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September

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By P. G. WODEHOUSE



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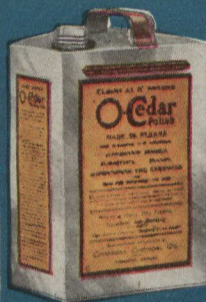
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The
**CANADIAN
 COURIER**
The National Weekly



Vol. XX.

September 2nd, 1916

No. 14

THE WATCH-DOG

By P. G. WODEHOUSE

Illustrations by Phillips Ward

AFTER three minutes of silent and intense thought, John Barton gave out the statement that the moonlight on the terrace was pretty. Aline Ellison said, "Yes, very pretty."

"But, I say, by Jove," said a voice behind them, "you should see some of the moonlight effects on the Mediterranean, Barton. You really should. They would appeal to you. There is nothing like them, is there, Miss Ellison?"

Homicidal feelings surged up within John's bosom. This was the fourth time that day that Lord Bertie Fendall had butted in just as he had got Aline alone. It was maddening. Man, in his dealings with the more attractive of the opposite sex, is either a buzzer or a thinker. John was a thinker. In ordinary circumstances a tolerable conversationalist, he became when in the presence of Aline Ellison, a thinker of the most pronounced type, practically incapable of speech. What he wanted was time. He was freight, not express. But he had perseverance, and, provided the line was kept clear, was bound to get somewhere in the end.

The advent of Lord Bertie had blocked the line. From the moment when Mr. Keith, their host, had returned from New York bringing with him the son and heir of the Earl of Stockleigh, John's manoeuvres had received a check. In Lord Bertie he had a rival, and a rival who was a buzzer. The Englishman had the gift of conversation, and a course of travel had provided him with material for small-talk. Aline, her father being rich and her mother a sort of female Ulysses, had gone over much of the ground which Lord Bertie had covered; and the animation with which she exchanged views of European travel with him made John moist with agony. John was no fool—members of the New York Stock Exchange would have testified to that—but he had never been east of the Statue of Liberty; and, in conversations dealing with the views from the summit of the Jungfrau or the paintings of obscure Dagoes in Florentine picture-galleries, this handicapped him.

On the present occasion he accepted defeat with moody resignation. His opportunity had gone. The conversation was now dealing with Monte Carlo, and Lord Bertie had plainly come to stay. His high-pitched voice rattled on and on. Aline seemed absorbed.

With a muttered excuse John turned into the house. It was hard. To-morrow he was leaving for New York, owing to the sudden illness of his partner. True, he would be coming back in a week or so; but in that time the worst, probably, would have happened. He went to bed so spirited that, stubbing his toe against a chair in the dark, he merely sighed.

AS he paced the terrace after breakfast, waiting for the automobile, Keggs, the Keiths' butler, approached.

At the beginning of his visit, Keggs had inspired John with an awe amounting at times to a positive discomfort. He had suffered terribly under the butler's dignified gaze, until one morning the latter, with the air of a high-priest conferring with an underling on some point of ritual, had asked him whether in his opinion he would be doing rightly in putting his shirt on Mumbin' Mose, in a forthcoming

handicap, as he had been advised to do by a metropolitan friend who claimed to be in the confidence of the trainer. John, recovering from the shock, answered in the affirmative; and a long and stately exchange of ideas on the subject of Current Form ensued. At dinner, a few days later, the butler, leaning over John to help him to sherry, murmured softly: "Romped 'ome, sir, thanking you, sir," and from that moment had intimidated by his manner that John might consider himself promoted to the rank of an equal and a friend.

"Hexcuse me, sir," said the butler, "but Frederick, who 'as charge of your packing, desired me to ask you what arrangements you wished made with regard to the dog, sir."

The animal in question was a beautiful bulldog, Reuben by name. John had brought him to the country at the special request of Aline, who had met him in New York and fallen an instant victim to his rugged charms.

"The dog?" he said. "Oh, yes. Tell Frederick to put his leash on. Where is he?"

"Frederick, sir?"

"No, Reuben."

"Gruffling at 'is lordship, sir," said Keggs, tranquilly, as if he were naming some customary and recognized occupation for bulldogs.

"Gruffling at—? What!"

"'Is lordship, sir, 'ave climbed a tree, and Reuben is at the foot, gruffling at 'im very fierce."

John stared.

"'Is lordship, sir," continued Keggs, "'as always been uncommon afraid of dogs, from boyhood hup. I 'ad the honour to be employed as butler some years ago by 'is father, Lord Stockleigh, and was enabled at that time to hobserve Lord 'Erbert's hextreme aversion for hanimals of that description. 'Is humeanness in the presence of even 'er ladyship's toy Pomeranian was 'ighly marked and much commented on in the servants' 'all."

"So you had met Lord Herbert before?"

"I was butler at the castle a matter of six years, sir."

"Well," said John, with some reluctance, "I guess we must get him out of that tree. Fancy being afraid of old Reuben! Why, he wouldn't hurt a fly."

"'E 'ave took a huncommon dislike to 'is lordship, sir," said Keggs.

"Where's the tree?"

"Hat the lower end of the terrace, sir. Beyond the nood statoo, sir."

John ran in the direction indicated, his steps guided by an intermittent sound as of one gargling. Presently he came in view of the tree. At the foot, with his legs well spread and his massive head raised, stood Reuben. From a branch some little distance from the ground peered down the agitated face of Lord Bertie Fendall. His lordship's aristocratic pallor was intensified. He looked almost green.

"I say," he called, as John appeared, "do for Heaven's sake take that bally dog away. I've been up here the dickens of a time. It isn't safe with that animal about. He's a bally menace."

Reuben, glancing over his shoulder, recognized his master, and, having no



"'I say,' he called. 'Do take that bally dog away!'"

tail to speak of, wagged his body in a welcoming way. He looked up at Lord Bertie, and back again at John. As clearly as if he had spoken the words his eye said—

"Come along, John. You and I are friends. Be a sport and pull him down out of that."

"Take the brute away," cried his lordship.

"He's quite good-natured, really. He won't hurt you."

"He won't get the bally chance," replied Lord Bertie, with acerbity. "Take him away."

John stooped and grasped the dog's collar.

"Come on, Reuben, you old fool," he said. "We shall be missing that train."

THE automobile was already at the door when he got back. Mr. Keith was there, and Aline.

"Too bad, Barton," said Mr. Keith, "your having to break your visit like this. You'll come back, though? How soon, do you think?"

"Inside of two weeks, I hope," said John. "Hammond has had these influenza attacks before. They never last long. Have you seen Reuben's leash anywhere?"

Aline Ellison uttered a cry of anguish.

"Oh, you aren't taking Reuben, Mr. Barton! You can't! You mustn't!"

John cleared his throat.

What he wanted to say was, "Miss Ellison, your lightest wish is law. I love you—and not with the weak two-by-four imitation of affection such as may be offered to you by certain knock-kneed members of the British peerage. Take Reuben. And when you look upon him, think, if but for a moment, of one who though far away, is thinking always of you."

What he said was: "Er, I—"

And that, mind you, was going some for John.

"Oh, thank you!" cried Aline. "Thank you so much, Mr. Barton. It's perfectly sweet of you, and I'll take such care of him. I won't let him out of my sight for a minute."

" . . .," said John, brightly. Mathematicians do not need to be informed that " . . ." is the algebraical sign representing a blend of wheeze, croak, and hiccough.

And the automobile rolled off.

It was about an hour later that Lord Bertie Fendall, finding Aline seated under the shade of the trees, came to a halt beside her.

"Barton went off in the car just now, didn't he?" he inquired casually.

"Yes," said Aline.

Lord Bertie drew a deep breath of relief and



began to buzz with an odd expression.

"Do you know, Miss Ellison—"

A short cough immediately behind him made him look round. His voice trailed off. His eyeglass fell with a jerk and bounded on the end of its cord. He sprang to his feet.

"Come here, Reuben," said Aline. "What have you been doing to your nose? It's all muddy. Aren't you fond of dogs, Lord Herbert? I love them."

"Eh? I beg your pardon?" said his lordship, revolving warily on his own axis, as the animal lumbered past him. "Oh, yes. Yes. That is to say—oh, yes. Very."

ALINE was removing the mud from Reuben's nose with the corner of her pocket-handkerchief.

"Don't you think you can generally tell a man's character by whether dogs take to him or not? They have such wonderful instinct."

"Wonderful," agreed his lordship, meeting Reuben's rolling eye and looking hastily away.

"Mr. Barton was going to take Reuben with him, but that would have been silly for such a short while, wouldn't it?"

"Yes. Oh, yes," said Lord Bertie. "I suppose," he went on, "he will spend most of his time in the stables and so on, don't you know? Not in the house, I mean, don't you know, what?"

"The idea!" cried Aline, indignantly. "Reuben's not a stable dog. I'm never going to let him out of my sight."

"No?" said Lord Bertie, a little feverishly. "No? Oh, no. Quite so."

"There," said Aline, giving Reuben a push, "now you're tidy. What were you saying, Lord Herbert?"

Reuben moved a step forward and wheezed slightly.

"Saying?" said his lordship, backing. "Oh, yes. Yes, I was saying—good dog! Good old fellow! I was saying—would you excuse me, Miss Ellison—good dog, then!—I have just recollected an important—there's a good boy!—an important letter I meant to have written."

The announcement of his proposed departure may have been somewhat abrupt, but at any rate no fault could be found with his manner of leaving. It was ceremonious in the extreme. He moved out of her presence backwards, as if she had been royalty.

Aline saw him depart with a slightly aggrieved feeling. She had been in the mood for company. For some reason which she could not define she was conscious of quite a sensation of loneliness. It was absurd to think that John's departure could have caused this. And yet somehow it did leave a blank. Perhaps it was because he was so big and silent. You grew used to his being there just as you grew used to the scenery, and you missed him when he was gone. That was all. If the Metropolitan tower were removed, one would feel lonely in Madison Square.

LORD BERTIE, meanwhile, having reached the smoking room, where he proposed to brood over the situation with the assistance of a series of cigarettes, found Keggs there, arranging the New York morning papers on a side table. He flung himself into an armchair, and, with a scowl at the butler's back, struck a match.

"I 'ope your lordship is suffering no ill effects from the adventure?" said Keggs, finishing the disposal of the papers.

"What?" said Lord Bertie, coldly. He disliked Keggs.

"I was hallucinating to your lordship's encounter with the dog Reuben this morning."

Lord Bertie started.

"What do you mean?"

"I observed that your lordship 'ad climbed a tree to elude the 'animal."

"You saw it?"

Keggs bowed.

"Then why the devil, you silly old idiot," demanded his lordship, explosively, "didn't you come and take the brute away?"

It had been the practice in the old days both of Lord Bertie and of his father to address the butler in moments of agitation with a certain aristocratic vigour.

"I 'ardly liked to interfere, your lordship, beyond informing Mr. Barton. The 'animal being 'is."

Lord Bertie flung his cigarette out of the window and kicked a footstool. Keggs regarded these evidences of an overwrought soul sympathetically.

"I can appreciate your lordship's emotion," he said, "knowing 'ow haverse to dogs your lordship 'as always been. It seems only yesterday," he continued, reminiscently, "that your lordship, then a boy at Heton, 'ome for the 'olidays, 'anded me a package of Rough on Rats, and instructed me to poison 'er ladyship your mother's toy Pomeranian with it."

Lord Bertie started for the second time since he had entered the room. He screwed his eyeglass firmly into his eye, and looked keenly at the butler. Keggs' face was expressionless. Lord Bertie coughed. He looked round at the door. It was closed.

"You didn't do it," he said.

"The honorarium which your lordship offered," said the butler, deprecatingly, "was only six postage stamps and a 'arf share in a white rat. I did not consider it hadequate in view of the undoubted riskiness of the proposed hact."



"Run!" she panted. "Can't hold him. Run! Run!"

"You'd have done it if I had offered more?"

"That, your lordship, it is impossible to say after this lapse of time."

The Earl of Stockleigh had at one time the idea of attaching his son and heir to the diplomatic service. Lord Bertie's next speech may supply some clue to his father's reasons for abandoning that scheme.

"Keggs," he said, leaning forward, "what will you take to poison that damned dog, Reuben?"

The butler raised a hand in pained protest.

"Your lordship, reely!"

"Fifty dollars."

"Your lordship!"

"A hundred."

Keggs seemed to waver.

"I'll give you a hundred and fifty," said his lordship.

Before the butler could reply, the door opened and Mr. Keith entered.

"The New York papers, sir," said Keggs, deferentially, and passed out of the room.

It was a few days later that he presented himself again before Lord Bertie. His lordship was in low spirits. He was not in love with Aline—he would have considered it rather bad form to be in love with anyone—but he found her possessed of attractions and wealth sufficient to qualify her for an alliance with a Stockleigh; and he had concentrated his mind, as far as it was capable of being concentrated on anything, upon bringing the alliance about. And up to a point everything had seemed to progress admirably. Then Reuben had come to the fore and wrecked the campaign. How could a fellow keep up an easy flow of conversation with one eye on a bally savage

bulldog all the time? And the brute never left her. Wherever she went, he went, lumbering along like a cart horse, with a nasty look out of the corner of his eye whenever a fellow came up and tried to say a word. The whole bally situation, decided his lordship, was getting dashed impossible, and if something didn't happen to change it he would get out of the place and go back to New York.

"Might I 'ave a word, your lordship?" said Keggs.

"Well?"

"I 'ave been thinking over your lordship's offer—"

"Yes?" said Lord Bertie, eagerly.

"Ham I to understand that it 'olds good irrespective of the manner in which the hobject is achieved?"

"What do you mean?"

"The method of helminating the hanimal which your lordship indicated would 'ardly do, I fear. Hawkward questions would be asked, and a public hexpose would inevitably ensue. Hif your lordship would permit me to make a halternative suggestion—?"

"Well?"

"I was reading a article in the newspaper, your lordship, on 'ow sparrows an' such is painted up to represent bullfinches, canaries, hand so on, hand I says to myself 'Why not?'"

"Why not what?" demanded his lordship, irritably.

"Why not substitoot for Reuben hanother dog painted to appear hidetically similar?"

His lordship looked fixedly at him. "Do you know what you are, Keggs?" he said. "A blithering idiot."

"Your lordship halways 'ad a spirited manner of speech," said Keggs, deprecatingly.

"You and your sparrows and canaries and bullfinches! Do you think Reuben's a bally bird?"

"I see no flaw hin the idea, your lordship. 'Orses and such is frequent treated that way. I was talking the matter hover with Roberts, the chauffeur—"

"**W**HAT! And how many more people have you discussed my affairs with?"

"Honly Roberts, your lordship. It was hunavoidable. Roberts being the owner of a dog which could be painted up to be the living spit of Reuben, your lordship."

"What!"

"For a hedaquate honorarium, your lordship."

Lord Bertie's manner became excited.

"Where is he? No, not Roberts. I don't want to see Roberts. This dog, I mean."

"Hat Roberts' cottage, your lordship. 'E is a great favourite with the children."

"Is he, by Jove? Good-tempered animal, eh?"

"Hextremely so, your lordship."

"Show him to me, then. There might be something in this."

Keggs coughed.

"And the honorarium, your lordship?"

"Oh, that. Oh, I'll remember Roberts all right."

"I was not thinking hexclusively of Roberts, your lordship."

"Oh, I'll remember you, too."

"Thank you, your lordship. About 'ow hextensively, your lordship?"

"I'll see that you get ten dollars apiece. That'll be all right."

"I fear," said Keggs, shaking his head, "it could 'ardly be done at the price. Hin a hearlier conversation your lordship mentioned a 'undred and fifty."

"A hundred and fifty!"

"That was the hexact figure your lordship mentioned. That, 'owever, was for the comparatively simple task of poisoning the hanimal. The substitootion would be more hexpensive, owing to the nature of the process. I was thinking of five 'undred, your lordship."

"Don't be a fool, Keggs."

"I fear Roberts could not be induced to do it for less. The process bein' hexpensive."

"Five hundred! No, it's dashed absurd. I won't do it."

"Very good, your lordship."

"Here, stop. Don't go. Look here, I'll give you two hundred and fifty."

"I fear it could not be done, your lordship."

"Three hundred. Four—. Here, don't go. Oh,

very well, then, five, if it must be so."
 "I thank you, your lordship. If your lordship will be at the bend hin the road in 'arf an hour's time the hanimal will be there."

LORD BERTIE was a little early at the tryst, but he had not been waiting long when a party of three turned the corner. One of the party was Keggs. The second he recognized as Roberts, the chauffeur, a wooden-faced man who wore a permanent air of melancholy. The third, who waddled along at the end of a rope, was a dingy white bulldog. The party came to a halt before him. Roberts touched his hat, and eyed the dog sadly. The dog sniffed at his lordship with apparent amiability. Keggs did the honours.

"The hanimal, your lordship."
 Lord Bertie put up his glass and inspected the exhibit.
 "Eh?"
 "The hanimal I mentioned, your lordship."
 "That?" said Lord Bertie. "Why, dash it all, that bally milk-coloured brute isn't like Reuben."

"Not at present, your lordship. But your lordship is forgetting the process. Hin two days Roberts will be able to treat that hanimal so that Reuben's hown mother would be deceived."

Lord Bertie looked with interest at the artist.
 "No, really? Is that a fact?"
 Roberts, an economist in speech, looked up, touched his hat again in a furtive manner, and fixed his eye once more on the dog.

"Well, he seems friendly all right," said Lord Bertie, as the animal endeavoured to lick his hand.

"'E 'as the most placid disposition," Keggs assured him. "A great himprovement on Reuben, your lordship. Well worth the five 'undred."

"Well, go ahead, then."
 "And the five 'undred, your lordship?"
 "I'll give it to you when you've made the change."
 "Very good, your lordship," said Keggs.
 Roberts touched his hat.

Hope fought with scepticism in Lord Bertie's mind during the days that followed. There were moments when the thing seemed possible, and moments when it seemed absurd. Of course, Keggs was

a silly old fool; but, on the other hand, there were possibilities about Roberts. The cnauffeur had struck his lordship as a capable-looking sort of man. And, after all, there were cases on record of horses being painted and substituted for others, so why not bulldogs? Nevertheless, Lord Bertie congratulated himself on his wisdom in withholding payment till the goods had been delivered.

IT was absolutely necessary that some step be taken shortly, unless he wished his campaign to end in complete disaster. As his conversation failed, Aline had become more and more distant. His jerky manner and abrupt retreats were getting on her nerves.

"Look here, Keggs," he said on the third morning, "I can't wait much longer. If you don't bring on that dog soon, the whole thing's off."

"I 'ave already heffected the change, your lordship. The delay 'as been due to the fact that Roberts wished to make a hespecial good job of it."

"And has he?"

(Continued on page 22.)

THE MUSKOKA MAIL CARRIER

Wanted to Borrow His Wife's Shoelace for a Whip-Lash, But She Had On Her Button Boots

SOMEWHERE in the purlieus of Parry Sound, that once a camp, now a young city older than Sudbury up the line, I encountered Jehu Jinepot, the mail man. Jehu is probably the most uncommonplace mail-carrier in Canada. He boards at a place whose name ends in a syllable that in French means water, and lives 14 miles away at the other end of his beat on the railroad. He has, or had, houses all the way between. He has been in that part of super-civilization since Lord Dufferin was Governor-General. He has driven stage over one of the rockiest roads to anywhere but Dublin all that time. Before he was born his father drove stage in York County, Ont. When his father was a boy his grandfather drove the mails down Yonge St., at the time of the Mackenzie Rebellion against the Family Compact. So that, according to Jehu's own statement to me, as he tickled my left ear with the lines on the way to Rondeau, mail-manning had been in the family for a clean hundred years. He was born to fetch and carry His Majesty's letters and whatsoever extra truck and traffic might be required by the seven or ten families along his route of 14 miles.

By AUGUSTUS BRIDLE

I got a square look at him. "This day they bunched first station up. That's decent. Gits my mail train in here enough ahead o' the express to git my load

colour scheme of what clothes he consented to keep on that would have given joy to a post-impressionist. It was somewhere between 94 and 100 in the shade round about that house of his, with the shed barn quarter of a mile up the road.

His decrepit old waggon, with the wabby wheels and the one seat was heaped with a junk-load of goods under a brown-duck tarpaulin, beneath which he crammed my club bag with the speed of an expert. It was all waiting except the horses for me. I was his only bona fide passenger. The other was a lady who came out of the house. He seemed to know her very well. There was also a very impromptu sort of a child who had a chummy dog. Some hens gurgled about in the heat. Jehu went down to the shed to get his team. We hooked up.

"**N**OW you better set in front," he said to the lady. "You and the gen'lman. I'll stand behind."

"Why didn't you fetch the two-seated waggon?" she asked him.

"Gosh alive! that team o' colts o' mine smashed 'er up tother day," said he.

"How can you drive standing up?" she asked.

"Easier'n I kin settin' down," chirps he. "I been settin' down fer years. It's a rest to stand on my pins. Git in."

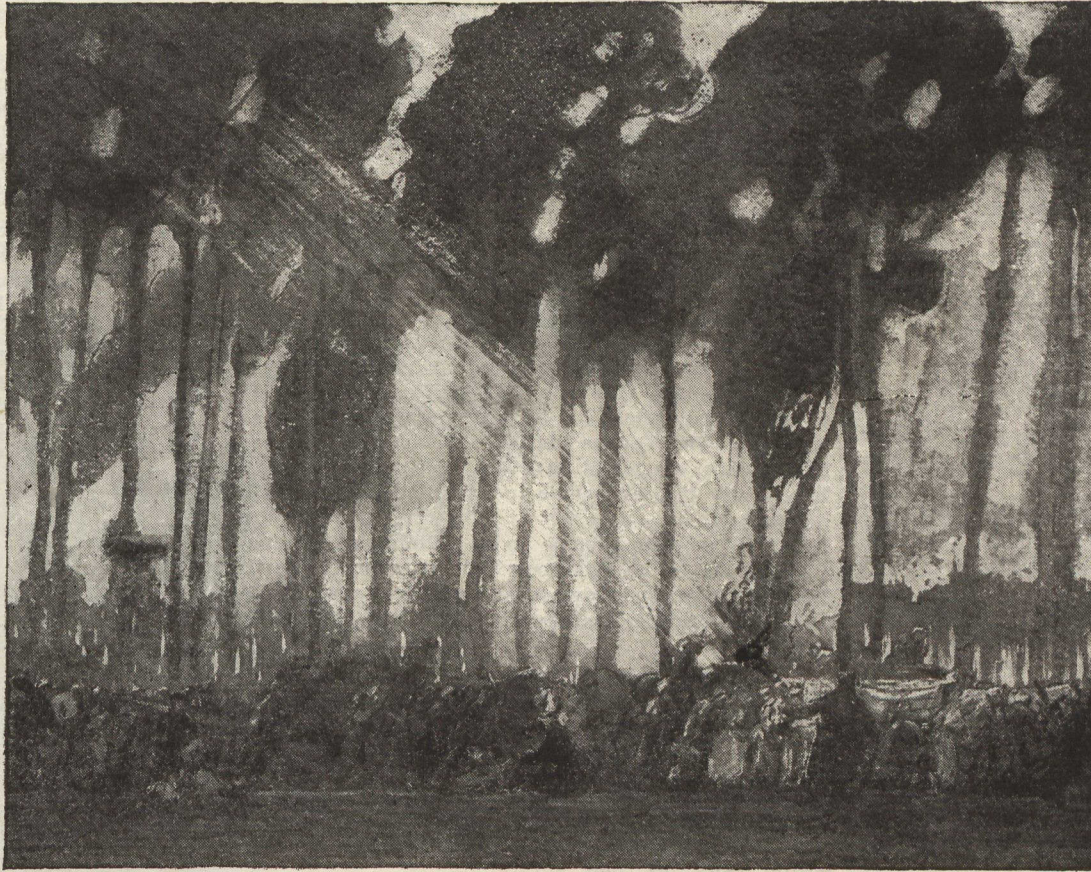
The child, who seemed to understand everything, was urged to run back to the house along with the dog and grandma. The rest of us got aboard. Jehu stood behind.

"What made yeh wear that old hat?" he wanted to know of the lady. As

a matter of fact her hat seemed quite chic, and she was very well dressed.

"It's a good thing I did," said she, with an English accent that forty odd years in the hinterland had not even frayed at the edges. "Them lines o' yours ud be knocking tother in me lap, I think. It's bad enough this way."

"Doncheh worry," he advised. "I'll keep the lines



SONNET ON THE BELGIAN EXPATRIATION

By THOMAS HARDY

I dreamt that people from the Land of Chimes
 Arrived one autumn morning with their bells,
 To hoist them on the towers and citadels
 Of my own country, that the musical rhymes

Then I awoke: and lo, before me stood
 The visioned ones, but pale and full of fear;
 From Bruges they came, and Antwerp and
 Ostend,

Rung by them into space at measured times
 Amid the market's daily stir and stress,
 And the night's empty starlit silentness,
 Might solace souls of this and kindred climes.

No carillons in their train. Vicissitude
 Had left these tinkling to the invaders' ear
 And ravaged street, and smouldering gable-
 end.

THE place where he starts his beat with the Rondeau mail-pack was a somewhat ungodly place to alight from a train in search of summer people in a land of rocks and bush. The coach I was in paused fair amidsthips of a bridge over a canyon. The engine took breath in front of Jehu's postal department and residence, on the edge of a limitless bush. What there was of a trail from his menage into the wilderness seems to be enough of a road to have plenty of dust. Where the dust ended the red rocks began. Jehu had been doing his daily stunt of waiting for two trains at once, both coming the same direction.
 "Never know where they'll bunch up," he said, as

on, time the express arrives. You goin' to Moseyville, ain't you,

How did he know that?

"Yes," says I, glancing him over, wondering how in that hangup, loose-dudded old man of whiskers there could be much knowledge of any sort beyond a certain primeval cunning. But he was a genial old person with hands as hard as horns and a general

clear. 'Hike up there, Nell,' speaking to the nigh mare, who, as he told me, was a nine-year-old and a bit lazy, while the off one was a three-year-old. He fetched her a poke with the stock of his broken whip, which he said was a poor apology for a gad. "Gosh, she knows I aint in that seat. She knows I aint got the blacksnake, too. I allus carry a blacksnake. Garn you! Wait till I git into that seat, my lady, when the gen'lman's off—I'll tickle you up."

There was a hind-end wind. That part of the road was a new trail down from the main highway to the railroad. It was up hill and down the steep; a road that no team could trot on long enough to do anything but raise a dust; and when the team slacked up to climb the opposite hill all the dust came tumbling down over the rig.

"Smoke up, Mister," said Jehu cheerily. "It'll take y'r mind off the dust and the heat."

HE went on to tell his wife—for it was she herself—telling her for my benefit how that same Nell mare of nine years, born and bred in Toronto, had been fool enough to throw a fit over a train the other day and started to jump a gate with the wagon behind her.

"Durn er! she was born down among the trains and clean ferret it," he said. "Tuck that spread around yeh, Mister; keep the dust off. Might's well be comfortable all yeh kin. It's six miles and a half to Moseyville, and the road's all, if anything, worse than this."

We were now on the main road as he said, up among the hummocks of poplar and jackpine and stunted spruce and hemlock, with casual hardwoods sticking through, and an odd bit of corduroy over what used to be a swamp before the dry spell struck it.

"It's a good road now to what it wuz," he said, as we leaned up a rocky hill grinding the sand into the rocks, while the dust walloped down over us in a thick cloud and the heat chortled along the canyon. All the breeze there was pranked aimlessly among the top leaves of the poplars just where it wasn't needed. Two huge loads of fresh-hewn hemlock went crawling along towards the railway out from the mill, whose smokestack and piles of lumber we could see now on the edge of a lake, with a dam just above where the logs had come down in the spring.

"No, there aint any pine in here now," he said, fetching the nigh horse a poke with the stock. "Gosh! when we come here forty-five years ago there was pine enough. See that house there? That's ours. Rented it once. Had a dickens of a time to git the rent, and the outfit jist about killed the place; tore down my sheds, pulled down the fences. Broadwood's his name. Lives over at Rondeau. Works in a mill there. No friend o' mine. Not much!"

We pulled in at a down-trodden farmhouse—one of those rickety plants that worry sparse crops and Muskoka milk out of a rather niggardly soil among the rocks.

"Ho!" shouted Jehu to a dried-up woman. "Here's the ile."

He yanked out a can and handed it down.

"My gracious!" said Madam Jinepot, "that ile's been leaking all over this coat I'm setting on."

"Never mind," said he. "I've seen cans leak a sight worse on this road. Some of 'em run ile all over the bottom o' the rig."

He was good at this cold-slaw comfort, born of a career which might have made him a cynic.

"Now," he spied, pointing with his whipstick. "See that log house back yonder?"

I did so.

"Yeh wunt believe me when I tell yeh that forty-five years ago the Governor-General of Canada made a speech there."

"What Governor?" I asked.

"I dunno. But it was him all right. I mind the time we had here gittin' the settlers out to welcome him. There was a reg'lar turnout. He come through from Parry Sound. He made a speech on the steps o' that house. I mind very well that Bob Crow made a bet with some o' the rest that he'd ask the Governor for a

quarter. By gosh! he done it, too. When the Governor was speaking he crawls up the steps and sets down under him lookin' up. 'Well, my man,' says the Governor, 'what do you want?' 'I want a quarter,' says Bob. Sure enough the Governor slips him one. Oh, Bob was a daredevil all right."

Shortly afterwards Jehu drove the team into a lake to get a drink, pointing out a rock at the end of which he said a son of his had been drowned, aged 23, being unable to swim.

"He was a fine lad," said Mrs. Jinepot.

"But I've got two other sons, both at Niagara Camp," said Jehu. "Oh, we ain't so far off the map up here as you folks might think. But we had far livelier times years ago than we have now. Why, I mind one winter there was seventeen surprise parties at our house."

Next house along Jehu was hailed by a woman with a sack.

"That's fresh buns," she said. "Take 'em to Mrs. Barnes. Tell 'er they're just baked."

"Oh," remarks Jehu, "I s'pose that's to pay for the loaf o' bread she sent yeh last week."

She admitted that it was. The age of swap and barter still rules in northern Muskoka. Money is not always needed. Not even tokens are sometimes necessary. Jehu's itinerary included a lot of these travelling bills of exchange, covering fish, butter, bread, fresh meat and other things—even among the campers with whom he did a casual but thrifty trade in the carrying line—always for money, however.

"Great country for fish up here," he said, as he stormed at the Nell horse again. "Bass—well, I guess so."

He proceeded to tell his wife the story of Lost Lake. That was a lake that lay in a basin up in the crags twenty feet higher than the next one; a small plot of water, twenty acres or so. Once upon a time a camper fished in that lake and got nothing. There wasn't a bass in it. So he dumped into it a few small bass. Three years later some school-ma'ams came up to camp. One of them went strolling up by this lake—at that time nameless. She came back to the farmhouse much excited to say that she had seen a tremendous-sized bass. What did a cunning Yankee tourist do but hire exclusive the only boat that could be got and fish in that lake all summer alone, bass from six pound down to three and no less?

"Well, yeh know that fella was pretty cute," sniggered Jehu. "He sure had a monopoly, if ever there was one. Whenever anybody came around tryin' to find that lake he steered 'em anywheres but to the spot. None o' the reg'lar settlers had time to bother about it. The campers said the lake was lost. The Yankee himself—had lost it. But he was yankin' six-pound bass out of it all the time. That's how the lake come to be called Lost Lake."

NOW the road became extra villainous. There seemed to be two rock hills to every hollow. The dust swarmed down over our backs and filled up all the crevices in Mrs. Jinepot's hat. The heat was furious.

"Mosey up there!" he shouted to the Nell mare. "Consarn yeh!"

He brought her a swat with the stock.

"Gosh! when this gen'lman's oft I'm goin' to borry one o' your shoe laces for a lash," he said to Madam, who expostuated with him for being so harsh and herself talked to Nellie in reassuring tones.

"Indeed you'll not," she retorted. "I've got on me button boots this time."

"Oh! So I can't do it then," he growled. "Gid-up!"

He told her over and over of the good old days when the pine logs came butting down from the upper waters; of the swaggering river-drivers that used to make the bush and the river resound with

the crack of epics now extinct. He had himself been a river-man upon occasion. The memory of those old heroic days was still strong upon him. His wizened old hulk had still the clutch of an earlier day. He lived much in the past, talking, however, considerably of the ice-cream he would buy when he got to Rondeau; of the church they would attend in the morning—by which it was quite evident that Madam Jinepot had made this trip on purpose to be at divine service, since it was every other Sunday only at the train end, and she had much respect for the church.

Jehu and his wife seemed to be intimate with every animal, every rock, lake, sugar-bush, human being and fence-corner along the route. He admitted that he sometimes went to sleep in the rig, waking to find the team off the road nipping in among the brouse.

Soon we came to the gleam of another large lake. He pointed with his whipstock at the woods that rose about the lake.

"See that high clump of bush there?" he asked. "Well, if you get the time before you go, you stroll in over there. You'll find the greatest piece o' God's woods left anywhere round these parts. It's wonderful!"

HE did his best to describe this enchanted forest. His vocabulary failed him. Madam took a hand. Her dictionary became exhausted. Their very failure to depict what they had seen so often led me to believe that the forest of Arden was never a more fitting haunt for A Midsummer Night's Dream than this magical, whispering, light-dotted sugar-bush whose cathedral arches rose on the shore of Bass Lake.

Having visited that bush since, I am free to confess that the ecstasy of John and his wife was quite justified. As they praised the great woods they seemed to become lifted out of the heat and the dust and the rocks into a bigger, more humanizing life.

Our next stop was the postoffice proper—Moseyville. Before we came to it John told his wife about the man and woman who ran that farm and who owned so much of the land thereabouts. It was the postmaster who owned the great sugar-bush. He told her of the remarkable way in which the postmaster's wife, a perfect lady, adjusted herself to the crude life of a backwoods country; how she carried her baby two miles beyond dusk after the cows, singing and rejoicing in the cool of the day and the gathering dew. In his praise of these people and of the great woods he seemed—and she also—to have forgotten all their animosity against Hiram Broadwood, the man whom they had accused of spoiling their farm back along the road.

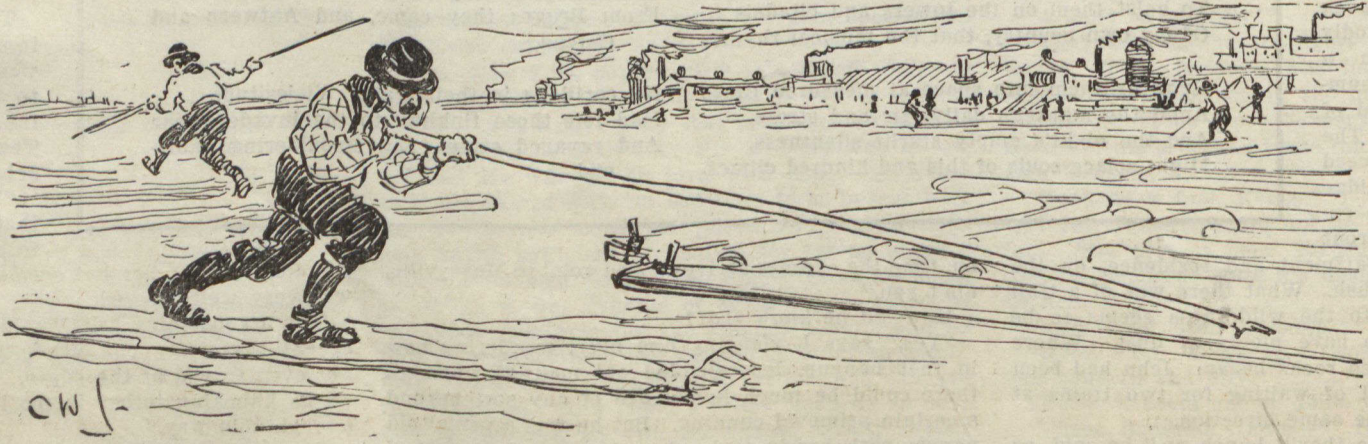
When we drew up, the postmaster's wife came running out. Her husband was away over the hills with the hay-teams. She was alone.

"Mr. Jinepot," she said excitedly, "please throw off the mail as fast as you can and hurry along. Mrs. Broadwood has just been here. She's ill. She came to telephone for a doctor. She went away again on foot. She said she would be home before she got much worse. But I'm afraid—"

John gave her no time to finish. He brought both horses separate cuts with the whipstock and started them off on the gallop along a level road. What a dust they raised! At once the heat was forgotten. Jehu Jinepot and his wife were flung fair into the arms of a crisis that ruled everything else out. The old wabby rig became a chariot of salvation. They forgot all about me—except to drop me off at the spot to which I was bound. Away they went in a whirl of clatter and dust.

The sequel? I learned afterwards that Jehu Jinepot overtook Mrs. Broadwood a mile down the road. She was struggling along in the heat, a sudden-stricken woman, knowing that nature had overtaken her when human help was far away. They got her

into the rig and took her home. That evening she was delivered of a child, with Mrs. Jinepot as the sole attendant. Jehu drove post-haste to Rondeau to fetch the husband, working there in a mill—his enemy. And over the new-born child the Jinepots and the Broadwoods buried their animosities, as they might.



"He told of the swaggering river-drives that used to make the river resound with epics now extinct."

THE MAGIC OF THE THUMB

A Rambling Account of a Family and a Car

I SUPPOSE, taking one thing with another, **B**Y **B**RITTON **B**. **C**OOKE there didn't used to be a meaner man than our father, when he wanted to be. Of course he's only little and we girls are tall, being like our mother in that respect. And I suppose, being little and being in some danger of being imposed upon by the people of higher altitudes, our father has to be especially careful of his rights, so they won't get tramped on. But there is such a thing as being too careful, and he is that.

For years and years we five have wanted an automobile. That's Julia and George and I, and mother and father. That was when we were poorer than we are now, so we couldn't have the automobile. In the very first days, when motors were just invented, we never thought about owning one any more than we'd think about buying a whole train of cars to-day or an office building for a country residence. In those times it was only silk-hatted people who owned motor cars, and they trained their coachmen as chauffeurs and made them wear silk hats too, and livery, and sit up straight. Those times dad was just a junior book-keeper down in his office on King Street, and we had hardish times getting along, so the neighbours wouldn't know I wore George's things cut down. By and by the funny papers began making jokes about the way automobiles would get stuck on hills and in mud holes, and we would all laugh at the jokes and think how foolish the motor car business was, anyhow. But after awhile they got motors so they would run without breaking down every block, and instead of bicycles streaming out College Street on a Sunday afternoon, it'd be nothing but motors. But father had enough to do at times to keep our mother from borrowing money from her rich uncle, who'd always been offering to do something handsome for us, without dreaming about automobiles. Being a little man, he refused to be in debt or under obligation to anyone, worst of all to our mother's uncle, who was tall and handsome, with a big nose and a sort of Emperor's mouth. And he owned a big automobile painted red. We felt a great deal better about our not having an automobile when people began saying automobiles were only driven

referred to father's family as being "low" just on account of that one aunt and her pipe. Soon after mother had seen the old lady being driven in the automobile, we discovered a great many really respectable people rode in them, and our minister came to call on us in one one day and seemed quite proud to, too. It turned out it was his first ride in one, and he couldn't talk of anything else while he was paying us the visit until he prayed and went.

"Now I know for sure," said George, who's the oldest, "that father's been encouraging us t' believe motor cars are sinful, just so's we wouldn't be wishing for one."

Mother said nothing, but Julia piped up and said:

hands with him in little snatches when he could manage the wheel with one hand. I knew this by the way she kept her shoulder still, so mother wouldn't notice if her hand strayed away. We drove a great many miles and felt fine driving up in front of our house again with the headlights showing up the neighbours sitting on their front verandahs, while we'd been motoring with George's young man. We'd had a great time and we forgot to feel vengeful toward dad. Dad was sitting in the kitchen with his feet on a kitchen chair and the tea-pot at his elbow. Our girl was out and he'd been making himself tea and reading poetry. There are two things dad likes: they are poetry and power! He says money isn't worth so very much, and dresses and silk gloves and jewels are of no account beside the things of

Scenes that are opened by—the Magic of the Thumb. The joys of the road are known only to those who seek them and chiefly those who seek them in a car. One of these views was taken in Ontario, another on



Vancouver Island and the third on the mainland of British Columbia, among the mountains. The increasing mileage of good roads in Canada is extending the range of the Magic of the Thumb.

"And father's got a better position now. He's local manager of the company. He could buy us an automobile now. He ought to buy one."

Mother, who's got mean feet and rheumatism, didn't say much, but she seemed to be thinking a great deal and she looked as big as the city hall tower beside dad when he came home that night, and we thought dad had a sort of sneaky and guilty look, as though he knew we'd found him out. And he was specially pleasant to everybody and told us the joke he'd read from the front page of the paper that morning, which is all we ever see of the paper,

real value like poetry. He is always called on to recite at his lodge when they have special occasions. And Power! Dad would be a Prussian—in manners and methods—if he could. He has always believed in efficiency and soldiering and pomp. Perhaps that is because he has never been able to possess any of these things, or get near them himself—except efficiency. He is wonderful on that, they say. If he could he would be a Czar, but being small and having tall daughters and a tall wife, he takes out his wishing in being stubborn.

BY and by George's young man didn't ask the rest of us to go joy-riding, except once a week or so. Every other time he'd take Georgie out alone. They were engaged, father having consented rather than bring on a struggle which would only have shown how little and helpless he was against George and Mother and Julia and me—and Larry. George told us quite plain one night that we didn't always need to say "yes" when Larry drove up and asked all of us to go motoring. He had to ask us all out of politeness, she said, but we had to refuse out of politeness. So we did, and we sat at home and Dad thundered out poetry till you'd have thought he was a giant with seven eyes and a sword as high as our house. But when he got through the poetry and turned 'round the table for his cold tea, you knew at once he wasn't, and Dad, too, knew he wasn't, and looked little and defiant. We stood the poetry pretty well till we remembered that Dad ought to buy us an automobile. Then we set at him and even our mother helped—for she was thinking of her feet and his rheumatism—but Dad was adamant. First he said he couldn't afford one, but we proved he could. Then he said they were dangerous, and we answered that till finally he just jabbed his spectacles on, flattened out his book of poems and went on reading without listening to us at all.

"Think of the power of money," says Dad, one night. "Money is coined power. It is the power to buy other men's services!"

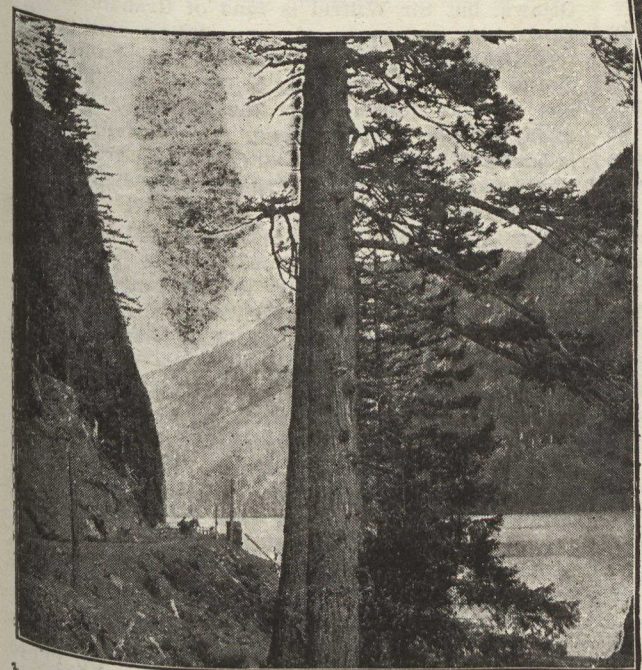
"Hmph," says Julia. "And it's the power to keep folks miserable when they could be having a good time."

"Twaddle!" snarls m'father. "Twaddle, Jul-ee. Money, properly used, is a power for good."

"Yes, if y' use it," says Julia, and Dad looked crushed. He hadn't seen that answer coming. He was just finding his place in his book again when

dad being, as I said before, mean about some things.

We were all getting ready to go at dad and corner him and make him say why he wouldn't buy an automobile, but just then George got a "bow," and the "bow" had an automobile with a black body, and green stripes. We three girls all agreed he was a handsome "bow" for Georgie and advised Georgie she ought to take him as he would make a splendid father for her children, and we hinted that if Georgie didn't take him we'd be glad to be nice to him just for his own sake, whether he had an automobile or not. But George only laughed and pretended to box our ears, and the next night her young man came and invited us all to go motoring in his car. He even took mother, but dad wouldn't go. He said he had some reading to do, though I thought to myself it was just because he didn't intend to be patronized by any six-foot young whipper-snapper who owned an automobile. George sat in the front seat beside Larry—that was her young man's name—and held



by "fast" people, and only "horsey" looking women were seen in such things. That helped for a long time and made us feel sort of patronizing even to our mother's uncle—who was supposed to be a kind of benevolent black sheep, anyway—and we decided we wouldn't want an automobile even if we could afford one, or if one was given us for a present by anybody. We felt very proud and superior to automobile people, and mother'd click her tongue and shake her head as much as to say, "I told you so," whenever we'd read of some scandalous party of joy-riders getting run into a ditch and killed. You'd have thought we were blood-thirsty, though we weren't really.

ONE day mother saw an old woman with very white hair being driven in a motor. She was surprised, because old ladies are nearly always respectable, except when they smoke, like a great-aunt of father's did—till she died, and mother always

Larry left off squeezing George's hand long enough to say:

"Power! Why now you mention it, I'd forgotten I'd never shown your father the power of a man's thumb."

"What?" says Dad.

"The power of a man's thumb," says Larry.

"Whose thumb?"

"Anyone's!"

"Yours?"

"Yes, mine if you like."

"Hmph!" says Dad, putting his spectacles down off his brows again and pretending to read. "You're getting as bad as these girls o' mine, Larry."

"But I can prove it!" says Larry.

"Prove ahead."

"Will you step out to the curb, then?" says Larry, "and sit for one minute in the front seat beside mine? I'll show you the—magic of the thumb."

"Pooh!" says Dad. "Some sort o' foolery. However, I'll see it out. Go ahead."

"Come on," says Larry, winking at us. "Everybody come on. You can sit in the back seat."

We climbed in, including George, who was a little sulky seeing Dad take her seat in beside Larry. Larry shut the door beside Dad and shut himself in, then he pressed his thumb on the starter—Larry had both hand and foot connection—and the car began to vibrate to the engine.

"Sure!" says Dad, uneasily. "I see what you mean. That's thumb power, all right, but—hold on!"

But he was too late. Larry had kidnapped him and was honking for the second crossing before Dad got settled down. We went west and north and out into the moonlit countryside. We purred through endless moonlight through which the elms thrust upward like dark silver crowned shadows. . . . We were gone three hours and in that time Dad had seen the country as he had not seen it since he was a boy and courted mother. Since that time Dad's changed. He has "the bug." It's great for us.

WILL N. W. ROWELL BECOME PREMIER OF CANADA?

By TOM KING

Ottawa Correspondent Toronto World

A GOOD many people are taking it for granted that the Liberals will carry the next Dominion election. They are also taking it for granted that Sir Wilfrid Laurier will soon retire from public life. They are, therefore, casting about in their minds for a coadjutor with the right of succession, and not a few of them have picked upon Nelson Wesley Rowell.

Many qualifications for the position are no doubt possessed by Mr. Rowell. He is a native Canadian, an English-speaking Protestant and a man of broad enough views to find a useful place in the national life of Canada. That he hails from Ontario is a point in his favour because almost by common consent Sir Wilfrid's first lieutenant must come from that province. The Liberal leader and his successor cannot both come from the Province of Quebec.

In the Maritime Provinces we have Dr. Pugsley and Mr. Carvell, but neither of them aspires to the leadership. In the west there is no one sufficiently well known to the people at large to become a national figure over night. Hon. Mr. Calder, of Saskatchewan, is thought by many to be the brainiest Liberal west of Lake Superior, but he is scarcely known by sight east of Port Arthur.

But, having travelled thus far in amity with those who would anoint Mr. Rowell as David was anointed before King Saul passed away, we find ourselves unable to continue with them to the end of the journey. If Mr. Calder is unknown east of Port Arthur, is Mr. Rowell any better known west of that place? Has he in short anything more than a provincial reputation?

This question, we fear, must be answered in the negative, and we by no means desire thereby to discredit Mr. Rowell. We Ontario people naturally assume that everybody in Canada must know all about the leader of the Provincial Opposition. But how much do we in Ontario know about Mr. Tanner, who for ten years or more has been the leader of the Opposition in Nova Scotia?

Of course Nova Scotia is small compared with Ontario; but who, pray, is the leader of the Opposition in Quebec? Can you tell me who is the Opposition leader in Manitoba, in Saskatchewan, in Alberta? I have the impression without stopping to look it up that the Opposition leader in Saskatchewan is named Willoughby, and that he wears side whiskers, but I may be confusing him with the late Hon. Dr. Willoughby, who was a member of the first Whitney government.

The wayfaring man in Ontario never sees a newspaper published in Nova Scotia, Manitoba or British Columbia, and the wayfaring man in Nova Scotia, Manitoba, or British Columbia pays little attention to the local politics of Ontario. In every country we perceive the same phenomenon. I doubt very much whether anyone in Ohio could tell you who is the governor of Pennsylvania. But everyone of the one hundred million people south of the boundary line can tell you who is the President of the United States, they can also tell you who is the Speaker of the House of Representatives, and who happens for the moment to be Secretary of State. The men who figure prominently in the Senate and House of Representatives are well known to the country at large.

So in Canada the people from ocean to ocean know about the men who figure at Ottawa, the Borden, the Lauriers, the Fosters, the Grahams, the Meighens, the Carvells. The only stage upon which the performers face a nation-wide audience is the Parliamentary stage at Ottawa. Every newspaper, however remote its location or provincial its outlook, publishes something of what is said and done on Parliament Hill. Every member of Parliament is not a national figure by any means, but have we a man of national figure in Dominion politics who has never sat in either House of Parliament?

Then, again, the man who is to help Sir Wilfrid and to succeed him must lead the Liberal members of the House of Commons. He cannot be a comparative stranger imposed upon them. He must be someone in whom they have confidence, for whom they have certain affection. You cannot present a leader to a militant minority at Ottawa representing a wide constituency from sea to sea and confident of returning within a few months to power, and have him accepted as you might do in the case of a small group in a provincial legislature. The Liberal members of the Ontario legislature, a baker's dozen, were in 1911 only too glad to have Mr. Rowell place himself at the head of their column. But the eighty or more Liberal M.P.'s at Ottawa rightly or wrongly believe they are going to win the next election.

Naturally they would desire one of their members to be Sir Wilfrid's first lieutenant and nearly all of them will tell you that the Hon. George P. Graham possesses all the qualifications possessed by Mr. Rowell, and has other elements of strength including ministerial and parliamentary experience, which has yet to be acquired by the leader of the Ontario Opposition. Mr. Graham, in 1907, occupied the position Mr. Rowell occupies to-day. He was promoted to the Federal field and has made good. For four years he presided over one of the biggest departments of the Government, and he left office a poor man. During that time he sat in the House of Commons and held his own against all comers. He has been in the House ever since, and has developed unexpected strength in opposition.

It by no means follows that every man of ability will succeed in the House of Commons. Sir Alan Aylesworth, for example, a man of commanding talent, never quite fitted into the ways and days of Parliament. In 1911 more than one new member came to Ottawa preceded by a great reputation, and more than one failed to command the attention or secure the admiration of the House. You run that risk with every new man you bring to the House, whether you make him a cabinet minister or leader of the opposition, and you cannot tell in advance how he will pan out. He may have been a commanding figure in some provincial legislature, he may have been an irresistible spell-binder in his own locality, he may have been a successful advocate who bent juries to his will, he may have been as successful as you please in law, in politics, or in finance, yet utterly fail to catch the tone of the House or be a real comrade to the man with whom he is to work in a common cause and who are expected to follow him.

In the case of Mr. Graham, the Liberals will be

taking no chances, they know him and they know what he can do. In the House or out of the House, he is a mighty good man to have about. I was struck by that in 1910, when it was my privilege to accompany Sir Wilfrid Laurier on his famous tour across the continent. In his entourage were E. M. Macdonald, Fred Pardee, and George Graham. Ned Macdonald is one of the best parliamentary debaters on this continent, and Fred Pardee, the chief Liberal whip, is a platform speaker of marked ability. Yet it was Graham who saved the tour from something like a breakdown. The West was just then in a hostile mood towards the Laurier administration. The farmers were restive over the mixing of grain that had undoubtedly gone on at the terminal elevators. They were complaining of the tariff and what many considered the unredeemed pledges of the Laurier party in respect thereto. Other causes of dissatisfaction existed and there was a disposition in many places to walk out after the audience had seen, recognized and listened to the Prime Minister. More than once it was George Graham who brought them back. He has a wonderful voice that can make itself heard above all confusion, and he usually halted the audience by telling a good story. Then most of them decided to sit down again and hear what George had to say. He seemed to get nearer to the western people than any of the other visiting statesmen.

Indeed it may be said of Graham that he is not only a strong man upon great occasions, but a good, reliable man for everyday occasions and every day work. Some people think he is handicapped by not being serious enough. He likes a joke and often illustrates a point by a good story. He does not envelop himself in mysterious solemnity. He is a good publicity man for other people, but no hand to distribute press notices about himself. As a working newspaper man he knows how political heroes are built up, the drapery that is put about them, and the limelight that is turned upon them.

You may think I have said too much about Graham, but one must discuss Graham in order to answer the question, "Will Mr. Rowell become the Prime Minister of Canada?" If Mr. Graham is to remain Sir Wilfrid's first lieutenant with the right of succession, Mr. Rowell cannot be promoted to the same position. The former, being on the ground, and having the Liberal members of parliament pretty well lined up in his favour, I can hardly see how he is to be supplanted unless Sir Wilfrid himself interferes. Beyond doubt, Sir Wilfrid would like to have Mr. Rowell at Ottawa, but Sir Wilfrid is fond of Graham and regards him as a man of commanding ability. He took Graham from the Provincial Liberals nine years ago to strengthen the party at Ottawa, and he would like to take Rowell from the Provincial Liberals to-day for the same purpose. Mr. Rowell, I think, is bound to enter the Federal field and a great future there awaits him, but he cannot walk right in and take his seat at the head of the table.

Nor is there any reason to believe that Mr. Rowell has any ungenerous ambition. Indeed, just now he is enthusiastically devoted to his programme for provincial development. But with the Dominion elections imminent, it is not unlikely that Sir Wilfrid will call on Mr. Rowell to enter the Federal field. If the party wins he will be entitled to recognition and the country will be glad to see Mr. Rowell enter the Cabinet. There will be room for him and many others at the table, but, where Sir Wilfrid sits, there will be the head of the table. He may outlive both Graham and Rowell, for he is in many respects the youngest man in the public life of Canada. No man is freer from the taint of what Sir Wilfrid himself has called "The unpardonable sin of growing old."

What Will He Do With Dewart?

NOW it becomes a query—what will Mr. Newton Wesley Rowell, Methodist lawyer, do with Herbert Hartley Dewart, Methodist lawyer and son of a Methodist editor divine? In repudiating bilingual attacks and prohibition, southwest Toronto bit off a warmer mouthful than it knew when it elected Dewart to the Ontario Legislature against three others. It was not the Methodist vote that did it. Dewart's Methodism is somewhat reminiscent. He is a thoroughly able lawyer, who at times becomes a very unconventional man. He was born to politics as well as to Methodism. When he was a youth at Victoria College his father was the doughty editor of the Christian Guardian, which in those days Herbert Hartley diligently read, even to the Sunday-school notes, or gave the reason why. When he was a student-at-law, his father was a political candidate

in North Toronto. But in wrenching a Liberal seat from Tory Toronto, H. H. Dewart has succeeded where his father failed.

Now early environment is not everything; and a heredity does not always transmit temperament. Hartley Dewart's father was not born essentially a Methodist, though he was a stout cudgeller of doctrines, admired good poetry, preached a thundering sort of sermon middling dry, and had about him a lurking substratum of humanizing humour that was not entirely lost on Hartley. Precisely where the feet of the young collegian and fledgling lawyer began to deviate from the tracks of the old man Dewart into paths that were more temperamental if not hereditary, we know not. But they went, and the world beyond Methodism seemed good to Hartley Dewart. He took to law with the ginger of a trained athlete to the field. Law was a crisscross, compromising thing. Its yea was not always yea. It had loopholes and sudden rushes and wary ambushes and cunning feints and all manner of unpulpitizing qualities. H. H. Dewart, with a broad, basic, culturing in literature, general reading, smatterings of art, saunterings in philosophy and more or less knowledge of divinity, became known as one of the most

obviously temperamental lawyers in Canada. He got strange cases and used strange arts in conducting them. One of his most famous of recent morality cases was his defence of the Deborah players, who were prosecuted on a charge of presenting an immoral production in Toronto. Mr. Dewart needed no legal mask to transact that brief. He is a broad believer in what may be called the tout ensemble of truth. Many problems are capable of frank discussion, if people come at them with free minds.

Still more recently Mr. Dewart figured in the examination of the Kelly crowd in Winnipeg; and before that he was one of the Liberal cross-examining battery in the Kyte charges under Chief Justice Meredith, whose political and judicial character he so ably analyzed in the Canadian Courier three years ago under the caption—*Shall our judges make our laws?* But it was not Meredith that bothered Dewart in the examination. It was Sir Sam Hughes, who gave counsel a hobnailed heckling that mere party politics could not explain. Why did Sir Sam abuse Dewart so? It is said that when Sam Hughes was teacher of English and history at the Jarvis Street Collegiate, Dewart was one of his pupils; that he there and then conceived a distaste for this particular

pupil and vowed that some day he would get even with him. It was temperament vs. temper.

Now that Mr. Dewart is a professed follower of Mr. Rowell—what will the leader of the Opposition do with him? Will Mr. Dewart hold up the hands of Mr. Rowell against the Tory crowd? Or will he split the party as his three opponents did the bye-election vote and head a faction? Dewart is able and may be ambitious. Being now elected after his previous unsuccessful attempts, he may settle down to take himself soberly and seriously. If so—he may be worth Mr. Rowell's while to watch. Once upon a time Dewart's father was a candidate in North Toronto, if we remember rightly, running as a sort of Equal Rights candidate on a rather radical ticket. He was unelected. Will the son of old Dr. Dewart be as much of a protestant against old-line Liberalism? We ask the questions in order that people more politically wise may answer them. And any attempts that Mr. Rowell may make at a solution of the Dewart problem will be sure of a sympathetic attitude from all those who care to see honesty and great ability with no vision pitted against or in league with great ability and infinitely more temperament.

THE BLIND MAN'S EYES

CHAPTER IV.—(Continued.)

By WILLIAM MCHARG AND EDWIN BALMER

spicuous as possible, yet already he had been singled out for attention.

"**T**HEN my third guess is this—and you know no one is ever allowed more than three guesses." She hesitated; when she went on she had entirely dropped her tone of banter. "I guess, Mr. Eaton, that you have been—I think, are still—going through some terrible experience which has endured for a very long time—perhaps even for years—and has nearly made of you and perhaps even yet may make of you something far different and—and something far less pleasing than you—you must have been before. There! I have transcended all bounds, said everything I should not have said, and left unsaid all the conventional things which are all that our short acquaintance could have allowed. Forgive me—because I'm not sorry."

He made no answer. They walked as far as the rear of the train, turned and came back before she spoke again:

"What is it they are doing to the front of our train, Mr. Eaton?"

He looked. "They are putting a plow on the engine."

"Oh!"

"That seems to be only the ordinary push-plow, but if what I have been overhearing is correct, the railroad people are preparing to give you one of the minor exhibitions of that everyday courage of which you spoke this morning, Miss Dorne."

"In what particular way?"

"When we get across the Idaho line and into the mountains, you are to ride behind a double-header driving a rotary snow-plow."

"A double-header? You mean two locomotives?"

"Yes; the preparation is warrant that what is ahead of us in the way of travel will fully come up to anything you may have been led to expect." They stood a minute watching the trainmen; as they turned, his gaze went past her to the rear cars. "Also," he added, "Mr. Avery, with his usual gracious pleasure at my being in your company, is hailing you from the platform of your car."

She looked up at Eaton sharply, seemed about to speak, and then checked what was upon her tongue.

"You are going into your own car?" She held out to him her small gloved hand. "Good-bye, then—until we see one another again."

"Good night, Miss Dorne."

HE took her hand and, retaining it hardly the fraction of an instant, let it go. Was it her friendship she had been offering him? Men use badinage without respect to what their actual feelings may be; women—some memory from the past in which he had known such girls as this, seemed to recall—use it most frequently when their feelings, consciously or unconsciously, are drawing toward a man.

Eaton now went into the men's compartment of his car, where he sat smoking till after the train was under way again. The porter looked in upon him there to ask if he wished his berth made up now; Eaton nodded assent, and fifteen minutes later,

Canadian Serial Rights held by the Canadian Courier.

dropping the cold end of his cigar and going out into the car, he found the berth ready for him. "D. S.'s" section, also made up but with the curtains folded back displaying the bedding within, was unoccupied; jerkings of the curtains, and voices and giggling in the two berths at the end of the car, showed that Amy and Constance were getting into bed; the Englishman was wide awake in plain determination not to go to bed until his accustomed Nottingham hour. Eaton, drawing his curtains to

The Blind Man Studies Eaton

Warden, a Seattle capitalist belonging to the "Latron Crowd," is murdered while driving to meet a mysterious young man waiting at Warden's house.

Warden had told his wife this man had been mysteriously wronged. He was about to right the wrong when murdered. His death recalls "Latron," head of the "Latron Crowd," supposed to have been murdered years before by the same enemies.

The mysterious young man disappears when the dead man is brought in. He is advertised for, but cannot be found.

Meantime the famous No. 5 train from Seattle to Chicago is held one hour for some stranger who may present a card to Special Conductor Connery from the president of the road, entitling him to full authority over the movements of the train, if he wishes it.

Waiting at the station gate, Connery sees five persons board the train in this extra hour's delay. One is a blind man with two young people. A fourth is a young man, "Philip D. Eaton." A fifth is a plain (looking) business man.

The conductor learns that the blind man, travelling as Mr. Dorne with his daughter, "Miss Dorne," and his secretary, Avery, holds the mysterious card. He guesses Dorne is only an assumed name. Dorne orders his daughter to study Eaton, whose voice has attracted him. Eaton and Miss Dorne get on well together.

Owing to a snowstorm one of the sleepers is cut out of the train. Eaton, it should be remembered, sleeps in the same relative position in his car as "Dorne" does in his.

gether and buttoning them from the inside, undressed and went to bed. A half hour later the passage of some one through the aisle and the sudden dimming of the crack of light which showed above the curtains told him that the lights in the car had been turned down.

Presently he began to feel the train beginning to labour with the increasing grade and the deepening snow. It was well across the State line and into Idaho; it was nearing the mountains, and the weather was getting colder and the storm more severe. Eaton lifted the curtain from the window beside him and leaned on one elbow to look out. The train was running through a bleak, white desolation; no light and no sign of habitation showed anywhere. Eaton lay staring out, and now the bleak world about him seemed to assume toward him a cruel and merciless aspect. The events of the day ran through his mind again with sinister suggestion. He had taken that train for a certain definite, dangerous purpose which required his remaining as obscure and as incon-

So far, he was sure, he had received no more than that—attention, curiosity concerning him. He had not suffered recognition; but that might come at any moment. Could he risk longer waiting to act?

HE dropped on his back upon the bed and lay with his hands clasped under his head, his eyes staring up at the roof of the car.

In the card-room of the observation car, playing and conversation still went on for a time; then it diminished as one by one the passengers went away to bed. Connery, looking into this car, found it empty and the porter cleaning up; he slowly passed on forward through the train, stopping momentarily in the rear Pullman opposite the berth of the passenger whom President Jarvis had commended to his care. His scrutiny of the car told him all was correct here; the even breathing within the berth assured him the passenger slept.

Connery went on through to the next car and paused again outside the berth occupied by Eaton. He had watched Eaton all day with results that still he was debating with himself; he had found in a newspaper the description of the man who had waited at Warden's, and he reread it, comparing it with Eaton. It perfectly confirmed Connery's first impression; but the more Connery had seen of Eaton, and the more he had thought over him during the day, the more the conductor had become satisfied that either Eaton was not the man described or, if he was, there was no harm to come from it. After all, was not all that could be said against Eaton—if he was the man—simply that he had not appeared to state why Warden was befriending him? Was it not possible that he was serving Warden in some way by not appearing? Certainly Mr. Dorne, who was the man most on the train to be considered, had satisfied himself that Eaton was fit for an acquaintance; Connery had seen what was almost a friendship, apparently, spring up between Eaton and Dorne's daughter during the day.

The conductor went on, his shoulders brushing the buttoned curtains on both sides of the narrow aisle. Except for the presence of the passenger in the rear sleeper, this inspection was to the conductor the uttermost of the commonplace; in its monotonous familiarity he had never felt any strangeness in this abrupt and intimate bringing together of people who never had seen one another before, who after these few days of travel together, might probably never see one another again, but who now slept separated from one another and from the persons passing through the cars by no greater protection than these curtains designed only to shield them from the light and from each other's eyes. He felt no strangeness in this now. He merely assured himself by his scrutiny that within his train all was right. Outside—

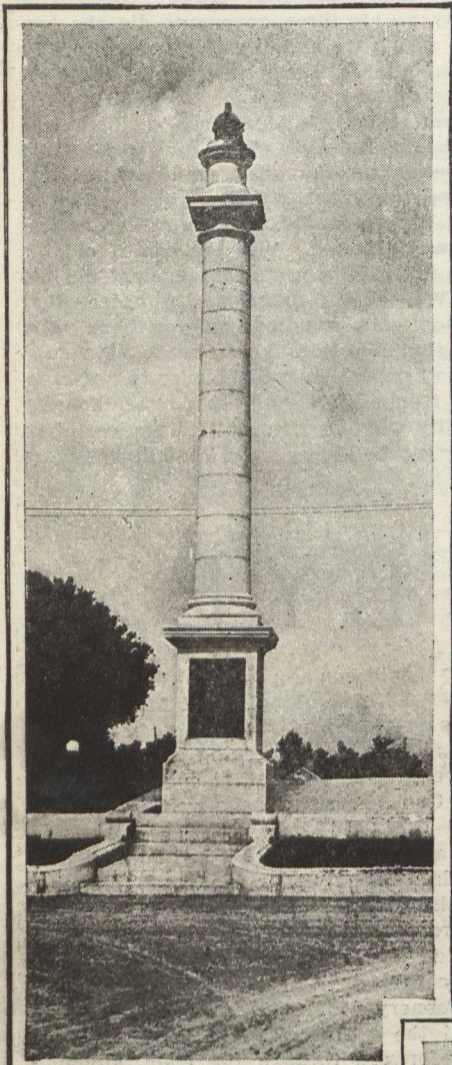
Connery was not so sure of that; rather, he had been becoming more certain hour by hour all through the evening, that they were going to have great difficulty in getting the train through. Though he knew

(Continued on page 24.)

MERELY OBSERVING THAT

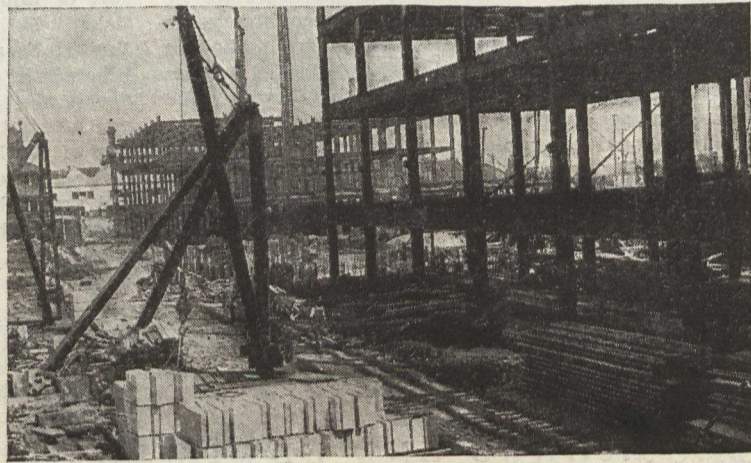
THE new Union Station in Toronto, pictured directly below, is entering its second year of construction. Thanks considerably to the energizing enthusiasm of Mr. George Bury, Vice-President, C.P.R., and the Grand Trunk authorities, no time is being lost by Lyall & Co. in bringing along the work. By next Canadian National Exhibition the travelling public will have some idea of its size.

SIR SAM HUGHES, in the photograph to the right, seems to be illustrating the legend that "You can't keep a good man down." He is here emerging from the man-hole of the captive German



WOLFE'S monument on the Plains of Abraham has been given a furbishing up by the National Battlefields Commission. It is important to know that in a city of so many French statues the monument to Wolfe still claims respectful attention.

ROCK landslides along the railway lines are not altogether fashionable. But here is a picture of a charge of dynamite exploding along one of the Northern Ontario lines for the purpose of removing a hummock of rock as big as a box-car that just fell over on the track.



submarine U-05, lying in Temple Pier, London. Having spent several minutes in the interior of this mine-laying shark, Sir Sam probably concludes that he knows enough about submarines to prefer being a soldier on top of clay. It would be an international blunder to try submerging Sir Sam, even in a submarine.

THIS "charge" of children was really only a girls' race, staged by the Toronto Advertising Club at Centre Island recently, where the club gave a picnic for the four Daily Vacation Bible Schools. These schools are financed by the Toronto Ad. Club, and aim to give children of all denominations pleasant occupations.



MATRON-IN-CHIEF MACDONALD, of the Nursing Staff of the Second Canadian Contingent, occupies the lower right-hand corner of the page.

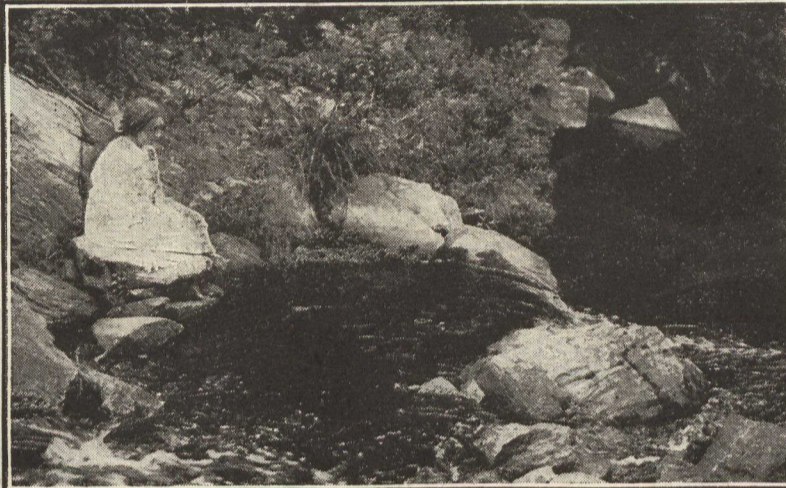


OUR quartette below looks as though it might be about to sing. But so far as is known the only member that sings is the second from the right, E. Wylie Grier, R.C.A., the portrait painter. He, with the other three painters, Homer Watson, R.C.A., next to him on the right; William Brymner, C.M.G., P.R.C.A., on his left, and R. F. Gagon, R.C.A., are the hanging committee at the C.N.E. gallery.



OUR MANLESS SUMMER RESORTS— AND WHY

THE male animal is nowhere in a more trying position than at our Canadian summering places. He is at once wanted—and not wanted by the thousands of holidaying young women. His absence is complained of when it comes to rowing to the post office for the mail or chasing somebody's wandering cows off the cottage verandah. When a night-prowling porcupine gets into the kitchen and upsets the furniture—then it is a man the household craves, a large brother with a stick and a reassuring voice, who will stalk into the gloom of the kitchen and put the marauder out—dead—into the place whence he came. The women-folk may eat alone, dance alone, fetch water from the spring alone, and go frog-catching



alone. But for the final brutal operations connected with "frogging" once more is a man wanted. Yet if an able-bodied specimen turns up the question asked by all eyes is: "Why are you loafing in ducks and negligé shirts while the rest of our men are in khaki?" It is a hard question to answer even when the man has the best of excuses. The fact remains that he has to excuse himself.



Canoeing alone, exploring alone, sailing alone, fishing alone—these occupations are indicated by the reproductions on this page. In the lower left-hand corner is a girl at a different occupation—a French-Canadian girl making munitions in Montreal. Beside that picture is one showing six Canadian women—not all young women—either—working on an Ontario farm. The real explanation of all the other pictures on this page is shown in the picture of Canadian Highlanders being reviewed, as it happens, by Sir Sam Hughes in

England. These men and the other thousands that have been collected in camps and trenches to meet the demands of Empire defence very probably represent each a family that has been compelled to learn the art of doing all the odd jobs at home—even to mending kitchen taps and putting on the storm windows—formerly done by male help. The girl munition worker, by the way, furnishes an example of what French-Canadian women have, to some extent, been able to do toward repelling the invader. This photograph was taken in a factory in a French-Canadian town, but was obtained only on condition that the name of the town and, of course, that of the factory, be withheld.



THE CANADIAN COURIER

SUBSCRIPTION RATE, \$3.00 IN ADVANCE

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

BY

COURIER PRESS, LIMITED

181 SIMCOE STREET

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 2ND, 1916.

Light in Pictures

SINCE ARTISTS, LIKE DOCTORS, usually differ, it is not surprising to find the masters of the brush disputing as to the merits of the great French collection of pictures—with some Belgian—now at the Canadian National Exhibition. That is a sure sign that the interest of the public is safeguarded. If all the artists agreed that the show in question was first-class it would be a conspiracy against the public. Not to see some of these remarkable canvases is to have missed a carnival of restrained and opulent colour such as could be garnered from nothing but a thousand splendid sunsets. To see half of them is a glimpse of a very exhilarating world. In such a Latinized aggregation we do not look for pure virility or crude, Cromwellian realism. We find instead no end of obviously interesting—and some obviously obscure—subjects treated in a tremendous variety of styles. Much—perhaps the bulk of it—is called Impressionism. The "Post" is omitted. Futurism in any form is not contained in this congregation of canvases, most of them produced during the past fifteen years.

We can scarcely agree with the artist who said that the interest was largely pathological. Some of the pictures may suggest clinics. Most of them are of infinite stimulus in colour, form and atmosphere.

One thing that characterizes these French pictures and that could scarcely be missed even in a ten-minute scud through the gallery, is the astounding use of light. This was a great stroke of the Impressionists. Some artists paint light, as they do trees or sheep. The real Impressionist treats it as the eyes of the pictures, or the light that comes from the eyes. The suffused, subjective treatment of light makes a great picture resemble a strong face in which the light of expression pervades every feature. That is away better than painting light, as one does a shadow.

If no other quality strikes the visitor to that show, this masterly handling of light in many of the pictures is sure to be observed. But there is also a marvelous prodigality of colours, and a superabundance of high vibrations. The lady in the green-lemon-yellow full-bloom skirt looking with alarm at the frog interrupting her toilet is a fine example of daring in the use of a rather disagreeable colour. And there are low tones as well.

In such a vast and comprehensive collection, the finest foreign exhibit ever shown here, there is infinite room for disagreement among the artists—and general keen interest on the part of the public.

American Railway Troubles

CERTAIN FACTS REGARDING the present deadlock between the American railways and a number of their employees are worth knowing. The strike, which at this moment seems likely to take place in spite of President Wilson's mediation, will represent only 18 per cent. of the railway employees of the United States. The strike would throw out of employment 1,400,000 other railway employees and thirty-two million workers in other lines dependent upon the railways for their prosperity. All of this seems likely to happen in spite of the railroad commissions of half a dozen American States, in spite of the Interstate Commission, and now—so it would seem at the time of writing—in spite of the American President himself.

The claim of the Brotherhoods, if granted, must affect Canada sooner or later, since it means a heavy increase in the rates of pay of the men, an increase that must affect all other workers in railwaydom on this continent. A considerable body of fair-minded people in the United States stands, this time, on the side of the railways against their employees. The men involved have steadfastly refused arbitration and seem inclined to secure their demands by sheer insistence. Neutral observers state that the trouble arises merely from the desire of Brotherhood officials to "show off" just before the Brotherhoods elect

new officers. Whether this is so cannot be judged satisfactorily from here. If it is so, it is a good argument against internationalization of railway unions on this continent.

Newspaper Defeats

HARTLEY DEWART'S ELECTION as a Liberal in southwest Toronto was, among other things, a defeat for the Liberal papers that opposed him. They were defeated not for lack of effort on their part, nor for lack of skill in backing their effort, but because the public often does and will think for itself whatever its favourite papers may say. Toronto Liberals were not encouraged by their papers to elect the Liberal Dewart. They were discouraged—yet they elected him. The power of the press is not always infallible.

Luggage in Retreat

WITH THE USUAL MIXTURE of courage and stupidity, the Germans planned all their campaigns on one basis—a basis of victory. They reckoned always on being able to make and hold the offensive. For that purpose they created gargantuan siege guns and other heavy contrivances.

But in defeat these instruments are a burden. The German cannot retreat quickly. His mobility is hampered. This is one important reason why the Germans put up such a poor defence compared to their offensives. The further back the Germans are driven the greater must be their embarrassment. Their chariots of victory become their refugee luggage.

Smiles and the Law

AFTER all, it is public opinion that enforces anti-liquor-selling laws. If, after prohibition goes into effect in a province, the people wink at the violation of the law and smile sympathetically at the law-breaker, who "does time" for filling the bowl for thirsty customers—then the law is lost. There have always been certain offences for which, if a man served a jail sentence, no stigma was attached to him. A certain popular senator at Ottawa was met by a brass band on his release from jail after serving a term for criminal libel. There are people who will take the same attitude toward liquor selling. They must be frowned down. The hardship of a jail term counts for little. The disgrace involved is the real deterrent.

A Practical Reply

ARCHIBALD MACMECHAN, Professor of English and Literature in Dalhousie University, makes a ringing response to the question asked on this page not long ago, "Why no Poet," referring to the lack of good poetry about our Canadians at the front. This is Professor MacMechan's answer:

THE CANADIANS AT YPRES.

(April 22-24, 1915.)

They did all men could do. The smoke of hell
Gripped at their throats, but could not force them
back!

The grey-coat foe charg'd hotly in the track
Swept by his iron hurricane of shell,
Resolved to win the sea-gate. None may tell

The force he pour'd, attack on mad attack,
On our brave few, as in the direst lack
Of every aid, three days they fought,—and fell.

But they endur'd. They held their blood-soaked
ground.

Between the sea-gate and the desperate foe
Their thin, worn lines were adamant bars.
Therefore their names with honor shall be crown'd
In their dear land's fair story, not with woe,
And in the record, they shall shine like stars.

ARCHIBALD MACMECHAN.

Comment is unnecessary.

Secret Diplomacy

PACIFISTS BLAME "SECRET DIPLOMACY" for war. What do they blame for secret diplomacy? Lowes Dickenson would charge it against the traditional systems of Europe or the indifference of hoi polloi. The truth of the matter is that even in the most enlightened countries it is this indifference or ignorance of the people that enables secret diplomacy to flourish—indeed, compels states to rely upon that kind of diplomacy.

Between the interests of the ordinary voter and the viewpoint of statesmen there is a wide gulf. The average voter in England, in Canada, in the United States does not know the meaning of "economics" and has no conception of the economic problems which the state as a whole has to face and

solve. It is these economic or fancied economic interests of states that bring about most great wars between civilized states. Great Britain's overseas trade, the outlets for her goods abroad and the sources of supply for raw material are her great problems. Thus India has, in the past at all events, been a reservoir of raw materials for British manufacturers. If Russia appeared to menace India, the diplomatists of the Court of St. James were at once very busy. If German aggression in Africa menaced a base from which England defended her commerce with India and other parts of the world, England was naturally on the qui vive.

A comparative few manufacturers, importers and exporters in every state have a close and quick understanding of the economic interests or trade ambitions of their State as a whole. These men, as a matter of fact, are the unseen prime movers in the shaping of foreign policy and the diplomacy based thereon. But the bottom-layers of mankind, and often even the scholars of great universities, have no understanding of these primary facts.

If the world is to have open diplomacy it must have open objectives and open motives driving them toward those objectives. The public in those countries must be raised to a position to understand these things. Pacifists may believe it possible within a reasonable period. It is a big problem. Until it is solved there is no use disclaiming secret diplomacy.

Getting Rid of the Germ

ITALY'S DECLARATION OF WAR against Germany is an act of postponement. It is also the clearest proof yet that Italy has become wise to the common menace of Germany. From the best available accounts, the German influence had made as much deadly headway in Italy as it had in Russia. Business, finance, religion, art, politics, had all been incredibly Germanized. There was a good reason. Italy was in alliance with Germany. The surest way to keep her in line was, not merely to get Italian ink on treaties, but to get German money, brains and intrigue into the life of Italy. It took Russia more than a year to get rid of the Germanized bureaucrats in her system. England had her troubles with them. France was canker-eaten with German influences. Italy, next to Austria, was the most Germanized non-German country in Europe.

The delay of King Emmanuel in declaring war on Germany is quite natural. Much of the reason at first was the local desire to settle the score with Austria by reclaiming Italia Iredenta, by the plausible machinations of Prince von Buelow married to an Italian woman, and the lack of a clear understanding that after all it was Germany who was bludgeoning Austria into the war.

Having frankly made a common enemy of Germany, the Italians are now in a position to free soldiers for service on other fronts than their own, and are well rid of the doubtful imputation that perhaps after all Italy was not fighting for the cause of civilization so much as for the cause of Italy. Her declaring war on Germany may seem like a mere technicality. It is much more. It is another step in the process of consolidating the aims of the Allies.

The Penalty of Facility

TWO MODERN WRITERS WHO ARE heavily advertised are H. G. Wells and Hilaire Belloc. Mr. Wells belongs to the most up-to-date popular-analytical-novel-writing class with an occasional excursion into the realm of prophecy. Mr. Hilaire Belloc writes analyses of the war, its past, present and future. Both gentlemen have allowed their work to suffer by the easiness with which words come to them. They write too much and say too little. This is more true of Belloc than of Wells.

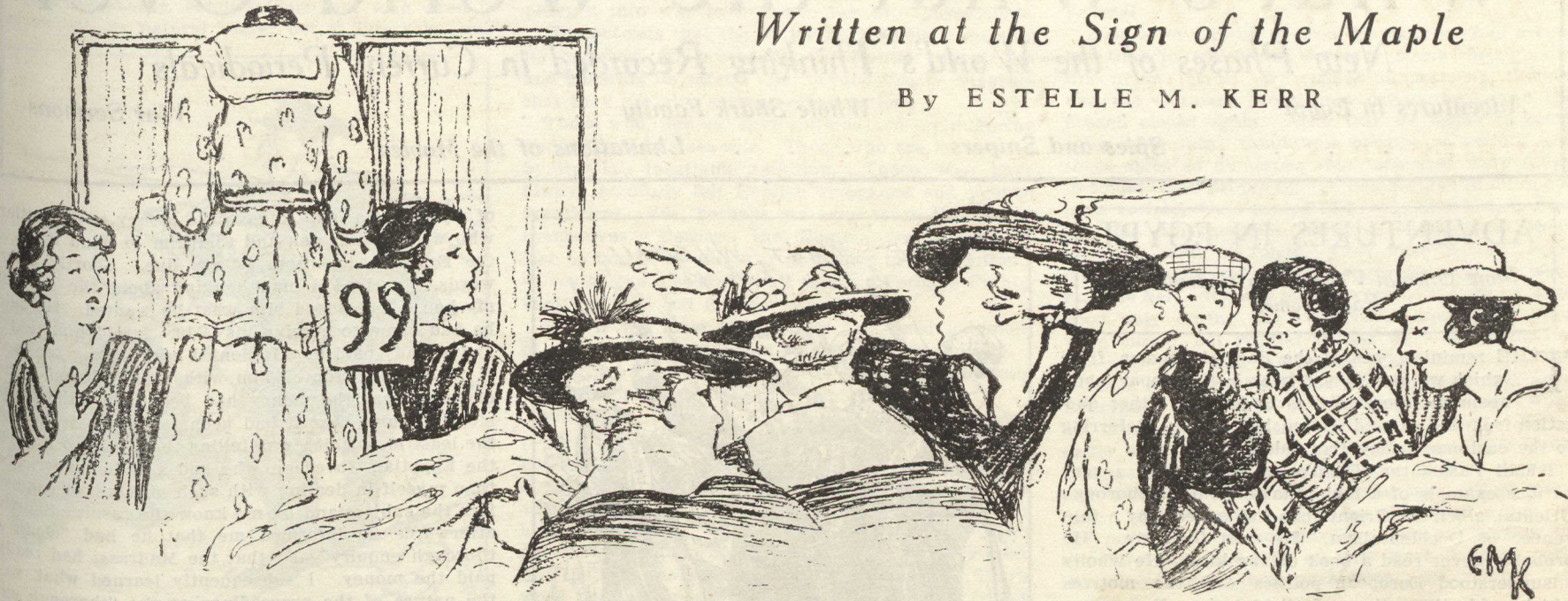
Reading one of Wells' latest books, a series of essays on the future and what it holds, one is impressed by his bold declaration that Oxford and Cambridge and the kind of learning they have represented for several hundred years, are both dead, never to be revived. For this Wells praises whatever deity he believes in. So also must many thoughtful people. A new Oxford and a new Cambridge, with more sense of the future and its hopes and problems than of the past with its fetid antiquities, may result from this war. It is to be sincerely wished for.

Mr. Belloc, unlike Mr. Wells, shows himself in most unfavourable light in his study of "The Second Phase" of the war. Praise be, we have escaped seeing his "First Phase." The second is a sort of talking-in-his-sleep lecture in which the writer takes half his chapters to explain why he can't give you any accurate analysis of the Battle of the Marne until it is over. The other half tells nothing.

ECONOMY—WISE AND OTHERWISE

Written at the Sign of the Maple

By ESTELLE M. KERR



Bargain Lovers

WOMEN are said to be penny-wise and men pound-foolish. If practice makes perfect, women should be champions in the presumably gentle art of purchasing. They are the recognized shoppers of the world, responsible for the expenditure of the family income. This would logically fit them to be buyers on a large scale for the retail stores, yet men are beating them at their own game, for in the city of New York out of 250 resident buyers, only three are women.

"They are not good shoppers," says a successful buyer. "While they love a bargain, they are not good at bargaining. The very fact that a thing is a bargain may blind them to more practical considerations."

Joke columns developed that theme long ago, but it is constantly cropping up in new forms. One that cheered us in our cradles was this:

"See, John, I bought six beautiful lamp shades."
"But, my dear, we haven't a lamp in the house!"
"But they were such a bargain!"

LIFE is more humorous than the Funny Column, particularly in a big store at an early hour on bargain day, or before a shoe shop when a Fire Sale has been advertised and policemen are required to keep back the crowd. Department stores do everything to encourage this sporting instinct, doubtless from philanthropic motives, to give the frail sex a real interest in life. Any woman who has run a bargain to earth will tell you that they can't possibly afford to sell at that price. When you count the expense of delivery and calling for the parcel next day and exchanging it you begin to wonder how they do it. Oh, economy, how many extravagances are committed in thy name! How much time and nervous energy is wasted in the vain endeavour to be penny-wise! What bitterly bloodless battles have been fought by the "Look, only 99 cents" cards!

Pound Foolish

ONE woman's economy is another's extravagance. One gives up silk stockings and adopts fine knit thread, and the woman who does her own knitting smiles. One, by dint of self denial, brings her annual expenditure for dress down to \$400 a year and then finds that according to an expert, a woman should be able to dress on \$29.20 a year! This accompanied, too, by a most definite estimate of prices and a list of garments which, though not suggestive of the trousseau of a June bride, seems adequate for health, cleanliness and use—most discouragingly so!

THE national women's dress bill in Great Britain is said to be four hundred million pounds a year, or more than the total amount annually spent on intoxicating drinks. There is something radically wrong with women's dress. It is ugly, expensive or inconvenient, sometimes all three. Men can hardly conceive of the amount of feminine time wasted on dress. Time, money, labour—they are all sacrificed and in the days before the war it hardly seemed to matter. The very rich and the very poor are to some extent freed from the tyranny of dress, and

there are other women who have resented this preoccupation with feminine fripperies and frivolities. H. G. Wells, who understands modern women with a knowledge and sympathy achieved by few men writers, has compared her resentment to that of a gallant soldier cursing his out-of-date accoutrement.

Standard Frocks

YOU have only to pick up a woman's paper to see the place that dress occupies in the average woman's life, and there is something very depressing in the idea of a presumably intelligent human being spending hours buying clothes, thinking about clothes, reading about clothes, taking them off, putting them on, running little ribbons through them, and all the rest of it. . . . Now, if ever, seems the moment for rebellion. In adopting a uniform women will sacrifice none of their charm. You have only to consider the nurse in her print frock with spotless cap and collar and apron to realize that simplicity, even severity, in dress sets off real beauty and adds attraction to the plainest face.

SINCE the autumn of 1914 there has been a trend of fashions towards useful, comfortable clothes. Skirts are wide enough and short enough for the most practical purposes, and the coat-frock, a sort of combined coat and skirt, is both becoming and smart. Now, when Fashion is planning new creations to make us feel that we "simply cannot be seen" in last winter's clothes, let us seize upon the simplest version of the present styles and perpetuate them so that we may be no longer hampered by ever-shifting fashions, but choose our materials for their durability, have them fashioned with care, knowing that we may wear them and look well in them so long as they are whole and clean, and we shall be spared the contrast in our papers of the latest outlandish hats flanking the very column that tell of the struggles of an army in its agony.

ECONOMY is a mean word, suggestive of miserliness. There is a word we like better, and that is, Thrift. Economy says "Don't." Thrift says "Do." And any one who has ever been a child knows how disagreeable "donts" are. Thrift includes not only the saving of money, of clothing, of food, of fuel, and of light, but of health, knowledge, temper and opportunity. The truest thrift may be to spend money, in order to save health and strength, so that the power of work and the amount of production may be increased. The business woman who makes her own clothes and does her own house-work will never be as successful as the one who reserves her energies for her work. So don't be discouraged even if you do spend more than \$29.20 a year on clothes and 15 cents a day on food! People who devote all their time to being penny-wise may never have a pound to spend foolishly, and those who are constantly busy doing useful work are not exposed to the insidious temptation of bargain sales.

Helpful Hints

THE time that can be expended in cleaning, re-trimming, "making over" and "freshening up" comparatively worthless articles is limitless. If you desire to spend your life in this manner the papers

will furnish you with useful suggestions. Dozens of them every day and year after year all freely offered to the young house-keeper. The editors of these columns, though modestly anonymous, are yet omniscient, and if all their ineffable wisdom could be collected what a contribution to the economy of nations it would be. Take the matter of old corks, for instance, they can tell you scores of uses for them. They can with considerable care be transformed into pin-cushions, pen-wipers, knife-cleaners, breakfast foods. Then they tell you the loveliest ways of warming over a little cold lamb with mushrooms and a cup of chopped olives—but always when you happen to be out of such commodities, and when you have spilled ink on the best table cloth, you have the comforting assurance that you read how to remove it last January.

BUT the really up-to-date editor endeavours to give timely knowledge. In August she tells you so minutely how to turn a faded muslin frock pure white, that you spend a warm morning over the stove with greyish or perforated results and then your eye falls on a suggestion for dyeing, and in your efforts to achieve a rosy pink, you transform not only the gown, but the porridge spoon you have used to stir it, also, in spots, the week's laundry which happened to be lying near. But when the editor is away on her summer holidays, you may be pleasantly reminded:

"When putting skates away for the summer, cover them with oil," or some such seasonable hint!

Thrift Week

WAR Savings Week in England added hundreds of new associations to the National War Savings Committee, which now number over 3,500. War saving certificates are having a ready sale, economy exhibitions are largely attended, literature on the subject is widely circulated. And this knowledge will be of national benefit to the nation. The collection of waste-paper, for instance, makes the nation so much richer. The understanding of food values and cooking will do away with incalculable waste, and above all, the knowledge of mothercraft will promote that most necessary form of thrift, the preservation of the lives and health of the children. The widow of a Michigan senator has recently bequeathed one million dollars to establish a school near Detroit for training young girls of ten and upwards in a way that will fit them to become mothers.

RECRUITING posters in England have given place to exhortations to economy, but while the government is preaching economy, £500,000 a day is spent on intoxicating drinks. The increase in the cost of cloth is far below what might have been expected when one considers the demands made for army equipment. During the first twenty months of the war the amount of woollen cloth required was 90,000,000 yards, which would suffice to put a girder twice around the earth, and the flannel required for shirts has been nearly as great. In view of all these most necessary expenditures it behooves us to make as few demands upon our national resources in materials and in labour as possible.

What's What the World Over

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

Adventures in Egypt

Whole Shark Family

War Sermons

Spies and Snipers

Limitations of the Movies

ADVENTURES IN EGYPT

More Oriental Vagaries as Recorded by Earl Cromer

THE reminiscences of the Earl of Cromer, from which we quoted last week in this department, seem so interesting as to justify further quotation from the same distinguished source. Referring to the customs of Egyptian rulers, he says:

Ismail Pasha, the Khedive of Egypt, was a very curious example of a man who remained a thorough Oriental, albeit his Orientalism was covered by a thin veneer of Occidentalism. He was illiterate. He probably never read a book of any kind. He wholly misunderstood European politics and the motives which guide the actions of all high-class Europeans. He was surrounded by people who habitually robbed and deceived him, and he took a great delight in deceiving them. On one occasion, when he was engaged in the familiar process of issuing a loan which was to fund its outstanding Treasury Bills, he had an interview with a foreign capitalist who was negotiating the matter. The door of the room in which this interview took place was open, but a portiere, which did not reach quite to the ground, hung over the opening. In the course of the conversation Ismail Pasha, looking under the portiere, noticed a pair of brown trousers which he recognized as belonging to one of his staff. He said to the loan contractor in a loud voice that he agreed to his conditions and that, if the contract were brought to him the next day, he would sign it. The brown trousers at once disappeared. On the following day, when the contract was submitted to him, he made objections, said he had not fully understood the matter and refused to sign. At that time the most furious speculation was going on in Egyptian stocks. Scarcely had the loan contractor left the room when the wearer of the brown trousers rushed in in a great state of excitement and protested violently on the ground that he had heard Ismail himself say the day before that he agreed to the terms. Ismail choked with laughter and said: "Mon cher, j'ai reconnu vos pantalons bruns. Vous avez achete; vous auriez du vendre."

In this episode the education in European trickery came into play. In the following, the purely Oriental habit of thought was prominent. It once happened that Ismail was suffering from toothache. He sent for a European dentist who told him he ought to have the tooth out. Ismail said that he was afraid it would be very painful. He was informed in reply that if laughing gas was administered to him he would feel nothing. He still doubted, but told the dentist to bring his apparatus to the palace and he would then discuss the question. It was accordingly brought and the process explained to him. Ismail then summoned an attendant and told him to send up the sentry who was at his door. The man was then ordered to sit down in a chair and the dentist was requested to take out a tooth on either side of his jaw. He was then asked whether he had felt anything, and replied in the negative. Ismail, however, was not yet satisfied. He said that the sentry was a young, strong man, and that he would like to see the experiment tried on somebody of weaker physique. Accordingly, a slave girl was summoned from the harem and a couple of her teeth were extracted. He then consented to have his own tooth out. It is related, though possibly this portion of the story is apocryphal, that the dentist then received an order on the Egyptian Treasury for £1000 and that when the draft was presented it was not honoured, though it was presumably, with many other claims of a similar nature, eventually funded in the Unified Debt.

No incidents excite greater interest in the unregenerated East than those cases of patriarchal and capricious justice on the part of despots of which history records so many examples. There is no more characteristically Oriental episode related in the Bible than the story of the judgment of Solomon. Creasy tells us that a poor woman once complained



By Acclamation!

—Carter, in New York Evening Sun.

to Bajazet I. that a man in his employment had stolen some milk which belonged to her and had just drunk it. That dreaded Sultan had sworn a mighty oath that justice should be dealt out "indiscriminately to every man or woman within his dominions." He accordingly directed that the stomach of the accused man should be cut open to see if the milk was there. The woman's story turned out to be true. If this convincing proof of the presence of the milk had not been adduced she would herself have been killed. As it was, the Sultan dismissed her with the words: "Thou hadst just cause of complaint, now go thy way, for the injury done thee has been punished."

The Oriental method of administering justice has this advantage, that it occasionally enables a matter to be settled summarily which would puzzle the most acute judicial authorities in the West. I once had to pay a matter of £10 for the hire of some tents which had been pitched in my garden on the occasion



The sending of Franz Joseph to the Front to raise the spirit of the army.

—From Lukomorje, Petrograd.

of my giving a ball. I gave the money to my butler, who was a Madrassi, and told him to hand it on to the Egyptian to whom it was due. Shortly afterwards, I noticed a man hanging about the door of my house and asked him what he wanted. He said he had come to receive his £10. I told him that I had already paid it. He denied ever having received it. I then confronted him with the Madrassi. The one said that the money had been paid; the other stoutly denied that it had been received. I had not the least idea which was telling the truth, so I asked the Egyptian Governor, who had a wider experience than myself in dealing with such matters, to enquire into the subject and let me know the result. Shortly afterwards he informed me that he had "made a thorough enquiry" and that the Madrassi had really paid the money. I subsequently learned what was the nature of the proceedings at the "thorough enquiry." The Governor summoned the two men concerned. He asked the Madrassi whether he had paid the money, to which the reply was "Yes." He then asked the Egyptian whether he had received it, and the reply was "No." The Governor then said to the Egyptian: "You're a liar; go away and get it," an order which was at once obeyed. I am inclined to think that in this case what is generally called "substantial justice," which is often no justice at all, was done, but I am not at all sure.

To sum up, it is the contrast between East and West rather than their similarity which constitutes the great attraction of Eastern politics. No European can really deal effectively with Eastern affairs unless he has sufficient powers of observation to notice these contrasts in small things as well as in great, and sufficient imagination to realize their consequences. The display of sympathy in dealing with Easterns is certainly a very necessary quality; so also is the extension of indulgence to what in Western eyes appear at times defects. The extent to which the East will be improved by being occidentalized to a greater extent than at present may be a matter of opinion, but it is quite certain that the further this process is carried the less interesting will Eastern affairs become.

WHOLE SHARK FAMILY

As Many as Seven Are Found in New York Waters

IN attempting to fix responsibility upon the particular manner of shark guilty of recent fatalities, it will be of interest to consider the various species which regularly or occasionally visit the coasts in the neighbourhood of New York, says a writer in the New York Times. Of these there are no less than nineteen distinct kinds, but several of them are so rare as scarcely to be known to science. Such of the others as are important from our point of view fall into the following fairly natural groups:

Requin sharks, comprising the common, smooth dogfish, the various ground sharks, and the tropical blue shark and tiger shark.

Spined dogfishes, of which only one species is found in our shallow coastal waters.

Hammerhead sharks, including the true hammerhead, and the small, Southern shovelhead shark which rarely reaches our latitude.

Thresher sharks, with one local species.

Sand sharks, with one local species.

Basking sharks, with a single, pelagic species that is at once the largest and most inoffensive of our sharks.

Mackerel sharks, a group including the white shark, or true man-eater, besides one or two smaller, commoner kinds.

The species to be considered is the truly "man-eating" white shark, *Carcharodon carcharias*, or "the biter with the jagged teeth." Large man-eaters are of a leaden white colour, but young ones have a blue-gray back. According to Linnaeus, this shark was the leviathan that swallowed Jonah. It is closely allied to the swift-swimming mackerel shark, but it is stockier, more powerful, with somewhat dif-

ferent, stronger teeth, and it reaches the great length of from thirty to forty feet. Its closest affinities, indeed, are with the huge extinct sharks of the cretaceous period, which equalled in size the largest whales. The white shark is perhaps the rarest of all noteworthy sharks, being seldom met with even in the tropics, its natural home; but at intervals stray



AT SALONIKA.

"I can just perceive the end of Ferdinand's nose."
"Oh, if it is only the end the enemy is a long way off!"

—Travasco, Rome.

Individuals find their way into temperate seas. It has been taken once or twice in this latitude, but never within fifty miles of New York City until a specimen was captured off South Amboy on July 14 by Michael Schleisser of the Bronx.

WAR SERMONS

How German Preachers Pull the Wool Over Their Own Eyes

SOCIOLOGICAL inquirers and observers of national thought and character among foreign peoples seldom look to the pulpit for any assistance in their studies. Apparently they think sermons and services so stereotyped and conventional or so obsolete that nothing is to be learned from them. It is a mistake. I have made a practice of attending services and listening to sermons, and I have always learned something. But my worst judgments have come from underrating the religious factor in national life and taking it too little into account. In this way Mr. Shadwell introduces an article in the Hibbert Journal.

If one could attend the services in a fair number of German churches now, one would learn more about the German people and their true frame of mind than by visiting the cafes and restaurants of Berlin or Munich, to which the numerous neutrals who tell us all about it in the newspapers seem to confine their attention. One cannot do that, but one can learn something from the sermons preached to ordinary congregations. They embody the ideal set before the people, and one which is judged to be not so high above their heads but that they can take it in and profit by it in some measure.

I have on hand a list of publications containing about fifty sermons preached by some thirty German clergymen at different times during last year. Dealing with the sermons as a whole, I would first observe that a large proportion of them are quite unexceptional in tone. They deal with such subjects as death, sacrifice, duty, faith, kindness, and so on, without any reference to the enemy or any polemics at all.

Broadly speaking, the implicit acceptance of the orthodox official version of the war is the most constant feature of these sermons when they touch upon it. The war is always a purely defensive one, forced on Germany against her will. A few quotations will show the attitude. Pastor Schian, whose sermons are conspicuously high-minded and moderate in tone towards the enemy, discusses the question in the following passages: Our enemies maintain that the German people want to subjugate Europe, and that an intolerable pressure has been for years exercised by Germany on the whole Continent. From this pressure they are bound to free themselves. If that were

so we should now be, with all the service we are rendering, the assistants of a policy of force. But we know that what they say is untrue. We are fighting not for rule, but for our life. Germany has not drawn the sword to curtail the rights of any one; she plunged into war to preserve her own possessions.

He contends that the nation as a whole is serving its members by protecting the frontier population and ensuring its safety. But beyond this he suggests that they are also serving other nations—

Those who, like us, have suffered and are suffering under England's sea-rule. Those who are threatened by Russia's insatiable ambition. Those who have always painfully felt English arrogance and French fanaticism. Yes, perhaps we even serve the enemy themselves. Perhaps the English people will at last be taught by this war no longer to regard themselves as the measure of all things. Perhaps French vanity will at last find correction.

This is the most temperately expressed judgment of Germany's enemies that I have been able to find.

Herr Schullerus denounces the enemy more directly without using any scriptural analogy.

Who are our enemies? What is their aim in forcing conflict upon us? The Serbs—their objective is a national-political end, the State-unity of their race. I will say no more of that here. But how have they sought to attain it? By secret plotting, by fostering high treason, and by murder. The Russians—they put forward the protection of their racial brethren. But their means are lies and deception. The Tsar's word promises peace; his statesmen protest friendship on their word of honour. And meanwhile everything is prepared for a blow. France—for years past they have played there, in a way which can only be described in their own language as frivolous, with the thought of a war of revenge, they have stoked up hate and fury against the German Empire.

Other preachers who allude more briefly and dispassionately to the cause of war all assume that the necessity was forced on Germany in self-defence, and emphasize the good conscience with which she is fighting. Nor is it possible to doubt their good faith. They are, for the most part, simple-minded men who speak from conviction.

Pastor Foerster devotes a whole sermon to the general demoralization of the German people before the war. He plunges straight into this unpalatable theme:

One of the ugliest phenomena of our German life before the war was undoubtedly the mammon-worship prevailing in all circles. It was the painful accompaniment of the prosperity which the German people have achieved in the last decades. A poor nation, which barely covered its own needs by agriculture and paid its State officials and officers salaries proverbially known throughout Europe for their modesty, developed into one which by manufacture and commerce won a large place in the world's market, and year by year gathered accumulating wealth. The transformation proceeded too rapidly not to have a corrupting effect on the public mind. The old simplicity and frugality were replaced in the upper classes by a luxury which was not even in good taste. Social life, still impressively intellectual in Goethe's time, became constantly more materialistic and elegant, the claims on enjoyment ever more unrestrained and dissolute.

Pastor Oculi is preaching on driving out evil spirits, and suggests that the storm of war is in a sense a driving out of devils on a great scale.

Only we must understand it aright. We hear and talk a great deal about the diabolical forces, the evil spirits, which are at work among our enemies, in the pious English, the frivolous French, the savage Russians. But do not let us forget ourselves. Just as the prophet (Jeremiah) was bidden to hold out the cup of judgment, but first of all to the people of Jerusalem, so must we submit ourselves honestly and straightforwardly to the divine judgment, recognize and fight against the evil spirits that plague us, and open our hearts to the good spirit from above, who will cleanse and heal us.

SPIES AND SNIPERS

Observations of an American Fighting for John Bull

WHILE serving with the British army, Wm. J. Robinson has some interesting adventures with spies. He recounts them in "World's Work," as follows:—

During the year of 1915 so many spies were caught in the area occupied by our Corps that many of the fellows developed the "spy mania," and to them every one dressed in civilian clothes or who was

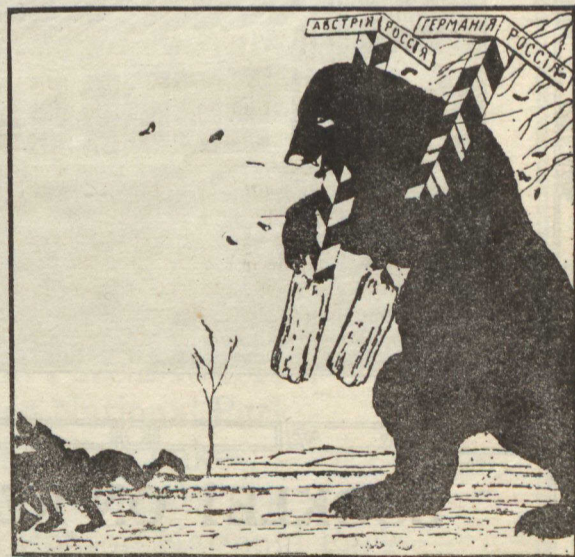
peculiar in any way became the object of suspicion. In a way they could not be blamed, for we caught spies in all guises. Men dressed as women, women dressed as men, Germans in British, French, or Belgian uniform; we even caught them dressed as priests!

Soon after I returned from England we had a very hot time in which the Germans broke through our line in one place. We rushed supports up, though, and the Germans were soon driven back and the breach closed again. After this we began to catch spies wholesale. Conditions became so serious and these spies so numerous that measures were taken to round these people up. It was decided to close our lines entirely for a period of twenty-four hours. During this time sentries were to be placed at short intervals along all roads. They were to stop everybody regardless of what uniform he wore or what rank he held. Special passes were issued which were good only during the twenty-four hours the lines were closed, but regular passes were worthless unless presented with the special pass. Besides all the sentries along the roads there were patrols out also. Everybody was to be stopped and those who were not provided with the special pass were to be placed under arrest, brought in, and examined. All these arrangements were made with the greatest secrecy, and, when everything was in readiness, orders were issued that, from 9 p.m. of one day until 9 p.m. of the next, all men not on duty were to make in the billet area and men on duty were to make sure that they had in their possession pass number "so and so."

The first I knew of what was happening was when I was warned for special duty on the afternoon of the day the roads were to be closed. I was told to report to the office of the Assistant Provost Marshal at 8 p.m., and to have the dispatch car I was driving prepared for a long journey. I knew nothing of what was happening nor did any but those in charge of the affair. At eight o'clock, I reported myself and found that there were several other dispatch cars there besides my own. The Assistant Provost Marshal told us what to do, gave us each a certain area to cover, and warned us to let no one pass us without giving a satisfactory account of himself. We were to fly the Army Corps flag on our cars, but if any sentry challenged us we were to stop and show the special pass.

I had an area of about three square miles to cover, and I started out expecting plenty of excitement. Mile after mile I covered without seeing any one but sentries and occasionally a cavalry patrol. I arrived back at my starting point without having even challenged anybody. I prepared myself for an uneventful, monotonous night, and began to realize that patrolling country for spies is not as exciting as it sounds.

On my second trip I had better luck. I was more than half way back to camp when, as I swung my car around a curve, my headlights showed the figures of two men leaving the road. I yelled at them, and, turning on the searchlight on the side of the car, kept them right in the glare of it. They were running now, and I shouted again, but as they showed



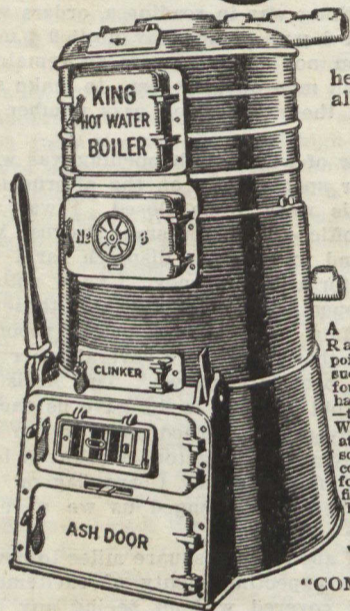
Merely Changing the Map.

—From Strekoza, Petrograd.

no intention of heeding my challenge, I sent two shots from my revolver after them. They stopped then all right, so, keeping the light still on them, I ordered them to come back to the road. This they did, but rather reluctantly I thought. Getting out of my car I had them come right up into the full glare of the headlights. They were British "Tom-mies." I asked them what regiment they belonged to and they told me they belonged to the Royal Sus-

It's awfully nice to dress in a warm room on a cold winter morning. It is the luxury that comes of having a King Boiler and King Radiators to furnish your hot-water heating. You can have your bed-room windows open all night with the air below zero, then step into the next room in the morning to dress and you will find it as warm as toast. "Steady and strong"—that is the style of heating the King Boiler and King Radiators do. The "fire-travel" is so constructed as to give the full heat of the fuel to the circulating water, and no heat gets away without paying toll to the water-way. This saves fuel and saves money. The King Hot Water Boiler has no fear of competition in the matter of quality, heating power, or fuel economy. Besides, the ease of operation makes a King Boiler transcendently superior. You can shake the ashes from either side, standing up; You can use an ash pan full size of pit; You can regulate the drafts accurately on account of tight fitting doors and joints. Flues are easily cleaned, ample combustion space allows complete burning of gases instead of their going free up the chimney. Simple to erect and economical to instal. We have a King Heating Apparatus for every requirement, from a cottage up to an apartment house. We manufacture everything required for heating—steam or hot water—for buildings of all descriptions.

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sex Regiment. They said that they had been in an estaminet after hours and were trying to get back to their billets without being seen. I might have let them go, and I was just going to ask them to show me their pay books when I happened to notice that one of them was wearing a pair of German infantry boots! That settled it, and I knew that they were lying. I ordered one to stand on one side of the car, and the other on the opposite side. I searched first one and then the other for weapons, but they were both unarmed. Then it struck me that I was in a pretty tight place myself. I had to drive the car, and one of them would have to sit beside me, but the other would be behind me in the tonneau! Finally, I unstrapped the spare wheels from the car. I made them dump the wheels into the tonneau and with the straps I had one bind the other's feet and hands. When I had satisfied myself that the man was properly trussed up, I made his comrade lift him into the back of the car. I got into the driver's seat and had the second fellow sit beside me. I kept my revolver drawn, and told them: "If either of you try any funny business, I'm going to plug this man beside me. I have a perfect right to do it, and I will, so for your own sakes be good." If they had known how nervous I was I think they would have made a break to get away. As we started off they began to plead. It was a good thing I had noticed those boots, for if I hadn't I'm sure I'd have let them go. As it was I advised them to "tell it to Sweeney," and kept right on going. As they got scared I gained confidence. Both of them talked perfect English, and I was all at sea as to who they were. When I got them into camp I turned them over to the Assistant Provost Marshal himself and set out on my third trip. During the rest of the night nothing happened so far as I was concerned. Sometime later I found out that the men I had brought in were both Germans, and they had both attended King's College in London before the war. The total number of spies captured in our area during the twenty-four hours was thirty-one, and they were all Germans!

one side of love. The early stages are displayed by means of emotional posturing, honeyed smiles, exaggerated ogling and hands clasped or merely in contact, frequently enlarged photographically to make the point more clear. The actual presence of love itself is portrayed through violent and frequent embraces, cloying and extravagant, bordering often on physical abandon. Meanwhile the audience, intently following the progress of the film, has forgotten that love can also be a thing of the mind and the spirit, a thing that transcends time and place. The outward manifestations of the love of Romeo and Juliet are easily portrayed, but what of the tragic sublimity of their love?

Religion suffers similarly, for ceremony, form and ritual displace real significance. And other worthy subjects suffer alike.

Heroism as an act indicative of spiritual power is virtually impossible in the "movies." If a person is heroic he proves the fact by throwing himself in front of a train, by daring another to engage in personal combat, by saving the heroine from a fire, by swimming a torrent or by performing some other Herculean task. Sidney Carton's act of heroism may be shown, but never the heroism of his act. Suffering is evidenced by physical pain, sickness, death, and frequently torture, but the message that pain and suffering carries to mankind is missing. Peer Gynt, a tremendous study in morals, becomes a mere narrative on the screen. Pierre and Jean and their experiences are possible to the "movies," but is the suffering of their mother?

Apparently then, the only form of suffering that the "movies" are able to present is physical suffering, and as a result, audiences are learning to regard suffering calmly from the security of a theatre seat, unconsciously developing a morbid appetite for horror.

We, as Americans, have always affected a certain disgust for Spanish bull fights, but now we seem to enjoy them in the "movies," and, worse yet, find a certain relish in watching degenerates entrap women, or cruelly lash men and women bound to trees.

All this, of course, relates primarily to the themes and subjects depicted. The themes, in the main, are as primitive as the crudest melodrama and designed along identical lines; incidents are valuable only in proportion to their sensationalism while moral and purpose are sentimentalistic and popular.

The plays must end happily. The villains must be incarcerated and punished; the heroes must triumph. If by any chance a heroine has been ruined, inadvertently or by force of circumstances, she must die before the reel is finished.

This particular requirement is the widest removed from the literature of to-day which from Ibsen down has devoted itself conscientiously to the moral, social and economic causes for the sinning woman; and which has done so much to say that she should live and not die.

As a result the characters are virtually static. Growth, that joy of the reader and of the really great writer, is denied. Once a villain always a villain, stubbornly repenting only when brought under external restraint. People scoff at these things in the twenties—thirties. Don't they realize that they are getting the same thing, only worse, in the "movies"? And the "movies" are worse because they are so personal—resembling, as James Huneker has said, the wax works. The characters are the actors themselves, and as such, are made representatives of so intimate and familiar a type that they can not raise their own personalities above themselves to an elevated symbolic plane. It is the same old difference in appeal that a Greek statue makes, when placed next to a wax figure in a dry goods store.

But bad plots, and lack of morals might even have been tolerated if the "movies" did not insist upon ignoring the power of intellect. Those rules, however, are arbitrary. Never credit your audience with any intelligence, and never let it think. Never suggest. Always diagram, explain, and then diagram again.

MOVIE CRITICS

A Champion of Legitimate Drama Finds Serious Defects in the Picture Plays

SUCCESS is so seldom adequately criticized that it comes like a slight shock to find in the Theatre Magazine a lengthy criticism of motion pictures, by Bernard Sobel. The article contains a number of startling statements, some of which seem rather paradoxical.

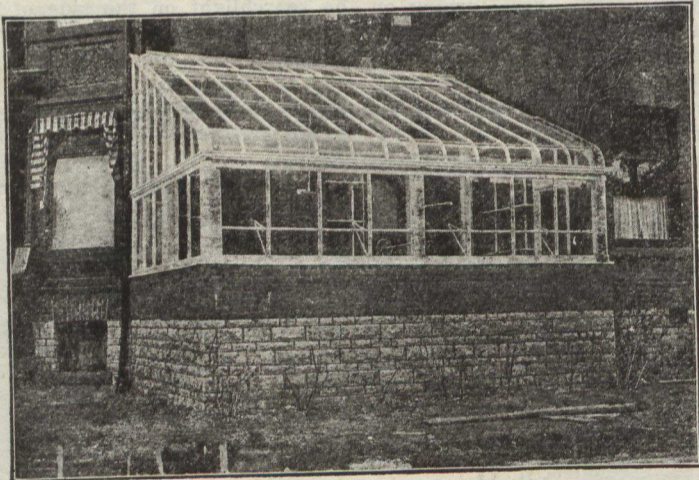
According to Mr. Sobel there are definite reasons why the motion picture is not successful from the standpoint of art, and these reasons are based on the simplest aesthetic principles.

All the arts, while they delight, strive also to elevate and inspire by means of suggestion or by symbol, by emphasizing the spiritual and the intellectual, and by stimulating the senses to the possibilities of pure beauty. Virtually all these purposes are denied the typical motion picture because of the very nature of its sole medium of expression—the physical in man and nature.

The motion picture cannot make a sustained or lofty appeal to the intellect or spirit, because it must first of all, reduce everything of the mind and the spirit to the physical. It has only one way of accomplishing its purpose and that is through the visible medium of the body, and as a result, all purposes, great and exalted, must be reduced to the physical plane.

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DEMI-TASSE

COURIETTES.

HENRY FORD will now be satisfied with a nomination for Governor. Why not let him begin as a path-master?

The German Fleet has been photographed. That camera man must have done some pussy-footing.

"The truth in politics" is the slogan of an American political organization. We must have our laugh somehow.

A judge has decided that pedestrians have equal rights with motorists on the streets. Yes—if they can get 'em.

The United States has one motor car to every 44 persons. Well, it should keep a car busy chasing 43 folks.

Hand-shaking is now said by medical authorities to be a germ-spreader. Thus doth Mayor Church, of Toronto, become a hero.

Insurance agents are said to be ready to go on strike. Let the book agents follow suit and our cup of joy will be full.

The Allies are now doing some fancy driving and when the time comes they will do a little putting.

Britain sent S. S. McClure back to the United States. Perhaps it was feared that he might fool around the magazines.

James J. Corbett is to head a company in a play by Geo. M. Cohan. The latter evidently wants to put a "punch" in the piece.

A pretty actress, while bathing at an Atlantic resort was pursued by a shark. We never knew that the big fish was so silly.

German widow got 18 months in prison for a flirtation with a Russian. It might have ended in a life sentence for the Russ.

Many of the men on the London Fire Brigade have been exempted from military service. Nevertheless, they will not try to keep the home fires burning.

Germany offered to evacuate Belgium, 'tis said, for forty billion marks. Tommy Atkins vows that the Huns will get more marks than that—and of a different kind.

POETIC JUSTICE.

Leo Bryan, son of Alfred Bryan, who wrote that song, "I Didn't Raise My Boy to be a Soldier," has enlisted for service on the Mexican border. Seems like rubbing it in on the poetical old man.

WAR NOTES.

The British gunners seem to have put the art in artillery.

By this time the Kaiser will no doubt be content with a place in the shade.

There's been a lot of discussion as to what nation started the war. No doubt about who'll finish it.

The starving babies of Germany were no doubt tickled to death when told that the Deutschland had a big cargo of nickel and rubber.

Meetings in 50 German cities protested against the Hun annexation of Belgium and Poland. They need not worry. The Allies will settle that matter.

As they say on the stock exchange, Austrian securities are somewhat depressed by the persistent bear movement.

The Sultan of Turkey cares not who may win the battles so long as he holds the telegraph offices.

The French airman who dropped handbills over Berlin would have created a fuss if he had dropped a few hams instead.

SIGNIFICANT.

The announcement is made that the German Army's demands on the bread supply are not nearly so great as they were. Something significant about that statement. Get it?



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An outing for convalescent soldiers quartered in Toronto was held on the Toronto Island recently. The resourcefulness of even the most helpless cases is illustrated by the lower of the two pictures. This private, in spite of his two crutches, was able to kick the pig-skin quite as accurately—but not so quickly—as any able-bodied onlooker.

MUSIC AND PLAYS

IT was a hot evening at the Royal Alexandra in Winnipeg. The orchestra was playing its customary programme up in the gallery. Beneath the gallery sat a man. His coat was off, likewise his vest—but not his braces. He fanned himself with a floppy felt hat and gazed up at the band. He took in all the Rachmaninoff Prelude which a highly civilized editorial man in the rotunda stigmatized as "a deuce of a lot of sad and strenuous noise." When the piece was over he came over to me and sat down.

"Well, say," he remarked, "I've heard a good many little orchestras in my time, but for a five-piece band that one's the best that ever came down my way. She's a humdinger. I don't

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know what they play, but it sounds good to me."

And with a C. P. R. folder in his left hip pocket he strolled away, fanning himself with his hat, waiting for the next piece to strike up. He wasn't a Winnipeg man. His home was down in Kansas. But he felt as much at home in the rotunda of the "Royal Alec" as though he were togged in white flannels. And the good music probably had something to do with it.

UP in the silent reaches of Whitefish Lake we drifted about on a dark evening, end of a hot day. The whip-poor-will had just concluded his nocturne. The loons had not yet struck up. Here and there a fish plopped. Along shore a few bull-frogs chatted away in double-bass. Over in the woods a cow-bell chinked in pastoral peace. A million stars hung below; the constellations, Ursa Major and Ursa Minor, Sagittarius and a number of others. The oars plashed plaintively in the sombre silence, of which the dam up the little river was a low, dreamy background.

Suddenly from the north end of the lake came a faint chuckle of music. "It's Barnby's phonograph," said one in the boat. "Let's row a little nearer."

Almost as suddenly from the south end of the lake came the sound of a baritone singing "Drink to me only."

That was the Victrola down by the one lone light in the bush of the south shore. We went in that direction. It sounded much better than the north-end machine. We could afford to pick our performers. We were the only audience of three in all that watery auditorium of lake and bush-hung shore. The second on the programme was the Pilgrim's Chorus, sung by men's voices to orchestral accompaniment; the identical arrangement given last winter in a Toronto club under the baton of Dr. Vogt. This was too fine to miss a syllable. The distance was half a mile. Every word, every modulation, every chromatic came as

distinct as though we had been in the same room, and with infinitely greater refinement.

Followed in quick succession the Soldiers' Chorus, from Faust; Schubert's Ave Maria, played by Mischa Elman; solos and choruses from Robin Hood; the Ride of the Valkyries, the Siegfried Funeral March, and choruses from the Mikado. We stayed at the half-mile and called out to encore the Pilgrim's Chorus. Afterwards Pablo Casals played the Rubinstein Melody in F on his 'cello.

The rest I have forgotten. But it was all miraculously chaste and beautiful. It filled the wilderness with a beautiful, incomprehensible voice. The whole effect was as though a sudden band of choristers and solo performers had invaded the log house at the south end of the lake. When we landed they had gone.

COMING east on a train from Winnipeg a few weeks ago, the editor of this column fell in with a musical enthusiast. She—was a lady, of course. No mere man ever would have let on to a stranger that he cared much about music. She came from Athabasca Landing, where she had much to do with a peculiarly alive musical atmosphere—amateur operas and the like. Before marrying she had followed a musical career in Edmonton, whose musical folk she knew intimately. Of all these she talked with careless ease. It was a treat to one who had once done musical pioneering in that part of the world to hear so many interesting things about the development of music in that part of Alberta. "Besides, you know," she said, charmingly, "I keep pretty well posted in what goes on musically in eastern Canada."

"Oh, indeed?" echoed the editor. "Yes"—suddenly she broke off and sang a snatch of a comic opera. "Yes, you know, I take the Canadian Courier. Somebody in that paper writes a lot of interesting things about music. I never miss one of them."

The editor smiled. "Why do you smile?" she wanted to know.

Naturally, being a clever woman, as well as a musician, she found out.

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MONEY AND MAGNATES

The Canadian War Loan

THE New York Evening Post says that in banking circles it is stated that negotiations have been resumed by Canada for a new loan in New York. Some of the American bankers, the paper adds, some weeks ago agreed to advance \$150,000,000 to the railways.

The last Canadian loan was \$75,000,000 in five, ten and fifteen year bonds, placed to yield from 5.10 per cent. to 5.50 per cent. Part of the proceeds went to mature the one year Canadian issue which fell due the first of this month across the line. Bankers here doubt that the Government is negotiating for another issue across the line, believing rather that any conversations have been with reference to the second Canadian war loan to be put out shortly, part of which is expected to go across the border.

Bankers do not place any credence in the report that the second loan will be payable in New York, as well as on this side of the border. It is pointed out that this is to be a domestic loan, and that provision was made to take care of the American demand by means of the external loan of \$75,000,000 placed across the line in the spring.

The new British loan, to be offered by J. P. Morgan and Co. and other bankers, will be \$250,000,000 in 2-year 5 per cent. notes, dated September 1st, 1916, maturing September 1st, 1918, redeemable at option of the British Government on 30 days' notice in whole or part up to August 31st, 1917, at 101 and interest, and thereafter any time before maturity at 100½ and interest. The collateral has a value, calculated at present market prices, of at least \$300,000,000. The loan will be handled by the syndicate at 98, and will be offered to the public at 99.

At 99 the notes will yield between 5½ and 5¾ per cent. The Anglo-French loan, issued at 98, yielded between 5.40 per cent. and 5½ per cent., and is now selling to return about 6.15 per cent. The Canadian 5, 10 and 15-year loan in New York last March yielded from 5.10 per cent. on the 5-year bonds to 5½ per cent. on the 15s.

In banking circles it is stated that the British loan is for the purpose of protecting the sterling exchange market, which has been showing signs of drooping. It is understood that other countries allied with Britain will join later in protective measures to maintain the level of their exchanges, probably by other loans.

Included in the collateral for the new British loan will be the latest Canadian Government bond issue, amounting to over \$100,000,000, which the authorities handed over to Britain in payment of advances made to Canada by the Imperial Treasury. These obligations will prove attractive backing to the American investor.

An interesting transaction showing the close relations between the Allies has taken place between Japan and Britain, the former having placed at the disposal of the latter some thirty million dollars in New York credits which had been built up during the past year. In exchange Britain turned over to Japan an equal number of British Treasury bills. The deal relieved the sterling exchange market by obviating the necessity of purchasing just that amount of New York funds in London.

New Records Made by Steel Products

OFFICIAL statistics of production of steel products in this country illustrate graphically the extent of the boom in the steel industry. The output of steel ingots and castings will be at a new high record in history, surpassing the previous high in 1913. Production of steel rails this year shows a big decline, due to the fact that only the Algoma Steel is seeking to do business of this nature, the other concerns concentrating on other products. As a matter of fact the output of rails for the first half of 1916 ran the smallest since back in 1905, and the record for the whole year promises to make a corresponding showing. It is learned that about 300 cars of steel, having a total tonnage of 4,000 tons, the first shipment of a 60,000 ton order diverted to Philadelphia from Canada, will be shipped to France on the British steamer Camlake. Railway freight charges on the consignment will be about \$1,250,000 and ocean freight charges \$1,000,000.

This refers to one of the big orders which the French Government endeavoured to place in this country in accordance with the plan of the Allies to give business to each other rather than to neutrals. Owing to the famine in steel, however, Canadian mills were unable to handle the contract. The incident is significant as illustrating the remarkable change which has come over the Canadian steel industry since war contracts were first placed about a year ago.

Local agencies of the steel companies report that so largely has the production been contracted for ahead that they have very little to sell for the balance of this year. The demand for domestic consumption is large, and this is being taken care of as far as possible, but many large orders have had to go across the border of late, owing to the inability of the Canadian companies to make deliveries before 1917. Among these orders is one from the Canadian Pacific Railroad, which has been in the market for 14,000 tons of steel rails. The road now has another contract for 11,000 tons to place which will also go to United States manufacturers, as the Canadian companies are too busy on war munitions to meet delivery requirements.

The trade reviews note an advance across the line in all wire products amounting to \$2 a ton, while plates are up from \$2 to \$3. The increase will, of course, be followed by the Canadian steel companies, as the domestic quotations are practically on a basis with Pittsburg plus the duty. It is stated at local steel agencies that they cannot accept orders for delivery of some wire products for many months to come. There is a marked scarcity of nails already, and the outlook is for further developments along the same lines. Meantime, owing to the higher prices, earnings of the big steel companies are mourning to new high records, as the volume of business handled is still the utmost capacity of the plants.

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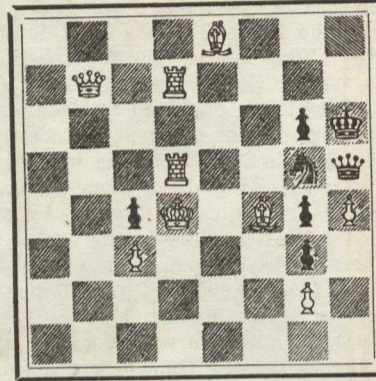
Conducted by

Malcolm Sim

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

PROBLEM NO. 71, by W. J. Faulkner, Toronto.

(Specially composed for the "Courier.")
Black.—Seven Pieces.



White.—Nine Pieces.

White to play and self-mate in five. Our solver's ladder problems are the following:

Problem No. 72, by Jan Kotrc. Version, Svetozor, 1892.

White: K at QKt7; Q at KR3; R at K3; B at Q6; Kts at QKt5 and KBsq; P at QB2.

Black: K at Q4; Kts at QKt8 and KKt6; Ps at KB2, KB3 and KB4.

Mate in two.

Problem No. 73, by V. Holst.

White: K at Qsq; Q at KKt3; Kts at QB7 and KR6; Ps at QR2, QKt2, QB3, K2 and KR4.

Black: K at QB5; Rs at Q4 and Ksq; Ps at QB4, Q7, K6 and KR4.

Mate in three.

SOLUTIONS.

Problem No. 67, by Frank Janet.

1. Kt-B6, B-B3; 2. R-KB4 mate.
1., P-QB3; 2. Q-Q8 mate.
1., PxKt; 2. RxB mate.
1., KxKt; 2. R-KB4 mate.

The Black King fight here, in the "Pickabish" theme, is quite original. Although not a particularly good position artistically, this achievement is a difficult one, and cost Mr. Janet more labour than many prettier versions.

Problem No. 68, by G. Dehler.

1. Kt-K4, PxKt; 2. Kt-B4ch, PxKt;
3. PxP mate.
1., Kt-K3; 2. Q-K7ch, BxQ; 3. Kt-K7 mate.
1., B-Q2; 2. Q-B5ch, K-K3;
3. Q-B4 mate.
1., QB else; 2. Q-Kt7ch, B-B3;
3. Q-Kt3 mate.
1., threat; 2. Q-KB7ch, Kt-K3;
3. Kt-K7 mate.

Solver's Ladder.

We republish by request the award of points in our solver's ladder competition. The top scorer every month receives a book prize, when his score is cancelled.

Keys to two-movers, 2 points; to three-movers, 3 points. Proof of no solution, in two-movers, 2 points; in three-movers, 3 points. Second solutions to two-movers, 2 points; to three-movers, 3 points. Serious dual mates in any problem, 1 point. Serious dual continuations in three-movers, 2 points. Proof that an initial position is impossible in actual play, or that it contains promoted pieces, in two-movers, 2 points; in three-movers, 3 points. Except in claims for duals, it is sufficient to give key-moves only of two-movers and the key-moves and second moves of three-movers. There is a penalty of one point for each incorrect claim of any kind. Misprints in writing out solutions count as a wrong claim.

The Third Week.

	No. 65.	No. 66.	Total.
J. R. Ballantyne	0	0	47
P. W. Pearson	2	3	35
J. Kay	2	3	35
R. G. Hunter	0	0	30
R. A. Leduc	0	0	29
W. J. Faulkner	2	3	16

Correct solutions of Nos. 59 and 60 received from "Yukon," Dawson City=34 points. "Yukon" also solves Mr. Faulkner's self-mate, No. 58, in six e.g., 1. Kt-K4 (or KBsq); 2. Kt(K4)-Kt3; 3. Kt-Ktsq; 4. R-Q2; 5. B-Ktsq; 6. Q-Kt2, B x R mate.

CHESS IN THE STATES.

An interesting game played at the Los Angeles Chess Club. Notes, abridged, by the winner.

Petroff's Defence.

White.	Black.
S. Mlotkowski	E. R. Perry.
1. P-K4	1. P-K4
2. Kt-KB3	2. Kt-KB3
3. P-Q4	3. KtxP
4. B-Q4	4. P-Q4

5. KtxP	5. B-Q3
6. Castles	6. Castles
7. P-QB4	7. P-QB3 (a)
8. Kt-B3	8. KtxKt
9. PxKt	9. Q-B3 (b)
10. P-B4	10. PxP (c)
11. BxBP	11. Kt-Q2 (d)
12. B-Q3	12. Kt-Kt3
13. Q-B2	13. P-KR3
14. B-Q2	14. Kt-Q4
15. QR-Ksq	15. Kt-K2 (e)
16. P-B5	16. P-B4 (f)
17. P-Kt3	17. Kt-B3 (g)
18. Kt-Kt4	18. Q-Qsq
19. BxP	19. PxP (h)
20. KtxPch	20. K-Rsq
21. Q-Kt2	21. P-B3
22. Q-R3	22. K-Kt2
23. Q-Kt4ch	23. K-Rsq
24. Q-R5	24. K-Kt2
25. R-K4	Resigns.

(a) Black cannot repeat White's last move here on account of 8. PxQP, BxKt; 9. PxP, QxP; 10. Q-B2, B-B4; 11. Kt-B3, KtxKt; 12. BxB, P-KKt3; 13. QxKt, PxP; 14. Q-Kt3ch, K-Rsq; 15. B-Kt5, Kt-Q2; 16. QR-Qsq followed by 17. RxBKt.

(b) An innovation, the object being later to plant his Queen's Bishop at B4.

(c) B-KB4 would be met by the exchange of Bishops followed by 12. Q-Kt3.

(d) B-KB4 here would be answered by 12. P-KKt4, and Black's difficulties would be increased.

(e) Again intending B-KB4, but after White's reply this idea has to be given up and the Knight is awkwardly placed, preventing the retreat of the Queen.

(f) Black has nothing better than Kt-Q4.

(g) If 17., P-KR4, White answers P-KR4, compelling BxKt.

(h) P-B3 was best; in accepting the offer of a piece, Black overlooked White's 21st move, expecting Q-K2, to which Q-Kt4 is a good reply.

END GAME NO. 15.

By Horwitz and Kling.

White: K at QKt8; Q at QRsq; B at QR2; P at QKt6. Black: K at QKt5; Q at QR4; Kt at Qsq. White to play and win.

Solution.

1. Q-Ksq ch, K-Kt4; 2. QxQ ch, KxQ;
3. K-B7, K-Kt4; 4. B-Q5, K-R3 (a);
5. B-B7, K-Kt4; 6. B-K8 ch, K-R4 (b);
7. B-Q7, K-R3; 8. B-R3, K-R4; 9. B-Kt4 (c), K-Kt4; 10. B-K2 ch, K-B4;
11. B-B4! Kt-B3!; 12. P-Kt7 and wins (d).

(a) If 4., K-R4 or B4, then White replies 5. B-B4!

(b) If 6., K-B4, then 7. B-Q7! If 6., K-R3, then 7. B-Q7, K-R4; 8. B-Kt4, K-Kt4 (or R3) 9. B-K2 ch and the solution is shortened a move.

(c) If 9. B-Bsq at once, White would have to submit to perpetual check or lose the pawn.

(d) A very neat and instructive end-game.

THE USUAL WAY.

A young man in the country fixes his eye on the city.

He hikes cityward and plunges into its whirlpool of business life.

For 20 or 25 years he works like a fiend and accumulates enough to live on for the rest of his life.

Then he goes back to the country to enjoy it.

DISCRETION.

"Mother, may I go out to swim?"
"Yes, my dainty daughter,
But your one-piece suit is so snug and trim

You'd better keep out of the water."

JUST A SUGGESTION.

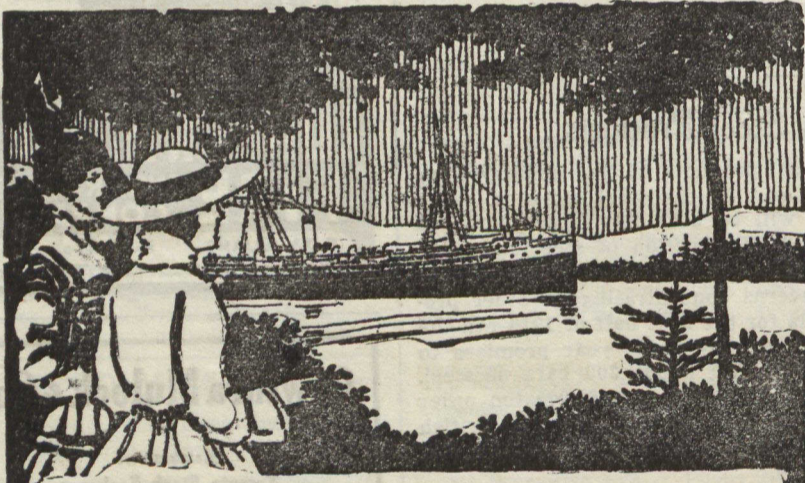
Why not utilize some of the excessive red tape in our Governmental circles as material for the wire entanglements at the front? The Huns would never get through.

BY WAY OF CONTRAST.

Some soldiers get the powder on their own faces while others who prefer drawing rooms and dance halls to the trenches are content to smell the powder—of Milady's face.

HE'S LEARNING.

There is a man in our town
Who isn't wondrous wise—
He met a summer girl and now
His roll is small in size.



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A New Movie House

ONE of the liveliest moving pictures ever made was quite missed last week in what is now regarded as headquarters for motion drama de luxe in this country. The new Regent Theatre in Toronto was opened to an invitation audience on Friday evening; to the public on Saturday. On Friday afternoon there was an inspection tour to which newspaper people were invited. That was at four o'clock. The invitees went. They found themselves in a pandemonium of confusion and a bedlam of noise. A hundred workmen were still busy on the premises. The only part of the new theatre that seemed to be absolutely finished at four p.m. was the ceiling. The stage was heaped with unlocated properties. The seats were not yet all placed; half of them without backs and men were busy boring holes in the backs for the screws. The floors were not quite dry. The walls were not finished painting. All the Corinthian pillars were not yet secure in the mezzanine floor gallery at the front. Men were busy hustling out mortarboards. Palms for the stage were massed up at the front amid lumber and all sorts of odds and ends. The entrance was a mass of scaffolding and a mess of one thing and another. Even the exits at the sides were beleaguered by heaps of mortar and what not.

The whole thing was a conglomerated confusion of this, that and the other, odds and ends and what-nots, the fag end of a rushing summer work when the old Majestic, home of melodrama in the beginning, afterwards of cheap vaudeville, was transformed into a palace of film drama. How such a cheerful chaos ever could resolve itself into a playhouse for an audience by eight o'clock in the evening was precisely the moving picture that the proprietors missed. That they did it is a tribute to the executive ability of the contractors, the optimism of the men behind, and the cheerful enthusiasm of the workers themselves, who seemed not at all to swear if some loafing newspaperman came down the aisle just as a man with a pile of lumber on his back wanted to go up.

As a home of modern theatrical presentations by means of films, the Regent is a work of art. Being one gallery lower than the old Majestic, which it replaced, it seats a smaller audience. But the balcony is of great depth and the view from any angle is perfect. The old-style two gallery theatre was never any good for movies. The "gods," who used to get a fine focus on an ordinary play saw nothing but a shimmer and a blur on the movie screen. Modern architectural art with theatre experience brings every part of the new building into full view of the screen. The lighting scheme in the domed ceiling is beautifully carried out in soft effects. The seating is comfort itself. The wall decorations are chaste and beautiful. There is an esthetic pleasure in the whole design of the theatre which contrasts sharply with the kind of thing the average movie enthusiast encounters in the average downtown movie theatre transformed from a vacant store. Even the ventilation is a detail carefully worked out in a scientific way. There is a measure of pleasing illusion in the theatre itself to say nothing of the shows that are scheduled to go on at popular prices; an evident intention to make the presentation of film dramas a matter of art in accessories and to make the theatre a home.



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The following prices for Ford cars will be effective on and after August 1st, 1916

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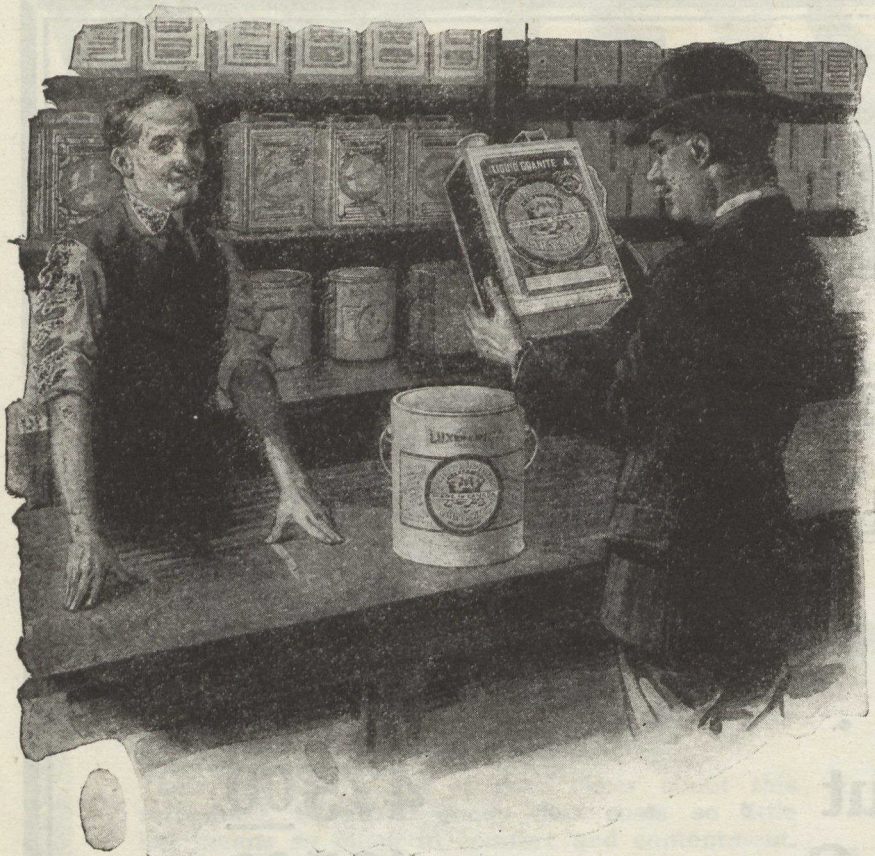
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The Watch Dog

(Continued from page 5.)



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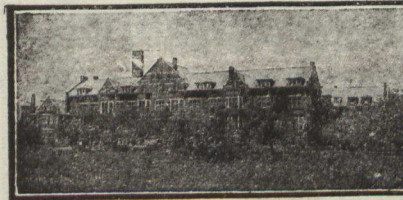
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COLLEGE RE-OPENS SEPTEMBER 12TH, 1916.
FOR CALENDAR WRITE REV. F. L. FAREWELL, B.A., PRINCIPAL.

"That I will leave your lordship to decide. The animal is now asleep on the porch."

He led the way to where a brown heap lay in the sunshine. His lordship followed with some diffidence.

"A extraordinary likeness, your lordship."

Lord Bertie put up his eyeglass. "By Jove, I should say it was. Do you mean to tell me—?"

"If your lordship will step forward and prod the animal—"

"Prod him yourself," said Lord Bertie.

Keggs did so. The slumberer raised his head dreamily, and rolled over again. Lord Bertie was satisfied. He came forward and took a prod. With Reuben, this would have led to a scene of extreme activity. The excellent substitute merely flopped back on his side again.

"By Jove, it's wonderful," he said. "And if your lordship 'appens to 'ave a check-book 'andy—"

"You're in a bally hurry," said Lord Bertie complainingly.

"It's Roberts, your lordship," sighed Keggs. "E is a poor man, hand 'e 'as a wife and children."

After lunch Aline was plaintive. "I can't make out," she said, "what is the matter with Reuben. He doesn't seem to care for me any more. He won't come when I call. He wants to sleep all the time."

"Oh, he'll get used—I mean," added Lord Bertie, hastily, "he'll soon get over it. I expect he's been in the sun too much, don't you know."

The substitute's lethargy continued during the rest of that day, but on the following morning after breakfast Lord Bertie observed him rolling along the terrace behind Aline. Presently the two settled themselves under the big sycamore tree, and his lordship sallied forth.

"And how is Reuben this morning?" he inquired brightly.

"He's not very well, poor old thing," said Aline. "He was rather sick in the night."

"No, by Jove, really?"

"I think he must have eaten something that disagreed with him. That's why he was so quiet yesterday."

LORD BERTIE glanced sympathetically at the brown mass on the ground. How wary one should be of judging by looks. To all appearances that dog there was Reuben, his foe. But beneath that Reubenlike exterior beat the gentle heart of the milk-coloured substitute, with whom he was on terms of easy friendship.

"Poor old fellow," he said. He bent down and gave the animal's ear a playful tweak...

It was a simple action, an action from which one would hardly have expected anything in the nature of interesting by-products; yet it undoubtedly produced them. What exactly occurred Lord Bertie could not have said. There was a sort of explosion. The sleeping dog seemed to uncurl like a released watch-spring and the air became full of a curious blend of sniff and snarl. An eminent general has said that the science of war lies in knowing when to fall back. Something, some instinct, seemed to tell Lord Bertie that the moment was ripe for falling back; and he did so, over a chair.

He rose, with a scraped shin, to find Aline holding the dog's collar with both hands, her face flushed with the combination of wrath and muscular effort.

"What did you do that for?" she demanded fiercely. "I told you he was ill."

"I—I—I—" stammered his lordship. The thing had been so sudden. The animal had gone off like a bomb.

"I—I—I—" "Run"—she panted. "I can't hold him. Run—RUN!"

Lord Bertie cast one look at the bristling animal, and decided that her advice was good, and should be followed.

He had reached the road before he slowed to a walk. Then, feeling safe, he was about to light a cigarette when

the match fell from his fingers and he stood gaping.

Round the bend of the road, from the direction of Roberts' cottage, there had appeared a large bulldog of a dingy white colour.

Keggs, swathed in a green-baize apron, was meditatively polishing Mr. Keith's silver in his own private pantry, humming an air as he worked, when Frederick, the footman, came to him. Frederick was a supercilious young man with long legs and a receding chin.

"Polishing the silver, old top?" he inquired genially.

"In answer to your question, Frederick," replied Keggs with dignity, "I am polishing the silver."

Frederick, in Keggs' opinion, needed to be kept in his place.

"His nibs is asking for you," said Frederick.

"You hallude to—?"

"Bertie," said Frederick definitely.

"If," said Keggs, "Lord Herbert Fen-dall desires to see me, I will go to 'im at once."

"Another bit of luck for 'Erbert," said Frederick cordially. "'E's in the smoking room."

"Your lordship wished to see me?"

LORD BERTIE, who was rubbing his shin reflectively with his back to the door, wheeled and glared banefully at the saintly figure before him.

"You bally old swindler!" he cried.

"Your lordship."

"Don't stand there pretending not to know what I mean."

"If your lordship would hexplain, I 'ave no doubt—"

"Explain! By Jove, I'll explain, if that's what you want. What do you mean by doping Reuben and palming him off on me as another dog? Is that plain enough?"

"The words is hintelligible," conceded Keggs, "but the haccusation is how-erwhelming."

"Do you deny it?"

"Your lordship," said Keggs soothingly, "'ave been deceived, has I predicted, by the reely hextraordinary likeness. Roberts 'as hundoubtedly eclipsed 'imself."

"Do you mean to tell me that dog is the one you showed me in the road? Then how do you account for this? I saw that milk-coloured brute of Roberts' out walking only a moment ago."

"Roberts 'as two, your lordship."

"What!"

"The himage of one another, your lordship."

"What!"

"Twins, your lordship," added the butler softly.

Lord Bertie upset a chair.

"Your lordship," said Keggs, "if I may say so, 'as halways from boy'ood up been a little too 'asty at jumping to conclusions. If your lordship's 'asty collect, it was your Lordship's 'asty hassertion, as a boy, that you 'ad seen me hoccupied in purloining 'is lordship your father's port wine that led to my losing the excellent situation, which I might be still 'olding, of butler at Stockleigh Castle."

Lord Bertie stared.

"So that was why?" he said. "Been trying to get a bit of your own back, what?"

"Your lordship! I 'ave done nothing. 'Apply I can prove it."

"Prove it?"

The butler bowed.

"The resemblance between the two animals is hextraordinary, but not habsolutely complete. Reuben 'as a full set of teeth, but Roberts' dog 'as the last tooth but one at the back missing. If your lordship," he went on with the dignity that makes the good man, wronged, so impressive, "wishes to disprove my hassertions, the modus hoperandi is puffedly simple. All your lordship 'as to do is to hopen the animal's mouth and submit 'is back teeth to a pussonal hinspection."

John Barton alighted from the automobile, and, in answer to Keggs' respectful inquiry, replied that he was quite well.

"Where is everybody?" he asked.

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G. J. DESBARATS,
Deputy Minister of the Naval Service,
Department of the Naval Service,
Ottawa, June 12, 1916.

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"Mr. Keith is hout walking, sir. 'Is lordship 'as left. Miss—"

"Left!"
"Is lordship was compelled to leave a few days back, sir, 'avin' business in New York."

"Ah? Returning soon, I suppose?"
"Hon that point, sir, 'is lordship seemed somewhat huncertain."

"How is Reuben?"
"Reuben 'ave enjoyed good 'ealth, sir. 'E is down by the lake, I fancy, sir, at the present moment, with Miss Ellison."

"I guess I might as well go and see him," said John awkwardly.
"I fancy 'e would happeciate it, sir."

John turned away. The lake was some distance from the house. The nearer he got to it, the more poignant did his nervousness become.

Aline was standing at the water's edge, encouraging Reuben to growl at a duck. Both suspended operations and turned to greet him. Reuben effusively, Aline with the rather absent composure which always deprived him of the power of speech.

"I've taken great care of Reuben, Mr. Barton," she said.

Something neat and epigrammatic should have proceeded from John. It did not.

"I'd like to have you all for my own, wouldn't I, darling?" she went on, bending over the snuffling Reuben and kissing him fondly in the groove between his eyes.

It was a simple action, but it had a remarkable effect on John. Something inside him seemed suddenly to snap. In a moment he had become very cool and immensely determined. Conversation is a safety-valve. Deprive a man of the use of it for a long enough time, and he is liable to explode at any moment. It is the general idea that the cave-man's first advance to the lady of his choice was a blow on the head with his club. This is not the case. He used the club because, after hanging round for a month or so trying to think of something to say, it seemed to him the only way of disclosing his affection. John was a lineal descendant of the cave-man. He could not use a club, for he had none. But he did the next best thing. Stooping swiftly, he seized Aline round the waist, picked her up, and kissed her.

She stood staring at him, her lips parted, her eyes slowly widening till they seemed to absorb the whole of her face.

A minute before, John would have wilted beneath that stare. But now the spirit of the cave-man was strong in him. He seized her hands and pulled her slowly toward him.

"You're going to have us both," he said.

Reuben gave an approving snuffle.

IMPOSSIBLE.

Here's a heading from a New York paper:

"Roosevelt in city;
Busy but silent."

How could the Colonel be busy and silent at the same time?



HANDICAPPED.

Gen. Santa Anna, leader of the Mexicans in the war of 1846, had a wooden leg. Not so badly off, however, as some of the present Mexican leaders who worry along with wooden heads.



MERITED.

A New York magistrate sentenced a youthful masher never to smile at a girl again. You can't blame that young fellow if he should be guilty of contempt of a court like that.



THE EFFECT.

A pianist in Illinois made a new record by playing for fifty consecutive hours. At the end of that time he was all in. A bulletin on the condition of his neighbours would now be interesting.



Heat Note.—The U. S. forces down in Mexico are finding that any old trail down there nowadays is a hot one.



Of Course.—The open door policy has its advocates, among whom must be included the large fly family.

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SNAP

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THE GREAT Hand Cleaner

The Blind Man's Eyes

(Continued from page 9.)

by President Jarvis' note that the officials of the road must be watching the progress of this especial train with particular interest, he had received no train-orders from the west for several hours. His inquiry at the last stop had told him the reason for this; the telegraph wires to the west had gone down. To the east, communication was still open, but how long it would remain so he could not guess. Here in the deep heart of the great mountains—they had passed the Idaho boundary-line into Montana—they were getting the full effect of the storm; their progress, increasingly slow, was broken by stops which were becoming more frequent and longer as they struggled on. As now they fought their way slower and slower up a grade, and barely topping it, descended the opposite slope at greater speed as the momentum of the train was added to the engine-power, Connery's mind went back to the second sleeper with its single passenger, and he spoke to the Pullman conductor, who nodded and went toward that car. The weather had prevented the expected increase of their number of passengers at Spokane; only a few had got aboard there; there were worse grades ahead, in climbing which every pound of weight would count; so Connery—in the absence of orders and with Jarvis' note in his pocket—had resolved to drop the second sleeper.

At Fracraft—the station where he was to exchange the ordinary plow which so far had sufficed, and couple on the "rotary" to fight the mountain drifts ahead—he swung himself down from the train, looked in at the telegraph office and then went forward to the two giant locomotives, on whose sweating, monstrous backs the snow, suddenly visible in the haze of their lights, melted as it fell. He waited on the station platform while the second sleeper was cut out and the train made up again. Then, as they started, he swung aboard and in the brightly lighted men's compartment of the first Pullman checked up his report-sheets with a stub of pencil. They had stopped again, he noticed; now they were climbing a grade, more easily because of the decrease of weight; now a trestle rumbled under the wheels, telling him just where they were. Next was the powerful, steady push against opposition—the rotary was cutting its way through a drift.

Again they stopped—once more went on. Connery, having put his papers into his pocket, dozed, awoke, dozed again. The snow was certainly heavy, and the storm had piled it up across the cuts in great drifts which kept the rotary struggling almost constantly now. The progress of the train halted again and again; several times it backed, charged forward again—only to stop, back and charge again and then go on. But this did not disturb Connery. Then something went wrong.

ALL at once he found himself, by a trainman's instinctive and automatic action, upon his feet; for the shock had been so slight as barely to be felt, far too slight certainly to have awakened any of the sleeping passengers in their berths. He went to the door of the car, lifted the platform stop, threw open the door of the vestibule and hanging by one hand to the rail, swung himself out from the side of the car to look ahead. He saw the forward one of the two locomotives wrapped in clouds of steam, and men arm-deep in snow wallowing forward, to the rotary still further to the front, and the sight confirmed fully his apprehension that this halt

was more important and likely to last much longer than those that had gone before.

CHAPTER V.

Are You Hillward?

IT is the wonder of the moment of first awakening that one—however tried or troubled he may be when complete recollection returns—may find, at first, rehearsal of only what is pleasant in his mind. Eaton, waking and stretching himself luxuriously in his berth in the reverie halfway between sleep and full consciousness, found himself supremely happy. His feelings, before recollection came to check them, reminded him only that he had been made an acquaintance, almost a friend, the day before, by a wonderful, inspiring, beautiful girl. Then suddenly, into his clearing memory crushed and crowded the reason for his being where he was. By an instinctive jerk of his shoulders, almost a shudder, he drew the sheet and the blanket closer about him; the smile was gone from his lips; he lay still, staring upward at the berth above his head and listening to the noises in the car.

The bell in the washroom at the end of the car was ringing violently, and some one was reinforcing his ring with a stentorian call for "Porter! Porter!"

Eaton realized that it was very cold in his berth—also that the train, which was standing still, had been in that motionless condition for some time. He threw up the window curtain as he appreciated that and, looking out, found that he faced a great unbroken bank of glistening white snow as high as the top of the car at this point and rising even higher ahead. He listened, therefore, while the Englishman—for the voice calling to the porter was his—extracted all available information from the negro.

"Porter!" Standish called again.

"Yessuh!"

"Close my window and be quick about it!"

"It's closed, suh."

"Closed?"

"Yessuh; I shut it en-durin' the night."

"Closed!" the voice behind the curtains iterated skeptically; there was a pause during which, probably, there was limited exploration. "I say, then, how cold is it outside?"

"Ten below this morning, suh."

"What, what? Where are we?"

"Between Fracraft and Simons, suh."

"Yet?"

"Yessuh, yit!"

"Hasn't your silly train moved since four o'clock?"

"Moved? No, suh. Not mo'n a yahd or two nohow, suh, and I reckon we backed them up again."

"That foolish snow still?"

"Yessuh; and snow some more, suh."

"But haven't we the plow still ahead?"

"Oh, yessuh; the piow's ahaid. We still got it; but that's all, suh. It ain't doin' much; it's busted."

"Eh—what?"

"Yessuh—busted! There was right smart of a slide across the track, and the crew, I understands, diagnosed it jus' fo' a snowbank and done bucked right into it. But they was rock in this, suh; we's layin' right below a hill; and that rock jus' busted that rotary like a Belgium shell hit it. Yessuh—pieces of that rotary essentially scattered themselves in four directions besides backwards and

fo'wards. We ain't done much travelin' since then."

"Ah! But the restaurant car's still attached?"

"De restaur—oh, yessuh. We carries the diner through—from the Coast to Chicago."

"H'm! Ten below! Porter, is that wash-compartment hot? And are they serving breakfast yet?"

"Yessuh; yessuh!"

The Briton, from behind his curtains, continued; but Eaton no longer paid attention.

"Snowed in and stopped since four!" The realization startled him with the necessity of taking it into account in his plans. He jerked himself up in his berth and began pulling his clothes down from the hooks; then, as abruptly, he stopped dressing and sat absorbed in thought. Finally he parted the curtains and looked out into the aisle.

The Englishman, having elicited all he desired, or could draw, from the porter, now bulged through his curtains and stood in the aisle, unabashed, in gaudy pajamas and slippers, while he methodically bundled his clothes under his arm; then, still garbed only in pajamas, he paraded majestically to the washroom. The curtains over the berths at the other end of the car also bulged and emitted the two dark-haired girls. They were completely kimono-ed over any temporary deficiency of attire and skipped to the drawing-room inhabited by their parents. The drawing-room door instantly opened at Amy's knock, admitted the girls and shut again. Section Seven gave to the aisle the red-haired D. S. He carried coat, collar, hairbrushes and shaving case and went to join the Briton in the men's washroom.

There was now no one else in the main part of the car; and no berths other than those already accounted for had been made up. Yet Eaton still delayed; his first impulse to get up and dress had been lost in the intensity of the thought in which he was engaged. He had let himself sink back against the pillows, while he stared, unseeing, at the solid bank of snow beside the car, when the door at the further end of the coach opened and Conductor Connery entered, calling a name.

"Mr. Hillward! Mr. Lawrence Hillward! Telegram for Mr. Hillward!"

Eaton started at the first call of the name; he sat up and faced about.

"Mr. Hillward! Telegram for Mr. Lawrence Hillward!"

THE conductor was opposite Section Three; Eaton now waited tensely and delayed until the conductor was past; then putting his head out of his curtains and assuring himself that the car was otherwise empty as when he had seen it last, he hailed as the conductor was going through the door.

"What name? Who is that telegram for?"

"Mr. Lawrence Hillward."

"Oh, thank you; then that's mine."

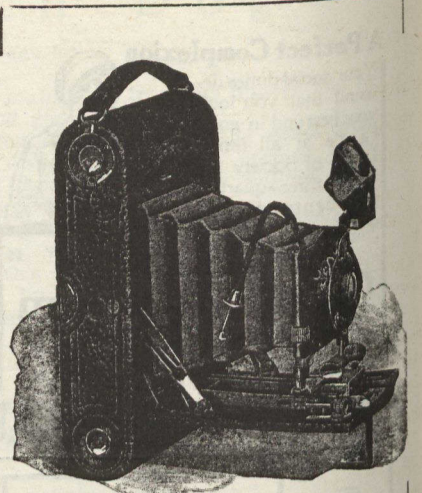
He put his hand out between the curtains to take the yellow envelope.

Connery held back. "I thought your name was Eaton."

"It is. Mr. Hillward—Lawrence Hillward—is an associate of mine who expected to make this trip with me but could not. So I should have telegrams or other communications addressed to him. Is there anything to sign?"

"No, sir—train delivery. It's not necessary."

Eaton drew his curtains close again and ripped the envelope open; but before reading the message, he observed with alarm that his pajama jacket had opened across the chest, and a small round scar, such as that left by a



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high-powered bullet penetrating, was exposed. He gasped almost audibly, realizing this, and clapped his hand to his chest and buttoned his jacket. The message—nine words without signature—lay before him:

Thicket knot youngster omniscient issue foliage lecture tragic instigation.

It was some code which Eaton recognized but could not decipher at once. It was of concern, but at that instant, less of concern than to know whether his jacket had been open and his chest exposed when he took the message. The conductor was still standing in the aisle.

"When did you get this?" Eaton asked, looking out.

"Just now."

"How could you get it here?" Eaton questioned, watching the conductor's face.

"We've had train instruments—the emergency telegraph—on the wires since four o'clock and just got talking with the stations east; wires are still down to the west. That message came through yesterday some time and was waiting for you at Simons; when we got them this morning, they sent it on."

"I SEE; thanks." Eaton, assured that if the conductor had seen anything, he suspected no significance and buttoned them carefully. The conductor moved on. Eaton took a small English-Chinese pocket-dictionary from his vest pocket and opened it under cover of the blanket; counting five words up from thicket he found they; five down from knot gave him know; six up from youngster was you; six down from omniscient was one; seven up from issue was is; and so continuing, he translated the nine words to:

"They know you. One is following. Leave train instantly."

Eaton, nervous and jerky, as he completed the first six words, laughed as he compiled the final three.

"Leave train instantly!" The humor of that advice in his present situation, as he looked out the window at him. He slapped the little dictionary shut and returned it to his pocket. A waiter from the dining car came back, announcing the first call for breakfast, and spurred him into action. Passed from the Pullman at the rear he glanced out at the first two or three; then he heard Harriet Dorne's voice in some quiet, conventional remark to the man who followed her.

Eaton started at it; then he dressed swiftly and hurried into the now deserted washroom and then on to breakfast.

The dining car, all gleaming crystal and silver and white covers with space also surrounded by snow. The somewhat wider than that about the sleeping car. And a moment before Eaton went forward, the last cloud had cleared and the sun had come out bright. The train was still quite motionless; the great drifts of snow, even with the tops of the cars on either side, made perfectly plain how hopeless it would be to try to proceed without the plow; and the heavy white frost which had not yet cleared from some of the window-panes, told graphically of the cold without. But the dining car was warm and cheerful and it gave assurance that, if the train was helpless to move, it at least offered luxuries in its idleness. As Eaton stepped inside the door, the car seemed all cheer and good spirits.

Fresh red carnations and ruddy roses were, as usual, in the cut-glass vases on the white cloths; the waiters

bore steaming pots of coffee and bowls of hot cereals to the different tables. These, as usual, were ten in number—five with places for four persons each, on one side of the aisle, and five, each with places for two persons, beside the windows on the other side of the car.

Harriet Dorne was sitting facing the door at the second of the larger tables; opposite her, and with his back to Eaton, sat Donald Avery. A third place was laid beside the girl, as though they expected Dorne to join them; but they had begun their fruit without waiting. The girl glanced up as Eaton halted in the doorway; her blue eyes brightened with a look part friendliness, part purpose. She smiled and nodded, and Avery turned about.

"Good morning, Mr. Eaton," the girl greeted.

"Good morning, Miss Dorne," Eaton replied collectedly. He nodded also to Avery, who, stiffly returning the nod, turned back again to Miss Dorne.

AMY and Constance, with their parents, occupied the third large table; the other three large tables were empty. "D. S." was alone at the furthest of the small tables; a traveling-salesman-looking person was washing down creamed Finnan haddock with coffee at the next; the passenger who had been alone in the second car was at the third; the Englishman, Standish, was beginning his iced grape-fruit at the table opposite Miss Dorne; and at the place nearest the door, an insignificant broad-shouldered and untidy young man, who had boarded the train at Spokane, had just spilled half a cup of coffee over the egg spots on his lapels as his unsteady and nicotine-stained fingers all but dropped the cup.

The dining car conductor, in accordance with the general determination to reserve the larger tables for parties travelling together, pulled back the chair opposite the untidy man; but Eaton, with a sharp sense of disgust, went past to the chair opposite the Englishman.

As he was about to seat himself there, the girl again looked up. "Oh, Mr. Eaton," she smiled, "wouldn't you like to sit with us? I don't think Father is coming to breakfast now; and if he does, of course there's still room."

She pulled back the chair beside her enticingly; and Eaton accepted it. "Good morning, Mr. Avery," he said to Miss Dorne's companion formally as he sat down, and the man across the table murmured something perforce.

As Eaton ordered his breakfast, he appreciated for the first time that his coming had interrupted a conversation—or rather a sort of monologue of complaint on the part of Standish addressed impersonally to Avery.

"Extraordinarily exposed in these sleeping cars of yours, isn't one, wouldn't you say?" the Englishman appealed across the aisle.

"Exposed?" Avery repeated, more inclined to encourage the conversation.

"I say, is it quite the custom for a train servant—whenever he fancies he should—to reach across one, sleeping?"

"He means the porter closed his window during the night," Eaton explained to Avery.

"Quite so; and I knew nothing about it—nothing at all. Fancy! There was I in the bunk, and the beggar comes along, pulls my curtains aside, reaches across me—"

"It got very cold in the night," Avery offered.

"I know; but is that any reason for the beggar invading my bunk that way? He might have done anything

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to me! Any one in the car might have done anything to me! Any one in your bally corridor-train might have done anything. There was I, asleep—quite unconscious; people passing up and down the aisle just the other side of a foolish fall of curtain! How does any one know one of those people might not be an enemy of mine? Remarkable people, you Americans—inconsistent, I say. Lock your homes with most complicated fastenings—greatest lock-makers in the world—burglar alarms on windows; but when you travel, expose yourselves as one wouldn't dream of exposing oneself elsewhere. Amazing places, your Pullman coaches! Why, any one might do anything to any one! What's to stop him, what?"

Eaton, suddenly reminded of his telegram, put his hand into his pocket and fingered the torn scraps; he had meant to remove and destroy them, but had forgotten. He glanced at Harriet Dorne.

"What he says is quite true," she observed. She was smiling, however, as most of the other passengers were, at the Englishman's vehemence.

They engaged in conversation as they breakfasted—a conversation in which Avery took almost no part, though Miss Dorne tried openly to draw him in; then the sudden entrance of Connery, followed closely by a stout, brusque man who belonged to the rear Pullman, took Eaton's attention and hers.

Other passengers also looked up; and the nervous, untidy young man at the table near the door again stopped coffee over himself as the conductor gazed about.

"Which is him?" the man with Connery demanded loudly.

Connery checked him, but pointed at the same time to Eaton.

"That's him, is it?" the other man said. "Then go ahead."

EATON observed that Avery, who had turned in his seat, was watching this diversion on the part of the conductor with interest. Connery stopped beside Eaton's seat.

"You took a telegram for Lawrence Hillward this morning," he asserted.

"Yes."
"Why?"

"Because it was mine, or meant for me, as I said at the time. My name is Eaton; but Mr. Hillward expected to make this trip with me."

The stout man with the conductor forced himself forward.

"That's pretty good, but not quite good enough!" he charged. "Conductor, get that telegram for me!"

Eaton got up controlling himself under the insult of the other's manner.

"What business is it of yours?" he demanded.

"What business? Why, only that I'm Lawrence Hillward—that's all, my friend! What are you up to anyway? Lawrence Hillward travelling with you! I never set eyes on you until I saw you on this train; and you take my telegram!" The charge was made loudly and distinctly; every one in the dining car—Eaton could not see every one, but he knew it was so—had put down fork or cup or spoon and was staring at him. "What did you do it for? What did you want with it?" the stout man blared on. "Did you think I wasn't on the train? What?"

"I was in the washroom," he continued, roaring for the benefit of the car, "when the conductor went by with it. I couldn't take the telegram then—so I waited for the conductor to come back. When I got dressed, I found him, and he said you'd claimed my message. Say, hand it over now! What were you up to? What did you do that for?"

(To be Continued.)



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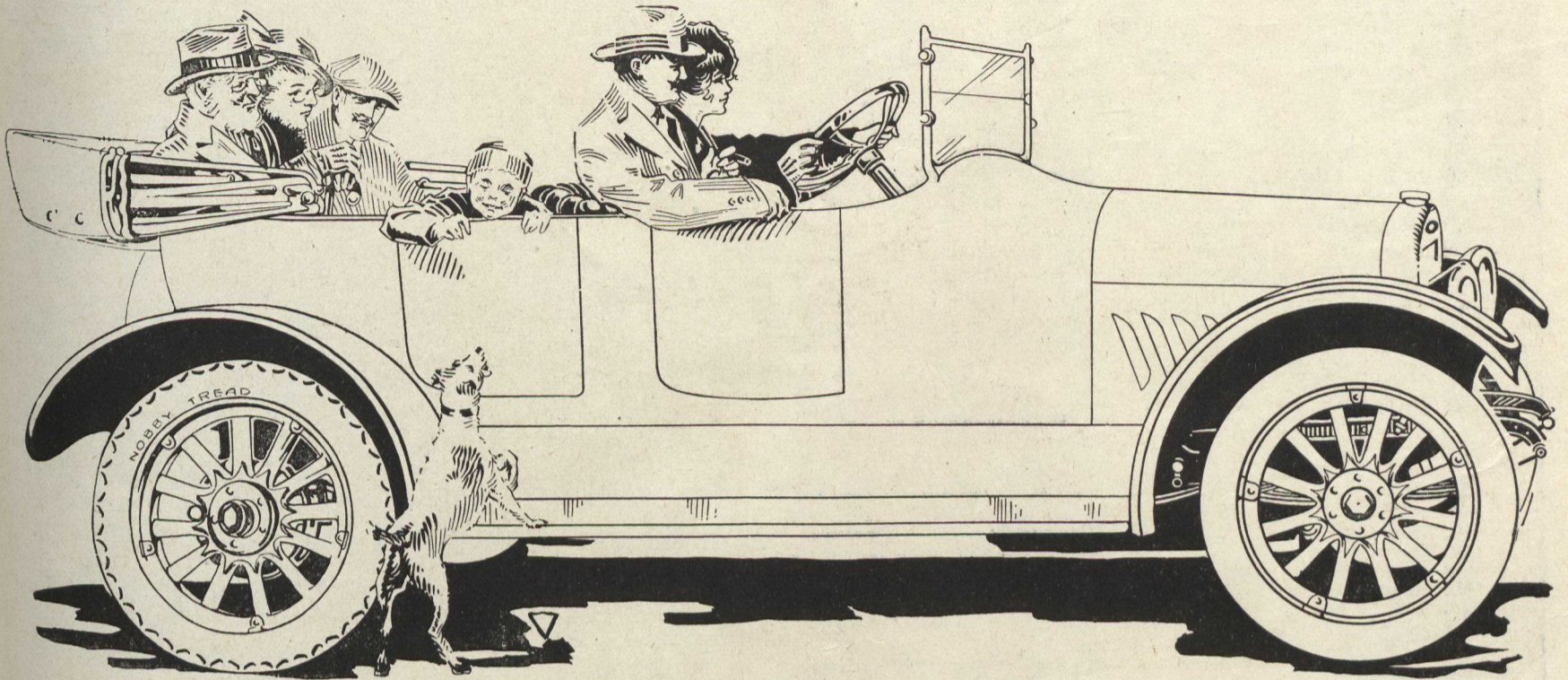
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