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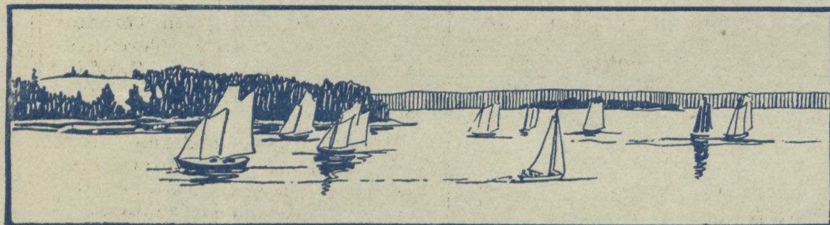

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The Multitude of Counsellors

A CORRESPONDENT advises us not to be too confidential in talking about contributors. The only reason we ever talk about contributors is to get people to take an interest in them outside of the work they do for the paper. Very often the things writers write about do not express the most interesting facts about themselves. When you look at a painting or listen to a piece of music you often want to know something about the person who made it. Writers, we imagine, are quite as interesting as artists or musicians. And it isn't always the writer who has the big sellers to his credit that is the most interesting.

The people who write more or less regularly for the Canadian Courier are quite as worth while to know about as some of those about whom gossip is made in our once-a-month literary section. In fact if they were all together in one company they might even find themselves interesting to one another—which is not always possible.

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THE other evening a lady asked the editor, "When will critics consent to tell us exactly what they mean when they talk about music?" The answer was quite obvious: "When people who sing and play will tell us just what the composer meant when he wrote the piece, it will be time for critics to tell the whole truth about performers." As a matter of cold fact there are times when the whole truth might be rather awkward for the person about whom it was told. Still, we have always maintained that in matters of music the music editor of this paper has been quite sincere and usually frank in his criticisms. When musicians ask us to tell the real truth, perhaps they mean—about other people.

※ ※ ※

STILL another correspondent writes from Montreal:

"Glad to see you are making good progress and wish you every success. Give us More and still More articles on Canada and cut out the U. S. A. business. Speaking generally, I don't think we are interested in the South of us very much, and I do not think your American circulation will be very large."

No, our circulation in the United States of America is not very extensive, and when we publish United States articles and pictures we don't stop to consider whether it is or not. We publish such things, especially now, because the war has made almost any nation on earth interesting to other nations. For nearly three years now Canadians have been intensely interested in Germany, at a time when to say the least Germany is not very popular here. The United States is now an ally of Canada. We notice that lately the American people have been taking a good deal of interest in what Canada has done in the war. We are also concerned as Canadians in showing something of what the United States is doing and intends to do in the war. When Roosevelt raises an army of 187,000 men we notice at once that he has nearly half as many men enrolled as the whole Canadian army. When Canada abolishes the duty on wheat and flour we are interested in what effect this will have on Canada in getting Americans to take our wheat, just as we have for a long while been concerned in how many Americans we could induce to come over to Canada and take up land or invest money.

When we publish things about the United States we do so as one small-population nation taking an interest in a huge-population neighbour just over the line. When Canadians cease to buy American periodicals by the 100,000 we shall be quite willing to curtail the American stuff published in the Canadian Courier. If they will stop taking American papers altogether we will eliminate the American features.

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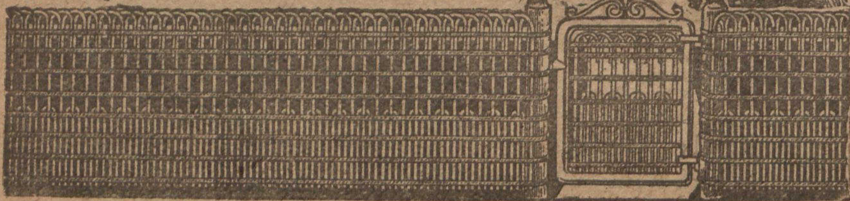

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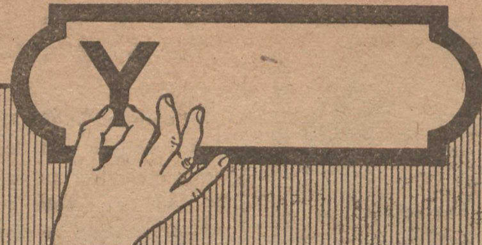

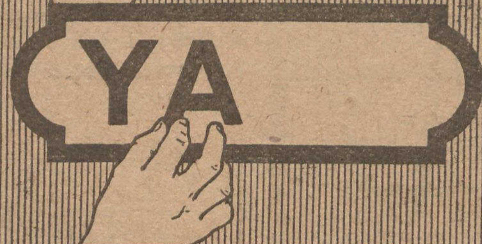

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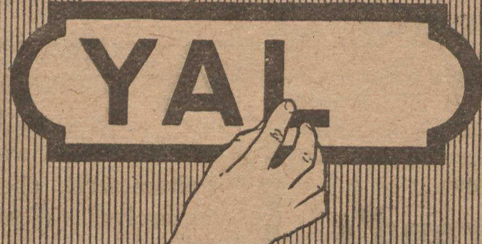

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Vol. XXI. May 19th, 1917 No. 25

WIN-THE-WAR MULLOY

He works for an idea bigger than himself and sees it with the Blind Man's Eyes.

By THE EDITOR

WHENEVER at any war meeting—no matter what or where, from the Gut of Canso to Puget Sound, you happen to see a much-alive man in khaki and goggles who seems to be hearing two words to anybody else's one, it is probably Col. Lorne Mulloy from the R.M.C. There may be twenty other colonels or majors or otherwise in the room. You would never confuse any of them with Mulloy. This man has chalked out a large area of war-interest on account of his own personality; and if there is any man in Canada who thinks war any harder or more hours a day than Mulloy, it must be the man who intends to enlist to-morrow and tries to convince himself the war doesn't need him.

We call him Win-the-War Mulloy, because for some time now he has been working on a scheme to bring together the Win-the-War convention in Montreal next week. Mulloy has no idea that he is doing anything extraordinary in organizing this convention. If he thought anybody thought so he would—no he wouldn't quit the job, because he is not the quitting kind; but he would work a little harder to obscure himself in the movement.

Col. Mulloy has a vision. If he had never been blind the vision might have missed him. Milton wrote part of the greatest religious epic in any language after he was blind; and Beethoven composed his immortal Ninth Symphony after he was stone deaf. Mulloy is now doing the biggest work of his life as a Canadian after he has been for seventeen years a blind man. In the past seven or eight weeks this blind soldier has been twice across Canada, from Charlottetown to Victoria. He has visited every population centre on the way. Wherever he has stacked his luggage he has left a trail of enthusiasm. Organizing this convention has been for Mulloy a work of concentrated intention based upon an eternal sense of logic. In smoking cars, at dinner-tables, in public halls, in committee-rooms, in any old place where two or three could be gathered together he has laughed at failure, rough-ridden over sectarianism, ignored bigotries and helped to jolt people he meets a little nearer the front row of patriotic inspiration.

Behind Mulloy there is an idea. The idea is bigger than Mulloy and he knows it. That's why he works it so hard. The idea is compounded of vision, practical sense and abiding faith. It's a Canadian idea; more peculiar to this country than to any other at war, and a part of the new inspiration of unity that has seized upon the whole democracy-world now being swung away from petty doctrines and petulant theories into a world-wide epic of betterment.

That idea is the essential unity of Canada. The original unity of this country was embodied in the Act of Confederation, a political document that made possible a physical unity and at the same time left the various race and settlement areas free to work out their own salvation without much regard for the rest of the country. This may sound like a sermonette; but sometimes life becomes a sermon or nothing. The unity of Canada of which Mulloy is the humble and cheerful instrument has been in the minds of a great many Canadians for a long while. Mulloy does not profess to be the original apostle of the idea. He is no Billy Sunday paranoic trying to preach Canada into a new path. He is a soldier, an educated man, a practical thinker and a worker from day's end to day's end always in the spirit. Nobody ever saw this blind man in a funk.

"Don't you think you will have a reaction from this enthusiasm of yours?" asked a lady whom he met on his pilgrimage.

"Madam," he said quickly, "it is my business in life not to have a reaction."

MULLOY does not regard himself as conventionally a blind man. He is a man accidentally without eyes, who sees things in the spirit world, unhampered by the distractions that sidetrack the energies of people with eyes; and he usually has more obvious fun in doing it than nine-tenths of the normal people he meets. He is a tireless dispenser of energy; a whole week of sunlight crammed into a day. He laughs as heartily as Bill Taft and projects his thinking into other people with the characteristic simplicity of a torpedo.

He lost his sight suddenly, dramatically. It was no gradual twilight of cataracts creeping into total eclipse. The fact dates back to the War; to the black year of it in 1900. Trooper Mulloy enlisted as a young schoolmaster in the C.M.R.; born in a farm in Dundas Co., Ont., of Irish parents. He was engaged with three other troopers on day in scouting over a kopje, when the quartette were suddenly attacked by a party of 85 Boers. The four of them accounted for a large number of the attackers before the action was over—one of them put away fifteen with his carbine. But there came a swift moment when a Boer rifle from right angles got the range of Mulloy's head. The intention of that carbine was to blow out his brains. But fate had a better use for Mulloy's brains than being blown out on a kopje. The bullet enfiladed him. It clean shot away both his eyes. In a sudden moment he was a blind man in the agony of darkness and pain. He has never had a glimmer of the world since. But—the world to Mulloy is a vast place of seeing.

THE beginning of his blindness was the start of his real life. Up till that time he had been a schoolmaster and a soldier with a talent for public speaking and a great sense of logic. When he came back from Boer-land he went on the lecture platform. Thousands of people heard him who were attracted not by his eloquence, of which he had very little in the high-flown way; nor by his emotionalism of which he seemed to have none; not by the pathos of his blindness nor any mawkish sentimentality over the man; but by his remarkable gift of hammering home logic. Mulloy had the faculty of mapping out his talk as a general plans a piece of strategy and of carrying it into action by a spontaneous attack that broke down all formal opposition. I don't know what Mulloy talked about on that tour, but it was something about a bigger Canada than railway problems or guttersnipe politics. And he made money out of his lectures. Here comes the practical side. Trooper Mulloy had a desire. He spent his money on it. Heaven knows he had very little saved up from school-teaching. But he put himself through Queen's University and took a post-graduate course in political science and history at Oxford. He had a blind man's desire for the light of knowledge that they used to symbolize on Latin text-book covers in the phrase Cupio Lumen. He has never ceased to have that great desire for mental light. Having got it he is now diffusing it around a lot of other people's dark corners.

When he came back to Canada after his Oxford term, Mulloy took a course at the Royal Military College, Kingston. Afterwards he went on the staff as Professor of Tactics and Military History.

What Mulloy knows about military history is no concern of this article. But he knows something about tactics. Just to illustrate:

Once upon a time Principal Gordon, of Queen's, invited Mulloy to his house to meet a brilliant blind student. Mulloy had a sudden fit of unexpected illness. He did not arrive: the Principal tried to arrange the blind man's meeting again. Once more Mulloy took suddenly ill; even worse than before. He failed to arrive. Some time later, when a distinguished man came to town—a man with both eyes in good working order—Mulloy was one of the company. So was the Principal of Queen's.

"Oh," smiled the Principal, "how is it, Mulloy, that both times I tried to——"

"Oh, that's all right, Principal," snapped Mulloy,

"I couldn't come. No. Look, Principal. Just take a parallel case. Principal Grant, your predecessor, had only one arm. Suppose he had been invited to your house to meet all the one-armed men in this neck of the woods—do you think he'd have accepted the invitation?"

Mulloy prefers to work among people who can see; because he feels that his best work can be done, not as a friend of the blind, but as a blind man among the people who are doing the normal average work of the country.

When the war broke out Mulloy figured that he might have a work to do that hitherto he had only been pottering at in his Professorship. In his blindness he perhaps visualized that war better than most of us who can see. All the tactics and military history he and the rest of the Empire had might not be equal to the occasion without a different sort of Empire response than that of the Boer War—with all its open patriotism. Naturally he wished, for the first time almost rebelliously wished, that he was not a blind man. There is no place for blind men at the front. Better far to be deaf.

Mulloy was put on the Patriotic Speakers' League. Here at any rate he could do some good. Few men in that League had the ability he had to present the country's case.

HERE was where he got into the bigger swath. Here was where this David chanced to meet a Jonathan. Up in Toronto and all around there a big Irish-Canadian by the name of John Milton Godfrey had been doing a lot of useful new work among the people who ought to be soldiers. Godfrey is a lawyer. We have alluded to him before in these columns. As Chairman of the Recruiting League he went out to a county called Peel, next to York, and with the aid of J. T. Stirrett, now Major at the front, organized that county, man, woman and child, for the war. It was almost a clean-up—in every way for the army and the Red Cross; the work done in sections and cross-sections; the county fine-tooth-combed for men and money so well that Godfrey was asked to extend his activities to the whole of Military District No. 2, outside of Toronto and Hamilton.

It was while he was working on this extension that Godfrey first met Mulloy, who was working on the Patriotic Speakers' programme. Mulloy made such a powerful frontal attack on the inertia of other people and diffused such a cheery gospel of sunlight with such a fund of historical information and military knowledge to back him up that Godfrey saw in him the other one of a team.

Mulloy went all over No. 2. Wherever he went he succeeded in getting recruits where the men with the flag-wags and the emotional appeals failed. Mulloy talked straight logic. He unrolled his mind as clearly as though it were a large map of opportunity. He had such a friendly way of marshalling his arguments, there seemed always to be such a gleam of come-all-ye in the common, hard horse sense of his arguments, and he was such a pleasant, sociable speaker, that he helped to make a big roundup in No. 2.

Now, the reason he did it was that he ignored all differences of sentiment or opinion. He took men of opposite ideas on their common ground. He got people to pull together. And that was what Godfrey had been doing exactly in an organizing way from another angle.

These two get-togethers themselves got together.

Godfrey is credited—though as much of the credit may be due Molloy—for the next step in the unity idea. This was the Bonne Entente, which began a little less than a year ago now with the visit of several Ontario men representing a number of businesses and professions to Quebec. All the public knew about it was that several of these prominent Anglo-Saxon people had met several French-Canadians in a number of places along the St. Lawrence; that speeches of amity were made at the meetings; that songs were sung and sentiments exchanged, and that generally speaking Ontario and Quebec had shaken hands when the first hand had been stuck out by Ontario. The occasion was built on two things—Rule 17 and the war. And the sceptics in both Provinces reckoned that about the time the last dinner was digested the force of the occasion would be over.

Now, the two men who conceived this pilgrimage were Mulloy and Godfrey. The two who couriered it down in Quebec last summer were Mulloy and Arthur Hawkes. These men knew, without saying so, about how much vitality there was behind the movement known as the Bonne Entente. Mulloy and Godfrey believed in the idea enough to identify themselves with it publicly. It was nothing new; only the way of getting it was new And it worked. The Bonne Entente became a fact. It was repeated in Ontario last fall.

That was for the time being the last of Bonne Entente. The idea had been launched in concrete form. The play, somewhat sketched out previously by editors, had been finished and put on stage by the producers, Godfrey and Mulloy.

These two men were not spending a heap of time and energy just for an interprovincial pleasantry. Bonne Entente was a reality. It must come up again. How? Not by pilgrimages. No, but on account of a different idea. One thing above all had been for two years to bring racial Canada into a real abiding unity. The war, however, had stopped short of victory. Quebec had not gone to war in a big way. The 22nd and thousands other French-Canadians at the front had not been backed up by their compatriots. Discord, dissension, parish politics, race bigotries, the idea that Canada should only fight when attacked on her own soil as though the great menace had not arisen 3,000 miles to the east and would cross here just as soon as it got Europe disposed of—all these were dead against the further participation of Quebec in the war. And there were certain men—notably one—as definitely behind so-called Nationalism in Quebec as Mulloy and Godfrey were behind the Bonne Entente idea in Ontario.

The war has a habit of out-lasting a good many exploded and exploding notions. The unity of the Empire has been strengthened by it. Nobody doubts

(Concluded on page 25.)

CARING FOR OUR VETERANS

By ESTELLE M. KERR

THE one bright ray in the gloom through which we look at the lengthening casualty lists each morning, comes from the fact that the great majority of the names mentioned represent the wounded, and that medical and surgical skill are daily saving men whose cases, only a few years ago, would have been regarded as hopeless. Many of them are condemned to remain maimed, it is true, but it is astonishing what can be and is being done for them. This work deserves the fullest recognition as an illustration of the spirit in which these men, broken in the war, are regarded by those for whom they have suffered. In the history of warfare there has never been anything like it. The surgeon gives an order, and that order—whatever the money involved—is carried out. Let us not do ourselves discredit in underestimating the work that is being done in our midst!

When the roll of the wounded began to outnumber whole armies of former wars it was soon seen that the situation called for organized treatment in connection with the handling of war victims on a scale hitherto undreamed-of, and Canada, considering that the effects of the war in the shape of maimed manhood were much slower to be manifested here, is entitled to great credit for the promptness and adequacy of her provision in this direction. The care of our wounded commences long before they ever set foot in Canada, but after they reach our shores there is a lengthy period of hospital treatment for many before they can follow the daily round of civil life once more. It is difficult to get accurate figures of the number of soldiers returned to Canada up to date, as these are first compiled in the various provinces, and are increasing weekly. The last number quoted to us was 63,000, but as the actual records of the Ontario Soldiers' Aid Commission show that 54,000 have been returned to Ontario alone, this must fall far short of the mark. Toronto people are apt to overestimate the number of Canadians maimed in battle, because all the amputation cases in the province are sent there, as well as a number from other parts who go there for special treatment. It is customary to leave an amputated limb six months to shrink before fitting it with the artificial substitute, and the sight of so many empty sleeves and turned-up trouser legs is very distressing. But what must it be in certain parts of England? At the hospital of Roehampton alone over a thousand cases a month of men who have lost one or more of their limbs are being treated.

"Bah! There's always folks who grumble, but there's no kick coming from a decent man!" said a soldier in one of our Convalescent Homes, when asked if the boys were satisfied with the treatment given them in Canada. "I've been in just about a dozen hospitals in France and England and I tell you this is just a little bit of all right! Pension? Well, it doesn't sound much—$480 a year for total disablement—but they tell me it's the highest in the world. And then no one is simply pensioned off—they always get you a good job unless you're absolutely down and out—and then you're probably in

an asylum. Have you seen our billiard room?" And he showed me with pride the cheery writing and reading-room, the sunny reception-room and the large billiard-room, where the men were smoking and apparently enjoying themselves immensely. It is as easy thing to criticize, but praise from the normal intelligent soldiers is the final test. Since the Provincial Military Hospitals and Soldiers' Aid Commissions have got into running order, I think we may say, without boasting, that Canada has one of the best systems of dealing with her wounded soldiers in the world.

Pensions

PENSIONS paid in 1915 were most inadequate, but they have since been nearly doubled, and through both government and private organizations the provision for the welfare and amusement of the returned soldiers has increased to an extraordinary extent during the past year. Pensions are graded according to the disablement and vary with the rank held at the time of injury. A soldier of the rank and file receives $480 a year, a sergeant $510, lieutenant $720, captain $1,000, lieut.-colonel $1,260, colonel $1,560, brigadier-general $2,700. Besides his regular pension, the private soldier gets $6 a month for each son under 16 and $6 a month for each daughter under 17. If he is killed his widow gets $32 a month, with an allowance for each child.

France pays very small cash pensions—$115 to $178 a year—but the system is the same as ours, varying according to disability and maintaining the same pension to the injured, no matter what they may earn.

In England the pensions are practically double those of France, but the system is different, for they vary, not only according to the disablement, but are graded according to the pre-war earnings as well. Thus a man earning a large income before the war is recompensed at a higher rate than the former day-labourer. In Canada, as in France, we maintain the pensions of disabled men, no matter what they earn.

The Soldiers' Aid Commission

WHEN a soldier is discharged from the army or killed, there is often a lapse of four or five weeks between the cessation of his pay, the stoppage of his separation allowance from the patriotic fund, and the first payment of his pension from Ottawa, but when one considers the tremendous amount of business involved, the delay seems pardonable—unless you or your family happen to be in need, in that case it is inexcusable! But your Provincial Soldiers' Aid Commission will try to help you. This organization varies somewhat in each province. There are 123 branches in Ontario, with headquarters in Toronto, and they make it a practice to clip from the casualty lists in the papers each morning and send offers of assistance to bereaved relatives.

It is also the duty of each of these branches to see that the returned soldiers of their district are suitably welcomed home and that the relatives of the men are notified of their arrival. In Toronto a fleet of automobiles is provided for the men and decorated street cars are on hand to take the relatives from the depot to the Convalescent Home, while at the same time a military band and guard of honour is provided by Military District No. 2. They are usually taken to the Clearing Hospital in old Knox College, on Spadina Avenue, and from there sent to various convalescent homes, according to the treatment they need, for tuberculosis, insanity, gas, shell-shock or wounds. After they have received the required treatment, they are discharged and pensioned according to their disability.

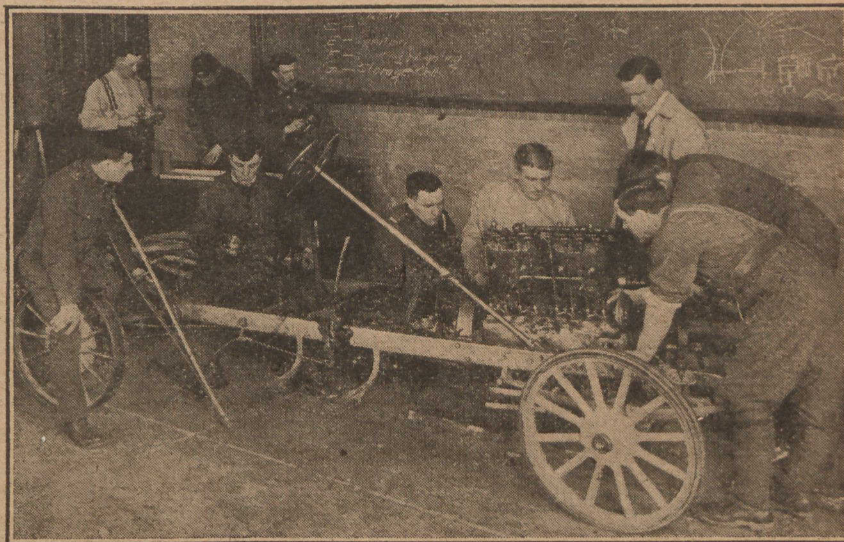
Vocational Training

A PENSION, however, is not everything. In many cases it is not even the main thing. It is like giving an old friend a dollar to get rid of him instead of putting him in a position to earn two dollars, which is what he wants. And so every effort is being put forth to fit the injured men to fill useful positions. Vocational Training is under the supervision of the Soldiers' Aid Commission, and is carried on in technical schools, the Y. M. C. A., and in the convalescent homes, where it has been found to be of such curative values that it is made practically compulsory. Frequently the men are able to resume their former callings, but if not, tuition is given in whatever subject is thought to be of the greatest value to them in view of their physical ability and former training. Even when undertaken unwillingly, this work gives the soldier an interest which makes his carriage more erect, his step lighter, and improves his whole outlook on life.

In the offices of the Bell Telephone Company in Montreal there is a draughtsman, a former day-labourer, who, thanks to vocational training, is now earning double his former income. A collier rendered unfit to resume his former occupation has been re-educated and is now getting $40 a month with board as a janitor, in addition to his pension. Even a man who, through the loss of both arms or both legs, has been regarded as totally disabled, can often be fitted to fill a position.

Take the case of a man with three children, who has lost both arms, but by the use of artificial limbs is able to turn a switch at a railway crossing. He has been regarded as totally disabled and allotted full pension, which, with the allowance for the two children, amounts to $58 per month, and this added to his own earnings enables him to live very comfortably indeed.

There seems to be no limit to the things disabled men can do, and some are very ingenious in devising substitutes for hands, discarding the instrument maker's perfectly shaped contrivance as useless. A farmer has shaped a tool to replace his left hand so that he can dig, plough or shear sheep as well as any man. It is in the shape of a hook, but in order that a strong pull on his arm should be borne by the shoulder, he affixed a strong leather strap over his left shoulder which is attached to another strap around his chest and back, and these two are joined by a strap fixed to his artificial wrist. For ploughing, the hook is replaced by a U-shaped instrument.



Motor Engine Work Class, Technical School, Toronto.

Employment

SO far there has been no difficulty in finding employment for returned men in Ontario, and the average wage paid to men placed in positions by the Soldiers' Aid Commission is $16.02 per week. Daily advertisements appear in 47 different papers, asking people to employ returned soldiers, and applications pour into the office faster than they can be filled. There are over 300 positions waiting for these men in Toronto and 1,000 in Ontario. They can easily place 25 gardeners in various places, while one large landscape gardening concern will take all the men they can supply at $15 a week. There is a large demand for porters, watchmen, chauffeurs and janitors at the usual wages; lathe hands at 30 cents an hour, orderlies for hospitals $45 a month and board. A practical engineer is wanted for a concrete inspector, a man who understands thoroughbred stock is needed by a cattle-breeder, book-keepers, electricians and munition inspectors are demanded, and whenever experts are asked for, training is given to fit men to supply this demand. Work is very plentiful just now and supervision is necessary to induce men to choose permanent vocations and avoid "blind alley" jobs. Men are asked to report at the office of the Commission every three months after they have been placed in positions. Frequently a man who has suffered from shell-shock finds that his work involves too much nervous strain, and to him light work must be given for a few months until his nerves have fully recovered. Thus the Commission endeavours to keep track of the men, and the sob-stories one hears of needy veterans arise largely from misunderstanding, false pride or laziness on the part of the men. The employment department, large as it is, represents only about one-tenth of the work carried on by the members of the Commission. The greater part of their time is taken up in explaining misunderstandings and adjusting complaints.

The Provincial Commission of British Columbia and New Brunswick have worked out most excellent systems of establishing returned soldiers in community farms, similar to the plan adopted by Napoleon, which is now being followed largely in Germany.

In France and England

WHILE congratulating the Canadian Government on the efficient way in which it is now dealing with the returned soldier, we must remember that our wounded have come to us gradually and that we have had due time for preparation. They have not come pouring in by hundreds and thousands from the very outbreak of the war and found us unprepared as in France. There, in spite of the excellent arrangements for vocational training, it is difficult to find work for the men, and the pensions hardly constitute a living wage, but a most excellent system of re-education has been evolved with a model training establishment in each district. The schools for men found suited to business life are conducted under the Ministry of Commerce, bee-keeping, dairying, sheep-tending, etc., are under the supervision of the Ministry of Agriculture, and no State or other public funds are granted to any enterprise that does not employ a fixed proportion of partially disabled soldiers.

In England the Lord Roberts Memorial Workshops are being established in all the principal towns, where men will be given such useful work as they can do and are paid £1 a week, exclusive of pensions. At the same time, any medical or surgical treatment necessary may be continued. Toy-making is the staple industry of these workshops, as it is remunerative and not too arduous. The import of toys into England has been prohibited and now the returned soldiers are replacing German manufacturers not by imitation, but by originality and humour, and are building up a new and remunerative profitable industry for Britain.

We've All Got Poetry

WE have all got music in us, and there comes a time in almost every person's life when it stirs and wants to come out. Women often take it out in singing to their children, or if they haven't children, to the iron-board as they iron. Men, not understanding their feelings, having no proper outlet, used to finding relief in drinking too much. Many vent their poetry in whistling—and countless numbers—in writing atrocious balderdash in rhyme. Part of this comes to this office and is in due course returned to the senders. Sometimes, even though the form is imperfect, the poem is accepted and published—not because the thought therein rivals any of the great poets, nor because the music is good, but because some of these poems represent something true and something good in the country. It is a thousand times better to publish—and to read—a poem that expresses half decently somebody's love for his part of Canada, than to print, or read, some piece of quite perfect verse-making—about nothing.

Beauty of form isn't to be neglected, of course. It would be rubbish to suppose so. But so very often some empty-headed school girl masters the (not very difficult) trick of marching rhythms and rhymes, and simply fills in the form with sentimental banalities.

ALONG THE SIEGFRIED LINE

THE Germans were taken wholly by surprise when Vimy was captured, and they are now making frantic efforts to stem the tide by sheer weight of numbers. Submarines and professors, Major Moraht and the "Retreat to Victory."

By SIDNEY CORYN

Written especially for the Canadian Courier

THERE has been a sudden outburst of forebodings, warnings and presages regarding the submarine war, and as most of us now-a-days gather our impressions from newspaper headlines instead of from facts, it may be well to look at the matter with some brief attention. And by way of preliminary it may be said that because some prominent persons consider the situation to be "serious" is no reason why we should suppose for a moment that the issue of the war is still in doubt, or that the submarine can compensate to Germany for her reverses upon land. All war situations are serious and the submarine situation among them. Undoubtedly there has been a sudden burst of submarine activity. During the week ending May 1, 38 vessels of over 1,600 tons each were sunk, and there were thirteen victims of less than that tonnage.

This may be explained either as an accident of war, or it may be due to a partial withdrawal of the protecting craft for some special service, or there may have been an unusually large number of U boats at work. But the most probable explanation is the desire of Germany by a sudden access of submarine activity to express her defiance of American intervention. To arrive at the full significance we must compare the number of vessels that were destroyed with the number that were not destroyed, and that ran the gauntlet successfully. The total of these was 5,406. The number of vessels that were actually attacked but that escaped was 24. Now the loss of 38 large vessels is serious enough, but to speak of it as indicating a turn in the balance of the war is mere stupidity. Germany has about as much chance of winning the war by her submarines as she has by her professorships. Food in England at the present moment is cheaper than it is in the United States, nor has there yet been any serious or rigorous attempt to restrict the consumption of the individual. Alarmist utterances such as those put forward by Lord Charles Beresford are obviously intended to impress the public mind with the need of thrift. Lloyd George has adopted a similar tone on various occasions. On the other hand we have the assurance of Admiral Jellicoe that Great Britain can feed herself in spite of all the submarines that Germany can send. But the best of all reassurances is a study of the figures, and a realization that every ship yard in Great Britain is working night and day on standardized plans, and turning out ships with a rapidity that may surprise us when the war is over.

The end of the battle of Arras is not yet in sight, and it is quite on the cards that when it comes it will bring with it the end of the war itself. We do not know what fortifications have been prepared along the line of the Meuse, but there is hardly any longer a pretence of fortifications on the Hindenburg line, except those rough and ready military works that an army on the defensive can throw up in the course of a few hours. Indeed we have been definitely told that the Germans along a large part of the line are no longer fighting from trenches, but from shell craters. Trenches have proved themselves to be useless against the concentrated and continuous fire of modern artillery, whereas shell craters are not easily found by the searching cannon, while they afford a quite adequate protection for men and machine guns. The battle is therefore now an open one. The deadlock has become a thing of the past. Vast bodies of men are in hand to hand conflict, and the issue at any given point depends on pressure, and on the fighting force of the individual.

SOME confusion is being caused by the various "lines" that now figure in the bulletins, and the fanciful names that the Germans have given to them. All these lines are loudly acclaimed as impregnable until they happen to be taken, and then we hear of some other line to the eastward which is the true and only goal of the great "retreat to victory." The original Hindenburg line included Vimy, nearly due south of Arras, and it has been called the Siegfried line. The Canadians took Vimy, and the advancing British line then stretched in a semi circle to Croiselles. The Germans fell back to the Drocourt-Queant line, which they call the Wotan line, and it is in front of this line that the present heavy fighting is taking place. The Wotan line is about fifteen miles in length, and it is nearly straight. Its northern end at Drocourt is six miles west of Douai, and its southern end at Queant is ten miles west of Cambrai. But these lines have practically no existence apart from the men who occupy them. The actual fortifications are inconsiderable. The Germans are fighting so fiercely in front of the Wotan line because they have had no time to prepare a shelter on the line itself. The Wotan line did not exist either in the form of works or of men until the capture by the Canadians of Vimy, and it then became necessary to sketch out a new line, and to make such preparations for its defence as were possible. We are told that Hindenburg visited this part of the field, and he ordered an obstinate resistance in the open to the British in order to give time for the making of fortifications. The Germans were taken wholly by surprise when Vimy was captured, and they are now making frantic efforts to stem the tide by sheer weight of numbers, a tide that threatens not only the armies concerned, but also that part of the old line that stretches away to the North Sea and that includes the vitally important naval base at Zeebrugge. Hindenburg, in other words, has been completely outwitted and his men have been outfought, and mainly by the Canadians.

Siegfried Hindenburg finds the Dragon of 1917 a hard beast to kill with his magic sword. When the Germans stopped talking about God and fell back on Siegfried and Wotan, they probably remembered the saying of a great soldier, "God is on the side of the strongest battalions."

It is easy to explain the ferocity of the fighting at both ends of the Hindenburg line, that is to say, at Lens and in the neighbourhood of Craonne. They are the two most vulnerable points. If the new line can be pried loose from its supports at these two places it will be the end of the German armies in France and they must fall back quickly, for the lines that still occupy their old positions will then be outflanked. But there is a vast difference between pressing an army back and actually penetrating its lines. An army may be pressed back a long way and still maintain its integrity but if the lines are actually pierced it is in danger of envelopment, and especially if its lines of communication are cut. It is to be remembered that the lines of communication are the chief concern of every commander. They serve the same purpose to an army that the air tubes serve to a diver. Every need of life reaches an army over its lines of communication. Now these lines are at once in peril if a gap can be broken in the defending forces. It can hardly be closed again against the rush of men that instantly pour through it and widen it. If a line would avoid being pierced by superior numbers it must be ready to become elastic and to fall back at the right moment, and it is for this reason that the Germans are now falling back. It does not necessarily mean that they can resist no longer, but that they are unwilling to take too great a risk of being pierced. The retreat of the Russian armies before Warsaw was one of the great military feats of the war, and one that robbed the pursuing Germans of the larger part of their laurels. The Russians were technically worsted, but they evaded envelopment, they kept their lines intact, and they saved both their men and their guns. It is the elastic lines that are the most difficult to handle. In this instance the situation is unlike the one that existed in Russia because the lines that are actually engaged are continuous with other lines to the north and the east that still occupy their old positions, and that must be instantly sensitive to the fate of the fighting lines. It is the fact that the fighting front is continuous with a non-fighting front that so complicates the German problem. If their lines are too stiff they will be pierced. If they are too elastic, and fall back too far, they will expose the flanks of the non-fighting lines, which must then also withdraw.

WHEN we understand the difference between piercing a line and compelling it to fall back under pressure, we see a ray of light on the meaning of the German bulletins. They nearly always announce that efforts to pierce or penetrate their lines have failed. That is true enough, but they do not announce that they saved themselves from penetration by falling back. They allow the German public to suppose that a victory has been won, and no doubt the German public does suppose this with the exception of the small minority that possess large scale maps and that can therefore see by the constant appearance of new names in the bulletins that there has been a retiring movement eastward. But many of these bulletins are now becoming pitiably childish in their efforts to show that a defeat is actually a victory, and these efforts are eloquent of a state of "nerves" that they are anxious to allay. Even Major Moraht plays somewhat sadly on the "retreat to victory" string. He tells his readers that loss of ground and of guns are not important if the enemy is thereby lured into dangerous positions and depleted by heavy losses. We need not waste time in considering a dictum of this kind, since Major Moraht does not believe it himself, but we may form our own inferences as to a situation in Germany that demands palliatives of this sort. It is easy to attribute to one's enemy a fictitious aim, and then to claim a victory on the ground of having frustrated it. That is what the Germans are now doing in nearly every one of their bulletins. Doubtless the Allies would much like to pierce the German line, and are watchful of a chance to do so, but they will be quite satisfied if they can push it back so far as to expose its northern and eastern ends. Major Moraht judiciously keeps silent upon this point, while maintaining that "the possession of single portions of terrain, such as trenches, villages, and borders of woods, no longer plays a decisive role in deeply echeloned and fortified zones.

"GIRL O' MINE"

"Girl o' mine,
Give my horse a drink!"

"Not yet am I your wife.
Were that my lot in life
My widra (pails) from the spring
Cold water then would bring."

"Girl o' mine,
Get up behind this horse!
Ride we at swiftest gait!
Rooms in my house await.
The guest-room, O so fine!
Shall couch this girl o' mine.
Girl o' mine,
My horse needs better guard!"

"Ah, but the road is hard;
The dew's on the grass yet,
My bare feet would get wet."

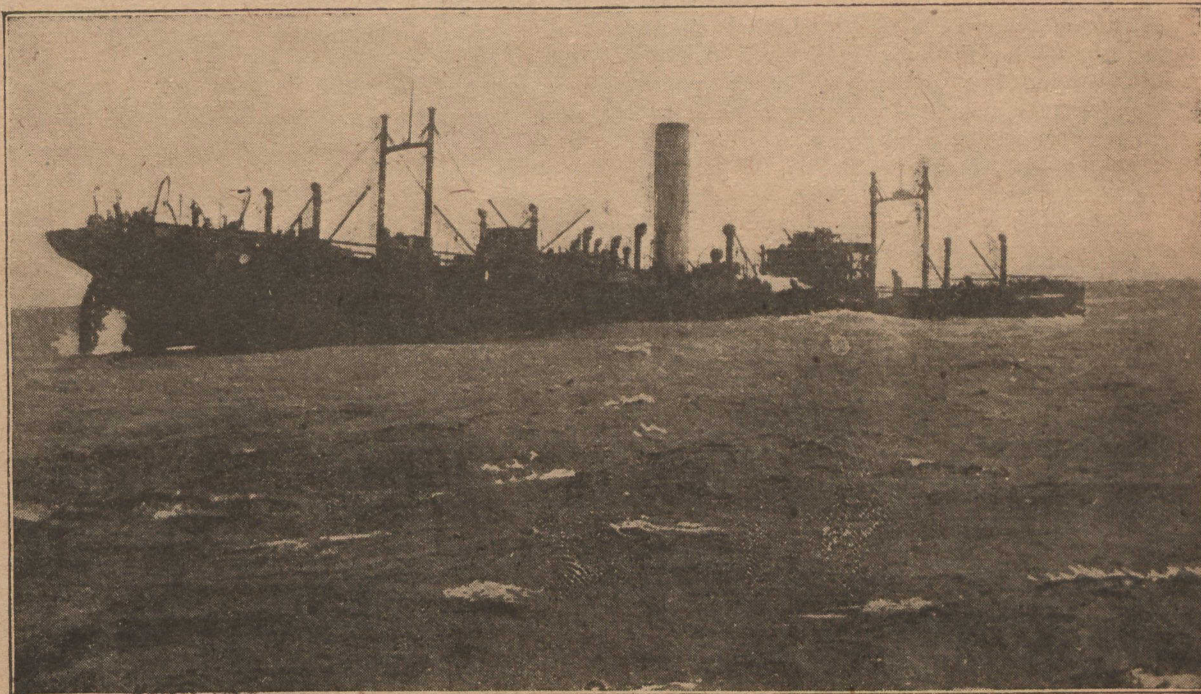
"My coat around your feet
Shall keep them warm, my sweet.
And when God wills, I'll buy
New shoon to keep them dry."

"Nay, buy no shoes for me—
Your own might better be.
There's one likes my feet bare—
Now run and catch your mare!"

From "Songs of Ukraina."
By F. Randall Livesay.

The aim of the German defence is, even at the cost of abandoning the dead, together with war material and portions of positions, to maintain our own strength while destroying that of the enemy and prevent him from attaining his strategical end, which is to break through." We have here an admission that the dead have been abandoned, and that munitions and positions have been lost, an admission, it may be said, that has been excluded from the official bulletins. And as evidence of the worthlessness of these bulletins it may be said that no admission has yet been made by either the German or Turkish governments of the loss of Bagdad.

At the moment of writing comes the news of a simultaneous attack by the British and the French on the north and the south of the Hindenburg line. It may have been noticed that hitherto these blows have been alternate, and that while one army was quiescent the other was active. The change of plan, if it is indeed a change of plan, may be intended to prevent the transport of troops from one end of the line to the other. The Germans have evidently massed every available man to the defence of their present positions. Probably they have more men now in France than at any other stage of the war, and they seem to be throwing them recklessly, and in the old mass formation, upon their foes. The task of the British and the French is not to take fortifications but to resist an enormous human pressure, the pressure of massed numbers, and to destroy them before they can make their full weight felt upon the advancing lines. It is a critical moment, for if the Allies can now prevail in any definite way it may easily prove to be the end of the war.



Some time ago there was a newspaper story of how the British crew of the troopship Tyndareus sang "The Long, Long Trail" and "Tipperary" as the ship sank struck by a mine off Cape Agulhas. This is a picture of the Tyndareus as she went down. None of the soldiers on board were war veterans; just Britishers of the die-hard type. Half an hour after the ship struck the rescue ships came.

French sailors from the Amiral Aube marching through Norfolk, Va., under escort of Uncle Sam's jackies. Their first glimpse of an American city.

The Amiral Aube carried Gen. Joffre and the French commission to New York. This is a view of her forward deck after she arrived.

Art in Winnipeg

THERE are no provincial or municipal art galleries west of Winnipeg, and the one in that city was founded in the face of many difficulties. It was established in the Industrial Bureau building, at the expense of $30,000, of which the city contributed only $5,000, but in doing so insisted that there should never be an entrance fee charged, that not even a catalogue should be sold, thus depriving the galleries of any revenue, though it is customary at all the art galleries at home and abroad to have certain pay days.

Five thousand was not a generous sum when one considers that yearly that city spends $147,000 in parks and $27,000 in supervised playgrounds. In connection with the gallery an art school has been established, attended by from 70 to 100 pupils, this is operated at a cost of $23,000 a year, but the money is well spent, for the results of this education of the public taste are quickly felt. "The average Canadian's artistic taste is poor, but the most quickly educated in the world," says the director of our largest Art Museum, "and the outlook is most hopeful." Being without artistic traditions the seed is sown on virgin soil. Our foreign population, though ignorant in other ways, come to us with a higher appreciation of art, and in Winnipeg the attendance of foreign population in the galleries is three to one of Anglo-Saxon derivation. The loan exhibition from the National Gallery remains in Winnipeg for six months at a time, other exhibitions are also arranged, and pictures are purchased by the Committee from each of the transient exhibitions, so that the city of Winnipeg has now the nucleus of a permanent collection.

EDITORIAL

Conscription

TREMENDOUS powers have been conceded to government by popular imagination. In times like these when the prerogatives of private ownership are being upset all along the road and the property of men is being conscripted by the State for the benefit of man, we cheerfully admit that government has a right to do things that it never had before. In a time of great concentration of energy for a single purpose no man's property is exempt and no man's prerogatives are sacred. For the purpose of winning this war we should be willing to see a democratic government conscript and commandeer everything it has from people to pins. In the matter of food it is necessary that government should know what are the possibilities of production, transportation and consumption. It takes definitely not more than 50,000,000 bushels of wheat to feed Canada for a year. All the rest, on a basis of getting it out to market as soon as it is free to move, is exportable for that year. It may be less easy, but certainly is not impossible, for government to determine what other natural products of the soil are consumed by our people, what cattle and sheep and hogs we use up, what imports we need for the making of our clothes and what we normally need to import for manufacturing purposes not counting munitions.

The point is that our national census has long since needed to be reorganized. It is not enough to be told every decade what we are and have as a nation. The census department should be extended into a great stock-taking machine that carries forward every year the complete story of what we possess as a people. Had we owned such a census machine when the war began it would have been possible long ago to let the people know what we could do and what remained to be done. But we have a colossal bungle-house of statistics that become intelligible year by year only on the outside edges in the form of budget speeches—mainly about tariffs, inland revenues, imports and exports. The common man has no chance at all to be informed in a convenient way what the farmers and the manufacturers and the miners and the fishermen and the railway people are doing to build up our national fabric. It is a good thing that we are now to have a census taken three years before it is due by law. But the law should be amended to make a yearly census. And in a time like this, that census should be used by the government to commandeer everything the country needs for the sake of doing our share of the world's work and helping ourselves at the same time.

Coal

ALL that is left for coal to do now in order to demoralize humanity is for coal to get into politics. In the abolition of the bar and most of the bottle we have lost our balance and tipped over into the coal bin. Something must be left besides mere war to divide humanity. It may yet happen that coal will unite us. We are much concerned about coal. One city in middle Canada, about 100 miles from the border, has been talking aloud about civic coal. The idea was to buy 250,000 tons of coal and farm it out to the people at less than dealers' rates. But it seems the deal involved a dicker with a steamship company to get the coal delivered, and back of that again was the ultimate dicker with the coal companies to get the coal bought and hauled as far as the American shore line. In all probability this coal deal will crawl into a hole about as deep as a coal mine and pull the hole in after it. No city seems, as yet, competent to do the work of the case-hardened expert in such commodities as coal. It seems to take a heap of experience to go into that business. Yet the day will surely come when civic corporations will supply the people with coal. Just at present there are more coal and wood yards in some cities than is good for the public welfare. There is a deal of waste labour, squandered effort in haulage, no attempt whatever to see that some favoured-nation customer does not corner more coal than he needs, no effort to see that homes are supplied first and schools and churches put on the waiting list. No, the schools and churches usually have the money to get their coal cornered up early in the summer. When a coal blockade comes the churches are still permitted to go on eating up coal to keep vast cathedral spaces of cubic contents of air heated up, so that somebody may play an organ or hold some sort of service during the week. It would be no harm to allow any church no more coal than it needs to heat up its main auditorium or other necessary rooms as often as need be; no harm to close one or two churches in the same block during a cold spell, and a good thing for everybody if common sense were applied to the coal question.

Truth

IF some time ago we had got more Col. Repington and less Hilaire Belloc in our war estimates we might have been better off mentally now. Facts are facts, of course, but when a man starts in to win a war by mathematics without regard for certain kinds of facts, he is liable to mislead people merely by trying to make them feel pleasant. We have all along criticized Germany for telling the people lies and suppressing the truth. But often in our zeal to bolster up a good cause we permitted ourselves to be beguiled into roseate dreams of defeating Germany in a few months, when we knew little or nothing of what internal conditions in Germany might make such predictions ridiculous. A short time ago, after the first British and French offensive, English papers said the war would be over soon. Now—in only a few days—the best opinion even in England inclines to a long war. Col. Repington bluntly outlines the actual conditions, and brutally frank though they seem to be, they are likely to be much nearer the truth than the visions of Belloc.

Produce!

THE Organization of Resources Committee for Ontario have undertaken a work for which more compelling arguments are assembled than for any cause we can remember since the war began. Most appeals to people at this time are to give more. Organization of Resources calls on people to produce more. The fact of probable world hunger, owing to the shortage of crops and the diversion of 20,000,000 men to war has been set forth in their literature with remarkable force. It is shown that in 1916 Ontario, for instance, produced by millions of bushels less than in 1915, which, in spite of some bad storms, was a great crop year. The same shrinkage occurred in every other province, in the West still more disastrously. 1916 was one of the worst years ever known in Canada. 1917 may be better or worse than 1916, according to one thing, mainly—Labour. In the West there seems to be at present labour enough, owing to importations from the United States. In the East, available labour is scarce. Yet there are hundreds of men on the streets of the Capital of Ontario who seem to be unemployed or working but a small fraction of their time. The farms of Ontario need men, now more than ever. The towns and cities of Ontario—some of them at least—have men, by thousands, who can be spared for farm labour. There are said to be 1,100 men in Toronto alone engaged in the production and sale of ice cream. It will need no very great wisdom to prove that ice cream could well be abolished along with the bar. People do not need ice cream. Many people do not need half the things that it takes a great deal of labour to produce. We all need, fundamentally and always, the things that the land of Canada can be made to produce. World shortage of food is no dream of the economists. It is a stark, staring fact. It can only be mitigated by production. Nobody, of course, imagines that Ontario and Belgium are in the same boat on the food question. But Ontario is expected to do its share in feeding our armies. And Ontario must also feed itself. We send men to the front. The least we can do is to feed them. We work at home to take their places. The least we can do is to bend all our energies in the right direction and make our labour as productive as possible. We can't afford to let 1917 go back to the level of 1916. The land is here. The weather holds good. Seeding conditions are fairly favourable. We have the people. Let us put as many of the people as possible where they can do most for the country.

Dr. Hollweg, Imperial Donkey Driver. War Strikes in Germany.

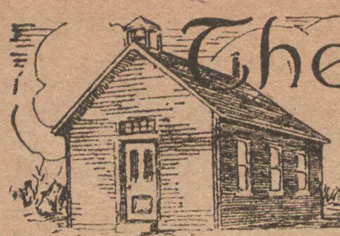
—Racey in Montreal Star.

Geraniums

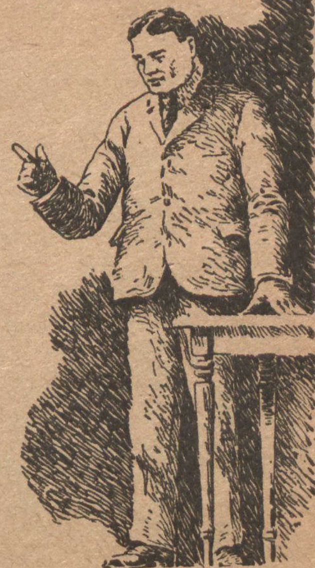
A GERANIUM waggon is a cheerful thing. This red-decked chariot of optimism has been a good while getting on its rounds this year. But somewhere we know there are vast fields of geraniums beneath great open skies, blown upon by balmy breezes and watered by the patter of cosmic showers. From these far-away fields come the swaggering waggons of red that we see straggling in and in, street by street and store by store to the windows and garden plots of the rich and the poor. Nobody but a child pauses to ask where these vast fields of everyman's colour may be. 'Tis enough to know that day is no more sure to follow night than the geranium waggon is to come swanking down the dingy street in the morning sun, turning the plain pike into a dream of red and the heart of man to good cheer.

Work

WE understand now that there is a much more drastic meaning to this war than most of us thought when it began. Perhaps our general intuitions if they could have been acted upon would have told us better what the struggle humanly must mean than all the things we have found out since by experience. We know now in confirmation of our early intuitions that there is to be left, in the civilized part of the world at least, no easygoing spot where any mortal man can entrench himself behind the walls of his business and his pleasures, and no woman can hide herself in the multitude of her luxuries. The world that built itself up so lavishly in favour of the rich and the pushful and the privileged has also the force to disrupt most of that and to pull us all up to a better level of achievement and sacrifice. It is no longer what men desire, but what they can do that counts. The man or woman who, without regard for great gains, is not working to the limit, is unworthy of citizenship in any free country. Men and women have put themselves on the rack, in no country more than in the United States, to make money and to buy pleasure. They are as capable of exploiting themselves now for the good of the best part of the world.



The Schoolmaster Economist Abroad — by W. W. Swanson



SHALL we try to make all races in Canada after one pattern, or leave their racial characteristics alone, so long as they nationalize as Canadians in the bigger way? The writer of this article has been studying the race question in Saskatchewan as a problem in the economics of education. W. W. Swanson is head of the political science department in the University of Saskatchewan. Since he went there from Queen's, he has been largely an out-of-doors Professor. What Swanson says about Saskatchewan is something for Canadians to consider.

A FEW weeks ago, at Regina, I attended the convention of the Trustee Association of Saskatchewan. Having read of Grain Growers' Conventions and United Farmers you may not think this very important. But you will need to revise your opinions. A lot of these men had been at the Grain Growers' Conventions. They were used to free speech. You understand that free speech and parliamentary usage in this country go hand in hand. Western farmers know how to make and to break rules of Parliament. These trustees were no exception. They got together—a thousand of them. The East never had a gathering like it. No Moses in Ontario or the Maritime Provinces ever could have got together a thousand men for anything so unprofitable to the pocket-book as discussing school policies and ideals.

Visionaries? Oh, no. Western farmers are radical enough; out-and-outers, root-and-branch reform, but they are not dreamers. They organize for a purpose. And the purpose in this case was to find out what was the matter with the school system of Saskatchewan, how to make it better where it was good, how to reform it where it was bad. And it was one of the homeliest, most practical discussions I ever listened to. It fairly reeked of the soil.

Now, of course, it must be assumed that a thousand practical men from all over a vast province would not be likely to come together to discuss education if that business were the conventional pastime it is in the East. Education out here is a very live issue. It goes beyond text-books and religious problems. It is as likely to get people excited as politics.

And the reason is—that the thing people call the melting pot has just begun to bubble a bit in this part of the country. The ingredients in the pot are just about as numerous as they could be in any section of Canada. The school system of Saskatchewan is, in fact, to a great extent, a problem of people who don't naturally know the English language, don't understand British or Canadian institutions, don't feel the vibrations of the Anglo-Saxon temperament, and so are in great need of—National Education.

Do they want it? I speak from experience when I say that they do. A week or two ago I was in a rural school district sixteen miles from the nearest railroad station. My business was to address a gathering of farmers and their wives on a certain economic problem. I found these people hugely interested. They had the kind of educational interest I have never found in the East. These people took hold of education as though it were something alive, new, fresh—a sort of sensation.

This is not a snap judgment on a single case. My impression has been improved by several months' travel and study all over Saskatchewan. Believe me, when I say that it is often the foreigners who take most interest in education. In one of these settlements I met a recent subject of Austria—he had a strong Teutonic accent—who told me how he had bucked up his Anglo-Saxon neighbours on the school question. This man wanted a school. With the help of the Education Department at Regina he got a school opened and a teacher engaged.

The newcomers of foreign extraction and birth, now engaged in building up a new and potent democracy in the West, are keenly conscious of the fact that ideas and ideals are as essential as getting the material means of existence. English-speaking Canadians of British blood are inclined to be somewhat too impatient in their thinking upon these matters. The foreigner will make good, and make good with a vengeance, if he be given a fighting chance.

There are many Canadians who applaud the recent action of the United States Congress in imposing an illiteracy test upon immigrants entering the Republic. It will be recalled that Congress passed this measure over the veto, and against the intense opposition of President Wilson. Those who have given serious thought to this policy can see nothing in it other than reaction. The educational test for immigrants is the outcome of agitation by the labour unions and reactionaries extending over a period of years; and unless the subject is given immediate and careful consideration in this country, the same forces will pass a similar measure through the Canadian Parliament. The passing of such a law is contrary to the principles of democracy, and is wholly repugnant to the ideals of a free state.

THE labour unions demand an educational test for immigrants on the ground that unskilled and ignorant workers from Europe depress wages and lower the Canadian standard of living. To a certain degree the indictment holds good. The same argument was advanced first against the Irish, and then against the Italians. Everyone knows that the uncouth, untutored and raw Irish material that went into the upbuilding of Canadian citizenship has added enormously to its strength and its virility. In art, in literature, in business, in politics and in industry, the United States and Canada have been rendered inestimable service by the immigrants from the Emerald Isle. Irishmen did not long remain in the lowest strata of labour, but everywhere quickly emerged from the proletariat class and took their place at the top. The same may be said of the "Dagoes," who went in the hundreds of thousands to the United States, the Argentine, and to Canada. It is surely, therefore, a bold statement to say that the Slavs, the Czechs, the Poles, and the other polyglot peoples who have sought our shores will remain a permanent menace to the economic status of the working class. True, they lend themselves readily to exploitation in lumber and mining camps; and are not amenable to the discipline of the unions. But they rapidly learn.

That these people are illiterate is not to their discredit, but to their eternal honour. The Ukrainians of Eastern Galicia can receive an education in their native country on one condition only—that they surrender their nationality. This they have refused to do. The same may be said of the multifarious elements that make up the many-tongued peoples of Eastern Europe. Had they taken the kind of national education they were offered, we should not have Serbs, Bulgars, Poles, Bohemians and so forth, but a mongrel race, nondescript in character and colourless in mind. It is an achievement that, after so many terrible centuries of Turkish rule and iron-heeled oppression, these people have maintained their racial traits. They are in themselves the survival of the fittest. And we need them to enrich the thinning blood of our enervated civilization.

IT is a total misconception to think that education alone is the test that tells in judging of a nation's right to exist. A few centuries ago China was the most highly educated country in the world, while our ancestors were running around the forests of Europe in bear skins. In the Middle Ages only the monks and priests were educated, and yet they lighted a torch of learning and wisdom that has shone more brilliantly as the generations have rolled by. Recent historical investigation proves beyond peradventure that we owe to those so-called Dark Ages what has proved most fruitful in modern civilization. Out of that welter of savagery and ignorance have stepped forth the splendid and progressive states of Western Europe.

Nevertheless, it is essential that a democratic nation, such as Canada claims to be, should be educated if freedom, justice and equality are to be more than mere shibboleths. The problem is more compelling in the prairie provinces than in the East, for the simple reason that the country is in the pioneer stage. With all its defects it must be admitted that the educational programme of Saskatchewan has been carried well forward. In Regina, Saskatoon, Moose Jaw, Swift Current, Yorkton and in other places, I have found schools much ahead of the equipment provided in cities and towns of similar size in the Province of Ontario. The people of the West have spent money like water upon education, and they are getting results. Mind you, I do not say that they have approached the educational ideal—there are many gaps yet to be filled, and much to be done before the programme can be considered as at all adequate. And yet the people and the Government have tackled the problem with such enthusiasm and determination that it is bound to be solved, and solved right, in time. It is in the rural districts that most progress remains to be made.

On December 31st, 1916, there were, in Saskatchewan, 3,878 school districts and 22 high schools and collegiate institutes. In addition, the province has an agricultural college and a college of liberal arts with magnificent buildings upon which more than $1,500,000 have been expended, occupying a site of 1,300 acres on the banks of the Saskatchewan. To make the educational progress of the province clearer, however, the following table shows conditions as they existed a decade ago and now:

	1906.	1915.
Pupils in grades I—VIII	30,466	116,072
Pupils in high schools	809	6,790
Teachers employed	1,298	4,949
School districts	873	3,367
Teachers trained	188	1,222
Teachers from elsewhere	205	465

MR. BALFOUR IS IN GOOD COMPANY.

This is not the first time Hon. Sir George E. Foster has been close to a great intellect. But it is the first photograph of him ever taken in company with Rt. Hon. James Balfour, head of the British Commission in Washington.

WAR GUNS THIS SIDE OF THE ATLANTIC.

One of Uncle Sam's "sea dogs" firing a salvo from its main battery during recent night battle practice.

Expenditures on Education.

Grants to schools	$ 251,200	$ 639,812
Supplementary revenue	......	358,959
Teachers' salaries	471,735	2,817,411
Amounts spent by districts	1,448,914	8,163,896

These figures represent a remarkable educational decade. There are certain matters, however, that give rise to serious consideration, especially in the rural districts. In 1915 one-third of the rural schools were in operation during only 190-210 teaching days; but the average length of the school year has grown steadily from 155 days in 1906 to 167 days in 1915. This record is not as good as it should be; but as Premier Martin pointed out in a recent address before the Educational Association of Saskatchewan, the average length of the school year in all the schools of the United States in 1911-12 was only 158 days, and in the rural schools in 1909-10, only 137.7 days. The Americans pride themselves upon their educational system and what it costs them. It will be seen, therefore, that even in the Republic, perhaps the most advanced country educationally, aside from Germany, in the world, there is much room for improvement. It should be added that the Government has recently passed legislation providing for the lengthening of the school year in rural districts.

Not only the length of the year, however, but the regularity of school attendance as well are matters of anxious concern to the teachers, inspectors and the Department of Education itself. Premier Martin shows that, according to the report of one inspector, covering nineteen rural schools, during the autumn of 1915, in foreignspeaking communities, the following facts were disclosed: Out of 504 students enrolled, only 205 were present on the day of inspection—that is, 60 out of every 100 students enrolled were absent.

According to the latest complete returns (1915), it was found, in the rural schools, that of 69,302 pupils enrolled, 36,942 attended less than 100 days, and of these, 17,287 less than 50 school days. In town and village schools, of 49,977 enrolled, 18,104 attended less than 100 days. The records show that 17,372 children from 7-13 years of age did not attend school 100 days during that year. The percentage of attendance in rural schools was 58.6, and in towns and villages, 61.5—or a percentage of 58.7 for all the public schools of the province. Under the new law, in rural districts where there are twelve or more pupils within two and a half miles of the school, the school must be kept open 210 teaching days, and for ten children, 190 teaching days.

The shortage of teachers is a serious problem not only in Saskatchewan, but in Alberta as well. The Department has been compelled by hard necessity to grant permits to "unqualified" teachers, and the end of that policy is not yet in sight. In 1906, 13 per cent. of the total number of teachers in the province were teaching on permits; in 1912, 28 per cent.; and in 1915, 9.5 per cent. In ten years, 5,890 teachers were trained in the normal schools of Saskatchewan, and 5,257 certificates were granted teachers coming from other provinces. Only 4,250 teachers are required in the public schools of the province, and yet an average of 700 permits must be granted each year. It is evident that there is great loss and wastage here. Of the 4,949 teachers employed in 1915, 468 taught on permits; and of the remaining 4,481, over 3,500 obtained their certificates in, or subsequent to, 1913. The truth is that it is the most difficult problem imaginable to keep teachers in the profession, throughout the whole West. Many women marry, and thus their services are lost to the schools; while few men at present salaries care to remain long in the profession.

Various remedies have been suggested—among others that the standard of the certificate be raised; that rural schools be consolidated to the end that they may prove more interesting to teachers and offer a wider scope for constructive work; that permits be eliminated; and that, above all, salaries be raised. The question is largely economic in nature: better salaries, a longer teaching year, and provision for superannuation will keep more men in the profession. As for the women—"shall I marry or teach" must remain an alternative.

What does teaching do for a woman? Consider the salary: 1st Class, $846; 2nd, $789; 3rd, $747; provisional, $743. These are not such large stipends to give up along with personal development and economic freedom for the sake of bringing up a family, often in a farmhouse. And many there be that do it; and it's a good thing for the country that they do, so long as men can be got to do the work the women leave. Probably better salaries would decrease the marriage rate. Perhaps it would be better economy for the State to keep good teachers single for the purpose of educating other people's children—since motherhood seems to take care of itself with a liberal assistance from nature, while teaching is an art conditioned upon wise experience.

The high schools and collegiate institutes of Saskatchewan received, in 1915, only three per cent. of the pupils in the highest grade of the public schools. This raises a big problem—the problem as to whether the secondary schools are meeting the needs of an agricultural population. It must not be thought, however, that this is a problem peculiar to Saskatchewan alone. As Premier Martin pointed out, recently, Ontario faces the same situation. In a survey recently undertaken in one of the best rural districts in that province, it was found that out of the 400 farmers visited, 99 per cent. had attended public schools only, and 1 per cent. the high schools. Not a single man had ever darkened the door of a college of liberal arts or science; but one farmer had attended a business "college." The women had a better record. While none of them had attended college, three per cent. had gone to high school and 92 per cent. had attended public school only. What, therefore, are our universities and agricultural colleges accomplishing for farming, the basic industry of the nation? Saskatchewan is courageously attacking this problem also. If the farmers and their wives and children cannot come to the agricultural college, the professors have determined to bring the colleges to them. This they are doing in many ways—but that is another story. And, in the meantime, both Government and people are loyally and enthusiastically co-operating to build up, through the schools and otherwise, a real democracy beneath these hope-filled western skies.

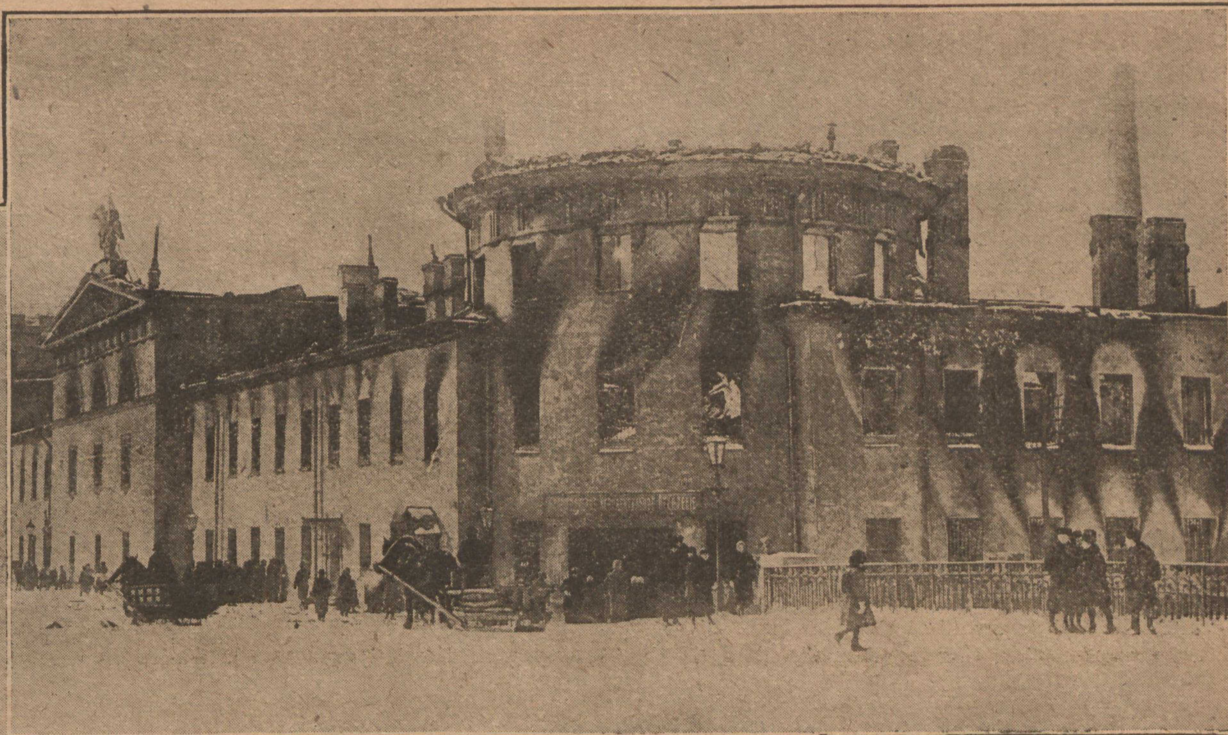
Potatoes or Tobacco?

Newton D. Wiley, production expert of the United States Department of Agriculture, recommends diverting tobacco plantations into potato fields. Now will some seanceist kindly get into spirit communication with Sir Walter Raleigh, who introduced both tobacco and potatoes to England. Mankind is so evenly divided between tobacco and potatoes that conclusive evidence on the subject is scarcely possible. Let the discoverer of both decide the issue. Being the gay gentleman the historians say he was, he will scarcely prefer potatoes.

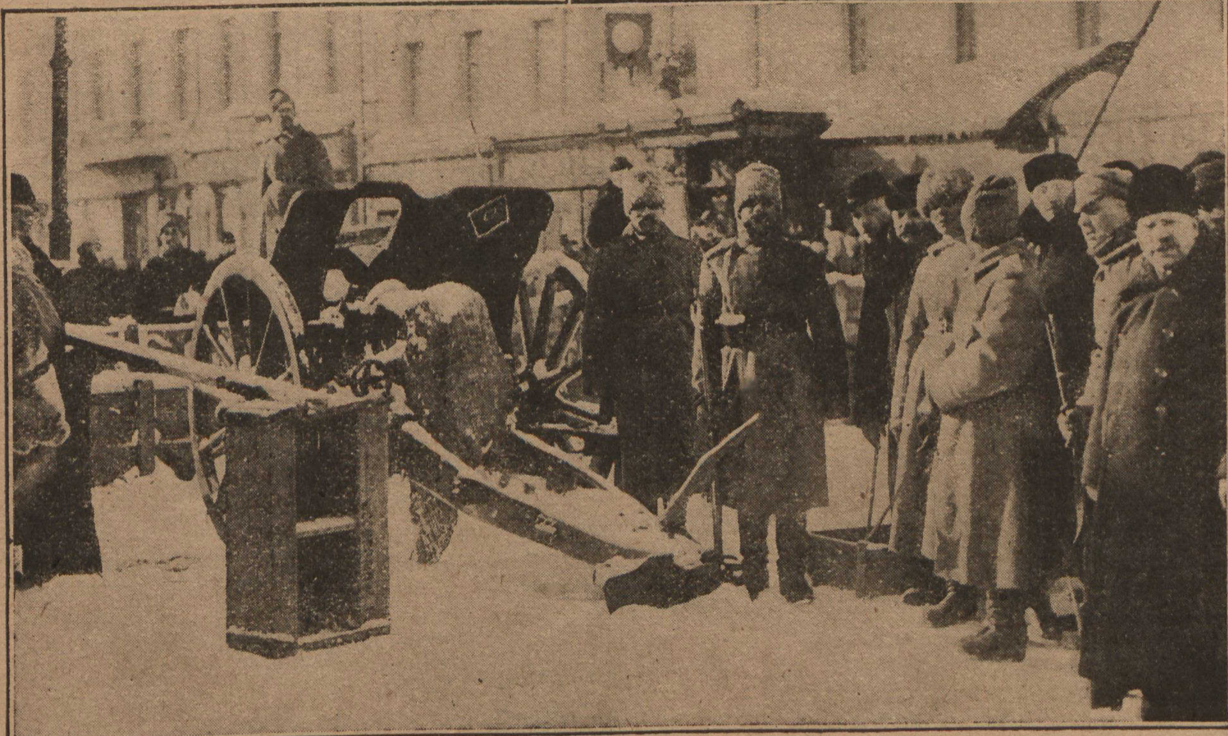
THE "STEAM-ROLLER" IN 1917

Russia will need a lot of real Slav Leaders to keep her from losing her own nationality

But Rodzianko, President of the Duma, is one of them.



The Revolutionists destroyed the Litovski Prison in Petrograd. They were against a separate peace with Germany. Since that time Germany has been busy on disrupted Russia. The Socialists, held down in Germany, have been stirred up in Russia against Milukoff who sent the assurance to the Allies of no separate peace without consulting the workers. That revolt is down now and Rodzianko has a heavy task ahead of him to get the "steam-roller" going again.



Some of the field artillery and barricades of the Revolutionists in Petrograd; somewhat like Dublin was a while ago.

THE black-bearded person in the midst of the ladies is the late Rasputin, the ignorant but dangerous and powerful monk fanatic who came near ruining his country. This photograph is the last ever taken of Rasputin, surrounded by a crowd of hypnotized feminine admirers at the Imperial Palace at Tsarsky-Salo. To quote from an extract reprinted in last week's Courier:

"The huge, gaunt Siberian, shaggy and eloquent, half-visionary, half-charlatan, with his extraordinary power of fascinating women, his towering ambition, his wild profligacy, setting forth barefoot from primeval forests to enthrall the world; taking Petrograd by storm, for long months holding the Empire in the hollow of his hand, Church and State alike; hurled violently from power as a detected imposter; by force and craft breaking a way back again, once more appointing archbishops and ministers, dictating policies; giving himself up, drunk with insolence and wine, into the hands of Russia's most treacherous enemies, and coming within a hand's breadth of ruining the cause of the nation, the still greater cause of the Allies; finally slain by a great noble, quite openly, as a mad dog is slain; his body thrown into the icy Neva; drawn forth again, laid in a silver coffin borne on the shoulders of the Emperor and his ministers.

THE RICH MISS COLLINGWOOD

By ARTHUR HENRY GOODEN

IN the space of six months one can do little or do much. Louise Collingwood considered that she had done much. In that length of time she had learned to manipulate the typewriter ordinarily well, and she could take down dictation in shorthand faster than any other girl in her class at the business college. As she sat in her room in the quiet boarding house, she studied with keen delight the gilt-bordered diploma that certified to her being a competent stenographer. She was very happy. She had escaped from her gold-barred cage, had won the first step toward an independence hitherto denied her. Not one of her friends knew where she was. They were only aware that the rich Miss Collingwood had left her beautiful home in Southern California, to be away for an indefinite period. And now, she was here in this strange city in the Northwest, just a girl like other girls, who worked for their bread and butter, and who, if they won the love of a man did so because of themselves alone, and not because of dollars they possessed. She had always liked Van Flanders. Although she was conscious that love him she did not, she had felt assured that he did really care for her, and, after all, that had seemed the first necessity. Other girls she had known had married without loving, and their marriages were happy—to outward appearances at least.

But she had been wrong—all wrong. Even to Van Flanders she had merely represented a healthy bank account. Just on the eve of promising to marry him she had been stunned to learn that speculation had left his financial pile a mere shell, and that it was not her love he wanted, but her money bag—to save him from utter ruin.

The girl laughed softly as she folded the diploma and placed it in her hand bag. Van Flanders and his kind would find no place in her new world. She changed her loose kimono for a neat street suit, pinned on her hat, picked up an advertisement clipped from the morning paper, and started to seek her first position.

She soon reached the big office building. Her heart beat rapidly as the elevator shot up to the sixth floor. She passed through the iron gate, and there, directly in front of her, she saw the number given in the newspaper clipping that lay in her cold hand. "John Pembroke—Attorney at Law," read the gold letters underneath the number.

The girl's feet became strangely heavy as she moved toward the door, and she grew angry of a sudden at her cowardice. When she therefore opened the door and swept into the office her cheeks were so flushed that the young man seated at a much littered desk immediately rose and faced her, a look of respectful admiration in his dark eyes.

And then Louise's courage began to waver. Her eyes sought the floor. What should she do first—what should she say?

The man politely offered her a chair, and seating himself at his desk looked at her enquiringly.

Louise Collingwood made a lovely picture as she sat there, nervously fumbling with the clasps of her bag. Hardly conscious of what she was doing she opened it and producing the treasured diploma mutely handed it to the rather astonished John Pembroke. He read it through, then shot a keen glance at her. The girl's flushed cheeks and eyes—so gloriously blue—seemed to puzzle him.

"I would gather from this that you have come with regard to my advertisement for a stenographer," he said finally, tapping her diploma with a long, strong forefinger.

"Yes," answered the girl faintly.

"Um-m,". was Pembroke's comment. He looked at her thoughtfully. "I believe that you should do—providing we can agree as to the remuneration."

"Yes—sir," said Louise with breathless eagerness. She had learned the "sir" at the business college.

"You see," continued the other, "I was looking for a—a beginner, one who would be satisfied with small pay—at first." Pembroke paused and a faint colour appeared in his own cheeks as the girl raised her fine eyes to his. "In short," he laughed, "my law practice is in its infancy."

Louise Collingwood liked his laugh, liked his frankness and liked his courtesy. If she had dared she would have told him that she wanted no remuneration.

"Oh—I'm only a beginner," she said eagerly. "I don't expect much pay at first—of course, and—I would so love to have—you try me!"

Pembroke smiled. "Well—what do you say to twelve dollars a week?" he remarked. It was two dollars more than he had expected to give.

"That will be a lot!" was the girl's glad answer. "When shall I begin?"

"To-day—if you like," replied her new employer briskly. "That desk over there will be yours, Miss" —— His pause was suggestive, and the girl hastened to introduce herself. "Collingwood," she said.

"Miss Collingwood—of course," amended Pembroke, glancing at the diploma.. "Well, Miss Collingwood, there is one thing I can vouch for in this office, and that's the typewriter; it's brand new and should be a good one."

That Night She Wrote a Long Letter.

He directed her to the little closet where she could hang her hat and coat, and a few minutes later Louise was seated at the typewriter. As she deftly touched its keys with supple fingers she was conscious that at last those all confining bars had vanished; she was free.

THAT her employer's law practice was still in its infancy Louise soon discovered to be distressingly true. Of course she knew nothing of the different phases of the practice of law, but one day she learned that it had its disagreeable side. For some time prior to this particular day she had noticed that Pembroke seemed depressed and irritable.

She had wondered, because during this time he was busily engaged on a criminal case, in which he was the defendant's attorney. It was the first case that had come to him since she had been in the office, and she had imagined that such an event would put him in high spirits.

Finally came the day of trial, and it was one of suspense for Louise. Pembroke left the office for the court room shortly before ten o'clock, and it was late in the afternoon before he returned. The girl's spirits fell to zero when she saw his troubled face. She was afraid to ask him how he had fared at court, but she felt there was no need. He certainly would not have been so dejected had he won his case. Stalking past her without a word of greeting, Pembroke slammed his books viciously on the desk, then he sat down and glowered gloomily out of the window. For some unknown reason which she did not stop to analyze the sight of the young lawyer's evident misery was more than Louise could stand.

"Mr. Pembroke," she called softly, "I'm—awfully sorry that you lost."

There was no mistaking the half sob in the girl's voice, and the man turned a bewildered face to her. "But I didn't lose the case, Miss Collingwood," said he with some brusqueness.

"Oh, I—I beg your pardon," she replied hurriedly, and with cheeks suddenly turned scarlet, the embarrassed girl bent over her typewriter.

For several silent moments Pembroke surveyed the golden hair, and he found himself admiring its soft waviness. It gradually dawned upon him that his pretty stenographer was really interested in his work, and at the thought an unaccountable warm glow of pleasure crept through him.

"That was nice of you, Miss Collingwood," he said impulsively; "but what upset me this afternoon was the very fact that I did win that case. I have been hoping all week that my rascally client would be convicted in spite of me."

HIS stenographer looked very puzzled at this strange statement and Pembroke hastened to explain.

"You see," said he, "the man was guilty; I felt it from the first, and hated to take his case, but as I did take it I felt bound to try my best to have him acquitted, and—well, to tell the truth, I detest this police court practice or—any criminal practice for that matter."

"Do lawyers have to defend guilty men?" asked the girl slowly.

"Sometimes," answered Pembroke absently. He was thinking how pleasant it was to be able to relieve his mind, and how charming the girl was in her interest. "It's my ambition to build up a practice in the civil courts," he continued; "such work would always be more congenial. Of course," he made haste to add, "I think that every lawyer should consider it a duty to see that justice is done to the innocent."

"Yes, of course," observed Louise gravely. "Will you tell me what you mean, though, by practice in the civil courts?"

Pembroke laughed boyishly. "I hope I'll soon have enough of it to show you, but if you must know, civil court practice has to do with such things as—say—disputes over boundaries, handling of estates, breach of contract, or—anything that does not come under the criminal code."

"Thank you, I think I understand," said the girl, a little vaguely.

That night she wrote a long letter. It was addressed to Barclay & Barclay, Attorneys at Law, Los Angeles, California. When she had addressed and stamped the envelope she slipped out of doors to the mail box on the street corner, and a strange smile hovered on her lips as she dropped the letter through the slot.

As Pembroke strode along Riverside the next morning, bound for his office, he was wrestling with his memory. He was certain that there was something he had promised himself to do that morning, but what it was he could not recall. So intent was he upon his problem that he failed to notice a young man dart out of the florist shop he was just passing, in consequence of which the aforesaid young man cannoned violently against him.

"I beg your pardon!" exclaimed the former, in consternation.

"Not at all," replied Pembroke blithely. "Hope your flowers are not ruined," and with a little chuckle the lawyer turned into the florist shop. He remembered now, it was roses he wanted, roses for Miss Collingwood's desk.

All that day Louise was radiant. She had often received flowers from men, but Pembroke's roses were different. She was not the rich Miss Collingwood to him; she was his stenographer, and for the first time in her girlhood she felt that her roses meant a man's appreciation of herself. She had too much maidenliness to confess to her soul that she was falling in love with her employer, but she could not deny that she was interested in him, nor could she deny that his attentions were sweet to her. And so, unconscious of what it was that drove her, but knowing only that she delighted in it, Louise threw herself heart and soul into her work, because it was his work, too. The result was fairly deducible. Pembroke had soon become aware that his stenographer's fair beauty was exceedingly attractive to him, and that she was altogether charming; but more important still, her deep interest in all that he did insensibly captured his confidence.

THE daily intercourse of the next two weeks rapidly strengthened the intimacy between the two, and when one day Pembroke received a letter from Barclay & Barclay, a law firm whose national reputation was well known to him, it was only natural that he at once divulge its astounding contents to his stenographer.

"Miss Collingwood," he called excitedly, "just listen to this extraordinary letter."

Louise had seen the envelope; she was sure that she already knew its contents, and her heart began to flutter as she turned from the typewriter and settled herself to listen.

It was a long letter that the senior member of Barclay & Barclay had written, and the gist of it was that owing to the rapid increase of the firm's practice it was deemed advisable to have some young, energetic lawyer become affiliated with the firm as a junior member. The letter went on to say that Mr. Pembroke had been highly recommended as one fully qualified and in every respect worthy of Barclay & Barclay's consideration as such member, and begged that Mr. Pembroke kindly advise them as promptly as possible as to his views on the subject.

The girl drew a long breath as her employer concluded. "I am so glad for you!" she exclaimed; then as an afterthought she added anxiously: "You'll accept the offer, won't you?"

Pembroke laughed his boyish laugh. "It's a chance I never dreamed of having so soon. I should say I will accept! Why, Miss Collingwood, to be a member of a firm like Barclay & Barclay means that my future is assured, and"—— The young lawyer paused and looked at his stenographer with suddenly troubled eyes. "I forgot," he added slowly, "my acceptance of this offer means that I must close this office, and you"——

"Yes, of course," interrupted Louise, "it means that you won't need me any more."

Even as she spoke regret stabbed her and dismayed at her unexpected weakness and that her eyes might not betray her, she turned quickly to her work and mechanically touched the keys of her typewriter with fingers that had grown suddenly cold.

When she had written to her oldest friend and adviser, Judge Barclay, she had not considered herself; her thought had been all for John Pembroke, his ambitions, his future; and in her unconscious love she begged her old friend to offer Pembroke a partnership—for her sake. Judge Barclay would have willingly done much more for Miss Collingwood, whom he regarded as the apple of his eye. The old firm needed young blood anyway, and the Judge, after satisfying himself that the young lawyer was in every way worthy of the honour, was more than pleased to accede to the girl's wishes. But now Louise suddenly realized that it meant the ending of her pleasant acquaintanceship with this man. Of course she could meet him socially in California, and in all probability would, but there she would be the rich Miss Collingwood, and it would make a difference, a big difference.

Suddenly the girl became aware that Pembroke was addressing her, and she stopped the clatter of her machine.

"Will you be—be sorry if I go?"

He asked the question awkwardly, and if Louise had dared to look at him she would have discovered the eager anxiety with which he awaited her reply.

"Why—of course I'm sorry to lose my place," she replied, "you have been very kind to me."

The coldness of her voice, assumed as it was, caused Pembroke's eyes to cloud woefully. For several minutes he sat stiff and silent in his big chair, looking at his stenographer's slim, straight back, his thoughts in a whirl.

Acceptance of Judge Barclay's offer meant parting with Miss Collingwood, and—she had become exceeding dear to him. He understood now the eagerness with which he had hurried to his office of late. How empty would the day seem if he had not her to talk to. Yes, she was more than a mere stenographer; she was everything to him; could he let her go out of his life?

Aghast at the idea, Pembroke left his seat and commenced a nervous stride about the room. Finally he paused by the girl's chair.

"Miss Collingwood," he began, "I have something to—I mean I want"—— He paused and Louise looked up, wondering at his hesitation.

"I must tell you," he began again, "I love you."

For a moment the girl sat breathless, then she rose from her chair and faced him, trembling and white.

"I love you," he repeated. "Won't you marry me and go with me to Los Angeles?" He reached out his hand for hers, and held it tight.

She dropped her head and would not look at him, but a divine blush was upon her cheek. He possessed himself of her other hand.

"I love you, Louise," he said again. "It has come to me what a dreary life it would be without you, and now I have found you I cannot let you go. Do you love me?"

Slowly, as if compelled beyond her power to resist, she raised her head, and in the depths of her eyes was that which a woman shows only to her loved mate.

"I do love you—oh so much!" she whispered.

He would have drawn her into his arms, but she suddenly freed herself and backed away, all the colour gone from her face, conscious of a happiness so intense that the room fairly whirled around her, yet full of a dreadful fear, for a little demon voice was shrieking in her ears: "You're an impostor," it said, "an impostor, and he won't love you when he knows."

"No—no, we must not," she said in a weak little voice.

"Must not?" repeated Pembroke, bewildered. "Why? We love each other."

"I'm not—not," she stammered then desperately. "What will your friends say if you marry your stenographer? What do you know about me?"

"I know at least one fact," said Pembroke, "and that is that you are the most beautiful, the most charming and lovable creature in the world or out of it. As for my friends" —— He paused and smiled; "my friends," he concluded triumphantly, "will call me the luckiest of mortals—and they'll envy me."

He attempted once more to take her in his arms, but she warded him off.

"Wait," she gasped, "I have something to tell you; I'm—I'm not what I pretended—I'm an—an impostor, Jack."

"Impostor?" he repeated, more concerned at the distress in her lovely eyes and the quiver on her lips than at her confession.

"Yes," continued the girl, a little catch in her voice. She suddenly felt miles away from John Pembroke. "I'm not—not poor at all—I'm disgustingly rich!"

Pembroke stared at her, the joy gone from his eyes. "I'm a poor man," he said finally; "I"——he broke off with a despairing gesture and turned away.

"Then you—don't love me?" whispered the girl tremulously.

"Don't love you!" Pembroke swung around and once more each looked deep into the soul of the other.

"I want you," said Pembroke huskily, "rich or poor, for better, for worse; I want you." He stretched out his arms to her. "Won't you come?"

She swayed toward him, the divine colour again flooding her cheeks, and then with a little indescribable cry of happiness, the rich Miss Collingwood surrendered herself to the embrace of her lover's strong arms.

SPEAKING *of* IMMIGRATION

Strathcona P.O., Alta., Canada.
April 29, 1917.

The Editor, "Canadian Courier":

Dear Sir,—Mr. Chisholm's article on the Immigration problem is a great contribution which marks the writer as an exceedingly broad-minded and well-informed man. The question is of the utmost importance to us, and requires all the ventilation possible. With this end in view and in no cavilling spirit, I venture to inject a few remarks.

Firstly, I object to Wasyl Prokopotz and all his numerous tribe, because, though he certainly succeeds where the Britisher fails, his success is wholly due to his far lower standard of living, which is entirely bad for the community. He is dirty, and his produce is dirty, and that is a menace to the health of the community. That his descendants may become decent enough, is little in his favour, because this will have been achieved at too great an expense to the nation. Then there is the vast horde of Germans and Austrians, who ten years back were considered (at least the Germans were) as far preferable to the English.

The war has proved that, whether he hails from Germany or Russia, whether he came as an adult or an infant, the German is no Canadian; that though he may be a complete success as a farmer, he has nothing in common with Canadian ideals; that he not only lowers the standard of living, but of life itself. I often think there is some confusion of thought as regards the mixture which produced the British race: it is loosely spoken of as a mixture of races, which seems to me incorrect, there being only two races largely concerned—Celt and Teuton. A mixture of nations we certainly are, but this is a very different thing. And in speaking of Teuton it is well to remember that the Britisher is a product of pure Teuton and Celt—two equal races, whereas the German is a product of pure Teuton and the more numerous pre-Aryan aborigines—an infinitely inferior race. Germany is a horrible example of the result

(Concluded on page 19.)

HODGE — UP AGAINST IT

By AUGUSTUS BRIDLE

Illustrated by T. W. McLean

HODGE'S PLANTATION	
Oats	75 Acres
Barley	50 "
Peas	20 "
Mangolds	6 "
Ensilage	6 "
Potatoes	2 "
Hay	30 "
Pasture	25 "
Summer Fallow	40 "

HODGE had the farm layout indicated in the panel on this page placarded on a stable wall. On a post near the door he had the timetable. Anybody who understands paper farming will recognize in one of these documents a reasonable fiat to nature and opportunity; in the other a direct challenge to fate. Any man is free to state on a patch of wrapping-paper with a carpenter's pencil that he intends to put in so many acres of this, that and the other, if he has the land, the implements and the labour necessary to do it. Hodge had all these. The moment he presumes to say exactly when he will carry out any part of his programme he gets into the class of those that juggle with the powers above.

The timetable was the document that interested his four exiled city henchmen, Ins. Expert, Advtg. Agency, Lawyer and Conf. Trust. When first they saw it tacked upon the post under the rope halter they gathered about it with the same sort of curiosity that the average New Yorker shows when reading a church bulletin.

A. A. intimated to the others,

"Say—some schedule, what?"

"Nothing like system," they agreed.

"Looks easy on paper," agreed again.

"Hodge is worst than the devil," argued one. "Here am I—dung-forking like a racetrack Sambo. Here are the rest of us—currycombing, trotting over this place like a lot of horses in a circus while Hodge cracks the whip. My hands are as hard as an old boot. I've got calluses on my feet. Haven't had but one bath since I've been here. Never wear a necktie. White collar—haven't had one on since Sunday."

However, Hodge had great millenial hopes of these men and of hundreds—perhaps in 1917 thousands—more like them who could be seduced from telephones and dictating letters to interesting stenographers into grappling with the horny realities of life. He would show these men the innate dignity of dirt, the triumph of back-ache, the glory of blisters, the great redemption of the land working a miracle upon humanity.

And for all he noticed, when they were cheerfully at work in the fields, his dream of a jail farm regenerating these city derelicts was about to come true. No wonder he whistled and gazed over his glimmering acres like a poet about to commit an ode. No wonder Hodge wrote snappy, satirical letters to his wife. He was a man with a new idea working out in other men.

When the gang got limbered up working and the dry winds came rattling over the hills; when the yellowhammers banged in the grove and the calves bawled at a new world; when the dust drifted along the road after the waggons and the green glimmer crept into the young oats, and the bobolinks began to prospect in the clover, and the trees smiled green to the astounding acreage of the open skies; when they got to their square meals with the divine hunger of honest men and felt at evening the sweet aches of real productive toil, crept to their farm-ticks and slept the sleep of the just till the birds and the bangings of Hodge routed them out again; at such times these men thanked the Lord that ever Hodge had corraled them from telephones and club lunches.

Hodge envied them. All they had to do was to follow the schedule. It was his business to swing it all together. There were fifty farmers within three miles any direction who were ready to discover that a farm operated by a pack of city men would be a first-class experimental failure. Generation after generation these sons of the soil had followed the trails of their fathers. Year after year they had grouched in the same old way. The lapse of the hired man and the coming of highcost machinery had given these people a higher cost basis on which to abuse the tendencies of the times. They didn't want Hodge to succeed. They had no faith in city men managing the land. They despised Hodge as an innovator even while they admitted that he seemed to know a good bit about farming.

Hodge really believed that a city man, once he gets down to business, can operate a farm better than the man born on it. So he told his gang just to encourage them. The Hodge farm would be featured in the newspapers. It would be studied by departments of agriculture.

And this schedule must be lived up to. From the first field of oats and the hauling of manure to the last hill of potatoes and the last row of mangolds, there must be a regular succession of manoeuvrings right down to the hay time.

"What did you suppose?" asked Hodge of the gang when he heard some cynical remarks about trying to run nature like a railway. "Did you think a farm just grows perennials that come up every year and got ripe same as clover and timothy?"

"Well," advised Advtg. Agency, who had read a lot of things in ads he had never dreamed of in books, "I think I'd like to Burbank a little. This hustle-or-bust idea to get every crop in on a certain day in the week or you queer your chances for a crop doesn't get to me right. I don't mind hustling after clients; but I don't have to do it every minute. Some things look after themselves."

"Yes, and of all places in the world," chimed in Ins. Ex., "a farm is the place where once in a while a man should be able to——"

"Sit on the fence and watch it grow," remarked Conf. Trust. "Yes, I had that idea, too. But I always imagined that harvest time was the biggest hustle of the year. I don't think it's got very much on this seeding season."

HODGE promised them—if all went well with the schedule—a breathing time spell between roots-in and hay off. Probably a week. In fact, he might be able to let one or two of them slide away to help some other farmer for the rest of the summer.

But none of them wanted to leave Hodge. These natural-born farmers that seemed to have such gloomy looks on their waggons were an unknown lot to the Hodge gang. They suspected that the Hodge regime wouldn't suit the rest of the country. No, they all preferred to stay with Hodge.

"And I'll guarantee to keep you all busy somehow," said the gentleman referred to. "But it's far better economics to keep every man at high pressure. There ought to be——"

"Oh, good Lord!" whimpered the lawyer, "there he goes again about—what ought to be. There's no satisfying that economic beast."

For the time being the sun shone, and all went well on the land of Hodge. The hills and the valleys of the little creek and the river somewhere danced and sang the new song of increasing production. The birds seemed to pipe it. Here was Hodge and his happy gang; next year perhaps there would be a whole army of city folk out farming. The town would save the country. The farmers believed in it. They despised the city man as a boss farmer; as a hired man—if he left his class ideas behind him—he was all right. And these men of Hodge's, so they said at the little church on the hill of a Sabbath, were a pretty important lot.

Fine days nothing could hold Hodge. And some of those days were so unbelievably fine; stage magic—the whole of Hodgeland was a fairy scene. The land was bright with the idea of a fat crop shuffling along in the green; Hodge's crop was half in.

When there came a scud of queer, nervous clouds one day, they sprinkled a million square miles of land, driving drills and harrows into the barns. Hodge had never seen clouds quite like them. There didn't seem to be any particular rain centre to them. They just spilled rain anywhere and half the time the sun was shining somewhere.

That went on for a day or so. Hodge contrived jobs for the gang in the barn; cleaning out calf-stable, mending granary, building new bins, etc. He was a master at devising indoor jobs for wet weather. The gang had hoped for a game of stud poker on the hay.

"Nothing doing," said Hodge, curtly. "This is a real farm. There is no chance of anybody sitting in a smoking-car at forty miles an hour smoking Havanas and talking in millions the way you people used to do two or three years ago. I've done it myself. It was a delirium. Now, if any of you want to get rid of that calf-stable job hand it over to me and take charge of this granary improvement."

THERE were some days of this new sort of rain; a kind of German mist that kept everything in a perpetual muss. May was misbehaving. The morning usually swung up fine, bright as a new dollar, with just the big golden eye of the sun blazing on the edge of the unclouded blue. By the time cows were milked, stables cleaned and breakfast on, there wasn't enough blue left to make an old woman's apron; and by the time the teams were afield down came the spattering rain. Day after day it was so.

"Seems like a reincarnation of the Flood," said

Conf. Trust, who took some stock in the Bible. "That was forty days."

"What's this yarn about St. Swithin's?" growled somebody.

Hodge dug them up an almanac. He thought he might as well amuse the gang. His grandfather used to swear by Ayer's Almanac. The book said May would be a nice, good month; but intimated showers here and there.

HODGE was taking notes. Sitting up late as he did now since the work had eased off, he observed that it never rained after the moon came up. His religious temperament was roused. Moonology is never dead. Maybe the moon, now at the full, had something to do with it. Man's business was to adapt himself to circumstances.

Hodge handed out a new order—all hands might snooze in the daytime in the hay or wherever they chose; but at moonrise every man was to be on deck with his team or whatever else he worked with.

"Depending on the weather, of course," he said.

So began the night shift on the Hodge farm, when Hodge's bewildered ghosts creaked and called over the damp fields scrabbling in the grain as best they might. That hopeful programme was just nicely under way when the weather-man noticed what the Hodge marionettes were doing and put on a new turn. There came a deluge with thunder that bloated the creek and soaked the fields a foot deep. It was short and sharp, but it kept anybody off those seed-hungry fields on the Hodge farm.

One of those wet days Hodge wrote a letter to the editor:

Dear Sir,—

Are you one of those victims of sublime patience who live along a boulevard and only abuse the weather when it's a bit beastly wet for going down town? I speak from recollection. Most of you in there among the walls and the street-cars think the rain begins at one of the city limits and stops at the other. Half of you don't even know when there's a full moon. In fact I very much doubt if you don't look in the east for the new moon yourself and don't know the last quarter from the first horn. So much by way of remarking that the weather has gone to my wits. If I hadn't voluntarily gone on the water-waggon——

But that's not what I wanted to tell you. For your private information—not for print—just to say that there may be farmers not a hundred miles from me who would work the last boot off some town tenderfoot and then turn round and charge the same man $5 a bag for the very potatoes he helped to hoe at $40 a month. On the other hand, I've decided to keep books like a chartered accountant on this farm. I intend to know exactly what everything I raise cost me and what is the net profit, if any. Weather being not too villainous, there should be a thousand profit. If there is—it goes half to the Patriotic and half to the Red Cross. But ahead of that comes this item: If you can make a list of some deserving poor people that are not making munitions, let me know about them and I'll see that whatever vegetable truck I have to market gets to them at normal prices. The only sense in a man like me going on the land at all is to be one more spoke in the wheel of keeping down the cost by increasing production and putting a crimp in profits.

Weather-eyedly yours,
HODGE.

FARMERS alleged that the said Hodge was crazy for working by moonlight. But the rain got mixed up with the moon in a most indecent way and the night shifts had to go off.

Hodge's gang were getting restless.

"Trouble with you men," he said when there was some objection to cracking out to field after breakfast at peep of day, "you can't get over the notion that a day is from 8.30 till 5. And if the weather would let us work, so it would be."

Then, again, it was the nervous ingenuity of the man every day hawking out some new corner-and-cranny job to beat the rain, doing his best to synthetize the programme. Hodge was determined to get his crop in somewhere before middle of June, even if he had to put up with a little mud on the drill guards, so long as the grain would go down the spout. His general idea was that in a bad season a man must take advantage of every moment and circumstance to get ahead of the game.

"And quit worrying because the Lord doesn't send weather to fit," he added. "A lot of these farmers are trying to saddle the rain off on the Lord. They might as well ask the Lord to put the crops in."

This also he let loose because half his gang were a bit hidebound in religious views, and he had a surprise to spring on them whenever——

Well, the auspicious time came. Last Saturday of May came a dryish wind and a cheerful sky; one of those amazingly fine days that intoxicate you with an almost voluptuous confession of beauty and goodwill. One large field sloped down to the creek, still to harrow and drill—besides, most of the roots and such to go in. It was the big field they had manured. Hodge pondered over it on Saturday evening as the men went to bed. But he said nothing. He found that when you want men to do something against their will or habit of mind, the best way is to do it first and argue about it afterwards.

An hour before the Sabbath dawn began to creep over the hills. Hodge poking his head out of the barn, found not a rag of cloud or a trace of mist in sight; a nice sly wind churning along from sou'west. He arose and hayed all horses; went to the house and woke up the Chinaman, who had been forewarned to hustle breakfast. Then he harnessed up three teams, fed them oats, and by the time breakfast was ready——

It was then shy of sunrise.

Imagine the scene: four good churchmen all routed up from a Sabbath morning snooze, haled down to bacon and eggs and porridge at break of day, as mysteriously as though Hodge were conducting a slave raid; the cold laughter and apologies of Hodge; the mutterings at the wash-basin; the sleepy-eyed protests half in joke; Hodge eating like a prize animal—till up he gets at the head of the table:

"Now, gentlemen, I assume that you are mainly men of religion—and that you are also four real sports. I intend to get that 12 acres in to-day before there's any chance of rain. One of you will have to run the furrow-plough with a spare horse. The extra man can go cutting potatoes in the barn if he wants to keep out of sight. This is the last appeal of this kind I intend to make. Hereafter a day is from seven till six, with an hour off for noon, no matter what. We have still the corn, potatoes and roots to go in. This is our only chance to finish the small seeding. If need be, I'll conduct family prayer to start the day off right. This is the Lord's Day. I have an idea the Lord wants us to use it to help along production. So kindly gather your jeans and follow me. I'd like to bet any man of you a new hat, if it weren't Sunday, that by noon it will be pouring rain."

So it turned out that while the farm folk about Hodge's by the Creek bowled along the roads to church, wishing to heaven the preacher would order them all back to their belated fields before the collection, they beheld this law-breaking gang of Hodge's at work in the field. They talked of it at church. Even the preacher declined to turn his head the other way when he went by, and in his sermon he thundered against the Sabbath-breaking people down at Hodge's.

RAIN drove at the windows before the sermon was done. But the Hodge field was in and the drills, harrows and horses and men all at the barn before the floods came.

The men all seemed good-natured enough over it. In fact, the most religious man of the lot seemed to be glad that they had stolen a Sabbath march on the powers of evil. And all might have gone well with Hodge if somebody connected with the church—we hope not the preacher—had not gone to town and told somebody in connection with the Lord's Day Alliance about the Sabbath-breaking of Hodge.

Whereby next day Mr. Hodge and his men got a summons to appear before a magistrate for breaking the Lord's Day Act. They all chose to plead guilty; they were all fined and their names appeared in the newspapers—city papers please copy, of course; and that began the final troubles of Hodge.

There was a reaction. Perhaps the weather was to blame. That week was a thorough mess of black skies, thundering wet and clumsy bellowing winds. The farm was cheerless. Indoor jobs were tedious. Stories refused to go on tap. Even cards and dominoes and checkers failed to work. The men were glum. Letters from home only seemed to make them worse. Hodge surmised what was in most of those letters. They declined to talk to him. His plans for getting in the roots and corn and potatoes failed to interest anybody. Already his schedule was out of order. There was no sign of let-up to the wet. They were plainly out of temper and they hated farming worse than they had ever hated sin.

None of them could see behind the clouds to get a picture of the clean, bright days, when that farm would be dancing with joy and pleasant labour. They hadn't even the faith they once had when as little children they had sung about, "When we get home to that beautiful land."

Something was brewing. Hodge could feel it. Nobody said a word. They were the most perfunctory crew that ever plotted mutiny. They smoked and smoked and looked out of the windows and poked about the stables—and quite early Hodge went to bed because he was sick of trying to cheer up so gloomy a gang. He knew that every man of them was resentful over that Sabbath episode.

WHEN morning came, Hodge was the only man on the place. His four exiles had decamped in the racket of a heavy shower and had taken a midnight train back to the city. Hodge put on his oilskin and went out in a roaring rain. He gazed over a pole fence at the system of waterways on his sown fields, and he grinned savagely.

"No," he muttered, "it wasn't the timetable that drove 'em away.

(Concluded on page 25.)

AMONG THE MAGAZINES

High Lights on a Few Extracts from Current Literature

AUSTRIA'S NET.

THE Austrian is not cruel by nature, states Walburga Paget, in the Nineteenth Century, though I have often regretted that in the higher classes the instincts for the chase, and there are many kinds of different sports in Austria, are not so much under the control of fairness and good manners as in England. On the other hand, nowhere are the people kinder to their horses and dogs or to birds, which are tamer than in other countries.

In the Austrian army every soldier looks after his own horse, feeds it and loves it. The German army horses are all fed by one man, whose business it is to do so. This makes a vast difference in the feeling between man and animal. Presumably the Prussian military authorities think it harmful for the soldiers during a war to be distracted by sentimental considerations for their horses.

When about thirty years ago the so-called "Endurance ride" between Berlin and Vienna took place, twenty or thirty officers starting on each side at the same hour, the Austrian horses arrived at Berlin in a comparatively fresh state, whilst those of the Prussians were a sight which those who saw them will never forget. Some of them died and they all looked as though they would never be any use again. Their legs and thighs were swollen as if they had elephantiasis—it was most revolting and gave one a foretaste of what Prussian methods might be in war time.

What chance has an easy-going, good-natured nation like Austria against a ruthless one clad cap-a-pie in steel, morally and sentimentally? It is clear that they have to do what they are told. A Prussian A.D.C. was forced upon the old Emperor Francis Joseph, who never had a strong will and always listened to the person he saw most of. He was worn out with misery and had become indifferent to events, and thus allowed this fatal penetration of Prussians into his army and civil service, which is hurrying Austria to her doom, for she is caught in what seems to be an inextricable net.

THE CHINESE CABINET COMEDY.

THE reverberations of submarine frightfulness are perhaps more amusing, because more unexpected, in far-away China. Here the answer to Germany's communication to neutral powers announcing the ruthless destruction of all mercantile vessels without search and without effort to save the lives of passengers has caused a Cabinet crisis, almost a revolution.

The procedure followed the peculiarities of constitutional life in Peking. The Prime Minister and several others of the Government who could not agree with the President ran away, and shutting themselves up in Tientsin, refused to communicate with Peking or to come back. In view of the danger which attends an opposed resignation from the Chinese Cabinet it may be surmised that this is the usual method of departure.

It seems that the Cabinet, in agreement with the political leaders in the Government, had decided to sever relations with Germany, and wished to telegraph to the provincial authorities explaining the reasons for this step, and advising them how to act when the step had been taken. The President of the Republic, however, at the last moment refused to sign the message, and took up the position that it was his prerogative to declare war, and that he would take no action without the formal approval of Parliament.

It is said that relations between the President and the Prime Minister have been strained for some time, and the rupture was not a cause for surprise. Successful efforts brought about a reconciliation. The Presidents of both Houses of Parliament visited the President of the Republic and advised him that he was misinterpreting the general wish. Parliament by a large majority was said to favour a severance of relations.

Later news indicates that the President has given way, and that the Prime Minister has returned to Peking and explained his policy to both Houses of Parliament. According to The Times' correspondent, upon whose reports we are depending, it is expected that the Chinese Government will soon declare its intention of joining the Entente. (Canadian readers know that this happened.) German commercial houses are endeavouring to find neutrals to take over their business.

As China has been a hotbed of German intrigue since the outbreak of hostilities, the decision of the Chinese Government is all the more surprising. It may be the result of the influence of our Eastern ally, or it may be the determination of the Eastern Republic to follow the course of the Great Republic of the West, which it so much admires and upon which its institutions are modelled. Certainly the action of President Wilson's Government was largely used as an example in the arguments which took place in Peking over this important decision.

POLITICUS ON FOOD.

AN article on The Food Problem, by Politicus, in the Fortnightly Review, states that the English Government has hitherto acted half-heartedly, improvidently and amateurishly in its endeavour to increase the production and importation of food and to limit its consumption.

Germany: "Are we nearly there, All Highest?"
All Highest: "Yes, we're getting near the end now."
—Bernard Partridge, in Punch, London.

Farmers and private people should be encouraged by high prices to grow not merely wheat, but nourishing foodstuffs of every kind. . . . It is a national prejudice to believe that men require for their subsistence large quantities of sugar, meat, milk and butter. China and Japan contain a vigorous and healthy race. Yet in neither country is bread eaten except by a very few, and sugar, milk, butter and meat are exceedingly scarce. . . . On cereals, vegetables and a few scraps of pork and fish, the Chinese and Japanese have succeeded in rearing a healthy and strong race.

There is an enormous waste of food throughout the country not only owing to wasteful cooking and over-eating, but also owing to bad management. The country is at the same time a farm, a place for recreation and a game preserve; and the result is that a vast quantity of food is eaten by game, birds, etc., and that much is trampled down by people making use of public footpaths. It seems necessary to reduce to the utmost the game and birds; the dog tax ought to be very greatly increased, and be regulated not according to the value of the dog, as has been proposed, but according to the size. It seems scandalous that at a time when food is scarce, large quantities should be fed to useless dogs.

Food production can be enormously increased on the land by providing attractive prices, making good cultivation compulsory and supplying at least a million workers who can be made available without delay. . . . While Continental nations live in flats and gardenless towns, the vast majority of Englishmen have gardens, some gardening tools and some gardening knowledge. . . . The raising of flowers should be prohibited for the duration of the war, and the gardeners should either be directed towards the farms or be instructed to limit their activities to the production of food. . . . At the moment everyone is attempting to grow potatoes, even on soil which is quite unsuitable. Among the nourishing foods which can be easily grown in private gardens are not only potatoes, but swedes, turnips, parsnips, Jerusalem artichokes, etc. The problem is not to produce some certain foods, but to produce as much palatable food as possible.

Possibly the British nation will be called upon to suffer serious inconvenience, and perhaps worse, from the shortage of food. Therefore, the Government should not run any risks. . . . It should act with the greatest energy in increasing production and importation, and restricting consumption and waste to the utmost. . . . With courage, common-sense, and good organization, Great Britain should be able to solve the food problem and to make Germany's attempt at starving this country into surrender a failure.

THE AMERICAN SHOWBOAT.

By Carl Holliday, in The Theatre.

ON a sultry day far up the Monongahela, the Kanawha, or the Missouri River, the small boy, languidly fanning himself with his tattered straw hat, is suddenly thrilled into mad energy by the wild, weird shrieks of a calliope echoing far up and down the startled valley. "The showboat! The showboat!" and away he scurries to the river bank. I do not know whether these floating palaces are known to all American boys, but to the youngsters of the Middle and Southern States they are harbingers of joy—visions of splendour to dream of and wonder over many months after they have come and gone.

There are about 95,000 persons in America engaged in the work of entertaining the public—acrobats, minstrels, singers, dancers, vaudeville actors, magicians, what not. But of them all doubtless the most mysterious to the general public, the most happy-go-lucky are these water gypsies, the showboat players. Often floating or steaming six thousand miles in the course of a season, plying from the green hills of the Kanawha, in West Virginia, to the brown plains of the Missouri in far Montana, these crafts and their motley crew of players see more of real America and real American life than probably any other institution or class of people. There is a genuine glamour of romance about such a life—to those who do not live it. When the "Sunny South," the "Golden Rod," the "Cotton Blossom," the "Dreamland" or the "Evening Star" comes to town every boy is immediately seized with the wanderlust and would fain become an expert on the calliope.

It would be difficult to say how these floating theatres originated. They are almost entirely an American form of entertainment, formerly seen now and then on French and German rivers, but now almost entirely confined to the Mississippi and its many tributaries. Probably such floating troupes developed from the itinerant actors who played in the cabins of canal boats and "flat bottoms" on the Eastern rivers soon after the Revolution. Just such a player, N. M. Ludlow, who had shaken the beams of those early stuffy cabins, was the first to appear with a showboat on the Mississippi. In 1817 he and a little band of actors travelled overland to the Cumberland River, playing at the many wayside inns as they went, and in the fall of that year transformed a huge flat boat into a commodious theatre, floated down the Cumberland into Ohio and thus passed into the Mississippi.

It was a dangerous occupation in those rough

days. Often all hands, actors and actresses and crew, had to turn out to "pole" the theatre around some danger sandbar, and when such notorious spots as Rowdy Bend and Plum Point were reached, every man and woman of them was armed with a flintlock to repel the possible attacks of river pirates. One night the ropes of the Ludlow's boat were cut by practical jokers, and the troupe awoke to find themselves floating amidst the snags and treacherous currents of the uncharted Mississippi. Then, too, a rival soon appeared in the person of the once famous actor, Sol Smith, but, fortunately for Ludlow, Smith's floating palace was cut in two in 1847 in a collision with another boat, and Ludlow's company could boast of itself as the "only original."

In those early days a showboat was used for many purposes not exclusively theatrical, such as prize fights and horse-back specialties; but during the past forty years the average river theatre has presented only plays, and the features usually seen in vaudeville. As early as 1847 an English actor, William Chapman, with his numerous sons and daughters, went by water from Pittsburgh to New Orleans, playing "The Stranger and Cinderella," and from that time to this many a boy has gained his first vision of drama through seeing on a boat-stage such light comedies as "The Girl in Brown," "Under Southern Skies," and "The Minister and the Maid." Heavier drama is sometimes undertaken, however, and not infrequently "Faust" has thrilled the awe-struck audience of river towns.

BONINIA AND THE FOOD SPIRIT.

BONINIA is an elderly native of Tantutu, one of the villages of the Dowai-la division of the Binandere tribe, on the lower Mamba River, British New Guinea. He was a man of no reputation as a magician or prophet, says E. W. P. Chinnery, in the Hibbert Journal. Early, however, in 1914, he visited the other villages of his group—Gauoro (on the coast, Duvira, and Tsiu (up the River)—and announced that he had been "struck down" in his garden by the "Spirit of Taro" (the staple diet). He had been told, he said, to warn the people that their dilatory methods of cultivation had given displeasure, and that unless they observed a ritual which had been taught to him, the "Food Spirit" would destroy their gardens and force them to live on sago. Boninia's message was received without enthusiasm and the ritual declined. Nothing more came of the incident until the following November, when a young girl named Dasiga, of the village of Gauoro, developed a condition of mental abnormality. For a day or two she was quite oblivious of her surroundings and chanted mechanically a new song, which was identified as a part of the ritual disclosed by the man Boninia. In response to the request of the people, Boninia examined the girl, and in conformity with his advice she was taken into the gardens, and there, amongst the taro leaves, as he had foretold, the "Spirit left her," and she recovered her normal state. Two or three days later she returned to her village. Then, almost immediately, she relapsed into her Kava-Keva condition, and simultaneously, one other Gauoro girl and four young men "were visited by the spirit." A second messenger to Boninia found that the sickness had appeared in each of the villages of the group, and that several natives were "possessed" and under treatment by Boninia. The headmen of the group were considerably alarmed, and called a meeting in Gauoro. Here those who had been "visited" disclosed the communications of the "Spirit." It was decided that the group villages, acting co-operatively, should propitiate the "visitor," and that the rites taught to Boninia and others should be performed forthwith. So much spontaneity attended the services that on November 25th, when I witnessed the ritual, there were but few who remained uninitiated.

The ceremony, as I saw it, appeared to be controlled by Boninia. He invoked the presence of the "Spirit," and to the rhythmic drumming of the younger men, he shouted repeatedly Irie! Irie (which are not Binandere words), and gradually worked himself up into a frenzy. The excitement of watching his efforts became too much for some of those present, and in a second or three several men and women became like him, "possessed." After the manner of drunken men they staggered through the village, falling over obstacles, bumping into trees and houses, their faces twitching and their eyes rolling. They exhibited a stilted, jerky movement of arms and limbs, and a laboured respiration. With the palms of their hands outward, some shrieked, others sobbed, and many were silent. Those who were unaffected continued drumming and chanting in a low key the taro song which the "Spirit" had taught to Boninia. I noticed one of the drummers, who had previously been unvisited, gradually giving way to the feeling. He appeared at first to resist; but after a short struggle, he displayed the symptoms of the "possession." He staggered a few feet and then fell to the ground in a fit. The other drummers encircled him, and changing to quick time, moved round him singing an ordinary food song. At this stage Boninia revived automatically, and treated the boy with vigorous rubbing and slapping, calling repeatedly in his ear, Do! do! do! At length the boy responded and was placed upright. He was kept moving in order to prevent a relapse threatened by his puffed face and stupefied manner.

OUR TWO OLD FRIENDS MUST BE PROPERLY PROTECTED.

—Toronto News.

HOW RUSSIA RETROGRADED.

HOW the present dislocation in Russia was led up to by a series of denationalizing episodes is well set forth by an article some time ago in The World's Work. It reads as follows:

While there is not the slightest anxiety about the attitude of the Russian Government or the Russian people towards the war, and while the recent rescript of the Czar in reply to the German peace proposals is a most valuable statement of Russia's certainty of defence in the present and the justice of her claims for the future, there is undoubtedly a grave political crisis on in connection with internal affairs, which promises to dissolve itself into a conflict between the Duma and the advocates of representative Government on the one hand and of the old retroactive influences of the bureaucracy on the other.

All the Allied countries have been going through phases of political reorganization; and when a few weeks ago the Russian Government changed and Premier Stuermer was dismissed because he was suspected of lacking the necessary hostility to Germany, one hoped that the Russian Government would settle down to a vigorous prosecution of the war and a promotion of efficiency and economy at home.

But the trouble evidently lay deeper than the suspected pro-German tendencies of M. Stuermer and his associates. It will be remembered that when the last Government took office there was a more or less severe conflict between various ministers and the Duma. Of course, in the Russian scheme of things the Government is not responsible to the Duma, and it is not necessary for ministers to make reports or answer questions addressed to them from that body. When certain ministers refused to accede to the wish of deputies to take part in the direction of public affairs there were riotous sittings which lasted for several days.

If the Great War were not demanding the energy of every one of us against the enemy these political upsets in Petrograd would leave us unmoved, as they only follow the Czar's old policy of playing the retroactive nobles and the progressive bourgeoise off against each other alternately.

[Russian Cartoon]

An Unspeakable Libel

—From Novi Satirikon, Petrograd.

SHARK "Ah, neighbor I have been grossly insulted!"
"How?"
"I was mistaken for a German submarine."

Speaking of Immigration

(Concluded from page 15.)

of mixing good blood with bad. The U. S. A. is another example of wholesale race mixture, and who will deny that the U. S. A. of Lincoln's day would have aided Belgium and civilization from the very beginning of this tremendous war—would have volunteered for America's defence at a somewhat faster rate than 6,000 in three weeks? So, for these and other reasons too numerous to mention, I object to Wasyl and all peoples whose ideals and standard of living are lower than our own.

Secondly: With all my strength I deprecate the condemnation of the Britisher's twin fetishes—permanence and thoroughness. From a cash point of view, the Canadian or American is wholly right, but it is a sordid, mean viewpoint. There is so very much more in life than cash: for instance, there is character. Now, it is a fact, that shipshod, good enough methods of work, react on a man's mind and produce a slipshod, bad enough character, of which we have ample evidence in our industrial life, in our politics, and in the fact that we were fast becoming dishonest as a nation. This is not to say that permanence and thoroughness cannot be overdone, and the Britisher is at first apt to overdo it, but it is to say that the Canadian underdoes it, and this evil is much the greater of the two.

Thirdly: Many Canadians have only one-sided ideas regarding the Englishman's notions of Canada. It is quite true that the Englishman regards the whole Empire as a part of England, as belonging to England, and like the Scotchman, he goes to some part or other of it "to collect the rent." But this is only a half truth; he is perfectly willing, nay more, he is anxious, to concede the converse—that England belongs to the Empire or any part of it, in proof whereof he welcomes any Canuck, Anzac, South African, etc., to share with him all that he has—his home, his industries, his Parliament, his magnificent Past and Present; mind you, he did this for many years prior to 1914.

Is this not a fair exchange? As to all the other numerous little kicks and knocks, the Englishman can split 50—50 with the Canadian every time; he has his vices, which the Canadian, being human, freely forgives. What the Canadian finds hardest to stomach, is the defect of his virtues. But seeing that most of him who could (and many who shouldn't), joined the C. E. F. and behaved fairly decently, maybe he will ultimately be forgiven even them.

Fourthly: As to the American. He may be all our fancy paints him—the most desirable of all desirables—or he may not. It is darkly hinted that by his get-rich-quick methods of farming he has entirely beggared vast portions of his own country. To grow wheat after wheat, burning the straw for twenty years straight, may profit him personally, but will it profit us? Again, there are Americans and Americans; some are home bred, but far too many hail from undesirable parts of Europe. Those may be adaptable all right, even as Wasyl, but as regards character, is there anything to choose between them and Wasyl?

In conclusion, I most heartily endorse Mr. Chisholm's advice, that we exercise the utmost discretion in the future as to our immigrants. I would go further than a mere literacy test. Let us discourage all aliens, we shall get far too many from the States anyway; prohibit all Germans and Austrians. If we cannot without our own fellow subjects of our own race from India, how shall we stand for Prussians, Austrians, Poles, Russians, and Turks?

Yours truly,

Pte. H. R., C.E.F.

THE GARDEN OF ROSES

By FRANK WALL

THE Roses in this Story are put in for contrast. There's another side to these roses, and the story brings it out in an atmosphere of mystery that reads very much like a play. The writer lives in Verdun, Que. His writing is done in Montreal.

MONT JEAN is a drowsy old town in the North of France, so magnificently fortified by bad roads that it has withstood all the assaults of peace and war since the days of the Grand Monarque. There were sporadic visits from small forces, but it was not until the third month of the present war that the vast enveloping movements of the Allies swept Mont Jean into the circle of their operations, and the quiet old seventeenth-century town knew more of the horrors of war in a week than it had learned in the previous two centuries.

During those few days it was the most famous town in the world. It was taken and retaken half a dozen times. It was bombarded by heavy artillery and swept by machine guns. There were furious cavalry charges and bayonet fighting in the narrow streets, in which the opposing forces beat each other back and forward until it seemed as if the frightful struggle would continue for ever.

During the afternoon of the third day the arrival of strong reinforcements left the town temporarily in the hands of the Germans, and it was then that Fritz von Meister, a Captain in one of the Cuirassier Regiments, obtained two hours' leave and slipped quietly into the older part of the town, where the streets were almost deserted and there was little or no sign of the war.

It was a very warm afternoon and he had scarcely slept for three nights. A strange feeling of drowsiness crept after him like an enemy, and he hurried along the silent streets almost uneasily.

He reached presently a little postern gate, set in the midst of a high stone wall, at the end of which there was an old house, built of grey stone. One might guess that the high wall hid a garden.

The German officer had apparently visited the place before, for he pushed open the little door and entered without any hesitation. He opened it with his left hand because his right was gripped about the stock of an automatic pistol hidden beneath his coat.

There was not a sign of life in the little garden. It lay drowsing in the sunshine as quietly as though the war were a thousand miles away. The high wall continued round three sides and the fourth was bounded by the house itself, and all the four sides were covered and hidden and bowered with climbing roses.

The German stood as still as if he had been turned to stone. The little postern gate clanged noisily to a sudden gust of wind, but he did not turn his head. The thought of the fate that had come to his comrades in this garden of roses only a month ago seemed like something that had happened in a previous life. The purpose that had brought him here to-day passed across his mind like a feather floating on the wind.

Coming from all the horrors of the fighting, from the thrusting and stabbing and shooting, from the furious screaming and the still more furious silence, he was stunned by the brooding quietness and the sunshine and the blaze of colour and the overpowering smell of the roses. More than all else he was consumed with a tremendous desire for sleep. He sank on to a little bench and stared across the smooth lawn, and began to wonder drowsily how he should go about the task he had set himself to do in this garden of peace.

Already his head was nodding and his eyes were heavy. He fell asleep almost immediately.

When he wakened the sun had passed away from the garden, and the shadows were beginning to creep slowly across the grass and to slant along the roses. He looked up with a start, and saw by his side a silver tray with a bottle of wine and some little cakes.

The sight was a welcome one, but he hesitated for a moment at the possibility of poison. Then the door of the house was opened and a beautiful girl appeared on the threshold, carrying some peaches and grapes in an old Sevres dish. Her first words reassured the German Captain. It was evident she did not remember him.

"Monsieur is of the English Army?" she said, with a wistful confidence.

"Anglais, moi," said the Captain, with a grim smile. "Vous parlez Francais, Monsieur?"

"Ah, oui."

After that, they were quite friendly. She told him how her father and brothers had gone to the war, and she had only her mother and sister with her.

The German put down his glass hurriedly. His hand was trembling.

"Monsieur is unwell?" said the girl, and then she fell into a sudden silence, staring at the trembling hand and the spilt wine.

"I heard the Germans had visited you," stammered the Captain.

Her breast was rising and falling a little tumultuously. There was an extraordinary light in her eyes. "I did not wish to tell you," she said, slowly.

"I am sorry. I heard it . . . someone told me."

"They shot my mother and my sister. A thousand of the Germans rode into the town a month ago and twenty of them came here."

"How did it happen?" said the Captain, moistening his lips with his tongue.

"One of them insulted my sister, and my mother seized a pistol that was lying on the table, and killed him. Then the others became furious and the officer shot my mother and sister. I saved myself by offering to show them where we had hidden all our money and valuables, if they would spare me."

"What became of the German soldiers?"

"I led them to a cellar. It is an old hiding-place of our family, and they could never have found it alone. They were reckless with the wine they had had and they rushed into the cellar without taking any precautions. I closed the door quickly and locked them in. I have not seen them since."

"That was a month ago?" whispered the German, hoarsely.

"Yes," she said. "A month ago."

PHYSICAL fear gripped his soul and shook him like a reed in the wind. The purpose that had brought him back to this garden of roses was already defeated. He had come thinking that his comrades would have been taken away as prisoners long ago, and that he would force the lonely girl to show him the hiding place, and steal the treasure for himself.

She had taken a seat about two yards away from his own, and was staring at the ground as though she had utterly forgotten his presence. He looked furtively at her, and his hand began to creep towards the pocket that held his automatic pistol. He would shoot her down, and take his chance of finding the treasure afterwards.

But at the first movement he made, or tried to make, he felt that an extraordinary paralysis had fallen upon him. In reality his nerves had been shattered by the three days' ceaseless fighting and the want of sleep, and the quiet beauty of the garden and the odour of the roses had acted as a drug upon him.

He thought that he was frightened by this grave-faced girl who had described so quietly the killing of twenty of his comrades. That was true in a sense, but he had really wakened from his heavy torpor at the mercy of the first-comer.

The shadows had crept so swiftly that he could scarcely see her face now, but his other senses were quivering to the slightest movement she made.

"The officer escaped," she said, suddenly, and he shrank back as though someone had lashed him across the face.

"He remained in the garden. I think he heard the men screaming and feared an ambush. When I returned he had run away. He was a coward."

"You could afford to allow one to escape," he said, hoarsely.

"It was he who shot my mother and sister."

"You remember him?"

"Yes, I remember him," she said, dully. And then she rose and came towards him. "Come with me," she said, "I want to show you."

"No! No!"

But she took his arm and he went with her. He felt that he was walking to his death, but he could do nothing to save himself. A voice within him spoke and uttered his own condemnation, forcing the words one by one through his rigid teeth.

"You know me?" he said.

They were at the door of the house now, and she turned slowly. "Yes, I know you."

She led him into the house, and opened a door in the hall that revealed an apparently interminable staircase that seemed to end in nothing but darkness. He looked and drew back hastily, shivering like a man with the ague.

"It is the way to the cellars," she said. "Come. I will go first."

"That will be better," he said, harshly, and again his hand began to creep towards the pistol. She was quite unconscious of his gesture, as she stepped in front of him and began to descend the gloomy staircase. She was quite unconscious of the fact that he pulled out his pistol, and that it fell immediately from his nerveless fingers and clattered noisily into the darkness.

AFTER that he gave up the struggle and followed wherever she led. They passed through two or three cellars, so large that they must have covered the whole space occupied by the house, and so dark that the German unconsciously closed his eyes in the strange torpor that was upon him, and found it made no difference.

They came at last to a door, where the girl stayed to light a lamp that stood upon a bracket. It cast a faint circle of radiance in their immediate neighbourhood, beyond which the shadows seemed to roll up like tremendous waves. The girl pressed a hidden spring, and the door came slowly open.

"This is our hiding place," she said.

"This is where you locked them in?"

"Yes."

"They went in a month ago . . . they are still here . . . ?" he whispered.

She paused for a moment, and then: "No," she said, quietly, "the German troops retired from the town the next day, so I told the Mayor, and he had your men taken away as prisoners."

He gave a long sigh that was almost a groan.

"There is the money and the silver plate."

"I don't want it. I want to go back. I can't breathe here."

She took the lamp very deliberately from its bracket and extinguished it. "If you had entered that place," she said, "you would have stayed there."

They passed swiftly through the dark cellars and up the staircase, and all the way he clutched her arm like a child who is frightened of the darkness. There were tears rolling feebly down his cheeks.

When they reached the hall and the sunlight again, she turned. "You do not regret the money?" she insisted.

"I want to go away."

"Come first with me, and then you shall go."

Still holding her arm, he submitted to be led to a little drawing-room, where she stood aside and forced him to enter first. There were two ladies by the window. They stared at the German officer as he entered the room, and he staggered back almost into the arms of the girl.

"My mother and sister," she said, quietly.

He did not hear her. He was creeping across the polished floor as stealthily as if he feared they would

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CANADA IN WAR PAINT

By CAPT. RALPH W. BELL

"THE Company," read the orderly Sergeant, "will parade at 8.45 a.m., and go for a route march. Dress: Light marching order."

A groan went up from the dark shadows of the dimly-lighted barn, which died down gradually on the order to "cut it out." "Sick parade at 7.30 a.m. at the M.O.'s billet Meninlee-Chotaw," announced the O.S. sombrely. "Any of you men who wanter go sick give in your names to Corporal Jones right now."

Yells of "Right here, Corporal," "I can't move a limb, Corporal," and other statements of a like nature, announced the fact that there were quite a number of gentlemen whose pronounced view it was that they could not do an eight-mile route march the next day. Corporal Jones emerged, perspiring, after half an hour's gallant struggle. Being very conscientious he took full particulars, according to Hoyle: name, number, rank, initials, age, religion, and nature of disease. The last he invariably asked for by means of the code phrase, "wossermarrerwiyou?"

Having refused to admit at least half a dozen well-known scrimshankers to the roll of sick, lame, and lazy, he finished up with Private Goodman, who declared himself suffering from "rheumatics hall over. Me legs is somethin' tur'ble bad."

There were thirteen names on the report.

Menin-le-Chateau being a good three kilometres distant, the sick fell in at 6.30 a.m. the next day. The grey dawn was breaking in the East, and a drizzling rain made the village street even more miserable-looking than it was at all times. As on all sick parades, all the members thereof endeavoured to look their very worst, and succeeded admirably for the most part. They were unshaven, improperly dressed, according to military standards, and they shuffled around like a bunch of old women trying to catch a bus. Corporal Jones was in a very bad temper, and he told them many things, the least of which would have made a civilian's hair turn grey. But, being "sick," the men merely listened to him with a somewhat apathetic interest.

They moved off in file, a sorry-looking bunch of soldiers. Each man chose his own gait, which no injunctions to get in step could affect, and a German under-officer looking them over would have reported to his superiors that the morale of the British troops was hopeless.

They were a sorry-looking bunch of soldiers.

At 7.25 a.m. this unseemly procession arrived in Menin-le-Chateau. In the far distance Corporal Jones espied the Regimental Sergeant-Major. The latter was a man whom every private considered an incarnation of the devil! The junior N.C.O.'s feared him, and the Platoon Sergeants had a respect for him founded on bitter experience in the past, when he had found them wanting. In other words he was a cracking good Sergeant-Major of the old-fashioned type. He was privately referred to as Rattle-Snake Pete, a tribute not only to his disciplinary measures, but also to his heavy, fierce black moustachios, and a lean, eagle-like face in which was set a pair of fierce, penetrating black eyes.

"If," said Corporal Jones loudly, "you all wants to be up for Office you'll walk. Otherways you'll march! There's the Sergeant-Major!"

The sick parade pulled itself together with a click. Collars and the odd button were furtively looked over and done up, caps pulled straight, and no sound broke the silence save a smart unison of "left-right-left" along the muddy road. The R.S.M. looked them over with a gleam in his eye as they passed, and glanced at his watch.

"'Alf a minute late, Co'poral Jones," he shouted. "Break into double time. Double . . . march!" The sick parade trotted away steadily—until they got round a bend in the road. "Sick! ! !" murmured the R.S.M. "My h'eye!"

A little way further on the parade joined a group composed of the sick of other battalion units, sime fifty in all. Corporal Jones handed his sick report to the stretcher-bearer Sergeant, and was told he would have to wait until the last.

In half an hour's time the first name of the men in his party was called—Lance-Corporal MacMannish.

"What's wrong?" asked the doctor briskly.

"'A have got a pain in here, sirr," said MacMannish, "an' it's sair, sorr," pointing to the centre of his upper anatomy.

"Show me your tongue? H'm. Eating too much! Colic. Two number nine's. Light duty."

Lance-Corporal MacMannish about-turned with a smile of ecstatic joy and departed, having duly swallowed the pills.

"What did ye get, Jock?"

"Och! Light duty," said the hero with the air of a wronged man justified, "but you'll be no gettin' such a thing, Bowering!"

"And why not?" demanded the latter scowling. However, his name being then called put an end to the discussion.

"I have pains in me head and back, sir," explained Mr. Bowering, "and no sleep for two nights." The doctor looked him over with a critical, expert eye.

"Give him a number nine. Medicine and duty. Don't drink so much, Bowering! That's enough. Clear out!"

"He's no doctor," declared the victim when he reached the street. "Huh! I wouldn't trust a cat with 'im!"

The next man got no duty, and this had such an effect on him that he almost forgot he was a sick man, and walloped a pal playfully in the ribs on the doorstep, which nearly led to trouble.

Of the remaining ten, all save one were awarded medicine and duty, but they took so long to tell the story of their symptoms, and managed to develop such good possible cases, that it was 8.45 before the parade fell in again to march back to billets, a fact which they all thoroughly appreciated!

Wonderful the swinging step with which they set forth, Corporal Jones at the head, Lance-Corporal MacMannish, quietly triumphant, bringing up the rear. They passed the Colonel in the village, and he stopped Corporal Jones to inquire what they were.

"Your men are marching very well, Corporal. 'A' Company? Ah, yes. Fatigue party, hey?"

"No-sir, sick-parade-sir!"

"Sick Parade! God bless my soul! Sick! How many men were given medicine and duty?"

"Nine, sir."

"Nine, out o fthirteen. . . . 'A' Company is on a route march this morning, is it not?"

"Yessir."

"My compliments to Major Bland, Corporal, and I would like him to parade these nine men in heavy marching order and send them on a nine-mile route-march, under an officer."

"Very good, sir!"

Next day there were no representatives of "A" Coy. on sick parade!

Aeroplanes and 'Archie'

THERE is something fascinating about aeroplanes. However many thousands of them one may have seen, however many aerial combats one may have witnessed, there is always the desire to see these things again, and, inwardly, to marvel.

Ten thousand feet above, round balls of black smoke appear in the blue sky, coming, as it were, out of

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NUMBER 70, BERLIN

A STORY of espionage as they had it in England and still have it in Russia. Told with great simplicity and dramatic force. What is Number 70? That's what Lewin Rodwell knew all about when some people didn't.

By WILLIAM LE QUEUX

CHAPTER III.

The House in Wimpole Street.

JUST before eleven o'clock that night Jack Sainsbury stopped at a large, rather severe house half way up Wimpole Street—a house the door of which could be seen in the day-time to be painted a royal blue, thus distinguishing it from its rather dingy green-painted neighbours.

In response to his ring at the visitors' bell, a tall, middle-aged, round-faced man-servant opened the door.

"Is Dr. Jerrold in?" Jack inquired.

"Yes, sir," was the man's quick reply; and then, as Sainsbury entered, he added politely: "Nice evening, sir."

"Very," responded the visitor, laying down his hat and stick and taking off his overcoat in the wide, old-fashioned hall.

Dr. Jerome Jerrold, though still a young man, was a consulting physician of considerable eminence, and, in addition, was Jack's most intimate friend. Their fathers had been friends, living in the same remote country village, and, in consequence, ever since his boyhood he had known the doctor.

Jack was a frequent visitor at the doctor's house, Jerrold always being at home to him whenever he called. The place was big and solidly furnished, a gloomy abode for a bachelor without any thought of marrying. It had belonged to Jerrold's aunt, who had left it to him by her will, together with a comfortable income; hence her nephew had found it, situated as it was in the centre of the medical quarter of London, a most convenient, if dull, place of abode.

On the ground floor was the usual depressing waiting-room, with its big, round table littered with illustrated papers and magazines; behind it the consulting-room, with its businesslike writing-table—whereon many a good man's death-warrant had been written in that open case-book—its heavy leather-covered furniture, and its thick Turkey carpet, upon which the patient trod noiselessly.

Above, in the big room on the first floor, Jerome Jerrold had his cosy library—for he was essentially a studious man, his literary mind having a bent for history, his "History of the Cinquecento" being one of the stand-

(Continued on page 27.)

MUSIC IN MAY

MANY thanks to Mons. Francis de Bourguignon, the Belgian pianist, newly arrived as a citizen of Canada, for showing us what may yet be accomplished by way of democratizing the piano. Last week Mons. Bourguignon gave his introductory recital in Toronto. He played a number of pieces we have heard before, some not so familiar and three absolutely new to this country—which were a group of short pieces of his own. It is of one of these we are tempted to say a few words by way of peculiar appreciation.

Mons. B. is a tall, serious-looking man who never smiles in public. He appears to be too busy to smile. His interest is not in people but in the piano.

The most remarkable thing about Mons. B.'s playing of his own pieces was his study and variations for the left hand only. With his left hand he played a piece which if left to the ear only might have passed for a really big two-hand piece. He traversed the entire keyboard with that left hand, keeping up a sustained bass with the pedal, and doing the air on the middle register and the variations above. It was a most admirable and exacting piece of technique. If one man can do so much with his left hand why should anybody with two hands fail to do something on a piano? Also if he will combine with this the use of the soft pedal only by means of the right foot we shall accord him still further appreciation as a technical master.

In his Prelude he gave a dainty bit of subdued sentiment couched in fine form and most poetically conveyed.

His work on the Staccato Etude of Rubinstein was his best. Here his mastery of fluent and facile technique had a fine fling. He is not the fireworks variety of technician either; much more of the pellucid Godowsky type. His handling of the Valkyries—or as one of his listeners expressed it, the Valcartier piece—was quite dramatic and at times almost thrilling. As a Chopin player he is not at his best. He did the Scherzo from the Sonata in B flat minor in a rather disjointed style, not at all impressively and without its customary breadth. His handling of the Nocturne in F sharp lacked the insistence that keeps it from becoming a weak composition. Mons. B. has not the lyric and legato equipment necessary for the highest interpretation of Chopin. He does not make as much of the singing tone of the piano as he might. But he is a superb technical artist and has many of the obvious lineaments of poetry in his work. His facility is remarkable and his sincerity admirable. He is an artist. And as such he is welcome.

* * *

MISS OLIVE COOPER, a gifted pupil of Mr. F. S. Welsman, whose artistic and temperamental playing has won many friends for her in Toronto, gave a recital in Conservatory Hall on April 24th, which was an unqualified success. A capacity audience greeted her, and she received numerous recalls. She began with the Bach Italian concerto, rendered with authority and sureness, then played the Beethoven Sonate Op. 78, to which she gave a thoughtful and musicianly reading. A group of short numbers was particularly charming, consisting of Chopin's Waltz Op. 34, No. 1, Grieg's To Spring, Le Cygne by Saint-Saens and Hinton's Fireflies. The first movement of Tschaikowsky's B flat minor concerto was given a brilliant rendering which made a fitting close to a most successful programme.

Miss Sydney Aird, who was in excellent voice, gave two vocal numbers in her usual happy style.

LITTLE THRIFT STORIES

By WILLIAM J. BRYANS

WE had all drifted into the smoking-room after dinner. We didn't lay out to win the war by next week, or to reform the Borden Government, or to reconstruct the Empire. No, we didn't have the right sort of brows for those subjects, so we just tackled the thrift problem—everybody's doing it. We had no particular doctrines as I remember. None of us were disciples of Adam Smith. We just took up a few practical cases of how certain men in this country had got along under hustle-or-bust conditions.

"Did you see this item about McLaughlin, the stove king, taking out a permit for a new big residence on Tenth Street?" asked Campbell, looking up from his evening paper. "There's one man who has made good. Used to be a foundryman's helper at $1.75 a day."

"Queer," agreed Smith.

"Well, I've thought over McLaughlin's success. He was born in my town," continued Campbell. "It began with his recognizing an opportunity and having a little money for capitalizing it. He saved sufficient money while working as a labourer to be able to cash in on his opportunity when it came along. Even on his wage of $1.75 a day, they tell me that he saved money. Not satisfied with that, having an inclination for carpenter work, he did a good deal of cabinet work in his spare time in a little shop he fitted up in the back shed of his home. Of course, he soon got a good wage at his trade of foundry man, but he did not get reckless in spending it. The first thing the people knew he had started a small foundry of his own on his savings. Then gradually he progressed. He worked hard, but the basic reason for his success was—saving the cash to start his foundry."

"Truth in what you say," agreed Jones. "I had a case come to my attention at the office. The men in this case was a janitor. While he has not been successful in the big way that McLaughlin has, nevertheless, he has secured for himself a degree of independence. He came to me for advice on the purchase of a house on Donald Street. I knew that there wasn't a house on Donald Street worth less than five thousand dollars, and so I was surprised when he broached the subject. At first I thought that some real estate agent was leading him on to buy the house on a small payment down, but found that he had the cash to pay for it. He further informed me that he had been buying and selling houses and making a little on each for some time.

"He had had ambitions to acquire enough money to give him a certain degree of independence. So some years before, when he was offered the job of looking after the boss' garden in addition to his regular work, he took it. Encouraged by that extra money, he hunted for additional means of swelling his income. Not far from his home was a vacant lot that had once been cultivated, but in recent years had been allowed to grow up in weeds. He rented this ground and raised garden truck. It cost him a very moderate figure and by dint of hard work was able to produce a good crop of green stuff that met with a ready demand from dealers in the central part of the city. The same

(Concluded on page 31.)

Canada in War Paint

(Continued from page 21.)

the nowhere into here. After long listening you hear the echo of the distant explosion, like the clapping together of the hands of a man in the aisle of an empty church, and if you search very diligently, you will at last see the aeroplane, a little dot in the ether, moving almost slowly—so it appears—on its appointed course. Now the sun strikes the white-winged, bird-like thing as it turns, and it glitters in the beams of light like a diamond in the sky. Now it banks a little higher, now planes down at dizzy angle. Suddenly, short, sharp, distinct, you catch the sound of machine-gun fire. Quick stuttering bursts, as the visible machine and the invisible enemy circle about each other, seeking to wound, wing, and destroy. Ah! There it is! The Fokker dives, steep and straight, at our machine, and one can clearly see the little darts of flame as the machine-guns rattle. Our man quite calmly loops the loop, and then seems almost to skid after the Fokker which has carried on downwards, evidently hit. He swoops down on the stricken plane, pumping in lead as he goes. The twain seem to meet in collision, then—yes, the Fokker is plunging, nose-diving, down, down, at a terrific rate of speed. Our aviator swings free in a great circle, banks, and at top speed makes back to his air-line patrol, while the German Archies open up on him with redoubled violence.

It is truly wonderful what a fire an aeroplane can pass through quite unscathed as far as actual hindrance to flight is concerned. Many a time you can count nearly two hundred wreathing balls of smoke in the track of the machine, and yet it sails placidly onward as though the air were the native element of its pilot and the attentions of Archie non-existent.

It is Tommy who first gave the anti-air-craft gun that euphonious name. Why, no one knows. It must be intensely trying to be an Archie gunner. Rather like shooting at driven partridges with an air-gun, though far more exciting. The shells may burst right on the nose of the aeroplane, to all intents and purposes, and yet the machine goes on, veering this way or that, dropping or rising, apparently quite indifferent to the bitter feelings it is causing down below. It is the most haughty and inscrutable of all the weapons of war, to all outward appearances, and yet when misfortune

(Continued on page 23.)

WAR CONDITIONS

In the Mother Land war conditions have rendered great self-denial necessary. Money is expended only for the barest necessities.

In Canada we have not YET felt the strain of war in this way. Perhaps we shall not. Whether we have to sacrifice to this extent or not, we should be practising economy and saving. While trade is good, work plentiful and wages high, we should be making some preparations for the lean days to come.

However small your saving, put aside something—Deposit it in a Savings Account—Do it systematically, something each week or month as you receive your income.

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FINANCIAL CASUAL-TIES

By INVESTICUS

IN a large heap of letters answering a recent display advertisement offering to sell stock in a new concern, the first to be opened was one which read that the applicant for the stock had read the adv't. in the Canadian Courier. This reader was probably one of those who regularly read the column, not always regularly conducted of late by Investicus.

* * *

MUNITION MONEY.

MONEY for munitions goes through a number of changes before it gets finally back into ordinary investment channels. It comes to Canada by millions, is paid out to an army of workers and goes into the cost of living and investments. This aggregate of instantly available and steady capital becoming wages day by day forms outside of land revenues the chief source of the average Canadian's ability to purchase investments.

According to a report by Mr. J. W. Flavelle, chairman of the Imperial Munitions Board, to the Minister of Finance, the orders total $850,000,000, equal to the entire international trade of Canada in 1912. The value of munitions shipped to April 30th was $470,000,000 and the total disbursements $543,000,000. The number of employees is divided as follows: Headquarters staff, 800; inspectors, 4,000; workers, direct and indirect, 250,000 to 300,000. Six hundred and thirty factories, chemical and loading plants are in operation, the products including shells and their parts, representing an immense tonnage of steel, brass, copper, lead, etc. In March cash disbursements were 41 millions, and for April there will be two millions more.

Towards the financing of this immense business, meaning so much to the empire and to the prosperity of Canada, the Dominion government has contributed $200,000,000 as a loan to the Imperial treasury and has arranged with the banks for advances aggregating $100,000,000.

* * *

SHIPBUILDING MILLIONS.

WE are told by a financial contemporary that orders have been placed for steel ships in Canada up to the full limit of all steel plants available during the next fifteen months. The question of developing wood shipbuilding in Canada has been under investigation during the last month. It has been presented to the Imperial government that substantial tonnage of suitable wooden vessels could be obtained. The Dominion government, in order to assist the development of shipbuilding in Canada, Finance Minister Sir Thomas White has offered to find credit to the extent of $10,000,000 for the Imperial Munitions Board for this purpose. This offer has been accepted and will greatly facilitate progress. Specifications and designs of the type of wooden vessels required have been under discussion between the board, representatives of the British ministry of shipping and various shipbuilding people. They are now almost complete, and will be available as the standard pattern of design. It is hoped to begin work on vessels of this type very shortly and the building of a considerable number will be arranged for in Canada, where suitable lumber is available in abundance. Sir Thomas White stated in the House that orders have been placed by the Imperial government for the construction of 22 steel vessels, with a total tonnage of 175,000, with Canadian shipyards, while orders for eight others are pending. This will keep all Canadian shipbuilding plants busy until well into 1918.

* * *

TO SAVE MONEY.

WHEN a young man starts earning what might be called a fair salary, says Wm. G. Kennedy, in the American Magazine, his expense account grows. Such was my case. Although my salary was increased six hundred dollars in four years, I often had to borrow money to help me over tight places. At last I hit on a scheme to save money without much appreciable difference in my way of living. This is it: For every cent for what I call pleasures—theatres, confectionery, tobacco, and so on—I put an equal amount in the savings bank, a small box sufficing to hold the loose change until I deposit it.

Now, in six months, what has this scheme accomplished? Knowing that I "fine" myself an amount equal to that spent unnecessarily, I have cut out a large number of things I used to do—and am not suffering any hardships, either. I have begun to learn the value of money, and that over half of the "pleasures" of life are uncalled for; and, best of all, I not only have a snug sum in the savings bank, but can meet my bills without borrowing, and still have money left. Think it over!

Canada in War Paint

(Continued from page 22.)

overtakes it, it is a very lame duck indeed.

Archie is very much like a dog, his bark is worse than his bite—until he has bitten! His motto is "persevere," and in the long run he meets with some success. Halcyon days, when he wags his metaphorical tail and the official communiques pat him on the head. He does not like other dogs, bigger dogs, to bark at him. They quite drown his own bark, so that it is useless to bark back, and their highly explosive nature forces him to put his tail between his legs and run for it, like a chow pursued by a mastiff. No common-sense Archie stops in any place long after the five-nines and the H.E. shrapnel begin to burst around it. In that case discretion is indubitably the better part of valour.

Aeroplanes have a nasty habit of "spotting" Archies, whereby they even up old scores and prove their superiority. For even the lordly aeroplane does not charge an Archie barrage by preference.

It is when the planes come out in force, a score at a time, that poor Archibald has a rough time, and, so to speak, scratches his ear desperately with his hind leg. The planes do not come in serried mass, but, wheeling this way and that, diving off here and down yonder, to confuse poor Archie that he even stops barking at all, wondering which one he ought to bark at first! By this time most of the planes have sidled gracefully out

(Concluded on page 25.)

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Notice is hereby given that a Dividend at the rate of five per cent. (5%) per annum upon the paid-up capital stock of this Bank, has been declared for the three months ending the 31st of May, 1917, and that the same will be payable at the Head Office and Branches on and after Friday, the first day of June, 1917. The Transfer Books will be closed from the 17th day of May to the 31st day of May, 1917, both days inclusive.

By Order of the Board, J. COOPER MASON,
Toronto, April 24th, 1917. Actg.-General Manager.

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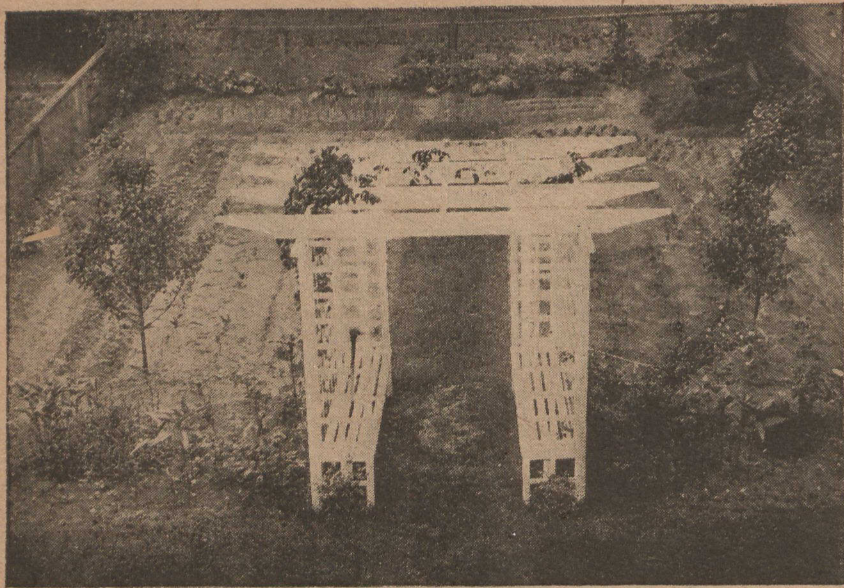


The Man who made this Pergola wouldn't have done it if he hadn't pulled down an ugly board fence to put up a wire fence. Notice how he has decorated the fence.

THAT UGLY BOARD FENCE

THE board fence in the town garden is on its way to doomdom. The reasons for abolishing the war, or the slave traffic, were never more convincing than the arguments against the lumber fence that now makes the backyards of any average town or city look like a wilderness of box stalls for horses.

The board fence is ugly. It is black, weatherbeaten, and rotten. It keeps light away from some parts of the garden more successfully than a cloudy day. It keeps out the wind that any garden needs to dry it in a wet season. On the scantling side it is a rendezvous for old tins, semi-bricks, defunct bottles and wandering, gymnastic cats. The cats alone would make a chapter on the reasons why the board fence is doomed.

The board fence lasts a few years and begins to rot. When you begin to jack up a decaying board fence you are making an ugly thing twice as ugly. Your new boards don't match the old; the scantlings won't hold the nails. The posts are rotted off just above the ground where the air strikes along with the wet. Patch it and cobble it if you will—it only looks uglier than ever.

There are several serious indictments against the board fence. It is undeniably ugly. It keeps out the light and harbours the cats. It keeps one corner of your garden so wet that you are lucky in a wet spring to get anything in it at all. Hence it wastes land which is valuable either for vegetables or flowers or both. It gets rickety and falls down. If your neighbour has chickens no amount of wire-netting on top of a board fence will keep hens from crawling through holes in the bottom. It costs as much to build one around a decent sized garden as it costs to put coal enough in your cellar for a winter. Lumber has climbed faster than coal—and about as much as potatoes. And when you have it, there's nothing about it that isn't absolutely ugly.

The wire fence is taking the place of the old board partition. And it is the only sensible successor. The wire fence costs less, last longer and is much more useful. It has none of the objections urged against the board fence. It lets in light and wind and puts an embargo on cats and rubbish. When you have a wire fence you don't chuck all the old junk into a corner to accumulate year by year. You put there a clump of cosmoses or a shrub. If you want privacy you line your wire fence with a hedge of hollyhocks, or ever-blooming stellas. Of if you want to encourage climbers your fence becomes a natural trellis for nasturtiums, scarlet runners, morning-glories, canary creeper or woodbine.

If you have any experiences you would like to hand on to other would-be gardeners, send a letter to the Editor. It may help somebody and it won't hurt you.

CONCERNING SWEET CORN

By WM. Q. PHILLIPS

LAST summer I had occasion to go into the shop of a grocer who makes a specialty of fancy vegetables. A basket of corn attracted my attention, and I asked him if the variety was Country Gentleman?

"I don't know what it is," he said, "probably not Country Gentleman. That's done, I think."

"Anyway," I persisted, "I suppose it's not field corn. That is what some farmers are selling on the market, although it's hard to believe—perhaps you have noticed it."

The grocer chuckled. "Have i noticed it? About half the corn offered from farmers' wagons is field corn. And they have the nerve to call it Golden Bantam! Can you beat that?"

"That is adding insult to injury—but how do they manage to put it across?" The grocer shrugged his shoulders.

A few days before I had occasion to hand a few cobs to a lady who would perhaps give me a testimonial if required. "Thanks," she said, "your corn is better than anything we get in the country. "I have just been home for two weeks"—which meant in the country—"and all the corn they had was what they could hook out of the fields."

Something for nothing—that must be the temptation. Why anyone with ground available for a garden should munch field corn is a puzzle. At certain stages it may be eatable, but as a rule, tasteless. For selling on the market it affords a rake-off, and at 20 cents a dozen runs into money. But no one familiar with choice table corn will knowingly buy ensilage.

It may be well to explain the difference. Field corn produces a robust cob, generally with thick centre, and as the grains mature they become hard and coarse. Picked at the milky stage it may be tender, and slightly sweet, but a liberal buttering and peppering are necessary to make it eatable. Quite often a cob of fair appearance will prove altogether delusive—a collection of tasteless warts on a thick club that contributes liberally in the form of splinters. Of course, field corn is not selected or bred up for table use, and the farmer who hooks his own supply from prospective cattle feed is really fooling himself.

Sweet Corn, of standard varieties, is tender and sweet just when the grains attain full size, and before they take on any trace of hardness. The grains are also deep and rich, and come away from the slender stick without irritating tags of the material of cob pipes. Long and careful selection has been required to get just the right balance, and even the best sorts are in prime eating condition for only a limited period. Needless to say, the best-known and most advertised is Golden Bantam.

The curious thing is that it was introduced only 17 years ago. Several sorts of small-cobbed yellow sweet corn have been known, but they were out of fashion, the larger white sorts having the call. Burpee, who introduced Golden Bantam, described it as from the private stock of a grower who had always refused to distribute seed. It has proved to be the one great hit in table corn, and so far has no rival. I happened to grow it the year it was first offered, and at once became interested. Many extravagant things have been written about Golden Bantam, but they are all true.

As most people know, it is a dwarf corn, about as early as any worth growing, bearing one or two small cobs to the plant. It can be planted closely, five seeds to a hill, in fact, as close as it can be cultivated. Owing to its dwarf habit it stands up well against windstorms, a matter of importance for small, unsheltered patches, and it also comes back pretty well after a knockdown. Middleton, of the Toronto News, who has a microscopic farm, and entertains his readers with bulletins in verse, had the following after an exceptionally bad summer storm:

A Letter and an Answer.

"Midland, Ont.—Sir: Re Golden Bantam corn. Don't worry, old top. My GBC was all down, but it is standing nearly straight again now. Hooray! O. B."

My corn was down,
I was the bluest gentleman
In all the town.
But though I did not lend a hand
It rose.
That Golden Bantam now stands up
And CROWS.

GOLDEN BANTAM is fit to use when the grains are creamy and the cobs stand away a little from the stalk. They look small, but swell up remarkably when cooked. There are differences of opinion as to how long, but my preference is for 25 to 30 minutes in slightly salted water.

As to the eating quality, one is tempted to use superlatives. Caught at the right stage, Bantam is absolutely tender, and parts from the stick at a touch. The grains are distinctly sweet and of a slightly musky flavour. They are good enough to eat even without butter, and a piece of cold boiled cob tastes like nut candy. The sugar content at this stage must be high. Unfortunately it does not last long, but there is often a secondary growth of suckers which bear small and usually imperfect cobs, which are of good eating quality and later than the main crop. Successive plantings are worth trying, and on a small scale. A few hills may be started in pots in the cold frame, and set out about the first of June.

Bantam responds liberally to careful selection. When first on the market many imperfect cobs were produced. My own experience of saving seed and sowing only from a cob of perfect form has been to produce a high percentage of similar cobs, and of the full average size.

Dad's Leisure Hour.

BOOKS YOU WILL READ

By WAYFARER

A ROMANCE OF FAR CATHAY.

A REVIEWER'S life is just one damned novel after another, but in the flotsam and jetsam thrown up on the Sea of Time there comes to shore every now and again a pearl of great price. Such a pearl is THE WANDERER ON A THOUSAND HILLS by Edith Wherry, which has just been received from Mr. S. B. Gundy, Toronto. Mrs. Wherry—who, by the way, is in private life the wife of a well-known Montreal physician—has laid the scene of her book in China, not the Chinatown of New York nor San Francisco, but the China that is as remote from our civilization to-day as it was when first fashioned by Time in the misty ages of the past. With consummate skill and exquisite charm she has brought very vividly before us the quaint home life and the curious social customs and religious beliefs of these strange people—so interesting yet so unlike ourselves.

Recently we read in an evening paper that a lady of our city expressed a horrified surprise on learning of the respect paid by the Chinese, both adult and juvenile, to their parents. That lady would be still more horrified did she but know that this filial piety is, perhaps, the dominating feature of home life in China, and that during the life time of his parents a son—daughters are of little or no account—has no will but their will, knows no way but their way. It is this filial piety on the part of the son, this contempt for the daughter that furnishes the theme of "A Wanderer on a Thousand Hills." Tung Mei, a young Chinese girl—a very lovable type of young woman—suddenly bereft of her husband and her baby and driven from home by her cruel parents-in-law, wanders out into the hills and finds the still living body of an English boy to whom she had been nurse before her marriage. He had lost his way in the terrible storm raging at that time and was nearly dead from fright and exposure. Clasping him to her bosom and thanking her gods for a son who would perform the prescribed rites for the repose of the soul of her dead husband, she carried him off to the home of her own father. Henceforward she devotes her life to the memory of her husband and the upbringing of Hsie Chin, the Divine Child, as she calls the precious foundling. How he grew up, how he attained the coveted honour of scholar-laureate, the highest academical honour in China, and what ultimately became of him and his foster-mother are told by Mrs. Wherry with a deftness and grace of diction all too rare in books written by residents of our country.

* * *

MR. KIPLING'S LATEST.

A NEW book by Rudyard Kipling is always an event in the literary world. For some time, in fact, since the war broke out, he has been busy, first rousing his countrymen to their awful danger because "the Hun is at the gate," then chronicling the doings of our splendid fleet which has successfully—and for all time, we hope—slammed the gate in the face of the murdering Hun.

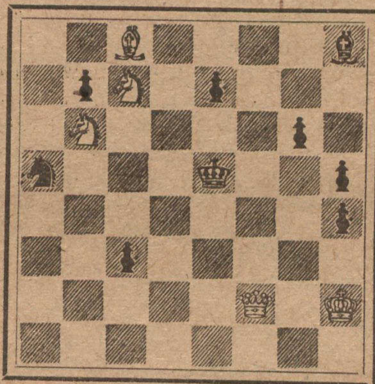
His new volume, A DIVERSITY OF CREATURES, published by the Macmillans in Canada, is a collection of stories, some written as far back as 1908, some as recently as 1915, which reveal Mr. Kipling's extraordinary versatility and his wonderful literary skill. The poetical summaries of the stories, so distinctive of his work, are models of compression and correct versification.

The first story in the book, "As Easy as A. B. C.," is somewhat cryptic. It deals with aeroplanes, with heat, light and sound, and electricity and magnetism in the wonderful manner in which Algernon Blackwood writes about these forces. It is very realistically done, however, for when Mr. Kipling writes about machines or machinery he is an expert engineer, and when he deals with physics he is a physicist—but always with a magical pen. So, too, in his military stories like "The Honours of War" he is more the soldier than even the fussiest old martinet. "The Friendly Brook" is a story of the soil of England which is flesh of his flesh and bone of his bone. When he writes of England, that wonderful little island that has mothered such a breed of mighty men as the world has never known before, then Mr. Kipling is at his best. He becomes

Address all communications for this department to the Chess Editor, Canadian Courier, 30 Grant St., Toronto.

PROBLEM NO. 137, by I. Smutny. (1910.)

Black.—Nine Pieces.



White.—Five Pieces.

White to play and mate in 3.

SOLUTIONS.

Problem No. 134, by A. J. Fink.

1, Qc6, BxPch; 2. Kt—B7 mate.
1. ..., KtxBP; 2. Kt—B3 mate.
1. ..., KtxQP; 2. R—K3 mate.
1. ..., P—B4; 2. Kt—KKt6 mate.
1. ..., Kt—KB6; 2. R—Qsq mate.

Problem No. 135, by H. Fischer.

1. R—Kt3, P—R5; 2. R—B3, P—R6; 3. B—Kt6, PxP mate.

TORONTO LADIES' CHAMPIONSHIP.

The Toronto Ladies' Championship for season 1916-1917 has been won by Miss Florence E. Spragge, daughter of Mrs. Arthur Spragge, who has done much to promote organized interest in chess amongst lady players in the city. Miss Spragge tied with Miss Elsie Banks in the tournament, and the three games were necessary, in the play off, to decide the issue—a hard-won victory, upon which the winner is to be congratulated.

To Correspondents.

(W.J.F.) Thanks for solutions. Your latest compound self-block, as you suggest, has rather lean strategy. A difficult task.

R. A. Fradkin, Lethbridge). No. 133 is a self-mate. See solution, last issue.

Correct solutions of problems No. 132 and 133 received from W. J. Faulkner, Toronto, and of No. 132 from G. Marler and D. Loomis, Lennoxville.

A CHESS BRILLIANT.

Played in 1907 at Lodz between Rotlevy and the great Russian master, A. Rubinstein.

Queen's Gambit Declined.

White. Rotlevy.	Black. Rubinstein.
1. P—Q4	1. P—Q4
2. Kt—KB3	2. P—K3
3. P—K3	3. P—QB4
4. P—B4	4. Kt—QB3
5. Kt—B3	5. Kt—B3
6. PxBP	6. BxP
7. P—QR3	7. P—QR3 (a)
8. P—QKt4	8. B—Q3
9. B—Kt2	9. Castles
10. Q—Q2 (b)	10. Q—K2 (c)
11. B—Q3	11. PxP
12. BxBP	12. P—QKt4
13. B—Q3	13. R—Qsq
14. Q—K2	14. B—Kt2
15. Castles	15. Kt—K4
16. KtxKt	16. BxKt
17. P—B4 (d)	17. B—B2
18. P—K4	18. QR—Bsq
19. P—K5	19. B—Kt3ch
20. K—Rsq	20. Kt—Kt5! (e)
21. B—K4 (f)	21. Q—R5!
22. P—Kt3 (g)	22. RxKt !!
23. PxQ (h)	23. R—Q7!! (i)
24. QxR (j)	24. BxBch
25. Q—Kt2	25. R—KR3!
Resigns (k)	

(a) P—QR4 is weakening.

(b) Not good. B—Q3, followed by Q—K2 was the correct development.

(c) Finely played. If in reply 11. PxP, PxP; 12. KtxP, then 12.., KtxKt; 13. QxKt, B—K3; 14. Q—Q2, KR—Qsq and White's difficulties are not offset by his Pawn to the good.

(d) Safer was 17. KR—Qsq.

(e) The initial move of an extremely brilliant winning combination. The faults in White's development now come to the surface.

(f) If 21. QxKt, RxB followed by either R—Q7 or R—B7 as opportunity offers.

(g) If instead 22. P—R3, the follows 22.., RxKt; 23. BxR (if 23. QxKt, then 23.., RxKRPch; 24. QxR, QxQch; 25. PxQ, BxBch; 26. K—R2, R—Q7ch, 27 K—Kt3, Black mates in three), BxB! (not 23.., P—KR4; 24. R—B3 preventing Q—Kt6) 24. QxB, Q—Kt6; 25. PxKt, Q—R5 mate. If here 24. QxKt, then 24.., QxQ; 25. PxQ, R—Q6, threatening mate and the Bishop, winning eventually.

(h) If 23 BxB, then 23.., RxKtP (threatening R—KR6 and KtxRP) 24. R—KKtsq, RxR; 25. RxR, Kt—B7ch; 26. K—Kt2, Q—R6 mate. Or 24. R—B3, RxR; 25. BxR, Kt—B7ch; 26. K—Ktsq, R—Q7 winning the Bishop. Of course if 23. BxR, Black mates, commencing 23.., BxBch.

(i) The point of the combination.

(j) If 24. BxB, then 24.., RxQ; 25. B—Kt2, R—KR6.

(k) The threatened mate cannot be parried. A fine game by Rubinstein.

Canada in War Paint

(Concluded from page 23.)

of range, rounded up and driven down the iron-cross birds, and, having dropped their "cartes de visite" at the railhead, are returning by ways that are swift and various to the place whence they came. All of which is most unsettling to the soul of Archibald.

In the evening, when the west is pink and gold, Archie's eyes grow wearied. He sees dimly many aeroplanes, here and there, going and coming, and he has been known to bark at the wrong one! Wherefore the homing aeroplane drops a star-signal very often to let him know that all is well, and that no German hawks menace the safety of the land over which he is the "ethereal" guardian, in theory, if not always in practice.

At night Archie slumbers profoundly. But the birds of the air do not always sleep. Many a night one hears the throb and hum of a machine crossing the line, and because Archie is asleep we pay him unconscious tribute: "Is it ours, or theirs?"

Once, not a mile from the front line, Archie dreamed he saw a Zeppelin. He awoke, stood to, and pointed his nose straight up in the air. Far above him, many thousands of feet aloft, a silvery, menacing sphere hung in the rays of the searchlights. And he barked his loudest and longest, but without avail, for the distance was too great. And the imaginative French folk heaped unintentional infamy upon him when they spoke quite placidly of "Archie baying at the moon!"

Win-the-War Mulloy

(Concluded from page 6.)

that. We differ mainly as to the form of unity and how much tinkering it will stand from the Oxford group. The unity of Canada has not been as yet achieved. The war has that also on its programme. The war is yet to burn up bigotries in this country—unless those bigotries are asbestos. The Win-the-War convention in Montreal next week, beginning with Empire Day, is the first big step in that direction with the impetus of Bonne Entente behind it.

Mulloy is a big enough man to be backed up by the country. If ever Canada rose it should be now. We have gone up on our hind heels over parish politics and howled ourselves hoarse over party leaders. Happily we don't need to make that sort of demonstration over the Win-the-War Idea based upon the Bonne Entente. It's no occasion for an uproar. It's more a case for silent prayer.

But then we forget; there are those who do not believe in national unity. One thinks about it as a wedge. The other as a club.

The Garden of Roses

(Concluded from page 20.)

disappear at the first sound he made. The girl followed him until the four people were close together, and then she spoke again.

"You did not kill them. My mother was only slightly wounded, and my sister fainted as you fired."

"They are alive," he said, dully, "and the others . . . they are alive, too."

The old lady bowed gravely. "The French have retaken the town as you slept," she said, contemptuously. "You had better go."

"I went before," he said, wonderingly, "and then I came back and everything is changed." Then he caught a glimpse of his own face in a mirror. "My hair was black and now it is white," he said, with a hoarse chuckle. "Yes, I will go. It is time."

And he walked out of the room, still laughing to himself.

Hodge Up Against it

(Concluded from page 17.)

It was the weather. The poor devils were homesick for walls and crowds and clack. They were clean hungry for somebody to heave along in a club-room and talk bunkum about saving the country—along with the Empire. All right. But they're properly stung. When the weather lifts they'll all be so sick of bank and other forms of smug, unprofitable insincerity that they'll put their eyes on sticks to look at a good hay job on this farm. They've got the soil in their souls. They'll never get it out. It's like the North—or falling in love."

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THIS directory includes the names of the leading Canadian firms making and handling the various classes of goods indicated. The Courier recommends these concerns as leaders in their classes and every prospective purchaser can rely upon getting honest wares from them. Most of them have years of reputation behind them. Moreover, they are "National" and a constant reminder of the steady growth in Canadian Industries. The Directory will appear in the last issue in each month. Watch it grow.

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NUMBER 70, BERLIN

(Continued from page 21.)

ard works upon that period. Indeed, while on the ground floor all was heavy, dull and gloomy, well in keeping with the dismal atmosphere which all the most famous West End doctors seem to cultivate, yet, on the floor above, one passed instantly into far brighter, more pleasant and more artistic surroundings.

Without waiting for the servant, Thomasson, to conduct him upstairs, Jack Sainsbury ran lightly up, as was his habit, and tried the door of the doctor's den, when, to his surprise, he found it locked.

He twisted the handle again, but it was certainly firmly fastened.

"Jerome!" he cried, tapping at the door. "Can I come in? It's Jack!"

But there was no reply. Sainsbury strained his ears at the door, but could detect no movement within.

A taxi-cab rushed past; then a moment later, when the sound had died away, he cried again—

"Jerome! I'm here! I want to see you, old fellow. Open the door."

Still there was no answer.

Thomasson, standing at the foot of the wide, old-fashioned stairs, heard his master's visitor, and asked—

"Is the door locked, sir?"

"Yes," Jack shouted back.

"That's very strange!" remarked the man. "I've let nobody in since Mr. Trustram, of the Admiralty, went away—about a quarter of an hour ago."

"Has he been here?" Jack asked. "I met him here the other day. He struck me as being a rather surly man, and I didn't like him at all," declared Sainsbury, with his usual frankness.

"Neither do I, sir, strictly between ourselves," replied Thomasson, quite frankly. "He's been here quite a lot lately. His wife consulted the master about three months ago, and that's how they first met, I believe. But can't you get in?"

"No. Curious, isn't it"

"Very. The doctor never locks his door in the usual way," Thomasson said, ascending the stairs with Sainsbury, and himself trying the handle.

He knocked loudly, asking—

"Are you in there, sir?" But still no response was given.

"I can't make this out, Mr. Sainsbury," exclaimed the man, turning to him with anxiety on his pale face. "The key's in the lock—on the inside too! He must be inside, and he's locked himself in. Why, I wonder?"

Jack Sainsbury bent and put his eye to the keyhole. The room within was lit, for he could see the well-filled bookcase straight before him, and an empty chair was plainly visible.

Intently he listened, for he thought in silence—at that moment there being an absence of traffic out in the street—that he heard a slight sound, as though of a low, metallic click.

Again he listened, holding his breath. He was not mistaken. A slight but quite distinct sharp click could be heard, as though a piece of metal had struck the window-pane. Once—twice—it was repeated, afterwards a long-drawn sigh.

Then he heard no more.

"Open the door, Jerrold!" he cried impatiently. "Don't play the fool. What's the matter, old chap?"

"Funny—very funny—isn't it!" Thomasson exclaimed, his brows knit in mystification.

"Most curious," declared Sainsbury, now thoroughly anxious. "How long was Mr. Trustram here?"

"He dined out with the doctor—at Prince's, I think—and they came back together about half-past nine. While Mr. Trustram was here he was on the telephone twice or three times. Once he was rung up by Mr. Lewin Rodwell."

"MR. LEWIN RODWELL!" echoed Sainsbury. "Did you happen to hear anything of their conversation?"

"Well, not much, sir," was the

servant's discreet reply. "I answered the 'phone at first, and it was Mr. Rodwell speaking. He told me who he was, and then asked if Mr. Trustram was with the doctor. I said he was, and at once went and called him."

"Did Mr. Trustram appear to be on friendly terms with Mr. Rodwell?" asked the young man eagerly.

"Oh! quite. I heard Mr. Trustram laughing over the 'phone, and saying 'All right—yes, I quite understand. It's awfully good of you to make the suggestion. I think it excellent. I'll propose it to-morrow—yes, at the club to-morrow at four.'"

Suggestion? What suggestion had Lewis Rodwell made to that official of the Transport Department—Lewin Rodwell, of all men!

Jack Sainsbury stood before that locked door, for the moment unable to think. He was utterly dumbfounded.

Those words he had heard in the board-room in the City that afternoon had burned themselves deeply into his brain. Lewin Rodwell was, it seemed, a personal friend of Charles Trustram, the well-known and trusted official to whose push-and-go the nation had been so deeply indebted—the man who had transported so many hundreds of thousands of our Expeditionary Force across the Channel, with all their guns, ammunition and equipment, without a single mishap. It was both curious and startling. What could it all mean?

THOMASSON again hammered upon the stout, old-fashioned door of polished mahogany.

"Speak, sir! Do speak!" he implored. "Are you all right?"

Still there was no reply.

"He may have fainted!" Jack suggested. "Something may have happened to him!"

"I hope not, sir," replied the man very anxiously. "I'll just run outside and see whether the window is open. If so, we might get a ladder."

The man dashed downstairs and out into the street, but a moment later he returned breathlessly, saying—

"No. Both windows are closed, just as I closed them at dusk. And the curtains are drawn; not a chink of light is showing through. All we can do, I fear, is to force the door."

"You are quite sure he's in the room?"

"Positive, sir."

"Did you see him after Mr. Trustram left?"

"No, I didn't. I let Mr. Trustram out, and as he wished me good-night he hailed a passing taxi, and then I went down and read the evening paper. I always have it after the doctor's finished with it."

"Well, Thomasson, what is to be done?" asked Sainsbury, essentially a young man of action. "We must get into this room—and at once. I don't like the present aspect of things a bit."

"Neither do I, sir. Below I've got the jemmy we use for opening packing-cases. We may be able to force the door with that."

And once again the tall, thin, wiry man disappeared below. Jack Sainsbury did not see how the man, when he had disappeared into the basement, stood in the kitchen his face blanhced to the lips and his thin hands trembling.

It was only at the moment when Thomasson was alone that his marvellous self-possession forsook him. On the floor above he remained cool, collected, anxious, and perfectly unruffled. Below, and alone, the cook and housemaid not having returned, they being out for a late evening at the theatre, a craven fear possessed him.

It would have been quite evident to the casual observer that the man, Thomasson, possessed some secret fear of what had occurred in the brief interval between Mr. Trustram's departure and Sainsbury's arrival. Tall and pale-faced, he stood in the big basement kitchen, with its rows of shining plated covers and plate-racks, motionless and statuesque: his head upon his breast, his teeth set, his cheeks as white as paper.

But only for a moment. A second later he drew a deep breath, nerved himself with a superhuman effort, and then, opening a cupboard, took out a steel tool with an axe-head at one end and a curved and pronged point at the other—very much like a burglar's jemmy. Such a tool was constructed for strong leverage, and, quite as cool as before, he carried it up the two flights of stairs to where Jack stood before the locked door, eager and impatient.

Sainsbury, being the younger of the pair, took it, and inserting the flat chisel-like end into the slight crevice between the stout polished door and the lintel, worked it in with leverage, endeavoring to break the lock from its fastening.

This proved unsuccessful, for, after two or three attempts, the woodwork of the lintel suddenly splintered and gave way, leaving the door locked securely as before.

Time after time he tried, but with no other result than breaking away the lintel of the door.

What mystery might not be contained in that locked room?

His hands trembled with excitement and nervousness. Once he had thought of summoning the police by telephone, but such an action might, he thought, for certain reasons which he knew, annoy his friend the doctor, therefore he hesitated.

Probably Jerrold had fainted, and as soon as they could get at him he would recover and be quite right again. He knew how strenuously he had worked of late at Guy's in those wards filled with wounded soldiers. Only two days before, Jerrold had told him, in confidence, that he very much feared a nervous breakdown, and felt that he must get away and have a brief rest.

Because of that, Sainsbury believed that his friend had fainted after his hard day at the hospital, and that as soon as they could reach him all would be well.

But why had he locked the door of his den? For what reason had he desired privacy as soon as Trustram had left him?

Again and again both of them used the steel lever upon the door, until at last, taking it from Thomasson's hands, Jack placed the bright curved prong half-way between the lock and the ground, and, with a well-directed blow, he threw his whole weight upon it.

There was a sharp snap, a crackling of wood, the door suddenly flew back into the room, and the young man, carried by the impetus of his body, fell headlong forward upon the dark red carpet within.

CHAPTER IV.

His Dying Words.

WHEN Jack recovered himself he scrambled to his feet and gazed around.

The sight which met both their eyes caused them ejaculations of surprise, for, near the left-hand window, the heavy plush curtains of which were drawn, Dr. Jerrold was lying, face downwards and motionless, his arms outstretched over his head.

Quite near lay his pet briar pipe, which had fallen suddenly from his mouth, showing that he had been in the act of smoking as, in crossing the room, he had been suddenly stricken.

Without a word, both Sainsbury and Thomasson fell upon their knees and lifted the prostrate form. The limbs were warm and limp, yet the white face, with the dropped jaw and the aimless, staring eyes, was horrible to behold.

"Surely he's not dead, sir!" gasped the manservant anxiously, in an awed voice.

"I hope not," was Sainsbury's reply. "If so, there's a mystery here that we must solve." Then, bending to him, he shook him slightly and cried, "Jerome! Jerome! Speak to me. Jack Sainsbury!"

"I'll get some water," suggested Thomasson, and, springing up, he crossed the room to where, upon a side table, stood a great crystal bowl full of flowers. These he cast aside, and, carrying the bowl across, dashed water into his master's face.

SAINSBURY, who had the doctor's head raised upon his knee, shook him and repeated his appeal, yet the combined efforts of the pair failed to arouse the prostrate man.

"What can have happened?" queried Jack, gazing into the wide-open, staring eyes of his friend, as he pulled his limp body towards him and examined his hands.

"It's a mystery, sir—ain't it?" remarked Thomasson.

"One thing is certain—that the attack was very sudden. Look at his pipe! It's still warm. He was smoking when, of a sudden, he must have collapsed."

"I'll ring up Sir Houston Bird, over in Cavendish Square. He's the doctor's greatest friend," suggested Thomasson, and next moment he disappeared to speak to the well-known pathologist, leaving Sainsbury to gaze around the room of mystery.

It was quite evident that something extraordinary had occurred there in the brief quarter of an hour which had elapsed between Mr. Trustram's departure and Jack's arrival. But what had taken place was a great and inscrutable mystery.

Sainsbury recollected that strange metallic click he had heard so distinctly. Was it the closing of the window? Had someone escaped from the room while he had been so eagerly trying to gain entrance there?

He gazed down into his friend's white, drawn face—a weird, haggard countenance, with black hair. The eyes stared at him so fixedly that he became horrified.

He bent to his friend's breast, but could detect no heart-beats. He snatched up a big silver photograph frame from a table near and held it close to the doctor's lips, but upon the glass he could discover no trace

Was he dead? Surely not.

Yet the suggestion held him aghast. The hands were still limp and warm, the cheeks warm, the white brow slightly damp. And yet there was no sign of respiration, so inert and motionless was he.

He was in well-cut evening clothes, with a fine diamond sparkling in his well-starched shirt-front. Jerome Jerrold had always been well dressed, and even though he had risen to that high position in the medical profession, he had always dressed even foppishly, so his traducers had alleged.

Jack Sainsbury unloosed the black satin cravat, tore off his collar, and opened his friend's shirt at the throat. But it was all of no avail. There was no movement—no sign of life.

A few moments later Thomasson came back in breathless haste.

"I've spoken to Sir Houston, sir," he said. "He's on his way round in a taxi."

Then both men gazed on the prostrate form which Sainsbury supported, and as they did so there slowly came a faint flush into the doctor's face. He drew a long breath, gasped for a second, and his eyes relaxed as he turned his gaze upon his friend. His right arm moved, and his hand gripped Sainsbury's arm convulsively.

For a few moments he looked straight into his friend's face inquiringly, gazing intently, first as though he realized nothing and then in slow recognition.

"Why, it's Jack!" he gasped, recognizing his friend. "You—I—I felt a sudden pain—so strange, and in an instant I—ah! I—I wonder—save me —I—I—ah! how far off you are! No —no! don't leave me—don't. I—I've been shot—shot!—I know I have—ah! what pain—what agony! I——"

And, drawing a long breath, he next second fell back into Sainsbury's arms like a stone.

Ten minutes later a spruce, young-looking, clean-shaven man entered briskly with Thomasson, who introduced him as Sir Houston Bird.

In a moment he was full of concern regarding his friend Jerrold, and, kneeling beside the couch whereon Sainsbury and Thomasson had placed him, quickly made an examination.

"Gone! I'm afraid," he said at last, in a low voice full of emotion, as he critically examined the eyes.

Jack Sainsbury then repeated his friend's strange words, whereupon the great pathologist—the expert whose evidence was sought by the Home Office in all mysteries of crime—exclaimed—

"The whole affair is certainly a mystery. Poor Jerrold is dead, without a doubt. But how did he die?"

THOMASSON explained in detail Mr. Trustram's departure, and how, a quarter of an hour later, Sainsbury had arrived.

"The doctor had never before, to my knowledge, locked this door," he went on. "I heard him cheerily wishing Mr. Trustram good-night as he came down the stairs, and I heard him say that he was not to fail to call tomorrow night at nine, as they would then carry the inquiry further."

"What inquiry?" asked Sir Houston, quickly.

"Ah! sir—that, of course, I don't know," was the servant's response. "My master seemed in the highest of spirits. I just caught sight of him

at the head of the stairs, smoking his pipe as usual after his day's work."

The great pathologist knit his brows and cast down his head thoughtfully. He was a man of great influence, the head of his profession—for, being the expert of the Home Office, his work, clever, ingenious, and yet cool and incisive, was to lay the accusing finger upon the criminal.

Hardly a session passed at the Old Bailey but Sir Houston Bird appeared in the witness box, spruce in his morning coat, and presenting somewhat the appearance of a bank-clerk; yet, in his cold, unemotional words, he explained to the jury the truth as written plainly by scientific investigation. Many murderers had been hanged upon his words, always given with that strange, deliberate hesitation, and yet words that could never, for a moment, be shaken by counsel for the defence.

Indeed, long ago defending counsel had given up cross-examination on any evidence presented by Sir Houston Bird, who had at his service the most expert chemists and analysts which our time could produce.

"This is a mystery," exclaimed the great expert, gazing upon the body of his friend with his big grey eyes. "Do you tell me that he was actually locked in here?"

"Yes, Sir Houston," replied Thomasson.

"Curious—most curious," exclaimed the great pathologist, as though speaking to himself. Then, addressing Sainsbury, after the latter had been speaking, he said: "The poor fellow declared that he'd been shot. Is that so?"

"Yes. He said that he felt a sudden and very sharp pain, and the words he used were, 'I've been shot! I know I have!'"

"And yet there appears no trace of any wound, or injury," Sir Houston remarked, much puzzled.

"Both windows and door were secured from the inside, therefore no assassin could possibly escape, sir," declared Thomasson. "I suppose there's no one concealed here in the room?" he added, glancing apprehensively around.

IN a few moments the three men had examined every nook and corner of the apartment—the two long cupboards, beneath the table, behind the heavy plush curtains and the chenille portiere. But nobody was in concealment.

The whole affair was a profound mystery.

Sir Houston, dark-eyed and thoughtful, gazed down upon the body of his friend.

Sainsbury and Thomasson had already removed Jerrold's coat, and were searching for any bullet-wound. But there was none. Again Sir Houston inquired what the dying man had actually said, and again Sainsbury repeated the disjointed words which the prostrate man had gasped with his dying breath.

To the pathologist it was quite clear first that Jerome Jerrold believed he had been shot; secondly, that no second person could have entered the room, and thirdly, that the theory of assassination might be at once dismissed.

"I think that poor Jerrold has died a natural death—sudden and painful, for if he had been shot some wound would most certainly show," Sir Houston remarked.

"There will have to be an inquest, won't there?" asked Sainsbury.

"Of course. And, Thomasson, you had better ring up the police at once and inform them of the facts," urged Sir Houston, who, turning again to Sainsbury, added: "At the post-mortem we shall, of course, quickly establish the cause of death."

Again he bent, and with his forefinger drew down the dead man's nether lip.

"Curious," he remarked, as though speaking to himself, as he gazed into the white, distorted face. "By the symptoms I would certainly have suspected poisoning. Surely he can't have committed suicide!"

And he glanced eagerly around the room, seeking to discover any bottle, glass, or cup that could have held a fatal draught.

"I don't see anything which might lead us to such a conclusion, Sir Houston," answered Sainsbury.

"But he may have swallowed it in tablet form," the other suggested.

"Ah! yes. I never thought of that!"

"His dying words were hardly the gasping remarks of a suicide."

"Unless he wished to conceal the fact that he had taken his own life?" remarked Sainsbury.

"If he committed suicide, then he will probably have left some message behind him. They generally to," Sir Houston said; whereupon both men crossed to the writing-table, which, neat and tidy, betrayed the well-ordered life its owner had led.

An electric lamp with a shade of pale green silk was burning, and showed that the big padded writing-chair had recently been occupied. Though nothing lay upon the blotting pad, there were, in the rack, three letters the man now dead had written and stamped for post. Sainsbury took them and glanced at the addresses.

"Had we not better examine them?" he suggested; and, Sir Houston consenting, he tore them open one after the other and quickly read their contents. All three, however, were professional letters to patients.

Next they turned their attention to the waste-paper basket. In it were a number of letters which Jerrold had torn up and cast away. Thomasson having gone to the telephone to inform the police of the tragic affair, the pair busied themselves in piecing together the various missives and reading them.

All were without interest—letters such as a busy doctor would receive every day. Suddenly, however, Sainsbury spread out before him some crumpled pieces of cartridge-paper which proved to be the fragments of a large, strong envelope, which had been torn up hurriedly and discarded.

There were words on the envelope in Jerrold's neat handwriting, and in ink which was still blue in its freshness. As Sainsbury put them together he read, to his astonishment:

"Private. For my friend, Mr. John Sainsbury, of Heath Street, Hampstead. Not to be opened until one year after my death."

Sir Houston, attracted by the cry of surprise which escaped Sainsbury's lips, looked over his shoulder and read the words.

"Ah!" he sighed. "Suicide! I thought he would leave something!"

CHAPTER V.

Certain Curious Facts.

BOTH men searched eagerly through the drawers of the writing-table to see if the dead man had left another envelope addressed to his friend. Two of the drawers were locked, but these they opened with the key which they found upon poor Jerrold's watch-chain which he was wearing.

Some private papers, accounts and ledgers, were in the drawers, but the envelope of which they were in search they failed to discover.

It seemed evident that Jerome Jerrold had written the envelope in which he had enclosed a letter, but, on reflection, he had torn it up. Though the crumpled fragments of the envelope were there, yet the letter—whatever it might have been—was missing. And their careful examination of the waste-paper basket revealed nothing, whereupon Sir Houston Bird remarked:

"He may, of course, have changed his mind, and burned it, after all!"

"Perhaps he did," Jack agreed. "But I wonder what could have been the message he wished to give me a year after his death? Why not now?"

"People who take their own lives sometimes have curious hallucinations. I have known many. Suicide is a fascinating, if very grim study."

"Then you really think this is a case of suicide?"

"I can, I fear, give no opinion until after the post-mortem, Mr. Sainsbury," was Sir Houston's guarded reply, his face grave and thoughtful.

"BUT it is all so strange, so remarkable," exclaimed the younger man. "Why did he tell me that he'd been shot, if he hadn't?"

"Because to you, his most intimate friend, he perhaps, as you suggested, wished to conceal the fact that he had been guilty of the cowardly action of taking his own life," was the reply.

"It is a mystery—a profound mystery," declared Jack Sainsbury. "Jerome dined with Mr. Trustram, and the latter came back here with him. Meanwhile, Mr. Lewin Rodwell was very anxious concerning him. Why? Was Rodwell a friend of Jerome's? Do you happen to know that?"

"I happen to know to the contrary," declared the great pathologist. "Only a week ago we met at Charing Cross Hospital, and some chance remark brought up Rodwell's name, when Jerrold burst forth angrily, and declared most emphatically that the man who posed as such a patriotic Englishman would, one day, be unmasked and exposed in his true colours. In confidence, he made an allegation that Lewin Rodwell's real name was Ludwig Heitzman, and that he was born in Hanover. He had become a naturalized Englishman ten years ago in Glasgow, and had, by deed-poll, changed his name to Lewin Rodwell."

Jack Sainsbury stared the speaker full in the face.

Lewin Rodwell, the great patriot who, since the outbreak of war, had been in the forefront of every charitable movement, who had been belauded by the Press, and to whom the Prime Minister had referred in the most eulogistic terms in the House of Commons, was a German!

"That's utterly impossible," exclaimed Jack. "He is one of the directors of the Ochrida Copper Corporation, in whose office I am. I know Mr. Rodwell well. There's no trace whatever of German birth about him."

"Jerrold assured me that his real name was Heitzman, that he had been

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born of poor parents, and had been educated by an English shipping-agent in Hamburg, who had adopted him and sent him to England. On the Englishman's death he inherited about two thousand pounds, which he made the nucleus of his present fortune."

"That's all news to me," said Jack, reflectively; "and yet——"

"What? Do you know something regarding Rodwell, then?" inquired Sir Houston, quickly.

"No," he replied. "Nothing very extraordinary. What you have just told me surprises me greatly."

"Just as it surprised me. Yet, surely, his case is only one of many similar. Thousands of Germans have come here, and become naturalized Englishmen."

"A German who becomes a naturalized Englishman is a traitor to his own country, while he poses as our friend. I contend that we have no use for traitors of any sort in England to-day," declared Jack, vehemently; both men being still engaged in searching the dead man's room to discover the message which it appeared had been his intention to leave after his death. They had carefully examined the grate, but found no trace of any burnt paper. Yet, from the fact that a piece of red sealing-wax and a burnt taper lay upon the writing-table, it appeared that something had been recently sealed, though the torn envelope bore no seal.

If an envelope had been sealed, then where was it?

"We shall, no doubt, be able to establish the truth of Jerrold's allegation by reference to the register of naturalized Germans kept at the Home Office," Sir Houston said at last.

Jack was silent for a few moments, and then answered:

"That, I fear, may be a little difficult. Jerrold has often told me how it had been discovered that it was a favourite dodge of Germans, after becoming naturalized and changing their names by deed-poll, to adopt a second and rather similar name, in order to avoid any inquiry along the channel which you have just suggested. As an example, if Ludwig Heitzman became naturalized, then it is more than probable that when he changed his name by deed-poll he did not adopt the name of Lewin Rodwell, but something rather near it."

"Very likely," was the great doctor's remark.

Suddenly Jack Sainsbury paused and, facing his companion, said:

"LOOK here, Sir Houston. In this tragic affair I believe there's something more than suicide. That's my firm opinion. Reflect for one moment, and follow my suspicions. Poor Jerome, in addition to his profession, has for some years been unofficially assisting the Intelligence Department of the War Office. He was one of the keenest and cleverest investigators in England. He scented acts of espionage as a terrier does a rat, and by his efforts half a dozen, or so, dangerous spies have been arrested and punished. In a modest way I have been his assistant, and have helped to watch and follow suspected persons. Together, we have traced cases of petrol-running to the coast, investigated night-signalling in the southern counties, and other things, therefore I happen to know that he was keen on the work. Curious that he never told me of his grave suspicions regarding Mr. Rodwell."

"Perhaps he had a reason for concealing them from you," was the other's reply.

"But he was always so frank and open with me, because I believe that he trusted in my discretion to say nothing."

"Probably he had not verified his facts, and intended to do so before revealing the truth to you."

"Yes, he was most careful always to obtain corroboration of everything, before accepting it," was Jack's reply. "But certainly what you have just told me arouses a grave suspicion."

"Of what?"

"Well—that our poor friend, having gained knowledge of Lewin Rodwell's birth and antecedents, may, in all probability, have probed further into his past and——"

"Into his present, I think more likely," exclaimed the great doctor. "Ah! I quite see the line of your argument," he added, quickly. "You suggest that Rodwell may have discovered that Jerrold knew the truth, and that, in consequence, death came suddenly and unexpectedly—eh?"

Jack Sainsbury nodded in the affirmative.

"BUT surely Trustram, who was one of Jerrold's most intimate friends, could not have had any hand in foul play! He was the last man who saw him alive. No," he went on. "My own experience shows me that poor Jerrold has died of poisoning, and as nobody has been here, or could have escaped from the room, it must have been administered by his own hand."

"But do you not discern the motive?" cried Sainsbury. "Rodwell has risen to a position of great affluence and notoriety. He is a bosom friend of Cabinet Ministers, and to him many secrets of State are confided. He, and his friend Sir Boyle Huntley, play golf with Ministers, and the name of Lewin Rodwell is everywhere to-day one to conjure with. He has, since the war, risen to be one of the most patriotic Englishmen—a man whose unselfish efforts are praised and admired from one end of Great Britain to another. Surely he would have become desperate if he had the least suspicion that Jerome Jerrold had discovered the truth, and intended to unmask him—as he had openly declared to you."

"Yes, yes, I see," Sir Houston replied, dubiously. "If there were any traces of foul play I should at once be of the same opinion. But you see they do not exist."

"Whether there are traces, or whether there are none, nothing will shake my firm opinion, and that is that poor Jerome has been assassinated, and the motive of the crime is what I have already suggested."

"Very well; we shall clear it up at the post mortem," was the doctor's reply, while at that moment Thomasson re-entered, followed by a police-officer in plain clothes and two constables in uniform.

On their entry, Sainsbury introduced Sir Houston Bird, and told them his own name and that of his dead friend.

Then the officer of the local branch of the Criminal Investigation Department sat down at the dead man's writing-table and began to write in his note-book the story of the strange affair, as dictated by Jack.

(To be continued.)

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Little Thrift Stories

(Continued from page 22.)

plan was followed the next year, and at the end of that time, with the addition of the savings from his regular wages, he found himself with a bank balance of six hundred and twenty dollars. He then bought a house and lot in the neighbourhood for the sum of $1,000. The house was a dilapidated one, but Brown felt that with a few improvements it could be made quite presentable. His cash payment was $500—with a mortgage. He had a cash balance of $100 and he used this in improving the house. Being quite a carpenter himself, he was able to repair the fence, walk, and other worn-out parts at small cost. A coat of paint was applied to the outside and the inside re-papered with cheap but presentable paper, doing all this work himself. When this work was finished, the house was one of the best appearing in the district and he had no difficulty in selling it for $1,400, the buyer paying $900 cash and assuming the mortgage of $500. This was the beginning. He followed the same policy of buying and selling until he is now dealing in houses of the five thousand dollar class."

"Well, Fred Smith said the very same thing to me when I was at his house last week," chimed in Dancey, at this stage, leaning forward on one knee as he usually does when he has anything buzzing in his beehive.

"Fred was at one time a stenographer at Thompson's. At that time they employed about fifty stenographers. Smith desired to be his own boss. To do this he must acquire cash. He had no idea at the time just how he was going to use it, but he felt that an opportunity of employing it to good advantage would come. The amount that he was able to lay aside from his wages did not satisfy him, so he looked for some way of supplementing his pay. He considered many things, from book-keeping to selling life insurance in his spare hours, but finally decided to try typewriting and stenography at night.

"He went about it in a business like way. On the very start he decided that he would not overwork himself, but that he would take the proper amount of outdoor exercise and certain evenings off. He purchased a typewriter of his own—a second-hand one that would allow him to turn out good work. He was not overcrowded with work on the start, but what he did do he did well, so that once he secured a patron, he kept him. He continued this for about a year, during which he made a good deal of extra money in his spare time, but so much work gradually began to come in that he was not able to look after it in the time allotted. It was at this period that he began to consider the possibility of making a regular business of public stenography. An investigation of the field brought out even greater possibilities than he had at first anticipated, and he decided to go into it on a considerable scale. The money he had saved now allowed him to open an office and install a multigraph machine and other equipment for properly looking after this work. To-day he has a staff of six in his office and spends all his time in soliciting business and looking after the management of the office."

(To be continued.)

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