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WAR CORRESPONDENCE, by BRITTON B. COOKE

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CANADIAN COURIER

181 SIMCOE ST.,

TORONTO, ONT.

THE CANADIAN COURIER

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NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS

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

EXTENSIONS

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

CANADIAN COURIER

TORONTO

ONTARIO

THE PUBLIC AND THE EDITOR.

AN editor alone—three editors—fifteen or fifty editors cannot, unaided by the public, make a successful periodical.

For the business of editing a journal such as the Canadian Courier is not at all unlike the business of being a "burning glass." The editor must collect, select and concentrate the various interests of his public. He must bring to a focus a wide range of interests.

And it is of the utmost importance, therefore, that he should be in the closest possible touch with the public he serves. He must see, and hear and understand. He must collect from this writer and that writer the best contributions available on any given subject. He must know his public in all its changing humours.

The Canadian Courier has a peculiarly difficult and therefore a peculiarly honourable function to perform in relation to this country and its problems. Like many men and women in various parts of the Dominion, it has felt the need of interesting Canadians in Canadians. And yet each part of Canada tends, for very complex reasons, to be so self-sufficient with relation to the other parts as to make it difficult to claim the attention of Halifax readers in Alberta problems, or Alberta readers in North Quebec problems. In the majority of cases, of course, the immediate problems affecting one part of the country ARE only local. But, on the other hand, problems do arise, or solutions are found to such problems as WOULD absorb the interest of other parts of the country if only the details were given in sufficiently attractive style.

It is in making known these problems, or solutions, that the readers of Canadian Courier render their service to the Editor. Watch as how may, no one man can be vigilant enough to see all the CANADIANA being brought to light in each day's events. But you readers in the far east, or far west, or even within stone's-throw of this office, can render the greatest assistance in making "the national weekly" useful to the nation.

Not long ago a certain reader picked up a post-card and wrote a bitter note of protest to the editorial department of the paper, on the grounds that it was overlooking the shipping problems of the coast sections. This protest, bitter though it was, led us to the discovery that the man who wrote the card had in his possession the very information that Canadian Courier writers had been anxious to obtain for some time, but had hitherto been unable to get. Thus we were enabled to offer our readers articles on the Canadian shipping situation. Similar notes from Canadian Courier readers have had similar results in other fields of enquiry.

The editorial department of Canadian Courier welcomes suggestions from its readers. It has a difficult role to play. Its readers can do a great deal toward making that role successful, that is, useful to the country and to the people in the country.



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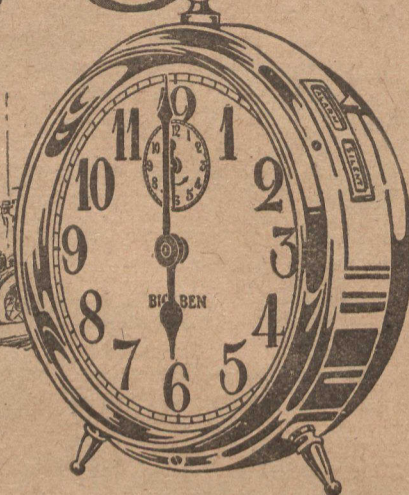
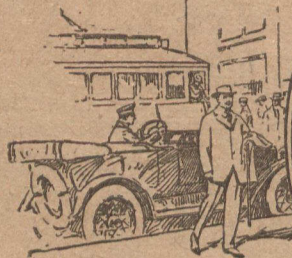
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THE COURIER

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CANADA NOT IN NEW WORLD

GOVERNOR-GENERAL, Duke of Devonshire, will please to endure us while we wax indignant over the Peace President's University Extension Lecture to the United States Senate. To be sure it is none of our essential business. The speech was not intended for us. Which is why we notice it. We are ignored. The top half of the North American continent containing one-thirteenth of its population, rather more than half its area, at least half its resources and somewhat more than its share of historical interest has been left complacently out of count in the President's passionless diagnosis of war and the world at large. Peace, he says, cannot be assured until it is of a character to suit the New World. In fact—

But we hesitate to paraphrase the President. His exact words containing the negative affront to Canada are given in the panel at the top of this page.

Here are the phrases which prove clearly that the President intentionally omitted to include Canada as part of the new world:

"Peoples of the new world."

"The peoples of America."

"The American governments."

Who, then, are these peoples in whose hands rest the peace and stability of the world? Obviously the United States, Central America, Paraguay, Uruguay, Brazil, Chili, Colombia, Bogota, Peru, Ecuador, Bolivia—that is all we can conveniently quote from memory. The blessed Monroe doctrine entitles many of these half-baked republics in South America to be in the League to enforce Peace. But not Canada.

First let us remind ourselves that it was the British navy—including what we have of a Canadian navy—that ever made it possible for any combination of American peoples to demand anything either in peace or war. The Monroe doctrine, which holds the American peoples together and gives the United States, by reason of its size, what is called the hegemony among the group, depends upon sea power. But the only navy of any consequence in the syndicate is the United States navy. And the U. S. navy alone, or combined with all the others from Central America to Cape Horn, would never have prevented the second greatest navy in the world, the Tirpitz aggregation, from carrying death and damnation into any of the South American republics if that kind of programme suited the German idea of development in a new world. Any treading on the toes of the Monroe doctrine would have been resented by none more than by the bulldogs of the British navy. In this we claim no philanthropy. John Bull has never been a professional world enlightener. What illumination he has been able to diffuse over the seven seas has been due to his being a rather selfish cosmopolitan. It was as much to the interest of John Bull as it was to Uncle Sam to keep Germany out of South America.

SO when Mr. Wilson says the seas should be free to all nations, he must admit under his collar that he is very glad they were not absolutely free to the German navy before the great war bottled that navy up behind Heligoland. Where did he get that notion of the freedom of the seas? Who ever told him the seas were the property of any nation? The German navy was never prevented from going wherever in the world it wanted to. Herr Ballin's merchant ships went clean over the world. The German navy was built and floated to protect them in case of need. Nobody tried to stop Germany from building as many ships as she wanted for the purpose. At one time Churchill proposed a naval holiday. Germany refused it. She had a perfect right to refuse. Nobody blamed her except the Social Democrats at home. She went on building more and bigger ships just because she was free to do so and because the seas were as free to Germany in those days as to any other nation in

Peace-Without-Victory Speech of President Wilson Intimates that the Militant Half of North America are still an Old-World People

By THE EDITOR

HIS EXACT WORDS

"**N**O covenant of co-operative peace that does not include **THE PEOPLES OF THE NEW WORLD** can suffice to keep the future safe against war, and yet there is only one sort of peace that **THE PEOPLES OF AMERICA** could join in guaranteeing.

"The elements of that peace must be elements that engage the confidence and satisfy the principles of **THE AMERICAN GOVERNMENTS**, elements consistent with their political faith and the practical convictions which **THE PEOPLES OF AMERICA** have once for all embraced and undertaken to defend."



But Canada's First Citizen in the fur coat may have his opinions about this. The Duke of Devonshire may be a man of the Old World. Just at present he belongs to the New—with President Wilson's permission.

the world. Germany has lost the freedom of the top of the seas now. She gets it under the surface. Nobody is trying to stop that either.

We suspect that the freedom of the seas to which the President refers is the same kind of freedom to which Germany has so often alluded. It can only mean that England must never have a bigger navy than any other power.

WHEN the President says that it is the right of every great nation to get to the seaboard unhampered, does he mean Constantinople or Hamburg? We give him the benefit of the doubt and surmise that he refers to Russia. But here again it is a matter of surmising what the President does mean anyway. One must always have a concordance to interpret that Bible.

But our main protest in this country is in being so coolly eliminated from Dr. Wilson's academic diagnosis of the world's ills. To his way of thinking we are no part of the new world. The kind of peace that the American peoples want has nothing to do with what we want in Canada. He does not mention Canada. It makes no difference that we have put 400,000 men into khaki and spent already at least a million dollars on the war. It is of no consequence that we have decided to adjourn Parliament in order to allow the Premier to attend an Imperial War Council. Any or all of these and twice as many more things that we may do in the war are of

no account in the sublime inventory of Dr. Wilson. If every man in Canada were under arms and every woman in Canada in a munition factory, he would still refuse to include us in the category of peoples belonging to the new world.

The more we should do the more hopelessly we should prove to Dr. Wilson that we are not the new world at all, but a sentimental and political part of the old world which is going insane over the war. The fact that we went to war at all proves to Mr. Wilson that we are old-worlders. The new world is doing away with war. President Wilson has taught the United States how to do it. Four years ago it began to be so when the United States was within an ace of going to war with Mexico. The evolution of the Perfect Peace idea in President Wilson is summed up in four phrases delivered at various intervals in that time. Here they are:

War short of war—or war without war.

Too proud to fight or—pride without fighting.

Never again can America be neutral in a world war.

Peace without victory.

Because Canada took no steps to keep out of the world war it was quite plain to President Wilson that she was dragged into the war against her will.

ON this point we crave the criticism of the Duke of Devonshire. In our part of the new world he is the representative of the wicked, perverse old world that makes peace only in order to prepare for more and bigger wars. We ask him to inform President Wilson, who does not seem to understand this country, whether or not in his brief occupancy of the Governorship thus far he has found us a democracy or a transplanted colony of the old world clinging to monarchy and the feudal system. We have been so long calling ourselves a free people that we may not know how enslaved we are. We jumped into war with such a bang that we may not have been conscious that England was cracking the whip. We seemed like fire horses leaping into harness because we had been trained to it. No doubt in Dr. Wilson's diagnosis of us we have become an automatic part of the machinery of Empire. When the King and the British war lords touch the button, our patriotic wheels go round. We simply can't help it, because we are direct-connected belt drive to the seat of power. The fact that we are a net mean average of 4,500 miles from the power-house at London does not rid us of the necessity. Modern civilization with its cable and wireless and fast steamships only binds us closer to the centralizing power-house of the old world. The fact that we spend seven dollars in the United States to one in England is a mere matter of trade. Sentiment is bigger than trade. Sentiment waves the flag; trade follows it—sometimes.

All this is very obvious to Dr. Wilson. In fact it is so self-evident that it needs no proof, not even a word of recognition of Canada as part of the new world at all.

Well, we are now wondering as to the future. When the

United States becomes the centre of the world's international politics as it is now the repository of Europe's gold, what is to become of us up here in this top half of North America? If Dr. Wilson or his successors in office decide to extend the Monroe doctrine as far as the North Pole, there will still be nothing for us to do but fall in line. As we are now slaves of England, so we shall then be the docile pupils and imitators of the United States. We are already accused by some of our own critics of being American imitations. Mr. Bourassa says that Anglo-Saxon Canada is becoming Yankified. Dr. Wilson evidently does not think so. To him we are only one of the outer factories in the great power system of Great Britain. We have no national will. We are hopelessly bound to the old world until some other greater power liberates us. We have no power to free ourselves. There is no virtue in the British

Empire to set us free. It is the aim of the big-business Imperialist to still further enslave us.

Perhaps the few hundred thousand Canadians in the United States have some opinions about this sad state of affairs. There may be a hundred thousand of them not disposed to admit that because they were born in Canada and migrated to the United States they knew nothing of the New World till they got to New York, Chicago or Boston. One of them, at any rate, had the courage of his convictions when he wrote a letter to the New York Tribune giving a "revised version" of the peace-without-victory speech. That Canadian is Clarence Lucas, the well-known musical composer and pedagogue. Lucas lives in New York and has lived a good deal in old London. He has never forgotten that he is a Canadian. And his letter to the Tribune, forwarded as this goes to press to the editor of the Courier, gives

some idea of how some of the Canadians in the United States may feel about the President's glorified message to humanity. In part, Mr. Lucas says:

Sir,—I have as much right to speak for the Allies as President Wilson has, and as I obviously understand the mind of the Allies I herewith submit the President's last speech as it appears to those who read between the lines:

"I, Woodrow Wilson, re-elected President of the United States by a minority of the voters, do now propose that, whereas the United States would tolerate no intervention when France sought to bring about peace during our Civil War, we Americans, from purely humanitarian motives acquired shortly after Germany's early prospects began to look dark, now deem it timely to call a halt on this waste of life and treasure just as the Allies are about ready to finish their task."



THE paragraphs opposite, from the documents mentioned, will explain why Albert Bradbury took them out of the little 1879 safe in his dingy office, spread them on the top of the battered desk, and re-read them with feelings of the "liveliest satisfaction," as the financial journals would say.

He had waited patiently for this hour; for as soon as John Davis' will had been probated and he saw that the farm went to the widow for life and then to Arthur B. Davis, Bradbury began to cast an appraising eye upon the Davis "homestead," and to plan how he could add it to his already extensive real estate holdings with the minimum financial outlay.

To attempt to buy out the widow's "life estate" would, he knew, be a waste of time. Mrs. Davis was well aware of the real value of the property, and even if Bradbury had so far forgotten his business principles as to offer a fair price, she would still have refused to sell.

He was well content, however, to play a waiting game, and when it became known that Mrs. Davis could not live many months—possibly weeks—he at once communicated with Arthur B. Davis, of Calgary, who proved to be a much easier proposition. Davis had left New Brunswick at a time when farm values were at a low ebb. Since going west he had plunged in real estate with the expansive abandon of the plains, and had never given a thought to the trifling two-hundred-acre farm in the slow old Province of New Brunswick. He did not know, and did not take the trouble to find out, that the property was assessed at \$8,000 and was worth at least one-half more.

Under these circumstances Bradbury had no trouble in buying out Davis' interest, and his watery old eyes sparkled with the unquenchable light of avarice as he spread out on the desk the deed from

TO my beloved wife Edith I devise the farm on which I now reside in the Parish of Manchester, in the County of Lecarnot, in the Province of New Brunswick, to be held and enjoyed by her for the term of her natural life, and after the death of my said wife to go to my nephew, Arthur B. Davis, of Calgary, Alberta, for his sole use and benefit.

Clause 4 of the last will and testament of John W. Davis, who departed this life on the 18th day of November A.D. 1914.

Mrs. Edith Davis, the widow of the late John W. Davis, we are sorry to report, has been in failing health for several months, and we understood that the local medical men hold out no hope of her ultimate recovery.

News item from the columns of the St. Marie "Guardian" of July 24th, 1915.

Arthur B. Davis,
Calgary, Canada.

Will you take \$5,000 for your interest in John W. Davis' property? Wire.

Albert Bradbury.

Will accept \$5,000. Am forwarding deed to Bank of Montreal to hand you on payment of cash.

Arthur B. Davis.

Two telegrams from the files of the Canada Union Telegraph Company.

To have and to hold unto and to the use of the said Albert Bradbury, his heirs and assigns, forever.

Habendum clause of deed from Arthur B. Davis.

Edith Davis, widow, real estate, \$8,000.

Extract from the Assessor's records of Lecarnot County.

Davis of "all his right and interest" in the property—for which he had just paid the Bank of Montreal \$5,000 that very forenoon.

He replaced the papers in the ancient safe and stood gazing out of the window across the broad St. John River with an expression of smug content.

It was a rare summer day, and his eye wandered over the fine farm lands with the long lines of feathery topped elms that marked the original divisions of the old "soldier grants," running back due east from the river with the orderly precision of an old-fashioned British regiment of the line.

Just opposite Bobur's Island he could see the Davis farm, and even at that distance he could note the well-kept fields and the bountiful crops hustled to maturity by the quickening urge of the hectic New Brunswick summer.

"The place alone's worth \$13,000 of any man's money. The widow will be gone long before harvesting, so this year's crop'll fall to me, too, and if the war keeps on it alone'll be worth \$5,000 standin'," he assured himself piously.

The idea of buying a \$13,000 farm for \$5,000, and paying for it out of the first crop which had been planted at somebody else's expense, was certainly calculated to appeal to Bradbury's miserly over-reaching soul; but he also realized that when he was able to take possession of this his latest prize, plucked like a blazing brand from the burning of his neighbour's hopes, it would enable him to settle some rankling personal scores as well. He smiled

grimly at the thought of what it meant to the Davis family, whose history he knew so well.

The widow, whose span of life was apparently so short, had been the second wife of the late John B. Davis, a certified copy of whose will Bradbury had just replaced in the little safe, and they had never had "a chick or a child," which is the New Brunswick way of saying that Davis left no lineal heirs to inherit his estate. This fact, no doubt, accounted for Davis having left the property to one of his own blood—if only in the collateral line—subject merely to the "life estate" of the widow.

Mrs. Davis, however, had a daughter by a former marriage, and a few months before this daughter, Louise by name, had actually refused to marry Bradbury's only son Harry. To add injury to this palpable insult, she was now engaged to marry Blake Ferris, the young attorney who had actually refused Bradbury's business on the ground that he had one per cent. of his Presbyterian conscience left, and who had tied up the foreclosure of the widow McNeil's mortgage and thereby knocked Bradbury out of two or three thousand very easy dollars.

It was, therefore, not surprising that Bradbury should decide to visit the Davis home that very day, and tell them "what was what" as far as the ownership of the property went. He fervently hoped that Ferris might be there so that he could crush two ungrateful upstarts with one blow, to vary the old proverb about the two birds and half as many stones.

Everything seemed to be working out along the line of Bradbury's sardonic wishes, for when he walked up the tree-lined drive to the Davis verandah, he saw Louise and Blake engaged in an earnest discussion, and he noted with a feeling of barbaric satisfaction that the girl's face was white and strained.

"Good afternoon," he began, suavely.

"Well, what do you want?" demanded Blake,



traculently.

"I was just going by," said Bradbury, "and I had a little matter of business to talk over with Miss Rennie."

"I am her attorney," replied Blake, loftily, "and you can address your remarks to me."

"You may not find them very pleasant," smirked the local Shylock.

"State your business or get out," demanded Blake, making a threatening advance in Bradbury's direction.

"I just wanted to say," Bradbury went on, "that I have bought this property from Mr. Arthur B. Davis, the 'reversion,' I suppose you would call it"—bowing stiffly in Blake's direction—"and I will expect possession immediately on your mother's death," he concluded, turning to Louise.

THE girl retreated to the lower step of the verandah and stood in speechless amazement, stunned and horrified at Bradbury's cold-blooded reference to the terrible tragedy that threatened her.

"Get out quick," fumed Blake, "before I forget your grey hairs."

"I'm merely insisting on what the law allows me," defended Bradbury.

"Why don't you say your pound of flesh?" demanded Blake.

"Anything to please you," replied Bradbury, with a triumphant sneer.

"I see your motive plainly enough, and it's on a par with all your business dealings," interrupted Blake. "You expect to get the benefit of this year's crops."

"Am I not entitled to it?" whined Bradbury. "I'm asking no more than my legal rights. I've bought Arthur Davis' interest; on the widow's death her life estate is terminated, and I am entitled to immediate possession of the land, and I think even you know enough law to admit that the crop goes with the land."

"That's just what you're not entitled to," retorted Blake, "and it's a pleasure to give you some free advice. The law is that if a life tenant sows the land and dies before the harvest, the next of kin are still entitled to take the crop or 'emblements,' as it is called in law. In this case Mrs. Davis, the life tenant, was in possession when the crops were put in the ground, and if she died to-

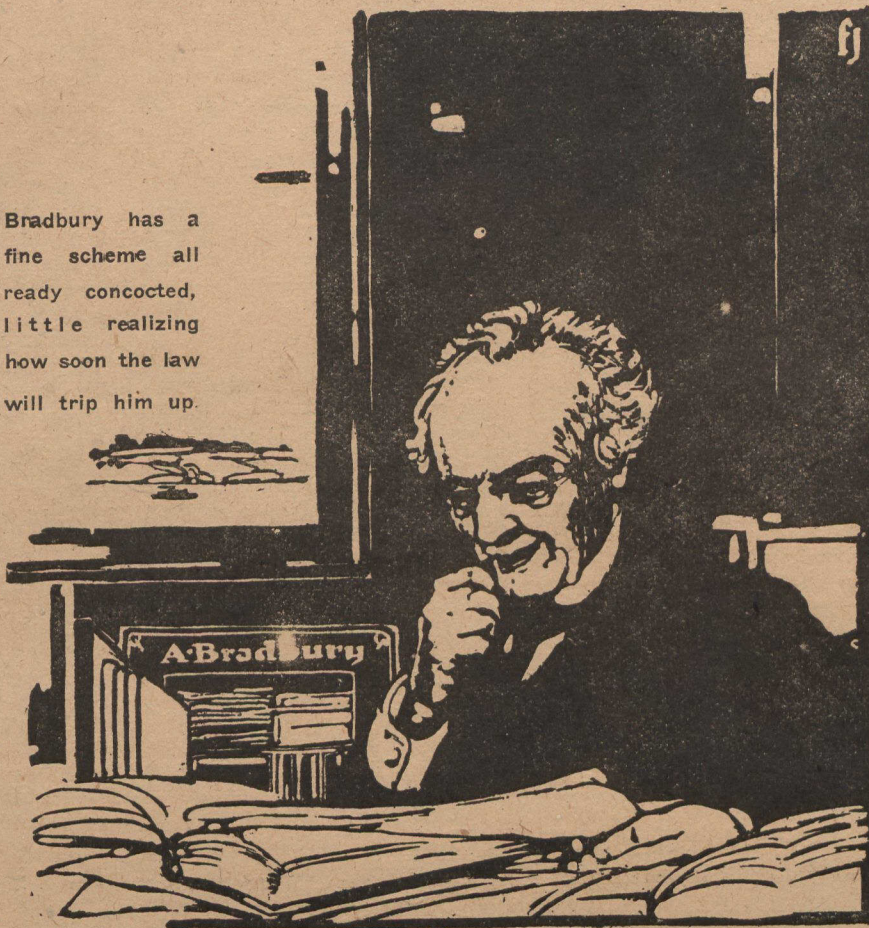
morrow you couldn't touch a kernel of grain or a barrel of potatoes."

Bradbury gazed dully at the young attorney, convinced in spite of himself of the truth of his words.

"Is that the law?" he faltered.

"It is," replied Blake. "I learned that the first week I was at law school. You will find it laid down

Bradbury has a fine scheme all ready concocted, little realizing how soon the law will trip him up.



in 'Williams on Real Property,' or the second volume of the excellent 'Commentaries' of the deceased Mr. Blackstone, or any elementary work on real property law."

"And that's the law?" queried Bradbury, still doubting.

"I've already given you that much free informa-

tion," taunted Blake, "and if you are not satisfied you can easily pay your own lawyer \$10 and he will confirm my opinion."

Bradbury gazed sadly over the fertile fields, a crest-fallen look on his withered face.

"Then if the widow dies to-morrow I can't touch a kernel of the crop," admitted Bradbury.

"You've got the idea," declared Blake.

A tall, middle-aged man closely followed by the local physician, came out of the house, gazed in frank admiration at the landscape, and pulled on his gloves leisurely.

"This is certainly a beautiful country down here," he declared, enthusiastically.

"The Montreal specialist," Louise explained, in a faltering voice, as she turned to Blake.

The local physician caught the anxious look on the girl's face.

"You will be glad to know that Dr. Butler tells us that our fears are entirely unfounded and that your mother will be as well as ever in a few months," he told her.

"As well as ever," croaked Bradbury.

THE Montreal doctor certainly could say the right thing at the right time.

"Yes," he added, with a keen glance at the chopfallen miser, "humanly speaking, she should live for twenty years or more."

"Twenty years, and I paid \$5,000 for Arthur Davis' claim," gasped Bradbury, as he started off.

Blake did some rapid mental arithmetic.

"The interest on that at seven per cent. is \$7,000 in twenty years. I guess you didn't get much of a bargain after all, friend Shylock," was his Parthian shot.

Thus ended another comedy caused by the inexorable irony of the law. Portia in her day had a good deal of fun with Shylock over a matter of law. But

modern law is just as capable of providing amusement when headstrong, bull-headed folk like the hero of our story set out to try a fall with its terms and conditions. And, as is often the case, law has in this instance something to do with love. This is not always necessary, for law in itself is one of the most humanly interesting things in the world.

IS THERE A RAILWAY MUDDLE ?

Did our Roads cost Too Much

By C. PRICE-GREEN

sents a large investment over and above all commitments of the Government. Nevertheless, it is proper for us to enquire into the charge that the companies have been guilty of extravagance in their construction work.

Closely linked with this charge, and indeed part of it, is the claim that Canada has been overbuilt from a railway standpoint. This claim we will deal with in a subsequent article. In the present article we propose to discuss the quality rather than the quantity of railway construction. Did our junior transcontinentals get value for their admittedly expensive construction? Were they wise to spend so much money upon their lines, even though they secured roads freer from grades and curvatures at the start than many of the older lines can ever hope to? Is up-to-date railway construction a good investment?

In pioneer days a man built a house primarily for shelter. If he got the walls up and the roof on before the first snow came the family moved in and got along as best they could until, as time went by, their house was made comfortable and attractive. The first railways upon this continent were built in much the same manner. The important thing was to get the rails in place so that traffic could be moved. Later, out of earnings, the company ballasted the track, replaced light rails with heavier ones, and as business increased began to look around for terminal facilities. Little attention was paid to the problem of grades and curvatures. The result is to be seen in the situation which to-day confronts the

railways of the United States.

We have recently been told on the highest authority that the American railways must spend ten billion dollars within the next ten-years if their country is to have a really efficient and up-to-date transportation system. Some of this money will undoubtedly be expended upon betterments, equipment, and terminal facilities, but a very large part of it will be needed for revision and replacement. The roads must in some way reduce gradients and eliminate curvatures to enable greater loads to be moved with the same motive power. Little new mileage is projected, but no one doubts that the American railway construction of the future will be along the lines of up-to-date railway construction, followed by the National Transcontinental, the Grand Trunk Pacific and the Canadian Northern.

This, of course, means more expensive construction. But that is inevitable. The steam railway and the radial alike cost a great deal more to-day than they did twenty years ago, quite apart from the increase in the price of labour and material. Not many years ago a radial company secured franchises from municipal councils and placed their tracks on concession lines and village streets. A few thousand dollars per mile would finance the enterprise. To-day the radial must have its own right of way, with grade separation in towns and villages, and the cost is reckoned as high as two hundred thousand dollars per mile. The cost of constructing a steam railway has increased in no less startling a manner, and when a road runs across a continent instead of between two nearby towns or cities that increase runs, of course, into many millions of dollars.

The layman knows that ties, rails and labour cost more than formerly, but he does not at all realize

UNDERLYING the more or less pessimistic criticism of our railways and the railway situation is the impression that our roads, as they stand to-day, represent too much money. In one way or another, the often rambling but nearly always destructive criticism comes back to the main proposition that the roads cost too much. In the public mind this matter of excessive cost has been so dwelt upon that it assumes monumental proportions. Without any specific data to go upon, one man tells another that our national investment in railway transportation is gigantic, and that a crushing burden for all time to come has been imposed upon our people.

To determine whether a thing has cost too much we must consider not only its value, but what it is worth to the investor. Nothing is cheap which we do not require. Therefore, in considering whether our railways represent a fair investment we must consider the needs of the country, the service they render, the traffic they produce and may be reasonably expected to produce in the near future, as well as their physical valuation. Hence, in preceding articles we endeavoured to explain how it was that many of our railways had to be built in advance of population. We also endeavoured to show that imperial and national policy alike required the east and west to be linked together by transcontinental railways. We endeavoured to show that a sound national policy was developed in throwing open to settlement the hinterlands of Ontario and Quebec, and in building all three of our transcontinental railways across the mountains and through British Columbia to the Pacific Coast. In short, our railway construction has not been without definite plan and coherence, as many suppose, and the finished work to-day repre-

the increased cost of terminal facilities, and the increased demand for grade separation in towns, cities, and even on country highways. Least of all does he realize how essential it is for the modern road to reduce grades and curvature. So long as the rails are not rusty, one bit of track looks to him very much like another. Yet nothing is more axiomatic than that the cost of transportation depends not only upon the length, but also upon the elevation of haul.

While from the earliest days of railway construction reduction of distance had always been sought for, sufficient provision has not until recent years been made for lessening operating costs through grade reduction. The rising cost of labour, of fuel, and of materials, have emphasized the necessity of reduction in other matters more within the control of the railways; and the increasing weight to be hauled, bringing with it heavier locomotives and heavier cars, has pointed to grade reduction as a means of securing greater economy in operation. The railway which can haul the greatest unit train load naturally works to the best advantage, and given a stated amount of traffic this advantage can be accurately determined. The older railways in Canada and the United States have been attempting, in recent years, to correct their heavy grades and sharp curvatures, and not infrequently have abandoned track impossible of line rectification. Millions have been expended for this purpose which could have been saved if sufficient care had been exercised, and sufficient money spent in the original construction.

Quite recently public attention was directed to some replacement work on the Lackawanna. The reduction in distance was only three miles, but the reduction in grade and curvature was so considerable as to amply justify an expenditure of twelve million dollars.

The extent to which operating costs are reduced and the carrying efficiency of railways increased by grade reduction, are shown in the following, supplied by S. J. Hungerford, Superintendent of Motive Power, Canadian Northern Railway:

From the standpoint of train haulage, the relative values of two lines, one having controlling grades of four-tenths of one per cent. and the other of one per cent., are as follows:

Resistance per ton on Controlling Grades.		
	1.0%	.04%
Due to gradient only	20 lbs.	8 lbs.
Due to friction	4 "	4 "
Total resistance	24 "	12 "
Ratio	2 "	1 "

It is assumed that curvature is fully compensated for in such cases. The allowance for frictional resistance of 4 lbs. per ton, is substantially correct for fully loaded forty-ton cars which are now standard on most railways in Canada and the United States. If trains were composed of thirty-ton cars, the allowance would have to be slightly greater.

The actual tonnage that could be hauled by a large locomotive having a tractive effort of 50,000 lbs. at the driving wheels would be as follows:

Four-Tenth Grade.	
Tractive Power of Locomotive	50,000 lbs.
Deduct 5 per cent. for Internal Friction	2,500 "
Net Power Available	47,500 "
Net power divided by resistance per ton=47,500 divided by 12	3,958 tons.
Deduct weight of engine	190 "
Net train tonnage	3,768 "
	or 62 2-3 loaded 40-ton cars.
One Per Cent. Grades.	
(Same Locomotive.)	
Net power divided by resistance per ton, 47,500 divided by 24=	1,979 tons.
Deduct weight of engine	190 "
Net train tonnage	1,789 "
	or 29 5-6 loaded 40-ton cars.

It should be noted that as the grade resistance rises the weight of the locomotive assumes a larger proportion of the total weight of train. In the case of the four-tenths grade, it represents 4.8 per cent. of the gross weight of train; whereas in the case of the one per cent. grade it represents 9.6 per cent. of the gross weight of train, a large increase in non-revenue load.

In 1906, when contracts were let by the National Transcontinental Commission for the construction of the Eastern Division of the National Transcontinental Railway, between Moncton and Winnipeg, it was definitely determined as a matter of public policy that the roads should have a maximum grade of four-tenths of one per cent. against eastbound, and six-tenths of one per cent. against westbound traffic. The Grand Trunk Pacific Railway Company, which,

about the same time, began the construction of its Western Division between Winnipeg and Prince Rupert, has nowhere a maximum grade in excess of one per cent.

The Canadian Northern, coming even later into the construction field as a transcontinental line, was keenly alive to the question of up-to-date construction. The Montreal-Port Arthur section has maximum opposing grades westbound of five-tenths of one per cent., and eastbound of four-tenths of one per cent., with the exception of ten miles affected by a grade of five-tenths of one per cent. A revision of the Port Arthur-Winnipeg section, completed in 1914, replaced a part of the original construction of trestles across Rainy Lake with permanent work, and at the same time reduced the grade to a maximum of four-tenths of one per cent. On this section of the line the maximum grade against eastbound traffic is one-half of one per cent. Between Edmonton and Winnipeg the maximum grade is five-tenths of one per cent., while from Vancouver to Edmonton (except for 60 miles affected by a seven-tenths of one per cent. grade) the maximum grade against eastbound traffic is four-tenths of one per cent.

The Canadian railway situation is, therefore, in this respect, very much better than the situation in the United States. The Canadian Pacific has already spent large sums in revising its line and more will have to be expended, but it has the financial ability to carry on the work. The junior transcontinentals are not faced with the problem of steep grades and excessive curvature. They are finished propositions in this regard, and beyond doubt economy has been effected by up-to-date construction. Everyone knows how costly and unsatisfactory an undertaking it is to remodel an old house and make it new, but even more costly and unsatisfactory may be the effort to bring a railway built a great many years ago up to the high standard required for the most efficient and economical operation. The Baltimore and Ohio, constructed more than half a century ago across the Alleghany Mountains, is a warning and an example.

Let us re-state our position in a paragraph. A company building a railway between two points desires ultimately, of course, to have the road as free as possible from grade and curvature so as to lessen operating expenses. But it has at the same time to consider the item of fixed charges. If the cost of money be unusually high the company may be justified in building the road as cheaply as possible in the hope of later bringing it up to standard. But when money is cheap it is good business to build the road right in the first place. Our junior transcontinentals it will be remembered were built during a period of cheap money, and the added burden of interest charges was more than compensated by the decrease in operating expenses. Had the roads been built more cheaply but less efficiently they would to-day be burdened with heavier operation charges. They would require more motive power and would have nothing like the ability they now possess for handling the big business of the war and the bigger business of the reconstruction period yet to come.

We cannot credit the Government and the railways with foreseeing the present war, but they could not have acted more wisely had the future been revealed to them by the flash of undoubted revelation. They borrowed money when money was cheap and the fixed charges of our railways are therefore not oppressive. If the roads had been cheaply built in the first place they would be burdened with greater operating costs and less efficiency for years to come. It would be out of the question to attempt to bring them up to the proper standard. Money costs our Finance Minister to-day six per cent., which, not many years ago, he could have borrowed for 2 3/4%. Railway securities bearing 4%, that brought par a few years ago, could scarcely now be marketed at less than 7% or 8%.

The cost of a railway plant is not to be measured by the actual capital investment, but rather by the fixed charges and operating expenses which must be earned before it becomes profitable. A seventy-five million dollar road built with the proceeds of four per cent. bonds has really cost no more than a fifty million dollar road built with the proceeds of six per cent. bonds. It has cost a good deal less if it can be more cheaply and efficiently operated.

Nor can the charge of extravagance be brought against our Canadian railways in the matter of terminal facilities, for freight and passenger traffic. Their expenditures in this behalf have indeed kept within quite moderate bounds. No transcontinental line has been projected for years in the United States, notwithstanding the great increase in traffic, partly because the cost of terminals for such a line has been considered prohibitory. But in Canada our latest transcontinentals have secured the necessary terminals in all our cities without unduly burdening

their resources, while the Canadian Pacific and the Grand Trunk acquired terminals of great value in many places years ago at comparatively low prices.

In Montreal a difficult problem was solved by the C.N.R. tunnelling Mt. Royal. In Toronto, the Canadian Pacific and the Canadian Northern have extensive terminals in what will one day be the centre of the city, quite apart from the immensely valuable water front holdings acquired many years ago by the Grand Trunk and C. P. R. In Winnipeg valuable and well-located terminals were acquired by the Canadian Northern with the acquisition of the Manitoba and Northern Pacific lines. These have been enlarged, and to-day furnish ample accommodation for the National Transcontinental, the Grand Trunk Pacific, the Northern Pacific and the Great Northern, as well as for the Canadian Northern Railway system. The Grand Trunk Pacific may eventually have to acquire terminals at Vancouver, and much work remains to be done on the Courtenay Bay development at St. John, N.B., in connection with the National Transcontinental, but, generally speaking, all our roads are well provided with terminal facilities which do not represent anything like the enormous investment of many of the big American roads in the principal cities of the United States.

Recent railway construction in Canada and the United States, as well, has been very expensive when compared with the cost of railway construction twenty or thirty years ago, but it has not on that account been extravagant. The favourable grades of the Canadian Northern and the National Transcontinental between Winnipeg, the Head of the Lakes, and the Atlantic seaboard, permit grain to be shipped from west to east the year round. The old grain embargoes and blockades at the head of the lakes are now a thing of the past, and the western grain grower is no longer compelled to take whatever he can get for his grain after the close of navigation. The economic benefit this change will work cannot be overestimated. Moreover, as we have already pointed out, a considerable portion of the western grain crop can find its way to Europe via the Panama Canal now that the mountains have been made as level as the plains by up-to-date railway construction.

First of Ad Brokers

ANSON A. McKIM'S death in Montreal last week removed the founder of one of the important but seldom heard-of businesses in the country—advertising agencies. The public that reads the advertisements in newspapers and periodicals seldom realizes the machinery that had to be put in motion before any one of those advertisements could appear. Between the man who has goods to sell and the reader who has money to buy those goods, there stand several experts. Anson A. McKim, besides the high esteem in which his name is held by those who knew him either personally or in a business way, has to his credit the founding of the first organization of such experts in Canada.

A number of capitalists and practical manufacturers may start a factory to manufacture red woollen mitts. They may have the best of machinery, the best of stock and the best of management and labour. Yet in the face of modern conditions they cannot succeed unless they make known the good qualities of those red woollen mitts. At first such a factory may decide to write and place its own advertisements. Probably the most fluent salesman in the place is asked to "dope out" the copy. The general manager, having no knowledge of the various periodicals in which the advertisement might do the most good, probably selects his own favourite newspaper—because it suits him (who never, never wears red woollen mitts) he thinks it is the best paper for the advertisement.

Yet there are innumerable concerns that do not need or cannot afford an exclusive advertising manager. Back in 1889 Anson A. McKim realized this fact, and set about providing an advertising service for any and all comers. At this time he was working for the Toronto Mail. He had served as a local advertising canvasser, but had been sent to Montreal as Montreal representative shortly before his plans for the new venture were made. Shortly after opening his office for The Mail in Montreal (the sign "Toronto Mail and Empire" still greets the stranger from the office door), he decided to adapt and enlarge the advertising "agency" idea which was then known in England—though England has failed to keep up with the development of the idea on this continent.

The "agency" business has been changed since then. The country contains a great number of them and they no longer act as "retailers." The credit for inaugurating such service in Canada belongs unmistakably to the late Anson A. McKim.

OUR STRENUOUS CIVILIZATION

Mankind and Womankind in the Struggle for the Ultimate



Shackleton's South Pole ship, Endurance, comes to a nameless port in the foot-hills of ice and snow.

EVERYBODY knows that the business of keeping alive and looking as fat and as well-dressed as one's neighbours has been growing steadily more strenuous in the last few decades. The question which may very well be asked now, however, is whether life is going to be more strenuous or less strenuous when the war is over. Will the world be so heartily sick of this culminating piece of strenuousness, so to speak, that it will react at once in favour of easier lives for everybody concerned, or will everything be speeded up in order that we may make up for the lost time in production, and for the wasted men and materials.

On the one hand there are a number of earnest people who insist that the war will not end until the belligerents have just about reached the point of exhaustion (the position in which the Germans are rapidly passing already) and that therefore the tendency of the whole world will be to slow down. They point out that the belligerents will be in a very economical frame of mind for many a year after Peace is signed. They will not be eager to import great quantities of goods from the present neutrals. They will probably compel themselves to live more simply, buying less and consuming less. If that be so—thus reason the Slower World disciples—then there is bound to be a general slowing down of production in all countries. For with reduced orders from the present belligerents to the present neutrals will come over-production by those neutrals. Hence—glutted warehouses and, in time, slowed-down factories. Yet there will be the same number of people demanding work—and they will probably effect a general slow-



Modern woman goes the Amazon woman one better in a halo of fire making shells for the War-Man.

ing-down of the rate of production everywhere.

So much for that view.

On the other hand, men say that the necessity to make up for the wastage of war, both in actual materials and in producing-time lost, will compel everyone to work harder than ever. The pace will be set, they say, by the present belligerents who will probably build up closely organized industrial enterprises for the purpose of employing the returned soldiers, and in order to pay off as rapidly as possible the debt of these nations to the neutrals. It is highly probable, say these prognosticators, that all standards of workmanship will be raised. Men will be expected and even compelled to work at higher rates of speed—under greater pressure than ever before.

So much also for that point of view.

A THIRD point of view involves the belief that we are about to see a new era in this world, an era in which there will gradually be built up "state industrialism," that is, that the state will take over, own and control all the chief industries so that all profits from, let us say, the exploitation of coal mines or the manufacture of binder-twine, or cattle breeding, will go into the central coffers of the state. This sounds Utopian. Very probably it is Utopian. Yet the apostles of this sect are extremely plausible and almost convincing in their arguments. They point out that never before have we had so much state-interference with the individual (since despotism was put down in the majority of countries) as in England to-day. Men and women are on the whole satisfied and even pleased to find it so. And women will become more strenuous.

HOW THE WAR LOOKS NOW

Our War Expert Sums Up the Factors of Interest on All Fronts

THE Allies have all their cards on the table. Germany has not. Germany's bluff is that the Allies intend to dismember the German Empire. By their note to President Wilson the Allies clearly show that they intend to do no such thing. It is time the Central Powers came down to facts. A concise statement of what they want might clear the air. The submarine menace is still one of the big factors. No doubt Germany means business here—her last great arm of offensive. Arming of all merchant ships is the only defence. Meanwhile on which front are the Allies to force a decision? Easterners argue that Germany must be defeated on the front where she aims to

extend her sphere of influence, which is the East. Meeting of allied commanders at Rome and recent allied activities in the West indicate that the big decision may be looked for in France, where men and munitions are easily available. The new defensive policy of Germany in the West, argues the Easterner, makes it necessary to match Germany where she intends to maintain her big offensives—in the East. At the same time the allied army at Saloniki is quiescent. Why? It is too big for mere aggressions against Greece; too small to match the Teuton forces. Something needs doing here. The average reader will find this neutral summary of the war situation instructive.

GERMANY has not yet made a reply to the Allied note, but, as was said last week, she will certainly do so. The German

bulletins that speak so gloomily of the closing of the peace door none the less indicate in the same breath that the door is not so completely closed as to exclude all glimmer of light. Germany, we are told, will not remain silent, and while there are no official indications of her action, we are allowed to believe that it will take the form of a proclamation to the world from the rulers of the four Teutonic powers. And that proclamation will not be essentially defiant, however defiant may be its phraseology. It will be an implied invitation to a rejoinder. Between the lines it will be a continuation of the notes that preceded it. It will be a further invitation to end the war.

For Germany can not allow matters to stand where they are. The word is with her, and an expectant world is awaiting it. First she asks for a peace conference without a preliminary statement of terms, as, of course, she had a right to do. The invitation is declined on the main ground that it carries with it the admission of Allied defeat. Then we have the intervention of the President, an intervention that happens to coincide in time with the German note, but that is not, so we are assured, a result of that note. The President asks the belligerents to define the ends for which they are fighting, in the hope that among them it may be possible to find some basis for a mutual approach. The Allies respond to that request in a manner unexpectedly ample, but Germany makes no reply that is at all along the lines asked of her. In other words, the Allies lay their cards upon the table, but Germany holds hers in her hand. Once more it may be said that she is entirely within her right in doing so, and in withholding the information asked of her in a friendly spirit by the American Government. None the less she has placed herself in a position of diplomatic disadvantage. The Allies have avowed to the world the objects for which they are fighting, and among them there is nothing that can be construed into an intention to crush Germany or to dismember the German Empire. Germany, on her part, refrains from an avowal of her own specific aims, but asserts her intention to continue the war in order to prevent herself from being crushed and dismembered. Obviously it is a position that can not be sustained. Germany can not continue without loss of credit to assert that she is in danger of destruction by her enemies after those enemies have called the whole world to witness a programme in which the destruction of Germany finds no place. The publication of such a programme, even though we may think that the programme itself is extravagant, has none the less a definite limiting force. In no event could it be seriously enlarged. Germany is therefore compelled to make some corresponding avowal of her aims. She can not continue to assert that she is fighting to prevent the Allies from doing something which they have no intention to do, and that they have called humanity to witness that they have no intention to do.

There seems to be no reason why Germany should not now avow the broad lines of her war policy, and I believe that she will speedily feel herself impelled to do so. If she should continue to hide them she will lay herself under the imputation of harbouring intentions that would meet the condemnation of the neutral world. She might say, for example, and I

By SIDNEY CORYN
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think that it would be nearly the truth, that the chief resolution now remaining to her is to dominate the transcontinental railroad and the course of the Danube, and that to this end she intends to control Serbia and Roumania and to advance the territorial interests of Turkey and Bulgaria. She might further indicate her willingness to evacuate Belgium and France in furtherance of the much more real advantages just indicated. Such a statement upon her part would go a long way to clear the atmosphere, and even though it were instantly negated by the Allies—as of course it would be—it would none the less go a long way to placate neutral sentiment, which is very much concerned with Belgium and France, but which is lukewarm with regard to the Balkans. Germany might even offer to compensate Belgium without any loss of dignity on her part, seeing that the Chancellor specifically promised to do this at the time Belgium was invaded. If Germany were to avow even so limited a programme as this it would at least place her upon a diplomatic parity with her enemies. But if she does not do something of this kind it will lead inevitably to the inference that she is hiding her intentions because they would be distasteful to the neutral world.

THE greatest of all problems that the Allies must now face—that is to say until the weather shall permit the resumption of land fighting—is the submarine problem. We need not have any doubt that Germany is now well supplied with submarines. They are easily and rapidly built, and they demand nothing in the way of construction materials that is actually out of Germany's reach. There is a general expectation in Europe that Germany is about to send forth her submarine fleet with a wide instruction to prevent anything that floats from reaching the British Isles, and that she expects in that way to produce the same food and munition shortage that she herself is unquestionably suffering from. To comment upon the situation is particularly difficult in view of the mystery that has always enveloped this particular feature of the war. Great Britain, for obvious reasons, has always concealed the measure of her success against the submarines. But that the underwater craft is by no means omnipotent is shown by the fact that communication between England and France has never been broken and that no one of the army of transports perpetually passing to and fro has yet been sunk. On the other hand it is comparatively easy to defend, by nets and otherwise, so narrow a neck of water as that separating the two countries.

BUT Great Britain will certainly defend herself against a new and extended submarine peril by arming all merchant ships. With six small quick-firing guns and competent gunners a merchant ship should be fully a match for a submarine. And if merchant ships, thus armed, were to sail in couples it would be very difficult for a submarine to assail either. A submarine with her periscope submerged is blind and helpless. Until her periscope is exposed she does not know if she is alone on the ocean or if she is not already covered by a gun at a range of a hundred yards. She must expose her decks for at least many seconds before she can get

ready to use her own guns, and she could not aim a torpedo without careful manoeuvring for position. A merchant ship, on the other hand, can open

fire before the submarine has become fully aware of her presence if she is fortunate enough to see her periscope. She can open fire on an admirable target long before the submarine is ready to use her guns. And even if the submarine should succeed in striking her victim she would be in great danger if there should be a consort. This is not to say that a great many merchantmen would not be destroyed, but it would none the less be a mistake to suppose that these ships would fall a helpless prey to their assailants. On the contrary, and considering their superior numbers, the odds would be somewhat against the submarine.

The recent meeting at Rome of the Allied commanders was presumably for the purpose of arranging the main lines of attack for the coming spring, and we may suppose that the choice of Rome for such a conclave is indicative of the part to be played by the Italian army. In the meantime the discussion between the Easterners and the Westerners continues, sometimes without due recognition of the fact that the military plans of the Germans may prove to be the determining factor. The case for the West is comparatively a simple one, and it is based mainly upon facility and convenience. Troops and munitions can be transported to the Somme in a few hours. The material mechanism of war has here been developed to its highest point. Steamship and railroad lines have reduced the difficulties to their minimum. A friendly country has lubricated the wheels of war, and removed a vast burden of toil that might otherwise prove nearly unbearable. Everything points, says the Westerner, to the wisdom of seeking a decision in the West, where it can be more easily obtained than in any other part of the continental field.

TO this the Easterner replies with arguments that are at least as cogent, although he must necessarily admit that his plan implies vastly greater difficulties. An Allied victory in the West, he says, will not be decisive unless it should approach the dimensions of a German catastrophe. Germany knows already that no permanent territorial or other advantages can accrue to her in the West, and for this reason she is ready to retire her lines as soon as the cost of holding them shall become greater than she is prepared to pay. This is the plan that she actually, and avowedly, followed during the Somme offensive of last year, a plan that involved the "feeding back" to the French and British of all ground for which they were willing to make the necessary sacrifices. We are now told, and with some probability, that General von Emmich, the conqueror of Liege, has elaborated a plan, and secured its adoption, by which the German lines in the West shall stand wholly on the defensive in order that the Eastern campaign may be sustained with every available man and gun. Of what value, asks the Easterner, to win battles in the West that will have no definite effect upon Germany's territorial schemes, which are wholly in the East? Those schemes would be unaffected even though the German lines should retire to the Meuse or even to the Rhine. Germany could still claim to be the "man in possession" of the transcontinental line in the Balkans and of the Danube. Her hold on all that she now dreams of holding would be still unshaken.

Indeed it might be tightened by a concentration in the West, where the stakes can hardly be considered as permanently vital. That Germany should maintain any sort of perpetual hold upon Belgium and France is now admittedly unthinkable, but that she should maintain a permanent hold upon the East is by no means unthinkable. Indeed it is what she will unquestionably do unless, and until, it is wrenched from her by force. Therefore, says the Easterner, let us obey the military axiom and attack at the point that is not only most vulnerable, but also most vital. Let us concentrate upon Austria, Bulgaria and Turkey. Let us cut the railroads in the Balkans, isolate Turkey, and invade Bulgaria. Let us deprive Germany of her only hope of territorial gain.

The argument of the Easterner is still further and most potently reinforced by the fact that illimitable treasure has already been expended in the East and that it must be written off as an utter loss unless that campaign is now pursued with a vigour that shall to some extent compensate for miscarriage and blunder. For Gallipoli there can of course be no compensation, but there is still the army at Saloniki that for some insurmountable reason has remained a quiescent spectator of the overthrow of Roumania, and that has absolutely nothing to its credit except the taking of Monastir and a not very impressive participation in the wearisome and inconclusive bickerings with the King of Greece. There is no use in speculating as to the causes for such a paralysis as this, or for an assent to the rather wild idea that Russia and Great Britain are unwilling for dynastic reasons to violate the "divinity that doth hedge a king." But at least we know that there

must have been divided counsels, and that as a result the Saloniki army has been far too large to be wasted in utilities and far too small to be an effective military factor. We are now to see whether that division of counsel still continues or whether we are to see some determined effort to strike a blow at the only point where that blow can be decisively effective. For it may be said once more that Germany, commercially speaking, is now fighting for the control of the Balkans and for nothing else. It was for the control of the Balkans and of the transcontinental railroad that Austria first struck at Serbia, that she wanted to strike at Serbia a year before she actually did so. If the Allies were willing to permit a Teutonic control of Serbia and the status quo so far as Bulgaria and Turkey are concerned Germany would be delighted to make peace to-morrow, and she could then assert with some show of truth that she had emerged victoriously from the conflict. And it is for such reasons as these that we may continue to believe that the Balkan situation is actually the centre of the war, and that no matter what may happen in the West, short of a great German catastrophe, it is to the East that we must look for a final and permanent decision.

But no matter what tardy energies may now unfold themselves in the East, we need not doubt that the imminent fighting in the West will be of the most determined character. For even the Easterner does not suggest that the Western field be neglected, but only that the main emphasis be transferred to the Balkans. To whatever extent this may be done it will be none the less necessary, indeed it will be all the more necessary, that the Western push be

heavy enough to prevent the transfer of troops and to engage the greatest possible German strength to prevent a catastrophe. And it is nearly certain that the British and French will not confine themselves to so narrow a front as that of the Somme. To do so would be to waste a large part of the forces that have certainly been accumulating during the winter, since only a limited number of men can find a fighting place upon any given front. Cautious reports from the British army in France speak of intense activity in the construction of railroad lines parallel with the front, and perhaps we may find here an explanation of the hurried consignments of rails from Canada. The German reports are also of a similar tenor, and in all likelihood they indicate an intention to transfer the attack with great rapidity from point to point or to carry out an attack at many points simultaneously. The British are now holding ninety miles of the Western front as against 240 miles held by the French, and this includes a part of the line taken over by the British toward the end of last year. But the respective responsibilities of the two armies is not to be measured with a yardstick. As a matter of fact the British are confronting greater masses of Germans than are the French. Certain parts of the lines held by the French are unassailable on account of the nature of the ground, and therefore they are weakly held on both sides. Moreover, the soil in the north is more greatly affected by the winter weather than that elsewhere and must be more strongly defended. But this, after all, is a matter for decision by the French commander-in-chief, who can make whatever disposition he pleases of all the armies, French and British alike.

INSPECTING CANADIAN SHELLS

OVER a dollar every three seconds for ten hours out of every twenty-four is the price the Imperial Munitions Board pay to examine the shells made in Canada. If the total cost of government inspection of Canadian shells from the time they are forged to the time they are hurled at the enemy was figured out it would be at least fifty dollars per minute.

Canada is manufacturing shells in a gigantic way. It is estimated that during this year Canada's munition output will average a million dollars a day for seven days each week. It is new business for her and has made her exports far exceed her imports. Making shells is no longer an experiment in Canada. Twenty months ago more money was lost than made in this line of business. Now, with the exception of a few factories, the dividends are large and the prospects are greater than the present realizations.

There is perhaps no business where greater care is required than in the manufacture of munitions. Care is required for a two-fold purpose. Shells are made for defence. They are made to destroy the enemy. There are shells, hundreds of them, that do not destroy the enemy, not because they happen to fall where no damage can be done, but because they are defective. These shells cost just as much as any others, but that is not the all-important point about them. Being defective they explode at the wrong moment. Battery after battery has been blown to pieces by these defective shells that burst at the cannons' mouth instead of scattering the enemy. This is why 4,000 men, members of the Imperial Munitions Board staff, to say nothing of the thousand "shop" inspectors, watch every operation from the forgings to the "finals" of every shell manufactured. There are the forging inspectors, that nearly melt while the steel is taking on its shape in a rough state. After this the shell goes through many processes. It goes through the "cut off," the "rough turn," the "finish turn," the "rough bore," the "finish bore," and twenty other operations, finishing up in the varnish room, where the shell goes through perhaps the most important and most difficult process in its manufacture. At all these numerous stages the shell requires critical examination.

The "final" examination is not the last examination. The inside of every shell is covered with a coat of varnish. This is to cover up any rough bits of steel—to keep the filling from touching the steel

Fifty dollars a minute or four and a half millions a year, is the figure paid by the Imperial Munitions Board, just to be sure that the shells made by Canadian workers are up to standard requirements

By SYDNEY HOOD

sides of the shell. The chemicals used to explode shells condenses like shoe blacking after being packed, so that by the time the shell reaches the cannon there is often a space between the steel and the filling. As the shell leaves the gun its revolutions number thousands per second. It can readily be seen that the jellied chemicals, when a little loose, will not revolve at the same rate as the steel covering. Consequently, if there happens to be the least bit of loose steel or dirt in the shell the chemical will strike against and explode before or at the time of leaving the cannon, sending our own men, battery and all, to destruction.

This is the reason why these thousands of men so closely watch the shell through every operation in its manufacture. Happily, these inspectors with eye and gauge detect excentricities, bits of dirt and rough spots, and the shell is sent away to do its destructive work amongst the enemy.

But why not let the companies manufacturing these shells bear this cost of inspection? They are being paid—well paid—to turn out perfect work. Why should the government be at an additional expense far exceeding a thousand dollars an hour?

In the manufacture of shells, as in the production of any commodity, the monetary side stands out more prominently before the proprietor and superintendent than the requirement for perfect workmanship. The government inspector takes the opposite view. So far as he is personally concerned it does not matter whether the firm he is stationed with gains a single dollar or not in its enterprise. His salary goes on whether the firm make shipments or not.

The workman, too, is apt to err on the wrong side. In most cases he is paid under the piecework system. If it were not for the independent government

inspector many a flaw would slip by the workman and also pass the shop inspectors, who know that unless shells go out they will soon be looking for another job.

The government inspector holds a difficult position. He realizes that a slight slip on his part may mean the lives of many soldiers. He also knows that the soldier is in dire need of shells. He knows that when he turns down shell after shell that the firm he is with is apt to think he is too strict. He knows that if he lets imperfect shells pass that he will hear about it in a very rude way when they are examined in England, and he also knows that if they are found to be imperfect, even a few in a series (a series contains 250 shells), the entire shipment will be returned and a new inspector will be given his work.

When the government spends approximately four and a half millions of dollars a year in the upkeep of its army of inspectors it is not done merely to add cost to the munitions, but as an assurance against imperfect shells, to reduce the number of casualties amongst our own men, and to drive the enemy back more effectively.

The Suitable Diversion

LOOKING for suitable plays, take Bayard Veiller's "The Thirteenth Chair," a melodrama of crooks and faked spiritism; or better yet, "Cheating Cheaters," a burglar farce, full of surprises and laughs, or even "The Harp of Life," by J. Hartley Manners, with his wife, Laurette Taylor, as the star, mother of a youth of nineteen, in the play, which is a drama well-meant if somewhat dreary, that yet may have a beneficent influence; its subjects are mother-love, youthful romance, eugenics.

There are musical comedies, too: "Her Soldier Boy," with a plot touching on the war; "Have a Heart," very beautifully staged and supplied with girls, and hence with no unnecessary plot; "Love of Mike," and some other in which Anna Held, who has not been seen for a long period, wears a considerable number of unbelievable gowns.

As for the dancers, we have Pavlova, with her marvelous grace, amid Babst settings; Nijinsky, staged by the interesting Robert Jones (they think of producing an American ballet soon, possibly adapted from a tale of Edgar Allan Poe); Maud Allan, in various more or less interpretive interpretations, and Ruth St. Denis, who, with her husband, is contemplating dancing some of the Bible!



The lad is at present happy with his dog and a cat. In future years his responsibilities will be greater—the affairs of the Russian Empire no less, for he is the Tsarvitch. He is said to be a sturdy and likeable lad. He is still too young to take part in the work of Brusiloff, but his interest is said to be very keen.



We have many Generals in Canada's forces. Switzerland has only one, General Uriche Wille. He will command the forces of his native land in case the Central Empires try any invasion of France or Italy across Switzerland. The government of the Swiss has made it very clear that it would resist to the last man if any attempt to violate Swiss neutrality should be made. Whether this threat would deter the Huns if they saw a chance to strike, is problematical.



Black for a wedding dress! That is the startling innovation introduced when Miss Eleanor Klinger, fashion model, wed Ora One, fashion designer in New York, recently. The costume shown in this picture was designed by "The House of Black," on Madison Ave. Even the flowers were black—ribbon daisies.

THE NEUTRALITY OF SPAIN

IN the same column of a recent issue of the New York Times appeared two statements. From London it was reported that Lord Northcliffe had printed a long and pessimistic article on Spanish hostility to our cause, and the faithful, ever fervid, admiration of church and aristocracy for Prussian methods and Kultur; while the next paragraph announced from Bilbao that a conservative ex-premier, Maura, leader of a firmly reactionary party, had openly declared that the friendship of France and England was essential to the progress of Spain. That is encouraging, because it means that the Mauristas have seen which way the cat is going to jump, and in Spain, as elsewhere, opinions must bow to politics. The Liberals have been with us from the first, and now that the party is in power, the official friendship of Spain seems assured by Romanones speech of April, 1915, a year before he returned to power.

At a meeting in the Balearic Islands, he said: "Spain's foreign policy since 1907 has been more and more favourable to the Triple Entente. The present hours are so grave and important that it is necessary for Spain to make a solemn declaration. Without violating our neutrality we must say who among the belligerents we consider our friends. The Government is obliged to be silent, I am not."

This statement, contrasting pleasantly with the American recommendation to "neutrality in thought and deed," is probably endorsed by the intellectual and industrial section of the nation, while we have in confirmation the saying attributed to Alfonso, "I and the Republicans are for France." If the King never said this, which is probable, there is no doubt that he has been commonly spoken of, for the past decade, as the "only Liberal in the Palacio Real."

But what of private sympathies? We know what the Germans thought about Spain's attitude towards them, because the Captain of a U-boat was quite petulant when Cartagena omitted to receive him with bull-fights and jotas and serenades. His imperial master-butcher had given him a letter to post in Spain, and told him that Germans were even more popular in Spain than elsewhere; but then Cartagena is a sea port and full of all sorts of audacious folk who go to sea in ships and know exactly what they think about submarine captains. In Castille, he thought, it would be different. And it is. The ugly fact is, that Germans have been very accurate in their estimate of Spanish psychology, and having pigeon-holed and cross-docketed its various weaknesses,

Is a Complex Issue Not Without Points of Resemblance to a Certain Quebec "Neutrality"

By R. KEITH HICKS

have selected as the target of their propaganda a certain self-consciousness that is found in the very young and the very old.

Spain, conscious of her present poverty and small estate, lives partly in the past; the ghosts of Drake and Napoleon are not laid; there is also Gibraltar. Hence it is difficult for England and France to approach with cordiality; not because of the bitterness of old hostilities, but because of the greater bitterness of lost prestige. Spain has seen better days. And this identical reason is a cause of stumbling if France and England stand aloof. They become then contemptuous and critical. Here lay the German opportunity, and the would-be world-conqueror came with feigned humility as a young nation to learn from the late mistress of continents. That, of course, was away back in the last century, and the pose has changed to one of friendly protectiveness, but meanwhile the propagandists and the merchants have so leavened and kneaded the mass of aristocratic opinion that in 1914 the army was cynically sneering at Belgian resistance as an act of quixotic folly. That is the Prussian point of view, which Alfonso's officers have appropriated along with the Prussian attitude and swagger. But there is another and peculiarly Spanish characteristic which makes them less accessible to sympathy for human suffering. Whether developed under the iron harshness of the high Castilian plains, where black is the gala dress of the peasants, or inherited from their Moorish conquerors, the central-Spanish temperament has a fatalistic tendency which produces cold indifference to pain and discomfort, either personal or in a fellow-being. It is not cruelty as we understand cruelty, not the indifference of German ravagers, but something deeper and more permanent. It is the spirit of the diestro as he faces the bull (and it must not be forgotten that the true aficionado of the ring is interested in slaughter only as a means of displaying courage and force and skill; but he does not regret the slaughter). It is the spirit of the Spanish infantry fighting in little round forage caps under the Moroccan sun, of Cervera leading his fleet to certain destruction from the harbour of Santiago de Cuba.

Given this temperament, united with a supreme

admiration for energy and force, we can see that the deeds of Aerschot and Louvain would not evoke national condemnation, though there are millions of Spaniards whose feelings are as strong as our own.

The Kaiser, in his ambition to become, like the strenuous apostle Paul, all things to all men, has presented himself to the ruling and military class as a kind of colossus of energy, having clearly in mind that such are the national heroes of the Peninsula from the Cid to Pizarro, and Palafox of Saragossa, and not forgetting that Spain has long been pathetically in need of a friendly flattering hand. Louis Bertrand, writing in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, finds that William's greatest claim to Spanish allegiance is that "il s'est occupé de nous"—he has been interested in them at a time when the English were undemonstrative and the French suspected of being superior persons. The scholar knows that Germans discovered the treasures of Spanish literature, the imperialist believes, poor trusting lamb, that the Kaiser will protect him from French encroachment in Morocco, will even restore the Rock of Gibraltar and foster his dreams of a Spanish federation with South America once more subservient to Madrid.

While busy establishing the cult of Kaiserism, the German agents have done their utmost to foment the old feud with France. Afrancesados, or Francophiles, have been in bad odour with the administration since Napoleon allotted the throne of Spain to his brother Joseph, except, perhaps, when the Duke of Angouleme steadied the wobbling crown of Ferdinand in 1823, but the main source of German influence to-day is the Church's enmity for republican France. Prussianism stands for that absolute control which is the essence of Spanish Catholicism; and it is not a hundred years since the mob was howling for restoration of the Inquisition and absolute monarchy. "Vive el Rey Absoluto! Vive la Inquisicion!" The Bavarian Premier must have had definite orders with a set purpose when he announced that the Teuton would restore a measure of Temporal Power to the Papacy. French anti-clericalism has brought upon the Republic the enduring mistrust, even hatred, of Catholic Spain. And this cannot fail to tinge the thought of the whole nation, for those who are not actively devout are so surrounded and shadowed by the power of the Church that it is difficult for them to escape its influence. So strong is this that a mob of Catalan Free-thinkers, fresh from a meeting of protest against the industrial competition of the

monasteries, has been known to kneel and uncover at the passage of a Corpus procession.

The bitterness of priestly feeling is illustrated by the words of a confessor in the act of giving the last consolation to a French nun, exiled at the expulsion of the orders in 1904. The dying woman has told him that her sufferings should be offered to God in intercession for the victory of France. "What!" said the cura—"for France, the enemy of God and the Church. It is an outrage, an insult to the Divine Majesty." One has heard similar sentiments more mildly expressed in Quebec and Boston.

Nor are British ideas much more popular with the bureaucracy, though there is the usual aping of English sporting customs and costumes. The writer once had the honour of being ejected from a field because "los caballos de polo del Rey" (the King's polo ponies) might want to graze in it. The Englishman is regarded on the one hand as a pleasant fellow, with no particular energy, and on the other as an interfering schemer and the owner of Gibraltar. Spanish troubles in Morocco four years ago were directly attributed to British diplomacy. It might reasonably be expected that the Church would be moved by the sorrows of Catholic Belgium, but here the bogie of French intellectualism is raised again: and Brussels had a statue of Ferrer, until it offended the delicate taste of Wilhelm II. It must also be remembered that the Church had no small part in the attempt to kulturize the Netherlands in the sixteenth century.

So much for the propaganda among aristocrats and priests. How about the business man and the mill-hand? They are less amenable to official opinion, more prone to Latin Liberalism, and must be won by familiarization and contact with things German. In some cases a whole industry was in German hands, the cork trade for instance, the magnitude of which can be readily grasped by the traveller as he watches car after car of cork bark being hauled into Barcelona. In all large cities we find the blond efficient hotel-clerk and elevator-boy—useful, these, for the secret service—the insistent display and advertisement of German wares, the German cafe, the flaring six-foot letters of an electric sign in the Puerta del Sol, proclaiming "planchado aleman" (German laundry). Effigies of the Kaiser and Hindenburg are sold on the streets and the more convinced Germanophiles wear buttons and pins presenting these same unlovely features; others announce their neutrality or indifference by means of the legend, "No me hable sobre la guerra" (don't talk to me about the war).

Naturally the visit of U-35 was the occasion of much journalistic jubilation; with the exception of a reasoned protest by El Liberal, the press broke into paeans of praise, which appears to have helped the



Prince Arthur of Connaught does not seem to realize that he has turned his back on one of the greatest generals in the world. Or it may be his interest in the Verdun hero to whom he is talking makes him oblivious of Gen. Nivelle, commander-in-chief of the French armies. The generalissimo is very off-handedly looking over some despatches on the table.

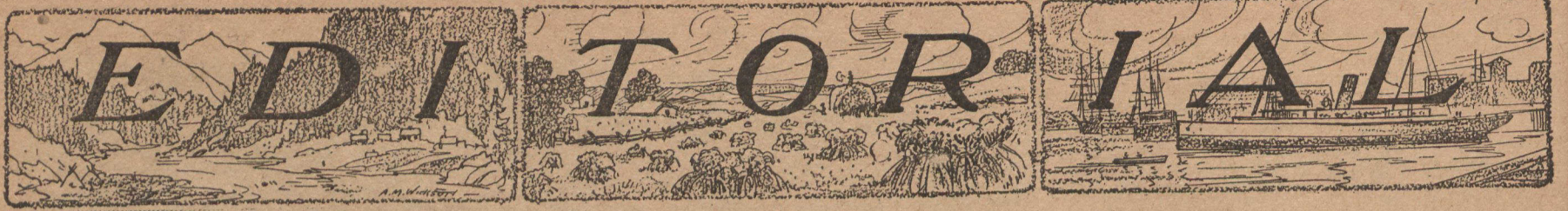
swing of popular opinion towards a justification of submarine warfare in its German manifestation. This was supplemented by the melodramatic circumstances of the visit, the autograph letter, the mysterious special train and the dark hints of German agents. The same sort of thing heralded the arrival of the Deutschland at Baltimore.

It was once the writer's privilege to stand with an eminent Spanish art critic, Senor Cossio, on the Puente de Alcantara, listening to his exposition of the parable of Toledo. That city, he said, is the whole of Spain, its history and its ancient soul. Roman the massive base of the walls that rise sheer

from the bridge-head; a few rough stones mark the passage of those Goths from whom the Grandees of Spain trace their proudest lineage. Moorish gates and the little jewel of the mosque, El Cristo de la Luz, stand for centuries of African rule, and the burnt browns and buffs of the surrounding plain are African in their lights and contours. Italianate palaces speak of "los Reyes catolicos," Ferdinand and Isabella, while the pyramid of the city—it might well have inspired the Emperor's monologue in Hernani—is fitly capped by the Infantry School in the Alcazar and the vast bulk of the most wonderful cathedral in Europe, the metropolitan church of Spain.



Buffalo Bill (Col. Cody) interested about as many people while he was living as P. T. Barnum. But in his wildest daredeviltry he never imagined that his dead body would be the occasion of a pageant like the one portrayed in the above photograph of his funeral. The body is here being escorted by Knights Templars into the Elks Club, at Denver, for funeral rites.



Economic Bunkum

WE are indulging in considerable bunkum about production. All our economists agree that it is our business as a new country to produce more and still more for the needs of the belligerents. In munitions we are doing it. Second-hand munition plants are marching across the border from places like Dayton, O., and being set up in Canada. We aim to produce munitions as near \$500,000,000 a year as possible. To do so we shall have to call up all possible resources of women because in most parts of Canada we are combing the country for soldiers. We are less particular about soldiers than we used to be. The battalion is not so interesting as it was. The call continues to go up from recruiting agencies—More Men. The call insistently goes up from the economists—More Production. These are all very well as street cries. But as organized common sense they can't continue to be sung as a duet in this country. We have reached a point now in fighting and production where every available man counts. All the belligerent countries have reached this point. We believe that Germany and Austria reached it sooner than any of the others. The war is now a struggle of reserves; and in all cases the reserves are slowly being depleted. Canada can't possibly enlist or conscript two and a half additional armies for service abroad if Canada is to organize production at home on a bigger scale than ever. It is all very well to get eloquent over our expanding exports. But the expansion comes from munitions, every dollar of it for merchandise which is production of nothing but death, destruction—and victory. We are not increasing our exports of general manufactures. We are not increasing our exports from farm, forest and fisheries. Every extra munition plant we start going is so much more taken from legitimate productive industry, either in factory or farm. Every extra battalion organized or reinforcing draft sent out is another subtraction from that productive industry. As a matter of national stock-taking we have now come to the point where we must choose which of these things we intend to push the hardest. Does the war need most now—our men, our munitions or our foodstuffs? We are ready with what we have of all. It is for the Government of Canada—or some wiser agency if possible—to decide which we are going to emphasize in a national call. But we can't go on tooting up the three on an equal basis. To do so is economic bunkum.

Find the Man

THE Winnipeg Canadian Club has passed a resolution favouring a form of government. After setting forth the reasons why any such change is necessary the resolution urges Sir Robert Borden to re-organize the Administration along national lines, by including men of recognized organizing capacity wherever they may be found, irrespective of party affiliations or parliamentary experience; to give adequate representation to such re-organization to all classes of the nation who are contributing to the desired result; following the example of Great Britain, to concentrate the executive authority in a War Council of a few members.

There is very little to criticize in this. The Winnipeg Canadian Club do not ask Sir Robert Borden to resign. They ask him to include in his Government "men of recognized organizing capacity, irrespective of party affiliations or parliamentary experience." Coalition as such is not mentioned. Such a reorganization of Government machinery would not be coalition. "Following the example of Great Britain" is stated in another clause. But as we pointed out last week, Great Britain got her new men from politics. There is nothing to hinder Sir Robert Borden from temporarily retiring a few of his Ministers to make room for better men. The men chosen to fill the vacancies so created need not be

parliamentarians. We have already one recent precedent for this. Sir Thomas White, when he became Minister of Finance, had never spent a day in Parliament. There are big men in Canada quite as capable of adapting themselves to the needs of the hour as Sir Thomas White. By all means let Sir Robert Borden nationalize these men.

This Man Found Himself

AMONG the big men of Canada who have not waited for any Government to nationalize him for service, Hon. Sir William Mulock stands out in a lustre largely his own. Last week Toronto and York County, of which it is the capital, beat the national drum to the tune of \$3,500,000 for Patriotic Fund and Red Cross. It was an organized benevolence the like of which on a basis of population was never known before anywhere in America. In awarding the credit for this remarkable service and stimulus to Canada and the cause, we do not ignore the great value of a tremendous advertising campaign which prepared the public mind, heart and conscience. We do not forget the splendid services of Major W. C. Dinick, chief detail organizer of the campaign, nor of the collectors, men and women, who teamed for the result, nor of the municipal authorities and financial institutions which set so inspiring an example in large subscriptions. Neither do we fail to pay our respects to Sir Herbert Ames, chairman of the general fund, nor to the Duke of Devonshire, its president.

But we continue to pay our profound respects to Sir William Mulock, chairman of the Toronto and York County Fund, who for three campaigns has been a dynamo of patriotic impulse and organization in a cause where he saw he could do his bit. Sir William has made the Patriotic Fund a part of his personal being. No other man has so ably personalized this benefaction. At the meeting on Monday of last week starting off the campaign he made a stimulating speech. Sir William's speeches are always stimulating. In their homely uplift they resemble the sermons of the late D. L. Moody. His Parliamentary and Cabinet experience make his speeches and national services more effective than they could be if he were merely a big-business private citizen. And when Sir William Mulock repeated from memory, with one thumb in his vest pocket, every dollar and cent of all the statement and receipts and expenditures affecting totals in any department, he made an impression on the crowd that was more eloquent than a peroration. He might have read those figures. A man of past seventy is entitled to be perfunctory if he feels like it. Sir William is never perfunctory. He is too much alive for mere ritual. And the Patriotic Fund has found in him a national service man of great big dimensions. Question—is there any bigger work that Sir William might do even better?

A Great Campaign

EVEN the most violent of Nationalists in the Province of Quebec must be touched by the sincerity of Toronto's devotion to the allied cause as signified by a contribution of over six dollars per head of men, women and children to the Toronto and York County Patriotic Fund and the Canadian Red Cross. The two organizations united last month to collect two and a half million dollars. Instead of that sum they obtained three and a quarter million! Excellent organization, extraordinary zeal on the part of the workers, and a lively advertising campaign no doubt contributed to the success of the endeavour, but the main deduction to be made is that Toronto is more than lip-loyal. Women collectors in the outskirts of the city were surprised to receive ten dollar bills from poorly clad women who answered the front door bells of cheap little houses. At least one collector ventured to say: "Are you sure

you wish to give so much?" To which the woman replied: "I have been saving for this." It was not only the rich that gave, but the poor also. The result is indeed creditable.

The Enervating Trolley

THE trolley-car is a worse foe to the human race than the 42 c.m. gun. The big gun may compel millions of men to make themselves physically fit to live in order to have stamina enough to get killed in action. But the trolley day by day does its worst to make people physically unfit to live by depriving them of oxygen and exercise. No man is fit to consider himself a mental fact capable of thinking hard enough to be called anything but a mechanic who doesn't get at least two hours' open air every day. By the trolley system most men get about twenty-five minutes in the open. In winter they live in houses crammed with vitiated air from furnace heat. With coal at about \$10.00 a ton it's bad economy to swap any more of the bad warm air for fresh cold air than is absolutely necessary. The office is little or no better. Between house and office going and coming, a man may get about fourteen minutes' walking. Between office and lunch—if he lunches down town—he may get eleven minutes more. All the rest of the time he is cooped up sans good air, sans exercise, in house, office and street car. And of these infinitely the worst is the street car, which in populous centres is becoming the enemy of mankind.

Farmers—Attention

The Agricultural Gazette for January, 1917, says: "For two years and a half, war, red and ruinous, has raged through the world, and still no decision has been reached. There is reason to hope that before 1917 closes the struggle for liberty will have been won, or greatly advanced. Amid the varying phases of this titanic conflict the fact stands out more clearly than ever that agriculture is of supreme importance. Extraordinary measures are being taken by the allied countries to increase and encourage production. It is earnestly hoped that every farmer in Canada will strive to increase the food supply of the Empire. A still powerful and unscrupulous enemy openly avows its intention to try and sink all ships carrying supplies to England during the coming year. In the tremendous strain yet to come a vital factor will be an ample and unfailing flow of food to England and France. No matter what difficulties may face us, the supreme duty of every man on the land is to use every thought and every energy in the direction of producing more, and still more."

Any farmer who doesn't prove the truth of this by action will fail in 1917 to be as patriotically selfish as he may. Production is not merely a matter of patriotism. We don't farm for the good of the State—unless at the same time it is for the good of our own pockets. No farmer would be urged to increase production if he had to do it at a loss. No farmer is being asked to raise more wheat, beef, oats, potatoes and hay in order to give it away. He is asked to do it that he may get bigger prices for more products than ever he did in his life or dreamed that he could. Hence, if the farm hands do not all go to war, we expect the farmers of Canada will rise to the occasion and produce more in 1917 than ever before, health and weather permitting. It is a big contract that can only be tackled by organizing the farmer as other men are the factories, and still others the armies. And if there is any section of our population which is constitutionally averse to fighting, why not nationally organize them for more productive service on the land. One of the questions asked on the National Service card was, "Are you willing to engage in national service work outside your own community or Province?" or words to that effect. Perhaps there are several thousand skilled farmers in Canada who could produce more of what Hon. Martin Burrell wants for the sake of the Empire, by farming outside their own Province.

WAR ON WASTE

Canada Expects Every Woman to Count Her Pennies

By ESTELLE M. KERR

WE haven't begun to economize, but we have come to the conclusion that we ought to, that we may in the dim future have to do so. Our papers are full of suggestions and the word "substitute" is upon every tongue, substitutes for meat, for butter, for eggs, all sorts of unattractive alternatives are suggested to take the place of the things we like most. Women's pages in our papers, once teeming with information as to the correct length of skirts and height of boots, now positively reek with recipes. The cook-book lies on the editorial desk in the place once sacred to the dictionary, and the woman journalist, who has never kept house in her life, supplies all sorts of surprising information. We learn with joy that in winter we can make our own ice, hence it is cheaper to feed the family on ice-cream (next June she will tell us that grate fires are cheaper in summer than they are in winter). Then follows all sorts of recipes for substitutes for ice-cream. Some of them, containing no milk, have little or no nourishing value—but then they are so refreshing at this time of the year. Others derive their nourishment from great quantities of nuts, raisins, ginger and all sorts of imported fruit used in their manufacture; still others require from two to six eggs.

"Left-overs" are another profitable subject for discussion. The lady editor assumes that in ante-bellum days we threw the remains of our Sunday roast into the garbage tin, and offered all sorts of appetizing dishes that can be made from the despised cold roast. If she exercised her genius in devising some means of breeding smaller sheep, so that their legs would not last all week, I, as a member of a family of three, should be deeply grateful. Our joy in the Sunday roast is dimmed by the knowledge that on Monday there will be cold lamb; Tuesday lamb fricassee with onions or minced on toast; Wednesday lamb curried with rice, while on Thursday we shall bid it farewell in soup. A lady whose family is even smaller than mine, confided to me that she frequently feeds it on sweetbreads.

"Don't you find that very expensive?" I asked.

"They do cost a lot," she replied, "but then, you see, there is no waste!"

ANOTHER item that can be expanded into whole columns, is the use of stale bread. Personally,



The "Limousine Ladies" have driven up the market prices.

I am very fond of dry bread, crusts, and toast. I like tomatoes and peppers stuffed with bread crumbs. I love oysters and chops fried in bread crumbs, and fish baked with bread crumbs, but I abominate bread pudding, though it seems to be the chief joy of Canadian cooks. They hoard and hide the loaf-ends and then astonish you with an enormous bread pudding, into the manufacture of which a perfectly good egg or two, milk, sugar, and either a lot of currants or your best strawberry jam, have vanished. One member of the family empties the cream jug over his share and gulps it down, the others say they will take a banana instead. What becomes of the rest of the pudding we do not know, we don't like to ask for fear of its reappearance, but the cook is triumphant and openly boasts that she never wastes a crumb of bread!

THE lady editor (who has boarded all her life) tells you that only the slacker (domestically speaking) uses the telephone, your real economist goes to market. This remark hits home, we believe she is right, yet we continue to use the telephone and in our own particular instance find it economical. For going to market, when you live at the outskirts of the town, occupies a good deal of time, and if your time is valuable you will hardly save the ten-cent carfare in a morning's purchase. We even avoid our grocer—such a smiling, rubicund, jolly grocer, who takes the greatest interest in every household he serves—for, with the most guileless expression in the world, he draws your attention to rare fruits and hot-house vegetables, begs you to try a new (and more expensive) brand of coffee, recommends a cheese, offers you a bargain in tinned pineapples. Like Oscar Wilde, the only thing we cannot resist is temptation. So we use the telephone. But we admit our weakness and if you know a sour-faced grocer who never polishes his apples, do give us his address, and if it isn't too far we shall straightway set out with our market basket. The telephone girl at one corner grocery is corrupted by her smiling manager, for when you have delivered your order she tells you in a voice as sweet as honey: "We have very nice cauliflowers to-day." But when we find that they are twenty-five cents, while brussels sprouts are fifteen and a cabbage (she reluctantly admits) is twelve, we order cabbage. We rather like carrying parcels and don't conceal them in one of those cute little khaki bags made at the Woman's Patriotic League with a tricoloured ribbon across one corner to show that you are serving your country. But our grocer hasn't far to send and by careful planning, we don't order more than four or five times a week, for we realize the fact that for many of the retail dealers the High Cost of Living means the High Cost of Delivery, and in hundreds of cases this charge spells the difference between profit and loss, and the woman who telephones three or four times a day for small orders forces up the price for the poor woman with her market basket. The cost of paper and twine is another serious problem that he has to face, and the grocers in Ottawa have issued an appeal to their customers to expect less in wrapping than formerly. One grocer declares that his paper and twine bill now equals his rent bill, and both of them have advanced 100 per cent. within the year.

YOUR market woman is spared all this expense and she should be cheaper, but I was unfortunate on my last visit. I tried to buy eggs, and, behold, they were more than my grocer ever dreamed of demanding.

"Oh, she replied, "I can get anything I ask from those limousian people." And indeed the market place was filled by ladies in costly furs, whose chauffeurs followed with market baskets, and a string of touring cars and shining limousines standing near showed that the cost of delivery was here no problem. The competition was keen, but I managed to secure a chicken, discovering later that it was not drawn and that I had paid the same price that my grocer was asking—and, besides, I really cannot afford chicken.

GERMANY, who still claims she is impregnable from a military point of view, now admits that economically she may be defeated, and as the purchasing power of a nation is largely in the hands of its women, we find ourselves pitted against the women of Germany, and it behooves us to learn the



The High Cost of Living often means The High Cost of Delivery.

strength of our enemy.

Frau Hedwig Heyl is a woman who will not let Germany starve. Even before there was any real danger, this kitchen strategist wrote a war cook-book telling housewives how to economize. But in three months the book was worthless, because many of the ingredients required in the recipes had disappeared from Germany. Then Frau Heyl, together with other food experts, began to seek substitutes for the foods that were no longer available.

"We have found a substitute for everything," she is quoted as saying, "but the German appetite. We can find nothing to take its place."

In those first days of the war a great "food organization" was begun. Cooking classes were opened, in which housewives learned about the various food substitutes. Old-fashioned methods of drying fruit and vegetables were re-introduced, because it was recognized that a large store of these should be laid in while the sun shone.

The reason for returning to old methods was that there were not enough glass jars for the great increase in preserves, and for what jars there were the rubber bands were lacking.

It was Hedwig Heyl and the women who worked out the scheme of bread cards, without which chaos would have reigned. And she stood for milk cards and butter cards before the rest of the world saw the need of them.

Although over sixty, she works every morning in a canning factory (formerly dye-works) putting up cans of beef for the army at the rate of 6,000 a day. She is a natural tyrant and a good business woman, and watching her quiet management of the women working under her, one loses all sense of there being any starvation in Germany.

ECONOMY to be really effective should be national, and some day the country will appoint a commission to plan the production, sanitary transportation and economical distribution of food as intelligently as it now plans its tariff and its army. There should be legislation by which the storing of foods should be a measure of conservation rather than a means of speculation. This will take the genius of a leader with the knowledge of a food economist. The immediate methods which the housekeeper should adopt are the cutting out of the luxuries and the out of season foods, the reducing of meats in the dietary, careful purchasing in order to eliminate waste, a clever use of left-overs and a larger knowledge of the process of cooking.

A number of Thrift Centres are being established in Toronto, and an expert has been engaged to demonstrate economic cooking in various districts of the city. This is the beginning of what will doubtless grow to be a national campaign for thrift throughout the country. Much of the success of the movement depends, however, upon the willingness of "the so-called thriftless" to learn thrift.

THE ROAD TO GLORY

VERY early in the morning, only three o'clock. The flat fields, the few outstanding trees, the battered, ruined cottages are all swallowed up in intense darkness.

The trench occupied by the 10th Blankshires stretches across what was once a flourishing turnip-field, but it is now an area torn up by shells and covered with barb-wire and the debris of a continual struggle.

There is an expectant hush all along this trench. The men know that the Colonel has received an order from Divisional Headquarters:

"There will be a heavy bombardment of the German trenches by our artillery for twenty minutes, beginning at four o'clock. This is to be followed immediately by an attack of the 10th Blankshires, supported on the left by the 8th Territorials, and on the right by the 5th Blankshires. The trench must be captured at any cost and held until reinforcements arrive."

The Colonel appreciates the meaning of the last sentence. This is an important section of the line, and its taking is a stepping-stone to ultimate victory. He knows his men, too. He passes up and down, giving orders and encouraging his companies. He feels that such iron determination and muscle cannot fail to win the earthen rampart opposite.

The Junior Subaltern is leaning against the doorpost of his dug-out. His platoon, fully armed in every particular, is in its place ready for the signal to advance. The Junior Subaltern is, in sooth, very young. He is barely eighteen, and it would not be hard to determine that he is but recently come from a big English public school. His first conception of war was in the training camps in England. Then, it seemed to consist in the main of endless drilling, smart uniforms, saluting and other etiquette, parades, muddy parade-grounds, innumerable route-marches, and many hard knocks. His second and real conception of war came upon him suddenly during his first day in the trenches. Then, in a flash, "battle, murder, and sudden death" were revealed to him in their true horror. Not so long ago, war was something unreal and far-away. It has now a significant and sinister meaning for him.

He is pondering on the coming advance, and all that it means. What, after all, is the barrier that separates him from the Germans opposite? It is a barrier of bullets and steel which can press into the yielding flesh. But this is not the thought that occurs to the Junior Subaltern as he stands in the midst of it all. The more he thinks of it, the more absurd it seems that there should be between him and the enemy only a conventional strip of land belonging to no one, and the quivering air for a barrier.

A star-shell explodes, throwing the trees and ruined farmhouses into bold relief against the sky. By the glaring light, the whole length and breadth of that strip of land with its ghastly tangle of wire, burst shells, and remnants of other fights, is illuminated.

It is too big a question for him. He wonders what the feelings of the other men are before battle, and if they are at all like his. He listens to the subdued whispering of his platoon. Some of the men are holding long, earnest conversations. A great many are joking. Others, led by the Junior Subaltern's highly musical Corporal, are quietly singing songs that are famous now. The Junior Subaltern does not feel like singing, still less joking. He decides that even quiet conversation does not appeal to him before battle. The men have forgotten his presence, and he leans against his post and watches them, admiring their strong, sturdy figures limned clearly by the light of star-shells.

Someone thinks he hears a sound in front and a rifle shot rings out sharp and clear in the still night. Four or five answering bullets patter on the parapet, but no one is disturbed and there is silence once more. The Senior Major passes by, and, seeing the Junior Subaltern standing alone, stops for a moment to make a few cheery remarks.

The young soldier is grateful for the little attention. He is beginning to feel a little depressed and lonely. After all, he is very young, and older minds than his have been overwhelmed by the sheer magnitude of like impending events. Home, and school-life, and England, seem very remote. He is alone in a seething mass of armed men—armed to kill one another. The pity of it, but never the fear, crosses his mind. Then, he remembers the letter he has received the previous afternoon from his father. He takes it from his pocket, and, by the fitful light of matches and star-shells, he reads it again. It is

**"Not once nor twice in our rough island story,
The path of duty was the way to glory."**

—Tennyson.

The Story and the Indelible Memory of the Junior Subaltern who went that path and found that road

By MARY JONES

very short, but goes to the right spot, and the Junior Subaltern probably would never admit that he blinks a little as he reads:

"Dear Boy,—

"This is not going to be a long letter. Your mother and I think of you constantly and wish we could be with you in your lonely moments—for I know you have them. Remember that our thoughts and prayers are always with you and that no one can be more proud of what you are doing than we. Only, if you do great things, do not let other men's praise turn your head. For you are very young, and this is a great test for you in more ways than one. Whatever you do, my boy, you are fulfilling your duty, and duty often leads to great deeds, so that . . ."

There is the whizz of a shell coming from behind, then another and another, followed by a series of reverberating explosions. The boy hastily refolds his letter and thrusts it back in his pocket. One thought stands out clearly in his mind. He must do his duty—his whole duty, for the sake of those who love him at home.

The bombardment has begun. There is a steady whining and whizzing through the air, and now and then terrible crashes which smite against the ear-drum. Muffled orders are passed along, and men look to their bayonets and grasp their rifles more firmly. The Junior Subaltern is standing upright, with his eye fixed on one spot on the parapet. He is measuring the distance, for he contemplates a running leap.

The tense moments pass very slowly. The Senior Major looks at his watch.

"Eighteen minutes past . . . nineteen . . . and a half," he muses aloud.

Then, rising to his full height, he shouts an order. There is a shrill whistle. At the same moment the din of the cannonading stops. For a second the men crouch to spring. In that second, a tall, lithe figure is outlined against the paling sky and drifting smoke. It is that of the Junior Subaltern. He is the first over the parapet, leading his battalion on to victory. Immediately the parapet becomes a mass of scrambling, panting men. Huddled and jumbled together they disappear in the dense smoke.

The Junior Subaltern's toe catches in a shell-hole. He stumbles, but is up at once and presses forward, choking and gasping, half blinded by the smoke. Many bullets whistle past his ears, for the Germans know the game. He plunges on and hears the trampling of the men behind him, and the crack of

the rifles in front. He stoops down to cut an obstinate tangle of wire, and as he does so he feels a strange, stinging sensation in his left arm. His fighting blood is up, however, and he forgets the

pain in the tremendous excitement of the moment.

He is past the entanglements, and a very few yards separate him from his goal. Behind him is the tearing of cloth, and muttered oaths, as the men thrust themselves through the embracing wire. He hears muffled groans as they fall one by one before the deadly rifle fire, but he feels inexplicably callous to such sounds. The smoke is clearing and dimly in the half-light he can see the men behind the opposing rifles. Suddenly, a little to the left, a machine gun opens fire on the advancing men. It spits out its terrible messengers in rapid succession with an even, clicking noise.

Impulsively, the Junior Subaltern turns towards the weapon of death. It is not aimed at him, but it is mowing down his companions. His one thought is that it is his duty to silence that gun at any cost.

Partly concealed by the eddies of smoke from the recent cannonading, he goes in long strides towards the gun. He does not notice that there is a jagged reddening tear in the left sleeve of his tunic. All his energies, mental and physical, are concentrated on silencing that gun.

One last stride brings him up to the machine gun emplacement in a sap-head. The gunners have been so engrossed in their terrible work and handicapped by dense smoke, that they have not noticed him advancing from the side like a ghost through the gloom.

THE Junior Subaltern pauses on the edge of the sap and cocks his revolver. He shoots at the head of the German who is working the gun, who falls over, a ghastly grin spread across his face. An intense loathing surges up in the Junior Subaltern's heart as he notices the evident pleasure the men take in the result of their work. He shudders. That gun must go!

Without hesitation, he leaps in among the frenzied Germans. For a moment the strength of Samson is his. Buffeting his way through the tiny group of four or five men, he throws himself upon the gun. With a tremendous effort he wrests the tripod from under, rendering the gun partially useless for a few moments. At least, he reflects, his own men will be in that sap-head before the gun can be set up and in use again.

This thought flashes through his mind, and he turns to fight, single-handed, with the infuriated machine-gun section, but without warning a cold blankness comes over the mind and body of the Junior Subaltern. The scene is suddenly blotted out, and his Sergeant, leaping in behind him, is in time to catch him as he falls. A German bayonet has got him.

Later, the sun rising on the stricken fields of France, rises, too, on this battle-ground that was once a turnip-field. The 10th Blankshires are "one up," holding on bravely to the bit of line which they have captured. Reinforcements are already streaming across the captured ground to aid them. The advances on the right and left are being made good also. The Colonel has indeed estimated aright his men's courage, and is even now urging the remnant of his command to hold on till the last—though they need no encouragement in the supreme test.

And the sun gently kisses the pale, smiling face of a gallant officer, who was very, very young, but not too young to play a man's game and win. The Junior Subaltern has been laid by his men for a while in the sap-head, beside the gun he has captured. It seems as if, having done his work well, he has closed his eyes for a while to enjoy the sweet sleep of the victor.

To the men of his platoon, holding on stubbornly in the main trench, a big Something seems to have gone out of the fight. Then the reinforcements come up, and there is an order for the 10th Blankshires to fall back to second line trenches. The remnant of the fearless battalion—tired, parched and panting—straggles back across the ground won at such cost, strewn with the rigid figures of many men who started out so bravely.

And the remainder of "A" Company carries back the body of their young Subaltern. They bear more than that. They carry, too, the indelible memory of a young subaltern, who walked the path of duty and found it the way to glory.

The Return

A son of Canada lies overseas

Before a battlefield in war-scarred France,
Couched in a quiet spot among the trees,
A fitting sepulchre designed by Chance.

In generations gone, his fathers came
From that same France in whose just cause
he died,
And, though there may be nothing in a name,
Their blood called out and would not be
denied.

But daisies growing in that hallowed place
Hear in the whispering wind that rustles by,
An echo of the winds near Boniface,
And with the breeze they bow their heads
and sigh.

—ERNEST BLACK.

France, Dec. 4th, 1916.

REPORTING ON THE WEST FRONT

CANADA, with thousands of her men in the firing line, has no one to chronicle their adventures. If a convention of

Eastern Ontario dairymen discusses the merits of alfalfa, at Picton—if a handful of paper-hangers meet at the Labour Temple to pass a resolution against the use of green wall-paper—if Lord Shaughnessy eats a fried egg in his car on a siding at Moose Jaw, or a Japanese fisherman comes into the fish docks at Vancouver with a tale of a sea-serpent in the Gulf of Georgia—reporters are sent by the leading papers within a considerable distance of these hallowed spots. One man is killed and a handful injured by a railway locomotive in Toronto Union Depot—and three men from each of the three Toronto morning papers are sent out to report the event. Yet the greatest adventure on which Canadians have ever embarked—goes on unseen and un-sung so far as Canadian recorders are concerned. Not a house in Canada but has its own direct interest in the war. Not a man, not a woman but is knitting socks, or writing letters, or giving money, or saying prayers—and with all our men at the Front there is not one whose professional business it is to write about them as only a Canadian, knowing them and knowing Canada, could write about them. This may, of course, be a perfectly satisfactory condition of affairs to the Canadian public, but on the surface it looks somehow wrong. Even the official Canadian eye-witness (who was a Canadian by birth and fortune, but in nothing else) has ceased to exist. The London correspondent of the Canadian Associated Press (a mighty good fellow and a most competent and conscientious journalist) is an Englishman who has never been in Canada. Several Canadian newspapermen have been allowed to take rooms and eat their meals in London—among them Douglas Robertson, of the Toronto Telegram; Roland Hill, of the Montreal Star, and (until recently) Walter Willison, of the Toronto News. Except for a few personally conducted tours to the Front (and the first of these did not take place until the war was over a year old and a dozen other Canadian newspapermen had returned to Canada convinced that they would never reach the Front) these three men had to be content with supplementing the Canadian Associated Press man's work with London hotel gossip and bar-parlour stories of the Front. More than once important statements for overseas consumption (such as that of Lloyd George to the Australian A. P. man recently) have been issued through interviews to overseas newspaper representatives—but seldom to a Canadian press representative.

When the first Canadian newspaper party was taken to the front in September, 1915,* they had the pleasure of meeting the actual field correspondents of almost every kind of paper under the sun—except a Canadian paper. There were Englishmen and Americans, a Russian, a Swiss, a Norwegian, a Hollander, an Australian—but not a Canadian. Sir Max Aitken, it is true, was the official Eye Witness and lived many miles behind the Front, but always in close touch with actual field operations by means of his ubiquitous Rolls-Royce. But Sir Max was an official working with all the limitations of official responsibility. Now that he has left the service and entered the House of Lords as Baron Beaverbrook, Canada is without a professional chronicler at the Front.

Of course no one could say for certain that we should have been any better off for having a real Canadian press man with our armies at the Front. War has a strange effect on writing men. It has "made" some, such as Philip Gibbs and Ian Hamilton. It has produced men like "The Sunny Subaltern," who wrote "Billy's Letters from Flanders," a little book that should be in every Canadian house. On the other hand, it has dampened the spirit of many a redoubtable writer who came to

Canada Alone Has No Pressmen with Her Armies— Their Adventures Chronicled by Strangers

By BRITTON B. COOKE

scribble—and remained to be awed into silence. Canadians, particularly Ontario Canadians, will remember the name of Hal Gordon, of the staff of the Toronto Daily Star. Gordon was a peculiarly able writer, a man of sympathy and insight, coupled with good judgment and a very level head. He wrote in a charming, clear and attractive style. When the war broke out he was appointed to represent the Star at the Front. When it became known that no newspapermen were to be allowed to accompany the Canadian troops, Gordon enlisted with his old regiment, the Queen's Own. From Valcartier and from various points in England he sent splendid letters home to the Star. They WERE Canadian. He even succeeded in sending some letters from France until he was instructed that this was contrary

on the sleeve of his muddy tunic.

One of the first remarks Gordon made after the first greetings had passed, was this:

"Well. Didn't I tell you there's nothing to write about?"

"Nothing?"

"You surely don't think there's any copy around here, do you?" he asked.

I DIFFERED with him. The thing was absorbingly interesting. At first I thought he was ironical, but in this I was wrong. Having seen so many terrible and wonderful sights, the mind of this gallant soldier and brilliant writer, had reached the quite natural conclusion that there was nothing here to write about except things too sacred to be dealt with in words for the unknowing public—or things which only poets could translate to paper. That, after many months of war, was the attitude of perhaps the ablest of young Canadian newspaper writers. Gordon had seen his tent-mates of Valcartier and Salisbury Plains, killed at his side while wielding spades, or lifting food to their mouths. Others had been taken prisoner. Others were missing as splendid "Gordy" himself has now been missing.

The night after meeting Gordon in the trenches again, Roland Hill and I had the pleasure of spending an evening with the English and American correspondents in their quarters just outside the town of —, where British Headquarters at that time lay. From the queer little inn where we had been quartered, we motored out through the night shadowed roads to an old house that must once have sheltered the lord and master of many acres hereabouts. A high stone wall rose sheer from the edge of the white road, cutting off the garden from the view of passers-by. The wall must have been fifteen feet high and was broken in two places where the tall gates swung open to our car. At the corners of the wall beside the gates were stone urns containing the roots of vines that trailed gracefully down over the stone-work. Within the gates we could observe only a tangle of dried flower-stalks (it was September). At the far side of the crescent drive was the door of the house.

Here, in conversation with a number of correspondents, one could obtain additional information regarding the point of view of the correspondent. A number of the men were playing cards round a lamp in the dining-room of the old house. Underfoot one felt oil-cloth, patched and treacherous in places. In the air was the mingled odour of lamp-smoke, wood-fires and kitchen cookery. Even the cigarettes of the correspondents could not drown that homely combination of smells. Gibbs, who was a friend of Hill, was upstairs, we were told, going to bed for some unearthly reason or other. A message sent to Gibbs brought us an invitation to ascend the gleaming old stair-case to

Gibbs' personal quarters. He hadn't felt like cards, so had chosen sleep as the only refuge from ennui—and that at the Front, thought Hill and I. Gibbs, however, seemed now content to forego sleep for the interesting spectacle of a couple of Canadian newspaper men who were still excited from the very scenes which to Gibbs and the other resident correspondents were woefully dull.

WHETHER it was Gibbs or one of the other men in the party in the dining-room, who told us what follows, I cannot now remember. Here, in the intervals of the card-playing, we talked about the feelings of a correspondent at the Front.

In effect, the opinion given was this:

"I remember," he said, "when the death of say fifty people in some sort of catastrophe was considered about as big a 'story' as a newspaper man could be asked to work on. When the Titanic went down it looked as though the most heart-rending story the world had ever heard was to be written. When the Empress of Ireland sank in the St. Lawrence (Concluded on page 24.)



"Whether it was Philip Gibbs—I cannot now remember."

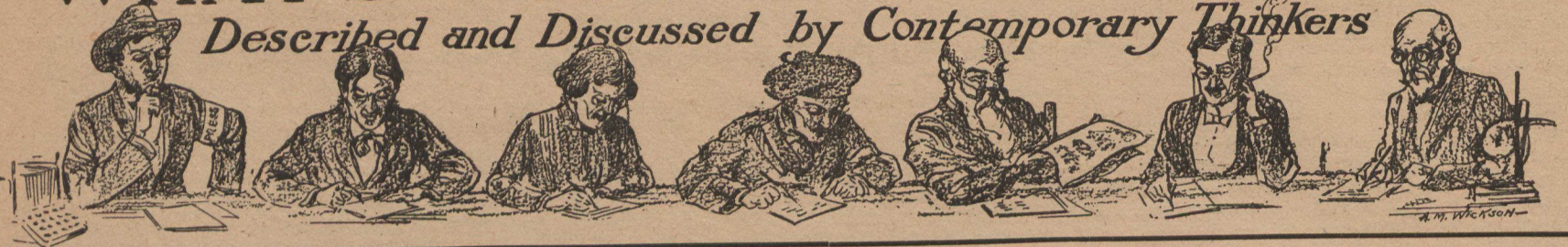
to the rules governing a private soldier. If anyone doubts that a Canadian correspondent in France could write more interestingly for Canadian readers, and do better justice to the Canadian fighting man than the English and American writers upon whom Canada has been forced to depend, he needs only to refer to some of Gordon's letters. They were the sort of thing we should have had and should still be getting.

But to illustrate the effect of the war upon the mind of a writer, I may perhaps repeat in effect a conversation I had with Hal Gordon in a front line firing trench just across from Malines. Together with an official guide, Robertson, of the Toronto Telegram, and I, had just come 'round the corner of one of the "bays in the front line trench"—when we saw Gordon ahead of us. He had been with the third battalion through the series of terrible battles that practically wiped the original battalion out of existence. He had been through the battle of St. Julien, and through Givenchy—all those fights. He had won his way from private, to corporal, to sergeant—and now to a commission; a lieutenant's "Pips" were

* The writer was the representative of the Toronto Globe and the New York Times on that occasion.

WHAT'S WHAT *the* WORLD OVER

Described and Discussed by Contemporary Thinkers



BUCHAREST THE GAY

A Description of Roumania's Capital Before the War Came

WHETHER W. F. Bailey and J. V. Bates may be, they write highly interesting articles. In the last issue of the *Courier* we quoted from their article on the Dobrudja. Now (from a later number of the *Fortnightly Review*) we quote from their article on Bucharest, as follows: It is along the boulevards of Bucharest, as it is along the boulevards of Paris, that the traveller can best study the life of the city in its most characteristic phases. Here the dull, grey, serious world seems to be non-existent. To the town-bred Roumanian, born a flaneur, the streets are a source of never-ending delight. There is so much to stare at, to marvel at, to revel in. It seems scarcely credible that fifty years ago these streets were nothing better than rough country roads, in the mud of which ox-waggons and carriages were wont to stick fast, while the sidewalks were paved with boulders taken from the bed of the Dombovitzza. Well within the memory of the older inhabitants petroleum lamps were the only lights obtainable, sanitation was conspicuous by its absence, and the Royal palace was little better than a huge farmhouse. Now there is not a vestige of an old building to be seen from one end to the other of the grand boulevards, where nationalism, independence, petroleum wells, granite quarries, and grain have changed an old into a new Roumania. Turn, however, down any one of the side streets leading off the main thoroughfares and enter the older quarters of the town, and it will be possible to fancy oneself back again in a Roumanian country village. Small, low, white or pink, wooden-roofed cottages, with stacks of firewood and sheds leaning up against them, surrounded by tall, bright green, poplar, mulberry, and plane trees, and orchards, fronted by tiny gardens full of lilies, roses, and sunflowers, meet the eye. Everywhere is heard the cackling, gobbling, crowing, and screeching of cocks, hens, turkeys and geese. Here in one open space a flock of white sheep with fawn-coloured ears and fawn-coloured feet are resting, guarded by a couple of shaggy, bare-legged, bronzed shepherds clad in huge brown felt cloaks, with black astrachan caps, the size of a tea-cosy, on the swart heads, and with ten-foot staves in their hands. Deplorably mingled with the sheep are the goats—goats of all sorts and styles, black, brown, white, and mottled; goats with horns sweeping in immense curves over their back. Not far off, under a clump of alders and willows, are some ox-waggons, and beside these, on the dusty ground, sleepy-eyed white oxen and buffaloes lie chewing the cud, while others of their species are hauling along their squealing, wooden-wheeled, overladen carts, the noise from which is enough to set the strongest nerves on edge. Behind booths set out upon the roadways the market folk are serenely waiting for purchasers. The women turn their distaffs, the men smoke and play cards and leave fortune unwooded, apparently indifferent as to whether or not they do bad or good business.

To get away from the (noon-day) swelter of the streets one turns involuntarily towards the hills, towards the big, golden-hued cathedral.

The sun is a white furnace overhead, the sky as blue as any turquoise. To the left lies the Parliament House, to the right is the home and garden of the Metropolitan, a garden where the jarring noises of life never penetrate, where amongst roses and clematis, lilies, lavender, heliotrope, fiery geraniums, carnations, pansies, poppies, and larkspur the bees and butterflies flit from sweetness to sweetness, where the paths are sticky with honeydew and strewn with the dropping tassels of the acacias' blooms, where the nightingales pour out their hearts in song the whole fragrant night through.

Down—not far down—in the valley lies a city of phantasy, built of silver and gold and emeralds and pearls, for so Bucharest appears from this height

with its blue and gilded and copper domes and spires, its white houses, and verdant green parks and avenues scintillating in the sun's rays as would gems. Colour—colour laughs and rollicks and flames. Not a vestige of smoke sullies the atmosphere, although three hundred thousand people have their being within its walls. See there the long avenue of the Chaussee, which runs on without a break right into Transylvania. As far as the racecourse, in the suburbs, it is planted with waving trees and bright flowerbeds, behind which—so curiously intermingled is town with country—are meadows knee-deep in grass. There too are the roofs of the market booths and the little tumble-down by-ways, where the forenoon was spent, where the ox waggons rumbled, the sheep bleat, the Jews cheat, and the tragedies and comedies of the humble are played out. The quays show signs of busy life, but further out, where the town begins to thin—if one were near enough to see—herds of creamy oxen are resting, lost to view on the mud-slopes under the green foliage.

In the Roumanian capital there is none of the cant of a morality that is not. Pretty women are fair game here, and the hunters make no secret of their zest for the chase, nor do the hunted fair ones manifest the slightest desire to escape from pursuit. Fem-



Why will she bring that Disagreeable Child?

—Brinkerhoff in New York Evening Mail.

nine innocence in the City of Joy stands for want of charm, and that is only another word for failure. The woman who has not been gossiped about considers herself ill-used, and even the fair-haired and pretty Queen is not exempt.

But to the traveller the temptation comes to wander through the ancient quarters of the town—the mysterious places where the Tziganes dwell, where fortunes are told, and music is heard the night through. The splendour of the sunset has faded, the sky is soft and pale, with delicate dove-like tints, and the stars are peeping out of its still depths. Solemn indigo and black shadows have gathered in the deserted market-places and along the small rustic streets, behind the gleaming boulevards. Round the doors of the pale-faced shops, where the quaint, old-world signs hang out, groups of humbler folk are interchanging small talk, playing dominoes, smoking, sipping coffee, and reading the evening journals. From a distance comes the noise of music. Following the direction of the sound, passing down a laneway running between some little fenced-in gardens, overlooked by low white houses with dark verandas, from which, seen dark against interior light of the rooms, figures are leaning out, one arrives at a large open

square bordered with limes. It is plainly the batatura of the locality, for over yonder is the public-house or inn, now ablaze with light and surrounded by a score of tables and benches. The scranziob or swing, which is always erected in such places at Easter, is still standing, black and clean-cut against the sky. White-clad figures are converging from every side towards the open doorway of the tavern, and the light from the swinging lamps suspended from its balcony and from the trees flickers down on the scarlet sashes, white shirts, and lambskin caps of the men, on the silver-embroidered aprons and sequin-spangled, head-coverings of the women. The music ceases indoors, and presently the players emerge, thread their way through the crowd clustered about the doorway, and take their places on a raised platform beneath the lamp-hung verandah. The tables are deserted, white figure clutches at white figure, hands are outstretched, and soon a giant ring is formed, and the Hora commences.

The circle widens, more and still more couples join in, the pace increases, the chanting grows louder. The ring breaks into two rings, into three rings. Spangled veils and silver and gold embroideries glitter, gold and silver and coral necklets twinkle, sandalled and high-booted feet fly until the circles melt into three whirling, blurred white clouds flecked with light and colour. The music is wilder and stranger and more fascinating even than the dance; sometimes it is frenzied and passionate, sometimes it is a long, slow rhapsody drawn from the heart of memory, and sometimes the melody—if so it can be called—sinks to a mere whisper, to a murmur which steals into the ear and thrills the soul with a craving for what is out of reach or what is perhaps past and lost for ever with a feeling that could one but follow where it leads one would reach the lands of heart's desire. In the crude, guttering lamplight these Roumanian Tziganes, with their delicate profiles, olive skins, lustreless black hair falling in masses on the shoulders, with their soft, glowing, gleaming dark eyes, almond-shaped Oriental eyes—which have nothing European in their setting or glance—stand writhing and swaying above their instruments. From time to time they shriek untranslatable things in Romany, and show their glistening teeth in mocking, ribald laughter.

The hours fly by on winged feet. The moon sails above the shining domes and roofs to smile with tender splendour in the pansy-blue sky, and at last the east blushes crimson, the birds begin to sing in the gardens, the pleasure-surfeited dancers reluctantly awake to the fact that another day's work is before them, and the wily Tziganes slip off towards their camp on the outskirts of the city.

ART AND THE PUBLIC

The Museum and the Service it May Render to the Young

WE have not many art museums in this country, and while the war lasts we are not likely to build any. Nevertheless, Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer's article in the *North American Review* has a bearing on Canada. Really, she writes, the trouble in most of our American cities is that the people do not feel enough at home in their palaces of art. They enter them too much as though they were the palaces of kings, condescendingly opened for their timid inspection. Many are awed by the space, the silence, and what seems to them the grandeur of their unaccustomed surroundings. They do not need to be discouraged from staying too long. They need to be made to feel that they are very welcome, that the place exists for them. Many other people even among the professedly cultivated—the vogue of loan collections makes it plain—visit galleries of art as a certain kind of woman goes about among the shops, "just to see what they have got," and having superficially seen this, do not come again until the stock has been replenished with novelties.

But in some of our public galleries it is largely the fault of the management that visitors do not more often buy with periods of quiet contemplation, and take away in their memories as their own possession for ever, the treasures of beauty that are displayed before them.

As for the "cherishing of gifted persons," it is, of course, highly important, for upon such persons we depend not only for the right conduct of our museums and the right guidance of the public, but also for the art of the future. Often the museum will be the agency that reveals to some frequenter that he is a gifted person; but if he really is this—if he is born an artist or born with a strong love for art and keen and delicate powers of perception and appreciation—he will be able to direct his own development. For him the museum will scarcely need to do more than make itself as rich in the excellencies of art as it can. It is those who have vaguer desires, or even as yet no conscious desire at all for the ministrations of beauty, who chiefly need that the museum shall exert itself in their interest. Perhaps it is time now to ask more definitely, What can it expect to do for them, to do for the people at large?

Not, of course, to turn them in quantities into accomplished amateurs of art! But it may hope to give some of them a love of art, of beauty, that will be a perennial fount of refreshment and true pleasure. And it may hope to prove to many that material things are not all in all; to widen their horizon and temper their devotion to the cult of "practical efficiency" by demonstrating that there are matters of genuine interest apart from the bread-earning routine and the money-grasping adventure; and to improve their taste so that they may wish for decency, order, and beauty in the conduct and the surroundings of their daily lives. If it is to do this in any widespread way, if, in Emerson's words, it is so to "open the sense of beauty" that "vulgar manners, tricks, bad eating, yelps, and all the miscreations of ugliness will become intolerable," it must strive for one main result which will be at the same time the root of further progress. It must convince the people that art, that beauty, is not a mere ornament of existence, but a prime necessity of the eye and the soul, and that it need not be the personal possession of a few of the rich and leisured only but may be and should be a general possession, an integral part of the life of the community.

In our museums of art should the lines be drawn to embrace "fine art" only? Evidently not. Indeed, when we think what art really meant to any really creative people, we must mourn that the term "fine art" has been incorporated in the name and that its implications have been respected in the policy of any large American museum. Evidently the public is right when it takes a special interest in a broadly inclusive collection of the work of a people like the Egyptians, who never made a useful object without striving to please the eye, and seem scarcely ever to have made a beautiful object which did not serve some definite purpose. To show the artistic products of each land and period as inclusively as possible, and with their aid to explain as clearly as possible the intimate interweaving of art with every phase of the life of the people that produced it, surely, in the America of to-day, which lacks the vivid object-lessons bequeathed by the past to older countries, this is the proper aim of a museum—not to set art aside from life by trying to segregate its higher "purer" forms. One way to emphasize the intimate connection that may and should exist between art and life is to show the affinities of the art with the history and the literature of any given period.

To-day we offer our urban populations one beautiful and beneficent thing that mediaeval people did not have, the public park. But apart from this, what? Little excepting the museum of art. If they find pleasure there, even unaccompanied by such profit as we hope that many of them will also reap, surely the benefit will react upon us all; for to be starved for pleasure is as bad for a man as to be starved for bread and is even more provocative of evil thoughts and deeds.

So a first and foremost duty of a museum room is not to look dreary. Yet I remember some that do—some that are cold and colourless, inhospitable, even empty-looking, although in fact they contain very beautiful and precious things. It is not enough to show such things. Each room as a whole, the museum as a whole, must at least be pleasing to the sight. If it can be sumptuous, a veritable expression of "the riches of art," so much the better. And why should not a museum dedicated to plastic art be used to further other kinds of aesthetic enjoyment which will be beneficial in themselves and will attract people who might not otherwise seek its collections? What most surely and widely attracts our people to-day is music. Is there any good reason—that is,

any unsurmountable reason—why at certain times music should not be provided for them in our art museums as it is in our parks, but of a higher quality than is there appropriate?

STILL BEAUTY-HUNTING

Most Modern of Poets Continues to Discourse on the Ancient Theme of Bards

DISCUSSING modern poetry in general and "Georgian Poetry" (a new volume) in particular, S. P. B. Mais, in the Nineteenth Century, gives an interesting account of Mr. Lascelles Abercrombie's play, *The End of the World*. The



THE GRATIFIED WISH OF THE ENTENTE.

"We have always wanted to see a beaten Hohenzollern, and here he is!"

The reference, of course, is to King Ferdinand of Roumania.

—Erich Wilke in *Jugend*, Munich.

plot of *The End of the World*, he writes, is quite simple. The scene is an ale-house kitchen; a stranger comes in full of news to the assembled drinkers, news which they attempt to drag from him by various means. He tries to convey to them his state of mind:

I wonder, did you ever hate to feel
The earth so splendid and so fine?

They come to the conclusion that he is mad:

Yes, I was mad and crying mad, to see
The earth so fine, fine all for nothing;

he then opens the door and shows them a comet in the sky; he says that that means the end of the world; they are about to be burnt up:

Time shall brush the fields as visibly
As a rough hand brushes against the nap
Of gleaming cloth—killing the season's colour . . .
And sailors panting on their warping decks
Will watch the sea steam like broth about them.

The publican wishes he had his old wife with him:

This would have suited her.
"I do like things to happen!" she would say,
Never shindy enough for her; and now
She's gone and can't be seeing that.

Each man takes the news differently and calls down the derision of the dowser on their original scepticism:

Ay, you begin to feel it now, I think;
But Life,
Life with her skill of a million years' perfection,
Of sunlight, and of clouds about the moon,
Spring lighting her daffodils . . .
And mountains sitting in their purple clothes . . .
O life I am thinking of, life the wonder,
All blotched out by a brutal thrust of fire
Like a midge that a clumsy thumb squashes and
smears.

Huff the farmer seizes the occasion to gloat over the faithlessness of his wife: now at least he will see vengeance. The man with whom his wife ran away comes in, and Huff attempts to make him cower, but to no purpose, and the curtain rings down on Act I, leaving the dowser alone bemoaning the intolerable waste of beauty that all this scorching of the world will bring about.

On the rise of the curtain for the second and last Act we see Sollers, the wainwright, wrecking the ale-house room in a frenzy of apprehension; the publican comes in weeping, "I've seen the moon; it has nigh broke my heart . . . I never before so noted her." Beauty at last is beginning to mean something to him now that it is all about to be smashed up and ruined. Merrick, the smith, begins to achieve a philosophy; he begins to find a meaning in the life which is just slipping past him:

You know, this is much more than being happy.
'Tis hunger of some power in you, that lives
On your heart's welcome for all sorts of luck,
But always looks beyond you for its meaning.
The world was always looking to use its life
In some great handsome way at last. And now—
We are just fooled. . . . I've had my turn.
The world may be for the sake of naught at last,
But it has been for my sake: I've had that.

Huff comes in, moody, unable to find comfort in the vengeance he thought to obtain from the panic-stricken evil-doers: his good, straight life has been like that of a crawling caterpillar . . . he thinks of a day long past in Droitwich, where he saw women half-naked cooking brine . . . he could have been daring once but missed his chance: suddenly Shale, his wife's lover, comes in and implores Huff to take his wife back: Warp, the molecatcher, enters during the scene that follows and tells them that there is nothing to fear: the comet is going away from them: Huff's ricks are aight, certainly, but there is to be no end of the world—yet.

Mrs. Huff turns both from her lover and her husband:

They thinking I'd be near one or the other
After this night.

We are left with Vine moaning:

But is it certain there'll be nothing smasht?
Not even a house knockt roaring down in crumbles?
—And I did think, I'd open my wife's mouth
With envy of the dreadful things I'd seen!

There is no doubt about the fascination of the play: it holds the reader's attention throughout: there is not a false note from beginning to end. It contains all the philosophy of the younger school: the unending search after beauty, the refusal to shut the eyes to ugliness and dirt, the endeavour to find a meaning in life, the determination to live life to the full and to enjoy. At all costs they strive to avoid sentimentality: these country folk in *The End of the World* really live: they may be coarse: they certainly have their tragedies, but they are human. We seem



THE INJURED HUN.

"Can't yer SEE what a peace-loving man I am?"

—Norman Lindsay in *Sydney Bulletin*.

to know them through and through: we certainly sympathize with their trials and resent their wrongs as bitterly as we do our own.

B.C.'S FARM CREDITS

Applications for Loans Aggregating \$2,175,000 Have Been Received Already

THE agricultural credit system is a new departure in British Columbia, but is already proving of advantage to many farmers, in furnishing money to make improvements to their farms, for land clearing, draining, erection of buildings, purchase of stock, etc., all calculated to increase agricultural production. This is the opening paragraph in an article by the Hon. Wm. Manson, of the British Columbia cabinet, in the Monetary Times. He continues:

The agricultural act was placed upon the statutes of British Columbia in March, 1915. It authorized the borrowing of \$15,000,000, to be administered by a commission, the debentures of the said commission to be guaranteed by the government of the province.

The money market for some time previous to, and since the outbreak of the European war, has been unfavourable for the borrowing of money, but last spring a loan of \$1,000,000 was obtained under the act to begin the work and give definite assistance to aid in developing agriculture. The money cost 5.63 per cent., and is being loaned to the farmers at 6½ per cent. Long-term loans for 20, 30 and 36½ years, may be made on the amortization plan, interest and principal payable half-yearly.

Short-term loans may be made from three to ten years, which need not be amortizable. The commission has decided that for the present while it prefers

duction, therefore the applications for money to be used exclusively to pay off mortgages are being held in abeyance for the time being.

The following figures give particulars of loans granted: 6 loans for \$250, \$1,500; 2 loans for \$300, \$600; 53 loans for \$500, \$26,500; 2 loans for \$600, \$1,200; 1 loan for \$700, \$700; 10 loans for \$750, \$7,500; 3 loans for \$800, \$2,400; 2 loans for \$850, \$1,700; 41 loans for \$1,000, \$41,000; 1 loan for \$1,100, \$1,100; 7 loans for \$1,200, \$8,400; 18 loans for \$1,250, \$22,500; 1 loan for \$1,300, \$1,300; 20 loans for \$1,500, \$30,000; 4 loans for \$1,800, \$7,200; 26 loans for \$2,000, \$52,000; 1 loan for \$2,280, \$2,280; 11 loans for \$2,500, \$27,500; 8 loans for \$3,000, \$24,000; 2 loans for \$3,500, \$7,000; 4 loans for \$4,000, \$16,000; 1 loan for \$4,250, \$4,250; 2 loans for \$4,500, \$9,000; 7 loans for \$5,000, \$35,000; 1 loan for \$5,500, \$5,500; 1 loan for \$7,500, \$7,500; 1 loan for \$9,000, \$9,000; total 236 loans for \$352,630.

The terms of loans granted are as below: 3-year straight loans, 5; 5-year straight loans, 45; 6-year amortizable, 1; 7-year amortizable, 4; 8-year amortizable, 3; 9-year amortizable, 1; 10-year amortizable, 83; 20-year amortizable, 52; 30-year amortizable, 21; 36½-year amortizable, 1; total, 236.

The commission has at present five appraisers in the field in various parts of the province, and every effort was being made to complete the work of appraising before the winter weather set in.

Two of the directors of the board have spent considerable time in the field with the appraisers, for the purpose of obtaining first-hand information regarding agricultural lands and conditions throughout the province and also in assisting the appraisers to establish a proper basis of valuation. The reports of the appraisers are received at head office weekly, and the commission passes upon the applications as the reports come in.

BELGIAN DEPORTATIONS

A Belgian Describes One of Them in the Philadelphia Ledger

RECENT returns of a number of deported Belgians to their districts has somewhat dulled the edge of the original sense of revolt which was felt in all non-Teutonic countries when these outrages first occurred. The narrative of a Belgian, in the Philadelphia Public Ledger, revives the cruel outlines of this crime against humanity.

The town of Z—, says the writer, where the scenes occurred, is in Brabant, and the centre of 22 communes, and about 10,000 men, namely, all those between the ages of 17 and 56, were affected by the action of the German Government. Other districts had been raided before and the people of Z— knew what might be expected, though most of them kept hoping against hope that Germany had already secured all the labour she needed and might pass them by. Their hope was abandoned on the morning of November 14 last, when at seven o'clock the following official notice was placarded on the walls:

"All men between the ages of seventeen and fifty-six, inclusive, of the commune of — are requested to present themselves on November 15, 1916, at 8 o'clock a.m. (German time), at Z— marketplace. The burgomaster should be present. The men concerned should be carrying their identity cards, and in case of need their meldekarts (card of control). Small hand baggage will not be allowed. Those who fail to appear will be immediately transported without delay and by force to the places where they are to work. Besides, they are liable to very heavy fines and long imprisonment. Priests, doctors, lawyers, schoolmasters and professors need not present themselves.

"Ottignies, November 3, 1916.

"The Imperial Kreischef of Nivelles,

"GRAF VON SCHWERIN."

Most of the employed men in the district were at work when the announcement was made, and it was only when their wives followed them to field and factory that they understood that the long-dreaded blow had fallen. There was no more work that day, for the next day they had to report at Z—, and they desired to spend their few remaining hours of liberty with their families, to make what pitiful little arrangements they could make for those whom they would have to leave behind them, the wives, the children, the mothers, and the lovers. In many a home the little bundle was made up containing perhaps the warmest blanket left in the home, or some other like treasure that the self-sacrificing wife would insist the husband should take for his own comfort. For thousands of these men the village of Z— meant a two-hour tramp, so that before daylight the next day all the neighbouring roads were crowded with

Belgian men, often accompanied by weeping wives and children, marching sadly to what fate they knew not.

When the marketplace is reached the summoned men are so numerous that they block all the approaches to it, but they are sorted out by the German officials in groups of one thousand, and conducted to a school building in which their fate is to be decided. Every window and every door frames some sad-faced woman. The very housetops are crowded with people who dare to shout encouraging words to the men below. They are conducted by small bodies into a room where a doctor sits to examine all those who have medical certificates, the men who are entitled to exemption. The doctor does



Enslaved for their own good!

—Louis Raemakers in Land and Water, London.

not seem severe, for he liberates several, although he points the others into an adjoining room. Here are numerous Germans in uniform, and also the three delegates of the commune who are permitted to be present, and to urge exceptions when they care to do so. However, their protests are unavailing. It is not a court of law. It is a Prussian military tribunal, no interference allowed, everything efficient, harsh and devilish.

The men are examined by two officers. They are invariably asked if they are employed or unemployed. This is a German form, but whether the answer is one thing or the other it makes no difference. Then they are asked if they will go to Germany and accept good wages to work for the German Government.

"TWO TAILED BOGEY"

WE have been told a good deal in the Press about the new German battle-plane. "A Flying Patrol" has been permitted by the Censor to give particulars of one in the Cornhill Magazine. He says:

"It goes by the name of the 'Two-tailed Bogey,' owing to its having two fuselages or tails instead of one, with an engine of about 150 horse-power at the forward end of each. In between is a nacelle containing three persons, one of whom pilots and the other two work the machine-guns, which fire both fore and aft.

"It is a great, big, heavy biplane, with enormous wings, much larger than anything we have out here at the moment. Some people say that, besides the two tractor propellers there is a third pusher engine and propeller, mounted at the tail-end of the nacelle, but I do not credit this myself. Its speed is about 90 miles an hour, so it is bigger, faster, and more heavily armed than our own fighters of which we are so fond.

"The crab of it, apparently, is that it is clumsy and very difficult to manoeuvre, and so loses much of its advantages. The Huns brag about it a good deal, yet none of them have dared to come and fight us over our own lines, which is, of course, a big handicap."



"Consistency, thou art a jewel!"

that all such loans should be amortizable, yet will grant straight loans for three, four or five years, interest payable half-yearly, and that loans from six to ten years must be payable on the instalment plan, the same as long-term loans of 20, 30 and 36½ years, interest and principal payable half-yearly.

Borrowers have the privilege of paying off, in addition to the regular half-yearly payments, \$25 or any multiple of \$25 from time to time on any interest date, in reduction of the mortgage.

The agricultural act of 1915, under which the commission is working, requires that the money to be loaned for the purpose of making improvements on agricultural land shall only be advanced as such improvements are made, and the commission when granting each loan is arranging accordingly.

A great many applications are being received where the money is to be used for the purpose of paying off existing mortgages. The policy of the commission, with the limited amount of money at its disposal, is to give first consideration to applications where the money is to be used for purposes that will tend definitely to increase agricultural pro-

THE PLAY'S THE THING

PLAYS are in a condition of unusual disturbance. This is true almost the world over, especially in those countries whose production of plays affects the kind of stage menu Canadians have to expect on our theatre boards, as well as those that seem to be out on the skyline. But the theatre is still as good an index to the popular mind as war criticism or stock exchange news or sporting gossip, and it is the intention of this article to give a sort of Filmagraph picture of what is going forward in the world of plays and players as represented by the plays now going the rounds in various countries.

When Sir Herbert Tree, for instance, brought his company to America, he realized that England, or rather London, her heart and brain, ordinarily appreciative of serious art, is not in the mood for entertainment except of the lightest sort. The British, more or less sober thinkers, on the whole, cannot bear to think in such a crisis as now prevails, when it would mean an emotional breakdown. Distractions must be had. There were, this Christmas, no less than thirty-seven productions in London, four of them pantomimes of the genuine old character, notably "Puss in New Boots," and five others, "children's plays"; among these, "The Happy Family," written in part by Cecil Aldin, with scenery and costumes designed by him, a barnyard phantasy done, of course artistically, but far from the delightful atmosphere of hunts and huntsmen associated with the artist's very name.

Then there are, or are to be, a number of American productions in London: "Potash and Perlmutter," "Potash and Perlmutter in Society," "Within the Law," "Kick In," etc., all, you see, requiring but little mental exertion to appreciate.

So different is this attitude from the French. The Gallie mind, effervescent—superficially—under normal circumstances becomes tense, grammatic, exalted under stress. When the divine Sarah played to the soldiers, before her advent to these shores, she gave them the most serious aspect of her art, not from premeditation, not because she knew it would suit them best, but because that was the way she felt, which, of course, suited them all the better. And though no longer in France, she is still under the spell of conditions abroad just as in France, which she typifies with utter fidelity. "Du Theatre au Champ d'Honneur" ("From the stage to the field of honour"), one of the plays on her New York programme, is patriotic to the highest degree; "Les Cathedrales," a symbolic play in which she impersonates the spirit of one of France's oldest, most venerable churches and all that such an edifice stands for, breathes the soul of old France, with all its dignity, courage and heroism.

YVETTE GUILBERT, another faithful exponent of her country's psychology, shows the same fearlessness of emotion, "letting herself go" with a vengeance, in her mirth, her sadness or her fervour in the series she is giving of recitals of songs illustrating the history of song in France, and incidentally the evolution of French history itself.

Isadora Duncan, though not French, has caught the same fire, and now interprets in her symbolic dancing, with other martial effects, the significance of the Marseillaise.

The war certainly makes itself felt in these ways. In Paderewski's joint recital and address on behalf of his countrymen, this burning patriot, generally so self-contained, cannot and will not refrain from venting his pent-up feelings and emotions. The speech is white-heat.

In America we find a still different point of view. Americans are intensely interested, but only in an intellectual or theoretical way, in the European situation. Not being so directly concerned, they can bear to listen to discussions of the subject with equanimity, as they did to Nazimova in "War Brides," and to Barrie's sparkling satire, "Der Tag"; they can also bear to forget discussions of the subject

A Quick Run Over Theatre Offerings in the Big Play-Production Centres

By T. BERNARD PRESTON



These Metropolitan Opera Stars photographed the other day in New York, are supposed to be in a very blessed frame of mind. They have all just taken inhalations of vapor from a certain water shipped from a little village of Italy. Caruso—smiling as usual—in the back row, is president of the company, Daniel Frohman stands on the left.

and enjoy with the same equanimity spectacles entirely irrelevant. They never go to the play to learn a lesson or have a moral pointed—at them; the only way to make them assimilate such a dose is so to sugar it that they do not recognize its medicinal properties. And the pageant of shows in the States is opulent in its variety.

One of the most important productions is Sir Herbert Tree's "Henry VIII," lavishly staged and costumed, with its long and excellent cast headed by



Gath-Casezza, managing director of The People in the above photograph has a problem on his hands. Gotham does not like modern French operas—at present. But, of course, you never can tell when it will.

Tree as Cardinal Wolsey, an iron characterization; Lyn Harding, as the King, gay, cruel, designing (with an admirable make-up, by the way), and Edith Wynne Matthison, as Katharine, a noble if somewhat fugitive portrayal, the whole play stands as a remarkable achievement in the annals of present-day theatricals.

Mantell's repertory of Shakespeare plays and other classics is conscientious work, splendidly done. His "Richelieu" may perhaps totter on the verge of unnecessary senility, but in his "Richard III" no more forceful presentation could be desired.

IT seems a favourable time for Shakespeare. Mr. Tom Wise's production of "The Merry Wives of Windsor" is another spectacle beautifully staged and acted and is all the more grateful, coming as a surprise from one who has never before ventured to tread the sacred ground of the classical. As Miss Constance Collier remarked to us: "He has caught the Elizabethan spirit so perfectly and imparted it to his whole company"; if any criticism is to be made, it is that Mr. Wise possibly makes Falstaff a little too sympathetic; one is too much inclined to be as lenient with him as are the Merry Wives themselves, most charmingly done by Miss Collier and Miss Isabel Irving. The general effect of the play is one of blitheness, rollicking fun, yet all on a grand scale.

It is an open season for George Bernard Shaw as well. His "Getting Married," the putting on of which is due to Mr. William Faversham, who plays an Anglican bishop, is running to amused and perplexed audiences. His "Great Catherine" and his "Inca of Perusalem," at the Neighbourhood Playhouse, are running to the same sort of audiences, as do all of his plays (to his own amusement, no doubt). The first is more along his conventional line, if such an attribute may ever be ascribed to him, chiefly hitting at Britain's conventions; the second, a

very lively, agitated comedy, based on the great Russian empress, and the third, mostly dialogue without any action, but bristling with shafts against the Kaiser, nobility, democracy, the United States, war, nationalism, humanity, in short, any and everything.

Cyril Maude has had bad luck; starting his season with "Jeff," an amiable but ineffective play adapted from Stephen Leacock's delightful Sunshine Sketches, he switched to "The Baskers," which was still less impressive, and finally had to revert to his previous vehicle, "Grumpy," pretty well known by this time.

There are two other revivals to be mentioned: David Warfield, in the cleverly sentimental "Music Master," after several years of less successful playing is again drawing tears and laughter; and Marie Tempest acts cleverly in the very light "Her Husband's Wife."

A much better comedy is Baine's "A Kiss for Cinderella" (with Maude Adams), a dream, play, fantastic, pretty, not without keen satire.

NAZIMOVA is starring in "Ception Shoals"—the title is no more curious than the play—in which, as is so often the case with her, morbid problems are aired. It is far from the comparatively high note struck in "War Brides."

Rather successful dramatization from a novel has been done by Langdon Mitchell for John Drew, from Thackeray's "Pendennis"; the prologue is particularly good through skilful condensation of the plot of the book, though the atmosphere of the whole is not nearly as successfully re-created as was once done in "Vanity Fair," for Mrs. Fiske.

Apropos of this lady's recent invectives against repertory which she claims is harmful to a player—since it dissipates his concentration—one wonders what must think Guy Bates Post, at present touring in "The Masquerader," a somewhat melodramatic play built from Mr. Thurston's much worse novel, "John Chilcote, M.P.," with its plot depending on the fortuitous meeting of a man and his double

(Mr. Post takes both parts with some lightning substitutions which fairly take one's breath). It is his intention to build up a repertory which will include, beside his present play, "Omar, the Tent-Maker," shown several years ago, a sugared compendium of quotations from the Rubaiyat-Hamlet, with some novel scenic effects, and one or two others.

Another play on tour bound to be popular through its obvious romantic appeal is handsome Lou Tellegen's "King of Nowhere," with its scene laid in the court of Henry VIII.

Still another, better worthy of respect, is modern—"His Brother's Keeper," showing Robert Edeson in a strong, sane part, high-minded yet matter of fact; one interesting theory propounded by this drama is that country folk are much more apt to be bad, or

at least narrow, than those who live in the bracing stir of city life.

"Pierrot, the Prodigal," the pantomime from the French, still holds its own in New York, owing to the eternal appeal to human nature of pure imaginative romance. It is a little to be regretted that a woman plays Pierrot; the love-interest is less convincing.

William Collier, in "Nothing but the Truth" provokes many laughs; truth-telling is, we have all found, apt to lead to predicaments; and they form excellent comedy.

A number of these plays are much better done than they deserve; or rather much talent and effort has been put into vessels rather weak after all. Of such is Booth Tarkington's "Mister Antonio," in

which Otis Skinner figures as an Italian emigrant, a co-operation producing much charm but nothing else. In the same category can be classed "Caroline," with Margaret Anglin, a good but scarcely epoch-making "parlour-play"; "Seremonda," with Julia Arthur, a tragedy in verse, handsome, stately, but not inspired; "Our Little Wife," with Margaret Illington—this last, however, more spicy than the others just mentioned, a farce of lovers and husbands, after the so-called French manner. Farce, by the way, is a new medium for Miss Illington, but she handles it excellently.

"Upstairs and Down," pretending to portray the life of masters and servants, is another "fast" play, but with little more than its boldness to recommend it.

Opinions of Other People

Do Canadians Backbite Also?

By Anti-Humbug
(Winnipeg)

Genius Wasted in Monocle Man

By Henry Rickards
(Strathcona, Alta.)

DO CANADIANS BACK-BITE ALSO?

288 Smith St., Winnipeg.

Editor, Canadian Courier:
Dear Sir:

In a recent issue of your paper there is the following amazing sentence in an article by one of your staff writers: "The usual abominable back-biting of which London political writers alone are gracious masters."

One is tempted to ask, does that gentleman ever read political speeches made in this country, or does he read the editorials from party newspapers? Some of these latter are every bit as fluent in vituperation as the famous Eatonsville Gazette and Eatonsville Independent. To pretend that party spirit is stronger in London than anywhere else in the world is absurd; to pretend that the criticism of public men is stronger there than, say, in Canada is, to say the least of it, willful prejudice. Political back-biting! Why we get political backs bitten with something stronger than criticism over here. We get men turned out of their situations (when practicable) for voting the wrong way. If there is any man employed in any government work whatever, from the janitor of the Court House to the Sheriff, who is not going to vote for the existing government I should like to see him.

Yours truly,

ANTI-HUMBUG.

Editor's Note: "Anti-Humbug" does not seem to have read the sentence he refers to in the light of its intention. "The usual abominable back-biting of which London political writers alone are gracious masters" means exactly what it says. In every country there is "abominable back-biting." Canada is far from being an exception to the rule. But in Canada and in the United States the practice lacks the finished style of the London artists. The key-word to the above sentence is "gracious." We sometimes think that back-biting is known only in Canada. The truth is that it flourishes to an even greater extent in England, but is disguised under suave language. That sort of slander is always less tolerable than the cruder Canadian sort.

GENIUS WASTED IN MONOCLE MAN.

Strathcona P. O., Alta., Jan. 22, 1917.

Editor, Canadian Courier:

I gather from the "Monocle Man's" argument that there is no such thing as pure altruism, and that if there were, it would be senseless and immoral. He arrives at this conclusion by the same process of reasoning we use to prove that black is white; e.g., the mother who fed her child and starved herself was really as selfish in her unselfishness as the

selfish mother who fed herself and starved her child. Really, such genius is wasted on us Canucks; Mr. Wilson needs it to help frame his notes. A Detroit paper recently welcomed the 17,631 young Canadians who put in practice this virtue of "having a good time"; they slipped across since August, 1914, for fear the good time should cease suddenly. According to the "Monocle Man" they are virtuous because they don't have to put up with a hard time. We who don't do likewise when we easily could, are vicious. All right, suits me. But I must point out the one magnificent opening the "Monocle Man" has made, and for which I love him as a brother. The pig has the sense to enjoy a good time, but has not the sense to ensure its permanency. Speaking of the Americans, the "Monocle Man" says: "Where they sin is not in having a good time, but in failing to provide against having a very bad time in the future through the play of forces which they will not take the trouble to measure." Therefore the Americans are ———. Well, well, I always thought they were.

Yours sincerely,

HENRY RICKARDS.

WHY IS A CONSCRIPT?

Victoria, B.C., Jan. 10, 1917.

Editor, Canadian Courier:

Sir:

In these days of Canadian knighthood, when even the Baron of Montreal sports a new silk dress, when "Sir" Robert Borden, "Sir" Wilfrid Laurier, and all the provincial "Sirs" orientate to the court of St. James and bow the knee, every morning before breakfast, it behooves Canadians to hold a referendum on conscription.

("The time has come, the walrus said, to speak of many things—of cabbages and Kings.") What are the facts? Five dictators sit apart at London, enthroned in imperscrutable immolation of man, and say there shall be war and more war—and after that a trade war; and they say that the deputies in "our overseas possessions" must invoke conscription, for England is in great danger—and the King can do no harm.

The proud old firm of John Bull and Co., Unlimited Liabilities, is fast becoming insolvent (Oh, yes it is)—and the King can do no harm.

On account of certain "necessary measures" being taken, the Grand Alliance is coming into conflict with Spain, Switzerland, Scandinavia, the United States, Holland and Greece; but is it not a Grand Alliance?—and the King can do no harm.

Why is a Conscript?

By Donald Lochiel
(Victoria, B.C.)

Our Ships Down East

By Montreal

There are some brainy statesmen (in a crazy sort of way) in England, who belong to the hereditary ruling class to which the yeoman doffs his cap and pulls his forelock—for they can do no harm.

And one of those statesmen, Sir Edward Grey, entented with a harmless French statesman, secretly and mouth to ear—yes, my brothers, without the knowledge of Parliament. When he made his famous war speech and said his country was obligated by that agreement, none but traitors could doubt it—for he could do no harm.

But I wonder if the cheering idiots who saw in Sir Edward Grey the saviour of English Trade-itions, can answer this: If Sir Edward Grey was right, why is Viscount Grey wrong—deprived of office?

Some pussy-footed "balance of power" megalomaniacs advocate turning the English "possessions" into tributary plantations, and locating all factories in England, after the war. By means of exclusive trade rights, by selling jews' harps and fiddlesticks to neutral Kaffirs and Hindoos, it may be possible to still maintain 700 people to the square mile in England; but is it worth Canadian conscription, in contrast to Indian neutrality?

The agony can only be prolonged; factories must eventually go where the raw materials are. Mr. Englishman, get closer to your work; let the colonies adopt you—and your factories—and the "balance of power" will be all right.

Yours,

DONALD LOCHIEL.

Editor's Note: This exasperatingly brilliant letter is published as an example of one form of outspokenness. Donald Lochiel is evidently as trenchant in expressing his views as most of his Highland nationality are. He has something of the unrestrained candor of that other implacable Celt, G. B. S. Some of our readers will probably object to the extreme character of this letter. We shall be glad to publish their replies.

"OUR SHIPS DOWN EAST."

Editor, Canadian Courier:

BRITTON B. COOKE'S article on the above I found most interesting and timely and exceedingly well written. If Canada is not to become lopsided there must be more population pumped into the Maritime Provinces, and of course if the Islanders don't do something for re-forestation in a year or two, they won't need to bother about population. In New Brunswick there are hundreds of miles of barrens supporting a few moose and hunters, which should be capable of supporting a very large population.

Very truly yours,

MONTREAL.

FINANCIAL

By INVESTICUS

THE CHILD'S FUND.

A SUPRISINGLY large number of family folk declare a sort of financial armistice, or holiday, in the intervals between paying the doctor's bill for introducing the baby to this grouchy planet, and paying for the first window the said baby heaves a brick through in the course of character development. The average child is quite as important as a grocery shop, even more so since he may live to be ruler over many grocery shops (or farms, or railways, or banks), and yet the financing of the child is seldom as carefully considered as the financing of even the smallest of shops. Its earliest boots are bought in the interval between the larger items of household expense. Its early dresses are somehow schemed out of the kitchen money or the mother's dress allowance. Its first "own" spending money is wheedled or begged or whined—or blackmailed out of the average parental trousers' pocket. Its expenses for schooling are met "somehow or other." They are seldom, except in rich men's houses, the subject of easy contemplation.

Of course parents often assume the attitude that the children came themselves and may, like Rousseau's offspring, look after themselves. Many people sincerely believe that it is a good thing to allow children to fend entirely for themselves, like young birds, tipped out of the nest by their all-wise parents. Some people, making a virtue of necessity, declare against the sinfulness of giving the children too much help in their start in life. They point out all the notable examples of poor men's sons amounting to great things, and rich men's sons getting in wrong with the police. They say in effect: Finance the children. Rubbish.

And yet there are plenty of good children who have been turned into good citizens by parents who DID see that their offspring had enough money for a decent education, or a decent start in business. And countless families have worried themselves sick over the financing of college courses for their prodigies—and had the satisfaction of seeing their prodigies do well in the world later. And more and more in this new country, where people are inclined to take life more easily than it is taken in the close-packed communities of the old world, families are taking "child finance" seriously. It is worth it. It is, for the average household, a serious matter.

Children should be the subject of shrewd financial arrangements (that does not mean that large sums need be involved) from their earliest years. Far be it from Investicus, married though he be, to include with his duties as a financial editor the duties of parental adviser. But parents become financiers—or ought to—as the problem of financing the children comes before them. And in that connection this department hastens to say: Make an investment for your child. As soon as you have paid the doctor's bill and shoo-ed the nurse out of the house, open some sort of special account for the new individual. Make it a bank account if you like, but when the first hundred dollars has accumulated to the child's credit in the bank account, then place the money in something that pays a higher rate of interest. It is not at all difficult for any sane man or woman to find a perfectly safe security that will pay at least five per cent. Five per

cent on one hundred dollars will double your original capital by the time the child is twenty-one if you invest it within the first year of the child's life. A little weekly saving for the child from the time it cries in its mother's arms until it is fourteen will save the family tremendous scraping and scratching at the last moment. The years when the child's clothing and feeding cost least are the years in which extra money should be laid aside for that child.

Somebody says: "Yes—and ruin the child by making his start in life too easy!" Not a bit of it. These stories about children who start without a penny and rise to great heights are all very well. They sometimes make you proud to be a human being. But the thing we have to remember is that it was NOT the lack of money that made these people what they turned out to be. It was CHARACTER, and no amount of poverty can supply character to a child if it hasn't been trained into the child by the parents in the first place. Character—you have heard this before I know, but it bears repetition—is the paramount thing. To impart it to your child you must have it yourself—and one of the best indications that you have it, that you have self-control, discipline, purpose and tenacity of purpose in your life, is to be able to set aside a little money for the youngster even in the days when you seem to have least.

Two men, living side by side in a country district in New Brunswick, had sons the same age. From the day the child was born ONE of those farmers began to lay aside funds for the boy's education. The other pooh-pooh-ed the idea and declared his son would have to make his own way in life. Twenty-one years elapsed and what happened—the son whose father had laid aside money for him—went through Dalhousie easily and smoothly, played football and made friends. His course was not brilliant but it was sound. The son whose father had forced him to fence for himself—went through the same college in the same time—but with brilliant records. He had come down to college term after term with only five or ten dollars in his pockets—and no immediate prospects of any more. Often he was uncertain how he was to pay his fees or buy his books. In a purely academic way he was a colossal success. But in order to win that success he had paid a big price. Time that might have been devoted to recreation, or to making friends (one of the chief things in university life) was spent worrying the dollars out of a tight-fisted old world. He left college with every official honour but with weakened health and with admirers instead of friends. Book-learning isn't as good as health and admirers aren't worth a button until they are friends. The lad whose course through school had been made a little easier by his father established himself successfully in law. So did the other. But where the first man's successes came fairly hard and the second man's came rapidly because of his brilliant reputation—the first man's health endured where the second's failed; the first man built up a good all-round clientele and grew to be a chief citizen—the second became an invalid before he was forty.

That isn't always the way of course. But money has its uses and they shouldn't be over-looked in the raising of children. Many of the trust companies in this country offer spe-

cial facilities for "financing the child." Or, if you prefer, use the bank, or the post-office savings account, until you can buy the boy or the girl a bond or a debenture.

Extended comment on the North American Life Assurance Co.'s Report, printed elsewhere in this issue, will appear next week.

Wit of 1683.

A SOMEWHAT near bit of musical repartee was indulged in at a recent affair of one of the Canadian Rotary Clubs. A well-known violinist was called upon to play, accompanied by another well-known artist at the piano.

"The instrument I am about to play on," he said, "is a Stradivarius made in 1683."

"What date is the piano?" asked a back-the-haller. "Same date," replied the accompanist. "Hope you will like it."

"I guess he knows more about 83 than 16," said an expert, who had fond memories of the casket scene in the Merchant of a town where water used to be less plentiful than in Venice.

"Not since Sept. 16," was the reply.

This Mark Twain story might have happened. It dates back to the period when Mark was living in Hartford, on the next block from Harriet Beecher Stowe and her husband, Professor Stowe. One cold and blustery winter morning, after an unusually heavy snowstorm, a neighbour, meeting Mark on the street, slowly plowing his way through the drifts, with a corn-cob pipe in his mouth and a snow-shovel over his shoulder, asked him where he was bound. "Oh, just around the block—an errand of mercy," drawled Mark, removing the pipe from between his teeth and pointing over his shoulder with the stem of it. "Mrs. Stowe has just telephoned me that Professor Stowe is under the weather this morning, and I'm on my way round there to shovel him out."

Two young ladies of literary tastes were once discussing their reading, when one of them remarked: "I have been engaged with a delightful work for a week past" "Indeed; what is it?" "Anthony Trollope's autobiography." "Who is the author?" "Really, I don't know. I have looked over the title-page and through the preface, but I can't find any reference to the author at all. Whoever it is is a charming writer, and seems to have known the novelist very intimately." "I'll get it and read it, but it is too provoking, isn't it, that so many delightful authors of late are writing anonymously?"—Argonaut.



ALL'S FARE IN LOVE.

McTavish: "That's a fine lassie opposite."

Dun Brown: "Would you like an introduction?"

McTavish: "Weel, yes; but wait, mon, till the conductor's been round."

—Sydney Bulletin.

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Belgium's Unending Calamity

CONSIDERABLE doubt has been expressed from time to time as to the stories about the crucifixion of people in Belgium by the Germans. Lord Bryce, in his report on the German atrocities in Belgium, now declares that in one instance at least, the proof of this is established beyond doubt.

"At Haecht," says Lord Bryce, in summarizing the evidence given before the Commission, "several children had been murdered. One of two or three years old was found nailed to the door of a farmhouse by its hands and feet, a crime which seems almost incredible, but the evidence for which we feel bound to accept. In the garden of this house was the body of a girl who had been shot through the forehead."

This was one of the sights which greeted the Belgian soldiers when they recaptured the district of Aershot. They found corpses of civilians everywhere, and, as in the case of other places where the Germans were repulsed by the Belgian soldiers, the inference, says Lord Bryce, is irresistible that the German army as a whole weakened its vengeance on the civil population and the buildings.

The report goes on to tell how, when the Germans retreated, they drove the population before them in some places,

and shot all who fell by the wayside. The report gives numerous instances of ghastly sights encountered by the Belgian soldiers—here a woman murdered, with the bayonet still sticking in the body, there the corpse of an old man, shot through the head, here the bodies of little children, everywhere corpses, burning buildings and devastation.

It is easy, in the light of this report, to conceive the distress which now exists among the Belgians, who have been prevented by the Germans from carrying out any productive or restorative work. There are thousands upon thousands of families in Belgium that no longer have either fathers or sons with them, that are deprived of occupation and whose whole possessions have been destroyed or stolen by the Germans. Many little children have had both parents murdered and everywhere there is want and desolation.

It is to help bring the necessaries of life to these people who are famine-stricken and bowed down with woe in their captivity that collections of funds are being made throughout Canada by the Belgian Relief Committee. Contributions to this splendid work will be welcomed by the local Belgian Relief Committee, or the Central Belgian Relief Committee, 59 St. Peter Street, Montreal.

the Grain Growers' Associations of those two provinces, should merge their affairs with those of the Grain Growers' Grain Company at Winnipeg, to be administered by one central board of directors. Early in December, 1916, it was announced from Winnipeg that such a merger had really been formed between the Grain Growers of Manitoba and those of Alberta, and that the Alberta Co-operative Elevator Company and the Grain Growers' Grain Company had amalgamated, to become known hereafter as the United Grain Growers, Limited. It was also stated in that announcement that the Grain Growers of Saskatchewan and the Saskatchewan Co-operative Elevator Company were not being included in the merger, but that the doors were being left open for the Saskatchewan people with the hope of their early entrance into the new organization.

So the big question at present facing the whole Grain Growers' Movement is: "What will Saskatchewan do?" If the new merger is to include only Manitoba and Alberta, it will not be complete, and in the commercial life of the Movement, at least, there will be a distinct division on the question of business policy. Since the Co-operative Elevator Companies of Saskatchewan and Alberta were formed the grain-selling end of the Grain Growers' Grain Company naturally has been affected. The principle of co-operative elevators in each province created competition for the old Grain Growers' Grain Company in Winnipeg, and the amalgamation of interests has been urged as the only fair solution of a difficult situation. But the managers of the Co-operative Elevator Company in Saskatchewan, who are also the leaders of the Grain Growers' Association in that Province, do not seem to be attracted by the prospect of the United Grain Growers, Limited,—at least not to the same extent as the gentlemen who were behind the Co-operative Elevator Company. It is

a question of business policy, and the Saskatchewan men evidently think that Saskatchewan presents a field quite large enough to tax the abilities of any Company, and that if the Grain Growers' Movement is to flourish it must not assume unwieldy proportions, or get away from co-operative principles by the centralization of its control in a few hands. Saskatchewan's relation to the whole question, however, will be determined finally at the annual convention of the Grain Growers' Association of that province, in February. It will be a convention worth watching—whatever part of Canada you may call home.

Reporting on the West Front

(Concluded from page 17.)

we felt that the highest pitch of horror had been touched. Newspaper reporters that I have talked to—Americans and Canadian who 'covered' those assignments—tell interesting stories of how hard put-to they were to find words to convey an adequate picture of these events. One of those men came over here—and like all the rest of us he found himself faced by the necessity of reconstructing not only vocabulary but his whole view of life."

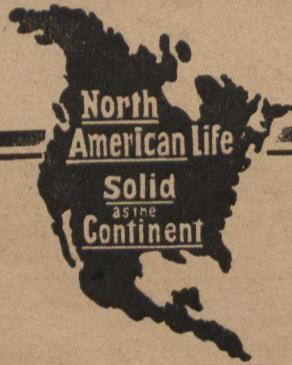
"What was the first thing you, or anyone in that position did?" I asked. "Well—some of us saw that the world was up against a completely new thing, out of which new standards of conduct would be evolved. The deaths of a handful meant no more—except in the military sense—than the death of one man. And even heroism became commonplace, so that it had to be some rare form of heroism that could move one to write about it. We dare not describe localities, nor the movements of particular units of the fighting machine. We were forced to see and to write more as novelists than as reporters."

Certain writers in English reviews have remarked the fact that lads who, before the war could barely write a decent letter home from school, have been turning out some wonderfully good prose. Now and again, a man who never in his life before thought of writing poetry, breaks out in verse. Some of these writers have advanced the theory that this increased facility in written description was due to the manual labour such lads were going through in the course of army routine. That seems far from an adequate hypothesis. What experienced soldiers allege, and what seems to be far from unreasonable, is that the fighting men undergo experiences that clear their minds of the common run of banal observations which usually clutter up the expressions of those who have no skill in writing; and that with these hampering circumstances removed, the vivid impressions of this new life become so penetrating and compelling as to urge the observer to try to find words for his feelings.

Will Grain-Growers Cohere?

CO-OPERATION amongst the Grain Growers of the West has developed to the point where difference of opinion begin to appear—differences which may mean breaches. For four years a movement has been on foot, promoted principally by the leaders of the Grain Growers' Co. in Winnipeg, having in view the merging

of all the interests and associations of the Grain Growers' Movement into a corporation to be known as the United Grain Growers, Limited. This meant that such provincial institutions as the Co-operative Elevators of Alberta and Saskatchewan, which had been brought into existence by provincial legislation following the demands of



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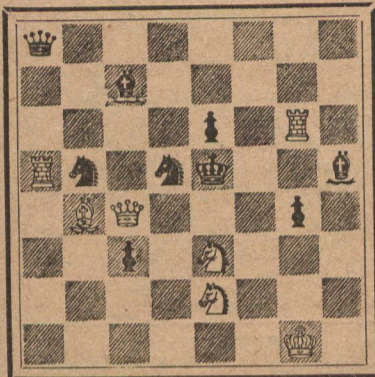
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Solutions to problems and other correspondence should be addressed to the Chess Editor, Canadian Courier, 30 Grant Street, Toronto.

PROBLEM No. 113, by G. Guidelli. First Prize, Good Companions' Club, January, 1917.

Black.—Nine Pieces.



White.—Seven Pieces.

White to play and mate in two. Problem No. 114, by Rev. J. Jespersen. Prize, Tagliohen Rundschau, 1900.

White.—K at Q5; Q at K3; Rs at QKt5 and KKt4; Bs at QB8 and KR6; Kt at KR2; Ps at QB4, K2 and KR5.

Black.—K at KB4; Q at QR2; Rs at QR3 and QKt2; Bs at QKl3 and QKt8; Kt at KB7; Ps at QR4, QR7, Q2, Q3, KB2, KB3 and KR6.

White to play and selfmate in three.

SOLUTIONS.

Problem No. 110, by Gunner C. Mansfield.

1. R—Bsq, PxR (Kt); 2. R—K2 mate.

1., P—Kt3 (Q); 2. Q—Q5 mate.

1., PxR (Q); 2. Q—K3 mate.

1., threat; 2. B—Kt3 mate.

A very clever and original problem, puzzling to the solver on account of the many near tries.

Problem No. 111, by J. Pospisil.

1. Q—R4, P—K3; 2. Q—Q8, PxKt; 3. Q—QKt8 mate.

1., B—KKt7; 2. Kt—Kt4, threat;

3. Q—Kt3 mate.

1., KxKt; 2. B—K4ch, any; 3. Qx KP mate.

1., K—Q3; 2. QxKtPch, K—B3; 3. Kt—Kt4 mate.

A fine problem, typical of the great master of the "Bohemian school."

STALEMATE STRATEGY.

The following is the further companion problem to the two we published last issue:

By Jan Kotrc.

Llata Praha, 1893.

White.—K at QRsq; Q at KB8; B at Qsq; Kts at K7 and KB2; Ps at QKt2, QB5, Q4, K4 and KB4. Black.—K at QB8; R at K3; B at QR3; Ps at QR2, QKt2, QKt4, QB2 and Q7. Mate in four. Theme variation.—1. P—Kt4, R—QKt3; 2. Kt—Q5! P—B3!; 3. Q—QB8! PxKt; 4. PxR mate. If Black neglects 2....., P—B3 the Knight can go on to mate. The key threatens 2. Q—B5, etc.

To Correspondents.

(J. E. F.) "Retrograde Analysis, American Chess Bulletin, 150 Nassau St., New York, U.S.A. \$1.10 will cover. Not acquainted with a work on retractors. CHESS IN ENGLAND.

An interesting game played between the Mexican player, A. G. Conde, and the talented British expert, H. E. Atkins. Notes by the winner from the British Chess Magazine.

Ruy. Lopez.

- | | |
|----------------|---------------|
| White. | Black. |
| A. G. Conde. | H. E. Atkins. |
| 1. P—K4 | 1. P—K4 |
| 2. Kt—KB3 | 2. Kt—QB3 |
| 3. B—Kt5 | 3. P—QR3 |
| 4. B—R4 | 4. Kt—B3 |
| 5. Castles | 5. B—K2 |
| 6. R—Ksq | 6. P—QKt4 |
| 7. B—Kt3 | 7. P—Q3 |
| 8. P—B3 | 8. Kt—QR4 |
| 9. B—B2 | 9. P—QB4 |
| 10. P—Q4 | 10. Q—B2 |
| 11. P—KR3 | 11. Kt—B3 |
| 12. P—Q5 (a) | 12. Kt—Qsq |
| 13. QKt—Q2 | 13. P—KR3 |
| 14. P—QR4 | 14. R—QKt5q |
| 15. PxP | 15. PxP |
| 16. Kt—Bsq | 16. P—KKt4 |
| 17. Kt—R2 (b) | 17. B—Bsq |
| 18. Kt—Kl3 | 18. Q—K2 |
| 19. P—QB4! (c) | 19. Q—Kl2 |
| 20. PxP | 20. B—Q2 |
| 21. R—K3 (d) | 21. Q—B2 (e) |
| 22. B—R4 | 22. BxP |
| 23. BxBch | 23. RxB |
| 24. Q—R4 | 24. Q—Q2 |
| 25. R—KB3 | 25. B—K2 |
| 26. Kt—Kt4 | 26. KtxKt |
| 27. PxKt | 27. R—Kl2 |
| 28. Kt—B5 | 28. QxQ |
| 29. RxQ | 29. P—B3 |
| 30. R—KR3 | 30. B—Bsq |
| 31. R—R6 | 31. K—Q2 |
| 32. R(R3)—R3 | 32. R—KR2 |
| 33. P—QKt3 | 33. B—K2 |

- | | |
|--------------|---------------|
| 34. B—Q2 (f) | 34. P—R4 |
| 35. PxP | 35. RxP |
| 36. R—R7 | 36. R—R2 |
| 37. RxRch | 37. KtxR |
| 38. R—R7 | 38. K—B2 |
| 39. R—R8 | 39. B—Qsq (g) |
| 40. P—QKt4 | 40. PxP |
| 41. BxP | 41. R—Q2 |
| 42. R—R6 | 42. B—K2 |
| 43. K—R2 (h) | 43. B—Bsq |
| 44. K—Kl3 | 44. R—Qsq |
| 45. K—Kt4 | 45. K—Q2 |
| 46. K—R5 | 46. R—Bsq |
| 47. R—R7 (i) | 47. R—B2 |
| 48. K—Kt6 | 48. B—K2 |
| 49. P—B3 | 49. B—Qsq |
| 50. Kt—Kt7 | 50. K—Bsq (j) |
| 51. Kt—K6 | 51. R—B7 |
| 52. KtxB | 52. KtxKt |
| 53. BxP | 53. Kt—Kt2 |
| 54. B—K7 | 54. RxP |
| 55. P—Q6 | 55. R—KB7 |
| 56. P—Q7ch | Resigns (k) |

(a) Opinions are divided as to whether this is the strongest continuation. Some players maintain that the text-move gives Black a chance of playing P—KB4 later on, with prospects of counter-attack. On the other hand, however, the Black Knight is not happy at Qsq, and Black's game is apt to become very cramped.

(b) Necessary to stop Black's intended P—KKt5.

(c) Mr. Atkins remarked that he had not expected this move. It obliges Black to attend to the Queen's side immediately! If 19...., PxP, then 20. B—R4ch, Kt—Q2 (if 20...., B—Q2; 21. Kt—B5 with advantage); 21. Kt—Kt4, followed by Kt—B5, and the Pawn can always be regained by Kt—K3, etc. Black's position is very difficult to defend.

(d) This Rook is called upon to do some useful work in the course of the game.

(e) If 21...., BxP, then 22. R—QKt3; (threatening RxP, followed by B—R4), Q—Q2; 23. R—R5 winning.

(f) This Bishop has been inactive a long time; but he now comes into the fray and does "his bit."

(g) White was threatening KtxB, followed by R—KB8.

(h) The King now comes forward, and his influence decides the issue.

(i) It is very important to keep the Black Rook from coming to B7 too soon.

(j) If 50...., Kt—B4, then 51. RxRch BxR (best); 52. KxP, P—Kt5; 53. Kt—K6, PxP; 54. BxKt, PxR; 55. KtxPoh, K—Q3; 56. Kt—Kt7ch, followed by PxP and wins.

(k) For the Knight is lost, and the White Bishop will soon capture the Black Pawns, allowing the King's Pawn to queen eventually.

Solving Tourney.

A solving tournament, under promotion of the Good Companions Chess Problem Club, known as "Washington's Birthday International Good Companion Two move Solving Tourney" will take place at the Toronto Chess Club on the evening of February 22. Entries are limited to accredited players. Those so far received are Messrs. R. G. Hunter, J. S. Morrison, S. E. Gale, W. J. Faulkner, R. B. Smith, A. Alpect and W. H. Perry. Five book prizes have generously been donated by Mr. A. C. White.



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

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

G. J. DESBARATS, Deputy Minister of the Naval Service, Department of the Naval Service, Ottawa, November 23, 1916.

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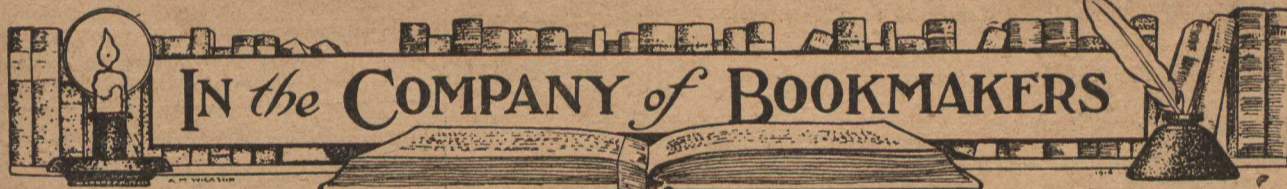
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S. RUPERT BROADFOOT is a name familiar to many Courier readers by reason of poems which he has written from time to time. These and a large number of other brief compositions in verse the author has embodied in a recent volume entitled Canada, the Land of Promise (published by the Woodstock Sentinel-Review). There is considerable charm of lyric expression in many of these poems. They are taken from many parts of a big colourful country in all directions, are thoroughly Canadian in character, varied in metrical treatment, redundant with simple descriptive imagery and eminently cheerful in tone. There is a native modesty about these poems that make them easy reading. The author has kept well away from the clattering, thundering epic or the shrieking tragedy. He is never morose or gloomy. He manages to shed the lustre of a cheerful soul over a considerable variety of places and people and circumstances.

MARJORIE L. C. PICKTHALL has issued another little volume of poetry under the title "The Lamp of Poor Souls." May it prosper. May it

find its way into unnumbered homes not only in this country but in every English-speaking country. Canadians of course are pleased to remember that Miss Pickthall is, or was, one of them—for she now lives abroad. But her poems, far from being purely Canadian, are poems of every land and any land—and exquisite as ever. The new volume contains not all new poems. Some of them have appeared in an earlier volume under another title. But with the old ones are many new and charming bits of verbal music.

It is unnecessary to discuss particular items in this new volume. What is more important, I think, is that in these strenuous times we should be careful to remember Miss Pickthall's poetry and read it, if only occasionally, in order to remind ourselves of the gentler side of life so likely to be forgotten. Miss Pickthall expresses, so far as I have been able to read her work, no very deep concept of life, nor a new one. It would scarcely be fair to measure her work beside that of the philosophic poets. She seems in her poems only to express herself—or that inner self which most of us hide from outside gaze. There are no great thoughts but only beautiful mu-

sic, exquisite rhythms. Take this "Wanderlied" for an example of the latter:

O, West of all the westward roads that woo ye to their winding,
O, south of all the southward ways that call ye to the sea,
There's a little lonely garden that would pay ye for the finding,
With a fairy-ring within it and an old thorn tree.

What does it amount to? Nothing. But the little break in the metre of that last line is as touching as the hint of a sob in Caruso's throat when he sings Pagliacci.

PROF. J. W. CUNLIFFE, of Columbia University, has gathered up into a volume a most notable anthology of poems, representing every side of the war. It is called "Poems of the Great War," and is published by the MacMillan Co. of Canada at \$1.50. It is notable not only for the large number of well-known names included, but for the high quality of the verse. This statement is made with due regard to the fact that it would be easy to create a (Concluded on page 27.)

MUSICALLY SPEAKING

MISCHA ELMAN is becoming a good deal like one of the family. He may be spoiled and there may be times when you yearn for his redemption; but here he is one of us, and what are you going to do about him? Year after year he comes back—last week's appearance in Toronto before 3,000 people was about the seventeenth time in this country. Every time he comes he has a crowded house and no end of enthusiasm. Sometimes he plays like a god; now and then like a young man recovering from a spree. But he is everlastingly human and interesting and he belongs to the family. There are Elman devotees as there are Caruso fans and Paderewski disciples. And there is always something about his work that nobody else gets. Kreisler, Ysaye, Thibaud—all have their individualities. None of them attained the vogue in this country achieved by this stout, young moujik-son of a poor Jew schoolmaster, who in ten years has played in Canada to as many people as Paderewski has done in twenty-five years and has become something like a near-millionaire in so doing.

Last time but one that Elman played here we had occasion to remark that he did some very bad playing. That may have been one of his off times. Paderewski used to do, does yet, the same thing; and when we have decided that Paderewski has got old and that Elman has burned himself out with passionate expression, either of them comes back and pumps the divinity into us from the outward spheres.

That is the character of a genius—which Elman is. But he is a much changed person from the youth that first came here with the Toronto Symphony Orchestra ten years ago. That youth Elman of 1907 was all exuberance. Elman the man, with the puddingesque face, the soldier's march and the faint flicker of a Siberian smile, is all concentration and E string. He no longer holds his violin as though it were a maiden on horseback that he was kidnapping away to the hills. He has become a man of some restraint and much authority; and he remains a genius of expression—though it takes him longer to get warmed up to his top height of gallery enthusiasm. Indeed he seems to be somewhat oblivious of the gallery which has never forgotten him. After every number he is recalled again and again—an exact number of times before he consents to be the encore. But the encore always comes. Elman is the only artist that ever gets encore after every piece—and gives it. And he has the business of re-appearance down to an exact science.

His programme last week was far less passionate than most of his performances. And it was less devoted to pyrotechnics. It contained no thundering big concerto to exhaust an audience with one delivery. But it contained a skilful selection of lyric masterpieces beginning with the Sonata of Nardini, an old-style melodic thing that gave him a good chance to show his mastery of the curved line, the decrescendo, the clean, uplifting thrill of the E string and the passionate throbbing of the G. It is a cold sort of work, however, and not peculiarly suited to the Elman genius, except that Elman can play anything remarkably well.

He followed with a Vieuxtemps concerto, which proved to be a brilliant, somewhat hard thing that gave him

an opportunity to cut himself loose a bit. The Adagio is a beautiful movement, somewhat overlaid with capricious material that somewhat marred its gracious outline. It seemed to us that Elman frequently permitted his A string to croak rather harshly in the cadenza. But this is an old trick. He is always at his best in the extremes of his register when he is able to get the greatest amount of contrast and that startling tonal virtuosity of which he is a master.

The Poeme of Chausson he did delightfully; a lovely bit of writing. But by this time he had done two or three encores, in any one of which the huge audience just let itself back and went into dreamland while the player resurrected a lot of delicate



An Elman concerto means x number of recalls; a sonata, y number; a nocturne, z. If the recalls don't fill the count—No encore.

and shuddering images on land and sea and sky, such as only a great violinist can do. His handling of the Schubert Ave Maria is—his own. Nobody plays it with such luscious colouring and serenity of atmosphere in which there is always a powerful pulse of vitality. Thank heaven he refrained from the Dvorak Humoresque which he used to spoil so badly with over-sentimentality.

His last group which wound up with a Caprice of Paganini was extremely satisfying. I have heard it said that Elman holds spirit-world seances with Paganini before he does one of the great pyrotechnician's masterpieces. May be so—and perhaps a legend. Anyhow he is one of the few who can play Paganini with real virtuosity of tone. Here he shows his absolute ability to make every 'steenth of an inch on his string compass do something big and inspiring. Elman is apparently toning down and broadening out. A while ago we predicted that unless he did so he would soon peter out and a merciless American clientele would get other gods for its pedestals. So be it. We don't want to dethrone this prodigal young Slav for a while. And if he goes on to broaden out as he is doing now we won't.

But he can never afford to come back to Canada with anything but the

best he is able to do. His New York managers are shrewd enough to know how easily a favourite may be ousted from his pedestal by new talent, once it gets abroad that the favourite is using up his reputation instead of developing himself.

National Chorus Inspires A Large Audience.

A LARGE audience gathered—as usual—last week to hear the annual programme of the National Chorus in Toronto. As usual the patriotic picturesque element dominated the scene. The concert fell happily on the same week and the same place as the two big meetings of the Patriotic Fund. Many of the same decorations were used for both. Dr. Ham is always particular about his stage setting and always manages to put a happy accent on the patriotic and the British side.

The chorus was a little thin in the rear ranks. Many of the men are away at the front. No organizations in Canada have suffered more severely than the choral societies in the loss of men. Dr. Ham's usually splendid bass section was a trifle inadequate on that account and not quite so rich in organ tones as in other years. The tenors also were decimated by the war. Yet both sections stood up well in the actual work and gave a good account of themselves in a most various and interesting programme of choral and solo works, assisted by that second-time welcome artist Morgan Kingston.

Much of the work was unaccompanied; some of it was supported by two pianos, some by piano and organ. No programme this season so far has been of such various interest. The chorus were never in better spirit, despite the negative depression of the war. It is not easy to maintain a high level of inspiring choral work in a time of war.

Tonally the choir has kept up well. There was an absence of the merely student characteristic. A mellow, agreeable quality of vocal effect has long been an aim of the conductor. With this and the always grateful character of his semi-patriotic programmes he has secured an individuality of atmosphere that quite belongs to the National Chorus.

Coleridge-Taylor figured well in the list with two things, The Lea Shore and Seadrift, both beautifully rendered. Elgar was conspicuous with a number—Tenor solo and chorus, "To Women," "Weary Wind of the West," choral song, "The Shower," "It comes from the Misty Ages," and "Land of

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Hope and Glory," sung by Morgan Kingston and chorus as an extra. The Society has achieved a considerable reputation for its treatment of minor Elgar works and quite lived up to it on this occasion.

The patriotic group which came as a finale consisted of La Marseillaise, Russian National Anthem, Rule Britannia, and O Canada, arranged by Dr. Ham. This was a most felicitous finale to a programme distinguished for much breadth of interest, singular sweetness, considerable power in delivery and a genuine native atmosphere recognized and appreciated by all devotees of the National Chorus.

Morgan Kingston, who is now a member of the Chicago Opera Company, was in fine form. He sang a variegated list of things, every one of them marked by originality, virtuosity and charm. His voice was even better than at last season's concert. One of his best numbers was the celebrated Che Gelida Manina from Puccini's La Boheme. This he did with great feeling, distinguished delicacy and much power. He was also singularly delightful in "Take, Oh Take Those Lips Away," by Bennett; "Songs My Mother Taught Me," by Dvorak; "A Memory," by G. Thomas, and "What is Love?" by Grant.

No tenor has been here in recent years more of an artist than Morgan Kingston, who has already developed a good appreciative clientele in this country.

Virginia Coyne's Recital.

MISS VIRGINIA COYNE drew a large audience on the occasion of her piano recital in the Conservatory of Music on Thursday evening, January 18th. A well arranged and by no means easy programme was executed and carried out in a manner highly creditable alike to the young artiste and her teacher, Mr. Frank Welsman. Miss Coyne gave as her first programme number the Grieg Sonate, Op. 7, in its entirety, and in this and the succeeding Variations Serieuses by Mendelssohn her musicianly accomplishments and immaculate technic were plainly demonstrated. A group of pieces in lighter vein was next given and included the Scambati Gavotte, Stcherbatcheff Clair de Lune, Brahms Capriccio and the MacDowell Polonaise, in all of which numbers Miss Coyne exhibited a mastery of technical detail as well as a pliant and graceful conception altogether captivating. The Liszt Rhapsody No. 12 was a brilliant "tour de force" which lacked nothing either in the appropriateness of the tempi chosen, or in the power and virility of the climaxes. Miss Sydney Aird in a nice selection of songs by Debussy, Van Noys, Fogel, Worrell and Liszt delighted the audience with her sweet soprano voice which was under perfect control, and her artistic conception of her work. Both performers were repeatedly recalled by the enthusiastic audience.

EDOUARD HESSELBERG will give a special salon programme of new works on February 8. The complete programme of this event with an estimate of Mr. Hesselberg's character as a music-maker will appear in next week's issue.

Two lines of special significance stand out in the scholarly criticism of Ethel Leginska's Boston recital, written by H. T. Parker, of the Boston Transcript. They are: ". . . as for the plaudits, none such have been heard in Boston at a pianist's recital, except when Mr. Paderewski played," and "To listen to Chopin, as Mme. Leginska played him Thursday was to hear him in like fashion. For the Chopin of power there is only Mr. Paderewski to excel her.



Madame Blanche Dewey, cousin of the late Admiral, is known as the Tetrizzini of the birds. Her imitations of warbling birds have lately been the amusement of Europe.



"Canned music" is one of the blessings of the western front. These British soldiers are having a season of grand opera in a captured German trench.

In the Company of Bookmakers.

(Continued from page 25.)

hundred volumes of war poetry, many of them with merit. In the 286 pages Prof. Cunliffe has given us a sort of golden treasury of war poetry to date. There are 143 authors and only one example of each. There is artistic repression for you. Here are some of the names: Tagore, Harold Begbie, Robert Bridges, James Stephens, Gilbert K. Chesterton, William W. Gibson, John Masefield, Alfred Noyes—but why be invidious. Some of our own Canadian Hall of Fame poets figure (vide Garvin's register), and amongst them Wilfrid Campbell's Ballad of Langemarck heads the list. The poems, in the main, deal with the individual side of devotion and self-sacrifice for country, and the note of grief is heard, too, as is natural in this book, which possibly is too near the events to make comfortable poetry for every reader. The selections have been chosen with Poe's dictum in mind that a poem is a short flight always. There is some descriptive matter; it is not all of the pulsating lyrical order. Only one writer seems to have anything like an epic in mind. Lionel Colcord, in a "Vision of War, Canto 1," has given a rather comprehensive view in the Whitman manner and reminding us of "Drum

Taps" without being so gruesome. We regret to say that nothing so good as Browning's "Cavalier Tunes" or Tennyson's "Charge of the Light Brigade" is included—but then they have not been written so far; time enough yet. Fancy also lights upon the work of another United States writer, Alter Brody, who gives us a very appealingly human piece of verse libre in "Kartushkiya-Beroza"—the wonderment of one who hears of war's ravages in his own Russian home town of the long ago. Harold Begbie addresses some delightfully pungent lines to the United States in "Neutral?" and some American poets answer back in a right cheerful manner betokening the sympathy which cometh not from official Washington headquarters. Scarcely any side of the war is omitted, even conscription and recruiting are there, somewhat humorously. In a sonnet which is a sob—"I Have No Ring"—Bernard Gilbert voices the sorrow of the unweaned mother of a war baby. When the war is finished ten years there may be a better anthology, but meanwhile, whose loveth song touched with the deepest emotions of the greatest human convulsion, may find it here.

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King set his horse scrambling downward into blackness, and the Rangar followed close behind.

KING, OF THE KHYBER RIFLES

By TALBOT MUNDY

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CHAPTER VI.—(Continued.)

“Allah then preserve me from a second test!” The jezailchi seized the flask, clapped it to his lips, and drained it to the last drop, while King sat still in the moonlight and smiled at him.

“God grant the giver peace!” he prayed, handing the flask back. The kindly East possesses no word for “Thank you.” Then he wheeled the horse in a sudden eddy, as polo ponies turn on the Indian plains, and rode away down the wind as if the Pass were full of devils in pursuit of him.

King watched him out of sight and then listened until the hoof-beats died away and the Pass grew still again.

“The jezailchis’ll stand!” he said, lighting a new cheroot. “Good men and good luck to ’em!”

Then he rode back to his own men. “Where starts the trail to Khinjan?” he asked; not that he had forgotten it, but to learn who knew.

“This side of Ali Masjid!” they answered all together.

“Two miles this side. More than a mile from here,” said Ismail. “What next? Shall we camp here? Here is fuel and a little water. Give the word—”

“Nay—forward!” ordered King.

“Forward?” growled Ismail. “With this man it is ever ‘forward!’ Is there neither rest nor fear? Has she bewitched him? Kai! Ye lazy ones! Ho! Sons of sloth! Urge the mules faster! Beat the led horse!”

So in weird wan moonlight, King led them forward, straight up the narrowing gorge, between cliffs that seemed to fray the very bosom of the sky. He smoked a cigar and stared at the view, as if he were off to the mountains for a month’s sport with dependable shikarris whom he knew. Nobody could have looked at him and guessed he was not enjoying himself. “That man,” mumbled Ismail behind him, “is not as other sahibs I have known. He is a man, this one! He will do unexpected things!”

“Forward!” King called to them, thinking they were grumbling. “Forward, men of the ‘Hills!’”

CHAPTER VII.

AFTER a time King urged his horse to a jog-trot, and the five Hillmen pattered in his wake, huddled so close together that the horse could easily have kicked more than one of them. The night was cold enough to make flesh creep; but it was imagina-

tion that herded them until they touched the horse’s rump and kept the whites of their eyes ever showing as they glanced to left and right. The Khyber, fouled by memory, looks like the very birthplace of the ghosts when the moon is fitful and a mist begins to flow.

“Cheloh!” King called merrily enough; but his horse shied at nothing, because horses have an uncanny way of knowing how their riders really feel. The led mules and the spare horse, instead of dragging at their bridles, pressed forward to have their heads among the men, and every once and again there would sound the dull thump of a fist on a beast’s nose—such being the attitude of men toward the lesser beasts.

They trotted forward until the bed of the Khyber began to grow very narrow, and Ali Masjid Fort could not be much more than a mile away, at the widest guess. Then King drew rein and dismounted, for he would have been challenged had he ridden much farther. A challenge in the Khyber after dark consists invariably of a volley at short range, with the mere words afterward, and the wise man takes precautions.

“Off with the mules’ packs!” he ordered, and the men stood round and stared. Darya Khan, leaning on the only rifle in the party, grinned like a post-office letter box.

“Truly,” growled Ismail, forgetting past expressions of a different opinion, “this man is as mad as all the other Englishmen.”

“Were you ever bitten by one?” wondered King, aloud.

“God forbid!”

“Then, off with the packs—and hurry!”

Ismail began to obey.

“Thou! Lord of the Rivers! (For that is what Darya Khan means.) What is thy calling?”

“Badragga” (guide), he answered. “Did she not send me back down the Pass to be a guide?”

“And before that what wast thou?”

“Is that thy business?” he snarled, shifting his rifle-barrel to the other hand. “I am what she says I am! She used to call me ‘Chikki’—the Lifter!—and I was! There are those who were made to know it! If she says now I am badragga, shall any say she lies?”

“I say thou art unpacker of mules’ burdens!” answered King. “Begin!”

For answer the fellow grinned from ear to ear and thrust the rifle-barrel forward insolently. King, with the

movement of determination that a man makes when about to force conclusions, drew up his sleeves above the wrist. At that instant the moon shone through the mist and the gold bracelet glittered in the moonlight.

“May God be with thee!” said “Lord of the Rivers” at once. And without another word he laid down his rifle and went to help off-load the mules.

King stepped aside and cursed softly. To a man who knows how to enforce his own authority, it is worse than galling to be obeyed because he wears a woman’s favour. But for a vein of wisdom that underlay his pride he would have pocketed the bracelet there and then and have refused to wear it again. But as he sweated his pride he overheard Ismail growl:

“Good for thee! He had taught thee obedience in another bat of the eye!”

“I obey her!” muttered Darya Khan.

“I, too,” said Ismail. “So shall he before the week dies! But now it is good to obey him. He is an ugly man to disobey!”

“I obey him until she sets me free, then,” grumbled Darya Khan.

“Better for thee!” said Ismail.

THE packs were laid down and the mules shook themselves while the jackals that haunt the Khyber came closer, to sit in a ring and watch. King dug a flashlight out of one of the packs, gave it to Ismail to hold, sat on the other pack and began to write on a memorandum pad. It was a minute before he could persuade Ismail that the flashlight was harmless, and another minute before he could get him to hold it still. Then, however, he wrote swiftly.

“In the Khyber, a mile below you.

“Dear Old Man—I would like to run in and see you, but circumstances don’t permit. Several people sent you their regards by me. Herewith go two mules and their packs. Make any use of the mules you like, but store the loads where I can draw on them in case of need. I would like to have a talk with you before taking the rather desperate step I intend, but I don’t want to be seen entering or leaving Ali Masjid. Can you come down the Pass without making your intention known? It is growing misty now. It ought to be easy. My men will tell you where I am and show you the way. Why not destroy this letter?”

“Athelstan.” He folded the note and stuck a postage stamp on it in lieu of seal. Then he examined the packs with the aid of the flash-light, sorted them and

ordered two of the mules reloaded.

“You three!” he ordered then. “Take the loaded mules into Ali Masjid Fort. Take this chit, you. Give it to the sahib in command there.”

They stood and gaped at him, wide-eyed—then came closer to see his eyes and to catch any whisper that Ismail might have for them. But Ismail and Darya Khan seemed full of having been chosen to stay behind; they offered no suggestions—certainly no encouragement to mutiny.

“To hear is to obey!” said the nearest man, seizing the note, for at all events that was the easiest task. His action decided the other two. They took the mules’ leading-reins and followed him. Before they had gone ten paces they were all swallowed in the mist that had begun to flow south-eastward; it closed on them like a blanket, and in a minute more the clink of shod hooves had ceased. The night grew still, except for the whimpering of jackals. Ismail came nearer and squatted at King’s feet.

“Why, sahib?” he asked; and Darya Khan came closer, too. King had tied the reins of the two horses and the one remaining mule together in a knot and was sitting on the pack.

“WHY not?” he countered. Solemn, almost motionless, squatted on their hunkers, they looked like two great vultures watching an animal die.

“What have they done that they should be sent away?” asked Ismail. “What have they done that they should be sent to the fort, where the arrficer will put them in irons?”

“Why should he put them in irons?” asked King.

“Why not? Here in the Khyber there is often a price on men’s heads!”

“And not in Delhi?”

“In Delhi these were not known. There were no witnesses in Delhi. In the fort at Ali Masjid there will be a dozen ready to swear to them!”

“Then, why did they obey?” asked King.

“What is that on the sahib’s wrist?”

“You mean—?”

“Sahib—if she said, ‘Walk into the fire or over that cliff!’ there be many in these ‘Hills’ who would obey without murmuring!”

“I have nothing against them,” said King. “As long as they are my men I will not send them into a trap.”

“Good!” nodded Ismail and Darya Khan together, but they did not seem really satisfied.

“It is good,” said Ismail, “that she should have nothing against thee, sahib! Those three men are in thy keeping!”

“And I in thine?” King asked, but neither man answered him.

They sat in silence for five minutes. Then suddenly the two Hillmen shuddered, although King did not bat an eyelid. Din burst into being. A volley ripped out of the night and thundered down the Pass.

“How-utt! Hukkums dar?” came the insolent challenge half a minute after it—the proof positive that Ali Masjid’s guards neither slept nor were afraid.

A weird wail answered the challenge, and there began a tossing to and fro of words, that was prelude to a shouted invitation:

“Ud-vance-frrrennen-orss - werrull!”

English can be as weirdly distorted as wire, or any other supple medium, and native levies advance distortion to the point of art; but the language sounds no less good in the chilly gloom of a Khyber night.

Followed another wait, this time of half an hour. Then a man’s foot-steps—a booted, leather-heeled man, striding carelessly. Not far behind him was the softer noise of sandals. The man began to whistle Annie Laurie.

“Charles? That you?” called King.

“That you, old man?”

A man in khaki stepped into the moonlight. He was so nearly the image of Athelstan King that Ismail and Darya Khan stood up and stared. Athelstan strode to meet him. Their walk was the same. Angle for angle, line for line, they might have been one man and his shadow, except for three-quarters of an inch of stature.

"Glad to see you, old man," said Athelstan.

"Sure, old chap!" said Charles; and they shook hands.

"What's the desperate proposal?" asked the younger.

"I'll tell you when we are alone."

His brother nodded and stood a step aside. The three who had taken the note to the fort came closer—partly to call attention to themselves, partly to claim credit, partly because the outer silence frightened them. They elbowed Ismail and Darya Khan, and one of them received a savage blow in the stomach by way of retort from Ismail. Before that spark could start an explosion Athelstan interfered.

"Ismail! Take two men. Go down the Pass out of ear-shot, and keep watch! Come back when I whistle thus—but no sooner!"

HE put fingers between his teeth and blew until the night shrilled back at him. Ismail seized the leather bag and started to obey.

"Leave that bag. Leave it, I say!"

"But some man may steal it, sahib. How shall a thief know there is no money in it?"

"Leave it and go!"

Ismail departed, grumbling, and King turned on Darya Khan.

"Take the remaining man, and go up the Pass!" he ordered. "Stand out of ear-shot and keep watch. Come when I whistle!"

"But this one has a belly ache where Ismail smote him! Can a man with a belly ache stand guard? His moaning will betray both him and me!" objected "Lord of the Rivers."

"Take him and go!" commanded King.

"But——"

King was careful now not to show his bracelet. But there was something in his eye and in his attitude—a subtle suggestive something-or-other about him—that was rather more convincing than a pistol or a stick. Darya Khan thrust his rifle-end into the hurt man's stomach for encouragement and started off into the mist.

"Come and ache out of the sahibs' sight!" he snarled.

In a minute King and his brother stood unseen, unheard in the shadow by a patch of silver moonlight. Athelstan sat down on the mule's pack.

"Well?" said the younger. "Tell me. I shall have to hurry. You see I'm in charge back there. They saw me come out, but I hope to teach 'em a lesson going back."

Athelstan nodded. "Good!" he said. "I've a roving commission. I'm ordered to enter Khinjan Caves."

His brother whistled. "Tall order! What's your plan?"

"Haven't one—yet. Know more when I'm nearer Khinjan. You can help no end."

"How? Name it!"

"I shall go up in disguise. Nobody can put the stain on as well as you. But tell me something first. Any news of a holy war yet?"

His brother nodded. "Plenty of talk about one to come," he said. "We keep hearing of that lashkar that we can't locate, under a mullah whose name seems to change with the day of the week. And there are everlasting tales about the 'Heart of the Hills.'"

"No explanation of 'em?" Athelstan asked him.

"None! Not a thing!"

"D'you know of Yasmini?"

"Heard of her of course," said his brother.

"Has she come up the Pass?"

His brother laughed. "No, neither she nor a coach and four."

"I have heard the contrary," said Athelstan.

"Heard what, exactly?"

"She's up the Pass ahead of me."

"She hasn't passed Ali Masjid!" said his brother, and Athelstan nodded.

"Are the Turks in the show yet?" asked Charles.

"Not yet. But I know they're expected in."

"You bet they're expected in!" The younger man grinned from ear to ear.

"They're working both tides under to prepare the tribes for it. They flatter themselves they can set alight a holy war that will put Timour Ilang to

shame. You should hear my jezailchies talk at night when they think I'm not listening!"

"The jezailchies'll stand though," said Athelstan.

"Stake my life on it!" said his brother. "They'll stick to the last man!"

"I can't tell you," said Athelstan, "why we're not attacking brother Turk before he's ready. I imagine Whitehall has its hands full. But it's likely enough that the Turk will throw in his lot with the Prussians the minute he's ready to begin. Meanwhile my job is to help make the holy war seem unprofitable to the tribes, so that they'll let the Turk down hard when he calls on 'em. Every day that I can point to forts held strongly in the Khyber is a day in my favour. There are sure to be raids. In fact, the more the merrier, provided they're spasmodic. We must keep 'em separated—keep 'em from swarming too fast—while I sow other seeds among 'em."

His brother nodded. Sowing seeds was almost that family's hereditary job. Athelstan continued:

"Hang on to Ali Masjid like a leech, old man! The day one raiding lashkar gets command of the Khyber's throat, the others'll all believe they've won the game. Nothing'll stop 'em then! Look out for traps. Smash 'em on sight. But don't follow up too far!"

"Sure," said Charles.

"Help me with the stain now, will you?"

With his flash-light burning as if its battery provided current by the week instead of by the minute, Athelstan dragged open the mule's pack and produced a host of things. He propped a mirror against the pack and squatted in front of it. Then he passed a little bottle to his brother, and Charles attended to the chin-strap mark that would have betrayed him a British officer in any light brighter than dusk. In a few minutes his whole face was darkened to one hue, and Charles stepped back to look at it.

"Won't need to wash yourself for a month!" he said. "The dirt won't show!" He sniffed at the bottle. "But that stain won't come off if you do wash—never worry! You'll do finely."

"Not yet, I won't!" said Athelstan, picking up a little safety razor and beginning on his mustache. In a minute he had his upper lip bare. Then his brother bent over him and rubbed in stain where the scrubby mustache had been.

After that Athelstan unlocked the leather bag that had caused Ismail so much concern and shook out from it a pile of odds and ends at which his brother nodded with perfect understanding. The principal item was a piece of silk—forty or fifty yards of it—that he proceeded to bind into a turban on his head, his brother lending him a guiding, understanding finger at every other turn. When that was done, the man who had said he looked in the least like a British officer would have lied.

ONE by one he drew on native garments, picking them from the pile beside him. So, by rapid stages he developed into a native hakim—by creed a converted Hindu, like Rewa Gunga—one of the men who practise yunani, or modern medicine, without a license and with a very great deal of added superstition, trickery and guess-work.

"I wouldn't trust you with a ha-penny!" announced his brother when he had done.

"Really? As good as all that?"

"The part to a T."

"Well—take these into the fort for me, will you?" His brother caught the bundle of discarded European clothes and tucked them under his arm. "Now, remember, old man! This is the biggest show there has ever been! We've got to hold the Khyber, and we can't do it by riding pell-mell into the first trap set for us! We must smash when the fighting starts—but we mayn't miss! We mayn't run past the mark! Be a coward, if that's the name you care to give it. You needn't tell me you've got orders to hunt skirmishers to a standstill, because I know better. I

know you've just had your wig pulled for laming two horses!"

"How d'you know that?"

"Never mind! I've been seconded to your crowd. I'm your senior, and I'm giving you orders. This show isn't sport, but the real red thing, and I want to count on you to fight like a trained man, not like a natural-born fool. I want to know you're holding Ali Masjid like Fabius held Rome, by being slow and wily, just for the sake of the comfortable feeling it will give me when I'm alone among the 'Hills.' His hard when you have to, but for God's sake, old man, ware traps!"

"All right," said his brother.

"Then good-by, old man!"

"Good-by, Athelstan!"

They stood facing and shook hands. Where had been a man and his reflection in the mist, there now seemed to be the same man and a native. Athelstan King had changed his very nature with his clothes. He stood like a native—moved like one; even his voice was changed, as if—like the actor who dyed himself all over to act Othello—he could do nothing by halves.

"I'm going to try to get in without my men seeing me!" said the younger.

"If they do see you, they'll shoot!"

"Yes, and miss! Trust a Khyber jezailchi not to hit much in the dark! It'll do 'em good either way. I'll have time to give 'em the password before they fire a second volley. They're not really dangerous till the third one. Good-by!"

"By, Charles!"

Officers in that force are not chosen for their clumsiness, or inability to move silently by night. His footsteps died in the mist almost as quickly as his shadow. Before he had been gone a minute the Pass was silent as death again, and though Athelstan listened with trained ears, the only sound he could detect was of a jackal cracking a bone fifty or sixty yards away.

He repacked the loads, putting everything back carefully into the big leather envelopes and locking the empty hand-bag, after throwing in a few stones for Ismail's benefit. Then he went to sit in the moonlight, with his back to a great rock and waited there cross-legged to give his brother time to make good a retreat through the mist. When there was no more doubt that his own men, at all events,

had failed to detect the lieutenant, he put two fingers in his mouth and whistled.

Almost at once he heard sandals come pattering from both directions. As they emerged out of the mist he sat silent and still. It was Darya Khan who came first and stood gaping at him, but Ismail was a very close second, and the other three were only a little behind. For full two minutes after the man with the sore stomach had come they all stood holding one another's arms, astonished. Then—

"Where is he?" asked Ismail.

"Who?" said King, the hakim.

"Our sahib—King sahib—where is he?"

"Gone!"

Even his voice was so completely changed that men who had been reared amid mutual suspicion could not recognize it.

"But there are his loads! There is his mule!"

"HERE is his bag!" said Ismail, pouncing on it, picking it up and shaking it. "It rattles not as formerly! There is more in it than there was!"

"His two horses and the mule are here," said Darya Khan.

"Did I say he took them with him?" asked the hakim, who sat still with his back to a rock. "He went because I came! He left me here in charge! Should he not leave the wherewithal to make me comfortable, since I must do his work? Hah! What do I see? A man bent nearly double? That means a belly ache! Who should have a belly ache when I have potions, lotions, balms to heal all ills, magic charms and talismans, big and little pills—and at such a little price! So small a price! Show me the belly and pay your money! Forget not the money, for nothing is free except air, water and the Word of God! I have paid money for water before now, and where is the mullah who will not take a fee? Nay, only air costs nothing! For a rupee, then—for one rupee I will heal the sore belly and forget to be ashamed for taking such a little fee!"

"Whither went the sahib? Nay—show us proof!" objected Darya Khan; and Ismail stook back a pace



to scratch his flowing beard and think.

"The sahib left this with me!" said King, and held up his wrist. The gold bracelet Rewa Gunga had given him gleamed in the pale moonlight.

"May God be with thee!" boomed all five men together.

King jumped to his feet so suddenly that all five gave way in front of him, and Darya Khan brought his rifle to the port.

"Hast thou never seen me before?" he demanded, seizing Ismail by the shoulders and staring straight into his eyes.

"Nay, I never saw thee!"

"Look again!"

He turned his head, to show his face in profile.

"Nay, I never saw thee!"

"Thou, then! Thou with the belly! Thou! Thou!"

They all denied ever having seen him.

SO he stepped back until the moon shone full in his face and pulled off his turban, changing his expression at the same time.

"Now look!"

"Ma'uzbillah! (May God protect us!)"

"Now ye know me?"

"Hee-ye-ye!" yelled Ismail, hugging himself by the elbows and beginning to dance from side to side. "Hee-ye-ye! What said I? Said I not so? Said I not this is a different man? Said I not this is a good one—a man of unexpected things? Said I not there was magic in the leather bag? I shook it often, and the magic grew! Hee-ye-ye! Look at him! See such cunning! Feel him! Smell of him! He is a good one—good!"

Three of the others stood and grinned, now that their first shock of surprise had died away. The fourth man poked among the packs. There was little to see except gleaming teeth and the whites of eyes, set in hairy faces in the mist. But Ismail danced all by himself among the stones of Khyber road and he looked like a bearded ghoul out for an airing.

"Hee-ye-ye! She smelt out a good one! Hee-ye-ye! This is a man after my heart! Hee-ye-ye! God preserve me! God preserve me to see the end of this! This one will show sport! Ah-ye-ye-ye!"

Suddenly he closed with King and hugged him until the stout ribs cracked and bent inward and King sobbed for breath among the strands of the Afridi's beard. He had to use knuckles and knees and feet to win freedom, and though he used them with all his might and hurt the old savage fiercely, he made no impression on his good will.

"After my own heart, thou art! Spirit of a cunning one! Worker of spells! Allah! That was a good day when she bade me wait for thee!"

King sat down again, panting. He wanted time to get his breath back and a little of the ache out of his ribs, but he did not care to waste any more minutes, and his eyes watched the faces of the other four men.

"Ma'uzbillah!" they murmured as Ismail's meaning dawned and they recognized a magician in their midst. "May God protect us!"

"May God protect me! I have need of it!" said King. "What shall my new name be? Give ye me a name!"

"Nay, choose thou!" urged Ismail, drawing nearer. "We have seen one miracle; now let us hear another!"

"Very well. Khan is a title of respect. Since I wish for respect, I will call myself Khan. Name me a village the first name you can think of—quick!"

"Kurram," said Ismail, at a hazard. "Kurram is good. Kurram I am! Kurram Khan is my name henceforward! Kurram Kahn the dakitar!"

"But where is the sahib who came from the fort to talk?" asked the man whose stomach ached yet from Ismail and Darya Khan's attentions to it.

"Gone!" announced King. "He went with the other one!"

"Went whither? Did any see him go?"

"Is that thy affair?" asked King, and the man collapsed. It is not considered wise to the north of Jamrud to

argue with a wizard, or even with a man who only claims to be one. This was a man who had changed his very nature almost under their eyes.

"Even his other clothes have gone!" murmured one man, he who had poked about among the packs.

"And now, Ismail, Darya Khan, ye two dunderheads!—ye bellies without brains!—when was there ever a dakitar—a hakim, who had not two assistants at the least? Have ye never seen, ye blinder-than-bats—how one man holds a patient while his boils are lanced, and yet another makes the hot iron ready?"

"Aye! Aye!"

They had both seen that often.

"Then, what are ye?"

They gaped at him. Were they to work wonders too? Were they to part and parcel of the miracle? Watching them, King saw understanding dawn, behind Ismail's eyes and knew he was winning more than a mere admirer. He knew it might be days yet, might be weeks before the truth was out, but it seemed to him that Ismail was at heart his friend. And there are no friendships stronger than those formed in the Khyber and beyond—no more loyal partnerships. The "Hills" are the home of contrasts, of blood-feuds that last until the last-but-one man dies, and of friendships that no crime or need or slander can efface. If the feuds are to be avoided like the devil, the friendships are worth having.

"There is another thing ye might do," he suggested, "if ye two grown men are afraid to see a boil slit open. Always there are timid patients who hang back and refuse to drink the medicines. There should be one or two among the crowd who will come forward and swallow the draughts eagerly, in proof that no harm results. Be ye two they!"

Ismail spat savagely.

"Nay! Bismillah! Nay, nay! I will hold them who have boils, sitting firmly on their bellies—so—or between their shoulders—thus—when the boils are behind! Nay, I will drink no draughts! I am a man, not a cess-pool!"

"And I will study how to heat hot irons!" said Darya Khan, with grim conviction. "It is likely that, having worked for a blacksmith once, I may learn quickly! Phaughgh! I have tasted physic! I have drunk Apsin Saats! (Epsom Salts.)"

He spat, too, in a very fury of reminiscence.

"Good!" said King. "Henceforward, then, I am Kurram Khan, the dakitar, and ye two are my assistants, Ismail to hold the men with boils, and Darya Khan to heat the irons—both of ye to be my men and support me with words when need be!"

"Aye!" said Ismail, quick to think of details, "and these others shall be tasters! They have big bellies, that will hold many potions without crowding. Let them swallow a little of each medicine in the chest now, for the sake of practise! Let them learn not to make a wry face when the taste of cess-pools rests on the tongue—"

"Aye, and the breath comes sobbing through the nose!" said Darya Khan, remembering fragments of an adventurous career. "Let them learn to drink Apsin Saats without coughing!"

"We will not drink the medicines!" announced the man who had a stomach ache. "Nay, nay!"

BUT Ismail hit him with the back of his hand in the stomach and danced away, hugging himself and shouting "Hee-ye-ye!" until the jackals joined him in discontented chorus and the Khyber Pass became full of weird howling. Then suddenly the old Afridi thought of something else and came back to thrust his face close to King's.

"Why be a Rangar? Why be a Rajput, sahib? She loves us Hillmen better!"

"Do I look like a Hillman of the 'Hills'?" asked King.

"Nay, not now. But he who can work one miracle can work another. Change thy skin once more and be a true Hillman!"

"Aye!" King laughed. "And fall heir to a blood-feud with every second man I chance upon! A Hillman is

cousin to a hundred others, and what say they in the 'Hills'?—to hate like cousins, eh? All cousins are at war. As a Rangar I have left my cousins down in India. Better be a converted Hindu and be despised by some than have cousins in the 'Hills'! Besides—do I speak like a Hillman?"

"Aye! Never an Afridi spake his own tongue better!"

"Yes—does a Hillman slip? Would a Hillman use Punjabi words in a careless moment?"

"God forbid!"

"Therefore, thou dunderhead, I will be a Rangar Rajput—a stranger in a strange land, travelling by her favour to visit her in Khinjan! Thus, should I happen to make mistakes in speech or action, it may be overlooked, and each man will unwittingly be my advocate, explaining away my errors to himself and others instead of my enemy denouncing me to all and sundry! Is that clear, thou oaf?"

"Aye! Thou art more cunning than any man I ever met!"

The great Afridi began to rub the tips of his fingers through his straggly beard in a way that might mean anything, and King seemed to draw considerable satisfaction from it, as if it were a sign language that he understood. More than any one thing in the world just then he needed a friend, and he certainly did not propose to refuse such a useful one.

"And," he added, as if it were an afterthought, instead of his chief reason, "if her special man Rewa Gunga is a Rangar, and is known as a Rangar throughout the 'Hills,' shall I not the more likely win favour by being a Rangar too? If I wear her bracelet and at the same time am a Rangar, who will not trust me?"

"True!" agreed Ismail. "True! Thou are a magician!"

THE moon was getting low and Khyber would be dark again in half an hour, for the great crags in the distance to either hand shut off more light than do the Khyber walls. The mist, too, was growing thicker. It was time to make a move.

King rose. "Pack the mule and bring my horse!" he ordered and they hurried to obey with alacrity.

They brought the horse, and King laughed at them, calling them idiots—men without eyes.

"I am Kurram Khan, the dakitar, but who in the 'Hills' would believe it? Look now—look ye and tell me what is wrong?"

He pointed to the horse, and they stood in a row and stared.

"The saddle?" Ismail suggested. "It is a government arrificer's saddle."

"Stolen!" said King, and they nodded. "Stolen along with the horse!"

"Then the bridle?"

"Stolen too, ye men without eyes! Ye insects! A stolen horse and saddle and bridle, are they not a passport of gentility this side of the border?"

"Aye!"

"Shorten those stirrups, then, six holes at the least! Men will laugh at me if I ride like a British arrificer!"

"Aye!" said Ismail, hurrying to obey.

"Aye! Aye! Aye!" agreed the others.

"Now," he said, gathering the reins and swinging into the saddle, "who knows the way to Khinjan?"

"Which of us does not?"

"Ye all know it? Then ye all are border thieves and worse! No honest man knows that road! Lead on, Darya Khan, thou Lord of Rivers! Do thy duty as badragga and beware lest we get our knees wet at the fords! Ismail, you march next. Now I. You other two and the mule follow me. Let the man with the belly ache ride last on the other horse. So! Forward march!"

So Darya Khan led the way with his rifle, and King legged his horse up the narrow track that led northward out of the Khyber bed.

"Cheloh!" he called. "Forward, men of the mountains! Kuch dar nahin hai!"

"Thy mother and the spirit of a fight were one!" swore Ismail just in front of him, stepping out like a boy going to a picnic. "She will love thee! Allah! She will love thee! Allah! Allah!"

(To be continued.)

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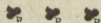
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Appearances are sometimes deceitful, as the traveller in Arkansas discovered. He saw a negro seated on a fence evidently observing the telegraph wires with deep interest. "Watching the wires?" he asked. "Yes, sah." "Waiting to see a message go by, hey?" The negro smiled and said, "Yes, sah." The gentleman kindly told him that messages were invisible, and explained the working of the electric current to him at length. Concluding, he said: "Now you know something about it." "Yes, sah." "What do you work at?" "I'm a telegraph operator at the Hazel Switch station, sah."



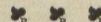
A young New York man, a member of one of the first families as far as wealth is concerned, had been in the habit of writing poems, which, unable to dispose of, he managed to get printed in certain publications by paying therefor at advertising rates. He attended a social gathering at which a cynical old fellow named Timble, who despised the would-be poet, knowing of his manner of obtaining publicity, chanced to be present. The rich young man lost no chance of referring to his "works," and finally remarked, ostentatiously, that he was born on the same day that Washington Irving died. "Both of which occurrences," snapped old Timble, "have had a very depressing effect upon American literature."



Two students at the University of California, not overburdened with means, room together and do their own cooking. A few days ago one returned from marketing with two chops, among other things. Hardly had they been placed on the table than the cat sprang upon them, caught up one of the pieces of meat, and dashed off with it. "Ah," said the second student, "the cat has run away with your chop."



"Bliggins says he got on by burning the midnight oil." "Well, keeping late hours did help him some. He danced all night three or four times a week till finally he met a rich girl and married her."—Buffalo Courier.



"Miss Norah, if it wasn't for Terrence O'Brien that do be coortin' ye, I'd be after havin' somethin' to say to ye, mesif, th' night." "It's very considerate ye are, Mr. Mulligan, but did ye niver hear that prisint company is always accipted?"—Dallas News.



The president of the company stopped to speak to old George. "How goes it?" he asked, genially. "Fair to middlin', sir," George answered. And he continued to currycomb a bay horse. "Me an' this here hoss," George said, suddenly, "has worked for your firm sixteen year." "Well, well," said the president, thinking a little guiltily of George's salary. "And I suppose you are both pretty highly valued, George, eh?" "H'm," said George, "the both of us was took sick last week, and they got a doctor for the hoss, but they just docked my pay."



Henry Carey, a cousin to Queen Elizabeth, after having enjoyed her Majesty's favour for several years, lost it in this manner: As he was walking in the garden of the palace, under the Queen's window, she asked him in a jocular manner, "What does a man think when he is thinking of nothing?" The answer was a very brief one. "Upon a woman's promise," he replied. "Well done, cousin!" said Elizabeth; "excellent!" Some time after he solicited the honor of a peerage, and reminded the queen that she had promised it to him. "True," said Her Majesty; "but that was a woman's promise."

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