

THE CANADIAN COURIER

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CONTENTS

The Bonne Entente

By Augustus Bridle

Swelling a Poor Man's Trust

By Norman Lambert

Our World's Greatest Telescope

By Francis Dickie

Sam, the Kicker

By Jacob Holdfast

Stethoscope in the War Zone

By E. V. Sullivan

The Axton Letters

(Concluded)

By Balmer and MacHarg

King, of the Khyber Rifles

By Talbot Mundy

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Tom G. Greene and T. W. McLean



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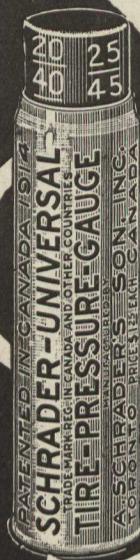


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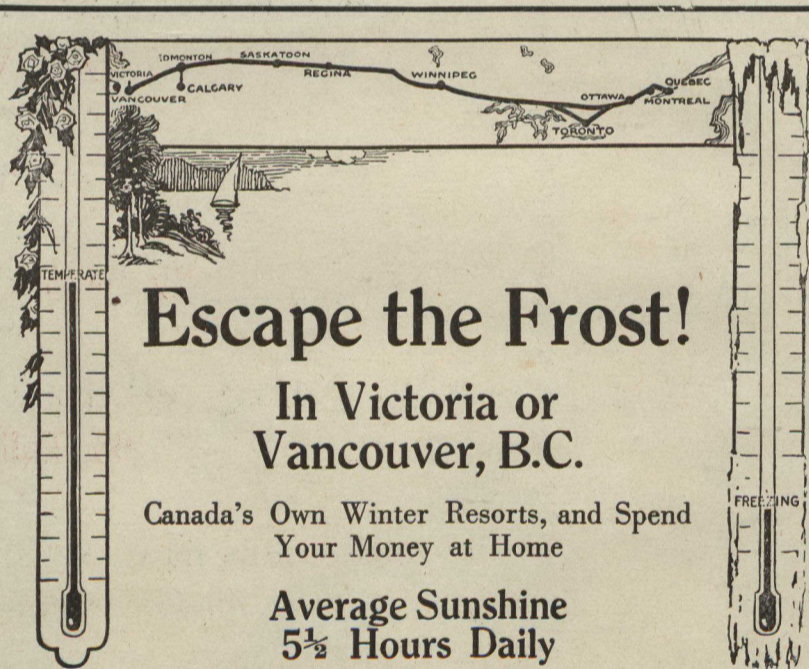
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CANADIAN COURIER

TORONTO

ONTARIO

EDITOR'S TALK

YOU may notice that the copy of the Courier you are about to read contains a great variety of interest. From Saanich Mt. on Vancouver Island clear across to the Nova Scotia doctor who writes his experiences on the firing line, there is something good from nearly every section of the country.

We don't believe that you can produce a good national paper merely by observing the map of Canada. But as far as possible the map has to be taken into account. We don't propose to do any of the work being done by local papers in any province. But we can provide a service of information and opinions from all parts of the country that no local paper has the field, or the opportunity to supply.

So next week we shall have an illustrated article on the Ukrainians in Canada by W. W. Swanson; one on wheat prices by Charles Stokes; a fourth article on the French Canadian question; a rattling good story; a character sketch; an article on shipping in the Maritime provinces.

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I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink.....
naked, and ye clothed me....."

Then shall they answer him, saying—
"Lord, when saw we thee an hungered, and
fed thee? or thirsty, and gave thee drink?
....or naked, and clothed thee?"

And the King shall answer.....
"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of
the least of these my brethren, ye have
done it unto me".

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do not, some charter a motor car and tour
the Island, for there are many historic
things to see. But at any rate, when night
comes everybody is feeling hungry and
ready for a good night's sleep. Next morn-
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it goes for many days until Demerara is
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THE COURIER

Vol. XXI.

January 20th, 1917

No. 8

BONNE ENTENTE MUTUELLE

THREE hundred men in Toronto last week sat at a feast of oratory and bonhomie that might have been inspiration enough for ten thousand. Eighty-five inhabitants of Quebec journeyed up from Montreal, Quebec, Sherbrooke and Three Rivers. They visited Toronto, Hamilton and Niagara Falls. The freedom of Ontario was given by Premier Hearst to the delegation from Quebec, as a few months ago the free run of Quebec was accorded by Premier Gouin to a similar delegation from Ontario.

This mutual camaraderie of two somewhat antipathetic provinces has been called the Bonne Entente. In reading this please do not pronounce the final "e" in either case. Likewise, as you are a non-French speaking reader, give to the space between the two words a slight nasal resonance. Then wherever you may be, whether on Vancouver Island or in Acadia, in the foothills or up the Saskatchewan or in the hinterland abutting on St. James' Bay you are qualified to become a member of this nationalizing community based upon tolerance, bonhomie and a desire for finding out what is best in the other fellow. You need know no other French than these two words, and no Quebecker will correct you even if you do not pronounce them unimpeachably. Bonne Entente is a thing of feeling and fact and fellowship, not merely of words. It knows no distinction of race, religion or politics. It is the wilful disregard of provincializing boundaries. It is the obliteration of the trademark. It is the kicking down of the line fence. It is a trench.

Altogether it is a pity that the first-hand impression of this memorable pair of junketing expeditions should be confined to a few hundred people and half a dozen or so of communities, leaving the rest of Canada to comprehend it from the newspapers. For a newspaper is usually a poor medium to express the peculiar genius of Bonne Entente. Picture galleries in portraits of prominent people who took part in the exchange of urbanities and national sentiments only delimit your ideas of it. Headlines put the accent where it does not belong. You simply cannot define or pictorialize Bonne Entente, because it is one of those all-pervasive things that come at you when you are least suspecting it. Bonne Entente is like a summer breeze, or the jocundry that comes from a sudden good story. It is the mutual discovery of good qualities in other people.

NOW that you are reading between the lines you may surmise that Bonne Entente, as applied to Quebec and Ontario, has somewhat to do with Rule 17 and recruiting. But even with Premier Hearst and Hon. Dr. Pyne both at the head table, Rule 17 was not even mentioned, and with Col. George Denison, Gen. Lessard and the Colonels back from the trenches all at the same table, much less was said about recruiting than about the things that go to make up a united Canada.

To a citizen of any of the Prairie Provinces this confluence of Ontario and Quebec into one river of sentiment may not seem to be very important. But it is. These two provinces have the faculty of differing more sharply than any other two. When they decide to forget the discords and come together on the harmonies, it is good popular business for the rest of us to sit up and take notice, even if we don't happen to have been included on the list of invitees.

This paragraph of the Bonne Entente circular gives an explanatory keynote:

During the summer of 1916 it was keenly realized by several gentlemen in Ontario that unless something were done to improve the drift of feeling between the two principal races in Canada, as affected especially by the relations of the two largest provinces, national unity in the Dominion might become endangered and the good feeling which the opening of the war brought into action

Good spirits without wine; good fellowship without ostentation; Canadianism with the hyphens left out



Cardinal Begin must have endorsed the Bonne Entente when he sent his circular to the Quebec clergy urging the people to sign the National Service cards, saying: "You should advise your parishioners to answer the questions asked exactly in order to comply with civil authority."

might disappear. It was felt also that unless Ontario endeavoured to appreciate the point of view of the thousands of enlisted French-Canadians, whose friends had the same attitude towards the war as the most earnest patriots in Ontario, we should miss the road to true statesmanship.

The return visit of Bonne Entente last week was an occasion of many speeches, banquets, luncheons, songs, flags, historical reminiscences, mingling of politicians and premiers and governors, business men, plain people and editors. Protestants and Catholics sat side by side. They applauded the same sentiments. Orator after orator dug into the mines of national idioms. They cracked jokes and told stories and worked up climaxes. The three hundred rose again and again with glasses of orangeade, and Apollinaris, toasting—Quebec, Ontario, and United Canada. They waved napkins and cheered and sang again and again "For he's a jolly good fellow." A Methodist minister sat at the back of the room next a Congregationalist preacher and pretended he was going to unwrap a fancy cigar. Orangemen sat at the same table with Catholics. Macs hobnobbed

with 'caus. They autographed one another's menus. The books of songs were half and half—French and English. God Save the King was sung in both languages. O Canada was done in French. Methodist orators vied with French speakers. Col. Denison sat next Gen. Lessard. They fraternized as soldiers. Nobody harped on Empire. It was taken for granted. The two last speeches were given by a Highlander Colonel from New Brunswick and a French Colonel, Guthrie and Girouard, both in khaki, both from the trenches.

AT one in the morning the concomity broke up. Not a drop of vin or liqueur in any form had been served. The enthusiasm was, therefore, as natural as the tide of the St. Lawrence, which in the form of the great lakes and Niagara does its best to get its arms round the neck of Ontario and cuts clean through the heart of Quebec.

To the pure imagination it was somewhat like as though a procession of St. Jean Baptiste had suddenly dreamed it was an Orange walk. Yet it was all as easy as eating the same food.

We have had it all in other forms before. Montreal, Quebec, St. John's, the Eastern Townships, the Canadian Parliament, the Canadian Manufacturers' Association—are all bonnes ententes. But this was the first time the idea was ever staged for a purpose—except at the Tercentenary in 1908.

Mr. J. M. Godfrey was chairman of the meeting. As chairman of the Recruiting League in Toronto, for more than a year his one enthusiasm has been to get more and more soldiers into the Canadian army. It was due to his happy suggestion that the Entente pilgrimaged from Ontario to Quebec last fall. Its journey back again from Quebec to Ontario last week was due in great measure to the co-operation of Sir George Garneau.

Never before had Mr. Godfrey—young lawyer—been beset by so many dissimilar important people. Congratulations, Mr. Godfrey! Long ago in this paper we began to work on the Entente idea without calling it anything. It has always seemed to us necessary to interest Quebec as well as Ontario and the other provinces without dragging in politics. The fact that we have been working on the idea so long may have dulled us to the dramatic importance of it.

The speech by Sir Lomer Gouin was a well-considered deliverance. Not a syllable of it was excited. Calmly, cautiously, reservedly, the Premier of Quebec paid his respects to the movement, to Ontario, to Quebec, to Canada. It may be taken for granted that he meant every word. Sir Lomer is too good a politician to commit himself to anything in speech which he may have to retract in action. He is perfectly understandable to an Ontario man. But for his accent he might be taken for a first cousin to the late Sir James Whitney, whom he very much resembles in face—the same grim jaw, square-set head, serious look. His talk, which was not an oration, made a fine impression, just because it was purely Canadian and not hyphenate. Had there been the suspicion of politics in the Entente he would have stayed out, because Sir Lomer does not play politics that way. Getting him to endorse the idea by a speech in Toronto was a shrewd piece of tactics. Anything in Quebec which Sir Lomer, with his overwhelming ascendancy in the Legislature does not endorse, need not expect to succeed.

PREMIER HEARST was much more of a Frenchman in his speech. He excited himself and everybody else. No man is more sincere than the Premier of Ontario. He believes in getting an audience by old-style oratory. With exalted praefervency he uplifted himself step by step up the staircase of his speech and down again landing by landing, till



For-he's-a-jolly-good-fellowship—caught by the Bonne Entente camera on the steps of Toronto City Hall.

he got to the bottom and found there was nothing more to say. But it would be hard to remember any one thing he said because it was all staircase and emotion. His speech was just about all that Sir Lomer's was not. With a trifle of accent he might have passed for the Frenchman of the two.

Sir John Hendrie never loses himself trying to make a speech that carries him off his feet. He spoke with great sense and with the blunt plainness of a man who was never cut out to speak in public and always seems to be talking to a committee or a couple of friends.

Sir George Garneau was vastly different. Here is a man who feels the innate and intimate value of a scholarly English medium and consciously, determinedly and skilfully delivers on oration of unblemished character. He spoke in a lofty, historical strain. It was the speech of a Roman senator, forensic in form, dignified in temper, stately as a Ciceronian oration. And again he was neither in accent nor in manner a Frenchman.

By way of contrast take the speech of Newton Wesley Rowell, leader of the Ontario Opposition. It was midnight when he got up. Tobacco smoke had clammified the air. The speeches of a dozen men were still heavy in the room. It seemed as though everything had been said. Any more would be fulsome and might spoil the taste. Mr. Rowell calmly let himself out. If other speakers had stolen any

of his thunder, he had quietly got together some more as he listened. Rowell never speaks quite extempore. On this occasion he took his pre-considered skeleton of argument with all its careful alignment of crescendos and climaxes and clothed it with the passion of a rousing, emotionalizing speech. The points somewhat roughly made by other men he remade by a new grouping of the ideas. With eminent juridical clarity he worked himself up the ropes of oratory, and when he got to the tiptop of the trapeze he flung out his big compliment to the French-Canadians now at the front. Of course he said other things. He made fine use of the historic as he always manages to do. But when he got away from that into the great little story of Courcellette and the gallant 22nd with its sole surviving eighty men and two officers besides the C. O. "fighting the Germans like devils" he had voltage enough for an audience of ten thousand.

For downright bluntness of impromptu, happy as a whack on the back, commend us to the surprise speech of Gen. Lessard, who was stamped into making it and swam out on the tide of a "spontaneous popularity." That was one of the hits of the evening.

For critical common sense and business perspicacity untinged by any sort of patriotic emotion, we shall never forget the plain statements of Mr. Huntly Drummond, who, as a Quebecker, did not hesitate to point out that Quebec is much behind in

the practical business of war.

The French salutation of Professor Squair to Quebec was a felicitous compliment. The French seemed somewhat academic, but made a fine impression.

The final toast to United Canada, proposed by Col. Guthrie, from New Brunswick, and from the "edge of hell" on the battle front, gave every man in the room a vivid picture of what might happen if the victorious eastern enemy in the north and the treacherous Greek army in the south should begin to squeeze the army of Sarrail. He made a fine emotional speech; confessed that he was an Orangeman, was dressed as a Highlander, paid his tribute to the boys at the front, who knew no race nor creed, but only the fight for liberty, and somewhat sobered down the gathering by his picture of actual war conditions—short of victory as yet for the Allies. He hung out the prospect of conscription.

Col. Girouard made the shortest speech of all in seconding the toast of United Canada. It was a blunt, eloquent bit of brevity.

And the wind-up to the most momentous non-political and patriotic gathering ever held in Toronto was given by Senator Beaubien, who, in a fine, restrained address, lifted the audience to a height of historical perspective.

Bonne Entente had been taken, in large doses. It seemed to agree with everybody.

STETHOSCOPE IN THE WAR ZONE

A Nova Scotia Medical Man Tells a Few of His and Other People's Experiences at the Front

By E. V. SULLIVAN

IT was on February 8th that I was assigned to the nth Brigade Royal Field Artillery, with headquarters in the French village of H—, and taken there from the casualty clearing station where I had been serving for many months, in a motor ambulance. That is how we came to blunder into a bombardment. We didn't know that we should have waited outside the village until the strafe was over, and those who might have warned us had all gone to ground in the dug-outs and cellars. I reached headquarters (a dugout) safely, however, very badly frightened, but sound of limb and skin, and the surprised Adjutant thoughtfully provided a "spot" of liquid encouragement that helped restore me to a fairly tranquil nervous balance. And thus, in the midst of a Bosche "hate" did I make a bewildered entrance upon the stage of the "big show."

I have never had a more enjoyable time than in the stuffy dug-out that night, only a few hundred yards from the firing line, in the company of those fine war-hardened chaps, who strove to show in song and story and rollicking good fellowship, their deep down affection for the "doc" who had shared their fortunes through many stirring months of hardship and severe fighting.

The party broke up well after midnight. It had been snowing; the air was crisp and the village under a full moon, lay very still, with only an occasional rifle shot, and now and then a burst of machine gun fire from the trenches about six hundred yards away.

Outside the dug-out the protesting doctor was solemnly shouldered by his friends; there was trouble

squeezing across a railed foot bridge over a trench, and again in the narrow passage between two tumble-down walls, but the silent village street was safely won at last, and the little procession advanced slowly between the moonlit skeleton of half ruined, shell pocked houses, with short laughs and laboured breathing from the bearers, and appeals on the doctor's part, to stop twisting his knee and not break his back, and "For God's sake, you chaps, don't drop me in this mud." And so at length his billet was reached, and with much squeezing and grunting down the narrow stone steps, the genial M. O. was safely deposited on his camp bed in the little vaulted cellar.

Next morning he left for the Clearing Station, and I took over his work of keeping the eight hundred men of the brigade "in the pink"—also his sleeping quarters in the chill, damp, ratty cellar.

* * *

To keep his men fit is the Alpha and Omega of the Medical Officer's job. I have accustomed myself to reason that each man in the brigade represents a capital investment of \$1,500 to England, an investment which yields good dividends as long as he is healthy, but stops earning and begins to cost largely in repairs and loss to the effective strength of the army the moment he goes sick. You must look at your problem in this impersonal way, or

sympathy will step in on the side of inefficiency. A large proportion of my men had been civilians of comfortable means, quite unused to the menial work they must do out here. So they are apt for trivial causes to appear at

sick parade.

In these cases impersonal reasoning must prevail, and "medicine and duty" is the invariable sentence: we try to make it up to them, however, by constantly fighting their battle for comfortable billets, good food and adequate bathing and sanitary arrangements. And when a man really is ill or wounded, he finds quick relief and full measure of sympathy and comradeship to help soften his misfortune.

That a million men have burrowed and lived closely, and slopped about in mud and slush through the long months of an atrocious winter, without the semblance of an epidemic—with a sick average indeed but little higher than at home, speaks eloquently of the fine work of the regimental M. O. and the splendid R.A.M.C. organization that backs him up.

At first I was very unhappy in H—, for I had a lot to learn, and wasted many an all wool fright on things that didn't really matter. For instance, it was days before I knew that a certain ear-splitting explosion came from our own guns concealed near by, and wasn't dangerous; and it takes time and experience to get away from the settled conviction that the warning whirr of each approaching shell is addressed to you personally. It is surprising though how quickly one learns to pick out the sounds that may mean trouble and to cease to waste

nerve tissue on the others.

We were obliged to work and loaf and sleep in dug-outs and cellars (my dressing station was in a tunnel), for the Bosche shelled our unlovely village every day or two, and turned machine guns on it when he thought we needed a change. Now and then an aeroplane dropped a few bombs, and fragments of shrapnel fired at hostile planes spattered the village streets; and always there was the disquieting possibility of a "premature" or "rogue" from our own guns firing over us.

The days drew into weeks of persevering rain and sleety snow, and it was wretchedly cold and cheerless in the underground billets. The coal ration would last two or three days, with careful husbanding, and we went without fire the rest of the week. Our blankets grew damp and mildewed, and all the world was ankle deep in soupy, yellowish mud. "Bloody awful," the men called it, and all hands were thoroughly well fed up with their lot; then, about the middle of March a welcome order came, and we moved over to the neighbouring village of C—. On the day after we left the overworked headquarters dug-out was given a long last rest, for a direct hit by an eight inch shell completely wrecked it, and two soldiers, making it ready for our successors, were blown to pieces.

Our billets in C— were above ground and fairly comfortable and we were quite happy there, until one day a couple of big "Mothers" trundled up behind their "caterpillars," were installed in an orchard near-by, and began blowing large chunks out of the enemy landscape. This hurt Mr. Bosche's feelings, and one afternoon he retaliated by knocking the stuffing out of our peaceful little hamlet.

One shell completely wrecked our fourth battery officers' mess room—furniture, dishes, gramophone and records—everything except three bottles of "Trench Elixir" that alone remained whole. Another wrecked and set fire to the quarters of the officers in charge of the "Mothers." Served them d—d well right, too, we neighbours thought, and didn't hesitate to tell them, for the blinking fools fired when the Hun balloons were up, and their flashes were promptly spotted. It doesn't do to take chances with the wily Hun. He is a keen observer, an exceedingly clever artilleryman, and we have a whole-hearted respect for his fine assortment of soldierly qualities.

Happily he didn't make a direct hit on either of the big guns that afternoon, and of course they were moved away during the ensuing night. Happily, too, there were only four casualties, and as usual the fine display of British daring, for the bucket brigade was soon at work in the face of bursting shells, and a certain officer's servant, knowing that some hand grenades were stored in a burning barn, went in and brought out the blazing boxes they were in. I saw this myself.

One of our batteries was established fifteen hundred yards behind the firing line, in a shallow, bowl-like valley, about half a mile across. There was no cover, but it was hidden from the enemy by the rim of the bowl over which the guns fired. The four emplacements were in a row fifteen yards apart, with three dug-outs for the gun crews forty yards in the rear. The whole occupied a little square of ground about seventy yards to the side. For various reasons it was not a satisfactory position, so the guns were withdrawn and then the Germans were

helped to discover this former location, by the ruse of tracks leading to it from the road, and snow shovelled off the dug-out roofs. They quickly got its exact position through their (then) admirable aeroplane observation, and straightway tried to put the supposed battery out of action. Within an hour they sent over about three hundred 5.9 high explosive shells from batteries that were probably not more than four or five thousand yards away.

Their shooting was beautifully accurate. The shells tore up the ground into great craters and ridges in front of, between and behind the empty emplacements and dug-outs. They all fell within a radius of a hundred yards, yet there were only two direct hits. One shell slanted through the back part of an emplacement roof, and would probably have destroyed the limber and killed most of the gun crew; and the other destroyed one of the dug-outs. The men within would all have been killed. Now had the battery been there and conditions such that the Germans could have followed up their bombardment by an infantry attack, their advancing men would, nevertheless, have suffered terribly, from the fire of the three undamaged guns.

At C—, the afternoon they tried for the "Mothers," over two hundred high explosive shells came into the village. The church tower was damaged, a lot of window glass broken and a few houses were wrecked, but most of the projectiles did nothing more than make a big noise and a hole in the garden. Having seen these things, one understands how enough men and guns, especially machine guns, which lend themselves to secure concealment, may be left, even after the most thorough and searching "artillery" (Concluded on page 12.)

THE TURN IN THE ROAD



SKETCHES BY GEORGE CHAVIGNAUD

POUFF! . . . What is a mere turn in the road to a jolly big automobile from Paris? An automobile full of wealthy people who stop only at the great inns along the road and look at men and women as though the living, breathing world were on exhibit at some art collector's shop. See! It comes purring up out of the distance. Its tires beat a soft tattoo on the cobbles. It scarcely slows for the turn! It honks barely twice—a laconic, imperious warning to those who may be coming from the other direction on the other side of the Turn of the Road! Observe, m'sieu. . . . A careless chicken dies under the wheels! A hand tosses silver, in payment, from the tonneau of the car. It is gathering speed. It is dwindling! It is out of sight!

And yet here at this turn in the road a village has existed since before the days of Charlemagne—oh, long before that. For a turn in the road is always an excuse to stop one's horse and order a cup of Grenadine (if you like grenadine—which you oughtn't), or even to put up for the night. So there is an obliging Estaminet here called "The Inn of the Arrival of Good Friends"—pretty idea. And there is a forge and a little grocery shop, and some cottages belonging to the aged great-grandchildren of a dead duke's retainers—and an artist girl from America boarding in the thatched house next the cure's.

Ah! How much more she knows than the people in that automobile. The old women, as they toss the lace-bobbins on their "pillows" at the side of the road, whisper that she will one day make the view from this little "Turn in the Road" famous! Indeed, she is painting a wonderful landscape of the Valley of the Ancre from a little hillock at the back of the Cure's orchard not fifty feet from the road. (It is a painting so wonderful that none of the village can recognize it but—hein! What is art if it may not tell lies?) This picture will make the village known everywhere and bring greater custom to the estaminet. Thus the estaminet will buy more food for guests, and the blacksmith will learn to do automobile repairs—and sell petrol as well! . . . A mere turn of the road! Indeed!

Pouff! What is a mere turn in the road to an advancing wave of grey-coated soldiers? Eh? This little elbow of a hill along which the road comes courting the curves of the Ancre? Nonsense! Catch it in enfilade. See? That bit of a wall standing yonder—probably the estaminet. There may be a machine-gun concealed there, no doubt. And another may lie waiting perhaps in the shadow of that heap of ruins—that was the cure's house. But should Germans be afraid of such trifles? Vorwärts! Jump the silly ditch they call a river. Up the slope! Up over the hillock where the artist girl sat who was going to make the Turn in the Road famous. . . .

Eh?

From the shadow of the estaminet's last wall, from the heaped debris of the cure's house comes the song of the wood-pecker on a hollow tree! Though those ruins are still smoking from their last bombardment they still hide machine guns there—many and many of them. They have been there—for weeks. And for weeks and weeks the grey men



Both of the artists who did the turn in the road had their turn at the simple, true-Belgian picture presented by this diligent dame of the dingy room.

have been trying to get up onto that little hillock beside the Turn in the Road. And for weeks they have been dying just a few feet from where the blacksmith would have had his underground petrol tank in accordance with the regulations from Bruxelles!

Ah—and here again is the artist—an artist with one eye and the thunder of all Hell for his brush—and he, too, sits on the hillock in the far end of what was once the cure's orchard, and he, too, commands a view of the valley of the Ancre. A nine-point-two! He sits on the very spot the artist girl used to occupy—not fifty feet from the Turn in the Road.

PROBABLY the original artist, nature, was an amateur at the business of beauty-making. It's queer that the second turn-in-the-road artist should have picked out this particular country to change so many pictures. It must be because war prefers the most beautiful places in order to make as much change as possible. Belgium was beautiful. Generations of lazy people had made it. Nothing had ever been hurried in that country. The buildings grew into the trees, the trees ran into the green of the fields, and the fields melted into the sky. And the people were almost part of the buildings. They had that settled-down look. To drive them out was like scraping green things off an old wall. The whole blessed country of Belgium had grown together into a mass of what art folks call human interest. That's why the artist found so much to interest him in Belgium. Nothing much had been changed by that busy Im-Person—Progress. And the second artist that pointed his range-finding eye around the turn in the road—he had very little to do with getting on in the world, either. The country might as well be sent as swiftly to hell as possible. It was too soft, too aged, too beautiful—too sentimental. So the war artist whopped his 42 cam. brush round the turn in the road once more, and he blasted another chef d'oeuvre of damnation. And he is the greatest artist of all, because in one blasted minute he can undo the work of centuries.

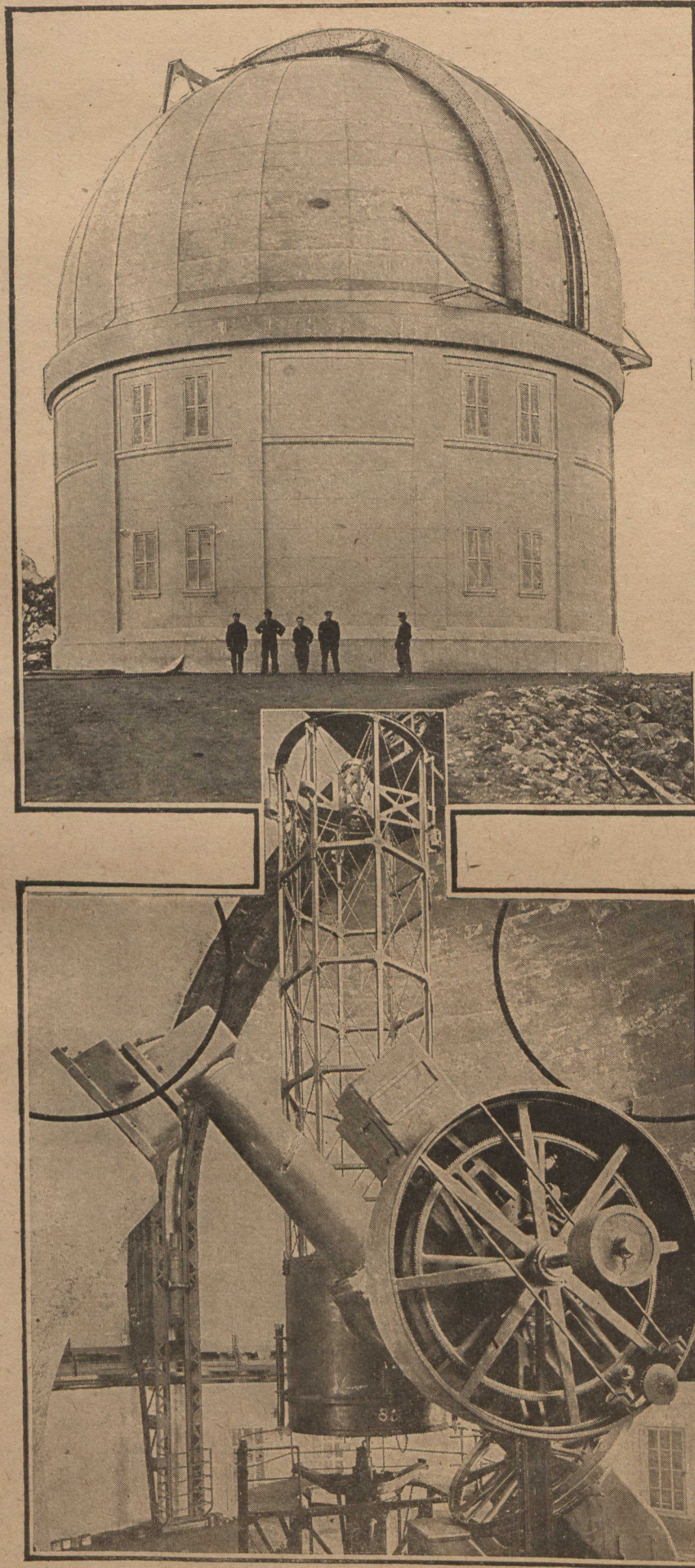
OUR WORLD'S BIGGEST TELESCOPE

The Shade of Galileo on Saonich Mountain, at Victoria, B. C., Sees a Heaven-Searching Lens 72 Inches in Diameter

By FRANCIS J. DICKIE

UNDER cover of the kindly dark the attenuated Shade of Galileo slipped unnoticed out from among the gathered Immortals, whom, as we all know, through the kindly offices of Mr. John Kendrick Bangs, reside in great harmony together in a house boat on the famous stream known for ages as the River Styx. Very quietly did Galileo pass down the river bank, holding close to his breast that famous telescope, the first of its kind, which, in 1564, he had succeeded in putting together after weeks and months of careful toil, studying and experiment. There was a strange febrile light in his eyes, and for one who had so long before left earthly things behind him he seemed strangely perturbed. And he was. Early in October, by the weekly mail from earth, old Charon had brought him the latest books, papers and pamphlets published by the astrological societies of old Terra Firma. And there in a little green Government book he had read how at last, after many months of toil and anxiety, Dr. Plaskett, B.A.D.Sc., Chief Astronomer of the Canadian Astronomical Observatory, and his assistants and the many workers from the firm of Warner and Swasey, of Cleveland, Ohio, had put the finishing touches to the greatest telescope ever conceived and brought to completion by man—an instrument that had a 72-inch telescope; an instrument which weighed 55 tons and swung in a moving tower that weighed another 120 tons! It seemed unbelievable. When the Yerkes and Lick Observatories had been built, all the Associated Shades had cried in unison: "This is the last!"

YOU see the great ones of old, even though they be numbered among the immortal dead—I came pretty near saying immoral—are still very much alive and interested in things mundane. Galileo, however, on this particular day had beat the rest of the boys to the choice of books, and was already deep in the little booklet which told of the completion of the great telescope. Three hundred and fifty years of idling among the merry Shades of Hades had not in the least dulled Galileo's interest in things astronomical. Often at nights he would go out along the bank of the Styx and, bringing his own first invented telescope from his pocket, take a sly peek at the stars. For endless years he had been making up his mind to pay earth a visit. When the Lick Observatory had been finished, and after he had read all the Hades sent reports upon it, he had almost made the trip. Again, when the even greater Yerkes telescope had been erected, the desire came upon him strong, but his courage had failed him at the last minute, and in the intervening time he had spent his time reading wondrously of each fresh doings of earth in the way of star gazing research. But now that a 72-inch telescope had been erected by the Canadian Government upon the summit of Saonich Hill, just outside the beautiful city of Victoria and beside the softly lapping Pacific sea, this ancient astronomer could no longer contain himself. It was unbelievable the things he had read. Why this new telescope—if what the book said were true—was as large as the other two great ones put together, and twice that of the Lick, with its 32-inch instrument! There were so many other things mentioned that, well as he had kept up by reading with the progress of the times, he still failed to grasp. So he had made



World's greatest telescope in position for observing stars near the pole. At this time the great fifteen foot wide shutter is open. The building which houses the great telescope is seen above, the great revolving dome-shutter closed.

decision this time to make the trip to earth and visit Victoria, British Columbia, and view the whole work for himself.

Out of sight and sound of the house boat he found Jason waiting, the Jason of Argonaut fame, who had agreed to steal from the old guardian Charon

for an hour his ancient galley in which he had sailed after the Golden Fleece. All the crew there, too, were assembled by previous arrangement, and quickly the dark waters were put past by the sturdy rowers. Earth's bank touched, Galileo stepped nimbly ashore and went hurrying fast through the darkness of the night, for his time was short and dawn came soon.

Victoria, B.C., know you all, is a very long way from Hades, such is the goodly spirit of the townsmen and the burghers. Even editors there have been known to tell the truth, so Galileo's way was long. But at last, as the full moon rose, he reached the outskirts of the place and saw the high white dome of the wondrous instrument shining under the silvery radiance of the night. By good fortune the night was clear, and the fifteen foot wide shutter opening lay bare, giving full view into the space within, where, crouched upon its cement haunches, was this marvellous 'scope which he had come so far to see. Through the years he had grown full well informed upon the various points, and so now set swiftly about to satisfy himself that all he had read in the latest pamphlet were true. And this is what he saw and found upon that high hill known as Saonich, outside the fair city of Victoria by the sea.

HE saw a telescope six feet in diameter with an equatorial type of mounting, having the polar axis pointing toward the north star and swinging the body of the telescope in a plane parallel to the earth's equator and the apparent path of the stars; and a declination axis at right angles to and passing through the centre of the polar axis to allow movement north and south. In this it follows the general form of the English type of equatorial mountings. The polar axis is composed of three sections, all of the best steel castings, firmly bolted together, namely, the centre cubical section above mentioned, and north and south conical tubular sections. This is nearly 23 feet long, with a weight of some ten tons. The declination axis is a steel forging, $5\frac{1}{4}$ tons in weight, $14\frac{1}{2}$ feet long, $15\frac{1}{2}$ inches in diameter, with a flange 41 inches in diameter and 4 inches thick, to which the tube is bolted. The tube is also in three sections, the central steel casting, about $7\frac{1}{2}$ feet in diameter and 6 feet long, weighing 7 tons, being attached to the flange declination axis; to its bottom flange is bolted the steel mirror cell, weighing, with mirror counterpoises and mirror, 6 tons; while to its upper end is firmly attached the skeleton tube, a beautifully designed and extremely rigid piece of structural work upwards of 23 feet long, $7\frac{1}{2}$ feet in diameter, and weighing, with attachments, about two tons.

The telescope was fitted to be used in three different forms, observations being made at the prime focus, the Newtonian or the Cassegrain. The equivalent focal length reached is 108 feet, giving images of exactly the same size as a refractor with a tube 108 feet long. All these things Galileo saw and noted, and as he did so realized that it was just as the facts had been set down by Dr. Plaskett in the Astronomical report.

He knew that the function of the mechanical parts of any telescope is to hold the optical parts invariably, and at the same time without flexure or strain, in their correct relative positions to enable them to be pointed at any desired object, and to move as a whole delicately and accurately to

follow the motion of the stars. In this great monster of a 'scope, he saw men had been faced with the delicate problem of moving a combined weight of 45 tons. But the makers had met the difficulty and overcome it, creating a mechanism the most perfect yet reached in the history of the world. Aided by the experience gained by the former large refracting telescopes, the Yerkes, with 40-inch, and the Lick, with 36-inch, and by new knowledge born of toil and experimenting, the men engaged upon building this last word in sky-searchers had manufactured and put together and into operation a thing monstrous huge and weighty, yet so controlled and shaped that the strength of a child rightly guided might operate it. In addition, the observer noted that the telescope was moved from one position to another and set and guided wholly by electric power, there being seven motors and several solenoids and magnetic clutches for the work. He found that the quick motion motors moved the telescope at the rate of 45 degrees per minute, one revolution in 8 minutes, in both co-ordinates. The slow motions are possessed with two speeds, a fast one for fine setting at the rate of one revolution in 36 hours, and a slow one for guiding, one revolution in 720 hours or every 30 days. He found that the electric wiring and control systems had all been worked out with wondrous care, all sliding brush contacts avoided, and the whole system installed in a permanent yet easily accessible form, giving the maximum of convenience with the minimum of attention and repair. Every attachment known hitherto and quite a few added ones that will give convenience of operation, coupled with accuracy, were provided. Some idea of the ease with which the monster moves is conveyed by the fact that the actual increase of current required to move the telescope in quick motion over that needed to run the motors idle is barely suffi-

cient to light a 16 c. p. lamp. When the whole mass moved amounts to 45 tons' weight, some idea of the perfection of design and workmanship upon this wonderful instrument is easily grasped, and Galileo took it all in to the full.

Briefly, but without missing any detail, for now his time was growing short, the Shade of the first astronomer to wield a telescope, noted the mirror. It was a 73-inch one, 12 inches thick at the edge, with a hole 10 and 1/8th inch in diameter through the centre, the whole weighing 4,340 pounds. Galileo, too, looked upon the very necessary driving clock, and from what he had read concluded, and rightly, that it was very similar to the ones by which the Yerkes and Lick telescopes were operated. The clock, he saw, moved the telescope in right ascension by means of an accurately cut worm wheel, 9 feet in diameter, mounted on the polar axis by ball and ball thrust bearings, and clamped to it when required by an electric motor.

The whole of the things above described, a total weight of 55 tons, 45 of which were movable, was set upon a concrete pier. The surrounding circular steel building, whose walls serve to support the dome, and the dome itself, are entirely of steel construction, which allows them to assume rapidly the air temperature; and they are provided with double walls and a system of louvres at the top of the dome, ensuring a thorough circulation of the air and the maintenance of the interior at a shade temperature.

The great revolving dome itself weighs 120 tons, and, like the telescope, operates by electric power, and most as easily and smoothly as any play toy weighing but as many ounces. It is possessed of a double shutter, having an opening 15 feet wide, and wind shields, all of which also operate by electricity.

So, seeing all, and noting that in the eastern sky the rosy-cheeked boy of dawn was beginning his daily stirring, Galileo drew his mantle about him and flew across the housetops and on towards the dolorous odoured River Styx, that rolls forever blackly between earth and that unknown sea to which we mortals give the name of Death.

Canada has finished a great work, the largest telescope in the history of the world. From that high summit of that British Columbia Hill this mighty monster child of science sweeps the sky. And with such an aid, Dr. Plaskett, Chief Astronomer of the Dominion Observatory, whose research work among the stars is already of some note, and his assistants, living ever beside the great instrument and watching long and often through it, are sure to bring to light many new things in the field of stars. With such facilities for observing, analyzing and photographing even the faintest spectra, before not possible, Canada may yet lead the world in the manner of new scientific discoveries. Up at the end of the world Stefansson, the Canadian Arctic explorer, is discovering new worlds of earth beyond the last known sea; and now from the summit of Saanich Hill, Dr. Plaskett and the other students of the stars, the seers and savants of to-day, are beginning to take up the search for another kind of world. Both are great works that in the days to come are bound to bring the fair Dominion great renown among the nations of the earth, and, too, a proud place among these people possessed of so much older civilization.

And far across the waters of the Styx, Galileo, who first created telescope upon this earth, 352 odd years ago, sits perusing the latest astronomical report, and bitterly lamenting that his days were so numbered and arranged as to rob him of the joys the present century observers have as a daily menu.

NOW IS THE ACCEPTED TIME

THE supreme question of the moment is as to Germany's action in view of the emphatic rejection of her peace proposals.

It is true that the door has not been so entirely closed as absolutely to exclude all light. Indeed the Allied note may be said almost to ask for some definite statement of terms, and Germany can now make some further response without any loss of dignity. But will she do so? It is possible that she has already done so in the shape of some confidential communication to the neutral powers which they are to hold as confidential until they can extract something of a corresponding nature from the Allies. Indeed we may believe that Germany's chief difficulty is in this very matter of publicity. She is not willing that her own people shall know how far she is prepared to go until it has become almost a fait accompli. All the governments involved have, of course, given their people assurances of success that are, to say the least of it, inflated, but these assurances are more implicitly believed in Germany than elsewhere. Nowhere has the official bulletin such sanctity as in Germany, and therefore it is that the official assurances of an ultimate and complete triumph have now become something in the nature of a peril. A few months ago the retention of Belgium was an article of faith throughout Germany. At least there would be a commercial supremacy which would amount to the same thing. But the German mind has been gradually weaned from that belief. It has now accepted the certainty that Belgium and France must be evacuated. But what about the east? How much can be saved in the Balkans? And so now we have the cautious suggestion that Russian aspirations might be met by a sort of franchise for her ships at the port of Constantinople which would not exactly be possession, but which would be the next best thing and satisfying to all practical purposes. But how much further will Germany go in the way of concession? In her inmost heart, where has she drawn the line? At what point has she said "thus far and no farther"?

That, of course, depends upon how earnestly she wishes for peace. If she has reached the place where peace is absolutely essential to her, she will go much further than anything that she has yet avowed. Semi-official reports speak of the extraordinary "liberality" of her concessions. We may put all questions of liberality on one side as being

Germany's Psychological Opportunity to Get as Much as Possible Out of Peace Terms Depends Upon Her Eastern Success Where Success is Easy. Her Western Game is Played Out. All She Aims at Now is to Save All She Can

By SIDNEY CORYN

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ridiculous. All the governments involved will act up to the full measure of their opportunities and they will concede up to the full measures of their necessities. It is a question of opportunity and concession, and of nothing else. Germany made her proposals under the spur of necessity. We have only to ask ourselves how far that same necessity will yet take her.

And here we are somewhat in the dark because we do not know the exact nature of that necessity. There are three alternatives that may explain it, and we may adopt either or all of them. Germany's action may be due to nothing more than a realization that she has now reached the maximum of her power and that henceforth she must grow weaker while her enemies grow stronger. In that event she would be naturally anxious to make peace on the basis of the map and before that map can change to her disadvantage. The second alternative is the growing distress at home consequent upon a food shortage and the resulting demand for a termination to the war. The third alternative is a notification from Germany's allies that they can not hold out any longer and that they must speedily be driven to a separate peace. It is more than probable that all of these are factors in the present situation, and we may reasonably believe that the third is the most potent of them all. That the food problem in Germany is an acute one is undoubted. It must be so. Germany is not wholly self-supporting even in peace times. Her imports have now become insignificant, while the absence of mineral fertilizers must have made itself severely felt in the deterioration of her harvests. And if there is food distress in Germany we may be quite sure that it is far more severe in Austria and Turkey. That the conquest of Roumania has resulted in the seizure of any large amounts of foodstuffs is greatly to be doubted. There was plenty

of time to remove or destroy them, and we may be quite sure that they were not needlessly allowed to fall into enemy hands. Reports from Switzerland—always to be received with great caution—say that the new Emperor of Austria has set himself resolutely to work to obtain peace and that he has hopes of persuading the Italian government into some special arrangement between the two governments. Other reports say that he has notified Germany that Austrian resistance can be carried no further and that in the absence of a general peace he will be compelled to conclude a separate one.

Such reports, as has been said, must be received with suspicion, but at the same time they are likely to contain an indication of the facts. The young emperor has just come to the throne, and he can hardly view with equanimity the prospect that his empire will dissolve before his eyes. Nor is he likely to conceal from himself the fact that even a victory for the Central Powers would be in truth a hollow one for Austria, seeing that she has suffered far more than Germany and that she is now so debilitated that she could hardly expect more than the status of a vassal even under the most successful ending to the war. What, then, more likely than that the emperor should have resolved upon peace and that he should be anxious to inaugurate his reign by securing it. And if Austria should break away from her alliances we need not have any doubt as to its decisive effects upon the situation as a whole.

NOR must we forget that Germany could advance a long way in the direction of "liberality" and still emerge from the struggle with quite substantial gains. She might offer to restore the status quo ante in both east and west, to indemnify Belgium and perhaps Serbia, to give Italy all she asks (of Austrian territory), and to make some satisfactory arrangement with Russia with regard to Constantinople, while leaving such matters as the German colonies and Poland for arrangement at a peace conference. She might even make some sort of an offer with regard to Alsace-Lorraine. She could do all these things and still profit in an indirect but a very real way. For such an arrangement would leave her at the height of her military power and therefore dominant over her Allies, who would be broken and helpless. Germany would then have suzerain powers over Austria, Bulgaria, and Turkey, who would be unable to resist her will and who

would have to assent to any sort of federating arrangement that she might propose. With the one exception of the Serbian link she would be in complete control of the international railroad, and her empire would extend from Bremen to Bagdad. It is therefore easy to see that her proposals may have an elasticity still but little suspected and that she can secure from Austria, Bulgaria, and Turkey the indemnities that she can now hardly expect to wrest from her enemies.

But fighting continues briskly in Roumania and, as usual, the casual newspaper reader is likely to be beguiled by the head lines into conclusions that are either false or premature. German successes have been nearly continuous, and these are duly heralded and read without much reference to the campaign as a whole or to any particular strategic advantage to which they may lead. But the only way to measure their true significance is to ask ourselves what the Germans are trying to do and the extent to which they are likely to do it.

GERMANY seems already to have won all the advantages that she is likely to win from the Roumanian campaign. That is to say, she has grasped the water course of the Danube and she has consolidated her hold upon the transcontinental railroad that runs through Serbia and Bulgaria to the south of the Danube. She may say that her great eastern aim is accomplished so far as any aim can be said to be accomplished in an unended war. If a peace conference should be declared to-morrow, Germany would be able to say that she was actually in possession of all the territorial gains that she had coveted so far as the east is concerned. Whether those gains are transitory, whether she can hold them, is quite another matter. With Russia to the north and the Allied armies to the south we may consider this as highly problematical, and it may be said that Germany's peace proposals may be taken to indicate her own grave doubts in the matter.

But beyond this quite substantial advantage it can not be said that there is any other clearly in sight. It is true that the Russian and Roumanian armies have been falling steadily back toward the Sereth River, but they have not been routed, and indeed they have been vigorous enough to fight a good many successful rear-guard actions. Once more comparing the shape of Roumania with that of a boot, it may be said that the whole of the foot has been lost to Roumania and that only the leg, that is to say Moldavia, remains. The Sereth River runs down the leg. At its lower or southern end it bears toward the east and joins the Danube near Galatz, where the Danube itself turns sharply eastward and runs out into the Black Sea, forming the northern boundary of the Dobrudja. The Russian and Roumanian armies that are now backing on the Sereth River may be said to be a continuation of the main Russian line that stretches from Riga to Bukowina.

Now, Von Mackensen's continued thrusts against the Russians and Roumanians may be intended to do no more than win a number of inconsequent successes that shall intensify the idea of German invincibility and so conduce to the end of a peace conference. That is a possibility and even a probability. At the same time he may have a very definite military aim if we can suppose that he has men enough to carry it into effect. He may intend to turn the southern extremity of the Russian line in the neighbourhood of Galatz, roll up that line northward, and so threaten the whole of the Russian positions in Galicia. But of one thing we may be fairly certain. He will not try to cross the Danube into Bessarabia or toward Odessa. Von Mackensen's enterprise is enormous and his military skill unsurpassed, but such a feat as this seems to be impossible. The Danube from the point where it bends eastward to the Black Sea is broad and deep. It is divided into many branches, and its northern bank for a depth of miles is a maze of lakes and swamps. It could be defended almost by a corporal's guard, while the transport of artillery would be nearly impossible even in time of peace. And yet some of our newspapers talk of crossing the Danube as they would of crossing from New York to Brooklyn. Moreover, there would be no particular advantage in crossing into Bessarabia.

IF we may suppose that Mackensen has a definite military object, it is to attack the Russian flank north of Galatz, close to the confluence of the Danube and the Sereth. It is just possible that the Germans can cross the river here if their artillery proves much superior to that of the defenders. But the position ought to be an easy one to defend. There is hardly any more difficult military feat than to cross a river in the face of opposition. The crossing must necessarily be on a wide front if the resistance

is at all effective, since a single column would be swept away in a moment. And the first landing on the opposite bank must be in sufficient numbers to maintain itself until further help comes. In this case we do not know the actual strength either of the attackers or of the defenders, but we may suppose that the Russians are increasing in numbers, while we may doubt if much augmentation is possible to the Teutons, whose forces seem to be composed very largely of Bulgarians and Turks. Moreover, the Russians would have an almost ideal railroad connection with their main line in the north, while the German communication would be of a very difficult kind. The nature of the rising ground in Moldavia would also be much in the Russian favour. We are so much in doubt as to actual conditions

THE PIG AND THE PRIG

By THE MONOCLE MAN

PROFESSOR MACMECHAN, by way of retort courteous to my comment on his "smug, greasy replica" article, calls me a pig. Well, the score is still in my favour; for I called him a College Professor. I will confess now that, when I first tagged him with this epithet, I had some doubts whether I could prove it if he sued me for libel. There was a certain appearance of vivacity about his style of writing which led one to suspect him of mental activity. Still I had your word for it, Mr. Editor, that he was a College Professor; and are you not one of our most celebrated biographers? This "pig" repartee of his, however, resolves all doubts. It is the sort of light rapier play only indulged in by men who are constantly in contact with defenceless people or immature intellects. "Section bosses" indulge in it. So do Prussian drill sergeants. The slave driver used it as a preliminary to the whip. So do those to whose care is confided the guidance of "the young idea," when they are not sure enough of their own mental leadership to quite trust to it without bullying.

HOWEVER, I am grateful to our apostle of culture for having introduced the pig into the discussion. The pig has many endearing qualities. He is ever so much better than the prig—even when grilled over a slow fire. He is a frank animal. He pretends to no superior guiding motives which even he cannot understand. He knows what he wants; and he goes straight for it, unaffected by fads in philosophy or fashions in the latest "correct thing," which all the prigs are bound to have at all costs. It takes the ordinary human being—of which class I claim to be a fair sample—nearly half a lifetime to attain to the courage of his desires. When we are having our characters moulded, we are very apt to seek—not the things which we genuinely want—but the things which the majority of the people about us insist are the proper things to want. Thus we pour out our red-hot lives for prizes and honours and gauds which we find we do not enjoy—and never really wanted. It was just the fashion to want them. Other people wanted them—so we thought we had to. Now the pig passes through no such apprenticeship. He is born with the fullest freedom of mind. He is utterly unaffected by priggism. His desires may not be high or varied; but, when he gets them, he is satisfied—till the swill runs out.

MR. RICKARDS, writing from the breezy uplands of Alberta, grants that "there is nothing evil in pleasure if it be unselfish." Apparently there is little between us but a definition of terms. If we will define "selfish" as meaning taking one's pleasure in the satisfaction of desires which begin and end in self, then probably we shall agree that these are not the higher and most long-lived of pleasures. Still I fancy that Mr. Rickard would not call even all such selfish pleasures "evil." For instance, when a man satisfies his hunger, he is feeding a purely selfish appetite, and he is—if he is happily not a dyspeptic—taking pleasure in it. But it is not an evil pleasure. The "evil" of selfishness is only relative in comparison with the wider happiness to be gained by what—on our definition—we may call unselfishness. But this unselfishness—that is, taking one's pleasure in the satisfaction of desires which include the happiness of others—is not morally different from selfishness; it is only a superior form of the satisfaction of self.

LET us try an illustration. A mother and a young child sit hungry in a cold room. Only one bit of bread lies upon the table. The mother is by far

that it is by no means easy to foresee even the probabilities, but certainly we need not assume that the Russian position on the Sereth River will be seriously endangered. Offensives have a way of petering out, and it is well on the cards that Mackensen has reached the limit of his spring and that the Sereth River will mark the termination of the Russian retreat. The German losses must already be very great, and we must suppose that the Bulgarian contingent has borne the greater part of them. To cross the Danube or the Sereth would be enormously costly, and the results would be incommensurate in value unless the Russian flank could be so effectively turned as to react upon the Russian positions in Galicia. And this possibility is so remote that we may dismiss it for a long time to come.

the stronger and can decide the destination of the bread. If she selfishly eats it, while the child whimpers in helpless hunger, she is a most unworthy mother. She lacks the instinct of motherhood. Evolution will soon eliminate her kind of mother from the fabric of the human race; for her offspring will tend to disappear through lack of care. She is selfish, according to our definition. But there is no moral difference between her act and the act of the natural mother who would give all the food to the child. This natural mother would only be feeding the strongest appetite which swayed her—the appetite to nurture her young. She would far more enjoy seeing the child eat the food than try to choke it down herself. If we will simply imagine circumstances under which the mother knew that it would be better for the child to have her (the mother) eat the food, while the baby cried for it, we will have conditions under which the mother would have to deny her primitive appetite, while, of course, satisfying her newer appetite, born of enlightened egoism. We admit at once that the second mother is much superior to the first; but both are equally egoistic—and I fancy that most people would mean egoistic when they said "selfish." But you might as well try to establish a moral difference between the man who spends his dollar on a beefsteak and the other man who spends his dollar on a classical concert, as between these two varieties of mothers.

THIS is a big subject, and I cannot more than touch it in my space. But the point I want to make is that it is bad judgment to attack the Americans because they "worship the great god Goodtime," and choose "the broad, flower-strewn road" instead of "the high hard road of heroic endeavour," when there is no obligation on them to arrive at the goal of the latter road. What I want to say is that it is virtuous to have a good time, and vicious to put up with a hard time when there is no reason for it. Of course, I agree that the Americans should be in this war, but simply because their own lives and liberties are at stake in it—not for any visionary or priggish notion which would appeal to their altruism. I think that what is wrong with our good neighbours is insularity—a failure to understand and appreciate the issues at stake in international politics—plain ignorance, in other words. Where they sin is not in having a good time, but in failing to provide against having a very bad time in the future through the play of forces which they will not take the trouble to measure.

I HAD intended, when I started, to carry through the contrast between the pig and the prig—it covers the whole range of human motive—but I fell on a mellower mood. Still I might allow myself to remark that the trouble with the prig is that he doesn't trust his own instincts and mental processes. He is always seeking for the guidance of stronger influences—usually the influence of an envied class. Other people fix his standards for him. He likes it best when he can find these standards in rare and scholastic books, embalmed in language that only the elect understand—each "elect" understanding it differently. Now the pig is not a bit like that. He may be elemental in his appetites; but he is honest, frank, sincere and direct. It is the pig motive which develops humanity along natural lines—lasting lines. It is the prig motive which leads us into all our backwaters and cul-de-sacs where the noblest causes are left to die in a rotting morass of hypocrisy, sterile philosophising and a false morality that ignores the facts of life.



A RATHER ugly flashlight reveals interesting personages at the opening of the Maple Leaf Club for Canadian soldiers in London. Here are the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, Sir George Perley, our overseas War Minister, Lady Drummond, Lady Perley, and obscurely tucked away behind—Rudyard Kipling.

THREE soldierettes, born of the same mother on the same day, brought up on a foreign language, now togged up for King and country; Canadians of the new time coming.

THE British tow-line contingent below are on the white, weird march with field artillery clean from the Caucasus to the Dobrudja, going by way of Tiflis and Erzerum helping the Rumanians.



Stethoscope in War

(Concluded from page 7.)

preparation" to offer a strong resistance to an advancing enemy.

But all too often these shells are terribly destructive, and swift death and horrid mutilation constantly menace those who must live and work within their range. That is why, out here, you soon become of necessity a fatalist. No amount of care and caution is going to save you from the chance shells, and therefore you soon learn to reason that you are, or are not to be hit, as the Fates decree, and cease to worry uselessly over the matter.

In a certain square men used for months to gather in the afternoon and hear the band play, until one day two shells arriving together killed and wounded forty of them. Another, the only one fired near the battery that day, entered one of our dug-outs and killed the six men that were in it. A little pet dog that was there, too, escaped quite unharmed. I saw thirty-two men one morning all horribly burned by an incendiary bomb that happened to come through their billet roof. One of our recruits from England, going up for the first time with a fatigue party that had been working without a casualty for weeks in H—, was instantly killed by a machine gun bullet through the head, and a few days after, the latest officer to join our Brigade, out from home only a week, was blown to pieces by a "Minnie."

The strip of ground, about three miles deep that lies within the zone of shell fire, is indeed a wonderful place, a land more strange than any that Sindbad ever visited. One is reminded of the maps drawn in the middle ages, with dragons and serpents to mark the unknown places, which the old-world folk peopled with many strange, unknown terrors. For this land, too, is one of hidden terrors, with swift death flashing out of the sky, riding the choking gas clouds and speeding past with the feathered whispering of bullets. One has the uncanny feeling that a sinister intelligence, quite impersonal, altogether merciless, is sleeplessly watching and planning to kill our people or mutilate them. A great Roc circles overhead. It is pitiless as Hell, and we know that its cold, intelligent eyes are searching us out. We try to shoot it down, but it flies away out of sight across the valley. Half an hour later we hear a distant muffled explosion, no louder than a drum beat, then a growling, whirring, hurtling sound, and earth and air are shattered by a great explosive bolt that has been sent to destroy us.

And we dig feverishly under "grass screens" and through the night, and bring up long steel engines, terrible beyond the dreams of Sindbad, and presently the people across the valley will also hear drum beats, and their countryside will erupt with splitting explosions. So we use all our thought and energy and the fabulous resources of great empires to make the opposing fire zone a place of fear and sudden death for those other people.

One sees very little here of the pride and panoply of war. No long columns of marching troops or cavalry or lines of cannon. The country is stiff with fighting men for miles back. Every house and every barn in every village is full of them, and the inspiring sight of a whole division on the march is a familiar one.

But near the front the troops thin out, and move by companies or half companies, and the guns come up singly in the night and are hidden so well as to be rarely seen; and the sudden ear-splitting blast from an innocent-looking hedge or nearby orchard fairly lifts your cap as you ride along, and makes you fervently consign all sixty-pounders to Hades.

ART HAS MANY HUMAN SIDES



THIS piece of sculpture is by Paul Swan, painter and dancer. It was done in honour of a woman who died for the cause of woman suffrage—Mrs. Inez Milholland Boissevain. Perhaps some of our suffrage readers recall the life of this lady. The figure is not a portrait of the woman, but a symbolic tribute to the sacrifice for the cause, suggested by the lines,

“Forward, out of error,
Leave behind the night;
Forward thro’ the darkness,
Forward, into light.”

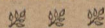


THIS is a legitimate photograph of a beautiful artists’ model, Grace Colbert Roberts, taken in an art costume not long before she was mysteriously murdered in her Philadelphia apartment. There is no clue nor known motive to the crime. Studio mysteries are always more sensational than others. This mystery of the model suggests somewhat forcibly a recent novel by a writer living in Canada describing the seamy side of art in Paris and London. Philadelphia may not be as far advanced in art as New York; but a murder mystery surrounding a beautiful model does something to even up the score. And it is some time since the last great art sensation took place in even New York.

MOVIE enthusiasts who rave about the screen art of Geraldine Farrar, the American opera singer, do not understand the real reason for her great success in two such different lines of art. Her father is not a singer, but he has been something of an actor. The picture of him here is taken from life, when he was first baseman on the Philadelphia Nationals. He was a member of this aggregation for ten years, and could pull down flies and pick up cannon-ball grounders as well as any man on the diamond. He is the only know baseball star who ever could boast that he has a daughter among the top line of America’s grandstand immortals in song and screen acting.

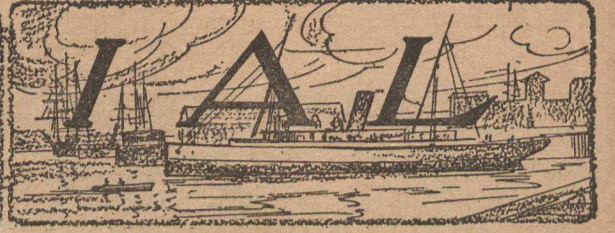
SIR HERBERT TREE is here seen, not as the stately Cardinal of Henry VIII., nor as the great producer of stage spectacles in the form of plays, but as the serenely proud father of a recently-married

daughter. Miss Iris Tree was married to Curtis Moffatt, an artist of New York, just before Christmas last. She was married very unostentatiously for the daughter of such a great master of pageant. The civil ceremony was performed by Mayor Mitchel of New York. It is to be assumed that her father arranged the dramatic details of the occasion.



WOMEN artists are not always pretty. Miss Thelma Cudlipp breaks the rule. She is said to be the prettiest young artist in America. She has also won a \$600 prize for the best poster submitted for the International Flower Show in New York. The editor of Vogue was one of the judges. Miss Cudlipp is also a painter. Alfred Sutro, the English dramatist, bought the first picture she ever sold. She won a three-year scholarship in the Royal Academy, and is the youngest American girl ever to have got so high up among that gallery of immortals.





Changing the Gear

BANK presidents' addresses remind us of what is going to happen after the war. They do not go into details, but they point out that one of these days our munitions industries will close down. About the same time we shall be under the necessity of changing over nearly half our industrial plants from war to peace conditions. Normally before the war in a boom year we turned out of Canadian factories about \$1,200,000,000 worth of goods. Some of this was exported. Most of it was consumed at home. We are now credited with the opportunity of getting \$500,000,000 worth of munition orders in a year if we can handle them. Besides this we are manufacturing a large amount of war supplies that are not munitions. It would be a conservative estimate to say that at least half our normal industry machine is engaged on war orders. When war orders quit, these quit also. That five or six hundred millions of industry per year will automatically cease. The people now engaged in turning it out will be in the market for other labour. But the demand for their labour will not begin at once. It will not begin in full until it comes for the rehabilitation of Europe. At the same time we shall begin to bring back the soldiers. Many of these will go back to their old jobs whether the demand for their labour exists in the same measure as before or not. There will be a good deal of unemployment. The wages of labour will go down. The efficiency of labour will go up. The cost of living will somewhat decline. But the means of living will not be so evenly distributed. There will be an increase in the production from the land because labour will crowd back on the land where it is sadly needed.

Then and Now

IT may be some use to us then to compare ourselves with what we were doing in the boom years. Then we made a practice of importing more than 400,000 people every year from other countries, many of them without visible means of support. Many of these went on the land, of which we had plenty. They became producers. Many of them went building railways, of which we were then doing thousands of miles in a year. Many got work in towns and cities where building up on borrowed capital was the order of the day.

At that time we never had any fear of a glut of labour. There was so much going on that it absorbed all the labour we could bring to it. After the war we shall not immediately have that condition. It will take some time for our industries to work back to their normal activity. But we have at least a fair chance to absorb our unemployed labour in a reasonable time. Many people will have saved money earned in war time. Money for public works will be easy to get at low rates from the United States. There will be a quick revival of building up public utilities. And if we get ourselves ready now we should have less trouble adjusting ourselves to post-war conditions than we had getting ourselves in shape to take care of the war itself. It will be a radical conversion, almost a revolution. But if we use our economic sense and profit by our experience we should be able to recover from post-war effects more rapidly than any of the countries now at war.

Austria and the Bagdad Policy

WE are considering peace as it never has been discussed since the war began. None of the warring nations is less anxious for peace than the neutral countries. The world is weary of war. But it is to be remembered that the clamour for peace and the overtures to peace have come from the country which started the war and in 1914 turned a deaf ear to all forms and suggestions of peace. We were forced into war in 1914 by Germany who would have

no peace. We cannot be forced into peace by Germany just because she is weary of war in 1917. There is no gain to anybody in ignoring the consequences. Germany is able to fight a long while yet. But she is seeking for peace on the strength of her eastern successes where success is easy and in spite of her defeats on the western front where she never can hope to succeed at all. In order to use her eastern successes to advantage it is necessary that she get the greatest concessions in the area where she has had most of her success. If she gets concessions there it will be for the sake of extending her influence after the war in the direction of Bagdad and the eastern outlet. But in order to make that effective Austria must remain part of the German scheme. Expansion from Berlin to Bagdad is not possible except by means of Austria. But we make a bad surmise if we do not guess that Austria under the new Emperor and the new Chancellor is not averse to being dragooned into any peace programme that makes her the tool of Germany as she was bludgeoned into the war because the pan-Germanic idea and German hegemony in Europe was the big stick. Austria is more weary of the war than is Germany because even if Germany should win Austria must continue to play second fiddle to Berlin. Emperor Charles Frederic knows all about that second fiddle business. It is said that at the funeral of the late Emperor Franz Josef, when the Kaiser was reported to be weeping at the bier, he spent the day quarrelling with the new Emperor. Long may they continue to quarrel. The war lords who accomplished the assassination of Ferdinand in order to start a world war may find the new Emperor just as much of an obstacle to the pan-Germanic idea with Berlin as the overlord to Vienna as ever Ferdinand was expected to be—and it is no secret that Ferdinand was an obstacle in the path of Potsdam.

Use Our Colonels

LET us hope that most of the Canadian officers commanding now given the choice of going to France in lieutenant's rank or of returning to Canada will be made use of in the business of raising the rest of our army. Whether we continue at the expensive game of indiscriminate recruiting or use the national register to get the men, surely the men who have had experience already in raising and drilling battalions will be of most use in the work of building up our army. These men should be put to work immediately, not raising new battalions, but working the national register to get the men. We have a large number of senior men in age as well as in rank whose experience is more valuable rounding out our army than in actual fighting at the front. Unless we employ these men of experience in national service we are not likely to make much use of the unenlisted man except by conscription—which nobody should wish to see resorted to in this country.

Make National Register a Census

THREE years hence the Dominion census commissioners will again be leaning against our front door bells. Four years hence they will report their finding. This is too long to wait. A complete census of Canada should be taken within the next year or fifteen months. It should be part of the work of the National Service Commission. We should know not only how many people we have lost, but also the facts regarding our industrial situation: how many factories are closed down or are no longer working on their old lines (having turned to munitions instead). How many people are engaged in the munitions trade? How many of them are women? How much in arrears (approximately) do manufacturers consider the peace-time stocks of the country to be? What is the labouring-absorbing-capacity of the country?

The census of 1920—published in 1921—will tell

us all these things. But that is very likely to be too late. We need these facts NOW in order that readjustment and reconstruction after the war may be intelligently set about.

Violent Language

ONE trifling German characteristic alone helps embarrass them. It is their habit of speaking with cynical brutality, the habit of using always the strongest word available—always talking in superlatives. They were going to walk right into Paris. The Kaiser was going to wither with one glance whoever dared oppose him. His armies would "crush" France and "punish" England—and so on. But now, when Germany has failed in offensive warfare, when she has been forced to place all her hopes on a defensive policy, her ringing brutality does not serve her so well. On the other hand, the Entente allies have at least not made the blunder of using melodrama language. They have been content with quite plain words couched in the simple form of sincerity. They have thus won a great advantage over the adversary in the minds of all intelligent men in neutral countries. They have held their superlatives in reserve. When they DO require them, men will listen. As it is, the German is all superlatives.

Lobsters Crescendo

A TRIFLING five million pounds of lobster is said to have been added to the usual lobster sales of the Maritime Provinces in the year just closed. While the lobster fishermen have reason to feel pleased with themselves, they nevertheless had a nerve-racking time of it. Great Britain talked about banning the gentle beast from the tables of chorus ladies and dukes. France actually placed an embargo against them—and then let it up again just in time to save the frayed nerves of the Canadian producers. The United States has, however, remained a loyal and hungry customer and the revels of American war-profiteers in Broadway hostilities have a very sober counterpart among the menders and setters of lobster traps. Somebody's stupidity at Ottawa allowed the oyster beds of Prince Edward Island to be all but wiped out. A better watch is apparently being kept over the lobster.

Keep One Lord Here

LORD SHAUGHNESSY cannot be spared from this country—otherwise there is nothing so ridiculous in the suggestion that he be made Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and certainly nothing that need lead his Lordship to repudiate the rumour with such promptness and vigour. His business experience and his detachment from the present politicians dealing with Ireland would be valuable. Shaughnessy, unlike those who live close to the cause of Home Rule, would have, we suspect, little difficulty in judging clearly, fairly and practically, between the interests of Westminster and those of Dublin.

Opportunity Knocks

REPORTS of the market for agricultural machinery in Siberia lead us to hope that British Columbia will continue to increase her shipping interests. It is not at all unlikely that we shall develop a good trans-Pacific trade. China, Japan and Russia present great possibilities to Canadian exporters, and especially to Canadian manufacturers of certain classes of goods. Now if British Columbia knows her own interests—as the Bowser Government makes us suspect she does—she will be prepared not merely to handle this trans-Pacific traffic in her ports, but to take advantage of the general lack of shipping to supply British Columbian bottoms to carry Canadian goods.

MORE ABOUT MUNITIONERS

OUR article on Muniton Canteens last week brought a letter from a Canadian girl who spent her summer holidays—and incidentally a great deal of her hard-earned cash—in working in a canteen at the Woolwich Arsenal, where 17,000 women are employed. We have great pleasure in publishing the letter, hoping that it will be helpful to those in this country who are interested in muniton canteens:

"I was somewhat amused at your article on Canteens for munitioners last week. You seemed actually to feel sorry for the women who acted as amateur waitresses for one night and part of a day each week without remuneration. Why, at the canteen where I worked in Woolwich, last summer, we gave our services for 12 hours a day (or night) six days a week, and thought little of it, for nearly all the women in England are leading equally strenuous lives, and it seems to me on returning to Canada that here we are just playing with war work.

"We fed 3,000 women at our canteen and kept up a force of 20 voluntary workers and five or six charwomen. One of these gave every cent of her earnings to the Red Cross and lived on the small allowance from her son at the front while we fed her. Our work was tiring, but not nearly so much so as standing at a machine all day long for 12 hours a day performing some monotonous detail that required great accuracy. At that time the munition workers were employed seven days a week, but since the Sunday holiday was introduced the factories have actually increased their output, so great is the benefit of the rest.

"I was amused also at the menu served to the workers here. I daresay the English women would like canned soups, beans and fruit, as well as cake and pastry, but how long do you suppose their work would continue to be efficient on such a diet? We gave them a nourishing stew made of fresh beef, potatoes, carrots and onions, taking great care to season it nicely. This we sold for sixpence. There were also two slices of bread and margarine for a penny, a cup of tea for a penny, and rice pudding. If people wanted other things they could bring them to the canteen themselves; we were organized for the munition workers' welfare and offered them only nourishing food. Our canteens were also self-supporting, and none of the profits went to canning factories. Surely war-workers should set an example of thrift.

"In comparing the prices charged at your canteens and ours, we must take into consideration the difference in wages. In England they range from a pound a week to six or seven pounds, and even now the purchasing power of a pound is greater there than it is here. A girl I knew who had been a sculptor and was consequently very skilful in gauging dimensions to a fraction of an inch, made \$29 a week, and that is considered in England a very high wage for a workman.

"The women never had so much money in their lives and never were they so well or so cheaply fed. Many whose husbands are at the front, have their separation allowances as well, yet the boys in the trenches—the English Tommies—get but 37 cents a day. It does seem that we should have universal conscription for war work, applying both to men and women, and that munition workers should be paid at the same rate as soldiers or less, owing to their comparative safety. Still the women do pay back a great deal of their earnings to the cause. There is a fund for that purpose at Woolwich and the girls fill in cards promising to give a certain per cent. of their earnings to the Red Cross, or some other war charity, and War Savings Certificates are kept on sale near the pay desk.

"We looked forward to our weekly holiday with the keenest pleasure, and we found that the very pleasantest way to spend it was in another form of war work. London is full of wounded soldiers whose time hangs heavily on their hands, and they love to ride about in a hack drawn by a decrepit old cab-horse who goes as slowly as possible. They also frequent bus-tops. One of my friends was a musical girl from Australia, who had a large studio with a balcony overlooking the road, and it used to amuse us to drop notes to the soldiers asking them to come to tea on a certain date and bring six of their friends. They always turned up, and oh how they enjoyed it! We had music and substantial refreshments, and the boys sang and told stories—such stories! We were well repaid, and they usually wrote to us afterwards to tell us how very much they enjoyed themselves. When you consider that nearly every woman

By ESTELLE M. KERR

in London is doing something to help amuse the wounded, you will believe the stories you hear of loneliness in the Canadian convalescent homes. Of course this business of 'scattering sunshine' may be a trifle overdone, especially by Canadian women in London. No Colonial women, whether married to soldiers or not, should be allowed to enter England unless they are willing to work without remuneration twelve hours a day. There is no room there for idlers or half-hearted war workers.

"In my comments on canteens I do not intend to criticize unkindly a work that is still in the experimental stage, but I am writing in the hope that my remarks will prove helpful to other war workers.

"Helen Williams."

ANOTHER Canadian woman who is helping the munition workers in England is Mrs. Lacey Amy, wife of the well-known Toronto author and journalist. She has just been appointed by the British War Office to the position of Welfare Super-

and ten years ago, at Berne, England and the other Great Powers agreed as to its inadvisability. But now, the war has rendered it imperative in certain cases.

In a group of 75 women selected from one factory, it was found that, though the majority lived within a mile or a mile and a half of their work, they did not get more than seven and a half, and many only seven hours' rest a night. The majority rose at 5 a.m., and were employed from 6 a.m. to 8 p.m. Only 19 of the 75 were over 21; many were between 16 and 18.

Transit is another difficulty. Work is made more arduous by the long journey from and to the home. Trams and omnibuses are crowded at the ends of the day, and the superintendent of a factory in a congested district says that women constantly arrive at work with their dresses torn in the struggle to enter a tram. Sometimes the satchel containing the ingredients for the afternoon tea is carried away. The sufferers are generally refined women, unaccustomed to such usage, but they bear it uncomplainingly.

The committee frowns on night labour, though it is sometimes unavoidable. There is a diversity of opinion amongst employers as to whether it is better to employ one set of women regularly at night work or whether it is better to vary the spells by day work. In any case, employers are growing sceptical of the value of prolonged labour whether by day or night. Both the quality and quantity of the work diminishes after eight hours. Firms are more and more inclined to establish three shifts of eight hours in the 24. Where that has been done, the best results have been obtained. Rest pauses of 10 minutes, in which tea or chocolate can be taken, have also proved valuable.

Women are often tired out by protracted labour at night, and sleep beside their work, too fatigued to go to the canteen for refreshments. Nor do the meals taken at night appear to nourish as well as the day meals. Clearly, female labour needs special supervision at night, and at all times requires careful treatment. A muscular strain, easily borne by a lad, may prove detrimental to a girl. The half-holiday on Saturday and Sunday rest, as well as the statutory holidays, are almost imperative for women. The weight of scientific evidence, indeed, is on the side of limitation, and the whole history of factory legislation points that way. Where work for any cause has been curtailed to eight hours, the amount of the output has been maintained.

THE Woolwich Arsenal, in addition to the 17,000 women, employs 50,000 men as well, for great strength is required in the manufacture of the big guns, but there is in the centre of England a "Women's Factory," where scarcely a man is to be seen, just lines of girls at the benches, young and girlish most of them, in their khaki or dark blue overalls, with faces smiling and merry.

This is the factory that turns out the best fuses and has the most rapid output in the country. And it is because the workers are so well looked after.

Fuse-making and filling is the chief branch of munition work here. The girls handle without a trace of nervousness the deadly T. N. T., and the even more deadly fulminate of mercury.

Every possible precaution to eliminate danger is taken; for the processes such as the screwing up of the finished fuse, where the chance of an explosion must be risked, a machine called a safety gig, invented by one of the owners of the factory, is in use. It is a globe of hardened metal, into which the fuse is inserted for tightening, so that if any explosion takes place it is inside the globe, which is strong enough to resist it, and the operator goes unharmed.

All the workers engaged in handling explosives wear masks and shields for the eyes, and an attempt is to be made to adapt the gas helmet used in the trenches for the use of the girls.

In order that the workers in these particular processes should be well looked after, a stipulation is made that they must live in the firm's hostel. This is a block of buildings in the grounds, with 32 separate hostels, each accommodating some 106 girls. Further extensions are also in progress, and when completed 36 more hostels will be added.

The Government are completing new arsenals everywhere, and to run them women are needed. The professional woman can do her bit as well as the working girl.



MAKING SHELL FUSES IN CANADA.

- (a) Soldering the cap of No. 80 fuse.
 (b) Turning, facing and inspecting top and bottom rings No. 100 fuse.

intendent of 3,000 munition workers. Mr. Lacey Amy, whose articles appear frequently in our papers, has written often and forcefully to discourage Canadian women from going to England and so putting an extra burden on the motherland at a time when her resources are taxed to the uttermost.

Welfare supervisors spend much of their time in visiting homes where children have been left behind with relatives or friends, or in making friendly inquiries in the homes from which the girls come who are bad time-keepers or who are unsatisfactory in ways which seem to point to home conditions, which might be improved for the girl who is out working all day. Girls under sixteen are not employed, but so long as a woman is capable of honest, hard work, it does not matter what her age is. Sometimes a grandmother and granddaughter are employed in the same factory. Married women are always reminded that their first duty is to their children.

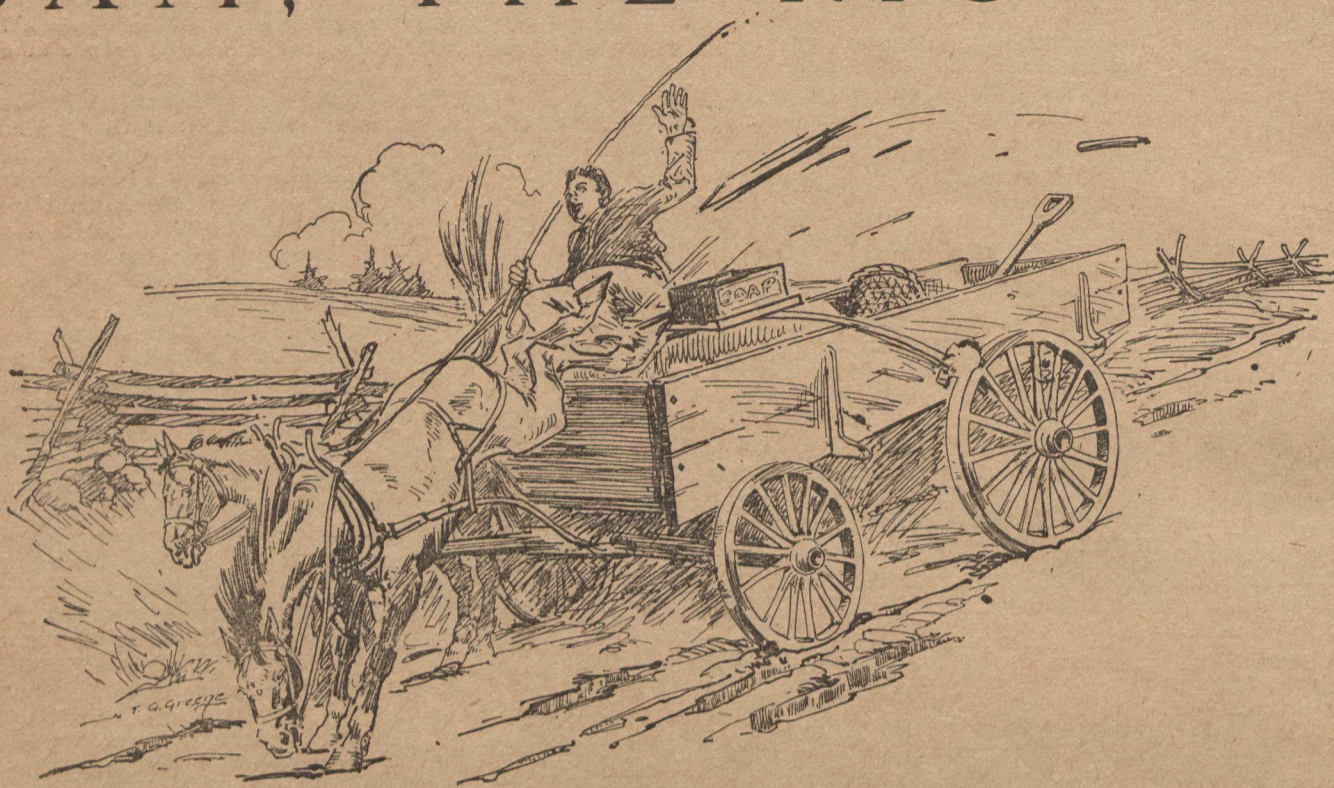
SOME notion of the hardships undergone by English women of all social grades who have given their services to the State, may be seen in the reports of munition workers. Night work for women has come back again after it had been abolished. An Act, in 1844, made it illegal in the textile trades,

SAM, THE KICKER

— By —
JACOB HOLDFAST

*A Homely Epic of Older
Ontario in the Potash Days*

Illustrated by T. G. Greene



A RACETRACK tout would have called him Tornado or Boanerges. We always called him Sam. Our respect for his talents demanded a simple name. Sam was a talented horse. And he looked it. His eyes were about an inch lower than average, and about half an inch closer together than they should have been. This gave him tremendous concentration of purpose. He had none of those benign, apple-eating looks that you see in a common horse. He carried his head at a dromedary angle, scorned the overcheck, had a torso powerful enough for a prehistoric animal, a bushy black tail that spoke several languages, and a pair of heels that were the amazement of the whole community.

Sam and his bewildered mate Liza were Tom Bump's road team. They were the equipage with which he gathered his ashes. Bump usually had very little trouble ashcating with Sam because he understood him. But to me Sam was an Egyptian riddle. As gentle as a lamb in the stable, he had the ferocity of a jungle beast in harness. He was the dashboard annihilator, the everlasting protestant, the unconventional, unconquerable, unaffable beast that on a certain April day about thirty-five years ago caused me to comprehend more of the struggles and joys, tragedies and comedies of uncommon life, than all the poems I have ever perused since I left school.

When the world was swaggering with new frogs and fresh buds and first faint flicker of dust on the spongy turnpike of the bush road, Sam and Liza and I started out with the great double box wagon, the hickory spring seat, the big basket and the scoop and the soapbox at my left hand. Hitching him up I purposely treated him with careless disdain, now and then handling him quite peremptorily. Sam scarcely noticed my existence. I knew he was grinning to himself at the farce of my presuming to drive him nine miles or so up to Smith's Mills for a big load of ashes and getting that load home again the same day. But I whistled and acted as though I could drive a foursome like Sam with one hand—when all the while I was wabbling like a jellyfish inside my smock and overalls.

CARELESS as a bird I swung up to the high seat that teetered like a bough.

"Hit the pike!" I shouted, crossing my legs as though I had nothing to do for nine miles now but enjoy the lovely weather and the spring landscape.

With the pride of an eastern potentate Sam whisked the wagon out into the road. I had everything safe aboard. The road was fairly good.

"Mosey along!" I chirped to the team, tauting up the lines and elevating the bluebeech gad with an ominous flourish. I felt as though a show of composure was my only chance. I always understood that horses get electric messages along the lines. If a driver is nervous the horse knows it. But Sam needn't imagine that I was showing off my emotions. No, I proposed to be very secretive and careless with the beast. I didn't expect him to behave like a nice old family mare. I was preparing myself for his worst, and I knew very well it would happen.

Which for a mile at least it did not. Sam jogged along with quite surprising good nature. To be

sure he twitched his tail at the roots a number of times—a sure sign that he intended to kick before long. But I thought if I could keep him jogging he would decide to forego the pleasure.

But suddenly he slowed up—and stopped the other horse. She knew better than to keep on going when Sam wanted to stop. He twisted his head on a pivot and gazed back at me with silent malevolence born of a deep-seated contempt. He peeled his top lip as much as to say:

"You whiffit!"

"Smattera ye, Sam?" I inquired, wishing I could have taken a cool chew of tobacco.

"Bellyband too tight, yeh fool?" I wanted to know.

He yawned.

"Oh!" I pretended to laugh. "I know. It's that dang crupper strap that's a hole too tight on yer tail. Here—I'll let it out a hole."

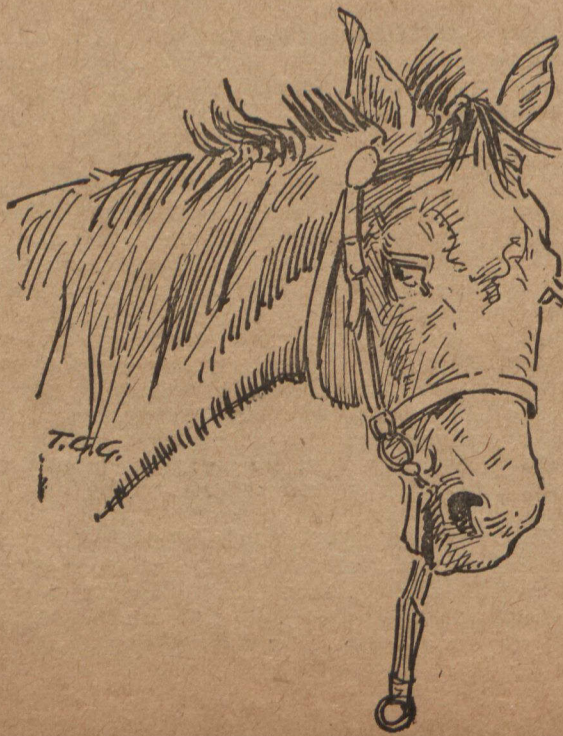
With pretended nonchalance I let myself down upon the butt end of the wagon tongue, walked up alongside Sam's battering-ram of a rump, and let out the crupper.

"Now y're all hunkadory," I said, slapping him with fine familiarity on the hams. "Gid-ep!"

I swung back on the seat.

At least that was where I supposed I was going. But that was only a circumstance to what really and truly happened. There was a crack like the shot of a rifle. When I got to a fair view of what had taken place I was feebly aware that the top half of the double dashboard was mainly not there. When I looked behind to see if the wagon had been broken into halves I observed that the dashboard was back along the road.

"Hmph!" I said. "That's one way to do it."



I got down and gathered up the fragments.

"Feel like goin' again?" I said, feebly.

I was no sooner up on the seat than Sam started up. He went along quite nicely. He now seemed the soul of good humour—for him. Apparently he had shot his bolt. Having got that one master kick out of his system, perhaps he would settle down to be a good horse for the rest of the day. Anyway, though I should have powerfully lam-

basted him with the bluebeech I withheld my hand, thinking it better to act as though a little episode like that never could cause me to lose my temper. So I started to sing and whistle, feeling now that I had a long, successful day ahead of me.

True to relate, all the way out the side road to the Middle Road, and on up to Smith's Mills, Sam behaved like a gentleman. When we turned in at the mill I had quite forgotten the early morning kick. On either side of the sawdust trail from the road to the screaming, throbbing stave mill great piles of swamp-elm logs blinked grey in the sun. Men and teams went here and there shouting among the timbers. Logs went snouting up the gangway into the hungry maw of the stave mill. Heaps of elm bolts came shooting out of a hole in the side. Boys hauled the bolts away to the steam boxes. Men at the stave cutters stood in the hissing steam and pared off the staves like cheese. Other men bundled them together, and hauled them away to the long streets of piled-up staves seasoning for the haul-out in the summer. The place resounded with great and inspiring energy. It smelled powerfully like the beginning of the world.

AS I backed the waggon up alongside a fat heap of white mill ashes thatched with elm bark I felt that I was a merchant prince. None of the men in that mill gang had a finer job than I had. Nobody was more successful. Every bushel in that heap was mine for the asking—and the soap.

When the whistle blew for noon and the mill hands came trolloping out, there was a general inspection of my rigout.

"Holy mackinaw! what fer a sooner d'yeh call that son 'v a seacock?" wanted to know the head sawyer looking at Sam as the team munched hay.

"Him? Oh, that's a cross bewixt a mule and a dromedary," says I, quite flippantly, though not so as to have Sam overhear me, because I felt that somehow that Oriental protestant could read my words, and I wanted to keep on good terms with him for the rest of the day.

As I traipsed up to the head house for dinner I told some of the gang how Sam had kicked so high one morning hitched to a travoy for hauling up firewood that he lost his balance and fell over forwards; had once kicked his right hind shoe across the road into a field; once left his caulk marks high in a basswood tree when hauling out logs from the bush. These were all circumspect gospel truth; also that Sam had persisted in kicking even when all his legs were roped together diagonally under his bellyband—though how he did it nobody ever had a quick enough eye to discover.

As I scoop-shoveled at the ashes after dinner and the sun crawled under a blanket of grey, I began to realize that the biggest part of my contract with Sambo was yet to come. It was about four o'clock when I mounted the seat and drove out the sawdust lanes to the highway. I had a thumping load. Sam took it out with a swagger. We got on to the spongy turnpike and I settled myself to hope that no evil genius would descend upon that horse.

Now that I was away from the mill I felt lonesome. The road was almost empty of teams. The load pulled rather heavily. Sam gave several tail-

twitching symptoms, but I held a tight reign and a stiff upper lip and kept the bluebeech gad poised ready for action. When we turned on to the side road towards the distant walls of the elm bush that lay betwixt us and the ashpen six miles distant, the dusk had begun to huddle up from the fields. The lights came out. Farmers went about doing their chores. This was a bad road. Sam was foaming a little at the jaws. His continued self-restraint was making him angry. The beast persisted in hauling most of the load himself. Every time I tried to gad up Liza he lunged ahead more heavily. White suds began to come out along her breeching straps. He was getting his unreasonable dander up, as I knew. The night was coming. How I wished I had that load turned on to the concession that jogged on to the sideroad leading to the ashery.

About five miles from home came the dramatic moment when Sam chose to let the blue devils seize him. It was now the eerie hour of just about dark. Windows twinkled far and near through a spindrift of cold rain. We were the only wagon on the road. The click of our axles might have been heard for half a mile. It was a ghost of an evening, and a most lonesome part of the road, all the houses being at the end of long lanes. I had no fear of highway robbery because there was nothing in five miles that looked half as much like a bandit as I did perched up on that hickory seat driving a beast that would have given the cold creeps to Dick Turpin.

Sam was working up a tragedy in harness. I could feel all sorts of discomforting vibrations from his side of the tongue. In the dim dusk his great uncouth corporation rocked and creaked ominously. He was like a ship pitching in a gale. I knew he was in a super-world all his own. His state of mind had nothing whatever to do with a load of ashes or a scared, ridiculous whiff of a boy who pretended to be driving him. I realized that not I but Sam was piloting that load of ashes. Whatever he decided to do under the influence of his insane genius he must and would do. The moment he got it into his head that—

And all of a sudden the precise moment came. Sam abruptly stopped his mate. As he did so he let drive one high and awful kick at all that remained of the dashboard. The crack of it echoed far in the bush. I heard the echo.

"Go on, Sam," I squeaked, with the emphasis of a scared child scolding an angry father.

I unlimbered the bluebeech. But before I could fetch it down Sam did what I had never known him to do before: he straddled his off leg over the wagon tongue and sat down. So doing, he pivoted his head and glared back at me with two deep-red balls of absolute insanity.

PAIENTLY and afraid I got down to disentangle him by letting down the tongue at the neck-yoke. Immediately he thrust his head over the neck of his mate and acted as though he would jump a hurdle clean over her. All his actions were studiously insane. They were hostile. To him I was a "bete noir." At that time I did not know this. To me Sam was the reincarnation of the devil mixed up with prehistoric horse. He was the terrifying protest of all the kingdom and commonwealth of horse against the absurd tyranny of mankind. Nevertheless, I felt it my bounden duty to go on with the farce of disciplining Sambo. I called him diabolical names as I unbuckled his harness and took him away from his mate. With trembling energy I knotted his part of the lines into his bit.

"Now you son of a gun," I remarked, chattering at my chops, "I'll show you whose boss of this job."

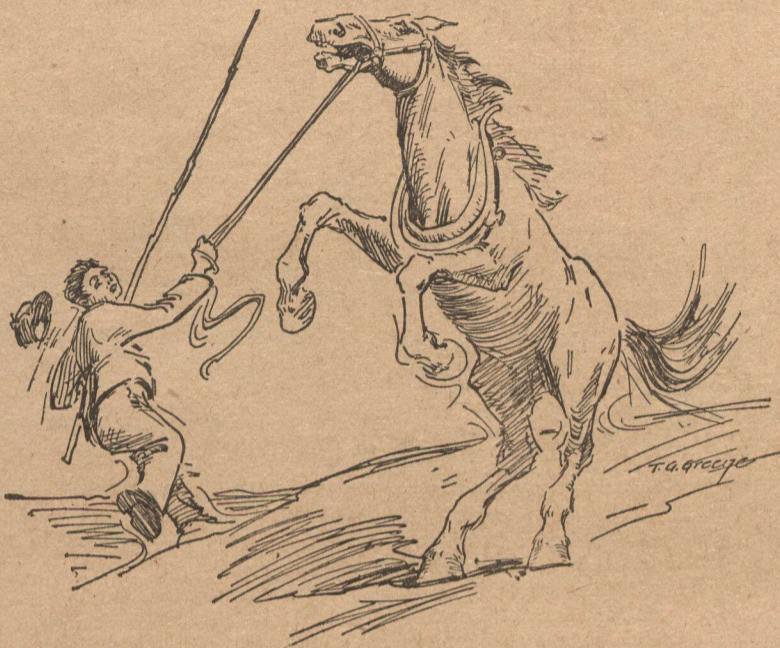
I knew better. It wasn't a job. It wasn't even an occasion. It was a reversion to savagery. In Sambo's brain it was time to show me why a scape-goat horse upon whom was loaded the sins and the misfortunes of his kind should refuse to be dominated by mankind as represented by me. Intuitively I grabbed the bluebeech, and with the gusto of a bayoneteer proceeded to act as though I would cut Sambo's hide into ribbons.

He anticipated my intentions. I knew now that I should have tethered him to a hind wheel and gone at the job with both hands. He knew it too. Peeling his top lips in a most sardonic way he laughed at me silently. Baleful contempt gleamed from his bulging inset eyes. He made no attempt to escape, because he knew I had the end of the lines wrapped about my hand. Indeed, he saw nothing to escape from. It was all the other way.

I landed him one gratifying wallop with the gad. That made me feel good. I was ready to fight now. The music of that swish got into my soul. I gritted

my teeth. From now on it would be a tussle. By the time I got through waltzing with Sam from ditch to ditch in the dark and the mud and the rain he would be a conquered horse glad to put his neck once more to the collar and take that load home.

Eh? What was this? Were my eyes deceiving me? Oh, merciful clouds and drizzling rain! What was this spectre that rose up before me? Not the heels of Sambo. Not his great hind legs kicking



at the clouds in lieu of a dashboard. No, it was the other end of Sam that came up. He reared upon his hind feet and heaved his torso into the gloom. Waving his hoofs like a prize-fighter he walked towards me on two legs as I gazed helplessly and dumb up at the awful length of his black, foaming belly that seemed like a wall of destruction. In that moment he was no longer a horse. He was the whole of animal-kind in one beast ready to annihilate me as the impersonation of humanity.

I quite realized the historic dignity of the occasion. I also obeyed the first law of nature when I let the leathers slide through my hand and got as far from the upstalking beast as possible.

"Come down, Sam," I said, remembering how the circus master cracked his whip.

He came down. His eyes transfixed me. I felt that I had a red glow on my face. He could see me all over. To him I was a confession of ultimate weakness. He could see me trembling. He had shown me himself in a new light.

"Oh, you great gazabo!" I mumbled. "You are it." He tossed his head, agreeing with me.

I shivered in the rain. He paid no heed to nature. He could have stayed there all night playing Jacob and the angel with me. But I wanted to get home.

No longer was it possible to dream of hitching Sambo to the waggon. In fact I had some hesitation even to put back the harness.

"I won't hook you up again, you old devil," I admitted, apologetically. "Stand still."

Hearing this he refrained from biting off my arm. I buckled up the harness, fixed up the basket and the scoop in the ashes, mounted Liza and rode away leading Sam alongside—leaving that great load of ashes in the middle of the King's highway.

Not to pursue a humiliating subject further—because I had a humble time explaining all that had

happened to Tom Bump—it was several days before that load lifted out of the ruts on the distant roadside. That night the rain turned to half a foot of snow. When the snow melted there was mud nearly a foot deep. Five days later I went back with the plow team to get it home. After smashing a single-tree and hewing another from the bush I got it that night as far as the top end of the side road on which stood the ashery at the end of a mile of pitch-holes. There I left it again. That was Saturday. There it stood all day Sunday. Monday, in a pouring rain, I took Sam and Liza back to finish up the job. Bump told me—

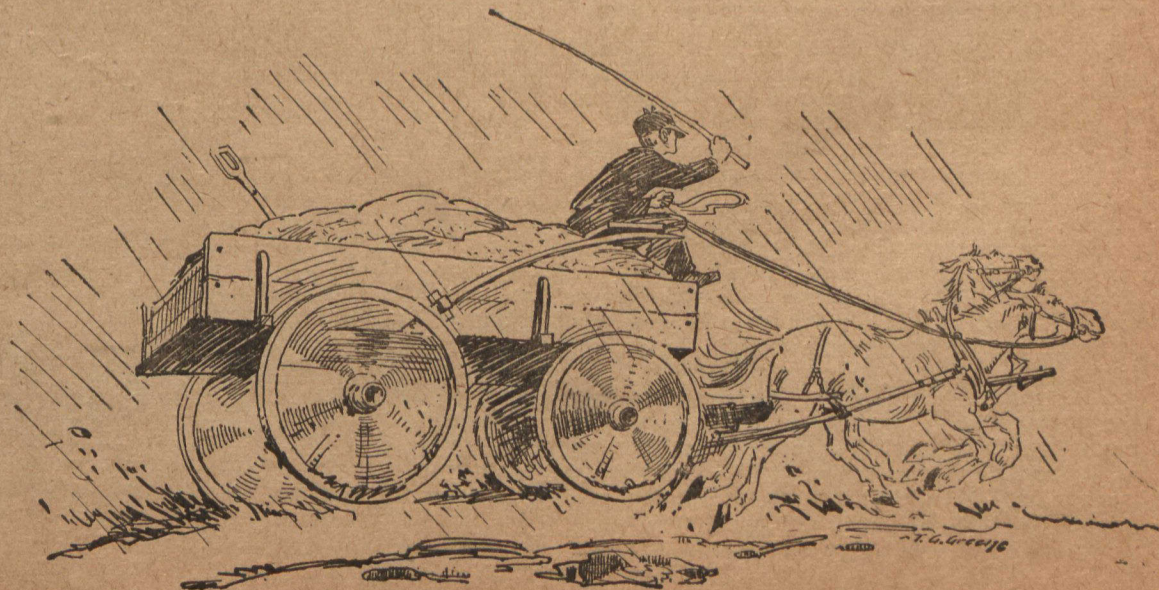
"If he wants to kick play on the bud and let him flicker."

THE result of which is contained in the last picture on this page, which shows the load of ashes from Smith's Mills one week after being loaded, making the turn at twelve miles an hour into the ashery in a sea of mud and a slither of drenching rain. How we did it without going over the end of the bridge or clean over a gatepost I never knew. And I never much cared, either.

That load of ashes had taught me more than all I had ever learned at Sunday-school. My acquaintance with Sam formed on that occasion never deepened into open friendship. There was a barrier beyond which neither of us ever could pass. He had accumulated a contempt for my knowledge of horse-ology that was equalled only by my humiliation in his presence. I drove him often afterwards. And there were times when he kicked unbelievably; when it was only by patience and perseverance that I ever got home at all.

And there came days after a while when I was glad he did. There were times in the itinerant history of an ashcat when the glories of nature plus the meannesses of other people were not enough to keep me from absolute pessimism. At such times the violent outbreaks of the protestant horse relieved my feelings. Looking back on those experiences now I understand Sam and his psychology better than I used to. I know that Sam has been dead a good many years. He did not live in vain. His life was brief because he lived at high pressure and was always kicking against the pricks. He kicked most when to do so gave him most punishment at other hands than mine. I know now that he was a wiser and more human brute than some of his owners. Too many horses are easily cowed. When a horse gets the spirit of a cow it's time for him to chew a cud and go raising calves. Sam was never a cowed horse. He was always his damnable, diabolical and unshelchable self; the primal ego of the horse raised to its highest dimension. And among the worth-while characters that I have been permitted to take as real illuminators of life, I am proud to count Sam the kicker.

TO him no day was necessarily quite the same as the one before it. If it gave symptoms of going to be, he rose to the occasion and changed it. There was only one way he could do it. But he made that one way a very interesting business. And I have known a lot of people who had far less brains than Sam the Kicker. This has nothing to do with what some people call horse sense. It simply means that if a lot of people would smash a few more dashboards it would be all the better.



Swelling a Poor Man's Trust

by
Norman Lambert

A Portentous Movement in the Canadian West Approaches a Critical Stage Next Month

Illustrations by T. W. McLEAN

When that group of men heaved themselves into their coonskin coats they had started an organization which is known throughout Canada to-day as the Grain Growers' Movement.



THE answers of the Poor Man to the rich man's trust—are the combines of poor men: the Poor Man's Trusts. The Trades Union Federation of the United States (the American Federation of Labour) is one such answer. The co-operative societies of Great Britain constitute another. And in our Canadian West, bit by bit, unit by unit, battalion by battalion, another such Answer is being heaped up. There was a time when the power of the C. P. R. in the West was almost absolute, and later, a time when the three Canadian transcontinentals and their allied business interests had the very power of life or death (in an economic sense) over the prairies. That these times have passed away is due to the growth of a Poor Man's Trust—a wonderful growth which Mr. Norman Lambert describes in the accompanying article.

But this is the important point for the Canadian to consider—whether he be from one end of the Dominion or the other. When will this Trust of Canadian "poor men" stop growing? Will it overshadow politics? Will it create a Third Party in Canada just as there have been Third Parties in other countries? Or will it revolutionize nothing more important than the buying and selling operations of our western farmers? Will it soon stop growing? Or will it burst like an over-inflated bubble? Burst as the same sort of movement burst in the United States thirty or forty years ago?

Next month will answer at least one of these questions. The heads of the Grain Growers' movement in Saskatchewan must then decide whether they will or won't throw in their lot with the recent business-amalgamation between the Alberta and the Manitoba organizations? Watch your newspapers for the reports of that decision. Meantime in order that you may understand just what that report means to the country as a whole, read Mr. Lambert's article herewith.—The Editor.

FIFTEEN years ago last eighteenth of December in the little town of Indian Head two men met to debate the question of extending the western and northern boundaries of the Province of Manitoba. They were the Premier of Manitoba, R. P. Roblin, and the leader of the Government in the Northwest Territories, F. W. G. Haultain. A large gathering of farmers and townspeople from different parts of Manitoba and the district of Saskatchewan assembled in the municipal hall in Indian Head to hear the two speeches and learn something about an issue which at that time was agitating the minds of legislators both in Regina and Winnipeg.

But the result of that debate is neither here nor there. Something else arose out of it—something destined to have greater effect on the life of Western Canada than the arguments of the two gentlemen who since have been blessed with knighthoods, and relegated to places of peace and quiet, far behind the scenes of politics. After Roblin and Haultain

had debated their subject until they had no more to say, the crowd broke up and went home—all but a handful of Saskatchewan farmers who remained quietly in one corner of the municipal hall with their chairs drawn together in a little circle. This group of serious-faced men, hardened and determined looking, did not happen to meet there by accident. They had been called together to talk over a grievance which affected not only themselves but nearly every farmer between Winnipeg and the Rocky Mountains. The man who had taken the initiative in bringing about their little after-meeting at the conclusion of the debate, and who acted as chairman of the circle that day, was W. R. Motherwell, of Abernethy, Saskatchewan, now the Minister of Agriculture for that province. When that group of men who comprised that small band pushed back their chairs, and heaved themselves into their coon-skin coats, they had started an organization which is known to-day throughout Canada as the Grain Growers' Movement.

Last week in Manitoba the Grain Growers held their annual convention, and during the next six weeks the Saskatchewan and Alberta conventions will be held. In these institutions, if people care to look, may be found one of the most amazing examples of successful social and economic growth which any country has ever experienced. In a little over fifteen years the Grain Growers of the West have developed from an entirely disorganized state, when a few thousand settlers were widely distributed over the lonely prairie into a strong, self-sufficient and well organized system, representing the interests of sixty thousand affiliated farmers. By adopting the principles of "Co-operation"—which to-



day might be said to be the watchword of the Canadian Middle Western provinces—the Grain Growers have progressed with marvellous rapidity. The older provinces of the East have not yet appreciated the extent nor the importance of the Grain Growers' Movement, largely because perhaps they have not yet appreciated seriously the vast land where these Grain Growers live. Whether the whole of Canada is aware of it or not, the organized farmers of the West, which is only another way of saying Grain Growers, are gradually breaking in upon the consciousness of this country. One day suddenly we shall have found that a mighty national force has been in the making—a force whose real character

few of us, especially east of the head of the lakes, have been aware of.

For nearly twenty years before the meeting which was called at Indian Head by Motherwell, the farmers of the West had been growing more and more dissatisfied with the conditions under which they were obliged to dispose of their grain products. Between the early '80's and the beginning of the present century there was no legislation to direct or control the grain trade. There was no "licensing" or "bonding" of grain buyers. Farmers had no rights in the matter of loading their grain upon the railway cars—and those cars were not distributed fairly amongst the grain shippers as they are now. Practically the entire western crop in those days was forced through the elevators which, as a result, held a virtual monopoly of the grain business all the way across the plains. The agitation against this order of things became so bitter that in 1899 the Dominion Government appointed an Elevator Commission to investigate the western grain situation, and out of the findings of that Commission came the famous Manitoba Grain Act.

EXPECTATIONS that the protective provision of that Act would bring relief to the grievances of the farmers, especially through the clauses ordering the railways to give the farmer shipper's cars for their grain in their proper order, as well as the elevators. But the railways at that time were in league with the elevator interests, and even after the passing of the Grain Act in 1899, the farmer was met with an entire disregard of his demands for cars and shipping facilities. There was a flat refusal to comply with that section of the Act dealing with the question of cars—a point, by the way, on which the Grain Growers waged and won their first big fight, and one which is regarded to-day by the organized farmers of the West, as amongst their most treasured possessions.

When it was discovered by the farmers that the Grain Act, in some respects at least, was being treated like a "scrap of paper," they were astonished, disappointed, but most of all, indignant. There they were, with no way to market their grain except through the elevators of capitalistic companies whose chief aim and purpose was to secure grain for the smallest amount of money the farmer could be made to accept for it. Those were the days of thirty and forty cent wheat, and many a bitter story of hardship and trial may be heard at any time from some of the men who now are occupying the managerial positions in the offices of the numerous Associations and Companies belonging to the Grain Growers' Movement.

That was the condition late in the season of 1901. Mr. Motherwell, speaking of that year to the writer on one occasion said: "The harvest of 1901 was very heavy, and as the result of a terrific traffic congestion all over the country, indignation meetings were held everywhere, both by business men in the towns and by the farmers. A deluge of resolutions and protests were showered upon the heads of railway and governmental officials. For two years or more previous to this I had been very much impressed with the necessity of a permanent organization amongst the farmers, to represent the special requirements of the

grain growing interests of the country. All branches of agriculture had their distinctive organizations in our various provinces, such as the Horse Breeders' and Livestock Associations, Sheep, Swine and Poultry, but in the West, or in any part of the Dominion, there was no distinct organized body of farmers to look after the grain interests, which after all were, and are still and are likely to be, of paramount importance in Saskatchewan.

"With the farmers righteously indignant over their inability to dispose of the 1901 crop, the time seemed to be ripe for the commencement of a movement looking towards a permanent organization whose duty it would be to press persistently and insistently for an improvement in marketing conditions, transportation, warehousing, and for the introduction of new or amended legislation from time to time as the rapidly changing character of the country seemed to warrant it. With this end in view, I asked Peter Dayman, a farmer neighbour at Abernethy, and of

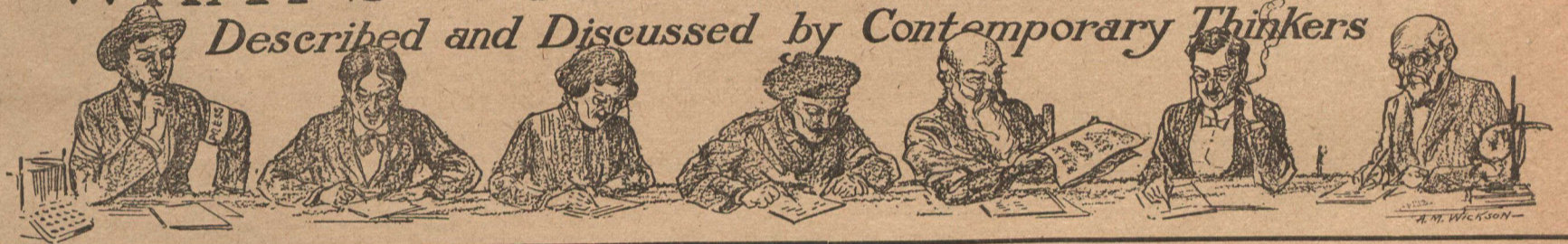
the opposite political persuasion, to co-operate with me in calling together a number of farmers from Wolseley, Sintaluta, Qu'Appelle and other points, to meet in Indian Head on the eighteenth of December. So eager and ready was public sentiment for the betterment of conditions that the meeting was unanimously in favour of a Territorial Grain Growers' Association being organized, and having before it the objects I have indicated. It was decided that local organizations of farmers should be established throughout the country at all points where an interest could be created, and that these Locals should each send delegates to a Convention where a central executive representing them all should be elected. A campaign to organize local associations was undertaken immediately and entirely by voluntary workers, with the gratifying result that when the first Grain Growers' Convention was held at Indian Head two months later, no less than thirty-eight locals were represented. I was honoured in

being elected the first president of the Association, which was placed on a permanent basis at that first convention in Indian Head. From that time onward the Grain Growers have been an ever-increasing power in the West."

It was not until this first Grain Growers' Association was formed that it finally became apparent that the farmers were in earnest about their grievances, and really intended to fight. About the first thing that was done to indicate the spirit of the Grain Growers was the legal action taken against Railway agents to test the validity and force of the Grain Act. They won that fight, and after that the farmers were treated differently in the matter of car distribution. When the farmer wrote his name in the car-order book at the railway depot he got his car in his proper turn, and the elevator company did not get them all. When the Manitoba Grain Act became the Canada Grain Act, a few years ago, and (Concluded on page 25.)

WHAT'S WHAT *the* WORLD OVER

Described and Discussed by Contemporary Thinkers



HE PRAISES COMBINES

In the Sense That They Give Co-operative Benefits and Save Costs to Consumer

At least one man in the United States thinks anti-trust legislation is a menace (in a sense), and actually advocates a large measure of co-operation between producers and markets. He is George W. Perkins, chairman of Governor Whitman's Market Commission and Mayor Mitchell's Food and Market Commission. Referring to New York, he says, in the New York Times: Here we are—a city of five millions—supplying ourselves with food through substantially the same methods that were used forty years ago.

We have spent millions upon millions of dollars in elaborate and conveniently arranged railway terminals for the accommodation of passengers; we have built subways; we have built tunnels under the waters on both sides of the city; we have established two Public Service Commissions in the State that jointly cost the people upwards of three-quarters of a million dollars a year to maintain—all that people may travel more conveniently and have their rights while travelling better protected, both as to safety and the cost of transportation. Yet, while all this has been done for passenger travel, scarcely any money has been spent and practically no thought given or planning done in connection with the great question of how to get into this city and distribute within the city the food which we consume. The more one looks into the problem the more amazed he is that such neglect should have existed.

While the average person spends from 40 to 50 per cent. of his income for food, he spends only about 10 per cent. of his income for transportation; yet private transportation companies and the State itself have been spending millions of dollars to look after the people's transportation interests while giving little or no time or money to their welfare in the matter of food. The same old cut-throat, ruthless competitive methods exist to-day that have always existed—a policy of every fellow for himself and the devil take the hindmost.

Beyond question, cold storage is one of the most important inventions of our age. It can and should be made to equalize our supplies of foods, to carry them from a season of plenty to a season of scarcity. Like many another thing that we find in our daily lives, it is potential for good and potential for harm.

In the last twenty years Broadway has seen the old horse car supplanted by the cable, the cable supplanted by electricity, tunnels put under ground, and the whole city equipped with a telephone service. In a phenomenally short length of time our inventions have supplied our merchants with an equipment which permits them to reach out as far as they choose for customers.

The result is an entire revolution in the methods of competition. Nowadays any merchant can invade the territory of any other merchant, and he does. Under such conditions competition takes on a new form and is much more deadly, both in retail and wholesale transactions. The effect of this competition on merchants has been so severe that they have been forced in many instances to effect trade understandings as to quality of output and prices in order to protect themselves from utter ruin.

While this mighty evolution has been taking place, our lawmakers, both State and national, have attempted to force American merchants to adhere to the old-fashioned ruthless competitive methods in business.

Therefore, in place of having laws of a character where co-operation can only be carried on in secret and under cover, we should have laws that will permit co-operation to be carried on in the open and publicly.

In New York State we have what is known as the

Donnelly act, which is based on the theory that competition is the life of trade. The dairymen up-State have finally reached a point where they are openly defying this act and co-operating through sheer necessity to protect themselves from financial ruin. In my judgment, it should not be restrained in principle but it should be conducted frankly, openly, and with such information on the part of the dairymen as would enable the public to know exactly what they were doing and how they were doing it. Not only should the dairymen be allowed to co-operate in this way, but those who distribute their product in the city should be allowed to co-operate under the same regulation and control.

The saving of lost motion is the all-important lesson for us Americans to learn at this time. We have done little in this direction because we have been living in a new land, a land with an abundance of new, fertile soil and abundant new waters filled with edible varieties of fish. In the last twenty years all this has changed. There is no more new land to be taken up and, through neglect, much of our land has become semi-exhausted. Our waters have become polluted and our fish are far less plentiful—all because we have had no farsighted co-operative method of developing and, at the same time, protecting our natural resources.

It is high time that we realized all this. We must realize that we face an entirely new condition, and prepare ourselves to meet it intelligently and resolutely.

AN INSIDE REPORT

By Wolf Von Schierbrand, Confirms Stories of Food Troubles in Austria

SINCE the war began, says Wolf Von Schierbrand, in the North American Review, I have made the circuit of Austria-Hungary twice, inquiring and observing. From personal study I can say that industry, trade and general business are, so far as data are obtainable, in a surprisingly flourishing state.

The most important item, the food problem, is the crucial one. On its solution chiefly depends Austria-Hungary's ability to bear the brunt of this war to the end.

To judge this question with a fair degree of accuracy, a number of factors must be taken into account. I shall go into them seriatim.

One of them is the influence of famine, or at least scarcity and high price of foodstuffs, on the general health. There can be no doubt that a condition closely bordering on famine prevails in most parts of Austria to-day. When I left Vienna the bakers' shops were besieged, day after day, by hundreds of women, children and aged men, waiting hours for their small rations of bread—half a pound per day



THE AVIATOR.

Isn't he cute! He has little wings as his insignia, just like Cupid."

Baionnette, Paris.

each person. And such bread! The fighting men at the front get fairly enough to eat. But in the "hinterland" the civilian population suffers more or less severely from an insufficiency of nourishing food. And it is precisely the feeble and sickly, the babies, women, children and the aged who are injured the most: as witness the official statistics of Budapest, the Hungarian capital, for the twelvemonth ending August 31, 1916. They show that, chiefly owing to lack of milk, infant mortality there has been more than treble what it was in 1914. The authentic figures for Vienna indicate a similar state.

Food conditions vary greatly in different parts of the monarchy. They are vastly better in Hungary than in Austria, Hungary being largely an agricul-



The Young Lady (going on a visit across seas—to nervous Aunt): We're all right, Auntie. Don't you worry about us. The voyage is soon over. Besides, I expect we shall have destroyers to look after us.

Auntie: That's right. Do, dear. I'm sure it's worth it, even if you do have to pay a little extra!

—Drawn by Lewis Baumer.

tural country, whereas in Austria industrial interests predominate. Normally, Austria imports about one-third of her provisions, largely from Hungary. The harvest of 1916 and that of 1917 will tell a different story. The 1916 crop was less than middling. A portion, owing to unfavourable weather prevailing during harvest-time, as well as to insufficient help, spoiled on the ground. It was especially deficient in breadstuffs, whereas in hay, in cattle feed, in barley and oats it was above the average. As Hungary needs her produce for her own population, relatively little finds its way into Austria, even at extravagant prices. Importation of certain classes of food has wholly stopped. Until last spring cheese, condensed milk, potatoes and herrings from Holland, butter from Denmark, condensed milk, cheese, honey from Switzerland, and canned fish from Norway, could be procured, though at steep figures. All that has stopped.

If the foodstuffs of both Hungary and Austria were put into a joint pool, so to speak, and the people of the whole monarchy fed out of it evenly, there would be no serious difficulty. It would mean that everybody would receive about 70 per cent. of the normal supply of peace days. But Hungary is a sovereign state, just as much as Austria is, and Hungarians do not propose to stint themselves to please the people of the other half of the dual monarchy. Thus it is that Austria goes short in her rations—alarmingly short.

Several doctors of my acquaintance in Vienna assured me that this long-continued malnutrition has wrought havoc with the health and stamina in the proletarian districts of the city, leading to permanent injury of the constitution in most cases, and to slow starvation in others.

To conclude. While, in the main, both the Government and the people of Austria-Hungary earnestly mean to see this present war out until a peace with honour may be negotiated—one securing to the monarchy safety from her foes of the hour—a proviso must nevertheless be made: they are all heartily tired of the fight, longing fervently for an end to it, and they feel that they have made sacrifices enough, both in blood and treasure. The common

folk in their talk among themselves often go farther than this: they declare that they want the war to stop in any case, with or without victory—though the men at the front speak differently.

OTHER JEWS SPEAK

And Defend the Plan of the Zionists to re-establish their Home in Palestine

SOME time ago we published in this department excerpts from an article by "An Englishman of the Jewish Faith," criticizing the Zionist Movement. Now comes the Zionist retort (in the Fortnightly Review) from the pen of Herbert Bentwich. What do the Zionists want? he says. They desire, according to the formula adopted by the International Congress at Basle in 1897, and repeatedly confirmed by subsequent Congresses, the establishment of "a publicly-recognized and legally assured Home for the Jews in Palestine." Is that an extravagant demand? Of course, it is travestied by the "Englishman of the Jewish Faith," in the same way as he garbled the claim of English Jews to emancipation. "The aim," he says, "is to reconstitute the Jewish nation . . . to create a new and autonomous State for the Jews." He knows very well that the idea of a Jewish State, which was, it is true, originally promulgated by Herzl, the convener of the Basle Congress, was not adopted by the delegates who were sent by the Zionist Associations—Zionism was no new thing even then—from all parts of the world. Instead of that, they preferred the reasonable, the moderate, the feasible demand of a Home for the Jews. But nationhood was not excluded. Why should it be? or, rather, how could it be? One is reminded of the dictum of Green, the historian of the English people. "A State is accidental; it can be made or unmade, and is no real thing to me. But a nation is very real; that, you can neither make nor unmake."

The Jews are a nation, a scattered nation. Hitherto they have been almost a voiceless multitude of separate units. Why should they not have a centre from which they can speak to the council of the nations on behalf of the oppressed? The Zionist organization which has spread its branches to the four corners of the earth has, at least, given dispersed Jewry the power of united utterance. It is, indeed, the only body which can speak for Jews—for nationalist Jews (those who have not the sense of nationality cannot count in this connection)—when the fate of this, with that of other little nations, comes up for discussion at the end of the present world crisis. To Englishmen of the Jewish persuasion who seem to rejoice in the fact that their people have no home, who see no sense or purpose in the preservation of a distinctively Jewish culture or in continued efforts to further Hebraic ideals—have they not everywhere been adopted (except in Germany)?—who preach the materialist doctrine that

"my home is where it goes well with me," and who desire nothing better than to be absorbed in their surroundings, this possibility of a Jewish national claim is dangerous. *Hinc illae irae!*

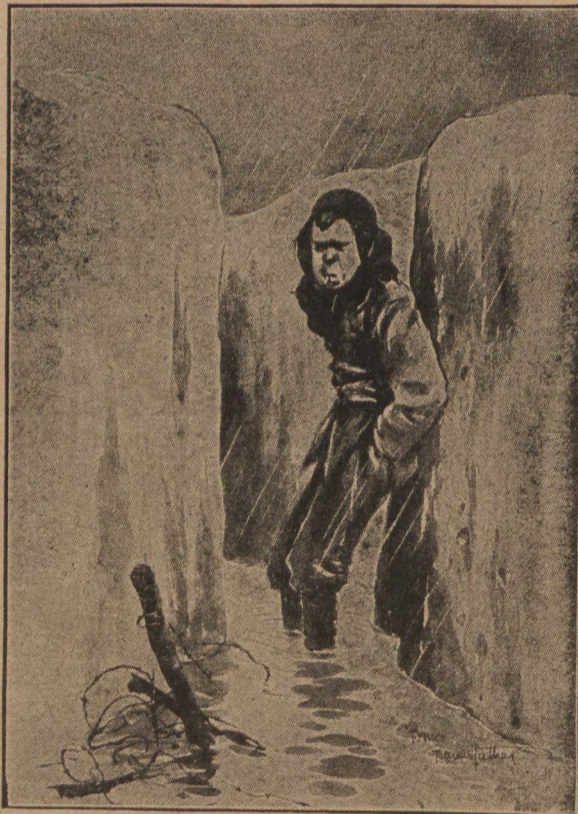
But what, we ask them, of the Jewish future—if it is to have a future? Will emancipation save your faith, which hangs loosely, and perhaps uncomfortably, about you, as the last shred of separateness? Do you seriously believe that if, as the result of your efforts—which, of course, would not go beyond those of other Englishmen—the same liberty which you enjoy in this home of freedom (not some simulacrum of that liberty parading under the style of political rights) were "at the end of days" granted to the six millions of Jews in Russia, there would not arise another, and a worse, Jewish problem—a problem of the people, if not of the Government, a problem of religious survival, if not of complete absorption in the surrounding populations? Perhaps you do not see that, or care about it; but we Zionists appreciate it, and we tell you it is the eternal Jewish problem (exemplified, indeed, in your own persons), and that there will be no end to it until the capacity is given to Jews to develop normally like other peoples, and that that will never be secured elsewhere than in a Jewish land—the Jewish land—a Home for the faith, as well as for the people.

"Assume," says the critic, "that the Jews of Russia and Roumania were in January in the same position, civically and politically, as the Jews of France or Italy, and there would be very little Zionism by December." That is a rather shameful statement for an Englishman of the Jewish faith to make. Does he not remember the great test to which the Zionists were put when a sympathetic British Government offered them an autonomous settlement in Uganda as an alternative place of refuge for the "tribe of the wandering foot and weary heart"? Would he like us, perhaps, to forget that it was these very same Russians and Roumanians, who were the principal sufferers, who led the Congress, while expressing its gratitude, to refuse the offer, declaring themselves unwilling to entertain any alternative to the Palestinian Resettlement on which the people's eyes were set?

Our duty at this hour is not to fritter our efforts on emancipation projects, which may mean much or little, according to the spirit in which they are carried out—we have the example of Roumania before us—but to concentrate all our attention on the Palestinian Resettlement. There, at all events, is the promise of a solution, on historic lines, of the Jewish problem. A new factor in the problem has arisen in the emergence of Palestine into the sphere of British interests. In the new world which is to be born out of the Great War "a place in the sun" must be found for the Jewish people; what place so good and so suitable for the people without a land as the land without a people! Our aspirations as good Britons, as well as faithful Jews, lead us there.

GUNS AND WEATHER

Engines of War have to be Adjusted to Changing Temperature and Humidity



THE COMMUNICATION TRENCH.

Problem:—Whether to walk along the top and risk it, or to do another mile of this.

—Bairnsfather.

IT might be supposed, writes Capt. Ralph W. Hal- lows in the 19th Century, that once the line of fire had been laid out, the four guns made parallel, the angle of sight calculated and allowed for, the range found and the guns elevated to the corresponding angle, nothing remained but to load and fire them. Such as a matter of fact is not the case, for guns are kittle cattle, easily affected by changes of temperature, weather, and a dozen other factors which crop up like so many mischievous imps, and seldom shooting quite in the same way for two days together; it hardly ever happens that the elevation shown on the range-drum for any given range is actually correct for that distance. In the case of big guns their temperature, or rather that of the charge, is taken almost as frequently as that of a patient in hospital, both barometer and thermometer are consulted, several other small factors are taken into account, and corrections are made with a slide rule before firing takes place. Field guns use rather less exact methods. But neither class of gun can hope to score a hit at once unless the target has previously been carefully registered. All must go through the process known as "ranging," the success or failure of which depends entirely on the observing officer. Fire is not opened with the whole battery until the true range has been found by experiment. The task is usually entrusted to two guns, which fire at slightly different elevations. The battery commander or other officer at the observing post watches for the shell-bursts and from them makes corrections for both line and range, telephoning them down to the battery. Ranging is usually carried out with

percussion fuzes—fuzes that is which burst not in the air but on impact. The first thing to do is to "bracket" the target—that is, to give such corrections that shells from the gun set at the longer range fall beyond the target, whilst those from the other fall short. Once a bracket has been obtained and verified by firing two or three more shots, it is reduced by shortening the range of the gun set at the higher elevation and increasing that of the second gun. Firing goes on in this way until a "short bracket" is obtained. The range is then established as midway between the ends of the short bracket; if No. 1 gun had been firing at 6,500 and No. 2 at 6,400, the true range would be 6,450. If shrapnel is to be used the correct length of fuze must also be found. Most fuzes are made to burst the shell either in the air or on impact, the former being done by time, the latter by percussion. Avoiding the use of technical terms, the percussion mechanism may be said to consist of a striker, a percussion cap, and a magazine of powder. Before the shell is fired the striker is locked in position by means of various devices so that the projectile is quite safe to handle and to transport. These safety arrangements are broken down by the shock of discharge, and nothing but a weak spring keeps the striker from firing the cap or detonator. When the shell hits the ground or a building the momentum of the striker causes it to fly forward, overcoming the resistance of the spring, the detonator is fired, the magazine is ignited, and the flash is carried down to the bursting charge. In the time mechanism there is also a striker which shears through its safety devices when the gun is fired. There is, however, no spring; the striker impinges at once on a detonator, firing it and thus igniting a ring of slow-burning compound which leads into the magazine. By means of a carefully graduated band known as the "timing" the slow-burning compound can be short-circuited at any point; in other words, the fuze can be so set that the shell will burst at any given moment in its flight. Fuzes are much affected by weather conditions, so that, as we have said, the correct fuze must be found before the whole battery can successfully open fire with shrapnel. For this purpose a large slide rule called the "fuze indicator" is used. It is so graduated that when in its normal position it will give the correct fuze lengths for all ranges under average conditions of weather and temperature. The observing officer orders a setting of this rule which appears likely to suit the prevailing conditions. Fuzes are set at the reading given and the result watched. If the bursts are too high or too low the rule must be altered until its readings give the correct fuze length. It will then be correctly set for all ranges on that particular day. The fuze having been found, the whole battery opens fire, the observing officer sending down small corrections for individual guns from time to time. The object of having lines of fire parallel is now apparent. If they were crossed it would be impossible to say which gun was responsible for a particular burst and individual corrections could not be made. Further, it is often necessary either to concentrate temporarily the fire of all guns on to one spot or to open them out so that they cover a wider area. If lines are parallel this is not difficult, but it would not be feasible were they convergent or divergent to begin with. In trench warfare observation is frequently done from a forward trench, and not from an observation post placed on a flank; aeroplanes are also very much used for this purpose. Special methods are employed in both these cases. The difficulty of observing, however it is done, is that the observer is displaced from the line of fire of his guns so that allowance must be made for the resulting parallax. The good observer, it need hardly be said, can only be produced by getting the right man and training him in the right way. He must watch the fire of four guns, making lightning deductions from its results, and send down his corrections clearly and rapidly, so that the greatest possible effect may be obtained with the least expenditure of ammunition. His eye must be quick and trained in gauging both distance and angular measurement, his judgment sound, and his brain capable of coming to an instantaneous conclusion without making an error.

To many who read this article it may appear that the methods which it endeavours to describe are cumbrous and must of necessity be slow. They are as a matter of fact quite otherwise. Practice makes the carrying out of them almost mechanical, whilst the calculations which have to be made are so simple that pencil and paper are often unnecessary. It must be remembered, too, that each officer and man has his allotted task when a battery comes into action so that many of the duties which appear from a description to be performed consecutively are really carried out simultaneously. Naturally the officer with the battery cannot lay out his lines of fire until the various measurements necessary are sent down

from the observing post. But since both he and the observing officer ride on ahead of the battery in a moving battle, they are able to get this work done whilst the guns are coming into action. One cannot realize how rapidly fire can be opened by any of the three methods until one has seen it done by a well-trained battery. Darkness is no bar to accurate shooting, for a lamp is fixed as an aiming point, angles from it being measured and tested by day.

NEW BRUNSWICK LEADS

Her Land Settlement Scheme after War ahead of all others, says London Chronicle

M R. J. SAXON MILLS, writing in the London Daily Chronicle, says that New Brunswick, one of the smallest provinces under the Dominion of Canada, is first in the field with a definite plan of land settlement after the war. When we speak of Canada and colonization, we are apt to think solely of the middle or prairie provinces. Some of us have almost overlooked the existence of these maritime provinces, with their milder climate, their almost illimitable resources, and, what is rather important, their handiness for our own shores. New Brunswick is only just on the other side of the big pond, and is close neighbour to nearly 100 millions of English-speaking people. All this should make the New Brunswick scheme very attractive to Englishmen who want to get to a newer country and yet not go too far away from the old Mother-land.

In the prairies most of the Crown Lands are held and administered by the Federal Government, but New Brunswick has kept control of hers, and she has at her disposal a wide enough area of fertile and unoccupied country to provide healthy and comfortable homes for—I believe I am speaking accurately when I say tens of thousands of new settlers. The moment her Government heard of the movement for securing all would-be emigrants from the United Kingdom for the British Oversea Dominions, it got right to work. It has spent quite an inconsiderable time in talking, and if the war should end by next late spring or summer New Brunswick will be ready with her scheme. Can any other part of the Empire say that?

Setting to work at once, the Provincial Government established an Advisory Settlement Board,



Allies: "Our cards are on the table; show yours."

—From the New York Times.

which was soon about the country looking for the land most suitable for the purpose, and in a marvelously short time such land was discovered. Some of us who belong to that very live Empire rendezvous, the Royal Colonial Institute, had a little talk the other day with the Hon. J. Murray, the very able Minister of Agriculture in N. B., and we heard a good deal about this excellent proposition. "The scheme

briefly," he said, "is the establishment of community settlements, each community to accommodate from one hundred to two hundred and fifty families, depending on the size of the area of suitable land that



GEORGE AS THE DRAGON.

—From the Bystander.

is available in each locality. Each of these communities will radiate from a central farm, operated by the Government for the purpose of supplying instruction, employment, necessary implements, and teams for the new settlers—a system which we believe will in a large measure do away with the necessity of each settler having to purchase a full equipment of his own for the first ten years."

On this central farm provision is going to be made for a school, church, butter and cheese factory, blacksmith's shop, post-office, and other public conveniences, and the co-operative principle will be applied in the marketing, and indeed in many other departments of the communal life and work. Very cosy these little villages will be, and I was much interested to hear about the contemplated religious arrangements. The communities will, as far as possible, each consist of members of the same religious creed. There will be a Roman Catholic community with its central church, perhaps an Anglican community, and it is thought that the various Nonconformist denominations, the "fancy religions," as the recruiting sergeant expresses it, might manage to combine in a form of worship which would occupy another church or chapel. This arrangement is perhaps calculated to stereotype religious differences, but what does that matter if people are happy and contented?

Stage Weeps are Tricky

STAGE emotions are not what they should be, declares Mr. George Jean Nathan in a recent article.

To blame this condition of affairs, as our current-drafting playmakers are forever so affectionate in blaming it, entirely upon the audience, seems a trifle short-sighted even to one, like myself, and who appreciates only too well from long and intimate contact the vulgarity and opalescence of the listless groups of bedizened pot-wallopers who smell out of court by their very patronage all that may be beautiful and worth while in drama. Why should sound thinking, thought that sparkles and crackles like burning diamond dust, ideas that, like so many rings of smoke, dissolve into wistful smiles and musings—why should these be believed irrevocably to be not the food of which theatrical amusement and stimulation are made? The notion that the emotions of a group of persons gathered into a theatre-auditorium to witness drama will respond only—or at least chiefly—to a like set of emotions displayed upon the platform before them is pretty poor psychology. The notion that such an audience may be made to cry only by showing it an actress sniffing or be made to feel joyful only by exhibiting to it an ingenue sticking her nose gleefully into a bouquet of sweet peas and meanwhile hopping on one foot, seems a sorry conceit. And by audience, in this connection and by way of reassurance, is meant not what Dryden, in another direction, described as souls of the highest rank and truest understanding, but that mob something which is ever given less to caviar than to sausage.

HOW TO BECOME AN INVESTOR

B Y I N V E S T I C U S

There is great dignity in the word "investor." When you aren't an investor you are likely to distrust "the corporations." If you don't own a stock or a bond you find yourself hurraing with all the rest of the people who aren't investors whenever it is proposed to break up some trust, or mulct some corporation of its excess profits, or pass a law preventing melon-cutting or advocating public ownership. But when you own even a single bond—you are an investor! Your whole point of view is likely to be changed. Even though it is your first hundred dollar bond and your hand shakes a little when you start to tear off your first interest coupon—you can't help feeling that now you are blood brother to the capitalists. Of course you don't believe in crookedness or oppression, but you do think there is another side to Socialist's talk. You have now a vested interest yourself. One hundred dollars invested in a security has transformed the whole world for you.

A man who three years ago was poor and an ardent reader of all the Socialist and anarchist papers in the English language, came into this office not long ago in a fur coat and other expensive toggerly. The story he told was the story of how he had become a capitalist. He was so affluent, so ruddy and happy that one hesitated to remind him of his former hatred for the capitalistic class. But I did, and he smiled—and whispered that he had become a capitalist himself because he saw the opportunity to do good! He had made his money gambling on the New York stock market in the days when the first war babies were being born. His original capital was a very trifling sum indeed (to be called "capital"), but he had been fortunate and was now worth a modest twenty thousand dollars. Instead of being a reader of anarchist publications, he was now a regular reader of expensive publications that tell how to build your country home and where to order marble fountains for your backyard.

That, of course, was a "luck" story. It was exceptional and dangerous. Most people who make their money easily seem to be in danger of losing it easily. The real capitalists of this world are not stock market gamblers, but men who began by doing without

things in order to achieve financial independence.

The first assistant general manager of one of the big banks in this country confessed to a circle of acquaintances not long ago that he had become a rich man "in spite of" himself. "I used to be one of that great crowd of people that is always broke, always in debt," he said, "always living up to the last penny. As a boy I bought a watch before I could really pay for it. As a young man I bought better clothes than I could afford. A little later I married—and had to confess to my wife that I was in debt and running behind. That is what saved me. My wife brought it home to me that I must change my ways. I did. We never felt that we had really saved anything unless it "hurt" to save it. We schooled ourselves to the habit of doing without the very thing we wanted most (I don't say needed most). The habit of self-discipline that I was thus enabled to develop—though, mind you, I was twenty-seven at the time—helped me in my business so that our income was greater and our savings greater. Then I went into the bank—"

That story is wonderfully universal. Saving money has a double effect. It not only gives the saver the money he or she might not otherwise have had, but it builds character. It makes the casual citizen—an investor. It gives him a greater stake in the affairs of the community. It increases his interest in business affairs, and quickens his business perception.

A great many men and women have money to invest to-day who had none—and never expected to have any—three years ago. A great many ought to have—and haven't. Some feel that their increased income is a challenge to their spending instinct—and they at once get busy spending. Some place their money in unfortunate investments. The editor of this department has heard from a number of them. If you are a stranger in the investment world—go slow! Put your money in a savings bank until you have time to learn something about the bigger game. Remember—investing money goes by the opposite rule to swimming. The proverb says—as quoted from nowhere by the country boy—"Pitch him into the deep hole and that'll learn him all right!" But not so in the waters of

investment. Go slow. Paddle around in the shallow water of a three per cent. savings bank account.

An Important Statement.

As usual, the Bank of Commerce report is more than a mere statement of the affairs of that great institution—it includes a summary of the business outlook of the whole country. The wonderful opportunities that a Canadian bank, with branches all over the country, has for gathering accurate information about the business affairs of the nation, is turned to admirable account by Sir Edmund Walker in his annual addresses. He points out conditions of prosperity beyond anything which has ever before been known in the Dominion, resulting from the existence of a market which needs almost everything the country produces, and in which the seller must pay almost anything which is asked.

With reference to trade with other countries, which is the best indication of the tendency of affairs at the moment, it is pointed out in the address of the president that the exports for the fiscal year ending 31st March, 1916, exceeded the imports by \$249,088,274, and that for the six months ending 30th September, 1916, the excess was \$141,100,898. A gain over the astonishing figures for the first half of last year is shown in those of the first six months of the present year of nearly another 100 millions.

The chief increases in imports are in iron and steel bars and goods, machinery, raw rubber, chemicals, and other materials required for the manufacture of munitions, and to some extent in foodstuffs. Regret is expressed by the president at the sending abroad of about 10 millions at this time for motors and as much more for silk goods and velvets. "If we are really to exercise an effective economy," he says, "we should be very jealous as to the nature of any imports not necessary for the production of war supplies or for our national existence." The financial ideal for Canada at the present time, says the report, is to pay interest on foreign indebtedness, to provide Canada's share of the cost of the war, and to lend as much as possible to Great Britain to pay for munitions made for her in Canada.

IN THE COMPANY OF BOOKMAKERS

Of course there are many ways of reading a book and many ways of making a book. Some books are all matter and no manner. Some are all manner. For those who want the greatest yield of FACTS per square inch of paper we recommend the Report of the Dominion Commission on Technical Education. For those who want a delightful something made out of nothing by a skilful writer, commend us to some minor poet.

This is all by way of attacking a novel by Percival J. Cooney, entitled Kinsmen (S. B. Gundy). Mr. Cooney, it seems, has written other books which we have not had the pleasure of reading or hearing about. But that is no matter, because it is a large world and there are many books to be read. Mr. Cooney, it seems, is a Canadian, although like a good many other

Canadians lives in the United States. Something in his style makes us think he is a man no longer youthful—he is a trifle like the famous Kirby of Le Chien D'or in his style. The fact that this was a Canadian novel did not, to tell you the truth, prejudice us heavily in favour of the book, because many an atrocity has been committed in the same name, handsomely bound and warmly welcomed by Canadian critics who don't like to knock the budding Canadian novelist. But any prejudice one may have against Mr. Cooney's book Kinsmen is bound to be tempered by admiration for the old fashioned simplicity of the telling, and for the interesting facts that are contained in the story. Though Mr. Cooney doesn't say so, we suspect that a great part, if not all of the story, is built on a real episode in Canadian history. It is a

quaint and, in some ways, illuminating story. Scotch folk in Canada will enjoy it particularly.

It wouldn't be fair to the book to tell the story in advance. Suffice it to say that it deals with pioneer days among Scotch settlers in Ontario. The central figure is a laird—who wants to carry his Scotch traditions into the wilderness. It is conventional in style and rendering, but it throws light on one phase of past Canadians' days, not unworthy of attention.

* * *

DOES it never occur to folk with the literary turn of mind that much too much is being written about the war, anyway, much too much for contemporary consumption. Here comes Baron F. Von Hugel with a tidy

(Concluded on page 23.)

The Habit of Thrift

may be best cultivated with the assistance of a Deposit Account. If you have a Deposit Pass Book, you will have an incentive to save the small sums which too often are frittered away in petty extravagances. No matter how small the amount with which you begin, by regularly and systematically adding a portion of your income it will rapidly increase. The Compound Interest at Three and One-half per cent., which we add, will materially assist its growth. You can open an account with one dollar. Obey that impulse. Take a pass book home with you to-night.

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NIJINSKY ALL THE RAGE NOW

NIJINSKY is the man dancer who just now occupies the place once held by Mordkin in the United States. This Russian master of ballet has lately been in San Francisco. The Argonaut critic rather vividly describes the dances—one of which was Till Eulenspiegel of Strauss. Evidently Nijinsky is not a narrow-minded dancer, for he had no objection to dancing to German music. Says the Argonaut:

"Till Eulenspiegel," with Nijinsky in the role of the tricky Till, opened the programme. They have given us in symphony programme notes a resume of the full meaning of this characteristic specimen of Strauss eccentricity. The story is a familiar myth in Germany. I notice that it figures in 'The Allies' Fairy Book' as a Belgian fairy tale, under the title 'The Last Adventures of Thyl Ulenspiegel.' But somehow the audience remained, as it were, on the outside while the tragi-comedy played itself out. They didn't know, many of them, what it was all about, and the really wonderful setting mystified them all the more. It was beautifully colored fantasia, a curious medley of mediaeval towers and castles all awry, and typical, evidently, of the wild derangement brought by the tricky mediaeval Puck upon his sober townsfolk. The stage was a striking picture, a shifting panorama of German street figures of the middle ages; for there are twenty characters listed, aside from the unnamed members of the ballet. Mlle. Revalles, as one of the three chatelaines, was rather lost in the trio, which, however, was a most striking element in the general effect. The three wore mediaeval head-dresses almost as tall as themselves, while their long trains almost doubled their natural length.

"Nijinsky, as the madcap Till bouleversing an entire village, did some of the loveliest dancing of the evening. His body looks overmuscled, and his legs too thick and bunched for beauty, but every little movement has a meaning of its own." Nijinsky's theory as a pantomimic dancer is expressed in his versatility. "One must be," he says, "as a changing chameleon in the varying roles one enacts. Like the 'coat of many colors' one must be prepared with shades to enhance one's meaning. . . . Of course, the dancing counts for much, but the idea must be seized. Its expression naturally follows."

Jane Molineau, writing in the Minneapolis Bellman, recalls some racy reminiscences of Nijinsky, who seems to have been a classic in Europe, especially Paris, before he began to be exploited in the United States. Miss Molineau describes the first appearance of the Russian dancer in Paris when all the world was gay.

On the first appearance of the Ballet Russe, in 1909, says the writer, Paris was stirred to its artistic depths. Here was something new, the expression of thought simultaneously and harmoniously by three mediums—movement, color, tone. And what movement! What color! What tone!

The quick imagination of the Parisian seized the inspiration, and adopted the Ballet Russe as a national institution. The nimble feet of young Nijinsky, the star, and the beautiful Karsavina, his companion in honours, danced new line into art. Bakst waved his brush, and the color scheme of Paris changed; and with Paris, the world. The effect produced

by the Russian Ballet in that city, where every workman is an artist, was revolutionary, far-reaching, and lasting. It affected commerce as well as art. The little manufacturer felt it as much as the great musician. It wrought a change in costumes, the dressing of hair, the pose of individuals, and the decoration of homes. It introduced new vogues in antiques, liberated harmonies heretofore counted discords, and harmonized colours long considered enemies.

The hit of the 1912 season was 'L'Après-Midi d'un Faune.' To the shrill notes of the wind instruments there wove across the stage of primeval green a bas-relief of human figures, uncanny in their reproduction of the attitudes and gestures of the Greek frieze. The central figure of this group held us spellbound. Was it man, woman, or a phantom? Could



Nijinski, the great Russian dancer, in "Petrouchka."

any human creature take such attitudes? Here was the apotheosis of line and harmony. We dared not breathe lest we lose a moment of the enchanting movement.

But where was Nijinsky?

There was no Nijinsky! There was only the Faun, the creature of myth and fable, whom all the writers have put into phrases, the sculptors modelled and the artists painted.

Draw Line at Strauss.

CONCERNING Strauss and his music a good story is told by a contemporary. It concerns Pierre Monteux, conductor of the Ballet Russe, no doubt, to acclaim the dynamic leader. This is Pierre Monteux, the fiery Frenchman who stirred up such a rumpus in New York when he refused to lead "Till Eulenspiegel" because Richard Strauss subscribed to the manifesto against France at the beginning of the war. "I am a French soldier," said Mons. Monteux. "I was released from actual service in

the trenches by Briand himself for this engagement in America. I am going back to the trenches. I say nothing about Strauss' music as such. But I will not conduct the work of a man who is the avowed enemy of my country." So "Till Eulenspiegel" had to be directed by another conductor.

Old Stuff in New York.

OLD music has charms, declares Morris Paul in the Theatre Magazine, and goes on to say that it seems as if New York has been oversupplied with ultra modern music in the past two or three seasons. At least the artists and conductors who make up the programmes of concerts and recitals have come to that conclusion, for this season everything points toward the past. Old music is taking the place of new. Revivals instead of first performances are the rule.

In opera as well as in the concert field this state of affairs holds. The Metropolitan Opera Company opened its season with a rather old-fashioned work, Bizet's "The Pearl Fishers," and the most important novelty offered so far has been Gluck's "Iphigenia in Tauris," which was written one hundred and thirty-seven years ago. To be sure, it has been touched up and to a certain extent modernized by no less person than Richard Strauss, but the spirit of the original composer has been retained to a remarkable degree.

"Iphigenia in Tauris" had never been produced in America prior to November 25th when it had its first Metropolitan performance. It was looked upon by general manager Giulio Gatti-Casazza as a sort of artistic venture, produced to satisfy the cravings of a few zealous music lovers for something restful in comparison with the blood curdling melodrama of the average modern opera.

Elman on Old Violins.

MISCHA ELMAN is to give a recital at Massey Hall, Toronto, on January 24th. Meanwhile, he hands out some genial advice about old violins to all such readers of this paper as feel interested in that subject.

"I am constantly receiving letters from various sources," he says, "about old violins, and although it is a physical impossibility to reply personally to all of them, I always try to communicate with the writers. The question of old violins appears to interest hundreds of people who are not violinists nor even musical. There is, of course, a certain mystery about the instrument that fascinates almost everyone, but at the same time there is altogether too much misconception and misunderstanding. My first word of advice to purchasers of violins is, 'do not believe all you read on the label inside!' It is the easiest thing in the world to paste imitation old labels in a fiddle. Most old labels are pure fakes. No one but an experienced violinist can be sure of a genuine instrument. Do not waste time looking in pawn shops for a Stradivarius worth ten thousand dollars. (Such things happen once in a hundred years—sometimes.)

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Evident.—Officer (who has "lost touch" with the troops on field-training)—"I say, sergeant, where have all the blithering fools of the company gone to?"

Sergeant—"Shure, an' I don't know, sorr; it seems we're the only two left."
—Tit-Bits.



Where Are They?—The man who had made a huge fortune was speaking a few words to a number of students at a business class. Of course, the main theme of his address was himself.

"All my success in life, all my tremendous financial prestige," he said proudly, "I owe to one thing alone—pluck, pluck, pluck!"

He made an impressive pause here but the effect was ruined by one student, who asked impressively:

"Yes, sir; but how are we to find the right people to pluck?"—Philadelphia Ledger.



War-Prices.—A Tommy on furlough entered a jeweler's shop and, placing a much-battered gold watch on the counter, said, "I want this 'ere mended."

After a careful survey the watchmaker said, "I'm afraid, sir, the cost of repairing will be double what you gave for it."

"I don't mind that," said the soldier. "Will you mend it?"

"Yes," said the jeweler, "at the price."

"Well," remarked Tommy, smiling, "I gave a German a punch on the nose for it, and I'm quite ready to give you two if you'll mend it."—Tit-Bits.

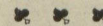


Ruined the Ruin.—An English nobleman was about to set out for India, and, fearing that in his absence vandals might destroy a picturesque ruin on his estate, he said to his steward: "I want you to build a wall here"—he drew a tiny furrow with his stick around the ruin—"a stone wall five feet high."

On his return home the nobleman started for the spot. When he reached it he rubbed his eyes in amazement. There was the new stone wall, but he could see nothing towering up inside of it. He turned excitedly to his steward:

"Look here, where's the ruin, man?"

"The ruin, my lord?" replied the steward. "Oh, that ould thing! Sure, I used it to build the wall with."—Boston Transcript.



Alfred Noyes, the English poet, complained rather bitterly at a Bohemian luncheon about certain adverse criticisms of his poetry. "I attribute these criticisms to ignorance," he said. "These critics are like the chap who was asked by his little son what hexameters were. 'Why,' the man said reproachfully, 'surely you're old enough, Willie, to know that a hexameter is a public automobile.'"

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