers." Such men in public service would give honest citizens splendid spinal shivers as they read of their character, their cool courage, their fearless fight with the wrong, their superb contempt of mere expediency. They would go far toward ushering in a society of the best men working for the best ends according to the best methods. They would show Canadians that the work of a representative citizen, leader or follower, in our land is not, and cannot be, that of an opportunist or parish politician. While he must look after the affairs, the interests, the welfare of his own particular district, his work is in the great heaving sea of a national and imperial life, that, like the tide, is rising higher and higher, and he should see that the immediate problems are not even those of policy, but of character, in men and conduct in action. Canada to-day is a living example of a land with big things to do, and too often without the right men in the right places to do them, and this is as true of one party as the other.

Our Tory-Imperialists

No. 2 in Canadian Nationalism

BY LT. W. J. H. MUSTARD.

THESE are, one might believe, three main classes of Canadians: Imperialists, indifferent Canadians and Canadians, their numerical strength being greatest in the order named.

There has existed in Canada since years prior to Confederation, what Thomas Paine called the Tory; and the Tory of Canada is much the same individual as Thomas Paine described in his day. Our Tory is in Canada in body only, his spirit is elsewhere. He came here originally with the intention of making himself sufficiently opulent to permit of his spending his last years "at home." Force of circumstances caused him to spend them here, but his children inherited his spiritual overseas domicile and neither became Canadians.

Remembering that the tory was of this mind, there is little difficulty in understanding why it was that he was quite content that these British American Provinces should not become autonomous, but should be governed from Downing Street. He was not only content with the then existing conditions, but insisted on them and bitterly opposed any effort on the part of the Canadians of that day to limit the powers of the British Governor and his irresponsible advisors; in fact, he termed the individual, who was sufficiently misguided to suggest autonomy in local affairs a traitor, and efforts treasonable.

These Tories and their descendants are not necessarily, in party politics, Conservatives, but form a considerable portion of the Liberal party as well; they are no longer called Tories, but are included in the general term "Imperialists." By no means are all Imperialists Tories, though all Tories are now Imperialists. For want of a better name we may term them "Tory-imperialists!"

It is the Tory-imperialist who has ever been ready to decry anything that tended to inspire Canadians with Canadian sentiment. He is afraid that it will produce a Canadian nationality and he believes that a Canadian nationality means separation. Therefore, in order that Canada shall remain a part of the British Empire, Canadian sentiment must be tabooed.

If Canadians must think nationally, then let them think of the British nation; let them content their feelings of pride in those things which are fit subjects for national pride, to those of the British nation or the Empire as a whole. These Tory-imperialists conceive that all suggestions of a navy, a flag or a supreme and final court of appeal, purely Canadian, are fraught with danger and aim destruction at the very foundations of the British race and tend to foster a nationality detrimental to Great Britain and the British Empire.

Hon. John McCall, Agent General for Tasmania, reading a paper at a meeting of the Royal Colonial Institute, in London, in June, 1915, prefaced his paper by saying that he was shocked because an Australian friend of his—and to his greater horror a man of unquestionable loyalty to the Empire—spoke of Australia as a nation. At most it could not be more than a sub-nation, so he prepared a paper; such ambitions must be put down and the way to put them down is

to denounce them as dangerous and disloyal.

The Tory-imperialist will tell you, as his father in the past replied to all suggestions of Canadian autonomy, that you might just as well say that you want Canada to separate from the Empire and be done with it. No argument, however logical, can move him, and he will probably close the conversation by telling you that there is something grander in being a citizen of a great Empire than one of a humble nation—and probably there is, if you happen to live at the fountain head. What the T. I. forgets is that such fantastic ideals do not appeal to the masses with force equal to that produced by something less remote and more real; and overlooking that we are not citizens in the proper sense of the great Empire because we have absolutely no control over the government which alone has power to represent the Empire in International matters and to decide for us the greatest of all issues, that of peace or war.

Living up to the Literature

How a Nova Scotia farmer convinced an American visitor that he had something right at home worth working to keep up. The man behind the man who makes the literature.

By RICHARD S. BOND



DURING the month of October the Wentworth Valley, near Halifax, Nova Scotia, is without doubt the most beautiful spot in the Maritime Provinces. Dashing along on the "Intercolonial" the tourist catches a glimpse of carefully cultivated acres, neat fences, well-kept homes, and a background of miles upon miles of colour—for colour is the most suitable word to be found. Beech, birch, and dog-wood strive frantically to outdo each other, while all voluntarily give way to the maple—Canada's national tree—as if to admit that her fantastic colouring is impossible to equal. The Wentworth Valley is a "riot" of colour—craving pardon for the use of "riot"—well worth the visit of any tourist to the Land of Evangeline.

Benjamin J. Cove—old Ben Cove the natives call him—has passed seventy-eight years in the valley, and his rapid stride and straight spine are living advertisements for the climate. His farm—larger than most—had attracted me for years on account of its modern improvements and general appearance of prosperity.

The fence adjoining the railroad was always snowy white. Not a board was ever broken; not a post out of plumb. Each tree in the orchard was pruned; each outhouse painted—white with green shutters, of course; each path was graveled; each roadway hedged. The farm was always dressed for company and seemed too good to be true.

This year was my twenty-third through the Wentworth Valley, and as the old familiar farm—or should I call it garden—hove in sight, curiosity got the better of me and I left the train at the next stop. A rig was easily procured.

"Ben" was at home.

"He always is," said my driver, "unless there's a meeting over to the church. Next to his Maker, Ben loves his farm, and can't stay 'way from it. Guess he's scared a squirrel might chip some paint off his fence if he ain't home to watch."

Ben was glad to meet a stranger and to talk of the outside world without leaving his own little kingdom.

With the eagerness of a child he hitched a pair of shining blacks to a light "buggy" and for hours we drove along well-kept roads, through pastures, meadows, grain fields, gardens, orchards and woodlands. It was wonderful. Not even in "Heart's Delight" the twenty thousand acre farm of Mr. Miner—which I am told furnishes the tables of our largest

hotels—had I seen such a farm.

"Why do you do it, Mr. Cove?" I asked, when at last we had returned to the house. "Why spend so much time on a little thing like smoothing a fence board or straightening a stake?"

The old man stiffened proudly. Reaching into a cubby-hole of a home-made cabinet he brought forth a handful of finger-worn booklets. An Intercolonial Railway folder was there; a book of Cook's Tours; a volume of "Where to Spend Your Vacation"; half a dozen folders of American railroads connecting with the Intercolonial or Canadian Pacific Railway of Canada.

He pointed his gnarled old finger at passage after passage couched in the extravagant phraseology of "ye advertising man," picturing the wonders of the Wentworth Valley in language such as only an advertiser can produce.

"We got to live up to it, we has," the old man said. "There ain't nothing in these books that equals my farm. When you Americans come up to the valley to see the leaves and grass and farms and houses you don't go away disappointed if you see old Ben's place."

"I'm living up to the literature, mister," he added, "because I love this old valley and want to see it loved by every visitor."

"It's part of Canada; part of my native land; part of the country I'm proud of. I just can't let no one go back to the States without learning to love the valley."

"And straightening a stake ain't such a little thing neither," he added. "Many straight stakes make a neat fence and many neat fences make a neat farm. Nothing ain't little that goes to help make people appreciate Canada."

I looked at the old man and let my mind wonder back to Jersey, where many acres belonged to me—acres that did not begin to show the care of Ben's farm. I thought I was a good American. Old Glory floated from my flag-staff on every holiday; the town's Fourth of July speech always fell to my lot; two of my sons were yet on the Mexican border and the other was not long back from Plattsburgh. Certainly I was patriotic.

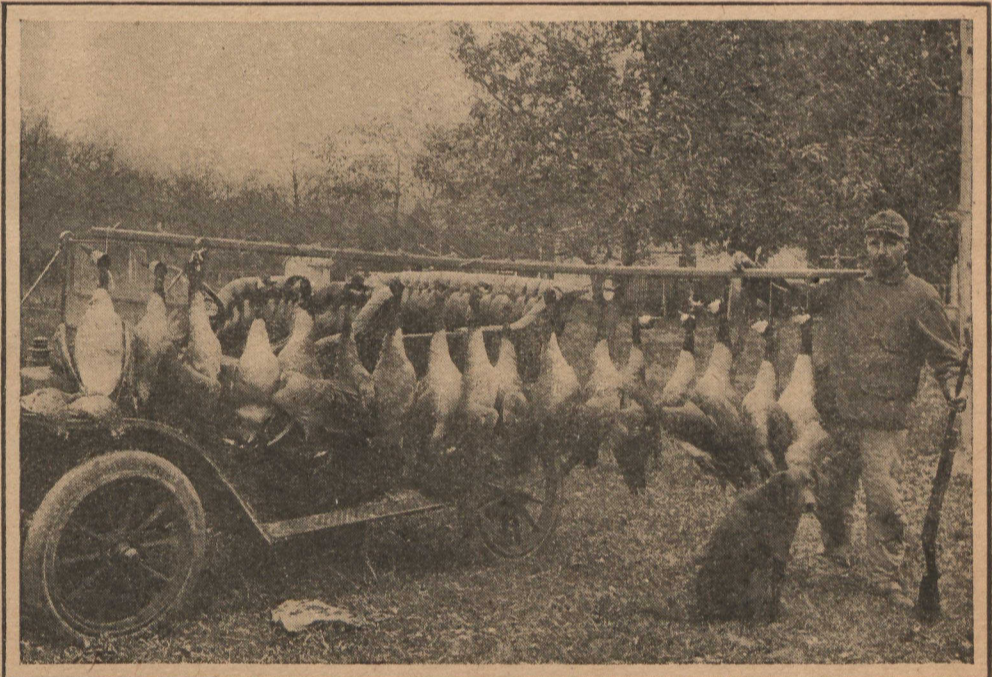
But as I shook hands with old Ben, hopped into the waiting waggon, and glanced again over that marvelous farm, I dropped my chin on my chest and said, "Well, here's a man that lives up to the literature, anyhow."

IN ALL PROBA- BILITY

ANYBODY who ventured an opinion as to what the old lady in the picture is going to do next would be eligible to join the Secret Service. She knows. Obviously, she has had dinner. The frying-pan on the back of the stove has not yet been dish-washed. The teapot on the rack still has the "grounds" in it and may come handy for a mid-afternoon cup without brewing a fresh lot, teaspoonful of tealeaves to a cup. The fire is not out. You can tell by the shovel in the pan under the dumper that she has just cleaned out the ashes and put on some fresh coal at \$10.00 a ton. The seven apples on the table were not put there for photographic effect. They may re-emerge in a pie to-morrow. Will she bake the pie to-day or to-morrow? That's as may be. It will be a precious pie, because apples in her part of the world are scarce this year. This is neither the Annapolis nor the Okanagan. One thing sure—she will be ironing before the day is over. The irons are on. And the kettle is boiling. We know it's boiling because steam is coming out of the spout. That's another proof that she has a good ironing fire. The kettle is on top of the stove at the back. Good housewives always keep hot water handy; and when you don't burn gas that costs \$5 a month no matter how economical you are, it costs nothing to keep the kettle hot. That's quite enough about the old lady, except to remark that she has had her picture taken more than once in that kitchen, and has sat for artists to sketch her besides.



THE gray wild geese hung on the pole over the motor-car might have been living yet if the man with the gun had not gone after them with a motor and a dog. It's a mean advantage to take of the geese to hunt them with gasoline, which some people do in Manitoba. But when you think of a simple everyday chicken in Ontario costing 40 cents a pound, it's easy to reflect that this string of twenty wild geese is worth considerable money as an item in the cost of living. That's one advantage of living near a wild-geese preserve.



THIS airship did not run into the elm tree by accident. The man sitting in it is not trying to get it down. The scaffolding in front was put there to hold it up. The man in the case is a student of wireless telegraphy and the body of an airship was put up there so that he could get high enough above the trees to get the vibrations. The tree is on the campus of the University of Toronto; one of those great trees along the edge that have the long Latin names tagged on them.

SOME Austrian will get hit with the hand grenade which the Italian soldier is just about to throw. He can't see the mark he is aiming at, but he knows it will land somewhere among the late Franz Josef's subjects.



HOW THE WAR LOOKS NOW

TWO considerable battles have been fought within the last week, that is to say, two considerable parts of the same battle.

The first part was fought over a front of about ten miles immediately to the east of Ypres, and the result was summarized fairly accurately in the German bulletin which said "the enemy advanced one kilometre into our defence zone and at Passchendaele and Gheluvelt passed further forward. West of Passchendaele he was pressed back by our counter attacks. North of the Menin-Ypres road a portion of terrain remained in his hands." The second portion of the battle began on September 26, and once more we may quote the German bulletin to the effect that "the battle in Flanders between Langemarck and Hollebeke—a front of fifteen kilometres—still continues. The enemy has succeeded in places in penetrating as far as one kilometre deep into our fighting zone, where desperate fighting is proceeding. The battle is, of course, a continuous one. It is only the actual assaults that are separated one from another. Zonnebeke is reported as taken, and this brings the British within six miles of the railroad from Ostend to Lille. This railroad is one of the great arteries of supplies for the German armies in the north, and it is significant that British ships bombarded Ostend while the land operations were in course of completion. The British front is now about seven miles from Roulers where the German headquarters are situated.

It may have been assumed too hastily that the object of the present fighting is to reach Zeebrugge and Bruges, and so to exclude the submarines from those very convenient bases. Certainly an extension of the British advance would have that effect, but that is not the only goal, since a glance at the map shows that the direction of the advance is southeast as well as northeast, that is to say, it is toward Menin as well as toward Roulers. It seems more likely that Sir Douglas Haig is trying to enlarge the great salient that now projects eastward from Ypres in the hope of dragging the German lines from their present position on the ocean, and compelling them to fall back along the coast eastward. This would, of course, have the ultimate effect of uncovering Zeebrugge and Bruges, but it would do very much more than this if it forced a general retirement of these northern lines, a retirement that would certainly extend far beyond the area of the present fighting. And we may reasonably believe that such a retirement must inevitably follow a continuation of the present British successes. It has probably already been arranged, just as the great Hindenburg retreat was decided on long before it was actually accomplished. The evacuation of the civil population, and the many activities in road-making, all point in that direction, apart from the obvious fact that an enlargement of the Ypres salient must of itself compel such a step. The obstinacy of the German defence in no way disproves such a theory of German intentions. An extensive preparation of new positions would be necessary, and we may remember also that Germany is about to float a new war loan, and this would certainly not be facilitated by the news of a fresh retreat.

Although the reports are very meagre it is evident that there has been desperate fighting quite apart from the successful assaults that have been reported in the bulletins. This is conclusively shown by the British casualty lists. For several weeks before these assaults were delivered the British losses were 15,000 a week, but during the last three weeks they have arisen to 27,000. The artillery fighting alone would hardly account for over two thousand men a day. The reported but continuous struggle for Lens is no doubt a costly one, but even then we must suppose that there has been plenty of heavy fighting up and down the line to produce

THOSE who argue that Germany is as strong in the field now as ever she was, are indulging in pessimistic bunkum. With less manpower than formerly, she is obviously weaker in artillery, in ammunition, and in morale. Besides the Germans are heavily outnumbered as well as out-generaled by the Allies.

such heavy casualties. We have no means of ascertaining the comparative losses of the two sides, but we may find such consolation as we may in the indisputable fact that the German armies are far less able than the British to stand so terrible an attrition.

The battle will, of course, be resumed. It is a feature of the modern fighting that the various sections are assigned to their respective objectives and that under no conditions are they allowed to pass beyond them. Impetuosity took its full toll of lives in the earlier battles of the war, and particularly at the battle of the Somme, where isolated detachments were allowed to push their way along any and every road that seemed open to them, irrespective of supports and co-operation, only to find themselves isolated and surrounded. It was one of the lessons that only experience could teach, but it seems at last to have been learned thoroughly. Every unit is now precisely instructed as to its aims, and it resists all the temptations of apparent opportunity to pass beyond it. The officers are furnished with detailed maps explanatory of every obstacle that they are likely to encounter and of the precise nature of the defences that confront them. These maps are compiled from aviation photographs and from direct observation, and as a result every detachment knows precisely what it is expected to do and how it is to be done. And, still more important, every detachment understands that it must do no more than the task assigned to it, no matter how great the temptation of an apparently open road. This accounts for the regularity and evenness of the advance, and also for its rigid limitations under the restrictions of caution.

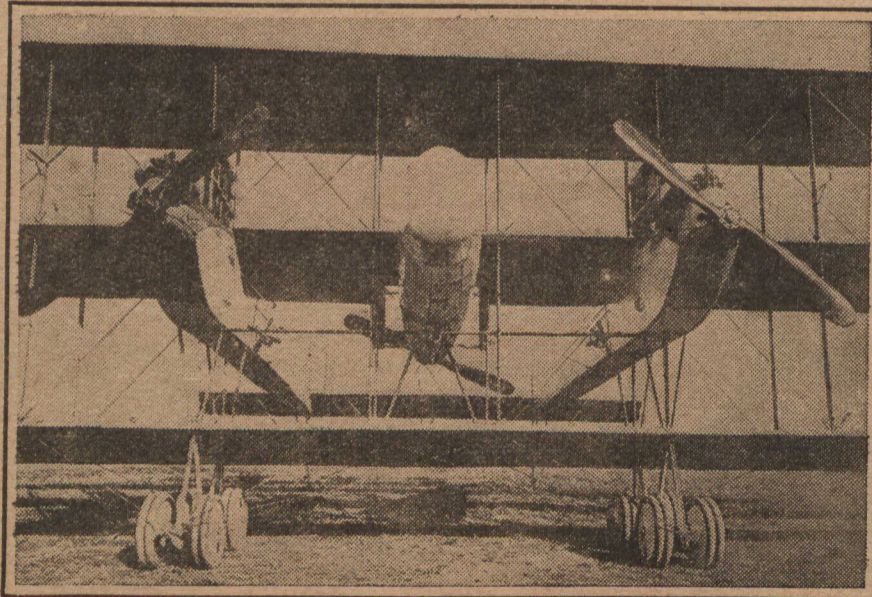
THE Russian situation does not seem to have enabled Germany to recall any of her troops from that front if we may trust the figures compiled by the *Revue de Deux Mondes*. According to these figures, that seem to be the result of careful research, Germany has now 137 divisions in the east, and 148 divisions in the west, and this is about the proportion that has been maintained since the beginning of the war. The eastern forces include Aus-

trians, Bulgarians, and Turks, in addition to Germans, and we may suppose that the Bulgarians at least would not be available for western service. The Turks are evidently more amenable, since a certain number of Turkish prisoners have been taken by the Italians during the recent fighting on the Isonzo. The Bulgarians are doubtless willing enough to fight against Roumanians and to aid in opposing Sarraill's army at Saloniki, but it is very unlikely that they would go farther afield than this. The Bulgarians have not allowed themselves to be so entirely dominated by the Germans as have the Turks or to be diverted from the immediate pursuit of their own interests. Indeed Bulgaria

has been showing some anxiety lest her interests be forgotten in the obvious Teutonic movements toward peace. Probably she is now sufficiently acquainted with her allies to distrust them and to fear that she may be entirely ignored if it should suit the interests of Germany and Austria to do so. So far as Russia is concerned it may be repeated that Germany has nothing to hope for from the chaos in Russia short of a separate peace. She can not weaken her forces on that front so long as Russia is even nominally at war with her. She can not even continue her advance against Roumania and toward Odessa, and there are still no signs that she can give any real value to her Riga success. Riga might possibly be useful to her for trading purposes at a peace conference, just as Riga has already been useful to her for the creation of a little hectic jubilation in Berlin. But there are no indications of any military value.

WHILE on the subject of French calculations of German strength we may notice the figures recently published by the Associated Press and compiled from official sources. They should be received with a certain amount of caution, but they are probably correct. Germany, we are told, has called out a total of 10,600,000 men. Of these there are now 5,500,000 men in the armies and actually on service. Depot troops account for 600,000. There are 500,000 wounded men in the hospitals and 4,000,000 men have been permanently lost. The German reserves up to 1920 amount to 1,200,000 men, and these are composed of part of the class of 1919 not yet called and amounting to 150,000 men, the class of 1920 amounting to 450,000 men, and also 600,000 men who are indispensable to industry and who can not therefore be counted in the actual military strength of the country. This leaves a purely military reserve of 600,000 men, or rather boys, who can still be called upon, but whose actual fighting value can not be high. To say that Germany is now as strong in the field as she ever has been is patently incorrect. Apart from the fact that we have no positive knowledge of Germany's earlier man power it is obvious that strength does not depend upon power alone.

It depends to an even greater extent upon artillery and upon the ammunition supply, and in this respect it is evident that Germany is far outclassed. Strength depends also upon morale, and here again it is evident that Germany is on the downhill. Perhaps the best of all tests of military strength is military achievements, and certainly Germany has nothing to hope for from the application of such a test as this. It is now a demonstrated fact that she can not resist any well-planned attack even though she is fully warned as to the threatened area and has ample time to reinforce and strengthen it. Germany's western record during the present year is one of undeviating failure, of continuous defeat. The British have at least 2,000,000 men in Belgium and France, and perhaps considerably more than this, and the French, according to M. Tardieu, have nearly three million. This gives an Allied total of something under 5,000,000 as against a German strength of 3,500,000 at most.



Probably the first airship to cross the Atlantic on her own power will be this giant Italian triplane, the Caproni; driven by three 700 h.p. engines and three propellers, any one of which can keep her going if the others are disabled. She can carry 4,000 pounds, including fuel for 34 hours, a crew of three and 2,700 pounds of bombs.

CANADA'S GREAT AIR-MAN

BILLY BISHOP, V.C., D.S.O., M.C., graduate with highest honours in the world from the University of Heroic Action, has sprung upon the world with about the same suddenness that three German airplanes jumped on his from an ambush behind a heap of clouds when he was fighting two enemy planes. That he walloped as many of the five as he could and got away from the rest was necessary in the working-out of a Life of Adventure. Major Billy Bishop was destined to come home again, long enough for his home town, Owen Sound, last week, to shake hands with him; for Toronto en route to give him the customary civic reception, and for his fiancée to behold once again the youth who in the eyes of sane people had suddenly assumed the dimensions of a demigod.

That's the way it looks to the land-lubbering majority of us who never expect to get higher in the world than the top of a skyscraper with an iron railing around it. And very likely it's the way it doesn't look at all to Major Billy Bishop of cloud-land. If he looked at himself the way the rest of mankind look at him—those that know him, and millions do—he would never have become the second greatest war aviator in the world, living or dead, and the greatest living.

No, from what is modestly recorded of Billy Bishop, age 23, born and brought up in Owen Sound—never mind the Ont.—he had gone at the business of flying as matter-of-factly as another man would learn to keep books. He made so little fuss on terra firma prior to his amazing exploits in the air, that Canada knew less of him up till a few weeks ago than we know of any winner of the Diamond Sculls at Henley or any Canadian winner at a Bisley tournament.

We have had a long experience in this country heralding heroes. The game began long ago in the hero-worship of the world's greatest oarsman, Ned Hanlan, who came up like a new instalment of glorified muscle and nerve out of Toronto Bay and left his trail of fame on all the great rowing courses of the world. Others came in his wake. We have had Jake Gaudaur, and Lou Scholes and Eddie Durnan, Bob Dibble and O'Connor, and a dozen more. In shooting we have had Perry and Hawkins and Clifford. In Marathon-ing we have had, and still have, Tom Longboat, who this summer trailed a new cloud of glory on sporting day behind the British lines. In giant strength we have had McAskill, the Hercules of Nova Scotia, who toured the world with Tom Thumb and died after he had shouldered and carried a ship's anchor weighing 2,200 lbs. In baseball we have had Ty Cobb and a few others. In daredevil frontier soldiering we have had General Sam Steele.

About all these in turn we have woven haloes of fame. Sons of a big country, we came second to none in giving them recognition. And they deserved it. Sometimes in welcoming home a triumphant oarsman or a Bisley champion we became a bit hectic. In fact we have never given any hero quite the acclamations that Hanlan got thirty years ago on Toronto Bay. The coming-home of Lou Scholes in 1904 was the second greatest furore ever known in the Capital of Ontario. Scholes won the Diamond Sculls. A few days ago, prodigious in khaki he went about his home city a returned officer from the Sportsman's Battalion with which he enlisted. Where the other heroes are, those that are alive, we scarcely know. Time and things in general have given most of them a nice cloak of oblivion. But they had their day and we made the most of it.

All those heroes and near-heroes, it seems, got to their dizzy heights so that the rest of us might give ourselves a Roman holiday in welcoming them home again. Most of them seemed to enjoy the celebration far less than the crowd did. They were glad when it was all over and they got away to the rear among a few friends who understood, remembered the old days when—and the memories of that lasted till past midnight.

MAJOR Billy Bishop's reputation as a hero has in it more than oarsmanship, prize-shooting or marathoning. It involves service to his country in the most hazardous profession known.



By THE EDITOR

Somehow, it's all different with Major Billy Bishop. This young man, the most renowned aviator alive, second only to the immortal Guynemer whom the Germans got the other day, and only three or four planes behind him, did his bit not for the glory of a home-coming or in order to get his name on the tablet of fame along with his country. He just followed his bent in the flying game till the great Impulse of War picked him up and made him necessary in the front ranks. What he did was the plain work of Billy Bishop, whether he had come from Canada or Timbuctoo. No sporting page editors had ever been able to write preliminary scare lines about him. He had never trained to amount to anything in any Canadian aerodrome. There was no available "dope" on this young pathfinder of the air. War, the great exalter and diminisher, the sublime disregarder of personalities and the wrecker of great reputations, seized upon Billy Bishop because he was supremely needed in the front lines of the air.

THOSE wise diagnosticians who understand the secrets of men's souls, to them we leave the task of determining whether Major Bishop flew and fought as he flew for his country, or because in those top places of the world he felt only the tug of the Man and the Adventure. It makes no difference. Billy Bishop is all we could ever hope to exalt in a great air-man. He is a law unto himself at anything above 3,000 feet. No nation can hope to produce a better. Before he quits the game, in all probability he will have left the great and immortal Guynemer in second place. He is just learning to co-ordinate experience. What those experiences are is for no land-lubber to try to explain.

He makes no effort to translate them himself, and there is no Homer on deck to record the adventures of this Ulysses.

But in that small-sized, compact physique of his there lurks some sort of a demon—not devil, you understand, but using the word as the Greeks did to indicate the passion of a man's soul for great action. We were never told by the friends and chroniclers of his youth that he ever had it. He never knew it himself. Recent sidelights on his rather meagre home history in the regions of Owen Sound intimate that as a boy he had no passion for soldiering. The reason he went to the Royal Military College at Kingston was that he had a consuming desire for everything that a man can't get inside four walls. Billy Bishop was a tartar in amateur athletics. He went at track and field with all the untrammelled joy of a youth that you can never professionalize into a machine. His parents thought the R.M.C. would give him his "satisfy." And in a way it did. Soldiering was very largely a physical fact. The way Bishop went at it proved that he intended to stay in the ranks of the amateur. Not for him the mere technic of the prize-winner. Born of U.E.L. stock, Irish one side and English the other, he had, however, no high-spun sentiments about doing and dying for one's country. He intended to live for his country and for himself; to pack his life full of adventure that makes a man's body and soul bigger to take on more and yet more adventure.

AND behind this glorious clean desire of a physical adventure there was the ingrained absorption in the principle of the thing that has since carried him to the cloud-lands of conquest and fame. The outlines of how Billy Bishop trained himself to be an amateur air-man before ever he dreamed of flying a mile, has about it as told by a recent reporter up at Owen Sound some of the naive simplicity of a nursery tale.

"As for Bishop's boyhood days," says the reporter, "there is nothing out of the ordinary to be chronicled. In one way, though, he was different, and that was in his love for tinkering with what he chose to term flying machines.

In the backyard of his home young Bishop built, or attempted to build, a machine that would fly, and now that the would-be inventor has become famous it is scarcely betraying a confidence to state that he promised a school-girl friend that some time he would take her for a ride in his machine. It is also known that on one occasion he set up a model of a flying machine which he sent to England to have fashioned into something tangible. The little device came back to him in finished form and from then on the maid at the Bishop home was kept busy picking up the articles which the diminutive aeroplane knocked from the shelves in its somewhat erratic flights around the room. In anything that looked like a flying machine young Bishop was interested."

Now that he has been home again, back to the old home town of Owen Sound, the town that's as proud as a peacock, back to the fiancée who has a right to the envy of all the girls that know her, back to the country that a year ago scarcely knew him at all—what can be expected of Major Billy Bishop in the clouds? We need not speculate. Billy Bishop has yet a big, glorious work to do in the Supreme Hazard of life. But when he goes up to look down on the clouds and to pot the German air-men from the ambush of a heap of vapor, and run the chance of being sent three miles below himself, he will go absolutely alone. He will have no rooting grandstand to nerve him on to victory. The faint little speck in the midst, the drifting line of a dot that makes scarcely a murmur on the plains below, the glint of the sun on that atom of motion—and the swift dreamland pop of his machine gun or his Colt or whatever he chooses to fight with; all these are for the gods above to notice and not for the grandstand below.

The LEGACY *by Josephine Daskam Bacon*

Of course, it doesn't make any difference to me whether anybody believes this or not. It's only because Dr. Stanchon asked me to, that I'm writing it, anyway. And nobody needs to get the idea that I think I'm a writer, either; I'm not such a fool as all that. But there's not a nurse in the place who wouldn't lie down and let the doctor walk over her, if he wanted to—and he knows it, too. Not that he's cocky about it, though.

"You know I'm no magazine muck-rake, doctor," I said as I got out of the motor (he had taken me up through the Park to Morningside and back, while I was telling him), "and I'll probably be a little shy on style."

"Style be dashed," he said, "you're long on facts, and that's all I want, my dear. And don't for heaven's sake work in any of that C—r's rot on me!"

I had to laugh, really, at that, because he was so funny about it. I took care of Mr. C—r, the novelist, when he had his appendix removed, and he used to dictate a lot to me, and Dr. Stanchon always insisted that my charts were made out in his style after that. But of course they weren't.

"Just tell it as it happened, you know," he said, "and in your own language. I'd like to keep it."

And of course anybody can do that. Although Mr. C—r told me once that that was the hardest job he ever tackled. He said he could write like his heroes easy enough, but not like himself. But he was always joshing, that man.

"Why, Miss Jessop," he used to say to me, "if I could write like myself, I'd have won the Nobel prize any time this last ten years!"

But he wrote awfully well, I always thought. Hardly a patient I had that year, but if I offered to read, they'd say:

"Oh, well, what's the last C—r's?" and when I got to the parts I'd taken for him (I learned stenography before I took up nursing) it used to give me a queer sort of feeling, really!

It was Dr. Stanchon that got me the case. He 'phoned me to drop in at the office and a patient of mine took me around in her car; I'd been shopping with her all the morning. She had just invited me to go out to her country place for a few days, and I was quite pleased with the idea, for I was a little tired. I was just off a hard pneumonia case that had been pretty sad in lots of ways, and I felt a little blue. It's an awfully funny thing, but nurses aren't supposed to have any feelings; when that poor girl died, I felt as bad as if it had been my own sister, almost. She was lovely.

BUT when the doctor asked if I was free, of course I had to say yes, though my suit case was all packed for the country.

"That's good," he said, "for I specially want you. It's nothing to do, really, and you'll enjoy it, you're such a motor fiend. There's a family I'm looking after wants a nurse to go along on a tour through the country—New England, I believe. They've got a big, dressy car and they expect to be gone anywhere from two weeks to a month, if the weather's reasonably good."

"What do they want of a nurse?" I said.

"Oh, they just want one along in case of anything happening," he said. "They can afford it, so why shouldn't they have it?"

"Well, that sounded all right, and yet I got the idea that it wasn't the real reason, somehow. I don't know why. Those things are queer.

Of course there was no reason why it shouldn't be so. I spent a month on a private yacht, one summer, just to be there in case of sickness, and nobody wanted me all the time we were gone, for a minute. As a matter of fact, the lady's maid took care of me the first three days out!

But I never happened to be asked on a motor trip in that way, and it seemed a little different. For of

course you could pick up a nurse almost anywhere, if you wanted one, on that sort of a tour, and every place in the tonneau counts.

"Isn't there anything the matter with any of them?" I asked.

"What a suspicious lot you nurses are!" he said, with his queer little chuckle (all the young doctors try to imitate it in the hospital). "The daughter's a little nervous, that's all. It's for her they're taking the trip, to give her a change."

"Now look here, Dr. Stanchon," I said. "I'm here to tell you that I don't want any of your old dope cases, and I might just as well say so first as last. That last young man of yours was about all I wanted. He was a sweet creature, wasn't he?"

This probably sounds very fresh to you, but everybody knows me: I speak right out, and if you want me, you have to stand it! And the way I slaved over that boy, and he getting morphine from his valet right



along—it was simply disgusting.

"It's nothing like that—nothing at all," said he. "Don't get so excited!"

"Oh, very well," I said, "then I suppose it's melancholia. Not for mine, if you please. Perhaps you remember that charming woman that jumped out of the window? I'm no clairvoyant, and that was enough for me, thank you."

"You're getting saucy, Jessop," he said, "but it's not melancholia. But you certainly had a hard time with that one."

And I should say I did. The foxy thing was as good as gold for three weeks, minded everything I said, fairly ate out of my hand, and got us so that we all believed she did better for me alone than when I had help handy. Of course I kept my eye on her, but nevertheless, the other nurse about gave up the job and used to be off learning French from the governess they had, most of the time. So when madam got us where she wanted us, she tied me to the door knob and jumped out of the window before my eyes! And I can tell you the thirty dollars a week that would get me on a case like that again never left the Treasury!

"I assure you it's not that at all," he said. "It's a case of nerves, that's all."

"Nerves! nerves!" I repeated. (I was pretty snippy, I suppose.) "That's all right for the family, doctor, but what's the matter with her? I've got to know, haven't I, some time?"

"Well, I must say you nurses are getting to be the limit," he said. "The truth is, I spoil you. But there's something in what you say, of course. Now here's the whole business. This girl, and she's a sweet, lovely girl, too, had a maid that was a sort of nurse, I believe, when she was a child, and had seen her grow up, and was very much attached to her, and all that. Like all those old servants, she was pretty well spoiled, I imagine, and seems to have had the girl under her thumb. She always slept in the room with her. Now, the maid had had headaches and used to take all sorts of proprietary

remedies for them, coal-tar, of course, and probably had weakened her heart with them. Anyway, she waked the girl up one night with her troubles and the girl gets up and gives her an overdose in the dark and the maid's dead in her bed in the morning."

"Oh, I see," I said, trying to make up for my nasty attitude about that suicidal woman. "So she's blue about it, and thinks she's to blame. An automobile trip will certainly do her a lot of good."

"Well, there's a little more to it than that," he said. "As a matter of fact, she's a very sensible sort of girl and she knows she's not to blame, really. Of course it was pretty rough, but then the maid had no business to expect her to wait on her, and she ought to have given careful directions about the dose, anyhow. She might have gone off any time, and the girl knows it. But the night of the funeral, after the girl was in bed, what does she see but the maid sitting on the foot of the bed, looking at her! Of course she was overwrought nervously. Only the trouble is, this was three months ago and she swears the woman comes every night. She knows it's hallucination, optical delusion, anything you like, and she tries to treat it as such, but she's beginning to break down under it, and I don't know what to do. They've travelled, they've had her in a sanatorium, they've tried auto-suggestion—no use. She's all right through the day, but at night, in any bedroom, under any circumstances, this thing appears and she just has to go through with it till morning."

"Why doesn't she have some one sleep with her?" I asked.

"It doesn't make the slightest difference," he said.

"One week she had a bed between her father's and mother's, but it was just the same, and of course they got pretty bad, out of sympathy. They'd spend two or three ordinary fortunes to cure her, but it's one of the cases where money doesn't talk, unfortunately. So there we are. It came over me last night that I'd like to have you try what you can do with her."

"But, heavens and earth, what good will I be?" I said. "Am I a ghost-catcher? I never knew it."

"No," says he, "but I'm sorry for the ghost that would run up against you, Jessop—honestly, I am!"

"Much obliged, I'm sure," I said, "but why doesn't she take her sleep in the day-time? That would fool the ghost from her point of view—wouldn't it?"

I'll never forget the look he gave me. "Listen to me, my girl," he said, running out his jaw in the way he does when he's in dead earnest and means you to know it, "listen to me, now. If that young woman ever takes to living by night and sleeping by day, on that account, she's a gone goose!"

"What do you mean?" said I.

"I mean it's all up with her, and she might as well engage a permanent suite in Jarvyse's little hotel up the river," he says, very sharp and gruff. "I've staved that off for a month now, but they can't see it and they're bound to try it. Jarvyse himself half advises it. And I'll risk my entire reputation on the result. If she can't fight it out, she's gone."

He waited a moment and put out his jaw.

"She's gone," he said again, and I felt creepy when he said it, and I tell you I believed him.

"Well, I'll try my best," I said, and I went on the case the next morning.

As soon as I saw her I got the idea of her I've always had since—that's me, all over. I went to a palmist's once with a lot of the other nurses and that's the first thing he said to me.

"It's first impressions with you, young woman," he said. "Take care to trust 'em and act on 'em, and you'll never need to count on the old ladies' home!"

Well, as soon as I saw Miss Elton she put me in mind of one of Mr. C—r's heroines, looks and clothes and ways and all, and I've never changed my mind. Her things were all plain, but they had the loveliest lines, and she always looked as if she'd been born in them, they suited her so! Her hair was that heavy, smooth blond kind that makes a Marcel wave look too vulgar to think about, and her eyes

and complexion went with it. And with all her education she was as simple as a child; there were any number of things she didn't seem to know. She took to me directly, her mother said, and I could see she liked me, though she hardly spoke. She had big rings under her eyes and seemed very tired.

She got a nap after lunch—only two hours, by the doctor's orders—and it did seem a shame to wake her, she was off so sound, but of course I did, and then we walked for an hour in the park. I didn't talk much at first, but I saw that she liked it, and so gradually we got on to different subjects, and I think she was entertained. She seemed interested to hear about the nurses at the hospital and some of the funny things that happened there, and I could see that she was trying to keep her end up—oh, she was all right, Anne Elton was, and no mistake! There was nothing morbid about her; she was trying to help all she could.

WHEN I came down for dinner there was a young man with them, a handsome, dark fellow, and he talked a great deal with me—I could see he was trying to size me up, and it was easy to see that he was pretty far gone as far as Miss Elton was concerned and didn't care who knew it. We must have seemed a strange party to anyone who didn't know the ins and outs of the thing—only the five of us in that big dining room with the conversatory opening into it. The mother was one of those stringy, gray New York women that always wear diamond dog collars, worried to death and nervous as a witch; Mr. Elton—he was Commodore of the New York Yacht Club at that time—fat and healthy and reddish purple in the face; young Mr. Ferrau (he was from an old French family and looked it, though a born New Yorker) and me in my white uniform and cap next to Miss Elton, all in white with a big rope of pearls and pearls on her fingers. She could wear a lower cut gown and look more decent in it than any woman I ever saw. All her evening dresses were like that, perfectly plain, just draped around her, with long trains and no trimmings; her skin was like cream-coloured marble, not a mark or line or vein on it but just one brown mole on the right shoulder-blade, and that, as her mother said, was really an addition.

Nobody talked much but Mr. Ferrau and the old gentleman—there's no doubt he had been a gay old boy in his day!—for I never do, when I dine with the family, and the mother was too nervous for any thing but complaining of the food. The Lord knows why, for it beat any French restaurant I ever ate in, or Delmonico's either, and Mr. Ferrau and I got quite jolly over how they put soft boiled eggs into round soufflee sort of things with tomato sauce over them, without spilling the yolks. Then they asked if I'd play bridge a bit, and though I don't care for games much, I learned to play pretty well with my morphine fiend and his mother, so of course I did, and the old gentleman and I played the young couple, and Madam Elton crocheted, sitting up straight as a poker on a gold sofa.

It always makes me laugh when I read what some persons' ideas are of how rich people amuse themselves. The nurses are always jollying me about my rich friends and playing the races and champagne suppers and high-flying generally, and I often wish they could have seen us those evenings at the Eltons', playing bridge—no money, mind you—and Apollinaris at ten! The Commodore had to have ginger ale, the ladies hardly ever drank, and I never take anything but water when I'm on a case, so Mr. Ferrau had all the champagne there was at that dinner. At ten the masseuse came and rubbed Miss Elton to sleep, and I got into my bed next hers before she went off, not to risk disturbing her. There was a night lamp in her bath and I could just make out her long braid on the pillow—the pillowcases had real lace insertions and the monograms on the sheets were the most beautiful I ever saw.

I went off myself about eleven, for I was deter-

mined to act perfectly natural; I knew I'd wake if anything was wrong. And sure enough; all of a sudden I began to dream, a thing I seldom if ever do, and I dreamed that my suicidal case was clamoring over me to jump out of the window, and woke with a start.

Miss Elton was sitting up in bed staring at me, breathing short.

"Can I do anything for you?" I asked quietly, and she gave a sort of gasp and said:

"No—I think not, thank you. I'm sorry to bother you, but the doctor told me to."

"Why, of course," said I, "that's what I'm here for. Do you see anybody?"

I didn't say, "Do you think you see anybody," for I never put things that way.

"Yes," she said, "she's there—Janet." I glanced about, and of course there was no one, and I tell you, I felt awfully sorry for her. It was all the worse that she was so pretty and calm and decent about it; I didn't like that a bit.

"Where is she?" said I.

"Right on the foot of the bed," she answered in that grim, edgy kind of way they always talk when they're holding on to themselves.

"Why, to tell the truth, Miss Elton, I don't see a thing," I said. "Shall I turn on the light?"

"No—not yet," she said. "The doctor said to hold out as long as I could. Would you mind putting your hand there?"



"Not a bit," said I, and I pawed all over the foot of her bed.

Finally, I got up and sat there.

"What happens now?" I asked her.

"She just moves up and sits farther on," said she.

I COULDN'T think of much to say to that, she was so quiet and hopeless, so I waited, and then said:

"Would it help you any to talk about it?"

"Oh, if you didn't mind!" she cried out, and then the poor thing began. It makes me tired, the way people treat a patient like that. There was that girl just bottled up, you might as well say, because they all thought it would make her worse to talk about it. Her father pooh-pooed it, and her mother cried and asked her to send for their rector, and even Dr. Stanchon slipped up there, it seemed to me, for he advised her not to dwell on it. Not dwell on it! Why, how could she help it, I'd like to know?"

"What I can't understand," she'd say, over and over, "is her coming, when it hurts me so. Why, Janet loved me, Miss Jessop, she loved the ground I walked on, everybody said! And she knows—she must know—that I wouldn't have hurt her for the world. Why should I? She took care of me since I was six years old—sixteen years! She said to put in those powders out of the box, and I put them in. How could I know?"

"Of course you couldn't know," I said. "She knows that."

"Then why does she do this?" she asked me, so pitifully, just like a child. "Why does she, Miss Jessop?"

"Well, you know, Miss Elton," I said, "you wouldn't believe me if I lied to you, now, would you? And so I must tell you that I don't think she does do it, none of us do. It's just your idea. If Janet's there, why don't I see her? You're overstrained and excited and you feel that she might not have died—"

"Ah, but I didn't feel that the first night she came!" she broke out, "truly I didn't. Dr. Stanchon and all of them said I was very brave and sensible. He talked to me and made me see. If Janet had been sleeping with one of the maids and waked her up and told her not to turn on the light because it hurt her head, but just to give her the powders out of the box, the maid would have done it. I can see that."

"Of course," said I.

"I didn't blame myself—really," she went on, and suddenly she looked straight to the foot of the bed.

"Janet," she said, "the doctor said never to speak to you, and I never will again, but I must, this once. Janet, do you blame me? Are you really there? Why do you come this way? You're killing me, you know. I can't sleep. You shouldn't have taken that strong medicine and the doctor told you not to, you know, yourself. Won't you go, Janet? Not to please Nannie?"

Really, it would have melted a stone to hear her.

SHE was still a moment, and then she began to cry and whimper and I knew that it had made no difference.

"She won't go—she won't go," she said, crying, "not even for Nannie!"

Well, I talked to her and read to her and stroked her head, and by two o'clock or so she was off for an hour, and I got a nap myself. But from three till nearly five she was awake again, and I had to light up the room; she said she hardly saw her then—only felt her, and that wasn't so bad.

I don't know that anything different took place for a week after that. We went through the same business every night, and I took a nap every afternoon when she did. She told me, what I wasn't much surprised to hear, that she and Mr. Ferrau were engaged—or just about—when this precious Janet died, and that now she wouldn't hear of it and had refused to marry him till she was well again. And I must say I think she was right.

The weather was bad, so we didn't go on the motor trip at all, and that was just as well, for if we had I should never have gone up to the hospital that day and never seen old Margaret. She was an old darky woman that used to come in to clean the wards when they were short of help, and all the nurses knew her, because she used to tell fortunes with cards and a glass ball she looked into—pretty fair fortunes, too. I've known of some awfully queer things she told different nurses that were only too true. She always liked me because I used to jolly her up, and I stopped to speak to her, and she asked me where I was working.

"Oh, a grand place on the Avenue, Margaret," I told her, "marble stairs, and a fountain in the hall."

"What's the sickness, honey?" she asked, for those darkies are always curious.

"The patient's got a ghost, Margaret," I said, just to see what she'd say, "and I'm sorry to say we can't seem to cure her."

"Co'se you can't cure her," says she. "No stuff in bottles for that, honey! What the ghos' want?"

"Nothing at all," said I, "it just sits on the bed and looks."

"Laws, honey, Miss Jessop, but that yer kine's the wors' of all," says she, staring at me. "She'll jes' have ter leave it onto somebody else, that's all."

"Why, can you do that?" I asked.

"Sure you can do it," she says. "Was it one that loved her?"

"They all say so," said I.

She struck her hands together.

"I knew it—I knew it!" she cried out. "It's al-

(Continued on page 13.)

THE TOSS-UP



WHAT old cynic was it said beauty is only skin deep? Here's a lady whose beauty is almost common gossip in England; startling enough for a painter. The particular style makes no difference; might not suit every finicky old bachelor, but surely would get that smothered "O-oh!" from a vaudeville house. Actress? Oh, no; except that the Countess of Cromer happens to be one of the best known noblewomen in England's great smart set learning from the war to help humanity better than most of those who kick up such a rumpus against the bluebloods. She is known among the war relief organizations as the Good Angel. "Handsome is that handsome does" is quite superfluous in her case. Thousands may rise up in a restless democracy to call her blessed—the beautiful Countess of Cromer.



HIPOLITO IRIGOYEN, President of Argentina, thinks Count Luxburg, the Hun minister at Buenos Ayres, is the Latin name for a "rotter." Luxburg was mixed up with Sweden in getting messages through to Berlin. Irigoyen blandly handed him his passports.

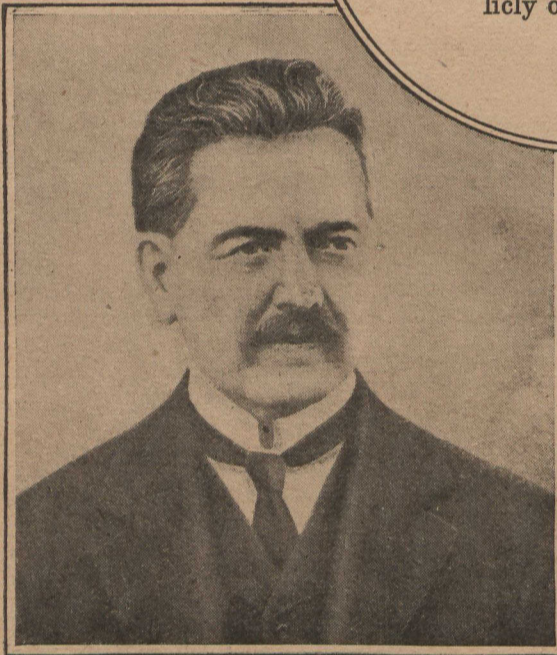
OUR rather smooth friend, Henry Miller, permits his most recent cabinet photo to appear in The Theatre. Why? Well, to begin with, Henry is just as good-looking as ever; and as a mere incidental he is to make another dent in hardshell New York with a new play this season. What? Oh, yes. Last season was positively his last on the Great Divide and he can't possibly put Daddy Long Legs on the road again. What a pity somebody can't adapt for him one of the stories of the late—O Henry?



ACTORS, musicians, humanitarians and other busy folk are all interesting to some people. Sometimes it's a toss-up whether the man or woman off stage isn't as much of an actor as the man that's on. Anyway there's a good reason for each of these interesting people being displayed so publicly on this page.

NEVER believe that the new play coming on with George Arliss in the title role won't be one of the niftiest bits of technic ever staged. What it is—not to be given out yet. Personally, we should prefer him in a revival of Disraeli.

DON'T say the lady below is too plain for anything, or admit that she has "something good" about her face and all that before you find out what role she has taken on. American, you recognize that at once from her type-expression; no doubt unmarried, a business woman, capable, energetic, direct, as systematic as a time-clock. Yes, all of these you may tag on to the personality of Miss Antoinette Funk—no stage name, either—who was asked by Secretary of the Treasury McAdoo to take over a big heft of work in connection with the new Liberty Loan, the \$2,000,000,000 item. Miss Funk is executive vice-chairman of the Women's Liberty Loan Committee; chairman, Mrs. McAdoo, who admits that Miss Funk has big personal qualities for the office in her great enthusiasm, business ability and power as a public speaker.



ANOTHER brilliant musician gone into khaki. A while ago it was Percy Grainger, our Australian piano genius, playing saxophone in a U. S. Marine band at \$35 a month, giving up \$1,000-a-night concerts. Now it's Albert Spalding, American violinist, who was to have played in Canada this season; war being declared, enlists as an air-man. Not to fly? Oh, no, he's past the age limit. But Albert speaks four languages. He joins the Foreign Department of the Aviation Corps at Mineola, Long Island, as interpreter. Two weeks ago Sunday he played in khaki at the Metropolitan Opera, New York. Raymond Hitchcock introduced him—clever Raymond. Telling the 400 and the 4,000 how his friend Albert was cancelling \$30,000 worth of contracts to work for Uncle Sam at \$80 a month. Remembering that our friend Grainger, of the \$35-a-month saxophone, is getting two months' leave of absence, part of the time to play in Canada at \$1,000 a night—sh! Spalding has that bridge burnt. He expects to follow the Aviation Corps to France shortly.



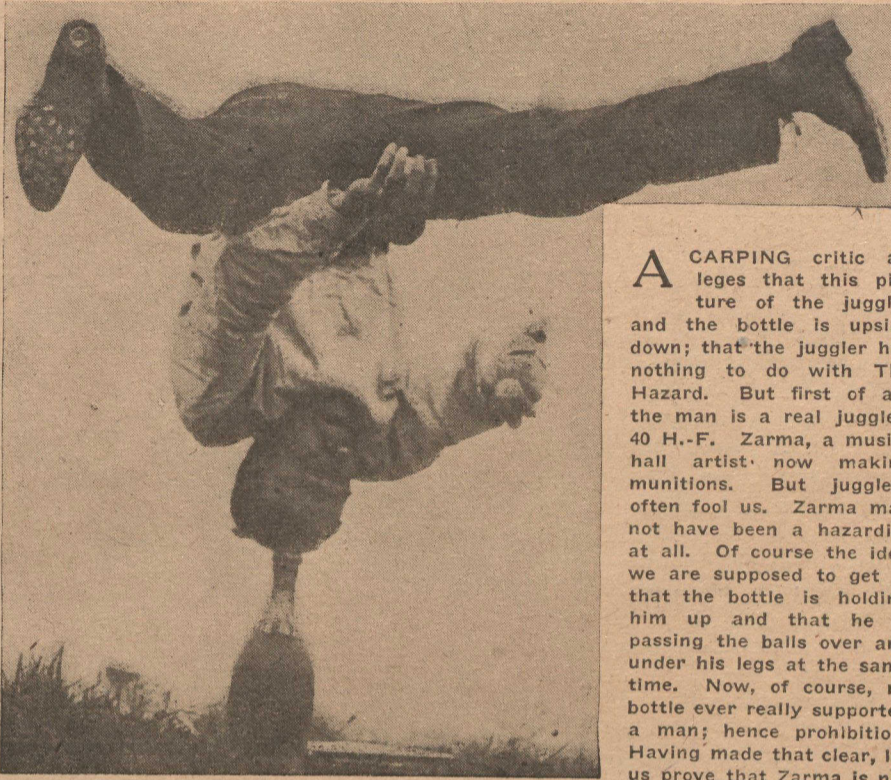
WHEN Miss Delia Davies, Vice-President of the Open Air, Red Cross, Hunt Club Horse Show put her hunter over the barrier, she knew that the eyes of society were upon her. The lawn and the paddock and part of the grandstand were crowded with a congregation of a pinkish hue and all animated by a benevolent purpose—to raise more money for the Red Cross. One of the most critical spectators would be Mr. George Beardmore, M.F.H., President of the Show. Society took a fresh-air treatment in place of the customary races. And the Horse Show, under the auspices of the Hunt Club, was a hazard very worth while.

THE HAZARD

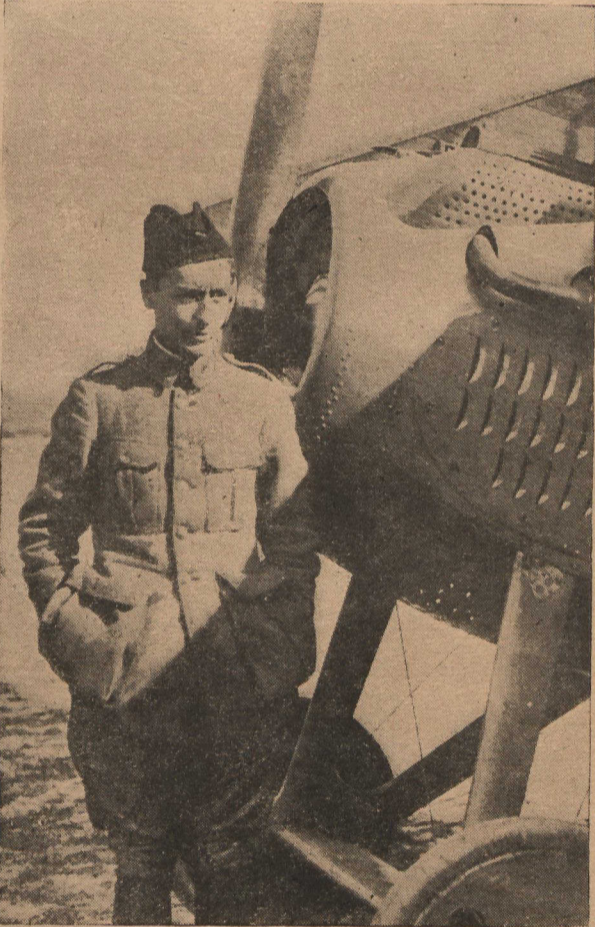
WHO among men anywhere in all time ever met more of the Hazard than Guynemer, the great French aviator who was "got" a few days ago by the Germans? Whether he was killed or made captive, nobody outside of Germany knows as yet. But he is gone from France, the man who holds the greatest record of daring deeds in the air and enemy planes shot down. He shot down 52 German machines; a lad of 21; two years ago a simple soldier—and since that time winning all the honours possible for France to bestow.

A fellow-ace, says a contemporary, relates an incident of Guynemer. On one occasion they went up together in a plane, Guynemer as pilot and his companion as photographer. The last thing Guynemer said before they ascended was, "Old fellow, I give you warning. To-day I dodge no shells. To-day is my anniversary." They went up and the Germans recognized him, a simple matter, according to the ace, because Guynemer flew like no other aviator. The shells began to burst round him. They came in a circle, gradually lessening as they got the range. The account continues: "He did not move. He kept on the course and I took the photographs. At last I report that I have enough, but he asks me to take some photographs of the puffy clouds around our plane. And when this is done he starts home, but turns again and does a spiral, I do not know how many times, right over one of the batteries."

A WELL-DRESSED crowd loves a hazard as well as anything. The crowd shown below are watching one thing; wondering if the young lady riding the steeplechase over yonder will not be thrown off and in need of first aid. Of course she was not. She leads enough of a charmed, and perhaps charming, life to be President of the Open-Air, Hunt Club, Red Cross Horse Show, held a week ago at the Woodbine race-track oval in Toronto.



A CARPING critic alleges that this picture of the juggler and the bottle is upside down; that the juggler has nothing to do with The Hazard. But first of all, the man is a real juggler, 40 H.-F. Zarma, a music-hall artist, now making munitions. But jugglers often fool us. Zarma may not have been a hazardist at all. Of course the idea we are supposed to get is that the bottle is holding him up and that he is passing the balls over and under his legs at the same time. Now, of course, no bottle ever really supported a man; hence prohibition. Having made that clear, let us prove that Zarma is not



juggling at all. Turn the picture upside down and at once you see that he sat on something which the artist painted away on the photograph and afterwards faked in the scenery at the top. In that case all he had to do was to look hazardous and support the bottle upside down, while he passed the balls over and under his legs. "Impossible!" says the defence. "His trousers sag."

"But he had them wired."
 "His shirt sags also."
 "Ah! wires there, too."
 Hopeless disagreement. The case is decided otherwise. Simple enough. Don't you see that the bottle is nearly full of ginger ale. Enough said.

WE shall never decide who are the most heroic soldiers among the Allies, but there's only one guess as to which army has the greatest hazards. The Italian. They fight like air-men among the clouds. Many photographs of the superbly impossible have been published. Here is one of the most interesting and spectacular. Here is a staircase which reaches 2,000 metres up the side of a mountain to the Tafana. Now, a metre is 39.37 inches. Multiply this by 2,000 and you have precious near a mile and a half for that dizzy staircase in the snow, up which an army went during a recent drive on the Isonzo—which was far below. Wherefore we conclude that the Italian engineers must have studied the way Wolfe got his men up to the Plains of Abraham



NEVER before, so far as is known, has Generalissimo Petain been shown pinning on decorations for hazards undertaken by other people. Here he is decorating one of the nurses in the French hospital at Dagny. This hospital was bombarded by the Germans. The nurses preferred the hazard to safety. They stayed with the wounded soldiers, doing all they could to protect the patients. And to be decorated so by Gen. Petain was worth the hazard.



The MUSICAL WEST

A comparison between the 1917-18 cycle of \$1000 Concerts to be given in the West, by headliners from six countries, and the native music of the Prairies

By THE MUSIC EDITOR

A CERTAIN cartoon intended to take a genial whack at Mark Hambourg now hangs in the writer's house. It shows Mark sitting on the ground dressed up and hairified as the original man of the can period, or about that time, playing with a pair of clubs a thingumbob on the ground which is supposed to be the first piano. The cartoon was made by an artist in the famous Savage Club, of London, celebrating an evening when Mark, at a house dinner, occupied the chair.



How would Chief Sweetgrass feel if asked to play on a modern grand piano?

This shows the continuity of music over a few thousand years. The facts recently stated by Boris Hambourg, the 'celloizing brother of Mark, concerning the West and its music for 1917-1918, involve just about as long an interval of time in actual character, but less than one generation in years.

It seems that seven or eight cities on the prairie this season, not mentioning any on the Pacific, are to engage a series of headliners to give concerts. The ring of cities begins at Winnipeg, takes in Regina, Saskatoon, Moose Jaw, Calgary, Edmonton and one or two others in a grand sequence of twelve concerts each; nearly every programme to be contributed by one of the men popularly regarded as a world-artist. In cold mathematics, the cost of these 100 concerts or a little less will run close up to \$100,000. A number of these artists are in the habit of charging \$1,000 a time. Here are some of them:

Ysaye—Violinist Maestro.

Godowsky—Piano Technician Amazing.

Elman—Virtuoso of the Sob and Glory Fiddle.

—, Baritone of Expression.

Percy Grainger—Australian Tone Poet.

I have not heard the rest mentioned except that one of the lot includes a pair of well-known brothers Canadian, the Hollinsheads, in a recital of monologue, caricature and song. The other six, however, are in the same class—if any musicians are ever in the same class.

And this is remarkable!

A few years ago a Toronto critic, commenting on a great performance of the Mendelssohn Choir and the Chicago Symphony, in Massey Hall, said:

"And just to think—that a hundred years ago Indians camped on the site of Massey Hall!"

Which, of course, they did no such thing; not within a hundred years. But consider it, all ye Easterners who think you are in such a giddy maze of evolution. Thirty years ago Crees did bang the tomtom on the site of the Edmonton music hall; and the Sarcees with the Piegans wailed the thirst dance within a block of the Calgary opera house; and in all the other places mentioned the tunk of the tomtom is still a matter of yesterday. Almost any day of a big carnival Crees or Blackfoots may go careening along the main street of almost any of these towns, togged in the glory of war.

Now, the object of any rude remarks on this subject is to show that the Ysaye-Godowsky-Elman-

Grainger crowd, in all their \$1,000-a-night virtuosity, have some real musical going to achieve before they can equal the recent strenuities of our Indian friends in those neighbourhoods. There is, be it not forgotten, an ever-lucent continuity of music as the Hambourg cartoon expressed it. Herbert Spencer—wise English philosopher—said, not many years ago, that the emotional content of a great song in its effect on the performer could be traced back to the tail-wagging of Carlo the dog. That's an emotional contract to unravel. But it illustrates—extremely. Ysaye's performance of the great Beethoven Concerto, Op. X, No. Y, will have to get up on its hind legs of ecstasy and power to equal the grand ensemble of the Indian tomtoms at the thirst dance. Grainger will have to tone-poetize himself into a blind rhapsody of glory on the piano to convey anything like the folk-song tragedy of that dance of the red man. Godowsky, prize-winner of cold and chaste technic, never can outdo the unfaltering precision of those tomtoms reverberating by day and by night for six times 24 hours, never once varying the tempo in all that time. Oh, ye Westerners, remember these! And neither the Hollinshead brothers nor Mr. Baritone of Expression will ever surpass the grandiloquent wail of the Ah—ah—ah! droned down the noses to that skintom accompaniment and taken up every little while by the congregation of squaws sitting on the place where the grass used to be, with the gift pole in the centre and the dancers in the lodge decorated all manner of ways, never once eating or drinking in all that 144 hours.

It can be confidently maintained that the \$1,000-a-night syndicate of talent travelling in Pullmans and putting up at the de-luxe hotels could not, even if they should all appear and perform ensemble in one paralyzing programme, out-do the big annual May festival of the red man.

Music? The West was full of it before Ysaye was born. It was a form of perfect art. I don't know but it was better art, because it was more spontaneous than some of the stuff the moderns put over in swallow-tails and white bosoms. As for regalia and rigouts, the red man decidedly had it. There, indeed, you had the glory of clothes—or the absence of them. No décolleté dame from Riverside Row driving down in her limousine ever eclipses the

About the way one of the Godowsky-Ysaye crowd might feel performing on a tomtom.



damsel of the dance. No rouge of a society lady ever came up to the vermilion of Chief Dead-Man's Eyes. No limousine ever rolled to a concert with half the glory of a caravan of carts honking away from the camp lines to the grand campus of the big dance in the moon of leaves.

No, the odds are all in favour of the music that was in the West. We mean no disparagement of the 1917-18 phalanx when we say this. The West does not need to take off its hat to the moderns for good and great music. And we feel sure that if Ysaye

could only be in the West when the great thirst dance is on, he would get as many thrills from that as any of his audiences get from his playing of the biggest concerto in the world.

Personal Power Plant

One of Supreme Chief Ranger Hunter's hobbies for 25 years has been the humanizing of insurance statistics

ANY man who can infuse interest into a thesis on actuarial science or arouse enthusiasm over a recital of insurance statistics is, according to the average man's conception of these things, a wonder worker of the first order. Most men would say such things cannot be done,



and yet William Howard Hunter, B.A., the newly-elected Supreme Chief Ranger of the I. O. F., has been accomplishing just such feats for the last quarter of a century. It would be difficult for a mere outsider to determine the exact quality of the quickening force which "W. H.," as they call him in the big building which stands almost opposite Toronto's city hall, took with him when he first ventured into the valley of dry bones which, to most of

us, represents insurance affairs. But even a glimpse of the big, burly man as he pads about the passages of the big building, charging the heads of the many departments with his own particular kind of driving force, inspires the idea that it must be a personal quality.

He is one of the very few dynamo types. There is nothing about him to suggest a steam-engine—no fuss, no hot air—and he wasn't built to be sidetracked. He is just what he needs to be—a personal power plant capable of creating the high voltage of energy necessary to drive the machinery of the great international institution at the head of which he has been installed. And, which is more, he knows how to direct that energy. He mastered the mysteries of insurance affairs many years ago and for over two score years has been recognized as a leading authority in Insurance and Commercial Law. His familiarity with actuarial science came to him as a natural heritage from his father—the late John Howard Hunter, K.C., who was the Provincial Inspector of Insurance and prime minister of insurance reforms. He is an honours graduate of the University of Toronto and Osgoode Hall, and for the last twenty-five years has been one of the most prominent members of the Toronto bar. He became a member of the Supreme Court of the Independent Order of Foresters in 1898 and for the past ten years has been the supreme counsellor.

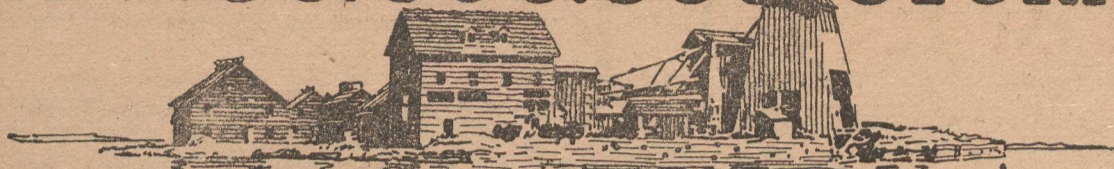
And now he has taken up the mantle shed by the great Oronhyatekha which was worn for a while by Elliott G. Stevenson, and in the words of one of his intimate associates: "He brings to the responsible and arduous duties of his office, high ability, wide experience and a devotion to the principles of fraternity for which the order stands. It is the expectation of his brothers that no desire of ease or fame; no fear of criticism or opposition will swerve him a hair's breadth from his aim to make the great society, that has honoured him with the highest office in their gift, a yet more efficient agency for good."

Mrs. Green (whose husband has given her a black eye) to District Visitor—"Well, miss, matters might be a sight worse; I might be like you, and 'ave no 'usband at all."

Lecturer—"Of course, you all know what the inside of a corpuscle is like?"

Chairman of meeting—"Most of us do, but ye had better explain it for the benefit of them as have never seen inside one."

A \$100,000,000 STORM



BY CHARLES C. JENKINS

SILVER in this part of 1917 is running gold a tight race in value. Silver has jumped in value almost as much as wheat. The higher cost of living is not due to the lower value of the silver dollar. The value of Canada's silver mines to-day is higher than ever. But in looking over the list, bear in mind what was once the richest silver mine in the world—Silver Islet, which many years ago a storm on Lake Superior swallowed to the tune of at least \$100,000,000.

ONE stygian night in the Fall of 1867, the sail-boat bearing a small party of adventurers to the trading post of the Hudson's Bay Company at Waukauegning (now Fort William, Ontario) was gripped in one of those weird twisters that still haunt the headland of the Sleeping Giant and dashed to pieces on the horn of a submerged reef. Some swam, others were dashed up to the rocky shore of a tiny island so flat that the heavy seas spent themselves almost to its centre.

The island offered little shelter, but in the early morning hours the storm subsided. In the crystal light of a North Shore dawn, long before the red sun peeped over the purple-bordered hills, the shivering refugees made the startling discovery that they were stranded on an island of solid silver quartz.

Such was the manner of the discovery of Silver Islet, the richest silver mine the world has ever produced, and whose rise and fall reads like a page of romance.

Its story is the story of the freak of Chance, stupendous enterprise, fabulous wealth, commercial greed, disaster, all capped by a climax of colossal human failure that lost to the world in general, and to Canada in particular, a silver eldorado whose resources were but scratched.

Passengers travelling to-day by the Northern water routes, on a clear day, may see from the lanes of the Great Lakes leviathans, just before they pass Thunder Cape at the entrance to Thunder Bay, the ghost of this all but forgotten tragedy. It consists of a small patch of an island, perfectly flat and almost hugging the mainland, which supports a row of dismal, time-battered log buildings.

Beyond, on the mainland, may be seen Silver Islet Summer Resort, one of the hot weather rendezvous of folks from Fort William and Port Arthur. There, where holidayers now make merry, once thrived a lively mining town of the early seventies and eighties, with stamp mill, smelter, assay house, main street, hotel, jail, and all the other human incidentals of a great boom in the wilderness. The site is one of the most charming and picturesque on the whole North Shore, with a wild, sort of garden-of-Eden beauty to it that words would fail to limn up into a mental picture. In its centre lies a tiny mirror lake which has its own queer enigma in that its surface is fully thirty feet above the level of Superior fifty yards away, and the pool has no apparent inlet or outlet.

One by one, the old relic-buildings on the mainland are being gathered to oblivion in the inexorable march of the years, and some day Silver Islet, with all its vast dreams and potentialities, will be nothing but a memory surviving on the pages of history. At one time half a thousand workers and their families were housed on this strip of waterfront.

Most of the miners were Cornishmen, some of whom remained in the North after the silver island's star had set. Captain Trethewey, Nicholas Williams, George State and R. Nichols, now resident in Port Arthur, are among to-day's survivors. Many of the one-time colony sleep in the little plot of wooden crosses back of the site of the town. The balance wandered afar and were lost track of.

It was in the Spring of 1868, following the accidental discovery through a wreck the Fall before, that an investigation by a committee of experts was made and the Silver Islet Land and Mining Com-

pany was organized by Montreal capitalists.

This company acquired the rights of the seventy-five foot silver reef or island and secured control of the water-front on the mainland opposite. The first expedition consisted of a working party of thirty men, two horses, some machinery, stores and provisions. About \$80,000 was expended by the company in the original operations, which, somehow, one is led to believe in reading "between the lines" of available records, were made with purely speculative ends in view.

Later, real operations commenced. The island was not large enough to take care of the company's plants, all of which had, with the stores, church, school, warehouses and so forth, to be erected on the mainland. A force of five hundred men at one time worked there, many of them in the industries ashore and others deep down in a cribbed tunnel beneath the waves of Lake Superior.

The company's first step was to coffer-dam around the island and fill in the cribwork with loose stones. On top of that they built a sea-wall of cement and asphalt. Then their forces started the work of eating out the silver heart of the island, which spurted from some prehistoric cauldron, leaving only the artificial shell to withstand the battering assaults of old Superior's rage. For some unexplained reason, the shaft was built slightly concave.

The Summer of 1869 was exceedingly stormy, and it was only during the calmest weather that the excavating work, begun the previous year, could be extended, but nevertheless, records show that during that Summer 9,445 pounds of excellent ore were produced and shipped to Montreal.

Between the years 1871 and 1884 Silver Islet mine had its richest run, producing in that period about \$3,500,000 worth of ore.

An excerpt from "Ocean to Ocean," the diary of Reverend George M. Grant, chronicler of Sanford Fleming's Expedition Through Canada in 1872, on his visit in that year to Silver Islet is interesting.

"At one in the morning," Reverend Mr. Grant relates, "we arrived at Silver Island—a little bit of rock in a bay studded with islands. The most wonderful vein of silver in the world has been struck there. Last year, thirty men took out from it \$1,200,000 worth of ore; and competent judges say that in all probability the mine is worth hundreds of millions. The original shares, bought at \$50 each, now sell for \$25,000. The company that works it is chiefly a New York one, though it was originally held by Montreal men, and was offered for sale in London (Eng.), for a trifle. Such a marvellous 'find' as this has stimulated search in every other direction around Lake Superior."

The rich vein which had exposed its point in a reef above Superior's waves was eventually lost. All indications went to prove that it threaded direct under the lake's floor to the mainland. Fortunes were spent in investigations and shafts sunk ashore in an effort to again pick up the billion dollar thread, but in vain. Nature, it seemed, had forever locked up her scintillating treasure in her keep beneath the waters of the earth.

Stories differ as to the climax that marked the finis of the Silver Islet boom. Major W. J. Hamilton, in his extracts from a paper prepared by Thomas Macfarlane, of Actonville, Quebec, 1879, quotes as follows in the Thunder Bay Historical Society's

Annual of 1911-12; an eloquent estimate:

"This remarkable mine was regularly exploited, with varying results until 1885. In the late Fall of 1884, a fierce snowstorm caused the supply coal barge to seek shelter in a South Shore port. After the cessation of the storm, which lasted some days, the captain found that his crew had deserted, and he was unable to secure more hands. He was thus forced to tie up for the Winter dismantled. The storms of 1884-5, along with the seepage through the rocks, did their work, and when the Summer of 1885 arrived, the shafts, the immeasurable galleries and passages, and all approaches thereto, were filled with water."

Thus, according to the traditions, as this wonderful discovery was given into man's hands so was it taken away—by the freak of a storm.

But there are other versions, and they have to do with the greed of the exploiter, who, not content with profitable production from a reasonable tunnel of safe dimension, scooped away the whole island, leaving too thin a shell to withstand the weight of the lake and the continuous battery of the waves. His nemesis came in the destruction of the man-made tube and the entrance of Superior to reclaim its secrets.

Available records state that the mine was carried to a depth of 1,250 feet. Tradition has it that the workmen could not stay down longer than four-hour shifts, even with fresh air pumped to them. The legend of the Objibwas is that Lake Superior has a copper bottom, and that before the white man came strange gasses arose from beneath it, which seems to secure rather weird proof in the experience of the subaqueous toilers who grubbed fortunes from under the foundations of Silver Islet.

The Legacy

(Continued from page 9.)

ways that-a-way. My ole mudder she had that ha'nt fer ten years, and it was her half-sister that brung her up from six years ole! She'll jes have ter leave it onto some one."

"Well, I'll tell her so," said I, just in joke, of course.

"You do," says she, solemn as the grave, "you do, Miss Jessop, honey, an' she'll bless you all her life! You get some one ter say they'd take that ha'nt off her right wile it's there, so it hears 'em, and wile there's a witness there ter hear bofe sides, an' you hear to me, now, she'll go free!"

"I'll certainly tell her, Margaret," I said, and I went on and never gave it another thought, of course.

We went up to the Eltons' camp in Maine all of a sudden, for Miss Elton got the idea she'd feel better there, and though it was cold as Greenland, it did seem for a little as if she got a bit more sleep. But not for long. We slept out on pine-bough beds around a big fire, for that made more light, and that precious Janet seemed to be fainter, but she was there, just the same, and the poor girl had lost eighteen pounds and I felt pretty blue about it. It didn't really look as if we got ahead any, as I told the doctor, and she hardly spoke all day. I'm not much for the country, as a rule, it always smells so damp at night, but the Lord knows I'd have lived there a year if it would have helped her any.

Then came the night when Mr. Ferrau ran up to see how she was getting along. It was too cold for madam and the commodore, so we were there alone except for a gang of guides and servants and chauffeurs and masseuses. She had a bad night that night, for she got the idea that this lovely Janet was sitting up nearer and nearer to her, and she had it in her head that when Janet got to a certain point it would be all up with her. And when I told the doctor that over the telephone, all he said was:

"Too bad, too bad!" So I knew how he felt.

Well, she got talking rather hysterically for her, and I began to wish somebody else was around, when Mr. Ferrau jumps out of his door in the bachelor quarters and dashes over to us in a heavy bath robe, white as a sheet.

"For God's sake, Miss Jessop, do something!" he said, but I just shrugged my shoulders. There was nothing to do, you see. She was all bundled up in a sealskin sleeping bag with a wool helmet over her

(Continued on page 23.)

EDITORIAL

Getting Back to Form

A GENERAL election is now a certainty. For some weeks back we were not quite sure of this. Something was lacking. We talked of winning the war; on this everybody was agreed one way or another. Opinions seemed to differ only on technic. But how a genuine Canadian election could be conducted as a mere piece of technic was a mystery.

Now we understand. From the violence of speakers and editors and other people we begin to notice that a real characteristic Canadian fight is coming on. From the patriotic urbanities of a few months ago we have drifted into what seems likely to develop into a campaign of unmistakable frightfulness. We understand the vernacular. It sounds familiar.

But—we must confess that somebody has put the loud pedal on our campaigning. Abuse and vilification are everywhere. We are bandying the words "traitor" and "sedition" and "conspiracy" with a meaning that never before entered into those words. After mixing up our everyday political motives into the most bewildering mess we have ever tried to understand, we are now repenting of our self-restraint and our inability to call a spade a spade.

In short, we apparently intend to blacklist and blackguard one another as much as we may in a grand patriotic effort of both sides to win the war. Now that we have got certain measures passed, we intend to outdo our most violent vocabulary in proving why they were necessary in the common interest or why they were anti-patriotic conspiracies against the commonwealth.

All this we pretty well understand. There is to be a real national row. We intend to cut loose. No matter what heads are broken, we shall have the Donnybrook Fair. That's the way we have always interpreted a general election.

It was foolish to suppose that when nations at large are blackguarding one another we should let our political menagerie enact the drama of the lion and the lamb. If animosities rule the world, why not have a few of them ourselves? If democracy is to prove itself equal to any occasion, why not cut it loose? We have the men who can spit and snarl and show their teeth. Let us put them in the arena. In no other way can a general election during the war fit into the temper of the times. National unity—poor thing! the poets and philosophers can dream about her. But she is an awkward, docile old lady to take part in a real scrimmage. Let her be seated. We intend to get right up and disrupt. The times and the customs demand it. We have been suppressing ourselves too long. We have political characteristics based upon violence and vituperation. In a time like this, when nations are expressing themselves, let us play them up for all they are worth.

Yes, we are surely going to have an election.

Staging Up the Bond

FROM what we know of the national machinery created to sell the new war loan bonds we cheerfully admit that it's a well-organized piece of business. There is a reason for getting the support of the people now as never before in raising the money for this loan. The way to work out the reason was to get the business of this bond issue before the people as clearly as a man might go to look at a movie or a battalion on the street.

For the first time in our history a bond becomes a thing that the people can understand. All the reasons why this particular kind of bond is to take the front of the stage while others go to the wings and the rear are to be set forth in the biggest publicity campaign ever undertaken in Canada.

A publicity campaign of such a character and dimensions means mainly one thing: Organizing the Press.

Without the press, all the posters sufficient to carpet Saskatchewan would be of very little use in getting popular interest aroused in this bond issue. And the people's interest must be roused or the loan is comparatively a failure. We are asked to raise at

least \$150,000,000. Have we got it? We have been talking millions and billions for three years now. How can any Government seduce the people of Canada to part from \$150,000,000?

Popular interest is the only way. The people must be rallied to this bond issue as boys crowd to a circus. We have the money. We know where a huge pile of it has come from. We know where a lot of it goes to—in expenditure; some of it foolishly. Our exports have jumped. We know why and where the money came from to buy them. War sent the money here. We have got the money. The thing is to get as much of it as possible back to the nation in the form of a popular investment.

The Government through its finance department have undertaken to do this. They have organized the press. That includes the news and editorial and

NOW that Sir Robt. Borden, without any assistance from the Canadian Courier, has begun to reconstruct his Cabinet, the opinion of some of our readers on *Whom Does the Nation Need?* will be interesting to the rest of us. On another page we publish some of the replies already received.

And events are moving. They will yet move—and much faster. What this new War Cabinet will finally become no man can forecast as yet. Is it to include a War Council outside of the Cabinet? We are not told. But why not? Let the Government and the Opposition go to the country on any economic or other tickets they choose to adopt. Let the people elect the next Government as a civil administration body with a Cabinet chosen from the ranks of the party then in power—as usual. This Cabinet could transact the ordinary business of the country.

The war business could better be carried on by a National Cabinet of, say, five men. These men would be chosen by the Government from both parties, from within or outside of Parliament, with particular reference only to the executive ability and war enthusiasm of every member.

Thus we should have a combination of party government for civil business responsible to Parliament in the regular way, and a National Government for war business, responsible to Parliament by being either members of the Commons or the Senate.

This is one way of organizing a National Government. There are others. In any case it is important to *Get Out The Men*. Send along your choice. Who knows but you may pick a great public servant?

feature and picture pages, and all departments of the same; includes the advertising pages organized through the advertising agencies acting in concert through a central committee. Between the publicity programme and the actual selling of the bonds the brokers have been organized, also through a committee. They will conduct an auxiliary campaign to that of the press. And the whole publicity is merged under the management of the Canadian Press Association, which has set out to make use of every daily, weekly, monthly—except some of the class papers—every woman's paper and woman's section, every farm and religious paper; in fact, every sort of publication known in this country.

If this kind of organized popular interest drive can't get the \$150,000,000 minimum transferred from ordinary to extraordinary and better forms of investment, then the thing might as well be relegated to the age of Miracles or Hercules.

A FILM entitled "Birth" was given in a certain Canadian city a week or so ago. It was advertised for women only. Much speculation by husbands and others—what might it be? The

wives went. They are wiser now. But not so much as they expected. Something happened to that film. It was expurgated into a nursery clinic. In its original form it contained features never before dreamed of as film drama in this country. It passed the censor as an educational film. But the management of the hall objected. They demanded an elimination. The film people finally consented, remarking that now the exclusive features were all out the men might as well be admitted. On second thought it was decided to exclude the men, for fear the show might be considered to be lacking in the element of mystery.

Evidently all the devious psychology is not confined to Germany.

Third Degree for Northcliffe

A FEW years ago the late W. T. Stead, after addressing the Toronto Press Club, planted himself on one chair, his feet on another, and said:

"Now boys, come and see how a great interviewer is interviewed."

It was his challenge to all and sundry of the newspapermen present, and no doubt was partly a joke. A few days ago Lord Northcliffe, travelling from Rochester, N.Y., to Toronto, had his private car invaded by a reporter from Toronto. In the 39 miles and 45 minutes from Hamilton to Toronto the greatest organizer of publicity in the world consented to answer questions. In so doing he had a real mental experience. So had the reporter who travelled 40 miles and spent an hour of Pinkerton manoeuvring to corral in his private car the highest common factor of the Allies to the United States. The head and foot work of the reporter in finding him at Hamilton so interested the great newspaperman who used to be a reporter himself that he answered the following higher catechism without a word of criticism or complaint:

Is Canada going to get her share of munition contracts in the future?

Is there any reason for believing that Lord Kitchener is alive?

Who are the peace advocates in Great Britain? Are they numerous, and what do they suggest?

Is there anything in the allegation that the Northcliffe papers have minimized the achievements of the Canadians in Flanders?

What are labour conditions likely to be after the war in Great Britain?

To all these categorical queries the noble lord made cordial and explicit answers. Which leads us to believe that he must have been rather complimented by the pertinacity of the reporter in bearding the lion in his private car. And we should like to wager that when the reporter finally got his hand grenades all into the Northcliffe trench without a boomerang he felt like dropping into one of those defunct wayside taverns down near the Union Station just to have a reviving snifter.

Bad Habits From Toronto

A WESTERN correspondent who sometimes contributes to this paper sends the editor greetings as follows:

Have you ever been west of the lakes, or is Toronto sufficient to you? Once upon a time, Toronto was my post-office; but I am trying hard to live it down. I came out here expecting to find sombreros and chaps—also a peculiarly Western line of profanity—and found a young city that derives most of its bad habits from Toronto.

Six days in the week we hustle to make a living; on Sundays, our wives put us in long-tailed blacks and silk hats, and insist that we go to church. I am sorry to admit it, but Winnipeg is much like Toronto; nowhere in the West have I been able to find the romantic dare-deviltry I had read about—in Toronto.

As to that the editor of this paper can only say—that when he was a citizen of Edmonton seventeen years ago certain newly arrived ladies wore gloves and parasols on the street, when jack-rabbits warrened in the poplars on the corner lots, when the Presbyterian and Anglican choirs each tried to out-sing the other on high-class anthems, and when all the swallowtails in town turned out one night to hear Albani and her troupe at a cost of \$1,000. And none of these bad habits, so far as could be observed, was in imitation of Toronto.

WORK FOR THE WEAK

Why Should Women Monopolize Need work

THERE is something pathetic in the sight of a delicate woman trying to do a strong man's work in the fields or at the factory; there is something equally pathetic in the sight of a big man trying to sew, but the pathos lies in the lack of skill, not in the action. It does not make us sad to see a tailor sewing or a chef cooking; there is nothing pathetic in the sight of a strong young woman pitching hay or sawing wood, if she does it well, but a lack of early training makes her handle the pitchfork awkwardly, while her brother is equally clumsy with thread and needle.

We are accustomed to see women in many professions that were recently regarded as wholly masculine, but it causes some surprise to see fancy-work done by men in the ultra-feminine exhibit of needle-work at a Fall Fair. This is the work of returned soldiers, who pass the dreary hours of convalescence in doing embroidery or in knitting. One of these men, whose legs are encased in plaster casts, carried off a first prize for knitting at the Toronto Industrial Exhibition, and another poor fellow who lost a hand in the present war, has knitted some wonderfully good specimens with the aid of a simple device of pegs in a board. Both were sailors, strong, brave men. One of them went overseas accompanied by his two sons, and they all served in the same regiment. One boy was killed, one is still fighting, and the father is in a convalescent home, where, on bright days, he is carried to the roof and sits knitting in the sunshine with his mutilated legs on a chair before him. He wears a knitted cap of navy blue ornamented with a tassel, and he likes the bracing, windy autumn weather, when the clouds go scudding overhead. Far away in the distance he sees a strip of deep blue water, and many air-ships from a neighboring encampment sail across the paler blue overhead. Other patients find the roof too windy in mid-October, but not he! It was uncomfortably hot in the summer, he will tell you—no shade—and they could so easily have rigged up an awning! You feel sure that if he had the use of his legs that awning could be speedily put in place with every rope taut. But that is work for the strong, and he is not able to help.

The one-handed knitter works indoors, sitting on a straight chair by his narrow cot, with his knitting-frame and wool spread out before him. His artificial hand lies on the little table at his bedside, and the poor stump of his left arm helps to hold the wool. He has removed his coat for greater freedom, and his arms are tattooed with many wonderful patterns. He is putting fringe on the child's scarf. A well-made little hood lies beside it, but the knitter is dissatisfied.

"I used to knit well when I was a sailor and had two hands," he says sadly, "but it is very different now."

Some of the other boys are trying it while they sit up in bed. But even with two hands they find it hard work, and the only embroidery they are able to do is simple cross-stitch.

"Why didn't they teach us how to sew and knit when we were kids?" they grumble, and the girls who are trying to fill men's places say to each other:

"If we had only tried to build things when we were little instead of everlastingly playing with dolls, we'd be better equipped for this work!"

The girl who is studying mechanics bewails the fact that she, being a good little girl, never pulled her mechanical toys to pieces or hung around the garage to watch the mechanics mend the cars as her brother did, and the boy confesses that he always

B y E S T E L L E M . K E R R

wanted to sew only he was afraid people would laugh at him, he admits, too, that the reason he started to smoke cigarettes was that he never knew what to do with his hands.

"Girls can always sew or knit or play with their rings and bracelets, but there isn't anything a boy can do to lessen the boredom of dull conversation!"

MANY of us have met one man who did some sort of fancy-work, but he is usually a unique character in our circle of acquaintances. I knew a boy of seventeen who crocheted wool mats. He was a large, husky youth with a premature moustache, fond of sports, otherwise his school friends would have ridiculed him unmercifully and called him "Sissy." I once crossed the ocean with a courteous middle-aged gentleman, an engineer by profession, who astonished his fellow-passengers by wearing chains of multi-colored beads in beautiful and intricate patterns. We know that the best Japanese embroideries are done by men, and that in India men are largely employed in the production of embroidered shawls and hand-made rugs, but it astonishes us to see one of Anglo-Saxon derivation using a needle with any degree of dexterity. There is a stronger prejudice against men doing needle-work than there is against women smoking cigarettes, but the war demands that the world's work should be no longer divided into man's share and women's share. There is work that must be done by the strong, and work that must be done by the weak, and the incapacitated soldier must bravely shoulder the lighter burden and the healthy woman must courageously bend her back to receive a heavier load.

THE problem of providing work for the seriously incapacitated is greater in Canada than it would be in countries where handicrafts have a commercial value. We know of men who, with two artificial legs, have yet been able to secure a remunerative position, but frequently the maimed suffer from shell-shock and a gentle occupation that can be followed in seclusion is essential to their health. The Russian peasant industries produce goods valued at one hundred million dollars a year. The manufacture of icons alone, which are chiefly made of hand-worked metal, employs an army of workmen. France does an enormous business in hand-made and hand-embroidered linen and underwear, and most of the cheap German toys are made by hand in the homes of the peasants, but in Canada handicrafts are fostered with difficulty.

Laws regulating hand labor and preventing the employment of children, make it almost impossible to commercialize home industries, and in the large and sparsely settled territory of Canada, with its diverse mixture of races, it is difficult to collect and dispose of the variegated output of handicrafts: the baskets, porcupine quill and bead embroidery of the Indians, the Eskimo earrings, the Canadian homespun and rag carpets and the embroideries and linens of European peasantry. The Canadian Handicrafts Guild, through its branches throughout Canada, handles a most

varied collection of home-made articles of real artistic value. They have discovered good craftsmen and helped them to get proper prices for their work and through them patterns, stitches and designs which were in danger of being lost, have been brought to life, but the average standard of Canadian Home Industries may be better judged by the ex-

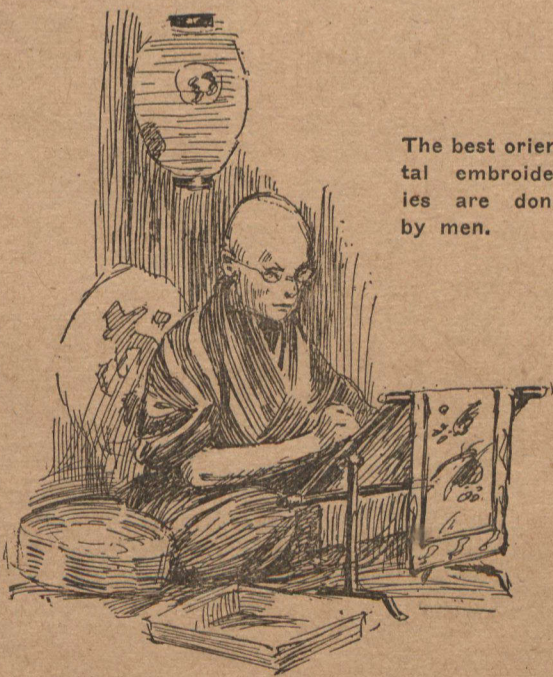


The old sailor is an expert knitter.

hibits which can be seen at local fairs.

TIME has wrought great changes in the typical "Woman's Building," and useful knitting has employed many fingers that might otherwise be putting a dollar's worth of embroidery silk on a hideous stamped design for a centrepiece. But it contains many atrocities in spite of the war, things that will be abhorred by our grandchildren, as we detest their wool-embroidered mottoes of "Home, Sweet Home." There are cushion-tops that would have been more beautiful without the embroidery that covers them, china that would be more attractive divested of its floral wreaths and gold leaf, and cakes that would prove more wholesome if they could be resolved into their original ingredients of butter, eggs, sugar and flour. Some of the most attractive cushion-tops and tray-covers were made by returned soldiers. Though only embroidered in simple cross-stitch they are more decorative than the time-consuming padded and shaded embroidery in the next case. You can see a far prettier display of china in any of our good shops, they also show finer laces, better made underwear. Not being one of the fortunate people who sampled the home-made delicacies and awarded prizes, we cannot judge of the quality of the home-cooking, but it did not look half so appetizing as those we see displayed in the confectioners' windows or served in the best hotels. Everything that used to be regarded as wholly woman's work is now produced, largely under the direction of men, in factories. Fancy-work, painting and music, are no longer regarded as the only fit occupation for a lady. Men and women must work side by side, according to their strength.

SKILFUL and artistic hand work is always in demand, and there are many too weak to devote their time to anything else. The reason our handicrafts have not attained a higher standard is that we follow the fashion in fancy-work just as we do in clothes, and prefer to do the newest stitches, make the latest novelties, rather than to perfect our skill in any one line. We follow our fancy, but it seems superfluous to add the word "work," yet I have known strong young girls to really labor over the production of some utterly worthless article usually designed to be given as a Christmas present to a girl friend—a handkerchief sachet, a whisk-holder, a photograph-frame, white linen embroidered with forget-me-nots, something that will be used for a year and then thrown away, or if carefully kept in tissue paper, it may serve as a gift to somebody else the following season. It is pitiful to see strong, intelligent girls, who might be doing useful work, spending good daylight working hours in this foolish fashion. If hand-work is worth while it should be done by the weak and the aged, or since a change of labour is rest, reserved for our hours of leisure.



The best oriental embroideries are done by men.

HELPING YOU to KEEP POSTED

IN Harper's Magazine for October, J. Burton Hendrick tells the people of the United States some appalling truths regarding the frightful waste of infant life which is going on all about them. He begins by pointing to the paragraph in the vital statistics which proves that out of two and a half million babies born every year, three hundred thousand die before they reach their first birthday. "Their destruction," he remarks, "takes its place alongside the destruction of forests, birds, animals and coal; these annual human sacrifices are merely another indication of a deplorable national habit."

"Why do our babies die?" is a question which a Federal Government bureau has been trying to solve for five years. In seeking the solution it has established a number of important facts, but the actual solution, apparently, is not yet at hand. In a series of typical American towns the bureau is investigating elaborately the life history of every baby born in a particular year. The bureau has aimed at the underlying circumstances that, directly and indirectly, give the United States so unenviable

The Frightful World Waste of Babies

a record—housing, sanitary surroundings, earnings of fathers, employment, working hours of mothers and the like. In one city where investigations were made it was found that one ward lost only 50 out of 1,000 babies during the first year of their lives, while another lost 271. The latter district is not the most populous, neither is it the one that has the largest number of births; but it is the section where the poorest people live, and enquiry showed that 78 per cent. of the mothers under investigation were foreign born.

The whole section is poorly sewered, many of the streets are unpaved, and in warm weather they are slippery with slime and mud. Records of mortality rates in other wards show that these conditions exercise the greatest influence. As housing, pavements, and sewerage improve, mortality decreases steadily.

The Bureau has worked out its problem in greater detail than this. Elaborate tables show the precise relation between the death rate of infants and all the circumstances surrounding their lives. The rate was much lower in houses where water was piped in than where it was necessary to carry water from outdoors. Dryness or dampness likewise influenced the physical welfare of the infant. Fewer babies died in dry houses, more in moderately dry houses, and most in damp houses. The bath-tub proved a barometer of infant mortality. Houses possessing this convenience had a rate of 72, those without it a rate of 164. The rate rose and fell in accordance with cleanliness. Babies in crowded houses died in greater numbers than those in homes less crowded. Mortality was much lower among babies who slept in a room with their parents than among those who slept in a room with more than two persons. Babies who slept in separate beds had a much more successful struggle for existence. The value of open-window ventilation was also established.

Another lesson of these investigations was that the extent to which prospective mothers increase the family revenue regulates the extent to which their babies die. Women who add a few dollars weekly to their husband's earnings pay a dreadful penalty in the loss of their children. It was also established that girl babies had greater vitality than boys. The death rate was much higher among women attended by midwives than among those attended by physicians. Babies of illiterate mothers had a higher death rate than those of mothers who could read and write. The investigations also showed that from twenty to twenty-four is the most propitious age for motherhood, and that any age under twenty is unpropitious for maternity.

New Zealand's excellent showing (51 deaths per

ASSUMING that you will be interested in the Need for Saving the World's Babies, the Amazing Efficiency of Sir Eric Geddes, the Y.M.C.A. in the Bomb Line, the Arguments Against Too Much Democracy, and the Emotionalism of Russia, illustrated.

thousand) is due, the writer declares, to the fact that New Zealand has consciously willed that its babies should be spared and has adopted the most energetic and enlightened means to preserve them. It has the one fundamental preliminary to infant conservation, a complete system of birth registration. The Government also keeps under the closest supervision midwives, maternity hospitals, infant asylums and nurses. In the public schools girls are instructed in the responsibilities of married life; in the poorer districts expectant mothers are visited and advised concerning the care of babies. The Government contributes to the support of an institution which maintains a nurse for each of a number of districts into which the commonwealth is divided, and also keeps in constant touch in other ways, such as the columns of the newspapers, which give considerable space to a department headed "Our Babies by Hygeia," which has this for a motto, "It is better to put a fence at the top of a precipice than to maintain an ambulance at the bottom."

A NEW style of adjuration has been adopted in England since the war began. "By Jove!" and "By Jingo" has gone by the board and nowadays when Lloyd George runs up against a task which is absolutely impossible he simply says, "By Geddes;" and the thing is conjured into accomplishment forthwith. At least, such an idea is suggested by the account given in Munsey's by Judson C. Welliver, of the way Sir Eric Geddes has been



"Oh, that I had the wings of a dove!"

—Sykes, in Philadelphia Evening Ledger

carrying on since the war began. Mr. Welliver's article was written before Sir Eric was made First Lord of the Admiralty, but the record of things accomplished "By Geddes" before he was set to boss the job of administering Britain's naval affairs is complete enough in itself to make the labours of Hercules look like nothing in particular by comparison.

"At forty-two years," says Mr. Welliver, "this man has come to stand forth as probably the foremost master of the art of co-ordinating industry and transport with military organization; and that, it may be observed, is the vital factor in making and winning modern war."

About a year ago Mr. Welliver was rummaging about a British port where ships were being loaded and unloaded in record-breaking time by a new system. He listened to the explanations and then asked how it happened.

"Geddes!" whispered the harbour-master.

A glimpse through the marvels of war-time ship-building methods on the Clyde again inspired the inquiry as to the responsible personality.

"Geddes!" was the explanation.

"Later, in a great foundry," continues Mr. Welliver, "I saw hundreds of women manipulating huge cranes that tossed half-ton ingots of white-hot steel.

Other women worked the hydraulic presses that forged the fifteen-inch shell-casings; yet others handled the giant lathes that bored and shaped and measured these castings into finished shells. This was truly industrial revolution—the men firing the great weapons at the front, the women making the guns and the ammunition at home. How did it happen?

"Geddes!" they told me.

Half a county full of workshops, warehouses, strange industrial establishments, fed by a hundred miles of railway, employing thirty thousand people in turning out just one necessary of war—that stirred the same inquiry, and brought the same brief answer: "Geddes!"

The newspapers told about a corps of expert Canadian lumbermen being turned loose in the woods of England and Scotland, to rip out almost overnight the timber that must be supplied in France, and for import of which no ships were available. Whose idea was that?

"Eric Geddes," they told me. "You know, he was a lumberman in America."

Over in France, in an area which the Boche had evacuated two days earlier, I saw multitudes of experts building new highways faster than the Germans had been able to blow them up; putting in bridges; laying down field railways; paralleling them with water-mains; all so fast that the van of construction was never safe from the fire of the retreating Huns.

"Who ever organized—"

The question was never finished.

"General Geddes, of course," they assured me. "He invented that sort of railroad when he was in India."

A little while later the government took over all the ship-building in Great Britain—naval and merchant, iron, steel, and wood, steam and sailing, big and little. It would have a czar in charge of the whole business in order to systematize, cheapen, hasten.

"But for such a task as that who's big enough to—"

"Admiral Geddes," I was assured.

All of which convinced Mr. Welliver that Geddes was boss of the whole show. "If it wasn't his war, it seemed likely that at least he would soon hold most of the stock," he remarked.

Having caught up with Sir Eric, one feels real satisfaction in discovering a big man who quite looks

"Geddes!" they
told me.
"Geddes!" the
new First Lord

the part. Six feet plus of typical John Bull, smooth-shaven, square-jawed, sinewy, sat behind a big desk in the big marble building labeled "Controller of the Admiralty." He didn't seem very busy; those who know his ways of working say that, like so many other men who do big things and lots of them, he never does seem very busy. His desk was immaculately neat and orderly. If business ever gets ahead of him, he manages to keep the evidences of it somewhere else than on that broad-topped desk.

"You understand," he explains, a bit apologetically, "I don't do very much, anyhow; the staff really attends to everything for me."

The staff! There's the real point. He is one of those men who know always where to find exactly the right man for the business in hand, and how to get him to undertake it.

"The way he does it," explained one of his lieutenants and devoted admirers, "is quite simple. He finds his man, puts him at work, and then stands between him and trouble. Nobody gets a chance to interfere, to muss things, to invent difficulties. Heaven help the person that tries to make worry for one of Geddes's force who's doing his job to Geddes's satisfaction. The place wouldn't be big enough to hold the row that would happen. Everybody knows that now, and so the row doesn't happen. The staff look upon him as their big brother. Of course, if he discovers that he has got hold of a slacker, the emergency exit is opened instantaneously, there's a quiet emergence, and somebody else goes on that job. That's all. But Geddes doesn't need to resort to such methods often, for he isn't given to mistakes."

PRESIDENT WILSON'S statement that "the world must be safe for democracy" has not found favour in some English circles, according to an article in "The Independent" under the heading of "The Two Englands."

Whatever the war might have been in the beginning, says the writer, it is now a people's war for the overthrow of autocracy. The outspoken utterances of Wilson and Kerensky in favour of democracy had to be published and received the official endorsement of the British Government, however distasteful these sentiments may have been to some members of it.

But, as may be imagined, the Tories are furious at having the tables so turned on them and some of their organs are not able to conceal their chagrin. The Saturday Review holds that it is wrong to say that the Allies are fighting for liberalism and

popular government. They are fighting for something far nobler than liberalism or any mere form of government—but the Review does not say just what it is. Hilaire Belloc is indignant at England's being called a democracy. England, he says, is more of an aristocracy. Blackwood's Magazine objects to Mr. Wilson's saying that "the world must be made safe for democracy," and thinks rather that the world should be made safe from democracy. This is Blackwood's argument:

It is not an ideal which can be held up before all men as worth striving for. It is a mere method of government, neither more nor less, and it must be tried, like other methods of government, by results only. Hitherto it has seldom meant wise or honest government, and most democracies have paid justly for their sins by extinction. Neither England nor France has fired a shot nor struck a blow for the cause which to Mr. Wilson seems pre-eminent. Assuredly Great Britain is fighting for something far deeper and dearer than a mere method of government. We are fighting for our lives, and for freedom to live and to think for ourselves—a freedom which an unbridled democracy would demolish, if it had the power, with swifter ferocity than an unbridled autocracy. France has as little reason to love her democracy as we have to love ours.

What has roused the wrath of the Tories is obviously that the British people have received with too evident delight the statements of Wilson and Kerensky as to the American and Russian aims in the war.

The English are fond of saying that there are two Germanys, one the land of science, music and domes-

ticity, peaceable and friendly, the other autocratic, aristocratic and militaristic. Unfortunately there seems to be only one Germany now, and that the wrong one. But America has always known that there are two Englands. The England that has been the enemy of the United States has always been the Tory England. It was this England that provoked the Revolution and tried to disrupt the Union. But there has always been another England that was friendly to the United States even in time of war. During the Revolution there were those who spoke for us in Parliament. During the Civil War when the Lancashire mills were closed by



Crown Prince's Son—"What did you do in the great war, Daddy?"

—Alfred Leete, in London Opinion.

our blockade of the Southern ports that shut off their cotton supply, the starving workingmen held meetings in support of the cause of freedom. The British people have always been friendly to America even when those who govern them were our enemies. It is upon that constant friendship and unbroken unity that the closer harmony demanded by the present crisis may be built. It is to this England, the real England because the popular England, that we are now practically allied, and to it we should give our heartiest sympathy and support.

HOW the Y. M. C. A. has become an international part of the Allied armies at the front is interestingly told in the current issue of The Outlook by Stephen Proctor:

Stumbling along through a slippery communicating trench "somewhere in France," close to the firing line, says the writer, there occurred a terrific explosion just ahead of us. My guide wheeled and looked at me. He grinned. Doubtless it was the expression of my face, which, I am certain, was not one of joviality.

Just around the bend I saw where the shell had landed. There was a mass of debris, and from it



Smoker—"Well, I 'as to work, but I can say I don't get meself up like a fright!"

—From the Bystander.

were emerging a number of men, brushing dust and dirt from their eyes. What had a moment before been an apparently sheltering dugout was now nothing much of anything.

"A narrow escape for those officers," I remarked to my guide as I saw them struggle out and feel themselves over to find out if they were "all there."

"Mais non! Not officers, monsieur, but Y. M. C. A. men," was the answer.

"Y. M. C. A. men here on the firing line?" I queried. "Certainement! Everywhere they are, giving help. Those boys, they have no fear," he told me.

That was my introduction to the Red Triangle on the firing line in France and Belgium. There are thousands of Young Men's Christian Association workers at the front, and hundreds of their stations, marked by the sign bearing a red triangle surrounding a blue "Y," are within the firing line. Many and many a time these dugouts or huts are destroyed and the workers injured, but thus far none of them have been killed.

As I stood there, trying to keep my mind on what I was seeing instead of on the shrapnel bursting into bouquets of death above, the Young Men's Christian Association men had emerged from their shattered dugout, were rescuing their belongings, such as stationery, chewing gum, tea and coffee, and similar things, and rebuilding the place on the same spot.

The first thing rescued from the debris was the sign. The man wiped the dirt off the sign and nailed it up again, for all the soldiers passing down to the front trench and all the others passing back for a rest to see.

There are pocket Testaments to be had—if the soldiers will ask for them; but none are in sight, none are voluntarily offered. The Young Men's Christian Association representatives are there to minister, first of all, to the material wants of the brave men. They will stop cutting meat for sandwiches or pouring tea or writing a letter for some chap with a crippled hand, and pray with you—not for you, mind you—if you ask it; otherwise prayer is never mentioned.

They will give you cigarettes as cheerfully as chewing gum. All these things help to endear them to the soldiers, but, after all, the great test is their bravery, their coolness in danger. They are unarmed, they are there voluntarily, and they stick right there even though an enemy shell blow their little dugout to atoms.

The best explanation of why they are there is the following brief conversation which I overheard right after a shell had demolished one of their stations. While the man in charge crawled out and was brushing off the red triangle sign a soldier came through from the front trench.

"I wouldn't stay here for a thousand dollars a day!" he said.

"Neither would I," quietly replied the hero of the red triangle.

There is a peculiar thing about the location of the "Red Triangle." Those in charge on most of the front seem to have tried to get as near to the danger-point as they could. One was in a communicating trench near some field kitchens. The Germans had the range and the kitchens went skyward in a hurry. The next shell exploded so close to the "Y" dugout that it blew the front away. As the "Y" secretary was picking up the piece and putting the sign back some soldiers came through the trench. Taking in what had happened at a glance, the tired and war-stained men cheered lustily for the little civilian who was doing a real man's work.

I watched a battalion as it passed a "Y" dugout on its way to the firing line. The men gratefully accepted the tea and coffee handed them, and many asked for the little Testaments, which were given them as they passed back the tin cups. After all had been served the soldiers did not start away at once. Their captain seemed to be waiting for something. And finally it came. A husky chap, evidently from the west of Ireland, doffed his steel helmet and said: "How about a bit of prayer, sorr?"

As the "Y" worker prepared to grant the request that long line of men knelt there in the mud, their officers kneeling with them, and throughout the brief invocation reverent attention was given.

The Red Triangle on the Firing Line



EMOTIONAL RUSSIA

The Perennial Problem, Will Russia Come Back?
Illuminated by Extracts from Recent Writers in
Various Magazines.

SLAV supernaturalism was tabloided in this almost unkillable Rasputin, whose story is so dramatically told by Lincoln J. Steffens, in an Everybody's Serial. The emotional but patriotic assassins began to think the mystery man was inviolable. They gave him poisoned cakes and wine. "Oh, God!" whispered one of the conspirators, "he has eaten all the cakes and drunk all the wine. He still lives!" The phonograph started again and the Prince went down to shoot Rasputin.

"Yes," he said, when he came back. "He's dead. He's on the big rag. He bled down the leg out of one boot."

But Rasputin came back again. "For a huddled moment," says the picture-line, "the frozen group shuddered on the stairs, watching the silent figure floating towards the door."

RUSSIA'S vague, misdirected emotions are well illustrated in the motor-truck mounted with Maxims let loose on a mission of terror by Kronstadt mutineers after Kerensky gave them their freedom to go out against Korniloff. The mutineers were stopped by loyalist troops.



WHO has listened to real Russian music without a strange sense of the supernatural?

Who, trying to get at the secret of Russia's inexplicable hysteria since the war began, will fail to be impressed with this same sense of the supernatural? The Slav people are not as we are. The Russian Revolution; the whole course of the movement that brought it about; the strange phantom-work of cross purposes and irresolutions since the rise of Kerensky; the dumb show of the Czar and his treasons; the fraternizations with the German troops; the alternate marches to victory and the disorganized retreats; the appeals not to reason, but to emotion; the mad rush of the peasants to reclaim the land; the desertions en masse; the curious mixture of anger and fear and reverence displayed by the mobs of the revolution; the evident disinclination to run amuck and kill; the odd patience of the people under all circumstances—these and many more symptoms show that the Russian people are above all things profoundly emotional. They are capable one might think of mass-hypnotism; just as the ladies of the Court were under the mesmeric influence of the beast Rasputin.

Just to read the story of how Rasputin was killed sums up the mysterious character of the Russian people; how those that killed him were haunted by a fear that he was unkillable, Lincoln J. Steffens tells the story in Everybody's. The man was to be lured to "get" the young Grand Duchess who plotted his downfall and over whom he had a horrible hypnotic influence.

On the night of our December 31, 1916, says Steffens, there was an illumination in the house of the Grand Duchess. It looked as if there were a ball within. There wasn't; only a few persons were present, a very few, the few who had planned the plot to kill Rasputin; and a very anxious few they were. Rasputin had been invited to call upon the Duchess. He had accepted the invitation. And the lady was there to see him. She had no intention of meeting her distinguished caller. The plan was to let the Prince go down to receive Rasputin and, explaining to him that there was a party above, entertain him till the Duchess could "free herself from the other guests." While he waited, poisoned cakes and wine were to be offered to the glutton. Since the Prince might be expected to partake also of the food and drink, the glasses were marked to distinguish the clean one from that which was poisoned, and there were to be red cakes and white cakes; the red were poisoned. And, to complete New Zealand ball upstairs, they had brought in word—one record.

... ate cake and waited for



ONE of the most convincing scenes in the drama, Will Russia Resist Wilhelm? is that of the blind Austrian beggar, his wife and child among the Russian soldiers in Galicia. The soldiers took great pity on this poor exile who, of course, kept his blind spots open along with his ears. He turned out to be a German officer—and he is probably dead now; unless some passive non-resister has Kameraded him.



IN the whole story of Russian emotionalism, resembling hysteria, nothing is more startling than the Woman's Battalion, who fought where their male brothers defected. They did not lead charmed lives. Many of them were wounded. Some took cyanide of potassium to avoid imprisonment. Here are two of them in hospital.

the Duchess to get rid of her guests upstairs; while the Prince waited for the poison to work; and while the guests upstairs waited for the Prince to come back and report Rasputin poisoned—or for the crack of his revolver.

They watched and they tried to listen, but they could not hear. That record! It clamoured and their dancing feet shuffled. And then when the music ceased, and they could hearken, there was silence down there.

Maybe the visitor was a supernatural monster. Could Rasputin be killed? They looked to the doctor for the answer. He declared again that his mixture would cause "instant death," but his face betrayed him. They were in a panic when they heard the Prince coming.

What happened afterwards is indicated by the lines under the picture: emotional Russia on the verge of a revolution, which came.

And what is the people to whom this great adventure has come? asks C. Hagerberg Wright in the Contemporary. It is difficult to generalize when one is dealing with diversified millions, yet one or two things are salient. "In the Russian nature," says Bakunin, more

than seventy years ago, "there is something so energetic and so large, such an abundance of poetry, passion and esprit, that it is impossible not to be convinced, when one really knows it, that it has a great mission to fulfill." The appreciation is just; as just to-day as when it was written. The Russian character is profoundly emotional. This explains the occasional energy of Russian work, the power of such a speaker as Kerensky, the Martyrs of the Terror—even the Terror itself. Now, a people that feels rather than thinks, may have moods of what looks like apathy, but when it is roused, it will go far, very far. When such a people becomes revolutionary, it will not regulate itself by the cold measures of political prudence.

Speaking of the fraternizations with the Germans, Charles Johnston in the North American Review, remarks that it was made easy by the childlike simplicity of the young Russian soldiers, who, believing that the millenium has come, are somewhat too ready to "love their enemies." Members of the German and Austrian staff corps, speaking Russian fluently, have masqueraded as privates and invited Russian soldiers to come over to the enemy trenches, dining and wining them, and asking tenderly about their welfare. Then there were return parties given in the Russian trenches, when the visitors brought little cameras to take interesting photographs "for the dear, white-haired parents at home," included Russian batteries in the background. Officers who interfered were told that in accordance with the luckless Gutchkoff order, discipline was now entrusted to the soldiers themselves.

WHOM DOES *the* NATION NEED?

First Shots at the Selection of Strong Canadians Worthy to be Included in Any National Cabinet Capable of Giving This Country the Government it Deserves. Four Out of the Six Chosen as They Came in the Mails Nominate Dr. Michael Clark Who Failed to Get His Party Nomination at Red Deer

1. I believe that Michael Clark should be a member of any Canadian Cabinet able to give this country the government it deserves. I would add also, Borden, White, Foster, Meighen, Cochrane, Crerar, Currie, Pitblado, Hudson, George Bury (C.P.R.), White (Montreal, late Customs Officer), Hugh Guthrie.

Sir Robert Borden, Sir Thos. White, Sir George Foster, Hon. Arthur Meighen and Hon. Frank Cochrane I would leave in the positions occupied by them to-day. Here are my reasons for picking the others:

T. A. Crerar (Grain Growers, Ltd.)—A big man in every way, as will be proved within the next ten years.

Col. Currie—I leave him in on his record.

J. Pitblado (of Winnipeg)—Honest and open. Also a "Win the War" man.

Hon. A. B. Hudson (of Winnipeg)—Another man who puts his country first, in hour of need, before politics.

Sir George Bury (C.P.R.)—No remarks necessary.

White (of Montreal, late Customs Officer)—Give this man a trial. He is a Canadian of Canadians, well known and respected by all who come in contact with him. **New Blood, Sir.**

Hugh Guthrie—Let him stand on his record.

Last, but not least, I come to our old "war-horse," Michael Clark, of Red Deer, a man who helped largely to pass Conscription; forsaking his own party, to help the State. A true Britisher, and one of the men whose help

we really need. We can't afford to pass over a man of his calibre and honesty of purpose at the present time. Michael Clark reminds me of the poem "Horatius":

"Then none was for a party,
Then all were for the State;
Then the great man helped the poor,
And the poor man loved the great."

Now, Mr. Editor, I have never met "Red Michael," but I must say, I admire him, especially for his bulldog tenacity.

T. S. AIREY, Montreal.

2. I believe Sir Thomas Shaughnessy should be a member of any Canadian Cabinet able to give this country the government it deserves. I would add, also, Sir Lomer Gouin, Martin, of Saskatchewan, MacLean, of Halifax, Carvell, Kyte, Oliver, Laurier, Gouin.

B. J. GERIN, Grandmere, P. Q.

3. I believe that Hon. Clifford Sifton should be a member of any Canadian Cabinet able to give this country the government it deserves. I would add also N. W. Rowell, Michael Clark, W. J. Hanna, F. B. Carvell.

(Name not for publication).

Fort Francis, Ont.

4. I believe that Sir Wilfrid Laurier should be a prime member of any Canadian Cabinet,

able to give this country the government it deserves. I would add also, Rodolphe Lemieux, E. L. Patenaude, Sir Thomas White, Sydney Fisher, Meighen, Doherty, McLean, of Halifax, McDonald, of New Brunswick, Shaughnessy, of the C. P. R.

PAT NOLAN, of Toronto.
(Pen name).

5. I believe that Sir Robert Borden should be a member of any Canadian Cabinet able to give this country the government it deserves. I would add also, Sir Thos. White, Sir Geo. E. Foster, Hazen, Doherty, Sir Sam Hughes, Crothers, Sir Jas. Lougheed, Martin Burrell, Meighen, Sevigny, Rowell, Michael Clark, H. Currie, Carvell, F. K. McLean, Premier Murray, W. S. Fielding, Hon. T. C. Norris, Hon. J. A. Calder, Hon. C. W. Cross, H. C. Brewster.

W. D. DIMOCK,
Editor "Daily News," Truro, N.S.

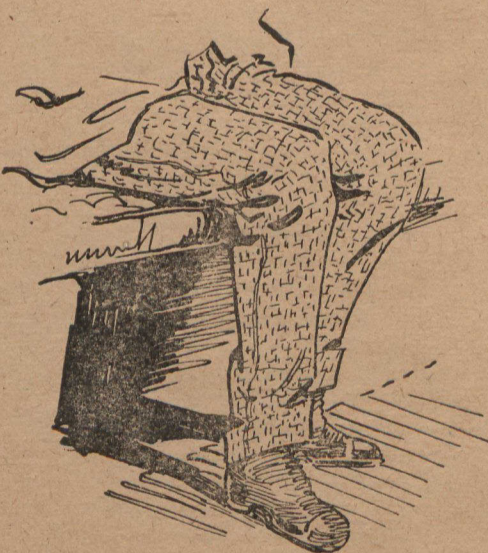
6. I believe that Sir Robert Borden should be a member of any Canadian Cabinet able to give this country the government it deserves. I would add also, R. B. Bennett, Sir Thos. White, Sir Sam Hughes, Dr. Clark (Red Deer), T. A. Crerar, Sir Geo. E. Foster, Sir Jas. Lougheed, Dr. S. G. Bland (Winnipeg), Blondin, Sevigny, Hugh Guthrie.

W. H. MACAULAY,
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A CAMPAIGN OF POPULAR INTEREST

October 4, 1917.

COMING down on a street-car this morning, a friend of the Editor was suddenly interested in a man whom he had never seen before. He became so much interested that he wondered the other man had not risen to ask him what he meant. It was all over a pair of trousers.



Five years ago the Editor's friend bought a grey tweed suit with an extra pair of trousers, one of which he still keeps for gardening overalls; the other pair he gave away to a washerwoman on behalf of her husband. In the three years during which the suit did service, the owner had never seen another like it. The destination of the odd pair of trousers, given away to the washerwoman's husband, he had entirely forgotten until this morning.

And the man on the street-car had them on. No mistake. The odds were a hundred to one. Here were two men who had never met before, and may never meet again, given a common interest in life by means of a pair of trousers. The Editor's friend was so much interested in

the other man that he felt like following him round town to trace him home again. Very likely if they had met they would have become friendly. Any two men who can wear the same pair of trousers should be able to overlook all ordinary points of difference for the sake of what they have in common.

And this trousers episode is mentioned here because it illustrates the sudden interest which thousands of people all over Canada take in the affairs of thousands of other people all over Canada, through the medium of a paper which covers the country. It's common interest that brings and holds a people together. Political doctrines and trade theories and vague sentiments about patriotism are all useless without the common national interest. Unless people know about one another they are not likely to be interested. The more they know the greater the interest. Week by week the interest in the Canadian Courier grows along with the circulation and the common knowledge that people are getting of one another and of various parts of the country. The local interests of one man may be as different from those of another 3,000 or even 300 miles away as the Editor's friend was different from the man who wore his trousers. The paper that goes into every kind of community of Canada is the common link of living interest that unites them.

There's no other way to do it so well. The one great reason for the Canadian Courier's existence is the interest it gives a great number of people in the communities of other people. The older the paper gets and the greater its circulation, the greater the interest.



HE was pretty. There was no doubt about that. Her face probably would not have been chosen as a model for a Gibson Girl, but Barney Blair, as he watched her over the low partition on one of the public desks in the Bank of Montreal, Winnipeg, thought that hers was the most beautiful face he had ever seen. She was engaged in writing a cheque and the task, judging by her extreme nervousness, was proving difficult. Blair had entered the bank for the same purpose, but his errand was forced completely out of his head by the loveliness of the vision across the partition. For the first time in his twenty-six years of life he had met, or more correctly seen, a girl whom he confessed to himself, could make his heart beat faster. Her clothes—Barney did not notice her clothes—had once been of the best; now they were worn and shiny. It was quite evident that the pressing iron was greatly responsible in holding her long grey coat together. Her frayed black gloves had been mended many times at the finger ends.

Presently the girl finished her writing and moved toward the wicket. Blair followed closely and was able to catch the words of the paying teller.

"Your account shows only a balance of one dollar and fifteen cents to your credit, Miss Stone. If you want to draw that now, please write another cheque. This one is drawn for three dollars."

The girl looked dismayed and for a moment hesitated. She then went slowly back to the desk. Blair cashed his cheque for two hundred, the teller obeying his instructions by giving him the money in tens. He walked slowly past the girl at the desk and would have again taken up his position across the partition had not a clock striking eleven warned him that he had wasted enough time. He hurried from the bank and struck up Portage avenue toward the post office. He finished gathering his morning mail and was turning to leave when he came face to face with the girl of the bank.

"I, I beg your pardon," she said nervously, "I wonder if you would mind changing some bills for me. I have been closing my accounts at several of the city banks this morning and in the bank of Montreal I noticed that you drew some ten dollar bills. I have five twenties, and if you will change them I'll be glad."

Oh for the vanity of man. Blair almost asked her why she did not have her five twenty dollar bills changed at the bank she had just left when it occurred to him that perhaps the girl had followed him and asked him to change them merely as an excuse to meet him. He cheerfully pulled out his roll and counted out ten tens and handed them to the girl in exchange for her five yellow twenties.

"Thank you, thank you a thousand times," the girl said brokenly. Blair could have sworn that he saw tears in her deep brown eyes.

"Why, my dear girl," he said sympathetically, "I assure you it was no favour at all. I am glad to be of any assistance to you. Now if you will tell me that you have no other engagement for the rest of the morning, we will go and get something to eat or go for a ride around town, or anything you like. I'll have my car here in a few minutes."

"No, no, I can't really. I, I must go now. Please don't stop me, and thank you again. Some day I'll—Goodbye."

She turned from him quickly, and before he could open his mouth to protest, she had pushed her way through the mail collecting crowd and had disappeared through the revolving doors leading to the street.

Blair gave a little laugh. "Well, I'll be damned," he said. He made his way to the door and started for his office in the Grain Exchange. During the day the market was brisk, but he could not get the vision of the girl of the bank from his brain. He remembered her every look and every word she had uttered.

At four o'clock he left for his home. He had scarcely reached the street when a feminine voice hailed him from a passing car. He waited while the machine drew up to the curb.

"Please, Mr. Blair, won't you buy a ticket to help out the patriotic fund?" The voice belonged to

A PRETTY THIEF

BECAUSE she was pretty, and the man in the case was bamboozled by her good looks, he found himself in a predicament from which he finally got out by plunging himself into another

By JEROME B. EBERTS

Grace Willard. Blair, it was whispered around the younger set, was pretty far gone in that direction. "We are giving away a perfectly beautiful seven passenger automobile. I mean we are practically giving it away. The tickets cost but two dollars each. Of course if you should be lucky enough to win, you may put the car up again, because you have two now and you don't need a third. Please now, Barney, how many tickets shall I count out for you?"

Blair handed her one of the twenty dollar bills he had received from the girl of the bank.

"Give me ten. It's a plain case of tails you win and heads I lose."

The girl laughed. "I hope you win," she said. "I love to sell these tickets."

She leaned forward to tell her driver to start.

"Oh, Grace, before you go; may I come up and talk to you to-night? I have to go to Toronto tomorrow noon."

"Why of course come up," she replied, "I'm so sorry you have to leave town. We'll talk about it to-night, so goodbye until then."

At eight o'clock Blair rang the bell at Miss Willard's home, only to be told that she was not in. He protested vigorously and was just turning away when he heard Miss Willard's voice saying that she would see him. He was ushered into the drawing room. Miss Willard regarded him coldly.

"Why, Grace," he exclaimed, "what's the trouble? Good Lord, don't look at me like that."

"I suppose you thought that that was a vastly clever trick you played on me to-day," said the girl, her voice trembling with indignation.

"Trick, why what do you mean?"

"Don't try to be so innocent. Anybody with an ordinary amount of intelligence would know that that was a counterfeit twenty dollar bill you gave me this afternoon. I gave it to Mrs. Wilson, the president of the patriotic society and she looked at me as if, as if—"

"Counterfeit! That bill counterfeit! Well, for the love of Mike." Quickly he reviewed the circumstances under which he had received the bill. He drew the remaining four from his pocket and examined them. It was true. They bore a striking resemblance to the genuine, but nevertheless anybody who handled money in any large quantities could not fail to detect them almost immediately.

It was typical of the man that when he realized that he had been had, he threw back his head and laughed. Miss Willard, already on the verge of tears, looked at him in amazement, then, without a glance at him she left the room. Blair waited several minutes and then called the servant who had admitted him. By him he sent messages filled with explanations to Miss Willard and finally, leaving twenty good dollars with him with instructions as to their delivery, he left the house.

"SAY, for heaven's sake, Blair!" The words came from a man on Yonge street, Toronto. Blair had grabbed him roughly by the arm.

"Who is that girl? The one crossing the street there." He pointed with his stick.

"I don't know," Blair's companion grumbled, "I'm no matinee idol. Don't snatch my arm away from me every time you see a pretty girl. I might need it, you know."

The last part of his complaint was made to the atmosphere, for Blair was already a good twenty feet from the curb and was making as much haste as possible toward the opposite sidewalk. He reached it in time to see his quarry enter a second rate lunch room. He followed. Once inside he started an inspection of the long line of curtained off stalls

which ran down one side of the room. In the fourth stall he found the object of his search. He parted the curtains hastily and stepped in.

"I wonder," he said, his voice drawling slightly, "If you would mind changing some bills for me. I have been closing my accounts at several of the city banks and—"

At the sound of his voice the girl glanced up. Her face was swept by a hot flush, which almost immediately gave place to marble-like pallor. The pupils of her eyes dilated like those of a hunted deer. They

had been brown before, but now they were black as night and seemed like two wells of shining jet.

"Oh God," she cried, her voice broken and husky. "You have come, you, you." Her head sank upon her arms and her form was shaken by sobs.

Blair took a chair opposite her. Even though she had swindled him, he wanted to take her in his arms and kiss away her tears. He wanted to stroke the wealth of chestnut hair which she wore piled high upon her head. He could not forget, however, that she had robbed him. She was a thief. He whispered the dread word to himself and it hurt.

SO he waited and presently the girl raised her head and looked into his face. The pain in her eyes hurt him dreadfully. He had never seen pain in the raw like that before. His ways had always been easy ways. The girl placed her purse, a poor cheap thing, upon the table and opened it.

"Here," she said, "here is what is left of your money. I arrived in Toronto last night. The fare was twenty-eight dollars and forty cents. It was the cheapest I could get. I paid eight dollars for a room for two weeks and I bought a week's meal ticket here for five dollars. Everything is so expensive. Here is all I have left, fifty-five dollars and forty, forty-five cents. I had to buy something to eat on the train and I bought some ribbons in a shop this afternoon. I have eighteen meals left on my meal ticket and the people of this place will likely give me something for that."

Her voice had grown colourless and the light had faded from her eyes as she spoke.

"Don't tell me any more," Blair said. "Keep the money. It was not that which made me follow you in here. I don't care about a paltry hundred dollars. It's the fact that you stole. That you stole it from me does not matter. Why, girl, when I saw you in the bank at Winnipeg that morning, I thought that a man could stake his life on a girl like you. It is the shattering of my ideal of a girl that hurts."

"Your ideal! Your ideal!" the girl's voice was shaking with emotion, but it held also the biting edge of scorn. "What do you know about ideals? You saw me in a Winnipeg bank. You thought I was pretty. You saw me again in the post office and you suggested that we go out for a ride or to lunch. Was I your ideal of a girl then? I stole from you. Can you not realize; can't you see that if I had not had the nerve to steal I would have been compelled to take that ride with you or with some other man? You think it is a dreadful thing to be a thief. It is, and it is me who had been one who knows. Would you think it was as dreadful a thing if you had seen my body taken from the Red River that day? In one case you say, 'A Thief, A Thief,' and you shudder with horror. In the other case you say, 'Poor thing; I wonder why she took her life.' On the morning in Winnipeg when I met you I had to do one of three things. I was down to my last dollar. My room was gone because I could not pay for it. My clothes were so worn that nobody would give me anything to do because I did not look the part. I was desperate. I had to take one of three paths. One led to the Red River, one led to the streets, and the third led to thievery. I took the latter. I have had those five old bogus twenty dollar bills ever since my father died three years ago. He got them somewhere and kept them as curios. I was broke and I found them in an old envelope which had got among my things, that morning. It was then that I decided to try and pass them."

The girl's voice broke and she was silent. Blair.
(Concluded on page 23.)

THE NEW NATIONAL BONDS

Everybody is Looking for a Sure Thing. The Surest Security for Investment of Canadian Money is the New War Loan to be Offered by the Minister of Finance to the Canadian People

MOST of us are looking for a good thing. It's human nature. But there's a difference in good things. Some people define a sure thing as the business or the arrangement whereby somebody's money comes their way without regard for value received or real obligations incurred. We were once building up a prosperity—so-called—based on that principle of getting the other fellow's money, no matter how, but get it, so long as the law had no way of interfering. It was a game at which anybody could play and a great many played it. When national wildcats became too common, and values slumped and business went dead we naturally ran to cover. If we had money that could be pried loose we sold out if possible to some trusting sucker and shoved the money into the bank; or we took it out of the business that still needed it and put it in the bank. Anyhow we ran to cover with the money. And if things got too panicky, as they did in 1907, thousands of people stampeded into a run on the bank and transferred it to the family vault or the tin box in the cupboard or the long red stocking. They wanted that money where they could get their hands on it.

And that's a natural impulse. We all like security. A hundred dollars under the mattress may be worth a thousand in somebody else's business.

But suppose the mattress is lifted. Suppose that your door can be opened and your home invaded and your belongings ransacked without fear of any policeman coming along to jug the burglar?

In that case the security under the mattress or behind the chimney is no better than in the bank or the business. Because national law is out of business.

Only one thing can put that law out of business and take away our security; that is defeat of our arms and the success of Germany. We don't mean that a victory of Germany such as she would get now would give the Germans possession of this country. But it would surely mean the swift and calamitous depreciation of all our financial securities, the disappearance of our balance of trade and the obliteration of our national credit as it now stands.

And it's because defeat for us would mean precisely this that the Canadian Government in a few weeks will be asking the people of Canada to buy victory bonds as an absolutely sure and safe investment.

This new war loan, to be floated sometime next month, is the first attempt ever made by any department of government to organize the country and the people as a unit in a popular campaign for purely national purposes. One thing has been kept clearly in mind; the need for making the people the senior partner in the business of War Finance. A war loan is an altogether different method of raising war money from a war tax. We have become accustomed to war taxes. We know why they are levied. What

By INVESTICUS

differences of opinion there may be as to how they strike and whom they hit the hardest we swallow for the sake of the general good. We were taxed as a compulsory measure long before we dreamed of conscripting the balance of an army. It was understood that for certain necessary expenses we must submit to extra taxation. What was done with the money was no particular concern. We knew it was spent for extraordinary purposes of government at a time when ordinary revenues were reduced and expenditures mounted on the war alone to a million dollars a day.

But the purpose of the war loans is altogether different from that of war taxes. The bonds people are asked to buy have nothing to do with any form of compulsory service. The biggest voluntary financial movement we have ever undertaken comes at a time when we have begun to make our man-service compulsory. Whatever varieties of opinion we may have on compulsory service, we consent to abandon them for the sake of national unity and the law.

There can be no differences of opinion about the war bonds. They are everybody's bonds. They are the Finance Minister's method of getting the purse of the people behind the credit of the country. Our exports over-balancing our imports is the regular way of estimating national credit abroad. We have now a favourable balance of trade amounting to about \$475,000,000 in a year. We get that amount of money into the country more than we send out.


There is no magic about this balance. It's a matter of business just as much as a factory. The State has no mysterious means of restoring prosperity in times of war. These exports have mounted up because of two things: the increase in price of what we have to sell in natural products; and the sudden increase by hundreds of millions of dollars in a year of the things we have to export. Who pays the increased price of our natural products? The consumers abroad—both people and governments. Who pays for the almost two millions of dollars a day spent on Canadian munitions? The gold and the credit of Great Britain. But neither is inexhaustible. The credit of Great Britain depends on the credit of every country under the British flag; more especially on the credit of the most important, which is Canada. Our credit is measured by the wealth of the country, the loyalty of the people and the unity of the nation.

Leaving out natural resources of our own we have the wealth which comes in actual cash payment on the nail from the coffers and the credit of England to pay for our export of munitions. The ability of England to buy munitions here depends on England's ability to keep up her own credit as the seat of Empire. That depends—and here is the duty element in these war bonds of victory—

upon our willingness to lend back the money we have made from England to the Government of Canada for the purpose of maintaining the credit of England. The money we get belongs to us along with the prosperity it brings. We can, if we feel that way, hang on to it or keep it in the ordinary channels of investment. If we keep it there we look for no security. In cases of great doubt we take our money out of stocks or mortgages or real estate or common bonds of industrials and place it in the bank. We regard the bank as the ultimate safe thing.

But what secures the bank? The credit of the nation. The war bond bought from the government is an investment in the nation. Every bond bought is another nail in the ship of democracy and the coffin of absolutism. Every man that buys a bond becomes an investor in national liberty. Let liberty go; let the war end in a draw instead of a decision—and the credit of Canada is impaired, and the value of an investment in Canada is lowered. The victory bonds are the way to show that we have more faith in Canada as a nation than we have in any Canadian bank whose ability to guarantee the value of our investments depends absolutely upon the extent to which the people at large subscribe to the loan.

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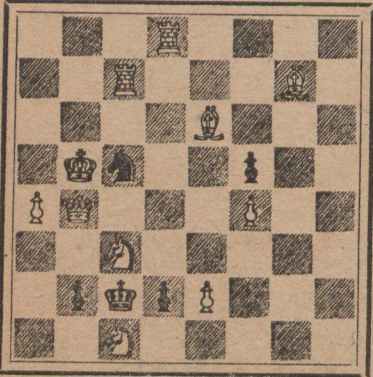
CHESS

Conducted by MALCOLM SIM

All correspondence relative to this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, Canadian Courier, 30 Grant street, Toronto.

PROBLEM NO. 157, by J. Paul Taylor. Detroit Free Press, 1879.

Black.—Five Pieces.



White.—Eleven Pieces.

White to play and mate in two.

SOLUTIONS.

Problem No. 155, by A. Ellerman.

1. Q—Kt4, P—Kt8(Q) dis. ch; 2. B—Q4 mate.

1., P—Kt8(Kt) dis. ch; 2. Kt—K5 mate.

1., threat; 2. Kt—B3 mate.

To Correspondents.

M.L.H., St. John's.—Thanks for "Brevity." The coup, however, has been done before! G. K. P., Toronto.—Exceedingly obliged for "Bulletin."

CHESS BY CORRESPONDENCE.

The following highly interesting game was played in England in the correspondence match between Sheffield and Leicestershire, which is in progress. Score and notes (doubly abbreviated), from the "Sheffield Weekly News" via the "British Chess Magazine."

Queen's Counter Gambit.

- | | |
|---------------------|-----------------|
| White. | Black. |
| Sheffield. | Leicestershire. |
| 1. P—Q4 | 1. P—Q4 |
| 2. P—QB4 | 2. P—K4 |
| 3. PxKP | 3. P—Q5 |
| 4. Kt—KB3 | 4. Kt—QB3 |
| 5. QKt—Q2 | 5. B—KKt5 |
| 6. Kt—Kt3 | 6. BxKt |
| 7. KPxp | 7. B—Kt5ch (a) |
| 8. B—Q2 | 8. Q—K2 (b) |
| 9. P—B4 | 9. P—B3 |
| 10. B—Q3 | 10. BxBch (c) |
| 11. QxB | 11. Castles |
| 12. Castles KR | 12. Pxp |
| 13. B—K4 | 13. Q—B3 |
| 14. Pxp (d) | 14. KtxP |
| 15. Q—R5 | 15. K—Kt5q |
| 16. Kt—B5 | 16. P—B3 |
| 17. Q—Kt4 | 17. P—QKt3 |
| 18. QR—Bsq | 18. Q—K2 |
| 19. Kt—R6ch | 19. K—Kt2 |
| 20. P—B5 | 20. Kt—B3 (e) |
| 21. P—B4 | 21. KtxB (f) |
| 22. PxBt | 22. KR—Bsq (g) |
| 23. KR—Ksq | 23. Q—Kt4 |
| 24. Pxp | 24. R—B7 |
| 25. Pxp dis. ch (h) | 25. Kxp |
| 26. P—KKt3 | 26. Q—R3 |

- 27. P—KR4
- 28. K—R2
- 29. Q—K7ch
- 30. R—KKt5q
- 31. K—Rsq
- 32. R—Kt2
- 33. Q—R3ch
- 34. Q—K7ch
- 35. Q—K6ch
- 36. RxPch (j)
- 37. QxQch
- 38. RxB
- 39. R—B2ch
- 27. R—B6
- 28. Q—Kt3 (i)
- 29. KxKt
- 30. R—B7ch.
- 31. Kt—Q7!
- 32. Q—K5
- 33. K—Kt2
- 34. K—Bsq
- 35. K—B2
- 36. QxR
- 37. KxQ
- 38. Kt—K5
- 39. K—Q4

(a) If 7... KtxP, then 8. QxP, B—Kt5 ch; 9. B—Q2, BxBch; 10. QxB, with advantage to white.
 (b) An analysis in the "B.C.M.," Dec., 1906, gives 8... KKt—K2.
 (c) If black takes the King's Pawn at once, white Castles, followed by R—Ksq, with a good game.
 (d) 14. BxKt, QxB; 15. Pxp, QxBP; 16. QR—Bsq would be simpler and would leave white with the advantage in position. They embark on a more complicated line of play, which, though it does not succeed, proves highly interesting.
 (e) No doubt the best move. The black allies have good reason for refusing the offer of the knight. If 20... KxKt, then 21. Q—R4ch, K—Kt2; 22. Pxp, Pxp (if 22... K moves, then 23. RxP wins; or if 22... R—Rsq, then 23. Bxpch, etc.); 23. P—B4, Kt—B3; 24. PxBt, KtxB; 25. QxPch, recovering the piece with a pawn

up and a good attack.
 (f) Again best. The position is full of brilliant possibilities if black makes the slightest slip. For instance, if 21... QKt—Q2 or B2, then 22. Bxpch! K—Bsq (if 22... KxB, then 23. Pxp dis. ch.); 23. B—Kt7ch! KxB; 24. P—B6ch, winning the Queen.
 (g) The beginning of a counter-attack by which black turns the tables. If 22... QxKP, then 23. R—B7ch, K—Rsq; 24. PxB, PxB; 25. QxKtP and wins.
 (h) Premature. 25. P—KKt3 at once, would have prevented black from adopting the line which actually won, for if 25... Q—R3, then 26. P—KR4, R—B6; 27. RxKt, QxBch; 28. R—Ksq and wins; (29. Kt—B5ch and mate in two, also being threatened. Ed. C.). After 25. P—KKt3 the continuation would have been 25... RxRP; 26. Pxp dis. ch, Kxp; 27. Q—R3, with a draw in the most favorable variation.
 (i) 28... RxP would probably result in a draw as follows: 28... RxP; 29. RxKt, QxR; 30. KxR, Q—Kt8ch; 31. K—R3 (31. K—B3 or 4 would lose by 31... R—Bsqch and 32... Q—B8ch, Q—B8ch; 32. K—Kt3, QxR; 33. Q—R5! and black cannot do better than force perpetual check. If 28... KtxP, then 29. K—Kt2 and draws at least the continuation adopted by black destroys all hope.
 (j) If 36. R(Bsq)—Bsq, then 36... Kt—B8; 37. Q—R3, Kt—K6, and after exchanges the black passed pawn marches in. (Ed. C.)



BOOKS YOU WILL READ by Wayfarer

"THE ENGLISH SPEAKING PEOPLES."—Their Future Relation and Joint International Obligations. By George Louis Beer. Toronto—Macmillan Co. of Canada, Ltd. \$1.50.

MR. BEER thinks that a closer relationship between English-speaking peoples is essential for their future safety and welfare. In his book he discusses the question in a thorough manner and reviews the history of the past decade and the issues involved in the war.

In his preface he quotes Admiral Mahan, who in 1894 said "Experience" was necessary before the nations—British and American—were ready for unification, but that it was altogether impracticable at that time. However, since 1894 all unifying forces have been constantly at work and the needed lessons in experience have come from an unwelcome war, so that "what in 1894 was unripe and academic has to-day become urgent and practical."

He discusses the German policy of "Germanization" and conciliation, and the reason for its failure, comparing her policy with that of the English-speaking peoples. He says in a chapter on "The Unity of English-speaking Peoples," "that while war is certainly not the father of all things. . . . it undoubtedly clears away many a mental cobweb."

"ON THE RIGHT OF THE BRITISH LINE." By Captain Gilbert Nobbs: George McLeod, \$1.25.

CAPTAIN NOBBS of the Imperial Army, author of "On the Right of the British Lines," was when he left Canada before the war an officer in the Queen's Own. By birth an Englishman, he enlisted shortly before the Battle of the Somme. He was in some of the heaviest fighting of the Imperial Army on the war front, was wounded, left for dead on the field, rescued by the Germans and made a prisoner. When he recovered he was stone blind. In captivity he wrote part of the narrative which he charac-

terizes as his first and last book. He finished it in England after being returned to his family as a result of exchange of prisoners. What he says about the operations of the part of the Army he belonged to is put down not as literature but as a story of experience. It is told in an easy, graphic and at times highly dramatic style. His descriptions are of the intimate character that make pictures in the mind. The narrative, written from experience by a man who will never see the world again and whose last glimpses of it were almost apocalyptic in character. As emotion pictures of the war, sometimes tinged with humour, this story of a remarkable personal experience that might never have been told but for an accident will rank among the highly readable books of that class.

"ADVENTURES IN AFRICA." By J. B. Thornhill: John Murray.

THERE is something about J. B. Thornhill's book, "Adventures in Africa," which reminds one of Kipling's Song of the English/ Rudyard rhymes away about the fret for far places which makes so many Englishmen impatient at life in the little isle which bosses the seven seas and sends them a-roaming around the Empire looking for ease beyond the edge of civilization. And, as Mr. Thornhill tells the tale of his travels in that portion of South Central Africa known as Katanga, one realizes that Rudyard was right in his limning of the vast perspective which he sketches as a sort of general background for the peregrinations of his pilgrims. Mr. Thornhill speaks in an off-hand way of starting out on a 600-mile hike through the jungle on the chance of getting a job which he had heard about "on a short visit to Bulawayo." And he is just as casual in his mention of the fact that after making what to most of us would be the journey of a life-time, he was told that the job did not exist, and he was about to turn back with forty dollars and fifty cents in his money belt and walk to the rail head at the Zambesi





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The adventures he writes about befell him in British, Belgian and Portuguese territory in the Congo and apart from the vivid interest created by Mr. Thornhill's recital of a multitude of hunting and travelling incidents—any one of which would make a corking good adventure yarn in itself, there is a great deal of material in the book which deals with administrative and diplomatic affairs in an enlightening manner.

"CHRISTINE." The Macmillan Co. of Canada, \$1.25.

"CHRISTINE" is a vivid and tragic little book, which no one should miss reading. It contains the letters of Christine Cholmondeley, a young English girl with an extraordinary musical talent, who was taking lessons from a famous German violinist in Berlin for the two months preceding the war. Her sympathetic and picturesque descriptions of German family life are very impressive; while the characters of Kloster, her teacher, and her fiance, a young Prussian officer, are so real that one remembers them always.

What strikes one most on reading these intimate letters of Miss Cholmondeley to her mother, is the instinctive feeling she expresses that war was coming, and that the German people already hated Britain. "Dear England," she wrote, "to find out how much one loves England all one has to do is to come to Germany." She herself did not escape from the country; for just as surely as the war killed the men in the trenches, it killed Christine.

"SCANDAL." By Cosmo Hamilton. Thos. Allen, \$1.50.

AN appetite for truffles comes natural to a pig and almost any old kind of porker makes a good truffle hunter. But there really isn't very much excitement about truffle hunting. The only precaution necessary is to muzzle the pig. A peasant then takes the pig out to the hunting grounds and leads it around until the pig snuffles a truffle somewhere beneath the mud and roots the tid-bit out of the slush. To the peasant it is a strict matter of business; and the pig never gets beyond the thrill of discovery and the tease of anticipations long deferred.

All of which may not have any particular bearing on Cosmo Hamilton's new book, "Scandal," published recently by Thomas Allen, but so many of the American reviewers found a "strong moral" in the stuff which goes to make the book that we were somehow reminded of truffles and the only known method of their discovery. In the first place, we couldn't find the moral, even after puddling about for quite a while in the prurient slush in which Cosmo had hidden it. And then, again, we started out on the search without a ten foot pole. Anyhow, we have an old-fashioned prejudice against books which peep into debutante's bed-rooms around about bye-bye time, and especially so when the lady's maid has been locked outside by a bad-tempered young millionaire who insists upon certain privileges before he has signed the register in the vestry.

A Pretty Thief

(Continued from page 20.)

had been moved as he had never been moved before. Life to him had been one fine sweet song. He had never had to work as work is known. It is true he kept up an office but his staff of highly paid clerks did all the actual work connected with it. He could close up his office when he pleased and would never have been compelled to reopen it.

He could not trust himself to speak. He reached across the table and stuffed the bills the girl had drawn from it, back into her purse.

"No, you mustn't," she said, "I can never take that money now."

He found his voice. "Good Heavens, girl, you are broke. You cannot live without money. You are going to take those bills.

"No."

"I say yes."

"I cannot."

"You took that money from me. I still have four twenty dollar bills of yours which are counterfeit. You will either take that money or I will call a policeman."

"Would you, could you do that?" she asked. Her face grew hard. "All right, do it. I am a thief but I am willing to pay the price."

She would call his bluff to the very end; Blair was sure about that. He was sure also that he had never met a girl like her before and he was equally sure that he never would again. He wanted her. It came upon him suddenly. He felt an overwhelming desire to take her in his arms and carry her away to some spot where she would never again taste the bitterness of the raw spots of life, the nakedness of which he had been given a glimpse. He felt mad about her; crazy about her. He loved her. He knew it at last.

"Well then," he said, "there is but one alternative. Will you marry me?"

Roderick Blair, Fort Rouge, Winnipeg, received the following telegram two weeks later:

"Am leaving to-night for New York on my honeymoon. Will be home in three weeks, both of us.—Barney Blair."

The Legacy

(Continued from page 13.)

head; her eyes certainly looked bad. I just about gave up hope, then. The moon made everything a sort of bluish-white and we all must have looked pretty ghastly.

"I think I'll give her a little cocaine," I said. "Just stay here a moment, will you?"

He knelt down by her bunk while I began to unwind myself from all the stuff you have to get into up there.

"Oh, Anne, my dearest, dearest girl," he said, "if only I could take this instead of you! If only I could see her and you not!"

"Would you—would you really, Philip?" I heard her say. "You do love me, don't you? But that would be too dreadful. I couldn't allow that to happen."

"Heavens, my dear girl, I'd take it in a minute, if I could!" he cried. "Oh, Anne, do try to look at it in that way—try to give it to me! Perhaps if you used your will power enough for that—"

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Apply it as you wrap a cut finger. That ends all pain, all

discomfort. In two days the corn disappears. Sometimes an old, tough corn needs a second application. But no corn can resist this method. It is sure to go.

Millions of people know this. At the first sign of a corn they apply a Blue-jay. Corn pains never bother them.

You will always do likewise when you see the results. One trial will convince you. It means so much, and costs so little, that we urge you to make it now.

Deal with one corn to-night.

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"That can't be, Philip," she said, "this is just my fate. I must bear it—till it kills me. But if it could be, I'll tell you this: I would give it to you, dearest, for you are stronger, and maybe a man could fight it better."

I was off to the main camp then, but when I got back with the codeine she was asleep with her head on his shoulder and he kneeled there till four without moving—he was game, that Mr. Ferrau, and no mistake!

SHE slept right through till eight, and I left them together all day, as much as I could, and I let her off her nap, she begged so. I could see from the solemn way she talked that she was saying good-bye to him as much as he'd let her. She told me that as soon as it began to get on her brain really, and she got worse (we always called it "getting worse") she was going up to Dr. Jarvyse's place, and he wasn't to see her at all.

"I want him to remember me—as I was," she said. It certainly was tough. I used to cry about it, when I was alone, sometimes. You get awfully fond of some patients.

He stayed the next night, too, and I took my regular nap from ten to one. I could nearly always count on that, and I'd got so I woke the moment she did. I was fast asleep when I felt her touch me, and I woke, feeling scared, for she almost never did that.

"What is it?" I said, half awake. "Is she coming nearer?"

"Miss Jessop, dear Miss Jessop, she isn't here at all!" she said, shaking and crying. "I've been awake an hour, and she hasn't come to-night! Oh, do you think, do you—"

"Yes, I do," I said, though I was pretty excited myself, I can tell you. "I believe you're getting better, Miss Elton, and now I think I'll have Miss Avidson rub you, and see if we can get through the night all right."

The Swedish woman put her right to sleep, working over her head, and we never opened our eyes till nine. One of the guides told me that Mr. Ferrau had been called to the city early, and has left quietly, not to disturb us, but we were both so delighted and yet so anxious not to be delighted too soon, that we didn't notice his going much. She ate three good meals that day, besides her tea, and we walked five or six miles—I wanted to wear her out. And that night she slept right through!

We waited one night more, to be certain, and then I phoned the doctor.

"Hurray!" he yelled, so I nearly dropped the receiver. "Bully for you! Keep out for a week and then move in—with a light. Drop the light in another week. Then I'll send 'em all off to Beachmount." That was their Long Island place.

Well, it all worked out perfectly. She gained nine pounds in three weeks and I don't know when I've been so pleased. The old people came up to see her, and I spent most of my time convincing them that it was no case for tiaras and sunbursts, as I never wore them. Mrs. Elton really looked almost human. She cried so that I finally had to take a little string of pearls. They were small, but all matched, and she said I could wear them under my blouse and I could always sell them. You'd have thought that I'd cured the girl, when, as I told them, the thing had just run its

natural course, and her youth and good sense and the outdoor life had done the rest.

Of course there was no more use for me, and I went right off on a big operation case—a very interesting one, indeed. I promised to come to the wedding if I possibly could; she told me she would be married just as soon as Mr. Ferrau wished, she felt she'd made him go through so much in the last four months. And it seemed that he had felt the strain more than they thought, for her mother told me that just as Anne recovered, he seemed to give way and got very nervous and had gone off on a yacht with some of his college friends to the south somewhere. I was rather surprised not to see him at the house, and so was Miss Anne, I thought, but he sent the loveliest flowers every day and telegrams, and of course they were working on the trousseau and pretty busy, anyway.

I couldn't get to the wedding, after all, for my patient was taken to Lakewood and simply refused to let me off, which was rather mean of her, for I could have run up for the afternoon as well as not. But that's what you have to expect if you go into nursing, and you get used to it.

MRS. ELTON called me up once at the hotel, to see if I couldn't get away (they were going to send the car for me if I could) and I asked if Mr. Ferrau was all right again.

"Really, Miss Jessop," said she—and I could just see how she must have looked, from her voice—"really, my dear, I am terribly, terribly worried about Philip. He looks frightfully, so pale and nervous and run down. And he simply won't see a doctor and when I earnestly begged him to consult Dr. Stanchon he flew out at me—he really flew out!"

"What can it be?" said I. "What does Miss Elton think?"

"Why, how can she know, my dear?" says the old lady, "only he assures her that it will be all right once they're married, and begs her so not to put it off, that she won't, though I don't entirely approve, myself. Really, you'd scarcely know Philip, Miss Jessop."

It did seem too bad, but then those things will happen, and I just thought to myself that probably there was more to that southern trip than the old lady knew, and let it go at that. The doctor says that all the nurses have dime-novel imaginations—but where do we get them, I'd like to know, if not from what we see and hear? The Lord knows we don't have to invent things.

Miss Elton was dreadfully disappointed that I couldn't be there for the wedding, and promised me they'd stop a minute at the hotel on their wedding journey and see me. They were going on a motor trip, nobody knew just where, and Lakewood would only be a few miles out of their way. Wasn't that nice of them? But it was just like both of them. So I was quite excited, of course, and when it poured rain all day, and got worse and worse, I did feel so sorry for them, and never expected they'd leave town. But, lo and behold, about five o'clock didn't the boy bring up their cards, and for a wonder my patient was decent and said she wouldn't want me till next morning—she had her own maid with her and

really didn't need me but once a day. "I ran down to one of the little reception rooms — I must say I like those big hotels—and when I saw them I nearly collapsed, for though she was looking perfectly beautiful and well as could be, poor Mr. Ferrau certainly did give me a shock. He was all tanned well enough, but as thin as a rail, and dreadful around the eyes. And yet he looked very happy and seemed quite glad to see me.

"Isn't she looking magnificent?" he asked me, and I said—I just have to say right out what I think—"Yes, she is, but I can't say the same for you."

"Oh, I shall be all right—after a bit," he said, turning red and not meeting my eyes. "Just let me get away with Anne for a while, and you'll see."

They insisted on my having tea with them and I couldn't help but think that she didn't realize how bad he looked and acted. His hand shook so that his teaspoon jingled, and yet he was as straight as a string, I was sure.

It kept on pouring so dreadfully that they gave up the idea of going on anywhere, and he engaged a suite at the hotel for that night, and I said good-by to them, then, for they were to have their dinner served by themselves and I knew they'd want to get off quietly in the morning. My patient kept her word and didn't bother me, and I listened to the music for a while and then went up to my room and wrote some letters. About ten I put my boots outside the door and happened to notice the boots opposite and saw that they were Mr. Ferrau's—they were patent leather with rather queer cloth tops. So I knew that they had the suite opposite ours; there were only those two for the one little hall.

I couldn't seem to sleep that night at all. I kept dreaming about that suicide of mine, even when I did sleep, and finally I put on my wrapper and decided to take a few turns up and down the corridor. I opened the door softly and stepped out—and ran right into Mr. Ferrau. He was stalking along in a bath robe, his arms spread out, the tears rolling down his cheeks, and he was chattering to himself like a monkey. His eyes rolled, and I could see he was just on the verge of a regular smash-up.

"Why, Mr. Ferrau, what's the matter?" I said.

He stared at me like a crazy man. "You here!" he said. "For God's sake! Go to her—go to Anne—I'm all in," he said. "Oh, Miss Jessop, it didn't work! It didn't work!"

He pointed to his door and I went through the private dining room and the sitting room and a dressing room and a big marble bath, and there she was, crying like a baby in one of the beds.

"Why, Miss Elton—I beg your pardon, Mrs. Ferrau—what is the matter?" I said, running up to her and taking hold of her hand. "Are you ill?"

SHE only sobbed and held on to me and suddenly something struck me and I said, "You haven't seen Janet again, have you?"

"No, no—but I wish I had! I wish I'd never stopped!" she gulped at me. "Oh, Miss Jessop, Philip sees her! He sees her all the time; that's what makes him look so ill! Ever since

she stopped coming to me, he's seen her, and he never told."

"For heaven's sake!" said I.

"She sits on the bed, but she doesn't look at him—he only sees her profile. He walked twenty miles a day—he did boxing and fencing and riding—it was no use—he thought when we—when— he hoped if we were married—oh, Miss Jessop, she came just the same!"

"For heaven's sake!" I said again. It wasn't very helpful, but I simply couldn't think of anything else. She was so pretty and sweet, and he was so plucky, and who would have supposed it would have got on his nerves so!

Her nightgown was solid real lace, and the front of it was sopping wet where she'd cried, and the top of the sheet, too.

"I gave it to him, and he won't give it back—I can't make him!" she went on, gasping and sobbing. "I begged him on my knees, but he wouldn't."

"And don't you see her?" I asked.

"No, no, I can't!" she cried. "I try, but I can't."

"Well, that's something, anyway," I said. "You wait till I go and speak to him again, and put some cold water on your eyes, why don't you?"

For it just occurred to me that maybe I could do something with him, after all. He was leaning against the window at the end of the corridor, and I never like to see excited people near windows, after my suicide woman. So I sprinted along till I got to him. But I really don't believe there was any need for it—he wasn't that kind.

"See here, Mr. Ferrau," I said, "do you really believe that Miss Elton—I beg your pardon, Mrs. Ferrau—really gave that old Janet ghost to you?"

"Believe it? Believe it?" he said, staring at me out of his red eyes. "No, I don't believe it, Miss Jessop—I know it! I tell you I see the damned thing, in a brown dress, on the edge of my bed every night!"

"Well, then," I said, "do you think you could give it to anybody else?"

And just at that moment, and not before, I remembered old Margaret!

"Why—why, I never thought of that," he said. "I—I wouldn't put anyone else through such a hell, though—"

"Oh, come, now," I said, "maybe they wouldn't think it was so bad as you do, Mr. Ferrau."

"But who would—oh, it's too crazy!" he said, half angry, but all broken up, so he didn't much care how it sounded.

"Oh, lots of people," I told him. "Why, you might easily find some one with an incurable disease, you know, that hadn't long to live and wanted money—"

OF course this was all nonsense, but anything to humour people in his condition—it's the only way. And what do you think? He turned around like a shot and stared at me as if I'd been a ghost myself.

"That might be possible," he said, very slowly, "it's just possible I know. . . . excuse me, I'll go in and speak to my wife a moment!"

He left me there and in a few minutes he came for me again and I went into their parlour. She had on a beautiful pale rose negligee all covered with lace and her braids were wound around her head; she'd wiped her eyes.

"Would you, perhaps, play a little bridge with us, Miss Jessop?" says he, trying to keep calm. "We think we'd

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better have some one with us."

So there we sat till four in the morning, playing three-handed bridge, and if anybody knows of a funnier wedding night, I'd like to hear of it!

I suppose anybody would have thought us all crazy if they could have seen us, the next night, sitting, all three of us, by the bed of that queer old man that lived in Old Greenwich Village. (My patient let me off, for I told her it was a case of a young bride and groom and she was delighted to oblige the Eltons. She told me she should call on them after that! She was a climber if there ever was one, that woman.)

He was an old valet of Mr. Ferrau's father, and Mr. Ferrau was supporting him till he died in a little cottage there. He had angina and was likely to go off any minute, and the Lord knows what Master Philip paid the old monkey—I'll bet it was no thirty cents! He only talked French, but I could see he thought Mr. Ferrau was crazy—he looked at me so queerly out of his little wrinkled eyes and nodded his head as if to say, "What a pity all this is! But we must humour him."

Mrs. Ferrau told me afterwards that her husband promised him solemnly to take Janet back if he couldn't stand

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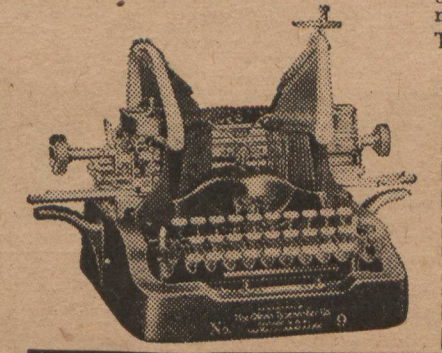
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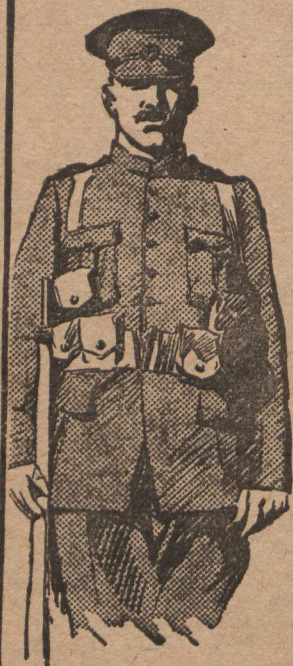


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	Pay	Field Allowance
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Pay Sergeants	1.50	20 "
Squad., Batt., or Co. Sergt.-Major	1.60	20 "
Colour-Sergeant or Staff-Sergeant	1.60	20 "
Squad., Batt., or Co. Q.M.S.	1.50	20 "
Sergeants	1.35	15 "
Lance-Sergeants	1.15	15 "
Corporals	1.10	10 "
Lance-Corporals	1.05	10 "
Bombardiers, or Second Corporals	1.05	10 "
Trumpeters, Buglers, and Drummers	1.00	10 "
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As in the case of those already gone overseas, Separation Allowances will be available for those dependent for livelihood upon selected men. The Separation Allowance is \$20.00 per month for the rank and file, \$25.00 for sergeants and staff-sergeants and \$30.00 for warrant officers. The experience is that many men can afford to assign half their pay to dependents, in addition.

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Issued by
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her—and he would have, too, and don't forget it! He was a game one. But the old fellow just kept saying:

"Bon m'sieu, bon, bon!" and kept reaching for his envelope. He was only afraid they'd change their mind, you see.

Then Mr. Ferrau lay down on a cot next the old fellow's—he was kept very clean and neat by the woman that boarded him—and I stayed in the room while Master Philip gave that darned old Janet away. He insisted that I should witness it, and to tell you the truth, when I remembered what black Margaret had said about having a witness, I did feel rather queer for a moment. But of course they were all crazy—as crazy as loons—so far as that one thing went. You see, it was what Dr. Stanchon calls an idee fixe. They had to be humoured.

Mrs. Ferrau and I went out, then, and walked up and down for an hour through the village with the chauffeur behind us, a little way, and I really thought I'd be dippy myself, before long, if I had to pretend to be serious about it much longer. It's no wonder to me the doctors in asylums get touched themselves, after what I went through with those two.

IN about an hour he came dashing out and pushed us into the car. We didn't need to ask him—he looked ashamed, but oh, so different!

"Let's get back to town," was all he said, and I never mentioned it to him again, any of it. Of course, a sensible fellow like him would feel too ridiculous, knowing he had that silly idea in his head, yet not being able to get over it without such childishness—I felt sorry for him.

I know that they didn't go back to Lakewood, for her maid packed up there, and a week after that the old lady wrote me from Long Island that they'd gone for a honeymoon tour in the car through Southern France, so I knew that father-in-law's valet hadn't gone back on his bargain. I never knew what that old monkey made on it, but Mrs. Ferrau told me he was going to leave it to the Catholic Church in Normandy, where he was born. I hope it did some good.

I went up to Greenwich that summer with a little boy who had tuberculosis of the spine (the sweetest little fellow, and so clever!) and on one of my afternoons out with him I stopped into the old cottage where the valet lived, just to ask after him. The woman there told me he had passed away about ten days after I was there before.

"In the night?" I asked, more for something to say than any real reason.

"No, in his sleep, in the afternoon," she said. "He didn't sleep much at night, after his young gentleman came, I noticed. He seemed to have bad dreams. He'd been praying away and clicking those rosary beads half the night, sometimes. But he went out easy, at the last. I learned a little French when I was lady's maid to a party, once, so I could get along pretty well with him. But I couldn't make out about those dreams, exactly; they seemed to be about something brown, with its back to him, on the bed. But he was pretty contented by day, when he was awake; he kept telling me of all he was leaving to his church."

... When you think about it, it was queer, wasn't it?

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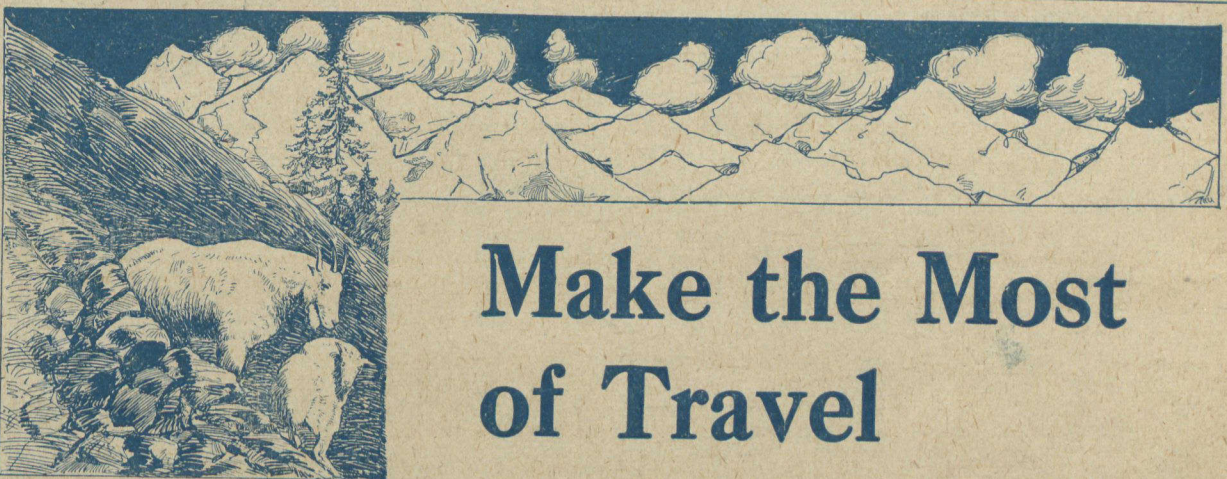
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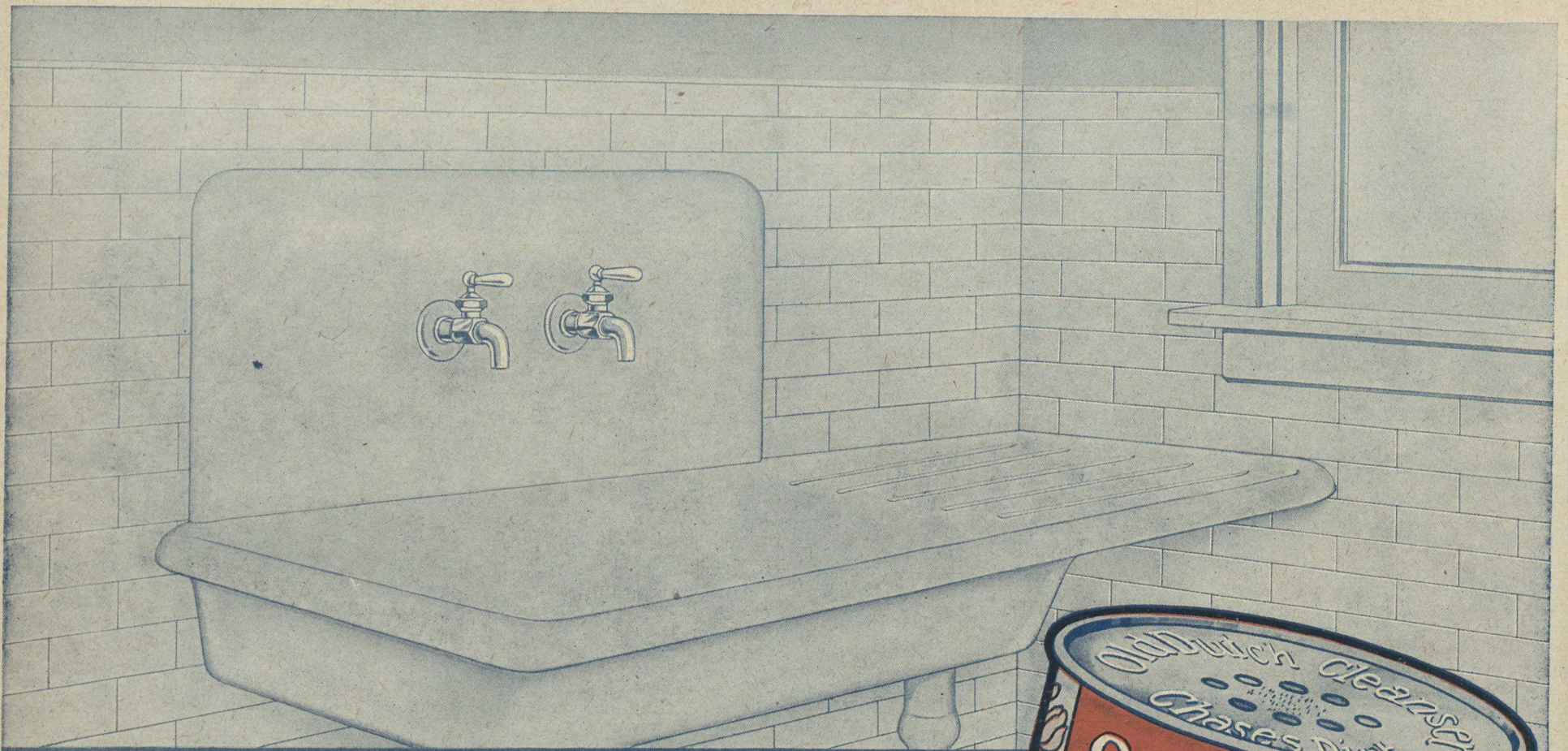
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