

# CANADIAN COURIER

Vol. XXII. No. 26

FIVE CENTS

November 24, 1917

## He Took That Trench With \$100

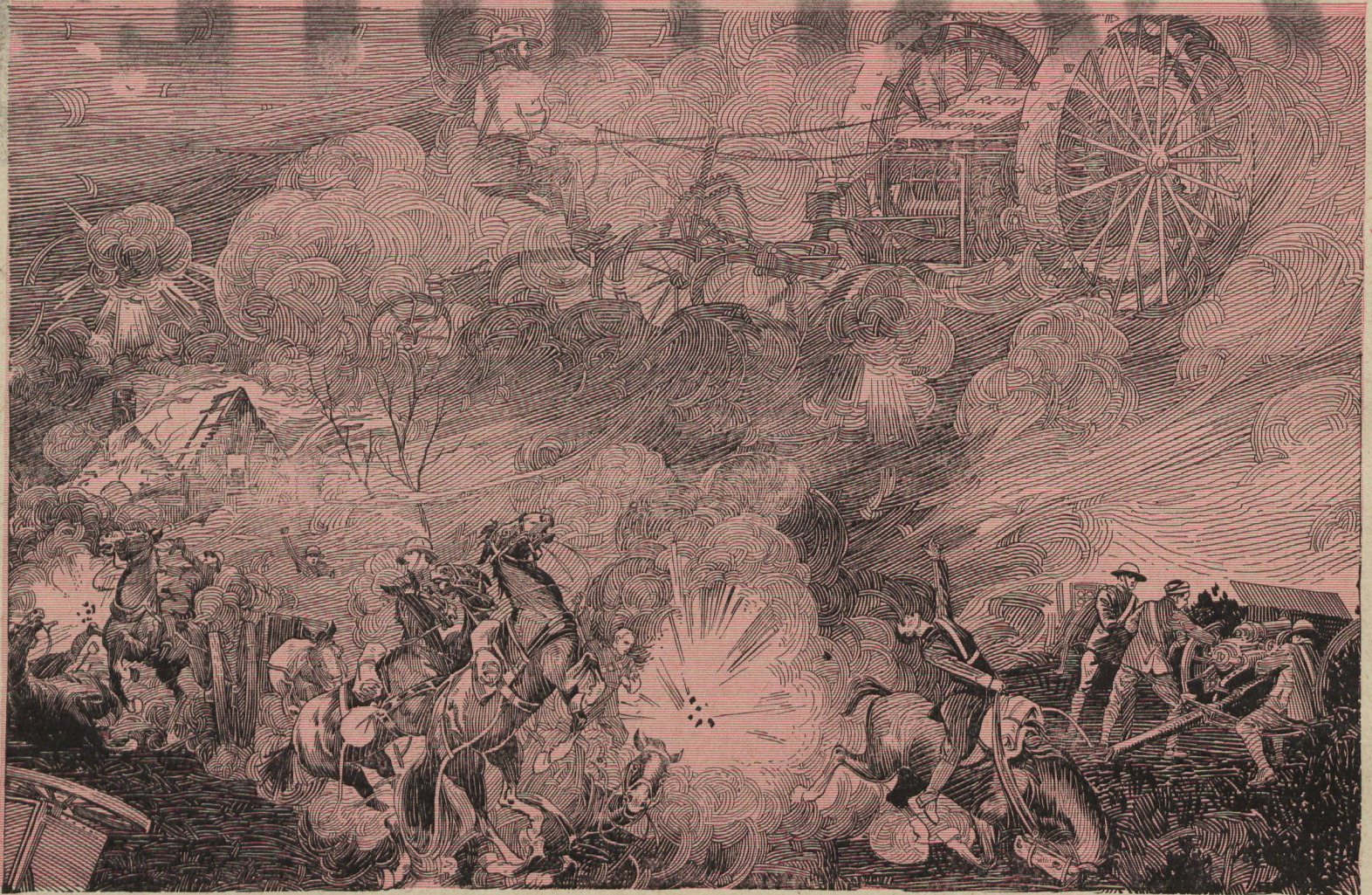
*A lost-both-legs soldier was first over the top at a Toronto Bond Office to sign an Application for a Canadian Victory Bond. Lance-Corporal Jock Waddell, born in Scotland, 1st Battalion, 1st Brigade, 1st Division of Canadians at the Front, survivor of 31 operations that failed to save either of his legs, was also first over the top on Victory Bond morning. He had his name down before half the whistles started to blow. He took that trench with a hundred dollars when he hadn't a leg to stand on, and had to be carried into the Bond Office on another man's back.*

*Because he had no Legs of his own and he wanted His Country*

**CANADA** TO HAVE LEGS TO  
CARRY ON THIS WAR **TO VICTORY**

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## Canada Can Feed the Armies of the Western Front. Will She?

Our production of food has never risen above a fraction of our possibilities.

This was always true, but it is truer to-day than ever.

Now the warning comes to us that we are a long way behind necessity, and losing ground.

One half the world is starving. The other half is on short rations. Could there be a greater cause for alarm?

Consider the situation carefully for a moment.

Each man who goes to the front ceases immediately to produce. And, what is more serious—he commences immediately to destroy. So it is not only his former producing power we must replace. We must replace what he formerly produced, plus what he now destroys.

“A man can destroy in a day what he cannot replace in a lifetime.” Millions of men, once producers, are now destroyers and consumers.

It will take every ounce of energy of those left behind to provide for this enormous want.

Nevertheless, the Canadian people left at home still have power to feed themselves and all the armies on the Western Front.

We have the possibilities, if we had the facilities.

The facilities required are power-operated machines which will increase our available man-power tenfold.

If we have the machines and the trained men to operate them, we have land enough to raise Canada's production next year to undreamed of proportions.

If we will make the effort along right lines, we can double our 1917 production in 1918.

What of the Tractor? Is it practical? Is it designed to meet the varying conditions of soil, climate, etc., that exist on Canadian farms?

If a tractor can be designed to meet these conditions, if it can be produced in sufficient quantities, if men can be trained to operate them, we can grow more food supplies in 1918 than we have railway facilities to transport.

Is there some organization of farmers who will take it upon themselves to investigate the various tractors, settle which, in their judgment, is the one which can do the work, encourage its production so that it can be delivered to the farmer at a low price and with the greatest speed possible?

We are willing to compete in the most thorough test that can be devised, and under any conditions.

If the Rein-Drive Tractor fails to make the test satisfactorily, and some other tractor does, we will congratulate the winner, because there is no room for sentiment in the face of so grave a situation.

If our plan is not the right one, what is the solution?

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# CANADIAN COURIER

Published at 181 Simcoe St., Toronto, by the Courier Press, Limited. **IMPORTANT:** Changes of address should be sent two weeks before the date they are to go into effect. Both old and new addresses must be given. **CANCELLATIONS** We find that most of our subscribers prefer not to have their subscriptions interrupted in case they fail to remit before expiration. While subscriptions will not be carried in arrears over an extended period, yet unless we are notified to cancel, we assume the subscriber wishes the service continued.

## He Believed in Other People

**O**NCE upon a time, as you remember, there was a man who lost his donkey off the bridge because he tried to carry the beast in order to please the last man who criticized him. If he had stayed on the donkey where he was in the first place, he would have got across the bridge and kept the donkey.

Now what was the real trouble with that man? Not that he was trying to please other people—because that's what we are supposed to be in the world for anyway. His main trouble was that he had no faith in himself. Nobody, not even himself, was pleased when he lost the donkey, because it was a good donkey that might have been useful to somebody else. And if he had believed in himself enough to tell other folks to mind their own business, he would have pleased the majority, including himself.

There are a lot of people in Canada who don't believe in anything Canadian, which we presume means that they don't believe in themselves. Anything that comes from some other country looks good to these people. It must be good, because somebody else produced it.

People of that kind couldn't be persuaded that anything good could possibly come out of Canada, till somebody else tells them so. We know this, because we have seen such people going into exuberance over something they get with a foreign label on it, when they passed up with a sneer something better produced right across the street.

The Canadian Courier is made in Canada. So was the C. P. R.

But, of course, we can't buy transcontinental railways outside of Canada. And there is no duty on foreign publications.

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“The next solacing fact is this: That most of this debt will be a debt we owe to ourselves. Great Britain is borrowing in the main from her own children. The debt is in the family . . . and the more we lend the less will Great Britain owe to others. And that is the most important fact in our national security and national wealth.”

---Premier Lloyd George in Albert Hall, London, October 22nd last.

## Happy will be the Nation which Owes its War Debts to its Own People

**T**HE interest on Canada's war debt is now about \$25,000,000 a year.

If that interest is paid in Canada to the Canadian people it will go back into circulation in Canada instead of being sent out to foreign creditors.

Likewise when the principal comes due it will be kept in Canada for re-investment and thus will aid in the development of the nation and its resources.

And that is a most important fact in Canada's national security following the war, just as it is important to Great Britain's National security that her war debt shall be owed to her own children, when the war is over.

So when you buy Victory Bonds you not only directly help Canada to fight the war but you contribute to the national security after the war.

**When the Canvasser Calls, be Ready---**  
**Put Every Dollar You Can Raise into Victory Bonds**

Issued by Canada's Victory Loan Committee  
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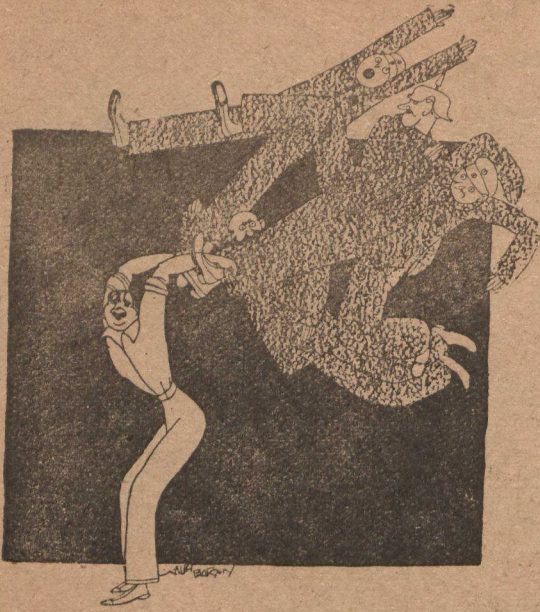




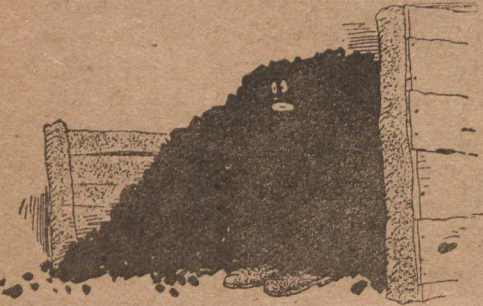


## CAMOUFLAGE

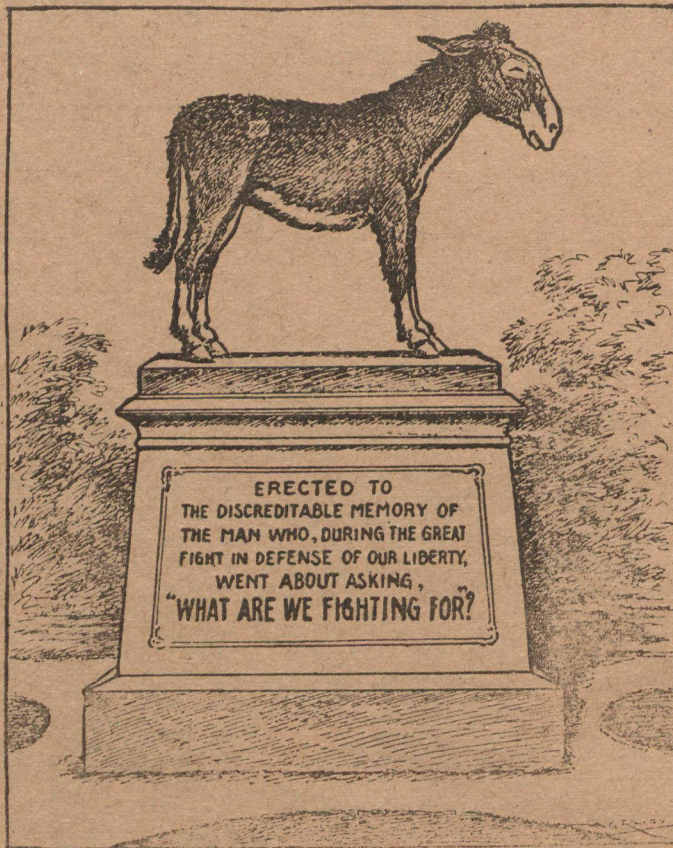
EVERYBODY'S doing it, they tell us. Camouflage, the art of enemy bamboozlement, is like appendicitis and la grippe. People had it ages ago when they didn't know what to call it.



RALPH Barton, in *Cartoons Magazine*, calls this the Douglas Fairbanks theory and practice of war. It seems that on Oct. 1, 1917, Charlie Chaplin and Fairbanks, with the rank of major-generals, called for volunteers from the ranks of their imitators in the various movie concerns. Thousands volunteered.



THE author of this says that the dusky gentleman in the coal-bin is a much more effective example of camouflage than the proverbial dusky gentleman on the wood-pile.



NOW, if there's one thing Halifax always did know, it's what the row was all about. Anybody who takes the *Halifax Herald*, from which this cartoon is taken, and doesn't realize that there is some sort of war on most of the time, had better consult a camouflage specialist.



FROM the cover of the *Canadian Journal of Music*, we extract this camouflage caricature of a Dutch 'cellist. Now, nobody ever imagined before that a Dutchman, even by the name of Michael Penha, ever could play the 'cello like this. But of course this is only a caricature. We commend it to the careful consideration of Boris Hambourg (Russian), Leo Smith (English-Canadian), and Pablo Casals (Spanish), as an example of real abandon in the art. Even the *New York Staats-Zeitung* admitted that Penha "draws a big, flowing tone." So glad the S. Z. didn't say "flowing bow," in which case we should suppose he was referring to Calgary.

## THE MIDDLEMAN AND THE COST OF FOOD

TO many minds the term "middleman" calls up a wrong idea. It suggests an unnecessary go-between, a supernumerary, an intruder between producer and consumer. He seems to stand like a turnpike man—some would go further and say a highwayman—on the road between producer and consumer, taking toll of all that passes by. If it weren't for his intrusion, many people imagine, the producer could deal directly with the consumer, to the great advantage of the latter. So one of the favorite suggestions for the reduction of food prices is the elimination of the middleman.

But a little reflection shows that the middleman performs a service in the economic system that is absolutely necessary, no less necessary than that of production itself. To speak more strictly, the marketing of goods is itself a great and necessary part of production. The middleman distributes products, but he does much more.

Here, for example, is a summary list, given by an expert in marketing, of the services rendered by middlemen:

Assembling, or the seeking out of commodities from various sources;

Making business connections, etc.;

Storing, or the holding of goods at convenient points;

Financing, or the giving of credit, making loans and advances, etc.

Assumption of risks from price fluctuation, deterioration, style changes, etc.;

Rearrangement, or the sorting, grading, and packing function;

Selling (which includes advertising); and transportation (the most important feature of which is the delivery service).

Now all these services have to be rendered by somebody, whether you call him a middleman or not.

(Fourth of a Series of Articles on the Limits and Possibilities of Price and Food Control.)

By PROF. R. M. MACIVER

A particular city-dweller may be in a position to deal directly with a particular farmer, or a group of city dwellers may club together to buy directly in quantity and distribute among themselves. They often save that way, because they are their own middlemen, just as individuals save sometimes by being their own carpenters or plumbers or electricians. But it is only in specially favorable circumstances that consumers can successfully act as their own middlemen. The division of labor that runs through all economic life appears in this sphere also, and classes arise who specialize in the marketing and distributing functions. Because they are specialists they can perform these services far more efficiently and economically than the consumers can. They save time and energy. They prevent much waste by adjusting supply to demand. Think, for instance, of the enormous waste there would be if all the multitude of farmers had to sell their butter and eggs, potatoes and vegetables, and so forth, directly to the multitude of families that consume them. What difficulties they would have in finding one another! One farmer would have more orders than he could fill, another too few; deficit here and surplus there. Think of the amount of sorting and packing in small quantities it would mean. Think of the increased difficulty of inspection and grading, processes absolutely necessary for the protection of the public. Think of the troublesome necessity of always having to order in advance, especially for those who cannot afford to order except in small quantities.

So when it is said that there are too many middlemen, we should distinguish between the number of stages between producer and consumer, and the number of persons who occupy each stage. There is no reason to suppose that the specialization, which introduces a number of intermediate stages between producer and consumer, buying agents, commission men, jobbers, wholesalers, warehousemen, retailers, is anything but an economic benefit. They do a work that has to be done, and they do it better because they make it their whole business. It is significant that the "spread" between producer and consumer is often less in the case of products that pass through several hands than in the case of those that pass through only one or two. Milk and vegetables belong to the second class, and the "spread," the difference between what the producer receives and what the consumer pays, is very large. Sugar is a good instance of the first class, the number of intermediate stages being unusually large and the "spread" unusually small. The beginning of wisdom on this subject is to understand that the middleman has an economic service to fulfil, and that in fulfilling it he is making food not more dear, but more cheap.

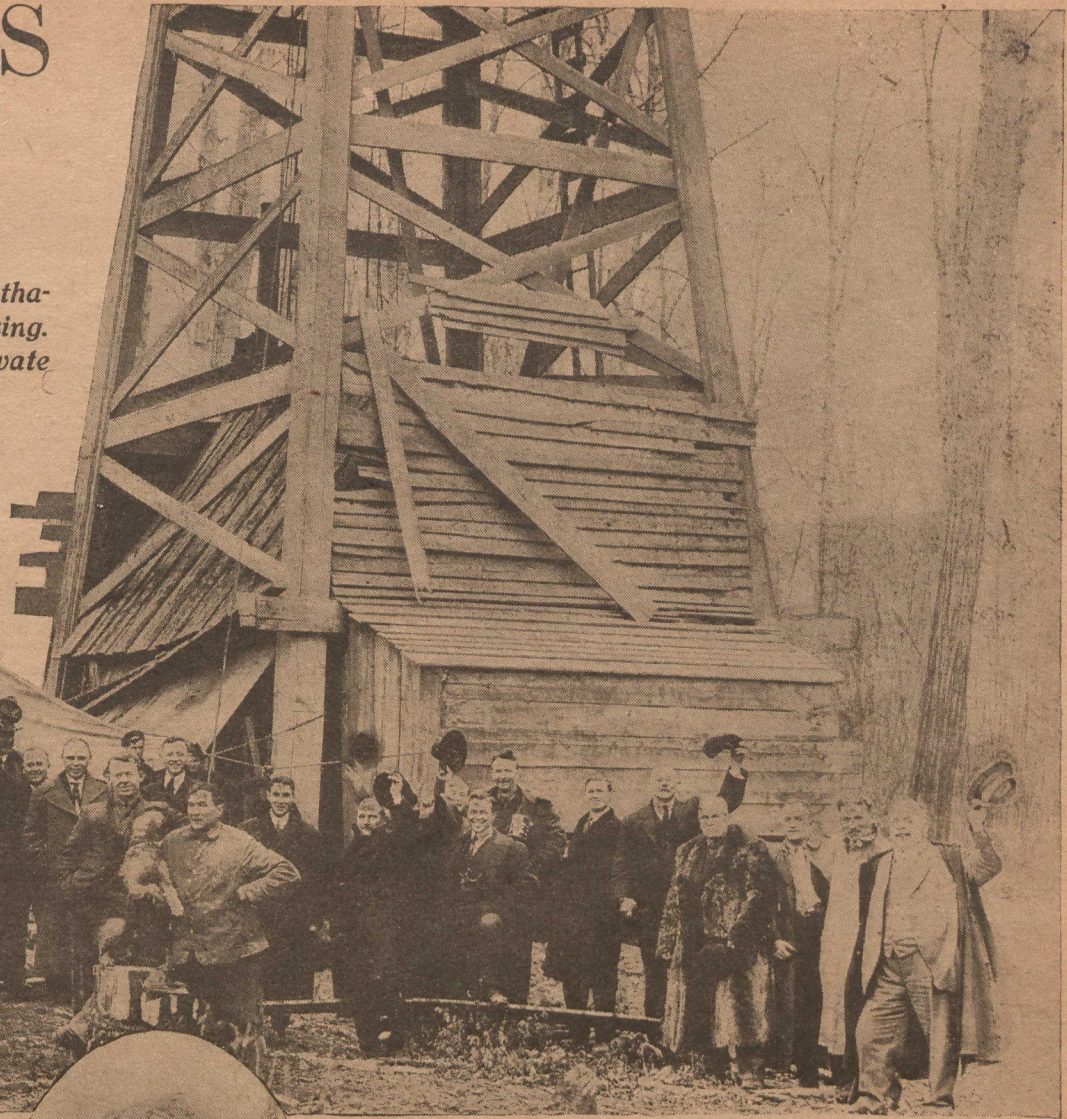
When this is granted, there remain more valid grounds on which the existing system may be called in question. We may hold that the food-distributing system is in certain respects cumbrous, badly organized, lacking in uniformity, inadequately inspected. We may hold that there are too many middlemen at each stage of distribution, too many country buyers, too many wholesalers, above all, too many retailers. We are told, also, that the middleman receives too large a return for his services. All these matters call for the urgent consideration of the Food Controller. What can be done and what is being done I shall point out in the succeeding article.



# OIL GAMBLERS KEEP OUT

**A**BOUT twenty years after the first boring for oil in Athabasca, oil was struck last month at Peace River Crossing. No Calgary Petroleumitis to lure public money into private pockets this time. A strictly fuel proposition.

By ELIZABETH BAILEY PRICE



It's a good while since any Canadian Board of Trade had such a practical celebration as this.



The Peace River Board of Trade giving three cheers and a tiger for an oil well that John D. Rockefeller may never have heard about.

**E**VER since the Calgary oil boom, of fragrant memory, people of Alberta take stories of oil strikes with more than the proverbial grain of salt. And so when it became known that within six miles of Peace River Crossing, the Peace River Oil Co. had encountered a flow of real black crude oil, that there was 125 feet of it in the well within a few hours of the time that the point of the drill pierced the well-known Dakota sands, there was a deal of skepticism, even in Alberta, the home of optimists.

In the meantime, Winnipeg capitalists as well as some from Minneapolis and St. Paul, have been coming forward, buying leases from the more venturesome of the home-town folk, until now Albertans have awakened to the fact that all oil booms are not bubbles.

The strike of oil was made Thursday, October 11th, at the depth of 980 feet. It was the second well of the Peace River Oil Co., of which C. E. MacPherson, traffic manager of the C. P. R., is president. The first well, which was abandoned this spring, convinced the directors of this close corporation that there was oil in commercial quantities along the banks of the Peace River. It was abandoned simply because of the terrific flow of gas and salt water which had been encountered. Millions of feet of gas were escaping daily and the gusher of salt water washed away the supports of the derrick. A small flow of oil had been encountered before the salt water was struck.

After a conference it was decided to start again on another site. The experience at the first well proved valuable and progress was more rapid.

**H**HEAD-DRILLER A. M. Slack, of the Peace River Oil Co., was visibly affected at the sending of this telegram to the Courier: "Peace River, Alta., Oct. 30. "Oil well shot oil arose 580 feet in well. Make story conform."

A. M. Slack, the head driller, was given a free rein, and so far his predictions have all come true.

Although there has been a strike of oil, there is no oil boom in the accepted sense of the term. The Peace River Board of Trade has visited the well, going down by boat, and while enthusiastically convinced of the presence of the much-needed black fluid, there has not been a single oil company formed, no stock has been sold and no new millionaires are walking the streets. Whatever development takes place, in all probability, will be handled by private capital.

Incidentally, it might be mentioned, that the s.s. D. A. Thomas, is equipped with oil-burning engines, and will probably utilize this newly-found wealth next season, and it is known that J. D. McArthur, president of the E. D. and B. C. railroad, and vice-president of the Peace River Oil Co., may use the fuel instead of coal in the near future.



**W**HEN the head driller got down to plain oil language with S. C. Hill, the pioneer railway-builder, he forgot all about the audience.

**E**XPERTS in pioneer prospecting, into a serious talk about the farthest north Oil Well in America, if not in the world.



# JOHN FINERTY

## —COWARD

By W. B. M.  
FERGUSON

*Six Feet Four Inches High; Weight 220*



"There was Finerty, shoving one of them wheel chairs before 'im."

WHEN John Finerty had passed his civil service examination and the other necessary yards of red tape, he was assigned to the West Sixty-eighth Street station. His detail took in Sixty-first and Sixty-second Streets between Amsterdam and West End Avenues. There are worse beats in the city, but not many.

Finerty's beat was in the heart of San Juan Hill, that sharp declivity running from Columbus Avenue to the Hudson River and extending from Fifty-ninth Street to Sixty-fifth. When the Irish inhabited the district it was called Skiddersville, but when the negroes drove the former out in their march northward the name changed to Nigger Hill. Then came race riots and its present historic title.

It is a recognized fact in San Juan Hill that the negative colors, black and white, do not blend well and never will. At all events the district is known in police circles as "dangerous," a good place for a peaceful citizen to forget.

The police commissioner knew his business and Captain Hogan his duty when Finerty was assigned his beat. Finerty was only a raw hand, but he was far from being a boy. God has seldom made such a man. Six feet four he stood in the buff and moved the scales at two hundred and twenty pounds. You could not have pinched a thumbful of fat on an ounce of those pounds. Forty-eight inches would not span his chest, but the official measure lapped his middle with a thirty-inch line. Finerty was built for trouble.

The first day he stripped to the waist, upstairs in the dormitories, to wash, he caused a great deal of discussion and no little bad feeling. Plimmer was sitting on a cot, a bull's wool sock with the usual hole in the toe, in his hand. Plimmer was the minimum height and weight exhibit of the force—a tight-faced, acid-tongued cockney, "the top spit of White-chapel," as he himself said with great vulgarity and pride. He was a former welterweight champion of the Metropolitan police, London. Despite his birth he was a good man, and his fellow patrolmen did not hold his accent against him, though it was as villainous as his face, for Plimmer could hit like the kick of a siege gun and run like a Filipino general. As a rule he was not enthusiastic, but when he saw Finerty's naked shoulders and chest, eloquence caught him by the throat.

"My eye!" he exclaimed, excitedly wiping his face with the bull's wool sock. "Blime me, if 'e ain't tremenjous. 'E looks like Cleopatra's Needle. Wot

a bloomin' 'eavy 'e'd make. 'Ere, let me feel o' your arm." He sprang off the cot and laid experienced fingers on Finerty's—huge biceps. At the command, Finerty grudgingly flexed his muscles. He did not look gracious.

"'E ain't muscle-bound," cried Plimmer, as if his mother-in-law had died unexpectedly. "'S'elp me, wot a show 'e'll make of the records at Sulzer's Park next month. 'E's the very man we wants."

"Yeh," nodded Craig, approvingly. "At th' hammer an' th' fiftysix pound weight. He'll fill a long empty hole. We never had a man good enough fr' them."

"I threw the weight twenty-nine feet three and one-half inches, yes," reminded "Handsome" Schmidt from his corner. "It was last year."

"Ho, yuss, and come in a bloomin' third," scoffed Plimmer. "We remember. But 'ere," and he tapped Finerty's wide chest, "we 'ave the genuoine article. If this precinct don't win the championship may I die a bloomin' Dutchman!" and he looked at Schmidt.

Finerty spoke for the first time. His eyes were on the floor.

"I'm goin' in no games," he said, doggedly. Plimmer's eyes opened and his mouth shut. The men stared. "No trainin' an' no records fr' mine," finished Finerty, heavily.

Craig was the first to recover. "Yer th' fittest man," he said, sourly. "I think yer oughter, fr' the honor of th' house. It ain't square to have such a build an' give us the go-by. On m' sacred Sam it ain't."

"On me bloomin' sacred Sam it ain't," improved Plimmer. "Wot 'ave you got against it? That's no way to do. Ain't you got no sportin' blood? Are you goin' to see your precinct licked by a lot of tykes?"

"No, fr' I won't be at no games," said Finerty, sullenly. His voice was determined.

"My eye," was all Plimmer could find to say. The rest of the men disgustedly read the decision in Finerty's sullen face. Plimmer was piously thunderstruck. "My eye, with all your bloomin' stren'th—"

"Blow m' bloomin' stren'th," growled Finerty, reaching for his coat.

"My eye," said Plimmer, again.

THAT was the beginning of John Finerty's unpopularity, and a month later, when Schmidt's "twenty-nine feet three and one-half inches" in the weight throw at the Athletic Carnival was repeated and his precinct made a very poor showing, Finerty's unpopularity increased.

"'E's a bloomin' tyke," said Plimmer, in reference to Finerty. "We won the 'igh jump and the twenty-two, and if we'd 'ad 'im at the weights we'd 'ave made a show of the field. But 'e 'asn't any sand. Not a grain. 'E's a fine one to 'ave the beat 'e 'as."

"He ain't made an arrest yet," said Brown, meditatively. "I've had my eye on him."

"Ho, yuss," said Plimmer, "so 'ave I. Yesterday was my day orf, and I 'appened to be on Finerty's beat. There came a fine chance for a fight, but before I could mix in Finerty 'ad settled it. And 'ow? Why, argyfyin'. Argyfyin' like a bloomin' woman. Two niggers lickin' a white man and 'im argyfyin' instead of beltin' their 'eads orf like a gentleman. Ho, yuss," and Plimmer spat on the floor.

"What?" growled Brown, and Craig and Schmidt drew nearer.

"S'elp me," said Plimmer virtuously. "And when he saw the fight comin' his way, he got as white

as a clay pipe. And when I asked why 'e didn't mix in, 'e said 'e never would if 'e could 'elp it. 'E said the niggers were in the right that time. My eye, wot a cop! I tell you 'e's nothin' but a coward. Yuss." And again Plimmer spat on the floor, which was criminally wrong, for there were spittoons and explicit directions concerning trajectory.

"'A N' him such a great figure of a man," said Brown, regretfully and from between his teeth.

"It's a shame," agreed Plimmer. "Such a 'eavy thrown away. But it ain't a man's weight wot tells, it's 'is sand. I've seen a bantam belt the wind out of a welterweight, all because 'e 'ad the sand the other chap 'adn't."

"If Finerty's a coward," said Craig, voicing the sentiment of the men, "the sooner he gets transferred the better for him. This precinct's a bad place for a coward. I suppose if there had been two white men and one nigger he'd have taken the part of his own color."

"There's only one way to find out," said Brown, "and that's to try him. He'll have to prove himself."

"'E's a coward," said Plimmer, with conviction, "and I'll tell 'im so to 'is face." He glanced up quickly.

Finerty, looking very large, was standing in the doorway. He paused for a moment, then came slowly into the room. The men were silent. Finerty was not ignorant of his own standing with his fellow patrolmen, but now, if he had heard Plimmer's words, his hard face gave no sign. The men thought he had, that he could not help but hear them and they waited for his resentment, some hopefully, some sneeringly. But Finerty only made a mild remark regarding the weather. No one answered but Plimmer—and in a most unexpected way.

"We were discussin' politics," he said, slowly, looking directly at Finerty, "and I said: 'T' 'ell with the Irish.'"

"Yes?" said Finerty, quietly.

"Yes," said Plimmer, loudly. "And I said they were nothing but a lot of white-livered cowards."

Finerty's face slowly paled and his eye-brows met. The men were eyeing him narrowly. But Finerty remained silent, his huge hands slowly opening and closing. His wide chest heaved and his lips twitched, but the hand that pointed to his audience was steady.

"An' ye said all thot wid thim prisint?" he said, his brogue asserting itself. "All thim?" and he counted off the tally on his big fingers. "Mulligan, McGonigal, Brady, Collins, Murphy. 'Tis throe ye said all thot?"

But Plimmer was not to be caught. "Ho, yus," he said, unblushingly, leaning forward on the cot, his hands on his knees. "And they ses: 'Wait till Finerty comes in from patrol. 'E'll dress you down, my man. 'E's the one to show you the kind of kiddies they breed in Ireland. We'll give 'im fust chance at your bloomin' 'ead before we take a crack at it.' That's wot they ses."

"Sure," chorused the men with a grunt. It was fun to see this mammoth baited by a bull terrier.

Finerty considered a minute, a strange light in his eyes.

"Well," he said, finally, "I don't foight fr' no man that don't foight fr' his country. He ain't worth it."

The five impeached patriots growled. They were not afraid of Finerty now. He had shown good digestive powers for unlovely words.

"An' mebbe there's another reason," sneered McGonigal.

"Oh, no, he ain't afraid," added Brady, reprovingly.

"And if you won't fight for them, will you fight for yourself?" said Plimmer, truculently, jumping off the cot and doubling his fists.



"Sic him, Towser," said Brown, through his teeth. "Fought—you?" said Finerty, with a laugh. "Back to yer crib. What I'd do to ye is lay ye acrost m' knee and belt the seat of your trousers off."

"Go on and do it! Go on and do it!" implored Plimmer, dancing about and making intimidating motions with his experienced fists. "You're afraid. You're afraid in your bloomin' 'eart."

"Yes, I'm afraid," said Finerty, measuredly, his face twitching. "An' whether this is a put-up job or not, fought I won't. Afraid I am, an' Gawd help the man, or the two men, or the three men, that makes me forgit that I am afraid. An' so I'm tellin' yese." And he stalked through the door-way un-mindful of following epithets.

"S'ELP me," said Plimmer, "and such a coward was made in the British Isles! 'E's a disgrace. 'E won't fight. You cawn't make 'im fight."

"If yeh think we're of that breed," spoke up McGonigal, mouthpiece of the five impeached patriots, "yeh come along down to th' back room of McKeown's place an' any wan of us will give yeh all the fight yeh can carry." His glance included Craig, Schmidt and even Brown. "Just come on—all of yeh," he pleaded, savagely, for his fellow countryman's exhibition had made him flaming for the honor of the crown and the harp.

"Rats," said Brown, inelegantly, but wisely. "We all know your records. There's no hard feelings. There's a black bean in every sack, and it seems we've got it." Brown had service stripes on his arm, and his words had weight as had his hand.

"'E oughter be showed up to the Old Man," said Plimmer. "'I'm 'aving the beat 'e 'as, and 'im as 'igh spirited as an old grandmother."

"There'll be no talkin' to the captain nor the sergeant," said Brown, looking at Plimmer. "We ain't kids, we're men. If Finerty's a coward he'll be shown up all right, for there's always trouble sooner or later down there." (The Hill is always called "down there.") "But there'll be no squealin', and the man that does will catch th' best beltin' he ever got in his life."

"I 'ope some colored gentleman 'll knock 'is bloomin' 'ead orf," said Plimmer, with great sincerity.

But Plimmer's hope did not materialize. The Hill was unusually quiet and orderly. Some said it was only taking Finerty's measure, as it took every new patrolman's, and that the lull was the deadly lull before the storm. But Finerty went stolidly about his duties as if nothing had ever happened or would happen. He met his fellow patrolmen's cold glances with indifference, and he never appeared to notice Plimmer's sotto voce remarks. Plimmer of all the men was the only one to show an active and personal resentment against Finerty's cowardice. Brute strength was his god, and to see it misused as Finerty had misused it was unpardonable.

"GUESS 'ow Finerty spends 'is days orf," he said one evening some weeks after his first unsuccessful baiting of the Irishman. "You know 'ow 'e flocks by 'imself. Well, to-day when I was on beat who did I see coming down the line but Finerty. And, say, 'e was shoving one of them wheel chairs before 'im like any bloomin' nussey maid. Ho, ho, it was a sight. There was a chap in the chair wot looked as if a traction engine had run all over 'im. 'E was all twisted out of shape. 'E was a 'orrible sight."

"I know," put in Craig. "I live in his neighborhood. Finerty and him rooms together. They're pals. They say Finerty waits on him hand and foot. There's something the matter with the lad's spine."

"Well, Finerty makes a fine nuss," laughed Plimmer. "When I saw 'im I ses: 'Lift yer petticoats, Lizzie, when you skip the gutter."

"An' what did he say?" chorused the men, grinning. Plimmer suddenly looked vindictive.

"'E told me to go to a place where they don't use

thermometers," he said, slowly. "The cowyard. 'E knew I couldn't 'it 'im on patrol. But I'll 'it 'im. 'E cawn't tell me to go there. Ho, yuss, when 'e's orf duty I'll make 'im come to McKeown's place and I'll bingle the 'ead orf 'im. I'll show 'im up for the cowyard 'e is."

The men laughed disbelievingly. You can't make a man fight—at least not a coward like Finerty. But Plimmer, a grim smile on his lips, held to the contrary and said so. He would "bingle" Finerty's head.

But the proving of John Finerty was not to be left to a Cockney-American patrolman nor the back room of McKeown's saloon. Fate decreed many actors and a large stage. On the following night a very good imitation of undiluted Hades broke out on San Juan Hill. No one could say how it started. No one ever can—or will. But Finerty, on the night shift, saw a man leaning against the lamp-post that stands on the corner of Sixty-second Street and Amsterdam Avenue. That in itself is strange in that neighborhood, for the corner saloon is the recognized prop. "Drunk," thought Finerty, as the man wobbled uncertainly. But the Hill holds its drink, and this man didn't. He commenced to cough slowly, thickly. The speckled flare of the lamp threw a fan of light into the gutter. And Finerty saw dark splotches that were not shadows. It was one o'clock. The avenue was deserted.

The man straightened up in jerks, wiped a hand vaguely across his lips, then, as Finerty laid hold of him, eased himself slowly through the official arms to the pavement. He twitched there in the circle



of light, his coat open and a great clot of blood on his left side. Finerty knew him for a leader of the "white trash" roustabouts.

"S'all right," gulped the man with a laugh that strangled in its birth. "I guess I've got mine. Been layin' f'r me. They carved me good and proper. S'all right, though. Th' boys 'll square dis, you bet."

"Who did this?" said Finerty, quickly.

The man waved a blood-smeared hand vaguely to the west.

"Down there, of course. That big coon—Williams—" He was going fast.

Finerty swung his nightstick against the pavement and the hollow raps of the locust went echoing down the avenue. Then he ran across the street to the nearest call box and sent in a hurry call to Roosevelt. Half a dozen men, spewed from the corner saloon, were now cursing loudly about the dying man. They had been attracted by the raps of the nightstick. They scattered as Finerty and the two patrolmen on the adjoining beats butted through them. The scuffle and clang of the ambulance from Fifty-eighth Street came faintly from down the avenue.

"I'm going down there before that nigger gets away. You can see him aboard. I guess it's the morgue for his," said Finerty, motioning to the huddled heap on the sidewalk.

There was something in his voice that caused the two patrolmen to glance at him curiously. Finerty's

eyes had a starved look. He seemed to be fighting with some terrible emotion or passion—choking it back.

"All right. I'll go with yeh," said Brady, one of the men, as the ambulance rattled up and the white-coated doctor hopped off.

The two made their way down the dark, silent Hill. Finerty, in his unostentatious way, had learned every square inch of his beat. He knew where Williams lived. A scattered trail of blood straggled here and there on the sidewalk.

Finerty, his jaws set, ascended the steps of an evil-looking flat-house. The door was shut, and no answer was given to his repeated ringing. Finerty used his nightstick. The Hill had been unnaturally quiet, but now a vague hum came from Amsterdam Avenue. The hum increased, windows were flung up and doorways emitted figures of both sexes and every age. A shot sounded somewhere in the night. The whites were out for revenge.

AS Finerty continued to rap on the door something suddenly flashed between him and Brady and crashed on the steps. It was a brick from the roof. A window went up over the way and a revolver commenced to spit spitefully, its bullets humming about the heads of the bluecoats. The street suddenly seemed to be alive. A storm of white loughs came sweeping down from the avenue, and doorway, roof and window had each their welcome. Down on West End Avenue and the side streets, separate and private engagements were the rule. A hurry call had been sent in for the reserves, but a man might as well try to stem the flood tide as to bring peace and order to that turbulent sea of fighting humanity. Captain Hogan summed up the situation instantly and telephoned to neighboring precincts for all their available men.

Meanwhile, Finerty, with one heave of his huge shoulder, had sent the hall door crashing from its hinges.

"Don't yeh mix in there, it's a death-trap," said Brady, hurriedly, laying a hand on Finerty's arm. "They'll be waitin' f'r yeh at th' top of th' stairs. Don't go in. Wait f'r th' reserves."

"Yeh can wait. I'm goin' in," said Finerty, savagely, wiping away the blood where a bullet had grazed his cheek. "I'm goin' in," he said again. Even in the excitement Brady noticed the curiously tense tone of the voice and the steely glitter in the eyes.

"Yer a fool," snarled Brady, as Finerty sprang into the dark, narrow hall. Another moment and Brady was swinging his night-stick, holding the stoop against the oncoming enemy.

Then from the hall came crash on crash and oath on oath. Once he heard a laugh—a laugh that set his teeth on edge. It was Finerty's.

The room was not pretty. There was much dirt and very much blood. Much broken furniture and dishes and humanity. A fat negress, huddled in a corner, was sobbing hysterically. A half starved geranium stood up stiffly in a cracked jam-pot on the window sill. A wheezy gas jet was flaring. On the floor lay three men—all big men. One lay very still, but the other two twisted this way and that, groaning unpleasantly. On a lounge sat Finerty, hands on knees, staring fixedly at the three figures on the floor. The reserves found him thus. A razor, scientifically wielded, is an excellent flesh-cutting instrument, and Finerty had suffered.

"ONE dead and two most unconscious and not one shot," said the battered Brady in a hushed voice. "I can't believe it. I never seen such stren'th an'—an'—"

"An' blood lust! Say it, say it," cried Finerty, fiercely, his voice breaking, stretching out his razor-hacked hands. "Say it, an' ye'll have the truth." He rocked back and forth, and the bluecoats watched him with white strained faces. "It's been m' curse," panted Finerty, thickly, clenching his hands above his head. "Gawd's curse on m' stren'th. Gawd's

(Continued on Page 22.)



# MUD, BOOTS *and* FACES

**B**E it understood, this is not a nice, comfy Greek shoe-shine shop with red plush lounge, mirrors on the walls and a cash register. This is an army-boot laundry. Boots are not dry-cleaned and polished here. When they come in truck-loads from the French lines they are encased in coats of mud that plugs up the eye-holes and makes the uppers as hard as iron. They are just plain laundered with hot water, scrubbed, scoured and sent back. And if they are too far gone they are—thrown away? Oh, no, not in 1917. They are sent to the factories and made over.



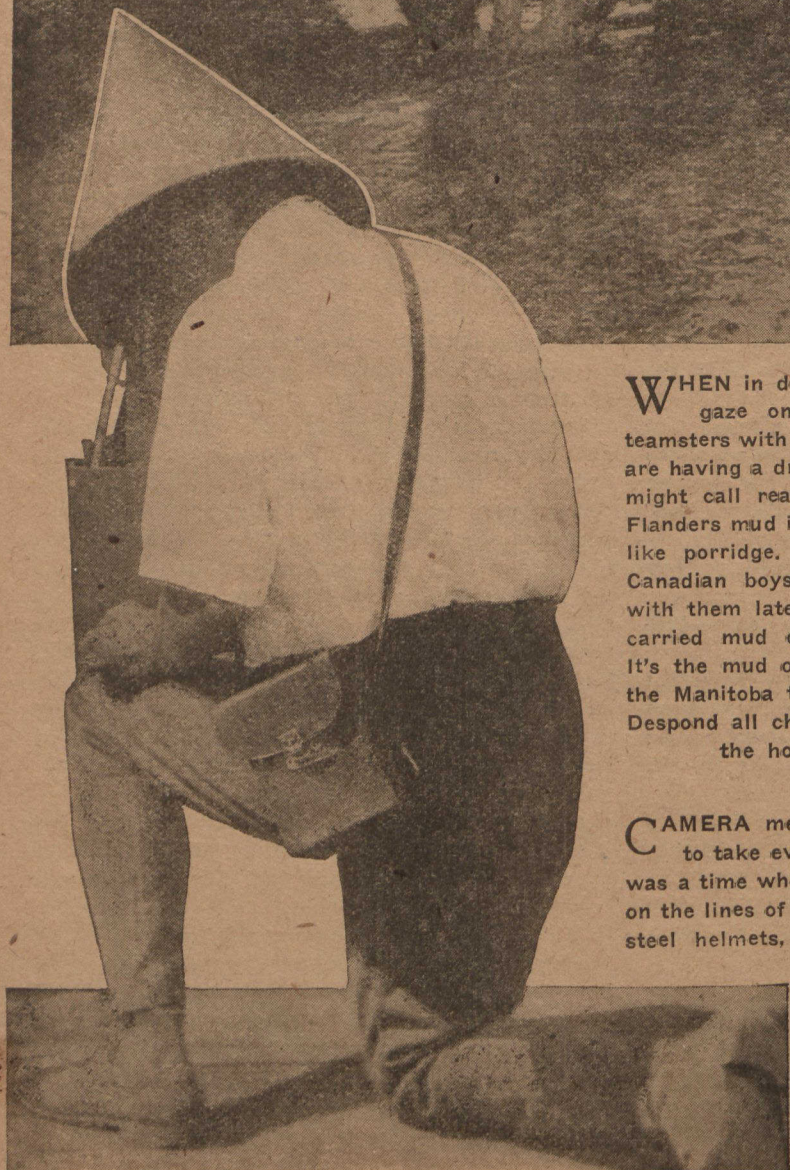
**T**HE story of how legless Lance-Corporal Jack Waddell, of the 1st Battalion, 1st Brigade, 1st Division, C. E. F., was also first over the top in Toronto to sign an application for a Victory Bond, is told on the cover of this issue. In the great drive for as many times \$150,000,000 as possible, the name Jack Waddell will go down in the financial and patriotic history of Canada. It was the first trench he ever took that he had to be carried both ways. But he was got by the movie operator as well as by the camera. His next public appearance will be on the screen.

**M**RS. ANNA COLEMAN TODD, of Boston, has devised a way to make over men's faces. A soldier whose face has been wounded out of recognition can be restored to its original outlines by the use of a mask moulded by the sculptor. This humane and very skilful invention has been approved by the War Department at Washington, and is another of the numerous contributions made by artists of all sorts, painters, writers, musicians, and sculptors to the strange art of mending the world from the ravages of war.



**W**HEN in doubt as to what a "drive" is, gaze on this Sea of Mud. These teamsters with the six-horse supply waggons are having a drive. This is what an aviator might call real mud. Somebody said that Flanders mud is plum duff. This looks more like porridge. It's the sort of mud that Canadian boys have been taking to bunk with them lately; boys who at home never carried mud on to mother's clean floors. It's the mud of the muskeg, the clay belt, the Manitoba trail and Bunyan's Slough of Despond all churned up by the wheels and the hoofs of plunging war.

**C**AMERA men at the front are expected to take everything but trenches. There was a time when the camera men were kept on the lines of Safety First. Now they wear steel helmets, much like the soldiers do, except that they look more like oil funnels than helmets. They come down further over the eyes and are a good protection against any bullet that may be trying to hit a camera lens.



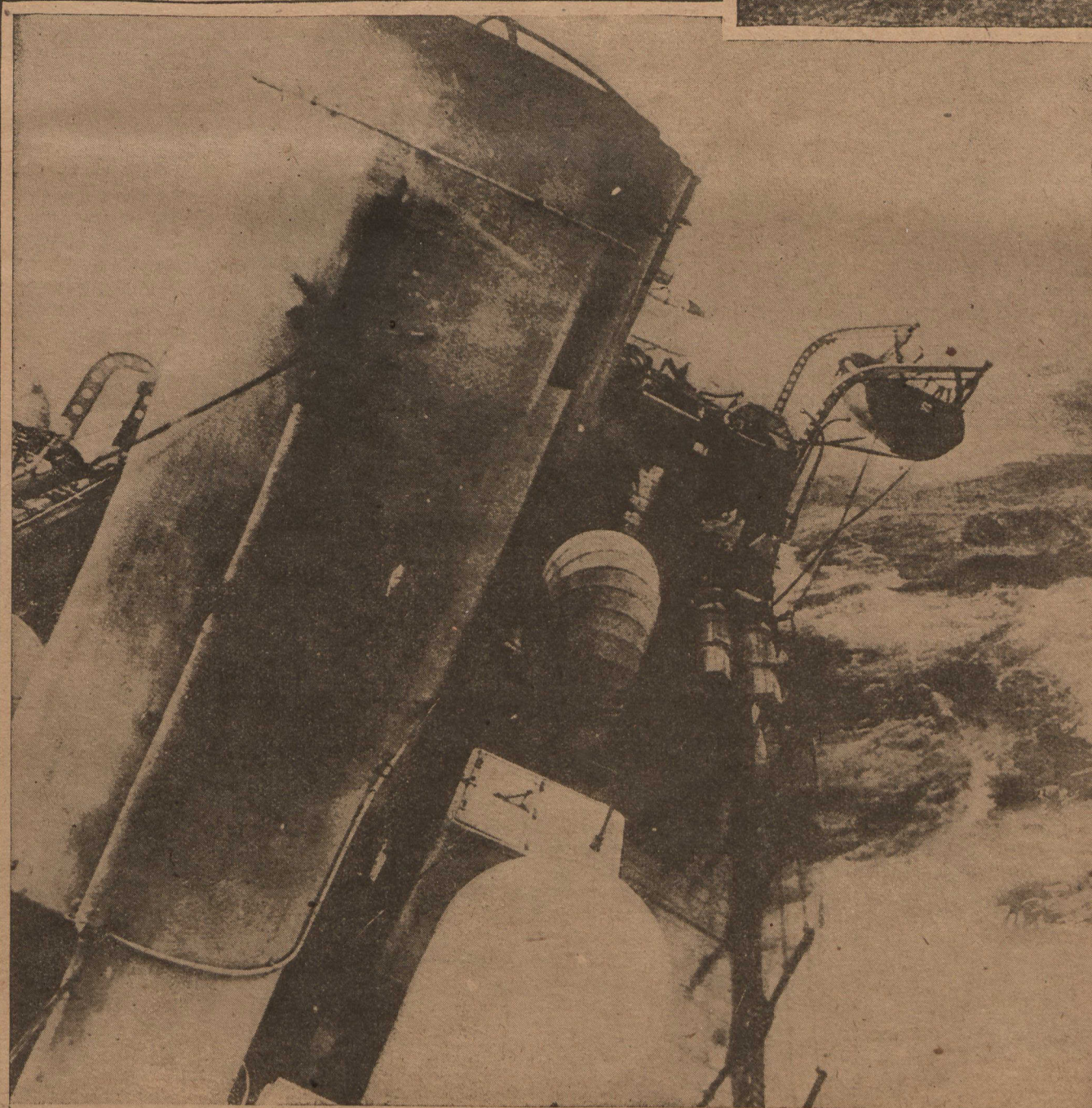
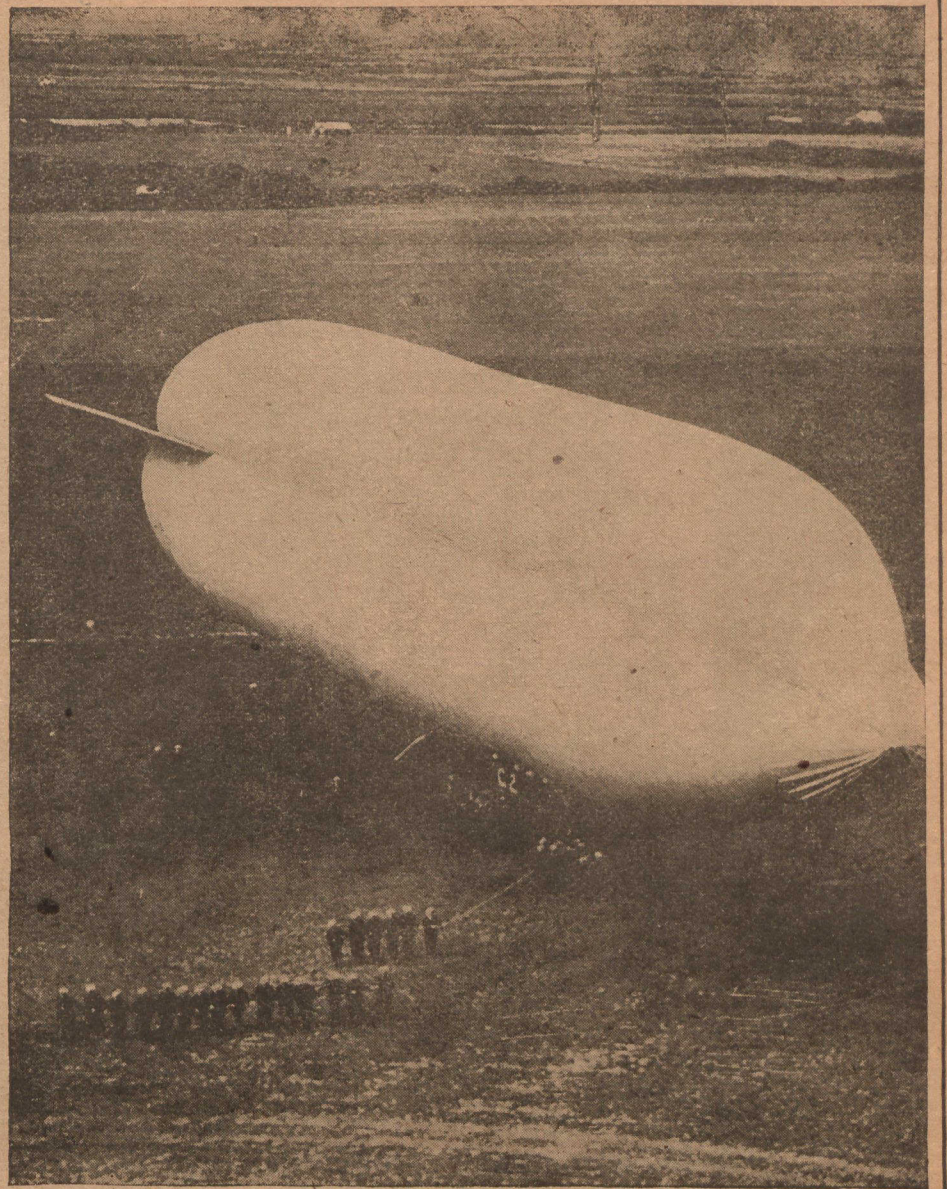


# POWER



ANY heavy offensive undertaken by Germany now has in its vanguard large numbers of the kind of warrior represented in the left-hand picture. They are called shock troops. Not only are the men selected as husky as possible, but they are encased in bomb-proof, bayonet-proof armor, like the lapped scales of some prehistoric pachyderm. Canadian troops know something about these shocking front-liners.

FIGHTING the devil with fire finds an apt illustration in the case of the English dirigible which has done so much to keep out the Zeppelins. When anti-aircraft guns and big naval guns mounted on railroad cars have missed the Zeppelin on account of its tremendous height, the dirigible, with its crew of men and its complement of guns, has turned many a trick.



YACHTING on a destroyer in November is one way to realize that there's more fury left in the sea than is usually found in the air. This submarine-scouting destroyer is having her own creaking, vainglorious picnic at 35 knots in a foaming sea. Among all the craft devoted to the hunting of the submarine the destroyer is in Class A. Almost everything has been tried with varying success. When the subs just began to be a real menace, Britain mobilized 4,000 motor boats, converted yachts, tugs, tenders and trawlers into a great anti-submarine armada for hunting the pirates along the coast. When bigger subs carried the new undersea campaign out into the broad lanes of ocean traffic this mosquito armada went into Class C. The 10-knot trawler, broad of beam, high in the bows, ready for any wind or weather became Class B.

But the destroyer became and still is Class A in this great anti-sub work, which even von Tirpitz admits must some day put a lasting crimp on all sub warfare. The destroyer is big enough to stay at sea in all weathers. She carries an armament—in the U. S. Navy of several 4-inch guns. She has a speed of from 30 to 35 knots.

If only she can locate the submarine. And that is the chief trouble. The submarine, says the Scientific American, is primarily a surface vessel. She must stay above water 90 per cent. of her time. What is wanted, then, is a sound detector so delicate that it can give the destroyer knowledge of the whereabouts of a sub long before she comes to the surface to blow. Then when she comes—the destroyer's guns have her in range.



# What Happened to Hoag

BY

THOMAS TOPLEY

**A NOVELETTE** in a Series of Printed Moving Pictures. The story of how Martin Hoag went up against a Prussian Efficiency System and what happened to him. Last week's series introduced Hoag, Henry Markham, his boss, who believed business was a juggle, and Helen Munro, who believed in Hoag, but got her salary from Markham.

(Continued from last week.)

## IV.

**G**IVING Directions About the New Factory System in the Office of Markhams Ltd.: "Miss Munro, you will work out all the details. See that Mr. Hoag



gets a complete copy. I expect him to put it into effect—immediately."

Each of the final words became a sort of thick scream. Markham was the jungle beast in his behavior about the system. His door and Miss Munro's he purposely kept open so that the staff of girls might hear the great co-ordinator bellowing his orders down to the last detail of a system for the office.

Helen concealed her anger. Markham sometimes treated her as a cog. This time he had a double reason. The system was aimed at Hoag. Helen was a friend of Hoag. She was to work out the details. A characteristic Markham piece of cruelty. She felt glad he was going away for three weeks; to the newspapermen—

"Oh, just a ripshin over the rocks—camp and fish and so on," he said with a heavy laugh. "No inside stories. No business. Just—my holiday. Eh?"

Helen knew differently. It was a mine; a chaos of iron up in the rocks, more to Markham than a million Hoags; a cycle of big interests—ore, a new railroad, ore harbor, ship lines, water-powers, smelters—and he of all men had the audacity to tackle it! She called him an ugly overbearing brute; a merciless master of efficiency. Then she glanced at a map of the north.

She saw in a mental vista—all that wild land becoming a throb of production.

Henry Markham, leather-jacketed, big-booted over the rocks; the co-ordinator; the creator of wealth:

Then she smiled in the glow of the brick fireplace on the Persian rug and the flowers.

## V.

**A**LTHOUGH Markham's estimate of Hoag was that of a hair on a dog, Hoag as he scanned the new office system reflected that he had as much brains as his boss, only a different kind. Everything in the system

was precisely what he had studied to avoid.

"Fact is," he communed with himself in his sentry-box opposite Helen Munro's office, "it would make him feel like a child even to try my way. I succeed where he would fail. He wants me to fail. Hence this card-index."

Scanning the columns up and down and across, with a niche for each girl's name and totals opposite, the grand total at the bottom being the units of energy in letters, invoices, etc., all the girls combined put into a day's work, he restrained himself from crumpling it into a pellet for the waste basket and taking his hat and coat.

"I—Martin Hoag," quoth he, gazing out at his corps of girls, "am to be eliminated. In my place goes a cost-and-efficiency sheet for every day. He sits in there, if he happens to be in town, knowing at a glance the average earning power, cost and net profit of every human soul on his docket."

Savagely as he mumbled Hoag scrawled on a paper some queer kind of totem-pole hieroglyphic, which he smiled to observe resembled rather grotesquely a human face. Not Markham's; not Helen Munro's; not his own. Whose? Oddly impressed with



some almost occult resemblance he took it along with the curve-of-efficiency sheet out among the clacking typewriters. Slowly, moving like a pastor among his flock, he went to a far corner where seeming almost alone, was the desk of a pale little shard of a girl, whose name was Elsie Carnovan.

"Elsie," he said quickly as her machine stopped, "how many letters have you done to-day?"

Big, burning eyes gazed up from a face that seemed thinner than his own except when it was flushed as it was now.

"Forty-one—and seven invoices, sir."

"One of your good days, I see. To-morrow you may do less than half as much. How long have you been here?"

"Seven months next week, sir."

"And you haven't increased your output. No, I never wanted you to. How is your mother?"

"Better to-day, Mr. Hoag. But she's never up more than an hour or two a day."

Elsie's mother was a widow, and Elsie her only child, living in a dingy house over by the tracks and across an overhead bridge. Hoag had been there once. Suddenly he placed on her desk the scrawled sketch he had made. She laughed.

"Surely you didn't mean that to look like me, Mr. Hoag?"

He held up the cost-and-efficiency chart. Shaking his head he turned away; some of the girls giggled, and as he drifted back into his sentry-box he muttered,

"She'll hate it. But the hate won't stimulate her as it will me. She lives on appreciation."

Bells down street. Slowly, some of them lingering at the desks to finish something, the girls went to get their wraps. This hubbub of going home was daily music to Hoag, who knew almost every voice. Usually, the last thing drifting in from the elevator going down was a chorus of "Good-night, Mr. Hoag!" No doubt some of them said "Hoag" when he wasn't listening; he supposed so. But he liked them all just in that old-fashioned Sunday-School way; he knew he was getting an average good day's work out of each of them; and there were twenty-five girls in that crowd ready to ease up the labors of somebody else by doing half an hour or so overtime. So he had taught them.

Silly sentimentalist! Where did he get this notion that work is built on enthusiasm, on music if need be? Not from Markham's, Ltd. And from this day forth that regime was ended. Hoagism to be eliminated, along with Elsie Carnovan, whose phantom form was almost the last to leave, just drifting out—

"Good-night, Mr. Hoag!"

And then he switched off the light.

Hoag was alone with the memory of his girls.

## VI.

**L**OW street sounds came vibrating in along with the shadow of the lights. One room opening off the office was in a warm glow. It was Helen Munro's office.

(Continued on page 19.)





# EYES of the WORLD on the SCHOOL

**C**ONVINCED for years that education is the decisive factor in shaping our national life, I have been doubly convinced by a recent visit to Weyburn, where I had the pleasure of attending a two-day convention of the teachers of that inspectorate. What I saw and learned there was so striking and interesting from the viewpoint of education, as well as from the larger standpoint of national life, that it appears worth while to set forth my observations and conclusions for the benefit of Courier readers.

By way of preface a pregnant remark of Dr. Parkin, in an address to the Faculty of the University of Saskatchewan, may be noted here. Reviewing the relations existing between the United Kingdom and the United States at the present time, he observed that the Great Republic had as its mightiest task the problem of

Assimilating the heterogeneous elements that have sought its shores;

While the United Kingdom is faced with the stupendous job of

Colonizing and settling the vast, vacant spaces of Canada, Australia, New Zealand and South Africa.

For the complete solution of these problems, in each instance, the schools must be depended upon to play the leading role. And this is precisely what I discovered the schools of the Weyburn inspectorate were doing.

The New York World stated, a week or two since that, in New York alone, there are 500,000 persons who do not speak the English language; and that there are hundreds of thousands throughout the Republic with little or no acquaintance with American political conditions and aspirations.

"In most of the great American cities," says the World, "we have settlements presided over by nationalistic and racial chieftains whose interest it is to keep immigrants foreign and in bondage. Contributing to this end for purposes of gain, financial and social, are the more masterful personages who dominate the foreign language newspapers, the foreign banking and steamship agencies and the representatives of the local political organizations."

Of course, Canadians are conversant with the American situation in more or less degree, but it is startling to find a great newspaper of the insight and breadth of view of the World taking such a pessimistic position with respect to this great national problem. Since the outbreak of war, however, it seems to have been borne in upon Americans that it will not be easy to dethrone these foreign leaders nor to scatter their henchmen, whose chief bulwarks are a foreign language and ignorance. To Americanize America the sanest elements in the Republic know that all the people must speak a common language, and that it must be made unprofitable for political bosses to establish a footing in the very citadel of political power. To accomplish these ends, and to shatter non-American forces in the public life of the United States, main reliance must be placed upon the schools.

**I**T was the language question, therefore, that first got hold of me in studying this cross-section of Canadian life in the Weyburn district. In reply to inquiries, Mr. Kennedy, the inspector in charge, assured me that in this respect there was every reason for optimism. In the whole of his district there is not



A Two-room school where the manager of a bank and other public-minded people helped to work wonders—at Griffin, Sask.

**Y**OU see, in the West, education is looked upon as a real live issue affecting the whole people. We talk a deal about democracy, better government, nationalizing foreigners, making people efficient, teaching citizenship in the town hall, and all these things. But as the West has found out, to get at the germ of the whole business—as Germany did long ago on the wrong track—you must go right in among the scholars and the children and see what's being done in the plastic stage of civilization. That's why this Story of What He Saw at the Weyburn Convention was written.

B Y W . W . S W A N S O N

interested in knowing just what is the type of school convention, and school work in the rural districts, in the prairie provinces. The convention at Weyburn was, I believe, typical in these respects, and may serve, therefore, as an illustration of what is being accomplished educationally in all the primary schools of Saskatchewan.

In the first place, it may be said, that both the inspectors and teachers base theory and practice upon Socrates' dictum: "Know thyself: be thyself." One thing that impressed me beyond anything else was the insistence with which the teachers in all their discussions came back to this point of view. As one speaker remarked, many men know more about their horses and cattle than of their wives and children; and still fewer know anything worth mentioning about their own powers and capacities. The first desideratum, therefore, is to understand Self. This is taking the selfish point of view, to be sure; but it is only through self-interest, self-observation and self-development that anything worth while can be accomplished in this world. It is through self that boys and girls learn to be unselfish, inasmuch as, having discovered their latent capacities, they may use them for the benefit, not only of their immediate fellows, but of the whole nation.

Miss Lynd and Miss Cockerham—to select two from a whole bevy of alert and wide-awake teachers—emphasized the importance of training a student to express himself, and himself only, in his work. Miss Lynd showed how this might be admirably done in the teaching of arithmetic, a subject which, along with grammar, proves a bugbear for most students. In her own school, a couple of years ago, she discovered that pupils in Grade V, in most subjects were likely to be, and usually were, in Grade III, in arithmetic. All this has since been practically reversed. By teaching the pupils, even the youngest beginners, to make their own problems, she has made them hammer home the right methods of doing the work, with such effect that the more difficult problems, afterwards given by herself, are easily solved. Inspector Kennedy asserted that many of the students in her school, officially in Grade V., are actually doing the work of Grade VIII, in arithmetic. Thus it appears that the pupils are not only exposed to arithmetic, but really take the disease!

Limits of space will not permit of our entering into details, but the same might be said of the teaching of geography, agriculture and other subjects. Miss Cockerham's teaching of a lesson in the geography of South America was a revelation. She made a trip up the Amazon a vivid reality. One saw the flora and fauna of the deep forests of Brazil; the

For instance the Griffin, Sask., school has a whole plant of hot beds, besides grain-plots, flower-gardens and other things to interest children in—the Land.





majestic river with its multitudinous life; the vast, silent swamps and dense jungles of the tropical regions; and the red-bosomed earth of the southern uplands thickly studded with coffee plantations. You realized, perhaps for the first time, that when John Jones and his neighbor and their friends took their morning cup of coffee, they set the little brown men of Java, Sumatra and the Portuguese peons of Brazil at work.

The teaching of agriculture by Mr. A. M. McDermott, of Weyburn, was equally illuminating.

His special field is agricultural economics, and most deftly he taught a lesson on the subject. Among other things I discovered that, as agriculture is being taught in the best schools of the Weyburn inspectorate, it is dealt with not as a dry-as-dust subject, but as a fascinating excursion into the fairy realms of science, and into the complex modern world of business. Plants, shrubs, flowers and grasses, birds and insects, and the whole wide field of botany and entomology are studied in a theoretical and practical way. Altogether too much emphasis

in the past, especially in the West, has been placed upon increased farm production; but the boy is now taught not only that production costs are of vital importance, but those of distribution as well. Take wheat, for instance. Its life history is investigated, its varieties classified, the best methods of cultivation set forth, and all the tools and appliances requisite for its production described. And then that wheat is followed from the time it leaves the farmer's granary, on its long journey by rail and water, until it is finally marketed in Liverpool. This links up work with life—the getting of a living with the use to which that living is to be put in social service.

To a certain extent the Gary method has found favor in Saskatchewan. In South Weyburn, for example, there is a school conducted after this system which was thrown open for investigation to the teachers attending the convention. Miss Bennett inaugurated the work at this particular school, a work which has met with conspicuous success. And although this teacher is no longer connected with the school, the machinery operates smoothly and

well. Inspector Kennedy brought a number of trustees and visitors into the school to observe the children at work; and although there was much talking among the investigators, the pupils from the smallest to the largest went about their duties with apparent interest and vim, paying no attention to the interlopers. Here, again, we have an experiment that is well worth while, and that will bear watching in Saskatchewan.

A rural school in a mere hamlet, Griffin, may yet serve as a model to many other districts in the prairie provinces. A wonderful work has been accomplished there under the energetic supervision of Mr. B. A. See, the local manager of the Weyburn Security Bank. Mr. See and other public-spirited citizens realized that environment means much everywhere, but especially in Saskatchewan, where the wide, sweeping prairies lend little of beauty to any school setting. When the school was built at Griffin, therefore, a determined effort was made to make it, with its surroundings, not only attractive, but beautiful. The building in itself, for a country school, is splendidly appointed and constructed; but the school grounds have had even more care lavished upon them. If only trees could be added, we should have in the school garden at Griffin a veritable park, with its wide expanse of lawn, shrubs and flowers. But in addition to all this, the Griffin school has been made a social centre for the neighborhood, and a unique instrument of education for the children. In its extensive grounds the pupils are taught horticulture and agriculture; and the school building is utilized as an exposition for the display of children's work, both academic and practical, from the whole district.

NO doubt the Weyburn method of teaching agriculture would get all the children to see a whole story in this display of wheat.

A WHEAT display, part of a select seed grain exhibition organized recently by the Grain Growers' Guide in Winnipeg.



## Canadian Wheat, Westward Ho!

By F. J. DICKIE

OUR long talked of, much praised and much abused Vancouver-Panama-Great Britain grain route was opened the second week in November by the sailing from Vancouver of a British steamer with 100,000 bushels prairie grown wheat destined for Great Britain. With the completion of the canal the distance of 15,000 miles formerly existing between Vancouver and Liverpool was cut 6,164 miles, or 23 days' steamer sailing. This affects rates largely and wheat can now be moved to Great Britain via the Pacific from points on the prairies as far west as Moose Jaw cheaper than via Fort William or the all rail Atlantic route. These mileages attest to this:

Calgary to Fort William .....	1,260
Calgary to Vancouver .....	644
Moose Jaw to St. John .....	2,396

Moose Jaw to Vancouver .....	1,085
Edmonton to Fort William .....	1,451
Edmonton to Vancouver .....	735

Thus a freight car can move twice as much grain from any position in Alberta to the Pacific Coast as to Fort William. The completion of the five great Government elevators, all but one of which are in the shorter shipping radius to the Pacific is an aid to the new route. The photo shows the one at Vancouver and the vessel loading in the distance. The Vancouver elevator has a capacity of 1½ million bushels, can load four vessels at once with a maximum output of 60,000 bushels of wheat an hour. At this time when getting grain to the Allies is of great importance, the new route's opening is of international importance.—(Photo from Francis J. Dickie.)

## THE GARY SYSTEM—WHAT IT IS NOT?

AS our readers know, say the Outlook Editors, the term "Gary system" as applied to schools, comes from the remarkable success of the schools conducted in Gary, Indiana, by the Superintendent of Instruction in that city, Mr. Wirt. The object of the so-called Gary system is to substitute real life for text-books as far as possible. This method has produced such success and such enthusiasm among the pupils in the city of Gary that Mr. Wirt once said that it was almost necessary to build fences to keep the children out of school in that town instead of, as in most other towns, employing truant officers to bring them forcibly to school. Some months ago it was decided to try the Gary system in a limited number of public schools in New York City. It has worked well, in spite of the fact that many teachers were opposed to it because it meant the additional labor that always comes from change of any kind. In the present municipal campaign the opponents of the Mitchell administration, which introduced the Gary system into New York City, has made the most demagogic efforts to connect this Gary system with capitalists because it bears the name of the head of the United States Steel Corporation. Neither Judge Gary, of the latter corporation, nor Mr. Rockefeller, of the Standard Oil Company, has anything more to do with the Gary schools in New York City than with the University of Oxford.

And just to show how popular education is in New York, a writer in The Outlook goes on to tell about the school riots caused by the Hylan organization's attack on the Gary system.

For many blocks I walked, she says, inquiring of every one the way to Public School 50. All knew. It was the most recent school to be of interest. It was exciting—this rioting—and they were either directly or indirectly tremendously interested. The first lad I saw carried a club. He was a round-faced, chubby boy, with high color, sparkling eyes, and naturally good spirits.

"What is the reason for the strike?" I asked; "and were you one of the rioters?"

He looked at me for a moment doubtfully. He had heard of detectives. He had so recently seen patrol wagons, and he wanted to be quite safe—even if he did carry a club ready to smash windows. I assured him I had no power, so he spoke quite willingly.

"Yes, ma'am," he said, "I was one of the rioters. And I'm on my way to another school now where lots of the fellows have gone to start a new riot."



# O PATRIOTISM—IN THY NAME

EVERYTHING we do in these days is done in the name of patriotism. We dance and play, we eat—and some of us even sleep with patriotic fervor. Those who sell do it in the name of patriotism; those who wish to buy do so for the good of the country. Look at the advertisements in the daily papers! If high class, durable goods are to be sold the advertisements will point out the fact that it is economical (and therefore patriotic) to buy the best and to buy it now before prices advance; if the things advertised are low-priced, a different argument for patriotic thrift is put forth. If the articles are made in Canada we are made to feel it is disloyal to buy anything that is not, but if imported goods are on the market we are then urged to patronize our gallant allies. I once saw a table piled high with corset covers made of be-ribboned flimsy muslin trimmed with coarse imitation lace and these were labelled in large letters, "War-time Saving—Only 39 Cents!"

Do we want to give a dance or a concert, get up amateur theatricals or a bridge tournament? Patriotism urges us on. Tired of knitting, do we crave the relaxation of fancy work? There are always patriotic bazaars to supply, and though if we have decided that this year all our Christmas presents shall be sent overseas, we must distribute the gifts we have patriotically purchased at the patriotic sales. Patriotic people prepare luncheons and teas and we patriotically eat them, though between times we patriotically exchange recipes for bran muffins and butterless cakes. If we want remunerative employment, munition making is both patriotic and profitable. We can also, says the Food Controller, serve our country by raising hogs, and that is also most profitable, but here we meet with a new difficulty; it seems traitorous to feed them wheat, yet that is the cheapest food on the market!

NOT only is everything we do patriotic, so is everything we don't do. If we don't play golf, or dance, or go to the theatre, that too is patriotic; if we don't buy or eat or do embroidery it is because we love our country more. The devil can cite Scripture to his purpose and he can also suggest a patriotic motive for all our desires.

Personally I am revelling in patriotism. I always hated formal receptions and parties and visiting days. Now, thanks to patriotism, we need only be sociable to intimate friends. I always preferred brown bread to white, have a real fondness for fish, a dislike for sweets, and could say farewell to my last slice of bacon without a pang. When the war started I decided to give a certain amount each month to patriotic work and I continue to do so, but the money goes chiefly in buying tickets, and I get plenty of nice concerts and teaparties in return for what was meant to be a sacrifice. I try to look virtuous when I say, "No sugar, please," but some of my friends are unkind enough to remember that it always spoiled the taste of tea for me. It is difficult to be a patriot and a martyr at the same time.

We are urged to show our patriotism by investing in the Victory Loan, yet it is the safest and best investment on the market. We are asked to deny ourselves luxuries and be more saving in everything—and, lo a direct benefit to our pockets! Take the case of the girl martyrs who have given up lives of luxury and ease (which made them fat or neurotic) who forsook their round of social pleasures (which bored them excessively) and have gone in for massage, nursing, munitions, or some other form of war work in Canada. Do you pity them? They are nearly all healthier and happier than ever. The exercise, the regular hours and, above all, the new interest, all these make life a different thing for them.

IF there is one of my patriotic activities that I enjoy more than another, it's the giving of my worldly goods to the Red Cross Waste Collectors, the Superfluities Sales and the Melting Pots. I don't mean rubbish, that one can part with without a thrill, but only through patriotism will your conscience permit you to discard clothes you always hated, though they aren't quite worn out; Christmas pres-

ents you never knew what to do with; heirlooms that revealed the bad taste of your ancestors, and bits of broken jewelry which you knew had some value but did not know where to sell. Patriotic ladies will do this for you, they will gratefully receive your donations and sell them for surprisingly large amounts, leaving you with the glow that comes of having performed a noble deed and at the same time reduced the accumulated junk of your store-room, closets and bureau drawers.

Soon after the outbreak of war large numbers of German men and women gave every jewel and gold ornament they possessed to their fatherland. Even in the United States we have seen them wearing the little iron ring they received from the German government in exchange for this sacrifice. One young man was bemoaning the loss of his dead mother's wedding ring which meant so much more to him than its actual cash value, but he felt that in giving his jewelry to his country he must hold nothing back. Even in England people rarely part with all their treasures at once, though many valuable heirlooms exchange hands at the sales at Christmas in London, which enrich the coffers of the Red Cross to the extent of about \$200,000 each year. It is surprising what large amounts can be raised by the sale of unconsidered trifles made of silver and gold. The

tiful settings, but beautiful hands look lovelier unadorned, and rings only serve to attract attention to those that are ugly or have begun to have that withered look that denotes age.

We are told that we should have nothing in our house that we neither know to be useful or believe to be beautiful. If we all conscientiously did this Superfluities depots would disappear, for the demand would not be adequate for the tremendous supply, but there are so many things we cherish, believing in the old saying that if you keep a thing for seven years you will find it useful; if you keep a garment for seven years the circling fashions will bring it into style once more! So we optimistically fill our store-rooms and carefully preserve these doubtful treasures from moth and rust and thieves, and we prove the truth of the old saying over and over again. Take the wide taffetta petticoat you laid aside when narrow skirts became fashionable. At the end of four years you were able to use it again by shortening it. To be sure it fell to pieces at the end of a week, but still . . . Then there is that old seal cap you kept for seven years—real seal! It would have made a stunning little toque this year if the moths hadn't spoilt it. The old lace that has been resurrected looks as lovely as ever, but I sometimes wonder if the hours you spend darning and bleaching it could not have been put to better advantage! So when the Red Cross Collectors call for your waste, when other societies organize rummage sales, when silver and golden trinkets are demanded, be generous, but don't pose as a patriot, for you will hardly miss them, indeed you will be happier with fewer possessions.

ALL our patriots are not overseas. The love of country, which is but a larger love of home, is an instinct present in all of us. You cannot define patriotism any more than you can define love, or death. It inspires great sacrifices and grows through suffering; it should unconsciously inspire all our lives, but it seems a thing too spiritual to be associated with the eating of bran bread or the selling of old trinkets, and yet . . . "Despise not the day of small things!"

The love of country, like the love of parents, is always present in children, unless it has been expelled by hardness and violence. Some people argue that patriotism cannot be taught, while others insist that it must be taught, and that it rests with the elementary schools to make it noble or detestable. If it resolves into an orgie of flag-waving, idol-worshipping and bombast, it becomes offensive, but the existing patriotism in every child can be made, not a clamorous and provocative thing, but a rule of life and (if need be) death.

A recent French circular from the Ministry of Public Instruction pointed out that the role of education at the moment, was to second the French armies by informing the boys and girls of France why their country was fighting—for what past, for what future, for what ideals. That is what we also need in British schools. We do not want a vainglorious and militaristic conception of life; but we do want—that is the exact reverse—such a well-applied love of one's country that every child may grow up to think it worth while to devote his life so far as he can, or to lay it down if necessary, in order to maintain this country as the inviolate home of liberty, and as a great exemplar of the political art of conceding liberty to others. A child can be taught that it is base to consent to tyranny, and it is nonsense to say that such teaching as this is impossible. You can justify patriotism even though you cannot dissect it.



"The Trinket Box Fund," at 71 King St. W., Toronto, will transform despised jewelry into soldiers comforts.

"Silver Thimble" Fund in England raised many thousands of pounds for the relief of the sick and wounded. But why should we content ourselves with giving wornout thimbles, battered umbrella handles, when we have rings and necklaces that we seldom wear and that our heirs will prize even less than we. Many of them contain stones of real value, many are made of fine gold but fashioned into ugly forms. Yet we hoard them like magpies.

A MAN'S happiness consists not in the multitude of things that he possesses, in fact the reverse is often the case, for each new acquisition brings an added care. I used to wear several rings of no great value and I was constantly mislaying them, so that when travelling a hand-bag containing my jewelry was lost, my first subconscious thought was, "Thank goodness, I'll never be wondering where I left those things again!" Later, meditating on their cash value and sentimental associations, I regretted the loss, but still I am much happier with ringless hands. I am very fond of beautiful jewels in beau-



# EDITORIAL

IT was regarded as the triumph of Sir Robert Borden's singleness of purpose to have united leading men of the Conservative and Liberal parties and the leaders of labor and agriculture, in a government for the defence of the Empire. Alone Sir Robert had struggled to accomplish this end, meeting day after day, through his weeks of negotiations, with discouragements from within his party and rebuffs from without. Nothing but genuine sincerity could have won Carvell and Calder. They were astute politicians, steeped in party prejudice, trained in party warfare, and knowing party wiles; nothing but conviction of the need for union and the honesty of its inspiration could have taken them from their allegiance to Liberalism.

SIR ROBERT returned from England last summer with an inside knowledge of Imperial conditions. He knew that things were not going well with the Allies, and were liable to go worse. Events in Russia and Italy have shown the soundness of his conviction. Sir Robert regarded it as inevitable that more Canadians would have to go overseas; and the voluntary system having broken down, only one means of securing men was left—conscription. Sir Robert undoubtedly regretted the necessity, but of what use were regrets when action was imperative? Canada is at war, and conscription, regrettable as it is, is merely a means to an end, the only fair way, the really efficient way, of distributing the burdens of service.

IF Sir Robert had offered Sir Wilfrid a share in the government and the responsibility before making public his determination to enforce conscription, Sir Wilfrid might have accepted; so it is argued. But this phase of the situation is only interesting; it is not essential. Sir Robert may have made a mistake. He is accused of having made many mistakes, as were Asquith and Kitchener, and as are Lloyd-George and Wilson. The events of this mighty war move with such suddenness, and are so abnormal, so beyond the ken of mankind, that mistakes are inevitable. If Germany's war trained leaders make mistakes—and at times their plans have lamentably failed—what is to be expected of the civilians charged with the responsibility of decisions under democracy?

COUNTING the hands that might have been played is sheer idleness; we must face things that are to-day. Certain men of outstanding prominence and integrity in the Liberal party accepted places in the government under the leadership of Sir Robert, and with Sir Robert have appealed to the country for support. Their announcement of Union brought a sigh of relief. The name—Union—was as a balm to the afflicted. Party politics were to be jettisoned; statesmanship was to take their place. There was every evidence that men would forget they were ever Liberals and Conservatives; would unite for the country's good. Their decision was fateful, for it takes more than a union of leaders to make a government. Sir Robert issued a manifesto containing the planks of the Unionist platform, and the manifesto met with widespread approval. Machine-made Conservatives and machine-made Liberals prepared to accept the inevitable.

BUT the prospects of the first days have not been fulfilled. The enthusiasm was not permanent. Party spirit, bred in the bone, comes creeping back. An election which once promised to be a series of acclamations, threatens to become a series of hotly and closely fought contests. And one need not dig deeply for an explanation. The bitter attacks which the Conservative press are making upon Sir Wilfrid Laurier are driving thousands of Liberals into opposition to Union. For, while many Liberals believe Sir Wilfrid has not suggested the best method for winning the war, few, if any, of them believe him to be guilty of not wanting to win the war. It is a mistake in judgment and not of heart, they reason. To denounce the man upon whom they have relied since childhood for leadership in public matters, as a traitor, to caricature him as in league with the Kaiser, is an insult to their judgment.

WE must remember that charging Sir Wilfrid with treason is no new thing. When in 1911 he advocated Reciprocity with the United States, he was represented as a traitor to the Empire. The charges of to-day are no stronger, no more virulent, the cartoons no viler, than they were then. And yet to-day we have a fair measure of

reciprocity with the United States; we have borrowed money from the United States by the scores of millions and, we are relying upon the United States to finance the grain-crops of Western Canada. We have gone further towards Continentalism than Sir Wilfrid advocated, and no one has suggested that treason has been committed. Thus it is only natural that men should look upon the present charge of treason as the time-dishonored cry of "wolf" and consider the present charges as untrue, unjust, and reprehensible. There are few Liberals who do not believe that the accusations of treason to the Empire in 1911 were inspired by misguided party enthusiasm. Can they be blamed for regarding accusations of treason in 1917 in the same light? To attack Sir Wilfrid as a traitor, is to raise a battle-cry for war-horses retired from duty through lack of employment.

IT must not be forgotten that six months ago Sir Wilfrid had the biggest personal following of any man in Canada. Leave Quebec out of the situation; Sir Wilfrid was the biggest Liberal in Ontario, the biggest Liberal in Manitoba, the biggest Liberal in each of the Western Provinces, in New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island. In Nova Scotia alone was his prestige disputed and that by Premier Murray. To hold Sir Wilfrid up to the Liberals of Canada as in league with the Kaiser, is to weaken confidence in the statesman-like qualities of Unionism. Sir Robert has not done so, and his example ought to be good enough for his followers.

AND it is so unnecessary. The Military Service Act, like the Victory Loan, is a necessity; and, like the Victory Loan, will stand upon its merits. The electors may be appealed to with confidence, so long as the appeals are rational and void of political rancour. Alien enemies have been disfranchised—the rest of the country is overwhelmingly loyal. We may differ as to the means; we are united as to the desirability, the necessity of winning the war. In Union there is strength against Germany. For this, the Union Government was designed, and under this idea men enlisted in its service. To represent—as a section of the press are doing—Union as designed for the political destruction of French-Canada, is to widen division and weaken unity. The French-speaking Canadians have not enlisted as well as might have been expected, nor have the English-speaking Canadians. As a class, the British-born has alone done its duty. The records of the exemption tribunals tell the story. We must fearlessly and honestly give credit and place blame where they belong, otherwise, politics may destroy what Sir Robert Borden's statesmanship promises to accomplish.

WHEN the Bible writer talked about beating swords into plough-shares he was enunciating a truth for the twentieth century. But it so comes about that at the time when more swords in the shape of vast armies and big guns are engaged in war, more plough-shares are needed, now, to-day, when to-morrow may be too late. Townspeople have been led to think that the harvest is the nation's greatest immediate-concentration job. This is a fallacy. The nation that has not ploughed in season will not be troubled with its harvest. And it is the plough, not the self-binder, that becomes the ultimate weapon of national efficiency in production. Because Canada's national plough in 1916 did not do its work, Canada's self-binder in 1917 had less than its share of work to do. Because the ploughs of 1917 are too few the self-binder of 1918 may be underworked. The furrow is the nation's last trench.

The time to plough is not in the spring, but in the fall. The greatest harrow disc in the world is frost. Land that is ploughed in November to be frost-harrowed all winter and come out for the farmer's harrow in the spring is the land that has an even chance of keeping self-binders busy in August. Many farmers in the West have put in wheat on unploughed stubble. Result—poor crops or none. Short season, quick-action ploughing is the only hope of a harvest. Any machinery or organization that gets the nation's ploughing done in the fall is adding untold millions to the nation's harvest in the following year. The nation that has not ploughed need not expect to reap.

MAY we not as well admit, that in most of the business of modern warfare we have been compelled to do second what Germany did first? Agreeably or otherwise, the pace has been set by the organization geared up to set it. Have we not time and again discovered that you can't kill a tiger with cross words and dog whips? Are not most of the crushing superiorities we now have on the west front things we have learned from Germany to do a little better than Germany? And if we have succeeded in one thing more than another, is it not in the stupendous achievement of co-ordinating a large number of governments and nations into a vast working organization against Germany? Having done so much, are we to fail at the last because we refuse to co-ordinate our organization at the front? If we establish unity behind the lines, why not co-ordinated action under a supreme head along the front line? And though we may all prefer as much "particularism" as possible at home, is it not evident that the less we have of it on the battle front the sooner we shall be able to lick the Kaiser?



# HELPING YOU to KEEP POSTED

## What are Bolsheviki? Current History

### Those Lancashire Lads By Philip Gibbs

WHEN Moltke in 1870 insisted upon, and Bismarck against his better judgment assented to, the annexation of Alsace-Lorraine, the main thought in their minds was that of securing a strategic frontier. They secured, though they did not know it at the time, something far more valuable than that, something that has proved the base on which Germany has built up her towering fabric of prosperity and power, something without which Germany could not have begun this war or could not have waged it for six months. They secured the largest deposit of iron ore in Europe and the second largest in the world, surpassed in value and extent only by the Lake Superior deposit in Michigan, Wisconsin and Minnesota. The soil of the lost provinces has made Germany's fortunes. She has derived from it her metallurgical ascendancy, the motive power for her industries, her wealth, and as a consequence her naval, military and political power.

The area covered by this deposit embraces the Longwy and Briey districts in France, now occupied by the German armies, and portions of German Lorraine, of Luxemburg, and of Belgium, also for the moment in German possession. If Germany could secure a peace based on her present military position the whole of this wealth of iron ore, estimated at some 5,000,000,000 tons, would pass under her control. As it is, rather more than half the deposit is supposed to lie on the French side of the border and rather less than half in German Lorraine and Luxemburg. That being so, it may be asked why Germany, when she had the chance in 1870, did not annex the entire ore-yielding area instead of allowing it to be divided between France and herself. Forty-seven years ago metallurgists generally regarded phosphoric ores, which formed the greater part of the Lorraine strata, as worthless and unworkable. The Germans seized everything that in the then state of science was known to be profitable and relinquished the rest to the French. But less than five years later the mining industry was revolutionized by the discovery of a process for dephosphorizing ores.

There are reckoned to be 2,800 million tons of iron ore in all Germany. Of these Lorraine alone is responsible for some 2,000 millions or five-sevenths of the Empire's total supply. When Germany hypothecated the Lorraine beds they were yielding about 500,000 tons of ore a year. In 1875 they still yielded less than three-quarters of a million. Then came Thomas's discovery of the dephosphorizing process and the figures shot up like a rocket until in the year before the war the Germans were extracting from Lorraine over 21,000,000 tons of ore, more than three-fifths of which was produced by the Thomas method. Up to 1903 Germany had no need to import from abroad a single ton of ore. Lorraine alone enabled her to maintain for thirty years an unprecedented industrial expansion.

Most of the ore found in the Lorraine basin on both sides of the frontier is inferior to the Lake Superior deposits and the grade varies considerably from one district to another. From 30 to 40 per cent. may be taken as an average

## BLOOD FOR IRON!

WHEN Bismarck consented to club Alsace-Lorraine into the German Empire he didn't know that in 1917 Germans would be shedding blood to keep the Iron Ore of Lorraine which makes five-sevenths of all Germany's supply of iron and steel.—(Sydney Brooks in North American Review.)

of the iron content. But there are compensating advantages in that, by properly blending the ore from different districts, it has been found possible to secure a mixture containing the essential slag-forming elements. In other words, this self-fluxing feature offsets to some extent the comparatively low value in iron. Moreover, as the ore is highly phosphoric, the resultant slag makes a much sought after and profitable fertilizer. America, for instance, in 1913 imported 15,000 tons of basic slag, valued at \$10 per ton, and in the following year 74,588 tons valued at \$20 per ton; while Russia just before the war was importing rather more than 180,000 tons a year. The bulk of this came from Germany, which in 1912 exported 290,000 tons and nearly as much in 1913. The Lorraine ores, in short, have yielded her as a mere by-product an abundant supply of fertilizer for her own domestic use and for export abroad.

France is badly off for, while Germany and Belgium are well provided with, coking coal. Now in iron smelting it is almost an axiom that the ore, being the more valuable product and better able to stand the cost of transport, must be brought to the coal, and not the coal to the ore. A very large proportion, therefore, of the French ore was smelted into pig iron in the blast furnaces of Germany and of Belgium, much to the advantage of the iron industries in both of these countries, but of doubtful benefit to France. Had the French Government been more alert to what was going on, had they realized the importance of the iron industry to France, or set to work to encourage the development of French iron smelting, they might in a large degree have counteracted the unhealthy conditions which enabled Germany and Belgium to flourish on the raw material exported to them from France.

The general outline of the issue that the war is shaping and will determine thus becomes clear. Suppose Germany were to win and were to annex the greater-half of the ferruginous basin that lies on French soil. Territorially it would be a very small acquisition. Economically its value would be inestimable. It would mean that after the war Germany would be able to raise some 46,000,000 tons of iron ore a year, while the French output would be reduced to a bare 4,000,000 tons. Suppose, on the other hand, that the Allied victory is as complete as we all intend it shall be and that Alsace-Lorraine is restored to France. The situation in that case would be almost precisely reversed. France would be in a position to extract about 43,000,000 tons of ore a year, and Germany would have to remain satisfied with a maximum yield of some 8,000,000 tons. No blow could more effectually cripple German industrialism, and with it Germany's capacity to organize another war, than the loss of the Lorraine ore beds; and nothing could so certainly and so speedily re-establish the economic equilibrium of France as to regain possession of them. In the fate of Alsace-Lorraine there is involved nothing less than the industrial primacy of Europe.

## Bolsheviki et al—

A COMPLETE tale of the parties and factions which are fuddling affairs in Russia just now would be too cumbersome to put into type, but the Bolsheviki and Mensheviki have been in the front page headlines so often of late the following, from "Current History," as to their meaning and motives ought to be interesting—and illuminating.

The Bolsheviki, or Maximalists, form the Left or radical wing of the Social Democratic Party, which is largely the party of the proletariat. The party split in 1906, and the ultra radicals, led by Nikolai Lenine, were then in the majority, or "bolshinstvo," and hence got the name Bolsheviki, which meant the majority faction. To-day the Bolsheviki are also known as Maximalists, Leninites, Extremists, Zimmerwaldians, and Internationalists. They are opposed to offensive warfare, they want an immediate general peace, and seek to establish immediately the rule of the proletariat, the division of land, and the dispossession of the property classes. They are enemies of the present Provisional Government, even with a Constitution, and a large faction is extremely anarchistic in its views. They reject on principle any co-operation with legal organizations, and regard revolutionary action as alone effective. Nevertheless, two of their chiefs, Skobelev and Tseretelli, by force of circumstances, accepted

places in the Government, the former as Minister of Labor, the latter as Minister of the Interior. Their other leaders are Tscheidze, Lenine, Tschenkeli. Their organs, created since the revolution, are the Social Democrat at Moscow and the Pravda (Truth) at Petrograd, and Gorki's review, Novaya Zhisn (New Life.)

The Mensheviki, or Minimalists, comprise the Right, or moderate elements of the proletarian Social Democratic Party. In the split of 1906 they were in the "menshinstvo," or minority, and became known as the Mensheviki or minority party. In contrast to the Bolsheviki, the Mensheviki believe in a compromise with the middle class, in the fullest prosecution of the war, and in gradual socialistic reforms. Though enemies of the present regime and not averse to revolutionary action, they admit the possibility of utilizing for their ends all the existing organizations—co-operative societies, trade unions, mutual aid funds, Parliamentary activity—and are declared advocates of the participation of workingmen in the War Industries Committees, among which have been created groups of workingmen with an autonomous organization. The chief leaders of the Minimalists or Mensheviki are Plekhanoff, Burtseff, Deutsch, Alexinsky. Their organs created since the revolution are—at Petrograd, the Rabotchaia Gazeta (Workingmen's Journal), and the Edinstvo (Unity), edited by Plekhanoff; at Moscow, the Vpered (Forward!)

## —Mud and Men

MANY a memorial to Valor is first modelled in clay, but the Lancashire lads, about whom Phillips Gibbs cabled a tremendous tale to the New York Times, mired through mud which fouled them to the neck to reach a pinnacle of splendid achievement in the taking of Holtouist Wood, in Flanders—and, in the doing of the thing they accomplished, he says, something "as wonderful as anything the British have done." Floundering in a fog befouled with poison gas, they marched through a morass-pock (marked with shell holes and swilling in slime), gained their objective after eleven hours of herculean labor and then, with machine guns and rifles plugged with clay, they routed the Bosche from his dry-drained trenches and grabbed victory with their bare hands—and bayonets sheathed in mud and blood.

In telling of the toil of that march through a night as black and dreadful as any which has marked off the weary months in Flanders, and through mud which was never more foul—even in Flanders, Gibbs says:

"To those who know the craterland of battlefields and with light kit or no kit have gone stumbling through it, picking their way between shell holes in the day-light, taking hours to travel a mile or two, it might have seemed impossible that great bodies of troops could go forward in an assault over



such a country and win success in such conditions. That they did so is one more proof that the British troops have in them the heroic spirit which is above the normal laws of life. This battle seems to me as wonderful as anything the British have done since the Highlanders and the naval division captured Beaumont Hamel in the mud and fog. It was more wonderful even than that, because on a greater scale and in more foul weather.

"Only in the worst days of the Somme have I seen such figures. They were plastered from head to foot in wet mud, their hands and faces being covered with clay like the hands and faces of dead men.

"They had tied bits of sacking round their legs, and this was stuck on them with clots of mud. Their belts and tunics were covered with thick wet slime. They were soaked to the skin and their hair was stiff with clay.

"It was at dusk that this handful of men set out on the way up to the battle line, and it was only a few miles they had to go, but it took them eleven hours to go that distance, and they did not get to the journey's end until half an hour before they had to attack. . . . They had no food all that time. 'I would have given my left arm for a drop of hot drink,' said one of them. 'I was fair perished with the cold.'

"They went over to the attack, these troops who were cold and hungry and exhausted after a dreadful night, and they gained their objective and routed the enemy and sent back many prisoners.

"The brunt of the fighting fell in the centre upon the troops of the North Country, the hard, tough men of Lancashire and Yorkshire, and it was the Lancashires' day especially, because of these third-line territorial battalions of Manchesters and East Lancashires and the Lancashire Fusiliers, with other Lancashire comrades. There were some among them who went over the bags, as they call it, for the first time, and who fought in one of the hardest battles that has ever been faced by British troops.

"The night march of some of these men who went up to attack at dawn seems to me, who have written many records of brave acts during three years of war, one of the most heroic episodes in all this time. It was a march which in dry, fine weather, would have been done easily enough in less than three hours by men as good as these, but it took eleven hours for these Lancashire men to get up their support line; and then, worn out by fatigue that was physical pain, wet to the skin, cold as death, hungry and all clotted about with mud, they lay in the water of the shell holes for a little while until their officers said: 'Turn out, boys!' And they went forward through heavy fire and over the same kind of ground and fought the enemy with his machine guns and beat him—until they lay outside their last objective and kept off counterattacks by the few machine guns that still remained unlogged and the rifles that somehow they had kept dry. Nothing better than that has been done, and Lancashire should thrill to the tale of it, because her sons were its heroes."

### —Hitching Up Scrap

**A**LADDIN'S LAMP is a little thing, as far as magic goes, compared with the Oxy-Acetylene torch, which, according to the Scientific American, is making millions of dollars worth of new value out of the scrap-heaps of industrial plants. There are huge accumulations of damaged or worn machinery, tools, "short ends," etc., in the scrap heaps, and face to face with labor shortage, metal shortage, and the time factor, plant owners are calling upon the welder to reclaim these worn and damaged machines and broken tools and put them back to work earning profits.

For instance: A railroad company had a big accumulation of scrapped driving wheels for locomotives, most of which had cracked spokes. A saving of thousands of dollars resulted from the use of the welding process on these, without mentioning the increased train movement made possible by restoration of discarded engines to service.

A paper company was badly in need of metal cores for winding rolls of paper. Tube mills were far behind in their orders, and there was slim chance of getting any action in that direction. But out

of a three years' accumulation of broken and defective cores the welder reclaimed several carloads of good tubes by the simple process of cutting them into short perfect lengths and welding these together.

Still another railroad was on the point of tying up several hundred locomotives because of the impossibility of renewing defective boiler tubes. Digging into a five years' accumulation of junked tubes, however, brought forth more than enough salvageable pieces to put all the dead engines into commission. Under the hands of the oxy-acetylene welder it seems that metal almost takes on the character of the putty with which the sculptor does his preliminary work, and which can be shaved off and built up, joined and molded and worked in any desired fashion and as many times as may be convenient.

### —Spies on Great Lakes

**D**ISCLOSURES of the desperate and silent warfare on the Great Lakes between evil-doers of Germany and the might of the United States Navy, reveal an activity of which the details have hitherto been carefully concealed, says the New York Sunday Times.

Six hundred German spies and plotters have been seized in the Great Lakes district and thrown into Federal prisons. Eight American sailors have been killed. And throughout this long struggle the vaunted cleverness of the German Secret Service has been outdone at its own game.

Ninety ships of the navy have been coming and going in the desperate fight to thwart fiendish German plots, watching every foot of dock, waste shore, and bay, vanishing in the shadows of quays, patrolling the vital arteries of this all-important traffic night and day. On shore, all around them, hover a fringe of Secret Service men, watching pilots, studying engineers. They have found German reservists at the wheel. They have seized bands of smugglers here and there on the boundary lines easing draft evaders across the frontier into Canada. The business of aiding war-chosen civilians to escape service for a time promised to be highly lucrative, and the desperadoes joined with enemy sympathizers in running them across the "line" for so much a head. The Secret Service men tracked the largest of these agencies to its lair, "tipped" its next attempt to the patrol boats in the Detroit River, and when the next batch of traitors and slackers attempted to work its way across in the dead of night a motorboat with a frowning machine gun in the bow suddenly loomed across its bow and took the scoundrels back to jail.

Dynamite was found in cargoes. Sometimes it finds its way there in peace times—unexploded bits mingled with the ore, but it was encountered too frequently to be accounted for in this natural means.

A German reserve officer, disguised cleverly as a simple, trustworthy helmsman, was plucked from the wheel just before a big liner swung into a narrow channel, where a disastrous wreck would have created news most happy for Berlin.

Gradually the wiser of the steamboat men, the civilians in touch with the traffic, realized that something intense and silent was going on out on the lakes. Engineers and pilots, even ordinary deckhands of seeming sincerity, disappeared and subsequent events concerning them caused the officials to throw up their hands.

The Secret Service operatives who have done these deeds are navy men. They, like the thousands of sailors who appear from and disappear into the secrecy of the lakes, report to one man, Commander McMunn, the Assistant Commandant of the district.

The personality of Commander McMunn is undoubtedly responsible for much of the extraordinary success which the navy forces have had in thwarting the spies and their activities. When war was declared he was plain William N. McMunn, husband and father, and engineer, with offices in Chicago. He had served in the navy during the Spanish-American war. For years he had served in the Illinois Naval Reserve, leaving it in 1910 with the rank of Lieutenant Commander. No skipper was better known on the Great Lakes, and no skipper knew the Great Lakes better than did he. This much the Government knew in March, 1917.

It had a tremendous task ahead of it, and it with-

out further hesitation asked McMunn to take the job. Surrendering his highly lucrative professional work, he sat down the day after war was declared, to form the Great Lakes fleet. He had in his command, he found, three revenue cutters.

To man the ninety boats which he had gathered for the patrol duty the Captain had in short order a splendid body of men. The Naval Reserve supplied scores of highly intellectual officers and seamen. One of the ranking engineers is a Chicago society and business man with a personal fortune of \$4,000,000. The bos'n on one of the larger vessels was an Alderman in St. Louis when the call came. The stroke oar in the boat that bears the commander ashore when he slips to land to glean the reports of his secret service men was a half back on one of the Conference elevens last year. The lad who, from the quarter deck, wigwags instructions to that motor boat slipping along shore, was last winter a cotillon leader in Detroit society. The youngster carrying on board the mail that has waited long for the ship's return from one of her will-o'-the-wisp trips into the desert mystery of the lakes was shining shoes last January in the heart of Chicago's Loop.

### —On Messines Ridge

**H**ERE are some extracts from the tale of the taking of Hill 60 and the terrific battle of Messines Ridge, as set down by Hal O'Flaherty in Munsey's Magazine. To read the whole story of that tremendous exhibition of destructive power which began just before the dawn of the seventh day of June last is to realize something of the shape and terrible significance of the mighty machine that British military genius has built in three years for the single purpose of ridding the world for all time of the Thing which Germany let loose after forty years of preparation.

It is useless to go further back than the hour at which the attack began, or to tabulate the details of the prodigious, herculean tasks that made victory possible, says O'Flaherty. It is only necessary to say that after two years and a half of grueling underground labor, the British were prepared to create a series of vast upheavals along the nine-mile ridge on which stand the villages of Messines and Wytschaete, and from which the German guns had so long dominated the British positions in the Ypres salient.

Eighteen mines, some of them as deep and as carefully constructed as any coal mine in the United States, were burrowed into the bowels of the earth under the German lines. Their extreme caverns were loaded with ammonal, and at a given word an electric spark touched off the whole series of blasts. Man won another victory over nature.

Following up the great mine-explosions, which really constituted a new form of warfare to the waiting Germans, a still newer and more awful weapon of destruction came down upon them. It was boiling oil.

The German soldiers who had escaped death in the explosions and among the bursting gas-shells looked in wide-eyed terror at the effects. Turning from such sights, they watched a solid wall of giant shells creep toward them in the form of a barrage. The churning earth was dry, and each shell sent up its cloud of dust and fumes; but through the metal wall, those waiting Germans could catch glimpses of England's army moving forward behind the curtain of death.

Next, as if enough had not been done to overawe any living thing, the British "tanks" came snorting and rumbling forward, stopping from time to time to belch forth a broadside of projectiles. There were among them new machines of greater speed and more terrible ability to kill. They walked over the remains of trenches and into the thick of the fighting, undeterred by volleys of small shot.

Beginning far underground, the battle ran its course gradually upward through the sunken dug-outs, the trenches, finally to the open ground behind; and then came the rain of destruction from the air.

Bewildered German gun-crews, attempting to follow out previous instructions, stuck to their posts after the mine-explosions and continued to fire at random upon an unseen enemy. But their work was short-lived. The roar of scores of motors ripped the air . . . as the flying men came into action.



## WHAT HAPPENED TO HOAG

(Continued from page 12.)

Her door was open. A low cannel-coal fire in the basket of the fire-place flickered over the Persian rug.

He wandered in, taking off his hat—as though she were there. The room smelled of roses with faint traces of perfume. Hoag felt the seductive sensations of that room, where the cleverest woman he knew did the work of the man whose great office opened off it by a heavy polished door.

He stood in it gloomily. Inside that door began the world from which by his temperament he was debarred; the world of energy and direction, of business politics and creative brain power personalized in Henry Markham; of sex-magic as impersonated in Helen Munro. Outside her door was the plain democracy of commoner people who did as they were told and who were now to be geared up to a system.

Hoag stood before the low fire and speculated upon the difference between Elsie Carnovan and Helen Munro. What? Both were women of quick brain, high sensibility, love of the beautiful, tenderness, efficiency. Because one was a better, perhaps more of an animal than the other—there was the capricious preferment of nature who had played much the same trick with himself and Henry Markham.

In that room Hoag was as he had supposed—alone, with nothing but the almost visualized phantom of Helen Munro.

He was a dreamer of dreams.

As with half-closed eyes he paced a bit before the fire, the phantom of the woman resolved itself into something he could see; that moved as he moved, and stopped when he did; a vast, sombre and half-idle thing that seemed too big for either wall or ceiling and grotesquely diffused itself over the spaces of both.

He knew it was his own shadow. The sputter of the cannel coal fire seemed to be its voice.

Never since he became a man had he been so conscious of the immensity and mobility and phantom realism of his own shadow. Never since he was a lad, the day when first he became sensible of this other self that ran with him and grew shorter and longer, and in the darkness or on cloudy days vanished altogether. This man shadow of his was a giant. It seemed to fill the room. It made his own physical self feel like a mere whiff in comparison. When he put on his hat the shadow hoisted a huge chapeau clean from the floor, down the entire length of the room and up the wall on to the ceiling.

Hoag went softly out—with a low whistle.

## VII.

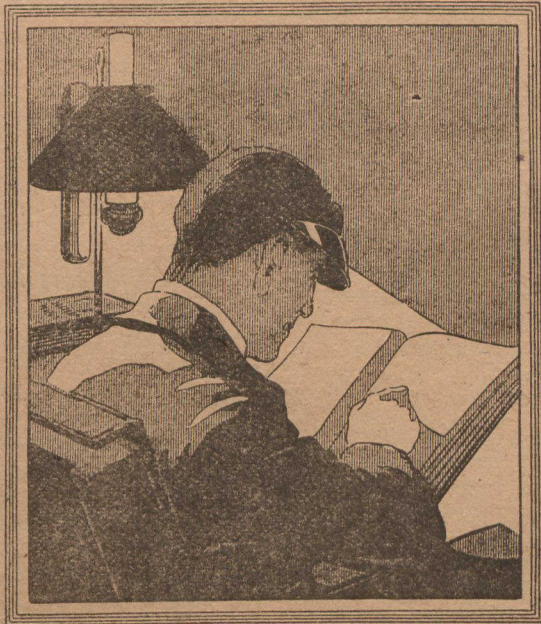
HOAG'S landlady, Mrs. Bartop, stout and amiable, never could make head or tail of his books. Every time she came at them she decided that they were queerer than any student's books she had ever dusted. Many of them were old and dingy; some as new as a morning paper;



big and little, all colors, cloth, leather, paper—with a whole stack of bookettes and transactions of some strange society of research.

"Gloria Mundi!" she said. "As far as I can see, it's psycho this and patho that, or sopho something else. I declare they're more of a mystery than himself is—and that's a deal."

So far as she knew he belonged to no society, never had a doctor, disbelieved in osteopathy, Christian Science, chiropractics, faith cure or patent medicines; yet somehow with a half-sort of occasional belief in the whole lot of them. He had such a queer way of reasoning her, for in-



stance, out of her own belief in some pet hereditary ailment. The church he went to most had no place in her notions of getting to heaven, and she was surprised that Mr. Hoag was orthodox enough to have a real love for such old tunes as Antioch, Coronation and Duke Street. Of course Mrs. Bartop would have married him off to somebody more than once if he had shown any human interest in girls, and if she hadn't wanted to keep him in that top back room, where he did such stacks of midnight reading, always with a student's lamp and a green-shade over his eyes—and such a quiet creaky way of footpadding about after all the others had gone to bed.

"Dessay he knows everything in them books backwards," she concluded. "I'm glad I don't. Seems to me he'll have a terrible time giving a reason for the faith that's in 'im when it comes to the last trump. Psycho, patho, sopho, fiddlesticks, tweedledumdee! Now he's gone and got a secret sorrow or something and won't say boo about it to me. Oh! I'll wager he's in love."

But Mrs. Bartop butted her head on a stone wall when she tried to ravel out who or what manner of woman might be the cause of it. And Hoag went on letting her.

## VIII.

IN fact Hoag had got on track of something that seduced him quite as violently as an iron mine did his boss, or the latest opera did Helen Munro; he had no more to do with sexopathy or any of those uncomfortable smart-talk topics, than with astronomy; indeed, hardly as much. The night after he had begun to study his shadow in Helen Munro's office he began up in his own room to pry into these books. Till he dug out one labelled *Psychic Presentments*—one that Mrs. Bartop had often quizzed at, wondering if it had anything to do with premonitions and "all those sort of things," and never finding one iota of plain sense in it from cover to lid.

Hoag knew that book very well. About midnight he found himself re-reading a chapter which, when he first came across it, he had read somewhat carelessly. And this was what he read, line by line, in the light of what had entered his mind that evening in the office:

One of our earliest and most authentic adumbrations of the spirit-element in a person comes from the human shadow, which is the form and movement of the body without its substance or weight. One of the most curious properties of the shadow is its power to become intense or rarefied according to the light, and its power to bend and contract and expand according to the height from which the light comes, the height or the breadth of the wall. The flickering shadows from a low fire are in this respect curiously spiritual suggestions. They give the quality of spirit-phenomena. A man may make a companion, almost a confidante, of a fireside shadow. It becomes almost his other self, yet without parts or passions or limitations of space, and with tremendous arc and velocity of movement.

From the study of the shadow it is an easy transition to the recent phenomena of the cinematograph. A moving shadow thrown upon a screen is in a crude way the essence of a moving picture. This comparison is made because both the shadow of the fireside and the figure that moves with all its lifelike lineaments upon a screen are intimations to us that we have in our bodies the actual presence of a phantom which under certain conditions becomes our other self. In fact, under conditions of mind transcendence, this phantom becomes the real self, dominating the body, determining the conduct and measuring the power which as individuals we have over our environment.

## IX.

WHEN Hoag made this quiet discovery he forthwith proceeded to make such a noise in his room that half the other lodgers roused at one a.m. and Mrs. Bartop, clad in a dressing-gown, came cavorting up to his door with a candle, and the remnant of a dream.

"Mr. Hoag, Mr. Hoag! I'll phone for the doctor. You're surely ill this time, and no mistake. You poor man! Is it a falling fit or it is psycho, patho or sopho that's—"

The door swung open. Hoag, as erect as a drum-major, regarded her with a most disarming smile.

"Sorry, Madam. I have disturbed you. Do not forgive me. I really don't need it."

He had in his hand a book.

She peered with the candle to see the title.

"Bless us all!" said she. "I twigged it was one of them psychics. The Lord save ye, but I never knew anybody in this house to be so worked up over a book except one man that got saved by reading his Bible."

Suddenly Hoag realized that he was ridiculous. He backed away very solemnly and put the book back in its niche. He regretted that Mrs. Bartop had found it necessary to thumb over his books. Yet he knew he had within him a burning desire to tell somebody—no, not Mrs. Bartop—the ecstasy he had in discovering that he had come to the same personal conclusion about a phenomenon that somebody else had done by a more or less scientific method. He turned down the lamp. Mrs. Bartop held up her candle.

(Continued on page 24.)





# DOWN *with* DEMOCRACY at HOME!

**A** CLEARER view of the situation in Italy should dispel many of the forebodings evoked by the early bulletins of misfortune. It is true that Italy is no longer fighting on the soil of her enemies. On the contrary her own territory is invaded, and she is fighting defensively instead of offensively. She has lost heavily in men and guns, although we may believe with some confidence that in this respect the German bulletins have exaggerated. Austria has doubtless been encouraged to continue her nominal participation in the war, and Germany herself has been enabled to indulge in a renewed spasm of hope. A twist has been given to the war situation as a whole, and we may suppose that neutral nations, and the pacifists of all nations, have been properly impressed with this new evidence of German vigor and resourcefulness.

But if we put on one side the blandishments that will have no effect, and the terror that does not exist, and look directly at the military facts, we shall find that there is no present cause for dismay, and still less for the expectation that Italy will be bludgeoned out of the war. We know now that the Italian armies retreated in good order, and that Cadorna was able to extricate his third army on his right flank from a position that for a time was perilous in the extreme. The latest reports show that the Italians made some tentative effort to defend the western bank of the Tagliamento, but that Teuton pressure compelled them to abandon these lines and to move backward still farther toward the Piava River. The Teutons have crossed the Tagliamento and are in pursuit, but the Italian army is in good order, its morale is unbroken, and it is proceeding to meet its reinforcements from France and England. The threat of a Teuton invasion from the north remains, and we need not doubt that such an invasion will be attempted from the Trentino. If it should succeed—and it ought not to succeed, seeing that it has often failed before—the situation of the Italians would be much worsened. But in the meantime it may be said that the renewed retreat of Cadorna's forces does not imply any additional misfortune. So far, it means no more than a deliberated change of ground.

From the purely military point of view it does not seem that Germany has advantaged herself in the least from this latest parade on the Isonzo. Indeed, we may doubt if she actually had any purely military advantage in view. If she could compel Italy to sue for peace she could of course put her armies in Italy to effective use elsewhere, but her hopes could hardly have risen quite so high as this. The reputation of the Italians is not of that kind. She did not expect that Italy would sue for peace, but she did expect that she could goad Italy into revolution. For months past we have been reading of discontent among the Italian people, and of the severe priva-

## *Hoist the Red Flag Abroad, get Italy to Revolt Along With Russia*

**T**HIS is the plain policy of the Kaiser, but it's only the same stage play that has won successes on all the weak spots in the ring around the Central Empires. Like a rat in a trap he is running around in the desperate hope that somewhere he can squeeze through.

By SIDNEY CORYN

tions to which the poorer classes were subjected. These stories probably originated in German publicity bureaus. Certainly they were promulgated through these agencies. We may attribute to the same source the current reports that the French army has been "bled white," and can do no more than hold on until the arrival of a sufficient American force. German agencies have not only circulated stories of an imminent Italian revolution, but they have done their best to secure the fulfilment of their own prediction. Italy has been flooded with revolutionary literature, and permeated by revolutionary advocates, and the special pleaders for a sentimental pacifism. If revolution could paralyze the Russian armies, why might it not do the same in Italy? Germany believed that Italy would go the way of Russia, and that an Italian defeat would supply the necessary impetus. Now an Italian revolution would not necessarily liberate the German army that had provoked it, at least not for a long time, but none the less the spectacle of Russia and Italy, torn by revolution and impotent from internal discords, would be a most impressive one. No better basis could be found for the peace offer that should be redolent of the magnanimity so becoming to a conqueror.

But there are fundamental differences between Italians and Russians. The level of education is immeasurably higher in Italy than it is in Russia. Italy is not to be tempted by the lure of democracy, seeing that she already possesses it in no small measure. Moreover Italy has behind her a great and glowing tradition of liberty, and therefore of hatred of Austria and all her works. That Italy could be forced by hunger to ask peace of Austria, to submit to Austrian domination, to facilitate Austrian ambitions by disaffection or rebellion, is as unthinkable as that the sun should move eastward. That German efforts to corrode the Italian character were not wholly fruitless may be true enough. The Italian cabinet fell with the first news of reverses, and there were stories of willing retreat on the part of some small portions of the army on the Isonzo. But there was nothing like revolution. Quite the contrary. We are told now of a new national solidarity, of an unprecedented enthusiasm for the war, and of innumerable volunteers for military service. Political discords have disappeared, and there is an unbroken resolution to repel the invader and to defend the country. It is precisely what might have been expected from patriotism and intelligence. That Germany expected to break the national spirit by an invasion of the national territory, and a blow at the national sovereignty, is in full keeping with that obliquity of political vision that has done more injury to the German cause than the innumerable defeats of her armies in the field.

**T**HERE were, of course, other prospective advantages that tempted Germany to launch her blow against Italy. It was absolutely necessary to stimulate the waning hopes of her people at home. It was no less necessary to strengthen the hands of the Junkers in their struggle against democracy. And it was highly desirable to provide some spectacle that should divert the attention of the public from the general military situation in the west, and from the retreat that had already become inevitable, and that has just been accomplished. To explain the retreat from the Aisne as one more example of an astute strategy would be comparatively easy so long as it was possible to show that German arms elsewhere were still invincible. The spectacle of a conquering army sweeping over the plains of Italy would so dazzle the eyes as to obliterate the far more significant fact that German forces had been literally blasted from the positions that they had held ever since the battle of the Marne. That the German army in Italy had practically interned itself, and was likely to become a liability instead of an asset, would naturally not be apparent to minds unused to move without official direction. Germany hoped to win a great moral advantage by forcing Italy into revolution, and she finds instead that she must now win a military advantage, or else accept a situation that leaves her much worse off than she was before. It is, of course, within the bounds of possibility that she will crush the Italian armies but it is not probable. And her failure to crush the Italian armies will in itself be a reverse of the first magnitude. Germany has shown by her furious assault upon Italy that she has been outfought in the west, where a German victory would outweigh all possible successes elsewhere. Like a rat in a trap, she is running around in the desperate hope that somewhere she can squeeze through the bars.

Because the western field is so vastly more important than the Italian we may attribute a special significance to the French success on the Chemin des Dames, and the retreat of the German forces to the north bank of the Ailette River. The gain is a small one, measured by the yardstick. Strategically, it is a large gain. It means that the Germans have been forced from a strip of ground selected by themselves as the scene of long-continued and furious

(Concluded on page 22.)





**OLD CHUM  
TOBACCO**

is the "chum" of more pipe  
smokers, than any other  
tobacco smoked  
in Canada

**EVERYBODY SMOKES  
"OLD CHUM"**





# A STITCH IN TIME

By MARK KETTS

CANADA is Wearing War Clothes. And the way war goes the Clothes get Torn in the scrimmage. A stitch of yours or mine looking like \$50 or any multiple thereof may be the Stitch that Saves the Clothes.

## BUY CANADIAN VICTORY BONDS



CANADA'S VICTORY LOAN  
1917

CANADA'S VICTORY LOAN  
1917

SOMEbody has said, "It is the last dollar which will win the war." Who? I cannot remember, for so many people are saying so many things these days that it is impossible to remember who says what. This I know: at the time the phrase did not grip as meaning me and my dollar. It did not strike home; did not stir within me the feeling that giving my little all might mean winning the war, and withholding might mean—but we must not even think of losing the war. In a sort of way, I realized that it might mean your dollar, or somebody else's—everybody's except my own.

When Sir Thomas White announced his intention of asking the people of Canada for \$150 million, or several hundred million dollars, it did not seem possible that my pittance would be missed.

Of course, I believed in the safety of the investment, in the profit of the investment, in the virtue of the in-

tion to the Victory Loan. What did one—that one being me—mean in eight millions?

Thus I reasoned, and at each stage felt more my insignificance. It is surprising how insignificant you can make yourself feel if you really try. You can even sink into nothingness as you did in your dreams that night after a lobster dinner, shrinking and shrinking into a mannikin, and finally disappearing at the point of a pin.

With a realization of insignificance, came a lessening of responsibility. No, my last dollar would not count in winning the war. So I reasoned.

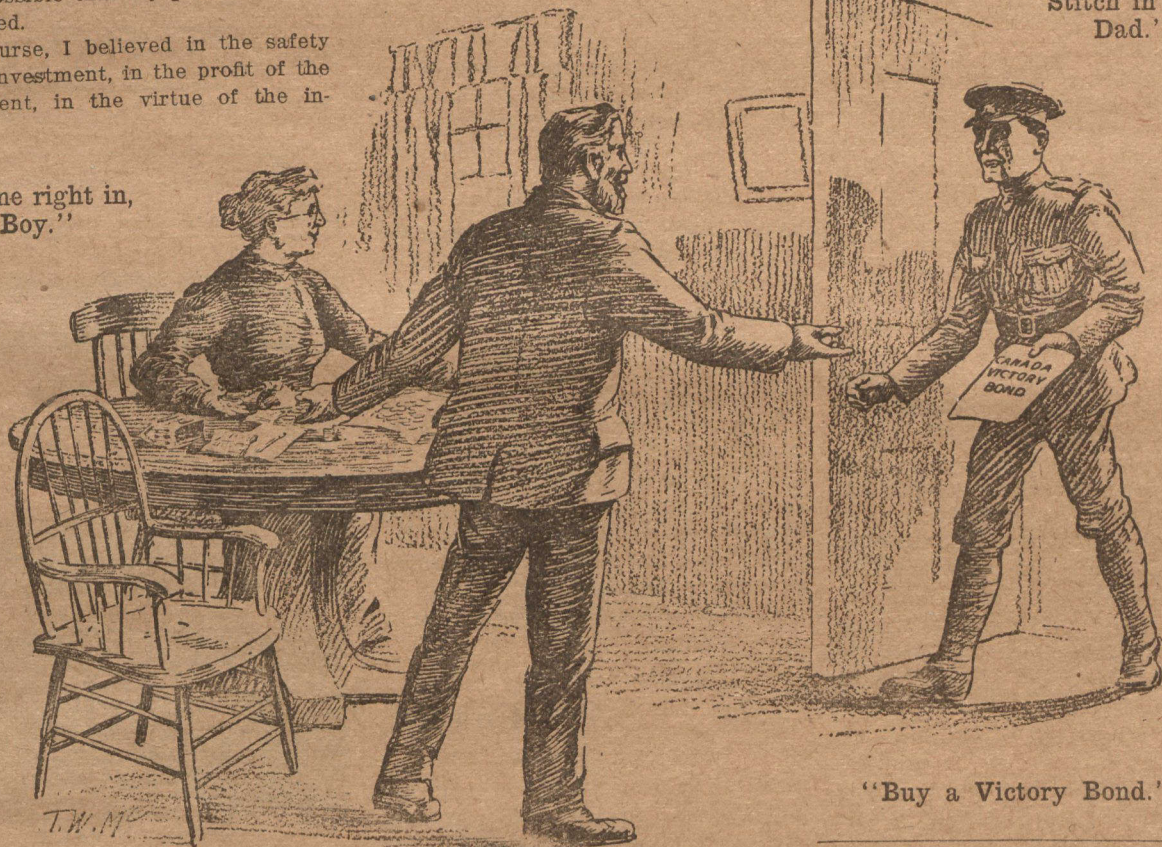
And yet "a stitch in time saves nine." And what is smaller than a stitch—and what is sometimes more embarrassing than a rip of nine? But it is a war garment our country wears, subject to stress and strain as never

and mine. For the commander of the Victory Loan Brigade has said that each must put his available all into Victory Bonds.

Maybe you were born a hardshell Grit—I was—and didn't like Sir Thomas White's opposition to Reciprocity—I didn't—but that is no reason why you and I should not accept his dictum in the matter of the Victory Loan. It is not even a fractionally decent subterfuge. These are war times; Canada's money is being mobilized for Canada's safety, and Sir Thomas White is the O. C. of the Victory Loan Brigade. We have simply got to trust Sir Thomas White's leadership.

Suppose Tommy Atkins refused to

"Come right in, Boy."



"Stitch in Time, Dad."

"Buy a Victory Bond."

vestment, but there are so many waiting spots for money these days—at least for mine. The little I had would not count. The loan would be subscribed for; these things are always subscribed for. Who notices the last drop that doesn't go into the bucket? So I reasoned.

As I wormed my way through the Yonge Street crowds of tall and short men and women, fat and thin men and women, the seemingly endless, congested stream of all kinds of men and women, I could even visualize the subscribers and more and more realized my own insignificance. And in the cities and towns of the Canada that stretches from the Pacific to the Atlantic, were more crowds—eight million people in all, and upon them rested the responsibility for subscrip-

before.

In Cadorna's great retreat, somewhere there was a man who first gave way—a stitch that ripped—a first man who did not stand up to fire, just one in the army of more than a million, and then another and another, until Cadorna's huge forces yielded before the oncoming Huns.

A stitch in war times saves 999—and more. It may save all the stitches in the garment. Without me the 8 million Canadians are only 7,999,999, and without you the country is one short. It is surprising how important you can make yourself feel if you really try. But with this realization of our true importance in the country's organization must come a realization of our true responsibilities—our personal responsibilities, yours

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Our Bonds offer the small investor an opportunity to invest his money profitably and without risk. We issue them in sums of One Hundred Dollars and upwards. The Corporation was established in 1855, and the accumulated experience of more than sixty years is brought to bear upon the selection of the securities in which the Bondholders' and Shareholders' moneys are invested. These Bonds are by law an

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Total Assets - - \$121,103,558

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Don't lose an afternoon drying your hair  
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Take the chill out of the air with this Electric Heater  
This Model is \$7.50  
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This Water Heater Boils a Pint of Water in Two Minutes, \$4.50 Each  
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**Make Ironing Easy**  
With Our "Kilobeam" or "Colonia" Electric Iron  
Write for the Detailed Booklet \$8.00  
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obey orders because Sir Douglas Haig was once a Tory and a distiller—or for several other objections which Mr. Atkins might easily have against Sir Douglas Haig!

Maybe you are only a private in the civilian ranks of Canada—as I am—a stitch in the garment of Canada, the waistcoat of the Allies; but you and I together make two privates, who must obey the call, two stitches that must hold, no matter the strain, **MUST HOLD**, for Canada is at war.

## Down With Democracy at Home

(Concluded from page 20.)

assaults upon the French position. It means that the angle of the north-south and west-east positions of the German army has once more been crushed in, as it was crushed in at Noyon. It means a further loosening of the hinge between the new Hindenburg line and the old established line to the eastward. And it means a threat to Laon, which is now only eight miles distant, and which may be regarded as seriously menaced. And since the Germans themselves attach so much importance to moral effects, we may ask ourselves what must be the moral effect of this abandonment of a position for which the Germans have fought steadily for months, and with a determination only equalled by their attacks upon Verdun?

The German retirement was the direct result of the French success of two weeks ago. As has been said, the scene of that success was the angle formed by the north-south and the west-east lines. The ground attacked was a sort of roughly formed oblong, six miles long and about three miles deep. To the north was the Ailette River and the Oise Canal, and therefore, the Germans had the river to their rear. The French in their advance captured the fortress of Malmaison and the village of Chavignon, and this brought the German lines close to the river and compelled them either to await another attack that would compel them to cross the river under direct pressure, or to make a voluntary retirement under such secrecy as they could command. They chose the latter alternative, with the result that they have now withdrawn from the Chemin des Dames over a front of fifteen miles, and have entrenched themselves on the northern bank of the River Ailette. As a matter of fact they can hardly be said to have had any choice in the matter, since it would have been fatal to fight a battle with the river immediately behind them. They have, of course, much improved their position as a result of their retreat, since they now have the river between them and their enemies. None the less they have given us another demonstration of the now incontestable fact that an Allied attack on the western front means an Allied victory, and that the Germans are no longer able to resist the perfected war machine of the French and the British.

The German retreat will not be confined to a strip of territory on the Ailette River. The whole of their western line is visibly caving in. There is not a section of that line that has not now been the scene of a German defeat, with the exception of the Hindenburg line, that has not been under attack except at its two

extremities. At the northern end of the front we see a constant succession of British advances that have now taken the place of the colossal German efforts to break through to Calais, efforts that ended in ruinous failures. The great battle of the Somme, that lasted continuously for six months, culminated in the German retreat from the Noyon angle, and the battle of the Somme, with its daily extension of reconquered territory, bore a marked resemblance to the present fighting area in Flanders. The siege of Verdun is now a matter of history, an ended page of history, but we have yet to realize the amazing significance of the fact that the French took back in the course of a few days the whole of the territory wrested from them during the many months of the siege. Verdun was followed by the sustained battle for the Chemin des Dames, a battle as sanguinary and as obstinate as any battle that has ever been fought, and now once more we see a German retirement, with the extraordinary German boast that a retirement was actually found to be possible. One is tempted to wonder what hope can remain to the German commanders, who certainly can not write bulletins that will deceive themselves—at least one would suppose not—and who must be well aware that it is not within their power to strengthen their western lines, or to stem the torrent, that moves onward irresistibly to their ruin. They can not continue indefinitely to hold the line running westward from Verdun. Their reverse on the Ailette was the hand writing on the wall for this whole section. They can not hold their lines in Flanders, and their retreat here, too, is imminent. The Hindenburg line is quaking under the blows directed upon its two extremities. No wonder they should snatch desperately at the chance to win a victory in Italy, just as they snatched at a chance to win a victory at Riga, and before that in Roumania. They were victories that led nowhere, and that had no results, certainly no results in loosening the python hold of the French and the British in the west. They were not intended to produce a military decision, and the war in Italy is not intended to produce a military decision.

## John Finerty—Coward

(Continued from page 9.)

curse on th' devil that's in me. An' ye called me coward." He laughed—the laugh Brady had heard. "Yeh didn't know me. Yeh didn't know me. I could ha' killed th' crowd of yeh with m' naked hands! Yes, I was afraid. Afraid of m' stren'th and th' devil. I tried to fight it back. Yeh'll never know how I tried. But to-night, when I tasted the blood on m' cheek an' the sting of pain, th' devil rose in my throat and choked me—choked me. An' so—an so—" His eyes returned, as if fascinated, to the figures on the floor. His face whitened beneath the blood smears. "I thought I'd had a lesson," he whispered, his eyes wide and staring. He was talking to himself. "Once an enemy of mine called me a liar and struck me in the face. An' with m' naked hands I broke his spine an' twisted him into a tangle of knots. Yes, Gawd help me, I did that. But I'm no murderer, fr he lived an' I tried to square it. I've tried to square it—" Finerty suddenly put

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**National Directory**



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his battered face in his big hands and commenced to sob as only a strong man can sob.

"He means th' twisted man he's supportin'," whispered Craig.

The men looked at each other, and then Brown slowly arose and, going over, laid a hand on Finerty's heaving shoulder.

"Yeh only done yer duty to-night, Jawn," he said. "It was your life or theirs. An' yeh mixed in where every cop in this precinct would have been afraid to go. It's all right, Jawn!"

Plimmer, one eye completely closed, was sitting on the remains of a chair. His unharmed eye was fastened in fascination on what had once been the negro murderer, Williams.

"And I called 'im a coward," he was saying dreamily to himself. "And I was going to bingle 'is 'ead. Ho, yuss, I was going to bingle 'is bloomin' 'ead—me!"

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IN a simple, straightforward story, Mr. Garland tells of his own life, beginning at the close of the Civil War with his father's return to the mother and his three little children. With courage and perseverance this American pioneer endured privations and faced danger. The author pictures the family celebrations, and shows just what characteristics went into the making of his individuality. The narrative contains too little life and inspiration to warrant its length, for this life is much like many other lives. But the author's earnestness is very evident; and the fact that this is a human document renders it deserving of thoughtful readers' attention—The Macmillan Co.; \$1.50.

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**"ON THE EDGE OF THE WAR ZONE."** By Mildred Aldrich.

A WONDERFUL portrayal of France under the stress of war is this new book by Mildred Aldrich. Although war books are legion, this one is perhaps unique in that it distills for the reader the whole spirit of a nation during three years of war. The book comprises letters written by the author, in her quaint old French country-house near Paris, to a friend in America, during the period from September, 1914, to April, 1917, ending on a note of triumph at the final entry of the United States into the conflict. The book is charming in its style, and can be opened at any page and read with real enjoyment.—Mason Book Co.; \$1.25.

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(Concluded on page 24.)





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is based upon the sound psychological fact that sympathy is not pity; that out of love and understanding—and out of nothing else in the world—do human beings raise their hurt comrades from pain and defeat to human sanity and triumph. It is this theme which lifts the book from the conventionality of the incident to a place among novels that are not only readable, but worth reading.—S. B. Gundy; \$1.35.

## Sherlock Holmes Returns

"HIS LAST BOW." By Conan Doyle.

THE tale which names this latest account of the adventures of the famous detective, Sherlock Holmes, is perhaps the most interesting, dealing as it does with the foiling of the machinations of German spies in England. For some time before the war broke out the popular detective had been in retirement in his little cottage near Eastbourne, and had decided never to emerge from it. But he is a patriot; and when called to great service, he could but obey.

Our old friend, Dr. Watson, mystified, loyal and indefatigable as ever, appears in all the adventures, some of which go far back to the old days in Baker Street. One of the strangest of these is "The Adventure of the Dying Detective," showing a more than usually curious expedient used by the great Sherlock to detect his criminal.

No one hesitates to hope that after all this will not be the "last bow" of our old favorite; but that he will continue to help us win the war by the aid of his remarkable brain.—Hodder & Stoughton; \$1.35.

## What Happened to Hoag

(Continued from page 19.)

"Man alive!" she mumbled. "Ye're for all this world and half the next like a human ghost. I never knew ye were so near transparent before."

"Madam," he said, with the voice of a prophet, "I perceive that you are not transparent. In fact, you are very substantial, if not quite thick. Nevertheless, as you appear to me now with that candle at your head you are in all respects a phantom and not a human body."

"Whisht!" she whistled. "Hoity-toity man!"

"Please go to bed, Mrs. Bartop. I shan't disturb you again. I am not crazy and I am not a ghost. I am quite well aware that no man could easily weigh less on the scales at my height than I do and still go about his labors. But I assure you I am not ill, that I never felt less sensation of fatigue. In fact I feel quite—"

He stepped to the door to close her out.

"Quite buoyant, Madam. And I wish you pleasant dreams."

Spookily attracted at that weird hour by the uncanny words and manner of this man, she was about to tell him the outlines of the dream from which she had arisen to come to his door. But he prevented her.

"Mrs. Bartop, life is properly all a dream, and we are all shadows of something which we call fate. Good-morning!"

(Continued next week.)

## THE NATIONAL DIRECTORY OF STANDARD PRODUCTS---Continued

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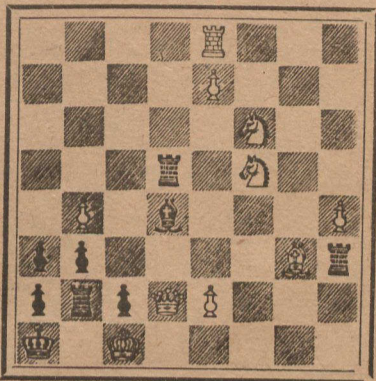


# CHESS

Conducted by MALCOLM SIM

PROBLEM NO. 163, by N. C. C. Lose, 1901.

Black.—Eight Pieces.



White.—Eleven Pieces.

White to play and self-mate in three.

### SOLUTIONS.

Problem No. 161, by V. Cisar.

1. B-Ktsq, Kt-B3; 2. Q-Kt3, K-Q4; 3. Kt-B6 mate.
1. ...., Kt-R3; 2. Kt-K5, KxKt; 3. Q-Q4 mate.
1. ...., P-B6; 2. Q-Kt2ch, K-Q6; 3. Kt-K5 mate.
1. ...., P-Q3; 2. Q-K3ch; K-Q4; 3. Q-B3 mate.
1. ...., K-Q4; 2. Kt-B6ch, K-Q3; 3. Q-B5 mate.
1. ...., K-Q6; 2. Kt-K5ch, K-B6; 3. Q-Kt2 mate.

A marvelous piece of work. Correct solutions of Problems 159 and 160 were received with much appreciation from Mr. John McGregor, Tamworth.

### To Correspondents.

(J. E. L.) Orangeville.—A good book of openings for reference is "Freeborough's Openings," \$2 plus postage. Would recommend you to subscribe to the "British Chess Magazine," 15 Elmwood Lane, Leeds, Eng, \$2 per year. Get the book from American Chess Co., 150 Nassau St., New York.

(W. K. M.) Ridgeway.—Many thanks for interesting letter. Am in the Dud class at checkers!

### CHESS IN TORONTO.

The following game, which has some interesting features was played some few years back at the Toronto Chess Club, we believe, in one of the City Championship Tournaments:

### Irregular King's Kt. Opening.

- |                 |                   |
|-----------------|-------------------|
| White.          | Black.            |
| C. H. Meader.   | E. B. Freeland.   |
| 1. P-K4         | 1. P-K4           |
| 2. K6-KB3       | 2. Kt-QB3         |
| 3. B-B4         | 3. Kt-Q5 (a)      |
| 4. KtxP         | 4. Q-Kt4          |
| 5. Bxpch (b)    | 5. K-Qsq (c)      |
| 6. Kt-Kt4       | 6. Kt-R3          |
| 7. P-QB3 (d)    | 7. Kt-B7ch (e)    |
| 8. QxKt         | 8. QxKt           |
| 9. B-Q5 (f)     | 9. QxKtP          |
| 10. R-Bsq       | 10. ...-Kt5       |
| 11. P-Q4 (g)    | 11. KtxRP         |
| 12. B-QB4       | 12. P-Q4 (h)      |
| 13. B-K2 (i)    | 13. B-KR6 (j)     |
| 14. Q-Q3        | 14. Pxp (k)       |
| 15. Q-Kt5 (l)   | 15. KtxR          |
| 16. B-Kt5ch     | 16. B-K2          |
| 17. Q-Q5ch      | 17. B-Q2 (m)      |
| 18. BxBch       | 18. KxB           |
| 19. BxKt        | 19. Q-Kt3         |
| 20. Kt-Q2       | 20. KR-Ksq        |
| 21. Castles (n) | 21. P-B3          |
| 22. Q-QB5ch (o) | 22. Q-Q3          |
| 23. Q-KKt5ch    | 23. K-Bsq         |
| 24. B-B4        | 24. Q-K2          |
| 25. Q-Kt3       | 25. P-QKt4        |
| 26. B-Kt3       | 26. P-QR4         |
| 27. P-R3        | 27. B-K3          |
| 28. Q-B4ch      | 28. Q-B3 (p)      |
| 29. Q-Q6ch      | 29. K-Ktsq        |
| 30. P-Q5        | 30. Bxp           |
| 31. BxBch       | 31. PxB           |
| 32. Qxpch       | 32. Q-K3          |
| 33. QxKtP       | 33. P-K6!         |
| 34. Pxp         | 34. Qxp           |
| 35. Q-B4ch      | 35. K-Rsq         |
| 36. Q-KKt4 (q)  | 36. QR-Qsq        |
| 37. Q-Kt2       | 37. R-KBsq        |
| 38. Q-R2        | 38. R-B7          |
| 39. Q-B7        | 39. R(B7)xKt      |
| 40. RxR         | 40. QxRch         |
| 41. K-Ktsq      | 41. Q-Q8ch        |
| 42. K-R2        | 42. P-R5 and wins |

- (a) A useless sacrifice of a Pawn.  
 (b) This also is not good. Kt-Kt4 at once should have been played.  
 (c) This, in lieu of K-K2, together with Black's next move, is very ingeniously played.

(Concluded on page 26.)

Lecturer—"Of course, you all know what the inside of a corpuscle is like?"

Chairman of meeting—"Most of us do, but ye had better explain it for the benefit of them as have never been inside one."

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# A D A G I O S in R A G T I M E

**C**ATEGORICALLY speaking—America is the only great nation that has not produced a national music. The old nations have used up all their raw material of folk songs, etc., in making the works known as Symphony, Sonata & Co.. America has a folk-song motif in the shape of ragtime rhythm never yet exploited by serious musicians. Therefore Ragtime must be the Music of the Future . . . . . But how will ragtime act when it comes to the sad element? Are we to have ragtime adagios and syn-copated andantes? Oh heavens!

## S O S A Y S T H E M U S I C E D I T O R

**M**R. ORNSTEIN will please take notice; likewise Mr. Schoenberg, Mr. Strauss, Mr. Debussy, Mr. Montezzi, Mr. Gretchaminoff, Mr. Elgar, and Mr. Canadian Composer—hereafter none of them will be looked to for the music of the future: at least not in America. No, says Mr. Hiram Moderwell and Carl Van Vechten, as quoted in the November issue of Current Opinion, the great American composer will follow the prophets, he will follow the trail blazed by Irving Berlin, Jerome Kern and Lou Hirsch; he will learn his musical languages not in Paris or Berlin, but on Broadway; he will get his inspiration not in the Metropolitan Opera House, but in vaudeville shows and cabarets.

These writers assert that our "serious-minded" composers, writing in essentially the same style evolved by the composers of France, Germany, or Italy, using the forms perfected by the masters of those countries, and adding nothing essentially new or distinctive beyond their own limited individuality, are not creating, but merely rearranging the thoughts of others. They are therefore not building an American art, but weakly imitating a foreign one. The writers' contention is, in substance, that "imitative art can never be great art," that in all nations those composers who have achieved greatness have drawn their inspiration from the soil or from the hearts of the people, and have thus reflected in art as in everything else racial qualities which lend their work distinction. Even our imitative musicians admit that the one distinctive element which America has contributed to music is the so-called "ragtime." Ragtime, therefore, should be the basis, or at least one of the chief ingredients, of our national music. Indeed, ragtime, its champions say, reflects the soul of the American people. The "soil" of America is the pavement of its bustling cities; its "folk" is not the sluggish peasant but the nervous "hustler" of New York, Chicago or San Francisco.

It will be objected by musicians that ragtime is only a rhythm—not music, but only one element of music. Technically it is known as "syncopation." You cannot found a school of music on syncopation.

The matter is not so easily dismissed. Mr. Van Vechten points out that Beethoven's Seventh Symphony is largely based on a syncopated rhythm, and Schumann wrote hardly a piece without syncopation. He might have added that syncopation is the most distinctive factor in Scotch folk-music, one of the oldest musical traditions in the world. But ragtime is a different syncopation. It is not easily explained. Louis Hirsch tried to describe its peculiarity by saying that its "melody and harmony are syncopated differently."

The fact is that ragtime is more than a mere rhythm. The rhythm is the creation of the American negro, who brought it with him from Africa; but the "ragtime" of to-day is of recent growth and it is not peculiar to the blacks. This "apotheosis of syncopation," as Mr. Van Vechten calls it, is only the crude basis of the thing. The spirit of it, the exuberance, the nervousness, the irresist-

ible urge, are the reflection of a national character. It is irresistible because it is genuine.

Mr. Moderwell, in an article entitled "A Modest Proposal," published in The Seven Arts, describes his reaction to it as follows:

To me ragtime brings a type of musical experience which I can find in no other music. I find something Nietzschean in its implicit philosophy that all the world's a dance. I love the delicacy of its inner rhythms and the largeness of its rhythmic sweeps. I like to think that it is the perfect expression of the American city, with its restless bustle and motion, its multitude of unrelated details, and its underlying rhythmic progress toward a vague Somewhere. Its technical resourcefulness continually surprises me, and its melodies, at their best, delight me. The whole emotion is one of keen and care-free enjoyment of the present. In ragtime's own language, I find ragtime "simply grand."

This view is substantially supported by Mr. Van Vechten, in his latest book of essays, entitled "Interpreters and Interpretations." Speaking of Irving Berlin, Louis Hirsch, Lewis F. Muir and others of their kind, he says:

The complicated vigor of American life has expressed itself through the trenchant pens of these new musicians. It is the only music produced in America to-day which is worth the paper it is written on. It is the only American music which is enjoyed by the nation (lovers of Mozart and Debussy prefer ragtime to the inert and saponaceous classicism of our more serious-minded composers); it is the only American music which is heard abroad (and it is heard everywhere, in the trenches by way of the victrola, in the Cafe de Paris at Monte Carlo, in Cairo, in India, and in Australia), and it is the only music on which the musicians of our land can build for the future.

Mr. Moderwell's "modest proposal," indeed, is nothing less than a suggestion that the concert singers who are in the habit of dispensing the classics—Schubert, Schumann, Brahms, etc.—in their song recitals, add ragtime to their repertory, to edify their "highbrow" audiences with such delectable fancies as "Waiting for the Robert E. Lee," "Everybody's Doing It," and "The Memphis Blues," which last he characterizes as "nothing short of a masterpiece." "In sheer melodic beauty, in the vividness of its characterization, in the deftness of its polyphony and structure," this enthusiast assures us, "this song deserves to rank among the best of our time."

But what of the public? Mr. Moderwell is convinced that a European audience would welcome such a programme with enthusiasm. Americans, he admits, might not take to it kindly. That they are "incurable nouveaux" and "ashamed to recognize their humble beginnings" may be as true a remark as it is tactless. Mr. Van Vechten's explanation of our reluctance to take our own popular music seriously is more flattering. He says:

Americans are inclined to look everywhere but under their noses for art. It never occurs to them that any object which has any relation to their every-day life has anything to do with beauty. Probably the Athenians were much the same.

## ∴ C H E S S ∴

(Concluded from page 25.)

- (d) If now 7. KtxKt, then 7... QxKtP 8. B-B4 (if 8. R-Bsq, Black mates in two), QxRch; 9. B-Bsq, QxKPch; 10. B-K2, Kt-B6ch; 11. K-Bsq, KtXRpch; 12. K-Ktsq! Q-Kt3ch, with a winning attack.
- (e) Again prettily played. 7... Kt-B3; 8. KtxKt, QxKtP; 9. R-Bsq instead, leaves White with approximately an even game.
- (f) 9. B-B4 would have saved a move later on.
- (g) 11. P-KB4 would not save the exchange, Black replying 11... Kt-K6.
- (h) This is perhaps rather bold. Certainly P-Q3 was preferable, the King's Bishop having no development on the Queen's wing, to preserve.
- (i) If 13. PxP, Black recovers by 13... KtxR and 14... QxQP.
- (j) Pxp first would have been an improvement.
- (k) Otherwise White gets a dangerous passed Pawn.

- (l) White gets some counter-attack as a result of Black's transposition, but it amounts to little in the long run.
- (m) 17... K-Ksq; 18. QxKtP would be altogether too risky.
- (n) If 21. KtxP, then 21... K-Bsq.
- (o) QxKP, permitting an exchange of Queens would be playing Black's game.
- (p) This is a mistake. K-Ktsq should have been played.
- (q) This and White's next move lose quickly. The correct play was 36. Q-QR4. Black would win eventually with the aid of his King's Rook Pawn. An interesting game in the early stages.

END-GAME NO. 30.

By W. and M. Plattoff.

White: K at KKt2; Bs at Qe7 and KRsq; P at K3. Black: K at KR3; B at QR8; Ps at QKt6 and Q4. White to play and draw.

Solution.

- 1. B-B4ch, K-Kt3 (a); 2. B-K5, BxB; 3. K-R3, P-Kt7; 4. BxP, P-Kt8 (Q); 5. B-K4ch, QxB stalemate.
- (a) If 1... K-R4, then 2. K-R3, P-Kt7; 3. BxP, P-Kt8 (Q); 4. B-B7ch.

## Welsman Studio Club

**T**HE Welsman Studio Club, of Toronto, met for the first time this season recently, when an excellent programme was given by the Misses Alice Wark, Lily Timmins, Edith Buckley, and Messrs. Simeon Joyce and Bert Proctor, pupils of Mr. F. S. Welsman. Miss Marion Lawrason added greatly to the success of the programme by her artistic singing.

Miss Muriel Robertson was elected President of the Club, with Miss Constance Martin as vice-president, Miss Lillian Wilkes, secretary-treasurer; and Miss Anne Bellamy and Mrs. J. M. Livingston as conveners of the programme and refreshment committees.

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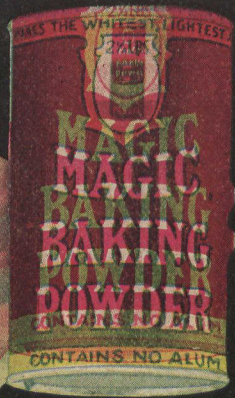
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