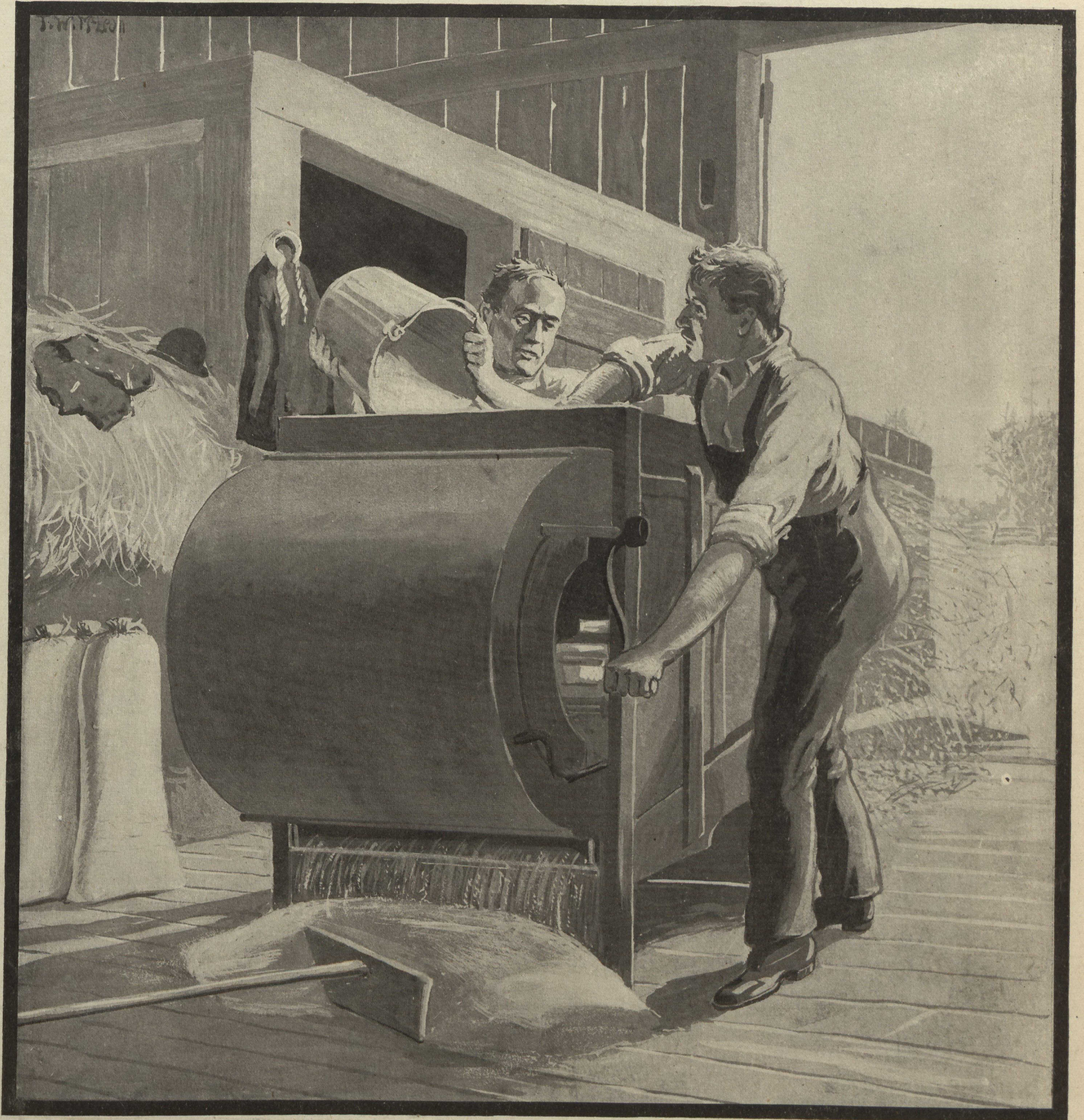


CANADIAN COURIER

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COURIER PRESS, Limited, TORONTO

Vol. XXI. No. 23

FIVE CENTS

May 5, 1917

EVEREADY

DAYLO



The light that says
"There it is!"

STORM-TOSSED and battered, helpless in a raging sea, seams opening, decks awash, the crew unable to launch a boat—such was the plight of the Spanish freighter, Pio IX, on the night of December 5, 1916.

And here might come the tragic end of this story but for the timely thought of Antonio Oliver, one of the crew. He remembered the Eveready *DAYLO in his bunk; strapped it to his wrist and with ten of his comrades went overboard, clinging desperately to a ship's raft swept by towering seas.

Gleaming like a lone star in eternal blackness, the light from Oliver's Eveready attracted the attention of the lookout on the S. S. Buenos Aires. After several failures a boat was launched and help sent to the exhausted crew. Thus were the lives of eleven men saved by the light that did not fail—Eveready *DAYLO.

There are times in everyone's life when a dependable pocket light is invaluable. In a train disaster, in a fire in a strange hotel, or even to avoid the lesser perils of picking one's way about a dark room, or down the steep cellar stairs, or along an unlighted road.

Eveready *DAYLO has replaced the old-style "flasher" or "flashlight" and become the useful servant of millions. Through the perfection of the Eveready TUNGSTEN battery and the Eveready MAZDA lamp, the reliability, economy and safety of the Eveready *DAYLO are assured.

Made in 76 styles at prices from 75 cents up, and sold by the better electrical, hardware, drug, sporting goods and stationery stores everywhere. Get yours today.

*DAYLO is the winning name in the Eveready Contest. We paid \$3,000 to each of the four contestants who submitted this name. Don't ask for a "flashlight"—get an Eveready DAYLO.

CANADIAN NATIONAL CARBON CO., LIMITED
 TORONTO, - - ONTARIO.

The light that saved Antonio Oliver and ten of his comrades was Eveready No. 2650—the style shown immediately below.



With that long lived **TUNGSTEN** Battery

—when all other lights fail

when a fuse blows and all the lights go out

when the car stalls on a dark road and the trouble must be located

when uncanny scratching in an unused room awakes you

when someone rings your doorbell in the middle of the night

when a storm breaks at 2 A. M. and the windows must be closed

when it's too dark to see your way from the house to the garage

when a strange noise in the bushes near the porch alarms you

when the baby cries in the night

whenever you need safe, instant light without striking matches, without risking the danger of fire, you need the light that says "There it is" safely positively, and unfailingly—an Eveready DAYLO.

CANADIAN COURIER

Published at 181 Simcoe St., Toronto, by the Courier Press, Limited. Subscription Price: Canada and Great Britain, \$2.00 per year; postage to United States, \$1.00 per year; other foreign postage, \$2.00 per year. **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.

Two Sides to a Story

SOME time ago in our literary section we devoted considerable space and enthusiasm to the clever and highly human-interest work of a young Canadian in the trenches. The soldier's relatives who are handling his MSS. thanked us and intimated that more of them would be coming through. We promptly suggested that we be given the first chance to publish them at a fair price. The MSS. came. The trustees conferred with a Canadian friend who advised that,

To sell Canadian serial rights might interfere with the sale of such rights in the United States.

And of course as the MSS. were as Canadian as the Canadian Courier we had to admit that the proper place for them was in a United States publication. Any Canadian editor knows that.

On the other side of the ledger comes a breeze-blown epistle from a contributor in the middle North. Writing on April 20, 1917, he says:

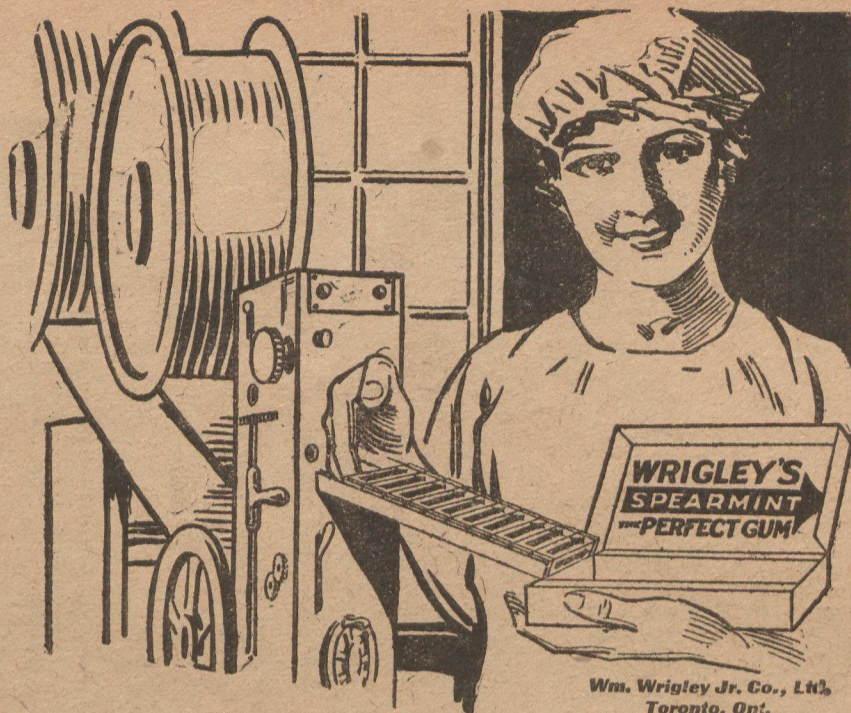
I have just finished an article written especially for the COURIER on a practical and very interesting subject. I am not going to tell you what it's about, but I'm pretty sure you're going to like it.

I don't like that Canadian short story writer's attitude who can't find time to send some of his best work to native publications. I, too, can sell over the border and have done so from time to time since 1911. But I would rather sell a Canadian article or story in Canada to a Canadian publication for a third what I could get in the States if I found any sort of steady market.

This Spring I have really begun to get my string started in dead earnest and to re-establish connections. You will get some Canadian stuff from me, you may bank on that, and I want to turn out the kind of stuff that will help to build up the magazine you dream of. If it doesn't happen to be stuff that makes your fingers itch to hold it, shoot it back—it's all in the game.

OUR new Serial, starting next week, will be Number 70 Berlin, by William Le Queux. You have read the story of Rasputin, the crafty and illiterate monk who almost seduced Russia into a separate peace. You have read of Zimmerman, who, with Bernstorff, conspired to make Mexico a base of operations against the United States by Japan. You have read of the crooked hand in Cuba, the spy system that has never ceased to operate in any and every country in the world where the German boot could get a foothold. Some time ago you read of the uprooting of the German system in England. There was danger in England; real, next-door, across-the-street, round the corner danger; more subtle than mines or submarines, more stealthy than the Zeppelins. This spy menace is just the thing that makes the absorbing theme of Berlin Number 70 Berlin. The story is told with much simplicity and an artlessness that keeps the interest of any variety of reader.

WITH the present issue we begin a new book department, in charge of one who will conduct it regularly week by week. We have made several attempts to produce a weekly book column before, and have always failed to find time in the office to read the books in order to review them. Of course some reviewers don't believe in reading the books they review, for fear they should have to narrate a few facts about the books instead of entertaining fictions. The Courier book-man guarantees to read the books first and tell you about them afterwards.



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Toronto, Ont.

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WRIGLEY'S

the chewing gum with lasting flavour

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DUNLOP TIRES
SEAL OF QUALITY
AUTOMOBILE

“IF—!”

If ordinary non-skids could answer for those many miles you expect to go after the first thousand there would have been no success for “Dunlop Traction Tread” or “Dunlop Special.”

A. 76

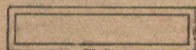
HOTEL DIRECTORY

THE TUSCO Comforts of your home. American and European. (Private Hotel) Moderate rates. Hot and cold water in every room. E. S. EDMONDSON, Prop., shopping district, 23½ Jarvis Street, Toronto, Ont.

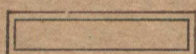
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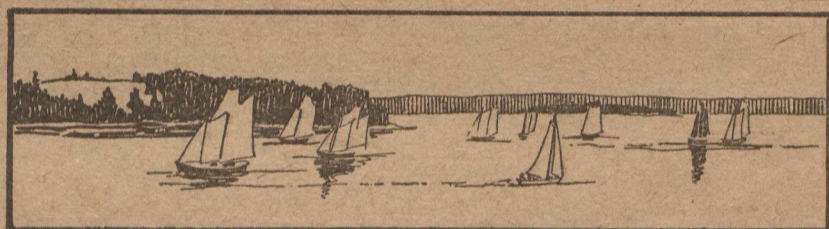
Do not depend on hired help. It is hard to obtain, particularly at summer resorts, and very expensive.

Hired labor is not necessary. You can reconstruct a Schultz Sectional House yourself in a very short time. Every piece is marked and ready to fit into its proper place. Mechanical skill is not necessary.

You will enjoy building your own cottage. Complete instructions with each house.

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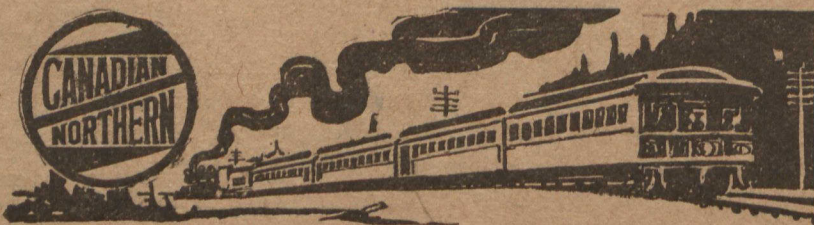
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CANADIAN COURIER

Goes to
Canadians
all over Canada

Vol. XXI.

May 5th, 1917

No. 23

OUR FRIEND - THE SPECULATOR

by Henry Lance



Illustrated by
F. Horsman Varley

HERE is talk of limiting speculation in Canadian wheat. To mention the idea is to have it approved. Not even the Grain Exchange at Winnipeg will say a good word for the speculator. In public it will have nothing to do with him, although, strictly in confidence, there are quite a number of members of the Exchange who are willing to undertake for clients in whom they have confidence, which means clients who have put up a safe margin, speculative transactions on the usual basis of commissions. You must be very sure about the margins and not even known wealth will prevent that stern necessity from applying to you. One reason is that you can only lose what you put in. The broker has no "come-back" if on a contrary market he fails to close out your contract in time. On a stock market your broker might sue you for the amount of his losses in respect to your unfortunate account, but not so in wheat. The courts have ruled, with more or less enlightenment, according to your views, that speculating in grain "futures" is gambling, and that contracts based thereon are, as gambling contracts, unenforceable. It is a point of law, too, which is very quickly invoked by any one who needs its protection. The simple farmer has been known to laugh derisively at the brokers who have asked him to put up money to protect their losses on his behalf. The broker, of course, has no use for the law as long as he is in business. But should he get into financial difficulties—well, his successful clients discover that they are not preferred creditors, they are not even creditors at all.

Now, trading in grain futures is the principal business of the Grain Exchange, as an Exchange. It is annoying when the law describes that business as gambling, but it does not really matter very much, for the Exchange is able to enforce its own rules on its own members, under penalty of expulsion. For business purposes it is not so important what the law says, as to have that law definitely declared. But the Exchange is sensitive over that accusation of gambling. It repudiates the idea, with vigour and feeling, at every opportunity. It rises up, in wrath and protest, before the word "gambling," and if its indignation remains silent under the word "specula-

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WINNIPEG EXCHANGE MAY BE CLOSED UP

Reports Current That Ottawa
Will Probe Market
Operations.

Winnipeg, April 20.—Reports that the Dominion Government is to institute an investigation into the operations of the Winnipeg Grain Exchange, and that the exchange may be closed, created excitement among grain traders to-day. It was stated that an investigation of all books controlled by traders and members of the exchange is to be instituted at once, in an endeavor to ascertain whether there is any alien influence assisting in boosting the prices of grain.

—td. on good writ

tion" it is only repressed with difficulty. If you can find a member of the Grain Exchange who will say publicly, and reasonably out loud, that there is any essential connection between the business of the Exchange and speculation you may know you have found a man to cleave to, one whose moral courage stops at nothing.

And, lest they burn this statement publicly on the floor of the Exchange at Winnipeg let us hasten to add that speculation is not immoral, and as a sop to the other side, neither is it moral. It simply is, like the air or the wind or the rain, or like darkness or light, and is as unmoral as any of these. The flower knows the present, a mystic might tell us, the brute beast knows the past as well, and man, no, not the future, but he knows that the future is uncertain, and has daily and hourly to base his conduct not on the certainties of the present, but on the probabilities of the future. And with probabilities comes speculation.

IN the greater part of life, as in matrimony, speculation is part of the essential game. In business, on the contrary, it may be a decided nuisance, and so if you can you draw it off like lightning with the lightning rod. And into the trading room of the Grain Exchange flow the currents of speculation from the grain business. Some there are that neutralize each other calmly. Some there are are

drawn off by the skilful and used to drive motor cars or to supply the motive force to keep large houses running. And some stray currents, burning badly, get into the hands of outsiders, fooling round the edge.

The essential speculation in the wheat business arises from the fact that most wheat is planted a full year before it is consumed, and practically all of it at least six months. Whoever owns it during that time is taking the risks of the changes in prices that occur from day to day, and tremendous changes they are sometimes. The swing of the price pendulum may bring wealth or it may bring poverty to the owners. The farmer, of course, takes the additional chances of the weather, always sustained in an occasional bad year by the enduring promise of seed time and of harvest. The essential price hazard belongs to the farmer alone from the day of seeding until the day he has his grain ready to deliver at the elevator. From that day on the price hazard attaches to the wheat. Like a talismanic power, it belongs to every bushel of grain, able either to serve or to destroy the owner. The farmer does not need to sell his grain at once. He may put it in storage, if his creditors are not too pressing, and in storage he may borrow money on it. If he holds it, he is playing for higher prices, and taking the risk of a drop. If he puts it in a public warehouse and borrows money on the warehouse receipt

a sudden drop in price may force his creditor to sell out the security.

Suppose the farmer sells his grain, and an elevator company buys it. He has no difficulty in selling, and at the standard price, for the West is dotted with elevators. And every elevator, until it is filled to bursting and there are no cars available to ship out wheat, stands ready to buy all the grain that is offered. If the farmer does not like the price on the day he brings in his grain he may store it for one day or for as long as he likes, and whenever he demands it, the elevator will take it over and pay the ruling price for the day of sale. But now the elevator company must worry about the fluctuations in price. It has bought, say, a thousand bushels of grain at a point a thousand miles west of Fort William, to which point it must be carried before the company can turn it over. It may take months to get it there, and in the meantime there may be a tremendous swing in the price of wheat. If wheat goes up there is a great profit to be made, but look at the risk if the price should fall. It might be all right if the elevator company had bought that grain with its own money, but it hasn't. The company has not got that much money. It has bought with the money of the people of Canada, advanced through one of the chartered banks, and the banks are not taking any chances of having their money lost. So at once the company sells, not the grain itself, but a promise to deliver that grain in Fort William in October or December or in May or in July. But if the price should rise in the meantime will that promise be kept? It is necessary to have a guarantee, and the guarantee is given by the whole grain trade, by the clearing house of the Grain Exchange. The clearing house makes good its guarantee from day to day. If you have contracted to sell a thousand bushels of wheat in May at \$2 a bushel, and the next day the price of May wheat rises to \$2.10, you have to pay that ten cents into the clearing house on every bushel. The clearing house, having no use for the money, pays it over at once to the man on the other end of the transaction. Or, should the price of May wheat drop to \$1.90, the clearing house will pay you ten cents a bushel for your bargain, and take it out of the other man. The clearing house is willing to assume that on any day you will be able to deliver the stipulated quantity at the ruling price for that day, but it does not take any further chance on your solvency.

BY thus selling for future delivery in Fort William the wheat it has bought that day in the country, the elevator company has passed on the hazard of price to someone else, for the price paid in the country was based on the prevailing price for future delivery. Now the man who is going to handle that wheat next May or next December is just as wary of that price hazard as is any one else. If he is a miller he will not buy unless he can contract to sell a corresponding amount of flour at a corresponding price. If his business is exporting grain to England he will have to sell grain at a corresponding price on the Liverpool market. And the man in Liverpool must correspondingly protect himself by sales to the millers and the English millers by contracts for future delivery of flour. The ultimate baker, you see, is willing to contract a long time ahead for his flour, taking the chance that later he might be able to make a better bargain, serene in the consciousness that if there are any losses he can take them out of the ultimate consumer. The pure theory is more nearly correct at the present time than in normal times, because it seems as if the British Government, in the role of Ultimate Baker, is willing to contract for any quantity of flour to be delivered to it in the future. Ordinarily,

the facts are somewhat behind the theory. When Western Canada pours its hundreds of millions of bushels on the market, a corresponding amount of flour is not at once contracted for. There is a burden on the market that it cannot of itself manage. The market, trembling, breaks beneath the load, the price of grain drops down below the ruin point for the farmers. It means cheap food this year, perhaps, but famine next, for the farmer will not raise wheat at such prices. But stay; we are saved. Enter the mysterious stranger whom no one knows or no one will recognize. "That weight is too much for you," he says to the trembling market. "Let me juggle part of it for you." And he does take it, and does juggle it, and the market, relieved of the weight, goes on about its business. And the price of grain falters but little in October, when the flood of grain commences. The farmer is saved and the sale of pianos and automobiles in the West may continue. And the modest, mysterious stranger makes his bow and removes his mask for the moment. It is the Speculator.

In the pure theory of the Future Contract the currents of speculation are drawn off harmlessly into the body of the Ultimate Consumer. No one cares

to sell later. He can afford to take the risk of loss in value on his own grain in return for the chance of profits. It is sound business, except that the farmer sometimes thinks that is an easier way of making money than toiling in the fields, and he goes into the business more deeply. He is exposed to loss greater than he can afford, and that loss often comes. Don't think for a moment that it is only the sophisticated man of the city who knows how to trade in futures. The brokers' rooms in the winter are crowded by men from the farms. Some of them have got rich on their neighbours' wheat as well as on their own, and some of them have managed to lose most of the proceeds of their own.

THEN there is the Dealer. He is supposed to run his business without the speculative hazard, but on a rising market there is a great temptation to forego the insurance of "hedging," and take advantage of increasing prices. Then there is the professional trader, the man who buys or sells from moment to moment endeavouring to anticipate the fluctuations of the market. And lastly, there is the man hated of all except the broker who gets his commissions, the rank outsider. All these others

study conditions more or less and at least have some basis for their judgment of what prices should be. But the rank outsider without any basis for his opinion jumps into the market and buys or sells and thereby greatly confuses things. If the traders are right in their judgment to-day that two dollars is a fair price for wheat, how is it possible for the price to jump ten cents to-morrow, and drop again six cents the next day? The trade apparently does not know its own mind, for fundamental conditions do not change as rapidly as that. Some one is likely to come along and accuse it of not knowing its own business. This is the speculator that the grain trade does not like, the one they want to eliminate. True, he usually loses his money, and it goes presumably into the business for the enrichment of the knowing ones. But they do not need it there. There is enough value in the wheat of the country without bringing in that outside money.

Does this organized speculation increase the price of wheat? Of any particular crop it undoubtedly does. But you cannot arouse any clamour in this country about gambling in the people's grain. We

are a country with wheat to sell, and we want to see the market kept up, even at the expense of paying a trifle more for the two-pound loaf, or finding that loaf shrink to twenty ounces. The farmer feels no indignation when he comes to Winnipeg and sees the expensive automobiles that the professional speculators keep up. He may think they make their money more easily than he can out of wheat, but he does not think it comes out of him. Nor has the consumer a real grievance. The raising of wheat on the grand scale is dependent on the existence of a ready market, and without this organization of speculation you cannot have a ready market. And with the ready market gone, there would be less wheat grown, and eventually a higher price.

And so when you read that they are going to abolish speculation in wheat, you read an absurdity. The speculative feature is an essential part of the ownership of every bushel of grain. What can be done is for the Government to become the Grand Speculator, and by expropriating the whole crop, eliminate trading. But it still has to take the risk itself that by different measures through the regular channels of trade it could have got its wheat cheaper. The truth is that speculating in grain, taking the risk of ownership, is an economic function, one which, we must admit, in times like this when the price of wheat rises higher and higher, is exceedingly well remunerated.



"That weight is too much for you," he says to the trembling market.

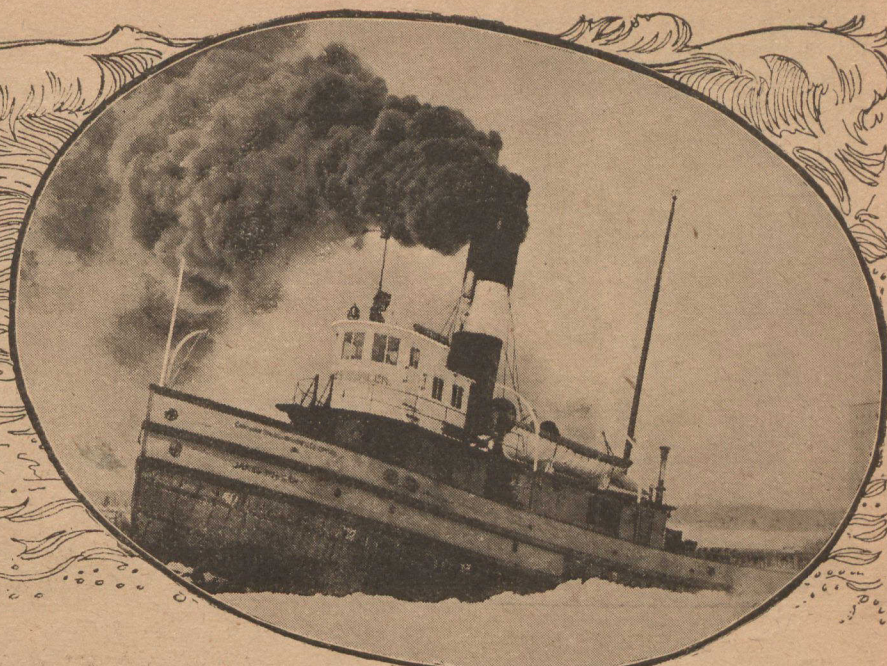
what happens to him; indeed, why should they? because, after all, he must bear the burden some day, whatever comes. Fortunately for the Speculator you cannot draw off those currents entirely in that manner, and so he makes his entrance, offering to let them play round his devoted head while he helps support the burden of the market. So he buys grain he never expects to see with money he does not own, and sells it again, sometimes before it is sown, for money he does not get. But he performs a real economic service for all that. He takes the risk. He relieves other people from worry. The elevator companies may buy with an easy mind, sure of being able to sell again. The Speculator insures their bargain for them. If the price of your wheat goes down ten cents a bushel he offers to protect you for that amount, provided you will let him have the profit if it should go up instead. The whole business of handling grain goes on undisturbed by market fluctuations when the Speculator assumes in his own person those speculative risks, which, as has been said, attach to every bushel of grain.

But who is the Speculator? Sometimes he is the farmer. It is considered sound practice in the West for a farmer to thresh and sell his grain as soon as possible after harvest. He gets his money, pays his debts, and with a portion of the surplus he buys on margin an equivalent quantity of wheat for delivery in December or in May, which, of course, he expects

SERIO-COMEDIES of THE CAMERA



Ships' Knees at Yarmouth, N.S.

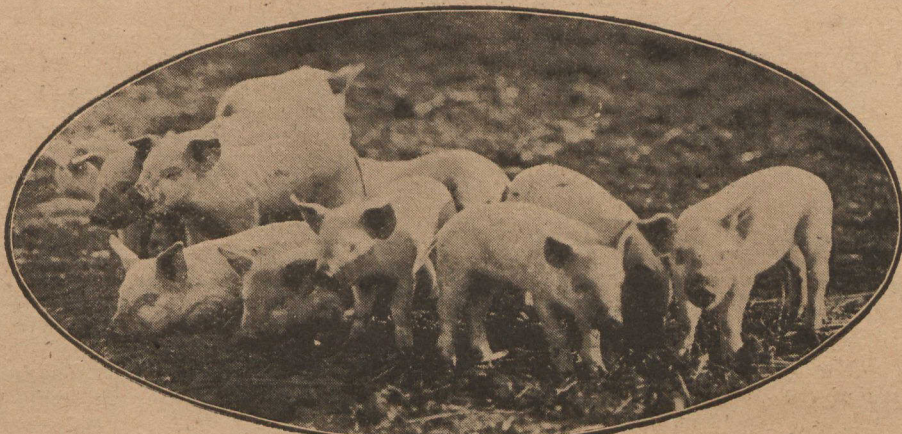


The new crush on Lake Superior.

OUR Port Arthur ice-breaker commenced his spring drive on the trenches of Thunder Bay a few days ago. Navigation is expected to be open by May 1. This is important. There is considerable wheat to fetch out of the West yet. By all accounts we have still in the country about 160,000,000 bushels of wheat, of which many million bushels are in and west of the terminals at Fort William and Port Arthur. This has been a hard winter on railroads. Transportation was never so completely bedevilled in this country since the days of corduroy roads and ox-teams. The great natural and international highway of the great lakes went out of business last December. The ice in Thunder Bay was 45 to 50 inches thick. The Whalen at last accounts had smashed a channel through it several miles past the Welcome Islands, which are 17 miles from shore. Later, she had reached open water at 30 miles.

INVERSELY, consider the ship situation in the Maritimes, as depicted in that black-looking photograph at the left. That snowbound conglomeration of timber looking like the fag-end of a winter slush is a big lot of very valuable ships' knees in Yarmouth Co., N.S. Those knees are the crooks of trees shaped by axes and saws and probably broadaxes, ready for ox-team snake-outs to the siding and flatcar shipment to the shipyards—oh, half a dozen places in Nova Scotia, but not forgetting Liverpool, N.S. The people in that part of the country have ships on the brain. It's a good thing for Canada that they have. They may be interested in Hon. Bob Rogers' London-ventilated scheme to get Imperial drydocks at Halifax. That's very good for the Navy, good for the Empire, good for Canada—but a dozen good, flourishing shipyards building Canadian-grown knees into Canadian-built-owned-and-operated ships are probably more use to the country in the long run than Imperial drydocks.

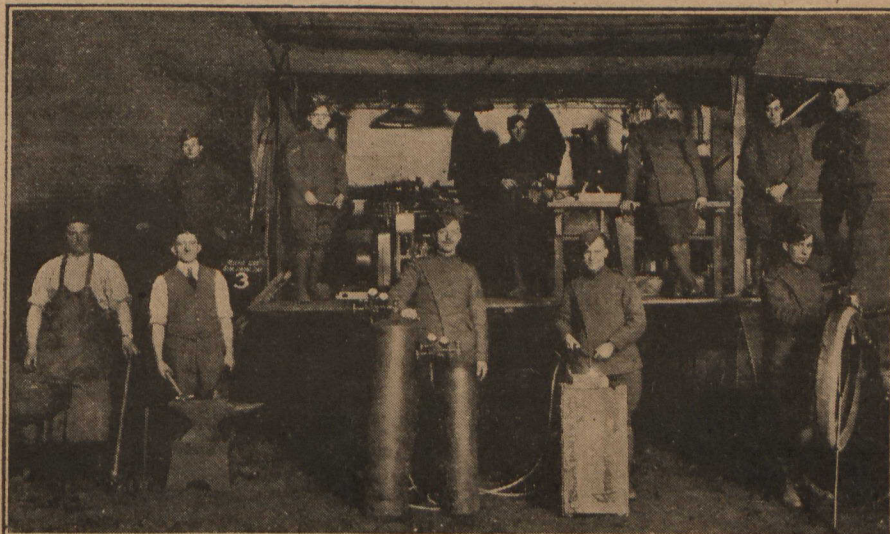
ONIONS, you will agree, are going strong in 1917. Commend us to the onion which can be grown as well in Canada as anywhere else, outside



Prognostications in Pork.



The Odoriferous Onionette.



Teaching Canadians to Fly.

of Bermuda. By the lines of the photograph on this page you will notice that planting onions is a good deal like planting potatoes. Onions are a snobby sort of vegetable. They go in sets. And to get good, big onions the same year of planting you have to recognize these sets. Plant them as straight as possible in nice, loose, fertilized soil, and pray that the seedman did not bunco you, O green one, into buying dead ones.

CANADA is fast becoming a land of flying-men. Uncle Sam has recently decided to send some of his aviators up here to study the work of our aviation corps. The greatest aviation school in the world has for some time been established in Toronto, where Canadian and American aviators learned to fly for the Army at the front—not to mention our aeroplane factories. As to the great aviation plant at Camp Borden—no one is saying a word.

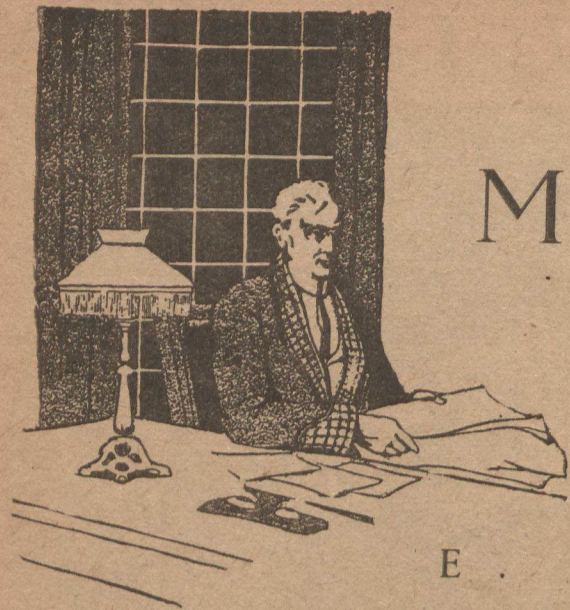
But the Royal Flying Corps may be seen mostly anywhere in a large camp city. The blacksmithing photograph on this page shows a squad of the R. F. C., who go about the country in a big enclosed motor-driven lorry which, when opened up, becomes a shop. They sign up recruits for the air-navy and give them first instructions in the mechanical end of the flying business. The process of making an inland-lubber into an airman is a long one, and it has a good deal to do with mechanical devices, the same as driving a motor-car.

WHEN all's said and done, let us fall back upon the hog. Here is a group (litter, to be exact) of young Canadian hogs in the spring-time of life; just at the sporting age, when a camera looks like something to eat. In six months this eleven will weigh about 160 lbs. each if fed upon good, expensive grain. Alberta farmers say that \$1.30 wheat is hog-feed at ruling price of hogs, which in Chicago the other day was 16 cents on the hoof. Well, quietly do this little mental sum—(16c x 160 x 11) and see what this litter of hogs will be worth in the world's estimation.

THE MAYOR'S PARLOR

By

E. M. JAMESON



OUTSIDE, the streets lay wrapped in a mantle of snow, but in the Mayor's parlour blazed a glorious fire of logs that sent flames of blue and green and orange hissing up the wide-mouthed chimney.

The light flickered in the distant corners of the room, striking out reflections from the polished mahogany furniture. On the centre-table stood a tall blue jar, containing a spray of Christmas roses. They made pallid reflections on the wood, and conveyed a sense of austere beauty wholly satisfying to the eye.

From where he sat at his writing-table the Mayor's glance rested upon them, and, as he looked, the stern lines of his face softened perceptibly. He laid down his pen and took a turn or two across the hearthrug. The hands of the clock upon the mantelpiece now pointed to seven minutes past the hour. The Mayor frowned a little and, putting out his foot, stirred the logs impatiently, sending a myriad green and rose-coloured sparks flying up into the recesses of the chimney.

"Ill-regulated in that as in other things," he said to himself, when the clock's face showed ten minutes past the hour. "She was always heedless."

There came a tap upon the door, followed the next moment by the entrance of the person for whom he had been waiting.

In her wrappings of velvet and ermine she made a vivid, sumptuous little figure as she advanced towards him, seeming to fall in with the perfection of the room. Her eyes held a gleam of laughter; upon the masses of dark hair under her ermine cap frost particles glistened in the fire-light. Her lips curved in a smile that was wholly disarming as she held towards him a small, gloved hand.

In spite of his anger the Mayor's stern face relaxed. Then he hardened his heart. Dropping her hand, he put his own out to switch on the electric light, but she made a movement to stop him.

"Please don't. The light from the fire is so beautiful. Besides"—she slipped out of her long coat and threw it across a chair—"it seems more friendly than the glare, and of course"—she moved, a slender, girlish figure, towards the hearth, holding out her hands to the heat, and looking at him over her shoulder as she went—"of course, you mean to scold me."

THE Mayor stood beside the centre-table and looked down at the Christmas roses. In her present mood it was impossible to be angry with her. There was a glimmer of tears now instead of laughter in the dark eyes, and a downward droop of the lips that he remembered well. But this was no time for softening. He walked over to his revolving chair and sat down, hoping to gain some moral support from its touch. He had been foolish to leave the room to the leaping firelight; it weakened his purpose to see her there just as in the old days, when he, with others, had done his part to spoil her.

Virginia gave a little frown.

"Please don't sit over there," she said; "it makes you seem so strange, so unfamiliar."

"Everything has become strange and unfamiliar between us," said the Mayor, sternly.

"No," said Virginia, an emphatic, almost passionate, ring in her tones, "no!"

With a swift movement she turned from him and put her head against the arm of the big chair in which she was almost lost. The firelight lingered on the nape of her white neck, and seemed to enwrap the little figure in its warmth.

The Mayor's heart ached as it had not ached since his wife's death. He remembered that she had always made allowances for Virginia. He sighed involuntarily, and stirred in his chair. At the sound Virginia sat erect and put her absurd little gossamer handkerchief to her eyes.

"I will listen to everything if you will only come and sit here," she said, in a subdued tone. "Over there you seem so stern, so unapproachable. As my guardian—"

The Mayor rose and came nearer.

"My responsibility ceased when you married," he said. "You are beyond my jurisdiction now. But I thought, I hoped—"

"Yes, yes," Virginia spoke eagerly, "you were right to think so. I shall always look upon you as my guardian. If you will sit down here I will listen to all the stern things you have to say, but I will stop my ears if you talk from over there. Now we're really cosy."

IN some strange fashion she always secured her way. The Mayor submitted to her will, and in the leaping firelight his face grew less grey and lined. He leaned forward with hands clasped tightly together, wishing that the task before him were more to his liking.

As they sat, the silence was only broken by the sound of distant footsteps passing along the corridors of the Town Hall. The snow seemed to muffle every stir of life within and without.

It was falling again, steadily, silently, a flake every now and then descending on the logs with a soft hissing sound.

Virginia, leaning her chin on her palm, looked deep into the heart of the fire. Suddenly the logs fell apart with a crash, and sent myriad sparks vanishing up the chimney. Virginia's glance followed them. As a child she used to clap her hands in delight at the sight, and she looked such a child still that the Mayor half expected her to behave in the same way now. Then he recollected that he had a part to play, and straightened himself in his chair. Virginia looked up.

"You know I always like to get disagreeable things over," she said, knitting her brows. "Please begin scolding. I shan't mind—very much."

"I have no desire to scold you," replied the Mayor, steeling his heart against her. "I asked you to come to-day that I might endeavour to bring you to a sense of duty."

"Duty!" She echoed the word with slow emphasis. "Duty! That always has a dreary, disagreeable sound. Do you remember, years ago—"

The Mayor stirred uneasily in his place. "It is the present with which we have to deal," he said, "not the past, Virginia."

She gave a quick sigh.

"And the future. The present, to all intents and purposes, is settled, but the future—"

"You are still determined to leave your husband? Think well, Virginia."

The hands clasped together in her lap tightened involuntarily. "I have thought and thought—"

"Probably it is only a little thing that has come between you? I imagined that you were greatly attached to one another."

Virginia turned her head in the other direction.

"When we married," her voice shook a little—"when we married we were just desperately in love with one another. On Harry's side it was evidently too desperate to last. I come in a bad second now, with his work. He seems to find me an incubus. He shall not have to complain long. He has positively reached the point of grudging me any amusement. He dictates to me about my expenditure."

The Mayor's glance wandered to the costly garment lying across the chair-back.

SHE had no knowledge of the value of money. All her life she had spent lavishly. Perhaps it was the fault of himself and his wife. They should have been more strict in her upbringing, more stern in controlling her impulses.

"Harry was always the soul of generosity," he said.

"That was in the early days," said Virginia, with a bitter little laugh. "Nothing was too good for me then. Now he pays my bills reluctantly and attaches a lecture to every one. He is so absorbed in his business, too, that he has given up coming home until late, and he never goes to any amusement with me"—she knit her level brows in a frown—"and so—and so—I think it will be better if we separate."

"And has Harry no cause for complaint against you?"

"Only extravagance, and—and—" Virginia's voice faltered. Whatever her failings she was at least honest.

"And?"

"He dares to be jealous."

"And from what I hear, with some right." The Mayor rose, and, leaning against the mantelpiece, looked down into the lovely, rebellious face. "I understand that—"

"He has no cause to doubt me," Virginia's voice, interrupting him, held a passion of protest. "I should never—you know me better than to suppose—"

"Caesar's wife should be above suspicion," said the Mayor. "I realize that there is no harm in you, Virginia, but other people may not. You are self-willed and foolish. I fear—" his eyes turned to a portrait above his writing-table—"I fear we spoilt you, she and I—"

Virginia's eyes followed his own.

"Ah, if she were only here!" a sob breaking her voice, "she never would have doubted me; she was the only one that really understood. I miss her more and more every day. There is no one now, no one—to understand."

A tear fell from her eyes to her lap. The Mayor's face contracted. He put out his hand, and Virginia held on to it tightly, as a child grasps at a protecting touch.

"We both miss her more than words can say, and, for her sake, won't you tell me your troubles, Virginia? You are very young, and lives have been wrecked before now by trivial things. For her dear sake, as well as your own, I asked you to come here to-day. One does not interfere lightly between man and wife. They are best left to settle their own differences."

"Differences!" Virginia shook her head. "I feel as if every bit of happiness had gone now that Harry has ceased to care for me. You naturally can't enter into what I feel, you and she were so devoted, nothing ever came between you."

IN the firelight the Mayor's face changed. A memory of many years ago came back to him. Virginia's hand was still in his. She could feel his own shaking.

"What is it?" she asked, momentarily forgetting her trouble. "I have said something to hurt you. I did not mean—"

The Mayor straightened himself with an air of resolve.

"I am going to tell you about something that happened many years ago. It was known only to her and myself. She would be glad for me to tell you, Virginia, if it held you back from an irrevocable

act. You are right, we were devoted. For over thirty-five years she was the most beautiful part of my life. But once—he glanced across at the portrait, as if asking pardon—"we were within a moment of separating forever." He paused, looking now deep into the glowing logs, as if conjuring up the scene.

Virginia glanced at him, awestruck at what she saw in the lined face. Had Harry ever cared for her like that?

"It was in the early days," went on the Mayor, presently; "it usually is in the early days. Afterwards, we learn to bear and forbear. Like you and Harry, we married for love, and we were very happy. Then, as we took up the ordinary everyday threads of life, a cloud rose between us. She was a much-indulged only daughter, accustomed to a rich home and every luxury. I was a comparatively poor man then, and obliged to give my mind to business more than ever, in order to supply her with all the things she naturally expected to have.

"I imagined she would understand, while she was too proud to ask the reason for my lengthy hours away. My business was in a critical condition, requiring all my attention. I ought to have taken her into my confidence, but she had never been used to business affairs. It was my fault—not hers"—his eyes went loyally to the pictured face—"the rift widened imperceptibly day by day, until"—the Mayor's voice changed, he cleared his throat—"until one evening, coming home unexpectedly earlier than usual, I met a little figure creeping down the stairs, travelling bag in hand, stepping silently from stair to stair like a wraith, so pale, so wretched, that it wrung my heart. She stopped on the stair above me, looking down at me without a word. And as our eyes met, knowledge came to me, and I understood. I just took the bag from her hand and put my arm 'round her and led her back into her room. She trembled all over as we went. I knew little of women and their ways, but some God-sent instinct helped me that night to understand. I made her sit down on the little couch near the window, and I loosened her bonnet-strings—they were the lilac colour I loved. Her lips trembled as I fumbled with them in my awkward way, and two great tears fell down her white face to my hands.

"At that I dropped down beside her and took her in my arms and kissed her until the colour came back. And all this time we had never spoken a word.

"Suddenly, she put out one little, shaking hand and pushed me away, pointing with the other to an envelope upon the mantelpiece. To satisfy her, I went over and took it up. It was addressed to me. Without opening it, I went back to the couch.

"Need I read it now?"

"She nodded, speechlessly.

"We will read it together, then."

"No, no," she shrank away, "you do not understand."

"But I just gathered her closely to me, and with her tear-wet cheek pressed against mine, read the little blotted note she had written to me. And after that things became clear. We sat and talked and talked, opening our hearts to one another, until dawn crept in through the windows. It brought a new life to us, a comprehension so perfect that for five-and-thirty years nothing ever marred its beauty. We had our joys and our sorrows like other people, but through them all we went together, hand in hand."

His eyes passed from the portrait to the Christmas roses on the table. Only the faint hissing of the logs could be heard in the room.

Virginia raised the hand that held hers and put it to her lips.

"I know what it must have cost you to tell me," she said, in a low tone, "and I shall thank you all my life. Perhaps Harry, too, is worried about business; I never thought—I have been spending and spending—" her eyes went to the costly coat lying across the back of the chair, and from it to the Mayor's lined face. She started up.

"I will go back now—this moment—and tell him—"

The Mayor looked out into the snowy street.

"My dear, I fear it will be impossible; you must wait until I can take you. How did you come?"

Virginia picked up her coat, and in her quick, impetuous way, thrust one arm into the sleeve.

"I took a taxi," she said, "and I can get back that

way without bothering you." She glanced at the clock and began to button up the coat. "I must get back before Harry does. There's"—her fingers seemed to lose their power, and she fumbled helplessly with the fastenings of the coat—"you don't understand that I left a note for Harry, telling him of my determination—a horrid, unkind little note that I don't want him now to have—and since you told me about yourself and her I—I seem to see things differently. Perhaps, like you, he is worried about business."

The Mayor quietly unbuttoned her coat again. "You cannot go yet; there are one or two things I must see to before I leave this evening. Will you wait for me?"

"I must wait, I suppose, but don't be long. Please don't be long."

"Half an hour will see me through." The Mayor looked at his watch and went towards the door. As he left the room Virginia hid her eyes against the arm of the chair.

The door opened suddenly, and someone stumbled in the darkness towards the hearth.

"Are you here, Mr. Mayor? I've lost Virginia. She went out hours ago, I hear, and I'm anxious about her in this awful blizzard. I've been hunting for her until I remembered her fondness for this jolly old parlour of yours. Good heavens! what one suffers when one cares!" He stopped abruptly as Virginia rose to her feet.

"Harry!"

In his relief he picked her up bodily in his arms and kissed her again and again.

But Virginia only gave a little laugh and, drawing his head down, rubbed her cheek very softly against his wet face.

"Your pretty frock," he said, in remonstrance, but with a sigh of contentment, "your frock will be spoilt."

"I don't mind!" exclaimed Virginia, wildly, clinging closer, "at least, yes, I do, but it's worth a hundred ruined frocks to know that you still care."

Something mingled with the snowflakes, making his face still wetter. He could feel her trembling. His arm went 'round her more closely as he realized that he was not the only one who had suffered an agony of doubt.

He was never a man of many words. Now he just put her back in the big chair and knelt beside her.

"You know, Virginia," he said, simply.

"I know now," replied Virginia, sobbingly. "But

something seemed to come between us—a hard, relentless something that grew and grew until—until—"

"Until?"

Virginia passed her little handkerchief across his face very tenderly, drying the snowflakes that remained. The faint fragrance stirred his senses. She seemed absorbed in her task, as if she loved it. Then he saw her lips tremble, and she put the small gossamer square across his eyes.

"Harry, listen—I don't want you to look at me. I wrote you a note—"

"Why didn't you ring me up?" he asked, his lips, beneath the cambric, parting in a smile.

"It was not anything I could say on the telephone."

"Tell me now."

"I c-c-can't. I daren't." Her hand removed the little handkerchief and she looked imploringly into his eyes. "Don't ask me."

His face grew very grave. He suddenly framed hers between his hands and looked down at her for one long moment.

"There isn't going to be any 'can't,' or 'dare not' between us, Virginia. I read your note. It was the first thing my eye caught sight of when I ran home to you with my great news, and I can tell you—" He let her go, then as quickly drew her back to him again. "It hit me very hard. I saw where I had failed. Business has been fearfully bad and we were within an ace of ruin for a while. I used to lie awake at night and wonder what you would do without your pretty gowns, your luxuries. And all the time I ought to have remembered that women are not made that way, if they really care—"

"No," said Virginia, in a low voice.

There was silence for a moment. One of the logs flickered into sudden life again. It irradiated their faces.

"And now you won't have to go without anything. I have pulled off some lucky ventures lately. We'll have some good times again together."

"I wish I could have shown you," said Virginia, remorsefully, her cheek pressed closely against his hand. "I'd almost like to be poor just to let you see—to make you understand—"

"I understand now."

He stood up as the door opened to admit the Mayor.

He glanced from the happy faces to the portrait over the writing-table, and thence to the spray of Christmas roses.

And he, too, understood.

UNCLE SAM'S HYPHENS

A FEW days ago a well set-up man walked into the office dressed in khaki—minus a few of the trimmings. He had just come from the outfitting depot and didn't feel a bit natural in his togs. He left the article which appears below. "The result of recent investigations in the United States." The next evening he was introduced on a Methodist platform in Toronto and got an ovation. Prof. Riethdorf, late of Woodstock College,

Ont., is known to readers of this paper. Born in Germany, he has been trying to give the Kaiser a black eye for some time. His enlistment as a private in the A.M.C. indicates that when next he sees the Fatherland he will still be wishing to administer that black eye to Kaiserism. What this German-born Canadian has to say about the pro-Germans across the border should interest all Canadians.—Editor.

By PROF. H. V. RIETHDORF

MANY a German coming to this country, with none or very little knowledge of the British language, and being absolutely unable to grasp the meaning of democracy, under the guidance of the German language newspapers, soon grows convinced that democracy was a failure; that the bad things outweighed the good in that form of government, which in his opinion should be considered as the mother of graft and dishonesty, and inefficiency; and that the "German way" in everything, including government, was for the best of the people. At the dinner-table, around the fireplace of his home, this misguided and misinformed man sings the praises of Germany, of the Kaiser, his army, his government. Whatever disagreeable experiences he may have had with either one of these institutions is thrown to the four winds, and forgotten; only the pleasant remembrances remain with him. Thus his pro-Germanism is explained. In contrast to his attitude, fairness demands us to point to the many Germans living in America who have settled here sick of Prussian militarism, hungry for democracy, thirsting for freedom. They are the Carl Schurz type of men, and are found among the staunchest Canadians and Americans.

Time and again since the outbreak of the Great War, Canadians and Americans have confessed to me their inability to understand by what mental process native born Canadians and Americans of German descent would be outspokenly pro-German. To me the explanation of this apparent anomaly is not very difficult. In many instances I have found it easier to convince a man of German birth than those of German descent to my way of looking at the great world conflict. The fault lies with the forefathers and parents of these people of German descent.

"Of course, I know what is wrong with Germany, but I can't tell my children," a former German told me a year ago. "Something keeps me from doing so. I cannot tell them what is on my mind, for I want them to have the best possible opinion of the Fatherland, or else they might learn to hate Germany."

Many other former Germans expressed themselves in a similar way. The result was that to many natives of German descent on this continent, Germany before the war was the country without blemish. They judged German militarism and other evils by their sugared surface only; and it was too much to expect them to change outright from the tune "Hosannah, Germany," to "Defeat to Germany."

To convince the average German-American of Germany's great wrong was an almost Herculean task until recently. Not only their homes kept the fires of Pro-Germanism burning, but other factors helped to keep them alive even among German-Americans of the third and fourth generation. It was, therefore, not surprising to find 90 per cent. of the 15,000,000 people of more or less German and Austrian origin in the U. S. A., in thorough sympathy with the central powers at the outbreak of the war. With the help of the various American Pacifist sects, and Irish sympathizers, they succeeded in preventing the entrance of the U. S. A. into the arena of the world war for thirty months. I noticed a distinct weakening of pro-Germanism shortly before Christmas. Many of those who had opposed my pro-Ally activities vigorously, and denounced me as a traitor to Germany, frankly apologized to me and acknowledged their mistake. For the first time since the outbreak of the war, I felt that I was absolutely safe against personal attacks.

Russia's change of government was a hard blow to pro-Germanism. It lined up the influential and large Jewish element of New York and other large cities with the Allies. And the Zimmermann blunder also caused many hitherto pro-Germans to desert Kaiserism. When the U. S. A. declared war against Germany only about 70 per cent. of the people of German and Austrian origin still subscribed to a mild but harmless form of pro-Germanism.

There are three distinct classes of German sympathizers of German blood in the U. S. A. To the first

belong those Germans born in the U. S. A. and their descendants, who settled in the U. S. A. prior to the German-French War of 1870-71. They are strong believers in democracy, and their sympathies were about evenly divided between the Allies and the Central powers. Were the German revolutionists of 1848 still alive to-day, I for one believe that there would have been no such division of sympathies, but a practical unanimity in favour of the Allies, such as exists now among them since America's entry into the war. The spirit of the men of 1848 is still personified to-day in Dr. Abraham Jacobi, the Dean of the American medical profession, who was the most intimate and trusted friend of his revolutionary comrade, the late Carl Schurz. Dr. Jacobi has repeatedly, under his own signature, pronounced himself strongly pro-Ally long before the U. S. A. declared war against Germany.

The second and third classes comprise Germans and Austrians who have entered the U. S. A. since 1871, also their descendants born on American soil. The former includes hard-working business and professional men and property-owners, who left the old country with a deep affection and profound admiration for the newly-created and victorious German Empire. While the sympathies of this second class were strongly pro-German before Woodrow Wilson declared the existence of a state of war with Germany, these people, citizens, or non-citizens, now stand loyally by the U. S. A., against Germany, although less whole-heartedly than those comprising the first class. It is only the people of the third class

that cause anxiety to the Government to-day. Some are adventurers with criminal instincts, and paid agents of the German Government, who are disloyal to the U. S. A. and absolutely dangerous at this time. Others are fanatics and dreamers, more or less harmful. Many of these imagine it an act of a German patriot to destroy American life and property. The third class, in my judgment, numbers half a million people, only one-tenth, or 50,000, of whom need cause any concern. The arrest of about a thousand of their ringleaders, and the close supervision of a few more thousands would serve the best interests of the country, and also promote the happiness of the peaceable and loyal Germans.

To all appearances the problem of alien enemies is being handled with fairness and efficiency, at least as far as the State of New York is concerned. Governor Whitman has established a Bureau for Aliens which is largely in charge of loyal Americans of German descent or birth, because of their familiarity with the language, customs, and habits of thought of these aliens. They are expected to bring sympathetic understanding to the solution of many vexing problems at this time. The Bureau will see that the alien enemies, together with all the other inhabitants of the State, are registered in the coming census. It is planned to encourage the employment of aliens, but to provide for their removal from all strategic points. To prevent the unjust charge of aliens, all employers in the State will be asked to leave the matter of the discharge of alien employees to the alien division.

CANADA IN WAR PAINT

UNTIL there was a war, quite a lot of people hardly knew there were such things as mules. "Mules?" they would say, "Oh, er, yes . . . those creatures with donkey's ears, made like a horse? or do you mean canaries?"

Nous avons change tout cela! "Gonga Din" holds no hidden meaning from us now. We have, indeed, a respect for mules, graded according to closeness of contact.

In some Transports they think more of a mule than of a first-class, No. 1 charger. Why? Simply because a mule is—a mule. No one has yet written a theory of the evolution of mules. We all know a mule is a blend of horse and donkey, and that reproduction of the species is mercifully withheld by the grace of heaven, but further than that we do not go.

When the war began our C. O. was talking about mules. We had not crossed the water then. He said: "I will not have any mules. No civilized man should have to look after a mule. When I was in Pindi once, a mule . . . Mr. Jenks"—our worthy Transport Officer—"there will be no mules in this regiment." That settled it for a while.

Our first mule came a month after we had landed in Flanders. It was a large, lean, hungry-looking mule. It stood about 17 feet 2 inches, and it had very large floppy ears and a long tail; it was rather a high-class mule, as mules go. It ate an awful lot. In fact it ate about as much as two horses and a donkey put together. The first time it was used some one put it in the Maltese cart, and it looked round at the cart with an air of surprise and regret. We were on the move, and the Transport was brigaded, and inspected by the Brigadier as it passed the starting point. James—the mule—behaved in a most exemplary fashion until he saw the Brigadier. Then he was overcome by his emotions. Perhaps the red tabs reminded him of carrots. (James was a pure hog where carrots were concerned.) At all events he proceeded to break up the march. He took the bit between his teeth, wheeled to the left, rolled his eyes, brayed, and charged across an open ditch at the G. O. C. with the Maltese cart.

The G. O. C. and staff extended to indefinite intervals without any word of command.

James pulled up in a turnip patch and began to eat contentedly. It took six men and the

By CAPTAIN RALPH W. BELL

A SERIES of Sketches—most of them Smile-Makers—written by a Canadian who is a member of the First Canadian Battalion and has been at the front as long as any man, except the survivors of the Princess Pats. Capt. Bell, an Englishman by birth, was for some time a member of the Toronto Globe staff. Afterwards he was a free lance Parliamentary writer in Ottawa. Always with a pipe and a smile, he was considerable of a broncho, and saw the humorous side of life with a chuckling cynical philosophy.

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NUMBER ONE—ON MULES



Transport Officer to get him on to the road again, and the Maltese cart was a wreck.

After that they tried him as a pack-mule. He behaved like an angel for two whole weeks, and then some bright-eyed boy tried him as a saddle mule. After that the whole of the Transport tried him, retiring worsted from the fray on each occasion. One day the Transport Officer bet all-comers fifty francs on the mule. The conditions were that riders must stick on for five minutes. We used to think we could ride any horse ever foaled. We used to fancy ourselves quite a lot, in fact, until we met James. Half the battalion came to see the show, which took place one sunny morning at the Transport lines. We looked James over with an appraising eye. We even gave him a carrot, as an earnest of good-will. James wore a placid, far-away expression and, now and then, rolled his eyes sentimentally.

We gathered up the reins, and vaulted on to his back. For a full two seconds James stood stock still. Then he emitted an ear-splitting squeal, laid back his ears, bared his teeth, turned round and bit at the near foot, and sat down on his hind legs. He did all these things in quick time, by numbers. The betting, which had started at 2-1 on James, increased to 3-1 immediately. However, we stuck. James rose with a mighty heave, then, still squealing, made a rush of perhaps ten yards, and stopped dead. We still stuck. The betting fell to evens, except for the Transport Sergeant, who in loud tones offered 5-1 (on James). That kept him busy for two minutes, during which time James did almost everything but roll, and bit a toe off one of my new pair of riding boots.

There was one minute to go, and there was great excitement. James gave one squeal of concentrated wrath, gathered his four hoofs together tightly, bucked four feet in the air, kicked in mid-ether, and tried to bite his own tail. When we next saw him he was being led gently away.

Since then we have had many mules. We have become used to them, and we respect them. If we hear riot in the Transport lines we know it is a mule. If we hear some one has been kicked, we know it is a mule. If we see one of the G. S. waggons carrying about two tons we know mules are drawing it. Old James now pulls the water-cart. He would draw it up to the mouth of the

(Continued on page 27.)

FLIRTATION *Better Than* EUGENICS

WHY does a fair young man fall in love with a dark-complexioned girl?

Why is he left unmoved by the beautiful blonde whom his cousin—the dark cousin with a Southern strain in his blood—will follow to the world's end?

Why don't we all want to marry the same woman? We pretty well agree in all wanting the most money—the best job—the finest motor. Why do we not all concentrate on getting the best wife? We do—only we utterly fail to agree on which is the best.

I am not going to send these questions to any Woman's Department—departments, by the way, which I have discovered are seldom read by women and always by men—but I am putting them down here for the consideration of the coldly analytical scientists who are constantly preaching to us, in these days of staggering frankness, the high race duty of Eugenics. I do so, not at all to discourage the teaching of Eugenics—or its discussion, it having produced some most absorbing literature—but merely to remind these ladies and gentlemen that there is an old lady who has something to do with marriage, to whose motives, methods and principles they pay precious little attention, viz., and to wit:—Dame Nature.

WHEN the Eugenists tell us that a man or woman with a disease or weakness which can be transmitted to their children, should not marry, they state the obvious—and plagiarize Dame Nature. Nature says the same thing—says it imperatively, promising punishments for disobedience of the most vindictive sort, rising in the end to a death sentence. Nature is a little slow and silent in her administration of justice. She may take a few generations to kill off a defective stock. This may entail an immense amount of suffering on individuals, to which incidental consequence Nature displays the most heartless indifference. Nature has the Hun beaten forty ways when it comes to cruelty to individuals. And, Nature certainly does terribly punish un-Eugenic marriages, even to the third and fourth generations—yea, to the thirtieth and fortieth, if necessary.

But Nature has set in operation a lot of laws and forces affecting marriage to which these preachers of cold science pay no attention, but which I venture to think are of far more importance than the POSTER TYPE rules which they lay down so dogmatically. Nature knows her business. She has brought the human race up from the most primordial forms of existence by knowing her business and applying that knowledge. She never says a word, but she gives object lessons which you learn or you die. She is the original Sphinx and presents the original fatal problem—if you guess it wrong, your life is forfeit.

IT is not by accident that Billy Brown loves Sally Jones and does not care two straws for Angelina Robinson. It is obedience to a law of nature. There is nothing in life—except its preservation—in which Nature takes as much interest as in marriage. The sex-force is, at the proper age for reproduction, by far the strongest force that sways humanity. Men will kill to get the woman they love when they would never think of killing for a million dollars. That, too, is a law of nature. It was only the other day—reckoning geologically—when the male had usually to kill to get the female whom nature pointed out to him as his proper mate. And the ability to kill undoubtedly played a big part in Nature's law of natural selection. The police have interfered now at this point, and it sometimes is a great pity that they have. When the police hold back the right man, and convention or the attractions of wealth and social position push forward the wrong man, we often get marriages which are quite as disastrous as the marriages of consumptives or other handicapped humans.

If I dared be half as frank as the lady writers

So Says the Monocle Man

In response to a recent letter of the Editor, the Monocle Man says: "I have been feeling for a long time that my stuff was not the right size—both in space and tone—for the new Courier which you have made. It was too low a note for your bolder orchestration. I will try a louder instrument." The article which follows is the first performance on the louder instrument.—The Editor.

who deal with these subjects in the American magazines, I could tell you a lot of things that Nature does to show her interest in this mating instinct. For normal young men and maidens, it is practically the one business of life at the proper mating age. The young man does take an interest in business because he must be the bread-winner for the coming family—he doesn't know that that is the reason, but Nature does. He does take an interest in sport because he must keep "fit." The maiden—bless her heart!—has no such distracting side-interests.

WHERE normal conditions prevail, this is the period of selection—and the selection is most fastidiously, carefully and personally made. We say that young men and maidens are full of whims and silly prejudices and unexplainable likes and dislikes at this time—that is, we wise elders say this. We who have forgotten! But these mating youths are merely following the dictates of Nature in trying their level best to pick out precisely the right person—or the person most nearly right among those whom they meet—to mate with them. (I am considering marriage now as a method of continuing the race—not as a selection of companionship—the former being the only feature in which Nature is concerned.) So they most carefully test every new youth or maiden whom they meet with the delicate antennae of sentiment, to see if the new-comer, perchance, is nearer to Nature's ideal for them than any they have yet known.

Some obtuse people call this "flirting." They say that the young man is wasting his time "running around with girls." He probably is better engaged than he ever was before or ever will be again. He is picking out his life companion—he is practising Nature's Eugenic system of selection for generations to come. He is making the sweep of his choice as wide as possible—and so is the young lady. Of course, he is not doing it in any dull, scientific spirit. He does not call in a spectacled physician or a social specialist. He despises the atrophied judgment of all cynical and life-calloused elders as he most properly should. What do they know about it? Their day of sensitiveness to the finer and more delicate dictates of Nature in this difficult business of selecting a mate has long since passed. They are carried away now by the earning power of the male—the social graces of the female—the comparative wealth and social position of both—their prospects in life—even the clothes they wear. But young love cares for none of these things. Is the girl poor? That is often an additional lure. Has the young man his way to make? If he shows capacity, so much the better. Dame Nature, with her mysterious and unknown laws of attraction, is in supreme command. Let the young folks get acquainted. Their selection will be the surer—their chances for mistake immensely reduced.

BUT why do they make the selections they do? That brings us back to our first questions. They very often make selections which genuinely puzzle and surprise their adult relatives and friends—they do not select the companions which these wiser adults would select. Why? That is Nature's secret. It is not perversity on the part of the impulsive young—it is obedience to laws as vital, as long-established, as necessary to the creation of the best offspring, as any rules laid down for the guidance of mate-selection by the most scientific Eugenic experts who ever wore spectacles. Nature has

gradually and by long and costly processes taught the human race what variety of person each member of it ought to marry; and Nature has hardened this knowledge into an instinct implanted in the breast of each of us. All we need do is to follow that instinct; and, in the majority of cases, we will not go wrong.

Of course, every student of Nature knows that instincts can be deceived.

Instincts are guided by certain signs; and, while these signs are usually right under normal conditions, they may be deceptively imitated in cases where the fundamentals they stand for are not present. This is especially true under artificial and novel social conditions. A very ordinary example of this deception of an instinct is found in the modern abuse of the instinctive appetite of the young for sweets. If only natural sweets are available, the young seldom hurt themselves satisfying that appetite. But when we permit modern cooks and confectioners to concoct all sorts of sweet doses which tempt the young and taste right, we inevitably turn a health-giving and beneficent instinct into an instrument of mischief and health-destruction. But we might as well say that the instinct is wrong because a child cannot eat arsenic—which is sweet—with impunity, as to say so because it cannot safely eat concentrated confections.

THE mating instinct—that is, the instinct as to the right kind of mate for each person—can be similarly deceived. Modern artificiality covers up the genuine qualities of young men and maidens, and helps them pretend to the possession of other qualities which they really lack. Thus a mere casual acquaintance between persons contemplating marriage, is far more dangerous to-day than it was in a simpler day. And its danger is doubled by the addition of a few years of experience in deception. Boys and girls are still fairly frank as to their inner natures—except when shamefully sophisticated in certain circles in our larger cities. Here lies one of the great advantages of young marriages—a practice which the prudent stupidly decry. The more our courting couples are unmasked, the more chance is there that they will not make a mistake in applying Nature's instinctive laws of selection.

But all I am trying to do in this article is to point to the fact that these laws exist and are of transcendent importance. The play of our criminally stupid social system on them is a big theme in itself, which the Editor may let me deal with later. What I want to say now with emphasis is that no cold and scientific medical or physical or mental examination by outsiders as to the fitness of certain persons to marry, can be even fractionally as valuable for keeping the strain of the human race pure and high as the free play of the instinctive laws of selection, established by Nature and graven in the hearts of every young man and unsophisticated maiden. Put a hundred young men and a hundred young women into a summer camp together, and let them live in the constant and unfettered intimacy of that relation for a month or two, and they will have paired off at the end of their holiday in a fashion more nearly right than all the prudent parents and all the learned doctors in the world could have accomplished. If the doctors are to be employed—and they should be—it ought to be done, if possible, in weeding out undesirables from membership in the camp's company before the camp is opened. Of course, in the making of casual acquaintances, this is not possible in any drastic manner; but wise parents will take pains to lead their children into desirable company—in a Eugenic sense.

AS for the rest, Nature should be left alone. Selection is a business of instinct—not of brains. The boy himself does not know why he likes one girl better than another—why one attracts him so powerfully that he is ashamed of it, and another repels him or leaves him cold. The wealth—
(Concluded on page 26.)

WAR'S WEEKLY

WHEN the British Tommy to the left reads the war news to the inhabitants of a liberated French village, there is joy such as the village has not known since the iron heel began to dig into the life of that little community what seems like a lifetime ago. Women, boys and children listen to him.

"Readin' the pyper," as he puts it. "Now all of you—" with such broken French as he can piece together for the occasion—"listen to me."

They do. It doesn't matter so much just what he reads. They know by the fact that he's there at all, by the good old smelly English newspaper he has got, by the light on his face, that the news is good. He tells them about the great German retreat and the bally old Hindenburg line that keeps crawling away like a snake nearer the Rhine. He tells them about the British supply columns rattling over the roads with waggons of food for the conquering troops; about the way his comrades—some of the



great pushing army somewhere—occupied Bapaume (picture below) and sat down among the ruins that they simply had to make to keep the Germans from making worse; about the things that others of his comrades go about picking up on the battlefields—may be he has a picture on the page of something like it, where they collect rifles, helmets, cartridges, clothing and what not from a battlefield near Bapaume.

It's all good to listen to. The villagers don't mind the destruction caused by the British advance, because they know how the Germans have ruined their little homes, taken away their daughters, robbed them of most they had, but the clothes they wear. They know the awful enemy is on the move and that the British and the Canadians and the Australians are helping the French Army to move him. Ah! he is going, slowly back to the frontier. Very slowly, but he is going. *Tres bien!*

Some people seem to think that the great spring drive should settle the war in a very few weeks. But they don't understand the philosophy of the Hindenburg line, which is—to keep moving out of the way so that the Allies can't break through it and divide the German armies.

WE Don't WANT to FIGHT

But by Jingo! if we do, we've got the ships, we've got the men, we've got the money too

SOME Americans go back to 1776 to get an inspiration for 1917. They make George III. a parallel to the Kaiser. This is hard on George III., who was never anything worse than a stupid old tyrant. The U. E. Loyalists who migrated to Canada as a protest against secession were not upholding George, but England—which was, and is, bigger than any king of England.

Some weeks ago J. Hampton Moore, Congressman from Pennsylvania, roused Congress on the old Liberty Hall cry. He twisted a lion's tail which was 140 years old and couldn't be expected to make much of a roar in response. Englishmen and Canadians forget 1776, except as a matter of history. Americans remember it. Immigrants from the four corners of the world are united to join in the grand hulabaloo against George III. and on behalf of George Washington. They don't know who either of these Georges were, except that George Washington was the Father of his country. They don't want to know.

There is something and somebody else they know much better. It is symbolized in the spike helmet and the jack-boot. They came to America to escape all such as that. But the spike helmet followed them. While patriotic Americans celebrated the ancient rebellion against George III., the tyrant of Europe was getting in his handiwork at the Capitol and all over the nation. The resurrected rebellion against old George was nothing but a fine old familiar bogey. The spirit of 1776 still lives. It lives in America, in Canada, in England. It was Lord Chatham, the great tribune of the people (the elder Pitt) who, in a fine frenzy of eloquence, said to Parliament, on behalf of a free America:

"If I were an American as I am an Englishman, I would never lay down my arms—never! Never! NEVER!" That was the spirit of 1776 as they had it in England. The spirit of 1776 survived in the U. E. L. migration to Canada. The Loyalists were just as free-acting to sacrifice homes and plunge into a northern wilderness as the rebels were to fight Gen. Braddock. Canadians of French Canada did the same thing. The spirit of 1776 was the spirit of free America, of free Canada, of free and democratic England.

So raking up the ashes of 1776 in a war of the United States against Germany brings no resentment to Canada; none to England; none to the best sentiment of the United States. The presence of Rt. Hon. Arthur Balfour in Washington is a strange comment at the spirit of 1776. It is the spirit of 1917 which unites all free peoples against slave peoples. When Canada went to war in 1914 it was the same spirit of freedom that made Americans rebel in 1776, that brought the Loyalists to this country, that made commoners like Pitt and Bright and Gladstone see in a democratic England more hope than in a tyrannical monarchy.

Twisting the lion's tail at this date will get the same kind of roar that you get from a stuffed lion. The lion has changed with the times. It's the spirit of free, democratic England that has changed him.

THE SPIRIT OF 1917.

Columbia calls them out against the Kaiser.

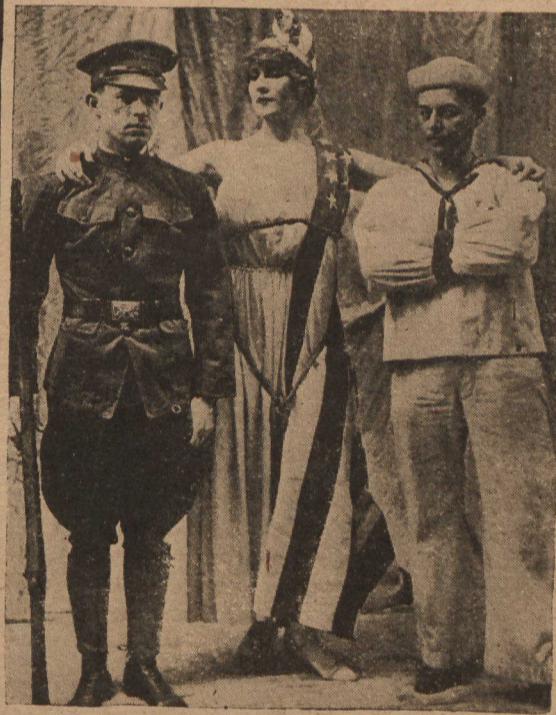
In this revolution from a tyrant state to a democracy the development of self-government in such overseas dominions as Canada—notably Canada—has been one of the big forces. When Americans re-invoke the spirit of 1776 they are invoking the aid of Canada in the spirit of 1917, along a track where by the light of war we blazed the trail. What makes America free now is what has kept Canada free

THE SPIRIT OF 1776.

When the U. S. rebelled against George 3rd.



A. U. S. National Guard regiment entraining for camp. Will they ever get to the trenches?



Wall Street civilians parade with wooden guns. They want real rifles for all Americans and universal compulsory service.



EDITORIAL

Barriers Down

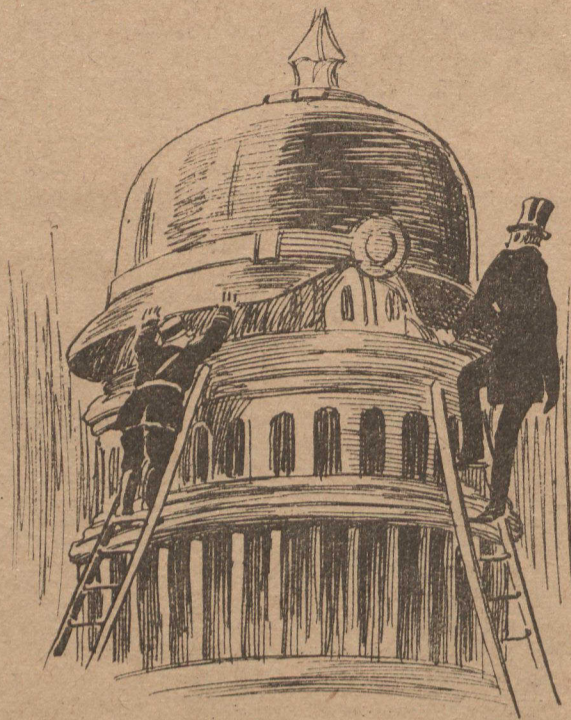
LIBERAL papers do not need to remind the Government of what was said in 1911 about free wheat and flour and such. This is an old antic that the war should have taught us to outgrow. There never was a set of politicians in this country who, to win an election, would not use the loud pedal on certain issues even to the point of exaggeration. When the Conservatives declared that reciprocity in 1911 would mean a weakening of Imperial relations, they meant it. They were just as sincere as the late Liberal statesman, Hon. Edward Blake, was when he resigned his seat in Durham because he said the very same thing. In 1891 Blake saw in the unrestricted reciprocity and commercial union programme of the Liberals—possible annexation. As a true British-Canadian, he did not want that. He flourished the flag as diligently as the Tories had done in that and the previous election. Even the Liberals did not endorse Goldwin Smith, who preached commercial union.

No, we have all wanted to be a separate people. The land that was given a political backbone by the exodus from the United States, in 1776, is a land entitled to national aspirations of its own. If we are to increase our business with the United States, which we must because of geography and common sense; if we are to buy more and sell more with them and swap peoples and ideas and run railways north and south as well as ships on both littorals, we shall need all the national acumen we can develop to keep ourselves an independent people. We are one to thirteen of them. The odds are against us. Let down the bars as we must, let us exert our whole strength as a young nation to keep our nationality. Oh, of course the Round Table people will say that Canada is too small for that; put the weight of the Empire against the denationalizing tendencies of barriers down. Therein lies a whole book of argument. For the present we are not afraid of the United States. We know too much about them not to want to know more. The more we know the better we shall get along.

On the Other Foot

HON. ARTHUR BALFOUR and Marshal Joffre in Washington might be called by the late James Russell Lowell a Certain Condescension among Foreigners. Lowell, once Ambassador to England, used to be exasperated at the lofty attitude of the English towards America. That's a mere reminiscence. Mr. Balfour in Washington is more significant. What is the precise historical meaning of his visit along with Joffre and Viviani? This is important, because Mr. Balfour is himself a very precise intellect. He is the author of the Foundations of Belief and a number of other scholarly things. He has a very subtle intellect, and is a master of both rhetoric and analysis, along with a very expert dilettantism in "les beaux arts" and an especial experience in the art of music—being himself a very considerable and restrained player of the piano.

These intellectual qualities in the Foreign Secretary are mentioned because his visit to Washington may be misconstrued. We understand that Mr. Balfour is not there begging for help; although he has refused nothing as yet; neither has Joffre failed to ask for Yankee troops in the trenches. To misinformed observers it may seem as though these two eminences went to Washington with their hands out and a look of yearning towards the dome of the Capitol and the White House. Not so. They are merely paying a visit that should have been attended to a couple of years ago. About the time Mr. Ford went to Europe in the peace ship, or



Mr. Balfour and Gen. Joffre expect the Head Person below to give them a hand at this job.

when Col. House went to all the belligerent countries on behalf of President Wilson was the time that some sensible parley should have been held between Washington and the Front. Messrs. Balfour and Joffre are merely making up for lost time.

They represent nations that have been doing a vast heft of the world's work in a terrible way. Not tired nations, if you please. But peoples with tremendous burdens; world burdens, not merely the loads of Europe. The United States has been letting these loads slip along the world's highways and just waited. Now the time has come to act; to catch up on her two and a half years of being behind from the Front. Balfour and Joffre are in Washington to help lift the German helmet off the dome of the United States Capitol. That is a very large contract. They would like Mr. Wilson to help them a bit. He is going to do it. Because he knows that getting the German helmet turned spike down as many places as possible is the only way to let the world's real work go on.

We congratulate Washington on the presence there of Messrs. Balfour and Joffre. And they will be as welcome in Ottawa. There is no condescension in foreigners among us.

Travel and Traffic

WE are all trying to fix our feet on the new ladders of higher cost of living. We are all compelled to pay one another more money for what we get. Naturally the only way to keep ourselves from going behind our living-incomes is to charge other people more for what we do to earn a living. This is not always possible. Commodity-producers vary their prices to suit the conditions. We pay the price. Two other classes of people in the country are unable to do this. One class is, generally speaking, the wage-earners, whose wages are fixed either by unions or otherwise, though a large percentage of them go up with the increased demand for labour at high prices set by munition-making standards. At the other end of the scale come certain big public corporations, whose tariffs are fixed by Government. Chief among these are the railways. Government says that so much and no more must be charged for traffic tariffs, whether of freight or of people. The fixed maximum was made under conditions which no longer apply. The railways want to charge us more for our passenger and freight service because of the greatly increased cost of operation and equipment. The Canadian Freight Association, representing all the non-government railways in Canada, has submitted an application

to the Dominion Railway Commission for an increase in freight and passenger rates, of fifteen per cent. on class and commodity freights, except on coal, and on all passenger fares. Increase on coal rates are asked for at 15 cents per ton.

We are in no position to adjudicate or to advise upon the specific increases requested in this application. That is a matter for experts, the railways on one side and the Railway Commission on the other. All we can point out is the general principle, that once conditions compel an increased tariff on practically everything used in the business of living, it is hard to see how travel and traffic can remain exempt. If the roads can't operate under the old tariff, then they must either give inferior service or go into the hands of the Government. We don't want inferior service. It's equally an axiom that at present no Government in this country is in a position to take over Canadian railways.

Improving the National Anthem

A READER in London, Ont., takes objection to one stanza of the Empire's national anthem and writes us as follows:

For upwards of three years now the Canadian people have been daily offering up prayers for the success of our Arms, the protection of our Soldiers and the Security of our Country, and upon the least provocation our people have sung with enthusiasm the National Anthem.

A National Anthem ought to be a Service of Praise, but there are one or two lines in our National Anthem which expresses anything but that sentiment. For instance—

Confound their politics;
Frustrate their knavish tricks,

and by asking the Almighty to chastise these Nations alleged to be practising these questionable methods have assumed the Almighty's prerogative by placing themselves on the Judge's Bench.

As a substitute for this objectionable stanza in the National Anthem would not the stanza hereunder quoted be appropriate, and an opportune time to introduce it, to be sung either immediately preceding or immediately after the first stanza of

"God Save the King."

It breathes the spirit of true patriotism and implicit faith in the Giver of all good and every loyal Canadian can heartily join in the sentiment therein expressed, no matter from what country his forefathers may have come. It can be sung to the same tune as the National Anthem:

God save our native land;
Free may She ever stand,
Fair Canada.
Long may we ever be
Sons of the brave and free;
Faithful to God and thee,
Fair Canada.

The stanza so often derided is certainly more Canadian in form the way our critic puts it. Canadians don't need to know anything about the plotters whose "knavish tricks" in the State were complained of by the pious old protester who wrote the verse. What really concerns us is the first verse only. God Save the King is not the National Anthem of Canada as a nation but of Great Britain and of the Empire. Down in Quebec the French-Canadian bandmaster graciously concedes us God Save the King by playing it just before O Canada at the close of the concert. But God Save the King is as much his as ours and no more ours than it is his. So long as we hold up the flag of Britain in Canada, God Save the King must be our nearest approximation to a national anthem. Of course we have a Canadian flag not much different from the Union Jack; and we have so-called national songs as much like God Save the King as a piccolo resembles a big drum. Candidly it makes no difference to a Canadian how many verses the hymnbooks wish to include in God Save the King. The first one is enough for us. If we live up to that we are doing pretty well. But we have a far more serious objection to the theatre orchestra that plays only the first three lines of the tune and then goes home.

The Irresistible Force seems to be making a number of impressions on The Immovable Object.

It will be a shrewd task for the historian to record that the great war settled not only world democracy, but Home Rule in Ireland, woman suffrage and free wheat in North America.



ENTERTAINING THE WOUNDED

WE owe them a debt of gratitude we never can repay—we stay-at-homes! But we are so used to seeing them now—the maimed and the lame and the sick—that we consider their presence a matter of course. In fact, we are sometimes a little impatient with the one-legged men on crutches who parade the main streets and delay our progress. The war has waged so long and their heroic sacrifices were made so far away. "Besides, the government is looking after them," we say, "it's none of our business!"

Some of the returned men have been behaving badly lately. There have been raids conducted in an unheroic manner when hundreds of soldiers invaded the premises of law-abiding citizens with the object of capturing three or four alien employees. But are we not somewhat to blame? There is a proverb that starts: "Give a dog a bad name . . ." and it is equally true that if you treat a man like a gentleman he will act like one.

I have heard people complaining of the strain on their sympathies. It depresses them to see so many maimed—as if their feelings mattered! But the cripple is equally sensitive to those who stare and to those who ostensibly refrain from looking in his direction. There are at Roehampton, England, many men who are both armless and legless, and Miss Constance Collier invited them to see a play in which she was taking part. Unfortunately, the audience was taken by surprise, and when these men were carried down the aisle one woman fainted and another cried out in horror:

"Oh, my God!"

The poor wreck of a soldier near her said, sweetly: "Pardon, madam!"

Is it not we who should apologize daily for being so strong and well when they have done all this for us? There is one man—husband, son, friend or brother (I think each of us must know at least one) who has gone overseas. Perhaps he may never come back, but if he had! . . . Perhaps he is fighting now and we are wondering if he will come out alive, and if he does! Nothing will be too good for him, no indeed! Then can't we feel just a little bit the same for all the rest?

A BEAUTIFUL touring-car rolling slowly through the park one hot summer day passed a maimed man in khaki very hot, very tired, very grimy.

"I say, can you give a fellow a lift?" he called out. The driver of the car half stopped, but a lady with her pet dog reclining in the back seat motioned him to go on.

"He's horribly hot and dusty!" she murmured.

Of course this is an exception. Dozens of motors call every day at the Convalescent Homes to take patients for an airing. One lady makes a practice of sending her chauffeur (himself a returned soldier) with her car at least one fine afternoon a week. Sometimes she goes, too, and the boys who have met her always hope she will be there. Last time there were five, all under twenty-one, all with only one leg. One had lost an arm and an eye as well.

"Bill hogged it," said the others, "he took a whole shell all to himself."

"They are quite the cheerfulest men I know," this lady said; "it does me worlds of good to be with

them, and I enjoy the outing quite as much as they do."

Another woman who owns a country house by the lake just outside of Toronto has fitted up her coach-house as a club house for returned soldiers, with a canteen attached. There they may stay all day long and behave just as they would in their own homes. And there is no obligation, no R.S.V.P. attached to her invitation. It is open to all of them to come when they can.

SOMETIMES moving picture shows come to the hospitals, more often the convalescents go to them, and managers of local theatres are usually willing to give spare seats to a body of convalescents, if they are approached in the right way. Very often private street cars can be obtained for their transportation, at other times motors are lent, but the soldier who is able to go to the theatre is usually capable of travelling about by himself. He dislikes being collected and chaperoned as if for a Sunday-school treat. He takes a pride in clambering into street-cars unassisted.

Many of them are too weak to go about, too nervous for motoring, but they like to see visitors occasionally, cheerful souls who will take their minds off the dreadful visions of the battle-field and of the long, hopeless years before them. If you really enjoy visiting them, be very sure they will like to have you, but unless you establish personal interests between yourself and the patient and are fairly constant in your attendance, it is useless to begin. Several of our hospitals have placed each ward in charge of one society—sometimes a church organization, or a chapter of the Daughters of the Empire—and the members of this society pledge themselves to look after the ward in providing the little delicacies that the authorities permit, brightening the place with flags or blooming plants and visiting them with discretion and regularity. They always begin with enthusiasm, the officer in command of one of the hospitals tells me, but sometimes their interest wanes, the plants die and the patients are neglected. This visiting should not be undertaken by people who have no other interest in life. If you can't bring outside interests into their lives, stay at home, or help them as unobtrusively as possible in sending to their libraries the kind of books and magazines you know they will like, or the home-made delicacies that are sanctioned by the physician in charge. They don't like having people come to stare at them, murmuring,

"Poor boy! And so young!"

They don't want to talk about their wounds and where they got them, but they respond to real human kindness and are quick to detect the difference between pity and sympathy.

In fact, soldiers, like all the rest of us, prefer doing deeds of kindness to having deeds of kindness practised on them. The blind convalescent basking in the sun is happy telling thrilling tales of battle to the little waifs who have gathered eagerly around him, but he is apt to become morose when a lady visitor whom he has never seen before tries to extract these same stories. The scant success of her benevolent efforts is admirably depicted in "Punch."

At one time a dear old lady is asking a crippled and much-banded warrior if he has been to the front, and he replies:

"No'm. I was cleaning the bird cage and the darn thing flew out and bit me!"

Two other much damaged warriors asked the same question replied:

"Bless you, no, mum; we've just 'ad a bit of a scrap together, to keep fit."

EVEN the concerts held in the hospitals should be arranged systematically, and in most convalescent homes certain days are set apart when they may be held. Many people thoughtlessly engage the busy commanding officers in charge in lengthy telephone conversations, under the impression that they are conferring a favour in arranging concerts. Perhaps they are offering the very best musical talent of the city, but that is not what the average soldier likes most. He usually prefers to have someone sit down at the piano and play the brightest and newest songs, and sing catchy airs in which he may join in the chorus, and a recitation by one of his mates will bring forth greater applause than readings by a professional of long standing.

When he is invited to parties he likes to know "just what he's in for." Invitations that come to the convalescent homes asking a certain number of the boys to tea, or supper, are posted on a notice board and the men wanting to go are asked to sign their names, but there is no great rush of applicants unless the hostess has gained an enviable reputation amongst the boys.

Sometimes the ladies auxiliary of a church will invite fifty men for supper on a certain evening. They prepare a bountiful feast, to be followed by prayer and a concert by the choir. But the soldiers hear that the ladies of the church will be there in a body to wait on them and they one and all begin to make excuses. They prefer the seclusion of their own hospital, with its cheery reading and writing-rooms—often it has a billiard-room as well. They prefer their little friendly games of cards to the hymn-singing and home-cooking of the Ladies' Aid, and only as a result of a special appeal from the O. C., who realizes the disappointment of the kind ladies who have prepared the banquet do twenty men promise to attend, and of these eight put in a reluctant appearance.

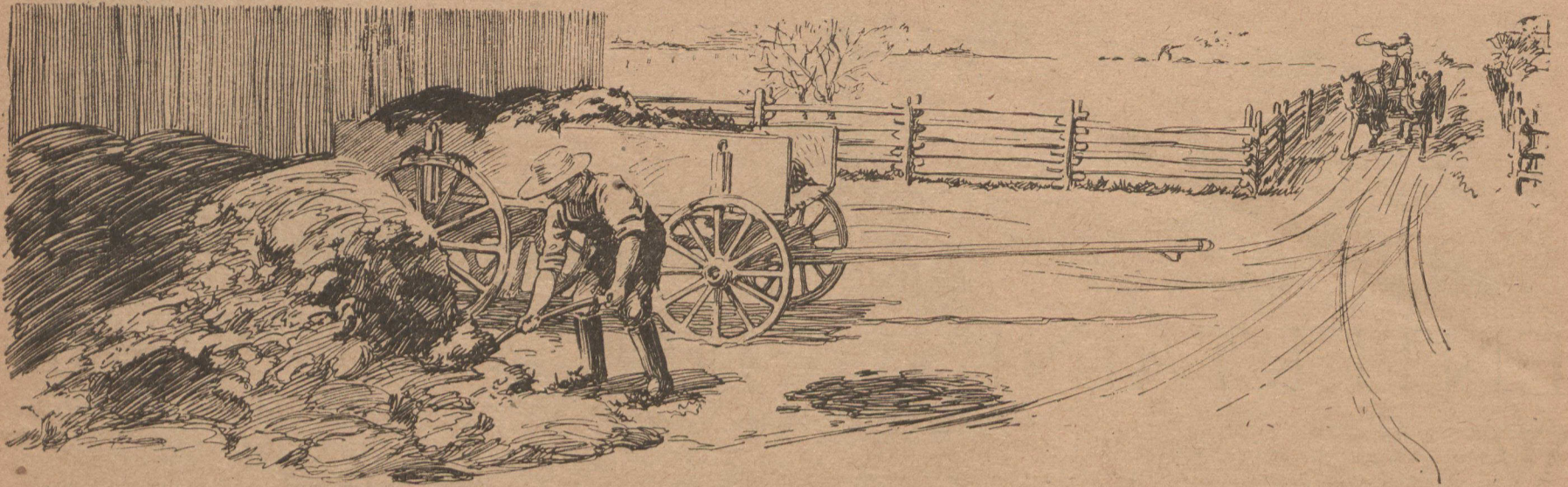
DON'T give all your sympathy to the man in khaki.

There is always a little halo about his head, in some people's eyes. One young girl who is a constant visitor in the hospitals says that it is a shame that the soldiers should be given such makeshift quarters. She believes that all the beautifully-equipped civic hospitals should be turned over to the military authorities and the sick civilians housed "anywhere at all." She sometimes makes sarcastic remarks in street cars about never getting a seat now that all the gallant men are overseas. Once she was overheard by a young man who was gazing out of the window and when he turned around a face of ashen pallor and tried to clamber to his feet, she saw on the lapel of his coat a service badge!

It is often after he reverts to "civies" and takes up his work again that the returned soldier most

(Concluded on page 26.)

HODGE CALLS HIS OWN BLUFF



MOST of a Sabbath day Hodge argued with four business gentlemen to convert them into hired men for St. Hodge's by the Creek. His first in this acrostic was an insurance expert who did church ushering and had incipient arterial sclerosis on the side; his second an advertising agency manager with an \$8,000 income and a \$9,000 family; his third a lawyer with practical farm memories and a \$3,000 car; his fourth the G. M. of the Confederacy Trust Co. with 40,000 acres of mortgages, and rolling-rich Methodist connections.

They were a hard lot of Sadducees to get into overalls. They argued Hodge black in the face that, Their combined incomes for four months were four times the revenue of the Hodge farm at high gear;

They were indispensable to the town;

Their wives and families, etc.

Hodge countered with these:

If they stayed in stiff collars and \$10 boots they were as bad slackers as the pavement pets whose life ambition was to graft on somebody higher up;

Unless the half-idle town should help the undermanned country the whole four of them together wouldn't be worth \$5,000 a year;

They were all high-class degenerates in a young country;

Manure on their boots would be good for their souls.

Hodge offered to let any one of them manage the farm and hire him at \$45 a month. None of them wanted the job. The beast was so sardonically in earnest, he went so like a pup to a root at their pet conventional economics, he drew the lure of the manure heap and the harrow and the pitchfork so strong that they finally came to the scratch on the understanding that when the crops were all in—oats, barley, ensilage and roots—he would give two of them a holiday by turns from that until haytime. But from the day they took on the contract until the crops of St. Hodge's by the Creek were all threshed and silo'd, he expected them to take orders from him as implicitly as though he were C. O. of a regiment. The hours would be from seven a.m. until dark. Wet days there would be jobs to do in the barn—or they could write letters home. Every other Sunday two of them would be allowed to go to town for the week-end. But if they wanted to fetch their wives and families, Hodge would accommodate them even if he himself had to sleep in the haymow.

Having done thus much for his conscience, Hodge wrote a loving letter to his wife and daughters as follows:

Dear Family:

Take your choice between St. Andrew's by the Sea and St. Hodge's by the Creek. I've got a Chinaman, Yem Soon, to do the housework. Tell Julie that if she cares to get some real live sketches from life, in any medium she prefers, she might try St. Hodge's. Four of her father's friends are going into farm khaki (overalls, etc.) right away. Myself, I should make the best colour scheme of any I think. Imagine my dears—but how can you? No, it is beyond your chiaroscuro. At present the scenic accessory to myself for the next seven or eight days is peacefully blinking in the sun. It's a nice nibbly fag-end of a strawstack with a few indolent cattle—Oh, the dear things!—and a vast expanse of measureless m—my dears, you won't understand me until you come and see me standing in this primeval expanse of what one might call soil food, inhaling the

By **AUGUSTUS BRIDLE**

Illustrated by **T. W. McLean**

rich ripe odors of spring in the barnyard, splashing to my boot-tops in a splatter of ooze that would make old porter look like amber beside it.

Should you be coming, any of you, let me know by postcard as it is only five minutes walk from the station. I shall be delighted to see you.

Rejuvenatedly Yours,

Mrs. Hodge looked searchingly at her daughters. They all shook their heads in mute amazement not unakin to tears.

"Such a husband!" sighed Madam Hodge.

"Such a father," echoed Julie and Anna.

They agreed that they would go to St. Andrew's by the Sea for three weeks. The town house should not be rented for the summer. They would attend to the garden. They quite defied Mr. Hodge. He had outlawed himself. Until he should recover from his insanity he was no longer the real head of the family. It was really a pity to have to take money from such a misguided man for the household expenses. They would eliminate him from their thoughts until he came back home in the fall a wiser and better man. Mr. Hodge should be boycotted. If he wanted to be so independent let him. Women could be independent, too.

Hodge made sure of three available teams and sets of harness, whiffletrees and neckyoke before his quartette of henchmen—combined incomes \$24,000 a year—arrived from the station; and they walked, carrying own luggage.

That first evening before the first day's work there was a general unpackage in the large kitchen, while Yem Soon, the Chinaman, hovered about like a large

genial lot of fluffy junk they had fetched in eight suitcases and club bags.

"No, gentlemen," he said, courteously, "this is not a honeymoon. You are on the wrong train. Wait a bit."

He sent the Chinaman upstairs for a large, miscellaneous bundle, which he laid on the long table.

"Just as I imagined," he said, "you people figure on being sort of second-rate gentlemen in clothes that cost originally anywhere from \$40 to \$55. No go. We'll can those togs. Let 'em go to somebody that wants to cut a dash on a second-hand street. What we want is these."

Solemnly as though it had been Christmas morning, he gave to each man,

One set union-made overalls;

One pair cowhide boots;

One print shirt (buttons behind);

One cheap felt hat;

One pair thick braces.

"I got your sizes several days ago from examining your clothes when you were asleep in this house," he said, naively. "If there are any changes necessary, let me know. But that's the kind of rig-out we need on this farm. This isn't a back-yard garden."

"What's the idea of the shirt buttons behind, Hodgey?" queried Advty. Mgr., who had never seen such shirts in an ad.

"Because hugging work in front the way you're going to do here scuffs off the buttons."

They lighted cigars and looked at Hodge somewhat uneasily. They had never known him to be such a master of detail before.

"Now," he went on like a large god of direction, as he lighted an old pipe, "there are a few general directions we give to all hired men.

"No smoking in the barns.

"No cigars except on Sundays.

"No cigarettes whatever—after present stock is exhausted. Bath only once a week. Wash your feet every night—but not in the family basin, as we used to in my father's day; there's a common bathroom upstairs over the kitchen; other quarters you can use week-ends, when you tog up for town.

"No time for shaving in the morning. Each man has his own bed. This is an extra feature. In my boyhood days I had to sleep with the hired man.

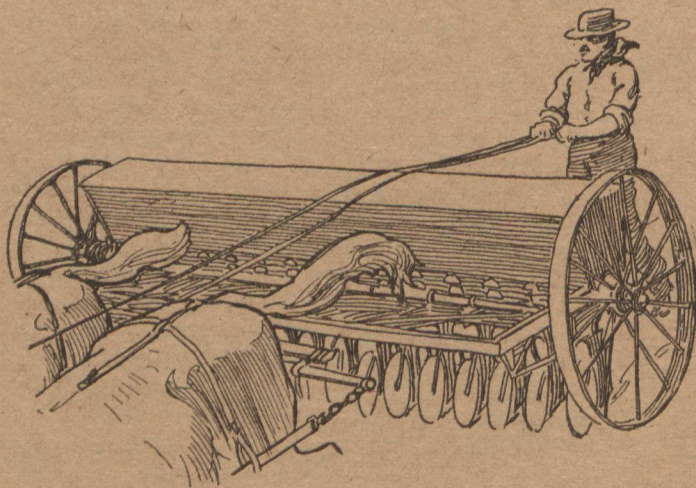
"It's the custom to pull off your boots on the stoop or in the kitchen, so as not to dirty up the bed-rooms. And as a rule hired men don't wear slippers. Yem Soon!"

The Chinaman loomed up from behind the stove.

"Are these gentlemen's rooms ready?"

"Rah-yah Mist Hodge."

"Is there a lamp for each, or do they go to bed in the dark? I may say, gentlemen, that taking lamps to bedrooms was never tolerated among my father's hired men. But in this case it seems there are two lamps for four rooms. If you are real hired men you will not need pyjamas—though I see you've all brought them along. And I may as well remind



bat in the half gloom of a single oil lamp. Hodge, somewhat gnarled by this time, smiled at the tender physiognomies and somewhat dainty actions of these good citizens whom he was to transform into real men of affairs. He had never seen them look so much like a pack of children out for an unknown picnic. Poor dear things; they would find out that operating a real farm was no picnic. What they did not know or care to remember about farming was one of the vastest ignorances Hodge knew. But he admired them for being game enough to admit it and to take instructions from him. He smiled at the

You—no underclothes, please. Now listen—about tomorrow's operations."

It was their last chance at a peaceful Hodge for some time to come.

"One of you harrows. Another drives the drill. The other three of us—"

Hodge paused for dramatic effect.

"Guess it, boys."

From a cloud of smoke came the simultaneous slogan,

"Fork manure!"

Hodge sat on the end of the table.

"You'll all take turn about at that," he continued, with a grim chuckle. "I'm the steady. There's at least 200 big waggon-loads in that barnyard. Half of it should have been hauled out last fall and ploughed under. That's at least six days' work for one team, two waggons and three men. One man, of course, pitches on—"

"That's you, Hodgey," they all agreed.

"You are happy right. I am the person. One man drives the team and unloads in the field. The third man spreads the manure. And I intend—"

Hodge knocked the ashes from his pipe into the stove damper—"to keep those two men abnormally busy. Good-night, boys."

HODGE clapped on his hat, dipped a drink from the pail, and went out to bunk in the hay-mow.

At 5 a.m. of a marvelous morning this same irrepressible Hodge was banging about the barn. He crammed in hay to the six horses and called to the Chinaman.

"Rout 'em out, Soon."

Four drowsy-eyed magnates blundered below stairs in their socked feet wanting to know,

"Hey, Yem, where do we wash?"

This was a point Hodge had overlooked.

"Allee sameee—washee dish on the bench. Lain bal. Yah."

They came out to the rain barrel, admiring the bird-songs and the blue sky and the buds down by the creek—and all that; when Hodge suddenly hove along with two pails of fresh milk at his boot-legs.

"Say!" he exploded, "do you men think this is a Pullman? Whoever heard of a farmer washing himself before he does his chores? You'll be wanting breakfast in bed next. Here Mark, 'tend to this milk. I'll give you gentlemen a first lesson in barn work before breakfast."

Hodge led them all away unwashed to the stable, where to each man, pro tem, he assigned his duties. And it was a sure cure for the blues to watch Conf. Trust try to clean out the stables without jabbing the fork into the heels of a horse.

"By Jove!" he said. "I think we'd better back the horses out first."

"No you don't!" roared Hodge. "Make 'em stand over. Bat 'em on the rump with the fork-handle if they don't. My dear sir, you clean out a horse-stall with about as much pep as you use a finger bowl."

Advtg. Agency went currying a big horse under the belly as though he were taking the tats out of a girl baby's hair till Hodge gave him a lesson; and by this time Insurance Expert was timidly wriggling a nigh horse harness on to an off horse.

"Hold on!" screamed Hodge. "Don't you know nigh from off? Oh, Lord! Of course you don't. Here, what in the Sam Hill do you think you're doing, anyhow? Great ginger!"

Ins. Expert was merely trying to stick the hames of the harness on the horse's rump and the breeching-strap under his neck for a breast collar.

Hodge stood at the door to keep his awkward squad from seeing the tears of laughter in his eyes.

At 6.45 they sat in to breakfast. At 7.15 they

were out hitching up; Hodge giving instructions about harrows, seed oats and drill, and greasing the two waggons for hauling manure. By the time any one of these hired men would normally be shaving in his pyjamas in town they were all hard at work. Lawyer took the drill, because he had seen his father drive such a thing in his boyhood. Insurance took the harrows—which Hodge had rigged up as double set wide to save time getting over the ground. That left Advtg. Agency and Conf. Trust to hitch up the third team, while Hodge whopped a load of manure on to a waggon—in the space of 16 minutes by his own watch.

"Yank tother waggon in yonder," he advised. Change over your team to this one. No—don't undo the tugs. Don't—undo—'em! Yank out the bolt from the doubletree! Pick up the outfit. Ease up the tongue from behind and let it drop out o' the neckyoke. Glory to grief! You'll be—"

He showed them how one man could swing a team from one waggon to another in 30 seconds.

"Oh, my dear fellow-citizens," he said, "don't imagine that because you can drive a motor-car you know a blessed thing about mechanics. Now up you get. For the love o' Mike don't be looking round for a waggon seat—there isn't any. And don't sit on the manure till you get rubber seats for your overalls. Stand up and drive, my boy. You, Tom, jab the two forks in behind and hang on to 'em. Now hit the lane. Get that waggon back here by the time I get the next load on. Watch where you're driving in this yard or you'll bog the team and upset. Skedaddle!" he finally roared.

No man who has never pitched manure in a warm barnyard keeping one waggon loaded all day long can appreciate the experiences of Hodge that May day. Two winters of horses and cattle had packed that barnyard into geological layers. The formation ranged from six inches deep on the outside edge towards the fence to five feet at the stable door. The average depth over most of the yard was about two feet. It was all a vast tank of ooze and smell, tramped down there for the express purpose of busting fork-handles and pulling a man's arms out by the roots. All the ancient magic of that barnyard was there now as it had been thirty-odd years ago. Men and cities and institutions may change. A manure heap is always what it used to be and what it is going to be till the end of time.

Hodge grabbed the manure fork close up to the tines. He levered the handle over his right leg. The forkfuls he heaved up made the waggon-boards rattle when they came down. He worked with the rhythm of a steam shovel and about the same kind of grim energy. On his second load he sweat crocodile tears which he took no time to wipe away.

When Conf. Trust came banging awkwardly back to the yard he wanted to laugh and talk a bit. Hodge bit him off, gave him gruff directions just where he wanted the empty waggon and went whopping up manure without another word.

ROBINS and swallows twittered overhead. The fields danced in the forenoon sun. Hodge put the blinkers on himself and shut it all out. No slave is driven so hard as the slave who drives himself. Hodge's bluff was called and his dander was up. For two hours he scarcely noticed the waggons change. All he knew was that the teamster was still in the land of the living and as yet had not upset a load or got the horses snarled up in the harness. He rather admired him for his pluck. The only driving Conf. Trust had ever done was a bit of

dandy work at the horse show. This was different. The only spreading Advtg. Agency had ever done was to scatter ads in newspapers at so much a line. That job in the field was different. He would praise Advtg. Agency at noon; also Conf. Trust. They were good sports.

But they must first—be bushed.

Hodge let his braces go loose. He could feel the ooze trickling down his back and his legs. He liked it. Sweat blinded his eyes. He rubbed it away with the roll-up of his sleeve. His breath came in what he used to call chunks when he was a boy. He took it gladly.

Towards noon he realized that he was losing a little time. By his thirteenth load he knew it. He



had yet five to pitch to make what he considered a good forenoon's work.

But he had no trouble keeping ahead of the gang. They were tuckering. Hodge said never a word to his teamster. But he knew by the way the man wobbled about the waggon that he was feeling shaky. He glanced up about the 15th load and was quite surprised to find that the driver was Advtg. Agency, who had been already tuckered at the spreading and thought he would like to ride a bit.

AND when the Chinaman pounded the tin pan, the signal for dinner, Hodge wiped the sweat from his face, pulled his togs together and rammed his hands in his pockets to look as unconcerned as possible. The teams came creaking together at the water trough. They banged into the stalls. Hodge leaned on the doorway to see what insane things three of them might do, while the other rammed hay into the mangers.

"Easy, boys," he said, holding up both hands. "No, you don't unharness horses at noon. Come on to chuck!"

The tired gang trailed away to the wash-basin and the rain barrel.

Not until they had got the first round of a square meal did a man of them speak.

"Say," said Conf. Trust. "Is anybody tired?"

When they got out to the chip hill for an after-dinner smoke they all, except Hodge, went to sleep in the sun.

Hodge watched the sleeping babes with a fatherly eye. "Poor things!" he said. "They're dreaming they're smoking cigars at the Club. It's a darn shame to wake 'em. But duty must be done."

Tenderly with his boot he roused each sleeping exile. With cheerful dialogues they limped to the stables. Lawyer and Insurance went to the manure yard with Hodge. Advtg. Agency and Conf. Trust took the harrows and the drill.

The afternoon was the forenoon multiplied by weariness. Manure in the morning is one thing; in the afternoon another. Anyway, Hodge found a difference. The forenoon had taken much of his tuck. He stabbed at the afternoon loads doggedly under the whip of his own self-imposed determination—to bush that entire gang and teach them who

(Concluded on page 27.)



AMONG THE MAGAZINES

ONE ON RUTOWSKI

How the Russian Governor Turned the Trick on the Mayor of Lemberg

AN uncommonly interesting story is told by Dr. E. J. Dillon, in his article on the Polish Problem, in a recent issue of *The Fortnightly*. The story, as he says, illustrates two sorts of Russian methods in administration and illustrates very well the contrast between the old dark bureaucratized Russia and the newer spirit that is trying to establish a real national sentiment among the Slavs.

Sheremetieff was the Russian general in charge of the troops which occupied Lemberg—long ago, you remember, when under the Grand Duke Nicholas the Russians were up and doing, before they were driven back by Mackensen and Hindenburg. Sheremetieff, says Dr. Dillon, gave protection to all Austrian subjects who remained behind during the Russian occupation. But those who had fled the country he looked upon as enemies, and their arms, etc., he seized and confiscated without a qualm. The Chief Mayor of Lemberg, who naturally stayed at his post, had given up his arms to the Russian Commander in accordance with the orders promulgated. One day Rutowski—this was the Mayor's name—met an officer in the street at whose belt hung a valuable pistol ornamented with gold and mother-of-pearl, a veritable jewel, which he had himself delivered up to the Russian Military Commission. How it had come into the possession of this officer he could not conceive, but, resolved to find out, he hurried off to the Governor. He was received with the usual friendly greeting, after which Sheremetieff asked: "And what can I do for you, dear Rutowski?" "I should like first to put a question to your Excellency. Are the firearms which the population gave up of their own free will war booty?" "Certainly not. For the time being they are State property." "I am much obliged, Excellency, and I ask pardon for disturbing you." "You have not disturbed me in the least; but tell me, dear Rutowski, why were you so eager to know that?"

The Mayor then recounted the story of his revolver, whereupon Sheremetieff smiled and said: "My dear Rutowski, what you tell me is simply impossible. It cannot have taken place. You must be mistaken." "No, your Excellency, I am absolutely certain. The pistol is an heirloom. It is mine, and there is no mistake." Up sprang the General and shouted: "I forbid you to doubt my word. When I say it is a mistake I mean it, and I stake my life on what I say. Do you understand? And now, sir, you can go." In silence the Mayor took his departure, and took care to avoid further contact with the wrathful General. Two weeks later, at about 11 o'clock one night, an officer, accompanied by two Cossacks, entered the Mayor's dwelling and summoned him to the Governor's presence without delay. With melancholy presentiments Rutowski took leave of his tearful family, for God alone could tell what fate awaited him, they said. Having bidden them a last farewell, he entered a closed carriage; the officer sat down beside him, and four Cossacks escorted them to the Palace. At the threshold a servant relieved him of his overcoat and hat. The door of the reception-room was then thrown open, and General Sheremetieff came forward, took him by both hands, welcomed and invited him to enter. In the brightly lighted hall the table was laid for dinner, and some fifty officers of the highest rank were awaiting the latest arrival—Rutowski. He was placed on the right hand of the Governor, who carried on an interesting conversation with him during the banquet. At the close of the meal the General rose, and all the officers with him. The Mayor also stood up, but Sheremetieff gently pressed him back into his seat.

"Gentlemen," said the General, "a short time ago I insulted the Chief Mayor of this city, M. Rutowski. I now solemnly beg his pardon and request him to forget what befell between him and me." Thereupon he held out his hand to Rutowski, who pressed it warmly, and was about to respond when the Governor

exclaimed: "I thank you. Your hand pressure has told me all I want to know. And in order that you may remember what it is that you are to forget, I ask you as a favour to accept this souvenir from me." Thereupon the Governor's adjutant, Sobesko, advanced and laid before the Mayor a heavy ebony casket inlaid with gold and daintily fashioned. Inside on a red velvet cloth lay Rutowski's pistol.

Sheremetieff punished the excesses committed by his soldiers with the utmost rigour of military law, and the number of privates shot for misdeeds impressed the remainder with a sense of the necessity of keeping within the limits of law and decency. Among the hungry population he had bread and meat distributed every morning.

His successor was Count Bobrinsky, who took over the duty of his office on October 2nd, and delivered the unfortunate speech which sent a chill to the heart of Austrian Poles and was the coup de grace dealt to the Polish problem in its Russian aspect. The Chief Mayor, Rutowski, and many of his fellow-citizens, were arrested and exiled from their native country to various districts of Russia for exercising rights which they had enjoyed in Austria from whose yoke the Russians were come to liberate them.

In this article the writer shows with great clearness how Poland has been bedevilled by the actions of darkest Russia. He recalls a conversation which he had with Count Witte, the Liberal Premier from the Duma ranks, who said, "Do you imagine that Russia can face her Teuton enemies, held back by the drag of a discontented Poland, and seriously pose as the liberator of the Slavs? The thing is inconceivable. If she were the protectress of the Slavs, could she continue to be the persecutor of the Poles, who are Slavs of purer blood than herself? You say that the Tsar's first act, in case we drift into war, as we certainly shall, will be a gracious act of enfranchisement for the Poles of Russia proper, who now suffer from a series of vexatious disabilities, and another conferring autonomy on those of the kingdom. Possibly you are right. But of what avail will this repentance in extremis be? Who will take it seriously? Have you forgotten the function of the bureaucracy to delay, interpret, modify, and frustrate? If our love for the Slavs were sincere—nay, if our policy were based on enlightened self-interest, we would have long since treated the Poles of the Empire as full-fledged citizens and bestowed self-government upon those of the Kingdom of Poland. That was one of my own projects, had I remained in office and been able to secure the co-operation of the Duma and the Council of the Empire, but as things are now moving we are heaping coals of fire on the head of the nation."

How this wretched policy worked to the bedeviling of the Russian Poles forms the chief part of the article. It was the Grand Duke Nicholas who proclaimed the freedom of the Poles at the outbreak of war. It was the Germanized-bureaucracy who pushed back the hands of the Polish clock.

THAT PACIFIC BOGEY

Will the United States go to War with Japan in the near future?

WILL the United States go to war with Japan in the near future? K. K. Kawakami, in the *Atlantic Monthly* for April, gives a very lucid presentation of the Japanese side of the argument—and he favours the idea of no war. The main part of his argument is contained in a few words.

Broadly speaking, he says, there are three problems, and only three, which threaten to tear asunder the friendship between Japan and the United States. They are the immigration question, the recrudescent anti-Japanese agitation for legislation on the Pacific Coast, and the Chinese question. Before entering into the details of these questions, we may at once set down our conclusions.

It may be safely asserted that America will not

hesitate to go to war if Japan insists upon free immigration or the immediate withdrawal of the "gentlemen's agreement" which has placed a ban upon Japanese immigration. On the other hand, Japan will resist, if need be, even at the point of the sword, any American attempt to interfere with what she considers to be her justifiable activities in China.

Fortunately, the truth is that Japan would not fight for the purpose of securing unrestricted emigration. Her statesmen, her publicists, her thinkers all realize the certain outcome of such a futile attempt. To attain that purpose by the arbitrament of the sword Japan must be so powerful and so successful in her military operations that she could conquer and permanently hold at least the territory west of the Rockies. Unless the Japanese are incurable lunatics, they cannot entertain so fantastic a dream. Should the Mikado fail, as he certainly would, to secure permanent occupation of the Pacific Coast, and be compelled to accept American terms of peace, he would have, not only to abandon all hopes of sending any fresh emigrants to these shores, but to remove even the sixty thousand Japanese who are now settled in this country. This the Japanese statesmen clearly foresee, and their vision is a safeguard against war on the score of emigration.

Turning to the Chinese question, it seems unthinkable that America would ever be so nearsighted as to go to war on account of the "open-door" doctrine, much talked about but little understood, especially when Japan has done and will do nothing to hurt American interests in the Far East. The overwhelming majority of the American people neither know nor care to know what the "open door" means.

But there is the third question—the spasmodic agitation against the Japanese in the Western States of the Union. How long will Japan be patient under the pin-pricking attitude of those states? Will she sit eternally unruffled under the rebuff which is being meted out to her in the shape of discriminatory laws, restricting the rights of her nationals residing in the West? I have not sufficient confidence in Japan's equanimity to hazard the prediction that,



"You get off right here at Douai, boss. This pass is fake and there's no such place as German Victory."

—Toronto World.

whatever the Western States may do against her nationals, Japan will never go to the length of appealing to the tribunal of arms. Sad to say, I am inclined to think that, unless the government at Washington and the far-seeing leaders of the American people make earnest efforts to find means to safeguard the rights and privileges of the Japanese who are lawfully here, the time may eventually come when the situation will assume a most critical aspect. Perhaps Japan may fail to receive any satisfactory decision in the court of war; but she is a nation whose sense of calculation is not yet so fully developed as to consider every national question in the light of material gain or loss. Fortunately or unfortunately, she is one of those old-fashioned nations which still believes that there is, even in this commercial age of ours, such a thing as national honour to be defended, regardless of cost.



Grandpere Nadeau Recruits

By Queenie Fairchild

Illustrated by
A. M. Wickson

ful it would have been to have had St. Norman attacked by Germans who would shoot you on the slightest excuse."

The good father paled somewhat at the unexpected greeting; he looked at his fine new church, his cosy little house in its garden, and felt vaguely troubled.

"But all these dreadful happenings are so far away—it is so hard to realize them," commenced the priest, then his natural cheerfulness reassured itself and he exclaimed: "Bien! bien! I came to welcome you to St. Norman. I was desole this morning when I heard you had gone to Madame Marois instead of driving straight to the presbytere. I insist you come now, my old sister Marie is making a feast in your honour. It is so seldom I see anyone from the world."

After Father Joliette had hurried away to see to the preparations for his guests, and the two officers were packing their kit bags, Jack Cameron expressed some trepidation about his ignorance of rules and regulations to be conformed to in a priest's house.

"Well, that is rich," laughed Rene St. Maurice. "Do you think you are going to a monastery of La Trappe? You won't find the home any different from any other bachelor's, in fact you will find Father Joliette a good sight more free and easy than a stiff minister of your own dour Scotch faith." But the affectionate way Rene put his arm around his friend's shoulders proved that he would trust his life to a man of that same Scotch "dourness."

The small cracked mirror in which they were reflected could not show them another scene in France, when the fair and dark heads would again be close together as Jack Cameron carried wounded little Rene St. Maurice off the shell swept field to a place of safety.

The feast at the Presbytere proved almost too much for even St. Maurice's energetic nature until the young boy who worked for the priest announced that "le boss" of the Valconna Pulp Company had just driven up to Grandpere Nadeau's to engage men for the winter's "cut" on the Company's timber limits.

"Pray excuse me, father, I must get back to the men," said St. Maurice. "I will report in good time, Mademoiselle Joliette, to do justice to your supper."

Captain Cameron remained to smoke with their host. In quaint broken English and bad French they got along famously, laughing heartily at their own mistakes.

The latest arrival in St. Norman who was being noisily greeted on all sides was a type of French-Canadian with whom a man of St. Maurice's class considered it impossible to associate as with the good old habitants. Dark, fat, and slick, "Boss" Fortier was dressed in a loud suit, velvet waisted, bright yellow boots, and red tie, while several glass diamonds and a huge gold watch chain gave the fin-

ishing touches, not to be foolishly hidden under a furlined coat, that he wore carelessly thrown open. The younger men looked upon him with envy as quite the "Monsieur." His coming had always been the event of the Autumn for the men, and had caused no little flutter among the girls of St. Norman, and now he had not been five minutes in the place, and here were half a dozen men who could talk only of two grand officers, "en visite" at the presbytere.

CAPTAIN ST. MAURICE joining the men, Fortier took it as a mark of special interest in himself, and pushing up to the officer, thrust out a fat hand, saying with insufferable familiarity:

"Comment ca va, mon brave?" For an instant Rene thought of resenting the address, then said to himself: "Bah! the pig knows no better. There is no use antagonizing him."

"What's this I hear? You want my men?" said the Boss, with would-be pleasantry, "I don't think they are such fools as to want to be shot."

"I am not seeking fools who want to be shot, but men who can fight to the last gasp," flung back Captain St. Maurice.

"Last week in Quebec," continued Fortier, "I saw some soldiers with one arm off, or a leg gone, leaving them as useless as a burnt out log."

"Perhaps I might remind you of the many men who lose their arms in saw-mills, and what do they get for that?"

There was no answer to Captain St. Maurice's question. "I ask again, what do such maimed men get but the verdict of having been careless of the rules of the Company? Do you mean to tell me you can guarantee these men if they hire with you, that they will not be killed by a falling tree, or cut with an axe, so that they lose a foot? And what about the toll every river takes of men on log 'drives'? What does a 'lumber king' care, when their poor bodies are found battered to pulp below the rapids, or worse yet, never found? When you are taken sick in the bush or crippled with rheumatism from the icy water, who takes care of you? The camp cook! because he is the only person around during the day.

"But I am not here to take the place of le bon Dieu who alone knows the fate in store for any of us. I grant you those soldiers you saw made terrible sacrifices, but they are the most cheerful men in the world, for they have done their duty to their country, and are upheld by that knowledge, and there isn't a man, woman, or child who doesn't admire them as heroes."

"Mademoiselle Juneau, wouldn't you care just as much for Jean Brodeur, if he came home wounded?" asked Captain St. Maurice, turning to a pretty dark eyed girl, standing near her fiance.

"Of course I would," she answered, "and work for him too."

"He had better go, as he is assured of an easy time the rest of his days," sneered the shanty boss.

The hot blood rushed into Alphonse Juneau's olive cheeks, and the black eyes snapped as she said:

"Well, I know one thing, M'sieur Fortier, I won't let him go with you! But he could do no wrong if he were to follow wherever a gentleman such as Captain St. Maurice lead him."

FORTIER who cared nothing for a man's say was disconcerted by the girl's spirited attack and look of dislike.

Not since the last General Elections had St. Norman enjoyed such excite-



Boss Fortier was dressed in a loud suit.

ment as Grandpere's fete, the arrival of the recruiting officers and now the "boss." Until sunset Captain St. Maurice kept an audience interested. They sat on the steps of the Bureau de Poste, the railings of the galleries, and on old carts in the stable yard, and Rene St. Maurice would not have been human if he had been unconscious of the admiring glances of the girls.

Alphonsine looked at the handsome officer and then at Jean in his slouchy clothes. She had always been considered too "demoiselle" by the other girls, and now she plotted deeply. Visions of Jean in uniform, and the social possibilities of having an interest in common with the ladies of the Manor of Lariviere next time she visited her uncle on the domaine farm, fairly turned her little head; she must have a talk with Jean.

Grandpere Nadeau, who was too old and too deaf to have stood around all afternoon with the others, was in his corner to greet his guests as the Angelus rang.

Rene St. Maurice and Jack Cameron had bought out all the tobacco and

safely tucked away in the inner block house with the women! Day and night, night and day, for a week Mam'selle Magdeleine de Vercheres guarded that fort as her mother had done a few years before. The girl had been brought up to know all the tricks of her foes, and could fire a gun like a man. But she was truly feminine for all her bravery, for she dashed out of the fort once, to get her clothes left drying on the river bank. Even when a man and his family succeeded in reaching the fort in a canoe, Mam'selle de Vercheres never thought of allowing him to take command. She was a de Vercheres, the seigneur's daughter, that meant more to uphold than it does now. When an officer and soldiers came to her rescue he saluted her and took over the fort from her just as if she had been an officer. The M'sieu de Lanaudiere I told you of last night was her grandson, so it is little wonder he was brave."

"There are thousands of brave deeds of Belgian and French women in this war that will never be recorded," said Captain St. Maurice, as the old man

echoed by every one in the room. The word has a magic effect on any French-Canadian.

"Ah! ha!" exclaimed the old man. "That was the fine fight. Just a few hundred good Canadiens in the woods beat seven thousand Americans. But such officers as we had commanding our troops. The grand Colonel de Salaberry, the Duchesnays, young Hertel de Rouville, a Lamontte, and others. Why! it was as natural for men of those families to fight as to breathe. Colonel de Salaberry's mother was a Hertel, and his wife was another Her-

tel. In the French days there were nine Hertel brothers, all fighting the Bostonnais. The descendants of such men would almost know the country about Chateauguay by instinct."

"Well, I hope the 230th Regiment that Colonel Rene de Salaberry raised for Overseas, will gain as fine a name as the Voltigeurs his grandfather recruited in forty-eight hours, in 1812. I wish to Heaven we had a man to-day who could inspire other men to join him like that," said Captain St. Maurice.

(Concluded Next Week.)

Bonds and Stocks

Including the Caution Element

By INVESTICUS

HOW generally the public mind has turned to real investment as against mere speculation is well illustrated by a recent article in World's Work which is reprinted in part below. This cautious, commercial instinct is not confined to bonds. It extends also to stocks which are slowly being judged as investments by bond and mortgage standards of security. Canadian people are considering cautious safe investments as never before. In so doing they are following the lead set by the British public, of whom World's Work says that a few years ago a London firm of investment bankers undertook the task of ascertaining the precise requirements of the British investing public. For this purpose it prepared a question-and-answer paper which it sent out to several thousands of its correspondents, representing investors of every kind.

The questions were four in number, calculated to reveal as clearly as possible the aims and tastes of each investor who should take the pains to answer them. The first question had regard to the safety of principal, the second to the rate of income, the third to the possibility or probability of increase in value, and the fourth to the different classes of securities.

A large majority of the people to whom these questions were addressed furnished replies which were tabulated by the bankers, and afterward summarized in one of the English financial magazines as follows:

(1) The question of capital safety was of primary importance.

(2) They were satisfied with only a moderate rate of income, provided their capital was safe.

(3) Practically none were willing to incur the slightest risk, however likely their capital was to increase in value.

(4) They had no particular preference for any particular class of investment, or country. There were, of course, those who objected on religious grounds or through personal prejudice to certain stocks, but this was entirely unconnected with the actual question of investment. For example, some people objected to investments connected with the manufacture and sale of alcoholic beverages, places of amusement, and so on.

(5) There were some, but quite an insignificant number, who regarded investment as a short cut to fortune. The returns showed also that in a surprisingly large number of cases securities yielding above 4½ per cent. were regarded as unsafe, and would not, for that reason, be entertained.

This composite picture of the mind of the British investor of several years ago is especially interesting now. For it goes far to explain how it happened that, as part collateral for the £50,000,-

000 two-year 5 per cent. loan negotiated in this country a little while ago, the British Government was able to offer such an extraordinary array of American stocks and bonds.

The statistics of these American securities, representing one-third of the total collateral pledged for the loan, are instructive. There are more than five hundred separate issues, having an aggregate market value of £20,000,000. The bonds number 442, of which 323 are railway issues, 84 public utility, 27 industrial and miscellaneous, and 8 municipal—the latter those of New York City. The stocks number 61, of which 37 are railway issues, 20 industrial, and 4 public utility.

But the perseverance of the British investor is best exemplified by the list of railway bonds. It is possible in this article, on account of the large number of items in the list, to refer only in a general way to some of its more striking aspects. Among these is that of the faithfulness with which the old investment principle of "keeping close to the rails" was adhered to in the choice of the bonds. They are, for the most part, first mortgage and divisional issues—the real "underlying" kind of which the lines themselves have few left to supply the present-day investment market. Their variety, moreover, in respect to the lines they cover is amazing.

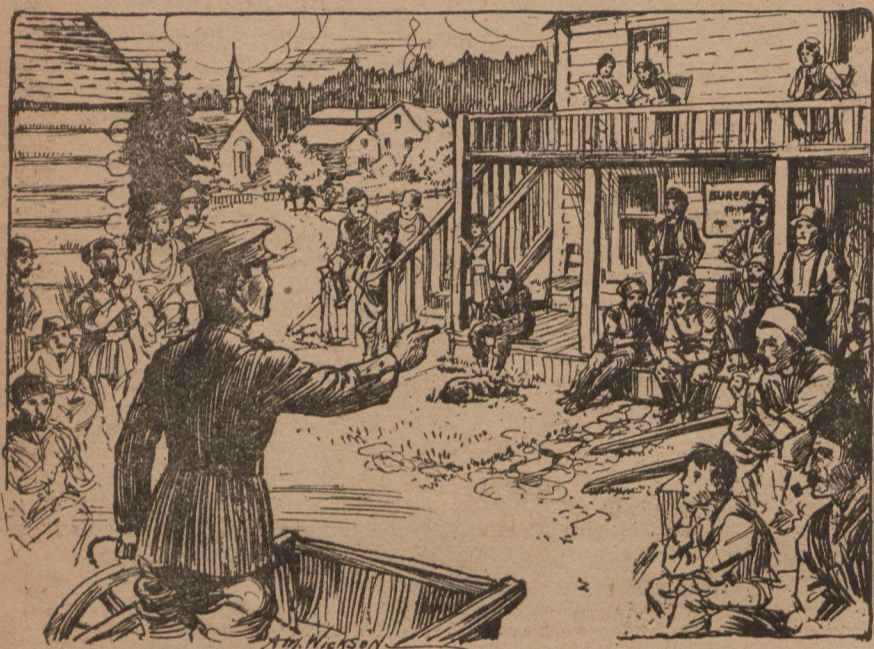
Nor do the lists of industrial and public utility bonds hypothecated show any less discriminating tastes on the part of their individual owners in these departments of the American investment market. It would, indeed, be necessary to make precious few eliminations from either of these two lists to enable one to say: "These bonds are as fairly representative of the select investments of their class as any that might be named."

Thus have the extremities of the British Government, in providing means to meet the financial obligations it has been piling up in this country since the outbreak of the war, furnished an interesting and important lesson for the American investor.

The average buyer of securities finds himself confronted with one or more of three fundamental questions: What are the best to hold? What are the best for profit? What are the best for emergency?

It is to the last of these questions in particular that a study of the collateral back of the £50,000,000 British loan supplies an illuminating answer. These securities were discovered in the private strong boxes of that great middle class of British investors who are accustomed to buy with the intention of leaving their holdings undisturbed from one generation to another, but always with an eye to the unexpected and with a keen sense of

(Continued on page 25.)



They sat on the steps of the Bureau de Poste.

sweets of the one village shop for the evening party, and accompanied by Monsieur le Cure they were early arrivals. St. Maurice handed the tobacco around to the men, saying:

"This is to be what we call a 'smoker' in English, Bonhomme Nadeau, only we do not have the great pleasure of ladies' company as to night. You must tell us of how brave the women were in the old days of Canada: in fact the bravery of the men can be traced very often to their mothers!"

Zotique Marois, who was sitting on the edge of the table keeping up a low running accompaniment on his violin to the talk in the room, broke into "Vive la Canadienne" as an overture. Everyone joined in the gay ripping chorus, and the evening started auspiciously.

Grandpere Nadeau laid aside his pipe and commenced to talk.

"That was well said, mon Capitaine. The women of Canada were just as brave as the men, who were often far away from their homes when the Iroquois would pounce out of the woods to scalp and burn anyone they could catch in the fields outside of the wooden forts built around the houses.

"But they didn't get le Sieur de Vercheres' fort! It was as well defended as if it had had a hundred soldiers inside, instead of only an old man-servant, and two Vercheres boys, commanded by their sister. There were a couple of soldiers, but they are not worth mentioning, as they were

stopped speaking to light up his pipe.

"Why has the other officer three little bits of gold braid on his sleeve while you have only one?" asked a boy of Rene St. Maurice.

Jack Cameron turned his arm around quickly, and the child's mother mistaking the motion for one of annoyance at the question, shrieked at young Baptiste to remember his manners.

"That's because he has been luckier than I have," answered St. Maurice. "He has been wounded three times, and I but once."

"Bon Dieu! But these English are of a queerness," exclaimed one of the group. "Luck to be wounded! I would rather be excused."

"A few more stories, Grandpere," begged everyone.

"You told me to remind you of the battle of Carillon on Lake Champlain, where General Montcalm was the victor of the English who left five thousand dead and wounded on the field," prompted little Pierre.

"Carillon?" repeated a half-witted village loafer, pulling out his package of tobacco, and looking at it, as he scratched his head with a puzzled expression. "They must have named the battle after le bon tabac Canadien."

"Why not the other way round, my poor Joseph?" asked Monsieur le Cure, trying hard to join the others in their amusement.

"Chateauguay was the word you gave me, mon grandpere," piped up Rose-Angelique.

"Chateauguay de Salaberry," was

BOOKS YOU WILL READ

By WAYFARER

DOREEN AND THE SENTIMENTAL BLOKE.

IN the long procession of books of a lighter sort that pass through a reviewer's hands there are many that he is glad to see the last of. And there are a few that he welcomes to his heart as old friends and provides a niche for in his book case. Such a book is "DOREEN AND THE SENTIMENTAL BLOKE," by C. J. Dennis, published by Mr. S. B. Gundy, Toronto, at 75 cents. The author is an Australian and the scene is laid, naturally enough, in Australia—first in the city of Melbourne and then in the country. The story is told in the slang of that country, but this need deter no reader, for much of the slang is common to Canada and the rest is explained in a glossary at the end of the book.

Mr. Dennis is a master of versification, and uses his medium with excellent effect to tell the story of his hero, Bill, a Melbourne cook, one who

"... 'as done me stretch for ston-shin' Johns,

An' spen's me leisure gittin' on the shick,

An' 'arf me nights down there, in Little Lons.,

Wiv Ginger Mick,

Just 'eadin' 'em, an' doin' in me gilt."

He traces Bill's steady upward development wrought by his love for one pure woman until

"... from the ashes of a ne'er-dowell

A bloomin' farmer's blossomin' like 'ell,"

who, when

"Sittin' at ev'nin' in this sunset-land, Wiv 'er in all the world to 'old me 'and,

A son, to bear my name when I am gone . . .

Livin' an' lovin'—"

can look back over his past and utter from his heart these truly noble sentiments:

"My son! . . . If ther's a Gawd 'Oo's leanin' near

To watch our dilly little lives down 'ere,

'E smiles, I guess, if 'E's a lovin' one—

Smiles, friendly-like, to 'ear them words—my son."

It is no sermon, however, for laughter jostles hard on the heels of pathos as witness the Sentimental Bloke's efforts to secure an introduction to Doreen, or his first meeting with his mother-in-law and his discomfiture at her determination to call him Willy as being more respectable than Bill—

"Willy! O 'ell! 'Ere was a flamin' pill!

A moniker that always makes me ill. "If it's the same to you, mum," I replies,

"I answer quicker to the name of Bill."

I am not going to quote any more, but I cordially recommend the poem "Beef Tea" to all ladies who would discipline recalcitrant husbands. Doreen's handling of her erring spouse on the one occasion he lapsed into the old ways is masterly. If, as Voltaire has said, "One merit of poetry is that it says more and in fewer words than prose," then DOREEN AND THE SENTIMENTAL BLOKE" has this merit in a conspicuous degree, for in the small compass of 65 pages Mr. Dennis has told a story which, in

prose, would have been padded out to four or five hundred pages—and he has told it with humour, with wisdom, with profound philosophy, and with deep spiritual insight.

PICCADILLY JIM.

"PICCADILLY JIM"! The title sounded inviting. By Pelham Grenville Wodehouse! There was rich promise in the author's name, for I had come across his books before and still remember his immortal Psmith. Moreover, the publisher's promise of "a laugh on every page" indicated a rare treat. So I settled down to an evening of uproarious fun and merriment. But alas! I am afraid I am growing old, or it may have been indigestion. Or again, it may have been due to the colour of the cover which is of a rather jaundiced hue. Be that as it may, I could not find much to laugh at except perhaps the fact that one of the characters could raise her eyebrows affectively and could indulge in languid yawns, while another discovered that clams were not on the bill-of-fair—although, of course, these are not Mr. Wodehouse's witticisms.

"Piccadilly Jim" is the kind of book that reminds me of those musical comedies which are alleged to be prepared especially for the tired business man. You sit through the performance, yawn occasionally, laugh at intervals, and preserve a sort of politely bored interest in the fate of the hero. The plot is a trifle thin and the escapades are attempted echoes of the afore-mentioned Psmith. If, however, you don't know Psmith, and don't mind the other trifles I have mentioned you may enjoy whiling away an hour or so in the company of Piccadilly Jim. (McClelland, Goodchild and Stewart, Ltd., Toronto, \$1.40).

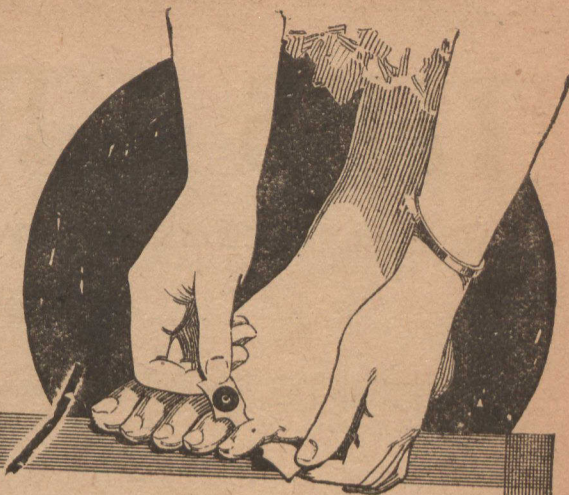
PEBBLES BY THE SHORE.

OF all the varied forms of literary composition the essay is the most charming—not the formal and learned essays of a Macaulay or a Matthew Arnold, although they have their place, but those informal cosy chats by the fire side which Charles Lamb brought to such perfection. They are the desert of the literary banquet, trifles light as air, not taxing the digestion, but leaving a memory of sweetness and a sense of complete satisfaction. Such a volume is "Pebbles by the Shore" (J. M. Dent & Sons, Toronto, 35 cents), by a well-known writer whose desire to hide his identity under the pen-name of "Alpha of the Plough" must be respected. The essays range over a wide variety of subjects, from grave to gay, from simple to sublime, as modern as "The Village and the War," as remote as "Boswell and his Miracle," each one a little gem. We cordially recommend the little volume to all lovers of good literature.

THE HOUND OF HEAVEN.

WAYFARING, as is my wont, around the bookstores, I came across the other day, in McAnish's, an annotated edition of Francis Thompson's "The Hound of Heaven," that wonderful, mystical poem in which is beautifully set forth the age-long quest of the human soul for the love that is eternal, the unceasing cry of the human heart for the peace that passeth understanding. The editor, Rev. M. A. Kelly, gives a very sympathetic interpretation of the poem. (Concluded on page 25.)

The Simplest Way to End a Corn



Decide now to master your corn forever. Let today's corn be the last. Blue-jay will free you from the most painful corn. Apply one of these soothing plasters tonight. Pain ends. In 48 hours the corn disappears. Only Blue-jay gives this insurance. Paring is temporary. Harsh liquids are dangerous.

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Banion Plasters

The Beauty of Youth

While you have the healthy vigorous Beauty of youth you should constantly preserve and protect it for the years to come. Neglect has caused many women to look far older than they should. A little attention paid to the skin and complexion now by the use of



121

Gouraud's Oriental Cream

will be amply repaid by your Youthful Beauty in later years. It not only protects and preserves the complexion for the future but greatly improves your appearance now. Conceals facial blemishes. In use 70 years.
Send 10c. for Trial Size

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To keep the skin and complexion in a healthy condition you must use a Soap that will thoroughly clear the skin of dust, dirt and impurities. The ordinary complexion soaps are not adequate. Gouraud's Medicated Soap has been guarding complexions for over seventy years. Use it constantly, it is your protection against infection. Successfully used for skin troubles. Ideal for preparing the skin before using Gouraud's Oriental Cream.

Send 10c for Trial Size
FERD. T. HOPKINS & SON
Montreal, Que.



THIS GROUP OF CITIZENS

has been at work for two years on plans concerning Canada's food supply. It now requests the co-operation of the Canadian public.

DOLLAR steaks and two-dollar roasts are not only symptoms of War. Nor mere problems of the household, but matters of Nation and Empire—the result of many years' neglect of a vital industry. Meat should have remained cheap in Canada. Canada should have been selling millions of dollars' worth of beef to foreign countries—yet our luxurious pasture tracts have produced crop after crop of hay, year after year, in vain. The small Canadian cattle-farmer has lacked money to "carry" his stock over the occasional periods of scarce feed. Lack of experience, lack of capital, lack of knowledge, lack of interest concerning the ranching possibilities of Canada, have contributed to the raising of beef prices beyond the reach of the poor.

The urgency of these facts so impressed a group of men meeting in Ottawa in 1914 that they formed The National Live Stock Association (now The National Live Stock Board) to consider practical means to relieve the meat shortage and to adopt "every honorable means toward making Canada the greatest live stock-producing nation in the world." Their first efforts were scattered and more or less casual, having to do chiefly with legislation and the gathering of accurate information. Finally, however, thanks to the generous co-operation of Federal and Provincial Governments, they were able to undertake to help into existence small ranching companies. Ten of these were assisted with their preliminary expenses and charter fees by the Association.

ON THE PAGE OPPOSITE TO THIS appears the first advertisement of a much larger ranching enterprise, the British Cattle Supply Co., Ltd. This company is the logical outcome of our Association's efforts to promote cattle-raising. Not one of the small ranching companies has earned less than 25 per cent. per annum. Their success makes clear the great possibilities for a wholesale ranching corporation. The President, General Manager and Board of Directors have been assembled from among the shrewdest and most experienced cattle and abattoir men in America. The company has-acquired, with the counsel and co-operation of the Association, over half a million acres of the finest ranching lands in the Dominion, and 1,500 breeding cattle. These services have cost, and will cost, the British Cattle Supply Company nothing. Not one acre of land nor one animal has been subject to "profit-taking" by any middleman. In this new company there is no "promotion stock," and in placing its shares on the market the company pays no commissions. The British Cattle Supply Company will start operations with all its paid-up capital intact.

These being the facts, and knowing, as we do, the incomparable possibilities of ranching in especially on the scale proposed, we ask, without hesitation, the support of the Canadian investing public for the coming issue of the capital stock of the British Cattle Supply Co., Ltd. The company's advertisement appears on the opposite page.

NATIONAL LIVE STOCK BOARD

Chairman:
Peter Talbot

Vice-Chairman:
Nelson Monteith

Secretary:
R. H. McElroy

British Cattle Supply Company, Ltd.

Offers for public subscription one million dollars of common stock of the company, issued at par value, \$100, and payable 40% upon allotment, 30% in 12 months and 30% in 18 months.

THE formation of this company is primarily due to the desire of public-spirited gentlemen to combat, with practical measures, the Empire's meat shortage, and to restore and augment the breeding herds of Canada as a source of national wealth.

This company proposes, therefore, to enter upon the business of cattle-ranching on a scale consistent with the extraordinary world shortage and the incomparable natural advantages of the Dominion of Canada, both in respect to feed resources and accessibility to the chief centres of demand.

Under the direction of the most expert and disinterested authorities on the subject, over half a million acres of well-watered, sheltered and luxuriant pasture-land have been secured in the Vermilion River district, in the Province of Alberta, and a herd of ten thousand breeding animals, of which 1,500 have already been purchased, is now being assembled, it being the plan of the company to have a permanent herd of 75,000 head upon its lands within four or five years. Other excellent grazing areas in other provinces, including tracts offered by the Ontario Government in the "clay belt," may be included in the scope of the company's operations.

The company's revenues will be derived, for the present, from the marketing of the natural increase of its herds. It is, however, the intention of the company to operate abattoirs at a later date.

Estimates of profit are based upon the fact that the expert accountants of the National Live Stock Board find that the average cost of raising an animal for market on ranches assisted into operation by the Board, is \$20. The average market price to-day is \$125—and the lowest average in the past ten years is estimated at approximately \$84. Having in view the wholesale destruction of the French and Belgian herds, and the long-continued decline of the world's cattle population, it is difficult to foresee any recession in prices, at all events not below the lowest average above referred to.

Possibilities of loss have not been overlooked.

Drought is unknown in the company's territories. Failure of the natural hay crop is not recorded in the history of these areas. A reserve supply of winter feed is always available from the company's lands at a nominal cost. Winter storms, which might be disastrous to herds grazing on flat prairie, are eliminated as a factor in this situation, owing to the rolling nature of the ground and the thick undergrowth on the hillsides. Disease will be guarded against by an arrangement whereby the Government of Alberta assures the company of free veterinary inspection of every beast before it is placed on a ranch, and a free monthly inspection thereafter.

Excellent transportation facilities are had by way of the Canadian Pacific, Grand Trunk Pacific, and the Canadian Northern Railways.

The company, through its officers, has large representation on all Canadian live stock exchanges.

The active direction of the company is in the hands of the following men:—President and Treasurer, T. E. Good (formerly General Manager and Treasurer of the Union Stock Yards, Toronto); General Manager, Harry Talbot (formerly Head Buyer, William Davies Co., Ltd.); Secretary, R. H. McElroy, M.P.P.; F. H. Carlin (General Manager, Montreal Stock Yards); S. M. Boren (ex-president, United States National Live Stock Association); C. R. McKeown, M.P.P.; J. H. Fussell (Vice-President, Fussell-McReynolds Co., Ltd.); A. N. Lambert (Manager and Treasurer, Winnipeg Stock Yards); A. C. Garden (Manager, National Drug Company, and Hamilton Harbor Commissioner); Wm. G. Beamish (Manager, Meat Department, T. Eaton Co., Ltd.); D. B. Wood (General Manager, Wood Milling Company, and formerly President Hamilton Board of Trade); J. C. Doane (Vice-President, Winnipeg Live Stock Exchange).

The Capital Stock of the Company is divided into fifty thousand shares of Common Stock, issued at par value, \$100.

The company's Bankers are the Royal Bank of Canada, and its Trust Company the Toronto General Trusts Corporation, Limited.

Counsel, M. K. Cowan, K.C.; solicitor, G. P. McHugh.

Applications for allotment should be made direct to the company's head office, Excelsior Life Building, Toronto, or to any branch in Canada of the Royal Bank of Canada.

Organized by the National Live Stock Board, whose advertisement appears on the opposite page.

British Cattle Supply Company, Ltd.

Excelsior Life Building, Toronto

Fresh Havanas from Factory to You on Approval

The cigar shown here is Rosin's Cuban. It is made by hand by expert cigarmakers, in our own sanitary factory, of the choicest, clean, long Havana leaves grown in the famous Vuelta Abajo district in Cuba. We sell them direct to private smokers by the box for \$5.00 a hundred, \$2.50 for fifty, carriage charges prepaid. A cigar of similar quality and workmanship can positively not be procured over the retail counter for less than ten cents. When you DEAL WITH HEADQUARTERS you save the difference. Besides, you get our cigars fresh from the cigarmaker's table instead of the dried-out article you get handed over the counter.

Here is Our Offer

Write us on your business stationery or enclose your card stating position you hold, and we will, upon request, forward you fifty Rosin's Cubans on approval. You may smoke half a dozen cigars and return the balance at our expense if you are not pleased with them, no charge being made for those smoked. If you are pleased and retain them, you agree to remit the price, \$2.50, within ten days.

Write for your box to-day

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When ordering please state whether you wish light, dark or medium cigars

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FRANCIS de BOUGUIGNON

FAMOUS BELGIAN PIANIST, in RECITAL

FORESTERS' HALL, TUESDAY, MAY 8th

TICKETS \$1.50, \$1.00 and 50c at Nordheimer's, 220 Yonge Street

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Unrivalled facilities for Professional and Non-Professional Students.
Conservatory School of Expression, Dr. F. H. Kirkpatrick, Principal.
Send for Year Book, Syllabus, Women's Residence Pamphlet, and School of Expression Calendar.



This was once the largest bar in Toronto, where at five p.m. 200 men joined the booze line. It is now a cafeteria conducted by the Red Triangle Club on behalf of War Veterans by the National Council of the Y. M. C. A. From behind this bar, a few days ago, Rev. Col. Williams offered up prayer at the formal opening of the club.

MUSIC

DUTCH AND ORCHESTRA.

WHEN did we ever hear Dutch on the concert platform before? Memory does not recall that such a language was ever used in this country for song purposes until Tilly Koenen, Dutch contralto, came along last week to help out the programme of the reviving Toronto Symphony Orchestra. There are no Dutch operas on our repertoire. - We get French, German, Italian—even English in opera; Dutch never. Even The Flying Dutchman is sung in German. Why this discrimination against the Dutch? A Dutch opera should be a jolly business.

However, Tilly Koenen is Dutch enough, and twice on her programme—encores—she sang little Dutch songs. They were real treats of description. And Tilly herself, picturesque enough in her bizarre, subdivided dress that seemed to bring the bodice half way down the skirt. Raemakers could not have made a better cartoon. She has a good voice which she precious well knows how to use in ballads and the like, but not so well as such airs as Vitalia (Italian) of Mozart and Orfeo (French) from Gluck. Her group of four songs was quite captivating! In descriptive work she is what they call all to the good; especially was she so in her two little Dutch encores. A voice of peculiarly physical characteristics—except in description; rarely or never emotional, imparting no thrills; just an honest, upright Dutch voice as sincere as the nation she belongs to and full of old-fashioned humour.

The orchestra—here again we are led to speculate. Is this the Toronto Symphony that used to be, or is it not? Just before the war the T.S.O.

was disbanded. A year ago the name was copyrighted. Would it revive? Now and again it mysteriously comes together—three times during the past year—gives a concert and quietly vanishes. Each time it comes back it is a little different, but of course always with F. S. Welsman at the baton and Blachford at the first desk, Leo Smith centreing in the cello section, and Frank C. Smith leading the violas.

The programme last week was probably a work-out for next season to help along the business of reorganization which requires money. There is in Canada just now not one professional symphony orchestra. Yet we call ourselves musical. That a first-class orchestra is possible was again proven by the performance of last week. The material in the band under Welsman was considerably better than that in the Russian Symphony which played here the past two seasons. That same personnel with a good organization, plenty of rehearsals and public support, should create an orchestra the equal of the Minneapolis Symphony or the Cincinnati. Buffalo, which used to move us to pity some years ago, has now a municipal orchestra and a good one.

In actual playing this band did some remarkably good work in the quick, loud things, showing no end of form, and snap and go. They were sometimes quite as effective in the pianissimos. Between these two extremes of expression they were not so good. The first violin section was particularly good, the seconds and violas only less so, the cellos rather light but excellent, the double basses much better than of yore, the brass of good quality and the wood-winds better than we have known them.

They played the Oberon Overture with much delicacy and dreaminess. The Grainger folk song Irish Tune from County Derry (strings) with much warmth of tonality and expression. They gave a really eloquent rendering of the Valse Triste (Sad Waltz) of Sibelius the Finlander and woke up with a bang on the Rakoczy March from Berlioz' Damnation of Faust. Elgar's Pomp and Circumstance they put over with a good big swing—and of course it's a very showy thing that always sets the feet going.

It was in the two movements from Tchaikowsky's Fourth Symphony that the real test of the orchestra came. In the Finale they measured up very well to the sonorous character of the movement, but in the Andantino they failed very noticeably to get the real Slav sinuosity of the phrases.

There is a curious curvilinear character about this movement that characterizes also the slow movements of the same composer's Fifth and Sixth. Mr. Welsman resolved the curves into straight lines and square corners. Which means a necessity for more serious study and more rehearsals.

Nevertheless, on the whole, for thus much diversion, considerable thanks from a public which has been in a state of beleaguerment over orchestral music. If the T.S.O. really intends to compensate us for the lack of imported, more or less, Teutonic orchestras, let them go right ahead and do it.

* * *

MADGE MURPHY'S BOW.

MADGE MURPHY gave an unmitigable violin recital in Toronto last week. She is a pupil of Seveik and has been in Canada only a few months. A short time ago she appeared on a programme here and caused considerable interest by her resourceful technique and evident ease of expression. Again, last week, she demonstrated her ability to do a big programme in a very virile way. Her performance of the Greig Concerto was in most respects a satisfying, at times a really eloquent, piece of work. In a Brahms' number she was less successful. Brahms never is safe except in the hands of a Brahmsian. In her group of short pieces Miss Murphy swung in character from the Bach Aria in the G string which she did with any amount of force and considerable restrained power of interpretation, to Schubert's Bees which she made to buzz and hum with fine



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Irish abandon.

The audience were more than commonly musical for recitals of this character and they were in the main highly entertained by this very gifted young lady who has about her a good bit of the minstrel and knows how to express it with a strong Irish bow on a very legitimate programme. Miss Murphy's accompaniments were played very sincerely by (Mrs.) Doris Chapman.

A NEW MUSICIAN HERE.

THE Canadian Academy of Music announces a most important addition to the Faculty in Mr. Francis de Bourguignon, the celebrated Belgian pianist. Mr. Bourguignon was, until the war started, a professor at the Brussels Conservatoire, he having been placed on the staff of that famous institution at a much earlier age than the regulations usually permit by reason of his wonderful ability. He appeared frequently at the Belgian Court concerts and was a great favourite of the Belgian Queen whose musical talent and artistic discrimination is so well known. On the outbreak of hostilities the young artist, who knew how to handle a rifle, was put right into the firing line. He fought at Malines, Termonde, and was at the fall of Antwerp. Shortly after that event he was invalided to England and after several weeks' convalescence he again resumed his professional work by playing for all kinds of charitable and national purposes. Then his wanderings took him to Australia, where he received the warmhearted treatment that his nationality, personality and art would beget. Mme. Melba had him play at her concerts, stay at her home and was arranging an American tour for which he was to be the solo pianist when her father died and the tour was called off. He was also the guest of Sir Ronald Munro Ferguson, the Governor-General of Australia, and Lady Ferguson at Government House. He returned to England for re-examination by the military authorities but was not yet strong enough to undergo the hardship of campaigning and so set sail for South America. During a year's stay in Brazil he gave many recitals. Mr. Bourguignon will give a recital in the Foresters' Hall on May 8th, and the interest which this young virtuoso's arrival in Toronto has already created in musical circles will no doubt ensure a splendid audience.

Books You Will Read

(Concluded from page 21.)

over which he has evidently spent many hours of careful study.

All lovers of THE HOUND OF HEAVEN will, I am sure, be glad to possess themselves of this edition as much for purposes of comparison with their own interpretation as for its own inherent charm.

Portraits of the Seventies. By Rt. Hon. G. W. E. Russell. T. Fisher Unwin, London, 15s. 0d.

A scion of the aristocracy and a life-long member of the British House of Commons, Mr. Russell came in contact, in varying degrees of intimacy, with most of the notables of the kingdom. The result is a delightful collection of pen-portraits of the celebrities of the period. There is no attempt to appraise the work of the people he describes, nor to estimate the value of their influence upon the time. He is content to hold the mirror up to nature and show us only the human side of his characters. Incidentally, however, he succeeds in throwing

light on many an event whose consequences are as well-known as its origin is obscure. Mr. Russell is an excellent raconteur and writes with a facile pen, consequently the volume abounds in good stories. Among the prominent persons depicted are Disraeli, Gladstone, Lord Salisbury, Chamberlain, Powell, John Bright, Cardinal Newman, Robert Lowe, afterwards Lord Sherbrooke, Lord Randolph Churchill, Henry Labouchere, Lord Acton, and numerous other dignitaries of Church and State besides a fair sprinkling of those ladies whose social position enabled them to exercise that unseen, but none-the-less potent influence which is so prominent a feature of English social life. Numerous portraits add very considerably to the charm of this delightful volume of reminiscences.

Flirtation Better than Eugenics

(Concluded from page 11.)

status of the parents should never be obtruded. "Educational advantages"—they are temporary and superficial. A young couple will speedily reach the same educational level. The silly notion that money is important is an old man's or an old woman's notion. Progress is important—not money. A young couple who marry on ten dollars a week, and keep getting more till they have three or four thousand a year at forty, are far more apt to be happy than a couple beginning with four thousand and never getting any higher. However, I have written enough wisdom for one article. If this passes the Censor, I may hand down a few more judgments on how to make successful marriages.

Bonds and Stocks

(Concluded from page 20.)

appreciation of the fact that there is no single "best security" for one to depend upon. They were picked with painstaking care for their usefulness in meeting a supreme financial emergency, and "mobilized" by the British Treasury through the levy of a special income tax upon such of their holders as should refuse to sell or lend them to the Government.

If, as has been frequently suggested, Great Britain, so long the world's greatest creditor nation, did not escape certain pangs of regret in facing the necessity of pawning its privately owned investments to get financial aid abroad, it must, nevertheless, have experienced some compensating sense of pride in exposing a list of assets of such admirable quality.

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Fixing the Blame.

A glue-factory stands near a certain railway. Its charms are not for the nose, and therefore a lady often carried with her a bottle of lavender salts. One morning an old farmer took the seat beside her. As the train neared the factory, the lady opened her bottle of salts.

Soon the whole car was filled with the horrible odour. The farmer put up with it as long as he could, then shouted, "Madam, would you mind puttin' the cork in that 'ere bottle?"—New York Tribune.

Egotism.

Unlucky Motorist (having killed the lady's pet puppy)—"Madam, I will replace the animal."

Indignant Owner—"Sir, you flatter yourself."—London Opinion.

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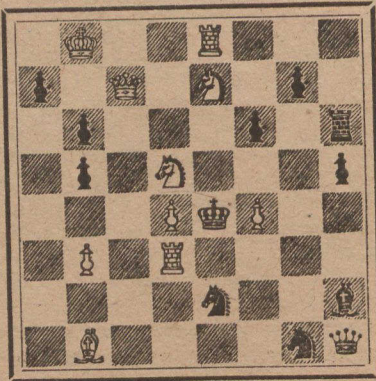
C H E S S

Conducted by MALCOLM SIM

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

PROBLEM No. 134, by A. J. Fink (San Francisco).
From the Pittsburgh "Gaz.-Times." (Task.)

Black.—Twelve Pieces.



White.—Ten Pieces.

White to play and mate in two.
Problem No. 135, by H. Fischer. Deutsches Schachblatter, 1910.
White: K at QBSq; Q at KR8; Rs at QKt6 and QKt7; B at QB7; Kts at QB2 and Ksq; Ps at QKt2 and QB6.
Black: K at QR7; Ps at QR4, K6 and K7.

White self-mates in three.

SOLUTIONS.

Problem No. 128, by Frank Janet.
1. R-Q8, K-Kt2; 2. PxP (Q) mate.
1. . . . R any; 2. Q-Q4 mate.
1. . . . Kt any; 2. RxB mate.
1. . . . else; 2. K moves acc. mate.

The maximum of six discovered King mates is rather a disappointing task unless imbued with cross-check or self-interference play by the defence. The present example, however, is to be commended by the absence of the usual monotonous symmetry. The restrictiveness of the key is offset by the catchy influence of the Queen along the rank. As pointed out, the Black Bishop at KR7 is an intruder.

Problem No. 130, by Adjutant R. Gevers.
1. Q-B8! any move; 2. mate accordingly.

This is a very pleasing example of the change mate block.

Problem No. 131, by Jan Kotrc.
1. R-Q2, KxKP; 2. Q-QB5! KtxQ; 3. B-B7 mate.

1. . . . K-B6; 2. Q-B4! KtxQ; 3. B-R5 mate.
1. . . . K-K6; 2. Q-Kt4! KtxQ; 3. B-Kt5 mate.

The following remarkable little gem, by F. Matousek, we give as a companion. It has three Black Knight pins in lieu of the decoys in Kotrc's.

(1 Pr. Bohemian Chess Asso. Ty., 1914.)
White: K at KR8; Q at KRt5; R at QKt6; Kts at QR2 and K5; Ps at QKt5, Q3, KKt2 and KR4. Black: K at Q4; Kt at KB4; P at Kt6. Mate in three. (1. R-KB6, Kt-K6; 2. Kt-Q7, etc. 1. . . . Kt-Q5; 2. Kt-B4, etc. 1. . . . KxKt; 2. Q-Kt6, etc. 1. . . . Kt else; 2. Kt-QKt4 ch, etc.)

CORRESPONDENCE MATCH.

Shipley v. Janowski.

The following interesting game played between David Janowski, the French champion, at present resident in New York, and Walter Penn Shipley, of Philadelphia, had its origin as a result of a difference of opinion as to the specific merits of a certain continuation in the Gledhill attack against the French Defence. In the course of over the board discussion, Janowski continued for Black 8. . . . Kt-KKt3, so as to free the King's Bishop, remarking that in his opinion Black had unquestionably the better game, which conclusion Shipley would not endorse. To more thoroughly test the variation, the present correspondence game was agreed upon, the result of which, a finely worked out win for White, vindicated the contentions of the Philadelphia player, and goes far to substantiate the validity of his claim on behalf of the line of play under consideration. Score and notes (abridged) from the Philadelphia "Inquirer," via the "American Chess Bulletin."

French Defence.

- | | |
|------------------|-----------------|
| White. | Black. |
| W. P. Shipley. | D. Janowski. |
| 1. P-K4 | 1. P-K3 |
| 2. P-Q4 | 2. P-Q4 |
| 3. Kt-QB3 | 3. Kt-KB3 |
| 4. P-K5 | 4. KKt-Q2 |
| 5. Q-Kt4 | 5. P-B4 |
| 6. Kt-B3 | 6. PxP |
| 7. KktxP | 7. KtxP |
| 8. Q-Kt3 (a) | 8. Kt-Kt3 (b) |
| 9. KKt-Kt5 | 9. Kt-R3 |
| 10. P-KR4 | 10. B-B4 (c) |
| 11. P-R5 | 11. Kt-K2 |
| 12. B-Q3 (d) | 12. Castles (e) |
| 13. B-R6 | 13. Kt-B4 (f) |
| 14. BxKt | 14. Q-B3 |
| 15. BxRPch (g) | 15. KxB |
| 16. B-B4 | 16. B-Q2 |
| 17. Castles (QR) | 17. Kt-Kt5 (h) |
| 18. Kt-Q6 (i) | 18. B-B3 |
| 19. R-Q2 | 19. Q-K2 (j) |
| 20. P-QR3 (k) | 20. P-R4 (l) |
| 21. B-K5 (m) | 21. P-B3 (n) |
| 22. Q-Kt6ch | 22. K-Ktsq |
| 23. P-R6 | 23. B-Q2 (o) |

- | | |
|--------------|--------------|
| 24. B-B4 (p) | 24. B-B3 |
| 25. PxP | 25. QxP |
| 26. QxQch | 26. KxQ |
| 27. PxB | 27. PxP |
| 28. R-Q3 (q) | 28. BxKt (r) |
| 29. R-Kt3ch | 29. K-B2 |
| 30. R-R7ch | 30. K-Ksq |
| 31. BxB | 31. PxKt |
| 32. PxP | 32. R-R3 |
| 33. QR-Kt7 | 33. R-QRsq |
| 34. B-B7 | Resigns. |

(a) This is the crucial position in the Gledhill attack, which commences with 5. Q-Kt4. Black can now obtain the better game by 8. . . . QKt-B3; 9. B-QKt5, P-QR3; 10. KtxKt, KtxKt; 11. BxKtch, PxB; 12. Castles, R-R2. (Leonhardt v. Marshall, Ostend, 1906.)

(b) This is the continuation Janowski upholds, claiming that Black has decidedly the superior game, mainly on account of the Pawn plus.

(c) Black's best continuation here is the subject of much controversy. B-K2 suggested by Gledhill has proved unsatisfactory, as White recovers his Pawn with a strong attack. In adopting 10. . . . B-B4, Janowski relied on an extremely ingenious defence inaugurated with his 12th and 13th moves.

(d) 12. QxKtP is unsatisfactory, on account of 12. . . . R-KKtsq, followed by 13. . . . Q-Kt3.

(e) White anticipated that Black would continue with 12. . . . K-Bsq, overlooking the fact that he could Castle with a playable defence.

(f) This is the move Janowski relied upon when he played 10. . . . B-B4. If Black had continued 13. . . . Kt-Kt3, White wins by 14. PxKt, PxB; 15. RxP or if 14. . . . BxP, then 15. B-K3, P-Q5; 16. Castles (QR) with a winning game.

(g) The best reply.

(h) Q-B4 is perhaps a better defence.

(i) This is a rather daring venture.

(j) It seems that Black's only continuation to save the game was P-R4.

(k) A powerful continuation, the full strength of which is not easy to see. If, instead, 20. R-Ksq, then 20. . . . KR-Qsq; 21. B-K5, Q-Bsq defends advantageously.

(l) If Black replies with 20. . . . Kt-R3, or KR-Qsq, then 21. B-K5 will win. If 20. . . . QR-Qsq, then 21. P-R6, PKKt3; 22. PxKt, BxKt; 23. BxB, RxB (if 23. . . . QxB, then 24. QxQ, RxQ; 25. Kt-K4, R-Qsq; 26. Kt-B6ch, K-Rsq; 27. P-B4 and Black is hopelessly blocked); 24. P-Kt5, B-Ksq; 25. R-Ksq, and wins a Pawn. (If 25. . . . P-Q5; 26. RxP! RxR; 27. Q-K5. If 25. . . . Q-Q2 or B2; 26. Kt-K4 and 27. Kt-B6ch. Ed C.)

(m) If White now plays 21. PxKt, then Black obtains the advantage by 21. . . . PxP; 22. Kt-Ktsq, KR-Qsq; 23. Q-Q3ch, K-Ktsq; 24. Kt-Kt5, and while White for the time being is a piece ahead, yet Black has a powerful attack. He threatens P-K4.

(n) The only move. If instead, 21. . . . R-KKtsq, White wins by 22. PxKt, PxP; 23. Q-Q3ch, P-B4; 24. KtxP, B-Kt4; 25. Q-Kt3, Q-B2; 26. Q-Kt6ch, QxQ; 27. PxOch, KxP; 28. Kt-R4ch, and White safely retains his piece.

(o) If 23. . . . PxP, White wins with 24. PxP, QxP; 25. QxPch.

(p) White now threatens to capture the Knight, also to continue with PxP, eventually winning the exchange. Black has no satisfactory reply.

(q) White now threatens R-Kt3 mate.

(r) If 28. . . . BxP, the only alternative, then 29. Kt-Qsq, winning a piece and the game.

Entertaining Wounded

(Concluded from page 15.)

needs our sympathy. He needs above all the patience and consideration of his employers. The Soldiers' Aid Commission will find him a job, but few people realize how difficult it is for a man not wholly recovered from nervous strain to take up the daily grind once more. There is something about a long convalescence, with its accompaniment of luxury and adulation, that saps the energy and independence of a man, particularly when he has an undoubted claim for support upon the country which he gave his health and risked his life to defend. But vocational training has been proved to be of such therapeutic value that it is almost invariably insisted upon by the physician in charge, and even when undertaken unwillingly, it works wonders in helping the men to a brighter and saner outlook on life.

At the close of last year it was announced that 8,595 soldiers had been returned to Canada as unfit. The most recent statistics are 63,076. What it will be at the end of 1917 no one can say, but whatever the cost may be every Canadian worthy of the name is willing to be taxed to the utmost in order that all these men may be adequately pensioned and properly equipped to begin life afresh. Entertaining the wounded should be done with discretion and deference to the medical authorities.

HODGE CALLS HIS OWN BLUFF

(Concluded from page 17.)

for the rest of the summer was master. Any one of them had beaten him in business. He would beat them at farming. He would make them farmers. They had taken this thing up half as a joke. He would teach them how serious it was. The day any of them proved himself capable Hodge would let him be boss.

Would they bush him? They had two hours yet. No accidents happened the wagon. Hodge began to wish for one. At 4.30 he knew he was about done for. The snap was all gone from his muscles. Every stab he made was a dead one. Every forkful he lifted was a lug. His muscles were not aching. It was his nerves. The yard crawled into the shade of the barn. The light crept off the fields. Hodge did not observe that the sky was cloudy. He just knew there was a cloud in his brain. He had been a fool to tackle such a job. Now on his 31st load for the day he realized that he had torn up and heaved out of that heap over 50 tons of manure. He had done a big day's work. His pride would not let him say so and ask the gang to quit for the

day; neither to slack up and have them wait for him.

No, he would plug away at the heap, if he had to drop in his tracks.

His heart went like a loud thing. He ceased to sweat and began to feel by turns hot and cold. His face felt blind.

The wagons came and went in a kind of devilish dream. It seemed to be coming dusk; but he knew the sun was not nearly down.

One more load and he would be crazy enough to make a mad bee-line for the hay-mow.

One more forkful—oh lord!

What rumbling was that? Oh—the wagon up the lane. A drop fell on his hand. Sweat—most likely. He had been—

Here came the wagon to be sure. A flash of light seemed to show it up suddenly. His eyes were bothering him. He was an idiot. The wagon hauled up. The driver seemed to say something. What was it? Hodge fumbled over to the empty and began to load it. The other fellow—there seemed to be two—or was it three?—came up and said,

"Say, boss—we're all going to get wet. It's raining—going to be a storm. Eh?"

Hodge pulled himself up with a cold sort of smile. He looked at the clouds. A swat of swift rain drove the rest of them to the stable—horses hammering to the stalls.

Thank the good Lord! The rain had come just in time. Hodge was bushed. But none of them knew it.

He strolled into the stable—whistling.

"Well, boys," he seemed to be saying to himself, "too bad—too dang bad it rained."

"Yes, too bad," they all seemed to be saying. They had blisters on their hands, cricks in their backs, kinks in their necks and gone feelings at the places where their diaphragms were supposed to be. But none of them gave a sign to Hodge, who went fiddling at the harness and the curry-combs to hide his wabbles.

Just at sundown they all went strolling across the place to supper. They said to Hodge that he was a wonder.

So he said to them candidly,

"You galoots! I was bushed and you never knew it."

Whereby they laughed and said one way or another,

"Well, Hodge—we were all bushed."

CANADA IN WAR PAINT

(Continued from page 10.)

biggest Fritz cannon that ever was, but Frank Wootton could not ride him!

TENT MUSIC

It is not often that Thomas Atkins of any nationality wears his heart upon his sleeve, and it is quite certain that the British Tommy but rarely does so, or his confrere of the Canadian Contingent. Perhaps the best shows his thoughts and relieves his feelings in song.

Salisbury Plains must have seen and heard many things, yet few stranger sounds can have been heard there than the chants which rise from dimly-lighted canvas walls, when night has shrouded the earth, and the stars gleam palely through the mist. It is the habit of the Canadian Mr. Atkins, ere he prepares himself for rest, to set his throat a-throbbing to many a tune both new and old. The result is not invariably musical—sometimes far from it, but it is a species of sound the male creature produces either to show his "gladness or his sadness," and by means of which he relieves a heavy heart, or indicates that in his humble opinion "all's well with the world." On every side, from almost every tent, there is harmony, melody, trio, quartette, chorus, or—noise!

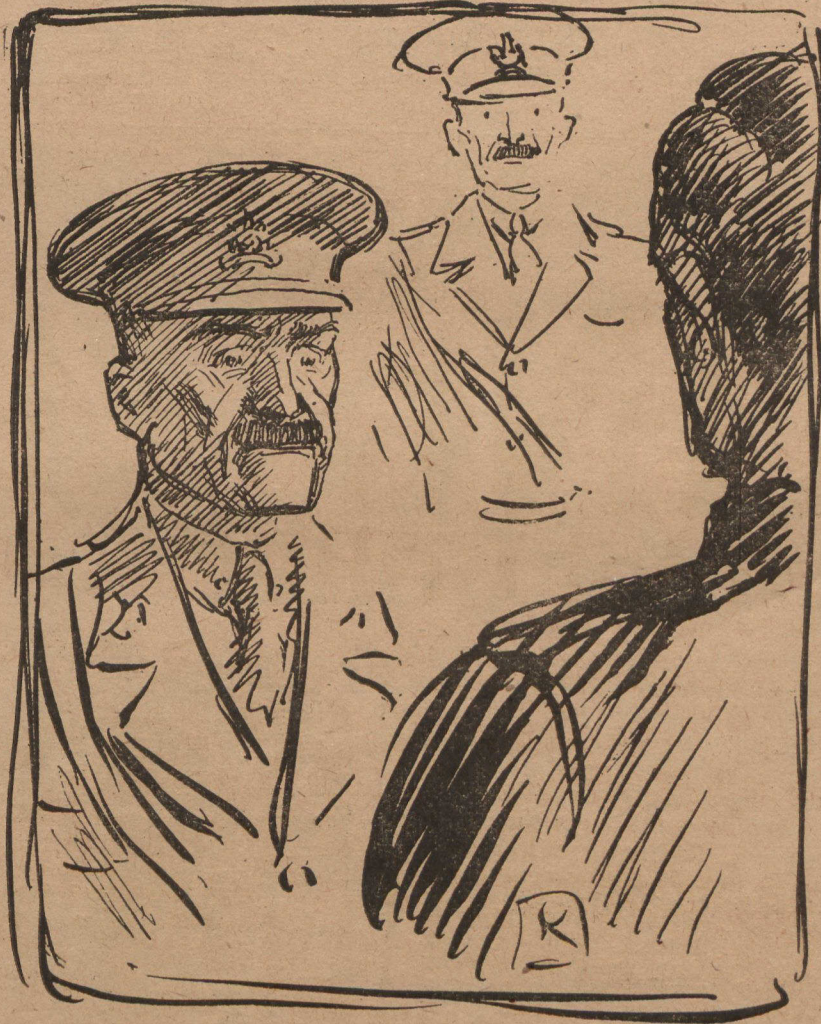
No programme-maker in his wildest moments, in the throes of the most conflicting emotions, could begin to evolve such a varied, such a startling programme as may be heard in the space of a short half-hour under canvas—in a rain-sodden, comfortless tent—anywhere on Salisbury Plains. It does not matter who begins it; some one is "feeling good," and he lifts up his voice to declaim that "You made me love you; I didn't want to do it!" The rest join in, here a tenor, there a bass or a baritone, and the impromptu concert has begun.

Never have the writers of songs, the composers of music, grave and gay, come more into their own than among the incorrigibly cheerful warriors of

the Plains. The relative merits of composers are not discussed. They are all good enough for Jack Canuck as long as there is that nameless something in the song or the music which appeals to him. It is curious that we who hope to slay, and expect to be slain—many of us—should sing with preference of Killarney's lakes and fells, "Sunnybrook Farm," "Silver Threads Among the Gold," rather than some War Chant or Patriotic Ode, something visionary of battlefields, guns, the crash of shells.

Picture to yourself a tent with grimy, sodden sides, lighted by three or four guttering candle-ends, stuck wherever space or ingenuity permits. An atmosphere tobacco laden, but not

stuffy, rifles piled round the tent-pole, haversacks, "dunnage" bags, blankets, and oil-sheets spread about, and their owners, some of them lying on the floor wrapped in blankets, some seated, one or two perhaps reading or writing in cramped positions, yet quite content. Yonder is a lusty Yorkshireman, big, blue-eyed, and fair, who for some reason best known to himself will call himself an Irishman. We know him as "the man with three voices, for he has a rich, tuneful, though uncultivated tenor, a wonderful falsetto, and a good alto. His tricks are remarkable, but his ear is fine. He loves to lie sprawled on his great back, and lift up his voice to the skies. All the words of half the



"Reprimanded! Do you hear, sir?"

(See page 29.)



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ary," "Silver Threa's Among the Gold," "My Old Kentucky Home," "Fight the Good Fight," "A Wee Deoch an' Doris," "When the Midnight Choo-choo Leaves for Alabam," "The Maple Leaf," "Cock Robin," "Get Out and Get Under," "Where is My Wandering Boy To-Night," "Nearer, My God, to Thee," and "I Stand in a Land of Roses, though I Dream of a Land of Snow." But there is one song we never sing, "Home, Sweet Home." Home is too sacred a subject with us; it touches the deeper, aye, the deepest, chords, and we dare not risk it, exiles that we are.

Very often there are strange paradoxes in the words we sing, when compared with reality. . . . "I stand in a land of roses!" Well, not exactly, although Salisbury Plains in the summer time are, like the curate's egg, "good in parts." But the following line is true enough of many of us. We do "dream of a land of snow"; of the land, and those far, far away in it. Sometimes we sing "rag-time melodee," but that is only pour passer le temps. There is something which prompts us to other songs, and to sacred music. It often happens that in our tent there are three or four men with voices above the average who take a real delight in singing. One of the most beautiful things of the kind the writer has ever heard was a quartette's singing of "Nearer, My God, to Thee." Fine, well-trained voices they possessed, blending truly and harmoniously, which rang out al-

most triumphal in the frosty night. They sang it once, and then again, and as the last notes died away the bugles sounded the "Last Post."

Taa-Taa, Taa-Taa, Ta-ta-ti-ti-ti-ta-ta-ta-ta. Ti-ti-ti-ti-ti-ti-ta-ta-ta-ta-taa, Taa-Taa, Taa-Taa, Taaa, Tiii!

Verily, even under canvas, music hath charms to soothe the savage breast.

RATTLESNAKE PETE

VERY tall, thin, and cadaverous, with a strong aquiline nose, deep-set, piercing black eyes, bushy eyebrows matching them in colour, and a heavy, fiercely waxed moustache, streaked with grey, he was a man who commanded respect, if not fear.

In spite of his sixty years he was as straight as the proverbial poker, and as "nippy on his pins" as a boy a third of his age. Two ribbons rested on his left breast—the long service ribbon and that of the North-West Rebellion. His voice was not harsh, nor was it melodious, but it could be heard a mile off and struck pure terror into the heart of the evil-doer when he heard it! Rattle-Snake Pete was, as a matter of fact, our Company Sergeant-Major.

Withering was the scorn with which he surveyed a delinquent "rooky," while his eyes shot flame, and in the terrified imagination of the unfortunate being on whom that fierce gaze was bent his ears seemed to curve upwards into horns, until he recalled the popular conception of Mephistopheles! We called him—when he was safely beyond hearing—Rattle-Snake Pete, but that worthy bravo was far less feared than was his namesake.

First of all, the Sergeant-Major was a real soldier, from the nails in his

"Cold, lad?" said a deep voice nearby. Old and new songs of two peoples, British and American, he has committed to memory. He is our "leading man," a shining light in the concert firmament. We have heard and helped him to sing in the course of one crowded period of thirty minutes the following varied programme: "Tipper-

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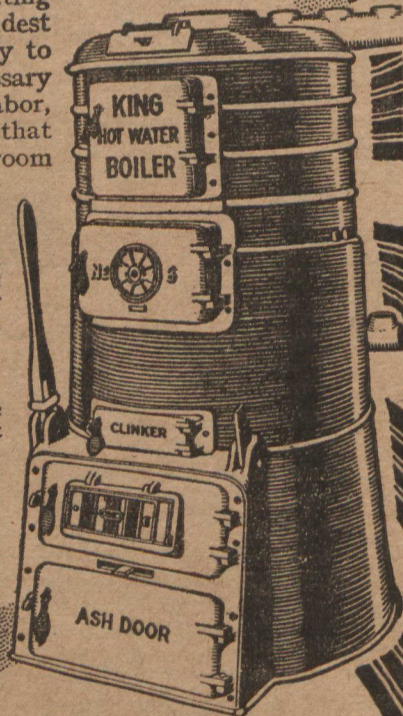
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boots to the crown of his hat. Secondly, he was a man of strong prejudices, and keen dislikes, and, lastly, a very human, unselfish, kind-hearted man.

Discipline was his God, smartness on parade and off the greatest virtue in man, with the exception of pluck. He ruled with a rod of iron, tempered by justice, and his keenness was a thing to marvel at. At first we all hated him with a pure-souled hate. Then, as he licked us into shape, and the seeds of soldiering were sown, we began to realize that he was right, and that we were wrong—and that, after all, the only safe thing to do was to obey!

One day a man was slow in doing what his corporal told him to do. As was his habit, the S.M. came on the scene suddenly, a lean tower of steely wrath. After he had poured out the vials of his displeasure on the head of the erring one, he added: "I'll make you a soldier, lad, or I'll break your heart!" He meant it; he could do it;

we knew he could, and it resulted in our company being the best in the regiment.

Shortly before we moved to France, a personage and his consort inspected us. He shook hands with Rattle-Snake, and spoke to him for several moments.

"How old are you?"

"Forty-five, Your Majesty."

"Military age, I suppose?" queried the Personage with a kindly smile.

"Yes, sir."

Never in his life was Rattle so happy as he was that day, and we felt rather proud of him ourselves.

Our Sergeant-Major had shaken hands with the King!

Those who had stood near enough to hear what had passed achieved a temporary fame thereby, and in tent and canteen the story was told, with variations suited to the imagination of the raconteur, for days after the event.

When we moved to France Rattle-Snake Pete came with us. I think the doctor saw it would have broken his heart not to come, although at his age he certainly should not have done so. But come he did, and never will the writer forget the day Rattle pursued him into an old loft, up a broken, almost perpendicular ladder, to inquire in a voice of thunder why a certain fatigue party was minus a man.

"Come you down out of there, lad, or you'll be for it!" And, meekly as a sucking-dove, I came!

He was wounded at the second battle of Ypres, and, according to all accounts, what he said about the Germans as he lay on that battle-field petrified the wounded around him, and was audible above the roar of bursting Jack Johnsons.

They sent him to hospital in "Blighty," an unwilling patient, and there he has been eating out his heart ever since, in the face of adamant medical boards.

One little incident. We were billeted in an old theatre, years ago it seems now, at Armentieres. We had marched many kilometres in soaking rain that afternoon, and we were deadly weary. Rattle, though he said no word, was ill, suffering agonies from rheumatism. One could see it. Being on guard, I was able to see more than the rest, who, for the most part, slept the sleep of the tired out. One fellow was quite ill, and he tossed and turned a good deal in his sleep. Rattle was awake too, sitting in front of the dying embers in the stove, his face every now and then contorted with pain. Often he would go over to the sick man and arrange his bed for him as gently as a woman. Then he himself lay down. The sick man awoke, and I heard his teeth chatter. "Cold, lad?" said a deep voice near by. "Yes, bitter cold." The old S-M. got up, took his own blanket and put it over the sick man. Thereafter he sat until the dawn broke on a rickety chair in front of the dead fire.

" OFFICE "

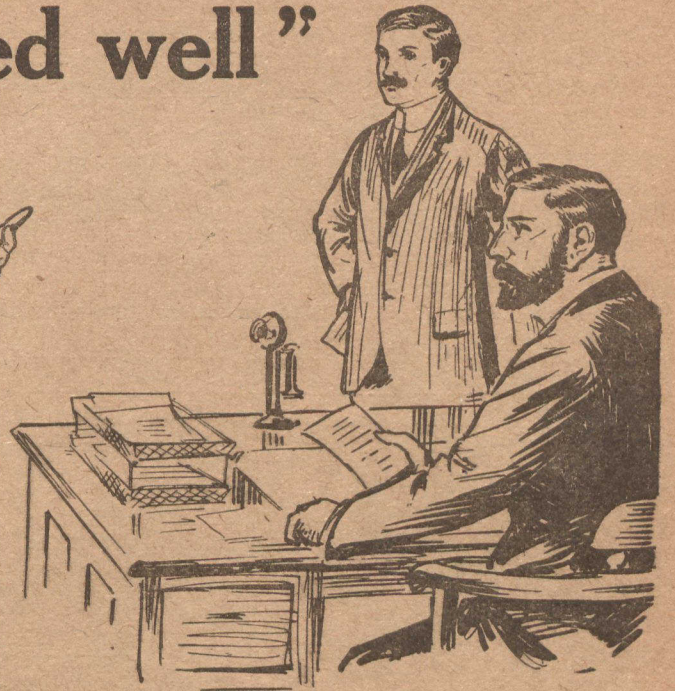
"CHARGE against No. 7762543, Private Smith, J.C.; In the field, 11.11.16, refusing to obey an order, in that he would not wash out a dixie when ordered to do so. First witness, Sergeant Bendrick."

"Sirr! On Nov. 11th I was horderly sergeant. Private Thomas, cook, comes to me, and he says as 'ow 'e 'ad warn-ed the pris— the haccused, sir, to wash out a dixie, which same the haccused refused to do. Hordered by me to wash hout the dixie, sir, the haccused refused again, and I places 'im under hopen arrest, sir."

"Cpl. Townsham, what have you to say?"

"Sirr! On Nov. 11th I was eatin' a piece of bread an' bacon when I was

" To Fight well
I must be fed well "



"You urged Me to enlist—
what are You doing ?

"You were keen enough to talk of duty and sacrifice—what have you sacrificed ?

"It's your turn now. We are watching you—we will ask you—those of us who come home—what answer you made to the call for Greater Food Production.

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The need is urgent and vital. If you are physically fit and willing to help the Empire by serving on a farm, respond at once by going to your employer and asking for leave of absence while the sowing season is on—then call at the W. P. Club's office and register.

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witness to what took place between Sergeant Bendrick an' Private Smith, sir. I corroborates his evidence."

"All right; Private Thomas?"

"Sirr! I coboriates both of them witnesses."

"You corroborate what both witnesses have said?"

"Yessir."

"Now, Smith, what have you got to say? Stand to attention!"

"I ain't got nothin' to say, sir, savin' that I never joined the army to wash dixies, and' I didn't like the tone of voice him"—indicating the orderly Sergeant—"used to me. Also I'm a little deaf, sir, 'an my 'ands is that cut with barbed wire that it's hagnony

to put 'em in boilin' water, sir! An' I'm afraid o' gettin' these 'ere germs into them, sir. Apart from which I ain't got anything to say, sir!"

After this Private Smith assumes the injured air of a martyr, casts his eyes up to heaven, and waits hopefully for dismissal. (The other two similar cases were dismissed this morning!)

The Captain drums his fingers on the table for a few moments. "This is your first offence, Smith."

"Yessir!"

"But it is not made any the less serious by that fact."

The gleam of joy in Smith's eye departs.

"Disobedience of an order is no tri-



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vial matter. A case like this should go before the Commanding Officer." Long pause, during which the accused passes from the stage of hope



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deferred to gloom and disillusion, and the orderly Sergeant assumes a fiercely triumphant expression.

"Twenty-eight days Field Punishment number one," murmurs the Captain ruminatively, "or a court-martial"—this just loud enough for the accused to hear. The latter's left leg sags a trifle, and consternation o'er-spreads his visage.

"In view, Smith," says the Captain aloud, "in view of your previous good record, I will deal with you myself. Four days dixie washing, and you will attend all parades!"

Before Private Smith has time to heave a sigh of relief the C.S.M.'s voice breaks on the air, "Left turn! Left wheel, quick march!"

"A good man, Sergeant-Major," says the Captain with a smile. "Have to scare 'em a bit at times, what?"

Battalion Orderly Room is generally a very imposing affair, calculated to put fear into the hearts of all save the most hardened criminals. At times the array is formidable, as many as thirty—witnesses, escort, and prisoners—being lined up outside the orderly room door under the vigilant eye of the Regimental Sergeant-Major. It is easy to see which is which, even were not the "dress" different. The prisoners are in clean fatigue, wearing no accoutrement or equipment beyond the eternal smoke-helmet. The escort are in light marching order, and grasp in their left hands a naked bayonet, point upwards, resting along the forearm. The witnesses wear their belts. Most of the accused have a hang-dog look, some an air of defiance.

"Escort and prisoners. . . . Shun!"

The Colonel passes into orderly room, where the Adjutant, the Battalion Orderly Officer, and Officer witnesses in the cases to be disposed of await him, all coming rigidly to attention as he enters. In orderly room, or "office" as the men usually call it, the Colonel commands the deference paid to a high court judge. He is not merely a C.O., he is an Institution.

The R.S.M. hovers in the background, waiting for orders to call the accused and witnesses in the first case. The C.O. fusses with the papers on his desk, hums and haws, and finally decides which case he will take first. The Adjutant stands near him, a sheaf of papers in his hand, like a learned crown counsel.

Not infrequently the trend of a case depends on whether the C.O. lunched well, or if the G.O.C. strafed or complimented him the last time they held palaver. Even colonels are human.

"Charge against Private Maconochie, No. 170298, drunk," etc., reads the Adjutant.

After the evidence has been heard the Colonel, having had no explanation or defence from the accused, proceeds to pass sentence. This being a first "drunk" he cannot do very much but talk, and talk he does.

"You were drunk, Thomkins. You were found in a state of absolutely sodden intoxication, found in the main street of Ablainle-Petit at 4 p.m. in the afternoon. You were so drunk that the evidence quotes you as sleeping on the side-walk. You are a disgrace to the regiment, Thomkins! You outrage the first principles of decency, you cast a slur on your battalion. You deliberately, of set purpose, intoxicate yourself at an early hour of the afternoon. I have a good mind to remand for a Field General Court-martial. Then you would be shot! Shot, do you understand? But I shall deal with you myself. I shall not permit the name of this battalion to be besmirched by you. Reprimanded! Reprimanded! Do you hear, sir!"

(Voice of the R.S.M., north front.)
"Right turn. Right wheel; quick march!"

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