

*Circulation Exceeds 50,000 Copies*

# CANADIAN COURIER

ALLEN PRESS  
67 WOODLAWN AVE  
TORONTO  
55207 Jn 1918

Vol. XXIII. No. 22

TEN CENTS

ST 3, 1918



H. Edwards

*“I Wonder if I’ll Get Congratulations from Sir Douglas Haig?”*

**FOURTH NEW-YEAR-OF-WAR NUMBER**

# PRODUCE **FOOD** CONSERVE

## But Have Your Relaxation



**I**T is splendid work that is being done on the farms, in the gardens, and in the homes right now!

It is patriotic work, for the winning of the war rests heavily upon those who are providing and conserving food.

In a sense, it is heroic work, for it so often means the foregoing of personal comfort and pleasure in the face of duty to the country in war time.

But thousands upon thousands of war-time gardeners and farmers are finding compensation in the discovery of a new joy. . . . .

Hot and tired from their labours, they thoroughly enjoy what before they took as a matter of course—the almost caressing touch of the Gillette as it slips off the beard and leaves the chin smooth and happy.

It may seem strange to the man who uses any other razor than the Gillette to class shaving as a PLEASURE. But tillers of the soil, as well as soldiers here and at the Front, are united in their appreciation of what the Gillette has done to lighten the load.

Ask any soldier about shaving, if you want to hear some *real* Gillette enthusiasm.

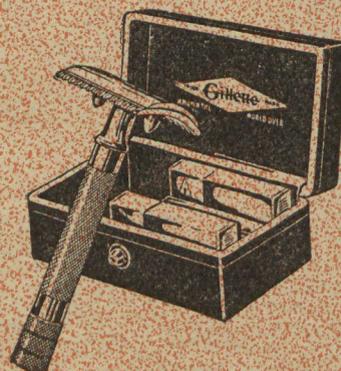
If you are doing your share of the world's work in this war, take your share of the relaxation—own a Gillette!

Your Jeweler, Druggist or Hardware Dealer will show you a variety of Gillette sets at five dollars. Select yours today.

*P.S.—Be consistent in your Conservation policy —a Gillette Razor will not only save you money, but it will save your time and temper.*

**Gillette Safety Razor Co.**  
of Canada, Limited

Office and Factory: 65-73 St. Alexander Street,  
**MONTREAL.**



# National Directory of Standard Products

THIS directory includes the names of leading Canadian firms making and handling the various classes of goods indicated.

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

- BABBITT AND SOLDER.**  
Hoyt Metal Co., Toronto.
- BRICKS AND TERRA COTTA.**  
Don Valley Brick Works, Toronto.
- CARPETS AND RUGS.**  
Toronto Carpet Mfg. Co., Ltd., Toronto.
- CAR WHEELS AND CASTINGS.**  
Dominion Wheel & Foundries, Limited, Toronto.
- CIGARS.**  
Andrew Wilson & Co., "Bachelor" Cigars, Toronto.
- ELEVATORS.**  
Otis-Fenson Elevator Co., Toronto.
- GLOVES AND MITTS.**  
The Craig-Cowan Company, Limited, Toronto.
- HARDWARE.**  
Hardware Company of Toronto, Limited, Toronto.
- PAINTS AND VARNISHES.**  
International Varnish Co., Limited, Toronto.
- PIANOS & PLAYER PIANOS.**  
Heintzman & Co., "Ye Olde Firm," Toronto.
- PRINTING INKS.**  
Sinclair Valentine Co. of Canada, Limited, Toronto.
- SCRAP IRON, STEEL & METALS.**  
Frankel Bros., Toronto.
- TINWARE & SHEET METAL WORK.**  
Soren Bros., Manufacturers, Toronto, Ont.
- UNIFORMS.**  
Beauchamp & How, Limited, Toronto.
- WATCH CASES.**  
American Watch Case Co., Limited, Toronto.

**FORD STARTER**

**FOUND AT LAST!** Old-Reliable Canadian-Made  
**FORD STARTER**  
WRITE US FOR PARTICULARS. THE PERFECT NON-BREAKABLE  
\$22.50 THE MORGAN SALES CO. 415 YONGE ST. TORONTO.

**STAMPS AND COINS.**

PACKAGES free to collectors for 2 cents postage; also offer hundred different foreign stamps; catalogue; hinges; five cents. We buy stamps. Marks Stamp Co., Toronto.

## BEN BEY

Mild all the way. **10¢ CIGAR**

Made of all Imported Tobacco

### The Radial Lines

Passenger and Freight Service Daily

- |                             |               |
|-----------------------------|---------------|
| Toronto                     | Richmond Hill |
| Aurora                      | Newmarket     |
| Sutton                      | Schomberg     |
| New Toronto and Port Credit |               |

Information as to rates and schedules will be gladly furnished by local agents or traffic department.

Head Office:

88 King St. East, Toronto

### Toronto & York Radial Railway

Express Service at Freight Rates

# CANADIAN COURIER

Published fortnightly at 181 Simcoe St., Toronto, by the Courier Press, Limited, Subscription Price—Canada and Great Britain \$1.00 per year, United States \$1.50 per year, other countries \$2.00 per year, payable in advance. **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.



Published Every Other Week

## "Opening the Mail"

**O**PENING the letters of a "national" journal has all the interest which diverse opinions, temperaments and geographic area can humanly be expected to produce. Much of it lacks excitement—for even the steady flow of "I beg to renew my subscription to your valuable journal and please find enclosed one dollar" becomes monotonous—after awhile.

### DID THIS MAN MEAN WHAT HE SAID?

Not all letters are kind. A brick is as likely to land as a bouquet. For pure rhetorical vitriolism perhaps the "Disgusted Subscriber" is hard to beat. He usually writes without trammels—that's what makes much journalism seem tame to the man with one idea of a limited set of them. For example, take this "frank expression" from an Ontario reader, along about March:

\* \* \*  
"Making the widest possible allowance for differences of location, etc., go around sometimes to a news stand and compare your product with modern journals. For the sake of Canada either get into the game or get out of it."

I'm too modest to print the "bouquets" first—fault I have. But I just want to record the fact that the aforesaid mad March subscriber has lately renewed, like the sensible fellow he is. (Pshaw! the weather is responsible for half of the kicks anyway).

\* \* \*  
Pretty straight talk, though, wasn't it? "For the sake of Canada" was intended to taste like gall and wormwood to a "Canadian national journal," to these twelve years! But what did that subscriber expect? Heaven only knows. He may have been thinking that CANADIAN COURIER lacked something possessed only possibly by nations of vastly greater population and physical resources. Admitting that is true (though it is less true of quality than of quantity) the fact remains that the poorest national journal Canada possesses—I'm speaking now of (deleted)—is much better reading for the average Canuck family than the best journal that has to come across the line (name also censored but subject to dispute anyway).

### THIS ONE SAID WHAT HE MEANT.

Some readers really subscribe to a journal. To subscribe is, of course, literally to "write under", to sign approval. It's one thing to merely hand in one's name and pay the good coin—that's all right; but appreciated very kindly in the business office as well as upstairs. But take a "gentle reader" like the following: Can't one just fairly perceive the incorporation of this subscriber's soul with that of the editor?

"I like both the 1917 Courier and the 1918 Courier. It is the Canadian spirit I like. No use for the imported spirit. British may suit British, but Canada for mine. Never saw any Canadian magazine which could at all compare with the United States' product until I got the Courier."  
J. E. Paynter, Tantallon, Sask.

\* \* \*  
Say, will you please notice how apt, how choice and appropriate, how full of spirit and decisive go these brief words are. And (confidentially) they are picked up at random.

### GOOD IDEA THIS!

By the way, if you get a letter from me about a renewal, or if your label shows expiry, when you are enclosing the rustling postal note, send also a line which, while it cheers, does not inebriate.  
Yours financially,  
**THE BUSINESS EDITOR.**



## Just Like Starting a Bank Account!

**Y**OU start a bank account to save money. Put Hassler Shock Absorbers on your Ford for the same reason.



### Shock Absorber For Ford Cars

Hassler Shock Absorbers pay 100% interest the first year, and keep it up every year thereafter. They save one-third of your up-keep bills because they reduce wear and tear on the car. They give you more miles per gallon of gasoline because a car that rides easily and smoothly requires less power to propel it. They pay for themselves in increased tire mileage because they take the weight of the car off the tires and cushion it from every jolt and jar. 300,000 Ford Owners recognize their economic necessity. Better than any bank account, they give an actual physical comfort to riding that cannot be computed in terms of money.

### 10-Day Free Trial Offer

Phone, write or call for FREE TRIAL BLANK and we will have a set of Hasslers put on your Ford without a cent of expense to you. Try them 10 days. Then, if you are willing to do without them, they will be taken off without charge. Don't ride without Hasslers simply because someone discourages you from trying them. Accept this offer and see for yourself. Over 300,000 sets in use. Do it now.

**ROBERT H. HASSLER, Limited**  
Lock Drawer H.C.1 HAMILTON, ONT., CAN.



### PATENT SOLICITORS.

**FETHERSTONHAUGH & CO.** The old established firm. Patents everywhere. Head Office, Royal Bank Bldg., Toronto. Ottawa Office, 5 Elgin St. Offices throughout Canada. Booklet Free.

## PATENTS PROMPTLY SECURED

In all countries. Ask for our INVENTOR'S ADVISER, which will be sent free.  
**MARION & MARION,**  
364 University St., Montréal.

### HOTELS.

**KING EDWARD HOTEL**  
—Fireproof—  
Toronto, Canada.

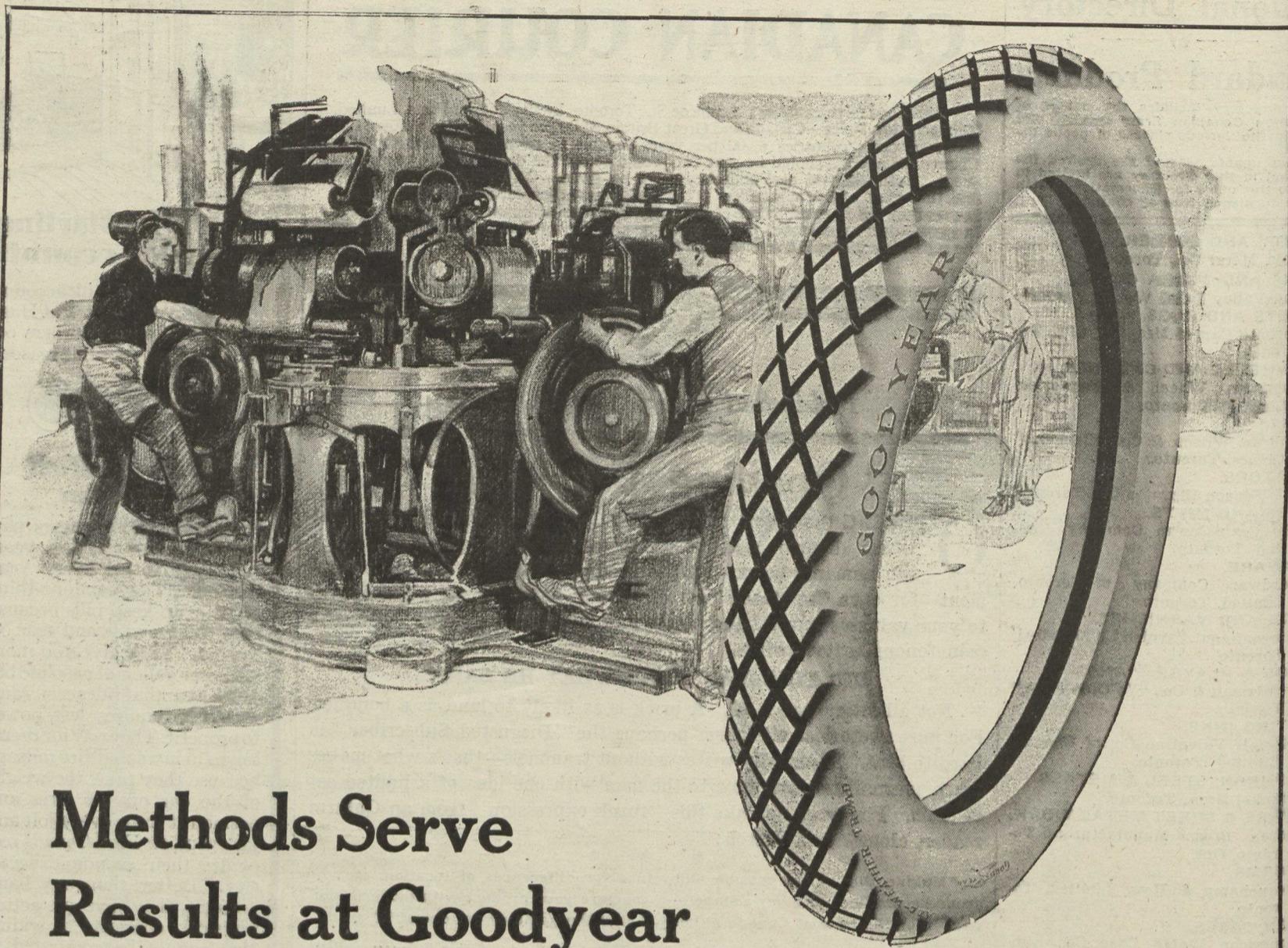
Accommodation for 750 guests, \$1.50 up. European Plan.

## THE TUXEDO

A Comfortable and Exclusive Modern Home. Table and Service in Keeping. Seven-course Evening Dinner.

Families Coming to Toronto Should Write for Reservations.

**The Tuxedo, 504 Sherbourne St.**



## Methods Serve Results at Goodyear

Goodyear is not limited to any one method of building tires, on account of small production or cheap trade.

That Goodyear has developed the most important improvements in tires and tire-building is evidence of our desire to progress---to build bigger business by better quality.

In the Goodyear factories methods must serve results. The only standard is Tire Quality.

If human skill can perform an operation best, the most highly trained specialists are secured for that work.

Where precision and uniformity above the ability of human performance, are

essential, unerring machines are used—especially invented for the purpose.

Goodyear does not adhere to the "old" if the "new" is better for quality. Our progress in the science of manufacture is too rapid. Our intensive study of Tire problems demands constant refinements.

But in Goodyear Sales you will find the evidence of Goodyear results. Lower tire-cost-per-mile alone could build the largest sale of any tire in the world.

The Goodyear Tire and Rubber Co. of Canada, Limited



*Goodyear Tires, Tubes and Tire-Saver Accessories can be obtained from Goodyear Service Stations everywhere. Watch for this emblem and enjoy the benefits of Goodyear Service wherever it is displayed.*

**GOODYEAR**  
MADE IN CANADA



# CANADIAN COURIER



VOL. XXIII. No. 22

AUGUST 3, 1918

## FOUR YEARS TO-MORROW!

**A**MID all the mountains of ideas and other mental manifestations upheaved by the war, there are only a few worth flying away for anniversaries.

The Second Battle of the Marne may look like the winning of the war; but the first Battle of the Marne shows us that **GERMANY IS DOING THE SAME THINGS NOW THAT HE DID WHEN HE LOST THAT BATTLE IN 1914.**

A nation that won't learn by its own experience cannot win. The Hun was closer to Paris in 1914 than he is in 1918; and he has not got it yet. History shows that he will never get it. The Hun is the tool of history, which he does not make.

The United States' entry into the war is a phenomenon. Canada was at war nearly three years before the United States went to war. We went to war because England did, and for much the same reason that the United States stayed out. In 1914 and after there was no room on the same side of the war for two of the leading three nations against the other. In 1917 there was room. Up till April 6, 1917, America's part in the war was carried by Canada with 8,000,000 people.

We are still carrying on. What we are doing to-day will stand up by comparison to America's best. We are a

### HOIST WITH HIS OWN PETARD

**A**FTER all the theories expressed by Ourselves and Co., let us turn to the enemy for his final vindication of the theory that his armies will be broken and his dream of world-domination changed to a slow but very awful awakening. A few weeks ago we published on this page an article entitled *The Lies of Loringhoven*, a review of that expert, very able book, "Deductions From the World War." In view of the latest phases of the Second Battle of the Marne, we have still more pleasure in setting down *The Truths of Loringhoven* as contained in that same book. Read these words and see.

"It is the old phenomenon of the wearing down of forces in the course of an offensive which we here encounter anew. . . . A powerful offensive, aiming at the overthrow of the enemy, has almost always led up to a situation in which it was proved to lack the necessary troops in order to pursue its purpose to the end with complete security.

"Forces which suffice to achieve victory and even to destroy strong sections of the enemy's forces prove inadequate for the attainment of the complete success which is desired. . . . The preliminary condition of success was always a moral and tactical superiority on the side of the attacker, and a corresponding violence of mass effect. The fact that we did not possess this moral and tactical superiority in sufficient measure in the West has always relegated to the background the idea of breaking through the enemy front."

"This war has furnished instances where the envelopment of a whole host might have been effected and would have had very far-reaching consequences. Such an opportunity was presented to our opponents on the Western Front after the Battle of the Marne. . . . They might have hurled at the proper moment powerful forces against the right flank of the German army and thereby prevented us from establishing our positions on the Aisne."

WHAT ABOUT THE SECOND BATTLE OF THE MARNE?

free people. We are also more or less of a united people. Our first contingent went when the war was a Great Adventure. The balance of our army, up to the last man to uphold our Four Divisions in the field, go as part of the Great Reality. We are a stronger people now than we were in 1914. We have trodden the world's winepress. Privileged to be among those nations who responded to the call of civilization against its would-be destroyer, we know that despite our follies, mistakes, disunions and too much politics, the world of the future will remember that when the hour struck the north half of North America was promptly on the job, for better or for worse. As we have helped—in a million homes—to go through with the worse, we are entitled to our share in the better.

And the light is breaking!

Let us hope that the army of the greatest overseas nation in the Empire, and the people behind the army, will have its just share in the final victory that breaks the power of the Hun. According to our strength and wisdom Canada stood against the Hun as nobly as human flesh and blood could do, when we had no really national spirit to inspire the troops. That spirit of sacrifice is the biggest thing we have achieved. And it has changed us from a colony to a nation.

**I**N 1914 Canada had the beginnings of one army. Now she has two. One is in France or going. The other has been there, and part of it is coming back. Thousands are here. Thousands more are "pushing up the poppies." Dead men tell no tale; but dead armies inspire the living. On this Fourth Anniversary of the Great War we stand with uncovered heads in the presence of the dead heroes, and before those who come back to us, but can no longer march, or shoulder arms. These legless, armless, sightless men all over Canada went away without being sent in 1914, '15 and '16. They come back to a country for which they fought and their comrades died, to ask, "What are you going to do with us?"

Citizens and soldiers, they didn't stop to count the cost in 1914 and after. They flung down their tools and took up the rifle. But they hung on to the guns as long as they were able before they quit. What are we giving them? Hospitals, pink teas, lawn parties, Christian and social visits—poor fellows!—offers of land, which many of them will never be able to work, vocational training, seats in the street cars, places on patriotic platforms, chances to go round peddling music and books and pictures of great Generals, and to get grouchy in the G. W. V. A. What does the G. W. V. want? A chance to get back his citizenship in a country which was glad to see him go, and should be gladder to see him come back; a fair and square deal from the Pension Commission; a deal that is as fair to Pte. Jack Robinson as to Col. Arthur Jones. A decent chance to make the best of what remains of a shattered life; common sense about the returned man—always.

GIVE THE VETERAN HIS DUE!



**A** PLATOON of Canadian draftees has just gone by; band and bugle, quivering khaki, hands flashing and legs like clockwork. So help you! they are as good as the average battalion of 1915 and 1916. Thank heaven that we ever got rid of the soap-box orator and the street-corner drill sergeant; that we ever had a volunteer army, and that it reached the size it did before we took stock and said that a despotism abroad can't be beaten by democracies at home, and that the country had a right not only to expect, but to command every man to do his duty. The volunteer army was magnificent, but it was not—as the world now understands it—war. It was great, but not sufficient. It expressed the character of the country, but did not do all the country's work. It immortalized itself at St. Julien, Ypres, Courcellette and Vimy Ridge. But it waited for the Fifth Division to reinforce it and the Fifth never came because the democratic method of raising an army was no match for a nation that has 300,000,000 slaves to lead from behind into the cannon's mouth. "Broken up"—was written all over our new battalions in England. But, thank heaven, our army never had the legend "Broken Down!" When the clear call came in the law, those who preferred the law to the free-will answered it. And the answer is the draftee of 1918 that goes to fight as the others did. The army of 1918 and after is as much Canada's army as that of 1915-17. Our national troubles will begin to begin when we recognize two armies, one of the bugle-band volunteer, the other of the Military Service Act. There is but one Canadian army at the front and one G. W. V. A. at home.

GIVE THE DRAFTEE A CHEER!

# The HOUR by the CLOCK

WHEN Editor Thom of the Rondeau Gazette, some-

where in Alberta, got a postcard from his fellow-townsmen Capt. Clock, C.E.F., in Cologne saying: "I am O. K., and so are all the people here in hospital. Arm doing nicely. Expect to like Germany"—he knew it was camouflage. The words were crudely placed to suggest to his suspicious eye the vague outline of a biplane of which the signature was the propeller. No two letters were the same size or weight. They varied in alignment. Capitals jostled oddly with lower case. Commas and full stops at odd heights still further suggested that Captain Clock had tried to write the card with his broken arm.

But Thom could decipher Clock's camouflage. The idea had been mutually worked out in Thom's office before Clock went overseas. By the aid of a power-glass and a good deal of soft whistling, syllable by syllable, Thom extracted the puzzle, laid the words each in a score of ways like a man playing solitaire, and by two a.m. he had it triumphantly decoded to read:

"We are all schwein to the Huns. I have a hunch I shall never get out of here. But I want what I call my ideas about the Hun and the war to get out. Do what you like with them."

"Same old outlaw as ever," sighed the editor, winding his watch. "The Huns better watch that boy."

CLOCK was an engineer by profession, but went with the artillery. Having vowed that he would rather be left to die on the field than be taken prisoner, he had got what he expected. In the Cologne Hospital he studied German, took potato soup, rye bread and acorn coffee, with uncomplaining regularity, and kept the rules. He was in a new world. The country he was in stimulated him even more than France had done. The cocksure violence of the officers and surgeons sometimes amused him. Every one of them seemed to carry about the idea of Vorwärts mit Gott and Hoch der Kaiser! Between these two ideas none of them ever seemed to think it was a matter for suspicion when Clock wrote to his friend, editor of the Rondeau Gazette, such complimentary epistles about the Germans, except Hanslick, a big Prussian officer who made Clock his particular bete noir.

"Why do you write so slow?" asked this senior Boche in fair English. "So jagged and all? Tell me."

This was in the midst of Clock's writing. The Captain came to attention.

"Guess he thinks he's psychologizing me," muttered Clock.

"Vy—do you do so?"

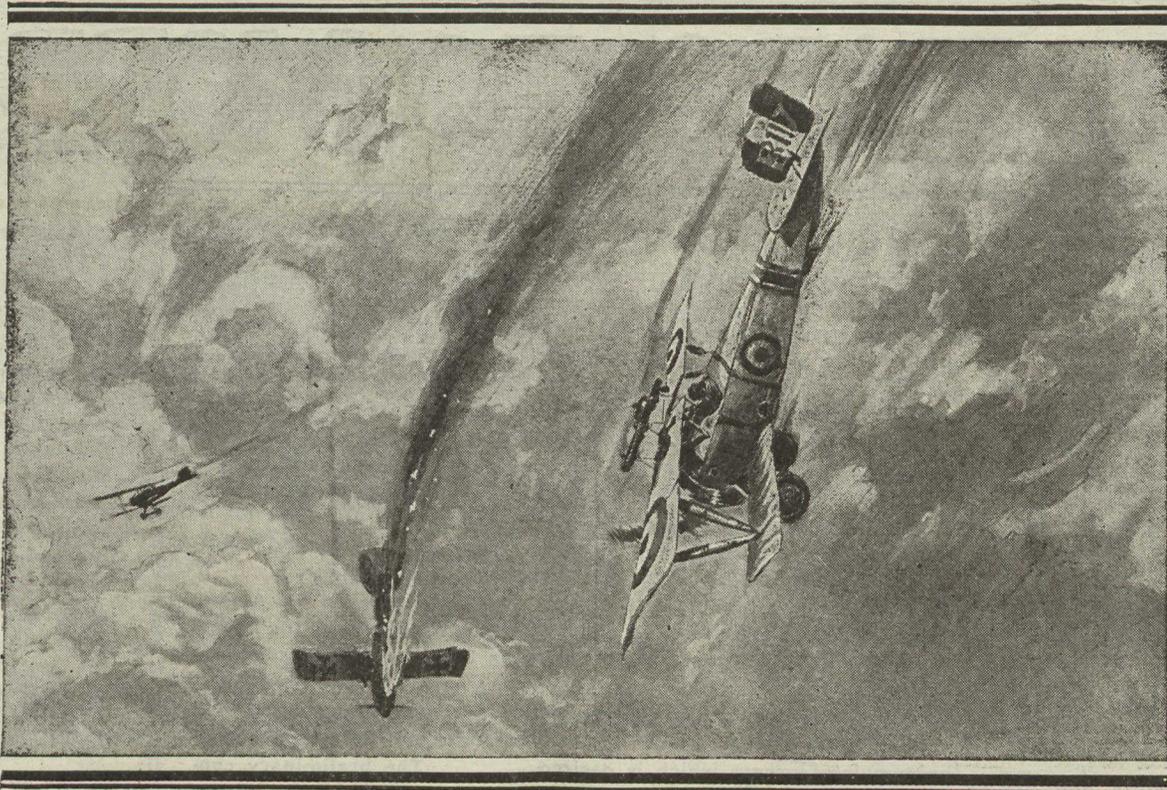
"Me? Oh, I'm left-handed. Left's temporarily defunct. See?"

"Democratic inefficiency!" snorted Hanslick. "I am—ambidextrous."

Clock was enough of a student of human nature, even when a youth at McGill University, to know that good politics is something like good poker. He had knocked about enough in the West to know that what goes on the football campus goes on the ranges; that the honest man

HOW a Camoufleur from Alberta, prisoner in Germany, saw the beginning of the war's end in Berlin

By ROLAND JENNER



Clock often dreamed about things like this, but he never saw this picture because the Illustrated London News never reached him in Germany.

who keeps a high percentage of his ideas to himself till the opportune moment has ten chance to get out of an emergency to one in the case of the man who sputters everything. Personally he had vigor enough, even with one arm lame, to have put big Hanslick the Prussian under the table. But that would have been the same as putting Capt. Clock under the sod—and his hour had not yet struck, so he believed. The big blond beast was uniformly insulting, because he believed the way

cyclone," he wrote. "It doesn't help me and doesn't hurt the Boche. I may as well can it."

Under his narrow-eyed scrutiny—a thousand times a day—the Hun was revealed to Clock bare of all camouflage. He saw into the thing that makes the Prussian. He found how different a Hun is from a Canadian. The big officer Hanslick despised him because he was a free-man. He hoped to see Clock writhe under imprisonment, as a democratic "schwein" from the prairies would be sure to do.

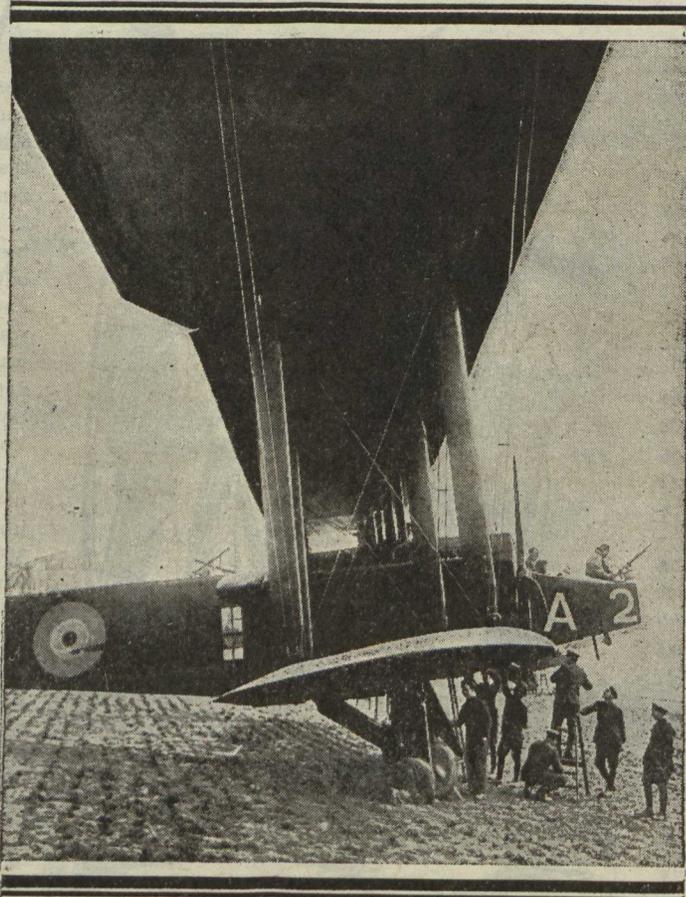
"Ja," said the Boche. "You are one of those bronchos from the foot-hills. You do not like a box-car and a throwing-rope. You galloped into your rotten little army not knowing that you were a broncho roosting into an iron cage with hell fire for breakfast. Eh! Democracy! Oh—kk!"

The Boche spit large and missed Clock's nose by an inch.

Whereupon Clock mentally put himself through the ecstasy of landing the Boche one on the point of the jaw. But he suddenly remembered that he was supposed to be left-handed. Besides which—he had something better to do.

## II.

CLOCK kept his eye on Hanslick. He shut out all distractions of anybody else. This one Boche must symbolize all the rest, because he was turned out by the same factory in Berlin. One Boche is like unto another in essence as peas in a pod. And this Boche beast Hanslick was just so many removes from Hindenburg, but the same thing. He was cruel, coarse, sentimental and slobbering. Between the labels Vorwärts mit Gott and Hoch der Kaiser, Hans was a seething mass of undisciplined desires. He was a small volcano with the lid on; a transformer with the power turned on and off at the central station. High voltage passed through him because he was insulated. He was like the peasant girl depicted by Dostoevsky who said, "Everyone loves crime. They love it always, not at some moments. They all declare that they hate evil, but secretly they all love it." Hanslick did not love crime, because crime is determined



Knocking about Germany he saw the wreck of a Handley-Page like this, the great pre-Gotha British machine.

to make a man feel that he is your inferior is to insult him as much as possible. And he often glared at Clock by the minute, slowly caressing a pomaded ornamental moustache.

"The swine!" hissed Clock to himself. "I suppose he thinks this is cat and mouse?"

"You have had the pleasure of meeting me before, Herr Captain," said the senior Boche gutturally.

"Oh, have I? Can't recollect. Where?"

"In Montreal once. In Vancouver twice."

"Oh, what hotel were you waiting in?"

The Boche leaped to a position of call-the-guards.

"What the devil do you mean?"

"Oh, in what rotunda were you picking your teeth?" drawled the westerner. "All Germans look alike to me. I like 'em all. Oh, yes."

Inwardly Clock surmised that Hanslick had been a western spy. He kept the Hun under two spotlights. One was hate; the other pity.

"But my individual hate is only a fly's wing in a



"Still for all they are a pretty fair imitation. How about the Bow River, eh?"

"Ah!" mused the walrus as his eye caught the sparkle of his own Hunland river winding through Cologne, "it is—superb! But it is not the Rhine."

From this point of the rambling narrative in The Gazette, we trace a curious complicity between the editor and the hero, Captain Clock. Evidently the intimacy set up between the two men becomes like the sending and receiving stations of wireless. The constant decoding of Clock's epistles induced the habit not merely of reading between the lines, but of rummaging behind the lines for some hidden but surely implied meaning. No lovelorn maiden ever scrutinized the epistles of her other self with half the sagacity and intuition that Thom bestowed upon Clock's communiques. Every jumbled screed absolutely untouched by the censor spelled to the editor a vivid picture of what was going on in Germany. He made it his business to get what Clock was driving at by himself making Clock's impersonal communications spell out the story of the man.

And there was some reason more than mere mental satisfaction why the Captain was sending him

all this stuff about air-war. What was it? Thom made himself the slave of his accomplice. He set himself the task of working out the man's ideas. Clock expected action; co-operation. He had some game to play in Hunland besides being a mere prisoner ventilating his ideas about air-war.

"And it's up to me," concluded Thom, "to provide the action on this end. I'm the emissary of Clock."

The picture of Thom as I have seen him night after night among his type-cases working on this idea is a remarkable instance of how a man with real time to think is able to become a co-respondent in a drama the size of which he never began to comprehend. Fooling the Hun authorities with his code-letter compliments was but one end of the story. The complete execution of the joke on Germany depended upon Thom.

At first Thom's ruse seemed—as most ultimately clever things are—quite stupidly bewildering to me. After typing up and proofing half a dozen of Clock's original letters just as they were before decodation, he got his type-stick and went setting heads. For each letter he set half a dozen heads in as many varieties of type; some one-line, some two, some three. Then he went to the "stones" and picked out

as many page-forms of type. From each page he lifted an item big enough to let in one letter.

"This is a slow job," he said. "But it's got to be done right. The headquarter Huns have got to be made to believe that these letters of Clock's are being syndicated by me all over Canada."

After he had got six pages doctored in this way, Thom pulled a newspaper proof of each on his proof-press, purposely picking out sheets that were a little shop-worn. Afterwards he clipped from each proof the letter he had foxily inserted, with half a column of ragged type on each side. Craftily he rubber-stamped each clipping with the fake name of a newspaper and handed me the lot.

"Now," he said, "if you were a clever but stupid Hun, don't you think when Captain Clock handed you that bunch of items that you'd swear they were clipped extracts from a syndicate of papers all engaged in spreading Hun propaganda?"

"Mr. Thom," I assured him, "the illusion is perfect. You will be recognized in Germany as a spontaneous propagandist for Germany. You will get an Iron Cross for this. I congratulate you."

(Concluded in our next.)



# What Canada has Done



## Story of the C. E. F.

From Lt.-Col. Vincent Massey  
Secretary of the War Cabinet

**E**NLISTMENTS in the Canadian Expeditionary Force of all sorts from the outbreak of the war to 30th June, 1918, were 552,601. This number was diminished by wastage in Canada before sailing. The number who had actually gone overseas by June 30th, 1918, was 385,523.

The movement overseas by years has been as follows:

Before 31st December, 1914 .....	30,999
Calendar Year, 1915 .....	84,334
Calendar Year, 1916 .....	165,553
Calendar Year, 1917 .....	63,536
1st January to 30th June, 1918 .....	39,101

Of the foregoing 26,537 were recruited by the Military Service Act.

For all practical purposes Canada was without an army before war broke out. In the pre-war months of 1914 there was a permanent force of about 3,000 men, with no reserves; a lightly trained militia numbering about 60,000; and A CONFIDENTIAL PLAN ALL READY IN THE ARMY ARCHIVES FOR THE RAISING AND SENDING TO EUROPE OF A CANADIAN CONTINGENT—IF THE MENACE OF GERMANY MATERIALIZED INTO A REAL DANGER.

All the world knows the story of how the first infantry division was raised and sent across the Atlantic in the early autumn of 1914. A second division appeared in France in September, 1915. The third division was formed in the first two months of 1916; the fourth joined the army in August, 1916, and numerous corps troops and line of communication units were added. In the late summer of 1916 the Canadian Army Corps had reached its full development with four divisions. A cavalry brigade appeared in France in 1915. Since then Canadian effort has been directed towards keeping the existing formation up to establishment.

Maintaining four divisions, corps troops and a cavalry brigade, in France, means that 125,000 seasoned men must be kept in the front line and lines of communication with around 25,000 more men at the advanced base for the purpose of keeping the fighting formations, line of communications, and auxiliary units up to strength. Early in 1918 the number of Canadians in France was near 150,000.

The foregoing outlines the composition of the first of the three main divisions of the present military organization of Canada. It is the Fighting Echelon.

The total casualties sustained by the Canadian Expeditionary Force up to 30th June, 1918, were 159,084.

**SOME** day you may find these accurate official statements from Headquarters of Canadian War Work so valuable that you will wonder what you did with the issue containing them. Owing to the Letter-Carriers' Strike we have been prevented from getting some of the information. All black-face and capital-letter lines in any of these articles are the device of  
—The Editor

The details are:

Killed in action .....	27,040
Died of wounds .....	9,280
Wounded .....	113,007
Died of disease .....	2,259
Prisoners of war .....	2,774
Presumed dead .....	4,342
Missing .....	384
	159,084

Of the wounded and sick between 30,000 and 40,000 returned to France for further service. Between 50,000 and 60,000 have been returned to Canada, wounded, medically unfit, or otherwise unavailable.

By periods the casualties were:

From beginning to 31st December, 1915 ....	14,495
Calendar Year, 1916 .....	56,536
Calendar Year 1917 .....	74,648
1st January to 30th June, 1918 .....	14,043

In connection with these sad figures the battle honors won by Canadian soldiers may be given. Omitting all but specifically fighting decorations, the total is: Victoria Cross, —; Distinguished Service Order, 413; Bar to Distinguished Service Order, 14; Military Cross, 1,368; Bar to Military Cross, 59; Distinguished Conduct Medal, —; Military Medal, —; Mentioned in despatches, 1,547; Royal Red Cross, 1st class, 30; Royal Red Cross, 2nd class, 101.

The Second Echelon, in England, comprises the Training, Equipment, Organizing and Administering, Hospital, Evacuation and Miscellaneous establishments. Its principal duties are:

(a) To receive recruits forwarded from Canada, and to organize, train and forward them to the Advanced Base in France.

(b) To harden, train and forward to the Advanced Base wounded and sick who recover sufficiently to be fit again to go to France.

(c) To return to Canada men who by reason of wounds, sickness or other causes, are unavailable

for further service; or who are needed in Canada for instructional or other duties.

(d) To perform certain services in the United Kingdom, such as forestry operations.

(e) To carry on the hospital and other services necessary for (b) and (c).

The Third Echelon, in Canada, is occupied with the procuring of recruits, their equipment and preliminary organization, and their preliminary training. To it also are attached the troops needed for home service and for the instruction of recruits who are being prepared to go overseas. At present the troops engaged in home service number about 12,000—including the men now garrisoning St. Lucia, W.I.

Large numbers of men have been furnished for the Allied cause outside the C. E. F. The Royal Air Force is a notable example. Military reasons forbid mentioning the actual number of men who have joined alike the Royal Air Force, and its predecessors the Royal Naval Air Service and the Royal Flying corps. Canadian universities have given several hundred young men who have been given commissions in the Imperial Army. The Royal Military College since the war began has furnished 152 officers to the Imperial Army, 93 to the Canadian Permanent Force, and 94 to the Canadian Expeditionary Force. One in every four of the 900 cadets from the college who have been at the front have been decorated. Canada has also furnished several hundred doctors and veterinarians, 2,000 nurses and hundreds of motor drivers for the Imperial Army. And 200 Canadian officers have been loaned to the United States for instructional purposes. Several thousands of Poles, Serbians and Montenegrins have been raised in Canada by the Military Department and sent overseas to fight with their compatriots.

There were in Canada on June 30th, 1918, Canadian Expeditionary Force troops to the number of 61,143; in addition to these there were 5,900 embarked but not yet sailed from Canada; the men in Canada were being sent overseas as rapidly as ships could be procured to transport them.

## War-izing Our Railways

By W. M. Neal

General Secy., Canadian Railway War Board

**E**NGLAND without any railways—Holland, Belgium, France, Japan, New Zealand and Italy without railways could nevertheless distribute their supplies by water and by wagon-route. Canada without railways would be impossible.

(Continued on page 10.)

# THE SKY PILOT *from* OWEN SOUND

AT Buckingham Palace the King of England went a long way towards making Billy Bishop a man of letters. And now Billy himself has finished the job. He has written a book. The thing is done just as you might expect Billy to do it; but neither you, nor I, nor Billy himself, for that matter, could tell exactly how he does it. It comes natural—and that's the living charm of it. In reading these winged wonders it has to be remembered that the man from Owen Sound, who by actual number of German airmen sent below, is the world's top ace, had never been in an airplane until August, 1915, up till July, 1915, had no intention of riding any war machine higher and faster than a horse, and made his first solo flight only a year ago last November.

In all these Plain Tales from the Hills of the Air we observe the blithe characteristics of the man who remembers his first sensation coasting down hill on a bicycle, swimming in the dark, playing baseball and hockey and any other thing that makes the young average Canadian such an unsurpassed candidate for success in the air.

He calls his book "Winged Warfare." Here are a few pieces from it:

## HIS FIRST GO-UP.

AT every aerodrome behind the long British war-line the aeroplanes are out of their hangars, and are being tested with such a babel of noisy explosions that in moving about with a companion you have to fairly shout to make yourself heard. With your pilot you climb into the waiting two-seater. It has been groomed for the day and fussed over with as much care as a mother might bestow upon her only offspring for Sunday School. "Contact, sir?" questions a mechanic standing at the propeller.

"Contact," repeats the pilot. There is a click of the electric ignition switch, the propeller is given a sharp swing over, and the engine starts with a roar. Once or twice there is a cough, but pretty soon she is "hitting" just right on every one of her multiple cylinders. It is all the mechanics can do to hold her back. Then the pilot throttles down to a very quiet little purr and signals to the attendants to draw away the chocks from under the wheels. Slowly you move forward under your own "steam" and "taxi" across the field rather bumpily, to head her into the wind. The throttle is opened wide, you rush forward with increasing speed, you feel the tail of the machine leave the ground, and then you go leaping into space.

## HIS FIRST SOLO FLIGHT.

THEN followed my first solo! This is, I think, the greatest day in a flying man's life. Certainly I did not stop talking about it for the next three weeks at least. I felt a great and tender pity for all the millions of people in the world who never have a chance to do a solo!

How I got off I do not know, but once in the air it was not nearly so bad—not much worse than the first time you started down hill on an old-fashioned bicycle.

I wasn't taking any liberties. I flew as straight ahead as I could, climbing steadily all the time. But at last I felt I had to turn, and I tried a very slow, gradual one, not wanting to bank either too steeply or too little. They told me afterward I did some remarkable skidding on that turn, but I was blissfully ignorant of a little detail like that, and went gaily on my way. I banked a little more on my next turn and didn't skid so much.

For a time I felt very much pleased with myself circling above the aerodrome, but suddenly an awful thought came to me. Somehow or other I had to get that machine down to the earth again. How blissful it would be if I could just keep on flying. At last, however, I screwed up all my courage, reached for the throttle, pushed it back, and the engine almost stopped. I knew the next thing to do was

*TIMELY extracts from a book that describes all the sensations hitherto possible in man-flying, written by the Canadian who in numbers of German flyers brought down is the world's top ace, and who made his first solo flight a year ago last November.*

By THE REVIEW EDITOR

to put her nose down. So down it went at a steep angle. I felt it was too steep, so I pulled her nose up a bit, then put it down again, and in a series of steps descended toward the ground.

About forty feet from the ground, however, I did everything I had been told to do when two feet from the ground. So I made a perfect landing—only forty feet too high. Eventually I realized this slight error, and down went her nose again. We rapidly got nearer the ground, and then I repeated my perfect landing—about eight feet up. This time I just sat and suffered, while the now thoroughly exasperated old machine taking matters into its own hands dropped with a "plonk." There was no damage, because the training machines are built for such work.

## HIS FIRST BATTLE.

ON the 25th of March came my first real battle, in the air, and as luck would have it, my first victory. The clouds had been hanging low as usual, but after we had got into what had so recently been Hunland, the weather suddenly cleared. So we began to climb to more comfortable altitudes and finally reached about 9,000 feet. We flew about for a long while without seeing anything, and then from the corner of my eye I spied what I believed to be three enemy machines. These approached us, but our leader continued to fly straight ahead without altering his course in the slightest degree. They evidently were trying to surprise us, and we allowed them to approach, trying all the time to appear as if we had not seen them.

Like nearly all other pilots who come face to face with a Hun in the air for the first time, I could hardly realize that these were real, live, hostile machines. I was fascinated by them. . . . The German Albatross machines are perfect beauties to look upon. Their swept-back planes give them more of a bird-like appearance than any others on that front.

Finally the three enemy machines got behind us, and we slowed down so they would overtake us all the sooner. When they had approached to about 400 yards, we opened out our engines and turned. . . . My first real impression of the engagement was that one of the enemy machines dived down, then suddenly came up again and began to shoot at one of our people from the rear.

I had a quick impulse and followed it. I flew straight at the attacking machine from a position where he could not see me, and opened fire. My "tracer" bullets began at once to hit the enemy

machine. A moment later the Hun turned over on his back and seemed to fall out of control. . . . I dived after him. Down he went for a full thousand feet and then regained control. . . . I had forgotten caution and everything else in my wild and overwhelming desire to destroy this thing that for the time being represented all of Germany to me. I could not have been more than forty yards behind the Hun when he flattened out and again I opened fire. It made my heart leap to see

my smoking bullets hitting the machine just where the closely-hooded pilot was sitting. Again the Hun went into a dive.

Suspecting another ruse, I went into a wild dive after my opponent with my engine full on. I must have attained 180 to 200 miles an hour in that wrathful plunge. When I was still about 1,500 feet up, he crashed into the ground below me. For a long time I heard pilots speaking of "crashing" enemy machines, but I never fully appreciated the full significance of "crashed" until now. There is no other word for it.

## HIS TACTICS.

I HAD now come to the conclusion that to be successful in fighting in the air, two things were required above all others. One was accuracy in shooting, and the second was to use one's head and take no unnecessary risks.

One day I saw a single enemy scout flying at a tremendous altitude. I climbed up carefully some distance from him, and got between him and the sun, then waiting until he was heading in exactly the opposite direction, I came down with tremendous speed and managed to slip underneath him without even being seen. My gun was all ready, but I withheld its fire until I came to the range I wanted—inside of twenty yards. It was rather delicate work flying so close under the swift Hun, but he had no idea that I was in existence, much less sitting right below him. I carefully picked out the exact spot where I knew the pilot was sitting, took careful aim, and fired. Twenty tracer bullets went into that spot. The machine immediately lurched to one side and fell.

I had to quickly skid my machine to one side to avoid being hit by the falling Hun. After he had passed me a little, I saw him smoking. Then he burst into flames. That pilot never knew what happened to him. Death came to him from nowhere.

Surprise is always to be aimed for. But it is very hard, as every fighting man in the air is constantly on the lookout for enemy machines. To surprise him requires a tremendous amount of patience and many failures before one is ever successful. A point to know is the fact that it is easier to surprise a formation of four or six than it is to surprise one or two. This is probably because the greater number feel more confident in their ability to protect themselves, and also are probably counting upon each other to do a certain amount of the looking out.

In ordinary fight the great thing is to never let your enemy get behind you, or "on your trail." Once he reaches there it is very hard to get him off, as every turn and move you make, he makes with you. By the same token it is exactly the position into which you want to get.

Where a large number of machines are engaged, one great thing is always to be the upper man, that is to be slightly higher than your particular opponent. With this extra height it is quite easy to dive upon him, and it makes manoeuvring that much easier. Often when fighting it is necessary to attack a machine head on until you seem to be just about to crash in mid-air. Neither machine wants to give way, and collisions have occurred while doing this. At the last moment one of you must dodge down, and there is great risk of both of you doing the same thing, which, of course, is fatal. It is perhaps one of the most thrilling moments in fighting in the air when you are only 100 yards apart, and coming together at colossal speed, spouting bullets at each other as fast as you can.



Bishop in the neat little Nieuport with which he did most of his early performances in the air.

# WHAT CANADA HAS DONE

These compact countries fought great wars with never a steam engine to help them. It was possible for them to collect and distribute men and materials on the common highway. There is not to-day a single connecting road across Canada.

The Canadian railways, when war began, had what seemed a trifling problem on hand: the moving of a mere twenty thousand troops to and from various training camps preparatory to embarkation. A supplementary movement of materials was involved also—but there was no strain upon our railway capacity.

Then, one day, a section foreman discovered scattered along his section of track a number of long steel affairs that looked like car axles. These were



billets—part of the first to arrive in Canada from American mills, and they had spilled from the traps of a hopper-bottom car! The munition trade had commenced!

Since then the volume of railroad traffic in Canada has swelled day by day to enormous proportions. Instead of 20,000 troops to be handled and re-handled Canadian roads have dealt with almost half a million. Instead of a trifling movement of munitions—a colossal one! Instead of normal crops—extra crops due to the "Patriotism and Production" campaign.

And this augmented traffic has had to move faster and more regularly than ever before lest the Admiralty convoys be held up. General superintendents in charge of some of the "key" divisions of the big roads have had to work from 12 to 20 hours a day to keep roadbed, rolling stock and crews up to top-mark.

The quality of fuel, and the supply of labor fell away off. Such seeming commonplaces as ties, gravel and track labor became scarce and expensive. The smooth road-bed essential to speed was with difficulty maintained. Rails that should be renewed had to do extra long service because all steel was requisitioned for munitions.

Then came two extra severe winters and the collapse of the railroad systems in the country to the south. With that collapse 22,000 Canadian cars, over and above the numbers of American cars in Canada, were "lost" on the said foreign lines. With this came fuel shortage and an overflow of American transcontinental traffic to Canada. Eighty thousand "foreign" laborers had to be moved from Vancouver to Halifax!

Yet the Canadian railways have suffered no tie-up of more than local effect—and that on only a few occasions. Not a ship has been kept waiting for cargo. Goods for Europe, for Russia, for Africa, for China, for Australasia have been handled in addition to the very heavy domestic traffic.

Much credit is due perhaps to the Canadian Railway War Board for its work in eliminating wasteful duplication of service, light loading of cars, unnecessary delays in car-movements. But more is due the Canadian railroads, whose experience in operation over long distances has enabled them to work together as no other roads have been able in similar territory to do anywhere in the world.

Canada's railways will emerge from the war in the best possible condition, so far as organization and practice are concerned, to handle any and all traffic which may develop with the advent of peace.

## A Billion-Dollar Mark

*From Sir Joseph Flavelle, Bart.*

*Chairman, Imperial Munitions Board*

**T**HE value of orders placed by the Imperial Government, through this Board, for the production of munitions, ships, aeroplanes, etc., AMOUNTS TO \$1,160,000,000. ACTUAL CASH DISBURSEMENTS HAVE EXCEEDED \$950,000,000; 950 MANUFACTURERS RECEIVED CONTRACTS; 400 MANUFACTURERS ARE NOW IN ACTIVE CONTRACT RELATIONS WITH THE BOARD. These contracts extend from St. John's, Nfld., in the East, to Victoria, B.C., in the West, and were placed in every Province of the Dominion with

(Continued from page 8.)

the exception of Prince Edward Island.

Upwards of 56,000,000 shells have been produced; 60,000,000 copper bands; 45,000,000 cartridge cases; 28,000,000 fuses; 70,000,000 lbs. of powder; 50,000,000 lbs. of high explosives; 90 ships built, or under construction, aggregating 375,000 tons; 2,700 aeroplanes have been produced.

The Board constructed and equipped, and now operates seven national plants, upon which they expended a sum exceeding \$15,000,000; the cost of more than half of which has been amortized in the operation of the plants.

Sunbeam aeroplane engines, for fighting planes at the front, are being produced.

The Board acts as purchasing agent in Canada for the Admiralty, the Timber Controller, the Department of Aeronautics, the War Office, and the Ministry of Shipping.

The Board is acting as agent for the United States Ordnance Department in arranging for contracts and supervising their completion for munitions and supplies, which the Ordnance Department desires to secure in Canada.

The work of the Board is divided into a series of departments. Business men have been asked to take charge of these departments, of which they are called "directors." These departments number about twenty, and the directors carry on their duties in Ottawa, in Toronto, in Vancouver, in Victoria, in Washington, D.C., and in London, Eng.

The Purchasing and Steel Department buy all the materials entering into munitions; arrange for the forging of steel, and distributes the forgings and components to the machining plants situated in the various Provinces between the Atlantic and the Pacific.

The Shipbuilding Department purchases and supervises the construction of engines and boilers for the wooden ships, purchases the timber and supplies for the hulls, and has an operating section which is installing the engines, boilers and equipment in these boats. The department arranges the contracts for the steel boats under construction.

The Explosives Department operates the national plants producing nitrocellulose and cordite powders, and trinitrotoluol, with the necessary acid plants; and operates the plants producing acetone and methyl-ethylketone.

The Forging Department operates the national plant, British Forgings, in which steel turnings are melted in electric furnaces, and subsequently the steel is forged into 6 inch forgings.

The Aeronautic Department operates the plant producing aeroplanes, and under a constructive section builds all aerodromes, machine shops, barracks and officers' quarters at the various camps, as well as purchases all supplies and equipment for the Royal Flying Corps.

The Timber Section, producing aeroplane spruce and fir, conducts logging operations in British Columbia, and operates tugs for the delivery of the logs to the mills which cut them for account of the Board under supervision of the Board's officers. These logging operations call for the production of 300,000,000 feet of spruce logs, in 60 camps, placed in territory over 600 miles north and south. The department also purchases all the timber secured from Canada for England and France.

The Fuse Department operates the national plant British Munitions, where time fuses are loaded.

The Engineering Department checks and rectifies all gauges, keeping for this purpose a staff of engineers and an operating force of expert tool makers, and machine shops under their direction.

During the past twelve months the Transportation Department of the Board traced and recorded the movement of 1,500,000 tons of commodities consigned to various factories in Canada, and 785,000 tons for export overseas.

The accounting is carried on by a staff of 360 men and women. Thirteen ledgers, upon which the accounts are carried, are balanced every night, when a corps of auditors take charge of the books and the business of the previous day is completely checked and audited before the business of the succeeding day commences.

The work which has been accomplished by the

Board has only been possible through the co-operation and serious service of a large body of men and women who have felt a pride and satisfaction in identification with the work. The major portion of the senior men have been taken from prominent positions in business and professional life and have served without remuneration.

Manufacturers have shown resource, capacity and courage in a field in which they had had no previous experience. Workmen and workwomen have become expert in operations requiring fidelity and accurate working to fine dimensions, for which their previous occupations had not fitted them. The proficiency which has been established reflects the intelligence and adaptability of Canadian workmen.

In the report issued by the War Cabinet for the year 1917, there appears the following:

"Canada's contribution during the last year had been very striking. Fifteen per cent of the total expenditure of the Ministry of Munitions in the last six months of the year was incurred in that country. She has manufactured nearly every type of shell from the 18 pounder to the 9.2. In the case of the 18 pounder no less than 55 per cent of the output of shrapnel shells in the last six months came from Canada, and most of these were complete rounds of ammunition which went direct to France. Canada also contributed 42 per cent of the total 4.5 shells; 27 per cent of the 6 inch shells; 20 per cent of the 60 pounder H. E. shells; 15 per cent of the 8 inch and 16 per cent of the 9.2 inch. In addition, Canada has supplied shell forgings, ammunition components, propellants, acetone, T. N. T., aluminum, nickel, nickel matte, aeroplane parts, agricultural machinery and timber, besides quantities of railway materials, including no less than 450 miles of rails torn up from Canadian railways which were shipped direct to France."

It may interest you to know that the production of 6 inch shells in Canada now represents somewhat more than 40 per cent of the total production of this shell required to serve the guns at the front. The 55 per cent shrapnel referred to in the War Cabinet's report covers the type of shell so freely used in the barrages which are employed for the protection of troops advancing to attack, or for the defeat of the enemy when making an attack.

At the time of the greatest activity, 35,000 women were employed in the various plants producing munitions.



## Our Front-Line Food

*From H. V. Thomson*

*Chairman, Canadian Food Board*

**T**HE campaign in Canada for conservation of essential foodstuffs has already met with gratifying results. AS COMPARED WITH PRE-WAR EXPORTS, CANADA'S NET SHIPMENTS OF BEEF HAVE BEEN INCREASED BY NEARLY 75,000,000 POUNDS. OUR EXPORTS OF PORK PRODUCTS HAVE BEEN JUMPED BY 125,000,000 POUNDS. WE HAVE INCREASED OUR EXPORTS OF BUTTER BY BETWEEN 11,000,000 AND 12,000,000 POUNDS. The pledge card canvass brought home to the public the necessity for conservation and the loyal co-operation of tens of thousands of housewives has been secured by voluntary methods. The increase in the amount of fish, which is being consumed in Canada as a result largely of the Food Board's efforts, is amazing. Canada has also exported more wheat this year than would have been possible without the conservation campaign and special organization of our food resources in the interests of winning the war. It is not claimed that these increases have been due solely to activities of the Food Board, but the work of the Board has undoubtedly been responsible in very considerable measure.

The Board aims to regulate profits so that the price of any article of food shall not exceed the



# Guns That Keep *the* Hun From Paris

THE evolution of great artillery on one hand symbolizes the sheer destructiveness of the Big Explosion by the greatest mechanical and chemical forces known to mankind. On the other side the power of the Little Explosion is shown in the development of Mechanical Transport.

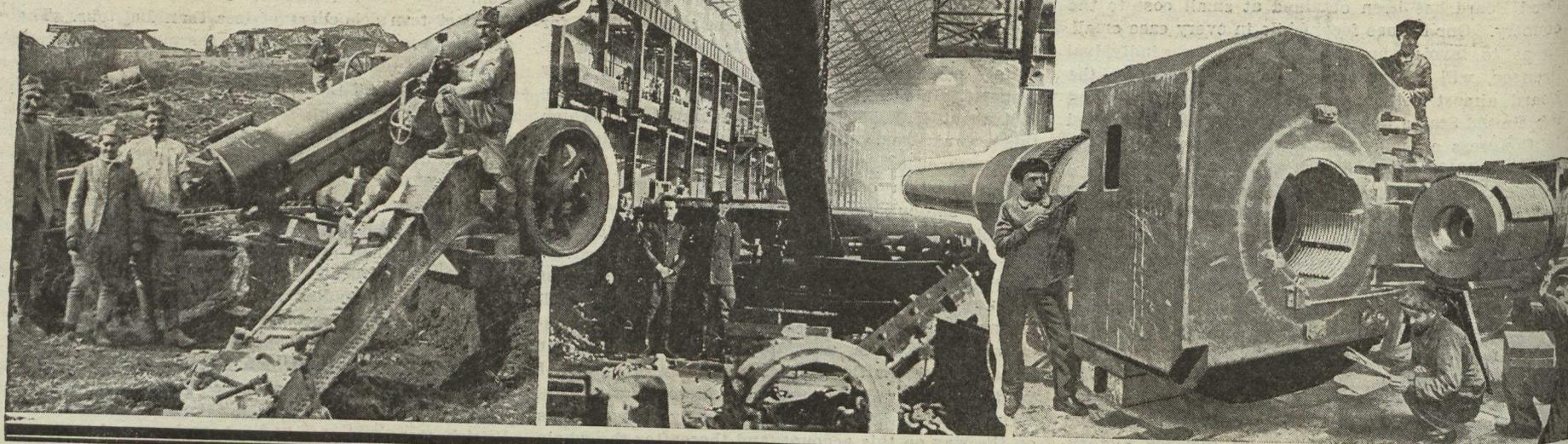
What miracle France has achieved in the business of big guns is put in a tabloid by Andre Tardieu, High Commissioner of France at Washington, in a letter to the U. S. Secretary of War. He says:

In the matter of heavy artillery in August, 1914, we had only 300 guns distributed among the various regiments. In June, 1917, we had 6,000 heavy guns, all of them modern. During our spring offensive in 1917, we had roughly one heavy gun for every twenty-six meters of front. If we had brought together all our heavy artillery and all our trench artillery, we would have had one gun for every eight meters in the battle sector. In August, 1914, we were making 12,000 shells for the .75's per day, now we are making 250,000 shells for the .75's and 100,000 shells for the heavy guns per day.

AT the Watervliet Arsenal in France, a 12-inch howitzer hoisted by a 217-ton crane.

FRANCE'S newest gun, says the photographic informant, is the Fellowes—left of the centre—so named after its inventor. It is 155 m.m. In rapidity and accuracy of fire it is the equal of the famous French 75, the greatest general purpose gun of the war. This Fellowes 155 m.m. has been one of the marvels in the present battle of Picardy. And the Hun knows it.

AND now the Hyper-Super-Gun which also is French; the monster of annihilation which overtops the Hun 42 c.m. This Thor-God of the guns was built at the Creusot factory. It has a bore of over 20 inches or exactly 520 m.m., which is about 3 inches greater than the Hun 42 c.m. What is its destination? Rumor says—to demolish such a fortress as Metz when the armies of the West begin to advance into Germany. When? Nobody knows.



M. T. is one of the marvels of the war. Some day a mathematical genius will figure out answers to these:

**THE GREAT WAR USED:**

- How many million bbls. gasoline?
- How many million motor-tires?
- How many million motor-vehicles?

Marcosson in his romance *The Business of War* gives part of the answer in the chapter devoted to M. T. The British Army in France alone, he says, uses 4,000,000 gallons of gasoline a month; in Salonika, 1,500,000; in Egypt, 90,000; at home, 1,000,000. Multiply this 79,000,000 gallons a year into the armies of France, Italy, the United States, Germany—and Russia, if any—and you get the "gas" consumption of all armies running up near a billion gallons. Much of which, of course, comes from America.

Figures as to tank steamers transporting this colossal aggregate of gasoline are impossible. The cans alone form a giant industry. In 1914-15 most of the hundreds of thousands of cans were made in England from Cornwall tin and shipped to France. But the shipment of these millions of cans took up so much cargo space that the can industry was shifted to France. On a certain Thursday night, says Marcosson, the largest of these can factories was operating in an English town. Exactly nine days later it was in full swing at a port in France. Every ton of machinery had been moved and set up without mishap—in nine days! Another can factory rose out of a marsh in eight weeks. Railway tracks run into the gasoline annexes and every day four solid trains of gasoline-filled cans go up the line

## GREAT IS "M.T.!"

from each depot. Each train averages 40 cars, and each car holds 1,200 gallons.

At one British M. T. depot the author saw 44,000 pneumatic tires, 40,000 inner tubes and 17,000 solid truck tires under one roof. The value of rubber tires at another depot was \$3,750,000. He gives no exact figures for the number of motor vehicles used, but he deals at some length with the amazing number of spare parts kept in stock. One American motor truck, for instance, contains 1,140 parts. As there are 67 types of

one British truck used, more than 4,000 parts must be kept for these alone. The total stock comprising these parts at the Base M. T. Supply Depot of the Northern Line alone included 1,700,000 articles.

The British M. T. developed from almost nothing. In the Boer War all the



Solid Rubber Tires for Motor Trucks



A Bunged-up Radiator is too good for junk as it was in 1915.



Salvaging what the guns leave of a million motor hoods and mudguards.

transport was drawn by horses, mules or oxen. When the present war broke out, the War Office was dependent on an arrangement with owners of trucks engaged in civil work. These truck-owners had been subsidized, and were

therefore bound to turn over their equipment at the outbreak of war. These scattered and impressed vehicles formed the nucleus of the immense fleet of transport comprising thousands of trucks, cars and motor-cycles—50,000,000 pounds of equipment on rubber tires—that to-day makes up the Mechanical Transport of the British Armies in France.

# WARDERS OF THE NORTH SEA



Tireless  
Look-out  
in the  
Foretop,  
Somewhere  
in the  
North Sea.



Down in the  
Boiler Room  
of an  
Oil Burner  
Dark as  
the Hold  
of a  
Submarine.



Old Man  
of the Sea  
Making  
Wire Nets  
for a Fish  
called  
the U-Boat.



Marine  
Outposters  
laying  
Nets from  
Drifters  
to catch  
U-Boats.

## GEDDES' THREE BOOKS



Hoisting 80 tons of Engines from old ship.

NOT one man in ten million would think of shooting statistics at the submarine—but that is what happened when Eric Geddes grabbed hold of the job of beating the U-boats. Geddes gets the facts and figures first. He doesn't believe in going off at half-cock. As Isaac Marcossion explains in his book on "The Business of War," Geddes believes in statistics because they are the infallible revealers of both weakness and strength.

Geddes proved the efficacy of his theory when he made his first important speech as First Lord of the Admiralty. He unloaded such a fusillade of facts that the loudest critical guns were silenced. To illustrate: There had been widespread chagrin over the sinking of a flotilla of neutral vessels from Scandinavia convoyed by two British destroyers. They were surprised and sunk in the North Sea by German raiders. The British people very naturally wondered why the Grand Fleet did not hear about this attack and rout the raiders.

Sir Eric, as the First Lord, asked the House to recollect these facts: That the area of the North Sea is 140,000 square nautical miles, that Britain herself had a coast line of 568 nautical miles subject to attack by raiders, that the area of vision for a cruiser squadron with its attendant destroyers at night is well under five square miles. Then

he added: "Five square miles in 140,000." There was not a chirp about that North Sea action when he got through.

"I once asked him," says Mr. Marcossion, "what single rule had been of most service to him." Quick as a flash he snapped out: "The use of statistics. I statistize everything. Knowledge is power and statistics are the throttle valve of every business. But don't let statistics master you. Use them. I'll show you what I mean."

"He was sitting at the desk of the First Lord of the Admiralty. He pushed a buzzer and when a secretary appeared he said:

"Get me the statistics."

"In a few moments three books, made like loose-leaf ledgers, were before him. One was brown, the other blue, the third black. He picked them up in succession.

"This book contains a catalogue of all the Admiralty stocks; that is, a list of every ton of stuff we own. This blue book is the register of the personnel of the navy with every man's record up to yesterday. This black book contains the account of all naval operations and movements since the war began. Together they form a complete library of every available statistic about the Admiralty. In short, I know what every man and every ship is doing and just where they are."

**D**O you ever feel discouraged over the little you can do in a world so shaken by the war? Look at men who before the great catastrophe seemed to be

pillars of civilization. The hold you had on the social fabric seemed to depend upon how you could fit into a regime apparently controlled by these men. If they went on strike you supposed the works would shut down. When one of these important men said, "My dear sir, if you want to know how indispensable I am to things in general, just pull your finger from a pail of water and see how big a hole is left," you suspected he was "fishing."

But look at the world now. These men did not go on strike. The world struck, and saved a lot of them the trouble. Family names, wealth, high eminence, official position, are all in the great shake-up. And the human junk-heap of civilization which makes way for the new man—whatever he may be—is especially hard on men who once occupied the seats of the mighty.

We exclude Kings and Kaisers because they don't have to step down if they happen to make mistakes. Look at the dozens of men who have become politically obsolete, socially defunct, officially decadent or dead. England alone has a dozen such. Asquith, Premier in 1914, is now a private M. P. Churchill, First Lord of the Admiralty then, is now perfunctorily carrying on the Ministry of Munitions. Sir Wm. Robertson, former Chief of the General Staff, is now a memory. Fisher, who, as First Sea Lord in 1915, smashed the German Pacific Squadron at the Falkland Islands, is buried in obscurity. Lord French in 1914 huzza'ed by France as a co-deliverer, is now Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, after a long period of inertia. Haldane, Minister of War before Kitchener, is a rather discredited gentleman of leisure. Kitchener is dead. Lord Roberts, who once saw the western front, is dead. Jackson, first Sea Lord after the retirement of Fisher, is in a junior naval command. Carson, first Lord of the Admiralty after Balfour, is now a private citizen. Grey, Foreign Secretary, in whose anxious hands the possible peace of the world

# The Mighty From Their Seats

By REX CROASDELL

seemed to lie in 1914, is now fishing and stuidyng nature at his country seat. And a man who in 1914 was absolutely unknown this side of the Atlantic, except as Eric Geddes, a railway laborer on the Baltimore & Ohio, is now First Lord of the Admiralty.

Consider the wayside Temple of Fame in France. Four men have occupied the Premiership: Briand, Viviani, Ribot, Clemenceau. The first three were all belauded by the character-writers as saviors of their country, were all good and almost great men, and all negligible as the wheel of Fate kept going round. Clemenceau, editor in 1914, is likely to remain the Tiger until the war's end. Papa Joffre, world-famous as the blocker of the Huns for nearly three years, is now scarcely talked about at all. Nivelle, who succeeded him, and was expected to smash the Huns where Joffre held them, is "somewhere in France." Petain, maestro of artillery, and hero of Verdun, who was supposed to succeed where Nivelle failed, is now a junior commander. And Foch, who in 1914 was but one of six brilliant generals under Joffre, is now generalissimo of the armies of five nations.

Consider the roulette wheel in Russia. The world's richest monarch and second most absolute ruler in 1914, is now a Siberian exile, known as Nicholas Romanoff, Esq. The Grand Duke Nicholas, first commander-in-chief of all Russian armies, is kicking his heels in the Caucasus, or trying to organize old Russia against the red-raggers. Sukomlinoff, the alleged Kitchener of Russia, but betrayer of his country, is now unknown. Sazanoff, Foreign Minister in 1914, is without recognition anywhere. Miliukoff, famous as the exposé of the pro-German Traitor-Band, narrowly escaped the Revolution. Rodzianko, through whom as chairman of the Duma the news of his abdication was broken to the Czar, is nowhere in the newspapers. Stolypin is defunct,

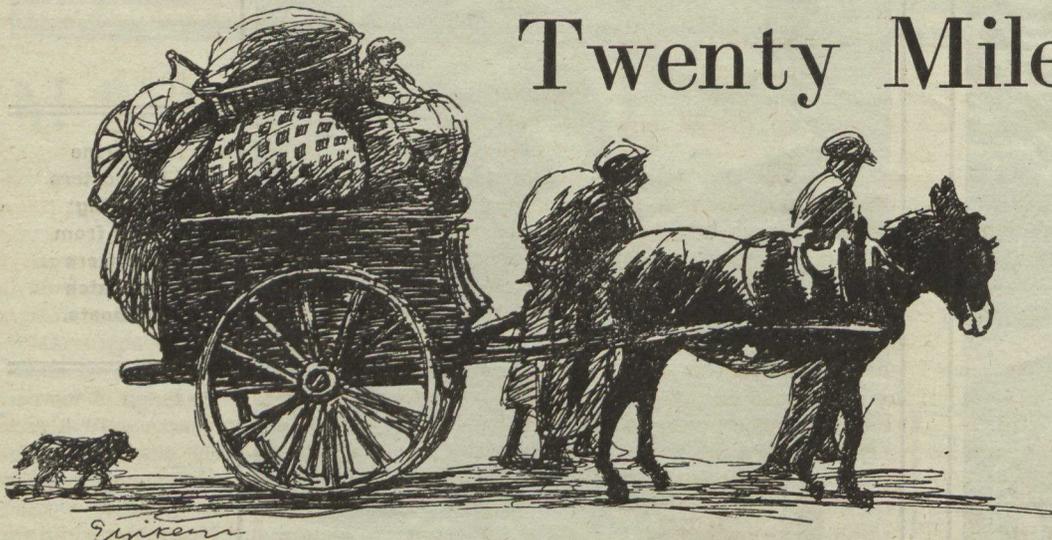
Sturmer, pro-German Premier, is among the unknownables. Kerensky, Premier after the Revolution, and regarded as the deliverer of Russia, is in exile.

In Germany only two are in the limelight who were considered "headliners" in 1914; Hindenburg and Mackensen. Bethmann-Hollweg, Chancellor in 1914, was too much of a moderate for the War Party, and was succeeded by a respectable cat's paw known as Michaelis, who because he was without spunk enough to call his soul somebody else's, went back to his musty books and was followed by Von-Hertling, who seems to please everybody, including himself. A man who was an obscure member of the Great General Staff in 1914 is now the dictator of the Dual Empires, greater even than Hindenburg.

In the United States there has been very little disturbance of the calm that characterizes cabinets over there. Bryan, the famous pacifist Secretary of State, left his chief before the President became a war lord, and was followed by Lansing. Lindley Garrison, apostle of preparedness, was succeeded as Secretary of War by Newton Baker, who talks well.

Italy has done away with a few headliners also. Chief among them is Gen. Cadorna, who, after winning incredible victories in the mountains, lost his gains of two years in as many weeks by a mass attack of Germans and Austrians aided by defection in his own ranks.

And Austria—what a debacle of royalty, statesmanship and soldiers! Old Franz Josef, the tragedy of the Hapsburgs, lived several years too long and bequeathed his handcuffs and chains to Emperor Karl who has made several futile attempts to save his country from slavery, and is now just about as sure of his value to civilization as Nicholas Romanoff.



## Twenty Miles From the Front

WHEN you wonder why a Canadian V. A. D. worker would rather help to take care of wounded men writhing in agony, than drive a car on the moonlit roads of France, read this.

By ESTELLE M. KERR

### AN APPRECIATION FROM BELGIUM

A LADY in Brockville, who has a Belgian "godson," sends her godson's appreciation of the Woman's Editor of the Canadian Courier—now in France—to the Toronto Globe. We take the liberty of reprinting it just as it was in The Globe as follows:

"The illustrations make me all much pleasures, they speak much from Belgian front, also I know that brave person, Miss Estelle Kerr. I much seeing with her automobile, it's all's very interesting at's a devotedly girl, and she's very charming for the Belgian soldiers. Much time I have speaking with she."

Paris, June 16, 1918.

**P**ERHAPS in the days to come the events of the past fortnight will be recorded in my brain with some degree of clarity and order; but now, amidst the great international anxiety, one's individual activities seem vague and unimportant. The diminutive black note-book that serves me as a diary is of little help; whole days are unrecorded, and, try as I may, I cannot call to mind one single incident to mark their passage. Two Sundays have passed without notice.

There are few people who do not realize that this lovely city is in grave danger, and from Government officials to workingmen, all are living, more or less, with their bags packed; hoping for the best, but prepared for the worst. No one looks worried, and there will probably be no panic in any case; but the optimistic admit a possibility and the pessimistic a probability, of the Germans getting near enough to Paris to do serious damage.

Formerly I was anxious to go near the front; but to have the front come to me when I am in Paris—that is another matter! I feel as if a much-loved person was seriously ill. We go about our work in a numb sort of way, glad that there is real work to do. Everyone is overworked, and most of us are nervous and irritable; yet we want to do more, and

envy the people whose work seems more vital than ours, especially the nurses who come into direct contact with the men we want to help. But my part is to drive cars, mend them, and keep them clean. I try to forget the war in the daily worries of punctured tires and dirty spark plugs, and keeping the gasoline books straight.

There are trips to the war office for permits for others to do more interesting things; there are shopping-tours to collect canteen equipment; and errands about militarizing cars.

On Friday the excitement started. One of the delegates of the French War Emergency Fund, who was visiting hospitals north of Paris, suddenly found herself very near the front, and returned with the news that Chateau Thiery was bombarded; that refugees were pouring to the South in hordes; that hospitals had been captured, and small towns inundated with wounded soldiers and homeless civilians whom they could not house or feed. We must send relief at once, especially to the little town of C—; but how? All our Paris workers were employed in packing things that the hospitals needed, or they were helping in the railway station canteens which had begun to operate once more. But the men who pass through them, are evacuated from the Paris hos-

pitals, and do not need attention so much as the men from the front; so it was decided to close them.

It was midnight when we reached home after seeing the last hospital train go south; and at 5 a.m. we left for C—. There was no time to pack personal belongings; and still worse, no time to overhaul the little Ford which had been so overworked the day before. But the 4-ton motor-lorry was going too—a car that inspired confidence by its vast size, and was driven by a chauffeur-mechanic, Camille, a man of similar proportions and reliability.

Four khaki-clad girls with knapsacks on their backs sat beside Camille on the driver's seat. I was alone in Copley, the little Ford van, with six hundred pounds of hospital requirements, while they carried the heavier canteen equipment. Stoves, beds, great urns for serving hot drinks—everything necessary for a large canteen—had been packed in a few hours.

Copley ran badly, having been driven by a new chauffeur who despised its make, and refusing to take an interest in its mechanism, had overdosed it with oil. During the trip I retired underneath the car to investigate a clogged sediment ball; and forgetting that my hair was cut short I reached for that most useful of tools, a hairpin. Finding none I called to the others standing sympathetically near; but there was not a hairpin among the whole four. English, American, Canadian and French, all young and pretty, some with soldier-husbands and some without; brown hair, red hair, black and gold; but not one had a hairpin to lend!

AFTER leaving Paris we saw little traffic. Once we passed a farm-cart drawn by oxen in charge of a German prisoner unattended. Later we passed many refugees with carts piled high with their possessions; great bundles tied in checked linen, furniture, bedding hay. Sometimes a net filled with hens hung suspended below the cart; or a cow was driven beside the horse or donkey that pulled it. The family walked beside, except in the case of decrepit grandparents or very young children. Further on we overtook a convoy of American motor-lorries, each vehicle stencilled with the head of a red Indian. The men were large and robust compared with the soldiers of other nationalities; and as we went by, they saluted us in a familiarly friendly way that made me feel at home. Other convoys we met had French and American soldiers side by side, khaki and blue alternating. These were tired-looking men; some wore white masks; and some, seated beside the driver, had fallen into strange attitudes and slept soundly as the car rumbled along the rough pavements. Then came ambulances, with their pitiful loads; and service lorries, with their canvas tops camouflaged in indecisive patches of color, making them blend with the landscape. Next a troop of French cavalry in blue coats and blue-steel helmets rode past; and a motor convoy of coolies on a side-road.

Near C— we overtook convoys of the French Army Service Corps drawn by donkeys. After entering the town we were obliged to move carefully, for the little narrow streets have never seen such traffic—unless when the Germans were here in 1914. Military police directed the movements of the vehicles, and there were soldiers everywhere. The great throngs of refugees had passed through on the previous day; but the wounded were still there; and it was with a thrill and a pang that we recognized each British uniform among them.

We soon decided that the big hospital which had formerly served as barracks would be our best location; and the distracted medicin chef was delighted to see our vans loaded with so many surgical requisites for the wounded. The hospitals were overflowing; and though there seemed to be plenty of nurses about, we soon found that the majority of these had been evacuated from the hospitals nearer the front. The enemy had stolen on them; had entered the operating-room and shot down the doctor.

The nurses were told to save themselves; and those who had not been shot down as they ran were here. No wonder that they were unable to assist in the present emergency!

Every bed was occupied, and many serious cases lay about the courtyard on stretchers while those with bandaged heads, arms or legs, sat around the walls. The Tommies gave a warm welcome to our Red Cross lorries, and helped us unload and set up a temporary

Gen. Guillaumat has been recalled from Salonika and made military and defence Governor of Paris.

canteen in the shadow of the stone wall. Some of them had not had a meal for two days, so we made a hasty raid on the village shops and captured all the bread they could spare us and a large quantity of cheese. The enormous urns were quickly set up, and fires started. But it takes hours to bring such a quantity of liquid to the boiling point; so we manufactured a drink from powdered lemon, which was voted a good substitute on such a warm day. We also doled out cigarettes which were in great demand.

Some of the boys were inclined to blame the French for a lack of hospitality; but when three thousand wounded men were suddenly deposited in one small town to wait for a train that was two days late, how was it possible to house and feed them all? Many slept by the railroad; and most of them had nothing but the clothes they wore. One man had lost his boots; but cheerfully remarked:

"Better my boots than my feet!"

More important than food and clothing were the wounds that had gone undressed for two days; and Madame O'Gorman and her two excellent nurses took possession of part of a ward, and a crowd of British soldiers immediately lined up waiting. Three hundred were attended to without delay, while all our compresses, bandages and gauze vanished so quickly that I was despatched to Paris to get more as quickly as possible. I hated to leave so soon a scene of seething interest. One of the girls was perched on the back of the lorry, directing Camille as he unpacked, and distributing note paper and pencils to Tommies and Poilus alike; another was inside helping with the surgical dressings, and two others were entirely hidden by a crowd of soldiers who surged around the table from which they were serving lemonade in tin cups.

IN two and a half hours I was back in Paris. Copley ran beautifully after kind treatment; there was no one to mind if I exceeded the speed limit, and so I reached Paris in time to waylay the packers before the early Saturday afternoon closing and get them to work again. It was nine o'clock before the little Ford and a big ambulance were loaded with more dressings, pillows, cushions, splints and crutches.

This time the trip was less successful, though stars and moon combined to make the night bright. The ambulance refused to travel on any but the slowest speed; and though Copley relieved it of part of its load, it still persisted in its labored crawl. Midnight found us less than half way on our journey; it was too dark to discover the trouble, so we wrapped ourselves in blankets and decided to wait for the dawn, asleep in the dewy grass of the roadside.

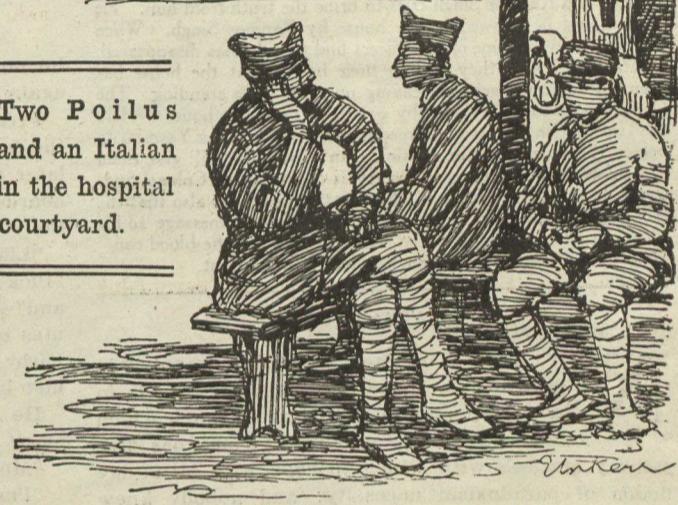
Hardly were we settled when a loud and cheerful horn from the nearest village announced an air-raid, and soon we heard the whirr of air-planes overhead. We extinguished our lamps and listened while the We in the suburbs of Paris barked, and bombs exploded not so very far away. Except for the noise of the passing air-planes, it was less exciting than in Paris, where from my fourth-story window I can see the searchlights playing across the sky. Though it seemed alarming to lie exposed by the roadside, we were much safer there than in Paris or C—. For when we arrived there in time for breakfast we found that 14 bombs had been dropped there the night before, destroying part of the railroad, a shed full of gasoline, and a few hay-stacks.

In the hospital-yard, soldiers were busy marking out an enormous cross, to warn the passing aviators that the place was a hospital, and therefore sacred ground. Most of the British soldiers had been moved on, and the drill-yard was comparatively deserted; while the girls who had spent the night sleeping in the lorry, blessed their short hair which made their toilet a simple matter, and were cheerfully making their breakfasts in the courtyard. Being unused to their rough life, they were rather proud of the hardships they had undergone. It was all very pleasant, and I should like to have stayed; but still more supplies were demanded, and I must return to Paris. On the way I paused for a good luncheon, served in real French fashion in the garden of a wayside inn.

When next I went to C—, some days later, it was calm and peaceful! The canteen had been moved into a wing of the hospital. Two great urns boiled perpetually outside the door; the laden lorry



Two Poilus and an Italian in the hospital courtyard.



stood near by, and a detachment of Italian stretcher-bearers sat under the trees, keeping the fires burning night and day.

As one of the workers had gone to Paris, my services were immediately needed. From two to ten I assisted, and from ten to six the two others mounted guard. Though our duties were light, I found it hard to get up at 5.30 a.m.; but when dressed, my first thought was for Copley. A dozen Italians offered to help me. One lived in New York, and another knew French. They were both men who had fought in Italy, where they had been betrayed by their general, so they said. Now they were used as labor units.

There was surely a strange mixture of nationalities in the old drill yard that day. Two British ambulance drivers discussed with me the makes of cars best for the army. They considered the Ford the most long-suffering, best for bad roads and rough work. It was also good to run on the railway (with its tires removed); and they had various devices to fit it for the special needs of warfare.

AMONG some stretcher cases were a Soudanese with a fat bandaged head, black as coal; a pock-marked Russian in khaki; a bearded German. The latter was unconscious, having been dropped twice by the careless bearers. Two soldiers sat at a table and wrote down particulars about each man, and the doctor in attendance examined his wounds and decided where he should be sent.

A French nurse came to ask me to go with her to see a young American who was crying bitterly. I expected to find him in bed, and was astonished to be shown unceremoniously into a room where a doctor and nurse were dressing a most ghastly leg wound—the first bad wound I had ever seen. The boy was from New York and had been in France only two months. He kept screaming: "Oh, mother, come to me!" I could do little to comfort him. He clung to my hand and screamed that he could not bear it. It was not only the pain of to-day, but the next day—and the next. I translated the doctor's assurance that it would not need to be dressed the following day; that before long he could be moved.

The ancient brick floors with an open drain in the corner, were in a state of uncleanness that might not be passed by a health committee, in spite of the profusion of bath salts, cold cream and dainty French lingerie in evidence. I did a little work with a broom and a bath towel, and was just getting into bed when a knock came at the door.

"It's Camille," a voice said. "We have orders to pack up at once and go back to Paris!"

So we go reluctantly. We have seen the real human need; and we want somehow to help it.



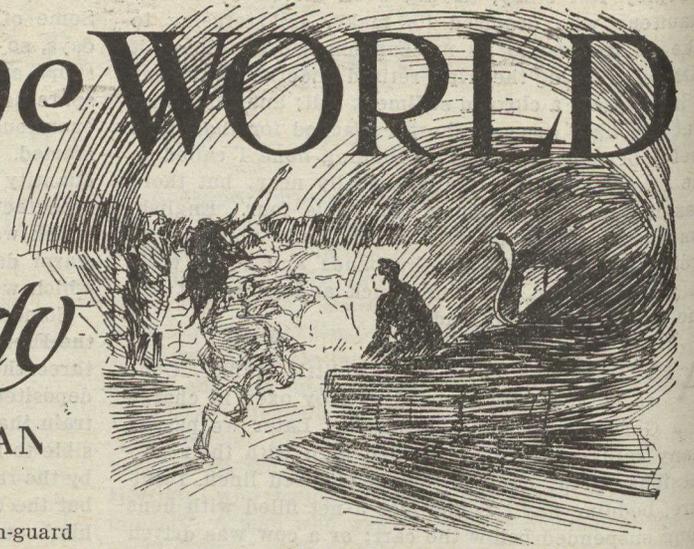
# The WINDS of the WORLD

## PREVIOUS CHAPTERS

RANJOOR SINGH major of a Sikh squadron, goes to visit Yasmini, the extraordinary woman who learned all the secrets of India from the winds of the world. There he meets three Germans one of whom offer him, in the name of Germany, the freedom of the earth if only the Sikhs would fail England when the time came. Ranjoor Singh refuses his answer until that time should come. Colonel Kirby, of the Sikh squadron is told that his best native officer has called on Yasmini; but refuses to believe that he is anything but a loyal officer. As an act of revenge for the contempt shown him in Yasmini's house, an Afridi murders one of the troopers in Ranjoor Singh's squadron. He is taken up as a witness, and Ranjoor Singh tries to bribe the truth from him. He escapes, and is followed into a house by Ranjoor Singh. When Colonel Kirby and one of his officers find that he has disappeared, and trace him here they find to their horror that the house has been burned to the ground, leaving only the walls standing. The Colonel continues his search by going to Yasmini's house. Here the two British officers are forced by the mischievous Yasmini to beg on their knees for the missing man, before she will give them any information. On returning to his quarters, the Colonel finds orders to parade at dawn in two days. He learns also that the still missing officer, Ranjoor Singh has sent a message to his squadron guaranteeing "to be with them before the blood ran." With this information the squadron had to be content.

by  
*Talbot Mundy*

Illustrated by T. W. McLEAN



## CHAPTER IX.

NOW, India is unlike every other country in the world in all particulars, and Delhi is in some respects the very heart through which India's unusualness flows. Delhi has five railway stations with which to cope with latter-day floods of paradoxical necessity; and nobody knew from which railway station troops might be expected to entrain or whither, although Delhi knew that there was war.

There did not seem to be anything very much out of the ordinary at any of the stations. In India one or two sidings are nearly always full of empty trains; there did not seem to be more of them than usual.

At the British barracks there was more or less commotion, because Thomas Atkins likes to voice his joy when the long peace breaks at last and he may justify himself; but in the native lines, where dignity is differently understood, the only men who really seemed unusually busy were the farriers, and the armorers who sharpened swords.

The government offices appeared to be undisturbed, and certainly no more messengers ran about than usual, the only difference was that one or two of them were open at a very early hour. But even in them—and Englishmen were busy in them—there seemed no excitement. Delhi had found time in a night to catch her breath and continue listening; for, unlike most big cities that brag with or without good reason, Delhi is listening nearly all the time.

A man was listening in the dingiest of all the offices on the ground floor of a big building on the side away from the street—a man in a drab silk suit, who twisted a leather watch-guard around his thumb and untwisted it incessantly. There was a telephone beside him, and a fair-sized pile of telegraph forms, but beyond that not much to show what this particular business might be. He did not look aggressive, but he seemed nervous, for he jumped perceptibly when the telephone-bell rang; and being a government telephone, with no commercial aims, it did not ring loud.

"Yes," he said, with a receiver at his ear. "Yes, yes. Who else? Oh, I forgot for the moment. Four, three, two, nine, two. Give yours! Very well, I'm listening."

Whoever was speaking at the other end had a lot to say, and none of it can have been expected, for the man in the drab silk suit twisted his wrinkled face and worked his eyes in a hundred expressions that began with displeasure and passed through different stages of surprise to acquiescence.

"I want you to know," he said, "that I got my information at first hand. I got it from Yasmini herself, from three of the hillmen who were present, and from the Afridi who was kicked and beaten. All except the Afridi, who wasn't there by that time, agreed that Ranjoor Singh had words with the German afterward. Eh? What's that?"

He listened again for about five minutes, and then hung up the receiver with an expression of mixed irritation and amusement.

"Caught me hopping on the wrong leg this time!"

he muttered, beginning to twist at his watch-guard again.

Presently he sat up and looked bored, for he heard the fast trot of a big, long-striding horse. A minute later a high dog-cart drew up in the street, and he heard a man's long-striding footsteps coming round the corner.

"Like horse, like man, like regiment!" he muttered. "Pick his stride or his horse's out of a hundred, and"—he pulled out his nickel watch—"he's ten minutes earlier than I expected him! Morning, Colonel Kirby!" he said pleasantly, as Kirby strode in, helmet in hand. "Take a seat."

He noticed Kirby's scalp was red and that he smelt more than faintly of carbolic.

"Morning!" said Kirby.

"I'm wondering what's brought you," said the man in drab.

"I've come about Ranjoor Singh," said Kirby; and the man in drab tried to look surprised.

"What about him? Reconsidered yesterday's decision?"

"No," said Kirby. "I've come to ask what news you have of him." And Kirby's eye, that some men seemed to think so like a bird's, transfixed the man in drab, so that he squirmed as if he had been impaled.

"You must understand, Colonel Kirby—in fact, I'm sure you do understand—that my business doesn't admit of confidences. Even if I wanted to divulge information, I'm not allowed to. I stretched a point yesterday when I confided in you my suspicions regarding Ranjoor Singh, but that doesn't imply that I'm going to tell you all I know. I asked you what you knew, you may remember."

"I told you!" snapped Kirby. "Is Ranjoor Singh still under suspicion?"

THAT was a straight question of the true Kirby type that admitted of no evasion, and the man in drab pulled his watch out, knocking it on the desk absent-mindedly, as if it were an egg that he wished to crack. He must either answer or not, it seemed, so he did neither.

"Why do you ask?" he parried.

"I've a right to know! Ranjoor Singh's my wing commander, and a better officer or a more loyal gentleman doesn't exist. I want him! I want to know where he is! And if he's under a cloud, I want to know why! Where is he?"

"I don't know where he is," said the man in drab. "Is he—ah—absent without leave?"

"Certainly not!" said Kirby. "I've seen to that?"

"Then you've communicated with him?"

"No."

"Then if his regiment were to march without him—"

"It won't if I can help it!" said Kirby.

"And if you can't help it, Colonel Kirby?"

"In that case he has got what he asked for, and there can be no charge against him until he shows up."

"I understand you have your marching orders?"

"I have sealed orders!" snapped Kirby.

"To be opened at sea?"

"To be opened when I see fit!"

"Oh!"

"Yes," said Kirby. "I asked you is Ranjoor Singh still under suspicion?"

"My good sir, I am not the arbiter of Ranjoor Singh's destiny! How should I know?"

"I intend to know!" vowed Kirby, rising.

"I'm prepared to state that Ranjoor Singh is not

in danger of arrest. I don't see that you have a right to ask more than that, Colonel Kirby. Martial law has been declared this morning, and things don't take their ordinary course any longer, you know."

Kirby paced once across the office floor, and once back again. Then he faced the man in drab as a duelist faces his antagonist.

"I don't like to go over men's heads," he said, "as you threatened to do to me, for instance, yesterday. If you will give me satisfactory assurance that Ranjoor Singh is being treated as a loyal officer should be, I will ask no more. If not, I shall go now to the general commanding. As you say, there's martial law now, he's the man to see."

"Colonel Kirby," said the man in drab, twisting at his watch-guard furiously, "if you'll tell me what's in your sealed orders—open them and see—I'll tell you what I know about Ranjoor Singh, and we'll call it a bargain!"

"I wasn't joking," said Kirby, turning red as his scalp from the roots of his hair to his collar.

"I'm in deadly earnest!" said the man in drab.

So, without a word more, Colonel Kirby hurried out again, carrying his saber in his left hand at an angle that was peculiar to him, and that illustrated determination better than words could have done.

His huge horse plunged away almost before he had gained the seat, and, saber and all, he gained the seat at a step-and-a-jump. But the sais was not up behind, and Kirby had scarcely settled down to drive before the man in drab had the telephone mouthpiece to his lips and had given his mysterious number again—4-3-2-9-2.

"He's coming, sir!" he said curtly.

Somebody at the other end apparently asked, "Who is coming?" for the man in drab answered:

"Kirby."

Five minutes later Kirby caught a general at breakfast, and was received with courtesy and feigned surprise.

"D'you happen to know anything about my risaldar-major, Ranjoor Singh?" asked Kirby, after a hasty apology for bursting in.

"Why?"

"HE was under suspicion yesterday—I was told so. Next he disappeared. Then I received a message from him asking me to assign him to special duty; that was after I'd more than half believed him burned to death in a place called the 'House-of-the-Eight-Half-Brothers.' He has sent some most extraordinary messages to his squadron by the hand of a mysterious babu, but not a word of explanation of any kind. Can you tell me anything about him, sir?"

"Wasn't a trooper of yours murdered yesterday?" the general asked.

"Yes," said Kirby.

"And another missing?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did Ranjoor Singh go off to search for the missing man?"

"I was told so."

"H-rrrr-ump! Well, I'm glad you came; you've saved me trouble! Did you put Ranjoor Singh in Orders as assigned to special duty?"

"Yes."

"What is the missing trooper's name?"

"Jagut Singh."

"Well, please enter him in Orders, too."

"Special service?"  
 "Special service," said the general. "How about Ranjoor Singh's charger?"  
 "I understand that he's been kept well groomed by Ranjoor Singh's orders, and my adjutant tells me he has the horse in care in his own stable."  
 The general made a note.  
 "Whose stable?" he asked.  
 "Warrington's."

"Warrington, of Outram's Own, eh? Captain Warrington?"  
 The general wrote that down, while Kirby watched him bewildered.

"Well now, Kirby, that'll be all right. Have the horse left there, will you? I hope you've been able to dispose of your own horses to advantage. Two chargers don't seem a large allowance for a commanding officer of a cavalry regiment, but that's all you can take with you. You'll have to leave the rest behind."

"Haven't given it a thought, sir! Too busy thinking about Ranjoor Singh. Worried about him."  
 "Shouldn't worry!" said the general. "Ranjoor Singh's all right."

"That's the first assurance I've had of it except by way of a mysterious note," said Kirby.

"By all right, I mean that he isn't in disgrace. But now about your horses and private effects. You've done nothing about them?"

"I'll have time to attend to that this afternoon, sir."

"Oh, no, you won't. That's why I'm glad you came! These"—he gave him a sealed envelope—"are supplementary orders, to be opened when you get back to barracks. I want you out of the way by noon if possible. We'll send a man down this morning to take charge of whatever any of you want kept, and you'd better tell him to sell the rest and pay the money to your bankers; he'll be a responsible officer. That's all. Good-by, Kirby, and good luck!"

The general held out his hand.  
 "One more minute, sir," said Kirby. "About Ranjoor Singh!"

"What about him?"  
 "Well, sir—what about him?"  
 "What have you heard?"

"That—I've heard a sort of promise that he'll be with his squadron, to lead it, before the blood runs."  
 "Won't that be time enough?" asked the general, smiling. He was looking at Kirby very closely.  
 "Not sick, are you?" he asked. "No? I thought your scalp looked rather redder than usual."

KIRBY flushed to the top of his collar instantly, and the general pretended to arrange a sheaf of papers on the table.

"One reason why you're being sent first, my boy," said the general, holding out his hand again, "is that you and your regiment are fittest to be sent. But you've taken into consideration, too, that I don't want you or your adjutant killed by a cobra in any event. And—snf—snf—the salt sea air gets rid of the smell of musk quicker than anything. Good-bye, Kirby, my boy, and God bless you!"

"Good-bye, sir!"  
 Kirby stammered the words, and almost ran down the steps to his waiting dog-cart. As all good men do, when undeserved ridicule or blame falls to their lot, he wondered what in the world he could have done wrong. He had no blame for anybody, only a fierce resentment of injustice—an almost savage sense of shame that any one should know about the adventure of the night before, and a rising sense of joy in his soldier's heart because he had orders in his pocket to be up and doing. So, and only so, could he forget it all.

He whipped up his horse and went down the general's drive at a pace that made the British sentry at the gate grin from ear to ear with whole-souled approval. He did not see a fat babu approach the general's bungalow from the direction of the bazaar. The babu salaamed profoundly, but Kirby's eyes were fixed on the road ahead, and his thoughts were already deep in the future. He saw nothing except the road, until he took the last corner into barracks on one wheel, and drew up a minute later in front of the bachelor quarters that had sheltered him for the past four years.

"Pack! Campaign kit! One trunk!" he ordered his servant. "Orderly!"  
 An orderly ran in from outside.

"Tell Major Bramble and Captain Warrington to come to me!"

It took ten minutes to find Warrington, since every job was his, and nearly every responsibility, until his colonel should take charge of a paraded, perfect regiment, and lead it away to its fate. He came at last, however, and on the run, and Bramble with him.

"Orders changed!" said Kirby. "March at noon! Man'll be here this morning to take charge of officers' effects. Better have things ready for him and full instructions. One trunk allowed each officer. Two chargers." "Destination, sir?" asked Bramble.

"Not disclosed!"  
 "Where do we entrain?" asked Warrington.

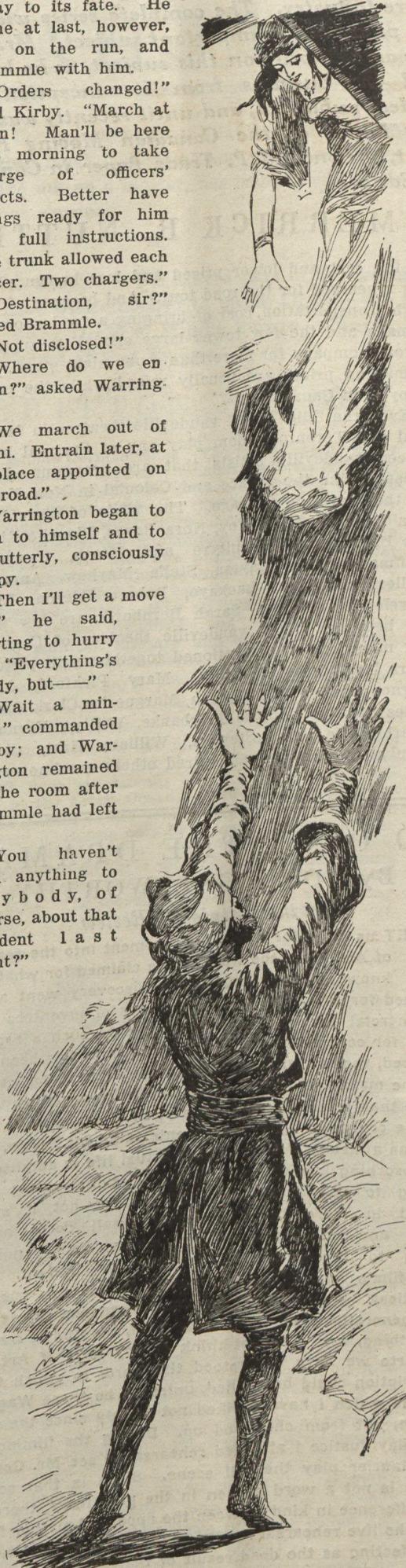
"We march out of Delhi. Entrain later, at a place appointed on the road."

Warrington began to hum to himself and to be utterly, consciously happy.

"Then I'll get a move on!" he said, starting to hurry out. "Everything's ready, but—"

"Wait a minute!" commanded Kirby; and Warrington remained in the room after Bramble had left it.

"You haven't said anything to anybody, of course, about that incident last night?"



"No, sir."  
 "Then she has!"  
 Warrington whistled.  
 "Are you sure she has?"  
 "Quite. I've just had proof of it!"  
 "Makes a fellow reverence the sex!" swore Warrington.

"It'll be forgotten by the time we're back in India," said Kirby solemnly. "Remember to keep absolutely silent about it. The best way to help others forget it is to forget it yourself. Not one word now to anybody, even under provocation!"

"Not a word, sir!"  
 "All right. Go and attend to business!"

What "attending to business" meant nobody can guess who has not been in at the breaking up of quarters at short notice. Everything was ready, as Warrington had boasted, but even an automobile may "stall" for a time in the hands of the best chauffeur, and a regiment contains as many separate human equations as it has men in its ranks.

The amount of personal possessions that had to be jettisoned, or left to the tender mercies of a perfunctory agent, would have wrung groans from any one but soldiers. The last minute details that seemed to be nobody's job, and that, therefore, all fell to Warrington because somebody had to see to them, were beyond the imagination of any but an adjutant, and not even Warrington's imagination proved quite equal to the task.

"We're ready, sir!" he reported at last to Kirby. "We're paraded and waiting. Bramble's inspected 'em, and I've done ditto. There are only thirteen thousand details left undone that I can't think of, and not one of 'em's important enough to keep us waitin'!"

SO Kirby rode out on parade and took the regiment's salute. There was nobody to see them off. There were not even women to wail by the barrack gate, for they marched away at dinner-time and official lies had been distributed where they would do most good.

Englishmen and Sikh alike rode untormented by the walls or waving farewells of their kindred; and there was only a civilian on a white pony, somewhere along ahead, who seemed to know that they were more than just parading. He led them toward the Ajmere Gate, and by the time that the regiment's luggage came along in wagons, with the little rear-guard last of all, it was too late to run and warn people. Outram's Own had gone at high noon, and nobody the wiser!

There was no music as they marched and no talking. Only the jingling bits and rattling hoofs proclaimed that India's best were riding on a sudden summons to fight for the "Salt." They marched in the direction least expected of them, three-quarters of a day before their scheduled time, and even "Guppy," the mess bull-terrier, who ran under the wagon with the officers' luggage, behaved as if all ends of the world were one to him. He waved his tail with dignity and trotted in content.

Hard by the Ajmere Gate they halted, for some bullock carts had claimed their centuries-long prerogative of getting in the way. While the bullocks, to much tail-twisting and oburgation, labored in the mud in every direction but the right one, Colonel Kirby sat his charger almost underneath the gate, waiting patiently. Then the advance-guard clattered off and he led along.

He never knew where it came from and he never tried to guess. He caught it instinctively, and kept it for the sake of chivalry, or perhaps because she had made him think for a moment of his mother. At all events, the bunch of jasmine flowers that fell into his lap found a warm berth under his buttoned tunic, and he rode on through the great gate with a kinder thought for Yasmini than probably she would guess.

With that resentment gone, he could ride now as suited him, with all his thoughts ahead, and there lacked then only one thing to complete his pleasure—he missed Ranjoor Singh.

It was not that the squadron would lack good leading. An English officer had taken Ranjoor Singh's place. It was the man he missed—the decent loyal gentleman who had worked untiringly to sweat a squadron into shape to Kirby's liking and never once presumed, nor had taken offence at criticism—the man who had been good enough to understand the ethics of an alien colonel, and to translate them for the benefit of his command. It is not easy for a Sikh to rise to the rank of major and lead a squadron for the Raj.

He counted Ranjoor Singh his friend, and he knew that Ranjoor Singh would have give all the rest of his life to ride away now for only one encounter on a foreign battle-field. Nothing, nothing less than the word of Ranjoor Singh himself, would ever convince him of the man's disloyalty. And he would have felt better if he could have shaken hands with Ranjoor Singh before going, since it seemed to be the order of the day that the Sikh should stay behind.

(Continued on page 26.)

# HOW *the* MOVIES GET *to* YOUR TOWN

**C**ANADA has 900 picture houses, most of them running 300 and odd days a year, attended by hundreds of thousands of people. Did you ever go to a show to find the wicket-keeper gone home and the lights out because of no-show for that evening? Probably not. The fact is, that in this vast complication of services, including hundreds of miles of reels, all operating at once, the chances of a breakdown in the service are more remote than they are in the case of a lighting circuit or a street-car system. And why?

Because the system of entertainment is backed all the way through by a colossal system of business. The average "movie fan" never thinks of this. The unflinching regularity of the film seems to belong to it. Dealing with the most temperamental people on earth, the actor crowd, the film enterprise is itself as untemperamental—apparently—as a clock.

Outside of press agents' stories and notices (mostly camouflage) which appear in American M. P. magazines about the leading players and the productions in which they will shortly appear, the public have but little knowledge of how this colossal business is conducted. The average picture fan may tell you that Mary Pickford has a Pomeranian pup know as Mike, and that she read that a recent production was held up for several days, because Mary would not leave Mike's bedside until he recovered from the croup. The same fan may know that Pearl White owns a violet-colored Pierce Arrow car, that Francis X. Bushman looks like an angel on the screen, but that his wife is suing him for a divorce. Or observation and press agents' dope may have impressed the photoplay follower that Kitty Gordon possesses more clothes than any other screen artist, and that Theda Bara wears less. You probably have heard that Charlie Chaplin earns \$1,000,000 a year because he can walk or run bow-legged or throw a custard pie so sure and straight that nine times out of ten it entirely changes the "map" of one of the supporting cast. But ask any of the thousands how the finished productions get from Hollywood, Cal., to New Glasgow, N.S., and you will probably get, "You can search me," for an answer.

Now there are some features about How the M. P. Gets to Your Town that may have already aroused your curiosity. People in small towns and the "neighborhood" localities of large towns often wonder why the manager of the local theatre does not play a new picture as soon as it is released. They read in the Toronto or Montreal newspapers that a certain picture is being shown at the Imperial Theatre, Montreal, or the Allan in Toronto, and they cannot understand why the showing in their city is delayed for several weeks. This is not hard to explain. The Exchange does not buy more than one or two prints of each subject, and it naturally takes several months for this picture to cover all the theatres in that territory. Of course, the larger theatres and towns have the first run on the pictures, as with a larger seating capacity and clientele they can afford to pay more money. And the resident of a small town must remember that in many cases they pay only 10 or 15 cents to see productions that are shown in the larger cities at admission prices ranging from 20 to 35 cents. In fact, moving pictures are the only form of amusement that has been brought to the smaller towns and villages at the same price of admission as charged in the larger centres.

Again, you may have noticed that the movies operate over a much greater territory than actor-companies. Only the big centres get the really high-class stage companies. But the players in the movies are the same in North Bay, Ont., as they are on Broadway, N.Y. The film is a democracy. It goes everywhere, on practically an even keel. Seldom does a musical comedy or drama leave New York or Chicago for a road tour with the same cast and star that had a great deal to do with its artistic and commercial Metropolitan success. The high salaried artists are always taken out

***THIS is the second of a Series of Articles by Merrick R. Nutting, dealing with the Motion Picture Industry. The complete series will treat every phase of this important subject. Mr. Nutting is an authority on this subject, as he has followed the business from its inception. He founded, published, and until recently was Managing Editor of the Canadian Moving Picture Digest, the only M. P. Trade Paper in Canada.—The Editor.***

**By MERRICK R. NUTTING**

of the cast and lower priced and less known players rehearsed for the road tour. And because of the high transportation cost of bringing a road show in Canada and the few towns large enough to support a road company for more than a one night stand, the admission prices are usually raised while the company is in Canada.

Even the "Big Time" vaudeville theatres in Montreal and Toronto seldom play any of the real high priced vaudeville artists that are programmed at theatres like the Palace and Colonial in New York, or the Majestic, Chicago. The visits of stars like Eva Tanguay, Eddie Foy, Nora Bayes, Blanche Ring, the Dolly Sisters, McIntyre and Heath, Gertrude Hoffman, Bessie Clayton, Stella Mayhew, Annette Kellerman, Wilton Lackaye, Robert Edeson, Lina Cavaleiri, Nazimova, Sarah Bernhardt are few and far between to the vaudeville theatres of Canada, but many of these mentioned together with picture stars like Madame Petrova, Mary Pickford, Mrs. Vernon Castle, Mary Garden, Marguerite Clark, Mary Miles Minter, Douglas Fairbanks, William Farnum, Pearl White, Anita Stewart, William Hart, Clara Kimball Young and a hundred others are known to

Canadians who have seen their faces and work night after night in their local picture show.

Moving pictures are distributed to the theatres throughout the country by branch offices known as exchanges. These exchanges are located in the larger cities or shipping centres. There are six of these shipping centres in Canada—Montreal, Toronto, St. John, Winnipeg, Calgary and Vancouver.

Nearly all the films shipped into Canada enter at Montreal or Toronto. Practically all the multiple-reel subjects are shipped through these points, though some of the one and two-reel subjects are shipped direct from New York or Chicago to the branch exchanges. There are several reasons for this.

First: The head offices of the various distributing agencies being either in Montreal or Toronto, it is necessary for the film to be shipped where it can be inspected before being shipped to the branches.

Second: Montreal and Toronto being the largest cities in Canada, naturally, the larger theatres in these cities have the first showing of the new pictures.

Third: Over half of the theatres in Canada are in Ontario and Quebec Provinces, and it is necessary to have the film censored by the Boards in Montreal and Toronto before it can be shown in the smaller towns throughout the Provinces.

**T**HE duty levied on films imported into Canada has been changed from time to time, but every change has brought an increase. At present the duty is 3 cents a foot, or \$30 a reel. This makes the duty of a five-reel feature about \$150. The duty on photographs and advertising matter is 15 cents a pound, with an extra tax of seven and one-half per cent on the invoiced value. The exchanges in the majority of cases employ a broker to clear their film and advertising matter at Customs, as this department of the Government grinds as slow as the mills of the gods. Within the last year the express service from New York has been very slow, and the delay in receiving film has been a great source of worry to the exchange managers.

Every film exchange doing business in Canada must be licensed in the various Provinces in which they are doing business. The license fees in the various Provinces are: Ontario, \$200 a year; Quebec, \$200 a year; New Brunswick, \$100 a year; Nova Scotia, \$200 a year; Manitoba, \$250 a year; Alberta, \$250 a year; Saskatchewan, \$200 a year; British Columbia, \$300 a year.

On top of this the exchange in each territory must pay a fee to the Provincial Censor Board for each reel of film submitted, whether passed or condemned by the Board. This fee varies from \$1 to \$3: Ontario Censor fee, \$2 a reel; Quebec Censor fee, \$3 a reel; New Brunswick Censor fee, \$1 a reel; Nova Scotia Censor fee, \$1 a reel; Manitoba Censor fee, \$2 a reel; Saskatchewan Censor fee, \$1 a reel; Alberta Censor fee, \$1 a reel; British Columbia Censor fee, \$1 a reel.

Then there are the various municipal and business taxes to add to this. One of the representative exchanges doing business in Canada showed me its books and their taxes for six offices last year were \$4,900.85, and this same company paid \$10,075.25 in Censor fees, and \$26,842.60 in Custom duties. Multiply this gross amount by the number of exchanges operating in Canada, and it will give you the approximate amount of revenue the Canadian Government collects from the film exchanges every year.

An exchange has to carry a large staff of employees in proportion to the gross business. The exact detail of each transaction, contract, shipment, etc., must be recorded. The average staff of a branch office consists of an office manager, booker, shipper, cashier, reviser, book-keeper, stenographers and salesmen who travel the territory in that exchange district. The booker receives all the applications from the

(Continued on page 22.)

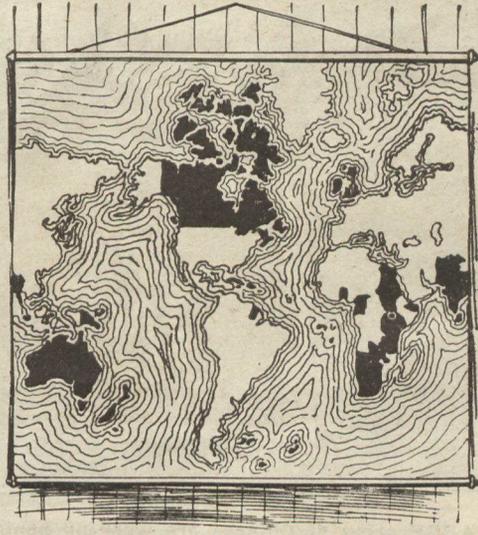
## TO OUST THE DRAMA?

By JOHN GALSWORTHY

*In the Fortnightly Review*

**L**ET us stray for a frivolous moment into the realms of Art, since the word Art is claimed for what we know as the "film." This discovery went as it pleased for a few years, in the hands of inventors and commercial agents. In these few years such a raging taste for cowboy, crime, and Chaplin films has been developed, that a Commission which has just been sitting on the matter finds that the public will not put up with more than a ten per cent. proportion of educational film in the course of an evening's entertainment. Now, the film as a means of transcribing actual life is admittedly of absorbing interest and great educational value; but, owing to this false start, we cannot get it swallowed in more than extremely small doses as a food and stimulant, while it is being gulped down to the dregs as a drug or irritant. Of the film's claim to the word Art I am frankly skeptical. My mind is open—and when one says that, one generally means it is shut. Still, the film is a restless thing, and I cannot think of any form of Art, as hitherto we have understood the word, to which that description could be applied, unless it be those Wagner operas which I have disliked not merely since the war began, but from childhood up. During the filming of the play *Justice* I attended rehearsal to see Mr. Gerald du Maurier play the cell scene. Since in that scene there is not a word spoken in the play itself, there is no difference in kind between the appeal of play or film. But the live rehearsal for the filming was at least twice as affecting as the dead result of that rehearsal on the screen. The film, of course, is in its first youth, but I see no signs as yet that it will ever overcome the handicap of its physical conditions, and attain the real emotionalizing powers of Art. Since, however, the film takes the line of least resistance, and makes a rapid, lazy, superficial appeal, it may very well oust the drama. And, to my thinking, of course, that will be all to the bad, and intensely characteristic of machine-made civilization, whose motto seems to be: "Down with Shakespeare and Euripides—up with the Movies!"

# WAR-MAPS and HEAD-LINES



FROM the Central Empires of 1914 a solid black mass of war-might, mental disease, and super-organized lies, spreading like ink on a blotter, has made a vast slave state of the most of Europe.

THE British Empire is the all-red part of the world that was to have been knocked to pieces all over the Seven Seas by the Black Death of Middle Europe. Canada is the geographical pivot of that Empire.

By BRITTON B. COOKE

## ORGANIZED WAR SLAVERY

SITTING in their head office at Berlin the Head Dragon and the Pan-Hun guzzle each another flagon of beer. The Head Dragon gives the chair another squeak as he scans the map on the wall. "Hunny," he says, "this is the fourth anniversary of the war—which we forced the allies to make us put on the stage in defence of ourselves. Eh?" The Pan-Hun nods. "What was that slogan which the English had once? Not Raus mit Deutschland, but—"

"What we have we hold it." All Highness. "Exactly. Incorporate that in our official list of slogans. But there was another—on a postage stamp."

"We hold a vaster Empire than has been, your Majesty."

"Precisely. Assimilate that also. It fits our case. The map says so." They look at the war-map.

"Mittel Europa is a mighty idea, your Excellency. It works from the inside out."

"Ja wohl!" grunts the Pan-Hun.

"The British Empire is from the outside in. Not feasible."

"We are big business, Majestat."

"In defiance of Atlas. Ja. We merge Europe. Too many small nation-industries; too many flags; too many kings in different languages."

"So we rectify boundaries—"

"And put all the European sea-coasts on ours. We had only part of the Baltic. We want it all."

"And only a small one of the North Sea."

"We must have all one side of that, too. The sacred German Rhine must not have its mouth in another country."

"So we have pushed through to the Arctic, Majestat. We have Finland."

"Ja. And we have one side of the Black Sea. We must have the Persian Gulf, the Indian Ocean, and—"

"What's the matter with the Pacific, All Highest?"

"Oh, he's all right. We mean to have Vladivostok—in time. Just give the Bolsheviki the time, and we get the space, Hunny. Ja wohl! The schwein Englander in their foolish little islands say they are on the Seven Seas. But what's the matter with Allemand being on the Seven Seas? Who said that a little gob of islands over yonder has a right to more of the world's area than the German? Who says we can't gobble up all these little nations that are hanging on to our skirts? Eh?"

"All Highest," says the Pan-Hun, "they are eating their heads off in overhead expenses. We can operate them all from Berlin—so much cheaper."

"Ja. England—mein Gott! look what she's got!"

The Arch-Dragon points to Canada, India, Australia, Africa.

"Canada, only, Hunny, is bigger than all Europe. All Europe! Ach!"

Then they gaze silently at the map. The Head Dragon reads in German what an American writer recently said in one of those bright pictorial weeklies:

"The Pan-German's wildest dreams of a Prussianized Middle Europe have been surpassed by the reality. The territory now under Germany's direct political control or military occupation stretches from the Arctic Circle to Asia Minor, from northern France to within a few miles of Petrograd and far beyond Odessa and Sevastopol. The Baltic and Black Sea

have become German lakes. The roll of vassal states and conquered nations includes Austria-Hungary, Bulgaria, Turkey, Servia, Rumania, Finland, Poland, Ukraina, Livonia, Esthonia, Courland and an indefinite amount of other territory taken from Russia in violation of even the ignominious peace treaty signed at Brest-Litovsk. And the pitiful remnant of what was once the great Russian Empire lies prostrate to the east, utterly helpless, torn by internal dissension and economic chaos. Now all this Greater German Empire is being organized and consolidated by treaties, political, military and economic, that are virtually dictated from Berlin."

"Ja wohl!" he says. "So it is. Here is another. Morgenthau—you know. Read that."

The Pan-Hun reads:

"Enormous Russia has just four ways of reaching the seas. One is by way of the Baltic, and this the German fleet had already closed. Another is Archangel, on the Arctic Ocean, a port that is frozen over several months in the year, and which connects with the heart of Russia only by a long, single-track rail-road. Another is the Pacific port of Vladivostok, also ice bound for three months, and reaching Russia only by the thin line of the Siberian railway, 5,000 miles long. The fourth passage was that of the Dardanelles; in fact, this was the only practicable one."



This was the narrow gate through which the surplus and products of 175,000,000 people reached Europe, and nine-tenths of all Russian exports and imports had gone this way for years. By suddenly closing it, Germany destroyed Russia both as an economic and a military power. By shutting off the exports of Russian grain, she deprived Russia of the financial power essential to successful warfare. What was perhaps even more fatal, she prevented England and France from getting munitions to the Russian battle front in sufficient quantity."

"And we have since got to the Arctic," says the Head Dragon. "What's wrong with the Pacific? Next. Here is another. Some little rag called The Argonaut from San Francisco. Listen!"

"Nothing is plainer than that under arrangement with the Bolsheviki, Germany is overrunning and absorbing Russia, with her vast areas and teeming millions. This movement dwarfs the contest in the west. If Germany shall be permitted to work her will in the east she can afford to yield in the west, postponing until the 'next war' whatever purposes she may cherish toward the western regions. Germany in possession of Russia could easily make herself master of the whole world. With millions of Russian soldiers she could overwhelm Japan, China, and India in turn; and thus augmented in her military powers she could at her own pleasure swallow up the rest of the world, America included."

"Ja wohl!" says the Dragon, rubbing his scales.

## UNORGANIZED LIBERTY

"So we could!"

And they bow in unison to the war-map. The Pan-Hun spits upon the map of the British Empire. They go out, not realizing that the war-map and the British Empire are both fated to smash the merger of Mittel Europa.

But the Head Dragon and the Pan-Hun are not any worse bamboozled by the war-map than the rest of us are by the newspapers. We have one opinion today born of a front-page headline; a contrary one to-morrow out of an editorial or a despatch written by somebody who says one day that Austria is starving and Germany is on the eve of a revolution, another day that Germany is ripe for revolt and Austria had no food, and again that the Central Empires are desperate because famine and revolution are due to break out any day somewhere between the Baltic and the Black Sea. He gets off this patter because he has nothing else to say. Last week he told us that Germany had combed out her last reserves of men; next week tells us that countless hordes of Teutons are being mown down by our artillery, there seem to be as many Germans in the war line now as there was in 1914, and heaven only knows where they come from.

So if there's one thing we need more than all others combined on this New Year's Anniversary of the Great War it is continual common sense. We want to be rid of the bogey that the Germans are super-anything except super-devilish. We want to remember that maps win battles, but don't win wars; that France and England and Italy are not "bled white" to-day and stronger than ever to-morrow; that the man who comes to the top this week is no bigger a man than he was last, and need not be expected to work miracles just because he has got a big job; that the submarines are not going to be corraled in August because Jellicoe or Geddes said something to that effect in March; that because the Germans push back our armies, the Channel ports are not going to be occupied by Germans as a prelude to the capture of Paris and telling the French that if they don't sign a separate peace, bigodsir, we'll blow your city to smithereens before morning; finally, that poor old Russia is not dead, and that she is not going to be an open door and a walk-over to the Kaiser just because two crazy sabotage artists happen to be in temporary control.

EVERYWHERE the Hun has gone conquering he has sown seeds of undying hatred. Therefore he can never hold what he has got, because the world refuses to be governed by brute force. A lot of really able thinkers seem to agree that civilization is in danger of being destroyed by the Hun. They might as well comfort themselves with the reflection that civilization, in spite of its magnificence, was pretty well going to the devil before the Hun opened fire on it at all. What the Hun has really done is to make civilization worth while by bringing out in it the virtues which a foolish use of prosperity had discarded. We don't need to believe that guff of Bernhardt and Co. about war being necessary to keep mankind from becoming degenerate. We know better, because the greatest nation of degenerates known in this world or any other, created and staged this war; which they will lose by degeneracy.

# Serious Levities

"The Allies have been fighting our fight ever since August, 1914, and I said so at the time, and I still think so." . . . See "10,000 a Week Private."

this pandering to a certain ally of ours. It is, of course, granted that we are intensely grateful for its fighting men and its moral support, and appreciate its enormous scheme of nation-wide mobilization; but isn't the First of July as important to us as the Fourth of July? One would not think so to read the reports of Fourth of July orations, sports and functions that seem to be necessary this year, both in Canada and

France both contribute many African tribes, including Arabs from Algeria and Tunis, Senegalese, Saharans, and many of the South African races. The red races of North America are represented in the armies of both Canada and the United States, while the Maoris, Samoans, and other Polynesian races are likewise represented. And as, in the American Army, there are men of German, Austrian, and Hungarian descent, and, in all probability, contingents also of Bulgarian and Turkish blood, it may be said that Foch commands an army representing the whole human race, united in defence of the ideals of the allies. The presence, among Foch's strategic reserves, of 250,000 Italian soldiers is peculiarly interesting, as no Italian force at all comparable to this in number seems ever to have operated on French soil, though French armies have again and again fought in Italy.

## \$10,000 A WEEK PRIVATE

JUST because two side of a story are the least we can possibly have to keep out of editorial back-wash, we print the following extract from another letter sent by an American to a member of the Canadian Courier staff. This officer has a wary eye out for the big headlines in the newspapers and the soothing politician anywhere. What he says about the army of which he is a part may be taken



WAR has taken away the circus from civilization for a while. But the circus turns up in Europe. A Canadian circus this time; the ringmaster with a red coat, silk hat, escorting a junior officer-togged up as a lady and flanked by a pair of genuine Canadian clowns.

as representing the sober common-sense of the United States about America and the war.

I am greatly in hope that France and England will not expend any more of their men than is just necessary to hold those brutes until we can get our full strength over there, and then allow us to take the losses from now on, because their losses have been more than they can bear; and while it is hard to say it, I don't think that the men we will lose from now on will hurt us, because, while it may be hard on the men who happen to get lost, yet, at the same time, it seems that a blood-letting is necessary to the peace and prosperity of a country at various times, and I believe that this is one of those.

I don't want to see the United States get off scot-free, because the allies have been fighting our fight ever since August, 1914, and I said so at the time, and still think so. I think that now we are coming into the fight, we should do our part. Money and supplies are all right in their place, but it seems that the blood of citizens must be shed in order to



A LARGE army of Chinese are working behind the Allied lines. When the Chinaman goes to war he takes his country with him, because he knows what Germany has been trying to do to it. So on a memorial feast day the Dragon Fight is put on; not to frighten the Germans, not to amuse the British as some think, but to satisfy the Chinaman who, wherever he goes, takes China with him.

## BLUE DEVILS AND POOR DEVILS

A LIAN who was born in England, but has seen and known Canada by travel and knockabout as very few men have, writes this spirited letter of protest to the editor. He wants the spotlight to quit playing so villainously on things that don't belong to Canada, and a little more consistently on some of our own affairs.

Montreal, July 10, 1918.

Editor, Canadian Courier:

One saw the Blue Devils, of course, and yielded them all the admiration that was truly theirs. But one couldn't help thinking of another kind of Devil—A Poor Devil—our own typical returned soldier, to wit. Not for him the triumphant tour, the civic reception, the magniloquent speech, the lavish hospitality reducing its recipients almost to animal coma. No sir!

He slinks back so quietly he might be a thief in the night. His train, in fact, is generally scheduled to arrive around midnight. There is no band. No one greets him but a few weeping women and an ambulance. A few notoriety-seeking society ladies "doing their bit" in a somewhat blase manner visit him at a convalescent home and talk to him as "my good man." A few Daughters of the Empire insist on his playing childish games or listening to stupid entertainments that his soul abhors. In due course discharged from the hospital, he saunters out quietly—again with no band music—into our lives, to become an object who, we rather secretly dread, will degenerate into a bit of a bore.

This is no disparagement of our gallant little guests of recent date—only a suggested contrast. As I write this, another triumphant tour is in progress, this time an American battalion, who, remember, have not yet been "over there." Once more the festivities, the music, the flowing cup (in Quebec Province), above all the speeches. Once more, no disparagement; but isn't it about time we were rather ashamed of ourselves? One would have thought that we could have got along without all



Great Britain.

Surely we got along all right those first three years without having to rush in and slavishly imitate the U. S. service flag? "We're Coming Over!" is a nice tune—but haven't we any? If there is anyone who has heard The Maple Leaf or O Canada! lately, will he please stand up? Can't someone persuade the Pathe Weekly to send an operator up to Canada to make a few more pictures of parades—parades consisting not of women dressed as Red Cross nurses who aren't Red Cross nurses, but of real returned soldiers, who have been on the firing line and have been wounded, and who have hardly had a kind word said to them since they came back? The Union Jack would look fine on the screen by way of a change.

Honest, isn't it about time we did a little publicity, too?

"FED UP."

## FOCH'S PENTECOSTAL ARMY

OUR army census man in Current History has been looking over Foch's army. He has been hearing a good deal about the futility of trying to wallop a one-language nation-army with a host of polyglots in all colors and creeds from anywhere under heaven, and he gives us a startling inventory of what this world-mobilized congress of armies really is:

It seems certain, he says, that never in the world's history were so many different races, peoples, and tongues united under the command of a single man as are now gathered together in the army of Generalissimo Foch. If we divide the human races into White, Yellow, Red, and Black, all four are largely represented. Among the white races there are Frenchmen, Italians, Portuguese, English, Scottish, Welsh, Irish, Canadians, Australians, South Africans (of both British and Dutch descent), New Zealanders; in the American Army, probably every other European nation is represented, with additional contingents from those already named, so that every branch of the white race figures in the ethnological total. There are representatives of many Asiatic races, including not only the volunteers from the native States of India, but elements from the French colony in Cochin China, with Annam, Cambodia, Tonkin, Loos, and Kwang Chau Wan. England and

AND, after all, what war has done most for Europe, besides death and suffering and hunger, is this. Those who had homes must hereafter be homeless. Property has no rights. The homes of non-combatants are nowhere to be respected more than their bodies. The arch-Bolsheviki of Europe are not in Russia. They are the Germans who have driven millions from their homes, not caring whether they died of hunger. So the curse of civilization rests upon Germany!

# For Leisure Moments

thoroughly cement a country into a united people. We have the finest bunch of men in this National Army of ours that you ever saw. I was very proud of my outfit. Nearly every man is a graduate of either Yale, Harvard or Boston Tech, and they are all just as keen as briars. Talking about money matters and how this time is bringing everybody together reminds me of one of the captains in my battalion, who, when we were organizing here last fall, had a vice-president of one of the big Boston banks come out to see him in regard to his vote on putting a director in the



**I**N the fourth year of the war the tank, invented by the British, is still to the fore. All the armies have tanks, or will soon have them, except the Italians, who can't use tanks in the mountains. This is the very latest model of the British tank, the little fast-moving runabout, strong as a fortress and popularly known as the whippet.

bank, in which this youngster was a large stockholder, and I think also a director. This vice-president followed this youngster around all day trying to get him to decide on something; and finally the youngster told him to please go away and let him alone, that he was so blamed busy trying to get his company in shape and his men cared for that he had no time to think of bank directors, and to put anybody in as director that he wanted to.

One fellow blew in the other day as a private, and they lined him up and gave him the usual questions, asking him how much his income was before he enlisted. He said he didn't know exactly, but thought



**S**OME lucky camera-man caught this gang of German under-sea pirates hiking up the conning tower of a submarine to get in like a lot of rats when they see in the distant offing one of those British terrors known as destroyers.

it was about \$10,000. They said, "A year?" and he said, "No, a week." It kind of took the breath out of the men who were questioning; but the fellow himself seemed perfectly unconcerned, so he was put in the ranks in a private's uniform, and is doing right and left face the same as anybody else.

There are doctors here who have given up enormous private practices for \$200 or \$300 a month, in order to help see this thing through. The same thing applies to mechanics, electricians, and men from all the trades in the country. Our army is an inspiration. You don't hear any kicking, but everybody is putting their shoulders to the wheel to make a go of it.

The contemptible professional politicians may mix the thing up every now and then, but the country, with men such as we have in it, can't go very far wrong or any long period of time.

## GET BACK HELIGOLAND

**H**ELIGOLAND is the key to the kennel of the mad dog of Europe, and, in the opinion of Admiral C. C. Penrose Fitzgerald, as expressed in the Contemporary Review, the retrocession of Heligoland must be assured before Britain sheathes her sword and calls back her ships. "It is quite easy to be wise after the event," writes Admiral Fitzgerald; "yet it is tolerably certain that if we, in a moment of amiable weakness, had not made Germany a present of that little island, we should never have had to endure the present era of submarine piracy. Whatever other clauses may be included in the 'peace agreement,' Heligoland must come back to us, and we must fight on until we get it; for the possession of that rock is as vital to our existence as the Rock of Gibraltar. The key of the mad dog's kennel must be in our pocket, for there is no knowing when the evil beast will get another attack of hydrophobia, or—to be more precise—subhydrophobia; and if we hold Heligoland we can keep him locked up."

Admiral Fitzgerald's piece about taking Heligoland back and away from Germany, comes in a preaching of his about Sea-Power. "Sea-Power," he says in delivering his text, "must and will win the war. I do not say this because I am a sailor; nor is it a mere optimistic prophecy, with the view of heartening and cheering those who are becoming war weary and despondent at the length of the war, and the still nebulous prospect of peace. The statement is founded upon the indisputable teaching of history, coupled with the present distribution of sea power in the whole world."

The pressure of sea power will bring Germany to her knees and win the war for the allies, declares the Admiral. The knowledge of it, he says, quite accounts for all the German bluster about the return of their tropical colonies . . . and their oft-repeated cry of "No economic boycott after the war."

## TO AIR-BOMB NEW YORK

**A**DOZEN bombing machines over London would tie up several hundred English aeroplanes inland. Therefore, it is good business from the German military viewpoint to send a few machines over London or Paris at irregular intervals, thus locking up a large quantity of English or French planes that might be used to vastly better advantage against the Huns.

This is the only reason why these raids occur, says the Electrical Experimenter, and it is safe to say that less than one-tenth per cent of the total German aeroplanes is able to lock up as high as 25 per cent of our available aeroplanes away from the front.

A supreme effort is now being made in the United States to ship thousands of aeroplanes to Europe; and this situation cannot be viewed with other than great alarm by the German military command. They will try desperately to prevent this shipping; and since blowing up factories will not help them much, their simpler way would be to bombard occasionally New York, Boston or Philadelphia thereby forcing the



THE VIVE IN LA FRANCE.

country to keep at home a vast fleet of aeroplanes.

Zeppelins may safely be left out of consideration; but what seems possible is that a super-submarine such as the Germans are building now, could stow away from 3 to 5 "knocked-down" aeroplanes, which could be readily assembled on a platform on top of the submarine. A number of submarines would probably be sent together, some to act as guards against hostile vessels.

And what a target New York offers!

## VIVE LA FRANCE!

**F**RANCE is not bled white. Stephen Lauzanne, member of the French War Mission, and editor of Le Matin, labels the phrase as a lie and a libel on a nation which is stronger to-day in all the war essentials than she was when war broke out. In Current Opinion M. Lauzanne gives figures and facts to refute the phrase. "A nation that is worn out and bled white," he says, "has no army to defend itself. France . . . has an army that is numerically and materially stronger than it was at the war's beginning. In 1914, at the Marne, France had an army of 1,500,000 men; to-day France has, on her battle-front, an army of 2,750,000 men." She has an incomparable war industry which permits her not only to fight, to defend herself and to attack the enemy, but also to supply her allies with munitions. Up to January, 1918, France handed over to the nations fighting at her side in Europe: 1,350,000 rifles, 10,000 mitrailleuses, 2,500 heavy guns, and 4,750 planes.

In spite of the war, her invaded territories and her mobilized citizens, France has in three years raised three national loans of almost seventeen billions in hard cash. More than a billion dollars has been loaned to her allies by France. The Bank of France, which is probably the leading national bank in the world, whose credit has never weakened in the gravest hours of the nation's history, declared on the first of January, 1918, gold in hand of 5,348 millions of francs, an increase of 272 millions over the gold in hand on January 1st, 1917. This is the greatest deposit the bank has ever had.

Finally, a nation that is worn out and bled white is unable to oppose the supreme assault of her enemies. . . . Here the answer is given by the men who are actually struggling before Noyon and before Amiens, on the Avre and on the Lys. Never has the morale of these men been better. Never has their fighting spirit flamed forth more ardent and more pure.



"I don't know where my clothes are, but I guess nobody cares."

## ACADIA UNIVERSITY

WOLFVILLE - - Nova Scotia.

Departments  
Arts and Sciences. Applied Science. Theology.

Degrees  
B.A., B.Sc., B.Th., M.A., and certificates admitting to the best technical schools. First two years in Agriculture given as electives in B.Sc. course. First year in Medicine, Law, and Theology given as electives in B.A. course.

Special Courses  
Courses in Surveying, Drafting, Shopwork, Chemistry, Electricity, and Bacteriology, for returned soldiers and men anticipating military service.

Equipment  
Largest undergraduate faculty in the Maritime Provinces. Three new and splendidly equipped Science Buildings.

Expenses  
Expenses light, and over \$1,000.00 given in prizes and scholarships yearly. Send for calendar to

Rev. GEORGE B. CUTTEN, Ph.D., D.D., LL.D.,  
President.  
Next term begins Oct. 2nd, 1918.

## ACADIA LADIES' SEMINARY

WOLFVILLE - - Nova Scotia.

The Aim. - To prepare Girls and Young Women for Complete Living.

The Courses. - Twelve; including College Matriculation, General, Music, Art, Expression, Household Science, Business.

The Faculty. - Twenty-four Teachers of fine personality and Special Training.

The Equipment. - Modern and First Class in every respect.

A Junior School. - For Younger Pupils.

Information. - Write for illustrated book to

Rev. H. T. DeWOLFE, D.D., Principal.

Next term begins Sept. 4th, 1918.

## Acadia Collegiate and Business Academy

WOLFVILLE - - Nova Scotia.

A Residential School for Boys and Young Men.

Ninetieth Year

Courses. - Collegiate, Manual Training, Business, Special Courses.

Features. - Modern Residence, Good Equipment, Ideal Location, Splendid Environment. Experienced Teaching Staff. Moderate Cost.

For illustrated Catalogue of information apply to

Principal W. L. ARCHIBALD,  
WOLFVILLE - - Nova Scotia.

Next term opens Sept. 4th, 1918.



## Branksome Hall

10 Elm Ave. Rosedale, Toronto

A Residential & Day School for Girls

Hon. Principal, Miss M. T. Scott.

Principal, Miss Edith M. Read, M.A.

Pass and Honor Matriculation, French House, A-t, Music, Domestic Science, Special Course in Dietetics, Large Playgrounds, Outdoor Games

PRIMARY SCHOOL FOR DAY PUPILS.

Autumn Term will begin September 17th.

For Prospectus apply to the Principal.

## St. Andrew's College

TORONTO

A Residential and Day School

FOR BOYS

Boys prepared for Universities, Royal Military College and Business.

UPPER SCHOOL LOWER SCHOOL

CALENDAR SENT ON APPLICATION

Autumn Term Commences Sept. 16, 1918

REV. D. BRUCE MACDONALD, M.A., LL.D.

Headmaster

## S. Winifred Parker

Contralto.

Vocal Teacher, Hambourg Conservatory.

(North 2341), Toronto, Ont.

EDUCATIONAL.

BE A LEADER—Build up on initiative, self-confidence, concentration, dependable memory—all round mental and physical efficiency. The Mind and Memory Course will help you. Ask for booklet. Canadian Correspondence College, Limited, Pelman Dept. O, Toronto, Canada.

## WONDERS of the WAR

Unsigned Paragraphs by Various Members of the Staff Dealing with the Evolution of the Unusual

**K**ITCHENER'S Army — which began in the Old Contemptible, afterwards reached 6,000,000, is still growing and has struck a snag in the Sinn Feiners.

Lloyd George's Munitioneering. Within two years of the day when the Krupp party were obligingly shown through the war arsenals of England, he made England and Scotland a vast national workshop, and put on the door, "All Germans Keep Out"

France's Miracle of Resistance. How a nation of good peasants, anticlerics and bad plays become a religious bulwark of heroism against the Hun.

The war-map. A hundred years ago Prussia was about the relative size of a hand on a ceiling. It is one of the physical wonders of the world that Prussia to-day lords it over twelve countries and about 300,000,000 temporary slaves—and is forging chains for millions more.

Gen. Liman von Sanders transformed a Turkish rabble of ragamuffins into a modern army in one summer—and it was 1913! For reference, Morgenthau's Story in May World's Work.

Europe's blindness before the war, and the vision since 1914. The kindly German transformed to the horrifying Hun.

Kerensky's escape from the Bolshevik. Even the Czar didn't know how it was done; and Kerensky won't tell. Was he a patriot or a consecrated quitter?

How Russia changed a Czar for a Kaiser with a hunger war and called it Emancipation.

Premier Borden's Union Government. How a moral man pulled himself out of a deadlock by stealing the Opposition thunderers and carried on without a straight party election.

Billy Bishop's career. The Owen Sound youth who became the world's ace-champion of the air, and was given a nice position on the ground floor of the Air Board.

Servia's refusal to be obliterated by two Hun monsters. Evidently you can't kill the national soul.

Belgium's King — and kingdom; united by the Hun wedge.

The phenomenal mass-endurance of the disciplined state-slave known as the modern Hun—apologies to Attila, King of the Huns.

Old Vindictive at Zeebrugge and Ostend; a chapter in 20th century Nelsonism.

Submarine successes and Zeppelin failures.

The complete self-obliteration of Sir Sam Hughes, and the retirement of Bob Rogers.

Germany's fool-made seventy-mile-range gun.

Occasional airships on all fronts changed to air navies; the most marvellous mechanical revolution since the world began.

A ribbon salesman becomes a hero on the borders of hell.

The transport of Canada's 400,000 army without the loss of a man, and

of Britain's super-army to France without the loss of a battalion.

Capture of Jerusalem and the conquests, military and moral, of Gen. Smuts in South Africa.

The mobilization of world-money by sextillions and the re-emergence of the penny as a symbol of wealth.

India's solidarity for British rule, and her clamor for self-government.

Japan's magnificent self-restraint. The second most military fatherland nation in the world, ready to fight with millions of men, but held back because there may be hope of Russia getting rid of the Bolsheviks.

The luxurious habits of some people when half the world is on the verge of savagery and starvation.

Woman's voluntary mobilization for winning the war, and the enfranchisement of 6,000,000 British women without carbolic acid.

Socialism's absolute failure except as an instrument of Germanism.

Conversion of President Wilson from a second-term-because-he-kept-U. S. out-of-the-war man, to an apostle of "force to the utmost."

Course of "the good ship Nutty," as Gerard called Henry Ford's peace ship.

After four years of world war no nation is completely bankrupt, and the value of the dollar has not depreciated quite to 80 cents.

The silent stranglehold of the great British Navy in the North Sea. A story of marvellous morale amid demoralizing conditions.

## How the Movies Get to Your Town

(Continued from page 18.)

theatres in his district and must route the pictures so as to keep them working as many days a month as possible. He must be familiar with train services between the various towns and the time required in transit so that the film can be shipped from one town to another without delay. Time is everything in the exchange business. If a shoe merchant does not get a shipment of boots in time he has other goods in his store and can sell the delayed merchandise when it arrives, but if a theatre manager does not get his film from the exchange he must close his theatre until it arrives, and if too late he cannot play that feature at all, as he has other pictures booked for the days following.

On the shipper falls the duty of not only getting the shipments of film out to the various theatres on time, but he must also see that the film that is out is returned to the exchange promptly by the theatre so it can be re-shipped to another theatre. In the winter, when the trains are delayed, it is the shipper's hair that turns grey as he waits hours at the express office in order to get a shipment of film and rush it away on another trip in order that you and the theatre manager will not be without your "canned amusement." It may be well to mention here

that film is highly inflammable and the express companies will not accept it for shipment unless in a metal box or can.

The reviser also has an important and monotonous work to perform. In many cases the film is returned to the exchange from the theatre in very bad condition. The better theatres nearly all have projection machines that do not tear the film, but the smaller houses sometimes return the pictures with sections of the film badly torn by an old, worn-out machine. The reviser must wind the film slowly and carefully from the large spool to another and mend or repair any physical damage before the film is sent out again.

From a merchandizing point of view the marketing of film to the theatre differs greatly from the merchandizing of any other line of goods. In nearly all lines of business the wholesaler sells his product to the retailer who resells it to the public. In the moving picture business the exchange as wholesaler rents his product for a specified day or days to the theatre, who in turn rents out the seats in his theatre to the public during the showing of this picture. Neither the wholesaler nor retailer sell merchandise; they simply sell service. The film exchanges operating in Canada usually buy two prints or copies of each feature film and sometimes three to five copies of comedies, serials and other short length subjects. These are in the majority of cases released or shown simultaneously in Montreal and Toronto. These cities invariably get the first showing on all the pictures, as they have the largest theatres whose management can afford to pay the highest rentals.

Film is unlike merchandise in the respect that there is no standard of value on the individual picture. Automobiles, shoes, pianos or newspapers usually have a standard advertised price, but unless an exchange has a permanent contract with a theatre to supply them with pictures for so much a week or run, the price of a feature is not fixed, but is governed by the length and quality of the production, the box office or advertising value of the star, cast or title, competition between the theatres in the town or neighborhood where it is offered, and the sales ability of the exchange manager or salesman. The length of life of the average picture is from 90 to 120 days. That is the commercial life. The physical condition of the film may be good at the end of this period, but if closely routed it will have worked all the towns in its territory during that period. When worked out a picture has no appreciable value, and is usually junked, and the film sold by the pound. In the case of a picture having been a tremendous success, it may be put on the shelf for several months, and then re-issued and shown again in theatres or towns where the first showing was very successful.

Canadian Companies' Headquarters are located as follows:

Toronto has the Famous Players, Metro, Monarch, Regal Films, Select Pictures Corporation, Superfeatures and Universal Film Company.

Montreal has Independent Film Supply, Specialty Film Import, while Vancouver has the First National Exhibitors' Film Exchange.

Canadian Exchanges operated by American companies, with head offices in the United States are: Fox, General, Mutual, and Vitagraph Films.

The motion picture industry to-day has a tremendous and widespread in-

fluence on the lives of our citizens. As it is still young there are no doubt some things and factors that would better be eliminated. But who can deny the wonderful educational value of pictures, even those pictures that were made for entertainment alone? Our knowledge of the people of other countries, their habits, customs, manner of living and dress, together with places of interest, historical and geographical, can best be impressed on the child or adult mind through the medium of the screen. Millions of the world's people are being entertained daily by pictures, schools and colleges are using them to illustrate lecture subjects, church and Sunday schools to illustrate their teachings, manufacturers to show their product, and its making to the buyer and consumer. And over in France where the heaviest fighting of this greatest world's war is in progress are cameramen, who day by day, sometimes with the loss of their life, are recording the greatest events in the history of the world and of civilization.

**BOOKS**

**The Holiday Book**

WHEN going away for a vacation one of the first necessities is a good leisurely book; the kind you can pick up for five minutes or stay at for as many hours. Here are a few among the miscellaneous volumes of decent entertainment which cannot fail to be a good investment at the price named:

**OH, MONEY, MONEY**, by Eleanor Porter, is the tale of how an American multi-millionaire gives away a lot of his money to a number of poor and obscure relations, and what he found out about human nature in the process. Has the old-fashioned Pansy book interest in a modern setting and a high degree of character sketching.—Thos. Allen: \$1.50.

**WINGED WARFARE**, by Major Bishop, D. S. O., M. C., V. C.,

is the most thrilling out-of-doors, away-from-the-earth book we have come across in a decade. It would be a thriller to a Canadian if written by a Fiji Islander. But written by Billy Bishop, our own top ace—it is every Canadian's privilege to read it with pride.—McClelland, Goodchild & Stewart: \$1.

**THE BOARDMAN FAMILY**, by Mary S. Watts, is a skilful depiction of present-day American types. The author shows a real understanding of the people whom she portrays which makes the book delightfully entertaining.—Macmillan: \$1.50.

**THE LOST NAVAL PAPERS**, by Copplestone, is a story of the British Secret Service, or rather a quartette of Admiralty detective stories, of which the first only belongs to the title, though some of the same characters appear throughout. Dawson, Chief of the Secret Service, is a character of more human interest than even Sherlock Holmes. Besides, he is not infallible.—Thos. Allen: \$1.50.

**FRENCH WINDOWS**, by John Ayscough, is the delightfully-told story of a chaplain's experiences among soldiers of all nationalities in France.—McClelland, Goodchild & Stewart: \$1.35.

**FLOOD TIDE**, by Daniel Chase, is a decided departure from the usual hackneyed or trite, and developing some very dramatic situations.—Macmillan: \$1.50.

**MISS PIM'S CAMOUFLAGE**; by Lady Stanley, relict of the great explorer, is another sort of Secret Service story, based upon a lady's curious ability to make herself and the chair she occupies invisible at a moment's notice.—Thos. Allen: \$1.50.

**WILLOW THE WISP**, by A. P. McKishnie, is quite in that well-known author's usual popular style of treating serious subjects romantically.—McClelland, Goodchild & Stewart: \$1.35.

**CONVERSATIONAL BITS**

Some Toronto People—"There are more families than houses in our city."

Old Man Ontario—"Strange that it should be so. There has been little migration into Canada since the war."

Some Toronto People—"And we need the credit of the Province with which to build workingmen's houses."

Old Man Ontario—"The city of Toronto has boasted that its revenue exceeds mine."

Some Toronto People—"Our city has grown."

Old Man Ontario—"Migration closed, the city must have grown at the expense of the country. Beef and bread are scarce—and scarce simply because there are not enough producers of beef and bread. Food is going to be scarcer and scarcer. It may become so scarce that—"

Some Toronto People—"We must have more houses."

Old Man Ontario—"There are vacant houses, vacant gardens, vacant fields, and vacant granaries, right at your city gates. Some day the city's cupboard will be bare. And then—starvation. Food-production is The Essential Industry."

Some Toronto People—"In our wisdom we have worked out a plan—"

Old Man Ontario—"A little learning has made you mad."

Some Toronto People—"To supply the poor laborer of the city—"

Old Man Ontario—"Wages were never so high as in Toronto. Unskilled laborers are earning three dollars and an extra half for a day's work."

Some Toronto People—"With a home on easy terms which you must carry out."

Old Man Ontario—"Oh, very well. If I must, I must."

**STANSTEAD WESLEYAN COLLEGE**  
Residential and Day School for Boys and Girls

**ACADEMIC AND MODEL**  
Including practical English courses and matriculation to McGill University.

**BUSINESS**  
Shorthand, Typewriting, Book-keeping, Business Systems in Bugbee Business College.

**MUSIC**  
Piano, Violin, Voice, Organ, Oratory in Eastern Townships Conservatory of Music.

**MANUAL ARTS**  
Wood and Metal Work, Cooking, Dressmaking, Home Nursing.

Splendid location and surroundings. 30 miles south from Sherbrooke, 200 acres of farm, forest and stream, large campus, modern buildings, everything conducive to healthy sports; students prepared for University, Military College, Business Life, Musical Careers, and Home making, under ideal conditions.

**Fall Term begins Sept. 12.**  
Write for School Calendar to  
**GEO. J. TRUEMAN, M.A., Principal,**  
STANSTEAD, Que. 29

**ONTARIO LADIES' COLLEGE**  
WHITBY - ONTARIO  
A SCHOOL OF IDEALS AND AN IDEAL SCHOOL  
FOR GIRLS AND YOUNG WOMEN

Healthful, picturesque location amidst 200 acres of garden and farm land.

Public School to Second Year University  
Household Science  
Music  
Instrumental  
Vocal  
Commercial  
Elocution  
Art

Civic and Parliamentary Studies,  
Gymnasium Work and Swimming,  
For Calendar apply to  
**REV. F. L. FAREWELL, B.A., PRINCIPAL**

This Ideal City-Country School Re-Opens September 11, 1918 93

**ST. MARGARET'S COLLEGE**  
TORONTO A RESIDENTIAL AND DAY SCHOOL FOR GIRLS CANADA

FULL ACADEMIC COURSE, FROM PREPARATORY TO HONOUR MATRICULATION,  
FULL COMMERCIAL COURSE—MUSIC—ART—HOUSEHOLD SCIENCE—PHYSICAL EDUCATION—GAMES—SWIMMING

Mrs. George Dickson, President  
Miss Florence Neelands, B.A. Head of Senior House  
Miss Isobel G. Brown, Principal  
Miss Marjory A. Ford, Head of Junior House  
School Reopens Tuesday, September 17th, 1918  
Calendar sent on application

**St. Agnes School** BELLEVILLE, ONTARIO.  
A Church School for Girls

Patron—The Lord Bishop of Ontario  
Advisory Board—His Honor Judge Wills; H. F. Ketcheson, Esq., Ex-Mayor; J. Elliott, Esq., Manager Standard Bank.

Junior School and preparation for the Universities. Ernest Wheatley, A.R.C.O., Musical Director. Special A.T.C.M. Course. Handsome, well-equipped building, beautiful grounds, all outdoor sports, swimming pool and rink.

FOR CALENDAR APPLY TO MISS F. E. CARROLL, PRINCIPAL  
School will re-open on Wednesday, September 11th.

**OTTAWA LADIES' COLLEGE** FITTED WITH EVERY MODERN CONVENIENCE

New Fireproof Building  
Academic work up to the first year University. Music, Art and Handicraft, Household Arts, Physical Culture, etc. Ample grounds.

For Calendar apply to  
J. W. H. MILNE, B.A., D.D., President.  
JAS. W. ROBERTSON, LL.D., C.M.C., Chairman of Board.

The Capital offers exceptional advantages

**LOWER CANADA COLLEGE**  
MONTREAL

Preparatory, Junior and Senior Departments, Physical Training, Manual Training, Swimming, Riding Drawing, Music, Rinks, Tennis Courts.

Successes 1917, 1st and 2nd Places R.M.C., Nine Passes Entrance R.M.C., and R.C.N. Four Matriculations McGill.  
Term commences Sept 11, 9 a.m.  
Head Master, C.S. Fosbery, M.A.

PORT HOPE ONTARIO FOUNDED 1865

**Trinity College School**  
RESIDENTIAL CHURCH SCHOOL FOR BOYS

Beautiful healthy situation, overlooking Lake Ontario. 20 acres of Playing Fields, Gymnasium, Magnificent Rink. Boys prepared for the Universities, Royal Military College and Business. Religious training. Beautiful Chapel. Also Junior School for Boys 9 to 14.

For prospectus apply to the Headmaster, Rev. F. GRAHAM ORCHARD, M.A. (Camb.)  
SUCCESSSES 1917: At Toronto University, 1st Mathematical and 1st Classical Entrance Scholarships.  
At R.M.C., Four Successes. Next Term commences Sept. 12th.

**Bishop Strachan School**  
College Heights - Toronto  
A Church, Residential and Day School for Girls.

Established over fifty years.  
All Departments from Kindergarten to University Matriculation.  
For Calendar apply to the Bursar.

## Debentures Issued

In sums of \$100 and upwards.  
For terms to suit convenience of investor.  
Interest paid half-yearly.  
Interest computed from the date on which money is received.

THESE DEBENTURES ARE  
A LEGAL INVESTMENT  
FOR TRUST FUNDS.

They are a favorite investment of Benevolent and Fraternal Institutions, and of British, Canadian and United States Fire and Life Assurance Companies, largely for deposit with the Canadian Government, being held by such institutions to the amount of more than ONE MILLION AND A HALF DOLLARS.

We shall be glad to mail a specimen debenture, copy of annual report, and any further information desired to anyone sending us their address.

## Canada Permanent Mortgage Corporation

Established 1855.

Paid-up Capital and Reserve Fund Eleven and One-Quarter Million Dollars.

TORONTO STREET, TORONTO.

## Cawthra Mulock & Company

Members of Toronto Stock Exchange

Brokers  
and  
Bankers

12 KING STREET, EAST  
TORONTO, CANADA

Cable Address: Cawlock, Toronto.

## SOLID GROWTH

Up-to-date business methods, backed by an unbroken record of fair-dealing with its policyholders, have achieved for the Sun Life of Canada a phenomenal growth.

Assurances in Force have more than doubled in the past seven years and have more than trebled in the past eleven years.

To-day, they exceed by far those of any Canadian life assurance company.

SUN LIFE ASSURANCE  
COMPANY OF CANADA  
HEAD OFFICE - MONTREAL

We Buy, Sell and Quote  
MINING STOCKS

Authentic information available to interested investors

Plummer & Co., Stock Brokers  
108 Bay Street, TORONTO.

Halifax, St. John's, Nfld., Sherbrooke,  
St. John, N.B., Sydney.

## F. B. McCURDY & Co.

184 ST. JAMES STREET,  
MONTREAL - CANADA.

Members Montreal Stock Exchange

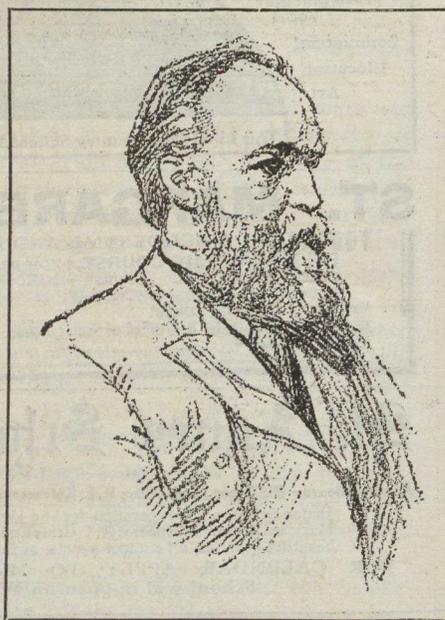
Direct Private Wire Connections with all Offices.

# SAVINGS & INVESTMENTS

A PORTRAIT ON A BANK NOTE

By INVESTICUS

NOBODY in the world is better entitled to have his portrait on a banknote than Sir Edmund Walker, President of the Canadian Bank of Commerce. The fiftieth anniversary of his connection with that Bank is to be made famous by the engraving of a special portrait of Sir Edmund to appear on the new issue of notes to be got out by the Bank.



If you have a small wad of banknotes in your pocket, examine them and see what celebrities you will find in them. Here is a picture-gallery that is seen by more people in a day than all the art collections of Canada in ten years. No man or woman in the country, except the Eskimos, is unable to say that he has in his pocket some time or other a portrait of some celebrity. The three bills which the editor of this column happens to have in his pocket are a five-dollar bill of the Merchants' Bank, with the portrait of Sir Montagu Allan in the lower right corner; and two Dominion of Canada \$1 bills, one of which has the portraits of the late Earl Grey and Countess Grey; the other, a much newer issue, that of the Princess Patricia. But there are scores of eminent people—not always in

finance either—who have been portrayed on banknotes.

Not one man in a hundred can tell you what is on the face of an average banknote. He hauls out a five, gets it split up into change of three ones and a little silver, tucks the change into his pocket and never even tries to see what one of the bills looks like, because he knows it's only a bird of passage, anyway, here this morning, gone this afternoon.

The new Canadian Bank of Commerce note will be looked at a little more closely. The portrait will be recognized as that of the man who has been longer in the service and mastery of the bank than perhaps any other man in the world. He went into the bank as a youth and a clerk. In all the C. B. C. has become, Sir Edmund has been a motive part. What the Bank is—he is; and with the big organizing efforts of other men, he has helped to make it. And there is no artist in the American Bank Note Co. who can better criticize the engraving of the portrait than Sir Edmund himself—because in all his mastery of finance he has been always among financial and business and university men, Canada's leading connoisseur in art.

## How a Bond Differs From a Share

AN energetic Victory Loan canvasser went up into New Ontario to secure subscriptions. He gathered together a number of the prosperous citizens of a flourishing mining town and told them just why and wherefore they should subscribe liberally. After he finished his address, one of the moneyed men of the town got up and said, "Young fellow, you've given us an interesting talk about lending money to the Government by buying Victory Bonds, but there's one thing I don't understand that you might explain to me; and that is, 'What is a bond?'"

The same question has been asked by many thousands of persons during the past couple of years; and after the wide publicity and numerous articles written on the subject, no doubt mostly everybody has a fair idea of what a Victory Bond is. But it is doubtful if the particular value of various classes of ordinary bonds or stocks are at all understood. And a bond is as different from a share or any number of shares of stock as a door-knob is from a key.

### BONDS VERSUS STOCKS.

The real outstanding difference between bonds and shares of a joint stock company is thus: A bond is a definite promise to pay, secured by a lien upon the property and all the assets of the company; stock represents only an equity in the company or corporation, and may have nothing to do with total assets. Link up bond with bondage and you get the idea. A bond is a definite obligation to pay back on a certain date the full sum of money paid over to the company; and if the company is solvent, the bondholder will most certainly be paid as he is protected by trustee deeds which permit him definitely foreclosing on the property if his principal is not returned to him upon the due date. And, further, he is protected right along regarding interest payments, as he has the same right of foreclosure in the event of default in interest payment.

## "He's on his Holid-ays—"

You wouldn't want your executor to give up his holidays to attend to your estate. But neither would you want your estate to suffer while your executor took his holidays. Appointing this Company your executor would avoid this difficulty—and many others.

## National Trust Company Limited

Capital paid-up, \$1,500,000  
Reserve ..... \$1,500,000

18-22 King Street East  
TORONTO

## F. C. SUTHERLAND & CO.

12 KING ST. E., TORONTO

Dealers in Bonds and Stocks  
Specialists in Porcupine and Cobalt Securities

Elaborate Information Bureau at your service FREE. Write us.



## Among the Pines

in tent, log cabin or modern hotel in a country of scenic beauty where fishing, hunting, kodaking, canoeing are at their best.

### Highlands of Ontario

offers you and all the family the outing of your life. The Grand Trunk Railway will help you plan your stay at Algonquin Park, Muskoka Lakes, Georgian Bay, Lake of Bays or Timagami. Write or call for literature.

J. Quinlan,  
Bonaventure Station  
Montreal, Que.  
C. E. Horning,  
Union Station, Toronto Ont.



## THE CANADIAN OFFICE & SCHOOL FURNITURE CO. PRESTON, ONT.

Manufacturers of  
High Grade Bank  
& Office Fixtures,  
School, Library &  
Commercial Fur-  
niture, Opera &  
Assembly Chairs,  
Interior Hardwood  
Finish Generally.



### ADVERTISEMENTS.

We will not, knowingly or intentionally, insert advertisements from other than perfectly reliable firms or business men. If subscribers find any of them to be otherwise, we will esteem it a favour if they will so advise us, giving full particulars.

ADVERTISING MANAGER,  
CANADIAN COURIER.

Thus the bondholder is guaranteed a steady rate of interest on his money and its prompt payment on a certain definite due date.

Different with the shareholder. He doesn't lend money to a corporation. He goes into a partnership. He has all the incidental prospects of large profits and corresponding liberal disbursements to shareholders. As a holder of stock he is as liable to the fluctuations of the market as the President of the Company. His one or ten shares may depreciate in value because of smaller profits than were anticipated. The percentage of small dividends is very small, however, and as a general thing the yield on stock certificates rules considerably higher than any class of debenture issue. In brief, the stockholder gets his returns in the shape of a partner's dividends, while the bondholder takes his in the form of interest. The stockholder has the democratic privilege of attending meetings of shareholders whenever the affairs of the company make it advisable. And he may even aspire to a seat on the Board of Directors.

**PREFERRED SHARES FILL THE BILL.**

Now, you often read about "preferred" and "common" stock. Naturally you think you would prefer the "preferred" variety. Yet you may have heard somebody say, "Oh, give me the common stock any day. It's much more of a real speculative business."

What is the difference? Very much as the term implies. One is on a preferred list; the other represents the majority. For the investor who requires a steady yield on his money right from the start, and who cannot afford to wait until the company has fully proved itself before he shares in profits, a good preferred stock is the best security, as it guarantees a definite yield before any other profits are distributed, and if the stock is cumulative, as well as preferred, the dividends missed in lean years accumulate, and must be paid off in fatter years. Besides which, preferred stock has a prior lien on the company's assets to any other kind of shares.

There are various classes of preferred stocks, which vary from a debenture stock with low yield to a high yield non-cumulative preferred stock; some preference shares only draw the specified dividend if the amount is earned; while other kinds participate further in profits after a payment has been made on ordinary stock.

**BIG CHANCES ON ORDINARY STOCK.**

In the case of ordinary shares, however, there is no guarantee of payment of any specified dividend on the shares. If the profits of a concern are large, common shareholders can naturally expect to reap a rich reward. But if earnings are not up to expectations, then common shareholders must needs do without dividends until profits are made by the company, which means that while common stock ordinarily guarantees no definite yield, it offers the best possible speculative opportunities, as in good times, when profits are large, dividends mount up and returns on money invested are particularly gratifying. Which is probably the reason why a certain type of investor prefers common.

The amateur stock investor should use great care and an ordinary amount of common-sense. It stands to reason that the ordinary individual, busy holding down his job, has little time to bother with the more speculative securities, which require a careful gauging of market conditions and a certain amount of watching the tape to make much on the turn. For him only the soundest of investment bonds and stocks are useful. In the line of bonds, there are many good issues to choose from; but if high yield is a paramount need, then a solid investment stock might be even better. Bank stocks, because of the big cash reserves behind them, can be regarded as the most gilt-edged of investments; while the stocks of certain other companies whose business policy has been conservative, and which have also piled up good reserves, are in much the same class. All other stocks must be taken solely on their merits.

**SOME USEFUL RULES.**

In judging the value of a stock for investment purposes, the novice in this field can safeguard himself by inquiring into (1) nature of the business, (2) amount of working capital, (3) personnel of active management. If the nature of the business is sound, and there is sufficient working capital, and good management, then shareholders can expect good earnings to accrue from their enterprise. These three matters should always be carefully looked into.

The essential difference between bonds and stocks should never be forgotten by all who desire safety of principal, together with good yield. The bond is a definite promise to pay and the stock is an equity of share in a business.

**When "Postie" Defies the Government**

(Continued from page 11.)

become a corporate part of the labor union movement. There will come a day in the general adjustment of conditions affecting production in all countries when all productive labor may form a combination against all non-productive or predatory interests. That day is not yet. Under present conditions of labor no civil servants have any right to join an organization of labor, because an organization of civil servants, whether municipal or provincial or federal, is an organization against the Government in any of those forms; such organizations are the representatives of the people; therefore all civil service strikes are, not against capital or conditions—but against the people themselves.

That is the significance of the letter-carriers' strike. Organized labor demands the right to force the hands of a Government. Very well, if Government is not doing the will of the people, let the civil service strike until it does. We do not know that even had the six or seven Ministers away in Europe been at home such a strike would have been avoided. But we do know that since those Ministers have been away more near-anarchistic symptoms have developed in this country than at any other time in our history. These are critical times. The President of the United States is by constitution debarred from leaving his country at any time during his term of office. There is a reason. The people, in peace or in war, need him at home. Imperial conditions make it necessary that now and then the Premier of Canada be in England. But if there are Imperial conditions calling for the absence of nearly half the Government of Canada, there are certainly Canadian conditions demanding that these men be in Ottawa or somewhere in Canada—all the time. Because symptoms of revolution are manifest in all countries.

**Who Shall Be Your Executor ?**

Selecting an Executor is as important as choosing a manager for a business. In either case, it is necessary that the executive should have special training and experience for the work. The thirty-six years' record of this Trust Corporation shows ample qualification for its being appointed as Executor of your Estate by your Will.

*Booklet on Wills Sent on Request*

**THE TORONTO GENERAL TRUSTS CORPORATION**  
 ESTABLISHED 1882 HEAD OFFICE TORONTO  
 BRANCHES: OTTAWA, WINNIPEG, SASKATOON, VANCOUVER

**CANADIAN NATIONAL EXHIBITION**

August 26—TORONTO—September 7

GREATEST ACHIEVEMENT IN 40 YEARS OF EXHIBITION EFFORT

EDUCATION AND RECREATION ON A COLOSSAL SCALE

1200 Brilliantly Attired Participants.

The Miltant Spirit of Empire Translated into Fresh and Blood. All the Colorful Paraphernalia of Romance and H's'ory in the Making. Simple, Inspiring, Dramatic, made Supremely Worth While by Superb Musical Treatment.

A Spectacle Every Canad'ian Should See.

*Creatore's Band; Allied Exhibit of Fine Arts; Gigantic Live Stock and Agricultural Display; Acres of "Made-in-Canada" Manufactures; Government Food Conservation Show occupying one entire building. A World of Special Attractions.*

Your Local Agent has interesting information regarding Railroad Fares.



Meet me at the Tuller for Value, Service Home Comforts.

**Hotel Tuller**  
 Detroit, Michigan

Center of business on Grand Circus Park  
 Take Woodward Car, get off at Adams Avenue  
**ABSOLUTELY FIREPROOF**  
 600 Outside Rooms. All Absolutely Quiet  
 \$1.50 up single, \$3.00 up double.  
 Special inducements to Out-of-Town guests during the period of the war.  
 Two Floors — Agents' Sample Room

**RITZ CARLTON HOTEL**

MONTREAL

CANADA'S FINEST HOTEL



For Reservations apply to - FRANK S. QUICK, Manager

**PEERLESS POULTRY FENCE**  
*A Real Fence—Not Netting*  
 Strongly made and closely spaced—making it a complete barrier against large animals as well as small poultry. Top and bottom wires No. 9—intermediates No. 12 wire—made by the Open Hearth process which time and other tests have proven to be the best. Send for catalog. Ask about our terms and ornamental headings. Agents nearly everywhere. Agents wanted in unassigned territory.  
 The Bennett-Hoxie Wire Fence Company, Ltd.,  
 Winnipeg, Man., Hamilton, Ont.

The handy  
little  
Tire  
Saver



\$1.50  
ANYWHERE  
IN  
CANADA

TRADE MARK REG'D. CANADA

# SCHRADER

## UNIVERSAL

### TIRE PRESSURE GAUGE

UNDER inflation ruins more tubes and tires than anything else. Keep air pressure up to exact point recommended by the tire-maker and you'll get the maximum mileage. The Kick-Tire method is useless—use the pressure gauge constantly—it only takes a few moments. Simply press bottom of gauge on Tire valve and exact pressure is immediately registered.

**A. SCHRADER'S SON INC.**  
334 KING STREET EAST, TORONTO  
London, Eng. New York Chicago

## THE WINDS of the WORLD

(Continued from page 17.)

It did not seem quite the thing to be riding away to war with the best native officer in all India somewhere in Delhi on "special service"—whatever that might be.

He was given, as a rule, to smiling at any man who did his best. On any other day he would have very likely exchanged a joke with the bullock-man who labored so unavailingly to get the road cleared in a hurry. But to-day, since his thoughts were of Ranjoor Singh, he paid the man no attention; he had not even formed a mental picture of him by the time he passed the gate.

It was Warrington, cantering up from behind a minute or so later, who changed the color of the earth and sky.

"Did you recognize him, sir?"

"Whom?"

"Ranjoor Singh!"

"No! Where?"

"Not the bullock-man who blocked the road, but the man who ran out from behind the gate and straightened things out again. That man was Ranjoor Singh in mufti!"

"What makes you think so?"

"I recognized him. So did his squadron—look at them! They're riding like new men!"

Kirby looked, and there was no doubt about D Squadron.

"Is he there still?" he asked.

"I can see a man standing there—see him? Fellow in white between two bullock carts?"

Kirby pulled out to the roadside and let the regiment pass him. Then he cantered back. The man between the bullock carts had his back turned, and was gazing toward Delhi under his hand.

"Ranjoor Singh!" said Kirby, reining suddenly. "Is that you?"

"Uh?" The man faced about. He was no more Ranjoor Singh than he was Colonel Kirby.

"Where is the man who came from behind the gate to clear the road?"

The man pointed toward the gate. Inside, within the gloom of the gate itself, Kirby was certain he saw a Sikh who stood at the salute. He cantered to the gate, for he would have given a year's pay for word with Ranjoor Singh. But when he reached the gate the man was gone.

"And he promised he'd be there to lead his squadron when the blood runs," wondered Kirby.

### CHAPTER X.

RANJOOR SINGH, on the trail of a murderer, shoved with his whole strength against a little door of the House-of-the-Eight-Half-brothers. It yielded suddenly. He shot in headlong, and the door slammed behind him. As he fell forward into pitch darkness he was conscious of shooting bolts behind and of the squeaking of a beam swung into place.

But, having served the Raj for more years than he wanted to remember, through three campaigns in the Himalays, once against the Masudis, and once in China, he was in full possession of trained soldier senses. Darkness, he calculated instantly, was a shield to him who can use it, and a danger only to the unwary; and there are grades of wariness, just as there are grades of sloth.

Two men who thought themselves so wide awake as to be beyond the

reach of government, each threw a noosed rope, and caught each other. Ranjoor Singh could not see the ropes, but he could hear the stifled swearing and the ensuing struggle; and an ear is as good as an eye in the dark.

Something—he never knew what—warned him to duck and step forward. He felt the whistle of a club that missed him by so little as to make the skin twitch on the back of his neck.

His right leg shot sidewise, and he tripped a man. In another second he had the club, and there was no measurable interval of time then before the darkness was a living miracle of blows that came from everywhere and missed nothing.

THREE men went down, and Ranjoor Singh was in command of a situation whose wherefore and possibilities he could not guess until an electric torch declared itself some twenty feet away, at more than twice his height, and he stood vignettted in a circle of white light.

"The sahib proves a gentle guest!" purred a voice he thought he recognized. It was a woman's. "Has the sahib a pistol with him?"

Ranjoor Singh, cursing his own neglect of soldierly precaution, saw fit not to answer. A human arm reached like a snake into the ring of light. He struck at it with the club, and a groan announced that he had struck hard enough.

"Does the sahib think that the noise of a pistol would cause his friends to come? Is Ranjoor Singh ashamed? Speak, sahib? Is it well to break into a house and be surly with the hostess?"

Ranjoor Singh stepped backward, and the ring of light followed him, until he stood pressed against the teak door and could feel the heavy beam that ran up and down it, locked firmly above and below. He prodded over his head behind him with the club, trying to find what held the beam, and the ring of light lifted a foot or two, then five feet, until its centre was on the centre of the club's handle.

A pistol cracked and flashed then, from behind the light, and the club splintered. He dropped it, and the torch-light ceased, leaving him dazed, but not so dazed that he did not hear a man sneak up and carry the splintered club away. He followed after the man, for he knew now that he was in a narrow passage and no man could get by him to attack from behind.

But again the torch-light sought him out. Half-way to the foot of steep stairs that he could dimly outline he halted, for advance against hidden pistol-fire and dazzling light was futile.

"Look!" said the same soft, woman's voice. "Look, sahib! See, Ranjoor Singh! the hooded death! See the hooded death behind you!"

It was not her command that made him look. He knew better than to turn his head at an unseen woman's bidding in the dark. But he heard them hiss, and he turned to see four cobras coming toward him, with the front third of their bodies raised from the floor and their hoods extended. He saw that a panel in the wooden wall had slid, and the last snake's tail was yet inside the gap. There was no need of a man to slip between him and the door!

"There are more in the wall, Ran-

## EVEREADY

### DAYLO

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

The light that says  
"There it is!"



Darkness is danger but Daylo sees the danger in time. No camp kit complete without it.

Canadian National Carbon Co. Ltd., Toronto.

Style 2659

EVEREADY We are the Leading EVEREADY  
DAYLO Distributors DAYLO

and make immediate shipments from our complete stock.

We have special facilities for making prompt shipments from London, Eng., Office to MEN OVERSEAS, either complete articles or renewal batteries at regular intervals. Mail us your orders or write for catalogue.

**SPIELMANN AGENCIES, Reg'd**

Read Building, 45 St. Alexander Street, MONTREAL

Joor Singh! Will they follow thee up stairs? See, they come! Step swiftly, for the hooded death is swift!"

The light went out again, and his ears were all he had to warn him of the snakes' approach—ears and imagination. Swift as a well launched charge of light cavalry, he leaped for the stairs and took them four at a time. He reached the top one sooner than he knew it. The torch flashed in his eyes, and he saw a pistol-mouth just beyond arm-reach.

"Stand, Ranjoor Singh!" said a voice that he felt sure he recognized. His eyes began to search beyond the light for glimpses of dim outline.

"Back, Ranjoor Singh! Back to the right—toward that door! In, through that door—so!"

He obeyed, since he knew now with whom he had to deal. There was no sense at all in taking liberties with Yasmini. He stepped into a bare, dark, teak-walled room, and she followed him, and she had scarcely closed the door at her back before another door opened at the farther end, and two of her maids appeared, carrying candle-lamps.

"What do you want with me?" demanded Ranjoor Singh.

"Nay! Did I invite the sahib?"

"I came about a murderer who entered by that door through which I came."

"To pay him the reward, perhaps?" she asked impudently.

"Is this thy house?" asked Ranjoor Singh.

"This is the House-of-the-Eight-Half-brothers, sahib."

"This is a hole where murderers hide! A man of mine was slain in the street below, and the murderer came in here. Where is he now?"

"He and the bigger fool who followed him," said Yasmini, poising herself like a nodding blossom and smiling like the promise of new love, as she paused to be insolent and let the insolence sink home, "are at my mercy!"

Ranjoor Singh did not answer, but she could draw no amusement from his silence, for his eye was unafraid.

"I am from the North, where the quality of mercy is thought weakness," she smiled sweetly.

"Who asks mercy? I was seen and heard to enter. There will be a hundred seeking me within an hour!"

"Sahib, within two hours there will be five thousand around this house, yet none will seek to enter! And they will find no murderer, though thou shalt see thy murderer. Come this way, sahib."

A WHIFF of warm wind might have blown her, so swiftly, lissomely she ran toward the other door, laughing back at him across her shoulder and leaving a trail of aromatic scent. The two maids held their candle-lanterns high, and, striding like a soldier, Ranjoor Singh followed Yasmini, not caring that the maids shut the heavy door behind him and bolted it. He argued to himself that he was as safe in one room as in another, and she as dangerous; also, that it made no difference in which room he might be when the squadron or his colonel missed him.

"Look, Ranjoor Singh! Look through that hole!"

There was plenty of light in this room, for there was a lantern in every corner. He could see that she was gazing through a hole in the wall at something that amused her, and she motioned to another hole eight feet

away from it. He crossed a floor that was solid and age-old; no two planks of it were of even width or length, but none creaked.

At her invitation he looked through the little square hole she pointed out. And then, for the first time, he confessed surprise.

"Thou, Jagut Singh!" he exclaimed.

He stepped back, blinked to reassure himself, and stepped to the hole again. Back to back, tied right hand to right, left hand to left, so that their arms were crossed behind them, and lashed waist to waist, a trooper of D Squadron and the Afridi whom he had kicked at Yasmini's sat on the floor facing opposite walls. Dumb misery was stamped on the Sikh's face, the despair of evaporated savagery on the Afridi's.

"Jagut Singh!" said the risaldar-major, louder this time; and the trooper looked up, almost as if hope had been that instant born in him.

"Jagut Singh!"

THE trooper grinned. A white row of ivory showed between his black beard and mustache. He tried to look sidewise, but the rope that held him tight to the Afridi hurt his neck.

"I knew it, sahib!" he shouted. "I knew that one would come for me! This hill wildcat has fought until the ropes cut both of us; but take time, sahib! I can wait. Attend to the duty first. Only let him who comes bring water with him, for this is a thirsty place!"

Ranjoor Singh looked sidewise. He could see that Yasmini was absorbed in contemplation of her prisoners. Her little lithe form was pressed tightly against the wall, less than two yards away. He could guess, and he had heard a dozen times, that dancing had made her stronger than a panther and more swift. Yet he thought that if he had her in his arms he could crush those light ribs until she would yield and order her prisoner released. The trooper's confidence deserved immediate, not postponed, reward.

He watched for a minute. He could see that her bosom rose and fell regularly against the woodwork; she was all unconscious of her danger, he was sure of it. He changed his position, and she neither looked nor moved. He changed it again, so that his weight was all on his left foot; he was sure she had not noticed. Then he sprang.

He sprang sidewise, as a horse does that sees a snake by the roadside, every nerve and sinew keyed to the tightest pitch—eye, ear and instinct working together. And she, in the same second, turned to meet him smiling, with outstretched arms, as if she would meet him half-way and hug him to her bosom, only she stepped a pace backward, instead of forward as she had seemed to intend.

He landed where he had meant to, on the spot where she had stood. His left hand clutched at the wall, and a second too late he made a wild grab at the hole she had peered through, trying to get his fingers into it. What she had done he never knew, but the floor she had stood on yielded, and he heard her laugh as he slipped through the opening like a tiger into a pit-trap, and fell downward into blackness.

With a last tremendous effort he caught at the floor and held himself suspended by his finger-ends. But she came and trod on them, and though her weight was light, malice made her skilful, and she hurt him until he had



## Ashamed of Corns

As People Should Be—They Are So Unnecessary

The instinct is to hide a corn. And to cover the pain with a smile. For people nowadays know that a corn is passe. And that naught but neglect can account for it.

It is like a torn gown which you fail to repair. Or a spot which you fail to remove. The fault lies in neglecting a few-minute duty—just as with a corn.

Any corn pain can be stopped in a moment, and stopped for good. Any corn can be ended quickly and completely.

All that is necessary is to apply a little Blue-jay plaster. It is done in a jiffy. It means no inconvenience.

Then a bit of scientific wax begins its gentle action. In two days, usually, the whole corn disappears. Some old, tough corns require a second application, but not often.

Can you think of a reason for paring corns and letting them continue? Or for using harsh or mussy applications? Or of clinging to any old-time method which is, now taboo?

Or for suffering corns—for spoiling hours—when millions of others escape?

Can you think of a reason for not trying Blue-jay? It is a modern scientific treatment, invented by a famous chemist. It is made by a house of world-wide fame in the making of surgical dressings.

It has ended corns by the tens of millions—corns which are just like yours. It is easy and gentle and sure, as you can prove for yourself tonight.

Try Blue-jay on one corn. If it does as we say, keep it by you. On future corns apply it the moment they appear. That will mean perpetual freedom. A corn ache, after that, will be unknown to you.

**B&B Blue-jay For Corns**

**Stops Pain Instantly Ends Corns Completely**

**Large Package 25c at Druggists' Small package discontinued.**

**Bauer & Black, Limited** Makers of Surgical Dressings, etc. **Chicago, New York, Toronto** (932)

## Northern Ontario

A vast new land of promise and freedom now open for settlement at 50c. an acre in some districts—in others Free.

Thousands of farmers are responding to the call. Here, right at the door of Southern Ontario, a home awaits you.

For information as to terms, regulations and railway rates to settlers, write to

**G. H. FERGUSON,**  
Minister of Lands, Forests and Mines.

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

**CANADA PIPE AND STEEL COMPANY, LIMITED**  
(CLUFF BROTHERS)

FINE PLUMBING APPLIANCES, ENGINEERS' PLUMBERS' AND STEAMFITTERS' SUPPLIES

**79-87 CHURCH STREET TORONTO**



Everybody thinks of **WRIGLEY'S** when chewing gum is mentioned. This is the result of years of effort to give mankind the benefits and enjoyment of this low-cost sweetmeat.

**WRIGLEY'S** helps appetite and digestion—allays thirst—renews vigour.



## Peanut Soup...

*Ideal for Light Lunches*



Here is a dish that every member of the family will appreciate. It is easily made, nourishing, satisfying and economical.

To each serving use three-quarters cup of milk and two tablespoonful of BOWES Peanut Butter. Heat milk in double-boilers. Then pour very slowly over peanut butter in a bowl, creaming the mixture to remove all lumps. Return to double-boiler and cook until thickened. Season with salt and dash of nutmeg.

TRY IT—IT'S DELIGHTFUL

Be sure of the very best—ask your grocer for

**BOWES PEANUT BUTTER**



to set his teeth and drop. He would never have believed that those soft slipper-soles could have given so much pain.

"Forget not thy trooper in his need!" she called, as he fell away through the opening. And then the trap shut.

To his surprise he did not fall very far, and though he landed on an elbow and a hip, he struck so softly that for a moment he believed he must be mad, or dead, or dreaming. Then his fingers, numb from Yasmini's pressure, began to recognize the feel of gunny-bags, and of cotton-wool, and of paper. Also, he smelled kerosene or something very like it.

"Forget not the water for thy trooper, Ranjor Singh!"

He looked up to see Yasmini's face framed in the opening, and he thought there was more devilment expressed in it, for all her loveliness, than in her voice that never quite lost its hint of laughter. He did not answer, and the trap-door closed again.

He knelt and began to grope through the dark on hands and knees, but gave that up presently because the dust from old sacks and piles of rubbish began to choke him. Then rats came to investigate him. He heard several of them scamper close, and one bit his leg; so he made ready to fight for his life against the worst enemy a man may have, praying a little in the Sikh way, that does not reckon God to be far off at any time.

Suddenly the trap-door opened, and the rats scampered away from the light and noise.

"Thus is a soldier answered!" muttered Ranjor Singh.

"Is the risaldar-major sahib thirsty?" wondered Yasmini.

He could hear her pouring water out of a brass ewer into a dish, and pouring it back again. The metal rang and the water splashed deliciously, but he was not very thirsty yet; he had been thirstier on parade a hundred times.

WHEN her head and shoulders darkened the aperture, he did not trouble this time to look at her.

"Is it dark down there?" she asked him; but he did not answer.

So she struck a match and lit a newspaper. In a moment a ball of fire was floating downward to him, and it was then that the smell of dust and kerosene entered his consciousness as pin-cers enter the flesh of men in torment. He stood up with hands upstretched to catch the fire—caught it—bore it downward—and smothered it in gunny-bags.

"Still dark?" she said, looking through the aperture once more. "I will send another one!"

So Ranjor Singh found his tongue and cursed her with a force and comprehensiveness that only Asia can command; he gave her to understand that the next fire she dropped on him should be allowed to work God's will and burn her—her, her rats, her cobras, and her cutthroats. Two honest Sikhs, he swore, would die well to such an end.

"Drop that fire and I will fan the flame!" he vowed, and she believed him.

"I will send my cobra down to keep the sahib company!" she mocked.

But Ranjor Singh proposed to take one danger at a time, and he was quite sure that she wanted him alive, not dead, for otherwise he would have been dead already. He held his tongue and listened while she splashed the water.

"Thy trooper is very thirsty, sahib!"

She was on a warmer scent now, for that squadron of his and the men of his squadron were the one love of his warrior life. Some spirit of malice whispered her as much.

"The trooper shall have water when Ranjor Singh sahib has promised on his Sikh honor."

"Promised what?" His voice betrayed interest at last; it suggested future possibilities instead of a grim present.

"That he will do what is required of him!"

"Is that the price of a drink for Jagut Singh?"

"Aye! Will the sahib pay, or will he let the trooper parch?"

"Ask Jagut Singh! Go, ask him! Let it be as he answers!"

He could hear her hurry away, although she slammed the trap-door shut. Evidently she was not satisfied to speak through the little hole, and he suspected that she was showing the man water, perhaps giving some to the Afridi for sweet suggestion's sake. She was back within five minutes, and by the way she opened the trap and grinned at him he knew what her answer would be.

"He begs that you promise! He begs, sahib! He says he is thy trooper, thy dog, thy menial, and very thirsty!"

"Bring some one who knows better how to lie!" said Ranjor Singh. "I know what his answer was! He said, 'Say to the risaldar-major sahib that I have eaten salt, but I am not thirsty!' Go, tell him his answer was a good one, and that I know he said it! I know that man, as men know each other. Thou art a woman, and thy knowledge is but emptiness. Thou hast heard now twice what the answer is, once from him and once from me!"

"I will leave thee to the rats!" she said, slamming the trap-door tight.

The rats came, and he began to grope about for a weapon to use against them. He caught one rat in his fingers, squeezed the squealing brute to death and flung it away, and he heard a hundred of its messmates race to devour the carcass.

He began to see little active eyes around him in the blackness, that watched his every movement, and he kept moving since that seemed to puzzle them. Also he wondered, as a drowning man might wonder about things, how long it would be before Colonel Kirby would send for him to ask about the murdered trooper. Something would happen then, he felt quite sure.

THE rats by this time had grown very daring, and he had been bitten again twice; he found time to wonder what lies Yasmini would tell to account for her share in things. He did not doubt she would lie herself out of it, but he wondered just how, along what unexpected line. It began to seem to him that the colonel and his squadron were a very long time coming.

"But they will come!" he assured himself.

He was nearer to the mark when he expected unexpectedness from Yasmini, for she did not disappoint him. A door opened at one end of the black dark cellar, and again the rats scampered for cover as Yasmini herself stood framed in it, with a lantern above her head. She was alone, and he could not see that she had any weapon.

"This way, sahib!" she called sweetly to him.

Never—North, South, East or West, in olden days or modern—did a siren call half so seductively. Every move she ever made was poetry expressed, but framed in a golden aura shed by the lamp, and swaying in the velvet blackness of the pit's mouth, she was, it seemed to Ranjoor Singh, as no man had ever yet seen woman.

"Come, sahib!" she called again; and he moved toward her.

"Food and water wait! Thy trooper has drunk his fill. Come, sahib!"

She made no move at all to protect herself from him. She did not lean into the cavern beyond the door. She waited for him, leaning against the door-post and smiling as if she and he were old friends who understood each other.

"I but tried thee, Ranjoor Singh!" she smiled, looking up into his face and holding the lantern closer to his eyes, as if she would read behind them. "Thou art a soldier, and not a buffalo at all! I am sorry that I called thee buffalo. My heart goes out ever to a brave man, Ranjoor Singh!"

HE was actually at her side, her clothes touched his, and he could have flung his arms around her. But it was the move next after that which seemed obscure. He wondered what her reply would be; and, moving the lantern a little, she read the hesitation in his eyes—the wavering between desire for vengeance, a soldierly regard for sex, and mistrust of her apparent helplessness. And, being Yasmini, she dared him.

"Like swords I have seen!" she laughed. "Two cutting edges and a point! Not to be held save by the hilt, eh, Ranjoor Singh? Search me for weapons first, and then use that dagger in thy hair—I am unarmed!"

"Lead on!" he commanded in a voice that grated harshly, for it needed all his will-power to prevent his self-command from giving out. He knew that behind temptation of any kind there lie the iron teeth of unexpected consequences.

She let the lantern swing below her knees and leaned back to laugh at him, until the cavern behind her echoed as if all the under-world had seen and was amused.

"I called thee a buffalo!" she panted. "Nay, I was very wrong! I laugh at my mistake! Come, Ranjoor Singh!"

With a swing of the lantern and a swerve of her lithe body, she slipped out of his reach and danced down an age-old hewn-stone passage, out of which doors seemed to lead at every six or seven yards; only the doors were all made fast with iron bolts so huge that it would take two men to manage them.

He hurried after her. But the faster he followed the faster she ran, until it needed little imagination to conceive her a will-o'-the-wisp and himself a crazy man.

"Come!" she kept calling to him. "Come!"

And then she commenced to sing, as if dark passages beneath the Delhi streets were a fit setting for her skill and loveliness. Ranjoor Singh had never heard the song before. It was about a tiger who boasted and fell into a trap. It made him more cautious than he might have been, and when the darkness began to grow less opaque he slowed into a walk. Then he stood still, for he could not see her any longer.

It occurred to him to turn back. But

that thought had not more than crossed his mind when a noose was pulled tight around his legs and a big sheet, thrown out of the darkness, was wrapped and wrapped about him until he could neither shout nor move. He knew that they were women who managed the sheet, because he bit one's finger through it and she screamed. Then he heard Yasmini's voice close to his ear.

"Thy colonel sahib and another are outside!" she whispered. "It is not well to wait here, Ranjoor Singh!"

Next he felt a great rush of air, and after that the roar of flame was so unmistakable—although he could feel no heat yet—that he wondered whether he was to be burned alive.

"Is it well alight?" asked Yasmini. "Yes!" said a maid whose teeth chattered.

"Good! Presently the fools will come and pour water enough to fill this passage. Thus none may follow us! Come!"

Ranjoor Singh was gathered up and carried by frightened women—he could feel them tremble. For a moment he felt the outer air, and he caught the shout of a crowd that had seen flames. Then he was thrown face downward on the floor of some sort of carriage and driven away.

He lost all sense of direction after a moment, though he did not forget to count, and by his rough reckoning he was driven through the streets for about nine minutes at a fast trot. Then the carriage stopped, and he was carried out again, up almost endless stairs, across a floor that seemed yet more endless, and thrown into a corner.

He heard a door slam shut, and almost at the same moment his fingers, that had never once ceased working, tore a corner of the sheet loose.

In another minute he was free.

HE threw the sheet from him and looked about, accustoming his eyes to darkness. Presently, not far from him, he made out the sheeted figure of another man, who lay exactly as he had done and worked with tired fingers. He drew the dagger out of his hair and cut the man loose.

"Jagut Singh!" he exclaimed.

The trooper stood up and saluted.

"Who brought thee here?"

"Women, sahib, in a carriage!"

"When?"

"Even now!"

"Where is that Afridi?"

"Dead, sahib!"

"How?"

"She brought us water in a brass vessel, saying it was by thy orders, sahib. She cut us loose and gave him water first. Then, while she gave me to drink the Afridi attacked her, and I slew him with my hands, tearing his throat out—thus! While the life yet fluttered in him they threw a sheet over me—and here I am! Salaam, sahib."

The trooper saluted again.

"Who made thee prisoner in the first place?"

"Hillmen, sahib, at the orders of the Afridi who is now dead. They made ready to torture me, showing me the knives they would use. But she came, and they obeyed her, binding the Afridi fast to me. After that I heard the sahib's voice, and then this happened. That is all, sahib."

"Well!" said Ranjoor Singh. And for the third time his trooper saw fit to salute him.

(To be continued.)



## Welcome

THE big front doors of the Hotel McAlpin open at your approach. They admit you to an hotel where you will find every comfort, every luxury—and, above all, the earnest desire to welcome you.

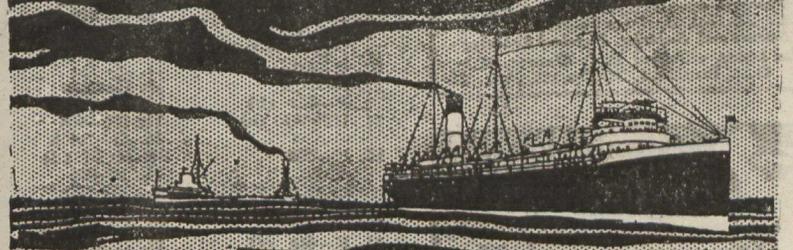
Hotel McAlpin is exquisitely appointed, exemplary in details and favorable in price.

# HOTEL McALPIN

Broadway at Thirty-Fourth Street, New York

L. M. BOOMER - - - Managing Director

## Include Great Lakes Water Route



### On Your Trip to the Pacific Coast

Through the marvelous

## Canadian Pacific Rockies

Excellent accommodations—cool, restful, day-and-a-half's diversion on the

### Canadian Pacific Railway Great Lakes Steamship Service

From Port McNicoll, via Toronto, on Georgian Bay through Lake Huron and Sault Ste. Marie to Fort William on Lake Superior.

Summer Tour at Special Rates covering Lake Ports and chief Western Points of Canada and the United States.

Particulars from Canadian Pacific Ticket Agents or W. B. Howard District Passenger Agent Toronto



**CONSERVE BY CLEAN LINESS**

**GILLETTS LYE EATS DIRT**

**E. W. GILLETT CO. LTD.**  
TORONTO, CANADA  
WINNIPEG MONTREAL

Sarah was rather backward in her studies. One day she came home and announced that she stood at the foot of the class. "Why, Sarah, I'm ashamed of you," exclaimed her mother. "Why don't you study harder?" "It isn't my fault," complained the little girl. "The little girl who has always been at the foot has left the school."

**ALMA LADIES' COLLEGE**  
(Canada's National Residential School for Girls)

OPENS ITS THIRTY-EIGHTH YEAR ON SEPTEMBER SIXTEENTH, NINETEEN HUNDRED AND EIGHTEEN

Thorough courses in Music, Art, Oratory, High School, Business College, Domestic Science and Superior Physical Training

For terms, address: R. I. Warner, M.A., D.D., President, St. Thomas, Ont. 3

**The Woman With Beautiful Eye-Lashes**

—is always charming and attractive. Your lashes and brows need only a little care to make them add wonderfully to your personal appearance. A nightly application of "Lash-Brow-Lac" will soon produce long, thick, luxurious lashes. "Lash-Brow-Lac" is a pure, harmless preparation certain in its results. By mail only, 75c. from Elizabethan Institute, Dept. Toronto 3



NOTES AND NEWS.

We deeply regret to report the death, on June 22, of Mr. Alfred Hunter, a member of the Toronto Chess Club of long standing. The deceased had played chess from his eighth year and developed into a very fair player. It is noteworthy that he taught J. S. Morrison, the Dominion Champion, the rudiments of the game in 1908. They were employed together at the Toronto Engraving Co., the spare time after lunch being devoted to chess. Hunter played in several matches and in the match Toronto v. Buffalo, 1916-17, broke even, winning and losing in opposition to General G. C. Fox. He was a brother of the more famous R. G. Hunter. The will directs a handsome bequest to the funds of the Toronto Chess Club.

The Canadian membership of the Good Companions' Club now stands at 54. Bert Gordon, Ottawa; Fred E. Claudet, Nanoose Bay, Vancouver Island, and A. K. Green, Toronto, are the recent enlistments.

The standing of members of the Victoria Chess Club is indicated by the ladder system. Mr. C. F. Davie, was on the top rung all last season and still holds tight. Victoria played Vancouver by telephone, a short while ago, the former winning by 3½ games to 2½. Mr. Davie was successful at top board.

Mr. Beauchemin, president of the Lefontaine Chess Club, and treasurer of the Montreal Chess League, both new organizations, was in Toronto July 14 to 17. Two games contested with Mr. Sim, ended in the latter's favor.

Mr. Sim has won three games in his section of the Canadian Correspondence Chess Championship.

Mr. J. H. Blackburne, the veteran English champion, and Mrs. Blackburne are both suffering from severe nervous breakdown.

The play-off of the triple tie in the City of London Championship Tournament, resulted in a victory for Mr. G. E. Wainwright, a Yorkshireman, who held the title previously in 1907.

**Quadrangular Masters' Tournament.**  
From Switzerland, via the "American Chess Bulletin," comes the news that Dr. M. Vidmar, of Budapest, won a quadrangular tournament held in Berlin during April, with a score of 4½ points. Carl Schlechter, 3½ points; Jacques Mieses, 3 points and A. K. Rubinstein, surprisingly last with one point, were the other participants. The following is a specimen of the play with notes extended from the "Bulletin":—

Irregular Queen's Pawn.

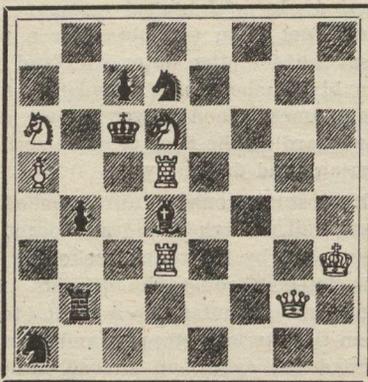
- |                   |               |
|-------------------|---------------|
| White.            | Black.        |
| A. K. Rubinstein. | M. Vidmar.    |
| 1. P-Q4           | 1. Kt-KB3     |
| 2. P-QB4          | 2. P-K4 (a)   |
| 3. PxB            | 3. Kt-Kt5     |
| 4. B-B4           | 4. Kt-QB3     |
| 5. Kt-KB2         | 5. B-Kt5ch    |
| 6. Kt-B3          | 6. Q-K2       |
| 7. Q-Q5           | 7. BxKtch     |
| 8. PxB            | 8. Q-R6       |
| 9. R-Bsq          | 9. P-B3       |
| 10. PxB           | 10. KtxP (B3) |
| 11. Q-Q2          | 11. P-Q3      |
| 12. Kt-Q4         | 12. Castles   |
| 13. P-K3 (b)      | 13. KtxKt     |
| 14. BpxKt (c)     | 14. Kt-K5     |
| 15. O-R2          | 15. Q-R4ch    |
| 16. K-K2          | 16. RxB! (d)  |
| 17. KxR           | 17. B-B4      |
| 18. Q-Kt2         | 18. R-Ksq     |
| 19. K-B3 (e)      | 19. Kt-Q7ch   |
| 20. K-Kt3         | 20. Kt-K5ch   |
| 21. K-R4 (f)      | 21. R-K3      |
| 22. B-K2          | 22. R-R3ch    |
| 23. B-R5          | 23. RxBch     |
| 24. KxR           | 24. B-Kt3ch   |
| 25. K-Kt4         | 25. Q-R4 mate |

- (a) Known as the "Budapest opening", because it was analyzed in Hungarian chess circles about a year ago.  
 (b) Better would have been Kt-Kt5, to be followed by P-B3 and P-K3.  
 (c) A choice of evils. If instead 14. KPxKt, then 14... Kt-K5; 15. Q-K3, B-B4; 16. B-K2, QxRP, and the passed Rook's Pawn would figure in the ending. (Ed. C.)  
 (d) The attack is conducted by Dr. Vidmar with much energy, the sacrifice of the exchange being correct.  
 (e) If 19. K-Qsq, then 19... Q-R5ch! (Ed. C.)  
 (f) A mistake, which leads to immediate loss. The King should have gone back to B3, in which case, however, Black would have been under no necessity to draw, but might have carried on the attack by means of P-KR4, with excellent prospects. (A. C. B.)

After 21. K-B3, P-KR4 (threatening mate in two); 22. P-KR3, P-R5; 23. P-Kt4, Kt-Q7ch; 24. K-Kt2, B-K5ch; 25. K-R2, BxR; 26. KxB, KtxB; 27. RxB, R-K8, matters look decidedly drawish. If White played here instead, 23. R-Qsq, then 23... B-Kt3; 24. P-Kt4, PxB; 25. PxB, Q-R4ch; 26. P-Kt4, Q-R5; 27. R-KKtsq, Kt-Kt4ch!, and wins. Again, if 23. R-B2, then 23... B-Kt3; 24. P-Kt4, PxB; 25. PxB, Q-K3; 26. R-Ktsq (if 26. R-Kt2, Black mates in four by 26... Kt-Kt4ch!), Kt-Kt4ch; 27. K-Kt2! B-K5ch; 28. K-R2, Kt-B6ch, and wins. (Ed. C.)

PROBLEM NO. 190, by P. H. Williams.

From the "Morning Post".  
Black.—Seven Pieces.



White.—Seven Pieces.

White to play and mate in two.  
Problem No. 191, by Dr. E. Palkoska.  
(Chameleon Echo.)

White: K at QKt8; Q at QKtsq; Bs at Kt4 and Kt7; Kts at Q6 and K5. Black: K at Q4; R at KR3; Kts at KRsq and KR6; Ps at QR3, QB5, QB6, Q6, KKt3 and KKt4.

White mates in three.

SOLUTIONS.

- Problem No. 188, by F. Kohntein.**  
1. R-R5! BxR; 2. Q-R3, B-B6; 3. Q-R8 mate.  
If the key Rook could travel beyond R8 or Kt3, this problem would also answer to a "Bristol" key. The only means to obtain the clearance is by "Annihilation" on R5.  
**Problem No. 189, by K. Traxler.**  
1. Kt-B8, B-R4; 2. Q-QBsq, K-Q4; 3. B-B3 mate.  
1... KxP; 2. QxKtPch, K-Kt4; 3. B-K7 mate.  
1... BxP; 2. Q-KRsqch, K-K4; 3. Kt-Q7 mate.  
1... K-Q4; 2. B-B3ch, KxB; 3. QxKtP mate.  
The mates in the two first variations are chameleon echoes. The threat is 2. QxKtPch.

What Canada Has Done  
(Continued from page 11.)

\$90,000,000 Voluntary

ONE of the chief factors in the total estimate of Canada's part in the war must be the voluntary war organizations which have been so well shaped out of a healthy and virile public sentiment. Of the various war organizations operating in Canada, or amongst Canadian troops overseas, the most extensive in their operations are the Canadian Patriotic Fund, the Canadian Red Cross Society, and Military Branch of the Y.M.C.A.

The Canadian Patriotic Fund is a national organization (covering all the Provinces except Manitoba, which for this purpose is organized separately), the object of which is to give assistance where necessary to the dependent relatives of Canadians on active service in the present war. Since June, 1916, the expenditure in relief work of the C. P. F. has averaged about \$900,000 a month. This has covered the assistance of from 50,000 to 60,000 families.

The Canadian Red Cross Society is organized into 8 provincial and 1,120 local branches. Its object is to furnish aid to sick and wounded soldiers as an auxiliary to the Army Medical Corps. The more important activities of the Society include the supply of equipment for Canadian military hospitals, grants to British and other hospitals, care of Canadian prisoners of war, and the collection and shipment of supplies of various kinds. The approximate value of goods shipped by the Society in 1917 was \$4,613,795.

The Military Branch of the Y.M.C.A. carries on its work with the troops overseas, in 96 centres in France, and in 76 centres in England. These include camps and units, base camps, convalescent camps and hospitals. In Canada there are 38 centres of operation, including camps, barracks, Red Triangle Clubs, hospitals, naval stations and troop trains. There were in 1917, 133 secretaries on the overseas staff with honorary commissions in the C. E. F. Of these 50 received their pay and allowances from the Y. M. C. A., while the remainder were paid by the Government. In Canada 100 civilian secretaries are employed by the association for military purposes.

The total amount of the contributions in money and supplies which have been made in support of the above organizations are given in the following summary of gifts for various war purposes from the Federal and Provincial Governments, municipalities, corporations and individuals. Canadian Patriotic Fund (to June 30, 1918, \$40,149,097; Manitoba Patriotic Fund (to March 31, 1918), \$3,957,042; Canadian Red Cross Society (to June 30, 1918), contributions in cash, \$5,700,000; gifts in supplies (estimated), \$13,000,000; British Red Cross Society (to Dec. 31, 1917), \$6,100,000; Belgian Relief Fund (to June, 1918), contributions in cash, \$1,571,728; gifts in supplies (estimated), \$1,507,855; contributions from Canada to Y. M. C. A. for military service, \$4,574,821; gifts from Dominion and Provincial Governments to Government of Great Britain, \$5,469,319. To the above should be added miscellaneous gifts from various sources for many objects. This may be conservatively estimated at \$8,000,000. The approximate total of voluntary contributions from Canada to war purposes is, therefore, \$90,029,863.



**SAVE WHEAT SUBSTITUTE**

**PURITY OATS**

**FOR WHEAT FLOUR IN ALL YOUR BAKING**



Wheat Saving Recipes Mailed Free → on Request

Western Canada Flour Mills Co. Limited  
Head Office Toronto

**"The House and Garden 'Making' Books"**

form a new and popular series that will be indispensable to every one interested in getting the most out of his country home. Each volume is an authoritative, well made, well illustrated little book on some activity in connection with the country house or its garden.

- Making a Rose Garden, by Henry H. Saylor.
- Making a Lawn, by Luke J. Doogue.
- Making a Tennis Court, by George E. Walsh.
- Making a Garden to Bloom This Year, by Grace Tabor.
- Making Paths and Driveways, by C. H. Miller.
- Making a Poultry House, by M. Roberts Conover.
- Making the Grounds Attractive with Shrubbery, by Grace Tabor.
- Making a Rock Garden, by H. S. Adams.
- Making a Garden of Perennials, by W. C. Egan.
- Making a Garden with Hotbed and Coldframe, by C. H. Miller.
- Making a Fireplace, by Henry H. Saylor.
- Making a Bulb Garden, by Grace Tabor.
- Making a Water Garden, by William Tricker.
- Making and Furnishing Outdoor Rooms and Porches, by H. D. Eberlein.
- Making a Garage, by A. Raymond Ellis.
- Making a Garden of Small Fruits, by F. F. Rockwell.
- Making Built-in Furniture, by Abbott McClure.
- Making Fences, Walls and Hedges, by W. H. Butterfield.
- Making Floors, by Abbott McClure.
- Making Walls and Ceilings, by H. D. Eberlein.
- Making Curtains and Hangings, by Agnes Foster.

50c. net; postage 5c.

**FLOWER GARDENING**

By H. S. Adams.

This is the most complete, the most authoritative, most practical book on growing flowers. The author has the keen judgment to suppress distracting non-essentials and technical foibles. What he strives for and accomplishes is a book that will give its readers a close familiarity with all the best garden flowers and a knowledge of growing and so combining them that the result is a thoroughly satisfactory garden.

The considerations of situation, size, season and color are carefully made clear; the special requirements of varieties are explained, in addition to the important general instructions of planting and treatment. The vast fund of up-to-date and hitherto unpublished material increases the timely value of the book. A variety of tables supplements the text and renders the subject matter easily available.

Illustrated, 5x7 3/8 in. \$1.25 net; postage 10c.

**J. M. DENT & SONS, LIMITED**  
Publishers  
25-27 Melinda St. - TORONTO



# Barber & Ellis,

## FRENCH ORGANDIE Stationery

THOSE desirous of the same exclusiveness enjoyed in other things insist on French Organdie Stationery.

Obtainable in papeterie, note paper and tablets with envelopes to match.

*Ask your stationer for it.*

91-7-18



## It's an Honour to be a Good Cook

TO BE ABLE TO FEED THE FAMILY WELL AND ECONOMICALLY IS REAL WAR WORK

# BENSON'S CORN STARCH



is of vital importance to the good cook. It is the foundation of dozens of every-day desserts—gives lightness and flavour to homemade "war bread"—makes far smoother gravies and sauces than flour.

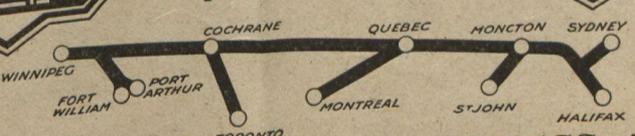
Be sure to get BENSON'S—famous for quality for more than half a century.

MANUFACTURED BY  
THE CANADA STARCH CO. LIMITED, MONTREAL



## NEARING THE MILLION MARK

Canadian  
Government  
Railways



Canadian  
Government  
Railways

THROUGH EXPRESS TRAINS

WINNIPEG	✓	TORONTO
WINNIPEG	✓	QUEBEC
MONTREAL	✓	HALIFAX
HALIFAX	✓	SYDNEY
HALIFAX	✓	ST. JOHN

OVER  
700,000  
SOLDIER LADS  
HAVE TRAVELLED THIS  
ROUTE WITHOUT MISHAP

H.H. MELANSON, PASSENGER TRAFFIC MGR. MONCTON, N.B.

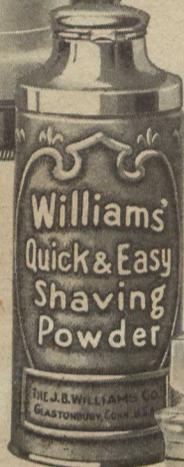


Four forms of  
**Williams'**  
Shaving Soaps

# Williams'

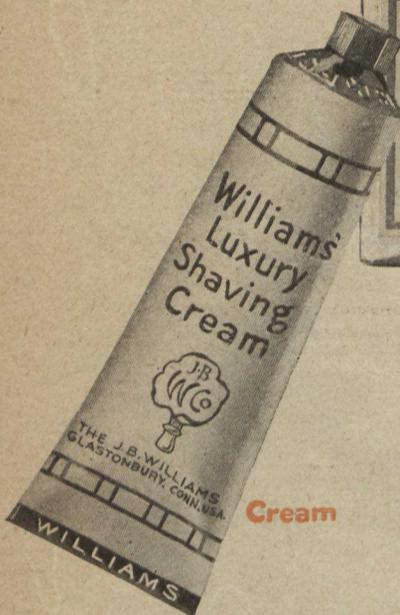


Stick



Powder

Liquid

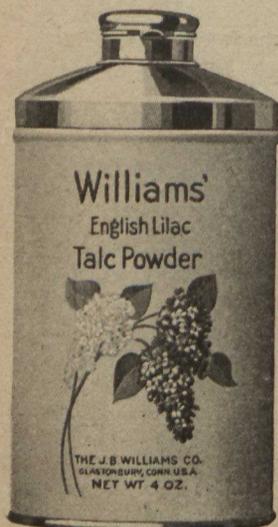


Cream



## Shaving Cream

After the shave or the bath you will enjoy the comforting touch of Williams' Talc Powder.



This is your old friend Williams' Shaving Soap made into a cream. Its form only is changed; its moist, gentle nature remains the same. Squeeze it from the tube onto your brush, or onto your face, and you will instantly recognize the same old-time creamy, softening, soothing lather that has met every shaving difficulty since 1840.