

# THE CANADIAN COURIER

## WHAT IS A CANADIAN

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EVERYBODY knows a Scotchman by his burr, an Irishman by his brogue, an Englishman by his accent, a Yankee by his twang, a Frenchman by his gestures, an Italian by his physiognomy, and a Russian by his 'itoff or his 'ofski. But it takes a shrewd Canadian to pick out a Fellow Canadian by any peculiarities of speech, clothes, customs or facial expression. Are we developing a national type along with national characteristics? Or are we imitations of other people?

These questions are indicated but not answered in the article

WHAT IS A CANADIAN?

In this Issue.



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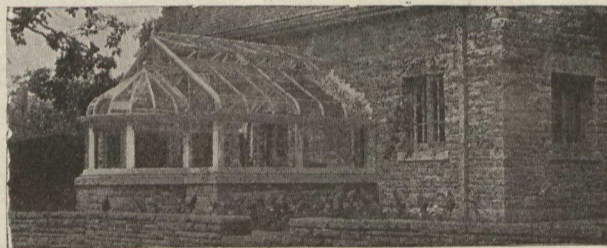
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# WHAT IS A CANADIAN?

*A Problem That Never Was so Important as it is—Now*

By AUGUSTUS BRIDLE

**A**MONG the struggling groups of children that dotted six roads to the square wooden school, he was the smallest. He went alone between the ditch and the snake-rail fence, past the telegraph poles that droned a song he had never heard before, past the odd-looking frame houses with the woodpiles at the rear and the straw-stacked barns behind the woodpiles. It was a new picture to the lad on his way to school. He had never seen a school like this square tabernacle of knowledge next to a wintry orchard dotted with thawing frozen apples on the boughs. He had never known boys who dared to climb into such an orchard and eat such apples caring for nobody's dog or gamekeeper. And that two miles' tramp to the country school was to this lad a journey half across the world for the sake of getting the knowledge that would make it possible for him to grow up into a real citizen of Canada.

In that two miles' tramp he heard the song of the telegraph poles, dreaming that it was some mystic call to action across the plains of a new world. He watched a sleigh-load of elm logs pass and disappear along the vanishing line of those poles and the snake-rail fences, and he wondered to what great city they led, and if ever he should drive such a load somewhere to the mill that seemed to be the voice of industry as the droon of the telegraph poles was the sound of mystery.

That boy had a vision of Canada. It was his first. He had never seen such a country. Its mysterious, sombre bush-lines of a winter's day thrived him with immeasurable awe. He was filled with a passionate desire to see, to know, to get his hands and feet and what brains he had on the works of this great new land, that he might prove to the rest of those school-boys that he had as good a right to be here as they had—whose fathers were born in that settlement.

You may guess that the boy was an immigrant; and at the same time that the vision he had of Canada was different from any of the lads who had never seen any other land. To most of them that part of Canada was a mere fact. To him it was a fascinating mystery which he yearned to explore.

And that lad, born in England, was, we may say, in that tramp to the old square school a Canadian; a real, passionate, eager Canadian, who never could say that he was born in Canada, and never would need to boast that he was born in England.

**O**NE sure way for some people to certify themselves Canadian citizens is to see that their grandfathers get here before learning to vote. And even that is uncertain. Canada is one of the countries where the majority of the present generation's grandfathers were not born in the country. It's easy to define—a Frenchman or an Englishman, a Russian or an Italian. Nobody ever heard of a Frenchman who doesn't speak French, of a Russian whose native tongue was English, or of an Englishman who, wherever he might happen to be born, could not speak in some dialect or vernacular the language of Shakespeare.

On the score of both birthplace and mother tongue it is a difficult thing to determine whether and when a great number of people are Canadians. Quebec Province contains a large number of people who never expect to speak English, and a very small number of people who were not born in Quebec. But they are all Canadians; according to Henri Bourassa's latest pronunciamento the only Canadians who can keep Confederation from becoming

a parliamentary relic. Ontario contains about 2,000,000 people who will never learn French. Saskatchewan has a high percentage of inhabitants who were not born in Canada, they nor their fathers before them. But the Mennonites of Rosthern and the Ruthenians of Alberta and Manitoba are, so far as the Immigration Department can determine, as much entitled to call themselves Canadians as the Ontario man who knows no French, or the Quebecker who does not speak English.

In the matter of tracing the evolution of citizenship, based upon language or nativity, Canada is in about the same predicament as the United States. We are under the necessity of importing a large percentage of our patriots. Not much more than half the population of Canada were born in this country. If we go into the business of nation-building by emigration after the war as extensively as we were doing five years ago, the majority of voters in Canada in the 100th year of Confederation may be people who were born somewhere else, and a very large minority of those who were born under some other flag than the Union Jack.

**B**UT, of course, our immigration may be different after the war. It is some hundreds of years since we got any numbers of Frenchmen. It may be as long before we get any more. Migrating Frenchmen will be scarce after the war. It is a good while since we got any native Germans. Kaiser William curtailed German emigration to any country—except for purposes of the secret service. The war is expected to abolish the German spy system. Whether we get German immigrants or not seems doubtful, even if we should decide to want them. That paternal system along the Rhine will need all the male Germans it can keep, and will probably take good care to keep them. It is doubtful if for some time to come we get many Russians. Farming in Russia is easier and less expensive for the moujik than farming in Canada, and Siberia has more vacant land than the Canadian Northwest. We shall probably continue to get Poles and Russian Jews, and perhaps Galicians. There is no reason to expect any decrease in the immigration of Italians.

As to British immigrants—what? We don't know. If Great Britain is to keep her place in the world's work along with her place in the Empire, she will not be able to spare large numbers of workers. If she decides that the Empire is of more importance than the seat of Empire, it may be considered wise to direct extensive immigration to Canada, as well as to Australia. But here the number of people who are either fit or willing to migrate may be too small to make a big yearly total to any country. We shall probably get an increased immigration from the United States when the prosperity born of war and the illusion of gold-wealth have passed into something else.

Calculating on the commercial value of a crippled humanity is quite too horribly Prussian to be comfortable in a free country. We should like to dream that somewhere in the world—outside of China—after the war is over, there will be limitless hordes of migrating people unharmed by the war and anxious to become citizens of a country whose soil has been unravaged by great battles. But it is only a dream. We have to take humanity as the war leaves it and make the best of it. Heaven knows civiliza-

tion in general has been reckless enough of human life. We have killed and crippled and prematurely aged millions upon millions of people in factories and mines and railroads, in sweatshops and tenements and slums, in palaces of the idle rich and all sorts of places where the mere spending of money made the value of a human life one of the cheapest things on the market. The war has been comparatively more humane because it sacrifices men for some sort of principle whether right or wrong, bigger than the mere accumulation of wealth for the few or the pursuit of pleasure for the many.

In a general way it will be a much dislocated world that will be knocking at our doors when the war is over. What we shall do with it we shall not be able to find out till the movement of the world's population has long since ceased to be the moving of the world's armies.

These are problems too remote for even philosophers. It is far more practical and important for the greatest new country in the British Empire to take stock in itself—now—in order to be sure what position we may expect to occupy in the readjustment of the world. It never was so necessary to determine what it is to be a Canadian; what Canadianism as such is and what it is worth; what are the forces that will make this country fit to take up the business mapped out by the Hon. Sir George Foster as effectively as we have already taken up the much easier programme of our contribution to the war.

This is no subject for the learned elect, most of whom live in a world that makes national feeling either impossible or absurd. It is a matter for the average workaday person on whom the sentiment as well as the business of Canada naturally falls.

Knowledge helps any man's nationalism, but is a mighty poor substitute for it. The only worse thing as an exclusive quality in the national makeup of any man is ignorance.

Not to know one's country is not to believe in it, or else to have a belief that amounts to nothing. A Canadian first of all has the right to know Canada. That is a large piece of work. Canada is a number of countries in one. It has as many angles of interest as the United States. And because it is a hundred years younger in political nationhood than the United States it offers the average citizen of Canada in this part of the 20th century a much greater field for studying his country.

**H**OW? Not by travel. Few of us can afford to travel all over Canada. Railway passes are for the favoured few, and mileage comes high. But that is no excuse for the Ontarioan who has never seen any city bigger than Toronto, except Buffalo, Detroit or Cleveland; no excuse for the Manitoban or Saskatchewaner or Albertan who knows no place bigger than Winnipeg, except Chicago or Minneapolis; none for the British Columbian who, outside of Vancouver and Victoria, takes no stock in any city except Seattle and San Francisco. Neither does it condone the Maritimer who, after he has seen Halifax or St. John, takes a trip to Boston or New York and thinks he has travelled enough; or for the Quebecker who, in thousands of cases, has not even seen Montreal. The least any man can be expected to know is 300 miles any direction in his own Province. If he knows that well he can postpone seeing the rest of Canada until he is too old to work and has money enough to travel.

Some of the best Canadians we ever had were men and women who had never seen any part of



### The Sunny-Shaded Way

When I go forth to seek the dreams I love,  
It shall be down a white, enchanted way  
I went with you, one summer, now a dream  
In tender keeping, of a blue-gold day.

You must remember, dear, how over-head  
The great trees kissed and almost hid the sky—  
Their cool leaf-shadows playing o'er your hair  
Hushed me to silence, and you wondered why.

The violet-purple grass, that pleaded so  
For tender touches of your fingers white—  
Dearest, the sudden sight of violets now  
Hurts my still heart, and blurs my weary sight.

Oh, come the way of summer long ago!  
Oh, come with me and let me take your hand,  
And thus, to song of birds, and breath of flowers,  
Find the true way to summer's wonderland.

—AMY E. CAMPBELL.



### The Showy Lady's Slipper--By A. B. Klugh

Of all our wild flowers we have none more strikingly handsome than the Showy Lady's Slipper (*Cypripedium hirsutum*). To see it in its native haunts one must venture into peat-bogs where the footing is none too solid and where mosquitoes are ever ready with a warm welcome. But it is well worth the inconveniences experienced, for not only is it a most beautiful plant, but an extremely interesting one to study. The main interest lies in its wonderful adaptation to cross-pollination by the aid of insects. If we examine the sac-like labellum we see that it has an opening with strongly incurved edges at the top and that there are two small openings at the back part of the labellum, one on each side of the central, flap-like column. On the under-side of this column are borne the stigma and the two anthers, the stigma being lower down than the anthers, and one of the anthers being directly over each of the openings. Insects enter the labellum by the large incurved edges. After some time spent in ineffectual efforts in this direction, they give it up as a bad job and make for one of the little exits at the back. As they squeeze through the opening some of the sticky pollen of the anther is rubbed off on their back. On visiting the next flower of this species, and on making their escape by the "back door" the pollen from the flower previously visited is scraped off on the stigma and a new load of pollen is acquired from the anthers of this flower.

It is well for this beautiful plant that its habitat is not more inviting to the wanderer as if its haunts were more easily accessible it would long ago have been exterminated in all settled regions by over-picking. As it is, nature seems to have given it an instinct for secrecy.

Canada but the county they were born in and the next. Older Canada was once inhabited by people whose fathers had come straight from England, Ireland, Scotland, France, or the part of America south of the Great Lakes that refused to secede from the British Crown. These people had neither money nor means of travel. Railways were almost unknown; even common roads were sometimes corduroy to be travelled by horseback or in ox-waggon. These pioneers, nevertheless, knew Canada. How vast it was they could only dream. They expected never to behold most of it. A whole week's travel on a transcontinental when it came was to them an impossibility. Yet they were good Canadians and thorough Canadians, and nothing else but Canadians, because they knew the land by the work they were privileged to do in making it ready for those who in later years might be able to travel and read and enjoy civilization.

No man is a real Canadian who is not a worker. This country was put on the map of civilization by epochs of the hardest work known in any pioneer race. It began in old Canada, and in a measure repeated itself in the West. The shadows of those old workers to whom a day's work was a great opportunity are still round about us. In the light of these men's lives it may be stated as a national fact—

#### That Man is not a Canadian who:

Votes Grit because his grandfather hated the Tories.  
Thinks being born here entitles him to any special regard.

Comes here to better his condition without caring about anybody else's.

Fetches ideas of an old civilization here and herds them into a colony.

Thinks because he started a line of business under government protection he should aim to keep out competitors who may have bigger ideas and better methods than his own.

Makes his money in Canada and spends most of it in other countries.

Believes in free raw materials and a duty on finished products—especially in his own line.

Gets his business ideas from the United States and his family manners from England—by imitation.

Living in Ontario thinks all French-Canadians are enemies of the State.

Living in Quebec thinks with Mr. Bourassa that the French-Canadian idea is the only good thing about Confederation.

Living anywhere in Canada has not enough imagination to get a vision broader than his own skyline.

Being a western farmer thinks that all eastern manufacturers are legalized robbers.

Being a manufacturer looks upon the farmer as an easy mark.

Being an employer of labour believes in indiscriminate immigration that he may reduce the price of labour.

Being a labour man acts as though capital had no vested rights or that brains do not entitle a man to eminence.

Spends most of his reading time outside of newspapers on United States publications that want nothing but his money and get what they want.

Buys what other Canadians make only when he has to.

Takes it for granted that all governments are bad and all oppositions are virtuous.

Kowtows to a man with a title, whom as plain Mr. he considered a very commonplace person.

Would sooner read a muckraking article than the story of how some fellow-Canadian helped to make the country bigger by his success.

Leans on the iron rail downtown and aims at the spit-line on the pavement when he ought to be aiming at a target on the ranges.

Thinks that man was made for the Sabbath.

Puts the L. O. L. at one side of the sheep and goat line-up, the Jean Baptiste Society at the other, and defies anybody to see anything in common between them.

In a time of war fails to regard himself as a soldier even if he doesn't wear khaki and carry a rifle.

Of course, none of these little descriptions apply to readers or producers of the Canadian Courier. We must be polite to ourselves. We have not learned to use the national looking-glass. If we do we are surprised that we so remarkably imitate England and the United States. All our representations of Jack Canuck are a compromise between a cowboy and the illustrator's earnest young man who defends the g from the ruffia. We have been so serious about getting away nationally from the bush-whacker stage into the million-dollar era that we have not learned to be humorous even by exaggeration. No caricature can possibly represent us. Uncle Sam, John Bull, Fritz, Hans, Giuseppe, are all caricatures. We have the burr of the Scot, the brogue of the Irish, the accent of the English, the twang of the Yankee, the gesture of the Frenchman—but we have never been able to combine them all in one

(Concluded on page 13.)

# RECENT SCENES IN "YANKEE TORONTO"

(So Described by Henri Bourassa)

Mayor Church to Mr. Bourassa

Mr. Henri Bourassa, Toronto, July 3, 1916.  
Montreal.

Dear Sir,—

I note with some emotion that in your speech at Hull last week you refer to Toronto as a Yankee city. Cicero, you are talking wild again. I will admit that the Ontario Parliament Buildings were designed by an American architect, but that was when I was a small boy, or it might not have happened. I don't deny that once Goldwin Smith was the chief citizen of Toronto and that Erastus Wiman used to make this his headquarters for the Commercial Union Club. But that annexation bugaboo was nipped in the bud before I left school. Probably you are mixing up George



Washington with William of Orange and the L. O. L.—which we have in large numbers. I won't deny that we have an American Club, and a Yankee Consul, and a few United States factories; and that we get our Hydro power from Niagara. But I want to point out that if there is one city in Canada outside of Halifax and Victoria that is British to the core, it is my beloved Toronto.

Mr. Bourassa, were you ever up at Casa Loma? Did you ever see anything like Sir Henry Pellatt's place in Yankeeland? That's the real English touch—"cloudcapped towers and gorgeous palaces." You have not seen our Hunt Club or any of the Beardmores on horseback. English? Well rather. When you were up at our University last, did you notice any Yankee professors? I don't think so. Are our newspapers Yankified? Well, the Telegram certainly isn't, and the others don't really matter anyway. So far as I know, there are only two or three American preachers in all our churches, and we have several hundred of them. How about Col. Denison, whose father organized the garrison of Toronto? Not much Yankee about him. I can't say so much for Dr. J. A. Macdonald; but he has quit being a crony of William Jennings Bryan, and that's something.

By the way, I remember that when Mr. Bryan first came to Toronto to lecture, in 1897, after he was beaten by McKinley on the free silver platform he was introduced to the audience by Mr. R. J. Fleming, who had the honour to be Mayor at that time, as I am now. Well, Bob doesn't often make a break that lets him into a hole, but he introduced the speaker as "Mr. Bryan Jennings." That's how much of an American he was; and I think he is as much of a Yankee as any of the Mayors the last twenty years.

No, Mr. Bourassa, this city certainly is not Yankee. You don't seem to realize that Toronto has sent more men to the front three or four times over than the whole Province of Quebec outside of Montreal. This city was taken twice by the Americans in the War of 1812, but they had to give it up again. I know we borrow municipal money in New York, but so do the Dominion Government and the city of Montreal.

No, I don't believe that Toronto City Hall was modelled after any American building. Anyway it was designed by a Canadian architect and it's full of works of art made in Canada. We have few skyscrapers—yet. The tallest building we have is St. James' Cathedral and that's about as Yankee as Westminster Abbey, so far as I can see. Besides, we have more varieties of English accent in Toronto than you can find in London. In fact, we are the only big city in Canada that may be called truly British.

So I fail to see how you can prove that Toronto is a Yankee city, just because it happens to be the home of the Ontario Legislature that enacted Regulation 17. I suppose, however, that to say a thing of that kind makes people think it's worth while just because it happens to be the kind of smart saying that isn't true. But if you want to tell people how bad a place Toronto is, don't call it a Yankee city, because if I thought it was anything like that I would quit the place and run for the mayoralty of Montreal.

Very truly yours,  
T. L. CHURCH,  
Mayor.

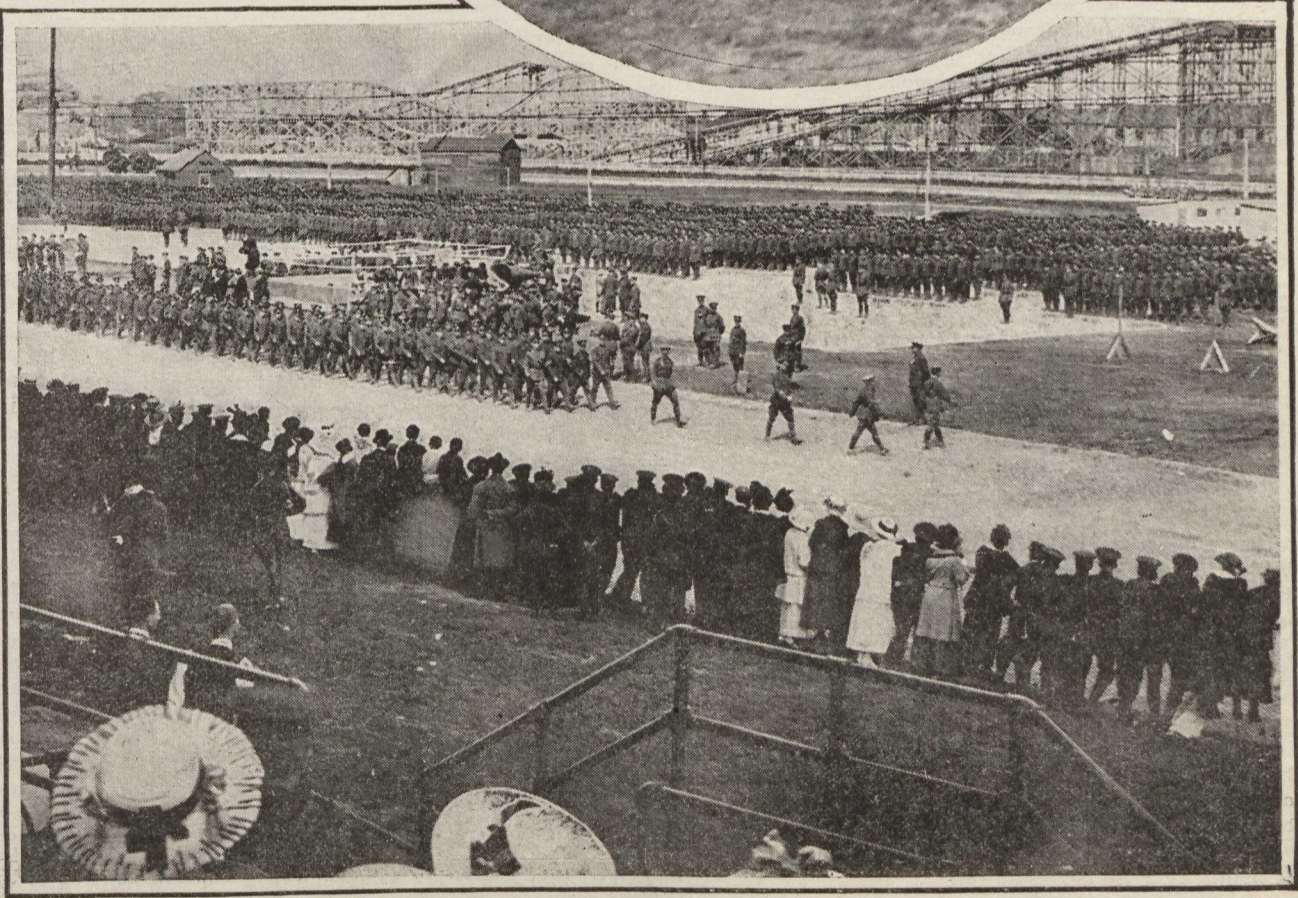


A new design in architecture. Girl Guides decorating the lordly British ramparts and bastions of Casa Loma, at a rally held in that palace of sociables, last week.



Packing blankets at Exhibition Camp for the big trek up to Camp Borden.

The young people under the two pretty hats in the foreground would not be likely to mistake Yankee Doodle or Dixie for British Grenadiers.



# THE IRRESISTIBLE FORCE HAS BEGUN

## *When Britain Takes Her Turn*

By THE MAN IN SPECTACLES

THE Irresistible Force has begun. Fifty square miles of the Immovable Object has moved. The Battle of the Somme begun on the 49th birthday of Canada at 7.30 a.m., sticks out in the imagination with the same lively hue as the Battle of the Marne. It is the absolute and glorious contrast to the so-called Battle of the Aisne. The Marne was almost an incredible fluke. The Aisne was the beginning of the equally incredible deadlock—so-called. The Somme is the beginning of whatever phase the experts may choose to call it in the evolution of the queerest war that was ever known to a mankind.

The Somme sums up in one day what the British Empire has done in less than two years in perfecting a war machine, fit to strike harder, and, if need be, oftener and with bigger single and immediate results than any of the other war machines in Europe. The bombardments that preceded and accompanied the Battle of the Somme were the most terrific in this war of gigantic bombardments.

But why were these British spending so many shells a minute in such a bombardment? The Germans may have suspected. They had been given advance notice that there would be a big general offensive—somewhere along the line. The general bombardment along the whole British front was part of the plan to keep the enemy guessing as to just where the general offensive might strike. But the German war lords laughed uncomfortably and said the British never would do it on any scale commensurate with the war. The British were far too gentlemanly a nation of warriors to put much faith in high explosives.

So the Germans made themselves believe because for more than a year it was a matter of common observation that the British were not a striking nation on land. It was admitted by even the most optimistic of Britishers, even by the experts, that Britain had no kind of machine for long enough after the war began that could strike back in any such way as the German war lords were smiting the world. Those Germans up from the Rhine had cause to imagine themselves the modern representatives of Thor with his hammer and old Vulcan in his underworld smithy. They had smashed us and we had not smashed back. Two or three times we made a feint of smashing, but it was only popgunnery as compared to the tremendous cataclysms of high explosives that came from the German side.

So there were people—Dr. Dillon and others—who

began to talk about deadlock and stalemate. They said that modern entrenchments could not be blown up by the British artillery in sufficient strength to match what the Germans were blowing up. Sheffield and Birmingham and Newcastle could not catch up on Krupp. The Germans had accumulated too much reserve of materials. The war factories of Germany were too well organized. It was only a few years ago that Krupp von Bohlen was shown through the munition plants of England. He saw—little and much; enough to convince him that England had not learned the business of making great land guns.

And it was believed in Germany that before the leisurely democratic and parliament-haggling Briton could learn this greater game than parliamenteering the war could be won by Germany. The interference of Great Britain on land in a great European war would be only a fleabite at the most. There was to be such speed and intensity and underworld violence about the German conduct of war that no organization of British munition-shops ever could become effective soon enough.

Britain might organize an army—Kitchener's Mob. But that mob would not be effective because it would not be trained and munitioned in time. The war must end in Germany's favour about the time perhaps that the war machine of Britain has been perfected to a point where it could be of no more use for a generation than to be a defunct spectacle. And by the time the Germans had worked their will on Europe the art of war on land, like war on water and war in the air, would have changed again and the British war machine would be scrapped along with the British Empire.

Well, it was all very obvious to the war-lords of the Rhine. And it was almost obvious to some of the pessimists on the Thames and the St. Lawrence. It was a long while to wait. The game of nibbling begun by Joffre and carried out by the British army was a long and tedious game. The deadlock built itself up. And the German machine seemed to

thrive on it. Kitchener's great army was organized. But what could it do. The war, said the experts, would be won not by men but by big guns. England and Kitchener went on believing that after the last big gun had smashed the last trench on either side the war would be won by the side having the greatest number of effective men armed with rifles and machine guns and bayonets and hand grenades to follow up the path blazed by the artillery. England and Lloyd George and Kitchener went on with Joffre believing that the iron mines and coal mines and the mines of British and French labour could be organized on as big a scale as the war organization of Germany; that the machine of Mars in England, added to that in France and Russia, could in a reasonable time be consolidated into a unit that some day would be the Irresistible Force.

And at last the Force has begun to operate. In less than two years Britain has accomplished the unbelievable as she always does. In July, 1916, the British war machine is beginning to be capable of co-operating with the French in forcing offensives. It is no longer a business of holding desperately on to keep the Germans from breaking through as it used to be. It is a programme to dislodge the German underground armies, to drive them out of Belgium and France, to loosen the stranglehold of the Central Empires on Europe, and as soon as possible to transfer the battlegrounds to the region of the Rhine.

We have no idea how long it will take the Allies to bring the Germans to that stage of fighting, or how long the Germans may choose to fight after that backward movement into Rhineland territory has begun. But we do know that in the Battle of the Somme the character of the war has changed. The great initiative now lies with the Allies. The British armies in reserve are strong enough to keep up the wastage in the 1,250,000 men now on the 100-mile British front. And we have reason to believe that the reserve of munitions from both Birmingham and Creusot is great enough to back up the armies. The Allies on the west front have developed momentum—mass in motion. The Germans are no longer able to back up their immense reserves of munitions with men enough to withstand the momentum of the Allies. And in the last stage of the programme of the Irresistible Force we have reason to believe that Britain's land army and Britain's navy and Britain's munition-shops will be the determining factor.

# THE SEVENTH PLATOON'S SUB!

By BRITTON B. COOKE

GOOD, workable, non-friction-bearing lieutenants are made, not born, and not all of them are made in heaven. Though really first-class non-com's, on the other hand, are born—and not too often at that, a lieutenant in a Canadian Overseas battalion is the collaborated product of a tailor, an infantry school, the book of the King's Rules, the colonel and his platoon. Than such a product when new—this, of course, does not refer to the men who have won their commissions in France—there is nothing much more to be dreaded, except possibly Beri-Beri, and there is a cure for that. For self-consciousness he surpasses a freshly-caught shop-lifter and in quiet assurance he completely eclipses the valedictorian of a ladies' college. He is as obviously greedy for social fame, even a little on account, as a drummer boy blowing smoke-rings for the amusement of the girl in his favourite candy shop, but not nearly so human. He looks fit to like—uniform improves any man, to say nothing of six weeks' drilling—yet he courts personal assault every time he remembers his third eye-brow. His leather-wrapped calves, blushing before the world for the first time since his mother tubbed him, smell of varnish and his "Sam Brown" of harness-dressing, with which and a little garden soil, the batman has been trying, under orders, to do away with the marks of painful newness. His gait is a cross between Jove issuing from the front door of Olympus at noon under the eye of Juno and other Olympian ladies, and the same but a sadder Jove ascending the backstairs of his residential mountain, at a late hour. He is bold and timid, fearless and quaking, condescending and at the same time greatly afraid he will be overlooked. If one could one would not think of him in this state. But it is the tender beginning of a great development of which the finest kind of manly courage is the flower.

"MASTER" MATHERS, of the seventh platoon, in the Eat-'em-alive Battalion, was promoted and transferred to the Send-'em-to-Glory Battalion, so the seventh platoon of the Eat-'em-alive battalion had no lieutenant and rejoiced loudly. The C. O. meantime had written one Charles Fitzmaurice Jones, formerly of Horning's Mills, Ontario, now of Toronto, to report to him if he wanted to be given a real "command" and a gambler's chance of getting overseas and into France, mayhap Germany itself. Charles Fitzmaurice Jones' father owned a snug little tannery up in Horning's Mills and a half interest in a bob-tailed local weekly that has helped pry a Grit into Parliament ever since a Tory was made postmaster up at the back-end of the riding, and Jones' senior had just enough "social" and political standing, one way and another, to require to be placated. Hence Charles Fitzmaurice's commission and the willingness of the Eat-'em-alive's C. O. to appoint him to the command of the seventh platoon in his battalion.

Charles Fitzmaurice was tall, thick and broad. He had a big bull jaw and a nose like a daub of putty on the side of carpenter shop, except that it was brown and hairy—all the Jones' had hair on the ends of their noses. His ears fairly fanned the air in their eagerness to get ahead. His blue eyes had lily white lashes that winked and blinked—as pretty as you please. And he had large, spreading hands like digitated hams, and a ring with a red glass stone in it that his grandfather had found in a pig lately dead by the grandfather's own hand, and treasured as a family ruby. The Eat-'em-alive's C. O. had seen and liked this lumbering soup-bone of a lad and had

added this liking to his sense of duty to Charles Fitzmaurice's father up in Horning's Mills tannery. But the seventh platoon eyed the new lieutenant with only half-clad contempt, came to attention with something like a hiss—it may just have been their heels accidentally scraping the ground—and bode it time. It spent the first night after Charles Fitzmaurice arrived shredding his character. It called him names one should shudder to recall, and the awful significance it attached to Jones' pale lashes would have blighted any man's life had he known them.

Charles' tailor had "done for" him nicely with Bedford cord breeches and a fitted-in waist that an athletic heifer might have envied. He had rashly blown himself to Strathcona boots before consulting the authorities, but now had to abandon these for leather leggings, which are cheaper and less torturous to get into and out of. His muscles bulged under them. Though thick, Charles Fitzmaurice was not without good lines amidships. Barbered and Greek-boyed, he dared the world to scoff. On his off-afternoons he cruised Yonge Street, and King Street, anchored occasionally in a fashionable tea-hole or a haberdasher's, smoked elegantly and was ready to patronize any pretty woman who felt her eyes irresistibly drawn toward that towering frame.

The seventh platoon formed plans for redeeming its lieutenant, beginning by deliberately and by pre-arranged plans misunderstanding every other order the lieutenant issued. When accused the men looked hurt and stood by one another, even to the non-coms, in claiming they all heard the order the lieutenant had not given. Once or twice these things came under the eye of the colonel and the colonel emitted a few hasty generalizations on keeping up discipline, but all sotto voce and for the benefit of Jones only. At first Jones was highly indignant and "called" his men

In elegant language, appealing to their better selves and so on, ad lib. The gorge of the platoon rose at that and further devilment was incubated. A score of accidents happened with the seventh platoon. Twenty men developed an epidemic of rheumatism in the knees. Others complained of whatever other ailments would serve to irritate Charles Fitzmaurice. His bearing day by day became less cocky, but more belligerent, and then suddenly brightened on a day when he appeared at mess with a split lip.

"E—Mister Jones," the Colonel began, "I was going to speak to you about your platoon. Now—"

"If you please, Colonel," said Charles Fitzmaurice, "I think there'll be no more trouble with Number Seven, sir. I—I've found the trouble."

"Found it, eh?" said the Colonel. "Well... that's good news. Meantime you'd better do something for that lip. It looks bad."

"Yes, sir," said Jones, saluted and retired. He had privately thrashed a big Scotch-Canadian in his platoon about dawn that very morning. The Scotch-Canadian had been the ring-leader of the mischief-makers, but had been betrayed by drink and Jones' batman. Jones had seized his opportunity.

THE newly-fledged officer feels at first all the importance and all the privileges of his position with very little of his responsibility. Presently the newness wears off his uniform and he comes to real grips with his platoon, finding that even men are, after all, almost like children, and have to be looked after almost as closely. That is, of course, after the subaltern has got to know them as Charles Fitzmaurice Jones got to know his. After he proved his physical superiority to the Scotch-Canadian, Jones discovered a new respect in the "Sir" with which his batman handed him his tie in the mornings and a new alacrity in the saluting. Presently his men began coming to him with their troubles. He was called upon to make peace between two brothers whose dispute arose out of a question of theological belief. He had to enter into the original question and determine which of two certain ways of receiving an infant into a church—neither of the brothers was married—would be the best form of soul insurance. He decided skillfully in favour of both—the details of that manoeuvre are too intricate to be told in this space. In another case—the battalion was still in the city where it had been recruited—he was called upon to pacify the wife of one of his men, who insisted that she "knew" his pay was more than he said it was and that he was "holding out" on her. Another man, a husky, red-headed colossus, was being pursued by a black-haired widow with matrimonial intentions. Jones' intervention saved the day by giving the frightened giant courage to resist seduction. Some borrowed money from him and some paid it back. Some had money, didn't know what was the best way to leave it behind them and required advice. In short, Jones became lawyer, doctor, priestly adviser, friend and father to his sixty. And the seventh platoon began to work smoothly.

CHARLES FITZMAURICE JONES, lieutenant with the seventh platoon, brought up the tail end of a long and weary column seeking new billets in the course of a certain manoeuvre at the front. The column was as nearly fagged as a good battalion will ever admit. It was a cold fall day, with rain overhead and muck underfoot, and if the muck had had half a chance it would have frozen. As the column approached a certain point on the road it was met by officers who directed the different platoons to various billets. Jones' platoon, coming last, was sent the farthest away—to a farmhouse kept by an old woman and her husband, the husband a cripple. Up the road, then up the lane to the farm-house, marched the seventh with its lieutenant. They were too tired to whistle, too hungry to talk. At the farm-house, while the men grounded arms, the old woman argued with Jones, half in French, half in English.

"But I will not let you into the barn," she said, in effect, "on account of the peas. They have never been threshed and if all you men go in there to sleep they will be ruined."

"But it is necessary," Jones insisted. Finally the key to the little barn was produced and room for forty men found there. Fires were lighted in the courtyard and grub commenced by the men, while Jones looked for quarters for the rest of his men. Some had already found half-sheltered spots for themselves. They were the resourceful ones, but a final handful, less self-reliant, had to be squeezed into shelter somehow or another. Before nine o'clock Jones had all his men provided for. He came back to the fires and shared what food was to be had, his batman helping. That done, the platoon retired, each to his crowded resting-place—and Jones himself to the narrow, dry strip of frozen ground next the wall of the house and protected from the rain by the low-over-hanging eaves. Jones



FRTZ'S THREE-PLY BARBED WIRE.

This photograph shows a few of the entanglements about Verdun. But the barb wire through which the Poilus are so cautiously stealing is not French. It is the barbed wire of the German of which Norman Hall in his book, "Kitchener's Mob," said: "One of the men (British listening patrol) brought with him a piece of barbed wire, clipped from the German entanglement. 'Taffy,' ave a look at this 'ere. Threeply stuff wot you can 'ardly get yer nippers through. Tyke it to Captain Stevens. I 'eard 'im say 'e's wantin' a bit to show to one of the artillery blokes. 'E's got a bet on with 'im that it's three-ply wire.'"

had the worst sleeping place of all. That was why he was a good officer.

There may be those who would say the seventh platoon did not appreciate these things. It growled and grumbled. It scowled and, on occasion, cursed. Jones never wasted words on it, nor did it waste thought on him, apparently. But when Jones, agam at the tail of the column, fainted from unsuspected heart weakness on a long march one day, the end platoon took turns in carrying him among them. They wanted to send him to hospital, but he, reviving, insisted he could walk—so they compromised by carrying him. Then, when a big shell buried

Jones in earth, the seventh platoon dug him out in the face of many whizz-bangs and saved him at the cost of three of their own lives.

CHARLES FITZMAURICE JONES was "done in" by a stray bullet one night as he led a working party out into no man's land. The seventh platoon did not mourn. It went on with its work—digging a trench under the very nose of the Germans. It carried him back just before dawn and buried him by orders under the shadow of the Ploegstreete wood. It had "made" him and he made the platoon. There is little left of that seventh platoon now.



A SNAPSHOT THE SIZE OF A POSTAGE STAMP.

Down in the corner of this stealthy photograph was a miniature showing what it was enlarged from, no bigger than a postage stamp. If the soldiers making this cautious advance on an enemy trench had to be so cat-like, there was small chance of any camera-man handling a tripod or any camera bigger than his hand.

## SEVEN DOZEN BRACELETS

MR. OSCAR FLANAGAN, of Flanagan, Einstein & O'Laughlin, was one of those large, flabby men with three chins, whose brows are perpetually elevated into a kind of fretful peak and whose mouths seem always just about to break into bitter complaints over constantly aching feet.

He had taken Jake Karloff, of Putzman & Karloff, to an expensive lunch, with the sole idea of persuading him that he was making the mistake of his life by not adding the Flanagan, Einstein & O'Laughlin watch bracelet to his line.

He stopped in the middle of a sentence, gulped and looked more unhappy than ever, for he had exhausted his selling arguments, his patience and his breath all at the same time.

"I've got just what you are looking for," said Flanagan, producing the quarter cigar with which he had meant to reward Jake for a good order.

"Thanks," said Jake, striking a match on the seat of his chair.

"Oh, I don't mean the cigar, Mr. Karloff. I was talking about wristlet watches. Why on earth can't you and Putzman climb onto the handwaggon with the rest of the trade?"

"A hundred times I told you, Mr. Flanagan, Putzman and Karloff ain't picking up with no overnight fads."

"But—"

"Ssst," said Jake, decidedly, "for the sake of peace, Mr. Flanagan, I give you right on all you say. Write it down and I'll sign it, but that's as far as I go. We wouldn't buy watch bracelets on a bet."

He pushed back his chair. "You must excuse me, please, now. I got 'portant 'pointments. This here was a swell lunch and I 'preciate—"

"Not at all," interposed Flanagan, signing the waiter's check with such angry vehemence that he broke his pencil.

"Flanagan," said Jake, teasingly, "you could sure order a fine lunch, you're a good feller and you got money, but a salesman you certainly ain't. I doubt it if you could sell icewater in the devil's furnace room. An Irish boy is all right, Flanagan, understand, but it takes a Yiddisher to sell goods."

He dived into the crowd before Flanagan could reply, and went back to his office in a good humour for the rest of the day—which was why Miss Lafferty, his beauteous stenographer, had no trouble at all in getting away an hour earlier than usual. But the black ill-humour of Mr. Flanagan kept his city salesman twenty minutes overtime.

Nevertheless, the salesman and the stenographer met.

He hurried to meet her as she came tip-tilting toward him on her smart kidney heels.

"Hello, Fannie, sweetie dear," he said, as he kissed her.

"Hello yourself," said she, and returned the kiss.

"What are you sighing for, baby? Tired? Aw, Fannie, when are you going to quit foolin' and let me buy that license? Say, it kills me to have you slavin' away at Putzman & Karloff's all the time. When are you going to get sense?"

"Aw, Archie, stop stringin' me. You're just like my Omaha friend—only playing with me. He usta talk just like you and now I don't know where he is."

"Aw, Fannie, kiddo, why do you always get peeved the minute I get serious? Don't class me in with Omaha four-flushers. I mean business—you know that. Aw, love bird, smile again at me and I'll talk about anything you say—honest I will. I'm only crazy to have you for my own and you mustn't blame me for that. Where'd you go to-day, baby?"

ONCE more there was a smile on Fannie's face. She snuggled up to him, lifted her great melting eyes and breathed one freighted word, "Shopping!"

"I got these shoes and a nose veil with the swellest square dots you ever looked at. It was a remnant and only cost me fourteen cents. And I got ten yards—what do you think?"

"Ribbon, petty?"

"Stupid! Why, Archie, dear, ten yards of ivory satin to make a wedding-dress! And I took it to Miss Myers already. But she ain't going to cut it out until I know how you'd like it made."

"Aw, gee, Fannie, kiddums!" Adler plunged head first into paradise.

After he had torn himself away and was walking home on air the first inevitable fly entered into the ointment of his happiness. It was the recollection of a cooing question of Fannie's—which had been sandwiched in between kisses—"Archie, how sure is your job?"

## A Series of Humorous Episodes strung together into a Laugh-making Jingle of a Commercial Story

By ED. CAHN

Come to think of it, how sure was it?

"Aw, sure it's sure," he told himself, and cast the question far behind him.

Even as he did so, Mr. Flanagan, who was the financial man of Flanagan, Einstein & O'Laughlin, sat up in his office with a bad case of business nerves. He was smarting over his failure to sell Putzman & Karloff a bill of goods and worrying about the big overhead expense under which his firm was running in dull times.

But the thing that poisoned his dreams and got him up next morning in a bad humour, was that wicked phrase of Karloff's—"It takes a Yiddisher to sell goods."

He thought of it again next day when he saw Archie Adler, trim and smiling; so Archie found himself summoned into the private office.

He was reminded that he was the last man hired, that times were dull, and none too gently made to understand that if his sales did not mount phenomenally he would surely find himself cast into the outer darkness of unemployment.

"Now," concluded Flanagan, "here's Putzman & Karloff. They've got some fool notions against buying watch bracelets. We've never sold them a dollar's worth. Go sell them a bill or, well—there's no use my going into all that over again."

Outside, Archie leaned against a wall. "How sure is my job, huh? Sell 'em or sneak—guess that's my slogan. If I sell 'em I keep my job and if I don't—good-bye job. Say, boy, you got to sell them ginks."

It was Miss Lafferty's duty to deny her employer's presence to her fiancé, but even while she refused him he walked past her into the inner sanctum and came to a halt before the desk at which sat a wrinkled, yellow-faced man in a wheeled invalid chair.

"My card, sir."

Mr. Putzman looked up with a frown, but he finally adjusted his eyeglasses and read as though the name offended not only his eyes, but his nostrils—"Flanagan, Einstein & O'Laughlin. My gosh, I must say you got a fine foim name. Who are you—Flanagan or O'Laughlin?"

Archie laughed and covered his prominent nose with his hand. "I'm not a member of the firm, Mr. Putzman. My name is Adler. Couldn't you tell that I'm a landsmann of Mr. Einstein's?"

"For a yahooda I never would take you." Putzman tossed the card aside with a discouraging air of finality and took up a sheaf of letters.

"Oh, that's all right, sir. We can't all be as fortunate facecally as yourself," said Archie.

This shot told upon the inhospitable Moses, for his own lean face was like an accurate relief map of the Holy Land. He scowled, presumably at a letter, and touched the bell at his elbow.

"But what I have to make up for it," continued Archie, rapidly, "is the finest line of watch bracelets in captivity. You should let me show them to you, Mr. Putzman. I guarant—"

"My gosh!" exclaimed Putzman. "Another watch bracelet man again! I thought everybody in the trade knows that we would not touch watch bracelets with a pair of 'leven foot tongs."

Adler elevated his eyebrows. "I heard already a bunch of talk, but I says to my firm, I says, 'A big jewelery jobbing firm like Putzman & Karloff ain't such mules as that,' I says. 'Such talk is bound to hurt your business,' I says, 'and you ought to put a stop to it. And furthermore,' I says to Mr. O'Laughlin and to Mr. Flanagan, 'I says—'"

Here Fannie entered and shut off the flow of "I says."

"Miss Lafferty, answer this letter. Tell this poor fish he couldn't get nothing from us on memorandum. And Miss Lafferty, if he writes to know why, you just tell him because we're tired sending him stuff on memo. He never bought nothing from us yet."

"Yes, Mr. Putzman. Is that all?"

"Yes, s'all."

"About these watch bracelets," began Adler, instantly.

Moses Putzman turned around in his chair. "Also you might leave the door open, Miss Lafferty, this

here watch bracelet bug will soon be on root."

Adler's eyes flashed. "I want to tell you right now that I won't be in rout until I get some satisfaction out of you about these watch bracelets."

"Settesfection! Is that allus? Well, here it iss. Putzman & Karloff don't deal in watch bracelets, don't buy none and wouldn't take one gross free, gratis, for nothing or as a present. Now don't try to argue with me, Mr. Adler, I got a weak heart and I couldn't stand it to be 'noyed too much."

"But my dear Mr. Putzman—"

"If you are so fond of hearing yourself talk why don't you make yourself some records on the 'funny-graft?"

"Say, Mr. Putzman, I knew that you had been laid up with the rheumatism, but I never heard that you had brain trouble along with it."

"What?" barked Putzman.

"Softening of the brain, that's what you've got, Mr. Putzman. Yes, sir, and it's a very bad case, too."

Putzman began to choke.

"Why, you poor, mouldy old motzoth, you. I guess you don't know that you and that simp partner of yours are chasing \$50,000 worth of business a year away from yourselves by not having our watch bracelet in your line."

"Get out of here, you bumb!"

"I should say I would—when I get ready to go."

ARCHIE came as close as the wheels of the invalid chair would allow. "Every lady what is a lady ain't wearing a wrist watch, isn't she? They ain't neat or anything, are they? They're not stylish a bit, neither? I suppose you mean to tell me that they don't run into money fast enough for the jobber to make a fortune on them, huh?"

"They're a fad," snapped Putzman, "they'll die down dead over night; there's no sense to 'em."

"Sense! Why, in a bracelet is the only sensible way for a lady to wear a watch! She couldn't lay it down and lose it; she couldn't be dropping it every five minutes. They beat fobs eighty ways, because they can't be slipping down in their pants all the time."

He whipped out his order book. "We got them in gold and gold filled; plain, fancy, gilt and cartouche dials; tonneau, octagon, round and square shapes. How many of each shall I send you?"

Mr. Putzman put his hand to his head and groaned hopelessly.

"What is it to you if I die from excitements?" he whispered, weakly. He let himself drop back into the chair, closed his eyes and allowed his face to fall into sagging lines of weariness.

Archie eyed him unsympathetically. "Mr. Putzman! Say! Please don't faint until you give me my order."

There was no answer.

He touched the old man's arm gently, and then again, not so gently, but Putzman's eyelids did not quiver.

Adler gave a low whistle of astonishment. "Lord!" he said, aloud, "the old fakir has fainted sure enough! Well, it's lunch time now and I can't bother bringing him to. I'll just make out his order for seven dozen assorted styles and prices. Seven is my lucky number. I bet I can get Karloff to believe that the old gink did order them. Probably the infernal old pest will be planted by the time the bill is due, anyhow."

He shut his order book with a snap and started noisily for the door. Before he reached it, however, Putzman's heavy inkwell came hurtling through the air and missed him by the width of a split hair.

"Infernal pest, hey? Plant me first and then bam-foozle my partner, eh? Come here where I can get hold of you and I'll show you how dead I am. You—"

"Moe, you shouldn't excite yourself," said Karloff, who had just entered, alarmed at the rate the senior member of the firm was coughing and choking in his effort to speak above his rage.

"He'll never be called Moe anymore," said Adler, "I name him Possum Putzman right now. And when it gets round the lane how he fakes that he is sick, everybody will call him Possum Putzman."

"Possuma? What for is a possuma?" demanded Jake. "Is it some kind of a sickness?"

"No. It's an animal that fakes he is dead."

"I should be named for a animal?" thundered Putzman.

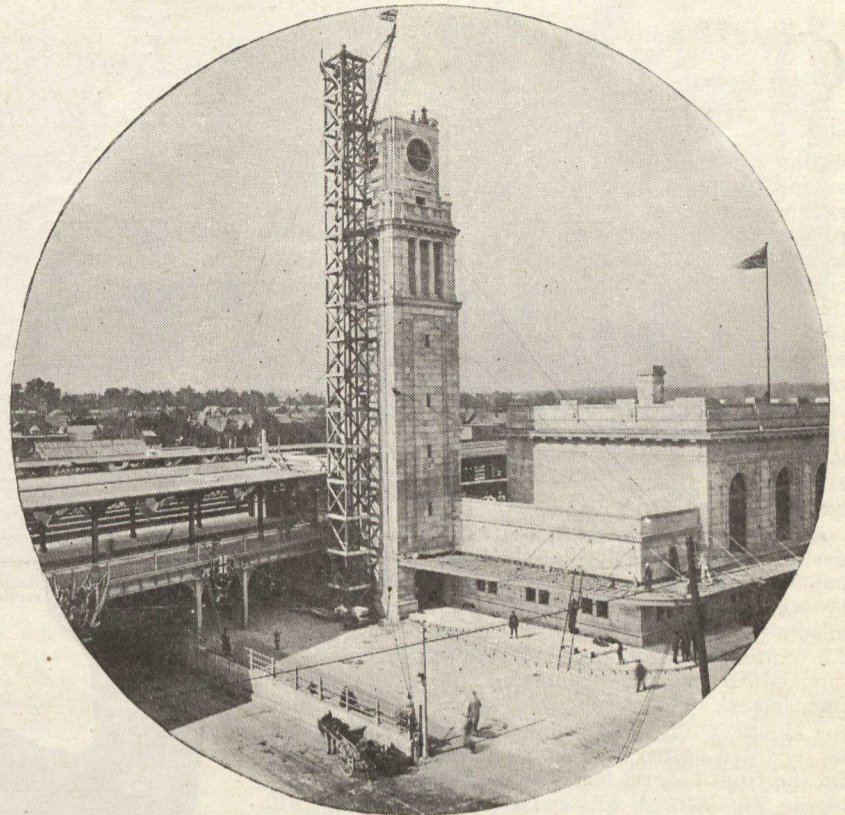
"And a fakir." Archie's tone was nothing less than positive.

Karloff thought to pour oil on the troubled waters. "All right, go ahead, call my partner anything you



# HOW TORONTO MOVES NORTHWARD

**T**HE northerly trend of Toronto's growth has shifted the centre of population so far from the old down-town areas that the Canadian Pacific Railway has for some years been operating a Montreal and Ottawa passenger service from North Toronto, using an ordinary small station for the offices and accommodation of passengers. Now, however, not only have these up-town tracks been lifted onto a costly viaduct, allowing the street traffic to pass beneath the tracks, but a handsome depot in keeping with the city's dignity has been erected, as is shown in the accompanying illustration. Yonge Street, Toronto, most important north and south artery, used to cross the C. P. R. tracks on the level, but now passes through a handsome wide subway close beside the new station. C. P. R. officials claim that more and more traffic is coming by way of North Toronto, from the Union Depot.



"Why say, Mr. Flanagan, I got the idea from you that them people were hard to sell. Why, sir, they're the easiest I ever struck—cinches! Anybody that couldn't sell them ought to take a correspondence (Continued on page 20.)

Shaking hands Hiram inquired: "How's all your folks?"

"Fine," answered Reuben. "How's all your care?"

"Middlin'—just middlin'," said Hiram.

Naturally the talk started with the wet weather, the late seeding and the scarcity of help. Then, as was to be expected, it just as naturally drifted to the war.

Hiram was in a critical state of mind; he was not satisfied with the way things were going.

"There's no use talkin'," he argued, "them fellas that's managin' this here war ain't big enough for the job. That's what. Why don't they do somethin' worth while? If they don't get a move on soon the Germans is goin' to get the best of us."

Hiram was getting warmed up, and a few others who had driven into the shed stopped to listen. He told them what the Allies should do and what they should not do.

"But, man," said Reuben, "I'll grant it ain't goin' to be easy to lick the Germans, because no matter how many's killed, there's more comin' along to take their places—just a steady stream of men. Why, the missus was readin' in the paper the other day that there's a German born with every tick of the clock. That's why they've got lots of men. Think of it, boys"—Reuben flourished his right hand and laid special emphasis on the words, "every time the clock ticks a German is born."

An impressive silence followed.

"There you have it," broke in Hiram. "By Gosh! that's just it"—getting more excited—"now, what I want to know is—why the h—l don't the Allies get to work and stop the clock?"

Reuben chewed a match ruminatingly, and then said slowly, as the simplicity of the thing dawned on him, "Well, now—I never thought of that."

## "He Bude to Gang Wi' the Lave"

**M**Y hin'maist laddie—I'd buried twa—  
An' sair had I fouchen to save  
This ane that was left from death's grim jaw,  
That he mightna' gang wi' the lave.

God heard my prayer; an' he grew a man,  
Weel doin', an' bonnie, an' brave;  
An' I wanted for noucht, yet aye noo an' then  
I droppit a tear for the lave.

Syne the war time cam' wi' its ca' for recruits,  
An' my laddie said—quiet-like an' grave—  
"Noo, mither, dinna greet, but just let's see my bults,  
For I bude tae gang wi' the lave."

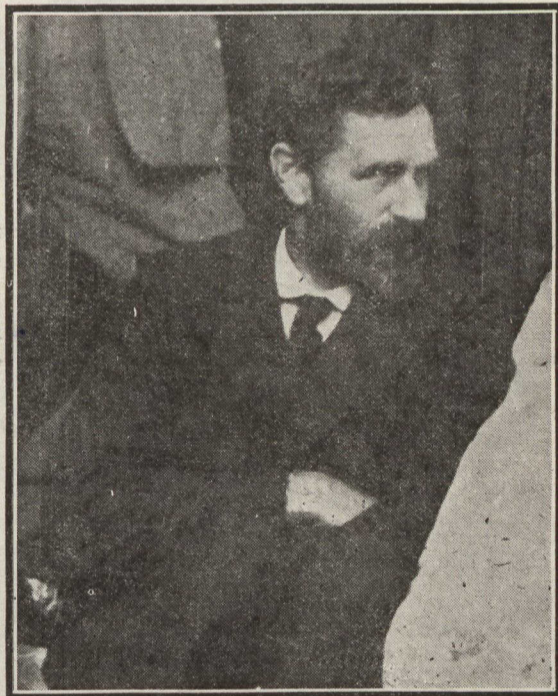
The Almighty kens best, an' I boo to His will;  
He has ta'en awa' that which He gave;  
But those hin'maist words—I can hear him say still—  
Just—"I bude tae gang wi' the lave."

G.  
"He bude to gang wi' the lave" means in English,  
"He chose to go along with the others,"—Editor.

## One Way to Stop It

*A True Story from the Rural Parts, Vouched for by a Clergyman*

**H**IRAM and Reuben drove into town from opposite directions on a recent Saturday night, and happened to meet in the hotel shed as they were tying up their horses.



A striking photograph of Sir Roger Casement, condemned to death for high treason last week in London; taken just before he left Ireland for Germany prior to the Sinn Fein outbreak. In his speech to the court he claimed that Ireland had as much right to self-government as people had to sunlight and flowers. He claimed that his work among the Irish prisoners in Germany was for the purpose of organizing against Ulster. He maintained that he had not been tried by a jury of his (Irish) peers. The case is to be carried from the decision of the Supreme Court to the Court of Criminal Appeals, and may eventually reach the House of Lords.

like. The jewelry business nowadays is mostly full of Jews and I bet you none of them never heard of this here possuma. We should worry what people call us. But as a favour to me, Mister, please don't get Putzman so mad that he busts on me."

"Aw, now, Mr. Putzman! Don't be peevish. Let's be friends. I never meant no harm—honest I never." He paused and smiled infectiously. "Just leave the order at seven dozen, like I said, and I'll never say a word about the possum business. Say, just to show you that I'm a good fellow—"

Jake had pricked up his ears and fixed his partner with a baleful eye. "Seven dozen what? Say, Moe, have you been butting in on the buying again? I thought the buyer of this firm was me. What right have you got to be giving orders over my head?"

"Jake," rasped Putzman, in tones of awful dignity, "are you the senior partner here or am I the junior? You got no right butting in. If I give Flanagan, Einstein & O'Laughlin an order, it stands. I guess I got something to say in this matter. If I order seven dozen, why we get seven dozen, and let's now hear no more about it. Good-morning, Mr. Adler, see that we get those goods right away. I maybe might want to re-order on them." He sat rolling his eyes and puffing out his yellow cheeks at Jake like a fat frog sitting on a lily pad.

**K**ARLOFF took a long breath. "My Gawd, Moe! You better take another vacation! You're getting childish, and what's worse, you're getting fresh. Just because I let you come down and make a bluff at being on the job is no sign I'm going to stand for everything. You quit buying." He brandished his arms to lend emphasis to his words. "K-w-i double t, quit! Now, Mr. Adler, consider your order cancelled and go."

"Mr. Adler!" shouted Moe, "make that order twelve dozen assorted, gold and filled."

"Yes, sir, thank you." Adler started for the door. Jake sprang after him. "Look here, I say cancel the whole order. I do the buying around this place."

"Jake, you're making a unholy show out of us. I'm senior here and I want them bracelets."

"Why? What for do you want them all of a sudden?"

Moe was nonplussed for a second, but Adler sprang into the breach right gallantly.

"What for, did you say, Mr. Karloff? Why because every other jobbing-house in the country has got them, Mr. Karloff. Because they're the biggest sellers in the world. Because the public can't get enough of them and is all the time hollering for more. And because"—here he paused impressively after each word, "there is going to be, or I should say there is, a terrible scarcity. Why, we can't get the movements over any more. Y'know we import 'em all from Switzerland, and all them Swissers have gone to the front. Of course that leaves nobody home to do the work but the women, and they're snowed in for five years to come already."

"The keen man of business, Mr. Karloff, turns in and gets a big stock, don't he? Putzman & Karloff need to be prepared, don't they? Ain't it the pre-pardest firm that reaps the harvest? Um, say!" Mr. Adler smacked his lips as if the said harvest were good to eat.

Karloff seemed to be impressed with all this. He looked at Putzman. "How many did you have the nerve to order on me?"

"Only seven dozen, Jake."

"Moe, you are a borned piker. Seven dozen ain't no order. You should have made it twelve dozen." Jake obviously ordered exactly the number he had just cancelled.

Moe veered like a weathervane. "Seven dozen is plenty. Suppose we get stuck with them!" He shivered. "Don't be a plunger in war times."

"It's a cinch I couldn't do much plunging—with a partner like you—always sitting on the brake. Here, Adler, lemme O. K. that order. Twelve dozen now, for mediate delivery."

"I wouldn't consent! Make it seven dozen, Mr. Adler, please," entreated Putzman.

"Koo-sch! Shut up, Moe."

"I changed my mind. Watch bracelets we don't need. They are only a mushroom fad. Cancel the order, young feller, and quit taking up my time."

Karloff took Adler's arm and led him toward the door. "Give us a thirty-day dating and get out before my partner gets appleplexy."

Archie proceeded buoyantly to the office of Flanagan, Einstein & O'Laughlin. Mr. Flanagan received him with a very marked lack of warmth.

"Well?"

"Putzman & Karloff ordered twelve dozen bracelet watches, assorted styles and prices, in gold and filled for immediate delivery," said Adler, endeavouring not to distend his chest too much.

# THE MAN FROM BROCKVILLE

ONE difficulty in selecting "The Second Man Up" in the Liberal party is that there is no "Second Man Up." There are many aspirants and lots of possibilities, but all carry with them a big question mark. The Liberal party during the past five years of Opposition has not developed political leadership. I make this statement not on my authority, which might be regarded as prejudiced, but on the authority of a recent addition to the Liberal ranks, with all the enthusiasm of a convert. There is no outstanding leader to whom the Liberals will naturally turn when Sir Wilfrid hands in his resignation. A new leader will have to be developed as did the Conservatives after the defeat of 1896. However, until this man is developed some one will have to guide the fortunes of the party, and this temporary choice may prove the looked-for Moses. My selection for "The Second Man Up" is Hon. George P. Graham. I reach my conclusions by a process of elimination.

It is presumed that Sir Wilfrid Laurier when he decides to retire will place his resignation in the hands of the Liberal members of Parliament. Following Canadian precedent his successor will be appointed by a party caucus rather than by a general convention of the party. They will naturally be inclined to keep the question of choice among themselves. The selection of a man from without the House, with no parliamentary experience, would be regarded as too dangerous a political experiment. On the front Liberal benches at present are five men beside Sir Wilfrid, all ex-Cabinet Ministers, with long experience in politics, in parliament and as administrators. They are: Hon. Rodolphe Lemieux, Hon. William Pugsley, Hon. Frank Oliver, Hon. Chas. Murphy, and Hon. George P. Graham. All these men will have to be given serious consideration. Back of the front benches are but two men who might be in the running. They are Mr. E. M. MacDonald and Mr. Frank Carvell.

Aside from the question of Mr. Lemieux's ability it is doubtful whether the Liberal party would select a French-Canadian to succeed a French-Canadian. They would certainly not do so unless he was a commanding figure. Mr. Lemieux, with all his ability and his industry, cannot claim such distinction. Hon. William Pugsley is without doubt one of the brainiest men in the House of Commons. He is a shrewd politician and a most resourceful parliamentarian. However, rightly or wrongly the public has associated his name with certain scandals under the old Liberal regime. With the present public sentiment and with the new ideals which the war has created no political leader can hope to be permanently successful whose name bears the slightest tarnish.

If it could the Liberal party would likely turn to the West for its next leader. With Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta now held provincially by the

## Graham's Hold on Quebec

AND then—with George P. Graham as second man up to Laurier—what sort of man have we in the possible place of the Liberal leader, perhaps in the Premier's seat in the House? George Graham has positive qualities that cannot themselves be eliminated. He is not a heavy-weight statesman. But he is a shrewd, facile master of "savoir faire." He knows the French-Canadian better than any other Anglo-Canadian member of Parliament. And that is a requisite in an English-speaking leader that is absolutely indispensable. Sir Wilfrid Laurier understands Ontario and the West, not so consummately as the Toronto News would have him do, but far better than most of his critics give him credit for. To balance the score any Anglo-Saxon leader must understand Quebec. Sir John Macdonald in his day knew Quebec well. It was part of his uncanny genius for understanding any element in Canadian state craft. One way by which he obtained a hold on French-Canada was his knack of telling stories. He was no orator. But he could make an audience laugh even when the language he used was not always thoroughly understood. It was the Macdonald personality.

We must expect the same quality in any Anglo-Liberal leader. Has George Graham the ability to understand, and in a measure to interpret Quebec? It must be admitted that he has. His long intimacy with Sir Wilfrid has not been a merely personal affinity. It is not to be assumed that Sir Wilfrid chose Graham as his lieutenant for any specific purpose concerning French Canada, or for any qualification which Graham might develop as a possible leader of the Liberal party. It is not clear that Sir

Hon. George P. Graham,  
Ex-Minister of Railways,  
is the Man Picked for  
SECOND MAN UP  
To Sir Wilfrid Laurier

By ARTHUR FORD

(Ottawa Correspondent of the Toronto News.)



Wilfrid has ever designated either directly or indirectly who or what kind of man that successor should be. The close correspondence between Sir Wilfrid and George Graham had a useful "raison d'être" in keeping the French-Canadian's hold on Ontario which was becoming more and more difficult. But George Graham is far too clever a man to limit his experience in the counsels of Sir Wilfrid Laurier to that. He is much too temperamental a man not to grasp the opportunity of studying through Sir Wilfrid the French-Canadian people. This may not have been done for any more ulterior reason than because he couldn't help it. But the result is to give George Graham a peculiar insight into the French-Canadian temperament.

And Graham has that insight. He exercises it naturally. He makes himself instinctively "en rapport" as the French would say. He has a fund of bonhomie that counts for much. He laughs as easily as a Frenchman. He has a sense of humour that makes his work easy. He cuts out resistance. He avoids antagonism. He can tell a good story. He can sit down anywhere, at any time of day or night, informal and bohemian, to make himself at

Liberals, with largely increased western representation, and with the West strikingly radical and progressive in its views, it would seem good politics for the Liberals to make such a bid for strength west of the Great Lakes. There is no such man on the horizon. There are none in the local legislatures, and Hon. Frank Oliver is the only possible man in the Dominion House. The member for Edmonton, with all his admirable qualities, is not big enough timber for national leadership.

As for Hon. Chas. Murphy, his health, which has recently been far from satisfactory, would, if there were no other reasons, preclude him from consideration. Mr. E. M. MacDonald has marked ability, loves a parliamentary skirmish, is a powerful speaker, at times rising to eloquence, and has the natural aptitude of the Nova Scotian lawyer for politics. However, it is questionable whether he would be acceptable to the Western Liberals, who would be suspicious of his "trade" views, and doubtful as to his connection with certain corporations. Mr. Carvell is the most industrious private member of the House of Commons. He never stops burrowing after Tory scandals. Being a burrower he is not broad-visioned. He is a useful man to a party, but his tongue would not elevate the dignity of the party. He is too much of the rough-and-tumble fighter to expect ever to take up the mantle of Sir Wilfrid.

This brings me to Hon. George P. Graham. Graham may not be a heaven-sent leader, but he has a lot of earthly attributes which commend him as "The Next Man Up." He has plenty of political and parliamentary experience both in office and out, and although not a lawyer, has, for a layman, a wide knowledge of parliamentary rules and regulations. He is a first-class debater, and what is more important as an Opposition leader, is stronger on the Stump than in the House. Few Canadian politicians can catch the ears of an audience better than George P. Graham. He is popular in the House, and on both sides, for he has all the sunny ways of his present chieftain. He is tactful and diplomatic, qualities he doubtless inherited from his father, who was a Methodist clergyman—the parsonage is a great diplomatic training school. He also inherited from his father the ability to tell a good story. His father was the champion tea-meeting yarn-spinner of four conferences. He has Irish wit, and is ever ready with a retort for the most annoying heckler.

There are big problems ahead for Canada to face and knotty questions to solve. The reconstruction period will require statesmanship of large calibre. Whether Hon. George P. Graham is far-visioned and broad-minded enough to make a successful leader during such a period of national flux can only be determined by actual experiment. In the meantime he is the best guess for the Liberal party as "The Second Man Up."

ease with any company. He knows how to knock off from the tension of political routine to make himself humanly agreeable to any man. And that human disregard of the merely conventional is one of his strongest holds on the French Canadian.

Whether that compensates George Graham for any shortcomings he may possess in other directions as a Liberal leader is quite another matter. But no Anglo-Canadian leader can expect to succeed Sir Wilfrid who does not instinctively interpret the French-Canadian as well as Sir Wilfrid understands the genius of English-speaking Ontario.

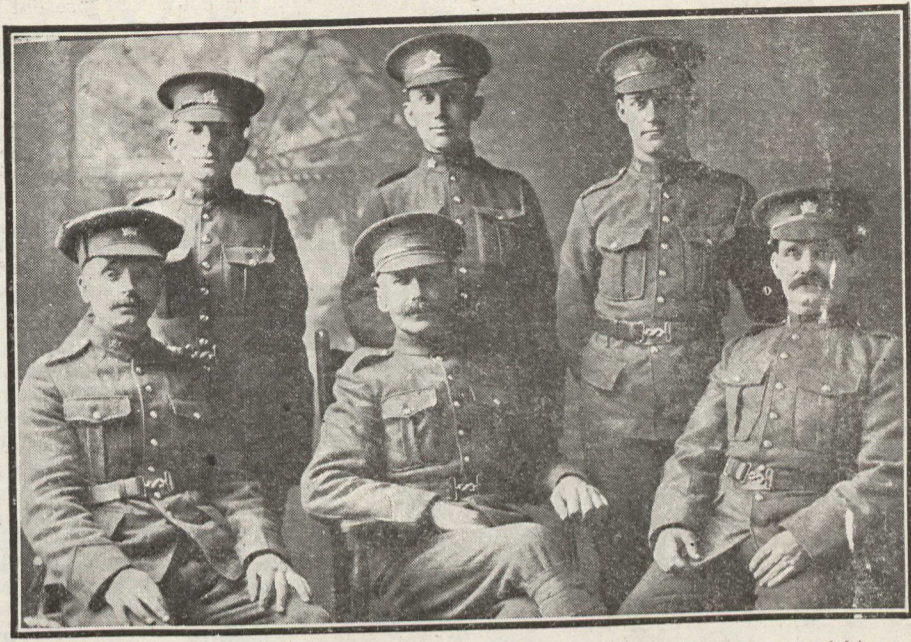
## A Newspaper Man

GEORGE PERRY GRAHAM had for a father a Methodist preacher, and for his vocation before he entered politics, newspaper work. He was born in Eganville, Ontario, in 1859, and schooled locally until he was old enough to attend first Iroquois High School and then the Morrisburg Collegiate Institute. He was first a school teacher and then editor of the Morrisburg Herald. He held this post from 1880 to 1892, when he became assistant editor of the Ottawa Free Press. From 1893 to 1907 he was managing editor of the Brockville Recorder. His first plunge into politics was not fortunate. That was in 1890, when he unsuccessfully contested Dundas in the Provincial general elections. In 1898 he was more fortunate, and sat as M. L. A. for Brockville from that date to 1907, during part of which time—1904 and 1905—he acted as Provincial Secretary under the late George Ross. After the defeat of that Government, and the translation of Sir George Ross to the Senate, he became leader of the Opposition in Ontario. In 1907 he took the portfolio of Railways and Canals.

# DO YOU KNOW THAT—?



**S**IR MACKENZIE BOWELL, at the age of 93, is going to the Yukon for a holiday trip. He is perhaps the halest old man in the Dominion; was once Premier of Canada after the death of Sir John Thompson, lives in Belleville, to which he came the best part of a hundred years ago, when Queen Victoria was a girl of 13. Leamington, Ontario, claims among its many distinctions, a new one. Though its patriotic Fund was first of all a big success, \$30,000 being contributed out of a population of only 2,600. Though, while busy and prosperous Leamington, it is sending 185 men to the Front. Among them are three fathers



and three sons, all members of the same unit—the 13th platoon of the 99th Battalion. The sextette shown in the centre picture consists (left to right) of Henry Ford and his son Ernest behind him; Samuel McFarlane and his son Archie behind him; and G. D. Durant and his son Jack. It was the sons who recruited the fathers.



The picture to the right at the top shows William T. Gregory, of Leamington, Ont. Gregory is a very wealthy American tobacco man from Carolina, who has given more than \$15,000 of his own money for patriotic work and to help the soldiers. He went to London recently and presented the men of the 99th Battalion with 60,000 cigarettes. The people of Leamington have asked the Government to make him Honorary Colonel of the 99th Battalion, in recognition of his good deeds. He is strongly in favour of raising a Western Ontario Highland battalion, and if this is done he will likely be its commander. His patriotism is of a very practical sort.



Ellen Terry, talking to Vesta Tilley of music hall fame, is the oldest English actress on the stage. She is aunt of Phyllis Neilson Terry, recently heard in Canada, and in the good old days of Henry Irving the greatest Portia ever known.



Premier George H. Murray, of Nova Scotia, is a lawyer with a long and honourable record both in law and politics. The recent elections returned his party to power with a surprising majority and indicated the desire of the public for a "sure and safe" man. Premier Murray has acquired a reputation for good judgment and caution, tempered with lively imagination.



"Janey Canuck" (Mrs. Arthur Murphy of Edmonton), is now "Your Worship." That is to say she is a full-powered magistrate in the city of Edmonton with special authority over women's cases in her police court and the usual domestic embroglios.



The Hon. Mrs. Broughton-Adderley has been in Canada for the past year and has devoted her energies largely toward recruiting. She has made a special study of conditions in Alberta and Saskatchewan, where most of her time has been spent with her two sons in the Royal North-West Mounted Police.



Mrs. Barnard, wife of the Lieutenant-Governor of British Columbia, is a woman of great ability and charm. She has made Government House a centre for Red Cross work and is particularly interested in the Daughters of the Empire and in Serbian relief work. She is the honorary president of the Provincial Chapter, I.O.E.F.



Miss Chitose Uchida, B.A., a clever young member of the Japanese colony of Vancouver, who was in the first class to be graduated from the new University of British Columbia. Her degree was conferred at the convocation held last month. She attracted much attention in the convocation.

# THE CANADIAN COURIER

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## Lost Business for Canada

**R**USSIA AND FRANCE wanted steel rails the other day. Russia required three hundred and fifty thousand tons; France asked two hundred thousand tons. By the arrangement among the Allies the first chance to supply these goods was to be given one of the Allies—Canada. It came and was refused because all but one of our steel mills is making other things than rails, and that one had already too much to do. The order went to the Americans.

The moral of this episode is this: favoured treatment by the Allies of the Allies in trade matters will do Canada no good so long as orders like the one referred to can slip past us so easily. What we require and what our statesmen must seek to obtain for us is a scheme of preferential duties among the Allies so that Canadian goods entering Russia, France, England or the other parts of the Empire would enter at a lower rate of duty than goods from the United States; and Russian, French, British and other colonial goods would have similar preference in entering our home market.

It is impossible to exaggerate the good such an arrangement would be to Canada. The future is very problematical for us. The question of employment after the war will loom very large. But if American manufacturers and exporters find that a factory in Allied territory will get better terms in shipping to great foreign countries than from the United States they will be forced to locate their factories in Canada. Surely the importance of this fact cannot be over-estimated. If we don't get this actual preference the Americans will as usual draw trade from our industries. The present courtesy of getting the "first chance" is not enough. There must be "preference." The Allies owe this little treat to themselves.

## An Insincerity

**F**RIENDS OF MR. LIONEL CURTIS and the Round Table repudiate the suggestion that Mr. Curtis stands for any definite policy or definite tendency in discussing the organization of the relationships of the parts of the Empire. They seem to insist upon posing, and on Mr. Curtis' posing, as perfectly open-minded. This is a touch of insincerity unworthy of the general character of Round Table discussion. The average Round Table man has an open mind—until his opponent speaks against Imperial centralization. It is perhaps unconscious, but, nevertheless, true, that the average Round Table man invites the fullest discussion, the frankest statements—and then is hotly indignant at the mere notion of Canada becoming a self-contained, self-complete, self-reliant nation. He is filled with amusement at the thought of such a state. He is merrily ironical. The truth of the matter is that while the Round Table is placing all of us in its debt for its collection and distribution of data on the great subject of Imperial organization, the very fact that it exists is due to the desire of men at the "centre"—London—to bind the parts of the Empire together. One has only to observe the care with which, in Round Table writings, the one-time project of American representation in the British House of Commons is discussed and argued feasible, to see where the heart of the Round Table men lies. With their desire to preserve the Empire we have nothing but agreement to offer. But the method is wrong. Absolute centralization is wrong. A good bridge is not built on a centre pier and allowed to "depend" from both sides to the banks of the river. That would be useless, dangerous and unnecessary.

## Limitations of Governments

**V**ISCOUNT BRYCE, in a recent scholarly address in England, expressed a doubt as to the wisdom of extending the range or a single government too far. In effect his words were: One is sometimes led to doubt whether the limits of efficient government have not been reached—even

surpassed in some cases. He recalled the efficiency of the small Greek states and the fact that the collapse of one of them affected only a small area and a small number of people, whereas under our highly centralized forms of government the fate of tremendous areas and huge populations was bound up with the success or failure of a single government.

Viscount Bryce sees clearly. Though he was not apparently referring to the British Empire, his words may fairly be turned against the people who advocate centralization of the British Empire. There is indeed cause to doubt the ultimate success of such a scheme, not because it would in itself be undesirable, but because it is unworkable. It would indeed be stretching the range of a single government too far. In the very government of Canada the ill-effects of our tremendous size are to be seen in the too common indifference of scattered parts of the country to the affairs at Ottawa or to the interests of other remote parts. New Ontario long complained of neglect on the part of the Ontario Government—and rightly so, because it was next to impossible for the average provincial prime minister and his colleagues to keep all parts of their territory evenly, or even fairly in mind. Canada is practically a geographical unit, and, therefore, has many reasons for enduring the faults of Confederation until they may be outgrown. But to centralize the Empire in London—or anywhere else—would be to stretch "government" too far—and without compensating advantages. Viscount Bryce's observation is true and pertinent. Better ten strong independent states than a cumbersome structure, top-heavy and slow to move, like one of Philip's Spanish galleons, offering an easy mark to a smaller vessel like the little Revenge.

## From Pericles to the Present

**M**AN ALONE SEEMS, individually not to have advanced so much as a hair's breadth in all the centuries he has encumbered the pleasant earth. Collectively he is much better—though the present war revealed surprising opportunities for improvement. The mean average of human conduct and thought is higher. The race has accumulated a certain amount of knowledge of one sort and another. But the shining moments of great men are still no brighter—and often not as bright as the shining moments of men who lived two thousand years ago. The ancient nobleman may not have known as many facts, but, judged in the light of his own age he rose as high as the modern. Indeed, there was more idealism and less striving after sordid realism among the thinkers. Take for illustrative example that age-worn funeral oration of Pericles, which not all the ages nor all the lisping of half-comprehending school boys can diminish in its fresh beauty. With but a few words omitted it could as fittingly be read to-day over the graves of our heroes:

"... so they gave their bodies to the commonwealth and received, each for his own memory, praise that will never die, and with it the grandest of all sepulchres, not that in which their mortal bones are laid, but a home in the minds of men. . . . Their story is not graven only on stone . . . but lives on far away, without visible symbol, woven into the stuff of other men's lives."

Have we outgrown Pericles? Has the modern produced anything nobler in spirit, more beautiful in form?

## A Canadian Theatre

**S**OME DAY WE ARE going to have a national theatre in Canada. The folk whose interest in the dramatic art stops with vaudeville may not agree, or may not even be interested in the idea. But it stands, nevertheless. To-day our theatres are supplied from New York, Chicago and San Francisco. The jokes are American made, so are the actors and actresses and most of the plays. But when a nation begins to have a character of its own it will appreciate plays and players of its own. Than the theatre there is no greater educating influence. Ideas can be placed before popular audiences in a theatre, which, if put in even the best of novels would be skipped by the popular reader as being stodgy. Sweden, Norway, Denmark and Italy have their national theatres. France is peculiarly devoted to the histrionic art and her playwrights are among the most brilliant. Yet we continue to absorb Broadwayisms.

There must be many failures before the real theatre will be started. In Ottawa there have been feeble efforts, but very feeble and lacking in any touch of intelligent comprehension of what the situation demands. In Toronto an older and wiser movement has shown bright moments. The first step towards a national theatre will be a series of

little theatres, where amateurs or semi-professionals will present the better class of poetic and intellectual plays that are never shown by the Yankeeified commercial stage. These plays will be chosen not as means of showing off ambitious amateurs to their friends, but as exhibitions, in acting, of the writings of great or interesting minds. Finally we may hope for a national subsidy for approved theatres—possibly under a department of Beaux Arts at Ottawa. The theatre could be made an instrument of Canadianization.

## Strongbow and Casement

**A**BOUT 1170 HENRY II. licensed the impetuous "Strongbow"—Richard de Claire, Earl of Pembroke—to try to redeem his fortunes by adventures in Ireland. To-day Sir Roger Casement awaits his execution for his puerile schemes to oust the successors of Strongbow. One could feel happier in contemplation of such an event if it signified the courageous end of a wise man. Instead it signifies the courageous end of an unwise man, and folly and courage make poor companions. The one robs the other of what credit he might have.

## "American-ism" in Canada

**A**UGMENTED AMERICAN INTEREST in Canada and Canadian investments does not necessarily mean increasing American influence in this country, notwithstanding the querulous doubts of some people. The up-to-date American investor has, it is true, been sending a great part of his extra war profits to this country in return for Government, municipal and other securities. He has had a certain influence over our book-keeping methods in a few cases: certain of our municipalities have changed their accounting systems slightly so as more nearly to approximate the systems understood and approved by American investment houses. We may look forward with satisfaction to the prospect of more Americans coming here to build factories or to become Canadian workmen. These things will not in the least jeopardize our Canadian character.

## A Power Merger

**T**HE MONTREAL Light, Heat and Power Company, capital (bond and stock) \$28,930,300, proposes amalgamation with the Cedar Rapids Manufacturing and Power Company, capital (bond and stock) \$19,367,000. The total capital of the two concerns is therefore \$48,297,300. The concern which is to acquire these securities is the Civic Investment Industrial Company, and its authorized capital is \$75,000,000, of which \$65,300,000 is to be issued. Thus \$48,297,300 becomes, for the present, \$65,300,000 and possibly \$75,000,000. Does the Minister of Finance call this stock watered?

## Ottawa Generosity

**W**HAT REASON, IF ANY, exists for the recent payment by our Ottawa Government of a full half year's interest on the \$106,000,000 domestic war loan floated last fall? The loan was not made until November and the payments were spread over instalments, yet the full six months' interest, amounting to \$2,650,000, is paid. If the Minister of Finance does this in order to please the lenders and encourage them to buy further war loan bonds from his department, he takes, one might suggest, an unbusiness-like way of doing it. Such a bonus might better have been estimated beforehand and added to the interest rate. No buyer of bonds, of course, will refuse the money, even though he knows that the country needs it more than he does himself. Those of us who did not buy might perhaps be stimulated to buy on the next loan in anticipation of a sure thing. But we don't need that stimulus. We believe the Canadian war loan is a sure thing on general principles, that the second one will be as sure as the first, and good enough to let those of us who wish go on investing the interest.

## The Seed of Greatness

**D**EATH IS OFTEN the means by which the great men of the earth reach their true fruition. The memory of such men blossoms in the minds of younger men, bearing fruit in many lives instead of one. Of tangible achievements Kitchener's life was more than full. Now, if it was as great a life as we think it was, comes its second and more puissant work—a potent memory coupled with the ever-present need for more great men! More great men! Those who yesterday admired the great soldier, are to-day conscious of the need for new men to fill his place. Admiration, giving way to effort, may now produce many Kitcheners.

# What's What the World Over

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

Anglo-Jap Alliance Defended . . . . . Praise for Premier Asquith . . . . . A German View of the Great War  
 . . . . . Liang Ch'i-ch'ao, China's Greatest Writer . . . . . The Land Where Everybody Talks About His Soul: "Holy Russia"

### ANGLO-JAP SENTIMENT

British Writer Answers Nippon's Anti-Treaty Agitation

JAPANESE statesmen stand firmly by the Anglo-Japanese alliance. The navy of Japan has rendered great services to Great Britain and her allies since the war. Nevertheless a serious campaign against the continuance of the alliance has been carried on recently in the cheaper Japanese newspapers. Serious attention has not been paid this campaign until recently when the leading Japanese review the "Taiyo" printed an attack on the alliance from the pen of the Japanese editor, Mr. Asada. Reply was then made, through the columns of the "Taiyo" by Robertson Scott, an English writer on foreign affairs, who has for some time been living in Japan.

The one feature, says Robertson in his reply—which we quote from *World's Work*—common to Mr. Asada's article and the daily Press articles is, that they ask for the immediate and radical revision—Mr. Asada's phrase is revolutionary revision—or the immediate or early abrogation of the Anglo-Japanese Agreement.

Japan is now at the parting of the ways. Her statesmanship in recent years has been marvellously able. But it seems to be exposed just now to the severest test it has ever had to undergo.

If Japan can exhibit wisdom, patience and self-restraint during the War her future can hardly fail of being glorious.

Forgetting the limits to her own strength, she may fail to remember her not as yet fully developed commercial ability and industrial efficiency, the limits to her financial resources, the elementary stage which representative and parliamentary government has reached, the imperfect control which is exercised over an industrialism which may yet sap in no small measure the vitality of the nation, and the limited degree to which religion and old codes of conduct are likely to control that social ferment which is inevitable during the active development of every country. She may not realize until too late the risk to which a still developing race is exposed of an alloying, a watering down, it may even be a submergence of those distinctly national qualities which are primarily the strength of Japan. In such a case it may be found that a great Empire, when it thought it was taking a step forward, was actually arresting its own progress.

Happily, just as this article was being sent to be translated, Count Okuma issued the following declaration:



The Open Door:—More than one way for the Japanese to enter the United States.  
—Brinkerhoff: N.Y. Evening Mail.

"I assert positively, without any fear of successful contradiction, that Japan is loyal to her alliance, friendly to Great Britain and faithful to all her undertakings. The Anglo-Japanese alliance is just as strong to-day as ever it was. Japan benefits by the alliance and so does Great Britain.

"For the present we must relegate petty bickerings and narrow considerations to the background of national and international affairs.

"We must stick together—Great Britain and Japan, Russia and France, Italy and all others—in order that we may crush Germany, our common foe."

### UNSWERVING ASQUITH

Has Neither Temperament nor Egotism

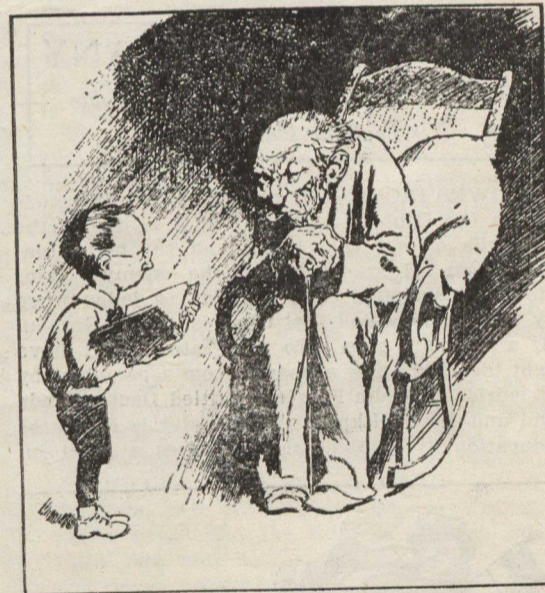
—All is Intellect

I SUPPOSE there is no man who has played a great part in the affairs of this country who has been more indifferent to popular applause, less moved by criticism, more obstinately reliant upon the sanctions of his own mind. This is the view of a writer in *Land and Water*, dealing with the character of the British Prime Minister, Mr. Asquith. He is "Yorkshire" to the last fibre—a sort of sublimated Yorkshire manufacturer, saturated with Oxford culture, but carrying the original grain of the timber into every detail of his life; a little brusque in his manner, as the Yorkshire manufacturer is; very scornful of all forms of flummery; brief and lucid of speech; suspicious of cant in others and avoiding it with a sort of intellectual horror himself; more attached to principles and to historic tradition than to adventurous empiricism, but with a healthy distrust of his imaginative limitations that keeps his judgment open to the empiricism of others; a man who bears opprobrium with a scornful shrug of the shoulders and a silent tongue, and upon whom flattery is as much wasted as water on a duck's back.

Is he the man to trust, or can we do better? And let us start with the elementary reminder that whomsoever we trust it will be a human being, and, for that reason, a fallible instrument. The choice is not between a miracle and a man, between perfection and imperfection; it is between relative perfection and imperfection. Mr. Asquith would be the first to disown infallibility. He cultivates no fanciful fictions about himself, does not pose before the mirror, and has no dreams of personal triumph. He is, indeed, singularly impersonal in his habit of thought.

An acute critic has said of him that he has no jealousy, no vanity and no egotism. I think that is the strict truth. The suggestion that he clings to office for the sake of power and profit is made either in total ignorance of the man, or in malice. Few men are more free from the vice of ambition or the passion of personal power, and in regard to the baser suggestion, it is enough to remember that he gave up an income at the bar of £15,000 a year when he took office at £5,000. He has no small ends to serve and it is this fact which gives his actions that rare magnanimity that always marks them. He wants no man's place in the sun, and is content to let anyone have the limelight rather than himself. What he is concerned about is getting the thing done, and the man who can do it is welcome to the rewards. In all his career there has never been a breath of suspicion in regard to his probity or his honour. He preserves both with a certain haughty disdain of temptation. He has a family of sons as brilliant as any in the land, but they have had to make their own fortunes and they have had less chance of public pickings than if they were outside the circle of patronage. They have taken their place in the army without advertisement, one of them has been wounded, and none of them has had any sort of favour either of advancement or service. They are not of the stuff that asks for soft jobs and preferential treatment.

What, then, is the motive that has kept this man at his post in the face of every form of slander and abuse? What has enabled him to survive a succession of crises each of which has threatened to engulf



Boy: "Did you strike a blow for the Empire in 1916?"  
Old Man: "Strike. Our union struck for higher wages every time it got a chance, and got 'em."  
—Sydney Bulletin.



The Single Man in Great Britain—as seen ironically by the married men in England: His excuses for staying at home are apparently legion.

—Poy: London Evening News.

him? I think the secret is his austere devotion to the cause and his clear vision of the part he is called upon to play. There are many swifter and more supple minds, but there is no mind which sees the struggle with more detachment, with a more constant grip of fundamentals, with a clearer discrimination between the momentary incident and the permanent tendency. He is not the slave of moods, but sticks with grim obstinacy to the vital things.

All this is puzzling until one grasps the underlying thought that resolves all the seeming contradictions into one motive. That motive is the steady consolidation of all the forces of the country and of the Allies for the struggle. It is that declaration which reveals to us the secret of his policy in the midst of the stupendous storm that has overtaken the world. What was the chief peril with which that storm threatened us? It was that under the shock the nation would give way to passion and panic, that internal political disagreements would break it in pieces, that the Allies would be beaten before they could consolidate their power, that the



A policeman's lot is not a happy one.  
—Donahy: Cleveland Plain Dealer.



If you can't boss a little woman, try a big one.  
—May: Cleveland Leader.

Alliance would collapse before it could discover a solid basis of co-operation and understanding—in a word, that Germany would win before the Allies had time to collect their forces, marshal their strength and learn how to win. That calculation has been defeated. It has been defeated by the patient and sagacious statesmanship of Mr. Asquith. He has made mistakes, as Pitt made them, as Lincoln made them, as everyone who has to deal with the intractable elements of human life and the incalculable forces of war must make them. But in the large estimate which the future will form of the mighty doings of this time, it is not a very hazardous forecast to say that the achievement of Mr. Asquith will stand out as the supreme personal contribution to the victory that awaits us. He has kept a cool head and a firm judgment in the midst of a reeling world.

fluence over the youth of Germany. He is, it will be seen, a pacifist, in spite of his idealization of the moral discipline of war, and an internationalist, in spite of his German patriotism. He pleads for a just estimate of the English contribution to civilization, and against the passion of hate that has swept through Germany:

"Hate disorganizes, love disciplines. How can the English soldier help the vile munition that is served out to him? The really guilty ones are on the other side of the Channel. God will judge them, if our sword does not reach them." The reference here to "vile munition (niedertaechtige Munition)" is further explained by the following passage: "Our Government has rightly given the word that we Germans owe it to ourselves not to follow the practices of our opponents, except in extreme necessity of self-defence. To make dumdum bullets, to maltreat prisoners and wounded—that would be for us nothing but the worst form of 'foreignism' (Auslanderei). Let us 'barbarians' remain true to ourselves and set a better example." This passage will startle the English reader. And for that very reason it is important. For it illustrates how in war all sense and knowledge of fact disappears among the belligerents, and each nation believes all bad of the enemy and all good of itself. Our author proceeds: "Just at such a time as this is it important for our soul's peace that we should cleanse ourselves from hatred of whole nations. To indulge unbridled antipathies is not in harmony with that great discipline of soul by which alone we can win the day. It is not only Lord (sic) Grey that England has given us, and the rowdies, rogues, and hypocrites who have this war on their conscience. England has given us also the Salvation Army, and invaluable higher points of view for the treatment of Labour questions and social work. She has taught our revolutionary spirits and moderated our party passions. Let us always remember this, and in that remembrance grasp again in the future the proffered hand. Nay, more! It is for that better England we are fighting when we do all we can to humble and tame thoroughly and for its own good that lower England that is now in power. And it is better for us to fight for that better England than to rage and spit upon Lord Grey and his followers.

"Think of that great William Booth and of all the English greatness and goodness embodied in him; of Florence Nightingale, the heroine and saint, whose pioneer work is still binding up to-day unnumbered wounds; and think of Carlyle, Ruskin, and Toynbee, and of those mighty forces of conscience which spoke in their words and gave to us Germans, and will give us yet, so much that is great. Think in sorrow of the mighty nation that could be so alienated from those noble men; but believe also that great traditions can never perish, and do not forget that a people with such gifts should be honoured even in its degradation."

And now, a striking passage as to the supposed cause of this supposed degradation:

"And let us be no pharisees! It is owing to her colonial empire that England has sunk so low; it is through her rule of lower and less civilized peoples, and all the fearful temptations such as a power carries with it. Should we ourselves have been proof against such temptations? The Investors' Review calls the imperial degradation of England

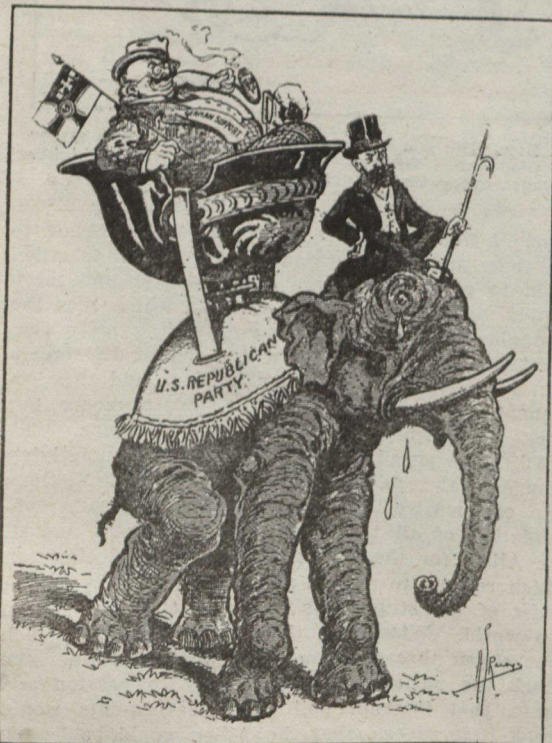
'Africa's revenge.' Let us draw from that a solemn warning for our own future colonial-empire!"

Then follows a passionate outbreak against the German jingoos:

"People who have never suffered nor sacrificed anything, who have seen nothing of the nobility and suffering of the enemy, but who want to swallow and exploit the German victory—weak creatures whose egotism our new mortars have inspired to thunder enormously, so that they think they must open their mouths forty-two centimetres wide, and that he who will not do that is no patriot. We hear them already here and there raising their voices, mostly anonymously—cowards, who belittle all clemency and humanity towards the enemy, and send into the hospitals to denounce all acts of kindness to wounded

**A GERMAN ON GERMANY**  
*British Writer Translates a Remarkable Teutonic Pamphlet*

LOWES DICKINSON reminds us, in an article in the Hibbert Journal, that it is one of the evils of war that it cuts off the belligerent nations from all knowledge of the enemy's point of view. Meantime it may help us to judge more justly if we understand that there is, to the German mind, a German case. To illustrate this, I have brought together a few passages from a pamphlet by Dr. Friedrich Wilhelm Forster, entitled Deutschlands Jugend und der Weltkrieg. Dr. Forster is Professor of Education at Munich, and exercises a great in-



A Presidential race-horse: Will it prove a handicap?  
—Racey: Montreal Star.



Uncle Sam to the Sirens: "No, sir! You don't get me!"  
—Brinkerhoff: N.Y. Evening Mail.

prisoners. These are the elements that have always made the German name hateful abroad, these are the last and most dangerous foes of our country. To conquer and silence them must be your first task, young men of the new Germany; you who have been purified by sacrifice and suffering. For what would it profit our people if it gained the whole world and lost its own soul?"

Finally, Dr. Forster protests against the excesses of nationalism:

"The national principle has had a disastrously destructive effect on world-civilization. True, the nation is an invaluable aid and force for civilization, and it was undoubtedly a necessary phase that great national unities should find themselves, discover their right, join together in their own way, and become conscious of their peculiar mission. But all

this is worthless, it destroys itself, annihilates the whole sum of civilization, if these national unities do not perceive that a wider phase must follow—the re-establishment of true co-operation between the different races. What Goethe said of the selfish man, 'He secretly destroys his own worth by unsatisfying selfishness,' applies also to the nation that turns about itself as centre. In our new task of civilization the national principle must begin at last a great constructive world-policy. Otherwise there will ensue

**THE LAND OF "SOULS"**

*"Holy Russia" is Full of Beauty and Inconsistency Says an American*

IN Russia every one talks about his soul, at least so says John Reed, in an article on "Holy Russia" in the Metropolitan Magazine. Almost any conversation might have been taken from the pages of a Dostoevsky novel. The Russians get drunk on their talk; voices ring, eyes flash, they are exalted with a passion of self-revelation. In Petrograd I have seen a crowd in a cafe at two o'clock in the morning—of course no liquor was to be had—shouting and singing and pounding on the tables, quite intoxicated with talk.

Outside the windows of the train the amazing country flows by, flat as a table; for hours the ancient forest marches alongside, leagues and leagues of it, untouched by the axe, mysterious and sombre. At the edge of the trees runs a dusty track, along which an occasional heavy cart lurches, its rough-coated horse surmounted by a great wooden yoke from which dangles a brass bell, the driver a great-shouldered mujik with a brutish face overhung with hair. Hours apart are little thatched towns, mere slatings in the primeval woods, built of untrimmed boards around the wooden church, with its bright-painted cupolas; and the government vodka shop—closed now—easily the most pretentious building in the village. Wooden sidewalks on stilts, unpaved alley-like streets that are sloughs of mud, immense piles of cord-wood to burn in the engine—for all the world like a railroad town in the timber of the great North-west. Immense women with dazzling teeth and gay-coloured kerchiefs around their hair, booted giants of men in peaked caps and dun-coloured clothes and whiskers, and priests in long black coats and stovepipe hats with brims. Along the platform tall policemen much in evidence, with their yellow blouses, scarlet revolver cords and swords. Soldiers, of course, everywhere—by the tens of thousands.

Then great fields breaking suddenly from the woods and stretching to the far horizon, golden-heavy with wheat with black stumps sticking up in it. Russians are not patriotic like other races, I think. The Tsar to them is not the head of the government; he is a divinity. The government itself—the Bureaucracy—commands no loyalty from the masses; it is like a separate nation imposed upon the Russian people. As a rule they do not know what their flag looks like, and if they do it is not the symbol of Russia. And the Russian National Hymn is a hymn, a half-mystical great song; but no one feels it necessary to rise and remove his hat when it is played. As a people they have no sympathy with imperialism—they do not wish to make Russia a great country by conquest; in fact, they do not seem to realize



The Flinnigin of China:—"Off agin, on agin—which hat will he eventually wear?"  
—Fung: Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

that there is any world outside of Russia; that is why they fight so badly on an invasion of the enemy's country. But once let the enemy set foot on Russian soil and the mujiks turn into savage beasts, as they did in 1812, in 1915. Their farms, their houses, the woods and plains and holy cities are under the heel of the foreigner; that is why they fight so well on defence.

EVEN the English, who usually cling stubbornly to their way of living in all countries and under all conditions, are overpowered by Russia; the English colonies in Moscow and Petrograd are half Russian. And it takes hold of the minds of men because it is the most comfortable, the most liberal way of life. Russian ideas are the most exhilarating, Russian thought the freest, Russian art the most exuberant; Russian food and drink are to me the best; and Russians themselves are perhaps the most interesting human beings that exist.

And in Petrograd we knew some people who received callers between eleven o'clock at night and dawn. Many interesting characters went there, among them an old Jew who had bought immunity from the police for years, and who confided to us that he had written a History of Russian Political Thought in five volumes; four volumes had appeared and had been regularly confiscated upon publication—he was now engaged upon the fifth. He was always discussing political theories in a loud voice, breaking off every now and then to look out of the window to see if there were any police listening; for he had been in jail once for speaking the word "Socialism." He had developed a figurative style of speech. Before

he began to talk he would take us into a corner and in a whisper explain that when he said "daisy" that meant "Democracy," and when he said "poppy" that meant "Revolution"; and then he would go ahead, striding up and down the room and shouting all sorts of destructive doctrines.

How the Germans were finally removed from Moscow is another characteristic tale of Russian methods. Did they banish them? Did they put them in detention camps, No. The police let it privately be known that if the Moscow Germans wished to leave Russia, there was a means. In Moscow, they said, it was impossible for a German to get a passport to return to his own country; but if he would go to the Government of Perm, on the edge of Siberia, at the base of the Ural Mountains, he could there apply for a passport and be allowed to leave. Hundreds of Germans took the hint and crowded the trains that went in the direction of Perm. They are still there.

**CHINA'S BIG WRITER**

*Liang Ch'i-ch'ao has Profoundly Influenced Celestial Opinion*

THE ablest and by far the most influential writer on political affairs in China to-day is Liang Ch'i-ch'ao, according to J. O. P. Bland, in the Edinburgh Quarterly. His articles undoubtedly represent the views of many conservative scholars and of the numerically small but influential body of constitutional reformers. Liang Ch'i-ch'ao's whole record affords striking evidence of the permanent power of the pen in China, when wielded by a scholar whose personal integrity remains unquestioned. A protegee of the great literary Viceroy Chang Chih-tung, he was one of the foremost advocates of the Reform movement in 1898, and was appointed at that date by His Majesty Kuang Hsu to assume control of a Translation Bureau for the publication of standard foreign works on political economy and natural science. After the coup d'etat he escaped the fate of his colleagues by flight to Japan; there for many years he edited a newspaper which enjoyed a wide circulation. After 1900, his writings undoubtedly influenced many high officials in close touch with the Court, including Chang Chih-tung and Yuan Shih-k'ai, and from them originated much of the good advice which these Viceroys gave to Tzu Hsi in regard to constitutional reform.

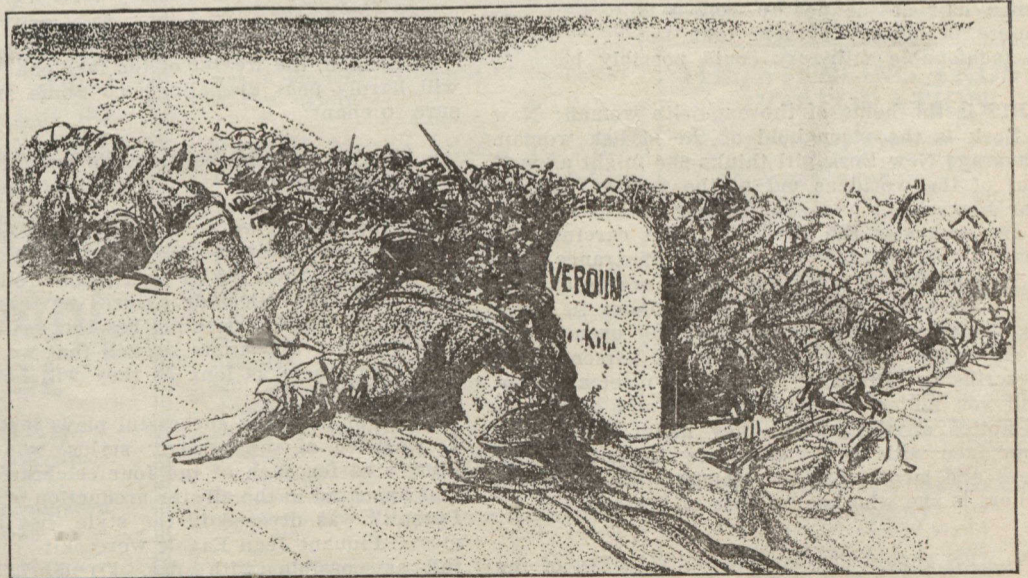
When the revolution broke out in 1911, Liang Ch'i-ch'ao opposed the Republican movement and boldly supported Yuan's policy of retaining the Manchus on the throne as a limited and constitutional monarchy. He returned at this period to Peking and took office as Minister of Justice in Yuan Shih-k'ai's short-lived Cabinet, just before the abdication of the Manchus. Later he became a member of the Council of State and of the Committee appointed for the re-drafting of the Constitution.

Many of Liang's arguments display the curious naivete which distinguishes the writings of even the ablest Chinese scholars and the solemn puerility of mind in which they approach the discussion of political questions. His analysis of the causes of the successful rule of President Diaz in Mexico, for instance, reads like the work of a prize pupil at a ladies' seminary.



Son: "What should I do if at first I don't succeed?"  
Father: "Lie, lie again, my son."

—Walker: London Daily Graphic.



The Milestone.

—Forain: Le Figaro, Paris.

# At the Sign of the Maple

EDITED BY  
ESTELLE M. KERR

## On Clothes—Why Should Paris Design Them For Us?

**A** FRIVOLOUS subject for war-time? That depends upon whether you bracket food and clothing or whether you lie awake at night planning costumes that will outclass those of your neighbours. Even in war-time we want our food good and well-cooked and temptingly served, and we have the same standard for our clothes. But as in war-time; we think it advisable to cut down expenses in champagne and caviar, so we ought to economize in imported luxuries in the line of dress.

**W**HY should far-off Paris design clothes for us to wear? Why should French model gowns be eagerly sought after by Canadians? The fearful and wonderful costumes that decorate the pages of our newspapers and periodicals are not frequently seen in Paris—were not even before the war except in the most fashionable hotels and restaurants. Their wearers rode in closed limousines and lead a life of luxurious ease, but the costumes designed for the idle rich of Paris are bought by the busy well-to-do of Canada, who wear them any time and anywhere. A French model gown! By all means, let us show ourselves in it as much as possible! This in the face of the fact that Paris labels them "fashions for neutrals," and the former wearers of these wonderful creations have donned a costume quite different, though they are still well-dressed, with beautifully laundered linen caps and aprons, and well-fitting shoes. A really well-dressed woman is never anything else.

**I**N due time we shall probably adopt a more nearly uniform way of dressing, not necessarily aping the clothes worn by men, but adopting styles that are suited to our activities. Would a hospital nurse look half so attractive on duty if she wore a satin and velvet creation of a French modiste, or a girl on horseback appear to advantage in a flower-trimmed hat? Yet I have seen Canadian women driving motors in large velvet hats trimmed with ostrich feathers, playing golf in sheath skirts, and tobogganing in their best tailored suits!

**F**RENCH women have not won the reputation of being the best-dressed women in the world because of the amount of money they spend on their clothes, nor from their promptitude in adopting the prevailing mode. Far from it. The poorer class make no pretence of keeping up with the style, but their clothes are neat, their skirts hang right, their blouses do not lack a button, and there is never a safety-pin in evidence. The amount of pins and brooches worn by an American girl is a source of wonder and amusement to the French, whose costumes are always adequately supplied with fastenings, and the uncovered heads and well-groomed hair of the poorer women is far more becoming to them than the most fashionable millinery could possibly be.

**P**ARIS is the home of the exquisite woman; New York is the stronghold of the stylish woman. The average New York girl thinks she might as well be out of the world as out of the fashion, and no matter how cheap and shoddy her clothes may be they are always of the latest cut. She carefully removes all individuality from her appearance and tries to resemble a fashion plate as nearly as possible. I am sorry to say that this applies to many young Canadians. There is something even worse than the stylish woman and that is the person whom we describe as "Dressy." When you meet a dressy woman you notice her clothes first—and often you don't notice anything else—they flaunt themselves in your face with their elaborate trimmings and laces and fringes. But the woman who outclasses all others is she who has "a style of her own."

**C**LOTHES should develop the individuality of the wearer, not conceal it. Why should Fashion arbitrarily decree that short fat women should wear

the same styles as tall thin ones? Not for many years have styles been so elastic. Even in New York there is considerable latitude this year. Some of the newest suits have skirts just wide enough to walk in comfort, while others are as wide as possible. Hats are broad and flat, small and high, and boots—well, the high light-coloured ones are so conspicuous that we are inclined to think everyone is wearing them, but, after all, the vast majority of women have either too much sense or too little money to indulge in these eccentricities of fashion. When we are buying clothes that will last for several seasons it is well to have the skirts of a reasonable length and to avoid awning stripes and violent checks of which we soon tire.



Miss Grace Hyman, of London, Ont., from a drawing by herself. Miss Hyman, who has specialized as a poster artist, is now designing exclusive costumes for wealthy New York women.

In London, the wearer of too fashionable garments will hardly pass unchallenged. Some small boy is sure to chant:

"She's the army contractor's only daughter  
Spending it now."

But the clothes we purchased before August, 1914, will not last forever. We must have new ones occasionally; then let us turn aside from the latest fads which the saleslady assures us that "everyone is wearing," and choose clothes that will harmonize with our face and figure so well that we may cheerfully wear them as long as they will hold together.

**I**N one of the most successful plays last winter the variance of the present styles was admirably illustrated for each of the four celebrated actresses that appeared in the all-star production of "The Great Pursuit" was dressed in the style that became her most. Piquant Jean Eagels wore skirts as short and full as possible with flat, broad-brimmed hats; statuesque Phyllis Neilson-Town were long, straight clinging gowns; dainty, plump, Marie Tempest wore

crinoline and high hats, and Cynthia Brooke appeared in handsome trailing gowns which suited her middle-aged figure. It was a lesson in the gentle art of choosing clothes for the style-worshippers who witnessed the performance.

**S**UDDEN and radical changes of style have popularized cheap and flimsy materials, for clothes of good material are never worn out, they become helplessly out of style. How long are we going to remain the slaves of fashion, and unprotestingly clothe ourselves in draperies according to decrees made in foreign lands? Few of us have sufficient talent to plan clothing for ourselves, but why not let Canadian experts design clothes for Canadians? Surely they know best the kind of clothes we want for the kind of lives we need? We are doing it—gradually. One of our largest stores has a staff of women designers and the profession will soon be adopted by many. But to achieve success two requirements are necessary. You must be first an artist, and, second, a dressmaker.

**M**ISS GRACE HYMAN, of London, is an accomplished artist, who had the benefit of continental training, and was for some years a designer for "Harper's Bazar." She has shown great dexterity in making clothes, and her friends say that whenever she is invited to a particularly nice party she designs and makes a new gown the night before; also, they say, if you locked her in a room with nothing but a stove and a rag carpet she would emerge in a Parisian costume. Since the war she has combined her two talents, and is now designing clothes for other people. Simplicity is their keynote, and it is combined with elegance, for they are to be worn by the fastidious patrons of Wannamaker's, New York, and her designs are executed by expert French tailors and dressmakers.

**N**OT only in fashionable garments is Miss Hyman a success. She has also a taste for the bizarre, and has designed many posters where eccentricities of style are elaborated. A fancy dress ball gives her an opportunity to create wonderful effects, and two costumes worn at the recent Beaux Art Ball in New York, though sketchily executed a few hours previous to the ball itself, were amongst the most admired costumes on the floor.

**O**NE of the most charming national costumes is the Japanese kimono, and it is very distressing to see that so many Japanese men have adopted Western clothes. One reason for this they say is because they are less expensive. Now a dress reform is being discussed in Japan with a view to making the kimono more practical and more economical. Prizes have been offered for the best models of kimonos of all sorts—for men, women and children, and we hope they will be able to achieve the desired results without sacrificing the graceful lines and artistic embroideries of their dress.

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### War Work

**V**IEWED from the standard of a pageant the great procession of women in Toronto on Dominion Day was not everything to be desired, but there was a great spirit underlying the parade. It was not so much a glorification of what women have done for the country in war time as a suggestion of what they are able to accomplish. The sight of the marching women who have given their sons and husbands to their country, the floats that epitomized the ceaseless labour of many lands for the comfort of our soldiers, the women volunteers who have offered themselves for war work, and those who are busy making munitions, inspired many to consecrate themselves to the service of the nation. The procession was headed by a military band, and a flag guarded by girl guides, while other bands were in

(Concluded on page 13.)



LEGAL NOTICE

**Canadian Calumet & Montana Mining Company, Limited**

**PUBLIC** Notice is hereby given that under the First Part of chapter 79 of the Revised Statutes of Canada, 1906, known as "The Companies Act," letters patent have been issued under the Seal of the Secretary of State of Canada, bearing date the 21st day of February, 1916, incorporating Thomas Anderson Burgess and J. Ogle Carss, barristers-at-law, Charles Osborne Wood, civil engineer, and Mary Ida Keays and Margaret Surgenor, stenographers, all of the City of Ottawa, in the Province of Ontario, for the following purposes, viz:—

(a) To prospect for, open, explore, develop, work, improve, maintain, and manage gold, silver, copper, nickel, lead, coal, iron and other mines, quarries, mineral and other deposits and properties and to dig for, dredge, raise, crush, wash, smelt, roast, assay, analyze, reduce and amalgamate and otherwise treat ores, metals and mineral substances of all kinds, whether belonging to the company or not, and to render the same merchantable, and to sell and otherwise dispose of the same, or any part thereof, or any interest therein, and generally to carry on the business of a mining, milling, reduction and development company;

(b) To acquire by purchase, lease, concession, license, exchange, or other legal title, mines, mining lands, easements, mineral properties or any interest therein, minerals and ores and mining claims, options, powers, privileges, water and other rights, patent rights, processes and mechanical or other contrivances and either absolutely or conditionally, and either solely or jointly with others, and as principals, agents, contractors or otherwise and to lease, place under license, sell, dispose of and otherwise deal with the same or any part thereof or any interest therein;

(c) To construct, maintain, alter, make, work and operate on the property of the company, or on property controlled by the company, tramways, telegraph or telephone lines, reservoirs, dams, flumes, race and other ways, water powers, aqueducts, wells, roads, piers, wharves, buildings, shops, smelters, refineries, dredges, furnaces, mills and other works and machinery, plant and electrical and other appliances of every description, and to buy, sell, manufacture and deal in all kinds of goods, stores, implements, provisions, chattels and effects required by the company or its workmen or servants;

(d) To construct or acquire by lease, purchase, or otherwise and to operate and maintain undertakings, plant, machinery, works and appliances for the generation or production of steam, electric, pneumatic, hydraulic, or other power or force; also lines of wire, poles, tunnels, conduits, works and appliances for the storing, delivery and transmission under or above ground of steam, electric, pneumatic, hydraulic or other power or force for any purpose for which the same may be used, and to contract with any company or person upon such terms as are agreed upon to connect the company's lines of wire, poles, tunnels, conduits, works and appliances with those of any such company or persons, and generally to carry on the business of generating, producing and transmitting steam, electric, pneumatic, hydraulic or other power or force; to acquire by lease, purchase, or otherwise steam, electric, pneumatic, hydraulic or other power or force, and to use, sell, lease or otherwise dispose of the same and all power and force produced by the company, provided, however, that any sale, distribution or transmission of electric, pneumatic, hydraulic or other power or force beyond the lands of the company shall be subject to local and municipal regulations;

(e) To take, acquire and hold as the consideration for ores, metals, or minerals sold or otherwise disposed of, or for goods supplied or for work done by contract or otherwise, shares, debentures, bonds or other securities of or in any other company having objects similar to those of the company and to sell or otherwise dispose of the same, notwithstanding the provisions of section 44 of the said Act;

(f) To manufacture and deal in logs, lumber, timber, wood, metal, all articles into the manufacture of which wood or metal enters and all kinds of natural products and by-products thereof;

(g) To build upon, develop, cultivate, farm, settle and otherwise improve and utilize the lands of the company and to lease, sell, or otherwise deal with or dispose of the same and to aid and assist by way of bonus advances of money or otherwise, with or without security, settlers and intending settlers upon any lands belonging to or sold by the company, or in the neighbourhood of such lands, and generally to promote the settlement of such lands;

(h) To purchase or otherwise acquire and undertake and assume all or any part of the assets, business, property, privileges, contracts, rights, obligations and liabilities of any person, firm or company carrying on any business which this company is authorized to carry on, or any business similar thereto or possessed of property, suitable for the purposes thereof;

(i) To raise and assist in raising money

for and to aid by way of bonus, loan, promise, endorsement, guarantee or otherwise any corporation in the capital stock of which the company holds shares, or with which it may have business relations, and to act as employee, agent or manager of any such corporation, and to guarantee the performance of contracts by any such corporation, or by any person or persons with whom the company may have business relations;

(j) To build, acquire, own, charter, navigate and use steam and other vessels;

(k) To apply for, purchase or otherwise acquire any patents of invention, trade marks, copyrights or similar privileges relating to or which may be deemed useful to the company's business and to sell or otherwise dispose of the same as may be deemed expedient;

(l) To join, consolidate and amalgamate with any person, society, company or corporation carrying on a business similar in whole or in part to that of this company and to pay or receive the price agreed upon in cash or in paid-up and non-assessable shares, bonds or debentures or other securities or guarantees of the company;

(m) To develop or assist in developing any auxiliary or allied company carrying on business of a like nature or germane to that of this company and to become shareholders in the same;

(n) To enter into partnership or into any arrangement for sharing profits, union of interests, co-operation, joint adventure, reciprocal concession or otherwise with any person or company carrying on or engaged in, or about to carry on or engage in any business or transaction which the company is authorized to carry on, or engage in;

(o) To lease, sell or otherwise dispose of the property and assets of the company, or any part thereof, for such consideration as the company may deem fit, including shares, debentures or securities of any company;

(p) To do all acts and exercise all powers and carry on all business incidental to the due carrying out of the objects for which the company is incorporated and necessary to enable the company to profitably carry on its undertakings;

(q) To do all or any of the above things as principals, agents or attorneys. The operations of the company to be carried on throughout the Dominion of Canada and elsewhere by the name of "Canadian Calumet & Montana Mining Company, Limited," with a capital stock of forty thousand dollars, divided into 40,000 shares of one dollar each, and the chief place of business of the said company to be at the City of Toronto, in the Province of Ontario.

Dated at the office of the Secretary of State of Canada, this 24th day of February, 1916.

THOMAS MULVEY,  
Under-Secretary of State.

**Money and Magnates**

**Australia's Credit and Ours**

IT is impossible for anyone to miss the significance of the fact that while the Australian Government's recent bond issue was a "failure" on the British market, Canadian Government 15-year bonds are still selling ABOVE par in New York. Comparisons in this case would indeed be extremely odious if it were not for the significance of this news to Canadians. Australia had every reason to expect a liberal subscription to her loan. What Australians have done in this war is only too well known. But the fact that 40 per cent. of the bonds in the recent issue were left on the hands of the London underwriters indicates that Britain simply has not at the present time available liquid assets to be converted into Australian securities. Australia's credit could not be better.

The opposite fact, however, that Canadian Government securities are at a premium across the border line means two things: first, that the Americans have plenty of money, and secondly, that Canada is the most favoured borrower. "There is no other country in the world," said an American financial journalist, recently, "that can borrow as much and borrow it as cheaply as Canada can in the New York market. Offer five loans in New York—one from Great Britain, one from France, one from Russia, another from Germany, and one from Canada—and on the open market Canada will get the money twice as fast as even England! Why? Because people down here know Canada. It's close to home! It talks our talk and has laws like ours."

There is reason for the greatest kind of congratulation in a situation such as this. We can rest assured that the supply of capital for Canadian enterprises of good sort, will not be in any doubt in the next few years. What should be borne in mind, however, is the need for care in handling our business affairs, so as to build a good commercial credit as well as governmental credit.

**New York Interests Again Buying in Canadian Markets**

NEW YORK interests, which were recently active in the Canadian munition stocks, have again entered the Toronto and Montreal markets, and heavy purchases for their account have been made during the past few days, especially in the steel issues. One Montreal brokerage house is said to have handled an order for over a hundred thousand dollars' worth of these securities. The resumption of the activity is attributed to the belief that if war eventuates with Mexico, Canadian securities of this nature will be in greater favour than will the New York specialties, as conditions on this side of the border will not be affected to anything like the same extent as those in the United States. It will be remembered that a couple of weeks ago New Yorkers were selling the Canadian stocks which had been accumulated lower down, and that the reaction here was in the main attributed to liquidation of that nature.

**Russell Motor Likely to Get Dividends From Overland This Year**

BUSINESS of the Willys-Overland Co. of Canada is proving remarkably satisfactory, and it has been difficult to keep up with the demand so far this year. Earnings are better than anticipated, and it is understood that the full 7 per cent. dividend on the preferred stock of the company will be paid for this year. The Russell Motor Co. has a large holding of this stock, which it received for turning over its plant to the Overland concern, and will, of course, benefit materially from any dividend declarations.

Cheap.—Woman in the Western States offers to sell her husband. We know a few ladies who would be glad to give theirs away and offer something to boot—if that were legal.

**We own and offer a wide range of Canadian City Bonds to Yield 5% to 6.30%.**

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Consultation invited.

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Assets under administration,  
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Two flavors



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200 "	"	2.00	"	3.00
100 "	"	2.50	"	4.00
100 "	"	" 3.00 to 5.00 "	"	4.50

Total 600 Outside Rooms

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New Unique Cafes and Cabaret Excellent

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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

## What is a Canadian?

(Continued from page 4.)

national figure that everybody recognizes as Canadian without the label. The nearest we ever come to it is Old Man Ontario. Being a young country that does not suit us. The pine tree, the maple leaf and the busy beaver have all been overworked in our national literature—such as we have. None of them satisfy us. We have a great deal more human interest in Uncle Sam, who is as much like the average citizen of Chicago as a full moon is a like a cant-hook; yet Chicago is said to be the typical American city.

What city contains the typical Canadian? In the words of the backwoods poet, "There aint so sich animal." We know that we are conscious of certain patriotic emotions—according to whether we are in Halifax, Quebec, Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg or Vancouver. We buy a ticket to New York and find ourselves in a place that makes them all seem tame and juvenile. We cross to London and New York becomes the memory of a huge delirious noise. When we get back to Canada we vow there is no place like home. Why we say it we never know; more than the immigrant boy knew why he was thrilled so strangely by the telegraph poles on the snake-fence road to the country school. If we were absolutely honest with ourselves we should confess that we are still glad to be thrilled by the mystery of a land which so far has defied the most remarkable attempts of the railway and the manufacturer, the modern farmer and the politician to reduce it to a state of complete civilization. There is still a vision of Canada. We are not yet blasé and tired of ourselves. We are still waiting for the poet or the painter who can catch the vision of Canada and make it live. If he ever does, he will have to get away from the railway and the smokestack and the parliament building into a picture that is older and newer than any of them. Any man who can accomplish that will be able to express without any fear of odious comparison the national enigma—What is a Canadian?

## At the Sign of the Maple

(Concluded from page 16.)

ttersed throughout the procession, which marched from the City Hall to Queen's Park, where a service was held and recruiting speeches given.

Miss Dorothy Dayton, of Girton College, Cambridge, has been awarded the income from the Lawrence Fund for an investigation of pneumonia produced by poisonous gases. This fund is devoted to research in the relief of human suffering, and amounts to about £160 per annum.

Last month the second annex to the Maple Leaf Club was opened in London through the efforts of the I.O.D.E., but still the accommodation is inadequate, and Lady Drummond has made a further appeal for \$25,000. She has offered to give \$5,000 herself, Lady Strathcona \$2,500, and Sir George Perley \$1,000, but further subscriptions will be welcomed. In response to a previous appeal the Daughters of the Empire raised \$11,000, of which \$2,000 went to the purchasing of an X-Ray machine for the I.O.D.E. Officers' Hospital in Hyde Park, which was recently visited by the King and Queen, who cabled their appreciation.

Ottawa's Patriotic Street Fair on June 28, 29 and 30 was a novelty most effectively carried out by the Soldiers' Comforts Committee of the Women's Canadian Club, who are maintaining a Y.M.C.A. hut behind the Canadian firing line.

## Hotel Directory

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COURIER DECENNIAL CAMPAIGN

IN December, 1916, the Canadian Courier will be exactly ten years old. It purposes to celebrate this important event in the manner most fitting to a public journal...

THE CHRONICLES OF CANADA, as presented in the Courier files, are varied and interesting reading. The resume of Canadian history, as presented week after week...

WAR RECORDS.—We have the fact that numbers of people want back copies of the Courier for the sake of a pictorial and editorial review of the great war.

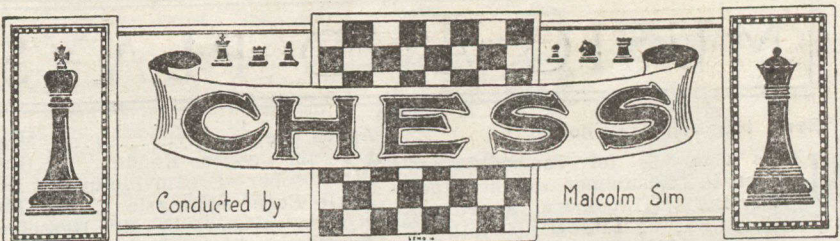
WORLD OUTLOOK.—Recently the Courier has broadened its scope from a review largely of Canadian events only to a survey of world happenings and opinions.

SUBSCRIBERS.—The Courier is of the opinion that the supporters of a journal with such superior aims must belong to the most alert and progressive classes of Canadians.

CO-OPERATION.—That's just the word. How can a Courier reader co-operate? By passing along his copy to a friend...

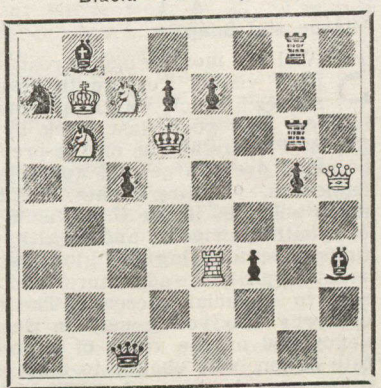
COUPON.

Courier Decennial Campaign. Canadian Courier: I am so interested in the Courier as a chronicle of Canadian and world events that I wish those named below to see sample issues without expense or liability.



Address all correspondence to the Chess Editor, Canadian Courier, 30 Grant St., Toronto.

PROBLEM NO. 54, by Frank Janet, Mount Vernon, N.Y. (Specially composed for the "Courier.") (A "Pickabish.")



Black.—Twelve pieces. White.—Five pieces.

Our Problem No. 50, issue June 24, the solution of which is given below, exploits the task of creating four separate variations from the moves of a single Black Pawn to four squares.

Problem No. 55, C. S. Kipping. Second Prize, Westminster Gazette, 6 June, 1914.

White: K at QR8; Q at QRsq; Rs at QB8 and Q2; Bs at QB4 and K3; Kts at QB3 and Q8; Ps at QKt4, Q6, KB7, KR3, KR4 and KR5.

Black: K at KB4; Q at K4; R at Kkt2; Bs at KRsq and KR2; Ps at Q2, K5, KB3 and KB6.

White mates in three. SOLUTIONS.

Problem No. 49, by P. Pirnie. 1. B-Kt2, P-Q4; 2. B-Rsq, P-Q5; 3. Q-Kt2 mate.

Problem No. 50, by W. I. Kennard. 1. Kt-Q2, P-Q3; 2. R-KB5 mate.

Problem No. 51, by W. I. Kennard. 1. Kt-Q2, P-Q3; 2. R-KB5 mate.

White: K at QRsq; Q at KB6; Rs at QKt8 and KR5; Bs at Q6 and Kkt8; Kts at QKtsq and Q4; Ps at QKt5, QB2, and QB5.

Black: K at QB5; R at Q4; B at QRsq; Ps at QKt5, K2 and K5. Mate in two. (1. Kt-B6.)

Solver's Ladder. Table with columns: No. 46, No. 47, Total. Rows: J. Kay, R. G. Hunter, W. J. Faulkner, R. A. Leduc, J. R. Ballantyne, F. Coombs.

No. 46 is cooked by 1. R-K4 ch. This was sent in by Mr. Leduc and also Mr. Ballantyne...

CHESS FROM SWITZERLAND. The following game, between two Roumanian players, won a brilliancy prize in the 42nd correspondence tournament of the "Revue Suisse Echecs."

Giucco Piano.

- White. J. Perommer. (Bale). 1. P-K4 2. Kt-KB3 3. B-B4 4. P-B3 5. P-Q4 6. PxP 7. K-Bsq (a) 8. PxP 9. Kt-B3 (c) 10. PxP 11. B-R3 12. Q-Ksq (e) 13. Kt-K5 14. B-Kt3 15. Q-Q2 16. R-Ksq 17. P-Bsq 18. P-KR4 19. Q-Q3 20. P-OB4 21. B-B2 22. KtxPch 23. KtxPch 24. Q-Kt3ch 25. BxP (j) 26. RxKtch 27. Q-B4ch

(a) This disruption is doubtless inferior to the more usual 7. B-Q2 or even 7. Kt-B3. (b) If 7. KtxKP, then 8. P-Q5 gives White the superior game.

END-GAME NO. By L. Prokes.

White: K at KBsq; R at Q6; Kt at Kkt5; Ps at QR2, QR5, QB4, Q2 and K Kt2. Black: K at K4; Q at KB5; Ps at QR3, QR6, QKt2 and KB7. White to play and win.

Solution. 1. R-Q4, Q-Kt6 (a); 2. R-Q5ch, K-B5; 3. Kt-R3ch, K-K5; 4. KtxPch, K-B5; 5. Kt-R3ch, K-K5; 6. Kt-Kt5ch, K-B5; 7. Kt-K6ch, K-K5; 8. Kt-B5ch, K-B5; 9. R-Kt5! Q-R7!; 10. Kt-K6ch, K-K5; 11. K-K2, Q-Q3 (e); 12. Kt-B5ch, K-B5; 13. P-Kt3ch, KxR; 14. Kt-K4ch and wins (f).

Cry for Discipline.—'T'll be mighty glad when my boy, Josh, gets back home,' said Farmer Corntossel.

Young Man! Aim At That First Thousand. The thing that counts, said a man of independently large means, accumulated by hard work, saving and wise investments...

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**MUSIC AND PLAYS**

**Boris Hambourg, Principal.**

IT is a matter for congratulation, even in midsummer weather, that Mr. Boris Hambourg announces his intention of taking his father's place in the Hambourg Conservatory. This does not mean of course that he will attempt to do the work his father was doing. But he will be the head of the Conservatory and as such will make it possible to carry on the ideas for which his father stood. He has a loyal and upit faculty behind him, most of whom are imbued with the conservatory traditions. He himself understands his father's methods and ideas better than any others of the faculty. A new man will likely be brought in to be head of the piano department which contains now two or three instructors thoroughly equipped with the Hambourg propaganda. Many changes will be gradually made. And it is a good thing for musical Canada that the good work begun by the Hambourgs will be carried on by the Hambourgs with so noted a musician and undoubted artist as Boris Hambourg at the head.

**A Hesselberg Recital.**

**T**HURSDAY week before last at the Hesselberg Studio a refined and highly enjoyable piano recital was given by pupils of Mr. Hesselberg. As usual at Hesselberg recitals, art was the keynote. Eighteen students were on the programme which was extremely modern and cosmopolitan in range, selected with regard to what so long a list of pupils could do with the maximum enjoyment to the audience based upon distinct credit to themselves. Among those who achieved a high degree of art expression were the following: Sylvia Gurofsky—Chaconne... Durand

**In Lighter Vein**

**Boots.**  
(By Us and Kipling.)  
We're foot—walk—walk—walkin' over city street!  
Foot—foot—foot—foot, some so awkward, some so neat—  
(Boots—boots—boots—boots—mottled kind and dappled, too!)  
There's no relief from the style!  
Seven—six—eleven—five—nine and twenty kinds to-day—  
Four—eleven—seventeen—thirty-two, the day before—  
(Boots—boots—boots—boots, shinin' bright in blue or green!)  
There's no relief from the style.  
Don't—don't—don't—don't—shy at what's in front of you.  
(Boots—boots—boots—boots, vici kids and colour schemes);  
Men—men—men—men—men go mad with watchin' 'em.  
And there's no relief from the style.  
Count—count—count—count the stripings in the hosiery;  
If—your—eyes—drop—you may miss a pair or two;  
(Boots—boots—boots—boots, oyster gray and common white)—  
There's no relief from the style!  
—Detroit News.

**A Correction**

IN a recent issue of the Courier, when dealing with the patriotic endeavours of the citizens of the town of Trenton in furthering the comforts of the boys in khaki, reference was made to various local organizations. A correction is due

Agnes Glover—Idyll ..... Merkel  
Bertram Cooper—Rondo ..... Gurlitt  
Rita Cooper—Dream Pictures ..Bohm  
Kyle Peene—Fantasie ..... Gurlitt  
(Orchestral part by Mr. Hesselberg)  
Vera Ings—Rhapsodie ..... Brahms  
Concerto ..... Mendelssohn

The Valse in E Flat Major of Durand and played by Miss Lily Granatstein and the Rachmaninoff Prelude Militaire played by Miss Vera Ings and Miss Mackay (arrangement for the pianos by Mr. Hesselberg) are deserving of special mention.


**Vigour and Snap.**

**S**EVERAL months ago a road company visited Toronto in "Rolling Stones" which was again offered to local play goers last week by the Robins Players and as on the previous occasion drew large and appreciative audiences. "Rolling Stones" has been much belauded in the U.S.A. as a play of youthful vigour and healthy optimism, epitomizing the glowing American spirit of adventure and the will to financial success. The play concerns two young men in despondency and on the verge of a precipitate action, who chance to meet each other on a bridge under which flows a sluggish river whose slimy bed affords a last resting place to human derelicts. Chance throws these unfortunate youths together and Buck Ryder determines to try again, inducing his friend in adversity to come along with him. They succeed with methods which the majority of people would deprecate, but in the end, after a complicated legal entanglement their joint action establishes the young men in a candy factory. A vein of comedy, humorous situations and well-drawn characterizations enliven the play which was effectively and realistically staged.

Mrs. George A. White, who, for nearly nine years, has been regent of the local chapter of the Daughters of the Empire, and of course entitled to credit for the activities of the I. O. D. E. Mrs. Whittier is not the president of the I. O. D. E., as stated, but of the Women's Patriotic Working Club, and vice-president of Trenton Patriotic Association.

**Seven Dozen Bracelets**

(Continued from page 9.)  
course in salesmanship from a ladies finishing school."  
Pobr Archie had settled his own fate all unknowingly.  
Mr. Flanagan was instantly and bitterly jealous of a Yiddisher boy who could sell the goods where he himself had failed.  
"Humph," said he. "You don't say so." He inspected the Karloff O. K. "Nothing doing for them. I just got word from Mr. O'Laughlin that he has sold our entire stock to three concerns who make Putzman & Karloff look like cancelled checks. Just run back and tell them how much we regret it."  
"It's as much as my life is worth, Mr. Flanagan! Those fellows will scalp me sure."  
"Suit yourself. I'm sorry to say that we've got to dispense with your valuable services. After this month you need not report for duty."  
Archie felt that he needed air, so he went outdoors.  
"O! Jobless, and engaged to the swellest little blossom in the lane!"  
He counted his money. "Three eighty-five will buy her a lunch, anyway. When I get another look into those sweet pools of love that are her eyes, I'll feel so much better that I won't be afraid to kick a bulldog or punch a policeman."  
He found a telephone booth and presently the liquid sweetness of Fannie's voice was thrilling his soul.  
"Putzman & Karloff."  
"Hello, baby. This is your Archie boy. How are you to-day, petsie?"



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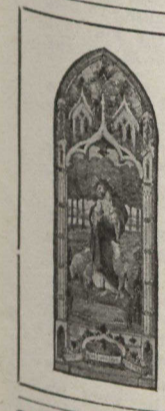
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"Well." Just one word and she clipped that short.

"Aw, Fan, you ain't got a grouch on for your sweetheart, have you?"

"What is it you wish? I'm very busy to-day," said she, shortly.

"Aw, fer Lord's sake, baby," cried Archie, in despair, "be a little decent, can't you? I got bad news for you. Shall I tell you now or will you hear it at lunch with me? I'll take you to Antoni's for a three yard Dago feed."

"What's the news?"

"I'm fired. I got to rustle up a new slave-driver, but you'll have your diamond, kiddums. Come to lunch with me—"

Miss Lafferty stopped him with a laugh. Don't worry about a ring, Mr. Adler. Our engagement is off. I've got a date for lunch with my friend from Omaha. Good-bye."

To his petrification the receiver at the other end was hung up and the inquiring voice of Central was all that remained. He was too stunned to hang up or to answer and still held the receiver to his ear.

In a moment he heard a little click, as someone came in on the line. And the next moment Fannie's voice calling a number. And then her excited giggle as she got her party.

"Hello, Miss Myers. Rush that white satin for me. I'm going to wear it to a big dance with my friend from Omaha. He telephoned a little while ago to tell me he is back in town; we made up and I just threw the other one down. Gimme a western fellah every time."

Adler hung up and mopped his heated brow. "Ditched, my boy. Canned!"

He looked at his watch and then dashed off determinedly in the direction of the fickle Fannie.

He was just in time to see her leaving the entrance of the Goldsmith's building on the arm of a man, who, to his prejudiced gaze, seemed to have Omaha written all over him.

"So that's Omaha, is it? I bet she will soon be asking him, 'how steady is your job?'"

His miserable eye fell upon the Putzman & Karloff sign. The next moment he was in the elevator.

The partners seemed to have settled their differences, for each was sitting peaceably enough at his own desk.

"My gosh!" exclaimed Putzman, "here comes that salesman again! Run under your desk, Jake, or he will sell us the Statue of Liberty."

"Thank you, Mr. Putzman. It shows me that you think I can sell goods. I'll be needing a job at the end of this month, and I thought maybe you could use me. Flanagan, Einstein & O'Laughlin are cutting down expenses, and I being the last one hired, have to be the first one fired."

"A salesman maybe we might need, Adler, but a sandbag artist like you should only apply for a job from crooks," said Putzman, playing with his inkwell.

"I got to tell you gentlemen that we can't deliver your order for watch bracelets, because, while I was talking to you, our whole supply was sold by one of the firm."

"Hurray!" cried Putzman. "You're a sassy one, all right, but I like the way you go after orders—not a bit scared of nobody."

At the end of fifteen minutes Adler found himself definitely in possession of his new job, but the persistent vision of Fannie, clinging to the man from Omaha, kept the smiles out of his face and forced the sighs from his heart.

"Hey," demanded the keen-eyed Putzman, "whatcha so blue over? Ain't you just got a good job?"

"Yes, Mr. Putzman, but—"

"Out mit it. Own up."

"Well, Mr. Putzman, it's true I lost one job and got a better one right away, but—"

"Didn't I tell you to out mit it?"

"I lost my girl, Mr. Putzman." The old man slapped his shoulder. "Cheer up, my boy, cheer up. A swell salesman like what I'll teach you to be can always easy get so many girls that he'll have to carry a cane to keep 'em away. The woods is full of girls, y'understand, but a good job is a scarcity."



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Mr. Grylls tapped his knee with his forefinger, rose with an air of ponderous finality, drained his glass and set it down with neat precision.

"A flood of light!" he remarked. "I didn't go far wrong in pressing you about that smack in the face, Mr. Polgleaze, though you were so huffy over it. You have been what I call a mine of information which ought to work up into a very pretty case. You haven't a notion, I suppose, of what the stuff was that they were handling under the rose?"

"Nary a guess. It might have been contraband of war that Pengarvan was smuggling out to one of those petty-fogging states that are always scrapping, or it may have been that he was just robbing the firm by taking out ordinary merchandise and raking in the freight himself."

"Well, that will have to be investigated later," said Mr. Grylls, putting on his cheese-cutter cap. "I'm obliged to you, sir, and I'll keep you posted if anything turns up. No, don't trouble to come down. I'll slip out without giving the gentlemen in the bar a chance to pump me. I'm such an infant at this sort of work that if I had another glass I might give some of this away."

But as the Superintendent made his way back to his office his unspoken reflections had nothing in common with the babbling of an infant.

"Master Wilson knows more than he has told," he said to himself. "He led me by the nose right up to Lance Pengarvan, and stopped short as soon as he had planted his seed of suspicion. Now that's a generous attitude for anyone to take up towards a man who has handled you as he has been handled. Generosity isn't Wilson's strong point. It's a bit of a conundrum."

If the astute police-officer could have seen his late host at that moment he would not have found the answer to that conundrum, but he would have confirmed his opinion that Wilson Polgleaze knew more than he had told. For up in his tawdry room at the third-rate hotel the new chief of "Polgleaze and Son" was cuddling the stiff dram he had poured for himself on his visitor's departure, and was chuckling words, meaningless to any chance hearer, but from which Mr. Grylls would have extracted a juicy kernel.

"I've fed that old fool up with the clue, and still got the trump card up my sleeve," he was muttering. "We will let the kettle simmer a while, Miss Hilda Carlyon, before we set it on to boil."

CHAPTER XI.

Left Behind.

ON the summit of the headland that sheltered St. Runan's Bay to the eastward there stood, at the very brink of the cliff, the crumbling remains of four stout stone walls, which year after year were being battered into little more than a shapeless heap. The ruin, the roof of which had long ago fallen in, had once been the hut whence the "huer" had watched for shoals of pilchard so as to signal their whereabouts to the boats at sea.

On the Sunday morning after the departure of "The Lodestar," a jack-daw, on its way to its nest in the cliff face, perched on one of the walls, but instantly with a hoarse croak of indignation rose into the air and resumed its flight, startled by the unwonted sight of a human being in the stone-littered, grass-grown enclosure.

His eyes glued to a chink in the masonry, a brown-faced boy of fourteen was directing his gaze alternately at the three cottages in the cove far below, and at the grim pile of St. Runan's Tower perched on the opposite headland. The youngster was travel-stained, not to say dirty, though there was nothing about him to suggest the homeless vagabond. His blue reefer jacket was fairly new, and his shoes, save for the caked mud upon them, were in good order. Yet the pinched and drawn expression on his face denoted hunger, and the fear in the hunted eyes that were made for merriment would have been apparent had anyone been there to see.

Now and again he consulted a cheap, nickel-cased watch, his vigilance in-

creasing as the hands approached the hour of ten. Almost to a second he was rewarded by the sight of a tall, gaunt figure in black emerging from one of the cottages in the cove and striking into the road that skirted the little settlement. It was Nathan Craze, starting on his four mile tramp to the Wesleyan chapel where he officiated as deacon. It was a sunny day, and the glint of the metal clasp of the huge bible he carried was plainly visible to the boy in his eyrie.

Thenceforward he gave his sole attention to the entrance gates of the Tower, and twenty minutes later he saw an object which at that distance resembled an elongated beetle crawl out of the drive and down the shoulder of the hill into the main road. The boy was well aware that the beetle was the equipage in which the long-suffering Jenny, gently urged by Timothy Pascoe, was conveying Miss Carlyon and Mrs. Pengarvan to church.

The boy had evidently been waiting for the passage of these worshippers from cot and mansion before breaking cover. No sooner had the chaise disappeared than he left the ruin and, after speeding like a hare across the wind-stunted grass of the headland, struck with practised feet into a steep path which brought him to the cove. Glancing fearfully to right and left, he slipped into the door of Nathan Craze's cottage.

"Marry" he cried in hushed tones. "Marry, are you there? It's Billy."

A SURPRISED exclamation sounded overhead, and Marigold came down the stairs, which were little better than a ladder, into the living-room.

"Why, whatever is the matter? Has your ship been wrecked?" she asked, scanning her brother's drawn face anxiously.

"Not that I know of; I was left behind," replied the boy, his lips twitching, as though he was on the verge of tears. "And speak low, Marry. The neighbours—no, nor father either—mustn't know. Give me something to eat. I'm starving."

She set food before him, watching while he ate ravenously. A faint colour mounted in his cheeks, but the hunted look was still in his eyes.

"Where have you been since 'The Lodestar' sailed?" the girl asked when he pushed his plate aside.

"Making my way here at night and laying up by day," was the reply. "I have been frightened, Sis, and I had to hide."

"You must have done something very wrong?"

"I haven't done any harm, but there are reasons why I mustn't be seen till Captain Pengarvan comes home again," the boy rejoined sullenly.

Marigold was at a loss what to make of him. He was such a merry little fellow as a rule, prone to mischief, perhaps, but fearless and open as the day. She could hardly believe that this was the same lad who had gone blithely off to join his ship ten days ago, promising to bring a parrot when he returned from the voyage which it seemed was to be no voyage at all. She had heard that morning from a neighbour of the murder of Jacob Polgleaze in Fal-mouth, but she did not connect the tragedy with her brother's unexpected appearance at the cottage.

"I don't quite see why you've come, Billy," she said, "if you mustn't be seen till Captain Pengarvan is home again. That will be four months, and might be six. How are you to live in this tiny cottage without father knowing, for instance? You say that even he mustn't be let into the secret of your having been left behind."

"He'd ropes-end it out of me, and another secret that's back of it," replied Billy. "I'd rather anyone should know but him. I watched him off to chapel before I dared come down."

"Then tell me just what you want me to do, little brother," said Marigold gently. "I'll do anything I can. What was in your mind when you came to me for help?"

"I thought if you'd bring me grub I'd camp in Smuggler's Hole—the cave in the cliff under the Tower. It's like

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## The National Directory of Schools and Colleges

The following is a list of some of the Leading Canadian Schools and Colleges which the Canadian Courier recommends as desirable institutions for the education of Canadian children. Most of them have years of reputation behind them.

### BOYS' SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES.

- Bishops College School, Lennoxville, P.Q.
- Lower Canada College, Montreal.
- Ridley College, St. Catharines, Ont.
- St. Andrew's College, Toronto.
- St. Clement's College, Toronto.
- St. Michael's College, Toronto.
- Stanstead Wesleyan College, Stanstead, Que.
- Trinity College School, Port Hope, Ont.

### BUSINESS SCHOOLS.

- Shaw's Business Schools, Toronto.

### CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS.

- Shaw's Correspondence Schools, Toronto.

### GIRLS' SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES.

- Bishop Bethune College, Oshawa, Ont.
- Loretto Abbey College and Academy, Toronto.
- Moulton College, Toronto.
- Mount Allison Ladies' College and University, Sackville, N.B.
- St. Margaret's College, Toronto.
- Stanstead Wesleyan College, Stanstead, Que.
- Westbourne School, Toronto.

### UNIVERSITIES.

- Queen's University, Kingston, Ont.

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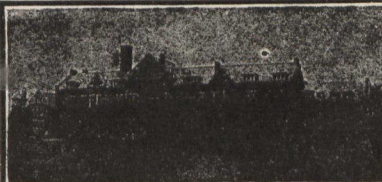
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a rabbit-warren, and nobody comes nigh it, 'cepting in August—tourist folk with hammers chipping for fossils. If I was there still I could easy give them the slip."

The boy's face had grown eager with the disclosure of his plan, and Marigold realised that there must be some serious reason for his willingness to subject himself to the discomfort of a long residence in that sinister cavern. Besides, the scheme was impracticable. Her father, to say nothing of the fishermen in the other cottages, was up and down the beach at all times of the day and night. Billy would not be able to resist coming out for air and exercise, if she knew anything of him. He would be discovered within a week, and she told him so.

"We can do better than that," she added quickly, fearing that he was going to cry. "Miss Carlyon would let you stay at the Tower if I asked her, I am sure. Would you mind her knowing that you were left behind?"

Billy brightened at once. "Not if she didn't have to be told the reason why I got left," his answer came quickly. "I couldn't tell her that—not before the Captain comes home. I must see him—have his orders—before I open my lips to a living soul."

"Then let me think a minute," said Marigold. "Yes, you must hide in my bedroom as quiet as a mouse till after dark. Father isn't coming back to dinner. He's to eat with the minister and stay for evening service. He'll go straight to bed directly he gets home, and then you can creep out and go up to the Tower. I'll make it all right with Miss Hilda during the day."

The boy weighed his sister's proposal with pursed mouth and puckered brow. "I'd rather go back to the huer's hut and wait there," he said. "It would be a terrible moment when I heard Dad going up to bed, knowing as I had to get out without his hearing me."

"It's for you to choose," replied Marigold. "If it's so important for you not to be seen I should think it would be lesser risk than the chance of being seen leaving the house by the neighbours, or of someone finding you in the huer's hut. Penalva often smokes his pipe there on Sunday afternoons."

The argument prevailed, and Billy decided in favour of his sister's room. Weary and worn out, he fell asleep on the little truckle bed, and as his slumber lasted till ten o'clock at night he escaped the horror he had conjured up of hearing his father's return. He woke to find Marigold over him, candle in hand and finger to lips. A thunderous snore from the next room was reassuring, and two minutes later they were out on the moonlit beach. No word was spoken till they were climbing the hill to the Tower. Then Marigold said:—

"MISS HILDA has promised to take care of you. It's a good thing you kept indoors. There have been sharp eyes about here this afternoon."

"Whose eyes?" demanded Billy breathlessly, halting in his tracks.

"Superintendent Grylls and one of his men have been at the cove—on the beach and along the cliff first, and they came to the Tower while I was there talking to Miss Hilda about you," the girl replied.

"What did Grylls want?" the boy persisted.

Marigold answered the question with another: "Did you know that your ship was to call at the cove on Friday night?"

"Yes—es, I heard about that," was the tardy admission.

"Well, I think Mr. Grylls was trying to find out about it, though I was not present all the time he was with Miss Hilda. Anyhow I didn't hear him mention anything else."

The lad seemed to be satisfied, and resumed his climb up the hill. At the front door the ladies were awaiting their young refugee and, after bidding Marigold goodnight, took him into the house.

"Now you'll be all right, Billy," Mrs. Pengarvan comforted him.

"And stay with us till your Captain

comes home," added Hilda softly. "Only, if you want us to hide you, you mustn't be silly and go beyond the grounds."

The boy's brown face twitched with a pitiable nervousness. "I shouldn't dare do that, Miss," he faltered.

When he had been put to bed, and the two women were separating for the night Hilda said: "I believe we have captured the key to the mystery in that little curly-pate."

"Do not build on it, dear," Mrs. Pengarvan rejoined. "Keys are tricky things, and don't fit every hole. We do not know the hole we're in yet. But I'm glad we've got the boy—instead of Grylls getting him."

CHAPTER XII.

"By the Pricking of My Thumbs."

COMMUNICATION between St. Run-an's Tower and the town of Fal-mouth was difficult. The distance by road was a long seven miles, a detour having to be made by reason of the river that intervened. The nearest village was three miles off, wrapped in a slumber that dated from the middle ages. It was of no use to seek for authentic news there, and to have dispatched Pascoe to the centre of disturbance might have aroused suspicions which it was necessary to avoid. A daily paper, with the heavy charge for delivery, was beyond the resources of the lonely mansion, and the dwellers therein had to be content with a bi-weekly local, published on Wednesdays and Saturdays, and forwarded by post.

It was, therefore, Thursday morning, before the result of the inquest on Jacob Polgleaze was known at the Tower. The verdict of "Wilful murder against some person or persons unknown" put an end to a period of suspense which Lance's mother and sweetheart had found well nigh intolerable. For though Superintendent Grylls had treated them with the utmost courtesy on the Sunday, his visit and his questions had filled them with alarm. He had plausibly explained that a rumour was abroad that Captain Pengarvan had been seen at the Tower on Friday night, and that, concluding he might still be there, he had driven over on the chance of his being able to help in the inquiry he was prosecuting. Mr. Grylls had learned, he said, that the captain had called at Mr. Polgleaze's office shortly before "The Lodestar" left harbour, and it was just possible that he might have noticed some little thing which by the light of the subsequent discovery, might furnish a clue to the mystery of the shipowner's death.

It was an obviously fishing question, and Mrs. Pengarvan, perceiving the indignant flush that mantled in Hilda's cheeks, had hastened to reply. It was a case for treading warily, for the stout inquisitor had evidently been primed with a certain amount of information—how much remained to be seen. So with a great show of frankness she admitted that Captain Pengarvan had anchored his ship off the cove, while he came ashore on a private matter that required his attention, but that he had gone on board again almost immediately, and that the steamer had sailed for her destination. "Ah, so that was it! I was afraid I shouldn't find him, but you never know your luck," Mr. Grylls laughed in his genial way. "And I daresay the Captain—it seems but the other day when he put on his first uniform—couldn't have told me anything if he had been here."

"You surely didn't think that my son had deserted his ship at the last moment and handed over the command to someone else?"

"No, Madam, no. Such a thing never crossed my mind. Indeed I really did not pay much attention to the matter, except that I was bound to investigate a rumor which, after all, seems to have had a foundation. If you will excuse my saying so, Mrs. Pengarvan, what a fine man the captain has shaped in 'o, a fine seaman, too, from all accounts. The old salts down at the Quay are loud in his praise. Well, I'm sorry to have troubled you, and on a Sunday,

too, but duty is duty, and you will make allowances for a public servant, I'm sure."

With which Mr. Grylls had bowed and smirked himself out of the house, but the ladies, watching from the windows, were alarmed to see that though he drove away briskly, he remained in the vicinity for a couple of hours. They had caught a glimpse of his portly form on the opposite headland, and had seen him afterwards descend to the cove, whence he had trudged along the beach and spent a long time staring at the cliff under the Tower.

The natural conclusion they came to was that Wilson Polgleaze had repeated to Mr. Grylls the sinister accusation he had made against Lance before leaving the Tower on the night of the shipment. No wonder that the three intervening days had been pregnant with suspense, in spite of the ray of comfort derived from Billy Craze's strange appeal, through Marigold, for sanctuary. No wonder that this open verdict came as a relief that brought them to the verge of tears of thankfulness. It was all too ridiculous, of course, but it would have been horrible if that loathsome young man had sustained his charge in the Coroner's court.

And then from the verdict they turned to a perusal of the evidence, and they found that Wilson Polgleaze had preferred no charge at all. Nor had he so much as alluded to his presence at the Tower, or to Lance's assault upon him. In fact not once in course of the inquiry had reference been made by any of the witnesses to the captain of "The Lodestar" or to the irregular manner in which the steamer had commenced her voyage. Mr. Grylls also had kept the purpose of his Sunday expedition to St. Ruman's locked in his own broad breast.

The evidence tendered had been of the most meagre description, and all of it negative in quality. The only definite fact proved was that Jacob Polgleaze had been murdered, but on the other hand the principal contention seemed to have been that there was no one who could possibly have murdered him. The thing was a dead-lock. It was elicited that Israel Hart, the salesman, had gone home to his tea between half-past four and a quarter-past five, and the Coroner in his summing up laboured the point that the crime must have been committed by someone who had entered during his absence. The jury accepted the view and left it at that.

(To be continued.)

### A Midsummer Review from St. Andrew's

The Midsummer Number of the St. Andrew's College Review is very good reading from the editorial on the first page to the amusing skits on the last. It is easy to imagine how eagerly it is greeted by the many "Old Boys" at the front, to whom such a reminder of the good old days at school is the most bracing of news.

There is a splendid percentage of these "Old Boys" overseas, as the honour-list of over 400 names proves. Certainly there is no lagging behind at St. Andrew's, when it comes to duty to the country. The casualty list comprises eight killed in action and four dead on service, with a long line of wounded. Among those recently reported killed are two school favourites, Lts. George H. Campbell, Halifax, and Maurice Malone, Toronto. Two others have received military crosses, Lt. Jamie Auld and Capt. H. F. Hertzberg.

Extracts from the letters of "Mike" Malone are given in what we consider the most widely interesting part of the whole Review—news from the trenches. Without exception the letters all show the same spirit which characterizes those of Lt. Malone—confidence, good cheer, and quite a strong sense of the absolutely ridiculous. All the extracts are anonymous. York Mills, the site of the new College, has its local history told in brief but comprehensive notes; and in this chapter is a quite vivid word-picture of the passers-by on the old road, in 1820.

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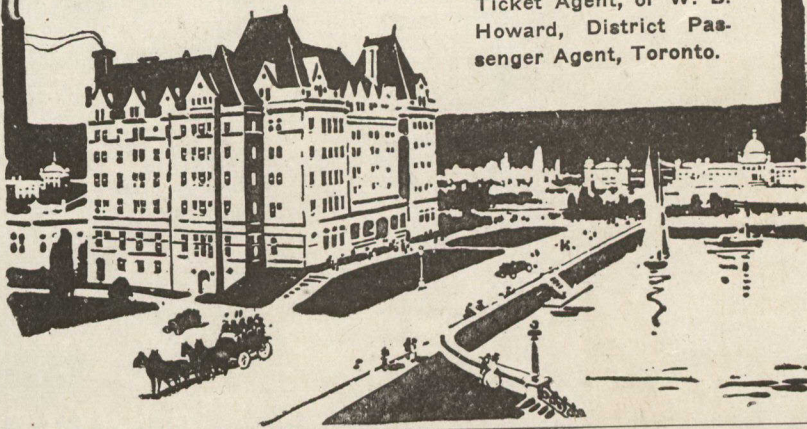
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