

CANADIAN COURIER

Vol. XXII. No. 12

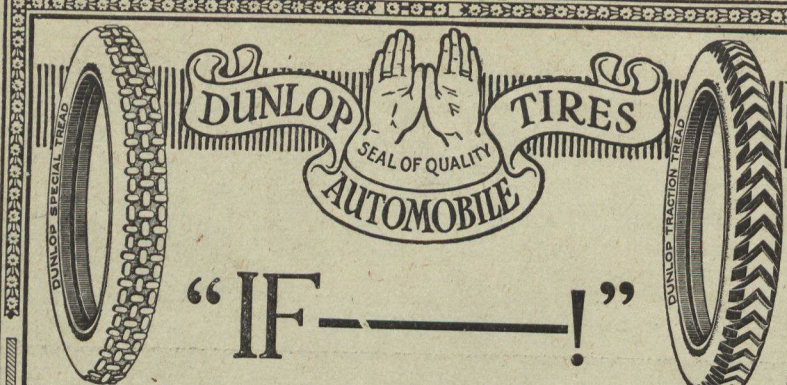
FIVE CENTS

August 18, 1917



—Photograph by Edith Watson

Let's Go After Bear, by A. M. Chisholm
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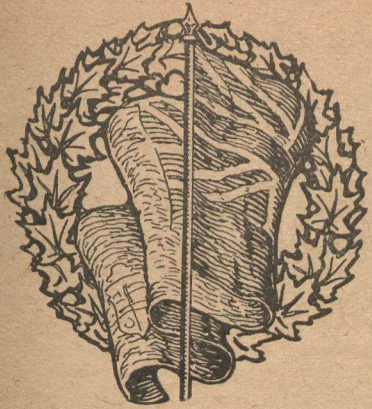
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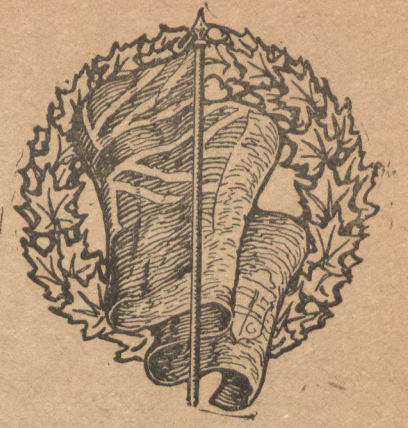




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August 18, 1917



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LET'S GO AFTER BEAR!

AFTER assimilating with modest pride—or possibly a slight swelling of the head—the kind plaudits of friends, relatives and neighbours on our war record and effort, we seem to have temporarily fallen down, and to be in danger of falling further. We have reached a species of national dog-days, an equinox, a slackwater, a flat crisis, or whatever you like to call it.

The average Canadian who does a little thinking in his spare time has an uneasy feeling that he does not know where he is at; neither does he know what he is headed for. He knows that events are impending, but he does not know what they are, and the lack of knowledge worries him.

In his heart, consciously or otherwise, there is impatience and with it a longing for a national Moses, individual or composite, to lead him to the Promised Land of something definite. He would be relieved to see a Pharaoh's daughter or even a bulrush. He does not expect a land of milk and honey, but he earnestly desires to get somewhere. He wants to get out of the doldrums, to see the national sails curve hard-bellied in the wind of progress and hear the deep-sea song of it in tautened national stays; he wants to see the national ship snoring through deep water with a bone in her teeth and a flat wake behind. But the deuce of it is that the fair wind does not strike the ship. When ever the hard, dark-blue line of it bears down and all hands and the cook get ready to haul sheets aft, something intervenes and it veers off. There are a dozen baffling political catspaws ruffling the surface, with stretches of flat calm between. Wherefore the average A.B. citizen—of the West at least—whistles for a wind, sticks a knife in the mainmast, and occasionally uses strong language.

Getting down to brass tacks, the average citizen of the West wants to do everything that can be done to win the war; and he wants to start doing it at once.

Now to win the war it became evident not nearly as soon as it should, that every nation in it and every individual of every nation in it, must get in and dig—not merely gentlemanly "delve," but dig—in some way, with coat and collar off and sweat instead of gently perspire. The only limit to the men, money and supplies needed is the ability of the nation to come through with each and all.

Even yet some of us don't see that. We persist in the old idea that we are a dinky little raised-by-hand colony which it is somebody's duty to protect and feed and shelter. We are ready to let George do it—with special reference to George Windsor and his home folks. We are ready enough to howl to heaven about our autonomy, but when it is a case of proving that we are fit for it—a case of assuming war responsibilities like a grown-up nation—some of us want to shelter behind the ample petticoats of good old nurse, who is already as busy as a cat on a tin roof, protecting herself. Some of us read of present events just as impersonally as we used to read of old Waterloo, and with the same comfortable sense of ultimate victory. That unwillingness to assume national responsibility to the full limit, and that impersonal feeling, are curses to

A Non-Partisan Chinook

By The Man From Windermere

WHETHER you agree with the writer's point of view or not makes no difference to the fact that you will enjoy this article. The Man From Windermere, B.C., has party politics of his own and no mistake, when things are in order. Just now he gets out on the roof and blows a non-party blast that in our opinion is as thoroughly all-Canadian a production as any speech made in Parliament or out, since the war began.

By A. M. CHISHOLM

Canada. One of these days, if we remain wilfully blind and comfortably dabbling in our little, old before-the-war mud pies of various kinds, the God of Things as They Are may lose patience and smite us hip and thigh, and we shall deserve it.

On the other hand, others of us—and I think the great majority—are coming out of our trance to a realization that so far as effort is concerned too much will still be too little, and that the effort must be not only individual and governmental, but national in the widest sense. The blow of the Canadian mailed fist must have the weight of the national body behind it. We must "swing from the heel" as the celebrated Mr. Fitzsimmons used to say. And it follows logically that only a strong, trained-to-the minute organization can make us deliver the punch of which we are capable, and land it with every last ounce of steam.

Peace-time democracy in war-time is folly. To fight efficiently for democracy or anything else the democracy itself must establish a practical autocracy, and temporarily forego a number of the excellent things and individual liberties which it enjoyed before the world turned upside down. Which, be it understood, is no veiled assault on or sneer at the principle of democracy, but the highest application of the very principle itself. A fighter to be fit for a hard contest must cut out many of the pleasures of life. To last through a hard season a team must obey an autocratic trainer. There must be deprivations, curtailments of sorts. But if there is any finer little democracy than a well-trained, hard-muscled set of boys curbing most of their natural desires in order to satisfy the greater desire to win, I have yet to see it. In war, coaxing has no place. It is a case of somebody having authority to say "go, and he goeth, and come, and he cometh," without argument or delay. The highest proof and the highest point of democracy is the voluntary establishment of a temporary autocracy within itself, in order that democracy itself may survive.

ONE of the first manifestations that Canada wanted a national organization in the fullest sense was the Win-the-War convention in Montreal. It can scarcely be called more than a manifesta-

tion, because it had no authority, no "sanction," to use the legal phrase. It couldn't do anything but discuss and pass resolutions. Nevertheless it drew men from all parts of Canada. But the announcement by Sir Robert Borden of a measure of compulsory service coincided with the convention and took most of the wind out of its sails. It largely flivvered out, because among other things no men bulking large in the national eye were prominently connected with it, and also because it was rumoured that other men in whom Canadians reposed no special confidence were behind it. It could not have accomplished anything, anyway. But it was quite a respectable straw showing the quarter from which the wind was going to blow.

After that a number of things happened. Following the announcement of a compulsory service measure came Sir Robert Borden's coalition proposals, their refusal by Sir Wilfrid Laurier, the proposal for an extension of the parliamentary term, opposition of that by Sir Wilfrid, its consequent withdrawal, and a general election in prospect as the inevitable result.

TO digress briefly and more or less personally: The purpose of these presents is to put in plain language what I believe to be the attitude of the great mass of citizens of Western Canada toward playing the win-the-war game. If I fail to do so it will be because I can't write plain English, or because I don't understand the sentiments of the people among whom I live, or both. But it will not be because I am not endeavouring to tell the straight-grained truth, without varnish and without putty on the knot holes. I desire to keep clear of all party corns and avoid all party tunes. This article is non-partisan, with the accent on the non. But I am trying to interpret the views of the average citizen, Grit, Tory and non-party man, and these views are strong, and definite and united on questions which have been and are tangled up with party politics. One of them is the view of party politics itself. Hence it is vain to tender-handed stroke the nettle. Though plain truth is often rough stuff it never hurt anybody. One of the things we suffer from in Canada is mealy-mouthedness. Too many things are taboo and verboten, lest rude comment thereon should peel a strip of tender hide from somebody. But at the risk of that my endeavour is to state fairly what I believe to be the sentiments of nine men out of ten in Western Canada. With which digression "let's go," as our American friends recently say.

Now as to conscription or compulsory service or whatever you like to call it, the West is practically a unit of approval. If anyone doubts that and has financial faith in his belief, let him pick out any western constituency, go there, and offer to bet real money that an anti-conscription candidate can or will be elected. In very short order he will have a large investment. The West is not only strong for but insistent on conscription, which it regards as the only fair and adequate method of obtaining men. Not that the voluntary system has failed to get men in the West; everybody knows it has not. But

the West is not only tired of but can no longer ante for others as well as for herself under this system.

I am writing in a B. C. mountain valley, from which, out of a voters' list of some eleven hundred names, nearly four hundred men have gone overseas. I am not claiming a record for it. Other places have done the like. But I cite it as an instance of a community which has its whole effectual stack in the game already.

I know these men. They were and are good men, most of them engaged in productive industries—ranchers, miners, lumbermen and the like. A large proportion are married, with families. The cost of sending a family man overseas very properly includes a generous subsistence for his family in his absence. But it is not only improper but plain, foolish waste to send men at the extra cost of a subsistence allowance when there are others in the country whose sending would not involve the paying of any subsistence allowance at all. And there is where the voluntary system on economic grounds, if there were no others, breaks down. It is tremendously expensive, as well as grossly unfair. I do not intend to stress this point, which is or should be obvious. The point I make is that the West, having furnished more than its quota of men under the voluntary system, sees the unfairness of it in its own case, and is absolutely and flat-footedly behind compulsory service, to be applied and enforced, if necessary, equally in all parts of Canada. There is no doubt about that. The West is not playing favourites, nor will it stand for favouritism, whether in province or individual.

FOLLOWING the unfortunate Canadian tendency to avoid calling things by their first names I find I have not specifically named Quebec. I apologize. I mean Quebec. Quebec and the West are at opposite ends of the log. Heretofore the West has carried its share of the big end, and Quebec has let the little end mighty close to the ground, thus making it harder for all concerned.

Now this log of service has to be carried and skidded up into place, just as much in the interest of Quebec as of British Columbia. If Quebec doesn't see it that way we can't help it. The whole structure is being delayed. But that log has to go up. Hence excuses won't go; grievances don't go as excuses. The West, which has troubles of its own, doesn't care a hoot about Quebec's grievances, real or fancied. It wants to regard Quebec as a man and a brother, but a big, husky, elder brother ought to hold up his end, or at least the West thinks so; and if he doesn't do it he is apt to hear some plain, brotherly language from t'other brother.

The main thing is that Quebec did not come through under the voluntary system, and the West does not in the least care why. Everybody has to come through nowadays, willingly or otherwise, to the extent of his ability; and there can be no evasions, no exemptions, no refusing to play the game which is national life or national death, no hair-splitting about the constitution or the rights of anybody. This war is interfering with everybody's rights, including the right to live. Any man who can't see that needs a course in a brain college. All these things are so evident that time arguing them is wasted. Those who argue contra are wilfully blind, or different in mental equipment from everybody else in the white man's world. There is no time left to run a series of academic debates. That's how the West look at it.

As for the various street-corner and other Quebec orators who denounce conscription and preach resistance thereto, the West does not take them seriously, and if she did it would make no difference to her. In common language she regards them as a lot of windy four-flushers who are trying to run a sandy. As for the danger alleged in some quarters of disrupting confederation, the West is not perturbed. Confederation will take some breaking if the West has anything to say about it, and she thinks she will have. Generally the West half believes and wholly hopes that the froth has come to the top and is making all the noise—if froth ever makes noise—and that the stuff beneath is good and sound; the general experience of the West being that the man who talks most about shooting up the town

may not be such a real wolf after all and will likely simmer down if he finds himself up against public sentiment concretely expressed. The West is prepared to express her sentiments any old way at all.

When it heard of proposals for a coalition government on a fifty-fifty basis the West was pleased. This was no reflection on the Borden government. There is no doubt that government has made mistakes; there is no doubt it might be strengthened. But also there is no doubt in the mind of the average citizen that it has handled a big, new, hard job just about as well as it would have been handled by any other set of men drawn from any one political camp. But nobody can deny that the effort of a union of two parties for one purpose should—if it is an honest union with an eye single to that purpose—effect that purpose better and more speedily than the single effort of one of the parties. Given the bona fides of the parties that proposition is incontrovertible. And therefore the West was pleased.

"This," said the West in effect, "is absolutely O. K. We get a coalition, which means that the team will be right into their collars and up on the bit. There will be no more party politics till after the war, when we need a little light excitement. And, of course, with a coalition there won't be any election, thank the Lord, or if there is, it will be a walk-

WHEN Chisholm wrote this the Winnipeg Convention was still unborn. What happened there makes no difference to the practical philosophy of the article. If B.C., speaking for the West, is out to spend its last dollar—whatever that is—on the war, the Winnipeg Convention expressed in the Neely Resolution has the same idea. Out at Windermere the Convention may have looked like what politicians call a frame-up. But it was, anyhow, one way of expressing the West by playing straight politics through and through. And no matter whether Canada's balance of interest in the war is put over by one group of thinkers or another, our part in the business will never be done as becometh a man-people unless we go at it in the spirit of Let's Go After Bear.

over. Go right to it, boys, we're behind you."

Then, to the unspeakable disgust and disappointment of the West, rain fell and the picnic was called off.

THE coalition proposals struck the average man as being a fair-and-square deal. He did not interpret the offer as a sign of weakness, but as an honest attempt to unite both political parties for one purpose, and of that purpose he thoroughly approved. When Sir Wilfrid Laurier took counsel with his friends and refused the offer the average man was surprised and disappointed. Sir Wilfrid's stated reason for such refusal—that the offer should have been made before conscription was decided on, so that he might have had a hand in the framing of whatever policy he was to support—the average man did not find very satisfying. In fact the average man, who has had more experience in cutting ice than in splitting hairs, put it this way: "Laurier refused to support conscription." The average westerner, Grit as well as Tory, does not care why he refused. Further, in the opinion of the average westerner, he who is not for conscription is against it.

In that opinion lies the political importance of Sir Wilfrid's course. Failing a clearly-cut declaration of personal views on the part of Sir Wilfrid which apparently does not exist, he is judged by the West by the declarations of the majority of his thick-and-thin supporters, which are definitely and strongly opposed to conscription. And so the West would like to know what would have happened to conscription if the policy of it had come before a cabinet of which Sir Wilfrid and his nominees composed one half? That question will be asked many times, in

many public places, before long, and an answer cannot be evaded.

For on this question there are no lines of Torres Vedras in the West. No temporizing, no half-way measure, no constitutional herrings drawn across the trail will do. The question will be put up cold and squarely to every political leader, to every party candidate. He must answer it plainly, without quirks, quibbles, or mental reservations. It is the main issue, which dwarfs all others. It is a shibboleth, and he who answers wrongly in the West will be put to the political sword.

THIS writing is in advance of political party conventions. But it is not in advance of formed and crystalized public opinion, no matter what party conventions may do. If they do not interpret the signs correctly, so much the worse for party conventions.

It is a thousand pities that Sir Wilfrid Laurier could not hear the voice of Canada calling him to place his ripe experience, his great influence, his great talents at the service of his country. No man feel this more than those western men who have followed where he led, all their political lives. But he heard merely the voice of a political opponent offering half a loaf. And the West is sincere in its regret.

When shall we get it through our heads that there are bigger things nowadays than political loaves and fishes? When and with what bitterness shall the knowledge be forced on us that we have to meet conditions of a new-upside-down world, that the old, fine-spun theories—constitutional, economic and what not—must give way before the country's pressing need for the best that is in each citizen, old or young, rich or poor, famous or unknown? Dignity, self-love, preferences, animosities—all must go, and the greatest men and the greatest Canadians are they that conquer these things in themselves; for these are greater than the taking of any political fortress.

I have said that I do not desire to draw inferences, nor to touch unduly on party politics, save as they affect a large number of Canadians who would be infinitely thankful if they were thrown into the discard, temporarily at any rate. But I say as a Canadian, that nothing in the world but party politics prevented a coalition of parties sufficient for all practical purposes; that a coalition was earnestly hoped for and would have had behind it so long as it worked honestly party and non-party men almost without

exception in the West, which even yet hopes for some measure of union; and that the disappointment was deep.

Naturally the failure of coalition proposals practically decided the fate of an extension of the parliamentary term. But strong opposition thereto settled the matter, and cinched on the back of this long-suffering country a pack containing the worry and uncertainty and unrest and waste time and money of an entirely unnecessary election, of which the prospect is already a creeping paralysis on the arm of Canadian effort.

When I say it is unnecessary I am voicing the opinions of Conservatives, Liberals and non-party men. There is every constitutional argument for an election; but there is not one common-sense argument. It is quite true that the present parliament was elected when nobody thought of war; that it was elected for five years and no longer; that a number of constituencies are not represented; that the West is entitled to more members. All true—and all claptrap and political bunk. The cold fact is that in the West at least neither party nor non-party men want an election. Nobody wants one. Everybody considers one a nuisance little short of a crime.

For how in the name of all that is sensible are we to get anywhere with a mere party election which, whichever party wins, will leave us much as we are? It takes a case-hardened partisan to maintain anything else. The best that can be said for it is that it may close the mouths of those ultra-constitutionalists who have suddenly discovered that the present parliament has no "mandate"—which they conveniently overlooked a year ago. As for

(Continued on page 25.)

WIN-THE-WAR AND WAR WOOL



WHEN the Win-the-War Convention got together in Toronto, August 2 and 3, it knew nothing about the way any cat might be jumping in Winnipeg, August 7 and 8. The crowd that assembled under the gavel of J. M. Godfrey, K.C., had one clear idea from the start. That was—winning the war. Straight politics was taboo. The chairman was a Liberal. He put his Liberalism on the shelf and went after the war, regardless of party. Mr. Hugh Guthrie, K.C., M.P., who came first in the open meeting at night after the volley of speeches by war veterans, was also a Liberal. He put his Liberalism in his pocket and talked war. Mr. N. W. Rowell, K.C., who came last on the programme, was also a Liberal. As leader of the Ontario Opposition he had a fine chance to talk politics. But he put Satan behind him—and he talked about how the nation known as Canada ought to unite for winning the war, leaving elections to be looked after when politics might be in season again. Sir William Hearst, Premier of Ontario, also ignored politics and talked about the Canadian army at the front.

The sentiment of the meeting was in favour of a union government, no election, the prompt enforcement of the Military Service Bill and a steady policy of reinforcement for the Canadian troops at the front. Resolutions covering most of these items were conveyed to the Government.

Alongside the pit, close to the front, was a weather-beaten old patriot who led in a good deal of the cheering. He had a five-cent palm-leaf fan, a badge, and a flip-flop hat. He was an out-of-towner, and he had a fund of uproarious energy. When the Chairman announced God Save the King, it was Brother Vox Populi who raised the tune, and at every other bar shouted to the crowd, "Sing it! Why don't you sing?" At the end of the National Anthem he led off impromptu into the chorus of Rule Britannia, and as the big crowd with its thousand or so returned soldiers drifted on, he ran along the rail shouting to all and sundry his panting message on behalf of King and Country.

That man typified the spirit of the Win-the-War Convention.

NOTICE the grim look on some of the faces opposite, some of the men in khaki. These men have also been at a convention. It had something directly to do with organizing the sentiments of men who have been at the front and are now back in Canada observing what this country is doing to help finish the job. These men are Great War Veterans. They come from clear across Canada, as may be noted from the names and addresses; beginning at the back row, left to right:

W. A. Irwin, Edmonton; Major J. R. Anderson, Montreal; Capt. K. C. MacPherson, Ottawa; A. C. Hay, Winnipeg; Sergt. H. E. Stafford, Vancouver; B. G. C. Lippett, St. John, N.B. Seated, N. F. R. Knight, Dominion Secretary-Treasurer, Windsor, N.S.; Sergt.-Major James Robinson, D.C.M., Vancouver; Major W. B. Burney, President, Halifax; J. J. Shanahan, second vice-president, Toronto; Capt. T. Finn, Prince Albert, Sask.

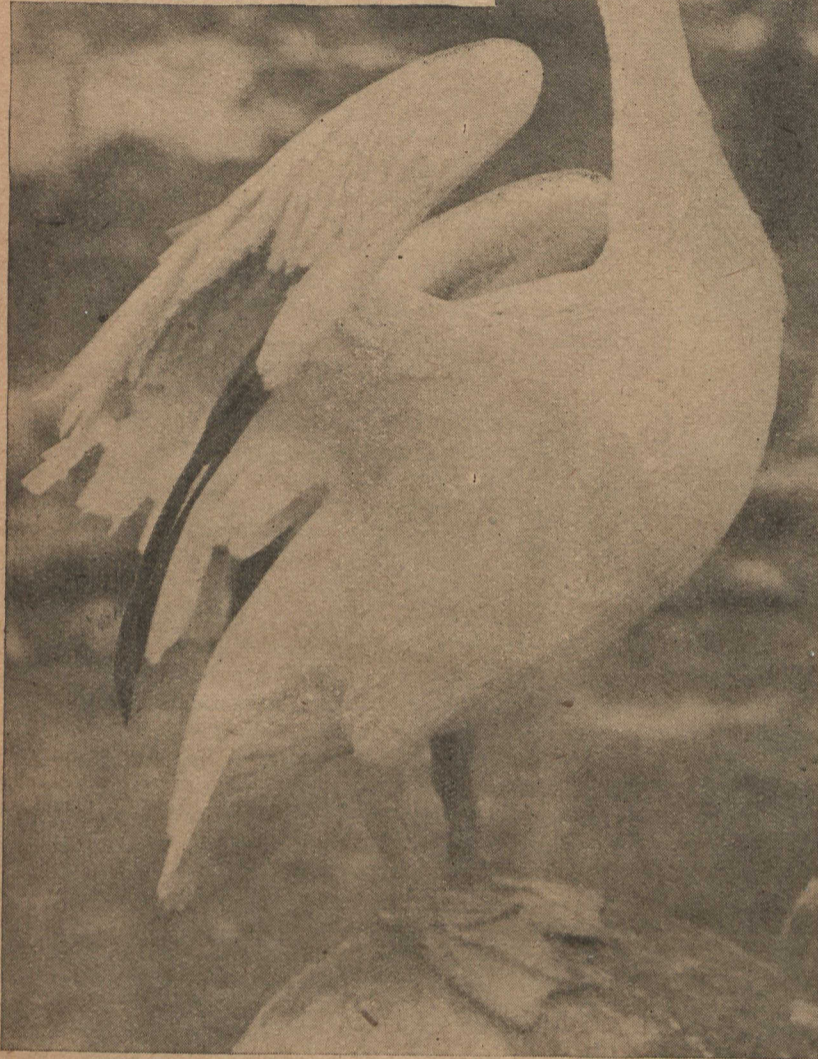
These are the Council of the Federation of Returned Soldiers' Associations. They don't even remember what their politics were before they went to the front. They naturally don't care much what anybody else's politics are in this country. In forming a cross-country organization they rode roughshod over all the political clothes-lines. They are the organized advance guard of the army that is slowly coming back. The average returned soldier's contempt for politics is equalled only by his hatred of Germany. He is frank about both. To him every party-monger is a friend of the enemy. Behind him in the trenches is an army of men who all feel about as these men did. Some day that army will be back. When they are done fighting Germans they will begin to fight the anti-national sentiment of Canada. They may be a little violent in their methods. But they know what it means to stick it out against the devil and all for the sake of citizenship in this country, and they have no patience with pussyfooting political methods or up-the-alley intrigues.

THIS pack of wool is part of a first consignment of 600,000 lbs. sent by the Southern Alberta Sheep Raisers' Association to the Dominion Government's warehouse in Toronto. By the time this goes to press the wool may be khaki.



PELICANIZING

A diversion much indulged in nowadays by a number of Canadians who would never do to be citizens of any country where real war troubles exist.



WISDOM is not the obvious characteristic of this plaintive bird, the pelican. Almost any ill-informed amateur ornithologist could tell you that the enormous growth of the clapper end of this feathered animal is due to the fact that he stores up there for future reference a whole cargo of minnows, water-bugs and other indiscriminate plunder, so that when he has a little more leisure he may decide which of them are worth sending down the long road to his corpulent interior. And any amateur philosopher can tell you just as accurately that the human pelican does the same thing with his opinions. This species of pessimist has no real opinions of his own. He is the victim of the worst delusions he gets from the opinions of other men. He goes about scooping them up. When any one tells him that Canada is on the road to blue ruin, that politicians are running the country now and forever, that profiteers are gobbling up what the politicians leave, that civil war is sure to come from conscription, that the only difference between the parties is that each one is worse than the other—he believes it all, so far as he is capable of anything so definite as a belief. If anybody came along and stumped him to have a real opinion of his own more lively than a craw-fish, he would only blink his little black pinhead eyes and say, plaintively, "Please go 'way and let me sleep."

MENDING OUR PART of the WORLD'S SHIP LINE

LOOKING closely at the photograph at the bottom of this page, you will notice that it is a peculiarly good picture of any old shipyard that you might come across by the score anywhere across Canada. It happens to be a preliminary scene to the launching of the Orleans, a new ocean freighter turned out a few days ago from a shipyard in Toronto. The tonnage of this boat is 4,600; her dimensions are 261 feet overall, beams 43 ft. 6 in., depth 28 ft. 6 in. She is expected to be on the Atlantic some time this fall, a fair mark for any German submarine that gets a chance to hit her.

Just how important it is to have this kind of thing going on all over Canada has to be remembered every little while, in the light of facts that stare at millions of eyes every day from the newspapers. Everybody nowadays reads about tonnage and its destruction by submarines. But every newspaper despatch does not contain the facts about the shipping tonnage of the whole world now and for the months past being sent to the bottom by submarines. Reduced to cold figures in millions, the total of the world's shipping afloat on February 1, 1917, the day before the unrestricted sub warfare began, was 40,000,000 tons. This is a vast amount of shipping. End to end the ships carrying it would reach many hundreds of miles. And it might be supposed that no submarine menace ever could whittle this down to a thin black line capable of being docked in a few of the world's biggest harbours. But it is estimated that submarines on their known record could sink this entire aggregate in about four years and six months, on an average of 9,000,000 tons a year. And of course that need not matter so much, if the world can keep on building ships fast enough to mend the gaps. As a matter of fact, however, it is estimated that the whole world's shipyards now in operation will produce only about 2,000,000 tons new shipping for the year ending Feb. 1, 1918, and about 4,000,000 for the year ending Feb. 1, 1919. How long it would take to send the last ship below is a case for a higher court of mathematics. But it is something to reflect that Canadian shipyards, in all sorts of unsuspected places, are doing their part to mend up the world's tonnage fast enough to defeat the object of the submarine terror. And we are just beginning.

Mending up the ship lines is only one part of the problem. Most people lose sight of the fact that the cargo sent to the bottom along with the ship—if she happens to be carrying a cargo—can't be put back afloat. The wheat, meat, clothing, munitions, or other means of life and death sent below are so much taken out of the world's aggregate that make the business of feeding and maintaining not only our armies at the front, but ourselves on the rear, the greatest economic problem ever undertaken in the world. All the food controllers are telling us about this. For the first time in history we are conscious that the world's total yearly supply of things to sustain life and comfort is becoming almost a known quantity. War puts us nearer and nearer the point foretold by Malthus many years ago, when he said that some day the world would have too many people for the food it could produce. Malthus was nearly right and altogether wrong. If the world had let war alone such a thing never could have happened. But in a time when the world is engaged in killing as many people as possible "population pressing in subsistence," as Dr. Malthus called it, becomes a very obvious fact.

Here, again, it is something to reflect that Canada, which normally exports more foodstuffs than any other country in the world, according to population, is doing her share. And this is quite as important a work at present as sending more armies abroad to fight.



QUAINT QUEBEC

Photographs in 1917

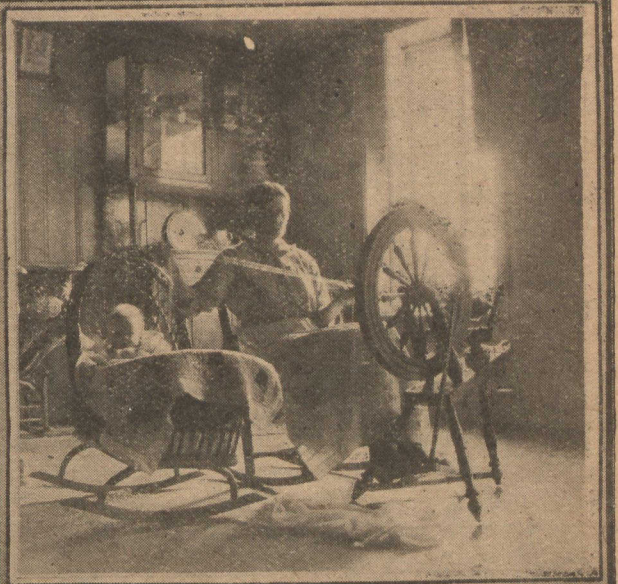
By EDITH WATSON



WHEN studying thrift consider this French woman on the St. Lawrence, who made all her own clothes, and some of them from the wool as it came from the sheep's back. High Cost of Living was never invented to worry her. All it means is that the things she makes from the wool would be more valuable if she sold them—but she doesn't. She gets enough extra for a small part of what she does sell to balance up the extra cost of the print she has to buy at the store. But she gets precious little of that. She has even made her own shoes.



ON the walls of this cottage hangs a saw. And the saw of the Frenchman was as far as could be made at home. Of course the steel blade had to be bought. But the bent hickory frame was made by old Pierre.



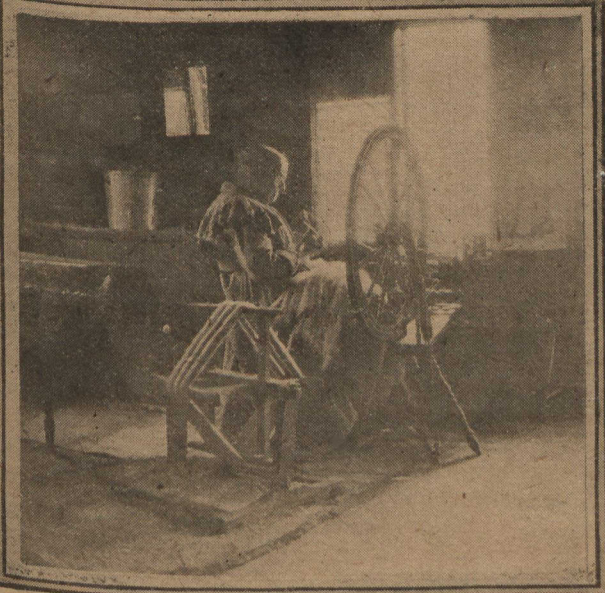
ANY stage manager wanting properties for a rustic play would be charmed at once by this picture of the French mother and her dainty cradle beside her and the little spinning wheel before, and the light of the great valley streaming in with a benediction of perfect, pastoral peace. Maybe she sings as she spins, the song of the spinning wheel that came with her mother's forbears from some quaint village of France. And the baby sleeps well. There is nothing to disturb it but the whirr of the little wheel and the murmur of the breeze from the hills by the river.



QUEBEC mammas do not believe in costly toys that kill the imaginations of children. This little girl's wooden doll was carved by a doll-man down the street.



PHILIPPE is a brawny young man, and the father of some children. Standing at his cottage door he enjoys loafing a while as he looks at his wife. Soon he will go to work like a demon; and presently stop to palaver again.



ANTIQUARIANS could tell you how many years older in history this big spinning-wheel is than the little one at the top of the page. Ontario women have had such wheels. But the Ontario wheels are all up in the attics. This one is down by the window and it spins an hour or two every day.

LOOK well at the picture above; the haunted little miracle church of St. Anne de Beaupre. The people are going to church. It is a procession. The bell has been tolling above the curious indoor pyramid of crutches and reliques of all sorts of infirmities. The miracle is still there to those who believe in it. And so it is intended to remain. No rude German shell comes within 3,000 miles of St. Anne de Beaupre. And so long as it does not, what need for the fuss and fury of war?

There are brave men in Quebec. Their fathers were brave before them. History tells anybody in full what here and there the monuments and tablets and old grim walls of Quebec cities tell in fragments; the heroic story of how French people fought against fierce enemies, savages and others, to keep that part of Canada safe for the generations to come under the flag of Great Britain.

We do not need to be told that the men and women of Quebec now are no less brave than those who fought and suffered in the days of old. But there is no war on Cana-



HORATIO WALKER, Canadian artist, down on the Isle of Orleans, never painted a finer picture of pigs than this feeding-time scene would make if put on a canvas. These pigs are big money, and what they eat sometimes seems to cost very little more than the light on their backs.

dian fields. No airships drop death upon these children. No war graves cram the pleasant fields. And so many of the people in Quebec do not know much about the war that has made old France suffer more in 1914-17 than New France did in the old days on the St. Lawrence.

The people are diligent, happy and contented. They wish to remain so. The thrift and frugality now being taught to other people by governments and committees came to the people of Quebec in their cradles. It is one of the common instincts of life, not to waste. The farms are small. Every cranny must produce. The families are large. Nature says inexorably that wealth comes from labour applied to the land. The more people that labour on the land, the greater the diffusion of comfortable living. When the land laughs harvests and garden crops in response to the hard work of father and family, there is no need for the boys to hike away to the big city, or out to the prairie. They may go to the mines and the forests and the mills; but the mines, the forests and the mills they go to are most of them in Quebec. It is better that the money earned by the people there be earned in developing Quebec and spent there. This is a law of community preservation, and Quebec knows it along with its ABC.

So that the wisest of our political economy professors can go to Quebec and find a people working out their own economic salvation as well as any people ever did under the sun.

And this is all very beautiful, as any traveller knows. Nowhere in America can the traveller find such common comfort, contentment and hospitality as in Quebec. The cheerful, open-handed welcome of the habitant charms the visitor. He is one of the family, even without speaking French. He will never forget how warmly they welcomed him and how beautiful were the pictures he saw on every roadside, as though some great Nature-Artist were engaged in painting an immortal picture for all time to come.

All of which is possible perpetually only when all goes well with the world. Poor old France, beautiful and industrious, had just this sort of charmed life until the wild beasts of war came up from the Rhine. Not even Quebec had a greater desire for peace than had France. But France was between Germany and the western sea, and Germany, most aggressive of all modern nations, must find a way out, even by devastating France.

We know of no people who desire to despoil Quebec for the sake of getting out to the world. But Quebec is on the highway of the world. The great

river that carries the great lakes down and out to the sea, is not born in Quebec and does not end there. It sweeps on and on like one of the great forces of nature and the tide of traffic, of business, of mills and mines and railways goes with it. Quebec is fair on the path of this on-sweeping tide of modern business that never will stop so long as rivers run. No man, no government, no church, ever could keep Quebec isolated from this sea of change.

And as the world goes to-day, this peaceful, parochial Quebec is a highway of war. That war is as inevitable as the river, or the immigrant ship, or the wheat cargo. And the St. Lawrence, home of a peace-loving, happy people, much against the will of all Canada, is surely as much a part of the great upside-down world trying to get right side up again, as the prairies that no hostile army from Europe ever could reach without coming up the St. Lawrence or climbing the Rockies.

The world will never be right again till as much of it as possible is as happy and diligent and thrifty as Quebec. But Quebec will not be happy and diligent and thrifty for long unless the people realize that the beautiful dream of the St. Lawrence is possible only by struggling to keep it and recognizing that modern civilization as yet is a fiercer struggle than even that of the jungle.

HAIG'S NORTHERN HAMMER

IT is hardly correct to speak of the beginning of a British offensive. It is not the beginning but the continuation. The British offensive began early in the year, and as soon as the weather became favourable. It has been switched from point to point of the German defensive lines, and it has been as nearly continuous as the colossal nature of the operations would permit. The latest blow is the heaviest of all, but it is in no sense a new departure, nor is it another effort to succeed where earlier efforts have failed. The earlier efforts did not fail. It is true that they were not major successes. That is to say they did not result in expelling the Germans from France and Belgium, or in bringing the war to an end. But then they were not expected to do this. They were expected to win territory that would presently be of tactical value for observation and advance. They were expected to weaken the German morale and to extend the work of attrition. They were expected to dent the German lines, and so to extend their length, and to interfere with the German communications. To speak of them as failures is as absurd as to ascribe failure to the woodsman because the first blows of his axe do not fell the tree. Without those initial strokes the tree would never be felled at all. If they are continued the tree is certain to fall. A military critic has compared the British attacks with the successive cutting of the guy ropes that support a flag staff. No one can say with certainty when the staff will come to the ground, but the end is not at all in doubt if the cutting of the guy ropes continues.

The present attack of which we have just received the first reports was carried out immediately to the north of the Messines Ridge that was so finely captured a few weeks ago. It may be regarded as a continuation of that action. The most southerly point assailed was Hollebeke, and the battle extended from there some twenty miles to the north in the vicinity of Dixmude, which is about thirteen miles from the North Sea. The first day's fighting resulted in an advance along the whole line. Some six or eight villages were taken, including La Basseville, Steenstraete, Bixshoote, Saint Julien, Hooge, Westhoek and Hollebeke. The Germans counter attacked with great energy and won back some small portions of the ground lost, but these were again taken from them on the following day.

At the moment of writing, three days after the first assault, the British are holding their gains firmly, but have been prevented by heavy rain and low visibility from continuing their operations. The advance over the twenty miles of front seems to have been about three miles, although on this point there is no definite information. The difficulty of ad-

GETTING the Germans out of France and Belgium is not a case of rolling them back. By that method the war would last many years. The Hindenburg line is tremendously fortified. It was selected long ago. To push back that line is a glacial process. The advantage is all on the defensive and the Germans have it. When they retire it is to a selected strategic line. The Allies must bring up their war machine over absolute chaos. This gives the enemy time—which he needs. The German lines must be broken. And Mr. Coryn predicts that they will be.

By **SIDNEY CORYN**
Written Especially for the Canadian Courier

vancing the artillery over ground softened with rain would sufficiently account for the delay, but in addition to this difficulty there seems to have been a mist that made artillery observation impossible. The delay is, of course, somewhat favourable to the Germans, who are thus enabled to bring reinforcements to the threatened area, although this advantage is somewhat lessened by the fact that they cannot have many men available for such a purpose so long as the French to the south are alert and aggressive. A notable feature of this battle in the north is the presence of French troops to the left of the British army, that is to say, between the British and the North Sea. This is the first notification of French troops on this part of the line.

THE object of this attack is the same as the object of the battles that have preceded it, with the additional aim of threat against Zeebrugge and Bruges, about thirty miles to the east. Zeebrugge is usually described as the chief submarine base, but probably Bruges also is used for submarine purposes, seeing that a canal connects the two places, and Bruges would be safe from attacks by war ships. But thirty miles is a long way for an army advancing in the face of fierce opposition, and unless there should be an extensive falling back of the German lines—by no means an impossibility—we can hardly consider that the submarine war will be seriously affected in this respect for some time to come.

So far as this and all preceding battles are concerned it may be well to say a word regarding the insidious theories that are now being put forward by furtive sympathizers with Germany, theories that may have a certain plausibility for minds unused to

military considerations.

Of what value, we are asked, is the capture of a few trench lines so long as innumerable busy spades in the rear are making new ones? How shall it be possible within any measurable time to drive the Germans back to their own frontier by laborious and costly attacks brought at long intervals and resulting in an advance of a few hundred yards? The formula used by the exponents of this method of reasoning is always the same, and at least it has the merit of mathematical simplicity. If the Germans lose so many yards in so many weeks, how long will it take them to lose the distance between their present lines and the German frontier? The answer, of course, runs into scores of years, even into centuries, and we are then triumphantly advised to recognize the hopelessness of it all and to find some other solution than the military one.

The object of the various battles on the western front is not, of course, to gain a little territory or to push back the Germans another half-mile or so toward the Rhine. It may be true that these results are attained, but they are quite subsidiary to the main strategical objective, which is so to weaken the German lines that it shall presently be possible to find a point of penetration. The capture of the Messines Ridge, for example, was not undertaken because it promised a gain of territory, although as a matter of fact it did promise a gain of territory. The Messines Ridge was taken because it was a valuable observation and artillery position, and its possession was not only a protection to the British lines, but the possible preliminary to another assault that should break a gap in the German defences. So far from striving to drive the German lines back, it would be more to the advantage of the Allied commanders that the German lines should stand so stiffly as to permit their penetration. As a matter of fact the German lines are not pushed back at all. They fall back in order to avoid being pierced. Their elasticity is their protection, on the same principle that makes it easier to penetrate a piece of wood than a piece of rubber. The Allied successes are not measured by the extent to which the Germans have fallen back. They are measured by the fact that the danger of penetration was so great as to compel them to fall back. But there is a limit to these retirements.

(Continued on page 27.)

OUT at the front two regiments, returning to the trenches, chanced to meet. There was the usual exchange of wit. "When's the gloom'n' war goin' to end?" asked one north-country lad. "Dunno," replied one of the southshires. "We've planted some daffydils in front of our trench." "Bloomin' optimists!" snorted the man from the north. "We've planted acorns."

TOPLEY STAYS HOME TO CAN

MR. THOMAS TOPLEY ought to have known better. But because he was a young married man in August, 1917, he was foolhardy enough to sit in the kitchen the night his wife did up the peaches. "Mother always encouraged us boys to go to the kitchen," he told his wife as he proceeded to make himself wise from two paper-covered pamphlets, one the Provincial Government's Bulletin on Canning, the other The Cost of Sugar, by H. C. of L. O'Connor. "And this is one time when a man has more than a sentimental right—"

"Why?" interrupted she crisply. "Because for the first time in my recollection this house is a canning factory, Marie. That's what it is. We've got to put away so many pints and quarts of fruit and vegetables. It'll take the united effort—"

"Excuse me, Thomas," she put an impulsive hand over his mouth. "I don't want you."

"Oh, but this is no case for sentiment, my dear. You may not think you need me. But We, Us and Co. needs both of us. This has got to be a scientific study. No mere experiments, no fads, no fancies, no frills, no doing what mother did just because her mother did it before she was born. We are plumb into the new economic era. As somebody says, we've got to fight the Kaiser in the kitchen. And—"

Maria Topley's clatter with the clothes-boiler and the sealers inside drowned him out. He took up his Bulletin and began to read, muttering that he would make Maria listen when she got paring the next basket of peaches and quit racketing at the boiler. He had no idea what a storm he was raising in his wife's bosom; how she resented this suspicion that she didn't know how to can economically in 1917 with sugar 10 cents a pound and sealers, more expensive than ever, to buy by the score—because being a young couple they had no maternal accumulation of crocks and jars. Maria Topley intended doing a stunt at this canning and she wanted to have all the responsibility. All she wanted from Mr. Topley was the price of the raw materials. She would furnish all the labour.

He read to himself:

The cost of sugar required to take care of the large quantities of fruit in the canning season need not prevent the preservation of the entire fruit supply available, when we know that fruit canned without sugar will keep just as well as when sugar is used.

"Tommyrot!" he shouted. "Does the writer of that expect that sugar will be any lower than it is now when we come to use the fruit? Whether we put it in now or later it's certainly got to go in. This isn't a pickle factory. Wait! Here's something on the economies of sugar. Here's O'Connor's report on what it costs to make sugar. And if anybody can get from this dope that sugar will be lower next winter than it is now he qualifies for—"

Topley scurried through the document like a dog in a cornfield after a coon. This economic business in the kitchen excited him. Also Mrs. Topley, who at once beat a tattoo on the pots and pans at the sink. So that whenever the racket was too great Topley just read to himself; when Mrs. Topley subsided a bit he read aloud; and when she found the gospel getting on her nerves she stopped paring peaches and went at the noise again. All of which made a protracted meeting. And this is what Topley found to say about sugar:

As to sugar, Commissioner O'Connor clears the refineries, the wholesalers and the corner grocery of all blame for the uptilt in the price scale since the war began. In fact he declares that the existing arrangements under which sugar is refined, distributed and sold within Canada is "fair and, indeed, beneficial in its operations to the public." He shows



In his ignorance of Women's Rights he unattempts to instruct his Wife in the Art of Kitchen Economy

BY THE EDITOR

that sugar, making up 25 per cent. of the bulk of staples dealt with in the grocery trade, is handled by the wholesalers and retailers practically at a loss to hold the trade of their customers in the other 75 per cent. of the business.

The higher price of sugar has been produced, he says, by the remarkable increase in manufacturing costs since the war began. Since the ante-bellum period, the price of coal, an essential factor in sugar refining, has advanced over 250 per cent. "Sulphuric acid, the most economical for every purpose of a sugar refinery, cannot now be obtained," he says, "and hydrochloric acid is being used instead at an advance in cost of over 300 per cent." But the most potent cause has been the advance in the cost of the raw product. "That product (raw cane sugar) has more than doubled in cost since the beginning of the war," he assures us, and adds, "the prices of refined sugars, in the United States as well as in Canada, are absolutely dominated by the price of raw cane sugar, which neither the United States nor Canada can possibly control."

"So you see, Maria," wound up Topley, "there's not the ghost of a chance that sugar will be any lower. In fact, it's only by a fluke that it isn't much higher right now."

MUCH as she hoped he would suddenly go to sleep like a baby, this sugar stuff did not rasp on Mrs. Topley's nerves half so much as what he came to in the second chapter.

"Here's what the government expert says about the modus operandi of canning, Maria. Sounds like good sensible dope too. Listen!

(1) By Cooking in Hot Water Bath.

For home canning, a wash-boiler can be made to take the place of the more elaborate commercial outfit. Prepare the fruit, and syrup, or if vegetables are to be canned, have boiling water and salt ready to fill the cans.

Pack the fruit into sterilized jars, fill with syrup, then put covers on loosely, and place on wooden rack in the boiler.

Pour warm water into the boiler, to come nearly to the top of the jars. Place the filled jars on the rack, far enough apart to not touch one another, and pack the spaces between with cotton to prevent the jars striking when the water boils.

Cover and cook until the fruit is cooked through. Ten minutes after the water boils will do for berries and some of the small fruits.

Remove cover from boiler to let steam escape, remove one jar at a time, fill to overflowing with boiling syrup and seal. The object of adding more syrup is simply to fill up the space after the fruit has settled down in cooking. (It is not necessary

for the keeping of the fruit to add liquid to fill the jars after sterilizing. The air will have been exhausted in the cooking, and the glass tops will be sealed air-tight automatically.)

Set aside where there is no draught, and screw on tops as they cool and contract.

(2) Cooking or Stewing in a Preserving Kettle.

Put fruit into a syrup and cook slowly until the fruit is cooked through. Fill sterilized jars to overflowing and seal.

Jams or preserves are cooked by this method.

(3) Fruit Cooked in the Oven.

Make syrup and prepare fruit.

Sterilize jars and set in a pan containing two inches of boiling water in the oven.

Fill jars with fruit, pour in syrup to cover, put on the tops without screwing down and cook about ten minutes.

Remove jars from the oven, fill with boiling syrup and seal.

(4) "Raw Canning" of Small Fruits.

Small fruits like raspberries, strawberries, or sliced peaches can be sterilized so as to retain their shape and colour and natural flavour without actual cooking.

Pack fruit into sterilized jars. Make a syrup and while it is boiling, pour it over the fruit and seal tightly. Put the jars in a kettle or washtub, fill the vessel to the tops of the jars with boiling water, cover over with a blanket, and as the water cools tighten down the tops. Turn upside down to be sure they are air-tight.

NOW as it happened that Mrs. Topley was actually doing at that moment a number of the things he was reading about, and knew all about most of the others before ever she knew Topley, she just about lost her temper.

Topley took a drink at the kitchen tap, squinted approvingly at the cans of fruit on the table and sat down again. This was the first time he had ever taken any interest in such matters, and it was quite to be expected that the mere reading aloud of a string of recipes for preserving would make him feel like a young lover reading Omar Khayyam to his beloved. So he read on and on, regardless of the tick-tick-tick of the kitchen clock. He read the recipes in about the same ding-dong style that a backwoods farmer used to read the Book of Numbers at family prayers. Quite regardless now of whether his wife made a racket or not he trundled them off one by each.

PRESERVING.

Preserving fruit is cooking it with from three-fourths to its whole weight of sugar, without breaking it up like jam. The object is to have the fruit permeated with syrup. Care must be taken to do this gradually so as to prevent the shrinking and toughening which results when fruit is placed at once in very dense syrup. It is also important not to pack the finished preserves in syrup heavy enough to crystallize later.

Preserved Raspberries or Blackberries.

4 pounds berries. 3 pounds sugar.
Sort over berries and wash. Cover with sugar and let stand two hours. Simmer until boiling point is reached; boil one minute; cool; bring to boiling point again and boil one minute. Fill into jars and seal. Strawberries, thimbleberries and gooseberries may be preserved in the same way.

Preserved Strawberries.

4 pounds berries. 3 pounds granulated sugar.
Cover berries with the sugar and let stand overnight in a cool place. Drain off the juice, pour it into a granite saucepan and let it boil fifteen minutes, removing the scum. Add the berries, boil three
(Concluded on page 25.)

EDITORIAL

NOVA SCOTIA has a visible million barrels of apples on the trees. British Columbia has a good crop of apples. Ontario and Quebec have rather less than half crops. Ontario will have almost no winter apples at all. Ontario is Spyless, Kingless, Russetless. But Nova Scotia makes good on all our shortcomings. For the next three months the apples of Annapolis Valley will be one of the wonders of the world. These million barrels of apples can't go overseas because apples are not exported without facilities hard to get in time of war. The United States doesn't want them. Nova Scotia can't afford to waste them. So the Dominion Government will see that as far as possible with the co-operation of growers, pickers, packers, shippers, railwaymen and dealers, middle Canada gets as many of these million barrels as possible. Do we observe peering over the second rail from the top of the fence—any apple medium who expects a rake-off on the transit of these apples from tree to table? Let him be knocked upon the head.

WHERE is our Lloyd George, our Kerensky, sighs the critic who looks for political regeneration to take his mind off the war. He talks as though we should be able to find one in somebody's haymow or in a back seat of Parliament waiting for some great emergency to touch the button. Well, we don't seem to have that kind of man here. And we may as well be frank enough to state why we haven't. Poets may be born. Politicians surely are not. It takes time and experience and tried practical wisdom to produce a politician worthy of the name—we don't refer to political experts who win elections. Canada has not made a profession of politics, which is surely as difficult a study as medicine, law or philosophy. We admit that

WHAT really happened at the Winnipeg Liberal Convention, and where did it begin to happen? What the Convention did we know? But what happened at the rehearsals, who were the stage managers, and what was the dominant idea of the play?

To those on the outside of party caucuses, guesswork is permitted. We may surmise that something more than mere Liberal tactics lie at the bottom of the most unexpected revolution ever known in a political convention in this country. The congress was originally designed to consolidate the Liberal sentiments, ideas and programmes of the West into a radical wing of the party, containing the possible germs of a third party that could be used to buttress or to defeat either of the old parties upon occasion. The opening session turned itself into an ovation for Laurierism which came to a swift climax under the leadership of Frank Oliver, was succeeded by a divided counsel when it came to the discussion of war, and gave way at the close to a Laurier demonstration almost worthy a Bull Moose convention. So the long-expected congress planned originally to prove that the West could navigate the Liberal ship pretty well without Laurier ends by placing the "old man" on a pinnacle a little higher than any he has occupied since 1896.

Why? What made Charlie Cross the years-long political enemy of Frank Oliver, bury the anti-Oliver hatchet? Anybody who can explain how this was done will have to comprehend Charlie Cross—which is some psychology. What made Manitoba pool the Norries win-the-war and no-Laurier programme after threatening to bolt from the convention? What became of Hon. A. B. Hudson, the man behind Norris, the new man who never knew Laurier? What became of J. W. Dafoe, who for months in the Free Press has been preaching western autonomy in Lib-

THE NEW CANADIAN SAYS:

WHEN I talk to myself about what I can do to help win the war in this country I should like to remember how my great-grandfather's folk swaggered in the bush, the patched and horny-handed giants of conquest and endurance. I know that some of them dropped the handspike and took up the musket in '37 and '66. And it was because they were so superb with the handspike that they counted for so much on the frontier. You could not kill some of those men except with an axé or with too much kindness. Their daily work was built upon self-denial and self-conquest. They put every ounce of themselves into the work that made them great. They toppled great trees and logged them up. They ate fat pork and corncake and molasses. They wore homespuns and cowhide boots. They paid the preacher's salary when a dollar was a day's work, and they held up his hands at meeting. They made a practical religion of their work and their country, and the country kept them humping to keep body and soul together. They raised their families in the love of work and the fear of the Lord, and the families never knew want even when they were nurtured on poverty. In three generations is it possible that I can do less? Since their day and this has there ever been a time when I, as a Canadian, descended from such men, had such a chance to prove that their sacrifices died not with their bones, but their souls went marching on? Never until this war; and not yet until I have learned more than to talk like a fine young college graduate about what I expect to do without before the war is done. And in the new Canada that's coming, more of us will have to sacrifice for the good of the community, or we shall all go to the devil.

TEN WISE MEN MIGHT BE ABLE TO ANSWER THESE QUESTIONS

eralism? Who can explain the real dramatic significance of Sir Clifford Sifton, by some said to be aspiring to lead the new party in the West? Who can tell us what happened to Hon. J. A. Calder, admittedly the ablest man at the convention, a few years ago gossiped about as the legitimate successor to Sir Wilfrid, and by friends and foes regarded as a very probable choice of the 1917 convention as the new Western leader?

He who can answer these questions is entitled to a degree in political philosophy. It is easier to know why Premier Martin stayed with the Laurier crowd and easy to know how important that might be to Liberalism, with a huge, popular majority at the recent election, thousands of them aliens in a time of war. It is fairly easy, even if it is a paradox, to see why the B. C. crowd swung over to Laurier even when B. C. win-the-war sentiment, no matter how, even by striking hands with the Borden Government, is at full steam pressure in the gauge.

Without any pretence at understanding professional politics, for which we were never intended by nature, we may surmise—That political sagacity at rehearsals had a big innings behind the stage; that Ottawa knew pretty well what was happening all the time; that the wires were kept warm between Winnipeg and Ottawa when the headliners knew nothing about it; and that those who manipulated the convention into a Laurier triumph saw a chance to stage up Liberalism as a national issue never known since 1896.

Admittedly the West is Win-the-War. Up to a few

it takes a big brain to operate a big commercial or industrial business in world competition. We are not so willing to admit that it needs a syndicate of big brains to administer a whole country in still greater competition with the world and with its own international problems, which are always greater than those without. If we are ever to become a nation we must at least make our politics of equal importance with any other learned or skilled profession, and not leave the salvation of the country in a crisis to a few men who have not the backing of a Parliament studying public questions. There are actual brains enough in the Canadian Parliament to conduct the affairs of a country three times its population. The trouble is a great percentage of them are not hitched up to the continuous study of public problems.

THE newest war phrase now is the "moral attrition" of Germany. What is it? You have heard of the constant drop of water that wears away a stone. It may be something like that. There is no scientist living who can estimate how long the Germans can live on their own hump of fat. They have been a long while accumulating their national immorality. It will take a long while to wear that out. Germany's moral condition has for a long while ceased to trouble Germany. That her real degeneracy did not disturb the world much before 1914 is due to Froebel kindergartens and toyshops, and Wagnerian hypnotics and civic evolutions along with that infallible and impenetrable German grin masquerading as a smile. We were all taken in. We didn't become aware of German unmorality until three years ago. We are rather novices as yet at the business of moral attrition as applied to Germany.

ANY morning now you can sniff the symptoms of the fall fair. Without wishing to sing Good-Bye Summer, we wish to remark that no climate in the world is so suitable to the fall fair as that of a great part of Canada, when the corn heads up for shock, and pumpkin begins to play peekaboo in red and gold.

days ago it was just as obviously pro-Union and opposed to an election. The West is up to the hilt for the war, along with its general programme of revised tariffs, control of banks and public ownership of some things.

Wherefore we may surmise that Western Liberalism, as expressed by the convention, concluded that the best way to win Canada's part of the war was to present a united front against the present administration of the war by the Government. We observe that the conscription idea is given second place. The war may be won in Canada without it. At the front, of the curtain the West looks to be clean opposed to Quebec. One seems to be about all the other is not—

Except that the West is Liberal;
And Quebec has Sir Lomer Gouin;
Plus Sir Wilfrid Laurier.
Out of these—what?

Well, if Quebec can make the rest of Canada believe that conscription cannot raise Quebec's part of the remaining Canadian army, because Quebec will resist, passively or otherwise, according to newspaper reports, and therefore will not fight because she is made to fight; therefore, with Laurier and Gouin as the Liberal leaders of Quebec, with four western provinces uniting their Liberalism, with Sir Wilfrid Laurier as the renewed High Chieftain of the party—perhaps Liberalism can offer the country a war programme, a race and religious war postponed, if not averted, and the filling up of Canada's ranks at the front.

Without Conscription Whatever?

After the big furore is over it will be worth while to observe how far a convention of this character really represents public sentiment. We had hoped that the West would furnish Canada a new kind of national movement. The great Natal day is over and we are still looking.



A CHURCH LIKE AN AIRSHIP.
Chartres Cathedral (France) seen from the top, looks like a biplane. It was built to resemble a cross. The altitude of the camera may be judged from the fact that a small section of the airship looks bigger than the church.

MADAME COMES HOME.
Absence, two years. Place, France. Reason—Germans.



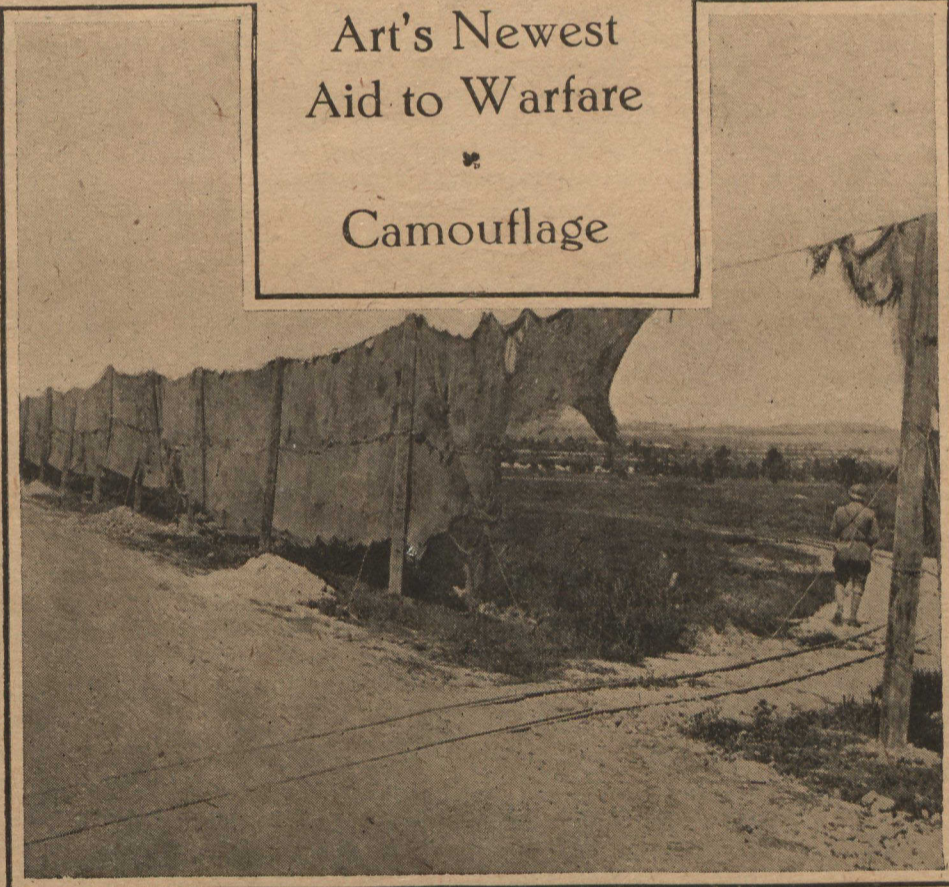
CONCEALMENT, says Current Opinion, has taken a preeminent place among the methods of modern warfare. The day of the waving plume and the fluttering pennon is gone. The flash of brilliant colours, brass buttons and gold braid is no more. The passing of the spectacular soldier is due in part to the greatly increased destructiveness of our modern machines of war. Mined acres of earth explode under charging regiments. Death is dropped from soaring birds of prey. Foul and deadly gases sometimes fill the air. To be seen is to be lost. The soldier must strike his blows and then hide—hide and strike. Protective colouration as a necessity among armies, although sensed and approximated in the warfare of past centuries, has never until the present war become a definite and important tactic of defence.

The French have named this art of concealment camouflage. The artists, with their forces of sign painters, scene painters, sculptors, mechanics and carpenters, are termed the camoufleurs. These facts are set forth in the art page of the N. Y. Times by H. Ledyard Towle, a member of the newly organized American camouflage, made up of many of our most skilful American artists.

Camouflage is to no small extent the result of air scouting,—an answer to the airplane, which, says the American exponent of camouflage, has become the best provider of information that the world has ever known. It became impossible for either side to mass men, guns or supplies behind the lines unnoticed by the air scouts of the enemy. It became necessary to deceive the air scouts. In scattered sectors along the fighting lines the artists who were in the artillery and cavalry began attempts at concealment of the great guns by illusionary

Art's Newest Aid to Warfare

Camouflage



This is a camouflage road on the Marne front. It perfectly masks the movements of the French Army in that section. This road extends for several miles. The camouflage protects it from view and masks also the railway seen in the foreground.

means. Successful, they turned their attention to the supply wagons and everything that needed special concealment. Such success was attained by these first artists in camouflage that it was not long before large numbers of artists of all sorts were withdrawn from the trenches, and, together with some of the older painters,

formed the "Camouflage Corps."

The word itself, says Mr. Towle, translated freely, means to conceal. Guns hidden beneath a mattress of interwoven leaves, supported by poles—camouflage; animated stacks of straw containing observers, who inch forward whenever possible, telephone wires trailing over the fields behind

them—camouflage; immense dummy cannon, mounted in conspicuous places, with stuffed gunners clustering about them, to draw the fire of the enemy—camouflage; in fact, anything and everything to throw dust into the eyes of the foe.

Whole trains, backed on sidings, loaded with supplies, have been painted out of the landscape. Buildings, bridges, all the numerous and necessary impediments which go to make up the needs of vast armies have been lost to the enemy airman by the scientific use of broken colour.

Every sector of the fighting line must have its camoufleurs—officers and men. The officers in high-powered cars or on motorcycles, speeding from place to place as the line advances, using their artistic knowledge and ingenuity to keep the mass of war material "painted out" of the landscape.

A battery has been stationed for a week in an open forest. Suddenly it is moved forward. The guns, painted in irregular stripes of light and dark, to simulate tree shadows, are now conspicuous in their new surroundings. The watchful eye of the camoufleur takes note of the problem. A little water, a few tubes of tempera, a pad drawn from his belt, and he has a sketch of the conditions, together with samples of the colours to be used. His subordinates repaint the cannon as opportunity offers, and once more they are "lost."

Successfully to undertake the work in actual battle large centralized supply depots must be established. This is where the creation of the woman camoufleur would be useful. The greatest amount of order and efficiency must be maintained, so that materials can be readily reached and a full stock of essentials kept constantly on hand.

MRS. BROWN'S LUXURIES

It was nearly supper-time and the boarders were beginning to gather in the front garden at Mrs. Brown's, waiting, with holiday appetites, for the bell to ring. The gray-haired lady from the city, swinging lazily in the hammock, feasted her eyes on the green landscape with a strip of blue water beyond.

"My idea of luxury," she said, "is to have a garden just big enough to hold an apple tree."

"Eh! What's that you say?" said the middle-aged clerk as he came up the walk, mopping his dusty brow. "If you're distributing luxuries, give me a motor-car every time!"

"Motors are a necessity in my business," said the salesman. "I could never get around to all my customers without my little Ford, but an 8-cylinder car and a chauffeur—that would be some luxury!"

"The simple life has a strong appeal for me," said the school-teacher. "I would luxuriate in a little home of my own. I would quite envy our hostess if she could dispense with her boarders."

"You are easily satisfied," said the latest arrival, fingering her rings. "My idea of the simple life is to press an electric button and have a well-trained servant execute your orders. I used to think it would be a luxury to have my coffee in bed every morning, but now it seems only common comfort like the hot bath that follows. But I do long for a lady's maid who would see that every article in my wardrobe was kept in repair, with never a button nor a hook missing."

Just then the supper-bell tinkled and Mrs. Brown, hot and perspiring, emerged from the kitchen.

"Well, I expect you-all are just about starving. I was saying to Katie that the greatest luxury I could possibly imagine was—Can you guess?"

"To sit in a corner and sew a fine seam

And feast upon strawberries, sugar and cream," quoted the gray-haired lady.

"Well now, that's real pretty and we're going to have raspberries and cream for supper, as it happens, but I hate sewing fine seams and sitting still. I'm real fond of cooking, and I like to have you-all here, but I do think it would be a wonderful luxury to have gas to cook with in summer-time! I had thought of buying an oil stove, and maybe I will yet, though they do say that we should go without luxuries during the war, and that oil is needed for the soldiers, or something."

Mrs. Brown seated herself behind the tea cups' end of the table and the boarders found their places on either side.

"The paper says, too, that we should eat less bread," she continued, "but land! I can't afford to feed you-all on cake and pie!"

"All this talk of thrift is ridiculous," said the school-teacher. "If wheat is precious, let the government standardize the flour and ration it if necessary; if they want us to eat fish, let them see that we get it at reasonable prices! Nothing will be gained by individual sacrifice. Don't you think so, Mrs. Brown?"

"Well, I must say I don't get much time to figure it out since the boys went away, but even when I was a wee bit of a thing I always hated that word 'don't,' and when the children were growing up I always tried to say 'do' instead and give them something to keep them out of mischief, instead of blaming them when they got into trouble, and I always say that if people are real busy doing every thing they can to help things along they don't need to bother about eating a slice of bread less at every meal.

"I read another fool thing in the paper about ice-cream cones,—that cheap stuff the children eat between meals,—being 'a boon to humanity,' and ice-cream in your own home for a regular dessert being a luxury! Now don't tell me you-all have given up ice-cream in war-time, because you're going to get it every Sunday, that being the only day Bobbie's home to turn the freezer for me."

"It would be some sacrifice to give your ice-cream the go-by, Mrs. Brown," said the salesman.

"Well, I don't expect it tastes as good as all those fancy Sabbath ice-creams you get in the city, with



By ESTELLE M. KERR

syrup and chopped nuts on top, but I guess it's better for you, and that's the main thing when you-all are up here for a rest after working so hard in the city. It's wonderful what the city women do for the war with their Red Cross meetings and visiting the hospitals and all the people who have motors taking the wounded out for airings. There's many a mother in the country who is grateful for all you do. I know how I felt about the English girls who were good to my Jim when he was in the hospital in London. There isn't much one can do in the country; I can't even go to the Red Cross sewing parties in the Baptist Church when my company is here, but I say to myself that if I can send you-all back to your work strong and healthy, and if I save enough to keep the boys supplied with comforts, it's just about all I'm good for! Here I am chattering away and forgetting to look after my guests! Do have some more berries, and help yourselves to sugar,—never mind what the papers say!"

"If sugar is scarce why doesn't the government put a stop to the manufacture and sale of rich candy?" said the school-teacher. "During the last year several new confectioners have started up in our city and seem to be thriving on the sale of candy at 80 cents and a dollar a pound."

"You don't say so!" exclaimed Mrs. Brown. "Well, perhaps it's better for the children than the cheap stuff they sell at the store here. I always had plenty of home-made sweets for my boys so they wouldn't buy that stuff, and even now they love to get a bit of home-made taffy in their overseas boxes, and they tell me that the other boys, who haven't mothers, like it, too."

"Of course the boxes I send aren't like the grand ones they put up in the city stores, with week-end toilet sets and fancy packages of assorted chewing gum. It's all very well for us to do without luxuries, but it would never do to let the boys in the trenches do without theirs! If ever I want to be rich it's when I'm packing their boxes. I think it's just lovely the way all you city women who haven't boys at the front, have adopted god-sons! There was a lady here last summer who could write French, and she had two French god-sons and one Russian that she had never seen. She translated some of their letters to me, and my, but they were grateful for the parcels she sent them! They don't get as many good things as our men do. I try to knit enough socks in the winter to keep my boys supplied all the year round, but in summer I haven't much time, as you see."

"There was a millionaire came once in a grand limousine to give a lecture on thrift in our town hall. He said that it should be considered an honour for women to have hard hands roughened by toil, and that we should economize and not buy new automobiles and that sort of thing. His talk made me feel good, but coming out I heard all the other folks saying what right has he to talk about economy when his wife and daughters were rustling round in silk dresses! They said it was all very well to do without a new motor car when you had half a dozen of the best make, but it was a different thing when you lived away out in the country and your ten-year-old Ford was falling to bits. One of them said that

same man gave an order for a hundred new rose-bushes for his garden, and he thought roses were more of a luxury than motor cars. Now what do you think of that!"

"The luxuries of one age are the necessities of the next," quoted the school-teacher. "Your grandmother would have thought you extravagant, Mrs. Brown, for you use matches instead of paper spills, and don't make your own soap and candles. And what is economy to the rich is extravagance to the poor."

"That's true," said Mrs. Brown. "If the millionaire's wife gave up using a gas stove to cook with, it wouldn't help the war any. . . . Well, if none of you will have another cup of tea there's no use sitting here when it's so lovely outside, and I like to get my dishes done before

dark, even if they didn't pass the Daylight Savings Bill. It seems funny that you have to have the clocks altered to make city people get up early, but I suppose it's hard when you don't keep hens, and then when you're on your holidays you want to sleep all you can. People who lie awake and worry aren't going to win this war, and I take it, that's what we're all trying to do one way or another," said Mrs. Brown.

The boarders made their way back to the garden and were silent for a while.

"I wonder if they keep wool at the village store," said the latest arrival.

"I wonder where you get the addresses of French soldiers who haven't any god-mothers," said the school-teacher.

"Did she say there was a Red Cross working-party in the village?" asked the gray-haired lady. "If not, perhaps we could form one."

"How many pounds can you send in those overseas boxes?" asked the middle-aged clerk.

"Well, it looks as if I would have to inquire the way to the nearest recruiting station," said the salesman. "I guess I wouldn't have waited this long if I had a mother like Mrs. Brown."

An Inland Dream

By FRANK L. POLLOCK

DOWN across the brimming blue Atlantic,
Where the sky comes down in silver on the sea,
Silver shimmer on the water—the gigantic
Gateway of the road that waits for me;

That's the road that all my rover mates have taken:
What do I among the summer hills of home?
Sunshine, sunshine on the meadows—Oh, to waken
To the midnight wind upon the ripping foam!

Here the sleepy summer silence dreams and dozes
O'er the yellow fields where harvest-time is done;
With the murmur of the bees among the roses,
And the creaking of the crickets in the sun.

Down the white and dusty road no wind makes riot,
All the air is vibrant with the locusts' tune,
Till the brain turns sick with horror of the quiet
Of the long Canadian August afternoon.

And I know that, far away and out of hearing,
There's a schooner plunging down the windy sea;
And the thunder of the gale all through her gearing
Carries far across the leagues of land to me.

There'll be "weather" when she doubles stormy Frio,
There'll be double watches ere they beat her clear,
There'll be revels on the water-front of Rio
When she lands her paid-off ruffians on the pier.

Ah! the lands of larger life and freer fashion,
Where the tameless tropics burn in blood and
brain,
And the colour and the splendour and the passion
Of the islands of the haunted Spanish Main!

Ah, the oversea enchantment that allures me!
Here no sound breaks on the brook's incessant
tune;

And the endless prison quietude immures me,
With the locusts' trilling all the afternoon.

—Youth's Companion.

HELPING YOU to KEEP POSTED

A SIGHT of the article which caused the German authorities to prohibit further publication of Die Zukunft suggests that Max Harden, writer of the article and owner of the suppressed paper, has been added by the Censor's act, to the host of those who are without honour in their own country. From the Times' quotation of the article, as reprinted by the Christian Science Monitor, Max Harden clearly prophesies disaster as the inevitable culmination of the German policy of ruthlessness and declares that the German people must demand of their high military command that "before they choose new weapons, and even before they resume the use of old weapons, they shall think out to the end every possible effect—not only the effect which is desired by the commander in the field."

He corroborates from within the opinion of many acute observers from without, that a definite tendency is ripening in German public opinion which will bear fruit in a general conviction that "the German Empire of Hell," as he styles it, is doomed to disintegration.

"The aim of the peoples that are our enemies is," he says, "democracy; the right of every race that is ripe for independent existence to decide its own lot; honest, and not merely pretended, reduction of the burden of armaments; a system of arbitration to which all who are suspect of guilty responsibility, whether great or small, for the outbreak of war must submit, and the accomplishment of whose judgments all states admitted to the league of civilized peoples would have to guarantee; a state of things which would arm the law against the arrogance of violence,

which would threaten with death those who risked an attack, which would remove from the will of a mortal man and put upon the community of peoples the decision between peace and war, and which

Why Max Harden's Paper Was Stopped

would hedge in the sovereignty of all empires by the admission of an international right of control about as narrowly as the socialism already recognized by the State has hedged in the sovereign rights of the individual.

"If Germany sees the great signs of the times illuminating this aim from above, peace—since agreement about every other point would easily be possible—is attainable to-morrow. If a state of things for which milliards of men are yearning seems to Germany a disgrace, she must go on fighting until one group is victorious and the other sinks into impotence. That is the reality, as it appears to the eyes of the fearless student, when the phrases used in both camps have been removed. He who wants to paint the face of reality because he cannot bear to look upon it must go down into the darkness. Only the people's will can be responsible, but before it makes its choice the spirit of statesmanship must illuminate its paths."

PERSISTING in its policy of protest against the National inclination of Great Britain to show a disposition to a super-gentlemanly code in a duel with an enemy who makes no pretence to chivalry, The World's Work now advocates a very considerable shortening of the spoon which Britain is to dip into the "Stockholm Stew," as it characterizes the Socialist conferences at Stockholm.

"For our part," says The World's Work, "we would just as readily meet German Socialists in conference as German soldiers on the battlefield; nor should we have any fear as to the outcome of such a battle of wits. We should encourage every sort of conference and convention, however obviously promoted from Berlin, in the hope that through its instrumentality some conception of our purpose might penetrate to the minds and hearts of the German peoples. After a long struggle we have made of ourselves a



In three pages containing Nine Extracts from Current Periodicals there is sure to be Something of World-Importance to Interest Anybody

military nation capable of defeating the most powerful army the world has ever known. Surely we are likewise capable, and our French and American Allies with us, of meeting and worsting any delegates from any German political organization.

"So far, thank heaven," the article continues, "there is not the slightest sign of any weakening in our determination to win a satisfactory victory. We are all in it to see the thing through. All the more reason, therefore, that we should use any and every instrument, even enemy intrigues, to help us in the only sort of settlement worth struggling for."

THE efforts of the Countess of Warwick to promulgate a doctrine of general social betterment have long established her in the respect of many who are prone to regard the preachments of those in high places with a critical vision. Her absolute sincerity and the quality of her work for the elevation of the labouring classes have done much to quicken the interest of an audience which, during the last decade, has widened until it has extended to at least three continents. The Countess has now proclaimed herself as an evangelist of "The New Religion," and in the current Hibbert Journal, she expounds something of this doctrine which is founded upon material service and, although based upon ethics, ignores theology altogether.

She seeks first to inspire in every man and woman an acute sense of the responsibilities of active citizenship. "To learn to respect life," she says, "to understand that no question is worth the sacrifice of millions of men and women to whom it means little or nothing, we must start by respecting and safeguarding the life that surrounds us in peace"

time. We must elevate this care for humanity to the highest place in our hearts; it must be our new religion.

"We have trusted Emperors and Kaisers and the rest, and they have failed us"; she continues, "the power that the poor, blinded multitudes have conferred upon them has been shamelessly misused. We have trusted the Church and it has comforted us with stones when we asked for bread. Naturally we have not trusted politicians; it suffices to endure them; the blindest would not ask one to guide him. Nothing then remains but to develop self-reliance, to take our courage in both hands and to labour to set the world in order, not by delegating the task to any section of the community, but by taking it up each one for himself in pursuit of a common plan.

"We shall have no priests," is her contention, "no ritual, no Establishment, no superiors or inferiors, no bond of unity save that of labour in the same field. The labour of those who love in the service of those who suffer will be of a new kind, because instead of seeking to mitigate evil and preach resignation, we shall endeavour to destroy evil and preach its overthrow. We shall not preach the world to come; we shall preach the world of which we are a part, the breathing, sentient earth which mankind has endeavoured to make a heaven for the few and a hell for the multitude, failing in the first endeavour perhaps, but meeting with an extraordinary measure of success in the last.

"There never was in the history of civilization, as recorded within our reach, a time when the call was louder for a new religion that seeks to mend the old earth, and reverently leaves the things lying beyond to a Supreme and all-divining Power, whose ways are as obscure to us as they were to Job himself. The increase of prosperity, of commercialism and mammonism, of over-crowding, want, destitution, and all the kindred results of man's inhumanity to man, should terrify the conscience of the world even more than the horrors of war, for with the latter every imaginable evil is inevitable, but we have had the evils without the necessity. War is one of the fruits of this increase, war that is blind, blundering, and foul, that confounds the innocent with the guilty, and preys upon the young as the Minotaur of old time, though its labyrinth is larger than Crete and includes all the Chancelleries of Europe.

"The forces that will fight on behalf of the religion that seems to me the chiefest need of our unhappy world to-day are not limited to the serious thinking and idealistic part of the community that is left in these islands; they will receive an enormous impetus from soldiers, from all classes who have realized something of the proportions in which honour and misery, glory and squalor, brutality and waste, mingle to make up war."

THERE is a refreshing respite from the weariness of racial wrangling and political controversy in a consideration of the splendid simplicity shown in the services so readily given by the Canadian Indians to support the cause of Britain, France and their Allies in the front line trenches of Flanders. When the first war-clouds broke in 1914, pledges of firm allegiance and petitions for permission for their eligible males to go overseas as fighting men came from the tribal councils throughout the Dominion to the British Crown. Now that the way has been cleared of all inexplicable "restrictions" and Ottawa has lifted the ban against recruiting among the Indians, approximately 5,000 Canadian Indians have been trained in Indian companies of overseas units and been sent to France to fight for the Allied cause. Commenting on the sincerity of purpose and fervent

Countess of Warwick Elucidates New Religion



There's always room at the top.

patriotism which marks this contribution of the old-time Indian allies of the French and English in America, Mr. Verne De Witt Rowell, writing in "Current History," says:

"The Canadian Indian, not being a citizen, knows no politics as yet. He knows nothing of nationalism, neither that of the French-Canadian variety, which has something of a racial basis, nor the now unheard-of nationalism of the English-speaking Canadian, which was just budding before the war, and which, as one of its manifestations, opposed strenuously any contribution by Canada to an imperial navy. The Indian is loyal to the Crown; he is a monarchist. Whether his views will change when he becomes a citizen, as it is expected he will as a reward for his services in the war, remains to be seen."

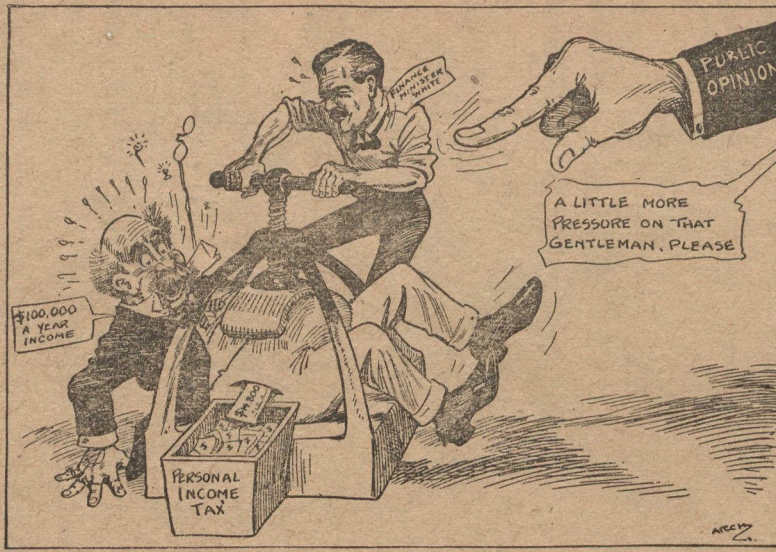
Mr. Rowell makes reference to a recent remark of an Indian mother who has four sons at the front and whose baby son of 14 years also attempted to enlist, as being typical of the loyalty of the Indian race to Canada. "Yes," she said, "I have given four of my boys, and I am sorry that my other children died when they were babies, for I would gladly have given them, too, to fight for England."

Many individual members of various tribes, passed by recruiting officers whose appreciation of good fighting material overlooked the regulations, went overseas with white units and gave good accounts for their race before any Indian companies were authorized, but it was not until the beginning of the present year, according to the information given

by Mr. Rowell, that whole companies of American Indians have been holding front-line trenches on the western front. "The first Indian company to arrive in France," says Mr. Rowell, "was the

135th Middlesex, which crossed the English Channel in December, 1916, after training several months in England. Other Indian units from Western Ontario which soon followed the Middlesex Indians to the trenches were the 149th Lambton Battalion Indians, Chippewas of Walpole Island and Sarnia Reserve; the 160th Bruce Battalion, Saugeen Indians from the remote Georgian Bay district, near the former scene of a bloody massacre of early Christianized Hurons by the Iroquois; the 114th Haldimand County Battalion Indians, and the Mohawks of the Brant County battalions.

NOW that Bethmann Holweg has apparently been foisted from the position of prime favourite of Kaiser Wilhelm, there are many speculations as to the quality of the force which tilted him from his place of high authority and inspired the Kaiser's demand for his resignation. According to the surmise of an editorial writer in the Outlook, Hollweg slipped from his high seat because he grasped at a shadow of sentiment which seems to be stirring faintly amongst the common people of Germany. "Bethmann Holweg," says this writer, "is not a statesman; he is a politician. No statesman would have characterized a sacred treaty as 'a scrap of paper.' No statesman would have publicly acknowledged that the invasion of Belgium was an injustice and tried to avoid the effect of that damning admission by saying that Germany would remedy the injustice when the war was over. Bethmann Holweg has been well characterized as an honest, hard-working bureaucrat; but he has had the ability to see what the simple-minded absolutist never sees—a public sentiment growing gradually into a public resolve among the common people. The Revolution in Russia and the entrance of the United States into the war have added definiteness and strength to that sentiment and given it a voice. It is no longer a dumb desire; it is growing into a serious conviction, though not yet into a stern resolve. It is the conviction that the domination of Europe which the military party started out to accomplish cannot be accomplished. Hence the demand for peace without annexations or indemnities. It is the conviction that



Reducing will do him good.

—The Grain Growers' Guide.

the people should have some share in a Government which has cost the people so much. Hence the demand for an extension of the suffrage and a responsible Ministry. It is doubtful whether Bethmann Hollweg has any sincere conviction upon either of these questions. He is no reformer; he is a compromiser. He is no Abraham Lincoln; but neither is he a Jefferson Davis. Each of these two men stood for a definite idea. Bethmann Hollweg is rather a Buchanan. He is incapable of being a leader either for the old Germany or for the new Germany. Compromise is no longer possible, and the compromiser steps down.

"It is hardly likely," continues the writer, "that the new Ministry will attempt to find some new compromise . . . the German bureaucracy would as readily oust the Emperor as his secretary if they thought it necessary for the preservation of their ancient power and privileges.

"Whatever this political change means to Germany," says this writer, in conclusion, "it certainly means to the world that peace without victory is more than ever impossible. If peace is made now with autocratic Germany, it will be only a truce to enable an unprincipled militarism to prepare for a yet more terrible tragedy in the near future. There can be no lasting peace for the world until the autocracy of Germany is ground to powder and blown away by the cleansing winds of heaven. Only an emancipated Germany can give peace to an emancipated Europe."

BRITAIN'S birth-rate is in a rapid decline, and an appalling increase in infant mortality is revealed by the vital statistics for the United Kingdom. Added to the frightful wastage of war, these losses to the prospective producing power of the country have stirred the National conscience to a fear for the future of the race. Within fifty years the birth-rate has dropped from 35 per 1,000 to 22 per 1,000 in 1915 and, in some parts of the United Kingdom, according to J. Cossar Stewart, in the Nineteenth Century Review, the birth-rate is already lower than in France. There were 100,000 fewer babies in 1915 than in 1914, and in 1916, 29,000 fewer than in 1915. In 1910 the births in the United Kingdom exceeded the deaths by 413,715, in 1914 the excess over deaths had diminished to 362,354, and in 1915 had dropped to 252,201. In the city of Edinburgh during the first three months of 1917 the deaths actually exceeded the births by 222.

The immediate solution of the problem, according to Mr. Stewart's view, is to reduce infant mortality. He does not consider it probable that any practical result will be achieved for many years to come by the plans proposed to increase the birth-rate. That the infant mortality is abnormally high is clearly indicated by the fact that out of the 1,100,000 infants born in the United Kingdom in 1905, 140,000 died before they were a year old, and an equal number died before reaching the comparatively safe age of five years. Comparing the losses from infant mortality to the wastage of war, he says: "On an average, in 1915, nine men of the British forces died every hour . . . but the loss of children in the United Kingdom was still heavier, for, on an average during

1915, 12 babies under one year old died every hour."

Following an able analysis of the vital statistics gathered from all parts of the United Kingdom, Mr. Stewart makes a clear case for his statement that infant mortality is not mainly a question of heredity, but largely depends on the conditions that prevail in any given area. "It must be admitted," he says, "that 'infants do not die—they are killed,' that infants have, in the past, been the unconscious victims of a want of organization on the part of those responsible for the National welfare." He says, further, that the chief medical officer of the English Local Government Board is justified in the contention made in the 1915 report of that body that "there should be no insuperable difficulty in reducing the total deaths in childhood to one-half their present number."

In his search for an immediate and effective remedy, Mr. Stewart narrows the enquiry down to a point where he detects the milk pail as being the genesis of the chief cause for the high infant mortality. Enteritis and diarrhoea should be attacked first, he says, of the list of fatal maladies which wipe out so many little lives each year. His analysis of the statistical data indicate that the germ of these diseases is carried to the child in the milk supply. Babies enjoying the natural birth-right of infants are singularly free from the fatal effects of diarrhoeal disease, but a serious toll is taken, especially during hot, dry summers, by the grim reaper from the ranks of the bottle-fed children.

"When Nature's plan is followed," says Mr. Stewart (i.e., when the milk of the mother passes straight from the milk gland into the mouth of her offspring), few micro-organisms have a chance of reach-

ing the milk, but when it passes through many hands before it reaches infants, it has, as a rule, ample opportunities of getting contaminated. It was no part of Nature's plan that cow's milk should be substituted for human milk; hence probably the absence in milk of ferments or phagocytes (warrior cells) capable of dealing effectively with large invasions of bacteria. Unfortunately the interference with Nature's plan involved in substituting cow's milk for human milk has led in the past to the loss of a countless number of infants. Many infant lives have been saved during recent years by substituting boat-shaped feeding bottles for feeding bottles with long tubes. We must now see to it that the 'tube' between the cow's udder and the infant is shortened. If this is done, there will be less excuse for saying 'The babies do not die, they are killed,' there will be fewer Rachels weeping for their children, and the re-creation of the man-power and wealth of the Empire will be accelerated."

FROM the unique elevation of her lonely seat in the House of Congress, Miss Jeannette Rankin—Representative-at-large from Montana, essays to tell the women of America what they should do towards the winning of the war. In the outline of her programme, as set forth in the Ladies' Home Journal, she turns the kitchen tables against the men, mere, near and otherwise, who have been busily attempting to tuck the big end of the conservation burden somewhere in between the market basket and the garbage pail.

She recites a number of well selected economic precepts as reasons why the ladies of the larder should refuse to give a serious hearing to suggestions that they revive soap-making, candle-making and home-grinding of grain in the individual household.

"Our programme of frugality needs to be conceived in a constructive and not merely a negative spirit," says Miss Rankin. "Thrift must be intelligent; it must not degenerate into mere 'skimping' and 'going without.' What is needed is not wholesale self-denial, but right utilization. Petty economies which cramp the soul should be avoided. This

The Red Men for Canada's Army

Infants Don't Die. They are Killed, Says J. C. Stewart

is the time to be generous with useful things, but frugal with the useless 'accessories.' Wholesome food, suitable clothing and uninterrupted education for the children—these are things in which we cannot afford to economize, or we shall pay the penalty in the lowered vitality and decreased earning power of the citizens of to-morrow.

"We must have national frugality on a large scale if waste is to be prevented in such proportions as will really count in the conservation of our food supply. Such economies as the housekeepers of the country have it in their power to effect fall far short of the real and imperative need. Let us by all means urge the housewives not to waste a single slice of bread or an ounce of meat; but let us also assure them that they, in turn, shall be protected against the far more wanton waste of the food speculator.

Jeannette Rankin
on the
Food Problem

"The disheartened housekeeper should know that, while she is conscientiously measur-

ing the food for her children, the apple harvest is not going to waste in the fields for lack of transportation facilities. She should know that it is possible to prevent the price of bread from soaring and that it will be done.

"The mothers of the country should be assured that the grain which they save will not be made into alcoholic drinks, but into bread for the hungry children beyond the seas.

"The food problem will grow beyond the range of the family cook-stove and kitchen-cabinet," she says, and adds:

"No small part in the 'New World' of Europe's women has been played by the establishment of community feeding on an unprecedented scale. Public food kitchens, under government control, have long been established in France and Germany, and are now under way in England. Undoubtedly, as time goes on and the need for economy grows more stringent, in this country also we shall be forced to adopt, in our congested cities and industrial centres, the greater economy of co-operation instead of the lesser economy of saving.

"Women should, therefore, prepare themselves not only for a thrifty administration within their own kitchens, but also for professional and paid work, which must be done in connection with public food kitchens, free school lunches and other forms of community feeding. Such food measures will have a double value in that they conserve the food supply and also the strength and energy of our women."

There are other problems of graver import which Miss Rankin would include in the greater conservation campaign which she outlines for the women of the land. She directs them to the waste of productive energy reflected in the official reports which deal with the records of infant mortality and tell the sorry story of the sacrifice of women's lives in the service of maternity. The elimination of such appalling waste is, she says, a matter for much more urgent concern than the devising of petty economies in the kitchen.

WHEN war broke out, Leonid Andreyev abandoned the camp of the pacifists in Russia and became one of the most vigorous and probably the most eloquent of the Russian apologists for war. And now, since it is politic to speak of such things, he confesses, in an article published in the *Reich*, of Petrograd, and translated for the *New York Times*, that he joined the ranks of the chauvinists, not to reverse the vivid preachments of his book, the "Red Laugh," but to press for the culmination of an universal revolution which he saw as the logical evolution of the great war. He believed, he says, that the war will end "in a European upheaval which will bring in its wake the destruction of militarism, permanent armies, and the creation of the United States of Europe."

He is convinced that the main mission of the Russian army is to carry the crimson banners in a crusade which must not end until revolution is pros- voked in Berlin and the House of Hohenzollern has shared the fate of that of the Romanoffs. "To bring this day nearer," he says, "the day of revolution in

Berlin, is the next problem of the Russian revolutionary guns, a problem which can be realized only through a victory over the soldiery of Caesaristic Germany. So long as Germany figures, even though nominally, as a victor; so long as the hunger and misfortunes of the German people are glossed over by the false blare and glare of trophies and conquered territories; so long as this eternally deceived people still believes in an eventual victory over the Allies, a victory which would bring back to the German Empire its past glory and power—the faith in Wilhelm will not diminish sufficiently to go over into an open revolt.

"We need to strike only a few powerful, decisive blows to bring down to earth the pile of would-be victories and mythical greatness and transmute the name of Wilhelm into a symbol of national hatred.

"This is the great problem which was placed upon the shoulders of the happy Russian people, 'the people in arms.' In order to gain a victory over the army of the Kaiser, our troops must maintain the firmness and order which is essential to the conduct of war. We need 'discipline'—not the kind of submission which is exacted in the name of strange, foreign purposes, but the kind that is self-imposed, in the name of a common and a great purpose. Let our military organization preserve all its iron coherence. Without it no victory is possible. Soldiers, and not a mob, defeated the Russian autocracy; soldiers, only soldiers, can defeat the German Government's troops.

"Yes, let these steel formations, once they have been purified by a new revolutionary parole and by new names of revolutionary leaders, remain! If it is unthinkable for our army to conquer without discipline, victory is still less feasible until our entire army is permeated with a consciousness of the new and great problem which fell to it after the dethronement of the Romanoffs. Only the army, which means discipline, only the revolution, which means the people inspired with freedom, can conquer the Imperial Army of Wilhelm and bring to Europe peace and liberty."

THE footlights illuminate a lot of evidence nowadays—especially at times of musical comedy—that stage beauty at least, is only skin deep. From the clamour of the opening chorus to the dancing din of the finale there is no stint about the epidermal display and no lines are needed in the dialogue to emphasize the inference that the race for popularity goes to the stripped rather than the strong. The bare facts usually speak for themselves.

But for the solid sort of success—lasting fame and all that—we must, according to Walter Prichard Eaton, in the *Theatre Magazine*, go deeper than the cuticle to discover the causes which have promoted the more eminent actresses to their places in public favour. Beauty may even be a handicap, he says, and adds that it certainly is not an absolutely essential quality for stage success. "The players who, on the whole, have lacked the aid of an obvious physical allurements, have actually achieved the solidest reputations," he says. "There is Sarah Bernhardt, for example! And Rejane, and Simone. The marvellous Sarah, most famous actress in the world, is certainly not a beauty, and never has been in the twenty-five years that I can remember her. I have seen her look lovely as the passions of a character swept over her face and electrified her figure. But beautiful she herself never was."

Mrs. Fiske he describes as "interesting, alert, piquant—but hardly beautiful in the common use of the word." Miss Margaret Anglin, he concedes, "is finely chiselled of feature, even patrician; but one would hardly call her beautiful." Nazimova at times is positively plain, he says. "Was Ellen Terry a beauty?" he asks. "As Portia, yes—the dearest, finest, prettiest creature ever seen. Yet didn't she have a snub nose? Certainly Irene Vanbrough isn't a beauty, nor Mary Shaw, nor Mary Nash, nor Marie Tempest, nor, in the movies, Mae Marsh and Mary Pickford—two of the best. Possibly you might stretch a point, and call Mary pretty, or at any rate pleasant to look at. But she isn't a beauty, surely. Yet she is the queen of the films, by virtue of her ability to express emotions effectively in front of the camera."

JUST TO READ ALOUD

A TRAVELLER who believed himself to be the sole survivor of a shipwreck upon a cannibal isle, hid for three days, in terror of his life. Driven out by hunger, he discovered a thin wisp of smoke rising from a clump of bushes inland, and crawled carefully to study the type of savages about it. Just as he reached the clump, he heard a voice say: "Why in hell did you play that card?" He dropped on his knees and, devoutly raising his hands, cried: "Thank God, they are Christians!"

ELLEN rushed into her mistress' apartment and cried:

"Please, Mrs. Midgley, Kate has been tryin' to light the fire with paraffin, an' she's been blown out of the window!"

"Oh, well, it's her day out, is it not?" calmly rejoined the mistress.

A MORMON'S wife, coming downstairs one morning, met the physician who was attending her husband. "Is he very ill?" she asked, anxiously. "He is," replied the physician. "I fear that the end is not far off." "Do you think," she asked, hesitatingly, "do you think it proper that I should be at his bed-side during his last moments?" "Yes. But I advise you to hurry, madam. The best places are already being taken."

A KANSAS CITY man, who is very active in the affairs of his lodge, was spending the week-end at Excelsior Springs, a near-by mineral-water resort. He confided to a friend that he would like to scrape an acquaintance with a striking-looking woman they were both admiring.

"Why don't you try?" asked the friend.

"Couldn't think of flirting with her," came the horrified reply. "Her husband and I are brother lodge-members."

The next week-end the friend again went to the springs. On one of the prominent promenades he soon saw the lodge member and the striking-looking woman they had admired, walking arm-in-arm and apparently much taken up with each other. At the first chance he asked his friend for an explanation.

"Thought her husband was a lodge brother of yours," he said.

"Oh, that's all right," was the answer. "I looked him up on the books, and he hadn't paid his dues!"

THE LAST DRAFT



Democracy: "On what grounds do you claim exemption?"

—The New York Times.

Rimrock Jones

By DANE COOLIDGE
Author of "The Desert Trail"

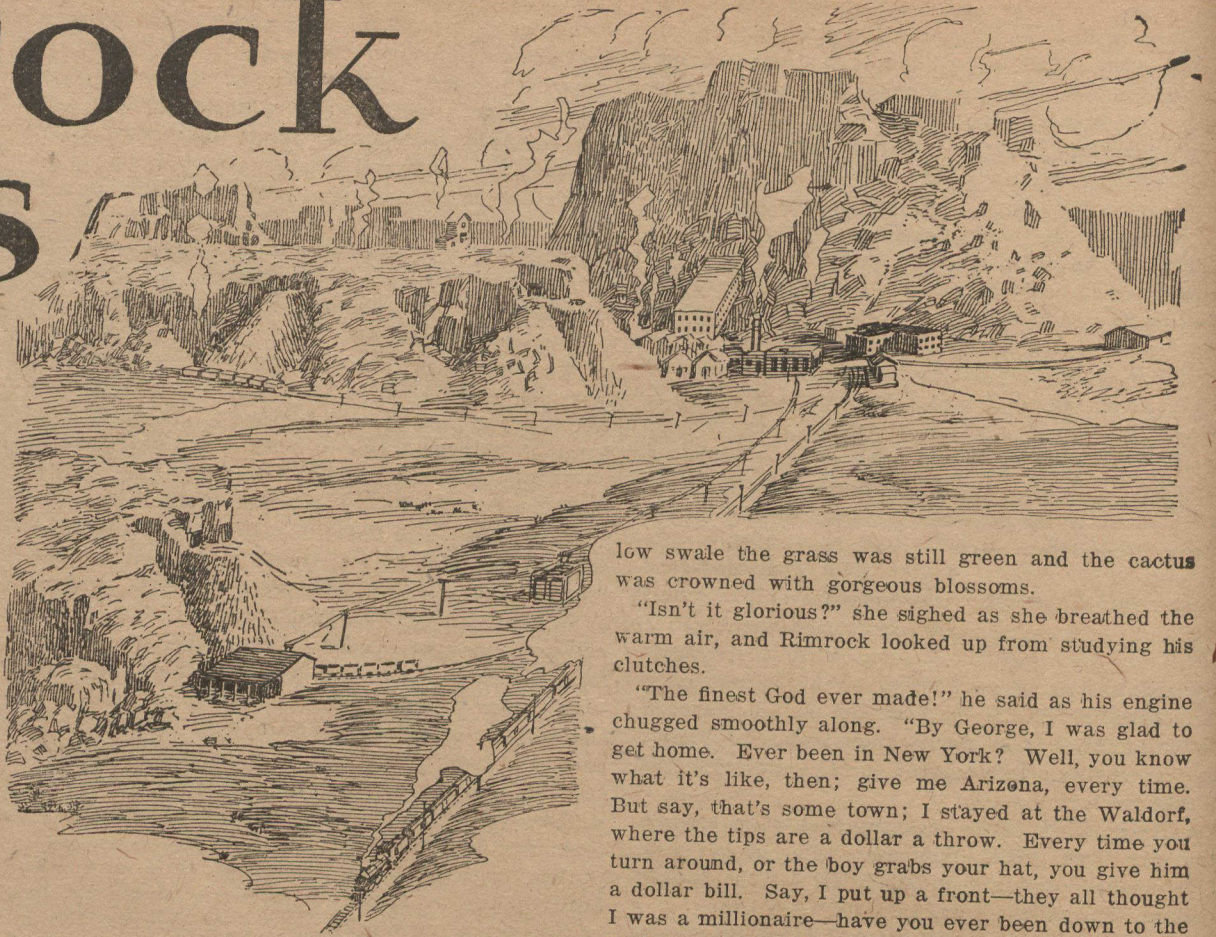
LAST week's instalment of this story presented Rimrock, the Arizona justice-first enemy of bad law in the business of discovering and staking the Tecolote copper mine. In all the episodes of this Tecolote quest there is the spectacle of a big, earnest character battling and scheming for his rights, against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

CHAPTER VIII. A Flier in Stocks.

It was as dazzling to Rimrock as a burst of sunshine to a man just come up from a mine—that look in Mary Fortune's eyes. He went out of her office like a man in a dream and wandered off by himself to think. But that was the one thing he could not negotiate, his brain refused to work. It was a whirl of weird flashes and forms and colours, like a futurist painting gone mad, but above it all when the turmoil had subsided was the thought of going back. He had told her when he left her that he would come around again, and that fixed idea had held to the end. But how? Under what pretext? And would she break down his pretence with that smile?

Rimrock thought it over and it seemed best at the end to invite her to take a ride. There were certain things in connection with their mine which he wished very much to discuss, but how could he do it in the hotel lobby with the Gunsight women looking on? Since his rise to affluence one of them had dared to speak to him, but she would never do it again. He remembered too well the averted glances with which they had passed him, poor and ragged, on the street. No, he hated them passionately as the living symbols of Gunsight fraud and greed; the soft, idle women of those despicable parasites who now battered on what he had earned.

But Mary Fortune, how else was he to meet her without envious eyes looking on; or stealthy ears of prying women, listening at keyholes to catch every word? And out on the desert, gliding smoothly along in the best hired automobile in town, where better could he give expression to those surging confidences which he was impelled against his judgment to make? It was that same inner spirit that made all his troubles, now urging him he knew not where. All he knew for certain was that the shy woman-look had crept back for a moment into her eyes; and after that the fate of empires was as nothing to the import of her smile. Did she feel, as he felt, the mystic bond between them, the appeal of his young man's strength; or was that smile a mask, a provocative weapon, to veil her own thoughts while she read through his like a book? He gave it up; but



there was a way of knowing—he could call out that smile again.

The idle women of the Gunsight Hotel, sitting in their rockers on the upper porch, were rewarded on that day for many a wasted hour. For long months they had watched McBain's typist, with her proud way of ignoring them all; and at last they had something to talk about. Rimrock Jones in his best, and with a hired automobile, came gliding up to her office; and as he went tramping in every ear on the veranda was strained to catch his words.

"Aw, don't mind those old hens," he said after a silence, roaring it out that all could hear. "They're going to talk anyway, so let's take a ride; and make 'em guess, for once, what I say."

There was nothing, after that, for the ladies to do but retire in the best form they could; but as Mary Fortune came out in an auto bonnet with a veil and coat to match they tore her character to shreds from behind the Venetian blinds. So that was her game—she had thrown over McBain and was setting her cap for Rimrock Jones. And automobile clothes! Well, if that wasn't proof that she was living down a past the ladies would like to know. A typewriter girl, earning less than seventy dollars a month, and with a trunk full of joy-riding clothes!

With such women about her it called for some courage for Mary Fortune to make the plunge; but the air was still fragrant, spring was on the wind and the ground dove crooned in his tree. She was tired, worn out with the deadly monotony of working on day by day; and she had besides that soul-stirring elation of having won in the great game for her stock.

"It'll be a stockholders' meeting," Rimrock had explained in her ear. "We represent a majority of the stock. I want to tell you something big, where nobody else will hear. Come on, let your typewriting slide!"

AND Mary Fortune had laughed and run scampering up the stairs and come down with her gloves and veil, and as the automobile moved off she had that joyous sensation of something about to happen. They drove out of town on the one straight road that led to the Gunsight mine, and Rimrock was so busy with the mechanics of his driving that she had a chance to view the landscape by herself. The white, silty desert, stretching off to blue mountains, was set as regularly as a vineyard with the waxy, dark-green creosote bushes; and at uncertain intervals the fluted giant cactus rose up like sentinels on the plain. All the desert trees that grew near the town—the iron-woods and palo verdes and cat-claws and mesquite and salt-bushes—had been uprooted by the Mexicans in their search for wood; but in every

low swale the grass was still green and the cactus was crowned with gorgeous blossoms.

"Isn't it glorious?" she sighed as she breathed the warm air, and Rimrock looked up from studying his clutches.

"The finest God ever made!" he said as his engine chugged smoothly along. "By George, I was glad to get home. Ever been in New York? Well, you know what it's like, then; give me Arizona, every time. But say, that's some town; I stayed at the Waldorf, where the tips are a dollar a throw. Every time you turn around, or the boy grabs your hat, you give him a dollar bill. Say, I put up a front—they all thought I was a millionaire—have you ever been down to the curb market? Oh, don't you know what that is? Why, it's the place near Wall Street where they sell stock in the middle of the street."

HE negotiated a sand wash and nearly stripped a gear as he threw in the low by mistake.

"You bet, quite a country!" he went on, unconcernedly. "I thought I knew sign language, but those curb brokers have got me beat. I can sit down with an Indian and by signs and sand-pictures I can generally make him savvy what I want, but those fellers back there could buy and sell me while I was asking the price of a horse. I was down there on Broad Street and a man in the crowd jumped up and let out a yell.

"Sold!" says a feller that's standing next to me, and began to make signs to a fellow in a second-story window and writes something down on a pad. I asked a man that was taking me around—they treated me right in that town—what in the world was going on, and he told me they'd made a trade in stock. The first fellow says:

"Sell five hundred shares of So-and-So at seventy-nine!" and the second man raises his right hand like an Indian how-sign and there's a twenty-thousand-dollar trade pulled off. They both write it down on a slip of paper and the man in the window does the telephoning. Say, I'm going back there when I got a stake, and try my hand at that game."

An expression of pain, as of some evil memory, passed swiftly over Mary Fortune's face and she turned from gazing at the mountains to give him a warning shake of the head.

"Don't you do it!" she said; but when he asked her why not she shut her lips and looked far away.

"You must've got bit some time," he suggested, cheerfully, but she refused for the moment to be drawn out.

"Perhaps," she replied, "but if that's the case my advice is all the more sound."

"No, but I'm on the inside," he went on, impressively. "I know some of those big ones personally. That makes the difference; those fellows don't lose, they skim the cream off of everything. Say, I ought to know—didn't I go in there lone-handed and fight it out with a king of finance? That's the man we're in with—I can't tell you his name, now—he's the one that owns the forty-nine per cent. They're crazy about copper or he'd never have looked at me—there's some big market fight coming on. And didn't he curse and squirm and holler, trying to make me give up my control? He told me in years he had never gone into anything unless he got more than half for a gift! But I told him 'no,' I'd been euchered out of one mine; and after his expert had reported on the property he came through and gave me my way.

And after that! Say, there was nothing too good for me. He agreed to spend several million dollars to pay for his share of the mine and then he gave me that roll of bills to bind the bargain we'd made. By George, I felt good, to go there with two thousand dollars and come back with a big roll of yellowbacks; but before I went away he introduced me to a friend and told him how to show me the sights.

"This friend was a broker, by the name of Buckbee, and believe me, he's on the inside. He took me around and showed me the Stock Exchange and put me wise to everything. We were up in the gallery and, on the floor below us, there were a whole lot of posts with signs; and a bunch of the craziest men in the world were fighting around those posts. Fight? They were tearing each other's clothes off, throwing paper in the air, yelling like drunk Indians, knocking each other flat. It was so rough, by George, it scared me; but Buckbee told me they were selling stocks. There were thousands of dollars in every yell they let out, they talked signs like they were deaf and dumb, and every time a man held up his right hand it meant: Sold! And they wrote it down on a slip."

RIMROCK paused in his description to make some hurried adjustments as his machine slowed down to a stop, but after a hasty glance he burst into a laugh and settled back in his seat.

"Well, what do we care?" he went on, recklessly. "This desert is all the same. We can sit right here and see it all, and when it comes time to go back I'll shake the old engine up. But as I was telling you, I'll play the stock market is all right if you've got some one to put you wise."

"No, it isn't," she answered, positively. "I've been there and I know."

"Well, listen to this, then," went on Rimrock, eagerly, "let me show you what Buckbee can do. I dropped in at his office, after I'd received my roll, and he said: 'Want to take a flier?'"

"Sure," I said, "here's a thousand dollars. Put it on and see how far it will go." Well, you can believe me or not, in three days' time he gave me back over two thousand dollars."

He nodded triumphantly, but the woman beside him shook her head and turned wearily away.

"That's only the beginning," she answered, sadly, "the end is—what happened to me."

"What was that?" he asked, and she gazed at him curiously with a look he did not understand.

"Well, you can see for yourself," she said, at last, "this is the first pleasure I've had for a year. I used to have a home with servants to wait on me, and music, and society and all, and when my father died and left me alone I might even then have kept on. But—well, I'll tell it to you; it may make you stop and think the next time you meet one of those brokers. My father was a judge and the ethics of his profession prevented him from speculating in stocks, but he had an old friend, his college classmate, who had made millions and millions on the Stock Exchange. He was one of the most powerful financiers in New York, and when my father died he made the request that Mr. Rossiter should invest my legacy for me. My father knew that the money he left would barely keep me, at the best; and so he asked this old friend of his to see that it was safely invested.

"So when the estate had been administered I went to see Mr. Rossiter and, after discussing different investments, he told me of a plan he had. It seems he was at the head of a tremendous combination that controlled the price of a certain stock and, although it was strictly against the rules, he was going to give me a tip that would double my money in a few weeks.

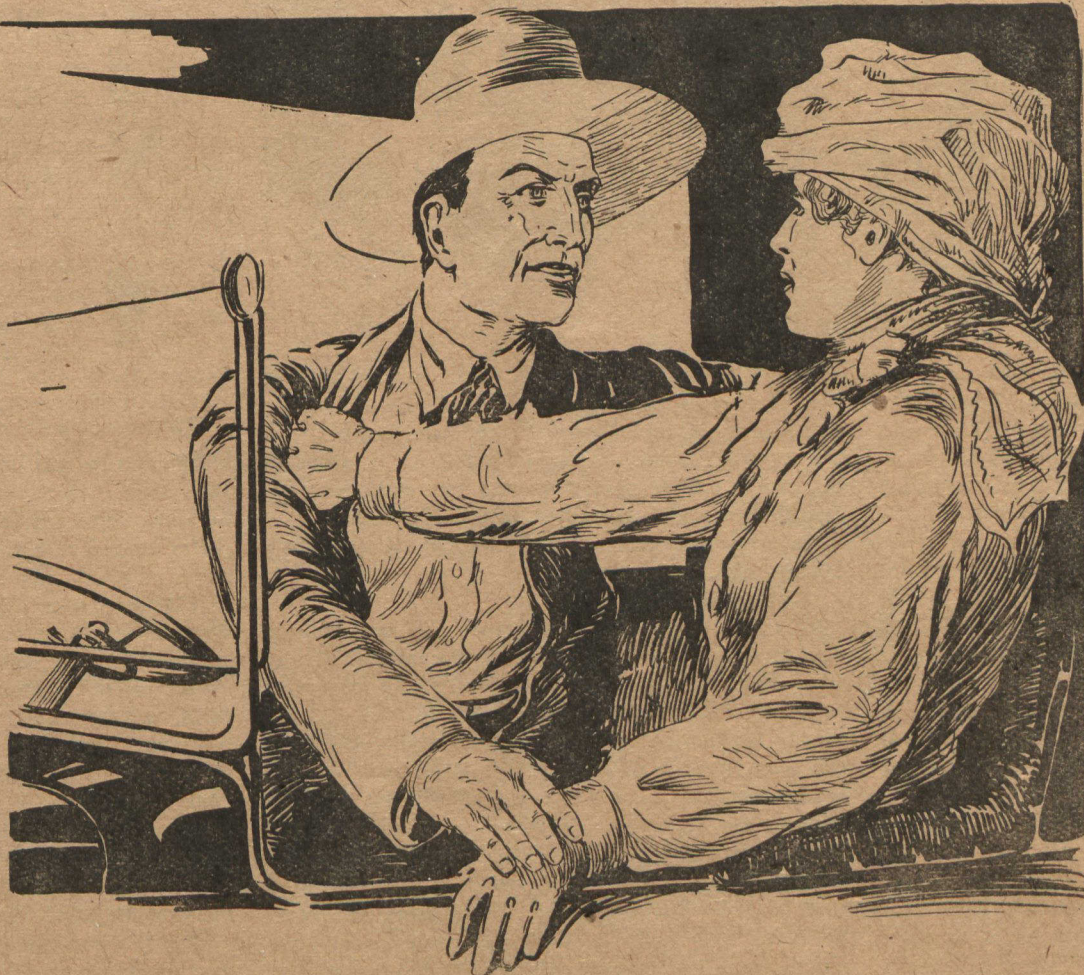
I was afraid, at first, but when he guaranteed me against loss I took all my money to a certain broker and bought forty-three thousand shares. Then I watched the papers and every day I could see the price of it going up. One day it nearly doubled and then it went back, and then stopped and went up and up. In less than a month the price went up from twenty-three cents to nearly fifty, and then, just at a time when it was rising fastest, Mr. Rossiter called me to his office again. He took me back into his private room and told me how much he had loved my father. And then he told me that the time had come for me to take my profits and quit; that the market was safe for a man of his kind who was used to every turn of the game, but the best thing for me now was to get my money from my broker and invest it in certain five per cent. bonds. And then he made me promise, as long as I lived, never to buy a share of stock again."

She paused and sighed.

"Can you guess what I did?" she asked. "What would you do in a case like that? Well, I went to the broker and sold back my shares and then I stood watching the tape. I had learned to read it and somehow it fascinated me—and my stock was still going up. In less than two hours it had gone up twenty points—it was the only stock that was sold! And when I saw what I could have gained by waiting—what do you think I did?"

"You turned right around," answered Rimrock, confidently, "and bought the same stock again."

"No, you're wrong," she said, with a twist of the lips, "I'm a bigger gambler than that. I put up all my money on a ten-point margin and was called and sold out in an hour. The stock went tumbling right after I bought it and, before I could order them to sell, the price had gone down far below my margin and the brokers were in a panic. They wouldn't stop to explain anything to me—all they said was that I had lost. I went back home and thought it over and decided never to let him know—Mr. Rossiter, I mean; he had been so kind to me, and I hadn't done what he said. I found out afterwards that, shortly after I had left him, he had deliberately wrecked the price; and he, poor man, was thinking all the time, what a favour he had done his old friend's daughter."



She laughed, short and mirthlessly, and Rimrock sat looking at her, his eyes once more big with surprise. She was not the inexperienced creature he had taken her for, she was a woman with high spots in her career.

"Well, then what did you do?" he enquired at last as she showed no disposition to proceed. "How'd

you come to get out here? Did you know old McBain or—"

"Say, can't you start that engine?" she spoke up sharply. "Let's go on and forget about the rest. I'm here, we know that; and I only told you what I did to break you of gambling in stocks."

"No, that engine is stalled," he said, with authority, "but I'll get it to go, when it's time. But say, tell me something—we're going to be friends, you know—does Rossiter know where you are now?"

"Oh, yes," she answered, "I write to him frequently. He thinks I'm out here for my health. I have this trouble, you know, and the doctors advised me to come out where the air is dry."

"Well, you're a peach," observed Rimrock, admiringly. "And the old man still thinks you're rich? What'll he say, do you think, when he hears of your latest—getting in on this Tecolote strike?"

"Oh, I won't dare tell him," she answered quickly. "I'm afraid he wouldn't approve. And may I make a suggestion? If you'll throw on your spark I think your engine will run."

"Say, you scare me!" said Rimrock, with a guilty grin. "You're so smart you make me afraid. I'll crank her up, too—do you think that would help some? Huh, huh; I get caught every time!"

CHAPTER IX.

You Don't Understand.

"WELL, well," remarked Rimrock, after he had started his machine and the desert was gliding smoothly by, "so that's why they call you Miss Fortune, eh? Losing all your money on that stock."

The silent woman who sat beside him closed her lips, but made no reply. He glanced at her curiously. She was deaf, of course, though she seldom showed it—perhaps she had failed to hear.

"But that can be fixed," he said, speaking louder, "you can cut off that Miss, any time."

"Yes," she said, with a touch of sarcasm, "I believe I've heard that before."

"But I mean it!" he declared, and she smiled rather grimly. "And that!" she answered, whereupon Rimrock flushed. He had used those words before in exactly the same connection.

It must be madness, this insane prompting that moved him to talk love to this girl. The first time he had met her, after a scant hour of conversation, he had made that equivocal remark: "How about fifty-fifty—an undivided half?" And many times since, when he came to think of it, he had wondered how the words had slipped out. It was a way he had, of speaking impulsively, but now it was more than that. He had deliberately planned to take her out on the desert and ask her that question again. There was something about her that destroyed his judgment even when, as now, she made no effort to charm.

"Then that shows I mean it!" he answered fatuously. "I meant it, the very first time."

"Well, it's very flattering," she said, dimpling slightly, "but isn't this rather sudden?"

"You bet it's sudden—that's the way I do things!" He dropped the wheel and caught her in his arms.

"Oh, be careful," she cried and as he tried roughly to kiss her she thrust him in the throat with her elbow. They

struggled for a moment and then, as the machine made a swerve, she laid her hands on the wheel.

"Just let me drive this machine," she said, "and remember—you are supposed to be a gentleman."

"Well, I am!" protested Rimrock, as he came out of his madness. "What's the matter? Are you going back home?"

She had flung a quick turn out across a hard flat and was swinging back into the road.

"I think we'd better," she answered quietly. "I hope you haven't made any mistake?"

"Why—no!" he stammered. "Why? What do you mean? Don't you think I'm on the square? Well, I certainly am; I'm asking you to marry me!"

"Yes, but even then; have I given you any reason to think I'm so madly infatuated? Of course I was foolish to come out with you this way, but I assure you I'm no flighty girl."

"OH, I didn't mean that!" protested Rimrock, abjectly. "Say, now listen, you don't understand." He stopped and panted as he fought down his emotions and the automobile sped smoothly on. It was eight or ten miles across the level desert and a few minutes would bring them into town. "You don't know my ways," he went on, bluffly, "but say, you don't need to be afraid. Just slow down a little, I want to talk with you—you're the finest girl I know. I want you, don't you see? And when I want anything—"

He stopped as she glanced at him swiftly.

"Yes, you try to take it," she said, and curled her lip with scorn. "I understand you, perfectly; but I want to tell you something—there are some things you can't get that way. And one of them is love. That has to be given to you—and you have to be worthy of it—I don't suppose you ever thought about that."

She kept her eyes on the road ahead, but Rimrock could see that she was biting her lip with anger.

"That's the thing I don't like about you," she burst out passionately, "you never think about anybody else. You always resort to violence. And just because you can walk in on Mr. McBain—"

"Ah!" exclaimed Rimrock, leaning forward accusingly; but she scorned to meet his stare.

"—just because you can terrorize him with that pistol you carry—"

"So that's what's the matter," went on Rimrock, significantly, "you're thinking about Andy McBain!"

"Mr. Jones!" she broke out, bringing the auto to a stop, "I guess this has gone far enough. Will you walk to town, or shall I?"

"Neither one," he said, quietly, taking over the wheel, "I'll drive you to the hotel myself."

"Very well," she said, and sat back white with anger as mile after mile sped past.

"Here you are," he said, as he slowed down at the Gunsight and suddenly she was her old, sweet self.

"Thank you very much," she said, stepping gracefully out of the car; "the country was very beautiful." And she went smilingly in through the door.

RIMROCK JONES sat silent, struck dumb by her manner, so different from her cold, silent wrath; and then he caught a flash of movement on the verandah. She was hiding their quarrel from the women!

"Sorry you couldn't stay longer," he answered, taking off his hat with a belated flourish. "Good evening," he added and then, jamming on his hat, he drove off where he could be alone.

After twenty-four hours of conflicting emotions Rimrock weakened and took his troubles to Has-sayamp; and after a passionate presentation of his side of the misunderstanding he acknowledged that the lady was right. He was nothing but a brute, a despicable barbarian, not worthy to look at her; a presumptuous hound, and so on. But he told Has-sayamp, as one friend to another, that there would soon be a dead dog in camp; and if Andy McBain ever crossed his path he would shoot him down in his tracks.

With all this on his mind he made very poor company and Gunsight had just about decided he had

failed on his mine when it awoke to a sudden miracle. A large party of surveyors had come in during the night and were running a line to the south. Straight out across the desert, while the morning light was good, they had driven their line of stakes; a line which sighted as true as a rifle to the Tecolote Hills. It was for a waggon road, perhaps—but why these surveyors when the whole desert was as flat as a board? A railroad! The whole town jumped to the same conclusion at once and the rush for the Tecolotes was on.

The men who had laughed at Rimrock Jones for months were leaders in the wild stampede, and Has-sayamp roused up Rimrock from where he was brooding and warned him to get to his ground.

"They'll jump you," he bellowed, "the whole town is going. They'll stake every claim for miles!"

"Let 'em stake!" answered Rimrock, whose mood was vindictive, "and the first man that jumps me, I'll jump him, by grab, with this!"



He patted his pistol which, in its ancient holster was once more slung on his hip, and stalked sullenly out into the street. Every waggon and buckboard in the town of Gunsight seemed lined up in front of the stores. Men rushed to and fro with canteens and grub-sacks or half-filled boxes and sacks.

"Is it a railroad?" they yelled, as Rimrock appeared, and he answered:

"You bet your life it is!"

That settled it, and soon across the desert there went a procession of horsemen and waggons. Those who could travel no other way filled syrup cans with water and started for the Tecolotes on foot. A railroad! Well, why had they never thought of that in the long, wasted days before? Even L. W., the scoffer, caught the sudden contagion; but Andrew McBain did not stir. He was a cautious man and good friends had told him that Rimrock Jones had threatened his life. He stayed in town—and Rimrock stayed also—and soon the procession came back. It was led by L. W. in his cactus-proof automobile, and he reported all the ground as staked. He reported further that the ground was worthless, but Rimrock Jones only smiled.

"Yes, all that's left," he answered, grimly. "I made you out a sucker, for once. I guess you remember when I offered you a share in my mine for two thousand dollars or less; but now, by grab, I've staked it all and you Gunsight boys can go bust. And I give

you fair warning!" he shouted fiercely, "I'll say it to all of you—the first man that jumps me, I'll kill him!"

"Well, who's trying to jump you?" asked L. W., irritably. "What's biting you, anyway? Ain't your claims all legal? Has anybody disputed you? Well, get onto yourself, you danged fool!"

"Well, all the same," went on Rimrock, insistently, "I know what some people will do. I don't name no names, but I've been cleaned out once—"

"Aw, you make me tired!" snapped back L. W., "you're crazy—and what's more, you're drunk! You're a hell of a subject to be Gunsight's first citizen, a building ho-tels, and general stores and banks!"

"Well, all the same, you watch me do it! I'm going to make this town over right. And I warn you all, you can't be friends with me and that dastardly McBain outfit, too. It's a fight to a finish and I don't care who knows it, I'm going to bust him if it

takes my last cent. I'm not talking about L. W. nor anybody else—you can jump any way you please—but there's one man in this town that I'm out to get, and I'll kill him, by grab, if he peeps!"

"You talk too much!" answered L. W., scornfully. "Why don't you go and put up that gun? If we had a town marshal that was worth the powder he'd come around and take it away."

"He would not," retorted Rimrock, "because he knows I won't give it up. I'm carrying that gun just to let people know that I'm out now to fight for my rights. As long as I'm left alone in my legal rights I'm the most peaceable man in this town, but the first man that builds a monument on my claims is going to find that I can't be bluffed."

"OH, cut it off," cried L. W., in disgust, "we know you're bad—you've told us before. And as for Andrew McBain, you'd better not crowd him too far; he'll fight, on a pinch, himself."

"All right, if he wants it. I've got my eye on him. I'm just waiting till he makes the first move. I know it's coming, but as sure as he does it—"

"Plain drunk," grunted L. W., contemptuously, and stumped away up the street.

It was easy enough to say Rimrock was drunk, but it was soon demonstrated that he was not crazy. He was standing in front of the Alamo Saloon, still holding forth against McBain, when a Mexican boy beckoned him off

to one side and slipped a note into his hand.

"Please come to my office at once.—M. F."

Rimrock read it over and thrust it into his pocket, then drew it out and read it over again; after which he went up the street.

He stepped into the office with his eyes fixed and sullen and she met him just inside the door.

"I'll accept your apology for your conduct the other day," she said, with compelling calm, "and then I want to tell you some news."

"All right," mumbled Rimrock, "I apologize, all right. I was a miserable, pot-licking hound. I'd give my right hand—"

"Yes, yes, that's all right," she broke in, hurriedly, "but here's what I want to say. Mr. McBain has been up to Geronimo and got him a copy of that survey of your claims!"

"I knowed it" burst out Rimrock, swinging his fist into his hand, "I saw him get off that train!"

"No, listen!" she said, "you mustn't talk so loud! You mustn't talk at all! Just listen to what I say. I depend on you to save our mine."

"I'll do it!" began Rimrock; but she made a motion for silence and went swiftly on with her tale.

"More than that," she said. "I happen to know that he's looked up the names of those Mexicans, the original locators of your claims; and I think—I can't be sure—but I think that one or two of them were

not citizens of the United States. Now wait! I've not finished! I'm looking to you to go out there and protect our claims!"

"Well—the dirty—thief!" rumbled Rimrock, in his throat. "I didn't think he had the nerve. But say," he went on, suddenly struck with an idea, "how come you're telling me all this? I thought you and McBain——"

"We won't discuss that, if you please," she broke in, blushing painfully. "There are some things you don't understand. But I think, under the circumstances, I have the right to take steps to protect my own interests. Now, will you go out to the claims and keep them from being jumped, or——"

"Leave it to me," he said, the fighting light in his eyes. "Where's McBain? He's the man I've got to stop."

"No, now let's not have any violence. I know something of the law. All you need to do is to stay on the ground. If you're in possession——"

"That's got nothing to do with it!" he burst out, impatiently. "This has gone beyond the law. I've warned this man McBain before all kinds of witnesses not to set his foot on my ground; and if he does it—I'll make him pay for it."

He started for the door, hitching up his belt, and she caught at his pistol as he passed.

"No," she said, "I don't want you to shoot him. I'd rather we'd lose the mine."

"You don't understand," he answered. "This has got nothing to do with a mine." He took both her hands in one of his and put them firmly away. "It's between me and him," he said, and went off without looking back.

CHAPTER X.

The Fight for the Old Juan.

WHEN a man's honour is questioned—his honour as a fighting man—it is the dictum of centuries of chivalry that he shall not seek to avoid the combat. A great fortune was at stake, many millions of dollars and the possession of a valuable mine, and yet Rimrock Jones did not move. He walked around the town and held conferences with his friends until word came at last that he was jumped.

"All right," he said, and with Hassayamp and L. W. he started across the desert to his mine. Red-handed as he was from a former treachery, L. W. did not fail Rimrock in this crisis and his cactus-proof automobile took them swiftly over the trail that led to the high-cliffed Tecolotes. He went under protest as the friend of both parties, but all the same he went. And Hassayamp Hicks, who came from Texas, where men held their honour above their lives; he went along as a friend in arms, to stand off the gunmen of McBain.

The news had come in that Andrew McBain had left Geronimo under cover of the night, with an automobile load of guards, and the next day at dawn some belated stampedees had seen them climbing up to the dome. There lay the apex of the Tecolote claims, fifteen hundred lateral feet that covered the main body of the lode; and with the instinct of a mine pirate McBain had sought the high ground. If he could hold the Old Juan claim he could cloud the title to all the rich ground on both sides; and at the end of litigation, if he won his suit, all the improvements that might be built below would be of value only to him. Always providing he won; for his game was desperate and he knew that Rimrock would fight.

He had flung down the challenge and, knowing well how it would end, he had had his gunmen barricade the trail. They were picked-up men of that peculiar class found in every Western town, the men who live by their nerve. There were some who had been officers and others outlaws; and others, if the truth were known, both. And as neither officers nor outlaws are prone to question too closely the ethics of their particular trade, so they asked no questions of the close-mouthed McBain, except what he paid by the day. Now, like any hired fighters, they looked well to their own safety and let McBain do the worrying for the crowd. He was a lawyer, they knew that, and it stood to reason he was acting within the law.

L. W.'s auto reached Ironwood Springs, where Rimrock had made his old camp, while the sun was

still two hours high. From the Springs to the dome, that great "bust-up" of porphyry which stood square-topped and sheer against the sky, there was a single trail full of loose, shaly rocks that mounted up through a notch in the rim. They started up in silence, Rimrock leading the way and Hassayamp puffing along behind; but as they neared the heights, where the shattered base of the butte rose up from the mass of fallen debris, Rimrock forged on and left them behind.

"HEY, wait!" called Hassayamp, with the last of his breath, but neither Rimrock nor L. W. looked back. It was a race to the top, Rimrock to get his revenge and L. W. to stop his mad rush; but in this race, as always, youth took the lead and L. W. lagged far behind. Like a mountain sheep on some familiar trail Rimrock bounded on until his breath came in whistling gasps; but, while the blood pounded against his brain-pan and his muscles quivered and twitched, the strength of ten men pulsed through his iron limbs, and he kept his face to the heights.

He was all of a tremble when, in the notch of the trail, he was challenged by a ringing:

"Halt!"

He stopped, sucked in a great breath and dashed the stinging sweat from his eyes; and then, hardly seeing the barricade before him or the rifles that thrust out between the rocks, he put down his head and toiled on. Right on the rim, where the narrow trail nicked it, the gunmen had built a low wall and as he came on unheeding they rose up from behind it and threw down on him with their rifles.

"Stop right where you are!" a guard called out harshly, and Rimrock halted—and then he came on.

"Get back or we'll shoot!" shouted a grizzled gunman who now suddenly seemed to take charge. "This claim is held by Andrew McBain and the first man that trespasses gets killed!"

"Well, shoot, then," panted Rimrock, still struggling up the pathway. "Go ahead—it's nothing to me."

"Hey, you stop!" commanded the gunman as Rimrock gained the barricade, and he struck him back with the muzzle of his gun. Rimrock staggered and caught himself and then held on weakly as his breath came in quivering sobs.

"That's all right," he gasped. "I've got no quarrel with you. I came to get Andrew McBain."

"Well, stay where you are," ordered the gunman, sternly, "or I'll kill you, sure as hell."

RIMROCK swayed back and forth as he clung to a bush that he had clutched in his first lurching fall, and as he laboured for breath he gazed about wildly at the unfamiliar faces of the men.

"Who are you boys?" he asked at last, and as nobody answered him he glanced swiftly back down the trail.

"It's no use to try that," said the gunman, shortly, "you can't rush us, behind the wall."

"Oh, I've got no men," answered Rimrock, quickly, "those fellows are just coming along. I'm Henry Jones, and I came to warn you gentlemen you're trespassing on one of my claims."

"Can't help it," said the guard, "we're here under orders to kill you if you come over this line."

He indicated the wall which barred the way to the location notice of the claim and Rimrock hitched

his belt to the left.

"Show me your papers," he said. "You've got no right to kill any man until you prove that this claim is yours."

That hitch of the belt had brought his heavy six-shooter well around on the side of his leg, and as the gunmen watched him he looked them over, still struggling to get back his breath. Then as no one moved he advanced deliberately and put his hand on the wall.

"Now," he said, "you show me your authority or I'll come over there and put you off."

There was a stir in the ranks of the grim-faced gun-fighters and their captain looked behind. Not forty feet away on the flat floor of the mesa was the shaft of the Old Juan claim and, tacked to the post that rose up from its rockpile was a new, unweathered notice.

"That's the notice," said the captain, "but you stay where you are. You knock down that wall and you'll get killed!"

"Killed nothing!" burst out Rimrock, contemptuously, "you're afraid to shoot me!" And looking him straight in the eyes, he pushed the top rock off the wall.

"Now!" he said, after a moment's silence, as the gunmen moved uneasily about, "I'll do that again, and I'll keep on doing it until you show me that this ain't my claim."

"Mr. McBain!" called the captain, and as Rimrock clutched at his pistol he found a gun thrust against his stomach.

"You make a crooked move," warned the captain, sharply, "and——"

HE stopped, for up from the mouth of the Old Juan shaft came the head of Andrew McBain.

"Ah, hiding in a hole," spoke up Rimrock, sneeringly, as McBain opened his mouth to talk. "I'd like to work for a man like you. Say, boys, take on with me—I'll double your money; and what's more I'll stand up for my rights!" He looked around at the line of gun-fighters, but their set lips did not answer his smile. Only in their eyes, those subtle mirrors of the mind, did he read the passing reflex of their scorn. "You're scared, you coward," went on Rimrock, scathingly, as McBain looked warily about. "Come out, if you're a man, and prove your title, or by grab, I'll come in there and get you!"

He stopped with a grunt for the hard-eyed captain had jabbed him with the muzzle of his gun.

"None of that," he said, but Rimrock took no notice—his eyes were fixed on McBain.

He came out of the hole with a waspish swiftness, though there was a wild, frightened look in his eyes; and as he advanced towards the barricade he drew out a bulldog pistol and held it awkwardly in his hand.

"Mr. Jones," he began, in his harsh lawyer's voice, "don't think for a moment you can bluff me. These men have their orders and at the first show of violence I have told them to shoot you dead. Now, regarding this claim, formerly known as the Old Juan, you have no legal right to the same. In the first place, Juan Soto, whom you hired to locate it, is not an American citizen, and therefore his claim is void. In the second place, the transfer for the nominal sum of ten dollars proves collusion to perpetrate a fraud. And in the third place——"



"You're a liar!" broke in Rimrock, his breast heaving with anger, "he's as much a citizen as you are. He's been registered in Gunsight for twenty years and his vote has never been challenged."

"Juan Bautista Soto," returned McBain defiantly, "was born in Caborca, Sonora, on the twenty-fourth day of June, eighteen sixty. I have a copy of the records of the parish church to prove he is Mexican-born. And in the third place—"

"And in the third place," burst out Rimrock, raising his voice to a yell, "that proves conclusively that you've set out to steal my mine. I don't give a damn for your thirdlys and fourthlys, nor all the laws in the Territory. To hell with a law that lets a coyote like you rob honest men of their mines. This claim is mine and I warn you now—if you don't get off of it, I'll kill you!"

He dropped his hand to his pistol and the startled gunmen looked quickly to their captain for a cue. But the captain stood doubtful—there were two sides to the question, and a man will only go so far to earn ten dollars a day.

"Now hear me," warned Rimrock as there fell a tense silence, "you get off—"

"Shoot that man!" yelled McBain as he sensed what was coming, but Rimrock was over the wall. He knocked it flat with the fury of his charge, striking the gunmen aside as he passed. There was a moment of confusion and then, as McBain turned to run, the bang of Rimrock's gun. Andrew McBain went down, falling forward on his face, and as Rimrock whirled on the startled gunmen they shot blindly and broke for cover. The fight had got beyond them, their hearts were not in it—and they knew that McBain was dead.

"You get off my claim!" cried Rimrock as he faced them and instinctively they back away. That look in his eyes they knew all too well, it was the mankilling berserker rage. Many a time, on foreign battlefields or in the bloody saloon fights of the frontier, they had seen it gleaming in the eyes of some man whom nothing but death would stop. They backed off, fearfully, with their guns at a ready; and when they were clear they ran.

When L. W. looked over the shattered wall he saw Rimrock tearing down the notice and crunching it into the ground. He was perfectly calm, but in the staring blue eyes the death look still burned like live coals; and it was only when Hassayamp, risking his life from heart failure, toiled up and took charge of his claim that he could be persuaded to give himself up.

CHAPTER XI.

A Little Trouble.

RIMROCK came back to Gunsight in charge of a deputy sheriff and with the angry glow still in his eyes. The inquest was over and he was held for murder, but he refused to retain a lawyer.

"I don't want one," he said when his friends urged it on him. "I wish every lawyer was dead."

He sat in gloomy silence as the Gunsight justice of the peace went through the formalities of a preliminary examination and then, while they waited for the next train to Geronimo, he and the deputy dropped in

What Makes Circulation Nationally Valuable?

SUPPOSE the 45,000—or thereabouts—circulated copies of the Canadian Courier every week, were confined to any one big city. There is room, for instance, in Montreal or Toronto, or perhaps even Winnipeg, to circulate every one of these copies without going twice in a place. A circulation like that would be rather easy to get, compared to the kind of circulation the Canadian Courier has. But in six weeks we should lose either our circulation or our character, because,

CANADA AS A WHOLE IS OUR CHOSEN FIELD.

Our 40 odd thousand subscribers, representing about a quarter of a million readers every week, are all over this country. We go where even railways don't. We represent the sentiments and opinions of a greater variety of people under one flag than any other paper in this country. And because Canada is a many-people country our all-over-Canada circulation with our all-over-Canada programme of material gives our circulation a national value.

Every additional 1,000 in our list adds to the load of interest this paper carries as a vehicle of national sentiment. We are wide open. Our readers represent all classes, creeds, political opinions, nationalities and provinces. We do not measure our clientele by provinces, but by Canadians.

Letters to the Editor

115 Ann Street, Toronto,
August 5, 1917.

Editor, Canadian Courier:

Dear Sir,—Being a one-time immigrant from across the sea myself, I want to tell you how much I have enjoyed reading your weekly editorials, "The New Canadian Says": in which you clearly and correctly define the thoughts and viewpoint of the true new Canadian. It struck me when you first commenced the series as being a very good idea indeed, and something that has long been needed in Canada, tending, as these writings undoubtedly will, to greatly improve the relations existing between native-born and British and foreign-born Canadians, by helping the former to better understand and appreciate the latter. Would it not, may I suggest, be also a good idea to give voice in a similar manner to the native Canadian's opinions and viewpoint in so far as it concerns Canada, the immigrant and all new Canadians, if for no other purpose than to aid the new Canadian to better understand his native-born brother by deriving from such articles a clearer idea of what is expected of him in his new home and adopted country?

Wishing your splendid and truly Canadian journal, which appears to be improved in every number, every success, I have the pleasure to be, Sir,

Sincerely yours,
WILFRED A. HUNTER.

Quebec, Canada.
August 4 1917.

Courier Press, Limited,
Toronto.

The week before last you had an article, "Why Stay at Home?" I will say little about the admiration of the country; you have said enough. But the way you show the life of the Canadian farmer is simple but very grand.

Would you in your weekly review write more about "Divine Nature."

A valued correspondent in Fisherman, Ont., has sent also a long letter of criticism and appreciation, dealing with the Canadian Courier's estimate and definition of what makes a Canadian. As this letter is too long to be included here it must be dealt with in a future issue.

All the illustrations used in Rimrock Jones are by T. W. McLean, Staff Artist of the Canadian Courier.

on Mary Fortune.

"Good morning," he said, flushing up as she looked at him, "can you spare me a few minutes of your time?"

"Why, certainly," she answered, and he spoke to the deputy, who waited outside the door.

"I've had a little trouble," went on Rimrock grimly as he sat down where he could speak into her transmitter, "and I want you to help me out. Mr. Hicks over here is guarding the mine

and I've sent four more boys out to help, but there's a whole lot of business coming up. Can you hold down the job of Secretary?"

Mary Fortune thought a moment, then nodded her head and waited to hear what he would say.

"All right," he said, "I'll telegraph East and have the appointment O.K.'d. Then there's another matter. We're going to lay that railroad across the desert as they never laid one before—

six months will see it done—but even that don't suit us. We're going to lay out our millsite and have everything ready the day the railroad is done. Then we're going to erect the mill and install the machinery and go to throwing dirt. Eight months at the least and we'll have a producing property shipping trainloads of ore every day. Well, what I was going to say—there's a man named Jepsen, a mining engineer, coming out to superintend that work and I want you to give him all the assistance you can and help boost the thing along. That's all—I'll send you a check and the papers—you can address me at the County Jail."

He rose hastily and started for the door, then looked back with questioning eyes.

"Very well," she said and he dropped his head and slouched heavily out the door.

MARY FORTUNE sat alone, staring absently after him. What a contradictory man he was. And yet, how well he understood. He knew without telling that she would not take his hand so he kept it behind his back; but he knew at the same time that she would attend to his business while his address was the County Jail. And no plea for sympathy, no word of explanation; just business, and then he was gone. His life was at stake, and yet he spoke of nothing but the mine. "A little trouble!" And he had killed a man. Was he a savage or a superman?

The mail the next day brought a note from him, written with a lead pencil on a piece of torn paper. It had the jail smell about it, a rank, caged-animal odour that she learned to recognize later, but there was no mention of any jail. He enclosed a check and a power of attorney, with directions for buying some land—and then there came a telegram from New York.

M. R. Fortune,
Gunsight, Arizona.

Wire from Henry Jones intimating trouble Tecolote claims. Your appointment agreeable. Spare no expense safeguard claims. Jepsen superintendent arrives Friday. Wire particulars.

W. H. Stoddard.

One look at that signature and the Wall Street address and Mary Fortune saw with sudden clearness what had been mystery and moonshine for months. W. H. Stoddard was Whitney H. Stoddard, the man who controlled the Transcontinental Railroad. His name alone in connection with the Tecolote would send its stock up a thousand per cent. And what a stroke of business that was—to make a feeder for his railroad while he built up a great property for himself. Now at last she understood the inexplicable reticence with which Rimrock had veiled his associate's name and her heart almost stopped as she thought how close she had come to parting with her Tecolote stock. Those two thousand shares, if she held on to them to the end, might bring her in thousands of dollars!

HER brain cleared like a flash and she remembered Rimrock's instructions concerning land for the Company's office. The wire could wait—and Whitney H. Stoddard—the first thing to do was to get an option,

for even telegraph operators have been known to talk. She slipped out quietly and a half hour afterward the papers were drawn up and signed, and the whole vacant block across the street from the hotel was tied up for the Tecolote Mining Company. And then the great news broke.

It is a penal offence, punishable by heavy fine and imprisonment, for a telegraph operator to disclose the secrets of his files; but within ten minutes the whole street knew. The values on property went up in meteor flights as reckless speculators sought to buy in on the ground floor. All the land along the railroad, instead of being raw desert, became suddenly warehouse sites; the vacant lots along the main street were snatched up for potential stores and saloons, and all the drab flats where the Mexican burros wandered became transformed to choice residence properties. It had come at last, that time prophesied by Rimrock when Gunsight would be transformed by his hand, but the prophet was not there to see. After all his labours, and his patient endurance of ridicule and unbelief, when the miracle happened Rimrock Jones, the magician, was immured in the County Jail.

But it made a difference. Even Mary Fortune came to think of him with more kindness in her heart. The Geronimo papers suddenly blossomed out with accounts of the Gunsight boom; and Rimrock Jones, though held for murder, was heralded as a mining king. The story was recalled of his discovery of the Gunsight and of his subsequent loss of the same; and the fight for the Old Juan, with the death of McBain, was rewritten to fit the times. Then the grading crew came with their mules and scrapers, and carloads of ties and rails. Great construction trains congested all the sidings as they dumped off tools and supplies. A track-laying machine followed close behind them, and the race for the Tecolotes was on. What a pity it was that poor Rimrock Jones was not there to see the dirt fly!

AND there were other changes. From an office drudge, Mary Fortune, the typist, suddenly found herself second in command. Every day from Geronimo there came letters and telegrams from the prisoner in the County Jail and his trenchant orders were put into effect by the girl who had worked for McBain. Nothing more was said about her mysterious past, nor the stigma such a past implies; the women of the hotel now bowed to her hopefully and smiled if she raised her eyes. Even Jepson, the superintendent, addressed her respectfully—after stopping off at the County Jail—and all the accounts of the Company, for whatever expense, now passed through her competent hands.

She was competent, Jepson admitted it; yet somehow he did not like her. It was his wife, perhaps, a proud, black-eyed little creature, who first planted the prejudice in his breast; although of course no man likes to take orders from a woman. To be sure, she gave no orders, but she kept the books and that gave her a check on his work. But Abercrombie Jepson was too busily occupied to brood much over this incipient dislike, he had men by the hundred pouring out

to the mine and all the details of a great plant on his hands.

First out across the desert went the derricks of the well-borers, to develop water for the concentrator and mill; and then diamond-drill men with all their paraphernalia, to block out the richest ore; and after them the millwrights and masons and carpenters, to lay foundations and build the lighter parts of the plant; and, back and forth in a steady stream, the long lines of teamsters, hauling freight from the end of the railroad. It was an awe-inspiring spectacle, this invasion of the desert, this sure preparation to open the treasure-house where the Tecolotes had locked up their ore. But Rimrock was missing from it all!

There came a time when Mary Fortune acknowledged this to herself; and, without knowing just why, she took the next train to Geronimo. The summer had come on and the jail as she entered it was stifling with its close, smelly heat. She sickened at the thought of him, caged up there day and night, shut off even from light and air; and when the sheriff let her in through the clanging outer gate she started back at sight of the tanks. Within high walls of concrete a great, wrought-iron cell-house rose up like a square box of steel and, pressed against the bars, were obscene leering eyes staring out for a look at the woman.

"Oh, that's all right," said the sheriff kindly, "just step right down this way. I regret very much I can't bring him outside, but he's in for a capital offence."

He led the way down a resounding corridor, with narrow windows high up near the roof; and there, staring out from a narrow cell, she saw Rimrock Jones. His face was pale with the prison pallor and a tawny growth covered his chin; but the eyes—they were still the eyes of Rimrock, aggressive, searching and bold.

"A lady to see you," announced the sheriff and suddenly they were alone.

There had been some business, some important matter upon which she had

needed his advice, but as she saw him shut up like a common felon the sudden tears came to her eyes.

"Kind of limited quarters," observed Rimrock, smiling wanly, "nothing like that new hotel that we're building. Well, it won't be long now till I'm out of this hole. Is there anything special you want?"

"Why, yes!" she said, getting control of herself, "can't—we get you out on bail? I didn't know it was so awful inside here—I'm going to engage the best lawyer in town!"

"No use," answered Rimrock, "I'm held for murder—and I don't want no lawyer, anyhow."

The old stubborn tone had come back into his voice, but swift compassion urged her on.

"But you certainly will have one when your case goes to trial? Mr. Lockhart said he would hire one himself."

"Nope, don't want 'em," answered Rimrock. "They're a bunch of crooks. I'll handle my case myself."

"Yourself? Why, you don't know the law——"

"That's why I'll win," broke in Rimrock impatiently. "I'm going to pick out that jury myself."

"No, but the briefs and papers! And who will represent you in court?"

"Never mind," sulked Rimrock, "I'll take care of all that. But I won't have a lawyer, if I swing for it!"

"Oh!" she gasped, but he gazed at her grimly without thinking about anything but his case.

"All I want is justice," he went on doggedly. "I want a fair trial before a jury of Arizona men. When I state my case I'll tell them the truth and I don't want any lawyer butting in. And one thing more. I'm going to ask you, Miss Fortune, to leave this case strictly alone. I thank you just as much for your good intentions, but we don't look at this matter the same. I quit the law when I lost title to the Gunsight, and I'm going to play out my hand to the end. I claim there's a law that's above all these lawyers—and judges and supreme courts, too—and

that's the will of the people. I may be mistaken, but I'll gamble my life on it and if I lose—you can have the whole mine."

"I don't want the whole mine," she answered resentfully, "I want—I want you to be free. Oh, I came to tell you about all we're doing—about the construction and the mine work and all—but I just can't say a word. Are you determined to plead your own case?"

"Why, certainly," he said. "Why shouldn't I do it? I don't consider I've done anything wrong. I hope you don't think, just because I killed McBain that I'm suffering any regrets? Because I'm not, nor nothing of the kind—I'm glad I killed him like I did. He had it coming to him and, gimme a square jury, I'll make 'em say I did right."

"I guess I don't understand," she stammered at last, "but—but I'm glad that it doesn't seem wrong. I can't understand how a man could do it; but I'll help you, any way I can."

"All right," said Rimrock and looked at her strangely, "I'll tell you what you can do. In the first place I want you to go back to Gunsight and stay there until I come back. And in the second place—well, I can't forget what I did—that day. I want you to say it's all right."

"It is all right," she answered quickly, "I guess that's what I came to say. And will you forgive me, too, for letting you lie here and never doing anything to help?"

"Oh, that's nothing," said Rimrock, "I don't mind it much. But say, isn't there anything else?"

"No!" she said, but the hot blood mounted up and mantled her cheeks with red.

"Come on," he beckoned. "Just to show you forgive me—it will help me to win if you do."

She looked around, up and down the narrow corridor, and then laid her cheek to the bars. Who would not do as much, out of Christian kindness, for a man who had suffered so much?

(To be continued.)



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Educate the Parents

By A COLLEGE PRINCIPAL

INSTEAD of talking about the education of boys and girls, I should like to write on the education of parents. We try hard for nine months of the year to make our girls gentle and refined, fitted to do any good work that they may be called upon to do. One or two instances will show you why I think it is the parents that need the instructions. We supervise all books brought into the school. One was brought to me. I turned over a few pages, then sent the book back to the mother, asking her if she had read the book, and suggesting that she look at the pages I had noted; she answered immediately that nothing would have induced her to allow her daughter to read the book had she known what it was; the bookseller had said it was a new, popular work. How many mothers know what books their daughters read? How can schools remedy this?

I have just returned from a few weeks in Muskoka. A gentleman remarked to a lady that he had just met Miss —, all she had on was a smile and an apron. If an inquiry were instituted in regard to the clothing, or rather lack of clothing, at this moment at the summer resorts, where boys and girls are mingling on the most intimate terms, most of them would be found clad in much the fashion of Miss —. Only the re-education of the parents can correct what is fast undermining that true womanly modesty that the schools try to inculcate.

The "movies" are doing an infinite amount of harm too; life at ordinary everyday level is too stupid to be lived. The parents provide the money frequently for visiting the "movies" three times one afternoon, as I know positively.

Then the papers called "comic," with lurid pictures, the characters with swollen faces, exaggerated noses, humpbacks, and all sorts of revolting exaggerations—these are sent by the parents here to their children—needless to say they are censored out of existence.

You see, I have not much desire to say anything about the education of girls, when we are handicapped by three months' license allowed and encouraged by parents.

Sisters do not write articles for the papers, or I might rouse the ire of fathers and mothers by one.

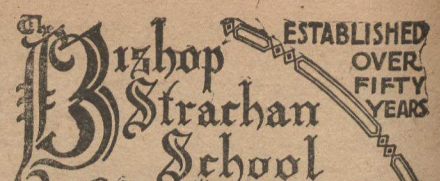
Because to laugh is good, even with the thermometer where it is, I'll tell you the beginning of a genuine composition by a genuine little girl on "Parents." "Parents are of two kinds—male and female. What would we do without parents?"

Yours sincerely,
(Signed) Sister-in-Charge.
Bishop Bethune College,
Oshawa, August 1, 1917.

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(Concluded on page 24.)



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"THE INNER DOOR," by Alan Sullivan. Gundy, \$1.35.

Canadian novelists are not numerous. Canadian story-writers are legion. How a novelist begins to be made in this country is illustrated in the case of "The Inner Door," by Alan Sullivan, which recently ran as a serial in *Munsey's*. It is a story of labour and capital and love. The author has drawn pretty well on his own experiences in factory life as well as an engineer for his material and local colour. He depends upon his imagination for the chief characters. The story is of a young man, Kenneth Landon, in love with Sylvia Percival, owner of a big rubber factory. Conditions in this factory are bad. Kenneth determines to study them. Under an assumed name, while his prospective fiancée is in Europe, he enters the factory as a dinner-pail employee. He goes to live at the house of Sohmer, a big Socialist leader and father of Greta, who recognizes in Landon "her man." Love and industry begin to get crossed. There is trouble brewing. A big strike is called. Landon is called to be on the side of labour. But he already expects to marry capital. Does he? How and why he does not, but succumbs to the woman who recognized him as "her man" makes the bulk of the story, in which there is a good deal of very realistic writing, much insight into industrial conditions, no account whatever of how any one thing in this rubber factory is made, some tragic and some highly melodramatic situations, plenty of action, a good deal of higher criticism, love-making and no end of expectations many of which are unrealized by the reader. Poor Sohmer is shot in the strike. Landon gets into a quandary but does not work himself out of it by any self-development. The work is really a novel-sketch, not a novel. Some day from material such as this the author may produce a real novel. But he will make more use of his real experience and take more time to work it out.

"POEMS FROM THE PRESS," by Henry A. Ashmead. Toronto, The Hunter-Rose Co., Limited. \$1.00.

In the June number of the Canadian Magazine a Mr. Gordon wrote some "Comments on Canadian Poetry," in which he deprecates the lack of some critical standard by which to rate the performance. That is, alas, too true. Anything that comes from the press is hailed as great because it strikes the "national" note, no matter how cracked the sound it gives forth.

Were there such standards a poor reviewer's life would not be plagued by such effusions as compose the volume under review. It is a very simple matter to find these standards. As long ago as the seventeenth century Milton laid it down that poetry must be simple, sensuous and passionate, and he, after all, was but echoing the voice of the past. He was expressing in seventeenth century English the canon of the old Latin poet

Horace, that "poetry must handle universal themes and the thoughts of all men with an individual turn which makes them its own," and that "it must not merely be 'fine,' it must have sweetness and charm." And he but followed Plato and Aristotle.

If our budding poets and poetesses, discarding the advice of their worst enemies, their friends, would apply these standards to their own work, much good paper would be saved and, what is much more important, the published output would be a valuable contribution to literature. But, as Mr. Gordon laments, neither poets nor critics have any standard by which to estimate the quality of the work.

Were I to place Mr. Ashmead's work, I should say it belonged to that school,—long since believed dead—which sang of the commonplace in verse even more commonplace than the subject and in which Elizabeth Cook and Dr. Watts were bright particular stars.

Another fatal defect of some Canadian writing—be it in the form of prose or verse—is the use of words without a knowledge of what they mean. In his poem, "The Robin," Mr. Ashmead speaks of "the everglades of Kew." A glance at the dictionary would have told him that an everglade is a marshy tract of land. It is many years since I was at Kew Gardens, but unless I am very much mistaken this description is wholly inapplicable.

"BILINGUAL SCHOOLS IN CANADA," by C. B. Sissons. J. M. Dent & Sons, Toronto. \$1.35.

The place of a second language in the schools of our country is one of the acute problems of our national life calling for a broad statesmanlike settlement. In its most acute form it resolves itself into a struggle between Quebec and Ontario and furnishes the opponents of conscription in the former province with an excuse for opposing any participation in the war. In the West there was, not so very long ago, a demand for German schools. That was before the war, but it was the logical outcome of the official recognition by the governments of some of the provinces of the demand that German should be placed on an equal footing with English. The question is old and deep-seated, and can never be settled satisfactorily until our statesmen thoroughly master it in all its phases from its very beginnings. It is not a mere affair of school masters to be settled by Departments of Education. It goes further than that, it touches the very core of our national life, and is there a matter for the people themselves demanding their most serious thought and their utmost goodwill.

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Number One

(Concluded from page 22.)

liance and to get away from machine methods. But along with this, Looking-out-for-Number-One idea must go for something else, or we shall educate ourselves into anarchy. Already we have the spectacle of youths at college caring little or nothing for the college or the community in which it lives, or the country to which it belongs, so long as they can carve out for themselves a competency, a good fat salary somewhere—no matter where—and so on.

How about the country? How about other people? How about the team play of a community? Have we anything to learn in this regard from other school systems?

Every German boy, says J. A. R. Marriott, in *The Hibbert Journal*, is taught that he has come into the world in order to take his part in the defence of the Fatherland; every German girl is taught that it is her primary function to be the mother of sons who will fight for the Fatherland. The

spirit of the modern German polity, like that of ancient Sparta, is war. Germany is pre-eminently the *Krieg-Staat*. The ideal of such a State may be perverted, but it remains an ideal, and it is impressed by every possible means upon the minds of the young.

For the modern German has grasped another of the fundamental truths inculcated by the greatest of the Greeks: that the individual can only realize his capacities, can only "fulfil" himself, if he is an active member of a political community. He is primarily a "citizen." Has the same conception really permeated the teaching of youth in this country? A great war is calculated to drive the truth home as nothing else can; but periods of high tension are apt to be followed by periods of relaxation and reaction.

This is the real problem of educational reconstruction. The reconstructed system must of course subserve many subsidiary purposes; it must contribute to the stability of the material foundation upon which the spiritual superstructure must necessarily be erected; the steed of Science

must be yoked to the car of Commerce; if manual labour is to yield higher remuneration to the individual labourer, that manual labour must be directed and organized in the most approved methods known to the science of industry; if wages are to be high, the output must be large; no means must be neglected by which the productivity alike of labour and of capital can be increased; out-of-date machinery must be scrapped, and obsolete methods of industrial organization must be abandoned, and for the attainment of these and like results we must look to a reconstructed educational system.

But we must look to that system for something more. The most elaborate machinery is liable to dislocation, the most cunningly devised systems will miscarry, unless you can rely with absolute confidence upon the intelligence and the loyalty of the human factor. We must have skilled workers and scientific directors; but neither will, in the long run, avail unless the general body of the citizens are imbued with "the spirit of the polity."



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to Kill
Time

Till the
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FINANCIAL

What About Dominion Annuities?

A Subscriber Wants to Know

ABOUT nine years ago a new scheme of popular investment was offered to the Canadian public by the Liberal Government. It was called the Dominion Annuities. By means of this any man or woman with savings to invest could invest it with the Government in a scheme of insurance for old age. The scheme was advertised by lecture tours, one of which was undertaken by an eloquent man who made thousands all over Canada see vividly the benefits of investing in Government insurance. City hoardings were covered with huge pictorial posters setting forth the disadvantages of not investing in this form of insurance, not as opposed to regular insurance companies, but supplementing these with a scheme which was more obviously an investment and less of an ordinary insurance. Thousands invested. Dominion Annuities were taken over by the present Government and operated as a legitimate means of securing to old age pensions and annuities, which under the regular form of insurance and ordinary investment were not provided for the rank and file.

For some time now Dominion Annuities has been somewhat obscured. So many things have happened in the financial world that people, and even the Government, seem to have put the annuities on the shelf.

A short time ago a subscriber to this paper, who is evidently an investor in Dominion Annuities, wrote a letter to the editor, as follows:

Editor, Canadian Courier:—
As to the Editorial Department of the Courier, I admire the straightforwardness displayed in handling any subject under consideration, and hope some time to see the matter of "Canadian Annuities" overhauled by your able pen, and if possible, tell your readers why after being heralded so loudly by press and lecturers and backed by large and highly coloured, fence posters, The whole scheme seems to have faded away. And when mentioned to any of the old Line Co. Agents, with a confident smile he asserts, Oh, we can do better for you than the Canadian Government Annuities! "If so, why so," is what I should like to see explained?"

ANTIBUN KUM.

So far as can be ascertained Dominion Annuities is still in the ring. But like many other benevolent schemes it has been sadly jolted by the upheaval of war. It has been pushed off the billboards and crowded out of the advertising columns of the press by the appeals now being made by the Federal authorities for funds for war purposes. This does not mean that the plan has been abandoned. Every postmaster in the land is still an agent for the Government's insurance plan, but lacking the aggressive qualities of his competitors—who, next to book agents, are the most persistent purveyors of specious promises—the old-age pension plan has dropped from prominence, although it has lost nothing in its promise of a safe and certain protection against the pinch which too often comes to aggravate the conditions of

those who have gone beyond the producing and wage-earning period. The old-line agents, quick to seize upon the opportunity of the decree of the Federal treasury, that nothing must interfere with the speedy and successful flotation of war loans, which has called a temporary halt to the "annuity" advertising campaign, are pressing their arguments and promising "something better" than the Government plan for the endowment of comfort in old-age. The war loan savings certificates, giving a higher percentage of interest returns, have also done much to attract the interest of the wage-earner away for a while from the more permanent plan of saving for a rainy day which is embodied in the Government's pension scheme.

The New War Loan Comes High

THE war loan of \$100,000,000 which Canada succeeded in floating in the United States is a transaction which must tend to warn all concerned of the seriousness of the financial situation, says The Journal of Commerce.

The two-year notes bearing five per cent. interest are issued at a discount which yields the buyer 6.07 per cent. The expenses of the transaction are sure to be heavy, with the result that the money will cost us seven per cent. This rate has led to a feeling of disappointment, rather than one of victory. The rate is the more startling, says the writer, when we remember that the United States Government has floated its own big loan at 3½ per cent., with no charges for commissions. Thus we are paying about double what our neighbours pay for war money. It is not a pleasing feature of the situation, but it is easier to point out the trouble than to provide a remedy for it. Canada needs the money and it is fair to assume that the terms, severe as they seem, are the best that could be obtained in the New York market.

The floating of another Canadian loan at home at this time might be possible, but its success would probably necessitate a material restriction of banking accommodation for ordinary business. Even with the help that has been obtained from the States the Government will still need funds for which they must look to the banks for temporary accommodation. The ability of the banks to provide funds will thus be put to a severe test which can only be met by the curtailment of all operations not of a very urgent character.

On the subject The Monetary Times also voices its disappointment and expresses an opinion that Sir Thomas White, Canadian Finance Minister, will undoubtedly make a statement in the House at Ottawa. Even though Canadian investors, continues the article, who subscribed \$350,000,000 of war bonds, badly need a respite, the question is raised as to whether, after all, we might not have been able to subscribe \$100,000,000 at a figure

somewhat lower than we are paying in New York. The entire transaction is a very businesslike one and in accordance with money market conditions, but there is an unmistakable element of disappointment in it.

Topley Stays Home to Can

(Concluded from page 9.)

minutes, pour into hot jars and seal immediately.

Preserved Peaches.

4 pounds peaches. 3 pounds sugar. Pare peaches, cut in halves, and take out stones. Arrange peaches and sugar in layers in preserving kettle; let stand over night. In the morning simmer until peaches are tender. Fill jars with fruit. Boil syrup five minutes, fill jars with syrup and seal.

Preserved Plums.

4 pounds Damsons, Greengages, or Blue Plums. 4 pounds sugar. Pick over plums and prick the skins so that they will not burst in cooking. Arrange alternate layers of plums and sugar in a granite dish and let stand over night. In the morning drain off syrup, boil and skim. Add plums and cook until tender. Fill into hot jars and seal.

FRUIT JAMS AND RELISHES.

In selecting berries or other fruits for jam, the ripe broken ones will give fine colour and flavour, but at the same time there should always be about one-half the quantity which are slightly under-ripe. These contain the pectin which gives a jelly-like consistency to the product. Cooking in small quantities also helps to retain colour and flavour as the fruit is cooked more quickly.

Raspberry or Strawberry Jam.

4 pounds raspberries or strawberries. 2½ pounds sugar.

Mash berries; add sugar; cook thirty minutes or until the desired consistency is obtained, stirring very often. Pour into glasses or jars and cover.

By the time Topley got the raspberry jam recipe over his tongue, in fact before he had quite finished it, the book fell to the floor and the clock hands pointed somewhere around 1.15 a.m. Mrs. Topley turned from the stove when the voice ceased. She saw that her would-be helpful, chuckle-headed husband was fast asleep in his chair. "Thank goodness, he's gone," she murmured. "I wish I could carry him up to bed. Now I can get something done."

Let's Go After Bear

(Continued from page 4.)

members who want from their constituents an electoral endorsement of their votes during the present session, that is about as supremely selfish an excuse as it is possible to frame. As a matter of fact all this talk of mandates and the like is bosh, rank insincerity, dead stuff about as

weighty as the arguments of a school-boy debate. If the Canadian people could give parliament a mandate now, it would be to get busy and not bother them.

Some politicians live so long in and around Ottawa that they think politics are made there. They think they make them themselves, and they cut the wires over which they might hear the current views of people elsewhere. Consequently they get out of touch. When a politician, premier or private member, forms a select little Lodge of Chosen Friends with himself as Worshipful Tyee, and depends on the lodge brethren to keep him posted, he is past praying for. If Ottawa politicians know beans about the sentiment of the country at large, they should know that the vast majority of electors consider it an outrage that they should be forced to take part in an election which they do not want at all.

Any way you take it, an election will shoot Canadian war effort all to pieces for months. It will take every public man away from war work and

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set firm at political work. It is apt to be the bitterest contest from sectional, racial and religious standpoints ever fought in Canada. Further, it is an election when some three hundred thousand Canadians are overseas. It sounds well to say that they can and must vote. As a matter of fact a large proportion won't be able to. But the main and outrageous feature is, as I have said, that an election and all that it implies just now should be forced on a country which does not want it; and which, moreover, was on the point of throwing old-time party politics into the discard, if party politicians had not gummed the game.

FOR this state of affairs I am not going to place the responsibility. The country will do that, and though I make no claims to prophetic gifts I predict that the placing of it will cut some ice in election results.

Over the whole thing hangs the fog of uncertainty. But among the mists are one or two fixed, definite points which the puzzled wayfarer may tie into and depend on, so far as the West is concerned.

The West is for conscription, first, last and all the time. It will support any conscription government, Grit, Tory or Union, with a preference for the latter. Conversely, it will support neither man nor party which is not clean as a hound's tooth on that issue. If both parties as at present aligned are for conscription the West will split on party lines as of old. But it is going to scan the record as never before, and if that is not clear no platform protestations, no oratory, no eloquence will do.

If you doubt that, remember that you cannot find man or woman in all the West who has not kin or dear friends—and usually both—overseas, and that the problem is to keep them re-enforced, to spell them at the front, so that they may have a fair, white man's chance to live. And there is no exaggeration about that, because after six or seven months at the front a man is living on his luck, merely. How far will the West go to give her boys—chums, sons, brothers, husbands—that chance? The West will go the limit, and then some. If you grasp the idea that it is a personal matter you can understand the feeling of the West better. The more men that any section of the country has sent, the more intense there is this feeling of personal obligation.

It is idle to say that this sense of obligation should impel those who feel it to enlist. Go through the West—through B. C., to be specific. Get out of the cities where the numbers confuse, and into any one of the mountain valleys and attend any event such as a local fair, or a public occasion of any kind. The first thing that will strike you if you are observant is the preponderance of women and children over men; and the next thing is that men under thirty-five or even forty are few. And the reason is that the men who make first-line troops—the men of trench and bayonet and bomb—are gone. They went early. Followed them, a year or more ago, the men of the second line, of the forestry, of the railway construction, of the various service corps. The men who are left are not overseas men. And they feel all the more strongly about it.

Bear these things in mind; look

at the situation from any angle you wish; take any slant whatever at it and you will reach the one and irresistible conclusion that the West will be a unit for that government, under whatever name, which will organize and specialize and concentrate Canada's effort in men and money and resources, so that the men overseas may have a fair chance to return, and that our dead shall not have died in vain. The West hopes earnestly for such a government. Nor will it stop with hoping; it is going to have it.

Undoubtedly if the Canadian counterparts of those whom President Wilson named "wilful men" desire to force Canada to fritter away time and energy on an election they can do so. The constitutional system admits of much folly if men want it that way, the said constitutional system being predicated upon the idea that men fit for it have horse sense.

It is up to the men of the day who have horse sense to get together, to fight and win an election if we must have one; and it is up to every clean-strain Canadian to support them. Let's stop this eternal and infernal blathering nonsense about the constitution, precedent, and the sacred democratic

privilege and inalienable right of every man to do what he pleases. Russia tried that.

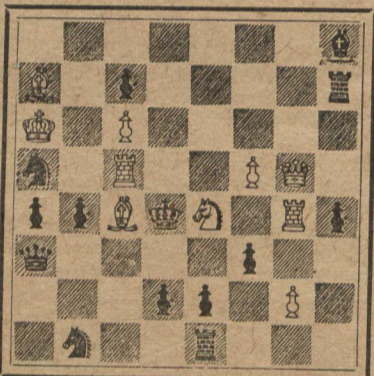
For the Lord's sake, and Canada's sake, and the sake of our self-respect now and our peace of mind in the years to be, let us get it clearly into our peace-accustomed heads that we are at war, and that peacetime pursuits and customs and privileges and rights must yield to the needs of War. For no man may serve two masters, and the undoubted, and harsh, and pitiless, and all-compelling master of the world to-day is War. Can anyone deny it?

Then let us face the situation as it is. Let us quit fooling with peacetime toys—all of us. Let us hang up the scatter-gun and empty our pockets of the paper shells we used when we hunted the harmless, little peacetime party birds, and let us leave the mild-eyed peacetime bird-dog at home; and let us take instead the high-power rifle, and fill the clips with the long, lean, soft-nosed ammunition; and let us whistle up the pack of square-jawed, hard-eyed fighting dogs and go out after game worth while. Let's go out after bear—and Prussian Eagles!

.. CHESS Conducted by Malcolm Sim ..

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

Problem No. 149, by E. E. Westbury. First Prize, Brisbane Courier, 1916. Black.—Fourteen Pieces.



White.—Ten Pieces.

White to play and mate in two. SOLUTIONS.

Problem No. 147, by Comins Mansfield.

1. K—Kt4! threat; 2. Q—R5 mate
1. P—K3d.ch; 2. R—B5 mate
1. P—K4 d.ch; 2. R—Q6 mate.
1. P—K6 d.ch; 2. P—B4 mate
1. Pxp d.ch; 2. R—B4 mate

This problem is a model of simplicity and beauty and accuracy in combination.

Avoidance of Checks.

The following problem is remarkable by reason of the curious process necessary to safely escort the White King into decisive action. It will be seen that to permit check from the Black Rook in course would be disastrous. The White Queen and Rook two-step down the diagonal and file respectively, continually bearing on the Queen's Knight Pawn.

By W. A. Shinkman and O. Wurzburg.

(Pittsburgh Gaz.-Times, April, 1915.)... White: K at QB8; Q at QB7; Rs at QKt8 and Ksq; Ps at Q2, KB2 and KKt3.—Black: K at QKt 8; Rs at QR7 and QR8; Bs at QB8 and KR8; Ps at QKt7, QB7, Q6, K7, KB6 and KKt5. Mate in 15. (1. Q—KKt7; 2. K—Q8; 3. K—K3; 4. K—B8; 5. K—Kt8; 6. K—R7; 7. R—Kt6; 8. K—Kt6; 9. Q—K5; 10. K—B5; 11. R—Kt4; 12. K—Q4; 13. Q—B3; 14. Kxp; 15. Q or R mates.

CHESS AMONG THE ENEMY.

The following game, played in the Leopold Trebitsch Memorial tournament at the Vienna Chess Club in December, 1915, exemplifies the mastery skill of the great Austrian, Carl Schlechter. Our notes are compiled from various sources.

Queen's Pawn Opening.

- | | |
|-----------|-------------|
| White. | Black |
| Schubert. | Schlechter. |
| 1. P—Q4 | 1. P—Q4 |
| 2. Kt—KB3 | 2. P—QB4 |

- | | |
|---------------|-----------------|
| 3. P—B4 | 3. P—K3 |
| 4. BpxP | 4. KPxpP |
| 5. Kt—B3 | 5. Kt—KB3 |
| 6. P—KKt3 (a) | 6. Kt—B3 |
| 7. B—Kt2 | 7. B—K3 |
| 8. Castles | 8. B—K2 |
| 9. B—KKt5 | 9. Castles |
| 10. PxpP | 10. BxpP |
| 11. R—Bsq | 11. B—K2 |
| 12. Kt—Q4 | 12. P—KR3 (b) |
| 13. B—K3 | 13. Kt—KKt5 (c) |
| 14. KtxB | 14. PxKt |
| 15. B—R3 | 15. KtxB (d) |
| 16. Bxpoh | 16. K—Rsq |
| 17. PxKt | 17. B—Kt4 |
| 18. KtxP (e) | 18. Q—Q3 |
| 19. B—R3 | 19. RxRch |
| 20. KxR | 20. R—Qsq |
| 21. B—Kt2 | 21. Kt—K2 |
| 22. P—KR4 (f) | 22. KtxKt |
| 23. BxKt (g) | 23. BxKP |
| 24. R—B3 | 24. Qxp |

(a) The Rubinstein variation in the Queen's Gambit declined, aiming at concentration on the weak Queen's Pawn, has now been reached by transposition. Although exploited by the great Russian master, the franchetto development here was introduced by Schlechter.

(b) Up to this point the game runs on familiar lines. Marshall v. Rubinstein, Carlshad, 1911, continued 12. ... KtxKt; 13. QxKt, P—KR3; 14. BxKt, BxB. 15. Q—Q3. Schlechter's 12... P—K3 seems better, for 13. BxKt now would only strengthen Black's position, while the move actually played, 13. B—K3, puts the Bishop on an unfavorable square.

(c) The beginning of a deep combination, which can be better appreciated eight or nine moves further on.

(d) Very bold play, as it involves the sacrifice of two Pawns, but, as will be seen, Schlechter has calculated both deeply and correctly.

(e) The true inwardness of Black's design now begins to dawn upon one. Clearly it is difficult to defend the King's Pawn, for if 18. Q—Q3, then Black replies 18. ... R—Ksq. If 18. RxRch, QxQ; 19. Kt xp, then 19. ... R—Qsq; 20. R—B3, Q—Q3; 21. B—B7, Kt—K4, etc.

(f) Not 22. Kt—B3 on account of 22... Q—B3ch. If 22. P—K4, of course 22... BxR.

(g) If 23. QxKt, then 23... R—Bsq ch; 24. K—Ksq, Qxpch, etc. A remarkably smart game by Schlechter.

END—GAME NO. 24.

By F. Sackmann.

White: K at KB8; R at QB2.—Black: K at KR3; B at QR4; P at QKt5. White to play and win.

Solution.

1. R—B6 ch, K—R2 (not K—R4; 2. R—B5ch); 2. R—QR6, B—Qsq (not B—B2; 3. R—R7); 3. R—Q6, B—R4 (a); 4. R—Q5 (4. K—B7? B—B2! drawn), B—Kt3; 5. K—B7, B—K6! 6. R—KR5ch, B—R3; 7. R—R3, P—Kt6; 8. RxP, B moves; 9. R—R3, B—K3; 10. R—Rsq and 11. RxB wins. A delicate piece of machinery.

(a) If 3... B—Kt4, then 4. K—B7, B—B5 (or P—Kt6; 5. R—B3, P—Kt7; 6. R—KR3ch, R—B3; 7. R—Rsq, etc.); 5. R—Q4, B—Kt4; 6. R—Q3! and wins easily.

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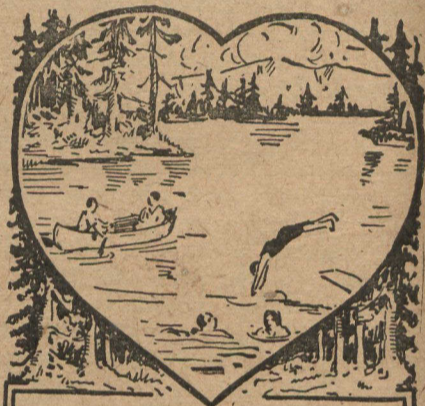
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Haig's Northern Hammer

(Concluded from page 8.)

A retirement over a small area implies a bulging of the lines, and consequently a thinning of the defending force, which must now be spread over a longer line with a consequent decrease of strength and an increase to the danger of penetration. The bulge must then either be strengthened by reinforcements, or it must be straightened by a corresponding retirement of the lines above and below it. The effect of such a bulge may therefore be a very extensive one. It may easily involve a hundred miles of line. Hindenburg fell back from the Noyon angle, not because he was pushed back—he was not—but because of the bulge caused by, and threatened by, the battle of the Somme. Another such retirement would bring him to the Belgian frontier. He was compelled to retire a hundred miles of his line because of an assault at the extreme north of that line. If he had stood fast his line would have been pierced, and then there would have been a debacle.

All these movements on the western front are easily to be understood if we once grasp the fact that the object of the Allied commanders is not to push back the German lines, but to pierce them, or by the threat of piercing them to compel a general withdrawal. The German experts fully understand this, and this explains their invariable claim to success on the ground that "the attempt to pierce our lines failed," even though they were compelled to save themselves by retirement. And, in a sense, they are right. Whatever the immediate object may be of the Allied attacks, whether to gain a ridge or a city, the ultimate objective is to pierce the German lines, to break a gap in the defensive forces. A little exercise of the imagination will show at once what this means. It means that a flood of cavalry would be poured through the gap, and that the German lines, assailed in front and in rear, would be rolled up like a strip of stair carpet. No retreat is possible after the line has once been pierced, no matter though the gap be only a mile wide. The advancing force, unhampered by heavy artillery, or hospital equipment, or wounded, and consisting mainly of cavalry, would move at ten times the speed of the retreating force, which must carry the whole of its equipment with it. But in such an event there would probably be no attempt at retreat. Nothing but surrender of the whole line would be possible. Doubtless those who can see nothing in the war but the taking of successive lines of trenches will continue to amuse themselves with their rather childish measurements and calculations, but actually these have no bearing upon the problem, which is the piercing and not the pushing back of the German lines. That the German lines will not permit themselves actually to be pierced is likely enough. They will fall back in order to prevent such a calamity as that. But the result is the same. The result will be discomfiture and defeat and we may say now with some confidence that such a result is close at hand, and that Germany in all probability is about to receive a blow that is likely to bring the actuality of defeat very close home to German minds.



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