

THE CANADIAN COURIER



BUMPS, BUMPS, BUMPS

Native Humour

Brunswick

Alex Fraser
67 Woodlawn Ave W
Toronto
35207

By H. A. Cody



THE PAPER NICHOL BUILT

Story of The Vancouver Province



MY POTASH PEREGRINATIONS

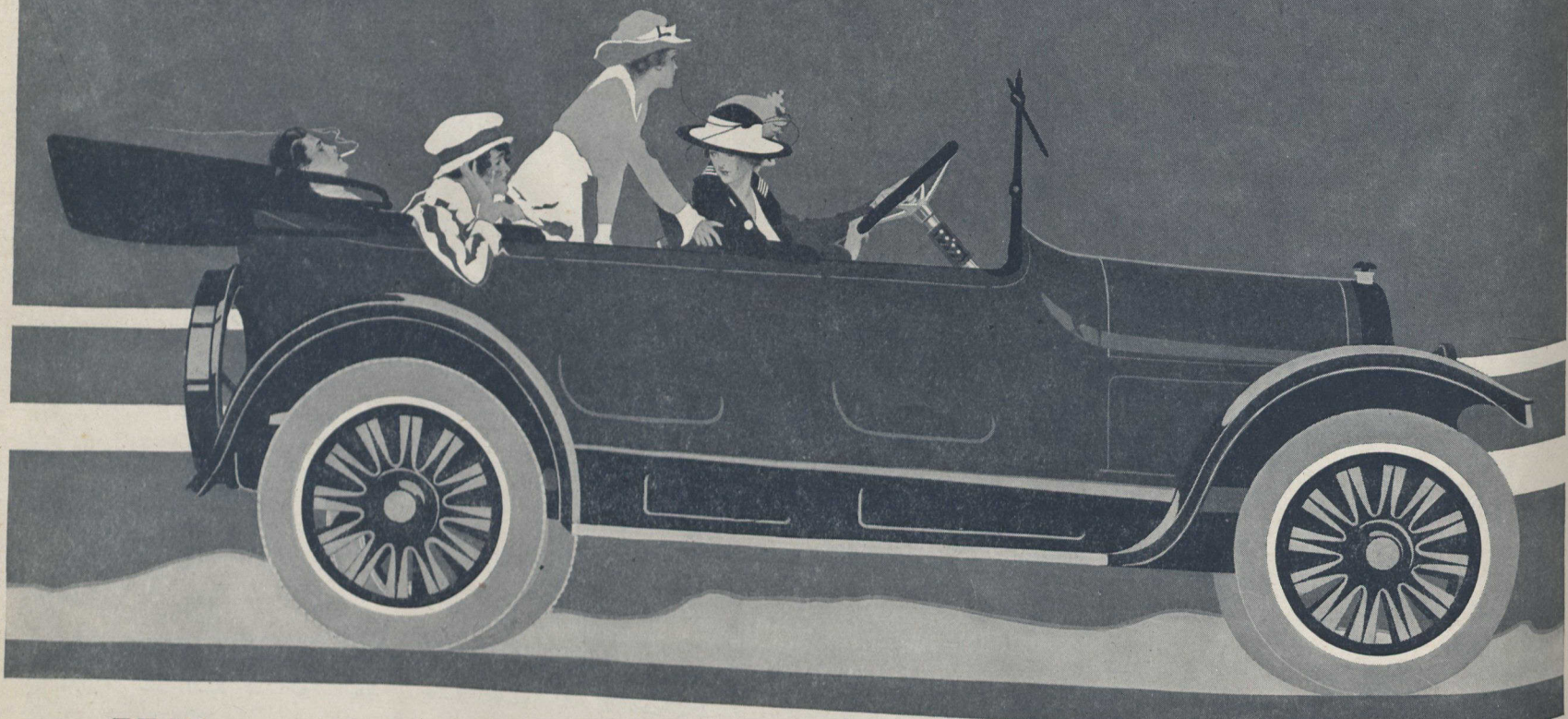
By Jacob Holdfast



Overland

TRADE MARK REG.

Announcement



What 1000 Cars a Day Make Possible

These two latest Overland developments again emphasize the enormous economy of enormous production.

No one has ever before made 1000 a day of cars of this size and class—nor half that many.

1,000 cars a day enable us to use materials of a much higher quality and not only permit but actually enforce an accuracy of workmanship which smaller productions of cars in the same price range neither permit nor require.

1,000 cars a day make possible better, larger, much more comfortable cars than have ever before been possible at anywhere near the price.

This newest Overland is the largest Four ever offered for so low a price.

In the first place, note the longer wheel base—112 inches.

The en bloc 35 horsepower motor which has made the Overland famous is continued.

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Yet the price of this, our greatest Four cylinder value, is less than any car of its size ever sold for before.

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Its smart body design is long and low—having lines of artistic simplicity.

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You've heard all about fast get-aways—smoothness—crawling and climbing on high. This Six does all that and then some!

The wheel base is 116 inches. It has cantilever springs and even-flow vacuum system with the gas tank in rear.

The tires are four inch. It has the complete Auto-Lite electric starting and lighting equipment with all switches on the steering column.

Some Six! Yet the price is lower than any other six of its size.

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The Overland dealer is ready to make demonstrations of both models now.

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Model 85-4 f. o. b. Toronto.

35 horsepower enbloc motor
112-inch wheelbase
32 x 4 inch tires
Cantilever rear springs
Auto-Lite starting and lighting
Vacuum tank fuel feed
Gasoline tank in rear with gauge
Electric control switches on steering column

The New Six

\$1295

Model 85-6 f. o. b. Toronto

35-40 horsepower en bloc motor
116-inch wheelbase
32 x 4 inch tires
Cantilever rear springs
Auto-Lite starting and lighting
Vacuum tank fuel feed
Gasoline tank in rear with gauge
Electric control switches on steering column

Catalogue on request. Please address Dept. 769

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The
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 COURIER**
The National Weekly



HERBERT
 PIER

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BUMPS

Bumps

BUMPS

Being the story of how a literary man takes his knocks from the cold world as cheerfully as any commercial traveller.

By H. A. CODY

Author of "The Frontiersman" and "If A Man Sin."

DO not mean those protuberances one has received from some remote ancestors, and which adorn the crown of one's anatomy. Neither are they the various enlargements caused by the reception in one day of ten rejection-slips from as many magazines. Oh, no. They are the bumps one gets after he has worn out several typewriters (I here refer to machines), untold scores of pens, and has materially increased the revenue of the Post Office Department in postage stamps. The bumps about which I wish to speak are those which come after one's first book has been published. Having already sent forth eight brain-children into the world, I can accordingly speak with a certain degree of authority.

Looking back now over the past years of my career as an author, I am reminded of the bumps one receives in riding over a country corduroy-road. You suddenly speed from the firm ground upon the government abnormality. The bumps come in such rapid succession that you have little or no time for thought. It is after you are over, with every bone in your body racked, that you begin to get mad, tear your hair, and say things. Of course it doesn't do one bit of good, for the corduroy-road stares at you as placidly as the reply to your letter of indignation from the Public Works Department. You have merely relieved your feelings, and that is worth something.

The initial bump you received on the literary corduroy was after your first book had been published. You were greatly exalted, and you imagined that all the people in your town, to say nothing of your friends, were ready to make a stampede upon the book store. You wondered if the supply would hold out, and if the publisher would be able to meet the demand.

The day after the arrival of your masterpiece, you sauntered casually, as it were, into the book-store, and it was then that you received your first bump. There you beheld several copies of your book gazing at you from the shelf where they had been placed. Not one had been touched, and though you hung around half the afternoon, every moment expecting the rush to begin, nothing happened, and the volumes remained undisturbed. You went back the next day,

HAVE we a national sense of humour? Nationally—perhaps not. But we have humorists. This species of contributor to the gayety of nations seems to spring up regardless of environment. If we were a race of humorizers we should not need the humorist. We are a serious people. We take ourselves seriously. So did the United States, and Mark Twain came up as a safety valve. If the United States, in Mark Twain's day, had not taken itself more seriously than any other people in the world, Mark Twain would have remained Samuel T. Clemens, found in any business directory. If we were not a serious-minded people we should have had no need of Sam Slick in his day, or in the present generation of such as Stephen Leacock, of Montreal, Peter McArthur, of Appin, Ont., and H. A. Cody, of St. John, N.B. The article herewith on Literary Bumps is real humour. It may not cause tears of laughter, but it contains a quiet snigger in every paragraph. The author is not usually advertised as a humorist. His books are not humorous. But he has had enough experience as a literary man to be able to express the humours of the business of writing books. All who read books should appreciate what he says. Those who intend to write books should—take notice.

counted the number and found that there was one less. Somebody had the temerity to make a purchase. You waited until the end of the week before venturing near again, and then you found the copies all there excepting three. Yes, three had actually been purchased out of the whole row!

SO sudden had been the bump, like the leap upon the corduroy road, that for a while you were dazed. Then you got mad, tore your hair, and said things. You were not a pleasant companion to live with, and for the sake of peace in the house you strolled down town. Here you were accosted by an acquaintance, a prominent dry goods merchant. He was glad to meet you, and congratulated you upon your literary success. "I have not read your book yet," he told you, "but I am anxiously waiting until it is in the Public Library. They are so slow in getting the new books there. I wish you would stir them up."

You felt like saying something in reply not recorded in Holy Writ. But you looked wise, seemed pleased, and passed on your way. It was the same with several other acquaintances you met. They were all successful business men, and they, too, were waiting for your book to be placed in the library. They hoped that there would be several copies, so that they would not have to wait too long.

THEN it was that you went home and did some hard thinking. You stayed awake all night working out your plan, and the next morning you visited your business acquaintances, and presented to them a definite proposition for the good of the community in general. Your plan was as simple as the working of a Public Library. Get the City Fathers to procure a large, suitable building, and make a liberal grant of money. Apply to the Government for another grant. Provide a staff of competent workers, whose duty it would be to keep on hand in boxes or on shelves most of the things needed in any household. The main cost would be in the first purchase. All articles of wearing apparel would be kept there, cooking utensils, furniture, and the many other things which are generally purchased. By this arrangement, when a man needed a pair of braces all he would have to do would be to go to the Commodity Centre, and secure the use of a pair for fourteen days. At the end of that time he could take the braces back, get a new pair different in style and colour, or a collar, neck-tie, or whatever he wanted. A woman could have the use of a skirt, hat, or anything else she desired for two weeks. For the kitchen a man could obtain anything from a knife to a cooking stove. By this plan no one would get tired of the things about his house, as there always would be a variety. It was a fine idea,

and all done for the benefit of the community. Why cause people to spend money upon such things when they could have the use of them for nothing?

As you outlined your plan, you became so enthusiastic that you did not notice the startled expression upon the faces of your acquaintances. They listened patiently until you were through, and then coolly asked you what effect such an arrangement would have upon the business houses in the town. You told them that it would be the same as upon publishing-houses and authors in general. But they shook their heads and told you that it wouldn't work in their case. A book is a luxury and not a necessity, they informed you. When you reminded them that the main cost of living to-day comes through people purchasing luxuries, and not the real necessities of life, they replied that all the goods they handled were necessities, and that people could not possibly live without them, such as new Easter hats, automobiles, ice-cream, chocolates, and such like. That was their settled conviction, and though you reasoned with them, it made not the slightest difference. What applied to their goods was not at all applicable to your book. When you left, and the merchants met one another, they referred to your scheme, and sadly said, "Poor fellow, his new book has affected his brain."

You then went to the City Fathers and presented your plan for the improvement of the community. You were at once shown the door, and you were fortunate in not being kicked downstairs. You had already written to the Government, and after some delay you received a curt letter informing you that your plan had not met with approval, as it would be a fatal blow to the business firms in your town.

By the time you had partially recovered from these bumps, the book-reviews of your masterpiece, "The Golden Thread," had begun to arrive. You had sent five hard-earned dollars to a Press Clipping Concern, and you had expected great things. Even though the people of your own town did not appreciate your efforts, the critics would. They, at least, would give you complete justice, and would write long articles announcing to the world that a new literary luminary had suddenly swung into view. This idea had buoyed you up through all discouragements, and so with eager haste you examined your first bundle of reviews.

AND what did you find? Just?ce? A fair and impartial criticism of your book? An attempt to comprehend and appreciate the author's motive in writing the story? No, nothing of the kind. If they had been justly critical you would not have cared so much. But the first glance plainly showed that the reviewers had not taken the trouble to read the book, but had skipped through it like grasshoppers, picking out a passage here and there, tear-

ing it from its context, and holding it up for ridicule.

One reviewer was brazen enough to say that you were totally ignorant of the locality where the plot was laid. Just think of that, when you were born and brought up in the very community about which you wrote. You knew the exact spot where you gave Billy Jones two black eyes, and received a bloody nose in return. You were well acquainted with every nook and corner, especially where the choicest apples grow.

Another reviewer informed his readers that you knew nothing about children. This made you boil over with wrath, for you had your quiver full of them. You knew what it was to walk the floor at night with a howling and squirming baby in your arms. You understood the joy of catching the first lispsings from little lips, and in watching the pretty ways of your olive branches around the table, especially at meal-time. The only comfort you received was in the thought that the writer of that so-called review was either some young snipper-snapper who had never held an offspring in his arms, or else a disappointed old maid who envied you your precise knowledge of children.

A third had the audacity to say that you knew absolutely nothing about love scenes. Ye dragons and all deep! That made you get up and prance around the room for fully five minutes. Love scenes! The truth was you knew too much about them, especially the ones which had wilted your white collars to wash-rags; which had sent you to the druggist for rough-on-rats, and which had made you try to shoot yourself with an air-rifle. Besides these, there were other love-scenes along moon-lit roads, by babbling brooks, in cosey corners, and with "papa" at the front door at one a.m. Love scenes! You knew enough about them to write volumes.

ONE reviewer touched upon your lack of ability to write dialogue. Your conversations were too wooden, and needed more snap and go. He implied that you would improve in time when you knew more about life and had greater experience. This did not make you as mad as the others. You even gave a grim, sardonic smile. You thought at once of your wife and the many interesting dialogues which had taken place ever since you were married. You recalled the day when she wanted a new hat, and you felt that you could not afford it. The conversation which followed is as fresh in your mind as ever. And it was not the only one, either.

There came to your mind as well the dreary days and weeks you travelled the country as a book-agent, and the inspiring dialogues which ensued at every house you visited in your frantic efforts to sell the illuminating story of "The Lives of Great Hangmen." And then for the reviewer to doubt your ability to write dialogue! Dictu mirabile.

The rest of the reviews were along the same line, and so disgusted did you become that you tossed the entire bunch into the fire. And so came your second great bump, more terrible even than the first. What else was in store for you? was your mental comment. Surely you would soon be over the corduroy road, and safe on smooth ground.

Having failed to receive any comfort from your acquaintances and the book-reviewers, you naturally turned to your friends. They would be the ones who would purchase your book, place it in the most conspicuous position in the house, and talk about it to one another. After your two first bumps you sought solace in them. To your most intimate friends you had given autograph copies. You did it on the sly, warning them not to tell the others. You well knew that you could not afford to make a presentation to each one, as every copy of the book cost you about ninety cents, which was the wholesale price. And, besides, it might cause a great deal of jealousy if it became known that you had given to a few and not to all. Thus there were six of these gift copies abroad when you went to your friends for comfort.

You did the whole thing quietly and systematically. You determined to make the rounds under the pretext of friendly calls. You would come upon them at most unexpected moments, when, as you fondly imagined, they would either be reading or discussing your book. You had even pictured to yourself the excitement in each house upon the arrival of "The Golden Thread." Every member of the family would want to read it first, and in order to settle the dispute they would toss or draw for it. You also saw how heavy the light-bill would be for the next month, as the book would be read far on into the night.

It was, therefore, with great expectations that you paid your first visit. It was evening when the family were at home. The moment you entered the room you received another bump. There was nothing out of the ordinary. McGinnis was reading the newspaper; his wife was darning stockings; Billy was deep in a dime novel, while Sis was entertaining a young man in the parlour. The talk was of a general nature, such as the weather, the election

of the Mayor, and the new play at the Opera House. Not a word was said about your book. Of course you did not introduce the subject, but said good night, and slipped away as soon as possible.

When you reached the street you felt somewhat dazed. What had all your strenuous efforts amounted to? you asked yourself. If a baby had recently arrived at your house, or if your dog had won in a prize-fight, there would have been a great ado. But the publication of your first book was of no more interest than a pebble thrown into the water.

It was still early in the evening, and so you made up your mind to visit another friend. Mrs. Powers met you at the door, and ushered you in. Here at last was comfort, for she spoke almost at once about your book. She was so delighted that it had met with such success, and she was sure that the sales would be large. You really did feel mean that you had not presented a copy to the Powers'. "Tom is in his 'den' enjoying your book now," you were informed. "I know he is deep in it, for he has been so quiet. It is seldom that Tom reads anything except the newspapers, so it is quite a compliment to you that he has devoted his entire evening to the reading of your book."

YOU listened with much pleasure to Mrs. Powers, and glanced occasionally toward the den. You wanted to hurry in to hear what Tom had to say about your masterpiece. You could hardly contain yourself as Mrs. Powers asked you about the welfare of your family, and then gave you the history of her own for the past month. "You must now have a peek at Tom," was at length her thrilling remark. "He is so lost in your book that he pays no heed to anything else, and does not know that you are here." You followed her to the den, and as you entered you received another bump. Tom was there safe and sound, and oh, so very quiet. He was seated in a big easy-chair; his head had fallen forward, while your precious book was sprawling upon the floor. He awoke with a start as his wife touched him upon the arm, and he made profuse apologies. You picked up the book, and in straightening out its bent back you caught a fleeting glimpse of your own autograph on the front blank page. It was the very copy you had presented to your intimate friend, Stubbins, on the sly! "I don't know what came over me to-night," Powers told you. "I can't remember when I ever went to sleep before in my chair. Why, I often sit here until midnight reading the papers, and never

THREE OF ONTARIO'S MORAL GUARDIANS



BOB NEWMAN—seen on the left—is the film Inspector for Ontario. It is his duty, and pleasure, to see that after the Board of Censors passes a film, the producers do not "slip one over" by running any variation on the original theme approved by the censors. Bob is like a country school inspector, liable to drop in any day on any show when the teacher isn't expecting him. Naturally he has to carry in his head a pretty clear idea of what a good moral film of Ontario calibre should be. And he can do it. Newman spent a large number of years as stage manager for Shea's Theatres. What he doesn't know about vaudeville stars and film dramas need not be looked for in any book on that subject. Bob is here seen being tagged by a pretty girl on Humane Day in Toronto.

THE two dramatic-looking figures at the right are the expert and lynx-eyed doorkeepers at the Parliament Buildings in Toronto. Quite obviously they represent the two extremes of making it hard for any Germanizing agent to smuggle bombs or any sort of deadly devices into Ontario's house of legislation. Every visitor to the Parliament Buildings carrying a bag of any description or with pockets that bulge suspiciously has his impedimenta examined before he gets in. And at this season of the year when "American" tourists are swarming through the Ontario Legislature to see the oil paintings, etc., there is plenty of work for these two moral guardians.



feel a bit drowsy. But the moment I began that book I toppled right over. Guess I'll have to see the doctor to-morrow."

This bump was more than you could stand, and you made up your mind not to visit the rest of your friends. In fact, you kept clear of them, and went off into the woods to brood over your wrongs. There in the sylvan retreat you were able to think out things more clearly. You were free from all the bumps of conventional life, and when you came forth from your hiding place you believed that nothing more could upset your composure. The little money you had laid by was almost gone, and you were anxiously counting the days when your first royalty returns would come in. At length the last dollar had been spent, and you were wondering how you could hold out two weeks longer.

For the next week your house was the Mecca for

all sorts and conditions of people. Insurance agents sought you out, and dilated for hours upon the benefit of a simple life policy of fifty thousand dollars. It was the best way to invest your money, so they told you, and when you informed them that you had nothing to invest, they laughed at you and told you that you were too modest. Piano agents almost camped upon your door-step. It was not right, so you learned, that a man of your means and reputation should be without the finest instrument that could be obtained. You might have had fifty pianos in your house, and stacked up in the backyard that very week had you but given the word. There were real estate men after you as well, to say nothing of the people who came asking you to subscribe to all kinds of things. When you refused them one and all, they got mad, and implied that a man who expected people to buy his book must do something for the good of the community in return. When

one woman, who asked you to subscribe fifty dollars to the Fund for Lame Cats and Dogs, berated you upon your ungratefulness to the town which had done so much for you, it was only natural that you should think of the one dozen copies of your book which had been purchased by your admiring citizens.

At last the moment arrived when you held the long-looked-for letter from your publisher in your hands. You fondled it as a mother her first-born babe. It was the balm for all your woes, and would make up for the many unjust reviews, the indifference of your friends and acquaintances. Your wife watched you as you opened the envelope. Yes, the cheque was there. You glanced at it first. The word "Five" caught your eye. You looked for something more, and you saw it—"dollars!" Yes, five dollars was the amount you received from royalties! The most fatal bump had been reserved for the last.



SUMMER always comes to a climax in woman. This picture is an inspiring combination of green leaves, women's figures and sunshine. It was not, however, photographed as such, but as part of the great woman's parade in Toronto on Dominion Day, when thousands of processional and marching women demonstrated what women are doing and are able to do in

helping along the war. When a spectacle of this kind can be seen thousands of miles from the firing line, it suggests pretty forcibly how this great Pan-Empire enthusiasm in war has taken hold of hearth and home. The fact that the women are Toronto women does not detract from either the spectacle or the idea. Toronto is famous for pretty girls as well as Empire-patriotism.

THE PAPER NICHOL BUILT

The Story of the Vancouver Province

By BRITTON B. COOKE

ABOUT three o'clock, when the sun begins to lean toward China and stares hard into the shop windows on that side of Hastings Street which is farther from China, the news editor of the Vancouver Daily Province dons his coat, recklessly descends the dirty, treacherous wooden stairs, and without his hat, crosses Hastings Street to an ornate bar-room and absorbs one glass of ice-cold buttermilk. There is nothing in the buttermilk. It is never anything stronger than buttermilk. It is the characteristic lunch of an evening newspaper man. As he recrosses to the shady side of the street again, refreshed, and glances to right and left just to make sure the city is still standing since he began work that morning, the fast press in the right-hand front window of the shop that harbours the Province, begins to growl and the newsboys, waiting for the first warm copies of their merchandise, rub their noses against the plate glass anxiously. Like a rolling cinnamon bear, Roy Brown disappears up the narrow dirty stairs to the "local room" again, and automatically hides his scissors and the paste-pot from the telegraph editor, counts the paste-board theatre passes to make sure the office boy hasn't succumbed to temptation, takes down his hat, goes aft into the reeking composing room to see how the foreman got through the day's scrimmage—and goes home, probably by way of a seed-shop. His work is done. The paper is "out." The newsboys are fighting for their allotments of papers at the counter of the business office. In a moment the whole down-town section of Vancouver will be swarming with "Provinces" and bales of the same commodity will be careering up to the B. C. Electric station, and the C. P. R. station and the wharf where the Victoria and Nanaimo steamers discharge their cargoes. For the daily advent of the Province is an event. It will be read in every street car that night and in almost as many homes as the circulation manager says. On the morrow the Indians, up Chilliwack way, will wrap fish in it, or study it gravely upside down. It is the richest,

and most extravagant paper on the Canadian coast. It bristles with features and expensive news services even in these days of retrenchment. It is a good newspaper. It sells.

You might think the news editor was the only man who had anything to do with the sheet, but in this you would be mistaken. At the top of the stairs which I have already indicated, find the cross-hall that divides the "local room" in front from the composing room in the rear. Follow its tomb-like darkness to a door at its far end. Rap, go in, talk—and you will probably find Walter Nichol, Esquire, gloomily signing cheques on a little plain pink blotter surrounded on three sides by a mountain range of books, papers and other impedimenta, and himself on the fourth side. It is a dark place. The signer of cheques probably has his light felt hat on and a cigar in his teeth. He doesn't seem to know that the paper has gone to press or that there is a war in Europe. He is isolated and insulated in this narrow and untidy den, and it looks as though the paper he created had grown so big and so fast that it backed him out of his own local room into this mysterious corner. He does not scowl, nor frown, nor put the tips of his fingers together like one of these man-eating publishers. He lays the cheques tenderly aside and the pen somewhere else. He swings gently around and looks at you in a quiet, friendly, almost modest way. As the coast game goes he is a great and successful publisher, but he does not claim it, or look it. He looks absent-minded and tired.

The story of Walter Nichol and his "Province" begins at Goderich, where Nichol was born fifty years ago—he is a young proprietor. It progressed to Hamilton where he worked on the Spectator, then to Toronto where he tried to put "Saturday Night" out of business by running a paper called "Life." It wasn't a good paper, but it taught Nichol a few points. He had worked previously on the News, but

went next to Saturday Night, thence to Hamilton to be editor of the Hamilton Herald, thence to London, Ontario, where he started "The London News." It had a brief career. He was about thirty. In 1897 he went to British Columbia for a change. He didn't prosper, but met one Bostock (Senator Bostock, of Ducks, B.C.) a Cambridge Englishman, who had been in the country about four years, and who, when Nichol reached British Columbia, was the representative (Liberal) of Yale and Cariboo in the House at Ottawa. Bostock founded the Province in Victoria, B.C., as a weekly, employing Nichol as editor on terms which allowed Nichol to secure the paper as his own property later on. This Nichol did, and to-day is not only owner of a lucrative publishing business, but president of the Pacific Marine Insurance Co., and a director of a big coal mining concern as well. The west has been good to Walter Nichol.

The Province is not a crusading newspaper. Crusading in the best sense of the word is not popular with British Colum papers unless it is popular also with the Provincial Government. One Taylor, who raised the Vancouver World to fame of a kind, tried to be a labour crusader, and succeeded to some extent, but not financially, and Honest John Nelson, who used to manage the News-Advertiser, is now in sober charge of that paper. The British Columbians never could bear to elect an opposition to such a glorious pair of spendthrifts as the late lamented Dicky McBride, now effulging in the less critical air of London, and the present laborious Mr. Bill Bowser. And the B. C. newspapers never could bear to break even a paper lance against public idols. Mention Asiatic exclusion and you will get what looks like a crusade, but it is unanimous among all the papers. Take up the question of allowing Vancouver importers to have their goods inspected and taxed by a Canadian customs official in New York instead of some mid-way Canadian point—and again comes the unanimous chorus of support from B. C. papers. The two officially Liberal papers have de-

veloped contrariety, but not violently. Walter Nichol is a Liberal, but the Vancouver Daily Province is not obnoxiously Liberal. In one of the provincial elections about ten or eleven years ago the triumph of McBride and Bowser was almost wholly credited to the fact that the Province led their fight. As against this, however, must be taken the fact that the Province fought hard against features of their railroad policy.

The Vancouver Province is one of the four or five best paying newspapers in the whole Dominion. That is because Nichol learned to devote more time to the business end of newspaper management than to the editorial end, though he keeps a close eye on that also. When Nichol worked in the east he found it difficult to suppress a certain love of versifying which he had inherited from some ancestor—not his father, for his father was a lawyer. He mixed verse with prose and did it well, though not at any great profit. Under the famous "Don" Sheppard on the News he did some really capital writing and later, when Sheppard took over Saturday Night he expanded the range of his writing fancy. Once Nichol was sent to cover a ball at the old Pavilion. Instead of writing the usual society rubbish he described the whole affair from the standpoint of a young girl debutante. Sheppard was not the type of man to understand that sort of writing. He tore up the copy and bade Nichol write nothing more like it. Good critics knew, however, that Nichol had probably done an excellent story, in spite of Sheppard's dislike. He had more scope on his new paper "Life." It was better than fifteen dollars

a week from Sheppard, and Bill Caiger, Nichol's partner in the affair, stood for poetry.

But "Life" languished and died chiefly for lack of capital. This dampened Nichol's ardour slightly, and his venture with the News in London, though it lived for some time after he quit it—convinced him that the newspaper game was a hard one. It had brought him so far only a modest home up on Cecil Street in Toronto with his mother, and no joy more hectic than reading poetry and picking our good verses from bad in the Anglican hymnal. Friends of Nichol in those days recall his summary of the situation when he announced to them that he intended to quit journalism. "There's nothing in it!" he said, and went west to British Columbia.

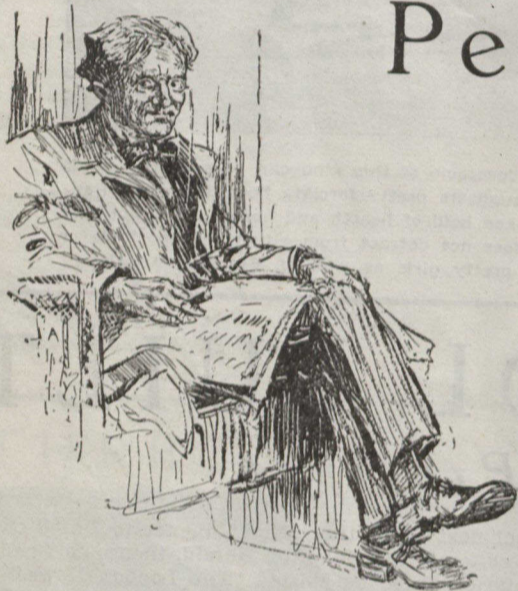
Nichol was running an obscure sheet in the B. C. hinterland, when Bostock asked him to take charge of the Weekly Province, which though nominally founded by Bostock, had been brought into the world by an Irishman named Shafe—who had gone back to Ireland. Nichol believed the Province would find its proper field in Vancouver, and moved it across accordingly. He was given a third interest in the paper to begin with.

As evidence of the fact that the paper thus taken over by the man who said of journalism "there's nothing in it," this story may be cited. The Liberals who founded the Vancouver Sun recently, first made overtures for the purchase of the Province, the Province being too independent-minded to serve as a party organ under Nichol's proprietorship. Nichol was approached and asked to name a price. He wished time to consider the matter, and then named

what seemed a colossal sum. The would-be vendees were aghast, and yet, when one of them, a well-known Irish wholesaler in Vancouver, examined the books of the Province, he found it was paying—well, something like ten per cent. per annum on a capital of \$750,000! Yet it is harboured in a mere shop.

The curious thing about Walter Nichol is the lack of any obvious reason for his success. It is always easier to grasp success when the man wears, so to speak, a placard showing that his achievements are due to this or that certain quality. No such card appears on Nichol's face. The primary key of his success is to be found in his office. There is probably no better news editor in the country than Roy Brown, and for business management Frank Bird, in his little dug-out on the ground floor would be hard to beat. For a long time Nichol himself wrote the editorials, but he has since learned to depute even this work. His aggressiveness shows chiefly in business policy along with that of Bird. Nichol is impulsive, and to those who serve him well, generous. He gives big rewards. He "drives"—never. He looks for good men, and when he gets them treats them—it is said—better than well.

So quiet is Nichol than many people formed the opinion that after all Nichol was only the hirer and firer, and that the success of his paper was due to bought talent. This story died when Taylor of the World, who used to be Nichol's business manager, left the Province to start the World. The wisecracks said the Province was now to wane and the World to wax. Everybody knows what really came to pass in that case.



Peregrinations in Potash

My First Glimpse of the Under-World

By JACOB HOLDFAST

price for a stroke-measure bushel of ashes measured in any farmer's half-bushel was exactly one-half of three and a third cents, which as near as I could figure it out with a carpenter's stub pencil on the side of his waggon-box was one cent and three-fifths.

I told him so—first morning he hired me to haul in his ashes from the ends of two townships to that ramshackle old log-sided ashery back by the spindle-leg pump in the old bull-frog pond.

"Durn your eyes, Skeesicks," said he, rubbing the hairy back of his hand over one eye, as though he had a tear to wipe, "if you know so much about 'rithmetic why don't you go up fer a school teacher? This ain't vulgar fractions, Jacob. It's makin' potash. Two years ago it was black salts, three dollars a hundred. Consarn yeh! it ain't figgers the folks want. It's soap. And looka here," he added unto me as he centipeded me on the left arm, "when you git ashes that's too dusty dry and light, you tromp'm into the basket when the ol' woman ain't lookin' out the winder. If yeh get'm more'n nicely damp they're part leached already and you gota knock off on the tottin' up to break even.

"Mr. Bump," I asked him, with businesslike acumen, "what's a standard weight for a bushel's ashes? Potatoes are sixty pounds, apples are fifty, oats thirty-four, barley forty-eight—"

"Keep y'r shirt awn," he growled. "You ain't be'g hired to run no flour an' feed store. There ain't no avordupois fer ashes. Coz why? Don't I tell yeh that if they're too plegged dry they're short-weight, and if they're too wet y're payin' out y'r good brown soap fer a hull lot o' water?"

I have always regarded that compensatory discrimination of Ezra Bump as a masterpiece of applied mathematics. The possibility of being bamboozled buying by measure a commodity whose density is increased by moisture—could have been thought out only by a self-protecting genius like Ezra Bump.

"Awright," he subjoined, as he saw me struggle with the idea. "You wrap that up in a wet burdock leaf and stick it in the crown o' y'r hat. If yeh don't, this potashery business that I'm makin' you a pardner of will be nuthin' but a heap'v leached ashes and a choir o' bullfrogs."

"Oh!" I queried him. "Be I a pardner? How?" Bump didn't answer me direct. He wanted to impress my imagination. So he conducted me on a personal tour over the ashworks.

As I remember that ashery now it was one of the queerest places I have ever seen. There were two buildings. One was a log pen behind the other with a driveway for the waggon between. It had a clap-

board roof. Bump himself had dovetailed the logs and had riven the red-oak clapboards with a tool they used to call a frow—now defunct. That log pen held about 3,000 Bump bushels. When I saw it that November morning it was clean empty from the summer's run in the leaches.

"Have I got to fill that?" says I.

"You hev," he echoed.

"Jiminy jump! At sixty bushels to the full load, that'll be—fifty loads. Glory hallel—"

"Drop them figgers," he abjured me, as he led me into the next department of the factory. This was a grey waste of heaped-up dead ashes that extended out to the edge of the rotten logs in the bush pasture.

"Mr. Bump," I gasped, "how many thousand bushels of ashes are there in that graveyard?"

"Skeesicks," he said unto me. "I don't know. But it's tuk me fifteen years to put'm there. If you c'n guess the number'v bushels—you can have 'em."

He led me along, this time to a double row of curious wooden structures as high as his own head, each of them the length of a man, as wide at the top as I was long and tapering down to the width of a man's foot at the bottom. These were all sloped down to small pole troughs that ran along the front.

"Them's the leaches," he said. "There's six of 'm. I built 'em myself. The hull of 'm holds enough ashes fer a batch of potash."

He waved his hand at the spindle-leg pump that stood propped up in the beer-coloured pond with moss-green logs up the sides.

"Waterworks," he said, tersely. "Run by elbow-grease."

There was a boot-leg hood over the pump snout and a series of small slab troughs running from that to all the leaches.

After that Bump conducted me into the boiling-house, which was a frame building with no battens on the cracks, a clay floor, a large hollow-log trough in one corner for the lye to dribble into out of the leaches; a huge stone and clay fireplace, in which hung two big potash kettles one behind 'tother, backed up by a higledypiggledy old chimney. On the top of the arch were two or three large iron pots which he said were coolers; a grim iron spud, a long-handled dipper, a lye bucket, and down at the fire-hole an old axe with wire toggles on the handles.

"Now," he said, grandiosely, "that's the plant. I guess you'll learn how she runs in a little while. And you're a pardner—this way. I'll pay you ten per cent. o' the total proceeds o' the potash for haulin' the ashes and makin' the potash. And if that ain't a bargain—then I'm a double-barreled saphead."

(To be continued.)

GREAT-HEARTED GENTLEMEN — ANZACS



These Anzacs are on the way back to the front after a spell of furlough in England as a reward for great action. The cheerful swing of these Australians suggests the big-pulsed land to which they belong.

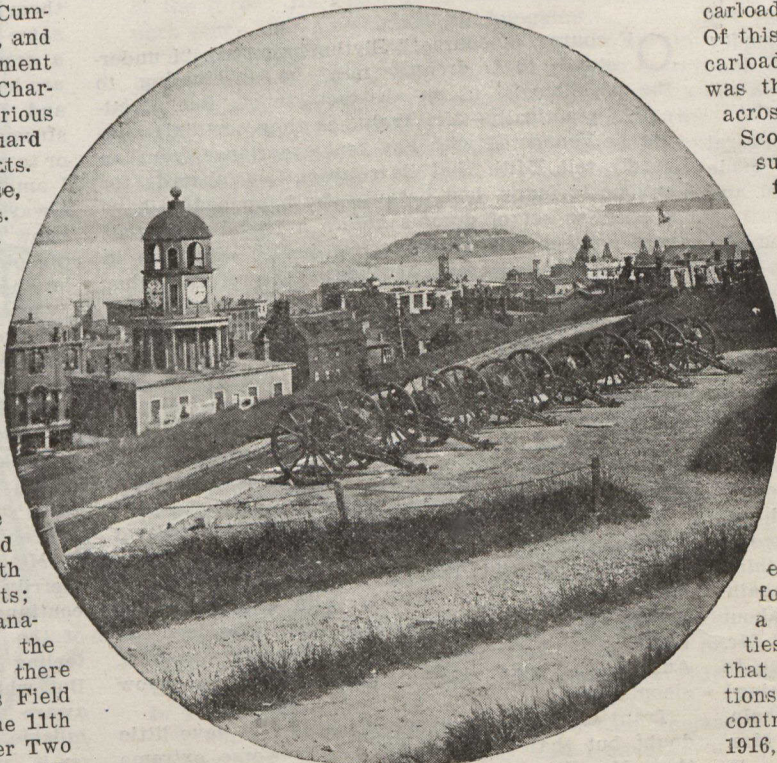
WHAT NOVA SCOTIA

Has Done
FOR THE WAR

By ARTHUR BARNSTEAD

(SECRETARY OF THE DEPARTMENT OF INDUSTRIES AND IMMIGRATION.)

Of the Army Service Corps, Number Four Company 3rd Divisional Train, and the Headquarters Company 4th Divisional Train have been raised in Nova Scotia. Two hospital units have been completely equipped. One of these, Number Seven Overseas Stationary Hospital, raised by the University of Dalhousie, is now in active service; the other,



This peaceful view on Citadel Hill and placid glimpse of the great Halifax harbour has been all changed since Nova Scotia became part of the Empire's war machine.

Number Nine, raised by the University of St. Francis Xavier, has recently gone overseas. Two companies have been formed for the 2nd and 4th Overseas Pioneer Battalions. Forty men volunteered for a cyclists platoon, 100 men for Number Two Tunnelling Company, about 200 men for the 224th Forestry Battalion and about 100 men have been sent to Ottawa for the Canadian Engineers and Signalling Company. At the present time the 237th and 239th Overseas Battalion C. E. F. are recruiting in Nova Scotia, as well as in other provinces. Up to date, 18,779 men have been enrolled in the Province for service overseas, and over 3,000 have enlisted for home service. Of our total male population between the years of eighteen and forty-five, 22.3 per cent. have been enrolled for active service. It is only fair to state here that more than six thousand additional men who offered their services did not measure up to the required standard of efficiency and were not accepted.

THE various contingents mentioned above do not, of course, include the large number of Nova Scotians living in other provinces who enlisted elsewhere. Nova Scotia has contributed her full quota to the population of the great West. Many of her sons have for years been engaged in the work of transforming a vast wilderness into an Empire's granary. The work they have done there has fitted numbers of them to assume an active part in the gigantic struggle. These cannot be enrolled in the scroll of fame of their native provinces, but their names are inscribed on other banners.

The heroic stand made by the people of Belgium against a powerful invader won the admiration and sympathy of every Nova Scotian. In September of 1914 I had the privilege of perusing a personal letter written by M. Lambert Jadot, a prominent Belgian financier, and director of the Acadia Coal Company at Stellarton, N.S., then resident at Ostend. M. Jadot described in his letter the destruction wrought by the enemy in Belgium and the appalling suffering of his people. An appeal was immediately issued to the people of Nova Scotia, asking for relief contributions in the shape of cash, clothing or food, and a Belgian Relief Committee was formed at Halifax with sub-committees elsewhere throughout the Province. The co-operation of the Premiers of the other Canadian Provinces, as well as of Newfoundland, was also earnestly requested.

The response of our people was prompt, generous and worthy of Nova Scotia. Merchants gave substantial gifts of clothing, blankets and non-perishable foods; manufacturers gave freely of their stock in hand; fishermen contributed salted and dried fish; farmers gave potatoes, hardy vegetables, flour and smoked meats. The school teachers interested their pupils in the work. Free transportation was provided by the railways, express companies and coastal steamers. In this spirit our people laboured with the result that gifts flowed in swiftly and "of good measure, pressed down and running over."

ON October 29th, the S. S. "Tremorvah," the first ship of mercy, sailed from Halifax with 179 carloads of supplies, having a total value of \$264,364. Of this amount Nova Scotia contributed ninety-eight carloads, of a value of \$150,557. The "Tremorvah" was the first relief ship to reach Rotterdam from across the Atlantic. A representative of the Nova Scotia Government went over in the ship and superintended the unloading of the cargo. The first ship was followed by four other steamers sailing from Halifax. The total value of these cargoes was \$864,968, and in addition to a large share of this amount, Nova Scotia contributed the sum of £1,000 to the Belgian War Relief Fund in Great Britain. Gifts, both of goods and money, are still being received and forwarded.

A branch of the Canadian Patriotic Fund was established in Nova Scotia on September 2nd, 1914. Sub-branches were also organized in every county. The sum of \$250,000 was set as that which the Province should raise during the first year of the war. Legislation was enacted by the Government to enable towns and municipalities to vote money for patriotic purposes. When in September, 1916, a further call was issued by the military authorities for additional recruits it was then realized that it would be necessary to augment the contributions to this Fund. A further appeal was made and contributors largely responded. On January 2nd, 1916, the Governor-General issued an appeal to Canadians for one dollar per head of population. In the city of Halifax, \$250,000 was raised in one week in

(Concluded on page 24.)

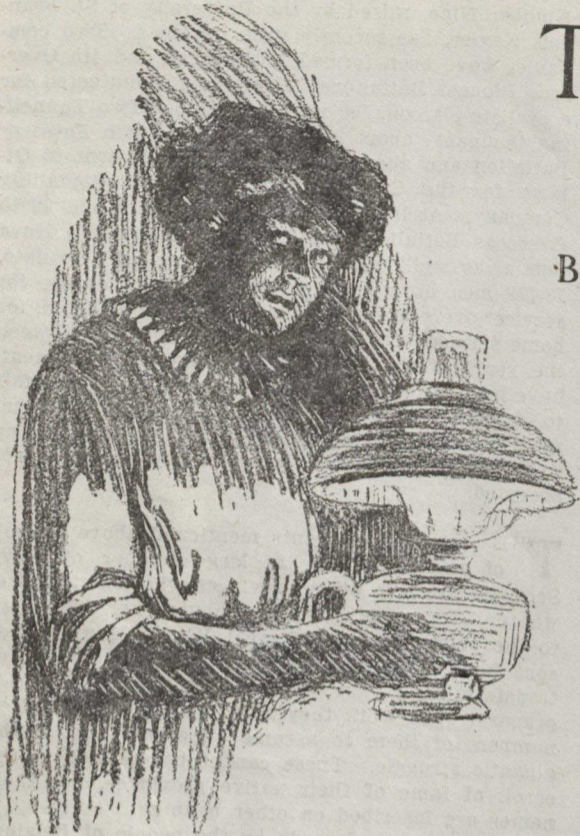
THE magnificent spirit displayed throughout Canada since the outbreak of the war has been manifest in full measure in Nova Scotia. The people of this Province have inherited the love of liberty that seems to characterize most Maritime races. All their finer instincts and ideals were outraged at the unprovoked attack made by the two German nations upon their weaker neighbours, and as their knowledge grew of the happenings of July and August of 1914 their indignation, already profound, blazed into righteous wrath.

On the outbreak of hostilities the garrison at Halifax was transferred to Bermuda, relieving for active service the Lincolns who were stationed there. A regiment was formed known as the Composite, to fulfil the garrison duties of the Royal Canadian Regiment at Halifax. This was formed by drafts taken from the Nova Scotia Militia regiments known as the 78th Pictou, the 75th Lunenburg, the 93rd Cumberland, the 69th Annapolis, the 76th Colchester, and the 81st Hants, as well as the 71st Militia Regiment from York, New Brunswick, and the 82nd from Charlottetown. Drafts were also made upon various Nova Scotia Militia regiments for men to guard cable terminal stations and other strategic points.

When the call for volunteers to go overseas arose, the response was immediate and generous. Farmers, artisans, miners, traders and professional men flocked to the recruiting stations and the first battalion, known as the 17th, was raised. At the same time drafts from Nova Scotia went to augment battalions recruited at Montreal and elsewhere. This was followed by the formation of nine additional battalions within the Province, with a total strength of 11,215. These are known as the 25th, the 40th, the 64th, the 85th, the 106th, the 112th, the 185th, the 193rd, and the 219th. The 85th, 185th, 193rd, and 219th battalions compose the Nova Scotia Highland Brigade. Six hundred and fifty men volunteered from the 63rd, 66th and Composite Battalions, all Militia regiments; 300 men were raised to reinforce the Royal Canadian Regiment; and 500 men enlisted for the Sixth Canadian Mounted Rifles. In artillery there were formed the 24th and the 36th Batteries Field Artillery, and the 2nd Heavy Siege Battery, the 11th Howitzer Brigade Ammunition Column, Number Two Section 4th Divisional Ammunition Column, 14th Howitzer Brigade Ammunition Column, and the Headquarters Company 14th Field Artillery Howitzer Brigade.

The Daughter of a Dream

By WILLIAM McHARG and EDWARD BALMER



YOUNG BLYTHE, startled wide awake but not knowing yet what had aroused him, lay still for a moment blinking at the matchboard walls and ceiling of the bungalow bedroom, bright with the first level rays of the summer sunrise. Before it sounded again—that rapid, frightened knock upon his bedroom door—he had swiftly decided that what had aroused him at this unusual hour was only the twittering of the birds outside his open window, which came to him mingled with the soft dry rustle and scent of the pine trees. But now, at the repetition of the knock, he leaped out of bed. He pushed his feet into slippers, pulled on a bathrobe over his pajamas, and hurriedly unlocked and opened the door.

His mother and Edith Coburn, his fiancée, waiting anxiously in the hall outside, gasped with relief at sight of him.

"Oh—you are safe—you are safe yet!" The girl caught him to her, palpitating still in her relief and shaken by dry sobs. "I saw you dead! I have had that terrible dream again and saw you dead—saw you lying dead, Randall, as I found Charles dead the time I dreamt it before!" She shuddered.

Blythe's mother clutched the young girl by the shoulders and searched her face with hostile eyes.

"You say it is the same dream you had before when you were engaged to Charles Ritchie and—they found him dead?" she demanded. "So it was not merely that you dreamed that something had happened to Randall; it was the same dream that you had before Charles Ritchie's death? I did not understand that before! Then something must be done about it!" She dropped the girl as suddenly as she had caught her.

Young Blythe had flushed at first with the natural aversion of a healthy man to having a fuss made over him; but now he sprang swiftly forward and put his arm protectingly about the girl.

It was the second morning she had aroused the household in terror for Blythe's safety, waking from a dream of his death.

"Mother, mother!" he rebuked, sharply. "Are we living in the Book of Daniel? And Edith—Edith!" he cried to the girl. "I can't let this go on, worrying yourself sick and wronging yourself so with mother! We are educated people living in the twentieth century. You know there can be nothing in dreams!"

"No, I don't know that, Randall!" the girl defied him desperately, as she watched suspicion of herself darken in the mother's eyes. "Neither would you know it, if you had seen that terrible dream come true as I have. Whatever your mother may think of me, I shall not conceal that I am dreaming it again, until—as she says—something has been done about it. For even yesterday, when you told me that Mr. Trant, the psychologist from Chicago, had come to join the camping party at Black Lake, I determined then, if the dream came again, to ask for his help. That is what you, too, want now, is it not, Mrs. Blythe?"

Blythe bit his lip with vexation. He was visiting with his mother at this summer bungalow of Edith Coburn's, which capped a wooded knoll in

one of the few spots of wilderness left in northern Michigan. While riding through the warm, damp woods the day before, he had learned and mentioned to Edith that Luther Trant had recently joined a fishing party at the neighbouring lake; and he had discussed with Edith the reputation the young psychologist had made for himself in Chicago through his startling successes in tracing the workings of the minds of men through their most secret thoughts and motives to the solution or prevention of crimes.

Two hours later, in response to a letter from Blythe himself, as Edith sat with Blythe and his mother on the wire-enclosed porch, a red-haired man in canvas coat and leggings emerged from the pines which, protected by private ownership, still filled the hollows and topped the low crests of the glacial moraines about the bungalow.

Before the introductions were well over the girl stretched out her hand to him. "Oh, Mr. Trant, if you can only help us!"

"Mr. Blythe's note did not tell me what you want of me," the psychologist answered, with an involuntary glance of admiration at the girl's unusual combination of clear olive skin with auburn hair, "and I must tell you that, after coming here for a rest, I would prefer not to take up any investigation at all, unless the matter is of such overwhelming importance that it cannot be put aside."

"The matter is Miss Coburn's peace of mind and my mother's right understanding of her, Mr. Trant," Blythe replied. "Both you can restore by two words, if you will."

"Two words?" Trant smiled, as he glanced at the stern-faced, elder woman.

"Yes. Sit down, Mr. Trant. I ask you as a psychologist only to assure Miss Coburn that her dreams cannot possibly have any significance, for she is not only worrying herself sick over them, but has aroused with them the most absurd superstitions and suspicions in my mother. Neither of them," Blythe went on, as Trant found a seat on the log steps of the porch, "will listen to me when I tell them how impossible their fears are; but they will to you, Mr. Trant, and I appeal to you professionally, as a modern, scientific psychologist," he repeated, "to tell Miss Coburn that her dreams cannot possibly have any meaning."

"I am afraid you are appealing to the wrong side of me to have me tell you anything like that," Trant answered. "For the serious study of dreams, to learn their interpretation, is one of the most important and absorbing occupations of the modern psychologist."

"Of course, of course!" Blythe protested. "I understand that dreams may be fascinating to the psychologist as an abstract study. But practically—practically—Mr. Trant, as they certainly cannot be connected with any real experience, you can surely tell Edith that it is absolutely absurd for anyone to fancy, just because she happened to have a peculiar set of dreams before a friend died, that now another friend—in perfect health—must be in some indefinite danger because of the return to her of the same set of dreams under similar conditions."

"So that is how the matter lies!" the psychologist looked with more interest into the tense faces of the women. "But I'm afraid I can't say even that. For we have found, Mr. Blythe, that dreams must always be connected with some real experience."

"Good Lord, Trant!" Blythe ejaculated, with still greater impatience. "I don't want you to treat the matter seriously and frighten them still more!"

For the girl had turned chalk white at this apparent confirmation of her fears.

"Then you think that this return of my dream does mean that—that Randall is in danger? Edith demanded. "For it is he whom I now see dead—as I saw Charles Ritchie dead the night before he died. And in the same room where Randall is now sleeping!"

Trant smiled as he shook his head. "I have little doubt but that you are going to a worse extreme than Mr. Blythe." He glanced over his shoulder at the sun which had suddenly appeared high in the sky from behind a bank of clouds. "I was going after bass this morning, but it is getting too bright

for them to bite now. Besides, I was speaking for myself," he confessed, "when I said that the analysis of dreams is sometimes the most absorbing part of a psychologist's work. You have so interested me that I shall be glad to hear the details of this remarkable dream."

"I want you to understand at the very first, Mr. Trant," the girl began when they had settled themselves again, "that I am not at all a superstitious person. I know people are likely to think so because, as my mother died before I was two years old and my father's death followed two years afterwards, I was brought up mostly by my nurse, who is now my maid and housekeeper. But Linette, so far from making me superstitious, is harsher than anyone else with me—as Mr. Blythe can tell you—for giving way to myself so much as I have. Dear, proud, loyal Linette! In spite of her few drops of coloured blood, she is as fine as any woman I ever knew. In Detroit, where I live in winter with one or the other of my father's sisters, I am considered a sensible sort of person, rather independent and headstrong, and not at all easily frightened. And I can honestly say, that, except for this dream, I cannot recall any sort of fright or superstition in connection with any other dream or with anything else; and though I had dreamed the first half of this dream many times before, it never did more than depress me—I mean it never really alarmed me till it came finally in the form in which it foretold Charles Ritchie's death."

"When," asked Trant, "did you first begin dreaming the part which had the depressing effect?"

THAT began as far back as I can remember anything, Mr. Trant," she said. "It must have been very recurrent during my childhood, for I can so vividly recall the sense of depression which it brought to me and which was so entirely absent from my waking consciousness. Then, for a time, it came much less frequently or, perhaps, not at all for a year or two till I was a junior at Cornell, where I met and became engaged to Charles Ritchie. But after that it began again to come almost constantly; and that July, when Linette and I came up here to open my grandfather's bungalow, to visit with Charles and his mother free from my aunts, the dream came in its final form, but still starting with the original struggle.

"At the start of this dream I am always trying to join or to keep up with other people. In the first dreams these people were my aunts and cousins; then Charles was with them, as Randall is with them now. The scene of the dream is always the same—a round-topped hill up the side of which goes a great flight of steps which we climb. The steps are hard for me and I lag in the rear and get farther and farther behind the others in spite of my struggles; and no one of them ever seems to care or to notice that I cannot keep up with them. Always I am left struggling farther and farther behind till, always at the same place, I am stopped—I do not know why or how, but I cannot lift my foot from the place on which I stand, or call out to them to let them know my trouble."

"Such paralysis is a common dream event, Miss Coburn," the psychologist assented. "Can you remember whether it has always been a part of this dream?"

"I think that while I was a child I was able to go up and down the steps as I wished though I never could keep up with the others. But ever since the dream began again while I was at Cornell, I have been stopped."

Trant nodded to her to proceed.

"My companions, still not noticing my plight, go merrily forward, laughing and shouting," the girl continued, "until finally they disappear over the top of the hill, leaving me entirely alone. A dreadful feeling of loneliness and isolation comes over me. But while I still stand, unable to move, I become aware that, though lonely, I am not alone on the hillside. A great crowd of people is moving about on it, and among them are numbers I recognize—acquaintances, people I have seen on the street, my former schoolmates and teachers. Sometimes they come quite close to me; but either they do not see me at all, or, after looking at me compassionately

or curiously, they turn from me; and much as I want to join them, I am unable to do so. Finally; there comes and touches me a woman who, half in pity and half in contempt, it seems, takes me by the hand to lead me away. How, or from what I could have got the idea, I do not know, but I am sure that she knows what it is about me which makes me fall behind, unable to join the others; but just as I speak to her each time to find this out, I awake, having learned nothing from her except that her name is 'Miriam.' That, Mr. Trant," the girl concluded, collectedly, "was always the way that dream went. But it never especially alarmed me, as I said, till 'Miriam' took me beyond that point for the first time three years ago and again this summer."

"In July, after Mr. Ritchie and his mother had come here to visit you, you said?" the psychologist asked, rapidly, as he saw that Mrs. Blythe, who had refrained from making any comment, was about to interrupt.

"Yes. During Mr. Ritchie's visit here three years ago, Mr. Trant," the girl continued, "but not when he was here in July; it was after he had gone away and come back again in August. I had been engaged to Charles a little over four months," she explained more particularly, "and during those months the dream, up to the point of 'Miriam's' entrance into it kept coming very frequently. It never took me farther than 'Miriam,' even during Charles' first visit here in July. He had suddenly to go to Arizona to inspect some properties which he was interested in, and during the two weeks he was gone, I went in the dream five times as far as 'Miriam'; but never any farther till the terrible night that Charles returned. On that night, as soon as he was asleep, in the room across the hall from mine—where Randall is now sleeping, Mr. Trant—I dreamt it again; but now 'Miriam' led me farther.

AGAIN there came to me, as soon as I fell asleep, the old feeling of falling away, and dropping back, and vainly struggling to stay with my friends and with Charles; again the awful paralysis and the sudden stopping; again the great crowd of people staring at me and never seeing me, and again all the people pressing about me, and 'Miriam,' half pitying, half condemning me. But this time she—silently, and still with her disdainful, cold pity—led me on. So solemn and so still was she that I was afraid to follow; but I forced myself to go with her, still full of fear. The people about me all disappeared, and 'Miriam,' without speaking a word, guided me through an orchard of peach trees all in full bloom; but the flowers did not give me pleasure at all, somehow. Instead, though they were bright and fresh and the sunlight shone upon them, they only brought an increase to my horror, and added to my dreadful sense of impending misfortune. And,



as I felt that, suddenly I saw I was no longer out doors; the peach blossoms were still about me; but now they were forming the walls and ceilings of a dark room—a room furnished like a library, and a long, flat couch; and on the couch was a figure covered by a sheet.

AS 'Miriam' forced me forward and made me lift the sheet, I saw it was my father lying dead before me! But as I looked again, I now saw that it was not he, but Charles—Charles Ritchie, lying there cold and dead!" The girl gasped. For a moment she could not proceed.

Trant bent forward swiftly and laid his hand on her wrist. "And then?" he urged.

"I awoke and found Charles Ritchie dead, Mr. Trant," the girl managed to reply. "His door was locked, and when I got no answer to my knocks and cries, I got help and had it broken down. And on his bed he lay—his face almost as I had seen it in my dream—dead!"

"I meant, there was no more of the dream?" the psychologist questioned gently.

"No; no more of that dream, Mr. Trant; and never even so much again after that for three years; never anything like the last part of it in any form till the identical dream, with the substitution only of Mr. Blythe for poor Charles Ritchie, came to me yesterday morning and this morning again, and forced me to send for you, Mr. Trant. I fear with all the intuition of a woman—and a woman who loves—that it means death again, if we pay no heed to it!"

"Unless Mr. Trant can assure us," Mrs. Blythe put in, with a distrustful look at the girl, "that nothing threatens Randall in this lonely place, twenty miles from everyone except chance camping parties, while he is sleeping in the same room and surrounded by the same circumstances in which Charles Ritchie met his death in so—peculiar a manner!"

"Mother, are you crazy?" Blythe cried, severely. "Edith, my dear—my dear!" He bent over and patted the girl's hand. "You must not mind what mother says, for that is only because she is frightened for me, just as you are. And do not think I cannot appreciate the fears you both feel for me. Now that you have told him all your side, I think Mr. Trant can safely allay your fears—can you not?" Blythe turned to the psychologist. "Ritchie's death came from a perfectly evident and even foreseen cause. His heart was weak, as nobody knows better than Miss Coburn herself. She has told me, when discussing this sanely, that he had been warned by his doctor that he must temporarily avoid all fatigue and excitement. Not only did Ritchie return from his midsummer trip to Arizona entirely exhausted, but he was so obviously distressed and agitated about something which had occurred upon this trip, that even the servants noticed it. His condition, therefore, was such as to make it almost inevitable for her to dream of his death, if she dreamed of him at all, and for his death to happen at that time was perfectly natural. As I am now sleeping in the room where he died, it is not strange that she recollects that experience in her dreams. Is that not so, Mr. Trant?"

The psychologist avoided replying directly to any of the three. He gazed away from them among the dark pines that surrounded the bungalow.

"Dreams are like shifting mists," he said, turning back to them finally. "Through them one can detect, but not easily define, the reality that exists behind them. I think I can detect as much as that in this dream—the presence of a reality. Let me ask you, Miss Coburn, whether you still accept the explanation Mr. Blythe has given of Charles Ritchie's death?"

"I know no other cause for it, Mr. Trant," the girl replied, "though Mr. Blythe overstates it when he says I was prepared for Charles's death. Though his family doctor had warned him, as Mr. Blythe has said, and the local doctor here said that heart exhaustion was undoubtedly the cause of his death, yet that night I was more encouraged about him than I had ever been."

"Then, tell me, are you ever conscious in your waking hours, Miss Coburn, as you are in this strange dream of yours, of any feeling of loneliness and isolation, or of being slighted by other people?"

"Nothing could be more foreign to me when awake than the feelings I have in that dream," the girl replied, promptly.

"Then I have only one other question for you," Trant continued. "Whom do you know that may be the prototype of this 'Miriam' who appears always in your dream?"

"I know no one who resembles this dream woman in any way," the girl responded, "and I have never known anyone named Miriam. I have no association with the name at all, except that it is the title of



one of the poems in the last book of verses published by my father."

"Ah!"

"Just a single stanza among fifty other poems, Mr. Trant, with nothing about it to impress me originally except that it is rather more obscure and melancholy even than most of his other verses. If you wish I will repeat the stanza."

"Let us hear it, then."

The girl leaned back and a shadow came into her eyes as she recited:

"She comes to mock me, with laughter free
Though clothed in dead years and in leprosy;
For my heart goes out to the throngs of men—
Though I check it and draw it back again,
My heart goes out forever;

And triumphing still over man and God,
As over the prophet who bore the rod,
She laughs; for my hand would be left unclasped
And she knows I must draw it back at the last
The thread of my life to sever."

"Obscure and melancholy, as you say!" Trant raised his head at last. "Did your father end his own life?"

"Yes, Mr. Trant," the girl answered. "My father killed himself. He was one of those sweet but willful characters who have a hard time fighting their places in the world. At nineteen he had already quarrelled violently with my grandfather."

"Why, Miss Coburn?"

HE had published his first small volume of poems, and their unconventional tone so offended my sternly religious grandfather and my almost fanatically religious aunts; that my father left home and went West. It was in the West that he met and married my mother. It was not until a year after my grandfather's death that my father finally returned to Detroit. My mother had died on the lonely Arizona ranch, where we had been living, just before my second birthday, and my father, though still only a boy in years, was a broken and discouraged man." Edith Coburn drew her breath sharply and her eyes brightened with tears. "He lived for a few months a lonely and misanthropic life in Detroit, with no companion except myself—his baby daughter—and almost no servants except Linette, who, as I told you, has had charge of me ever since my mother's death. His only occupation during that time was to bring out another edition of his poems. Almost immediately after this book appeared he committed suicide."

"And the means he used to end his life?"

"He poisoned himself with prussic acid," the girl answered, steadily. "But I was too young to remember the particulars, though they say they found me with the body—a little frightened child—for the nurse had left me to go out for help."

"Ah, he used poison!" Trant repeated, intently. "I am sorry to have been obliged to give you the pain of telling me—or us—all this, Miss Coburn; but with what I have now in hand it will be odd

indeed if I cannot soon see clearly through the mists of this terrifying dream of yours."

"You think this dream warns me of some real danger that threatens Randall?"

The psychologist had already risen to follow young Blythe into the house, and he left her question unanswered.

THE bungalow, as Trant saw at once as he followed Blythe, was of comfortable but of the very rudest construction. The two large rooms in its centre, the living room and dining room, side by side, were lined on walls and ceiling with matchboards nailed against the log walls. In the west wing, which contained the kitchen and the servants' quarters, the rough logs themselves formed the only walls; the eastern wing, where were the bed-rooms of Miss Coburn and her guests, was lined with matchboards like the main rooms.

"This is my room," young Blythe said, as he threw open the door of one of the two eastern rooms, which faced each other across the low, wide hallway. "The room next to mine is my mother's; and Miss Coburn and Linette have the corresponding rooms across the hall."

"But surely there is some connection between the two rooms on the other side," Trant suggested, quickly, as he glanced in. "There must be a door

between these two—or some other connection?"

"There is a door," Blythe replied, "and also the partitions there do not go to the ceiling. But how did you guess that, Mr. Trant?" he questioned, curiously.

"I did not guess; the dream absolutely required some such arrangement," Trant replied, shortly, and was turning from the room when he confronted suddenly in the darkened hall a tall and stately woman watching them curiously through the door. The psychologist was at a loss for an instant, till Blythe, who had followed at his heels, said over his shoulder: "We will not interrupt your work; I'm just showing Mr. Trant the bungalow," and Trant realized that she was a servant.

She came in then, and the psychologist saw that she was coloured, an octeroon—a sensitive, intelligent woman, with a face of the rare, almost aquiline type which in favoured instances of heredity predominates over the broader features of the negro. Slender, lithe, graceful and reserved, she silently made way for them.

"That is Miss Coburn's maid—the one who was her nurse?" Trant asked, as they went back to the porch to join the others.

"Yes; that is Linette."

The actions of the young detective during the remainder of his visit were thoroughly unaccountable.

He asked for the volume of verses containing the poem to Miriam—studied it for ten minutes—and put the volume in his pocket. But he would not answer any questions concerning his theories of Miss Coburn's dreams. He announced his intention of going to town by catching a train on the logging road after walking to the lumber camp. As he rose to go he drew young Blythe aside.

"Is your health good, Mr. Blythe?" he demanded.

"Perfect," the young man answered, "except for a slightly sluggish liver, which is yielding to open air exercise and lemon and hot water that I take mornings."

"You do?" Trant said, abruptly. "Then, by any chance, was the lemon bad yesterday or to-day, so that you did not take it?"

"This morning or yesterday morning? Why, yes, the lemons were musty and I did not drink it. But, good Heavens, Mr. Trant!" he cried, in astonishment. "How did you guess that?"

"Not so loud, please," Trant warned him quickly. "Like the bedroom partitions, it was not a guess, nor even a very long shot; and it means that I shall come back here to the bungalow to-night. I trust you not to let anyone, even Miss Coburn, know that, but be ready to let me in yourself about eleven o'clock."

The young psychologist spent a busy day. His long tramp back from the lumber camp was undertaken by nine o'clock that night, and when he came in sight of the little woodland house he saw by the light of a shaded lamp young Blythe and Edith Coburn on the wire-enclosed porch. Hidden by the darkness he seated himself under a tree to wait until the household had gone to bed.

The light in the living room was extinguished almost immediately, and Mrs. Blythe came out to kiss her son good night. The light in her bedroom burned brighter as she turned it up. Then Blythe and Miss Coburn went in; but almost immediately the young man emerged again. He glanced at his watch, looked curiously out into the darkness, and then at the girl's just lighted window. Linette came out and began to turn down the porch chairs, and for several minutes she and the young man engaged in animated conversation. Then Blythe went in and Linette was alone. Alone and not conscious that she could be observed, slowly and steadily she stepped back. She took the lamp in her hand, and as she stood an instant with her features sharp and distinct in the flare from above the lamp shade, Trant saw on her face a melancholy—a strange, half-submissive, but dominantly defiant melancholy such as he had never seen on a face before.

TRANT waited twenty minutes more, glancing often at the sky—where the stars one by one were being obscured by storm clouds—in fear the storm would be upon him before he could enter the house; then circling the building to assure himself that all lights were out except that which burned dimly in Blythe's bedroom, he tapped softly at that window with his fingers. The window was lifted noiselessly from within, and he climbed over the sill. The psychologist closed the window quietly and turned out the light, and they sat down side by side upon the bed.

"We must get Miss Coburn out of her room and sleeping somewhere else before morning," Trant whispered.

"We won't have to do that if the storm does its work right," Blythe answered, in the same tone. "For the roof of this wing is pretty old, and a storm from the south, like this, starts a leak over Edith's bedroom. Last week she spent one night in the living room of her own accord."

An hour of darkness and silence passed before Trant spoke again. Then he put his mouth close to Blythe's ear.

"Let me ask one thing," he whispered. "Miss Coburn said that the maid, Linette, had no belief in her dream; then—it was not about that she was speaking to you on the porch just before you came in?"

"No; nothing connected with it," Blythe replied. "It was about the ranch in Arizona, where Edith's father lived and where Edith was born. I have been trying to buy it from the present holder as my wedding gift to Edith. Edith herself wanted to return to it some years ago, but Linette dissuaded her. My attorney is having difficulties with the title now; but I wired him a couple of days ago to clear the matter up and get the place. Linette, however, still thinks Edith would not be happy there."

"The trouble with the title is in establishing the death of Miss Coburn's mother?"

"Exactly; they cannot find how or where Mrs.

(Continued on page 19.)

SCOUTS AND STRAWBERRIES



WHEN the Indians out around Clarkson, in the vicinity of Oakville, in the strawberry-cherry-raspberry region between Hamilton and Toronto, became wise as to the scarcity of labour, they said unto the fruit-growers, "We want three cents a box for picking all those things. Three!" "Go to!" said the F. G. A., Shakespeareanly. "We don't have to." Which caused the Indians to gurgle, because they knew not the resources of the F. G. A., who at once got into touch with the Boy Scouts Association. The result being that 300 Boy Scouts went out to Clarkson and pitched four big camps, to wit: Connaught, Jellicoe, Kitchener, and Baden-Powell. Every day they go out into the berry-fields picking at a cent a box. One boy made \$1.51 between 3.30 of a dewy morning and 12 a.m., saying he would pick no more that day. The average of wages is about \$2.00 a day, and the boys pay \$1.75 a week each for their board and tent lodgings, etc. All which causes the Indians to mutter and say that such kind of patriotism is no good, and



why should Boy Scouts keep down the price of labour when the Indians wished to raise it by three times over. Which is a problem much too deep for hot weather.

The picture at the bottom shows some of the Scouts at work, that in the centre a city visitor carrying berries to the crates, and the top one the crating department.

VERDUN IS GERMANY'S LOCK-UP

An Independent View

ACCORDING to one of the ablest war-summarists in America, Mr. Sidney Coryn in the San Francisco Argonaut, it is Germany and not France that is locked up at Verdun. Mr. Coryn has a reputation for one of the most impartially able war summaries published in America without regard to the hyphenated complexion of any of his readers. His sum-up of the Verdun situation is this.

It is easy to be wise after the event, but we can now appreciate the stupendous mistakes the Germans have made in the conduct of the siege of Verdun. Their first mistake was a miscalculation of the time that would be required to reduce the fortifications. Their second mistake was in pledging practically all their fortunes upon the result. If they could have taken Verdun at one great blow all would have been comparatively well. It is true that the French army would have been left intact, and Paris would have been as far away as ever. But the moral effect would certainly have been considerable. Such a success would have gone far to establish a certain German invincibility in attack, and this would have been a useful asset. But Verdun was too hard a nut to be cracked in this way. Its continued assault has meant a concentration of every available German resource. It has meant a consequent weakening of the German lines and reserves all over Europe. The Verdun casualties alone might easily have saved the day in Russia. And Germany has now gone so far at Verdun that she can not draw back without a grave loss of prestige. She is in the position of the merchant who sees his capital fading away in some luckless investment and who is compelled unavailingly to sell valuable securities in the desperate hope of retrieving his fortunes. If Germany had foreseen the Russian offensive it is quite certain that she would not have locked herself up in Verdun. For actually it is Germany that is locked up in Verdun, and not France. France could withdraw at any moment and lose nothing, absolutely nothing, except the continued opportunity to inflict fearful losses upon her foes. Germany

can not withdraw without a damaging admission of failure. She knew that she could not fight heavily on more than one front at a time, but she reckoned upon disposing of Verdun and perhaps the whole of France with it before she was called upon to act elsewhere. She miscalculated. Now comes the Russian offensive, and it finds her with her hands helplessly tied. And not only must she face the Russian offensive, but she knows that she is on the brink of a general offensive everywhere. It may even have begun. If the splendid bravery of her devoted soldiers could have saved the day it would have

been saved. But the failure has been one of the high command. Popular rumour attributes it to Von Falkenhayn, and there are stories that he has been recalled.

That is the unbiassed opinion of a pure neutral. Mr. Charles Lyell Fox, war correspondent at the German front—or as near as he can get—for the Rochester Democrat and Chronicle, takes a different tack. Mr. Fox is not likely to get anything past the German censor unfavourable to Germany; and as his paper circulates in a somewhat pro-German constituency, he is naturally inclined to make out as reasonably good a case for the Germans as possible. Mr. Fox says that the reason Germany keeps hammering at Verdun in spite of the smashing offensives on the east and west fronts, is to make possible a drive on Paris. This is a romantic idea that may do something to keep the German mind fed up on illusions. Mr. Fox evidently thinks that Verdun will yet fall to the Germans. The Crown Prince will see that he continues to think so. His opinion seems to be that Verdun, though useless as a fortress, and 140 miles from Paris, is useful to the French as a base from which to strike at a German army advancing on Paris; and equally useful to the Germans in protecting the flank of the army making that phantom and quite ridiculous "drive." Mr. Fox guesses that the drive will be from Vic-sur-Aisne, the nearest point of the German line from Paris—60 miles; and near Soissons. If this is the reason, the French are as likely to keep Germany locked up at Verdun as Germany is to get Verdun from the French. Mr. Fox's estimate may have some German military value, but as an independent view, taking account of all the factors in the longest single action of the war, it is only an ingenious morsel of pap that will keep Germans, either in Europe or America, fed up a little while longer.



After four months of the greatest devastation known to modern warfare Gen. Joffre reviews the French colours at a picturesque spot near Verdun. He knows that the struggle to keep Verdun is the greatest sustained effort ever put forth by the French army—and that it will succeed.

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Stage Play

NO ONE CAN DENY the Germans credit for ingenuity, persistence and courage, and the sending of a submersible merchantman with cargo to the United States can in itself command nothing but our admiration. If the Germans are going to evade our blockade by this means then we must find new ways of meeting the situation, and no doubt they will be found. The curious part of the episode is this, however; that it reveals first of all Germany's extreme need for certain materials, and, secondly, the child-like love of the German for doing the melodramatic. This underseas merchant service cannot seriously relieve Germany's shortage of supplies, but it looks well. It is calculated to strengthen the waning hopes of the pro-Germans in the United States. It is like the last desperate somersault of a trapeze artist who has missed his trapeze and must soon crash to the floor. It was this exaggerated self-consciousness that first started Germany on her career of folly, building an army that was to overawe the world. The same childish instinct for display set her to work trying to beat down the gates of Verdun with naked fists. Now this submarine—a colossal adventure in the picturesque.

On only one point do we see need for worry. The submarine came, we read, for rubber and nickel. Rubber she may or may not get—the Americans get most of theirs on courtesy of the British Government. Nickel she must not get, for the only nickel in the United States is Canadian nickel, and if the International Nickel Company sells that to German agents it is violating its understanding with our Government. The submarine bids fair to go home empty so far as these important supplies are concerned.

Let Us Sift the Estimates

NOW THAT THE IRRESISTIBLE FORCE seems to be fully under way we should be on our guard against the irresistible tendency to exaggeration of Allied victories. This is not to say that great, almost incredible victories are not being achieved, especially on the Russian front. But these victories are great enough not to need any bombastic estimates in scare head-lines. We do not want to be in the position of revising our estimates downwards when the facts are all in concerning the great allied offensives. Perhaps the tendency in this direction is most marked in a time of depression. In this country optimism is never at a loss to put a favourable construction on a discouraging situation. For instance, a few weeks ago we were startled by the announcement that 100,000 Russians were being landed at Marseilles and rushed up to the western front, and that they were the advance guard of a total of 500,000 troops without arms or munitions to be used in stiffening up the French lines admittedly in need of more men, but well equipped with munitions. The canard was good enough to state that Russia had still a woeful scarcity of munitions and a plethora of men. Mahomet was to come to the mountain via Marseilles. Now it turns out that Russia has munitions enough to be conducting the greatest drive known in the war, extending from Riga to Rumania along a front of not less than 700 miles. And in the same newspaper (Monday this week) it was modestly stated that the 25,000 Russian troops sent from Archangel were now on the firing line, and that no further advices had been received concerning the despatch of any more Russians for that purpose.

Evidently there has been a lightning-like change of policy on the Russian front. But the change in the estimates from 500,000 to 25,000 is rather too drastic to be anything more genuine than the copy-hungry fever of a correspondent willing to make cheerful news out of a desire to make readers talk. We have passed through too many phases of alternate exaltation and depression to be depending now upon any such over-statements. Over a hundred years ago, when England was conquering France in

Canada and India, and achieving other victories in Europe, Sir Horace Walpole admitted that he never picked up a newspaper without expecting news of some great victory to our arms in some part of the world. In those days, however, newspaper literature was rather more reliable, and there were no noon editions of evening papers.

Berlin!

LAST NOVEMBER, among educated people in London the talk of "marching into Berlin" was at an end. Anyone who spoke seriously of this ultimate victory for the Allies was smiled at for his naivete. The wise folks who knew the real state of affairs assured one another that France was exhausted and Russia done for, while Britain—well, their faith even in themselves was tinged with cynicism.

These were not merely foolish people, but thoughtful, loyal and honest Britishers. Yet the cry, "On to Berlin" seems to-day much more nearly possible than it was in the first months of the war. The concrete defence works of the Germans have not proved impregnable. The myth of invincibility which we were fast allowing ourselves to build up about the Huns in defence, has been cleared away. Berlin?—well, it is wise to set our aim at the very highest. That is the courageous thing to do, and half-hearted plans will yield only half-hearted results. Let us count on Berlin, ultimately.

Tariff Commissions

JAMES B. REYNOLDS was employed by President Taft of the United States as a member of the United States Tariff Board—something approximating the Tariff Commission which is supposed to solve all tariff problems in almost every country. Reynolds was and is an expert and utters, in a recent article in an American paper, a number of arresting statements. First he denies that a tariff ever can be taken out of politics. It is too important, too vitally connected with a nation's daily life. Second, he insists—and this is the most important part of the article—that the nation must first of all make up its mind what it wants its tariff to do for it. Then and then only can the tariff commission be of service.

Here is a truth we need to bear in mind in Canada. It is all very well for us to drift along with a crudely-made tariff and talk pleasantly about a tariff commission that will "take the tariff out of politics." We must sooner or later settle this point: Do we want a Tariff for Revenue Only or a Tariff for Production. Just now we seem to have a schedule for revenue and hap-hazard production. Until we decide one way or the other a tariff commission can be of little use.

The one thing a commission can do is to gather information on the real cost of producing a given class of goods abroad as compared with the cost of producing the same goods produced at home. For example, the American Tariff Board discovered after deep research that the average wool grown in the United States costs over nine cents a pound more to raise than does the wool of Australia, and that it costs twice as much to raise as the wool of South America. "Upon such a statement of fact," says Reynolds, "all the members of the Board could and did agree. If it had been necessary, however, to report to Congress what recommendation the Board should make as to tariff duties on wool, there would have been a complete division in the Board, and two conflicting reports. There would have been a report from some members stating that wool was so important an article to the country's growth and existence that it was necessary so to protect the wool grower that he could at all times turn with profit his attention to the raising of sheep, and that he should have sufficient protection. . . . On the other hand, other members of the Board would have reported that the difference in the cost of the production of wool here and abroad was so great that, in order to give a complete tariff protection, so high a duty was necessary as to involve bad economic policy; that there was a limit beyond which duties should not go. . . ."

In this there is much for Canadians to study. In the same situation what would he do? Protect the wool-grower? Or abandon him?

Premier Hughes in London

TO SOME OF OUR sensitive friends Premier Hughes of Australia was almost as irritating in his recent London career as a certain Canadian of the same name. He was almost candid in indicating his wishes on behalf of Australia, yet like his Canadian namesake Premier Hughes had apparently a way of getting things done that might well

be studied by more elegant but less efficient statesmen here and elsewhere. He did not kow-tow. He was not oppressed by the awful weight and majesty with which London naturally greets the newcomer. He lifted his voice in the holy of holies and demanded what was due an Australian Premier, the right to be taken into secret consultations, and so on. Some of his demands seemed premature, and had to be denied, but in making them Premier Hughes did absolutely well. He demonstrated the only true, manly and therefore British manner, in which the colonial statesman should approach Westminster. If to-day, because in the past the colonies have failed to contribute their fair share to the defence of the Empire, our statesmen visiting London must show a certain diffidence, this is only a temporary condition. Canada and Australia must in one way or another redeem their debt for defence in the past—and then stand on their own feet and treat with Westminster, not as with a gouty overlord, but as with a distinguished co-worker.

Because Canadians may feel their coming nationhood and may desire to treat and be treated accordingly is no excuse of course for playing the part of the upstart, or casting off all sense of affection and respect for the Mother Country, but it is much better and more British to err on that side than to err on the side of boot-licking. Premier Hughes kept his head in London. He did not let his emotions overcome his judgment. He did much better than the Scotch princes who in the early days of union with England seemed more English than the English, loving London and its good opinion better than Edinburgh and the opinion of the Scotch. The Hughes tradition is one that must be maintained by Canadians also.

Responsibility

LET THE PEOPLE who are impatient of our growth in manufactures bear in mind that in 1880 manufactured goods formed only 12½% of the total value of exports from the United States, while in 1906—twenty-six years later—they amounted to 36½%. On the other hand, let those who underestimate the value of industrial development, who think our exports of raw materials, such as wheat and lumber, are all that matter—let them observe how the Americans prospered in those twenty-six years. As a nation, we can never be sufficiently grateful to the lavish Providence who gave us such vast stores of natural wealth. But we must remember that it was not given us merely to dig out in a raw state, so to speak, and ship to foreigners to be made into finished articles. The soil that gives so generously has a right to demand, if it could demand, that the wealth it gives must be finished here. In return for its bounty it expects population—here. But to ship raw material to foreign nations is cheating the soil of Canada, and so cheating ourselves.

An Architectural Protest

ARCHITECTS ARE a secretive lot until stepped on. Several million dollars worth of Toronto buildings have recently been designed by American architects, and the Toronto profession both smarts and talks. They deserve full sympathy. Canadian buildings should be designed by Canadian architects. They are just as skilled, and just as quick and cheap as the American architect. The American architect, like as not, specifies American material, too, as far as possible.

Building Courage

BRITISH MILITARISM to-day needs no defence but it should court understanding. What is it that makes men heroes after they join the army and something less than heroes in civilian life? The young lieutenant-to-be is not any more eager to die than anyone else. The raw recruit has his secret anxieties. But the truth is that soldiering, unlike civilian life, develops the sense of responsibility between men and officers, and officers and men. The lieutenant grows gradually to appreciate the fact that his example must be a good example to the men. If he is tempted to feel afraid for himself, the knowledge that others depend on him for an example of courage, forces out the man in him, stiffens him. And the man in the ranks grows to honour his battalion and know that should he stumble it is not himself alone, but his blameless fellow-soldier that will suffer. So the courage of an army is sustained on the principle of mutual interdependence until it becomes habit. Civilian life allows the individual, in some respects, too much freedom. We would not have freedom curtailed, but social responsibility emphasized. All life is only a war, and all men but soldiers in an army.

ARTISTS NEAR THE FIRING LINE

Written at the Sign of the Maple

By ESTELLE M. KERR

HERE is a little corner of the world, behind the firing line, that still belongs to Belgium. Many of the inhabitants refuse to leave, many have nowhere else to go, and numerous refugees from more devastated spots take refuge there. Shells go screeching overhead, bombs are dropped from aeroplanes, and the peasant at work in the field wonders whether it is his house which has been shattered, his children who have been killed. Clearly it is no place for women, yet there are women, old and young, old men and many little children, who must be fed and clothed and taught, for in them lies Belgium's hope for a glorious resurrection.

YPRES is a battle field and the long line of trenches stretches north to Nieuport on the sea and south through Poperinghe to France. Of the remaining territory Furnes is the largest and most important town—not very large either, and not very important. It is not celebrated for commerce nor art; its history is similar to that of scores of other places; only tourists who seek out remote places have visited it. Perhaps that is why the inhabitants live in comparative security; perhaps that is why the Belgian Canal Boat Association have chosen it for their Belgian headquarters in the work of caring for the stricken population.

MADAME INNES-TAYLOR, an English woman, who was born in Belgium and spent most of her youth there, is particularly interested in the welfare of the poor people among whom she used to live. She had been following her career as a singer in Toronto for some years before the war, and August, 1914, found her in England with Miss Margaret Bell Saunders, a Toronto journalist. Together they endeavoured to find some means of going to the help of invaded Belgium. In this they were aided by Mrs. Agar Adamson, wife of Capt. Adamson, of the Princess Patricia's, and became a part of the Belgian Canal Boat Association with Mrs. Adamson at the base of supplies in London. The other two ladies, and Miss Esther McNeill, were finally, after some difficulty, able to obtain permission to enter Belgium. Many Canadians have followed their subsequent career with interest. Miss Saunders, whose pen-name is Margaret Bell, writes very charming articles for English periodicals and sometimes for our own, and letters from the others frequently appear in our papers. In a letter to a friend Miss Saunders says:

"We are a kilometre (½ mile) out of the centre of Furnes. The idea is to have the children come here early in the morning, go to school, and go back in the evening. It is much safer, for Furnes itself is shelled at least once a week. We hear the shells go whizzing over our heads. You cannot imagine the delight of the parents in having their children in safety all day long, and the poor ones at the thought of one good meal a day. Usually the children leave school at five, but when bombarded they keep them until all danger is passed."

BUT it is not so safe. So far none of the children have been killed, but one of the helpers, a Belgian lady, was killed by the same bomb that wounded Miss Margaret Saunders and Miss McNeill. A dugout has been constructed near the school and it is sometimes necessary for the children to crawl into it to evade the bombs. The teaching is done by the nuns, Sisters of St. Vincent and St. Paul, who are indefatigable in their labours. Dr. Sillvarets, military doctor of the 5th Division, Belgian army, in a letter to Mrs. Agar Adamson, tells of the important services rendered by Mrs. Innes-Taylor, Miss Esther McNeill and Miss Margaret Saunders, who have given themselves up to the work with an enthusiasm nothing less than marvellous. They have established a "Poste de Secours," which

has given medical and surgical assistance to 1,200 persons. They also, says Dr. Sillvarets, "provide almost the whole population of Furnes with food and clothing, and entirely look after the feeding of the neighbouring school, where more than 325 children are instructed."

"These ladies, in spite of numerous bombardments, are continuing their work with the utmost courage and devotion, and I take it that there will be conferred upon them the 'Royal Red Cross Medal' in recognition of their splendid work, and as a small token of admiration of all the population of Furnes."

ALL Flemish towns have some features in common. Each has its market-place, belfry, Hotel de Ville, its old gateways and churches, yet each has some association of its own. In Bruges we think of the merchants who bought and sold, of how the gorgeous city rose and flourished and then sank into oblivion. Ypres has been the scene of many battles. Its flat meadows suggest one of the innumerable

ancient chateau in which they were first established, which was appropriated by the military authorities, but in rude huts of galvanized iron. The life is full of hardships which are borne cheerfully; it is beset by many dangers which are faced bravely. The supplies of money, food and clothing that are constantly sent from Canada, are gratefully received and used to the best advantage.

ANOTHER artist who has made her home in Canada for several years, has recently left for the front or very near it. This is Mrs. Somers-Cocks, known on the concert stage as Madame Benita le Mar, the singer. She, with her young daughter, has gone to assist Madam O'Gorman in her Barge hospital in Dunkirk, France, close to the Belgian border. Madam O'Gorman aroused great interest in this hospital throughout Canada where she addressed large meetings in several of our cities. It was to her hospital that Miss Margaret Saunders went to recuperate after the piece of shell that wounded her had been removed by a skilful French surgeon at the hospital of La Panne. In a letter written soon after the event she says:

"I am now on a barge—a very comfortable one, I must say—which has been made into an hospital and is run by a very charming Englishwoman, Madam O'Gorman, who came and carried me away from La Panne and brought me here, where it is very homey and not at all like an institution. I have such a nice nurse—a lady—very skilful, and am spending a very lazy existence. All the patients

here are Belgian civilians who have been wounded by bombs or shells. There are thirty beds, about half of which are full. I have a jolly little cabin. We are on the canal, just outside Bergues, about five miles from Dunkirk."

IT is to this hospital that Madame le Mar expects to go. Not a very safe place, either, for Dunkirk is sometimes shelled by the Germans, and only last month some of the patients were wounded by an exploding shell. But Madame le Mar fears neither danger nor hard work. Her husband is going overseas with the 198th,

her nephew, Lord Somers, who has been farming in Pickering, Ont., is with the Life Guards, of which H. M. the King is honorary colonel—indeed, all her relations are serving their country, and she is very anxious to be occupied in a similar way.

"It is almost impossible to work at any form of art now," she says. "Art had its birth in time of peace. But I would not go abroad without some definite work to do, so Madam O'Gorman, who is a cousin of my husband's, offered to let me work in her hospital. I would not go if I were not perfectly willing to scrub floors from now until the end of the war."

Only women of such spirit are wanted abroad at the present time, and that is the spirit that is wanted in Canada as well, where women must face grave problems.

DUNKIRK belonged to the English during the Protectorate, but was sold by Charles II. to the French. For this he was severely criticized, but as Stephen Leacock points out in his recent essay, "A Rehabilitation of Charles II.," this was dictated by the wisest policy. Dunkirk, lying as it does on the French side of the Straits of Dover, and affording to England a fortified base for operations against the French, could never have permanently remained a British possession. To sell it to the French was at once the part of prudence and generosity.

IF a tourist should enter the war zone now, armed with a red-bound guide book of German origin, he would be struck with the painful contrast between the printed page and the reality, for the efficiency with which the Teutonic author recorded each

(Continued on page 22.)



Margaret Bell Saunders.



Lena Ashwell.



Madame Innes-Taylor.



Madame le Mar.

paintings of the Flemish wars, the "battle-pieces" in which the court artists took such pride; the clumsy cannon puffing out clouds of smoke; the King of France capering on a fat horse and holding up his baton in an attitude of command in the foreground, and in the distance the tents of the camp, where the travelling theatre was set up and the musicians fiddled and an army of serving-men waited on the rouged and powdered ladies who had followed the army into Flanders. War was not such a grim horror in those days and the hedge of live thorn which proved such an obstacle to the besiegers in those days would be laughed at now. All the wars of all the ages have done their best to destroy Ypres, and this great war has made its destruction complete.

FURNES somehow recalls the Spanish period. The Hotel de Ville is a lovely example of Renaissance architecture, and has hangings of Cordova leather and portraits of the Archduke Albert and his bride, the Infanta Isabella. Many things recall the Spanish Inquisition. The market-place is a small square, quaintly picturesque, surrounded by clusters of little red brick houses with red and blue tiled roofs and low stepped gables. Not in such picturesque surroundings do the workers live, not in the

What's What the World Over

New Phases of the World's Thinking Recorded in Current Periodicals

'Stralia Slings Mud Burglar Turned Spy Does Lavergne Count England's Inner Ring
 Another 'Big' French What France Escaped

'STRALIA SLINGS MUD

Premier Hughes' Vitriolic Remarks Prove Hot Retorts

EVEN in Australia labour leaders are not always given unanimous praise. Premier Hughes, of that Commonwealth, whose doings in London were at least interesting, is now being roundly abused by the very labour journals that helped elect him to power.

Immediately upon his attainment of the Prime Ministership, Hughes was summoned, says an article in the Round Table, to London.

The occasion of this quarrel was a speech delivered at a recruiting meeting at the Sydney Town Hall on January 17th, wherein the Prime Minister pointed out that neither Unionism nor any other institution could hope to escape the consequences of the present war. "There were, however," he went on, "some men who had attached themselves to the Labour movement, and, like parasites, they had endeavoured to suck from it that power and influence to which they had no claim. They have done nothing in the building of this great institution nor in the battling and struggle, and now that we have arrived at such a pitch that unionism can speak with a voice that all men listen to, we do not intend to allow it to be emasculated by such people. . . . If Unionism was to continue its victorious career it must keep its eyes fixed on the ideals with which it had begun, and never permit for one moment the contemptible lie to be circulated on their behalf that Unionism took an apathetic or indifferent place in the war." "The ranks of our soldiery are thronged with the Unionists of Australia. There is not a regiment in which they do not predominate, a battle in which they have not fought, nor a day in which they have not made records." Then came a few scorching sentences about the men whose conduct had made Mr. Hughes angry. "They are not 'Unionists,'" he said, "they are not Socialists, they are anarchists, enemies of society and of all that Unionism stands for. It is no use going round like tame cats to fight these men; they must be fought with the ferocity and strength of a Bengal tiger. Principle they cannot understand; religion they have no use for. There is only one thing they can understand, and that is force."

That is the speech which has called forth so much fierce language from certain writers in Labour news-

papers, with whom he was formerly a hero, and from many platform orators.

The bitterest and most picturesquely abusive assailant was the Labour Call, published in Melbourne. It commenced with the elegant observation that "Billy Hughes got the froth off his whiskers with a vengeance," and described the Sydney Town Hall meeting as one whereat there was a "heaving sea of rich men whose paunches heaved before him as the bellows of his oratory rolled over them." After the exploit of making bellows roll over the audience, the Labour Call settled down to an unrestrained castigation. Mr. Hughes is now "William the political corkscrew." Moreover, "Hughes has ratted on every principle of the existing federal platform, and betrayed the referendums . . . than which never was a more shameless betrayal since Iscariot for 30 pieces of gore-stained silver, received from the greasy palms of the bosses of his day, unctuously handed Christ to the butchers." Again, "The democracy of William Hughes has been a good investment to him, and returned him solid dividends. He was no dreamer when ducats were to be gathered in the snuffing profession of a political creed that has not been lived up to by him." In another article the same paper described Mr. Hughes as one who "cares nothing for Labour or her ideals. He is for self and self only. He is a democrat only in name. Underneath the surface is the Tory." He is "the pet of the sweaters, boodlers and commercial cliques," and "the pal of the Fatman."

Such coarseness and violence are not unfamiliar to readers of some Labour organs—for the worst aspects of the Australian Labour Party, as well as its finer idealism, are revealed in its journalism. But what does it mean when the bilge-cock is directed to the head of Mr. Hughes?

BURGLAR TURNED SPY

How a London no-good won back his honour in Mesopotamia

ROBERT HOLMES is a police court missionary in London and in Blackwoods tells a wonderful story of a criminal who turned spy—for his country. This young man, a brilliant linguist, had served many light terms for burglary. One device he used to defeat the authorities after his latest arrest was to play deaf and dumb. Holmes became interested in him after his last arrest and talked

with him after the police had "coaxed" him into using his tongue. The young man said he had a mania for climbing into high places. The police admitted that he could scale a wall almost like a fly and walk on the roofs of houses like a cat. Thus he gained admittance to houses by unlocked attic windows. So good natured and candid was his confession that the missionary agreed to send him to sea, because, "I should be out of all temptation on a sailing ship. I could climb the rigging and do no harm to anybody." Holmes heard no more of him for many years when, since the outbreak of war, he received a letter from Mesopotamia from the ex-burglar. This man—who knew German fluently—described the work of a certain deaf and dumb Bedouin, living in the German lines (himself) and told how he was able, by playing deaf and dumb, to obtain valuable information for the British. A final letter ran thus:

"A deserter who came into our (the British) lines told how the mute's visit to our camp (the 'mute' is writing of himself in the third person) had become known to the enemy, and how he was received back by his brethren with some suspicion. They fired rifles immediately behind his ears to see if he would start at the sound; they marched him up to a big gun and stood him beside it till the air concussion of a score explosions caused him to bleed from ears and nostrils. He was deaf as a stone; it was evident that he heard not the semblance of a sound. They were satisfied about his hearing; but could he speak, after all?"

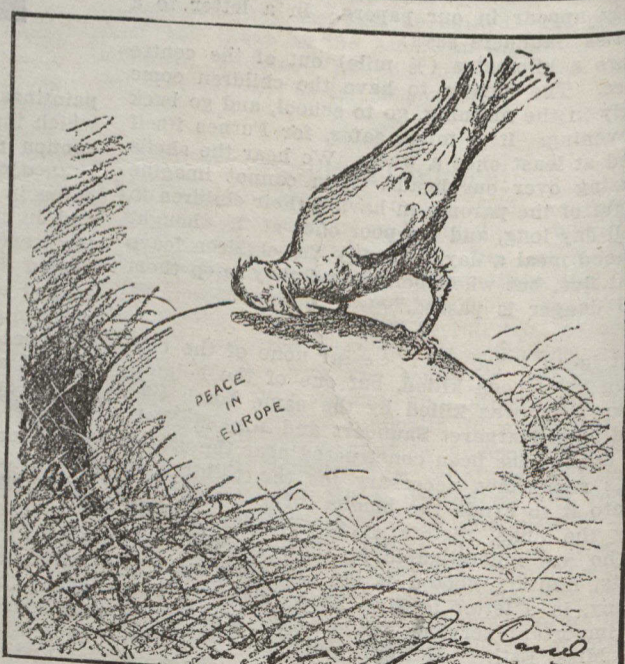
"Hot irons applied to various tender parts were reckoned one good means for proving this: these being ineffective, though he will bear their scars to his grave, they tried tearing out a finger-nail or two; tears rained down his cheeks, but he uttered no more than a guttural moan. They were convinced. The more callous amongst them swore frightful oaths; the more pious prayed lest vengeance should fall upon them for adding to the sorrows of one whom Allah had afflicted. Afterwards they treated him with marked kindness: so this deserter told. He was wandering up and down the camp, nearly recovered from the wounds their cruelty had inflicted, when he who gave this information left the place for reasons of health, as he said. But he was a fine liar, and nobody could believe all he said. As there were Germans with the Turks and Arabs, however, the cruelty his tale told of might well be true.

"It was true. A week later, the mute turned up



IMPERIAL TACTICS! AFTER THIS WILL THE BOCHES CALL HIM THE FATHER OF HIS PEOPLE!

Le Rire.



SIGNS OF LIFE.

CASSEL, in New York Evening World.

in our lines for the last time. Gangrene had supervened that wrenching out of finger-nails. The doctors had to take off his left arm. Then a marvel happened. He began to speak. Vengeance fell heavily upon those miserable followers of the true prophet for their lack of charity. He gave away all their plans, describing their positions, and batteries, and encampments with a precision and accuracy I should never have thought possible in a simple child of the desert.

"He is rather a wreck now; perhaps they gave him poor food when they suspected him of treachery, poor beggar; for it turned out that the deserter's tale was substantially true; and he certainly had drunk foul water, for dysentery was added to the trouble with his arm, and the doctors had enough to do to pull him through. Everybody was wondering what would become of the poor body, when he coolly told that he had a little place of his own not a thousand miles from Aden. Once he got there, he said, he would do nicely."

DOES LAVERGNE COUNT

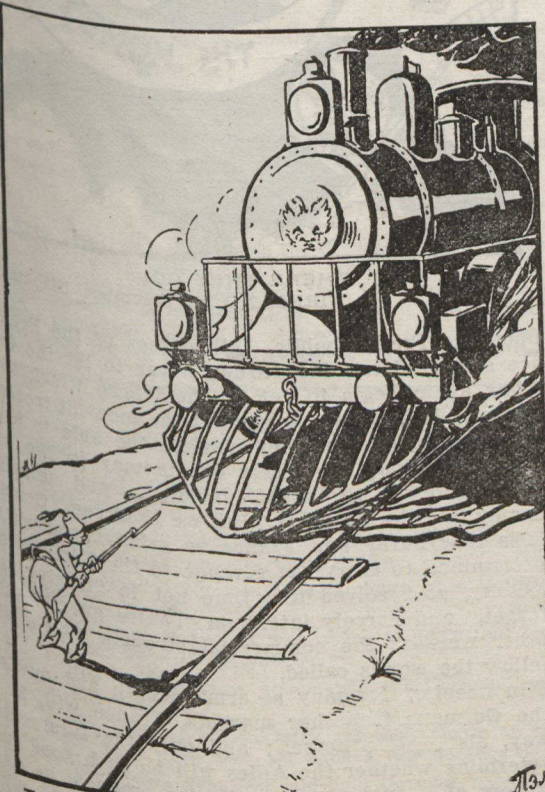
Here is a Writer who thinks he does—
and why

ARMAND LAVERGNE is far from the renegade some people think him, at least so thinks Arthur Hawkes in a recent article in the Toronto Star. Hawkes says he is much greater than a mere Sancho Panza to Henri Bourassa. To meet him personally, says this writer, and to see how obviously he thinks in English, and how wide is his knowledge of constitutional law and the byways of Canadian history, is to be astonished at the difference between the report of the man, and to wonder where he will end, for he is well on the sunny side of forty.

If you heard Lloyd George denounced as a traitor during the Boer war, you will know that, wide apart as the creed and conceptions of the Welshman and the Quebec Frenchmen are, each came into prominence as the relentless champion of a minority, and each has been heedless of a passing unpopularity which seemed to be rooted in the very springs of national repugnance. Lavergne is not Lloyd George. He does not think of himself as the preordained saviour of his race, as Bourassa does. But he counts, and he will continue to count.

Lavergne is unmistakably devoted to the interests of two and a half millions of Canadians, in whom he is developing, as strenuously as he can, the sense of nationality. His way is not our way. He hits us on the raw. It seems to us subversive of the very doctrine on which it is founded. But it is very clear to him, and though he does not rejoice when he is misinterpreted, he is not at the moment putting anything ahead of the French-Canadian conception of Canadian nationality. If you haven't time to read exactly what he says, and heed exactly what he means, he is very sorry, but the event will show who is right.

Take this matter of Canada's participation in the



Trying to Stop the Russian Advance: The Enemy: "Ah, hal I've got you now. You can't slip away from me."
PAM, in Vechernye Vremya, Petrograd.

war. If our plight is as serious as we say it is, we are playing ludicrously at the game of war. If Canada is being defended in Flanders as essentially as Scotland is we ought to do all that Scotland is doing. Quebec as a whole does not think Canada ought to be in this European conflict. But her conception of Canadian nationality is such that, if the nation decides for registration or compulsion, she will loyally abide by the decision. But let the Government act like the Government of a nation that is at war. As a colonel of the militia he would be the first to go the distance, and to advise his countrymen to join with him.

Quebec ought not to be left out of whatever national measure is decided upon, if the Government ever gets spunk enough to put the matter up to the country. Lavergne does not expect the Government to exhibit that courage. The love of office is the beginning and the insurance of cowardice. Quebec will raise no objection to paying her share of the cost of the war, which is constitutionally incurred. Under the voluntary system there is no more right to attack as traitors many in Quebec who do not think it is our war than to attack the few in Ontario who, holding the same opinion, do not enlist.

And as to it being our war, Lavergne thinks that consistency may be a bar to treason. "In 1910, in Drummond and Arthabaska, and in 1911, when financed by Conservative money," he said, "we preached that in our colonial condition we owed nothing to England except to defend the soil of Canada. We are only saying now what we said then. It was reported that we merely said we owed nothing to England—and the statement stopped there. The defence of Canada is our business, and we must be prepared for it, whatever the cost. The Government has decided to leave Canada practically defenceless. The law prescribes the means to be adopted for national defence. Let the Government say we have arrived at the point of danger and we have got to meet it. If the Imperial Government wants us to share in its wars let it see that we share in its responsibilities. It seems to intimate that we are not yet educated enough to participate in a war like a sovereign power. Perhaps we are not. But so long as it acts as if the only share of a Canadian in an Imperial war is to be killed, and not to decide the policy which leads to his killing, it surely cannot look for more than the strictest application of the voluntary principle to that possibility.

"There is a dangerous factor in the teaching that Quebec should be in the war because of her devotion to France. Suppose, a few years after the war, the relations of Britain and France become strained. With whom would Quebec be told to sympathize? We are Canadians. We were described as Canadians by Montcalm and not as Frenchmen. This is our only country. We are Americans in the truest sense. There is none other to which we could go if events pointed to a severance from our native soil. You are here; we are here. We have got to live together. We contribute perhaps more than you think to the prevention of the republicanization of this country. We think we contribute something desirable in speech and thought and polity to the life of Canada which you might welcome. We are law abiding, and I do not think we are intolerant towards the English minority in our Province. Whatever happens to the minority in Ontario, I don't think you will find a change in the treatment of the minority in Quebec. The records will show that in the Legislature I have always fought for the utmost of the English position. For instance, I was one of two who voted to accede to the request of the English Committee of Public Instruction, that education in their Separate schools should be made compulsory. We believe in giving to the other man what we desire for ourselves, and I think we shall continue to give, even if he withholds."

ENGLAND'S INNER RING

A Dictatorship now exists without record or control, says Low

SIDNEY LOW, the British publicist, says in effect in the North American Review that democratic government has for the time being disappeared from Great Britain; that the House of Commons has dwindled into insignificance and the House of Lords risen to a new degree of influence.

It follows, he claims, that the Cabinet autocracy is virtually unchecked. Finance, legislation, and administration, are disposed of as they please by this all-powerful committee of twenty-two, which is free from the control of public opinion, and which cannot be displaced except as a result of a general election, if even by that; because at the next general election, which probably will not be held until after



As Seen From Mars: "How peacefully the Earth shines there in the evening sky!"
Ulz, Berlin.

the close of the war, both party caucuses will be working together to reinstate the present leaders. In reality it is not the Cabinet as a whole which exercises these vast powers. A debating society of twenty-two is much too large to govern, and its present swollen and unprecedented size is only due to the desire to incorporate in it the leading men of all the parties in the House of Commons. The real Government of Britain at this moment is neither the House of Commons nor the Cabinet as a whole, but the small Inner Cabinet, consisting of the Prime Minister and some of his most influential colleagues. Who exactly these persons are is not precisely known, though it has been stated that the actual direction of military affairs from day to day rests with the War Council of five, that is Mr. Asquith himself and Mr. Lloyd George, the leaders of the Liberals, Mr. Balfour and Mr. Bonar Law, the leaders of the Unionists, and Mr. McKenna, the Chancellor of the Exchequer. But outside this War Council there are two or three other ministers, such as Sir Edward Grey, who also belong to the inner ring.

Thus we get a very curious state of affairs. The British Cabinet is technically "unknown to the Constitution." The law has never recognized its existence, and there is no statute or Act of Parliament from which it derives its powers. The British Cabinet is not only a secret committee, but an entirely informal one. It has no secretary, no office, no seal, no permanent location, no means of writing a letter or receiving one in its corporate capacity, and no minute-book. No note is taken of its proceedings at any session, and no record is kept of its decisions. But now, as we have seen, the process of secrecy and informality has been carried a stage further. There is a committee within a committee; and even though we know who are the members of the larger Cabinet we cannot tell who make up the real ruling Council from day to day, and by what members of the supreme Executive the all-important decisions of the moment may be taken. In practice at the present moment the governance of England is a kind of dictatorship with the Prime Minister as dictator, calling to his councils from time to time such of his associates as he may think fit to select.

One curious result of this evolution is the emergence of the House of Lords. The Second Chamber, which a few years ago was regarded as a kind of dignified survival, only waiting to be transformed into a senate more in accordance with the democratic idea, has acquired a new importance during the past few months. It has become almost the only arena for independent and authoritative criticism of Administrative acts. The press can be gagged, and, if necessary, muzzled by the censorship. The House of Commons can be ignored, or kept in subjection by the party machinery. But the House of Lords cares little for the party machine, it has no seats to lose at an election, and it retains its right of free speech. Moreover, it contains a considerable body of men of high reputation for statesmanship and experience: men who have governed great dependencies, or have gained distinction in various fields of action, jurists, pro-consuls, captains of industry, and eminent financiers, such men as Lord Bryce, Lord Milner, Lord Cromer, Lord Halsbury, the ex-Lord Chancellor, and Lord Courtney. What these peers have to say is worth hearing, and in the House of

Lords they are able to make their voices heard. In consequence the debates in the Upper Chamber are more interesting just now than those in the Commons, and the speeches of the "Elder Statesmen" who take part in its discussions are followed with close attention by the public. It is singular enough that in this crisis of British affairs, while the democratic assembly is powerless and almost unregarded, it is the "Gilded Chamber" of the hereditary aristocracy which succeeds in giving expression to public opinion. Hardly anybody would have predicted that a great war would have conferred a new lease of life and a new sphere of influence upon the House of Lords; but that seems not unlikely to be the case.

ANOTHER 'BIG' FRENCH

Little Mrs. Despard has Sir John's own Qualities

A LITTLE, frail old lady! Were you to meet Mrs. Despard for the first time, and for the space of a few minutes only, I am inclined, says M. H., in *Everyman*, to think that you might summarize your impressions of her personality in those five words. You would be wrong, however, if that was your final estimate. That slight, frail body contains an indomitable spirit, and when the story of the great fighters of the twentieth century comes to be told the name of Mrs. Despard will have to be added to the list.

They must have terrible courage—these Frenches! (You know, of course, that Mrs. Despard is the sister of Sir John French.) England knows her as a Suffragette—a pioneer of the "Votes for Women" movement. But whereas to some adherents of that cause "Votes for Women" would appear to be the be-all and the end-all of existence, to Mrs. Despard it merely appears the means to an end. She has no love for abstractions. But, having espoused the cause, she has gone on unflinchingly, and with a determination that has only gathered momentum with the passing of the years. It is possible that she may not live to see the triumph of that ideal to the accomplishment of which she has devoted the best of her life. It is certain that if, and when, the day dawns of the enfranchisement of women, that consummation will be due in no small degree to her strenuous and unremitting efforts.

The quaint, picturesque, Tory little town of Kingston-on-Thames was the scene of her first entry into public life in the role of a politician. She became a Poor Law Guardian for Kingston, and for twelve months she served in that capacity with unflagging energy. Then she decided to widen the sphere of her activities. Coming to London, she took a large house in the Wandsworth Road, and here, in one of the dullest and drabest suburbs of the Metropolis, she lived for many years, familiarizing herself with the life of the poor, not as an occasional visitor, but as one who shared alike their sorrows and their joys. A club for working boys and men was instituted. It was quickly followed by another for "mothers" and girls. Then, too, there was a dispensary which she opened under the charge of an experienced hospital nurse.

Not once or twice, but many times, she has refused to pay her taxes, believing that taxation and representation should go hand in hand. With some



Mrs. Despard, the courageous sister of Sir John French.



A HARD ONE.
Darling, in the Des Moines Register and Leader.

of the more extravagant manifestations of the Militant suffragette Movement she was entirely out of sympathy. There was a stage in the history of that movement when certain of its adherents came to the conclusion that in order to gain liberty it was not necessary to surrender sanity. Of their number was Mrs. Despard—and so the Women's Freedom League was formed. To do right and to press forward, regardless of all obstacles—that has always been her motto. The measure of her success it may be left for posterity to record. One thing, at least, is abundantly clear: among the heroines of the twentieth century her name will rank high in the annals of the future.

WHAT FRANCE ESCAPED

Teutons' commercial conquest would soon have been complete

ONE has often heard it remarked in France during the past year, writes *Sommerville* in *The Contemporary Review*: "If the Germans had not been such fools as to bring about this war, they would have been masters of the world in another ten years." The witty sarcasm of Paul Deroulede, "There are German quarters of Paris that are so thickly populated that the Government ought to see about appointing French Consuls!" was becoming almost an actual fact. To whatever branch of industry one turns, one finds that the Germans had firmly established themselves. Hotels? Theirs were among the best in the capital and in the resorts, though not perhaps in the provincial towns. Crockery and furniture? They were in the forefront of these industries; Limoges ware was deftly imitated by them. Sheffield ware was imitated and sold all over France for about half the price of real "Sheffield," and at much easier terms to the middlemen. Nor was the German article always so very inferior, as some of our self-satisfied manufacturers aver. As regards machinery, the Germans were very enterprising, and no other people could rival them. They had had the agricultural implement industry almost entirely in their hands for some time, and they willingly adapted themselves to the requirements of their customers. The work of the German insurance companies in France was veritably colossal; the most important of them had a network of agencies all over the country and the colonies, which would astonish English firms. Not a little of the fame of Paris in regard to women's dress was due to German energy. Many of the leading fur houses in the capital were German. What will surprise English readers even more is to learn that of the large number of fashion papers published in France, over fifty (some of them in the English language) were due to German initiative, and were conducted by Germans. Their revenue came from the advertisements of all the little trades surrounding dressmaking, which were also mostly conducted by Germans. Even the so-called resorts of Paris—the night haunts of Montmartre, etc.—had largely got into the hands of the Germans.

As to comestibles the record was not sustained; but even here the Germans were making remarkable strides. Apples during the past year have been abundant and cheap in France, and the President of the Syndical Chamber of Cider Makers informed the present writer that the reason was that in former years large quantities of the apple crop were bought

up by the Germans, turned into cider, and re-imported back to France at a cheaper rate than the French themselves could make the beverage. Pharmaceutical preparations coming from over the Rhine were legion, and their lack has caused much inconvenience and heart-burning. Most of the essential oils of the famous Eau de Cologne came from Grasse; the manufactured article was returned to France, and the French representatives of the famous "water" have never reached the perfection of the original—because, we are told, a part of the secret of the manufacture was held back when it was supposed to be sold for a high price. (It was the French purchaser who was "sold.") The list of articles which were imported from Germany, and with which French people no longer troubled to compete, because it was not worth while, is a very long one indeed; it extended to such small matters as the metal rings which form the skeletons of cloth buttons; grease-paint used by theatrical people; nicknacks of all sorts—even to the cheap, framed pictures of saints and religious emblems which children are given at the Sunday school and at the First Communion. The famous "articles de Paris" had long been practically a monopoly of German manufacturers; Paris could never approach them for cheapness. Packets of needles, bearing an illustration of "Old Paris," which were nevertheless made in Germany, have been bought under the shadow of Notre Dame since the war has been raging. In some cases French products, such as the grains and seeds of Provence, were bought by the Germans and resold by them to English and American clients, at a profit, as German goods. Last summer certain business people in France petitioned the Government for permission to import from Switzerland glass for lighting purposes which it was known had originally come from Germany and Austria. This glass had been so long in Switzerland that the petitioners claimed it had been "nationalized" by that country by the payment of duties, and their reason for making this curious request was that it was utterly impossible to obtain glass of the kind required either in the Allied countries or among the neutrals.

One fact that was well verified is that last summer German commercial travellers were released from the trenches, and sent to Switzerland for the purpose of retaining German trade in that country. Well—and the future? If a stern resolution and a bitter defiance at the present moment are any indication, then the Germans will never again get into France, and will never again be able to force their goods



THERE THEY GO!
IRELAND, in Columbus Dispatch.

upon the French public. All classes of the French are sternly determined to-day never to let the Germans again begin to get the hold here which they formerly had. It would seem at the moment treasonable to suggest that they may not be able to keep that resolution; that their efforts may in the end relax before a persistent, insidious, and untiring enemy like the Germans. But we shall see. Certain it is that never was France so grimly aroused, so determined to carry the revenge to the bitterest extremity, so resolved this time not to "forgive and forget," and fiercely intent on "l'autre guerre"—the other war—as the commercial struggle which will follow the war is called.

In keeping Germany at arm's length and ousting the Germans from her markets, France will, in a way, also injure herself; and only the future can determine whether the Allies will be such good customers of France's own particular products as Germany had been. The French are looking especially to Great Britain in this regard.



Courierettes.

THE paper shortage is becoming more acute. Carranza and Wilson are both writing notes now.

The bear that walks like a man has also been standing up and fighting like a man.

Britain talks of banning poker playing. Will President Wilson not resent this attack on an American institution?

German rulers are now discussing a law to prevent the study of English and French. The Huns have been forced to do some studying of that sort of late.

The American dollar now buys more foreign money than it used to. But less bread and beefsteak.

The woman who marries a genius should be prepared to support him.

Henry Ford wanted to stop the war in Europe but he offers leave of absence with pay to his employes who go to Mexico to fight. Kinks in a master mind?

Pretty hard for Austria to maintain any old kind of a front these days.

Letters passed between Woodrow Wilson and Charles E. Hughes. Well, pugilists shake hands before they fight.

Carranza would no doubt have more respect for Uncle Sam if the latter had a more abundant set of whiskers.

And speaking of whiskers, it would be an awful blow to the cartoonists and paragrappers if Charles E. Hughes were to shave.

An angry woman, we read, forced an editor to eat part of his own paper. Wonder how he liked his own cooking?

A new papal decree bans the holding of dances for church purposes. The end, it seems, does not justify the means.

Col. Roosevelt has been suffering from a sore rib. There are no doubt other parts of him similarly sore.

A fine of \$10 was imposed on a woman who ran her auto into a railway train. The railways must be protected.

Terse and True.—President Wilson has kept the United States out of war but he did not keep war out of the United States.

Old Rhyme Revised.
It is easy enough to be pleasant
When you're out on a dress parade,
But the soldier worth while
Is the chap who can smile
When he faces the foe, unafraid.

The Situation in Greece.—King Constantine has promised the Allies to have the Greek army completely demobilized by the end of this month. And after that his address may be "Under the Royal Bed."

Keen Criticism.—Sometimes the dramatic critic's words outrun his ideas. As for instance the radical statement that the dramatic editor of the Salt Lake Tribune made the other day in a review of a vaudeville bill, in which he showed a re-

markable antipathy to skirts. This was his comment:

"In Joyland," a musical comedy in which Clara Belle Jerome, William Seymour and eight girls appear, is pleasing, although there is one dance in which unusually abbreviated skirts are worn that might be eliminated with advantage."

Too Much.—New York has been having a six-day campaign for "simple business honesty." They must be optimistic folks, to expect so suddenly to change the habits of a lifetime.

Modern Wisdom.
There is a man in our town
And he is wondrous wise,
He knows his business will go down
If he won't advertise.

By Way of Change.—Marconi has invented a device for preventing ship collisions in fog and darkness. It is pleasing to note that once in a while an invention to save life rather than destroy it is reported.

In the Movies.—The patient, an Irish cook, had just been visited by the X-ray expert and an examination made of her. When the nurse came around the Irish girl perked up her head and queried: "Say, nurse, where are they going to put on them movin' pictures they took of me insides?"

A Warning.—If you cannot, as the poet puts it, leave foot tracks on the sands of time, beware lest you leave your finger prints on the record books of the detective department.

A Fish Story—
Bait,
Wait;
Sit,
Nit;
Track,
Back;
Buy,
Lie.

War Graft.—We read in the despatches where a German commander ordered his men in battle to keep smiling. We're wise to his little game. He wanted those Hun smiles to frighten our fellows.

Harem-Scarem.
The Sultan got sore on his harem,
And invented a scheme for to scare 'em,
So he caught him a mouse
Which he loosed in the house—
The confusion is called harem-scarem.

Humour of the Convict.—All is not gloom within prison walls. Thomas Mott Osborne, who was too humane in his treatment of his "inmates" at Sing Sing to hold his job as Governor, told in a recent lecture something of the lighter side of the convicts' lives.

There was, for instance, the story of

a "third term" at a recreation meet allowed the prisoners in the big walled yard at Auburn prison. It was the first time such a privilege had been accorded and the men entered zestfully into the athletic contests—foot races, potato races, jumping and vaulting exercises, and so forth. But the programme had ended and the men still had fifteen minutes of liberty in the yard. So shouts went up demanding that somebody suggest another game. It was then the "third term" came forward.

"I got a good one," he said to the Welfare League master of ceremonies.

"Well, what is it?"
"Let's have a wall-climbing contest," the 'third term' said with a twinkle in his eye.

War.
(As it is in America.)
The President, most brave of men,
Had one eye on the hyphen vote,
When came the news—the Huns again
Had sunk a hapless Yankee boat:
He drew his trusty fountain pen
And fiercely wrote another note!

The Four R's.—In our schools and colleges we used to hear of the three R's, but now it's four of 'em—as follows:
Readin'.
'Eitin'.
'Rithmetic.
Regimentals.

He Wants Excitement.—A British midshipman, writing two days after he had been in the big naval battle off Jutland, said, "Life is very dull nowadays and there is nothing much doing." That chap should go into the movies.

Rhymes of the Times.
The kilt has now been banished
For service overseas,
And soon there will have vanished
Those beautiful bare knees.
And now the maidens artless
Shout—"Who's the horrid man—
So cruel, hard and heartless—
Those Highland kilts to can?"

Lloyd George is now war minister,
John Bull could find none fitter;
L. G. is some utility man,
And also some pinch-hitter.
We understand why Allison
Should be a friend of Hughes,
But why Sir Sam should take to Al
Yours truly doth confuse.

Ontario has had a spring
So wet that she'll remember,
But there's a dry spell looming up,
Beginning in September.

Before and After.—Bachelor—"How do you like married life?"
Benedict—"Well, before we were wed she sat on my lap. Now she sits all over me."

Love Lore.—Love—
—is overdone affection.
—is a divine passion, mortally abused.
—bloweth where it can raise most dust.
—hath its trickeries more renowned than war.
—is not love when it leaves the heart for the head.
—is an armour while passion is akin to a kimono.
—is the reef which wrecks the plans of eugenic folks.
—will find the way, but not always the straight and narrow.
—will make a man eat what his bride cooks for him.
—may come and love may go, but baby carriages roll on forever.

At Sing Sing, Osborne said, there was a project for building a gymnasium. There was a big room in one of the buildings admirably fitted for the purpose, but the Warden had at his disposal no public funds on which he could properly draw to purchase furnishings and equipments for the "gym." He talked over with members of the Welfare League as to what philanthropic men and women or organizations might be interested in giving some sort of an entertainment for the benefit of such a fund.

"Say, Warden," suggested a delegate, in professional life a notorious safe cracker, "we should worry about that. You just let me and a couple of my pals out of here for a night and we'll raise all the money needed."



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WAR NOTES.

That allied offensive was the most offensive thing the Huns ever encountered.

"Canal Canards," a new book about the German navy, by Kaiser Wilhelm, uncensored. Wouldn't it be a thriller?

Italy can at least boast that her Austrian foes will never march triumphantly through the streets of Venice.

There probably would be no more wars if they had to be paid for before they are fought.

Seems as if Austria was trying to delay that Russian drive by loading the Russians up with prisoners.

The question now arises—will the German Food Dictator have control of the Prussian Diet?

The warring nations may set their clocks an hour ahead, but as a matter of fact they have been set back a few decades by this scrap.

The Crown Prince is said by a German paper to be suffering from overwork. He tackled a job too big for him at Verdun.

In the meanwhile, the dove of peace they've been talking about may be said to be safely pigeon-holed.

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MUSIC AND PLAYS**Bernhardt and Forbes-Robertson**

Appreciations by Mr. A. G. Gardiner in His Book, *Pillars of Society, Just off the Press*

IN his latest book, "Pillars of Society," which has just arrived in Canada, Mr. A. G. Gardiner pays his compliments to two actors, Sara Bernhardt and Forbes-Robertson. Concerning Bernhardt, the writer says:

Sara Bernhardt is natural both on and off the stage, for she is always acting. She is no more real and no less real when she is fighting her enemies outside than when she is dying one of numerous deaths on the stage. Her art and her life are not separate, but one. She surrenders herself to an emotion and lets it gallop itself to exhaustion, no matter whether it is a scene of Sardou's, or a scene with her manager. This emotional intensity is equipped with a wonderful vehicle of utterance, and a splendid authority of gesture. She has a look that slays, a bearing that, in its dark and fearful import, summons to the mind the dreadful shades of the Clymenestras and Borgias. Her voice moves in large, sinuous curves, in a sort of chant that seems charged with menace. It sinks to a whisper that freezes the blood. It bursts into a torrent; it changes and hammers out the words like a stroke of doom. It was said of another French actress, Mlle. Duchenois, "qu'elle avait des larmes dans la voix." Sara Bernhardt has no tears in her voice, but she has swoons and deliriums, nightmares and the tortures of the damned. In all these swift mutations she is living her own life, for she has no life apart from the emotions. Hence the power that enables her to hold men of all tongues in a spell that transcends speech, by the sheer passion and momentum of her feelings. The stage has no triumph like it.

He becomes more eloquent in describing Forbes-Robertson, concerning whom he opens up with the emotional statement that—

When the well-graced actor leaves the stage and the last plaudits die away and we turn to go, it is not the player alone to whom we bid farewell. We take farewell also of something of ourselves. The curtain has fallen like a guillotine upon the pictured past, the vision has faded, the cloud-capped towers and gorgeous palaces have shrunk to the dimensions of a dream. There will come other falconers' voices, but not for us. The light will still shine upon the morning hills, but our sun is sloping to the west. The actor does not leave the stage alone. We, too, are going into retirement. The illusion that was once a rapture has become a memory.

Passing from the actor to the man, Mr. Gardiner says:

For, just as Irving was wholly an actor, there is a sense in which it might be said that Forbes-Robertson is not an actor at all. The idea may be conveyed, perhaps, in this way: It would be difficult to conceive Irving in any other relation than that of the stage. You cannot think of him in the terms of any vocation except the actor's. Forbes-Robertson is only incidentally an actor, just as Watts was only incidentally a painter. You may think of him with propriety in a score of possible connections, as an artist, as a preacher, as a poet, even as a politician. Irving's world, in short, was on one side of the footlights; Forbes-Robertson's is on the other. He is a moralist before he is an actor, a spiritual influence more than an artistic satisfaction.

And yet the stage has rarely seen a more complete artistic endowment, whether of temperament or equipment. One may be forgiven in the case of an actor for dwelling on his physical traits, for they are a considerable source of the impression he creates. In the case of Forbes-Robertson they are profoundly important. His presence brings with it a certain air of distinction and refinement. It suggests a world of chivalrous passion and romantic ideals. The horizon of the mind is widened, the emotions are tuned to a lofty theme, and one feels what Hazlett calls a hurry of the spirit. The magic casements are open, the muddy vesture has fallen away, we are launched on the great deeps—

"It may be that the gulfs will wash us down,
It may be we shall touch the Happy Isles."

But whatever the end, the adventure will carry us into that larger atmosphere where the conflicts are not the conflicts of the flesh, but the nobler conflicts of the spirit. The eager motion, the swift, delicately modulated speech, the rapid gesture, at once forceful and restrained, all convey a sense of urgency and compulsion, as of a mind winged with thought and carried beyond the confines of words and the encumbering flesh. The face is at once serene and sensitive, the brow high and significant—not one of those "large, meaningless foreheads," of which Turgeneff speaks—the eyes grave, with that slight inequality of focus that suggests the dreamer, the nose bold and shapely, the lips delicate and close-pressed, the chin firm, but hardly adequate to the scale of the face. It is a face immortalized in Rossetti's great picture, "Dante's Dream," in which Forbes-Robertson, then an art student at the Royal Academy, represents Dante. For it was only an accident that made him an actor.

Vacation Vagaries.

SEVERAL musicians are teaching all summer. That should be prohibited by musical law. There is a time for music to be—dead. And that is from June 21st to September one.

One of our well-known Toronto organists and piano teachers is raising

potatoes this summer. He expects a good crop.

That vocal teacher and organist who used to tramp abroad every summer, has not yet produced his customary snapshot of himself and his pack.

It is not easy to be musically impressive in a bathing suit.

A popular Miserere—Five minutes in a deserted studio in July.

The baby is still playing with the last roll of new music sent from the well-known firm of —. We shall print the name when we receive the music, which is worth while doing, but not till the temperature has diminished.

The band in the Armouries is playing tall stuff again—Wagner, most likely. It's a rest from the bugles.

Tipperary seems to have died.

The number of patriotic concerts held in Canada last season was as the sands of the sea.

Technic begins at home.

Temperament is a mother of grandmothers.

How would you like to be the substitute organist?

Somehow we miss those regimental bands. They are all up at Camp Borden.

Vocal culture consists very often in knowing when not to sing.

Here's hoping we have more imported orchestras next season.

Musical Definitions For Holidays.

Forte—Portaging at 112 in the sun.
Fortissimo—Ditto—carrying a canoe.
Piano—Another mosquito.
L'ferzando—You got him.
Accelerando—Paddling up stream.
Ritardando—Letters to your wife.
Crescendo—The old cow bawling.
Diminuendo—Ditto—when it stops.
Legato—When she sings.
Staccato—That maskalunge.

"Girls" Last Week.

IF Clyde Fitch did not weave an involved plot into his amusing comedy, "Girls," which had a praiseworthy presentation at the Royal Alexandra last week, he more than compensated for the deficiency by the masterly way he marshalled his characters, the exactitude and wealth of scenic detail, and the spirited truculent and preponderatingly humorous dialogue employed. The onlooker felt instinctively that Pamela Gordon would find a worthy life partner from the sex she effected to despise before the last curtain fell—possibly if Mr. Shaw had written the play our hopes and illusions would have been shattered, but Mr. Fitch knew that a girl of Pamela's quiet dignity, purposeful energy and compelling mental and physical attributes would eventually find a suitable life partner. Her two friends, Violet and Kate, easily fell into the matrimonial snare, one married a vaudeville manager, after a rapid-fire acquaintance, the other a garrulous young law clerk who had made his own porridge in the morning before he saw how expert Violet was with gas-ring. Sidelights were graphically shown of life in an apartment house, and how pretty stenographers sometimes get unsolicited invitations to dinner and theatre parties from hoary old employers who have not outgrown their early susceptibilities.

JUST at present we have no idea where the majority of our music-makers are spending their holidays. Our chief concern is that they don't omit to take the holidays and that they go as far from pianos and fiddles and vocal scores as they can get.

A spell of starvation is good for the musical appetite.



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Between you and me, are you as careful to remember the after-dinner chocolates as you are to remember the after-dinner cigar?

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—the size for one.

Also sold in 25 Cent packages.
At any store that sells good chocolates.

The Daughter of a Dream

(Continued from page 10.)

Coburn died and the present holder therefore has a clouded title."

It was nearly morning before the first torrent of rain struck the roof as fiercely as though to make up for its delay in coming; and five minutes later Trant roused Blythe, who had fallen into a light slumber.

Trant set the door ajar, and they heard the girl come out of her bedroom and settle herself upon the couch in the living room. Ten minutes later Blythe announced that she was again asleep.

"Then, Mr. Blythe, we will call your mother." Trant relit the lamp. "It is hardly likely any noise we need make will arouse Miss Coburn, if she can sleep in a storm like this, but be as quiet as possible."

Young Blythe followed the psychologist, who went to his mother's door and knocked softly.

"If Miss Coburn is awakened it will be fatal to my plans," was Trant's almost inaudible warning, stopping the woman as she was about to question him. "Go in first, Mrs. Blythe, and call us when we can follow."

HE held his hand to prevent the feeble rays of the lamp from falling on the sleeping face within, as the next instant he and Blythe noiselessly followed the woman and picked up a little china tray from the centre table. With the same swift and noiseless step he approached the couch, set the tray upon the floor by its head, and poured into it the contents of the little vial he took from his pocket. Then he raised the window shade about a foot, extinguished his lamp, and returned to a place beside the others.

For several minutes the three watched the girl's peaceful, sleeping face upon the couch, with its aureole of auburn hair, lighted by the dim gray of the dawn from under the partly raised window shade. A pungent peach-like odour from the liquid in the tray was very apparent. The girl stirred uneasily, turning her face still farther toward the light.

As they strained still farther forward, they saw that the unconscious face upon the pillow had taken on strange lines of sadness. They scarcely breathed in the presence of the shadowy but definite changes by which the sleeping mind seemed to radiate through the girl's unconscious body as they watched despair give place to horror and saw the psychologist nod, tensely and expectantly.

"What have you done to her, Mr. Trant?" Mrs. Blythe whispered in dread. "She frightens me—she frightens me!"

But at that instant a moan burst from the girl's feverish lips. Young Blythe, who seemed to recognize in that inarticulate cry his own name, sprang toward her.

"Wait!" Trant firmly caught him back. "She is not awake yet!"

"Randall—oh, Randall!" The choking cry was plainer now.

For a moment they stood in silence, except for the wailing of the storm. Then the dark eyes slowly opened, widening with terror as she sensed her surroundings and the room, and Trant released the boy.

"Now you may speak, Mr. Blythe." "Edith, Edith!" young Blythe threw himself on his knees beside the couch. "What is it, dear?"

"I saw you dead!" the girl gasped.

"Oh, Randall, I have just seen you dead again in the same dream—exactly the same dream that I had before. But why are you here?" she drew back in startled realization.

"And your mother and Mr. Trant—why are you here? What does this mean?"

"It means, Miss Coburn," Trant answered gravely, "that we have come to prevent murder."

"Murder!" The three, pale to the lips, stared at Trant, equally astounded.

"Murder?" the voice came from the door into the hall, and Trant, spinning about, came face to face there with Linette.

"Yes, murder!" he spoke to her directly. "Your murder of Mr. Blythe by prussic acid poisoning." And as he spoke he caught the woman's arms.

"She attempted it twice, two days ago and yesterday morning, by putting the acid in the lemon and water," Trant said. "You were spared only by noticing the smell and not drinking it. I do not know whether she tried it again this morning, but you might go to your room and see if she has prepared it again. If she has, bring it here."

Blythe did as he was told. "Does it have the smell it had yesterday?" Trant asked as the little tray was set below him.

"Not so much as yesterday or before; but—a little. Blythe replied,

still dazed. But now the girl had moved.

"What mad charge is this, Mr. Trant?" she asked the psychologist hotly. "Linette—my Linette—try to poison Randall?" Then she laughed. "I do not know what absurd reasoning has led you to make such a charge, Mr. Trant; but you do not understand! Linette loves me and I—love Randall. Linette would die rather than injure me! I would as soon suspect myself of trying to poison Randall as suspect Linette. How dare you make such a charge—how dare you?" She stamped her little foot. "I know Mrs. Blythe has been suspicious of me ever since I had this strange dream; but—"

"I have said nothing, Edith," Mrs. Blythe answered firmly. "But if there is no truth in this charge, Linette surely will be willing to disprove it by drinking the glass she has prepared

for my son."

"Linette need not give such a proof," the girl retorted angrily, "and I would not insult her by asking her for it. But if you want that proof I—" She stretched out her hand suddenly to the glass, but Blythe snatched it back from her.

"No, Edith, no!" he said, shuddering. "He must give proofs—"

"Mr. Trant has no proofs!" the girl interrupted him. "He can have none! But if he thinks he has, let him give them, as you say! But you see he cannot give them!" she cried in triumph to the others. For the psychologist had dropped his head before the girl with a strangely troubled look almost like defeat. He lifted it again now to meet with one look the gaze of the silent nurse, who searched his face with a tense inquiry which seemed to hold no terror for herself.

(Continued on page 25.)



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THE LADY OF THE TOWER

A Continued Story of Romantic Adventure

CHAPTER XII. (Continued).

By HEADON HILL

FOR a few days the shadow which had brooded over the Tower lifted, and the ladies made a brave show of their relief. Billy Craze, who had recovered some of his natural spirits, was a source of diversion to them, entertaining them with his quips and cranks, though keeping the household in constant apprehension lest he should break out of bounds. With Hilda especially it became an obsession that the boy was a precious asset to be guarded jealously "till Lance came home again." But they soon found that their vigilance was uncalled for. Billy was quite as anxious to remain in hiding as he had been at first.

He was wary as an Indian on the warpath, eyes and ears ever alert. He had been assigned a room in the top-most turret, and scurried up to it on the approach of so much as a butcher or baker to the back door. Once when he was a little late in taking to flight he was moodily silent for the rest of the day.

When a month had passed from the date of the murder the see-saw pendulum of reaction got to work again. The nine days' wonder at the sea-port had frittered out, so far as could be gathered from the bi-weekly paper, and was in a far way to be forgotten. Mr. Wilson Polgleaze, it was stated, had stepped into his father's shoes and was devoting himself to a complete mastery of the affairs of the firm with an industry which was fast establishing him in the respect of his fellow townsmen.

It was this paragraph which revealed to Mrs. Pengarvan and Hilda their uneasiness. The elder woman read it out as they lounged in the hall after their frugal early dinner.

"Nauseous, isn't it?" she snorted contemptuously, with a toss of her iron-grey mane. "I don't know that I quite like it. There may be mischief brewing under this cloak of brand new respectability."

"I have been thinking for some time that our immunity from annoyance has been uncanny—too good to be true," replied Hilda.

"Is it Polgleaze or Grylls that you are afraid of?"

The girl dwelt on her answer, seeming to seek inspiration from the Carlyon coat-of-arms over the fireplace. "It is a case of neither or both, I think," she said at last. "I should not fear Grylls if it were not for the other. I am not sure whether I have cause to fear Wilson Polgleaze, or only hate and despise him. It is that uncertainty which is so hard to bear."

The exchange of confidences was interrupted by the irruption of Billy Craze through the open front door. His face was ghastly, and he rushed up the stairs, three at a time, with every sign of frantic terror. As he reached the turn he stopped for the fraction of a second, and looked down over the banisters.

"Look out for yourselves" he shouted, and vanished from view.

Half a minute later they heard the purr off a motor-car coming swiftly up the drive, and Hilda stepped across the hall and closed the front door.

CHAPTER XIII.

"Something Wicked This Way Comes."

THIS was the first time that the rubber tyres of an automobile had scrunched the pebbles of the private carriage-way at St. Runan's Tower. Since the dry-rot in the fortunes of the Carlyons had set in the circle of their acquaintances had been gradually narrowing, and now their few remaining friends were of the type that prefers horse-flesh to petrol. There seemed something incongruous, almost touching on sacrilege, in the approach of one of these modern monsters to the storm-swept eyrie on the cliff brink.

It had been an instinct, born of some

PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

JACOB POLGLEAZE, ship-owner, holds a mortgage on St. Runan's Tower, the home of Hilda Carlyon. His son Wilson proposes marriage to her, but is met with refusal, and swears revenge. At this time Lance Pengarvan, a ship-captain, arrives home from a voyage with his friend, Antonio Diaz, who is on a secret mission. The two men conceal a load of iron-bound boxes in a room in the tower, with the help of Nathan Craze, an old fisherman. Diaz meets and falls in love with the old man's daughter, Marigold. Just before Pengarvan sets sail with the mysterious boxes, Wilson Polgleaze arrives at the tower. They suspect him of knowing their plans, but leave at once. In the morning news is brought of the murder of old Jacob Polgleaze. Mr. Grylls, of the police force, is put on the case. He consults the son of the murdered man, who states that he believes Pengarvan to be guilty of the crime.

such sentiment, that had prompted Hilda to secure a brief respite by shutting the entrance door. She had not been greatly alarmed by Billy's flight and warning, because they had become accustomed to the boy's nervousness on the advent of anyone to the Tower, and it was with merely a mild curiosity that she stationed herself at the window to see who these callers could be.

BUT when the car swept into view and glided to a standstill under the portico, she drew back as if a snake had bitten her.

"I knew it. I have felt it coming for days," she said. "It is Wilson Polgleaze and another dreadful creature. What had we better do? Say we are not at home?"

Mrs. Pengarvan went to the window, and in her capable way mastered the situation. Polgleaze appeared to be quite sober, and was carefully assisting what appeared to be a decrepit old man to alight from the car. She did not, like Hilda, catch sight of the latter's face.

"Panic isn't in your line, my dear," she said quietly, turning to the girl whom she had cherished from infancy. "This ought to put an end to suspense anyhow. Let us receive them in state—in the drawing-room. Martha will attend to the door when they ring."

Not knowing whether the visitors came to declare open war, the only thing to do was to greet them with cold civility and await developments. There was nothing in the demeanour of Wilson Polgleaze when he was shown in to denote hostility. Indeed when he had shaken hands and turned to introduce his companion he was almost apologetic.

"This is Mr. Simon Trehawke, my legal adviser," he said. "I hate having to worry ladies with business, and I tried to persuade him to let the matter stand over, but he persists that it doesn't rest with me."

On closer inspection Mr. Trehawke appeared to be not old, but to be suffering from locomotor ataxy, or some infirmity of the lower limbs. He spread out his hands in a deprecating gesture which, as he was clad entirely in black, gave him the semblance of a wounded crow trying to flap its wings. At the same time he twisted his features into a grimace which was probably intended to be an ingratiating smile. There was a weird repulsiveness in the complete hairlessness of this limb of the law. The cranium was absolutely bald, save for a straggling fringe over the nape of the neck,

and a pale yellow tuft over each ear. Eyebrows and eyelashes there were none.

The sort of human freak from whom children run and at whom dogs growl was Mr. Simon Trehawke, attorney-at-law. Hilda stared at the ugliness of him as if fascinated, and then, remembering her duties as hostess, made a motion for everyone to sit down.

"I am not afraid of business," she said with a formal little laugh, looking from one man to the other expectantly.

Mr. Trehawke rubbed one bony hand over the other, and glanced at his client. "Perhaps the explanation would come better from you, sir," he said in a thin, piping voice, suggestive of a thirty-shilling gramophone.

"Not much," came the rejoinder of Wilson Polgleaze. "This is your show, I only brought you out, so that I could try my new car and see fair play. We Polgleazes have always been friends with the Carlyons, you know."

Hilda gasped, withering the speaker with a stare of astonishment that gave place to amusement. It would be silly to feel anger at such a preposterous claim, which she attributed to the vanity of a newly enriched bounder. Mrs. Pengarvan sat grimly expectant, scenting danger and shrewdly suspecting collusion in this preliminary interchange.

"Well, as you put it on me, I'd better get it over," the unwholesome-looking lawyer proceeded. "The fact is, Miss Carlyon, that my young friend and client here was kept uncommon short of cash by his late lamented father. Mr. Wilson Polgleaze, as a sportsman full of the high spirits of youth, naturally had greater drains on his purse than Mr. Jacob Polgleaze, who sat at his desk all day. Being aware that Mr. Wilson would come into inheritance on the old gentleman's demise, I from time to time supplied his cash necessities, and now, as in honour bound and in conformity with legal requirements, he has discharged his liabilities to me."

Mr. Trehawke paused for breath, and Hilda took the opportunity to remark that she was glad to hear it. Her tone implied, and was intended to imply, that she was not much interested and did not see how she was concerned.

AS if interpreting her unspoken comment, the attorney resumed his recital in his sing-song monotone.

"The affairs of the firm of Polgleaze and Son need not enter into this discussion," he went on. "They are in perfect order. The business is solvent and flourishing. Mr. Wilson Polgleaze is the sole legatee. But the shipping department absorbs all the floating capital, and in the absence of other liquid assets my young friend has assigned to me, for the due discharge of his liabilities, the mortgages held by the firm."

Mrs. Pengarvan leaned forward. The cat was out of the bag now. "You mean to foreclose?" she snapped.

"Unfortunately, Madam, that is my only course. I require the funds I have advanced for more profitable investments," replied Trehawke, and taking a blue paper from his pocket he handed it to Hilda with an awkward bow. "This personal service of notice is really a sign of my goodness of heart," he went on, laughing unpleasantly. "So much less formal than a written demand. Softens the blow, don't you think?"

Hilda unfolded and perused the document, which with legal windiness required that she should pay four thousand five hundred pounds, with interest accrued, that day three months, or to surrender possession of St. Runan's Tower, with all its messuages and tenements, together with the land set forth in the schedule attached. No trace of the anguish at her

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IN December, 1916, the Canadian Courier will be exactly ten years old. It purposes to celebrate this important event in the manner most fitting to a public journal—by making still wider the bounds of its circulation and influence. This it will partly do by an appeal to present readers.

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Yours truly,

(Sig.)

Names:

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My Pet Corn Ended This Way

Written by a Blue-jay User

I had a corn which bothered me for years. It spoiled a hundred evenings. Nothing in my life had yielded such a sum of pain.

I did what all do—pared it, daubed it. But I caused more soreness than I saved in pain.

And the corn remained.

Then I read of Blue-jay.

One night I applied it, and the pain forever stopped. In two days I removed it, and the corn was gone.

Never since, believe me, have I let a corn ache twice.

No friend of mine now ever has a corn. I told them all of Blue-jay. It has never failed—I know it cannot fail.

Now I write this to say to every woman that corns are out-of-date. The pain ends instantly with Blue-jay. And the corn soon disappears.

Once prove this and you will keep as free from corns as I do. And it is well worth while. Try this way tonight.

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Artists Near the Firing Line

(Concluded from page 13.)

famous building, every work of art, is only equalled by the thoroughness with which German shells have destroyed them.

"Dunkirk," says Baedeker, "is a strongly fortified town with 34,000 inhabitants, a busy commercial place and fishing station."

This description is not so erroneous as those applied to Ypres in Louvain, for Dunkirk is still busy, still populous though in a different way. The town is subject to shell fire, as splintered walls and shattered windows testify; yet every shop stands open and though it enjoys a monopoly of patronage from all the surrounding billeting areas; yet the keepers of the shops have refrained from putting up their prices to any appreciable extent. British soldiers with an afternoon to spare and a few francs to spend come in from miles around. Mess presidents send in their mess-sergeants and fearful and wonderful is the marketing that ensues.

Such is Dunkirk as it is to-day and the women attached to the Barge Hospital are supplying a great need in a spot unhealthy near the firing line. We have told of two singers and a journalist—all from Canada—who are working in this danger zone. To these let us add the name of a worker in another form of art, Lena Ashwell, the celebrated Canadian actress, whose organized companies of first class concert performers have given 1,700 concerts to troops in France, at military hospitals, at bases, in Y.M.C.A. tents, in barns, by the roadside, wherever there was a Khaki audience hungry for music, and a cheerful message from those at home.

The Daughter of a Dream

(Continued from page 19.)

"I cannot give the proofs now—or here," he answered. "But you will keep that, Mr. Blythe, for analysis." He motioned to the glass in Blythe's hand; and with a sudden gesture to Mrs. Blythe to follow them, he seized Linette by the arm and led her from the room. The girl, with a cry of triumph, turned back to Blythe and stretched out her hands to him, as he seemed about to follow them.

The psychologist, leading the nurse and closely followed by Mrs. Blythe, crossed the hall to Linette's bedroom, closed the door behind them and locked it. As he released the nurse and she drew back from him, with unchanging, watchful, questioning scrutiny of her face, he turned to Mrs. Blythe.

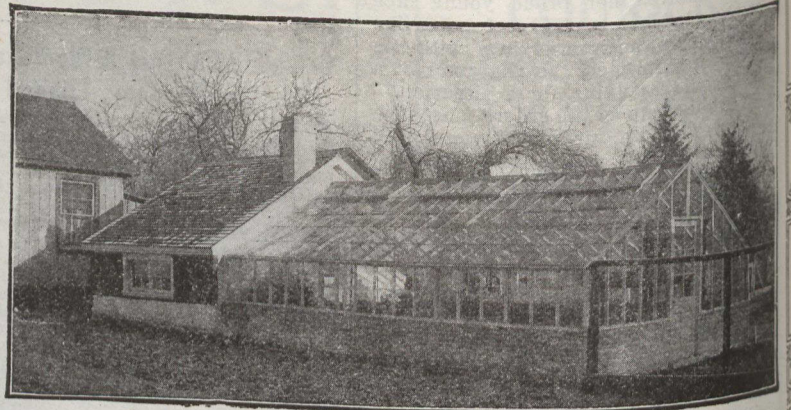
"I have brought you here, Mrs. Blythe," he said, "to give you—and Linette—the proofs which Miss Coburn demanded of me—to explain to you how this woman came to be the murderer of Charles Ritchie—"

"Murderer?" Mrs. Blythe exclaimed. "I think there is no doubt of that," Trant faced Linette, who shrank from him, but was still silent. "As little doubt as there is that she was now attempting the life of your son, Mrs. Blythe, as Miss Coburn's dream makes so clear."

"I can very easily make it plain to you now," the psychologist continued, "if you will put aside all other ideas you may have formed of the explanations of dreams. You must consider a dream now simply as a sleeping recollection and representation of matter of fact happenings in the life of the dreamer."

"SO, taking this dream which Miss Coburn told me she had had so many times and which stopped, all but three times, at the point where the dream woman 'Miriam' entered it—this dream which was always much more vivid than her other dreams; which always represented her as set away from and separated from

(Concluded on page 25.)



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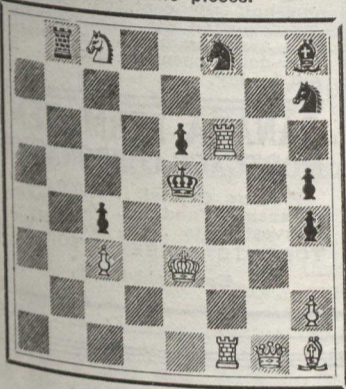
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PROBLEM N. 56, by A. Ellerman. American Chess Bulletin, May-June, 1916. Black—Nine pieces.



White—Eight Pieces.

White to play and mate in two. Problem No. 57, by F. F. Togstad. First Prize, L'Echo degli Scacchi Tourney. White: K at Qk5; Q at Q3; B at Q6; Kts at Qb8 and Q8; P at K7. Black: K at Q2; R at Kk7sq; Bs at Qr2 and Kk6; Kts at Q8 and Kk8; Ps at Qr7, Qk1, Qb6, Kk3 and Kk4.

White mates in three. SOLUTIONS. Problem No. 51, by W. J. Faulkner. 1. K-R6; 2. R-KRsq; 3. R-R5; 4. Kt-R4; 5. R-B5; 6. B-Kt6; 7. R-B7; 8. B-R-Kt7; 9. P-Kt6; 10. R-Kt5; 11. K-R5; 12. KxR stalemate. This is very finely worked out to avoid duals. On five occasions a vacated square is immediately reoccupied.

Problem No. 52, by G. Guidelli. 1. Kt-K4, B-Kt2; 2. Q-B5 mate. 1. B-Q2; 2. Q-Q5 mate. 1. Kt-K2; 2. Q-B6 mate. 1. Kt-Q5; 2. RXP mate. 1. threat; 2. Kt-B6 mate.

Problem No. 53, by V. Marin. 1. Q-Qk5, BxKt; 2. Q-Kt4ch, K-K3; 3. Kt-Qsq mate. 1. Kt-Q2 mate. 1. Kt-Q2, KxKt; 2. P-K3ch, K-K5; 3. R-B4 mate. 1. R-B4, KxKt; 2. R-Bsqch, K-Q5; 3. R-Bsq, threat; 2. P-K3ch, KxKt; 3. R-Bsq mate.

In the following chameleon echo problem there is a remarkable triplication of the mate. By L. Cimburek. White: K at Qr7; Q at Kk4; Bs at Qb4 and Kk4; Ps at Kk5 and Kk6. Black: K at Kk5; Kt at Kk5; Ps at Qk1, Qb6, Q3, Kt-K1; 2. Q-K3ch; 3. B-K6ch, etc. 1. KxP; 2. Q-Kt5ch; 3. B-Q5ch, etc. 1. K-Q5; 2. QxPch; 3. BxPch, etc.

White: K at Qr7; Q at Kk4; Bs at Qb4 and Kk4; Ps at Kk5 and Kk6. Black: K at Kk5; Kt at Kk5; Ps at Qk1, Qb6, Q3, Kt-K1; 2. Q-K3ch; 3. B-K6ch, etc. 1. KxP; 2. Q-Kt5ch; 3. B-Q5ch, etc. 1. K-Q5; 2. QxPch; 3. BxPch, etc.

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White: K at Qr7; Q at Kk4; Bs at Qb4 and Kk4; Ps at Kk5 and Kk6. Black: K at Kk5; Kt at Kk5; Ps at Qk1, Qb6, Q3, Kt-K1; 2. Q-K3ch; 3. B-K6ch, etc. 1. KxP; 2. Q-Kt5ch; 3. B-Q5ch, etc. 1. K-Q5; 2. QxPch; 3. BxPch, etc.

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- 24. P-K6 dis. ch!! 24. P-B3
25. R-Kt6 25. P-Kt4 (g)
26. R-Q3 26. P-Q4
27. RxPch 27. K-Ktsq
28. R-Kt6ch 28. K-Bsq
29. B-Bsq 29. B-Kt5
30. B-R6ch 30. K-K2
31. R-Kt7ch 31. K-Q3
32. B-B4 mate

(a) Not very good in combination with the Berlin Defence, 3....., Kt-B3.

(b) A suggestion attributed to Tarasch. It is a case of "reculer pour mieux sauter." See move 17.

(c) Black is suffering from the cramp inevitable in all variations of the Steinitz Defence to the Lopez, P-Q3, especially when the King's Knight is developed at B3 instead of via K2 to Kt3. He now embarks on a course of very little promise, since his Queen's Pawn is obviously weak and incapable of advance. Having played P-KR3, he might now continue Kt-R2, followed by B-KB3.

(d) If 15....., Kt-R4, then 16. RxPch, KtxR; 17. Kt-Q5 wins. And if 15....., B-QBsq, then 16. Q-Q2, Kt-R4; 17. Kt-Kt5, PxKt; 18. QxRP, B-Bsq; 19. QxKt, QxP; 20. B-Q3, QxQB; 21. P-K5, P-KKt3; 22. BxKKtP wins.

(e) Black sees a mirage, as White's next two moves show.

(f) If 22....., K-Rsq, then 23. PxP dis. ch is immediately fatal.

(g) Black may play 25....., Q-R4, whereon follows 26. RxPch, K-Kt2 (best); 27. R-R7ch, K-Bsq; 28. RxRP, P-Q4; 29. B-B3, Q-Kt4; 30. R-R8ch, K-Kt2; 31. R-R7ch, K-Bsq; 32. R-B7ch, K-Ktsq; 33. R-Q4. Or 25....., P-Q4; 26. RxPch, K-Kt2; 27. R-R7ch, K-Bsq; 28. R-B7ch, K-Ktsq; 29. R-Q3, etc. Or 25....., R-KKtsq; 26. RxPch, K-Kt2; 27. R-R7ch, K-Bsq; 28. BxP, and the game cannot be saved.

(h) If 26....., PxKt, then 27. QR-Kt3 and mates next move. And if 26....., Q-R4 there is a mate in four.

Mr. J. S. Morrison, the Toronto expert, has taken up his residence in Calgary.

Norman T. Whitaker, of Washington, has challenged F. J. Marshall for his title as United States Champion. A match will take place commencing September 15.

Both Had Jobs.—Mayor Curley of Boston was joked about the pre-eminence of Irishmen in public life.

"That's perfectly true; we always get to the top," answered Mr. Curley. "An example of this came to my attention a few years ago, when I was making a trip through Minnesota. I came to a small town in the northern part of the state. One glance at the signs on the stores showed that Scandinavians predominated. Johnson, Nelson, Gustavson, Hillberg, Olson and like names were all that I could see.

"Any Germans here?" I asked the man I was visiting.

"There ban none?" he said.

"Any Italians?"

"No," he answered.

"And no Irisamen, either, I suppose?" I added.

"O yaas, there ban two Irishers in town," came the reply. "One he ban mayor and the other he ban chief of police."

Guess Work.

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When you order hash;

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When your wife will be dressed to go to the theatre;

When the doctor diagnoses your case;

When a new play is produced;

When you see a shapely figure on the street;

When you make a "safe" investment;

When your debtor promises to pay up in a week;

When you go to a new summer resort;

When you take a boat to cross the Atlantic;

When you eat cucumbers;

When a preacher tells you what the hereafter will be like;

When you run to catch a train;

When you go to a vaudeville show;

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MONEY AND MAGNATES



JAPAN, like Canada, is making plans for business-getting after the war, and as a competitor is likely to be very well worth watching.

The two spheres in which the war has been of the greatest advantage to Japan are those connected with shipping and shipbuilding on the one hand, and munitions and military equipment on the other. In October the large income derived from the sale of munitions enabled the Government to dispense with the usual issue of Treasury bills, while repaying the sums borrowed from the Bank of Japan the previous month, and depositing a large amount with that bank. Orders in June from China for military clothing had almost entirely to be refused, as the mills were engaged to the full extent of their capacity for the Allied Powers. Japanese mills made 8,000,000 yards of cloth for the Russian armies, in addition to the 1,500,000 yards sold by the Government from the military stocks. Prosperity in the shipping trade, as might be expected, has been phenomenal. Steamers, it is stated, have been bought and sold at about three times the normal price. The number of steamers in the course of construction for Japanese and foreign firms was reported to be 65, aggregating 289,450 tons. These orders were considered sufficient to occupy the Japanese builders at high pressure for the whole of 1916. One shipping company, the Toyo Kishen Kaisha, appears with a balance to its credit on the year's working after a long period of deficits. The universal shortage of tonnage, however, while creating its shipping and shipbuilding boom, affected adversely a number of industries. By the sudden withdrawal of the ships of the Pacific Mail Company, for instance, Japan was left with the problem of finding accommodation for the 400,000 bales of American cotton which had hitherto been carried mainly by them. Imports of Indian cotton were also affected, while the falling-off of British exports to Japan was in large measure due to the shortage of ships.

Thanks to large war orders, Japan's foreign trade for 1915 exceeded that of 1914, the total for the first eleven months being 1,124,000,000 yen, compared with 1,092,000,000 yen for the same period in the previous year. Exports for the first time exceeded imports, the figures for eleven months being 636,000,000 yen and 488,000,000 yen, respectively, compared with exports, 539,000,000 yen, and imports, 553,000,000 yen in 1914. The estimated decrease in customs duties in the new Budget, amounting to 4,900,000 yen, it may be noted, is more than covered by the increase in public undertakings. October returns showed increased exports of raw silk, cotton yarn, habutae, copper and tea,

but a diminution in the import of raw cotton and wool.

But in spite of the satisfactory features enumerated, the verdict on the past year as a whole from an economic point of view must be that it was disappointing. The recovery of trade in general from the blow dealt it by the war was slow, and while the first beginnings of a marked improvement were apparent towards the end of the year, the effects of a lifeless money market due to lack of industrial enterprise could not be thrown off altogether. Deposits in the banks increased, but opportunities for turning them to good account were lacking. By the end of October, Japan's gold reserve had increased from 341,000,000 yen at the end of 1914 to 507,000,000 yen, of which 387,000,000 were held abroad. The amount of the gold reserve at home had decreased in this period from 128,000,000 to 120,000,000, mainly owing to the unfavourable condition of Anglo-American exchange. The outflow of gold up to the end of August amounted to 30,000,000, the largest outflow in any one year since 1904, and the bulk of it went to the United States. With a view to remedying the situation the Government transferred some 20,000,000 yen from London to New York, and imported a similar amount from the same source, while importing gold bullion from China and India. Another measure to relieve the prevailing slackness of the money market was the issue towards the end of the year of railway bonds to the amount of 30,000,000 yen for the redemption of the £3,000,000 sterling railway bonds issued in London and falling due next March.

The Government's efforts, however, have not stopped here. The far-reaching effects of the war upon general financial conditions as well as upon Japan's domestic and foreign trade, have prompted her rulers to inquire whether far-sightedness and organization cannot achieve yet more than they have done in the past for the country's welfare. It is not overlooked that the normal increase of the population is between 700,000 and 800,000 a year, and that if this rate is maintained, Japan will have nearly 100,000,000 inhabitants by the middle of the present century—a number entirely beyond the capacity of the country's agricultural resources to sustain. Industry must, therefore, play an important part in the economic expansion of Japan. But as industrial development can only take place pari passu with the expansion of markets, the Japanese Government has formed an official body known as the Foreign Economic Society, for the purpose of carrying out investigations bearing on the development of foreign trade, shipping, and every form of economic activity.

What Nova Scotia Has Done

(Continued from page 7.)

in addition to the sum of \$150,000 previously raised. The people of Halifax have thus far contributed at the rate of eight dollars per head. Since the inception of the fund in September, 1914, a total amount of over \$769,000 has been voted by municipalities and subscribed by individuals, of which \$495,850 has been paid.

The Nova Scotia Technical College has served many useful purposes in the present struggle. A rifle range was set up in the mining laboratory early in the war, and has since been used continually by the Officers Training Corps and some of the battalions quartered at Halifax. The Technical College has also been utilized by the Provincial Red Cross Society for the making of hospital garments, bandages, compresses and other supplies. This is considered the largest single manufacturing unit for Red Cross supplies in Canada. When the 25th Battalion were about to embark for overseas word came that the Germans had employed asphyxiating gas at the second battle of Ypres. It was determined that every man of the 25th

should be provided with a respirator. Nearly 200 Red Cross workers gathered at the Technical College and completed the requisite number of respirators within the required time.

At the outbreak of the war the Nova Scotia Government contributed the sum of \$100,000 for war relief purposes in Great Britain. Financial assistance has been rendered by the Government to the Citizens' Recruiting Committee. The expenses of the committee in connection with the employment of returned soldiers have been defrayed from that source, while the sum of \$2,500 has been donated by the Government to the Serbian Relief Committee. Space forbids more than a mere mention of the other patriotic activities of Nova Scotians. These include contributions to the British and Canadian Red Cross Funds, Women's Hospital Ship, and for various other patriotic objects, such as machine guns, field comforts, ambulances, regimental funds, field kitchens and oilskins and boots for the navy. These contributions have reached the sum of \$565,500.

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The Daughter of a Dream

(Concluded from page 22.)

her relations and friends with feelings of loneliness and isolation that she did not feel when awake; and which came most often during her engagements to Charles Ritchie and your son—I at once began to search for something that must have occurred in Miss Coburn's life to so represent herself in her dreams.

"You mean, she must have had some real experience to make her feel that way so often, though it was only in her dreams?" Mrs. Blythe questioned intently.

"Precisely," said Trant; "and since she seemed so honestly puzzled by it when awake, I assumed as a possibility that Miss Coburn had received in her childhood an impression that made a barrier between herself and her aunts and cousins—or her nurse."

Linette started suddenly forward, but drew back with a deep, indrawn breath.

"But later," Trant went on steadily, "surrounded by daily proofs of the affection and regard of the very people from whom she had felt separated at first, the child would have conquered this impression of her waking life; for, if the old impressions were not renewed, the new circumstances would completely obliterate it from her conscious recollection. Then, as Miss Coburn had no knowledge of the real nature of the barrier, she could represent it only in some allegorical form, such as by dreaming—as she did—that she was unaccountably prevented from joining in the walk with her relations and some of her schoolmates. And, lastly, if this obscured feeling could separate her also from the man with whom she was in love, it would come in her dreams most frequently in protest at the time when she was thinking of marriage with him."

"You mean, Mr. Trant, that there is some secret reason why Randall ought not to marry Miss Coburn?"

"The original dream made me assume some such circumstances unremembered by Miss Coburn when she awoke, which would have separated her from her relations and friends," Trant replied. "And the change in the dream after she met Charles Ritchie, made me quite certain it was of the nature of which you speak. She wished to do something, but some subconscious idea forbade."

"That very easily accounted for everything in the first dream," Trant continued. "But I was sure that the idea 'Miriam' would prove to be connected in Miss Coburn's mind with the other ideas of the dream. And when Miss Coburn gave me the poem that bore that title, that proved to be so. For surely you see now that the poem was a most forcible expression of the same sense of separation from people that I had already seen in the rest of the dream."

"Ah! I see that now, indeed, Mr. Trant," Mrs. Blythe cried. "But what could this strange sense of separation have come from?"

"So far I could only see that probably the same situation which caused the father to write 'Miriam' just before his melancholy death was that which had given his daughter her subconscious sense of separation when she was a small child. But on those three occasions—just before Ritchie's death and these last two mornings—something evidently had happened to cause the dream to go on past the point where 'Miriam' entered it and to recall to her the death of her father."

"Something happened, Mr. Trant?" Mrs. Blythe repeated.

"Yes," Trant answered, "and as it happened while Miss Coburn was sleeping here in this next room on the night before Charles Ritchie died, and as it happened twice since then while your son was in Ritchie's room, and as it never happened under any other condition anywhere else, I felt sure it must have been some physical thing that happened there. Now what physical influence—probably either a sound or an odour—could have reached Miss Coburn's sleeping senses on those three occasions to cause her to associate 'Miriam' so strongly with her father's death that it all was pictured so vividly before her?"

"What? You mean the odour of the acid, by which you brought the dream to her this morning again?" Blythe's mother cried, with increasing appreciation.

"Exactly. When Miss Coburn told me that her father had killed himself with prussic acid and that she herself had found him dead, I saw at once that it was possible that the odour of prussic acid had caused the extension of her dream on those three occasions, and in the dream itself there was good evidence that this was so. Prussic acid has an odour which would give her precisely the pervasive impression of peach blossoms all about her. To prove that, I set off at once to town and got the acid."

The boy's mother, with comprehension still but half formed, turned to Linette; but the nurse seemed not to be conscious of her at all, as she still stared mutely toward Trant.

"But I was greatly perplexed as I sought for a motive for all this," Trant was saying; "though plainly the person using the acid must be the nurse Linette, whose room is separated from Miss Coburn's only by the partition over which the odour of the acid would pass freely." He turned sternly to Linette, who now suddenly crouched shuddering against the wall as she saw his face, and covered her own with her hands. "For that would explain also the dream change of Miss Coburn's father into Ritchie in the first place and into Mr. Blythe now. When Linette brought Ritchie's medicine bottle into this room to poison it, as she now brought in the lemon and hot water, the odours in each case would have reminded Miss Coburn of the persons taking the medicine, just as the prussic acid had reminded her of her father. But why should Linette be doing this? It was not until while

waiting for the train at the lumber camp I saw a man there reading the Bible that I recalled the significant line in the poem "clothed in dead years and in leprosy" and remembered that 'Miriam' was a Bible character."

The words were cut short upon Trant's lips, for Linette was upon him.

"You shall not tell! You shall not tell!" she shrieked. "You demon! You devil!"

But the psychologist caught her by the wrists and held her from him.

"You recall that in the poem 'Miriam' was spoken of as coming to mock the writer, Miss Coburn's father, Mrs. Blythe," he said swiftly and collectedly. "But perhaps you do not recall any more than I did the twelfth chapter of Numbers, where it tells that her leprosy was sent on 'Miriam' as a punishment because she mocked at Moses for having married—as Miss Coburn's father married—a woman of Ethiopian blood."

THE octroon cried aloud, wrenching to free her wrists and get at him. But her cry was answered by another, so loud and terrible, from the direction of the living room, that she stopped suddenly her struggles, and all three stood staring at one another in horror. Then Trant, recognizing Blythe's voice, unlocked and tore open the door and rushed out into the hall, only to meet Blythe staggering in the doorway of the living room, chalk white with terror.

"She drank it! She drank it!" he screamed, "because I would not admit Trant's charges were false before he had a better chance to prove them!"

"Edith! What have I done? Edith! Edith! My—" Linette, shrieking, tried to push by Trant, who, turning, caught her, stifling her words so that he alone heard the end of it—"my daughter!"

She ran out among the pines. "There was no chance of our saving her," Trant said to Mrs. Blythe a half hour later, when the two were alone in the disordered living room. "For the action of the acid is only a little less rapid than a bullet; Linette, as you saw, knew that. And now that this problem is solved this way, I do not know but that it is best as it is—both for poor Miss Coburn herself and for your son."

"Because, Mr. Trant," the woman shuddered as she laid her hand upon his arm, "you said—am I to understand from what you said just before this terrible thing occurred, that Edith was—that her father married a black woman?"

"Linette was undoubtedly her mother," the psychologist answered gravely. "I suspected as much, and Linette's words when she saw what had happened—confirmed it."

"But now, Mr. Trant?" the woman said, with a strange look of pain and hesitancy.

"I understand," the psychologist said gently. "You want to know whether it is necessary to tell your son. I think not, Mrs. Blythe. I doubt whether we shall ever see or hear of Linette again."

"I think that is best, Mr. Trant," Blythe's mother said simply.



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Lady of the Tower

(Continued from page 21.)

"voice from the grave" speeded the departing visitors. He had been in the kitchen, it was true, but only for something under half a minute.

"Yes, it was the boy," she said when she rejoined Hilda. "But he does not want us to know, and I shouldn't like to press him. He would probably be driven to lie, and being an honest little chap would hate himself for doing so."

"That would be a pity, but I wish we could find out what is working in that juvenile brain," replied Hilda wearily.

The threat of foreclosure on her meagre patrimony had left her outwardly unmoved, as had the phenomenon which had caused the farcical exit of her persecutors, but she was shaken more than she knew by that menace of Wilson Polgleaze to "see her again shortly and act as his own spokesman." The threat savoured of "the whiphand," held over her by an unmannerly boor, and galling her pride

CHAPTER XIV.

Treachery.

THE fact that Billy Craze was absent without leave was not discovered on board "The Lode-star" till breakfast time on the morning after sailing. During the short run between Falmouth and St. Runan's Bay Lance had been much too busy on the bridge to require his services, and after the guns had been safely shipped all concerned in that arduous task were so tired that they sought their bunks immediately, leaving the working of the vessel to the officers and men who had not been of the shore party.

On the steward reporting that the boy was missing Lance showed more anger than the desertion of such an insignificant member of the crew would appear to justify. As soon as they were alone together he explained his annoyance to Antonio Diaz, who now that his secret mission in England was fulfilled took his place as the only passenger at the saloon table.

"I don't half like the little devil being left behind," said Lance. "He is as sharp as they make 'em, and he's sure to have picked up something of our intentions."

"But he is loyal. He would not—what is it you call it—give us away?" suggested Diaz.

"Not willingly, but there is the risk of his being got hold of and having it wormed or bullied out of him," said Lance. "Wilson Polgleaze is ripe for mischief. That beauty will leave no stone unturned to get to the Tower. He didn't see much, because I purposely downed him before he had the chance, but we are in ignorance of what brought him out to the Tower. It is just possible that he may have got hold of Billy already."

"Would there have been time?" queried Diaz thoughtfully.

Lance laid down his knife and fork and considered. "It's a nice point," he said. "I took the boy with me when I went ashore for my last interview with Jacob Polgleaze. While I went to the office he had some errands to do for me in the town, and he was to meet me at the landing-steps where my boat was waiting. He wasn't there, and I concluded that he had gone on board in the second mate's boat, which had preceded mine by about five minutes. After that, in the bustle of getting under weigh, I clean forgot all about the little beggar."

"At what hour must the objectionable Polgleaze Junior have left the town to arrive at St. Runan's when he did?"

"It's a long ride, and the fellow is a careful horseman. He cannot have been in Falmouth later than six o'clock."

"And you parted from Billy—say at half-past four?"

"About that. I couldn't swear to a minute."

"Then our friend Wilson must have been quick about it if he got wind of

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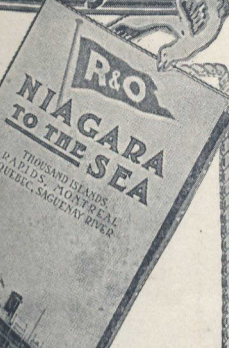
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our proceedings from Billy in time to start on the expedition which ended so disastrously for him," laughed Diaz. "I shouldn't worry, Lance."

It was obvious that nothing was to be gained by worrying, and the subject of Billy's absence was dismissed, only to be referred to afterwards in its bearings on the comfort of the captain and the officers. Their spritely attendant was missed twenty times a day, now that the slower-footed steward had the entire saloon service on his hands.

The old tramp steamer was no crack "liner," devouring four hundred miles of ocean a day. Against head winds, which prevailed throughout this voyage, a steady ten knots an hour was her best speed. She had been a month out of port when the look-out man sighted the great mountain range which forms a barrier between the coastline of Guyaca and the interior of that troubled land. It was dirty weather, with gusts of sultry wind from off shore churning up a choppy sea.

HAVING satisfied himself that the cry of "Land Ahead!" was correct, Lance went into the chart-room, where Diaz shortly joined him. "Your native country is in sight, Tony," he said. "I was just going to locate the bay where we are to rendezvous with your noble patriots. Ah, here it is, a point north of that lofty peak in the centre of the range. Shall we run in in broad daylight, or wait till after dark?"

"Time is the essence of the contract; my poor people need these guns badly," responded Diaz. "It is a lonely spot, chosen for that reason. The only danger would be if news of our coming had been cabled from England to the Government. Yes, my friend, I think the advantage of early delivery would counterbalance the risk."

"Right-o!" Lance assented. "We'll take that risk. Come up on the bridge and watch the skipper of this peaceful trader make his first essay in gun-running. Old Jacob Polgleaze's hair would stand on end if he could see us, eh?"

It certainly would have, had not that grim Falmothian ship-owner been laid under the sod in Penrhyn churchyard nearly a month ago. For after "The Lodestar" had plodded on for three more weary hours, and when the land was looming up distinct in every detail, there swept into view from the little sequestered bight for which they were steering a low, dark hull, topped by a smother of black smoke. Diaz, at Lance's side on the bridge, gasped a Spanish malediction. Lance flung an order to the quartermaster at the wheel, which caused the steamer's course to be altered.

"The Guyacan Navy, eh, my son?" he said.

Antonio Diaz was proud of his English colloquialisms. "That's about the size of it," he made answer. "We are betrayed."

"Well, we've got to jump to a pretty quick decision. Do you know that boat? She can overhaul us easily, I should say."

Lance had raised his binoculars and was speaking as he got his focus.

"It is not difficult to know her, considering that the Navy of Guyaca consists of a brace of gunboats only," replied Diaz. "They are both Tyne-built and fast, though. That is the Cortez—the fastest of the two—and she is after us without doubt. She'll catch us easily enough."

"They will shoot you or hang you, if they find you on board with a consignment of guns for the enemies of the Government?"

"That would be my fate to a certainty."

"Then neither the guns nor you must be found," said Lance with decision. "The guns must go overboard, and you must play possum. It's a dead frost, but we are no match for a war-vessel. She'd sink this old hooker from a mile away, without giving us a show."

(To be continued.)

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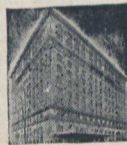


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In the
Sun Porch

Brick
Stone
Tile
Wood

Cleaned
and
Brightened



MADE IN CANADA