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WILL COLONEL LAVERGNE ENLIST?

THE CANADIAN COURIER

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CANADIAN COURIER
TORONTO, ONT.

* * *

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The present issue is a fair sample of what we propose to serve up, except that with new matter from various sources we expect to make changes as we go along.

* * *

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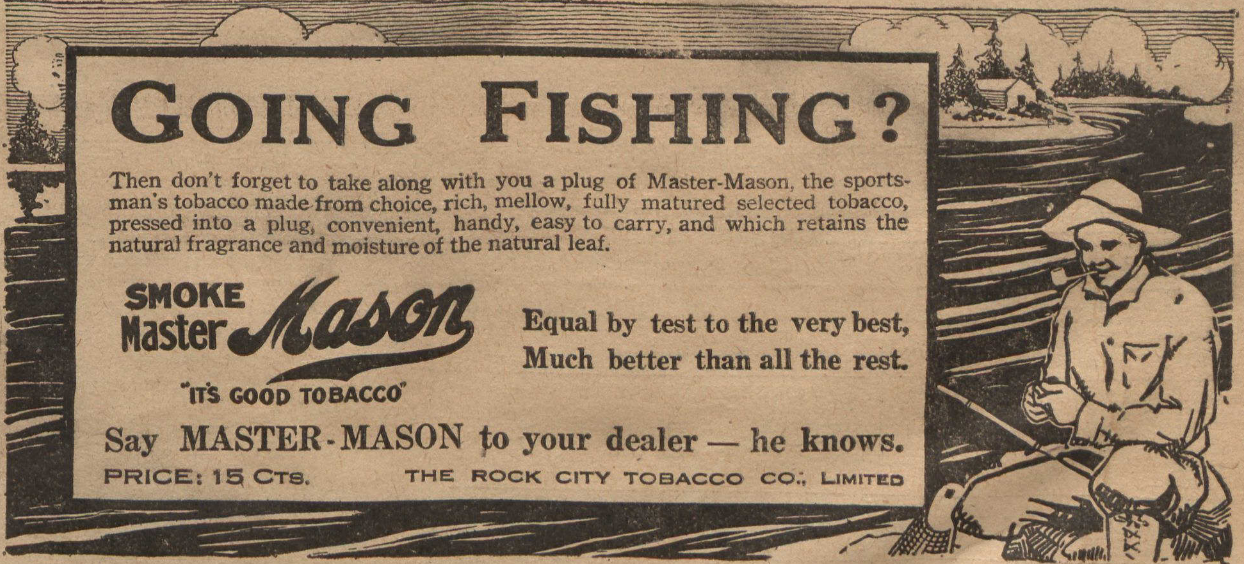

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THE COURIER

Vol. XX. October 21st, 1916 No. 21

WILL COL. LAVERGNE ENLIST?

By So Doing He Will Prove Himself a Real Nationalist

By AUGUSTUS BRIDLE

FOR the sake of the good that he and his compatriots may do in place of the mischief that Bourassa's mania has accomplished, Col. Lavergne is invited to admit that in a time of nation-making emergency it is possible to act on the principle of compromise. The Canadian army abroad contains men with every conceivable variation of doctrine about the exact political character of the future Empire. It contains many French-Canadians who were born with as great a love of Canada and as little political allegiance to France as Col. Lavergne. In the face of a common menace these men have buried their differences. Because of that danger to all civilization these French-Canadians have refused to believe that the madness of Henri Bourassa is any more Canadian than the mania of modern Germany. As a former disciple of Bourassa without whom there would have been no organized movement known as French-Canadian nationalism, Col. Lavergne has the opportunity to realize that Mr. Bourassa is not now and never can be the real voice of French Canada. The courtesy extended to Bourassa in the invitation to speak at the entente cordiale gathering in Nicolet he abused by attacking Sir Wilfrid Laurier and the Empire and by talking about the possibility of taking the measure of his neck with a hangman's rope. It was the speech of a madman to whom conciliation is impossible. Col. Lavergne is privileged to repudiate that madness. By enlisting as a compatriot of French Canadians now at the front he may win back what he has lost in the esteem of other Canadians, both English and French, and become a leader of sound French-Canadianism instead of following a false light that leads to anarchy and disruption. Whether he does so or not makes no difference to this article which is an attempt to discover a little more of the common ground between the two races.

SOME weeks ago, down among the Lavergnes, at St. Irenee, their summer home, the writer was playing a revised version of the Pilgrim's Chorus from Tannhauser.

"I'll gamble you don't play that in Toronto," said Armand, at the end of the piece.

"On the contrary," I assured him, "about fifty musicians in Toronto gave a performance of it last Christmas week among a crowd of art workers and were forced to repeat it."

"That may be art—but not Toronto," was his crisp rejoinder.

He was not so far astray. That was before the entente cordiale was organized. It is possible that Toronto may yet prove a willingness to meet Quebec City half way in a mutual desire for a better understanding. But there are extremists in Toronto who will be somewhat annoyed at any "rapprochement."

Later in the day, discussing Roger Casement, some one ventured the opinion that he should have been given his own choice of how to die.

"No," exploded Armand. "By the British people he was adjudged a traitor. If he was a traitor, he deserved nothing but a hempen rope. If Toronto ever hangs me, I ask nothing better."

Here Lavergne was on stage. Toronto has no desire to hang anybody. Mr. Bourassa invented that idea. In his hands it makes material for bad articles and worse speeches. Col. Lavergne knows that this hangman talk is only borrowed hysterics.

In anything following hereafter about the first lieutenant of Henri Bourassa—who would delight to be tried for treason by a Federal Parliament and heroized as a martyr by a Quebec minority—there must be no mere racial or local prejudice. If Toronto is intolerant—for the time being obliterate Toronto. If Lavergne is parochial, bigoted, mistaken—let us say so. Where each is right, Toronto or Lavergne, let us admit it.

I SPENT a day and parts of two others with Lavergne, both at St. Irenee and in Quebec. I was not sentenced to this by any court except that of good fellowship. I cannot recall having spent pleasanter hours with any new-found acquaintances anywhere. There were the Judge, father of Armand, Madame his mother, Madame his wife, and himself. In a family a man sometimes gets softened down to a human consistency. But I had spent several hours with Lavergne in his office and on the Terrace at Quebec. He was not different, except that he was oftener cynical in the home, delighted to say more acrid things about Toronto, and seemed generally more restless.

I was from Toronto, which in matters affecting Quebec is not far from Missouri. I had some belief in the Empire; he professed to have none. I believed that the British navy was an institution that conserved at least a measure of liberty for the world; he believed that it meant the freedom of the seas for Great and greater Britain. I believed in Canada taking part in the war as a voluntary act; he believed in compulsory enlistment based upon the clause in the B. N. A. Act, which he read to me from the French in his office. He attended early service in the St. Irenee church Sunday morning, while I slept, admitting that I had no particular personal faith in priests, altars and confessionals. We were mutually outspoken about our individual beliefs; also, perhaps, mutually reticent to a certain degree. I think he talked to me as freely as he does to most people. But that he was ingenue enough to tell me all he knew I have no belief; and though his sociability and that of his people drew me out, I fancy there were a few lurking obliquities and bigotries of my own that I did not lay upon the table.

So be it. Neither of us tried to convince the other. What we did try to do was to discover our differences and as far as possible to determine how, as individuals, in all deference to our varying birth, race and education, we could admit them and at the same time find a common ground broader and bigger than the differences. In so doing, we endeavoured to avoid the mere lingo of sociability that puts on affable masks and when the conference is over begins at once to play the school for scandal.

My first visit was to his office, opposite Mountain Hill, overlooking the River St. Lawrence. There were simple habitant rag rugs on the floor made by some of the people in Arthabaska, where Lavergne was born, and has since practised politics along with his law and his Nationalism. I do not remember that there was any portrait of Laurier on the walls—though there was a small one of Bourassa. It is some time since Armand Lavergne had anything to do with Laurier, whom he sometimes describes as an old Tory; though his father, the Judge, warmly remembers the day when Laurier and himself began a twenty-five year partnership in law at Arthabaska, and will not agree that the great French-Canadian Liberal leader has become a Tory or has lost his ancient power in Quebec.

Lavergne's most obvious symptom was his openness to discussion. He seemed eager to be understood; in which he differs radically from his captain, Bourassa, who takes a fanatical martyr's delight in being misinterpreted. This comparison to Bourassa is inevitable, though sometimes perhaps not in the best literary taste. Lavergne is not a mere echo of his chief, whose audacity he may simulate in public, but in private is as good a listener as he is a talker. Bourassa is a bad listener. Lavergne misses nothing. He is willing to converse.

"Since neither of the old parties in Canada has any ideas," he said, "it is necessary for the Nationalists to have at least a few."

There seemed to be truth in this. Much depends on how far we can interpret Nationalism.

"Pardon me if I offend any of your political notions," he asked.

"I am not carrying them with me. What I want to understand is the reason you take the stand you do."

"Especially in respect to the war, perhaps?"

"Yes. Why do you block enlistment?"

"Because we do not believe in volunteering to go to a war concerning the declaration of which we were not consulted. Because I believe in enforcing the law of Canada, which says——"

HE took down the B.N.A. Act and turned up Clause 10, which he read, to the effect that in case of Canada engaging in any war deemed to be for the defence of the country, the Government shall have power to command the services of all able-bodied men of military age.

"Enforce the law and we will obey it," he said. "French-Canadians believe in obeying the law."

"Even a law in which you do not believe?"

"Decidedly. Let the Government institute a national register. Let them tell us it is our duty to comply with the terms of that and to shoulder arms. We will obey."

This is one of the rocks on which Nationalism splits with Ontario, as represented by Toronto, the most military city in Canada. Talk to the Orangeman and he will be more satirical at the expense of Lavergne than Lavergne ever is over Toronto and the old parties. And unless we go behind that, no common ground can be located.

What is the common ground as enunciated by Lavergne? It is—Canada.

That again needs interpretation. Ontario and Quebec do not implicitly agree on what Canada really is.

As an Ontario man practically cradled in the bush lands and brought up among the stumps, I was free to say with regard to the Nationalist assumption that he represents Canada better than the average citizen of Ontario,

"Yes, since your grandfather's grandfather may have been born in Quebec, you have at least the advantage of a lineal descent. But the pioneer in Ontario born in England became just as true a Canadian as any Quebecker whose ancestors came over three centuries ago. The bushman's shanty in Ontario was just as Canadian as the habitant's shack on the St. Lawrence, even if the bushman was born in England."

Lavergne did not deny this. He probably expected it. He is used to argument of this kind.

"Yes," he said, "and if differences went no further than that we should have more in common than there now is between either the French-Canadian or the Anglo-Canadian and the mid-Europeans who have been brought here by hundreds of thousands."

He agreed that it was the national business of both the Anglo and the French-Canadian to unite in the conservation of a real native-born Canada among a population which, if immigration should be resumed on the scale it had reached before the war, would some day outnumber both the native races put together.

"We believe in Canada for Canadians," he insisted.

"But not in Quebec for the Anglo-Canadian?"

He shrugged. "We have four hundred thousand Anglo-Canadians in Quebec now. They will not tell you they are an oppressed minority. Go to the Eastern Townships and Montreal and ask them."

"But is not Quebec essentially your——?"

"Ha!" he exclaimed. "That is an old argument—that French-Canadians should be put on the reservations like the Indians. No!" he added, with warm gusto, "we have as much right to plant our parishes in provinces outside Quebec as any European immigrant has. At least that. So we have three hundred thousand in Ontario; a number of settlements in the western provinces——"

"But if you are anxious to preserve what you call national liberties of language, religion and race, why don't you first occupy Quebec? You have a trifle more than two millions. You have room for more than twice as many."

"Impracticable. The practice of Quebec governments does not encourage out-settlement. The timber laws are against us. The farmer is not en-

couraged. The prospector and the operator are. But don't be alarmed; we shall occupy Quebec with native-born faster than Ontario will her own territory. We believe in large families."

Here was another bugbear. There was a time when bush farmers in Ontario had big families; when the schools were crowded—now consolidated, some of them half deserted, though there are more children in Ontario than ever. Quebec has not outgrown the primitive idea of the busy cradle alongside the overflowing farmhouse or shack, the much-worked little farm, the crowded waggons and the crammed churches and schools. This young lawyer and orator and rather practical theorist endorsed all of them. He spoke with a sort of cynical enthusiasm of the prospects of two lovers whom we met on the road at St. Irenee.

"She will be the mother of ten before she is twice as old as she is now," he observed.

We passed one of those old out-of-doors community bake ovens, which he admired as a Quebec institution. He talked of all the old-fashioned thrift-industries that were being preserved by the French-Canadians—the home-made, hand-made tools, implements, furniture and furnishings, food and clothing, which it was part of the propaganda of the Nationalists to encourage along with the French language and the idea of Canada for Canadians. Lavergne would like to see all Canadians preserve these things. He himself gives a prize every year at Arthabaska for something in the homespun crafts.

In all this, there was nothing with which the most perfervid Ontarioite could quarrel. This was the sort of Canadianism—along with the other language and the church—that Lavergne would like to see preserved by all of us. And in this he contended that the Quebecker could claim to have done more than our very progressive Ontario.

"But the church," he was reminded. "What about the Pope of Rome? Is he also an institution for Canadians to conserve?"

He laughed. "Please tell me what on earth the Pope of Rome has to do with the case more than the President of France."

"You do not admit—that you are priest-ridden?"

"On the contrary, I will say that if the Pope should issue instructions to the bishops of Quebec, asking the clergy to educate the people of Quebec on their duty to go to war or to vote for either of the old line parties, the people would openly disregard them. Rome has no more to do with Quebec than it has with Ontario. We would as much resent the interference of Rome in our affairs as the American colonies did the tyranny of George the Third."

THIS statement plays hob with the hereditary notion that priestcraft is the mediaeval bane of Quebec. In spite of the fact that the politics of any well-known priest and bishop within a hundred miles of Quebec could be stated as easily as the order to which he belongs, one must accept it as worth something in the case. The Pope is not openly popular in Quebec. Rome has no more to do with Quebec than Paris. Rome is Italian anyway. Well, then, rule out Rome if need be; but we have still the Cardinal, the Archbishops, the bishops, the priests, the brotherhoods; one imagines as well-governed a system from Quebec City downwards as could be found in Rome itself. No doubt Cardinal Begin is a Canadian first and would resent too much paternalism from Rome. Then much depends upon the Cardinal—and the bishops. Perhaps Mr. Bourassa knows how much. Possibly Col. Lavergne knows. But he spoke with decided animus on this point, and one must credit his sincerity. Sir Sam Hughes had seen the Cardinal a week or two previous with reference to his agency in recruiting. Col. Lavergne thought that would have little to do with the case.

"At the same time, he said, naively, "I like Sam Hughes. We all do. In some respects Sam would make a very good Nationalist—in fact he is one."

Shades of King William; what does the Lindsay Warder think of this? Here is the entente cordiale epitomized in one man. It is time Sir Sam got to work. His responsibilities are tremendous.

So, according to Col. Lavergne, Quebec is to be conceded autonomy—from Rome, from France, from Imperial wars, from old-line party politics. It is the superb inconsistency of the French mind, the almost feminine hauteur that rides above practical politiques and goes to the clouds on the wings of a single magnificent idea. It is not quite clear that Lavergne would teach secession from the Empire, though when he was asked what French Canada would do in the event of not getting her views of Canadianism adopted, he said, deftly:

"Well, we should not secede to the United States."

He knew why, as well as Bourassa. The American one-language melting pot puts French on a par with Lithuanian or Choctaw. Mr. Lavergne scorns melting pots; does not believe in the fusion of races, but in their co-operation. He believes in the unqualified parity of French and English as languages; disbelieves in the wisdom of English-Canadians learning French, or of French-Canadians imbibing more English than they have to for practical purposes; fervently holds to the Keltic notion of making a preserve of the French-Canadian race, language and literature, whatever may become of the religion, even though he disdains the idea of having the race put on a reservation like the Indians.

"The French language of Quebec is purer than that of France," he said, in one of his interesting asides. "Just as the English of Canada is more evenly standardized than that of England. In both France and England every province and county has its dialect. Quebec knows only French; and even the habitant French is not a patois, but as good French as any uncultivated idiomatic language is good anything."

So it would never do to secede to the United States for American slang and other vernaculars to corrupt the language. At the last election the Nationalists severely bucked reciprocity. They can scarcely return to it.

"I think we should become independent," he said, as he plopped a fresh cigarette. "We have the St. Lawrence."

What then becomes of French Canada scattered abroad in other provinces? Could Ontario swap the eastern counties around Ottawa for the Eastern

(Concluded on page 22.)

BUILDING SHIPS IN B.C.

A Big New Industry on the Pacific

By A. C. THOMPSON

A YEAR ago British Columbia had no ship-building industry worthy of the name. To-day she has a thousand ship-builders, and two million dollars' worth of ships on the ways. A year ago the lumbering industry of British Columbia was looking into the bottomless pit of bankruptcy, because it hadn't the ships in which to ship its products. To-day it has 'em. Both these changes were accomplished by an Act passed by the British Columbia Legislature within an hour of the close of its last session. It passed, appointed a commission, and voted funds to encourage ship-building in that province. The Mabel Brown, first of the big motor-auxiliary schooners, will be launched in December, and from that time on one vessel will be put into the water each month from one yard alone, and every month or two a ship will be launched from other yards until the full complement of 25 ships provided for by the British Columbia Shipping Act are in commission. This is a fact worth while to observe.

Ships and shipping on the Pacific Coast have always been in the hands of American ship brokers of Seattle, Portland and San Francisco, and when the demands of the war depleted shipping on this coast, the American brokers looked after the interests of the American concerns, and British Columbia shipping was practically extinguished. British Columbia's huge lumber mills became idle, logging camps closed, railway receipts shrank, cities filled with idle men, and every industry in the province, all more or less dependent upon lumbering, suffered severely. British Columbia had not lost her markets, but was unable to get her forest products to those markets, and even now ships are despatched to Vancouver and Victoria to discharge cargo brought from Europe, South America, Australia, the Orient, and then shifted to Puget Sound or the Columbia river to load American lumber for delivery to British Columbia's natural markets. Last year Australia imported 216,000,000 feet of lumber from the west coast of North America, and of this amount British Columbia supplied but 10,000,000 feet. The strongest sentiment in favour of trade within the Empire and preferential tariffs cannot hold business and stand against the discrimination of ships' brokers and agents when foreign mills and exporters are prepared to bid high and even higher for bottoms and tonnage space, and the operators see an opportunity to capture a great commerce.

It was to meet these conditions that in the closing hours of last parliament the shipping bill was passed creating a shipping commission and providing for three forms of assistance to shipbuilding: Direct loans to ships built and registered in British Columbia, loans not to exceed 55 per cent. of the cost of the ship and to be secured by first mortgage on the vessel. A subsidy payable in ten annual instalments sufficient to bring the earnings of the ship up to 15 per cent. of her actual cost, but not to exceed $5 per ton of her deadweight carrying capacity in any one year; payments under this section shall not begin until one year after the declaration of peace in respect to the present war. Loans to shipbuilding plants up to the amount of 55 per cent. of their actual construction cost, securities to be guaranteed principal and interest by the province, a first mortgage on the plant being taken to secure the loan. The commission's superintendent becomes the managing owner of all ships built under the first two provisions of this Act. All ships built under this act must be constructed under specifications approved by the commission, which also is empowered to fix a fair wage schedule for the yards in which the ship is built as well as for the sailors in her operation after launching; the ship shall utilize her cargo-

In a hundred years or less this skeleton fresh from the builders may be observed by some mariner along the beach—and he'll remember that his grandfather worked on that hull away back in the days of the great war.

carrying capacity to the full extent on each outward voyage from British Columbia and shall be operated continuously; charters are subject to the approval of the commission, which has the power to fix rates, which may not be higher than rates charged for similar voyages from ports in Washington and Oregon; 1 per cent. of the gross earnings shall be paid to the commission to meet the cost of administration. The subsidy may only be paid subject to the bona fide use of the ship in British Columbia trade for outward borne cargoes, returning to some British Columbia port for reloading, with liberty to carry return cargo to any port along the generally practicable route of return to British Columbia; the subsidy can be paid only to the owner who actually paid for building the ship and not to any middleman or promotor; the subsidy is not subject to assignment, attachment, or process of execution whatsoever.

ONE year ago the building of a merchant marine for British Columbia had scarcely been mentioned; by midwinter it was a live question with the Government committed to some plan for bringing it about, and early in the spring the bill was drawn, whipped into shape, and passed May 31.

It appears that all that was required to give the province a delivery system for its produce was the assurance that shipping men would receive a reasonable return on their investment after the war ended and the present era of high war-imposed freight rates passed, and at once capital for shipbuilding began to flow into the province.

Within a fortnight of the passage of the Act the Canada West Coast Navigation Company, Ltd., a $5,000,000 corporation, was organized, and within a month the first ship for this company was laid down in North Vancouver to be followed by five others in rapid succession, while three were laid down in Victoria, and a third yard is being fitted for building three more in Nanaimo, all for the same company. There are interested in this corporation James Carruthers, of Montreal, operator of Great Lakes steamship lines and steamships to the West Indies; Joseph W. Norcross, president of the Canada Steamship Co., a thirty million dollar corporation operating Great Lakes steamers; Roy J. Wolvin, another Great Lakes operator; M. J. Haney, the Toronto contractor; Sir Trevor Dawson, of the Canadian Vickers, Ltd., and James Whalen, the B. C. pulp man, head of the $12,000,000 pulp industry above Vancouver. This company, if yards can be established fast enough to care for them all, will take up the full number of ships that may be built under the subsidy section. It is an all-Canadian corporation and is financed by Canadian capital exclusively, and if the subsidy is to be earned, all the ships must be kept in British Columbia trade.

The nine ships now under construction and the three being laid down at Nanaimo are of identical design and material. They are five-masted schooners, 225 feet long, 45 feet beam and 19 feet depth of hold. Each ship will be equipped with two 240-h.p. Bolinder-Deisel interior combustion engines, giving a speed of 8½ knots an hour, tanks holding 800 barrels of distillate and giving a steaming radius of 11,000 miles. The ships will have a deadweight carrying capacity of 2,500 tons, and will carry a cargo of approximately 1,700,000 feet of lumber. A little more than 1,000,000 feet of fir lumber is used in the construction of each vessel, and the contract price of each schooner is $165,000. The engines are of Swedish pattern, and are on the ground direct from Stockholm.

NO description can give an adequate idea of the massive construction of these schooners required to secure a rating at Lloyds satisfactory to the commission. The keels, 25 feet long between uprights, are formed of three timbers 20 x 20 inches in dimension, each 75 feet in length; the keelson is composed of three sticks each 20 x 28 inches in size lying side by side, requiring nine such timbers; the sister and rider keelsons, upon which the floor of the ship is built, are made up of five timbers running the length of the ship, each 20 x 20 inches in size. The timbers used in the keelsons are 116 feet long. The ribs of the ships are double flitch of 12 x 24 inches, making a solid rib 24 x 24 inches square, set 8 inches apart. The outer sheeting is of 6-inch timbers on the bottom; 9-inch timber in the bilges, and 8 inches thick on the sides. The inner skin is still heavier, being made up of timber 12 inches thick in the bottom, 16 inches thick in the bilges, and 15 inches thick on the wales, or sides. The schooners have two decks and the deck beams are 15 x 16 inches, set 12 inches apart, each beam being a single stick of timber. The beams are supported at wale and bilge by knees 16 x 16 inches by six feet and 30 inches wide at the angle; these knees are sawed out of fir stumps and 400 such knees are required for each ship. The decking is 4½ x 4½ inch clear, vertical grain dressed fir, the same quality as that used in No. 1 flooring. The counter, or sternboard, is formed of a single timber 40 x 30 inches in size by 40 feet long.

One thousand men are now employed directly in this industry in the shipyards and sawmills connected with the yards, and in camps getting out stumps for knees and on the ships themselves.

Getting out the knees is a big thing in itself. Fir trees averaging 30 inches in diameter are selected and the tree is thrown, and the stump is then torn from the ground by dynamite and donkey engine, rough-hewed on the ground and hauled to the shipyard, where it is sawed to the required dimensions. The timber from the bodies of these trees is utilized in the mills. What this means may be understood when it is remembered the 25 ships require 10,000 green fir stumps for knees alone.

Indirectly many more than 1,000 men are given employment by this new industry. The lumber used in the construction of the wooden ships will keep three mills, each cutting 50,000 feet of lumber daily and employing in logging camp and millshed 200 men each, busy for a year. But only a comparatively small percentage of the cut can be utilized in ship construction, and the 25,000,000 feet used in the schooners probably represents a cut of 200,000,000 feet and the employment for a year of a dozen mills and two or three thousand men.

Ribs of a wooden ship, built at North Vancouver, in a land of limitless wood.

One of the construction plants of the Wallace shipyards, N. Vancouver, where they are at present building a steel steamer for the Japanese route.

The knees of these modern ships, built in B.C., are hewn from fir stumps. In the picture at the bottom of the page, Mr. Wallace, head of Wallace Shipyards, Ltd., is seen standing beside the up-ended root of the stump.

The opening of the shipyards has already had a revivifying effect upon the lumber industry, and there is business for machinists, for boiler shops and tank builders, for coppersmiths and for artisans of a dozen trades. Employed in the yards directly on the ships are: Wallace's, North Vancouver, 300; Cameron-Genoa Mills, Victoria, 150; Nanaimo Shipbuilding Company, Nanaimo, 100. Wages of ship carpenters, machinists, caulkers, etc., in these yards, average $5 per day and, and still there is a dearth of competent mechanics.

British Columbia's 25 wooden schooners are designed to average three round voyages each year to Australia, South Africa, West Coast of Mexico, and South America, to the East Coast of the United States or to Europe, and it is calculated they will carry to market 120,000,000 feet of lumber each year, or about ten per cent. of the normal annual cut of the sawmills of the province.

But the shipping act, in addition to creating the wooden shipbuilding industry, has encouraged the equipment of yards for steel shipbuilding, that of the Wallace Shipbuilding Company, at North Vancouver, and the Prince Rupert Ship Building Company's yard, at Prince Rupert. The former plant represents an investment of $1,000,000, all British Columbia capital, and it has just laid the keel of a steel steamer which is to be launched in March, 1917. Wallace expects to abandon the building of wooden ships and confine its work to the construction of steel freighters with the completion of its present contracts. In addition to the ship under the gantry, the builders have enough steel construction on order to keep the yard busy for two years.

The steel ship now under construction is for a Japanese shipping concern, and will sail under the Canadian flag. She will have 4,500 tons deadweight carrying capacity, and will be a single deck, single screw cargo boat 315 feet long, 48 feet beam, and 22 feet depth of hold. She will be powered with a 1,300-h.p. reciprocating engine built in the yards, and have a speed of 10 knots.

Four hundred men are employed in this steel yard on new and repair work. The wages average $5 per day. The plant consists of machine shop, foundry, pattern shop, boiler shop, ship fitting and paint shop, pipe and copper shop and sawmill. There are two marine railways, one able to draw from the water ships of 2,500 tons deadweight, and frequently it is in use for some of the larger Pacific freighters. The other railway is for smaller craft, of 1,000 tons or less.

Mr. Wallace, head of the concern, began business here in a small way more than 25 years ago, always dreaming of a Canadian merchant marine on the Pacific, but not until the passage of the British Columbia Shipping Act did he begin to see his dreams of a quarter of a century ago realized.

Other plants either have taken advantage of the Act or are preparing to do so. Prince Rupert will have an immense steel shipyard, and preparations are under way there for laying the keels for two big freighters. The Vulcan Ironworks, of New Westminster, plans the addition of a floating drydock and a repair shop, and a yard for steel shipbuilding.

It has been contended, with some show of reason, that shipbuilding would have come without the aid of a subsidy, and activity in newly established yards on the American side of the line in which some 20 wooden schooners are being built is pointed to in support of this contention. But it should be remembered that this activity was not shown until after the British Columbia Government had announced its determination to secure a merchant marine for the province to carry provincial produce, and that the American ships are being built to the order of American lumber concerns who hope by this means to hold the markets they have captured from Canada since the outbreak of the war. Should the total subsidy provided for have to be paid it will amount in ten years to but $1,875,500, while the royalty paid to the province on the lumber marketed to earn this subsidy will amount to three times that figure.

But one instance is required to show the necessity of retaining British Columbia ships in British Columbia trade. As this article is being written, a wooden auxiliary schooner is on the ways in Victoria undergoing repairs in a government assisted yard. This ship, the Coquitlam City, is the only schooner built in British Columbia prior to 1916. She was launched four years ago, and immediately despatched to an American port to load lumber for Australia. Since that time she has been kicking about the seven seas until her return to Victoria for repairs, en route to another American port, to again load lumber for the Antipodes. Built in Canada, sailing under the Canadian flag, owned by a Canadian, she has never carried a Canadian cargo, but has been engaged in filling Canadian markets with American produce.

WOMAN'S BEST PLACE IS THE HOME

One of a Series of Articles on the Woman of To-day, Embodied in a Book on that Subject

By MARJORY MacMURCHY

THE Census for 1911 tells us that single females number 1,941,354, and married females, 1,251,182. The unmarried thus apparently predominate by over 700,000.

But single women between fifteen and eighty years of age number only between 700,000 and 800,000, which shows what can be done by subtracting the years below fifteen and above eighty. Between fifteen and thirty-five, there must be at least 300,000 or 400,000 single women, and of these the large proportion, between 80 per cent. and 90 per cent., marry and are occupied in home pursuits.

There can be no question, therefore, that the representative Canadian woman is the woman at home. All other classes of women are represented in this class. They influence her, it is true, but she more greatly influences them. The business woman, the college woman, the country woman, members of women's organizations, the single woman of any class who never marries, are more affected by the standards of the woman at home than they are by any other woman's standards. She is the most influential woman among women, and the contribution of women to progress and the state must be measured to a large extent by her contribution.

It is generally supposed that this representative woman knows exactly what her work at home is. But on the contrary it is probably more difficult for this woman to think out to-day what her service to the community ought to be than it is for anyone else. The arrangements for the work of the home, her position and responsibilities have altered greatly. Then, too, people are apprehensive that she will change for the worse if she changes at all. We are so dependent on her and so attached to her that many think it would be safer for her to leave things alone. But if leaving things alone had not been prevented by the ordinary changes of the world, it would have been made impossible by two other factors, the women's revolution and the war.

Although not yet recognized as occupations by the Census, the two most important women's employments are home making and the care of children. They are the most important in every way. In one sense, the state may be said to exist for its homes; and the greatest potential wealth of any country is its children. These truths are generally recognized which makes it the more remarkable that little effort has been made to introduce skill and training into these women's employments. If a girl becomes a stenographer, she will receive more careful and precise instruction for her work than the woman has received who is caring for children—unless that woman is a trained nurse. Graduate nurses are the only class of women who receive this skilled training. What do we know about the care of children? One has actually heard the statement made within the last year that a mother is a better mother who is not taught anything. War has not been left an unskilled occupation!

A plea, then, is made that for the economic and social well-being of the nation, girls and women should be trained for the employments of home-making and the care of children. Over 80 per cent.—possibly 90 per cent.—of all women are engaged at some time in their lives in one or the other or in both of these occupations.

BUSINESS life has been revolutionized, but not more thoroughly than the economic position of the woman at home. The Canadian income last year was estimated at two billions. **It is admitted that women spent one billion of this income. How many of these women knew that they were having any economic effect on the life of the country outside their own houses or apartments?** The successful business of the country, which consists of the proper balance between producing, manufacturing, exporting, importing, the home market and the foreign market, borrowing, paying and lending, can hardly be carried on if the women who buys is ignored. Is the farmer important? the manufacturer? the banker? the wholesale merchant? the retail merchant? So is the woman. Nor is her place at the end of the list economically. Who is taking the trouble to learn her opinion or inform her of national economics, or of the importance of what she can do to maintain and build the solvency and strength of the country?

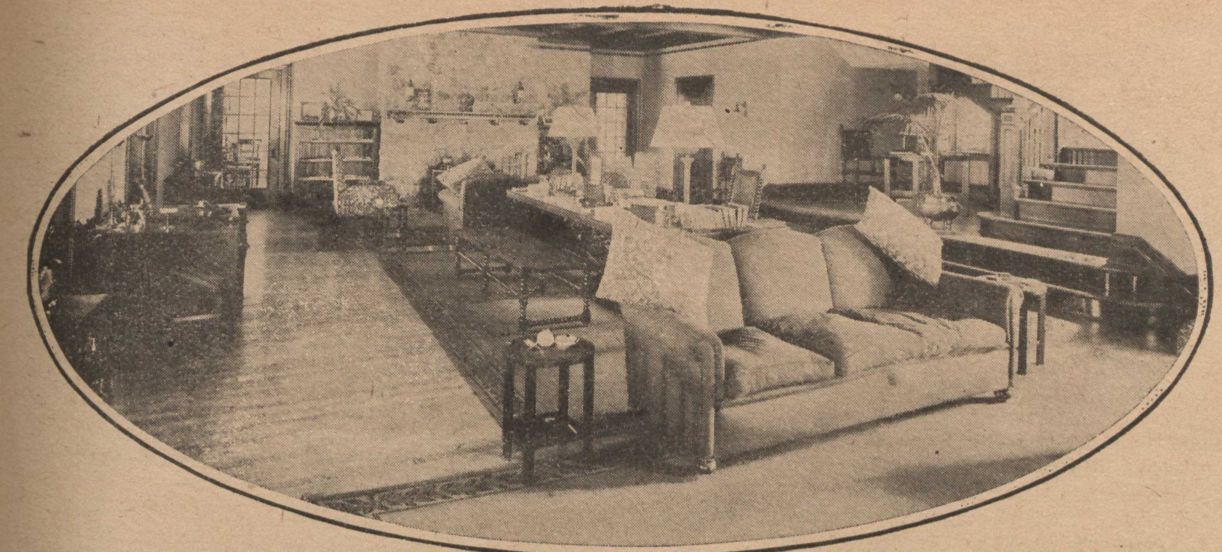
One class only in the community has recognized the importance of the woman buyer. Stores address their advertisements to her. Her training in economics of a kind is going on through the printed description of what to buy. But while the advertisement is meant for the convenience of the woman buyer, it is particularly intended for the individual good of the advertiser. It is not devised for real economic training, or for the good of the country.

So far one does not know of an instance in which a government has trained or taught women by means of an advertisement. But training can be given in this way, and governments often address advertisements to citizens. Yes, it is true that the "Eat an Apple" advertisement was addressed to women buyers as well as to men. It succeeded in its purpose a few years ago. But what is happening to-day? What ought we to do, and what ought we to buy? How useful it would be if the Government advertised again what food we ought to buy. What about "Eat Fish," or "Buy a Canadian Cereal," or "Cheese is King," or "Explanation of the Price of Sugar," or "Do Your Best with Home Vegetables?" The writer said to a lady who had been making apricot jam in June, "Imported, of course." She answered, "Do you think so? I ought to know about fruit. But I am more interested in flowers." Well, well, it was perfectly natural. But we cannot afford it, nationally. Still, she was making the jam, and she might easily have imported it from another country, as many do.

THE contribution of women at home in home-making and child-caring is beyond computation. This statement does not mean that their contribution has no economic value in dollars and cents; it means that the economic value can be expressed only in an indefinite number of millions. There is social value besides. The purpose of this chapter is not to make the women's contribution seem less than the incalculable sum it is; but to point out that these women's occupations are not what they might be if the same advance was made in home making and the care of children as has been made in medicine, business, science, nursing and other pursuits in which training, skill and devoted intelligence have compelled advance. There is as great an opportunity for leadership in these women's pursuits as in any occupation in the world, no matter what that occupation may be. It would take great knowledge to say that there was not even a greater opportunity.

Think of the varieties of workers in these occupations and of what might be done in improving their work. These workers range from the woman who does her own housework and looks after her children unassisted, to the woman who does no manual work at all, yet who may be a hard worker in other ways. The average woman in a home is a manual worker and has no paid help. All impressions to the contrary notwithstanding, women home-makers who have paid help in house work belong to a small minority. At one extreme of the home-making occupation is the charwoman, who goes out to work by the day, three or four days in the week, who has her own home to look after and the care of her children, except during the time when they are kept in the day nursery, an institution maintained for the children of women day workers. At the other extreme is the woman who does no work, is wholly irresponsible and idle, a spender of money to be sure, sometimes in large sums, but who is of little or no economic or social value.

A woman can easily identify her own place among these varieties of home makers. The great majority are workers, kindly and knowledgable, adding much to the happiness and usefulness of others. Consider what a conservation of knowledge and experience there would be if this was an organized and skilled occupation. Many women at home are skilled, it is true, but they are self-taught, and their experience and discoveries are not available to other women. What do these women think of their problems, and how far have individuals solved these problems? Why should all classes of workers and students feel the need of conferences and discussion, except home makers? These occupations are gaining most rapidly in which the most advanced workers share their discoveries. Either women at home make no discoveries—which is impossible; or they are not think-



Furnishing a beautiful home demands the most cultivated taste from any woman.

ing of the revolutionized economics of the home; or they have not considered how girls are to become better home makers than the present generation; or there is an extreme need of some means of communication between one home maker and another.

Where are the leaders in home economics, not the ones who talk of leadership, but those who produce results in advantage to the occupation? While it is true that women who care for young children have neither time nor strength to undertake work outside their homes (yet the charwoman is compelled to do so to the detriment of her home and children), many women at home, especially those in the most useful period of middle life, have leisure and do need occupation, as has been shown in the chapter on Women's Organizations. The time is surely coming soon when we may expect a great advance. Great as is the contribution to national life of women at home, there are undoubtedly a number who do not work, and many whose work is not effective because they are untrained and unskilled; nor have those who are capable given leadership.

What is the work of a home? It means providing and preparing food; making and buying, washing and mending clothes, keeping the house clean, sanitary and comfortable; buying and making many kinds of household necessities; doing all the work personally, or assisting in part of the work and superintending the work of others; caring for children and training them; taking charge of the health of every member of the household; making the home a place from which people go ready for work and where they find most of their happiness. The statement of the work of the home maker is sufficient. It is universally agreed, by all women at least, that the woman at home has all she can do, if she is **capable of doing such work and if she does it.** The happy social condition of the country means that she is doing her work on an average as successfully as many other branches of national business are being transacted.

This old body at the dasher churn down in Nova Scotia knows that the woman's best place is the home—and she has never been anywhere else.

(To be concluded next week.)

OTTAWA BUSINESS CONFERENCE DEFIES DISCOVERY

Foster's "Clarion Call" in June is Now Only an October Echo

By BRITTON B. COOKE

BACK in June, Sir George Foster was seized of an inspiration.

It occurred to him that the disarming of twenty million soldiers after the war would disrupt trade. The factories of the world would have to turn suddenly from making war material to making peace materials. He had a vision of a world scramble for trade.

He issued a letter to the newspapers. He made a speech. He set everybody buzzing with anxiety to prepare for the problems he described so ably. He announced a business man's conference to be held in September.

Then he announced an unavoidable postponement. Then a further postponement.

The end of the war grows closer every day. War orders are already slacking off. The scramble for trade is still imminent. But there is no sign of a Business Men's Conference. Search Ottawa. Search the Department of Trade and Commerce. There is not only no conference in sight, but there is no sign of the earliest beginnings of a conference.

In other words, Sir George Foster's inspiration is in the gravest of danger—and with his inspiration, everything else in connection with our preparations for peace coming to nothing. England is preparing for peace. Even France is preparing for her future. Canada, with twice as many problems, seems to be without leadership. Sir George, who could lead, is making speeches. Sir Robert, who might lead, is working his head off on departmental routine. Sir Thomas White thanks his stars he has nothing more than the banking to look after. Sir Wilfrid is deep in the plans of practical political work. Canada, in short, is in danger of getting to the ball-game without a ticket, entering the lists without a lance. She will have disabled soldiers to look after and able-bodied soldiers. She will have immigration to accept or reject and to assimilate—or only half digest. She will have disorganized factory systems and disorganized foreign customers to deal with. In the general auction of world markets which is bound to happen after the war she is not unlikely to find herself in a position where she does not know what she wants or what she has to offer for the opportunities that are going. We are failing to anticipate our future.

And why?

Because Sir George, having delivered himself of a good idea, won't nurse it.

IN Ottawa, last week, I met a big bear of a Canadian westerner. He had just arrived from Toronto. He was all smiles, all energy and enthusiasm, and he was looking for the Minister of Trade and Commerce, Sir George E. Foster.

"Tell you what I want him for," he said. "I want to go up and shake hands with a real live man. That's what I want. I read his message 'bout getting together, and it sure set me thinking. I'm strong for this Conference scheme. I'm going to back it for all I'm worth and do my darndest to help a real, live statesman to pull off a big deal. Damn 'f I care whether he is a Tory. My middle name is—Boost. I want 't help."

We walked up to the Department of Trade and Commerce together.

"Just what line of industry are you interested in?" I asked.

"Boilers. Steam boilers."

"Where abou--"

"Vancouver. Little Vancouver. . . . That's my town."

"And, if I may ask, what is your idea about this Business Man's Conference? What do you think ought to be done?"

"Eh? . . . Why, I don't know yet. That's what I'm coming to see Foster about. I'm figurin' on him having a layout that'll help us get together. . . ."

An hour later I met the boiler-maker coming away from the Department of Trade and Commerce.

"Well," I said. "All primed up? Everything clear?"

"Clear?" he roared. "Clear? Why, my G——, that fellow Foster's away in the West with some Dominion Royal Commission, making speeches or something, and back there——" nodding toward the Department of Trade and Commerce. . . "Nobody home!"

"Couldn't they explain it?"

"Sure. They explain that Sir George is away and nothing definite can be done. That's it! Nothing definite. I asked what a boiler-maker like me could do to help and they smiled and said—they didn't know. I asked 'em when the conference would be called and they said that was indefinite. Then I said where? And they thought somewhere in Ottawa. Then I said, what about the expenses of the delegates—not that I mind paying my own, but just to be business-like—and they don't even know THAT. . . Why, all that fellow Foster made was a speech. That's all. A speech! Now what the H—— good will a speech do to help me and help the rest of us manufacturers to keep from getting swamped after this war?"

HE emitted a snort of ungovernable fury.

"All they give me," he breathed, "was some tracts! They give me 'Sir George Foster's Message.' They give me half a dozen mimeograph letters like they'd sent to the newspapers. They give me twelve pretty little pamphlets with words on 'em to rouse the slothful manufacturer! Rouse 'em! Rouse me. Say, I didn't come to Ottawa to be roused. I came to see if there wasn't a little bit of work I could do—for nothin'—to help along. Finally, when I asked for a plan or something, what do you suppose they give me?"

"Couldn't guess."

"They give me THAT!" and he handed me a neatly

printed pamphlet printed in brown. It was inscribed on the outside with these words: "Memorandum regarding National Trade and Commerce Convention. By F. G. McAllister, B.A." The title page described it as an "Outline Plan of Preparation" for the said Convention, and referred to the Convention as being likely to take place "in October."

"Now just look at it," cried the boiler-maker, fuming over my shoulder. "Look 't. First of all, there's the usual Blue Book formalities. Then there's a reprint of Foster's 'Call to Action.' Then what?"

WE read: "The memorandum herewith submitted alternately assumes two standpoints from which the problems before the business interests of the country may be studied, viz.:"

"Now, what the devil do I want with alternate standpoints?" demanded the boiler-maker. "Look. the rest's the same. Sounds the way my boy Johnny used to talk the first year after he got out of college. Look. There's a list of our imports included. Now, what's the need to waste government money reprinting THAT?"

Let us leave the boiler-maker there.

Ottawa has seen many others like him, eager to help, and dismayed at the lack of co-ordinated thinking in the Capital.

Be it noted, it was the boiler-maker, and not I, that condemned the Memorandum by F. G. McAlister, B.A. McAllister, B.A., is a young university graduate upon whom C. A. Magrath, of the International Waterways Commission, stumbled one day. Magrath needed some sort of statistical work done, and McAlister did it well. Hence, when Sir George Foster tossed off his little "Call to Arms" and promptly invoked the aid of C. A. Magrath—with others—to do the work incidental thereto, Magrath dug up McAlister, B.A. If McAlister's work were not so juiceless it would stand up as the best thing that has yet been done toward helping Canada to prepare for Peace. Before it was printed the Department of Trade and Commerce had sent out various circulars to various classes of people. They were something like S.O.S. calls, child-like requests for help—from anybody. Even the raw products of the universities were asked to send their views to the Department, and a legend has sprung up to the effect that thousands of these earnest young men have replied and that the letters are still lying in Sir George Eutas Foster's office awaiting a reading—whether they can ever be analyzed or ever be acknowledged is another matter. Circulars were sent also to the newspapers, indicating the sort of articles that might be prepared with a view to interesting the public in Sir George's "Call to Arms." But McAlister's effort was the first really constructive thing turned out. It is as tasteless as saw-dust and as uninspiring as a soft drink in a lumber camp. Its approach to the mind of a reader is about as friendly and inviting as the rear entrance to a gaol. But by prayer and faith it can be worried into yielding up its gold. And it has gold in it.

The first thing McAlister wants done, apparently—and his idea is a sound one—is to have a study of the Canadian Home market made by "a committee." Whether it should be studied by a committee or by the members of Premier Borden's Government—who have been putting far too much work onto the shoulders of committees and commissions—may be disputed. But there is extremely sound sense in the suggestion that we should find out somehow or other the why and the wherefor for our enormous imports. In 1914 we imported "butter, cheese, lard and other provisions" to the tune of almost three million dollars. Of "meats" that year we imported over five million dollars' worth. Seeds—$1,671,000! Soap (an animal by-product)—$1,323,010! Vegetables (in a land whose "destiny is agriculture")—$3,306,930! Fruit and nuts (the greater proportion being of the kind produced in Canada)—$17,233,223! Fish—$2,-172,900! Grain and the products of grain of the same kinds as those grown in Canada—$6,307,578! Paper (in a country with enormous raw materials for paper-making)—$8,043,368! Wool and woollen goods—$31,438,223! In short, we imported. in 1914, about four hundred million dollars' worth of goods, and McAlister, having stated the fact, leaves it to wise Canadians to say, WHY? This is one of the first questions to be laid hold of by any businessman's conference. Can Canadian manufacturers not handle their own home market? If they can't, why not? Are labour conditions wrong? Is the tariff to blame? Are raw materials difficult to obtain? Are foreign makers possessed of any advantage in selling to Canadians goods that Canadian manufacturers could not in time be enabled to make under some reasonable form of "protection"—tariff or otherwise—to be devised with due regard for the interests of the consumers? Although McAlister's questionnaires would numb any mind but that of a school-master, they are shrewdly devised so as to get a sort of plebiscite from all the Canadian masters of any one trade, as to what their chief difficulties, hopes, aspirations and grouches may be. Classified and analyzed the answers to McAlister's questionnaire would yield invaluable information. A wise government, Grit or Tory, might read a summary of such answers with profit to themselves and the country at large.

IT is only after having studied the Canadian home market that McAlister would consider export problems. Again he has prepared questionnaires. First he would have the Business Man's Conference find out—he has more faith in the conference than anybody else in Ottawa—what are the chief lines of produce in which we have surpluses? Obviously wheat comes first, but there are other things than wheat. McAlister would have us find out what other things we now produce in surplus and what things we could most easily produce in surplus if we went about it scientifically. McAlister does not say that we should try to select lines of "finished products" as against lines of raw products for special encouragement, but it is of a piece with his general argument. At all events, having discovered first what things we can and could best produce for export, he would then have us find out which are the most likely markets for these products. Which are good customers and likely to grow? Which are poor customers and likely to grow? Which are good customers and likely to dwindle?

McAlister then takes up the question of transportation facilities—though he makes the mistake of nominating only one committee to consider both inland and outland transportation. He would then have a committee on credit facilities and banking facilities abroad. He raises the question of training commercial representatives for Canadian firms for export service and the question of technical education for labour; immigration and colonization; industrial equipment, plants and public facilities; industrial research laboratories and raw materials. In short, having started well, he becomes the victim of his own momentum and is rolled off into the maze of inquiry which might well occupy an army of students for several incarnations. What is needed, in reading McAlister's report, is a sense of "First things first." Let the manufacturers be shown in clear and unmistakable language that opportunities for such and such lines of trade exist in certain quarters. Let them be encouraged to capture their home markets first, then their foreign markets. Let them be shown "HOW." But if these main leads are attended to, then the question of foreign banking facilities, for example, can be settled secondarily, and so with other subsidiary questions. McAlister's report is like a Chinaman's reading of Browning. The pronunciation may be perfect, but he gives no inflection to the work. He does not indicate the values. It is all told in a deadly monotone.

ALL good Canadians should pray earnestly that no Business Man's Conference be called. It is safe guessing that Sir George Foster himself does not want one unless it be in very modified form indeed. The Tower of Babel would be backed off the map as a piece of real confusion. A further prayer might be added to this effect: that no committees be appointed as per Mr. McAlister's suggestion, for the machinery would stop of its own weight. Committees and commissions are notorious for achieving nothing. They amass information, but almost invariably fail to reduce it to any useful form. If action is to be taken it might well be taken by private government enquiry. Sir George Foster's keen analytical mind might far better be occupied directing a dozen well-trained and well-educated investigators, and sorting their data, than speech-making in Paris and Manchester and hob-nobbing with Dominions Royal Commissions. In Sir George Foster, Canada has a man of rare ability, if only he could be got to work—and work steadily on this gigantic problem of How to Prepare for Peace. Let him busy himself with study along the lines McAlister has suggested—or better lines if he can find them. Let him work in silence till he has reached his conclusions. Let him then come out and tell this country the things he wants done. In so doing he has his chance to give Canada a new National Policy.

PROBLEMS OF THE EAST FRONT ANALYZED

By SIDNEY CORYN

SIDNEY CORYN is the writer of one of the two best weekly war summaries published on this continent. He is an Englishman who knows almost every foot of the Western, Eastern and Macedonian fronts by personal experience. He is an authority on military news and a peculiarly lucid and convincing writer. By a fortunate arrangement with the publishers of the famous San Francisco Argonaut and with Mr. Coryn, the Courier is able to present Mr. Coryn's articles to Canadian readers simultaneously with their appearance before Americans in the Argonaut. Although a certain length of time elapses between the date of Mr. Coryn's writing and the day when it appears in type, Courier subscribers cannot fail to find the articles of peculiar value in helping them to a clear understanding of the complex war situations that are continually arising. Though Mr. Coryn is too wise to mislead his readers by minimizing unfavourable aspects of the war when such present themselves, he is, naturally, an ardent Britisher who restrains his enthusiastic optimism only out of regard for his sense of responsibility to his readers.

THE vital nature of the struggle on the Roumanian frontier and in the Dobrudja is shown by the almost frantic exaggeration of the bulletins. When Mackensen took Tutukai and Silistria we were told that his victory was a decisive one, and we were asked to observe the Roumanian armies in headlong flight and rout. The Roumanian armies had certainly fallen backward, but there was no flight nor rout, as was evidenced by the fact that they made a stand at Constanza in defence of the railroad line and bridge, and that they have not only made good their position there, but even compelled Mackensen to withdraw from some of the territory that he had won. The Roumanian forces were, of course, steadily reinforced by the Russians coming southward, and we may suppose that those reinforcements have been steadily arriving ever since. In all probability the armies of Mackensen are being foiled and will continue to be foiled. Time is against him here, since he can not be reinforced to any considerable extent, while his enemies can draw upon the almost inexhaustible resources of Russia. Mackensen had the alternatives of a quick success, or failure, and therefore we may assume that he has failed so far as his main project was concerned. At the same time he has interposed himself between the Russians and Bulgaria, and has delayed the blow that must otherwise have fallen. The reports show that the battle still continues to the south of Constanza, but it is not likely that Mackensen will be able to do more than hold his own.

Another example of exaggeration was furnished by the bulletins of the Roumanian raid across the Danube to the rear of Mackensen. At first we were told that the raid was a success, and that the Germans were evacuating Tutukai and Silistria. This was contradicted by the Bulgarians, who said that the Roumanians had been driven back with heavy losses. The Roumanians, on the contrary, asserted that their men were still crossing the river, but a few hours later admitted that they had withdrawn to the other side of the Danube, but without the loss of a single man. The truth is probably to be found about half way between the rival bulletins. If the pontoon bridges by which the Roumanians crossed to the east bank of the Danube had actually been destroyed by Austrian monitors, as was claimed, the Roumanians would not only have been defeated. They would have been exterminated, and we should have been informed as to the number of prisoners that had been taken. We may suppose that the Roumanians

found that their position was an impossible one, and that they withdrew across the river after some fighting in which they got the worst of it. But we may still wonder why such a raid was undertaken with a force that must necessarily have been small. The temptation to attack Mackensen in the rear would naturally be a strong one, or it may be that the raid was intended to draw Teuton forces from the west, around Hermannstadt, where also the Roumanians were getting the worst of it. But in any case the engagement was not an important one.

We may suspect that there is still another exaggeration in the reports of the Roumanian defeat around Hermannstadt. Once more we are told that the defeat was decisive, that the Roumanian armies were dispersed, and that their shattered remnants were seeking to hide themselves in the mountains. And yet the number of prisoners claimed by the Teuton bulletins is only 3,000, and almost at once we read of some small counter success won by this same defeated and dispersed army. When Hindenburg defeated the Russians in East Prussia we read of 100,000 prisoners. A haul of 3,000 prisoners was hardly considered worth mentioning during the great Russian retreat last year. While Brussiloff was advancing through Galicia a few weeks ago he was in the daily habit of taking 3,000 prisoners before lunch. But neither Germans nor Russians talked in the inflated style of the present bulletins, a style that may be supposed to reflect the critical nature of the phase upon which the struggle as a whole has now entered. But as a matter of fact there has been no important battle since Roumania entered the war. The Dobrudja fighting may at any moment become of vital importance, but it has not done so yet. Neither side has won any success that has real strategic value. And we may believe that the Germans can not put a sufficient number of men into the eastern field to strike a blow that shall actually advance their campaign. They win successes almost wherever they have a chance to strike, but the successes lead nowhere. They win through an emergency at one place only to find that they must meet some other emergency elsewhere, and that the real fruit is always unattainable. It is not humanly possible to guard eighteen hundred miles of line, and with diminishing resources, against a combination of enemies whose resources are increasing. The man defending himself against a swarm of bees may kill a foe at every stroke, but it avails him nothing.

Roumania can hardly expect any other help than Russia is able to give her. It seems highly unlikely that the Allies in Greece will be able to do more for her than to effect a diversion in the south that will keep employed as many Bulgarians as possible. Certainly there can be no juncture between the Roumanians and the French and British within any measurable time. The question is frequently asked, why the Allies in the south remain inactive, why we do not hear of a great northward movement to reconquer Serbia and to over-run Bulgaria. The answer is that the Allies in the south are not remaining inactive, and that they are actually moving northward along two lines, and also in the direction of Monastir. But the movement is necessarily slow. There are practically no railroads in Macedonia, while much of the country is a maze of defiles and gorges that are heavily fortified and easy to defend. No doubt it would hasten the advance if Greece should finally decide to come into the war, since the Allies would then feel secure as to their rear. But they do not seem anxious for the practical co-operation of Greece, who is in the unpleasant position of asking for bids and receiving none. There was a time when Greece had something to trade with, but a country that is in a state of revolution can hardly be said to be politically solvent. The aid of Greece would certainly have its value, but evidently the value is not high enough to be worth bargaining for. The Allies in the south can do nothing for Roumania in the way of direct co-operation. All that they can do is to make such advances as shall hold the Bulgarian armies in Macedonia, and they seem to be doing this effectively, if we may judge from the steady advance upon Monastir and the equally steady pressure to the north that is being exercised by the whole line.

The Allied front in Greece is now about 150 miles in length. It extends from Florina, south of Monastir, to Neohori, on the Gulf of Orfano, and it is nearly a straight line with a slight northern curve. The most northerly point of this curve is Doiran, which was taken by the Allies some weeks ago. On the extreme left of the line are the Serbians, who are attacking Monastir and who seem likely to take it. The Allies are advancing northward along the Vardar River, and they have also crossed the Struma River to the east. As has been said, their advance is very slow, but it has been almost unchecked everywhere, the Bulgarians falling back at every point of contact. The Bulgarians have lost very heavily to the Serbians, and it is evident that they have insufficient men to cope with the French and British in the south and also with the Russians and Roumanians in the north. Probably Bulgaria has been called upon to furnish every man that she can spare to Falkenhayn and Mackensen, whose armies must contain a maximum of Bulgarians and Turks and a minimum of Germans and Austrians.

For such reasons we are hardly likely to see a very rapid unravelling of the Balkan knot, unless Mackensen should be seriously worsted in the Dobrudja. Certainly the Teutons will spare no effort to aid him in maintaining his position there, while Falkenhayn harries the Roumanians in the north. It looks much as though Roumania either entered the war before she was ready or else that she had attempted to strike at too many points at the same time. The temptation to wound Hungary was probably an irresistible one, and of course it was in consonance with the general plan to crush Austria as the weakest member of the Teuton alliance. It is easy to be wise after the event, but it seems as though Mackensen's invasion of the Dobrudja should have been foreseen and that the road for the Russian movement southward should have been kept open at all hazards. It is now evident enough that Germany regards the Balkans as the centre of the war and that she will strain every nerve to prove that she can protect her smaller allies and maintain her hold upon the railroad to the Far East. At the same time she has done no more than embarrass the movements of her enemies and win small battles that leave the general campaign delayed, but otherwise unaffected. She is a long way still from crushing Roumania, and we may doubt if she has enough men or can get enough men to do this without a dangerous weakening of her forces elsewhere. If she should strike a heavy blow anywhere on the Roumanian frontier it will be at the cost of the Bulgarian armies in the south, and in that case we shall find that Sarrail will be able to quicken his movements. The Balkan situation is very much like the whole war in miniature. A German victory at one point is likely to mean a German defeat at another.

The German armies in the Balkans can not be reinforced from the west without serious consequences. Mr. Ashmead Bartlett, writing from the British front and with official approval, gives the German strength in the west as 119 divisions, and General Fonville, writing in the Revue de Paris, makes the same estimation. These are practically the same as the estimates made five months ago, that is to say, before the assault on the Somme. Assuming them to be correct—and the figures are not difficult to obtain—it is evident that Germany has done no more than replace her losses. Now the Germans on the Somme have been steadily falling back, and it is evident that if their numbers should be decreased they must fall back still faster. That Germany has been so quick and so ready to take up the gage in the Balkans is evidence that she is willing to continue her retirement in the west and that her forces in the Balkans are of more importance there than they would be in the west. We do not know how many men Germany is actually employing in the Balkans. Probably the number is not great, but it is significant that she should be willing to keep any men at all there at the obvious expense of the west. This seems to confirm the view already expressed that the Germans are fighting rearguard actions in the west, that they intend to take up a wholly new line there, and that they are employing delaying tactics while that new line is being prepared and strengthened. For unless the Germans are retiring voluntarily we must suppose that their powers of resistance and their morale have been lessened. There is certainly no comparison between their fighting on the Somme and before Verdun.

That there must be a general retirement of the German line is an absolute certainty unless the Allied advance should be stopped, which seems impossible. Both Peronne and Bapaume are well to the east of the main line running north and south, and that line cannot remain where it is with enemy forces to its east. It is no longer a question whether there will be a retirement. The only question is its extent. Will it be local or will it be general? In other words, will it be judged sufficient to straighten out the Noyon angle and to make a new line that will stretch from Arras to Craonne, or will the retirement be still more general, say up to the Belgian frontier? There is no doubt that the German authorities have been preparing their public for just such a move as this. They have officially stated that worthless positions will not be defended at an undue cost of life—and of course all abandoned positions are worthless—and that the Allies can have as much territory as they wish at the price that they have already been paying. But whether they could actually and openly retire their main lines and evacuate miles of trenches without damaging attack remains to be seen. It would be an operation of great difficulty. It would give an opportunity for the use of the Allied cavalry which has hardly yet been in action at all. We may be sure that these are among the questions that are being gravely debated by general staff that would naturally like to cover such a movement by some brilliant victory in the east.

India's Offering to the Empire

By HIMALAYA

"IT is because India now sees the nations of the west struggling in the grip of their own matter-mad-civilization that she realizes what she has to give to the world, and knows that in order to give it she must be understood as she has not been in the past," writes Harendranath Maitre, in a new book, "Hinduism—The World-ideal."

India has been contemptuously named a land of "dreamers" by the motor-loving, sewing-machine-using civilization of America and Europe. But "there was once a dreamer by the name of Joseph, whose brothers said, 'Here comes the dreamer; let us sell him into Egypt.' They sold him into Egypt. When famine came to the land and the brothers went down into Egypt to buy corn, there they found Joseph and he had the corn. India has the spiritual corn."

The Hindus have developed a system of thought which, if accepted, would vitally help the world. Such is Mr. Maitra's contention as presented in this interesting volume from the press of Dodd, Mead & Company. Other Orientalists have uncovered Hindu philosophy for English readers, but none more intelligibly and with less of the usually perplexing Indian subtility, than Mr. Maitra, of whom G. K. Chesterton, in an introduction, says: "His enthusiasm is for the human side of Hinduism, which touches the heart and makes the lofty ideals of the Vedas a practical religion and poetry for the common people."

The Hindu in his search for God passes through four stages of Ashrama life, as disciple, householder, meditator, and idealist. The first three stages are naturally only preliminary to the fourth, in which "his religion has developed into God-vision. He communes with Him day and night. He serves the sick, consoles the bereaved. He weeps with those who weep, rejoices with those who rejoice. In the service of others he rejoices himself, and becomes the master of his country and the maker of his destiny. He is more than Brahmin."

ALL this is very beautiful and in marked contrast to the map of life followed by the men and the women of the West. India has a vision of the "Oneness of all Humanity," which Mr. Maitra thinks should be understood by her brother races.

God, the all-pervading spirit, is brought very near to the human understanding by the Hindu teaching. In Hinduism there is a "conception of God in all the human relations of life. Christianity has the conception of God as Father. To Islam, God is the Great Friend. But why should God be conceived of in only one relationship? Do they not all belong to Him? The Hindu worships God in every relation." Again, "If God were an Abstract God, He could have little to do with humanity. If God were Abstract God, Creation would be impossible. It is because God is Love that He 'willed Creation to be'; for 'Love must ever give; by its own law of love it must create new objects for its love, and this the Universe was formed, the human Heart of God.' From God who is Love has Creation come, and all Creation is ever seeking the Home from whence it came. Through the devotion of the heart, the devotee becomes one with the Beloved; yet is there ever a union beyond union, a joy beyond joy, a love beyond love, in the Infinite Heart."

It is, as I have said, all very beautiful, and as one turns thoughtfully the pages of Mr. Maitra's book, he would feign throw off his credal religion and accept the spiritual offering of the East. And then

comes the thought of caste. How will Mr. Maitra reconcile the existence of millions of "untouchables" with the vision of the "Oneness of all Humanity." The author does not avoid the issue, and boldly but futilely argues that "caste is unity." He proclaims "the true ideal of caste" as "an extension of the Hindu family ideal, where each has his rightful place and privileges, and where the ideal of all is service for all."

WE are told "caste has preserved the life and ideal of the Hindu race." But have men the right to attain to spiritual heights upon the labour and indignities of their fellow-men? As a matter of fact, is it possible that spirituality can be obtained by trampling on humanity? It is no answer to say that the Brahmin top caste man has "nothing for the morrow. By culture and tradition he lives by faith. He trusts in God and God feeds him." The plain truth is that beneath the saintly Brahmin, the valiant Kshatriya, and the commercial Vaisya, lies the no caste Sudras, the non-Aryan, who is consigned by Hinduism to perpetual drudgery and unintelligence. Mr. Maitra displays a consciousness of the weakness of his defence of the caste system, and in this, the weakest chapter of his good book, seeks to defend, explain, and excuse caste divisions, finally falling upon the devilishly outworn tuquoque argument. "India has caste; the West has class. Caste is internal; class external. Caste is cultural and spiritual, its ideal, mutual obligation and service. Class is credal and material, based on arbitrary ideas of superiority and maternal power. Class feeling dominates everywhere in the West. In India, with all our caste, there was never either class feeling or race antagonism."

The author tells his English readers that the condition of the Sudra is not as bad as has been painted, and wonders if they "have any idea of what Hindu caste really is." Yes, we know the meaning of caste. And we have our information, not from Europeans or Americans, who do not know the "real India." We have it from Hindu teachers like Lajpat Rai, the courageous spokesman of the Hindu nationalist movement. This distinguished Indian humanist says, in an interesting book, "The Arya Samaj," by Longmans, Green & Co.:

"No slavery is more harmful than that of mind, and no sin is greater than to keep human beings in perpetual bondage. It is bad enough to enslave people, but to create and perpetuate circumstances which prevent them from breaking their chains and becoming free, is infamous. No man or number of men have a right to do this, and they deserve the severest condemnation of all who have a conscience. It is my firm conviction that injustice and oppression of fellow-men, the attempt to stifle legitimate human ambition, the desire to keep people down in order to profit by their misfortune, is sure to react on the authors and agents thereof, and that nothing can save them from a similar fate sooner or later except a timely consciousness of the gravity of their sin and a vigorous attempt to atone for it by undoing the mischief wrought."

And we know, also, from Mr. Lajpat Rai, that the orthodox party, the defenders of caste, have threatened to out-caste Hindus who are attempting to feed, educate, raise and admit into Hindu society, "the depressed classes and untouchables," and we know still further that the orthodox Hindus in their despair at the success of the reform school "pour out the vials of their wrath upon the untouchables and persecute them."

HINDUISM, the world-Ideal, gives to the West a breath of spirituality, but not until India's philosophy has ironed out its basic inconsistencies will it be generally acceptable as superior to our own. There is something radically wrong with the spiritual culture of men who deny access to their culture, to those "who by race and tradition were inferior." "True, only the Brahmins, Kshatriyas, and Vaisyas could read; the Vedas and the Sudras were debarred," admits Mr. Maitra. "One does not give higher mathematics to children," he reasons, but unfortunately for the argument, all Sudras are not children, and some Brahmins are little better than children. Undoubtedly, the Sudras are the unintelligent of India, but it is not merely the blood of their non-Aryan ancestors that has made them so; it is their Hindu enforced debilitating environment. Mr. Maitra cannot make out a case for India's vision of the Oneness of all Humanity within the covers of a book which defends the depression of the Sudras. Mr. Lajpat Rai, who, by the way, has just written a new book, "Young India," published by B. W. Huebsch, of New York, is in a different position. The Arya-Samaj, of which he is a leader, has recognized the fatal weakness of preaching a brotherhood of man which does not include the Sudras. The Arya Samaj would purge India of the caste system which, like a pestilential pool lying in a beautiful meadow, mars the landscape and threatens the higher forms of life within its influence.

But it is not for Western hands to throw stones with impunity at the Eastern spiritual structure. If the dharma of the East is not acceptable to the West, it must be remembered that the dharma of the West does not appeal to the East. There are several thousand Hindus in Canada, most of them have been in this country for years, and few, very few, are professed Christians. I once asked a Hindu friend for an explanation of the failure of his countrymen to accept Christianity in Canada.

"We do not like your dharma," was his reply, and shortly afterwards, feeling that his spiritual and moral ideals were becoming undermined by the corruption and selfish materialism of this land, my friend returned to his poverty-stricken village home in India. I can see him now, with knotted brow, trying to reconcile the selfish lives of Christians with the beautiful teachings of their self-proclaimed Master.

And in the same way the readers of Mr. Maitra's book will seek in vain to fit the orthodox treatment of the degraded, but God-made Sudra into the following paragraph from "Hinduism, the World-Ideal":

"The Hindu has not forgotten the basis of his love. He has seen his own self in the self of others. He has so idealized that self-identification that there are certain cults, the followers of which when they come to any house and knock at the door, if from within it is asked, 'Who are you?' reply, 'It is thyself.' This is in truth the kernel of Hindu brotherhood."

ENGLAND'S GOD-SPEED TO DEVONSHIRE

THE freedom of the city of Eastbourne was conferred on Canada's new Governor-General shortly before he sailed for this country. Behind him stands Eastbourne's Mayor in ceremonial robes. Before him—Canada, with little ceremony. The arrival of a new Governor-General is not unlike the first meeting of the Chinese bride with her Chinese husband. It is true that we in Canada are in the position of a widow in the matter of Governor-Generals—we are the relict of many vice-regal protectors. But in the matter of sensitivity and formality the figure holds good. On the one hand, the Duke of Devonshire's fancy must be won. On the other hand he must—and will—achieve our respect and affection. While no one entertains any doubts on these points, the occasion of our introduction, each to the other, is nevertheless important. Victor Christian William Cavendish, of Chatsworth House and Hardwick Hall in Derbyshire, and of Bolton Abbey in Yorkshire, and of Compton Place in Eastbourne, and of Lismore Castle in Waterford (to say nothing of his work-a-day address at 78 Piccadilly W.) is a typical Cavendish. He has not hitherto set anything on fire by his genius, and it is doubtful if he would make the effort even though he felt the flame within. He is of that excellent British type which conceives it his duty to serve God and King—without ostentation. He rides and reads. He fulfils quietly but with great tact the usual calls upon his time. He takes pride in his acres—186,000 of them—and in his picture gallery. He has two sons and five daughters. His wife was Lady Evelyn Emily Mary Fitzmaurice, daughter of the 5th Marquis of Lansdowne. As this is written his ship approaches our coasts. His welcome is as sincere as our regret for the departure of his predecessor is great. If he finds that the pomp and pageantry of Bucktown on the Bond River or Wahago on the Saskatchewan are not quite in the Eastbourne class for decoration, he will please to have patience.

PLAYS

Good, Better, Worse

VIOLET HEMING.
Playing a leading role in Richard Walton Tully's play, "The Flame."

KATHLEEN CLIFFORD.
This former favourite of the vaudeville stage is now playing the leading feminine role in "A Pair of Queens."

MURIEL MARTIN HARVEY.
Cyril Maude's new leading lady in "Jeff."

Some in Canada, All in New York

MR. POWERS, appearing at the Royal Alexandra last week, is said to be happy with Somebody's Luggage—which is not true if a six-foot man happens to fall heir to the luggage of a person five feet two, in which case the safety razor and the tooth-brush are about the only things interchangeable.

The play is a dramatization of a story by F. J. Randall, in which a drunken Englishman, on board a Channel steamer, has his travelling bag exchanged for that of an Australian who is coming to take possession of an estate. The Australian falls overboard, and the drunkard is delivered by a cabman at the house where the arrival of the other man is expected. The innocent intruder, having been thrown from the cab in a collision at the door, is supposed to be out of his head when he denies his identity as the heir and when he claims to be himself.

This is clearly an Empire play, and should be patronized everywhere in Canada by box parties from the Round Table. You see, it includes both an Englishman and an Australian, and happens to have been played in Canada. The playwright was very unkind, however, to depict the Englishman as a drunkard. But with so genial an inebriate as Mr. Powers creates on stage—the used-to-drinks in Ontario, Manitoba, etc., will be moved to envy. The play was produced at the 48th Street Theatre on August 28th.

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PAGANINI, by Edward Knobslauch, performed in Canada last season, with George Arliss in the title role, was put on in New York at the Criterion last month. Gotham does not think this play is the equal of Milestones, My Lady's Dress, and Kismet, by the same author, and all seen in this country. A point both the playwright and the actor miss is the fact that Mischa Elman has a theory that he sometimes holds seances with Paganini.

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CANADIAN playwriting talent again scores at the Shubert in Gotham in Lazarus, by Harry O'Higgins and Harriet Ford. This play was produced in Chicago last season and was well received in a city where Dives is more important than Lazarus.

Mr. Lazarus is a rich miner, who returns unknown to his deserted wife and daughter, and, like the usual god in the machine, straightens out their various troubles. He rids the wife of a blood-sucking husband (she had married again, having thought No. 1 to have been killed in a railroad accident) and sufficiently endows his child with the means necessary to marry a deserving, hard-working young artist. Having salved his conscience, as far as money will do it, the unknown, fearing that the galling chains of matrimony will never suit his spirit of wanderlust, quietly skips out, leaving them all in doubt as to whether he was the real husband-father.

This play will be worth watching for when it comes to Canadian theatres.

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MURIEL MARTIN HARVEY has name enough to be famous without appearing in a play of Canadian origin, and as leading lady with an actor so agreeably famous as Cyril Maude. "Jeff," which is a dramatization of Stephen Leacock's Sunshine Sketches, appeared in Toronto last week with Cyril Maude and Muriel Martin Harvey in the leading roles. It was well received by the critics and by the public, who would persist in seeing in Jeff some traces of the genial old Grumpy, given in Canada by Cyril Maude at the fag end of season before last.

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IN the October number of The Theatre, Robert Mantell recounts his personal reminiscences of the stage. Mantell is good at the art of reminiscing. Most elderly actors are. He has been long enough wrestling with other critics to be ready for a little mild satire at his own expense. As a general thing, Mantell has never impressed anybody as a humorist on stage. In fact, he is rather the heaviest performer of all the heavyweights in ponderous tragedy. After the season of 1877 came to a close I was engaged to open in Newcastle in pantomime, he says. Of this engagement the salient fact that stands forth was that Gerald Eyre, later a New York favourite, was Demon of the Cave, while I played the role of the Frog. It was Mr. Eyre's duty, of course, to kick the Frog about the stage. He used to ask, under his breath, "will you stand me a drink after the show," And knowing that unless I gave my promise his kicks were sure to take on an unpleasant tinge of realism, I used to croak, "Yep, yep, yep," and the best English notices of these earlier days of mine, came from the critic who discovered that I had so closely studied the habits and the accents of the bull-frog, that my hops about the stage, and my croaking "yep" were the most truthful reflection of bactrician naturalism ever seen on the local stage.

Among the visiting stars whom we supported was George Clarke, later a great favourite at Daly's Theatre in New York. Owing to the alcoholic indisposition of the old men of the company, I was cast for the part of Father Doolan, to the "Con" of Mr. Clarke in "Con the Shaughran." Afterwards when I had come again to America and was playing Loris Ipanoff in "Fedora," with Fanny Davenport, at the Fourteenth Street Theatre, it was my custom to meet a group of bright spirits at the old Morton House each evening after the play. George Clarke, Bartley Campbell, Leander Richardson and I were settling the fate of the drama at such a gathering one night when the question of bad performances came up, and someone asked Mr. Clarke to name the very worst actor he had even seen. Mr. Clarke mused a few minutes and then replied: "A fellow named Hudson—Bob Hudson—whom I ran across in Newcastle during a tour of the English provinces. He played Father Doolan in "Con the Shaughran," and for utter, hopeless crime his acting lay over anything I ever saw."

"The joke is on me," I said, "for I was that Bob Hudson."

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IT is $10,000 in forged money, and not a pearl necklace, that the police and the populace squabble and fall over each other about in "A Pair of Queens." There is—as it happens—no necklace in the play. But, by way of compensation, the piece itself, instead of being a properly built climax of laughable situations, is more like a string of beads. The series of amusing moments have been threaded together with a filament of plot so tenuous that I looked to see it snap at any moment. And even the mile-a-minute speed at which the thing is played couldn't make me forget that the beads on the string were all pretty much alike.

E D I T O R I A L

STATE ownership or control of newspapers and other periodicals is quite as reasonable as state ownership of telegraphs, railways, waterworks systems or milk companies. The influence of the newspaper cannot be over-estimated. Yet this instrument of public instruction is left in the hands of upstarts, demagogues, rogues, hobby-riders, and a few conscientious men, and most of those in the western world are wagged by their tails—their advertisers. One of the evils resulting from this is to be observed in the United States. The advertisers there demand a circulation amongst women—the chief buyers. The periodicals warp their whole product therefore to "catch the women." Hence the spectacle of emotional journalism—for it is emotional stuff that "gets" the average woman reader. The whole American body politic is affected. The very stamina of the young males of the uneducated classes particularly is menaced by that emotional journalism. And this evil, in earlier stages, already exists in Canada.

State owned or state supervised newspapers might be placed under penalties for printing false news. State-owned or state-supervised news agencies might distribute the facts of the day in clear, concise language. The periodicals would be either state-supported or supported by the revenue from circulation. Thus the reader of a paper would really pay for it instead of paying a mere fraction of its cost and allowing advertisers to make up the balance. A system of state control might issue licenses to reporters and editors based on character, experience and general knowledge of journalism or of particular journalistic fields. And such a system need not muzzle bold thinkers. It might relieve them of the odium of having to accept their hire from department store advertisers. However, we don't expect the state to control our newspapers until it is able to guarantee a wider freedom of individual opinion than exists in Germany—or in Russia.

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IF it is true that Sir Rabindranath Tagore, the Hindu poet, refuses to include Canada in his tour of America because he resents Canada's treatment of the Hindus in British Columbia, then we have to express disappointment. Tagore might have helped Canadians to a better understanding of the Hindu people. As it is he appears to shirk a duty and neglect an opportunity. Possibly the newspaper despatches quote Tagore incorrectly. It is to be hoped so. He should come.

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THE western farmer should make money on his wheat while yet there is time. When Peace releases Russia's accumulating wheat there is likely to be trouble in Winnipeg.

And, by the way, in the proposed tariff-entente between the Allies how will the competition between our wheat and Russian wheat work out? The entente is in danger of having a greater wheat supply than will be profitable to its wheat growers. India, too, will be concerned, and Australia. In other words, it is possible to argue that the price of wheat among the Entente nations at all events is likely to be depressed. Or would the wheat growers prefer to sacrifice the proposed Tariff Entente among the Allies and sell their wheat to Germany, too?

Moral? Let us "feed" our wheat to Canadian workmen and export the finished product of Canadian labour plus Canadian raw materials, instead of selling the virtue of our soil, in the shape of wheat, at low rates to enable foreign workmen to undersell Canadian workmen in world markets.

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FOR the year 1916 we may be over-railroaded. For the first year of peace—which may be 1917, 1918 or 1919—we cannot be over-railroaded. Three years ago we were boasting of the high ratio of railway mileage to population: To-day we seem to doubt: In the first year of peace we shall be boasting again.

In our railways will be the means of easing the shock of returning soldiers and reviving immigration. They will be to this country what the intricate system of little passage-ways is in a sponge. The sponge may be squeezed dry, but it expands the instant it is released in water. Canada is being squeezed all but dry of her men. Thanks to her railways, she will be able to re-absorb her returned men and the peace-hungry immigrants that will accompany them, or follow them, from Europe. Our net-work of railways will make it possible to distribute the newcomers over tremendous areas without congestion, and with a minimum of embarrassment to the labour market. The existence of our railways will make possible elaborate colonization schemes that could not have been dreamed of under any other circumstances.

And what if we had only the railroads of 1900? Suppose with that equipment we were faced with the problem of distributing large blocks of new population? Congestion, depression and disturbance would be inevitable. We should be compelled to build the necessary new roads on 6% money. As it is, we have them on 4½% money.

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SIR WILFRID LAURIER'S speech to Ontario Liberals in London touched high points of idealism. But it is a question how many of his hearers retained any permanent effect. A noble speech or great sermon is too often a mere twenty-minute thrill, tickling the surfaces of the mind and leaving the soul untouched. There is always the danger that an audience is moved only to praise the speaker and marvel at his art, where they should be led to examine themselves in the light of the speech and set their sights for higher things. It is one of the sad phases in our Canadian public life to observe the naive enthusiasm of the party papers over speeches like Foster's denunciation of patronage and Laurier's more recent appeal for selfless devotion to the state's interests. The fact that a Canadian politician excoriated graft and praised honesty is heralded as something unusual. We make it the occasion for revealing how low is our average conception of the duty of public men, how tolerant we are of sham and dishonesty when thinly veiled. If we were really virtuous it would be tiring to hear virtue praised. We should take the condemnation of evil for granted. Instead of that we are delighted to hear an eloquent man expound these ABC's. What result have we from Foster's "epoch-making" impeachment of the patronage system? What lasting result is to follow Sir Wilfrid's flight of words? Everyone knows that oratory is dying out, and one might be tempted to rejoice at the loss. For too often the audience feels that it has done its duty by applauding righteousness, and the speaker feels that he has acquitted himself of his obligations by dressing the moral law in new words. Speech, too often, exhausts the energy that might otherwise be turned into action. For real eloquence one might commend to Liberals and Conservatives alike, action.

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A COMMON phrase among Englishmen seldom fails to provoke smiles from Canadians. To say "O . . That sort of thing . . . er . . isn't done—y' know!" seems to us westerners the height—or the depth—of imbecility. It strikes our undisciplined ears as a confession of stupidity. We interpret it as meaning "O . . I should never think of doing so-and-so because . . er . . because nobody else ever does it." In comic operas concocted by Broadway Jews, "It isn't done" is frequently placed in the mouths of ricketty dukelings, and as a "laugh-getter" ranks very high indeed. In our ears the Englishman's "It isn't done" invites sneers, lends itself to irony, begs for derision. As a matter of fact, however, it is one of the heritages of all Britons, and we are the poorer in Canada for having failed to understand "It isn't done," and to adopt it into our daily speech and into our psychology. For as a comment on the rightness or wrongness of a given line of conduct it establishes the line between acts of debatable character and acts which are not, for one moment debatable. It signifies that there can be no compromise—not even discussion of the tabooed acts. It indicates, on the part of the man who uses the phrase, loyalty to the general judgment of his fellow men, a willingness to be governed by the general weal rather than by his own opinions. "It isn't done" may be abused. The frame of mind which it represents may be abhorred by individualists. Nevertheless it is an honourable and useful expression. Its use would often save us from entering into discussions with evil and making compromises with sin.

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SIR GEORGE FOSTER'S "announcement of trade policy" at Winnipeg is disappointing. We are willing to concede that his speech to the two thousand Western business men was "brilliant," and it is mildly interesting to know that he "warned the neutrals" to expect no favours after the war. His declaration that when the world faces peace it faces a "stupendous task" had at least the merit of having been said many times in the past year. But beyond this Sir George did not go. His phrase: "Trade is the hand-maid of production" is quaint but scarcely vital. And his declaration that we must have "a new co-ordination of effort," an almost painful re-affirmation of what we know only too well. It is surprising to observe Sir George flogging a horse that needs no urging. We are only too eager to leap ahead. Direction alone is needed and Sir George, who should be best able to give it, utters a speech instead of a policy.

CONSCRIPTION FOR WOMEN

By ESTELLE M. KERR

"CANADA is just one year behind England," says Lady Gwendolyn Guiness, who is assisting her husband in recruiting for the Navy. A year ago, in England, everyone was talking of the necessity of registration for men—just as they are in Canada to-day—they spoke of the folly of sending useful citizens to the front while the inefficient workers remained at home. Registration was followed by conscription, and it seems reasonable to suppose that this will take place in Canada a year later. But why should men alone be at the disposal of the nation and women remain exempt from patriotic duty? Already there is compulsory service for women in the harvest fields of Germany; female labour in France is highly organized and only women are allowed to be employed in certain branches of munition work, according to an official bulletin recently issued by M. Thomas, the "French Lloyd George." In England, women are employed in nearly every branch of labour, and now the much-discussed topic is, Conscription for Women.

WHEN the call for munitions was so insistent, many delicately-nurtured women of independent means enrolled for service and worked twelve hours a day. Most of them broke down under the strain in the course of a year. Then ensued a recruiting campaign to register women for war work with splendid results, but in the meantime the health of many workers was seriously impaired. Now the work is done by three shifts of workers daily instead of two, and the results are much more satisfactory. This is a question of vital importance in Canada just now, for many of the munition factories are offering tempting wages, but they demand twelve hours a day, and the strain of working from 6 at night to 6 in the morning is too great for a young girl. Still, many of them do not realize this and prefer to accept $3.00 per day at one of these factories rather than $2.00 for an eight-hour day. A settlement worker in one of our large cities says that the night classes are completely disorganized for all the girls are working overtime and no longer come to the classes in dressmaking, cooking, etc., or attend the social entertainments, or make use of the reading rooms. Extra work means extra pay and the lure of the dollar makes them neglect their health. In conserving the resources of our country are we overlooking our own young womanhood? This shortage of labour would not exist if every woman did her share. Until there is a more general desire to help, the extra burden will fall on the few.

SEVEN million women and more are employed in England in agriculture, munitions and aircraft manufacture, in the various trades, as tram-conductors, chauffeurs, clerks, etc. We begin to think there is not an idle woman in the country, but this is far from being the case. Canada is not the sole resort of Women Slackers. There are thousands in London who frankly do not want to work. The Flag Day sellers, for instance. It is frequently stated in the press that 10,000—sometimes 20,000—ladies were selling flags in the streets of London for such-and-such a cause. Where do they all come from? Some perhaps manage to arrange their usual work in such a way as to allow of an occasional free day, but the great majority must be young, unemployed women. And they are not all English. Many complaints are made of Canadian women who are living lives of idleness—sometimes of gaiety—in London, and so adding to the burden of the mother country. It would be difficult to prevent mothers coming here to cheer their seriously wounded sons, and wives to cheer their husbands, but certainly the influx of Canadian women to England, save under the most serious necessity, should be discouraged unless they are trained for some branch of war work and have sufficient means to support themselves while doing it.

MANY Canadian women who went to England during the first year of the war, grew discouraged when they found that there was not nearly enough work to go round. Now, however, things have changed, and in every direction the cry is: "We want more women." From the headquarters of the Red Cross Society comes an urgent appeal for more voluntary nurses; from the Labour Exchanges a demand for more women clerks for Government work; and from several directions at once a call for any number of women for work on the land. Perhaps the first is the most unexpected, for until quite recently the despised V. A. D. has been a drug in the market. For a time it seemed as though there were a dozen for every job. Those who were really anxious for regular work soon grew tired of the hot competition for the privilege of performing the smallest hospital duty, and found some other occupation; while the rest became slack as the first excitement wore off, and began to think that "doing the washing list" once a week at the nearest hospital was enough in the way of war work.

IT has only just begun to dawn on the authorities that there is some capacity for useful work left in the average woman even after her 40th birthday—V. A. D.'s may now be 48, and the Civil Service Commissioners have nominally removed all age limits, though actually very few posts are given to women of over 40. It is suggested that the National Register —which registered women as well as men—be used for the purpose of conscripting women on somewhat the same lines as the Military Service Act. Every woman, or at least every unmarried woman, between the ages of 18 and 40, could then be called upon for work of national importance, unless she is granted exemption. Much has been said about the male slacker—now become the conscript—and much about the excellent work rendered by the women of the nation, but there are women slackers, too.

Miss Owen Lloyd George, elder daughter of the British War Secretary. She will soon be married to Capt. T. G. Carey-Evans, of the Indian service, who won the military cross in Gallipoli.

HUNDREDS of Canadian girls took the First Aid and Home Nursing courses at the outbreak of the war, fired with enthusiasm to go overseas immediately, but the discouraging announcement was made that only trained nurses were wanted. Now, however, a call has come and a contingent of 60 women from 23 to 38 years of age, members of Nursing Divisions of the St. John Ambulance Brigade and Voluntary Aid detachments in various parts of Canada have sailed for England to serve as probationers in the British military hospitals. They have volunteered for seven months and will receive a salary of $100 a year, with $20 a year for renewal of uniforms. This is the first official call for partially trained nurses, but it will probably not be the last.

A movement for the conscription of women for war service in England is taking hold of public imagination and which, even if it does not bring about actual conscription, will certainly largely increase the number of voluntary woman war workers. Commander Locker Lampson, M.P., who has been instrumental in starting the movement, says:

"Now that the men are all under orders, it is time that every woman realized that she must do her bit for her country. If she does not do it voluntarily she must be conscripted like the men."

England is now in the preliminary stages of another great enlistment campaign, similar to that which raged throughout the country in the first eighteen months of the war. The posters, "Father, what did you do in the great war?" will be replaced by, "Grandmother, what did you do in the war?"

SO far the women of the working class have done nobly. In their case there has been the double inducement of patriotism and high wages, and in addition to that they have the habit of work. It is almost impossible to obtain female labour of the domestic servant, shop girl or factory girl classes now, and even typists and secretaries are hard to find, for the Ministry of Munitions and the various war departments have absorbed a vast amount of girl clerical labour. But there are many girls who have never worked in their lives and in the ordinary way never would work. They spend their days and nights visiting, playing tennis, and going to the theatre—waiting for the man to turn up and marry them. In many cases now the man will never turn up, and in many others the man who was to have married them has fallen at the front or returned a hopeless wreck.

The problem before England now is to convince these girls that they must do something for their country or, failing that, to compel them, and it will soon be Canada's problem as well. Conditions in Canada have been greatly helped by the Women's Emergency Corps, who opened registers throughout the country for women willing to do war work, and in this way hundreds have been enrolled in each of the various centres. They have also circulated literature pointing out the duty of women to help to win the war by urging men to enlist, by serving themselves in the way for which they are best fitted, and by saving. If we do not confine our expenditure to necessaries, we keep people employed in the manufacture of luxuries who might otherwise use their time for the benefit of the nation.

CONSCRIPTION for women introduced the need for mothers' pensions, for women can best serve the state by rearing healthy children, and many are forced to work and leave their little ones when they most need a mother's care. There is a demand on the part of German women for something corresponding to the period of military service required of every young man. The idea is to give every young woman a year's training in those forms of activity by which women through nature or custom are best adapted to contribute to the welfare of the State. They will be instructed in such subjects as hygiene, eugenics, the care and training of children, household economics, the science of nutrition and the art of cooking. The necessary practice in these studies will be afforded by service in hospitals, schools and asylums.

BY such a drill it is hoped to accomplish three objects. The first is to secure a sufficient number of trained helpers to take care of the cripples and orphans the war has produced. The second is to repair as rapidly as possible the injury done to the nation by raising the standard of household efficiency and health and by providing that the new generation shall be sound in body and mind. The third object is "the socialization of the feminine mind." The aim is to teach the women that the future of the race depends upon them as much as upon the men.

THE idea of subsidized marriage bureaus has also been advanced in Germany by a well-known statistician. In connection with the bureau, it is suggested that elderly and experienced persons, male and female, might give their services to the young men and women asking for advice, and it might be so arranged that the principles of eugenics and race delution would receive greater attention than hitherto. "Vorwarts" thinks it may collapse "because of the scarcity of young men."

MY first coon hunt has always struck me as fit to line up with the twelve labours of Hercules and the Argonaut's journey after the golden fleece; and it was a great deal more realistic to me than either. In fact, it was the first hunt of any kind I had ever taken part in, and as it took place at night it impressed me with a large element of mystery.

I remember that I had been in the country but a year or two, and had come to the age of fourteen without any clear idea of the various animals which inhabited that part of the Ontario bush. At the corner store I had listened to many a yarn about bears and wildcats and wild turkeys. But I had only the vaguest notions about what sort of animals these were; and whenever I heard a story about coons being hunted at night I always imagined that a coon was a very fierce and very sizable animal. For instance, a man has gone deer-hunting alone and fox-hunting in pairs, and men have even been known to hunt bears singlehanded. But so far as I could make out, it always took a gang to hunt a coon. No one had ever been known to go coon-hunting by himself.

"No, I guess not," I remark to myself as intimations of a coming coon hunt began to thicken up around the diggings where I was the hired boy. "No siree, it takes a lot of 'm to hunt a coon. I guess it's a very terrifying animal. It must be."

These notions I never breathed to any of the gang that came booting in from the road in twos and threes—Tom Rickets, Jumbo Hackett, Bill Blindey and four others, all of whom that day had done hefty works of loading manure, cutting corn, threshing and the like, and could any one of them have gone to sleep on a pile of rails. But when Blindey's old dog threw himself into a tantrum at sight of the axe and the lantern and the full moon just whoozing golden-red out of the big lake none of those people had a tired bone in his body.

Neither had I. Being a shy hired person I hung about on the outskirts of the gang wondering if by any chance they would invite me to go along—to hold the lantern, or to help to skin the coon animal in the bush, or to bury the great carcass, or beat him up out of the cornfield, or whatever it might happen to be. As a matter of fact, I was a bit timid about the whole matter.

"Whatcheh jigglin' about, skeesicks?" blatted Jumbo, the thick one, who that day had forked forty huge loads of barnyard manure.

"Nuthink at all," says I.

"Figgerin' on goin' along?"

"Nope. Donno as I be."

"Awright. Stay to hum, then. Go to roost with the hens."

He laughed in a sort of asthmatic way, and I knew he had for my insignificant size and puny prowess a very great contempt. The old dog made a terrible row when two of the lot got grinding the axe by lantern light.

"I wonder," say I to myself, "what they will do with the axe?"

I had an idea they might use it to cleave the skull of the coon after the dog had him cornered in a jampile. I knew this much, anyhow—that the dog was only taken along to get track of the animal, as I suspected, in some field of corn where I had see traces of ravages wrought by coons along the edge of the bush.

"All hunkadory, Bub," says one of the gang, who seemed to be a ringleader. "I guess you c'n come along. But we'll trail the dog-gone boots off yeh, and y'll come home at two in the morning as wet as a drownded rat. Grr!"

"I don't care," says I. But I did. I was just middling scared as I fell in behind the gang.

A full moon was just rising as we gathered the gang and started back Blindey's lane—one of those long lanes that reach a mile and a quarter back from a certain large lake into the great hind land of the bush. We were all leg-booted and smocked. I carried the lantern. Tom Rickets carried the axe. The dog went ahead. It was a splendid warm evening. Bob Hackett was chewing tobacco. Every twenty rods I could see the black mark of his libations in the dust of the lane.

I felt somehow that we could have encompassed and slain a tiger or something bigger. But the idea of six men, a dog and a boy banding together to snare one twenty-pound coon did not strike me as ridiculous. I didn't know what a coon was. Still it's the things that used to be absurd when we took them seriously and look back upon them now with amusement that make life worth having a past at all.

BY the time we reached the edge of the first cornfield next to a large wedge of solid bush on the other side of it there was a fine heavy dew. We all sat on the fence while the old dog went on an expedition among the corn. Some yarns were swapped when Jumbo Hackett said with great energy:

"I move we go and beat up that bumble bees' nest I seen las' week along that south fence there next the clover field."

That seemed popular.

"Why didn't yeh guzzle it when yeh seen 'm?" we asked him.

He made a noise at me like a backlands dog as though I had asked him the question myself. Jumbo always liked to treat me with contempt. "You wall-eyed whiffit," he said, as we trolloped away to the particular fence corner three panels this side of a young hickory and began rooting about the wire-grass for the honey-pods.

"Jumpin' beeswax!" says Jumbo as he bear-pawed out a small section of the honey. "There's a dog-gone bee up my pant legs."

I am sorry to this day that bee was so drowsy with the dew as not to prod the elephant, for he got twice his share of the honey and I got none.

Still the dog gave no sign from the hefty corn, and we let one another call him dog names as we clambered on the fence again. Jumbo smashed a rotten rail and nearly fell into a large burdock. The world seemed to be swarming with silence, moonlight and those sweetly solemn katydids. So far as could be observed in all that dreamy bush landscape with the great lake at the front and the barns sticking up like glimmering blobs of shadow along the distant road, there was no other gang but ours on foot. We had several square miles of coonland all to ourselves.

"Cripes! I'm hungry," mumbled Jumbo.

"Gnaw s'm raw corn," suggest I.

"Aw, bite a bunion," retorts he with apt repartee.

"Move we have a corn roast," intimates Bill Blindey, the wiry little tyke that never was outwardly weary.

Which we did on the north edge of the cornfield just where it petered off into the cow lot and the burnt-over log jams. With a bonfire of punkwood from the slash we roasted what few milk-juicy ears we could find along the ripe corn, and sitting on the fence again, gnawed like a pack of wolves, damning the dilatory dog that never had been known to give a false alarm at a coon hunt, but always took his time.

"Wish there was a melon patch handy by we could clean up," grunts Jumbo to the rest——

And just as he said it the old dog uttered his first yelp right over on the edge of the bush. It set the wild echoes flying and sent seven pairs of boots, one axe and one lantern slambang into the wet corn, Jumbo, as I recall it, being last off the fence and myself next, Bill Blindey screaming like a hyena at the dog. The moon took her last glimpse of us for a moment; then the wet corn, twice as high as a man, the ragweeds and the three kinds of burrs from beggar lice to bootjacks and keg-burrs jungled us in among in the fat pumpkins and the crawling vines and stumps, and we were like an army of blue devils advancing to the destruction of a world.

THAT was the most ridiculous rampage I had ever taken part in. The most absurd part of it was Jumbo, who, if he ever tripped over a furtive pumpkin, smashed it and went slambanging on, while I sprawled over nine and got burrs into my brown duck clean up to the collar.

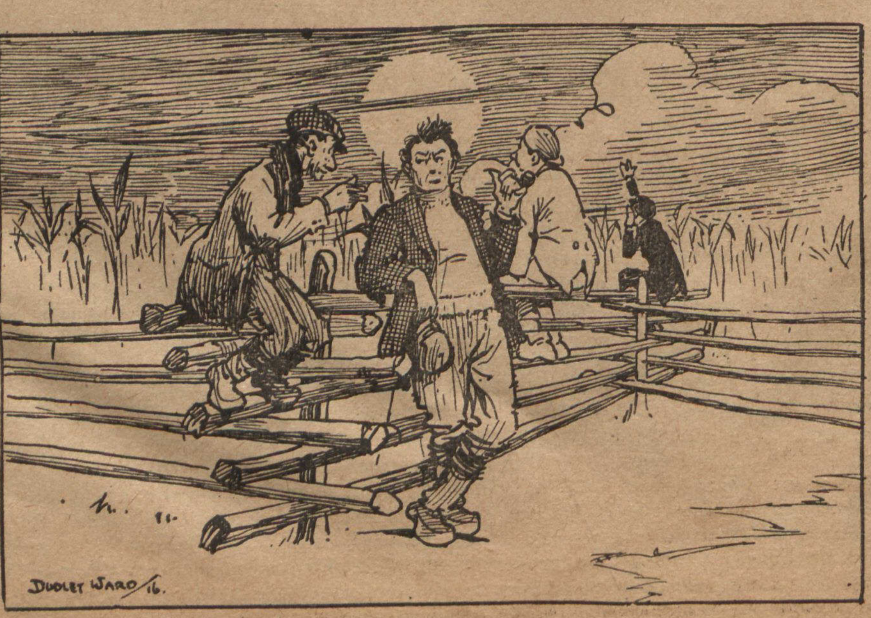
"You dang galoot!" Jumbo abjured me once as I ran into him somewhere in the jamboree—I was always gravitating in his direction against my will. "Gimme that lantern—y'll smash it."

Which I did, and we were then out of the corn into the bush where the dew was just beginning to get noticeable in the underbrush, and the moon got no look-in at all, and the gang pulled itself together under seven huge giants of the swamp-elm, hardwood bush to wonder where on earth was that.

"Son of a gun of a dog," as Jumbo paraphrased him, snorting at me as though I had done anything.

"To hell and gawn," remarks one.

And so it seemed. Nothing but a faint, smothering yelp that seemed to be miles away in the unutterable bosom of the bush, as Jumbo lighted the lantern.



"He's got 'im treed," gasp I.

"Holy Moses," gurgitates Jumbo in unfathomable contempt. "You're sich a wise whiffit, wonder yeh don't go on all fours ahead with the dog."

Sufficiently squelched I fell in behind the gang as it trailed off vaguely in the direction from which the sound of the dog seemed to come. They all went like the devil after a sinner. In five minutes they were all so far ahead that I could only locate them by the glimmer of the lantern, and the smash of their boots. I had never been alone in the bush at night, and I couldn't keep up. Every time I tried to make an extra rod or two I fell over a rotten log or got hung up in a pack of underbrush. I was sopping from head to foot, lost my cap and didn't try to look for it, and was so almightily scared that I didn't even yell "Boohoo!"

They didn't need me, anyhow. I knew it. They hadn't even missed me.

I could have sat on a log and bellowed, but I was so far into the bush that I'd never have found my way out till morning. I clearly remember, however, that when all of a sudden I landed in a large frog-hole at the base of a wind-blown tree I clambered out and sat on the edge—and, oh, how I abused that gang, in language that never was heard within a mile of any class meeting. And the katydids chirped away as though it didn't matter whether I was lost, strayed or stolen.

I got up to listen. The crackling was done. The light was swallowed. The dog no longer barked. The bush was as silent as a cave except for the katydid.

"By gosh! They've got to the tree," I whimpered. "I guess the only way is to pretend I'm a coon and climb one myself, before they'll ever find me."

Which of course was very absurd, because no dog ever tracked a two-legged coon.

Pretty soon I heard the far-off tap of an axe. They had begun to chop down the coon elm. My only fear was that they might get it down and start off again before I caught up.

No, that wasn't my only fear. There came a skin-creeping notion over me that they might not, after all, capture that coon. The beast might escape from the tree into another one, might come clawing down in the dark while the gang chopped away at the elm, and for all I could tell might come lickety-split over in my direction. In fact, who could tell whether at that very moment some malignant coon, knowing that I was one of the gang, was not glaring down at me from the lower limbs of some tree and any moment might spring on me?

I knew now quite clearly that a coon was something akin to a wildcat, because it clomb trees and went out at nights. I remembered David Livingstone and the lions and shivered in my boots as I felt coming through my soul the old missionary hymn, "From Greenland's icy mountains." I gazed timidly up at the dark wilderness of the mighty trees to imagine I could detect some malevolent pair of green eyes blazing down at me. But I saw none.

Thus far, so good. I was safe at present. And if I could summon up enough nerve to trail the gang without getting lost I could be as safe as any of them.

FOR a while I tried to do this. But I found that the tap of the axe is a hard thing to locate in the bush. You never can tell whether what you hear first is the axe or the echo; and the echo never comes from the same place as the axe. As for the lantern the leaves and the limbs were so thick and the gang were so far away that I couldn't see it at all.

No, I was in the pitch-plum dark; and I was alone. How long I sat on the next log I settled down on I never knew. But pretty soon I heard a crack like a gun going off. Then the dog broke loose into a frightful racket. How I admired the nerve of that dog! He yelped and squealed and whistled. The axe went again. The great tree cracked some more. I stood up leaning on a large elm to listen. The top of the bush seemed to be shaken as by a great wind coming up from somewhere. There was a sound of terrible struggling. What it was I scarcely knew. I understand now that it was just the top of that coon elm clutching at the trees around it in the dark and trying to hold itself up.

All of a sudden the tumult became unspeakably exciting. Half the trees in that part of the bush seemed to be breaking at once. The next thing I clearly knew there was a final smash, a terrific, thundering thud, and after that a sort of silence in which the yelp of the dog let loose was the size of a mouse squeaking. I heard some one yell, "Sikim boy! Fetch 'im out o' that! Go after 'im you——" something or other. And I could picture at once the most awful scrimmage ever seen in that part of the world.

After five minutes or so of this there came a real silence. I seemed to hear a low bumble of talk. Then at intervals only the casual crackling of limbs. "I wonder—if they miss me?" I said to myself.

Probably not. They were too busy skinning the carcass to notice that I wasn't along. Jumbo would tell them that I had gone back home from the edge of the corn when he took the lantern. Which as I found out afterwards was just what he did tell them. Anyway, not a man-jack so much as hollered Wuhoo! after me; and I hadn't nerve enough to utter my soul in so much as Boo! to make the gang know I was somewhere in the deep bosom of that swamp-elm forest, and hadn't the feeblest sort of notion how to get out except to follow the noise.

It was now getting on towards midnight. The bush had that settled-down feeling that a house and a street get about one a.m. It was uncanny. I could hear the gang trailing off in some direction or other, just which or where I had no idea, for the moon was under the clouds and the best I could do was to follow that noise. I supposed the gang were now on the way home with the skin of the coon.

I supposed wrong. A coon hunt isn't that kind. My next tramp, stopping every little while to make sure of the noise ahead, lasted what seemed the best part of an hour.

Then the crackling stopped. The dog began to bark just as he had done before. After about ten minutes more of the bush-crackling there was a dead stillness. I heard somebody swear at the dog. He retired.

Then, to my profound discouragement, the axe began to whack again. I settled down to wonder why. Had they decided to get two coons? Very likely. That gang never knew when it was time to go home.

As near as I could figure it out the same thing went on that I had heard before. Away past midnight, in the heart of a bush that somebody owned, they sent down another thundering big tree; same noise, same excitement, same everything—plus a kind of diabolical scrimmage that I don't remember happening in the first case.

Then the gang mused again. So did I. Following the noise led me right up to this second tree. There it was, a great green-smelling monster of an elm,

its top a jungle, its trunk almost as high as my chin, and the stump a great scraggy, splintered thing that I didn't dare stop to investigate.

I was too scared. I left that tree without waiting to see if there was any coon carcass lying about. I blundered on and on in the dark, by a sort of instinct following the noises of the gang. Till presently the moon came out, and I found myself on the edge of a clearing. Here was a snake-rail fence. I climbed up and thanked the Lord. Whose fence it was I had no idea, but yonder was a lane. I pulled myself together wet as a water-rat, and got to the lane like one walking in his sleep. It was Blindey's lane. Yonder was the barn. My legs walked when all the rest of me seemed to be asleep. When I got to the barnyard there was no sign of the gang or the dog. Every house in the settlement had gone to sleep hours ago. I crawled to the hay barn, knowing that the gang were all in the hay-mow fast asleep. Carefully I opened the door, letting in a flood of moonlight. Up aloft I could hear three men snoring, and one of them was Jumbo.

But where were the coonskins? Poking about among the hay on the floor I roused up the old dog. He growled savagely. "Lie down!" I said. "I don't wan't your skins."

Then I looked again. Fair in the full light of the moon I saw a dark object close to the dog. There was a tail plainly visible; a little tail with rings in it.

"Guess they only got one skin and it's rolled up," says I to myself.

I stooped down to feel it. I picked up the bundle.

And that old dog could have knocked me over with his tail. All it was—was a little sharp-nosed animal weighing about twenty pounds.

"Oh, lord!" I gasped.

That was the last I can remember till somebody prodded me up in the morning on the hay to feed the horses.

The Poet--and the Man

A Contrast Between Two Kinds of Modern Writers

Here are some contrasts in modern poets. Perhaps it is unfair to do it, but it is worth risking. On the one hand take Corporal Joseph Lee's "Ballads of Battle" (Gundy), and on the other hand take a volume labelled "Some Imagist Poets, 1916" (Houghton Mifflin Company). The former book is old-fashioned in form but vigorous and blunt in matter. The latter is delicate, subtle, exquisite and perhaps more beautiful. It is interesting to compare the two, not as literature, but as examples of two types of mind: the fighting man's, and the professional poet's.

Take first this of Richard Aldington in "Some Imagist Poets, 1916." It is called "People":

"Why should you try to crush me?
Am I so Christ-like?

"You beat against me,
Immense waves, filthy with refuse.
I am the last upright of a smashed breakwater,
But you shall not crush me
Though you bury me in foaming slime
And hiss your hatred about me.

"You break over me, cover me;
I shudder at the contact;
Yet I pierce through you
And stand up, torn, dripping, shaken,
But whole and fierce."

Observe the almost Nietzschian egotism of this stuff. Note its "aristocratic" extravagance. Then observe the detached style of "The Drum":

"Come!
Says the drum;
Though graves be hollow
Yet follow, follow:
Come!
Says the drum.

"Life!
Shrills the fife,
Is in strife—
Leave love and wife:
Come!
Says the drum.

"Ripe!
Screams the pipe,
Is the field—
Swords and not sickles wield:
Come!
Says the drum.

"The drum
Says come!
Though graves be hollow,
Yet follow, follow:
Come!
Says the drum."

What's What the World Over

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

Italy's Come-Back . . . Mending Our Soldiers . . . Luxemburg's Fate . . . Metchnikoff's Death

ITALY'S COME-BACK

How Cadorna Saved the Day Against the Austrian Hordes

IN the middle of May, writes Sidney Low, in the Fortnightly Review, the powerful concentration of guns and men rolled down between the Adige and the Brenta. The Italians, battered by a tremendous bombardment and exposed to sudden infantry onslaughts at many points, bent back before the blast. They executed what the official review calls "a calm and well-ordered retirement," which eventually left the Austrians in possession of the greater part of the elevated plateau of the Sette Communi, with the upper portion of the Brenta valley. With the enemy hanging over the very edge of the plains, and steadily moving his great guns forward from the higher positions, the situation for the Italians in the beginning of June seemed at one time critical, and it looked as if the invaders might after all make good their dash upon the main railway and line of communications, and seize Vicenza and perhaps Verona.

GERMAN KULTUR.

—Gabriel Galantara, in L'Asino, Rome.

But the army of the Trentino, hampered though it was by insufficient ammunition, held on grimly, and its infantry never yielded a yard of ground without a desperate struggle. Von Conrad had banked all his stakes upon a swift, irresistible advance that would paralyze the Italian defence in time to allow guns and troops to be sent back in a few weeks to the Eastern front. But after the first downward swoop the Austrian progress slackened, and by the middle of June it had definitely come to a standstill in the Adige valley. In the Astico and Val Tugana sectors the forward movement of the invaders was continued a little longer, and a considerable zone, mostly of wooded, rugged, and mountainous country, with the towns of Tonezza, Arsiero, Asiago, and Borgo, was abandoned to them.

But here, also, the road was blocked. To obtain this limited success the Austrians had used up an enormous quantity of material and munitions, and had lost in killed and wounded at least a hundred thousand men. They had fatally weakened themselves on one of their fronts, and had failed to deliver a decisive blow upon the other. Such success as they had attained was largely the result of an audacious, but, as it turned out, a futile attempt at bluff. The Commando Supremo did not believe that the Austrian General Staff would leave themselves at the mercy of the Russians by sending a horde of troops and the cream of their artillery to cut the Italian communication in the Upper Veneto. The very irrationality of the project prevented adequate preparations being made to meet it. When the move did come it obtained the temporary advantage that nearly always attends a surprise attack.

Cadorna had the situation well in hand throughout. Even while the Austrians were still slowly and extensively bearing back the Italian front he was pushing his troops up on their flanks. For this purpose strong reinforcements were required, and a new army was collected from the garrisons, the reserve companies, and other portions of the line, organized, equipped, and moved to the field of action with unprecedented rapidity. There has been no more remarkable triumph of administrative energy in any of the theatres of the war. In the working days of a single week this army of half a million men had been swept together from many distant and scattered stations, formed into brigades and divisions, provided with its staff, train, medical units, and artillery, and transported into the mountain country, in many cases by roads which had to be constructed for this special purpose. The colossal task was carried out with astonishingly little disturbance of the normal conditions of life. Outside the war-zone Italy was hardly conscious of the amazing effort she was making. One has heard hard words said of the Italian railways by impatient tourists; but on this occasion they rose brilliantly to the emergency. Regiments, batteries, army corps, tons of ammunition, supplies, waggons, horses, machinery, the immense and cumbrous impedimenta of modern warfare were trucked from all parts of the Peninsula and rolled in endless trains along the trunk line to the strategic centres. It is scarcely credible, but I know it to be true, that with all this colossal movement of troops, the public service of the railways was suspended for no more than three days. After that it was resumed, and a week later it was working as smoothly as ever, and there was little to tell the traveller that anything unusual was happening.

The great concentration was not effected entirely by road. Motor transport was freely used, and the resources, unequalled in Europe, of the Fiat Company of Turin were drawn upon to their full capacity. No other War Department has such an effective auxiliary of its kind. Without Fiat, and without the brawny arms and tireless backs of the peasant roadmakers, the race against time of the Italian armies in the Trentino could scarcely have been attempted.

By the opening of the last week in June the Austrian General Staff recognized that its bold stroke for the subjugation of Italy had failed. Their invading force, held fast in front, and now counter-attacked on both flanks, could make no further progress; and events in Galicia clamoured for the release of the regiments and batteries tied up beyond the Alps. It was decided that half at least of the eighteen Trentino divisions and most of the heavy guns should be drawn back and railed to the Carpathians. Cadorna knew of this intention, or shrewdly guessed at it, and determined that it should not be carried into effect without at least considerable delay and difficulty. On June 26th flags were fluttering, and faces were gay with smiles, in the towns of Northern Italy, for it was known that the invading army was in retreat with the national troops hard upon their traces.

Then followed another week of rapid movement, fierce fighting, and skilful manoeuvres. The Chief of the Italian Staff performed an invaluable service to the Allied cause, not so much by compelling the Austrians to retire, for that they had resolved to do in any case, as by rendering it impossible for them to retire in the manner they had proposed. Their programme was to fall back upon their prepared positions on the high ground from ———, across the Altpiano, to the Dolomites, and to establish themselves on this commanding line, with much reduced numbers, while at least nine full divisions were being brought away for the East. But the pursuit was so eager that the Austrians could not disengage, and could only fall back slowly, in touch all the time with their relentless antagonists. If any unit gained a kilometre of ground it was swiftly followed up and forced to stand and fight a hard rear-guard action with infantry and guns. The Italian troops were flung after them in motor cars along the mountain roads, or streamed on foot over the hills, unresting and impetuous; even cavalry were pushed through the woodland paths to worry and delay the retreating columns until the infantry could get their teeth into them.

It was another signal triumph of organization and skilful staff work; for the pursuit moved through an empty and thirsty land, and food and water for the men, ammunition for the cannon, had to be brought up on wheels and mule-back from the plains. But the object was attained. The great transfer of enemy troops could not be effected; and while these sorely-needed divisions were chained to the Trentino, the Russians were pressing on to the Dniester. The Austrian retreat is still menaced. The Italian guns now command the two railway lines via the Brenner and the Pusterthal, which meet at Franzensfeste, and it is doubtful whether the enemy will now be able to use them freely for the further withdrawal of troops and cannon. Certain it is that the Italian operations in the Trentino contributed directly, and in no slight degree, to the Russian successes on Austria's receding Eastern front.

But Cadorna, as I have said, never lost sight of his main objective, which was the road to Trieste. All through July, while the enemy was kept busy with attacks on their remaining positions in the central region and bombardments of their Dolomite fortresses, preparations were being made for the assault on Gorizia and the Carso. There was another of those swift movements of troops in masses in which the Italian General Staff excels, and a highly successful attempt to mislead the enemy as to the purpose in view. The wonderful engineering and road-making contingents were set to work, and tunnels were driven under the very feet of the Austrians on the Carso, so that when the attack was delivered Italian infantry detachments emerged from the earth within a few yards of the trenches.

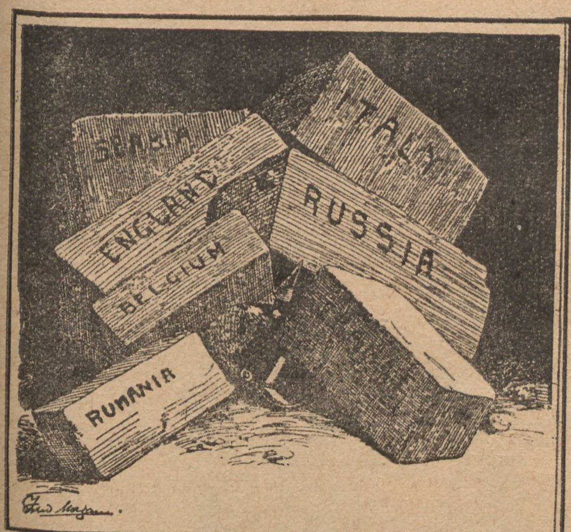
SERBIA COMES AGAIN.

The Bulgar: "I thought you were dead."

—L. Raven-Hill, in Punch, London.

The Austrians were completely deceived by the ostentatious demonstrations of activity in other quarters, and apparently knew nothing of the great assemblage of guns, howitzers, and heavy trench mortars which, on August 5th and 6th, rained a

torrent of fire upon their defensive works, and rendered them untenable. The garrison of Gorizia, stunned and deafened by this jeu d'enfer, directed now on one point, now on another, were in no condition to resist the impetuous onslaught of the Duke of Aosta's soldiers rushing in with bayonet and grenade. Hardly anywhere in the whole European war have fortified positions been carried with such elan and such rapidity. The evacuation of Gorizia, which its former owners believed impregnable, and



DEUTSCHLAND UNTER ALLES.

—Morgan, in Philadelphia Inquirer.

the rich haul of prisoners and guns, are the best testimony to the demoralization of the defenders, and the vigour and spirit of the attack.

It has been a notable victory, achieved not only by the gallantry and fighting quality of the troops engaged, but by consummate generalship. The Austrians were under the illusion that the effort made to arrest and throw back the invasion of the Trentino had exhausted the Italian power of taking the offensive for a long period. Some foreign critics agreed with them. Military writers of authority warned the world not to expect an effective stroke from the side of Italy for many months. These predictions were falsified by the skilful use of inner lines, which enabled the Italian command to maintain the pressure in the Trentino while the concentration of troops and war material was proceeding on the Isonzo. Battles, even in this day of trenches and long-range artillery, are not won by sitting down and standing still.

The final march upon Trieste will be no holiday parade. The Italians are not yet over the crest of the Carso, and they have still to push through the waterless and desert track by which the enemy will retire, taking up his pipe-lines as he goes. Nor can they relax their activity on the rest of the 450-mile mountain front, where the Austrians are still firmly placed. But Austria is "cracking" under the blows dealt her from two sides, and Italy has done much to hasten the catastrophe. The Italians have reason to be proud of their army and themselves. Never since Roman times have all the peoples of the Peninsula co-operated in such a national enterprise; and they are meeting the emergency with a resourcefulness, a steady industry, and a high courage, which have astonished their adversaries and should fill their well-wishers with delight. It is impossible to be in contact with the Italian officers and troops in the war zone, for even a brief period, without being profoundly impressed, as I have been, by their courage and devotion to duty, and by the capacity for intelligent organization which has enabled them to overcome the difficulties of inadequate preparation and an unfavourable geographical position. Italy has risen splendidly to the occasion, and deserves the appreciative gratitude of her Allies, and all the assistance they can give her.

MENDING OUR SOLDIERS

A Doctor Describes the Casualty Clearing Stations in France

ONE day—the day the Irish with the English battalions on their right went through Guillemont—it was my fortune to be at an advanced dressing station as the wounded were coming in, says "A civilian" in the British Medical Journal. The post was within reach of hostile shell fire; there had, in fact, been some casualties the night before. The medical officer had put a few tents in a slight depression on one side of the road, and a dressing place had been dug out on the other—a tunnel perhaps some thirty feet long and eight or ten wide at its widest. A path sloped down into it from the road, and along it came the men in single file. The entrance to the tunnel was narrowed by a table where each man was stopped to give his name and number, the first field dressing was looked at, his shirt opened at the neck, a dab of iodine mopped on to his chest, a dose of antitetanic serum injected through it, and a big T marked on his wrist with an aniline pencil. The officer who was with me said to one man who had bared his chest—the operation of injecting was completed while they spoke—"Well, how have you been doing?" "We have taken two hundred prisoners," the man answered, knowing that the statement would convey a more true picture of what had happened than eloquent phrases. To the next man who entered my companion said, "So you have got some of them." "Yes," was the answer. "there's one of them come along with us on a stretcher." We went to the mouth of the dressing tunnel, room was made by the men walking down the path, and the stretcher was brought forward. On it was a pale-faced, neurotic looking middle-aged man, who said he was from Hamburg. He seemed nervous and rather scared, as well he might, a helpless wounded man in the hands of an enemy he had been taught to hate and dread. But he was treated like our own people.

A casualty clearing station is primarily a place where wounded and sick can receive immediate treatment before being dispatched to the base by train or barge, but it must be prepared to retain, treat, and nurse cases so serious that they ought not to travel further; in particular, it must be ready to operate on abdominal wounds and to treat fractures of the thigh. It may also be thought right to retain men with penetrating wounds of the chest and head injuries, though such cases travel better, and some authorities are of opinion that all or most of them might safely be evacuated to the base.

In this casualty clearing station special wards for gunshot wounds of the abdomen and chest and other severe cases had been formed by combining several marquees. There was also a special ward with its own sister for men suffering from shock too profound to justify operation however urgent the demand for it might otherwise be. They were put to bed, kept warm, given saline, or coffee and brandy injections, and a chance of life. So many men, apparently dying when admitted, had pulled through that somebody had dubbed the place "the resurrection ward."

The operating room occupied a wooden building. The walls were enamelled white internally and the lighting was excellent. There was room for five tables, and as all had been in use at once during a rush, the need for a large staff was obvious. It included, when I was there, in a relatively quiet time, three surgical specialists, as well as assistants, anaesthetists, theatre sister and nurses, and they were being kept pretty busy.

Some of these clearing stations work in pairs, and in one instance I was with the commanding officer when an orderly reported to him that 400 new cases had been received. This, as he explained, was the limit fixed at that time and in that place. The ambulances were accordingly diverted to the second clearing station close by, while the first had a respite to deal with its new 400. They included men suffering from wounds of every degree of severity, and some medical cases. The first sorting was into those who could be sent down by the next ambulance train and those judged to be either too ill to travel or to need immediate treatment—as, for instance, for fracture of the thigh—to fit them to travel.

Of the lighter cases sorted out as fit to be evacuated at once every one had, of course, to be examined, in many the dressings were renewed and all were fed. As they were made ready for the train, they were sent into a sort of big hall constructed of telegraph poles and tarpaulins. The place was a study in browns—brown blankets, brown stretchers, and soiled khaki and kit—a little gloomy, perhaps, but the men did not seem to feel it so, for they knew that only a short and easy railway journey separated them from the comforts of a base hospital, or that they might, indeed, be home in a day or two.

The wards where men were bedded were far from gloomy. The medical officer declared that nothing cheered a wounded and tired man so much, and gave him a greater feeling of physical comfort and well being, than to be put into a bright ward with white counterpanes on the beds; when it was suggested that red was to some an even more cheerful colour, he was proud to show a neighbouring ward with scarlet blankets.

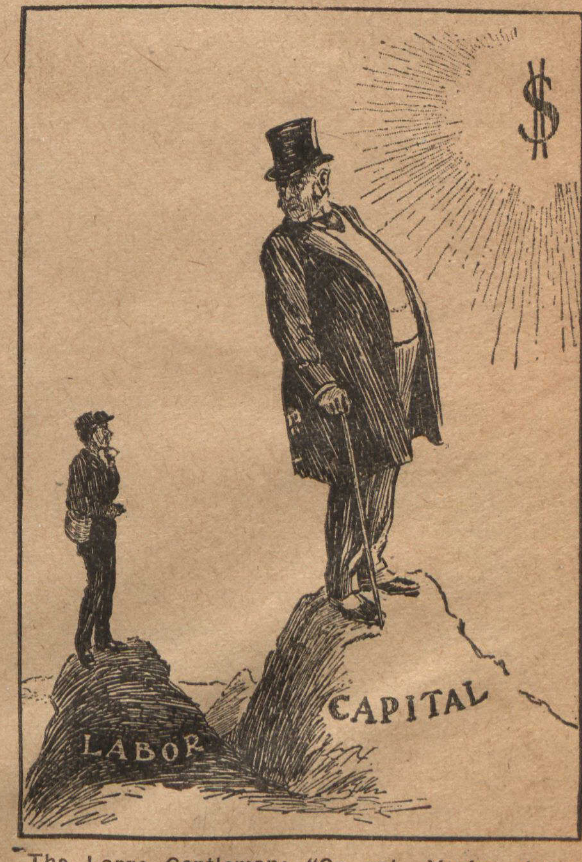
Not all clearing stations are in tents or huts. Some are in big institutional buildings, others are partly in buildings and partly in tents or huts. One casualty clearing station I visited was established in a monastic building. A few weeks earlier a big shell had fallen in the courtyard, wrecking the front of the chapel. It had dug a huge hole in the ground and the concussion had blown in many windows, including those of the room used as an operating theatre. An abdominal operation was just being completed, but every one "carried on," including the sisters. As shells had been coming into the town previously all the patients had been removed to the basement, which was fortunately roomy, and none of them were injured. The station is still used for severe cases, and the basement has been made as clean and airy as possible, and when I was there contained a considerable number of patients.

The selection of the place in which a casualty clearing station is to be established is dictated by tactical considerations, but, whatever the building or site given to him, the commanding officer must make the best of it. It may be a big school or monastery, it may be a chateau with gardens and park in which to plant his tents or huts, or it may be an open field. In any case his ingenuity is likely to be taxed; he has to choose the best places for his temporary wards, for his operating-room, to provide safe drinking water, to set up lavatories and baths, and to dispose of the refuse and excreta of his camp. Often, also, he must be something of a road maker, for a good broad road by which ambulances can enter and leave, and dry paths between the several huts or tents are very essential to efficiency. From the sanitary point of view, to be given an old building is not an unmixed blessing, but to have a good dwelling house on a roomy site is undoubtedly an advantage. After a time he may have leisure to think out various small improvements in detail, to put into practice tips picked up from neighbouring casualty clearing stations, or suggested by his staff or patients, to set tinsmiths or carpenters among them to work at odd jobs, and perhaps to encourage gardening. By the time he has reached that stage we may hope that he will be moved on to begin all over again on another site further forward, for it will mean that the army has advanced.

LUXEMBURG'S FATE

Experience of an English Writer Who Was Holidaying in the Duchy

DURING the whole of my stay in the Grand Duchy (of Luxemburg) writes Francis Gribble in The Edinburgh Review, I met only one man—a small shopkeeper—who frankly avowed a desire to see his country incorporated in the German Em-



The Large Gentleman: "Go on! You're always kicking! If it weren't for me you'd be sunstruck!"

—Paul Reilly, in New York Life.
—Copyright, Philadelphia Inquirer Co.

pire. "We should like," he said, "to remain a Grand Duchy, like Baden; but we already have all the inconveniences of inclusion in the Empire, and we may as well have the advantages also." But that man was a lunatic and a liar. I judged that, not only from the significant way in which his neighbours tapped their foreheads when referring to him, but also from his own conversation.

Apart from this one small tradesman, all the Luxemburgers whom I met, to whatever class of society they belonged, detested the Germans. Or rather, to be strictly accurate, they detested the Prussians. Germans other than Prussians were vague figures whom they hardly visualized; but the figure of the Prussian was at once definite and odious to them—equally definite and equally odious to every Luxemburger from peasant to Prime Minister.

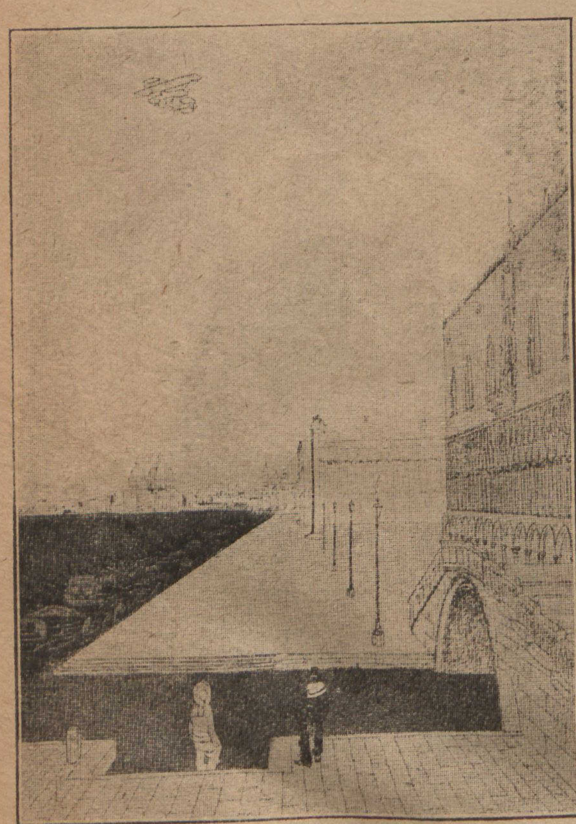
It was the Prime Minister himself—M. Eyschen, whose recent death, probably hastened by Prussian vexations, is a great loss to his country—who summed them up in the most vigorous language. A foreigner belonging to one of the Allied countries had asked M. Eyschen's advice and help in some matter of business which would have to pass through the hands of the Prussian military authorities. The advice given was to let the business slide and do nothing which would attract the attention of the Prussians—not to give them any hint. And then followed this criticism: "You know the Prussian mentality. I have no need, I suppose, to inform you of it again. They are capable of any kind of blackguard trick in order to win the game."

They are; they have proved it in the Grand Duchy, in small matters as well as great; and it might be hard to say whether their grosser offences or their trivial acts of arrogance and bad taste have left the greater bitterness behind them. Intense indignation was felt at the action of a member of the House of Metternich, who, after having been billeted on one of the leading citizens of Diekirch and regaled on the best wine in the cellars, went away without paying his bill, leaving on the dining-room table his visiting card, bearing the message: "Thanks for your kind hospitality. God will reward you for it."

They pictured the German army concentrating, as well as mobilizing, on German soil; and, in spite of their foresight, they were, in the end, taken by surprise, believing, even after the declaration of the Kriegszustand, that they would still have a few days' respite.

I thought so too; and, as I was an invalid, only partially convalescent from an unpleasant illness, I did not hurry to get away. That is how it happened that, living close to the frontier, I actually trod German soil, for a few minutes, after the Kriegszustand had been proclaimed, and might very possibly have been caught and detained there if I had not kept my eyes open.

As I was in the heart of the country, there was little to be seen. A few peasants were standing in a devotional attitude by the roadside, singing Die Wacht am Rhein; but there was no danger of molestation from them. They were ignorant people who hardly understood, as yet, who was the enemy, or what the excitement was about. Presently, however, I saw the glittering helmet of a corpulent gendarme who was toiling laboriously up the hill on a bicycle; and it seemed wiser to retire towards the frontier as he approached. As he drew near he gave me a significant look, which was probably meant as a good-natured warning. Interpreting it as such, I walked a few yards and so reached neutral ground; and then the gendarme gravely descended from his bicycle, and, with equal gravity, drew a steel chain across the road between him and me. That was the formal closing of the frontier—a ceremony simultaneously performed on all the roads entering the Grand Duchy from Prussia.



IN DESERTED VENICE.

Native: "That's the first foreigner that's been here this year."

—Blix, in Simplicissimus, Munich.

It turned out that the invasion had begun on the Saturday evening. A Prussian detachment had, in fact, appeared at the railway station of Trois Vierges, called in German Ulflingen, torn up a little of the line, and demanded the surrender of the telegraphic apparatus; and so the first act of war had been committed. The invasion in force, and the occupation of the capital, had been delayed until the small hours of Sunday morning. It had evidently been intended to confront the Luxemburgers with a fait accompli when they came down to breakfast; but that object was not achieved. Somebody telephoned from Wasserbillig; presumably other people telephoned from other stations. At any rate, it became known that an armoured train was on its way from Trier, and that a stream of Prussian soldiers in motors, on motor-cycles, and on bicycles, was pouring along the high road in the dark. Luxemburg had to make up its mind in a hurry how to act.

Mr. Buchan, in his history of the war, states that "the Grand Duchess motored up and wheeled her car across the roadway, but she was bidden to go home, and her chauffeur was compelled to turn. One of the Ministers of State made a formal protest, which was greeted with laughter." The story told on the spot was somewhat different. Two of the officers of the little Luxemburg army, it was stated, were hurriedly sent out with written protests; one of them to meet the motorists, and the other to meet the train. The officer who met the motorists had no chance even of reading his protest; a revolver was pointed at him, and he was told to get out of the way. The protest of the officer who met the train was ignored; he was left reading it while the Prussian officer, who had not even returned his salute, proceeded to take possession of the Post Office.

To get there, he had to traverse the famous Pont Adolf; and it was on that bridge that the Luxemburgers had erected their one and only barricade. The English legend has it that there again they encountered the Grand Duchess in her motor; but, as a matter of fact, the barricade consisted of a prison van of the sort known in France as panier-a-salade and in England as "Black Maria," drawn across the road, with a gendarme standing at each end of it. The gendarmes, being able-bodied men, made themselves useful in removing the "Black Maria." They served, and could serve, no other purpose; and they were threatened with instant death if they did not obey. The course thus cleared, there was no longer even a show of resistance; and the invaders did what seemed good to them, making haste to issue two proclamations, of which the second gave the lie to the first.

The first proclamation was to the effect that they had only entered the Grand Duchy for the purpose of protecting the railway lines from the French; the second set forth that they found themselves compelled to proceed to the military occupation of the Grand Duchy. There was a further announcement that full compensation would be given for all damage done, and that all goods requisitioned would be paid for in cash; but neither promise has so far been fulfilled. As regards the damage, there has only been a scandalously inadequate payment on account; while it was roughly computed that, of the goods requisitioned, only one-third were paid for in cash. For a further third, it was said, receipts were given, and the rest was simply appropriated without acknowledgment. Nor was the manner of the military occupation tempered by consideration for the rights and dignities of the citizens. Soldiers were billeted on them whether they wished it or not. Emplacements for guns were dug in their vegetable gardens, and their orchards were destroyed because they obstructed the line of fire. Their army was confined to its own barracks, and a number of prominent men were arrested.

And not only arrested, but treated badly. I conversed with some of them after their release and heard their stories. They were taken to Trier in circumstances which led the Trier populace to believe that they were convicted spies, with the result that they were followed through the streets of Trier by a mob howling for their blood, and felt relieved when the prison door closed on them. In the prison itself they were treated, not as respectable persons whom it was unfortunately necessary to detain as a measure of military precaution, but as criminals, placed in solitary confinement, provided only with the ordinary prison fare, and required to clean their own cells; when they were let go, as no charge could be brought home to them, they were offered neither compensation nor apology. The record is a damning one, fully bearing out the Prime Minister's estimate of the Prussian character: "Ce sont les derniers des cochons."

Meanwhile the army was pouring into the Grand Duchy, and pouring out again in the directions of Belgium and France. War had not yet been declared when the military occupation began; and some days elapsed before we, in the country, knew for certain whether war was actually being waged or not. The negotiations were still, so far as we could tell, proceeding; and we clung to the hope that a satisfactory result would come of them. At last, however, we got the truth from a staff officer—a fat little man with enormous goggles who came into the hotel garden and called for beer and cigars. Our landlady stood beside him while he imbibed, and told him what was in our minds. It was as though lightning flashed at her through his goggles. "Nein, es ist los," he said ferociously; and then we knew where we were, and waited to see what would happen next.

In spite of All, the Conquered To-day shall be To-morrow's Conqueror.

Serbia with the central powers in chains.

—Gabriel Galantara, in L'Asino, Rome.

METCHNIKOFF'S DEATH

Believed He Had Solved the Mystery of Long Life and then Died Relatively Young

ARNO DOSCH-FLEUROT, in The World's Work, says that when Professor Metchnikoff, the world's leading pathologist, died at Paris on the fifteenth of last July, he left behind him in the Pasteur Institute six white mice. They were more than three years old, and had long passed the span of life for ordinary mice, but as they had spent their entire existence on a diet prescribed by Metchnikoff they were still young and frisky.

One day shortly before he died Metchnikoff stopped before their cage and remarked to one of his pupils:

"I am afraid my mice are going to survive me, and I shall not be able to complete my experiment. Fortunately for them they have no organic heart trouble in their family."

These mice were to serve some purpose in Metchnikoff's investigations of old age. He probably needed them for a complete analysis of the breaking down of human tissue in the constant battle going on within the human body. Their survival under Metchnikoff's care was proof that old age could be averted, or at least pushed farther into the future, by following the Metchnikoff system of eating nothing that has not been cooked and by fighting the enemies of long life with scientifically soured milk.

Metchnikoff, who was an exact scientist and issued his public statements only after long series of experiments, had not left Paris for months without giving minute instructions to be followed in the event of the death of one of the mice during his absence.

(Continued on page 25.)

CITY OF FUTURE AND FORTUNE —FORT WILLIAM

By TOLYNDAL CHATRITH

ONE day a little over a year ago Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, the celebrated English author, stood on the interlocking diamond of the three great trans-Canadian railways at Fort William. Over this famous diamond passes half the traffic of a continent east and west. Sir Arthur turned to the vast stretch of water-front where the elevators rear their battlements against the skyline, and more to himself than to his companions, said:

"Here is sure to be one of the greatest cities in the world. Nothing but an earthquake or a tidal wave can prevent it. This is a city of Destiny."

His first remark was not new. It had been voiced again and again by previous visitors of note to the Gateway of the Canadian West. But his reference to "the city of Destiny" was peculiarly fitting.

TEN OPPORTUNITIES IN FORT WILLIAM

The accompanying article deals with what Fort William has attained as a national grain port and transportation centre. Fort William needs factories more than anything else, and she believes she has the possibilities for manufacturing plants, bar none, in view of her strategical location and her unsurpassed rail and water shipment facilities. The following is a list of ten manufactories that could, it is said, do well there:

Machine shops to make machinery for elevators there and all through the west. All this class of machinery is at present made in U. S. A. and imported. Belt-Making, Rubber, Leather, etc. Agricultural Supplies. Railway Supplies. Flour Mills (Ogilvie's already located). Pulp Mills (one to locate here soon). Iron and Steel Manufactories to manufacture the immense quantities of ore all around the district. Woodworking Plants to utilize birch, poplar, tamarac, spruce, cedar, jackpine. Barrel and box manufactory. Binder Twine.

Fort William was, a quarter of a century ago, little better than a village fur trading post. It is to-day the major portion of the second greatest grain storage port in the world. It did not spring up by chance accident—but because it had to. It was begotten by the inevitable operation of economic laws. It is the first point at which the transcontinentals, groaning with terrific loads of grain, can ease their burdens into ships. It lies at the finger-tip of the sea, where it reaches into the heart of the continent. It is, so to speak, the electric contact-point of railway and water-borne traffic. Fort William's future as a still greater transportation centre is as certain as sunrise. As Western Canada expands its traffic with Eastern Canada and the world at large must expand; and so must Fort William expand also. Transportation is Fort William's middle name. Transportation made and is still enlarging Fort William.

TO-DAY Fort William contains the bulk of the grain elevators that make the Canadian head-of-the-lakes cities the second largest grain storage district in the world. Buffalo, Montreal, Superior and Duluth have long ago been out-distanced. Chicago's lead may not be for long, for with the additions and new elevators now under construction the Canadian head-of-the-lakes will have, when they are completed, a grand total storage capacity of 48,845,000 bushels of grain, exclusive of floating storage at the docks. The total present capacity is 43,965,000 bushels. This storage is available at 24 elevators, 18 of which are on Fort William's water-front and 6 in Port Arthur.

Some conception of the activity during the grain rush at Fort William may be gained from the fact that 26 miles of artificial harbour had to be made to accommodate boats at the harbours and docks. Of course, large sections of this twenty-six miles of inland harbour, secured through dredging and widening the Kaministiquia, Mission and McKellar Rivers, are utilized by three gigantic coal-handling plants, the ore docks, rail-and-lake freight sheds, warehouses and wholesale companies' wharfage, as well as city and private docks. But the big feature is grain. An official statement for the current year, given out by the statistical department of the Dominion Board of Grain Commissioners, shows that during the grain shipping year of 1915-6, just closed, the enormous total of 257,104,687 bushels of grain was shipped out from the Canadian head of the lakes. This is over 53 million bushels more than the combined shipments of the seasons 1913-14 and 1914-15.

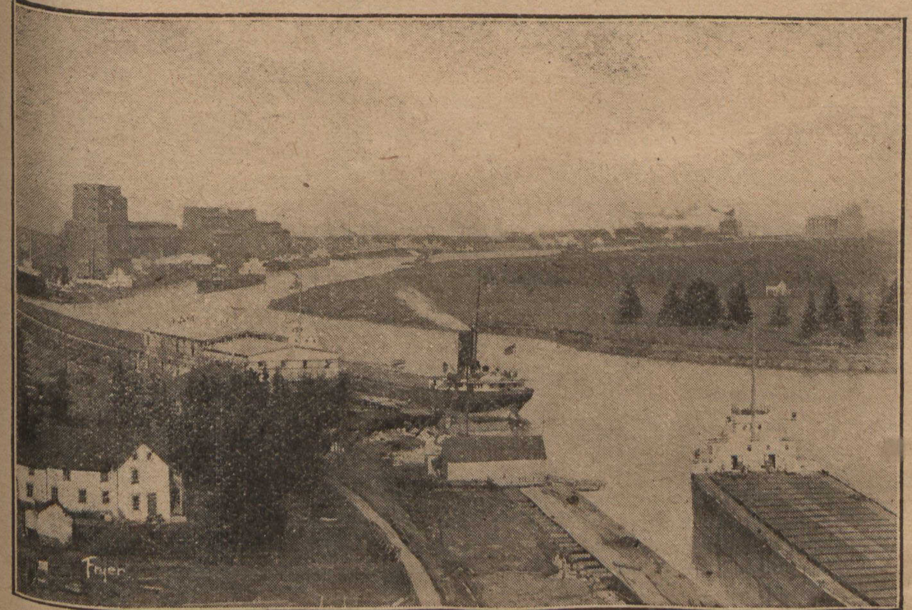
All three of Canada's great transcontinental roads converge at Fort William, and all three serve elevators here as well as carrying grain all-rail east. During the grain rush it is one continuous flow of grain-laden trains from the West to the elevators night and day. On the Canadian Pacific Railway alone during the recent grain rush as many as 1,278 grain cars were handled in one day, and a good average of the number of cars handled by this road in one day during the rush would be 1,016 cars. When it is considered that each car contains an average of 1,316 bushels a faint notion of how the grain pours down the three railways may be had. Add to this the speed with which the grain is transferred from elevator to lake carrier and it is enough to take away the breath of the uninitiated. As an instance, boats have had a full cargo of 100,000 bushels placed on board and trimmed in seventy-five minutes.

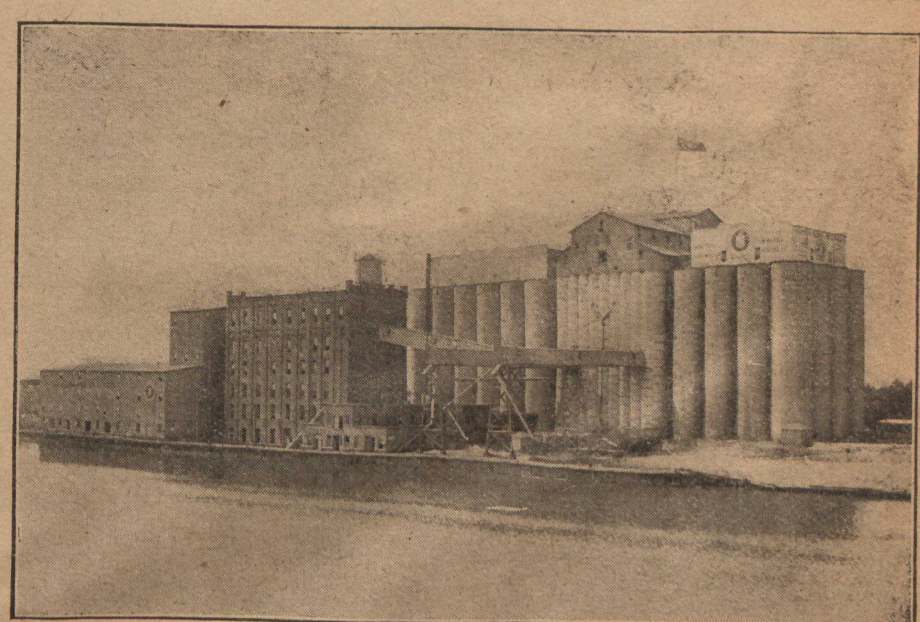
THE Board of Grain Commissioners for Canada, with their immense staff of experts, including inspectors, weighmen, and so forth, have their headquarters at Fort William, being housed in the imposing six-storey Chambers of Commerce, which, had it not been for the war and other urgent causes, would now be the home also of the Canadian Sample Market. This latter feature will come soon, it is expected. The opening of the National Sample Market would mean many things to Fort William, principal of which would be the centralization here of all Canadian buying and selling of grain and the permanent headquarters of the big grain interests and their office staffs.

Beyond grain and railway activity, Fort William boasts of several important manufactories, notable among which is the Canada Starch Company, now doing a thriving business and making further extensions to its mammoth plant on Island No. 2. Other industries are iron and steel manufactories, brick and tile works, iron pipe factories, lumber and planing mills, a car works and numerous other industries of the ordinary run. Agricultural activity is yet in its infancy, though the immense and fertile districts roundabout are gradually being settled up as highways are being built into them. The one crying need now is good roads and governmental inducements for the settler on the land. Almost anything in the line of grain, vegetables and fruits can be grown successfully in Thunder Bay district, with the exception of the earlier varieties. The market, on account of the urban isolation, is unlimited. The fertile belts of the districts have scarcely "been scratched" yet. Good farmers who have gone in to win have become very comfortably settled in this district in recent years.

Of mining activity much the same might be said. Between speculators and the lack of outside publicity

THE GREAT HARBOUR AND THE ELEVATORS AT FORT WILLIAM





Twenty-six miles of artificial harbour had to be made at Fort William to accommodate boats requiring dockage. Large sections of this extent of inland harbour were secured by dredging the Kaministiquia Mission and McKellar Rivers, and are utilized for ore docks, rail and lake freight sheds, warehouses and wholesale companies wharfage, as well as city and private docks. But the big feature of the harbour is grain. An official statement for the current year, given out by the Dominion Board of Grain Commissioners, shows that during the grain shipping year 1915-16 the enormous total of 257,104,687 bushels was shipped from the Canadian head of the Great Lakes. This was over 33,000,000 bushels more than the combined shipments of the seasons '13-'14 and '14-'15.

the great mineral wealth surrounding Fort William has not yet had a chance, though it now bids fair to come into its own. At the present writing the agents of United States mining men are in Thunder Bay district in search of the low-grade iron ores with which it abounds. At present time huge quantities of iron pyrites are shipped by water from the local ore docks after being mined inland some distance from Fort William.

The Kaministiquia Power Company, from whose plant Fort William is supplied with light and power, have 35,000 horse power available to-day. This is transmitted from the company's plant with a double cable so that the possibility of any interruption to service is reduced to a minimum. The Kaministiquia Power Company, anticipating future calls, have reserves sufficient to double or treble this supply on very short notice. Over and above the power developed at Kakabeka Falls by the Kaministiquia Company there is in every direction and close to Fort William enormous water power, the Dog Lake Falls and Nipigon Falls being two huge possibilities that have not yet been harnessed.

The city's supply of drinking water is obtained from Loch Lomond, 333 feet above the city. The water in this basin filters first through a watershed of loam and is conserved in a giant bowl of pure granite. This, it is said, accounts for the water's curious clarity and purity. It comes to the faucet of the Fort William householder ice-cold, without a pump or artificial accelerator of any kind being used. The pressure may be varied from 85 pounds to 115 pounds to the square inch, by mechanical controls. The system was installed in 1909, at a cost of over a million dollars, the water being conveyed through an 18-inch pipe line, part of which is tunnelled through the rock of McKay Mountain.

All of Fort William's utilities are city-owned and city controlled. Water, light, telephone and street car service are all owned by Fort William, and operated by her own salaried managers. Though the power for the operation of lights and street railway is supplied by the Kaministiquia Company, Fort William City buys it in a block at her borders and handles and distributes it through her own sub-station. Whether or not from a financial point of view it pays for a city to own utilities will not be discussed here, but at any-rate Fort William gets first-class service from all these departments year in and year out and she is learning how to manage them with the minimum of expense.

Will Col. Lavergne Enlist?

(Concluded from page 6.)

Townships and the Anglo part of Montreal? And would Mr. Lavergne begin a French-Canadian Zionistic movement back to the St. Lawrence, instead of back to Palestine?

These outcomes of his secessionist idea did not seem to be very clear. His treatment of them was charmingly negligent. But every propaganda must be impractical somewhere or it would lose its hold on the imagination.

He had said enough to prove that he has a very vivid notion of what Canadianism means to his compatriots. He does not believe in coercion, but in a Canada free to do as she nationally pleases from ocean to ocean and from the Great Lakes to the North Pole.

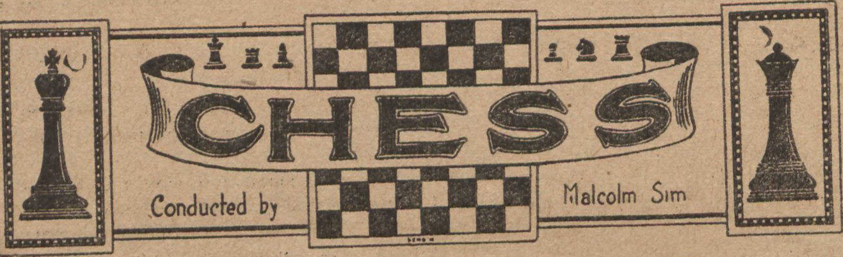
"We believe that Toronto and Winnipeg and Vancouver and Regina and Calgary have as much at stake in this idea of Canadianism as we have."

It appeared to me that Lavergne would have the two root races in this country equally enthusiastic about themselves, their origins and their destinies. The grandson of Bill Thomson, out on the second concession, Tp. of Buckhorn, county of Middlesex, should be as much of a Nationalist as the great-grandson of Louis Laflamme, born within sound of the parish bells of Nicolet. The basic idea common to both should be Canada, in the Empire or out. That the Ontario landson looks across the sea to England while the Quebec landson pays no heed to France is no reason in Lavergne's philosophy for any cleavage. We are all Canadians. If we differ about the Empire that is only a circumstance. There may be a greater fact than Empire. The world over that fact may be nationalism, sane, progressive, regardful of its past, not too cocksurely certain of its future. And in the grand aggregate of nationalisms that of Quebec is but one.

To Armand Lavergne, however, it seems to be a hopeful member of the group. To his way of thinking every French-Canadian is a potential Nationalist. If for the present he votes Grit or Tory, that is a mere expedient. If he pays court and tribute to the priest, it is in spiritual matters only. And if a few thousand French-Canadians prefer to go to the trenches in a war concerning which Canada was not consulted, except as an automatic part of the Empire, that is merely a proof that freedom of action is conceded to everybody in a practical rebublic.

One of the most startling surprises of Lavergne was his statement that the school is usually the first concern of any Quebec parish. I had always imagined the big overgrown little cathedral of a church was the first item in that civilization; that the priest is more important than the pedagogue. According to Lavergne, not so. The schools are efficient; technical education is forward; the state of public intelligence among the habitants is encouraging; there is no miasma of mediaeval ignorance.

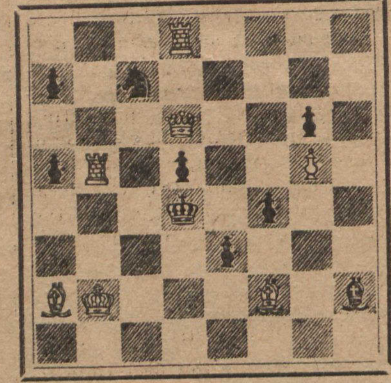
The Anglo-Canadian is accused of not comprehending the French-Canadian. Let us admit it—and find a remedy. But suppose we suggest to Mr. Lavergne that it is as much the privilege of Quebec to understand that Ontario is not essentially a province of bigots as it is for Ontario to know that Quebec is not a land of mediaevalism and mummery. It will accomplish nothing for the Lavergnes and Bourassas to entrench themselves behind the dogma that Ontario is wilfully blind, eternally bigoted and a province of Prussianism. It will accomplish just as little for Imperialists of any calibre to thump the Round Table and declare that because men like Lavergne and Lamarche do not take stock in the Empire as they see it, they are necessarily traitors to the cause of Canada. It will accomplish everything in the desire of all who seek to promote amity between the two great root races of Canada if all French-Canadians who believe in themselves and in the great destiny of their Province in Confederation will make it possible for men like Col. Lavergne to prove that they are not traitors to the cause of a united Canada.



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

PROBLEM No. 88, by H. W. Bettmann. Specially contributed to the "Courier."

Black—Nine Pieces.



White.—Seven Pieces.

White to play and mate in three.

Problem No. 89, by F. F. L. Alexander.

British Chess Magazine, Sept., 1916.

White: K at KR7; Q at KKt8; R at Q7; B at K6; Kts at Qsq and KB3; Ps at KKt2, KKt3 and KR4.

Black: K at K5; Rs at QB8 and KR4; Bs at QRsq and QR2; Kts at QR4 and KRsq; Ps at K2, KKt4 and KR3.

Mate in two.

SOLUTIONS.

Problem No. 83, by W. J. Faulkner.

1. R—B4, K—R3; 2. R—KR4, K—R4; 3. Q—K4, KtxQ; 4. R—KB4, K—R3; 5. Kt—Kt5, RxKtxR; 6. R—B5, K moves; 7. B—Kt3, KtxBxRxP mate. This composition is well worked out to prevent duals.

Problem No. 84, by L. Rothstein.

1. R—K5, R—B3; 2. P—Q6 mate.
1. ...., B—B4; 2. B—B8 mate.
1. ...., KKt—Q5; 2. Q—B3 mate.
1. ...., QKt—Q5; 2. Q—R3 mate.
1 ...., threat; 2. Kt—K6 mate.

Problem No. 85, by Rev. J. Jespersen.

1. B—K4, PxR; 2. Q—KB7, KtxB; 3. QxBPch, BxQ mate.
1. ...., KtxR; 2. Kt—Kt4ch, PxKt; 3. QxBPch, BxQ mate.
1. ...., QxR; 2. Q—Kt6ch, PxQ; 3. B—QKt7ch QxB mate.
1. ...., QxP; 2. Kt—Kt4ch, PxKt; 3. QxRPch, QxQ mate.
1. ...., threat; 2. R—B6ch, B—K3 dis. ch; 3. Q—QB8ch, RxQ mate.

SOLVER'S LADDER.

(First Week, Oct. 14.)

	No. 79.	No. 80.	Total.
P. W. Pearson	2	3	63
W. J. Faulkner	2	3	46
R. G. Hunter	2	0	40
J R. Ballantyne ...	0	0	20
J. Kay	2	3	5

(Second Week.)

	No. 81.	No. 82.	Total.
P. W. Pearson	0	0	63
W. J. Faulkner	0	3	49
R. G. Hunter	0	0	40
J. R. Ballantyne ...	2	3	25
J. Kay	0	0	5

The scoring this week is only 8 above zero!

To Correspondents.

(J. Kay) Game recorders. British Chess Magazine, 15 Elmwood Lane, Leeds, Eng. Send money order, $1 for 1,000.

BRILLIANCY BY CORRESPONDENCE.

P. J Wortman, of Dayton, Ohio, was awarded the Cartier brilliancy prize (donated by A. Cartier, of Montreal) for the following neat victory over C. H. Stephenson, of Washington, D.C., in the correspondence tournament of "The Pawn." The notes are our own.

Sicilian Defence.

White. P. J. Wortman.	Black. C. H. Stephenson.
1. P—K4	1. P—QB4
2. Kt—KB3	2. Kt—QB3
3. P—Q4	3. PxP
4. KtxP	4. P—K3 (a)
5. Kt—Kt5	5. P—Q3 (b)
6. B—KB4	6. P—K4 (c)
7. B—K3	7. P—QR3 (d)
8. KKt—B3	8. Kt—B3
9. Kt—Q5 (e)	9. KtxKt (f)
10. PxKt	10. Kt—K2
11. Kt—B3	11. P—QKt4
12. P—QR3	12. B—Kt2
13. B—Q3	13. Q—R4
14. Castles	14. P—B4 (g)
15. R—Ksq	15. P—Kt3
16. B—Kt5	16. Q—B2 (h)
17. B—B6	17. R—KKtsq
18. Q—Q2	18. Q—B4
19. QR—Qsq	19. KtxP
20. BxKP (i)	20. PxB
21. RxPch	21. K—B2 (j)
22. B—K4 (k)	22. PxB
23. KtxKP	23. Q—B3
24. Kt—Kt5ch	24. K—Kt2
25. RxKt	25. B—K2
26. Q—Q4ch	26. Q—B3 (l)
27. R—Q7	27. QxQ
28. R(Qsq)xQ	28. B—QBsq
29. RxBch	29. K—B3
30. R—B7ch	30. KxKt
31. P—R4ch	31. K—R3
32. P—KKt4 (m)	32. R—Rsq
33. P—KB3	33. B—K3
34. R—K7	34. QR—Ksq
35. R—QB7	35. B—Bsq
36. R—KB4	36. R—K3 (n)
37. R—B8 (o)	Resigns.

(a) An old, and now, little adopted continuation.

(b) 5......., P—QR3; 6. Kt—Q6ch, BxKt; 7. QxB, Q—K2; 8. Q—Kt3, P—B4 is the correct play.

(c) Now this weakening advance is forced.

(d) Loss of time. Kt—B3 should have been played.

(e) This advance has no lasting value. 9. P—K2 and 10. Castles, followed by P—B4 was a better policy.

(f) If 9....... KtxP, of course White continues 10. B—Kt6, followed by Kt—B7ch.

(g) A courageous advance, especially

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in view of the remote protective influence of his Queen. The opportunity of 14 ......, KtxP, should not have been neglected.

(h) B—Kt2 is the natural development. Black, instead, makes an unfortunate attempt on his opponent's centre Pawn.

(i) A very fine and carefully calculated sacrificing combination. The play of White is of a very high order.

(j) If 21......, B—K2, then 22. BxBP, etc., follows.

(k) The sacrifice of the second Bishop on this particular square, induced by his opponent's last move, is admirable.

(l) Of course if 26......, B—B3, then 27. R—Q7ch, K—Bsq; 28. R—KB7ch, K—Ksq; 29. R—Ksq ch, and wins. Now ensues an interesting final.

(m) Threatening mate in two.

(n) In order to answer R(B4)—B7 with P—Kt4. If, instead, Black plays 36......, B—K3, then follows 37. R—KB6, P—R4; 38. P—Kt3, etc.

(o) A surprising knockout. If 37......, RxR, White mates in two.

TORONTO CLUB ANNUAL.

The tenth annual meeting of the Toronto Chess Club was held in the Club rooms, 65 Church Street, Tuesday evening, October 10.

Prizes were presented in the various tourneys by the President, Mr. R. G. Hunter. The winners were as follows:—Handicap Tourney:—1. J. T. Wilkes; 2. C. R. Youngman.

Ladies' Championship:—Miss E. G. Banks.

Gambit Tourney:—1. Malcolm Sim; 2. S. E. Gale.

Club Championship:—No contest in Class A, which Mr. S. E. Gale continues to hold; Class B, 1. W. J. Faulkner; 2. A. W. Campbell; Class C, 1. J. T. Wilkes; 2. Bishop Reeve.

The City Championship Prizes are to be presented at a meeting of the Toronto Chess League, the tournament being held under their auspices.

Election of Officers.

The following officers were elected for the ensuing year:—Hon. Presidents, Right Rev. Bishop W. D. Reeve, Dr. N. S. Shenstone and Mr. R. G. Hunter; President, Rev. A. C. Crews; Vice-President, Mr. M. Sim; Secretary, Mr. S. E. Gale; Treasurer, Mr. G. K. Powell; Press Agent, Mr. H. H. De Mers; Board of Directors, Messrs. E. B. Freeland, J. Powell, D. J. McKinnon, and Mrs. A. Spragge.

Thursday evening is open evening at the Club, when non-members are cordially invited to be present.

Marshall v. Whitaker.

The match arranged between F. J. Marshall and N. T. Whitaker, due to the latter's challenge for the United States championship, is declared off, Whitaker having business engagements that clash. Marshall is shortly to make his third appearance in Toronto in simultaneous exhibitions under the auspices of the Toronto Chess League.

The death is announced of the veteran Australian player, Mr. Henry Charlick, of Adelaide.

MONEY AND MAGNATES

PROTECTING SHAREHOLDERS.

THE idea of a national protective association of stockholders is being revived in the United States, according to the financial editor of World's Work.

This time the need for some kind of effective co-operation among the thousands of scattered owners of the great corporations which carry on the bulk of the American nation's business is urged, he says, in view of the questions that arose out of the recent controversy between the railroads and the trainmen of the United States.

During the conferences at Washington, the railroad executives emphasized the fact that, in considering the demands of the 400,000 employees who were parties to the controversy—demands which they estimated would add from $200,000,000 to $300,000,000 to the expenses of operation—they had to recognize not only that part of the public to which the services of the railroads are sold, but also that part which is directly or indirectly interested in the ownership of railroad securities.

Individual owners of railroad shares number several hundred thousand. Theirs is, of course, a very direct interest in such issues as have been at stake. Add to them the thousands of depositors in the savings banks, and the thousands of holders of life insurance policies indirectly dependent upon the integrity of the millions of railroad bonds and stocks held by such institutions, and you get a conception of the importance of this other party to the controversy for which organization is being advocated.

Apart from the merits of this particular dispute, and apart from the means adopted to avert the nationwide strike which the trainmen's brotherhoods had threatened, there is undoubtedly much to be said in favour of uniting security holders with a view to providing for them special, personal representation in such situations when they arise again, as they doubtless will from time to time.

Instances could be multiplied in which by co-operative effort minority stockholders have succeeded in forcing upon corporation officers and directors due recognition of their rights. Advocates of the idea of a national protective association argue that what can be done in this way on a comparatively small scale in respect to a corporation's internal affairs, can with the more comprehensive organization be done on a large scale in respect to the broader questions of public relationship.

Such an association would logically include industrial and possibly public utility, as well as railroad stockholders. As heretofore pointed out, there are a multitude of ways in which it could render important service, provided it were under the guidance of vigilant and aggressive, yet rational leadership, and provided it were at all times painstaking to avoid appearances of having political sympathies. If such an association is successfully organized in the United States it is likely to have infinite possibilities, not only for protecting American investors in American concerns, but for bringing pressure to bear on foreign companies—Canadian companies for example—through the American government. It is an interesting suggestion.

LONDON BORROWS IN THE U. S.

THE fact that for the first time in financial history, an English municipality has sought out the American money market for funds should interest municipal treasurers in this country. This transaction, while insignificant in amount as compared with those in which the Government has been involved, is none the less interesting as showing the tendency of our credit resources to find widely diversified uses under the new conditions that have been created by the war.

The municipal loan referred to is that of the Metropolitan Water Board of London. It took the form of the purchase by two New York banking houses of an issue of $6,400,000 one year 6 per cent. discount notes, or "bills" as they are called in English financial parlance. The district for which this loan was made comprises the entire city and county of London and parts of five adjacent counties, containing a population estimated at about 6,700,000.

This news item indicates how little chance Canadian municipalities will have of borrowing in Europe for many a year.

IF.

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MUSIC AND MUSICIANS

THE young lady that sometimes plays with Ornstein was given a reception at the Canadian Academy of Music on Thursday evening, last week. This roundabout way of describing Miss Vera Barstow has nothing to do with her playing, which is as direct as a March wind, and still less to do with her personality, which is of a modest, though not retiring character, simple, unspoiled and genuine.

There are three interesting things about Miss Barstow's rather romantic career; herself, her association with Ornstein and her sixteen years' tuition with Luigi Von Kunits, with whom she began to study when she was a child. Her home is in Cincinnati. She first began to study with Von Kunits in Pittsburg, when he was concertmaster of the Pittsburg orchestra and principal of a School of Music and Expression. When he went back to Vienna, some years ago, Miss Barstow went with the family and continued her studies with him. When he came from Vienna to Toronto she also returned and from time to time has gone up to Toronto to study and coach with the man who is the only master she ever had.

Now, a well-matured artist, she has been playing with Ornstein in recital and was given a friendly reception by members of the Academy faculty and a number of musical friends. To play with Ornstein is one distinction. Very few violinists have been so honoured—or as some may say, put in so dangerous a predicament. To play Ornstein is another achievement. To have a piece dedicated to her by Ornstein is still another. Evidently this pale little personage who was considered by some conventional people such an ogre when he played in Canada last year, appreciates violin art when he hears it.

Miss Barstow's playing at her own reception was a happy touch, and it was a fine exposition of tone with a sure and capable technique. Absolute surety and bigness of tone without over-emphasis or anxiety are among her many admirable gifts. She plays with great brilliancy—and as far as could be judged from so limited a choice of pieces with fine sympathy and emotional insight. Her pieces displayed most of all, however, her mastery of tone which must be credited somewhat to the fine instrument which she plays, but most to herself. Abundant strength that does not waste itself on fireworks, but spends itself on broad, big effects, is her prevailing characteristic. In the three Ornstein compositions — Melancholy, Natashka and Olga (dedicated to Miss Barstow) she afforded considerable of a novelty to the company, few of whom had ever heard Ornstein's music on a violin or knew that he composed for that instrument.

One can scarcely say that the Ornstein genius runs best to the violin. In fact it was because most of these pieces were so unlike the unpopular notion of Ornstein that they were so humanly grateful in character. It is hard for an uncanny genius like that to get far afield on a violin except in rhythm and double stopping. Chords composed of uncongenial ninths and diminished elevenths are not easy on a violin. Rhythms that begin in the middle of the last two-fifths of the last beat but one in a measure and work out to a figure somewhere in the nebul-

Mr. Rudolf Larsen, Scandinavian violinist, will give a recital programme in Conservatory Hall, Toronto, Oct. 25th.

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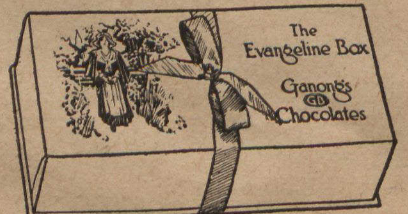

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ous irresolution of a measure that subsides with a coma and wakes up into a thunderclap—such things are not good form for the violin either. Miss Barstow conveyed the apparent intention of the composer very intimately.

In her rendering of the Pagnani-Kreisler Praeludium and Allegro she was more at her ease and very much at her best, as she was in the Prelude by Emmanuel Moore.

* * *

A Great Programme.

A BIG programme is a long way towards a big recital. And a big programme with a sterling artist behind it is the rest of the journey. The programme to be given by Mr. Rudolf Larsen at the Toronto Conservatory of Music on October 28th is one of the finest ever heard in Canada, and it will be done by a man who since he came here from Leopold over two years ago, has been making big studies in his art based upon hard work and much digging. The programme follows:

Prelude, Allegro — Pagnani..Kreisler
Ave Maria .... Schubert
Concerto, F Minor .... Ernst
Chaconne .... Bach
Wotan Prize Song .... Wagner
Rondina .... Beethoven-Kreisler
Liebeslied .... Kreisler
Slavonic Dance .... Kreisler
Caprice No. 24 .... Dvorak-Auer
Mr. Ernest Seitz at the piano.

* * *

Yvette Guilbert Again.

YVETTE GUILBERT sang in Toronto again last week after an absence of ten years. This rather indescribable French cantatrice has preserved most of the peculiar charm that made her work a classic to English audiences years ago. To a Toronto audience, for the most part innocent of the French language, the recital last week was a sort of musical pantomime. The melody was not always obvious. The words were obscured by the foreign idiom. The rhythm was varied to suit the mood of the singer. But with all its precarious character the meaning of the songs was at no time in doubt, thanks to excellent programme notes and the expressional gifts of the singer.

* * *

W. O. FORSYTH expects a very busy season, and will, as is usual with him, bring out a number of solo pianists in recital later on. Among them will be the exceedingly brilliant and splendidly temperamental artist-pupil, Jessie McAlpine.

What's What the World Over

(Continued from page 20.)

but, by an irony of his own construction, they all lived longer than he did.

Metchnikoff, it must be said at once, did not, despite his seventy-one years, die of old age. By following his own teachings he had kept young, and he would probably not have died for a good many years if it had not been for heart trouble hereditary in the family. He had known for a long time it was going to kill him. In fact, he lived longer than any of his immediate relatives, all of whom had succumbed to the same complaint. Within the last year or two he had said a number of times that he could not expect to last much longer. At the time of the Metchnikoff jubilee held at the Pasteur Institute last year on his seventieth birthday, he even predicted his own early death. He drew a chart, which can be found in the published annals of the Pasteur Institute, showing the ages at which his grandparents, parents, his brothers, and his sisters had died. The chart shows their lives ended at 45, 51, 54, 64, 65, 67 and 68.

"They were all gone before they attained my age," he said, "so I am tempted to attribute my old age to my manner of living. For years I have followed a system based on the conviction of the harm caused by our digestive apparatus. There is a commonly accepted idea that the organisms that flourish in our digestive tube are capable of doing us no injury; I hold the contrary opinion. I believe that we harbour a large number of harmful microbes which shorten our existence by bringing on premature old age. So I have conducted an experiment on myself for the last eighteen years, in the hope of fighting off this unhappy result. I have abstained from all raw food (including salads, uncooked fruit, etc.) and I regularly drink soured milk containing micro-organisms capable of fighting the harmful organisms we all have in us.

"I have done this for only eighteen years. It should be followed from childhood. Then old age will come normally and not far too soon as now. Nowadays we consider ourselves favoured if we arrive at my age of seventy still capable of doing our daily work. In the future the limit of human activity will be much later in life. But to attain this happy result there will have to be a long, scientific preparation."

When I began looking into the personal side of Metchnikoff's life I soon discovered he was no less interesting as a human being than as a scientist. He was not always the technician, and never the pendant. In fact, he tried so consistently to keep science on a simple, practical basis that he was in danger of being regarded by those who did not know his work as a seeker after notoriety. His scientific essays are always written so any one can understand them, and he avoided purely scientific terms even when lecturing to biological students. But his popular essays, such as the collection translated into English under the title "The Nature of Man," are in the original French called merely "introductions" to the various studies he outlines. The real work was in the laboratory. His books, clearly and delightfully written as they are, give a mere surface idea of his researches.

Metchnikoff speaks in one of his essays of the keen desire to live that grows more tense with years. He had it himself and with it went a limitless appetite for work. His laboratory was more than home to him. Even during the war he was there from eight in the morning until six at night. He missed just one day in the last two years and that was during a sleet storm last winter. He usually ate luncheon in the laboratory.

Many interesting particulars of Metchnikoff's life were told me by his pupils with the careful regard for exact details one might expect to find in students of pathology. They were also aware of the question that had arisen in the mind of the world over the cause of his death at seventy-one. They were afraid it might reflect upon his life's work and appear to negative its value. So they were at great pains to explain how young and vivacious he was even on the occasion of his last visit to the laboratory, the thirteenth of July. He came as usual in the morning, working all day, but he did not attempt to hide his uneasiness at the weakness of his heart. He surprised them, however, by saying, as he put on his things to go home, 'To-morrow is the fourteenth, isn't it? So we won't work. I am afraid, then, this will be my last day here. I cannot last two days. I shall die to-morrow."

He died, in fact, on the fifteenth, and his pathetic farewell made a deep impression even on the pathology students. They said, sentimentally, he would probably have preferred to die on the anniversary of the fall of the Bastile, he loved his adopted country

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so ardently. He did, it is true, have a deep affection for France, on account of its quickness of perception and freedom from scientific ruts, but the last book he was reading on his last visit to the laboratory, I noticed, was a German critique of recent French advancements in science, and he did not scorn to read it in the original German.

"He left us a very painful task," said one of his pupils. "He made us promise we would dissect his body after death and report the ravages of old age. It was a terrible task for us, used as we are to constant dissecting. But we did it and found that he had actually died of heart disease uncomplicated by disease of any of his other organs. They were all in good condition—in much better condition than one would expect to find in a man of his years. The youthfulness of his organs was undoubtedly due to his system of living, and, even in his death, he added proof to his contention that old age could be warded off by assisting the fight of the 'nobler' tissues against the 'microbe of old age.'"

Professor Metchnikoff's name was really Meeznikow, and his first name signed by him, Elie, was Elias. He was born May 15, 1845, at Ivanavka, in the Russian province of Kharkof, and he took the name Metchnikoff, meaning "sword-bearer," because the first ancestor of whom he had record was a Moldavian who followed Prince Cantemir into Russia in that capacity at the beginning of the eighteenth century. All his antecedents on his father's side were military, and his father was an officer in the Imperial Guard, retiring as a major-general. His mother, whose family name was Nevakowitch. was of Jewish origin. He did not, however, show the Semitic influence in his appearance.

Metchnikoff was a passionate researcher from childhood. After entering the Kharkoff high school at eleven and graduating from the Kharkoff University at nineteen, he began at once studying marine organisms, a pursuit he followed all his life leading to his most important discovery, the service of "phagocytes," the white corpuscles in the blood. These friendly organisms, developed in the body, according to Metchnikoff's demonstration, to fight off harmful microbes, were more easily studied in marine organisms. He did not, however, arrive at the discovery of "phagocytes," which has affected the whole of pathological study, for nearly twenty years. During the earlier part of his life he studied zoology under Leuckart and Von Siebold in Germany and, returning to Russia in 1867, was given the doctor's degree at both Petrograd and Odessa for his studies in zoology. Later he was appointed to the chair of zoology at Odessa. He married twice in the meanwhile, his first wife, Ludmilla Federevitch, dying of consumption in the Madeira Islands. As Metchnikoff was with her there many months he had the best opportunity of his life to study the many varieties of sea life to be found in that part of the Atlantic. It was long after her death, however, and after his marriage in 1875 to Olga Belocoyitoff, then seventeen, that he began to be known as an embryologist. He and Kewalewsky of Petrograd spent the next ten years of their lives developing the cellular embryology of invertebrates, one of the foundations of modern zoology.

THE BLIND MAN'S EYES

By WILLIAM McHARG AND EDWIN BALMER

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CHAPTER XII.—(Continued.)

NOW her father had been attacked and injured — attacked foully, while he slept; he had come close to death, had suffered; he was still suffering. Certainly she ought to hate, at least be aloof from, any one, every one, against whom the faintest suspicion breathed of having been concerned in that dastardly attack upon her father; and that she found herself without aversion to Eaton, when he was with her, now filled her with shame and remorse.

She crouched lower against this desk which so represented her father in his power; she felt tears of shame at herself hot on her cold hands. Then she got up and recollected herself. Her father, when he would awake, would wish to work; there were certain important matters he must decide at once.

Harriet went to the end of the room and to the right of the entrance door. She looked about, with a habit of caution, and then removed a number of books from a shelf about shoulder high; she thus exposed a panel at the back of the bookcase, which she slid back. Behind it appeared the steel door of a combination wall-safe. She opened it and took out two large, thick envelopes with tape about them, sealed and addressed to Basil Santoine; but they were not stamped, for they had not been through the mail; they had been delivered by a messenger. Harriet reclosed the safe, concealed it and took the envelopes back to her father's desk and opened them to examine their contents preparatory to taking them to him. But even now her mind was not on her work; she was thinking of Eaton, where he had gone and what he was doing and—was he thinking of her?

Eaton had left the room, thinking of her. The puzzle of his position in relation to her, and hers to him, filled his mind too. That she had been constrained by circumstances and the opinions of those around her to assume a distrust of him which she did not truly feel, was plain to him; but it was clear that, whatever she felt, she would obey her father's directions in regard to him. And she had told that Basil Santoine, if he was to hold his prisoner as almost a guest in his house pending developments, was to keep that guest strictly from communication with any one outside. Santoine, of course, was aware from the telegram that others had been acting with Eaton; the incident at the telephone had shown that Santoine had anticipated that Eaton's first necessity would be to get in touch with his friends. And this, now, indeed was a necessity. The gaining of Santoine's house, under conditions which he would not have dared to dream of, would be worthless now unless immediately—before Santoine could get any further trace of him—he could get word to and receive word from his friends.

He had stopped, after leaving Santoine's study, in the alcove of the hall in front of the double doors which he had closed behind him; he heard Harriet fasten the inner one. As he stood now, undecided where to go, a young woman crossed the main part of the hall, coming evidently from outside the house—she had on hat and jacket and was gloved; she was approaching the doors of the room he just had left, and so must pass him. He stared at sight of her and choked; then he controlled himself rigidly, waiting until she should see him.

She halted suddenly as she saw him and grew very pale, and her gloved hands went swiftly to her breast and pressed against it; she caught herself together and looked swiftly and fearfully about her and out into the hall. Seeing no one but herself, she came a step nearer.

"Hugh!" she breathed. Her surprise was plainly greater than his own had been at sight of her; but she checked herself again quickly and looked warningly back at the hall; then she fixed on him her blue eyes—which were very like Eaton's, though she did not resemble him closely in any other particular—as though waiting his instructions.

He passed her and looked about the hall. There was no one in sight in the hall or on the stairs or within the other rooms which opened into the hall. The door Eaton had just come from stayed shut. He held his breath while he listened; but there was no sound anywhere in the house which told him they were likely to be seen; so he came back to the spot where he had been standing.

"Stay where you are, Edith," he whispered. "If we hear any one coming, we are just passing each other in the hall."

"I understand; of course, Hugh! But you—you're here! In his house!"

"Even lower, Edith; remember I'm Eaton—Philip Eaton."

"Of course; I know; and I'm Miss Davis here—Mildred Davis."

"They let you come in and out like this—as you want, with no one watching you?"

"No, no; I do stenography for Mr. Avery sometimes, as I wrote you. That is all. When he works here, I do his typing; and some even for Mr. Santoine himself. But I am not confidential yet; they send for me when they want me."

"Then they sent for you to-day?"

"No; but they have just got back, and I thought I would come to see if anything was wanted. But never mind about me; you—how did you get here? What are you doing here?"

Eaton drew further back into the alcove as some one passed through the hall above. The girl turned swiftly to the tall pier mirror near to which she stood; she faced it, slowly drawing off her gloves, trembling, and not looking towards him. The footsteps ceased overhead; Eaton, assured no one was coming down the stairs, spoke swiftly to tell her as much as he might in their moment. "He—Santoine—wasn't taken ill on the train, Edith; he was attacked."

"Attacked!" Her lips barely moved.

"He was almost killed; but they concealed it, Edith—pretended he was only ill. I was on the train—you know, of course; I got your wire—and they suspected me of the attack."

"You? But they didn't find out about you, Hugh?"

"No; they are investigating. Santoine would not let them make anything public. He brought me here while he is trying to find out about me. So I'm here, Edith—here! Is it here, too?"

AGAIN steps sounded in the hall above. The girl busied herself with gloves and hat; Eaton stood in suspense. The servant above—it was a servant they had heard before, he recognized now—merely crossed from one room to another overhead. Now the girl's lips moved again.

"It?" She formed the question noiselessly.

"The draft of the new agreement."

"It either has been sent to him, or it will be sent to him very soon—here."

"Here in this house with me!"

"Mr. Santoine has to be a party to it—he's to draft it, I think. Anyway, he hasn't seen it yet—I know that. It is either here now, Hugh, or it will be here before long."

"You can't find out about that?"

"Whether it is here, or when it will be? I think I can."

"Where will it be when it is here?"

"Where? Oh!" The girl's eyes went to the wall close to where Eaton stood; she seemed to measure with them a definite distance from the door and a point shoulder high, and to resist the impulse to come over and put her hand upon the spot. As Eaton followed her look, he heard a slight and muffled click as if from the study; but no sound could reach them through the study doors and what he heard came from the wall itself.

"A safe?" he whispered.

"Yes; Miss Santoine—she's in there, isn't she?—closed it just now. There are two of them hidden behind the books, one on each side of the door."

EATON tapped gently on the wall; the wall was brick; the safe undoubtedly was backed with steel.

"The best way is from inside the room," he concluded.

She nodded. "Yes. If you——"

"Look out!"

Some one now was coming downstairs. The girl had time only to whisper swiftly, "If we don't get a chance to speak again, watch that vase." She pointed to a bronze antique which stood on a table near them. "When I'm sure the agreement is in the house, I'll drop a glove button in that—a black one, if I think it'll be in the safe on the right, white on the left. Now go."

Eaton moved quietly on and into the drawing-room. Avery's voice immediately afterwards was heard; he was speaking to Miss Davis, whom he had found in the hallway. Eaton was certain there was no suspicion that he had talked with her there; indeed, Avery seemed to suppose that Eaton was still in the study with Harriet Santoine. It was her lapse, then, which had let him out and had given him that chance; but it was a lapse, he discovered, which was not likely to favor him again. From that time, while never held strictly in restraint, he found himself always in the sight of some one. Blatchford, in default of any one else, now appeared to assume the oversight of him as his duty. Eaton lunched with Blatchford, dined with Blatchford and Avery—Blatchford's presence as a buffer against Avery's studied offence to him alone making the meal endurable. Eaton went to his room early, where at last he was left alone.

The day, beginning with his discovery of the fact that he was in Santoine's house and continuing through the walk outside, which first had shown him the lay of the grounds, and then the chance at the sight of Santoine's study followed by the meeting just outside the study door—all this had been more than satisfactory to him. He sat at his window thinking it over. The weather had been clear and there was a moon; as he watched the light upon the water and gazed now and again at the south wing where Santoine had his study, suddenly several windows on the first floor blazed out simultaneously; some one had entered Santoine's workroom and turned on the light. Almost at once the light went out; then, a minute or so later, the same windows glowed dully. The lights in the room had been turned on again, but heavy, opaque curtains had been drawn over the windows before the room was relighted. These curtains were so close over the windows that, unless Eaton had been attracted by the first flash of light, he scarcely would have noticed that the lights were burning within the room.

He had observed, during the day, that Avery or Harriet had been at work in that room—one of them or both—almost all day; and besides the girl he had met in the hall, there had been at least one other stenographer. Must work in this house go on so continuously that it was necessary for some one to work at night, even when Santoine lay ill and unable to make other than the briefest and most important dispositions? And who was working in that room now, Avery or Harriet? He let himself think, idly, about the girl—how strange her life had been—that part of it at least which was spent, as he had gathered most of her waking hours of recent years had been spent, with her father. Strange, almost, as his own life! And what a wonderful girl it had made of her—clever, sweet, lovable, with more than a woman's ordinary capacity for devotion and self-sacrifice.

But, if she were the one working there, was she the sort of girl she had seemed to be? If her service to her father was not only on his personal side but if also she was intimate in

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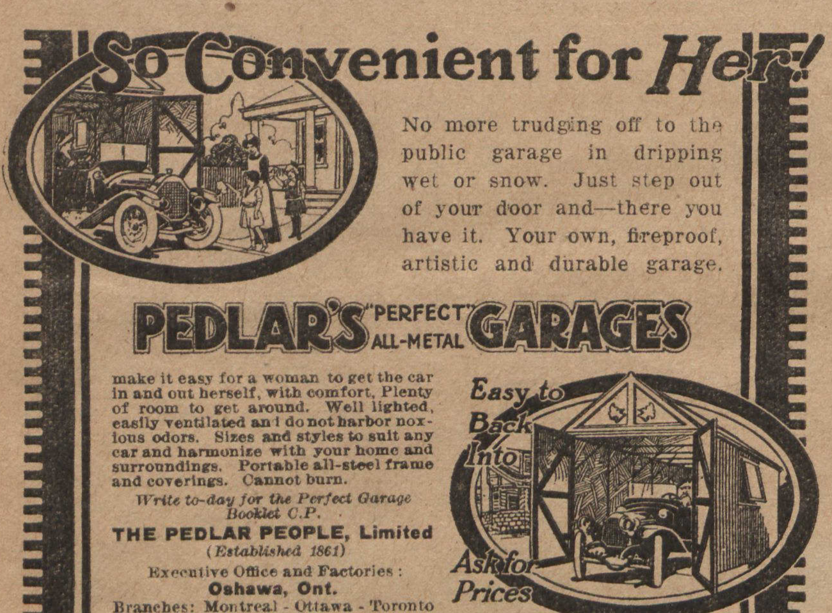

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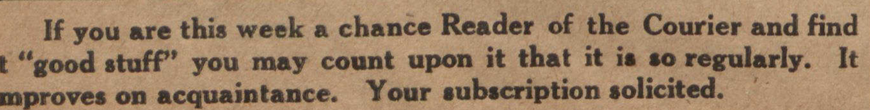

his business affairs, must she not therefore have shared the cruel code which had terrorized Eaton for the last four years and kept him an exile in Asia and which, at any hour yet, threatened to take his life? A grim set came to Eaton's lips; his mind went again to his own affairs.

CHAPTER XIII.

The Man From the Train.

IN the supposition that he was to have less liberty, Eaton proved correct. Harriet Santoine, to whose impulses had been due his first privileges, showed towards him a more constrained attitude the following morning. She did not suggest hostility, as Avery constantly did; nor, indeed, was there any evidence of retrogression in her attitude towards him; she seemed merely to be maintaining the same position; and since this seemed difficult if they were often together, she avoided him. Eaton found his life in the house after that first day more strictly ordered into a routine which he was obliged to keep. He understood that Santoine, steadily improving but not yet able to leave his bed, had taken up his work again, propped up by pillows; one of the nurses had been dismissed; the other was only upon day duty. But Eaton did not see Santoine at all; and though he learned that Miss Davis or another stenographer, whose name was West, came daily to the house, he never was in a position again to encounter any outsider either coming or going. Besides the servants of the house, he met Blatchford, with whom Eaton usually breakfasted; he also lunched with Blatchford, and Harriet sometimes—sometimes with Avery; he dined with Blatchford and Avery or with all three.

At other times, except that he was confined to the house or to a small space of the grounds about it and was kept under constant surveillance, he was left largely to his own devices; and these at least sufficed to let him examine morning and night, the vase in which he was to find the signal that was to be left for him; these permitted examination of window locks in other rooms, if not in Santoine's study; these permitted the examination of many other items also, and let him follow at least the outline of the method of Santoine's work.

There was no longer room for Eaton to doubt that Harriet had the confidence of her father to almost a complete extent. Now that Santoine was ill, she worked with him daily for hours; and Eaton learned that she did the same when he was well. But Avery worked with the blind man too; he, too, was certainly in a confidential capacity. Was it not probable then that Avery, and not Harriet, was entrusted with the secrets of dangerous and ugly matters; or was it possible that this girl, worshipping her father as she did, could know and be sure that, because her father approved these matters, they were right?

A hundred times a day, as Eaton saw or spoke with the girl or thought of her presence near by, this obsessed him. A score of times during their casual talk upon meeting at meals or elsewhere, he found himself turned towards some question which would aid him in determining what must be the fact; but each time he checked himself, until one morning—it was the fifth after his arrival at Santoine's house—Harriet was taking him for his walk in the garden before the house.

It was a bright, sunshiny morning and warm—a true spring day. As they paced back and forth in the sunshine—she bare-haired and he holding his cap in his hand—he looked back at the room in the wing where Santoine still lay; then Eaton looked to the daughter, clear-eyed, clear-skinned, smiling and joyous with the day. She had just told him, at his inquiry, that her father was very much stronger that morning, and her manner more than evidenced her pride in him.

"I have been intending to ask you, Miss Santoine," Eaton said to her suddenly then, "if your belief in the superiority of business over war—as we were discussing it ten days ago—hasn't suffered a shock since then?"

"You mean because of—Father?"

"Yes; you can hardly go back far enough in the history of war to find a time when the soldier's creed was not against killing—or trying to kill—a sleeping enemy."

She looked at him quickly and keenly. "I can't think of Father as being any one's enemy, though I know, of course, no man can do big things without making some people hate him. Even if what he does is wholly good, bad people hate him for it." She was silent for a few steps. "I like your saying what you did, Mr. Eaton."

"Why?"

"It implies your own creed would be against such a thing. But aren't we rather mixing things up? There is nothing to show yet that the attack on Father sprang out of business relations; and even if it did, it would have to be regarded as an—an atrocity outside the rules of business, just as in war, atrocities occur which are outside the rules of war. Wait! I know what you are going to say; you are going to say the atrocities are a part of war even if they are outside its recognized rules."

"Yes; I was going to say that."

"And that atrocities due to business are a part of business, even if they are outside the rules."

"Yes; as business is at present conducted."

"But the rules are a part of the game, Mr. Eaton."

"Do you belong among the apologists for war, Miss Santoine?"

"I?"

"Yes; what you say is exactly what the apologists for war say, isn't it? They say that war, in spite of its open savagery and inevitable atrocities, is not a different sort of combat from the combat between men in time of peace. That is, the acts of war differ only in appearance or in degree from the acts of peace. Is that what you believe, Miss Santoine?"

"That men in times of peace perform acts upon each other which differ only in degree from the acts of war?"

"Yes."

"Do you believe that, Mr. Eaton?"

HE hesitated. "Do you want me to answer that question from my own experience or from what I would like to believe life to be?"

"From your own experience, of course."

"Then I must answer that I believe the apologists to be right as to that fact."

He saw her clear eyes darken. "But you don't believe that argument itself, do you, Mr. Eaton?" she appealed. "It is only the old, old argument, 'Whatever is, is right.' You don't excuse those acts—those atrocities in time of peace? Or was I mistaken in thinking such things were against your creed? Life is part right, part wrong, isn't it?"

"I am not in a good position to judge, I'm afraid; for what I have seen of it has been all wrong—both business and life."

He had tried to speak lightly; but a sudden bitterness, a sharp hardness in his tone, seemed to assail her; it struck through her and brought her shoulders together in a shudder; but, instead of alienating her, she turned with a deeper impulse of feeling toward him.

"You—you do not want to tell more—to tell how it has been wrong: you don't want to tell that—" She hesitated, and then in an intimate way which surprised and frightened him, she added, "to me?"

After she had said it, she herself was surprised, and frightened; she looked away from him with face flushed, and he did not dare answer, and she did not speak again.

They had come to the end of the gardens where he was accustomed to turn and retrace his steps toward the house; but now she went on, and he went on with her. They were upon the wide pike which ran northward following, but back from, the shore of the lake. He saw that now, as a motor passed them on the road, she recalled that she was taking him past the previously appointed bounds; but in the intimacy of the moment, she could

not bring herself to speak of that. It was Eaton who halted and asked, "Shall we go on?"

"Wouldn't you like to?"

THEY walked on slowly. "I wish you could tell me more about yourself, Mr. Eaton."

"I wish so too," he said.

"Then why can you not?" She turned to him frankly; he gazed at her a moment and then looked away and shook his head. How had she answered, in what she already had said, the question which lay below what he had asked her? In her defence of business, did she know all the cruelties of business and defend the wrong she knew, together with the right, as inevitable? Or did she not know all of what was known even under her father's roof; and if she knew all, would she then loathe or defend it? Another motor sped near, halted and then speeded on again; Eaton, looking up, saw it was a runabout with Avery alone in it; evidently, seeing them in the road, Avery had halted to protest, then thought better of it and gone on. But other motors passed now with people who spoke to Harriet and who stopped to inquire for her father and wish him well.

"Your father does not seem to be one of the great men without honour in his own neighbourhood," Eaton said to her after one of these had halted and gone on.

"Every one who known Father likes and admires him!" she rejoiced.

"I don't mean exactly that," Eaton went on. "They must trust him too, in an extraordinary way. His associates must place most complete confidence in him when they leave to him the adjustment of matters such as I understand they do. There is no way, as I comprehend it, that any of the powerful men who ask his advice could hold him accountable if he were unfair to them; yet men of the most opposite types,, the most inimical and hostile, place their affairs in his hands. He tells them what is just, and they abide by his decision."

Harriet shook her head. "No; it isn't quite that," she said.

"What, then?"

"You are correct in saying that men of the most opposite sorts—and most irreconcilable to each other—constantly place their fate in Father's hand; and when he tells them what they must do, they abide by his decision. But he doesn't decide for them what is just."

"I don't understand."

"Father cannot tell them which side is just because, if he did that, they wouldn't consider his decision; and they wouldn't ask him to make any more; he would lose all influence for better relations. So he doesn't tell them what is just."

"What does he tell them, then?"

"He tells them what would be the outcome if they fought, who would win and who would lose and by how much. And they believe him and abide by his decision without fighting; for he knows; and they know that he knows and is absolutely honest."

Eaton was silent for a moment as they walked along. "How can he come to his decision?" he asked at last.

"How?"

"I mean, much of the material presented to him must be documentary."

"Much of it is."

"You will pardon me," Eaton prefaced, "but of course I am immensely interested. How are these written out for him—in Braille characters or other letters for the blind?"

"No; that would not be practicable for all documents, and so it is done with none of them."

"Then some one must read them to him."

"Of course."

Eaton started to speak—then refrained.

"What were you going to say?" she questioned.

"That the person—or persons—who reads the documents to him must occupy an extremely delicate position."

"He does. In fact, I think that position is Father's one nightmare."

"Nightmare?"

"The person he trusts must not only be absolutely discreet but absolutely honest."

"I should think so. If any one in that position wanted to use the information brought to your father, he could make himself millions overnight, undoubtedly, and ruin other men."

"And kill Father too," the girl added quietly. "Yes," she said as Eaton looked at her. "Father puts nothing above his trust. If that trust were betrayed—whether or not Father were in any way to blame for it—I think it would kill him."

"So you are the one who is in that position."

"Yes; that is, I have been."

"You mean there is another now; that is, of course, Mr. Avery?"

"Yes; here at this house Mr. Avery and I, and Mr. Avery at the office. There are some others at the office whom Father trusts, but not completely; and it is not necessary to trust them wholly, for all Father's really important decisions are made at the house, and the most important records are kept here. Before Mr. Avery came, I was the only one who helped here at the house."

"When was that?"

"When Mr. Avery came? About five years ago. Father had an immense amount of work at that time. Business conditions were very much unsettled. There was trouble at that time between some of the big Eastern and Western men, and at the same time the Government was prosecuting the Trusts. Nobody knew what the outcome of it all would be; many of the biggest men who consulted Father were like men groping in the dark. I don't suppose you would remember the time by what I say; but you would remember it, as nearly everybody else does by this: it was the time of the murder of Mr. Latron."

"Yes; I remember that," said Eaton; "and Mr. Avery came to you at that time?"

"YES; just at that time I was thrown from my horse, and could not do as much as I had been doing, so Mr. Avery was sent to Father."

"Then Mr. Avery was reading to him at the time you speak of—the time of the Latron murder?"

"No; Mr. Avery came just afterward. I was reading to him at that time."

"No one but you?"

"No one. Before that he had had Mr. Blatchford read to him sometimes, but—poor Cousin Wallace!—he made a terrible mistake in reading to Father once. Father discovered it before it was too late; and he never let Cousin Wallace know. He pretends to trust Cousin Wallace now with reading some things; but he always has Mr. Avery or me go over them with him afterward."

"The papers must have been a good deal for a girl of eighteen."

"At that time, you mean? They were; but Father dared trust no one else."

"Mr. Avery handles those matters now for your father?"

"The continuation of what was going on then? Yes; he took them up at the time I was hurt and has kept on looking after them; for there has been plenty for me to do without that; and those things have all been more or less settled now. They have worked themselves out as things do, though they seemed almost unsolvable at the time. One thing that helped in their solution was that Father was able, that time, to urge what was just, as well as what was advisable."

"You mean that in the final settlement of them no one suffered?"

"No one, I think—except, of course, poor Mr. Latron; and that was a private matter not connected in any direct way with the questions at issue. Why do you ask all this, Mr. Eaton?"

"I was merely interested in you—in what your work has been with your father, and what it is," he answered quietly.

His step had slowed, and she, unconsciously, had delayed with him. Now she realized that his manner toward her had changed from what it had been a few minutes before; he had been strongly moved and drawn to-

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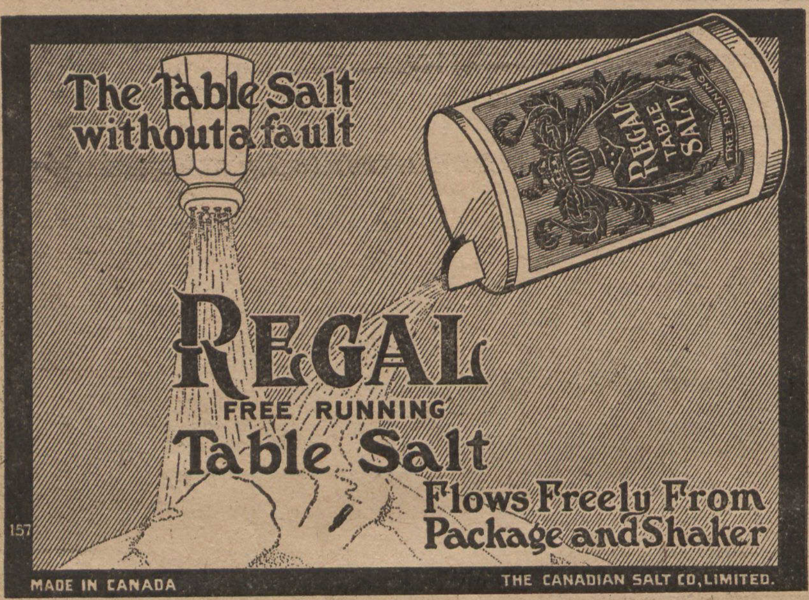

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ward her then, ready to confide in her; now he showed only his usual quiet reserve—polite, casual, unreadable. She halted and faced him, abruptly, chilled with disappointment.

"Mr. Eaton," she demanded, "a few minutes ago you were going to tell me something about yourself; you seemed almost ready to speak; now—"

"Now I am not, you mean?"

"Yes; what has changed you? Is it something I have said?"

HE seemed to reflect. "Are you sure that anything has changed me? I think you are mistaken. You asked if I could not tell you more about myself; I said I wished I could, and that perhaps I might. I meant some time in future; and I still hope I may—some time."

His look and tone convinced her; for she could recall nothing he had asked about herself or that she had replied to, which could have made any change in him. She studied him an instant more, fighting her disappointment and the feeling of having been rebuffed.

They had been following the edge of the road, she along a path worn in the turf, he on the edge of the road itself and nearer to the tracks of the motors. As she faced him, she was slightly above him, her face level with his. Suddenly she cried out and clutched at him. As they had stopped, she had heard the sonud of a motor aproaching them rapidly from behind. Except that this car seemed speeding faster than the others, she had paid no attention and had not turned. Instantaneously, as she had cried and pulled upon him, she had realized that this car was not passing; it was directly behind and almost upon him. She felt him spring to the side as quickly as he could; but her cry and pull upon him were almost too late; as he leaped, the car struck. The blow was glancing, not direct, and he was off his feet and in motion when the wheel struck; but the car hurled him aside and rolled him over and over.

As she rushed to Eaton, the two men in the rear seat of the car turned their heads and looked back.

"Are you all right?" one called to Eaton; but without checking its speed or swerving, the car dashed on and disappeared down the roadway.

She bent over Eaton and took hold of him. He struggled to his feet and, dazed, tottered so that she supported him. As she realized that he was not greatly hurt, she stared with horror at the turn in the road where the car had disappeared.

"Why, he tried to run you down! He meant to! He tried to hurt you!" she cried.

"No," Eaton denied. "Oh, no; I don't think so."

"But they went on without stopping; they didn't wait an instant. He didn't care; he meant to do it!"

"No!" Eaton unsteadily denied again. "It must have been—an accident. He was—frightened when he saw what he had done."

"It wasn't at all like an accident!" she persisted. "It couldn't have been an accident there and coming up from behind the way he did! No; he meant to do it! Did you see who was in the car—who was driving?"

He turned to her quickly. "Who?" he demanded.

"One of the people who was on the train! That man—the morning we—the morning Father was hurt—do you remember, when you came into the dining car for breakfast and the conductor wanted to seat you opposite a young man who had just spilled coffee? You sat down at our table instead. Don't you remember—a little man, nervous, but very strong; a man almost like an ape?"

He shuddered and then controlled himself. "Nothing!" he answered her clasp of concern on his arm. "Quite steady again; thanks. Just dizzy; I guess I was jarred more than I knew. Yes, I remember a fellow the conductor tried to seat me opposite."

"This was the same man!"

Eaton shook his head. "That could hardly be; I think you must be mistaken."

"I am not mistaken; it was that man!"

"Still, I think you must be," he again denied.

She stared, studying him. "Perhaps I was," she agreed; but she knew she had not been. "I am glad, whoever it was, he didn't injure you. You are all right, aren't you?"

"Quite," he assured. "Please don't trouble about it, Miss Santoine."

(To be Continued.)

Seasonable Recipes

Ginger-Bread Pudding.—1 cup sugar, ½ cup butter, ½ cup molasses, 1 cup sour milk, 1 teaspoon soda, 1 teaspoon ginger, flour enough to make stiff.

Carnation Cake.—Yolk of three eggs, 1 cup sugar, ¾ cup butter, 1½ cups flour, 1 cup raisins, 1 cup sour milk, 1 teaspoon soda, 1 nutmeg, 1 teaspoon allspice. **Icing.**—1 cup sweet cream, ¼ cup chopped almonds, 8 dessert-spoons icing sugar.

Charity Cake.—1 cup sugar, butter the size of an egg; stir to a cream; add one cup sweet milk, 2 cups flour, 2 teaspoons cream of tartar, 1 teaspoon soda.

Measure Cake.—1½ cups flour, 1 cup butter, beaten together to a cream with the hands; 1½ cups sugar, 1 cup of eggs, 3 also beaten together with a few drops of flavouring.

Minister Cake.—1 cup brown sugar, ½ cup butter, ¼ cup sour milk, 1½ cups flour, ¼ cup boiling water, 1 tablespoon grated chocolate, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 1 egg, 1 teaspoon soda. Bake thirty minutes in pan with funnel.

Mountain Cake.—1 cup sugar, ½ cup butter, ½ cup milk, 2 eggs, 2 cups flour, 2 teaspoons baking-powder, 1 teaspoon lemon extract.

Yankee Cake.—1½ cups sugar, ½ cup butter, 3 eggs, ½ cup sour milk, 2 cups chopped raisins, 1½ cups flour, 1 teaspoon cloves, cinnamon, nutmeg, 1 teaspoon soda; use icing sugar.

Toothsome Cookies.—3 eggs, 2 cups sugar, 1 cup butter, 12 tablespoons milk, 3 tablespoons baking powder, 2 quarts of flour. Roll thin, bake quick to a light brown. This is very good, and keeps well.

Spice Cookies.—4 cups flour, 1 cup lard or dripping rubbed well together, add ½ cup brown sugar, ½ cup molasses, 1 cup currants, 1 teaspoon soda; mix with buttermilk or sour milk until stiff enough to roll ¼ inch. Cut as desired and bake in a moderate oven until a dark brown.

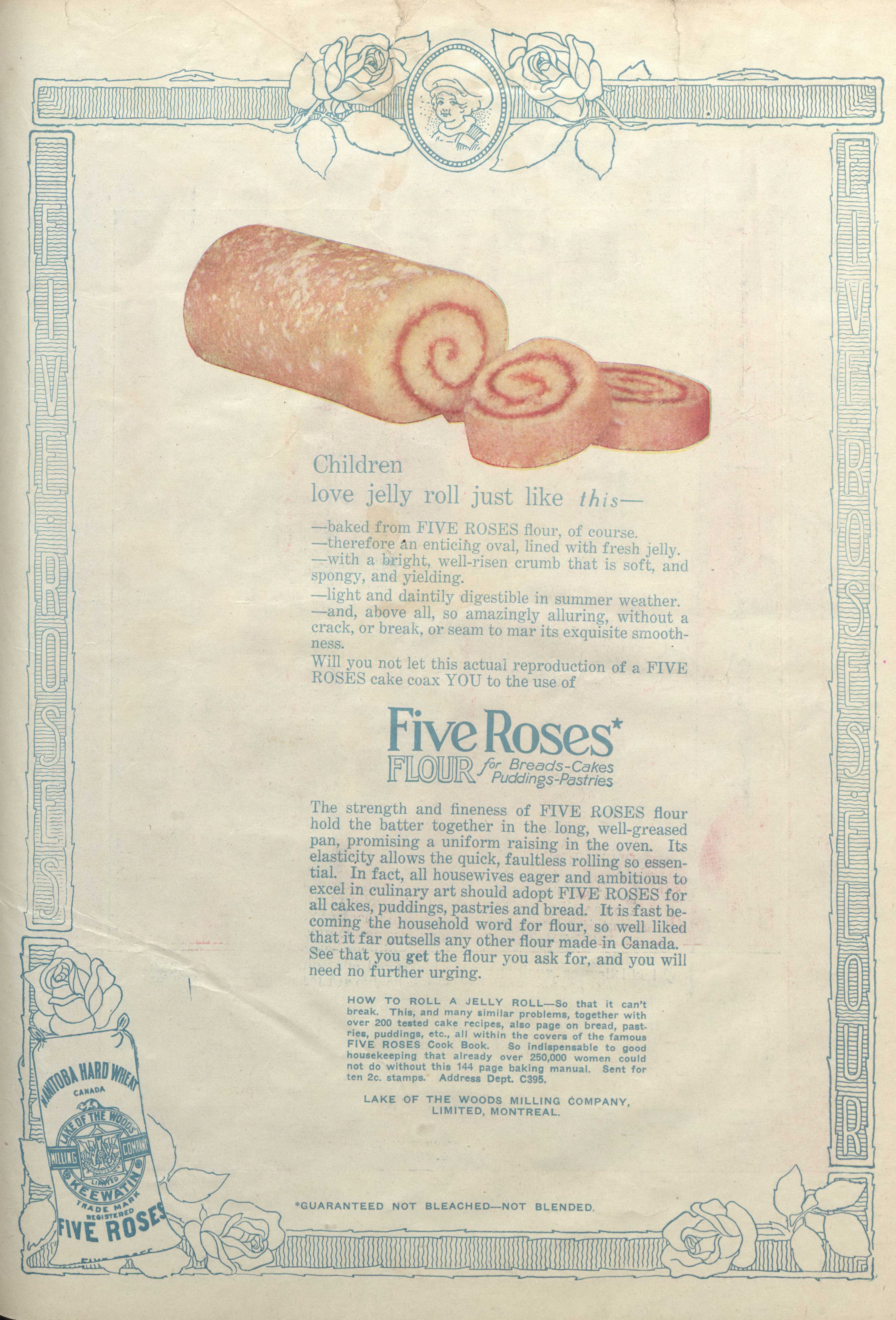
White Cookies.—2 eggs, 1½ cups sugar, 1 heaping cup shortening, ½ cup sweet milk, 2 tablespoons vinegar, 1 teaspoon soda, 1 teaspoon baking powder; season to taste. Mix them up with a spoon, and stir in all the flour you can before taking on the board.

Fruit Snaps.—1 cup butter, 1½ cups sugar, ½ cup molasses, 3 eggs, 1 teaspoon soda, 1 cup each of raisins and currants, 1 teaspoon each of ginger, cloves, cinnamon and allspice; flour to roll as soft as can be cut. These will keep several months.

Dutch Cookies.—1 cup sour cream, 1 cup brown sugar, 1 cup molasses. If cream is very rich, use 1 egg. Roll out and sprinkle with sugar.

Chispe Cookies.—1 cup brown sugar, 1 cup white sugar, 3 small teaspoons baking powder, 1 cup sweet cream, butter size of an egg, flour enough to mix in a soft dough; roll to whatever thickness you want and sprinkle with granulated sugar; roll once and cut out, and bake in a hot oven.

Left-Over Cakes.—Break up in small pieces in salad dish, take a large sweet orange, cut in small pieces, arrange over the cake. Then make a cream of 2 cups sweet milk, 1 egg, ½ cup sugar, 2 tablespoons flour, or just enough to make a thin cream; let come to boil, take from stove and add 2 teaspoons vanilla; pour over the whole, let cool before serving. Good way to use up stale cake.



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