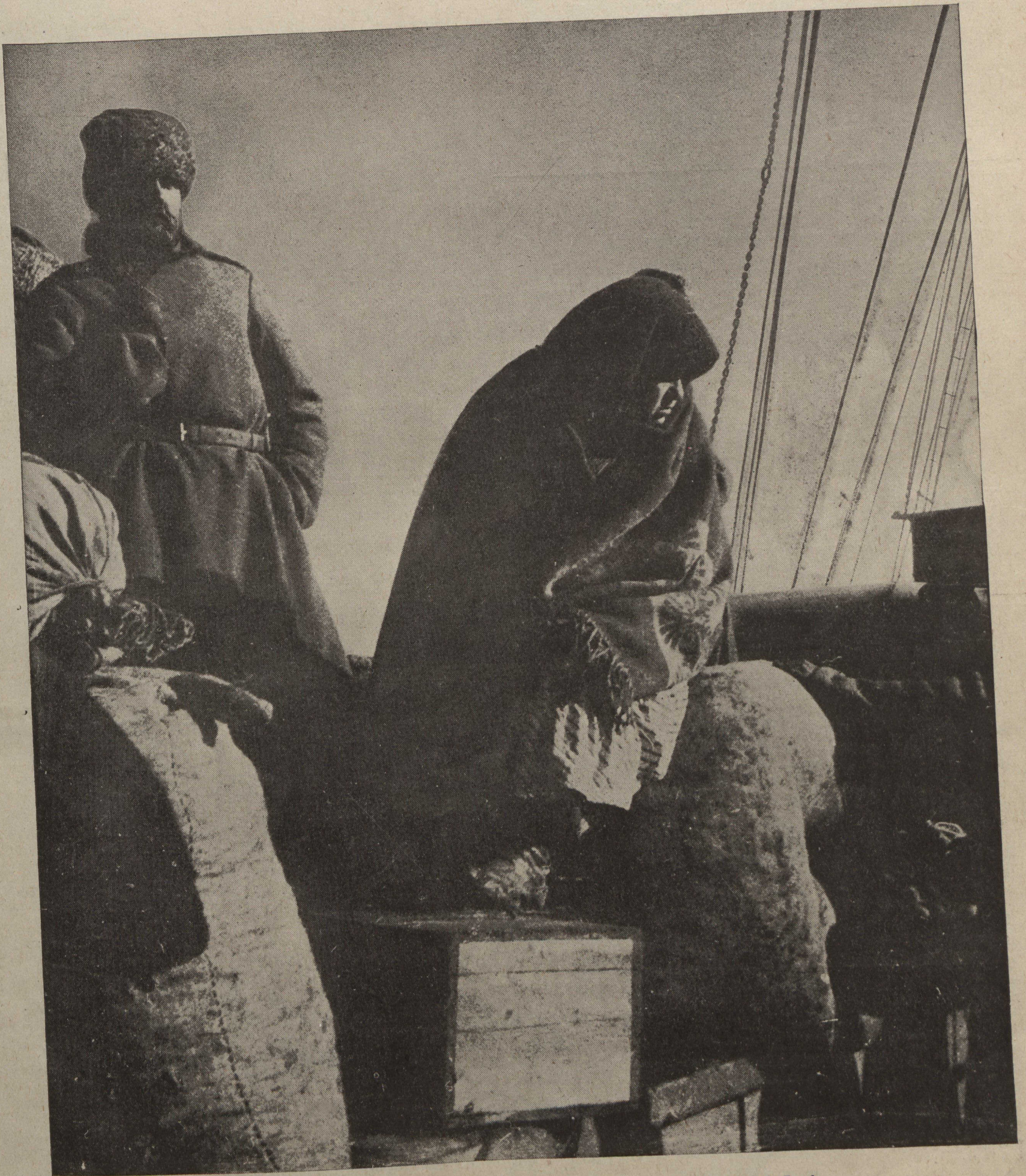


CANADIAN COURIER

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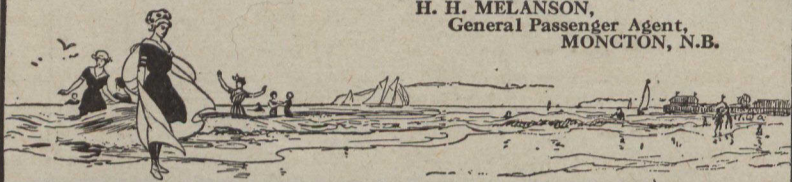
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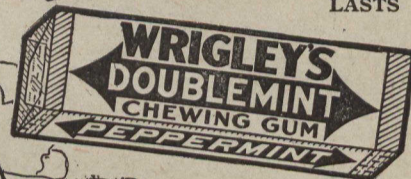
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CANADIAN COURIER



July 7, 1917
Vol. XXII. No. 6

WHEN a Canadian big-window merchant makes a display of summer cottage goods at this time of the year he aims at getting a nice general effect; what the artists call ensemble. His window-artist places the easy chairs and the piazza rugs and the hammocks and the verandah tables and the ash-tray stands all very artistically so as to catch the eye and corral the purchaser. He knows that the purchaser he intends to corral is a Canadian, paying taxes, rent and food prices in Canada to Canadians. The Canadian purchaser is interested in the fact that the various things he is expected to buy are made by Canadians from Canadian material. The merchant knows that.

"Very good, Bummerly," he says, rubbing his hands. "That'll fetch 'em. We're all patriotic now you know."

"Yes, sir. Very good, sir, so we are."

"And the war has done a great deal to make us feel for one another, Bummerly."

"A very great deal, sir. Yes, sir." The merchant takes an enchanted look at the ensemble of the window. He likes ensembles, so does the man outside looking in.

"And of course, Bummerly, the Canadian purchaser of these Canadian goods will take his Canadian family over a Canadian railway up to a Canadian cottage by a Canadian lake."

"Oh, yes, sir." Secretly Bummerly smiles a bit at the number of Canadians his employer rings with this nice speech. "I know that, sir."

Then they both look at the Canadianizing window to see if there isn't some final touch that it needs to cap the Canadian climax.

"Ah!" says the merchant, with a

Published at 181 Simcoe St., Toronto, by the Courier Press, Limited. Subscription Price: Canada and Great Britain, \$2.00 per year; postage to United States, \$1.00 per year; other foreign postage, \$1.50 per year. IMPORTANT: Changes of address should be sent two weeks before the date they are to go into effect. Both old and new addresses must be given. CANCELLATIONS We find that most of our subscribers prefer not to have their subscriptions interrupted in case they fail to remit before expiration. While subscriptions will not be carried in arrears over an extended period, yet unless we are notified to cancel, we assume the subscriber wishes the service continued.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Editor Canadian Courier: Derry P. O., Man., June 15, 1917.
I am more than satisfied with the tone of your paper. It expresses the true Canadian ideal. Your attitude on the different questions affecting Canadian national aims has been along proper lines, and I trust your success will be as great as you deserve. I feel with other Canadians that our participation in the European war was purely unselfish, and that instead of seeking the Mythical Holy Grail in a sort of Knight Errantry fashion, we had the real article clasped tightly in our arms with the principles of the Galileean's sacrifice as our prompter.
Yours sincerely, J. M. HOGG.

Editor, Canadian Courier: Victoria, B.C., June 19, 1917.
I am so satisfied with your paper which I have taken for some years, that I would not fail to settle up under any conditions.
Wishing you every success in this good "Canadian" Weekly. E. C.

Editor, Canadian Courier: The Rectory, Oxford Mills, June 1st, 1917.
In forwarding subscription I have pleasure in commending the "Canadian Courier," chiefly for its strong inspirations to citizenship and unification of our diversified characteristics. The petty politics and partizanship so rife will die out slowly, I fear, but it must eventually go under the influence of your Imperial and yet Federal Gospel.
I wish you every success. T. AUSTIN SMITH.

Mr. Editor: Box 64, Saint Boniface, Manitoba, June 22, 1917.
I wonder why you should have written that note about "What Bourassa tells Quebec," which I read in the last issue of the Courier. If Mr. Bourassa's arguments are worth being translated and published in your journal, I know not why you should make such a sort of an apology for it.
If he is right, publish what he says for the benefit of Canada at large. Have the courage to stand by your convictions; but do not for our country's sake make fools of your readers and make them believe that the Courier is a serious publication which has always in sight the interests of Canada. After having read your note I cannot but remain under the impression that your declarations of fair-mindedness and devotedness towards our country are but mere allurements. I, for one, have no use for your Courier if you intend it to be a Magazine that will always step on the side of the majority and let them tramp over our best informed and sincere writers and leaders without having the courage of protesting.
I really regret that all those who think that Bourassa is right have not the courage of letting it be known, and let the Province of Quebec make the fight against conscription.
I long for the day when the true Nationalist ideas prevail.
I remain, your truly,
NARCISSE FOURNIER.

sudden inspiration. "I know. The very thing. Ladies can't be always knitting soldiers' socks at the summer cottage. Gentlemen can't be always fishing. What we want now, Bummerly is a nice lot of magazines. Eh?"

"That's quite right, sir. What do you suggest?"

Never mind the rest of the conversation. Just stroll round to that window next day and notice the literature displayed in this Canadian exposition. Here it is:

Literary Pepsin, New York; Latter-Day Post, Philadelphia; Funsey's, New York; Ladies' Home —, Philadelphia; The Unpopular, New York; The Yellow Book, Chicago; McAdoo's Magazine, New York; The Centurion, New York; Jollier's, New York.

And there are others. The Canadian editor looks them over. Being a wide-minded person he is glad right down to the bottom of his cosmopolitan boots to notice that Canadians are supposed to be interested in all these American-made magazines and periodicals. Quite likely the names of a few of the most prominent writers mentioned in the indexes are Canadians. Without a doubt in seven cases out of ten the raw paper used in the magazines came from Canada.

"Oh, yes," he says to himself, "that merchant is a good Canadian. He understands that Canadians are supposed to take more interest in a magazine published in Honolulu or Archangel than in anything printed in Vancouver, Winnipeg, Toronto or Montreal."

But one of these days that merchant will discover that he has missed a cog in his calculations.

The cog—may be this issue, or next week's, or any issue the next four months of THE CANADIAN COURIER.

OUR NEW FOOD BOSS

W. J. Hanna, K. C. remembers the days when the Grand Trunk bought Canadian eggs at four cents a dozen. The farmer needed the food boss then

By AUGUSTUS BRIDLE

cost of eating in this country, call them combines, trusts, middle-men, speculators, or what not. His probable duties in this connection were outlined in the Canadian Courier a few weeks ago, taken from a survey of the food controllerships elsewhere by a writer in the Atlantic Monthly. Here they are:

His regulations are law and are enforced by the machinery of government, national, state and municipal. His power is absolute in food matters. He dictates the kinds and amounts of crops to be grown and cattle to be raised, what portion the farmer may keep and what he

drastic; certainly not lenient; absolutely just, playing no favourites.

In the same issue we described the sort of man needed for that species of programme. Here is the description:

Not so much a man of Ideas as of Action. Not a man who knows so much as a Man who can Find out Things Quickly and Act like Lightning on What he Finds Out.

Not a friend of statesmen and of politicians, but a man without fear of any class, interest and absolutely a just mediator between producer and consumer with the distributor between.

Not a man of judicial temperament merely, but a

ONCE upon a time—in the reminiscences of W. J. Hanna—the superintendent of the dining-car service on the Grand Trunk running into Sarnia bought eggs in Chatham, Ont., at four cents a dozen. This fact is recorded in an interview and personal description of Hanna by the writer of this in the Canadian Courier in 1912. We cordially and earnestly remind the new Food Controller for the Dominion of Canada of this fact. Those four-cent eggs happened in his own lifetime. Where are they now? The Food Controller knows not. They are in the same class with the Great Ank.

In accepting the Food Controllorship the ex-Provincial Secretary of Ontario makes no guarantees of a lower cost of living. He does not even pledge himself that living will not be higher. He is a large, four-set man of affairs who has tackled the job of curbing whatever and whoever unduly raises the

man who can accustom himself to probe, and probe, and then again—and tell every man the truth in the interests of the whole people.

Now, then, is W. J. Hanna, K.C., that kind of a man? If not, we shall put him in the same class as the various Commissions in this country, who have never "commised." How are we to tell? Partly from experience; somewhat from character.

In the first place, Mr. Hanna has accepted the post without pay. This is not necessary. The servant is worthy of his hire. However, in doing so, Mr. Hanna knows he is able to afford the generosity. He is, we take it, a well-to-do man. He did not make his well-to-do-ness out of politics; neither altogether out of plain law. In both of these spheres of influence he has been very successful. He is not a millionaire and does not expect to be. He is a very plain, unpretentious, square-Gothic sort of man who

began life on a farm when it cost very little to live, and when the idea of any one man controlling the food of this country as to price would have been considered ridiculous.

I have a vision of Hanna, when he was a youth, husking corn on his father's farm near Sarnia; a bone husking-peg and a bundle of basswood bark; a swarm of blackbirds and an old dog rummaging mice out of the stumps; twenty shocks and more to husk for a day's work.

THEN he picked up and went to Sarnia Collegiate, where he learned the dangerous fallacy that to get \$340 a year for teaching school was better economics than clodhopping on his dad's farm. He boarded at home, three miles and a half from the school-house, and carried his dinner in a basket; very likely tended the fires and swept out the school.

He was a Methodist and knew how to remain popular by attending upon the means of grace prevalent in that neighbourhood. He kept the same school until his third-class certificate ran out.

And then right here we are accosted by a miracle. Pedagogue Hanna, Third Class County certificate—saved in those three years exactly nine hundred and some odd dollars. So he said. It must be taken as evidence. Remember that he boarded at home, and therefore let us suppose paid for his board by doing chores and working Saturdays and holidays. If his clothes and trips to Detroit and life insurance and other petty items of economy cost him, say, \$60 a year, he must have got a salary of about \$375 per annum.

This is very crude guesswork to apply to a man who, until further notice, will regulate, as far as possible, the cost of eating to the rest of Canada; but it is on such simple frugalities that the lives of great men are based. Hanna admitted that he was what he called "a pretty close young shaver" to have saved so much in that time; also that he had a big temptation when he got his thousand dollars to invest it in—

I conjectured oil well stocks—since oil was the biggest commodity in his part of the country. But he said,

"No, if I could have got another thousand anywhere I think I would have bought a farm. I was glad afterwards I didn't. There was a big slump in land values after the completion of the C. P. R. A lot of the farmers' sons went out west. I saw a farm that in 1883 was worth \$7,500 go down to \$5,000 in three or four years."

He yawned as he said this; seemed to be half asleep in his chair, a mass of apparent inertia—but he was far from being asleep. Suddenly he yawned himself out of his torpor, gave a swift wrench to his careless necktie and remembered that there were farms close to his old homestead now worth scores of thousands of dollars; one he quoted at \$100,000—a fruit farm.

Hanna spent his \$900 in going on to school. He got into law. From that time he continued to carry out his ideas of practical success with at first no immediate ideas about politics. His particular application of law was more profitable than dabbling in deeds, wills and mortgages.

However, he took politics as a side line. He was fond of public speaking and of argument. He afterwards grew very sceptical of the value of argument on the platform. He told a story of an orator who went out stumping for reciprocity in September, 1911.

"I had all the arguments for reciprocity," said this man to Hanna, "as pat as A B C. I trotted them out to audience after audience of farmers. They listened when they knew very well I was right. But I found out there was just one thing in the back of those people's heads all the time. My arguments hadn't the slightest effect in getting that thing to budge. Admitting all my arguments they were waiting for a chance to give Uncle Sam one good big swift kick."

HANNA tried to make me believe that he believed this; that he was himself as cynical about people and politics as any case-hardened old Tory that ever lived. He vented a lot of practical philosophy in answer to the question,

"What makes a man stay in public life?"

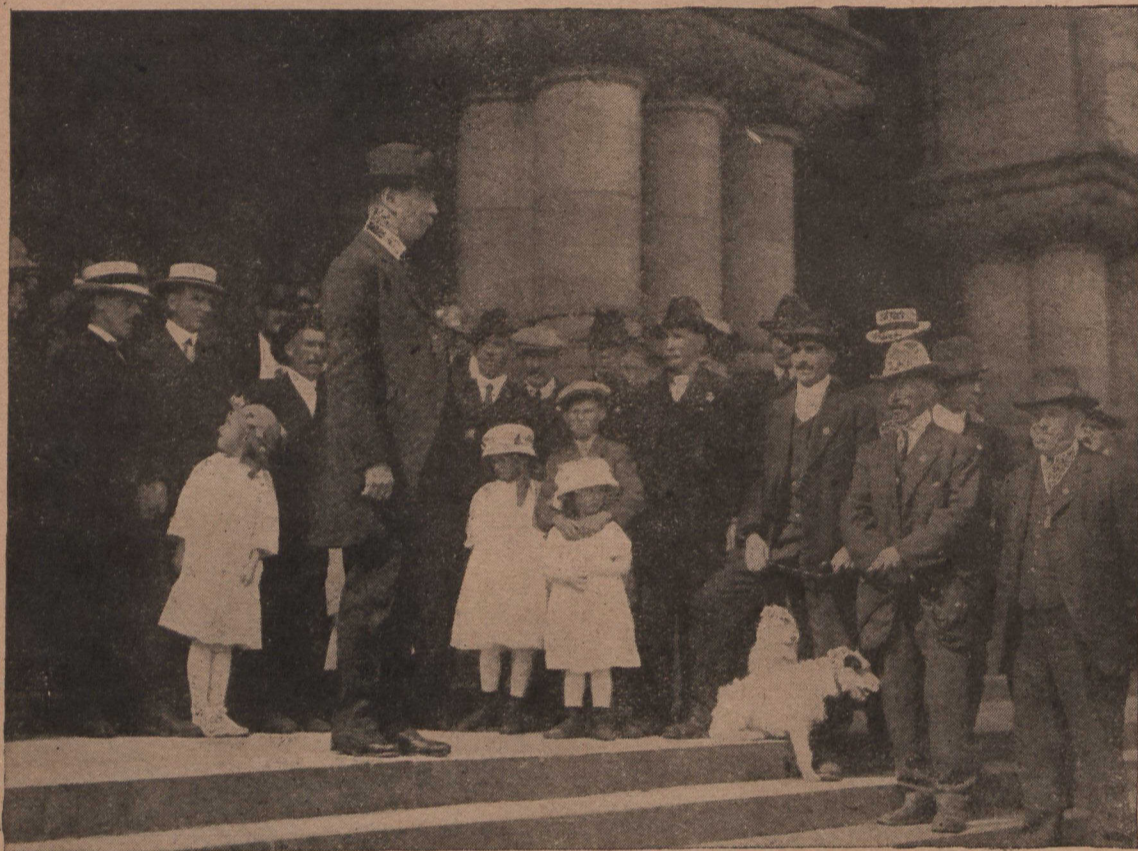
"Largely because he is afraid to get out," was his terse way of summing it up. "I say that it takes more courage for a man to get out of politics than it ever does to get in. I'm not out. No, not yet."

What was he waiting for?

At that time Sir James Whitney was still the dictator at Queen's Park. He had no lieutenant so able as Hanna, who learned from Sir James a good many things about public life and character. When Mabee, chairman of the Dominion Railway Commission, died, it was said more or less publicly that the Government offered the post to Hanna, who refused it.

Was his refusal to leave politics and go into railway regulation caused by his lack of courage to quit politics? He did not say. He declined to discuss the Railway Commissionership. I have never been told why he declined the post. But he must have had what is called a very cogent reason. Of course it must not be forgotten that during his term as Provincial Secretary Hanna did sometimes consider-

LAND FOR RETURNED SOLDIERS



ONTARIO realizes, along with the Western Provinces, that there are a lot of returned soldiers to settle in the business of making a livelihood. These men, as soon as they are able to get about, soon get tired of being entertained in town. Industrial pursuits don't suit a lot of them. They prefer to be out-of-doors. The land's the thing. Ontario has set aside a large tract of the famous clay belt up in the Abitibi region as home leads for these heroes. Each man who wants to go farming is given 100 acres, of which 10 acres are already cleared. The Govern-

ment will advance him money to pay for his buildings, tools, implements, general outfit. The Government will give each man a free course of farm instruction at the Matheson Experimental Farm. A new era begins for every homesteader. Done with war, he settles down to the simple smoke of the clearing, the placid tinkle of the cow-bell, the quiet clack of the wagon on the new clay-turnpike, children at the new school. Lonesome? Oh no. The houses are built in little villages from which the farms radiate out within easy reaching distance.

IN these pictures some of the applicants for homesteads are seen with their children, ready for the trail to the Abitibi country. In the lower picture, Premier Sir William Hearst is seen shaking hands with one of the new homesteaders. In the top picture, Provincial Secretary W. D. McPherson is the principal figure.

ably more than the law called for as a mere matter of routine. He, of course, carried on his law under the firm name in Sarnia. But he did more. It was a kind of practice that could go along very well without him in the office. He became identified with a number of financial institutions. He developed symptoms of moderately high finance. His salary as Cabinet Minister would not have made him sad if he had never got it. It was a long way back to the frugal years when he boarded at home and saved \$900 in three years teaching school.

PART of his extra time and energy he spent, as most will remember, working out his ideas of prison reform. There is no longer any Central Prison in Toronto. W. J. Hanna abolished it. He believed there was a better way to deal with criminals than by penning them up behind stone walls. The jail farm at Guelph is his way of doing it. And for quite a term of years Secretary Hanna was identified in the public mind with just this one big benevolent hobby.

Presently Sir James, his chief, became very ill, almost departed this life, rallied in time for a last election, which he won, and then shut the door on earthly politics forever. Hanna stayed on in Queen's Park. He was openly talked of as Sir James' successor. But neither did that happen. Did he want it to? He has never said. But there may have been a cogent reason why he should prefer not to accept even that great honour if thrust upon him by the party.

Anyway, he stayed in the Cabinet when another rival for the Premiership also either failed or declined to get it. He accepted a post without portfolio; still staying on in politics because he somehow liked it or hadn't the courage to get out.

THEN he was suddenly picked for Food Controller. He is now in Ottawa. W. J. Hanna is on the edge of the most drastic epoch in his whole career. Looking over the qualifications for business as enumerated on a previous page, we must admit that W. J. Hanna has most of them. He knows as much or as little about food control as he knew about social reform when he entered the Cabinet of Sir James Whitney. What Hanna technically knows about anything is not his prime qualification for dealing with it. He has had a long enough experience as a successful lawyer to know that it's not the man who knows so much law as the man who can swiftly, slowly, tirelessly find out that carries any necessary reform in the public interest. What a man knows to-day may be forgotten to-morrow. But the man who has the public sense and the idea of service, the force of a determined personality and the driving punch of a connoisseur in getting things

done without fear or favour—that is the power that remains when pigeonholes crammed with data and tabulated statistics are in the museum.

What Hanna may do as the food controller of this country has very little to do with his ability as a politician, as a lawyer or as a public speaker in all of which respects he stands high in efficiency. It has all to do with what the man as a public servant is determined to accomplish by means of machinery which he himself may create or com-

other men in public position for the purpose of making his new department a large contribution to the welfare of the State.

In all probability Hanna will work in more or less indirect connection with one Hoover, at Washington. The two men have an "economic unit" to work upon. Hoover has worked up his own reputation in Belgium. Hanna has his to make in Canada. He will not be likely to work along any such lines as Baron Rhondda, the new Food Controller of Great Britain. The problems are entirely different. To get this difference clearly in mind in the case of Mr. Hanna is nationally important. Canada is the greatest surplus-export country in the world on a basis of population. All the food we import is a mere bagatelle in proportion to what we send out. England—or the Allies—will get the bulk of our export foodstuffs. The demand will take every pound and bushel of our surplus supply. The price will be determined by the demand. The more we have to send out the lower the price. The less we have to send out, the higher the price—unless the price is fixed arbitrarily by Governments abroad who are the purchasers.



NOW, how do we know how much foodstuffs Canada will have to export, even after we know how much has actually been produced?

That should be simple. To Mr. Hanna, no doubt, it might mean merely subtracting what we ourselves need from the total of production.

Which is the way it should be. But it's the way it won't be, if Mr. Hanna

fails to exercise both his power and his ability. There is a species of producer known as the hoarder. He is a kind of speculator. He produces and, not needing to sell it all, hoards up the balance for a higher price. The reasonable prospect for that kind of malefactor should be confiscation.

But perhaps the hoarder will not hoard. At any rate, Mr. Hanna will see to him.

Then there's the man, or the corporation, that buys low now to put the goods into cold storage, that he may sell them back in the winter at double the price or more. Of course the theory is that the Food Controller puts a crimp into any unreasonable difference between the price at which butter and eggs and meat go into cold storage and the price at which they come out. And in Mr. Hanna's case the theory will probably become the practice.

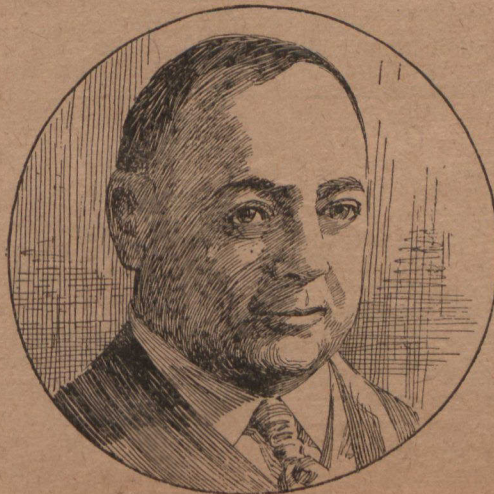
But the four-cent eggs will never come back. The forty-cent eggs have already gone in, and we look to Mr. Hanna to see that they don't come out at a dollar a dozen. By the look on the Controller's face, as shown in the above photograph, we should imagine that Mr. Hanna will not disappoint his dear friend, General Public.

mandeer or adapt in any way that he sees fit for the purpose. One thing certain, Hanna is no man to manipulate a sinecure, or to become a portly public ornament. There is no preferential pomp and social circumstance about this hard-hitting, ring-the-bell Tory democrat. Hanna goes to Ottawa to get things done in the interest of the plain people. He has the chance of his life to re-assert his mettle. Corporate interests will not baffle or intimidate him; he has had corporate experience. Politicians will not scare him; he has been a politician. Public prejudices and whims will not send him barking up wrong trees; he knows too much about the limitations and the fallibility of the public.

In spite of the fact that W. J. Hanna takes the position without salary, we expect him to act as a big, responsible public servant. Miracles we do not expect him to perform. He knows as well as any professor of political economy what are the facts and the fictions of supply and demand. Better than that, he has the mind and the opportunity to make use of any professor, any newspaper, any business interest, any departmental machinery at Ottawa or elsewhere, any special knowledge accumulated by

THE MAN WHO PUT THE UNITED STATES INTO WAR

By L. H. HOWARD



THREE papers in the United States enjoy an editorial influence out of all proportion to circulation: the Boston Transcript, the Springfield Republican, and the Providence Journal, sometimes called the "Rhode Island Bible."

The last of the trio is perhaps to-day the outstanding newspaper of the world. The Providence Journal, since the war began, has been read in fear and trembling by Teutonic Ambassadors and political officials both in Europe and America; has made itself the confidential adviser of the British Government, and has practically forced the policy of the Government at Washington and swung the people of the United States solidly behind the President in his declaration of vigorous war.

And yet the daily circulation of the Providence Journal is less than 50,000 copies, and it is published in a city of some 250,000 people.

The Journal is one of the old established newspapers of New England. It is owned by a small group of New England families in which it has been held for several generations. It is impossible to buy the Journal or to

influence its editorial convictions by advertising contracts. Captain F. von Papen, former German Naval attache at Washington, tried, and he ought to know. John R. Rathom, the Editor-in-

Chief, told many stories on his recent visit to Canada, as the guest of the Canadian Newspaper Association, but that is one that he told to the Canadian Courier only.

It is John R. Rathom who personifies the Providence Journal's editorial policy at the present day, and for the last twelve years. It was Rathom who told the United States that it was "up to them" to get into the war on the side of the Allies, and it was John R. Rathom who saw to it that they did so. It took three years, but with a great democracy it takes time to impress an idea. "You have to keep pounding, pounding away," says the big editor, who has been pounding at the American public for a long time and knows his game. There is nothing half-hearted about John R. Rathom, except when it comes to occupying the centre of the stage and standing in the limelight. Then he has a tendency to look a little awkward.

Reporters, Rathom says, are the finest class of people

on God's earth. He has been a reporter himself in many places on big stories all over the world, and employs a big staff of them now. It was the loyalty of the Journal reporters, Rathom claims, that defeated the plots of Pan-Germanism in the United States; it was a reporter of the Journal who sent the Austrian Ambassador home discredited; a reporter who defeated the plan of Sir Roger Casement to embroil Ireland in a rebellion, a reporter who proved the complicity of Bernstorff in plottings against the neutrality of the country to which he was accredited, and send him home in disgrace with even his own government. For the publication of the Zimmerman letter detailing the plan to ally Mexico with Japan against the United States was another of the "scoops" achieved by the Providence Journal.

What kind of man is this New England editor? To begin with, John R. Rathom is British born. He was born in Melbourne, Australia, in 1868. He is a naturalized American now, and a democrat from his big broad boots to his battered looking soft hat. He has been in the States for 25 years. But his heart is a big enough one to be British in sympathy in this war, and too warm to be neutral for one minute after Belgium was invaded. He has a positive hatred for the ideals of German autocracy. He does not love the Kaiser, nor the State-made mind. He is so strongly in favour of liberty and civilization as against Kultur and efficient barbarism, that he went to work for his ideals. He went to work mentally, physically, actually and every other way. The Providence Journal has a staff of 35 men in normal times. Rathom organized his own staff of reporters into a Secret Service Bureau, independent of the governments, detective agencies or any other organization but the Journal's. And he spared no expense. He sent those devoted reporters all over the United States. He risked their lives, and they were happy in the service. He placed them in the German and Austrian consulate offices as secretaries and stenographers. He rented offices in various cities where the reporters kept tab on the activities of suspicious neighbours next door. He stopped at nothing, and his reporters were loyal to him to the limit. One of them acted for seventeen months as second private secretary to Ambassador Bernstorff. How he got the job is characteristic of Rathom's methods, and need not be told here. But Bernstorff had to take him on for certain reasons known to a German banker who recommended him—and the German banker was in this particular case absolutely in the power of Rathom.

Rathom's story of the revelations of the German plots in the United States, when written in full, will make a book, and one of the most interesting produced by the war. But even a full sized volume will only contain a fraction of the incidents, any one of which would make a chapter, that the reporters of the Journal duly turned in to the editor of that paper. Only a fraction of what was discovered was

published. Thousands of clues were run down, for one that produced a story. But always the Journal men and its editor were confident that patience and intelligence would get to the bottom of any German scheme ever devised. For the German psychology is, after all, very simple, they discovered. The German lacks imagination. He lacks inspiration. He is a stereotype. The American, especially the journalistic American, has wits as sharp as any in the world. And with the inspiration of an editor of the heart-to-heart, human sort such as John R. Rathom, with his gigantic frame, his plain, good-natured face, his sense of humour and his brains, the reporter on the trail of a mystery story, which will have for its readers the public of the whole United States and a large part of the entire world, "digs" with an enthusiasm for his task which the cleverest detectives lack. As a consequence, the Providence Journal was able to keep the Secret Service Department of the United States informed of things it never dreamed about; to notify the British Government of the Irish revolution plans of Sir Roger Casement; to prove to the President of the United States that his credulity was being abused; to show that the Brooklyn Navy Yard Wireless Department director was in the employ of the German Government as a spy; to shut up the German wireless plant at Sayville for sending plot messages by secret code; to warn the District Attorney of the State of New York that the Canadian Parliament Buildings at Ottawa would be set on fire three weeks later, and two munition plants in this country blown up about the same time; to trace the shipments of nickel on the Deutschland back to the place the nickel came from two years before; to prove that the ambassador of Austria to Washington was a conspirator and to have him sent home to Vienna. New Orleans was a hot-bed of Teutonic plotting and the activities of the Providence Journal extended to New Orleans, as they did to San Francisco, Seattle and every near and remote district of the United States. He defeated the activities of von Papen and Boy-Ed, German naval and military attaches at Washington, and had them sent home.

The story of the Providence Journal's disclosures date back in a sense to the invention of wireless telegraphy by Marconi. Rhode Island is situated on one of the most dangerous sections of the American Coast. Near the main track of shipping, a great proportion of the marine disasters occur in that neighbourhood every year, and the Providence Journal has long specialized on wreck stories. To better carry out the news service in this department two wireless stations were established by the paper, almost as soon as the invention was perfected, one on Block Island and the other on Point Judith. Here operators were kept constantly on wait for "S. O. S." calls from the ocean graveyard. And the papers of the big cities have come to depend very largely on the Providence Journal for stories of this kind. It was a natural inspiration, therefore, when war broke out,

that the operators at the Journal's wireless stations should be set to "listen in" on Sayville, the German wireless station on the American coast in direct touch with Berlin. The messages picked up became very interestingly mysterious, and the staff was doubled, with two men on duty, day and night. After some thousands of messages were copied, one of the codes was discovered, and then the counter plot began. Some of the codes afterwards unravelled proved to be what is known as "arbitrary" codes, that is, a word or a letter would be chosen to represent something known only to those in confidence of the sender. But thanks to the system which Mr. Rathom had established of securing information, even these codes were worked out, and after that it was not long before The Journal had information to show that the diplomatic representatives and officials of the Teutonic Empires credited to the United States were nothing less than intriguing conspirators and directors of the secret service organization of Berlin and Vienna.

Rathom broke into journalism when he reported the suppression of the Boxers and the march of the allied armies into Pekin, for the New York Herald. The Herald secured him because it happens that he was there on the spot at the time and that he speaks Chinese. Later on the western coast of the States he worked for the Herald, and after that for the San Francisco Chronicle. Twelve years ago he joined the staff of the Providence Journal, of which he is now a director and editor-in-chief.

"I have a personal satisfaction in having exposed the late un-lamented William Jennings Bryan," said Mr. Rathom. "He was employed by the German pacifists in the States to come to our town and lecture against the Providence Journal. They paid him \$1,000. Later we were able to show the President the actual agreement he had made with the Austrian Ambassador to use his influence with President Wilson to suggest that Americans keep off passenger ships carrying munitions to the Allies. And we were able to quote from the original memorandum to Bernstorff his exact remarks when he advised his Teutonic friends to pay no attention to the President—who was at that time writing his protests against unrestricted submarine warfare—as he meant nothing. Within a week Mr. Bryan resigned from his position in the Cabinet as Secretary of State. And he has not said a word since."

"Mention of Mr. Bryan reminds me of a story. Bryan was down in Mexico and was invited to a bull fight where he sat in the governor's box. Three bulls were killed, but the fourth killed a matador, gored a horse almost to death, and made straight for the governor's box. Bryan drew a revolver. He had two alternatives and but a second to decide. Should he kill the dying horse and put it out of its agonies, or should he kill the infuriated beast charging straight at him. Bryan did not hesitate a moment. He up with his gun and killed the horse. He knew he could shoot the bull any time."

WATCH *the* BRITISH OFFENSIVE

SUBMARINES once more occupy the centre of the war stage. Thirty-two steamers of over 1,600 tons were sunk during the week ending June 27th. This is the largest showing since the week ending April 28, when thirty-eight steamers were sunk. The record was attained during the week ending April 21, when forty steamers fell victims to the undersea craft.

But there is no reason to suppose either that the submarines are becoming more numerous and more efficient, or that the preventive measures are failing. We may find a far more plausible theory for the increase in the fluctuating weather conditions. A smooth sea means that the tell-tale periscope is visible for a great distance, and also that the submerged submarine can easily be seen by the hovering and watchful aircraft. The wake of a submerged submarine is clearly visible on a smooth surface, and fine weather proves an

ALSO keep an eye on Russia for a bigger programme. Submarine figures need not stagger us. "It is hard," says Coryn in conclusion, "to resist the conviction that we are on the eve of decisive events, and that the German military ring will be unable for much longer to hide its secret of defeat."

B Y S I D N E Y C O R Y N

Written Especially for Canadian Courier

aid in many ways to the pursuing gunboats and trawlers. Many of these craft are so small that they are unable to go very far from land in uncertain weather, or to pursue their prey into the deep waters of the Atlantic. That the preventive measures are by no means a failure is proved by the fact that the number of ships that succeed in escaping after being attacked is steadily increasing. Nor need we draw dire inferences from the fact that the

much rumoured inventions for combating the undersea craft have not yet lowered the marine casualty lists. Assuming such inventions to exist they could hardly be prepared and applied to many thousands of ships without considerable delay. But in the meantime there should be no excessive anxiety because the losses have suddenly cycled upward to impressive dimensions. There is no real food stringency either in Great Britain or France, nor is there any immediate threat of such a thing. Both Great Britain and France are still a long way from the privations that Germany has experienced for nearly two years.

At the moment of writing I am in receipt of an advance copy of a book containing definite information from the inside as to Germany's U-boat fleet. It is by Carl W. Ackerman, accredited representative of the United Press in Germany for over two years

(Continued on page 8.)



OUR CANADIAN WILD-FLOWERS

EVERYBODY knows the lily pads, photographed above. There are more of these delightful, floating poems of peace in Canada than in any other country in the world. The white and gold water lily may be regarded as essentially, though not of course, exclusively, a Canadian flower.

ALMOST everybody recognizes as a familiar Canadian blossom of the wild wood, the wood anemone shown at the right of the pond lilies. These brilliant little prodigalities bloom in great profusion, but are not likely to be seen by people who hesitate to go far from the beaten tracks of other people.

FOR photographs and descriptions of the two remaining flowers on this page we are indebted to Mr. A. B. Klugh, who contributed a series of similar photos and sketches last year.

THE FRINGED POLYGALA.

A QUAIN and dainty little flower which is now in bloom in our woods and in the wooded margins of the peat-bogs, he says, is a species which is frequently mistaken for an Orchid. I have several times been asked by some of my non-botanical friends what kind of Orchid it is, and I have known beginners in botanical field-work to try to "look it up" in the key to the family Orchidaceae. "Bird-flower" has always struck me as a name which would be very appropriate for it; as a group of them certainly look not at all unlike tiny pink birds with out-spread wings, though perhaps nowadays "aeroplane-flower" would be considered even more fitting. The two sepals which form the wings and the petals are rose-pink, and the fringe on the lower petal is white.

THE INDIAN PIPE.

A FLOWER which differs very materially from the majority of flowers is the Indian Pipe, so much so that it is often taken for some kind of a fungus. Yet it is a true Seed-plant and a member of the Heath Family, to which the Blueberries, Cranberries, Heathers, Laurels and Wintergreen belong.

The whole plant is pure white and firm and waxy in texture and the leaves are reduced to little white scales. The secret of this lack of green colour which is so prominent a character of most Seed-plants is found in the way in which this plant obtains its food. In the case of green plants the chlorophyll under the action of light converts the water of the soil and the carbon dioxide of the air into starch. But the Indian Pipe does not manufacture its food from the raw materials in this manner; it derives its nourishment from the dead remains of other plants in the soil, thus feeding in a way similar to a good many fungi. This species is found only in deep woods where the soil is rich in organic remains. The Indian Pipe is sometimes known as Ghost Flower, a name not at all inappropriate.



(Continued from page 6.)

before the American intervention, and whose despatches have been familiar to all American newspaper readers. Mr. Ackerman tells us that on February 1, Germany had 400 undersea boats completed or in course of construction. These included the large U-boats with a cruising radius of 5,000 miles, and the smaller craft with a fifteen-day radius. But these boats could not all be used, as about one hundred of them were waiting for trained crews. It was commonly said in Berlin that the greatest loss when a U-boat failed to return was the crew. It was more difficult to train the men than to build the ship. A submarine can be built in fifteen days, but from sixty to ninety days are needed to train the crew. The struggle between the rival admiralities as described by Mr. Ackerman was of the most interesting kind. The allies used steel nets both to capture the submarines and to protect their vessels from torpedoes. The Germans then devised an arrangement of knives for the nose of the torpedo, as well as a contrivance that produced a small explosion that shattered the net. The Allies doubled their nets, and the Germans doubled their knives. But the nets, says Mr. Ackerman, have captured many submarines.

THE U-boat campaign, says Mr. Ackerman, can be and will be for a time successful, but only for a time. Germany, he says, never takes into account the determination of her enemy. She believes firmly in the big blows that terrify, and she is always amazed when the terror fails. In this instance she never counted on American-built ships, and the construction of these ships will "upset the calculations of the German General Staff." Financial assistance from America has not been considered at all, "because when the Kaiser and his generals decided on the 27th of January to damn all neutrals, German financiers were not consulted." Nor did the German admiralty take into consideration the confiscation by America of 2,500,000 tons of German and Austrian shipping in American ports, nor that America would

purchase the ships under construction in American yards for neutral European countries.

WHILE considering the U-boat situation it may be well to glance at the opinion of Mr. Arthur H. Pollen, who is, perhaps, the chief naval writer of Great Britain, and whose sturdy demand for an attack on the submarine bases has made him somewhat unpopular with the censor. Mr. Pollen believes that the U-boats are being destroyed as fast as they are being built, and this view comes opportunely at a time when we are pessimistically invited to believe that they are making their appearance in even greater numbers. And we may also note the statement of Admiral Goodrich, who is undoubtedly in possession of the exact facts so far as they can be known outside of Germany. Admiral Goodrich says: "It is a matter of regret that the number of German submarines known beyond peradventure to have been already captured or sunk cannot be stated here; that it is astonishingly great is absolutely true."

The past week has been a quiet one on the western front. That is to say no heavy blows have been struck, and there are still no indications as to where the next blow will fall. None the less we may be sure that tremendous preparations are being made. A sharp fight east of Monchy enabled the British to regain their slight trench losses at this much disputed point, and there has also been a little sharp fighting at the French end of the Hindenburg line in the vicinity of Rheims. The chief German anxiety is, of course, to protect the two ends of the Hindenburg line, and to prevent them from being forced back out of contact with the old lines. For this reason we find the greatest German concentration in the small area represented by Monchy in the north, and by the neighbourhood of Craonne and Rheims in the south. The Allies, on the other hand, having the initiative, have no particularly critical points in their lines. While they are fully alive to the importance of the "hinges," and will burst them open if they can possibly do so, they are actually

fighting a war of attrition, and they are therefore free to attack wherever they can inflict the greatest losses upon the Germans, while incurring a minimum of losses to themselves. Thus at Messines the British lost only 10,000 men, while the Germans must have lost at least 30,000, seeing that the British took 7,000 prisoners. The British are nearly certain to strike again, and heavily, almost at once. It is obviously their policy to force a continuous battle so far as it is at all possible to do so. But there is another and a still more cogent reason for their activity, and that is to prevent a German offensive against the French in the south. The Crown Prince is evidently anxious to bring on a great battle around Rheims, as is shown by the constant bombardment and the incessant raids. But the Germans cannot fight both in the north and the south at the same time. If Sir Douglas Haig is able to force the fighting in the north it will effectually paralyze the Crown Prince in the south. German prisoners taken by the French within the last few days have recently come from Russia, and the same is true of prisoners taken at Messines. Evidently the German need of reinforcements is very acute, or they would not continue to weaken their eastern lines at a time when the Russian giant is beginning once more to show signs of military life. If we should read of serious German attacks in the south it will be because the British are not yet ready to resume the fighting along their own section of line. But in all probability they will be ready, and we may expect to hear of their activities within a very few days. Nor is it easy to resist the conviction that one more success such as that at Messines will be the prelude to another extensive German retirement for "strategical reasons," and, of course, to "prepared positions in our rear."

THE centre of the Italian war has shifted suddenly from the Isonzo to the Trentino, and for reasons that were sketched in this column a few weeks ago.

(Concluded on page 15.)

The RETURN of the NATIVE

A Story of P. P. C. L. I. and Guttersnipes

By CHAS. STOKES

THE thrice-weekly accommodation train, threading its way across the prairie, stopped at a little town that betrayed its newness in everything it exhibited. Some dozen passengers alighted—two travelling men, the remainder obviously agriculturalists except one. He, poor fellow, had to be assisted by a brakeman, because he couldn't very easily bend his knee; and as he emerged from the car and hobbled along the little wooden platform, the small crowd of on-lookers saw that his clothes were khaki. Not the spick-and-span khaki of the recruit, but old and stained with patches of mud; his hat being shapeless. On his shoulder, where formerly officers carried epaulettes, a little piece of red cloth showed vividly, in contrasted white lettering, the initials "P. P. C. L. I."—which is short, of course, for Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry.

He hobbled cheerfully enough along the board platform, smoking a shiny old briar pipe. The knot of loungers, to whom the arrival and departure of the few trains was an unflinching objective, recognized something unusual about him, staring fixedly at him as he advanced, and turning to stare after him as he passed. He had no baggage, but he stared over at the one hotel as though estimating it. However, it seemed he was expected. Someone touched him on the arm, and, turning, he saw a young woman.

"You managed to come, then?" she asked.

The soldier removed his pipe, gazed intently at her, and said: "I guess you're 'er."

"Yes," she replied. "I am she."

"Knew yer at wunst." She nodded; and he added: "From yer photo. 'E showed it to me."

She clasped her hands, and a look of pain came into her face and settled into a line between her eyes. She was young; she was healthy and good-looking; she was dressed well. Only her dress was black.

"Yes," she said, as though to cut him short.

"You're to come and stay with us."

"Couldn't trouble yer, miss—'otel 'll do me."

"There's no choice, Mr. Tompkins—"

"Corp'ral, miss, if yer don't mind. Corp'ral Tompkins—Corp'ral 'Orace Tompkins. Ain't been mistered so long now, it's sort of stryngge. Not that I ever was before, much," he concluded, grinning.

"Very well, Corporal Tompkins. We've been expecting you so long, and you must come."

"Orful good of yer, miss. But—but yer'll 'ave to give me a 'and up, if yer don't mind. Kind o' groggy in my left leg yet."

She gave him her arm, and he climbed painfully into her rig. "They wouldn't let me git away before," he explained, apologetically, as she gathered the lines up.

"I should think not! Why, you're hardly fit to travel yet!"

"Gee, I'm all right, miss, barrin' this 'ere leg. I could 'ave come easy three weeks ago, but they myde sich a silly fuss, you wouldn't believe, you really wouldn't."

HIS left leg was extended straight in front of him. "What is the matter with it?" she asked, softly.

"Oh, jes' one of the bones gorn, or one of the nerves, or one of Gawd knows wot—I don't."

"Will it be better—some day?"

"Oh, fairish. Won't intefere with me pl'yin' cards, but might stop me runnin' ryces. I should worry."

His speech was that of the pure-bred Londoner—of the east-end Londoner who drops his h's and his g's and pronounces "a" as "i"; a speech, in short, that some despise and some find unalloyed delight in. He mixed with it a certain proportion of western colloquialisms.

They drove along country roads, between rustling fields of golden grain that covered the earth like a five-foot high carpet. The harvest was very, very near—there was a note of joyful expectancy that could be sensed in the air.

"I expect," said the young woman, "that this is a different scene from what you've looked on for some time?"

"No," he answered, rather to her astonishment. "Peaceful it is, if yer like; but, then, so it was over there"—he jerked his head backwards—"if yer got a short w'y back. Cows an' 'orses an' pigs, walkin' round like nothin' was doin', an' farm 'ands workin'—women."

HE was silent for a time; then said, ruminatively, "Beets. Them Belgians was wonders at beets."

Soon they drew up at a long, low house that lay back some hundred yards from the fence. The girl hallo'd, and an elderly man came and opened the gate. The same man helped Corp'ral Tompkins down and into the house. Here the doughty warrior drank heartily of cream, and shook hands with the elderly man, who was "my father." "My mother" also came forward.

Followed presently a farm supper. "Jiminy," said the corp'ral, at length, "that's the best meal I've 'ad since Gawd knows when."

A lamp was lighted. He was told to smoke—which he did. "Orful good yer are to a pore soldier," he hazarded. Then he unbuttoned his tunic, and withdrew carefully, from an inner pocket, a photograph. "That's all it is," he said. "'Ardly worth the trouble, is it?"

But the girl seized it eagerly. It was only an amateur photograph, somewhat wrinkled and creased. It was the picture of a young man in uniform sitting astride a box: a short, thick-set young man, bull-necked and snub-nosed, not at all handsome, who showed several missing teeth in a broad smile.

"Nothin' to go crazy over, as a photer. But 'e says, 'Give it to 'er, 'Orace, if yer can.'"

The girl cried: "God bless you—God bless you!" Her eyes brimmed tears.

"That larst night," proceeded the corp'ral, "when we was sittin' together in the trench, 'e says to me, 'Orace—'e called me 'Orace, like all on 'em did—'Orace,' 'e said, 'did yer ever see my gal?' 'No,' says I. So he got out yer picture, miss, as I said. 'Oo is she?' says I; 'some London tart, eh what?' 'Not on yer life,' 'e says. 'Back 'ome.' 'Ome, you notice 'e called it."

"It was all the home he ever had!" said the girl. "I says to 'im—I don't mind tellin' yer, miss—I says, 'Wot myde yer go an' leave that there bit o' goods fer, eh? Yer must 'a been a bloomin' fool,' I says. 'She shyed me into it, 'Orace, 'e says."

HER parents sat in uneasy silence. She did not reply at first. "Yes, I did," she said, eventually, defiantly. "I told him it was every man's duty and privilege to fight in that cause. I told him I didn't want him otherwise."

Corp'ral Tompkins tapped reflectively upon the table with his fingers. "So I gathered, miss."

"I—I—God forgive me!—I called him a coward! He didn't want to go at all. He wouldn't have gone if I hadn't called him that. It was one evening, and I'd been at him continually to join up, but he wouldn't. . . . And then he went straight away, and I didn't ever see him again. He wrote to me from Valcartier."

"'E didn't want to go, like?" No answer being forthcoming, he proceeded: "Now, it was dif'rent with me. Any chance to git back 'ome to the h'Old Country, miss!"

"He never felt that way—quite the opposite!"

"That's wot I never could understand. Still, they says it tykes all kind o' people to myke the world. Now me, that was born an' bred in London, too, like 'e was—why, it was too good to be true! London—the Strand—Ludgate 'ill—the kebs drivin' across Charin' Crors after the theatre, miss—sleepin' out at nights on the Embankment, or in 'Yde Park—oh, my Gawd, I'd 'a give more 'n this dam' leg to git back! I'd 'a given me 'ole body to 'a styed there, miss! Wot they ever wanted to go an' send me back 'ere fer, 'Eaven-knows. . . . But then, miss, you was never there, so 'ow can yer understand?"

"But you know what a hard life he had there!"

"'Ar'd? 'Ar'der than mine, when I was a nipper? Wasn't I a Barnardo's boy, like 'e was? Didn't I git sent out by the 'Ome, like 'e was? 'Only a Barnardo's boy,' they says to us both—at dif'rent times, of course, miss, 'cause we didn't come over together—w'en we got to Canada. 'Ar'dship? Ther'e nothin' 'e suffered that I didn't."

She regarded him seriously.

"Then there was another rum thing about 'im, miss—'e 'ated gen'lmen. 'It'll be my fyte, 'Orace,' 'e says to me one day, after 'e found out I was a Barnardo's boy, too, 'it'll be my fyte,' 'e says, 'to 'ave a gen'lman fer an officer.' An' sure enough 'e did, likewise me, an' all on us, 'cause our captin' did, likewise me, an' they sent us a got killed the very first day out, an' they sent us a young band-box dood from London."

"I THINK," interposed the older man, "that latterly he developed a strong tinge of Socialism." He spoke rather regretfully.

"'E sure did!" 'Orace responded. "Why, 'e'd 'a stormed at me all d'y if I'd 'a let 'im. But at last I says to 'im, I says, 'It ain't no good, your carryin' on that w'y, 'cause it won't better things. Some is born gen'lmen, an' some ain't, an' that's a hend to it, an' you can talk yourself blue in the fyce an' it won't make no dif'rance,' I says."

"And what did he say?"

"He just larfed. All I ever expected, anyway. But 'e says later on, 'There won't never be no progress myde, 'Orace,' says 'e, 'so long as people of your kind exist. The 'straordinary thing,' 'e says, 'is 'ow they exist in your class.' 'My clars be blowed!' says I. 'Ain't I as much right to my opinions as you?' 'Yer certainly 'ave,' 'e says; and 'e never mentioned it again."

"You upset him!" the girl indignantly said.

"Oh, no, miss. 'Im an' me got too good pals for that. Only 'e was a bit pensive like 'cause I didn't swaller 'is 'ot talk like it was so much candy. I don't 'old with Socialism myself. It's all right to talk, but nobody can 'elp being born a gen'lman; an' if there ain't any rich people to spend money, 'ow're us pore people a'goin' to live? What do you think, mister?"

"What did you begin saying about that officer?" said the girl, quick to intercept her father's garrulous opinion on the subject under debate.

"The new officer? Oh, 'e was a dam fool, miss—beggin' yer pardon. Jus' out o' college, I should s'y, an' 'is father must 'a been rich, 'cause there wasn't nothin' 'e'd do fer 'imself if 'e could give a man a order. One of our bunch says to me one d'y, 'That captin' of ours, 'Orace,' 'e says, 'would horder a hangel to polish 'is 'alo if 'e got to 'Eaven, an' be smart about it,' an' that was about right. An' as Fyfe would 'ave it, 'e was unlucky enough to pick on your gen'lman friend to fetch an' carry fer 'im."



She gave him her arm and he climbed painfully into her rig.

—Illustration by T. W. McLean.

"And what happened?" asked the girl.

"Why, 'e got told darn soon where 'e got on' at. Then the captin' says, 'You dam' Canadians,' 'e says, 'ain't got no sense of discipline. I'll get you punished fer this,' 'e says. An' 'e did, sure enough—got 'im reduced to the ranks. 'E was a cor'pral, syme as me."

"The beast!" she breathed.

"Funny thing, the captin' never spotted 'im as a Londoner, like 'e did me. Used to call me 'Gutter-snipe'—that was 'is pet nyme. I'd 'a choked 'im if 'e 'adn't been a officer. Still, I should worry—I am a guttersnipe, ain't I? . . . But the captin' 'adn't finished with 'im after makin' 'im lose 'is stripes. Led 'im a reglar dog's life, as far 's 'e could in 'is genteel, polite w'y. One d'y 'e couldn't stand it no longer, 'e couldn't, an' 'e up an' let the captin' 'ave it—biff!—in the nose."

"What happened then?"

"Nothing, miss, 'cause a Jack Johnson come an' exploded right in front an' blew 'arf the company to 'ellangone! That distracted the captin's attention, an' afterwards, I guess, 'e must 'a been ashamed of 'imself, 'e never said nothin'. But 'e was mighty sulky all the syme, an' I bet 'e'd 'a done anythin' to git even. . . . Then came the big scrap, miss. We was at Wipers." By which he meant Ypres. "We got orders to advance cautiously, an' we did, lyin' in V-shype. You'e properly read of it." She nodded; but the corp'ral did not necessarily spare

them a long recital. At length, however, he came to the important point.

"There was a big, fat German wot got 'ut in the charge, lyin' about twenty yards in front of us. Must 'a got 'it pretty bad, 'cause 'e was moanin'. Now, soldiers ain't supposed to p'y any attention to a thing like that, 'specially when it's a German; but any'ow it seemed to worry your friend. 'Adn't 'eard much of it before, p'raps. 'E sat still an' listened, 'is fyce green. 'Orace, old boy,' 'e says, 'it was me wot 'it 'im—an' 'e's got a wife an' kids at 'ome, 'oo knows?' 'Well, ain't we, you bally fool?' says I. We 'adn't, of course, but that didn't cut no ice. Then all of a suddink 'e jumped up, an' started orf to crawl over to the German. 'Ere, you, where in 'ell 're yer goin'?' the captin' says. 'Mind yer own dam business,' was all 'e got. The captin' seied my rifle from my 'ands, an' brought it to 'is shoulder. 'Come back, or I'll shoot yer!' 'e says. 'Wot, shoot a man wot's rescuin' another?' 'e answers, sorrowful like. 'Yes, an' bloody quick, too!' the captin' says—beggin' yer pardon, miss. 'Then,' says yer friend, 'you're welcome. Go to it. I'm sick to death of this killin' an' shootin'.'"

THE corp'ral's method of narration was somewhat monotonous, consisting, as has been seen, of dialogue; but it was not undramatic. He paused. "Jus' then," he said, "the Boches charged again. An' I got 'it myself."

"And—he?"

"The captin' got 'is, too. Larst thing I saw of 'im was 'Orace tryin' to carry 'im orf. Seemed to 'ave a bug fer rescuin' people, that there lad. . . . Of course, we beat the Boches to it—drove them back; but I didn't see much, 'cause I was at the bottom of the 'ole, an' the Red Crors didn't git me out fer a long time."

"But you saw him again?"

"Yes, miss. Some'ow they put us side by side. 'Ullo, 'Orace,' 'e called to me, 'you 'ere, too?' 'Bet yer life,' says I; 'ow's the captin'?' 'Dead,' says 'e, 'an' so shall I be, too, soon. 'Ow're you?' 'Well,' says I, 'the doctor ain't so 'opeless.' 'Shell burst over us,' 'e explained, 'an' did us both in.' 'E 'ad a 'orrid corf, miss, an' couldn't s'y much. . . . 'Orace,' 'e says, later on, 'if yet git over it, an' git sent back 'ome, I want yer to go see my gal, an' s'y to 'er I forgive 'er fer shymin' me into enlistin'. 'You bet I will,' says I, to keep 'is spirits up, 'but you ain't goin' to croak yet.' 'Oh, yes, I am,' says 'e; 'I knows it.'

"'Orace,' 'e says, later, 'I 'ad a 'ard time of it. Did I ever tell yer?' 'No,' I says; 'go easy, old chap, an' don't corf so much.' 'Orace,' 'e says, 'if it 'adn't been 'er I'd never 'a joined. I'd 'a chynge'd me nationality first.'"

"Did he say that?" demanded the girl.

"Yes, miss. 'E says to me, 'You don't blyme me, do yer, 'Orace Nothin' but 'ardship all me-life till I came across 'er.' 'No,' says I, 'not at all.'"

"Did he tell you," the girl cried, with flashing eyes, "how he lived? Did he tell you of his life in those ghastly slums, and of his drunken father and mother, and how he was birched in a police court once because he was so hungry that he stole an apple?"

"No, miss—I carn't s'y 'e did."

"WHY," she continued, now thoroughly aroused, "he must have spent the most terrible childhood of anyone who ever lived! He told me scraps of it, sometimes. He had no education, no clothes, no religion, no soul, nothing except perpetual floggings and hunger. Then the Barnardo's Home got hold of him and sent him out. There must have been a mistake made somewhere, because he was sent to a farm where he was treated just as badly—half-starved and worked worse than a pack horse. Did he tell you that?"

"No, but—"

"Ah," she said, "he came here, cruelly used by everyone who had ever crossed his path, stunted in body and in soul. I've seen scars on his legs where he'd been kicked as he lay asleep. He'd had almost as sorry a time as in London—I'm afraid we have a habit of ridiculing the poor Barnardo's boys, as you said. Such treatment had its effect, of course."

(Concluded on page 23.)

A TIMAGAMI FISH STORY



SHE said she didn't believe it. "It's of a piece with all those other Canadian fish stories," said the Cleveland professor's wife. "I want you all to understand that I'm

A Piscatorial Doubter," she added, with a decisive snap. A deep hush fell on all. The pub-a-pub, put-a-put, of Oderick Perron's (pronounced per-ong) speed launch as it rounded the corner of Bear Island past the Fire-Ranger's Hall, died away, and nothing broke the silence

except the yelp of a cur back among the Indian wigwams, and the faint sound of a crooning song as some Indian mother nearby sang her papoose to sleep, rocked in its wildwood cradle.

We were sitting on the verandah of Walsh's wigwam. The setting sun was just sinking behind the pine covered hills of the mainland. Its golden radiance bathed hillside, island and lake in a glorious halo. The evening breeze just kissed the placid surface of old Timagami, and sent a swarm of ripples dimpling over its azure breast. Some one hummed out in the silence,

Wondrous Timagami, Wasacsinagami,
Deep rushing rivers, and skies that are blue.

Out on thy deeps again, sing me to sleep again,

Sing me to sleep in my birch-bark canoe;
Back to the wilds again, show me the way,
Make me a child again, just for a day.

Sitting far back in a corner of the verandah was a quiet looking man clothed in corduroy breeches and a grey sweater. Fumbling in the inside breast pocket of his four-button sack, which hung on a chair beside him, he produced a well-thumbed photograph, showing an elderly man seated on a rock, poising in the air a magnificent fish suspended from a gaff which he held in his right hand.

"Say, Madam," said he, "I keep this photograph for just such 'doubters' as you.

"This grey trout (*christivomer namay-cush*) was caught one day last week by a professor from the Southern States, who is staying at Wabikon Camp for the summer. They catch many such trout between Wabi-kon and High Rock, and if you go over there one of Miss Orr's fish dinners will convince you of the superior quality of the fish."

THE lady took the photo in her hand, and studying it for a moment, shot back, "What did it weigh?" "Oh, about 10 pounds," quietly responded he of the corduroy.

"Well, that's a different story from the 20-pound fish we have been hearing about to-night," she said.

Just then a demure little Miss who had just come up from Cochrane Camp and had so far taken no part in the conversation, stepped over to the still unconvinced Clevelander and said, "How would you like to go fishing with the 'kids' at Cochrane Camp?" And suiting, the action to the word, she whipped out a cute photograph, showing two lads standing beside a canoe and holding on a stout stick a magnificent pike (*Esox lucises*).

"That's not a 10-pounder," said the little Miss. "That pike tipped the beam at a little better than 16 pounds, and was caught by that tow-headed 12-year-old you see standing this side of the canoe."

Everybody was interested at once. Everybody wanted to know where the catch was made, and when they knew it was in the South Arm, all wanted to try their luck in these waters immediately. So it was that arrangements were made at once with Oderick Perron for a special trip down the lake next morning.

By M. PARKINSON

Everybody arranged to go. The Cleveland Doubter said she would give the water a fair trial. So she engaged Jim Petrant (pronounced pet-tra), the expert guide, to direct her piscatorial efforts in the morning.

There was a great buzz of expectancy around the blazing spruce logs in the great hearth fire of the Wigwam that evening. Everyone was recounting fish stories. Many were looking over and assorting tackle for the morning. At last the dying embers were left alone. All were off to bed, sleeping, and, perchance, dreaming of tugging trout and leaping black bass.

The morning opened cool and clear. Everyone was in high spirits. Even the Doubter from Cleveland seemed to be reconciled to the signs of good luck, which filled all with a sense of elation. Promptly at nine, with the roar of an opened muffler, and the flourish of a grand curve, Oderick drew the St.

and lost itself in the limpid waters, after they had each ceased to be interested in counting the drops as they fell from Jim's paddle and ran scurrying like globules of silver over the polished surface, something happened. Something struck that guilty, glittering spoon twirling away there at the end of 300 feet of wire. Away down there 200 feet below the surface something had struck the lure.

Was it a rock! A moment set all doubts at rest. Away went the copper wire, humming over the reel. A fish had run away with the bait.

Now came the exciting moment's. After a rush which threatened to take up all the spare wire, would come a period of sulking in which, under Jim's direction, many yards of wire would be restored to the reel. Then, the quarry would commence boring for the bottom. Down, down, he would go. One hundred, two hundred, three hundred feet he would plunge, making the copper tether sing over the rapidly revolving reel.

"My, you've got some big one," suggested Jim.

"You know there are really fish in Timagami," confessed the Doubter.

Time flew by. The rushes became shorter and farther apart. The fish was becoming tired. Until, just one hour after the strike, Jim yelled, "See, he break water." And, sure enough, there, a hundred feet behind the canoe lay a great grey trout motionless on his back, his white belly glistening in the sun. Little by little the wire was reeled in. At last, he lay along side. With one quick motion, Jim's hand was inserted in his gills, with one swift curve of his right arm the fish was landed in the bottom of the canoe.

JIM quickly paddled to a nearby gravelly beach. The fish was weighed. It tipped the scale to 20 pounds. By this time many of the party had arrived, and all insisted, "I told you, there are big fish in Timagami."

The "Piscatorial Doubter" said nothing. Someone suggested a photograph, and there in the noon day sun stood Jim, with a look of grim satisfaction on his face, the woman who doubted wearing a smile that would not come off, and the 20-pound trout that fell a prey to

the patience of Jim and the wiles of her who did not believe.



Anybody knows that the Indian guide can tell you more about how to caulk a fishing canoe than he can about where to find fish.

Lawrence up to the dock and men, women, fishing tackle and lunch baskets were in a trice disposed. Each in the proper places and everything ready for the grand emprise. The guides soon had the string of skiffs and canoes fastened behind the launch, Oderick gave one turn of the fly-wheel, the six cylinders began to sputter and soon took on a rhythmic song, the clutch was thrown on and the St. Lawrence, with its freight of happy humans, slid away from the dock and breasted out into the open waters.

The bow was turned to the south. The half-way islands, lying three miles below, like guardians of this great south straightaway, were passed in a few minutes. Now opened before us the great South-Arm. Cochrane Camp was soon passed and among the maze of islands beyond, Oderick slowed down, and turning to the group of women, where the Cleveland Doubter sat, said, "Now, everybody out and we'll soon show you 'Piscatorial Doubters' what fishing in Timagami means."

It would be about ten o'clock when all were at work. The Clevelander, with Jim Petrant, in a canvas-covered Chestnut, chose a still strip of water between two long islands, where the high cliffs on either side betokened deep water. Here, the imperturbable Jim trolled up and down with the same unvarying speed, and with the same unvarying lack of result.

Along about eleven, after Jim had stood all kinds of remarks from his "Lady Scornful," after she and he also had gone almost asleep watching the strand of burnished copper wire as it ran over the gunwale



Anybody can tell just by looking at a good map where to get bass and 'lunge, without bothering about the piscatorial doubter.

INTERESTING !

These six pictures represent enough great events and peculiar people to make half a dozen novels

MAKING ropes of sand is a good deal like what Mr. Traub, the new Dutch Minister of Finance, has to do for Holland. His country is in a predicament, worse now since the U. S. are helping in the German blockade. Germany has been a big customer of Holland since the war. When she couldn't buy coal from England she got it from Holland; likewise—about everything else Holland had to spare. Not so much goods going into Holland now to sell to Germany. How will Mr. Traub raise his revenues? He will probably confess that "It beats the Dutch."



The Bishop of Arras stands amid the ruins of his beautiful cathedral and knows that the rest of his life will be a labour of sorrow. He could tell Archbishop Bruchesi and Cardinal Begin sad tales of the havoc of war.



WILL there be a Russian revolution in Spain? This picture tells more than despatches. Antonio Maura, former Premier, now head of the Conservatives, stands here in the Madrid bull circus shouting to 25,000 people his denunciations of graft, favouritism and star chamber methods. They say that King Alfonso in his palace two miles away listened to the whole speech by telephone connected with a huge sound-board in the royal box at the bull-ring.



YOU do not have to visit Europe for religious spectacles nowadays. In fact many of Europe's cathedrals are in such a bad way that even ordinary worship is impossible. Out at the historic old Cathedral of Boniface across the river from Winnipeg lately took place the strangely devout spectacle of the Corpus Christi procession on the day in the calendar sacred to that event. The photograph shows the ceremony at the elevation of the Host on the steps of the Catholic College of St. Boniface. Scenes like these have roused the fury of the Germans in their demolition of French Cathedrals.



FIJI ISLANDERS en route to work behind the fighting lines in France came by way of Vancouver across Canada. Here they are beside Canada's biggest tree in Vancouver; hatless, bootless, in charge of a Lieutenant, seeing the Wonderland of street-cars, picture shows, military manoeuvres and the printing press before they take the long, long train and the trip on the second sea. Photo by Luce.

THE little poulette shown above is saluting the President of the American Commission for the relief of inhabitants of reconquered villages in France. The little chap understands what a great work this Commission has on its hands, now that the Allied troops are retaking so many villages formerly held by the German masters. The humorous, kind officer who salutes him does not wear the cruel spike helmet. No, he is a different kind of man. Oh the joy of the difference! to the little poulu and his people.

CANADIAN UNITY *Depends on* LIBERTY

ONLY in supreme moments is true patriotism supremely expressed. In the trenches men forget their politics and race origins; remembering only the cause and the country. In Parliament, when men rise to the height of a nation-making debate, members forget parties, politics and race origins; remembering only the country and the cause. The man who does not do this, no matter how great his name, or his reputation or his political ability, is not entitled to rank as a patriot.

The true Canadian—who is he? Unless we know, how are we to judge? He is not British, nor French. Liberal nor Conservative; is neither of necessity born here nor does it matter where he was born. Where the man's heart and work and future lie, there is his country. His patriotism is clear and depends upon his sincerity. The man who speaks against his political leader and in favour of a supremely testing measure like conscription is as truly a Canadian as he whose ancestors for ten generations were born and bred on this soil and who prefers to do all his work and all his fighting in Canada without conscription. And the man whose father's fathers were born upon the hills of the St. Lawrence is as truly a Canadian as the man of British or other birth who brings to this country a set of opinions derived from ancestors and devoted to the service of Canada.

This is a new country. It is a world country. Where a man was born has in the last resort nothing to do with the patriotism demanded by this country. We are a nation of many peoples and shall continue so to be. The future of Canada, whatever stress and storm may lie in the present, is not to be circumscribed by the difference in outlook, opinions and temperament between the two great races who first peopled Canada in the name of a king.

The national battle on conscription demands that we recognize clearly who among us speak the language of true Canadians and who are the foreigners. Let us drop our formulas and our credos, our racial masks and our political makeups. Let us deal one with another as Canadians. Only on this basis can we test out the spoken or the written word. Because we have failed to apply this test in times recently gone by we have lost our Canadianism in a cloud.

The country calls to every man to take his side on this question and to do it as a Canadian. We are now divided in opinions. We are, or should be, one in action and principle. We have been divided all through our history into political camps. Vimy Ridge and the other great testing places of Canadians obliterated the divisions. The men who went over Vimy Ridge were Canadians. They had no creeds nor party politics. They cared nothing for race origins. Let us believe that it is possible for the men at home to be as much Canadians, whose lives spell not the factions and the feuds of the past, but the common unity of a great present and a greater future. This is a world-open country of citizenship. It is not a preserve; neither an experimental station for race culture. As citizens of this country we can afford to differ only in opinions. We must agree in principle. And the great principle in this country is, CANADIANISM.

MICHAEL CLARK made the speech of his life on Thursday, June 27, 1917. What he said on behalf of conscription and against his own historic party will be remembered when his free trade speeches are forgotten. For the sake of what he considered his duty as a citizen of Canada he challenged his own record as a Liberal and a follower of Sir Wilfrid Laurier. Behind him were the figures of such other free-thinkers as Hon. George Graham, of Brockville; Hugh Guthrie, of South Wellington; F. B. Carvell, of Carleton, N.B.; Fred Pardee, of West Lambton; and Buchanan, of Lethbridge. What they have said was but the prelude to this Lutheran speech of Clark.

In the matter of form it was no great speech. In the matter of intention it was one of the biggest ever heard in our Parliament. Its chief fault was

an excess of a Clark virtue—a lack of restraint. The member from Red Deer has never been noted for self-discipline. The greatest occasion of his parliamentary career found him still at the mercy of his impulses in the form of convictions. It was in no sense a political speech. The man seemed to have an almost Cromwellian disregard for the amenities of Parliament or the discretions of party politics. We do not estimate this speech as that of a mere Liberal renegade who may be a possible member of the Conservative Cabinet. Clark had no such intention. We believe he would have been willing to surrender his seat in Parliament for good rather than his convictions on this question. For this we admire him. He spoke as a Canadian, not as a British-born; on behalf of Canada, not for the sake of England. There are passages in his speech that ring with the fervour of John Bright; others that smack of the hustings and the race cry. His allusion to national black-legs was a descent to needless vulgarity and his casual jocosity was quite unbecoming so serious an occasion. His condemnation of Laurier lacked the high regard due to the man who has done much for Dr. Clark. It would have carried even more of a sting had it been couched in the language of chivalrous respect to an old man, in his day a great leader and still a commanding figure in our political life.

PERSONAL considerations cannot be omitted from this. We shall learn far more from the personal than from the merely political side. It is of small consequence how many or how few, compared to what men abandon the Liberal ranks on this question. We are not balancing up party assets and liabilities. We are determining the truth. If the debate drags out into a line-up of political forces the country will be the loser and the men at the front will begin to fight with less heroic regard for Canada.

Much in this matter revolves about Sir Wilfrid Laurier. He is now 76. He has fought his last purely political fight. His stand on this question concerns us not as politics; very tremendously as a study of a man who just missed the greatest work of national unification since John A. Macdonald.

How much he was entitled to both praise and blame in the matter of this war cannot be omitted from any estimate of this occasion. A few weeks ago, in Parliament, addressing Rt. Hon. Mr. Balfour, Sir Wilfrid said, fervently, "God bless England!" In this he was following out a habit of mind formed many years ago when he began to study British institutions of which ever since he has been an intellectual admirer. If ever a man of Gallic origin in this country gave promise of interpreting into our practical politics the great qualities of Anglo-Saxon statesmanship, that man was Laurier. To those who viewed the man in the light of parliament rather than of politics he rose as the grand figure of national unity in a land whose parliament is built upon racial differences.

The genius of Laurier has compelled admiration when the incidentals of party politics and race and creed were put upon the shelf. When England went to war it was instinctively surmised that Laurier also went to war. But for some reason apart from more or less formal but quite sincere expressions in Parliament, it did not seem as though Laurier was passionately engaged in fighting Germany.

We have all paid great homage to Laurier. We used to outvie ourselves telling folk who came to Canada about his eloquence, his oil-painting looks, his sunny smile, his magnetism and his powers of acting. Both parties did it on the same principle that Liberals still praise John A. Even Orangemen did it. For the first time since 1867 we had the basic principle of national unity embodied in a great French-Canadian Premier who made a supreme hobby of England and Imperial Conferences. No wonder the British-derived Liberal M.P.'s from all over Ontario stood shoulder to shoulder; that the West, when it came on the map, bowed unto Laurier;

that beyond the Rockies and down by the eastern sea his voice was magic. What he lost in the defection of Bourassa and the rise of the Nationalists at the opening of "Canada's Century" we stood ready to pay him double over and again in a national way.

Well, he seemed to be worth it. And he had a big fling in this country. The decade 1901-11 was surely niched off for Laurier. But defeat was bad for such a man. And Quebec was not gaining for him. He still had great power, immense influence—the czar of his party and a leader of his race.

When the war broke, it would have been wisdom for this man and the Premier to come together; to realize that the party divide was likely to be less than the racial in a time of man-sifting war. A practical coalition of Laurier and Borden, whatever else might have been included, must have won Quebec, the best part of it, the winning majority, to the cause of the country represented by the coalition.

THE last word ever used in this country should have been Conscription. What we wanted all along was national organization for getting ahead and winning the war. Canadian unity should never have depended upon Imperial sentiment so much as upon a national co-ordination of all our resources of material, machinery and men, for war purposes.

The last appeal ever made in Quebec outside of votes for King Billy should have been—Fight for England. Quebec is willing to let Laurier eulogize England as the mother of democracies and all that. But fighting for England is not on Quebec's programme; neither the part of it represented by Laurier, nor by Bourassa. The Empire means little or nothing to the men of the St. Lawrence. We might as well have recognized this as a fact instead of building on a fiction.

Why do we not always ask all men in this land to fight for Canada? We need no George Washington for that. Canada is a free country. Our autonomy, as we call it, is just about complete, in spite of our greed for knighthoods. Democratic England does not want us to chew the ends of her apron-strings. England is the mother of nations, not of dependencies. We dishonour England as a mother of democracies if we expect her to regard us as a colonial asset. Once upon a time John A. Macdonald struck out the name Canadian and substituted British North America. He got over that. Born a British subject as he was, nominally he died one. But he was the first citizen of Canada.

The thing can be argued till sundown. There was a time when "separatism" was flung at certain people in Canada who desired to regard Canada as a free country under the glorious banners of England. The charge was born of party politics. Allegiance to England is no business of one party. It is a privilege of all Canadians.

We say Canada is, or should be, a free country; that if she is free she should therefore be united. But our unity depends absolutely upon our freedom. We may as well quit blabbing about unity so long as we divorce it from liberty.

And what is this liberty? We dare not tag it with a label. We are not working for merely political liberty which would mean ultimate severance from England. We are working for a national liberty which will unite us and make us free to do whatever we choose within as the Empire.

That freedom belongs to the West; to the Pacific; to the Atlantic; to Ontario; to Quebec. And the day will come when all outside of Ontario and Quebec will determine that freedom for the rest of us.

Meanwhile, Ontario has a right to be free from the bigotries that put all dissenters beyond the pale.

Quebec has an equal, if not a greater right to the liberty that tolerates no dictation from demagogues, politicians or priests.

Only as the result of this equal freedom in a modern civilizing country can we ever expect to aspire to the unity that makes a people great. And some of us will live to see the day when some such freedom will be forced upon us by the momentum of a greater country than Ontario vs. Quebec.

FIFTH AVENUE ENLISTS

By ESTELLE M. KERR

STARS AND STRIPES everywhere. Flags flying from every window, draped above every doorway, fluttering on every motor, displayed in every shop. The jeweller's window shows pins in sapphires, garnets and diamonds, the florist has worked out the same scheme in flowers, the large stores have a touch of patriotism in every window; sofa cushions, candy boxes, lamp shades, and various forms of wearing apparel, simulate stars and stripes, though the fashion writers are unanimous in saying that clothing in the national colours is not worn in the most exclusive circles. The men have a miniature silk flag in their buttonholes, the women an enamelled pin.

"Most people's flags are things to fight for, but ours seems to be a scheme of decoration," said an American statesman, pointing out the fact that there were more recruits for the army the day before than the day after the declaration of war.

Here and there are British flags, French flags and occasionally a Japanese, or an Italian. Probably the other allied countries are represented as well, but they are not noticeable in the vast array of Stars and Stripes which flutter most aggressively over shops bearing such names as "Schmidt." Motorists are not content with a group of flags of the Allies, such as are seen fluttering on the radiators of automobiles in Canada; they must decorate their windshields and the reflection of their headlights with Stars and Stripes and drape them over the windows of their limousines, to the detriment of traffic. One hundred and twenty-two accidents have been reported recently by these fluttering flags which concealed the arm that gave the signal for turning, or distracted the attention of approaching motorists.

All this flag-waving has more significance across the border than it has with us. The placing of the Stars and Stripes in a home or place of business is considered a declaration of loyalty, and suspicion falls on the house that refuses to display it, particularly in the foreign quarters of the town. Even in the homes of the truly wealthy on Fifth Avenue the flag is draped above the doors and mantels, and the aesthetic soul shudders on beholding the harmonious creation of a celebrated interior decorator who has evolved a symphony of colour in robin's egg blue with touches of Chinese red, quite ruined by the crude, conflicting shades in the national emblem! A new problem must be faced by the decorators in homes whose inmates insist on combining patriotism and art.

ANOTHER emblem that figures largely on the Avenue is that of the Red Cross, for not only are there numerous committee rooms for branches of that society, but two of the large department stores have set aside space for working parties under the direction of the National Surgical Dressings Committee, and there the casual shopper can receive information concerning the making of hospital supplies, or, if she has time to spare, her services are enlisted for work on the premises. Red Crosses adorn the aprons of the casual workers, an enamelled pin with the emblem is worn by dollar-a-year members, but a travesty on all that the Red Cross stands for, is seen in a popular style of head-gear worn by foolish little misses who hobble down Fifth Avenue in their high-heeled shoes. At first I thought the wearers of these toques with their flowing chiffon veils and red crosses must be trained nurses, but the illusion was dispelled by a shop window where they were displayed in three colours: red, white and blue, with a card saying, "Look! Only \$7!" Thrift is not apparent

on Fifth Avenue. The luxurious motor cars are more numerous than ever and, in spite of the great heat, nearly all the women were swathed in furs. Last summer they were all wearing white fox, but "where are the foxes of yesteryear?" Not one is to be seen on the Avenue. Fashion proscribes that summer furs shall be dark, and many wear costly sables that will fade quickly in the bright sunshine. The white boots that were so popular in the wet, wintry weather, are now superseded by darker shoes, and it is still considered a crime to appear in anything but silk hosiery. In fact, Miss New York considers it patriotic to dress entirely in silk, for wool and cotton are needed for the soldiers, she says. Economy has not entered greatly into her scheme of things, but when it comes to work she takes her patriotism very, very seriously, and American women have to face problems of which we never dreamed, for enemies are all about, and since ground glass and poison have been discovered in some of the dressings, most careful inspection has been inaugurated in all the working parties and new workers are regarded with suspicion till they have established their identity and loyalty. Thousands of women are taking courses in First Aid and general Red Cross work, and many of these are preparing to go overseas with hospital units organized by Americans.

"Well, I hope you don't meet any of my friends over there. I'd rather have them killed on the battlefield," said a Canadian girl to a pretty young thing, with very superficial training in nursing. But the war revealed talent for courage and endurance in girls of whom nothing was expected, and many who started by scoffing at the V. A. D. have come to pray for her assistance.

OF interest to Canadians is the Fontainebleau War Relief Committee, which has handsome work rooms in the establishment of Madame Irene, on Fifth Avenue. Mrs. William T. Carrington, formerly Miss Margaret Houston, of Toronto, the well-known singer, is chairman of the Committee, and a number of other British and American women devote much of their time to the work of providing comforts for 5,000 wounded French and Canadian soldiers in a hospital at Fontainebleau.

Recruiting posters still decorate the bill boards and windows. Uncle Sam fixes you constantly with his gaze and says, pointing with outstretched finger, "I want you now!" A bumptious youth with shouldered musket advises one to "join the U. S. Marines," and a pretty Howard Chandler Christie girl in a sailor boy's costume says, "Gee, I wish I were a man, I'd join the navy!"

Still more abundant are the posters telling you to buy a liberty bond. In this campaign the poor old Goddess of Liberty worked overtime. She not only stands large and stolidly as ever in New York Harbour, she pervades the whole town. You see her on a background of blue appealing calmly and confidently to your patriotism in financial matters, but still more in evidence are the posters in which she has descended from her pedestal and, very green in the face, eyes narrowed and squinting and brows painfully contracted in her desperate appeal, she enjoins you to subscribe now. It seems as though the draughtsman who conceived this design was a pessimist who did not for a moment think that the amount would be so generously over-subscribed. The same Goddess decorates large posters which hang suspended across Fifth Avenue, and in one of the theatres, the Canadian actress, Julia Arthur, posed nightly to represent the statue, holding a lighted lamp in her hand.

Martial enthusiasm is rampant in the theatre, and as soon as you are comfortably seated with hat, purse,

opera-glasses and gloves on your lap you are called upon to rise for not one, but three National airs! The first is "La Marseillaise," and when, on one occasion, this was followed by "Rule Britannia," I subsided to my seat.

For our own National Anthem, which followed, I would have stood had not the people about me supplied a few words now and then to show that "My Country, 'tis of Thee," was their thought. They have no right to claim that as their National Anthem. We stole it first! The people around me made many rude remarks concerning my lack of respect, but on my next visit to the theatre my conduct was unquestionable, for "La Marseillaise" and "God Save the King" were followed by "The Star-Spangled Banner."

JUST why a nation where conscription is in force should talk so much about recruiting is not very clear in my mind. The papers loudly boasted of the throngs of young men who did their duty on registration day, and one lady said to me:

"Well, no one can say our town hasn't done its bit! It's simply wonderful the way the boys turned out to register!"

"But I thought they would be put in jail if they refused!" I said.

"Still they might have claimed exemption, and lots of them didn't!"

Glancing over the New York reports it seemed to me the number claiming exemption was proportionately large.

Another lady told me that her brother was worrying greatly as to whether he should enlist or not.

"But I thought conscription relieved one of that trouble!"

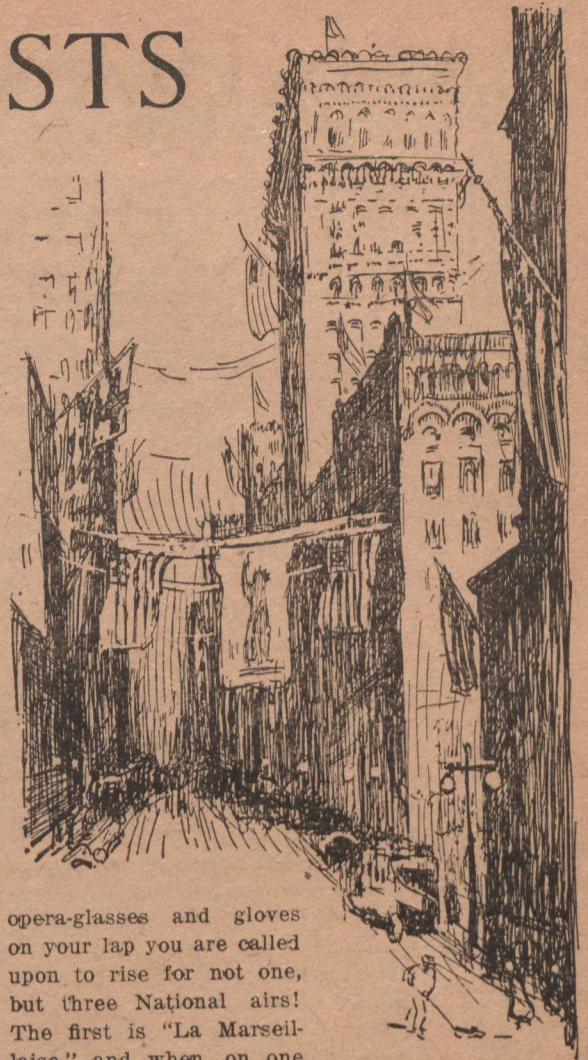
"No," she said. "Conscription is only for men under 31. He is perfectly eligible, but unless he enlists he won't be called out unless they need a second draft."

The enlistments in the Home Defence regiments have been most gratifying, but when enquiring about the whereabouts of a certain young man, I was answered, "Oh, he's skulking on a farm."

Many slackers are eagerly seeking work on the land, but I believe the law states that no class of men shall be exempt, each case will be decided on its own merits, and even marriage, into which so many rushed for protection, will not save them from the trenches.

The vast majority don't want to be saved, however, and the prompt and effective action of Americans, both men and women, cannot but fill us with admiration. They are profiting by our example and

(Concluded on page 23.)



THE HICKORY GROVE CONVENTION

A few of the articles by prominent Canadians on national topics, impossible to include last week in our eight pages of short nationalizing talks.

The Canadian Boy

J. O. Miller

(Principal, Ridley College.)

THROUGHOUT the British Empire there is nothing more precious than the Canadian boy. On this continent he is the hope of the race. In a remarkable book called "The Passing of the Great Race," by Madison Grant, the author says:

"Personally, the writer believes that the finest and purest type of a Nordic community outside of Europe will develop in north-west Canada. Most of the other countries in which the Nordic race is now settling lie outside of the special environment in which alone it can flourish."

Hitherto the slogan of free democracies has been "go as you please." There has, so far, been little thought of conserving for the good of the State any special human elements that make for its pre-eminence. The Canadian boy has not yet come into his own.

As a type of vigorous boyhood there is nothing in the world superior to the Canadian lad. His physique is magnificent, his body well nourished, after he has once survived the modern substitutes for mother's milk, and he usually enters upon the period of adolescence physically better equipped than the boy of any other race. In temperament he is characterized by a vast amount of nervous energy; in fact, energy, perhaps somewhat unorganized is the distinguishing mark of Canadian youth.

He possesses what makes for the highest type of intelligence, an open and clear mind—open, clear and flexible, but not as yet subjected to the wisest sort of training.

Another priceless characteristic is his initiative. A boy's equipment for life consists in character, industry, efficiency and initiative. The first three constitute about one-half of his assets; initiative embraces the other half.

What are his defects? Lack of training in his first decade; ignorance of self-discipline; a fatal tendency to waste his splendid initiative. The average Canadian small boy suffers from a rather inefficient type of mother, and the older lad from a still less efficient type of father. The aim of the average parent is to give the boy "a good time," and not to train him to put ambition for achievement before the fleeting pleasures of the moment.

How many Canadian parents keep dearly in view the sacred duty of training boys for the service of the State and of the race? Our Ministers of Education have yet to see this vision. When all realize that Canada is the "procreant cradle" of the highest type of the world's manhood, we shall spend many times our present outlay in effort and money upon the Canadian boy. Then he will come into his own.

Centralizing History

George H. Locke,

Chief Librarian, Toronto

THE Editor of this Journal must belong to what our quondam friend Logan called the pragmatic-technical school when he asks one to compress his knowledge and much of his life work into three hundred words.

I presume that all will agree with me that a knowledge of the history of one's country would make one a better and a more satisfactory citizen. Such agreement does not involve

thought or action and is therefore popular. But let us make it concrete and personal. We are living in a country which has a long, interesting and romantic history. I thought this was not a debatable subject until I saw, in a late issue of the London Chronicle, an article describing the Canadians in which our boys are spoken of in specially glowing terms because they came from a land from which one could hardly expect such intelligence, a land that has no history, the land of the coyote and the waterfall. True, the writer belonged to the "Madge" school of journalism, but I was surprised to see this pass the censor of the Chronicle.

This country is peopled largely by those who, as they say of those living in Chicago, were not born here. Therefore their historical background is not Canadian. And it is difficult to change the background. There is one part of our social fabric which one cannot buy, and that is tradition, the background of the ages which furnishes the experiences out of which comes that emotion known as patriotism. The grown person may change his allegiance, but it is well nigh impossible to rid himself of the attachment to the land of his fathers. This war has shown that in some very interesting aspects. Again, there are some who are natives of this soil, but whose historical backgrounds are hazy and indistinct.

We are confronted then in this country with the fact that the great proportion of our citizens know but little of our history, and therefore there is but little chance of a Canadian point of view. The proof of this lack of Canadian historical background is illustrated on almost every public platform, Sabbaths, as well as week-days, and is woefully apparent at the times of elections to our Houses of Parliament. To us who feel that this is a serious problem and who recognize the impossibility of doing much with adult persons who are to a very large extent well set in their views, the hope of our country seems to lie in the boys and girls who will soon be in command of our public affairs. That these may become acquainted in an interesting and sympathetic manner with our four centuries of history seems to me the greatest help towards the development of a Canadian national sentiment and the cultivation of a Canadian national judgment.

The method of approach in which I am interested is not through the school. That is the province of others. My position as a business man interested in the development of intelligent citizenship is in an entirely different method of approach. Having at my disposal a public institution known as a Public Library, I am enabled to develop it into an educational institution founded on allurements and developing its students into boys and girls able to think and act for themselves. We have attacked the problem in a businesslike manner. We recognized the fact that "the story's the thing." All the world loves a story and therefore we proposed, through our Department for Boys and Girls, to tell each week stories of those who were identified with the early life of Canada. Indeed, one might well say that a pertinent question for solution was, "Why are the French in Canada?" And so we told the stories of the great Frenchmen, the gentleman adventurers dear to the heart of everyone who is young in spirit, of Jacques Cartier, Champlain, Frontenac, Radisson, La Salle, Joliet, Verendrye, and with their

lives came the unrolling of a map of a new world. And even so of the Englishmen who have succeeded them until we have introduced tens of thousands of boys and girls into a world of romance and discovery, a world of struggle against great odds, of conquests not only of men, but of nature, and all these men were Canadians and this was a Canadian world.

We, frankly, are Nationalists because we believe that in this way we can, as I said before, develop a Canadian sentiment and a Canadian judgment.

This is not the only way, but it is our way and our success has been measured only by our financial means. We haven't any patent method for the reformation of Canada. Our aim is to develop the boys and girls of Toronto into sensible citizens who have knowledge of their own country and its traditions and who will become what we have all been urged to be, "wiser than our fathers." That history may be made interesting, and especially the history of Canada has been proved by our experience of the last four years where our only worry has been to keep the numbers who wanted to come to the "Story Hour" down to what we call a satisfactory maximum.

True Canadian Nationalism

Paul Emile LaMarche,

(Montreal)

CANADIAN Nationalism is, in my opinion, the most adequate expression of sound patriotism on the part of any Canadian-born citizen.

It should also prove to be the most acceptable ideal for the man who has made this land the native country of his sons and daughters.

It consists in putting the ultimate interests of Canada over and above all others, even when they conflict with those of the Empire.

Canadian Nationalism is at the antipodes of Imperialism and moves in an opposite direction.

Its object is to defend the established principles of Canadian self-government, and to acquire from time to time an ever-increasing autonomy.

It must be free from racialism and from religious sectarianism; therefore, it must, in the light of the Constitution, demand equal treatment for all races and creeds.

Nationalism must not be confined to one province or to any particular section of the country. As its name implies, it must be nation-wide.

In true Canadian Nationalism lies that common ideal which will insure for generations to come an everlasting national unity.

Such was the spirit which prevailed in the minds of the Fathers of Confederation in 1867.

Let us not pass this Jubilee year without giving this subject a serious and patriotic consideration.

Canadian Clubs

Charles R. McCullough,

(Hamilton)

RECOGNIZING the deep importance to Canada of the cultivation of a spirit of patriotism in the hearts of her people (and particularly of the young men on whom will rest the duties of the future), and in view of the fact that no nation in history



has ever become great except by the inspiration of an active patriotism, it is in the opinion of this meeting a fit and proper time to take definite steps, however humble, to deepen and widen the regard of Canadians for the land of their birth or adoption, and to increase their interest in all matters affecting the welfare of their country."

So began the resolution that led to the formal organization of the Canadian Club Movement which will celebrate the quarter century of its birth on the six of December of this great year.

In the later eighties and early in the nineties of the last century, Canadians were in a state of "drift." The spiritual grace of patriotism that flamed forth during the second North-West Rebellion had subsided and succeeding it the propagandists of "Manifest Destiny" pointed a future beneath southern stars as the only solution of "Canada and the Canadian Question." Had not the gifted Goldwin Smith truly said: "Writers and readers of the history of the Dominion too well know how wanting it is in unity." And further: "That no inhabitant of Nova Scotia or New Brunswick commonly calls himself a Canadian. The people of British Columbia, priding themselves on their English character, almost disdain the name." The intellectually great Edward Blake, too, had drawn a gloomy picture of prevailing conditions: "Lowered standards of public virtue, deathlike apathy in public opinion," said he in his famous West Durham Letter.

A well-organized and vigorous body of men here and in the neighbouring republic devoted their minds and means to the promotion of the union of the two countries—"To bring Canada," as Goldwin Smith put it, "within the commercial pale of her own continent." Erasmus Wiman, an expatriated Canadian of influence and wealth, was untiring in his efforts to bring about "Commercial Union," using New York as his headquarters. The heresy was combatted by a few true Canadians, amongst them the patriotic head of Queen's University, the late gifted Doctor Grant, who stood forth as the protagonist of Canada as a nation and as an integral part of the British Empire.

In 1891 took place the battle royal between the two political parties. Canada was stirred from Atlantic to Pacific. The leaven of nationality was moving the mass of people. Some there were who divined it. Expression of it was the problem now as in the former period when the Fathers of Confederation gave us a Country and a Name. An intelligent understanding of our country and an intelligent understanding among the citizens of a common country appeared to be the duty of Canadians.

In December, 1892, the idea of the Canadian Club was launched in Hamilton—the first step taken to found what Viscount Bryce now terms "The Universities of the People." Love of Country was the corner-stone of the fabric. An intelligent patriotism was to be cultivated, dissociated from partizanship and provincialism. The idea took root. It was the natural outcome of the Confederation of the Country. It attempted to supply the British North America Act with a soul. It aimed at making the citizens of all provinces pride themselves in the name Canadian. It sought to raise the tone of public opinion to the point of discountenancing breaches of public virtue and corruption in high places. It instilled the idea of nationality in the apathetic and aroused a national self-consciousness among thinking men and women. It sought and still seeks to shape and weld the nation. It sought and still seeks the harmonization of the varied elements (Britons, Celts, Gauls), composing Canada. It

sought and more than ever seeks to unite all Canadians in the upbuilding and defence of Canada, shoulder to shoulder, hand to hand, heart to heart.

In the spirit of the founders of the Dominion, then, let us heal our breaches, face our common foe, discharge our full duty to kith and kin absent from home on high and holy service to humanity (doing deeds of valour that emulate, and not infrequently surpass the heroes of old Greece and Rome) and as keepers of the sacred compact of our Confederated Fathers of a half-century ago be ever ready to exercise wise toleration of non-essentials, an ever, readiness to listen patiently to the views of other custodians with us of Canada and, hiding nothing in our hearts, give and take in the true spirit of brethren—but, to a cruel and impious foe, be as stern and immovable as the Laurentian rocks, as resistless as the flood of Niagara.

That our many clubs from sea to sea may ever uphold the principles embraced in the act of unity of the great year 1867, by wise and good men of diverse political, religious and racial affiliations, but of one mind in one house in the matter of Confederating the Colonial Empire of Britain on this continent and of maintaining it unimpaired through all the vicissitudes of its future with strong hearts and firm hands, is the dearest wish of their fellow-worker, whose chief pride it is to subscribe himself as a Canadian.

French Canadians in Business

J. A. Beaudry.

Treasurer Retail Merchants' Association, Montreal

WHAT is the outlook in the future for French-Canadian business men? It is rather cloudy just now, with a race war threatening between their countrymen and the people of the English-speaking provinces. What a pity! just as this happy movement of "La Bonne Entente" was bringing them in such friendly contact with their Ontario confreres.

But let us hope a way will be found for these men of good will to meet again under brighter auspices, and then you will see the good feeling promptly restored.

French-Canadian business men have been and are keen to maintain connection with their English-speaking confreres in the way of trade and this implies also social relations. They have no desire, as may have some politicians, to shut themselves in their province and out of all others.

And when the storm has blown away, they will try to win back all the lost ground and work their way to the place that belongs to them.

They have been learning business from their advanced English-speaking confreres; and while in the Province of Quebec, and wherever there are groups of French-speaking Canadians, they will try to draw trade their way, for which their bilingualism will give them some advantage. They do not look for more than a fair share of business in English-speaking communities.

They may eventually, if they keep industrious and thrifty, retain the bulk of the Quebec local trade, and some foreign too, now they can educate their sons at the schools for Higher Commercial studies.

Some firms with larger capital may even get good connections all over the Dominion; in fact, a few are up to that point even now.

But they are not in the trade as French-Canadians; they are pushing on and will keep pushing on purely and simply as Canadians.

There is no narrow provincialism amongst our business men.

"The Blind of Canada"

Sir Frederick Fraser, K.B., Superintendent School For the Blind, Halifax.

FIFTY years ago there were no institutions, societies or organizations in Canada working for the welfare of the blind, and yet fifty years ago Canada had its fair percentage of men and women, boys and girls, who were totally or partially blind, but the outlook for whom was one of helpless dependence.

To-day we have in Canada many agencies working for the education and improvement of the condition of the blind. Among these may be mentioned the Ontario Institution for the Blind with an attendance of 110 pupils, the Montreal School for the Blind with 28 pupils in attendance, the Nazareth Institution for the Blind, Montreal, with upwards of 100 boys and girls receiving instruction; the Halifax School for the Blind, which gives free education to 140 of the blind youth of the Maritime Provinces and Newfoundland. In addition to the foregoing the extension work of the Halifax School for the Blind includes the teaching of reading in the Braille System to adult blind persons in their homes, the maintenance of a Free Circulating Library for the Blind, and definite work with respect to the prevention of unnecessary blindness. The Maritime Association for the Blind is an organization established for the assisting of graduates and other blind persons who may need a start in life.

In Montreal there are two workshops for the employment of blind persons, and in Ottawa the Association for the Blind is giving employment to a number of persons without sight. Toronto has every reason to be proud of the Canadian Free Library for the Blind, and Vancouver has in its Association of Workers for the Blind a very active organization.

According to the Census returns of Canada there were in the Dominion in 1911 some 3,238 blind persons, or about one blind person to each 2,225 of the population. Forty-eight per cent. of the blind enumerated in the Census were over 60 years of age, and less than thirteen per cent. under 20 years of age. Unfortunately the Census fails to include as blind those who have less than one-tenth of perfect vision, hence the Census figures are misleading. The Census returns show that in the Maritime Provinces there were in 1911 seventy-five blind persons under 20 years of age, whereas the register of the School for the Blind at Halifax shows

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Watch the British Offensive

(Continued from page 8.)

ago. An invasion of Italy by way of the Trentino has always been the danger against which she has had to guard herself. Whenever the Italian advance toward Trieste has become threatening the Austrians have invariably responded with the menace of an invasion of Italy through the Trentino. It is a menace that cannot be neglected. An Austrian army coming southward through Trent would be fatal to the Italian army on the Isonzo, because it would threaten its base and its communications. This has been the answer of the Austrians to the recent Italian successes in the east, and it is for this reason that the Italian advance on Trieste has been suddenly suspended until the Austrians around Trent shall once more have been driven northward, or at

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NO matter how we legislate or organize in this country, we seem destined to enact the same drama in our middle and probably our Pacific West also as the United States has already done. Identical same problems confront both countries. Just how identical they are is almost a matter of literary curiosity when we read in July Atlantic Monthly "The West's New Vision," by Charles Moreau Harger. But for an occasional word the whole article expresses the Canadian West as it is to-day. The Imperial Farm scheme, no centralizing Empire programme, no tariff wall between us and U. S. can keep us from doing on our own initiative west of the great lakes what the United States has done. And in many cases the two epics march side by side, because Canada settled her West mainly in the 20th century, and therefore at a much more rapid rate than the United States.

Foremost in the influences that have changed the mental attitude of the Westerner, says Harger, has been his recognition of the oneness of the nation. So long as it was necessary to obtain from the savings accounts of the older states the funds with which to develop new lands, it was natural that there should be a feeling of dependence—galling to the enthusiastic pioneer whose dreams outran his accomplishments. The result was the creation of an imaginary Capitalist, whose heel ground down the borrower and who sought his own welfare at the expense of the debtor.

But with the advance of prosperity came a new point of view. The Westerner, being released from his exacting toil and becoming familiar with other parts of the country, gained new knowledge. He noticed as he journeyed to New York or Boston (read Montreal or Toronto) that, after he had crossed the Mississippi (read Algoma) he passed through town after town where factories employing thousands of men lined the streets. He did some thinking. Those men and their families must consume the products of the agricultural states; their prosperity meant his own. He awoke to a realization that his prosperity, his ability to obtain good prices for his products, depended on something more than the number of bushels per acre he could raise, and that part of his future success depended also on becoming a manufacturer himself. It was no longer popular to oppose instinctively anything the East favoured. The broadening view brought a new conception of the province of financial operations, and obliterated largely the old idea of isolation. Provincialism passed away, and in its place came a fuller understanding of the nation at large.

Another thing: the Westerner has become better acquainted with national thought. Not only has he travelled himself, but frequent visits to the prairie states of men and women prominent in finance, education, journalism, and philanthropy have brought him in touch with the broader life of older commonwealths. The East is no more a land sufficient unto itself, but is regarded as a section that has many of the same interests as the West.

With even the smaller towns showing all modern conveniences—electric lights, paved streets, telephones, handsome public buildings, and parks—the difference, always felt more keenly than it should have been, vanishes, and there is more contentment with things that the West possesses instead of mere longing for things that it has not.

THE average Western community has three principal divisions. There are the "first families," those who took up the claims or laid out the towns back in the sixties and seventies and who have seen the ups and downs of financial development. The men have lines in their faces; on their cheeks is the sunburn of long days afield; they are yet conscious of the teaching of early days of thrift. They have money in the bank, perhaps mortgages on other farms; they are content for the most part with moderate ways of living. This class, generally speak-



AMONG the MAGAZINES

It's a big job nowadays to keep track of what other people are writing in current periodicals. All we do is to go over the best and give you the best of it. What we miss this week we'll get next.—The Editor

ing, has not acquired great wealth through speculation in land—the most profitable endeavour of the past two decades. It was too timid to plunge, remembering the sad experiences of the settler days.

Then there is the younger generation of the settler families. Many of its members early grew weary of farm-life and developed the towns and cities. Usually they did not obtain college educations; if they did, they will be found in the East, out on the Pacific Coast, anywhere on earth where there is business or artistic opportunity.

Inoculation of the West with new ideas for community betterment prospered amazingly. Forward-looking men and women were willing to join in movements that promised results. Churches, their number far in excess of the community demand, give earnest pastors a spare living; lodges keep the halls alight six nights a week; commercial clubs discuss iridescent visions of coming factories and industrial opulence; clubs for everything, from bridge to the improvement of the banking system and the promulgation of the rotation of farm crops, flourish.

THE weakness has been in the failure to finish things. Schemes and plans have been put on paper and allowed to stay there. The newspapers have printed innumerable columns detailing the promises of hopeful promoters and the speeches before the chamber of commerce.

Particularly striking has been the impetuous rush of legislation enacted by Western states dealing with social problems. Going directly to the needs of the everyday citizen, there has been a sincere effort to make society responsible, so far as is feasible, for the conduct of the individual.

This spirit has been reflected in the changing ideals of education growing out of the larger fields of the universities, where the study of industrial and social service has become a portion of the curriculum. The Western university is not merely a place for the scholar; it is a workshop for the student. Reaching into the intimate life of the community, it is called on to advise regarding the community's health, to develop natural resources, to be in a large sense a co-labourer in everything that affects complete advancement.

The democratization of education has been a material factor in the broader outlook on life of the rising generation, and has made it easier for the state to engage in legislation tending toward a greater service to the individual. Enthusiasts have sometimes attempted too much and have forgotten the individual in the desire for accomplishment.

The towns have made the first step toward simplicity of management, and commission government is coming to be the rule rather than the exception.

This readjustment is indicative of the serious struggle toward a larger democracy, evident in every community, and finding its advocates regardless of partisan politics or social relations. That the West has lost its ideals, is not true. What the West is trying to do is to raise the plane of right living and to develop a healthier and saner generation.

Larger, however, in its importance is the development of community spirit. Where formerly a movement for some measure of helpfulness was supported mostly by the ministers and the school-teachers, with

few personal followers, now it includes the men and women of affairs, united in a sincere effort to accomplish things worth while.

THIS tendency is marked in the women's clubs, now stronger than ever in their history. Where their programmes once were devoted to poetry, literature, and art, they are to-day made up of discussions of matters relating to health, sanitation, government, and community betterment. Some of this change is due to the growth of equal suffrage in the Western states; unquestionably the fact that women in many commonwealths are taking part in the election of every officer is having a definite influence on their interest in government and in the work of public officials. It has, for one

thing, called for a higher standard of personal character on the part of public officials. It has been productive of legislation for the child and the overburdened mother.

Millions of dollars in bonds are issued annually, not for the speculative enterprises of early days, but for the establishment of substantial institutions that shall be a heritage for the next generation. The West is in debt, but its debts are incurred for the things that remain. Its farmers—many of them—owe on their farms, but they are using their income for improvements that are changing the landscape from barrenness to a vista of happy homes.

The element of permanency is entering into the ideals of the Westerner. When real estate was advancing in value, when fortune beckoned in every new territory, when cheap lands promised quick riches, the temptation to move on was strong. But land-values are now stationary, or practically so; the frontier exists only in fiction; homesteading is a lost art. The family has decided that the future years will probably be spent in the locality where beginnings have been made, and has planned to make the surroundings as comfortable as possible. So we see farms improved, bath-tubs in the houses, furnaces and electric lights scattered through rural districts, thousands of farm homes transformed from waiting places to settled domiciles.

The rural population of the West does not increase. In some sections it is actually decreasing, and in nearly all decreasing in comparison with the urban population. Retired farmers are building modest homes in town. If the children will stay on the farm, they keep up the old home; if not, tenants care for the land. It is a growing danger to the rich agricultural states of the interior that this is so. It argues for a tenant class that lessens the high standard of production, for no tenant has the same interest as the owner in the maintenance of the productivity of the land.

These new ideals, in a broad way, are an attempt to get at the very foundations of life and to build aright thereon. They not only include the community idea, but are concerned with world-affairs. The European war has brought this home. It was not the munition-maker alone who reaped a benefit from the foreign demand for supplies produced here. The farmer sold his wheat, corn, and horses and mules at top figures; the entire price level for his productions advanced, and he came suddenly into a season of rich profits. Yet there was not in the West any change of sympathy with the conflict because of this; and amid a people gaining directly from a continuance of the struggle the peace movements secured a following reached nowhere else in the nation. However, it opened the eyes of the West to its place in the world; the effect was to broaden its view and to impress the essential need of what the soil produces as a factor in the progress of nations. Suddenly it was realized that the Interior exists, not as an appendage of the Eastern states, but as an integral factor of the world's business.

The West has passed the experimental stage. It knows what crops will grow, what trees will thrive, and can estimate what limit is to be placed on its people's willingness to adopt new ideas. The early settlers gave quick acceptance to every promised

panacea, and the promulgator of isms and fads was received as a prophet. Prophets are at a discount to-day. Leaders with sense and integrity are demanded—men and women who temper their theories with hard facts and have a real message.

When the country readjusts itself after the end of the European war, there will come the real test of the West's plans for its own development. It is putting off the vanities of youth and entering on an era of maturity. Its people have enthusiasm, a high standard of courage, and the financial ability to care for their own. They look to a social readjustment that shall lift the entire community to higher levels, to legislative programmes that shall carry with them helpfulness and economic independence. In this are united the everyday men and women of the towns and country districts who are joining hands for the goodness of life.

As Others See Us

ELEANOR FRANKLIN EGAN, in the Saturday Post, writes two articles about Canada, one of which, "Our Neighbour's Affairs," will do as an example of how we are either uninformed or misinformed in this country about our business.

How many Canadians, for instance, know that a C. P. R. official, Mr. A. H. Harris, overseas traffic manager, has been since the beginning of the war absolute master of C. P. R. transports in Canada, that all inland traffic should be conducted with reference to what he wanted, and that as a result there never has been any traffic congestion at our terminals such as bedevilled traffic in the United States?

How many of us are aware that Canada has already sent overseas an army of 440,000 men? But Eleanor Egan says, "I have the information on the best Canadian authority."

How many of us knew that Canada's regular army in peace times was only 3,000 men? Does she refer to our militia—which was usually estimated at 40,000—or to the British regulars stationed at Halifax and Esquimalt, which surely were never as high as 3,000?

How many of us were ever told that the French-descendant considers himself a French-Canadian, while the British-descendant claims to be a plain Canadian? That in the Canadian Parliament all the French members speak exclusively in French, thereby causing endless irritation?

Why have we never been told that British-Canadian desertions have been invariably punished, while French-Canadians deserting by wholesale have never even been tracked up to the remote hamlets from which they originally enlisted?

Why is it news to us that when conscription was first talked of in Canada 50,000 Canadians promptly crossed the border into the United States? What means had anybody of estimating this exodus along a thousands-of-miles border, even if such an estimate were anywhere near accuracy?

Here is a statement which ought to please even Will Irwin, who once said, in Washington, that going about the Canadian trenches was like walking down Broadway:

There are vastly more Americans in the Canadian Army than French-Canadians. At the Department of Militia and Defence, in Ottawa, I was told that there is not a state in the United States which is not represented; and one of their crack regiments has such a large majority of Americans in it—more than two-thirds—that it is known throughout all the armies as the Royal American Regiment.

The Department of Militia and Defence has never, so far as we know, told any Canadian newspaper about this "Royal American Regiment."

Here is a bit of confidential information that Canadian editors would never be expected to publish:

The Organization of Resources Committee of Ontario has issued some hair-cutting literature. "Famine and world hunger are on our threshold!" they print in heavy black type an inch high, with "World hunger stares us in the face!" as a subhead, only a little less bold. This, of course, is painfully true as regards our Allies overseas; but:

"What good does that do?" I asked.

"Oh, it scares people!" said the proud author of the circulars.

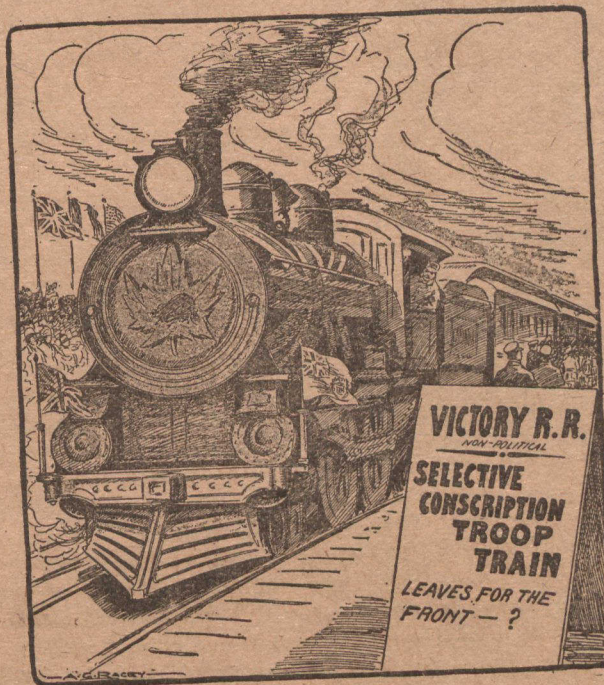
"Well, yes; I should think it might."

It does, no doubt; and people need scaring. The average person will react in fright before a consciousness of

The writer grows pardonably eloquent over our progress in munition-making when she says:

Until this war began there had never been a shell manufactured in Canada. To-day they are turning them out at the rate of two and a half millions a week. Moreover, Canada is furnishing ninety per cent. of her own steel and nearly all the other raw materials used in the manufacture of munitions. In Toronto alone more than twenty-five thousand men and women are employed in munition factories, and throughout the Dominion more than two hundred thousand. And to this number must be added a rather vague but tremendous company of workmen, in a small way, who in their own shops are engaged in turning out tools, parts of munition machines and a hundred and one other articles necessary to the industry.

EXPEDITE ITS DEPARTURE.



Our men at the front are crying for reinforcements. He who holds back or obstructs this train is either consciously or unconsciously disloyal, and an enemy to his country. Our boys in France must not be deserted.

—A. G. Racey, Montreal Star.

Watch the British Offensive

(Concluded from page 15.)

least securely held. So far, the struggle in the Trentino has been wholly in favor of the Italians, although the ground is of such enormous difficulty and so heavily fortified that we need not look for large territorial gains.

A HEAVY and successful blow at any part of the German lines would go a long way to bring the war to a close. It is evident, even from the well-drilled German press, that a feeling of profound disquietude is creeping over the nation. The military leaders are more profuse than ever in their optimistic assurances, and these assurances are spread broadcast with feverish energy. It must have been dire necessity that looked no further than the moment and its shadowy advantages that persuaded Von Hindenburg to give his fatuous assurance that the British offensive was finally at an end, at the very moment when the bombardment of the Messines Ridge was heralding one of the great attacks of the war, and one of the most successful. In justice to the skill of the German commander—much over-rated—we must suppose that he knew the facts. We find a still more recent assurance that the aeroplane attacks on England are successful in keeping at home a large number of aircraft that would otherwise be sent to the front. And now we read of similar laboured excuses for the failure of the U-boats to bring the Allies to their knees on the date so positively promised. American intervention has evidently increased the disquietude, since we read that the newspapers have been carefully instructed to assure the public that no effective American force can possibly put in an appearance until 1918, and this at the very moment when the substantial nucleus of that force has already put in an appearance. A separate peace with Russia is now accepted as hopeless, and Russia is actually beginning to fight again.

Rheims the Hated

HENRY WOOD, in the June issue of the North American Review, tersely describes how Rheims at last became, like Ypres, a people-less city. The home of the most beautiful of all cathedrals has for two years now been under shell fire, during the past week more violently than ever, according to despatches. Before the war, says Wood, Rheims was a prosperous city, with 117,000 inhabitants, and though about 100,000 of the population left by degrees, the remainder refused to go. They organized an underground cellar life, with schools and municipal, social, and business activities.

The enemy apparently chose Holy Week for the final destruction of the city. On Palm Sunday nearly 1,000 shells were thrown into the city, and the local authorities immediately suggested the final evacuation of the city, but the faithful 17,000 said, "Oh! but we have seen much worse than this in 1914." On Holy Monday another thousand shells came. The faithful 17,000 began to look a little dubious, and cheered each other up heroically. But on Tuesday another thousand shells deluged the city, and the local authorities had some bills printed begging the people to flee; but the bombardment was so terrific that it was impossible to post the bills. On Wednesday there came still another thousand shells. The two newspapers of Rheims, which had never missed a single issue even under the severest bombardment, invited their readers at last to abandon their homes as they were abandoning their newspapers. Thursday saw another thousand shells hurled into Rheims and the authorities prepared more posters, this time ordering the population to flee immediately. The bombardment again prevented the posting of the bills and the 17,000 still refused to flee.

On Good Friday not only was the number of shells increased, but their size as well, and on Saturday were added shells filled with asphyxiating gas. It was then, and then only, the faithful 17,000 admitted their defeat.

They still hung out till Easter morning, however, and then, getting together their few possessions, and under a new deluge of shells, they went out, and Rheims remained a city without life and without breath.

The damage done to the remains of Rheims Cathedral during the bombardments of April and May was so serious that architects apprehend the complete collapse of the building.

Clothes for the Army

A SIDE of the war, perhaps little thought of, and yet a side which for vastness of scale of operation, for seemingly unsurmountable difficulties met and overcome ranks, in importance, not far behind the actual fighting units, is the enormous task of clothing and equipping the huge armies of Great Britain and the Allies. Frederick A. Talbot, in the June number of "The World's Work," gives an amazing account of the mobilization of the clothing industries, the extensive organization made necessary in order to standardize the equipment and to quickly meet the sudden call of outfitting the new armies and the laying aside of big stocks in reserve.

Textile mills had to be organized and developed in such a way as to ensure a steady supply of materials to the factories where the clothing is made up. Talbot says:

Some idea of the extent of the enormous demand may be gathered from the circumstance that during the first two years of the war approximately eighty times as many service dress suits and greatcoats were required as compared with peace years, more than 100 times as many riding breeches, and ten times as many of the khaki drill suits worn in tropical climates.

To cope with the unprecedented situation tenders were invited from every possible source of contribution, and contracts of unparalleled magnitude were placed on all sides. Although this country easily ranks first and foremost in the world in the ready-made clothing trade, a superhuman effort had to be put forth with its combined resources to meet the emergency needs of the nation.

The leading firms in the industry were busily en-

gaged in enlarging. Existing buildings were extended. New establishments were built with astonishing celerity and equipped with the necessary plant. Labour had to be recruited from here, there, and everywhere, and for the most part it was derived from the vast field of out-workers, the majority of whom did not hesitate to accept the opportunity to toil in well-equipped, well lighted, hygienic and congenial factories in preference to their own dismal homes.

It is difficult to appreciate the far-reaching assistance which these private organizations extended to the Government during a very critical period. One and all were working at full pressure upon their ordinary commercial contracts because trade was brisk. At a moment's notice all civilian business had to be cast on one side and the machinery and labour turned over to military operations.

Down East London way is a big factory. For some years past it has been intimately identified with Government clothing contracts, but these orders did not impose an unusual strain upon its resources. It was hard at work completing big orders for its many and scattered private customers, to meet the requirements among civilians for the approaching winter.

At the time special effort was being concentrated upon overcoats. Suddenly the authorities swooped down in accordance with their decision to furnish the thousands of recruits to Kitchener's Army with overcoats of civilian pattern, as previously mentioned, to serve as a temporary measure until the regulation greatcoats could be turned out in sufficient quantities. The whole stock of these garments made up in dark materials was requisitioned. In one day as many as 6,000 overcoats, all of which had been made to private orders, were taken. As a matter of fact, the factory was denuded of every suitable coat of this class, while further quantities which were approaching completion were ear-marked for national use.

HARD on the heels of this development came an order for 300,000 garments of the temporary type issued during the early days of the new armies. There was only one way whereby this official requirement could be met—to abandon all and every commercial order and to crowd every man and woman who could be obtained upon the task, keeping the factory going at full steam both day and night. From the nature of the contracts which had already come to hand it was only too evident that the military would become more and more inexorable and insatiable in its demands. The existing factory and plant could not be pushed another garment; every inch of productive space was occupied and in full swing.

Accordingly a model establishment—one essentially suited to Government work—was prepared with all speed. While the architects were wrestling with their drawings the excavation of the site was pushed forward. By the time the designs were finished everything was ready for actual construction. Once the builders got into their stride and every inducement being extended to expedite erection, things went forward at a merry pace. The building was completed within a few months, the machinery was under installation, 2,000 hands had been secured and a month later miles of raw materials were entering and issuing from the building in large bales of wearing apparel of various descriptions in two endless streams.

And what of the output of this model factory? To answer this question it is only necessary to give some idea of the character of the orders which flow in and which are put through with striking celerity. A call for 100,000 tunics, 100,000 trousers, 50,000 overcoats, and 100,000 leather jerkins do not occasion a moment's perturbation. When going at a steady

stride it will turn out 25,000 garments per week, and in performing this work it consumes 30 miles of khaki serge during the six days.

The regulation headgear may seem a simple article to make, but one is speedily disillusioned upon this point when following the many and complex operations involved. Before the cap can be taken in hand, the material for the crown has to be subjected to a water-proofing operation. On one occasion 68,000 yards of serge were dispatched for this imperative preliminary in connection with a single order.

The specification also calls for the exclusive use of silk, and not of thread or cotton, for stitching purposes. When one learns that the output from one factory averages 30,000 service dress caps alone per week, one is able to form some idea of the thousands of reels of silk which are absorbed in this one branch of military clothing alone.

The making of the "silver-grey" flannel shirt also possesses its individual interest. Each shirt requires $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards of material and is made up from fifteen sections. Setting out the material and fitting in the various component parts, so as to reduce waste to the minimum constitutes a jig-saw puzzle of the first order. Consequently when the authorities issue

say 65,000 yards of flannel they expect 20,000 shirts from that supply. The serge is similarly apportioned out. The average quantity of material for each garment is set down at $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards for the trousers, $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards for the tunic, and $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards for the greatcoat. Under these conditions cutting-out is reduced to a difficult art: in some instances the two sections fit so closely together as to leave barely half an inch of space for the manipulation of the cutting tool.

When working at full capacity one establishment turns out 20,000 shirts a week, which runs away with 70,000 yards of flannel. During the course of the year, by maintaining this average, this single factory can convert 2,000 miles of flannel into more than 1,000,000 shirts. In fulfilling contracts of this calibre the sewing machines devour cotton by the hundreds of miles.

The item of buttons in connection with army clothing reaches an imposing aggregate. Each shirt is fitted with five zinc buttons. In the course of eighteen months the shirts made for the Army required 120,000,000 buttons of one size and type. To bring this total up to date it may be safely quadrupled and then fall short of actual consumption. The fulfilment of one shirt contract alone by this firm called upon the manufacturers to supply 1,500,000 buttons.

The consumption of this apparently trivial article assumes even more staggering proportions in connection with the supply of Tommy's nether garments. There are eighteen buttons to each pair of trousers, so that to complete the 13,300,000 garments of this description ordered during the first two years of war British mills had to furnish 240,000,000 buttons.

Contemporaneously with the consummation of what may be described as straightforward work in connection with orders for regulation garments is the task of experimenting which is ever in progress. The War Office is continually "trying out" new ideas, and the conversion of this or that suggestion into the concrete not only occupies pronounced time but imposes an additional strain upon the resources of a manufacturing establishment. Some of these ideas fail to materialize as a result of practical application, but, on the other hand, many prove their value and accordingly become numbered among the re-

quisites to be served out to the army. In this event organization has to be modified and re-shuffled to cope with the new development, which at times assumes imposing dimensions, such as when it involves a departure from the standard practice.

Russia To-Day

WHO and what is Russia to-day? asks Dr. E. J. Pillen in the June fortnightly.

Our accepted notions about the great Slav people—the notions disseminated by tourists stung with the cacoethes scribendi—are fast vanishing into thin air. The belief, for instance, that Little Father worship was hardly less fervid and widespread among the peasantry than homage to the divinity is quickly disappearing. That was one of the many illusions about foreign peoples which were cherished by the British people.

The Russian people, as compared with its Western neighbours, is politically backward. Its individual units may be likened to grains of sand out of which even the deftest potter would be hard set to fashion the simplest vessel, the requisite cohesive power being wanting. The only section of the population where this defect, at least in its outward aspect, has been partially remedied is that of the Socialists, whose organization is European, whose leanings are Catholic, and whose unanimity is almost complete.

New Russia claims to be a model State, and fraternity, we are told, is one of its characteristics. That is the explanation offered of certain curious phenomena there. In the army privates and officers are hail-fellow-well-met with each other. It is agreed between them that they shall meet periodically to discuss military matters in a simple friendly way and on a footing of equality. The highest distinction an officer can now aspire to is one which only his men can confer upon him if they consider he has displayed striking bravery in the field. No court of officers can ever again try a soldier for his life, for the pain of death was mercifully abolished. The privates now enjoy unprecedented liberty, the officers endure equality, and military discipline is fast making room for "moral cement." Private soldiers no longer salute their officers. In Kronstadt naval officers have, it is said, been made by their men to sweep the streets. And the new democratic spirit is spreading. Even the Grand Dukes would seem to have caught the infection of republican virtue, for they spontaneously laid their appanages at the feet of the nation, which thereupon proceeded to take over their other property as well. The peasants, who now feel that they are the caryatides on which the weight of the political fabric rests, are also minded to insist on their fair wage. And part of this is possession of the land now owned by private individuals.



William Orpen's recent painting of Sir Frederick Cowans, Quartermaster-General, who looks after equipment for Kitchener's Army. From the World's Work.



A recent critic has called the Russian regime the Ochtocracy, or Mob Rule. This is a picture of a young soldier delivering a cloudy ovation to the Duma. However, the Root Mission is stiffening up Russia on the basis of no fight, no money.

OUR CITIES IN 1867 AND NOW

MANY of the leading features of the Confederation period are presented attractively in the July issue of Maclean's Magazine. The color cover design by J. E. H. Macdonald, the frontispiece by C. W. Jafferys, illustrated articles by Thomas Bertram, C. H. Mackintosh, Agnes Lamb, and W. A. Craick are all peculiarly appropriate to so great an occasion. Mr. Bertram outlines the story of Confederation; Agnes Lamb deals with Confederation and afterwards; Mr. Mackintosh tells the story of the C. P. R., and Mr. Craick outlines Fifty Years of Business Expansion.

To quote from all of these is not compatible with space. A few extracts from Mr. Craick's article are of special interest, with particular reference to the growth of Canadian cities since 1867.

The extent of settlement in 1867, says Mr. Craick, was reflected in the cities. To-day there are in the Dominion six cities with populations in excess of 100,000,—Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg, Ottawa, Hamilton and Quebec,—while a seventh, Vancouver, falls little short of that figure. In the year of Confederation, however, Montreal was the only urban centre that came within 50,000 of reaching the 100,000 mark. Toronto could not boast 50,000 inhabitants. Winnipeg was a mere hamlet. Ottawa contained but 15,000 people. Hamilton just exceeded 20,000 by a narrow margin. As for those flourishing Western cities,—Calgary, Edmonton, Regina, Saskatoon, Brandon, Moose Jaw and Vancouver,—they were practically all non-existent. Only conservative old burgs like Quebec, Halifax and St. John had populations in any way commensurable with present figures.

The beautiful capital city of the Dominion, whose natural charms have been greatly enhanced by the work of the Ottawa Improvement Commission, has developed during the fifty years of Confederation from a crude backwoods settlement into one of the finest cities in America. So unprepossessing was its appearance when it was selected by Queen Victoria to be the seat of government, that it was described as the Cinderella of Canadian cities.

Curious visitors who went to view the new capital during the early sixties, came away with mixed impressions. It was admitted that the site of the Parliament Buildings was a lovely one; that the surrounding forests had a wild impressiveness and that the clear air, everlastingly resounding with the noise of falling water, was exhilarating, but what were these natural attractions when everyday living conditions were so bad? The streets were rough, the houses mean and squalid, the hotel accommodation wretched, and the food poor. Lumber and sawdust littered the place until it looked like one vast timber yard.

Montreal, the foremost city of the Dominion with its more than 600,000 people, could, in 1867, muster barely one-sixth of that number. In extent it was very considerably smaller. Its principal business thoroughfare of today, St. Catherine street, lay on the outskirts of the city. Even lordly St. James street, with its splendid financial institutions, was only just in course of construction. Business cen-

tered in Notre Dame street; McGill College stood out in the suburbs and it was a mile walk from the edge of the city to the mountain.

In several respects, Montreal fifty years ago was greatly inferior to the present city. Its streets were notoriously filthy, especially along the docks where the mud frequently lay knee-deep. The lighting even of the main thoroughfares was inadequate, gas being then the universal illuminant. The drainage was bad, and in this connection one visitor tells of having to leave the Theatre Royal one night in the middle of an amusing comedy on account of the vile odours that were wafted in through the windows.

Toronto's expansion during the fifty years has been equally, even if not more, phenomenal. When it is recalled that in 1867 Queen's Park, now in the heart of the city, was on its extreme northern edge, Trinity College was situated a mile beyond the western limits and that troops were able to go through extensive evolutions on a great common that lay between the city and Spadina avenue, some faint conception of the physical growth of the place can be obtained. In population it has increased twelve-fold, or roughly from 40,000 to 480,000.

The cities in the east, Halifax and St. John, have probably exhibited fewer changes than their western sisters. Halifax, which has now about 50,000 inhabitants, had a population of 30,000 at the time of Confederation. St. John, which to-day contains approximately 54,000 people, was then a place of 35,000 inhabitants. In Halifax the lives of the citizens revolved around the garrison of British regulars which manned its forts and citadel. Some trading, it is true, went on with the West Indies. Fish was exported; sugar and other tropical products imported. But the military and naval interests of the place predominated and trade and commerce, while a necessary evil, were not allowed to thrust themselves too far into the foreground.

The commercial spirit was more in evidence in St. John, a city which then as now regarded its Nova Scotian contemporary with a feeling of suspicion and rivalry. St. John had been a notable shipbuilding centre for years and, not only was many a stout vessel built each year in its shipyards, but its merchants owned and outfitted numerous deep sea craft for service on the seven seas. The docks of St. John was a busy spot in those days, for ships and sailors were numerous and there was a constant coming and going of vessels from distant ports.

MUSIC

By THE MUSIC EDITOR

AND now it seems certain that old Edouard de Reszke is dead, after two years of suffering, poverty and practical imprisonment in Poland where his property was devastated by the Germans. No great artist has been sacrificed by this war so distinguished as Edouard de Reszke. He did not fight. He was too old. The veteran basso of the golden-age days of the Metropolitan Opera House in New York, was living quietly on his estates in Poland. The German road-roller destroyed and seized his property and

(Continued on page 23.)

TWO CANADIAN CARTOONS



THE COUNTRY NEEDS EVERY MAN.

BETWEEN the Farm and the Front Canada is no place for the well-dressed young man who feels well and doesn't work to the limit nowadays.

—By J. T. Fitzgerald, Ingersoll, Ont.



THE SCHOOLBOY'S VACATION IN 1917.

THERE are roots in Canada just now that need more cultivation than Greek and Latin roots.

—By L. V. Edmonds, Walkerville, Ont.

THE HOME BANK OF CANADA

Statement of the result of the business of the Bank for the year ending 31st May, 1917

PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT.

Cr.	Balance of Profit and Loss Account 31st May, 1916.....	\$ 42,790.60
	Net profits for the year after deducting charges of management, interest due depositors, payment of all Provincial and Municipal taxes and rebate of interest on unmatured bills	217,053.57
		<u>\$259,850.17</u>

CAPITAL PROFIT ACCOUNT.

Premium on Capital Stock received during the year.....	144.57
	<u>\$259,994.74</u>

Which has been appropriated as follows:

Dr.	Dividend No. 39, quarterly, at the rate of 5% per annum.....	\$24,330.52
	Dividend No. 40, quarterly, at the rate of 5% per annum.....	24,331.27
	Dividend No. 41, quarterly, at the rate of 5% per annum.....	24,331.75
	Dividend No. 42, quarterly, at the rate of 5% per annum.....	24,333.52
		<u>\$ 97,327.06</u>
	Government War Tax on Note Circulation	19,429.00
	Payments on account of special subscription to Red Cross, Patriotic and other Funds	3,000.00
	Balance carried forward	140,238.68
		<u>\$259,994.74</u>

General Statement, 31st May, 1917

LIABILITIES.

To the Public:	Notes of the Bank in circulation	\$ 1,815,785.00
	Deposits not bearing interest	2,396,865.49
	Deposits bearing interest, including interest accrued to date of statement	10,243,553.30
	Deposits and balances due to Dominion Government.....	3,360,355.04
	Balances due to other Banks in Canada	53,789.56
	Balances due to Banks and Banking Correspondents elsewhere than in Canada and the United Kingdom	462,457.69
		<u>\$18,332,806.08</u>
To the Shareholders:	Capital (subscribed, \$2,000,000) paid up.....	\$1,946,806.33
	Rest Account	300,000.00
	Dividends unclaimed	1,644.75
	Dividend No. 42 (quarterly), being at the rate of 5% per annum, payable June 1st, 1917.....	24,333.52
	Balance of Profit and Loss Account.....	140,238.68
		<u>2,413,023.28</u>
		<u>\$20,745,829.36</u>

ASSETS.

Gold and other current coin	\$ 133,669.47
Dominion Government Notes	2,841,874.25
	<u>\$ 2,975,543.72</u>
Deposits with the Minister of Finance as security for note circulation..	92,288.00
Notes on other Banks	186,398.10
Cheques of other Banks	844,809.86
Balances due by Banks and Banking Correspondents elsewhere than in Canada	642,331.74
Balances due by other Banks in Canada	10,038.38
Due from Banks and Banking Correspondents in the United Kingdom...	17,805.27
Dominion and Provincial Government securities	831,600.00
Canadian Municipal Securities and British, Foreign and Colonial Public Securities, other than Canadian	1,214,450.92
Railway and other Bonds, Debentures and Stocks, not exceeding market value	690,291.27
Call and short (not exceeding 30 days) Loans in Canada on Bonds, Debentures and Stocks	1,173,349.01
Demand Loans in Canada secured by grain and other staple commodities	1,461,888.51
	<u>\$10,130,794.78</u>
Other current Loans and Discounts in Canada, less rebate of interest	\$9,477,640.45
Other current Loans and Discounts elsewhere than in Canada	32,713.76
Loans to cities, towns, municipalities and school districts....	137,049.20
Overdue debts	41,300.38
Real estate other than Bank premises	76,278.72
Mortgages on Real Estate sold by the Bank.....	72,254.68
Bank Premises, at not more than cost, less amount written off	734,681.57
Other assets not included in the foregoing	43,115.82
	<u>\$10,615,034.58</u>
	<u>\$20,745,829.36</u>

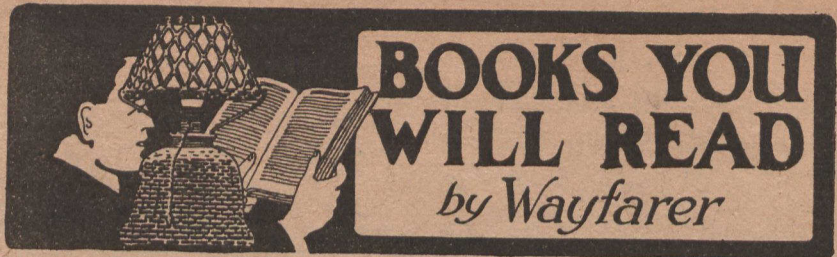
M. J. HANEY,
President.

J. COOPER MASON,
Acting General Manager.

AUDITOR'S REPORT TO THE SHAREHOLDERS.

In accordance with sub-section 19 and 20, of section 56 of the Bank Act, 1913, I beg to report as follows: The above Balance Sheet has been examined with the books and vouchers at the Head Office, and with the certified returns from the Branches, and is in accordance therewith. I have obtained all needed information from the officers of the Bank, and in my opinion the transactions coming under my notice have been within the powers of the Bank. I have checked the cash and verified the securities of the Bank, at its Chief Office, both on the 31st of May, 1917, and also at another time during the year; the cash and securities of one of the Branches have also been checked, and in each case they have agreed with the entries in the books of the Bank with regard thereto. In my opinion the above balance sheet is properly drawn up so as to show a true and correct view of the state of the Bank's affairs, according to the best of my information and the explanations given me, and as shown by the books of the Bank.

(Signed) SYDNEY H. JONES,
Auditor.



THE NEW ERA. Edited by J. O. Miller. J. M. Dent and Sons.

BEING a collection of papers on national questions shrewdly organized by the editor and carefully collated as to subject matter. Such a list of imposing names has never before so far as we know figured on the title page of any Canadian book. The purpose of the work is to put emphasis on the bigger national outlook by discussing national problems in a big non-partisan way. There is a coalition of talent in this work that would do credit to any country. A complete list of the subjects and the authors is contained on the jacket of the book and need not be recounted here. It is sufficient to say that the strong meat of the word as mentioned in Holy Writ is here set down by men, and one or two women, who know whereof they write and are seized of the importance of the occasion. Dr. Miller, Principal of Ridley College, St. Catharines, must be congratulated on the success which he achieved in rounding up this aggregation of talent by means of the genial sort of untiring tenacity which is his own more marked characteristic. The symposium idea is not a new one. Dr. Miller's work is but a new application of it to specific national conditions, especially appropriate to the Confederation Jubilee Year in this country.

A chapter on Comparison and cost is used as a further argument for compulsory military service in Canada—war or no war. The book is a timely one in the present crisis and, even though you may not agree with all of Colonel Merritt's conclusions, it furnishes much food for thought.

"KLEATH." By Madge Macbeth. Musson; \$1.35.

This book gives us an excellent idea of life in the Yukon, where one comes into contact with the aristocrat and plebeian, but always with life in the raw. A funny old Irishman amuses us with his vivid stories; a newspaper man (Christopher Kleath), an "Outsider," offends because of his clean living and clear thinking; a heroine who is always heroic, and a host of other characters hold our interest from beginning to end. Of course there is a moral, too. One would obtain much enjoyment from the perusal of this book.

"THE DARK STAR." By Robert W. Chambers. George J. McLeod; \$1.50.

"What spectroscope is to horoscope, destiny is to chance. The black Star Erlick rushed through interstellar darkness unseen . . ." The fates of a number of individuals born under this star and drawn together in some mysterious way, are told by Chambers in his usual racy style. That a man's life is influenced by the star under which he is born is a belief held by many in times past and present. Numerous dissertations have been written and lectures given; scientists and scholars have sought information in writings passed down through the ages, but knowledge is still shrouded in mystery. Still, the mysterious is always fascinating, hence our interest in this fictitious story.

THE STREET OF INK. By H. Simonis. Cassell Co., Ltd., Toronto. \$2.25.

THE Street of Ink is Fleet Street, London, the headquarters of the newspaper world. In his book Mr. Simonis sketches briefly but most interestingly the history of all of the great English newspapers. The policy of each is set forth and the men who control these policies are described. Portraits of the most prominent of the latter add to the interest of the volume.

"CARRY ON." By Lieutenant Coningsby Dawson. S. J. Gundy; \$1.00.

"Carry On" is truly "a book of inspiration." It comprises the letters of the well-known novelist to his people, and as his father points out in the introduction, were not intended for publication. For this reason we appreciate them even more fully. They are filled with the inmost thoughts and everyday experiences of this novelist-soldier who in heeding the call of Freedom, Justice and Truth, sacrifices a brilliant career and crosses to France, where he fights gloriously with the Canadian Expeditionary Force. The fact that he trained at Kingston and Pettawawa lends additional interest. The letters begin with his arrival in Ottawa in July, 1916, and end in France in February of this year.

"CANADA AND NATIONAL LIFE." By Colonel William Hamilton Merritt. Macmillan; \$1.00.

That "without a basis of compulsion an efficient and economic military system for Canada is impossible," is what Colonel Merritt endeavours to prove in his book. We do not agree with the author that voluntary military service tends to militarism, or that the British Army promotes on a lesser scale than the German army what can properly be called militarism. Pay is not the factor of service in an army of volunteers. They are not mercenaries. Their patriotism is as high and pure, and is as impelling an influence as that of an army raised under an obligatory system. The military system in Switzerland apparently made a great impression on Colonel Merritt, and Switzerland's army is set before us as an example. The weaknesses of the Canadian militia are described, a chapter on the United States and Preparedness is followed by one on Military Systems, detailing the terms of service in the armies of the various countries and giving a table of the world's armies in 1912.

"THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTION." By Isaac Don Levine. Musson; \$1.00.

We obtain a new viewpoint of the Russian Revolution from reading this enthralling story. It ought to be ranked among historical works on Russia and should certainly be in every collection of books on that country. Tracing the terrible cruelties and burdens placed on the people, the status of successive Dumas, the relationship of Czarism to Prussianism and the powerful influence of the latter at court, the author enables us to judge with what forces the revolutionaries had to contend.

How they met these and other forces, eventually overcoming them by means of the Revolution, and created a Russia of the People which stands for Democracy, Liberty and Justice, is described in a lucid and interesting manner.

The book is valuable not only to those interested in Russia herself, but to all who consider Russia's relations to the Allies, and her part in the war.

BOYS --- BOYS

Some boys have heard my call and are at work every week earning a nice sum of

POCKET MONEY.

They do it by selling the Canadian Courier to their friends. You have friends and the Courier will make more for you. Look over THIS number and decide you can sell it.

On my guarantee you can make at least 50c. per week.

SALES MANAGER,
Canadian Courier, Toronto.

GOOD LAGER BEER



Make it in your own home with HOP MALT EXTRACT

Made only of pure hops and malt. Real beer with the good old flavor conforming to the Temperance Act.

Small Tins \$1.00; Large \$1.50 Prepaid. Full directions with each tin. Agent Wanted. DEPT. B Hop Malt Co., Beamsville, Ont.

If you change your address and desire to receive your copy without delay, always give your old address as well as your new one.

- FINANCIAL -

FINANCIAL conditions in the Canadian North-West are much improved since the beginning of the war. A prominent official of a large Canadian bank with many branches in Saskatchewan, Alberta and British Columbia, states that their experience showed the farmer to be in much better condition than was the case a year or two ago. "The borrowing farmer in the West is in much better shape than formerly," he said, "we find that loans that we have been carrying for four or five years are being paid off. The farmer is getting out of debt; and when the 15,000,000 or 16,000,000 bushels of wheat, estimated to be still in the farmers' hands, are disposed of, more debts will most likely be cleared off.

"The Western farmers are paying more attention to hogs and cattle, in the purchase of which they are being considerably assisted by the banks. Whereas years ago the Western farmer was inclined to grow grain exclusively, he has turned more and more of late years to coarse grains and cattle raising. A good class of Jerseys, Holsteins and Durhams have been imported for breeding purposes. This makes more assured the result of any one season's farming in the West, as the farmer is no longer dependent to such an extent on the successful growing of any particular class of grain."

CANADA SHOULD BE FACTORY OF THE WORLD.

Says M. J. Haney, President Home Bank of Canada.

THE annual meeting of the Home Bank of Canada last week was marked by interesting reports on the crop outlook in the various provinces of the Dominion.

The annual meeting of the Bank comes at a time of the year when it is possible to obtain reports of the crops that should, under normal conditions, be gathered during the coming season, and on this account they have a special significance at the present time.

Mr. M. J. Haney, President, in his address, also dwelt particularly on the financial assistance which Canada should provide for peace preparedness, expressing the view that the Dominion should be made the factory of the world.

"Canada has passed from a trading post to a nation within the Empire," said President Haney. "With her magnificent agricultural lands in every province; her timber and untold areas of coal and iron; her nickel, silver and gold, and, furthermore, the greatest asset in her water powers extending from the Atlantic to the Pacific, this country of ours should be the factory of the world. We should manufacture our raw materials and export the manufactured article. To do this we first must have faith in ourselves and our country, and the courage which will inspire confidence in those who will come to make Canada their home for themselves and their descendants.

"We must provide increased transportation on land and the Great Lakes. Above all else, we should make every effort to establish firmly a mercantile marine on the ocean to carry Canadian manufactured products to the world's markets.

"In view of this great necessity—to prepare for peace in time of war—let us not forget that when the financial aid is provided for war, financial aid should also be provided for peace preparedness."

The crop reports submitted were specially satisfactory, a summary of them being as follows: In British Columbia, where business stagnation existed, the activity created by shipbuilding has stimulated the timber industry, and many sawmills that were idle are now active. This movement has given a marked im-

petus to agricultural and mining. The pulp industry of the province is in a very flourishing condition. Labour is reported scarce, owing partly to the very high percentage of the young men who have enlisted, and partly to the fact that many families moved away when the depression, caused by the war, came on.

The reports from the Provinces of Alberta and Saskatchewan are good. Both of these provinces will be fully equal in acreage under crop to that of last year. In Manitoba, while the acreage under wheat will not be quite as large, this will be supplemented to a great extent by the acreage under barley and oats.

The Province of Ontario will have an increased acreage of from ten to fifteen per cent. When it is appreciated that the nominal value of the crops of this province alone is in excess of two hundred million dollars, the importance of such an increase can be immediately realized. Quebec and Maritime Provinces will also show a substantial increase.

THE HOME BANK OF CANADA.

IN its annual statement for the fiscal year to May 31st, 1917, the Home Bank shows that rapid progress has been made during the past twelve-month period.

The Home Bank has for some time past been strengthening its organization and the benefits it has derived therefrom are shown in the growth and expansion of the general business of the bank, a healthy growth in deposits and an ability to carry out its entire share of all Government financing brought out during the year. In addition, it is evident that with its present effective organization and connections, the bank will be able to play a still more prominent part in the financing of Canada's industrial requirements in the post-war period.

An analysis of the general statement shows that during the past year the assets of the bank have increased over \$5,000,000, and are now in excess of \$20,000,000. Of this total, liquid assets alone are in excess of \$10,000,000, being equivalent to 53% of liabilities to the public. The liquid assets contained a number of important changes as compared with the previous year, the Canadian municipal securities and British, foreign and colonial public securities now amounting to \$1,214,450, against \$551,067 last year, while Dominion and Provincial Government securities now stand at \$831,600, while in the previous year nothing was carried under the heading. As is well known, the bank does a very extensive business in the west in the handling of the grain crop, and on this account it has been found advisable to make a special account, indicating demand loans in Canada secured by grain and other staple commodities, this now amounting to \$1,451,888, while the call and short loans are \$1,173,349. These two accounts make a total of over \$2,600,000, against \$2,271,634 reported under the heading of call loans in the previous year.

The confidence the Canadian public have in the Bank is reflected by a gain of over \$2,000,000 in deposits, these now reaching a total of over \$12,600,000 compared with \$10,133,735. At the same time there has also been a very large gain in deposits by and balances due to the Dominion Government, as they have advanced to \$3,360,355, as against only \$500,000 the previous year.

With the larger business which the bank has handled, there has been a gratifying increase in the net profits which amounted to \$217,059.57, equivalent to 11.14 per cent. on a paid-up capital as compared with \$133,406.26 in the previous year. After the payment of dividends and subscriptions to Red Cross, Patriotic and other funds, a balance was carried forward of \$140,238, against \$42,790 in the previous year.

AT the annual meeting of shareholders of the Atlantic Sugar Refineries, President D. Lorne McGibbon stated that the company sold \$8,000,000 worth of sugar during last year. He said that profits had been small or less than 2 per cent. Financial statements will be mailed to shareholders, and hereafter the earnings published annually.

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in knowing how a Trust Company's charges for administering an estate are fixed? We have a booklet entitled

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Losses paid since organization over \$66,000,000.00.

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Total Deposits - \$92,102,072
Total Assets - - \$121,103,558

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Ridley College

St. Catharines, Ont.

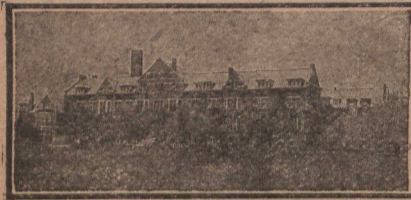
Lower School for Boys under Fourteen. There are only a few vacancies for next term.

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Rev. J. O. Miller, M.A., D.C.L.

RE-OPENS SEPT. 11th, 1917

Principal



St. Andrew's College

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UPPER AND LOWER SCHOOLS
Careful Oversight Thorough Instruction
Large Playing Fields Excellent Situation
Autumn Term Commences Sept. 12, 1917
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Calendar sent on application

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MISS J. E. MACDONALD, Principal
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For Calendar write to Rev. F. L. Farewell, B.A., Principal, Whitby, Ont. Reopens Sept. 12

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FITTED WITH EVERY
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JAS. W. ROBERTSON, LL.D., C.M.G., Chairman of Board.



DEPARTMENT OF THE NAVAL SERVICE.

Royal Naval College of Canada.

ANNUAL examinations for entry of Naval Cadets into this College are held at the examination centres of the Civil Service Commission in May each year, successful candidates joining the College on or about the 1st August following the examination.

Applications for entry are received up to the 15th April by the Secretary, Civil Service Commission, Ottawa, from whom blank entry forms can be obtained.

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, March 12, 1917.

Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.

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Classical Course leading to the degree of B.A. Beautiful new fireproof buildings, splendid equipment, spacious playing fields.

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Second Line Trenches

By a High Schooler.

OUT on the campus the students of the High School amused themselves in various ways, as they waited for the summons to begin another day's study. The chief amusement was baseball, and we who did not have enough energy to play, sat around on the grass and chatted. It was a beautiful spring day, just in the beginning of April; the birds sang overhead, and we were quite content to lie lazily in the warm sunlight and let everything else go. But our peace was soon brought to an end by the ring of the bell and as "Mac" put it—"We went forth once more to battle with the mysteries of geometry and Latin." Each class took its place in the Assembly Hall and after the usual opening exercises Mr. Davidson, the principal, paused a moment; we knew that pause too well, for it usually meant a "lecture" about something. "Gee," the next fellow remarked, "I wonder if it's those French marks, I only got ten." It wasn't French this time, though. Mr. Davidson started to speak. "Boys!" he said, "I have something very important to tell you this morning. I have just received a letter saying that any boys who go farming this summer will get the certificate which they would try for at June." He went on and told us the great need for increased production and ended up by saying: "You know, boys, what the call is, and it's up to you. In times of peace the old school has always led in every game and now will we let it go behind in the greatest game of all? Now, how many of you will volunteer to work on the farm for the summer?" We rose to a man, or rather to a boy. "Good!" replied "Davy." "The exams will start one week from to-day and all who pass are free to go." That week will stand out in the history of the school as the week in which more studying was done than ever before. So well did we study that not one failed and now one hundred and twenty boys from the — High School are right on the job helping to hold the second line trenches.

"The Blind of Canada"

(Concluded from page 15.)

the admission of 207 boys and girls of the Maritime Provinces who were, in 1911, under 20 years of age. The same discrepancy will probably hold good in the rest of the Dominion. A truer estimate of the blind of Canada would probably show one blind person for each 1,200 of the population, and one blind person of schoolable age to each seven thousand of the population.

Fifty years hence will probably show a great development in work for the blind throughout the Dominion, and it is not too much to hope that long before the Centennial of Canada's birth not only the education of the youthful blind in all parts of the Dominion, but the training and employment of the adult blind, and measures for the prevention of blindness will receive the attention and support which these movements so fully deserve.

Let me say, in closing, that Canada may claim to have led the world in the enactment of postal regulations whereby embossed books for the blind are carried through the mails free of charge, and with this great forward step the name of Sir William Mulock, ex-Postmaster General of Canada, will always be honourably associated.

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COLLEGE RE-OPENS SEPTEMBER 12

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FEW WOMEN and girls possess the charm and good looks they might have, because of not knowing just what to do to secure a perfect complexion, a wealth of fine hair, regular features, bright eyes and a good figure.

This lack is now supplied for the first time in the

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These valuable courses also give private recipes for toilet preparations as used by famous beauties of the past and present. \$3 pays for the complete courses, delivered to your address. Remit by express or postal order, or if cash is enclosed, register your letter.

Address Dept. B.,

QUEEN MARGARET SOCIETY
London, Canada

The Return of the Native

(Continued from page 9.)

He thieved and lied with us at first. Do you wonder at it?

"No, but as I was s'yin'—"

"It was only here that he began to find out that life was not all kicks and starvation. His whole outlook on life was bitter; and do you wonder that he turned Socialist when his mind began to expand, and hated the system he had been bred under, and would sooner have changed his country than gone back if I hadn't called him a coward?"

"I'd a gone back myself willin'ly, miss, fer a thousand times worse than I'd ever 'ad before, if I 'ad the chance."

"You—!" She burst into tears. "And one thing he said to me," she resumed when she was calmer, "I shall never forget. He said: 'I've never had much joy in my life till I came here, and I'm a fatalist'. When I asked him what he meant, he said, 'Why, I've always been an underdog, sis, and though I've been so happy lately, I'm so scared it can't last.'"

The corporal scratched his head. "If yer arsk me, 'e got to be rather fond of the sound of 'is own voice."

"Do you really think that? Really?"

"Well—p'raps that's rather a 'arsh w'y to put it, miss, but 'e seemed to 'ave got very 'ard an' 'set in 'is views, an' they always seemed to be direc'ly opposite to everybody else's views, an' 'e 'ad to fyce a lot of hopposition amongst the boys. I should s'y," he concluded, "that 'e was almost a hateist."

"Perhaps" she hazarded, "he didn't believe there could be another hell."

"That may be, but I didn't fergot what they taught us at the 'Ome. No, sir! I 'eard an ol' lydy s'y the other d'y that one good thing about the war was that it would deepen the religious life of the soldiers. Almost inclined to agree with 'er, only bullets 'ave a 'abit of comin' so unexpected . . . You probably know what I'm a-drivin' at . . .

But it don't myke a feller feel religious to git sent back 'ere, miss, an' leave London and heverythink else. I'm goin' 'ome fer good, miss, soon's I git my discharge. Bet your life!"

Fifth Avenue Enlists

(Concluded from page 13.)

by our failures, and only as a result of a long campaign of preparedness have they been able to accomplish what seems like prodigies of organization since the comparatively recent declaration of war. This is largely owing to the fact that the enormous British population in the States has been at work for the past three years—working for the Russians, the French, the Belgians, and now these various committees have received new impetus from the entry of the United States into the war, while the majority of American women have plunged with enthusiasm into work for their own soldiers. One of the busiest places in Fifth Avenue is the headquarters of the Woman's Section of the Navy League, where numbers of women supply information, receive and ship donations for soldiers' comforts and superintend the manifold activities of the League in a most business-like manner. A recent demand for sleeveless sweaters brought

forth the large number asked for in an incredibly short space of time, which goes to show that throughout the country for years past women have been becoming more skilful with their knitting-needles, and though some may be seen laboriously and painfully watching each stitch, people no longer ask her if she is making tennis socks? At the Navy League also, women are registering for work on the land, and in co-operation with the State School of Agriculture at Farmingdale, Long Island, they are conducting a three months' course to fit women to take charge of farms, or give instruction in the various courses concerning farm work. This is but one of the large organizations of women who are devoting themselves to Production, and a motoring trip in the vicinity of New York on Sunday reveals the fact that hosts of women are devoting their weekly holiday to work in the fields. The tremendous organization of women's war work accomplished after two months of war makes us think with shame of the little we have accomplished after three years. They are going into the work with fresh energy, new vigour; we are tired, desperately tired, of it all, but the war will not be won by resting; we must gain a new impetus from their example and work on to the end.

MUSIC

(Continued from page 19.)

drove him into a cellar, a more tragic situation than he had ever helped to create in any of his big dramatic roles on the stage. The great basso—he sang in Canada fourteen years ago—almost starving to death in a cellar, when he had won by hard work and glorious art a position of opulence and honour among world artists—what scene from La Boheme or Faust was ever as tragically big?

De Reszke is mourned in blase, opera-fed New York; most sincerely by Krehbid in the New York Tribune, who says:

The death of Edouard de Reszke will stir a wealth of warm memories hereabout. In the golden nineties, when opera on Broadway reached its apogee, the name of de Reszke led all the rest. An older and more distinguished brother came first on the programmes and first as an artist; but only because he was one of the great artists of a century—and a tenor, besides. Edouard de Reszke was a great singer and a rarely beloved one, with qualities of mind and heart that would have made him a distinguished figure in any field of work.

Is it simply because old days are best that we sigh over the news from Poland and long for the opera of other days? Not altogether. There was a greatness of stature in the group that made the old Metropolitan famous that needs no haze of time to command belief. Fashions come and go in music and in singing and, as well, in opera, which is a little of both and much of other things besides. But a giant is always a giant, and it needs no critical yardstick to know that the days of giants are not upon us now.

Other years are coming, and we shall hope, optimistically, for a new birth of opera. For that day we can ask no greater fortune than to hear again the equal of Edouard de Reszke.

Dancing and Opera.

THAT good classic dancing is possible only on a big stage was demonstrated last week on a little stage in Foresters' Hall, Toronto. Miss Norma Allewelt was engaged by Mr. Atherton

Furlong as assisting artist in his two closing pupils' recitals for the season. She is almost beautiful, she danced in perfect sympathetic rhythm a very varied, and exacting and beautiful programme, varying from the passive to the sprightly and the heroic, and she did it all with sinuosity of movement, charm of expression and fine interpretation of the music. But because her movements were restricted to a space the size of a small parlor, her work failed to "get across."

The vocal programme—heard only the first—was one of those opulent, prodigious ensembles of which Mr. Furlong has made himself the arch exploiter in this country. Eleven young ladies, some not so young, and young girls, contributed a dazzling scene of operatic arias from almost as many different operas. The style of singing was highly ornate, some of it coloraturesque in a high degree, some of it quite beautiful and simple, occasionally sad—and at odd intervals even dramatic. An attempt was made to give a simulation of the stage setting wherever possible, in some cases quite successfully. As vocalism the work exhibited all the unmistakable Furlong characteristics. No matter how young or inexperienced the singer, she went through her appointed task with almost trilbyesque infallibility. How Mr. Furlong gets some of these young people to do such big things in so dazzling a style is not for any music editor to divulge, even if he knew. The hall seemed to be dotted with pupils and ex-pupils of Furlong; girls, who before he began to teach them, knew scarcely the difference between an operatic aria and a popular ballad. Scores of these young operatic debutantes who will never reach any stage—though some of them may and perhaps will—are to be found in Toronto, the result of this man's prodigious work during the past four years. He has made a strange impression on the vocal art of this part of the country. He has brought out a number of very

promising young people, since he arrived here with Marjory Dennis five years ago. At every recital there are a few of these wonderettes in song; and some quite sincere art performers who do not rank as prodigies. Among the latter in this particular programme were Miss Laura B. Ellis, who gave a very beautiful, demure and spirited characterization of the Spinning Wheel scene and Jewel song from "Faust"; Miss Agnes Adie, who gave a fine rendering of Depui's le Jour from Puccini's La Boheme and Miss Alice Rowe in a dazzling coloratura performance of a theme and variations by Proch.

In spite of a protracted programme there was not a dull moment. The Misses Adekaide and Perle Chelew played the accompaniments to the vocal numbers and the music for the danseuse in a most capable and satisfying way. Mr. Furlong himself sang "Tosti's "Good-bye" with great expressiveness.

Owing to lack of space the Chess Column has been omitted this week. A double instalment will appear in the next issue.

AT the Columbia Country Club links at Washington, during one of the tensest days of the crisis with Germany, President Wilson came up to drive from one of the most difficult tees. Two members of the club stood aside to let the President "go through." That's a way they have at Washington. Mr. Wilson drove, and his ball shot off into precisely the place where he didn't want it to go. Experiences of that sort come, even to chief magistrates; golf is no respecter of persons. The President turned to the two, and remarked: "You see, even out here, I can't keep out of trouble."



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A. 86

NUMBER 70, BERLIN

CHAPTER XV.

The Working of "No. 70."

JUST as it was growing dusk on the following evening, a handsome middle-aged woman, exquisitely dressed in the latest mode, and carrying a big gold chain-purse, attached to which was a quantity of jangling paraphernalia in the shape of cigarette-case, puff-box, and other articles, was lolling in a big arm-chair in Lewin Rodwell's little study in Bruton street.

From her easy attitude, and the fact that she had taken off her fur coat and was in the full enjoyment of a cigarette with her well-shod feet upon the fender, it was quite apparent that she was no stranger there.

"It certainly was the only thing to be done in the circumstances, I quite agree," she was saying to Rodwell, who was seated opposite her, on the other side of the fire.

"How did he look at Bow street this morning? Tell me!" Rodwell asked her eagerly.

"Pale and worried," was the woman's reply. "The case was heard in the extradition court, and there were very few people there. The girl was there, of course. A young barrister named Charles Pelham appeared for him, and reserved his defence.

"So I heard over the 'phone."

"I thought perhaps you would be called," the woman remarked.

"My dear Molly," laughed the man grimly, "I'm not going to be called as witness. I've taken very good care of that! I haven't any desire to go into the box, I can assure you."

"I suppose not," laughed the woman. "The prisoner must never know that you've had a hand in the affair."

She was a well-built, striking-looking woman, with a pair of fine dark eyes sparkling from beneath a black hat, the daring shape of which was most becoming to her. Upon her white hand jewels gleamed in the fitful firelight, for the lights were not switched on, and in her low-cut blouse of cream crepe-de-chine she wore a small circle of diamonds as a brooch.

"It's a good job for us all that you've closed the young man's mouth just in time," she declared. "He knew something, that is evident."

"And he kept it to himself, intending one day to launch it as a thunderbolt" Rodwell remarked. "But you've been infernally clever over the affair, Molly. Without you, I don't know what I should have done in this case. There was a distinct danger."

"It wasn't very difficult, after all," his companion replied. "Money does wonders—especially the good money of Germany. Here in England 'Number Seventy' happily has much good money, and has a 'good press.'"

"Yes," laughed Rodwell. "And yet the fools here think they will win!"

"My dear Lewin, they would win if they were not so hopelessly egotistical, and if we had not long foreseen the coming conflict and Germanized the British political and official life as our first precaution. In consequence, our victory is assured. Already this country is in the grip of our German financiers, our pro-German politicians, labour-leaders, and officials of every class. Our good Ger-

By WILLIAM LE QUEUX

man money has not been ill-spent, I can assure you!" she laughed.

"I quite agree. But tell me how you really managed to engineer that evidence," he asked, much interested.

"Well, after you had given me the correspondence four days ago, I took a taxi and went down to the City to see my old friend George Charlesworth," was her reply. "He and I used to be quite old chums a year ago, when, as you know, he fell into the trap over that other little matter, and became so useful, though he still remains in entire ignorance."

"Ah! of course, you know the arrangements of the office. I quite forgot that."

"Yes, I arrived about five o'clock, just as the old boy was leaving, and sat in his room while he finished signing his letters. Already most of the clerks had gone. When he had finished, and all the staff had left, I lit up a cigarette and begged to be allowed to finish it before we went out. I having suggested that he should take me to dinner that night at the Carlton. Suddenly I pretended to grow faint, and asked him to get me some brandy. In alarm the dear old fellow jumped up quickly, and ran out to an hotel for some, leaving me in the office alone. Then, when he'd gone, it didn't take me long to hurry out into the clerks' office and put the papers in between the leaves of that big green ledger which I found in the desk at which young Sainsbury had worked—just as you had described where it would be found."

"Excellent! You are always very 'cute, Molly," he laughed. "I suppose you quickly recovered when Charlesworth got back with the brandy—eh?"

"Well, I didn't recover too quickly, or the old bird might have grown suspicious," was her reply.

MARIECHEN PAGENKOFF, known as Mrs. Molly Kirby, was a native of Coblenz, but had been educated in England, and had lived here the greater part of her life until she had lost all trace of her foreign birth. Her husband had been a German shipping-agent in Glasgow, and at the same time a secret agent of the Koenigergratzerstrasse. But he had died two years before, leaving her a widow. Her profession of spy had brought her into contact with Lewin Rodwell, and ever since the outbreak of war the pair had acted in conjunction with each other in collecting and transmitting information through the various secret channels open between London and Berlin, and in carrying out many coups of espionage. Mrs. Kirby lived very comfortably—as the widow of a rather wealthy shipping-agent might live—in a pretty flat in Cadogan Gardens, and to those around her she was believed to be, like Lewin Rodwell, most patriotic and charitable. Indeed, she had done much voluntary work for the charitable funds, and had interested herself in the relief of Belgian refugees, and in the work of the Red Cross.

"The day after you had been to the office," Rodwell explained, "I went down there upon one or two matters which required attention, and, after a couple of hours, I told Charlesworth that I wanted to glance at a certain

ledger to verify a query. The book was brought, and as I carelessly searched through it in Charlesworth's presence, I discovered some documents. We opened them, when, to our great surprise, we found letters in German, there being enclosed in one a ten-pound note."

"What did old Charlesworth say?" asked Mrs. Kirby, with a smile upon her red lips.

"Well, as he can read German, I allowed him to digest the letters. The old man was dumbfounded, and exclaimed: 'Why, young Sainsbury kept this book! Look at this letter! It's addressed to 'Dear Jack'! Is it possible, do you think that Sainsbury was a German spy?'"

"What did you say?"

"I EXPRESSED the gravest surprise and concern, of course, and suggested that he, as manager, should take the documents to Scotland Yard and make a statement as to how they had been discovered. He wanted me to go with him, but I declined, saying that in my position I had no desire to be mixed up with any such unpleasant affair, and that he, as managing director of the Ochrida Corporation, was the proper person to lodge information. The old fellow grew quite excited over it. He had several of the clerks up, and from them ascertained that the ledger in question had not been used since Sainsbury left. This, in conjunction with the fact that one of the letters was addressed to 'Jack,' and in it a mention of meeting at Heath street, proved most conclusively that the incriminating documents belonged to Sainsbury. Therefore, an hour later, after I had instructed Charlesworth what to tell them at Scotland Yard, I had the satisfaction of seeing him enter a taxi with the documents in his pocket. I continued to do some work in the office when, later on, as I expected, he returned with a detective who inspected the book, the desk in which it was kept, and who listened to the story of young Sainsbury's career."

"And I suppose you gave the young man a very good character—eh?" asked the woman who had led such an adventurous life.

"Oh, excellent!" was Rodwell's grim reply. "The officer went away quite convinced that Sainsbury was a spy."

"Though you gave me the letters, I quite forgot to read them," said the woman. "Of what character were they? Pretty damning, I suppose?"

"Damning—I should rather think they were!" answered the man who posed as the great British patriot, and hid his real profession beneath the cloak of finance and platform-speaking. "Two of them were letters which our friend Wentzel, at Aldershot, had received from the Insurance Company at Amsterdam—you know the little institution I mean, in the Kalverstraat. Wentzel is known as 'Jack,' and in one of these he is addressed as such. So it came in very useful. The letter enclosed a Bank of England note for ten pounds."

"The monthly payment of his little annuity—eh?" laughed the woman. "I understand. I had a letter only this morning from the same Insurance Company."

"Well," laughed the man, "we all



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have dealings with the same office. I have had many. The organization there is perfect—not a soul in the Censor's department suspects. Truly, one must admire such perfect organization as that established by 'Number Seventy.'"

"I do. My husband always declared the arrangements in Holland to be perfect—and they are perfect, even to-day, while we are at war in England—the great Ruler of the Seas, as she calls herself, has already fallen from her height. Britannia's trident is broken; her rulers know, and quite appreciate the fact. That is why they establish a censorship in order to keep the truth regarding our submarines from what they term the man-in-the-street. As soon as he knows the truth—if he ever will—then Heaven help Great Britain!"

"Meanwhile we are all working towards one end, my dear Molly—victory for our Fatherland!"

"Certainly. We shall conquer. The great Russian steam-roller—as the English journalists once called it—is already rusty at its joints. The rust has eaten into it, and soon its engineers will fail to make it move—except in its reverse-gear," and the woman laughed. "But tell me," she added: "of what does the evidence against Sainsbury exactly consist?"

Lewin Rodwell reflected seriously for a few moments. Then he slowly replied:

"Well, there are several things—things which he will have great difficulty in explaining away. I've taken good care of that. First, there is the letter from the Dutch Insurance Company sending him a ten-pound note. Secondly, there is a letter from a certain Carl Stefansen, living at Waxholm, on the Baltic, not far from Stockholm, asking for details regarding the movements of certain regiments of Kitchener's Army, and thanking him for previous reports regarding the camps at Watford, Bramshott and elsewhere. Thirdly, there is an acknowledgment of a report sent to a lock-box address in Sayville, in the United States, on the second of last month, and promising to send, by next post, a remittance of five pounds in payment for it. A letter from Halifax, Nova Scotia, also requests certain information as to whether the line of forts from Guildford to Redhill—part of the ring-defences of London—are yet occupied."

"Forts? What do you mean?"

"Those forts established years ago along the Surrey hills as part of the scheme for the defence of the Metropolis, but never manned or equipped with guns. They cost very many thousands to construct—but were never fully equipped."

"And they are still in existence?"

"CERTAINLY. And they could be occupied and turned to valuable account at any moment."

"A fact which I can see they fully appreciate at Whitehall, and which will lend much colour to the charge against this inquisitive young fellow—who—well—who knows just a little too much. Ah! my dear Lewin, I never met a man quite like you. You can see through a brick wall."

"No, further than you can see, my dear Molly," laughed the crafty man. "We are both of us trained in the same excellent school—that school which is the eyes and ears of the great and invincible Imperial Army of the Fatherland. Where would be that army, with

our Kaiser at its head, if it had no eyes and no ears? Every report we send to Berlin is noted; every report, however small and vague, is one step towards our great goal and final victory. The Allies may beat themselves against our steel and concrete ring, but they will never win. We sit tight. Our men sit in their comfortable dug-outs lies beat themselves out in sheer exiles beat themselves out in sheer exhaustion. Our great invincible nation must win in this island, for one reason—because the German eagle has already gripped in her talons the very official heart of Great Britain herself. Our Kaiser Wilhelm is only William of Normandy over again. In Berlin we hold no apprehensions. We know we must win. If not to-day—well, we sit safe in our trenches in Flanders, or give the gallant Russians a run just to exercise them—knowing well that victory must be ours when we will it!"

"THEN, the correspondence found in Sainsbury's ledger is entirely conclusive, you think?" asked his companion after a pause.

"Absolutely. There is no question. The letter shows him guilty of espionage."

"They were actual letters, then?"

"Certainly. One of them was in an envelope addressed to him at the office, and posted at Norwich. I managed to find that envelope in his desk on the day before he was discharged. It came in extremely useful, as I expected it might."

"So the charge against him cannot fail?" asked the handsome woman, puffing slowly at her cigarette. "Remember, he may suspect you—knowing all that he does!"

"Bah! The charge cannot fail. Of course I've had nothing to do with the matter as far as the authorities are concerned. I have simply slipped the noose over his head, and shall let the Intelligence Department do the rest. They will do their work well—never fear."

"But you told the Intelligence Department about that Dr. Jerrold?"

"Boyle did. I was most careful to

keep out of it," replied Rodwell, with a cunning look. "Boyle happens to be a friend of Heaton-Smith, who is in the Intelligence Department, and to him he gave information which cast a very deep suspicion that while Jerrold was pretending to hunt out spies, he was also engaged in collecting information. Indeed, we sent our friend Klost to consult him as a patient in order to further colour the idea that, in the doctor's consulting room, he was receiving German spies. Heaton-Smith, who has a perfect mania regarding espionage, took it up at once, and had Jerome watched, while we, on our part, manufactured just a little thread of evidence, as we have done in the present case. By it we succeeded in a warrant being issued for his arrest. It would have been executed that night if—well, if he had not committed suicide."

"Perhaps he knew a warrant was out against him?"

"I think he did," said Rodwell, with an evil smile.

"What causes you to think so?"

"Well, by the fact that Boyle, to whom he was unknown, rang him up that evening at half-past seven and, posing as an anonymous friend, warned him that there was a warrant out for him and that, as a friend, he gave him an opportunity to escape."

"What did he reply to Sir Boyle?"

"He hardly replied anything, except to thank the speaker for his timely information, and to ask who it was who spoke. Boyle pretended to be a certain Mr. Long, speaking from the National Liberal Club, and added, 'If you wish to write to me, my name is J. S. Long.' The doctor said he would write, but could not understand the charge against him. Boyle replied that it was one of war-treason, and added that the authorities had got hold of some documents or other which incriminated him on a charge of spying."

"What did he say?"

"Well, he declared that it was an infernal lie, of course," laughed Rodwell.

The woman was again silent for a few moments.

"Its truth was plainly shown by his suicide," she remarked at last. "By Jove, my dear Lewin, his death was most fortunate for you—wasn't it?"

"Yes. We had to play a trump card then—just as we now have to play another against young Sainsbury," replied the man, his eyes narrowing.

"I must congratulate you both," said Mrs. Kirby. "You've played your cards well—if you're certain that he'll be convicted."

"My dear Molly, they can't help convicting him. The acknowledgment and payment for reports, the request for more information, and the vague references to certain matters in which our friends in Holland are so keenly interested, all are there—addressed to him. Besides, he is known to have been an intimate friend and assistant of the man Jerrold—the man who committed suicide rather than face arrest and trial for treason. No," Rodwell added confidently; "the whole affair is quite plain, and conviction must most certainly follow."

"And serve him well right!" added the handsome woman. "Serve him right for being too inquisitive. But," she added in a rather apprehensive voice, "I suppose there's no chance of him making any allegations against you—is there?"

"What do I care if he did!" asked the man, with a laugh of defiance. Then, lowering his voice, he added: "First, there is no evidence whatsoever to connect me with any matters of espionage, and secondly, nobody would believe a word he said. The world would never credit that Lewin Rodwell was a spy!"

"No," she laughed; "you are far too clever and cunning for them all. Really your sang-froid is truly marvellous."

CHAPTER XVI.

The Catspaw.

SOME weeks had passed. Jack Sainsbury had not reappeared at Bow street, the authorities having decided, so serious was the



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charge and so important the evidence, that the trial should take place by court-martial and in camera.

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after day in his narrow cell at Brixton Prison, full of fierce, angry resentment at the false charge made against

him, and full of anxiety as to how



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Elise was bearing up beneath the tragic blow which had fallen upon them both.

He saw no one save Charles Pelham, his counsel, who now and then visited him. But even his adviser was entirely in the dark as to the exact evidence against his client. In the meantime the truth was that the Intelligence Department at Whitehall had sent an agent over to Holland to inquire into the bona fides of the Insurance Company whose offices were supposed to be in the Kalverstraat, in Amsterdam, and had discovered that though the "office" was run by highly respectable persons, the latter were undoubtedly Germans who had come to Holland just before the war. Every inquiry made by the Department revealed further proof of the accused's guilt. Indeed, the astute Colonel who was the titular head of the Department had had Mr. Charlesworth up at the War Office and thanked him personally for exposing what he had declared to be "a most serious case of espionage."

Truly the fetters were gradually being forged upon the innocent young fellow languishing within Brixton Prison.

In complete ignorance of either the exact charge, or the identity of those who made it, Jack lived on day by day, full of the gravest apprehensions. The whole affair seemed to be one great, hideous nightmare. What would old Dan Shearman, never very well disposed towards him, think of him now? He recollected that strange anonymous letter which Elise had received. Who could possibly have sent it? A friend, without a doubt. Yet who was that secret friend? When would his identity be revealed?

He wondered if the person who had written that warning to his well-beloved would, when he knew of his arrest, come forward and expose the dastardly plot against him? Would he rescue him, now that he was in deadly peril?

With chagrin, too, he remembered how he had treated Elise's fears with such silly unconcern. He had never dreamed of the real gravity of the situation until he found himself in the hands of the police, with that scandalous and disgraceful charge hanging over his head. The whole thing was so amazing, and so utterly bewildering, that at times he felt as he paced that narrow, dispiriting cell, that he must go mad.

The days dragged on, each longer than its predecessor. Once his sister was allowed to see him. But he was anxious and eager to face his judges, to hear what false evidence the prosecution had to offer, and to refute the foul lies that had evidently been uttered against him. The authorities, however, seemed in no hurry to act, and it almost seemed as though they had forgotten all about him.

ONE day he received a letter—the one welcome gleam of hope—a letter from Elise, who told him to bear up, to take courage, and to look forward to an early freedom.

"You surely know, Jack," she wrote, "that I do not believe you to be a spy. Surely I know how strenuously you have worked in order to ferret out and expose the horde of spies surrounding us, and how you constantly helped poor Dr. Jerrold."

Those words of hers cheered him, yet he deeply regretted that she should have referred to the dead man's name. The prison authorities had read that

letter, and mention of Jerrold would, in the circumstances, probably be registered as a point against him.

The weeks thus lengthened, until the middle of February.

On the night of the 21st of that month—the night on which the Admiralty issued its notification that a British fleet of battle cruisers, accompanied by flotillas, and aided by a strong French squadron, the whole under the command of Vice-Admiral Carden, had begun the attack on the forts of the Dardanelles—Charles Trustram dined early with Lewin Rodwell at the Ritz.

Rodwell was due to speak at a big recruiting meeting down at Poplar, and after their meal the pair drove in his car eastwards to the meeting, where he was received with the wildest enthusiasm.

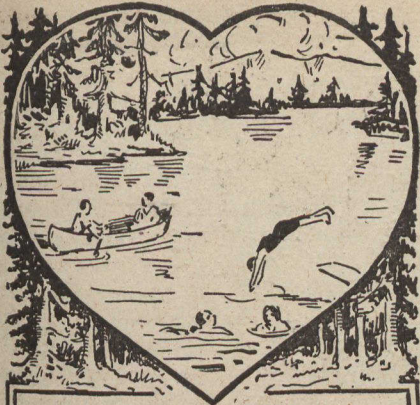
A well-known retired Admiral was in the chair—a man whose name was as a household word, and whose reputation was that of one who always hit straight from the shoulder with the courage of his own convictions. The hall was crowded. The speech by the chairman was a magnificent one, well calculated to stir the blood of any Briton of military age to avenge Germany's piracy "blockade." He spoke of the low cunning of the "scrap-of-paper incident," of the introduction of the red phosphorus poison-shells a month before, and the terrible barbarities committed in Belgium. That East-End audience were held spell-bound by the fine patriotic speech of the grey-haired Admiral, who had spent his whole life at sea ever since he had left the *Britannia* as a midshipman.

Trustram, seated near the front, saw Lewin Rodwell rise deliberately from his chair on the platform, and became electrified by his words—fiery words which showed how deep was the splendid patriotic spirit within his heart.

ON rising he was met with a veritable thunder of applause from that huge expectant working-class audience. They knew that Lewin Rodwell, being in the confidence of the Cabinet, would tell them something real and conclusive about the secret war-facts which the hundred-and-one irresponsible censors, in their infinite wisdom, forbade the long-suffering press to publish. Lewin Rodwell always regaled them with some tit-bits of "inside information." It had been advertised up and down the country that he was on golfing terms with the rulers of Great Britain, and the words of a man possessing such knowledge of state-secrets were always worth listening to.

Glibly, and with that curious, half-amused expression which always fascinated an audience, Lewin Rodwell began by jeering at those who "slacked."

"I ask you—every man of military age present," he cried, thrusting forth his clenched fist towards his audience—"I ask you all to get, at any post office, that little pink-covered pamphlet called 'The Truth about German Atrocities.' You can get it for nothing—just for asking for it. Take it home and read it for yourselves—read how those devilish hordes of the Kaiser invaded poor little law-abiding Belgium, and what they did when they got there. Murder, rape, arson, and pillage began from the first moment when the German army crossed the frontier. Soldiers had their eyes gouged out, men were murdered



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treacherously and given poisoned food. Those fiends in grey killed civilians upon a scale without any parallel in modern warfare between civilized Powers. We know now that this killing of civilians was deliberately planned by the higher military authorities in Berlin, and carried out methodically. They are a nation of murderers and fire-bugs. A calculated policy of cruelty was displayed that was without parallel in all history. Women were outraged, murdered and mutilated in unspeakable fashion; poor little children were murdered, bayoneted or maimed; the aged, crippled and infirm were treated with a brutality that was appalling; wounded soldiers and prisoners were tortured and afterwards murdered; innocent civilians, women and children of tender age, were placed before the German troops to act as living screens for the inhuman monsters, while there was looting, burning and destruction of property everywhere. Read, I say, that official report for yourselves!" he shouted, with anger burning his eyes, for he was indeed a wonderful actor.

"Read!" he cried again. "Read, all of you, how seven hundred innocent men, women and children were shot in cold blood in the picturesque little town of Dinant, on the Meuse; read of the massacres and mutilations at Louvain, Tamines, Termonde and Malines—and then reflect! Think what would be the fate of your own women and children should the German army land upon these shores! The Germans did not hate the Belgians—they had no reason whatever to do so. But the hatred in Germany against the British race to-day amounts to a religion, and if ever the Germans come, depend upon it that the awful massacres in Belgium will be repeated with tenfold vigour, until the streets of every English town and village run red with the blood of your dearly-loved ones. Young men!" he shouted, "I ask you whether you will stand by and see these awful outrages done, whether you will be content to witness the mutilation and murder of those dearest to your hearts, or whether, before it is too late, you will come forward, now, and at once, and bear your manly share in the crushing out for ever of this ogre of barbarism which has arisen as a terrible and imminent menace to Europe, and to the thousand years of the building up of our civilization."

In conclusion he made a fervent, stirring appeal to his hearers—an appeal in which sounded a true ring of heartfelt patriotism, and in consequence of which many young men came forward and gave their names for enlistment.

And Lewin Rodwell laughed within himself.

A dozen men congratulated him upon his splendid speech, and as Charles Trustram sat by his side, on their drive back to the West End, he could not refrain from expressing admiration of the speech.

"Ah!" laughed Rodwell. "I merely try to do my little bit when I can. It is what we should all do in these black days. There is a big section of the public that doesn't yet realize that we are at war; they must be taught, and shown what invasion would really mean. The lesson of poor stricken Belgium cannot be too vividly brought home to such idiots as we have about us."

(To be continued.)



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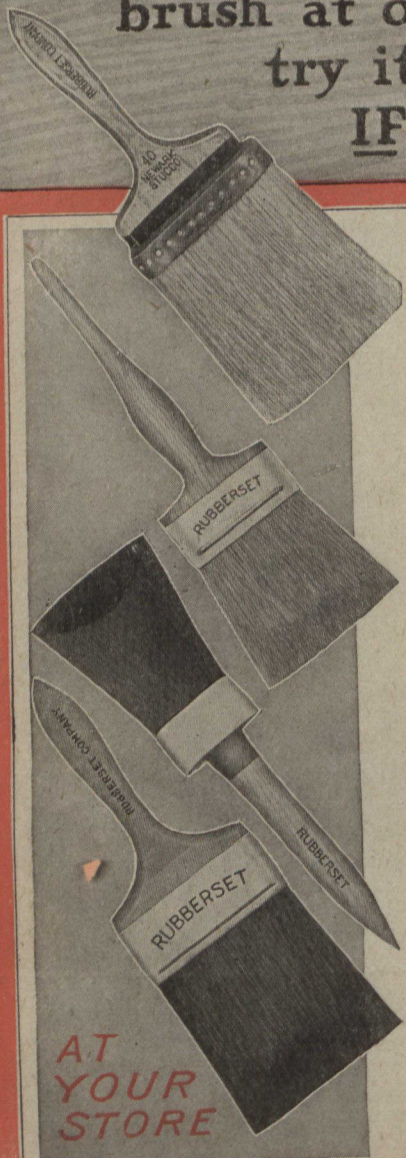
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