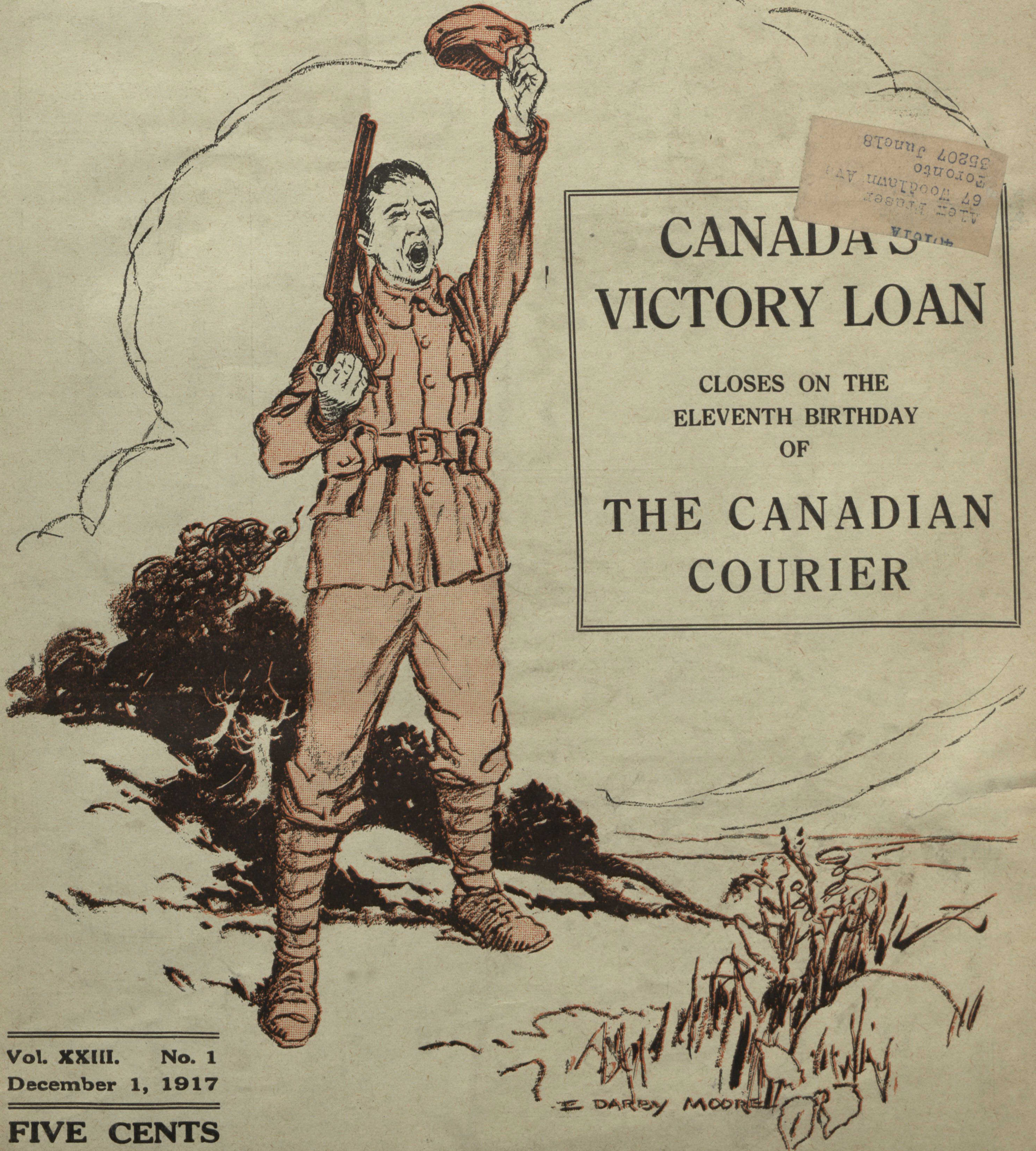


# CANADIAN COURIER



ALLEN BRUBAKER  
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35207 JUNE 18

## CANADA'S VICTORY LOAN

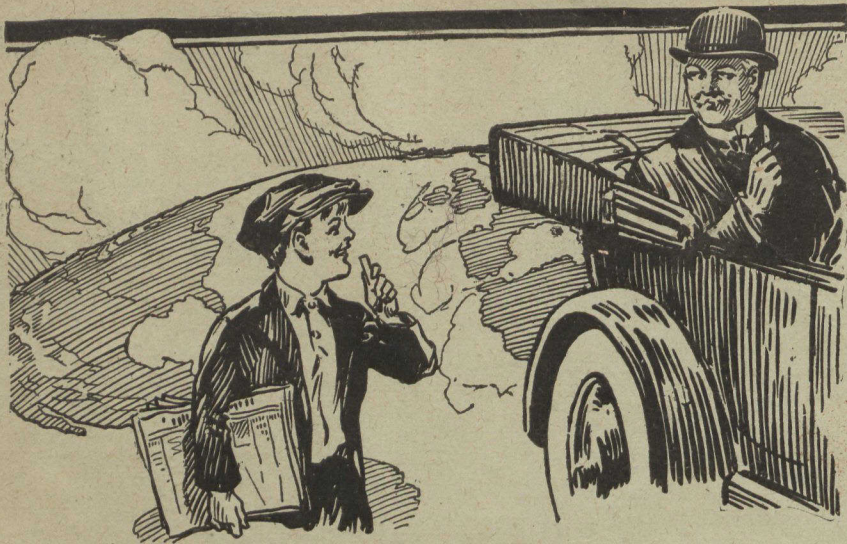
CLOSES ON THE  
ELEVENTH BIRTHDAY  
OF

## THE CANADIAN COURIER

Vol. XXIII. No. 1  
December 1, 1917

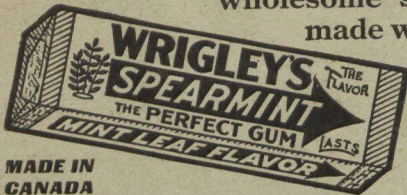
FIVE CENTS



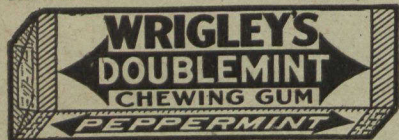


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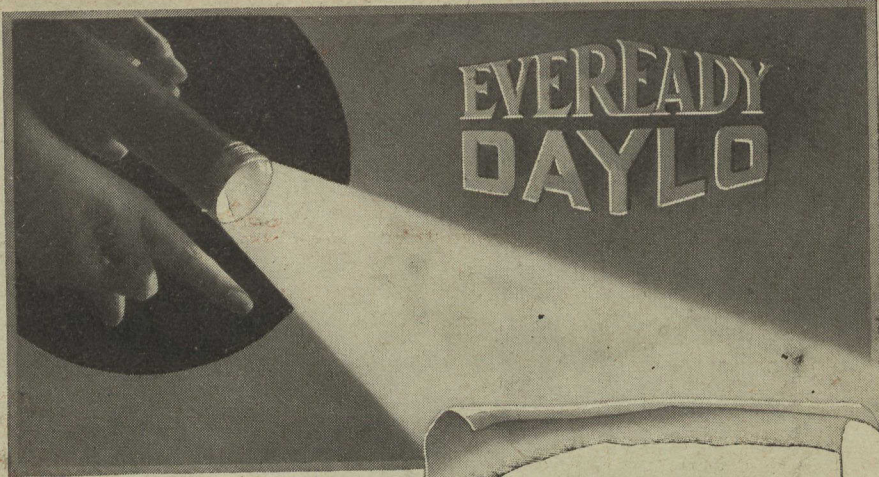
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# CANADIAN COURIER

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

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**O**N an average everybody is interesting sometimes to somebody else. As a general thing newspapers and other publications take notice of about one in a thousand people whose characters or experiences would be of great interest to other people. Most of the people noticed by newspapers are known as "important" people. And it must be confessed that in many cases, the real personal interest attaching to a man varies in inverse ratio to his so-called importance.

The trouble with important people is that they get into print far too often. They cease to be interesting because they become commonplace through repetition. The trouble with most unimportant people is that they never get into print at all. The interest that people might take in them is concealed from the rest of us because nobody takes the trouble to write it.

The Canadian Courier has for sometime printed hundreds of sketches of more or less important people. In most cases these have been more or less interesting. During 1918 we aim to print a large number of short, pointed character sketches of people who as a rule do not get into print. There are hundreds of such people in Canada about whom something can be written of interest to people all over Canada. We ask our readers to go carefully over the people they know and see if in any community there is not one man or woman who has done something by force of character or circumstances worth from 300 to 500 words of a story in this paper. If you do not feel capable of writing the sketch yourself, send us the facts and we will write it according to the facts. But we want life stories of interesting people, whether important or unimportant in the world's estimation, and we shall pay for them according to the character of the matter submitted. All matter to be accompanied if possible by a photograph.

Address, The Editor,  
Canadian Courier,  
Toronto.

**A** FEATURE of next week's music department will be a character appreciation of Dr. F. H. Torrington, who died last week.



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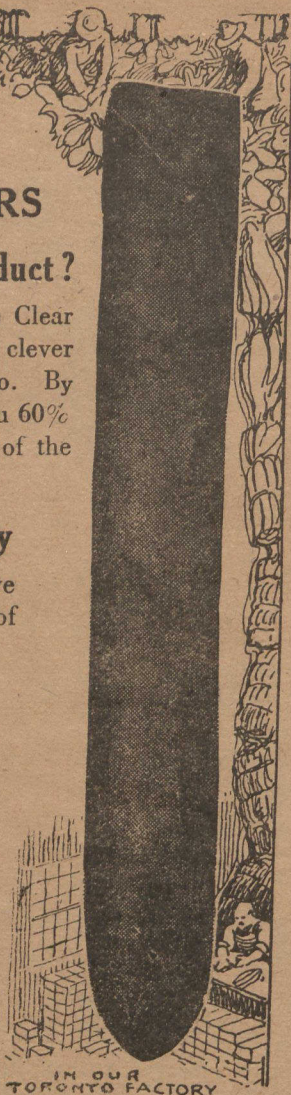
for \$2.50. Now, you know CORONA size clear Havana cigars cost you 15c and 20c each in the regular way—We save you half your money and give you a better smoke for 10c. Box of 25, Panatela shape, \$2.25.

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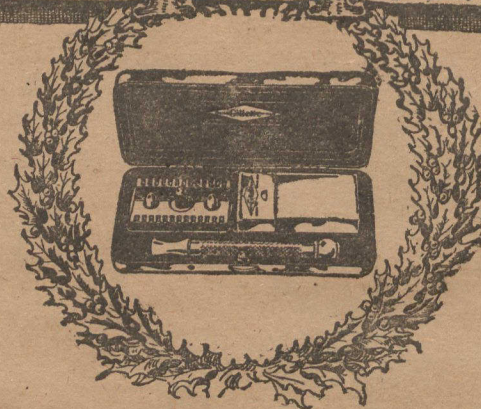
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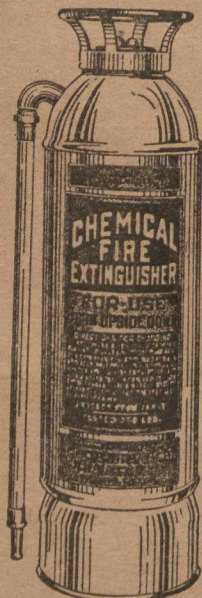
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# CANADIAN COURIER



VOL. XXIII. No. 1  
DECEMBER 1, 1917



## PIGS WILL BE PIGS

BY MARK KETTS

**I**N days almost forgotten, when there was no war, pigs were called mortgage-lifters, and with reason, for many a farmer has been relieved of the burden of debt by the then ignoble pig. Since the war, pigs have risen in economic and social scales. Losing none of their lifting propensities, they are now regarded as life-savers; and play big roles in the life of civilization—and in some life that is none too civilized. “Keep a pig and help win the war,” is the Hon. Food Controller’s slogan, a phrase which smacks of Sir Thomas White’s injunction to buy Victory Bonds. And, truth to tell, the two, Victory Bonds and pigs, are in the same class, the essentials to power of the Allied armies.

Mr. Hanna has inaugurated a campaign for pork production. He is emphasizing the importance of pork. Europe, it seems, has 32,600,000 fewer pigs than she had before the war. Possibly Mr. Hanna, who is responsible for the calculation, realizes how many 32,600,000 pigs are, but certainly the ordinary, unmathematical, unimaginitive, plebian mind, cannot get the concept with a single gulp. Placed end to end—provided they would stand still long enough—32,600,000 pigs would make a row encircling the world. Properly deceased at the hands of the butcher, 32,600,000 pigs should make nearly five billion pounds of pork. And remember, this enormous poundage is only what Europe has eaten in excess of production since the war!

That is why so many medals are being pinned upon the porker. Like artisans and authors, their fame is of postmortem variety.

The explanation of this enormous consumption of pork is simple. Most soldiers are out-of-door men. They have long marches in all kinds of weather, and hard fatiguing labor. Like Canadian lumbermen, they must consume fats if they are to keep fit. The scientists tell us that 35 per cent. of the soldiers’ food should be fat; and like the Canadian lumberman, the soldier finds the most digestible, palatable fat in the pig.

When alive, the pig is a monotonous animal, sleeping, eating, and grunting the full course of his inglorious days away; but once dead, he becomes versatile. At least he can be put to versatile uses, which is much the same thing. The pig may be turned into ham, bacon, delectable roasts, lard and sausages. The pig’s feet and head tickle the palate and are nourishing; his skins make saddles; his bristles, brushes—the barons who make the pigs over into food products tell us that he is all-usable, except the squeal.

**A**ND the pig keeps. That settles him with the exemption tribunal; for in overseas service, keeping qualities are essential. Cured by smoking, pickling, whether by post process or otherwise, the pig will keep longer dead than alive.

Briefly and unscientifically, that is why the army wants pigs, needs pigs, and cannot do without pigs.

Pressed by millions of military appetites, Germany, France, England, Italy, the Balkans, and all of the countries within the war zone, have had to slaughter their swine-herds faster than they could replenish them. Germany attended to the butchering in Serbia, where pigs were

once an integral part of the princes’ and peasants’ menage, and as a result of Teutonic thoroughness, pigs there are to-day almost as scarce as alligators, and more valuable, fetching \$150 to \$200 each.

Even the neutral countries have been affected. The Danes, once purseproud in their bacon industry, turning up their Danish noses at the Canadian’s inferior stuffs, have been dethroned. They fed their pigs upon imported cereals, and alas for Denmark and Denmark’s pigs, these are no more!

It is an ill wind that blows no one good, runs the old adage; and Europe’s needs are Canada’s opportunities. The Allies’ needs ought to be Canada’s patriotic duties. The Honorable Food Controller Hanna points out that in this case the path to patriotism is paved with profits. Speed-up pork production, he says; provide the army with fat, and adds in a pertinent and audible aside: there is money in it.

**T**HE stork is an open-handed, frequent visitor in pig-land, arriving on the maximum schedule five times in two years, and leaving often as many as ten or twelve little pigs, although seven is a fair average. Paper and pencil in hand, the interested reader can readily figure for himself that at this rate of production, a small herd devoted exclusively to breeding, may be rapidly turned into a big one. By a few compounding calculations, the would-be swine-herder can derive visions of wealth from the pig-industry, surpassing those of “Get-rich-quick Wallingford,” but—and if it were not for “buts” I would be very rich—the expense of providing for the cafeteria must be included. That’s the bar to production—the cost of food. For the high cost of living has reached the pig-sty.

Speed-up movements for hog-production are by no means new to Canada. For years they have been the favorite pastime of editors and government officials; and the farmer, carried away by eloquence, has in each campaign added an hour or two of labor to his expansive day, and converted his cereals into pork, only to often find the finished product selling for less than the labor and food were worth.

The Canadian pig-market has puzzled the wisest of outsiders. In the first month of the war, the prices of pork products steadily climbed the ladder, and farmers naturally concluded that live hogs would follow. But strangely enough, as bacons and hams went up, live hogs went down, and in a few months were separated by an enormous spread. Somebody got that spread, and as it was neither the producer nor the consumer, the farmer suspected—and openly accused—the packing-house barons of having stuffed it down their overalls’ pockets.

It was with a knowledge of these facts that I skeptically began to enquire into the Honorable Food Controller’s propaganda for pork production. Shall I invest my high priced grain in pigs? or shall I invest it at the village store for much-needed comforts? Such is the question I asked myself, and such is the question many a farmer is asking. City people may shout their blooming heads off about pork

(Concluded on page 24.)





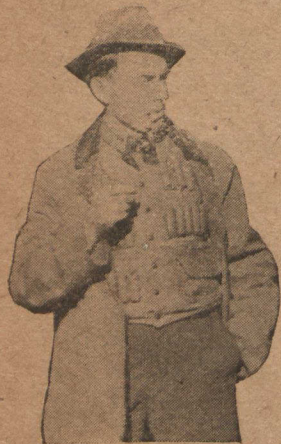
C. W. JEFFERYS, President of the O.S.A., could make one straight line look interesting.

DARBY MOORE did the cover on this issue; his third Courier cover since Thanksgiving.

A. MacMECHAN, of Halifax, thinks for himself; which is why he interests other people.

SIDNEY CORYN in his war stuff is like the sun. He goes to bed on the West front and gets up on the East.

THE MAN FROM WIN-  
DERMERE, B.C.



C. C. JENKINS, of Fort William, delights in stories of trails and foam.



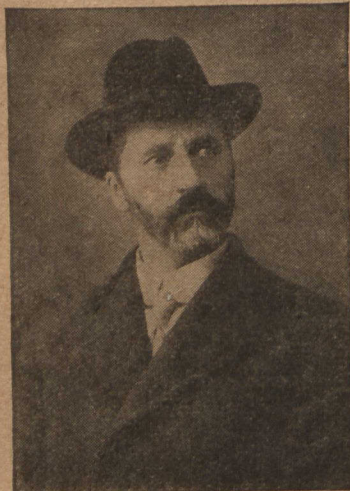
T. W. McLEAN, staff artist of the Courier, is another up-country, trail-packing Canadian.



A. M. WICKSON has to work indoors, or he would make sketches on the road.



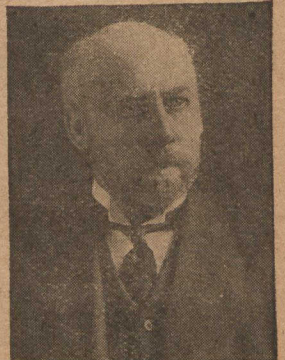
FRANK GIOLMA, of Victoria, was wounded at the Somme. His short story, The Ginx, will appear soon.



WM. JAMES was taking photographs for the Courier long before he began to take moving pictures.



HARRY MOORE is an Ontario editor who knows how to amuse himself for the benefit of other people.



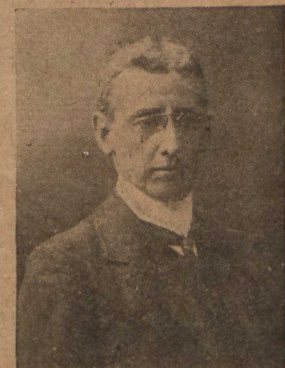
THE MONOCLE MAN is due to arrive any time now with something unusual.



LOUISE MASON.



KATHLEEN K. BOWER, of London, Ont.



FRANK WALL'S short stories are worth lining up with the best.

# AT FULL SPEED AHEAD

## Celebrating Our Eleventh Birthday

ONCE upon a time there was a country known as "Everybody'sdoingit." The odd thing to tourists in that country was that it made a practice of importing everything under a system of free trade. Not merely things to eat and wear and to use for working the land; but such things as preachers, teachers, editors, lawyers, doctors, railways, music, pictures, architecture—and even politics and publications.

This country is now extinct. Historians agree that it fully deserves the extinction; because as one of them flippantly remarked—Everybody was evidently doing that country.

But of course Everybody'sdoingit was a long way from Canada which has long been known as a country that believes in doing things for itself. Yet there are people in this country who want us to jump on the tail-board of the continental wagon run by the United States. Others would like us to take a seat in the Imperial landau driven from Downing St. As self-going Canadians we object to either; just as the United States of America once objected to the tyranny of a German monarch George III., and England objects to domination by Germany.

Some people live in Canada but don't like it. They believe that patriotism is measured by the amount of mud you can throw at public people and the size of the noise you can make trumpeting local issues. Some give up trying to be Canadian at all and confess that we might as well go on imitating other nations. There are heads of business concerns who believe in nationalizing business but not governments or people. Others believe we can make very good national harvesting machinery, locomotives and banks, but that when it comes to producing publications that reflect the life of the country we are nothing but hewers of wood and drawers of water to the United States.

Did it ever strike any of these self-starting people that no people can be called a nation which has not a national art? Did it ever occur to those who believe in nationalizing nothing but politics that the country which does not develop its own thinkers, its own opinions, its own forms of art, is in no danger of being a nation any more than a trainload of goods on a siding can be a community? As long as we continue to get our plays from the United States, our paintings from Europe, our architecture from anywhere but Canada, and nine-tenths of our magazines and periodicals from the United States, we might as well put our nationalism into a glass case and have Sir Edmund Walker place it in the National Museum.

All but seven of those workers for the Canadian Courier since our Tenth Birthday in 1916 whose portraits appear on these pages were born in Canada. The other seven are down-to-the-root Canadians. We don't belittle those Canadian writers, artists and musicians who have gone to other countries. Some of them are as good as the best in the countries they have gone to. But if we never got any further than these people can take us we might as well stop believing in full speed ahead under our own steam.





W. W. SWANSON, of Saskatoon, spends a lot of his time on educational trails.



B. B. COOKE will either be audacious in what he writes for the Courier, or he won't write at all.



J. E. H. MACDONALD has had several fine drawings in the Courier since September, 1916.



EDITH WATSON'S Canadian folk-photographs are famous in good American magazines—and in the Canadian Courier.



FERGUS KYLE could not be altogether serious in a cartoon. We've had several of his during the past six months.

# ON OUR OWN STEAM

*Concerning some of our Co-workers and 1918*



CHAS. STOKES, formerly in the West, now in Montreal.



ESTELLE M. KERR does two people's work on one page.



N. de BERTRAND LUGRIN, of Victoria, B.C.



G. L. REDMOND, of Virden, Man., has a line of comedy-stories.

**Hoag—Now Running.** Hoag is now in his third instalment. What happened to him is important because of what it caused to happen to other people. It's the old story of System vs. Soul in a new light. A story told after the manner of moving pictures, using the movies as a motif, and the way Hoag works his spiritistic phenomena into his own experience startles other people—profoundly. There is nothing usual, and less than nothing dull about this Novelette by Thomas Topley, written exclusively for the Courier.

**A New Serial.** Balmer and MacHarg begin the latest of their mystery stories in our first issue in 1918. The Indian Drum is one of those cumulative climaxes; beginning in the quiet, matter-of-fact style peculiar to these wizards of the art and working up a sustained-interest thrill. The authors used midnight oil in writing it. Other people will do the same to read it.

**Life-Interest Sketches.** During 1918 we expect to publish a large number of life-interest sketches of people whose characters and experiences have been mainly neglected by newspapers. For particulars about this high-human-interest feature please consult page 3 of this issue.

**Eighty Short Stories.** Our average in short stories will be higher than in 1917, not less than eighty in number, perhaps half of them by American and English writers; most of the other half from the best available Canadian writers, and nine-tenths of them illustrated.

**Woman's Work.** New angles on the business of modern women begin briefly in the current issue. We expect men to read them. Women must do much to mend the world that man's wars have begun

to wreck. As a spiritual and inspiring element in the life of Canada, the work of Canadian women will find anything but a commonplace appreciation in the columns of this paper.

**Democratizing Music.** Music, we have always contended, has been, and still is, too much in the hands of professional musicians. Here, again, the mixing process will be applied. In the present issue we open the music pages of this paper for a free discussion of the most democratic of all the arts by those who know that music never was intended by its Creator to be mainly a thing of erudition like geology.

**Criticizing the Movies.** More people go to movies than go to church, even in Canada. The screen drama—of whatever character—has become a sort of new religion. One of the most marvelous of modern inventions, it has grown so fast that its education has been neglected. What is the matter with the Movies will be one of the serial features of the 1918 Courier.

**Keeping Posted.** In Helping You to Keep Posted we expect to make use of no less than forty current magazines of all sorts. What we really are doing with this department is to make it into a conversation club. People can't possibly read all the worth-while things that are printed. What is wanted is the things that are of most timely interest.

**Party Politics Barred.** We expect other people to act like citizens no matter what party they belong to. We reserve the same right for ourselves. In the discussion of public affairs we may take one side this week and another the next. It all depends upon who's right. And all the right was never on one side.



FRANCIS J. DICKIE is as likely to land up alongside an Indian tepee or a box-car for some feature story.



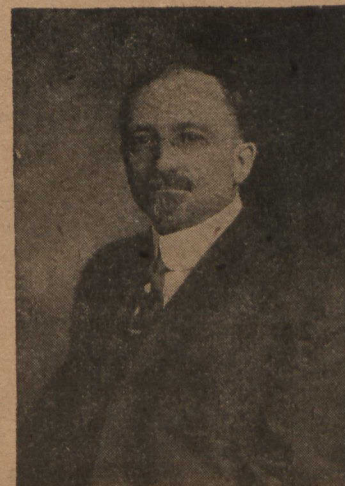
F. HORSMAN VARLEY gets the big swing in his pictures from the out-of-doors.



VERNE DEWITT ROWELL is a live-wire newspaperman, who makes a feature of special stories.



MALCOLM SIM edits the only Chess Column in Canada, and does it mighty well.



W. L. EDMONDS makes a hobby of clear-headed business talks, based on long experience and common sense.



JOHN BOYD takes all his pictures in his spare moments.



# THE VOW OF SILENCE

By ALICE HEGAN RICE

UP from the banks of Kentucky River, Gray Knob rose rugged and uncouth. Two lonesome cabins stood upon the clearing on its summit, stood and glared at each other in fair weather and foul, as if determined to stare each other out of countenance. The larger cabin was evidently getting the advantage of it; it stood forth clean, firm, and aggressive, while the smaller one leaned shiftlessly against the hillside, apparently indifferent as to what supported it, the flowers on the dilapidated sill as impertinent as a posy in the buttonhole of a beggar.

In these dwellings lived the Skittleses, Mrs. Skittles in the self-respecting cabin, and Mr. Skittles in the shiftless one, and between them lay fifty feet of hillside and an ominous vow of silence.

One blustery day Mrs. Skittles was carrying on a vigorous cleaning campaign; she charged down the middle of the kitchen floor with her broom, then made a left oblique, and a right oblique, coming to a position of rest at the cabin door. She was large and imposing, with a figure that had made no concessions to forty years of hard work. She was a veteran in the army of labor, but not from the ranks; Mrs. Skittles had ever been in command. Her communications to the world were still issued in the form of orders, and she marched through life on schedule time, wanting to court-martial all who failed to follow instructions.

In her small encampment upon the clearing, there was but one deserter. Two years ago Mr. Skittles had found the marital life too strenuous, and, failing in his duties, had been condemned to solitary confinement in the cabin adjoining that of his superior officer. For a living he stripped tobacco, for a diversion he chewed it. He still accepted his rations daily, in a tin bucket, which was carried to him from the mess-room by one of the little Skittleses, in return for which he was expected to render obedience to Mrs. Skittles, who, though no word was spoken, used a code of signals at once coercive and harassing.

AS she stood at the door of the cabin, she shaded her eyes with her hand and looked up the river:

"It must be gittin' on to twelve o'clock," she said; "I heard the Little Sandy whistle four times since breakfast. Rhoda Ray," she called over her shoulder, "have you seen the children comin' home from the village?"

Rhoda Ray, long and lank, emerged from the bedroom. She had drab skin and weak little drab eyes that looked patiently out from under a mop of drab hair. Her calico dress was cut at the exact slant to display to the worst advantage a pair of knocked knees. Her mother's question seemed to strike her dumb with confusion, not that her lips were sealed; it was a marked characteristic of Rhoda Ray that

she never closed her mouth when it was possible to keep it open. After a moment's hesitation she stammered:

"I seen 'em comin' up 'bout a hour ago."

Mrs. Skittles tossed her head angrily. "No use to say no more, Rhoda Ray; I know where they are at."

Throwing a shawl about her shoulders she stalked across the strip of land that divided the two cabins. Before she reached the door she heard shrieks of merriment from within, which served as fuel to the fire of her wrath. On the threshold she paused, an avenging deity about to descend upon the unconscious revelers.

The interior of the room presented an aspect of startling contrasts. In the corner was an unmade cot, covered by an old piece of rag carpet, while beside it stood an imposing self-rocker, upholstered in crimson plush. On the plain wooden walls hung two multicolored chromos, resplendent in wide gold frames, while beneath them stood a stove decrepit with age and general debility.

Mrs. Skittles viewed these objects with increasing ire, for Mr. Skittles, be it known, was a chronic victim of the instalment plan, and his utter inability to withstand the allurements of traveling agents had been the rock upon which their conjugal felicity had been wrecked.

As she stood there wrathfully recalling the past, five ecstatic shrieks recalled the present. On top of the deal table, in the centre of the room, five noisy little Skittles were clinging and laughing, and crowding one another, while from under the table Mr. Skittles, with his coat tied over his head, made frantic grabs at stray legs and arms, emitting dreadful growls and snarling with ferocious intensity.

Suddenly there was a pause. The bear subsided. Bud Skittles slid to the floor and slipped past his mother, while Lottie, Susan and Eddie Jo helped three-year-old Ted down from the table. Only Jinnie was left, sitting cross-legged in the centre of the table, fascinated into immovability by her mother's fixed glare.

"Jinnie," exclaimed Mrs. Skittles, in awful tones, "you tell yer paw to come right' out from under that fool table."

Jinnie obediently repeated the message, and Mr. Skittles clambered forth with as much dignity as his enveloped head and the obstructing table legs would permit. He was a small, slight man, with slanting shoulders, from which his arms dangled in a perpetual state of relaxation. His straggling beard but half concealed the weak mouth where a vacillating smile was ever on the point of breaking through. But if his mouth smiled his eyes belied it, for a more pathetic pair of appealing eyes were never raised to an irate master. He stood now, humbled and disheveled, as guilty as the children at being caught in mischief.

"Pretty goin's on," sniffed Mrs. Skittles, to the ceiling. "Here I be, hustlin' round from sun up to the steamboat whistle, an' you onery children, 'stid of bein' down yonder strippin' terbaccer, a foolin' round here. Clear out everyone of you 'cept Jinnie; she kin stay and clean up this here pigsty." Whereupon, slowly directing her searchlight from the ceiling to Mr. Skittles, she pointed with a long and rigid finger to the unmade bed, to the soiled dishes in the corner, coming to an awful and accusing halt at Mr. Skittles's stocking feet. Then, with a snort of indignation, she backed herself out of the doorway, the children scattering before her like

MR. SKITTLES did everything on the instalment plan—even to eating a pie in a pie-eating contest and wheeling his girl to his doctor in a combination wheelbarrow and easy chair, which he bought without paying for it cash down. The point of this vow of silence is in its good-humor.

leaves before a whirlwind.

Mr. Skittles, left alone with the plump Jinnie, cautiously closed the door, then sank dejectedly into the plush rocker. Each fresh reprimand from Mrs. Skittles added to his burden of contrition, for, remiss as he had been in other duties, he had never faltered in loyal allegiance to his leader.

Jinnie let herself down from the table and, going to him, put her arm about his neck. "Don't you care," she said, recklessly; "I love you heap better than I do maw."

This blasphemy roused Mr. Skittles to protest: "Oh, no you don't, Jinnie; yer maw's a wonderful woman. I never was good enough fer her; her fambly all said so when we was married. She deserved to git a first-class husband 'stid of me."

"I love you best," insisted Jinnie, hugging his head to her breast.

HE patted her cheek tenderly and drew her down in the chair beside him. She snuggled up close and, holding tight to his hand, tried to direct his thoughts to a more pleasant subject.

"Ain't you got any secrets to tell me to-day?" she asked, slyly.

Mr. Skittles's face underwent a transformation. The look of dejection gave way to one of sudden interest.

"Well, ef I ain't clean forgot' to tell you!" he exclaimed.

Jinnie clapped her hands in delight. "Cross my heart and body, make a big ring and a spot in the middle, I won't tell!"

"Well," said Mr. Skittles, peering anxiously around the side of the chair to see that the door was secure, and sinking his voice to a whisper, "I'm a making a new investment."

"Is it a melojeon, Pa?"

"No," said Mr. Skittles, pursing up his lips with some show of importance, "I can't say it's a melojeon, Jinnie. I was a-hanging between a melojeon an' a writin' dext, as you know. But this here is a new offer; it's a patent an' a combination."

"What is it?" demanded Jinnie, impatiently.

"Well," drawled Mr. Skittles, gaining time and courage, "it's a usefuller article than a melojeon; it kin be used in the field and in the house, to fetch and carry in the day-time and to set on at night." Mr. Skittles counted off these attractions on Jinnie's fat fingers.

"A bucket?" asked Jinnie, incredulously.

"No, madam," said Mr. Skittles; "it's a guarantee patent easy-cheer an' wheelbarrer."

Jinnie's face fell. "O Pa, why didn't you stick to the melojeon? You don't need no wheelbarrow."

"But the easy-cheer, Jinnie! It sorter folds up inside itself an' looks jes' like a natural cheer, then you turn a peg an' the fus' thing you know ther's a patent wheelbarrer, easy runnin', light as a feather, an' strong as—as—ennything."

"Where's it at?"

Mr. Skittles again surveyed the closed door and winked significantly at the woodshed.

JINNIIE was silent a moment, wrestling with a new thought. "Say, Pa," she asked, "have you got through payin' fer the clock?"

Mr. Skittles's face fell. "Well, no, I ain't quite," he confessed, but that's with a nother company. It ain't the same thing at all; this here is a new concern, twenty cents a week till you pay up."

"Will they take it away from you, like they did them picture-books?"

"Oh, no. This here is a good, honest concern. The agent said so."

This doubt being removed, Jinnie began to take a lively interest in the wheelbarrow, and Mr. Skittles,





encouraged by her sympathy, drew largely upon his imagination in recounting the marvelous possibilities of his new investment. When the dinner bell sounded from the other cabin, Jinnie rose reluctantly. "I 'spect you better spread up yer bed, an' empty out yer wash pan," she advised; "it's awful mussy in here."

"That's right," said Mr. Skittles, approvingly; "Til jes' do that very thing. Jinnie!" he called as she started, "the fus' time you and Bud git a chance you slip around to the woodshed an' take a peek at it."

MEANWHILE Mrs. Skittles, having with great dispatch cleaned and brushed and fed each little Skittles, ordered them into the corner of the kitchen with positive instructions that they were not to come beyond a certain crack in the floor. There was an air of unusual importance about Mrs. Skittles this afternoon. She marched back and forth to the pantry, measuring flour and lard and making frequent references to a much-thumbed cook-book.

Only once did the group in the corner venture an inquiry: "Is it goin' to be punkin or apple, Maw?"

"I ain't a-sayin'," said Mrs. Skittles, loftily; "it never did bring a pie no luck to talk about it beforehand." She rolled the dough with a firm hand, pinching it and spanking it with the skill of one practised in those arts.

"I know," whispered Eddie Jo; "it's sweet pertater."

Mrs. Skittles kneaded and measured and stirred in absorbed silence. "Rhoda Ray," she presently demanded, "reach me that there allspice on the corner of the shelf. The can this way."

Rhoda Ray, glad to be ordered on the scene of action, looked on while her mother liberally sprinkled the contents through the mixture.

"Yours took the blue ribbon at the pie social last year, didn't it, Maw?" she asked, in a conciliatory tone.

"Four years," said Mrs. Skittles, "apple, lemon, mince, an' punkin."

"Who's a-goin' with you to-night?" Rhoda Ray was emboldened to inquire.

Mrs. Skittles held herself erect and spoke with emphasis: "Every single one of you, includin' Teddie. Yer paw, Mr. Jenkins Skittles, ain't a person to be trusted with a blind kitten."

This announcement, that the entire family was to be allowed to engage in the festivities of the pie social in a few hours, threw the light brigade into riotous disorder. Sudden joy is as demoralizing as sudden grief, but Mrs. Skittles did not believe in anticipation.

That evening, about dusk, she charged down the hill with her little company. Carried before her, carefully enveloped in napkins, was the sweet-potato pie, upon which rested the responsibility of sustaining her reputation as the best cook in the county. Behind her came the little Skittles, rejoicing in the unusual combination of Sunday clothes and week-day manners.

MR. SKITTLES, sitting on the top rail of the fence with his feet hooked under the lower, surveyed the procession with surprise. He waited until Mrs. Skittles was well in advance, then he plucked at Rhoda Ray's dress.

"Say," he whispered with excited interest, "where are you all goin' at?"

Rhoda Ray, following the maternal example, tilted her drab head and stalked disdainfully on. In vain did he seek information from each of the children in turn; even Jinnie was too intent upon her expedition to pause long enough to explain its object.

Mr. Skittles, left alone on the fence, followed the little procession with wistful eyes until the twilight hid it from view. The stick he was whittling dropped from his fingers, his head sank upon his breast; now and then he drew his coat sleeve across his eyes. Deeper and deeper grew the dusk, in a nearby willow a whippoorwill told its troubles to the coming night, still Mr. Skittles, forlorn and deserted, kept silent watch in the lonesome clearing.

Down in the village schoolhouse the merriment

ran high. Forty pies stood on a long table at the head of which the Reverend Mr. Zim acted as auctioneer. Around the table stood the bidders, young men and old, the former arrayed for the most part in negligee shirts, frock coats, and satin neckties. The matrons and maids sat around the wall, each one next to a vacant chair, waiting to share their respective pies with whosoever should buy them.

"Here," cried the Reverend Mr. Zim, balancing a dome of cocoanut on his hand, and eloquently pointing out its merits, "here is a morsel fit for the gods. Look at that filling, as pure and white as the fallen snow. It's enough to wet the mouth with appetite of them as so much as looks upon it! Who'll bid ten cents? Fifteen? Fifteen! I ain't a-saying who baked it, but Sally Woodruff is a-blushing mighty pink over there in the corner. What! Twenty-five? Going, going, gone! at twenty-five cents to Mr. Zack Wilson. Here's your number and you can find your partner and eat your pie."

Zack, with pleased embarrassment, turned con-

"Find yer girl, Jenk," cried several from the rear."



fidently to Sally only to find that old Mrs. Duffy held his number. The company laughed uproariously while Zack shared his pie with his stout companion, the cocoanut turning to sawdust under Sally's scoffing glances.

In the midst of the uproar a head was thrust in at the door. It was a shaggy head, and the ragged body that followed it was out of keeping with the gala attire of the rest of the company. But a chorus of welcoming shouts arose nevertheless.

"Hello, Jenk Skittles! Where did you come from?"

"Did you blow down from yer roost, Jenk?"

"Come right along in and git in the game."

Mr. Skittles, smiling apologetically and trying to smooth down his flying locks, edged forward. A hurried glance had failed to reveal Mrs. Skittles, sitting bolt upright in solemn state at the far end of the room.

"Bid one on a pie, Jenk!" cried some one in the crowd. "Put up a good one, Zim, and we'll make him buy it."

Mr. Skittles, laughing and weakly protesting, was pushed to the front.

"Started at ten," called the Reverend Zim, "as fine a pie as ever seen the oven. Ten! ten. Who ever'll make it fifteen? Why, I'm 'shamed to name that sum in the hearing of that pie! Twenty-five? Going at twenty-five! Thirty? Good! Who'll bid thirty-five?"

Mr. Skittles, urged onward by the shouting men, continued to raise it, oblivious to the fact that he was bidding against himself.

"Knocked down to Mr. Jenkins Skittles at forty-five cents, the highest price of the evening," said the Reverend Zim, as he handed down the pie and the number.

"Find yer girl, Jenk," cried several from the rear, and Mr. Skittles started on his romantic quest, a flutter of expectancy in his heart and the pie in his hand. Down the line he passed, eagerly scanning the numbers on the chairs. Suddenly he paused. He had found his number. In the accompanying chair sat Mrs. Skittles, rigid and unwinking.

The hilarity escaped from the company as promptly as the gas from a pricked balloon. The village respected, if it did not admire, Mrs. Skittles, and it realized that the situation was serious. So did Mr. Skittles. It was only the sudden weakness of his knees that prevented him taking refuge in ignominious flight. But the incident, tragic though it was, was of too personal a nature to interfere permanently with the success of the evening. After a brief pause the bidding proceeded briskly, and soon the fun was once more at high tide.

BUT the light had failed for Mr. Skittles. He twisted his legs nervously about the legs of the chair, apparently seeking to gain strength therefrom, as he cast panic-stricken glances in every direction. Presently his eyes fell on the pie still clasped in his hands. A new question presented itself, a question of such overwhelming significance that it caused him to groan in spirit. Should he eat the pie? Years of experience had taught him that no greater insult could be offered his worthier half than to fail to appreciate her cookery. With this past knowledge he felt it incumbent upon him to eat the pie, though his spirit was crushed and his appetite languid. So ardently did he desire to ingratiate himself with Mrs. Skittles and to prove his utter contrition for having broken in upon her evening's pleasure, that he ate slice after slice with heroic fortitude. Fortunately Eddie Jo and Jinnie came to his assistance, and by the end of the evening the truth of the maxim that "the proof of a pudding is in the eating," had been amply verified, and Mrs. Skittles could find no ground for complaint.

But, the first link in the chain of disaster having been forged, others followed swiftly. On the homeward march Eddie Jo was taken violently ill. Mr. Skittles carried him nearly to the clearing, when he was seized with an indisposition himself. Mrs. Skittles, overtaking them, ordered a halt. She glanced at the other children shrewdly.

"Well," she said, shortly, "Rhoda Ray, I s'pose you've got the backache, and Bud the headache, and somebody else the toothache! A person would think it was Sunday morning!"

The children stoutly disclaimed these ailments, all except Jinnie and Eddie Jo—they pleaded guilty to them all. Mrs. Skittles, never one to encourage ailments, took the limp and dejected Jinnie by the hand and, leaving Mr. Skittles to bring the little boy, hurried on to the cabin.

Mr. Skittles, a few moments later, obediently deposited his burden on the doorstep and started away. To his surprise his knees began to wobble, and before he knew it he, too, was reposing on Mrs. Skittles's front steps. That worthy person, bustling about within, was becoming seriously alarmed about Jinnie. The child was alternating between paroxysms of pain and heavy stupors from which nothing could arouse her.

"Git the mustard, quick!" called her mother to Rhoda Ray, who had just climbed over the prostrate forms in the doorway.

RHODA RAY, with an unsuccessful effort to collect her chronically scattered wits, took a tin can from the end of the shelf.

"This here is the allspice!" thundered Mrs. Skittles; "ain't you got more sense—" She stopped short and sniffed the can suspiciously. "Why this ain't spice at all!"

"It's mustard," urged Rhoda Ray, feebly.

"It ain't!" cried Mrs. Skittles, in piercing tones; "it's insect powder, and I put it in the pie!"

(Continued on page 25.)



# What Happened to Hoag

BY

THOMAS TOPLEY

*UP to the present Hoag has been profoundly disturbed by two things—A System and a Shadow. The system was organized to take him in. The shadow refused to be incorporated. And it was the audacity of his shadow that set Hoag thinking on psychic presentments. In the instalment now running we trace Hoag from the Influence of the Shadow to the Power of the Screen*

X.

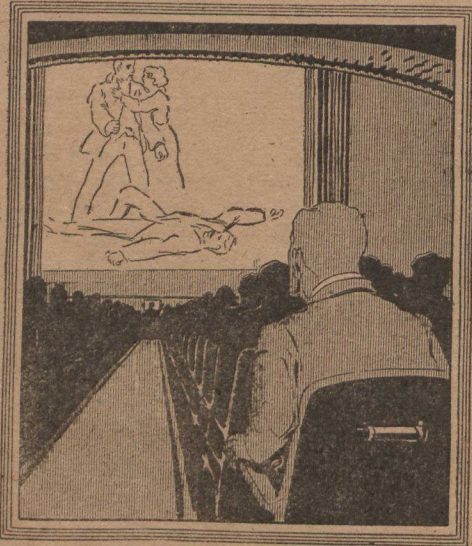
## HIS FIRST MOVIE

**H**OAG must be borne in mind as to two very distinct and contradictory types of man.

Almost Incurably Conventional; Quite Violently Impressionistic.

Under the first head he arranged most of his ethics. As a rule he never did a kind act that was not dictated by some old-fashioned motive for doing it.

Under the second head, Hoag became an astounding actor. Yet he knew no more about drama than the average man, had never studied acting, could not follow the critics when they compared Irving and



Robertson, and was as likely to be seduced by a musical comedy as by Shakespeare, if ever he could have been kidnapped into a musical comedy.

With this double-role definition in mind, we follow Mr. Hoag to his first movie. His interest in the screen, as you remember, was aroused in an amateur, scientific way when he considered it among all the new popular inventions. But he had always studied the phenomenon in the abstract. He had never gone to a movie. His second impulse, the one that led him to break his habit and go, was the sudden seance with his shadow in the office of Helen Munro, recorded in a previous instalment.

He purposely picked out a main street show that looked like a thriller, but spent no time scanning the posters because he wanted to give this thing a complete chance to work on his imagination. He shut out of his mind all preconceived notions of drama, since he did not suppose that really good actors ever appeared on the screen.

A gaudy patch of color lured him into its glare as an arc lamp attracts June bugs. He passed from the high-lights of the vestibule into the thick gloom of a back seat, and found himself at once a mere corporeal shadow along with hundreds of others in a long, narrow box, concentrating his vision

(Continued from last week.)

on a crackling, sputtering white and black spectacle that was no more like a stage than a motor car is like a parlor. That sheet with the sandpaper splotches of light and the scurrying, rushing figures, was just a huge patch of some city like the one he lived in, flung upon the screen by a hand of giant magic and set going at the speed of an express train.

Hoag's first impulse was to gasp. Then he laughed at the infinite burlesque, without any notion at first of what the scenario was all about. He was like the blind man recorded in Scripture—he saw men as trees walking. They were twice life size—like a shadow might be. They moved with incredible speed and strength. They seemed to come from nowhere and to depart mysteriously nowhither. They never stood or sat still. There was no rest. Every second of the time was occupied with ceaseless motion. One scene swung into another as a busy street-corner changes at the wand of a traffic squad man.

And the story was almost nothing. Yet everybody seemed capable of extraordinary things. The woman who fled, the villain who pursued her and the hero who chased the villain were all equally endowed with remarkable powers of action. These people were not fettered by the limitations of human bodies. They had the astonishing freedom of the gods.

When he rose to leave at the end of the reel, Hoag felt as though his head must bump the low ceiling; that he must almost step over the people next to him; that he was himself some such person as those on the screen.

But note what happened to Hoag as a result.

XI.

## HIS FELLOW-MAN

**M**R. HOAG not only seemed to himself to possess super-strength; he had also an overwhelming sense of benevolence. The amazing knight-errantry of the screen was for the time being his. He had not only seen, but had become part of a great miracle. And the street as he saw it was a vast movie that seemed, somehow, to be going much too slow. He hit up a tremendous clip, dodging about and among and almost over people who seemed like creeping mannikins. He had no intention of going home. Mrs. Bartop must be respected. In fact, if he arrived by two a.m. it would be time enough.

People in this condition are sure to get experiences. The world is full of ethical opportunities. Time and again Hoag had shuffled dejectedly home when he had seen nothing to arouse his ethical action and when the misery he encountered only plunged him into deeper gloom. It was all changed now, as in the twinkling of an eye.

For the best part of a mile Hoag sped up street bumping into all manner of people and leaping across corners in front of motor cars and trolleys. He was conscious of no absurdity. Everybody else seemed to him absurd. He felt as though he could have gone scurrying clean across the city like a super-ghost, and on out over the hills without any sense of fatigue. That was the merely physical side of his impulse. He knew it was foolish.

Now that he was up in the slower end of the main street not far from a residence section he began to slow up. The street seemed to be almost deserted. He wondered where he had better go next. Not home. No. Mrs. Bartop would be frightened. He must do something. Surely a city of that size could provide him with an opportunity at eleven p.m.

And it did. Past one hotel putting out its bar lights, Hoag swung along towards another; and between the two in a shady part of the street where nobody else was walking, one of the doorways suddenly gave birth to something that looked like a man. The person seemed also to be in a strange world to which he had as yet become unaccustomed, for he staggered across to a lamp post, reeled back to the wall and over to a telephone pole; and when Hoag came up to him there he was clinging to the pole, clothes awry, hat over one ear, eyes blinking and blazing up at Hoag, to whom he spoke in thick, disjected words.

The moment Hoag stopped the man detached himself from the pole and fastened himself to his coat-lapel.

"Shwanta go to bunk, pardner? Where the hell's a room? No, I don't want no dime for a bed. 'M no pave artist. Shwanta a place t' bunk. Git me, Steve?"

The words came in a wave of smell that seemed to belong to another world. And there was no particular room in creation that the man seemed to belong to. Hoag queried him about all the kinds of shelter he could think of, but as they all seemed





to imply benevolence, the man scorned them all, said he had no home, no boarding-house, no anything except what he called a skinful, and he implored Hoag.

"You—steer me round to Numb' Sheven shtation, pardner. The boys know me at Numb' Sheven. They'll gimme a——"

Totally against his ideas of what constituted ethics at that moment, Hoag took hold of the man to guide him to the police station. The man suddenly reposed such confidence in him that he consented to be dragged like a sack, on to a side street; until Hoag feared he would scuff out the man's clothes when he ducked and said unto him, "Here, get on my back, old top."

Obediently as a child, the man got on to Hoag, who, buoyed up by the strength of the movie, felt no fatigue as he carried him two blocks away from the main street into the receiving room of Number Seven, where he was at once relieved of his burden by a pair of constables.

Hoag began to give a circumspect account of how he had found the man; but all the response he got as one officer began to clean out the prisoner's pockets, at the Sergeant's wicket, was to be taken aside by the other and cross-examined as to what he meant by being found in tow of such a derelict.

"Something fishy about this man," said the officer. "For two cents I'd lock you up for the night and let you explain to the magistrate in the morning. Who are ye?"

Hoag fumbled from his pocket a card.

"Oh! Markhams, Ltd., eh? Yes, I've heard that gag before. This bumper says he used to be a yard hand at Markhams, but I guess they fired him because he had a game leg or something. Well, scat out o' this and see ye don't get in here again."

Which was one way of bringing Mr. Hoag back to the place of the commonplace in a hurry. So he went.

## XII.

## A BABY IN THE CASE

HOAG'S hunger for adventure was unsatisfied. The idea that a police system could come within an ace of hooking him in when he was doing good to other people gave him a great hankering for adventure Number Two, which befell him about midnight in the lower part of main street. The movie fronts were all dark now. The drunks were all in. After all, as he reflected, a drunk was not the best object of compassion; because drink dethrones reason.

Just as the city hall tower boomed midnight, in a scurrying light snow, Hoag—moving more slowly now—encountered a spectacle that at once made all his knight-errantry impulses leap within him. A wispy little wraith of a shabby woman, carrying broadside in a shawl what seemed to be a big, cumbersome baby. Hoag stopped short, lifting his hat:

"Pardon me, madam—but isn't that baby heavy for you?"

She gasped an incoherent reply, smiling.

"Won't you let me carry it for you?"

How could she refuse? The man's manner was so kind; he seemed such a gentleman; he could not possibly lead her into danger. This lady did not know Hoag, or what manner of experience he was working out of his system. Thankfully she gave up the child, which was indeed a big lump and quite asleep.

"Just down to Kristalo's," she said, indicating one of a group of Greek cafes, one of those marble-up, fruit-pyramided palaces of electric lights. And Hoag wondered. He had much preferred that she should be going home along a dingy street, up a rickety plank sidewalk into a ramshackle house. But things don't always cut themselves out according to the patterns of chivalry. Anyway, the woman was pale and thin enough and chattered quite volubly as Hoag carried the infant to one of the rooms behind a lattice-work screen, where seeming to be familiar with the waiter, the little woman ordered supper for herself, and some breakfast food and milk for the infant who



woke up and began to ogle Hoag with big, blue eyes and a smile.

Sublimely indifferent to the sidelong glances of other people and the smirk of the waiter, Hoag fed the infant while the mother ate, telling him that the child—he observed that—did not in the least resemble her, but was the image of its runaway father. The poor little woman, with her tale of woe, just suited the occasion. Hoag was almost sorry when the supper was done, and he presented the checks at the pay wicket, while the woman bundled up the child in the shawl again and the snow went scurrying past.

She said they would go home now—far up street, block after block, at one a.m., as late as Hoag had ever been out, and he saying never a word, wondering why she had taken the child out so late to have a supper at Kristalo's. Not more than three blocks from where he had encountered the drunken way-farer the woman turned on to a side street. The houses here were quite dark; battered roughcast things bordering on the rags precinct. At one of them, with a low light through a transom, she turned up the steps, softly pushed open the door and stood a moment, seeming to Hoag quite a little nervous.

But she made no move to relieve him of the baby.

"I'm sure it's very kind o' you," she said.

What a pale, washed-out little wreck she seemed to be under the light. At the top of the staircase she gave a low whistle. In a low light at the landing came a woman in white.

"Would you please bring the baby up?" said the mother.

Hoag went up, still wondering. The woman in white snatched the child and vanished.

"Please come this way?" said the mother, leading him back a passage into a narrow little bedroom. She turned on the light, placed him a chair, and closed the door. She herself sat on the bed.

So suddenly mysterious had been all her actions from the time he met her until now, that Hoag, with some difficulty, convinced himself he was not again at the movie. This little woman seemed to him a being from another world.

"Listen!" she said, quickly, as though she heard voices below.

Perhaps it was the child crying.

Hoag felt his muscles quivering with nervousness.

What was this film play? Was he dreaming? She leaned upon her elbows.

"Please don't look at me like that," she said. "I can't stand it. Not from you." She shuddered.

Hoag rose to leave.

"Don't go. Oh, please——" She stepped to the door and listened below. "The house may be watched. You understand?"

Never had he beheld so forlorn a creature. Shame had made her cold with a sort of fear.

"That was my own child," she blurted. "I told you a yarn about its father. It never had a real father."

She scanned his face as though he were guessing the rest.

"I know you think I'm a miserable, low-down

woman," she said, dejectedly. "And I am. But that's not all. I do work for myself. But the wages I get don't keep my baby. Oh, my God, man! Don't look at me like that."

Hoag stood close to her. She was trembling.

"Where do you work?" he asked.

"Me?" she said, more matter-of-factly. "I'm a clean-up hand at Markhams, Ltd., up at the factories. Why—do you know Markhams?"

"Slightly," he coughed, as though he were still dreaming. He put his hand in his pocket and took out a bank bill, which he laid on the dresser. "That's for the baby," he said. Buttoning up his coat he opened the door. With something like a sob the woman watched him go. In a dazed condition, almost crumpled into his clothes, he fumbled his way out to the street door, opened it softly—and was at once confronted by a policeman.

"Oh," said the officer, pulling him close to the transom light. "I think I've got your card in my pocket. You are Martin Hoag, of Markhams, Ltd. What are you doin' here?"

"My very good friend," said Hoag, in a queer, quiet voice, "I have just been trying to help a poor, wretched woman, who has done nobody any harm since I last saw you. There's nothing to go in for. She'll be at work in the morning at Markhams, Ltd."

"Markhams, Ltd.," replied the officer. "By gravy; do all the suspects on this beat belong to Markhams, Ltd.? Mr. Hoag, ye'd better be going home. I've been shadowing ye. And I guess your yarn's O.K. Anyhow, it'll do for now."

## XIII.

## WEALTH vs. MISERY

A LETTER from Markham, to Helen, dated at Mooseville, said, in a postscript:

Everything O.K. Story when I get back. Meanwhile keep newspapers fed up with the usual bunk. Can't afford to have any scoops in this story. Must come out when it does with an organized bang. Soft-soap the financial department of the Clarion. They're after my scalp.

H. M.

Markham stood well with all the other five papers. He held stock in two of them, and the other three were carrying large space ads every day. Helen earned part of her handsome salary by looking after the details of this publicity campaign, which she handled better than most men could have done.

Hoag knew that Markham feared the Clarion, which refused to carry any advertising of his. He knew what was going forward up north, because he had been too long in Markhams, Ltd., not to be able to track up the Markham psychology. He found himself intensely interested in these two things:

The New Cycle of Wealth represented by ore, railways, docks, ships and smelters;

The old Cycle of Misery embodied in a woman underpaid by Markhams, and compelled to use



"I was just thinking how a full-page display ad might look advertising Markham products."





"Elsie, you believe in ghosts."

her illegitimate child as a decoy for a house of ill repute.

What a deadly parallel the Clarion could make of these two Markham products if it only had the facts!

But as he well knew, Markham interests could not be jeopardized in the Clarion, whose readers were not stock-buyers, nor movers in the smart set and the opera crowd. The fact that several thousand wage-earners read the Clarion affected only the labor side of Markham interests. And the boss had been shrewd enough to spend money on labor athletics, had given thousands to the Labor Temple building fund, thousands more to the Y. M. C. A., to missions, and workingmen's homes. No matter which way the Clarion might turn outside the arc of Markham's huge inside interests, he was immune from attack. Markham subscribed liberally to campaign funds for either political party which he suspected of going to win, and was ranked as an independent. Boldly, secretly, openly, ceaselessly he was bolstering up his credit in the community and the country; and just as boldly hammering down opposition in his foundries, factories and machine shops. He had that amazing genius for organizing and capitalizing every available force in the community, always behind the tacit slogan, Nothing Succeeds Like Success.

All this Martin Hoag understood perfectly. Markham knew that he understood. Hence his desire either to convert Hoag into a loyalty factor in his interests, or to eliminate him. He preferred the former. Hoag eliminated might be a dangerous outside enemy.

A few minutes past three the day after his midnight adventures, Hoag noticed an unusual commotion in the secretary's office. She went into the big head office and closed the door. Through the crizzled glass partition he could see that she was busy at the telephone. He noticed that a lad had just fetched up the evening papers. Hoag slipped quietly out and got a copy of the Clarion. In his sentry-box he turned it over, and saw on the front page,

#### HAS MARKHAM FOUND A MINE?

The thing was pure conjecture, oddly near the truth. Hence the anxiety of Helen Munro to make sure that none of the morning papers scalped the item and that if possible the Clarion contradicted it next day.

After the girls had gone home she buzzed him in.

Hoag had never seen her act so much like the boss.

"You—saw that Mr. Hoag?" pointing to the mine item.

"I did, yes. Somebody's been guessing. I thought Mr. Markham was——"

She interrupted him.

"Now, Mr. Hoag, you may as well quit sparring. I know that you knew he had gone north for business—and big business. I'm taking you into my confidence because you make me. I can't

talk to the general manager of the factories or any of his superintendents. They run their own show, especially when he's away. But I've got that killed for all the other papers, anyway. I can't help the Clarion. Nobody reads it but the labor crowd, anyway—do they?"

He leaned across her desk.

He saw that she was powerfully worked up. He pitied her, because she was in the grip of Markham; because she feared him; because she feared more than all his fear of the Clarion—and Henry Markham feared that rag, as he called it, to the point of hysterical hatred. It was his one bogey. She had tried again and again to argue him out of it.

"What is there to fear?" asked Hoag, quietly. She sat down facing him.

"Everything—or nothing," she replied.

He smiled. "I should say—comparatively nothing."

Silence for a moment. She went to get her wraps. Her shadow flickered enormously over the walls. Hoag watched it.

"Why—do you look so?" she asked.

"I was just thinking," he replied, evasively, "of how a certain full-page display ad, handsomely illustrated, might look—advertising Markham products. That was all."

#### XIV.

### A MYSTERIOUS HOLIDAY

ELSIE CARNOVAN got a start next morning when she found herself finishing her ninth letter—and still no Mr. Hoag. She passed an inquiry along—was he ill, did anybody know? No one seemed to know. The machines clicked and clattered away as though he never had been missed.

Helen Munro had no knowledge of his whereabouts. Never in all the sixteen years of his Markhams experience had Hoag been absent from the office without notice.

During the forenoon many were the glances at the sentry-box. Elsie fumbled her work. Her head ached that day. There had been headaches that had vanished when Hoag came round. This one stayed and got worse. There had been idle surmises that Mr. Hoag was losing not only his grip of the office, but somewhat of his mind. Elsie could not think clearly about this. Compared to so many men she had met he was always out of his mind. She knew that of late he had become interested in the movies. And she wondered why. All the girls in the office were movieites. Elsie had been to a few shows herself, the queer little hysterical films that drifted out to the west end for the factory hands. The screen sometimes haunted her like a dream. While other girls chattered glibly about shows, she only recollected a shimmer of strange phantoms in a blur of high lights.

So, why had Mr. Hoag taken his sudden interest in the movies? She knew something of his interest in psychic phenomena, and had always fancied he should have been some sort of professor, with that quiet wizard's way.

But of course there was his office work; the boss away somewhere; the woman in the office; the marvelously growing system in the factories, foundries and machine-shops not far from Elsie's home. What would Mr. Hoag come to in all that? He was so vastly different from that tremendous person, Mr. Markham. Elsie found herself in many a day dream over those three; the strange bond between the two men through the young woman who had such a knack of understanding both business and men. The more Elsie thought about it the less she liked Miss Munro. She had no real ground for her dislike, except—well, except regarding Mr. Hoag. What was her real influence over him? How did he influence her?

Seldom had the two women exchanged even greetings. Miss Munro was not one for the likes of Elsie to aspire to.

But that afternoon, when Elsie's head throbbed and the letters on her machine went into a blur, and her fingers fumbled the keys into all sorts

of tangles with many and many a blunder to erase on a letter—she became suddenly conscious that Miss Munro was standing in front of her desk.

"Miss Carnovan, do you know any reason for Mr. Hoag's absence?"

"No, Miss Munro. Nothing."

"I have telephoned his house. His landlady knows nothing about him except that he left this morning as usual."

The two women exchanged glances.

Elsie rose.

"Please don't examine my work, Miss Munro. I'm not doing well to-day. I can't——"

Helen smiled.

"I understand—perhaps. But——"

A flash came to Elsie's face.

"You think I understand better? Maybe I do. Maybe I do. I believe that Mr. Hoag is to-day doing something he has never done before. I believe that he is here, when none of us can see him. He is here now. He is thinking about—some of us, somebody, not any of those who are doing best in the world, but about people who are in trouble, who don't succeed, who most always fail when left to themselves."

"Elsie, you are too religious. You believe in ghosts."

"I don't know that. But I believe that Mr. Hoag has the power to live outside of himself, as no man I ever knew had it. And maybe to-day he is doing a bigger work than ever he did, just because he is free, because there is nothing to stand between himself and his desire to do what he wants to do."

Helen Munro went back to her office.

She had reason long afterwards to remember Elsie's curious words.

#### XV.

### AND ANOTHER MOVIE

HOAG celebrated his return to the office—some days later and a day or two before the return of the boss—by doing what he expected to be considered the most outlandish thing of his whole career. He went about like a superman that day. He knew that to-morrow and the next day and every day after the return of Markham he would gradually be fed back into the system. For days now he had been in a different world. What it was he told nobody and none of them guessed. He had such an over-the-hills look that to Elsie he seemed like some of those much exhilarated people told about in the Bible.

Helen Munro decided not to quiz Mr. Hoag as to his absence. Let him speak for himself. But all day he said nothing; greeted her in the usual way and in the afternoon sent her a brief note with a very astounding request:

"Dear Miss Munro:

"You are to consider this request unconventionally. I ask of you as a personal favor to me, (Continued on page 25.)"



"Why didn't you tell me—who it was?"



# STUDIES *in* EXPRESSION

*A few of the Canadian Wild Animals that "Thompson Seton" did not get into his books*

By  
JOHN BOYD



**A** COON is a natural-born comic. Once we had millions of coons in Canada. But the people who buy cattle had to have coonskin coats and the farmers had to cut down the trees; so that between having to give up his own coat for one kind of man and his home for another, the merry little raccoon is forced to make his last stand in the Zoo.



**Y**OU know from the look on these young villains' faces that they don't dare tackle a full-sized hen.



**A** CHIPMUNK has a horror of dogs and small boys and he doesn't as a rule care much about cameras.



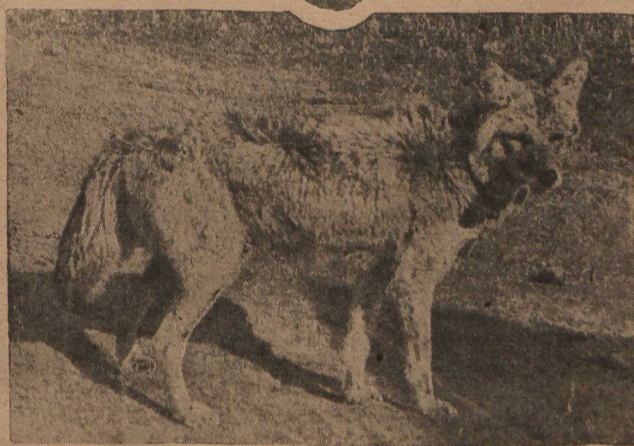
**O**NE of the diversions of the buck deer is the annual shedding of his antlers. And he seems to have no more regret at rubbing a complete set of horns off his head than a man has in putting away an old hat.



**D**ID you ever hear that delicate music-dream of Debussy known as The Afternoon of Fawn? Well, this is the animal it was written about. Impressionistic? Very.



**T**AMING squirrels was first practised in Central Park, New York. It is now a custom in Canadian cities. Black squirrels as a rule are not so hard to tame as the red variety, which is here seen eating out of the owner's hand—although he very likely has a cache of beechnuts somewhere.



**T**HIS coyote caged up in the Zoo is such a genial-looking creature.

**O**UR friend the ground-hog kept the camera-man hiding for an hour before he consented to come up and nibble corn.

**T**HE expression on the porcupine's face is one of the most difficult things for any camera to put on record.





# IF ENGLAND HAD . . . . .

By WILLIAM H. MOORE

## *A Short Study in a Strange Bond of Empire Based Upon Universal Tolerance*

**B**UT England didn't. She is bearing the big end of the Imperial war burden, a far bigger end than is her due, and bearing it without complaint, without reproach to the partners within the Empire; partners who once upon a time called loudly for a decisive voice in the management of the Empire, partners who were wont to boast of their superloyalty, who looked impatiently forward to the day when they would displace England's leadership.

Of the 439 million people within the British Empire, only 34 million are within England. Of the 439 million people within the British Empire, there are 25 white millions, mainly of Anglo-Saxon birth, outside of England. And yet when four men go "over the top" of the trenches which are called British, three are Englishmen; when four men are killed or wounded within the British lines, three are Englishmen.

The other man—the fourth—may be a Scot, an Irishman, a South African, a Hindu, an Australian, a Canadian, or a man from some other part of the Empire upon which in happier days we boasted the sun never set. And yet that other man, the fourth man, may also be an Englishman, one of those who, called by the spirit of wanderlust, went out into the Overseas Dominions, into the United States, to "foreign parts," only to return as a Canadian or as an Australian in the hour of the Empire's need. With singular generosity, England has not claimed these native sons; she calls them Canadians, Australians, and unsparingly gives the Overseas Dominions credit for their service. She may wonder at the "shire" dialects of the Canadian soldiers who walk the streets of London; she may look askance at the English addresses of their next of kin; she may be puzzled as to what has become of the native-born of Ontario, Quebec, and Manitoba—but she says nothing. It isn't English to say anything, and besides—

**I**F England had found fault with Ontario because Ontario's contribution of men was deficient as compared with her own, would Ontario have sent more? If, at the commencement of the war, England had called the men of Ontario "traitors," "cowards," and "slackers," because they had not realized their responsibilities of service, were not volunteering with the alacrity of Englishmen, would more—would as many—from Ontario have volunteered for overseas service? If England had sought to force Ontario, Manitoba, Saskatchewan, Alberta, into bearing a proportion of the war's burdens more like her own, had attempted to force them by derision and damnable words, would these provinces—or any of the nine provinces—have exerted greater efforts in the cause of Empire?

Heaven knows there was need of men! And more men! Would sneers at inferiority, reflections upon loyalty, charges of treason, have brought them?

If England had damned Australia as disloyal because the majority of its mainly Anglo-Saxon population had voted against conscription, would Australia have contributed more men, borne greater burdens of war? Would Australia before now have revised her decision on conscription?

The Empire needed unity, needed solidity, against a common foe. The Overseas Dominions have not done their share as compared with England—Australia, Canada, South Africa, none of the self-governing Dominions, have done what England has done, have done what is necessary to defeat Teutonism, to save the Empire. If Englishmen and the English press had, day after day, harped upon the failings of the Overseas Dominions, would we have had greater unity, greater solidity, within the Empire?

If England had said to Ontario what Ontario has said to Quebec, would the war be nearer won?

When the war broke out, we were all voluntarists. Voluntarism was a prided principle of British politics. Men might perform military service or not, as they pleased. The principle may have been wrong, but it was our principle. We boasted of it. But pure voluntarism had to go down in the cataclysm of the Great War which is shaking the foundations of idealism. And then came that unhappy era which has been called "compulsory voluntarism," in which men made themselves keepers of their brothers' conscience, in which men strove to drive their fellowmen into the trenches, by derisive words prodded them, goaded them—with words—to the front.

Ontario constituted herself the guardian of Quebec's duty to the

Empire. I will not pretend to say which way the Kaiser would vote in the election; but, if the Kaiser had had the selecting of a recruiting agent for Quebec, he would have named Ontario, for Ontario was doomed to failure.

Ontario, having undertaken the task of recruiting Quebec, Ontario's press gloated in the task, and day after day denounced the French-Canadians as disloyal, because Quebec's native-born sons were not volunteering as readily as her own.

**A** SHROUD fell upon recruiting in Quebec. There were French-Canadians who threw themselves whole-heartedly into the cause of French-Canada's contribution to the Empire, gave their sons—could give no more. It is true they fought an up-hill struggle to make a people, who had no near of kin in the war-zone, who had only a tradition of the European land from which their fathers sprang, believe that this war was theirs. A realization of responsibility, of the seriousness of the situation came none too readily to any of us. But the enthusiasm of the French-Canadian recruiter chilled and died with Ontario's interference. The task was hopeless. Ontario had paralyzed Quebec's French-Canadian war effort.

It seems incredible that the Press of Ontario should not have known that they could not raise soldiers in Quebec; should not have known that their activities in Quebec would not produce men, should not have known that they were daily harming, rather than helping, the cause for which they so volubly professed their love.

If England had said to Ontario, to Canada, to Australia, and to South Africa, what Ontario has said to Quebec—and she might have said more, with better reason—the Empire could not have held together. The Empire must have foundered in a turbulent sea of reproach. Nothing but England's generosity, England's sympathy, England's bigness, have held the roughly joined organism which men call Great Britain.

Was England's action, founded upon a wisdom acquired through centuries of experience with the men of all races and all religions, not good enough for Ontario? If England followed the path towards unity and success then Ontario trod the way that leads to disunity and failure.

Compulsory voluntarism came at its best from the bluff, honest, impatient, recruiting sergeant; at its worst from the able-bodied, serviceable civilian. The most violent denouncer of "slackers" I know, has a son of military age overseas—a civilian. The father may fume and condemn, may prate of loyalty, but he remains a totally ineffective recruiting agent—an object of scorn to those who know. And Ontario was mainly in mufti. One-half of Ontario's army has been drawn from one-eighth of Ontario's population—the British-born. And Quebec knew. Did Ontario make its irreparable blunder in an honest attempt to help the Empire, or did Ontario sacrifice the Empire on the altar of race-prejudice?

If England had—but England didn't. She just notched her belt more tightly and went "over the top" more often; she did as far as she was able what had to be done, what others might have done and ought to have done. That's England's way.

### Criticizing Other People's Opinions

**T**WO letters have been sent to the editor expressing anger over the publication of an article about the Pope in a recent issue of the Canadian Courier. The article in question was not a Canadian Courier article, but was reprinted from a high-class reputable magazine whose name was given and which, according to habit, assumed authority for the signed articles which it contains. In reprinting part of this article in a section of the Canadian Courier devoted to that purpose we made no profession of either endorsing or repudiating it. All we aimed to do, as in the case of any magazine on any subject, was to give the facts as they appear to the writers who may be right or wrong, reprehensible or otherwise, but whose opinions have nothing whatever to do with the opinions of the editor.



# THROWING STONES

*A Survey of Woman's Responsibilities in Votes for Women*

**P**EOPLE who throw stones, whether they live in glass houses or not, are very apt to damage their own property, but many of us have an extremely vague idea as to what we really possess and our responsibility in this matter.

Two little boys were throwing stones at the electric lamps on a quiet residential street. They experienced a fearful joy when one of the shots struck the mark and a glass globe fell crashing to the sidewalk. They started to run, then hesitated; there was no one in sight, but me, and as I appeared to be a harmless individual, they took aim at a lamp on the opposite side of the street. One of the stones fell short, the other glanced past and struck a large plate glass window in the house beyond. No damage was done, but as the noise was loud enough to be heard by the inmates the little boy who threw the stone ran away as fast as he could, while his companion tried to look innocent, but quailed before my reproving glance and volunteered the information:

"I didn't throw it."

"No," I said, "but it was you who broke the electric light globe. Why didn't you run away then?"

"Oh, they don't belong to nobody!" he said. "No one but the 'cop' can touch you for breaking them."

"You wouldn't try to break a lamp that belonged to you?"

"No m'm."

"Or to your father and mother?"

"No m'm."

"But it does. If your father and mother and I, and all the other people who live in this town did not pay to have these lights put here and kept in repair, the streets would be dark all night. Your father is one of the owners of that lamp. You will be another, as soon as you are old enough to vote, and then, when naughty little boys break it, you will have to pay your share in buying a new one."

I don't suppose he understood me. Duty to the municipality or the state is a matter wholly overlooked in the very schools which are founded and supported by the state which compels parents to educate their children, and the little boys who throw stones at the street lamps are no worse than the grown people who throw them at the government and yet remain indifferent to their privilege and duty of voting and helping to make that government better.

**A**LARGE number of Canadian women strongly objected to being granted the vote, others devoted a great portion of their time to endeavoring to obtain it, while the vast majority remained totally indifferent, but now, willing or not, we have been given the provincial franchise in Manitoba, Saskatchewan, Alberta, British Columbia and Ontario, while all who have near relatives serving in the army have received Dominion enfranchisement also. This duty and privilege comes to us at a critical moment when the honor of our country is at stake, when party politics have, for the first time in our history, been set aside.

In the exercise of the larger franchise we must not neglect the municipal vote, and to make sure of securing that every woman of 21 years or over who owns property assessed to the value of \$400 in cities or \$300 in towns, or \$100 in villages or townships, or who has an income of \$400, should personally see that her name is placed on the voters' list in the town hall before the 5th of December. The above qualifications apply to Ontario and vary somewhat in the other provinces, but it is important for each woman to ascertain what her voting privileges are, and to exercise them to the fullest extent. The voters' list is compiled from the assessment roll, and many names of women in receipt of small incomes, will be omitted if they do not take pains to see that they are registered. Married women who live in homes owned by, or rented in the name of, their husbands, can obtain a vote

By ESTELLE M. KERR

on property valued at more than \$800, if a new deed is drafted making her joint tenant of the property. A wife might also declare her housekeeping allowance as an income and pay taxes on it.

**T**HE qualifications for the provincial vote are simpler, viz.: an adult suffrage vote with a short residential qualification, but that vote is not an immediate issue. The most important thing to consider is the coming Federal election when every woman who is the mother, wife, widow, daughter or sister of any one (man or woman) who is on active service overseas, who has died while on active service, or has been honorably discharged, may vote.

Enumerators are employed to compile this list, but they are often careless. Perhaps you may be out when they call, or amongst other inmates, your name may be overlooked. It is your duty then to see that the mistake is rectified. Don't talk about the slipshod methods of the government when mistakes occur, but do your best to set them right. In one household the mistress sadly reported that having neither husband, brother, or son of fighting age,

she was debarred from voting and quite forgot to mention the fact that her cook had a son in the trenches. The domestic servant, while diminishing numerically, is increasing in wealth and power, her social position has also improved since many women whose daughters have married and whose sons have gone overseas have now taken up this employment in which they not only get high wages, but are able to live well with no expense.

A canvasser for the Victory Loan who found that the lady



of the house was blind to both the advantages and the patriotic duty of that investment, asked to see the maids. The mistress informed him that it would be of no use, but she called them in, and to her surprise the cook took 250 dollars worth of bonds and the housemaid \$100. At that the mistress, not wishing to be outdone by them, subscribed for \$2,000. The business girl is seldom overlooked at the time of patriotic collections, and she usually responds generously in spite of the increased cost of living. The domestic servant, untroubled by the soaring prices of foodstuffs, and removed from the daily temptations of the shops, usually has a tidy little bank account but, unlike the business girl, she seldom reads the papers and does not realize her duty as a citizen. She must be stimulated to use the franchise.

**W**OMEN students of political economy at our universities are increasing rapidly, but education in civics should begin at an early age and a text book on that subject which, through the efforts of the "Daughters of the Empire" will soon be introduced in the public schools, is sure to be a great benefit to the community.

The average school child believes that his is the finest country on the face of the globe, but what makes that country a good one to live in, is not the climate, nor the scenery, nor the wealth; it is the

government, and he should be taught at a very early age that it will be both his duty and privilege later to assist in the making of its laws. He is totally ignorant of the principles of democracy and is only vaguely aware of the existence of such a word; he is much more apt to hear of Conservatives and Liberals and his love of taking sides, instituted by sports, drives him into party politics. When I was at school I had the idea that a politician was necessarily dishonest and when a young man of my acquaintance ran for alderman I thought he had debased himself. It is just possible that some of the children of the present day are equally ignorant, never having been taught that the service of the state is a man's greatest privilege. We must remove this impression by seeing that the best type of men are elected for office.

**S**INCE our own children are so ignorant, what can we hope from the children of our foreign population, who are increasing far more rapidly than those of Anglo-Saxon derivation? How will we prepare them for future citizenship and voting privileges? How can we inculcate in them our national ideals? In the old country where the race is far less mixed, the teaching of patriotism is considered a vital problem, and surely with us it is doubly important. In their efforts to supply this need the Welsh Board of Education has published a book, on the cover of which the word "Patriotism" appears in impressive isolation.

"In 'our country,'" we read, "every boy and girl, every man and woman, has a share; in serving 'our country' every one must take a part. The symbol of the unity of the scattered peoples who belong to 'our country' is the Union flag. That unity shelters us and keeps the British Empire together. A proof of what we owe to our unity under that flag is the security we enjoy to-day under its splendid protection."

"This, then, is 'our country,' to which we are proud to belong; this the land which we must be willing to serve: these the liberties we should be eager to defend, even to the last drop of our blood. In serving and defending 'our country' we believe we are doing service to the human race. The British Empire—'our country' in its widest sense—does not consist of subjugated nations; it is the home of free peoples: therein lies its strength and the ground of our pride in it. We must see to it that we keep it free: we must strive to make it better."

Here is another admirable passage which follows a list of some abominable acts by the Germans:—

"No man, and no nation, imbued with the true spirit of Patriotism would practise or approve them. Not enough to think we are right in our conduct towards other nations: we must be sure that we do right—must, by our high standard of conduct, convince other nations that we 'play the game' fairly."

Again:—

"A hundred years ago our fathers had to face a terrible danger—as we do now—that of seeing their liberties swept away by Napoleon, whose armies threatened Europe as Germany's do to-day. They rose up and fought until they won, and, by their sacrifices, they gave their children and grandchildren safety for a hundred years. It is now our task to do the same—our fathers' voices are calling to us, 'We did it for you—you do it for your children'; that is why we are at war now. These hundred years of security, for which our fathers paid a heavy price, have given us increased wealth and comforts."

The Welsh Department acts in all sincerity, for, as the Welsh proverb says: "Hateful is the man who does not love the land in which he was reared."





# HELPING YOU to KEEP POSTED

*A Boost for a City*  
*The American Magazine*

*To Mobilize the Eskimos*  
*The Outlook*

WHAT'S THE PROSPECT FOR IRELAND?

**A**N Irish Republic is out of the question. Sinn Fein, good as it is in some things, bad in others, can never be allowed to create a stamping-ground for an enemy of England. The Irish Coast is 20 miles from England at its nearest point. A modern siege gun can throw a shell ten miles further than that. Hence an Irish Dominion may be possible; an Irish Republic—might be British suicide.

*Adventures in Africa*  
*The Wide World*

*Peace By Christmas*  
*From John Bull*

**V**ERY likely the labors of the Dublin convention will fructify at any time now, and although all the deliberations have been kept privy to the council chamber, what little light has leaked out between the chinks illuminates the idea that the convention is surely shaping a proposal that Ireland shall be given the status of a Dominion in the British Empire.

The Sinn Feiners are officially "out" of the convention—a clear enough indication that the convention is not getting het up over any proposal that Ireland shall become an independent sovereign power. The Ulster extremists are sitting back "at home" pooh-pooing the convention as a perfect farce—which can only mean that a banshee has been set upon the proposal that Ireland should be divided.

Ireland as a Dominion seems to be the only compromise which could hold the opposing factions in debate for so long a time. Those who favor the idea as a solution of the "Irish difficulty" say that Home Rule as Colonial Independence—the status of a Dominion—is well known throughout the British Empire and that the granting of such a status to Ireland will not dislocate the constitution either of Great Britain or of the British Empire. The existing Dominions, they say in effect, have flourished under such a form of government, they are prosperous, contented and loyal to the British Empire. Ireland will liken the other Dominions in all these qualities, they say—if she be granted the status of a Dominion. Mr. Childers, one of the ablest among the apologists for Home Rule and a vehement advocate of the doctrine that Ireland should be given and should accept the status of a Dominion, says:

"History apart, circumstances demand this solution. It is the best solution for Ireland, because she needs precisely what the Colonies needed—full play for her native faculties, full responsibility for the adjustment of her internal dissensions, for the exploitation, unaided, of her own resources, and for the settlement of neglected problems peculiar to herself. As a member of the Imperial family she will gain, not lose. And the Empire, here as everywhere else, will gain, not lose."

Mr. A. V. Dicey, in a lengthy article published in the "Nineteenth Century Review," weighs many of the arguments for and against the projected policy and concludes with a recital of what he considers to be "the insuperable objections" to such a policy. The close neighborhood of England to Ireland affords a main reason why for England it is all but impossible to give to Ireland, even as a mere experiment, the status of a Dominion. "Note the differences between

Ireland and the present five Dominions," he says. "The Dominions are as a body rich and prosperous. Ireland is, to say the least, far from a wealthy country. The Dominions have most of them the prospect of becoming flourishing and powerful nationalities. Ireland has no such prospect. There has never been any lengthy and lasting feud between the Dominions and the United Kingdom. Ireland and England have before and since the formation of the United Kingdom been distracted by secular feuds, measured not by years, but centuries. The Dominions are, every one of them, divided from Great Britain by thousands of miles. Ireland lies at one point within about twenty miles of Great Britain. The distance between the two countries, measured now not by space, but by time, lessens every day."

To give to Ireland the status of a Dominion will involve the gravest danger to Great Britain. The refusal to grant the status of a Dominion to Ireland rests on reasonable grounds. For the bestowal of such a status would have two results which do not flow from the existence of the five Dominions. It would, in the first place, mean the actual diminution of the United Kingdom. It would, in the second place, mean the raising up of an all but independent country within about twenty miles of Great Britain. A separate Government and Parliament in Ireland would have the means of weakening the action of Great Britain even in peace time. It is, indeed, almost superfluous to insist that during a war the power of Ireland as an independent Dominion might seriously and injuriously affect the course of affairs in Great Britain.

Even under the old system of war, which existed until towards the end of the nineteenth century, every enemy of England meditated or tried to execute an invasion of Ireland. This held specially true of the revolutionary governments of France.

If anyone thinks that an Irish Parliament or a portion thereof might not have been led to render a great service to Germany in the course of the war, let him consider what would have been the effect upon England and upon the world of a resolution passed, or even supported, by a large part of an Irish Parliament which, on August 3, or, say, August 5, had declared that Ireland protested against the war with Germany, or was of opinion that Ireland ought to take no part in the war. It is vain to argue that no party in Ireland could ally itself with or receive help from German despotism. The rebellion of 1916 gives the lie to such a statement. No doubt the rebellion was not consciously fostered by most, if by any, of the Parliamentary Nationalists.

## In Praise of Detroit—

**O**VER in the United States they take great pride in their cities and towns. In certain magazines every now and then—sometimes several articles in a row—we come across city articles, written in a breezy, interesting style. One of the latest of these is an appreciation of Detroit, where so many thousands of people buy motor cars; the city which is only prevented from being annexed to Windsor, Ont., by the accident of an international boundary in the shape of half-a-mile-wide of Detroit River, the city where young—young people one might say, lest you infer smugglers—don't have it all their own way. And it's H. M. Nimmo, editor of *Detroit Saturday Night*, who in the December *American*, writes of his own town.

Detroit, says Mr. Nimmo, has the usual accoutrements of the major American city—a baseball team that can at times play baseball, a municipal government that ought to know better, slums and an art museum, plenty of business and plenty of golf, a cabaret belt and a lobster zone, and suffragists happily more hopeful than bellicose. But Detroit has something else that every major American city is not blessed with—an abundance of red-blooded men and a neighborhood spirit that sudden bigness has not killed.

When you visit Detroit any one, or more, of several thousand organizations is ready to welcome you, if you let them know you are coming. We elected one man mayor of Detroit four times because he made such nice welcome speeches, and we used to hang a welcome sign on the city hall for everybody, including conventions of undertakers and em-

balmers. But it wore out.

If you want to be President of the United States you will find it encouraging to open your campaign here, as Mr. Hughes did; or deliver one or two "non-partisan" addresses here, as Mr. Wilson did; or let everybody here know early in the game what you think of them, as Mr. Roosevelt did. If you are a poor foreign brother, unlettered in the language of the land, unskilled in the art of making a living, and overtaken by unemployment, you will find a board of commerce here whose members will make it their business to see that you are comforted if they cannot get you work, and will show you why and how to become a good American. If you are an advertising man, which seems to be customary nowadays, you will be greeted by many of your own kind who will put you up at their club whether you like it or not, and instruct you how to go after the tougher prospects. And if you really must have some of the stuff that cheers, they will take you to a place with a rail to rest one foot on while they explain to you that Billy Sunday is a great and good man, and why they voted for prohibition in Michigan.

It is usual to say that the automobile did this for Detroit. Certainly the automobile has done most of it, though it is not to be forgotten that we are making everything from ships to pills, and making it in quantities. What the automobile did besides requisitioning new factories, and importing employees by the thousands, was to inject fresh vitality into the life of the community. The speed of the machine itself stirred our blood, the ingeniousness of it stimulated our intellectual interest, the romance of it charmed us, the art of it fascinated us. Here,

we said, is something to the liking of men, women and children alike. We will make it for them, for they will want it. So our mechanics turned their deft hands to it, and our capitalists took chances on it; and it grew, and here it is; and everything it typifies has got into our marrow and reinvigorated us. It is the very symbol of life—power, grace, efficiency, harmony, easy effort. No wonder we love it. We cannot live without it, and we cannot get buried without it. Children cry for it, and visitors unacquainted with our driving manners frequently swear at it. They have even been known to refuse to cross a street in the evening without a tail-light.

## —Eskimos to the Rescue

**A**T last—if Christian Leden, explorer, has his way—the farthest north people in the world are to help win the war. People who as yet don't know there is a war should be producing food for civilization. The Eskimos of Canada, in short, should come to the rescue of a distressed civilization. And it all seems so possible. The resources of the whole world, says Leden, are on the verge of exhaustion, and it is a duty not to overlook any corner of the earth whereby replenishment might come. Even under the primitive conditions of the Eskimo, with his crude spear and bow and arrow, he is a very clever hunter, capable of killing game where a white man would fail. He kills much more than he can possibly use for his own consumption. His religious belief tells him he must kill all animals he meets or sees, for they were expressly sent by



the spirit world for him to kill. If he fails to do so, he thereby offends the spirit world and it would never send him any more game. And so great quantities of game are killed and left to sink into the sea or to rot upon the land as bait for the wolf and the fox, who are later hunted for their skins.

The Eskimos could furnish an army of hunters. The able-bodied men of the seven tribes I visited on my last expedition alone would amount to about five hundred and fifty. I have seen a single man kill a hundred caribou or wild reindeer in three or four days, and a boat crew of four kill thirty to forty walrus in about three days. All this is done with primitive weapons. The Eskimo still uses the harpoon for killing the large sea mammals like the walrus, baluga, and seal, and a special deer's spear for killing the caribou as it migrates south in the fall. He knows the routes of the migrating caribou and he lies in wait for them near some big lake or river where he knows the caribou must cross. The herds are enormous, ranging from ten thousand to seventy thousand head. Thousands of caribou are killed and hauled to the shore. Only so much is stored as is necessary for the winter food, and the rest is scattered for bait for the wolf and fox.

Besides the fall and winter hunt for caribou there is a spring and summer hunt for the great sea mammals. Three hundred of the five hundred and fifty able-bodied hunters could easily bring in twenty walrus and twenty balugas each. A walrus furnishes about fifteen hundred pounds of meat, one thousand pounds of oil, and five hundred pounds of leather; the baluga, or white whale, a good deal more. Objection might be made against all this food that a white man, being unused to it, would find it distasteful. This certainly cannot be said about the Arctic caribou, which is acknowledged by all who have ever eaten it to be the best and most tender of all venison. The meat of the walrus and the whale makes excellent eating when correctly prepared. I myself have, during my life among the Eskimos, often lived principally on walrus and whale meat for months at a time, and found it very good.

In September, when the salmon leaves the salt water and goes up the rivers, it is caught by means of stone traps and then speared. The Eskimo builds several stone walls across the river and leaves one stone out in all the walls except the topmost, so as to give a free passageway to the salmon as it goes up the river with the incoming tide. When the tide turns, the Eskimos close the openings in the lower walls, and at low tide they wade out into these small closed compartments where the salmon are trapped and spear them with their kakivak, or salmon spear. This slaughter of salmon may take many days, and they get hundreds, sometimes thousands, in one river.

Later in the fall, when the ice is formed on the lakes, the Eskimo cuts holes in the ice and fishes the salmon. This is done by attracting it with a little piece of walrus ivory carved to look like a fish, which is kept moving by the help of a string of deer sinew. Later on in the winter and in the spring, when the salmon gets rather hungry, it is caught merely by a bait and fishing-hook. The Eskimo woman goes out upon the ice and breaks a hole and angles for salmon. Six hundred persons could bring in about three hundred salmon a year each. This would make 180,000 salmon at an average of ten pounds each, or 1,800,000 pounds of salmon.

One ought to include also the oil and the skins of about thirty thousand seals caught each year as valuable matter.

But, supposing that a company were to utilize the labor energy of other Eskimo tribes not mentioned here, and other animal fields as well, then the amount of foodstuffs and other material could be tripled. A whole line of trading posts could be erected all the way from Hudson's Bay to North Greenland, and the hunting field of the Arctic islands between Canada and Greenland could be exploited. Here the big Greenland whale, which furnishes an enormous quantity of meat and oil, can still be caught.

A very important factor is the drying of this food, if one considers methods of facilitating shipping and transportation, which is the most important problem of warfare now. It must be remembered that one pound of dry meat is equal to five pounds of raw meat, so that one needs only one-fifth of the usual

tonnage for shipping. The Central Powers have used pemmican for their armies from the very beginning of the war, while many of the Allies are only just now beginning to use concentrated food.

The drying is very easily done by the Eskimos, who are skilled in the art, having done this work for hundreds and perhaps thousands of years. The method is simple. The meat or fish is cut up in strips and hung up in the wind and sun. In the spring and the first part of the summer it takes only a few days to dry the meat even in the Arctic climate. Another way of drying is to lay the strips of meat on flat rocks. This method needs a little more watching, for it is necessary to keep turning the strips so that both sides are dried equally.

It is indeed time that so-called civilized man should learn a little practicality from the Indians and Eskimos, who have practiced the art of drying food for centuries. The dried food contains all the nourishment of the fresh. It is the most-practical way of preservation, besides reducing the problems of transportation to such an enormous extent.

## —Adventures in Africa

**D**URING the last forty or fifty years zoological societies have sprung up in ever-increasing numbers, till at the present day there are upwards of a hundred zoological collections in all parts of the world, besides large numbers of traveling menageries and private collections. The public, when admiring the animals, completely fail to realize the dangers and hardships which have had to be faced in obtaining them. Perhaps a few of the

### KINDRED SPIRITS



But the greatest of these is William Hohenzollern.  
—Rochester Union and Advertiser.

experiences in Africa of John Alfred Jordan, as told in *The Wide World*, will enlighten them.

In the year 1910 I was commissioned by a large American firm to secure specimens of all kinds of big game for them. I proceeded to the Kisi country, hoping to find what I wanted in that district.

In British East Africa one is not allowed to kill female elephants, so my idea was to scare the mothers away by firing a few shots near them. When we got within two hundred yards I made my boys place the ropes and nets that we had brought with us along a patch of forest, tying them so low that the adults could easily step over, but the young ones would get entangled. The boys soon had the work done; then came the difficulty of heading the animals in the direction I wanted. Placing some boys in trees to yell at the top of their voices, I worked round the unsuspecting beasts, and fired a shot, which soon put them on the alert. Seeing they were heading towards my trap, I fired a few more rounds, and away they bolted. Only one, however, stamped over the ropes with her calf, the others going off to the right. The mother blundered over the ropes, breaking them, but the baby got his little

feet entangled in the nets. The boys yelled, and I continued firing, hoping to scare the mother right away. Seeing that the young elephant stood a good chance of getting free, I approached with a rope, intending to lasso it. It was screaming with anger, and I had just got the rope over the youngster's neck when the mother charged back, attracted by her offspring's squeals. Before I could get out of the way she swung her trunk round and hurled me yards into the bush.

What immediately followed, I did not see, as I was temporarily knocked out; but the boys told me that she ripped up the net, released her baby, and then pushed it with her head, literally butting the little animal along in front of her. It was useless to follow her, so I thought I would turn my attention to animals we could kill if they charged.

Word was brought to me that some Lumbwa warriors had seen a rhino with her calf about six miles from where I was camped. For two hours we followed through the forest. At last we emerged from the forest on to a small plain, and there before our eyes stood my quarry, about two hundred yards away. I approached within fifty yards and killed the mother with my first shot. The baby scampered away, whereupon I took a rope from one of my boys and lay alongside the dead body. It was not long before the youngster came back to find his mother, and while he was smelling round the carcass I launched the rope at him, catching him securely round the neck. I had tied the end to the mother's leg, so it was impossible for the little chap to get away. He squealed just like a pig when the boy threw a net over him so that he should not be injured by his struggles. We tied the legs together with cloth, and then, cutting two stout poles, we slung another net in the form of a hammock, in which we placed our captive. It took two relays of boys, eight each time, to carry our prisoner back to camp. Here I let him loose, hobbling his legs so that he could just walk about. In a week he was on the best of terms with everyone, even my dogs, and followed me about all over the place. I christened him Tommy, and we looked after him well, for his value was about six hundred pounds.

## —Peace by Christmas

**O**UR sturdy, non-pacifist John Bull, speaking through Horatio Bottomley, editor, wants to know, in a recent issue—What Price Peace by Christmas? Bottomley, as pictured in a recent issue of this paper, has been over at the front. So he writes with a realistic assurance when he says:

There can be no denying it—Peace is in the air. Even the most lugubrious and dismal of Jeremiahs now talks of nothing worse than a winter respite, with the end in the Spring, and at the same time guards himself with all kinds of reservations about a possible collapse of the enemy before then. I have met only one man lately who thinks that the war "isn't half over"—and he is a Government Contractor! Clearly a case of the wish being father to the thought! On the other hand, the atmosphere is charged with those strange "presentiments" which so often precede big events—one of the most persistent of them being that the Kaiser is about to abdicate. And you might do worse than keep your eye on that presentiment. Be prepared for any trick to paint Germany as a "democratized" nation—in order to meet the first condition of the Allies for Peace negotiation. How the Politicians, and especially the Labor men, will fall into the trap! There is only one way to get a democratized Germany—you must crush and annihilate Kaiserism; merely to suspend it won't do. The Hohenzollerns, like the Romanoffs, must go—their dynasty must be destroyed. It will take a lot of killing. And the danger is that the national character whom this journal endeavors to personify is such a casual, good-natured and forgiving fellow. A hundred years ago, you may remember, this is how Washington Irving described him: "Though really a good-hearted, good-tempered old fellow at bottom, John Bull is singularly fond of being in the midst of contention. It is one of his peculiarities, however, that he only relishes the beginning of an affray; he always goes into a fight with alacrity, but comes out of it grumbling, even

(Continued on page 25.)



## MEN AND EVENTS

## Boots and the Man

*Remembering One Who Pushed His Boots Into All Sorts of Places That He Might Have More Joy in Being a Man*

By AUGUSTUS BRIDLE

**B**ECAUSE the average citizen of any town big enough to have a park doesn't know a rag-weed from a cat-tail flag; and the average Board of Trade couldn't tell you the name of any bird around the town smaller than a wild goose or a bald-headed eagle—one who knew pretty well the late Sam Wood, of the Toronto Globe, prefers to say a word or two. Not on behalf of Sam. No, Sam is all right. He always was a happy man; much happier than he sometimes looked with that big, pale, Indian-chief face and the black hair, striding along in his great leg boots out to the marshes, away from the smoke of the town into the uplands where he could get the air and hear the music of heaven.

Yes, Sam Wood simply had to have a natural hobby that would add to the joy of natural living; because he was a citizen of a city that cares nothing about nature. In eulogizing Sam Wood's work as a naturalist, and as a writer about birds and plants and wild things once a week on the editorial page of the Globe, one remembers how sadly in need of Sam Wood Toronto was. Some day the same thing will be said about John Ross Robertson, who for half his life has been as busy locating the landmarks inside Toronto as Wood used to be ferreting out the flowers and the birds and the little creeping things that never get down into a city because man is such a kill-nature animal. Sam Wood did Toronto a great work and Toronto took a long while to wake up to the fact. Even in the days before the place began to over-run the hills and to shut out the sky, Sam was prowling about in all manner of unusual places to get something to write about for Saturday's Globe. And in those days about one in every ten Globe readers could tell you what Sam wrote about last week, whether it was the sandpiper on the edge of the Island, or the groundhog out on the York hills.

But the Wood clientele grew by force of habit. Every week that quiet, human, kindly column stuck in there among the brawling politics and the noise about the city hall, slowly attracted and comforted a larger and larger class of readers. Some years ago it was suggested openly two or three times in a Club of art-workers and nature-lovers that Sam should collect these casual nature talks and put them into a book. Two years ago the book was brought out, ably decorated by another nature-disciple, Rupert Holmes, artist. That book should be in every public school, High school and Sunday school in Canada. Because it is one of the best all-Canadian books ever written, and because it pleasantly beguiles people into studying nature.

It only happened that Sam Wood was planted in Toronto to do such a work. Had he been set down in Vancouver or Winnipeg or Montreal or Halifax he would have done the same thing. He did it because the town often got too small and too fretful and too smoky; and because the marsh and the hill and the sweeping clean sky had a message which he could catch and hand on to other folks too busy to get out of town on a week-day, or too pious to go nature-tramping in leg boots on Sunday.

**B**ECAUSE 400,000 people in modern Toronto never walked on anything but a lawn, a sidewalk or a floor, except in High Park, Wood went booting up the Don Valley away on down in the wilderness of Ashbridge's Bay, out on the edge of the sand-dunes of the Island, into the morasses of Grenadier Pond and up the gorge of the Humber. He never came back without something new. Nature to him, the old, old story, was the thing that was everlastingly new. Man, building his little walls, his skyscrapers, his factories and his office was the tired and worn-out thing. Nobody ever saw Sam Wood in the Albany Club. But because he went out to nature with an open soul, even the members of the Albany Club might remember once in a while that there is such a thing as a night-hawk in nature. Canada has several hundred towns and cities in need of a man who did the work of Sam Wood.



**T**HE Germans invented war gas. They are being paid back with interest. The Allies have some gases that are worse than Germany's. This is an illustration of American soldiers rehearsing liquid fire for use against the Germans.



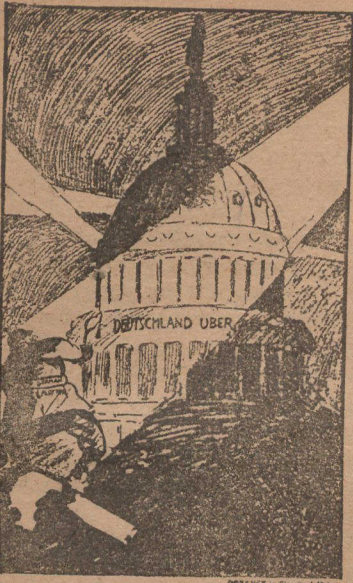
**F**RANCE'S new Premier, Georges Clemenceau, may not expect to be Premier till the end of the war. He may not care whether he does or not. He has again succeeded in proving that when you rouse a Tiger he is apt to draw blood. Clemenceau is one of the men in whom the spirit of the French Revolution survives.

**A**UGUSTE RODIN, France's greatest sculptor, died last week. He succeeded in making sculpture a national hobby. He made the people understand the sculptor's art because he refused to be a photographer, and because he exaggerated realism in order to "get across" an impression.

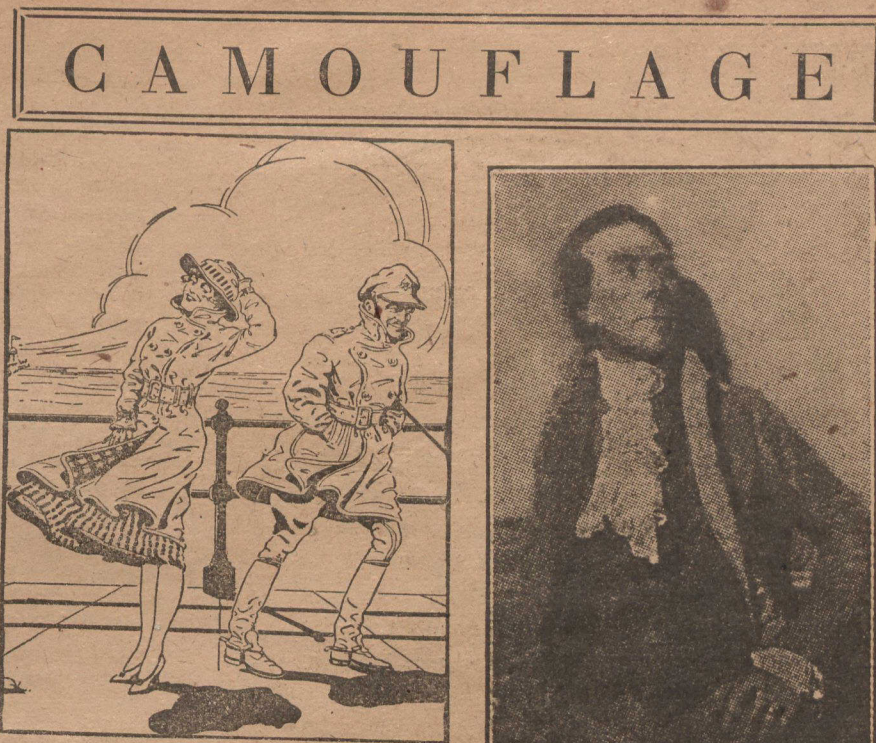


**O**RATORY has taken the place of gunnery in Russia. Lenine haranguing a crowd is a fair sample of how talk can disorganize a country at war by making a democracy of an army.





ONE thing that attracted attention in this neat little American cartoon was that Donahey, of the Cleveland Plaindealer, camouflaged an idea which originally appeared on the editorial page of the Canadian Courier. Our cartoon, made by our staff artist at the time that Balfour and Joffre were in Washington, showed those two able men of affairs climbing up the Capitol to lift the German helmet off the dome.



WE are indebted to our former advertising manager, Lieut. Allan, of the 248th Battalion, C.E.F., for a copy of Stars to Chevrons, a clever illustrated monthly devoted to what Canadians think they are doing at some of the overseas training camps. The camouflagic inscription on the picture says, "Official communique; weather conditions reported favorable for observation."



GEORGE ARLISS finds himself photographed in Vanity Fair as "Our greatest character actor." In fact, Arliss is so eminent in this kind of camouflage that in one play he made himself quite Dizzy.



MRS. VERNON CAMOUFLAGE CASTLE (in the air) dancing at the Century Revue in New York, as she appears to the silhouettist in the New York Times.

# THE CONTROL of the MIDDLEMAN

*It is the Business of the Food Controller to Regulate, Not to Abolish This Business Agent*

IN pre-war times we had great faith in competition. We believed that competition, if it could be maintained, would always pull down the mighty from their seats and reduce their profits to the general level. The "law" of supply and demand was the idol of many economists and of more business men. It is true that everybody was busy trying to destroy the competition whose virtues—for other people—he extolled. But we still trusted to it, till the war came. Whatever may have been true of ordinary times, in these extra-ordinary times competition proved a broken reed. Burdened as we were by the war we tried to lean upon it, as usual, and it broke beneath the weight. It had been bruised before, by combinations of all kinds, but now it broke. For that—and other—reasons the government resorted to a political prop, called Price Control, and threw away the broken reed.

Why did competition fail to render its usual service? Because, owing to unprecedented conditions of scarcity, the urgency of the buyer was greater than the urgency of the seller. It does not matter how many sellers there are, if the demand is urgent enough they enjoy a monopoly position. They can make their price. Of course the sellers took the opportunity—and let us be honest and confess that those of us who are not middlemen would generally have done the same. There has been too much throwing of stones by glass-house dwellers in this matter.

The war put the middlemen, at any rate the bigger middlemen, the wholesalers, warehousemen, etc., in a strategic position. The urgency of demand gave them a strong hold of the situation. It made profit-making easy, it made manipulation of the market easy. Prices were moving upward. They rose between the time of delivery and the time of sale. The rising market gave great opportunity for speculation. There were risks, of course, for who knew what a day or an hour might bring to pass? But those who took the risk of the market generally won. The possibilities for gain in this direction are evident from the following table of wholesale prices extracted from the Labor Gazette of September, 1917:

Wheat, No. 1 Northern, per bushel, Winnipeg—

(Fifth of a series of articles on the limits and possibilities of Price and Food Control.)

By PROF. R. M. MACIVER

July, 1916, \$1.15; Jan., 1917, \$1.84½; July, \$2.40.

Flour, first spring wheat patents, per bbl., Toronto—July, 1916, \$6.70; Jan., 1917, \$10.10; July, \$13.10.

Beef, dressed, hindquarters, per 100 lbs., Toronto—July, 1916, \$17.00-\$18.00; Jan., 1917, \$15.00-\$17.00; July, \$18.00-\$20.00.

Bacon, breakfast, per lb, Montreal—July, 1916, 24½c-25c; Jan., 1917, 27c; July, 34c.

Potatoes, per bag, Toronto—July, 1916, \$1.90; Jan., 1917, \$2.50; July, \$3.00.

The possibilities were there, without doubt, and that they became actualities many a balance sheet revealed.

Against such "profiteering" by middlemen, in the case of food products, the Food Controller has definitely undertaken to safeguard us. "There has not been, and there will not be, an instant's hesitation to bring to bear all the powers of the Food Controller against any producer or middleman whom we find in our present investigations to be making an undue charge for his services"—nothing could be more definite than this promise. Here is clearly a region where control, limiting the margin of profit, would not affect production at all, and therefore is not open to the objection which might be urged against lowering the price of the producer. But even here the way of success is not the short and easy scalping of prices which is sometimes advocated.

Mr. Hanna, like Mr. Hoover, has found that the Price Control must be a science.

It is a hard task at the best, full of the peril of every undertaking for which experience has blazed no trail, liable besides at every step to offend some interest or another. If it followed haphazard ways and made quick un-thought-of decisions, Price Control would speedily become impossible. It must pursue a scientific method or none at all.

First it is necessary to have a list or register of

the producers and middlemen of every kind and for every important food commodity. Then it may be necessary, in order to secure control of this register, to license the middlemen in some or all categories. This step has been made possible by order in council, and Mr. Hanna is now busy acting on the powers so obtained. A far-reaching step on similar lines was taken in the States on November 1st, an order being issued making it necessary for all handlers of foodstuffs to take out licenses. Registration makes the next step possible, the investigation of costs and profits. The registered dealers make regular returns, and, when doubt arises, a staff of experts can determine the true profits. Of course, there will always be some dealers in a better position to make profits than others. If the fixed price is a "flat" price, they will still make more than average profits. Well, it is hard to see why the Food Control Department should act as an equalizer of profits, when those who make them differ so much in abilities and opportunities. In any case there is the excess profits tax lying in wait for the too favorably situated middleman or producer. An alternative system is indeed possible, by which the government would take over the whole supply of a commodity, giving all the sellers a "reasonable" margin over their costs, and reselling the same at an average price. But this system of pooling, adopted by England in the case of sugar, bristles with such obvious difficulties that it is most unlikely to be adopted as a method of control. All the Food Controller can do is to fix a reasonable rate or margin for a class of dealers.

So far so good. And yet, when all is said, the "spread" which most affects the consumer occurs at a later stage of distribution than those we have been considering. A wholesaler, warehouseman, jobber, etc., can make enormous profits often on a fraction of a cent per lb., as in the case of bacon. But the fraction of that fraction which Price Control might remit to the consumer would not greatly comfort him. It is in the retailer's hands that, inevitably, the greatest "spread" occurs, perhaps twenty or thirty or fifty times the "spread" at any earlier stage of distribution. And here a difficulty lies which might well dismay the most stout-hearted advocate of price surgery.



# Under Command of General Retreat

WE shall gain nothing at this stage of the game by an attempt to impute the blame for the Italian reverse. It may be that Cadorna attempted his great offensive against the advice of his French and British coadjutors, or that he was unmindful of the weakness of his left wing far to the north. It may be that he asked for aid, and that his demand was neglected or insufficiently answered. It may be that he showed a lack of skill or of foresight in forcing an advance that was certain to produce so great a counter-stroke without adequate resources to meet and repel it.

All these questions will be settled by history, and we need be in no hurry to forestall its verdict even if we had the necessary facts to do so, which we certainly have not. It is enough to recognize that a German army was amassed with almost incredible skill and secrecy, and directed with overwhelming strength against the weakest part of the Italian line. But it has sometimes happened that the greatest of all misfortunes has been the gateway to the greatest of all triumphs, and nowhere has generalship been more signally shown than in the ability to wrest victory from defeat. And it may be said that the opportunity to do so is startlingly evident at this moment on the plains of northern Italy.

A clear view—what may be called a map view—of the actual situation should go far to dispel the gloomy impression left by a perusal of newspaper headlines and premature summaries. The Italian army is now very much in the position occupied by the French army three years ago after it had been worsted on the Sambre and was falling back toward the heart of France. It was assumed then, just as it is assumed now, that the German victory was decisive and indisputable, and that nothing short of complete triumph could arrest the flood of Teuton invasion. But after the battle of the Marne we saw how completely we had misread the situation. The French army, although it was in retreat, had none the less seized the initiative. Because it was still intact it was able to select the battle ground and to dictate the conditions of the struggle. After fighting a succession of rear-guard actions that will one day be counted among the great battles of the world, the French turned on their pursuers at the Marne, and not only stopped, but routed them. That Joffre had intended to overwhelm the Germans on the Sambre and had been thwarted did not prevent him from utilizing his failure by winning the critical battle of the first phase of the war. The triumphant German drive into France had ended in immeasurable disaster.

The parallel offered by the situation in Italy is almost startling in its precision. The Italians have been forced to abandon the positions on the Isonzo, just as the French were forced to abandon their positions on the Sambre. They have fallen back into the heart of their own country, and they have fought a series of rear-guard actions on their way. They were not driven across the Tagliamento River, since it is now clear that they had no intention to make a final stand there. The fighting on the Tagliamento was a retarding action, and it was so far successful that it enabled the mass of the Italian forces to reach the Piave River, and to take up entrenched positions on the western bank. The Italian rear-guard troops fought with a bravery and abandon that is beyond praise, and indeed their successful impetuosity went far to swell the casualty lists that seem so formidable in their size. If the first fighting on the Isonzo showed some traces of a weakened morale it is evident that they have been completely effaced. The Italian army is intact physically and morally, and it is under the guidance, direct and indirect, of the best military minds of Italy, France, and Great Britain. The unfolding of the future may give cause for apprehensions of calamity, but there is no cause for them now. On the contrary, there is an opportunity to inflict upon the Teuton army a defeat of a kind and a magnitude almost impossible elsewhere, and one that should bring the conviction of failure to the German mind.

WITH his usual common sense optimism, Coryn writes that the disaster to Italy is not to be taken as final. He says that France had just such a debacle on the Sambre before the victory of the Marne. And he re-affirms that all the armies of Hindenburg are to be handed over to the command of General Retreat in France and Flanders. Since he wrote this the Hindenburg Line has been broken.

By SIDNEY CORYN

While there is every indication that the Italians mean to fight decisively in defence of their Piave positions, it is by no means a certainty that they have yet reached the limit of their withdrawal. They may fall back to the River Brenta, and they may go even farther than that. It is to be remembered that this is not wholly a case of direct frontal fighting, of attack and defence of entrenched river positions. The Italians have the same threat to contend against that has existed ever since the beginning of their war. Behind them is the Trentino, and it is quite certain that the Trentino contains a Teuton army watchful for the opportunity and the occasion to descend into Italy and to attack the Italians from the rear. Indeed we already read of such attempts and of a partial Italian success in repelling them. It is only a partial success and the danger here is very grave. The Germans have forced their way into Italian soil at three points to the west of the Piave. They have taken Asiago, and while the reports say that they are being held we must accept these with a certain amount of reserve. A very small additional advance southward will mean that the Italian army must fall back again or be encircled, and we may watch these efforts with great anxiety. If it should finally become evident that they mean to defend their present entrenchments on the Piave it will be because they feel secure against an attack from the vicinity of Trent and the northern mountains. If they are not secure against such an attack, if they have not men or guns enough to wall up the Teutons in the north, then they will fall back again in order to get to the westward of the threatened area of invasion. But they will do this reluctantly, not so much because of its military disadvantages as because a continued retreat would uncover Venice and doom it to the destruction visited by Germans upon anything that is beautiful enough to infuriate their minds. But whatever may be the movements of the Italian army, we may usefully remember that so long as it remains intact it remains also in possession of the initiative. That is to say the Germans must follow it wherever it goes, just as they were compelled to follow the French army after the invasion of France. The Germans have no choice of direction so long as the Italian army remains uncrushed. It was because the French possessed the initiative three years ago that they were able to select the field of the Marne for their contemplated blow, and the Germans had no alternative than to follow them.

BUT the Italian campaign assumes a peculiar interest and importance when we consider it as a part of the entire field of war, and so attempt to measure the intention of the German commanders. The Central Powers, be it remembered, are absolutely unified from the military point of view, and we may reasonably believe the Allies are about to

imitate them in a measure so essential to success. It was this unity of command that enabled them to strike so heavily on the Isonzo. The armies of Germany, Austria, Bulgaria, and Turkey move in obedience to a single will, and therefore we find that nothing is done prematurely, and that no effort is made without adequate support and, if necessary, the imposition of quiescence elsewhere. We may be quite sure that the offensive against Italy was brought with a heedful eye to its bearing upon the war as a whole, and we may be equally sure that it was brought, not with the intention or the hope to end the war by fighting, but rather to hasten the day of bargain and negotiation.

And so we may regard it as not a little significant that Germany should throw so powerful an army into Italy rather than direct it to the western field. In Flanders and on the Aisne the Germans are reeling under the tremendous blows of the British and the French. The Crown Prince is compelled to surrender the Chemin des Dames, and to retreat across the Ailette, after the most staggering sacrifices continued through many months. The German armies in the north are being slowly expelled from Belgium and France by British forces that are now within sight of Roulers, and even of Bruges. Their retreat is not a willing one. It is being carried out literally at the point of the bayonet. Captured dispatches show the importance attached by Hindenburg to the positions at Paschendale, which were to be defended at all costs or retaken at all costs. And yet Germany scrapes together what is practically a new army by combing her eastern front and her home availables, Germans, Austrians, Bulgarians, and Turks, and she hurls it against Italy rather than in defence of western positions, whose situation is well nigh as desperate as it can be. It is something of a puzzle, but by no means an insoluble one.

IT is not to be solved by the plight of Austria, nor by the threat of Austria to withdraw from the war. These may have been factors, but they were certainly not the largest factors. Germany knows well that if the war is to be fought to a finish it will be upon the western field that the last shot will be fired. She knows well that even the crushing of the Italian armies could not by any possibility have a decisive reaction upon the western field. She knows well that she has practically interned her army in Italy, and that no matter what good fortune may await her she can not release that army from Italy within any useful period, nor look forward to its employment upon any other front. Even if she could reduce Italy to the state of Russia—and no hope is too preposterous for the official German mind—she must still keep that army in Italy as an army of occupation, and it would be inadequate even for that. No conceivable success in Italy would lessen the force of a single blow from the French and the British, nor retard their irresistible advance by a single yard. She would, it is true, have removed whatever threat to Vienna may have existed in the Italian advance. She has actually removed it, whatever validity it may have possessed. But what does that threat amount to in comparison with the far greater threat to the German position in Flanders and France, where the German armies are trembling on the brink of general retreat, and even of general disaster? Of course it amounts to nothing at all. If Germany had believed that half a million new men could have helped her war in the west, to the west they would have been sent. If she could do to the British or French army what she has done to the Italian army, she would win the war on the spot. That she did not send this practically new army to the only point where a military decision can be reached is evidence that she is not thinking of a military decision at all, but only of one of those moral victories that she always fondly imagines will incline the hearts of her enemies toward a German peace. But even though a German peace should be out of reach, it would still be true that a German victory in Italy would encourage the German people at home, it might reconcile them to an-

(Concluded on page 23.)



# DENATIONALIZED GERMANS

*Few and Far Between. A Letter to the Editor*

MY attention has been called to an article by Miss Gertrude Lynch, of the Vigilantes, concerning Germans in England, published in the Literary Digest of October 27.

What Miss Lynch has to say is very interesting and illuminating, especially the following passage:

"With 8,000,000 Germans in America, what you have to find out is whether or not a German has been denationalized, a process that can only be gone through in Germany. It is not enough that he has been naturalized and that he claims to be a good citizen in your country. The fact that he has become a naturalized citizen does not free him from the call to fight for his own land. If he is denationalized as well as naturalized you are then safe, but not before. In England we had only a very small number found to be denationalized, a very negligible unit."

At the beginning of the war England was anxious to make no distinction between the British-born and German-born of her subjects. They all were expected to form a solid and united phalanx against the alien enemies within her borders and those on the continent of Europe. But soon a situation developed that made it the imperative duty of the Government to treat all these naturalized subjects the way most of them acted. Since they shouted Kaiserism it was easily seen that their loyalty was not even skin-deep, that to them citizenship constituted a cloak only, under which they could carry on their nefarious practices; that they were citizens in name, and alien

By H. V. RIETHDORF

enemies in heart, a too frequent paradox.

One class of former Germans, however, happily and rightly so, continued to keep the confidence and the respect of the English people, to wit, those who were denationalized, in addition to having become naturalized. Their loyalty remains unquestioned and they are considered trustworthy and safe.

Miss Lynch tells us that the number of those people residing in England is negligible, and I am inclined to think that in the U. S. A. and Canada the situation is the same, in that respect. I personally know a few American citizens of the class in question, but so far have been disappointed in my anxiety to find people in Canada with whom I might share the distinction of being a denationalized German and naturalized Britisher. As to myself, I officially bore testimony concerning my denationalization six months ago. According to Miss Lynch, the process of denationalization has to be gone through in Germany, but I think she must be mistaken concerning this matter. I became denationalized after leaving Germany, and received my papers to that effect from a German consul in the U. S. A. about 15 years ago. I might add that it was not easy to get them.

For my part, I do not see how it could be possible for a German to become denationalized before emigrating, especially for a man of military age (between 18 and 45), unless he were utterly incapaci-

tated for service. He cannot leave Germany without a permit of the civil and military authorities, good for two years, with the understanding that he return in case of war. This permit must be renewed every two years if its holder does not want to run the risk of facing trouble in Germany should he ever set foot on German soil again, even as a British subject or an American citizen. On the other hand, a denationalized former German can return to Germany at any time. He is considered as much a foreigner by the German government as any native-born Englishman or Frenchman, and his new allegiance is fully recognized. If there was no state of war existing between the British Empire and Germany at present, I could visit Germany, and be treated as any other citizen of a neutral country, were Germany, for instance, engaged in a war with France only. Under existing conditions, however, I doubt very much if Germany could treat me as she does any other enemy soldier, should I have the misfortune of being made a prisoner of war by the Germans, while on active service at the British front. In fact, I am absolutely certain she would disregard my denationalization papers as "scraps of paper," and that I should have to suffer something worse than mere crucifixion at the hands of her experts in brutality. Consequently, I must admit there is justification in the attitude of our authorities in keeping a German-born loyal Canadian, especially one marked for special treatment at the hands of the German diabolical government, away from the firing line.

## HOW TO NATIONALIZE MUSIC

*Which in a Country Like Canada is Considerable of a Job*

WHAT chance has Canada to develop a really national music? What are the agencies by which it can be accomplished? Let us enumerate:

- Canadian Conservatories;
- Canadian Orchestras;
- Canadian Choral Societies;
- Canadian Opera Companies;
- Canadian Teachers (Independent);
- Canadian Instrument-Makers;
- College Courses in Music.

If there are others, we don't—just at present—know what they are. Certainly if we can succeed in Canadianizing these we shall have made some progress towards the time when we shall have

A Great Canadian Work of Art in Music.

Let us examine these in order. Any Canadian conservatory does most of its advertising along non-Canadian lines. As a rule the men and women who are depended upon most to increase the revenues of a conservatory are people imported from England, Scotland, France, Russia, Italy, Belgium, Denmark, the United States—formerly Germany and Austria. Why? Because the average Canadian-grown musician has not been brought up in what is called a musical atmosphere. No musical atmosphere—whatever that is—no creative music. So we are thrown back on a definition of atmosphere to explain why a successful Canadian conservatory can't possibly be Canadian.

Then take a Canadian orchestra. First of all, at the present time, there isn't any. We had two or three once in the making. Hard times, or something of that kind, put them on the shelf—though we hear that the Toronto Symphony is to pull itself together for a number of concerts this season.

Now, an orchestra in any city depends on two things, Men and Money. In men we include also women, who are being recognized as necessary.

After many years of endowment it costs now the interest on a million dollars to pay the annual deficit on the Boston Symphony. That is, it takes \$50,000 over and above receipts even with a great reputation and a concert hall already equipped. And that is less than it would cost to endow a Canadian symphony orchestra, because concert receipts must be low, owing to sparse population and competition

By THE MUSIC EDITOR

from imported orchestras.

And what is this endowment spent to get? What kind of men? Not, as a rule, native born. A census of any good American orchestra shows—90 per cent. foreigners, whether classed as nationalized or aliens, certainly not American-born.

So that granted we have enough Canadian money, can we ever get a really good Canadian orchestra, no matter how we spend the money? And if not, how can a so-called Canadian orchestra be a factor in nationalizing Canadian music?

Canadian choral societies are not, as a rule, purely Canadian. It was said rather pointedly of the Mendelssohn Choir, some years ago, that a large majority of its members were born in several countries outside of Canada. The National Chorus has always contained a high percentage of Englishmen. And in some parts of the country choral bodies have been largely German in character. Yet there is no doubt that a good chorus could be organized of all Canadian-born singers—and there would be absolutely no point in doing it.

Canadian opera can be disposed of on about the same basis as a Canadian orchestra—except that it takes more money to run an opera company. If opera is ever revolutionized so that it becomes more suitable to the average pocket and intelligence, a Canadian opera company might be a possibility. Until then—we shall import opera, lock, stock and barrel.

Music can be Canadianized in a university—through the intellect. All a university can do to nationalize music is through knowledge of music, unless by co-ordination of a Canadian conservatory.

Canadian instruments put another phase on the situation. Canada already manufactures pianos, pipe-organs and band instruments in competition with the world, and for the most part successfully. And in the manufacture of musical instruments only a very low percentage of the labor and none of the material needs to be imported.

All these sketched in brief are part of the solution of the problem, how to nationalize music. There is something more; and we shall discuss that in

our music column of next week and afterwards.

A NATIONAL issue has been made of Dr. Karl Muck in the United States. The conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra was asked at a concert in Providence, R.I., to have his band play The Star-Spangled Banner. Dr. Muck declined to do so. For this he has been severely criticized by some of the newspapers and upheld by Col. Higginson who has made a life hobby of the orchestra and himself fought in the Civil War.

We are inclined to think that Col. Higginson is right—and wrong; and that Dr. Muck is wrong—and right. When the U. S. declared war on Germany Karl Muck, who was a call loan to the U. S. by the Kaiser, automatically became an alien enemy. Far from being a denationalized German as described in the article at the top of this page, he was not even a nationalized American. Therefore he should have resigned his desk at once. Not having done so, either his band was a loyal American band or it was not. If loyal, it should be expected to play the tune which is regarded as the American National Anthem. Muck's explanation is in part as follows:

"Why will people be so silly? Art is a thing by itself and not related to any particular nation or group. It would be a gross mistake, a violation of artistic taste and principles, for such an organization as ours to play patriotic airs."

Here he was right. Art has nothing to do with patriotism. But art is national. Would Karl Muck refuse to put Wagner and Strauss on his programme because the United States was at war with Germany? Probably not. Even in England they have only just began to put modern German music under the ban. But things have changed the world over. Wagner and Strauss are under the ban. Wagner, the creator of Siegfried and the Valkyries, being dead yet speaketh. Strauss is modern Germany and a Kaiserite like Karl Muck. The whole matter would have settled itself if Karl Muck had been sensible enough to resign when the United States declared war. The Outlook makes it quite clear that art is not a thing by itself. It is an expression of  
(Concluded on page 24.)



# A FINANCIAL REVOLUTION

WHEN thousands upon thousands of people buy war bonds they become depositors in a huge National Bank. The Canada's Victory Bond Campaign now closing is a prelude to others yet to come, when the people of this country will again become National Bank Depositors.

THE date on this issue representing the eleventh birthday of the Canadian Courier, coincides with the last day of the period set for the sale of Canada's Victory Bonds. On that day many thousands of Canadians will have entered into direct business relations with the Government. In the vast majority of cases this will be the first time the people of this country ever did this direct business with the Government. And the fact constitutes

## A FINANCIAL REVOLUTION.

Most of us do more or less direct business with municipalities in the payment of taxes. We know what the taxes are for—or suppose we do—and what is done with the money—or we are supposed to know. We also know that we never get the money back—that it is not lent, but paid on compulsion as a matter of citizenship.

Most of us pay money to the Government without realizing how it is done. The money is paid by means of a tariff on imported goods, increasing the price of what we buy in another country. We never stop to count up how much of our money the Government gets in this way, and we would have a hard time doing it if we did. Indirect taxation is, as a rule, the average man's only way of doing business with the Government.

War taxes have come at us more directly. When we pay one cent more postage on a letter, two cents on a cheque, ten cents more on a sleeping-car berth, five cents more on a concert or theatre ticket, and so on, we are contributing definitely to the State.

But the money never comes back. It is not loaned, but given under compulsion as a matter of citizenship.

Victory Bonds are not taxes. As has been so often explained lately they are loans to the Government, by the people, to be repaid with interest. Buying a bond is a direct act of business with the Government, whereby the Government itself becomes a huge national bank, with all the banks of Canada branch banks, and as far as possible all the people depositors.

Getting the people of the country

## By INVESTICUS

into direct business relations with the State is a revolution, because in this country it is a new thing. In European countries it is a common practice. There will be yet more loans to raise. The people will again be called upon to buy bonds. The Government will organize other campaigns on the surplus money of the country for the business of carrying on the war; and the business which the people of Canada do with the State in that way will be a direct financial transaction, involving profit to the investor.

How absolutely similar the Government-bond business is to any other familiar form of business is clearly explained in a recent article by Charles R. Brown, writing in Every Week. Let us take an illustration, says the writer, the question of saving to build a house: Having a lot "free and clear," and possibly a few hundred dollars in addition, you apply to a building loan association. You buy shares in the association, and undertake what really is the periodical payment plan of building a home. Your house plans must first be approved and the desirability of the location passed upon by the experts of the building loan association. The stock broker through whom you purchase should occupy the same expert position in the case of securities as the experts of the building loan association do in regard to your real estate transactions. The funds you directly invest in your land and the extra savings that you first utilize correspond to the "margin" deposited with your broker in the purchase of securities.

Where you have a large part of the cost of your proposed building already available, the procedure is somewhat different. In this event you merely take proper precautions as to the title of your land and the responsibility of your architect and builder. When your own money has been spent, then you go to a savings bank or some other lender and borrow on bond and mortgage whatever you need to complete your house. This transaction, too, has its counterpart in the purchase of securities. All that is necessary is to decide what particular stocks or bonds you desire. You pay in to your broker, of whose responsibility you have full assurance, the funds you have on hand. He will go to the bank and borrow the remainder for you, the bank holding your securities until the full amount of the loan is paid. Usually the broker "bunches" your loan transaction with those of his other clients, and for his own convenience obtains what may be termed a blanket loan. Your actual payment of cash to this extent becomes a "margin"—though, on account of the abuse of the margin practice in speculative transactions, the term seems to be going into disfavor. Some brokerage houses to-day avoid its use entirely.

On a recent visit to Chicago I had a most interesting conversation with the head of one of the West's largest financial institutions. He explained

his plans for "making bankers" out of his clerks. He begins at the beginning by offering a direct incentive to save under his own supervision. He urges his young men to accumulate \$500, then to buy a \$1,000 high-grade bond, that pays, say, 5 per cent. The bank will itself lend the remaining \$500, holding the bond as security.

As soon as the loan has been paid off the clerk is urged to purchase another \$1,000 bond, the bank supplying in this case the full \$1,000 requested and taking both the bonds as collateral for the payment of the new loan. The entire transaction is carried on within the bank itself. Care is taken that the bond is a stock exchange security, which makes it instantaneously saleable in the event of the clerk desiring to withdraw from the transaction.

This is a concrete instance of the legitimate operation of margins. In the first instance the "margin"—the security—was the \$500. The bank would lend the remaining \$500 at 5 per cent. and not improbably at less. As the clerk was cashing two coupons of 2½ per cent. each on his bond each year, it clearly was costing him nothing for interest on the \$500 he borrowed. One hand was washing the other. Then, too, as he reduced his loan the interest charge was correspondingly reduced and the proceeds of the coupons became on a larger scale his own.

When the loan on the first bond was paid, then he deposited that bond as "margin" or collateral for funds to purchase the second bond. Thus the bank, having good collateral worth \$2,000 on hand, was amply protected in lending the \$1,000 new purchase money, and would most likely name a low rate of interest, say 4 per cent. In that event the clerk would be receiving full interest at 5 per cent. on \$2,000, namely \$100, and if he borrowed \$1,000 at 4 per cent. he would pay only \$40 to the bank, thus realizing a net profit of \$60—to apply, with whatever additional savings he could spare, to pay off the second bond. Obviously, this method of saving could be continued year after year.

This may seem a trifle technical, but it is real banking practice.

The same transaction could very readily have been carried out through a broker, though the latter would probably add his commission to the interest rate charged on the bank loan.

A point worth while keeping in mind is that in transactions of this kind there is no favoritism, no obligation. It is the broker's business to buy and sell stocks. A bank will usually be willing to name a responsible brokerage house to one of its clients.

THE worried countenance of the bridegroom disturbed the best man. Tiptoeing up the aisle, he whispered:

"What's the matter, Jock? Hae ye lost the ring?"

"No," blurted out the unhappy Jock, "the ring's safe eno'. But, mon, I've lost ma enthusiasm."

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## UNDER COMMAND OF GENERAL RETREAT

(Concluded from page 20.)

other winter of war, and it would also divert their attention from the sinister fact that the German armies in the west are being inexorably forced from their positions. To look upon the German offensive against Italy as a German triumph is therefore to misread the facts. It was a triumph of skill, but not a triumph so far as the broader aspects of the war are concerned. It would not have been undertaken but for Germany's military despair. It is proof of Germany's hopelessness to accomplish anything on the only front that offers a decision.

It need hardly be said that Germany is taking a very large chance in this, her latest adventure. Her new invasion is as much a challenge to France and England as it is to Italy, and it is a challenge that France and England have been quick to accept. We need not ask ourselves if Germany expected that her larger enemies would hurry southward to seize their opportunity. Since they have done so we may suppose that she did not expect it, since in such matters she never expects the obvious, nor believes in certainties. Germany has offered the irresistible spectacle of a large army in the open field, in a part of Europe where winter fighting is a possibility and where she can not fortify herself except in the quickest and crudest way. Instead of an army corrupted by pacifism, she finds an army that is evidently proof against all such blandishments. Instead of a nation torn by internal dissensions, she herself has healed the dissensions and solidified the people. Her lines of communication are already inconveniently long, and they must cross rapidly

swelling rivers, while the retreating Italians have been moving in the direction of their own supports.

And France and England have eagerly seized the opportunity to send not only armies and artillery, but military commanders of the highest reputation, including General Foch, who may not improperly be described as the winner of the Marne. If Germany wished to transfer the heart of the fighting to the Italian plains there was every reason why her enemies should comply, seeing that they can do so without in the least lessening their efforts elsewhere.

It may be said that if the German armies in Italy should be beaten it will not be a matter of a retreat of a mile or so, as is the case in Flanders, where the whole country is seamed and scarred with fortifications. It will mean defeat, flight, and a continuous pursuit. Germany at the best may win a moral victory that can have no large practical results, but she can win no more than this. At the worst she will face defeat and ruin. We do not know the extent of the aid that has been sent from France and England, nor the speed with which it can make its appearance upon the field. It is impossible to forecast the issue of the battle that seems imminent on the Piave, or west of the Piave, just as it is impossible to foresee the extent of Germany's efforts to outflank the Italian army through the Trentino. But we must not blind our eyes to the fact that the western front is the mainspring of the war, that on that front the Allies are continuously successful, and that it will remain unaffected by anything that will happen upon the Italian field.

## NEW BOOKS

"MILITARISM." By Karl Liebknecht.

ON May Day of last year Dr. Karl Liebknecht stood up in the Reichstag and told the bosches in Berlin the plain unvarnished truth about the genesis of the war and the Lucifer-like ambitions of William Hohenzollern. His speech was a scalding indictment against the German government, militarism and the war. He was sentenced to four years of penal servitude. It is the second time Liebknecht has been laid by the heels in a German prison for his outspoken denunciation of militarism. He was first sentenced ten years ago for writing a book about militarism which fairly scorched the plumes of the overlord's helmet and set the proletariat to thinking. The book was destroyed, but a copy was preserved by Liebknecht's brother, and it is from this copy of the suppressed book that a translation has been made and is now published by William Briggs of Toronto. It deals with the nature and significance of militarism; tells of the relations between the proletariat and war as the author recognizes them; how the civilian population is influenced in a military direction by the autocracy; and sets out a category of some of the cardinal sins of militarism. It gives a very thorough exposition of the thing as an idealistic socialist sees it and one reads it with regret that the

doctrine it promulgated ten years ago fell on defiant ears.—Wm. Briggs; \$1.00.

"MORE LETTERS FROM BILLY." By the author of "The Sunny Subaltern."

WHEN Old Bill, Alf and Bert, trudged their cheery way into the hearts of a few million Britishers by way of Bairnsfather's sketch pad and pencil, a better understanding of life behind the lines in Flanders came to most of us. Tactics, the taking of salients, the push, stress and weariness of the war, were all left out but the pictures portrayed the real thing for all that. And yet these three merry musketeers were typical of Tommy from the Tottenham Court Road—we loved them and enjoyed their antics, laughed with them and lived their lives for a while—but they were hardly "home-folks." Then along came "A Sunny Subaltern" and put Toronto in the trenches into print for us with the same little touches, done into words instead of wash and lime, as those with which Bruce Bairnsfather lightened the tale and illuminated the life of his irrepressible trio. And now the publishers have issued a second volume of the Sunny Subaltern's letters from Flanders. This time "Billy" tells us tales of Blighty and a lot more of the life the Canadian

boys are living "over there." There is the same delightful note of intimacy, the same bright and humorous viewpoint—just the spontaneous and natural telling of the tale of events as a frank, stout-hearted youngster sees them and sets them down for Mother to read.—McClelland, Goodchild and Stewart; \$1.00 net.

"THE HIGH HEART." By Basil King.

PERHAPS one of the most important novels Basil King has ever written is "The High Heart." One might suppose, from a first reading, that it is merely the story of a rather poor but intelligent young woman's troubles in marrying the son of a very rich man. But suddenly, after wondering for a moment what it is all about, one realizes that it is a story of this present war, and Canada, and of the United States and England, and what they all mean to each other. The outcome of the war will be "the spiritualization of France, the consecrating of the British Empire, and the coming of a new manhood to the United States."

The heroine of the book is a Canadian; but this is only one of its many good points. Basil King has put into it some of his best work, and the result justifies a wide reading in Canada.—Musson Book Co.; \$1.50.

"SKINNER'S BABY." By Henry Irving Dodge.

WHEN the new honor and responsibility of a young son has come to Skinner—of Dress Suit fame—all his admirers will find an entertaining yarn in the story of his bringing up. They will be able to chuckle in sympathy with the adventures of the youngster who, at six years of age, figures largely in both family and neighborhood affairs. He even develops unexpected diplomatic gifts, by which the Skinner family come out once more on top.—Thos. Allen; \$1.25.

"THE WAR, MADAME." By Paul Gerald.

IN reading the delightful pages in which M. Paul Gerald tells of his leave in Paris, one is more than ever impressed with the evidences of "that heroic spirit which is above the normal laws of life."

"Yes, I know," he says, "you call us brave soldiers, wonderful wounded heroes, and one no longer separates the name from the epithet in one's own mind. It's rather like being called 'a distinguished economist.' But one isn't heroic. Modern war most of the time makes demands on that passive form of energy that one calls resignation. We make our small effort humbly, when necessary, without deciding what motive sways us—whether it is the greatness of our race, self-respect, curiosity about the future life, or a sort of inspiration."—Thos. Nelson & Sons; 1s. 6d. net.

"THE PREACHER OF CEDAR MOUNTAIN." By Ernest Thompson Seton.

WHEN Preacher Jim of Cedar Mountain started in on his first sermon he mis-quoted Solomon by announcing his text as "Better is a staled ox and contentment therewith than a dinner of herbs with a brawling woman." It is one of the least startling of the many incidents set down in the record of his ministry as related by

(Continued on page 25.)



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## NATIONALIZING MUSIC

(Concluded from page 21.)

human ideals. As such it varies as human ideals vary. It varies from place to place and from time to time. That is why art, when it is honest, is bound to be national. Wherever there are national ideals there is national art, if there is ever any art at all. There is no better way to study the ideals of a nation than through its art.

Because of this truth the instinct expressed in some of the allied nations—France, England, and now America—to put a ban upon German music is not unreasonable. So far as German music is real music it expresses at least certain German ideals. And people in Allied countries just now are surfeited with the fruits of

German ideals, and naturally do not care to feed on them further in their concert halls. The trouble has been that this instinct has expressed itself without discrimination. There are some ideals that are common to all men, Germans included, and some ideals that are a distinctive contribution of Germans to the riches of humankind. Would we banish our Christmas celebrations because the Germans had their Christmas trees and their Santa Claus? Surely not. Neither should we forget the music of Father Bach. Nor should we deny to ourselves the pleasure and the moral

stimulus that come from listening to the noble symphonies and quartettes and other compositions of that German who through his art built imperishable monuments to ordered liberty—Ludwig van Beethoven.

There are German composers, however, whose music sets forth an ideal which German guns and German poisoned gases and German atrocities are making repugnant to the world. This is the ideal of lawless self-expression. It scorns the notion that the artist should hold himself subject to the laws of his art if he feels like bursting their bounds, or that

the man, whether he be artist or not, should hold himself subject to moral laws if he wants to express himself by what is called "transcending" them. In music the great exponent of this ideal has been a German—Richard Wagner. His "Tristan and Isolde" is the glorification of this ideal applied to human conduct; his "Siegfried" is, to those who understand its import, a peculiarly offensive expression of this ideal as set for the ambition of a race. And Wagner's music, rich as it is in beauty of material, is an exemplification of this ideal in art. And Wagner himself pursued this ideal in his own life. It is said that he was a revolutionary and a Socialist, and therefore can hardly be called an exponent of modern Prussianism. This is to misunderstand the essence of Prussianism.

It is bad enough to have Prussianized Germany with one Kaiser; but it would be infinitely worse to have a Prussianized Germany consisting of nothing but kaisers. A Germany all of whose people were organized into a socialistic empire with the ideals of lawlessness of the Potsdam gang would be a fairly close approximation of the ideals that Wagner set forth. And the Wagner cult in music has naturally spread, together with the Kaiser cult in politics. As Hindenburg practices what Treitschke preached, so Richard Strauss in music practices (with an added element of commonplaceness) what Richard Wagner preached.

Art is national. It is not apart from life. It is life expressing itself by creative activity.

# Wouldn't you like to have these Metropolitan Stars as your Christmas Guests?

WOULDN'T it be a pleasure to be able to sit down amidst the comfortable surroundings of your own home and listen to Anna Case, Marie Rappold, Margaret Matzenauer, Arthur Middleton, Thomas Chalmers, and the other great singers of the world? That would be a privilege, wouldn't it?

We said *would* be a privilege. But thanks to the genius of Thomas A. Edison it is a privilege which is now within your grasp. So far as the enjoyment of their voices is concerned you *can* actually have this distinguished group as Yuletide guests. You *can* sit in your own home and revel in the beauty of their magnificent voices.

## The NEW EDISON

"The Phonograph with a Soul"

reproduces the human voice with such fidelity and accuracy that no human ear can detect a shade of difference between the living artists and the New Edison's Re-Creation of their voices—or instrumental performances.

You will, very naturally, feel skeptical about so strong a claim. But before hundreds of audiences we have conducted our famous "tone tests" in which the instrument was pitted against the artist and invariably the verdict was the same; *no difference could be detected*. In a "tone test," the artist sings in his natural voice; then suddenly ceases, leaving the instrument to continue the song alone. Thirty different great artists have made these tests.

More than one million people have attended the tests and not one of them has been able to tell, except by watching the singer's lips, when the living voice left off

and when the New Edison began. With the lights lowered not one could tell when the change took place. 500 unprejudiced newspaper critics who witnessed the recitals unite in this assertion. In this new instrument Mr. Edison has actually succeeded in *re-creating* the human voice.

We have never heard of any sound-producing device whose manufacturer dared to risk so relentless a trial. Until the New Edison was perfected such an achievement was undreamed of.

The actual photographs reproduced on this page depict five Metropolitan Opera Stars singing in direct comparison with the New Edison's Re-Creation of their voices. No listener could detect the slightest shade of difference between the living voices and their Re-Creation.

## A ROYAL GIFT

### It Means a Richer Life

As a Christmas gift what can surpass this wonderful instrument? It is like a permanent pass to all the operas, all the concerts, all the music of the whole world. It does actually add something real and vital to life.

Have you ever considered the New Edison as a family gift? Nowadays many families are eliminating the smaller individual presents to one another and are pooling their holiday funds for acquisition of "the phonograph with a soul."

We believe that you'd find our literature of interest. It's different from the usual catalog style. Drop us a line and we'll send you copies of our musical magazine, "Along Broadway," of the brochure, "Music's Re-Creation," and of the booklet, "What the Critics Say."

Or call at the nearest licensed Edison merchant in your vicinity and receive a demonstration of the New Edison. He advertises in your local papers.

## Pigs Will Be Pigs

(Concluded from page 5.)

production; but the farmer has been fooled so often that something more than the oldtime eloquence is required to get him really at work.

No one realized that better than Mr. Hanna who, when Provincial Secretary for Ontario, was the biggest farmer in the land—and the proudest. Mr. Hanna has wisely pointed out that hog prices are no longer determinable by local conditions. Thus he got away to a good start. Mr. Hanna states that the Canadian producer is assured of "a good market for his hogs in Europe," and this "for years after the war." That breaks down the primary barrier to pork production in Canada, namely, dependence upon the local, believed-to-be controlled, market. Mr. Hanna has further arranged that the packing-houses of Canada will be "subjected to strict regulation and limited to a fair margin of profit." And, already, these terms of regulation and profit have been set forth.

Nor is even that all. Mr. Hanna has arranged with the millers that mill-feed will be sold at cost. How he did it, I do not know, and I must frankly confess skepticism of the deal; for the something a man gets for nothing is usually not worth while. But one little objection is not going to stand in my way. I know Mr. Hanna well enough to feel assured of a square deal, and that is all I want; and I believe the farmers of Canada will take Mr. Hanna at his word and produce and produce.

Pigs will be pigs. Shades of St. Anthony! Pigs will be pigs!!



Margaret Matzenauer  
of the Metropolitan Opera

Marie Rappold  
of the Metropolitan Opera

Anna Case  
of the Metropolitan Opera

Arthur Middleton  
of the Metropolitan Opera

Thomas Chalmers  
of the Metropolitan Opera

THOMAS A. EDISON, INC., Orange, N. J.



## NEW BOOKS

(Continued from page 23.)

Ernest Thompson-Seton in "The Preacher of Cedar Mountain." Jim went west to the Black Hills from a little lumber town in Ontario. He was fond of horses, fighting, and fair play. Mr. Seton takes this burly bulk of a mere destructive force and develops a character in which the full-blooded energies are curbed and harmonized into a big but very human machine for the working of much good amongst the rough-riding, hard-hitting men of the mountain country of the west. The author knows and loves his country, and has made a powerful story well worth reading.—Wm. Briggs; \$1.50.

"THE MASK." By Florence Irwin.

IN working out the theory that each one of us wears a mask, even though unconsciously, to hide our thoughts and feelings, the author has chosen as heroine a girl of sympathetic mood and action, whose keen intelligence is overbalanced by the inexperience of sheltered upbringing. It was not until she had passed through various stages of disillusionment with her erratic husband that Alison Terry realized that she had been wearing this mask. The tragedy of her child's death was the turning-point in her husband's career; and under a mutual bond of sympathy the two are started on the road to ultimate happiness. Miss Irwin paints her character development with broad strokes in a story that many will enjoy.—McClelland, Goodchild & Stewart; \$1.40.

"THE SOLDIER'S SERVICE DICTIONARY." By Frank H. Vizetelly.

IN its military khaki binding, this practical volume of 200 pages appeals directly to our men in khaki who are now or who soon will be serving in France. The aim of Dr. Frank H. Vizetelly, its editor, has been "to provide a key to the military and conversational terms used in the Belgian, British and French armies that shall instantly serve any one who consults it." Ten thousand such terms are given,—in English first; then in French; with a system of pronunciation so simple that it is easily mastered. With this book in his hand, and as much as possible of it in his head, any soldier, aviator, or other member of the Expeditionary Force can communicate his wishes or his wants to any comrade on French soil. On the way there he can obtain from it a very comprehensive idea of the French language and a liberal command of the phrases likely to serve his need at "the front." Leisure hours in camp, before sailing, can not be better employed than in studying this little work, a copy of which should be put in the "kit" of every enlisted man. The stay-at-home, too, will find in it a large fund of information worth his while, which the newspaper does not generally afford. For instance, how many readers of the daily press, wherein they so often see that word, know that a "poilu" is a French soldier whose beard has grown while he has served in the trenches?—Funk & Wagnalls, N.Y.; \$1.00.

## Helping You to Keep Posted

(Continued from page 17.)

when victorious, and though no one fights with more obstinacy, yet, when the battle is over, and he comes to the reconciliation, he is so much taken up with the mere shaking of hands, that he is apt to let his antagonist pocket all that they have been quarrelling about. It is not, therefore, fighting that he ought so much to be on his guard against; it is 'making friends' afterwards. It is difficult to cudgel him out of a farthing, but put him in a good humor and you may bargain him out of all the money in his pocket." Well, that is equally true to-day.

And the greatest of all is John Bull." And that is why our political rulers so faithfully reflect the national temperament. They are no match, in diplomacy, for the wily Teuton—and with men like Haldane and Grey in the offing, waiting to "help" the Government, we must be on our guard. These arm-chair theorists and philosophers must clear out. John Bull must go to the Peace Conference with his sleeves turned up and his whip in his hand; and he must open the proceedings with some such speech as this: "Now, you Hun devils, what have you to say for yourselves? What reparation do you offer for the crimes you have committed—what practical proof do you bring me of your repentance and contrition?" They will understand that kind of talk—anything else will be wasted upon them. That, then, is the correct "atmosphere" which we must bring about. And now is the time to do it. Don't wait till Haig has got them on the run. Do it now.

Why is it that the biggest war in the history of mankind—the greatest cataclysm that has ever riven human society—should fail to produce the man? Look where you will, you find pygmies and pinchbeck creatures. I am almost beginning to wonder whether history will not tell us that, amid them all, President Wilson stands out head and shoulders the biggest. Why do I say that? Because, with all his hesitancy and in spite of those weary months of what looked like indecision, he had a policy and he pursued it; he had a plan and he waited patiently for the hour and opportunity. I cannot forgive him for delaying so long. Had America come into this war of Liberation twelve months ago, what a difference it would have made—how many dear and precious lives would have been spared! But now, being in with us, America is playing the lion's part. We fooled and dallied with the blockade; our Foreign Office betrayed the Navy and allowed the damnable Neutral to feed the foe, carrying food and material across the oceans which are dominated by our splendid ships. We could have starved Germany — we didn't.

## What Happened to Hoag

(Continued from page 12.)

and perhaps to yourself, not to ignore it. I have never asked you to go with me to anything since we quit churching as we used to. Permit me to ask that for the one occasion when you may consider being with me at any entertainment you go with me to a movie. Because it is so ridiculous I hope you will consent—for to-morrow evening,

on condition that it never will happen again.

"M. H."

Helen had common sense as well as a sense of humor. Had any one but Mr. Hoag asked her to go to a common, unspecified movie she would have resented it. Had Mr. Hoag asked her to go to a concert or an opera she would have coldly refused. Because the ridiculous man asked her to go to the absurd thing she consented. He must have some peculiar reason for asking. In going to the movie she might get some explanation of why he had been absent from the office.

The film was uptown, one of the small houses.

Hoag purposely took Miss Munro to a front seat.

He was quite conscious as they waited for the reel to begin that in her embarrassment and her scorn and her sense of the ridiculous she was more charming to him than ever. He realized that he was basking in the aura of a creature over whom he had no sort of proprietary rights; that he was really stealing her from Henry Markham, who always took her in his limousine to at least ten operas a season.

He felt the same sense of freedom he had enjoyed for days. He might never have it so long again. When the film began he would be either lifted out of himself, or he would crumple into his clothes and wish he were at home.

(To be continued.)

## The Vow of Silence

(Continued from page 9.)

A scene of utter confusion followed, with Eddie Jo voicing his anguish in piercing screams, and poor Jinnie lying limp and unconscious on the bed.

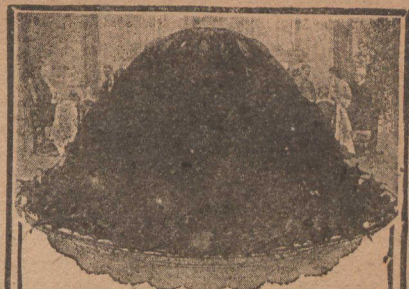
"She's gittin' worsen all the time!" cried Mrs. Skittles, rubbing the child's hands and arms and trying in vain to rouse her. "Somebody go fer the doctor, quick! But she'll die afore he gets here. It's a half hour to git there and a half hour back. Lord help me! Lord help me, what must I do?"

As if in answer to her prayer an apparition appeared in the doorway. Mr. Skittles, white of cheek and wild of eye, holding feebly to the case-ment, addressed the company:

"I'll git her to the doctor," he said, earnestly; "get her wrapped up, an' I'll take her."

He vanished from the doorway only to appear a moment later with the guarantee patent combination easy chair and wheel-barrow. Mrs. Skittles stopped not to question; she knew too well the immediate need for a doctor. She laid the heavy, unconscious child in the wheelbarrow, roughly pushing aside the unsteady hands that tried to help her. Then with an anxious shake of the head, and never a glance at the blanched face opposite, she hastened back to attend to the less desperate case within.

Mr. Skittles, gathering up his load, started bravely forth into the night. The deathly nausea that had overcome him gave place to excruciating pain, but he pushed forward with straining muscles and anxious eyes. The narrow path down the mountain-side ascended abruptly at times; the thick trees overhead shut out the starlight, and underfoot a tangle of grasses and vines caught his feet as



## My Favorite Christmas Plum Pudding

Soak 1 envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine in  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup cold water 5 minutes. Put one pint milk in double boiler, add  $1\frac{1}{2}$  squares melted chocolate, and when scalding point is reached add 1 cup sugar,  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoonful of salt and soaked Gelatine. Remove from fire and when mixture begins to thicken add  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoonful vanilla, 1 cup seeded raisins,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup of dates or figs,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup sliced citron or nuts and  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup currants. Turn into mold first dipped in cold water and chill. Remove to serving dish and garnish with holly. Serve with whipped cream sweetened and flavored with vanilla.

## My Dear Housewife:

Christmas-tide again and with it the happiest days of the year.

And the longest, too, for it begins before daylight when Christmas candles shine and children shout and shake the laden branches of the Christmas tree.

When the Christmas dinner comes and at its close a good old-fashioned Knox Plum Pudding there is nothing more to be desired. I suppose you know the recipe. Thousand of housewives do, but I am printing it so that thousands of others may enjoy it this year and in the years to come.

In this somewhat personal way I pass along to you my favorite recipe and thank you for your maintained confidence in Knox Sparkling Gelatine throughout all these years. Extending to you the season's greetings, I am,

Very sincerely yours,

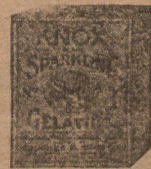
Mrs. Charles D. Knox,  
President

## FREE RECIPE BOOK

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he hurried along. Beads of perspiration stood out on his forehead, and his hands and feet grew numb. Presently he sank to his knees, then to the ground.

"Jinnie!" he called, piteously; "Jinnie! yer ain't dead yit, air ye? Yer pa's tryin' to git you there. Jinnie! Don't you hear me?" His weak, inefficient hands fumbled about until they found hers, then he staggered to his feet. "My God, she's a-gitting cold!" he cried, as he stumbled forward again.

The trees seemed to be dancing around him in a great circle that would not let him through, the lights in the village moved farther and farther away as he approached. When he reached the turnpike he fell again, his face in the dust and his hands clutching at the rocks. For a while he lay so, then the pain made him remember.

"O God!" he prayed, "don't pay me no mind, but jest help me git Jinnie to the doctor's." He stumbled to his feet, but he could not move his bur-

den. In despair he sank upon his knees and burst into violent weeping.

"Poor little gal!" he cried, his trembling arms across the child; "pa's tryin' to help you, but he never could help nobody. He never was no good, but he'll try ag'in—he'll try—" Pitching and lurching he staggered forward; sight and hearing left him; one thought only remained.

At the doctor's door the strange equipage halted. Mr. Skittles began his story, but he never finished it.

At daybreak, when Mrs. Skittles hurried to the village, she found Jinnie out of danger, but lying in the doctor's darkened office was the silent form of Mr. Skittles. For hours she bent over him, desperately striving with the doctor to bring back consciousness. Her husband, hovering on the borderland of Eternity assumed a strange dignity and importance.

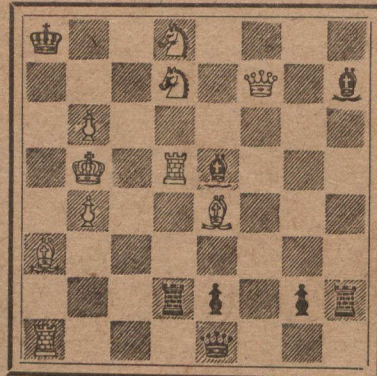
At noon he stirred. "Jenk," she said in her most commanding tone, "speak to me this minute!"

And Jenk spoke.

## CHESS Conducted by Malcolm Sim

All communications to this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, Canadian Courier, 30 Grant Street, Toronto.

PROBLEM NO. 164, by V. Marin.  
First Prize, Spanish National Tourney.  
Black.—Eight Pieces.



White.—Ten Pieces.  
White to play and mate in two.

### SOLUTIONS.

Problem No. 162, by C. Promislo.

- 1. R—K6! B—Q4; 2. Q—B8 mate.
- 1. ...., B—B4; 2. Q—KB2 mate.
- 1. ...., BxB; 2. R—B6 mate.
- 1. ...., Kt—Q4; 2. Q—Q6 mate.
- 1. ...., threat; 2. Q—K5 mate.

### Correction.

In solution to Problem No. 159, issue Nov. 10, the play should be 1. K—K7, R—Kt7; 2. B—K6, etc.

### CHESS IN TORONTO.

An interesting game played at Board No. 1 in the Toronto Chess League match between Parliament and West End Y.M.C.A. Clubs, on Saturday, November 17. Class A players, mostly members of the Toronto Chess Club, are taking part in the League matches this season, being allotted to the various clubs to avoid any influence upon the equality.

Ruy Lopez.

- |                 |               |
|-----------------|---------------|
| White.          | Black.        |
| M. Sim.         | W. H. Perry.  |
| 1. P—K4         | 1. P—K4       |
| 2. Kt—KB3       | 2. Kt—QB3     |
| 3. B—Kt5        | 3. P—QR3      |
| 4. B—R4         | 4. Kt—B3      |
| 5. Castles      | 5. B—K2 (a)   |
| 6. R—Ksq        | 6. P—QKt4     |
| 7. B—Kt3        | 7. P—Q3       |
| 8. P—B3         | 8. Kt—QR4     |
| 9. B—B2         | 9. P—B4       |
| 10. P—Q4        | 10. Q—B2      |
| 11. QKt—Q2      | 11. Kt—B3     |
| 12. Kt—Bsq      | 12. B—Kt5 (b) |
| 13. P—Q5 (c)    | 13. Kt—Qsq    |
| 14. P—KR3       | 14. B—Q2      |
| 15. B—Kt5       | 15. P—R3      |
| 16. B—KR4       | 16. Castles   |
| 17. Q—Q2        | 17. R—Ksq     |
| 18. QR—Qsq (d)  | 18. Kt—R2     |
| 19. BxB         | 19. RxB       |
| 20. Kt—Kt3      | 20. P—B3      |
| 21. Kt—R4       | 21. Kt—B2     |
| 22. Kt (Kt3)—B5 | 22. BxKt      |
| 23. KtxB        | 23. KR—Ksq    |
| 24. Q—K3        | 24. K—Rsq     |
| 25. Q—Kt3       | 25. R—KKtsq   |
| 26. Kt—R4 (e)   | 26. Kt—Bsq    |
| 27. Kt—Kt6ch    | 27. K—R2      |
| 28. KtxKt       | 28. QRxKt     |
| 29. Q—Kt4 (f)   | 29. Q—Bsq     |

- 20. Q—Kt3 (g)
- 31. P—KB4
- 32. P—B5
- 33. K—R2 (h)
- 34. Q—B3 (i)
- 35. P—KKt3
- 36. KxKt
- 37. K—R2
- 38. RxP (k)
- 39. R—KR4
- 40. RxP ch
- 41. RxR ch
- 42. Q—R5 ch
- 43. Q—Kt 5 ch
- 44. Q—R6 ch (o)
- 45. Q—Kt6 ch
- 46. K—Kt2
- 30. Kt—Rsq
- 31. Kt—Kt3
- 32. Kt—B5
- 33. P—Kt3
- 34. PxB
- 35. KtxRP (j)
- 36. PxB dis. ch
- 37. P—B4
- 38. K—Rsq
- 39. R—Kt2 (l)
- 40. R—R2 (m)
- 41. KxR
- 42. K—Kt2
- 43. K—Rsq (n)
- 44. K—Ktsq
- 45. K—Rsq
- Resigns.

(a) This is a safer defence than 5.... KtxP, but limits Black's opportunities of counter attack.

(b) To accept the proffered Pawn in the centre by 12.... PxB; 13. PxB, KtxP; 14. KtxKt, PxB, is disadvantageous. White obtains a powerful attack by 15. B—Kt5, as introduced by Lasker in the World's Championship games with Tarrasch.

(c) This advance takes considerable fire out of White's impending King side attack, but it nevertheless appears the better course.

(d) Threatening to obtain the advantage by 19. KtxP, PxB; 20. P—Q6.

(e) Threatening mate.

(f) Fencing for P—KB4. Black could not well reply PxB.

(g) Again fencing for P—KB4, Black's Queen's Pawn being unprotected.

(h) Black has handled the defence to a nicety and White now has to tread with great care. The position becomes highly interesting.

(i) This move, bearing on KR5, is the only defence, and its feasibility relies upon the pinning effect of the Bishop upon Black's second Pawn capture. If 34. Q—B2 or K3, then 34.... PxB; 35. P—KKt3, Kt—R4! Black remaining a Pawn ahead with a powerful attack.

(j) This is a very grave error. White overlooking that the King's Pawn, after his next move, does not bear upon the White Queen. Mr. Perry afterwards mentioned that he had considered 35.... RxP, an interesting variation, e.g. 35.... RxP; 36. QxR, R—KKtsq; 37. Q—R4, R—Kt7 ch; 38. K—Rsq, RxB; 39. QxRP, Q—KKtsq; 40. R—KKtsq, R—KKt7; 41. QxRP ch and Black must advisedly submit to perpetual check. After 35.... Kt—Kt3; 36. PxB, the game would stand approximately even.

(k) A pretty, if rather obvious stroke. If 38.... PxB; 39. QxP ch, and if Black moves the King, mate in two follows.

(l) It is unaccountable that Mr. Perry did not defend the Rook's Pawn. White, consequently, finishes quickly.

(m) If 40.... K—Ktsq, then 41. Q—R5 threatening mate.

(n) If 43.... K—B2, then 43. BxB followed by 44. B—Kt6 ch. If 43.... K—R2, then 44. K—Kt2 at once.

(o) Playing to prevent R—B2. An interesting game, though Mr. Perry fell off rather badly.

END-GAME NO. 31  
By W. and M. Platoff.

White: K at KKt6; Kt at KKtsq; Ps at QKt5, QB6 and KR6. Black: K at KKtsq; R at KB2; B at QB6; P at Q2. White to play and win.

### Solution.

- 1. P—R7ch, RxP; 2. P—B7, R—Kt2ch; 3. K—R5, R—R2ch; 4. K—Kt4, R—Kt2ch; 5. K—R3, R—R2ch; 6. K—Kt2, R—Kt2ch; 7. K—Rsq, R—R2ch; 8. Kt—R3, RxKtch; 9. K—Kt2, R—Kt6ch; 10. K—R2! B—K4; 11. P—B8 (Q) ch, K—B2; 12. QxPch, K—B3; 13. K—Rsq and wins.

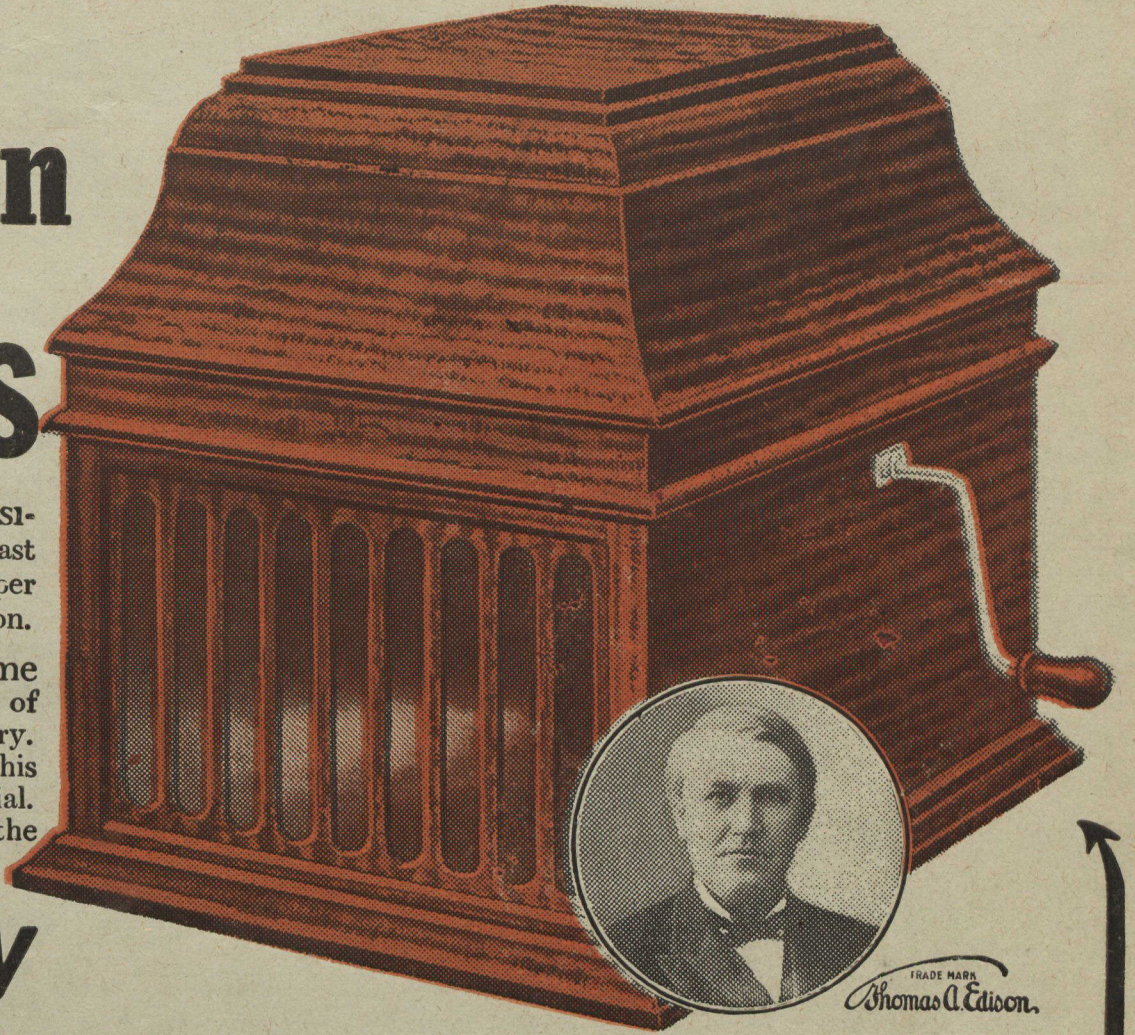


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