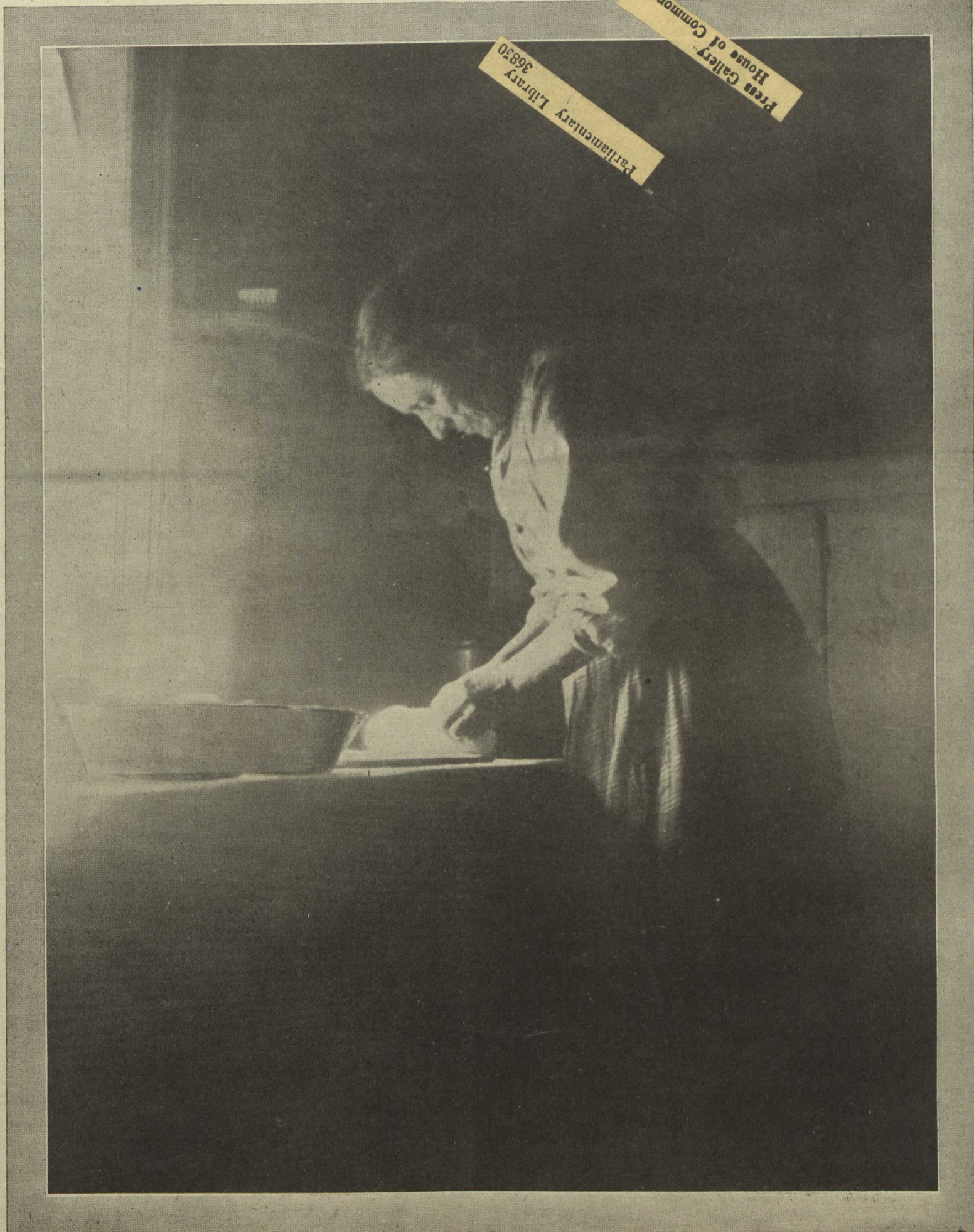


# CANADIAN COURIER

Vol. XXII. No. 13

FIVE CENTS

August 25, 1917



Photograph by Edith Watson

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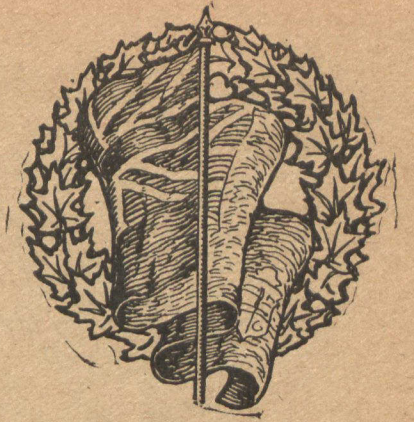




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## THE PROFESSOR ON THE FARM

**N**OT the professor who was "raised" on the farm and returns, a welcome prodigal in haying-time, to a business that he knows as well as his own, sometimes better.

By R. KEITH HICKS

No, this article refers to the amateur, green-horn, dub or tenderfoot, what you will, who learns that help, any help, is badly needed, and sets out to discover what he can do and to do what he can; curious and perhaps a trifle timid, feeling rather like a freshman at the opening of his first term, the academic hired-man—tired-man after a few hours of it—wonders what a day's work means, and wonders what percentage of a day's work he can do between sunrise and sunset.

I know now what the farmer does in a day, what the real hired-man considers a fair return for wages paid, and what I myself succeed in accomplishing, not without mental and physical discomfort, between the first morning cough of the milking machine and the last evening purr of the separator as its three thousand revolutions die down to visible movement and gradually cease. Then I retire discreetly to a bath in the lake, the hired man takes his can of milk—he prefers skim, either on hygienic grounds or because he gets more of it—and plods, I think his gait may be described as plodding, to his cottage, while the farmer stays an hour to see that all is washed and scalded for the morrow. That, he says, is the essence of success in farming, fifteen hours of hard work and constant care, and he commands my entire respect as a man who labours with his whole strength and intelligence, uncomplaining, scarcely seeming to realize the amount of energy or the length of time that he is expending on his task.

A farmer's day is not all farming, as the lay mind would read the term; he must be also more than a competent amateur in such matters as plumbing, smithing, building in wood and cement, and of late years he must have more than a superficial knowledge of gasoline engines. Happily for myself, I had some dim notion that it might be rash to undertake to work at full pressure all day, and stipulated for leave to go my own pace for one dollar with board, the farmer to give me more when he found I was worth it. In haying time I get two dollars and am proud, but like to think it well earned, though there are moments when I would give one of them for the night to loaf a lazy half hour in the shade.

**I**N the beginning two cows were entrusted to my care. They were what might be called two-cylinder cows, unless teats is a presentable word—one never knows, I once heard mare objected to—and could not be put to the machine. I shall remember those cows. One is a vast, ungainly and cumbersome mechanism with round heaving flanks and a cynical droop to the flaccid pouches that hang from her revolving jaws; she regurgitates the cud in a manner that expresses contempt for me and all mankind, though I think she respects the farmer, and if I do not turn up sharp on time she lies down and mires her mis-shapen dugs on the stable-floor. I clean her stall with particular care. To understand cows as they really are you must study them from



**J**EDEDIAH observed that this Professor from Queen's University (and Canadian Courier contributor) was an easy mark. So he drove the team while the Professor wrestled with the hay, because, as Jedediah said, the team needed very careful driving to maintain the proper pace.

the point of view of him who milks; looked at from the position of the non-milking majority, the cow is of a mild and inoffensive blandness. Particularly not so is the cow in question, but on the contrary, a morose, dissentient beast, flicking and switching with malicious ingenuity her "slovenly, unhandsome tail"—though with all homage to Peter McArthur I could say a deal more than that about it.

However, until cows can be trained to wash their tails and comb them on their horns, the trouble must be endured. And in any case I see no remedy for Holsteins. Anyway, I learned to milk after a fashion, till the trickling and spasmodic stream that rewarded my initial efforts has swelled to a swishing flow that foams and rings on the metal with a sound not unlike the ululations of the Hawaiian ulalaika, or whatever its unhappy name may be.

The milking-machine has a fascination of sound and movement, most potent on a mind that is dormant or at least only playing, as I confess mine has been during this period of labour in the fields and stables, not thinking, but imagining, and that dimly and with swift forgetting. Technically, I can tell nothing about the machine except that it exercises a caressing alternation of suction and squeeze, but I do know that I listen with pleasure to the toc-toc of its pulsators beating out their variant rhythm, recalling now a word, now a tune or musical phrase that may

stay with me all day if I am working alone in the farmer's weedy garden or stacking shingles in his congested woodshed. Once the little nodding, dipping, brass cylinders gave a suggestion of melody from a Brahms quartette that I used to hear endlessly practised in an Ayrshire shooting lodge, and once it was Lenine—Lenine—Lenine, as all four synchronized for a half-dozen beats. I think they got him the next day.

**B**UT the cows soon became little more than an incident in the day's work, which now centred round the hay-loader. The hay-loader, in case there is anyone as ignorant as I was, which is, of course, possible, is a sort of ambulant escalator hitched to the back of a rack-waggon; it gathers up whole windrows of hay at the tail-end and dumps them on to me at the top. From my point of view it looks like a green and matted avalanche; from the side it has a suggestion of Punch's Prehistoric Peeps.

Jedediah, but we call him John, the real, permanent hired man, drives the team, because he says it needs very careful handling to maintain the right pace. When Ezry came I found this was not true. I stand at the back and stab and heave and tear at the clover or timothy or thistles till I can no more, and John comes to dig me out and pack the load, which he does with careful disarrangement of my previous dispositions, and we start it all over again.

About five o'clock, since there is no prospect of food till milking is over, about eight, we begin to impute all sorts of twists and torts to our excellent master, whom at ten we had extolled as the soul of probity. Such is the influence of hay-loaders on an empty stomach. As six passes and the last load reaches the top of the "gallus," Jedediah John cheers up and de-

velops an exasperating vein of reminiscence and tells me how he played greenhorn on a lake schooner till some movement of hand or foot betrayed to the skipper the fact that John had sailed the lakes for many a year; how he quelled a lumber-camp mutiny of Glengarry Scots, twelve in number, and very clannish; how he hired a Catholic band of pipers to play "Protestant Boys" on the twelfth, and other things that he would not like me to repeat, even if I wanted to or were permitted. I suppose this is the influence of ships.

**J**EDEDIAH is full of saws and wise sayings. "With time and patience," he would say, "you can ride a snail to Jerusalem." I suspect that had reference to my rate of speed on the hay-loader. Once I caught a snatch of chanty about a dangerous character called Jack Macdonald, and I have learned unusual things about the rights of citizens, as for instance, that a man may walk within sixty-six feet of any Canadian shore-line. John is under the impression that our town is singular in the matter of prohibition, and is strongly of opinion that eight o'clock is no fit hour for a hired man's supper—there do I wait for him, as Panurge says of another matter. I shall be sorry to part with John or Jedediah.

If the loader can be Purgatorio, the hay-mow is surely Inferno. Imagine the interior of a metal-

roofed barn, heated by ten hours of July sunshine and superheated by ten tons of sweating hay, drawn in before the rains were well over, yourself heaving and shoving at the tangled masses that drop periodically from the great fork on its trolley below the roof-tree. Then it was that I used to drip despairingly till the boss showed me how the nice choice of location and the accurate insertion of the fork would peel the stuff off in manageable layers. Still I never really loved the mow, unless it were when watching the farmer at work, a sort of moving-picture effect in the split sunlight that streams through the vertical slits in the walls, a short, strong figure of strength and energy in the golden haze of dust and pollen. But that same haze is black grime on one's skin. The boss is not always like that to look at. Sometimes he kicks his beasts with vigorous and well-directed wrath, and then you may figure a short, strong figure like a jerking marionette, a large "cow's breakfast" flying out behind and a stream of vivid invective preceding and punctuating his blows. I was glad to see my old two-cylinder taking a short course of this treatment, especially as she appears

to be somewhat in social cow-dom, leading the slow, swaying procession at milking time, and heavily horning the fresh young heifers when their gambols annoy her.

I like the boss all the time, but most on the rare occasions when he allows himself to sit and talk of old times. Then there are glimpses of spinning-wheels and potash-kettles, both of which articles we have on the farm, the latter a vast iron cauldron of some five hundred pounds, which we drew on a stone-boat to set up by the well. He has seen rafts of red cedar come down the lake, and the women of the farm weaving rye straw into hats or splitting it for finer work. He has seen the bones of former settlers taken from the old vault behind the barn; last week we used the bricks of it, very hard and set in adamant mortar—I trimmed them—to build the casing of a horizontal boiler for the milk-room. He told me also of the original settler who built so far back from the lake. This man set the old stone house far back because he was an absconding tax-collector from across the line, and American gunboats used to anchor in the shallow bay and practise gunnery

upon him; such was the simple and even rather rude justice of our forefathers.

When the hay was well on we imported a high-priced hustler called Ezry, one of those farm-bred munitioners who return, like professors, to the field. Ezry is very big and strong and knows not of fatigue, nor indeed anything else to speak of. His outstanding characteristics are a strongly religious turn of mind—he belongs to some ecstatic sect of schismatics from Jedediah John's church—and an outrageous stammer which broke the hay-loader. On this wise, Ezry used to work at the loader while I drove, and when the machine jammed, as it did rather often, he could never shout quick enough for me to pull up before something snapped. We broke six slats in one morning, and I was put to work in the barn-yard with a balky team and a hundred and fifty feet of twisted rope that raises the hay fork. That broke with the last load into the upper mow, but it was not my fault, and anyway we had a splicer in Jedediah John.

But if Ezry was halting in speech he was fluent in  
(Concluded on page 23.)

## SO FRANCE IS WORN OUT, EH?



A YEAR and a half ago at least France was putting her last ounce into the war, so German-made rumour said. Since that time France has performed her greatest deeds since the Battle of the Marne. An eminent French paper summarizes the German slanders against France made to deceive the Germans. French troops in the trenches, says this authority, are described in the Kreuz-Zeitung as cadaverous consumptives. The old people are in rags. The young can get nothing to eat. The spirit of the nation is broken. The press of France is censored and does not reflect the opinion of the republic.

Caillaux, supported by high finance, is sounding the Wilhelmstrasse discreetly. That is the German picture of the French scene. It helps to keep the masses of the German people in some kind of hope. It reveals a perception in the Wilhelmstrasse at last that Alsace-Lorraine will be the sore point when peace is discussed, says the Gaulois. France will never consent to end the war until she gets back the lost duchies. That does not, we read, suggest a weakened public opinion. Anyhow, the spirit of the French women tugging on their self-imposed chains to cultivate the fields of France is a sufficient answer.

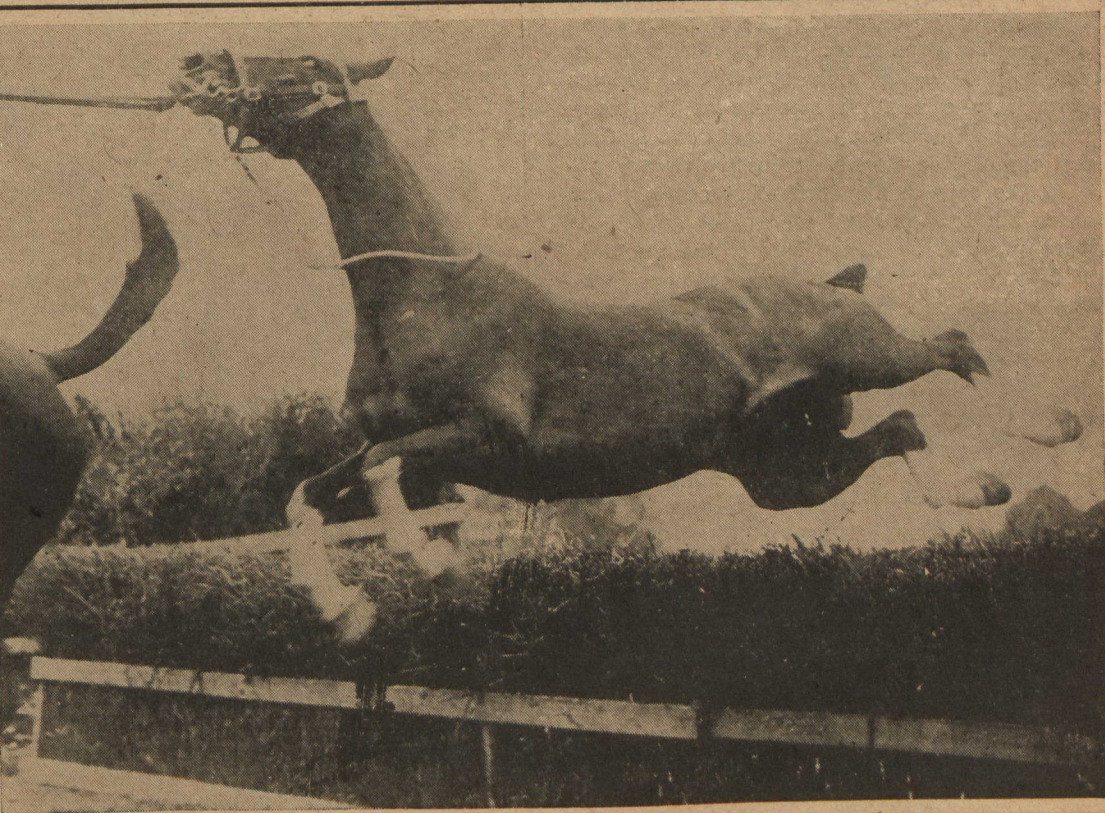


It's Not  
All  
Fighting  
At  
The Front



THE pair of captured spectacles worn by the Irish officer above, much to the merriment of all his fighting Irish comrades, never before saw the world as so merry a place. It takes the Irish to make a joke and see it, too.

The English, on the other hand, make jokes enough at the front; but you never could tell by looking at these Tommies occupying the Leicester Lounge, in a dug-out, that there was anything funny about it whatever. Of course they know it's funny, but—oh, well, even so, the Scotch never see even one of their own jokes till it's four days old.



"RISE, Sir Arthur!" said the King when he knighted the Canadian G. O. C., Sir Arthur Currie, practically on the battlefield; a reminder of the good old days when a knight had to win his spurs without reference to spondulix. This is the only picture of a real knighthood ceremony ever published in this paper.

A SHORT while ago there was a British horse show behind the lines. The horse bringing up the rear at the end of a rope in the steeplechase had been wondering for six months if anything was ever going to happen to interest a real horse with four lucky white feet. But he got it, as the camera shows.

# SASKATCHEWAN and ST. LAWRENCE

**H**OW the West decides is the factor of fundamental importance in the present political crisis. The influence of the West, for a generation to come, will be paramount in the economic and political affairs of this country. This is not overlooking the fact that Quebec is destined to play, as she has always done, a prominent role in the life of the Dominion; but the power and influence of Quebec are largely counterbalanced by Ontario. The West is virile and progressive, brimming over with enterprise, ideas and ideals. Its Big Idea at present is the making of a home and opportunity for the development and free expression of personality for millions who will yet seek the vast, fertile, inland empire that lies between the head of the Lakes and the foothills of the Rockies.

The war has a habit of bringing the nations back to fundamentals, and nowhere has this been truer than in the West. Strange as it may appear, the polyglot population of the prairies is more vitally interested in, and more concerned with the solution of, Imperial problems than other sections of Canada. The reasons are not on the surface, but they exist. Because of the very diversity of language, race, and religion, Westerners are alert to the import of the vital issues arising out of the war, and of none more so than those emerging from the changing conditions of Imperial relationships.

The British Empire is the most pregnant experiment in politics that the world has ever known—pregnant with possibilities of personal and national achievements, as well as being an arena in which brave deeds have been accomplished in days gone by. This accounts for the somewhat curious fact that the West is more sympathetically inclined to Quebec than Ontario has been, or can be. The West feels instinctively that the Empire loses justification for the future, as well as for its present, if it does not guarantee to every race it contains the opportunity for working out its own peculiar genesis of expression in conformity to the general good. Westerners quite understand why Bourassa and Lavergne are apprehensive for the future of French and Catholic Canada, surrounded, as it is, by the menace of an onrushing tide of immigration and of a growing population. In a word, the West, as much as Quebec, hates the steam-roller process that irons into a uniform smoothness the many peoples that go to make up the population of Canada and the United States. The Scotch are undoubtedly the salt of the earth—but consider the whole world arrayed in kilts!

Just at present, as never before, the world is governed by whatever passes for psychology, both at home and abroad. An encouraging feature of it is that men are trying to get a psychology bigger than party politics. But even at that, certain sequences of ideas or of events lead to rather disconcerting conclusions. For instance, Sir Robert Borden spent several weeks in England during the latter part of winter in 1917. While there he, with other Conservatives, was photographed among a group of Imperial Cabinet Ministers, a sort of War Council of the Empire. There was, and still is, talk of making this Imperial Cabinet, in some form or other, a fixture.

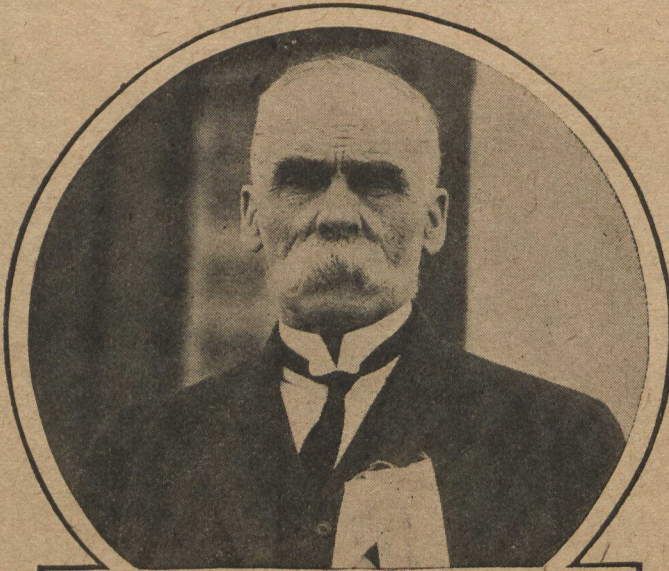
**T**HREE or four days after his return from the Imperial War Cabinet sessions of the Empire, the Premier made his preliminary speech on the Military Service Bill. Now, the Premier probably had no intentions of connecting up these two circumstances in any way. But other people did it for him. Quebec was among the other people. Sir Robert's war psychology provoked the antagonism not only of Quebec, but of the anti-Imperial forces of the Dominion, all of whom are sensitive at this time at any suggestion for tinkering with an Imperial constitution.

In other words, both the Nationalists and

## A Brief Study in a Peculiar Kind of Political Unity

By W. W. SWANSON

**C**OMING a thousand miles or so east from Windermere, B.C., Swanson, Professor of Political Economy in Saskatoon, looks at the political problem from the prairie point of view. The British Columbia way of looking at the war demanded national government and conscription independent of party, and created the slogan, "Let's Go After Bear." The Saskatchewan view agrees with this on a purely western basis, with a difference. Writing also some days before the Winnipeg Liberal Convention, Swanson seems to have hit a nail on the head when he said: "The West is more sympathetically inclined to Quebec than Ontario has been, or can be. . . . The West, as much as Quebec, hates the steam-roller process that irons into a uniform smoothness the many people that go to make up the population of Canada." A week later we have the Winnipeg Convention, for reasons peculiar to itself, endorsing the war programme of Sir Wilfrid Laurier.



**A**n enthusiastic correspondent at the Winnipeg Convention remarked that Sir Wilfrid Laurier must be a great leader to unite the two irreconcilables, Hon. Frank Oliver, former Minister of the Interior, and C. W. Cross, Attorney-General of Alberta. How it was done is still one of the problems in that truly Western performance known as a stampee. Hon. Frank Oliver knew the West forty years ago when it had no political emotions. The outburst of which he was the occasion at Winnipeg may not have surprised him. He had a message. It was intended for unity and winning the war.

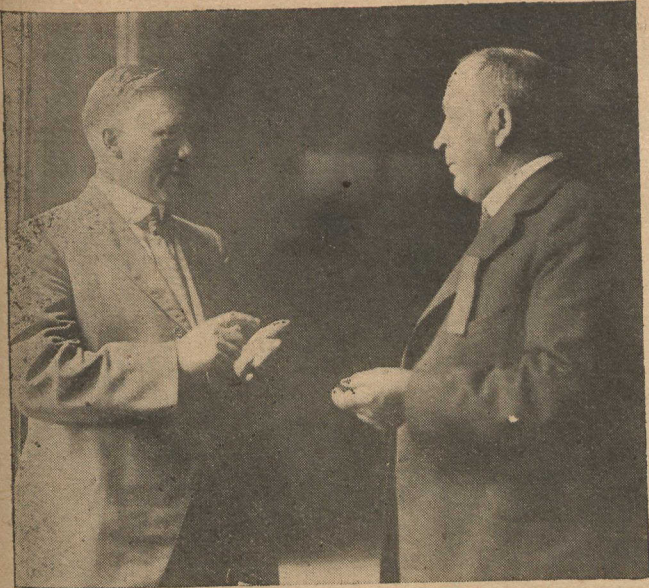
But there was also Charlie Cross, the variable factor. Cross has spent 18 years practising that political smile on the prairies. Since ever he landed in Edmonton, a young lawyer, in 1899, he has been studying and practising Western politics. And that smile of Cross was a Convention conundrum.

the Liberals were antagonized at the outset—the former because they oppose further sacrifices by Canada for the settlement of any European quarrel, as they conceive it, and the latter because they were persuaded that the Military Service Bill was the trump card held in the hands of a political coterie. It is easy to be wise after the event, of course, but it is plain now that Sir Robert Borden should have consulted all parties—Liberals, Nationalists, Grain Growers and the Labour element—before putting his measure before the House. At this distance the West is inclined to think that Sir Wilfrid Laurier—however much it may disagree with him on other points—was right when he refused to assume responsibility for the measure, on the grounds that the whole affair had taken him by surprise.

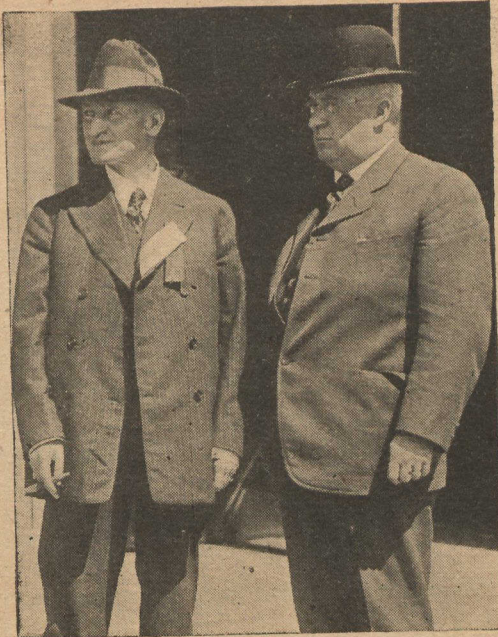
The country, therefore, finds itself in an impasse: Conscription is vitally essential to the safety of the nation, but it is impossible to have conscription. When an irresistible force meets an immovable object, philosophers throw up their hands in joy. But there is no cause for rejoicing in the present political situation. The nation faces the most serious crisis in its history.

**W**E have the crisis because our sins have found us out. It is due to the curse of the party system, party patronage, party spoils and party ambitions. The men in public life in this country to-day do not measure up to the Macdonalds, the Cartiers, the Browns, the Tupperes, the Mowats and the other political giants of Confederation days. The reasons therefor? The people have made business the serious concern of life, and have left politics to the boss, the ward-heeler and the log-roller. The pork barrel has loomed large in the foreground and the patronage hunters have been ever present in the rear. We have few students in politics in Canada to-day, and very few in the United States—President Wilson being a notable exception. Our universities have not done their duty and have fallen far short of efficiency in this respect at least. The really big men, whether within or out of parliament, able to man the Ship of State, at this crisis in the nation's history, can be counted on the fingers of two hands. The majority in the federal arena are for the most part petty lawyers and business men with no feeling for statesmanship and no fundamental knowledge of political affairs, national, imperial or international. The British universities have done much better, and the United Kingdom has always been able to find its Man of Destiny.

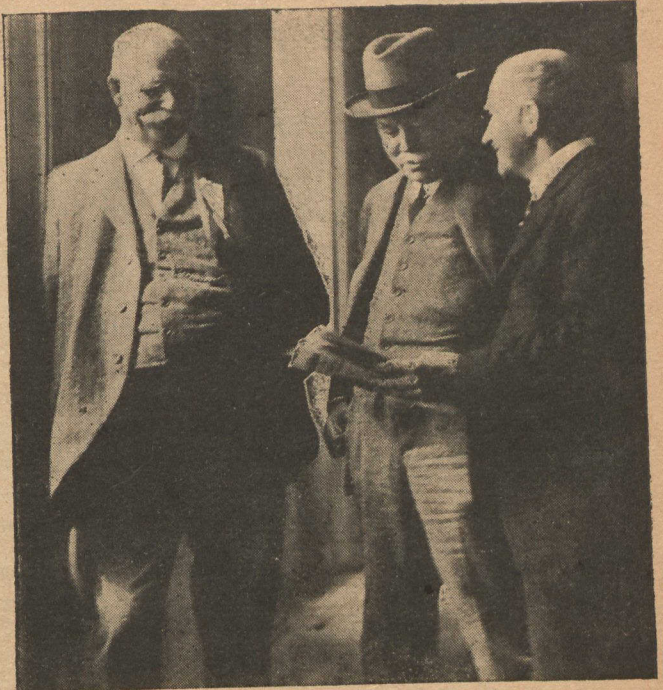
The present crisis need not have occurred had the country not been turned over to small-minded politicians. The two-party system has proved our undoing. Necessarily so, since it has given the opportunity for a third party, relatively small in numbers, to step in and seize the balance of power. For the Nationalist party of Quebec has been small in numbers and lacking in real significance until the present crisis presented it with its opportunity. For this both parties are to blame. It is common knowledge that the Conservatives formed an alliance with the Nationalists in 1911 to achieve their primary object, the defeat of reciprocity; and as part of that agreement the Nationalists were permitted to have their own way in Quebec on Canada's policy in the future wars of the Empire. Now it is the Liberals, under Sir Wilfrid Laurier, who are forming an alliance with Bourassa and Lavergne. True, there is war to the knife between Sir Wilfrid and Bourassa for the control of Quebec; but that makes no real difference in the general situation. That situation involves not only a conflict of personality, but a conflict of policies and ideals; and on these latter all forces in Quebec will coalesce to defeat conscription. It should not be forgotten that Bourassa, at the outbreak of hostilities, declared for conscription—conscription of men, of wealth and



**H**ON. T. JOHNSON, Minister of Public Works in Manitoba, convinces W. L. Parrish, member for South Winnipeg, that unity is strength—but it all depends on how you get unity. It was the electors of "storm centre" South Winnipeg, who signed the "dissatisfied" declaration four days after the Convention.



**P**REMIER SIFTON, of Alberta, agrees with Premier Brewster, of B.C., that the chief business of any government meriting the confidence of the people is—Winning-the-War. He went to Ottawa after the Convention.



**S**ENATOR ROSS, of Saskatchewan, stands between ex-Lieutenant-Governor Brown, of that Province, and Hon. Mr. Mitchell, Provincial Treasurer of Alberta. He also went to Ottawa after the Convention. It is quite evident that considerable doubt exists in his mind as to what some part of yesterday's Convention report does mean when it appears in cold print.

all the material resources of the Dominion for the relentless prosecution of the war. No one more bitterly or more caustically scarified voluntarism than did Henri Bourassa. With unerring precision he pointed out its defects—its draft upon the virile and the courageous elements in the population, and its gross injustice to married men and those whose hands are tied. He demanded that the manhood of Canada should be marshalled for battle, and that those fit to go, and untied, should be sent first. He demanded that the wealth of the Dominion should be mobilized so that the whole weight of the nation could be thrown with crushing effect against the enemy. But much water has flowed under the bridges since that golden hour when harmony might have been achieved. We do not mean to assert that Bourassa and Lavergne ever favoured Canada's entrance into the European struggle. But we do say that, once in, they advocated the use of the right instruments and methods for carrying the war through to a triumphant conclusion.

**W**HAT thinks the West, however, of the present situation? We do not venture to speak for party leaders or for party organizations. As far as they are concerned, it seems clear that the issues will be contested on old party lines. There will be a struggle for office, for the spoils of the victor. But serious students of the situation see in the present crisis a glorious opportunity for achieving a rebirth of the nation. That rebirth will be found not in a coalition government, a government of patchwork and of makeshifts, but in a government in which all parties in Canada are fused and coalesced. The hour demands its Napoleon or its Cromwell. For the time being party lines must be obliterated. The government should speak with one voice—the voice of a united people. Domestic reforms, pressing and imperatively important as many of them are, must wait until post-bellum days for settlement. The winning of the war is all.

If a national government were formed on that basis—



**T**WO of the most important men at the Convention were Hon. A. B. Hudson (left), Attorney-General of Manitoba, and Hon. J. A. Calder, of Saskatchewan. Mr. Hudson was Chairman of the Resolutions Committee, which drafted the three resolutions on War, Laurier, and National Government. An uncompromising win-the-war man, he freely endorsed the appreciation of Sir Wilfrid Laurier's services as a leader. Hon. J. A. Calder, regarded as a very able administrator and possible leader, also went to Ottawa after the Convention. The Globe correspondent said: "Mr. Calder has gone to Ottawa to confer with Sir Wilfrid Laurier, and to impress the interpretation of certain resolutions as given in yesterday's statement by Hon. A. B. Hudson."

the basis that obtains in England—it would sweep the country. Quebec would set its face like flint against conscription, and in fact against further participation in the war, during the course of the election; but once a national government had been established and the Military Service Act had become an accomplished fact, the people of that province would give their consent to its enforcement.

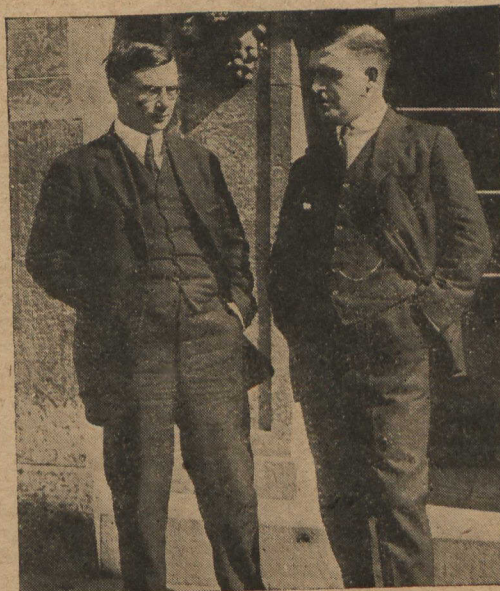
For Quebec, no matter what Bourassa and Lavergne may say, cannot endure outside of Confederation. This has been proved, in effect, time and time again. It has been only through Imperial protection that Quebec has retained its peculiar and indigenous characteristics, and has had free scope for the expression of its racial and religious life. In 1776, in 1812, in 1837, and on other historic occasions, Quebec has proved its understanding of the value of British protection, and the practice of the principles of freedom. No one, in fact, knows better than the leaders of the simple, kindly habitants that Quebec's future lies not in an independent republic on the banks of the St. Lawrence, nor in absorption by the United States, but in its present position as an integral part of the Dominion and of the Empire.

Should party politicians have their way, we shall have reached the parting of the ways, and shall be well forward on the high road that leads to national dishonour. A referendum on conscription will prove a will-o'-the-wisp, offering no real light or guidance. The issues will have been already decided. A Quebec that has already

rejected conscription in a general election will not approve it under a referendum. And besides, there is grave cause for believing that a referendum in Canada is entirely unconstitutional. By the time the courts have decided that matter, the war will have been finished. No: a national, non-partisan government is the only way out.

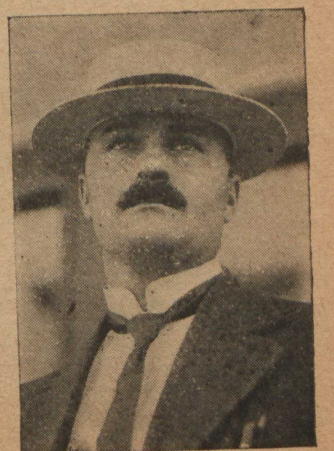


**D**R. D. B. NEELY, M.P. from Humboldt, Sask., who moved the War Resolution in the Convention; the one manifesto produced that unequivocally stated what Western Liberalism, expressing itself on behalf of the whole country, believes, and is prepared to adopt as a drastic war policy. The Turriff amendment, to add the words "by compulsion if necessary," was defeated.



**H**ON. W. F. A. TURGEON, Attorney-General of Saskatchewan, and W. A. Buchanan, M.P., Conscriptivist Liberal from Lethbridge, Alta.

**H**ON. C. A. DUNNING, Prov. Treas. of Saskatchewan, seems to have said nothing at the Convention that got into public print. His leader, Premier Martin, was understood from the first to be a pro-Laurier man. One of the clearest-headed men in the West, Mr. Dunning, also must have been bewildered by the cross-currents of this remarkable Convention.



# REFLECTIONS BY A WINNIPEG CONSERVATIVE ON THE LIBERAL CONVENTION

Winnipeg, August 12, 1917.

**P**ERMIT me to state at the very start that I am a bold, unrepentant Winnipeg Conservative; that I am not ashamed to confess to a considerable liking and admiration for Sir Rodmond Roblin in spite of all that has happened; that my contempt for Mr. Justice Galt might—were he aware of it—bring upon me the pains and penalties of a life sentence at Stoney Mountain; and that I have even a sneaking admiration for one "Bob" Rogers, in spite of his decoration of hoofs and horns. I am aware that such a confession puts me in wrong at the very start with Liberal readers of the Canadian Courier, but probably someone would guess the damning truth in any event and I might as well confess to it at the start.

This, by way of preliminary. I want to state a few opinions about the big Liberal Convention which was held in Winnipeg, August 7th, 8th and 9th.

Yes, I managed to get in. Never mind how. Perhaps by use of the magic word "press," perhaps through the kindly perjury of a Liberal delegate friend who vouched for me as being a Simon pure Grit. In any event, I managed to get past the door-keeper in spite of drastic and unprecedented precautions which were taken to exclude any who might bear on their foreheads the mark of the beast of Toryism. And strange as it may seem, from the comments of those around me and from the applause which came from the carefully admitted and hand picked lot of spectators, it would seem that while I didn't agree with the Convention very often in what it was doing, I was not the only heretic there. The spectators sympathized with the delegates wholeheartedly when they were engaged in damning the Government; they agreed with the spirit of most of the radical planks inserted in the platform, but when the two big questions, Conscription and Party Leadership, came up for discussion, delegates and spectators were about as far apart as the poles in their sympathies. The delegates booed Mr. Turriff while the onlookers applauded him.

I have a very high respect for the acumen of the editor of the Canadian Courier, although I often disagree with his conclusions. But when I read in the issue of August 11th his forecast of what was certain to happen, and what was likely to happen at this Liberal Convention in Winnipeg, I was confirmed in my opinion that political prophecy is a dangerous pastime. He told us, as you may remember, that the Convention would organize a separate western wing of the Liberal party and that in all probability a strong man would emerge as its leader. He reminded us that it had been predicted that the next Liberal leader must come from the West. "The Convention in Winnipeg," he said, "will be one very good way of demonstrating what the West has to offer as a successor to Sir Wilfrid when he decides to step out. The man who at the head of his group can capture the Convention independent of Ottawa should be a good prospect. We shall see. There never has been a Western Premier of Canada. If the Convention adopts the platform of any independent group and fuses Western Liberalism on a Progressive ticket coupled with an aggressive War Policy, that organization will be a power in the next election."

**H**E told us, moreover, that Premier Norris, of Manitoba, favours cutting the painter from Laurier and forming a non-party Government for winning the war. He told us of the busy brain of Hon. A. B. Hudson supporting Mr. Norris in this patriotic, nonpartisan stand. He stated that Hon. J. A. Calder, of Saskatchewan, was said to be a strong backer of Mr. Norris in the promotion of this programme. But I do not wish to be cruel, and hence I shall not recall any more of the editor's predictions which were falsified by the result.

There were many others who made the same mis-

**T**HIS article was unsolicited. We publish it partly as a joke on the editor, and on all those of legionary number in the West or elsewhere who had similar expectations of how that convention cat would jump. The writer we do not personally know, except his name and address. For a Conservative he has succeeded in being remarkably interesting. Had it come sooner we should have printed the article along with the photographs on the two preceding pages.—The Editor.

takes. Before I proceed to deal with what the Convention really did, permit me to outline what Western Conservatives feared that it would do and what they were almost certain that it could not fail to do.

There were unregenerate Winnipeg Tories who, in conversation among themselves, feared the very worst. The sad experiences of the last two or three years have taught us to look for unpleasant things. Winnipeg Conservatives fully expected that this Convention would outbid the Government by coming out flat-footed in favour of not only conscription of men, but in favour of "Conscription of Wealth," as well. Very few people have any clear idea what the latter term means, but it has a popularity all its own among the great mass of us who have no wealth to be conscripted and hence would not object to the pleasing spectacle of "Mr. Gotrox" having to dig down to help win the war. They expected that the Convention would enthusiastically endorse the revolt of their insurgent representatives at Ottawa, that men like Turriff and Buchanan would be the white-haired boys of the gathering, that Hon. Frank Oliver would have a very sad time of it and that the ears of the venerable Liberal Chieftain would burn under his silver plumes if any echoes should reach him of the hard things that would be said about him by the Conscriptionist, win-the-war enthusiasts at that Liberal Convention. Having outbid the Government in win-the-war enthusiasm—an easy thing to do, when out of power and without responsibility—Winnipeg Conservatives feared that the Convention would endorse a peculiarly Western and radical platform which would have an almost irresistible appeal among the grain grower element.

With such a platform, Winnipeg Conservatives feared that the Western wing of the Liberal party would sweep all four of the Western provinces. What then? The Western group by an alliance with Sir Wilfrid's solid Quebec, and such odd supporters as he might succeed in getting from Ontario and the Maritime Provinces, would outnumber the Government members. What then? Ah! We feared a compromise, we feared the magic of the Laurier name. We feared that the two wings would unite to form a Government. The Western wing would get their way about the Tariff, they would secure a few radical changes in the banking system dear to the heart of the Grain Grower on the plains, and the price would be the repeal of the Military Service Act. Sir Wilfrid would assure the Western Win-the-War enthusiasts that the voluntary system had never had a fair chance under an incompetent Conservative administration, that his sunny smile and the magic of his white plumes would coax the required recruits from the reluctant Province of Quebec. One way, he would tell them, lies national disunion, perhaps even the danger of rebellion; the other way lies success by harmony and conciliation. Also the other way lie the spoils of office, the overthrow of the Borden Government and the political damnation of Bob Rogers.

Such were the fears of Winnipeg Conservatives. They went a little farther than the editor of the Canadian Courier and they were suspicious of the motives of some Liberal politicians, which the editor was not; but Winnipeg Conservatives were as far

wrong in their prophecies as was the editor of this paper.

What happened? Several things. One notable event was the Western visit of Sir Clifford Sifton. If it was designed to advance the cause of Union Government and endorsement of conscription among Western Liberals, it was a "bonehead" play. Sir Clifford is a man of great political acumen, but the greatest men sometimes make mistakes. He should not have come West. His bitterest enemies—and their name is legion—concede his great abilities; they admit that his genius for organization and his splendid executive powers would be of infinite value to the country were he given the chance to exercise them as a member of a real Win-the-War Government. They feared that he was looking for such an opportunity in a Union Government, and the plain truth is that even "Bob" Rogers has not one-tenth of the number of bitter enemies among Western Liberals as has Sir Clifford Sifton. He has not been forgiven yet for his opposition to Reciprocity, upon which Western Liberalism had set its heart six years ago. And there are other reasons why Western Liberals dislike him, which it is not necessary to enlarge upon in this connection. Suffice it to say, that the party managers who desired above all things to maintain at least a semblance of union with Sir Wilfrid were greatly assisted in their work by Sifton's visit to the West.

**F**OR two days the Resolutions Committee kept the Convention busy with non-essentials. Great violence was done to the Tariff, unholy hands were laid upon the ark of the financial covenant, the Canadian banking system. Some of the things that were said would give Sir Edmund Walker and Sir Vincent Meredith the cold shivers. The Radicals had a very enjoyable time. There was little or no restraint upon them, and for two days they revelled in the building up of a Canadian Utopia on paper.

But as time went on they grew tired of it. There wasn't enough opposition to make things interesting. To be sure there was a strong breeze from British Columbia when the Resolution was passed demanding the free admission of fruit and lumber, but that lasted only an hour or so. What was keeping back the big Resolution? Were the wires down between Winnipeg and Ottawa? Wouldn't the Old Chief at Ottawa give way a single inch? Was a split inevitable? Perish the thought!

On the evening of the second day Dr. Neely, M.P., introduced the big Resolution. I need not quote it, for all Canada has read it. It read well, it sounded well, it was a work of art from both a literary and a political standpoint—but it carefully failed to mention the word compulsion. Nor did Dr. Neely mention the word in the course of his forceful and eloquent speech. No one could find any particular fault with the resolution, but no one could be quite sure what it really meant. Was the Military Service Act to be supported or opposed? Did the resolution favour the immediate enforcement of Conscription, or a last attempt to get recruits on the voluntary plan? Could one be certain that the Resolution favoured Conscription under any circumstances?

While the hall was still ringing with the applause that rewarded the oratory of the mover and seconder, J. G. Turriff, M.P., made his way to the platform. And he spilled the beans! He agreed with everything that Dr. Neely had said, he outdid him in damning the Borden Government and all its works—but he presumed that the Convention favoured Conscription and, that being so, why not say so in plain English? He moved that four words be added to the resolution—"By compulsion if necessary."

Then the storm broke in all its fury. No one mentioned the matter, but the fact that Mr. Turriff is said to be a relative of Sir Clifford Sifton (etc.), had a lot to do with the opposition. The Hon. Arthur

(Continued on page 23.)



# LET'S *be* SURE *we* LICK *the* KAISER

## EDITORIAL

A CONSTANT reader of the Courier, Mr. Ulric Barthe, of Quebec, has put the editor in his debt to the extent of two letters, which owing to their length cannot be quoted, but because of their character cannot be ignored. Mr. Barthe is a Laurier Liberal. He represents the moderate, reasonable, all-for-unity French-Canadian whose sentiments, leaving party politics one way or the other out of count, are quite as acceptable in Ontario as in Quebec. He objects to certain expressions we have used in regard to Sir Wilfrid. He says the advice of Sir Wilfrid should have been asked before it was too late, and that a National Government acting under the advice of Sir Wilfrid, if formed long enough ago, might have induced Ontario to shelve the agitation over Rule 17 until after the war, thereby removing one great obstruction to recruiting in Quebec. He objects to our publication of two recent articles: one a translation and summary of Mr. Bourassa's anti-conscription presentments in *Le Devoir*; the other an interview with the revolutionary Tancrede Marsil, both of which he says only pour gasoline on the flames in Ontario. As an offset to these, he encloses a brief article on Unity, which we have been compelled to crowd out of this issue, but shall include in our next. He concludes his second letter thus:

"Why not be better friends, Ontario and Quebec, the two sister and parent provinces? The day may come when Ontario would welcome the assistance of a friendly neighbour against the increasing pressure from the West instead of being squeezed between the jaws of the vise. Pardon the franc parler of an old journalist. I am scribbling this on the inspiration of the moment on the principle that an occasional exchange of views—getting together, as Ian Hay says—may do some good."

MR. BARTHE has the courage of his convictions and the ability to express them. He has no greater enthusiasm for Sir Wilfrid and no greater desire to do him justice than we have; and as a French-Canadian he never will be able to stake his last conviction on the indestructible unity of this country and people better than we will do ourselves.

In all that we have written about Sir Wilfrid, we have borne in mind his incomparable services to, and his unique political position in, this country. We have said that such a man should have been consulted long ago by any Government anxious to get Canada united behind the war. There is no other man except Sir Lomer Gouin who can so truly represent the best elements in Quebec, that which must endure the test of the future as it has gained the strength of the past. And the personal magic of the old chieftain has become more potent in Quebec than his politics.

In publishing the doctrines of Mr. Bourassa and Tancrede Marsil, we had no intention of pouring gasoline on the flames of Ontario. In fact, we pointed out some things in the Bourassa propaganda that any true Canadian may endorse. Some time ago we were openly criticized for the publication of articles which went Mr. Barthe one better in objecting to the intrusion of Rule 17 on our war politics. We still maintain that as much criticism for halting our progress in the war is due those in Ontario who bull-headedly flung that bone into the arena as to those in Quebec, who failed on the road to a full national participation in the war because flaming bigotry could not let provincial disagreements wait until the great national programme was over.

We have always believed that there are thousands of French-Canadians in Quebec who do not subscribe to the revolutionary tenets of Bourassa, Marsil, or any other inflammatory leaders. If there were not, unity talk in this country would be as futile as the proverbial snowball in hell.

WHAT we have tried to hammer home to ourselves, and do still, is the truth that, We must be sure we are beating the Kaiser instead of fighting among ourselves.

Nobody but a deluded patriot of any section of this country will deny that the chief aim of united mankind just now, and till the end of the job, is the destruction of Kaiserism. But it is possible after having done a good turn at this world-uniting business we may spend a great part of the rest of our strength in preaching to one another about our sectarian or provincial or religious rights.

One good wayfaring Zeppelin dropping a bomb on a Quebec parish church and another on the peaceful lawn of my neighbour up the street, on whose

verandah five good gingery Anglo-Saxon youths sit any evening between motor-car whirligigs, would drive this suicidal swank out of our newspapers and our public speeches. One German warship up the St. Lawrence would make the foot-hills and the Pacific Coast as nationally angry as it would Quebec.

But of course the Zeppelin and the warship are not going to arrive; thanks to what several nations have united in doing up to the present. We must fall back upon our national common sense for an incentive to unity.

Most of the common national sense we have at present indicates that we shall have a general election this fall. Meanwhile, Sir Edward Kemp says that the Military Service Act will be enforced right away, the Archbishop of Montreal fears that we are on the eve of a race and religion war, and the Winnipeg Convention provides us with a momentary hope that the West, after all, may strike hands with

## WHAT A DIFFERENCE!

WHAT strikes us as most remarkable about the Pope's programme for peace is the vast spiritual difference between 1917 and 1914. Three years ago about this date, the German Chancellor, in explaining the "scrap of paper" episode, confessed that Germany had aimfully invaded Belgium, but they simply had to "hack their way through," and would reparate Belgium, etc., when all the hacking was done and the world's capitals, we presume, outfitted with German war lords as temporary rulers. By day and by night, in 1914, in Kaiser's sermonettes, in newspaper head-lines, in chancellorial apologies, in war-lord comments on various points, the sum and substance of Germany's swagger before the world was that might and right are the same word. If other people didn't like the German definition of right, so much the worse for them; they would learn it from the mailed fist and shining armour.

Now, in 1917—what a difference! Austria, a great Catholic State, at war with Italy—and under the iron thumb of Berlin, sends out feelers to the Vatican. A spiritual man sitting in a palace built by earthly hands, but having nothing whatever to do with rents, foot frontages, or earthly laws, is asked to give the belligerents his ideas about how to stop a war that was started on the might-is-right idea in 1914. The Vatican is situated in Rome, but it is not Rome; it is located in Italy, but it owes Italy no allegiance; it is a place of authority, but it has no armies to enforce it, unless the historic Papal Zouaves. The man in the spiritual palace has his eyes on the next world. At a time when the world that is seems to be trying to destroy itself, or any man who can give mankind a line on the world that is to come, is worth the world's while to hear.

But of course the Pope of Rome makes no pretence at earthly power. He is a supreme spiritual adviser. All his arguments are those of a man whose power is in the spiritual world, where right is might and might is not right. The spectacle of such a man being asked to give his advice and giving it in 1917 is a remarkable commentary on the change that has come over the might-is-right crowd in Berlin since 1914. Three years ago the man with the siege gun was the emissary of Berlin. Now the man who rules by the spirit is asked to give his advice. And that is one of the most hopeful signs of the times. Democracies know how to deal with spiritual arguments. They do not understand despots.

THE nearer we get to the end of the war the more clearly the original old ideas stick out like beacons on the skyline. Might is not right. Germany is now, has been and intends to be, wrong. Unless the world is run completely by the devil, such a wrong cause as the Kaiser's is doomed to defeat just because it is wrong. And when the German people know they are wrong the defeat will look to be coming close home.

AMONG the things that some of our friends might can with advantage during the present season is—What they think they know about the war.

FROM some reports of the Winnipeg Convention it looks as though a man named J. A. Calder had given the new western leader movement a sort of double Cross.

IT must take a lot of food to keep some people going—they seem to be so easily in danger of starvation. Some of us are showing about as much horse sense over the food campaign as a ladies' college might be expected to have if a bomb sat down on the lawn.

Quebec to put our war programme where it ought to be without compulsory service—and again, let us back upon the more sensible, sure conviction, that only in a truly national government formed after an election, can we hope to do anything one way or another.

May we ask, why the Minister of Militia says the Act is to be enforced right away by the Borden Government when we have been given to understand that the Premier welcomes a national government for that very purpose? Quite surely the Government have the statutory power to go ahead with the Act if they so wish. But what the country wants is, not an expression of statutory power, but an execution of national will backed by the best sentiment of both or all parties. We want to put our national self into the war, to finish the war, to be in with them that carry on till the job is done in the name of common, decent humanity. So long as we are sure of doing this, it makes no difference whether we adopt one method or another.

WHATEVER we do must be done unitedly in the name of the whole people. Let us have an election if national government is not possible without it. Let each camp take Win-the-War under a union government for its slogan; one preferring voluntary enlistment up to the hilt until it fails altogether and then the draft, the other pledging itself to carry out the Military Service Act as soon as a union government can be formed after the election. In such an election there can be no partisan manoeuvres. Either side that attempts them must be left behind in the running. And the election must be won and the unity government formed without any regard for ultimate political advantage by either Tories or Grits. In this expression of the people's will there can be no Grit, no Tory. We have, or should be, done with that. Heaven knows we have palavered long enough about being done with it. Do we mean what we say, or are we talking to get the big "hands" from the audience? Are we in this war to see it to the end, or are we going to take the rest of it out in talk?

Let us assume that we mean business. Let us cease paying regard to the inflammable gentlemen in any section of the country who talk as glibly about a civil war as they would about a display of fireworks. Let us get the best strength and purpose of all parts of the country into a tug-of-war all together that leaves the denationalizing bunkum-shooters straggling along the road. Let us put our national house in order so that the army we have sent to face death, and some things worse, for this country, may not come back to it and feel like doing to us what they have been doing to the foes of mankind from the Rhine. Let us keep to the facts of the case. Leaving Quebec out of count altogether for purposes of argument, there are thousands of slackers elsewhere whom voluntary enlistment will not get so long as they can cross the street to dodge the recruiting sergeant, or hide behind Aunt Susan's fruit-canning apron strings.

As to Ontario being viced between Quebec and the West in the growing days to come, we are not clear. What is clear on this end of the horoscope is that Canada is going to outgrow the feud between Ontario and Quebec. The Canada of 1967 will be far too great a nation to be held back by any historical cleavage. The Canada of the future will need all the best elements in both root races combined to Canadianize the millions who are to come from other lands. We are too geographically vast a country and have spent too much staking out our heritage on broad lines to wait for the natural increase in our own population. We must import people. Unless we are careful about the importations all the Canada that now is will be, not in a vise, but in a net.

We are not fighting Quebec. We are not fighting ourselves except the renegade part of us that won't fight until the will of the whole people says on the housetops that Canada as a united nation with a unity government at the head must carry on, and on, and on to the end.

Let's Be Sure We Lick the Kaiser.

# WHEN SAVING FOOD WHY WASTE THE BABIES?



Reproduction of a poster issued by the Council of the National Baby Week, which was celebrated throughout Great Britain and Ireland from July 1st to 7th, its aim being to arouse the sense of responsibility in every citizen in order to secure to every child born in the United Kingdom a birthright of mental and bodily health.

*At least thirty and at most forty per cent. of infant deaths can be scientifically prevented.*

## A Vital Phase of What Women are Doing

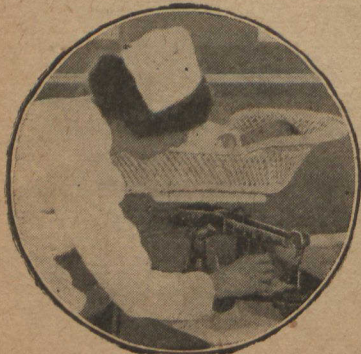
By LOUISE MASON

**S**AID Mrs. Smith to Mrs. Jones: "Oh, I'm so sorry, I won't be able to go to your bridge this afternoon. Jimmie has come down with the whooping-cough. Such a nuisance when we are really just out of quarantine for measles; but I suppose children must have these things and the sooner it's over the better."

**YET** last year in the United States six out of every ten children, under two years of age, who contracted whooping-cough died of it. Ten thousand citizens needlessly lost to the State largely because that many mothers still cling to the fetish that the "incurring of children's diseases" is part and parcel of the normal child's life. So while the medical profession talks itself hoarse over the criminal laxness regarding infectious diseases, little Jimmie Smith goes gaily forth to whoop for the edification of the small Joneses and incidentally provides them with a whoop of their own.

It would be bad enough if the thousands of little graves—much more unnecessary than those larger ones in France and Flanders—were the only result of this gross negligence. But the cases of defective eye-sight following measles, and the number of children whose impaired hearing dates back to a bout of scarlet fever never appear in their country's vital statistics. Still they play a most important part when a world war makes the efficiency of our manhood a matter of national life or death.

Conscription may be the immediate answer to the demand for men enough to replace ten thousand casualties a month in the Canadian army, but conscription can



**B**ECAUSE babies are being wasted wholesale in England there was a national baby week last month. In this connection Mary Scharlieb writes in *The Fortnightly* and says: Out of every thousand babies conceived, two hundred and fifty—that is, one-quarter—die before birth or during the first year of extra-uterine life.

In 1915, nine soldiers died every hour, but twelve babies died in the same space of time. Ten per cent. of all children entering the elementary schools are physically unfit; and approximately one million men have been rejected by the army because they were physically unfit.

The subject has to be viewed from many different points—e.g., we ought to consider the present mortality of children before birth and during the first year of life; we ought to consider the excessive incidence and unduly high mortality of such diseases as measles, whooping-cough, and tuberculosis; we ought to take into account the fact that syphilis is responsible for a heavy percentage both of intra-uterine deaths and for deaths in early infancy. We must also acknowledge that, unless recognized and properly treated, syphilis causes the invaliding of many children, and that, together with gonorrhoea, it is responsible for more than 50 per cent. of all the blindness in the country, and as parents, philanthropists, and rate-payers we have to realize that the crippling, the blindness, and the deafness caused by these diseases inflict misery and inefficiency on the children.



Duchess of Marlborough, who worked hard to make a success of the National Baby Week Motherhood campaign.

never make good the young citizens lost annually in the Infants' Homes and institutions throughout the country where wrong methods produce a death rate of from 65 to 95 per cent. of the inmates. This high mortality obtains also in practically all hospitals where very young children are housed together, a fact which has led the medical profession to advocate the abandoning of an obsolete and dangerous method, for the cottage and foster homes systems.

Admitting that the child is father to the man—except in those cases where providence has slipped a cog and made the child a girl—there is no question of greater national importance at the present moment than the reduction of our infant mortality. How delicate is the problem may be gathered from the fact that a newborn child has fewer chances of living a week than a man of ninety, and of living a year than a man of eighty. Add to this the much better known fact that the largest families are usually to be found among the poorer classes and you have immediately given the new entries in the race of life additional handicaps in the form of poverty, dirt, and ignorance. This trinity is the chief factor in producing an abnormally high infant mortality.

Unfortunately, the spirit of the world towards its newcomers is similar to that of the paragraph in a recent number of "Punch," which read: "Triplets have been born in Manchester. The father is doing as well as can be expected." Perhaps he is, but that does not imply a great deal. It is only in the last forty years that the duty not only of the parent, but the state, to its future men and women has received serious consideration. And we haven't gone far yet. Not with the scientific fact staring us coldly in the face that from thirty to forty per cent. of our infant deaths are preventable.

In 1914 an investigation of the infant mortality in the following representative cities of the Dominion: Halifax, Montreal, Ottawa, Toronto, Hamilton, London, Winnipeg and Edmonton showed a rate of deaths per thousand ranging from 144 in Toronto to 290 in Montreal. Of these cities the only ones making any effort toward the reduction of this mortality were Montreal, Ottawa, Toronto, Hamilton and Winnipeg. Quebec, which had been unable to supply any statistics on the subject, was contenting itself with the distribution of pamphlets that were doubtless never read by the people who really needed the

information; and Edmonton's sole effort was "a strict supervision over the general milk supply."

**T**O show the other side of the shield. In Hamilton, where they have a "Babies' Dispensary" at which milk is distributed and infant consultations held, the number of deaths from gastro-intestinal affections so popular with babies was reduced 52 per cent. in three years. Another interesting example of what can be accomplished by "applied science" is Fort William, whose medical officer, Dr. Wodehouse, with the assistance of one visiting nurse, cut the mortality among bottle-fed infants exactly in two, and reduced the number of deaths from gastro-intestinal diseases during the summer months from sixty-three in 1910 to six in 1912. While through its "Well Baby Clinics" and similar efforts, Toronto was able last year, for the first time in her history, to boast a lower infant mortality than New York where, despite many adverse conditions, science and philanthropy had secured a wonderful reduction through such agencies as the milk depots, lectures to mothers on the hygiene and feeding of their babies; and the League of Little Mothers which three years after its inception by Dr. Josephine Baker numbered twenty thousand members.

In these days of advanced science we may doubt the luck of a child born with a silver spoon in its mouth—unless the said spoon was properly sterilized. But no one who has visited an up-to-date maternity hospital can question the good fortune of the small visitor that makes his arrival there. A happy example of modern ideas in this regard, and one open to the poorest member of the community, is the department of the Toronto General Hospital known as the Burnside. It is, perhaps, of even greater interest because the methods used there were copied from the most advanced institution of the kind in America, and are in turn being reproduced in the Montreal Maternity Hospital.

Absolute cleanliness strikes the visitor as the key-note of the wards, where many a mother is receiving, perhaps unconsciously, her first lesson in the value of asepsis. She certainly would not call it that, but nevertheless the delightful immaculateness of her baby when it is brought every four hours for the necessary nourishment will probably bear fruit in better maternal attention when mother and child return to the often squalid environments of home. Nor could a royal princess fare better than

the inmates of the nursery. The name, date of birth, etc., of each infant is fastened to the head of its dainty cot; and as surety that no shuffling of babies shall bring another Solomon to judgment, a name tag is also attached to the tiny wrist.

Here also is kept an individual chart showing the child's progress during the first perilous two weeks.

On a table in the centre of the nursery are the scales used daily to determine whether the baby is receiving and assimilating the proper amount of nourishment. And the attention of the Hon. W. J. Hanna, Canadian Food Controller, should be drawn to the fact that more of our infants are dying from over-feeding than from any lack. In maternal nursing the weighing before and after feeding is the only way of deciding if the infant is getting the prescribed number of calories; and many young lives could be saved if mothers would allow for and remedy this common difficulty rather than abandon altogether the nursing of their babies. At the Burnside, where the importance of maternal nursing is strongly emphasized, a large carriage holding seventeen babies expedites the distribution of the infants to their respective mothers at mealtime, and is an interesting sight as it makes the round of the wards punctually to the minute. After the first week of life a normal healthy baby gains one ounce a day, and should receive two ounces of nourishment every four hours.

NO longer does the premature baby suffer the ignominy of having an incubator for foster mother. Instead it has its own cot in the premature room—a most exclusive place with a "No Admittance" sign on the door and a uniform temperature of 80 degrees which helps to enforce the rule. The air is changed every six minutes to ensure a supply of oxygen, and only the nurse in charge has free entry to this room; even the attending physician often contenting himself with an inspection through the glass door. It is a self-contained kingdom where the baby which at birth sometimes weighs only a little over two pounds, is bathed, oiled and fed until it attains five pounds, and is ready to take its place in the nursery with the more orthodox infants who arrived according to schedule. This method has proved most successful, as shown by the hospital statistics, which also emphatically contradict the ancient and popular fallacy that a seven months' child has a better chance

of living than a child of eight months'.

As we went downstairs to the office where these little human documents are duly catalogued on cards filed for future reference, Miss Helen Kelley, the energetic head nurse of the Burnside, who is largely responsible for the fine asepsis that has reduced the mortality among the mothers and babies to practi-

and hour at which she should take her baby for examination and instruction as to its care and diet. She is supposed to report in this way every few weeks for at least the first year. "Unfortunately," added Miss Kelley, "it is difficult to convince the mothers that if they take the babies while they are well they will probably never be ill. So infant mortality still flourishes on neglect, ignorance and poverty."



Winnipeg recognizes the importance of the motherhood instinct coming into play with the doll age. These young girls, under the supervision of the City Department of Public Health, are learning to become helpers in looking after the welfare of young babies.

cally nil, explained the methods by which they endeavoured to continue medical supervision of the latter. A duplicate of each card is sent to the Department of Health, and the mother on leaving is given one bearing the address of the Well Baby Clinic nearest to her home, together with the day

JUST across the road is another important factor in the baby-saving campaign. The infants' department of the Hospital for Sick Children came into being only three years ago, and is the one example of the cubicle system in Canada; while so new is the idea that even in Europe the number still remains very small. By this method of small glass-partitioned rooms, accommodating only two or three infants, or in the case of older children six to eight cots, the danger of cross infections which forms one of the greatest objections to the institutional care of the very young has been practically eliminated.

Under the same roof is also the only chemical laboratory in Canada for research work in children's diseases from the standpoint of nutrition. Established by Dr. Alan Brown, Director of the Department of Child Hygiene, through the generosity of Mr. John Ross Robertson, it is doing a work of great value to the community and the Dominion. At the present time scurvy, a very prevalent disease among children is being studied; and will be followed by research work on acidosis, a stomach affection whose cause and treatment have only recently been receiving scientific attention.

Even the lay mind is impressed by a visit to the laboratory where interesting aids to science, such as the colorimetre which provides a simple method of estimating different substances, are explained in comprehensible terms by the capable assistant, Miss Ida MacLachlan. One of her pet exhibits is a water wheel used to revolve a glass tube in any substance requiring stirring for a considerable length of time.

It was also an example of thrift, being a partially homemade apparatus in which an ordinary spool formed one link; but you realized it was a case of beauty is as beauty does when it became a question of stirring something continuously for three hours.

(Concluded on page 23.)

## RAMBLES IN RURAL QUEBEC

By VICTORIA HAYWARD

Photographs by Edith Watson

A SERIES of tramping trips through out-of-the-way parts of rural Quebec brought us unannounced upon hundreds of habitant women at their work in the home. These women of French-Canada after three centuries, are as typically French as were their ancestors on the day of their landing in New France. The entire countryside speaks of economy, thrift and ingenuity—the blessed characteristics of the Gaelic mind.

We Anglo-Saxons are just beginning to learn economy; whereas, in the very heart of America and of Canada are a quiet, retiring people to whom "economy" is nature itself! No need for them to feverishly begin the practice of war conservation; they have never wasted!!

As in rural France, so here in rural Quebec, every farm is almost entirely self-supporting. There is live-stock, and grain to feed it with, growing in the near-by field. An animal killed feeds the family. Sheep are kept for the wool, which spun and woven makes the carpet, the bedspread, the blanket, the dress for the mother, trousers for father, and the score of garments necessary for the "grande



famille" as found in Quebec.

On a self-supporting farm the day's work is a day's work indeed! A day's work which at the end of the year, at the end of ten years, at the end of a century—at the end of three centuries must of its very nature turn out a race of very clever people—very resourceful people, man for man, in fact, among the world's best—as far as these things go.

The rough breath of the outside world is apparently never wafted through the Valley of Quebec. The home is all sufficient, for both men and women. The woman washes and churns, spins and knits, weaves coverts and tapis and cloth; and rears the great family of children with madonna-like grace and contentment, and in her church and religion enjoys the comforting assurance of a real help for her spiritual needs.

THERE is no one in the world who, having the opportunity to see the beautiful contentment in the faces of these French-Canadian women, but must admire it, respect it, and speculate upon the succession of conditions which have preserved it—a sweet old-world fragrance right here

in the midst of America—the symbol for all that is new and transitory.

Who knows, but, in Quebec, is being kept alive an idyllic life such as history has curiously preserved in all ages in certain parts of almost every continent?

\* \* \* \* \*

The roads of rural Quebec still support by the wayside huge uplifted wooden crosses from which the flame of "the sacred heart" leaps forth to bless the passer-by. Similar crosses marked the highways of England in the good old days, and even now a few remain in certain parts of the North, historic landmarks of both sacred and profane history. In Quebec the crosses are bound up with the history of Canada, the originals being set up before there were any churches in the land.

Quebecers realize that Canada has no more precious or artistic heirloom than these wayside crosses, for every now and again one happens on one which has been repaired and furnished with new symbols—nails, crown, ladder, spear, etc., carved by the farmer whose place it happens to adjoin.

**A**NOTHER interesting landmark of a more modern and utilitarian order are the enormous black cauldrons, hanging above a fireplace of huge field stones, seen in nearly every yard. In these pots the women take much comfort, putting them to many uses requiring large quantities of boiling water. On washing day the cauldron with its merry bubble and song, strikes terror to the dirt in a hundred pieces, as it sits squarely above the leaping flames and smoke of the crackling log-fire. At other times the pot is used for dyeing wool-yarn or for making soap. Soap-making and dyeing as well as spinning, weaving, churning and hay-making or other light gardening, being among the habitant woman's accomplishments.

There is only one drawback to the average visitor in these parts—that is the language. But even if your French is limited, such is the natural grace of the Quebec women that your inability to express yourself freely but gives them another opportunity to serve you by their patience; and it makes an added bond if you have to have recourse to paper and pencil to make your meaning clear. Your drawings or the French word written, creates an understanding expressed in a cordial "Ou aye" on their part and much laughter on yours.

When you drop into the homemade swing-seat which stands invitingly in every farm-house yard, Madame noting your exhaustion, sends a little daughter to you with a glass of milk, some cake and doughnuts on a tray, beseeching as a favour that you accept of what she modestly calls her "plain fare." At another place, if you happen to be driving, a little maid runs out to your carriage and offers you freshly picked strawberries or raspberries or other fruits of her labours and journeyings into the fields and woods. All in exchange for a few cents.

A very industrious and thrifty people, they have retained all the sweet old-world hospitality which lifts life out of the prosaic every-day rut. Into this ideal life the daily newspaper seldom or never comes, unless brought by some casual visitor like ourselves. Here, as elsewhere, in other parts of Canada and the United States, the average farm-family is too occupied with the business of the farm from early morning till late at night to care much about the world outside, even in its own cities of Quebec and Montreal. There is no circulating free library either, in any of the large cities to which they could send for books on any subject. They cannot buy books because it would mean a railroad or steam-boat journey to reach the book-store.

That they would read, is proven, by the studious way they pore over the illustrated catalogues of firms doing a mail-order business. Once, for two weeks, I read an Eaton catalogue every evening with a family gathered about its living-room table in a remote region of Cape Breton, and I've always felt those evenings were well-spent. Together we learned a great many new words, how to spell them, etc., and got much pleasure out of the illustrations. I saw one Quebec lad, resting his head on his hands, studying one of these catalogues as concentratedly

as though it had been some absorbing novel.

In the remote islands of Ste. Pierre et Miquelon and in the West Indies, the Cable Companies or the Governor issues a news-sheet every morning, and it is pinned up in the Post Office or some other prominent place where "the people," those who never see a newspaper at all, as well as those who see one only at stated intervals, may gather to read it. High and low, rich and poor, black and white, gather about these "news sheets," and their contents are the talk of the town.

Those news sheets of Nassau fire the public mind. The boys at their play—play world games! They dig the trenches of Europe on the coral sands of the island beaches. They make cannon balls and decoy the enemy with bits of gulf weed and rushes, into a belief that there is no trench. And then there is the unexpected opening of artillery followed by the rush of a storming party and dead Germans line the beach in no time!

In Quebec we do not see children playing "war." They would not know how to go about it. Canada has not supplied them with a news sheet! So it is not the children's fault if they do not "play the game."

The things that Quebecers know—they know well! In no other part of Canada do the farm women maintain such a high all-round standard. They



Off for the day in the Magdalen Islands.

are free from "the melancholy of discontent" which so often assails the dweller in the country parts. Personal neatness is one of her strong points. A tousled or dishevelled woman is indeed a rare thing among the French habitant. Who, one and all, are gifted with that talent peculiar to the daughters of France wherever found—the ability to make something pretty, useful and artistic to wear, out of the least promising material. No part of Quebec Province could be more remote than the Madeleine Islands, and yet the bedspreads woven by the island women are perfect works of art both in designs and blending of shades. These women are not satisfied that it is a "couvert" which she makes, it must be pleasing to work upon. With the same deft fingers the woman of Quebec takes a bit of coarse black cloth and makes a hat with the aid of a flower or a dash of ribbon somewhere—a hat that would cost a fortune if bought in the city.

**T**HE garments which the habitant women make are in their way, all things considered, as much "creations" as those turned out by her sister in Paris. And in this the habitant women of French-Canada have few superiors. You look about, and there in the garden propping up the wood-pile is a tree-stump inverted on a stick, the roots forming the antlers for the deer's head and face which a few

skilful cuts with a jack-knife has whittled into a life-like resemblance! Her chicken coops are not merely "a box." She cuts an end and gives the box—a roof; she converts it by a series of skilful turns and twists into a little "maison" with perhaps a balcony such as runs around her own home.

So with her culinary skill. When at mid-day the husband comes in tired from the haying he finds the "soup," on which every French family exists, whether here or in France, savoury and hot; he finds the onions peeled, the great loaf on the table and the doughnuts or cake and cream or berries and cream ready.

How the women find time for it all and when they do it is a mystery. For owing to their natural thrift they have a wonderful talent for arranging their work in such order that they themselves never appear hurried or over-worked or behind-hand. You sit down on a comfortable homemade chair; the bare boards of the floor are white from frequent scrubbing; the tapis is neat and unobtrusive; the homemade table holds the half-knitted sock; in the deep windows flowers are blooming. Outside are the long French barns, the woodpile, the spring house, roaming chickens, raucous-voiced geese and grunting porkers, while waving grain fields spread away to the woods and the mountains, losing themselves in the wilderness of the north. The whole thing, from the woman's sweet face, to the purple mist of the distant mountains, is one perfect picture of the most idyllic life in all America.

**T**HAT the life of French-Canada is as distinct as it is, after three hundred years would point to the fact it contains somewhere the elements which keep it a strong and separate people. If you have had the privilege of going into both the big cities and the remotest regions of the Province of Quebec you must have felt above all things else a wonderful strength and sincerity in the life of the people; a feeling that in their slow growth there is a tremendous sense of security; the security and quiet force of a people destined from the beginning to keep alive and to securely weld into Canadian national life some of its finest traditions, a real art life, a sweet gentleness, a natural economy and a deft-fingered creative ability.

In keeping these things alive Quebec is doubtless fulfilling her destiny and the nation's. It is a mistake to think we were all made to serve in the same way, in this or any other emergency. Mothers who hang over the cradle in Quebec are rearing families that shall, with the increase of cattle, sheep and pigs, the father is raising this year in numbers never before paralleled in the history of the Province, push the wilderness further away and enrich Eastern Canada.

Very much should be made of French-Canadian artistry. Doubtless very much of the Western World's millinery, "gown" and lingerie trade could be captured by French Canada if it was started now. Now while New York cannot get its Paris gowns as usual, because of the difficulties with ships.

The French-Canadians with their ability for intensive gardening might easily supply near-by cities with excellent vegetables. If a little more attention were given to tobacco—Quebec in time would doubtless be one of the largest tobacco growing regions in America. As it is, each little tobacco plant in the tiny patch is set out in the ground in a shelter-cup of birch bark. Suppose they had machines for "setting out" and "watering" each plant set, as in the tobacco growing region of the Connecticut Valley! Suppose they planted the seed under glass before the snow was off the ground!

Quebec is a treasure house! It has excellent railroads! And it has ocean-ports, although not on the ocean. Quebec is a power. Quebec has behind it the power of history, the power of home-life, the power of energy and thrift, the power of a gentle refinement and, as a rule, the power of two languages; and above all she has the power of her sweet, gentle, home-loving, family raising, neat women, who are apparently born capable of spinning, weaving, baking, milking, churning, berry-picking, scrubbing, painting the inside of houses, raising vegetables in the little garden, taking care of nine

Cannable Pea-Pods  
and  
B. C. Strawberries



Feminine Overalls  
and  
Foot-Ball Brooms



or ten children and a fine collection of window flowers and finding time to drive many miles to "mass" at the village church on Sundays.

And the further away from the cities your wandering feet lead you, the quainter and sweeter and more natural and resourceful you will find the "habitant." It is hard to reconcile railroads and modern things with this sweet country, but the habitant with true French adaptability whenever a modern freight car in search of lumber, penetrates the foot hills of the Laurentians, loads that car with lumber from an ox-team that might have stepped out of Normandy with its handmade cart and its driver calling directions to the oxen in French, which here as elsewhere where oxen are used, seems to consist entirely of a persuasion to "marche, marche!"

These are the things which the world treasures as it treasures priceless pictures. These are the things Quebec is contributing to enrich our already rich Canadian nationality! These are the art-treasures which in belonging to Quebec and to Canada belong to us all!

A FEW weeks ago there was a large convention of food-savers in Toronto, called by the Resources Committee of the Ontario Government and addressed among others by Hon. W. J. Hanna, Food Controller. A good many useful things were said. One of the picturesque slogans of the convention was "Can or Collapse." By this time thousands of Canadian women are finding out how near they can come to collapse by means of canning. The photograph above is a casual snap-shot of a number of the delegates entering the hall.

WHY we eat bean-pods and throw pea-pods in the garbage tin must have vexed many a woman's thrifty soul of late. This French-

woman is not bothered by such a foolish distinction. She skins the pods and cooks them along with the peas.

NOWHERE in Canada have women better demonstrated that they know how to shake off conventionality in order to get down to work than in British Columbia. The photographs of women berry-pickers on this page are a few of many that have been taken in that Province where there is such a remarkable crop this year. In fact there is so much fruit to be saved in B.C. that the people are in a quandary to know what to do with it. There is a huge crop of apples on both coasts. The embargo keeps them out of Europe. The United States has a big surplus. Canada must as far as possible consume this crop. To do so creates a problem affecting Governments, railways, producers—and Canadian women.

ALREADY, and for some time now, American women have plunged into overalls. There is scarcely a thing that men do that women can't try. Women have not as yet gone into the coal mines. But as the photograph on this page indicates they are already into the most unsteretyped kind of trousers imaginable, the 'long-shoreman's overalls. In this disguise they drive trolleys and locomotives and operate winches, cranes and derricks on the docks of the Bush Terminal Co. in Brooklyn.

AND a few days ago a number of energetic Canadian women got out playing summer foot-ball. Not being disposed to kick the ball they acted on an impulse of war-time economy and took \$8.10 worth of good new corn-brooms to wallop it with; brooms that cost 90 cents each.

## Common Sense on Canning

By THE EDITOR

SEVERAL hundred thousand new canning factories have been started in Canada during the past two or three weeks. There never was, so far as we know, such an industrial movement put under way with so little fuss that could be translated into newspaper stories. Women did it. 1917 will go on record as the year of the canning factory outburst in almost everybody's kitchen. And it will need a wise economist to determine how much of the canning business undertaken with what capital father could spare for the purpose, the labour of mother and the girls and the use of the kitchen as premises, will be a real saving in the cost of consumption.

Anybody with the simplest turn for figures can reckon the actual cost of canning such things as beans, corn, beets, tomatoes, peas, etc. All you have to do is to determine:

- (1) Cost of Raw Material.
- (2) Cost of Containers.
- (3) Cost of Fuel.
- (4) Value of Labour.

Take beans, for instance. You buy seven quarts of raw beans for forty cents. By the time you get them into jars they become six quarts. If you raise your own beans the cost is not so obvious. You must reckon on the average retail price of beans.

Each quart sealer costs by the dozen, 6½ cents. Leaving out the cost of fuel, which can only be determined by comparing your gas bills—if you burn gas—with what they were during the same period last year, the only remaining item is labour. Plainly for raw material and containers a quart of beans will cost you about 14 cents. If one can in twelve bursts in the boiler you must increase the cost by that much. If after final sealing-up one can in ten goes bad in the cellar, you must increase it again.

Of course we don't forget that the sealers can be used again next year and, therefore, the cost of these cannot be charged altogether to the year's operations, but rather to capital account. Still we imagine that one of these days there will be a lot of idle and broken sealers in a lot of fruit cellars, ranking as old bottles; and we know that the sealers of 1917 are not so good, even at a higher price, as those of 1915.

Now suppose a woman cans 20 quarts of beans, allowing for as many of beets, half as many of corn, and as many of tomatoes, what will be the total cash saving as compared with the cost of buying these things from the grocer?

That is for each individual to figure out. But from what one can observe of the actual conditions imposed on every household by the canning-vegetables process, it seems like poor economy to set up several hundred thousand small factories, most of them badly equipped for the business. It is well known that the smaller the plant the greater the cost of production. An average kitchen is about the smallest canning factory you can get. Therefore in an average kitchen the cost of canning should be about the highest possible.

If in a high-cost small factory behind the dining room, the actual cost of canning vegetables is, say, forty per cent less than the cost of the same vegetables canned in big factories and sold by the grocer,

What must be the actual profits of canning companies?

We do not know. But what we do know is, that the experience of a good many amateur canners in 1917 will make them less keen to can vegetables in 1918—unless the Food Controller's machinery absolutely fails to regulate the price of the factory-made product on a legitimate cost-and-profit basis.

We know that our home-canned vegetables will cost us less than to buy them factory-made. We know that the amount of vegetables actually canned in 1917 will be increased by just so much as is grown in people's gardens. We know that the amount of labour employed in these domestic can-

neries will be a huge addition to the army of professional canners employed in big factories. The increase in the actual amount of vegetables put away, however, will not by any means correspond to the increase in the labour. If all the women who work at kitchen-canning could be paid factory wages for their time and that amount added to the total cost of the home-canned product, would the actual cost to the consumer be much or any less than it would be to buy direct from the grocer? Will the vast amount of home-canned vegetables tend to bring down the price of the factory product? If it was, then the efforts of thousands of women who can can will have been spent for the benefit of thousands more who can't can, because they haven't the money or the time or the equipment to do it. That will be something.

Still it's a safe guess that most of our wives don't can for the benefit of other people.

The big common-sense point we want to get at in this canning problem is, that under proper regulation the big factory is the place where vegetables are canned at the lowest actual cost of production, and therefore of lowest possible cost to the consumer—if the profits of those who can and handle the product are kept down. By the kitchen method we secure a vast amount of labour for canning that might be spent less profitably in some other way, or wasted altogether; much of the labour is uneconomically spent; the household is disrupted by canning-factory conditions; women are tired out doing things which they only half understand, because they are cramming up the directions from government bulletins; and we eliminate the middlemen's profits.

The home-canning craze of 1917 will do a lot of good. But wait till the food-saving era is over. How many of our women will then can their own vegetables? Not many. Most of them may have a vastly better knowledge of what it really costs to can; and this knowledge in thousands of homes may help to club down the canning-colossus' price for the factory-made product. All well and good. But let us not expect miracles from home-canned vegetables or we shall be disappointed.

We advise women to go ahead with the canning programme at full speed. Make 1917 the year of Home-Canning. And by the knowledge gained let us see that in future the canning companies do not rob us.

## Vacations and Vexations

By NINA MOORE JAMIESON

NOW that school-days are almost here again, you who live in town can listen to a word or two concerning vacations by one who lives on the farm. And there is a vast difference—not all of it in our favour.

You city people have always the fascinating street. You can turn little Tommy out to play, serenely conscious that the Chinaman's little boy or the Dago's little girl will find something to amuse him. At times an automobile runs him down and nips him in the bud, or he wanders into a far country and fetches up in the Police Station or wherever it is they take lost children. When these things fail you can cheerfully send him out to your cousin's in the country. Yes, to be sure; it is so healthy there and he has such a splendid time you might even go yourself, for a while, and take the baby.

It is pleasant and excitable for Cousin Jane and Cousin John, too. The joy of raising one's own children is insignificant compared with the ecstasies of raising some other person's young hopefuls. . . . They usually open negotiations on these visits by a request for something to eat, then lose no time in sizing up the premises for possible diversions. Sometimes the cat catches it, sometimes the dog; sometimes we rescue an adventurous small boy from the far recesses of the pig pen, or from the clutches of an infuriated gander. After he has juggled the machinery of the binder, scared off the setting hens from their nests, fallen through the trap-door where

the hay goes down into the box stall, and thus scared the mare and foal nearly out of the window, discovered the only sample of poison ivy about the place, tried to milk—and come off a bad second, worked the handle of every machine in reach, then Cousin John announces with an air of finality that he is going to take him home to his mother. But if they can endure the exasperation for a time, the human, lovable boy will appear when the curiosity has somewhat exhausted itself. Curiosity, rather than inertness, a hundred times! The enquiring mind may be a nuisance to those who have to live with it, but it will arrive, sooner or later—there is some satisfaction in that sort of boy!

THE country lad does not bother with these things. They are old to him. He wants to go fishing. But it is a treacherous creek, and he certainly requires a chaperon of some sort when courting the shy trout. Then he wants to visit the neighbour's children, and have them to visit him. But that cannot last for two months! There is plenty of occupation for him, but it must be acknowledged that he does not yearn for the tasks we find him. A limited amount of wood and water carrying, the mustering of the cows, morning and evening; feeding the hens, gathering the eggs—these things are all right; but when you lead him to the potato patch and speak thrillingly of the joy of separating potato bugs from the harmless necessary potato—Oh, then, what a bad toothache Teddy has! How sick he suddenly feels! If he does undertake to play bailiff and evict the unconscionable tenants, he goes about it with a deliberation like unto that of a county councillor who is paid by the day. When he gets half a dozen or so of the crusty little pests in his can, he rattles them about and perhaps spills them upon the ground, or he sits and watches their antics, their fruitless journeyings to and fro in the bottom of the can.

You may say, all youngsters are not like that—and no doubt you are right—you were not like that, eh? But I am speaking of the average young idea between six and ten years old. There are few of them who work "for the joy of the working," unless it happens to be "each in his separate star." Turn the boy loose with a pound of nails, a hammer, and an old lumber pile, and he will erect a chicken house that will at least be as good for chickens as for anything else. But don't ask him to hoe turnips—I wonder why? Perhaps because in the chicken house business he has a vision of the result of his labours—he works toward an ideal. Thinning turnips is simply one hand-blistering, back-aching, detached stroke after another. One is pastime—the other drudgery.

It is a curious thing, and one that has been pondered on through centuries, that a boy delights to do the things that he is neither expected nor desired to do. If you say to him: "Now, I want you to stay in the house to-day, you have a bad cold," he instantly realizes the attractiveness of all outdoors. If, on the other hand, you say to him: "I'm going to paint the kitchen floor, and I want you to stay out," you will find him giving a first-class imitation of sticking closer than a brother. When you say to him: "Now be a good boy," he perceives the repellent smugness of mere vapid goodness. I would resent it myself if somebody earnestly entreated me to behave properly! Anybody would.

This does not mean that you have to sit up of nights inventing ways to amuse the boy, but it is always well in every walk of life to have a few cards up your sleeve. Don't make a swing for him—let him make one for himself, and a swing-board, too. And give him the freedom of the bread-and-butter combination, for a boy has more accommodation for that sort of thing than you would suppose from his modest dimensions.

What to do with the boy in summer holidays! How many, many mothers yearn for September, longing for the time when the youngsters will have their days occupied again! I would like to remind you, however, that no matter how important knitting, gossiping, housework or anything else may be, there is the most important item of all running around in an old shirt and overalls, perhaps wondering what mothers were made for. A "keep-off-the-grass" sign would symbolize as much sympathy and affection to many a seven-year-old mind. "Now run away, and don't bother me!" and little Jim runs away—and never comes quite as close again.

# THE NICOLA INDIANS

**N**ICOLA is one of the oldest towns in British Columbia. You can see signs of its age on Main Street, for across from the general store and post office is a graveyard. A very peaceful spot to sleep in, is Main Street, Nicola. Yet when Vancouver was only a wood Nicola had been surveyed by an expert in town planning. A fact of which the few inhabitants and the English ranchers round about are extraordinarily proud.

"Our town is remarkably well-laid out," said the oldest inhabitant, and the man who had ridden over from the upstart town of Merritt answered:

"But ours isn't dead!"

The Nicola valley has a soul-satisfying liveliness all its own, quite different from the spectacular scenery of Banff and Field. Lake Nicola was loved by the Indians long before the white man came and desecrated his sacred places. Heedless of the Red-man's warning, gay picnic parties in pleasure boats venture close to the spot where the waters are troubled by a hidden spring, and laugh at the rude painting of two figures on the rock, placed there by hands long ago to warn the passers-by that here the dusky mermaid and her mate come to sit on the rocks, and human eyes cannot gaze upon them unharmed. The painting is too high to have been made by one standing in a canoe, too low to reach hanging over the cliff, so the Indians believe it was done by an immortal, but the white man—scoffer and cynic—says "scaffolding."

As the white man gradually usurps the red man's country and rough pasture lands change into acres of waving wheat, it is not an uncommon sight to see an Indian graveyard with wooden tombstones, gaudily painted, rising in the midst of an Englishman's ranch, for the government protects these graves. So many of them are seen throughout the beautiful Nicola valley that it seems to be peopled with Indians—mostly dead.

But groups of their homes are scattered here and there—log houses just like the white men's, for these Chinook Indians, undoubtedly of Mongolian origin, have never lived in wigwams like the Eastern tribes. It is sometimes difficult to tell an old Siwash from a Chinaman, particularly when he wears a thin moustache of the drooping, mandarin variety. They are a most peaceable people and live in perfect harmony with the white man, though it is hard to convince a new settler from the Old Country of this fact.

At one time an ancient Indian was suffering the tortures of the damned by reason of a decayed tooth, and a well-meaning white man had given him some strong medicine to quiet the nerve, but it had the opposite effect, and he gave forth a series of blood-curdling yells which a Scotchwoman, newly come to this country, mistook for a war-cry. She had read many thrilling tales of tomahawks and scalping-knives, so hastily gathering her children around her, she hid them in the cellar, then piled all the furniture against the door and barricaded the windows with the bakeboard and sticks of wood.

"Every little while," she said, "I would peek into the glass to see if my hair were turning white!" But they never came.

Indeed there seems to be the best of feeling between the red and white men, and the only battle on record is one between the Indians from Spence's Bridge and those of Nicola. A cave is pointed out where a few dry bones may still be seen as proof positive of that bloody day!

There was a circus in Merritt the day we visited the reserve at Lower Nicola, and we met a great many Kloochooms (Indian women) riding to town in holiday attire. This, I am sorry to say, was entirely European. Instead of embroidered leggings they wore black skirts, white

*Some of their haphazard, superstitious ideas are almost worthy of some civilized society folk*

By ESTELLE M. KERR

waists and large hats trimmed with flowers or ostrich feathers—not the most comfortable headgear for horseback! Some of the girls and boys rode **Conamox** (or two on one horse) and the men in their cowboy outfits and bright silk scarfs, were more picturesque than the women. Few Eastern men on arriving in the West can resist the temptation to wear fringed leather leggings or angora chaps, and consequently the natives do not commit the atrocity of wearing frock coats and silk hats, but women settlers are more apt to cling to their city finery.

\* \* \* \* \*

In the doorway of one of the houses sat a Kloochoom at work on a basket, beautiful in design, a little papoose was laid against the wall beside her, and a few jolly little ragamuffins played outside, but fled into the house at our approach. Near by two little houses stood side by side; in one of them lived Moses, in the other Aaron; they are old men now, but still bachelors, for they wanted white wives.

"We should like to get them at the same place you got yours," they told the storekeeper; "How much you pay for her?"

"You can't buy white wives; they often have money of their own," was the reply.

When they heard this, Moses and Aaron were still more anxious to procure white wives, but strange to say, they were not successful.

\* \* \* \* \*

Some of the natives were bathing, not in the simple manner of the Canadian pioneer, but more like the baths for which we pay a dollar in town. They have a hole dug in the ground and filled with water, over which a tent of boughs is built. They first make a fire on a pile of stones, then throw these hot stones in the water and sit in the steam until they have sweated sufficiently, after which they take a plunge in the creek. I don't suppose many of them keep up the cold dip in winter time as Shoota did.

**S**HOOTA was an Indian whose wife was childless, but in spite of this disappointment he loved her dearly. Returning from hunting, however, he found she had been unfaithful to him. Angry words ensued and Shoota disappeared for some days. When he returned he found that his wife, in her remorse, had hung herself. Poor Shoota blamed himself bitterly for the tragedy, but eventually he took another wife who gave birth to a pair of twins—a thing of ill-omen among the Indians. He ardently desired that the babes should live, and the Medicine Man told him that to propitiate the evil spirits he must bathe in the river for 29 days. The thermometer stood at 40 degrees below zero, but every morning Shoota broke the ice and bathed in the creek, with a black handkerchief bound around his head as a sign of mourning, and his face painted red. For 29 days he did this—yet one of the babes died!



\* \* \* \* \*

In the little settlement stands two churches—one Protestant and the other Catholic. A tiny hospital has just been completed and the Anglican clergyman showed us over it with such an air of proprietorship that I asked him if he were to have charge.

"Yes," he answered, "spiritual charge," signifying that this was the all-important thing in a hospital.

**T**HERE is great rivalry between the churches that stand within a stone's throw of each other. They do not turn their backs exactly, but calmly ignore each other's existence, for though of similar architecture, they stand at such diverse angles that no triumph of town planning could ever reconcile them by connecting streets. The Anglican assured us that when the men are not absent on hunting and fishing trips or working on the railroad, his church is crowded—quite seventy people, but the congregation usually number about twenty-four, though they often arrive just as the service is concluding. An Indian, he says, will never leave what he is doing to come to service, the virtue of punctuality is not theirs, and sometimes the poor clergyman rings the bell for an hour before anyone arrives. He is a very mild little man and his sermons, I fancy, not forceful in the beginning, lose some of their emphasis when translated by an interpreter.

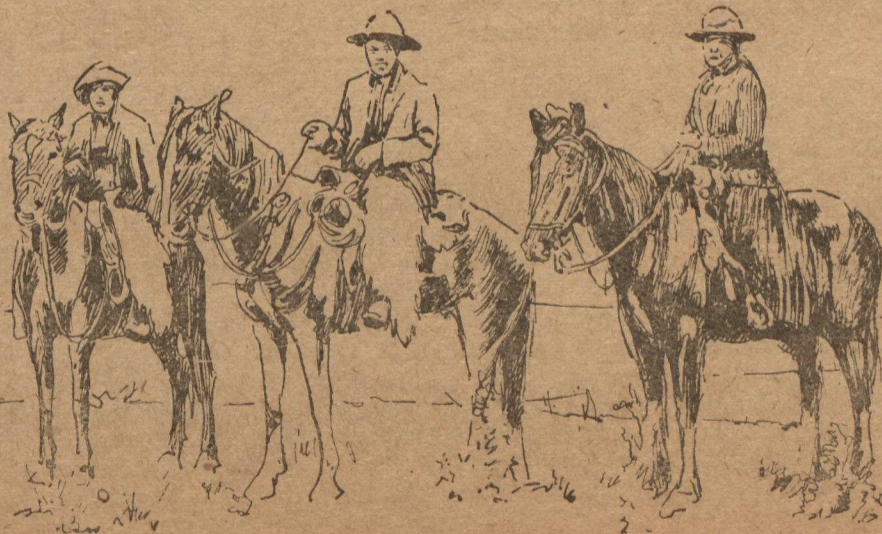
The Catholics, too, have a bell and are said to ring it lustily while the Protestant services are being held. They paid for the bell by making the Indians pay for the privilege of ringing it. And so the simple mind of the Indian becomes hopelessly confused.

The priest says this: the minister that—how do we know?"

\* \* \* \* \*

Johnny Chillheitza, chief of the Nicola Indians, is a Catholic, and when the Passion Play was given at Nicola he paid Father Lejeune \$300 for the privilege of impersonating Christ. This gave him great prestige in the eyes of his countrymen, and when Johnny turns up in a strange town all the Indians put up on their gayest raiment and parade the streets. He is very wealthy and owns some of the best race horses in the country, besides he has been to Rome, he has seen the Pope and found him to be—"just a man like you or me," he told a rancher's wife.

Chief Chillheitza was  
(Concluded on page 23.)



# MENTIONED IN HEAD-LINES

*Helping to Keep You Posted—this week on the Personal Side; including Two Canadians who have become big figures in American War Life*

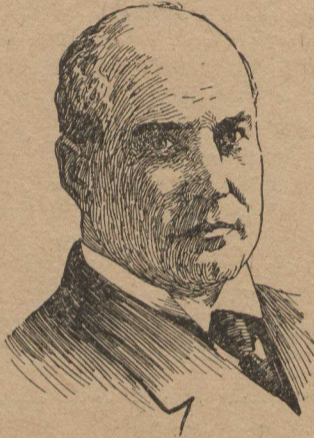
**H**IGH up among the members of the Wilson Cabinet, less spectacular but probably more efficient than the Secretary of War, or the Secretary of the Navy, or Treasurer McAdoo, is a Canadian. Franklin Knight Lane is Secretary of the Interior, and as such he has been, since long before the war, one of the most efficient administrators in the United States.

Lane is the only top-side man in the Wilson Cabinet who has been publicly endorsed by both the Democratic and Republican parties. It was Lane who, a couple of months ago, conciliated the coal operators of the United States into accepting a minimum price for government coal; and it was Lane's able intervention in this matter that was afterwards interfered with by the Secretaries of War and the Navy, who went out to compel the operators to take an even lower price; the result of which would be, as pointed out by an independent critic, to cause the operators to boost the price to the public in order to compensate for being clubbed into a low price for the Government. Lane's words of praise to the public-spirited operators were printed in this paper a few weeks ago. Since that time this Canadian Secretary of the Interior has been singled out among those entitled to public laudation, not because he is a Canadian-born, but because he is a big American public man; a big man with a large record and, as Secretary of the Interior, holding down the biggest job in the gift of Washington. There was no political significance in his appointment to the position four and a half years ago. President Wilson did not know him personally, and for eight years previous Lane had been doing remarkable work in a position to which he had been appointed by Theodore Roosevelt when the Colonel, in 1905, was in need of a man big enough to fill the hole through which the efficiency of the Interstate Commerce Commission had been leaking for some little time.

Lane is a Canadian "by the skin of his teeth," but none the less a Canadian. He was born in Prince Edward Island. He left the Island as a lad when his father, Dr. C. S. Lane, went from Charlottetown to California. But he took the islander's heritage with him; and it is this infinite capacity for hard work and the doing of lots of it which has set him up on his present pinnacle. He went to work as a newspaper reporter immediately he graduated from the University of California, in 1886. Within three years he was part owner and editor of the Tacoma Daily News. Then he gained admission to the California bar and was appointed Corporation Counsel for San Francisco, because he was the only lawyer in town who succeeded in drafting a charter for the city which could be adopted. Twice re-elected to this office, he left it only to accept Roosevelt's invitation and a place on the Interstate Commerce Commission.

"It was because of Mr. Lane's work on the Interstate Commerce Commission," writes James C. Hemphill, in the North American Review—"his mastery of details, his breadth of vision, his sense of justice, his contempt of all precedent except that founded upon law, his courage to do the thing he believed to be right in scorn of consequence—that he was asked by President Wilson to take the Interior portfolio. This office has always been one of particular difficulty because of the wide range of the activities for which the Secretary must be responsible—the Land Office, the Reclamation Service, the Indian Office, the Bureau of Mines, the Geological Survey, the Patent Office, the Bureau of Pensions, the National Parks, and the development of Alaska being among the matters of importance to which he must give his attention. Working under the Secretary there is an army of thirty thousand men and women, every one of whom was selected for

some special fitness for the service required, and so thoroughly has the business of the Department been systematized and so effective the co-ordination of the many different bureaus and so potential the inspiration of the Secretary that the great machine moves on and on without lost motion anywhere. There has been no scandal in the Department under Lane, no favourites to reward, no approach except by the ways that are open to all, no purpose to serve



Franklin K. Lane, Secretary of the Interior, one of the biggest men in the Wilson Cabinet, is a Canadian.

but the common good. Mr. Lane and the men and women working with him are all "good fellows" together. They have organized what they call the "Home Club," where they meet and plan and talk together in the freedom and intimacy of a common cause.

**V**ICE-ADMIRAL WILLIAM SNOWDEN SIMS, of the United States Navy, was officially reprimanded six years ago for saying, right out in meeting, that America might be counted on to give every man, every dollar and every drop of blood in support of the British Empire should it ever be seriously menaced by an outside foe. To-day he is commanding the American naval forces in European waters.

The politicians and many sections of the press expressed much surprise over his European appointment. He was considered too out-spoken, much too aggressive, and lacking a lot in "political diplomacy." But the naval men did not share the views of the politicians. According to the New York Sun they credit him with "having pulled the Navy by its own boot-straps high out of the rut into which it had settled."

In his speeches, Sims reminds one of a certain Samuel whose voice was so often heard in our own assemblies before Robert took his portfolio from him and gave it to Edward to tinker with. For instance, Sims, in an address before Congress, talking about the criticisms he had sent into the department at Washington from the China station about the need for mending the awful marksmanship of American gunners in those days, said: "I wrote a great many of them from China, and I deliberately used rather unofficial language, because I wanted to tear something loose." It was in 1900, when he was only a lieutenant in the China station, that he began to rip away the tangles of red tape which barred the way of the reformer from the muddle of bureaus which administered naval affairs.

And by way of preserving the likeness of Sims to Sam, here is another quotation from his speech before Congress: "I wrote a letter to the President of the United States in 1902, over the head of the commander-in-chief of the China station and over the head of the Navy Department. It was the rankest possible kind of insubordination; but, according to my idea, when a situation like that arises, where you know that you are absolutely right and where there is nothing doing, complete military subordination

becomes cowardice. I conceived it to be my duty to take the chance."

The letter he refers to provoked Sims' recall from China. But he wasn't fired for "rank insubordination." Instead, his criticisms were heard by the high-up men and he was told to go remedy the defects he was clamouring about. He taught the American Navy how to shoot as straight as he talked, and after he had put a plus quantity on their proficiency at target practice he was put in command of the torpedo flotilla and told to better it. And he bettered it.

But throughout his career Sims has shown that he has a blind eye when the men out of touch with the real situation try to flag the efficiency of the man-of-war's men. For all of which he has won the confidence of the men under him, and it was "loyalty, co-operation and the spirit of fellowship," writes Henry Reuterdahl, student of naval affairs, "which made the destroyer flotilla under Sims the most war-ready unit in the Navy."

**N**ICHOLAS TSCHIEDZE, head of the Soldiers' and Workmen's Council in Russia, comes from a place peopled by ragged Tartars, red-headed Persians and Georgian traders in fruit and fish. The name of the place is Tiflis. When Mr. Tschiedze (pronounced with a near "k" sound in the first syllable) is at home he rides through the streets of Tiflis on an ass. There he is a lawyer practising amongst unruly constituents—a mixed mob with many languages and more disputes—but like Kerensky, Tschiedze talks in many tongues and he uses an intimate knowledge of all sorts of human types to preserve his mastery over the soldiers and workers, dissipating their quarrels and directing their discussions with consummate skill. But just now it is Tschiedze the revolutionist—the very dynamic of the Russian revolution, in fact, which is challenging the attention of Western Europe. Tschiedze the lawyer, riding on an ass through the litter and loquacity of Tiflis streets, is seen only as a background to this picturesque personality and potent, though pessimistic power, which stirred the Social Democratic party to rebellion against the old regime and still leads it in the direction of Russian revolutionary affairs.

In the press of Western Europe, Tschiedze has been represented as a fanatical Jacobin, fraternizing with the extremists and supporting Lenin, the exiled hero of the proletariat. Indignant contradiction of these ideas, comes from the Rome Avanti

*Tschiedze is a Strange Character*

and the Paris Humanite, and both these papers unite in demanding that he be regarded only as the leader of the Social Democratic party, which must not be confused with the Social Democratic Labour party. These Socialist dailies also declare that Tschiedze is determined to have the war go on until the Kaiser's troops have been driven from the land. But while there are differences of opinions as to his political persuasions all published impressions of Tschiedze agree as to his pessimism and the peculiar efficacy of his unconscious drollery. He is acknowledged to have scored a point against Plekhanoff, for instance, who cried to Tschiedze in a hot debate, "Don't shed your tears for humanity—shed your blood!" "Why shed Russian blood," said Tschiedze, "instead of German blood?"

He revels in the lugubrious and harrows the feelings of the council with dire prophecies of a fearful future. His face is the sorrowful reflection of a melancholy mind and his voice has a tearful tremolo. He sees conspiracy against freedom everywhere, and in emotional moments he hisses out sentences in which he summarizes the terrible history of the death of liberty. His liquid eyes, very large and very dark, Armenian in their quality, stare and blink by turns.



At times he seems all eye. On the platform he appears as a quivering bundle of nerves. As he approaches his peroration his words seem to leave his mouth in swarms while, stooping forward, he hisses his phrases and rolls his enormous head around and around as though he would wrench it from the slender pillar it surmounts.

He fascinates his followers with his pessimism and gloom. He has always been apparently unconscious of the effect of his utterances. As a student of the law, he presented the authorities of his university with a thesis favouring the assassination of autocrats, and as a youth, writing in the revolutionary and radical gazettes, he urged the example of Cato, the suicide, upon all who loved their country. And then, appalled by the insistent probe into his private affairs by the police, he was provoked into confirmed pessimism because of their persecutions.

Tscheidze trusts German democracy and is positive in his belief that it will destroy Prussian militarism. In avowing these things he makes himself extremely accessible to the journalists. To the foreign journalists his one great charm is his unassumed humility, his unconsciousness of the fact that he has played a critical and decisive part in the precipitation of the Russian revolution. His handicap, as the British journalists see it, is his suspicious nature. He sees conspiracy against freedom everywhere, suspects his fellows in the celarage of working against democracy, and to this peculiarity of his temperament, they say, is mainly due the fact that the soldiers and workers over whom he presides are haunted by what in Petrograd have come to be known as "Tscheidze's Ghosts."

**A**BOUT fifteen years ago an eloquent young man was preaching in a Toronto Baptist Church, on national topics and things of much more public interest than most versions of theology. Rev. Charles A. Eaton became so popular a preacher that the Toronto Globe used to engage him, as the News afterwards did Rev. J. C. Hossack, to write political, and social study articles, and afterwards did some travelling correspondence for the Globe.

Eaton became so much unlike the average preacher, that when John D. Rockefeller's Baptist pulpit in Cleveland, O., became vacant the Toronto clergyman was called—and went. He became known in Canada as Rockefeller's preacher—though you never could get him to talk for publication a syllable about John D. For he was a very smooth-spoken pastor this Rev. Eaton, and at the same time a man of great fearlessness in exposing his views, so that when the richest Baptist church in America wanted him, he went and is to-day pastor of the Madison Avenue Church. And therefore—because he has climbed to the top of the gospel ladder—and not less because he was born in Nova Scotia and drove a dray at 14 to earn school money, Beatrice Redpath gives a very illuminating account of his personality in a recent issue of a Canadian periodical. She says Dr. Eaton is intensely radical and democratic and broadly declares that there is no aristocracy save that of brain and character. For fifteen years he has been associated with perhaps the richest and most influential men in the world and he is noted for never having hesitated to express his views.

As President of the Canadian Society he has accomplished much in the way of interpreting Canada to the United States. Dr. Eaton believes that the future of the Empire and the United States is one and that their destiny lies together. Canada, he thinks, will be the bond of reconciliation between the Empire and the Republic.

**W**ILLIAM II. has called his consort "Little Rosebud" ever since he, no doubt a self-appointed fairy prince, first saw her sleeping in a hammock at Primkenau, her father's castle in Silesia. Transplanted from the Silesian garden to the pomp of Potsdam the "little rosebud" did not bloom into that imperial magnificence which Emperor William, regards as the ideal of feminine royalty. He wanted, says a writer in Figaro, something of the grandeur of a Theodora, the majesty of a Zenobia, and the inspiring deportment of a Maria Theresa. Instead, he got a wife who insisted upon prescribing the thickness of the socks he wore, who put a domestic ban on strong cigars, and who prepared his bath for him every morning with an almost maternal solici-

tude about its temperature. At Cadinen, the country place, she has her own flock of chickens and milks a cow and does a lot of like things to support her claim that she is a farmer's wife.

And no doubt because of these things the Empress Augusta Victoria has, throughout the long reign of William II. been almost a cipher except for her sovereignty in the domestic sphere. All of which has excited a great deal of wonder and comment at what must be "a remarkable change of policy in Hohenzollern circles," to quote the Figaro, which has invested the Kaiserin with ambassadorial responsibilities and sends her to Munich, to Dresden and to Vienna on expeditions of an official character. For the first time in the thirty-six years of their union, William II. is seen thrusting the Empress Augusta Victoria forward. "He must have revised his theory that the lady is unlucky," says the Figaro.

"In this most sorrowful period of a life of sorrows, the Empress Augusta Victoria," says an Italian journalist who saw her at Vienna, "has the same wonderful blue eyes that captivated William when he first saw her as a girl of twenty-two. She is emphatically a woman's woman, feminine, gracious in her smile, low-voiced, using two pretty hands in effective gesture as she converses earnestly on topics of a personal nature." According to the Italian press she is the best cook in Germany and her conception of entertainment is said to be the plying of her guests with food and drink, nor does she disdain explanations of the merits of her kitchen. She is not an "intellectual," in fact she had the indiscretion, not long after her marriage, to be caught asleep when the Emperor's mother was reading a work of a philosophical character aloud to the circle at Potsdam.

She has a passion for needlework which she can gratify only in the country. In the country, too, or rather on the farm at Cadinen, she is a great stickler



The Kaiserin seems to be a very human sort of woman. She loves the simple life. From present prospects some day she may have plenty of it.

for church attendance. No tenant on the estate would risk her displeasure by not appearing in his place for divine worship. There is a chapel on the estate, but the Kaiserin is as likely as not to appear at the village church early and to look about her as the worshippers troop in and to make rather pointed enquiries after the services about the health of the absentees.

**P**ROPHECY is largely a matter of the projection of personality—an expression of greatly desired hopes, a reasoning towards the realization of main ambitions. Which is why forecasts by prominent men often remind us of their character; and, incidentally, is the reason for quoting the following extracts from the published opinions of three Britishers as to the conditions which may prevail in England in 1930, as set down by them in The Strand Magazine.

Sir A. Conan Doyle says: "These will depend upon the extent of our victory. If we win to such a point that we can safely reduce our military expenses to a minimum, we shall, in spite of our crippling debt, be able to effect something in the way of social reform. The money saved from the fighting services should give us enough to increase the old-age pensions, to encourage education on a large scale, to subsidize scientific research, and to deal with the whole subject of poverty and disease in a drastic fashion. Education must be of character rather than of mere learning, for Germany has shown us during these dreadful days that the possession of knowledge, when it is unbalanced by character,

turns a modern man into the most dangerous type of savage that the world has ever seen. A well-balanced education of a democratic type will carry with it the seeds of temperance and sexual restraint."

Father Bernard Vaughan is a little fearful as to the way labour will wield its war-born powers. "Our destiny, the destiny of the Empire," he says, "is in the hollow of the working-man's hand, and unless his interests become Imperial he may imperil the outlook of our Empire—nay, he may possibly socialize it out of all recognition." Only the restoration of the restraints of dogmatic religion will check this head-long career towards Imperial disintegration, according to Father Vaughan's view. Concluding, he says: "The weapon of knowledge is too dangerous an instrument to place in the hands of the rising generation without the voice of God to direct it."

H. G. Wells might have been expected to come through with something worth while on a theme so much in his line—and he does, when he says that some people's ideas about the British Empire lead straight towards the death line. According to his idea, there are two main sets of ideas struggling for predominance now in men's minds, one of which leads plainly to human welfare and the other to an ever more destructive struggle for life. The first group looks to a sinking of private interests in public service and to a sinking of national sovereignty in some form of world-unity, a League of Nations, the United States of the World, the World Kingdom of God; there are many such phrases, ringing the changes on the one central idea of world-unity. With it go naturally ideas of universal (not partial) free trade, of a world control of shipping, of a world control of natural resources and the like. With it, too, go ideas of universal education, of that universal participation in the ideas of government which is called "democracy," and of a universal sharing of the burthen of labour. On the other hand is the second group of ideas, ideas of national jealousy, of suspicious sovereignty, of the cut-throat competition of peoples and races, of loyalty to little monarchies and traditions, tyranny over inferior peoples, discipline for "labour," and disloyalty to mankind. Many of us British seem to be tremendously obsessed by a narrow conception of our so-called "Empire" and by the idea of making it into a close system, knit by high tariffs and financial and transit manipulation, against the outer world. That is the path of death. If we broaden our views from "Empire" to "League," then in 1930 we may be, with our American kindred, with the Latins and the Russians, leading mankind into a new age. The world may be already largely disarmed; it may have recovered altogether from the vast wastes and exertions of these war years; it may be such a scene of hopeful activity and human happiness as only Utopians have dreamt of hitherto. But if we cling to the old mean Imperialist dream, then the "British Empire" in 1930, heavily armed, heavily ruled, monstrously taxed, and with exasperating tariffs and maddening obstacles stuck in the path of every other State's prosperity, will be drifting towards the role that German militarist Imperialism plays to-day.

**T**HE man stammered painfully as he stood in the dock at the police court. His name was Sissons, and it was very difficult for him to pronounce.

He had had the misfortune to stay out late and make an uproar the previous night, so that he had to account for it before the magistrate next morning.

"What is your name?" asked the magistrate.

Sissons began to reply.

"Sss-ss-ssss-sss."—

"Stop that noise and tell me your name," said the magistrate testily.

"Sss-ss-ssss-sss."—

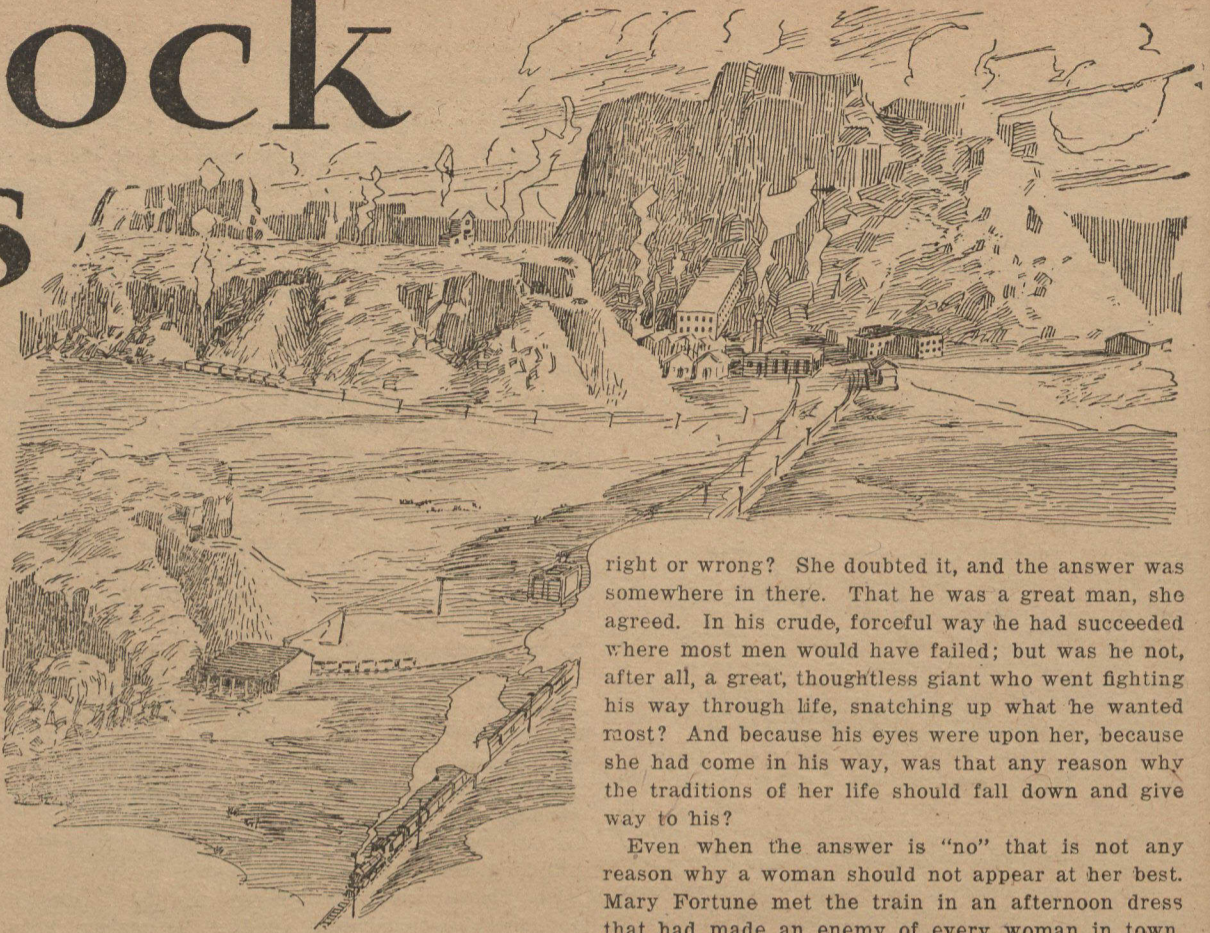
"That will do," growled the magistrate severely. "Constable, what is this man charged with?"

"Yer worship, I think he's charged with sod-y-wather," replied the policeman earnestly.—Atlanta Constitution.

### Great Minds Forecast England in 1930

# Rimrock Jones

By DANE COOLIDGE  
Author of "The Desert Trail"



ILLUSTRATED BY T. W. McLEAN

THE first week's instalment of this story presented Rimrock, the Arizona justice-first enemy of bad law in the business of discovering and staking the Tecolote copper mine. In all the episodes of this Tecolote quest there is the spectacle of a big, earnest character battling and scheming for his rights against a gang of law-protected scoundrels. "Stony busted," Rimrock gets the loan of \$10 from Lockhart, one of the gang. With the \$10 he plays Faro and wins thousands. Another throw and he loses all. While searching for "Apex" McBain, his chief enemy, he meets Mary Fortune, McBain's typist. To her he explains how McBain, on the iniquitous "apex" system, euchred him out of the mine that put Gunsight on the map. He gets her sympathy to the extent of \$400, which she lends him on the security of an un-named share in the Tecolote. Rimrock trails away to the Tecolote; comes back later with a bag of gold ore on which he gets \$2,000 loan from Lockhart. The ore was borrowed from a Mexican; whereby Rimrock begins to get even with a man who had previously robbed him. With the \$2,000, Rimrock goes ahead on his Tecolote survey. He goes down to New York and floats a company. He comes back, repays Lockhart, and tries to pay Mary Fortune her \$400. Mary insists on the "share" he had promised her. She names one per cent. Rimrock is trapped. That one per cent. throws the casting vote to Mary. The New York man has 49; Rimrock 51. It takes Rimrock's 50 and Mary's 1 to control the mine.

The second instalment introduces Rimrock in the somewhat clumsy and quite humorous role of love-maker. In a motor-ride to the Tecolote he proposes marriage to Mary Fortune. She postpones her decision, somewhat in anger. Surveyors arrive to line the railroad from Gunsight to Tecolote. In the stampede to the Tecolote "Apex" McBain and his gang undertake to jump Rimrock's claim. Rimrock arrives on the scene single-handed with his gun. In the scrimmage to get the claim jumpers off his property, he shoots McBain. Rimrock is placed under arrest on a charge of murder. He goes to jail. Unable to get bail, he also refuses to engage a lawyer, preferring to conduct his own case on a man-justice basis. Meanwhile Mary is made Secretary of the Company. Gunsight property booms. Jepson, manager for the New York interests, arrives. Mary visits Rimrock in jail and urges him to secure counsel. He refuses.

## CHAPTER XII.

### Rimrock's Big Day.

THE white heat of midsummer settled down on the desert and the rattlesnakes and Gila monsters holed up. As in the frozen East, they hibernated in winter to escape the grip of the cold, so in sun-cursed Pagaguera, where the Tecolotes lie, they crawled as deep to get away from the heat. But in the Geronimo jail with its dead, fetid air, Rimrock Jones learned to envy the snakes. Out on the stark desert, where the men laid the track, the hot steel burned everything it touched; but the air was clean, and in the nights, when he suffocated, they lay cool and looked up at the stars. They did a man's work and drew their pay; he lay in the heat and waited.

Then the first cool days came and the Tecolote Mining Company resumed its work in feverish haste. An overplus of freight was jammed in the yards; the construction gangs laid track day and night; and from the end of the line, which crept forward each day, the freight waggons hauled supplies to the mine. There was a world of work, back and forth on the road; and in Tecolote and Gunsight as well. A magnificent hotel, with the offices of the Company, was springing up across the street from the Gunsight; at the mine there were warehouses

and a company store and quarters for the men on the flats where Rimrock had once pitched his tent.

Rimrock Jones must wait on law. No bail for him, for he had made a threat and then killed his man as he fled. And he would not deny it, nor listen to any lawyer; so he lay there till the circuit court convened. All through the slow inferno of that endless summer he had cursed the law's delay; but it held him, regardless, until the calm-eyed judge returned for the fall term of court. The jail was full to the last noisome cell-room and, caught with the rest, was Rimrock.

YET if Rimrock had suffered there had been compensation—Mary Fortune had written him every day. He knew everything that Jepson was doing; and he knew a little more about her. But only a little; there was something about her that balked him a thousand times. She eluded him, she escaped him, she ignored his hot words; she was his friend, and yet only so far. She did not approve of what he was doing, and she had taken him at his word. He had asked her, once, not to interfere in his case; and from that day she kept her hands off.

The day of the trial came and Hassayamp Hicks, with L. W. and a host of friends, went to Geronimo to cheer Rimrock by their presence. The papers came back full of the account of the case, but Mary Fortune did not appear in court. Even when the great day came when Rimrock was to make his appeal to the jury she remained in her office in Gunsight—and then came the telegram: "Acquitted!"

He had been right then, after all; he knew his own people! But then, there were other things, too. Mary Fortune was not so innocent that she had not noticed the strong interest which the newspapers had taken in his case. They had hailed him, in those last days, the first citizen of Geronimo County; and first citizens, as we know, are seldom hanged. The wonderful development of the Tecolote Mining Company had been heralded, month after month; and the name Rimrock Jones was always spoken with a reverence never given to criminals. He was the man with the vision, the big man of a big country, the man whose touch brought forth gold. And now he had won; his man-killing had been justified; and he was coming back—to see her.

She knew it. She even knew what he would hasten to say the first moment he found her alone. He was simple, in those matters; which made it all the more necessary to have the answer thought out in advance. But was life as simple as he insisted upon making it? Was every one either good or bad, and everything

right or wrong? She doubted it, and the answer was somewhere in there. That he was a great man, she agreed. In his crude, forceful way he had succeeded where most men would have failed; but was he not, after all, a great, thoughtless giant who went fighting his way through life, snatching up what he wanted most? And because his eyes were upon her, because she had come in his way, was that any reason why the traditions of her life should fall down and give way to his?

Even when the answer is "no" that is not any reason why a woman should not appear at her best. Mary Fortune met the train in an afternoon dress that had made an enemy of every woman in town. She had a friend in New York who picked them out for her, since her salary had become what it was. A great crowd was present—the whole populace of Gunsight was waiting to see their hero come home—and as the train rolled in and Rimrock dropped off, in the excitement she found tears in her eyes. But then, that was nothing; Woo Chong, the restaurant Chinaman, was weeping all over the place; and Old Hassayamp Hicks, hobbling off through the crowd, wiped his eyes and sobbed, unashamed. And then Rimrock seized her by both her hands and made her walk with him back to the hotel!

It was no time for discipline, that night; Rimrock was feeling too happy and gay. He would shake hands with a Mexican with equal enthusiasm, or a Chinaman, or a labourer off the railroad. They were all his friends, whether he knew them or not, and he called on the whole town to celebrate. The Mexican string band that had met him at the train was chartered forthwith for the night, Woo Chong had an order to bring all the grub in town and feed it to the crowd at the hotel, but Hassayamp Hicks refused to take any man's money, he claimed that the drinks were on him. And so, with the band playing "Paloma" on the veranda and refreshments served free to the town, Rimrock Jones came back, the first citizen of Gunsight, and took up his life with a bang.

He stood in the rotunda of the Hotel Tecolote and gazed admiringly at the striped marble pillars that he had ordered at great expense, and his answer was always the same.

"Why, sure not! I knowed that jury wouldn't convict. I picked them myself by the look in their eye, and every man had to be ten years in the Territory. A fine bunch of men—every one of 'em square—they can have anything I've got. That's me! You know Rimrock! He never forgets his friends! And he don't forget his enemies, either!"

And then came the cheers, the shouts of his friends. The only enemy he had was dead.

MARY FORTUNE had a room on the second floor of the hotel—one of the nicest of them all, now that the painters and paperhangers had finally left—and she came down late in an evening gown. The marble steps, which Rimrock had insisted upon having, led up and then turned to both sides, and as she came down, smiling, with her ear-phone left off and her hair in a glorious coil, Rimrock paused and his eyes grew big.

"By Joe, like the Queen picture!" he burst out impulsively and went bounding to meet her half way. And Mary Fortune heard him, in spite of her deafness; and understood—he meant the Empress Louise. He had seen that picture of the beloved Empress

tripping daintily down the stairs and, for all she knew, those expensive marble steps might have been built to give point to the compliment.

"You sure look the part!" he said in her ear as he gallantly escorted her down. "And say, this hotel! Ain't it simply elegant? We'll show those Gunsight folks who's who!"

"They're consumed with envy!" she answered, smiling. "I mean the women, of course. I heard one of them say, just before I moved over, that you'd built it here just to spite them."

"That's right!" laughed Rimrock—"hello, there, Porfilio—I built it just to make 'em look cheap. By grab, I'm an Injun and I won't soon forget the way they used to pass me by on the street. But now it's different—my name is Mister, and that's one bunch I never will know."

"They know me, now," she suggested, slyly, "but I'm afraid I'm part Indian, too."

"You're right!" he said as he guided her through the crowd and led the way out into the street. "Let's walk up and down—I don't dare to go out alone, or the boys will all get me drunk. But that's right," he went on, "I've been thinking it over—you can forgive, but you never forget."

"Well, perhaps, so," she replied, "but I don't spend much of my time in planning out some elaborate revenge. Now those marble steps—do you know what Mr. Stoddard said when he came to inspect the mine?"

"No, and what's more, I don't care," answered Rimrock, lightly. "I'm fixed so I don't have to care. Mr. Stoddard is all right—he's a nice able provider, but we're running this mine, ourselves."

HE squeezed her hand where she had slipped it through his arm and looked down with a triumphant smile.

"We, Us and Company!" he went on, unctuously, "fifty-one per cent. of the stock!"

"Does Stoddard know that?" she asked him suddenly, looking up to read the words from his lips. "I noticed when he was here he treated me very politely, whereas Mr. Jepson didn't fare nearly so well."

"You bet he knows it," answered Rimrock, explosively. "And Jepson will know it, too. The first thing I do will be to get rid of our dummy and make you a Director in the Company. I'm going to take charge here and your one per cent. of stock entitles you to a bona-fide place on the Board."

"Well, I'd think that over first," she advised, after a silence, "because I foresee we shan't always agree. And if it's a dummy you want you'd better keep Mr. Buckbee. I'm fully capable of voting you down."

"No, I'll take a chance on it," he went on, smiling amiably. "All I ask is that you let me know. If you want to buck me, why, that's your privilege—you get a vote with me and Stoddard."

"Well, we'll talk that over," she said, laughing indulgently, "when you're not feeling so trustful and gay. This is one of those times I've heard you tell about when you feel like walking the wires. The morning after will be much more appropriate for considering an affair of this kind."

"No, I mean it!" he declared, and then his face reddened. He had used that phrase before, and always at an unfortunate time. "Let's go back to the hotel," he burst out, abruptly, "these boys are painting the town right."

They turned back down the street, where drunken revellers hailed their hero with cheers as he passed, and as they entered the hotel Rimrock carried her on till they had mounted to the ladies' balcony. This was located in the gallery where the ladies of the hotel could look down without being observed, and for the space of an hour Rimrock leaned over the railing and

gazed at the crowded rotunda. And as he gazed he talked, speaking close in her ear since he knew she had left off her 'phone; and all the time, as the people thinned and dwindled, he strove to win her over to his mood.

He was, as she had said, in one of those expansive moods, when his thoughts were lofty and grand. He opened up his heart and disclosed hopes and ambitions never before suspected by her; and as she listened it became apparent that she, Mary Fortune, was somehow involved in them all. Yet she let him talk on, for his presence was like wine to her, and his dreams as he told them seemed true. There was the trip to Europe—he alluded to it very tactfully—but he did not speak as if it were to be made alone.

And then he spoke of his plans for the Tecolote, and further conquests that would startle the world. There was Mexico, a vast treasure-house, barely scratched by the prospector; his star would soon lead him there. All he needed was patience, to wait the short time till the Tecolote began to pour out its ore. He asked her minutely of Jepson and his work and of her interview with the great Whitney H. Stoddard, and then he struck the stone rail with his knotted fist and told what would have to be done. And then at last, as the lights grew dim, he spoke of his long days in jail and how he had looked each day for her letter, which had never failed to come. His voice broke a little as he told of the trial and then he reached out and took her hand.

"I've learned from you," he said, leaning closer so she could hear him, "I've learned to understand. And you like me; now, don't you? You can't tell me different, because I can see it right there in your eye?"

She looked away, but she nodded her head, and her hand still lay quiet in his.

"Yes, I like you," she said. "I can't help but like you—but let's not say any more. Aren't you happy enough without always having things—can't you wait for some things in this world?"

"Yes, I can," he said. "I can wait for everything—the money, the success and all—but I can't wait for you! No, that's asking too much!"

He drew her towards him and his strong arm swept

about her, but she straightened rebelliously in his clutch.

"Remember!" she warned, and his arm relaxed, though his breath was still hot on her cheek. "Now I must be going," she said, rising swiftly. "Good-night, Rimrock! I'm glad you're here!"

"Don't I get a kiss?" he demanded hoarsely as his hand reached again. "Come on," he pleaded. "Didn't I turn you loose? You kissed me once—in jail!"

"But you're free now, Rimrock, and—that makes a difference. You must learn to wait, and be friends."

"Oh—hell!" he burst out as she flitted away from him. But she was deaf—she turned back and smiled.

## CHAPTER XIII.

### The Morning After.

THE morning after found Rimrock without regrets and, for once, without a head. He had subtly judged, from something she had said, that Mary did not like whiskey breaths, nor strong cigars, nor the odours of the two combined. So, having certain words to speak in her ear, he had refrained, with the results as aforesaid. For the first time in her life she had looked him in the eye and acknowledged, frankly, that she liked him. But she had not kissed him—she drew the line there—and once more in his shrewd unsophisticated way he judged it was never done, in her set.

He found her in the office when he appeared the next morning, with her harness over her head. It was the sign in a way that she was strictly business and all personal confidences were taboo, but Rimrock did not take the hint. It annoyed him, some way, that drum over her ear and the transmitter hung on her breast, for when he had seen her the evening before all these things had been set aside.

"What? Still wearing that ear-thing?" he demanded, bluffly, and she flushed and drew her lips tight. It was a way she had when she restrained some quick answer, and Rimrock hastened on to explain. "You never wore it last night and—and you could hear every word I said."

"That was because I knew what you were going to say."

She smiled, imperceptibly, as she returned the retort courteous, and now it was Rimrock who blushed. Then he laughed and waved the matter aside.

"Well, let it go at that," he said, sitting down. "Gimme the books, I'm going to make you a director at our next meeting."

Mary Fortune looked at him curiously and smiled once more, then rose quickly and went to the safe.

"Very well," she said, as she came back with the records, "but I wonder if you quite understand."

"You bet I do," he said, laying off his big hat and spreading out the papers and books. "Don't fool yourself there—we've got to be friends—and that's why I'm going the limit."

HE searched out the certificate where, to qualify him for director, he had transferred one share of the Company stock to Buckbee, and filled in a date on the back.

"Now," he went on, "Mr. Buckbee's stock is cancelled, and his resignation automatically takes place. Friend Buckbee is all right, but dear friend W. H. Stoddard might use him to slip something over. It's We, Us and Company, you and me, little Mary, against Whitney H. Stoddard and the world. Do you get the idea? We stand solid together—two directors out of three—and the Tecolote is in the hollow of our hand."

"Your hand!" she corrected, but Rimrock protested, and she let him have his way.

"No, now listen," he said; "this doesn't bind you to anything—all I want is that we shall be friends."



the diamond drill cores showed the ore from the heart of the hills.  
"Pretty good," he observed.



I'm hired, in a way, to advise. You must know, Mr. Jones, that you're jeopardizing our future by refusing to re-locate that claim."

"No, I don't!" shouted Rimrock, jumping fiercely to his feet, while Mary Fortune turned pale. "It's just the other way. That claim is good—I know it's good—and I'll fight for it every time. Your courts are nothing, you can hire a lawyer to take any side of any case, but you can't hire one to go up against this!" He patted a lump that bulged at his hip and shook a clenched fist in the air. "No, sir! No law for me! Don't you ever think that I'll stand for re-locating that claim. That would be just the chance that these law-sharps are looking for, to start a contest and tie up the mine. No, leave it to me. I'll be my own law and, believe me, I'll never be jumped. There are some people yet that remember Andrew McBain—"

He stopped, for Mary had risen from her place and stood facing him with blazing eyes.

"What's the matter?" he asked, like a man bewildered; and then he understood. Mary Fortune had worked for Andrew McBain, she had heard him threaten his life; and, since his acquittal, this was the first time his name had been mentioned. And he remembered with a start that after he came back from the killing she had refused to take his hand.

"What's the matter?" he repeated, but she set her lips and moved away down the hill. Rimrock stood and watched her, then he turned to Jepson and his voice was hoarse with hate.

"Well, I hope you're satisfied!" he said, and strode savagely off down the trail.

#### CHAPTER XIV.

##### Rimrock Explains.

IT had not taken long, after his triumphant homecoming, for Rimrock to wreck his own happiness. That old rift between them, regarding the law, had been opened the very first day; and it was not a difference that could be explained and adjusted for neither would concede they were wrong. As the daughter of a judge, conservatively brought up in a community where an outlaw was abhorred, Mary Fortune could no more agree to his programme than he could agree to hers. She respected the law and she turned to the law, instinctively, to right every wrong; but he, from sad experience, knew what a broken reed it was, compared to his gun and his good right hand.

The return to Gunsight was a gloomy affair, but nothing was said of the Old Juan. Abercrombie Jepson guessed, and rightly, that his company was not desired; and they who had set out with the joy of lovers rode back absent-minded and distraught. But the question of the Old Juan was a vital problem, involving other interests beside theirs, and in the morning there was a telegram from Whitney H. Stoddard requesting that the matter be cleared up. Rimrock read it in the office where Mary sat at work and threw it carelessly down on her desk.

"Well, it's come to a showdown," he said, as she glanced at it. "The question is—who's running this mine?"

"And the answer?" she enquired in that impersonal way she had; and Rimrock started as he sensed the subtle challenge.

"Why—we are!" he said, bluffly. "You and me, of course. You wouldn't quit me on a proposition like this?"

"Yes, I think I would," she answered, unhesitatingly. "I think Mr. Stoddard is right. That claim should be located in such a manner as to guarantee that it won't be jumped."

"Uh! You think so, eh? Well, what do you know about it? Can't you take my word for anything?"

"Why, yes, I can. In most matters at the mine I think you're entitled to have your way. But if you elect me as a Director in this coming stockholders' meeting and this question comes before the Board, unless you can make me see it differently I'm likely to vote against you."

RIMROCK shoved his big hat to the back of his head and stood gazing at her fixedly.

"Well, if that's the case," he suggested at last, and then stopped as she caught his meaning.

"Very well," she said, "it isn't too late. You can get you another dummy."

"Will you vote for him?" demanded Rimrock, after an instant's thought, and she nodded her head in assent.

"Well, dang my heart!" muttered Rimrock, impatiently, pacing up and down the room. "Here I frame it all up for us two to get together and run the old Company right and the first thing comes up we split right there and pull off a quarrel to boot. I don't like this, Mary; I want to agree with you; I want to get where we can understand. Now let me explain to you why it is I'm holding out; and then you can have you say-so, too. When I was in jail I sent for Juan Soto and it's true—he was born in Mexico. But his parents, so he says, were born south of Tucson, and that makes them American citizens. Now, according to the Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo, if any citizen of Mexico moves to the United States, unless he moves back or gives notice within five years of his intention of returning to Mexico, he becomes automatically an American citizen. Do you get the idea? Even if Juan was born in Mexico, he's never considered himself a Mexican citizen. He moved back with his folks when he was a little baby, took the oath when he came of age and has been voting the Democratic ticket ever since. But here's another point—even if he is a Mexican, no private citizen can jump his claim. The Federal Government can, but I happen to know that no ordinary citizen can take possession of a foreigner's claim. It's been done, of course, but that lawyer I consulted told me it wasn't according to Hoyle. And here's another point—but what are you laughing at? Ain't I laying the law down right?"

"Why, yes, certainly," conceded Mary, "but with all this behind you what's the excuse for defying the law? Why don't you tell Mr. Jepson, or Mr. Stoddard, that the Old Juan is a perfectly good claim?"

"Well, I declare," gasped Mary, "you are certainly convincing! Why didn't you tell me about it yesterday?"

"Well," began Rimrock, and then he hesitated, "I knew it would bring up—well, another matter, and I don't want to talk about that, yet."

"Yes, I understand," said Mary, very hastily, "but—why didn't you tell Jepson this? I may do you an injustice, but it seemed to me you were seeking a quarrel. But if you had explained the case—"

"What? To Stoddard's man? Why, you must think I'm crazy. Jepson has hired a lawyer and looked up that claim to the last infinitesimal hickey; he knows more about the Old Juan than I do. And speaking about quarrels, don't you know that fellow deliberately framed the whole thing? He wanted to know just where I stood on the Old Juan—and he wanted to get me in bad with you."

"With me?"

"Yes, with you! Why, can't you see his game? If he can get you to throw your vote against me he can knock me out of my control. Add your stock to Stoddard's and it makes us fifty-fifty—a deadlock, with Jepson in charge. And if he thought for a minute that I couldn't fire him he'd thumb his nose in my face."

Mary smiled at this picture of primitive defiance in a battle of grown-up men and yet she saw dimly that Rimrock was right in his estimate of Jepson's motives. Jepson did have a way that was subtly provocative and his little eyes were shifty, like a boxer's. As the two men faced each other she could feel the antagonism in every word that they said; and, looking at it as he did, it seemed increasingly reasonable that Rimrock's way was the best. It was better just to fight back without showing his hand and let Jepson guess what he could.

"BUT if we'd stand together—" she began, at last, and Rimrock's face lit up.

"That's it!" he said, leaping forward with his hand out, "will you shake on it? You know I'm all right!"

"But not *always* right," she answered, smiling, and put her hand in his. "But you're honest, anyway; and I like you for that. It's agreed, then; we stand together!"

"No-ow, that's the talk!" grinned Rimrock, approvingly, "and besides, I need you, little Mary."

He held on to her hand, but she wrested it away and turned blushing to her work.

"Don't be foolish!" she said, but her feelings were not hurt, for she was smiling again in a minute. "Don't you know," she confided, "I feel utterly helpless when it comes to this matter of the mine. Everything about it seems so absolutely preposterous that I'm glad I'm not going to be a Director."

"But you are!" came back Rimrock, "now don't tell me different; because you're bull-headed, once you've put yourself on record. There ain't another living soul that I can trust to take that directorship. Even Old Hassayamp down here—and I'd trust him anywhere—might get drunk and vote the wrong way."

But you—"

"You don't know me yet," she replied, with decision. "I won't get drunk, but I've got to be convinced. And if you can't convince me that your way is right—and reasonable and just, as well—I give you notice that I'll vote against you. Now! What are you going to say?"

"All right!" he answered, promptly, "that's all I ask of you. If you think I'm wrong you're welcome to vote against me; but believe me, this is no Sunday-school job. There's a big fight coming on, I can feel it in my bones, and the best two-handed scrapper wins. Old W. H. Stoddard, when he had me in jail  
(Continued on page 25.)



"I'm against it," declared Rimrock, promptly. "I'm against any form of reorganization."

"I did!" defended Rimrock. "I told Jepson so yesterday. I used those very same words!"

"Yes, but with another implication. You let it be understood that the reason it was good was that you were there, with your gun!"

"STOP right there!" commanded Rimrock. "That's the last, ultimate reason that holds in a court of law! The code is nothing, the Federal law is nothing, even treaties are nothing! The big thing that counts is—possession. Until that claim is recorded it's the only reason. The man that holds the ground, owns it. And that's why I say, and I stand pat on it yet, that my gun outweighs all the law!"









vocates of National Government.

As an aftermath of the convention, Isaac Pitblado's signature is the first to be appended to a manifesto calling a convention of South Winnipeg Liberals, "who are dissatisfied with the result and spirit of the recent Liberal convention, about the war, National Government and leadership."

Why did not Mr. Pitblado take this stand at the convention? Wisdom comes sometimes in the cold gray dawn of the morning after.

One parting shot at ye editor or The Canadian Courier. Hon. "Jim" Calder is said, on the unimpeachable authority of Conservatives, who were not permitted to enter the convention hall, to have been the man who did the trick, who bossed the convention and swung it behind Sir Wilfrid.

Who, oh who, is the strong man brought forward by this convention to be the new Liberal leader? May I suggest the delegate from Hamiota?

### RIMROCK JONES

(Continued from page 21.)

and was hoping I was going to be sent up, he tried to buy me out of this mine. He started at nothing and went up to twenty million, so you can guess how much it's worth."

"Twenty million!" she echoed.

"Yes; twenty million—and that ain't a tenth of what he might be willing to pay. Can you think that big? Two hundred million dollars? Well then, imagine that much money thrown down on the desert for him and me to fight over. Do you think it's possible to be pleasant and polite, and always reasonable and just, when you're fighting a man that's never quit yet, for a whole danged mountain of copper?" He rose up and shook himself and swelled out his chest and then looked at her and smiled. "Just remember that, in the days that are coming, and give me the benefit of the doubt."

"But I don't believe it!" she exclaimed incredulously. "What ground have you for that valuation of the mine?"

"Well, his offer, for one thing," answered Rimrock soberly. "He never pays what a thing is worth. But did you see Mr. Jepson when I went into the assay house and began looking at those diamond-drill cores? He was sore, believe me, and the longer I stayed there the more fidgety Jepson got. That ore assay's big, but the thing that I noticed is that all of it carries some values. You can begin at the foot of it and work that whole mountain and every cubic foot would pay. And that peacock ore, that copper glance! That runs up to forty per cent. Now, here's a job for you as secretary of the Company, a little whirl into the higher mathematics. Just find the cubic contents of Tecolote mountain and multiply it by three per cent. That's three per cent. copper, and according to those assays the whole ground averages that. Take twenty claims, each fifteen hundred feet long, five hundred feet across and say a thousand feet deep; pile the mountain on top of them, take copper at eighteen cents a pound and give me the answer in dollars and cents. Then figure it out another way—figure out the human cussedness that that much copper will produce."

"Why—really!" cried Mary as she sat staring at him, "you make me almost afraid."

"And you can mighty well be so," he answered grimly. "It gets me going sometimes. Sometimes I get a hunch that I'll take all my friends and go and camp right there on the Old Juan. Just go out there with guns and hold her down, but that ain't the way it should be done. The minute you show these wolves you're afraid they'll fly at your throat in a pack. The thing to do is to look 'em in the eye and keep your gun kind of handy, so."

HE tapped the old pistol that he still wore under his coat and leaned forward across her desk.

"Now tell me this," he said. "Knowing what you know now, does it seem so plain criminal—what I did to that robber, McBain?"

Mary met his eyes and in spite of

her the tears came as she read the desperate longing in his glance. He was asking for justification after those long months of silence, but his deed was abhorrent to her still. She had shuddered when he had touched that heavy pistol whose shot had snuffed out a man's life; and she shuddered when she thought of it, when she saw his great hand and the keen eyes that had looked death at McBain. And yet, now he asked it, it no longer seemed criminal, only brutal and murderous—and violent. It was that which she feared in him, much as she was won by his other qualities, his instinctive resort to violence. But when he asked if she considered it plain criminal she was forced to answer him:

"No!"

"Well, then, what is the reason you

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always keep away from me and look like you didn't approve? Ain't a man got a right, if he's crowded too far, to stand up and fight for his own? Would you think any better of me if I'd quit in the pinch and let McBain get away with my mine? Wasn't he just a plain robber, only without the nerve, hiring gun-fighters to do the rough work? Why, Mary, I feel proud, every time I think about it, that I went there and did what I did. I feel like a man that has done a great duty and I can't stand it to have you disapprove. When I killed McBain I served notice on everybody that no man can steal from me, not even if he hides behind the law. And now, with all this coming up, I want you to tell me I did right!"

**H**E thrust out his big head and fixed her eyes fiercely, but she slowly shook her head.

"No," she said, "I can never say that. I think there was another way."

"But I tried that before, when he robbed me of the Gunsight. My God, you wouldn't have me go to law!"

"You didn't need to go to law," she answered, suddenly flaring up in anger. "I warned you in plenty of time. All you had to do was to go to your property and be there to warn him away."

"Aw, you don't understand!" he cried in an agony. "Didn't I warn him to keep away? Didn't I come to his office when you were right there and tell him to keep off my claims? What more could I do? But he went out there anyhow, and after that there was nothing to do but fight!"

"Well, I'm glad you're satisfied," she said after a silence. "Let's talk about something else."

"No, let's fight this out!" he answered insistently. "I want you to understand."

"I do," she replied. "I know just how you feel. But unfortunately I see it differently."

"Well, how do you see it? Just tell me how you feel and see if I can't prove I'm right."

"No, it can't be proved. It goes beyond that. It goes back to the way we've been brought up. My father was a judge and he worshipped the law—you men out West are different."

"Yes, you bet we are. We don't worship any law unless, by grab, it's right. Why, there used to be a law, a hundred years ago, to hang a man if he stole. They used to hang them by the dozen, right over there in England, and put their heads on a spike. Could you worship that law? Why, no; you know better. But there's a hundred more laws on our statute books to-day that date clear back to that time, and lots of them are just as unreasonable. I believe in justice, and every man for his own rights, and some day I believe you'll agree with me."

"That isn't necessary," she said, smiling slightly, "we can proceed very nicely without."

"Aw, now, that's what I mean," he went on appealingly. "We can proceed, but I want more than that. I want you to like me—and approve of what I do—and love and marry me, too."

He poured it out hurriedly and reached blindly to catch her, but she rose up and slipped away.

"No, Rimrock," she said as she gazed back at him from a distance, "you want too much—all at once. To love

and to marry are serious things, they make or mar a woman's whole life. I didn't come out here with the intention of marrying and I have no such intention yet. And to win a woman's love—may I tell you something? It can never be done by violence. You may take that big pistol and win a mountain of copper that is worth two hundred million dollars, but love doesn't come that way. You say you want me now, but to-morrow may be different. And you must remember, you are likely to be rich."

"Yes, and that's why I want you!" burst out Rimrock impulsively. "You can keep me from blowing my money."

"Absolutely convincing—from the man's point of view. But what about the woman's? And if that's all you want you don't have to have me. You'll find lots of other girls just as capable."

"No, but look! I mean it! I've got to have you—we can throw in our stock together!"

There was a startled pause, in which each stared at the other as if wondering what had happened, and then Mary Fortune smiled. It was a very nice smile, with nothing of laughter in it, but it served to recall Rimrock to his senses.

"I think I know what you mean," she said at last, "but don't you think you've said enough? I like you just as much; but really, Rimrock, you're not very good at explaining."

### CHAPTER XV.

#### A Game For Big Stakes.

**T**HE next thirty days—before the stockholders' meeting—were spent by Rimrock in trying to explain. In spite of her suggestion that he was not good at that art he insisted upon making things worse. What he wanted to say was that the pooling of their stock would be a happy—though accidental—resultant of their marriage; what he actually said was that they ought to get married because then they would stand together against Stoddard. But Mary only listened with a wise, sometimes wistful, smile and assured him he was needlessly alarmed. It was that which drove him on—that wistful, patient smile. Somehow he felt, if he could only say the right words, she would lean right over and kiss him!

But those words were never spoken. Rimrock was worried and harassed and his talk became more and more practical. He was quarreling with Jepson, who stood upon his rights; and Stoddard had served notice that he would attend the meeting in person, which meant it had come to a showdown. So the month dragged by until at last they sat together in the mahogany-furnished Directors' room. Rimrock sat at the head of the polished table with Mary Fortune near by, and Stoddard and Buckbee opposite. As the friend of all parties—and the retiring director—Buckbee had come in the interest of peace; or so he claimed, but how peace would profit him was a question hard to decide. It might seem, in fact, that war would serve better; for brokers are the sharks in the ocean of finance and feed and fatten where the battle is fiercest.

Whitney Stoddard sat silent, a tall, nervous man with a face lined deep with care, and as he waited for the conflict he tore off long strips of paper and pinched them carefully into



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little square bits. Elwood Buckbee smiled genially, but his roving eye rested fitfully on Mary Fortune. He was a dashing young man of the Beau Brummel type and there was an ease and grace in his sinuous movements that must have fluttered many a woman's heart. But now he, too, sat silent and his appraising glances were disguised in a general smile.

"Well, let's get down to business," began Rimrock, after the preliminaries. "The first thing is to elect a new Director. Mr. Buckbee here has been retired and I nominate Mary Fortune to fill the vacancy."

"Second the motion," rapped out Stoddard and for a moment Rimrock hesitated before he took the fatal plunge. He knew very well that, once elected to the directorship, he could never remove her by himself. Either her stock or Stoddard's would have to go into the balance to undo the vote of that day.

"All in favour say 'Ay!'"

"Ay!" said Stoddard grimly; and Rimrock paused again.

"Ay!" he added and as Mary wrote it down she felt the eyes of both of them upon her. The die had been cast and from that moment on she was the arbiter of all their disputes.

THEY adjourned, as stockholders, and reconvened immediately as Directors; and the first matter that came up was a proposition from Buckbee to market a hundred million shares of common stock.

"You have here," he said, "a phenomenal property—one that will stand the closest of scrutiny; and with the name of Whitney H. Stoddard behind it. More than that, you are on the eve of an enormous production at a time when copper is going up. It is selling now for over eighteen cents and within a year it will be up in the twenties. Within a very few months, unless I am mistaken, there will be a battle royal in the copper market. The Hackmeister interests have had copper tied up, but the Tecolote Company can break that combine and at the same time gain an enormous prestige. There will be a fight, of course, but this stock will cost you nothing and you can retain a controlling share. My proposition is simply that you issue the common and divide it pro rata among you, your present stock then becoming preferred. Then you can put your common on the market in such lots as you wish and take your profits at the crest. In conclusion let me say that I will handle all you offer at the customary broker's charge."

He sat down and Rimrock looked out from under his eyebrows at Stoddard and Mary Fortune.

"Very well," said Stoddard after waiting for a moment. "It's agreeable to me, I'm sure."

"I'm against it," declared Rimrock. "I'm against any form of reorganization. I'm in favour of producing copper and taking our profits from that."

"But this is plain velvet," protested Buckbee, smilingly. "It's just like money picked up in the road. I don't think I know of any company of importance that hasn't done something of the kind."

"I'm against it," repeated Rimrock in his stubborn way and all eyes were turned upon Mary Fortune. She sat very quiet, but her anxious, lip-reading gaze shifted quickly from one to the other.

(To be continued.)

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