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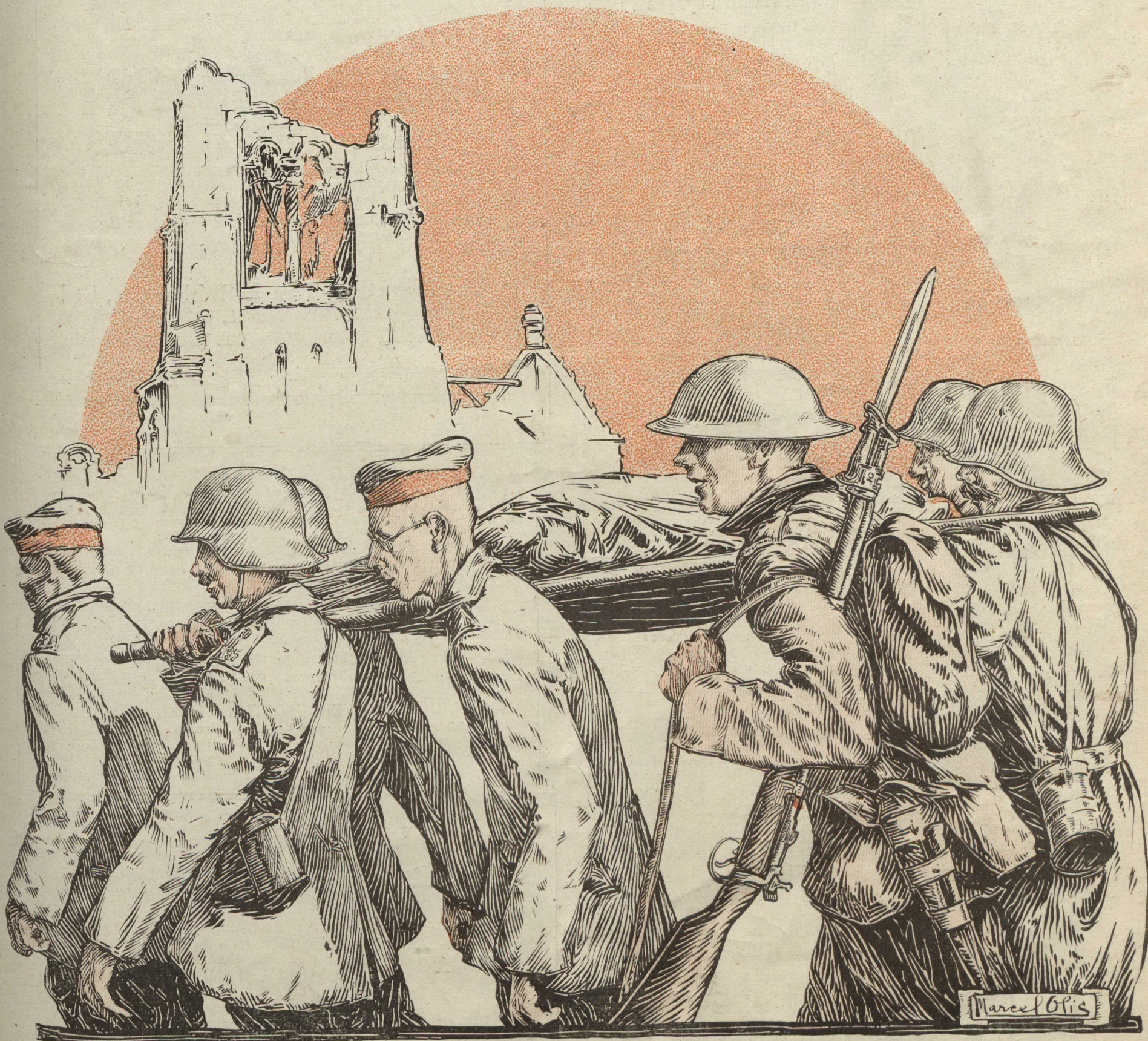
CANADIAN COURIER

Vol. XXIII. No. 15

TEN CENTS

April 27, 1918

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CANADIAN COURIER

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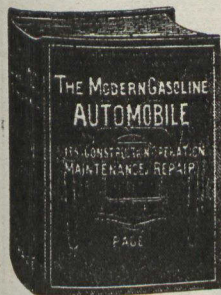
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The whole beauty and lustre of your hair depends on your *scalp*. Here the hair forms. Here a network of blood vessels feed and nourish the roots. Here lie the color-supply pigment cells. Here thousands of tiny fat glands supply oil to give your hair its glossy, life-like appearance. This is why caring for the hair is, in reality, exactly the same as caring for your skin.

To keep your hair lovely and abundant you must, by the proper treatment, keep your *scalp* healthy and vigorous, on the same principle as you give your skin the proper care and treatment in order to have a lovely complexion.

Which of these is your hair trouble?

Is your hair dull and lifeless? It can be made rich and lustrous.

Is it greasy, oily? or dry and brittle? You can correct the condition which prevents the tiny oil glands from emitting just the right amount of oil to keep your hair soft and silky.

Is it constantly powdered with dandruff? Or does it come out in combfuls? Begin at once to keep the pores of the scalp as free and clear as you keep the pores of your face.

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Try this famous shampoo

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Now dip the hair in warm water, separate it into small parts and scrub the scalp with a stiff tooth-brush lathered with Woodbury's Facial Soap. Rub the lather in well and then rinse it out thoroughly.

Next apply a thick, hot lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap, and leave it on for two or three minutes. Clear off with fresh, warm water. Wash all the soap out carefully and finish by rinsing in cold water. Dry very thoroughly. To make the hair fluff out prettily around the face, dry it hanging over the face instead of down the back.

Use this as a regular shampoo. You will enjoy the healthy, active feeling it gives your scalp. You will soon see the improvement in your hair—how much richer and softer it is.

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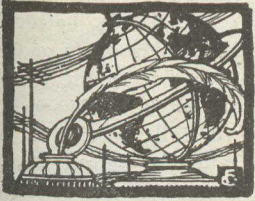
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Men enjoy the active, healthy feeling that a shampoo with Woodbury's Facial Soap gives to the scalp. Try the treatment given on this page. Use it regularly. See how it improves your hair





CANADIAN COURIER



VOL. XXIII. No. 15

APRIL 27, 1918

THE SOUL OF AN ARCHBISHOP

ONCE upon a time a Canadian born in England tried to make a speech at an English banquet. The pageant of dignitaries at the head table consisted of the Dean of the Cathedral, the Bishop, the Lord Mayor, the Lord High Sheriff, the Prebendary of Something-or-other, the Lord Somebody-Else, who lived in the town, the local M.P., and a number of other graduated steps in the staircase of aristocracy that reached down to the rank and file of whom the Canadian was one. All the other speakers, when they rose to address the chair, had mentioned everybody in the procession in the exactly proper order, as meticulously as a child says "doctor, lawyer, merchant chief, rich man, poor man, beggar man, thief." The English-born Canadian couldn't remember the lingo and said frankly:

"Mr. Chairman, and all other dignitaries present, in whatever order you belong—"

Then he paused. His speech thereafter was a vain thing. He had got in wrong at the start. England, especially the Church of England, must be regarded in order. The real head of the banquet was the Dean of the Cathedral; next him the Bishop. There was no other way to begin a right speech. It had always been so.

"I say," said an English newspaperman next morning, "they didn't seem to appreciate your—American humor, did they?"

In just such a frame of mind the writer sat a few days ago in a huge audience of Canadians waiting for the much-heralded advent of the Archbishop of York. The event had been staged with all the accessories. The audience itself was divided into four sections—front rows in the balcony for extra elects; rest of the balcony and most of the gallery for blue ticketers; and what few seats were left for the general public who had no tickets. The platform was similarly organized. The front row was reserved for bishops and their equivalents; all the other seats—200 or so—for the motley preferred list of dignitaries in their places.

Pomp and circumstance! I remember when that great fighting soul Henry George spoke on the same platform twenty-five years ago, he was accompanied by nobody but the chairman. The author of Progress and Poverty had no use for court functions on a stage. The gallery was full of 25-cent students. The lower part of the hall was about a quarter filled with 50-centers.

"I wish all you men in the gallery would come below. Let's all get together," said Henry George.

And they came. But the Archbishop of York, with just as plain a spiritual message to mankind, was compelled to take part in a pageant.

We are not enemies of bishops in this country. We do not believe that the soul of a bishop is the sort of trick-box that H. G. Wells made a fortune out of when he wrote the book by this name; or that a bishop never sees God until he gets drunk on some elixir; no, not even the Bishop of Wells. England must have bishops. Canada must have bishops in the making. Every Anglican Church we have is an outpost of the Empire. If Canada ever becomes a republic it will never be by the consent of the curates—whatever the bishops think—even though we have no Established Church. With all our round-hatted clerics—a thousand and more—we have never come to understand them. We don't even understand the average Englishman—if there is any such thing. It's only a few years since "no Englishmen need apply" used to be seen in our advertisements. A lot of people who imagine they are authorities on the Empire fall down badly in their estimate of England. That's one of the weaknesses of having a national character like John Bull, who never could have been at home in Bombay, Capetown or Melbourne, whatever he might feel like in Ottawa. John Bull never made the Empire. And we shall never understand the Empire until we in Canada know as much about the real average Englishman as we pretend to do about John Bull.

SO, when you ask whether it is worth while to pay attention to what is asked of you in the way of conservation of food, do not say it does not matter.

Of course it matters. If everyone said that, where would the cause of freedom be? It is not merely the value of the foodstuffs saved. It is that self-sacrifice more than anything else would be putting reality and moral power into our share of this great conflict. If it be true that we have come to the stage in this contest where endurance and endurance only will tell, and where every person has got to take his part, then it is plain to me that there are two things we need. First, a deepened faith in our cause.

Then we need moral strength, such as never came into our lives before. The only doubt I have when I think of my own country, and it sometimes haunts me, is whether we shall have, as a people, moral strength enough to endure this tremendous test. It is not enough to trust in our brave men at the front. Are we morally and spiritually strong enough to win through?

What I ask of you is not only admiration for our armies, not only enthusiasm for their deeds, not only sympathy for their sacrifice, but that we should raise and consecrate our souls to the highest that is in us, and to God, for the sake of our country. If so, can we doubt what will happen? Can we believe it is the will of God that the German spirit should prevail? No, no, not for one moment. The moral power that is available for



the allies is vastly stronger than any moral power that the enemy can bring to bear. Let us resolve that with firmness in the right as God has given us to see the right, we shall finish the task we have on hand, and, please God, we shall not lay it down until we have passed the great test and have won victory for the freedom of mankind.

We might do well to begin on such men as the Archbishop of York. The Primate of England is a much easier person to understand than the average Canadian curate. A curate is expected to be something of a snob. As a rector he may still be a bit of a prig if his parishioners like him that way—and they sometimes do. As an archdeacon he may be fond of poor people and a friend of labor unions. As a bishop he may be a real democrat. By the time he gets to be an archbishop he is almost sure to be a plain man of the people, as close to the common everyday heart of things as John Bright or John Wesley ever was.

THE Archbishop of York would probably have preferred to come like an ordinary human being on to the platform, accompanied by the chairman, instead of having to stalk through a Giants' Causeway of bishops, archdeacons, parsons, general superintendents, college presidents, chancellors, editors, parliamentarians, financiers and professors. Because the reason for his being here was vastly bigger than himself he quietly laid off the rigmarole and the regalia, and forgot all about the seats of the elect. Somebody had stuck up slides of a lot of rummy little cathedrals on a screen, along with some of the really great ones that inspire the imagination. As an overture to York it was a failure. He was not on that platform as a cathedralite. He was there as a plain, average Englishman, even though he may have as Scotch a name as Cosmo Gordon Lang, educated first in Glasgow, and for all we know intended for the kirk. He had no oration to deliver. But he had the oratory of a simple speech, great sincerity, deep-rooted conviction and a voice of splendid music that played all over a huge audience as easily as though he had been in a parlor, without a shout, and almost never a gesture.

And York was so splendidly simple because he had a deep message to deliver from the heart of England. Because he stood there not as representing the Church, but the people; as faithfully as Bottomley with his John Bull ever reflected the workaday masses of those that labor and fight.

If he had ever been only a prelate he was so no longer. If there was anything in the Church that could be discarded for the sake of England, let it go. He had but one cause—England and what that means to civilization. And he knew. If he had been ignorant before, the war had taught him. He has seen the war; his men of York in the trenches and on the decks of the Grand Fleet in the North Sea. Not from idle curiosity or to have it said that he had been there as some people brag about shaking hands with the King. He had been there for what he could do better when he got back home to York; for what he could say better when he got out to the United States and Canada. They say that a year or so before the war York, in company with Sir Edward Grey, paid a visit to Oxford. Both men spoke. To the critical overseas crowd of that great university Grey seemed much the simpler man. York spoke more as an academic and a prelate. His hair was without a tinge of grey.

Then the war has changed him. His hair is white. And his speech was as simple as a bedside talk. His voice was never used to play tricks. His knowledge of the English tongue did nothing to advertise York or to make an occasion for the glory of the Church of England. He had a bigger cause. And there were times in his speech when only the unaffected talk of a great sincere prelate could have conveyed the conviction and the inspiration that he did.

And what was the one thing that animated this great average Englishman by practice? Not religion except as he himself said where religion was the highest form of patriotism. Not the Church, except in so far as all Churches can unite for the good of mankind in a war waged against all the best teachings of the Church in any and all forms of creed. Not society, except as the voluntary co-ordination of the best forces in State and country must be made

By THE EDITOR

effective against the common enemy of all true society not based upon force and brutality.

None of these. York's message was the moral manhood of the nation. He spoke as one who knows that all any of us have on this side of the struggle that Germany has not got is what we are fighting to keep: the spiritual life. Once, Englishmen thought there was such a thing in Germany; went there to find it—something that England had not. Now, the Archbishop of York mentions Belgium, Serbia, Armenia, Poland, and wonders if in the face of all this monsterhood of crimes against humanity he and the rest of us are not in some nightmare of a world.

Well, the world is different. The average Englishman knows it. And if Mr. H. G. Wells can take time from his manufacturing of commercial copy to have one good square look at the soul of a bishop which he made into such a cheap and nasty show in his book by that name, maybe he can see in the soul of an Archbishop such as York the very thing that we are interested most in trying to save for humanity.

The Archbishop of York, member of the House of Lords, knew the slum folk of England when he succeeded the Bishop of London at Stepney. He knows the spiritual power of England; knows where it has been weakened by caste and custom and creed and

the slum and the bottle; knows also, better than all, that the soul of England is the freedom of the world. With such a soul to save, even by the awful salvation of war, the might of England based upon the right of England can never fail the world. Let England organize her soul and her moral manhood as Germany has organized his law of the brute, and she can never be conquered. Great she has been. Great in a bigger way she yet shall be, not by navies and armies and ships of trade and power-houses alone, but by the greatness of a regenerated mankind. The Empire may have its day. The power of England in the betterment of mankind will out-last the world.

HOW THE WAR LOOKS NOW

WE are slowly getting to the point where the war is everybody's, and where any man who thinks at all is entitled to a sizable opinion of how it looks in the odds list. That the finish depends upon economic exhaustion and not upon strategy or armies or even guns is pretty well conceded by some of the best thinkers on the subject. At the present time in this huge offensive the Hun is trying to change that. He is trying to make it a grandstand finish by armies and guns. Which we think is impossible.

The Hun is a unit. Let no one think otherwise. He has the unity of desperation among the drivers and of framed-up expectations among the masses. Germany is tired of war. The main reason is that the beast is tuckering out from inanition. A tolerably well-fed and frightfully ferocious army is backed by a terribly hungry and destitute people. The war bosses have pillaged the country. They have robbed it of all it has and the most it can produce. A nation that uses dried apple peelings for tea, extracts oleomargarine fat from tomato seeds, ransacks every home in the country for copper utensils and pays as high as \$2.40 a pound for specified parts of a goose, and \$20 for a goose liver, has no need of an almost valueless mark on the foreign exchanges to prove its bankruptcy. More. Bankruptcy can be juggled. Economic exhaustion cannot be.

But of course eastern successes have opened up harvest fields in the Ukraine, copper mines in Serbia, oil wells in Rumania, coal and iron in Poland and cotton fields in Anatolia via southwestern Russia. All these are contingent upon a quick return; and even German genius for reclamation cannot guarantee that. It will be a long while before most of these supplies become effective.

Germany was further along the road to destitution two years ago than most of the Allied countries are now. But all she had was close at hand, and it could be got at. War destruction has not damaged Germany. The supplies of the Allies are scattered like their armies. And the submarine has taken full advantage of the fact. Even yet, with the submarine arm unrestricted, Germany has a chance of prolong-

ing the war to a time when she can organize effective aid from the East. But there are many signs that the submarine's big day is done. Some time ago Lord Jellicoe said, "Give us till August this year." A few days ago a Canadian, whose brother has been taken from the field communication service to the electrical experiment end of the Naval Service, got a letter from him saying that within three months no submarine will be able to do business within a hundred miles of the British coast anywhere or within striking distance of the ocean trade routes.

This means—if true—that armies and food and other supplies from America will get to the front as needed. America, including Canada, is far better organized for production than any of the States recently overrun by Germany, with Russia thrown in. Guaranteed safe shipping and enough ships, those supplies are as useful along lines of communication thousands of miles as directly behind the armies. The greater the supplies of production the bigger and better equipped the American armies which must be depended upon to furnish the big man-power push that will finish the war. The United States has not begun to throw her huge weight on that western front. She has been slow. A machine so vast and so ill-organized for war takes a long time to swing into action. But time is the factor. Time and ships.

Germany knows this. Germany fears the impact of the United States upon a war-exhausted front even more than she feared the weight of England three years ago. Her own work of disintegration abroad is pretty well over. Bolsism and Bolshevism have done most of their worst anywhere. And they have done enough. They have corrupted every country on our side. Getting rid of that along with the submarine and the former Hun supremacy in the air is a factor in co-ordinating the resources of the Allies. We have been fighting Germany in packs, by honorable methods, by gentlemanly blockades and reluctant reprisals. At last we are coming up the

grade to the point of unity where Germany has been by the slave-driving Thug-bund system ever since the war began. The unity of her enemies along

all lines will be Germany's undoing. We have made mistakes enough to have lost the war long ago, but for something in us that Germany has not got. For what that something is read what the editor of *Le Matin* says about the French on page 7, what the Archbishop of York says about moral power on page 5. These are but symptoms. But they show that in the stage of the war when the frightful grimness of the whole horrible business is a reality in every home, we are learning to key ourselves to the pitch of unity that must finish Germany.

One of these days we shall stop muddling through and realize that this war has little or nothing to do with traditions. This is a new war. The old story of nearly four years is new every day. But the novelty and the discovery are mostly on our side. There is very little new in Germany. The Huns were disciplined to this thing in their cradles. Democracies are learning it in manhood. We have spent most of our time learning about Germany. Perhaps we shall now begin to discover things about ourselves. Those Germans have about reached the end of their ability to deceive themselves. All that bucks them up now is their material success in the East which is more than they have ever lost in the West—if they ever can use the results of it in time. On the war map the Huns are away ahead of us. But they are getting out of their parish. They seem to have their way in the East; how far east as yet we don't know. But they never can unite Russia as they have corrupted her. They have their way in the Balkans and will until the war is over.

But the war is not over. The Huns wish that it might be. They are prating about their desire for peace; the kind of botched-up armistice that on the basis of a spoliated war map would mean another hitch in the suspenders of the Hun for a bigger world onslaught presently. They can't get that peace. And it's the inevitable unity of the Allies that makes such a peace impossible and makes the Hun uneasy. He has made the rest of us uneasy long enough.

NOMADS OF THE 20th CENTURY

THIS is a picture of a certain strange people who for more than forty years have been wandering in a desert seeking a Promised Land.

They are one of the nomad races. In their wanderings they are eternally haunted by the lure of the beautiful which now and then becomes the thing of too much desire, and therefore wicked. But they

believe that they and all such as themselves have a mission to save the world by means of the forms of beauty and whatever truth they can pick up along with it, and without too much of what is called utility. This restless race of people are the natural enemies of big business, and are supposed, whether so or not, to be the foes of the bourgeoisie. Hence they have been by some called Bolsheviki. Which is not the case. Because

they are fighters and they believe in the aristocracy of what they do. As you may guess, this race of nomads that roam over the whole known and much as possible of the unknown earth in search of the

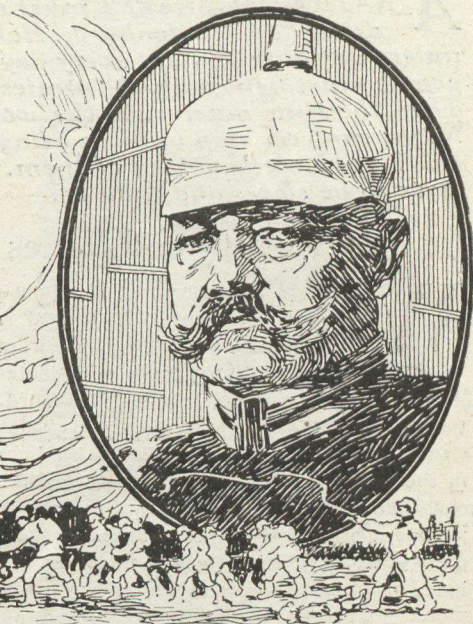
Beautiful are called Artists. The group of them caught by the camera man on this page happens to be a subsection of the tribe recently engaged in displaying the double collection of spring pictures at the new Art Gallery in Toronto. The pictures are the work of the Royal Canadian Academy and the Ontario Society of Artists. The gallery is the work of



the Art Museum Committee headed by Sir Edmund Walker, the tried friend of most artists. Ten years ago the Art Museum began to look like the Promised Land to these artists of Ontario wandering in the desert. The property on which the Museum is being built is that fine old central neighborhood precinct known as The Grange, so long the eight-acre home of Goldwin Smith. The first section is now almost complete.

MANHOOD Against MIGHT

THE Fighting Spirit of France—and Her Allies—Concentrated Under the Leadership of Generalissimo Foch Against the Slave-Drivership of Boss Hindenburg.



OUR new Generalissimo on the west front, controlling 5,000,000 men from the North Sea to the Adriatic, including Italy, is the most responsible commander-in-chief in the world.

Hindenburg shares with Ludendorff supreme control of the enemy; and they both obey the Kaiser. Foch will obey only himself by serving the nations he represents—France, England, Italy, Armenia and Belgium.

It is the Finish; not the End. Finis may require a long time. But this is it—the concentration of our command in One Man. It is now practically Foch versus Hindenburg; the panther against the great he-wolf. France fixes her faith upon Foch, who should have been appointed when Joffre retired. Nivelle was a strong man, but not daring enough; Petain a master of artillery rather than of armies. Foch is said to be master of all. Well, he has his work cut out. 1918 will be Foch year. Haig, Pershing, Diaz, will be his lieutenants. Co-ordinate under Foch, will be the word.

And what is this man who we say represents the fighting spirit of France? Col. Repington, who is proof against novus-homo enthusiasms, admits that Foch won the most significant of the six battles that made the famous coast-saving Battle of the Marne. And in this battle Foch's despatch to Joffre, just before his advance, says Richard Barry in the New York Times, might be suspected of hiding a shaft of Gallic wit, were it not a record of events penned at one of the critical moments of his country's history. "My right has been driven in," he wired, in effect, "my left has been driven in. Consequently, with all that is left of my centre, I will attack!"

That was the advance which shattered von Buelow, stopped von Kluck, and saved Paris. In his own book, "The Conduct of War," Foch says: "A commander should be first and foremost a man of character."

He has arrived, says Barry, a Pyrenean mountain, lithe as a panther, with the aquiline nose of a conqueror; five feet six inches in height, 165 pounds in weight, 66½ years old, and, judging by his record,

Spirit of Free Nations Must Prevail

SOMETIMES it makes one feel like weeping to hear far-distant strategists reduce the impact of two nations to a problem of tactics or of cannon, says Stephane Lauzanne, editor-in-chief of Le Matin, Paris. It makes one cry out in rage to hear far-away spectators talk of raising up a beaten people by sending it bread, shells, and men. Above all, far above all, is that immaterial force, that incalculable force, that force beyond valuation, the sole arbiter of war—THE FIGHTING SPIRIT! Twice in this war have we seen France, surpassed in men and material, sweep forward to victory because she had kept her fighting spirit. And once we have seen the most formidable empire of the world, an empire of 175,000,000 inhabitants, topple to earth without an attempt at resistance because the spring of its moral power had snapped. They who do not take into account the moral power of combatants are fools—and they are visionaries who calmly set a date for the regeneration of this or that beaten army as a result of their sending it engineers, experts, gold, and munitions! You can give all sorts of things, export all sorts of things, but there are things that are not given and not exported—courage and faith and the will to die and triumph!

possessing the mental qualifications that Machiavelli declared essential to any leader, whether in politics or in war—speed, decision, and a unity of control.

He has the indefinable quality of the picturesque, the elan of the fighter who grasps at once Bismarck's "imponderables" and Napoleon's "divines." As he has said himself in his textbook, "War is not an exact science, but is a terrific and passionate drama where man with moral and physical faculties is cast for the principal part."

Wherefore one may now look for man, the principal actor, to emerge again to the centre of the world's stage and play his titanic role, while machines, electricity, foodstuffs, poisons, explosives, transportation, distribution, and politics step aside and become tools or puppets in the hands of their master—man.

Foch is the sort of General that the French loved of old, like the black Turenne or the great Conde, the type of leader that from Charlemagne to Napoleon carried the Gallic arms victoriously throughout Europe. He not only acts like a General; he looks like one. He not only achieves victory, but he does it with an esprit that intoxicates the popular imagination.

FRENCH parliamentarians have been subconsciously fearful of a "man on horseback." Curiously, it is a literal fact that Foch has a black charger of which he is extremely fond. If vague fears of "the man on horseback" have weighed on her, they may well be dismissed as idle to-day. Undoubtedly they have been dismissed in the face of the stern necessity which has placed 5,000,000 men at the tail of the black charger which bears the little Pyrenean mountaineer.

Three especially notable things have been said about Foch in various Parisian papers. First, it is said that he is "great in his vision of the next hour." In other words, he believes it to be the function of a General to know not only what the enemy has done, which he easily learns by scanning his reports, but to co-ordinate these actions, to pass in imagination, into the place of his adversary, to reconstruct that adversary's problem; to think it out as the adversary would, yet even more quickly, and thus to anticipate the coming movements that are to be made against him. It was this quality that doubtless endeared him to Joffre at the Marne to such an extent that the Field Marshal called him, in a burst of generosity, "the first strategist in Europe."

His second frequently noted quality is a tenacious memory coupled with a curious disdain for detail. He deals in principles and vital decisions, leaving the mastery of a mass of details to others, as well as their execution. It is said that his memory is so good that he will not burden it with the infinitude of trivial matters which might easily absorb the time of a commander in so vast a complex

machine as the allied army.

The third quality is that he is what the Matin once called "the Kaiser kind." An American attache once quoted this to Foch, and he laughingly replied: "Did not your own General Grant believe that battles could not be won without sacrificing men?"

"That is true," admitted the American. "If you would win, you are obliged to sacrifice men."

"Do not misunderstand me," quickly replied Foch, his eyes twinkling. "It is Germans that I sacrifice. I never throw away my own soldiers."

On the Marne he seized the nearest neighboring division, hastened it across his own rear, and attacked with it on the German flank after his own troops were all routed. Simultaneously he ordered his defeated divisions to return to the attack.

His most creditable achievement is stated to have happened in August, 1914. A cliff that commanded the valley of the Marne was being bombarded by the Germans. If it was taken, the way to Paris was open. It was then Foch made a daring decision, ordering a general advance on all his shattered fronts in order to screen a flank movement.

The Germans had driven themselves into the French army in such a way that their front took the shape of an elbow. General Foch moved the nearest division from left to right, and threw it suddenly on the German flank. The movement took the enemy unawares, and to this skilful manoeuvre is credited the final victory of the Battle of the Marne.

Another remarkable victory was gained by Foch, at the Yser. It was during the first battle of Ypres. The enemy seemed to have an inexhaustible army of reserves, and it looked as if they might be victorious for the Belgian and English armies must have eventually given way. Foch, at this critical period, threw in corp after corp of the French reserves, and succeeded in staying the enemy advance.

Historians credit Foch with having saved the day, and King George very shortly afterwards conferred on Foch the Order of the Bath.

Once when subordinates protested that their men were tired, Foch replied, "So are the Germans."

Hindenburg's Slave-Driven Armies

THERE are no military leaders in Germany. The armies of the Hun are driven, not led. There is no will to fight; only the will of those at the top that masses should go to war. The German system does not make soldiers. It makes battalions of murderers, robbers, arsonists, despoilers, well-poisoners, child-butchers, woman-rapers, slave-makers and starvationists. The hordes of Hindenburg are now loose upon the western front. There can be no more east front worth reckoning. Germany, furious at the long war, must drive the millions wantonly into the storms of fire that mow down men by thousands in a minute—because manhood in Germany is but cannon-fodder that might rule the world. Having disciplined the souls of men out of existence, the Hun-drivers now sacrifice their soulless bodies to Moloch. There is no other way to a war controlled by such a military monster as Hindenburg, on whose primordial, cruel and cast-iron countenance is depicted all that makes Hun-war the summation of the world's brutalities. Hindenburg of the Huns is the dog-driver of men. If the dogs will not be driven to the war that makes despots of a few by enslaving the nations, then the dogs must be shot. For that is the moral law of Hindenburg.

A NATION OF SLAVES must not rule the world. But three hundred million slaves driven by Hindenburg, Hohenzollern and Hunger can just about kill the world unless we think and act every day as though we ourselves are on Messines Ridge. The people must fight with the armies. Are we less capable of self-sacrifice than the Hun? Then the Hun must rule the world and none of our talk about Right winning over Might can ever stop us from being his slaves. Is your job or mine helping to win the war? Then let's get rid of them. Do we fear death more than slavery? Then we deserve to be slaves and shall be.

Knights and Titles

WHAT strikes us as odd about this titles debate is that we should ever have taken titles seriously. The whole business of decorating people with insignia belonging to the dim and misty ages is absurd. The historical connection between a perfectly plain business Canadian and a gartered knight with buckled shoon in the days of King Arthur or afterwards is so obvious that the whole Pinkerton Sherlock Holmes department of Burke's Peerage ought to see it in a hundred years. The whole system of creating knights here or elsewhere is an amiable weakness of our monarchical regime. There is some function for a King; some for the Lords. For knights, none ever. None of the hundred odd Sirs in Canada—most of them first-class constructive citizens—have been a particle more use to this country since they got their spurs than they were before. Knighthoods, hereditary or otherwise, have not simplified or elevated our politics because the association of knights has no political existence. Titles in Canada may have been stakes of Empire. But the Empire after all consists of hundreds of millions of plain people who never can have titles and knights dotted here and there all over the seven seas can neither improve the Empire as a political association of democracies nor stop it from becoming defunct if the march of events decides that the Empire as it is now is impracticable. We make much ado about our democracy in this country. Heaven save us from more of it than we deserve. Remember Russia. All our progress in self-government within the Empire is supposed to be an evolution of democracy. Yet the King continues to decorate our self-governing democracies with titles that serve to remind most of us that we are subjects and not mere citizens—by pointing out that the vast majority of us are inferior subjects to some other people. Of course, we don't believe it. And to do most of our knights the credit due them, they don't act as though they believed it, either. Some of them are snobs; were snobs before they got titles at all, and money made them so. Many of them are gentlemen, and will so remain, no matter what titles they get. Hereditary titles, of course, are a perpetuated form of imbecility. All others are fit subjects for scrupulous revision. We do not advise discarding titles that are now. The King acted in all good faith when he granted them. He does not expect any of the grantees to break faith with him by burning them in the market place.

CLOSING the fall fairs will not help win the war. Anything that enables us to carry on helps the returning soldier who is now our second army—not in reserve. These men are scattered all over Canada. The greatest fair in Canada this year should have a soldiers' day. And the thing to make it worth while is not the art of war. All we can stage up in a fair ground by way of trenches and huts and mimic marching squads with all the uniforms of the Empire will only seem like a marionette business to the returned soldier. If it is child's play to him, so should it be to us. We are no longer playing at war. We are as old at this war as England is. Every fall fair in 1918 should be an occasion to give soldier and common citizen a bigger idea about this country. We should shut out all the silly vaudeville. There are theatres for that. All the bombardments. Any one who has tried to imagine what the front of the war feels like when all the five senses are rolled into one has no business looking at a gawdaw spectacle that only makes

us feel like a Punch and Judy imitation of a nation at war. If we are going to cut out entertainments let us begin on some of the theatres and about half the picture houses.

M. R. BALFOUR has just come to the final conclusion that Germany is a robber state and that von Hertling's apparently sincere discussion of the four Wilson tenets of peace was only camouflage. Why does the British Premier or the Foreign Secretary ever think the Hun says anything that is not intended as much to bamboozle foreign secretaries and premiers as it is to hoodwink Huns at home? Does it take a mind as keen as Balfour's three years to see one elephantine joke?

PRACTICE AND PREACHING

By A FARMER

FOOD—that's the need of the hour. And food is going to be the need of the hours in the next 365 days, and, perhaps, in the next several periods of 365 days. The Allies want food; Great Britain wants food; and Canada is going to be in want of food. In a recent letter written to Canada, Lord Rhondda, Food Controller, said:

"The Canadian farmer and Canadian farm hand now have the opportunity to make an effective reply to the enemy's present onslaught by bending their undivided energies to the increased production of those food supplies for which we depend to such vital extent upon your great Dominion."

And all the good loyal souls in Canada's cities and towns bowed their heads and uttered patriotic amens.

And yet, in spite of these amens, the Allies, Great Britain and Canada, are going to go right on wanting food.

Why does Lord Rhondda continuously appeal to Canada for food? Why do British and allied statesmen persistently mention this country when casting about for supplies with which to feed their hungry millions of civilian and military population. Because—no country has a greater expanse of arable land adjacent to market facilities—uncultivated. We have the soil that could supply in abundance the whole of the United Kingdom and all the armies of the Empire with the much-needed cereals and fats.

Let us put the situation in tabloid form. As compared with the principal friendly and unfriendly countries each Canadian stands in relation to arable land as follows:

FARM LAND—ACRES PER CAPITA.

Canada	49-71	U. S. A.	19
Russia	3-5	France	3-2
Germany	1-9	United Kingdom	1-7
Austria-Hungary	1-3		

What a wonderful opportunity to serve the cause for which we profess so much love? We—you and I—as Canadians, possess in greater abundance than any other country, one of the two things essential to food production—land. But the other thing—we lack. There are Canadians who will face the perils of the battlefield and discomforts of the air; Canadians who will gladly and heroically brave the terrors of general elections and endure the discomforts of Parliament and Legislature; Canadians who will cleverly spin food-production editorials; Canadians who will spend nerve-wracking eight hour shifts over counting-tables and lathes; but none of these will produce food. We have the Land. But, without—Labor, our arable lands are as useless as the Dead Sea. And when it comes to actual farm work, politicians, editors, clerks, artisans, and all the hordes of men who live in Canadian towns and cities, with one mind, offer up excuses. "I have married a directing job and cannot go into the farm-yard," says the politician. And he believes it. Fully one-half of the country follows the example of the men in the directing jobs—and believe that their services are not required in food-production. The civilian recruiters who said: "Go into the trenches," made a bad fist of it, and until our leaders of public thought are prepared to sacrifice their unbent backs and flabby muscles in the fields of Canada's basic industry; until they say, "Come into the fields and let us together make food," Great Britain and the Allies will look to Canada in vain for their daily bread.

And, thinking of someone else, the patriotic town reader will probably fervently exclaim, "Amen!"

Home Rule or Hun Rule?

ARGUMENTS are wasted on the Irish question. Nobody in Ireland denies that England needs Irishmen in the ranks. The more England worries over the question the better that part of Ireland likes it. Ireland exists for the sake of worrying England. The worse the crisis the better that kind of Irish like the predicament. Suppose the Clan na Gael can be conscripted and marched off to the trenches, with or without civil bloodshed in County Clare; what better would the trenches be? Men who will so naively foist Home Rule upon a world crisis will just as naively decline to fight as Irishmen know how when they get to the front. You may profitably conscript an Englishman or a Scotchman because, as a rule, his objection to enlisting is to the voluntary system, and has nothing to do with the ancient grudge. Irishmen have died heroes in France for the sake of beating back the foe of all free peoples. That makes no difference to the Sinn Feiner, the Ounselveser. Better to have kept this Home Rule bone out of the arena, and let the Man-Power Bill go on without compulsory enlistment from that part of Ireland. It was a Home Rule conference that was suddenly interrupted by a bigger business in August, 1914. And that was after Ireland had been two armed camps for months. In 1918 the question bobs up again. The loyal Irishmen who marched to war wanted the business postponed till they got back. They are not back. A lot of them never will be back. They gave themselves gladly as Irishmen know how to do in a great cause where great fighting is needed. But their compatriots at home dragged the specter back again. Home Rule never should have been dangled as a sop for conscription. Home Rule is either right or wrong on its own ground. The right of the British Government to conscript Ireland has no more to do with Home Rule than a monkey-wrench has to do with "the harp that once through Tara's Halls."

Home Rule just now is not important. The thing for Irishmen to consider is not whether Ireland should have Home Rule, but whether England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales shall have Hun Rule.

Let the Hun into England, no matter whether he comes by the Irish Sea or the North, and Home Rule for Ireland is settled. Hun Rule for Ireland may look well to an Irishman who doesn't care to know what happened to Belgium, Serbia, Rumania, Poland and Lithuania. But if there's one kind of national in the world whom the Hun would take grim delight in grinding into the dust, it's the Irish. It might have been hard to convince British labor and Arthur Henderson that there is any justice in withholding conscription from Ireland. It is a great deal harder to fathom how under heaven the dog-driving, greasy-handed Hun ever was able to corrupt a people who have always hated the boss and have never cared for money. There is a problem in psychology here. It would be better for both Ireland and the rest of us if there had been more psychology at Westminster.

IF ever we needed the high thinking that comes from plain living now is the time. Three obvious benefits stare us in the face. We shall be better in health, better in pocket, and better in what we can do by saving for the men who are fighting that we may continue to eat and wear clothes at all except as slaves to an organization that would put a gang of armed thugs in charge of every municipality. And we are as yet sacrificing nothing in Canada. We are an averagely wealthy people. England knows sacrifice; France knows it. Food is scarce over there. It is not scarce here. Thank heaven, Germany and Austria know food and clothes scarcity as England and France do not. Until we actually begin to make our human bodies sacrifice something in every individual, we shall never win a war that is fought not merely by armies but by nations.

MIND over MATTER

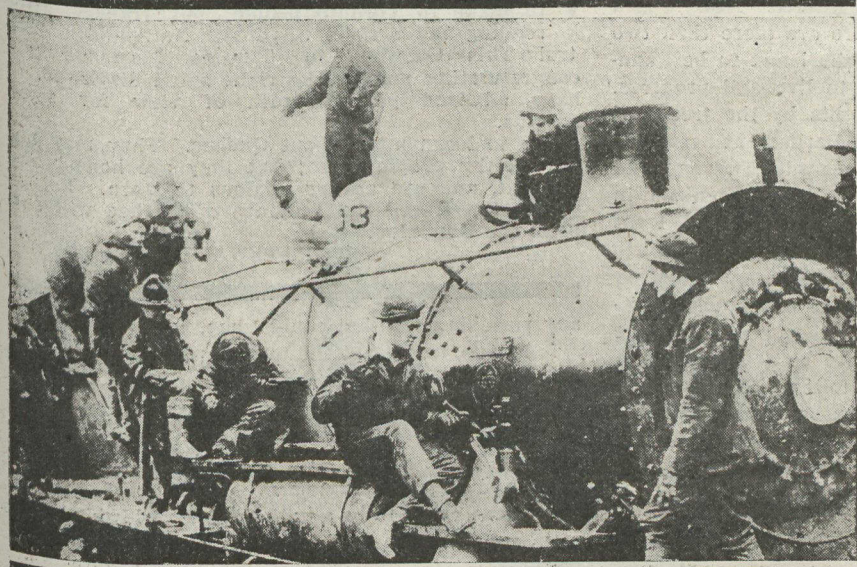
THAT healthy boys can be reared without white flour is pretty well demonstrated by these two sons of Harvey Wiley, the noted food expert. Mr. Wiley declares that neither of them have ever eaten any other cereal than whole wheat and coarse cereals. Sons of food experts are rather up against it on principle, because, as a rule, they can't escape the regime. If all the children in Canada can do as well on no white flour as these junior food experts, there should be no hesitation in leaving white flour alone in Canadian homes. But, of course, we are not all food experts—yet



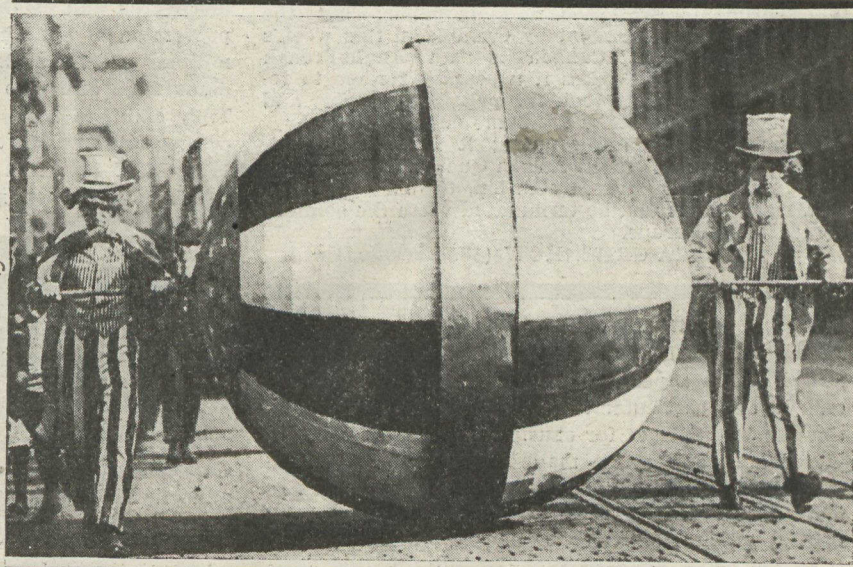
HERE is the spirit of Fighting France down in a cellar to be out of shell reach. It is the great statue of Marshal Ney, famous under Napoleon at Waterloo. The fighting statue may be in the cellar, but Fighting France is on top.



FLIGHT Commander Frank McGill was—still is—Canada's champion swimmer. Here he is, home on furlough from the swimming tanks of the air. Frank is now in Washington as instructor in the U. S. Naval Air Service.



AMERICA'S big push on the war front could never reach its height without locomotives. These men are putting together a huge Baldwin for use on the west front. As Americans are born speed-men, we suppose this Baldwin is now hauling munitions and food to the American army and getting ready for more. Foch needs everything American he can get that has weight, speed and endurance. And the real American push has not yet started.



JUST to celebrate one year of America in the war and to boost the Liberty Loan, these twin Uncle Sams recently started the 473-mile journey from Buffalo to New York—keeping the seven-foot ball a-rolling. The ball started on the first day of the Liberty Loan drive, and is expected to make 16 miles a day until May 4, when it rolls on to Broadway. It was pushed by Liberty Bond buyers to the tune of "If the Hun is in the road we will roll it over him."

A "New Movement" has sprung up among the soldiers of the Allies, a movement similar to the "Y" which began to do for young men in America years ago what this new searching after knowledge has begun to do for men at the front and in the camps behind the lines. You have heard about the Canadian Khaki College at Witley Camp, and of the University of Vimy Ridge. What these curious colleges are that spring up in the camps of the Allies, notably the Canadians, is expressed very well by "Canadian" in the United Empire for March. Not so much a desire to attain distinction in the educational world, says the writer, nor to have it said that one had com-



pleted a certain standard course of education, but it was a desire to know, because knowledge itself was attractive, a desire to know in order to be able to do; a desire to "get on" because men realized that there was something great to be done.

This is the life that is going on among some of the Allied soldiers. Do you know of any such movement among the Germans? Likely not. There's a reason. And the reason, in the long run, is the force that will beat Germany, not only in the war, but afterwards, when knout-culture has to give place to citizenship of the world at large.

"Movies" Defended

YOUR issue of March 30 contained an article entitled, Why Not Supervise Movies for Children? which puts the motion picture, not movie, in a bad light, and not only bad but unjust. The reference to serial pictures is much exaggerated; we all know that serial pictures are dramatic or melodramatic, whichever you choose to call it; but if a serial was not that kind of play it would be a failure. The people who follow serials want melodrama, and that is where they see it. Children as a rule do not care for anything but comedies.

Miss Semple says, "A few years ago the theatre was a place unknown to the average child"; I beg to differ. In Toronto fifteen years ago the house that ran melodrama did a big business with children, both afternoon and evening; and it was the earnest hope of all the children that they could go to see "The Child Slaves of New York," or "Left at the Altar," or "Wedded, But no Wife," and a dozen more. These are actual titles of melodramas which played at this theatre, then known as the "ma'l house."

Now the children who went to these theatres were not all gutter-snipes; the children of the average citizen were just as fond of these shows as the toughest newsboy on the corner; but the Grand and Princess Theatres hardly ever knew the children. I know, because I was one of the children.

As for the police records, they show nothing convincing. If a boy gets into trouble, he is going to show that he was influenced by someone or some thing, so that his punishment will be light. Children know the antagonism there is to the picture theatre, and, of course, it is the goat. I know of a case where

Native-Born Article Condemned

FROM time to time I have deprecated some of the sentiments expressed in your paper; but the mendacious statement by Candida in this week's issue, saying that Canada is "an Anglo-French bilingual country," makes it necessary for me to remind you that I only took the paper for a year, and to request that you take my name off your list.

Canada is a British country; it is not bilingual, and although the French folk in Quebec make-believe bilingualism, and riot in sedition, the time of their coddling will, I trust, be terminated when the soldiers return from Europe.

CLARA GREENHOW (Walkerville, Ont.)

a boy got into trouble and said he had seen the thing he did at a certain theatre only a few days before; now I am in a position to know that this boy was only in this particular theatre twice, and the second time he was put out for causing a disturbance.

And a certain police magistrate, not a thousand miles from Toronto, once said that "children learned more harm in their own homes and on the street than in a picture theatre."

As for being exposed to danger, think this over. The State prison in Atlanta, Georgia, has its own picture theatre with a sixteen piece orchestra, and they run pictures there every week. The warden says that the pictures are entertaining, educational and morally uplifting, and a great instrument for good. Surely, when pictures are good for condemned criminals, they should not be harmful for children.

If you want to control the children's amusement time or hours, do not let them in a theatre during school hours or after eight o'clock at night, unless accompanied by parents or guardian.

CECIL W. WALLIS (Hamilton.)

Not a Romance At All

LAUGH and the world laughs with you, weep and you weep alone. These lines came flashing through my mind when I read the article in a recent issue of the Canadian Courier, entitled, An Unstaged Canadian Romance.

The article in question does not merit any notice, as it was evidently written by a person whose mind was polluted by reading dime novels. I am a near relative of the respectable young lady whom this article tries to ridicule, and a constant reader of your magazine, and I assure you I was greatly sur-

The Open Forum

CONTRARY views about native-born and equally opposed ideas about motion pictures as discussed in these columns. Strong words on Democracy. Titles defended. A rebuke to the Editor. German language condemned. Mr. Chisholm criticised.

Dear Mr. Editor:—

prised to see such trash appear in its columns. No doubt it was a source of satisfaction to the writer, as it gave him a chance to uncork his bottled-up venom in a manner befitting his ignorance. The article is a tissue of falsehoods, and of the most invidious nature imaginable. I dare not give you the true facts about the case, for the simple reason it would be food for thought, and that is just what the writer is after. Suffice it to say, that the young lady in question is highly esteemed and respected by everyone who knows her, and has sufficient good sense to appreciate the fact that money alone cannot buy those things in life which are lacking in the writer of the article to which I refer.

CITIZEN (Aylmer, P.Q.)

Agrees With Riethdorf

AS one of your subscribers, I saw in your paper of March 30 an article written by Prof. Riethdorf on Reasons for Putting a Ban on German. As a Canadian I have a little interest in the question. To my mind it is time for Canadian patriots all over Canada to unite and help French and English to understand each other in our country. Canada was discovered and established by France. Now it is a possession of England, but there are more than two millions of French-Canadians who boast to be Canadians first, and who are here to live and progress. They claim to have special rights by the treaty of cession and by different acts of Parliament passed in 1774, 1791, 1840 and 1867, as regards language and religion. Why are not these claims recognized in English Provinces? And why do they not treat French and Catholics as English and Protestants are treated by the provincial laws of Quebec?

Tell your readers the true facts of Canadian history. Say to your fanatics that they should change their views if they don't want to be compared with Germans. Why can they not follow the lessons of Canadian statesmen, whose intention it was that the same rights given in Quebec to Protestant minority should be allowed in English provinces to Catholic minority?

F. H. ROY (Montreal.)

Criticizes A. M. Chisholm

I CANNOT resist saying something about the tissue of falsehoods contained in the article by Mr. A. M. Chisholm, entitled, The West Talks to the East. The West (as represented by Mr. Chisholm) in this instance is totally misinformed, and, to use his own words, "does not know beans about Quebec." The facts in his article only show his snobbishness and his very small knowledge (if any) of the conditions and spirit of brotherhood in the Province of Quebec. He says that the people of Quebec are not conversant with the English language, and only read the newspapers printed in their own French language. I am sure that Mr. Chisholm doesn't speak or read French, or he would not speak as he does. The average French-speaking people of Quebec are more conversant with English than any proportion of the English-speaking people in all the rest of Canada are with French. The article was very displeasing to all your readers of the Province of Quebec (and they are now not few). I may add that Mr. Verne DeWitt Rowell's article in the same issue that he knows something about Quebec.

LIONEL LEFEBVRE (Huil. P.Q.)

"Movies" Need Control

MY Canadian manager, Mr. H. Heseltine Gate, has sent me a few copies of your very interesting publication. I am very much impressed with its freshness, frankness and comprehensive survey of so many phases of the life of the Dominion. The articles on the Menace of the Movies are exceedingly well written, and touch one of the most vital questions affecting the citizens of to-morrow. For the past five years I have been giving this ques-

tion much study, both in practice and theory. So firmly convinced have I been of the magnitude of the peril, especially in the States, where moving-picture houses operate seven days a week, that I have added to my list of lectures one on the unfortunate aspects of the moving-picture.

In the first place the average moving picture house is devoid of ventilation, being nothing more than a tunnel with both ends sealed up. It is true, that there are a few well-built houses, but the majority of children attend the cheap and unventilated ones. If it did not seem quite certain that most children have charmed lives, most of them would be dead or suffering from all the diseases known here.

As to the pictures themselves, the first type may be called "crime pictures." They bring to the sensitive child mind almost every scene that can come under the head of crime. If possible, the greater peril comes from the so-called "problem plays," which are produced under the excuse that they teach the results of doing evil and breaking the moral law. While there may be a modicum of truth in that claim, the great evil that is sowing its poison in the minds of children is a thousand times greater than

Native-Born Article Commended

IT is not often that we of Quebec have compliments to make to Toronto people; but, frankly, after reading the article, Shall the Native-Born Control This Country? by Candida, I cannot help congratulating you on the right spirit displayed. I have admired your breadth of view for some months.

Try to learn more about Quebec. They may not be wealthy people there; but they are honest and straight, and are always anxious to learn. Let 25 years elapse, and the Province of Quebec will surprise the Dominion.

A. W. PATENAUDE (Montreal.)

any possible good that could come.

Is it true, then, that the motion picture is a failure and useless? Not by any means. On the other hand it is one of the very greatest factors in the educational world to-day, and may be used almost without limit as to its possibilities, but under certain regulations and strict supervisions.

1. There ought to be a nationwide, worldwide movement to eliminate all suggestive and crime bearing pictures.

2. There ought to be established a nationwide and locally efficient board of censors, composed of mothers who care for their children, a board that will absolutely not permit "problem plays" and "crime pictures."

3. Legislation ought to be secured that will punish to the limit any one producing such pictures or displaying them after they are produced.

4. There ought to be a definite restriction as to the number of pictures shown at a given time. So that the brains of children may not be overstrained.

Wishing to express my appreciation of what your paper is doing to stimulate good citizenship,

RAYMOND B. TOLBERT (Niagara Falls, Ont.)

Fighting for Democracy

MOST of the papers published in Canada to-day do not give any attention whatever to the actual and candid discussion of the real problems facing the country, and are therefore not worth the paper that they are printed on. I am sending you the enclosed, which I hope you will publish.

DO you believe in Democracy? Do you really think that Democracy is worth fighting for? If Democracy is worth fighting for it must be be-

cause it really means government not only by the people, but for the people; because government by the people is the best way of getting government for the people. Yet it is safe to say that in any ten men who discuss the war, you will find more than one who will say that a dictatorship is the only method of government adapted to war; that Democracy, involving as it does the right of every citizen to be heard in the councils of the nation, means division and delay, and that to save government by the people, the people must be prepared for a time to lay aside their liberties.

This means either that Democracy is not the most effective form of government for developing the full national effort in a given direction, or else that, while in time of war, such full effort is necessary, we can get along with a less efficient organization in time of peace. It is true that, by contrast with the bloodshed and misery of the last three years the pre-war days were halcyon indeed. But were they good enough? Would you be content to see again the appalling contrasts of waste and want, of superfluous luxury and squalid misery that marked our cities? Will cynical corruption in every branch of the public service once again leave you unmoved? Are you content to trust the fate of your country, and the lives of your sons to a method of government which allowed partisan politics and the pride of office to deter our governors from warning the people of the imminence of Armageddon? Would you once again be satisfied with the platitudes about the union of races, spoken to cover a steadily widening rift in the structure of the nation?

If so, you are to be pitied, for you are one of those unfortunate dreamers who live ever in the past, and for you there is no comfort.

If, however, you were one of those to whom it was given to love your country, but to see her faults; if you were blessed with that divine gift of discontent that raises man above the beasts that perish; if you are one of those who fight, not to keep the world as

it was, but to make it better, you would be satisfied with none of these things.

Whether Democracy had failed before the war or not, it must be admitted that Democracy as the English-speaking nations know it, has failed in the war. We are beating Germany. In the end we shall beat Germany, but to deny that we have failed miserably to put our whole weight into the effort is useless.

What, then, is the answer? Are we wrong in believing that Democracy is worth fighting for, that in Democracy is the seed of the better world for which

practice. If the government of the English-speaking nations has not functioned successfully under the strain of a world struggle it is not by reason of too much Democracy, but of too little. It is not that our rulers have been hampered by too much criticism, but that they have failed too often to trust the people to advise them correctly.

It is Democracy that our rulers should tell us the truth and the whole truth, without hocus-pocus as to reasons of state, and should do their duty as they see it, knowing that if they command the support

of the nation all will be well, and that if they do not the people are well able to find others who will better understand the national will. It is Democracy, for example, that the Food Controller should tell us how additional food, and of what kinds, we must produce this year; that the Minister of Agriculture should use to the fullest extent the financial and administrative resources of the state to place idle men on idle land, and that if the voluntary response be insufficient, compulsion be adopted. It is Democracy that we should know exactly how the ship building programme of the country is progressing; what it is that we can do to accelerate it, whether the need of additional labor or of more capital delays it, and that the government should take actual measures to correct the delay.

Democracy is government by the people for the people, and that can only be brought about by a total abolition of government secretiveness; by an entire removal of all vestiges of delay and dickerings to ensure the safety of the Cabinet from the consequences of misjudgment. Democracy can only be attained by a readiness of administrations to do something, and stand or fall by the consequences. It is the only means by which we can win the war and reap the rewards of a better world. If Democracy is worth fighting for, it is equally useful as a weapon in the battle.

P. C. ARMSTRONG (Montreal.)

THIS objection to His Majesty on Ministers think by certain notoriety hunters in this country, seems to me to spring from two sources—either from

1st.—That latent bitter feeling—not so much pro-German, as anti-British—which existed long before the war in certain circles. It was evidenced in the section in which this letter is written by bitter opposition to the erection of the Armory here. "It would make our poor boys military butchers;" "It would foster caste feeling," etc.

Of course, the people who wrote this are very loyal now, and some of them are holding down good fat war contracts.

2nd.—From that feeling which Robert Louis Stevenson most happily named "inverted snobbery," and from that robust self-esteem which is a characteristic of weakminded individuals. To see a title bestowed on Lord Milner, or Sir Eric Geddes in England, or to Sir Robert Borden, Sir Vincent Meredith, or Sir Frederick Williams-Taylor here, is bitter to a man who feels that he has somehow been overlooked.

In a country where we are so wedded to titles that we actually create them ourselves—where honorary colonels abound—where every justice (or injustice) of the peace is called "squire," where honorables are as plentiful as blackberries—where we see "Mrs. (Dr.) This and That," and "Mrs. (Rev.) So and So"—and, since the war, "Mrs. Captain Smithers" and Mrs. Lieutenant Jimson" prevalent everywhere, why should there be such a fuss about titles except for the reasons above mentioned?

REGINALD GOURLAY (Picton, Ont.)

we are willing to suffer and to die? If that be so, let us frankly admit the German claims to a superior "Kultur." Let us be for Autocracy, if by Autocracy alone we obtain that competent direction of the national effort that alone can save us from something very near to actual want of the bare necessities of life in a land of infinite wealth.

If Democracy has failed, if Democracy threatens worse failure yet, it is not for any inherent vice in the theory of government by the people for the people, but by reason of outstanding faults in its

tion of government secretiveness; by an entire removal of all vestiges of delay and dickerings to ensure the safety of the Cabinet from the consequences of misjudgment. Democracy can only be attained by a readiness of administrations to do something, and stand or fall by the consequences. It is the only means by which we can win the war and reap the rewards of a better world. If Democracy is worth fighting for, it is equally useful as a weapon in the battle.

P. C. ARMSTRONG (Montreal.)

P.T.

By CARLTON McNAUGHT

ANY Canadian who knows of anybody's son that has been in France where the world's greatest work is being done, or is going to France, will read this story of P.T. Written by a man who has been at the front, it shows how the overseas manhood of Canada is being mended up in one sleepy seashore little town to go back at Fritz again. The army that can be mended by P.T. is more needed now than ever. And this article describes how the Canadian army is being mended.

A LONG column of marching men is moving with slow, regular rhythm along the sun-baked pavement of an English seacoast town. The pace is somewhat slower than that prescribed for "seasoned" troops. Yet these men have not the look of recruits. Some of the khaki uniforms—each bearing the word "Canada" in brass letters on the shoulder—are worn and faded and stained. Some of the caps—each bearing the maple leaf badge above its peak—sag and droop and take on the contour of individual heads, having long ago lost the stiffening-wire which Tommy abhors. Here and there is a gleam of color—the ribbon of a military decoration. And those faces, many of them pallid, but all showing apparent signs of much exposure to sun and weather, are set in lines which tell of grimmer experience than "rookie" drill.

Who are they, then? For a Canadian, they are the most thought-provoking spectacle that this year of 1918 has to show. These are the Great Reclaimed of Canada's fighting army, the men who have borne the brunt of battle and the desolating drudgery of trench life for one or two or three years, and who now, cured of their wounds and sickness and discharged from hospital, are being prepared to go back to the trenches and do it all over again.

Popular imagination seldom follows the soldier farther than the hospital. Once a man has been wounded at the front and has appeared in the casualty lists, the ordinary civilian at home is apt to dismiss him from mind, with a vague conception that his soldiering days are over. In many cases it is so. Frequently his wounds have permanently disquali-

fied our hero for further service in the line, and he goes back to civilian life (where, let us hope, he receives at least the justice which is his due from a country that owes him so much), or is retained for some military duty behind the lines in France, England or Canada. But in the vast majority of cases, those whose names we read in the casualty lists, after greater or lesser terms in hospital and convalescent home, are given a clean bill of health, and must face the inevitable prospect of a return to the firing line, because every man is needed, and their duty is clear.

Take a good look at them as they march along. You will find represented here every battalion in the Canadian divisions at the front. Each man wears his battalion cap and collar badges with pride born of achievement. Here are N.C.O.'s and men of the very first of all the Canadian divisions—you can pick them out by their blue shoulder straps (a privilege accorded to the "Originals" only). Many of them have been wounded twice, some of them three times, as shown by the little gold stripes on their left sleeves. In some cases it is their second or third period of convalescence in "Blighty"; some again have been back in dear old Canada on sick leave since they crossed the ocean in "the Armada" three years ago. Many of them wear on their chests the bright ribbon

of the D. C. M. or the Military Medal. Others have been away from Canada only a few months—across to France with a draft, wounded in their first or second tour in the trenches, perhaps, and now back in "Blighty" preparing for another "go."

Most of them have suffered that most poignant of war's experiences—a comrade killed beside them in action, or snuffed out with haphazard frightfulness as they stood side by side in a trench. Some have lost father or brother. If your eye is observant, you will already have noticed how many have covered the third button of their service jacket with black crepe—the only form of conventional mourning allowed the man in the ranks. What they have seen, these veterans of struggle and suffering—words cannot depict. Words are but the masks; bombardment, machine gun fire, bombs, shell-shock, mud-wallows, backaches from digging, gas, sometimes hunger—all mere symbols these of the grimmest realities that can come to mortal man; the sufferings of the unusual making heroes of millions that never dreamt of heroism.

And here they are, the mending-up army of those who are sent back to Blighty to harden up for another turn at Fritz. These are the disciples of the great renovating culturist P. T.—Physical Training. Look at them as a mass and then try to understand the mass by studying just one of them.

That squarely built young man marching on the near flank of the leading section of fours—how came he here? He wears on his sleeve the reversed chevron which denotes a year's service in the trenches, and above it the gold stripe which tells of a wound received in the course of duty.

Young Don Smith enlisted as a private away back in Ontario, early in the war. He trained with his battalion for nine months in Canada, and then for a further six months in England, before he got to France. He served for nearly a year in the trenches, coming scathless through several big bombardments, a couple of raids and one important advance,

before a vicious burst of shrapnel got him as he went over the top at Vimy Ridge. He lay unconscious on the field for seven hours, his splendid physical energy ebbing from him with his blood, before the stretcher-bearers found him and brought him in, a useless wreck, with just the barest spark of life. He was handled with skillful tenderness till consciousness returned, and sent back by easy stages to the base, passing through the hands of a dozen medical officers, and landing finally in a great base hospital in England.

AFTER three months, Don came out of hospital, a working human organism again, it is true, and with the will to "carry on" unimpaired, but with muscles soft and flabby, nerves weak and unresponsive, and heart and lungs unequal to the strain that he had known for a year in the trenches. Yet since they had carried him off the field a physical wreck six months and more ago, the same thing had happened to many of his pals. Others had gone to take their places in the line, but more and still more were needed. There was a place for Don in the firing line again. How to get the muscles back to their old hard-as-nails condition; how to tone up his nerves, strengthen his heart and lungs, send the red blood coursing again in its old hardy joyousness through the recreated body?

The answer was—P. T. Magic letters! They stand for "physical training," and that denotes the wonderfully efficient system of muscular exercises that has been made the foundation of body-building in the modern British armies.

Every morning and afternoon Don and his fellows were marched out to the training area, divided into squads and put through a course of P. T. by specially trained instructors, under the direction of P. T. officers and under the constantly watchful eyes of medical officers. The course is graded, starting out with milder exercises, and gradually becoming harder and harder, and ending a severer strain. Each week is supervised by a medical officer, and if necessary, the course is passed into the next class. It is a help back for another week of it in your lighter exercises.

Because an unvaried diet of P. T. is apt to become rather monotonous, he was given a little work in musketry and bombing and bayonet fighting by way of variety, and to get him gradually accustomed again to the technical operations of his profession. These branches of training would be carried on more intensively when Don got to his reserve battalion, where he would be initiated into all the latest dodges which experience has taught—and experience is always teaching something in this war of high specialization. Meantime, besides P. T. and a little musketry, bombing and bayonet work, there were short route marches, and one "all-day" route march a week, to test increasing endurance power of Don and his fellows. The casualty must be able to undertake a march of a certain prescribed distance and duration without distress or undue fatigue before he goes to his reserve battalion.

After several weeks of this, Don would be ready for the "Graduation Class," in which he would once more wear a full pack and attain the status of an "A" man. At the end of this week he would be passed on to his proper reserve battalion for the latest specialist training before being drafted back to his line battalion in France when his turn came.

But it's not all P. T. Don't forget the dear little sea-bath towns where Don took it; his out-of-doors hospital. Promenades stretching along the sea-shore, surf curling up on the pebbled beach below, piers with their pleasure pavilions and band stands reaching out like feelers into the ocean; summer hotels and lodging-houses—long terraces of them—with their contributory shops and pleasure places. A town of relaxation and peaceful amusement.

No "eligible" men in white flannels here, either in the army sense or the summer resort sense. Ladies, wearing black, looking eastward across the sea, as they knit and listen to the band. Children—for them the "penny-ice" man plies his pleasant trade, rotund

and beaming behind his gaily painted little cart; and the Punch and Judy man of old, whose wife makes the rounds with a sea-shell as collection plate. And the P. T. graduates take it all in. They are the cheerfully grim note of realism in the peaceful pictures; the dominant color-note of khaki-clads who inhabit whole blocks of the old lodging houses, those gaunt Victorian edifices with their basement kitchens, their cement-plaster fronts, and their steep flights of narrow stairs connecting the three high-ceilinged storeys. Here Don and his fellows hived in their scores and hundreds, like a colony of cliff swallows or like the tenement dwellers of New York. All furniture had been stripped from these houses, once the summer homes of nobility and later the holiday lodgings of the middle class ruled over by widowed landladies of predatory instincts. The room which Don occupied with three of his pals had its fireplace, like all the rooms in the house. As in most English houses the fireplaces were the sole means of heating the house in cold weather.

But even the mantel-shelves of these fireplaces were forbidden as lodgment for works of art or personal impedimenta. Don was given his set of "bed-boards," his paliasse filled with straw, and his blankets. These, with his pack and his kit bag, form his only visible Lares and Penates. He is not allowed to embellish or to hoard. Each day an officer inspects his company's billets, climbing endless stairs and poking into dark basement corners, to make sure of cleanliness and neatness and a Spartan frugality in possessions.

In a denuded theatre or concert hall, or equally capacious building, Don assembles with the rest three times a day for his portion of the "varied ration." He forms up in parade in the roadway outside his billets to march to meals, to the training area for his P. T., to the swimming baths which the Government has leased, or to make an excursion into the country by way of a route march. All day long the streets of the town echo to the tramp of khaki columns, to innumerable bugle calls, to the music of marching bands. A class of instructors in physical training goes on all day in the main square of the town—a

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Reclaiming the Casualties of Canada's Army.

beautiful garden square. Here a Canadian band played at sunset, and the Canadian bands alternated with the town band in giving daily concerts on the pier.

LOOK again at the fishermen—and they also have given up their men and boats to hunt the Huns of the sea. Every evening a fleet of fishing boats puts forth for schooling mackerel, plaice and herring. Drawn up on the beach in the morning sunshine after the catch has been brought in, they form a picturesque sight, with their red sails and nets spread out to dry. The old fishermen, in overalls, sea-boots and sou'westers, are a race by themselves. Tanned to the color of old leather, lined and seamed of face, with metal ear-rings in their ears and the inevitable black pipe of ridiculous brevity in their mouths, they stand or squat about the beach, basking ruminatively in the sunshine. They seem the very creation of W. W. Jacobs and Will Owen, stepped out of the pages of "Many Cargoes," or "Sunwich Port." Don and his fellows, with their breezy ways and New World outlook, were no doubt a puzzle to them. But who can say what is going on behind those steady, twinkling eyes, imbedded in wrinkles? Somehow these old sea-dogs' thoughts seem to belong to another age. They are contemporaries in history with the smugglers' caves along the coast, and the little winding streets of the old town, with their elevated sidewalks and their sagging houses.

It was a strange contrast that Don, typical young

Canadian that he was, formed with these products of local environment and a traditional way of life. And it was an interesting experience for Don. He liked to stroll through the antique streets of the fishing village, and gaze in the windows of the little shops where fishing tackle and marine and sea-boots were sold, or where ancient seamen presided over a wonderland of hand-made toy yachts and talk of the equinoctials of 1883. The little curiosity shops, crammed with old furniture and china and superannuated household goods, also had their charm for him. And there was the shop where shells and coral necklaces were sold by the stout lady who had lived there as long as she could remember.

It is not strange therefore that the period of "hardening" was regarded by Don as a not unpleasant episode in his military career. No man who has floundered up to his waist in mud for days and nights together, and existed precariously under intensive shell-fire for hours at a time, and stovelled glutinous earth with a spade till his back creaks, and buried his comrades within sound of the guns as part of the day's work—no man who has done all that for months on end is "eager" to go back and do it again. Don and his comrades do not pretend that they are. But they do not shrink from going back. You had only to hear them sing as they marched in the pouring rain to learn whether or not they are "downhearted." They may be grim, at times, with a grimness that means business; but they are not downhearted. They have the same spirit that has already cost the Hun so much at Ypres, Courcellette and Vimy.

But one sometimes wonders whether it would not be good for some of the people of Canada to have a glimpse at them as they go simply and cheerfully about their work of getting ready to return to the trenches. One imagines that it might be a stimulating sight for certain eligible young men in Canada, who are still wearing colored ties and brilliant socks and enjoying all the comforts of home life, while these men, many of whom have been separated from homes and families for over two years, are preparing

to go back again to France, because every man is needed. And one imagines that it might be an enlightening spectacle for those who are fighting conscription and allowing those who have done their duty to go back for the second or third time, while thousands of fit young men are living the sheltered life in Canada. One is tempted to think that if all these war-weary but undaunted men would have a chance to rest a bit

longer, while others "carried on" for the first time. Can those who have not yet "done their bit" look on this spectacle unmoved?

Vimy Ridge—and After

AFTER the battle of Vimy Ridge, two hours after the boys had gone over the top, the captain and his assistants followed them up and established themselves in a German dug-out in No Man's Land to serve hot coffee and other refreshments. Among other things they dealt out 2,500 cups of hot coffee and 2,500 packages of cigarettes. Then their supply ran out. They sent for more, but got word from the "Y": "No supplies because no funds." A burly Canadian—the story is related by Capt. J. M. MacKendrick—battle-weary, exhausted, frantic for nourishment, straggled up and pounded upon the door of the Y dug-out and pleaded for a hot drink. Captain MacKendrick had to face him with the news that there was no hot drink for him.

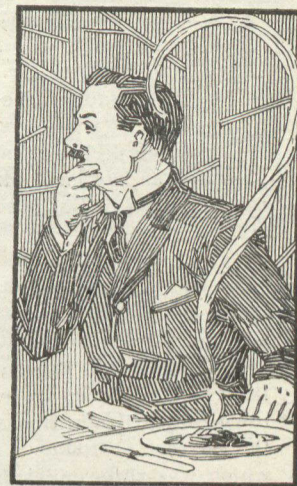
In a volley of great oaths the soldier wanted to know of what use the Y. M. C. A. was at the front if it failed like that. Captain MacKendrick explained that they had no more because no funds.

"Do the people at home know this?" asked the soldier. That was about his last work upon earth. "One of my men," continued the Captain "afterward found that poor boy lying on his face only a short distance on—dead. He died of sheer exhaustion. A cup of hot coffee might have saved him."

NEW STYLES in FOOD

A LITTLE touch of the Eskimo in a lot of Canadians might make a big difference to our Available Sources of Food in a land of so many lakes, oceans and rivers. Much depends upon the cook.

By REV. N. MacGILLIVRAY



QUITE lately we read in the newspapers of a small company of men in New York, interested in new foods,

dining off whale steak, and pronouncing it very good. Still more recently a newspaper item announced that a certain well-known club in one of our large cities would dine upon whale to-morrow. The breed of whale was not mentioned, but any one of the large Cetacean family would do, although there is likely a difference in quality and flavor according to the species. There is, besides, much in the art of the cook, and in the flavoring condiments.

In these unwonted days we are being shaken out of many of our wonted conventions and prejudices, touching many aspects and ways of life. The unusual has already become common in many things, and is likely to become so in many more in the near days ahead. And we are falling in, not ungracefully, with the new order.

We are learning to eliminate waste in the use of food. We Canadian people, so long rolling in plenty, have been great sinners. The products of nature and human husbandry are not inexhaustible. Not only have we been self-indulgent and wasteful of food, but of the very ground also, and of its natural gifts, destroying our incomparable forests, and depopulating our ocean coasts and inland waters. Nowhere do we find waste in God's husbandry, or use of material. Whatever is left over in any process is at once turned to new account.

Oleomargarine is coming in to eke out the butter supply; and except in a minor particular or two, it is said to be quite as good a food. Few essences or flavors from the vegetable world now reach our kitchens or tables. Synthetic chemistry provides them from that apparently inexhaustible mine of valuable products in the practical arts—Coal Tar. The Prussians were not unacquainted with the food value and palatability of whale steak, long before the experiment of the New York savants, and before our tight blockade compelled them to have much freer recourse to it. Whalers have always noted the beefy appearance of the fleshy layer beneath the blubber, and nothing but the common seaman's superstition prevented them from using it, and finding out its anti-scorbutic effect against the salt junk which is so large an element in the ocean sailor's fare. Properly cooked, whale flesh has always been pronounced "good eating."

Down the widening St. Lawrence, and through the Gulf, how often one sees the porpoises in shoals, feeding and playing, and the larger grampus also. These lesser members of the extensive whale race furnish valuable oil, if not in large quantities, and could also furnish a considerable amount of flesh food when carefully separated from the fat and suitably cured. On the north shore of the river, a French fisherman once offered me a piece of roasted porpoise meat, which was quite pleasant to the palate, and free from any disagreeable consequence. Our explorers in the far North have eaten walrus and seal with no ill effects. And once they got over their prejudice, they could freely indulge. Of course, the supply in these lines of food may never be large enough to appreciably affect the market; but it is quite worth considering at a time when the words "food famine" are heard in men's mouths. In addition, the shark, dog-fish and the horse-mackerel have all, on

trial, been declared suitable for human food. In the light of these well-established facts, let us promptly get quit of our prejudices against new kinds of food, and be thankful for our abundant mercies.

John the Baptist dined off locusts and wild honey, and he was the biggest man of his time. The insect is either used fresh, fried in a little butter, or pickled for future use. The ancient Greeks could make a meal of black bread, and a few olives, with a relish of cicada paste, and a drink from the brook; and the world has been thrilled by their art and eloquence ever since.

Then there is the wide range of the Reptilia from which to draw in certain countries of our British Commonwealth. On good authority we are told that the crocodile of Africa, the gavial of Asia, and the alligator and cayman of the Americas can be utilized for food, when due care is taken in killing the animal and in cutting and curing the flesh. There are ways of removing any musky or fishy flavor or odor, that may be naturally present. Probably the whole turtle tribe also, marine fresh water and terrene have considerable food value. The smaller species and varieties might not yield much, but in any event, do not the little make up, in one way and another, the complement of the larder?

And the smaller lizards, aquatic and terrene, must not be left out of account. Even the most repulsive-looking among them is said to have tender and juicy

flesh. In the Mexican lakes, the axolotl is fished for regularly as an article of food. This is a curious amphibian—really that—

with the lungs and gills, and four slender legs; from six to nine inches long; quite fleshy and much prized for the table. In our Canadian lakes and larger rivers, we have its cousin, the menobranchus, somewhat larger than the axolotl, and well covered with flesh. Those who have eaten it pronounce the quality excellent; with coffee and buttered toast making a capital breakfast. It is not an abundant denizen of our waters, but in April, when it approaches the shores to spawn, numbers can be caught. I have found it in that season in the Kingston drydock, and I have kept it by me for weeks to observe its ways of life.

The late Professor Shaler of Harvard tells us in his autobiography of some intensely interesting and amusing incidents of a four-months' cruise, planned and financed by himself and two college chums, in the Gulf of the St. Lawrence, around Anticosti, and along the Labrador coast. The schooner, Skipper Small (who weighed 300 pounds), one able-bodied seaman, and the Cabin are under their authority and direction. The De... adventurers were themselves to work... need might be, and tad or fall by... the watch. Their object... which we... holiday outing, but a serious... a better we... life, and of plants and animal... is equal

IMAGINATION'S THE THING

DR. GEORGE LOCKE, Chief Librarian of Toronto, speaking wisely at the memorial service to an eminent if not great educator, said that present systems of education produce a high average of mediocrity, but few leaders. The late Nathaniel Burwash, so many years venerable head of Victoria University and College, was a leader. And he belonged to a golden age in Canadian schooling. There is always a golden age. Those of the future will continue to be of the past unless we take more stock in the life work of such men as Burwash and carry further the admonition of such men as Locke.

Mediocrity; fair to middling; dead level; why these after centuries of enlightenment since the mediaeval schoolmen in the dark ages? Because in reforming education we have left out Imagination and have therefore lost Interest. Nobody was ever interested in being educated by the belt-drive method. The boy who hates the nine o'clock bell afterwards hates the time clock and aims to be head of a union; and the teacher who made him hate the bell is no better than the factory manager who makes him despise the time clock. Both are one and the same thing.

No leaders—why? Because we have made the school kill Imagination, mother of Interest. No leader ever led without great imagination. And there are mediocrities in Canada today who might have been somewhere near leaders if some school had not drilled out of them the last hopeful spark of constructive imagination they had. No leaders? Because we believe a school is a Prussian knowledge factory not operated on lines of interest but of utility, of which there is never any end of invention that as a rule gets nowhere. The Prussian idea admits of no leaders, because it requires none to be led. It drives; cracks the whip; drives Prussian youths to commit suicide because they hate the school and the system of which it is a part. Canadian youths don't commit suicide to escape exams. We are not as bad as the Prussians. But in eliminating interest based upon imagination we are on the road to killing the love of school except as a means of making a boy or a girl useful in gaining what is called a livelihood. The youngest great country in the world is making the art of teaching one of the lost arts, and the joy of learning for its own sake almost as rare as snowballs in dog days. All vitalizing education proceeds upon lines of interest; and interest in studies is fed wholly upon the imagination. Kill that, stultify that, and the goose that lays the golden egg is dead forever.—Written by an ex-"Educator."

AT sea for some weeks they craved for fresh meat. They shot the sea-pigeon (guillemot, a species of gull) and found it "excellent eating," says Shaler. After that they ventured on other gulls, and found them also "very palatable," only taking the precaution to parboil them before they went into the stew-pot. The skipper had the repugnance of the sailor to eating sea-fowl, believing that such sacrilege would surely bring bad weather and disaster. And when he saw the whole crew "eating gulls" his disgust was only equalled by his "volcanic and complicated profanity." But the boys watched their opportunity and retorted cleverly on the skipper. One day ashore he shot two ducks, and intended to eat them himself, he said. They could stick to their nasty gulls. When dinner was served, there were two dishes exactly alike, with two birds in each, also exactly alike: but the skipper ate the gulls, and the boys got the ducks and the skipper didn't know it.

My point in summarizing this story is to show that along our coastal and inland waters, there may be a good deal of bird life, apart from ducks, quite fit for food.

I have myself eaten bear, raccoon, porcupine, woodchuck, black squirrel and frog, and, like Shaler, could say that they were "excellent eating." A few years ago, visiting one of the larger market places of Paris, some strange foods were to be seen. In one section there were cray fish all the way from Russia and Sweden, kept alive in running water, and regularly fed; and the demand for it was active. Now this crustacean is very passable food, and in eatable size—quite as big as the Parisian importation—once existed in the streams of Ontario before they dwindled under summer heat. As a boy I caught them five and six inches long. Where the country is still largely uncleared, and the water fairly steady and unfouled, cray-fishing might be worth while.

PERCY CUMMINGS' last visit to the manicurist before he packed his impedimenta for the farm was somewhat sad. She said so. He admitted it.

"Those dear little half-moons of yours," she said, as she gave him one of her accustomed thrills. "Oh, precious! You'll break all the edges."

"Yah," he said with superheated gaiety. "I'm going to be a roughneck Rube. I'll never be the same again. Next time you see me, I'll be chewing a straw. So long!"

He wished she had spurred him on. The farm he was signed up to was ten miles from town; Mr. Hiram Hookwell, of Dundreary, the nearest postoffice a mile from the gate which was three miles from the radial stop 49; and when Percy man-handled his suitcase and club bag out to the platform Mr. Hookwell said just what Percy expected him to—"Good gosh!"

But he was not at all as Percy had pictured him. Hiram was a sort of he-panther in build, with a goodish knockabout coat over his overalls and a species of necktie under his flap soft collar—one of those dark brown shirts.

Each eyed the other with mutual disdain; of which Hiram's was nigh on to contempt.

"She'd think," he said drawlshly, as he twisted his rosy moustache, "that a pair o' bags like that'd take you to Europe and back—easy!"

"Oh, but I'm exempt," said Percy. "Yah."

He hung back expecting Mr. Hookwell to bellhop his luggage. Which was not the case. That yeoman was already cranking his car.

"Pile in!" he exhorted. "It's three mile."

And off they went in a scud of cold wind over the rutty high-pike, past fifteen farmsteads in quarter as many minutes, and up a lane.

Out came a dog, two children and then a bustling well-kept woman.

"Mr.— what's the name again? Oh, yes, Cummings. Go right in. Make yourself to home. Supper ready, mother?"

The only congenial object in Percy's bedroom was an electric light bulb. He closed the door and looked at himself in the glass as he sat on the bed. He was lonesome. The glass made him look to himself as though he were some sort of college girl who ought to have been home for her vacation. Consequently Percy did not array himself in his new overalls and last year's tennis boots and khaki shirt, but waited for the gong to sound the evening meal, wondering what he should choose to talk about, because he would be naturally expected to entertain the Hookwells with his more copious vocabulary and fund of ideas.

"Guess the new German offensive will hold him a while," he concluded. "He won't know the latest. Farmers don't read—much. Politics—no, that ain't in my line. Guess I'll take a go at the food rations—that'll be sure to interest him. Lemme see?—oh, yes—daylight saving; sure to make a hit. Townsman's ideas about a great revolutionary reform. Oh, Lord! I wish that gong would sound for supper. This room's cold. Guess the furnace is out. Where's the register?"

He hunted but found none. And suddenly, the gong sounded at the foot of the stairs.

"Hi! Come to supper."

In the kitchen; dining-room out of commission; Mr. Hookwell handed him point-blank a plate of fried pork and potatoes.

"Help yourself to all you can see, Mr. Cummings."

"What do you think of the new German offensive?" asked Percy. "Think they'll break the line and roll up our armies?"

Mr. Hookwell gave him a swift insight into that operation. He knew more about the war than Percy did. He had a brother on the Somme.

"Quite a row about titles in the House, eh?" he chattered next. "Gee! I know some knights who look foolish now."

He mentioned familiarly two or three whom he had actually lunched at the next table to in some "swell cafe." Mr. H. was not visibly impressed. He had voted for one knight for years.



NO doubt a farmer has a great deal to test his Christianity in trying to make a farmhand of the sort of manhood represented by Percy Cummings. On the other hand Percy has his human troubles adjusting himself to the farmer. He wants to be useful. That's why he is now on the farm. But there are troubles ahead of him. How he fights through them to his own little atom of victory, will be told in forthcoming instalments - if he succeeds.

HOOKWELL & CUMMINGS

By AUGUSTUS BRIDLE

"He bought one o' my cows. Sir Arthur Binglow, another one, bought one o' my farms, too."

Percy discretely backed away to the food rations concerning which he told some really funny experiences down town, and quite held the floor on that topic till Mr. Hookwell said:

"Well, there's no rations here. What we need is three squares for a day's work. You'll find out!"

This seemed like a threat.

"How will daylight saving affect you, Mr. Hookwell?"

"Nothing doing," was the reply. "I've been up at five o'clock every morning since the middle of March. Bed with the hens and up with 'em. That's the ticket."

And he banged himself off to the milk pails, leaving Percy for that one evening to set his compass as he mooched disjointedly about the barnyard and the stable crammed with horses.

TENDERLY in his room that night when everybody went to bed in the complete silence of the house and the vaster silence of the great fields around about broken only by the squabbling of geese and the snorting of horses, Percy ventured to unpack his paraphernalia. Sadly he tried to find places for his toilet menage. Nothing seemed to fit. They were all as much out of place as himself. He could have wept.

And so, laying out his work-togs, he went to bed. And anon he was awakened by the daylight-saving method in vogue on that farm since the day it was chopped from the bush. He slid into his khaki shirt and his new overalls and his old white boots; unwashed, no sign of a wash-stand in the room, not even a pitcher, he groped his way below to where Mrs. Hookwell was just clattering betwixt breakfast and milk cans.

"Excuse me," he said gently. "Is there anything I can do?"

"Lots," she said sincerely. "Breakfast won't be on for half an hour. Mr. Hookwell's milking. Ever milk?"

"No, no—but I'm just crazy to—"

"Oh, you'll soon get over it. I guess, though there's a lot of other chores you can do," tittering to herself at the tennis shoes and the way Percy seemed to be engulfed in his overalls. He drifted out to the scene of action, out to where six horses munched hay, and ten cows stood in cement stalls in a huge basement patiently being pailed by Mr. Hookwell, who said unto him:

"Say, son—'spose you clean out the stable"

Percy shivered. He had expected to say good-

morning. He had often wondered how the lion-tamer felt. This was it. He felt sure one of these six mastodons munching hay would kick him in the pit of the stomach. Not because any of them was vicious, but because they all knew Percy was a greenhorn and probably wanted to make an example of him.

However, he ferreted out the manure fork and dared to approximate himself to the hinders of a fuzzy-ankled Clydesdale standing flatfooted in the middle of what Percy wanted to remove. Gingerly he worried at the edges trusting the Clyde would take the hint and step over. No. He just peered the whites of his eyes back at the youth and did nothing. Each of them as Percy cavorted along the edges did the same. So that when Hookwell came booting through with a can of milk on a wheel barrow he wanted to know,

"Fer the love o' handy-andy, ain't you got a start on that job yet? Why don't yeh make'm step over? Ho—o—o!"

Every Clyde jumped to attention.

"Bat'm with the fork, Percy—"

"Xcuse me," said Percy, reddening under the eyes. "Mr. Cummings, if you please. I don't call you Hiram—not yet."

"Me—oh, I don't give a hoot what yeh call me. All I want is something doing. Guess breakfast's ready now. Come to the house."

What Hiram said to his wife when he went in with the milk Percy heard not,

as he soused his unshaven face in the tin dish under the woodshed and combed himself on the family man-comb by the glass in the kitchen.

"I guess we picked a sooner, Gert," was the remark. "A real pippin. . . . Set in boy."

Thus did the temporary firm of Hookwell and Cummings start up amid prejudice, bigotry and mistrust. Each shied at the other. Each felt taken in. Hookwell damned his farm because it made him a slave. Percy cursed his luck because the farm had to have at least two slaves and might need more.

"Excuse me being personal, Mr. Cummings," remarked Hiram after breakfast, "but are them the kind o' foot-wear you calkulate to use on 'his land'?"

"Won't they do, Mr. Hookwell?"

"Well, a ten-acre field to harrow for oats ain't a tennis court."

"Oh, glory!" shot off Percy with a scared laugh. "I thought you rode the harrows?"

"Some folks do. We don't. Oh, well."

Hours later Percy came to himself in a swirl of dust in the midst of a huge rolling field, a beautiful field under a lovely foam-flecked sky. Hookwell was ploughing in the next field. Birds were singing hymns. Percy's white boots were packed with crumbs of clay. His lavender socks were humiliated. His hands were soiled from lifting one end of the harrows every now and again to extricate a corn-stubble from the teeth.

"Oh, Lord!" he almost sobbed at half past ten acres from where he had started. "I'm hungry."

HE was. But not merely hungry. His stomach was only one of the lonesome things that made up the mosaic individual once known as Percy Cummings of the tie store. He was lonesome from top to toe. He was being man-swallowed by that farm; reduced to a mere item of clodhopperhood; blest with brains that were no good to him on this cycle of jobs known as agriculture; cursed with stupidity into which he was born in his ignorance of the land.

He knew the farm was beautiful, and big and honest; that for the first time in his life he was really in the way of producing something that helped to feed the world when it no longer mattered whether the world wore neckties. He realized that an honest man's the noblest work of God and all that. But he had never yearned for the town as he did now. He would have walked back to the dear old street if he had only dared; because there was no other fellow within a mile such a complete ignoramus.

Oh, well, maybe that evening he would fix himself up in his room and write a letter to the manicure girl.

(To be continued.)



HOW WE MADE *our* GARDEN PAY

My Husband and Myself did it in our spare time, not charging for wages; a net profit, over what we consumed ourselves, of \$23.42.

By KATE KEARNEY

LAST year, everybody of patriotic tendencies, hied him to the hoe, rushed to the rake, sped to the spade; and, getting back to the land, put their backs into it—along with their favorite implement—in a way that sent a spasm of muscular fistianity over the country. And which—incidentally—must have put a neat little sum into the pockets of the Liniment Lords!

This year, many of us are asking, "Did it pay?" Personally, I found that it did. But garden accounts have to be balanced by a peculiar system all their own, before they can be audited and found correct.

Our garden is four years old. It comprises one acre of ground. And thereon stands: one house; one ice-house (now a tool shed); one garden house; one driveway (if a driveway can be said to stand!) one lawn; and flower beds, grass paths, hedges, shrubs, young trees, etc., etc. Also a piece of pasture never yet ploughed; and a hay-and-play-field, under and between two veteran maple trees; as well as an orchard (in embryo) and the kitchen garden. These last two occupy a space of some 125 x 90 feet, between the house, and the hay-and-play-field aforesaid.

A goodly proportion of the expenses are swallowed up by the lawn, shrubs, etc., for which one can count no actual cash returns, but which give us much pleasure, and add to the saleable value of the property. Flowers, also, take out more money than they bring in—though they make full returns of fragrance and beauty. While the bulbs may be expected to finish paying for themselves, in actual cash, this season.

Vegetables, of course, give the readiest returns. About sixteen dollars spent on vegetable seeds, roots, and small plants, gave us all-summer vegetables for a family of five, valued (at current prices) at thirty-five dollars; winter vegetables to store (carrots,

potatoes, onions, etc.) to the tune of thirty-five fifty. Twelve dollars worth I canned. We saved three dollars worth of seed potatoes. And we sold excess garden produce to the value of fifty-three dollars and forty cents.

The vegetables grown were: Asparagus; beets; beans (green, wax and winter); brussels sprouts; corn (early and late varieties); carrots; cauliflowers; cabbage; cucumber; kale; lettuce (various varieties); onions; parsnips; potatoes; parsley; peas (a number of successional varieties, that lasted from early June till late September); radishes; spinach; Swiss chard; squash; turnips; tomatoes, and vegetable marrow.

Of course, to make a success with vegetables, one must expend more than money for seeds. Our entire garden expenses last year, included manure, and other fertilizers, ploughing, tools, sprays, trellises and wire, fruit trees, bulbs, flower seeds, vegetable seeds, plants, and shrubs, as well as thirty dollars for extra labor, besides that done by my husband and myself. The whole sum totalled \$115.98. So that we made a net profit of twenty-three dollars and forty-two cents.

Thirty dollars, however, by no means represents the labor that was spent on the garden. My husband works there all his spare time. And his work is as the work of ten, because his touch is sure. I worked with him during a good deal of my spare time. But I am not yet an expert, by any means, though I hope I am improving. Probably the greatest difference in our method and manner of working in the good brown earth, lies in the fact that my husband gardens greatly because he loves it, while I frankly do not. Patriotism, profit, and the pleasure of sharing the same labors, are the three forces that keep my eyes on the ground.

The potato patch (60 x 80 feet or so) I planted

entirely by myself, and did most of the cultivating. I also did a great part of the picking, and all the marketing of the vegetables that we sold. When you make your own market, and sell in small lots, this is no job for a two-year-old.

We all did the "eat what you can" act, and I followed with the "can what you can't." My husband did all the storing of the winter vegetables so successfully that we ate our last vegetable marrow at the end of February, and a spring-flavored cabbage in early March; while carrots, etc., still taste as fresh as when taken from the earth.

I also kept the garden books. If the hours that we spent in keeping the home fields earning, were charged at the current wage rate for such work, we would be heavily out of pocket.

But during my husband's out-of-business hours he follows no profession, so that he cannot be said to be spending wage-earning time in the garden. As a mere wife and mother, MY time (according to the laws and customs of this country) has absolutely no commercial value. So mine doesn't count, anyway! And when I can lure the wily editor from his lair (cheque book in hand) to hear me tell "how we do it," I feel that my labor has not been quite in vain!

But remember!

If your garden is to be a paying proposition, you must deal—possibly gently, but CERTAINLY firmly—with it, from the very beginning.

Keep a real cash and carry account of every cent that goes into it, and every bit of value received from it.

Don't raise more than you can eat, store, can, sell, or give away (to some one who really needs it). And when you balance the seed-time with the harvest, don't forget to put a certain amount of credit in the column where credit is due, i.e., Patriotism and Increased Production.

RECRUITING THE LANDSTORMERS

A Practical Humoresque describing how the Western Soldierettes of the soil rallied to the Call of the Land.

By EDITH G. BAYNE

NOTHING to do with barnstorming. The word landstormers, we believe, has been borrowed from our foe's "Landsturm," and ought to indicate almost at once the particular form of war work for which it stands.

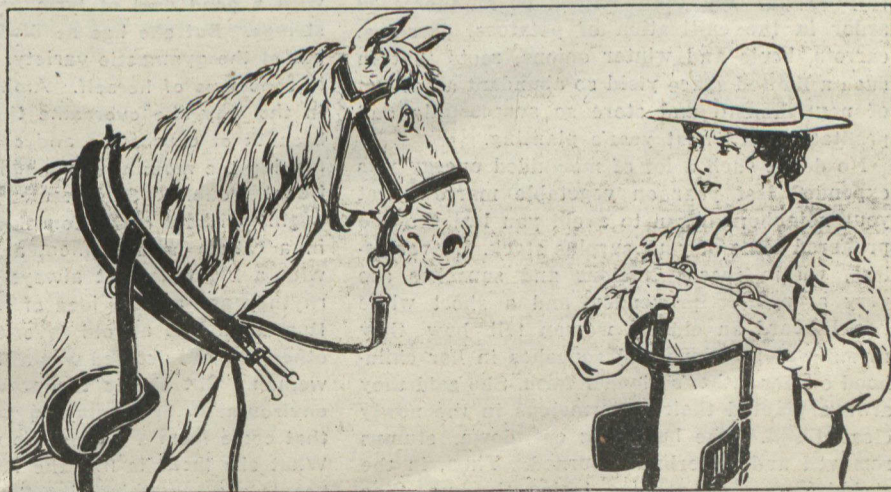
When the Domestic Employment Bureau for soldierettes of the soil opened we were there bright and early, for it had been rumored that the agency would do a regular land-office business from seven o'clock on. It was thought that there would be a rush of candidates "from homes of culture and refinement." But the place was only thinly filled at eight, and it was nine before anything like a crowd began to appear. Being no registry fee probably accounted for the presence of a large number of regular domestics, whose ardor was slightly dampened when they learned that they would have to go to the country! Some of them had only recently been "in munitions," and they wanted superior jobs, with large salaries—not wages, mark you—attached.

The girl who sat next to us was gowned like a motion-picture actress, and her nails were polished like pink pearls. It seemed an astounding thing that she was ready to roll up her Georgette-crepe sleeves and preside over a horrid vulgar cook-stove. She confided to us that she was "stony broke," the munitions factory having closed down three weeks ago.

But where were the zealots from the leading families? The girl from the Tribune whispered that the dears were probably just sipping their morning chocolate. Across from us a woman of middle age with a red feather in her hat tapped the floor impatiently with the toe of a high white kid shoe—at least it had once been white. Next to her were a flaxen-haired Norwegian damsel and her lover, who held hands through thick and thin, even going up to the desk in that delightful manner. On our starboard side was an apathetic girl in a shoddy velvet suit, chewing spearmint with true bovine languor. She, too, had been a munitionette, and was finding the change none too agreeable. In the past week she had accepted and left four jobs in the domestic line, the last one being at the home of a member of parliament.

"Mind, she fired me just because she happened to be snooping round and saw Charley holding me on his knee in the pantry! Is it my fault if Charley was born with an affect'nate nature?" she demanded.

By eleven o'clock there were about thirty girls and women of all ages ranged round three sides of the room. Others came in every few minutes and registered, and either left or joined the rest to wait for the clerks to call them. Near us a whole family—they were Ruthenians, the clerk said—had made them-



"My pretty dear," said the Horse to the soldierette of the soil, "did you ever try to put a spring bonnet over a night-cap?"

selves at home in the most picturesque manner imaginable, while awaiting the verdict of the powers-that-be in regard to a ranch job for the parents. On a gaily-colored quilt spread on the floor a healthy pair of infants disported themselves and shared the same nursing-bottle. Three other children frolicked about their parents. The father, in his sock-feet, sat eating tomatoes from a can he had opened with his jack-knife, occasionally dispensing spoonfuls to his offspring while the maternal parent presided over a fat hamper from which emerged from time to time an atrophied cold-chicken, some bologna sausage, sandwiches of a marvellous thickness, a jar of cooked prunes, and a broken-spouted brown tea-pot. Two handsome young Indian girls sat silent watching the eatables disappear. A Galician bride pitifully young, knitted industriously at a variegated sweater and seemed so sad one might have been pardoned for thinking her husband absent in France. But he appeared later, resplendent in a new suit of "store clothes," and loaded down with packages which he opened at once, displaying a pair of "an ladies' shoes, a suit of men's underwear, a bag of fruit, and a hat for his little wife.

Suddenly a question was shot at me. Looking up I beheld a lady in a seal coat.

"Can you cook?" she demanded.

"Y-yes. Oh, yes," was the faltering reply.

She continued to observe me, noting every article of my simple attire, and I wondered if she were one of those volunteers from the "best families," who had at last made her appearance, and who was trying to get a line on the motives of the rest of us. But her next query dispelled this naive idea.

"Are you an early riser?"

"Not very," I admitted.

"Well, I like your appearance. You're the only one here who isn't dressed for a party," she declared, with what sounded like a sigh of relief. "Now, if only you'll suit in other ways—"

"Excuse me—"

But she rushed right on:

"You look fairly strong and seem intelligent. I haven't been to the desk yet, but I'm going up now

and I'll look at your record. Where did you work last? In the city? Have you any followers? Any young men friends?"

"Well, er—" I began in confusion.

"Oh, you needn't say you haven't!" went on the seal-coated person. "That's what they all say, but I always notice they have men hanging round just the same! If you are in the habit of entertaining soldiers in the kitchen—"

A sudden tug at my arm! Then a whisper:

"That's her! The M. P.'s wife!"

The lady in the seal coat transferred her gaze to the speaker, who sniffed, tossed her head, and swung about.

"As to having soldiers in the kitchen," I suddenly spoke up, "I would never countenance such a thing! The best drawingroom in this city is none too good for Jack Canuck!"

The lady gasped, but just then another person from her own social level came up; thin lips and a pointed nose.

"Oh, Aunt Janet!" cried the first one. "Do stop a moment. I've found one who might do, if—"

The rest was in whispers:

" . . . I'm going to offer her eight a week . . . says she can cook . . . seems intelligent but a little saucy . . . hadn't be better . . ."

Meanwhile Aunt Janet was sizing me up out of her gimlet eyes.

"Better wait," was her verdict.

"But I've tramped down town six times already, and combed every employment agency in the city—"

"I know, poor dear! But I've found a treasure myself. She's over there by the desk now. Look! That girl in the brown. Let us go and grab her!"

They went away, and I watched them head straight for the only person in brown in the room—the girl from the Tribune! Then I gave her "the high sign," and she neatly circumvented them and reached my side, after which we went outside for a breath of air. We could have told these would-be employers of ours that we were already engaged for the summer on a ranch, as Landstormers. However, the clerk did it for us later, and we regret to say that they

didn't succeed in finding any person that would suit them, though they hung about all day and interviewed at least a dozen people.

In the afternoon the big "rush" became too strenuous for the two original clerks, and we were drafted in to help them out. All volunteers paid one dollar down as a guarantee of good faith. Lists of duties and hours for same had been made out by the ranchers and their wives. The employers had been compelled to promise, "in black and white," that these dollars would be refunded. The volunteers represented every strata of society; girls who had never so much as buttoned their own shoes, offering to do barn chores, wash milk-cans, bed down horses, pump water for fifty head of stock, pull weeds, drive a binder, stook grain, and dig post-holes.

But—don't sneer! It is too soon. These girls are going to find themselves this summer. They are going to learn a great many things; the joy of work well done. There were girls signing up who already knew this blessing, girls who had had to work for a living and wanted to "change off" for a few weeks. There were teachers, clerks, office-workers of all kinds, students from the university and the collegiate and the normal schools. There were girls "just living at home," and girls who had been widowed in the war; girls with a thirst for adventure and girls who willingly left a paying profession pro tem.; girls who gladly seized the chance to do something for Canada besides talk—talk—talk, and pray and pour tea; girls who said, "Yes, mum," and girls whose words and accents were of the utmost refinement. They trooped in by hundreds.

All afternoon and well into the evening we worked, and still they came. We forgot about supper until somebody sent it in to us hot and appetizing from a nearby cafe. Eleven o'clock came and we were not yet through, so we closed up and hung a card outside saying: "This agency will be open again tomorrow, at nine o'clock."

There will be no idle women in Canada this summer. Incidentally, the slogan the Landstormers have chosen is: "Dulce et decorum est pro patria labori."

YOU WON'T SQUANDER YOURSELF THIS YEAR

Timely Hints on Four Vegetables that will Interest the Backyard Gardener

EVERYBODY is going to garden this year, everybody is giving advice, especially the amateurs, and finally everybody has got so warmed up to the business that each one is secretly resolved to paddle her own canoe, or, more correctly, wield his own spade. Last-year novices know by experience what thrives best in their own peculiar plots, and they have probably advanced farther, and decided to concentrate on vegetables that will keep all winter and materially eke out the household menu and purse.

Lettuce, spinach, radishes, green onions and cress are very good early summer tonics, and hot weather relishes, but a garden full of them is not a very substantial or paying investment. Neither this year will people probably squander a whole paper of squash and marrow seeds on one small garden, nor a single family run much beyond the two box limit in tomatoes, if space is precious. But there should be an increased ardor in the cultivation of potatoes, parsnips, carrots, beets and winter onions, roots that in such a limited space yield so abundant a harvest of nourishment, and store so successfully and profitably until next year's planting.

No doubt such a lot of misguided energy was expended last year on vegetable marrow that your neighbors began to avoid you lest they be proffered some of your surplus stock. Nevertheless, within reason, melons and squashes are very acceptable provender, and a short while ago I heard an elderly woman tell how they raised water melons and squashes in her childhood on her father's pioneer farm. She said they always planted their watermelons in the newly cleared soil. The bush was cut down, stumps removed and underbrush burned. Then, in the stubby grass on a slope facing the sun, they scratched a little hole and dropped in the seed, and the vines grew and rioted over the unbroken soil. They always raised such runners in this

and prospered in spite of weeds and no attention. Likewise, it is not perhaps fully appreciated how suitable a vegetable is the artichoke for the neglected fence corner, the unpromising strip along the lane, or the poor uncultivated patch of the garden that usually goes to waste having defied the amateur weakness of your spade and muscles. But there is one garden product that is highly valuable as a food, keenly relished by the untutored and epicure, yet generally taboo as being only within the compass of professional market gardeners, namely the crisp and tasty celery heads. Now, there is no reason on earth why any man that raises parsnips or carrots cannot likewise raise celery. Everybody would tell you a few years ago that celery must be planted in swampy black muck, which, translated into practical English, means that celery wants plenty of moisture. The man who is going to raise celery for market needs the lowlying damp ground, but he has to fertilize it, whilst the man who just wants enough for his family, can do very well in his ordinary fertile garden soil. Then everybody said celery must be planted in deep trenches, and banked up properly, or it wouldn't grow, which, again, translated into practical English, meant that as the celery roots shoot up they must be shielded from the light so as to bleach them. Consequently the chief items in celery culture are well-worked soil, a superabundance of water, and a proper bleaching process.

WHAT MAUD POWELL LACKS

By THE MUSIC EDITOR

MAUD POWELL is truly American. Her violin playing as exhibited at the last concert this season of the Toronto Symphony Orchestra has the characteristics of the country; strength, cunning, experience and lots of verve; with a good deal of lyric delicacy, especially on the muted strings. But she has no birdlike ecstasy. She has abandon, but of the gymnastic variety. Not exactly self-conscious; she is conscious of herself. Ambitious, she showed her ambition in the way she overcame the Saint-Saens Concerto; with a breadth of expression and considerable superficiality, always making the most of every subterfuge and keeping out of emotional trouble. She seemed to understand the work thoroughly without being conscious of its bigness. She played it in a rather hard fashion, at times rather scratchily, rarely with a big tone, but always with a well-developed sense of rhythm, and a clear idea of what the composer really meant. It seemed like an old favorite of hers which some time or other she had decided was a little too much for her. A clever woman. But she is the product of a highly-strung nervous environment. Her playing lacks the joy and the resiliency that come from a simple life engaged in a very beautiful art. What she lacks is like the I in front of a number. A lot of people are something like that. Even women. Especially in art. What makes them fail to go all the way is some obvious human quality that doesn't exclusively belong to art at all, but to everybody. Maud Powell is too—sophisticated.

I still believe that no celery is so sweet, tasty and crisp as that well bleached by the old-fashioned clay trench system, but you must be so particular about banking it when dry, and leaving it alone when dew-damped or rain-wet to avoid rust, that I would heartily recommend the newer and simpler process. Last year I saw celery planted in a solid, flat bed about six foot square, with each plant four inches apart. That

(Concluded on page 30.)

A DAY OF FEASTING

Paris Eats Her Last Cake

Paris, March 2, 1918.

By ESTELLE M. KERR

ONE needs to become a working girl in order to thoroughly enjoy a Saturday half holiday! I skipped for joy when twelve o'clock came, and I gave the car a final rub, locked the garage, and wiped as much of the black grease and dirt from my hands as I could. It is hard to be a chauffeuse and a lady at the same time; but I felt more like the latter than I had for many a day, as I walked down the wide avenue of the Bois de Boulogne. At least, I was clean, and I had laid aside my heavy boots and coat, for already spring was in the air.

The little booths at the street-corners were filled with great masses of violets, mimosa and lilac. There were no flowers in the Avenue, but the grass was green and the children supplied cheerful splashes of color to the scene, with their elaborate costumes of purple, cerise and azure blue. Sometimes they were accompanied by a nourrice with gay streamers of ribbon; sometimes by a mother whose crepe veil hung to the hem of her skirt.

People glanced curiously at my badges and the brassarde with "Oeuvre Anglaise" embroidered on my sleeve; for women in uniform are much less common in Paris than London, only the costume is too dull to arouse admiration. A Frenchwoman finds it difficult to remain "strictly tailored." The ticket collectors in the underground railways are apt to wear with their soldier's caps, a lace fichu or a crocheted shawl!

At the end of the Avenue the Arc de Triomphe stands, still beautiful against the sky, though surmounted by anti-aircraft guns, and since the last visit of the Gothas, its sculptural base has been covered by a mass of sand-bags. Paris has changed little in appearance during the last five years; but in spirit it is vastly different. Many of the luxurious hotels in the Champs Elysees have been converted into hospitals, shops which formerly rented for large sums now serve as offices for war charities, or for the sale of articles made by blind or wounded soldiers. Some of their work is very beautiful. Paris was always famous for her "articles de luxe," and her wounded show great aptitude for such things as intricate bead necklaces, in the manufacture of which our soldiers would be apt to find their fingers "all thumbs."

Luxuries are still plentiful in Paris—it is only the necessities that grow scarce and dear. The rue de la Paix is still bordered by jewelry shops, and the latest novelties are in the form of dainty little cases or bags in which the fashionable Parisienne is supposed to carry her bread and sugar. The real luxury of the present day is food. But things which may be purchased to-day are unobtainable to-morrow; and I had come forth, a stranger in a strange land, to celebrate the last day in which Paris feasted on cake.

I had planned to visit one of the numerous tea-rooms I used to frequent when I lived in Paris years ago; but I found them deserted or turned into simple bakeries, where dried fruit and jams are offered for sale instead of cake. The Ceylon tea-rooms had vanished completely; gone were the English tea-rooms. The fashionable five o'clock rendezvous for Parisian ladies, before which a line of limousines with flunkies in livery used to wait, appeared deserted. At last I came to a patisserie in the Grands Boulevards; apparently tea was not served there, but the shops were crowded with ladies buying cakes, the most luscious-looking cakes! The shop-girls kept recommending varieties that would keep fresh for a long time; but there were some enticing little sponge-cakes filled with cream and covered with almonds, that were plainly meant for immediate consumption; so I picked up one and ate it in true French fashion. A shocked expression overspread the face of one sales-girl, and another turned from her customer to say:

"Mais, madame, it is forbidden to eat here! Still, as madame has already commenced—that will be six cents."

I paid the money gladly. It was but a mouthful, but the memory of that delicious cake will linger—the last I will taste for many a day!

The Parisian ladies who loved to go into a patis-

serie and eat numerous cakes at five o'clock paid dearly for their pleasures; for some of their favorite morsels cost ten cents each. But when the law forbidding their consumption in shops or restaurants was introduced, their appetites waned—it is not nearly so amusing to eat them from a paper bag in the street—and now they were to be suppressed entirely!

Still I longed for tea. When you have lunch at twelve and dinner at eight, tea becomes more of a necessity than a luxury. There were cafes at almost every corner; and people seated at little tables on the sidewalks consumed their favorite beverages—anything, everything, but tea. At last I saw the welcome word "Fiveoclock," which the French have borrowed from our language. I felt sure that there I would be able to obtain tolerable tea or delicious chocolate, and the cakes that I had already tasted in anticipation during my long walk. I had deliberately compared the attractions of the "madeleine," the "baba au rhum," the "plum-cake" and the "tart aux cerises." I braced myself for the important decision. It was never made; for nothing was displayed for sale but yard-long loaves of war-bread. I seated myself at one of the tiny marble-topped tables, and ordered tea; then I walked to the counter to make my choice of edibles; bread and butter, or bread and jam, or sandwich. I decided on a roll, and was promptly asked for a bread ticket. Having none I turned sorrowfully away.

"But madame may have a sandwich!"

WHY I was permitted to eat a roll with a slice of ham in it, when a plain roll was forbidden, I do not know; but I took it gratefully to my little table, and ate it with my clear tea. In England you must take tea without sugar; in France you must do without milk, for that cannot be served in restaurants after 9 a.m. The tea satisfied my appetite, but not my greed. I still longed for sweets, and was determined to embrace this last opportunity of buying them. There were some delicious varieties of silver-wrapped chocolates beloved in my student days; nougat, noisette, praline. If I remember rightly they were two cents apiece; now they were four, five or six for a single chocolate drop; but this was the last day on which they could be purchased. Hang the expense! I bought three and munched them as I crossed the Seine and walked up the narrow streets I used to know so well, leading to the Latin Quarter where I had spent two seasons in the pursuit of Art.

It was growing dark, and the glory of Paris faded

with the sun. I had not remembered that the streets were so dingy. They had never been so dark, but I managed to find my way to the academy where I used to study. The hall was deserted, and I groped my way down the stone steps that led to the courtyard. There was the same old statue, the same dusty and unhealthy shrub, and there were signs of life within. I opened the door into the ante-chamber of the life-class—a small room surrounded by students' drawings—that might have been the same ones which adorned the walls years ago. I softly opened the door and closed it behind me. There was the same semi-circle around the model stand, with rows of stools, low at the front and high in the rear of the atelier. There were not so many students as formerly in this 4 to 7 sketch class; but the typical artists were there—long-haired youths in raggy corduroy trousers, dowdy women grown old in the pur-

suit of art, whispering girls of doubtful nationality. The pretty little short-haired model standing motionless in the glare of the light glanced in my direction, some of the scratching pencils paused a moment and then went on. It was true; one still studied art in the Latin Quarter, but both studio and students were shabby.

"C'est l'heure, modele," someone called, and the little figure on the throne stretched herself, yawned and sat down on a stool near the stove. One of the students spoke to her and she nodded

her head. He passed among them and each one contributed a penny for extra pay for the little girl whose profession

was now even less lucrative than theirs. He was going to pass me by, as I was an outsider; but I felt in the pocket of my uniform and produced, not a penny, but a big silver-wrapped chocolate drop. The little model clapped her hands with delight when she saw it, and I closed the door and left her munching it like a child, while the students gathered up their pencils and prepared to go to their lodgings or to one of the cafes of the quarter.

I walked on to the next crossway, and stood uncertain whether to go home, or to dine as of old in one of the quiet little cafes frequented by students; but the place had changed hands, and I could see fat bourgeois sitting at the little tables before the restaurant, where groups of care-free artists used to lounge. There were soldiers everywhere, in blue and khaki; there was one in the baggy blue trousers and red coat of the Zouaves. I felt strange, and for the first time, lonely. The party of one that had seemed so amusing began to bore me. Then I saw something that was not in the crossway when I used to frequent the Quarter of old—the entrance to the underground labelled "Metropolitan." Once inside I knew that I would soon be transported across Paris to the comfortable flat I share with six other khaki-clad war workers. It seemed dull to return home so early on a day of feasting; but still more dull to dine alone.

Slowly I wandered past the doors opening into the cafes, past the little tables filled with soldiers, and as I joined the throng of people who were surging down the broad stairs that led underground, dark was falling. My first Saturday half holiday was at an end. The final day of feasting in the big city was over; for now Paris was eating her last cake!





BIRDS

Not of a Feather

By AN AMATEUR

where about breakfast time. His treatment of the worm is that of a pure Prussian. In that respect he is an author of atrocities, his only excuse being that he needs the worm in his business and the worm has no feelings anyway that he should object to being stretched like a rubber band till he breaks in the middle, when I suppose the other end sets up business to wait for the next robin.

NOT being the station-master of the birds, I don't know when the bird-trains are all due at the northern depots. But not long after this gets into print the whole blessed summer-stock troupe with the augmented orchestra will be all over Canada, which I suppose is the greatest bird-migration country in the world. Everybody is privileged to know a few birds. None of us know them all. The best we can do is to swap acquaintances.

Bird experts won't read this, which is all the more reason someone else will. And we all know the robin, which we are always told isn't at all like the real English variety, because his breast isn't real red, and he sounds more like a thrush. He is positively the first in the morning choir, and he would just as soon set up housekeeping in a backyard as in a grove. He is not a real Bolshevik like the sparrow, but he's certainly a socialist of some kind. I knew one that hatched out a fine family in an open eave-trough beaten upon by all the rains of heaven, and damming up the water. And they all prospered. But the second family was raised somewhere else. For, of course, robins always have two broods a season; which is one reason why they come so early, no matter what may be the visible supply of worms. This year they came so early that some of them had to use up last summer's crop of rowan-berries that none of them would even look at last fall. I have never been in love with the chirp of the robin, but I am unfailingly enchanted by his song, that luscious, tireless headlong, mouthful of melody that ushers in any new day and doesn't stop till some-

Kipling and the Huns

KIPLING has not talked or written half enough about the war. The man who glorified the big little outpost wars of Empire among the world's queer tribes seems to have regarded this war as much too vast even for his great pen. But Kipling knows what the German is, and he knows what the Indian Thugs used to be, and he was talking right by the book when he said in a speech at Folkestone recently that the Germans are the Out-Thuggers of the Thug.

People, he said, who have been brought up to make organized evil in every form their supreme good because they believe that evil will pay them are not going to change their belief till it is proved that evil does not pay. So far, the Hun believes that evil has paid him in the past and will pay him better in the future. He has had a good start. Like the Thug, the Hun knew exactly what he meant to do before he opened his campaign against mankind. As we have proof now, his poisoned sweetmeats and knotted towels were prepared years beforehand, and his spies had given him the fullest information about all the people he intended to attack. So he is doing what is right in his own eyes. He thought out the hell he wished to create; he built it up seriously and scientifically with his best hands and brains; he breathed into it his own spirit, that it might grow with his needs; and at the hour that he judged best he let it loose on a world that till then had believed there were limits beyond which men dared not sin.

Nine-tenths of the atrocities Germany has committed have not been made public. I think this a mistake. But one gets hint of them here and there—Folkestone has had more than a hint. For instance, we were told the other day that more than 14,000 English noncombatants, men, women and children, had been drowned, burned, or blown to pieces since the war began. But we have no conception—and till the veil is lifted after the war we shall have no conception—of the range and system of these atrocities. Least of all shall we realize, as they

THE woodpecker is here. You have heard him for weeks now—that joy-hunting, swearing shriek, as he plunges through the first bit of woods that comes handy. He's not particular about the size of the bush, so long as it has grubs enough. He has a red head and is very proud of it. He knows that everybody knows him. And if he is unnoticed to-day he'll let you know about himself tomorrow. The old stub or the dead pine-tree behind the town lot is a mine for him. He scrambles over it with a cocksure claw and a curious eye, and that deadly long beak which the modern trip-hammer has tried to imitate without success. The woodpecker is the only trip-hammer now working in Canada. He can get more punk out of one little hole the size of a lead pencil than you ever supposed could be in it. Every dead tree is a theoretical fortress of bugs and grubs and ants. If not, why not? The grubs were made for woodpeckers. And the further in they bore the harder the woodpecker must work to get them out. All birds have brains—we know that. But no bird ever was that used his head like the woodpecker.

There must be shock-absorbers in his brain or he would have a continuous headache. He is a fat, swaggering, cursing rascal, and we all love him because he's part of the savage joy of life based upon



hard work. Nobody ever saw a woodpecker loafing. He is always on the go. And if he should let his trip-hammer of a head stay still long enough to think he would probably go crazy; because the world is so thundering big—and he can't scream loud enough to be heard more than half a mile one of these bright open days. As he was in the bush, so is he in the town. And so may he always remain, wherever he may be—there is none of him on the prairies—the friend of common people.

SONG-SPARROWS are just the reverse of little boys. They are made to be heard, not seen. Nobody ever sees song-sparrows except those lynx-eyed folk who go out with field-glasses, and know exactly where to poke into the brushwood before the buds come out. They are groundlings, who now and again consent to flit up into a low branch of a tree. But trying to see them is not half the joy of listening to them. And to save your life you'll never know how many kinds of song-sparrow there are, because you never can recall just how one sweet little mad-song runs into another. Maybe some of the song-sparrows you think you hear are warblers. Well, it doesn't matter. The song's the thing. There's one that just twiddles itself away into a shiver of notes that no phonograph ever can record; another that ends with three little pensive lisping notes that sometimes seem to be on the same key, and sometimes not; and another that starts with a lingo and ends up with saying three times as plain as can be, "Schwitzer, schwitzer, schwitzer." No, it's not German. It's much too musical.

Keeping Posted

On Some People's Opinions

realize in Belgium and occupied France just across the water, the cold organized miseries which Germany has laid upon the populations that have fallen into her hands, that she might break their bodies and defile their souls. That is part of the German creed. What understanding is possible with a breed

THE GERMAN GOD.



"Forward with God!"

—From L'Asino, Rome.

that have worked for and brought about these things? And so long as the Germans are left with any excuse for thinking that such things pay, can any peace be made with them in which men can trust? None. For it is the peculiar essence of German Kultur, which is the German religion, that it is Germany's moral duty to break every tie, every restriction, that binds man to fellow-man if she thinks it will pay. Therefore, all mankind are against her. Therefore all mankind must be against her till she learns that no race can break its way outside the borders of humanity.

Rather Cry Than Laugh

AMERICANS would rather cry than laugh any day, declares Nora Bayes, noted entertainer, in the American Magazine. Wherein it is not a bit different from the public in Australia, India, Russia or France. The secret of this is very simple—If you can make anybody cry, you make them forget themselves. The minute you make them forget themselves they are being entertained. If you can set them to thinking about your blues instead of their own, they are taken out of themselves.

One thing I have never done, and that is to sing what is known on Broadway as a "mother song." "Mother songs" and "flag songs" are what we call "give-us-your-kind-applause stuff." They have been hacked and overworked and dragged through the mud to a point where they are almost disgusting. And I have always noticed that the man who applauds a mother song loudest is the man who has not written to his mother for years. Just so you will notice that the man who wildly applauds a flag song is the man whose patriotism is exhausted when he rises bravely up and goes down to the boat to see the boys off for the front, and then goes back to his office to howl about the taxes.

I am often asked whether there is any one particular human idea that appeals to audiences above all others. The answer is, that if there were, all of us would be singing it all the time and getting rich.

How the Y.M.C.A. Contributes to Victory

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Serve your Country by your labor and make a gift to the Red Triangle Fund from your earnings! What a fine chance to do a double service! Six thousand boys are asked to give \$10 each. Of the total, \$50,000 goes to help the soldiers, the balance for boys' work. Gifts must be at least \$10, the standard unit. A boy may subscribe more than \$10 in \$10 units but not less. A beautifully engraved certificate will be given to each subscriber. Ask your local Y. M. C. A. representative for pledge card and full information.



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YPREES, Langemarck, Festubert, Vimy Ridge, Paschendaele—how the very names thrill! They stand for deeds of the bravest of the brave—our own Canadian lads! They fight and win, not always by strength of numbers, but by unbeatable fighting spirit, or "morale."

Said a British Staff officer: "I have known morale to be found in a cup of hot coffee. I have seen it sustained by a man's merely writing a letter home. If you want an easy and short definition of 'morale' you will find a good one in the four letters Y.M.C.A."

Y.M.C.A. Red Triangle Fund

\$2,250,000, May 7, 8, 9

Canada-Wide Appeal

The staff officer pointed to the men trooping into the big Y.M.C.A. hut and continued: "Those men are going to the front line to-morrow. In the Y.M.C.A. some of them will be playing games, others attending divine service, but each in his own way will find a strengthening of his 'morale' in the comradeship of his fellows under the Red Triangle. All this is a thing which is going to turn the balance in our favor."

Through the hell of battle after battle, our brave soldiers fight. Through fire, water, mud, filth and deadly danger follows the ever faithful Y.M.C.A. man, even if he can bring but a bucket of invigorating coffee to fagged fighters. Will you help us to supply the coffee—and to render the thousand and one similar services to soldiers everywhere?

The Y.M.C.A. needs at least \$2,250,000 to meet the tremendous demands. Be generous!

Bits from Soldiers' Letters

"The Hut is very well termed 'next to home.'"

"I went home for the first time in 18 years and I had not written for 13 years. I have given up my old habits of drinking and gambling and thank God for it. Thanks to a little word caught at one of your good-night services."

"From one end of the train to the other I heard nothing but good of the 'Y.' Your representative did his best to supply our needs, purchasing stuff at rock bottom prices and letting the boys have it the same way."

"They send guides out with parties of soldiers on sight-seeing tours all over London."

A German prisoner said: "The reason you fellows show such fight is easily understood. Your officers' canteens, Y. M. C. A.'s and padres are backing you up."

"Who pays? I don't know. But whoever they are, God bless them. They are the fathers of thousands of boys."

Tributes

Lord Northcliffe:

"I do not think the war can be fought without the Y.M.C.A."

Maj.-General Burstall:

"The benefit to the troops is beyond calculation."

Lt. Colonel Mayes:

"Games have a tendency to increase fighting spirit. Any efforts on your part to expedite delivery of athletic equipment will be of national service."

Harry Lauder:

"We took the responsibility of sending these boys to defend us, and we must not fail them. The Y. M. C. A. huts are the soldiers' 'Home from Home.'"

Brig. Gen. Odlum;

"I want to let you know how much I was impressed with the work done by the Y.M.C.A. It was simply magnificent. All ranks are enthusiastic. I have recommended one of your officers for the Military Cross. The Y.M.C.A. has endeared itself to the soldier in France as no other institution has."

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The Busy Dollar

By RUDYARD KIPLING

(Extract from recent address at Folkestone, Eng.)

MONEY is a curious article. Have you ever thought that invested money is the only thing in the world, outside the army, the navy, and the mercantile marine, that will work for you while you sleep? Everything else knocks off, or goes to bed, or takes a holiday at intervals, but our money sits up all through the year, working to fetch in the five per cent. interest that the Government gives on every pound it borrows from us. I am not a financier, but I do know that much, and I do know that a man who has an income, however small, from money he has saved is free of worry and anxiety for himself, his wife and his children, up to the extent of that income.

Savings represent much more than their mere money value. They are proof that the saver is worth something in himself. Any fool can waste. Any fool can muddle, but it takes something of a man to save, and the more he saves the more of a man does it make him. Waste and extravagance unsettle a man's mind for every crisis; thrift, which means some form of self-restraint and continence, steadies it. And we need steady minds just now.

Remember, too, that everything we waste in the way of manufactured goods, from a match upward, as well as everything we buy that isn't absolutely necessary to get on with, means diverting some man's or woman's time and energy from doing war work, which means supplies, food, munitions, ships, is the only thing that is of the least importance now. Everything outside that necessity is danger and waste. So you see we are all in a splendid position to invest. Not only is there more money going about and fewer things to buy with it, but it is also wrong to spend money on what there is available. The road has been cleared of all obstacles to saving. The interest on what we save helps to make us personally independent; the money we lend to the Government helps to set our land and our world free. Our security for our loan is not only the whole of the British Empire, but also the whole of civilization, which has pooled its resources in men, money and material to carry on this war to victory. Nothing else under heaven matters to-day except that the war shall go on to that end.

Increase in Profits

THE eighty second annual report and statement of the Bank of British North America makes a very satisfactory showing. For the year ending November 30, 1917, the profits—-together with \$104,222 brought forward from the previous year—-amounted to \$772,226, as compared with 598,522 in the preceding year. Out of this sum \$194,666 was appropriated to an interim dividend paid last October, leaving a balance of \$577,559, out of which the directors have this month declared a dividend of 40 shillings per share, less income tax. The usual bonus of five per cent. was paid to all the staff, estimated to cost \$43,800, also a special war bonus to those members of the staff remaining on duty, and of not less than six months' service to meet the increase in their necessary expenditure. This was estimated to cost about \$34,066, and it was proposed to carry forward \$156,309.



46th ANNUAL STATEMENT

of the Result of the Business of the Bank for the Fifteen Months Ending 28th February, 1918

Bank of Hamilton

BOARD OF DIRECTORS:

SIR JOHN HENDRIE, K.C.M.G., C.V.O., President.
 CYRUS A. BIRGE, Vice-President.
 C. C. DALTON ROBT. HOESON W. E. PHIN
 I. PITBLADO, K.C. J. TURNBULL W. A. WOOD

J. P. BELL, General Manager.

PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT

Balance at credit of Profit and Loss Account, 30th November, 1916	\$209,556.57
Profits for fifteen months ended 28th February, 1918, after deducting charges of management, interest accrued on deposits, rebate on current discounts, and making provision for bad and doubtful debts	598,522.04
	\$808,078.61
Appropriated as follows:	
Five Quarterly Dividends at the rate of 12 per cent. per annum	\$450,000.00
Pension Fund, Annual Assessment	12,106.81
Special Contribution	10,000.00
	22,106.81
War Tax on Bank Note Circulation	37,500.00
Patriotic, Red Cross and Relief Funds	16,050.00
Bank Premises Account	50,000.00
	575,656.81
Balance of Profits carried forward	\$232,421.80

Hamilton, 18th March, 1918.

GENERAL STATEMENT

LIABILITIES.	ASSETS.
To the Public:	Current Coin
Notes of the Bank in Circulation	\$ 901,257.15
Deposits not bearing interest, \$16,771,669.62	Dominion Government Notes
Deposits bearing interest, including interest accrued to date of statement	6,024,951.00
..... 36,588,311.42	Deposit in Central Gold Reserves
\$53,359,981.04	2,500,000.00
Balances due to other Banks in Canada	Deposit with the Minister of Finance for the purposes of the Circulation Fund
44,154.60	157,000.00
988.30	Notes of other Banks
Balances due to Banks and Banking Correspondents in the United Kingdom	389,297.00
..... 988.30	Cheques on other Banks
Balances due to Banks and Banking Correspondents elsewhere than in Canada and the United Kingdom	1,846,132.58
1,191,407.61	Balances due by other Banks in Canada
194,917.27	338,559.07
Acceptances under Letters of Credit	Balances due by Banks and Banking Correspondents elsewhere than in Canada
..... 194,917.27	1,059,602.77
\$59,918,559.91	\$13,216,799.57
	Dominion and Provincial Government Securities, not exceeding market value
To the Shareholders:	3,295,775.32
Capital Stock paid in	Canadian Municipal Securities, and British, Foreign and Colonial Public Securities other than Canadian
3,000,000.00	7,541,280.23
Reserve Fund	Railway and other Bonds, Debentures and Stocks, not exceeding market value
\$3,300,000.00	674,841.02
Balance of Profits carried forward	Call and Short Loans (not exceeding thirty days) in Canada, on Bonds, Debentures and Stocks
232,421.80	3,487,456.12
\$3,532,421.80	Call and Short Loans (not exceeding thirty days) elsewhere than in Canada
Dividend No. 115, payable 1st March, 1918	1,400,000.00
90,000.00	\$29,616,152.26
Former Dividends unclaimed	Other Current Loans and Discounts in Canada (less rebate of interest)
699.00	33,134,198.55
3,623,120.80	Other Current Loans and Discounts elsewhere than in Canada (less rebate of interest)
\$66,541,680.71	575,196.00
	Real Estate other than Bank Premises
	407,628.84
	Overdue Debts, estimated loss provided for Bank Premises, at not more than cost, less amounts written off
	175,542.30
	Other Assets not included in the foregoing
	2,145,455.13
	Liabilities of Customers under Letters of Credit as per contra
	292,590.36
	194,917.27
	\$66,541,680.71

JOHN S. HENDRIE, President.

J. P. BELL, General Manager.

AUDITORS' REPORT

In accordance with the provisions of Sub-sections 19 and 20 of Section 56 of the Bank Act, we report to the Shareholders as follows:
 We have examined the above Balance Sheet with the books and vouchers at Head Office, and with the certified returns from the Branches, and we have obtained all the information and explanations we have required, and in our opinion the transactions which have come under our notice have been within the powers of the Bank.
 We have checked the cash and verified the securities of the Bank at the Chief Office and at several of the principal Branches during the fifteen months covered by this statement, as well as on February 28th, 1918, and have found that they agreed with the entries in the books of the Bank with regard thereto.
 In our opinion the Balance Sheet is properly drawn up so as to exhibit a true and correct view of the state of the Bank's affairs according to the best of our information and the explanations given us, and as shown by the books of the Bank.
 Hamilton, 18th March, 1918.

C. S. SCOTT, Chartered Accountants.
 E. S. READ, Auditors.

Conservation of Funds

Nothing diminishes a man's resources so rapidly as imprudent investment. Protection of the principal sum is every investor's first duty.

We invite inquiries about the details of our Guaranteed Trust Investment plan for investing clients' funds in carefully selected first mortgages on improved real estate.

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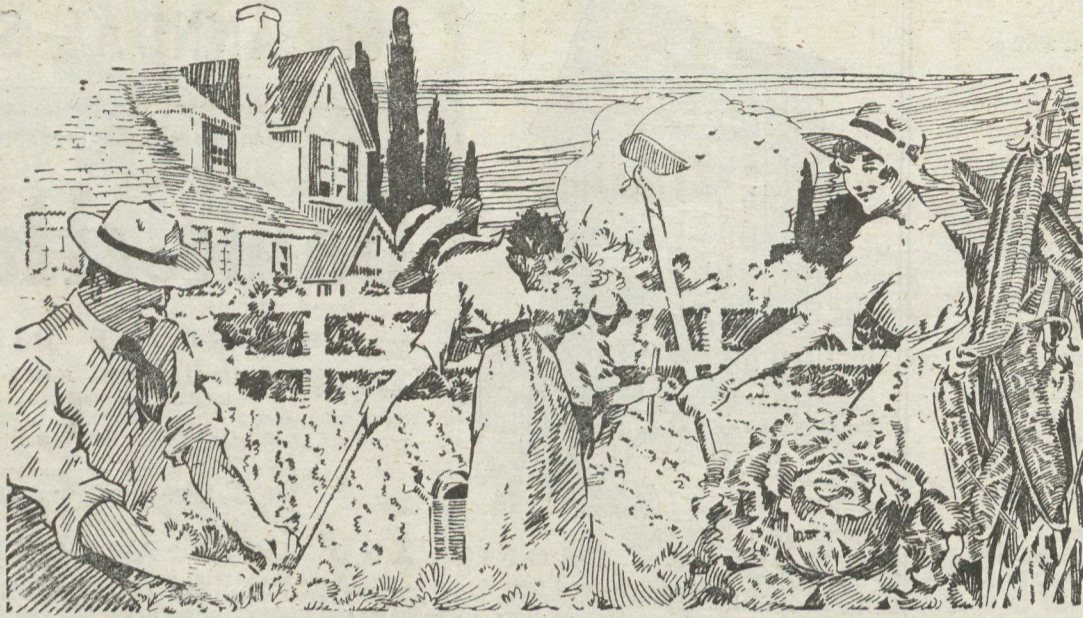
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Make Your Vegetable Garden A Family Affair

The best way to insure the success of your vegetable garden is to get every member of the family interested in it.

Don't put the whole burden upon father and mother. Any child over the age of ten years can, and usually will be glad to help, if his interest is encouraged; and even younger children may be shown how to help.

The way one family cultivated a very successful vegetable garden last year was as follows: The husband and wife planned the garden. The man spaded up the soil and manured it as he went along.

Then he and his wife and their two eldest children raked it all over thoroughly and put in other fertilizer. In this way they got the ground into good condition.

The man planted the potatoes, the corn, the tomatoes and the cabbages.

The woman attended to the beans, peas, green onions, spinach, radish and lettuce.

The children looked after the late onions, parsnips, beets and carrots. And they all helped one another with the hoeing.

What was the result?

There grew up in that family a friendly rivalry and an interest in the garden such as no person would have believed possible had the experiment not been tried.

The family had plenty of salad vegetables during the summer. They preserved sufficient tomatoes, beans and pickles to last all through the Winter and they took off enough potatoes, beets, carrots, parsnips and onions to carry them through until March of this year.

What this family did your family should be able to do. The way they went about cultivating their garden is described in a booklet entitled "A Vegetable Garden for Every Home." This book has been prepared by the Ontario Department of Agriculture for distribution to any householder who will send for a copy. It is full of helpful, practical suggestions including plans for various sized gardens. You can get a copy free by filling out and mailing the coupon below.

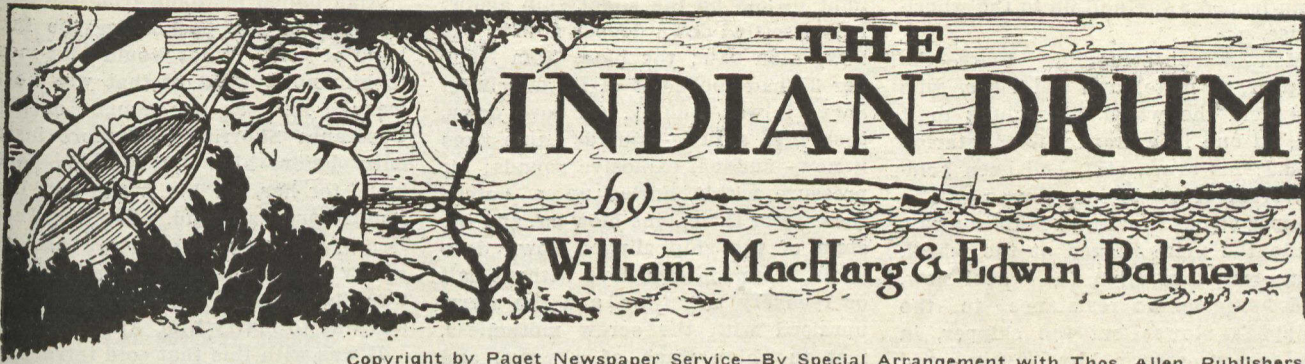
Organization of Resources Committee, Parliament Building, Toronto

Dear Sirs:

Please send me a copy of your booklet "A Vegetable Garden for Every Home."

Name _____

Address _____



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ALAN, after taking a second cup of coffee, went aft to the car deck. The roar and echoing tumult of the ice against the hull here drowned all other sounds. The thirty-two freight cars, in their four long lines, stood wedged and chained and blocked in place; they tipped and tilted, rolled and swayed like the stanchions and sides of the ship, fixed and secure. Jacks on the steel deck under the edges of the cars, kept them from rocking on their trucks. Men paced watchfully between the tracks, observing the movement of the cars. The cars creaked and groaned, as they worked a little this way and that; the men sprang with sledges and drove the blocks tight again or took an additional turn upon the jacks.

As Alan ascended and went forward to his duty, the increase in the severity of the gale was very evident; the thermometer, the wheelsman said, had dropped below zero. Ice was making rapidly on the hull of the ferry, where the spray, flying thicker through the snow, was freezing as it struck. The deck was all ice now underfoot, and the rails were swollen to great gleaming slabs which joined and grew together; a parapet of ice had appeared on the bow; and all about the swirling snow screen shut off everything. A searchlight which had flared from the bridge while Alan was below, pierced that screen not a ship's length ahead, or on the beam, before the glare dimmed to a glow which served to show no more than the fine, flying pellets of the storm. Except for the noise of the wind and the water, there had been no echo from beyond that screen since the shore signals were lost; now a low, far-away sound came down the wind; it maintained itself for a few seconds, ceased; and then came again, and continued at uneven intervals longer than the timed blasts of Number 25's whistle. It might be the horn of some struggling sailing vessel, which in spite of the storm and the closed season was braving the seas; at the end of each interval of silence, the horn blew twice now; the echo came abeam, passed astern, and was no longer to be heard. How far away its origin had been, Alan could only guess; probably the sailing vessel, away to windward, had not heard the whistle of Number 25 at all.

Alan saw old Burr who, on his way to the wheelhouse, had halted to listen too. For several minutes the old man stood motionless; he came on again and stopped to listen. There had been no sound for quite five minutes now.

"You hear 'em?" Burr's voice quavered in Alan's ear. "You hear 'em?"

"What?" Alan asked.

"The four blasts! You hear 'em now? The four blasts!"

Burr was straining as he listened, and Alan stood still too; no sound came to him but the noise of the storm. "No," he replied. "I don't hear anything. Do you hear them now?"

Burr stood beside him without making reply; the searchlight, which had been pointed abeam, shot its glare forward, and Alan could see Burr's face in the dancing reflection of the flare. The man had never more plainly resembled the picture of Benjamin Corvet; that which had been in the picture, that strange sensation of something haunting him, was upon this man's face, a thousand times intensified; but instead of distorting the features away from all likeness to the picture, it made it grotesquely identical.

AND Burr was hearing something—something distinct and terrifying; but he seemed not surprised, but rather satisfied that Alan had not heard. He nodded his head at Alan's denial, and, without reply to Alan's demand, he stood listening. Something bent him forward; he straightened; again the something came; again he straightened. Four times Alan counted the motions. Burr was hearing again the four long blasts of distress! But there was no noise but the gale. "The four blasts!" He recalled old Burr's terror outside the radio cabin. The old man was hearing blasts which were not blown!

He moved on and took the wheel. He was a good wheelsman; the vessel seemed to be steadier on her course and, somehow, to steam easier when the old man steered. His illusions of hearing could do no harm, Alan considered; they were of concern only to Burr and to him.

Alan, relieving the lookout at the bow, stood on watch again. The ferry thrust on alone; in the wireless cabin the flame played steadily. They had been able to get the shore stations again on both sides of the lake and also the Richardson. As the ferry had worked northward, the Richardson had been working north too, evidently under the impression that the vessel in distress, if it had headway, was moving in that direction. By its position, which the Richardson gave, the steamers were about twenty miles apart.

Alan fought to keep his thought all to his duty; they must be now very nearly at the position where the Richardson last had heard the four long blasts; searching for a ship or for boats, in that snow, was almost hopeless. With sight even along the searchlight's beam shortened to a few hundred yards, only accident could bring Number 25 up for rescue, only chance could carry the ship where the shouts—or the blasts of distress if the

wreck still floated and had steam—would be heard.

Half numbed by the cold, Alan stamped and beat his arms about his body; the swing of the searchlight in the circle about the ship had become long ago monotonous, purely mechanical, like the blowing of the whistle; Alan stared patiently along the beam as it turned through the sector where he watched. They were meeting frequent and heavy floes, and Alan gave warning of these by hails to the bridge; the bridge answered and when possible the steamer avoided the floes; when it could not do that, it cut through them. The windrowed ice beating and crushing under the bows took strange, distorted, glistening shapes. Now another such shape appeared before them; where the glare dissipated to a bare glow in the swirling snow, he saw a vague shadow. The man moving the searchlight failed to see it, for he swung the beam on. The shadow was so dim, so ghostly, that Alan sought for it again before he hailed; he could see nothing now, yet he was surer, somehow that he had seen.

"Something dead ahead, sir!" he shouted back to the bridge.

The bridge answered the hail as the searchlight pointed forward again. A gust carried the snow in a fierce flurry which the light failed to pierce; from the flurry suddenly, silently, spar by spar, a shadow emerged—the shadow of a ship. It was a steamer, Alan saw, a long, low-lying old vessel without lights and without smoke from the funnel slanting up just forward of the after deckhouse; it rolled in the trough of the sea. The sides and all the lower works gleamed in ghostly phosphorescence, it was refraction of the searchlight beam from the ice sheathing all the ship, Alan's brain told him; but the sight of that soundless, shimmering ship materializing from behind the screen of snow struck a tremor through him.

"Ship!" he hailed. "Ahead! Dead ahead, sir! Ship!"

The shout of quick commands echoed to him from the bridge. Underfoot he could feel a new tumult of the deck; the engines, instantly stopped, were being set full speed astern. But Number 25, instead of sheering off to right or to left to avoid the collision, steered straight on.

THE struggle of the engines against the momentum of the ferry told that others had seen the gleaming ship or, at least, had heard the hail. The skipper's instant decision had been to put to starboard; he had bawled that to the wheelsman, "Hard over!" But, though the screws turned full astern, Number 25 steered straight on. The flurry was blowing before the bow again; back through the snow the ice-shrouded shimmer ahead retreated.

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National Directory

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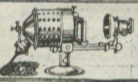
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**"CANADA'S PREMIER PIANO"**
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THE NEWCOMBE PIANO COMPANY, LIMITED
TORONTO, ONTARIOAlan leaped away and up to the wheel-
house.

Men were struggling there—the skipper, a mate, and old Burr, who had held the wheel. He clung to it yet, as one in a trance, fixed, staring ahead; his arms, stiff, had been holding Number 25 to her course. The skipper struck him and beat him away, while the mate tugged at the wheel. Burr was torn from the wheel now, and he made no resistance to the skipper's blows; but the skipper, in his frenzy, struck him again and knocked him to the deck.

SLOWLY, steadily, Number 25 responded to her helm. The bow pointed away, and the beam of the ferry came beside the beam of the silent steamer; they were very close now, so close that the searchlight, which had turned to keep on the other vessel, shot above its scimmering deck and lighted only the spars; and, as the water rose and fell between them, the ships sucked closer. Number 25 shook with an effort: it seemed opposing with all the power of its screws some force fatally drawing it on—opposing with the last resistance before giving way. Then, as the water fell again, the ferry seemed to slip and be drawn toward the other vessel; they mounted, side by side . . . crashed . . . recoiled . . . crashed again. That second crash threw all who had nothing to hold by, flat upon the deck; then Number 25 moved by; astern her now the silent steamer vanished in the snow.

Gongs boomed below; through the new confusion and the loud cries of men, orders began to become audible. Alan, scrambling to his knees, put an arm under old Burr, half raising him; the form encircled by his arm struggled up. The skipper, who had knocked Burr away from the wheel, ignored him now. The old man, dragging himself up and holding to Alan, was staring with terror at the snow screen behind which the vessel had disappeared. His lips moved.

"It was a ship!" he said; he seemed speaking more to himself than to Alan. "Yes"; Alan said. "It was a ship; and you thought—"

"It wasn't there!" the wheelsman cried. "It's—it's been there all the time all night, and I'd—I'd steered through it ten times, twenty times, every few minutes; and then—that time it was a ship!"

Alan's excitement grew greater; he seized the old man again. "You thought it was the Miwaka!" Alan exclaimed. "The Miwaka! And you tried to steer through it again."

"The Miwaka!" old Burr's lips reiterated the word. "Yes; yes—the Miwaka!"

He struggled, writhing with some agony not physical. Alan tried to hold him, but now the old man was beside himself with dismay. He broke away and started aft. The captain's voice recalled Alan to himself, as he was about to follow, and he turned back to the wheelhouse.

The mate was at the wheel. He shouted to the captain about following the other ship; neither of them had seen sign of any one aboard it. "Derelict!" the skipper thought. The mate was swinging Number 25 about to follow and look at the ship again; and the searchlight beam swept back and forth through the snow; the blasts of the steam whistle, which had ceased after the collision, burst out again. As before, no response came from behind the snow. The search-

light picked up the silent ship again; it had settled down deeper now by the bow, Alan saw; the blow from Number 25 had robbed it of its last buoyancy; it was sinking. It dove down, then rose a little—sounds came from it now—sudden, explosive sounds; air pressure within hurled up a hatch; the tops of the cabins blew off, and the stem of the ship slipped down deep again, stopped, then dove without halt or recovery this time, and the stern, upraised with the screw motionless, met the high wash of a wave, and went down with it and disappeared.

No man had shown himself; no shout had been heard; no little boat was seen or signalled.

The second officer, who had gone below to ascertain the damage done to the ferry, came up to report. Two of the compartments, those which had taken the crush of the collision, had flooded instantly; the bulkheads were holding—only leaking a little, the officer declared. Water was coming into a third compartment, that at the stern; the pumps were fighting this water. The shock had sprung seams elsewhere; but if the after compartment did not fill, the pumps might handle the rest.

Sadness already was coming into the response of Number 25 to the lift of the waves; the ferry rolled less to the right as she came about, beam to the waves, and she dropped away more dully and deeply to the left; the ship was listing to port and the lift of the ice-heaped bow told of settling by the stern. Slowly Number 25 circled about, her engines holding bare headway; the radio, Alan heard, was sending to the Richardson and to the shore stations word of the finding and sinking of the ship and of the damage done to Number 25; whether that damage yet was described in the dispatches as disaster, Alan did not know. The steam whistle, which continued to roar, maintained the single, separated blasts of a ship still seaworthy and able to steer and even to give assistance. Alan was at the bow again on lookout duty, ordered to listen and to look for the little boats.

HE gave to that duty all his conscious attention; but through his thought, whether he willed it or not, ran a riotous exultation. As he paced from side to side and hailed and answered hails from the bridge, and while he strained for sight and hearing through the gale-swept snow, the leaping pulse within repeated, "I've found him! I've found him!" Alan held no longer possibility of doubt of old Burr's identity with Benjamin Corvet, since the old man had made plain to him that he was haunted by the Miwaka. Since that night in the house on Astor Street, when Spearman shouted to Alan that name, everything having to do with the secret of Benjamin Corvet's life had led, so far as Alan could follow it, to the Miwaka; all the change, which Sherrill described but could not account for Alan had laid to that. Corvet only could have been so haunted by that ghostly ship, and there had been guilt of some awful sort in the old man's cry. Alan had found the man who had sent him away to Kansas when he was a child, who had supported him there and then, at last, sent for him; who had disappeared at his coming and left him all his possessions and his heritage of disgrace, who had paid blackmail to Luke, and who had sent, last, Captain Stafford's watch and the ring which came with it—the wedding ring.

Alan pulled his hand from his glove and felt in his pocket for the little band of gold. What would that mean to him now; what of that was he to learn? And, as he thought of that, Constance Sherrill came more insistently before him. What was he to learn for her, for his friend and Benjamin Corvet's friend, whom he, Uncle Benny, had warned not to care for Henry Spearman, and then had gone away to leave her to marry him? For she was to marry him, Alan had read.

It was with this that cold terror suddenly closed over him. Would he learn anything now from Benjamin Corvet, though he had found him? Only for an instant—a fleeting instant—had Benjamin Corvet's brain become clear as to the cause of his hallucination; consternation had overwhelmed him then, and he struggled free to attempt to mend the damage he had done.

More serious damage than first reported! The pumps certainly must be losing their fight with the water in the port compartment aft; for the bow steadily was lifting, the stern sinking. The starboard rail too was raised, and the list had become so sharp that water washed the deck about the forecastle to port. And the ferry was pointed straight into the gale now; long ago she had ceased to circle and steam slowly in search for boats; she struggled with all her power against the wind and the seas, a desperate insistence throbbing in the thrusts of the engines; for Number 25 was fleeing—fleeing for the western shore. She dared not turn to the nearer eastern shore to expose that shattered stern to the seas.

Four bells behind Alan; it was two o'clock. Relief should have come along before; but no one came. He was numbed now; ice from the spray crackled upon his clothing when he moved, and it fell in flakes upon the deck. The stark figure on the bridge was that of the second officer; so the thing which was happening below—the thing which was sending strange, violent, wanton tremors through the ship—was serious enough to call the skipper below, to make him abandon the bridge at this time! The tremors, quite distinct from the steady tremble of the engines and the thudding of the pumps, came again. Alan, feeling them, jerked up and stamped and beat his arms to regain sensation. Some one stumbled toward him from the cabins now; a short figure in a great coat. It was a woman, he saw as she hailed him—the cabin maid.

"I'm taking your place!" she shouted to Alan. "You're wanted—every one's wanted on the car deck! The cars—" The gale and her fright stopped her voice as she struggled for speech. "The cars—the cars are loose!"

CHAPTER XVII.

"He Killed Your Father."

ALAN ran aft along the starboard side, catching at the rail as the deck tilted; the sounds within the hull and the tremors following each sound came to him more distinctly as he advanced. Taking the shortest way to the car deck, he turned into the cabins to reach the passengers' companionway. The noises from the car deck, no longer muffled by the cabins, clanged and resounded in terrible tumult; with the clang and rumble of metal, rose shouts and roars of men.

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ing and so certain to cost life that men attempted it only in final extremities, when the ship must be lightened at any cost. Alan had never seen the effect of such an attempt, but he had heard of it as the fear which sat always on the hearts of the men who navigate the ferries—the cars loose on a rolling, lurching ship! He was going to that now. Two figures appeared before him, one half supporting, half dragging the other. Alan sprang and offered aid; but the injured man called to him to go on; others needed him. Alan went past them and down the steps to the car deck. Half-way down, the priest whom he had noticed among the passengers stood staring aft, a tense, black figure; beside him other passengers were clinging to the handrail and staring down in awestruck fascination. The lowest steps had been crushed back and half upturn; some monstrous, inanimate thing was battering about below; but the space at the foot of the steps was clear at that moment. Alan leaped over the ruin of the steps and down upon the car deck.

A GIANT iron casting six feet high, yards across and tons in weight, tumbled and ground before him; it was this which had swept away the steps; he had seen it, with two others like it, upon a flat car which had been shunted upon one of the tracks on the starboard side of the ferry, one of the tracks on his left now as he faced the stern. He leaped upon and over the great casting, which turned and spun with the motion of the ship as he vaulted it. The car deck was a pitching, swaying slope; the cars nearest him were still upon their tracks, but they tilted and swayed uglily from side to side; the jacks were gone from under them; the next car already were hurled from the rails, their wheels screaming on the steel deck, clanging and thudding together in their couplings.

Alan ran aft between them. All of the crew who could be called from deck and engine room and firehold were struggling at the fantail, under the direction of the captain, to throw off the cars. The mate was working as one of the men, and with him was Benjamin Corvet. The crew already must have loosened and thrown over the stern three cars from the two tracks on the port side; for there was a space vacant; and as the train charged into that space and the men threw themselves upon it, Alan leaped with them.

The leading car—a box car, heavily laden—swayed and shrieked with the pitching of the ship. Corvet sprang between it and the car coupled behind; he drew out the pin from the coupling, and the men with pinch-bars attacked the car to isolate it and force it aft along the track. It moved slowly at first; then leaped its length; sharply with the lift of the deck, it stopped, toppled toward the men who, yelling to one another, scrambled away. The hundred-ton mass swung from side to side; the ship dropped swiftly to starboard, and the stern went down; the car charged, and its aftermost wheels left the deck; it swung about, slewed, and jammed across both port tracks. The men attacked it with dismay; Corvet's shout called them away and rallied them farther back; they ran with him to the car from which he had uncoupled it.

It was a flat car laden with steel beams. At Corvet's command, the crew ranged themselves beside it with

bars. The bow of the ferry rose to some great wave and, with a cry to the men, Corvet pulled the pin. The others thrust with their bars, and the car slid down the sloping track; and Corvet, caught by some lashing of the beams, came with it. The car crashed into the box car, splintered it, turned it, shoved it, and thrust it over the fantail into the water; the flat car, telescoped into it, was dragged after. Alan leaped upon it and catching at Corvet, freed him and flung him down to the deck, and dropped with him. A cheer rose as the car cleared the fantail, dove, and disappeared.

Alan clambered to his feet. Corvet already was back among the cars again, shouting orders; the mate and the men who had followed him before leaped at his yells. The lurch which had cleared the two cars together had jumped others away from the rails. They hurtled from side to side, splintering against the stanchions which stayed them from crashing across the centre line of the ship; rebounding, they battered against the cars on the outer tracks and crushed them against the side of the ship. The wedges, blocks, and chains which had secured them banged about on the deck, useless; the men who tried to control these cars, dodging as they charged, no longer made attempt to secure the wheels. Corvet called them to throw ropes and chains to bind the loads which were letting go; the heavier loads—steel beams, castings, machinery—snapped their lashings, tipped from their flat cars and tumbled down the deck. The cars tipped farther, turned over; others balanced back; it was upon their wheels that they charged forward, half riding one another, crashing and demolishing, as the ferry pitched; it was upon their trucks that they tottered and battered from side to side as the deck swayed. Now the stern again descended; a line of cars swept for the fantail. Corvet's cry came to Alan through the screaming of steel and the clangor of destruction. Corvet's cry sent men with bars beside the cars as the fantail dipped into the water; Corvet, again leading his crew, cleared the leader of those madly charging cars and ran it over the stern.

The fore trucks fell and, before the rear trucks reached the edge, the stern lifted and caught the car in the middle; it balanced, half over the water, half over the deck. Corvet crouched under the car with a crowbar; Alan and two others went with him; they worked the car on until the weight of the end over the water tipped it down; the balance broke, and the car tumbled and dived. Corvet, having cleared another hundred tons, leaped back, calling to the crew.

THEY followed him again, unquestioning, obedient. Alan followed close to him. It was not pity which stirred him now for Benjamin Corvet; nor was it bitterness; but it certainly was not contempt. Of all the ways in which he had fancied finding Benjamin Corvet, he had never thought of seeing him like this!

It was, probably, only for a flash; but the great quality of leadership which he once had possessed, which Sherrill had described to Alan and which had been destroyed by the threat over him, had returned to him in this desperate emergency which he had created. How much or how little of his own condition Corvet understood, Alan could not tell; it was plain only that he comprehended that he

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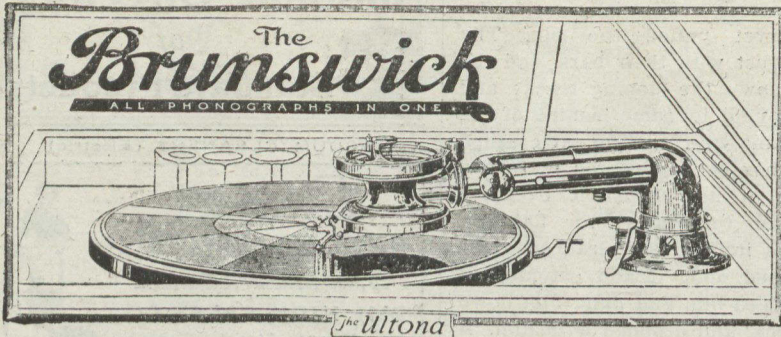
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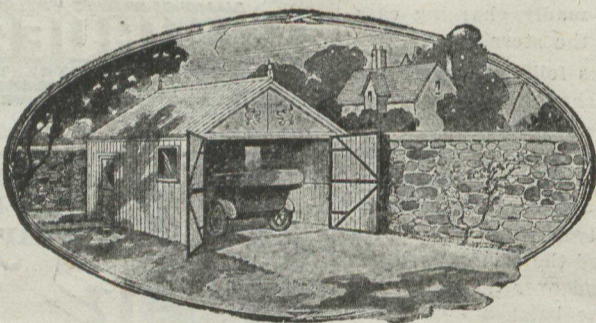
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had been the cause of the catastrophe, and in his fierce will to repair it he not only disregarded all risk to himself; he also had summoned up from within him and was spending the last strength of his spirit. But he was spending it in a losing fight.

He got off two more cars; yet the deck only dipped lower, and water washed farther and farther up over the fantail. New avalanches of iron descended as box cars above burst open; monstrous dynamo drums, broad-banded steel wheels and splintered crates of machinery battered about. Men, leaping from before the charging cars, got caught in the murderous melee of iron and steel and wheels; men's shrill cries came amid the scream of metal. Alan, tugging at a crate which had struck down a man, felt aid beside him and, turning, he saw the priest whom he had passed on the stairs. The priest was bruised and bloody; this was not his first effort to aid. Together they lifted an end of the crate; they bent—Alan stepped back, and the priest knelt alone, his lips repeating the prayer for absolution. Screams of men came from behind; and the priest rose and turned. He saw men caught between two wrecks of cars crushing together; there was no moment to reach them; he stood and raised his arms to them, his head thrown back, his voice calling to them, as they died, the words of absolution.

Three more cars at the cost of two more lives the crew cleared, while the sheathing of ice spread over the steel inboard, and dissolution of all the cargo became complete. Cut stone and motor parts, chasses and castings, furniture and beams, swept back and forth, while the cars, burst and splintered, became monstrous missiles hurtling forward, sidewise, aslant, recoiling. Yet men, though scattered singly, tried to stay them by ropes and chains while the water washed higher and higher. Dimly, far away, deafened out by the clangor, the steam whistle of Number 25 was blowing the four long blasts of distress; Alan heard the sound now and then with indifferent wonder. All destruction had come for him to be contained within this car deck; here the ship loosed on itself all elements of annihilation; who could aid it from without? Alan caught the end of a chain which Corvet flung him and, though he knew it was useless, he carried it across from one stanchion to the next. Something, sweeping across the deck, caught him and carried him with it; it brought him before the coupled line of trucks which hurtled back and forth where the rails of track three had been. He was hurled before them and rolled over; something cold and heavy pinned him down; and upon him, the car trucks came.

BUT, before them, something warm and living—a hand and bare arm catching him quickly and pulling at him, tugged him a little farther on. Alan, looking up, saw Corvet beside him; Corvet, unable to move him farther, was crouching down there with him. Alan yelled to him to leap, to twist aside and get out of the way; but Corvet only crouched closer and put his arms over Alan; then the wreckage came upon them, driving them apart. As the movement stopped, Alan still could see Corvet dimly by the glow of the incandescent lamps overhead; the truck separated them. It bore down upon Alan, holding him motionless and, on the other side, it

crushed upon Corvet's legs.

He turned over, as far as he could, and spoke to Alan. "You have been saving me, so now I tried to save you," he said simply. "What reason did you have for doing that? Why have you been keeping by me?"

"I'm Alan Conrad of Blue Rapids, Kansas," Alan cried to him. "And you're Benjamin Corvet! You know me; you sent for me! Why did you do that?"

Corvet made no reply to this. Alan, peering at him underneath the truck, could see that his hands were pressed against his face and that his body shook. Whether this was from some new physical pain from the movement of the wreckage, Alan did not know till he lowered his hands after a moment; and now he did not heed Alan or seem even to be aware of him.

"Dear little Connie!" he said aloud. "Dear little Connie! She mustn't marry him—not him! That must be seen to. What shall I do, what shall I do?"

Alan worked nearer him. "Why mustn't she marry him?" he cried to Corvet. "Why? Ben Corvet, tell me! Tell me why!"

FROM above him, through the clangor of the cars, came the four blasts of the steam whistle. The indifference with which Alan had heard them a few minutes before had changed now to a twinge of terror. When men had been dying about him, in their attempts to save the ship, it had seemed a small thing for him to be crushed or to drown with them and with Benjamin Corvet, whom he had found at last. But Constance! Recollection of her was stirring in Corvet the torture of will to live; in Alan—he struggled and tried to free himself. As well as he could tell by feeling, the weight above him confined but was not crushing him; yet what gain for her if he only saved himself and not Corvet too? He turned back to Corvet.

"She's going to marry him, Ben Corvet!" he called. "They're betrothed; and they're going to be married, she and Henry Spearman!"

"Who are you?" Corvet seemed only with an effort to become conscious of Alan's presence.

"I'm Alan Conrad, whom you used to take care of. I'm from Blue Rapids. You know about me; are you my father, Ben Corvet? Are you my father or what—what are you to me?"

"Your father?" Corvet repeated. "Did he tell you that? He killed your father."

"Killed him? Killed him how?"

"Of course. He killed them all—all. But your father—he shot him; he shot him through the head!"

Alan twinged. Sight of Spearman came before him as he had first seen Spearman, cowering in Corvet's library in terror at an apparition. "And the bullet hole above the eye!" So that was the hole made by the shot Spearman fired which had killed Alan's father—which shot him through the head! Alan peered at Corvet and called to him.

"Father Benitot!" Corvet called in response, not directly in reply to Alan's question, rather in response to what those questions stirred. "Father Benitot!" he appealed. "Father Benitot!"

Some one, drawn by the cry, was moving wreckage near them. A hand and arm with a torn sleeve showed; Alan could not see the rest of the figure, but by the sleeve he recognized that it was the mate.

"Who's caught here?" he called down.

"Benjamin Corvet of Corvet, Sherrill, and Spearman, ship owners of Chicago," Corvet's voice replied deeply, fully; there was authority in it and wonder too—the wonder of a man finding himself in a situation which his recollection cannot explain.

"Ben Corvet!" the mate shouted in surprise; he cried it to the others, those who had followed Corvet and eyed him during the hour before and had not known why. The mate tried to pull the wreckage aside and make his way to Corvet; but the old man stopped him. "The priest, Father Benitot! Send him to me. I shall never leave here; send Father Benitot!"

The word was passed without the mate moving away. The mate, after a minute, made no further attempt to free Corvet; that indeed was useless, and Corvet demanded his right of sacrament from the priest who came and crouched under the wreckage beside him.

"Father Benitot!"

"I am not Father Benitot. I am Father Perron of L'Anse."

"It was to Father Benitot of St. Ignace I should have gone, Father!"

The priest got a little closer as Corvet spoke, and Alan heard only voices now and then through the sounds of clanging metal and the drum of ice against the hull. The mate and his helpers were working to get him free. They had abandoned all effort to save the ship; it was settling. And with the settling, the movement of the wreckage imprisoning Alan was increasing. This movement made useless the efforts of the mate; it would free Alan of itself in a moment, if it did not kill him; it would free or finish Corvet too. But he, as Alan saw him, was wholly oblivious of that now. His lips moved quietly, firmly; and his eyes were fixed steadily on the eyes of the priest.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Mr. Spearman Goes North.

THE message, in blurred lettering and upon the flimsy tissue paper of a carbon copy—that message which had brought tension to the offices of Corvet, Sherrill, and Spearman, and had called Constance Sherrill and her mother downtown where further information could be more quickly obtained—was handed to Constance by a clerk as soon as she entered her father's office. She reread it; it already had been repeated to her over the telephone.

"4.05 a.m. Frankfort Wireless station has received the following message from No. 25: 'We have Benjamin Corvet, of Chicago, aboard.'"

"You've received nothing later than this?" she asked.

"Nothing regarding Mr. Corvet, Miss Sherrill," the clerk replied.

"Or regarding— Have you obtained a passenger list?"

"No passenger list was kept, Miss Sherrill."

"The crew?"

"Yes; we have just got the names of the crew." He took another copied sheet from among the pages and handed it to her, and she looked swiftly down the list of names until she found that of Alan Conrad.

Her eyes filled, blinding her, as she put the paper down, and began to take off her things. She had been clinging determinedly in her thought to the

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13c

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belief that Alan might not have been aboard the ferry. Alan's message, which had sent her father north to meet the ship, had implied plainly that some one whom Alan believed might be Uncle Benny was on Number 25; she had been fighting, these last few hours, against conviction that therefore Alan must be on the ferry too.

She stood by the desk, as the clerk went out, looking through the papers which he had left with her.

"What do they say?" her mother asked.

Constance caught herself together.

"Wireless signals from No. 25," she read aloud, "were plainly made out at shore stations at Ludington, Manitowoc, and Frankfort until about four o'clock, when—"

"That is, until about six hours ago, Constance."

"Yes, mother, when the signals were interrupted. The steamer Richardson, in response to whose signal No. 25 made the change in her course which led to disaster, was in communication until about four o'clock; Frankfort station picked up one message shortly after four, and same message was also recorded by Carferry Manitoulin in southern end of lake; subsequently all efforts to call No. 25 failed of response until 4.35 when a message was picked up at once by Manitowoc, Frankfort, and the Richardson. Information, therefore, regarding the fate of the ferry up to that hour received at this office (Corvet, Sherrill, and Spearman) consists of the following . . ."

CONSTANCE stopped reading aloud and looked rapidly down the sheet and then over the next. What she was reading was the carbon of the report prepared that morning and sent, at his rooms, to Henry, who was not yet down. It did not contain therefore the last that was known; and she read only enough of it to be sure of that.

"After 4.10, to repeated signals to Number 25 from Richardson and shore stations—"Are you in danger?" "Shall we send help?" "Are you jettisoning cars?" "What is your position?"—no replies were received. The Richardson continued therefore to signal, "Report your position and course; we will stand by," at the same time making full speed toward last position given by Number 25. At 4.35, no other message having been obtained from Number 25 in the meantime, Manitowoc and Frankfort both picked up the following: "S. O. S. Are taking water fast. S. O. S. Position probably twenty miles west N. Fox. S. O. S." The S. O. S. has been repeated, but without further information since."

The report made to Henry ended here. Constance picked up the later messages received in response to orders to transmit to Corvet Sherrill, and Spearman copies of all signals concerning Number 25 which had been received or sent. She sorted out from them those dated after the hour she just had read:

"4.40, Manitowoc is calling No. 25, 'No. 26 is putting north to you. Keep in touch.'

"4.43, No. 26 is calling No. 25, 'What is your position?'

"4.50, the Richardson is calling No. 25, 'We must be approaching you. Are you giving whistle signals?'

"4.53, No. 25 is replying to Richardson, 'Yes; will continue to signal. Do you hear us?'

"4.59, Frankfort is calling No. 25, 'What is your condition?'

"5.04, No. 25 is replying to Frank-

fort, 'Holding bare headway; stern very low.'

"5.10, No. 26 is calling No. 25, 'Are you throwing off cars?'

"5.14, Petoskey is calling Manitowoc, 'We are receiving S. O. S. What is wrong?' Petoskey has not previously been in communication with shore stations or ships.

"5.17, No. 25 is signalling No. 26, 'Are throwing off cars; have cleared eight; work very difficult. We are sinking.'

"5.20, No. 25 is calling the Richardson, 'Watch for small boats. Position doubtful because of snow and changes of course; probably due west N. Fox, twenty to thirty miles.'

"5.24, No. 26 is calling No. 25, 'Are you abandoning ship?'

"5.27, No. 25 is replying to No. 26, 'Second boat just getting safely away with passengers; first boat was smashed. Six passengers in second boat, two injured of crew, cabin maid, boy and two men.'

"5.30, Manitowoc and Frankfort are calling No. 25, 'Are you abandoning ship?'

"5.34, No. 25 is replying to Manitowoc, 'Still trying to clear cars; everything is loose below . . .'

"5.40, Frankfort is calling Manitowoc, 'Do you get anything now?'

"5.45, Manitowoc is calling the Richardson, 'Do you get anything? Signals have stopped here.'

"5.48, The Richardson is calling Petoskey, 'We get nothing now. Do you?'

"6.30, Petoskey is calling Manitowoc, 'Signals after becoming indistinct, failed entirely about 5.45, probably by failure of ship's power to supply current. Operator appears to have remained at key. From 5.25 to 5.43 we received disconnected messages, as follows: 'Have cleared another car . . . they are sticking to it down there . . . engine-room crew is also sticking . . . hell on car deck . . . everything smashed . . . they won't give up . . . sinking now . . . we're going . . . good-by . . . stuck to end . . . all they could . . . know that . . . hand it to them . . . have cleared another car . . . sink . . . S. O . . . Signals then entirely ceased.'"

(To be continued.)



A Mirror of Life

"THE GREEN MIRROR." By Hugh Walpole.

WHILE reading this book the reader feels as though he were living in another world—the England before the war, as typified by English family life. In his excellently-written story Mr. Walpole chooses the Trenchard family, thoroughly complacent, self-centred and indifferent to everything that goes on outside their little world. Into their midst comes Philip Mark, who has lived in Russia, and who arouses their hostility through his subtle influence as a champion of the new order of things.

When he wins the love of Katherine, the pick of the Trenchards, her mother determines with all the ruthlessness of her strong maternal character to make him a Trenchard also. Philip realizes that his weak will cannot in the long run combat hers and save him from being stifled in the feather-bed of Trenchard traditions; and this silent conflict between the two is absorbing for the reader. It is Katherine who saves both him and herself from the slavery of this narrow family life.

The book is full of skilfully-drawn and likable characters; and though the conditions described have undoubtedly altered greatly, it still remains an interesting social study.—McClelland, Goodchild & Stewart; \$1.35.

Remarkable Volume of Letters

"LETTERS OF A CANADIAN STRETCHER BEARER." By R. A. L.

IN letters from the fighting front one hardly looks for any reflective quality. At best the most that is expected is a sketchy narrative of hurrying events and an unconsidered version of the first vivid impressions of stirring incidents. Meditation has no place, so we are apt to think, in the quick spent life of the trenches. If, in

all the turmoil over there, the men take time to consider the meaning of the things which crowd about them, only an unusually acute mind could make the quick adjustment necessary to get any clear focus. Which is why the letters written by "R. A. L." are so remarkable. Written in the brief respites enjoyed by a battalion stretcher bearer at the front, they have all the reflective quality which might be expected after a year or so of meditation. And yet the pen pictures he draws of scenes in shattered trenches, of troops tumbling over the top, and broken men lifted out of the gory mess, and sharp in outline and vivid with the color of the thing. It is really a remarkable volume of letters and will easily hold a place amongst the significant books of the war. Thomas Allen, \$1.35.

A.B.C. of Gardening

"CANADIAN HOME VEGETABLE GARDENING FROM A TO Z." By Editors of the Garden Magazine.

NOW that cabbage patches litter our city lawns and vacant lots have become parade grounds for the volunteer army of food producers, there has sprung up a lively demand for "how" books on raising radishes and garden truck. The American publishers, anticipating the demand, have put a lot of cultural directions into print, and have fairly flooded the book-stalls with manuals on home-gardening. About the most complete thing of the kind is the book compiled by the editors of the Garden Magazine, and which, in pictures and short paragraphs, covers the subject in a practical way, and mentions everything from A to Z. The pictures are especially interesting and informative, and seem to warrant the author's claim that they represent "the most comprehensive pictorial presentation of vegetable growing attempted to date." The edition offered to Canadian readers is titled "Canadian Home

Vegetable Gardening From A to Z," but one searches without result for evidence that any revision of the text has been made to give special reference to local conditions throughout the Dominion. There is, however, much useful information as to the adaptability of various sorts of vegetables to different soils and sections, and in the main it deals very satisfactorily with the question of "which kinds and why?" and does much to dissipate the perplexity which confuses most city folk when they browse through the average seed catalogue. Musson, \$1.25.

"Back to the Land"

"THREE ACRES AND LIBERTY."
By Bolton Hall.

TEN years ago Bolton Hall wrote a book about three acres and liberty and dangled the delights of a rustic life before the eyes of city dwellers in such a convincing way that he actually started a fair-sized "back to the land" movement. Many of his disciples did not get much beyond the bungling period of a bungalow existence just beyond the city limits—but that was not the fault of Mr. Hall's system of intensive culture. Many of those who put his preachments into practice found profit and a lot of pleasure in exchanging a place before

a city desk or behind a counter for a plot of land and a productive occupation. Mr. Hall has revised the original edition, and the latest issue is sprang up to the minute and discusses all the most modern developments of "intensive" agriculture. It seems to anticipate all the questions which may trouble the family-directorate-in-council considering a move from a city flat to a country place.—Macmillan, \$1.75.

Wouldn't You Cut Up?

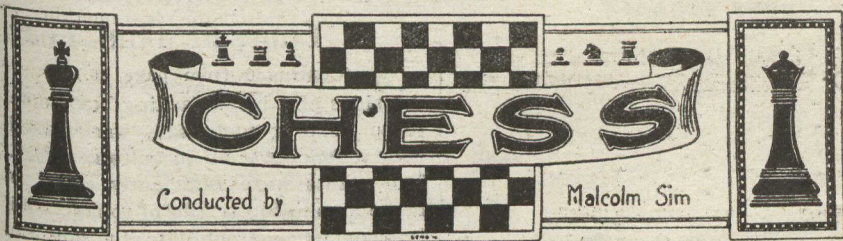
"OH, MONEY, MONEY." By Eleanor Porter.

JUST how the folks of an ordinary family would cut up if a fortune caught them unawares and money to make all their dreams come true were thrust upon them, is the speculation around which Eleanor Porter has written her latest book. "Oh, Money, Money," is the title, and the way the sudden advent of lots of it affected three little family groups is told by Mrs. Porter in a way which is likely to give the book quite a popular run. All the heart-interest of the story radiates from one character which is exceptionally well drawn, and one wonders why Mrs. Porter did not give Miss Maggie a book all to herself—she is certainly worth it. Thos. Allen, \$1.50.

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"William," snapped the dear lady. "You did, my dear. It started to viciously, "didn't I hear the clock strike ten, but I stopped it to keep strike two as you came in?" from waking you up."

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NOTES AND NEWS.

The following are the balance of entries in the Canadian Correspondence Chess Championship:

Eastern Division:—J. W. G. Roberts, Ottawa; J. A. Boucher, Montreal; S. B. Wilson, Westmount, Que.; R. Papineau-Couture, Montreal; Dr. J. W. T. Patten, Truro, N. S.

Central Division:—H. R. Narraway, Evansburg, Alta.; C. Faulx, Lindsay, Ont.; J. McJanet, Ottawa; E. E. Parent, Montreal; Dr. W. Winfrey, Montreal.

The Western Division we published last issue.

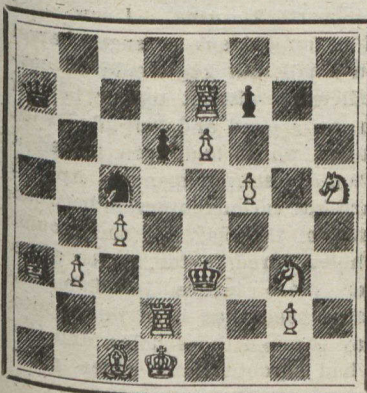
The championship tournament of the City of London for the season 1917-18 resulted in a tie for first place between G. E. Wainwright, Philip W. Sergeant, and E. Macdonald, who each scored 4 points out of 6, while the holder for the past two years, E. G. Sergeant, was only half a point behind. The triple tie is now being played off.

We failed to mention that the notes to game Flambert v. Bogoljuboff, issue March 16, were drawn from the "Field."

This column has twice missed publication due to Chess Editor being unaware of change in date of going to press!

PROBLEM NO. 180 by Alain C. White. Specially composed for The Courier.

Black.—Five Pieces.



White.—Twelve Pieces.

White to play and mate in two.

Problem No. 181, by E. Brunner. (1912.)

White: K at KR3; Q at KR8; R at K7; B at KKt5; Kts at QKt6 and QB7; Ps at QR2 and Q5. Black: K at QKt5; Rs at QR5 and Q6; B at QBsq; Ps at QR4,

QR6, QB6; KB4, KB5, KKt6 and KKt7. Mate in three.

SOLUTIONS.

Problem No. 178, by F. af Geijerstam.

1. K-R4, KtxP; 2. Kt-K3ch, K-B4 or K4; 3. Kt mates.

1., Kt-Qsq or K2; 2. K-Kt3, any move; 3. P-K4 mate.

1., Kt-K4; 2. Kt-K3ch, KxP; 3. Kt-K6 mate.

1., Kt-R4; 2. Kt-K6, any move; 3. Kt-K3 mate.

1., PxP; 2. Kt-Q7, any move; 3. Kt-K3 or KtxKtP mate.

A truly remarkable affair considering the material employed

CHESS IN THE STATES.

An interesting game played in the New York State Winter meeting. The winner divided first and second prizes with A. Kupchik.

French Defence.

- | | |
|-------------------|---------------------|
| White. | Black. |
| O. Chajes. | R. T. Black. |
| 1. P-K4 | 1. P-K3 |
| 2. P-Q4 | 2. P-Q4 |
| 3. Kt-QB3 | 3. Kt-KE3 |
| 4. B-Kt5 | 4. B-Kt5 (a) |
| 5. P-K5 | 5. P-KR3 |
| 6. B-Q2 (b) | 6. BxKt |
| 7. PxP | 7. Kt-K5 |
| 8. Q-Kt4 | 8. P-KKt3 |
| 9. B-Bsq (c) | 9. P-QB4 |
| 10. B-Q3 | 10. Q-R4 |
| 11. Kt-K2 | 11. PxP |
| 12. Castles (d) | 12. PxP (e) |
| 13. Kt-Kt3 | 13. P-R4 (f) |
| 14. Q-B4 | 14. Kt-B4 |
| 15. Q-B6 | 15. R-Ktsq |
| 16. B-KKt5 | 16. Kt-B3 |
| 17. KR-Ksq | 17. Kt-Q2 |
| 18. Q-B4 | 18. Q-Kt5 |
| 19. R-K4 (g) | 19. Q-Bsq (h) |
| 20. B-Kt5 | 20. Kt-B4 |
| 21. BxKtch | 21. PxP |
| 22. Q-B6 | 22. B-R3 |
| 23. R-QKt4 | 23. Kt-Q2 |
| 24. Q-B4 | 24. Kt-Kt3 |
| 25. QR-Ktsq | 25. K-O2 |
| 26. P-QR4 | 26. K-R2 |
| 27. Q-K3 | 27. P-QB4 |
| 28. QxP (B6) | 28. B-B5 (i) |
| 29. KR-Kt2 | 29. P-Q5 |
| 30. Q-R5 (j) | 30. R-O4 |
| 31. R-Kt5! | 31. P-B5 |
| 32. Kt-K2 | 32. Q-R6 (k) |
| 33. R-B5ch | 33. K-Kt2 (l) |
| 34. KtxP | 34. KR-QBsq |
| 35. R(B5)-Kt5 (m) | 35. R-B2 |
| 36. R(Kt5)-Kt4 | 36. K-Ktsq (n) |
| 37. Kt-Kt5 | 37. R-B4 |
| 38. B-K3 | 38. RxKt |
| 39. RxR | 39. K-Bsq |
| 40. R-B5ch | 40. K-Qsq (o) |
| 41. RxBch | 41. PxR |
| 42. BxKtch | Resigns (p) |



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Notes by Chess Editor.

- (a) This, the McCutcheon variation of the French Defence, is now seldom seen in first-class play, White's attack leaving Black with too difficult a game.
- (b) This is the accepted continuation. The attack 6. P \times Kt, Px \times B; 7. P \times P, R—Kt \times sq; 8. P—KR4, Px \times P; 9. Q—R5, yields no convincing superiority.
- (c) Kt—B3 is the book move here, as played in Lasker-Marshall match, 1907. To withdraw the Bishop is too hazardous.
- (d) B \times Kt, etc., here or on the next move, would be decidedly inferior, the Bishop being important in attack and defence.
- (e) If 12... KtxQB \times P, then 13. KtxP, Kt—B3; 14. KtxKt, PxKt; 15. Q—KR4, Q—Qsq; 16. Q—QKt4, Kt—K5; 17. B \times Kt, Px \times B; 18. B—R3, followed by 19. KR—Qsq, with a winning attack.
- (f) Necessary, for if 13... Kt—B4 at once, then 14. B \times KtP, Px \times B; 15. Q \times KtPch, etc.
- (g) Ingenious but apparently unsound.
- (h) After 19... PxR; 20. KtxKP, a satisfactory defence against the threatened Kt—Q6ch would be 20... K—Bsq. 19... Q—Kt7 also merits consideration.
- (i) Preferable seem Kt—B5.
- (j) For now White threatens 31. Kt—K4, K—B3; 32. RxKtch, PxR; 33. Q \times Pch, K—Q4; 34. Kt—B6ch, K \times P; 35. Kt—Q7ch.
- (k) This is mainly to get the King's Rook into action, and lends a touch of humor, the Queen herself becoming boxed in at the critical moment.
- (l) Not 33... K—Q2, on account of 34. RxKt, PxR; 35. Q \times P, etc.
- (m) Threatening RxKtch.
- (n) If 36... Q—R7, then equally 27. Kt—K5 threatening the Queen, amongst other good things.
- (o) If 40... K—Q2, then 41. Q—Kt5ch, K—K2; 42. R—B7ch, K—Qsq; 43. B \times Kt. If 40... K—Kt2, then 41. Q—Kt5, threatening 41. Q—Q7ch, K—R3; 42. R—R5ch, and also 41. P—R5.
- (p) A finely played game by Chajes, after he had the attack in hand.

You Won't Squander Yourself This Year

(Concluded from page 16.)

the sides of a large packing box, some three or four foot high, was placed over it fencing it all in quite securely. The plants were sufficiently close to make a solid top screen of foliage, and the box fence around it shut out the light from the sides, and shaded the whole bed. Plenty of water was poured on it, and the result was most gratifying. In one garden I saw celery planted like beets growing openly in a row about five or six inches apart, and as the family needed it they began at one end and covered three plants with three old cylinder sides of cream cans. When the first bunch was ready they used it, and covered another exposed head with the same tin. This process of bleaching celery only as it was needed I saw in operation at the Guelph Model Farm in November. Only small tile drain pipes about a good finger length in diameter were used. And I fancy old stove pipes would be ideal bleachers. This individual bleaching is an excellent method for the people who plant only one box of celery.

There was one other novel gardening scheme that struck me last year as well worth knowing. I saw what would be an old ash or sugar barrel (and a small nail keg would be equally efficient) without top or bottom set on the ground and half-filled with clay upon which had been placed a thick top dressing of manure. Around the barrel at various intervals between the level of the clay and the ground were holes bored in the staves some two or more inches in diameter. Cucumber seeds had been thrust into the clay through those holes, and the seeds had sprouted, and vines grew out, ran down the barrel and across the grass. There was no hoeing or weeding necessary, and the device was set up on a small disused strip of green sward. Into this barrel the household dishpan was invariably emptied, and the experiment proved a most satisfactory and successful one.

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PAID-UP CAPITAL, \$4,866,666.66

RESERVE FUND, \$3,017,333.33

Eighty-Second Annual Report and Balance Sheet

Report to the Directors of The Bank of British North America, Presented to the Proprietors at Their Eighty-Second Yearly General Meeting on Tuesday, March 5th, 1918.

The Court of Directors submit the accompanying Balance Sheet to 30th November, 1917.

The Profits for the Year, including \$104,222.14 brought forward from 30th November, 1916, amount to \$772,226.02 of which \$194,666.66 was appropriated to an interim Dividend paid last October, leaving a balance of \$577,559.36 out of which the Directors propose—

To declare a Dividend of 40s. 0d. per Share, payable, less income Tax, on the 5th April next.

To pay the usual Bonus of Five per cent. to all the Staff, estimated to cost about \$43,800.00, and also—

A Special War Bonus to those members of the Staff remaining on duty and of not less than six months' service to meet the increase in their necessary expenditure, estimated to cost about \$34,066.66, and to carry forward \$156,309.55.

The above Dividend will make a distribution of 8 per cent. for the year.

The Dividend Warrants will be remitted to the Proprietors on the 4th April next.

The Directors have made a Donation of \$10,000 to the Halifax Relief Fund, and although the disaster did not occur until after the close of the Bank's financial year, they have included it in the Accounts now submitted.

During the year the following Branch and Sub-Branches have been closed:—Quesnel, B.C., Boucherville and Varennes, P.Q.

And a Branch has been opened at Kamsack, Sask.

The following appropriations from the Profit and Loss Account have been made for the benefit of the staff:—

To the Officers' Widows and Orphans Fund	\$ 9,456.29
“ “ Pension Fund	44,743.89
“ “ Life Insurance Fund	11,680.00

The following statement prepared by request of a Proprietor at the last Annual General Meeting shews the present distribution of the Bank's Capital:—

In Canada	533	Proprietors hold	6,356	Shares.
“ Great Britain and Ireland	1,295	“ “	12,993	“
“ Elsewhere	67	“ “	651	“
	1,895		1,895	

London, 26th February, 1918.

LIABILITIES.	BALANCE SHEET, 30th NOVEMBER, 1917.	ASSETS.
Capital—20,000 Shares of £50 each fully paid	\$4,866,666.66	Current Coin and Bullion
Reserve Fund	3,017,333.33	Dominion Notes
Dividends Declared and Unpaid	2,850.61	
Profit and Loss Account		6,039,867.00
Balance brought forward from 30th November, 1916	\$332,955.46	Notes of other Banks
Dividend paid April, 1917. \$194,666.66		Cheques on other Banks
Bonus to Staff	34,066.66	Balances due by other Banks in Canada
	228,733.32	Balances due by Banks and Banking Correspondents elsewhere than in Canada
	\$104,222.14	2,388,353.47
Net Profit for the year ending this date after deducting all current charges and providing for bad and doubtful debts	668,003.88	Dominion and Provincial Government Securities not exceeding Market Value
	\$772,226.02	6,350,000.00
Dividend paid October, 1917	194,666.66	Canadian Municipal Securities and British, Foreign and Colonial Public Securities other than Canadian—(including £300,000 Exchequer Bonds, £100,000 3½ per cent. War Loan. The War Stocks taken at cost)
	\$577,559.36	8,570,334.69
Deduct:		Railway and other Bonds and Stocks ..
Transferred to Bank Premises Account	\$5,169.61	46,884.37
Transferred to Officers' Widows and Orphans Fund	9,456.29	Call and Short Loans in Canada on Bonds, Debentures and Stocks
Transferred to Officers' Life Insurance Fund ..	11,680.00	2,607,013.55
Transferred to Officers' Pension Fund	44,743.89	Call and Short Loans elsewhere than in Canada
Canadian Patriotic Fund ..	18,000.00	4,849,124.91
Canadian War Tax on Circulation	48,666.66	Other Current Loans and Discounts in Canada (less Rebate of Interest) ..
Halifax Relief Fund	10,000.00	28,776,590.96
American Red Cross Fund ..	1,000.00	Other Current Loans and Discounts elsewhere than in Canada (less Rebate of Interest)
	148,716.45	7,791,248.46
Balance available for April Dividend	428,842.91	Liabilities of Customers under Letters of Credit as per contra
Notes of the Bank in Circulation	5,708,882.04	803,651.65
Deposits not Bearing Interest	18,223,720.63	Real Estate other than Bank Premises ..
Deposits Bearing Interest, (including Interest accrued to date)	40,860,087.12	29,038.65
Balances due to other Banks in Canada ..	44.04	Overdue Debts (estimated Loss provided for)
Balances due to Banks and Banking Correspondents in the United Kingdom and Foreign Countries	443,337.25	283,059.32
Bills Payable	2,200,107.80	Bank Premises at not more than Cost, Less Amounts written off
Acceptances under Letters of Credit ..	803,651.65	2,374,639.83
Liabilities and Accounts not included in the Foregoing	1,127,319.19	Deposit with the Canadian Minister of Finance for the purposes of the Circulation Redemption Fund—
Liability on Endorsements \$451,941.64 ..		Cash
		245,821.58
		Deposit in the Central Gold Reserve ...
		2,420,000.00
		Other Assets and Accounts not included in the Foregoing
		339,786.43
	\$77,682,843.23	\$77,682,843.23

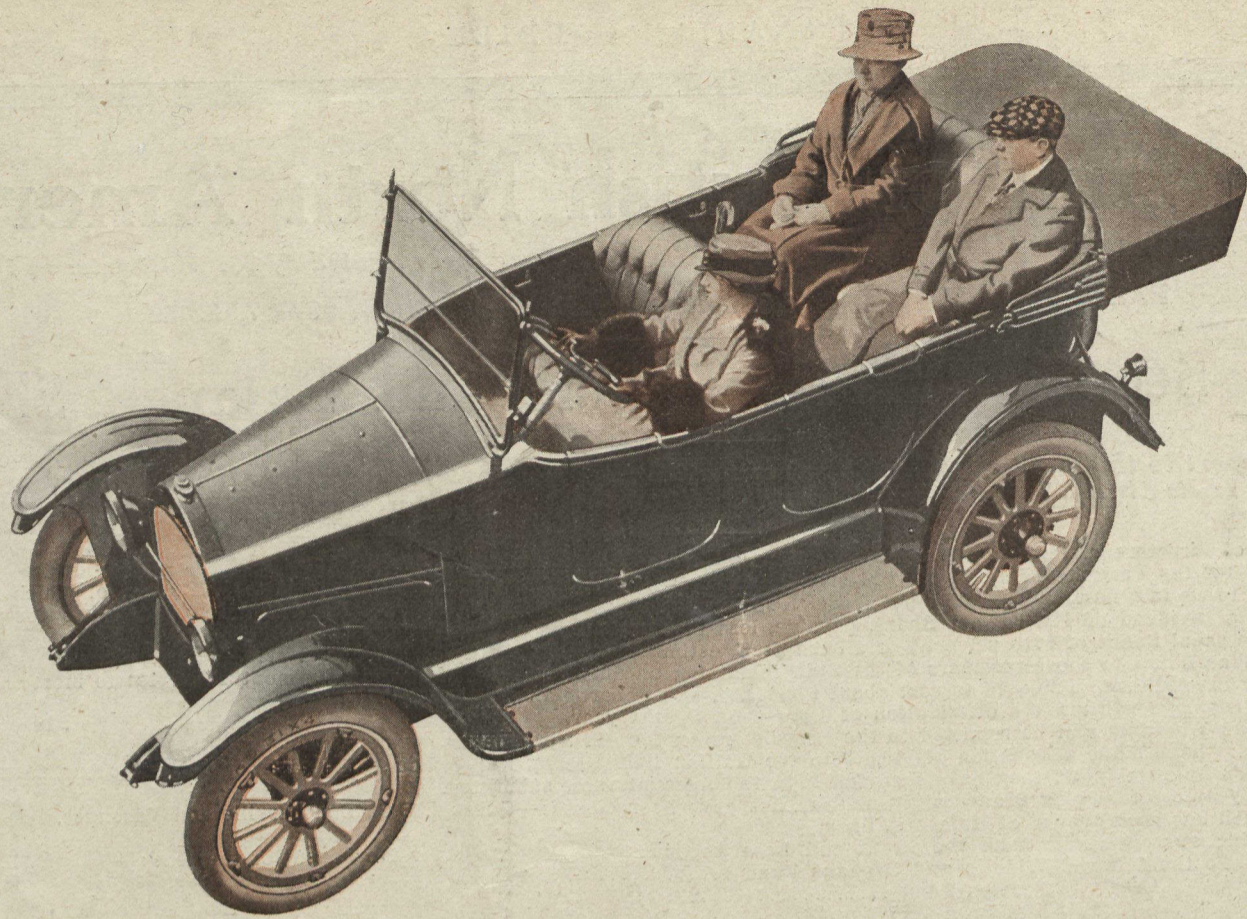
H. B. MACKENZIE, General Manager.

E. A. HOARE, G. D. WHATMAN, Directors.

We have examined the above Balance Sheet with the Books in London and the Certified Returns from the Branches, and we report to the Shareholders that we have obtained all the information and explanations we have required and that in our opinion, the transactions of the Bank which have come under our notice have been within the powers of the Bank. As required by Section 56, Clause 19, of the Bank Act of Canada, we visited the Chief Office (Montreal) of the Bank and checked the cash and verified the securities and found that they agreed with the entries in the books of the Bank with regard thereto. We further report that, in our opinion, the above Balance Sheet is properly drawn up so as to exhibit a true and correct view of the state of the Bank's affairs according to the best of our information and the explanations given to us and as shown by the books and returns.

London, 4th March, 1918.

N. E. WATERHOUSE, FRANK S. PRICE, Auditors.



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The Thrift Car

This ideal car for women to drive saves money without the sacrifice of refinements, comforts or modern conveniences.

The exceptional value of the Overland Model 90 is further emphasized by present-day thrift demands.

Model 90 has the beauty, accommodations and *livability* that meet the demands of the family as well as—

The constancy, and economy for innumerable *business* needs.

Railroads cannot save any more time than they are already doing. Motor cars are the only alternative!

For thousands this Model 90 “shrinks miles to inches and enlarges minutes to hours.” It is aptly called the shortest, most efficient and economical distance between two points.

The housewife can devote time to charitable organizations, bring products direct from the country *in addition* to performing her home duties.

Model 90 is not only adequate and economical but *desirable*.

It combines all the essentials for *complete satisfaction*; including big-car stylish appearance; consistent and easy-to-handle performance.

It has maximum comfort because of its spaciousness, rear cantilever springs, 106-inch wheelbase; has 31x4 tires, non-skid rear; Auto-lite starting and lighting; vacuum fuel system and nation-wide service facilities—

All for a modest price. Order *your* Model 90 now.

*Appearance, Performance
Comfort, Service and Price*

Willys-Overland, Limited
Willys-Knight and Overland Motor Cars and Light Commercial Waggon
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