A THOROUGHLY CANADIAN NUMBER

THE CANADIAN COURIER

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DECENNIAL NUMBER

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You will have noticed that with the issue of Oct. 7 the price has been reduced from 10 cents to 5 cents per copy.

EXTENSIONS

In keeping with this we are extending all subscriptions, so that the subscriber will receive extra copies sufficient to make up for the reduction in price.

CANADIAN COURIER

TORONTO - - - - - - ONTARIO

TO THE CASUAL READER

IF this is the first time you have held a COURIER in your hand, I should like to explain something about the why and the what of it. A moment more. This little screed may be read with a little judicious skipping—but it's better to take it calmly and not miss the point.

I am going to cut down a long story and give you a few pictures only from the reel. The first concerns the central idea. Once absorb that, and the rest is easy, for both of us.

LOOK WHAT IS HERE!

For a moment, think of the desirability of a weekly journal which can be read by the man on the street, his wife and family at home, and the stranger that is within his gate. Not only read, but looked to as the week-end exponent of all things national.

About that word "NATIONAL" there hangs what the Art Critic calls "atmosphere." And it's big—so big that it suffices this journal as an ever-expanding field, and the reader as an enticing ideal. Distinguish please, between the local, the partisan, the limited—and the NATIONAL—One, the town; the other, the Dominion; One, the party or the plea; the other, the people, all of 'em, and all their interests.

OUR BIG HERITAGE.

Just being in line with National and Empire ideals, at this juncture, is the thing. The new Canada that's coming is in it. The Canada now "at war" and the Canada "after the war."

For still further amplification I ask you to look at the map of Canada, if one is handy. Is that not a field for a national journal? None bigger anywhere, none more important to Canadian readers. My first hint to you about the COURIER is the size and the nature of its sphere. There is nothing parochial about the COURIER. It concerns itself about the big and broad issues of our national life. As a citizen of Canada your influence and interests extend from the boundaries of your home to the outermost rim of this great Dominion.

I am getting somewhat close to you, dear reader. Read on, wait for the "punch." There is a psychological impulse coming your way—perhaps several of them. Be prepared to obey.

SOME IDEALS.

Prior to founding this journal (December, 1906,) there existed one monthly, creditable survival of a sort of journalistic road-race, where the by-ways were wreck-strewn. Beyond that, nothing could be said to make a national appeal. There was need for a weekly paper which could include and translate for the people the social, political, industrial and ethical aspirations of the best of us; that could inform and inspire, amuse and interest, even entertain by story and picture the aforesaid man on the street, his family and his friend. Now for ten years the COURIER has been at the job of being a national weekly (don't ever overlook the national), and you can see the result herewith.

A DESCRIPTION MORE OR LESS FORMAL.

You will therefore expect the CANADIAN COURIER to deal with the biggest things in Canada, and you will be right. To put it concisely, it has every week 32 pages of information, opinion, suggestion and inspiration about things Canadian. It deals with the policies and affairs of the Canadian people. It prints biographies of the great and the near great and their doings, both men and women. Illuminating comment by fearless and independent editors, departments devoted to gossip, persiflage and general prying into, in a discreet way, the motives and actions of that section of the body politic, which must submit to criticism without talking back. Pages devoted to the progress of music and the arts, drama and Humour (spelled with an H); not forgetting pictures, the best pictorial news photograph service available on two continents, generally half-tone. Also drawings by leading Canadian illustrators to embellish the stories and sketches, which are a feature of our literary service. Also we must mention the serial story—here is where the COURIER grips the entire family. Other literary features are expected to make a class appeal, but who is not moved by the story? The COURIER stories make people talk, so no more need be said.

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STORIETTES

THE sympathetic prison visitor went from cell to cell interviewing the inmates. To one penitent-looking individual she put the usual question: "What brought you here?" "Borrowing money, lady," was the reply. "But good gracious!" she exclaimed, "they don't put people in prison for borrowing money." "Not ordinarily," said the man, "but I had to knock a man down three or four times before he would lend it to me."

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IT was his first play—a heavy drama along classical lines—and he was as nervous as a man sitting in a dentist's chair while the dentist is laying out the instruments he intends to use. After the curtain had rung down on the second act there was a long silence. Then came a wild outburst of applause. "Hooray!" cried the playwright, dancing a hilarious jig behind the scenes. "What are you hooraying about?" asked the leading man. "My play. It's a success. Don't you hear the applause?" "Certainly I hear it, but it isn't for your play. They're applauding because the manager has just announced that your piece will be taken off to-morrow night to make way for a new musical comedy by the author of 'The Girl from Pifflebury.'"

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A TOMMY on furlough entered a jeweler's shop, and, placing a much battered gold watch on the counter, said, "I want this 'ere mended." After a careful survey the watchmaker said, "I am afraid, sir, the cost of repairing will be double what you gave for it." "I don't mind that," said the soldier. "Will you mend it?" "Yes," said the jeweler, "at the price." "Well," remarked Tommy, smiling, "I gave a German a punch on the bloomin' nose for it, and I'm ready to give you two if you'll mend it."

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THE famous botanist was pacing slowly along the country road, his eyes, as usual, roaming from side to side for new plants to study. Suddenly an eager look swept across his features, and he leaned over the low fence enclosing a cottage garden. He had found a plant he did not know. What could it be? If only he had a specimen of it to study! At that moment a shock-headed lad strolled along the road and stopped to gaze open-mouthed at him. "I say!" called the botanist, urgently. "See that plant there—that pale pink one in the corner? Do you know it?" "Aye," said the country boy, briefly. "What's its name? Do you know what family it belongs to?" The lad jerked a grubby thumb over his shoulder toward the little cottage as he spoke more briefly still: "Higginses!"

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THE reform warden always made it a point to give each new arrival a chance to do the work with which he was familiar, if the penitentiary dealt in his line. A tailor named Levinski arrived, and it was ordered that he be employed at that trade, if there was an opening. There wasn't. He was asked if he was adept at anything else. "Yes," he replied, with a smile, "I am a crackerjack traveling salesman."

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AS rats did much damage to his papers, the Hindu clerk in charge of the official documents in one of the more remote Indian towns obtained permission to keep two cats, the larger of them receiving rather better rations. A few weeks later, the head office at Delhi received this dispatch: "I have the honour to inform you that the senior cat is absent without leave. What shall I do?" To this problem there was vouchsafed no answer. After waiting a few days, the Hindu sent off a proposal. "In re absence cat. I propose to promote the junior cat, and in the meantime to take into government service a probationer cat on full rations."

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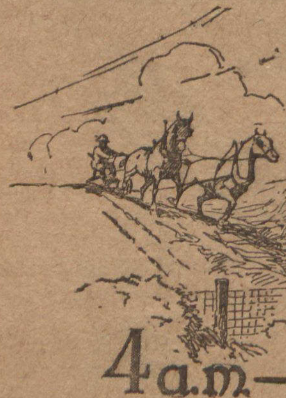

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GEORGE SHAW PAGE,
Moosoming, Sask.

THE COURIER

Vol. XXI. December 2nd, 1916 No. 1

A POLITICAL TRANSFORMER

John W. Dafoe, Managing Editor of the Manitoba Free Press, Steps Down Political Voltage to Ottawa

By AUGUSTUS BRIDLE

Illustrated by F. S. Challener

ON the outskirts of many a city and town in Canada you may notice an ugly building that does a deal of silent work and has enough voltage concentring in it to wreck anything but a good democratic government. This building is connected up by hundreds of miles of high-voltage wires to a cataract that gathers its momentum from lakes and rivers reaching back thousands of miles into the interior. The transformer takes the current and steps it down to the community; whereby the boudoir lamp of Mrs. John Jones is as much in touch with Niagara as the 1,000-h.p. factory of Mr. John Jones, whose employees don't have electric-lighted boudoirs.

This is a very democratic picture, and it suggests very aptly the sort of man John W. Dafoe is.

Before the editor of the Manitoba Free Press sees this he will be up to the eyes in the biggest convention ever held in Winnipeg. Hundreds of grain-growers are gathering like storm clouds before a slow wind to discuss a new set of economic principles for the business management of this country. It is not on record that Dafoe called this convention. He may have had nothing directly to do with it. But if there is any one man present at this Magna Carta synagogue of agrarians who knows every iota of what it politically means, that man is the managing editor of the Manitoba Free Press.

Dafoe is the transformer of western ideals, impulses and opinions, planted down there at Winnipeg to step down political currents to Ottawa. It makes no difference that John W. Dafoe is temperamentally a Radical, any more than it does that the Manitoba Free Press is technically a Liberal sheet.

Sotto voce! This is not a political essay. It is an attempt to get a line on an editor—who, as Ottawa knows, has been as much of a puzzle to the machinery of Parliament Hill as ever was Nicholas Flood Davin, Clifford Sifton, or R. L. Richardson.

It was a sizzling summer's day when I first set eyes on Dafoe in his huge sanctum looking westward over the city of wheat. The big red building that houses the Free Press was just beginning to vibrate with the day's run. Newsboys screeched and struggled below. That morning a girl aviator had gone up under Free Press auspices and had come down advertising the Free Press. Dafoe took no interest in that. Circulation and advertising people might have their own ways of getting Vox Populi to sit up and take notice. The editor was not bothered about these heavenward things. His soul and body were intent upon problems that have naturally worn a track into his office.

I DON'T imagine that the sudden arrival of Sir Wilfrid Laurier in his doorway would have flustered him. Neither would the visit of the humblest subscriber have found him anything but as cordial and outspoken as a big lion just after a full meal. The humble subscriber might have some trouble getting in there. Once in he would be sure of a good audience. Dafoe keeps the bars high. Once they are down democracy begins. And that is very much the way with the Free Press. The peculiar character of that paper must be credited mainly to the managing editor and to the ideas which of necessity that paper has come to express. The change from primitive conditions to a metropolitan character came somewhat suddenly in the Free Press. There was money behind it. To create such a machine money was needed sometimes faster than it was created by the paper itself. Once it was started on a broad gauge the machine operated independent of the money behind. The opinions it expresses and the services it conveys all over the middle west make the Manitoba Free Press seem much more arrogant than is the plain-spoken, blunt editor who is always ready to chuck old ideas into the discard when they are unsuitable to the temper of the people behind the paper.

All which is very much aside from the essential man Dafoe as I saw him that summer day in his sanctum. What he talked about is not of first importance here. It was not an interview. There were two main topics in the talk—the Empire and Canadian politics. I don't pose as an interpreter of

Dafoe's opinions on either of these large, luminous subjects. But in all the men I have ever been able to listen to in private conversation along those lines, Dafoe ranks as one of the most clear-thinking and expressive. In considering his subject he clean forgot himself and his great newspaper.

They say in Winnipeg that John Dafoe has one eternal hate. He tries not to think about it, but when he does he gets ugly all over and—so runs the legend—sees red. The object of his animadversion is the barber-shop, or rather, the things the barber-shop does to John Dafoe's hair. Take a big woolly dog and tie him to a boy's sleigh. You know how it galls the dog. Tie a politician's fists so that he can't pound the table when he speaks. That is what smooth hair means to John Dafoe. When Dafoe addresses himself to an editorial his first act—I quote rumour only—is to mess up his hair. That done—away he goes! Not even his library and his clipping system—wonderful enough in themselves—are as essential to pushing in the face of the stiff-necked Tories of Winnipeg as the tousling of his name.

John Dafoe's first acquaintance with the West was at the time of Wolseley's expedition against Riel. Dafoe, on that occasion, was the correspondent of the Toronto Globe. The Winnipeg Free Press in those days was a very uncertain sort of a paper, owned, it is said, by a man named Luxton, of London, Ont.

In 1883 he was the Montreal Star's man at the Quebec Legislature, and at the sessions in Ottawa. In 1885, being still under twenty-one, he became "editor" of the Ottawa Journal. In 1886 he went to Winnipeg as special correspondent for the Toronto Globe, but remained there city-editing the Free Press until 1892. City-editing in Winnipeg those days was a precarious and variegated performance. It consisted in being responsible for everything from book reviews to the settling of bets in the composing room. The staff consisted of whatever second or third-rate tramp scribes might have borrowed money enough to buy tickets so far west. But under the whip of John Dafoe's relentless determination it accomplished something that looked very much like a real paper.

IN 1892 he went east to Montreal and hitched his waggon to the Montreal Herald. The Herald was then owned by a company headed by E. D. O'Connor. It wasn't much of a comet, but it helped Dafoe show his mettle to such advantage that in 1895—two years before Brierly bought the Herald—he was taken on the staff of the Montreal Star as private secretary to Hugh Graham, and managing editor of the Weekly Star.

We now begin to see how J. W. Dafoe makes so good a transformer. Five wires, all different voltage, came to a focus in one man, who was not a professional hack writer or a maker of political phrases. Dafoe had never impressed himself on any one as a brilliant man. We hear of no slogans that he invented or issues that he built up year by year. He was no sort of sudden apostle. He was mainly a hard, digger after news and an assimilator of opinions. He had a calumet's hunger for work and no objections to the drudgery it entailed. Brilliant men like Nicholas Flood Davin, of Regina, and Ned Farrer, of the Globe, trailed like meteors across the sky of journalism. Dafoe plugged away at problems that gradually came to a focus in his odd combination of ideas and conscience. He saw very little of the humorous side of things; looked into all matters with constitutional gravity, and came to himself on his latest journalistic move a serious, constructive man who had tried many things and found them wanting, but was dead sure of a few.

This was at the beginning of the century. It was a time of much uplift among Liberals then in the fifth year of the Laurier regime on the verge of a new Canada, which began at Winnipeg and reached back to the Pacific. One Clifford Sifton was Minister of the Interior. It was a spectacular job. Sifton was letting down the bars to let in half the people of the world. Winnipeg was beginning to clack like the tower of Babel. There was supposed to be a new Canada in the making. Melting pot got into our national vocabulary, along with assimilation, polyglot, franchise, transcontinental—all signs of new national ideas putting up our national pulse and temperature.

And Winnipeg, in 1900, was the place where the malady broke out—though its seat was at Ottawa, in the office of one Clifford Sifton, Minister of the Interior. At this time Sifton got hold of the Manitoba Free Press. Even he may not have known what a valuable property it might be in less than twenty years, or what sort of man Dafoe might turn out to be. At that time politics in the West was in an unorganized condition. There were no new provinces with Liberal majorities and there was no Grain Growers' movement to become the storm centre of Radicalism. Not even Sifton could foresee all of this, neither could be foretell that any complications might arise to bring about differences of opinion.

But he knew right well that he needed a managing editor. He remembered that the best man the paper ever had was John W. Dafoe. He sent for Dafoe. It was a plain proposition. The Free Press needed a man to manage it, so that Mr. Sifton might stay in Ottawa and feel sure the job was being well done.

Each probably sized up the other. But whatever temperamental antipathy there may have been, if any, neither showed it. Sifton was the sphinx. Dafoe was the tame lion—not too tame. Ordinarily Dafoe would have been the machine worked by Sifton touching the button at Ottawa. But it was not so to be. It was writ down in the mentality of John Dafoe that it could not be. But he got to work. He had plenty of it. Winnipeg was the crude simulation of a melting-pot. To a man of over imagination it would have been just the place and the job to start him thinking all sorts of idealistic guff about the making of a nation.

Dafoe was not addicted to poetry. He was too solid in his boots to lose his head over expansion and ideals. He knew honestly how rotten were many of the activities on foot to Canadianize the immigrant; for he was considerable of a fighting politician himself. Having been through the mill as aforesaid, he was the tool of no man's whim and the slave of no mere movement. Some movements always incite Dafoe to a certain hostile suspicion. He resents most of them. But there are others.

Well, the one sure thing was that he was a Liberal and that too many other men even in that country were Tories. That simplified a lot of things. Tories, to John Dafoe, are people who've simply got wrong notions in their head and who persist in refusing to have their condition treated by the ordinary Liberal remedies. Furthermore, Tories, according to Dafoe, have a habit of doing all sorts of tricky little things to win elections—in Winnipeg. John Dafoe would feel sorry for them if they showed the faintest signs of regretting their condition. But in the face of their callous indifference to the truth—he seems to say—there is no time to be sorry or sentimental. Exterminate them.

It used to be, whenever there was an election, Provincial or Dominion, in Winnipeg, that the Conservatives would arrange to have John Dafoe arrested on the eve of the polling. He had fought so hard and cracked so many heads by this time that even the patience of the Conservatives was exhausted. Of course, as soon as the election was over, the charges would be dropped and nothing more heard of the matter. But in the election of 1908, Dafoe surprised them by insisting on being tried—he was charged with criminal libel. His opponents, the polls being closed, tried to dissuade him and almost plead with him not to be so foolish. John Dafoe would have a trial. And he was acquitted.

But all who differed from Dafoe were not Tories, any more than all who agreed with him were Liberals. Something got wrong with Liberalism. Dafoe, supposed to be agent, was not always amenable. It is quite reasonable to suppose that when the Free Press differed with its reputed owner on the question of reciprocity there would have been another managing editor found if Dafoe had not somehow made himself the Free Press to such a degree that to take him out of it would have been like cutting off a head. Dafoe had been plugging away at this transformer job in all its details. Sifton had been short-circuited at Ottawa. It was not possible for even Liberals to decide which of the two meant more to Liberalism in that part of the land.

In short, there was a radical type of Liberalism on the prairie. It is coming to a huge temporary head just now in the monster convention of grain-growers at Winnipeg to lay down platforms for governments in the matter of wheat, railways and rural credits. There are Tories among those grain growers. There's the rub. Wheat and things like it are bigger sometimes than political traditions. Dafoe knows it a little more broadly, perhaps, than any one else in that country.

There may or may not be an election soon. Whether soon or late, makes no difference to Dafoe, who is prepared to show cause why first of all the old line parties are pretty well defunct on the prairie; second, that there is possible a radical wing of the Liberal party; third, that the West does not hero-worship political leaders; fourth, that you cannot business manage an Empire by sitting at a round table and electing directors.

There are others. These will do just now to epitomize John W. Dafoe, who has come to the point in his variegated plugging career where he can stand up to any men with any sort of measures for nation-building and discuss them till the last of the argument—then blow out the light, tousle his mane once again and go home knowing that he is of the same mind now that he was then.

It is sometimes asked why Dafoe does not leave the sanctum and go into politics direct. It is even rumoured that should Laurier win another election he would be offered a seat in the Cabinet. It would be a wise choice to get the transformer down to Ottawa. But he is not likely to move. The West suits him. Besides, as the balance of power in politics sometimes goes to radical wings, so the centre of influence in Canada is steadily creeping westward. Winnipeg is more than sixteen years nearer the centre of things now than it was sixteen years ago, when Dafoe became managing editor of the Free Press. In ten years more——

But we must leave that prospect to Dafoe.

CANADA WILL CARRY ON

The self-governing Dominion which already as a free-will agent has done so much should not need Conscription. Let us estimate our resources, pull together and finish her work

Editor's Note.—At various times we have published articles showing what most of the other Provinces have done for the war. These two concerning British Columbia and Saskatchewan are very timely just now when the country is undertaking to raise the balance of a half-million army.

BRITISH COLUMBIA AND THE WAR

By R. E. GOSNELL

WHEN the war broke out British Columbia had already begun to feel seriously the effects of the reaction from an unexampled period of prosperity. I use the word "prosperity" in the commonly accepted sense of quick money returns, expanding revenues, municipal and provincial, flotation of numerous enterprises on the company plan, jumping bank clearings and so on. Large sums of money were being spent by railways, private corporations, private individuals, municipalities, and the government. Speculative activities were very active, and money was very plentiful in circulation.

War accentuated a situation already bad. It cannot be said that British Columbia in all these respects was very much different from the rest of Canada, except that conditions which affected the Dominion as a whole were more pronounced in the western province. Here I want to call attention to a misconception which continuously maintains in eastern Canada. Ninety-nine times out of a hundred, when you see "the West" in print, or hear it spoken of, it has reference to the prairie provinces. Of course, if we were to draw a line north and south somewhere about the boundary line between Manitoba and Ontario, you might properly call everything east of that "eastern Canada," and everything west of it "western Canada"; but in speaking of the prairie I have always adopted the rule in the United States of calling it the Middle West. Broadly speaking, "the West of Canada" would include all four provinces, but "in the West" or the "West" should only mean just as in the United States, it means only the Pacific Coast states. There can be only one West.

It is a curious fact, the result of geographical position and physical conformation and possibly the psychological effect of the Western environment, observable in the same zone south of the line, that in good times in Canada British Columbia has the best times, and in times of depression British Columbia feels the pinch worst. The West breeds optimism, and when the sun shines in business we overdo it in a speculative way. That is true of all the Wests of America. To compare British Columbia with Ontario, for instance, we can make the distinction quite clear. The population in Ontario is a stable one. It is largely born of the soil, whereas of British Columbia's population, which increased over 350,000 between 1901 and 1913, only a small percentage is native born. Most of them are here on account of speculative opportunities. Ontario has a large, old and diversified agriculture and also a highly developed industrial organization. Although British Columbia was, on account of its natural resources in timber, mines, fish, agriculture and horticulture, per capita the largest producer in Canada, her industrial organization is still almost in embryo.

I refer to these matters as reasons for conditions as they existed prior to and since the war in British Columbia and elsewhere. At the outbreak of the war, conditions throughout Canada were very similar—alarm, impairment of financial credit, unemployment, with consequent distress and money loss.

An essential difference as between British Columbia and the other provinces developed as time went on. The great crop of 1915 in the Middle West, at prices regulated by war demands, lifted the prairie people into comparative affluence again. In the eastern provinces, in addition to good crops, manufacturing has been greatly stimulated by orders of war munitions, and it is safe to say that Canada, from the Rocky Mountains to the Atlantic Ocean, is more prosperous than ever before, as a result of the war. British Columbia, on the other hand, owing to her distance from the seat of war, has been able to get but very few orders for munitions or supplies of any kind. Had the Panama Canal remained open and ocean bottoms been available, the timber industry, in particular, would have become very prosperous on account of foreign demand; but shipping was extremely scarce and rates practically prohibitive.

THE situation will be relieved as soon as the ships now being built under government aid are launched, in probably six or seven months' time. In the meantime, there are few facilities by which the products of British Columbia can reach their natural markets. We have, in addition, larger overhead charges in taxes and interest than in eastern Canada. During good times real estate went very high and a great deal of building went on. Real estate and land transactions, now unprofitable, represented enormous investment of capital, subject to high taxation. Municipalities, like private individuals, went in for extensive betterments, which have to be paid for in taxes on unduly high assessment valua-

tions. Many, otherwise, rich men are making themselves poor paying taxes and interest. No money can be borrowed on mortgages at all.

Nevertheless, since conditions settled down and we have become used to the war, our principal industries, arising out of natural resources, have carried on fairly well. Lumbering has suffered the most, on account of lack of ships, but it has greatly improved of late. Mining is exceedingly prosperous, owing to increased demands and price of copper, lead and zinc. Coal mining on the coast has not been as prosperous as in former years on account of the large substitution of oil for fuel purposes; but we expect later on to get other uses for this coal. Fishing has become a very large industry, recently much improved by the bonding arrangements whereby American bottoms can land halibut at Prince Rupert for transhipment. Our fishery products are now nearly one-half of the whole fishery production of Canada. One big result of the war has been to increase the demand for pulp and paper, and this has greatly extended operations on the British Columbia coast, where there are now four large mills situated. Another effect of the war has been the almost total elimination of the unemployment problem. Enlistment has included practically every idle man capable of bearing arms and medically fit; and instead of unemployment we have a great scarcity of experienced labour for our principal industries, although there still are a great many unskilled men who should be at the front.

Having discussed what war has done for, and how it has affected British Columbia, it is in order to consider what British Columbia has done for the war. It is quite natural that in a province with such a large percentage of British-born population, many of whom had military training and experience, there should have been a ready and very general response. British Columbia has always been very British in its sympathies. It is indeed a greater Britain on the Pacific Coast. Including those from the Yukon, which contributed a handsome quota from a sparse population, British Columbia has placed under arms 35,000 men, some of whom are at the front, some in England, some in training in eastern Canadian camps, and some still in British Columbia. Although the majority of the British Columbia soldiers are big, husky fellows, who make a splendid turnout for physical appearance, we have a regiment of bantams, now at almost full strength, who will give great account of themselves. Victoria and vicinity have been the principal training point, but there are camps at Vernon and Sidney, Vancouver Island, in which practically all the units still in British Columbia are stationed.

BRITISH COLUMBIA has been liberal more ways than in men. The Province sent 110,000 lbs. of canned salmon for relief purposes. This in itself was not large, but from many private and municipal sources were collected in great quantities, money, articles of wear and creature comforts of all kinds for the soldiers at the front, for the Belgians, the French, the Serbians, Canadian Patriotic Fund, Red Cross, and so on. Since the war broke out British Columbia has contributed about $1,000,000 to the Canadian Patriotic Fund, and a very large sum to the Red Cross.

One cannot, without going very carefully and laboriously into the various miscellaneous contributions as the result of tag days, concerts, afternoon receptions, dances, etc., arrive at an approximate total; but the aggregate is very large indeed. There have been numerous tag days, and it is not unusual to raise from $4,000 to $5,000 on one of those occasions in a city like Victoria. Not a week passes by but there is some form of entertainment for patriotic purposes, and they are all financial successes. We have had one or two rather original methods of raising the wind. A superfluities store was organized, in connection with which everything is free, and out of sales $10,000 has been donated to the Red Cross; the Rotary Club of Victoria had a junk day in connection with the civic cleaning up and realized nearly $1,000 for the same society; the ladies have organized and have carried off some very "unique" and original entertainments. If the people of British Columbia are feeling the pinch of hard times, they at least always seem to have plenty of money for patriotic purposes.

Early in February, in order to arrive as nearly as possible at what the people of the province had done in various ways in connection with the patriotic and military objects up to that time, I addressed letters to the clerks of municipalities and to the secretaries of various societies and got a good deal of information, but not in sufficient uniformity to enable me to make a complete statement either under heads or as a whole. Some municipalities did not subscribe any money as municipalities, but left it to the generosity of private citizens. The majority did, but in different ways, as would seem to meet the local requirements. Vancouver spent in relief $183,255. Victoria built barracks on Beacon Hill for the Bantams and gave the use of the agricultural grounds for military purposes free of cost. New Westminster city gave in cash for all purposes nearly $28,000. The mining town of Phoenix, at the first of the year, was paying out $2,300 monthly. A number of the municipalities carried on relief work extensively, for which loans to them were made by the government, while in unorganized districts relief work was paid for directly by the government under the supervision of relief officers. The government did not adopt the policy of instituting public relief works to give relief apart from the usefulness of the work; but so far as was possible to carry on useful works as relief it was done. The government also advanced money to unemployed miners to pay their fare and keep to mines in other provinces. When the war is over, it will be interesting to ascertain from all sources just how much this province has contributed publicly and privately; but in addition to cash, carloads and carloads of supplies, clothing, tobacco, sweetmeats, food, have gone to the front.

A great factor in patriotic work has been the women of all classes, who have laboured voluntarily and incessantly ever since the war broke out.

I must not forget the naval end of the war pro-

TWO PICTURES OF WAR

THE above photograph is a good example of the enthusiasm which sent our first armies to Europe, in the early days of the great war when men out of work thronged all our cities and towns. That stage has passed. Every man and woman available to help the cause, whether abroad with a rifle or at home in a factory, or on a farm, is being gradually pressed into service. The country—most of it—is being combed for further recruits. Are we doing in 1916 more or less than we did in 1914? Demagogues say Less. Common sense says Much More. This picture was taken shortly after the first German army, 800,000 strong, marched like an overgrown circus through Brussels. German armies are not now on parade. Canadian battalions are no longer raised in three weeks. Yet there are people who imagine that because scenes like this photograph are not being enacted every week or so, Canada is falling down on her contract with the Empire.

The lower photograph, from Regina, is equally suggestive. It shows a group of Indians from the File Hills Reservation, in Saskatchewan. In the back rows are the young Indians in khaki. In the middle, around the Indian Agent, Mr. Graham, are the old warriors who, a generation ago, were on the warpath against the Government of Canada. Let us honour the red men who fight. But we are not depending on photographs like this to fill up our army—at home and abroad.

gramme. When it broke out and before there was considerable enthusiasm displayed in the naval volunteer movement; but as the war developed the Pacific was freed from the German menace, and naval volunteering was discouraged as unnecessary. We have since learned how close we were to having our coast cities bombarded by German cruisers in these waters. It must be admitted that provision for naval defence on this coast was very inadequate, and Sir Richard McBride, then Premier, took the bold step of purchasing, on the responsibility of the province, two submarines in Seattle which had been built for the Chilean government. These arrived at Esquimalt on the day war was declared and were subsequently accepted and taken over by the Dominion Government. They have been in satisfactory service ever since. The purchase of these submarines has been so much discussed in politics that one hesitates to discuss it here; but personally I have no hesitation in expressing the opinion that their presence in these waters, as an unknown quantity so far as German plans were concerned, deterred the cruisers from attempting bombardment; and, of course, Japanese warships were soon after in these waters and the Germans turned tail for the southern Pacific, where they met their fate.

What Saskatchewan Did

THE call to arms met with no more ready or willing response than in Saskatchewan. The fact that the people of that province are so far removed from the scene of hostilities, peacefully settled in a prosperous and happy country (aptly described as the domain of King Wheat), with no possibility of the farms being over-run and desolated, has only served to increase the loyalty and multiply the sacrifices of the people.

Pages would be required to give anything like a summary of what Saskatchewan has done for the war, but briefly surveying the field of provincial activities the following may be cited as some of the satisfactory results of the enthusiastic efforts made. The total number of men enlisted up till the summer of 1916 to date was 21,133. Many of the battalions raised in Saskatchewan are at the front and have shared in the exploits of Canadian regiments. Several Saskatchewan soldiers are now carrying symbols of some outstanding act of valour on the battlefield, including one V. C. Recruiting is being kept up.

To provide assistance to the Imperial arms and for grants to patriotic and relief funds, the Saskatchewan Legislature voted the sum of $750,000 for such purposes. Grants totalling $25,000 have been made by the Government in response to appeals for provincial regimental funds. The Saskatchewan Government donated to the Imperial authorities 1,500 horses, 75 per cent. of which were suitable for cavalry, and the remainder, slightly heavier, for artillery. Great care was taken in the selection of the animals. The Saskatchewan branch of the Canadian Patriotic Society has done excellent work. Up to the end of May, 1916, $475,000 was contributed to the Patriotic Fund in Saskatchewan. Sixty thousand dollars per month was being paid out at that time to the dependents, who numbered 2,200.

A Hospital Unit was raised by voluntary subscription, assisted by the Provincial Government and the Medical Fraternity. In spite of the heavy cost of raising the Unit (the ordnance and technical equipments alone cost more than $30,000), funds poured in as soon as they were asked for. The staff consists of the C. O., fifteen other officers, matron, twenty-six nurses, and 105 N. C. O.'s and privates. The Unit was mobilized in record time. The appointments and recruiting began on March 27, 1916, and all positions were filled before the end of April, the Unit complete embarking from headquarters early in May. The officer sent by the Militia Department to inspect the corps stated that he had never seen a better looking body despite the short time they had been in training.

The Saskatchewan farmer responded enthusiastically to the scheme launched last year to increase the production from the land. A vastly increased acreage was sown, and the increase in the yields of all classes of grain in Saskatchewan constituted a record and far outdistanced that of its closest rivals. The record crops were most encouraging, and incidentally again demonstrated the unequalled productiveness of Saskatchewan soil. The following are the figures, which speak for themselves:

	Acreage.	
	1914.	1915.
Wheat	6,003,522	6,884,874
Oats	2,792,611	2,846,949
Barley	313,537	272,299

	Total Yield Bushels.	
	1914.	1915.
Wheat	74,610,643	173,723,775
Oats	66,698,953	130,910,048
Barley	5,627,783	9,043,813

At the Saskatchewan Grain Growers' Convention, held last year, a resolution was unanimously adopted that every farmer in the province should set aside one acre of land, the produce of which should be given to the Mother Country. This movement, by which every farmer would do his little bit, achieved splendid results.

The Saskatchewan division of the Federal Military Hospitals Commission was rapidly and efficiently organized, and soon got to work to cope with the problems of ministering to the necessities of returned soldiers. The committee has been busy organizing local units in every city, town, village and rural municipality in Saskatchewan. The duty and aim of such leagues is to extend a hearty welcome and grant assistance to every soldier on his return; find suitable employment for them; provide convalescent homes at convenient points, and in general to create and maintain a strong patriotic sentiment in favour of our heroes who have borne the nation's burden at much personal loss. Practical schemes are being devised for the re-employment and vocational re-education of ex-service soldiers, among such schemes being that of land settlement whereby many may engage in the occupation of farming.

In compliance with requests received from various portions of the province that provision be made in the statutes to levy a special patriotic tax, legislation has been enacted that there shall be levied annually in each city, town, village and rural municipality a special rate amounting to one mill on the dollar on the total value of all rateable property. In such local improvement districts which have no local officials, a special rate of one cent per acre is levied. These special taxes are included in the general levy made for municipal taxes. In addition to the foregoing, municipalities and school districts are empowered to make grants from their public funds for patriotic purposes.

Mention of Saskatchewan's contribution to the war would not be complete without reference to the intelligently patriotic response made by the Indians. A relatively large number are to be found in the ranks, and the ex-Minister of Militia, Sir Sam Hughes, in a speech in England, took occasion to mention this fact as indicative of the general response made by all classes in Canada to the call for men. Large sums in actual money have also been contributed by the Indians on the reserves for patriotic purposes. They have their Red Cross societies as do the white people, and the women keep busily engaged on comforts, etc., for the boys at the front, besides making various kinds of Indian handicraft which realize handsome sums for patriotic and relief funds. The File Hills Indian colony may be especially mentioned in this regard.

TEET 'OM, ALEDE AND OTHERS

A Romance of Ontario and Quebec that Started at Valcartier and is Still Going On

By BRITTON B. COOKE

I MAY as well admit it at once. There had been trouble at our place. My father—if you know Smith's Falls you know him—is a high-tempered man with deeply-rooted prejudices in his mind. My mother—I wouldn't have her different—stands on my father's side in everything, even against her children. She has a way of arguing that she married her husband because he was a fine man and one of his fine qualities was good judgment. She took always his judgment against the judgment of her children, which was as it should be. In the matter of my marriage, therefore, they both erred together.

"I disapprove," said my father, "of the whole business. Go on with your soldiering. Let me hear nothing of the matter. If you must marry—take a Smith's Falls girl. Let there be no more correspondence between you."

This had been two days before. I was riding therefore along the old toll-road which winds up the valley of the Jacques Cartier, in no tranquil state of mind. At Valcartier I had been treated as a man, given a man's work, a man's pay and a man's liberty of judgment on things which touched only himself. Doing special duty on a certain afternoon in the previous April, I had met Alede—Alede Robitaille—and thereafter I had made many excuses for coming up this old toll-road. Like an anemone was she in the spring. Like a pale iris in the summer. Now I had not seen her for many weeks, having been at Kingston taking a special course and having been home to consult my people. Well, that was all past and over! I had done them the honour to consult them. I would take what remained of my leave—and arrange the bans with the parents of Alede. Though dusk was falling in the valley I did not hurry my horse. It was pleasant to let Napoleon amble, picking his own way over the stoney road, while I indulged a dream or two of what I might expect.

Now, if you know the great camp at Valcartier, you know the Jacques Cartier River. It is really only a mob of angry waters that trickled down into Lac Joseph—that is about twenty-two miles from the city of Quebec—hoping to find adventure there. But, as everybody knows, Lac Joseph is a very unemotional lake that merely idles under the black shadows of the Laurentians and the lemon yellow sunsets or turquoise dawns of that country. It never does anything more venturesome than to float the canoes of lovers, thereby aiding and abetting their fate—which some would say is venturesome enough. Anyhow, it does not serve for such wild waters as those that come down from the mountain, for they presently quit Lake Joseph with a rush and a roar and form what is called the Jacques Cartier River. I have swam horses and built cartoons and fished for trout in the various parts of the river—and at one particular corner I have spent the most wonderful evenings in the world with Alede, overlooking the salmon "hospital," as we called it, under the bridge at Pont Bleu.

NIGHT fell and I urged Napoleon to a trot. Lights began to twinkle over the sleepy French-Canadian countryside. In the dusk I almost collided with an ox-team moving with colossal dignity toward a tiny bit of a white-washed farmhouse. I passed a curé walking in meditation by the side of the road, and two young girls who were telling one another's fortunes with fireflies—I wished then that I knew how they did it. Riding through a depression, where swamp cedar crowded close to the edge of the road, I was caught in a cloud of perfume—wild briar blooming unseen in the dark shadows right and left. At length, topping the last hill, we started down the slope that leads finally to the village of Pont Bleu. The road was softer here and I urged Napoleon into a canter. I began to see the white ghosts of familiar farm buildings. I caught a twinkle of light from a window far ahead and wondered if it might be in the window of Alede's house. I urged the horse. I was hungry. I was eager. I might be too late even to be permitted to speak with Alede this night.

AS I came close to the toll-house, which is kept by the grandparents of Alede, I saw lanterns swinging low against the white road, casting yellow rings of light in the dust. Farther from me, toward the bridge which leads over the narrow gorge where the salmon have their hospital, was a horse and rider, but whether man or woman I could not see.

Something caused me to draw rein. There were three lanterns in the group. One seemed never to be still, but jerked up and down, as though its owner was emphasizing the points in some vigorous address which he was making to the shadowy form of the horse. At last, the horse and shadow melted from the ring of lantern light. I heard the thunder of retreating hooves on the Blue Bridge—from which the village takes its name—and I rode up.

"Henri!" I heard a girl's voice cry.

"Here I am, Alede," I shouted. "Here I am!"

I had swung myself from the saddle to the road. With the reins over my arm I was advancing. But as I advanced the group before me retreated; Alede, cowering under the glance of her grandfather; the

grandfather placing himself between me and the rest of his family and meeting my gaze with angry stare.

"Henri North," he said, hoarsely, "the bans have b'en forbid! It is spoken!"

"What!" I cried. "You're—you're joking."

"Prenez garde!" retorted the old man. "It is spoken. The bans have b'en forbid!"

"But——"

"It is spoken."

I TRIED to catch a sign from Alede, or from the grandmother. Here at least obedience was absolute. I mounted the horse and rode slowly back to the house of the cure. I roused him and bluntly stated what had happened.

"I want Alede," I said. "And that is all there is to it. Now, what's happened against it?"

"M'sieu—Teet 'Om came back to-day."

"But what has Teet 'Om got to do with it? Who is he?" I shouted.

"Teet 'Om is back," he repeated.

That was all he would say.

I mounted again and rode to the house of a storekeeper who sometimes had a room for paying guests. He took me in and watered the horse.

Maybe you think I am telling you merely an ordinary love story. Maybe you think Alede Robitaille is a mere story-book heroine. Maybe you think I am just sentimental. The men in our battery don't call me sentimental. When other men I used to know at school and at college were reading novels I was playing football, and when they had got jobs in offices I was runing a chain with a surveying party out in the foothills. When I say I was in love with Alede Robitaille I don't mean what other people mean any more than I do when I say she was beautiful. Do you know what it feels like to be so thirsty that you get to figuring on licking the dew off the rocks when night would come on? And then did you come suddenly upon a pool of clear cold water, water so beautiful that you just had to stand and look at it before drinking?

That was Alede. A pool of water in a desert. A gentle, cool wind in a sweltering afternoon. A tinkle of sleigh bells coming down the concession line on a crisp, still night. Never mind her hair or her eyes or her complexion or the way her voice sounded—like a queer kind of music. I was bound I was going to marry Alede Robitaille. I swore I would find who Teet 'Om was—and break his head if necessary. I took, that night, vow after vow upon my soul—anything to cool my temper. In the morning came the cure and old man Robitaille. They addressed me politely and formally, the cure doing the main talking for the two.

"It has been t'ought for the bes'," lisped the white-haired priest. "That there should be no marriages between the people of the one race and the people of the other race. You are an English-Canadian. The young lady is of the French-Canadian——"

"Has my father been putting this stuff into your heads?" I demanded, struck by a sudden familiar note in the wording of the argument.

They said "No" in a puzzled way, but went on to explain, with much politeness, that they were sorry an injustice had been done to me in allowing me to hope that the marriage with Alede might be carried through. But it was unwise—indiscreet.

"But the young lady? Hasn't she any say?" I demanded.

"She is an obedient daughter."

"Obedient be damned!" I shouted. "I know what it is. I saw friend Teet 'Om riding off last night. It's Teet 'Om that's mixed up in this thing and I'm going to stick till I settle with him."

"Teet 'Om," they echoed, in unison. "But—but m'sieu——"

"That's all right," I interrupted. "You don't need to bother explaining. I'll get all the information I need."

AND I could see by their faces that the name Teet 'Om had told on them. The shadow I had seen riding away from the ring of lantern light in the road had been the cause of my troubles.

I rode back to Valcartier and I went straight to my C. O.

"Well," he said, sharply, as I clicked heels and saluted.

"Colonel," I said, "I need a week's leave."

"You NEED a week's leave!"

"I'm getting married, sir."

"Married?"

"May I have the leave, sir?"

"By gad, you're in a hurry, and you don't look overly pleased about it, either. Mm! Her parents object?"

I flushed. How the devil did he know that?

Ottawa loses the Princess Pat and gets in exchange these four young ladies, daughters of the Duke of Devonshire. Their shadows will never grow less. And when they leave Canada they will all be good Canadians, even though they never come back again.

"Yes, sir," I replied.

"Hope the lady herself is willing," he went on. "For I can see by your eye you intend to take her."

"I shall win out, sir. Do I get the leave?"

"Yes."

II.

IN the village of Pont Bleu no one would say who Teet 'Om might be. Alede Robitaille was kept in the gloomy interior of the toll-house. I enquired in two other villages, one on the west and one on the east of Pont Bleu, and learned nothing of the stranger I sought.

"Teet 'OM," echoed one villager, to whom I managed to make myself understood. "Why—is m'sieu certain that such is the name? Is that the name which is correct?"

"It is the only name I have been given," I replied —I had no intention of telling him the circumstances of my quest. "But why do you ask?"

"Because, m'sieu," the villager replied, "I have the idea maybe what you t'ink is hees name is only hees nick-name—eh? You see, m'sieu, when a mother calls her son in Quebec she often names him for the moment—Petit Homme—Teet 'Om—Little Man! Does m'sieu not understand? And sometimes the pet name——"

"Oh, the deuce!" I said, and rode off. I did not mean to hurt his feelings, but he had shown me the difficulty of my task in a light stronger than I could stomach. I rode off once more along the road to Pont Bleu.

Now as I followed the road it brought me presently into the hollow by the cedar swamp once more, the place where I had smelled the wild briar not so many nights before. The road was soft here and the friendly sound of my horse's feet was suddenly missing. At the same time I heard a rider coming from behind. Just why I cannot say, but I slowed Napoleon to a walk, and waited for the other man to pass.

Presently his horse, too, struck the soft road, and the only sound was the creaking of saddle leather and the occasional snort of his animal coming up behind me.

Then a man's voice, that somehow made me think at once of Alede Robitaille, so pleasant was it to the ear:

"Bon soir, m'sieu!"

"'Night!" I retorted.

His horse slackened its pace as though it wished to keep the company of Napoleon.

"A good spot for a canter!" I said, meaning it as a hint for him to leave me to myself.

"I will race m'sieu to the end of the swamp," said the suave voice.

I turned to look at him. He was a lieutenant, like myself, in uniform, but if he was an inch high he was six feet four, and if he weighed a pound he

(Continued on page 11.)

This is the house that Jack built on the Western front. Winter quarters cunningly contrived out of petrol tins. "I say, Bill, wot 'o? Ankey-pankey it is." "Strike me pink, Jack, if it ain't as good as any Canadian beaver could build."

SOMETHING MUST BREAK SOMEWHERE

A weak point may be discovered through which a great army of Allied Reserves may be poured like a flood. French success at Verdun is a threat on Metz

By SIDNEY CORYN

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DURING the last few weeks we have been invited to consider the opinions of various authorities, named and unnamed, as to the campaign plans of the Allies in the west. However willingly and even respectfully we may listen to these views we can hardly hide from ourselves the fact that they are not in agreement, and therefore that they do not emanate from the high sources claimed for them. The Allied commanders may have their faults like the rest of us, but garrulity is not among them, and we can hardly suppose that General Joffre, for example, babbles of his plans to persons who proceed forthwith to publish them in "special dispatches" to their favourite newspapers. We may usefully remember that there can be no military plan that does not necessarily depend upon the unforeseeable movements of the enemy, and that may not instantly be changed in obedience to circumstances. There can be no military plan that does not rest somewhat upon conjecture and upon the opportunities of the moment. The element of the unknown is a large one, and there are psychological factors that can not be measured. Napoleon said once that the duty of the commander was to consider every possible eventuality and to be ready instantly to meet it. And the complexities of the Napoleonic wars were trivial in comparison with those of the present struggle.

A few weeks ago we were told in a dispatch that was widely circulated and that reached this country by mail that a new plan of campaign had been formulated, and that it would be "steadily adhered to." Aeroplane observations had disclosed the existence of eight miles of German trenches, massively fortified, and consisting of at least sixty parallel rows. Since it would be impossible to carry these works without an unbearable loss of life there would henceforth be no attempt to do so. The French and British would now content themselves with driving triangular wedges into the line wherever possible, not with the intention to break through, but rather to increase the length of the line to be defended, and so to place the utmost possible strain upon Germany's man power. In this way the work of attrition would be hastened and large numbers of troops would be held in the west that would otherwise be sent against Russia and Roumania. Doubtless this dispatch was as authentic as any of a like nature. It may even have stated a partial truth, but none the less it rests upon the supposition that the Allies have hitherto been unaware of the number and strength of the German lines, and that a sudden discovery of these factors had compelled a change of plan. But there could have been no concealment of such fortifications. Nothing of such a nature can escape the ubiquitous aviator and his camera. The trenches upon both sides have been mapped and charted by their enemies with the accuracy of a city plan, and these maps have in some cases been published. We know also that the Allied advance, small as it has been, has disclosed the inferiority of the rear trenches to those in the front line. Structurally they are much more simple, however gallantly they may be defended. Even a mere gash in the ground, or a shell crater, can be formidably defended by machine guns, but the more easterly trenches that have been taken show nothing like the steel and concrete work that distinguished the front line, nor the underground labyrinths that made it so formidable. And it may be said, moreover, that the methods of attack have shown no change during the last few weeks. The plan seems to be the same—to push forward in the shape of a fan that opens steadily wider, and so to create a great blunt salient that shall be a threat to the lines that run north and south. And we may believe that there is always the hope that a weak point may be discovered through which a great army of reserves may be poured like a flood. Such at least is the German interpretation of the Allied efforts, and the only interpretation. The British assault on the Ancre carried out on November 18th covered a front of seven and a half miles, and certainly this bears no suggestion of a change of method nor of an effort to drive mere triangular wedges into the German line.

MR. FREDERICK PALMER, who has been at the front continuously and who has just arrived in New York, has heard nothing of any new plan. On the contrary, he says that the area of the attacks is becoming greater, and that the assaults upon a few hundred yards of front have gone out of fashion. This is just what we should expect on what may be called the "salient and weak point" theory. Mr. Palmer speaks of the elasticity of the German line and confirms the views often expressed in this column that the Germans intend that it shall be elastic, and that they are willing to fall slowly backward so long as they can exact a sufficient price from their enemies in casualties. But, says Mr. Palmer, there is something more than elasticity in the loss of Thiepval, Douaumont, and Vaux. Certainly such reverses as these were not part of the plan and they "can not endure." Something, he says, must break somewhere if the present successful attacks are continued. And this is evident enough. No army can maintain its position, no matter how strong its fortifications, if its enemy reaches its rear. The Somme advance may seem to be very small if it is measured from west to east, but it is not so small if we consider the north and south point of view, if we consider its effect upon those long lines to the North Sea, and to Noyon in the south. The French gain at Verdun can doubtless be measured with a yardstick, but it is not so easy to measure its threat upon Metz, and we may be fairly sure that it was achieved with that end in view. And incidentally Mr. Palmer says that the French army is in no way exhausted, and that it is better and stronger than it was a year ago, as indeed seems to be the case if we may judge of it by its achievements. We may therefore reasonably believe that we shall see a continuation of the present attacks without any modification in their present methods. There will be a succession of tremendous bombardments in which no expenditure of ammunition will be considered excessive for the purpose of silencing a single machine gun. And there will be continuous snatches at whatever territory is believed to be within reach. And we may also say with every confidence that if the present rate of advance should be maintained, every yard so gained brings the Allies nearer to that point when "something must break."

The French success at Verdun constitutes, as has been said, a threat upon Metz. As a matter of fact, Metz has been within range of the French heavy guns for a year or more, and perhaps it would be well to keep a heedful eye upon possible developments in that quarter. Metz would have been safe if Verdun had been in German hands, and doubtless this was a factor in the German attack. There could be no assault upon Metz so long as there was a possibility that the Germans could break through at Verdun and so cut off the assaulting army. But that danger has now been removed. Verdun is secure, and we may doubt if there will be any further attempt to take it or even to recover Vaux and Douaumont. If the French intend to attack Metz they will do so with the army of Verdun, but such an army must have room to deploy and it must also feel that it is safe against all attacks from the rear. If we wish to appreciate the importance of Vaux and Douaumont we have only to refer to what the Germans said about these positions when they fell into their hands. They said that they were the keys to Verdun, in which, as it happens, they were mistaken, but they were certainly a deadly menace to the central positions. Now Vaux and Douaumont are just as vital to a French attack upon Metz as they were to the German attack upon Verdun. They were essential in both cases. Therefore we need not suppose that the French in seeking to regain them were actuated by sentiment, or even by a desire to clench their defence of Verdun. They must have had some definite object in view, and that object could hardly have been anything else than to threaten Metz and to sustain their Lorraine forces in some new objective. The policy of the Allies is obviously to maintain continuous fighting over as wide an area as possible on the theory that the German lines are undermanned and in order to prevent a German concentration upon specific points. The army that defended Verdun and that has just retaken Vaux and Douaumont is evidently capable of just as vigorous an offensive, and it is probable that we shall see the prelude to this at an early date and that it will be directed eastward toward Metz.

THE fall of Monastir became certain with the practically unchecked advance northward of the reconstituted Serbian forces. But it comes late in the day. Two months ago we might have believed that it heralded a movement northward upon Nish and a determined attempt to cut the international railroad. But winter intervenes. North of Monastir there is a wild and inhospitable country without railroads and easily defended by inferior forces. It is practically impossible that there should be any advance much to the north of Monastir before spring, even supposing that this should be the route selected, which is hardly likely, seeing that the Varder Valley route with its railroad from Saloniki to Nish is so much preferable in every way. We must look elsewhere for the advantages accruing to the Allied cause from the taking of Monastir.

There are various material advantages and one that may be called moral, and perhaps the latter is the most important of all. First of all we have the straightening of the Allied line which lay in crescent formation to the northward of Saloniki. Secondly, we have the establishment of contact between the Serbians and the Italian forces in Albania. Thirdly, there is the fact that a portion of Serbia has been snatched back from the Teutons, and by the Serbians themselves, who are thus once more established upon their own soil and in possession of a city that to a peculiar extent was the bone of contention between themselves and the Bulgarians.

But the moral effect is the most important of all. If the German withdrawals in the west have to a certain extent been voluntary and strategic we can not say the same of the relinquishment of Monastir. Here we have a deadly blow struck at Bulgarian ambitions, a blow that they certainly tried to evade by every means in their power, and aided by their allies to the limit of their resources. The taking of Monastir means that it was physically impossible to save it, that neither men nor munitions could be spared from other fields. And so we have one more illustration of the fact that the Central Powers can not now win at more than one point at a time, that they can not concentrate anywhere without disclosing a damaging weakness somewhere else.

The Bulgarians who should have been defending Monastir are, of course, engaged in the attack upon Roumania, although they must now be feeling some

(Continued on page 25.)

WINTER'S COMING

THE Autumn leaves go swirling past,
And Winter's coming all too fast,
The fragrant flowers, the scented hay,
Alas, alas, have had their day,
The Autumn tints now hold full sway.

The Summer sun has gone to sleep,
And leafless trees their vigil keep,
The frosty dew is on the ground,
And song birds sweet cannot be found,
And with "Good-bye," are southward bound.

The butterflies have gone to bed,
The hawthorn trees are dripping red,
The south bound geese are flying high,
The sullen pines, which moan and sigh,
Proclaim that Winter's drawing nigh.

To choose the leaders for their flight,
The chattering black-birds meet at night,
While icy north winds fiercely blow.
If they mistrust the silent snow,
It does its best to make things grow.

And then you know, the Earth must rest,
The North, the South, the East and West,
It's Winter here, and Summer there,
But what is best is everywhere,
So leave it in His holy care.

—T. H. Litster.

DECLARING OUR INDEPENDENCE

By ARCHIBALD MacMECHAN

An Ontario Man in Nova Scotia who speaks right out in Meeting on a Subject of Live Interest to all true Canadians

WHO IS ARCHIBALD MACMECHAN? BY OCCUPATION ONE OF THE LITERATI; A PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH IN DALHOUSIE UNIVERSITY, N.S. DULL—DRY—TEDIOUS? NOT AT ALL. SCRATCH A GOOD UNIVERSITY MAN AND YOU FIND A TARTAR. THIS ARTICLE ON CANADA'S DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE IS A STRAIGHT-FROM-THE-SHOULDER ATTACK ON A LOT OF TENDENCIES AMONG CANADIANS WHICH THE PROFESSOR HAS NOTICED DOWN IN HIS OWN PART OF THE COUNTRY AND ELSEWHERE IN CANADA. IT IS WRITTEN RED-HOT, WITHOUT BURNING THE MIDNIGHT OIL, WITHOUT ANY POLISHING OF PHRASEOLOGY—A CLEAN-CUT TREATMENT OF A VITAL SUBJECT WITHOUT KID GLOVES.

BEFORE the war—when we all lived in a Fools' Paradise—there were worthy persons in this country who vexed their righteous souls because Canada was dependent on an effete monarchy situate somewhere to the north-west of Europe. . . . We had not complete treaty-making powers. One pillow in Ottawa was supposed to be wet nightly with bitter tears at the thought of our degrading vassalage.

It was amusing to discuss the treaty-making power, when there was no danger of Canada becoming a German colony. No one was ready to discuss or consider our real vassalage. No one seemed to suspect how hopelessly dependent we have been and are; and how willing we are that this degradation should continue to the end of time.

Let us look a little distance ahead! For a century or two. A couple of hundreds of years are but a moment in the history of a country. In two centuries, it is practically certain that the West of Canada will be settled thickly by a very Pentecostal population, speaking probably twenty different tongues, and each insisting on its separate rights. But that population will be rich, comfortable, prosperous. The hamlets and little post-offices at the cross-roads will all be flourishing cities, with their own manufactures, and well-cultivated regions all round about growing wheat at fifty bushels to the acre. Modern science will make farming the best paying investment in the world. In other words, we shall all be fat, prosperous and comfortable. We shall have nothing to do—outside of business hours—but worship the great god Goodtime. In still other words, our tacit ideal is to become—in time—a smug, greasy replica of the United States, wallowing in a warm mire of materialism.

The sooner Canada declares her independence—of the United States—the better.

That we are at present hopelessly dependent on the "great republic to the south of us" is beyond question. A truthful American historian of the American Revolution has considered what would have been the development of the Thirteen Colonies, if they had never rebelled. He concludes, "We should have been a tamer, less inventive people—like the Canadians."

That is our character. Tame and uninventive. And this is true.

For years I have tried to make a list of Canadian inventions, of new ideas sprung from Canadian brains. After long and painful effort, I can find only five—Walker's whisky, church union, the acetylene gas buoy, the Canadian Club, and the telephone. The truth is that Canada has not contributed a single artistic, literary, educational, political, social, or religious idea to the world's common stock. Nay more, the world would lose nothing but population—a worthy, decent, humdrum population—if we were swept out of existence by some cataclysm to-morrow. That we are the sedulous apes of the United States is almost too plain for proof.

TAKE our speech. I can always make a compatriot furious by asking him what is the difference between a Canadian and an American. He never can tell, but he usually splutters with an American accent. If he uses slang, as he usually does, he got that slang at the "show," from across the line. We are so tame and uninventive that we have to borrow even our vulgarity.

Take our business. Sir William Van Horne is a typical instance of the "Canadian" business magnate. An Illinois train-hand was borrowed to run our greatest railway. No Canadian was good enough. How many of our "flourishing enterprises" are simply branches of big American concerns, forced up mostly by our tariff. In other words, we are exploited for the benefit of the American shareholders. Our young Napoleons of finance imitate the American combine.

Take our politics. . . . . But the prospect is too painful.

Take our colleges. Here, if anywhere, should Canadian originality shine. In thirty years, every change in student life has been imported from the United States. The frat, the class organization, the college yell, class day exercises, even the tricks on the freshmen are imitations.

A FEW EXTRACTS.

OUR tacit ideal is to become in time a smug, greasy replica of the United States, wallowing in a warm mire of materialism.

* * *

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* * *

We are so tame and uninventive that we have to borrow even our vulgarity.

* * *

In thirty years every change in our student life has been imported from the United States. The frat, the class organization, the college yell, class day exercises, even the tricks in the freshmen are imitations.

Take our journalism. It is absolutely indistinguishable from that of "the continent to which we belong," except as being tamer. We cannot even invent our comic supplements. We fill our papers up with boiler-plate, pictures of American divorcees—degenerates, murderers, and baseball players, Mutt and Jeff, and Mr. Jiggs. Long ago an Englishman named Goldwin Smith tried to found a weekly paper in Toronto on the English model. But it failed. And every journalistic enterprise since has been on the American plan.

Take our amusements. The Canadian "show" exists by the grace of the Hebrew-American theatrical trust. It is always made for American consumption. Canada is allowed the crumbs. Consequently the common Canadian was in danger of thinking that "Old Glory" was his flag and "blue" the colour of the Canadian uniform. Now that Canadians have begun to chew gum (supplied by an American trust), and give their children Teddy-bears, we might as well haul down the old flag, or the old rag, and run up the Stars and Stripes. It is not so long ago —before the war—that a Canadian Minister of Militia stated that in the event of a war, Canada would be "protected" by the United States, the country that protects its own citizens so well in Mexico and on the high seas.

Take our sports. Cricket is a delicate exotic here; in Australia it flourishes like a weed. Our one native game, lacrosse, is following cricket. Our chief game is American baseball; and the league contests are followed almost as eagerly in Canada as in the United States. Rugby football has been completely Americanized, since Ernie Wigle captained Toronto on the Lawn. It is the same story in every department of Canadian life.

Now American sport, amusement, journalism, colleges, business, accent may be the very best in the world; and we may be doing our best in imitating them. But as long as we do, we must be content to bear the stigma, "a tamer, less inventive people."

The war—thank God—has shown the soul of Canada. Our best and bravest have met the call of duty in the spirit of Crusaders. One American trick we have not learned. We cannot brag with any grace. If an American division had lost half its numbers and saved the day, as the Canadians did at the second battle of Ypres, or had been mined like the Third Division last June, what paeans would have rent the air! We have taken all this glorious sacrifice of precious life as a matter of course, in our stolid Canadian way. But we have not flinched; and we have not faltered in our determination to "carry on" to the end.

The war has set Canada at the parting of the ways. When it is over, will she resume the broad, flower-strewn road of soul-destroying ease, or will she take the high, hard road of heroic endeavour, to make her future worthy of the noble present, consecrated with so much blood and such countless tears?

Teet 'Om, Alede and Others

(Concluded from page 9.)

weighed two hundred—solid strength.

We raced. He won.

"Does m'sieu ride far?"

"To Pont Bleu."

"Pont Bleu! You have friends there, m'sieu?"

"Not one," I returned, bitterly.

"But I shall be your first, then," he said, blithely.

"And you?" I asked.

"I am Teet 'Om!" he said.

"Teet 'Om?"

"A nickname, m'sieu. Rightly my name is Phillippe Robitaille, grandson of the toll-keeper, brother of Alede Robitaille—and a cast-out! Eh? How you say? . . . An outcast! That is it."

"But——"

"Listen, m'sieu," he went on, "I am so full of happiness I must tell someone. Six months ago I join a Montreal regiment. Five months ago I meet —a lady—an English-Canadian—at Smith's Falls! Two weeks ago I ask her—to be my wife. She does me the honour to consent. Ten days ago I speak my grand-parents. And what, think you, do they say? They say NO! For why? Because my grandfather have it in mind that I shall marry one of my own race. But I find out something—I find he have already plan to let my sister marry an Englishman. I learn of this. I say: Stop! If you let my sister marry—you let me marry as I choose. Then he get mad—how you say?—very mad. And he forbids both!"

"So that was it?" I cried. "Well, what are we going to do about it?"

"You, m'sieu? You! My ally!"

"To the limit."

"I have a hostage for my grandfather's good conduct—I have a hostage in Montreal."

"Who?"

"Alede! She ran away two days ago. She walk to Joseph Station. She take train to Montreal. She find me. I keep her hid with landlady while I come home. Now I march in I say, 'Give me to marry as I please permission, or I will not give you Alede.'"

"Hmph!" I said. "But I can't see where I come in."

"You? Why thus, m'sieu. I say also: 'Give Alede permission to marry her Mistair English-Canadian, or I will give it her myself and refuse your blessing.'"

"Kind of stiff for the old man," I said.

"Hmph!" retorted Teet 'Om.

But as he had prophesied, so was it, though I was not there to see. I did not stop where Teet 'Om stopped, but turned back and rode hard for Joseph Station, where I bought a ticket to Montreal.

A month ago Alede and the landlady returned with me to Pont Bleu and we were married. On that same day, in Smith's Falls, Teet 'Om was married, too. I forgot to mention, his bride was my sister. She had met him at a Red Cross dance in Montreal.

A LITTLE PAINTING NOW AND THEN

Early Spring, by J. W. Beatty
The Concrete Bridge, by Peter C. Sheppard

SHOWN AT THE ROYAL CANADIAN ACADEMY EXHIBITION IN MONTREAL.

ALTHOUGH one eminent picture collector in Canada once said that all artists are fools, it by no means follows that all good pictures are nonsense. If so, the exhibition of the Royal Canadian Academy, opened a few days ago in the gallery of the Montreal Art Association, contains a great deal of nonsense. Two only are shown on this page. One is by a Toronto artist, the other by a painter in Montreal. Each is as different from the other as chalk is from cheese. We are not saying which is chalk—or that either is not good cheese. J. W. Beatty has always ranked as a strong painter of landscapes. This one, entitled Early Spring, is one of his best of late years. What is particularly noticeable about Beatty is that he is thoroughly Canadian. Illustrations from his brush and pen have appeared in the Canadian Courier often during the past seven years, since the artist made his last return from Europe. But an illustration, no matter how good, is apt to be anything but national. A good painting is different. A good title for this painting might be Winter in the Lap of Spring. But, of course, that's poetic. A great many painters don't like poetic titles. They prefer to put the poetry into the picture; which, in this case, has undoubtedly been done by Mr. Beatty—unconsciously, perhaps, because he was not thinking so much of poetic quality as of an element of realism in a Canadian subject. Here, again, we are on boggy ground. A lot of artists despise the idea of subject. They contend that it doesn't matter what a picture may be about so long as it is well painted. And a good many Canadian pictures seem to suggest that subject matter is really no matter at all.

IN the cement picture, by Mr. Shepherd, there is no lack of subject. You understand at once that by no kind of brain-twisting could it be considered a picture of sheep, or of twilight, or of the morning after. It is as realistic as a photograph. And it's considerably, though not typically a Canadian subject. Other countries build bridges and cement structures Also one might imagine that the Beatty picture was painted in the State of Maine. To build a national line fence in art is foolishly impossible. We must give the artist room. If a Canadian artist wants to live in Calcutta and paint some scenes in Cariboo, we must still regard him as a Canadian! If he pays his studio rent in Dawson City and paints scenes in the South Seas, we must still regard him as a Canadian. He may have been born in Canada and do his painting in Timbuctoo; born in Capetown and paint in Montreal; born in Melbourne and live in Paris and paint Ungava; live in Canada and paint Canadian subjects in Canada and sell every blessed canvas in New York—he is still some sort of Canadian painter. And you can find Canadian painters somewhere in the world in all these classes.

Of course the ideal Canadian painter is he who was born here, lives here, paints Canadian subjects and sells his canvasses in Canada. These are—not a great majority.

THE reason some painters live elsewhere, or paint non-Canadian subjects, or sell their work in other markets, is because, according to some people, Canadian pictures are not popular in Canada. That may be so. It's a national defect that we don't appreciate our own productions. As Mr. MacMechan points out on the previous page to this, Canada is not independent enough in a great many ways. We have a hard time to keep ourselves spotless and undefiled from contact with other countries. But we are so much a racial mixture inside that some day we may balance up.

Canadian pictures are probably as popular in Canada as might be expected under the circumstances. Most people in Canada are not aware that we have any artists here except a few imported from other countries. When a picture exhibition opens, what is the crowd we see along the street, all wishing to get in, taxis lined up, street-cars letting people off by hundreds, young ladies waiting in the rotunda for their companions, ticket office jammed—police lining up the extras along the sidewalk?

No, it's not the Royal Canadian Academy, or the Ontario Society of Artists or the Canadian Art Club. It's the moving pictures—Charlie Chaplin or Mary Pickford. It's the picture that moves that draws the crowd. If the artists will only paint moving pictures they can get 'em. Can they do it? Well, the Cubists and the Futurists came as near it as possible—and they got the crowds. Of course it was foolish. But often it's the wise thing tricked up to look like foolery that catches the crowd. And when Canadian painters act on the doctrine that a little nonsense now and then is relished by the wisest men, a little painting now and then may be more popular even in Canada.

A War Story

NOT so very long ago a young lieutenant and three or four men, were working steadily at their single remaining 3-inch gun—not hoping to escape; only knowing that everything depended upon these broken advanced lines holding out till the second and main position of defence was fully manned. Two days passed, and they were still working their gun—grimy, hungry, thirsty, nearly dead from fatigue.

They had only a little water, and throughout that time the lieutenant refused to taste a drop, lest there should be none left with which to clean the gun. "No," he said, when his men pressed him, "it is more thirsty than I."

Every branch of the Army can tell such tales.

WAR HARRIES EVEN THE JUNGLE

Wild Animals Killed Accidentally by Big Guns, Some to Furnish Meat for Troops and Some Because They Charged Furiously in the Camps, not Liking the Idea of War

KILLING men in warfare has become what seems to be a commonplace. The destruction of wild animals by war is unusual. Savages at war do not kill animals except for meat or by accident. And the photographs on this page of wild beasts killed by war in German East Africa are of animals which were killed either for meat, by accident, or in self-defense. Here is the camera correspondent's account of the East African campaign:

In the early days the transport conditions were such that it was impossible with any regularity to supply the detached posts with supplies, and permission was given by the Game Department to shoot game in certain districts for provender. Giraffe, although in normal times is protected by special licence, used to plunder across and getting their long necks entangled in the telegraph lines, tear up the posts and break wires, interrupting communications. Greatly to the regret of all sportsmen, these harmless animals had to be sacrificed to the necessities of war, and many a heap of massive bones marks the line of our advance.

Lions, too, although useless as food, became a menace to the safety of our animals and men, and on these, also, was pronounced the death sentence. Several instances of both white and coloured troops being carried off by man-eaters occurred, and the total of horses, donkeys, mules and oxen killed is a substantial one.

Rhinoceros, buffalo, and elephant, resenting the intrusion of men to their domain, in blind fury were constantly charging over patrols and camps—and suffered accordingly. The destruction to the creatures of the wild is to be regretted, but it was unavoidable, and the lover of all animal life can obtain comfort in the knowledge that with the exception of lion almost every scrap of flesh was eaten—gazelle and antelope by the whites, and the coarser meat of rhino, giraffe, hippo, buffalo, and elephant by the native troops and carriers.

The picture at the top right hand side of the page is of an eland shot for meat. The centre photograph shows some of the native warriors of the country who are probably as much disturbed by the war as the animals. Both the natives and the animals, however, should be thankful for any war that drives the Germans out of East Africa.

UNUSUAL PHOTOGRAPHS FROM THE CAMPAIGN IN GERMAN EAST AFRICA

EDITORIAL

REGULATING THE WEATHER.

TALK of regulating milk prices is a fair sample of uneconomic hysteria. Let us admit that milk was never so high before. What is the cause? Is it war? No, we do not send milk to Europe. Is it the demand for milk in making export butter? We are not at present exporting butter made from winter milk. Is it a combine to boost prices under cover of war necessities? The latter seems to be the unpopular suspicion. Such being the case, then municipalities must step in and say to the producer—You must not charge more than thus and so for milk. We will not let you. Keep down the price or—Well what? Will the municipality import milk as we do eggs and butter? Scarcely. Milk is not an importable commodity except in condensed form. Will they expropriate the cows and operate them as a commonwealth? Very good. If that is done then the powers that be will discover in some important sections of the country this: that milk feed is calamitously scarce. Tush! some one says. What of the biggest hay crop ever known? Patience. Hay alone does not make dairy milk. That requires (a) ensilage; (b) roots. Now what are the facts? Hay was blessed with tremendous rains and was gathered in the drouth. Wet that fattened the hay postponed for several weeks the seeding of roots and ensilage corn. The drouth that came after the seeding was done and lasted until fall made roots and ensilage an almost total failure. The silos and the root-houses of Ontario are more than half empty, many of them altogether empty. Hay only is plentiful. But not even a wise paternal government can produce a normal flow of milk from hay. These are the facts. We regret to point them out. But they can be verified on any farm near to a large milk-consuming city in middle Canada at least. Milk is scarce. Therefore in order to operate his dairy plant without a loss the dealer must charge more. When a municipality abolishes these facts it must go into the business of regulating the weather.

OUR HONORARY COLONELS.

HONORARY Colonels are about as useful to Canada as a painted smokestack is to an electric power house. We have two crops of Hon. Cols.: the minority that came before the war and the mob that came after it. A private citizen who was made H. C. of a peace regiment probably did something to earn the distinction. He may have bought band instruments or busbies. Some of the citizens who were made H. C.s since the war were entitled to military distinction at home in lieu of not being physically able to go abroad. We know of at least one man who spent months helping to organize a battalion and became so popular with it that there was nothing to do but make him Hon. Col. He goes about in Colonel's togs and gets the salute. He deserves it. The average Hon. Col. dons his khaki on glad occasions and doffs it in business. He knows quite well that his ignorance of the art of war is nothing less than colossal, and that if he were asked by the O. C. to put the battalion through its facings he would feel more ridiculous than a parliamentary policeman suddenly called upon to act as Speaker of the House. We refer to the average citizen who in his business capacity may be as useful to the war as any soldier, but as a military man is a decided first edition of a joke. We do not refer to the man who in peace times may have been made an Hon. Col. when even the O. C. was not supposed to know more than the A. B. C. of war; nor to the man who by his organizing ability in a battalion earns the distinction; neither to any tried soldier too old or decrepit to go to war. All these are qualified to take the salute. The rest are humbugs and they know it.

POLITICAL PARTIES TAKE NOTICE.

THAT platform of the Grain-Growers' Convention meeting in Winnipeg this week is drastic enough for Napoleon or Martin Luther. Beside this platform that of any political party becomes a mere sliver on a rail. Free wheat or its equivalent; government mills along with government elevators; lower freight rates; nationalization of railways; the route to the Hudson's Bay; a government non-railroad highway and rural credits. We must surmise that so gigantic and radical a programme is conceived in the light of pre-election. If the country intends to have an election here is what the radical West wants independent of preconceived political ideas. Whichever party adopts most of these planks may count on western support, which means a tremendous leverage. It may be suspected that neither party will adopt the whole or even the major part of the platform, which at present is a mere draft and may itself be much modified before the convention adjourns at the end of the week. But it is instructive to note that when the West decides to frame up a policy it never does things by halves. There are some planks in this platform that deserve the attention of any government or political party, not for political purposes only, but in the interests of the country. We do not believe that nationalization of transcontinentals is one of the planks. As to free wheat, that involves more than free wheat and must be treated on its own merits. Government mills might be useful in connection with government elevators to ensure the people of Canada 50,000,000 bushels of wheat every year bought low and ground into flour at less than $10 a barrel without profit to anybody but the consumer. Lower freight rates are always desirable if the reduction does not interfere with the common-sense operation of the road, and it is certainly not desirable that any part of a system should carry freight absurdly high in order that some other sections should carry it low. But the Dominion Railway Commission has power to decide when rates are too high, and that Commission is responsible to the Government. Rural credits are necessary; more so now than ever, and it is a sign of the times that at the convention held last summer in Winnipeg there was a noticeable tendency for financial people to get closer to the farmer in the study of his needs. The government highway should be a good thing. Governments have been absurdly neglectful of roads which are the people's common carriers. The road to Hudson's Bay is still being considered, and but for the war would have been much further along than it now is. But for a broad, bold policy and platform openly announced without regard to expediency or the reverse—let us take hats off to the Grain Growers.

COMMON SENSE IN NICKEL.

SUPPOSE the Deutschland did take aboard Canadian nickel—to be blown into Canadian soldiers as it is melodramatically put by the critics. Who should be the first to complain? Perhaps the Canadian Government. But the Government has not protested. It has even counter-protested through two of its Ministers, Hons. Mr. Kemp and Mr. Meighen. And if the Canadian Government were asleep at the switch it would be the obvious duty of the Imperial Government to complain. But the Imperial Government has not complained. We might also expect the French, Russian and Italian governments to enter a protest. But they have done no such thing. In fact all the complaints have come from a certain section of Canadians, not all of them Liberals, we admit, who must be credited with a deeper insight into the tragedy of Canadian nickel than all the Governments aforesaid. Nickel is not merely Canadian except in its origin. In its consumption it is a case for the whole of the Allies. What goes to Germany, whether nickel, rubber or food, is against their united interests in winning the war. It is the business of Canada to produce the nickel and of the Allied fleets to see, if possible, that none of it gets to Germany. It is not possible for Canada to bind the International Nickel Co. to follow every ton of nickel to see that it does not land in a German submarine. The British blockade stopped Germany from getting munitions. It is said not to stop her from getting Canadian nickel. The blockade sent American munitions to the Allies. They would have gone just as readily to Germany if Germany had not been stopped. But suppose America had obeyed Bernstorff and the Kaiser and refused to sell us munitions because Germany was getting none. Would that have been good policy?

Well then, suppose we apply the same logic to nickel. In order to prevent the Deutschland et al from sneaking our nickel to Bremen, what must we do? Either of two things. Stop it from leaving Canada at all and deprive the Allies of the nickel they are getting overseas, ten to one that Germany is getting undersea. Or refine nickel in Canada and supply the Allies from Canadian ports. Is there any other? If so, none of the Allied Governments have suggested it. None of those Governments have protested. We only, and on one side of the political fence mainly, do all the objecting. But we fail to suggest a remedy. Let us face the facts. We should be glad to stop Germany from getting our nickel undersea—if she gets it. But in order to stop it we do not intend to deprive the Allies of nickel which they are getting overseas. In lieu of stopping export from Canada we must refine our own nickel. By all means and as soon as possible. But a nickel refinery is not built overnight. Let us prepare for the future, but for the present let us refrain from biting off our own nose to spite our face.

BROADENING OUR OUTLOOK.

OUR altered sense of news values is shown by such things as our surprise—followed probably by indifference—to discover that there has been a murder trial in Montreal, that the death sentence was passed and that the execution was all but stopped by a mob who wanted to lynch the guilty man. There was a time when this would have been quite good enough copy to occupy the first two columns at the top of any Toronto or Montreal daily paper. Half a dozen reporters would have worked like firemen to get the story covered "as it should be covered." To-day, however, a mere finger-length of type told the story. We are bigger people for the war.

CITIZENS OF TO-MORROW

By ESTELLE M. KERR

THERE is a terrible wastage of life at home as well as abroad. Now, if ever, we need to conserve the energy of the nation and stop this criminal waste of human possibilities. Many of the men who have been rejected for military service might have been physically fit if they had only received a little more attention in earlier years, and we shall not be keeping faith with the men at the front unless we take greater care of their children than we did of their brothers. This present year should not be allowed to pass without more energetic and aggressive action being taken to secure the physical fitness of the nation, and those of us who are unable to take an active part in the war have a double duty to perform for the children of to-day, who are the citizens of to-morrow. Upon what we do or neglect to do now, the future of Canada will largely depend.

CHILDREN'S aid societies, orphanages, juvenile courts and industrial schools throughout Canada are doing good work, but largely in the form of charity. Over the most important period in the life of a child the government has no control. "No nation can afford to neglect the supervision of the children until they enter school, when the cost of restoring the physical defects would be much greater, to say nothing of the cases that are irreparable," says Dr. Hastings, Medical Officer of Health for Toronto. He also quotes figures to show that a child raised in a one-roomed house is always decidedly smaller and lighter than one raised in a two-roomed house, and one raised in a two-roomed house smaller than one in a three-roomed house. Then Dr. Hastings adds the fact that: "The parents who live in the one-roomed home do so because the revenue is such as not to warrant their living in a better home. It compels them to be undernourished, insufficiently clothed, and for the most part improperly cared for. Obviously the remedy is to increase the revenue of the home."

THE mother who gives children to the State is doing her country a service and the State is therefore in her debt. The government of this country has done all in its power to encourage immigration, and surely the children of British-Canadians are more valuable than foreigners, and the State should aid poor widowed mothers to rear their children in their homes. Ignorance kills more babies than anything else in the world, and realizing the value of infant life, Germany has started a national baby-saving campaign which will further widespread education as to the vital necessity of preserving the lives of infants and little children. Every community, large or small, is urged to make the care of child life one of its principal duties. How to conserve and improve the health of babies will be taught in the lowest schools in order that children may grow up with the importance of the subject as indelibly impressed on their minds as "the three R's." Medical schools are asked to devote more attention to training specialists in infantile diseases.

STATISTICS of infant mortality are startling. In England, 895 infants out of every thousand survive, in America, only 876 out of every thousand. The infant death rate constitutes the most reliable index of the general sanitary conditions prevailing in a community, and in spite of the appalling number of deaths from infantile paralysis in the State of New York, the death rate is very little higher than it was last year. This proves that some powerful factors have been at work to counteract the death toll exacted by infantile paralysis. There were two—publicity and education. The widespread publicity given to the disease and the best means of safeguarding the public from further invasion resulted in facts that never were tenement houses so clean, never were parents so careful about their children, never was food so generally kept covered and kept clean, and never was medical advice so eagerly sought or so well followed. There is an old superstition very hard to kill, that a knowledge of how to care for babies is implanted in the mother ready for use the instant the child is born. Nothing is more erroneous. Seventy-five per cent. of cases in any children's hospital are due to malnutrition, and malnutrition is largely due to ignorance on the part of the mothers. So closely are the mind and body united, that the improper feeding of infants and lack of nourishment has been found to result in all sorts of child crime.

ONE of the most active women in connection with Child Welfare work in Canada is Mrs. Colin Campbell, of Winnipeg, and she has been invited to lay before the government her plans to establish a National Child Welfare Bureau. Those who have watched the work of Miss Julia Lathrop, the former Hull House expert, now head of the Federal Children's Bureau in the U. S. Department of Labour, would gladly support Mrs. Campbell's proposal. For, as all workers on behalf of children now know, never was each one so precious to the nation. As the reports of Mrs. Campbell's interview with Sir Robert Borden and other members of the government, which

Mrs. Colin Campbell, of Winnipeg, who advocates the establishment of a National Bureau of Child Welfare.

appeared in the daily papers, were very brief, we have asked Mrs. Campbell to kindly furnish us with some more explicit information and are glad to be able to publish her answer in full:

A Federal Child Welfare Bureau

IN all parts of our Dominion, from Victoria to Halifax, social service workers feel the need of a Federal Child Welfare Bureau, and are discussing its possibilities. The governments of Alberta, Saskatchewan and Manitoba have a Bureau, known as the Social Welfare Bureau, with headquarters in Winnipeg, which has done already valuable research work. When I was asked by Mr. F. J. Billiarde, Winnipeg's well-known Child Welfare authority, if it would be possible for me when East to visit Ottawa and seek to interest the Dominion Government in establishing a Federal Child Welfare Bureau, I was pleased to make one effort, believing it to be one of the most important problems of our national life—and to-day a war problem.

On a rainy day in October I made the visit and had the great good fortune in being received by the Prime Minister, Sir Robert Borden, Sir Thomas White, Hon. Robert Rogers, Hon. T. W. Crothers, Hon. Dr. Roche, and Senator Sir James Lougheed. (Since then I have received a letter from Sir George Foster assuring me of his interest and promising to do what he could to further the project). These gentlemen received my message with sympathy and keen interest. The Prime Minister having asked that I would make a copy of my notes and send them to him with a press cutting from a Halifax paper, giving an account of a meeting there, held this summer, and the speech of Dr. Hastings Hart, a famous Child Welfare worker of New York, from which I quote:

"You are sending your best young men to the front to die for your country. This enforces upon you the importance of caring for the children. From a purely economic standpoint alone, you cannot to-day allow one of them to die. In times of slavery a negro child was worth one hundred dollars. You cannot estimate the value of a free born child in this country of yours. In the care of such children you find no better place than in the homes of good people. You need not multiply your institutions. The home is the best."

I URGED the establishment of a Federal Bureau, on the ground that it was a war problem, and that before we became too absorbed in the problems of our returned heroes, we should conserve the precious lives of our children—a statesmanlike policy in the present crucial period of our national life.

The United States found that 100,000 of its infants died annually before reaching the age of twelve months, and that eighty per cent. of the deaths were entirely unnecessary and could have been prevented. In one province in Canada, it has been officially stated that ten thousand children under five years of age die of preventable causes every year. Simply die because of ignorance—which surely is a crime to-day. I strove to point out what a wonderful work for the welfare of the State such a Bureau could perform, since it deals with the conservation of the nation's greatest asset, the child. The children of Canada, it seems to me, are three hundred thousand times as valuable to the State, than they were before a number of our splendid men went overseas, giving themselves, if need be, for the Empire's honour and freedom's cause. The work and scope of such a Bureau would be to investigate and report upon all matters pertaining to the welfare of children sixteen years of age and under, amongst all classes of the people, and especially to investigate and report on the following subjects:

Infant mortality.
The birth rate.
Orphanages.
Management of juvenile courts.
Dangerous occupations and accidents.
Diseases of children.
Employment.
Legislation affecting children.
Child immigration.
The care of children by child placing agencies.
The care of children in permanent institutions.
The care of mentally defective children.
The necessity for recreational centres and public playgrounds.
The regulation of moving picture shows, etc., affecting children.

The Bureau could be placed in one of the departments—possibly the Labour Bureau. Proper allowance could be made for office room and staff. The proposed Bureau would not undertake administration work. It would not make regulations concerning children, nor create institutions for them. Its duty would be solely to study, and report, upon conditions affecting the welfare of children. The facts secured by the Bureau as a result of its investigation should be published in a form approved by the Minister of the Department taking it up. Interest in Canada at the present time in this matter is very keen, as many letters which I have received testify.

My personal interest in the Juvenile Court of Canada, established in Winnipeg, in 1909, by my husband, the late Hon. Colin H. Campbell, K.C. (for twelve years Attorney-General of Manitoba), and in the question of Child Immigration, taken up by him with the late Laurier Government and the British Government, led me to venture a visit to Ottawa, in the hope that this great national service, A Child Welfare Bureau, would soon be established.

WHAT'S WHAT *the* WORLD OVER

Described and Discussed by Contemporary Thinkers

EMPIRE AFTER THE WAR

For the Benefit of Those who Want to Organize on Seven Seas

THE question of the Empire after the war is ably and rationally set forth by Mr. Archibald Hurd in the Fortnightly Review. The writer is evidently an Imperialist who is inclined to go slow in matters of Imperial Federation.

It has been already suggested, he says, that we are too old and the Dominions are too young to

Czar Nicholas finds the little Bulgar Czar an ungrateful pupil.

—From Hellas, Athens.

move rapidly. We may regard the establishment of an Imperial Parliament, with an Imperial Cabinet, as the ideal to which all our efforts should tend. On the other hand, let us beware of the fascination of the machinery of government. That is a Prussian failing. The Prussians demanded a cast-iron constitution, with the result that the German Empire is entangled in constitutional meshes which may yet strangle it. It was those fetters of steel which enabled the military caste to dominate the fateful council at Potsdam on the eve of the war, and they have since held the German people, deceived and misled, in a firm grip while the ship of State has been steadily heading for the rocks. We may take warning from Germany's fate and guard against those rigid, logical forms and constitutions, set down in black and white, which are the glory of small and precise minds. We have never had a written Constitution for the United Kingdom. Our Constitution has grown slowly, proceeding from one precedent to another. The immediate past suggests that the path which the United Kingdom has trodden, avoiding many pitfalls, is the path which the Empire can tread with the least danger and the most confident hope of attaining the ultimate goal—the union of all the British peoples in some sort of confederation conserving alike the material interests of the Empire and those principles of liberal government for which the Empire stands.

It is not for us in the Mother Country to dictate an Imperial Constitution. It must be our part, as the predominant partner with the power, to wait upon the Dominions and learn their view. To the limit of vision, the United Kingdom will remain the centre of the Empire. We have convinced the Dominions that this country is not decadent and that it is worthy to retain its place as the leader of the Five Nations. There is no jealousy between the Old Country and the daughter lands. The primacy which seemed to be threatened on the eve of the war has been re-established by the miraculous demonstration of virility which the war produced in these islands—the proved strength and efficiency of the Navy, the size and valour of the new armies, the development of the munition movement, the patriotism of the taxpayers. The Dominions look up to the Mother Country as they have never done before. Let us be on our guard lest we prove false to this new-born trust by dictating their destinies to these free democracies.

Representation in an Imperial Parliament, necessarily meeting in London, involves taxation by the Imperial Parliament, legislating over the heads of the Dominion Parliaments, with the ultimate right of distraint. In that Imperial Parliament the United Kingdom, in virtue of its population and wealth, would be the "predominant partner." The Dominion members would be in a minority, and they would be isolated by distance. Canada and Newfoundland are 3,000 miles from London, South Africa 6,000 miles, Australia and New Zealand 12,000 miles. They are considerable distances for Imperial M.P.'s to travel, with the result that they might soon get out of touch with their constituencies and out of touch with their home Governments, jealous of their autonomy. In present conditions, is it conceivable that the Dominions—Canada, for instance, with its considerable French-Canadian population; South Africa, with its Dutch Boers still sitting on the fence; Australia, with labour in the ascendant and some advocates of independence—would long permit such super-M. P.'s living far away in London, to legislate for them, controlling Imperial and the larger Dominion issues, and assisting in levying taxation? However carefully the Imperial Constitution might be drawn up—though it would be drawn up, apparently, at breakneck speed—it would soon, there is reason to fear, arouse irritation in one Dominion or another. The Imperial Parliament might legislate in opposition to some sentiment prevailing for the time in this or that Dominion. And then? The last state would be worse than the first. We may well exercise care lest, in rushing forward, we are eventually forced back. The Empire is a thing of slow growth, and if there is too much hustling, particularly if the hustling be done in the Mother Country, we may find ourselves compelled to retreat from, instead of moving forward towards, the goal of Imperial unity.

It is not for us to develop a full-blown scheme of Imperial Federation and press it on the Dominions. Our duty consists in exhibiting a willingness to share the burdens and privileges of Empire on any reasonable and practicable basis. To-day we hold the reins and drive the coach. We shall do all that is wise and necessary in the existing conditions if we indicate to the Dominions the extent to which we are willing to share with them the responsibilities which we have borne alone for so many generations. It will be for them in return to indicate in what way they are prepared to co-operate with counsel, men, and money—for all these are involved. The Dominions are as necessary to us as we are to the Dominions. That is the revelation that the war has brought. The Empire has been exhibited as an economic unity. "By the dispersion of your Empire territory you get all climes and products. Put your Empire all in one zone and you have but a modified and restricted range of products. Now the sun in every part of the world kisses every Empire land, evokes British Empire products, gives place for every wish or desire for habitation. Therefore you have . . . in this very dispersion of our territory an element of abiding and continuous strength." That is a consideration which the war, with its multitudinous and urgent demands, has brought home to every British subject. The wide distribution of the Empire, while it may be a source of weakness in the absence of adequate defensive forces and wise commercial co-operation, is also a source of strength—economic, financial, and social.

We may well be content to advance from that recognition of the wealth and interdependence of the Empire and consider, as a first step towards closer federation, how we can best defend the Empire and develop its resources without making any violent break with tradition and preconceived ideas. About a decade since there came into existence the Committee of Imperial Defence. "It consists technically—or did when it was set up, and it has continued to take that form—simply of the Prime Minister himself and of such persons as he may from time to time summon in consultation with him." It has an elastic constitution, and that has proved the source of its vitality and usefulness. Upon it sit experts in naval or military matters side by side with Ministers of the Crown. If there had been no Committee of Imperial Defence to work out in advance a hundred and one problems which the outbreak of war rendered urgent, it may be that we should have been unable—however willing—to take the decision of two years ago which brought us into the conflict in association with France and Russia. In particular, the Peace Book, which that body created, proved a trustworthy and indispensable guide in the early days of the war. It enabled us to make the violent transition with less disturbance than occurred many times when we embarked in what was little more than a colonial campaign.

The success of any scheme for closer co-operation, however modest or ambitious, must depend on freedom in communication between the various sections of the Empire. It is essential that the British cable and wireless systems should be used between London and the Dominions, as the telegraph or telephone is employed to-day by the Ministry of Munitions or other department in London in the transaction of affairs in some provincial centre. Every phase of Imperial policy would be continually under consideration, the two Councils acting as the nerve

SHORTENING THE GERMAN FRONT.

Hindenburg: "The leg must come off, your Majesty. You are trapped—it's your leg or your life."

—London Opinion.

centres and clearing-houses of ideas and projects. Each Dominion Prime Minister would have two Councils meeting under his presidency, corresponding with the Imperial bodies in London, and there would be a constant interchange of information and ideas. The discussion of Imperial problems would be continuous. Members and staffs in various parts of the Empire would correspond with the same fulness as though they were using the mail or talking in a single room. Let us banish economy in inter-

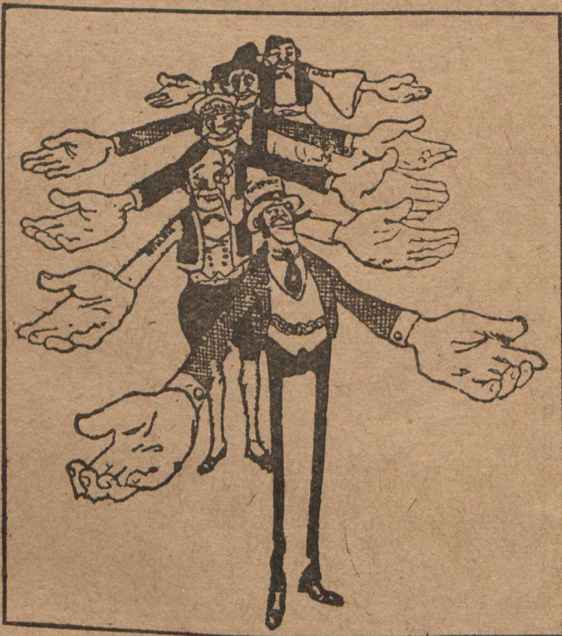
communication. Depend upon it, the secret of Imperial unity is to be found in the abridgment of the spaces which divide the Empire and in the oneness of the seas more surely than in a cast-iron Imperial Constitution. Electricity must be pressed into our service; the swift, oil-burning ship must be developed into a very shuttle of our Imperial fabric. The one must supplement the other. Probably the various States of the Empire will find it essential to exercise control of cable, wireless, and mail steamers, managing them, not for financial profit, but solely with a view to linking the Empire in close-knit bonds of sentiment and action.

ARE WE HAPPIER?

Or Less Happy than our Fore-Fathers—an Interesting Question

WHETHER we are happier than our forefathers used to be, or whether we are really happy nowadays at all, is an interesting question well discussed by Charles A. Mercier, in the October issue of the Hibbert Journal.

Have we not every morning on our breakfast-tables news from the uttermost parts of the earth of what happened there only the day before? Has not the meanest and poorest citizen the same privilege, and has he not been furnished at the public expense with ability to read it? Are not the very paupers in the workhouses—refuges unknown then—provided as a matter of course with appliances such as the Queen of Sheba or Semiramis, or, for that matter, Queen Elizabeth on her throne, could not command? None of these great ladies had the use of table-forks. It is improbable that Queen Elizabeth, in the whole course of her long and healthy life, ever had a bath. As we look round our rooms, do we not see luxuries and conveniences by the score that were unknown to our forefathers—carpets, wall-papers, clocks, telephones, plate-glass, easy chairs, spring beds, sash windows, door-locks, gas-lights, pianos, electric lights, cigars, blotting-paper, tea, coffee, electro-plate, and, above all, matches? In this one matter alone, is it possible to measure the daily saving of time, trouble, and temper brought about by the substitution of the friction match for the flint and steel? Do not persons of very moderate means now possess, in abundance and profusion, luxuries which only the wealthiest of our forefathers could command—books, pictures, engravings, fabrics of all kinds, crockery and porcelain, implements of iron, steel, brass, and other metals? Only sixty-five years ago, those who were not present at the opening of the Great Exhibition, and who wished to know



A NEUTRAL ON NEUTRALS.

"On the Make."

(A Greek conception of America, Spain, Holland, Switzerland, and Greece.)

—Hellas, Athens.

what it was like, must wait for months until one artist had painted it, and another artist had laboriously copied and engraved the painting and then, for the expenditure of several guineas, his wish could be gratified. Now he could have it next morning for a halfpenny. Where our forefathers drew by hand labour, in buckets from a well, the water, often muddy and impure, that they used for drinking and domestic purposes, we have, by the mere turning of a tap, an unlimited supply of pure water. Tropical fruits unknown to our grandfathers, or grown by the wealthy at great expense in hot-houses, are now sold on barrows on the streets at prices the poorest can afford. Undoubtedly, all classes of the people can now obtain a thousand conveniences and luxuries that not the wealthiest nor the most powerful of our forefathers ever dreamed of possessing; but are we therefore happier? Convenience and luxury are desirable, no doubt, but these are not the same as happiness. It may be doubted whether these are necessary ingredients in happiness. Many of our ancestors were happy without our conveniences and luxuries: many of us are unhappy in spite of them.

There are, however, other discoveries that affect our welfare more nearly than mere material conveniences, comforts, and luxuries. Chloroform has robbed operations of their terrors, childbirth of its pains; Listerism is saving, and has saved, incalculable numbers of lives. The science of health has abolished some diseases from amongst us, has reduced other diseases to insignificance, and has prolonged the average duration of life by a considerable number of years. Does not all this contribute to make us happier? It is hard to say. No doubt it is an inexpressible relief to know that if we are to suffer the surgeon's knife we shall be exempt from pain; but it must be remembered that for hundreds of operations that are performed now, but one was performed before the days of Simpson and Lister. The number of persons who had to dread the surgeon's knife was so small that the general happiness of the community was scarcely affected. Life is prolonged, and the pain of separation from those dear to us comes later, but it comes at length. It is postponed, but it is not abolished; and, on the other hand, many a life that is a questionable boon, that would be gratefully resigned, and that in former times would have been mercifully cut short, is now prolonged in years of suffering. In early times only the strong survived, and it is certain that a community that contains a large proportion of the weak and sickly is, on the ground of health alone, less happy than one in which the weak and sickly are few.

The writer goes on to argue that insecurity of life and of property do not make people unhappy any more than birds who live in a constant state of fear can yet sing for joy. He cites as an illustration our troops in the war who frequently see their comrades struck down beside them. They well know the danger they are in, but it does not make them unhappy. Like the birds, they whistle and sing; and like their comrades beyond the danger zone, they laugh and joke. A very short experience, if it does not reconcile them to the life, at any rate accustoms them to it. No doubt it is easier to be happy when life is secure, but insecurity of life is no bar to happiness; nay, in a measure, and to a certain degree, it brings its own sources of satisfaction. It exercises the wits. It sets the faculties agog to avoid, evade, and counteract the danger; and as long as it is successful, this successful exercise of faculty is a source of pleasure, all the keener for the magnitude of the difficulties that are surmounted. It is a commonplace that there are natures that revel in danger, and find their greatest happiness in coping with dangerous situations.

THE SICK EAGLE.

(A neutral correspondent describes Germany as the spectacle of a sick mind in a vigorous body. The nation's spirit is troubled. Everybody is full of doubts. There is a growing certainty that the Austro-Germans will be unable to dictate peace terms.)

Hans: "Ah, my poor Eagle, you were too slow—and now the pigeons you went out to pluck have grown into Eagles, too!"

The Bulletin, Sydney.

He is the happiest, says the writer, who has the greatest capacity for feeling happy, whose interests are most diverse, whose energy is greatest, and whose efforts meet with obstacles difficult but not insuperable. On all these counts he finds that we are better off than our forbears and he winds up a very convincing argument by a reference to hell.

So far, he says, I have not alluded to any increase of happiness from the general abandonment of the belief in hell and in the depredations of a personal devil. I am not sure that this modification of our belief has upon the whole increased our happiness. Escape from hell by means of a deathbed repentance was so easy and so certain, that no evil-doer need live in apprehension except of sudden death; and hence arose that horror of sudden death which so oppressed our ancestors and which we find so hard to understand. Almost everyone now would choose a sudden death rather than a lingering death, and the reason is that we are no longer in terror of that hell that awaited those who died so suddenly that they had no opportunity for repentance.

MONEY BUYING

How it has been Decreased by Various Events Connected with the World Catastrophe

FOR several years before the commencement of the war the purchasing power of money had been slowly declining, observes Walter F. Ford, in the Fortnightly Review. But prior to August, 1914, the downward movement had been so gradual that it caused little or no hardship, although it certainly gave rise to a great deal of discussion. With the outbreak of hostilities a rapid diminution of the purchasing power of money was expected. For a time, however, the decline was slower than was anticipated, and it was only after several weeks of war that the downward movement gathered great strength. Then old standards of value disappeared and the financial system had to be reconstructed on a new basis. Manufactures—apart from war material—diminished in quantity but increased in relative cost; exports declined and imports had to be paid for at enhanced rates. We are apt to overlook the fact that, although prices may be actually higher in Germany than they are in England, the high prices which we pay go, in many instances, to neutral nations, whereas those paid in Germany—

which is almost entirely cut off from foreign trade—merely enrich one set of Germans at the expense of another. The wealth of both nations, so far as it is devoted to war purposes, is being destroyed; but a great quantity of our wealth is also being used to pay for the enormous and increasing excess of our imports over exports. On the other hand, Germany's capacity to support herself without extraneous assistance has been developed and, so far as we can judge, almost perfected under the spur of necessity applied

THE SLUMP IN CENTRAL EUROPE.

Ferdie: "The All-Highest seems a bit below par."
Sultan: "Why did we ever leave our comfortable fence?"

—L. Raven-Hill, in Punch, London.

by the blockade of the British Navy. She is destroying her wealth on war material as fast as she can, but she is certainly not also exporting it freely. We, for our part, are burning the candle at both ends. We are destroying our wealth as fast as we create it, and we are also getting rid of our reserves in the shape of our investments abroad.

There is no gainsaying the fact that the war has created circumstances which render increased prices inevitable: the withdrawal of huge numbers of men from productive labour, feverish demand for war stores, difficulties of transport by sea and land, and numerous other circumstances, have an irresistible impulse in that direction. The knowledge that these powerful forces are actively at work is apt to lead us to ascribe to them the whole responsibility for the changes that have taken place in our monetary conditions. Even in the most peaceful times, however, greatly increased prices may result from large additions to the currency or, which comes to the same thing, from a relaxation of the restrictions on credit. Our commercial history furnishes many instances of sudden expansion of credit causing rapid increase of prices; but the capacity of credit to expand is never illimitable, and its limitation necessarily fixes a point beyond which prices cannot rise as the direct result of credit expansion. On the other hand, if we postulate a sufficiently vast addition to the currency, the extent to which prices may rise becomes practically illimitable. Apparently, therefore, a set of circumstances may exist, without the intervention of war, which are capable of forcing up prices to as high, or even a higher, level than they have now actually reached. No doubt the rise in prices from which we are suffering is due mainly to causes inseparable from war on a colossal scale—it may even be due entirely to such causes—but the possibility is by no means precluded that a part, even a large part, of it may be due to circumstances which it is within our power to alter, and which, moreover, have nothing whatever to do with commercial combines or the extortions of traders who endeavour to make the trials of their country a means of enriching themselves.

In an article published in a former number of this Review I endeavoured to trace the connection between prices and the amount of gold coin in circulation. From a comparison of mining returns with index prices it appeared that large additions to the output of gold were nearly always followed by higher commodity prices; that when they were not so followed the circumstance was due to the operation of important currency changes—such as the adoption of a gold standard by a first-class commercial nation—which necessitated the immediate use of very large quantities of the more precious metal. It further appeared that when the amount of gold suddenly required for new currency was very large, commodity prices tended to fall. These phenomena inevitably pointed to the conclusion that prices are largely influenced by the amount of gold in circulation. All the evidence went to show that if that amount increased at a faster rate than commerce, prices rose, and if, either as a result of diminished output from the mines or of extended use (e.g., in substitution for silver), it did not increase so rapidly as commerce, then the converse held and prices fell.

Banks are chiefly responsible for the erection of that "vast fabric of credit on a slender foundation of cash" of which so much has been written. In order to illustrate how they create credit, let us suppose that in table 1 X represents a bank and A, B, C, D, and E some of its customers, and that the transactions indicated in the chart shown below take place. The transactions are typical of those ordinarily conducted by bankers:—

off. The position was a decidedly awkward one; but the Government came to the rescue, and by issuing Treasury notes increased the size, and, consequently, the credit-carrying capacity of the currency disc. When, however, the nation had recovered from the first shock, the keystone of the policy of bankers became again the lending out of as large a portion of their funds as is consistent with the holding of sufficient cash to enable all sudden demands to be met. As an inevitable consequence of a reversion to that policy credit expanded, and the basis on which it expanded was not the former gold currency alone, but that currency extended and increased by such Treasury notes as had been issued without a gold reserve. Gradually the enlarged currency disc settled into a level, or very nearly level, position. Its credit-carrying capacity per unit of area became almost the same as it had been before the war, but as its area is greater the total credit that can be built up on it is larger. This means a very real addition to effective demand, and, consequently, an irresistible impulse towards higher price.

Treasury notes for which there is no gold backing

Table 1.

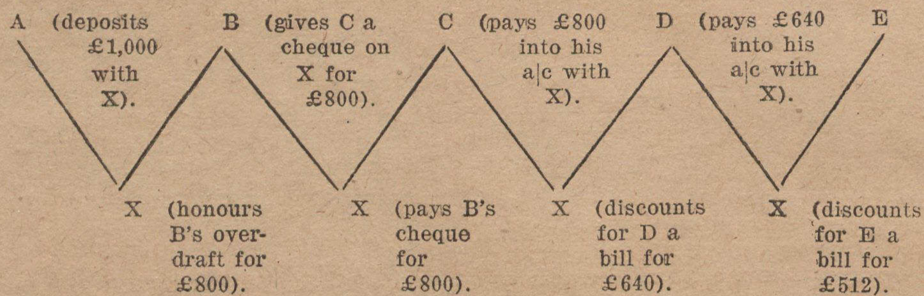


Table 2.

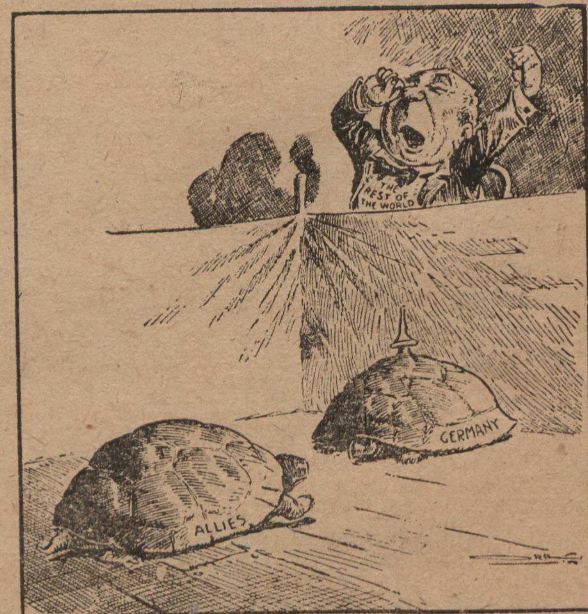
In the balance-sheet of the bank these several items appear under the following headings in table 2, profit made by the bank being omitted:—

Liabilities.		Assets.	
Current account balances	£1,440	Cash in hand and at Bank of England	£ 488
Deposits	1,000	Bills discounted	1,152
		Loans and Advances	800
Total	£2,440	Total	£2,440

On the basis of a deposit of £1,000 the bank would, accordingly, have given credit to its customers to the amount of £1,952, and would also have retained cash (£488) to the extent of 20 per cent. of its liabilities (£2,440). Interest would, of course, be chargeable on £1,952, but none would be earned by the £488 lying idle in the coffers of the bank. Now it is perfectly obvious that banks are not run in the interests of philanthropy. The object of their existence is to earn for their shareholders all the profits they can. In the illustration given, the bank would only have to pay interest, at a relatively low rate, on £1,000, and would receive interest, at a relatively high rate, on £1,952. A considerable profit would be earned; but, obviously, the gain would be still greater if the number of transactions were so increased that in the end no cash at all instead of £488 remained on hand. The extra profit would, however, be made at the expense of depriving the bank of a reserve with which to meet calls made upon it by its creditors. The constant aim of bankers is, therefore, to lend out as large a portion of their funds as is consistent with the maintenance of sufficient cash to enable all sudden demands to be met. Consequently, they pay particular attention to the percentage of their cash reserves to their liabilities. There is a low level below which they will not, for the sake of security, allow it to fall, and a high level beyond which they cannot allow it to rise and at the same time hope to earn dividends for their shareholders. Trade is in a constant state of fluctuation. Its variations require that there should be a considerable element of elasticity in the currency, and this elasticity is supplied by the capacity of credit to expand until the cash reserves of bankers show signs of falling below the safety limit or to contract until those reserves begin to exceed the profit limit.

An American writer aptly illustrated the capacity to build up credit by the analogy of sand piled up on a round disc. The disc represents the metallic, or the metallic and note currency, and credit the amount of sand that can be piled on it. As the area of the disc increases, so also does the amount of sand which it will bear. In exactly the same way, the amount of credit which can be superimposed on the currency bears a definite relationship to the quantity of gold and inconvertible paper money in use. If a disc on which sand has been piled be disturbed, some of the sand will fall off, and if it be tilted to an angle its carrying capacity is clearly reduced. The shock to the financial world in August, 1914, tilted the British currency disc to a very awkward angle, and a great deal of the credit which it was carrying was shaken

have, through their own direct action on the currency and still more through their effect on credit, a very powerful influence in depressing the purchasing power of money. No doubt there are many other factors which tend to increase prices; some of them are capable of Government control, others are not. But, in view of the distress which is being caused by the excessive cost of living, it is certain that the Government should seriously consider whether there is still justification for retaining in the currency any Treasury notes which increase the area of the currency disc. I do not, of course, suggest that the Government should withdraw Treasury notes from circulation altogether. In so far as they are covered



"HO, HUM!"

—Orr, in Nashville, Tennessean.

by a gold reserve they merely take the place of gold in circulation without any deleterious effect whatever on the currency, and they possess all the advantages which the Government claimed for them. But every Treasury note for which an equivalent amount of gold is not held in reserve is not only an instrument for increasing prices, but is also the creator of a powerful force working in the same direction as itself.

EASTERN vs. WESTERN FRONT

More People than M. Hanotaux Think that the Shortest Cut to Victory Lies Between Salonika and Sofia; Which Concerns also Canada

By THE MONOCLE MAN

THERE is a sort of silent debate going on throughout the British Empire over the relative importance of the Western and the Eastern fronts—sometimes not so silent. It is a debate in which the Eastern front men do most of the talking, while the Western front men content themselves largely with pointing to the fine fighting being done by our boys in the West, and trusting to our human interest in our own blood to convince us that "where Macgregor sits is the head of the table." It is very effective—this quiet and unargumentative pointing to our heroes, facing death "somewhere in France." It is especially effective with people who have not taken the trouble to study the situation as a whole, and who are content when they can find the Somme and Ypres on the map, even if they do not know whether the Struma is in Galicia or which of the Transylvanian Passes are nearest to Bucharest.

STILL if a transfer of Allied attention to the East would shorten the war, it is obvious that fewer of our heroes need die in the West, die they ever so bravely. And this is a phase of the question which must interest every man and every woman with a loved one in the trenches—or on his way there. Nor is it sufficient to reply that the Powers that Be will decide this question without reference to our uninformed debate on censored news. Ours is a democratic community. Public opinion—even such public opinion that you and I form—affects official policy. If there should be in the British Empire a strong and active feeling that the Western front is all that counts, and that men sent to the East are largely wasted, our leaders would be far more apt to follow the simple policy of piling our men into France as they are ready, and fighting where we can almost see them at their work. I asked a man back from London the other day what the opinion was there on the Roumanian situation. He said: "They are not thinking of it. They are just fighting; and, for them, fighting is fighting on the Western front."

IT is dangerous for public opinion in a democratic country to be rooted in a wrong view on so vital a matter as war policy. It is not that informed leaders will allow themselves to be forced by it into a seriously bad line of action; but that there are always uninformed demagogues who will play upon this erroneous general belief to embarrass the informed leaders—and compel compromise. Worse still, they frighten these informed leaders away from legitimate and promising experiments. In the face of a hostile general public opinion—however wrong—and the criticisms of demagogues, the best informed leader cannot afford to fail. Yet it often occurs in war that the best policy is to take one chance of failure for the sake of getting nine chances of a smashing success. Germany's attack on Serbia was the taking of such a chance; and it was a great success—also her attack on Roumania, whose success is yet to be seen.

THE best opinion, taking the whole military world into account, is overwhelmingly on the side that it is the Eastern fronts that are vital. That this is the Russian opinion goes without saying. Official Petrograd has been most punctilious in never permitting a syllable of criticism of the policy of her Allies to escape her lips; but unofficial Petrograd has from time to time permitted her impatience at the slackness of some of the Allies toward the Eastern arenas to break through. The French have notoriously supported this view. It was the French that insisted upon going to Salonika in sufficient force to be regarded as serious. For quite a while, their contribution to that camp was out of all proportion to their surplus military resources—especially when we take into account their military responsibilities at home. Neutral opinion usually regards the Balkan field as vital. Mr. Frank H. Symonds, of the New York Tribune—a strongly pro-Ally critic—said the other day, "there will be no peace until the Balkan question is settled, and I do not believe that there will be any peace until the German road to Constantinople is cut by the restoration of Serbia or a prolongation of the war through several more years leads to exhaustion." To revert to French opinion once more, we find M. Jean Cruppi, ex-Foreign Minister of France, saying quite openly that "the most rapid road to victory" is via Salonika.

THE opinion of Italy has never been freely expressed, for she has felt from the first the absolute necessity of defending her own long and exposed front in the north. Yet she contributes forces to the Salonika army. Opinion in Britain is divided. How much of this is due to the failure at Gallipoli, who can tell? There was no division of opinion about the absolute necessity of defending Egypt at all costs. But now the great bulk of public attention is centred on the Western front. The opinion of Germany is expressed in acts that are unmistakable. Hindenburg—an Eastern front man—is called to supreme command. Mackensen and Falkenhayn—two of their best Generals—are sent to fight Roumania. The Western front is visibly weakened to fatten Eastern offensives. Austria, of course, is fighting only in the East and against Italy.

IT seems to me to be important that our Canadian people should be prepared for a transfer of the centre of gravity of the war to the East. The fighting in the West will, of course, continue. It must continue until the Huns are driven out of France and Belgium—or are compelled to evacuate these territories by Allied victories elsewhere. But if it should occur that British official opinion came to the conclusion that a smashing decisive campaign ought to be undertaken from some Aegean base, it is vital that our people should realize that our lads were then being shipped to no back-water of the war, but to its most important central arena. There is an old saying that there are more ways of killing a cat than choking her with butter. So there are more ways of convincing German Imperialism that "the jig is up," and that it had better skedaddle out of France and Belgium as quickly as possible, than by driving in her skilfully fortified positions on the Western front at a cost which these operations on the Somme have burned into our memories. Every life we can save is a great and priceless gain; and, if by cutting Berlin's Balkan bridge to the Bosphorus, we can bring the Prussian oligarchy to sue for peace, at a price in human life far below the probable cost of fighting our way in the West over the German frontier, every mother who has been given back her boy alive will bless us. It is victory we want; and there are more people than the ex-Foreign Minister of France who think that "the most rapid road to victory" lies between Salonika and Sofia—or, possibly, between the Aegean and the Black Sea.

THAT BARREL OF POTASH

People who Tolerated Bump as a Christian Looked upon Me as a Crook. Which I Naturally Resented

By JACOB HOLDFAST

Illustrated by T. G. Greene

WHAT Tom Bump, Esq., did to me during the time I hauled ashes and made potash for him is set down among the unpublished criminal records of my memory. It was never any ambition of Bump to gouge me. So far as I could see, he never knew he was doing it. But in the unsophisticated guile of his potash policy, Tom was undoubtedly a great artist. He was then, and still is, entitled to my profound respect. Any man who is able to make use of a hired person to his own benefit and the other's detriment without leaving that person enough boot room for a decent come-back in the shape of an argument or any malice in reflection is a clever man. Tom Bump always seemed to have the moral law on his side. As an economist he was a virtuoso. He understood that I was a trusting, enthusiastic codger who was bound up in the desire to produce wealth for Tom Bump. Which I did. Potash was a wealth-producing pursuit. I have previously alluded to the divers ways in which Bump persuaded the bush line folk and the concessioners in two townships to part with their good hardwood ashes for soap that cost Bump on an average a cent a bushel, nominally five. I need not remind any one of how he bought brown soap wholesale, in long billets, carved it into bushel bars to suit himself at a net cost to him of a cent and two-thirds per bar; and how he, to make assurance doubly sure, made me pack two bushels of ashes into a corn basket that was built to hold two bushels and called it a bushel.

These practices of Tom Bump were traditional. They were carried on by his competitors. Bump did only what all the other potashers did—but more scientifically. Therefore nobody had a chance to escape. The combine to beat down the price of ashes was as tight as a diamond hitch. It was only broken now and again by some unscrupulous adventurer who tried to steal some of Bump's customers, and as soon as he got them hammered down the price again to the common level. And as Tom had been at the business in the black salts stage, before some of these rivals were born, he had a right to be considered as the legitimate gouger of as many people as possible until most of them forgot that he was anything but a very respectable citizen.

Anyway, ashes were a drug on the market those days. Nobody ever used them for anything but making soft soap. And everybody had such stacks of wood that he never stopped to reckon up what a heap of ashes cost him in fuel, the way folks do nowadays, when they pay $9 a ton for coal and $9 a cord for wood.

WE were handling heaps of wealth those days, Bump and I. Thanks to me, with my clothes eaten holey by ashes, my boots as hard as nails and as red as rust, and my reputation known far and wide as a young swindler, Bump had gathered some thousands of bushels of ashes into his log pen the winter previous to the summer of which I now write. I repeat that the people who tolerated Bump as a Christian looked upon me as a crook, even when I was doing precisely what Bump had been doing all his life and doing it under his instructions. Bump could drive the ash-waggon over the very same route I had been a few weeks previous when they sicked the dogs on to me and called me un-Christian names, and make them all believe that he was the very person they had been sitting on the fence to shake hands with all that time. How he did it I can only explain by pointing out how he bulldozed me. Just how he did that I never could explain. It all came so natural to Bump.

AFTER the haul was all done and the pen full and the leaches started running, Bump set me at the boiling business. I liked that. It was a prime lazy job away back there in the cow lot at the edge of the bush two fields away from Bump at his nearest point with the team and three back from the house. That old rookery with a boiling-house, an ash-pen and an old pump in the logged-up pond next to the handmade leaches always seemed to me in the same class with a moonshinery or a counterfeit den. It suggested secret villainy and habitual laziness. It smelled delightfully like the high road to perdition. The sniff of that stuff brewing and foaming in the kettles, the dribble of the lye into the log trough and the chortle of the bullfrogs in the greasy, green pond, all made me feel as though I could have become a thug or a man of affluence without much work. Back there day by day all alone with nothing to do but pump water, lug up lye to the kettles and chop wood for the fire, I sometimes reflected that I was a mean young shyster to be loafing so hard

while Bump was teaming in the fields.

Then I recollected how all winter long I had gone the roads from dawn until after dark, in cold and storm and hunger, often without dinner, and as yet without a dollar of pay, and I said to myself,

"Bump, you're just giving me a few weeks' easy time of it. The next thing I know you'll put it all over me."

SOME time about the middle of May the first batch was all run off, the leaches were dribbling lye about as weak as two per cent. beer, and Bump gave instructions to dry down and melt.

"Fire like hell!" was what he said first to me; and afterwards, "Keep a -balin them kittles, specially that back fella," which was half full of crystalline black salts.

Very impressive. I understood. There was a power of black salts in those two huge caldrons, the quintessence of hundreds of bushels of ashes, from which Tom Bump calculated to get two large barrels of potash weighing each of them seven hundred lbs. without the barrel, and retailing at the station for seven cents a pound. That was quite three times a lb. what Bump's hogs were worth on the hoof. The net value of that potash gave me a very deep sense of regard for a man who, from such castaway things as ashes, costing him about one and a third cents a bushel, could extract such a commodity.

"Where does the potash go to, Mr. Bump?" I asked him.

"Oh—New York," said he. "That's where she's destinated."

That was one of the big words Bump had picked up from being a shipper. I always looked upon him as something different from the common back-farmer. Once every three months he got a letter with a Yankee stamp and a New York postmark. That letter always lay on the cupboard for a month for the neighbours to notice before it was put away on the clock shelf, and it always gave me a feeling that to be on Bump's payroll was a very important connexion.

The smell of black salts all that forenoon made me feel like a be-witch as I rammed the old fireway with dry rails, baled the caldrons fore and aft and hopped about that ashery as though I was one of the greatest practical scientists in North America.

This part of the process was called the drying down, which meant boiling the last ounce of H_2O out of those kettles. When the last puff of steam was scorched out of them, would come the final stage of melting.

"Well, sir," I remarked to Bump at noon, as we gathered for a wash outside the kitchen door, "did yeh notice me raising any steam this morning?"

"Fair to middlin'," says he, cautiously.

Whereat I spit superciliously, saying, as I combed my soused hair, "Well, she's drying down all right."

He said nothing.

"How'd that back kittle behave?" he condescended later through a mouthful of hoecake.

"Humping," says I. "Never saw sich a blasted thing."

I FOLLOWED that with a lingo of description, being a bit excited over some of the scientific aspects of the case. The more I talked the faster Bump bolted his noonday meal. He was but half done his pie when he gobbled the other half and swung out of the house back to the ashery, I after him, wondering if the old party had gone crazy.

When I came to him on top of the kettle arch there was a look of judgment on his old face, and he was baling that aft caldron as though it were a leaky boat in a storm.

"Durn you and y'r scientizin' talk," grunts he, shortly.

"Why so?" says I, poking at the fire.

Down he comes to me as grim as a super-Hun.

"Dang good job I hustled my boots back here," was his able reply. "That kittle wuz on the swell. Five mennits previous she'd been clean over and out."

I gulped at my gizzard.

"Any galoot 'ud knowed that," he added.

Cold creeps at my hair.

"We'd a lost seven dollars anyhow," he rammed home to my convicted conscience. "Never should a' left 'er not fer a holy mennit, certainly not fer a hungry belly. I never seen me hike to the house fer dinner days I dried down. No siree. Why the tarnation didn't yeh fetch back a hunk with yeh if yeh had to eat? But that's you every trip—keep y'r mouth mum and never say ay, yes er no to ast anybody that's been through the mill. Greenhorn!"

I now began to realize that for the first time in my acquaintance with him I was beholding Tom Bump mad. His tone was exceedingly ungracious, quite lacking in suavity and by no means decorated with those unctuous amiabilities that distinguish the diplomat—so I reflected at High School in after years when writing compositions.

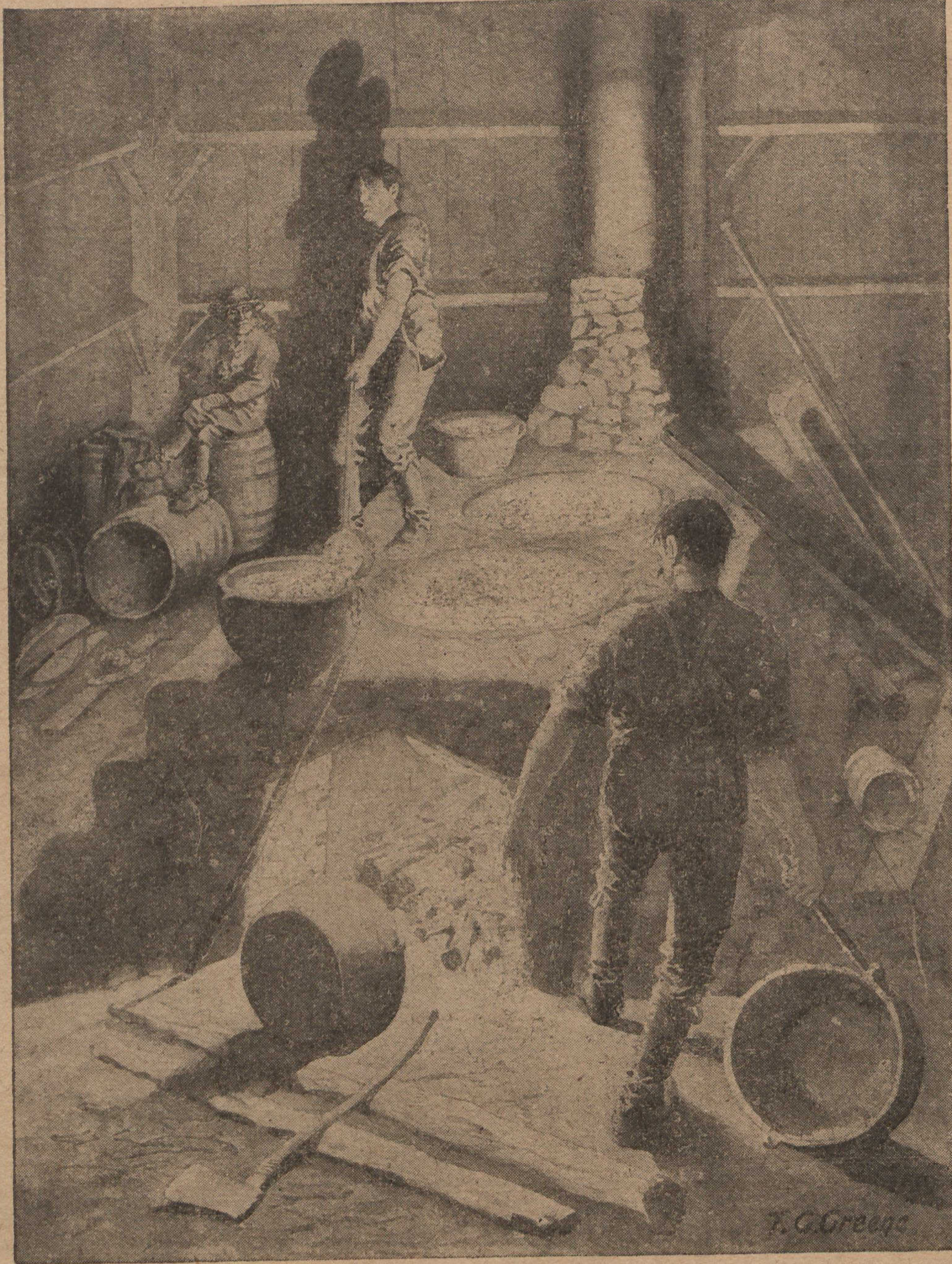
"Well," says I, lurching over to the doorway, "if you don't beat the Dutch!"

Thereupon he glowered at me as though I had been some sort of new beast he had got into his menagerie and informed me,

"By the jumpin' geeswax, young spoopendyke, you don't wanta think you c'n melt potash an' think up po'try at the same time."

This was a further insult. Quite obviously Bump was taking a stab at my odd ideas about chemistry, just because once in a while I used a few co-ordinading phrases.

"All right, Mr. Bump," I answered him. "I ain't so grass-coloured as you think I be"—as a matter of fact, Bump was down the road when I said this or I should have said it much differently. "You're an old stick-in-the-mud. And you ain't got enough gumption in your whole carcass to limber up in the spring. Kind o' weather you oughta be living in every day is slush and a drizzling rain. All you know is black salts. By——"



I knew Bump was bulldozing me over that potash, but I hoped to get even.

I forget what I said after that. I was violently busy slamming wood under those kettles. Bump should find out that I was ready for the baling-out of that potash half an hour earlier than he had ever been. From what I could see it was only a matter of a couple of hours before I should be on the fence yelping to Bump to come back and help me dish up this liquid fire that was now beginning to blister and smoke in the kettles. The steam was pretty well gone. The back kettle had ceased to rise. The front one was beginning to swirl towards the centre, a sure sign of Bump that it was dried down, the stage when in former years he used to dip it out as black salts.

I NOW began to observe that my wood was low. Bump had not cautioned me as to the amount it would take. By middle of the afternoon I found it necessary to betake myself to the cow-lot and snake in dry limbs which I had to chop off the old logs. This was hard work. That furnace was a hungry belly if ever there was one. Of course that was all I had to do now, except spud the bottoms of the kettles to remove the encrustations. I am sorry yet that I did not know this ponderous phrase at that time so as to try it on Bump.

So, as Hamlet used to say, I found it necessary to "grunt and sweat under a weary load" time and again that afternoon. The joy of the morning was gone. I began to hate the fumes of that hot hole, and the everlasting sputter of the kettles—all the diabolical business of melting potash. Hour after hour those caldrons spluttered with scum on the top. Hour after hour I slaved and sweat and spudded to get the black and brown stuff that looked like soft soap and smelled like all underground to turn red like blood. From all I had heard Bump say, the stuff was to come out just the colour and temperature of melted iron. The vision of that excited me at first. By suppertime it made me mad. I noticed Bump unhitch rather late and go up to the barn. He went to supper. I slaved away. Hungry as a horse, I realized that to finish that batch of potash I must now traipse out with redoubled energy and snake in heaps of fresh wood. It never would do to ask Bump for the team. It would take a waggon load of truck yet to melt that potash. The sound of my axe echoed far into the woods. The frogs piped up. The sun went down. Dusk stole over the chopping. I flung myself at the wood-dragging like a madman. I was now so angry that even melting potash was no hotter.

By dark I had perhaps enough wood to finish. Out of breath and perspiring in every stitch of clothes, even my socks, I sat on the doorsill to cool off. Bump came booting back. I didn't even rise to receive him.

"How all is she doin'?" he wanted to know.

"All right," said I. "Have a look."

He did. He spat into the kettles and said it was a slow job.

"That any reflection on me?" I asked.

"Keep y'r shirt on," he growled.

After which we exchanged no further language. He took over the management, not even intimating that I might go up and have supper. I watched him. He growled about the low supply of wood.

"Lots o' logs in the pond," said I.

The satire rolled off him like water on a duck's back.

THE recollection of those hungry hours prompts me to curtail the story. For the rest of that evening until midnight that ashery was a small inferno, with Bump as the little old devil in charge. I watched him hard. Along about ten he said there were symptoms of melting. He got the iron coolers down to the fire to heat them.

"So's the potash'll drop out of 'm easy when it gits cool," he condescended to explain, wanting, as

(Continued on page 23.)

A GREAT PATRIOTIZING PLAY

Is Sir Herbert Tree's Production of Henry VIII. Seen in Toronto All Last Week. A Spectacle to Make Any Canadian Glad That His Ancestors Came From a Land of Merry Monarchs, Elizabethan Castles and Scarlet Cardinals

By THE MUSIC EDITOR

TWO FAMOUS ACTORS IN CANADA

DIRECT from His Majesty's Theatre, via seven or eight months in New York, Sir Herbert Tree, with the two celebrities, Edith Wynne Matthison and Lyn Harding, and a huge retinue of people of all ages and sizes, produced Henry VIII., its first time in Canada, at the old Grand Opera House, Toronto, last week.

The performance fetched back a long vista of stage memories; not only of England and the drama, but of great actors who have trod that old stage on Adelaide St. It was there that in 1893 the writer saw his first play, which was Irving and Terry in The Merchant of Venice. In that twenty-three years the art of producing Shakespeare has not diminished. Tree's Henry is a tremendous feature of the Shakespeare revival celebrated more in America than in England this year. The pageant of great plays produced in New York would have been impossible in England. War has played hob with serious drama over there. Not here. Never before has Shakespeare meant so much. Mantell gave a week of it in the Alexandra previously. It was—well not the Shakespeare of Tree nor of Irving. Mantell exhibits Shakespeare and Mantell. Irving used to put Shakespeare into his stage setting and Irving into everything else—and Irving only, except Terry. Tree sinks his own not too powerful stage personality and goes after Shakespeare de luxe. You feel that he is revelling in the Elizabethan age; all its gorgeous colour and romance and swashbuckling adventure, its impassioned poetry, dazzling rhetoric and pompous pageantries.

And what a production! The mere enumeration of the people who cooperated to produce this one play makes quite a long paragraph. There are ten sumptuous scenes in three acts, any one of which would have beggared an ordinary company.

There was no hint of any new Shakespeare about this; no Gordon Craig, nor Reinhardt, nor Martin Harvey. The stage was cramful of the most amazing and voluptuous detail. All that Will S. failed to get in an age of passion because he had no modern stage accessories, Tree evolves in this stupendous production replete with all the up-to-date devices. It is not a stunt. It is not an overawing simplicity. It is a barbaric prodigality. It is archaeological exactitude down to the last finicky touch of Elizabethan towers and pillars, down to the music and the Morris dances and the robes and the ceremonials that packed the old stage so full that it was as crammed as a kitchen on a dining car. If you got weary of the grand sound of the lines you could feast on the gorgeous costumes. Tired of the tedious plot you dreamed over the sceneries. Impatient with the characters you listened to the music and let your mind go wanderlusting in the dim and distant ages of mighty, marvellous old mother England with her thousands of years of kings and priests and nobles, cardinals, courts and conclaves.

It was indeed England, England—ENGLAND! Anybody who remembered the U. S. of America in that play must have lost money on Hughes. There was left in the world no democracy except that which was handed down from King John. And the Pope of Rome was still the power behind the throne of England.

SIR HERBERT TREE as Cardinal Wolsey in Henry VIII., which got its first production in Canada last week at the Grand Opera House, Toronto. This was Tree's first visit to Canada. With him as leading lady was that well-known rhetorical actress, Edith Wynne Matthison (Mrs. C. Rann Kennedy), who has been in Canada as often as any other famous actor or actress living. The play, which ran the whole week, attracted huge audiences in spite of the fact that some of the newspapers ran no advertising or other reference to the play or the actors.

As to the play—little need be said. It is so little of a play that it becomes much of a pageant. There are three or four interesting characters, a thread of a plot and a deal of fine poetry. What takes up the rest of three hours and more is the epic of stage business crowded into the ten scenes by the modern actor manager. But for its historic interest and the well-known characters the play is one of Shakespeare's poorest. It is nowhere in comparison with Hamlet, Macbeth or the Merchant of Venice. But it is so confoundedly and splendidly English that it never grows dull.

Henry, Katharine, Anne Boleyn, Wolsey and Buckingham—they are all good for an evening. We revive our old history lessons. And we wonder how history ever was such a bore. Yet the best of it is all there. The producer has charmed it into a spectacle and a riot of colour.

From prologue to the last drop of the curtain there was Beerbohm Tree all over it. Tree began where Irving left off. As Wagner made modern music what it is so Irving preluded Tree. After Tree there can be nothing of Shakespeare except to revert either to the pastoral out-of-doors presentations or the new method. Tree is the last word in the old traditional way dating from the beginning of modern times.

But Tree is a bit wiser than some other great producers. He is the only actor manager who puts on the stage a better actor than himself. Lyn Harding is such an actor. This may be credited somewhat to Tree's generosity. It is due more to his own astute knowledge that he is not a great actor. As Cardinal Wolsey he had a great chance which he nowhere cared to take. He was always the splendid, striding figure in long-trailing scarlet, the most conspicuous on the stage with some of the best lines. He was seldom or never intensely dramatic. In the time of his triumph and his intrigues he was never such a figure as Irving was in Becket. In his downfall he was never once really pathetic except in the mere fact that his day was done. Tree's own theories of drama may have been suggested here. Telling stories at a luncheon in Toronto last week he recalled that he was in the House of Commons when war was declared.

"The whole setting was intensely dramatic because of the lack of drama," he said, describing how like a common human being Sir Edward Grey rose to speak.

In Tree's Wolsey there is a good deal of the undramatic drama. Yet he knows as well as any man that ever lived the value of suggestion and of coincidence. Speaking at the same luncheon of how Grey's speech ended just ten seconds before Big Ben struck, he remembered saying to Lloyd George: "Had you been making that speech, you would have ended just as the clock began."

Irving would have made a great Wolsey. He would have overshadowed the king. In Lyn Harding the actor-manager had a wonderful Henry. This actor who, at a luncheon table sits like a big, round-faced boy looking less like an actor than any banker or politician present, has a perfect genius for self-transformation. His last season's role in this country was Svengala, who was more unlike Lyn Harding off stage than his Henry VIII. was unlike Wolsey. As the merry uxorious and always capable monarch he was immense. He made the role as popular as Wolf Hopper ever made Wang or Dick Deadeye. He swaggered about with his kingly gout like a satyr of the 16th century. He adroitly mingled his drollery with his kingship. His voice rolled like a big organ. He was bluff King Hal whom everybody liked and whom priests and prelates feared; the dancing, swaggering monarch who kissed Anne Boleyn in the Cardinal's banquet hall, came in with a sheep's head in the Morris dance and acted as much like a common clown as any man could whose prime business it was to rule England, keep the prelates in order and revise the confession of faith. For all which we must thank the genius of Lyn Harding and the excellent coaching of Sir Herbert Tree.

As Katharine of Aragon Edith Wynne Matthison rose to some fine heights of rhetorical acting. She suited the role. Her acting is always somewhat sad. She has never been

(Concluded on page 24.)

FINANCIAL

The Note and the Guaranteed Mortgage

By INVESTICUS

SOONER or later people find out whether you have any money tucked away or not. Sooner or later they will come to you and want to borrow it or "invest" it for you. How the information ever leaks out is very hard to tell. If you live comfortably they seem to take that as a hint that you must have something laid aside for rainy weather. If you live frugally they say it is because you are "saving." Anyway, you will be sure to have a neighbour come to you to borrow a hundred or a thousand dollars on a note or a mortgage, or a security salesman will start pouring honied arguments in your ears.

The troubles that our grandfathers used to have have taught most of us to avoid the note business. There is nothing dishonest in lending your neighbour money on the security of his note of hand, and you may, in fact, by accepting this security be doing him a very great favour. But when you come to think it over there is a point where even a good rate of interest and a sound security cannot be accepted. A note transaction may offer both, but it also offers infinite possibilities of injuring his good name in the community and interfering with your social relationships. It is one of the strange facts of this life that the man who borrows on a note and fails to pay up will get the sympathy of ninety-nine out of a hundred people, while the man who loaned the money—and lost it—will be called a sharper if he sues or takes strenuous means of collecting his money. Many a man who is to-day a note-shaver is really far from deserving the opprobrium that goes with the name.

The next step after the note, is the mortgage. In many respects the mortgage is perhaps the best security that the amateur financier can deal in. Most men or women have a secret hankering to lay their money out for themselves. They like to feel that they are using their own judgment in placing their money out "to work." That is why the country is dotted thickly with people who have mortgages on the neighbours' farms or houses or cattle or household chattels. At the same time it should be borne in mind that there are very marked disadvantages to be considered in the handling of mortgages. First of all, take the value of the farm or the house on which you propose to lend your money. You have to remember that although that property to-day is marketable at say ten thousand dollars, there may come a slump that will readjust values throughout the whole country so that if you had to sell that property under foreclosure you would not get even the amount of your principal. Expert valuators should be employed in determining the amount which you ought to lend on a given security. Now then, if you merely want your money put to work and are glad to have it disposed of for the time being you may be satisfied. But suppose you are going to depend more or less on the interest on this mortgage to help you pay your own living expenses. Or suppose—if you are a man—that death removes you suddenly and your widow is left to collect the interest on the mortgages you have bought. This is where one of the great difficulties in connection with mortgages comes. Mortgagors WILL fall in arrears with their interest, or become irregular. Without doubt absolutely honest, their excuses are sincere and touching. BUT those excuses will not pay your taxes nor your grocery bill.

A number of companies have sprung up in Canada in the last few decades who make a business of guaranteeing mortgages. They take your money and invest it for you in one of the many mortgages which they own. They ear-mark that mortgage as belonging to you. They see to the collection of the interest and principal, and in case either fails to come to hand promptly they do not wait but send you the money out of their own funds. In short they GUARANTEE such mortgages. For inexperienced investors this is unquestionably a good form of security. But even in this case investors must be prudent in selecting a good corporation. There is no use having a mortgage guaranteed by a corporation whose guarantee, if brought to the test, would be worth only about ten cents on the dollar.

BANK OF MONTREAL.

THE financial position of the country is bound to be reflected in the position of its great banks. The annual statement of the Bank of Montreal for the year ending October 31st is thus a matter of national importance. It reflects credit not only upon the management and directorate of the Bank of Montreal but on the country as a whole.

It is one of the best statements ever issued by the bank and being one of the first bank statements this year, it presages well for what is to follow. During the year total assets increased about $62,000,000 and are shown at $365,215,541, against $302,980,554 last year. Of these total assets, the bank is able to report liquid assets of $246,982,680, which is equal to 75.2% of total liabilities, compared with $170,007,568 last year, an increase of over $77,000,000. Of liquid assets actual cash represented by gold and silver coin and Dominion notes, amount to approximately $41,300,000, equal to 12.57% of liabilities to public.

An analysis of the liquid assets would seem to indicate the large amount of business of an Imperial nature in which the bank is engaged through its branches in Canada and abroad, as the balances due by banks and banking correspondents elsewhere than in Canada have increased to $31,631,237, while the call and short loans in Great Britain and the U. S. now stand at $113,002,098, compared with $70,957,527 a year ago. Among other accounts in this group are railway and other bonds, debentures and stocks, $13,947,120, compared with $13,332,074. Canadian municipals, British, Foreign and Colonial public securities, other than Canadian, $21,796,159, up from $4,475,487. Checks on other banks, $14,832,868, compared with $9,893,506. Current loans and discounts in Canada stand at $93,729,065, against $99,079,506. Loans to cities, towns, municipalities and school districts, $11,255,571, against $11,203,472. Current loans and discounts elsewhere than in Canada, $6,478,263, against $5,893,975. A loan of $5,000,000 to Dominion Government which appeared last year has been paid off. Deposit in Central Gold Reserve now stands at $7,500,000, against $1,500,000, an increase of $6,000,000. This partly indicates the heavy call on bank for circulation necessary for crop moving and payment of troops at various military camps, at which bank opened temporary branches.

Interest bearing deposits increased

THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE

SIR EDMUND WALKER, C.V.O., LL.D., D.C.L., President.
JOHN AIRD, General Manager. H. V. F. JONES, Ass't. General Manager.

CAPITAL, $15,000,000 RESERVE FUND, $13,500,000

SAVINGS BANK ACCOUNTS

Interest at the current rate is allowed on all deposits of $1.00 and upwards. Careful attention is given to every account. Small accounts are welcomed. Accounts may be opened and operated by mail.

Accounts may be opened in the names of two or more persons, withdrawals to be made by any one of them or by the survivor.

Conservation of Funds

Nothing diminishes a man's resources so rapidly as imprudent investment. Protection of the principal sum is every investor's first duty.

We invite inquiries about the details of our Guaranteed Trust Investment plan for investing clients' funds in carefully selected first mortgages on improved real estate.

Booklet mailed on request.

National Trust Company Limited

Capital Paid-up, $1,500,000. Reserve, $1,500,000.

18-22 KING STREET EAST, TORONTO.

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Freight shipments, no matter how large or small, are handled with dispatch.

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More than 166,000 of its policies are now in force for assurances totalling over $265,000,000—much the largest amount carried by any Canadian life company.

SUN LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY OF CANADA
HEAD OFFICE—MONTREAL

over $50,000,000, while total increase in deposit accounts is well over $60,000,000; deposits not bearing interest standing at $88,767,018, up from $75,745,729. Deposits bearing interest rose to $210,439,031 from $160,277,083.

Profits for year were $2,200,471, equal to 13.75 per cent. on capital. Dividends at rate of 10 per cent. and bonus of 2 per cent., 12 per cent. in all, was distributed. Profit and loss account compares as follows:—

	1916.	1915.
Bal. P-L. acct. ford. from prev. yr.	$1,293,953	$1,232,669
Profits after deducting charges and providing for bad and doubtful debts	2,200,471	2,108,631
	$3,494,424	$3,341,300
Dividends and bonuses	1,920,000	1,920,000
	$1,574,424	$1,421,300
War tax on bk. notes in circ.	160,000	127,348
Balance P-L. carried forward	$1,414,424	$1,293,952

The annual meeting of the shareholders will be held in Montreal on the first Monday in December, when the president's address will be presented.

That Barrel of Potash

(Continued from page 19.)

I could see, to be on good terms with me now that it was near midnight, and me with no supper.

About eleven o'clock old Dick Styles came in and sat himself on a barrel to watch the show. He was a nice, garrulous old chap, who always made it a point to watch Bump melt his potash, the first batch every year. The way the two of them gabbled made me think of two old crows on a limb.

But they had not discussed half the things they knew before Bump got me very busy.

"She's all melted now," said he. "Time to bale 'er out."

Up went a cooler. Bump took the first round. The temperature up on that arch with the two blood-red caldrons just below was higher than anything I have ever experienced. Old Dick sat close to the wall and took all the air he could as far from the heat as possible. Bump sweat as much as he was able for the dry old hulk he was and sent me up to bale out the second cooler.

When we left the ashery about one a.m., I had concluded, in my hunger, that Tom Bump was too mean to be considered a worth-while part of any Christian community. I went to bed and judged him. He became to me a symbol of organized avarice. Scrooge was no worse. In vain I scoured what polite literature I knew for examples more despisable. I daresay if he had up and paid me even four dollars on account of wages I would have smiled and softened my judgment. But he didn't. He kept on owing me the money. All next day as we went stumping for corn he said never a word about any of his obligations. There was a note of contempt in his voice and a look of supercilious arrogance in his rhino-hided old hulk. Many a time as we bent together to roll up a stump to its mate I could gladly have booted him from the rear. But I withheld my foot, nursing only the desire to get even, or if I couldn't that something would happen called circumstances.

So we stumped all that day, intending to barrel up the potash next morning. We greased the wagon that evening. To-morrow afternoon Bump would drive those two barrels of 700 lbs. each at seven cents a lb. to the station, get his money—and pay me what he owed me? In the words of Galatea as recorded by G. B. S.—"Not—likely!"

Bump and I sat in the warmish evening laving our feet in the family wash-basin one by one.

"What wagin's that?" asked he rising a moment to glance back at the bush. "I heard it comin' out a while ago. She's turned off somewhere's."

"All quiet now" I admitted, as we both listened to the clack of the frogs. "I heard that vehicle too."

There was no bush road back there to turn off from the main sideroad. Wagons didn't come out that far just to turn round and go back. So Bump said going into the house, sock footed to bed.

That wagon interested me. I went to the stable and stood in the doorway. It was a dark night. There seemed to be the flick of a lantern back at the ashery. It was too soon for fireflies. I listened. In the racket of the frogs I heard nothing else. But felt sure something was going on back at that spook-hole of an ashery. Neither Bump nor myself had been back there since the melting. The potash would now be as hard as rocks. All day long I had been curious to see it glinting all colors in the sun. Marvelous stuff it was, seven cents a pound; more beautiful than any mineral as I had heard.

Again that flick of light.

"Dog-goned if it isn't——!" I said to myself. "It's a lantern."

Bump was snoring by now. Mrs. Bump also. I was the only awake person on the premises—unless——

I determined to make sure. Back the road I went at first in a hurry, jumping on the fence every little while to make sure I wasn't mistaken. Then as I got close to the old spook place I slowed up. I could see I was not mistaken. There was a lantern. I could see two burly figures blocking the light of it; one of them plainly keeping the thing behind him. They were working like demons. They were barreling Bump's potash—benevolent people! A wagon stood backed up the dorway. I could see the team.

The sight of this retarded my steps. I felt like one in a dream. I suddenly had no desire to intrude. It was all plain as day what was going along. In ten minutes the thing would be all over. The wagon would start again. Bump snoring at the house nine fields away would never hear it.

The lantern was suddenly blown out on the ground. Somebody grunted—"Now up with 'er! He-yo!"

They were rolling a barrel up a plank into the tail of the wagon. It was a barrel of potash, weight 800 lbs., barrel and all. And so help me I couldn't budge a boot to stop it. I saw the thing roll up, heard the tail-board rod go in, saw the two mount the wagon and drive away out over the bridge, back the road into the bush.

At first I was disappointed. Then as I balanced the business pro and con I muttered, "Serves the old skinny Ike right." It's judgment because he gouged me. Glory Hallelujah!"

At once I felt myself in league with fate against Bump. Those two sons of old Dick Styles were the agents. I had read of such things in novels. Here it was all coming true. Bump to-morrow would be furious. I would enjoy his rage, not breathing a word that I knew anything about it. And I turned back towards the house.

Then that inconvenient instrument called conscience got hold of me. Those agents of fate were common thieves. They had swagged 700 lbs., of potash that had cost Bump at least $5.00 for the ashes, not to mention my wages, wear and tear, team-hire, etc. And my personal sweat, besides all the long cold drives after the ashes, the hungry noons, lye-eaten overalls and frosted toes.

And I vowed they should never get away with that barrel of potash. I turned and ran after the wagon. It was dawdling back the dark bush road, which was spongy and rough. Neither of the thieves on the seat could see me as I trolloped along behind the tail-board plotting how to get that barrel of goods which kept chugging back against the tail-board and rolling away again.

A brilliant intention seized me. It was absurdly easy. My thumb and finger got hold of the tail-board bolt-head—one of those hand-screw things, easy as wink to unscrew it, then—out with the rod as carefully as possible, hoping not to strike a patch of good road where the team might trot. I

(Concluded on page 25.)

BANK OF MONTREAL

ANNUAL STATEMENT

Statement of the result of the business of the Bank for the year ended 31st October, 1916.

Balance of Profit and Loss Account, 30th October, 1915........		$ 1,293,952.95
Profits for the year ended 31st October, 1916, after deducting charges of management, and making full provision for all bad and doubtful debts		2,200,471.04
		$3,494,423.99
Quarterly Dividend 2½ per cent. paid 1st March, 1916.	$ 400,000.00	
Quarterly Dividend 2½ per cent. paid 1st June, 1916.	400,000.00	
Bonus—1 per cent. paid 1st June, 1916........	160,000.00	
Quarterly Dividend 2½ per cent. paid 1st Sept., 1916	400,000.00	
Quarterly Dividend 2½ per cent. payable 1st Dec., 1916	400,000.00	
Bonus—1 per cent. payable 1st Dec., 1916......	160,000.00	
	$1,920,000.00	
War Tax on Bank Note Circulation to 31st October, 1916	160,000.00	
		2,080,000.00
Balance of Profit and Loss carried forward		$ 1,414,423.99

GENERAL STATEMENT—31st OCTOBER, 1916.

Liabilities.

Capital Stock			$ 16,000,000.00
Rest		$ 16,000,000.00	
Balance of Profits carried forward		1,414,423.99	
		$ 17,414,423.99	
Unclaimed Dividends		3,433.00	
Quarterly Dividend, payable 1st December, 1916	$400,000.00		
Bonus of 1% payable 1st December, 1916	160,000.00		
		560,000.00	
			$ 17,977,856.99
			$ 33,977,856.99
Notes of the Bank in circulation		$ 21,779,134.00	
Deposits not bearing interest		88,767,018.22	
Deposits bearing interest, including interest accrued to date of statement		210,439,031.57	
Deposits made by and balances due to other Banks in Canada		5,663,390.91	
Balances due to Banks and Banking Correspondents elsewhere than in Canada........		545,282.46	
Bills Payable		1,225,935.75	
			328,419,792.91
Acceptances under Letters of Credit			2,179,360.30
Liabilities not included in the foregoing			638,531.65
			$365,215,541.85

Assets.

Gold and Silver coin current		$ 21,040,803.21	
Dominion Notes		20,273,216.00	
Deposit in the Cetnral Gold Reserves		7,500,000.00	
Deposit with the Minister for the purposes of the Circulation Fund		790,000.00	
Balances due by Banks and Banking Correspondents elsewhere than in Canada	$ 31,631,237.46		
Call and Short (not exceeding thirty days) Loans in Great Britain and United States	113,002,097.27		
		144,633,334.73	
Dominion and Provincial Government Securities not exceeding market value		419,736.71	
Railway and other Bonds, Debentures and Stocks not exceeding market value		13,947,120.84	
Canadian Municipal Securities, and British, Foreign and Colonial Public Securities other than Canadian		21,796,159.26	
Notes of other Banks		1,749,441.00	
Cheques on other Banks		14,832,868.53	
			$246,982,680.28
Current Loans and Discounts in Canada (less rebate of interest)		93,729,065.43	
Loans to Cities, Towns, Municipalities and School Districts		11,255,571.96	
Current Loans and Discounts elsewhere than in Canada (less rebate of interest)		6,478,263.23	
Overdue debts, estimated loss provided for		350,954.24	
			111,813,854.86
Bank Premises at not more than cost (less amounts written off)			4,000,000.00
Liabilities of Customers under Letters of Credit (as per Contra)			2,179,360.30
Other Assets not included in the foregoing			239,646.41
			$365,215,541.85

H. V. MEREDITH, President. FREDERICK WILLIAMS-TAYLOR, General Manager.

To the Shareholders of the Bank of Montreal:—

We have checked the Cash and verified the Securities of the Bank at the Chief Office and at several of the Principal Branches at various times during the year, as well as on 31st October, 1916, and we found them to be in accord with the books of the Bank. We have obtained all information and explanations required, and all transactions that have come under our notice have, in our opinion, been within the powers of the Bank. We have compared the above Balance Sheet with the Books and Accounts at the Chief Office of the Bank, and with the certified returns received from its Branches, and we certify that in our opinion it exhibits a true and correct view of the state of the Bank's affairs according to the best of our information, the explanations given to us, and as shown by the Books of the Bank.

Montreal, 17th November, 1916.

J. MAXTONE GRAHAM, JAMES HUTCHISON, } Auditors. Chartered Accountants.

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Send 10c for box containing 12 most popular styles.
Since 1860
Esterbrook Pen Mfg. Co. 46-70 Cooper St. Camden, N.J.

Many people are sending their Couriers to the boys at the front. The Courier is a good "letter from home." Send more Couriers and still more.

D & A GOOD SHAPE BRASSIERES

The **D & A GOOD SHAPE BRASSIERES** are scientifically designed from perfect standard to fit the figure faultlessly, and they are made in such a wide variety of styles that there is a model perfectly suited to every figure.

Ask Your Corsetiere

DOMINION CORSET COMPANY
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Makers of the Celebrated D & A and La Diva Corsets

LEAN-TO TYPE FOR HOMES WHERE LAWN IS LIMITED IN AREA

This inexpensive addition to your home would serve a double purpose—a practical greenhouse and a delightful sun-room.
You may not have lawn space for a detached greenhouse, but in all probability there is an angle in your home where a greenhouse of this type would be a welcome addition. And if your house is heated by steam or hot water, the expense of heating the greenhouse would be nominal.

Write to Dept. C for a booklet.

GLASS GARDEN BUILDERS, LIMITED
KENT BUILDING, TORONTO
Transportation Building, Montreal, Que. Factory, Georgetown, Ont.

Many people are sending their Couriers to the Boys at the Front. The Courier is a good "letter from home." Send more Couriers and still more.

MUSIC AND PLAYS

(Continued from page 21.)

known to sparkle on the stage. That beautiful face of hers and the deep, big voice made the part of the faithful and dethroned queen a classic of sad dignity. It was a somewhat indigo part which few actresses could have done so well. There is an inherent nobility about her acting which never fails. But it carries its own limitations and is always somewhat in the minor key.

Elsie Mackay as Anne Boleyn was a very gracious and attractive figure. Henry Herbert as the Duke of Buckingham did some fine lines, coupled with really high acting. The son of Forbes Robertson came off very creditably with the role of Cromwell, secretary to Wolsey.

But it was not a great acting play. It was a great dramatic spectacle, all the accessories of which were as minutely perfect even to the Morris dances and the Edward German music and the old church chants as it was possible for a wizard of production to make it. And there never was a single play in this country which brought out so many people and made so profound an impression for what it was—not even Faversham's Julius Caesar.

* * *

VERY few modern composers have the visional nerve to regard themselves in a class with Joan of Arc. Leo Ornstein is one of the few.

Ornstein will be in Canada again on Thursday, Dec. 7. He is to play at the first programme of the Canadian Academy of Music Quartette in Toronto. This will be a most interesting programme, musically and personally. No such unordinary genius of the piano as Ornstein has ever appeared in this country—except Ornstein, who is in a class all by himself. He is a Russian and a youth; a frail-looking fragment of humanity endowed with remarkable strength of character in musical creation and capable of playing his own works a great deal better than he does anybody else's, although he plays Debussy well and Chopin tolerably.

Ornstein did not always compose in his present style. His "Pygmy Suite," composed some years ago, shows a very ordinary, old-fashioned technique, and an uninspired invention. His new style he likes to regard in the nature of a revelation from on high. The story of his conversion has a certain religious flavour as he tells it. Here is Ornstein's experience: "One morning, when waking, my head still drowsy, some chords came to me; they were unlike anything I had ever heard before and I did not understand why they should appear to me in that way. However, I got up and wrote them on paper and developed a piano piece out of them. I wrote five other pieces that day in the same style. When finished I went to the piano and played them through. I thought I had gone crazy. For two weeks I supposed that my mind had gone because I couldn't believe that I had heard those things in my senses, but I had to write them down that way because they seemed inevitable to me. Gradually I began to realize that they were the things I really felt; therefore they must be beautiful and not ugly. Soon I became confident again and realized that I was only an instrument in the evolution of music."

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That Barrel of Potash

(Concluded from page 23.)

dropped the rod on the road. I carefully hoisted the tail-board from its groove, and dropped it likewise.

Thank heaven it was dark as ink, or I should have had my head smashed by one of those thugs on the seat. I jumped to the edge of the bush and followed along to watch what happened.

As you may surmise the barrel rolled out. I heard a thud. But alas! it came down heavier than I expected. It smashed. The thieves heard it and pulled up. Here came oaths galore. They got down to inspect the smash.

"How the hell did that tail board jiggle out o' there?" queried one.

I laughed and cried to myself in the maple underbrush. They cursed and conjectured and got their hands on the wreck. I knew they intended to hoist it up again.

"By gosh! we got no mitts this time," said one— and suddenly he screamed like a wildcat as a small portion of that potash ate a hole in the end of a finger. He rushed to the ditch to wash it off. I held my sides in laughter to hear them cursing that potash.

And as they drove away I reminded myself that next day, when we came to gather up that broken barrel of potash, Bump would say it was all my fault.

Something Must Break

(Concluded from page 10.)

qualms as they witness the loss of a city so prized by them and in deference to a wider military policy with which we can hardly suppose that they concur with any heartiness, and from which they can hardly expect to profit. Bulgaria would cheerfully have accepted Serbian Macedonia as her entire recompense for the war. We may doubt if she ever wanted anything more than that. That it was snatched from her after the Balkan wars was the one burning wound that she wanted to heal. Practically it is the one thing for which she went to war.

Nothing in the whole field of war is more mysterious than the original intentions and the present situation of Mackensen. Indeed the alternate revelations and reticences are so significant that we must suppose that events of the first moment are being enacted and that we may soon see a situation that may have a powerful modifying action on Falkenhayn's fortunes further west. It will be remembered that Mackensen passed up the Dobrudja driving the Roumanian forces before him. He took Constanza and instead of crossing the Danube, he continued his progress to the north. That he was checked in the northern part of the Dobrudja is certain, and it is equally certain that he began a retreat southward.

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3 Bottles Walker's Imperial Rye Whisky
1 Bottle Sandy Macdonald Scotch Whisky
1 Bottle O'Brien's Irish 3 Stars
1 Bottle V.S.O.P. Brandy
1 Bottle London Dry Gin
1 Bottle Favorita Sherry. 1 Bottle Cruzado Port

Assortment B. **$8**
2 Bottles Walker's Rye Whisky
2 Bottles Sandy Macdonald Scotch Whisky
1 Bottle "3 Stars" Brandy
1 Bottle Toreador Port Wine—Very Old

Assortment E. **$12**
3 Bottles G. & W. Special
2 Bottles Special Old Selected Scotch Whisky
1 Bottle V. O. Brandy
1 Bottle London Dry Gin
1 Bottle Jamaica Rum
1 Bottle Favorita Sherry. 1 Bottle Cruzado Port

Assortment C. **$9**
3 Bottles G. & W. Rye Whisky
1 Bottle Fine Old Scotch Whisky
1 Bottle V. O. Brandy
1 Bottle London Dry Gin
2 Bottles Cruzado Port. 1 Bottle Favorita Sherry

Assortment F. **$15**
4 Bottles Walker's Club Rye Whisky
2 Bottles Sandy Macdonald Scotch Whisky
1 Bottle V.S.O.P. Brandy
1 Bottle London Dry Gin
1 Bottle Cruzado Port. 1 Bottle White Port
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THE BLIND MAN'S EYES

BY WILLIAM McHARG AND EDWIN BALMER

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CHAPTER XX.—(Continued.)

THERE was a stir in the lower rooms now; the local police had arrived. Harriet went to the study, where they assumed charge nervously and uncertainly. She could not bear to be in that room; nevertheless she remained and answered their questions. She took them to Eaton's rooms on the floor above, where they searched through and took charge of all his things. She left them and came down again and went out to the front of the house.

The night was sharp with the chill preceding the day; it had cleared; the stars were shining. As she stood looking to the west, the lights of a motor turned into the grounds. She ran towards it, thinking it must be bringing word of some sort; but the men who leaped from it were strangers to her—they were the first of the reporters to arrive. They tried to question her, but she ran from them into the house. She watched from the windows and saw other reporters arriving. To Harriet there seemed to be scores of them. Every morning paper in Chicago, immediately upon receipt of the first flash, had sent at least three men; every evening paper seemed to have aroused half its staff from their beds and sent them racing to the blind millionaire's home on the north shore. Even men from Milwaukee papers arrived at four o'clock. Forbidden the house, they surrounded it and captured servants. They took flashlights till, driven from the lawn, they went away—many of them—to see and take part in the search through the woods for Blatchford's murderer. The murder of Santoine's cousin—the man, moreover, who had blinded Santoine—in the presence of the blind man was enough of itself to furnish a newspaper sensation; but, following so closely Santoine's visit to the Coast because of the murder of Gabriel Warden, the newspaper men sensed instantly in it the possibility of some greater sensation not yet bared.

Harriet was again summoned. A man—a stranger—was awaiting her in the hall; he was the precursor of those who would sit that day upon Wallace Blatchford's death and try to determine, formally, whose was the hand that had done it—the coroner's man. He too, she saw, was already convinced what hand it had been—Eaton's. She took him to the study, then to the room above where Wallace Blatchford lay dead. She stood by while he made his brief, conventional examination. She looked down at the dead man's face. Poor Cousin Wallace! he had destroyed his own life long before, when he had destroyed her father's sight; from that time on he had lived only to recompense her father for his blindness. Cousin Wallace's life had been a pitiable, hopeless, loving perpetuation of his penance; he had let himself hold nothing of his own in life; he had died, as she knew he would have wished to die, giving his life in service to his cousin; she was not unduly grieving over him.

She answered the man's questions, calmly and collectedly; but her mind was not upon what she was saying. Her mind was upon only one thing—even of that she could not think connectedly. Some years ago, something—she did not know what—had happened to Hugh; to-night, in some strange way unknown to her, it had culminated in her father's study. He had fought some one; he had rushed away to follow some one. Whom? Had he heard that some one in the study and gone down? Had he been fighting their battle—her father's and her's? She knew that was not so. Hugh had been fully dressed. What did it mean that he had said to her that these events would either destroy him or would send him back to her as—as something different? Her thought supplied no answer.

But whatever he had done, whatever he might be, she knew his fate was hers now; for she had given herself to him utterly. She had told that to herself as she fled and pursued with him that night; she had told it to him; she later had told it—though she had not meant to yet—to her father. She could only pray now that out of the events of this night might not come a grief to her too great for her to bear.

She went to the rooms that had been Eaton's. The police, in stripping them of his possessions, had overlooked his cap; she found the bit of grey cloth and hugged it to her. She whispered his name to herself—Hugh—that secret of his name which she had kept; she gloried that she had that secret with him which she could keep from them all. What wouldn't they give just to share that with her—his name, Hugh!

She started suddenly, looking through the window. The east, above the lake, was beginning to grow grey. The dawn was coming! It was beginning to be day!

She hurried to the other side of the house, looking towards the west. How could she have left him, hurt and bleeding and alone in the night! She could not have done that but that his asking her to go had told that it was for his safety as well as hers; she could not help him any more then; she would only have been in the way. But now—She started to rush out; but controlled herself; she had to stay in the house; that was where the first word would come if they caught him; and then he would need her, how much more! The reporters on the lawn below her, seeing her at the window, called up to her to know further particulars of what had happened and what the murder meant; she could see them plainly in the increasing light. She could see the lawn and the road before the house.

Day had come.

And with the coming of day, the uncertainty and disorder within and about the house seemed to increase. . . . But in the south wing, with its sound-proof doors and its windows closed against the noises from the lawn, there was silence; and in this silence, an exact, compelling, methodic machine was working; the mind of Basil Santoine was striving, vainly as yet, but with growing chances of success, to fit together into the order in which they belonged and make clear the events of the night and all that had gone before—arranging, ordering, testing, discarding, picking up again and reordering all that had happened since that other murder, of Gabriel Warden.

CHAPTER XXI.

What One Can do Without Eyes.

THE blind man, lying on his bed in that darkness in which he had lived since his sixteenth year and which no daylight could lessen, felt the light and knew that day had come; he stirred impatiently. The nurse, the only other occupant of the room, moved expectantly; then she sank back; Santoine had moved but had not roused from that absorption in which he had been ever since returning to his bed. He had not slept. The connections of the electric bells had been repaired—the wires had been found pulled from their batteries—but Santoine had not moved a hand to touch a button. He had disregarded the warning of the doctor who had been summoned at once after the murder and had come to his room again just before dawn to warn him that after his recklessness of the night he must expect a reaction. He had given such injunctions in regard to any new development that he was certain that, even if his servants believed him asleep, they would report to him. But there had been no report; and Santoine expected none immediately. He had not lain awake awaiting anything; he felt that so much had happened, so many facts were at his command, that somewhere among them must be the key to what they meant.

The blind man knew that his daughter was concealing something from him. He could not tell what the importance of the thing she was concealing might be; but he knew his daughter was enough like himself for it to be useless for him to try to force from her something she did not mean to tell. The new intimacy of the relation between his daughter and Eaton was perfectly plain to Santoine; but it did not cause him to try to explain anything in Eaton's favour; nor did it prejudice him against him. He had appeared to accept Avery's theory of what had happened in the study because by doing so he concealed what was going on in his own mind; he actually accepted it only to the point of agreeing that Eaton must have met in the study those enemies—or some one representing the enemies—who had attacked him with the motor-car and had before attempted to attack him on the train.

THREE men—at least three men—had fought in the study in Santoine's presence. Eaton certainly had been the only one from the house present when the first shots were fired. Had Eaton been alone against the other two? Had Eaton been with one of the other two against the third? It appeared probable to Santoine that Eaton had been alone, or had come alone, to the study and had met his enemies there. Had these enemies surprised Eaton in the study or had he surprised them? Santoine was inclined to believe that Eaton had surprised them. The contents taken from the safe had certainly been carried away, and these would have made rather a bulky bundle. Eaton could not have carried it without Harriet knowing it. Santoine believed that, whatever knowledge his daughter might be concealing from him, she would not have concealed this. It was certain that some time had been necessary for opening the safe, before those opening it suffered interruption.

Santoine felt, therefore, that the probabilities were that Eaton's enemies had opened the safe and had been surprised by Eaton. But if they had opened the safe, they were not only Eaton's enemies; they were also Santoine's; they were the men who threatened Santoine's trust.

Those whom Eaton had fought in the room had had perfect opportunity for killing Santoine, if they wished. He had stood first in the dark with the electric torch in his hand; then he had been before them in the light after Blatchford had entered. But Santoine felt certain no one had made any attack upon him at any moment in the room; he had had no feeling, at any instant, that any of the shots fired had been directed at him. Blatchford, too, had been unattacked until he had made it plain that he had recognized one of the intruders; then, before Blatchford could call the name, he had been shot down.

It was clear, then, that what had protected Santoine was his blindness; he had no doubt that, if he had been able to see and recognize the men in the room after the lights were turned on, he would have been shot down also. But Santoine recognized that this did not fully account for his immunity. Two weeks before, an attack which had been meat for Eaton had struck down Santoine instead; and no which had been meant for Eaton had been made until it had become publicly known that Santoine was not going to die. If Santoine's death would

(Continued on page 29.)

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A NEW BOOK ON CANADIANS

Observations on Other Recent Books

By BRITTON B. COOKE

WHILE the average Canadian does not need to go far to find a solemn government report which will tell him ne number of waterfalls, or widows, r steam-driven cheese factories there re in this country, the facilities for arning anything really worth rememring about the chief product of the ountry are, or were, until yesterday, lmost nil. It should be obvious to ny thoughtful reader that the chief roduct to which I refer is—MEN! he nearest thing to a report on this ubject in Canada is Who's Who, or organ's Men and Women of Canada. o amount of red binding or gilt letering can ever make those books opular, or even tolerable, reading to ny but the hardiest of newspaper

The Author of "Sons of Canada."

acks or the more industrious among he scandal-mongers.

Under the title "Sons of Canada," owever, Augustus Bridle, a writer whose name is well known not only mong readers of the Canadian Courier but among Canadian readers enerally, has applied his special abililes to interpreting—not just Canada o Canadians, but Canadians to Canda, and to the whole English-reading ublic. In the handsome volume just eceived from Messrs. J. M. Dent and Sons, thirty-four Canadians have been rilliantly transformed from names nto living, colourful personalities—rom mere heads of companies, paries, churches, newspapers, or univertities, into living and vivid forces in he public life of this country. And ot only has the book this informative mportance, but it offers as well a olume in which there is not—so far s the writer has been able to detect— single commonplace phrase or dull entence. The book's author has tudiously avoided the obvious or the ackneyed, either in matter or in orm. Looking over the company of istinguished men with whom the ook deals one may at first be inlined to doubt the appropriateness f the title, Sons of Canada, for some f the men dealt with were born in ngland and others in the United tates. The point is made clear in he brief preface to the work, however, that these men are sons of this ountry in that it was Canada who ave them the opportunity to do great hings. It was the challenge of Canaian problems that brought out the haracter of these sons. There are, owever, far more native-born Canaians in the book than foreign-born anadians. They have been picked from every department of Canadian activity, from painting to politics, and from sculpture to newspaper-editing and railroading. Few pieces of modern writing have the stimulating and yet satisfying character of such brilliantly done sketches as those, for example, of Sir William Van Horne, or Professor Mavor, or the famous Doctor Carman.

There is a peculiar art in the writing of short biographies. Almost any university graduate can collect the facts of a man's birth, education, career at the bar—or whatever it was —and death. But these facts do not make the man, any more than a minute account of the dimensions of a face can give the world a picture of the living countenance. Bridle's book is a combination of shrewd observation, eminently fair judgment and brilliant writing. It is an important addition to Canadiana. The book contains sixteen portraits by F. S. Challoner, the well-known artist and illustrator.

* * *

THE great George Moore has observed with characteristic topsyturvyness, that all art is coming to an end because the world is being internationalized by railways, steamships, telegraphs, telephones and wireless. He claims that the highest forms of art are produced in intensive communities where the people, being cut off by language and tradition from all the rest of the world, develop their own original and peculiar ways of thinking and expressing themselves. He points to the present "boom" in Russian literature as being due to Russia's long period of intellectual and artistic isolation. He claims that Chinese art is going to the dogs through the implanting of general European notions in the head of the heathen Chinee. He cites the world's present interest in the neo-romanticism and the art revival in Ireland as further evidence of the value of isolation.

As though to bear him out comes a small volume by F. Randall Livesay on the Songs of Ukraina. Mrs. Livesay, be it noted, is a Canadian living in Winnipeg and the material gathered in this little book she has gathered, not in far-off Ukraina but among the Ukrainians in the West. By making friends with tired immigrant women, helping to quiet their babies and smooth their ironing boards, she has won from them this charming collection of fragmentary songs. These songs have all the ear-marks of an art that would delight the super-critic, George Moore. They are the product of a people long isolated in a beautiful country half-Asiatic, half-Russian-European. They are as simple as running water and as musical, and yet as full of poetic ideas, concealed or half concealed, as a cedar swamp full of wild flowers. (J. M. Dent & Sons.)

CHESS

Conducted by Malcolm Sim

Address all correspondence to the Chess Editor, Canadian Courier, 30 Grant St., Toronto.

PROBLEM NO. 98, by A. J. Fink.

First Prize, Pittsburg "Gaz-Times." (Fifth Quarterly Tourney.)

Black.—Twelve Pieces.

White.—Eight Pieces.

White to play and mate in two.

SOLUTIONS.

Problem No. 94, by J. Scheel.

1. Kt—KKt5, PxKt; 2. Q—KKt 7 mate.
1. ......, BxR; 2. KKt—B7 mate.
1. ......, K—Q5; 2. Kt—B4 mate.

Problem No. 95, by F. Kohnlein.

1. B—Ktsq! QxR; 2. Q—Rsq! QxQ; 3. R—Ksq mate.
1. ......, Q—K6; 2. RxQ, any move; 3. R—Ksq mate.

The following, by the same composer, is an interesting companion problem. White: K at KR7; Q at KKt6; B at QR6; Kts at QB3 and KB4. Black: K at KR8; Q at QKt5; B at Q3; Ps at QR4, K6, KKt2, KR6 and KR7. Mate in three. (1. Kt—Kt5! Q—K5; 2. B—Kt7! QxB; 3. Q—QKt sq mate.)

CHESS IN ENGLAND.

The Murton Cup (handicap) competition at the City of London Chess Club has been won by Mr. Theodore Germann, who defeated Mr. R. C. Griffith in the tie match by 2½—1½. The first game in the match was drawn, while the second was won by Griffith. Germann, however, won the third and fourth. We are indebted to the "Field," via the British Chess Magazine, for the score of the third game. The notes we have abbreviated.

Queen's Pawn Game.

	White. R. G. Griffith.	Black. Th. Germann.
1.	P—Q4	P—Q4
2.	Kt—KB3	P—QB4
3.	P—K3	P—K3
4.	B—Q3	P—B5 (a)
5.	B—K2	Kt—QB3 (b)
6.	Castles (c)	B—Q3 (d)
7.	P—QKt3	P—QKt4 (e)
8.	P—QR4	PxRP
9.	PxBP	B—Q2
10.	PxP	PxP
11.	P—B4 (f)	Kt—B3
12.	Kt—B3 (g)	PxP
13.	BxP	Kt—QR4
14.	B—R2	R—QBsq
15.	KtxP	Castles
16.	Kt—Kt2	Kt—K5
17.	B—Q2	Kt—QB3
18.	B—Q5	Kt—B3
19.	B—Kt3 (h)	B—KKt5
20.	Kt—Q3	Kt—K5
21.	QKt—Ksq	B—Ktsq
22.	B—Bsq	R—Ksq
23.	B—Kt2	Kt—K2
24.	P—R3 (i)	B—R4
25.	P—Kt4 (j)	B—Kt3
26.	Kt—R4 (k)	Kt—Q4
27.	KtxB	RPxKt
28.	Kt—Kt2 (l)	Kt—Kt4
29.	P—R4	Q—Q3
30.	P—B4	Kt—R6ch
31.	K—Rsq (m)	KtxKP
32.	KtxKt	RxKt
33.	R—B3	QR—Ksq
34.	B—R3	Q—QB3
35.	P—Q5	Q—B6
36.	RxR	RxR
37.	Q—B2 (n)	QxRch

Resigns. (o)

(a) The advance of this Pawn weakens Black's position.

(b) Having advanced his Pawn to B5, Black should have played P—QKt4 at once, followed, if 6. P—QKt3, by 6. ....., B—Kt2, or if 6. P—QR4, by 6....., P—Kt5

(c) P—QKt3, at once, was, of course preferable.

(d) Again P—QKt4, to prevent the breaking up of the Pawns, should have been played.

(e) This is now too late.

(f) Simpler and better would have been B—Kt5, winning the Pawn at once and avoiding unnecessary complications.

(g) And now 12. P—B5, followed, on 12....., B—B2 or B—K2, by 13. B—Kt5 would have been better.

(h) It would not have been safe for White to win a second Pawn by BxKt followed by RxP, e. g., 19. BxKt, BxB; 20. RxP, B—Ktsq; 21. R—Rsq, Kt—Kt5; 22. P—R3 (if 22. P—Kt3, then 22....., Q—Q4; 23. K—Kt2, QxKtch; 24. QxQ, BxQ;

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Soak 2 envelopes Knox Acidulated Gelatine in 1 cup cold water 5 minutes. Add 1½ cups boiling water. When dissolved, add 4 cups granulated sugar and boil slowly for 15 minutes. Divide into 2 equal parts. When somewhat cooled, add to 1 part ½ teaspoonful of the Lemon Flavoring found in separate envelope, dissolved in 1 tablespoonful water, and 1 tablespoonful lemon extract. To the other part add ½ teaspoonful extract of cloves, and color with the pink color. Pour into shallow tins that have been dipped in cold water. Let stand over night; turn out and cut into squares. Roll in fine granulated or powdered sugar and let stand to crystallize. Vary by using different flavors and colors, and adding chopped nuts, dates or figs.

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Candidates for examination must have passed their fourteenth birthday, and not reached their sixteenth birthday, on the 1st July following the examination.

Further details can be obtained on application to G. J. Desbarats, C.M.G., Deputy Minister of the Naval Service, Department of the Naval Service, Ottawa.

G. J. DESBARATS,
Deputy Minister of the Naval Service.
Department of the Naval Service,
Ottawa, June 12, 1916.

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26. KxB, KtxRPch and wins), BxKt; 23. PxB! Kt—R7; 24. R—Ksq, Q—Kt4ch; 25. K—Rsq, Q—KB4; 26. K—Kt2, R—B3; 27. P—B4, R—KR3, and wins.

If, instead, White played 22. Kt—K5, then 22.., KtxKt; 23. PxKt, Q—Q4; 24. P—B3, QxKP; 25. Kt—Q3 (if 25. P—B4, then 25.., QxKt), QxRPch; 26. K—B2, B—Kt6ch; 27. K—K2, QxPch; 28. Kt—B2, B—Kt4ch; 29. K—Ksq, QxR, mate.

But it was a mistake to retire the Bishop to Kt3; 19. B—B4 instead of the text-move, followed, if 19.., B—KKt5, by 20. B—K2, threatening soon to play Kt—B4 or Kt—Q3 would have relieved White from all pressure and enabled him to win easily with his extra Pawn.

(i) A weakening move. 24. B—R4, followed, if 24.., R—Bsq, by 25. Q—Q3, unpinning his Knight, would have been better.

(j) This further weakens his King's position; nevertheless he had still the better game on account of his extra Pawn.

(k) But now he compromises his position by removing his Knight from its defensive post at B3. His best continuation was probably 26. Kt—Q3, threatening 27. Kt(Q3)—K5.

(l) This loses. His best chance now was to play Kt—B3.

(m) If 31. K—R2, then 31.., KtxKP; 32. Q—Q2, KtxKt (not 32.., KtxRch, because of 33. RxKt, and Black's Knight has no escape); 33. QxKt, KtxP and wins, for if 34. Q—Kt3, then 34.., Kt—Q6, winning the Bishop.

If, instead, White play 32. KtxKt, then 32.., RxKt; 33. B—R3, QxPch; 34. RxQ, BxRch; 35. K—Kt2, R—Kt6ch; 36. K—Bsq, R—Ksq and White has no sane method of avoiding mate at Kt8. If here 36. K—R2, instead, then 36.., R—KB6ch; 37. K—Kt2, R—B7ch; 38. KxKt, R—R7 mate.

(n) White had no recourse, as his Bishop was en prise, and Kt—B7 was also threatened.

(o) A lively game, well played in the latter stage by Mr. Germann; but the ex-champion was evidently not in his usual form.

END-GAME NO. 18.

By H. Rinck.

White: K at QKt3; R at KKt3; B at Qsq; Ps at QKt4, Q2 and KKt2.—Black: K at K3; Q at QKt4; Ps at QR2 and QB2. White to play and win.

Solution.

1. B—K2, Q—Ktsq; 2. R—Kt8! Q—Kt7; 3. B—R6! QxB; 4. R—Kt6ch and wins. The number of ways in which the White Queen is won is remarkable. We extract this neat composition from the British Chess Magazine.

TORONTO CHESS LEAGUE.

The following further results have occurred in the Toronto Chess League:

Division "A."

Nov. 11—West End Y.M.C.A. beat Varsity, 5 to 2.

Nov. 11—Varsity beat Central Y.M.C.A., 3 to 2.

Nov. 15—Beaches beat Toronto, 3½ to 1½.

Nov. 18—Parliament beat West End Y.M.C.A., 4½ to 1½.

Nov. 23—Parliament beat Central Y.M.C.A., 4 to 2.

Nov. 25—Toronto beat Varsity, 3 to 2.

Nov. 25—Beaches beat West End Y.M.C.A., 4 to 1. (a)

(a) One game to be adjudicated.

Division "B."

Nov. 15—Beaches beat Toronto, by default.

Nov. 18—Parliament beat Toronto, 4 to 1.

Nov. 18—Parliament beat West End Y.M.C.A., 4½ to 2½.

Nov. 22—Parliament beat Beaches, 4½ to ½.

Next issue we will give the tables.

LADIES' CHAMPIONSHIP.

Mrs. A. Spragge, Miss Spragge, Miss A. L. Sanderson and Miss E. Banks are playing in the Toronto Ladies' City Championship. In the men's championship there are over 60 entries. This is due to the recruiting energy of Mr. W. H. Ferguson, the Toronto League secretary.

TORONTO CLUB HANDICAP.

The T.C.C. Handicap tournament commences Tuesday, Nov. 28, with eleven entries: Messrs. Forde, DeMers, Campbell, O'Brian, Swale, Faulkner, Youngman, Toppins, Elliott, Boas and Mrs. A. Spragge.

A Message
From
Lloyd George

The Right Hon. David Lloyd George, speaking on "The Lesson of Sacrifice," said:---

"We have been living in a sheltered valley for generations. We have been too comfortable and too indulgent, many perhaps too selfish. But the stern hand of fate has scourged us to an elevation where we can see the everlasting things that matter for a Nation, the great peaks we had forgotten---of Honour, Duty, Patriotism, and clad in glittering white, the towering pinnacle of Sacrifice, pointing like a rugged finger to Heaven."

Compared to service in the trenches, Service in the Munitions Plant is the lesser sacrifice, but it is hardly less vital to the Empire.

MARK. H. IRISH,
Director of Munitions Labor,
National Service Board,
Canada.

The Blind Man's Eyes

(Continued from page 27.)

have served for Eaton's death two weeks before, why was Santoine immune now? Did possession of the contents of Santoine's safe accomplish the same thing as Santoine's death? Or more than his death for these men? For what men?

It was not, Santoine was certain, Eaton's presence in the study which had so astounded Blatchford; Wallace and Eaton had passed days together, and Blatchford was accustomed to Eaton's presence in the house. Some one whom Blatchford knew and whose name Santoine also would know, and whose presence in the room was so strange and astonishing that Blatchford had tried to prepare Santoine for the announcement, had been there. The man whose name was on Blatchford's tongue, or the companion of that man, had shot Blatchford rather than let Santoine hear the name.

The blind man stirred upon his bed.

"Do you want something, Mr. Santoine?" the nurse asked. The blind man did not answer. He was beginning to find these events fit themselves together; but they fitted imperfectly as yet.

Santoine knew that he lacked the key. Many men could profit by possessing the contents of Santoine's safe and might have shot Blatchford rather than let Santoine know their presence there; it was impossible for Santoine to tell which among these many the man who had been in the study might be. Who Eaton's enemies were was equally unknown to Santoine. But there could be but one man—or at most one small group of men—who could be at the same time Eaton's enemy and Santoine's. To have known who Eaton was would have pointed this man to Santoine.

The blind man lay upon his back, his open, sightless eyes unwinking in the intensity of his thought.

Gabriel Warden had had an appointment with a young man who had come from Asia and who—Warden had told his wife—he had discovered lately had been greatly wronged. Eaton, under Conductor Connery's questioning, had admitted himself to be that young man; Santoine had verified this and had learned that Eaton was, at least, the young man who had gone to Warden's house that night. But Gabriel Warden had not been allowed to help Eaton; so far from that, he had not even been allowed to meet and talk with Eaton; he had been called out, plainly, to prevent his meeting Eaton, and killed.

EATON disappeared and concealed himself after Warden's murder, apparently fearing that he would also be attacked. But Eaton was not a man whom this personal fear would have restrained from coming forward later to tell why Warden had been killed. He had been urged to come forward and promised that others would give him help in Warden's place; still, he had concealed himself. This must mean that others than Warden could not help Eaton; Eaton evidently did not know; or else could not hope to prove, what Warden had discovered.

Santoine held this thought in abeyance; he would see later how it checked with the facts.

Eaton had remained in Seattle—or near Seattle—eleven days; apparently he had been able to conceal himself and to escape attack during that time. He had been obliged, however, to reveal himself when he took the train; and as soon as possible a desperate attempt had been made against him, which, through mistake, had struck down Santoine instead of Eaton. This attack had been made under circumstances which, if it had been successful, would have made it improbable that Eaton's murderer could escape. It had not been enough, then, to watch Eaton and await opportunity to attack him; it had been necessary to attack him at once, at any cost.

The attack having reched Santoine instead of Eaton, the necessity for immediate attack upon Eaton, apparently, had ceased to exist; those who followed Eaton had thought it enough to watch him and wait for more favourable opportunity. But as soon as it was publicly known that Santoine had not been killed but was getting well, then Eaton had again been openly and daringly attacked. The reason for the desperate chances taken to attack Eaton, then, was that he was near Santoine.

Santoine's hands clenched as he recognized this.

Eaton had taken the train at Seattle because Santoine was on it; he had done this at great risk to himself. Santoine had told Eaton that there were but four possible reasons why he could have taken the train in the manner he did, and two of those reasons later had been eliminated. The two possibilities which remained were that Eaton had taken the train to inform Santoine of something or to learn something from him. But Eaton had had ample opportunity since to inform Santoine of anything he wished; and he had not only not informed him of anything, but had refused consistently and determinedly to answer any of Santoine's questions. It was to learn something from Santoine, then, that Eaton had taken the train.

The blind man turned upon his bed; he was finding that these events fitted together perfectly. He felt certain now that Eaton had gone to Gabriel Warden expecting to get from Warden some information that he needed, and that to prevent Warden's giving him this, Warden had been killed. Then Warden's death had caused Santoine to go to Seattle and take charge of many of Warden's affairs; Eaton had thought that the information which had been in Warden's possession might now be in Santoine's; Eaton, therefore, had followed Santoine onto the train.

Santoine had not had the information Eaton required, and he could not even imagine yet what the nature of that information could be. This was not because he was not familiar enough with Warden's affairs; it was because he was too familiar with them. Warden had been concerned in a hundred enterprises; Santoine had no way of telling which of this hundred had concerned Eaton. He certainly could recall no case in which a man of Eaton's age and class had been so terribly wronged that double murder would have been resorted to for the concealment of the facts. But he understood that, in his familiarity with Warden's affairs, he had probably been in a position to get the information, if he had known what specific matters it concerned. That, then, had been the reason why his own death would have served for the time being in place of Eaton's.

Those who had followed Eaton had known that Santoine could get this information; that accounted for all that had taken place on the train. It accounted for the subsequent attack on Eaton when it became known that Santoine was getting well. It accounted also—Santoine was breathing quickly as he recognized this—for the invasion of his study and the forcing of the safe last night.

The inference was plain that something which would have given Santoine the information Warden had had and which Eaton now required had been brought into Santoine's house and put in Santoine's safe. It was to get possession of this "something" before it had reached Santoine that the safe had been forced.

Santoine put out his hand and pressed a bell. A servant came to the door.

"Will you find Miss Santoine," the blind man directed, "and ask her to come here?"

The servant withdrew.

SANTOINE waited. Presently the door again opened, and he heard his daughter's step.

"Have you listed what was taken from the safe, Harriet?" Santoine asked.

"Not yet, Father."

The blind man thought an instant. "Day before yesterday, when I asked you to take charge for the present of the correspondence Avery has looked after for me, what did you do?"

"I put it in my own safe—the one that was broken into last night. But none of it was taken; the bundles of letters were pulled out of the safe, but they had not been opened or even disturbed."

"I know. It was not that I meant." Santoine thought again. "Harriet, something has been brought into the house—or the manner of keeping something in the house had been changed—within a very few days—since the time, I think, when the attempt to run Eaton down with the motor-car was made. What was that 'something'?"

HIS daughter reflected. "The draft of the new agreement about the Latron properties and the lists of stockholders in the properties which came through Mr. Warden's office," she replied.

"Those were in the safe?"

"Yes; you had not given me any instructions about them, so I had put them in the other safe; but when I went to get the correspondence I saw them there and put them with the correspondence in my own safe."

Santoine lay still.

"Who besides Donald knew that you did that, daughter?" he asked.

"No one."

"Thank you."

Harriet recognized this as dismissal and went out. The blind man felt the blood beating fiercely in his temples and at his finger tips. It amazed, astounded him to realize that Warden's murder and all that had followed it had sprung from the Latron case. The coupling of Warden's name with Latron's in the newspapers after Warden's death had seemed to him only flagrant sensationalism. He himself had known—or had thought he had known—more about the Latron case than almost any other man; he had been a witness at the trial; he had seen—or had thought he had seen—even-handed justice done there. Now, by Warden's evidence, but more still by the manner of Warden's death, he was forced to believe that there had been something unknown to him and terrible in what had been done then.

And as realization of this came to him, he recollected that he had been vaguely conscious ever since Latron's murder of something strained, something not wholly open, in his relations with those men whose interests had been most closely allied with Latron's. It had been nothing open, nothing palpable; it was only that he had felt at times in them a knowledge of some general condition governing them which was not wholly known to himself. As he pressed his hands upon his blind eyes, trying to define this feeling to himself, his thought went swiftly back to the events on the train and in the study.

He had investigated the accounts of themselves given by the passengers to Conductor Connery; two of these accounts had proved to be false. The man who under the name of Lawrence Hillward had claimed the cipher telegram from Eaton had been one of these; it had proved impossible to trace this man and it was now certain that Hillward was not his real name; the other, Santoine had had no doubt, was the heavy-set muscular man who had tried to run Eaton down with the motor. These men, Santoine was sure, had been acting for some principal not present. One or both of these men might have been in the study last night; but the sight of neither of these could have so startled, so astounded Blatchford. Whomever Blatchford had seen was some one well known to him, whose presence had been so amazing that speech had failed Blatchford for the moment and he had feared the effect of the announcement upon Santoine. This could have been only the principal himself.

Some circumstance which Santoine comprehended only imperfectly as yet had forced this man to come out from behind his agents and to act even at the risk of revealing himself. It was probably he who, finding Blatchford's presence made revealment inevitable, had killed Blatchford. But these circumstances gave Santoine no clue as to who the man might be. The blind man tried vainly to guess. The rebellion against his blindness, which had seized him the night before, again stirred him. The man had been in the

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light just before his face; a second of sight then and everything would have been clear; or another word from Blatchford, and he would have known. But Santoine recalled that if he had had that second of sight, and the other man had known it, or if Blatchford had spoken that next word, Santoine, too, would probably be dead.

The only circumstance regarding the man of which Santoine now felt sure was that he was one of the many concerned in the Latron case or with the Latron properties. Had the blood in which Santoine had stepped upon the study floor been his, or that of one of the others?

"What time is it?" the blind man suddenly asked the nurse.

"It is nearly noon, Mr. Santoine, and you have eaten nothing."

The blind man did not answer. He recalled vaguely that, several hours before, breakfast had been brought for him and that he had impatiently waved it away. In his absorption he had felt no need then for food, and he felt none now.

"Will you leave me for a few moments?" he directed.

He listened till he heard the door close behind the nurse; then he seized the private 'phone beside his bed and called his broker. Instinctively, in his uncertainty, Santoine had turned to that barometer which reflects day by day, even from hour to hour, the most obscure events and the most secret knowledge.

"How is the market?" he inquired.

There was something approaching to a panic on the stock exchange, it appeared. Some movement, arising from causes not yet clear, had dropped the bottom out of a score of important stocks. The broker was only able to relate that about an hour after the opening of the exchange, selling had developed in certain issues and prices were going down in complete lack of support.

"How is Pacific Midlands?" Santoine asked.

"It led the decline."

Santoine felt the blood in his temples. "M. and N. Smelters?" he asked.

"Down seven points."

"S. F. and D.?"

"Eight points off."

Santoine's hand, holding the telephone, shook in its agitation; his head was hot from the blood rushing through it, his body was chilled. An idea so strange, so astounding, so incredible as it first had come to him that his feelings refused it though his reason told him it was the only possible condition which could account for all the facts, now was being made all but certain. He named stock after stock; all were down—seriously depressed or had been supported only by a desperate effort of their chief holders.

"A. L. & M. is down too," the broker volunteered.

"That is only sympathetic," Santoine replied.

HE hung up. His hand, straining to control its agitation, reached for the bell; he rang; a servant came.

"Get me notepaper," Santoine commanded.

The servant went out and returned with paper. The nurse had followed him in; she turned the leaf of the bed-table for Santoine to write. The blind man could write as well as any other by following the position of the lines with the fingers of his left hand. He wrote a short note swiftly now, folded, sealed and addressed it and handed it to the servant.

"Have that delivered by a messenger at once," he directed. "There will be no written answer, I think; only something sent back—a photograph. See that it is brought to me at once."

He heard the servant's footsteps going rapidly away. He was shaking with anger, horror, resentment; he was almost—not quite—sure now all that had taken place; of why Warden had been murdered, of what vague shape had moved behind and guided all that had happened since. He recalled Eaton's voice as he had heard it first on the train at Seattle; and now he was almost sure—not quite—that he could place that voice, that he knew where he had heard it before.

He lay with clenched hands, shaking with rage; then by effort of his will he put these thoughts away. The nurse reminded him again of his need for food.

"I want nothing now," he said. "Have it ready when I wake up. When the doctor comes, tell him I am going to get up to-day and dress."

He turned and stretched himself upon his bed; so, finally, he slept.

CHAPTER XXII.

The Man Hunt.

THE rolling, ravine-gullied land where Harriet had left Eaton was wooded thickly with oaks, maples and ash; the ground between these trees was clear of undergrowth upon the higher parts of the land, but its lower stretches and the ravines themselves were shrouded with closely growing bushes rising higher than a man's waist, and, where they grew rankest, higher than a man's head. In summer, when trees and bushes were covered with leaves, this underbrush offered cover where a man could conceal himself perfectly; now, in the early spring before the trees had even budded, that man would be visible for some distance by day and nearly as clearly visible by night if the headlights of the motor-cars chanced to shine into the woods.

Eaton, fully realizing this chance as he left Harriet, had plunged through the bushes to conceal himself in the ravine. The glare from the burning bridge lighted the ravine for only a little way; Eaton had gained the bottom of the ravine beyond the point where this light would have made him visible and had made the best speed he could along it away from the lights and voices on the road. This speed was not very great; his stockinged feet sank to their ankles in the soft mud of the ravine; and when, realizing that he was leaving a trace easily followed even by lantern-light, he clambered to the steep side and tried to travel along its slope, he found his progress slower still. In the darkness he crashed sometimes full against the tree-trunks; bushes which he could not see seized and held him, ripping and tearing at his clothes; invisible, fallen saplings tripped him, and he stepped into unseen holes which threw him headlong, so that twice he rolled clear to the bottom of the ravine with fierce, hot pains which nearly deprived him of his senses shooting through his wounded shoulder.

When he had made, as he thought, fully three quarters of a mile in this way and must be, allowing for the winding of the ravine, at least half a mile from his pursuers, he climbed to the brink of the bank and looked back. He was not, as he had thought, half a mile from the road; he was not a quarter of a mile; he could still see plainly the lights of the three motor-cars upon the road and men moving in the flare of these lights. He was certain that he had recognized the figure of Avery among these men. Pursuit of him, however, appeared to have been checked for the moment; he heard neither voices nor any movement in the woods. Eaton panting, threw himself down to recover breath and strength to think.

There was no question in Eaton's mind what his fate would be if he surrendered to, or was captured by, his pursuers. What he had seen in Santoine's study an hour before was so unbelievable, so completely undemonstrable unless he himself could prove his story that he felt that he would receive no credence. Blatchford, who had seen it in the light in the study, was dead; Santoine, who would have seen it if he had had eyes, was blind. Eaton, still almost stunned and yet wildly excited by that sight, felt only, in the mad confusion of his senses, the futility of telling what he had seen unless he were in a position to prove it. Those opposed to him would put his statement aside with the mere answer that he was lying; the most charitably inclined would think only that what he had been through had driven him insane.

Besides, Eaton was not at all sure

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that even if he had attempted to tell what he had seen he would be allowed to tell it, or, if he attempted to surrender to the men now pursuing him, he would be allowed to surrender. Donald Avery was clearly in command of those men and was directing the pursuit; in Avery, Eaton had recognized an instinctive enemy from the first; and now, since the polo game, he sensed vaguely in Avery something more than that. What Avery's exact position was in regard to himself Eaton was not at all sure; but of Avery's active hostility he had received full evidence; and he knew now—though how he knew it was not plain even to himself—that Avery would not allow him to surrender but that, if he tried to give himself up, the men under Avery's orders would shoot him down.

AS Eaton watched, the motor, which from its position on the road he knew was Harriet's, backed out from the others and went away. The other motors immediately afterward were turned and followed it. But Eaton could see that they left behind them a man standing armed near the bridge, and that other men, also armed, passed through the light as they scrambled across the ravine and gained the road on its opposite side. The motors, too, stopped at intervals and then went on; he understood that they were posting men to watch the road. He traced the motor headlights a long way through the dark; one stopped, the other went on. He remembered vaguely a house near the place where the car he watched had stopped, and understanding that where there was a house there was a telephone, he knew that the alarm must be given still more widely now; men on all sides of him must be turning out to watch the roads. He knew they did turn out like that when the occasion demanded.

These waste places bordering upon the lake to north and south of Chicago, and within easy car-ride of the great city, had been the scene of many such man-hunts. Hoboes, gypsies, broken men thrown off by the seething city, wandered through them and camped there; startling crimes took place sometimes in these tiny wildernesses; fugitives from the city police took refuge there and were hunted down by the local police, by armed details of the city police, by soldiers from Fort Sheridan. These fugitives might much better have stayed in the concealment of the human jungle of the city; these rolling, wooded, sandy vacant lands which seemed to offer refuge, in reality betrayed only into certain capture. The local police had learned the method of hunting, they had learned to watch the roads and railways to prevent escape.

Eaton understood, therefore, that his own possibility of escape was very small, even if escape had been his only object; but Eaton's problem was not one of escape—it was to find those he pursued and make certain that they were captured at the same time he was; and, as he crouched panting on the damp earth, he was thinking only of that.

(To be Continued.)

A Londoner who was staying in Scotland for a little while recently had need of legal assistance. He went up to a sensible-looking man in the street and began: "Pardon me, sir, but are you a resident of this town?" "Weel," was the cautious reply, "I've leeved here a matter o' fifty year." "Ah! then perhaps you can help me," went on the visitor. "I'm looking for a criminal lawyer. Have you one in this town?" The Scotsman dropped his voice to a confidential whisper as he answered: "We hae, but we hinna been able tae prove it on him yet. He's ower sharp."—The Argonaut.

• • • •

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When miles are measured by the gallon, McLaughlin gasoline economy is proved beyond argument. This fuel saving, with the **McLaughlin** power, speed and flexibility, has established the McLaughlin valve-in-head motor car as

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1917 sees **McLaughlin** motor cars even further in the lead than before. Our new series includes models of Four and Six cylinder cars from $880.00 up to $1520.00 in roadster and touring car bodies and a Sedan at $2350.00.

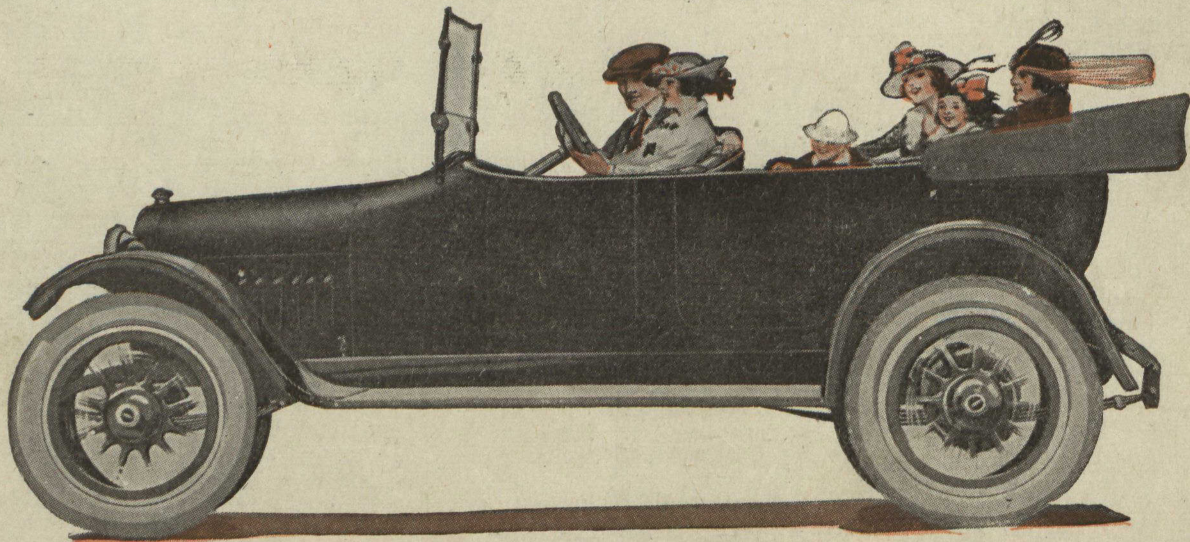
Model D-4-35—the new **McLaughlin Four**—the challenge in 1917 motor car values—5-passenger touring car.

D-6-63—a new **McLaughlin Six** with 41 H. P. valve-in-head motor, taking the place of last season's D-60.

D-6-45—Canada's Standard 5-passenger Touring Car.

D-45 Special, a replica of D-45, with added refinements and improvements.

A New McLaughlin 7-Passenger Car will be announced in January, 1917.
Send for description and prices on the model best suited to your needs.



Model D-6-63. A new **McLaughlin Six Cylinder Touring Car**, 112 in. wheelbase, 41 H. P. Valve-in-Head Motor. A continuation of and improvement on Model D-60.

The McLaughlin Motor Car Co. Ltd., Oshawa, Ont.