

THE CANADIAN COURIER



WHEN PIETRO GOES TO WAR

Milanese warriors accompanied by mothers, wives and sweethearts, trudging cheerfully to the station. Pietro with his cigarette is now along the Isonzo.
 Photograph by Central News.



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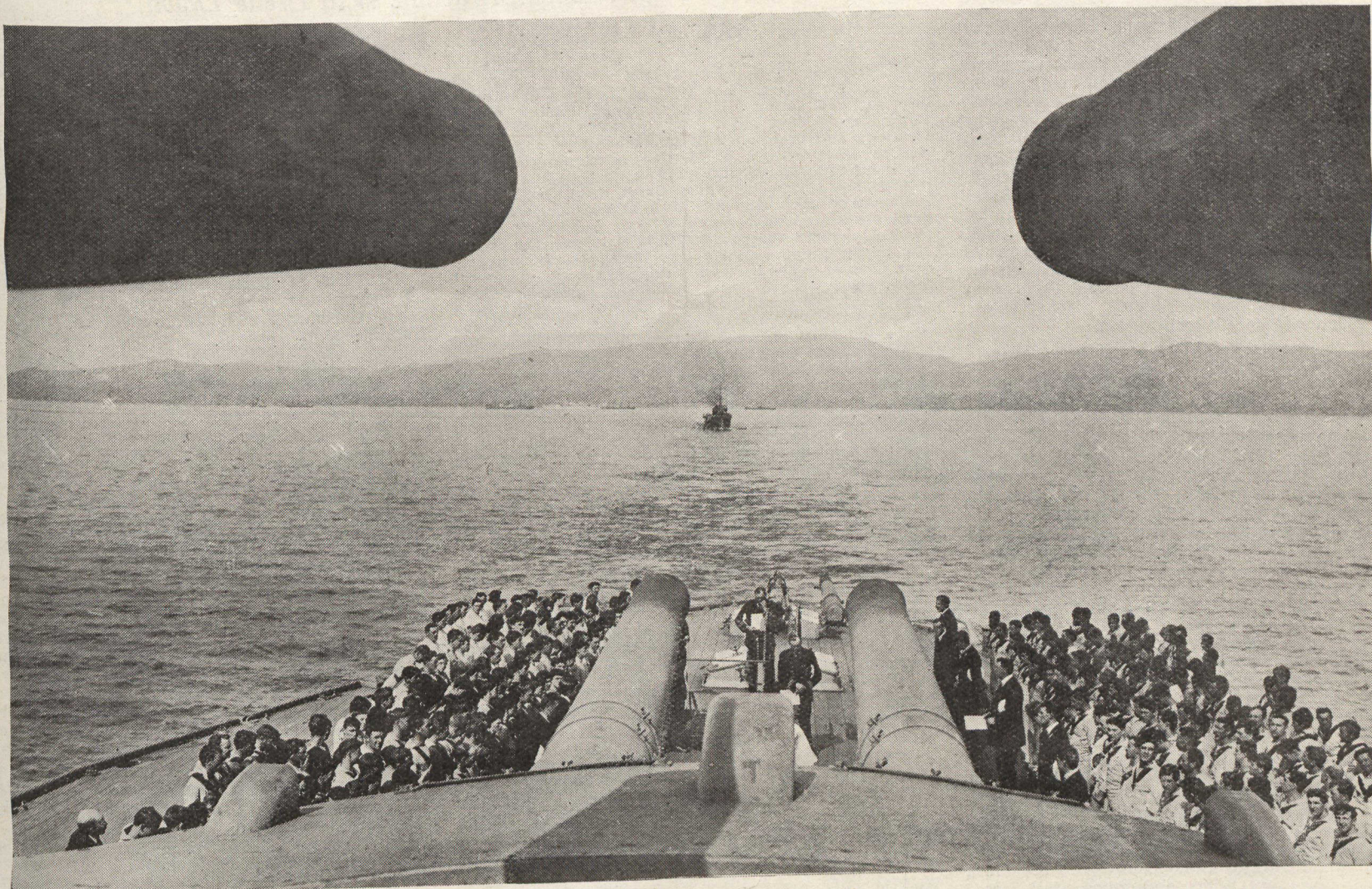
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Divine Service on Board the Queen Elizabeth; and a Remarkable Picture of Landing Supplies



This is a picture of a quiet Sunday on board the great gun-ship. The photograph was taken from between the two tiers of superimposed 16-inch guns while the crew listened to the sermon.



Landing supplies for the Allies at the Dardanelles makes a picture almost as colourful as Port Said on the Suez Canal. This photograph was taken from the deck of the S. S. Clyde. Photographs by Central News.

IS GERMANY SUFFERING?

An Attempt to Discover the Point at Which the German Machine Will Break Down

By NORMAN PATTERSON

HAVING been asked by the Editor of the Courier to answer the question, "Is Germany suffering?" I have touched every source of information—and they are not many. There are books, and magazine articles, special correspondence in the newspapers, and a few people who get letters direct from Germany. But even all these tell us little. Indeed, if one were asked the same question about Canada, one might conceivably be dismayed by the difficulties of arriving at a just and well-proven verdict. It is difficult here to distinguish between those grumbles and ills which are the result of economic conditions and those sufferings which directly emanate from the war. To make a similar examination of German conditions, and do it from the outside is even more difficult. Nevertheless, there is much interesting testimony.

GERMAN SHIPPING.

FIRST of all, everybody knows that Germany's ships have been driven from the High Seas. To get some idea of what that means, imagine Halifax and St. John harbours closed up and the docks deserted. Imagine Quebec and Montreal harbours closed down and no wheat, coal, lumber or merchandise coming in or out. Figure out what the effect would be if all the dock employees, all the men connected with the steamers and warehouses, were thrown out of employment. Would that cause suffering in Halifax, St. John, Quebec and Montreal?

When you have got that picture in your mind, multiply it by five. Then multiply it again by two, and you will get some idea of what has happened in the big German seaports, especially Hamburg and Bremen. Perhaps it would help you to figure out what would happen in England if Liverpool, Bristol, Plymouth and Southampton were closed and the harbours were deserted.

Hamburg was visited by more than 18,000 ships a year—no little ships, alone, but the greatest ocean liners in the world. It imported and exported three and a half times as much goods as all the Canadian ports on the Atlantic and Pacific put together. Canada's total exports and imports are about a billion—a thousand million dollars. Hamburg's were three and a half times that. And yet Hamburg docks to-day are but miles and miles of deserted property.

The Hamburg Amerika Company, the largest shipping concern in the world, has 215 vessels on its list, aggregating over 1,100,000 tons register, and where are those ships to-day? Some are tied up in British harbours, some in French harbours, some in Italian harbours, and some of the biggest of them at New York. To-day this Company has only a few small vessels doing a coasting trade or occasionally taking a trip to Norway and Sweden.

A neutral journalist in Germany has been writing a series of articles for the London Times, which are most informing. In that on the shipping situation, he says:

"Except on the Rhine and Elbe, where steamers freshly-painted and the long strings of barges ply as

usual, shipping in Germany is now conspicuous by its absence. No industry has been so hard hit as that of shipping, and nowhere is the economic isolation of the Empire so evident as in the two great Hansa cities, Hamburg and Bremen. A year ago they were the proud centres of Germany's world-wide seaborne commerce. To-day they are all but lifeless.

"This has been achieved by Great Britain in a much shorter time than Germans thought possible, especially those Germans who believed in their fleet. One consequence has been the conversion of Hamburg, the second city in the Empire, into a town commercially insignificant. I went to the harbour and made a round of several docks. The wharves were practically deserted. There were many ships still in the docks, but they had been idle since the outbreak of war. A weird silence reigned where hundreds of small craft used to ply across and along the river between the docks, where the sound of sirens and steam whistles, the constant rattle of cranes, the thousand noises of men at work ashore and afloat, were formerly merged into an anthem of wealth.

"The burly dockers, who crowded the quays a year ago, had totally disappeared. I met several of them in uniform as Landsturm guards in the prisoners' camps, far away in the country."

THE FARMERS—A CONTRAST.

WHILE the shipping has stopped the export and import business of the nation, there is a different story when we turn to agriculture. Germany to-day is one big farm, and all the men, women and children have turned farmers. Even the armies have planted corn and potatoes in the captured fields of Belgium, France and Poland. The German crop of 1915 will be the largest in its history. A million prisoners, Russians, Belgians, French and British will help to garner that enormous wheat and potato crop.

Unlike Canada, Germany is a land where cultivation is scientific and concentrated. Germany produces more from the acre than Canada produces from two. About ten million people are normally employed in agriculture, or about 31 per cent. of the workers in the country. The only branch of human endeavour which employs more men is manufacturing, and there are only eleven million in that. And because agriculture is scientific the German farmer produces much more per acre than in Canada. The average yield of wheat is 30 bushels to the acre, as against Canada's 20. Most of the farmers have been to farm schools, the chief of which is the winter school, with two terms of six months each. There are nearly three hundred of these scattered throughout the Empire.

This same neutral correspondent of the London Times gives a picture of the efficiency of German agriculture in these words:

"The contrasts between Germany and England are striking and instructive. One such is afforded by a comparison of the wide and fertile lands of England, where grass is grown, and broad parks stretch for miles in wonderful summer beauty, with the sandy soil of Brandenburg, where one travels, mile upon mile, through well-cultivated fields, covered with green wheat and

rye, and where old folks and children plant every spare foot of ground with potatoes. This is an object-lesson in waste and economy, in the absence and presence of control of national energy, and in the subordination of everything to the needs of the war."

The farming population is suffering only in so far as its sons have been called to battle. Its fields are untouched otherwise by war, and its activities are even greater than usual and prices high. Its only lack is fertilizers, of which large quantities are imported.

OTHER INDUSTRIES.

SHIPPING has been killed and agriculture has been stimulated; what of the other fields of activity? Germany's men and women are employed as follows:

Agriculture	9,732,472
Forestry, Hunting, Fishing	140,785
Manufacturing and Mining	11,256,254
Commerce and Trade	3,477,626
Domestic Service	1,736,450
Professional occupations	1,738,530
Other employments	3,404,983

31,497,100

Manufacturing and mining is the occupation outside of agriculture and commerce. Mining must be as active as ever, because this is a coal, oil and metal war. That part of the industry may therefore be considered normal. But there is a large portion of manufacturing which depended upon foreign trade and which must be hit hard. Germany exported 25 per cent. of her manufactured goods, as against Canada's five per cent., and that is entirely lost. This would throw over two million of people out of employment, and they have probably gone to the front. Another 25 per cent. will be stopped because of lack of raw material from abroad. At least half of Germany's normal manufacturing must be dead.

On this point, the Times' correspondent writes:

"The weakest spot in the economy of Germany is evidently in her industrial and commercial situation. The greatest efforts are made to keep up the work of production and distribution. While the small towns and the agricultural districts are depleted of young men, large numbers of able-bodied men of military age are to be seen in the big towns and industrial districts. They are allowed by the military authorities to follow their callings as civilians whenever their work is of importance in industry or trade. Thus business is kept going, though of course with a greatly-reduced personnel. One merchant told me that he carried on his business with five clerks instead of between 50 and 60. This reduction naturally gives an idea of the losses which German business men must be suffering.

"Despite all these efforts, and notwithstanding the efficiency of German organization, it is undoubtedly true that important raw materials are becoming increasingly scarce. Thus the textile industry of the Chemnitz district is affected by lack of cotton, and the electrical industry by the deficiency of copper and other metals. As far as I could ascertain, there is no real lack of copper or other metal for the manufacture of ammunition. There are considerable stocks for that purpose in the country."

Many of the factories have been turned into places for manufacturing munitions of war, as in Britain, France and Canada. This has been done on a well-ordered system, because the German is nothing if not scientific. He hoped to win this war by superior organizing ability. His machine guns are more numerous than those of the Allies, and four machine guns will do the work of one thousand men. His big artillery has pounded a way through the Allies' lines on many occasions, especially against the Russians. His aeroplanes are growing in number and are standardized so that they can be repaired quickly. If a wing is broken, a telephone message brings a new one with despatch. Every service is similarly organized at the front, at the numerous "bases" and at all the manufacturing centres. Systematized, organized, systematized and organized—this is the German character.

A correspondent of the London Daily Mail writes recently from France, after many conversations with German officers, and attempts to explain their optimism. One paragraph is apropos:

"The grounds of the German confidence rest in the belief that they can make good any human loss or inferiority by work, organization, and by material aids. Since Neuve Chapelle the German lines have become one long factory of concrete. Trenches are concreted and dug-outs are concreted. Pits for machine guns are ferro-concrete forts. 'A caretaker and his wife could defend some of our trenches,' is one of the German boasts. Or again, 'When we want to move a hundred men to another part of the line we just establish five or six machine guns in their place.' The truth is that up to the present the Germans have everywhere a superfluity of these weapons, especially the smaller machine gun, which can be carried by a man, and the shell-throwing Maxim, which is set on a tripod and swings as easily and smoothly as a large telescope."

What Britain is trying to do in nationalizing and organizing its production of war material, Germany did last August. Every factory that was needed was taken over by the government and set to its specific

CIGARETTES, COMPLACENCY AND GALICIAN MUD



Whatever pictures we get of the German officers, they are always sleek and smooth and seemingly unperturbed.

task. If a factory owner objected or held back, he was shot and somebody else took his place.

In spite of this scientific organization of industry, long practised in preparation for "The Day," there is no doubt much suffering in manufacturing districts. The makers of laces, artificial flowers and fine fabrics that were sent over the world have been ruined and their work people scattered. It would be impossible for the German government to provide work for all classes of manufactures. One example will suffice: The Aschaffenburg Paper-making Machinery Company, dependent largely on foreign business, shows a loss of \$1,625,000 for the year, or more than half its capital of three million dollars.

The chief suffering, then, must be borne by the working people. Thousands upon thousands of them cannot buy enough food. If they can pass the doctor, they go to the front. If not, they must grin and bear it.

THE WORKMAN.

WHILE some of the workmen have suffered from shortness of food, they appear to have borne the privation well. The pride in their country keep them up. On this feature, a visiting correspondent writes:

"In private conversation, it is true, I found among working men traces of criticism, scepticism, desire for peace, and even of pessimism. But their mood easily swung round to one of admiration for Germany's military prowess and for the soldiers in the field, who are their brothers, relations, or friends. Their confidence in the strength of the nation and in ultimate victory seemed to me unshaken. They proudly showed me letters from the front which told of life in the trenches, of dangers

escaped and of heroic deeds.

"This state of mind prevailed among the working classes in every industrial district I visited, from the Saxon textile region to the huge agglomeration of industrial communities in Westphalia, where war supplies are poured out beneath the thick cloud of smoke which now never lifts. With such a spirit permeating the great mass of the working classes, and with the prevention by military discipline of all serious propaganda adverse to the war, there can be no prospect, as far as it is possible to judge at present, of any attempt to break up the solidity of the nation as a war machine. The German people have never shown any spontaneous revolutionary spirit. Overwhelming reverses might possibly—though even this is very problematical—set free internal forces strong enough to imperil the present organization of the State."

FINANCIERS AND PROFESSIONALS.

AS for the professions and all those engaged in secondary occupations, their livings must be gone. They can find no place in the big war machine for bankers and brokers and lawyers, real estate men, wholesale merchants, art dealers, and even small merchants. On these classes the burden of war falls heavily. The Government has taken toll of their savings in the banks for the war loans. Any gold, even as jewellery, has been commandeered for the use of the State. Their home investments pay no revenue. Their debts from abroad are cancelled. Life for many of them has become a dreary blank. If these classes have anything, motor car, horses, waggons or wealth that the State needs, it must be given up. Nor are their sons exempt from the army—they, too, must go to supply fodder for the enemy's guns.

When the war is over there will be three classes of people in Germany—farmers, makers of munitions

of war, and soldiers. Only those who work with their hands can survive—assuming that the war will last a considerable period yet. And yet this is not the forbidding picture it seems, because the German is essentially a worker. He is trained to work and to study scientific production. Hence he may lose his accumulated wealth and become poor—but he can probably find consolation in making respirators, explosives, flares, periscopes, and all the hundred and one scientific aids to war which Germany has invented or devised.

IN CONCLUSION.

NO signs are apparent that Germany is breaking down under the strain. The national wealth is being reduced, selling to foreign countries has been cut off, the supply of raw materials is running low, the national debt is mounting high, and German paper money is being issued in vast quantities. Just how long the country can stand the strain is not easily estimated. Germany's casualties of, say, three million, are one-twentieth of her population. On this basis they would equal Canadian casualties of 360,000, so they must be felt. However, it is largely a question of patriotism.

There is one point in which Germany is favoured above the Allies—her munitions of war were made in peace time at peace prices. Because of the Allies' unpreparedness, because they refused to believe that Germany intended to bring on a war of conquest, they are now buying munitions at double and treble prices. Hence their expenditures are much greater than Germany's. Even now Germany's workmen in the munition factories get low wages and are satisfied with less than is demanded by the workmen in the countries of the Quadruple Entente.

THE MAN FROM AUSTRALIA

Hon. John Christian Watson Believes that the War will be a Great Help to Democracy

By AUGUSTUS BRIDLE

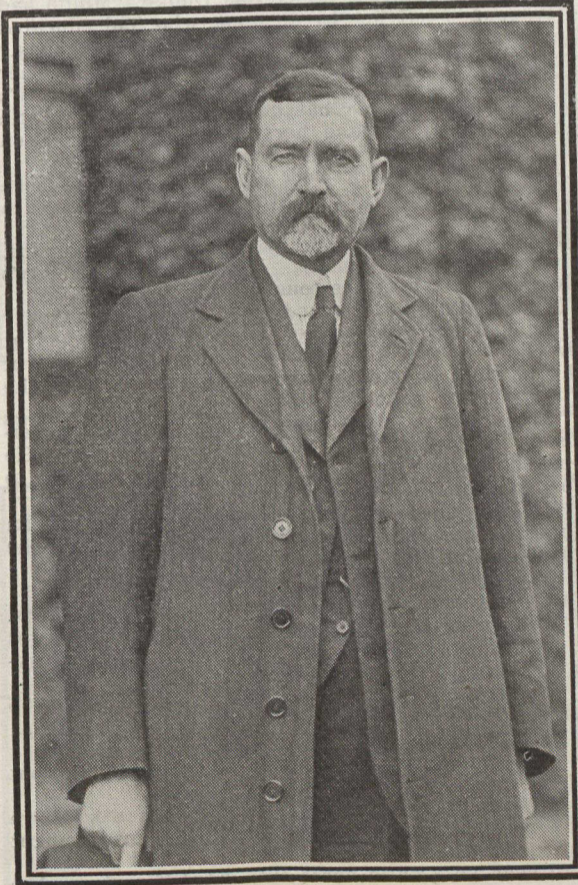
WHEN a man from Australia swings into town and hits the trail out again, never expect him to be humbled by the length, breadth and height of any such place as Canada. That man is used to time-tables as long as your arm, because he comes from a country that somehow always seems to be on the other side of the world from anywhere except India, China, and Japan. He goes round the world via the Pacific and Vancouver, or through the Indian Ocean, the Suez Canal and the Mediterranean.

The man from Australia you expect to be antipodean, because he comes from the Antipodes. You may even imagine him in a sheep-rancher hat, his trousers in his boots and a don't-care swing in his gait that expresses the unconventional land where he pays his taxes and works out his ideas of Empire. You may forget in your tourist imagination that for years down in Australia people have been working on conventional ideas of government and economics in more or less unsteretyped ways.

HON. JOHN CHRISTIAN WATSON, ex-Premier of Australia, left Sydney last February. He has been in England, is now in Canada, and he will be back in Sydney in about a month. Not travelling for his health, nor merely for public business. When the war broke out the ex-Premier had a building up and part of the staff hired for the creation of a new labour daily newspaper. He is the only original printer's devil that ever became Premier of an overseas Dominion in the British Empire. Democracy in Australia is a real working principle. Hon. Mr. Watson looks it. He has spent a good bit of his time in England with Premier Asquith, Sir Edward Grey, Hon. John Burns, and a number of other public men. In Ottawa he interviewed Cabinet members and the Premier. And nothing has excited Mr. Watson, who is neither an encyclopaedia nor an egotist. He never plumes himself on the fact that he fought his way from a font of type and a galley-stick to the first citizenship of a great young Commonwealth. He could go back to type-sticking to-morrow if necessary. That's the democracy of labour which in the Antipodes has changed the political map. In the present Federal House, 43 of the 75 members are Labourites. The rest are a fusionist party, made up of the remnants of what was left in the two old-line parties. They call themselves Liberals, but are really Conservatives. The Labour party is the Liberal party. A few of the Labour members are Socialists, but as such not particularly influential. Labour in Australia is pretty much a unit on all public questions. And the socialistic end of the programme is largely expressed in collective ownership.

MR. WATSON comes from a country where a great many things are down side up from what they are in Canada, or even England; a country without railway magnates, because all the railways are owned by the individual States; without telegraph or telephone monopolies, because telegraphs and telephones are operated for the benefit of the people; largely without strikes because organ-

ized labour is a great national movement in control of the Federal Parliament and four out of six State Legislatures. Mr. Watson is ex-Premier of a country that is inhabited mainly along the coast; rather more than half the area of Canada, and about quarter larger than India; with a little less than 5,000,000



Hon. J. C. Watson rose from printer's devil to be Prime Minister of Australia. This is the first snapshot he ever had taken for a newspaper.

people, four cities of more than 100,000, two with over 500,000—Sydney and Melbourne; owning one-sixth of the world's sheep, whose wool just now is going into millions of British uniforms; the only overseas dominion where pearls, whales and pineapples are found together—though not exactly side by side; and the only country in the world that set out to build a model Capital with no intention of making it a commercial metropolis—Canberra, which, when finished, will be a thing of beauty and a joy forever about sixty miles south of Sydney, built far inland on a rock almost as solid as Gibraltar.

Mr. Watson never permits himself to romance about this unusual land. To him Australia is not so very picturesquely remarkable, because he was born in Valparaiso, Chili—though he has the speech of an Englishman. He was not lost in gasping admiration at our vast distances in Canada, because they have man-swallowing interior empires at home. Our transcontinental railways gave him no cause for alarm, though he admits that they have no such roads in Australia. Our lack of a navy impressed him.

"You see," he said, matter-of-factly, "we expect you to co-operate with us in policing the Pacific. Though, of course, it's really none of our business whether you have a Canadian navy or not."

Practical to the last dot. The Australian never loses his poise.

"In our country," said he, "defence is a first principle. We are a huge island. You in Canada are a half continent. We are a land of coastal cities, easily bombarded. Your greatest cities—except Vancouver—are all inland. Our people live largely within easy reach of the coast. Yours wander thousands of miles into the interior."

"You are a Labour leader—yet you believe in war," said the interviewer. "Is that as they have it in England?"

"Very different. I can't say that we believe in war. Rather in defence. With us the nation is the army for the purpose of civil defence. I was myself converted to the citizen army idea by reading one of Macaulay's essays, where he points out that it was always the standing professional army in England that was an instrument of despotism. Make your citizens into soldiers and you have at once a nation in arms to resist tyranny."

HERE he compared with Germany; but absolutely disclaimed any Germanic idea in the Australian citizen army where lads of 14 are taken into the Cadets for a term of four years, furnished with small rifles which they learn how to use like skilled marksmen, take gymnastics and drill, and by the age of 18 are drafted into a first line of defence; so that every able-bodied man in Australia is a citizen soldier—except those who are sailors in the Navy.

"No," he insisted, "that's not a bit like Germany. It's not an army under the thumb of despotism, but an army of liberty and defence. We believe in the citizen army idea, too, because it develops manhood."

No reference was made during the conversation to Langemarck and the Dardanelles. Obviously, Mr. Watson believed that Canadians, as well as Australians, know how to take care of themselves in a scrimmage—even without universal training.

"And I was never so amazed," he went on, "as when I saw part of Kitchener's army in England; men whom I have often seen by thousands slouching—he gave it the soft sound—"in English cities; hollow-chested Hooligans transformed by gymnastics and drill into men with go and snap and good bearing. Such a transformation is amazing."

"You are not pessimistic, then?"

"Well, I admit that England was badly unprepared," he said. "She shut her eyes to what was

bound to happen. I was talking to one of the diplomatic corps in England not long ago. He told me that diplomacy informed government months before the war that the outbreak was coming; government declined to believe it—or seemed to. I told him that an Australian business man who had been in Germany and Belgium buying electrical machinery, early in 1914, was so convinced that a great war was only a few months' distant that he placed his orders in the United States at a higher price, because he foresaw that the goods would not be delivered from Europe."

But there was always the cheerful Australian note in his speech. He had observed England with a hopeful eye.

"When I went there last winter," he said, "England had not wakened up. The labour men of England had not taken hold of the war. They are doing it now. When Kitchener said that the war would start in May, he knew why. Not merely that there would be any one great offensive launched on the western front—but that until May, England would not be ready."

"Her army, you mean?"

"Not only the army. I was talking to a munitions manufacturer who showed me how his firm had to instal new machines for the purpose of making the cradles that take up the recoil in field artillery. These cradles are made of phosphor-bronze, a metal not in common use; by machines that had themselves to be made before they could turn out one piece—and it was near the end of April before his firm, the first private firm in England to turn out such things, was able to make them, as they are now doing, by hundreds."

Mr. Watson eulogized Lloyd George.

"He is the right man for the job," he said. "The strongest man in the British Cabinet. A man of magnetism, who can carry the people with him."

"What effect do you think the war will have on the labouring masses of England?"

"The very best. The war and the new army are breaking down class distinctions. The Englishmen are becoming one common family. The fact that this war depends so vitally on the labour man gives him a new sense of his value in the State, and the classes a better appreciation of labour. The war is abolishing the snob. The promotion of non-coms. makes for democracy in society. England always waits till the emergency arises before she rouses. When she is roused—look out. She is becoming a new people. The real wonder is not that she was unprepared, but that being unprepared she has developed such a marvellous military machine."

MR. WATSON admitted that there was an extreme Socialist element in British labour that was troublesome. He regretted the defection of such men as Ramsay Macdonald and a few others whom he mentioned.

"But the great body of Labour will not be affected by the retirement of these more or less showy and brilliant people. As for Keir Hardie, he is a delightful old man, whom I have often entertained; but there is no use trying to argue him out of his inherited ideas. We in Australia do not measure the value of the Labour movement by its theatrical and emotional side."

"Do you expect to have any change of heart on

the Oriental immigration problem as a result of the war?"

"Not in the least," he said, steadily. "Australia must remain a white man's country. Our conceptions of Empire do not include indiscriminate immigration. We are doing better as we are. Of course we look for immigrants; but we expect them mainly from the old land. We have been under a handicap in that regard. Canada is nearer to England than we are. Australia is nearer the Orient. Therefore, we fight harder against the Oriental."

"But what if you begin to develop trade with Japan, China and India?" he was asked.

"That will make no difference," he replied. "If those countries wish to trade with us, we are willing. But though trade to some extent follows the flag, indiscriminate immigration is not bound to follow trade."

"You believe in the British preference?"

"Yes, we have a scale of preference that works out much the same as yours. So far as economics can combine with sentiment, I think all parts of the Empire should work together to create trade routes within the Empire. But it would be foolish to attempt to make the trade of the overseas Dominions follow the flag as abjectly as some dreamers seem to think it should."

Very clearly the ex-Premier of Australia had his own four-square opinions and knew how to express them. He knows how to combine blunt truths with enthusiasm and compliment.

"Of all cities I have seen on my trip," he said, soberly, "I think Ottawa and Washington are the most beautiful. Your Parliament Hill is unrivalled." But wait till Canberra's Commonwealth pile goes up.

THE SEA - GIRL

"She Spoke Dreamily, Her Dark Eyes Looking Out to Sea"

By DOROTHEA CONYERS

THE thresh and hum of the sea shivered through the keen air. There is a chill in it even in hot summer, taste of the boundless, heaving, hungry waters which suck and swirl and heave beyond the rocks at Dunhaven. Dangerous even in its quiet, the Atlantic pounds on the huge, golden arc of the bay, shrieks and foams against the low granite cliffs.

A cruel coast, no kindness there in the strong waves which are out for the death of man, which have swallowed the fishermen from a whole village, and resent the frail canoes which dare to brave their might.

Little cottages crouch in scanty shelter, and here where the tortured remnants of the Armada were swept in and wrecked, the survivors of the Spanish sailors have left their mark on the Irish race.

"Katie is late the night." Nora Crehan looked out across the wind-swept, grassed land, watching for her girl.

"Ah! there ye are, Katie."

"I forgot the time be the say, Mamma. The waves were thrashing below there an' I sat to look at them."

Mrs. Crehan reproved her daughter for habits of mooning down where there was danger.

"Perchin' like a say gull ye does be," said Katie's mother, sourly, "an' never knowin' the minnit when one of them waves 'd git up from the pure spight an' shweep ye. Since John was tuk I have no use for the say, Kate."

"An' it draws me. I'd sthay watchin' it all day, Mamma."

Here Mrs. Crehan remarked that it would be a good thing when Katie was safe inland with work to watch instead of salt water.

The Crehans' cottage was a poor little place. Katie flung a piece of bog wood on to the turf fire, and the flickering light lighted the room up; pieces of bacon hung from the blackened rafters, mingled with strings of onions. A family of chickens pecked sleepily at the door waiting to come in.

"I'll wet the tay." The glow of the golden light fell on Katie Crehan's face, showing its dark, passionate beauty, her dusky, olive skin and slender hands.

GENERATIONS had passed since the cruel Dunhaven rocks had torn the galleons apart with shrieks of cruel water laughter and mockery of echoing winds, but Katie might have put on her mantilla and joined the Spanish race as one of themselves. Her people did not understand her moods and her temper, her lack of carelessness and power to suffer.

"Thady was in an' Molly tuk him to look for ye. That's enough tay. Agra . . . enough."

For Katie, muttering "Quare lookin'," was resolutely lading in tea without stopping.

"Well, she knew where to look," burst out Katie. "An'—" she left the tea-pot in the ashes, going to the little sand-caked window looking out on the sea. Foam mixed with sand flew for half a mile inland when winter storms raged.

The stacks of turf rose dark against a gloomy sky, the whisper and whine of coming storm was in the night. She could see two figures crossing in from the cliffs.

Thady Donillan was to marry Katie in a month's time. A big, good-natured Irishman, who had reduced all his family to distraction by forgetting cows and pigs and match-making and being swept off his feet by a pretty face. Katie's fortune was nothing, and though all the family of Donillans met and consulted, and pointed out eligible maidens vainly, Thady meant to have his way. Had it even been Mollie, who had just come from Dublin. Mollie had fifty pounds left her by an aunt, who had educated her, but Katie—they raised their hands in dismay.

Big Mollie, her sister, who had been away all her life until a month ago, was laughing up in Thady's face. Mollie wore a hat and yellow shoes. Katie only used a shawl and her slender feet were often unshod. Katie saw but she could not hear.

For Mollie coming back just as Katie had been promised, believed firmly that Thady had made a mistake.

They crossed the low bank into the hay yard. Mollie slipped clumsily, lying against Thady's shoulder with her face touching his.

Thady would have lacked the elements of humanity if he had not pinched her fat arm and laughed at the light smack on his face, and neither knew of the blazing, miserable eyes which peered from the dirty window watching them.

Thady was a mere country man who only exercised his brains as to making farming pay. He pushed Mollie away next minute, telling her not to "be goin' on."

Mollie walked on laughing gaily. Thady had an outside car, a slated house, a barn of cows and—she despised Katie.

AT the door was Katie, bringing in the chickens. Two scarlet spots flared her cheeks, her eyes blazed. All the passion of the far-away forefather flared in her dark eyes.

"Katie, darlin'," Thady said. "I was searchin' the wurld for ye."

Flaming eyed, sullen Katie faced him.

"The ready tongue ye have," she said, darting out of the house.

Molly smiled happily. Katie's moods would tire any man. Thady followed the little figure, caught the girl at the turf stack, where she stood sobbing.

"I seen ye," Katie burst out. "An' if ye loves her best, take her, Thady, but don't break the shtrings of me heart that's wound around ye." She pushed him away. "For I loves yer as we can't understand, an' I can't half understand meself," she said. "An' I could die, but I could not bear to see ye go gradual away from me."

Thady did not understand, he was only a big Irishman, honestly fond of the girl he was to marry, but he had sense enough to take Katie in his arms, and tell her truthfully that Mollie was nothing to him, and that he'd sell his world to make his darling happy.

"Ye're the very life of me," Katie whispered. "I could kill wan that would come between us. An' I am so little an' she so fine. I am afraid since she come home to us from Dublin."

They stood looking out across the moaning sea,

with the Arra Isles showing clear against the pale sky.

Big Thady was puzzled sometimes by the wild bird he had caught, but he meant to have it for himself, and was happy when she smiled happily.

"Katie. I was in from the market an' I knew I'd find ye here. I soult the calves well."

KATIE was perched on a green bank, her eyes fixed on the stormy sea. Great rollers tore their might from the waters; heaved up in ponderous green smoothness, rushed, gathering swiftness to break with a roar of wrath against the cliffs, the spindrift fled from their crests as they curled to their death before they swirled back broken and beaten to be engulfed by the next monster wave.

The banks were built to keep sheep and cows from falling into the gulf. Katie would sit there for hours, sometimes looking out to sea, sometimes down on the cool depths of Poule Na Quirka.

"Would that ye'd sthay in shelter. Ye'll be blown in some day, little craythur." Thady kissed the scarlet lips.

"I loves it, Thady. I'd watch all the day. Arrah! See that wave now."

A huge roller reared itself outside, a green, irresistible wall of water. A crash, a roar, as it met the cliff, flinging up a blinding sheet of spray, then the sucking noise as the water rushed back off the long, smooth rock near the entrance to the gulf. Then the slow swell ran up the inlet to break at last on a tiny gravelly beach, with just sufficient force left to drag the stones back with a rumble as of distant thunder.

"Isn't it fine, Thady. The rocks is like some great baste, fightin' for his life, flingin' the waves back wan be wan as they come at him."

She spoke dreamily, her dark eyes looking out to sea, resting on the exquisite green light shining through a smaller wave which curled to break before it came to the cliff.

To Thady it was storm-driven waves breaking on rocks, cold and dreary, and induced by weather which spoilt his hay-making. He could not understand Katie, but he loved her in his clumsy way. Thady said that he would rather find a sheltered spot by Spanish Point, where he could sit down and make love until tea time, and he lifted Katie off the bank.

The girl came reluctantly, peering over now into the swirling chill depths.

"I'm dhrawn here, Thady," she said. "'Tis so quare and lonesome, the weather so deep an' black, an' outside so green an' nisy. I wondther—if any wan fell over whether they'd die of the fall, or struggle there an' be sucked out to say, an' smother in the could between the sides."

Thady, with a shiver, pulled the girl back. He said that no one would wish their worst enemy such a death.

"The fall is not so great," said Thady, "an' a man would be below clingin' to the rocks till he was swhep off. It's time, Katie, I had ye above at Doolish out of sight of the say. It does be drivin' ye silly here."

They went to look for shelter, Thady talking of

(Continued on page 18.)

ENGLAND'S WORKERS ROUSE TO WAR



ENGLISHWOMEN DO THE WORK OF MEN WHO ARE AT THE FRONT.

This is a real war photograph of British women belonging to the Women's Defence Relief Corps, working in the hayfields in place of men.

ROUSING England's workers and idlers and idly-busy people to the needs of the war has created a social revolution. With Lloyd George stumping for munitions and the factory line, with Mrs. Pankhurst rallying the women to work for the Government, with women undertaking men's work in town and country, with a national register being made of all resources in materials and men, there is no half-asleep village among the hedgerows that has not begun to muster in one way or another against Germany.

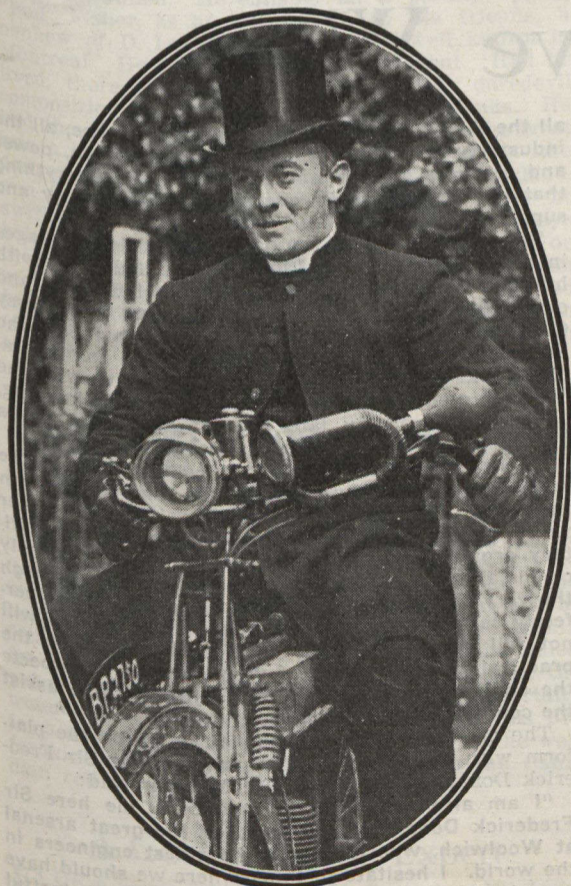
But months ago, before the war really got hold of the social fabric of England, Mr. A. E. Hill, a master in a London County Council school, left his desk and offered himself as an organizer—of horse-shoes. He knew nothing about horse-shoes; but he knew there were hundreds of blacksmith shops in England that should be doing something for the Government in a time of war. Hill organized the horse-shoe workers. Within two weeks he had 4,000 master-men all over Great Britain working for the War Office. Each blacksmith sent every week as many horse-shoes as he could turn out, to the London School of Farriery, where the shoes were inspected before being passed on to Woolwich.

But for the war, this school-master might have gone on grinding out lessons for the rest of his life. Are there any such school-masters in Canada?



A SCHOOLMASTER ORGANIZES TO GET ARMY HORSE-SHOES.

Mr. A. E. Hill, a master of the London County Council School, offered to organize the horse-shoe movement in England. This is a photograph of horse-shoes arriving at the London School of Farriery.



A CLERGYMAN'S VOLUNTARY "BIT."

Rev. L. C. Blower, Vicar of Crawley, let his coachman go to the war and he learned to ride a motorbike instead.



Some of the workers in Mr. Hill's army of blacksmiths furnished tons of horse-shoes a week; all being inspected before passing them on to Woolwich.

Is the Ottawa Government Alive?

By JOHN A. COOPER

EVERYWHERE people are discussing the grave position of affairs in this country. The situation is grave, partly because of the crisis in Great Britain and partly because of conditions purely Canadian. The gravest feature of this grave situation is the oppressive silence and apparent inaction at Ottawa.

It may be that this silence and inaction is more apparent than real. It may be that the Government is doing its best to meet the extraordinary conditions which the war has created. It may be that the Borden Cabinet is doing everything it can to expedite recruiting, the making of war supplies, the shipping of goods and foodstuffs to Great Britain, France and Russia—but if so the public does not know it.

Sir Robert Borden is silent. He has made no move to enlist the services of Canada's biggest industrial, commercial and financial leaders as Mr. Asquith has done in Britain. Sir George Foster is silent also, and if he is taking active steps to promote Canada's trade and commerce, he is not talking about it. Hon. Robert Rogers has had no message for the Canadian people, although he is reported to have personally investigated contract conditions in New York. Hon. Mr. White has made one speech on financial questions and given out one important interview, but he has nothing constructive to offer. His address at Durham was largely a partisan utterance. Hon. Mr. Cochrane is busily engaged in trying to organize the National Transcontinental, and is the one Minister who is dealing constructively and definitely with one phase of our acute commercial situation. Hon. Sam Hughes in the Militia Department has done better work in recent months, and, while not above criticism in certain respects, has accomplished a great deal. Hon. Mr. Kemp is attempting to bring order out of chaos in the purchasing departments, but it is questionable whether he is radical enough to make the necessary improvement. Sir Wilfrid Laurier and his lieutenants are apparently lolling in their arm-chairs and allowing national affairs to drift.

That appears to be the situation. There is a lack of leadership, a lack of discussion of public affairs of great moment, a lack of spectacular action, and a lack of impressive appeal to the people to help the Government meet the national and imperial crisis.

Canada will have a great crop this year, and there will be a demand in England for our apples, wheat and flour. What is the Government doing to provide the shipping necessary to transport this produce cheaply and quickly across the Atlantic? Will the apples rot under the trees and the wheat glut the elevators when September comes, because there is a lack of ships in the harbours of Montreal and Quebec and St. John and Halifax? Will the few ships available charge such high freight rates that the farmers will get a small net price for their apples and wheat and cheese? These are questions to which the people would like answers.

Hon. Lloyd George has called in some of the best men of the Empire to help organize the industries of

Great Britain. France is doing the same. Why is there not a Minister of Munitions in Canada? Lord Curzon says Canadian deliveries of munitions of war have been slow. Rumour has it that the transport motor cars and waggons for the Second Contingent, which arrived in England weeks ago, are still stored on this side of the Atlantic. Manufacturers complain that they cannot get orders in such a way as

A KNOCK AT THE DOOR



OPPORTUNITY—"Is nobody home?"

—"Toronto Evening Telegram."

to give them steady work, but that these come only in fits and starts. There is an apparent lack of national organization such as the new Coalition Government of Britain is successfully creating.

Great Britain needs munitions of war in vast quantities, and Canada has the workmen to supply them. Because the Canadian Government and the Canadian manufacturers have failed to organize for this work,

Lloyd George is taking our mechanics over to Great Britain to put them to work. The first batch sailed last week, and a party will go forward every week from now on. THIS IS A DISGRACE TO CANADA, A BITING, BITTER CONDEMNATION OF OUR SLACKNESS IN NATIONAL ORGANIZATION.

The fault must lie at Ottawa. Lord Curzon says that offers have been received from Canadian manufacturers and that these offers were referred to the Ottawa authorities. The manufacturers would respond to appeals if such were made to them. They are patriotic. They are anxious to help. All they need is some one to organize them, and this is where the Government should have come in some time ago. Apparently the Cabinet has not realized the vital importance and gravity of the industrial and commercial situation. The manufacturers have appealed to the Government when the Government should have been appealing to the manufacturers.

Let us be fair and admit that no Government in Canada ever before faced such a difficult and unusual situation. No political foresight could possibly have foretold what has happened. Nevertheless, extraordinary circumstances demand extraordinary action. The men in the Government are asked to be more courageous and more resourceful than any of their predecessors. They are asked to do almost the impossible. But they have behind them a nation which realizes the gravity of the times, the supreme importance to the Empire and to mankind of this struggle against the military despotism of Prussia. Any appeal for help to leaders in banking, commerce, industry, agriculture will bring to their service a thousand patriotic and capable citizens willing to work without hope of pay or reward. THE POWDER IS READY, BUT THE GOVERNMENT MUST APPLY THE MATCH.

This war will not be over this year. It may not end next year. England stood alone in the world against Napoleon, and England won because she had a Pitt and a Nelson and a Wellington, who had faith in England. Napoleon tried to crush her carrying trade and her world-empire. From 1796 to 1815, England fought and fought and fought. Copenhagen in 1801, Trafalgar 1805, Jena 1806, Eylau 1807, Corunna 1809, Torres Vedras 1810-11, Badajos 1812, Moscow 1812-13, Vitoria 1813, Waterloo 1815—these are the chief milestones which mark the nineteen year struggle against Napoleon. Is the British Empire less virile, less imaginative than it was a hundred years ago? Are we willing to make the sacrifices our fathers did? Then let us be up and doing.

THE SUPREME STRUGGLE OF OUR AGE IS PROCEEDING. THE LAST GREAT WAR ON BEHALF OF LIBERTY AND AGAINST MILITARY AUTOCRACY IS BEING FOUGHT. CANADIANS MUST RISE TO THE FULL HEIGHT OF THEIR RESPONSIBILITY AND CANADA MUST BE ORGANIZED AS THOROUGHLY AND AS EFFICIENTLY AS ANY OTHER PART OF THAT EMPIRE ON WHICH THE SUN NEVER SETS.

Britain's Energising Live Wire

SOME ancient writer said that the three supreme qualities of an orator were action, Action, ACTION. In modern times the man of action doesn't say much; and the man who talks much, usually does less. Hon. Lloyd George is both an orator and a man of action. His speech at Manchester on munitions was part of his daily whirlwind of doing something. He was talking for effect; and he got it. He set out to give his audience thrills, and he gave them.

Here are a few of the energizing things that the Minister of Munitions said in that great speech of action at Manchester:

"To what is the German triumph due, then?" he asked, when he had shown that the Russian reverses in Galicia were not due to superior German valour or generalship. "It is due entirely to superior equipment, overwhelming superiority of shot and shell, of the munitions and equipments of war.

"Had we been in a position to apply the same process to the Germans on our front, broken their lines, driven them back the same number of miles they have driven back the Russians in Galicia, what would have happened? They would have been turned out of France, they would have been driven half-way across the devastated plain of Flanders. More than that, we should actually have penetrated into Germany."

Speaking of what France has done to supply munitions at miracle speed since the high-explosives emergency arose, the Minister said:

"These last victories of the French armies are very largely attributable to the private workshops of France. It has been very largely due to what they have done in the course of the last few months that the French have been able to pierce the German lines during the last few weeks, and I am here to ask you to help us equip our armies with the means of break-

ing through the German lines in front of our gallant troops, and I know you will do it."

"We have been employing too much of the haphazard, leisurely, go-as-you-please methods which, believe me, would not have enabled us to maintain our



THE MINISTER OF MUNITIONS

Rallying England's workers to the factory line.

place as a nation even in peace very much longer. The nation needs all the machinery that is capable of being used for turning out munitions or equipment,

all the skill that is available for that purpose, all the industry, all the labour and all the strength, power and resource of everyone to the utmost; everything that would help us to overcome our difficulty and supply our shortages."

These are a few of many nation-rousing passages in a great speech. But Lloyd George had along with him two great engineers taken from industrial and organizing careers. One of them was Sir Percy Girouard, the great French-Canadian engineer who has spent years in great engineering and administrative works since he left the C. P. R.; since when he has been over a great part of the Empire, engineering, soldiering, governing, later directing railways, and is now right-hand man to Lloyd George, who said:

"Here is Sir Percy Girouard, who is one of the most distinguished and resourceful administrators in the British Empire. He has already shown in another war what he can do in improvising an effective military organization, and I am depending very largely on his ability, his knowledge, for helping me through the very onerous duties of my own office. I am perfectly certain from what I know of him that he will not fail me. He will tell you something from the practical business point of view of what he expects the engineering firms of Lancashire to do to assist the country in this emergency."

The other non-political man of action on the platform with the Minister of Munitions was Sir Frederick Donaldson, of whom the Minister said:

"I am also privileged to have with me here Sir Frederick Donaldson, the head of the great arsenal at Woolwich, who is one of the ablest engineers in the world. I hesitate to think where we should have been in this war but for his skilled, prudent, tactful and resourceful administration of that great Government arsenal. He also will be prepared to answer questions with regard to the best method of organizing the resources of Lancashire."

MAINLY PERSONAL

Captain Scrimger, V.C.

At last the Victoria Cross comes to Canada. Three Canadian soldiers have won this highest of all military decorations. Two of them are dead; the honour remains with their families. The other, Captain Francis A. C. Scrimger, of Montreal, is still at the front. Capt. Scrimger is the son of Rev. John Scrimger, still living in Montreal. When interviewed about the V. C., the reverend gentleman had very little information about the deed for which it was granted. He had received several letters from his son, but none of them said much about his own personal affairs.

One letter, however, probably contains the reason of the V. C. In this one, Capt. Scrimger quite casually told how he went to the rescue of one of his stretcher-bearers hit by a German sniper near Ypres. It is well known that the Germans respect neither dying nor dead nor the Red Cross when it comes to a pinch. On this occasion, Capt. Scrimger was in charge of a dressing station full of wounded men. The station was being heavily shelled by the Germans. Capt. Scrimger was directing the removal of the wounded men. When the stretcher-bearer was badly wounded he went out to rescue him in the face of snipe firing, got him to a stable, and was there compelled to stay by the man several hours during a heavy rain of shells about the building. Scrimger told only the baldest outline of this to his father, evidently did not think his action at all heroic, and was probably the most surprised man in Kitchener's army when he was rewarded with the V. C. He went to the front with the medical section of the 14th, having served two years as medical officer of the Montreal Heavy Brigade. When he got a chance to go to the front he had 36 hours to put his affairs in order, left Montreal without a uniform; and when Col. Jones, head of the Canadian Medical Corps in England, wanted him to stay on English service, he preferred going forward to the firing line. He had not enlisted just because he was a medical man, but because he was a soldier and a man of action.

Dead, But His V.C. Lives

CORPORAL FISHER, of the Montreal Highlanders, will never know the honour conferred upon him by the King. On April 23 he was with a machine gun section in the heavy fighting round St. Julien. He enlisted as a private; plain, "Bud" Fisher, as he was known to his friends, a nephew of D. Lorne McGibbon, and well known in Montreal. He got his stripes at the front. Had he lived, there was enough in his dogged, daredevil composition, to have got through all the ranks. He had the claymore brand of courage. When he went into a machine-gun squad he probably knew the danger of this arm of the service. Every machine-gun is a moving target for the enemy; it may be swiftly moved and easily hidden, but it is always being trailed and is not often entrenched. It fights on the level. At St. Julien, the Canadian machine gun section was in imminent danger of being captured by the Germans. The bravery of Corp. Fisher in rescuing the machine gun lost him his life, and won him the Victoria Cross.

His Life for a Friend

COLOUR-SERGEANT HALL, of the 8th Battalion, won his V. C. by a single act that gave him a lifetime of sensation and awful experience rolled into a few moments. On April 24, near Ypres, he made two attempts under heavy fire from the Germans to rescue a wounded British soldier. The first time he went out after him amid a hail of bullets and shrapnel he dragged the man to within fifteen yards of the British trenches. There he called for help. It never came. He stooped to hoist the wounded man on to his shoulders and was mortally wounded in the head. Sergeant Hall gave his life for a man who might have died anyway; but he won for his memory imperishable renown on the Canadian roll of honour.

A Cost of Living Expert

FOR a young man, Mr. R. H. Coats has developed an amazing statistical appetite. Appointed recently to fill the statistical boots of the late Archibald Blue, Mr. Coats is now Chief Dominion

Statistician and Controller of the Census. Thousands of people in this country remember how Mr. Coats used to juggle with curved diagrams to show the difference in the cost of living now to what it used to be. Two or three years ago he wrote articles for the Courier on this fascinating subject of prices. He did it so well, and was for years such a good editor of the Labour Gazette that two years ago he was

TWO CANADIAN "V.C.'S"



CAPTAIN F. SCRIMGER,
Of the Canadian Army Medical Corps, who rescued a wounded man under heavy fire from snipers and shrapnel.



LANCE-CORP. F. FISHER,
Of the Montreal Highlanders, who won his V.C. for machine-gun heroism at St. Julien—and paid for the honour with his life.

appointed a member of the H. C. L. Commission, whose business it is to tell us why it costs more to live now than it used to when labour was cheap and raw material going to waste. It takes a peculiar type of mind to revel in these dry details; to weave romances out of hard facts. Mr. Coats has that kind of mind. He was born with it. He had it when he



LIEUT.-COL. GARNET B. HUGHES,
Brigade-Major, Highland Brigade, appointed last week to the general staff at the front. He is a son of Major-Gen. Hughes, Minister of Militia.

went to school at Clinton, Ont., where he was born; at the University of Toronto, from which he graduated in 1896; and even when he went on the Toronto World and Globe, which are anything but bureaus of statistics. In 1902 he became a clerk in the Department of Labour when that department was an annex to the Postmaster-General's depart-

ment, and assistant editor of the Labour Gazette.

Nobody ever predicted to Mr. Coats that some day he would be the chief statistician of Canada. If anybody had, he might have steered himself clear of the prospect. But statistics, like smoking, sometimes becomes a habit. Mr. Coats acquired it. He is now reaping the reward.

It is admitted by political economists that the Canadian census is in bad need of just such a cold-blooded, constructive expert as Mr. R. H. Coats.

A Bit of Romance

MR. GEORGE GORDON MOORE, of whom few people in this country have heard, is a Canadian millionaire and friend to Sir John French. He has just returned to Canada after a long stay with Sir John in France. Whether Sir John made him an honorary colonel or not, Mr. Moore does not say. Therein he differs from other Canadians who are friends of certain high military authorities.

Mr. Moore lives in Detroit, and has a home also on the Canadian side. He is not listed in "Who's Who" or in "Morgan," nor has his career ever been described in Canadian journals. Yet he is a remarkable man, and when he walks into one of the big financial houses in New York, he is shown into the inside office.

His friendship with Sir John French is his latest exploit. Some say he is Sir John's financial manager and that his influence with Sir John has caused curiosity and concern in high official places. In an interview, published in Detroit this week, he tells of German cruelties, and especially of how Canadian officers have been crucified by being nailed to the village crosses. He also pays a high tribute to the courage and valour of the Canadian troops who so gallantly held the line at St. Julien.

The New U.S. Secretary

ROBERT LANSING, the new Secretary of State in the Wilson Cabinet, is the exact antipodes of W. J. Bryan, whose post he has taken. Bryan was a calcium artist, orator, Chautauquan, story-teller, demagogue, crusader. Lansing is a man of the swivel-chair and the writing pad, the quiet hour of conciliation and business despatch, official urbanity and all the useful graces that go with a position so delicately difficult to fill as that of Foreign Minister and domestic diplomat is. Mr. Lansing is a lawyer, and a successful one. He is the only Secretary of State that ever rose from the ranks since McKinley promoted Secretary Day. He is not a politician, though he is a Democrat. Frequently before the breach with Bryan the President called Mr. Lansing into the Cabinet conference when any ticklish psychology seemed to be in the air. By natural training, Mr. Lansing seems to be a diplomat, and he believes in the socially human side of diplomacy. He is one of those men who might grub along a good many years in minor positions, burying their talents; obeying inferior men put over them; presently the turn comes—and they begin to shine.

Like his predecessor, Mr. Lansing is a churchgoer; twice a Sunday. He goes to the theatre about as often. He does not care for Bryan grape-juice; in fact has been known upon occasion to take other cordial in slight quantities. He also smokes, and that is a help to diplomacy. Pipes and cigarettes are his mediums. He usually wears a striped suit and a soft felt hat; and seems altogether to be a very human, negotiable sort of man.

Mrs. Pankhurst, Patriot

MRS. PANKHURST did more to get votes for women by her speech the other day at the Women's Social and Political Union than all the hunger strikes she has ever known. She said: "Half a million women in Germany are making ammunition. We offer ourselves to the Government and are prepared to organize the women for them, to hold great meetings everywhere and to enlist women for war service." When somebody shouted "Votes for women," she retorted: "Votes for women and all that is involved in that phrase are at stake in this war. If we lose, not only is it possible that 'votes for women' will disappear, but votes for men will be a thing of the past." Mrs. Pankhurst should be put on the munitions staff of Lloyd George.

She has been long enough fighting in a weary cause. If anybody can rouse the women of England to action in an emergency, Mrs. Pankhurst can.

“Preparedness and War”

By THE MONOCLE MAN

DISCOURAGINGLY plain it is that the one conspicuous lesson for the British Empire and the United States, written across the flaming face of this war in letters of blood, is not being read aright by many leading men, nor will it be learned in any practical and enduring fashion by the people unless the latter will give themselves more seriously to a penetrating study of the facts. When an ex-Secretary of State of the American Republic—a Presidential possibility any time these last twenty years—will deliberately write into a carefully prepared message to the American people, following his dramatic resignation from office, the statement that preparation for war leads to war, and will seek with invincible ignorance to prove it by the circumstances of the present war, pointing out that it was the nations which were prepared for war which went to war, while the unprepared United States has escaped war, it is all too clear that the teaching of this war has wholly missed his mind—and must have missed the minds of many others.

IT is entirely true that a nation, totally unprepared for war, is not likely—if it has any choice in the case—to go to war. Mr. Bryan's thesis has that unquestioned truth to rest upon. And if that were the whole truth, he would be right. But there is nothing more dangerous in this world than half-truths. The other half of that truth is that there are worse things than war. If there were not, then any nation which commissioned a gun-boat or forged a rifle would be a nation of fools. For if war is the worst calamity that can overtake a people, why pay a fat price for it when peace with dishonour—and various other by-products—can be had for nothing?

BUT not even Mr. Bryan would admit that war is the worst fate that can befall a nation. I fancy that he would claim that his fellow countrymen were right to fight in 1776. If he does not, his Presidential chances become even slimmer than they were. Yet the fate which would have befallen the American Colonies in 1776—if they had not fought—was precisely the fate that did befall Canada; not so bad after all. I think most of us, however, will agree that it is better for a people to face war, with all its horrors, than to submit to the imposition upon them of an alien government. If King Albert of Belgium had abdicated in favour of the Kaiser, and his subjects had approved his course, Belgium would have suffered no more from war than did helpless Luxembourg. Would Mr. Bryan have advised the Belgians to take that course? Serbia might have postponed this whole catastrophic struggle if she had been willing to accept the suzerainty of Vienna. And the Serbians might have been richer, with free and welcome access to the Austro-Hungarian market, than they have ever been. Would Mr. Bryan have advised them to sell out?

MR. BRYAN says that it was the more or less prepared nations which went to war. It was also the Christian nations which went to war. The Moslem nation of Turkey only came in afterward. Does Mr. Bryan then infer with rule-of-thumb logic, that Christianity leads to war? In one way, it does. Christianity predicates intelligence; and intelligence implies an ability to conduct a modern war. If Germany were as backward to-day as she was when she worshipped Thor and Woden, there would have been no war. Incidentally, there would have been no Germany. But what nonsense this is we are talking. Yet it is precisely the sort of wisdom which Mr. Bryan bestows upon us when he gravely asserts that preparation for war leads to war. All advanced nations are prepared for war. It is only a question of how much preparation.

IN the case of this war, it was not preparation, but the lack of it, which precipitated the tragedy. If Britain had been as well prepared on land as she was on sea, there would have been no war. Germany struck because she believed that France was not as well prepared as she was going to be when her three-year term of military service was in operation and when she had made good her weakness in artillery—believed (and rightly) that Britain had nothing but a small professional army and would have to create one—believed that Russia was growing stronger every month. That is, she struck because she believed her enemies to be relatively unprepared. The most conspicuous case was, of course, the British Empire. Had Britain possessed an army, say, of three or four million men, ready to be mobilized by telegraph from London, Germany would never have dared to “take on” three first-class armies.

WHERE the Bryan school of thought—if we may call it that for politeness sake—makes its cardinal mistake is that it does not discriminate between nations which hope to profit by

war, and nations which know that they profit by peace. You might as well try to establish a code of laws which assumed that no human being would think that it might profit him to play the foot-pad or the burglar. Prussia has believed, ever since the day of Frederick the Great, at least, that it would pay her to win victories in the field. It seemed to pay her under Frederick. It seemed to hurt her enormously to lose battles to Napoleon. Bismarck taught her that it paid again to win over Denmark,

over Austria, over France. Her whole modern State is built on the theory that it pays to be ready to fight—and to actually fight when necessary. She obtained most of her concessions in Africa by rattling the sword. She rattled it again and got Kiao Chau. She rattled it once more and got part of Samoa. She rattled it still once more and kept France out of Morocco. She rattled it again and got Bosnia and the Herzegovina for Austria. She rattled it for the 'steenth time and got concessions in lieu of Agadir. Rattling the sword was a paying proposition in the view of Potsdam. National foot-padding was a profitable business. If the Teutons should win this war, it would take Germany “up into a high mountain” and “show it all the kingdoms of the world,” and say unto it, “all this power will I give thee, and the glory of them.” And there is no guarantee that the Kaiser would reply, “Get thee behind me, Satan.”

THE MONOCLE MAN.

Thirty-Four Years a Soldier

Character Sketch of Brigadier-Gen. Mercer, Whose No. 1 Brigade Held the Key at Ypres

By S. H. HOWARD

ONE day last summer a colonel of the retired list of the Canadian Militia was discussing the personal idiosyncrasies of the active service. With a long career in the militia behind him, he was able to see the organization in perspective, from Colonel Sam Hughes down, and being on the retired list, some of his comments were quite frank.

“But there is one man who will make good all right,” said the critic.

“Who's that?” asked the writer.

“Colonel Mercer, of the Queen's Own.”

And Colonel Mercer did. He broke the apex of the German flying wedge on its drive to Calais. He and his first and fourth battalions saved the line, for had not the German wedge been halted that day in the second battle of Ypres, the Canadian division would have been annihilated, and the allied line divided. The Germans would have reached the channel coast. The whole course of the eastern campaign might have been spoiled.

He was Colonel Mercer when he left Toronto last summer. He is Brigadier-General Mercer now. With his own regiment as a nucleus, they gave him, at Valcartier, about 400 Grenadiers and a company or so of the dismounted Governor-General's Body Guards. And they called it the “Toronto” brigade, or Number One brigade of the first Canadian Overseas force.

Malcolm S. Mercer has been soldiering in the Queen's Own for 34 years; lieutenant in the days of the old K Company at the University of Toronto; Q. O. R., a lieutenant, then captain, adjutant, colonel—and now Brigadier-General. He was born in Etobicoke township, near Toronto. He graduated from Toronto University in 1885, went in for law and formed the partnership with Mr. S. H. Bradford, which has endured for 26 years. As a lawyer, Mercer is noted for his common sense. His is not the spectacular part that holds the limelight in a sensational case at court. If Mercer can keep his clients out of court he does so. He is a student of detail with a conscience. And once a client, forever a friend.

GENERAL MERCER always believed in plenty of shooting practice for the Militia, and he urged it on his men in the Q. O. R. “You have got to be able to shoot,” he told them. “You are no good if you can't shoot.” He is a member of the Ontario Rifle Association and the Dominion Rifle Association. He went to Bisley on the Canadian team himself in 1892. He was adjutant of the Canadian team in 1912. And he is said to have come home from England that year impressed with the conviction that war with Germany was sure. So convinced was he, indeed, that he immediately began to study and prepare to take the examination for a staff officership. For some weeks thereafter, he worked by day at law, by night at the soldiering. When Colonel Hughes took the famous military trip to Europe, Colonel Mercer went along. He was an interested spectator of the manoeuvres of the French, the Swiss and the British armies. He came back with a positive certainty that war was bound to come. His lecture on the manoeuvres, at the Canadian Military Institute, was attended by officers of the permanent staff.

On the day war was declared, he was ready to go. On the day his regiment paraded at the armouries, at 12.30, to go to the mobilization camp at Valcartier, he worked in his law office up to 12.00. He took a new brief a few minutes before he left, and the new client didn't even know he was going away. Mercer entered full particulars and left them to his partner.

“At times,” a friend of his recalls him in saying on more than one occasion, “it may be necessary to sacrifice a battalion for an indirect object.” This remark is remembered in the light of the despatches. The First Brigade offered itself as a sacrifice to “save the situation.” It became the key in the Canadian jam that locked the gap against the German flood. By the charge of the First and Fourth battalions on that morning of April 23—a frontal attack

in the face of rifle fire, machine guns and artillery, against an entrenched force several times their number, the advanced troops of the wedge behind which the German armies were massing and ready to press through the broken line, they, with an English brigade, saved the Canadian division at the most critical time in that most critical battle. And as General French said, “The Canadian division saved the situation.”

As a social figure, General Mercer doesn't shine. He lives unobtrusively in a comfortable house with his brother and sister, all three unmarried, in St. John's Road, Ward 7, Toronto. A man of decision, a master of military tactics, a solid student, and a soldier more nearly professional in spirit than a lawyer, a chess player—and a lover of art; and himself an amateur painter!

General Mercer's house is jam-full of pictures; practically all painted by one man, Carl Ahrens. They represent three years' work, which the General contracted for to help an artist struggling with the handicaps of poverty and poor health.

This is the man who led the charge that broke the German wedge. He has not been away from his regiment for three days altogether since he left Toronto for Valcartier. This is the man who, with his battalions from Old Ontario, held the gate against the German horde for three days, and for probably 72 hours, it is said, did without food and water.

A U. S. View of the Empire

A STRONG picture as to the misconceptions abroad regarding the British Empire is painted by Professor C. D. Allin, of the University of Minnesota, in an article in the “Mid-West Quarterly” for April. He opens his article thus:

“Colonial Aspects of the War.”

“In a recent speech Mr. Asquith declared that the greatest mistake that Germany had made in respect to the war was in her failure to recognize that there was a British Empire. Great Britain has long been regarded as a small, insignificant island off the European coast. She has been looked upon as a second-rate European power somewhat in the class with Italy and Spain. And such she is in fact if considered by herself alone. But the war has revealed, what the Empire has long since known, that England is an imperial rather than a European nation.

“But this insular conception of England is not the mistake of Germany alone. It has been shared by the public in all the American and European states. It has been taught in our schools and universities; it has been accepted by the chancelleries of Europe. Pick up the first geography which comes to hand and what do you find? Other countries are studied as political units; the British Empire, on the contrary, is treated as a philosophic abstraction. France we know, Germany we know, England we know; but the Empire, that vast aggregation of outlying territories and dependencies, we know not or but faintly understand through the association of its parts with some other state or continent. Canada is a misplaced portion of the British Empire, closely attached to the northern boundary of the United States. Australia is a long-lost island in the South Pacific. India is the distant seat of a great Asiatic civilization. But nowhere in our histories, geographies, or public documents do we find a British Empire. It is like the English constitution; it does not exist.”

FOR THE FLAG THEY LOVE



Lt. ARTHUR G. EDDIS, Toronto, 2nd Q.O.R., with 3rd Batt., C.E.F., killed in action.



Lt. ALEXIS H. HELMER, Ottawa, 2nd Battery, with Artillery, C.E.F., killed in action.



CAPT. W. A. MacKENZIE, Winnipeg, 90th Rifles, with 8th Batt., C.E.F., missing.



CAPT. RICHARD STEACIE, Montreal First Grenadier Guards, with 14th Batt., C.E.F., killed in action.



LIEUT. O. C. F. HAGUE, Montreal 3rd Battery, with Artillery, C.E.F., killed in action.

CANADIAN OFFICERS KILLED OR WOUNDED IN ACTION ABROAD



LIEUT. C. R. SCOTT, Perth, 42nd Regt., first reported killed, and later a prisoner.

They went to get a new idea of what it means to be citizens of the world's greatest Empire, and to put their old ideas to the test



CAPT. W. NIMMO SCOTT, Winnipeg, 90th Rifles, with 8th Batt., C.E.F., killed. Recommended for military cross.

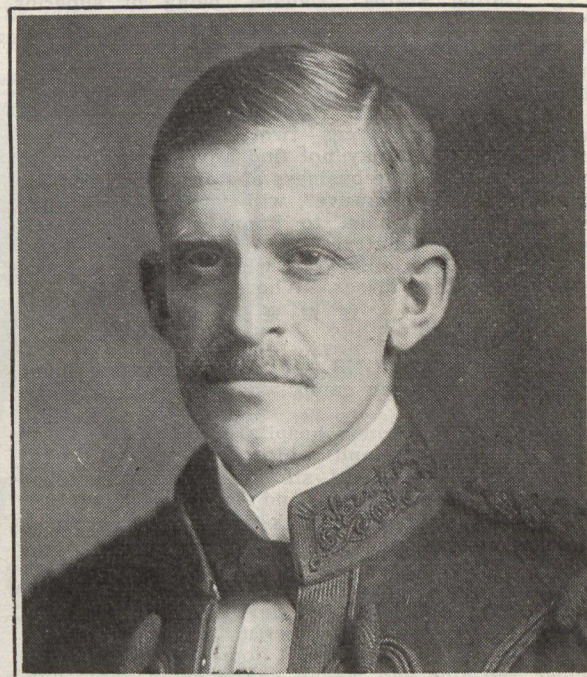
PRISONERS IN GERMANY AND HONoured BY THE KING



LIEUT.-COL. F. O. W. LOOMIS, Montreal, 5th Royal Highlanders, commandant 13th Battalion C. E. F., who has been given a D. S. O. for service in the field.



BRIGADIER-GENERAL M. S. MERCER, In command First Brigade C. E. F., who has been made a Companion of the Bath. He has been connected with the Queen's Own Rifles, Toronto, for more than thirty years. (See article on opposite page.)



LIEUT.-COL. W. W. BURLAND, Montreal, 1st Grenadier Guards, with 14th Battalion, C. E. F., who has been given a D. S. O. for service in the field.



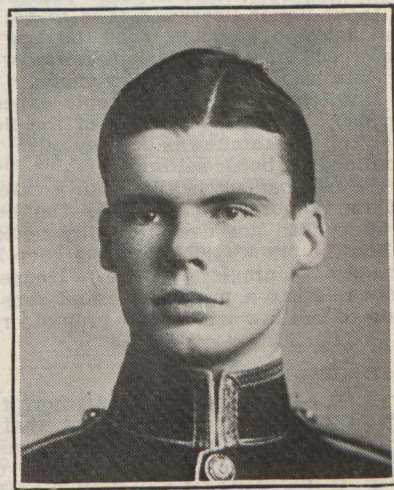
LIEUT. M. GREENSHIELDS, Montreal, 5th Highlanders, with 13th Batt., C.E.F., wounded.



CAPT. W. K. KNIBLEY, Montreal, 1st Grenadier Guards, with 14th Batt., C.E.F., wounded.

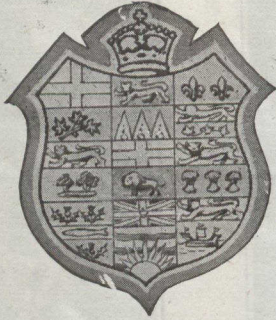


CAPT. T. WILLIAMS-TAYLOR, Montreal, A.D.C. to General Alderson, Injured in France.



LIEUT. E. A. WHITEHEAD, Montreal, 3rd Victoria Rifles, with 14th Batt., C.E.F., wounded.

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A Prolific Year

WILL some one tell us why nature is giving so abundantly this year? Or does nature work at random?

When the tulips had double blossoms in the spring people wondered. But the blooms of the irises, the poenies and the roses are just as abnormal in quantity and size. One gardener calls it a freak year.

Canada's crops will be enormous for similar reasons. The cherry crop is almost ready and promises well. So it is with other fruits. Vegetables are strong and healthy. Hay is sure to be abundant. Finally, the grain crop is in excellent condition and, with average luck, must break all records.

The Grafter's Evil Days

GRAFTERS, it was claimed, existed only in the United States. Canada, being of superior national merit, didn't use the word "graft." There might be a little covetousness, perhaps some petty peculation—but of "graft" none. Neither was there any bossism.

Yet to-day THREE royal commissions are investigating graft charges—two in Manitoba and one at Ottawa. They may not find anyone guilty; that apparently is not the business of Royal Commissions. Enough evidence, however, will come out to enable the people of Canada to know that there ARE grafters in this country.

As grafters can only graft when there is bossism, the next question arises, "Who are the bosses?"

An Optimist

CORPORAL SIMONS, of Ottawa, writes home from a German camp, where he is a prisoner, as follows:

"I am in a German hospital with two bullets through my left hand, which is badly smashed up, and a bullet and shrapnel wound in the muscles of my back, and another shrapnel scratch on my foot. I think they must have run out of ammunition then."

Such cheeriness as that should be an inspiration to those of us who are safe at home to make greater sacrifices for the men who have endured so much. Further, let us be both cheerful and optimistic as we struggle to do our duty at home. Optimism, like copper and zinc and wheat, has risen in value during the past year.

The Dry Movement

SASKATCHEWAN has adopted the "dispensary" system and it will be introduced in due course. All the hotels in that province will soon be without liquor licenses. It is to be hoped, now that the decision is made, that the law will be strictly enforced, otherwise Saskatchewan will become what Russia was with its vodka shops.

Manitoba temperance people expect the new government to follow the lead of the Scott Administration of Saskatchewan. They also want the trade confined to bottle-selling.

Ontario has settled down to a careful enforcement of the liquor license act by the new Commission. Ontario has got over the silly notions it once had when the cry was "Make them keep hotel" and other equally meaningless phrases. Henceforth it will devote itself to a progressive and sensible administration of the law which will promote real temperance.

See Canada Now

SHOULD you be at a loss where to go for a summer holiday don't forget that you have not seen all of Canada. The Bras D'Or Lake of Cape Breton, the Annapolis Valley, the Sand Dunes of P. E. I.'s north shore, the heavenly St. John Valley, the score of charming districts in Quebec, the dozen lake districts in Ontario, and the Rocky Mountains capping all. A dozen extensive summer

trips would not exhaust the scenic charms of scenery, which is the equal of any in the world.

The Swiss System

SWITZERLAND has a striking force of 300,000 men—all trained citizens from 20 to 48 years of age. Yet this army costs less than the Canadian army, which before the war had a striking force of about 60,000.

In Switzerland every young man must train. The period is 65 days the first year, then 11 days a year for seven years, then 11 days every fourth year. After 40, the men are called out only in case of war.

The man who is physically unfit for drill pays a special tax, which goes to pay the expense of those who are physically fit.

When peace returns Canada should adopt either the Swiss or the Australian system.

Highest Praise

COL. CARRICK, M.P., returns from the front to tell us how grateful the British people are for our splendid soldiers. They may be grateful, but why does Hon. Lloyd George reward us by stealing away a few thousand of our best mechanics to work in British workshops? Why does Lord Curzon reward us by telling the world that Canadians were so slow in delivering ammunition that orders were cut off?

Col. Carrick has brought a "Punch" drawing from London for Sir Robert Borden. Does he expect that one little trophy to justify the expense of keeping him in London and France as the "special representative of the Minister of Militia"? Surely he might have found a trinket or two for some of the other members of the Cabinet—say a German helmet or a lock of hair from the head of a Prussian general.

Col. Carrick will be welcome back. On account of the cessation of all European cables and the non-appearance of any daily papers since the colonel went away, it is pleasant to hear from one who KNOWS what is going on in Europe.

Answering a Noble Lord

MR. FREDERIC NICHOLLS, president of the Canadian General Electric, has broken a lance with Lord Curzon. The latter stated that Canadian deliveries of shells were slow and that all offers from Canada were turned over to the Canadian Government. Mr. Nicholls denies both these statements.

Canadian deliveries were as expeditiously made as was possible or justifiable. The orders placed in Canada were so small as scarcely to warrant a firm engaging in the business.

On the second point Mr. Nicholls quotes a letter he sent to the War Office in October offering to supply 15,000 to 20,000 shells daily, and their answer saving that no more shells were required at that time.

There seems to be some truth in the charge that Canadians were not treated fairly in the apportionment of shell orders. Either the British authorities had some superior reason for desiring to place orders in the United States or they had no confidence in the

ability of Canadian manufacturers. Whatever the reason, the orders coming this way were unexpectedly small.

We know from a statement issued in Ottawa last week by the Shell Committee of the Militia Department that the first orders were for unfilled shells and that Canadians got only a trifling amount. Then came orders for filled shells, and Canadian manufacturers found it difficult to get the materials and the machinery. The latter deliveries have, consequently, been slow. But that is not Canada's fault. It was reasonable that our munition makers should have assumed that unfilled shells would be all that would be required since unfilled shells were first ordered.

Mr. Nicholls has done Canada a service in laying the facts before the public. The onus of explanation is now on the British War Office. They have not treated Canada generously nor frankly. Moreover, Mr. Nicholls' explanation lifts a load of blame from the Canadian Government, which was thought to have been slack in persuading the British Government to place orders here. If the blame is not entirely removed, it is certainly lessened.

Telegraphs and the Public

GRANTING that the national interests have no superiority over private interests, Mr. Z. A. Lash, president of the Great Northwestern Telegraph Company, has made out a good case. The law says that a telegraph company must keep secret the messages entrusted to its care. Mr. Lash maintains that telegrams are as sacred as letters, and should be similarly treated.

We know, however, that when the interests of the State demand it, letters are opened. For example, the British Government before the war opened the letters from and to German spies and kept copies of them. We also know that though letters are sacred, the interests of justice and the supreme rights of the crown compel a man to bring his letters into court. Almost the only secrets which a State cannot force into the open are conversations between a man and his wife or between a lawyer and his client.

With regard to telegrams, it is understood in the United States that all telegraph companies shall keep their telegrams for sixty days, and that within that time a court may demand that copies of them be produced. If we have no such law in Canada, and apparently we have not, there should be one. It should not be open to Mr. Lash or any other official of a telegraph company to say how long or how short a time messages should be kept.

Mr. Lash recognizes this situation, and says that until the law lays down strict rules, the right to act and the responsibility of acting rests upon the company. This is the real point in the incident when certain telegrams were destroyed, at Winnipeg to prevent their being secured by the "inquisitorial tribunal" which is investigating the Manitoba Parliament Buildings scandal.

Mr. Lash has made out a good legal case. Whether he was morally right and used sound judgment is another matter. The public may not agree with Mr. Lash, but that disagreement will probably not cost the gentleman any particular worry. He thinks he did what he had a right to do, and claims to be within his legal rights. There the matter ends until legislation puts telegraph companies on some new basis.

THE GREAT ST. JEAN BAPTISTE CELEBRATION



Thursday last week 50,000 people in Montreal turned out to view the procession in honour of St. John the Baptist, from Place Viger Square to Fletcher's Wood, at the foot of the Mountain. The bands played "God Save the King," "La Marseillaise" and "O Canada!"



A tea-table group at the Western University, London, Ont., Garden Party, in aid of "soldiers' comforts." Mrs. Nelles, President of the University Alumnae, aid of "soldiers' comforts." Mrs. Nelles, President of the University Alumnae, who took an active part, is standing, while seated on the right is Mrs. A. E. Miller, and on the left Mrs. Fred White, Regent of the Lord Elgin Chapter, I. O. D. E.



During the visit of Major-General Hughes to London, recently, when colours were presented to the 34th Battalion, the members of many prominent women's organizations were invited to be present to witness the ceremony. Our photograph, taken on this occasion, shows from left to right, Mrs. E. B. Smith, Mrs. R. W. Puddicombe, Mrs. Beddome, and Mrs. T. H. Smallman.

AT THE SIGN OF THE MAPLE

A NEWS DEPARTMENT MAINLY FOR WOMEN

London's Big Week

London, Ont., June 23rd.

LAST week was one of more than ordinary activity for the women of London. Monday was marked by the opening of the Red Cross depot in a down-town section of the city, where a merchant has loaned office space, and one window for the purpose of patriotic display. The unique window dressing consisted of a Red Cross nurse bending over a wounded soldier in khaki, and clever posters, the work of an Englishman, who was commissioned to prepare them for this purpose, by Lady Beck, president of the Red Cross Society, during her stay in England. At this Red Cross depot, information of every sort is given by the ladies in charge, and donations of work or money received. Here, country women find a convenient place to return parcels of sewing and obtain fresh work from week to week.

On Wednesday, upon the visit of Major-General Hughes to the Forest City for the presentation of colours to the 34th Battalion in camp here, members of the Imperial Order Daughters of the Empire, Women's Canadian Club, and Red Cross Society were invited to occupy seats of honour to witness the event in Victoria Park.

Wednesday was also the occasion of the Women's Canadian Club garden party, an event much looked forward to and given annually by the honorary president, Mrs. Becher, of "Thornwood."

Here, on the historic grounds of the Becher home, the club members adjourned at the conclusion of the military celebration, and spent a delightful afternoon. Mrs. Becher, assisted by the president, Mrs. Donald McLean, received the many guests. Afternoon tea was served, Lady Beck and Mrs. Frank Leonard pouring. A pleasant feature of the occasion was the presentation of flowers to the retiring president, Mrs. F. P. Betts. The members have since been filled with deep regret upon the untimely removal—"killed in action"—of Mrs. Becher's son, Lieut.-Col. Campbell Becher, the sad news of which reached London on Thursday evening, the day after the pleasant festivity at Thornwood.

The following afternoon a garden party was held in aid of "soldiers' comforts," on the grounds of Western University, Mrs. Nelles, president of the alumnae, taking an active part, and assisted by mem-

bers of the I. O. D. E. Expert advice on soldiers needs for the coming autumn will be given by Miss Joan Arnoldi, lately returned from England, in an address to patriotic workers in Cronyn Hall on June 25.

The activities of the I. O. D. E. in London have been legion since the need of soldiers' comforts—and in fact ever since the beginning of the war. This week they are holding a hospital supply shower in London, thousands of articles being contributed. At a jam shower, conducted some weeks ago by the

beautiful country home lent by Sir Arthur and Lady Markham, Lady Markham superintends the house-keeping and wrestles with the V. A. D. problem. On a recent afternoon a Canadian V. A. D. from a neighbouring hospital was one of a group which surrounded Lady Markham's hospitable tea table. In one of the house's beautiful rooms, furnished with rare old mahogany and hung with beautiful pictures, the table was set, and its presiding genius looked very charming in her white uniform and flowing head-dress. But on the V. A. D. question, Lady Markham assumes an investigative air.

"What do you do?" she asked the young V. A. D. "Brush grates?"

"No," was the reply. "I don't have to brush grates. I assist with the nursing—but I used to do pantry work."

"Any Canadian girl, no matter how she has been brought up, could brush grates, though, or do anything," stoutly defended a Canadian matron from across the table.

Lady Markham said nothing, but the ghosts of past experience and a shade of scepticism hovered in the background of her smile as she told us of having just received a cable from an anxious father who wanted to know just what his daughter would have to do if she joined the staff at Beechborough Park.

"I longed to cable back the one word, 'Scrubbing,'" Lady Markham declared.

Which all goes to show that the untrained worker must have very sturdy qualities to make up for

the lack of experience. It isn't enough to be willing; the real helper must be able or her work is valueless. She must be resourceful in emergency and strong in the daily grind—and military hospitals run to long days. To most questions as to the best service an untrained worker can render the answer comes promptly:

"Stay at home and make dressing. We can never have too many."

MONA CLEAVER.



Officers and members of the Executive of the London Women's Canadian Club, photographed on the lawn at "Thornwood," the residence of Mrs. Becher, on the afternoon of the Garden Party, held last week. From left to right they are: Mrs. Donald McLean, President; Mrs. F. P. Betts, Mrs. Becher, Lady Beck, Mrs. Bapty, Mrs. F. Leonard, Mrs. Hughes, Mrs. A. T. Edwards, Mrs. Calder, Mrs. H. B. White, Mrs. Talbot Macbeth and Mrs. Cleghorn.

Order, four and a half tons of jam were collected, and sent to the military hospitals in England.

MARGARET WALKER.

Voluntary Aids in England

London, Eng., June 15th.

V. A. D. stands for Voluntary Aid Detachment. The members of this corps, usually untrained assistants in the work of military hospitals, are familiarly spoken of in England as "V. A. D.'s." They are also, alas, too often referred to in tones of amusement or gentle irony, for, though many of them have doubtless rendered excellent service, others have proved very helpless in face of the practical problems of kitchen and ward.

At the Queen's Canadian Military Hospital, at Shorncliffe, situated in Beechborough Park, the

Futurist Foods

FREAKISHNESS in music and art had become quite noticeable in certain compositions and studies, before the man in khaki made us forget the latest vagaries of the musician and the artist. The voice of the futurist is heard once more in the land, while audiences in Canadian cities are both

pained and bewildered by the cacophony which is produced in the name of futurist harmony.

A greater "frightfulness" than either futurist symphonies or sketches has lately threatened us—none other than futurist cooking. This is a danger which we contemplate with greater uneasiness than any outbreaks of the piano or the palette. We may exist without music or art, but our daily bread is not to be dispensed with, so long as we tarry in mortal flesh. As Owen Meredith informed us long ago:

"We may live without love. What is passion but pining?
But where is the man who can live without dining?"

Some months ago, an article was written by a mere man for one of the popular magazines, in which the writer deplored the modern tendency to serve food with frills and to place before the lover of plain beefsteak and onions, a salad of fearsome mixture of nuts, celery and pineapple, with a dressing adorned by more than a dash of cayenne.

The futurist, food, however, is more than the over-decorated and much-combined dishes with which we have made gastronomical experiments in recent years. One dish with which the new culinary experts threaten us is tomatoes with a copious drenching of brandy. Leaving aside for the moment all discussion of the "liquor question," we ask if anything more incongruous could have been devised than such a ruddy and radiant dish? Give us our simple tomato with a dab of mayonnaise, and leave brandy to the glad reason of the plum-pudding. Herrings are to be smothered in raspberry jam and crowned with whipped cream and marachino cherries; a cream of spinach soup is to be flavoured with cod-liver oil; while rare beefsteak is accompanied by bananas and preserved ginger. Another charming "arrangement" is fried salmon with grapefruit marmalade. Some gourmet in delirium tremens must have planned these delicacies, which are not likely to become popular with the leaders of the simple life.

News From Here and There

ON Saturday last at the State Tennis Tournament held in Cleveland, Mrs. Harry Bickle, of Toronto, won the Ohio women's singles

championship for the third successive year, and carried home the cup for that event as her permanent possession. The victory was somewhat unexpected, as those who had watched the play during the week thought the honours would go to Miss Martha Guthrie, of Pittsburg, who was defeated by Mrs. Bickle in two straight sets, 6-3, and 6-2.

* * *

The formal opening of Hotel MacDonald, Edmonton, is to take place on



AN OTTAWA BRIDE.

On Saturday afternoon, at St. George's Church, Ottawa, Miss Hilda Sherwood, third daughter of Colonel Percy and Mrs. Sherwood, was married very quietly to Mr. Palmer Wright. After a short time spent at Blue Sea Lake, the young couple will return to Ottawa, and Mr. Wright will go to Barriefield to train with the Ottawa overseas forces.

Dominion Day, July 1st, under the auspices of the Victorian Order of Nurses and the Red Cross Society. Music, cards and dancing, with supper in the banquet hall have been arranged for the evening's entertainment. The patronesses will be Mrs. Bulyea, Mrs. A. L. Sifton, Mrs. W. T. Henry, Mrs. J. R. Benson, Mrs. Kneil, Mrs. H. H. Cooper, Mrs. James Ramsey, Mrs. Spratt, Mrs. M. R. Jennings, Mrs. Duncan Smith and Mrs. H. M. Tory.

and Edmonton who were prize winners in the newspaper circulation contest.

* * *

At one of the Tuesday afternoon meetings of the Toronto Club, Miss Bessie MacMurchy, who has returned to Toronto after some months spent in the American Ambulance Hospital at Neuilly, France, gave an interesting description of the work among wounded French soldiers there, and of her visit to Canadian military hospitals in France and England.

* * *

Mrs. Anne Perry, of Winnipeg, while spending some time in Toronto, was the guest of honour of the local club one afternoon and entertained the members with a graphic account of her visits to the House of Commons before the formation of the coalition government. She spoke also of other phases of the present situation in England.

* * *

Mrs. Ruth Woods Thompson, an American author, was entertained a few days ago by the Edmonton Club, when she addressed them on her travels in Europe. Mrs. Thompson is a Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society. Among those present were his Worship, Mayor Henry; Mr. J. A. MacGregor, Superintendent of the C.P.R.; Mr. H. F. Tilley, Travelling Inspector of the G.T.P., and F. T. Fisher, Secretary of the Edmonton Board of Trade.

* * *

Mrs. S. F. Knight of the Port Arthur News has written a patriotic song which will shortly be placed on the market. Mrs. A. J. Barrie of the same paper has composed the music.

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Write today to the Woodbury Canadian Factory for Samples will send a cake large enough for a week's treatment. For 10c, samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Cream and Powder. Address The Andrew Jergens Co., Ltd., 952 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ontario.

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Courierettes.

THE United States sent nine car-loads of food to famine-stricken Mexico, not at all worried about the danger of the Mexicans over-eating.

Bryan quit being Secretary of State so he could become a Secretary of Statements.

A New York lawyer fainted in court when his client was found guilty. He was at least taking an interest in the case.

The dancing masters in convention denounced the turkey trot and the bunny hug. Why not let them remain buried?

A girl named Bjurstedt has won the American tennis championship. Her opponents probably got no further than her name.

New York is now boasting of ten cent weddings. Well, that's about all the ceremony seems to be worth down there.

The Atlanta Constitution refuses to print any more statements by Wm. J. Bryan. That's wounding him in a vulnerable spot.

Vincent Astor has given the children of Harlem a playground worth a million. Now if Carnegie will build them a library, they should be able to pick up enough to eat and wear.

Perhaps the movie play producers might make money if they got Jess Willard and Charlie Chaplin on the same film.

Young Mrs. Astor says her baby boy can't get along on \$30,000 per annum. And at that he doesn't spend a dollar of it himself.

"Tell it to the marines," has another meaning now that important orders go to the sailors.

They have invented a device to take all the gold out of ore, but it's no more wonderful than the method of taking the currency out of investors.

Perhaps it is the memory of the tough time he had at the White House that makes Taft so easy on Woodrow Wilson.

A Harvard professor says women would make as good soldiers as men. Ten to one he's a married man!

We cannot imagine a madder man than the chap who hollers for a square deal—and gets it.

Not a Safe Way.—A Toronto Chinaman was arrested on a charge of keeping an opium joint, but the court acquitted him. His name is Low Look, and it is plain that the police place too much importance in names.

Just a Sample.—Two Toronto lacrosse teams played an exhibition game for the soldiers at the Niagara Camp. Perhaps the idea was to get them more or less accustomed to the worst side of war.

The Common Complaint.
You yawn at dawn,
Again at night,
At noon you have
No appetite;
Tired feeling stays
Through all the day—
It means you want
A holiday.

His Boast.—The old man was about to die. It was in the year 1918. He had amassed a huge fortune. His children gathered around his bed.
"I am leaving you a very large for-

ture," he said, speaking slowly and emphatically.

"Yes, father," they said, softly.

The old man tried to raise his head and there came a gleam into his eyes.

"And, children, I want you to remember above all that not a dollar of that fortune was made out of selling war material to my country."

More Wonderful.—Dr. Alexander Graham Bell, inventor of the telephone, says that men will be thinking by wire soon. That's nothing. Some fellows we know are using solid ivory right now.

War Notes.
Germans seem to be even better at underhand work than at undersea war.
Uncle Sam is finding that there is quite a difference between naturalized and neutralized citizens.
Well, Italy can never be charged with having started this affair, anyway.
Mexico is just as unprepared for peace as the United States is for war.
When they lost Przemysl, the Austrians said it was of little importance. But they went to a lot of trouble to get it again.
Somebody suggests the formation of a league of neutral nations. There won't be enough left if there is any delay.
The Kaiser somehow seems to retain a small majority of the vote in Milwaukee and Cincinnati.
China and Japan have signed a treaty to ensure peace. They should no longer be ranked with the civilized powers.
Pope Benedict gets the Nobel peace prize—not for what he did for peace so much as for what he tried to do.

Defined.—"What is the height of fashion?"

"The tallness of the men's straw hats and the shortness of the women's summer skirts."

The Very Worst.—Speaking of mean men, the very meanest is a friend of ours who induced us to umpire a ball game.

The Test.—"Brown is the most convincing speaker I have ever heard."
"I'm sure of it. Why, his wife believes everything he tells her."

Life's Irony.—A very well known Ontario writer has lately had a rather hard time making ends meet, having been unable to get employment. And he is the author of an able article on "One Hundred Ways to Make a Living."

General.—"Would rather talk than work," runs a heading we noticed in a daily paper. That might apply to a lot of folks we know.

The Proper Place.—President Woodrow Wilson counsels the American people to carry the flag of their country in their hearts, George M. Cohan having long since succeeded in inducing them to wave it on their stages.

Naming Them.—Mr. George B. Wilson, Street Commissioner of Toronto, who recently dared to talk in plain

terms to Mayor Church, and was therefore threatened with dismissal, is generally credited with having put Toronto's street cleaning service on a most efficient basis. He has a genius for details, and he keeps in close touch with every branch of his department.

Mr. Wilson is still on the job, despite the Mayor's threat, and will remain there, his Worship lacking entirely the power he threatened to use.

The Commissioner has a rather humorous way at times of making his criticisms. It is asserted that not long ago he was out on a tour of inspection, and was looking over the work of a gang of street cleaners who had been dubbed by their foreman as his "scarlet runners."

"You have misnamed them," smiled Commissioner Wilson. "Why not rechristen them the 'Virginia Creepers'?"

Perhaps He's Right.—That Harvard professor who said that women would make just as good warriors as men may be right, after all. He has probably been reading up the history of Boadicea, Joan of Arc, Catherine of Russia, Carrie Nation, and Mrs. Pankhurst, and with these worthy women he has contrasted the portly and peace-at-any-price person of Col. William Jennings Bryan.

Figure on This.—We must admit that revenge is sweet, but it is apt to ruin the digestion.

Changed Now.—The chap that got off that old line—"All's fair in love and war," needs to revise it now by eliminating the "and war."

They Stop There.—The trouble with a lot of men is that they want to do the right thing—and they're satisfied to keep on wanting.

The Difference.—"What's the difference between William Jennings Bryan and my creditors?"
"Well, what?"
"My creditors issue a statement only once a month."

One Advantage.—China, they tell us, has a national anthem so long that it takes half a day to sing it. We're strong for it. It can't be worked off as a medley and provided as music with our meals.

Those Servant Girls.—When a girl about to be hired tells her prospective mistress that she knows all about plain cooking and general housework, believe she is sincere, but don't take her. She probably doesn't know herself as others know her. When another one comes with her mother who says the girl has never had a place, and has never had to do any real, constructive housework, just ask her mother if she ever expects the girl to get married and keep her own house. When one comes with a friend and, being unable to speak English, lets her friend do the talking, decide that you are not starting a school of languages, and let her go. When you advertise for a young girl and half the applicants are between 30 and 40, be sure that all the fiction-makers are not dead in the world. When you advertise for a middle-aged lady, and the only one who answers the ad. is clearly over 50 and doesn't know it, the best thing you can do is to call in the man of the house to give her a good-humoured talk on the lapse of time. And when the girl you finally hire because she didn't pretend to know much and wanted to learn, proves that she can't fry an egg without breaking it—make up your mind that hiring servant girls is a cross between the reclamation service and pure lottery; and make the best of it!

Fact.
It takes two to make a bargain—the wife to find it, and the husband to pay for it.



The Perfect Hostess

faces a summer filled with many entertainments. There are luncheons, teas, garden parties, dinners and dances to be planned. Surrounded by old friends and new friends she reigns supreme—but does this charming young hostess retain the admiration and envy of these friends?

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used consistently is assurance that the beauty of today will be the beauty of tomorrow. The skin will retain the soft, velvety appearance of youth, and the complexion will always remain a rich, soft, pearly white.

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Perhaps you say—"I've tried and tried, but found nothing that ends a corn."

You might keep trying for years, Madam. There are a hundred ways which don't. Most of them are very much alike.

But remember this:

There is one way which has removed 70 million corns. It is now removing half the corns that grow.

It's a plaster which contains a bit of wondrous wax. It ends the corn pain in a jiffy. It ends the corn itself in two days. It gently loosens the corn until it comes out without any pain or soreness.

When you merely pare corns—

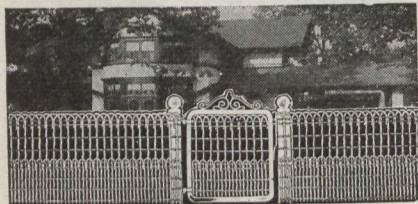
When you use some folderol—

Bear this in mind. There are folks all around you—users of Blue-jay—who never suffer corns. You are wronging yourself when you fail to do what they do.

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In Lighter Vein

Well? Why Shouldn't it Mean That?—"Are you unmarried?" inquired the census man.

"Oh, dear, no," said the little lady, blushing: "I've never even been married."—Ladies' Home Journal.

A Bird in the Hand.—Young Barnes had married contrary to his father's wishes. Meeting his parents soon afterward, the father said, angrily:

"Well, young man, I have made my will and cut you off with a dollar."

"I am very sorry, father," said the youth, contritely; and then added, "But you don't happen to have the dollar with you?"—Ladies' Home Journal.

The Honk Sign.—"Daughter, who was that young nuisance honking in front of the house last night?"

"It was Montmorency, father. Sixteen honks means 'I love you.'"—Life.

Bumptious Prince.—Prince Herbert Bismarck at a royal reception bumped roughly against an Italian prelate, who looked at him indignantly.

"You evidently don't know who I am," said the prince, haughtily. "I am Herbert Bismarck."

"Oh," answered the prelate, "if that doesn't amount to an apology, it is certainly a perfect explanation."—Christian Register.

Test of Faith.—She—"Do you believe in church lotteries?"

He—"Well, I was married in church."—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

Heroine.—"Really, Isabel, I just hate to pay war prices on these imported delicacies."

"Still, dear, would it not seem cowardly to shirk our share of the suffering?"—Life.

His Choice.—"Whiskey, my friend, has killed more men than bullets."

"That may be, sir; but, bejabber, I'd rather be full of whiskey than bullets."—London Opinion.

Got Just What He Wanted.—"Will you let me off this afternoon, sir?" asked a clerk in a dry-goods store; "my wife wants me to beat some carpets."

"Couldn't possibly do it," said the boss.

The clerk turned joyfully to his work, saying: "Thank you, sir. Thank you a thousand times."—Ladies' Home Journal.

Hope in Sight.—A young man who last June received his diploma has been looking around successively for a position, for employment, and for a job. Entering an office, he asked to see the manager, and while waiting he said to the office boy:

"Do you suppose there is any opening here for a college graduate?"

"Well, dere will be," was the reply, "if de boss don't raise me salary to t'ree dollars a week by termorrer night."—Christian Register.

Never Satisfied.—"Darling, I think of you every moment in the day."

"Law sakes, Tom, give some attention to your work or you'll get fired."—Baltimore American.

Hopeless.—"You say you have no references as a cook. How is that?"

"Well, you see, mum, I've always stayed in wan place until the people died."—Boston Transcript.

It Might Be Worse.—Poet—"I fear I haven't written anything that will live."

Friend—"Look on the bright side of it. Be thankful that you are alive in spite of what you have written."—London Opinion.

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MONEY AND MAGNATES

New President Barcelona

WHEN Dr. F. S. Pearson was lost in the Lusitania tragedy it was necessary to find a new president for the Barcelona Traction, Light & Power Company, in which Dr. Pearson and a number of Canadians were interested. The other directors are: Sir William Mackenzie, Mr. E. R. Wood, Mr. Z. A. Lash, Mr. Miller Lash, Mr. Walter Gow, Sir Henry M. Pellatt, D. B. Hanna, J. S. Lovell, W. Bain and C. D. Magee, of Toronto; Mr. H. M. Hubbard and R. M. Horn-Payne, of London; and Sir William Van Horne, Montreal. In looking about for a new head the directors have selected Mr. E. R. Peacock, who has represented the Dominion Securities Corporation, of Toronto, in London, Eng., for some years. At a recent meeting of the Corporation in London, he was appointed President.



MR. E. R. PEACOCK, New President Barcelona.

Mr. Peacock is a graduate of Queen's University, Kingston, and for some years taught in Upper Canada College. He joined the staff of Mr. E. R. Wood's financial companies, and rose rapidly. He is still a comparatively young man, and this is the greatest honour which has yet come to him. Besides being a man of untiring energy and possessing a keen analytic mind, he is an enthusiastic student of public affairs. In the Canadian circle in London, England, he has become an intellectual leader.

Barcelona's affairs are in a difficult position because the developments were not completed when the war broke out. There is every prospect, however, that the undertaking will be successfully financed as the bond holders have, in spite of war conditions, provided nearly five millions of dollars of new capital to go on with the work.

Latest Bank Report

EVERYBODY is watching the monthly bank reports very closely because these are days when the financial market controls everything. The bank reports tell us whether the business of the country is going up or down, and to some extent act as a fog-horn to indicate whether there are shoals ahead. Not only are the big fellows watching the Canadian bank report, but they also follow closely the weekly bank reports from London and New York. Canada's chartered banks did a fairly good business in the month of May, but not enough to indicate any increase in commercial activities. Indeed, current loans, which are the index of activity on the part of the wholesalers and manufacturers, showed a decline during May. Current loans in Canada are seventy-seven million dollars lower than they were in May, 1914. These now stand at \$760,000,000.

While loans are going down deposits are going up. During the month of May Canadians increased their deposits in Canadian chartered banks by nearly six million dollars' worth. On May 31, 1915, deposits were \$34,500,000 greater than on May 31, 1914. This indicates the timidity of the public as well as their economy. As has been pointed out on several occasions in this column, everybody in Canada is trying to accumulate cash, and whenever possible, is turning securities into bank credits. So long as this attitude of mind continues speculation of all kinds is practically eliminated.

With current loans decreasing and deposits increasing the banks are finding it more and more difficult to get profitable investments for the money which the public has entrusted to their care. During May, call loans in Canada were increased by three million dollars, and call loans abroad by more than fourteen million dollars. The banks have thus found employment for seventeen million of their surplus cash. By the middle of August they will need a good deal of their cash to finance the crops, and in the meantime they can resort only to call loans.

One interesting feature which should not be overlooked is the increase in note circulation. The people have every confidence in the banks and are carrying bank bills in increased quantities. The circulation at the end of May was nearly three millions greater than at the end of April, and nearly a million and a half greater than at the end of May, 1914.

The Decline in C. P. R.

MUCH of the decline in the value of C. P. R. stocks, as quoted on the Exchange, is due to British selling. A number of people in England are apparently selling their C. P. R. stock in order to put the money into the British war loan. So long as this continues, the price of the stock must be low. This movement is accompanied by rumours of a cut in dividend. There does not seem to be much ground for the rumours because C. P. R. surplus is large enough to make up temporary deficits for several years. Moreover, a good crop this year in the West will mean a very considerable increase in C. P. R. earnings.

Exports of Manufactured Goods

CANADA must learn to export manufactured goods. Germany's industrial strength lay in the fact that it exported twenty-five per cent. of what it manufactured. It thus kept its factories going steadily, not fitfully. Its working people got lower wages than in Canada, but they were more steadily employed.

Canada's exports of manufactures are growing splendidly, here is the comparison:

Year ending March 31st, 1912	\$35,000,000
Year ending March 31st, 1913	43,700,000
Year ending March 31st, 1914	57,450,000
Year ending March 31st, 1915	85,500,000

This is rapid growth, but Canada is still exporting less than ten per cent. of its total manufactures. Manufacturing for the home market does not add to the nation's wealth—only manufacturing for export does that. With the Government's help, this export trade could be doubled—must be doubled.



Complete Your Table with

O'Keefe's PILSENER LAGER

No better aid to digestion—no more pleasing beverage—nothing better for you.

Pure, sparkling, delicious. Relieves brain fog. Bucks you up. The mildest of stimulating liquid food.

The light beer in the light bottle. 278



DURHAM-DUPLEX, GILLETTE, ETC. Mail us your dull blades and we will sharpen them without charge. If they shave better than new blades, you can then remit. We rely on your honour. FORD GILLETTE CO., 919 New Birks Bldg., Montreal. Dept. CC.

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War Pictures

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The Sea - Girl

(Continued from page 6.)



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his calves and his farm and his life. Katy but half happy, at his side, for always through Thady's conversation would come a "Mollie said," or "as Mollie tould me about Dublin," and Katie was afraid.

The two strolled along the cliff, Thady's arm round the girl's shoulders. The great wind was falling, the smell of the seaweed left by the turning tide came strongly to them. The kelp gatherers were out in the creeks and bays at the edge of the sea, dashing waist deep into the sea as they used their long rakes to secure their harvest.

Thady and Katie walked far, shelter was hard to find. Coming back by the slated lodges at the edge of the bay which look out blind and dreary, at the Atlantic from September to June, Mollie in a new dress was waiting for hem. She had got a pot of jam for Thady's tea. She had sent for a cheap match-box for him, to Dublin, and gave it to him. She had ordered a picture paper, and showed him photographs of races and plays in the world which he had never seen. And as they talked Katie sat silent, touching no tea, two scarlet spots flaring on her thin cheeks. A misery they were powerless to understand behind her dark eyes, she was only little Katie, shabby and ill dressed, and her sister was taking away her man from her.

"There ye are, Thady. I was just comin' back from carryin' eggs to Cliffview, the family is in."

Mollie Crehan was often somewhere when Thady, after his work, came over to see Katie. He had to pass the gaunt, half-ruined Hotel, and finding it vexed Katie when Mollie met him, he tried the path below it along the cliff, and now Mollie met him there.

With no change in his loyalty, Thady liked joking with the fat, handsome Mollie, his sister-in-law to be, but he was too simply kind to want to vex the girl he was to marry in a month.

"We'll walk up along the fields," Mollie said. "Katie's busy at the house, washin'. Mamma 'll be losht without her. Ah! 'tis well for her." She eyed Thady lovingly. "If 'twas meself now, I'd be dhressin' meself to look grand for ye. But sure," and she sighed, "I've no boy I cares for."

Thady laughed, flattered. Mollie knew the weak points of mankind.

They had to cross a bank and ditch into the field next the house, Mollie slipped in her tight short skirt, called coquettishly to Thady to catch her. "I'm slippin'," she cried, lying helpless against his shoulder.

"The fine lump of a girl ye are," he said carelessly. Next minute he kissed the fat pink cheek so close to his face, and got a slap and kissed her again.

Molly clung to him, well satisfied. She was convinced that Thady had made a mistake, that he ought to marry her. And neither of them saw Katie out by the turf stack, believing that the end of everything had come.

And yet, even as Thady kissed the girl, he was sorry. He did not want to hurt Katie, her wild words had made an impression on him. He had meant no harm and yet he was sorry and wanted to make it up to his girl.

He pushed Mollie away almost roughly, angry with himself and her. A dozen people might have seen them. He hurried on, Mollie smirking by his side.

Katie met them near the cottage. Her olive skin was very pale save where two spots flamed. Her eyes were not good to look at. The fiery blood of Spain was in her veins, moving her to something she could not understand. She was the re-incarnation of some mantilla'd ancestress.

Thady, his warm heart overflowing, went quickly towards her. He was sorry.

"Ye're airly, Thady," Katie said, and he started at her voice.

"I was in a hurry to be wid ye," he whispered.

"An' Mollie helped ye to hurry."

She drew a long breath. She was in her oldest dress in a red shawl, her black hair loose. They did not know how she had torn off a new white blouse, bought with some egg money, and torn down her hair, and even kicked her shoes from her arched feet.

"There is a great say on," she said. "Let us walk to the Point. Come, Mollie, wid us."

"Lave Mollie," Thady whispered.

"Come, Mollie," Katie said, as if she had not heard.

Mollie giggled as she said she might be intrudin'.

"Ye would not intrude where Thady is. Isn't that so, Thady? Arrah! Come on, Mollie. Ye can do the grand talkin' always."

MOLLIE came readily, ogling and giggling, surer than ever now of her success. Something made Thady afraid. Katie was so curiously gay, so strangely lovely with her scarlet cheeks and shining eyes. She darted on in front of them, rushing down to the sea, for the tide was in, then climbing up to the cliffs.

She stopped then, shading her eyes, and holding her hand.

"The say is callin'," she cried. "One will go before to-morry. Listen, 'tis callin' . . . loud."

Under the swish and crash of the waves ran a long moaning note, caused in reality by the shifting of the quicksands in the treacherous bay, but at Dunhaven they say the sea calls. Calls for a human life to appease its wrath, and curious as it may seem it seldom calls in vain.

"It's callin' loud," said Katie, her eyes flaming curiously.

Katie led on and they followed. When they reached Poule Na Quirka, Katie sprang on to the bank. The air was alive here with the dash and roar of the waters, the rush of the wind with the salt strong on it, and below them the sullen caged sea sucked and swirled, and they could hear the tortured rumbling in the cave.

Mollie said, "Arrah wisha, 'tis awesome." She nestled coquettishly against Thady as if she were afraid before she got on to the bank.

"Let us go back up to be Mrs. Cassidy's," she said, shivering. "I'm afear'd here. Come, Thady, help me off the bank."

Thady, perturbed and puzzled, turned to look at the plump hands. He had strolled away from the girls.

"Ah! Ye'll never go anywhere again." Katie's slight arms gripped her sister, dragging her on to the foot wide ledge between the bank and the gulf. "Ye have stole me man from me, Mollie. I saw ye two kissin' to-day, but ye'll never live to marry him."

"Katie! God in Heaven above. I never meant to wrong ye." Thady dashed towards the struggling pair. Mollie was big and strong, but she wasted breath in terrified shrieks and the demon of passionate jealousy in her gave Katie strength to hold her.

The narrow ledge was covered with coarse grass and the girl's feet were firmly planted.

"Down, sisther Mollie. Ye shall drown with meself, and Thady watch ye."

"Katie!" Thady lay across the bank trying to hold both girls. "Katie, listen. I love ye only, as there is God above. 'Twas but a kiss she med me give her. Darlin', lave go and come to me."

His terrified voice rang with unmistakable love and truth. It broke the madness in Katie's brain. With a breathed, "God forgive me," Katie released her hold, but Mollie, mad with fear, scarcely heard or understood, or saw the demon leave her sister's face. Feeling herself getting free, she caught at Thady with one hand and pushed her hardest with the other.

A streak of brown and red flew from the cliff. A scream which rose high above the din of the water burst from all three, and something clove the dull green sucking waters below.

Then Katie's face came to the sur-

face, her strong coarse dress keeping her afloat.

"Katie!" Thady flung himself on the ledge. "Mother of God, what have I done to deserve this. Katie darlin'."

"Thady." The girl's voice came to him clearly, she was quite calm, "there was somethin' snapped in me head whin I seen ye kiss her and thought ye were tuk from me. There's something in me heart that's too strong for me whin I'm angered about ye, Thady. An' now 'tis all a mistake."

The oily currents, crossing and recrossing, drew her down towards the open sea. She came in a little on the swell of a wave, it passed, and she was drawn out, sinking now.

"Katie, catch on a rock till we bring a rope. Mollie is away for help."

All wild from terror, Mollie had rushed shrieking towards the road.

"For sure I never loved another sowl but yerself. I was striving to tell ye so to-day, an' ye brought Mollie. Howld on. Oh, Hiven!" Katie almost sank.

"I'm bein' tuk out to the breakers, Thady, the say is callin'. Pray for me. 'Twas all for the love of ye. Oh, Mary! merciful Mother."

A great wave swept greenly beautiful to the mouth of the inlet, the return seized Katie relentlessly. Outside a smother of broken water clamored for its victim.

"Katie!"
A crash and splash of white spray, a choked scream, and merciful darkness fell on the tortured man who lay on the ledge, safe at least from the cruel waters far below.

T HADY lived on at Dunhaven for many years, gray-haired before his time, farming sensibly, yet with gentle piteous eyes, which did not see everything. Day after day when his work was done he would come up the road and hang over the bank at Poule Na Quirka, calling foolishly for some one to wait for him.

The fisher people tell you that a shriek rises at Poule Na Quirka which no wave could make, and the deep gulf is avoided when the dusk falls. And that Katie was always quare in herself, an' not like the Irish at all.

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THE CALL OF THE ENGLISH.

ROUGH-HEWING enough there has been in the methods by which the British Empire has been brought to its present stage; but there has been evidence of an increasing purpose, and most assuredly a widening of the thoughts both of the race which has extended its Empire and of the races over which the Empire has been extended. There is no cant or hypocrisy in the view that all peoples have their work to do in the world, and that the English are one of the races to whom overseas work has been allotted. "By their fruits ye shall know them."

If the end of England came to-day, and the island were merged in the sea which has ever been its good friend, the work would remain behind. But the island is not yet submerged. It stands four-square still, the original home of the race, the corner-stone of the Empire. And be sure it is only when Englishmen cross the ocean that they realize what the Empire means, and what the island stands for in the minds of millions. It is the Mecca of the race, and to multitudes who are not of the race it is more than one of many lands. By the smaller peoples and by the native races it is associated, dimly or clearly, with liberty. It is a new thing in the experience of men that a people, who have been constantly taking and constantly profiting, have none the less been constantly giving, and that in some strange way annexation has spelled freedom. Englishmen would perhaps value the Empire more, if they appreciated the value which is placed upon it by those who are not English; they would think of their island as something more than the particular spot of the world into which they have been cast by the accident of birth.

—SIR HERBERT LUCAS.



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The Sacrifice of Enid

CHAPTER III.—Continued.

"If anything went wrong, and she called out, I could hear her in this still air," he said to himself, though what interval must elapse between his descending Sharp Tor and ascending Three Barrows, he did not trouble himself to think about.

But nothing did go wrong, and he spent the hours in musing what life might mean to him if he had a wife who would fulfil his fancies and dreams.

"I am aware people would think me mad, but I would marry her to-morrow. I should not be mad. Intuition isn't given us for nothing."

He watched her until she was completely out of sight, turning towards Willowbridge with a heavy heart, for he knew she was in grave peril. At breakfast Miss Ormonde remarked upon his pre-occupation.

"And now give an account of yourself," she said looking archly at him. "You left me at the door of this house with the scantest civility, and I had expected you to play tennis with me after dinner."

"It would have been too dark. I was obliged to leave you on business connected with one of the mill hands. In a large concern like this there is a great deal to see to. I wish all the people to look on me as their friend."

But he felt guilty as he made this speech, for he knew that if any other young woman connected with the factory had chosen to spend the night on the Moor he would not have watched over her, and would, after ineffectually remonstrating with her on her folly in no mild terms, have discharged her.

"Never mind, my dear," said Mr. Westlake, "don't waste your time on a busy man. We are going to have up some young men from Plymouth for fishing, in a day or two, Army and Navy men, and they will make Mr. Ronald look sharp."

His son smiled, he was very glad to be relieved from attendance on Miss Ormonde, since yesterday he had found this irksome, or, to be more correct, positively distasteful.

"I am very glad they are coming," he said, "they will probably play tennis much better than I do."

"But they won't ride or fish better," replied his mother jealously.

"My dear mother," said Ronald, "why not state once for all that I am an Admirable Crichton, that everything I do is perfection, and then the company needn't be bored by hearing any more about it."

"And everything you do that I know about is perfection," returned his mother undaunted.

"I hate perfect men," said Miss Ormonde.

Seeing that a retort was on his wife's lips Mr. Westlake said: "And I know what those fellows are. They will come into my house and ride my horses, and fish in my river, and make themselves confoundedly agreeable, and then they will go away and think they have done me a great favour."

"They won't get nicer meals anywhere than here," said Mrs. Westlake, looking on her well-spread breakfast table with its handsome china and silver, with pride.

"My dear, don't you know that in the present day all young men think the best of everything only their right. When I was young I was thankful for a beefsteak I can tell you. You have never known any hardships, Ronald."

"No, indeed. I must be off now." "How you do grind at that factory!" said Miss Ormonde. "I call that a great hardship."

"There are worse things for a man than hard work," he replied, and went out.

He knew that it was hopeless to expect a letter yet from Mary Williams, but all day, in spite of scrupulous attention to business, the subject was in his mind. He was certain she would keep her promise if she crossed the moor in safety, but the if was terrible to contemplate. "Perhaps

By MRS. HARCOURT-ROE

Author of "A Man of Mystery," "The Silent Room," Etc.

MARY WILLIAMS comes to the office of Ronald Westlake, paper manufacturer, to ask for work. He hesitates to employ her, because she looks too genteel for mill work. There is a special mysterious reason for her wanting employment for herself, and also for her lover. Westlake really falls in love with her. Mary Williams starts a long journey on foot back across Dartmoor — to Plymouth. Riding out, Westlake meets her and tries to induce her not to sleep on the moor. Failing in that, he keeps watch over her, without her knowledge.

she would have let me transact her business for her and carry that heavy parcel," he perpetually worried himself by thinking, although in his heart he knew that any offer of this kind would have been refused.

Meanwhile she was proceeding steadily on her way. She studied her compass attentively, and walked by the Erme until she reached the source. It was then that her real difficulty began. It was as Ronald had said. There was not a path, nor a track, nor a house, not a human being, only these far-stretching wild tors around her. At first the solitude was restful, and then it became awful, she longed for the sight of a friendly human being, although, secrecy being her object, had she seen anyone advancing she would certainly have concealed herself.

It was a very warm day, and she felt her strength sadly overtaxed before the day was over. But although her feet were swollen and her limbs aching she pursued her way sternly, and by wonderful good fortune did not once deviate from the right route. She arrived in the neighbourhood of Two Bridges towards nightfall, breathing a prayer to God of devout thankfulness that the worst part of her journey had now been accomplished, that no mist had come on, that no man, whether friend or foe, had met her. She had been entirely unobserved.

SHE determined once more to sleep out of doors: to go to an hotel would excite remark and defeat her object. She found a sheltered spot on a tor, and again established herself for the night.

But this time she could not sleep. She had no mossy bed, and the ground was very hard, she was greatly overtired, and she was very nervous. Every distant noise made her tremble, stories of ruffians who had overpowered and murdered helpless women crowded on her recollection. The support which Ronald's presence had given her was now wanting, while physical fatigue caused her determination to waver. The night seemed terribly long, although there were only five hours of darkness, and she was thankful when morning dawned. She ate her sandwiches, now grown very dry, and drank some water from a rushing stream, then looked cautiously round before continuing her journey. It was very early, and no one was in sight.

After a time, keeping in the shadow of the stone wall which skirts the high road, she arrived at a poor cottage hidden from the road by a hollow. She sat down and watched it steadily.

At the expiration of an hour a man came out of the door, a dirty, unkempt Devonshire labourer of middle age. When he was close beside her, she addressed him.

"I want to speak to you, and I don't want anyone to see or hear us. I will make it worth your while."

"I wonder at anyone making anything worth my while," said the man gloomily. "Good luck don't come my way. No one can see or hear us here," he added, moving behind the shelter of some rocks.

"You are very poor?" she asked, an expression of positive joy on her face, which the man thought heartless.

"Poor? I should say so. I have a wife and seven children to keep on ten shillings a week, and my wife always ailing. We don't see a bit of meat from one week's end to another. It's nothing but work, work, work, and then I can't make two ends meet."

"Can you hold your tongue?" The man was shrewd, he partly understood.

"You mean if it's made worth my while?"

"I do. It is nothing wrong that I wish you to do, but you must swear to secrecy."

"I will swear to anything. Swearing don't trouble me."

She turned away for a moment, feeling greatly humiliated. Were these the agents she was forced to employ, men who stood at nothing? Could such a course be right? But she battled down her scruples mentally: "I thought it all out long ago; I must go on."

"I want you," she said to the man, "to take care of this parcel and hide it away in your house so that not a soul will know it is there."

"There ain't many hiding places in my house."

"Then you refuse?" said Mary, her heart sinking.

"No, I don't. But I won't guarantee as no one will find it. I will put it in the roof, and do the best I can."

She was now nervously agitated. "Listen to me attentively. I will give you ten pounds now for keeping it. One of these days a man may call for it. It may be a week hence, it may be a year, it may be never. But if you deliver it up to the right man with the seals unbroken, you will receive one hundred pounds as soon as he is able to reach a large town."

"ONE hundred pounds for keeping a parcel! What sort of a man?" he asked suspiciously.

She hesitated. "A man in uniform—who will come here and ask you for it and mention the name on it."

"Ah, I understand," replied the man, whose wits were keen, "and mayhap there would be a reward offered for that man, and those that sheltered him would find themselves in trouble. A hundred pounds ain't none too much."

"There would be little risk," she said pleadingly: "he would go away almost as soon as he came."

"I'll do it. Don't distress yourself, my dear," for tears were in her eyes. "I've got girls of my own. The money will be a godsend to me. But suppose I am out when he comes?"

"Oh," she exclaimed in alarm, "I never thought of that," and tears now fell on her face.

"Don't cry, my dear," said the man with genuine kindness, "it will be all right. I must tell my wife. She is never out and she won't talk."

"Are you certain?" "I am quite certain she don't want to lose a hundred pound. If we talk there'll be an end to it."

"There will. I am grateful to you besides for your kindness. If—if things turn out well I shall not forget you."

"As to not doing wrong I'm not so sure about that. I believe I am doing wrong, and putting myself within the reach of the law. But I'll risk it."

She gave him ten pounds, and then handed him the parcel, saying earnestly: "You swear to be true?"

"I swear it," and he laid his rough toil-stained hand on hers and she knew that he would keep his word.

"I believe you. I trust you," she replied. "If you never see me again you will know that I shall remember both you and your family."

She saw him re-enter his cottage with the parcel, and then she took the road towards Princetown, a mile distant.

It was still early, there was no traffic, the townspeople were not up. But a young tourist about twenty years of age in a grey suit, came riding along on a bicycle. An idea struck her sud-

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Whilst the College is organized on a strictly military basis, the cadets receive a practical and scientific training in subjects essential to a sound, modern education.

The course includes a thorough grounding in Mathematics, Civil Engineering, Surveying, Physics, Chemistry, French, and English.

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The annual competitive examination for admission to the College takes place in May of each year, at the headquarters of the several military divisional areas and districts.

For full particulars regarding this examination and for any other information application should be made to the Secretary of the Militia Council, Ottawa, Ont., or to the Commandant, Royal Military College, Kingston, Ont. H.Q. 94—5. 12-13—52332.

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denly. Without a moment's hesitation she stopped him.

"Pray pardon me," she said, "but will you sell your bicycle?"

"Oh, dear no," said the youth, who was a gentleman. "I only bought it at Plymouth a week ago."

"You must indeed pardon me, but will you not part with it for a consideration, and buy another?"

"Perhaps I might," the young man replied, not sorry to carry on a conversation with so pretty a girl, although he was greatly astonished at her request and thought she must be joking.

"What did you give for it?"

"I gave eighteen pounds and it was cheap at that."

"Will you sell it for twenty-five?"

"I will. I'm not over flush of money, and the seven pounds will pay my fortnight's holiday," he said with a laugh.

"Where do you want it delivered?"

"I want it to-day, now. I will take it with me."

"You? But it isn't a lady's wheel."

"I know that very well. That is why I want it."

He began to think she proposed riding in rational dress, and his manner was not quite so respectful as he said: "It's too tall for you. I am a fair height you know."

"It will do excellently. I am greatly obliged to you."

She took out twenty sovereigns from a bag in her pocket, and then said: "I find I have no more gold and you would not care to take a five pound note from a stranger?"

"May I see it?"

She gave it to him.

"I am in a bank," he said, "and I know a genuine Bank of England note when I see it. That is right enough."

"AND shall you return to Plymouth to buy another bicycle?"

"Not I. It will not be much use except on the roads. I shall spend my fortnight without it, and get another on my return. Do let me wheel it a little way for you."

"On no account."

She took it from his hands as soon as he had removed a few personal possessions, and wished him good morning, turning sharply in the direction in which she had come.

He watched her for a few moments, saying to himself: "This is a rum start. I suppose she won't mount while I'm looking. I had better go back to Princetown and get my breakfast. That seven pounds will keep me at an hotel."

He was quickly hidden by the hill. She regained the vicinity of the cottage—having, by a great effort of strength, lifted the bicycle over the low stone wall, and fortunately again intercepted the labourer as he was about to depart after having held a conversation with his wife.

"I want you to keep this also," she said, pointing to the bicycle. "Have you a shed?"

"Yes: a shed with a key."

"Put this in then, if you will, and keep it well-oiled, (with bicycle oil only, which you will find in the can,) and in good condition. If the man comes give him this bicycle, and I will greatly increase your reward. I cannot give you anything more now, as making this unexpected purchase leaves me with only just enough money to go home with. But I will send you something before long."

"I'll take care of it and keep it rubbed up, and pumped."

"I am sure you will. Should it get rusty it will be useless. Although I have promised you a hundred pounds I have not very much money, and I am afraid I cannot send you more than a small sum a week. I have to earn my own living."

"Your hands haven't done much work."

"There is head work as well as hand work, but I am going to do hand work."

She accompanied him to the shed and saw him place the bicycle in safety, then walked slowly to Princetown, dead beat as to body but exultant in mind, until she came in sight of the large prison and tried to realise how much misery was enclosed therein.

"And because a man commits one

crime his fellow creatures look on him henceforth as belonging to a different order of human beings!"

She looked sadly at the buildings, and, as she gazed, a party of convicts came forth from the enclosure, accompanied by warders bearing loaded guns.

Her face grew scarlet, tears came into her eyes, at the sad procession.

"THEY become machines, not men; the punishment is in most cases too hard for the offence," she thought.

A warder who was coming off duty said: "Good morning, Miss," civilly. He was a tall, broad shouldered stout man with a pleasant face, and observant eyes. She remarked him particularly as she returned his greeting, and wished that all the warders looked as good hearted. But she did not attempt to engage him in further conversation; she had nothing to say to him.

She walked up the ugly street, past the gaunt square-towered church, past the prison enclosures and farm buildings and up to the plantation where she paused. A man came towards her. She stopped and spoke to him for some two minutes, then hurriedly made her way as if pursued to the top of a tower near, North Hessary Tor, whence she looked over all the surrounding country, not only the Dartmoor ranges, but the coast of Devon and Cornwall.

But it was not of scenery she was thinking. She wished to depart without again going through the small town. She made her way to the station by a circuitous route, and caught the early train to Plymouth. As it moved slowly away, she saw in the distance, a gang of convicts engaged in field labour, and once more tears came into her eyes.

It was Saturday. It would have been easy to get by train to Willowbridge, but as she had named Sunday for her return she preferred to excite no remark by going back before then. She breakfasted at a Cremerie, and, on the recommendation of the proprietress, engaged a room for the night. She was anxious to renovate her personal appearance, which sleeping on a moor for two nights had not improved.

Then she thought of Ronald Westlake, and wrote to him at once. She supposed it was right to address her master as Dear Sir, but on the other hand she had entered into a compact of friendship with him. After consideration she wrote:—

"Dear Mr. Westlake,—

"I know you will be pleased to hear that I accomplished my journey in complete safety and quicker than I expected. I hope to see you on Monday.

"Yours truly, M.W."

The letter once despatched the time seemed to drag. She had never felt more lonely and desolate. The great town had no attraction for her, she was overdone and desired solitude, and peace, and freedom from mental anxiety. But as this was not obtainable she must distract her thoughts if possible. To this end she took tram journeys, she visited the principal churches, the Free Library, the Hoe, the Citadel, and yet the day seemed as if it would never go.

Towards the evening she found herself at the entrance to the Promenade Pier, and mechanically read a notice on the blackboard which stated that an evening excursion boat would leave at six o'clock for the Eddystone. She determined to go; it would while away the time.

The steamer was not crowded, a good class of people were on board. Seated near her were two young men, evidently gentlemen, who were talking and laughing. She heard their conversation without paying much attention to it, until one of them mentioned the word Willowbridge.

"I'm going there next week to stay with some people called Westlake. Awfully rich. Paper man you know. It's a capital house to stay at; the old man regularly lays himself out for your comfort, and the son is no end of a good fellow."

"Do you like paper men?" asked his friend.

"Certainly, when they are as good as old Westlake. The son is thoroughly educated; took honours at Cambridge

Department of Education ONTARIO

Agriculture in Schools

GENERAL INFORMATION

The Department of Education for the Province of Ontario, co-operating with the Department of Agriculture, provides for instruction in Elementary Agriculture and Horticulture in the rural and village schools to the end that the needs of country life may be more adequately met in the education provided for country children.

The Department of Education also encourages instruction in Agriculture and Horticulture in the Continuation Schools, High Schools, and Collegiate Institutes of the Province, and especially in those centres where a considerable proportion of the pupils come from rural homes.

A copy of Circular 13 was sent to every rural school, to be retained in the school for the teacher's use. If additional copies are desired for circulation among the patrons of the school apply to the DEPARTMENT OF EDUCATION, TORONTO.

A list of the publications issued by the Department of Education dealing with the teaching of Agriculture will be found on the last page of the Circular.

A copy of Circular 13 (1) was sent to every Urban School, including High Schools and Collegiate Institutes.

These Circulars contain the regulations.

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Year.	No. of Schools.	Grants to Trustees.	Grants to Teachers.
1903	4	\$ 400.00
1904	8	450.00
1905	5	140.00
1906	8	290.00
1907	2	40.00
1908	14	680.00	\$ 120.00
1909	16	560.00	150.00
1910	17	750.00	510.00
1911	33	1,310.00	900.00
1912	101	1,893.03	2,203.00
1913	159	2,889.27	3,131.00
1914	278	2,545.19	3,970.90

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In her eagerness to follow the conversation Mary turned towards the speaker, for the first time he saw how pretty she was.

"I hope," he said courteously, "that my cigar does not annoy you; if so I will throw it away."

"It does not annoy me at all, I am accustomed to smoke," she replied quickly, a feeling of burning shame taking possession of her as she reflected that in a few days time he might see her among the factory hands, when he would no longer accord her the deference due to a lady.

The young men continued their conversation, which was principally upon hunting and sport generally.

"And," continued the man, who was going to stay at Willowbridge, "I can tell you the meet there is first rate. No fewer than from five to seven hundred men sometimes assemble in Westlake's grounds. He gives a good breakfast, and always mounts me."

"Introduce me, my dear boy."

"I would if you were here at the right time. But you will be enjoying yourself in London."

"GRINDING, you mean. What a lucky dog you are." And this talk continued until the Eddystone was reached, and some of the party landed.

Mary remained on board. She was tired, and she preferred sitting still and watching the water on the lovely warm evening. When the passengers had departed she found that she and one of the young men were the only two who had remained behind. He was tall and good-looking, with a frank face and gentlemanly figure; his face was brown and clean shaven, and she thought he had the cut of a Naval officer. He was casting about in his mind for some pretence for addressing her without giving offence. An idea at length occurred to him.

"I suppose," he said, "that you are interested, like most people, in our ships. The fleet lying yonder is just come in from the manoeuvres. If you are a stranger to Plymouth may I tell you their names?"

"Thank you very much, I should like to know them," she replied pleasantly. It seemed to her absurd that two people sitting side by side should look on one another as enemies and not be able to exchange a word.

The stately fleet was lying at anchor; battleships, cruisers, gun-vessels, preparatory to dispersing. It required very good eyesight to distinguish them apart, for they were at a considerable distance, but he performed his task creditably, and gave a great many interesting particulars concerning each ship.

"You know a great deal about them," she said.

He laughed. "I ought to as I belong to one of them. I am in the Navy."

"Indeed?"

"Why does this surprise you?"

"I suppose it is because I did not think Naval officers would patronise shore boats."

"Well, it does seem rather absurd. The fact is I have a friend staying with me ashore, who is down from London, consequently he likes to be always on the water, and as there was nothing else to be done this evening we thought we would come out here. I can't be always taking him out in launches and torpedo destroyers, you know, seeing that I am only a lieutenant."

Her spirits rose; human companionship, when congenial, is very soothing. She was not a Suffragette, and did not look on men as natural enemies, on the contrary, she frankly acknowledged to liking their society.

"Are you making any stay in Plymouth?" asked the Naval officer.

"I am not."

Prudence came to her aid, she divulged nothing concerning herself, and at the end of the conversation he could ascertain nothing about her. "Perhaps a young married woman," he thought, "anyhow a thorough lady."

The passengers now came on board. She heard the officer's friend whisper, "Sly dog!" and, feeling vexed, moved to the other side of the steamer, taking care not to land till everyone else had done so. Her lodging was in a quiet

street; she went to bed at once and slept until nine the next morning, rising refreshed and restored.

She arrived at Willowbridge in the afternoon. The farm looked peaceful and quiet, she was more than thankful that her arduous journey was over. After tea, which was served in a primitive fashion, she wandered about the unpruned orchard, thinking far sadder thoughts than girls usually have, then went to church.

The church was comparatively new; it was built next to the ivy-covered ruin which until a few years ago had been the sole place of worship for Church of England people. Dissent flourished in Willowbridge, and the service was scantily attended at the parish church, consequently each member of the congregation was distinctly visible.

Mary seated herself at the end of the church. Before long Mrs. Westlake came in accompanied by a handsome well-dressed girl—who looked round her as if she had come to witness a show and thought herself rather above it—and by Ronald.

His face wore a preoccupied look during the sermon—which though well meant, was not particularly interesting—and at last he turned his head round. She was aware that he had caught sight of her, but he scrupulously avoided looking again, and on leaving the church with his party did not so much as glance in her direction. It was no doubt right, but she felt vexed.

She remained in church until the voluntary was finished, then walked slowly towards the farm. Half way down the hill she met Ronald Westlake, who had escorted his mother and friend home, and returned quickly.

"I am rejoiced that you have returned in safety," he said. "And I thank you very much for writing. Your letter was the greatest possible relief to me. For your own sake I suppose I must not detain you any longer in conversation in the sight of the village, but come to me at nine o'clock tomorrow morning at my office, and then I will give you some particulars. Good-night."

He was about to raise his hat when again timely recollection prevented him.

"I suppose," he said somewhat bitterly, "that I must not pay you the ordinary civility due to a lady. Do I understand that in public you wish me to treat you only as a mill hand?"

"Certainly."

"Then I must not raise my hat to you. Good Heavens! what a world we live in!"

The momentary burst of irritation caused her to laugh. "Good-night, Sir," she replied demurely, "and thank you for giving me work."

He frowned and went away, thinking that no girl dressed in costly attire had ever looked so sweet as this girl in her plain white blouse and hat, and black skirt. There was a finish in everything she wore which stamped her unmistakably, and he dreaded the remarks he knew she would be subjected to from the factory girls.

The meeting had cheered her, it proved his offer of friendship had been real. "It is as he said," she thought, "for my sake he must be careful."

She presented herself at his office punctually at nine o'clock the next morning. He shook hands with her and told her to sit down.

"Now," he said, "I want to hear about this journey of yours. How did you accomplish it, you, a delicate girl, when sometimes, as I before said, even experienced moormen lose their way."

"I have travelled a good deal abroad. I have done a good deal of Alpine climbing. You know different people have different gifts and I have a wonderful facility for finding my way about. I never forget a road, or the main features of a locality. I could draw a map from memory of the way I went."

"You are a very clever girl," he said admiringly. "You made me terribly anxious until your letter came. I wandered about on the Moor for hours at night. I don't know whether I didn't expect to come across your dead body," he said with a laugh.

"But really I encountered no danger,

The way was rough and trying, still I did not go out of my course, and I met no one. As you said, it was very desolate to be alone there, not a track, not a house."

"How could I tell you would find your way so admirably? How did I know there would be no mist? How could I foresee no tramp would accost you? You have done a brave deed."

"I really should not have thought you were a nervous man."

"I certainly am not. As a general rule I always think people can take care of themselves. But it makes a wonderful difference when it is a— a friend who is in danger."

There was perhaps more meaning in his tone than he was aware of.

"Had we not better enter on business?" she said hastily.

"Perhaps so. I have a proposition to make to you. I cannot bear the idea of your becoming a mill-hand, my paid servant, and it is not necessary that you should."

"But it is necessary, and I am thankful to be your paid servant," she replied with the humility of pride.

"Let me assure you that it is not necessary. I have been speaking to my mother. Of course I did not say one word about you until I had consulted you, but I asked her if she would not like a young lady for a companion, and she said she would. My mother is both a kind and a good considerate woman, though she is not very clever. Your duties would be to sit with her and pay her the small attentions of a daughter; you would be treated entirely as one of the family, participating in every recreation and amusement, (for my father is one of the kindest men in the world, and very fond of young ladies,) and you would receive one hundred a year. Surely you will consent to come."

"Mr. Westlake," said Mary with a smile of amusement, "you are not a good a man of business as I have been led to believe. Your offer is most kind and generous, but what are you thinking about? Do you know my real name?"

"Unfortunately I do not!"

"Do you know anything of my family?"

"No."

"Do you know anything of my character?"

"Yes, I do," said Ronald with determination.

"YOU imagine you do. How can you prove that I am not a thief?"

That I might not steal your mother's money or her jewels?"

"I am willing to risk it."

"Exactly so, to risk it. I don't think I am a thief, but you don't know that I might not be. What do you know of my temper, my health, my capabilities, my education; you know nothing. Mr. Westlake, you are proposing to make me an intimate member of your household, and you are taking far less precaution than you would take in purchasing a horse. I thank you warmly, but I cannot accept your offer."

She had cross-examined him pitilessly; as a business man he would have been the first to blame another man for acting as he had done, but he replied:

"Nothing you have said has any effect on me. I am quite sure that in asking you to enter my mother's house in the capacity of a trusted friend, I am doing right."

Her face softened, tears shone in her eyes.

"How good you are to trust me, after all the suspicious circumstances connected with me. If I came as your mother's companion I would endeavour to repay you by being good to her; if, instead of being kind and considerate, she were exacting and capricious I would bear with her and study her in every way, but I cannot come."

"Surely you do not prefer factory life to a life of ease and comfort, where you would consort as an equal (I would see to that, or they should never enter my father's door again) with cultivated people who would admire your beauty and talent."

"I dread factory life very much: I dread the society of mill-hands; I appreciate to the full the comfort and luxury you have mentioned, but again

I cannot accept your offer. What account would you give of me to your mother?"

"She is perfectly satisfied with everything I do."

"And your father?"

"He does not interfere. He would soon love you as a daughter."

"And your friends?"

"I would not own a friend who objected to you: she could go away."

He thought of Miss Ormonde as he spoke; he was aware that she would object most strongly.

"But you must not sacrifice any friend for me. The scheme is impossible. How could—my future husband work at sorting rags and then visit me at your house? You must see that it is impossible."

It was strange that he had again entirely forgotten the existence of this man; he now remembered 'the tailor fellow,' with sudden fury, although he was usually a man of most even temper.

"I do see that it is impossible," he said. "I think perhaps we have continued the conversation long enough, for I have work to do, and I must put you in the way of yours."

He opened the door and led the way towards the large factory with its busy whirring wheels and machinery. At the entrance he stopped and said:

"Do you know how I feel towards you at this moment? I feel that I should like to punish you for your absurd pride and throwing away the best chance it was in my power to offer you, though if I could have done more I would. I feel that I shall speak to you far more roughly and harshly than to any of the mill-hands, and that if you fail in your work I shall not excuse you."

But she, with a woman's instinct, understood the cause of the rage he was feeling. She made him the curtsy of a charity school girl, and said with a mocking gleam in her blue eyes:

"Certainly, Sir; you will no doubt be very harsh to me, sir; thank you, sir."

"Don't drive me too far," he said fiercely, then catching sight of the foreman he said in rough tones: "Take this young woman over the factory and show her the entire working. Then set her to work amongst so and so— naming some women, —"afterwards come to me and tell me if she is likely to be able to do the work."

He turned away as he spoke but not before he had heard in the same mocking tones: "Thank you, sir,"

(To be Continued.)

THE BRITISH BOY.

A DECK boy, giving evidence at the Falaba inquiry, said that since the sinking of that ship he had been to sea in a Harrison liner, which also was torpedoed. He was going to sea again.

Cheers for the British lad
Whose spirit none can tame,
Who, twice torpedoed, still is glad
His purpose to acclaim
Of doing still,
In good or ill,
His duty just the same.

Hail, father to the man
In coming days to be,
Our country's future if we scan
With faith, 'tis thanks to thee,
And those whom naught
By foemen wrought,
Can banish from the sea.

So beats the British heart
In every bosom true,
And each is resolute his part,
Whatever threats, to do,
All joined as one
The task begun
Unmoved to carry through.
A. W. B.

TAKE A HOLIDAY.

NOW that the holiday season is on, perhaps Kaiser Wilhelm would like to go somewhere. Unfortunately the Allies don't seem disposed to let him. There is only one place to which we can conscientiously recommend the Kaiser to go, but there are no return tickets, and the name of the place isn't used in polite conversation.

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