

Circulation Exceeds 50,000 Copies

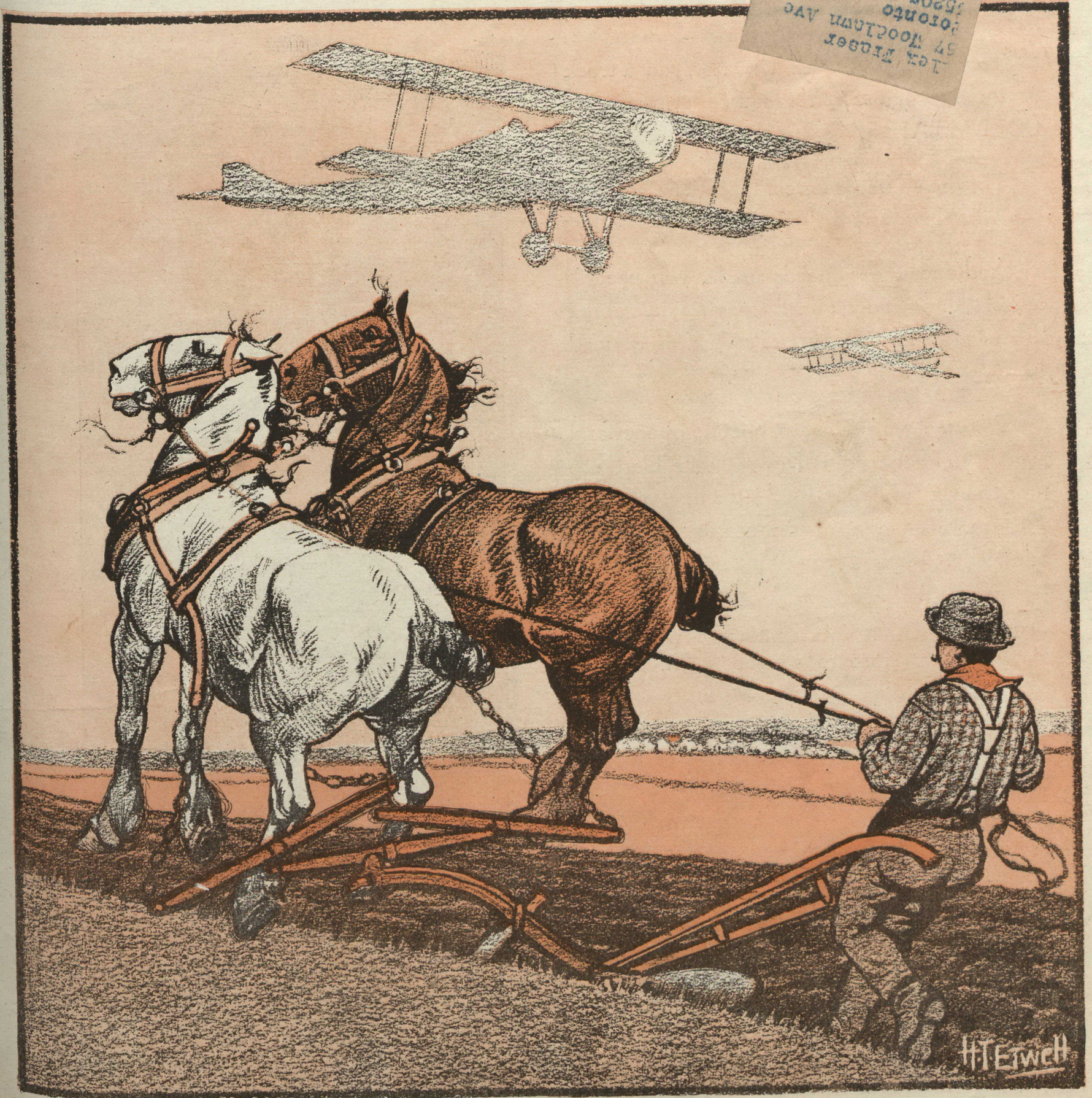
CANADIAN COURIER

Vol. XXIII. No. 14

TEN CENTS

April 13, 1918

123 FISHER
57 WOODLAWN AVE
TORONTO
JUN 18 1918



A Tie Salesman's Ideas About Going on a Farm.

Columbia Dry Batteries

To ring a bell, buzz a buzzer, run a truck or tractor, the *simplest* source of power is COLUMBIA Batteries.

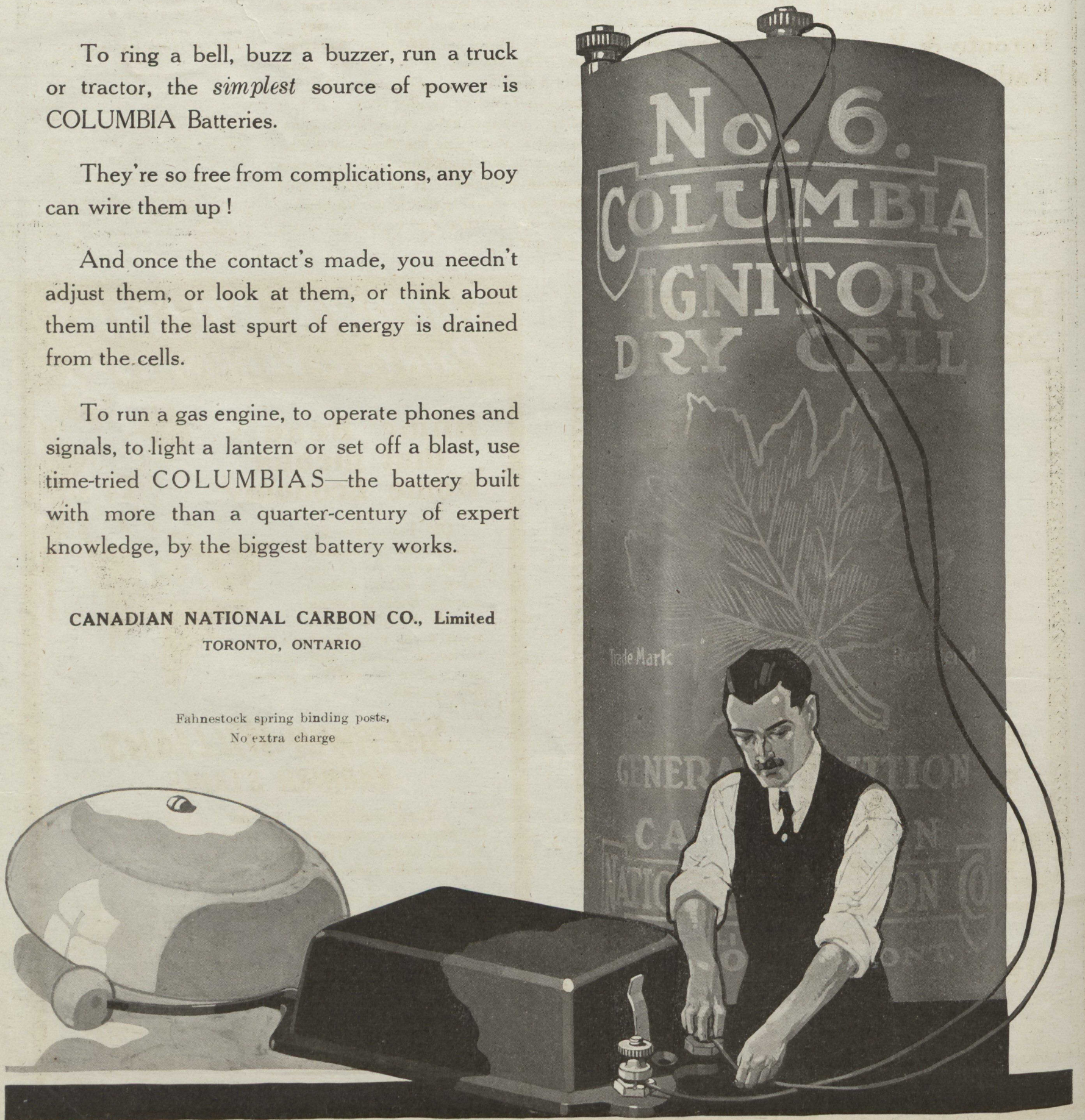
They're so free from complications, any boy can wire them up!

And once the contact's made, you needn't adjust them, or look at them, or think about them until the last spurt of energy is drained from the cells.

To run a gas engine, to operate phones and signals, to light a lantern or set off a blast, use time-tried COLUMBIAS—the battery built with more than a quarter-century of expert knowledge, by the biggest battery works.

CANADIAN NATIONAL CARBON CO., Limited
TORONTO, ONTARIO

Fahnestock spring binding posts,
No extra charge



GENUINE DIAMONDS Cash or Credit
 Terms: \$1-\$2-\$3 weekly
 We trust any honest person
 Write for catalogue to-day
JACOBS BROS.
 Diamond Importers
 Dept. O, 15 Toronto Arcade, Toronto, Ont

The Radial Lines

Passenger and Freight Service Daily

Toronto Richmond Hill
 Aurora Newmarket
 Sutton Schomberg
 New Toronto and Port Credit

Information as to rates and schedules will be gladly furnished by local agents or traffic department.

Head Office :

88 King St. East, Toronto

Toronto & York Radial Railway

Express Service at Freight Rates

EDUCATIONAL.

HAVE YOU SELF CONFIDENCE? Our mind and Memory Course will build you up mentally strong in memory, concentration, etc. Quarter of a million students prove it. Write Canadian Correspondence College, Limited, Pelman Dept. O, Toronto, Canada.

CANADIAN COURIER

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



Why Not Stabilize Canadianism ?

ON the principle enunciated by the War Trade Board that Canadians should make as much as possible of what we consume, (see page 16), what would the readers of this paper say about the advisability of spending more of our money on Canadian-made periodicals? Hundreds of thousands of dollars of Canadian money go out every year, spent in the United States for American magazines and weekly illustrated papers. The product of the United States magazine factories is much more American and un-Canadian than the product of United States automobile factories or boot-shops. If it is the business of Canada to develop a national habit of using Canadian-made boots and pianos for the sake of stabilizing the Canadian dollar, is it any the less business of Canada to buy Canadian-made magazines for the sake of stabilizing Canadian sentiment. If an adverse trade balance of a few hundred millions so profoundly affects our economics, does not an adverse trade balance in magazines and periodicals much more vitally affect our national spirit?

Delivery of
Canadian Courier

Mailing Canadian Courier to subscribers is arranged so as to give delivery by the date of issue to those parts of the Dominion most distant from the office of publication. Ontario subscribers should receive theirs by Friday; Toronto subscribers by Thursday.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

We will not, knowingly or intentionally, insert advertisements from other than perfectly reliable firms or business men. If subscribers find any of them to be otherwise, we will esteem it a favour if they will so advise us, giving full particulars.

ADVERTISING MANAGER,
 CANADIAN COURIER.

SITUATIONS VACANT.

YOU CAN MAKE \$25 to \$75 WEEKLY writing show cards at home. Easily learned by our simple method. No canvassing or soliciting. We sell your work. Write for particulars. American Show Card School, 801 Yonge St., Toronto.

STAMPS AND COINS.

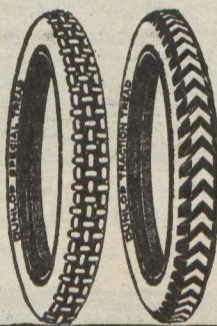
PACKAGES free to collectors for 2 cents postage; also offer hundred different foreign stamps; catalogue; hinges; five cents. We buy stamps. Marks Stamp Co., Toronto.

DUNLOP TIRES
 "Special Tread" - "Traction Tread"

Long in Service

More People buy
DUNLOP TIRES
 because they have to
 buy them less often.

Greatest Safety ::



Greatest Mileage



BETWEEN

TORONTO and OTTAWA

EASTBOUND		WESTBOUND	
Lv. 10.00 A.M.	DAILY Ex. Sun.	Lv. 12.30 Noon	DAILY Ex. Sun.
Lv. 11.00 P.M.	DAILY Ex. Sat.	Lv. 10.30 P.M.	DAILY Ex. Sun.

SCENIC BY DAY AND COMFORT BY NIGHT TRAINS

Through tickets on sale by all lines—Ask for C.N.R. routing, time tables or reservation. For descriptive literature on Western Canada, the Rocky Mountains, where to Fish and Hunt, etc., apply to C.N.R. Agents or write General Passenger Department, Montreal, Que.; Toronto, Ont. Winnipeg, Man.

SHERWIN-WILLIAMS
 PAINTS & VARNISHES

Home Beauty
 that means
 Home Economy



Old Furniture—like old friends—has a charm all its own. So—if you have a table, dresser, bureau, bookcase or old chairs handed down from great grandmother's day—cherish them; and protect and restore them to their former beauty, with

SHERWIN-WILLIAMS
 VARNISH STAINS

They lend their own beautiful rich undertones to the fine old Furniture, that needs but the proper finish to look its best. There is a full family of colors to duplicate all hardwood effects.

SCAR-NOT is the varnish for woodwork—even your best furniture. Dries absolutely waterproof with a finish that protects against scratches and hard knocks and is not affected by hot or cold water. Excellent for dining room table and chairs.

Send for book—"The A.B.C. of Home Painting"—written by a practical painter, and telling how to paint, varnish, stain or enamel every surface in and around the house. Mailed free upon request.

THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS CO., OF CANADA LIMITED,
 897, Centre St., Montreal, Que. 110 Sutherland Ave., Winnipeg, Man.
 PAINT, VARNISH AND COLOR MAKERS. LINSEED OIL CRUSHERS.



Little Miss MAIDEN CANADA

Hand It Out To Them as They Pass

Or better, send them half a dozen bars of this nourishing chocolate. There is many a brave fellow hungry today in the trenches, who will appreciate this highly concentrated food more than anything else. Positively the finest eating chocolate made, 5c. and 25c. sizes.

COWAN'S ACTIVE SERVICE CHOCOLATE

A-100

PEERLESS ORNAMENTAL FENCE

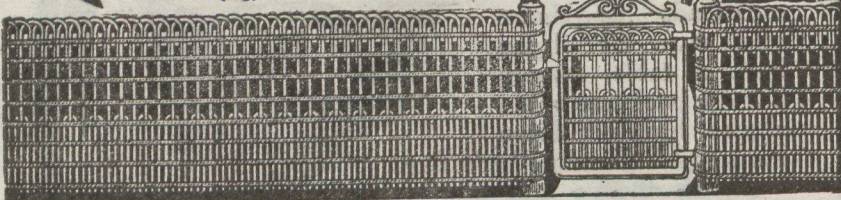
THE SENTINEL OF THE HOME

Always on guard to protect the children, the lawn and flower beds from stray dogs and other intruders. A Peerless Ornamental Fence with its sturdy gate is a work of art and with an occasional coat of paint will last a lifetime.

It is built of open hearth steel wire galvanized and when not otherwise ordered we paint all fencing with a coat of high grade paint. It looks well and lasts long.

Send for Catalog of many designs, also Farm and Poultry Fencing. Dealers Everywhere.

The Banwell-Hoxie Wire Fence Co., Ltd.
Winnipeg, Man. Hamilton, Ont.



FORD STREAMLINE HOOD

Covers Brass Radiator

Only \$14⁷⁵ Complete With Cap

If you wish to sell your car put one on and the sale is half made.

Write for Circular

The Burrowes Manufacturing Co.
611 King West, Toronto, Ont.



OUR first consideration is the welfare and protection of our readers, and we intend to so conduct our advertising columns as to command their confidence, and increase their dependence upon the printed message.

ADVERTISING MANAGER CANADIAN COURIER.



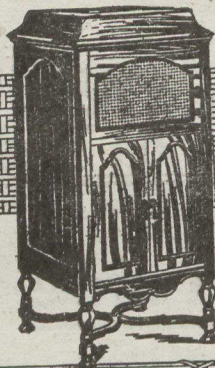
Vocal Records that Stand Supreme

IN the making of Pathe' Vocal Records, by a recording process used only by Pathe', every note, big or little, every delicate nuance, every breath, tone or expression of the artist is faithfully caught and inscribed.

The Pathe groove in which the minute sound waves are recorded is from two to four times as large as in any other record. This big groove enables Pathe' to get 40% more tone colors and detail. Compare these records with other makes in the same class. Study the detail, the tone quality, the true naturalness of the voice, the orchestral accompaniment, always in perfect sympathy, yet note how voice and instrument each stand out clear and distinct right through to the end. The satisfying completeness of a Pathe' vocal record leaves nothing to be desired.

The Pathe' repertoire includes records by the foremost artists of the world, and will prove a revelation to the critical lover of the exceptional in music.

While to hear Pathe' records at their best, they should be played on the Pathephone, yet if you already have a machine of another make, any Pathe' agent can equip it to play Pathe' records—or, better still—will make you a liberal allowance for your machine in part payment of a Pathephone, which plays any record.



The

Pathephone

Send for Pathe Catalogue of Period Designs.
The Pathe Freres Phonograph Co. of Canada, Limited
46-8 Clifford Street - Toronto, Ont.
Montreal Office: 1004 New Birk's Bldg.

21

CANADA PIPE AND STEEL COMPANY, LIMITED

(CLUFF BROTHERS)

FINE PLUMBING APPLIANCES, ENGINEERS' PLUMBERS' AND STEAMFITTERS' SUPPLIES

79-87 CHURCH STREET - TORONTO

If you have running water in your home, you should have a Maxwell Motor Washer.



Maxwell

Nothing to do but put in the dirty clothes and take them out clean. Think how many other things you can be doing meanwhile! Here is a

"Home" Water-

Attach it to the faucet, turn on water, and the machine washes the clothes—without help—without any attention. Water and suds, that's all—and great piles of dirty clothes will melt away as though by magic, till wash-day becomes the lightest working day in your week.

Motor Washer

that makes special appeal to thrifty housekeepers—no gasoline to buy or current to use—just plain, cheap water! And it will clean the clothes just as carefully as you would do them by hand. Saves work—saves time—saves backache—saves the clothes! Ask your dealer.

MAXWELLS LIMITED

Dept.

St. Marys, Ontario 39



WHICH IS IT?



EVERYBODY takes off his hat to the lazy man. All these human dynamos and masters of efficiency make the rest of us very tired. We don't want to be tired. We want to enjoy life. Otherwise what's the use of being born? Those violently offensive Germans are the curse of mankind. They don't enjoy life themselves and don't want anybody else to enjoy it. What was the use of having barn-raising ancestors if the rest of us can't have a comfortable, easy life as a result?

We're all born with so much energy to exert; so many heart-beats to get through with; so many vibrations of one kind or another; so many yawns and sleeps, and then we're done with this world anyhow. All those people who talk about a man recreating his own energies are foolish. It can't be done.

The most interesting men in the world have always been lazy. Disraeli was far more interesting than Gladstone. Anybody can learn how to work. Only a genius really knows how to loaf. Work is a tyrant. There are only so many ways of working, as any machine can tell you. I am not a machine. I am not a boiler to be crammed with energy fuel. I am not an efficiency expert. I am an up and down lover of laziness. I delight in solitude and in leisure. If I want to run like a steer for something I consider worth while, that's my own business. But it doesn't prove that I like running. I don't. I just run so that I can get there sooner and have all the longer to loaf after I do.

Oh, I've heard these efficiency sermonizers; these ginger-group exhorters. Just the other day I came across something one of them wrote. Here it is:

Millions of people move as though to go an inch an hour faster or to lift an ounce a day more would throw them out of gear. Some people's ideas of labor unions are built on that notion. Then again, some other folks' ideas of a man when they hire him for anything is that he is a machine; good for so many days' work before it goes to the scrap heap. Hence the infernal sweatshop, the workhouse and the homes for incurables. Before the war England was full of derelicts who believed in the so-much-and-no-more. Most of them are busy now. Before the war America had millions of thick-waisted, thin-chested men who were supposed to keep going somehow no matter how many dollars' worth they got away with to the waiter at one sitting. A lot of them are surprised to discover that they are entitled to bolster up the insurance companies with another five or ten years to the mortal coil just by eating less when they have to and doing more real work from the shoulders down. This idea that as a man's liver so is he, must have made the great Creator of energy and human beings feel weary of the outlook. It's a discouraging libel on civilization

HEYOHEE AT THE BARN-RAISING

By ENTHUSIASTICUS

CANADA was never a lustier country than in the days of the barn-raising. Nothing we ever had in this country came so near the feeling of modern war as the barn-raising and the log-bee. The raising was more picturesque, some of the time more robust and much more dangerous. But the spirit of war was in both; the side that got through first and left the job well done. No barn was ever raised by tired men. Those who came tired and sat on the lumber listening to the frogs while the rest of the gang finished putting the "bents" together, got over being tired when it came to the point illustrated in this picture. No. 1 bent is going up. The pike-poles bend like whipstocks. The boots go down in the mud. Eyes go shut. The bent reaches the dead line. There's no letting her back. She must go up; the men must buck her over. In a hundred men it's the last ounce to every man that counts. When the barn-framer yells "He—yo—" every man sets himself for the last ounce—"Hee!" And when every man lifts ten pounds more than he ever did before under any circumstances whatever, lifts till he sees stars, altogether, "tout ensemble" as they say down the St. Lawrence, the dead line is broken. "Walk her right up, boys!" No. 1 bent—went. Because she had to. And the last ounce did it.

that it has to spend half its time when it's awake just sitting down. Any doctor knows better. Every human being is a nerve centre of the world. A man is as old as his arteries, says the M. D. Here goes a man off stage forever with arterial sclerosis. Reason—Just as he was beginning to be 100 per cent. efficient without wasting his energy like a runaway horse, pop he goes off because he thought he had brain enough to keep his body limber without exercise—and he hadn't.

Bosh! I thoroughly respect my liver. I think it's a jolly little organ. It gives me a chance to blame something specific for wanting to loaf. I don't want to be a mass of vibrations. No, I don't. I agree with Van Horne who used to say every man is born with a love of inertia which he only overcomes by necessity compelling him to go hungry if he doesn't move. Anyway I would rather sleep than eat. Of the two books, Ecclesiastes and the Song of Solomon, I prefer a little of both. And either is better than Nietzsche the sneeze-man who propagated all this inhuman drivel about the superman.

Anyhow, first thing we know—"Get the hook," says the stage manager. And the old cynic with the scythe pops out from the wings. Another procession to a white city that should have been postponed ten years or so because the victim believed that he could increase his vibrations without shortening his life. And it can't be done.

What's the use of living if you can't have the Spring fever? It's the people who have Spring fever half the year round who produce all the poetry and the music and the pictures. And if I can ever get somebody to subsidize me, I'm going to be one of that angelic gang myself. Do I wish I had ever been at a barn-raising? No, I don't. I was fed up on barn-raising talk when my father had me. And if I ever have any children, I'll guarantee to keep them as far from the barn-raising, German efficiency, bull-driving idea as possible. Because—this is April, the month once sacred to bock beer and always to Spring fever—and I've got it.

I'm going out to Nature who always understands a lazy man. You never catch Nature making resolutions and grimly setting her teeth. There's no such thing as a state of mind in Nature. No, the old mother of us all just is, and doesn't want to be anything more than she feels like being. If she wants to get up on her toes and scream a gale and rip things up by the roots, she just does it. Then she settles down after the tantrum into a nice gentle siesta when the rustle of a song-sparrow in the brush is a real big noise. That's the way I want to be. It's the only way to be in harmony with the universe.

Or A Touch of Spring Fever

By VIS INERTIA

Oh, I've heard these efficiency sermonizers; these ginger-group exhorters. Just the other day I came across something one of them wrote. Here it is:

MAKE DOCTORS



"WHO," says the Theatre Magazine, "has not wept with the unfortunate Lady of the Camellias as she lies in bed on the eve of her dissolution? In every country under the sun theatre lovers have been held spellbound by this tragic end of a classic love affair."

Cammille is the classic among invalids; the gentle, frail lady who after a life of great excitement sang herself to everlasting sleep in a sweet opera most memorably in the beautiful impersonation of Nordica. The picture here is Ethel Barrymore's presentation. In its chastely simple outlines with the exquisite coverlet and the soft rays of the suspended lamp, it is a model for all those who prefer the contemplation of a lovely death-bed scene to the robust vigor of being alive in every pore.

RADICAL changes of the Ontario Medical Act are foreshadowed, following the report of Judge Hodgins, a special Commissioner appointed to investigate the status of the profession and medical treatment generally. The report when it comes will be final, and will not certainly be open to question. There is one sure fact, borne out by the evidence everywhere. The general public do not, as a unit, rely on medical skill for the treatment of their ills. The profession in part is responsible for this general distrust. The public look upon the doctor as a tradesman who has something to sell, which might be bought more cheaply elsewhere. Then the

spectacle of doctors fighting one another for public support does not increase public confidence. The failure to cure is more often considered than the success of the average practitioner. The present competitive fee system has gone a long way to undermine confidence in the profession. In spite of modern education, the popular mind is still empirical, and may be led away from professional treatment by advertisement of other curative marvels.

When the doctor sees people everywhere patronizing proprietary medicines, or consulting such healing agencies as the Chiropractic or Christian Sciences, he may as well put the blame where it belongs—on himself and his anomalous position before the public. It is a safe wager that for every dollar paid to the general practitioner in fees, an equal amount, if not much more, is spent for proprietary remedies or treatment from unauthorized practice. There is a remedy for this, but it will not be achieved by fighting illegal practice or patent medicines.

In theory the average physician can care for the health of 800 to 1,200 people, proportionately to the size of the community he serves. For this he deserves an annual income of at least \$3,000. The cost of maintenance for a physician and family is high and leaves only a small annual profit at that sum. At the beginning of the war the number of practising physicians of Ontario, on the basis of the above figures, was above the requirements. In consequence, the income of many fell far below their normal earning power or what they really should have. It is nothing unusual to find in a town of 2,500 people from four to six doctors, established as local "opposition." We are fortunate to find any two of them on speaking terms, or willing to assist one another in emergencies. Competition produces dissension, and limits greatly the value of the practitioner to the community. Each man has his own devoted following, and many of these are agitating for new patrons for their favorite doctor.

There are other places where medical assistance is difficult to get. This is true in the Western Provinces, where it requires sometimes 900 to 1,200 square miles to secure a population of 1,000 people. Yet one doctor can serve this country fairly well, but only at great cost to the outlying points. The fees of a Western doctor for long trips are almost prohibitive. For that reason many people are content to die rather than have medical help. There is a remedy, but they have not yet secured it, nor have they seen the fallacy of the present system.

WHILE not directly so, the regulation foreshadowed by the remarks concerning the Hodgins' report is an attack on osteopathy. Unless the osteopaths now practising on permit are able to organize a faculty and an Examining Council, they will be treated as unlicensed practitioners, and made subject to all the penalties of the Act for illegal practice. This amounts to exclusion for a time at least, and is grossly unfair. Osteopathy has passed beyond the stage where its value can be questioned. By methods of the osteopath certain ailments not amenable to medical or surgical treatment of orthodox kind, may be treated successfully. Allopathy and Homeopathy as orthodox systems of practice, originally antagonistic to a great extent, have now much in common. It is safe to say that a given case treated skilfully by either system, if at all curable, would run much the same course to a favorable termination. The term Allopath and Homeopath are soon quite certain to be obsolete and forgotten, for all that is valuable in both systems will be merged into one—wholly scientific and modern, and sufficiently exact to satisfy all popular requirements. Osteopathy will very soon be a specialized branch of medicine, adapted to the special needs of healing it conforms to. Until then it should be dealt with leniently, as a meritorious system of treatment, restricted to a certain type of ailments, and so accepted by the medical profession at large. Chiropractic science (?) is a farrago of nonsense. Like every other kind of quackery it has adopted some means of treatment from other systems. While

(Concluded on page 7.)

FRESH SHINING AFTER RAIN: By HELEN D. WILLIAMS

THERE is, in the cycle of the seasons, an intermediate stage which is not winter, nor yet spring, as the poets have sung it. Everywhere the earth is shaking off winter's mantle of snow. Meadows have a sodden, pressed look. Not yet do fall-ploughed fields suggest seed time and crops. Marshlands are mouse-riddled. The firs are still sombre black. The skies are leaden. A yellow light over all. In the air a prescient sense of "something coming on the world."

And then, above the foothills, nimbus clouds gather, and darken, and overspread the valley. Trees begin to rock and twist. Hail, small and round, like homeopathic pills, rebounds from windows and roofs. The air is white with it. The ground that has been a Zebraesque brown and white is white again with it. And now it is raining. Straight down. Hard. And it keeps on raining. All night you hear the windy voices of the rain croon, and threaten, and weep. All day the woods are veiled with rain. It distils a magic tonic. It scours hill-sides, muddies roads, swells rivers, floods intervale lands.

In oilskins and alone, you sally forth to glory in the waste of waters where usually no water is. It is all on such a herculean scale, a symbol, as it were, that by struggle alone man shall achieve. It is impossible to get very near, but beyond the inky pools and growing streams one sees extraneous objects—an uprooted tree, perhaps, or a bobbing barrel, or relic of furniture—floating past on the swirling current.

Following the river along, you cross the meadow where a stone war club and other evidences of Indian encampment—now reposing in the Brome County

Historical Building—have been ploughed up. Indians must often and often have paddled up the creek and across the lake on ruthless pillage bent. Almost you can hear the dip of their paddles, and see their lithe forms disappearing round the curve where dogwood blazes.

"Its very homelessness" (writes Richard Le Gallienne of marshes), "is the home for something in man that is loneliest under a roof and finds its kindred only where the blue heron finds his."

All round are pictures one need visit no gallery to see. Here quasi-submerged trees loom grayly through the mist, looking like shades of themselves. There, so vivid green is the lichen on fallen logs that industrious fairies must just have painted them anew. All at once you are conscious that the murmur of rain has ceased in the woods, that the slow-falling drops no longer start innumerable circles on derelict pools. The landscape lightens. For the first time you notice a suspicion of greening leaves, the earnest of hepaticas and mayflowers to come. Surely the buds of the maples are pinky-green? And what is that? That raucous, insistent, triumphal sound overhead? And now one can see them, geese flying in V shaped order.

Through the filter of the trees a streak of daffodil widens along the horizon. It flames, reddening the waters of the creek, and all the little land-locked pools. Momentarily the gold and red becomes more translucent, the brown of the earth more sharply defined, the hills more mystically remote. Somewhere, up in the treetops, a robin bursts into song. How fresh everything looks, and smells, and is—fresh shining after rain.

CIVIL SERVANTS

REASONS why the competitive system in the practice of medicine should be abrogated in favor of a public utility scheme. The health of the community is a public asset as well as a private boon. Why is the same doctor in some cases a man who makes his fee punishment fit the crime and in others an unpaid philanthropist?

By A MEDICAL MAN

(Continued from page 6.)

Chiropractors contradict by this their own fundamental theories, they obtain so-called "advertised cures" by such means. The nature of chiropractic training and theory and the open fight they are making to supplement standard treatment demands suppression. Chiropractors rank with all other quacks and Christian Science as a public danger, and require removal. The chief danger of the faith healer is as a spreader of communicable disease. They refuse vaccination and evade quarantine; hence they call for severe measures for the sake of public safety.

Popular distrust of orthodox medicine is strengthened everywhere by the advertisement and propagation of illegal forms of practice. People cheerfully pay money for fake remedies and treatment on the supposition that they would pay more for less result to a regular practitioner, who thus has a reputation for uncertainty quite on a par with a quack. There is a popular delusion that the doctor is "rolling in wealth," or "getting rich fast." The real truth is that about half of them have a long, hard fight to make both ends meet. Competition and poorly paid bills take care of that. Altogether, the private practice of the average doctor is a discouraging experience.

The strict adherence to precedent which a legal mind always follows, sees no outlet for medical evils. "Let us make the law more stringent," says Judge Hodgins, as quoted in the press. That will not help the doctor much. It will not make the people more readily content with his personal services. It will not prevent the use of proprietary medicines with their uncertain result. It will not save the hundreds of people who die annually for lack of proper medical treatment, either because they are unable to pay for it, or because they have no faith in medical treatment as now employed. There is no hope of real reform in any tightening of the statutes. The real reform is to put the doctors where they will be acceptable to the public and to make that acceptance compulsory.

This is the remedy we advise: The doctor should be licensed as a "Civil Servant" and assigned a definite district to serve, on a minimum salary provided by the state, and raised by local taxation. The doctors of each district would co-operate with their immediate neighbors for assistance and consultation, and be available for all public needs. The few regulations we now have for maintaining public health would not have to be stretched very far to meet the requirements of such a change. The Public Health Bureaus are administered by paid men already, but the real work of the bureaus is done by general practitioners without any salary whatever.

Education has become compulsory. Therefore the teaching profession are appointed and paid by the state. Public Health is even more important than Education. The state enforces certain restrictions to safeguard health generally, but leaves the vast extent of personal health to be cared for by individual choice, at personal expense. It is safe to say, that the sum paid for medicines and treatment, exclusive of all sums for proprietary remedies and doubtful forms of treatment which always come high, would greatly exceed the sum total necessary for a state-paid medical profession and free dispensaries; for necessarily the professional chemist would be included in the general reform. Five dollars per capita would hardly cover the present medical bill for Ontario annually, but it would be amply sufficient to employ all the doctors necessary to serve any Province in Canada and give a more efficient service in the conservation of public health.

There would be far less sickness than now. There would be prompt mea-



Some day the citizen may use his public utility stethoscope on the doctor.

asures to treat cases which perish by delay of diagnosis and treatment. There would be no incentive to say that "the doctor keeps people sick." His chief aim would be to keep them well. As a civil servant he would be available to everybody, and obliged to do his best for their needs.

Just how anomalous and arbitrary the fee system can become can be shown in a claim now pending in the probate courts. A certain physician is suing for the recovery of fees owing for a term of years by a deceased financier of Toronto. A total of \$17,500 is asked for; and the special items charged disclose sums of \$100 to \$500 charged for trips made of less than 100 miles, that have apparently no material bearing on the condition of the patient, and might well be considered a holiday. Such charges are open to question; but the chief wonder is that a wealthy man should fail for so long to pay his medical fees, and thus leave his personal heirs open to excessive claims. One can hardly blame a doctor for getting all he can under the circumstances.

There is a Canaan of tolerable prosperity awaiting the wandering physician and surgeon. He is still in the desert of tradition, hedged in by the fee system. No wonder the people venerate false gods and hear not his wisdom. He shall not enter the heritage until the barrier is removed. The present war may accomplish something, but it will be very little indeed, we fear. The Western Provinces may point the way. The need for equalizing fees in the rural section is so glaringly evident that municipal contract will supplant the fee system at an early date. Ontario would require an earthquake to achieve this result. Perhaps we may yet have it. Who knows?

Between the cradle and the grave we must sail some very stormy seas. We risk unseen torpedoes and uncharted rocks, and shipwreck may intervene before we reach the serene harbor of old age, well content to cast our anchor behind the veil. The rickety old ship "Good Health" perforce needs a good navigator and a pilot. Shall we employ the policy of proprietary remedies or a travelling fakir for the job? Hardly likely.

Are the people ready for the remedy? If they are, the Ontario Medical Act the public and the medical profession to mutually arouse themselves and do some real thinking.

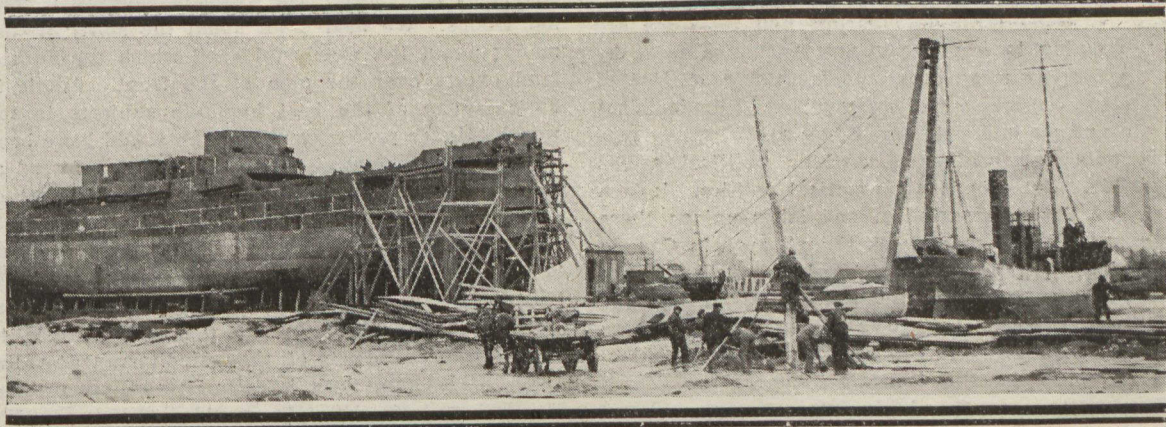
When that time comes, there will be so much noise around the Legislature that our law-makers won't bother any longer with judicial reports. There is nothing radical about the new report. If adopted it may accomplish more injustice than any abuse it corrected. It is the result of evidence of men with no perspective for the rank and file of the profession. They are well established specialists, and do not want any change that would lessen their income. Therefore precedent rules. A few more sub-sections to the act and a few more dollars to the legal adviser of the many offenders they will annually secure. The only amendment to the Ontario Medical Act is a new Act, which embodies the principle we have outlined, and makes the doctor a responsible citizen, not an unpaid philanthropist.

NEW SHIPS FOR THOSE GONE BELOW

If all the ships sunk by German subs, representing over 11,000,000 tons, were ranged end to end, they would reach about 120 miles. The combined efforts of all the shipyards of Germany's enemies have not been able to catch up to the tonnage destruction by more than 2,000,000 tons. Canada is doing much. Orders for \$65,000,000 worth of new shipping are already placed in Canadian yards. Twelve Canadian shipyards are now working on orders from the Imperial Munitions Board, and their capacity is being brought up to approximately 250,000 tons a year. In the Maritime Provinces the recovery from the dullness of recent years in wooden shipbuilding is remarkable. The cost of building has advanced 30 per cent. since last year; but the demand has been so pressing that the builders have been able to make profits of from 25 to even 75 per cent. During 1917 the Canadian Vickers, Limited, of Montreal, has built and delivered twelve submarines for Allied Governments, eight steel trawlers, complete, nine steel trawler hulls, besides a 7,000-ton cargo boat, the largest ocean-going steamer ever built in Canada. British Columbia now has thirty-two wooden and eight steel vessels under construction; while on the Great Lakes and in all

shipbuilding yards of Ontario great activity has prevailed during the year.

By the end of 1918, says World's Work, it is estimated that the American tonnage will amount to 7,900,000, which is enough to maintain nearly 1,600,000 men abroad on the basis of 5 tons per man. In 1917, the U-boats sank about 6,000,000 tons of shipping. The world has much less shipping, therefore, than at the corresponding time in 1917.



EDITORIAL

FIFTY-SEVEN-CENT butter and fifty-cent eggs in April, 1918, cause most of those who don't produce butter and eggs to rise up and ask more of the monumental questions—Why? The popular fallacy is still abroad that a Food Control Board was organized for the express and only business of keeping down prices. Well, so far as preventing anybody from exploiting people by profiteer methods so it was. The efficiency of this country can't be increased by prohibitive prices for the necessities of life. If there are food profiteers their names should be known to the Food Board and publishable by the Government with penalties more than equal to their profits. In times like these a food profiteer should be as easily discovered as a bat in a parlor. We are all hunting for the profiteer. We are all agreed upon his extermination.

But that is not the main question. One of the trenchant sayings of Mr. Hanna, ex-Food Controller, was that people may yet be faced with the option of taking what's left or going without. Export first, save afterwards, is a slogan first made into a heading in this paper several weeks ago. It ought to be rather uncomfortable in working out. Do we believe in it? Then we shall forget that beating down prices is the first function of the Food Board and realize that there are two others which we shall yet have to face before we are done with a world scarcity of food.

First, we shall have to get rid of the idea that in times like these food is a thing to tickle the palate. From now on, and it should have been from long ago, the function of food on any table is to stay the stomach and to provide energy for work. The old formula for education was the three Rs. The old formula for food was bread and butter. But—why butter? Why meat? Why pastry? On the verge of world famine, why anything for a healthy adult stomach but the plainest rudiments of nourishment? Our bush-laboring ancestors got along sometimes with johnny-cake and pork gravy supplemented by corn-meal mush and sometimes thick milk. They conquered the bush on it.

The second idea we shall have to discard with great violence, and now is the time to do it just as we are entering upon another phase of food-production—is that the ability of any people to get food is the energy of the people devoted to producing it. There are no stores of food in the world, except those which are unavailable under the circumstances. There is no manna from heaven; no Moses. But there is—the land. Of all peoples in the world Canada has most productive land compared to population. If the whole available energy of population in Canada were turned upon our own land we should accomplish wonders in production. It happens, however, that much more than half our population are living away from the land. Until we send the town back to the country we might as well stop our diatribes at the Food Board.

The Food Controller has no empire of food under him. We are the food-producers. And until we live up to the necessity of that fact we may as well paint oil portraits of the members of the Food Board and ask the portraits to do the work.

ONTARIO farmers, laborites and socialists are trying to organize a new party. This is by far the most ingenious method ever devised of getting town and country together. Simple. Just unite and go into politics. In an age of union governments and coalitions anything political seems possible. But this is not practical politics. It is a dream. Between socialism and labor unions there is some bond of connection, though even in Canada they have differences enough. We have even met farmers who talked socialism. But we have never met a farmer who believed in labor unions. There are good reasons. In the first place, this combination of three elements is against something. What? We suppose the alleged big interests, or whatever stands for industrial organization represented by

capital. And the farmer is himself the biggest of all big interests in Canada. As a mere matter of census the farm organization in Canada is estimated at \$36,000,000 more capital investment than all the factory industries.

Farming is impossible without invested capital. The farmer should be the biggest employer of labor. That he is not is no fault of his. He wants to be. The capitalistic farmers of Canada are crying aloud for more help. They must have it. They never wanted it so badly. The farms are man-starved. Production hinges not so much upon land as upon labor. We are producing less in bushels and tons than we did in 1915. There is but one reason: shortage of labor. Figures began to tell the story seven years ago. In 1910 there were 50,000 fewer rural population in Ontario than there were in 1900; in the same year 400,000 more urbanites. The town has robbed the country of labor. There are a score of reasons; the chief of which is wages. Even in 1917 the rural depopulation went on and the munition factories got the benefit. Wages were higher in munition factories than they can ever be on the farm. If the labor which has exodus from the land to the towns could be unionized, labor unions would stand for an organized inroad upon the farmer's best friend—his son or his hired man. Not only does the exodus decrease production and make drudgery of farming. It also reduces rents. Farms in Ontario can be rented now for three and a half per cent. of their value.

Will this new pact between farmers and townsmen return labor to the land? If so, more power to the pact. But we fear there will be no such result. The issue has been footballed into politics, which makes a lot of strange bedfellows. And the biggest sufferer from such an absurd alliance will be Canada's biggest of all big interests—the Canadian farmer.

ALL Fools' Day was aptly chosen as the day when the United States begins to save one hour of daylight in twenty-four hours and Canada does not. On that day a man could leave Buffalo at seven in the a.m. and arrive in Niagara Falls at somewhere around half-past six. About three days later than the date line on this issue, however, Canada will also be saving daylight. For twenty years civilization has wrangled over this

THE SPIRIT OF ENGLAND ON THE SOMME

WHAT of the "contemptible little army" now? After weeks of grueling on and around the Somme, how is Tommy Atkins coming out? Beaten? Not yet. Not soon. Not even ultimately. You do not judge the British army in France by the surveyor's chain; so many kilometres of front pushed back, so many kilometres in an offensive. By the acreage estimate Tommy never would have been there at all. The British army was sent to France, not because of any war-map, but because the spirit of England demanded that the honor of England should be expressed. The spirit of England is with her troops. We hear a lot about the spirit of Germany; about the wonderful spell which the Fatherland exerts over the men at the front. Admit it. Fritz is one of the best hypnotic subjects in the world. Under proper conditions he would have been a real patriot. Just at present he is being forced to see red and the spirit of his Fatherland is that of a crazy-house. The spirit of England we know. It was known before Germany emerged from the barbaric twilight of Hun-land. While the red-faced hordes described by Tacitus, the old Latin historian, were coming down from the top of the world to smite the civilization of the Mediterranean, the spirit of England was being nurtured upon those mystic islands at the right shoulder of Europe. We know but half enough of what that spirit is in its

device. Acres of articles and speeches have been made for and against it. We are now about to accept the inevitable without a struggle, just as we did banishment of the bar and votes for women. We are convinced that sunlight is cheaper than electricity, and we don't deny that an hour in the morning is worth two in the evening for getting work done. A lot of men who never saw a milkman except when they were coming home, or heard a robin at his first song since they left the farm, will now become personally acquainted with both milkmen and robins. There will be a few hitches for a while. Children will be more surprised than anybody else. Little Bobbie, aged two, will suddenly discover that it is no longer his privilege to be the alarm clock for the household at six a.m. And instead of being night-hawks we shall all be sons of the morning.

WE do not regard the ancient City of Quebec as an outlaw city. A small minority by treasonable anger over what they consider unfair methods on the part of those enforcing the Military Service Act have brought on outlaw conditions. The country at large turns its eyes to Quebec, the old and new capital, official residence of the Lieutenant-Governor and the Premier, the seat of law and therefore of order, the historic and picturesque pride of a great country to which it is the inner gate. Many wise men live in Quebec; men who take a deep and a broad interest in the co-unity of the two great races in this country and who as much regret the recent outbreak as anybody in the Capital of Ontario. We hope these men will take such action that the presence of outside troops and the practise of martial law will soon be suspended. The Government is within its power and right in sending such troops to act under Gen. Lessard as may be deemed necessary to preserve order. And the Government will be well advised to remove them when the City of Quebec reasserts itself as the seat of law and of order for the Province of Quebec.

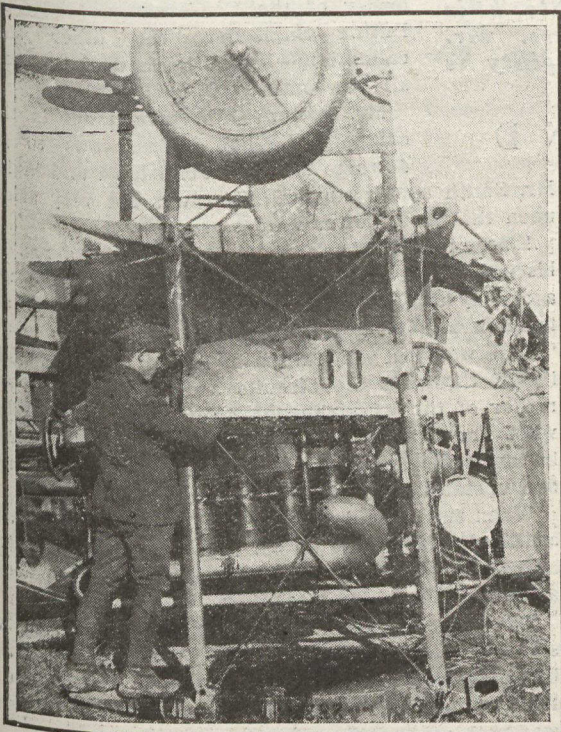
If it could be imagined that a mob of English rioters had attacked the Ontario Legislative buildings, nobody could reasonably object to a French-Canadian battalion marching to the scene to maintain order if there were no other troops available. The troops objected to by some French-Canadians are there to vindicate citizenship in this country under a native French-Canadian general as military governor of Quebec City. We believe that the Provincial Government of Sir Lomer Gouin and the ecclesiastical government embodied in Cardinal Begin who came out on the side of law and order during the riot, will regard these troops as necessary for that purpose and as in no way interfering with the government of the province by the representatives of the people.

genesis and evolution. Only now and then are we brought face up with what that dear old Blighty stands for in the way of immortal inspiration to her troops. And the Somme has seen a lot of it. That army around the Somme is the invincible army that is fed upon the spirit of the oldest free land in Europe, the mother of nations and of men, the dear old poetized island of bards and cloudcapped castles and dirty slums, and of Kitchener's Mob that picked itself up of its own free will to dam back the slaughter-house barbarism of Mittel-Europa. And no matter what the three-to-one concentration of the Huns, no matter what the guns, or the drive or the objective, that army of England inspired by the spirit of England is there to keep Hun might from the Channel. The German stranglehold on the west front must be loosed. German expansion belongs to the other side of Europe. The way is open over there. Let them go that way. And when the movement of Germany Russia-ward really starts, now that the gates are down, the armies of England, along with the armies of France and America, will accelerate the pace. The west of Europe has nothing to do with the spirit of Germany. It has all to do with the spirit of England that rises to the top of the gauge in the troops of England. And those troops with that spirit are unconquerable.

DURING three weeks in March the Allies brought down 561 German planes. This is what a big Gotha, next in rank to a Zeppelin, looked like when it came down inside the French lines upside down. The soldier seems particularly interested in the huge engine, of which we get a side view.

WE have in the French line, says Andre Tardieu, 25,000 guns of every calibre. This is a French 320 m.m. gun caught in the act of firing.

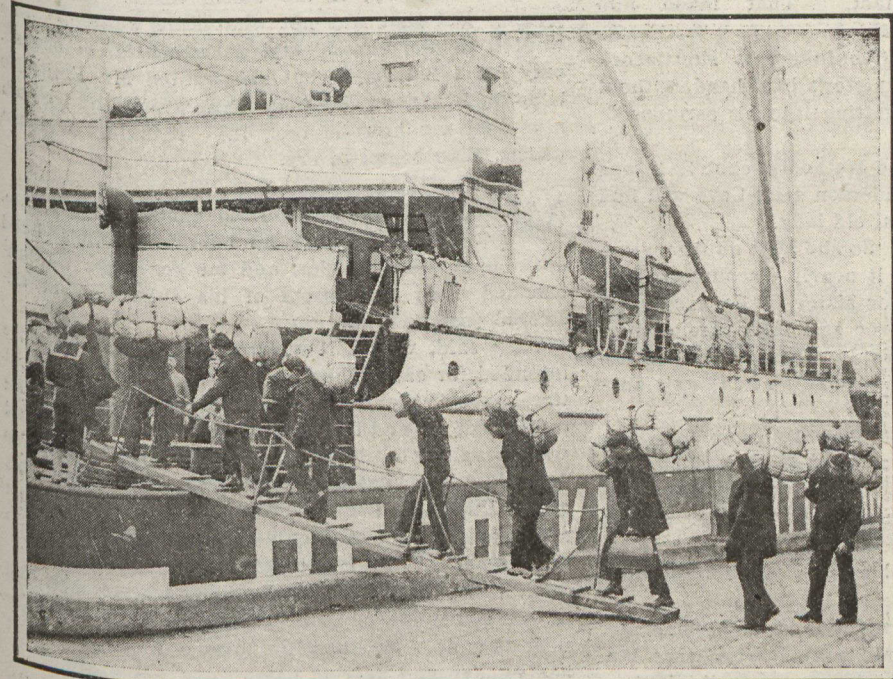
HAS anybody in Canada ever gone to a store to get a necessary article of food, such as bread or meat, and been told that it can't be got, now or at any known time in the future? If so, that Canadian will know how this old English lady feels when confronted by the empty shop. She had money, but could not buy food.



VARIETY

ALL said and done, our friends, Mary, Charlie and Douglas, remain at the top of the list for film popularity. Here they are, gentle Mary Pickford, comical Charlie Chaplin, and daring Douglas Fairbanks, all looking at a map of the United States and a little bit of Canada before they go on a personal tour on behalf of the third Liberty Loan.

SEIZURE of the 1,000,000 tons of Dutch shipping in foreign harbors, most of it in the United States, was accomplished without endangering Holland's position as a neutral. In return for the ships the United States will furnish foodstuffs to Holland, which the Dutch will probably see do not get to Germany. The ships are needed. No time was lost in getting them into commission. The Dutch crews were let out and American crews will be put in their places. Here are a crew of bluejackets boarding one of these ship to man her temporarily until the regular American crews can be drafted.



FRANCE turns out 300,000 shells a day of all calibres. The Allies have immensely more munitions behind the lines than they can use, except in a great offensive. These shells are stored in depots remote from the front lines and in places where there is no danger of their falling into the hands of the enemy. During the present great offensive some people wondered if some of our shell depots might not fall to the Germans. Here is a picture of one of them—part of the acres of shells—which probably did not.

BARB wire is as necessary in this war as munitions. There has been enough barb wire used on all fronts since the war began to put a seven wire fence clear around the earth at the equator, and then have enough left to put a fence around all the people who believe in the Hohenzollerns as a dynasty. And war barb wire is a very much more formidable obstacle than the stuff which used to play such havoc on the farm before the farmer abolished it.



CASE of POTTER versus CUPID

ONE spring a queer thing happened in Dutton. It happened the day that Effie Potter went into Millar & Johnston's general store to buy a pair of rubbers.

In rubbers Effie took a small three. Young Mr. Smith, who clerked in Miller & Johnston's, knew this instinctively; it is the size all women take. But in order to find out how much room she needed in a small three, he had to get down on his knees and tug and strain at the rubbers until he was red in the face, and then get up and go away and bring other small threes, a trifle larger, with the numbers smudged out, and try them on; and keep on like that until he found a small three that would do.

When that happened, Mr. Smith, still kneeling, leaned back on his heels and looked triumphantly up at Effie. By the strangest coincidence she was looking straight down at him—or at the rubbers, he couldn't be sure which—and, like a flash, he discovered (this is the queer think I spoke about), discovered that she had blue eyes.

Mind you! blue eyes. He had know all along that she had eyes of some sort—at least, he had suspected it; but blue eyes! It was his favorite color; he assured himself right there that it was his favorite color.

Effie went home with the rubbers and told her mother that she didn't see how a young man of Mr. Smith's ability could be persuaded to stay in a place like Dutton; she didn't think that Miller & Johnston could afford to pay him what he was worth. She wouldn't be surprised, she said, to see him in parliament some day; he was such a clever young man, and took such an interest in politics. (Mr. Smith had remarked, while trying on the rubbers, that if the Government really wanted to save this country from going to rack and ruin, the sooner they abolished these mail order houses, the better.)

Mrs. Potter had been young once herself, which is not really an uncommon thing, and she recognized the symptoms. She didn't fancy Mr. Smith for a son-in-law; she fancied young Dr. Robinson. A doctor's wife, you know, has—that is—well, it's a much better thing socially than the other.

Dr. Robinson drank, but you'd never know it, unless you were told. Mrs. Potter herself had seen to it that a good many were told, but that was when the Doctor was going with that horrid Thompson girl. Now that he seemed to have taken a fancy for Effie, it turned out that he was really only a very moderate drinker after all—took it for his nerves. You know how doctors are troubled with their nerves.

The truth is, that for a long time Mother Potter had been privately rehearsing such speeches as, "My daughter, the doctor's wife, you know, is motoring to Winnipeg this week," and "My daughter and her husband are spending the winter in California," and to forget these and learn a new set to the tune of "My daughter, Mrs. Smith, is nursing twins," or "My daughter, Mrs. Smith, is prepared to do plain sewing at reasonable rates," required a mental effort for which she was not prepared. She therefore set about to discourage the affair.

The Potters were Methodists—that is, Mrs. Potter and the children were. Mr. Potter was a nondescript.

Mr. Smith was a Presbyterian. It always happens so. The reason Miller & Johnston kept a Presbyterian clerk was because they were both Methodists. Of course, you can see the sound business judgment in that. You can't? Well, you blockhead!

Effie Potter sang in the Methodist choir, and after Mr. Smith discovered that Effie had blue eyes, he began to haunt the Methodist Church, regardless of his employers' interests; sitting in places where he could get a good view of the choir and yet seem to be looking at the minister.

Effie, too, was interested in the minister, maddeningly so. Once in a while, it is true, her gaze would wander a little, and seem to fall directly upon the countenance of that defaulting Presbyterian young man; but only for an instant, and then it would flutter away again so quickly, and rest so thoughtfully upon the extreme southwest angle of the pulpit, that Mr. Smith couldn't really be sure whether she had looked at him at all or not.

Miller & Johnston were not close-fisted, but they

ANOTHER of those funny stories of what happened to the Potter Family in Dutton on the Prairie. This time Mrs. Potter began the management of that most precarious of all affairs, the love-making between her Methodist daughter Effie and the young man Presbyterian Smith, who sold rubbers. Mr. Potter took a hand, and oh, with what elephantine agility he managed it—supported by Effie's cold in the head.

By GORDON REDMOND

were careful people, and when they saw their young clerk's usefulness being impaired in this disgraceful way, they began to talk of cutting down expenses by reducing the staff.

But did the thought of his impending reduction deter that reckless and infatuated young man? Not so you could notice it. He said the course of true love never did run smooth, and he said he would try to bear it for her sake, whatever he meant by that. He seemed chuck full of those clever sparkling things. He even conceived the idea of writing a few verses in honor of his lady love's eyes; and he tackled the job, too, but the words wouldn't come—not the kind of words he wanted. The only words that did come were some that came from Mr. Miller, the senior partner. They were harsh, biting words, calculated to sear a sensitive soul like Mr. Smith's; and they did. He abandoned poetry during business hours.

WHEN Mrs. Potter saw a comparative stranger trying to flirt with her daughter in Church, she could hardly believe her eyes. A Presbyterian, too; just think of the audacity of that. She cautioned Effie to beware of the wiles of the tempter. She said, once let him find out that Effie wasn't taking any notice of him, and he would be glad to quit; so Effie never let him find it out.

It got to be the talk of the town. Some said that old lady Henderson should really have died that spring, and only held out till the middle of the summer because she was anxious to see how the affair was going to turn out. Mrs. Potter took Effie out of the choir.

That put a crimp in the game, but only for a time. It turned out that Mr. Smith himself was eligible for a place in the choir. He knew the leader well, had lent him money, in fact. That made him eligible.

So the burning glances continued to shuttlecock back and forth past the minister's bald head, without ever warming him up or getting into his sermons in any noticeable way.

But a Presbyterian in the Methodist choir! It was a precedent. Old lady Henderson said, Love will find a way. She was an original old lady.

Mrs. Potter was furious. So she kept on discouraging the affair, till she had it nearly discouraged into an elopement, and then her sister in Brandon took sick and she had to go over and take care of her. There was a trained nurse in attendance, but my land, what good is a trained nurse when there's anybody really sick around?

Mr. Potter had been watching the game from the sidelines. He judged it was time to take a hand.

Mr. Potter had his own reasons for disliking Mr. Smith as a prospective son-in-law. Chief among these was the fact that he believed Mr. Smith to be that most loathsome of objects, a dyed-in-the-wool Grit.

Believed him to be, I say, for if he had asked Mr. Smith out and out, he would have learned that Mr. Smith was a freethinker. All young men think they are free thinkers.

But he did not ask Mr. Smith out and out. Instead he had "sounded" him, when he first came to Dutton. As leader of the Conservative faction in Dutton—ringleader, the other side called him—he felt it his duty to sound all newcomers, politically.

Mr. Potter's first official act in the campaign he had planned was to go down to Miller & Johnston's and invite

Mr. Smith up for supper. That was the very afternoon that Mrs. Potter went away.

Effie, at her father's request, had baked a pan of biscuits. The wily old fox knew that biscuits were a chancy thing at best, and that with Effie they almost invariably went wrong.

Effie was just debating with herself the advisability of throwing the biscuits away on the dog, or rather of throwing the dog away on the biscuits, when her father hove in sight with young Mr. Smith in tow. She forgot the biscuits, forgot the dog, and fled upstairs to change her dress.

When she came down in a simple white frock, with a little dab of powder on her nose, Mr. Smith thought he had never see so fair a vision. Mr. Potter asked after the biscuits.

Effie looked daggers at her father, and tried to sidetrack the biscuits, but Mr. Smith declared that biscuits were his favorite nutriment, and evinced such an interest in this particular batch, that there was nothing for Effie to do but bring them on.

The young man was lively and talkative, and ate as many of the biscuits as he could hold, to show that he liked them.

Afterwards, sitting alone with Effie on the veranda, in the moonlight, he began to wish that he had eaten one or two less. Mr. Potter left them alone on the veranda. He did it on purpose.

The young man's heart was strangely stirred as he sat there with Effie in the moonlight. That was the biscuits. As the stirring became more pronounced, the young man grew sad and thoughtful. Effie, on the other hand, had only eaten enough to make her sentimental. She wanted to know what Mr. Smith would do if she should die.

He said he would shoot himself. He counted on doing it, anyway, if the storm inside grew any worse. But that was not what Effie wanted. She wanted to die, herself—not permanently, of course, only for a few days—but she wanted Mr. Smith to keep on living, so she could hang around and watch him, and see how he took it. Thinking of these things, Effie began to cry.

MR. SMITH felt low-spirited enough to cry, too, but he didn't. Instead he drew Effie's head down upon his shoulder, and let her tears fall unchecked upon the bosom of his shirt. That answered just as well.

They said, wasn't it queer how people who were intended for each other always met at just the right time, even if they had to come from the ends of the earth to do it; and they said they couldn't understand why people who began by loving each other so fiercely, never kept it up very long, but always quit about the second week after the honeymoon. It must be that those people didn't really belong to each other. They never intended to quit.

The insurrection in the young man's stomach had now reached alarming proportions. He was beginning to gulp. He therefore took a melancholy but hasty leave and hurried home.

Effie asked her father if he didn't think Mr. Smith was looking kind of peaked. She thought he seemed to have something weighing on his mind.

"Yes," the old man chuckled, "I reckon that's about the size of it. I reckon he was weighted down considerable."

Effie went to bed to toss miserably about, telling herself over and over again that she was the happiest girl in the world, and proving it by crying until her pillow was soaked with tears and she caught a cold in her head from the dampness. Such is the power of the undigested biscuit.

Mr. Smith was tossing, too—tossing and ruminating. Every little while he would lean out over the edge of the bed and ruminate violently. At times he fancied that he must have been living on nothing but biscuits for years. His head threatened to split

SO IT SEEMS

*The year's at the spring,
The day's at the morn,
Morning's at seven,
The hillside's dew-pearled;
The lark's on the wing,
The snail's on the thorn,
God's in His heaven,
All's right with the world.*

—ROBERT BROWNING.

with every pulse beat.

In the morning he was pale and weak, but his appetite was good, and his love for Effie remained undimmed. He said, if all a man wanted was a cook, he could hire one. What he was looking for, in the girl of his choice, was a companion. Effie was an ideal companion, so sweet and sympathetic, and she never showed her temper. He doubted if she had a temper.

His doubts were not well founded. Effie did have a temper—got it from her father, so Mrs. Potter said; he said she got it from her mother—and it was on exhibition that very morning.

Things went wrong in the Potter household that morning. There was no particular thing that you could lay your hand on, and grow abusive over, and so work the venom out of your system; it was just things in general. Besides, Effie hadn't slept well, and that cold in the head was bothering her.

Her temper started at summer heat, and went steadily on up to the boiling point, Mr. Potter assisting in the ascent by choosing that, of all mornings, for taking down the stovepipes, a manoeuvre he never could execute without scattering soot and ashes freely over the furniture.

When Effie's steam was just beginning to lift the safety-valve Mr. Potter dropped an uncleaned length of stovepipe on the kitchen floor and went off down town.

He went straight to Miller & Johnston's, and asked Mr. Smith to come up and see about the linoleum for the front room. Mr. Smith was glad of the opportunity. He bought Mr. Potter a cigar.

The two men entered the house at a critical moment, just at that moment, in fact, when Effie, standing in curl-papers and kimono half-way up the front stairs, was giving a piece of her mind to the hired girl somewhere in the regions above.

It was a lengthy piece, and took some time to deliver. Then Effie, with a final withering outburst that should have scorched the soul of any hired girl, turned and saw for the first time the intruders in the hall below.

This is where some writers draw the curtain. But I am not very good at drawing curtains; I am obliged to go right on and tell what happened. Effie fled upstairs and sobbed her grief out on the bed.

At first Mr. Smith was shocked—shocked and grieved. But when he came to think it over, he was rather glad that Effie had a temper; it was the sign of a thoroughbred.

The next time he saw Effie, she was so ashamed of herself, or pretended to be, and so demure, and melting, and coy, and I don't know what all, and begged so hard to be forgiven, that he couldn't refuse her that simple request. He forgave her freely, he said, although he wasn't quite clear in his own mind as to what it was for. She said she never could forgive herself.

This happened one night at a stolen interview at the Potter garden gate. There was no need to steal an interview, for Mrs. Potter was still safe in Bran-



don, but the young folks liked to fancy that they were running risks; it added zest to the performance. Mr. Potter stumbled across them there, and went away cursing. He thought he had finished young Smith that day he brought him up about the linoleum.

I said he was cursing; he thought he was cursing. He said:

"Darn his hide! I've got one more trick in my

hand. If that don't loosen their hold on each other, nothing on this earth can."

He played his trick the following day, and kept on playing it. He gave Mr. Smith a standing invitation to come up to the house whenever he felt like it, and backed it up with special invitations at the rate of three or four a week. He kept that young man hanging around there until people said, Why on earth didn't that young Smith move his trunk up to Potter's and be done with it?

He sent those two youngsters on long drives together; he left them alone on the veranda at nights. You might say he dosed them with each other's company.

There came a time when Effie learned that Mr. Smith had faults. Little faults, they were, but still they were faults. She tried to overlook them at first; tried to laugh as heartily at his jokes the third time she heard them as the first; tried to endure with a smile the agony of hearing him sing "Darling, I Am Growing Old." She did these things because she thought it was her duty; but she did wish, after a while, that Mr. Smith's repertory was a little more extended.

About the same time Mr. Smith was beginning to fear that Effie didn't quite understand his particular form of the artistic temperament; didn't seem to realize that in order to bring out the best that was in him, she would have to drop all other interests and make a special study of his case. She was a nice enough girl, outside of that, but he was just a little bit afraid that she wasn't quite his sort.

And then that perpetual cold in the head. There is nothing romantic about a cold in the head; it isn't even interesting. It seemed that always, just when Mr. Smith was growing most tenderly attentive and was about to steal a kiss, Effie would be obliged to reach for her handkerchief and head him off. That made the thing look ridiculous.

But it was the humdrum nature of the affair that really killed it. Even a quarrel would have been something; it would have freshened them up, and set them on their feet, and made life worth living again. But they didn't care enough to quarrel. They just drifted apart, and were content to have it so; you could hardly tell when the end came.

When Mrs. Potter came home from Brandon, she said she thought she had the affair pretty well discouraged before she went away.

They buried old lady Henderson the following week.

LITTLE WORD JOLTS FOR TIRED PEOPLE

ONE of the most popular slogans born of the war is President Wilson's now famous epigram, The World Must be Made Safe for Democracy, and to this Col. Harvey, editor of The North American Review, relieves himself of one of his most pungent and characteristic rejoinders. The Colonel is always at his best when he takes a tilt at any popular fallacy.

The world must be made safe for Democracy, he says. That has become axiomatic. It is the battle call of the great war. We are insisting, we shall resolutely continue to insist until the end is victoriously attained, that Autocracy shall no more be permitted to oppress and to menace Democracy, and that the right of even the smallest nationality to live its own life in its own way, so long as it is not a nuisance to its neighbors, shall be as respected and as secure as that of the most powerful empire. The world must be and shall be made safe for Democracy.

But what of the converse? "Quis custodes ipsos custodiet?" demanded Juvenal. If at so great a cost we make the world safe for Democracy, who will make Democracy safe for the world? Perhaps we should say not Democracy but the things which pose in the name of Democracy. For of the intrinsic safety of true Democracy we have no doubt. A spurious Democracy on the other hand may be one of the most dangerous things in the world.

never permit their wages to be reduced to the old standard by the harsh arbitrament of competition. A new England is in the making.—From "How the War Transformed England," by Sir John Foster Fraser, F.R.G.S.

THE extent of the western front is 755 kilometers. Belgians hold 25, English 165, French 565. We hold, therefore, three-quarters of it. We have in front of us eighty German divisions; that means two-thirds of the German first-line troops and more than half of the German reserve divisions. The Germans do not trust to any one of their divisions a front larger than six kilometers; ours often hold nine kilometers each.

Americans, who leave for France, these figures will tell you what you will find over there: a coun-

try which has terribly suffered, but hardened to war and made greater by its sufferings; a country where our men in the line, thanks to the prodigious intensity of our mobilization, are more numerous than in 1914, a country which is neither unnerved, exhausted, nor bled white, a country which wants to vanquish and has the intent to vanquish.

Some more figures, if you please! What about our guns? We have in the line 15,000 guns of every calibre, and every day more than 300,000 shells are turned out by our factories. To get those guns, to produce those shells, we created an industry which did not exist before the war, and which has enabled us not only to arm ourselves, but also to arm our allies.—From "What America Has Done For France," by Andre Tardieu, Special French Commissioner to the United States.

IT is beyond understanding how human beings can endure what the Germans have had to suffer during the last few years. I have known men who have lost from 80 to 100 pounds from lack of nourishment. There is now no middle class. Those who belonged to that class have now descended to the poorest of the poor.

I have seen women who before the war lived in comfortable and refined surroundings forced to sweep the streets to support their families, while their husbands are out in the German trenches cursing the German Kultur for which they are forced to fight. The upper classes are living on the poor people. They own the war-plants, the munition factories, and their money is piling up in Prussian banks.—From "Economic Distress in Germany," by Rev. Aloysius Daniels, in Current History.



"Germany is like a Bengal tiger, raging and tearing, as it feels the net more tightly drawn."

DISTRIBUTION of food, the curbing of the profiteer, the check in the exploitation of the necessities of life, are all things which none of us expect will cease when the power of Prussianism has been broken and Great Britain returns to the path of peace. They are never going back to the old state of affairs. Workmen have declared they will

BARNABY OF THE BIRDS

BARNABY of the Birds and I both board at the Chesterhouse—one of those magnified, pillar-fronted boarding houses first cousin to a private hotel, and second cousin to an apartment. Barnaby has been a lodger with Mrs. Galley for ten years. He has packed his trunk and his trinkets four times—whenever she moved. Every time she got a new landlord she got a bigger dining room. But the time she got to the Chesterhouse she had a company of hanky-panky people, two of whom kept canaries and one of them a parrot. And that was all any of them seemed to know about birds.

Barnaby himself an unkempt nature-loving person, with some sort of Government job such as we sometimes give to our poets, had a huge contempt for most of these people. He knew he was no longer Mrs. Galley's star boarder. Indeed, there were times when he was sadly behind with his bills because he spent his money on getting birds stuffed, buying all sorts of reliques, going on long expensive trips away up north, out west to the prairies and the mountains, or down east, always studying—mainly birds, as far as she knew. So, when Mrs. Galley took the Chesterhouse she put this bird-man up in the attic with a dormer window looking west; the most isolated room in the house, and he was glad to get it, his only objection being that it wasn't a tower room with windows all round.

Up there in the tiptop he keeps tab on what birds drift into the back yards, what things the neighbors are growing, how the clouds fool around before and after sundown, and how the early morning feels when most of the others are asleep.

His room—no, it really isn't his; he pays the rent; other things enjoy it. Or he seems to think they do. Quite apart from the junkyard he keeps of queer stones, odd shells, ridiculous dried fungi, obsolete arrow-heads and Indian pipes, Eskimo ivory trinkets, and all that sort of truck, Barnaby has in the place where he should keep what few clothes he isn't wearing at any one time, a heterogeneous assemblage of stuffed ornithology. He is an amateur taxidermist as well as a promiscuous collector. He makes a crony of the stuffed-animals man. He has never stuffed anything that wears fur. Birds are his other self. He knows birds from the jenny-wren to the ostrich; from the extinct dodo to the last bird discovered by the 20th century. He has even been on speaking terms with a whip-poor-will, that artful dodger of the bush edge. He has booted and slushed over the northland where cedar waxwings and all sorts of tufted birds celebrate the winter, and where the whiskey-jack swipes the soap in the camps. He knows how the Eskimos shoot the wild geese, and he has the arrows. He can tell the difference between the eastern Canada pheasant and the kind that hobnobs with the prairie chickens of Alberta; how the mud-hen fools the duck-hunter, and how the kingfisher rears his young in a tunnel; the wistful winter ways of the chickadee in the comfortable bush and the storm-tossed crag of the gulls down by the eastern sea.

And the first time I seriously met Barnaby was when he and the landlady were having some altercation in his room about a stuffed pigeon. Some time before Barnaby had got hold of this passenger bird, and because his bird-closet cage was chock-full he slung it into the bottom drawer of his dresser, where it seems a rat had chewed the head off the poor thing. Barnaby was accusing the landlady of negligence, and she was giving him fits about the moths that infested his bird-cage, and the argument came to a climax when she said:

"Fiddlesticks, man! I can see twenty pigeons in the backyard any day."

"Yes, but they're not passenger pigeons, my lady—and, besides, there are only nineteen," he retorted sadly.

He slung the headless pigeon into the waste basket and said no more.

This year, just when the March birds, as he said, were coming over the top; just at the time when Barnaby always knocked off work for a week to go slushing around the cat-tail marshes with his eyes

By ONE OF HIS VICTIMS

on the clouds and his ears hung out for the first new twittering and fluttering in the brushwood—just at this glorifying time of new life stirring the roots of Barnaby's long hair, a fine case of measles migrated into Barnaby. He became as melancholy as a moulting mourning-dove. By doctor's orders he must not leave his room for weeks. Birds may come and birds may go. Barnaby must stay in the attic.

Which devolves upon me the pleasant duty of doing picket duty in Barnaby's room. After supper, and just when the sun was flooding his big, gaunt room, touching up all the old shells and the nick-nacks that smell of the camps, I found Barnaby one evening last week in a most unusual state of rebellious excitement. Through his wide-open dormer-window came the melting music of a spring evening in which the notes of a cock-rob-in were dominant. He compelled me to perch at the window and drink it all in while he talked to me about the birds till I could see and hear hundreds of them scurrying and scampering and twittering in all manner of places where he should have been, but could not because of the measles. He made me a sort of middleman to his great universe of paganism till the sun went down and I was about to light the gas, when he said: "Hold on a minute. Listen."

HE puckered up his long, bleary face till it looked like a nightmare of the Bird of Paradise. And he whistled.

"What bird is that?" he asked.

"I'm no good at riddles, Barnaby."

He did it again, with such a creepy ghost of a whistle; three notes in a cadenza, mournful, mysterious and sweet.

"Oh, whistle the Bob White, or caw like a crow, and I'll tell you," I said, impatiently.



He poked in his head into the closet, reached up his long, lanky arms, and began to hand out things to me. As one in a dream, I took what he gave me. a score of stuffed birds; one by one—I remember exactly what they were, and I know nothing about birds at all. Two by two I placed them on the bed and waited for the crank to arrange them.

Meadow-lark; sandpiper; high-holer;
Kingfisher; oriole; common robin;
Cat-bird; bobolink; jenny-wren;
Whip-poor-will; song-sparrow; peewee;
Goldfinch; bluebird; vireo.

There were others. These I clearly remember; how, with the quiet enthusiasm of a marionette manager, Barnaby tramped them about into a sort of orchestra on the quilt, and sat back in an easy chair like a music master. He began to whistle, as he did so, picking each bird up and setting it down.

I sat and smoked in wonder. These birds that he had himself shot and stuffed and stored in his closet, he had forgotten them all winter. Now they were all suddenly alive again. These birds were old pals of his. He had chased them hundreds of miles when other men were holding down desks in stuffy offices. To his prancing imagination that bird-orchestra

there on the bed was a convention of real songsters back from the south-lands into their woodland haunts of Canada. With the eye of a poet as he whistled the songs and sat back to think he could see them scurrying and flitting and scrambling about among the brushwood and the buds and the warm winds where the new clean lights of April shoot and dream through the bunches of woods—such woods as are left. He was indeed a poet, this Barnaby of the birds.

"Say," he remarked to me as though I had been a man in a dream, "I'd give my last dollar if I could whistle the whole bally lot o' them at once."

"Jargonopotporri!" I mumbled. "Don't do it."

"If I was only this cat-bird now," reaching for his tailorized specimen as sleek as a tout on Bond St. "By the twang of an E string and the piffle of a piccolo! If I could only be a mocking-bird like that little neow-mummer used to be whenever he took a notion after a rain or before it to beat the soul out of a skylark!"

Then he sat back and gurgled the song of the cat-bird; or, as much of it as a human being could; the song cycle of the bird that imitates most of the others, and every time it gets stuck for a fresh note, goes back to the squawk of the blackbird and begins the melodious lingo all over again.

It was his only way of getting as many of his bird band as possible focussed into one lyric. Whenever I looked at his puckering eyes and his weird whistling mouth I almost forgot he was human. His arms seemed like a pair of huge wings. He forgot his measles. He seemed to be miles out of there in his boots, away over the hills, into the bush with his field-optics and his camera. The birds on the bed, frowsy and dust-covered and stiff, must have seemed to him like living things. He was the Orpheus of the attic. His power of imagination carried me with him. With all his measles he was a bigger child of nature than I was. I felt ashamed. The twilight

came. Dusk crept over the birds on the bed.

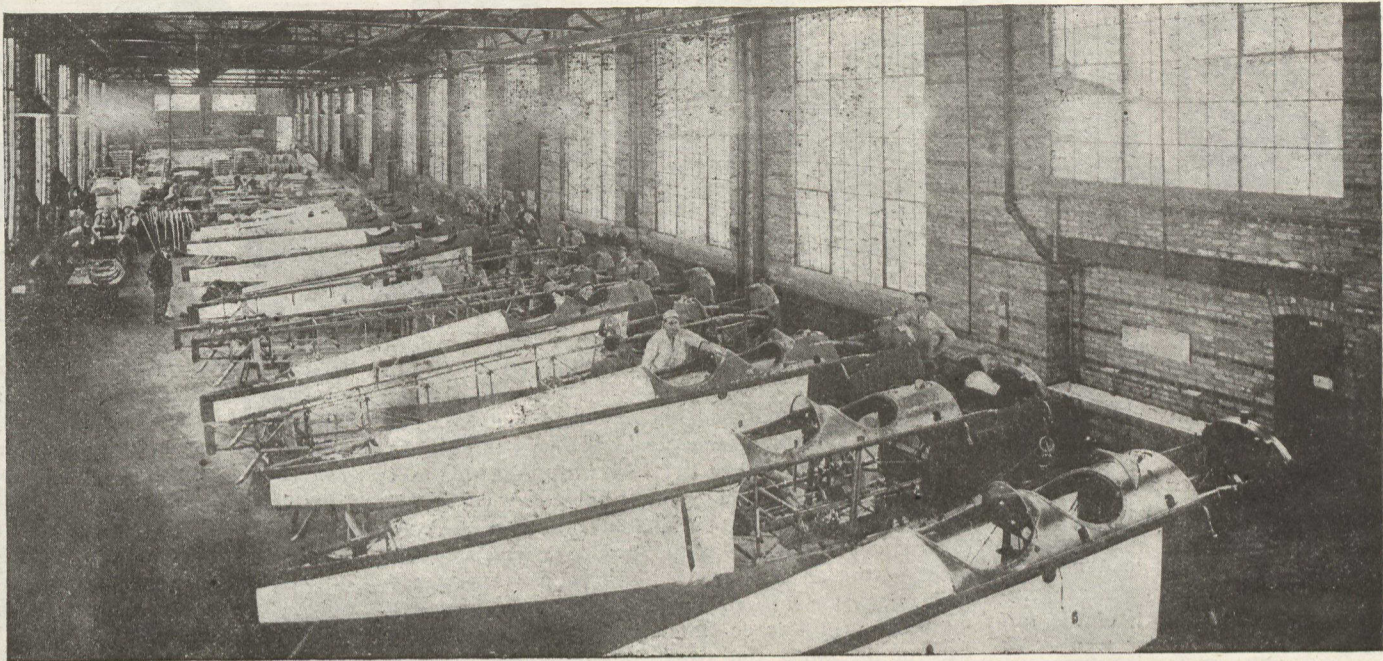
"Oh, gosh! put them away," he said. "And for heaven's sake take a day off this week; go and tell me if the bluebirds and the song sparrows are all back with the blackbirds. I'll bet all the March birds are here two weeks ahead of time this year. They were late last year. And they'll be all back—by George! the bobolinks and the orioles will be nesting before I get out of these cursed pyjamas. But if they ain't—I'll take you out, sceptic, and show you more birds in an hour than ever you dreamed you could see in a year. So I will!"

When I got the last stuffed one back in the closet he was snoring.

BELASCO ON MOVIES

THE inspiration which always manifests itself in good interpretations of characters in the regular theatre is necessarily

absent from the plays of the screens, because the acting must be done in a studio without the presence of an audience. The actor lives on approbation. That is why the people of the theatre, throughout its whole history, have been willing to make such great sacrifices for their art. There is something in the magnetic influence of an audience which thrills the actor and puts the spark of life into his work. Without it, no matter how great may be his zeal, his performance is certain to take on that flat and inspirationless aspect which I invariably notice in the motion-picture plays. To help counteract these disadvantages of what I may call studio action, screen plays must be limited to expressing only the obvious and elementary. Whatever appeal the performers make to the spectators must depend upon physical attractiveness. The heroine must invariably be beautiful. The hero must be cast in the mold of an Apollo. So long as the main figures of any scenario have to rely upon physical attributes to render them impressive, neglecting the soul for the sake of the shell, motion-picture plays cannot by any pretext enter the field of an art which has for its fundamental purpose the interpretation of life.



Canada's Conquest of the Air

MANY Facts in Few Words about the Astonishing Progress of Aviation in this Country. The Business of Airplane-Making as Illustrated by the above Photograph of—just a few—has Kept Pace Tremendously with the Art of Flying.

By **GEORGE W. AUSTEN**

school at Toronto Island for hydroplanes—the machines with a boat bottom—and one at Long Branch for land machines. On Strachan Avenue, in Toronto, the Curtiss Aeroplane factory was established, and there were built the four hydroplanes and seven land machines used in the schools. There were seven instructors for these. In this factory, also were built the big battle-planes sent overseas. The first big one was named the "Canada." It had two engines, each of 240 horse-power, capable of 107 miles an hour. Considering that the Rolls-Royce, the favorite in Britain out of 32 types of British engines, now develops about 270 horse-power, and will make, in a suitable body, about 135 or 140 miles an hour, the "Canada" was not so inferior, even as planes now go. The engines were, of course, brought from the United States. It is only now that Canada is making engines, about a thousand of them being in hand. While training his hundreds of students—with never an accident—Mr. McCurdy went to the Government at Ottawa repeatedly, but he got practical help only from the Duke of Connaught.

FINALLY, in the autumn of 1916, Mr. McCurdy went to England, with a letter of introduction from Premier Borden. There he outlined the great work his private organization was doing. The cost of the plant he was handling was a million dollars. The British Government saw the point, and through the Imperial Munitions Board—its Canadian organization—decided to take over the Curtiss organization—lock, stock and barrel. The organizer and president of the Canadian Cartridge Company, Mr. Frank Baillie, was selected to head the new aviation concern. Such was the organizing ability put into this, that, even starting in 1917, a thousand airplane bodies were completed within the year. In 1918 its output is about 300 a month. The machines are, of course, for training purposes. Without the engine, the value of a training machine of the type produced is about \$4,500. The engine is valued at about \$3,000. The output of bodies alone, therefore, represents an industry of about \$1,350,000 a month, or nearly \$17,000,000 a year, not including the big item of repairs and parts for the machines in use. Training machines have an engine of about 100 horse-power, and make about 75 miles an hour. They are a little less than 40 feet across the wing, compared with 97 feet in the battle-plane "Canada." They weigh 1,250 pounds with the motor, and 950 pounds without. In each plane is 400 square yards of linen, about 400

feet of wire, about 400 board feet of spruce. The body of even such a moderate-sized machine contains 3,000 parts!

Making an airplane is not, as many people seem to think, the slapping together a few pieces of wood, metal, wire and linen.

The spruce, for instance, comes from British Columbia. Nearly three-fourths of a million dollars worth of spruce every month is required for airplane purposes from there. To get the flawless pieces required, about 4,500 feet have to be inspected to yield a final 400 feet. Even then, it is impossible to get perfect pieces of the thirty or forty foot lengths required. Three short pieces are joined together in as pretty a bit of workmanship as a cabinet-maker would wish.

The ash required for the fuselage, or long body, is bent in a steam-chest. It also is inspected and tested at every stage. Everything is tested. Large machines pull wire rods, aluminum sheets, metal pieces, until they break. Turn-buckles, bolts, braces, etc., are smashed. There are no such uncertain things as castings. All metal parts are either cut out of tested metal sheets, turned to shape, or are forged out of 3½ per cent. nickel steel. Not a piece of wood is left to lie unbound in a metal socket. The end is first covered with a metal cap, put on with great care, then set into the socket.

THE linen is flawless. It is slipped over the wing frames like an envelope. In the "doping" room it is covered five times with the varnish solution that makes it weather proof. Individual knots along the frames and cross-supports prevent a break in any one place from loosening the linen in any other part of the wing. Both oxo-acetylene and electric welding are used to make solid metal work. Girls are employed at the electric welding. The propellers and other fine wood work are "laminated"—that is, four or five thin layers are glued strongly together.

Yet the whole organization that turns out 300 airplanes a month, at a value of \$25,000,000 a year, has been devised and carried through by Canadians. It is a far cry in airplane manufacture from the day in 1909, when a Canadian machine won the Gordon Bennett prize for speed in France, by making 47 miles an hour.

According to the latest report, in April four thousand cadets of the Royal Flying Corps will be returning from Texas to the Canadian camps. It is expected that ten thousand will be in camp altogether, along with seven hundred United States flyers. A new camp for aerial gunnery and fighting is expected to be located at Beamsville. Since on the Western front there are fighting machines that carry three guns and five men, the development of the fighting side of flying is as important, in many respects, as training in the operation of a machine.

HOW many Canadians know that the first airplane flown in the British Empire was flown in Canada? Or, that, in the summers of 1915 and 1916 six hundred Canadian young men were graduated as flyers here, entirely through private initiative, and on Canadian-made machines? These flyers—Canada's first contingent to the R. N. A. S., and the R. F. C.—then formed almost one-half of the British service. And how many know that, even if Canada is now turning out about 14 flying machines a day, and training many, many thousands of aviators, several years ago battle-planes were manufactured here, and sent to the Western front? These were of the double-engine, double-propeller type, the prototype of the great Italian Capronis and the American Liberty planes. The real accomplishments of Canadian aviation enterprise and skill, have not been paraded abroad, for very good reasons. This country has played a part much bigger than it is given credit for. Even now, one-fourth of the entire British flying corps on land and sea is composed of Canadians.

The Imperial Munitions Board now has in hand the production of airplanes, and the supplying of the numerous training camps of the Royal Flying Corps in Canada and the United States. Here is the brief history of that. In the early part of 1917, it took nine acres of vacant land, and erected a factory with 136,000 feet of floor space, and now housing 2,200 employees. In December, 1916, it took over the plant of the Curtiss Aeroplanes Company—the real pioneer in the field—and in the following February the Curtiss school. Out of the one it organized the new plant, and out of the other the R. F. C. training system. What was, in the first two years of the war, a small but growing airplane industry and school, privately managed and financed, blossomed out under British Government auspices into a tremendous adjunct of the British air service. Ten millions have been spent on plant and training grounds, and this spring about ten thousand flyers will be training at the half dozen camps in Ontario.

The pioneer in this Canadian aviation work was Mr. J. A. D. McCurdy. The Wright Brothers in 1903 had made the first flight with a heavier-than-air machine. They did nothing more in this line until about 1908. Mr. McCurdy saw the possibilities of flying, and in 1907 began experiments at the home of Alexander Graham Bell, at Baddeck, Cape Breton. By 1908 he had four machines, and though they were crude in some respects, yet they pointed the way. The propeller, for instance, was at the rear, instead of in front doing tractor duty. In 1912, the America, the hydroplane built to cross the Atlantic by the Curtiss organization, emphasized the possibilities of air-travel, and Mr. McCurdy put in most of his time, flying for exhibition or experimenting. His first hydroplane came in 1911.

Then came the war. Mr. McCurdy established a



LET'S DO *the* FOREIGNER JUSTICE

ROOSEVELT, in one of his phrase-creative moments, deplored the United States as being a polyglot rooming-house. There seems a tendency to fasten the same label on Canada. The Foreign Menace is one of the recognized stand-bys of Canadian publicists, a subject that never fails to send thrills of indignation down the patriotic spine. The slowness of the foreign immigrant to "assimilate," the perversity of the foreign immigrant in having a personality different from ours, the general cussedness and inferiority, in short, of the foreign immigrant, send us all into regular trances of profound annoyance.

I submit we are all barking up the wrong tree. I suggest that instead of the foreign immigrant being a dead weight upon us, we confess, first, the debts we owe him; second, the many things we can learn from him. I have just conned over a blue book that comes from Ottawa, entitled, "Special Report on the Foreign-Born Population of Canada." There are enough statistics in it to give Mr. R. H. Coats the malady we call the "pip."

One finds, for example, that the foreign menace seems a little exaggerated. Only 10.4 per cent. of the total population of Canada at the last census was foreign-born. Only 6.6 per cent. of the qualified voting power of Canada was foreign. Less than 3 per cent. was of enemy origin. "Foreign-born," in the Canadian definition, means born outside the British Empire. It is much easier in the American definition, because every person born outside the United States is a foreigner. They do not have to reckon English, Scotch, Irish, Welsh, Manx, Australians and Hindoos as American citizens, nor devise methods to treat those peoples justly and sympathetically, and yet let them feel they are superior.

The most notable contribution to the subject of the blue-book to which I refer, however, is the one it only indirectly suggests. This is the coldly statistical manner in which it covers the whole topic, as though the primaries in the discussion were mites seen in cheese under a microscope.

To fasten labels upon things is one of the chief delights of the Anglo-Saxon intellect; and upon the foreigner, of course, has been affixed the label of "picturesqueness." Not even his worst enemy denies him that, even though the picturesqueness is frequently compounded of dirt. But on the other hand, the foreigner manifests a regrettable lack of assimilative ability. That is the basis of our chief prejudice, for, rightly enough, a rooming-house is the diametrical opposite of the family. The foreigner seems to evince—I quote by the book—a scathing neglect of the high ideals by which we are all trying, more or less, to create a great Canada. Instead of "blending" into Canada, he sets up little Polands, little Galicias, little Russias.

There may be something in this. But it will not be waste of time to consider our machinery for assimilation. Is it that there is too much of the machine in it? Somewhere or other, Ibsen girds at democracy because it reduces every head, as he savagely puts it, to sausage-

By CHARLES STOKES

meat. You probably do not agree with Ibsen; but the sausage-machine seems to have plenty to do right here in Canada. What is it, anyway, that we want of the foreigner? If it is cheap labor, we get it. If it is menial labor that we dislike ourselves, he renders it cheerfully. It is the foreigner who supplies most of the animal strength and primitive patience that raises our skyscrapers, builds our railroads. The civilization of this continent rests upon a substructure of the blood and sweat of foreigners. I have never been unable to understand myself why we apotheosize the United Empire Loyalist who dug potatoes and condemn the Italian who digs ditches. One is as much present at the birth of a nation as the other.

The foreigner learns English quickly. He has to, you say. Granted; but one fails to see any Canadians learning the languages of Middle or Eastern Europe, even if they live in the atmosphere of their countries (this is quoted from "Janey Canuck"). A considerable proportion of Canada's native population cannot even speak the second official language of Canada (this is original). Incidentally, in reference to the language question and foreign communities, it would go hard with the foreign immigrant if upon his arrival in Canada he did not have the foreign community to help him repel the tyranny of rampant, churlish Anglo-Saxonism.

IF it be said that the foreigner develops bad habits, it must be recollected that towards him we exhibit our worst traits. In return, he endeavors to imitate us, giving us a distorted but painful picture of ourselves. The first words he learns in our language consist of profanity. There is crude humor, of course, in an Italian swearing in broken English

or a Chinaman getting drunk on white man's bad whiskey; but does not a note of sadness suggest itself in the fact that the intoxicated Oriental and the obscene dago—generally ignorant of the meaning of the dreadful words he uses—represent an exaggeration of a part of our social habits? "There, but for the grace of God, goes John Wesley." Who knows but that in the foreigner's mentality there is an abysmal contempt for the Anglo-Saxon who sets the example which, in order to succeed amongst Anglo-Saxons, he has to copy?

Is not our method of assimilation that of the sausage-machine? Do we not try to impose a machine-made nationalism upon diverse and rebellious characteristics in utter disregard for the supposition that their characteristics are at least as good as ours? Do we not try to drive individualism out of the foreigner altogether? Think, on the one hand, of the splendid national characteristics of some of our foreign immigrants; the thriftiness of the Hollander, the perseverance of the Russian, the agricultural genius of the Scandinavian, the color of the Italian, the artistic craftsmanship of the Syrian, the spiritual grandeur of that misunderstood person, the Doukhobor; and then, on the other hand, recall that while in the countries from which these people came the dominating feature of the average landscape was the church spire, the dominating feature of the average Canadian landscape is a water-tank.

Ukraine, for instance, is a small nation, or rather scattered survival of racial characteristics over a number of Slavic countries. Possibly, in a numerical sense, it is a nation as large as Canada; but in the military and political senses, it is small. Our immigration has drawn very heavily upon Ukraine. One branch of the Ukrainians, the Ruthenians, we use extensively in Canada to wash and char; we label them dirty and thievish. Yet if you read in Florence Randal Livesay's "Songs of Ukraina," a collection of translations published last year, you will get an entirely different conception of the race. You will find an ancient people, subjected to tyrannies and cruelties, a passionate Slavic verse couched in the tongue and mentality of that people, an intense nationalism that no conquests could shatter. These "Songs," be it said, are mostly written down in Canada from the memories of immigrants—memories that have persisted in spite of our cinemas and jazz-bands. This is another picture to look upon—with its inevitable contrast. Most of our "art" we import. "Canadian literature—Where is it?" asks a critic. During the whole ten years before the war, we had such a debauch of materialism—bank clearings, real estate transactions, and so forth—that practically the only additions to our cultural life during that period were impulses communicated by immigrants. But we so believe in our assimilative Juggernaut that we would sacrifice everything beneath it. We would take our Syrians, for example, with their gently beautiful hand-craftsmanship—you know the lovely rugs and tapestries they make?—

(Concluded on page 22.)



The civilization of this continent rests upon the blood and sweat of foreigners.

THE sparrow is not a noble bird, like the eagle and the hawk, who do their own butchering. He steals only half of his living, and is, therefore, but half noble. He has no cruel, insane eye, like the noble birds, but for getting on under adverse conditions, he has few equals. His enemies are many. Man—at least Canadian man—most formidable of creatures, is inveterate in his enmity, to say nothing of other noble creatures, including the noble tom-cat. He accepts it all good-naturedly as part of the environment. He never

whines about it. When occasion arises, he can fight cheerfully. He has faults, like all good birds, one of which is his superabundance of useful and entertaining knowledge which he can hardly wait for daylight to impart to me. He has little vanity and less fear. He dies with a chirp on his beak. He is a splendid colonist and has conquered conditions that would have put the so-called noble birds into retirement.

—(MALCOLM MACDONALD).

EVERY WOMAN IN CANADA SHOULD READ THIS

A YEAR or so ago, strolling with one of the Nationalist leaders at a summer resort village down the St. Lawrence, a newspaper man met a young man and woman who seemed to be very much in love. Neither was past twenty.

"Next time you see her," said the Nationalist, "she may be the mother of ten."

And he was not cracking a joke.

Because of this probability so candidly expressed—with a certain degree of naïvete that characterizes the French in matters of sex—we read that the original 65,000 French who peopled Lower Canada in the days of Wolfe and Montcalm have now become 3,000,000, counting the expatriates in the United States. Figure this out. In less than 160 years, the original population has multiplied itself by 46! I don't know enough about compound interest to calculate what rate of increase that means every year. But on top of this is it any wonder that the Histoire du Canada, as quoted in the Nineteenth Century for last month estimates that by the end of this century there will be 15,000,000 to 20,000,000 French-Canadians in Canada? By a mere coincidence in the Fortnightly Review for the same month Politicus computes that if France had multiplied its people at such a rate since 1763, there would now be 800,000,000 French in the world; when, as a matter of fact, the French birthrate is almost the lowest on record, and for a number of years—1890-95, and again in 1900 and 1907—it actually fell below the death rate.

So, you see, whoever may have invented the word Nationalist, may have been thinking of the end of the twentieth century when there should be a real new French nation in Canada. Very well. We might as well be frank about it. Talking about increase of population is something that should interest everybody. "What France needs is mothers," said Napoleon. He was no sentimentalist. He was a practical calculating man to whom increase of population was commercially a national fact. Our young love-making friends at St. Therese are sym-bols. What Canada needs is mothers. What every nation is going to need after the war is mothers, families, homes, native-born people.

Germany knows. The nation that will stand at the top of the world will have every woman a mother. Marriage or its equivalent will be compulsory. None will escape the child-rearing race for supremacy. Children as they are born will catch up and carry on the spirit of the age; the spirit of world struggle in which the nursery and the cradle and the school-room are to play leading parts. Progress will be measured not so much by new discoveries, conquests of science and revelations of art, but by better ways of making population useful to a nation. There is to be no slum. The strong nation must not have weaklings. Increase of progeny must not be left to peasants and slum-dwellers, leaving to the school the task of making such children fit for citizenship. Every advantage must be given children in birth; advantage of good brains in sound bodies to enable them to enter earlier upon the struggle for supremacy. The age of childhood is no longer to be a dream-world full of strange intimations and peopled by those who walk like gods. No, the children must be rushed forward. They must be not only numerous but efficient. They must be conscious of nationhood from the cradle. No more the universal character of childhood so beautifully taught by Froebel—a German, too. The cradle is to be nationalized. This is no new thing in Germany, either. Youth-suicide was prevalent there before the war; the dread of the slavery imposed by the State. You get a vivid notion of this in the letters of Christine.

How is this nation aiming ultimately to conquer the world, if not now, to so increase its German-speaking population? We need not ask. This fatherland, propagating nation, has already put the harness on womanhood. Women in Germany are females capable of children. If not, why not? Science can determine how many years of a woman's



SHALL *the* NATIVE-BORN CONTROL *this* COUNTRY?

THE more the guns answer now, the more must the cradles answer in the days to come. Nearly half the cradles of Canada are rocked in Quebec. The homes of Quebec are part of the answer to state-directed polygamy in countries where the home is in danger of becoming obsolete.

By CANDIDA

life should be devoted to child-bearing. Slaves will not be expected to have any opinions about that. Fatherland war-masters understand that one man is capable of hundreds of children so long as mothers are available. War has reduced the number of men and has given women the preponderance. Viewing the nation merely as a farmyard, it is possible by farmyard methods—quite irrespective of homes, or love, or ideals, or traditions, or anything that makes humanity better than beasts—to propagate from a relatively small number of men and a large number of women a colossal increase in native-born populations all speaking the tongue of the Fatherland. Another period equal to that since the modern German Empire was born—think of what that may mean to a nation practising State-directed polygamy! A nation of orphans with State-directed propagators for parents.

"The hand that rocks the cradle rules the world," sang the poet. What did he mean? That in the soul of a child lay the potentialities of the race. The modern version is different. The nation that rules the world—as though any nation should be bothering about it at all—will be a nation of many cradles. Never need it be feared that the native-born will not control Germany. Such a control is necessary to ruling the world by the Fatherland idea. The old idea of "Abraham and his seed forever" once carried out in thousands among the flocks of Judea must be enacted in multi-millions, not so much on the farms, but in the factory towns, where coal and iron come together or can be made to. The growth in population in any country depends more upon industries than upon peasantry. Statistics show this.

THE Anglo-speaking world—including Quebec—is confronted with a problem that will long out-grow this war. That problem has a mortgage on every child now born, about to be born, or that during the next fifty years may yet be born. We may as well face the possibility now. If we felt sure that German women will rebel against the 100 per cent. procreation idea we could afford to be indifferent. But how can they? From their own cradles up they are schooled to this nationalizing of the nursery.

Let us clearly realize that the more the guns answer now along the battlefronts the more must the cradles answer in future. Only motherhood, whatever particular form it bears, whether of nationalized slavery or State nurseries or polygamy—speaking of

One of these twins of a Canadian returned soldier was born in the United States; the other fifteen minutes later in Canada, on their way to Montreal.

those who do not regard a family as a sacred unit—can mend the terrible suicide of the world caused by the slaughter of war.

Canada has a big part to do in that. No country has so much room for new population along with such a well-devised "plant" for handling and citizenizing masses of people. Our seven or eight millions are dotted over the land that in time will hold five times as many. Our native-born population must increase. It will not do to depend upon immigration. In the first place we don't want a high percentage of foreigners. And if we take by immigration from France and England, we unpeopled countries that because they are closest to the "world-ruling" menace should be pitting their efficient populations against those of middle Europe.

OUR contribution to the efficient population of those who must continue to strive that Germany may not dominate the world, must be from the cradles of Canada. We must have mothers; more mothers; more homes; less costly and wasteful homes; a simpler scale of living for everybody. Many of our English-speaking families cost too much. Because homes are costly they have few or no children.

And Quebec has the answer to that. Families of ten are not reckoned large in Quebec. Our young-lover friends at St. Therese are not long discovering the work they have to do. They cannot afford long engagement. They do not wait for a bank account or go to an expensive home-furnisher on the credit system. They desire only a home, no matter how simple and small. The Church has taught them even if their own parents did not. France disinherited the Church, thus helping to reduce the families. And the Code Civil, equally dividing property among the children at the father's death, discourages women from large families, for obvious reasons. The lack of many great industries and the scarcity of coal and iron have helped what the State began. France has a declining population. Much of the remedy is in her own hands.

Let her learn from her daughter Quebec. Here the great family is the rule. Here the Church blesses the fathers and the mothers and the children. A little plot of land well-tilled is enough; or a packed little cottage with dormer windows not far from the factory with its good job. Living cost is low. Travel is uncommon. One community lives to itself by living as much as possible. The Church links them all together. From the cradle up these French mothers in the land of St. Lawrence understand without knowing any particular reason that the best they can do for themselves and the community and the Church and the State beyond is to produce population. They follow nature and obey the Church. Their leaders, of one kind or another, in politics, in sanctums, in pulpits, in schools, indulge the dream of nationalism; the vision of the time when the French-Canadian nation in Canada may be ten times what it now is, as the total of French-Canadians in America is now 46 times what it was in the days of Wolfe and Montcalm.

All this is along the line of least resistance. With an organized census, a vigilant Government, a paternal and sleepless Church, plenty of good land, splendid water-powers and riverways, big industries expanding and multiplying, and in time, perhaps, a better system of efficiency-making education—Quebec's answer to the question, Shall the Native-Born Control? is in no state of doubt.

She—"They tell me, Mr. Gibbs, that your marriage was the result of love at first sight." Gibbs (with a sigh)—"That's true. Had I been gifted with second sight I'd still be in the bachelor class."

MENDING *the* CANADIAN DOLLAR

A SHREWD, experienced man of business, who has been helping to advise the Government in trade matters lately, talked to the writer the other day about how the new War Trade Board's Thou-shalt-not edict is likely to work out. During the conversation he talked over long distance to New York, and in three minutes bought several thousand dollars' worth of a very valuable commodity used in making some of the things to be prohibited by the Government from crossing the U. S. border into this country.

"What will be the general effect upon—business in Canada?" was one of the questions which he answered very pointedly.

"Look! I've just bought several thousand dollars' worth of so-and-so. Let me figure out what it means to this business that the Canadian dollar is now about two below par on the American Exchange."

He did some scribbling on his memo pad.

"I lost between three and four thousand dollars in three minutes' talk since you've been in the room," he said concisely. "That's all. And I guess," lighting his cigar again, "I guess that's one of the ways business in Canada will be affected by the new order when it goes into operation. For every dollar paid in New York on that deal over the telephone I get about 98 cents' worth, caused by that unfavorable balance of trade with Uncle Sam. I can't take that out of the consumer. Anyway I don't, because I'm now selling my finished product less than ten per cent. higher than the identical thing sells for on the other side of a 42½ per cent. tariff. Now what happens to me? The American-made article stays out. I am taxed ten per cent. on my price to the dealer to make up for the loss of customs at 42½. Who pays that? Well, naturally the consumer."

As I might have been a consumer of the very thing he was talking about I was interested right away. Besides the thing he was making there were boots and shoes, wearing apparel, musical instruments, patent medicines, automobiles, tires, etc.—and as the order works out probably scores, if not hundreds, of other things will be absolutely prohibited from coming through customs. The greatest selling and manufacturing nation now operating in this world right at our door will be stopped from selling these to us at any price whatever, tariff not considered, at least up to the amount of \$150,000,000 and as much more as the country can stand. There never has been such a drastic interference with our fiscal rights since we became a neighbor of Uncle Sam. We have always been taught that the choice was between protection and free trade or some measure of reciprocity. The very last party election we had in this country was fought mainly on a measure of reciprocity. The Government that killed reciprocity afterwards enacted a degree of it as a war measure; and as a Union Government now proposes to stop us from buying manufactured articles in the United States altogether, except for such things as can't be made here, and until such time as the world's political economy gets on the track again. And this edict will go into effect without any reference to the people; without even any reference to Parliament elected by the people!

War is certainly putting crimps in democracy.

Now what is the real thing the War Trade Board is getting at in this most drastic of all amendments to legislation in Canada? A long story made short.

At the bottom of it all is the fact that the Canadian dollar has depreciated two per cent. in New York. That bundle of nerves known as Exchange discovers that we want to buy from Uncle Sam nearly half a billion a year more than we are able to sell him. That makes us a debtor nation; depreciates our national currency in the form of anything but gold, and decreases the buying power of our dollar in that market.

As noted in the case of the importer referred to above this is not good for business. It raises the cost of production in the buying of raw or partly

THE Compulsory Edict recommended to the Government by the War Trade Board aims to make us better Canadians by forcing us to use at least 20 per cent less of American-made goods. The Canadian dollar must be respected. In this case the Canadian dollar becomes a symbol of Canadian national sentiment—as interpreted by the factory and the customs house.

BY THE EDITOR

finished materials. And in average cases that would operate to raise the price except where kept down by competition. But that is not all. As a result when Canada tried to negotiate a loan in New York on behalf of a part of what England already owes us, the loan was not forthcoming. Uncle Sam did not care to lend, on any sort of favorable terms, to a nation whose dollar was so much below par; in spite of the fact that with other nations except the United States we are several hundred millions on the right side of the ledger with a consequently above-par dollar in those countries.

The remedy? Cut down the gap between exports and imports. Possible in but two ways. Obviously not by increasing our sales, but by decreasing our purchases. Hence the proposal to reduce our imports by at least \$150,000,000 on such articles as those enumerated above, with more to follow up to the limit of what can't be made in this country. Off goes the 42½ per cent. customs revenue on those articles. On goes ten per cent.—so we are told—to all such articles made in Canada. Who loses here? At first sight the Government—32½ per cent. But here is where the consumer and the manufacturer step in. The Government gets a customs revenue on only a fraction of what the people consume in those lines. It gets a war tax of ten per cent. on the whole output. And the consumer pays it. Because, no matter whether it's general strikes, world war or compulsory edicts, the consumer is the shock-absorber.

At once the war-burdened consumer says that for the sake of exchange and our credit abroad the War Trade Board intends to increase the cost of living by ten per cent. on a large list of more or less necessary articles, when the price was already boosted up by the 42½ per cent. But if the Government is to collect the ten per cent. it will also take the power to regulate the price upon which the tax is paid. Government will probably have power to regulate, not always the cost of production but usually the cost of consumption.

A VERY clear result of the order will be to impose on Canadian industries the task of increasing their output by at least that \$150,000,000. Can they do it? Expert opinion says, yes. But there are to be no new plants built for the purpose. We are to work our existing plants harder without sinking money in capital investment.

"Give Canadians three years of increasing dependence on their own made-here goods," said an expert, "and we won't need to let down the bars again as they were before to the outside manufacturer."

Which is precisely what the C. M. A. put up a sentimental campaign to get after the war broke out, and only partly succeeded. And a far-sighted expectation about this is that when the 300,000 munition workers now swelling our favorable trade balance to Europe are suddenly thrown out of employment, and when returned soldiers come back by thousands, the industries of the country will be all the better able to absorb the surplus labor.

So far as compulsory edicts can interfere wholesomely with that very fluid business known as trade, this is a good move. But it is as much the right of people to determine their own trade policies as to determine their own form of government. And no average Canadian hopes that the compulsory edict in restraint of trade will last longer than the war

or the conditions immediately arising out of it. What is there on the other side? In mending our exchange, adjusting our trade balance, keeping more of our money in Canada, and increasing the capacity of our industrial plants, we are also putting some very decisive crimps into our expenditures. We must buy made-in-Canadas. No more de luxe limousines, unless made here. And of the 200,000 motor-cars now used in Canada a large percentage are already made here. One company spends 97 per cent. of the cost of a car, in making it here; another 60 per cent; another 50. The 60 and the 50 will

have to come up in order to take care of the cars formerly imported to the tune of \$12,000,000 a year. But with the ten per cent. surtax on both the car and its tires and accessories, and an increasing cost of gasoline, fewer cars will be bought. All very well. Perhaps we can get along with fewer. Several citizens of Canada have small fleets of cars. Why not one each? Those who have limousines may have to replace them with common touring cars.

THOSE of us who don't have cars are more interested in the footwear item. Pedestrians will have fewer styles of boots from which to select. We shall have to wear Canadian boots. Canadian feet will not be adjusted to foreign lasts. This will be a trifle hard on those town ladies who wear nothing but New York boots. Furthermore the length of ladies' boot-tops is to be less.

In wearing apparel we shall not be so seriously affected. We can make good white-wear and common clothing in Canada and we can always borrow the fashions from New York so long as we can get the fabrics. We shall need more labor of course; but as most Canadian households have already abandoned domestic help this may not be so hard.

In patent medicines we shall be restricted, unless Canadian companies—as many do now—put up the compounds from the formulae owned in the United States. Perhaps we shall discard some of the symptoms and ailments. We really don't need so many.

Musical instruments also are to be Canadianized; even phonographs. Happens, however, that we already make about nine-tenths of all the pianos and organs we buy and a fair percentage of band instruments. But no more luxurious foreign-made grand pianos from the United States; no more from anywhere so long as shipping is so bad. And the English-Canadian bandsman must get along without his favorite Besson. Perhaps we have enough Canadian war instruments somewhere in England already. But the average man's music machine will either have to be made here or go out of our market.

The War Trade Board has merely sketched out its programme of prohibitions. A year hence we may be amazed at the changes in our style of living. We are all to get as near the simple life as possible. Fewer luxuries, fewer fashions, less variety and no exclusives whatever. Shall we be any the worse? Or in restoring our national credit by gingering up our industries shall we make ourselves more efficient even if we don't have quite so much variety in life; and shall we also be able to save more money to invest in victory bonds that we may work our money over and over again?

We shall see. And for the next few years we shall do our best to prove that Sir George Foster was only phrase-making last year when he said that North America was now an economic unit; and that Goldwin Smith, who preached annexation as a necessary result of unavoidable commercial union, may have been a philosopher but he was no prophet.

All said and done, it's a good deal like digging into the closet to resurrect the old suit of clothes instead of buying a new one. Our industries must buck up; our money must stay here and work for father; our country is to be more self-contained; our dollar resumes its place in New York—now the world's standard of exchange—somewhere near the par-value seat in the temple of Finance. And the gentle art of smuggling?

A FISCAL EXPERIMENT THAT IGNORES DEMOCRACY

A WOULD-BE CHAUFFEUSE

In reading which all who intend going on V. A. D. will learn the value of plenty of personal photographs and feminine cajolery on Frenchmen.

Feb. 27, 1918,

94 Boul Flandrin, Porte Dauphine, Paris.

By ESTELLE M. KERR

MANY a young girl has to face the problem of how to distribute a dozen photographs among her fifteen best friends; but who would have thought that mine would be so greatly in demand? Certainly, no one who has seen them, for they look horribly like me as I appear at six o'clock on a cold morning. Yet they have been solicited wherever I go, and by people in high authority! Little did I think, as I stood in line waiting to be snapped by a passport specialist in my native Canadian city, that my original order for four copies would have to be so greatly multiplied. Had I done so, I would not have chosen the end of a shopping expedition as the time to face the camera.

A gentleman at Ottawa was the first recipient. He asked for two, but one was returned to me attached to a passport. Learning that the authorities abroad were less modest in their demands, I hurriedly ordered an extra dozen—"better be on the safe side, and have plenty," I thought. The French War Emergency Fund for whom I had agreed to work, required a couple; the French Red Cross acquired some more; the French Consul desired to be presented with others. Most of them were affixed to stamped paper, and some were handed over to the French Government authorities at Le Havre, where I landed. After that I ceased to keep track of them. At several points on my journey papers were demanded of me. I meekly surrendered all that I possessed, and the foreign gentlemen in various offices detached one or two and returned the rest.

But when I had finally arrived in Paris and was safely installed in a comfortable apartment, I was pleased to find that one-half of the original number still remained. It was such a relief to find that my troubles were over for the time being, and that I could dispense with the safe inner pocket where my passport, letters and other valuables had been stowed away during the voyage! I was unbuckling it with a sigh of relief when the housekeeper knocked at my door and said: "Will you please let me have your passport? I need it for your bread and sugar rations."

Later in the day, on reporting at the headquarters of the F. W. E. F., I was told to begin proceedings to obtain a chauffeur's license. "That will require two photographs," they told me. The proceedings were not very simple, so two Parisian ladies offered to guide me; and two Englishwomen, recently come to Paris to work for the F. W. E. F., decided to come also.

We managed to secure a dilapidated looking taxi; but when the driver saw the fifth lady prepare to enter, he flatly refused to carry us. It was then that the smallest of the French ladies gave evidence of remarkable conversational powers. In reply to his assertion that the carriage was built for only four people, she said that we were all small and light—much lighter than four great men! Then she grew angry, and gesticulated violently. The driver did likewise, and we began to feel that the police station, where we were to get our papers, was not a very safe place to visit under the circumstances.

But just as we were sure they would come to blows, the little lady gave in. With tears in her eyes, she informed us that one of us must walk! The other French lady, being the only one who knew the way, offered to do so; so we permitted her to descend. Then the little Parisian, with a break in her voice, said to the driver:

"You see, she must make the whole journey on foot!" (It was hardly half a mile.)

This was too much for the driver, who did not after all, possess a heart of stone. He capitulated, and the lady climbed back into the car, while her small friend exclaimed triumphantly:

"You see, ladies, in France it is always necessary to soften the men, to enlist their sympathies, in order to get your own way!"

We were a rather formidable crowd for the little police station; but our petite Parisienne took charge

of us all. We must say, she insisted, that we did not know any French; otherwise much time would be wasted in explanations. Soon a difficulty arose. The plump gentleman with the black moustache insisted that he could not give us the necessary papers until we produced a "carte d'identite." We handed out a sheaf of references, and stamped papers, and spilled a quantity of photographs on the floor; but none of them would do. Explanations became necessary; and these were difficult, as the little lady knew no English, and had informed the officer that none of us spoke French.

"Perhaps I can make them understand; I am with them a great deal," she said.

Having understood every word that had passed, we tried to assume bewildered expressions when she repeated the conversation; but could not help laughing. Then the fierce-moustached officer relieved the situation by commencing to air a few words of execrable English. As we already knew what he wanted to say, we caught his meaning immediately, and gave him the pleasing impression that he spoke our language remarkably well. He was so happy about it, that he consented to stamp our papers (though it wasn't exactly in order), on condition that we proceed directly to another office to get the required Cartes d'identite. The little lady emerged once more triumphant.

"Ah, ladies, you see," she said, throwing out her hands, and giving an expressive shrug to her shoulders, "it is necessary to flatter men—in France—in order to obtain what you want!"

To proceed to the other office a new taxi had to be engaged, and the driver was this time cajoled into taking five people.

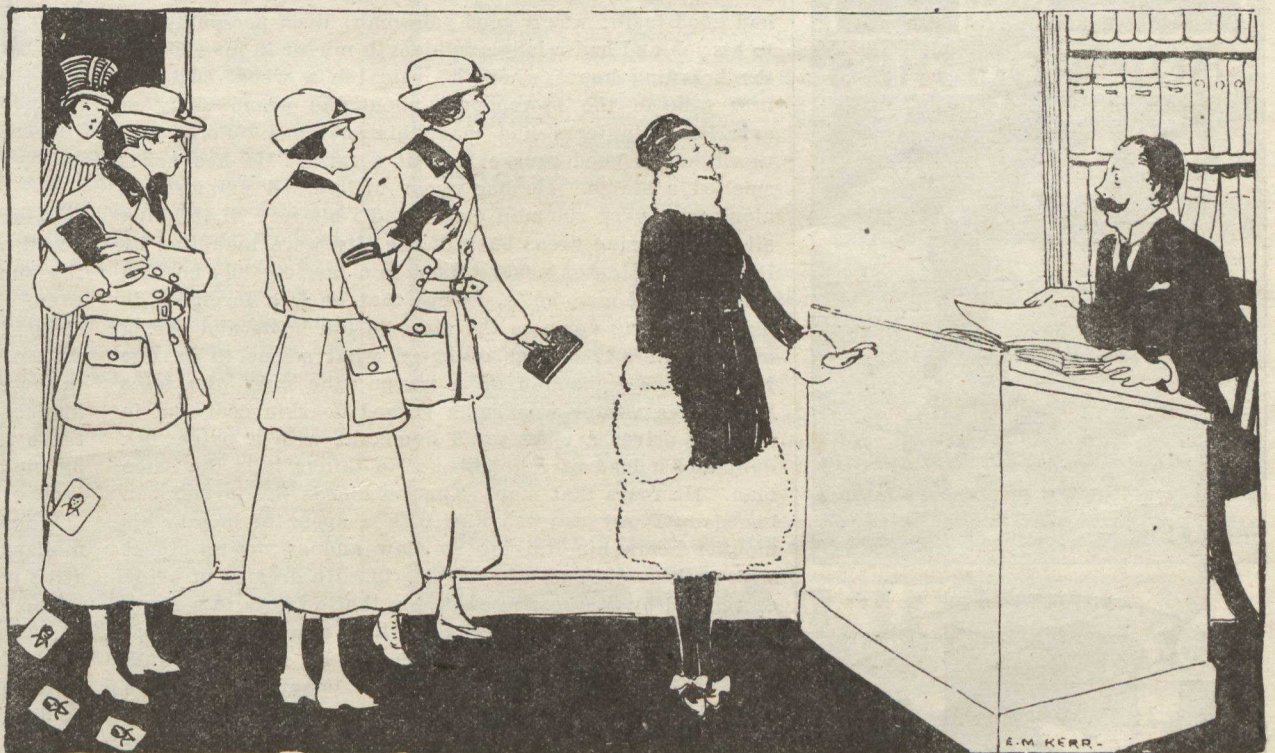
and when I admitted in the course of her examination that I had once spent two years in France, I am sure she had a very low opinion of the intelligence of a person who could do this and still not understand the language.

AFTER a lot of information was copied into a book I was presented with a "carte d'identite," in exchange for five photographs. One of my companions was less fortunate, for the simple reason that in her photos she was wearing a hat. It was necessary, they told her, to have them retaken. She protested, saying that the French Red Cross, the French Consul and the British passport authorities, had all accepted it. But that did not matter; orders must be obeyed. Then the little French lady addressed herself to the man in highest authority. She exerted all her wiles, but he was unmoved. She could neither amuse, soften or flatter him; and, therefore, being in France, one could do nothing! The photos must be retaken.

The thing was preposterous, she said; and as she bade us farewell, her voice shook with emotion.

We were still far from obtaining the desired certificates. We went to a distant quarter of the city to the prefecture of police, only to find that a receipt must be obtained from another remote office, before he could do anything for me. This has now been done, and I have visited him again. He has annexed some of my papers, and two more photographs. But there is still the driving examination and another certificate to be obtained from the chief of police!

I look at my remaining photograph, and think of the other seventeen. I wonder why I did not order a hundred before I left Canada, for my travels have



"Ces dames ne peuvent pas parler francais."

"You should be proud to drive English ladies who are in Paris for the first time, who speak no French, and who have come to care for our wounded soldiers," she told him.

WHY an inability to speak French should be regarded as a merit we did not know; but the little lady persisted in this assertion in the next office; this time with no disastrous results, for a young lady who spoke English was immediately produced.

It was her business to question us more thoroughly than any one else had done. Among the least personal things she asked me were the date and place of my father's birth, and my mother's maiden name;

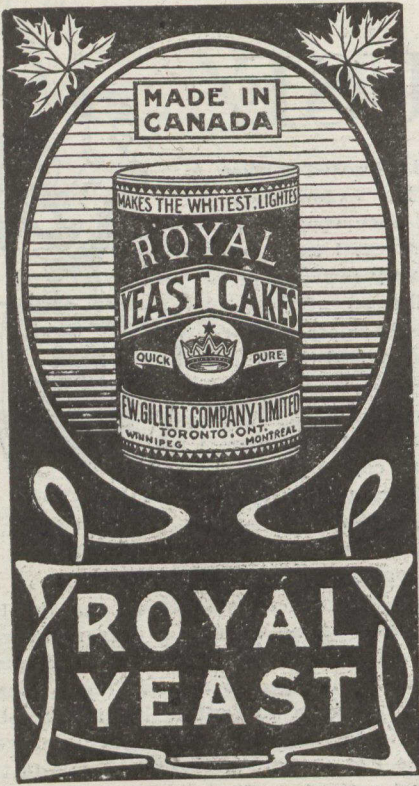
only begun. Who knows if I may be sent to other French towns, where other prefects of police will demand five photos each!

It is two days since M. le Prefet signified his approval of the various stamped papers and photographs I had collected at his bidding. I am waiting a summons for the examination which is to test my skill in driving, and see if I am worthy to be accorded a license. In the meantime I have been overhauling the Ford lorry, and getting it ready for the road. I have also made a few little trips in it, delivering heavy bales at hospitals, fetching supplies from warehouses; and carrying big cases full of gasoline from barrack to garage. But don't mention that to the Prefet, or he may withhold my driving license!

WHEN PERCY REVERTS

A WASP-WAIST nurtured in a Canoe Club "gym" he yearned for a rifle in France but balked at a pitch fork in Ontario. There was pitch fork manhood in Percy, but it was all fussed over with cold cream and white duck trowsers. And this is one phase of Percy Cummings' mental experiences while he was making up his mind to revert.

B. AUGUSTUS BRIDLE



"Edith says she would rather dance than eat." "Well, she'll find plenty of men who would rather sign a dance programme than a dinner check."

KEEP YOUR SHOES NEAT

2 IN 1

SHOE POLISHES

PRESERVE THE LEATHER

Liquids and Pastes. For Black, White, Tan, Dark Brown or Ox-Blood Shoes

The F.F. Dalley Corporation, Limited, Hamilton, Ont.

WHAT made Percy Cummings volunteer for the army and play slacker for the farm? Why did he want to get into a trench, mud to his knees, cold, wet, often hungry, bunk like a stone, with probable sudden death as a result; and why did he fight shy of the field and the farm-house which are only eleven miles from where he boards?

Psychology saith not. Percy doesn't know the reason himself. He is not a warrior. He sells ties, handkerchiefs and pyjamas.

"I was too slimpsy for the army," he chattered, when somebody in the store gave him an urge about farming. "I was turned down. Tried three times. I felt sure the M. S. A. would take me. Nothing doing. Doctor says I got a cartilaginous backbone—or something like that. Oh well, I can gather in \$18 bucks a week here, and I guess I earn it. I'm disappointed about the soldiering. I think a sergeant-major and the C. O. might have made a man o' me, along with a lot of others. But—"

Percy whisked off to fumble a tie so neatly over his two fingers for a customer; a nice dollar tie—lavender. Sold that and came back.

"No," he said in a soft baritone, "if farming could be done by platoons, maybe I wouldn't mind. But me to go on some man's farm—alone; him the boss, me the slavie, him the know-it-all, me the greenhorn? Nope. It ain't precisely the work that gets my goat. It's the solo work. Alone on a farm. Hired to a Rube-man with hayseeds in his whiskers. I've seen that kind. Not for mine. I don't care whatcheh call me. I'd sooner be a valet, or go in a sewer gang or —"

His apologia was broken up by more customers. Business never better. Spring in the tie-store—lovely colors and all that fluffy excitement. Just turned 19, Percy had never occupied any other job. He liked the business. He had good taste; was a good salesman; lived personally up to his job and had a lady's full-length mirror in his room at the boarding house where he paid ten a week. All this new talk in the newspapers about the grand army of agrarian volunteers had made him nervous. Percy has never had a good square look at a farm. He has never smelled a stable. He has never understood perspiration along with very common clothes. To his way of thinking all the motoring areas back of the city were inhabited by Rube-men. He has never talked to a farmer; has no idea what kind of man he is, except that he is a foreigner to him. Hustling down to the store in tan boots and spring overcoat at 8.30 he has observed what seems to be one jagged-faced Rube-man on a wagon; the man who totes hay in the winter wearing a ragged dogskin coat and in summer drives a rickety old democrat with a patchwork quilt and a load of vegetables. He thinks it is the same man. He fears that man. That to him is the farmer. In his sleep Percy can see him with a spear of hay in his mouth; hears him talking so slow and so matter-of-fact with such a cold sort of cynical grin. He dreams of being catechized by this man; confessing that he goes to a manicure lady every time he has his hair trimmed, and that he never polishes his own tan boots. He never can talk back to him. The Rube-man of his imagination always does the talking. He scorns Percy as much as Percy despises and fears him. Each takes the other as representing the town and the country. Each has picked the caricature to represent the true type. To make these two coalesce in a common job around one wagon, or in a cow-stall would be harder than mixing oil and mercury. Yet each must be taught the value of the other.

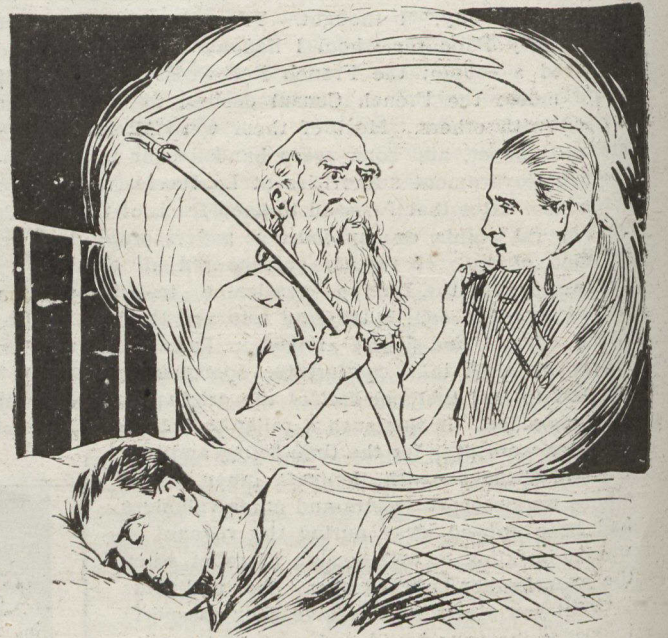
But the newspapers are full of this talk about going on the land. Percy hates all these advertisements and tries not to read them. He used to read eagerly all the military service stuff because it was a clear call to serve his country. These farming sermons tangle up all Percy's strings. He reads them because he has to. One passage in particular has bothered him. It says:

In Great Britain and France you don't see able-bodied men behind store counters, wrapping up neckties, fitting shoes, measuring off calico, dispensing soda water, wrapping up flowers and serving trinkets in jewelry stores. Neither are able-bodied men shining shoes for other men. Neither are they waiting on tables at lunch counters, or

hotels. Nor do you see able-bodied male bookkeepers, typists, tailors, street car conductors, elevator operators, etc. In fact you don't see able-bodied men doing any job that a woman can do without sacrifice of true womanhood or health. The old saying, "Men must work and women must weep," has gone into the discard. It now is, "Men are fighting, so women must work."

"That's a nice slam to hand out to people," he retorts. "A fine way to get anybody like me wanting to go with the Rube-man. I don't think!"

All the same Percy does think. And he finds his thinking very practical. That "slam" sticks in his crop. It makes him analyze himself as never he did in front of the full-length mirror. Percy begins to take himself apart; to look at himself as a jeweler looks at a watch. And he finds some very uncomfortable disillusionments. He begins to resolve his \$18-a-week, seven-hour-day personality



into something about the magnitude of \$9 a week and his board and lodgings with a day that begins and ends with the sun. On the revenue side he seems to break about even. It costs him most of his \$18 a week to eat and sleep and wear out clothes and keep himself amused. And when he comes to figure it out he finds that living in town involves a whole lot of sundries that grew up with him from the kindergarten. The mere attempt to reduce these to figures convinces him that he has been exploited by civilization. He never realized before that he as an item of cost is away too high.

When he got this firmly established in his mind Percy realized a sudden resolution. He would plant that decorative personality of his on the farm. He would!

The determination made him sweat. But he clung to it. The one proviso that he attached to the agreement was self-preservation. He was not doing an act of complete renunciation. Oh no! He would compromise. If he decided to go on the farm, he would be doing it for the sake of the farmer and the country. Not for himself, but dead against his own desires. Therefore he must retain himself. He would go to the farm just as he was with all his decorative impedimenta. He would pack all his pleasurable duds and etceteras into a nice suitcase and a club-bag. There would be such a lot of things to put out on the nice dresser in the company bedroom; all sorts of fandangos that would make the farmer's wife very tender about him; make her realize that she had a real gentleman in her house; nice snuffy, fluffy things that farm hands never have—shaving set, talcum powder, face lotions, pomades, cold cream, vaseline, nail brush, a bottle of tan polish and a can of blanco for tennis boots, French braces and white duck trowsers for off days, stacks of handkerchiefs, a Panama and a couple of caps and other things that would cause any of the farmer's daughters—if any—to go very gingerly about his room for fear they soiled or mislaid something. And in the evening after a nice

spin in the farmer's motor over to the village with the girls, he would expect to play "rag" on the piano, not supposing they would care for anything better.

Percy thought he would be conferring a great favor on the farmer's family if he took himself out just like that. He expected to do it in place of a holiday. And he didn't at all mind if he spent all the wages he expected to get on the nice new tifficks he would certainly need.

On top of this heroic resolution Percy had a dream in which he was confronted by a penurious old godlike Economist with Father Time whiskers and a ragged dogskin coat saying unto him,

"Percy, hast thou ever economized in all thy worthless young life?"

And he had to confess, "No!"

"Hast thou ever bent thyself to a real hour's work of

a man when not engaged on the baseball diamond or training at the Canoe Club gymnasium?"

Again he confessed in the negative. The old beak-nosed Necessity gave him a rough shove on the shoulder that felt like the buff of a gale and continued:

"Hast thou figured on the state of a barnyard after a heavy rain, the family wash-basin in the shed, the everybody's towel on a nail, and the community comb? That thou wouldst be lucky to get half a bed, one of three drawers in a dresser and—"

"No, you old Rube!" shouted Percy in his nightmare. "That isn't the kind of farm I'm going to. Not on your tintype! I'm no monk with a lot of vows and penances on my order card. Not me! No—no—I'm—"

And then Percy woke up.

(To be continued.)

Silk Flags of the Allies

10 inches long, 7 inches wide
Eight Flags (assorted) for \$1.00
18 inches long, 12 inches wide
Eight Flags (assorted) for \$2.00

Post Paid to any Address

Harvie's Decoration Store
605 Yonge St. Toronto, Ont.

KING EDWARD HOTEL
—Fireproof—
Toronto, Canada.
Accommodation for 750 guests, \$1.50 up.
American and European Plan

SENTIMENTAL PETER IBBETSON

MORE than 10,000 people in one Canadian city recently heard a play called Peter Ibbetson, by George du Maurier, author of Trilby—dramatized for the occasion as Trilby was. It was a very sentimental production. Bands of tears—almost literally. Tears that bulk large at the box office. Even in war times people love to be sad. Peter was a sad young man; a really beautiful character who never should have been compelled to kill his tyrannical old beast of an uncle in self defence, and not having intended to kill the old rouble but only to ward off his murderous long knife, never should have been sentenced to hang. Of course he wasn't hanged. Which made the play spin out over 40 years, till Peter became an old man in Newgate Prison. when even his faithful friend the Countess, the playmate of his childhood in Paris, could not get him his freedom, as she had saved him his

life. But forty years to Peter in Newgate became forty years if "dreams come true" by night and waiting to go to sleep again. Here was where the sadness came in; the man innocent of any wrong, and compelled to kill his old uncle because he was a miserable old rouser wrecking the lives of other people. doomed for forty years to get his only happiness in dreams when he had prayed to swing that he might go into the world we are all supposed to come from.

However, it was a pretty idea, beautifully and at times clumsily worked out—thanks to the undreamlike character of Constance Collier, who used to be much more effective as Mrs. Ford in The Merry Wives, and is said to have been an excellent Thais. And as Constance Collier really owns the play she has a good right to be an agreeable misfit.

MUSIC A WAR NECESSITY

WE profoundly believe that a victorious army will be a music-loving army, and in making this assertion we are standing on the bedrock of human instinct and are supported by the century-long experience of all the great military powers of Europe.

This statement, as quoted in the "Outlook," was made by Professor Spalding, of Harvard University, after his visit to various training camps in the States. In a time of war we want to get rid of the non-essentials; and there are forms of music that are merely ornamental, and can therefore come under this class. But music itself is essential—as essential as life itself.

On East Third Street in New York City there is a big red-brick building where fifteen different nationalities

are in the process of being welded into citizenship. This is known as the Music School Settlement; and a thousand children sing here free of charge. It does not turn out professional musicians; although it has contributed to the world a gifted young violinist, Max Rosen; but it implants into boys and girls such an understanding of music that they are getting something more than mere happiness—they are getting something worth living for in and of itself.

Seven thousand dollars was raised in Paris for the Allies by a former Music School Settlement boy; and one organization after another, working for the boys in France, comes to the School for aid, saying that without the power of music it cannot make the appeal necessary for its success.

THE HOARDERS

WORKING MAN: Well, mother, bin shopping, I see. I s'pose that bag o' your'n is loaded up with bacon, butter, cheese, an' rump steak. Wot?

1st Woman: I've bin standin' four hours in a queue, if you wanten know, an' I've got two ounces of marjereen and about 'arf-a-pound o' bullock's liver. We look like gettin' fat, me an' the three kids, don't we?

2nd Woman: You're lucky to git a bit o' liver. 'Ere am I, I've spent four bob on travelin', an' I'm goin' 'ome without nuthink at all. Couldn't git the smell of a bit o' meat.

Working Man: You should shop in yer own place. That's wot causes a lot o' the trouble, strangers buttin' in w'ere they don't belong.

2nd Woman: I'll tell yer w'y I don't shop in me own place. We're crowded out with parsons an' magistrates, and us pore people don't git a chance. Yes'd'y mornin' I 'appened to parss the butcher's shop w'ere I used ter deal before the wore. About 'arf-parst six, it was. You know—nobody about. There was 'is motor-van and 'orse cart bein' loaded up with joints—joints, minjer! Ho! I ses to meself, there'll be some meat to be 'ad 'ere to-day. So I goes round again about 'arf-parst eight. We're told there ain't no more meat. Now, 'oo 'ad all that meat wot I saw? The nob's. The magistrates an' the parsons.

1st Woman: I should call that butcher a dirty tike.—John Bull.

RENNIE'S Hardy SEEDS BEST FOR CANADA

These Should be
Included in
Your Order

LOOK FOR THE STARS

The numerous items in the Rennie 1918 catalogue enclosed in star borders like this set new high value standards. You will be astonished at the bargains.

	Pkt.	oz.	¼ lb.	lb.	5 lbs.
BEANS—Dwarf White Wax (Davis)	.10		.25	.70	3.25
BEEF—Crosby's Egyptian	.05	.25	.85	2.50	
CABBAGE—Danish Summer					
Roundhead	.10	.90	2.75		
CARROT—Rennie's Market Garden	.10	.40	1.20	3.50	
CORN—Rennie's Golden Bantam	.10		.25	.65	
CUCUMBER—Davis' Perfect	.10	.25	.75	2.25	
LETTUCE—Burpee's Earliest					
Wayahead	.10	.35	1.00	3.00	
ONION—Early Yellow Danvers	.10	.40	1.35	4.40	
Rennie's Extra Early Red	.05	.35	1.00	3.75	
Rennie's Longkeeper Brown Globe	.10	.35	1.00	3.75	
PARSNIP—Rennie's XXX Guernsey	.10	.30	1.00	3.50	
PEAS—Thomas Laxton, Extra Early	.10		.15	.45	2.00
Senator—Best Second Early	.10		.15	.45	2.00
RADISH—Crimson Globe—Non					
Plus Ultra	.05	.20	.65	2.20	
Japanese Mikado (Winter)	.10	.35	.90	3.25	
TOMATO—Bonny Best	.10	.60	1.75		
Blue Stem Early—King Edward	.10	.60	1.75		
ONION SETS—Yellow Sets—Selected			Prepaid	Not Prepaid	
White Multiplier Sets.			lb. 5 lbs.	lb. 5 lbs.	
			.35 1.70	.25 1.20	
			.50 2.25	.40 1.85	
FLOWER SEEDS				Pkt.	
New Giant Asterum—Mixed				.15	
Rennie's XXX Defiance Balsam—Mixed				.15	
New Red Sunflower				.25	
Gold Medal Hybrids Delphinium				.25	
Rennie's XXX Prize Ruffled Giant Petunia—Mixture				.25	
Rennie's XXX Giant Spencer Sweet Peas—Mixture				.15	
Giant Zinnia—Mixed				.15	

When buying from dealers, insist on Rennie's. If your dealer hasn't them, we will ship direct.

THE WILLIAM RENNIE COMPANY LIMITED.
KING & MARKET STS TORONTO
ALSO AT MONTREAL WINNIPEG VANCOUVER

The Favorite
365 Days in the Year
REGAL
FREE RUNNING
Table Salt
Made in Canada
THE CANADIAN SALT CO., LIMITED

Hand Craft Applied to Tires

WHEN machines become endowed with human judgment, a machine-made tire MAY become as good as a Marathon tire, built by HAND. Keen eyes and skilled fingers are responsible for every process in the construction of

MARATHON TIRES TUBES

When you buy Marathon Tires you buy SERVICE and SATISFACTION—not a paper guarantee! Nevertheless, Marathon Angle Tires are adjusted to a basis of 5,000 miles—the Runner and Plain Tread to 3,500 miles.

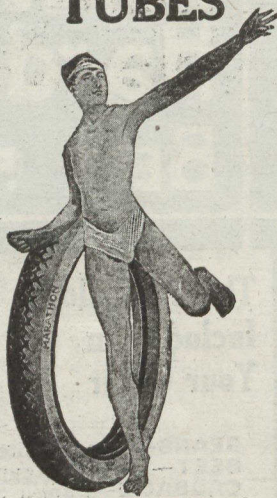
For sale at all garages, together with Marathon Laminated Tubes, Red and Grey.

Made by

The Marathon Tire & Rubber Co., Limited
St. Catharines, Ontario

Toronto Office - 608 Yonge Street

AMERICAN PLANT AT CUYAHOGA FALLS, OHIO



KEEPING POSTED

On What's Doing the World Over

WHAT OF THE JAPANESE ?

WHETHER Japan should or should not be allowed by the Allies to send an army into Siberia, or to take charge of Allies' stores at Vladivostok, is thoroughly discussed from every possible angle in the third Japanese edition of the New York Evening Post Supplement. The Post is thoroughly pro-Japan. Most of the articles directly or indirectly favor Japan being encouraged to take the active part in the war to which her geographical position, her record in civilization, and her diplomatic connection with England entitle her.

Why has no American mission been sent to Japan? asks the editor of the New York Evening Post. The Government and people have had within the year distinguished courtesy shown them by Japan, he continues, and he thinks that they have had made no full courteous return. The Japanese need no assurance that this is not for want of good will; but a formal visit of courtesy and of friendship would have especial meaning at the present time. The act would bear witness to the fact that Americans see new horizons opening across the Pacific as well as beyond the Atlantic; and that in their new sense of international obligation, they are ready to give favors as well as receive them. To make a distinct demonstration of a well assured friendship would not only return a favor shown, but would teach the importance of good manners to a country which has a new internationalism beckoning before her. A special mission to Japan would not need to be charged with diplomatic tasks; but would be the peculiar bearers of American sympathies.

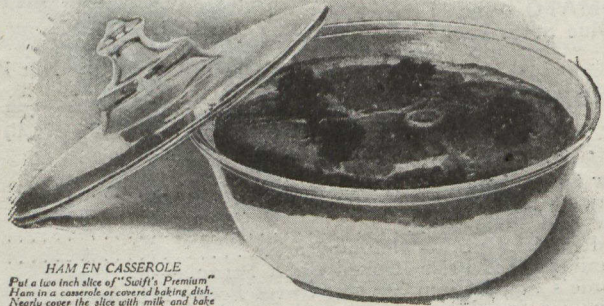
Japan, in extending her foreign trade since the war, ranks only second to the United States. She was asked to supply not only American markets,

but she had to meet with a large demand from her near neighbors and the islands of the Orient, says the Consul-General of Japan at New York. At first she was not prepared to grasp this opportunity; her industry lacked the necessary capacity, and her capitalists were reluctant to invest their money in some enterprises, fearing the post-bellum reactions. But in spite of these circumstances, pressing orders from abroad and tremendous war demands from Russia brought a veritable boom to her industries.

As an inevitable result, deterioration of quality set in in many of her exported goods; and as reports of this were much exaggerated, honest manufacturers in Japan have suffered not a little from the commercial crimes committed by a very small number of her irresponsible merchants. The country lacks raw materials for the manufacturing industry; and for this reason she is ever striving for the friendly comity of commercial interests with the countries from whom she can buy and to whom she can sell.

That shipbuilding in Japan is now occupying a most important position in world-wide stage of shipping tonnage can not be doubted. In accordance with their geographical position, the Japanese have been trained and stimulated naturally through generations of more than 2,500 years, as sailors and shipbuilders.

Mr. F. Kawano, of the Mitsubishi Shipbuilding Company, tells us that although the industry made steady progress before the war between Japan and China in 1894, the development was considerably more during the twenty years since that time. Labor is one of the most important items to be considered, as anyone who has ever visited a shipbuilding yard knows; and in this regard the Japanese have a great advantage in all



HAM EN CASSEROLE
Put a two inch slice of "Swift's Premium" Ham in a casserole or covered baking dish. Nearly cover the slice with milk and bake a little more than an hour. Thin with the gravy and serve. An unusually delicious dish.

Taste it once and you will serve it often

YOU would know what gives "Swift's Premium" Ham its flavor if you could see how carefully each ham is selected and prepared, how each one is smoked just the right length of time over fragrant hickory fires until all its spicy sweetness, its delicious flavor is brought out.

Have "Swift's Premium" Ham cooked in this new way for dinner to-night. Or serve it in your favorite way. At once your family will notice how unusually delicious it is.

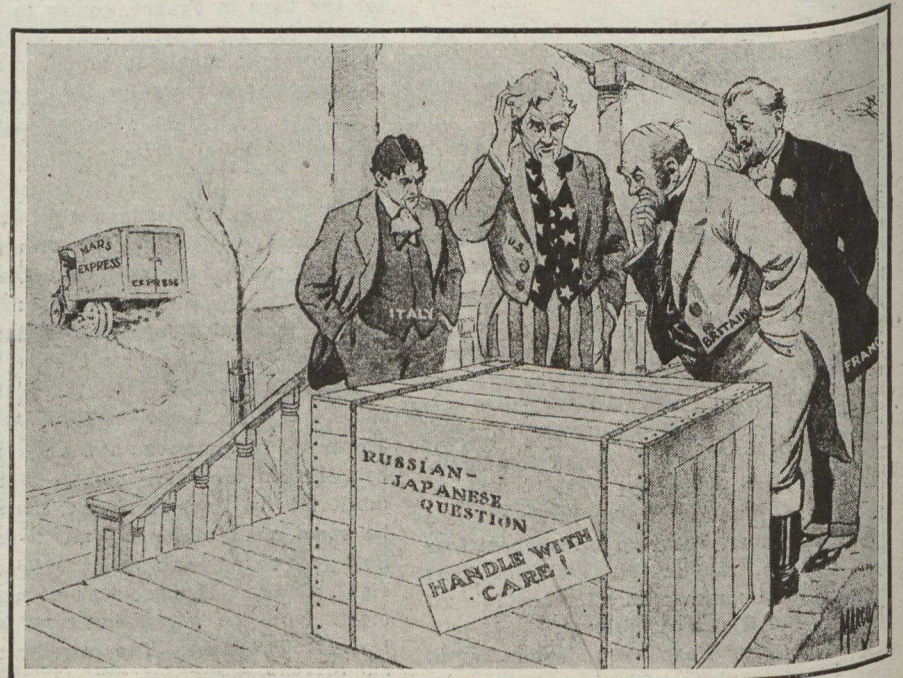


"Swift's Premium" Ham

Swift Canadian Co.

Limited
Toronto Winnipeg Edmonton

OH, SEE WHAT THE EXPRESSMAN LEFT!



—From the New York Times.

**-for example
Mrs. Knox
shows how
Sunday Roast
"left-overs"
make
appetizing
dishes**

MRS. KNOX knew better than most the need for food conservation—she has studied food for years in connection with her business.

She knew that in Knox Sparkling Gelatine she had a material that would go far to help in the elimination of waste, were it properly used.

So she devoted a great deal of time to study and experiment in order that her business might be put on a war basis and that the many uses for Knox Sparkling Gelatine as a means of using up left-over meats, vegetables and so on, might be given to the public.

The results of her work are all contained in her new book, "Food Economy"—a book that contains 138 recipes and many suggestions for worth-while household economies that will help patriotic housewives to practice real war-time economy.

Send for this book. It is free. A post card request will bring it to you if you mention your dealer's name and address.



Charles B. Knox Gelatine Co., Inc.
Dept. B 180 St. Paul St. W., Montreal, Que.

**KNOX
SPARKLING
GELATINE**



**SHOULD BE WORN
BY LADIES**

Constitutionally women are much more delicately constructed than men, and their bodies being of a much finer texture are more susceptible to weather changes. Jaeger Pure Wool Underwear affords complete protection in all weather and at all seasons. A fully illustrated catalogue free on application.

For sale at Jaeger Stores and Agencies throughout Canada.

DR. JAEGER Sanitary Woolen CO. LIMITED
Toronto Montreal Winnipeg
British "founded 1883".

S. Winifred Parker
Contralto.

Vocal Teacher, Hambourg Conservatory.
(North 2341), Toronto, Ont.

branches of industries. Diligent and skilful workers can be obtained with no difficulty.

It is remarkable that all kinds of machines and equipment for first-class ships can be furnished in Japan. Even the problem of ship steel has been planned for; for a number of years there have been iron and steel plants in connection with the largest shipping companies, so it should be understood that there is not such a menace of shortage in steel as to compel them to close their works. The Japanese nation are naturally inspired to utilize the power of the sea for their foreign trading; and the enormous progress which they have been making along these lines leave no doubt that their success will be continued.

Food From Ukraine

HOW far will the fledgeling republic Ukraine go, or be driven, towards replenishing the lean larders of Germany? Even before the capitulation the Kaiser's most efficient economists were set upon the task of determining how much food stuffs were available in the Ukraine and how soon the supplies could be transported to Teuton centres. The Allies also had cause to concern themselves. A peace between Ukraine and Germany would apparently indicate that a vast reservoir of food stuffs and mineral wealth accumulated in a territory embracing practically the whole of Southern Russia and including the cities of Kiev, Kharkov, and Odessa, through which 70 per cent. of Russia's grain passes, had been tapped by the Teutons. Then came the announcement that Dr. Clemens Delbrueck, ex-Minister of the Interior, had been appointed by Berlin to locate the stores, round them up and rush them from Russia, by right or might, into Germany. Delbrueck, as the New York Times points out, is a ruthless administrator who drives direct to his objective without any concern for consequences—and back of him is the urge of a nation driven desperate by repeated reductions in the national ration.

Under normal conditions the Ukraine farmers produce annually 16,000,000 tons of wheat, rye and barley alone and five-sixths of the total sugar beet crop of Russia is harvested in the Ukraine. Thirty million head of cattle is the normal annual production of live-stock in the territory. In addition are the rich mineral resources of the Donetz basin, the coal, iron and manganese deposits of the Kherston region—and forest lands totalling about 110,000 square kilometers. But conditions have been far from normal and for two years at least the peasant farmers have been hoarding their products, so that the granaries at Kiev, Kharkov and Odessa have received nothing of the last two crops, whilst the rude barns back in the interior are bulging with the earth's bounty. With the most efficient means of collection Delbrueck will be all of a year concentrating the crops at the distributing centres—even if he can persuade the peasants to part with their accumulated stores. The peasants are bare-footed and clad in rags. There have been no shoes to buy; and clothing and all manufactured articles have disappeared from the market places. There has been a plenitude of paper money but its flimsy and fluctuating value had no



**Now — more than
ever "Yale"
security counts**

Made in Canada for Canadians

Whether it is a sturdy, unyielding Yale Padlock, the watchman that never sleeps—

Or the efficient, unpickable Yale Cylinder Night Latch, that guards and reinforces a doubtful lock—

Or protective decorative Yale Builders' Hardware that alone carries the responsibility of your security—

Or whether it is a Yale Door Closer—master of the door—

You know that you can rest easy in the certainty that you and yours are really protected and secured and guarded.

If you already have Yale locks and builders' hardware on your house you know these things through the staunch service Yale gives you. If you need Yale security—and you do—you can make sure of getting it by seeing the trade-mark "Yale" on the locks and hardware you buy.

Yale products are made in Canada and they all bear that trade-mark "Yale"—your insurance of satisfaction, our guarantee of performance. See the Yale trade-mark—because you can't buy any Yale product without that trade-mark on it.

Yale Products made in Canada For Sale by Canadian Hardware Dealers

Canadian Yale & Towne Limited
St. Catharines, Ont.

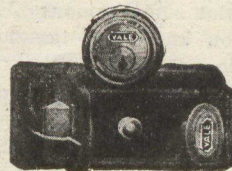
**Made in Canada
by a
Canadian Institution
for
Canadians**



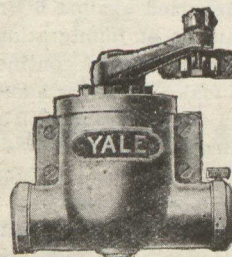
One of many designs in Yale Builders' Hardware.



Yale Padlocks



Yale's Cylinder dead-locking nightlatch.



The Yale Door Closer



appeal to the peasant. They will barter with Delbrueck's emissaries if they come carrying shoes and shoddy—and Germany has neither shoes nor shoddy to spare. The transportation systems, too, are in a terrible state. Railroad tracks have been torn up, bridges buckled and equipment destroyed in wholesale fashion. These conditions are particularly true of the Ukrainian provinces nearest to the German and Austrian borders—and an additional handicap comes in the fact that the railroad systems are all of wider gauge than those of Germany, so that German cars may not be used.

Delbrueck then must first clear the trail of wreckage, set many corps of engineers to re-construct the railroads, make new or mend old rolling stock, before he can begin to move food out of the interior provinces towards the boundaries. In the meantime also he must either commandeer the grain crops or give goods to the peasants in exchange for grain. Money means nothing more than an annoyance to the mujik under present economic conditions.

Delbrueck must deliver the goods long before twelve months have gone by—and he simply cannot do it. So why worry?

Let's Do the Foreigner Justice

(Concluded from page 14.)

and turn them into cotton operatives. I could quote from this Ottawa pamphlet some remarkable statistics. Did you know, for instance, that in Ontario only 28 per cent. of the foreign males of voting age were naturalized—the lowest percentage of any province, although Ontario has 6,000 more potential foreign voters than any other province? Of the immigrants who have been deported during the last fifteen years, only 3 in every 1,000 "continental" arrivals have been deported against 6 British. The Department of Immigration estimates that 29 per cent. of continental immigrants make entry for homesteads but only 19 per cent. English and 16 per cent. Scotch.

The expansion of the Canadian west, indeed, has been possible largely by the staying powers of the foreign homesteader. The pioneers who have established the gradually extending frontier of settlement have not been British, nor even American; they have been continental Europeans. Frequently the country has reaped a greater measure of prosperity as the result of their persistence than they themselves. In fact, if all our future immigration propaganda is to be concentrated upon securing agriculturists, it is supremely obvious that we must get foreigners. The British source had practically dried up before the war.

I humbly suggest that we should all turn to the fifty-fifth chapter of the book of Isaiah, where the best text regarding the subject of immigration will be found:

Behold, thou shalt call a nation that thou knowest not, and nations that knew not thee shall run unto thee, because of the Lord thy God and for the Holy One of Israel, for he hath glorified thee. Instead of the thorn shall come up the fir tree, and instead of the brier shall come up the myrtle tree; and it shall be to the Lord for a name, for an everlasting sign that shall not be cut off.



LADIES WHO DRIVE

—are unanimous in their endorsement of McLaughlin Motor Cars.

The new clutch on the larger McLaughlin models is extremely easy, responding to the gentle touch of the lady's foot.

The starting pedal, accelerator and service brake are readily accessible.

The seats are comfortable and every feature regarding control has been designed for ease and safety.

Order now as the demand will be greater than the supply.

THE McLAUGHLIN MOTOR CAR CO., LIMITED

OSHAWA, ONT.

Branches in Leading Cities. Dealers Everywhere



See the McLaughlin Line at the Local Show Room.

If You Can Tell it from a Diamond—Send it back

Pick out one of the glorious, radiant, Gophir Gems, set in solid 14-kt. gold, and get it on a 5-days' free trial. Wear it to the ball—to the opera—on the street—to work—everywhere for 5 full days, then decide whether you wish to buy or not. If you are not fascinated by its radiance—if you consider its splendor one trifle less than that of a mined diamond—send it back at our expense. You don't pay us a penny for the trial. If you decide to keep it, pay the rock-bottom price (1.80th as much as a diamond costs) as you can afford. Terms as low as \$1.20 a day (\$1.00 a month), without interest. No red tape. Your credit is good with the Gophir Diamond Co. Send coupon for new jewelry book.

MARVELLOUS NEW DISCOVERY

A problem of the ages has been solved. Science has at last produced a gem of dazzling brilliance. They are called Gophir Gems, and resemble mined diamonds so closely that many people of wealth are preferring them. Gophir Gems stand fire and acid tests and cut glass. Get one on trial to-day. Wear it before you decide to buy.

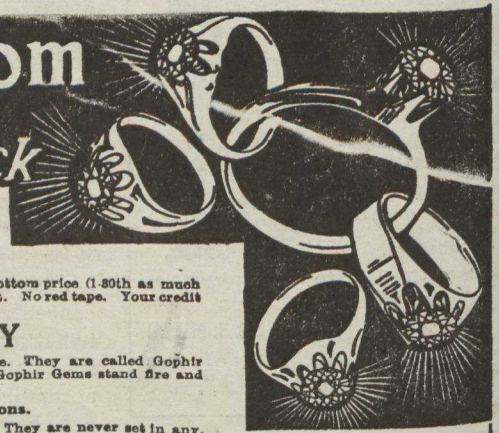
SET IN SOLID 14-kt. GOLD—Gophir Gems Are Not Imitations.

these precious gems are the master products of science—the realization of the dreams of centuries. They are never set in any thing but solid 14-kt. gold. Write for the new catalogue and see the exquisite new settings for yourself.

SEND THE COUPON For New Jewelry Book.

Put your name and address in the coupon on a letter or a post card and send to us at once for the big new book of exquisite Gophir Gems. Read the fascinating story of how at last Science has conquered Nature and has produced a glorious, radiant gem, whose dazzling brilliance is actually a marvel to behold. They cost but 1.80th as much as diamonds, and wear forever. Do not delay an instant. Put your name and address in the coupon now—get the free book immediately while this great offer lasts.

The GOPHIR DIAMOND Co. of Canada,
Dept. C 140 Yonge St., Toronto
Gentlemen—Send me your new Jewelry Book and full particulars of your Free Trial, easy payment plan.
Name.....
Address.....



FINANCIAL

THE PRICE OF SAVING MONEY

PRESIDENT WILSON'S remark that "if this country can learn something about saving, it will be worth the literal cost of the war in money and resources," has as its logical outcome the War-Savings Plan of the United States Government, which is now in operation. The Liberty Loans have brought forth an inspiring response from the people, remarks Frank A. Vanderlip in the Forum; and adds that it is his expectation that the \$2,000,000,000 War-Savings Stamps will be disposed of before the end of 1918.

The per capita savings in the States are now estimated at \$50, in comparison with \$86 for Switzerland, and \$98 for New Zealand. It is apparent, therefore, that in spite of getting the highest wages in the world, the people of the States have been extravagant and inclined toward improvident living. Only the realization that by saving, they are helping those who are undergoing indescribable hardship, will bring them up sharply to their obligation in this war.

So colossal is the total of the war expenditures to be met this coming year by the United States Government that the mind cannot grasp it. It represents nearly half of the Nation's annual income from all sources; and can only be made up if the people cut down their demands. The person who buys an unnecessary thing,

no matter how small the cost, is competing with the Government for the labor used in producing it; and this labor is taken away from the great task of producing necessary goods.

War-Savings Stamps represent, without qualification, the finest investment ever offered by any Government to its people. It is not only the safest, but the most convenient and most profitable method of accumulating savings. The Government goes to all the people with a financial obligation so designed that every one, even the children, can become owner of a \$5 War-Savings Stamp, which is backed up by all the resources of the U. S.

The money to purchase this \$2,000,000,000 issue must come from the savings, the sacrifices and devotion of the people. If from a spendthrift nation we can become a thrifty nation, then something of far more importance than the mere raising of the dollars will be accomplished. Such a result would counteract in its far-reaching value many of the terrible losses of the war.

Everyone can save a little, and everyone can avoid the waste which costs lives. There is facing us a problem of appalling magnitude, to which the answer must be a free and loyal response on the part of every American citizen. A united America can give a final and conclusive answer to autocracy.

Germany's Decrepit Finance

THOSE people who still persist in the belief that Germany can hold out much longer, would be greatly encouraged by a comparison of the pre-war expenditure and the methods of finance of the respective countries. Sir Edward Holden, a leading British banking authority, gives the following figures, showing the borrowings of the three countries to the end of 1917:

Germany (floating debt and war loans)	\$25,500,000,000
Great Britain (floating debt and war loans) ..	24,500,000,000
United States (including loans to the Allies) ..	19,000,000,000

It is not the comparatively trifling excess in German borrowings over

that of the other countries that is important, but the fact that her resources are considerably smaller; and that in order to raise the huge sums involved, the German Government has been compelled to resort to a system of "Jack and the Beanstalk" finance. The skilfully prepared banking laws in operation before the war have been shorn of all their protective regulations; Treasury Bills have been converted into bills of exchange, and Loan Banks with issuing powers have been established throughout the country.

Along with this national bankruptcy we have the complete paralysis of German foreign commerce for nearly four years, together with political unrest in every part of the Empire.

The Guide Got Him

NOBODY ever more naturally got the very thing he was fitted by temperament and training to get than the Grain Growers' Guide when it recently got Norman Lambert of the Toronto Globe for associate editor. For ten years and more the organ of the Grain Growers' Association has had a great many eyes upon a large number of important developments in the West. No paper in America has registered more drastic evolutions. The new parliament of agrarians, the almost solid democracy of the soil, in its impact upon Canadian politics has had a steady trumpet in the Guide. When other western papers turned aside once in a while to look at the more or less sentimental side of things, the G. G. G. kept right along the hard, crooked trail that snaked

out from the big red building near Portage Ave. out over a thousand crooked trails among the farmers. For ten years the Guide has been talking western farmers as represented by the now almost despotic Grain Growers' Grain Co. and its parent association. For the best part of ten years Norman Lambert as western correspondent for the Globe, since he graduated from Varsity, has been doing his best to interest eastern people in the western farm. He knew the western farmers better than he knew the crowd that passes Melinda St. The Guide noticed that. The Guide began to want somebody. The somebody was Lambert, who may be booked among the new arrivals in the field of essentially he-journalism, which is what the G. G. G. is.

We Act as Agents for Individual Executors

Individuals appointed as Executors of Estates frequently find they have not the time or the experience necessary to properly administer the Trust. We act as agent for such Executors, managing the estate, investing the funds, collecting the revenue, and remitting it to the beneficiaries, keeping and rendering proper and systematic accounts.

Write for Particulars

THE TORONTO GENERAL TRUSTS CORPORATION

ESTABLISHED 1882 HEAD OFFICE TORONTO
BRANCHES: OTTAWA, WINNIPEG, SASKATOON, VANCOUVER

NEW RECORDS

Results secured during the past year re-affirm the position of the Sun Life of Canada as the largest life assurance organization of the Dominion.

Fair dealing and progressive business methods have given it leadership in annual New Business, Total Business in Force, Assets, Surplus Earnings, Net Surplus, Total Income, Premium Income and Payments to Policyholders.

SUN LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY OF CANADA
HEAD OFFICE - MONTREAL

British America Assurance Company
(Fire, Marine and Rail.)
Incorporated A.D. 1833.
Assets over \$2,500,000.00
Losses paid since organization over \$40,000,000.00.
HEAD OFFICE, TORONTO.

Canada Permanent Mortgage Corporation
Toronto Street - Toronto

Established 1855.

President: W. G. Gooderham.
First Vice-President: W. D. Matthews.
Second Vice-President: R. S. Hudson.
Joint General Managers: R. S. Hudson, John Massey.
Assistant General Manager: George H. Smith.

Paid-up Capital \$6,000,000.00
Reserve Fund (earned) ... 5,250,000.00
Unappropriated Profits ... 197,977.41

Capital and Surplus \$11,447,977.41

DEBENTURES

For sums of one hundred dollars and upwards we issue Debentures bearing a special rate of interest, for which coupons payable half-yearly are attached. They may be made payable in one or more years, as desired. They are a

LEGAL INVESTMENT FOR TRUST FUNDS.

"Executor!" - "Present!"

AN executor ought to be available to assume immediate control of property entrusted to him by will. A personal executor may be sick or at a distance when needed. A Trust Company is always "present."

National Trust Company Limited.

Acts as Executor

Capital paid up, \$1,500,000
Reserve, . . . 1,500,000

18-22 King St. East
TORONTO

Cawthra Mulock & Co.

Members of
Toronto Stock Exchange

Brokers and Bankers

12 KING STREET EAST
TORONTO, CANADA

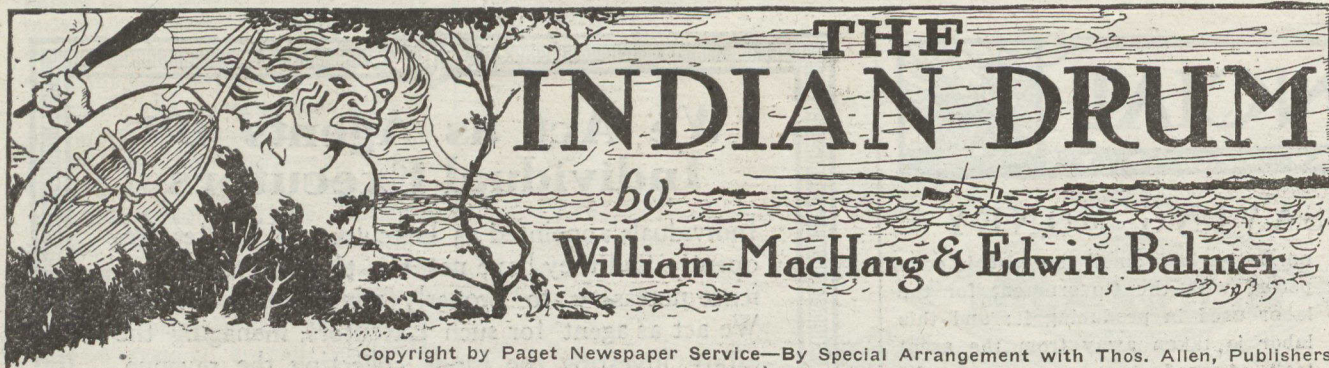
CABLE ADDRESS—CAWLOCK, TORONTO

We Buy, Sell and Quote
MINING STOCKS
Authentic information available to interested investors
Plummer & Co., Stock Brokers
108 Bay Street, TORONTO.

To Hang Up Things
Pictures, Photos, Pennants, Draperies, etc., use the world-famous, strong and dainty
Moore Push-Pins
Glass Heads, Steel Points.
Moore Push-less Hangers, the Hanger with a Twist, for framed pictures, mirrors, etc.

13c

At Stationery, Hardware, Drug and Photo Supply Stores. Samples and Book Free. Write Dept. B.
MOORE PUSH-PIN CO., Philadelphia, Pa.



Copyright by Paget Newspaper Service—By Special Arrangement with Thos. Allen, Publishers.

THE little lake port of Manitowoc, which he reached in the afternoon, was turbulent with the lake season's approaching close. Long lines of bulk freighters, loaded and tied up to wait for spring, filled the river; their released crews rioted through the town. Alan inquired for the seamen's drinking place, where his informant had met Jim Burr; following the directions he received he made his way along the river bank until he found it. The place was neat, immaculate; a score of lakemen sat talking at little tables or leaned against the bar. Alan inquired of the proprietor for Jim Burr.

The proprietor knew old Jim Burr—yes. Burr was a wheelsman on Car-ferry Number 25. He was a lakeman, experienced and capable; that fact, some months before, had served as introduction for him to the frequenters of this place. When the ferry was in harbor and his duties left him idle, Burr came up and waited there, occupying always the same chair. He never drank; he never spoke to others unless they spoke first to him, but then he talked freely about old days on the lakes, about ships which had been lost and about men long dead.

Alan decided that there could be no better place to interview old Burr than here; he waited therefore, and in the early evening the old man came in.

Alan watched him curiously as, without speaking to any one, he went to the chair recognized as his and sat down. He was a slender but muscularly built man seeming about sixty-five, but he might be considerably younger or older than that. His hair was completely white; his nose was thin and sensitive; his face was smoothly placid, emotionless, contented; his eyes were queerly clouded, deepset and intent.

Those whose names Alan had found on Corvet's list had been of all ages, young and old; but Burr might well have been a contemporary of Corvet on the lakes. Alan moved over and took a seat beside the old man.

"You're from No. 25?" he asked, to draw him into conversation.

"Yes."
"I've been working on the carrier Pontiac as lookout. She's on her way to tie up at Cleveland, so I left her and came on here. You don't know whether there's a chance for me to get a place through the winter on No. 25?"

Old Burr reflected. "One of our boys has been talking of leaving. I don't know when he expects to go. You might ask."

"Thank you; I will. My name's Conrad—Alan Conrad."

He saw no recognition of the name in Burr's reception of it; but he had not expected that. None of those on Benjamin Corvet's list had had any knowledge of Alan Conrad or had heard the name before.

Alan was silent, watching the old man; Burr, silent too, seemed listening to the conversation which came to them from the tables near by, where men were talking of cargoes, and of ships and of men who worked and sailed upon them.

"How long have you been on the lakes?" Alan inquired.

"All my life." The question awakened reminiscence in the old man. "My father had a farm. I didn't like farming. The schooners—they were almost all schooners in those days—came in to load with lumber. When I was nine years old, I ran away and got on board a schooner. I've been at it, sail or steam, ever since."

"Do you remember the Miwaka?"
"The Miwaka?"

Old Burr turned abruptly and studied Alan with a slow scrutiny which seemed to look him through and through; yet while his eyes remained fixed on Alan suddenly they grew blank. He was not thinking now of Alan, but had turned his thoughts within himself.

"I remember her—yes. She was lost in '95," he said. "In '95," he repeated.

"You lost a nephew with her, didn't you?"

"A nephew—no. That is a mistake. I lost a brother."

"Where were you living then?"

"In Emmet County, Michigan."

"When did you move to Point Corbay, Ontario?"

"I never lived at Point Corbay."

"Did any of your family live there?"

"No." Old Burr looked away from Alan, and the queer cloudiness of his eyes became more evident.

"Why do you ask all this?" he said irritably. "What have they been telling you about me? I told you about myself; our farm was in Emmet County, but we had a liking for the lake. One of my brothers was lost in '95 with the Miwaka and another in '99 with the Susan Hart."

"Did you know Benjamin Corvet?" Alan asked.

OLD Burr stared at him uncertainly. "I know who he is, of course."

"You never met him?"

"No."

"Did you receive a communication from him some time this year?"

"From him? From Benjamin Corvet? No." Old Burr's uneasiness seemed to increase. "What sort of communication?"

"A request to send some things to Miss Constance Sherrill at Harbor Point."

"I never heard of Miss Constance Sherrill. To send what things?"

"Several things—among them a watch which had belonged to Captain Stafford of the Miwaka."

Old Burr got up suddenly and stood gazing down at Alan. "A watch of

Captain Stafford's?—no," he said agitatedly. "No!"

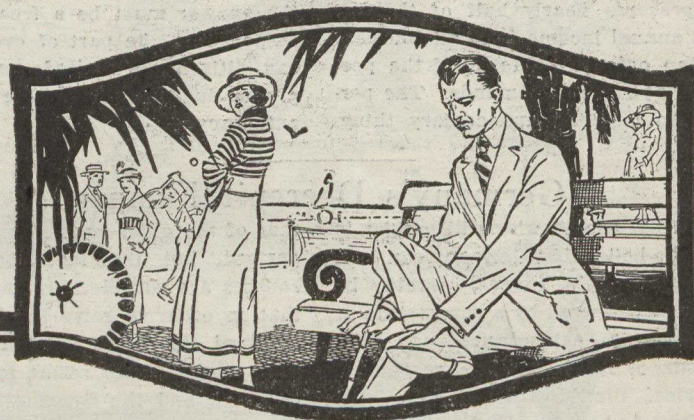
He moved away and left the place; and Alan sprang up and followed him.

He was not, it seemed probable to Alan now, the James Burr of Corvet's list; at least Alan could not see how he could be that one. Among the names of the crew of the Miwaka Alan had found that of a Frank Burr, and his inquiries had informed him that this man was a nephew of the James Burr who had lived near Port Corbay and had "disappeared" with all his family. Old Burr had not lived at Port Corbay—at least, he claimed not to have lived there; he gave another address and assigned to himself quite different connections. For every member of the crew of the Miwaka there had been a corresponding, but different name upon Corvet's list—the name of a close relative. If old Burr was not related to the Burr on Corvet's list, what connector could he have with the Miwaka, and why

should Alan's questions have agitated him so? Alan would not lose sight of old Burr until he had learned the reason for that.

HE followed, as the old man crossed the bridge and turned to his left among the buildings on the river front. Burr's figure, vague in the dusk, crossed the railroad yards and made its way to where a huge black bulk, which Alan recognized as the ferry, loomed at the waterside. He disappeared aboard it. Alan, following him, gazed about.

A long, broad, black boat the ferry was, almost four hundred feet to the tall, bluff bow. Seen from the stem, the ship seemed only an unusually rugged and powerful steam freighter; viewed from the beam, the vessel appeared slightly short for its freeboard; only when observed from the stern did its distinguishing peculiarity become plain; for a few feet only above the water line, the stern was all cut away, and the long, low cavern of the deck gleamed with rails upon which the electric lights glistened. Save for the supports of the superstructure and where the funnels and ventilator pipes passed up from below, that whole strata of the ship was a vast car shed; its tracks, running to the edge of the stern, touched tracks on the dock. A freight engine was backing loaded cars from a train of sixteen cars upon the rails on the starboard side; another train of sixteen big box cars waited to go aboard on the tracks



Miserable Corns— How to end them

Touchy corns make thousands suffer—on pleasure trips—in business—at home—everywhere.

Until they once try Blue-jay. Then they are corn-free forever.

Painful corns are utterly needless. Science has brought relief. The medicated spot of wax on a Blue-jay Plaster stops pain instantly.

Then in 48 hours the corn painlessly comes out.

Harsh liquids are dangerous and messy. Paring may bring infection.

**Blue-jay
For Corns**

*Stops Pain Instantly
Ends Corns Completely*
Also Blue-jay Bunion Plasters

BAUER & BLACK, Limited
Makers of Surgical Dressings

No corn can resist Blue-jay. Yet this way is most gentle.

The chemist of a concern known the world over for its surgical dressings discovered Blue-jay. He studied corns for 25 years.

So with Science's way at your command, no touchy corn need ever bother you again.

Blue-jay Plasters are sold everywhere at drug stores for 25 cents per package. Buy a package now.

End your corn at once and never let one pain again.

Chicago, Toronto, New York

to the port of the center stanchions. When the two trains were aboard, the great vessel—"No. 25," in big white stencil upon her black sides were her distinguishing marks—would thrust out into the ice and gale for the Michigan shore nearly eighty miles away.

Alan thrilled a little at his inspection of the ferry. He had not seen close at hand before one of these great craft which, throughout the winter, brave ice and storm after all— or nearly all—other lake boats are tied up. He had not meant to apply there when he questioned old Burr about a berth on the ferry; he had used that merely as a means of getting into conversation with the old man. But now he meant to apply; for it would enable him to find out more about old Burr.

HE went forward between the tracks upon the deck to the companionway, and ascended and found the skipper and presented his credentials. No berth on the ferry was vacant yet but one soon would be, and Alan was accepted in lieu of the man who was about to leave; his wages would not begin until the other man left, but in the meantime he could remain aboard the ferry if he wished. Alan elected to remain aboard. The skipper called a man to assign quarters to Alan, and Alan, going with the man, questioned him about Burr.

All that was known definitely about old Burr on the ferry, it appeared, was that he had joined the vessel in the early spring. Before that—they did not know; he might be an old lakeman who, after spending years ashore, had returned to the lakes for a livelihood. He had represented himself as experienced and trained upon the lakes, and he had been able to demonstrate his fitness; in spite of his age he was one of the most capable of the crew.

The next morning, Alan approached old Burr in the crew's quarters and tried to draw him into conversation again about himself; but Burr only stared at him with his intent and oddly introspective eyes and would not talk upon this subject. A week passed; Alan, established as a lookout now on No. 25 and carrying on his duties, saw Burr daily and almost every hour; his watch coincided with Burr's watch at the wheel—they went on duty and were relieved together. Yet better acquaintance did not make the old man more communicative; a score of times Alan attempted to get him to tell more about himself, but he evaded Alan's questions and, if Alan persisted, he avoided him. Then, on an evening bitter cold with the coming of winter, clear and filled with stars, Alan, just relieved from watch, stood by the pilothouse as Burr also was relieved. The old man paused beside him, looking to the west.

"Have you ever been in Sturgeon's Bay?" he asked.

"In Wisconsin? No."

"There is a small house there—and a child; born," he seemed figuring the date, "Feb. 12, 1914."

"A relative of yours?"

"Yes."

"One of your brothers' children or grandchildren?"

"I had no brothers," old Burr said quietly.

Alan stared at him, amazed. "But you told me about your brothers and about their being lost in wrecks on

the lake; and about your home in Emmet County!"

"I never lived in Emmet County," old Burr replied. "Some one else must have told you that about me. I come from Canada—of French-Canadian descent. My family were of the Hudson Bay people. I was a guide and hunter until recently. Only a few years ago I came onto the lakes, but my cousin came here before I did. It is his child."

Old Burr moved away and Alan turned to the mate.

"What do you make of old Burr?" he asked.

"He's a romancer. We get 'em that way once in a while—old liars! He'll give you twenty different accounts of himself—twenty different lives. None of them is true. I don't know who he is or where he came from, but it's sure he isn't any of the things he says he is."

Alan turned away, chill with disappointment. It was only that, then—old Burr was a romancer after the manner of some old seamen. He constructed for his own amusement these "lives." He was not only not the Burr of Corvet's list; he was some one not any way connected with the Miwaka or with Corvet. Yet Alan, upon reflection, could not believe that it was only this. Burr, if he had wished to do that, might perhaps merely have simulated agitation when Alan questioned him about the Miwaka; but why should he have wished to simulate it? Alan could conceive of no condition which by any possibility could have suggested such simulation to the old man.

HE ceased now, however, to question Burr since questioning either had no result at all or led the old man to weaving fictions; in response the old man became by degrees more communicative. He told Alan, at different times, a number of other "lives" which he claimed as his own. In only a few of these lives had he been, by his account, a seaman; he had been a multitude of other things—in some a farmer, in others a lumber-jack or a fisherman; he had been born, he told, in a half-dozen different places and came of as many different sorts of people.

On deck, one night, listening while old Burr related his sixth or seventh life, excitement suddenly seized Alan. Burr, in this life which he was telling, claimed to be an Englishman born in Liverpool. He had been, he said, a seaman in the British navy; he had been present at the shelling of Alexandria; later, because of some difficulty which he glossed over, he had deserted and had come to "the States"; he had been first a deck-hand, then the mate of a tramp schooner on the lakes. Alan, gazing at the old man, felt exultation leaping and throbbing within him. He recognized this "life"; he knew in advance its incidents. This life which old Burr was rehearsing to him as his own, was the actual life of Munro Burkhalter, one of the men on Corvet's list regarding whom Alan had been able to obtain full information!

Alan sped below, when he was relieved from watch, and got out the clippings left by Corvet and the notes of what he himself had learned in his visits to the homes of these people. His excitement grew greater as he pored over them; he found that he could account, with their aid, for all

WRIGLEY'S



Helps teeth, breath, appetite, digestion.

Sealed tight—kept right

"Give it to me, please, Grand-daddy."

"Why Bobby, if you wait a bit for it you'll have it to enjoy longer!"

"Poo-poo! That's no argument with WRIGLEY'S 'cause the flavour lasts, anyway!"

—After every meal



THE LATEST ECONOMICAL RECIPES CONTAINED IN THE PURITY FLOUR COOK BOOK

have been reviewed and approved by the DOMESTIC SCIENCE DEPARTMENT of the famous McDONALD INSTITUTE

Mailed post paid for 20 cents
Western Canada Flour Mills Co. Limited
TORONTO.

that old Burr had told him. Old Burr's "lives" were not, of course, his; yet neither were they fictions. They—their incidents, at least—were actualities. They were woven from the lives of those upon Corvet's list! Alan felt his skin prickling and the blood beating fast in his temples. How could Burr have known these incidents? Who could he be to know them all? To what man, but one, could all of them be known? Was old Burr . . . Benjamin Corvet?

Alan could give no certain answer to that question. He could not find any definite resemblance in Burr's placid face to the picture of Corvet which Constance had shown him. Yet, as regarded his age and his physical characteristics, there was nothing to make his identity with Benjamin Corvet impossible. Sherrill or others who had known Benjamin Corvet well, might be able to find resemblances which Alan could not. And, whether Burr was or was not Corvet, he was undeniably some one to whom the particulars of Corvet's life were known.

Alan telegraphed that day to Sherrill; but when the message had gone doubt seized him. He awaited eagerly the coming of whoever Sherrill might send and the revelations regarding Corvet which might come then; but at the same time he shrunk from that revelation. He himself had become, he knew, wholly of the lakes

now; his life, whatever his future might be, would be concerned with them. Yet he was not of them in the way he would have wished to be; he was no more than a common seaman.

Benjamin Corvet, when he went away, had tried to leave his place and power among lakemen to Alan; Alan, refusing to accept what Corvet had left until Corvet's reason should be known, had felt obliged also to refuse friendship with the Sherrills. When revelation came, would it make possible Alan's acceptance of the place Corvet had prepared for him, or would it leave him where he was? Would it bring him nearer to Constance Sherrill, or would it set him forever away from her?

CHAPTER XVI.

A Ghost Ship.

"COLDER some to-night, Conrad."

"Yes, sir."

"Strait's freezing over, they say."

"Pretty stiff ice outside here already, sir."

The skipper glanced out and smiled confidently but without further comment; yet he took occasion to go down and pass along the car deck and observe the men who under direction of the mate were locking the lugs under the car wheels, as the trains came on board. The wind, which had risen with nightfall to a gale off the water,

whipped snow with it which swirled and back-eddied with the switching cars into the great, gaping stern of the ferry.

Officially, and to chief extent in actuality, navigation now had "closed" for the winter. Further up the harbor, beyond Number 25, glowed the white lanterns marking two vessels moored and "laid up" till spring; another was still in the active process of "laying up." Marine insurance, as regards all ordinary craft, had ceased; and the Government at sunrise, five days before, had taken the warning lights from the Straits of Mackinaw, from Ile-aux-Galets, from north Manitou, and the Fox Islands; and the light at Beaver Island had but five nights more to burn.

Alan followed as the captain went below, and he went aft between the car tracks, watching old Burr. Having no particular duty when the boat was in dock, old Burr had gone toward the steamer "laying up," and now was standing watching with absorption the work going on. There was a tug a little farther along, with steam up and black smoke pouring from its short funnel. Old Burr observed this boat too and moved up a little nearer. Alan, following the wheelsman, came opposite the stern of the freighter; the snow let through enough of the light from the dock to show the name Stoughton. It was, Alan knew, a Corvet, Sherrill, and

Spearman ship. He moved closer to old Burr and watched him more intently.

"What's the matter?" he asked, as the old man halted and, looking down at the tug, shook his head.

"They're crossing," the wheelsman said aloud, but more to himself than to Alan. "They're laying her up here," he jerked his head toward the Stoughton. "Then they're crossing to Manitowoc on the tug."

"What's the matter with that?" Alan cried.

BURR drew up his shoulders and ducked his head down as a gust blew. It was cold, very cold indeed in that wind, but the old man had on a mackinaw and, out on the lake, Alan had seen him on deck coatless in weather almost as cold as this.

"It's a winter storm," Alan cried. "It's like it that way; but to-day's the 15th, not the 5th of December!"

"That's right," Burr agreed. "That's right."

The reply was absent, as though Alan had stumbled upon what he was thinking, and Burr had no thought yet to wonder at it.

"And it's the Stoughton they're laying up, not the—" he stopped and stared at Burr to let him supply the word and, when the old man did not, he repeated again—"not the—"

"No," Burr agreed again, as though the name had been given. "No."

"It was the Martha Corvet you laid up, wasn't it?" Alan cried quickly. "Tell me—that time on the 5th—it was the Martha Corvet?"

Burr jerked away; Alan caught him again and, with physical strength, detained him. "Wasn't it that?" he demanded. "Answer me; it was the Martha Corvet?"

The wheelsman struggled; he seemed suddenly terrified with the terror which, instead of weakening, supplied infuriated strength. He threw Alan off for an instant and started to flee back toward the ferry; and now Alan let him go, only following a few steps to make sure that the wheelsman returned to Number 25.

Watching old Burr until he was aboard the ferry, Alan spun about and went back to the Stoughton.

Work of laying up the big steamer had been finished, and in the snow-filled dusk her crew were coming ashore. Alan, boarding, went to the captain's cabin, where he found the Stoughton's master making ready to leave the ship. The captain, a man of forty-five or fifty, reminded Alan vaguely of one of the ship-masters who had been in Spearman's office when Alan first went there in the spring. If he had been there, he showed no recollection of Alan now, but good-humoredly looked up for the stranger to state his business.

"I'm from Number 25," Alan introduced himself. "This is a Corvet, Sherrill, and Spearman ship. Do you know Mr. Corvet when you see him, sir?"

"Know Ben Corvet?" the captain repeated. The manner of the young man from the car ferry told him it was not an idle question. "Yes; I know Ben Corvet. I ain't seen him much in late years."

"Will you come with me for a few minutes then, Captain?" Alan asked. As the skipper stared at him and hesitated, Alan made explanation, "Mr. Corvet has been missing for months.

THE ADVERTISEMENT WHICH WON THE \$1,000 PRIZE

Text of the Prize Winning Advertisement

"THE most marvelous machine can never be a person, but Thomas A. Edison, the inventive wizard, has at last mastered a human voice reproducing instrument that does not betray itself in the very presence of the artists.

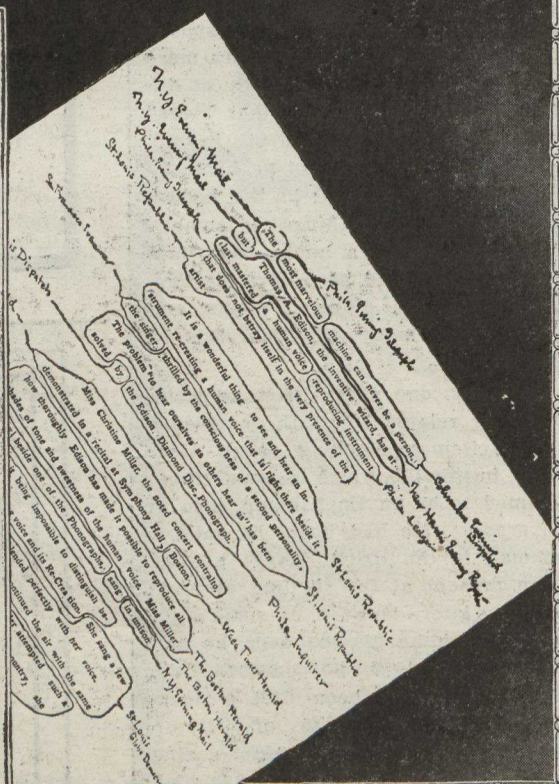
"It is a wonderful thing to see and hear an instrument Re-Creating a human voice that is right there beside it, the singer thrilled by the consciousness of a second personality. The problem 'to hear ourselves as others hear us' has been solved by the Edison Diamond Disc Phonograph.

"Miss Christine Miller, the noted concert contralto, demonstrated in a recital at Symphony Hall, Boston, how thoroughly Edison has made it possible to reproduce all shades of tone and sweetness of the human voice. Miss Miller, standing beside one of the phonographs, sang in unison with herself, it being impossible to distinguish between the singer's living voice and its Re-Creation. She sang a few bars and the instrument blended perfectly with her voice. She ceased and the instrument continued the air with the same beautiful tonal quality. Had Miss Miller attempted such a concert in Salem, in the early days of this country, she would have been hanged for a witch.

"The large audience of music-lovers sat enthralled under the spell of the wizardry which reproduced a human voice, the most delicate violin tones and the blare of a brass band with such fidelity that no one, hearing also the same music at first hand, could tell which was the real. The instrument was a stock phonograph, intended solely for the home.

"Perhaps the artistic merit of Mr. Edison's invention can in no way so well be attested as by the fact that 600 members of the Handel and Haydn Society of Boston were present."

Earle Inley, Nantuxet, N. Y.

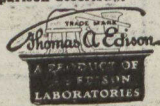


IT is safe to say that no such advertisement as the above has ever appeared before. The man who received \$1000 for preparing this advertisement did not write a single word of it. The words were written by representatives of various newspapers, who after hearing a direct comparison between living artists and the New Edison's Re-Creation of their work, pronounced the Re-Creation in every case an exact counterpart of the original music. The music critics of approximately 1500 newspapers have described these remarkable comparisons and are unanimous in their favorable verdict. The prize-winning advertisement illustrated on this page is composed of extracts taken from newspaper accounts of these daring comparisons.

The NEW EDISON "The Phonograph with a Soul"

is positively the only sound reproducing instrument capable of sustaining the comparison described. You owe it to yourself to hear the New Edison and to learn more about it. Our dealers will be glad to give you a complimentary concert. We shall be glad to send you the booklet "What the Critics Say," the brochure, "Music's Re-Creation," and a complimentary copy of our musical magazine "Along Broadway."

THOMAS A. EDISON, INC., Orange, New Jersey.



ANNOUNCEMENT OF AWARDS IN THE EDISON WEEK PATCHWORK ADVERTISEMENT CONTEST

First Prize—\$1000

Earle Inley, Nantuxet, N. Y.

Second Prize—\$500

Edward Credo, 337 Fourth Ave., Pittsburg, Pa.

Third Prize—\$250

Jane P. Kelly, 318 S. Water St., Crawfordsville, Ind.

Fourth Prize—\$100

Miss Leta Worrall, 1034 W. 17th St., Des Moines, Ia.

Fifth Prize—\$50

Gordon Diver, 88a Girouard Ave., N. D. C., Montreal

Ten Prizes of \$10 Each

- Mrs. Florence Bassett 430 N. Beaudry Ave., Los Angeles
- Jesse G. Bourns 513 Washington St., Olympia, Wash.
- Miss Katharine Gest 1203 Second Ave., Rock Island, Ill.
- Harold H. Hertel 56 Loomis St., Naperville, Ill.
- Mrs. Ray Keegan 407 Gore Blvd., Lawton, Okla.
- Alphonse Kirchner 234 E. 34 St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
- Miss Vida Laughrey 444 N. Market St., Oskaloosa, Ia.
- Mrs. A. E. Peterman Theodore, Ala.
- Mrs. Katharine Sartelle 419 Sterling Pl., Madison, Wis.
- Josephine A. Sheehan 33 Gage St., Fitchburg, Mass.

His friends have said he's been away somewhere for his health; but the truth is, he's been missing. There's a man I want you to look at, Captain—if you used to know Mr. Corvet."

"I heard of that." The captain moved alertly now. "Where is he?"

ALAN led the master to the Ferry. Old Burr had left the car deck; they found him on his way to the wheelhouse.

The Stoughton's skipper stared. "That the man?" he demanded.

"Yes, sir. Remember to allow for his clothes and his not being shaved and that something has happened."

The Stoughton's skipper followed to the wheelhouse and spoke to Burr. Alan's blood beat fast as he watched this conversation. Once or twice more the skipper seemed surprised; but it was plain that his first interest in Burr quickly had vanished; when he left the wheelhouse, he returned to Alan indulgently. "You thought that was Mr. Corvet?" he asked, amused.

"You don't think so?" Alan asked. "Ben Corvet like that? Did you ever see Ben Corvet?"

"Only his picture," Alan confessed. "But you looked queer when you first saw Burr."

"That was a trick of his eyes. Say, they did give me a start. Ben Corvet had just that sort of trick of looking through a man."

"And his eyes were like that?" "Sure. But Ben Corvet couldn't be like that!"

Alan prepared to go on duty. He would not let himself be disappointed by the skipper's failure to identify old Burr; the skipper had known immediately at sight of the old man that he was the one whom Alan thought was Corvet, and he had found a definite resemblance. It might well have been only the impossibility of believing that Corvet could have become like this which had prevented fuller recognition. Mr. Sherrill, undoubtedly, would send some one more familiar with Benjamin Corvet and who might make proper allowances.

Alan went forward to his post as a blast from the steam whistle of the switching engine, announcing that the cars all were on board, was answered by a warning blast from the ferry. On the car decks the trains had been secured in place; and, because of the roughness of the weather, the wheels had been locked upon the tracks with additional chains as well as with the blocks and chains usually used. Orders now sounded from the bridge; the steel deck began to shake with the reverberations of the engines; the mooring lines were taken in; the rails upon the fantail of the ferry separated from the rails upon the wharf, and clear water showed between. Alan took up his slow pace as lookout from rail to rail across the bow, straining his eyes forward into the thickness of the snow-filled night.

Because of the severe cold, the watches had been shortened. Alan would be relieved from time to time to warm himself, and then he would return to duty again. Old Burr at the wheel would be relieved and would go on duty at the same hours as Alan himself. Benjamin Corvet! The fancy reiterated itself to him. Could he be mistaken? Was that man, whose eyes turned alternately from the compass to the bow of the ferry as it shifted and rose and fell, the same who had

sat in that lonely chair turned toward the fireplace in the house on Astor Street? Were those hands, which held the steamer to her course, the hands which had written to Alan in secret from the little room off his bedroom and which pasted so carefully the newspaper clippings concealed in the library?

Regularly at the end of every minute, a blast from the steam whistle reverberated; for a while, signals from the shore answered; for a few minutes the shore lights glowed through the snow. Then the lights were gone, and the eddies of the gale ceased to bring echoes of the obscuration signals. Steadily, at short, sixty-second intervals, the blast of Number 25's warning burst from the whistle; then that too stopped. The great ferry was on the lake alone; in her course, Number 25 was cutting across the lanes of all ordinary lake travel; but now, with ordinary navigation closed, the position of every other ship upon the lakes was known to the officers, and formal signals were not thought necessary. Flat floes, driven by wind and wave, had windrowed in their course; as Number 25, which was capable of maintaining two thirds its open water speed when running through solid "green" ice two feet thick, met this obstruction, its under-cut bow rose slightly; the ice, crushed down and to the sides, hurled, pounding and scraping, under the keel and along the black, steel sides of the ship; Alan could hear the hull resounding to the buffeting as it hurled the floes away, and more came, or the wind threw them back. The water was washing high—higher than Alan had experienced seas before. The wind, smashing almost straight across the lake from the west, with only a gust or two from the north, was throwing up the water in great rushing ridges, on which the bow of Number 25 rose jerkily up and up, suddenly to fall, as the support passed on, so that the next wave washed nearly to the rail.

Alan faced the wind with mackinaw buttoned about his throat, but

to make certain his hearing, his ears were unprotected. They numbed frequently, and he drew a hand out of the glove to rub them. The windows to protect the wheelsman had been dropped, as the snow had gathered on the glass; and at intervals as he glanced back, he could see old Burr's face as he switched on a dim light to look at the compass. The strange placidity which usually characterized the old man's face had not returned to it since Alan had spoken with him on the dock; its look was intent and queerly drawn. Was old Burr beginning to remember—remember that he was Benjamin Corvet? Alan did not believe it could be that; again and again he had spoken Corvet's name to him without effect. Yet there must have been times when, if he was actually Corvet, he had remembered who he was. He must have remembered that when he had written directions to some one to send those things to Constance Sherrill; or, a strange thought had come to Alan, had he written those instructions to himself? Had there been a moment when he had been so much himself that he had realized that he might not be himself again and so had written the order which later, mechanically, he had obeyed? This certainly would account for the package having been mailed at Manitowoc and for Alan's failure to find out by whom it had been mailed. It would account too for the unknown handwriting upon the wrapper, if some one on the ferry had addressed the package for the old man. He must inquire whether any one among the crew had done that.

WHAT could have brought back that moment of recollection to Corvet, Alan wondered; the finding of the things which he had sent? What might bring another such moment? Would his seeing the Sherrills again—or Spearman—act to restore him?

For half an hour Alan paced steadily at the bow. The storm was increasing noticeably in fierceness; the wind-driven snowflakes had changed to

hard pellets which, like little bullets, cut and stung the face; and it was growing colder. From a cabin window came the blue flash of the wireless, which had been silent after notifying the shore stations of their departure. It had commenced again; this was unusual. Something still more unusual followed at once; the direction of the gale seemed slowly to shift, and with it the wash of the water; instead of the wind and the waves coming from dead ahead now, they moved to the port beam, and Number 25, still pitching with the thrust through the seas, also began to roll. This meant, of course, that the steamer had changed its course and was making almost due north. It seemed to Alan to force its engines faster; the deck vibrated more. Alan had not heard the orders for this change and could only speculate as to what it might mean.

His relief came after a few minutes more.

"Where are we heading?" Alan asked.

"Radio," the relief announced. "The H. C. Richardson calling; she's up by the Manitous."

"What sort of trouble?"

"She's not in trouble; it's another ship."

"What ship?"

"No word as to that."

Alan, not delaying to question further, went back to the cabins.

There stretched aft, behind the bridge, along the upper deck, some score on each side of the ship; they had accommodations for about a hundred passengers; but on this crossing only a few were occupied. Alan had noticed some half dozen men—business men, no doubt, forced to make the crossing and, one of them, a Catholic priest, returning probably to some mission in the north; he had seen no women among them. A little group of passengers were gathered now in the door of or just outside the wireless cabin, which was one of the row on the starboard side. Stewards stood with them and the cabin

(Continued on page 30.)

*French
Organdie*

*Note Paper
Envelopes
Papeteries
and Tablets*

Barber-Ellis
Limited
Toronto - - Canada
Brantford - Vancouver - Winnipeg - Calgary

**French
Organdie**

is used by hundreds of women to-day because it carries with it that much desired touch of refinement.

Your next letter paper should be French Organdie.

Ask your Stationer for it.

24-1-18

Lack of Food — Threatens the Battle Line



ONTARIO

One year ago, only the enemy was on rations.

To-day, Great Britain, France and Italy are on rations.

To-day, Germany controls the wheat lands of Roumania, Russia, Poland and Ukrania.

To-day, the shadows of hunger, famine, disease and death hang over the Allies.

Upon the 1918 crop from Canada and the United States depends the fate of the democratic peoples of the world.

If that crop is sufficient, the Allies can be fed.

If that crop is not sufficient, the Allies may have to accept a German peace.

"The food wanted by mankind does not exist.

"The word 'shortage' is not strong enough.

"The whole world is up against a nasty thing, familiar to the people of India, called 'famine.'"

—Lord Rhondda,

Britain's Food Controller.

Herbert Hoover Says :

"Our European Allies are dependent upon us for greater quantities of food than we have ever before exported. They are the first line of our defence. Our money, our ships, our life blood, and not least of all, OUR FOOD supply, must be of a common stock.

"In pre-war times, Britain, France, Italy and Belgium yearly imported more than 750,000,000 bushels of grain, plus vast quantities of meats and fats.

"The submarine destruction of shipping has made it necessary to abandon the hope of bringing food from South America, Australasia and India.

"Food must, therefore, be shipped from Canada and the United States—the nearest and safest route.

"Canadian and United States supplies are normally 350,000,000 bushels short of the Allied needs. By greater production and conservation Canada and the United States must combine to increase the export of grain by 150,000,000 bushels.

"The remaining shortage of 200,000,000 bushels must be overcome by greater reduction in consumption in the allied countries. And this is being done by Britain, France, and Italy rationing their people.

"From two and a half years of contact with the German Army, I have come out of the horror with the complete conviction that autocracy is a political faith and a system that directly endangers and jeopardizes the future of our race—that threatens our very independence. It has, however, been able to command a complete inspiration of devotion and self-sacrifice in its people to the interest of their nation. The German farmer, in the name of the Fatherland, supports a nation two-thirds as large as the United States and threatens to subject the world from an area one-half the size of Ontario.

That Battle-Line in France and Flanders Must Not Want

Do you realize what a German peace would mean to Canada?

Germany covets our natural resources—our agricultural and mineral wealth, our forests, our fisheries, everything that is Canada's.

Germany won't be satisfied with European territory, with teeming masses, wrangling factions and depleted natural resources. She wants colonies—big, thinly-populated colonies in temperate zones—for her sons and daughters to go to propagate their kind.

The Kaiser would sacrifice millions of Germans to-morrow if he thought that by so doing he could set foot on Canada's shores as Conqueror.

And what's more, the Germans would offer themselves for the sacrifice, so great is their subjection to the military ideal.

The only thing that balks German ambition is that battle line from the North Sea to Switzerland—and the British Navy.

The Only Thing That Sustains Our Men on Land and Sea—Is Food

What are we, each one of us, prepared to do to insure that Food supply?

Germany, by her submarine campaign, has seen that great Armada, the British Mercantile Marine, shrink in volume.

Germany has seen South America, Australia, New Zealand, India and far away outposts of the Empire practically cut off from supplying food to the Motherland because of the lack of ships.

Forty million Allied men and women having been put on war work, food production has dangerously decreased in Europe.

These forty million consume more food than when they were in ordinary occupations, and there are fewer men for farming. Hence an increased demand and decreased supplies.

The harvest of France was one-third less in 1917 than 1916, and this year must be smaller still, owing to lack of fertilizers, which cannot be supplied through shortage of shipping.

The world's decrease in live stock, as compared to 1913, is approximately 115,000,000 head.

The heart of this problem is labour. Without more farm labour more food cannot be produced.

If you really want to serve your Country in a big, practical way, register now for farm labour, or urge and assist your male employees to do so.

"My vision of War is not of an academic problem to be solved by discussion. To me it is a vision of brave, dying men and suffering women and children, for service on whose behalf the greater exertion of the Allies' farmers comes as a direct necessity and a direct plea. The Canadian and the United States citizen who sees war as I see it, needs no inducement and no inspiration but the thought that every spadeful of earth turned, and every animal reared, is lessening human suffering and guaranteeing the liberty of the world."

Lloyd George's Warning

"I fear the disciplined people behind the German Army, the rationed family and the determination of wife and sister and daughter and mother to stand and starve—so that their fighting men may be fed—I fear it more than the Imperial German Army itself."

Britain is now on Food Rations.

France is now on Food Rations.

Italy is on the verge of starvation. Only continuous support from us can enable us to hold out.

Only with a disciplined people behind can we hope to win. The rationed British Nation, blood of our blood, bone of our bone, are proudly paying the price and sharing with France and Italy their limited stock of food. For in this there is mighty pride, a conscious measuring of their glory with the best traditions of ancient Sparta, and of Imperial Rome, for Britons know that upon them rests the burden of saving humanity. The story of their service shall ring and echo forever along the hill tops of history.

To Send More Food To Our Allies Is Not Charity

It is war. The Allies have a right to demand it. They have a right to resent the offer of only what is "left over." Those who are fighting common battle for civilization and for our protection have a higher claim than had Lazarus, to only the "crumbs that fall from the rich man's table."

The Canadian people must recognize that "they" have the first claim on our food supplies.

As the shipping situation makes the Allies dependent upon the North American continent for food, it is vitally necessary that Canada should increase her production of food in order to take a larger part in providing for the Allies' requirements. This is especially urgent as the maintenance of a large United States army in the European field will cause a very heavy drain on that country's food resources.

There must be no peace without victory.

For nearly four years Germany has been struggling against the powers of law and order. She has failed so far to make good her escape with her booty by superior strength and skill. And now she is attempting by intrigue, suggestion, device and propaganda to divert the attention of her antagonists from the struggle itself, and thus to gain her ends by relaxing the strength and skill of her antagonists.

What she can gain from these tactics is plain to all the world in the sorrowful experience of Russia.

Germany's most dangerous weapon is not her Zeppelin—that is obsolete. Not her submarine—that can be overcome. Not her machine-like army—that has been repeatedly hurled back by the living armies of freemen. Her most dangerous weapon is her propaganda of peace.

While with her hands she murders and despoils, with her voice she invites to parleys.

When Liberty Is In Peril There Is Threat of Lasting Disaster In the Very Word "Peace"

Lord Léverhulme, long known in Canada as Sir William Lever, who knows well the German mind, in a recent interview stated:

"You will never be able to dictate terms to Germany till she is beaten. The argument you mention is founded on the dangerous fallacy that because Germany is sick of this war she is sick of war in general. She isn't. I doubt if her Government is even sick of this war. You've read the speech of that old brigand, Hertling. Is there any sign of repentance in that speech? Is it a chastened speech? Is it the speech of a statesman who wants disarmament and a league of nations? No! Germany is back in her mood of 1914. She believes she is winning the war. She believes she has won now. And if we talk of peace to her she HAS won it. Why, it would be better a thousand times that every man in England should be dead than that Germany should issue from this war with the feeling of a conqueror. You hear people use the phrase, 'to the last man, and the last shilling,' and you think it is only a bit of rhetoric, but to my mind it's the most solemn and absolute truth. I mean when I say it that it would in very truth be a million times better for the people of these islands to be dead, every one of them, rather than live on as the serfs of a triumphant Prussia."

How can any lover of liberty remain insensible to this peril?

Food means Victory and the world made safe for democracy—

Lack of food means disaster and subjugation to Germany.

The Citizens of Ontario Must Lead This Mighty Crusade for Greater Food Production

They did it last year and will do it again.

As the greatest food-producing Province, Ontario must maintain her leadership in America. Great are our opportunities—our responsibility is tremendous.

The only thing that balks German ambition is the battle line in France and the British Navy. The only thing that sustains our men on land and sea is Food.

Upon every man and woman, boy and girl, rests a personal obligation to serve. Every pound of food produced, in whatever form, is a contribution to the Cause of Freedom.

Ontario farmers should sow 500,000 acres of spring wheat.

Every Ontario farmer whose land is at all suitable should put an extra five acres into wheat, even at the expense of another crop.

What YOU Can Do To Help

At all costs production must be maintained.

That's why farmers and farmers' sons are being exempted from military service. Working on a farm is equivalent to service in the Second Line Trenches.

To enable the farm to do the work, two factors are essential. The first is Time. Whatever we are to do must be done at once. Nature waits for no man. The second is Labor. Many farmers cannot plant the acres they would because they cannot get the necessary help. Many are afraid to increase their acreage because they fear they would not be able to cultivate and harvest an unusual crop after they had raised it.

The burden is not one to be placed solely upon the farmer. Neither can it be placed upon the townsman. It is a personal obligation upon every man, woman, boy and girl, in every farm, town and city home in the Province of Ontario.

AWAY WITH CRITICISM—CO-OPERATE! Mr. City Man, don't say that the farmer should do so-and-so, and thus allow criticism in this hour of our Nation's peril to cripple your effort.

Mr. Farmer, don't hastily underestimate the value the city man can be to you.

Get Together in the Fight For Liberty

Let us not lament what MIGHT be, but earnestly face what MUST be.

Fifteen thousand boys between the ages of fifteen and nineteen must be organized as "Soldiers of the Soil" to work on Ontario farms this season.

Farmers can get one or more of these boys by applying to their District Representatives or to the Public Employment Bureaux at Toronto, Ottawa, Hamilton or London.

Unmarried men, exempted from military service, are urged to take up farm work. Married men who have had previous experience on a farm are urged to resume farm work for a season. Employers of labor are asked to assist men to take up farm work.

We urge the farmers and the townsmen to get together for greater production in the interests of a free people and democracy.

Let the Organization of Resources Committee, your District Representatives or the Public Employment Bureaux act as your intermediaries.

When we have done our best, the cry for food cannot be wholly met.

For the rest—our Allies are tightening their belts.

Organization of Resources Committee

Parliament Buildings, Toronto, Ont.

CHAIRMAN: His Honor Sir John S. Hendrie, K.C.M.G., C.V.O., Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario. VICE-CHAIRMEN: Honorable Sir William H. Hearst, K.C.M.G., Prime Minister of Ontario; William Proudfoot, Esq., K.C., Leader of the Opposition. SECRETARY: Albert H. Abbott, Esq., Ph.D.

National Directory of Standard Products

THIS directory includes the names of leading Canadian firms making and handling the various classes of goods indicated. Buyers unable to find the desired information in this directory are invited to write to this office for information, which will be furnished free of charge.

- APPLES, (Evaporated):**
Graham Co. Limited, Belleville, Ont.
- BABBITT AND SOLDER.**
Hoyt Metal Co., Toronto.
- BRICKS AND TERRA COTTA.**
Don Valley Brick Works, Toronto.
- CARPETS AND RUGS.**
Toronto Carpet Mfg. Co., Ltd., Toronto.
- CAR WHEELS AND CASTINGS.**
Dominion Wheel & Foundries, Limited, Toronto.
- CIGARS.**
Andrew Wilson & Co., "Bachelor" Cigars, Toronto.
- ELEVATORS.**
Otis-Fenson Elevator Co., Toronto.
- GLOVES AND MITTS.**
The Craig-Cowan Company, Limited, Toronto.
- HARDWARE.**
Hardware Company of Toronto, Limited, Toronto.
- PAINTS AND VARNISHES.**
International Varnish Co., Limited, Toronto.
- PIANOS & PLAYER PIANOS**
Heintzman & Co., "Ye Olde Firm," Toronto.
- PRINTING INKS.**
Sinclair Valentine Co. of Canada, Limited, Toronto.
Eureka Refrigerator Co., Limited, Toronto.
- REFRIGERATORS:**
Eureka Refrigerator Co., Limited, Toronto.
- SCRAP IRON, STEEL & METALS.**
Frankel Bros., Toronto.
- TINWARE & SHEET METAL WORK.**
Soren Bros., Manufacturers, Toronto, Ont.
- UNIFORMS.**
Beauchamp & How, Limited, Toronto.
- VEGETABLES, (Desiccated):**
Graham Co., Limited, Belleville, Ont.
- WASHING MACHINES.**
Nineteen Hundred Washer Company, Toronto.
- WATCH CASES.**
American Watch Case Co., Limited, Toronto.

THE INDIAN DRUM

(Continued from page 27.)

maid; within, and bending over the table with the radio instrument, was the operator with the second officer beside him. The violet spark was rasping, and the operator, his receivers strapped over his ears, strained to listen. He got no reply, evidently, and he struck his key again; now, as he listened, he wrote slowly on a pad.

"You got 'em?" some one cried. "You got 'em now?"

The operator continued to write; the second mate, reading, shook his head, "It's only the Richardson again." "What is it?" Alan asked the officer.

"The Richardson heard four blasts of a steam whistle about an hour ago when she was opposite the Manitou. She answered with the whistle and turned toward the blasts. She couldn't find any ship." The officer's reply was interrupted by some of the others. "Then . . . that was a few minutes ago . . . they heard the four long again. . . . They'd tried to pick up the other ship with radio before. . . . Yes; we got that here. . . . Tried again and got no answer. . . . But they heard the blasts for half an hour. . . . They said they seemed to be almost beside the ship once. . . . But they didn't see anything. Then the blasts stopped . . . sudden, cut off short in the middle as though something happened. . . . She was blowing distress all right. . . . The Richardson's searching again now. . . . Yes, she's searching for boats."

"Any one else answered?" Alan asked. "Shore stations on both sides." "Do they know what ship it is?" "No."

"What ship might be there now?"

THE officer could not answer that. He had known where the Richardson must be; he knew of no other likely to be there at this season. The spray from the waves had frozen upon Alan; ice gleamed and glistened from the rail and from the deck. Alan's shoulders drew up in a spasm. The Richardson, they said, was looking for boats; how long could men live in little boats exposed to that gale and cold?

He turned back to the others about the radio cabin; the glow from within showed him faces as gray as his; it lighted a face on the opposite side of the door—a face haggard with dreadful fright. Old Burr jerked about as Alan spoke to him and moved away alone; Alan followed him and seized his arm.

"What's the matter?" Alan demanded, holding to him.

"The four blasts!" the wheelsman repeated. "They heard the four blasts!" He iterated it once more. "Yes," Alan urged. "Why not?"

"But where no ship ought to be; so they couldn't find the ship—they couldn't find the ship!" Terror, of awful abjectness, came over the old man. He freed himself from Alan and went forward.

Alan followed him to the quarters of the crew, where night lunch for the men relieved from watch had been set out, and took a seat at the table opposite him. The louder echoing of

the steel hull and the roll and pitching of the vessel, which set the table with its dishes swaying, showed that the sea was still increasing, and also that they were now meeting heavier ice. At the table men computed that Number 25 had now made some twenty miles north off its course, and must therefore be approaching the neighborhood where the distress signals had been heard; they speculated uselessly as to what ship could have been in that part of the lake and made the signals. Old Burr took no part in this conversation, but listened to it with frightened eyes, and presently got up and went away, leaving his coffee unfinished.

Number 25 was blowing its steam whistle again at the end of every minute.

(To be continued.)



NOTES AND NEWS.

The Gambit Tournament of the Toronto Chess Club has fallen to the President, Mr. Malcolm Sim, with a score of 5 wins, a draw and a loss. Mr. Sim carried the last tourney held season 1915-1916.

We deeply regret to report that Mr. M. J. Adams, a veteran member of the Toronto Chess Club, recently passed away at the age of 64.

There are fifteen entrants in the Second Annual Canadian Correspondence Chess Tourney. They are playing in three sections. The entries in one section are: W. J. Barker, Victoria, B. C.; Rev. J. Leech-Porter, Greenfell, Sask.; R. W. Worsley, Yorkton, Sask.; Dr. W. K. Merrifield, Ridgetown, Ont., and M. Sim, Toronto. The other section entries will appear later.

The return match between the Hamilton and Toronto Chess Clubs was played in Hamilton on Saturday. The result was in favor of Hamilton by the score of 7 to 5:

Hamilton	Toronto
1. S. E. Gale . . . 0	J. S. Morrison . . 1
2. J. E. Lister. ½	H. J. Lane . . . ½
3. J. J. Corke. ½	R. G. Hunter . . . ½
4. H. G. Guvin. 0	W. H. Perry . . . 1
5. H. N. Kittson 1	W. Cawkell . . . 0
6. E. Hogben . 1	E. Willans . . . 0
7. C. N. Ritchie. 1	G. K. Powell . . . 0
8. W. F. Moore. 1	D. J. McKinnon. 0
9. G. W. Ritchie ½	W. J. Faulkner. ½
10. W. K. Foucar 0	C. Ferrier 1
11. J. W. Kells. ½	T. Crossley . . . ½
12. F. R. Adelhelm 1	K. B. O'Brian. . . 0
Total 7	Total 5

S. F. Shenstone Shield.

After the match the Toronto players were entertained by the Hamilton Club at the Red Cross Cafe.

The president of the Toronto Chess League, Mr. R. G. Hunter, generously offered to donate a shield for inter-city competition in future matches. The offer was accepted on behalf of the Hamilton Club by President Jas. Ruben, and Vice-President D. J. McKinnon, of the Toronto Chess Club, spoke on behalf of Toronto.

The trophy to be known as the "S. F. Shenstone Shield," to perpetuate the memory of the late S. F. Shenstone, a well known chess player, connected with both the Hamilton and Toronto Chess Clubs prior to his death two years ago.

A correspondence match between Montreal and Toronto Chess Clubs is the likely outcome of the former's challenge to a telegraphic match.

The Toronto membership of the Good Companions' Chess Problem Club is becoming a considerable factor, due to the interest and energy of Mr. John C. Gardner. It includes Messrs. J. C. Gardner, W. J. Faulkner, H. G. Martin, H. J. Fairhead, E. J. Farmer, J. Neild, M. Sim, and Miss E. Collins.

Mr. W. H. Ferguson, of the Parliament Club, and M. Sim, are playing a match of two games by telephone.

TORONTO LADIES' CHAMPIONSHIP.

Miss Florence E. Spragge successfully defended her title as Lady Champion of Toronto in the yearly tournament just concluded, and we offer her our congratulations. Miss Elsie Banks (who tied for first place in the contest of last season,

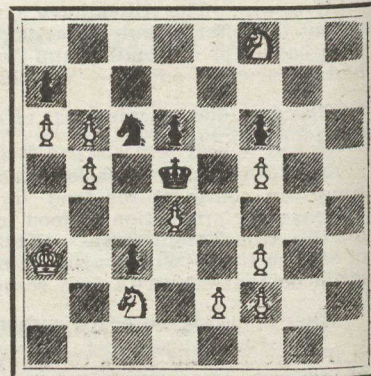
but lost the tie match), secured second place. The following is the table:—

	Won.	Lost.	Drawn.
Miss F. E. Spragge . . .	8	2	0
Miss E. Banks	7	3	0
Miss A. L. Sanderson . .	6	4	0
Mrs. A. Spragge	5	5	0
Miss H. Banks	4	6	0
Mrs. Chown	0	10	0

Mrs. Chown contested only a few games when she was compelled to retire from the tournament.

PROBLEM NO. 178, by F. af Geijerstam. (1890.)

From "The White Knights," 1917. Black.—Six Pieces.



White.—Eleven Pieces.

White to play and mate in three.

Problem No. 179, by J. J. O'Keefe and N. S. Smith.

White: K at KKt8; Q at QB8; Rs at QKt8 and Kt5; Bs at QR8 and K4; Kts at QB2 and Q3. Black: K at QB5; Q at QR2; B at QKt4; Kts at QR7 and QB3; P at KB2. Mate in two.

Problem No. 175, by G. W. Chandler and Comins Mansfield.

1. Q—K7, B—Kt5; 2. Kt—Q6, mate. 1., B—R6; 2. P—Kt4, mate. 1., B—Kt3; 2. Q—B6, mate. 1., threat; 2. Kt—Q7, mate. The Black Queen is responsible for three variations.

No. 176. (Key, 1. R—Q3) No. 177. (Key, 1. Kt (B3)—Q4.) The last is cooked by 1. R—Kt6ch. Mr. J. V. Savage, Acton West, sends a solution to Mr. McGregor's No. 173, a cook by 1. B—K4ch. Moving the White Monarch to KBsq will remedy the evil.

Correct solution of No. 174, was received from J. McGregor, Tamworth.

CHESS IN TORONTO.

A lively game played in the Gambit Tournament at the Toronto Chess Club between Messrs. J. Boas and M. Sim.

Kieseritzky Gambit.

White.	Black.
M. Sim.	J. Boas.
1. P—K4	1. P—K4
2. P—KB4	2. Pxp
3. Kt—KB3	3. P—KKt4
4. P—KR4	4. P—Kt5
5. Kt—K5	5. B—Kt2
6. P—Q4	6. P—Q3
7. KtxKtP	7. BxKt
8. QxB	8. BxP
9. B—QB4 (a)	9. Kt—Q2
10. QxP	10. Kt—K4 (b)
11. B—Kt3	11. Kt—K2
12. R—Bsq	12. P—Q4 (c)
13. Pxp (d)	13. P—QB4
14. Pxp e.p.	14. P—B3
15. Pxp (e)	15. R—QKt8q
16. B—R4ch (f)	16. Kt (K4)—B3
17. BxKtch	17. KtxB
18. Q—K4ch	18. Kt—K4
19. P—B3	19. B—Kt3
20. B—Kt5	20. Q—Q6 (g)
21. Q—KB4	21. Kt—Kt4 (h)
22. QxP	22. Q—Q6ch
23. K—Qsq (i)	23. KtxPeh
24. K—B2	24. Q—K7ch
25. Kt—Q2	25. K—Q2 (j)
26. Q—B7ch (k)	26. K—B3
27. R—B6ch	27. K—Kt4
28. Q—Kt3ch	28. K—R3
29. KxKt	29. KxP
30. R—B7ch	30. K—Bsq (l)
31. Q—Q5	31. B—K6 dis. ch
32. K—B2	Resigns (m)

(a) The book continuation is 9. QxP. (b) 10. . . . Q—B3 would have been sounder play.

(c) This is, of course, distinctly unfavorable. He might as well have played P—KB3 at once.

(d) P—B3 here, or on the next, would lose the Queen.

(e) If 15. QxP, then also 15. . . . Kt—Q6ch.

(f) This is the best method of continuing the attack, and provided for the safety of his own exposed monarch.

(g) He should have Castled, incidentally preventing 21. QxKt. If White plays instead 21. Rxp, then 21. . . . RxR; 22. QxKt, R—B8ch; 23. KxR, Q—Q8ch; 24. Q—Ksq, R—Kbsq ch and mates next move.

(h) There is no hope after this. The last chance was to castle.

(i) K—Q2 is also good.

(j) White threatened mate in two places.

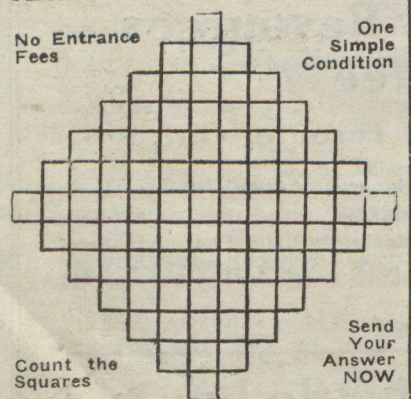
(k) 26. QR—Ksq would have finished off hand, but White was loth to bring further material into action.

(l) If K—Rsq White mates in two. If K—R3, then 31. K—B2.

(m) A timely resignation.

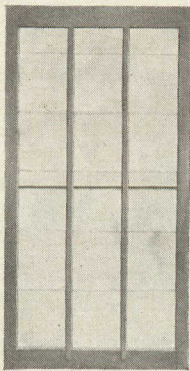
FOUND AT LAST!! FORD STARTER
WRITE US FOR PARTICULARS. UNBREAKABLE
\$22.50 THE MORGAN SALES CO. TORONTO

Solve this Puzzle And Win a Phonograph



Count the squares. Send Your Answer NOW
A Real Phonograph will be given to every person who counts the number of squares in this diagram CORRECTLY and fulfils one simple condition. This condition is easy. Count the squares very carefully and send your answer to
SELFAST SPECIALTY CO.
Dept. H, Drawer 891, Sta. F., TORONTO

Hot Bed Sash of Everlasting Lastingness



HERE is a Hot Bed Sash that is STRONG and SOLID at the start, and STAYS strong and solid.

It is made from high grade cypress 1½" thick. Joints are blind mortised. ⅜" round steel rod supports the bars in center. Standard Sash measures 3 x 6 feet.

Prices on Standard Hot Bed Sash

Single Light Sash, Unglazed and Unpainted.

5 for \$6.90 10 for \$13.40 25 for \$33
Prices f.o.b. Factory

If you need anything for your greenhouse, we will supply it.
If you need a greenhouse, we will build it.

Lord & Burnham Co. Limited,
of Canada

Toronto: Royal Bank Bldg. Montreal: Transportation Bldg.
Factory: St. Catharines, Ontario

Schrader



AIR IS CHEAP— USE PLENTY OF IT

Nothing is as essential to the life of your tires as air. New air is cheaper than new tires.

Give your tires all the air they need.

The only way to KNOW whether or not your tires have enough air is to measure it with a

Schrader Universal
Tire Pressure Gauge

If you have been riding on haphazard pressure, you have been spending a great deal more money for tires than you need have spent.

Price \$1.50

For Sale by Tire Manufacturers, Jobbers, Dealers, Garages, or

A. SCHRADER'S SON INC.

334 KING ST. EAST
TORONTO, ONT.

Schrader products were awarded a Grand Prize and two Gold Medals at the Panama-Pacific Exposition. "There is a Reason."

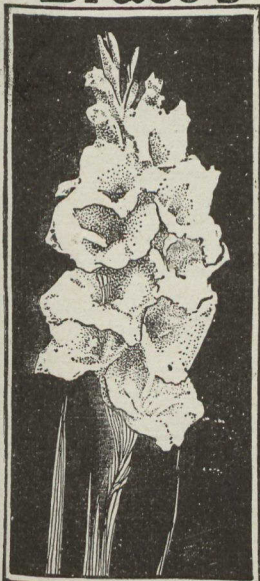
Manufactured by

A. Schrader's Son, Inc.

334 King St. East
TORONTO, ONT.

NEW YORK: 703-803 Atlantic Avenue LONDON: Earl St Westminster CHICAGO: 1200 Michigan Ave
Highest Award Panama-Pacific Exposition

Bruce's Flowering Bulbs



GLADIOLUS

Unequaled for beauty of bloom. Plant in May and June, bloom in August and September. Easily grown and bulbs good for several seasons.

Bruce's Choice Mixed—A satisfactory mixture, 10 for 50c; 25 for 90c; 100 for \$3.00 postpaid.

Bruce's Superb Mixed—A grand mixture of all varieties, 10 for 80c; 25 for \$1.80; 100 for \$6.50 postpaid.

Separate Varieties—Splendid collection 30 varieties, Whites, Reds, Blues, Yellows, Striped, Bordered and Blended Shades, from 9c up to 50c each postpaid.

Also Dahlias, Lilies, Begonias, Gloxinias, Tuberose, Etc.

FREE: Our valuable 112-page catalogue of Seeds, Plants, Bulbs, Garden Implements, Poultry Supplies, Etc. Write to-day for it.

John A. Bruce & Co., Ltd.
Established 68 Years Hamilton, Ontario

Northern Ontario

A vast new land of promise and freedom now open for settlement at 50c an acre in some districts—in others Free.

Thousands of farmers are responding to the call. Here, right at the door of Southern Ontario, a home awaits you.

For information as to terms, regulations and railway rates to settlers, write to

HON. G. HOWARD FERGUSON, Minister of Lands, Forests and Mines. H. A. MACDONELL, Director of Colonization, Parliament Buildings, TORONTO, CANADA.



Into the Realm of Fairy Isles

ALL the delights of the varied West Indies reveal themselves at your very feet without your encountering the trials usual to travel.

ROYAL MAIL West Indies Voyages

A new port every morning and a whole day to enjoy in, after you reach St. Kitts. A dozen environments of sunshine, beauty, quaintness and historical interest, all rolled into the ideal holiday.

\$145.00, including berth and meals, is the maximum price of a return ticket to Demerara. Send for descriptive booklet.

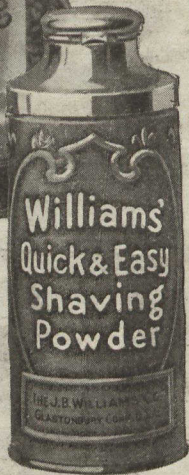
ROYAL MAIL STEAM PACKET CO., Halifax, N. S.

Four forms of
Williams'
 Shaving Soaps

Williams'



Stick
**Holder
 Top
 Shaving
 Stick**



Powder

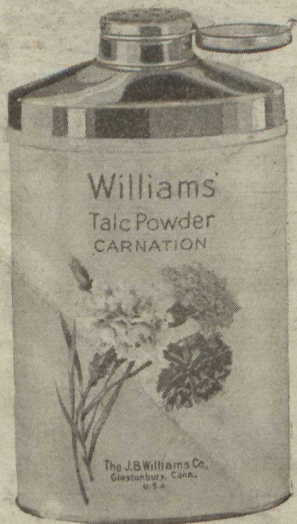


Liquid



Cream

After the shave or the bath you will enjoy the comforting touch of Williams' Talc Powder.



PATENTED Holder Top Shaving Stick

Williams' Shaving Soap is as much at home in camp or at the front as it is in a bathroom. The water need not be hot, your brush need not be a fine badger, to coax Williams' Shaving Soap into a lather. Like a good soldier, it fits into any kind of life, and delivers its full quota of rich, creamy, lasting lather, even under difficult shaving conditions. Pass this war comfort along to your soldier. It is one of the few luxuries the Government permits.

The J. B. WILLIAMS COMPANY, *Canadian Depot*, 655 Drolet St., Montreal