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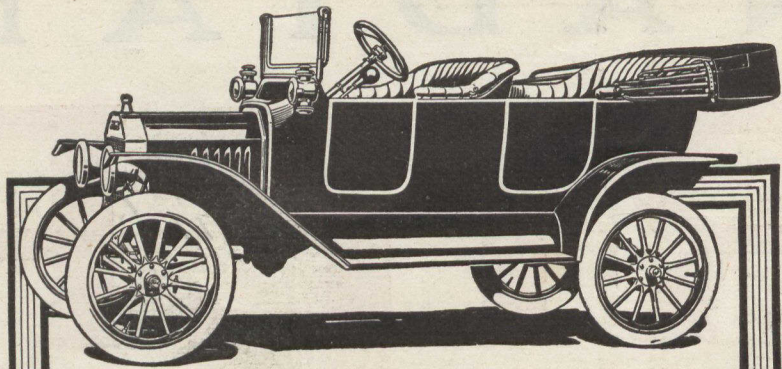
A Canadian Corporal in the West bidding good-bye to his wife and children before going to the front.

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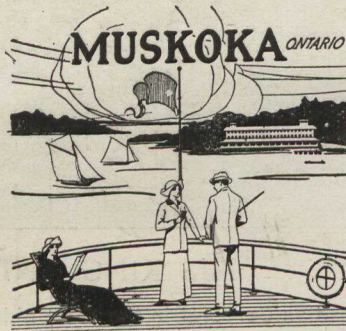
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THE ITALIAN LORDS OF WAR.

King Vittorio Emmanuele III, at the head of his general staff, who has taken the field in person against the Austrians. He is the centre figure in the picture.



A VETERAN GENERAL.

General Conava, hero in the war against the Turks, is the von Hindenburg of Italy.



ITALIAN FIELD ARTILLERY IN ACTION.

The range of the Italian field gun, of which this is a good sample, is 6,000 yards, as compared to the French 9,000 and the German 6,600.

# WHY DO THE NATIONS RAGE ?

*Because Germany is the Organized Enemy of all Free and Independent Peoples*

By JAMES JOHNSTON

WHY do the nations so furiously rage together?" says von Bethmann-Hollweg, piously, to the lord of Potsdam.

"And the people imagine a vain thing?" echoes the Kaiser. "God punish Italy!"

Punishing nations seems to be the Kaiser's chief pastime. But he has been so long gnashing at England without hurting her much, that he may find it

a very startling business to keep Italy from making bad inroads upon Austria. Of course Italy has not declared war on Germany. A mere matter of form. It was not the departure of the Austrian ambassador that broke up the game of international poker along the Adriatic, but the polished exit of Prince von Buelow, ambassador extraordinary from Berlin. One of these days, however, the Kaiser will detach a few army corps from some segment of the war circle around the Fatherland and hurl them against the Italians. One of these days, also, he will take his last stand in the middle of Germany, the great circus-master cracking the whip over Germans, Austrians and Turks. The entrance of the Italian million of armed men and the Italian navy of fine second-class fighting power into the conflict puts the greatest peninsula of Europe to the south in league with the greatest Island in the world to the north; it makes almost a complete ring of bristling war around the Teutons except on the south Austrian frontier; and it reduces Germany and Austria to the condition of the most colossal state of siege ever known in the history of war.

that memorable document drawn up and reaffirmed; first in 1887, when Bismarck was the Machiavelli behind; again in 1891, 1902, and 1911. At each renewal it was clearly set forth—for defensive purposes only. Hence the necessity for Germany to pretend that the war was really started by the Allies

cause Austria had to be watched or she would play the game of grab still further among the Balkan states east of the Latin states once owned by Italy. The grabbing of Bosnia-Herzegovina from Serbia was Austria's first breach of the Alliance. In 1913, when Austria sent her ultimatum to Serbia, Italy was not consulted—but insulted; her opinion was not wanted. Proof—that this was to be war, not of defence, but

of aggression. Italy demurred. Austria tried to bludgeon her into war. She declared her neutrality; reasons—that she was not allied to take part in an aggressive war, and that to join the Teutons would be to expose her own fleet in the Adriatic to the Mediterranean fleets of France and England.

SO the Austrian ambassador, who up till nearly the end of 1913 had been playing first fiddle to Germany's envoy, soon took second desk when Prince von Buelow, with the silk hat, the cane and gloves, came over from Berlin with a whole battery of Machiavellian methods to work on the poker-players along the Adriatic. By this time Baron Sonnino had become Foreign Minister in Italy. He was a snag in von Buelow's path. Sonnino understood this smiling Prince and ex-Chancellor, who spoke Latin and Teutonic and had an Italian wife and a villa on the outskirts of Rome. Sonnino remembered what von Buelow had himself said in October, that—"the intervention of Italy against Austria after the two countries had been bound for years by the treaty of alliance would be



ITALIAN SHARPSHOOTERS AT LONG RANGE.

Italian infantry in action are only less remarkable than the fierce Italian cavalry; and they will be much more useful in this war.

—on the principle long ago enunciated by Bismarck that no war, however successful, is justifiable unless you can prove that the other fellow started it.

There were three sides to this triangle; and Germany did her best to occupy two of them. Bismarck created the Alliance to put a solid German-built wall across Europe between the Latin and the Anglo-Saxon in the west and the Slav in the east. Austria went in because Germany made her do so; Italy be-

a violation of international rights such as the world never saw before." Von Buelow feared that Italy would arm against Austria. He worked tooth and nail to prevent it. He would be satisfied with Italian neutrality. Sonnino and Premier Salandra gave him no guarantees. They held out for concessions to Italy along the Adriatic to balance the aggression of Austria upon Serbia. At the same time the army was being strengthened, equipped and stimulated to

Why has Italy entered the war? And why did she take ten months to make up her mind? Blunderbund German diplomacy; as with the United States, so worse with Italy, whose people and army got tired of international poker along the Adriatic with the Balkan States and Italia Irredenta as stakes in the game. Long ago Germany spoiled the Triple Alliance by dragooning into it the Turk, who a short while ago was the field enemy of Italy. Four times was



patriotic enthusiasm. "Italia Irredenteo" became a slogan.

The Prince quit trying to win over Salandra and Sonnino, who wanted such explicit terms. He began to dicker with a disgruntled patriot and ex-Premier, Signor Giolitti, an intimate friend of his and leader of the Giolittiani. Von Buelow played his cards to get Salandra out and Giolitti in at the head of a neutralist Cabinet. Salandra countered on him by boldly denouncing the Triple Alliance, which he should have done months before, and tendering to the King his resignation. That was on May 4, at the celebration of the Garibaldian expedition. The whole Cabinet went out with him. Popular demonstrations reached to mob dimensions. The people and the army scented the poker-playing game of treason and shouted for Salandra and Sonnino. The King refused to accept the resignations. The Chamber of Deputies endorsed the King and the Salandra Cabinet. By an overwhelming majority they voted to go to war with Austria.

THE national schism was over. Italy declared war, for which she was not only ready, but wildly enthusiastic. Socialists buried their differences with other people as completely as they did in France and Germany. Women suffrage leaders threw in their lot with the people and the war. Once more Germany had misinterpreted a nation. Von Buelow had failed. He was the only man in Germany who could have kept Italy out of war so long. His failure meant a fiasco for all German diplomacy. Italian troops invaded Austria along the north-eastern shore of the Adriatic. The Italian navy went into action against the Austrian. Memories of Garibaldi and Mazzini swept over a united Italy, roused to get back from Austria what Austria had grabbed by force and

with the backing of Germany. Prince von Buelow naively says that Austrian and German troops are so intermingled on the firing line that Italian soldiers may kill German troopers, which, of course, might mean war with Germany also.

BUT what does Italy care? She understands that to fight Austria is to fight Germany, and she intends now to achieve her independence as a free State against both the Teutonic nations. There are various theories as to what Italy's advent on the stage means to the Allies. There is but one sound opinion as to what it must mean to Germany. One of the English papers that made the attack upon Kitchener, went so far when war was declared by Italy as to let its Copenhagen correspondent state that Germany had 2,000,000 fresh reserves to move up front, and that in Berlin's estimate 500,000 of her first lines would be sufficient to handle the Italian army.

But Berlin knows very much better. There may not be in the Italian army the preponderance of enormously heavy artillery and high explosives found in the German army. But the infantry arm is up to a million in numbers of men ready to take the field, some of them already there, all well equipped, eager as March winds and only recently experienced in warfare with the Turks. A million more are in reserve. Thus, according to Hilaire Belloc's recent estimates, the whole strength of the Italian army is only about 400,000 less than the entire reserves of Germany at the beginning of war. In his opinion, Germany is already on her last 800,000 draft of these reserves, just as Italy throws her weight with 2,000,000 fresh men on the southern front. Italy's entrance means enormously the super-weight of men on the side of the Allies. And with enough men to

keep Germany and Austria switching army corps from one front to another, the Austro-German offensive should be retarded quite enough to permit Mr. Lloyd George to catch up with his high explosives and other munitions.

The Italian navy, by some reckoned as the fourth, by others the sixth in Europe, will have an immediate effect on the Allies side of the war in the Mediterranean. If the Dardanelles scheme is still to be pushed through, the release of French warships from the Adriatic and of possible Italian land forces to aid in the land operations on the Dardanelles ought to give some extra shove to operations in that quarter. And the work of the Italian navy will be to get for Italy the complete control of the Adriatic.

At present the Italians are passing through the stage that France experienced during the early part of the war. The French were eager for "revanche" and Alsace-Lorraine. The Italians are just as eager for revenge and getting their feet once more on the soil of Italia Irredenta. When they have passed through that glorified delirium the Italian army will settle down to be a real side partner with the French, the British and the Russian in closing in upon Germany and Austria.

THEN if the German chancellor asks the Kaiser—"Why do the nations—?" the Emperor will probably realize that the people do not imagine a vain thing. Italy going to war means more than 2,000,000 men plus a good navy against Germany. It means that there is no great power left in Europe, either in war time or in the peace that follows, that is anything but a foe to Germany. And this is a prospect that it will take a few generations of nation-building and diplomacy and international forgetfulness to undo.

## "They'll Give Kaiser Bill Something to Think About"

*A Visit to a Canadian Artillery Camp in England, With Some Opinions Collected by the Way—Ninth Letter*

By G. M. L. BROWN

Special Correspondent of the Courier with Kitchener's Army

I RAN over to the old town of Jewes the other day (that is not quite the name, but at least it rhymes accurately, and one can't be too circumspect with the censor) to see my friend Nosworthy, now a full-blossomed gunner, gaily accoutred in his riding togs, with whip, spurs, lanyard and bandolier complete. From his clicking heels to his newly-inoculated right arm, Nosworthy was a finished and peculiarly fine specimen of the khaki warrior. If Britain had two million of his like she might confidently sound the advance on the Rhine almost any fine day. Unfortunately there are others, myself included, who either in physique or temperament are bound to remain Kitchenerites—supers, so to speak, upon the martial stage.

Jewes is a peculiarly attractive old place, even for quaint Sussex, and ordinarily one might spend days in sauntering through its ancient streets, viewing its historic landmarks, such as the Jewes Castle, the ruined Priory, the cottage that still bears the

name of Anne of Breves (temporary spouse of Henry VIII.), etc., until its somnambulistic atmosphere had obliterated all modern memories, including the cataclysmic events of recent months.

But not on the day I saw Jewes—no sir-ee!—that was quite another Jewes; an electrified Jewes, a distracted Jewes, a Jewes suddenly and rudely awakened, to find itself crashing from its medieval couch upon a hard, materialistic twentieth century floor.

JEWES, in brief, had that day received a visit, or, better, a visitation, and in a trice all thoughts of Anne of Breves and old King Hal, and even that pristine yet perennial topic, the price of Southdown mutton, had vanished utterly, leaving the inhabitants numb and speechless. For Jewes had

received its taste of modern war.

It began with a low rumble far over the Downs, which soon developed into a first-class representation of an artillery duel in the Carpathians. Presently a cloud of dust was observed, and then, on the Duckfield highway leading directly into the centre of the town, emerged a brigade of horse artillery, galloping as if the fate of the Empire was in the balance. Down they came with a roar and a rattle that must have shaken the very foundations of its ancient priory.

"You should just have seen them, mister," remarked a venerable citizen, stroking his beard. "It was them Canadians from Bearsfield, I've since heard, going through to Lighton to repel the Germans. But at first we thought they must a-been the Germans themselves, such a unholy disturbance they did make, sir."

"Tell me about it," I asked of my friend after our respective healths had been duly cemented.

"It certainly was a ripping sight," laughed Nosworthy, "to see that Brigade come down the hill on the dead gallop and tear through the main street, ripping up the pavements—all right, look there if you don't believe me—and out by the Lighton turnpike like a through express—blame but you should have seen the old cronies sit up and gasp!"

"Out on a practice march, I suppose?"

"Of course—or, rather, a practice charge."

"But who said they were Canadians?" I demanded. "I didn't know there were any Canadians nearer than Shorncliff."

"Why, there are two brigades of Canadian Light Artillery over on Prince Dunster's estate at Bearsfield Park—just beyond Duckfield—and a jolly fit bunch they are."

My old-time pal, as will be remembered, is a Gothamized Briton; hence the blended character of his colloquialisms.

"Well," I announced, "I know where I shall spend next Saturday afternoon—d' yuh wanta come along?"

"Sure thing," quoth Nosworthy.

BUT by a series of mishaps we missed each other at the hour appointed, and so I journeyed on alone. I alighted at Duckfield, and seeing some Army Service men loitering at the station "pub," stepped up to enquire my direction.

"What kind of chaps are these Canadians?" I asked, well knowing their impartial, albeit critical attitude towards all branches of the Service. For the A. S. C. bears about the same relation to the fighting units of the army as the art critic to art-servants, in a sense, of their more professional comrades (and none too honest the latter are apt to taunt), they nevertheless give to themselves a certain air of superiority.

Consequently it was with both surprise and gratification that I listened to the following eulogy, which, though somewhat condensed, is essentially as I heard it:

"Well, there's no use in any bloke's saying those chaps can't ride, for they can. Honestly, we've never seen anything like it in England. They come into this here station to get the mails and they nearly

(Continued on page 18.)



WHAT CANADIAN PRISONERS IN GERMANY MAY BE DOING.

British Prisoners in Germany marching out to their day's labour on the land under German guards. As Germany expected to put in and harvest this year's crop largely by means of women, children and old men unable to fight, the free labour of hundreds of thousands of prisoners of war may prove a great help. While this is not according to strict international ethics, it is quite in line with German general policy. It will be remembered that the war did not start until August, when Germany's 1914 crop was all gathered. And though Germany has raised doleful wailings about the starvation blockade of British ships, no one expects that Germany, with her intensive methods of farming and her fields unspoiled by war, will be unable to gather in a good, fat harvest in 1915.





Major G. Godson-Godson, of the 72nd Seaforth Highlanders, of Vancouver, was wounded in the heavy fighting near Ypres, while serving with the 16th Highland battalion.



Major J. E. Leckie, a brother of Lieut.-Col. Leckie, serving with the 16th Battalion, Highland brigade, 1st C. E. F. Was with the 72nd Seaforths of Vancouver.



Lieut.-Col. R. G. Edwards Leckie, of Vancouver, B.C. Commander of the 16th Highland Battalion, 1st Canadian Expeditionary Force. Was officer commanding 72nd Seaforths.



Major M. Moore, officer commanding the first contingent of the Army Service Corps sent from Vancouver, B.C. Formerly in command of No. 19 Company A. M. C.

# Vancouver's Part in the Great War

*Showing the Magnificent Response of Western Canada*

By WALTER A. HILLAM

**N**O part of Canada, or of the British Empire, has responded to the call to arms more spontaneously and loyally, than Vancouver. When one speaks of Vancouver in this connection the districts around the Terminal City, New Westminster and the territory generally known as the "lower mainland" are also included. Vancouver as befitting its geographical and strategical importance, covers a great deal larger field than the area merely embraced in its civic boundaries.

The claim has been made, and furthermore has never been disputed, that Vancouver, or Greater Vancouver, to use the wider term, has furnished a larger proportion of men to the number of total inhabitants than any other part of the Dominion. This, however, is not the time to make comparisons. Moderate estimates, supplementing the figures shown on the official records, place the total number of men already furnished, or in course of training for active service, at close on 6,000. This estimate includes soldiers in the Canadian overseas contingents, British Army reservists recalled to the colours, sailors who rejoined the Royal Navy, and Vancouverites who went to England and enlisted in their old Territorial or Volunteer regiments or had their first experience with the new armies that were formed after the war commenced.

On the basis of a population of 250,000 for the Lower Mainland, the ratio of men now fighting for King and Country or preparing to do so is slightly over one in forty of the total number of residents. When one takes into consideration the fact that only a comparatively small proportion of the total population is available for military duty, and that a large number of women and children and old men are included in the general total of population, the significance of the percentage can be better appreciated. Orientals, of whom there are about 10,000 in Greater Vancouver, are not, of course, eligible for service, and consequently the ratio is made even higher than the computation indicates.

Nearly 2,000 men left with the First Contingent. Quotas were provided by all the Greater Vancouver regiments and branches of the Canadian military services. The 72nd Seaforth Highlanders furnished



Major V. W. Odlum, of the 11th Irish Fusiliers, Vancouver, B.C. He succeeded to the command of the 7th Battalion after Lieut.-Col. W. Hart McHarg was killed in the fierce fighting during the latter part of April.

541 men, 41 in excess of the total peace establishment of the regiment. The 6th Duke of Connaught's Own Regiment contributed 346; the 11th Irish Fusiliers, 364; "B" Squadron of the 31st Regiment B. C. Horse, 170 men; the 104th New Westminster Fusiliers, 166 men; the 19th Field Co. of the Army Service Corps, 104 men; the 6th Field Engineers of North Vancouver, 121 men; the 18th Field Co. of the Canadian Army Medical Corps, 51 men; and the Corps of Guides, seven men.

Since the first drafts were despatched a steady

stream of reinforcements have been going forward for all the branches represented. Each of the units has been furnishing detachments as requisitioned. There has never been any difficulty experienced in filling out the quotas called for; there have invariably been more men offering themselves for service than there were places available.

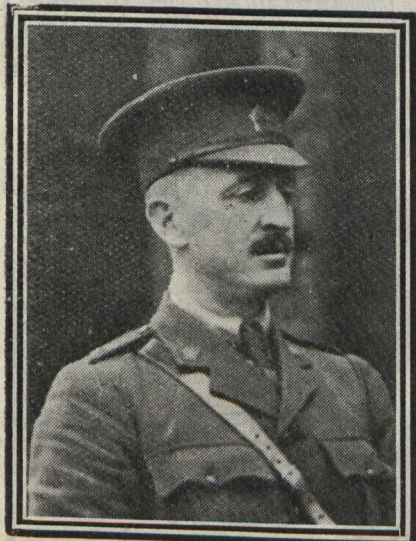
This condition applied also to the regular battalions and special sections that were formed and sent on after the First Contingent left. There has never been any occasion to drum up recruits. No patriotic meetings have ever been held in Vancouver to stimulate enlistment.

**W**HEN the orders came to organize more forces for a second contingent there were already hundreds of names inscribed on waiting lists. Men besieged the recruiting depots weeks before enlistment was started again. Many of them came from remote parts of the province, from the north, from the far hinterland, where the news of the outbreak of war did not reach them for weeks after the titanic struggle had started. One man, to mention one of the numerous instances recorded from time to time by the writer, tramped for nearly 400 miles on the grade of the new Pacific Great Eastern Railway. Another man "beat his way" from San Francisco and walked in the last fifteen miles.

Vancouver has a regiment distinctively its own, the 29th Battalion, which left the Coast on foreign service on May 14th. It is a composite corps, comprising units of the 72nd Seaforths, 6th D. C. O. R., 11th Irish Fusiliers, and 104th New Westminster Fusiliers. The soldiers of this force wear the badge "29th (Vancouver) Battalion" on their shoulder straps, and thus carry directly on their uniforms their association with the Terminal City.

The forces from the Coast were embodied in the 16th Highland Battalion, 7th and 5th Battalions. Lieut.-Col. R. G. Edwards Leckie, commander of the 72nd Seaforths, of Vancouver, leads the 16th. The late Lieut.-Col. W. H. Hart McHarg, of Vancouver, commanded the 7th. He was killed in the heavy fighting near Ypres in which the Canadian troops

(Concluded on page 19.)



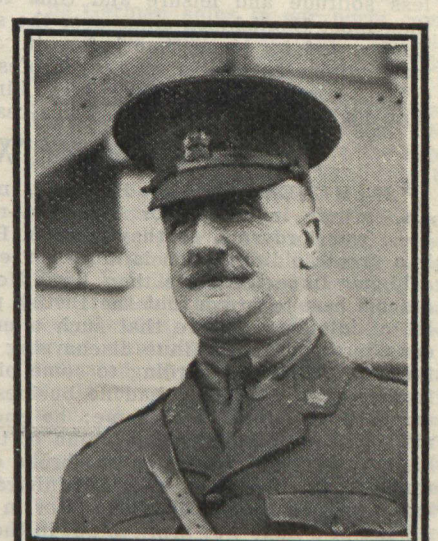
Major J. S. Tait, of the 29th (Vancouver) Battalion, 2nd C. E. F.



Lieut.-Col. H. S. Tobin, officer commanding the 29th, "Tobin's Tigers."



Major J. M. Ross, of the 29th (Vancouver) Battalion, 2nd C. E. F.



Major J. Sclater, of the 29th (Vancouver) Battalion, 2nd C. E. F.



# MAINLY PERSONAL

## The New Cabinet

**M**AKING ministers in England is still a matter of politics. The reconstructed Asquith Ministry has the corner of one eye on the future, the rest on the war. It is called a war ministry. Naturally it is tri-party; a national ministry, heterogenous enough when it contains the two opponents, Kitchener and Curzon, the political irreconcilables, Asquith and Balfour, Austen Chamberlain and Churchill, Carson and Sir Edward Grey.



The strongest statesman in the Empire—Mr. Asquith.

When a ministry like that can work together it proves that national unity is big enough to carry on any other kind of war successfully. A cause that can make co-workers of men that ordinarily differ in political views and practices as much as Kilkenny cats, may be regarded as the biggest cause that ever confronted England; and that the people and the press on the whole have endorsed the coalition, with only a hundred M. P.'s out of 640 opposed to it, means that the people are behind the cause—to move something.

## The Premier

**P**REMIER ASQUITH is the biggest bulldog of them all. He is all bulldog; a complete commoner, democrat, a Trojan to work, cursed with no uncomfortable visions, no theories, no vain regrets. He stuck to his guns through the suffragette storm and the tempest of Ireland; when England was divided between those who believed in abolishing Lords and those who would abolish Lloyd George. No Premier of England has had so many differentiated problems thrust under his nose at once. Since ever he took office, on the death of old "C. B." in 1908, he has been in the swirl of one crescendo after another; now in the climax, but as solid in his national boots as ever, the admiration of both parties and of all people in the overseas dominions. Unshakable, true-British Asquith, he has the courage of ten men to select and take control of a Ministry such as he has, and the will-power of a road-roller to stand up at the age of 63 to an Imperial crisis that would have paralyzed any other Premier.

## The Foreign Secretary

**A**SQUITH made it clear in his announcement that there would be no change in either the Foreign Secretaryship or the War Office. He hung on to the man whom the Germans call the devil, and the other man whom his admirers call Hercules. Sir Edward Grey has the virtue of being indispensable. He is the main author of that remarkable book known as the White Paper, and the only man in Great Britain who for weeks at a time sat at the switchboard of the world. Grey is the kind of man that some American reformers would abolish; the expert diplomat. A cold, passionless man, he is immensely fond of gardens, solitude and leisure; but, as man is born to trouble as sparks to fly upward, he has had less solitude and leisure and time for his garden than most Englishmen since ever the storm burst in Europe and for some time before it. That the German editors hate Grey as they profess to hate the devil is some proof that Grey is the kind of diplomat that ought not to be abolished in Great Britain.

## The Secretary of War

**K**ITCHENER—once of Khartoum, now of somewhere in France or Flanders—may not be a war lord such as they have in Berlin; but he is a great soldier, which is much better. He is also a bigger Imperial figure than Lord Northcliffe, who did his best to prove that the British people were a lot of idiots to believe that such a man should be considered fit to continue discharging the duties of the War Office. According to some pinprick critics in the press, Kitchener had no business to raise an army by using his own name; he should have demanded conscription in the name of the King. On his way to Egypt, when the war broke out, he turned round and took the biggest administrative contract that ever fell to a Cabinet Minister in England, the raising of a huge war army to put in the field against Germany. He got the army. He equipped it, clothed it, fed it, trained it and landed a million of it in Europe without a single German torpedo being able to sink a troopship. Why? Partly because he

muzzled the press; and in so doing put the muzzle on Northcliffe, who didn't like it, and turned on one of the mightiest men in the Empire to pull him down again. Moses was a great man for miracles; but it would have troubled Moses to have done what Kitchener did with England in about the same time that it took the children of Israel to get out of Egypt. If in doing so he was a good deal of an autocrat, it was because up to a certain point that was the kind of man that was needed, and because he had always been one. He is the only great soldier England ever had, besides Wellington, that went into a Cabinet. He went in without politics. And he stays there without a murmur from the British people all over the world, who, while they don't regard him as a great authority on trench gas, submarines, siege guns and bloody wholesale murder, persist in thinking that he is probably the greatest real soldier in the world.

## The Minister of Munitions

**D**YNAMO LLOYD GEORGE was shifted—but not removed. Another indispensable. For seven years back he has been stirring up England. The little Welshman with the moneybags to fill went up against more vested interests down in the trenches of British custom than some people imagined he ever could uproot. Like Disraeli, he applied temperament to his job. But it was the temperament of a man who didn't care a brass button for mere politics, but more for the plain, everyday people of whom he was himself one. He raised more money and a greater amount of what is called "Cain" than any other British statesman in his time. When he got the money question more or less settled, he kept on raising Cain till, till when the great Cabinet shuffle came he was set at the job of raising munitions, including high explosives—of which he is himself composed. David is pretty nearly a great man. When he gets the British army equipped with all the munitions they want, he will be set down as one of the truly great. Very few men of any account have portfolios made created to suit their personalities. Lloyd George has until the end of the war.

## First Lord of the Admiralty

**N**OW what you might call a long, thin man in a broad, big hole, is the case of ex-Premier Arthur Balfour, as the new First Lord of the Admiralty. Mr. Balfour is the nephew of the late Lord Salisbury, who let Germany have Heligoland. He is one of the most expert parliamentary golfers in the world, an author of only less renown than Lord Morley, and the only British Premier ever known who could listen to a keen debate with both ears while he wrote long letters to Queen Victoria on a writing pad, with his long, thin legs sprawled out into the Commons aisle for the pages to trip over. His most famous and most unpopular book is The Foundations of Belief. As First Lord of the Admiralty he will be able to find out that a 15-inch naval gun is able to shake even the foundations. Before Lord Fisher ran foul of Churchill, Mr. Balfour spent part of his leisure time at the Admiralty trying to get these irreconcilables to agree on something. Now Lord Fisher is out along with Churchill; and the man whom for years the British critics regarded as the superb dilettante has the job of smashing through the Dardanelles, if possible sinking the German navy, and ramming German submarines. Probably he can do it. If so, he will do what British statesmen have often done—shake the foundations of belief without writing a book about it.

## Attorney-General

**T**HE highest paid member of the new Cabinet is a man who never sat in a Cabinet before—Sir Edward Carson. Oh, how some of the Liberal editors went for him when he was appointed; saying that the man who organized the Ulster volunteers to fight the United Irishmen was no man to be in a Cabinet whose business it was to

## Asquith's New Ministry

Prime Minister, and First Lord of the Treasury, Mr. Asquith, Lib.  
Lord High Chancellor, Sir Stanley Buckmaster, Lib.  
Lord President of Council, Lord Crewe, Lib.  
Lord Privy Seal, Lord Curzon, Unionist.  
First Lord of Admiralty, Hon. Arthur Balfour, Unionist.

Munitions, Lloyd George.

Secretaries of State:

Home Affairs, Sir John Simon, Lib.  
Foreign Secretary, Sir Edward Grey, Lib.  
Colonies, Bonar Law, Unionist.  
War, Lord Kitchener, Non-Party.  
India, Austen Chamberlain, Unionist.  
Ireland, Augustine Birrell, Lib.  
Scotland, McKinnon Wood, Lib.  
Chancellor of Exchequer, Reginald McKenna, Lib.  
Presidents of Committees of Council:  
Board of Trade, Walter Runciman, Lib.  
Local Government Board, Walter Long, Cons.  
Board of Agriculture, Lord Selborne, Unionist.  
Board of Education, Arthur Henderson, Labour.  
Chancellor, Duchy of Lancaster, Winston Churchill, Lib.

First Commissioner of Works, Lewis Harcourt, Lib.  
Attorney-General, Sir Edward Carson, Unionist.  
Postmaster-General, Herbert L. Samuel, Lib.  
Without Portfolio, Lord Lansdowne.

(Liberals, 13; Unionists, 8; Labour, 1; Non-Party 1.)  
MEMBERS NOT IN CABINET.

First Sea Lord, Sir Henry Jackson.

Solicitor-General, Sir Frederick E. Smith.  
Financial Secretary to the Treasury, Edwin S. Montague.

Parliamentary Under-Secretaries:

Home Affairs, William Brace.  
Foreign Affairs, Lord Robert Cecil.  
Colonies, Arthur Steel-Maitland.  
India, Baron Islington.  
War, Harold J. Tennant.

smash Germany. But he is in and he gets \$35,000 a year for being Attorney-General. Twenty years ago or more he was Solicitor-General for Ireland. About a year ago he had his photograph in more newspapers than any other Irishman that ever lived. He evidently had no objections to sitting at the same table with John Redmond, but his opponent was not allowed to share the honour because Home Rule is not yet granted to Ireland. But with \$35,000 a year the absence of John Redmond should not cause Carson to "fade away and gradually die," as they used to sing in the old war song, Soldiers of the Queen. At the same time nobody supposes that mere money has anything to do with Carson's public usefulness.

## The Colonial-Secretary

**B**ONAR LAW, as Secretary for the Colonies, will perhaps be no more cheerful than he was when he helped Mr. Balfour to lead the Opposition in the House. He is a Canadian and the son of a Presbyterian preacher down in New Brunswick; but

## NOW ITALY GETS IT



"Gott Strafe Italien!" as sung by the Germans. From the London Daily Mirror.



got most of his education in Glasgow, where he turned it to practical account by going into business as an ironmonger—somewhat like his old chieftain, Joe Chamberlain, whose politics he adopted lock, stock and barrel, to the last degree of protection. No one doubts that Bonar Law is a good business man, or that he has been a successful member of parliament. Before the war he was talking louder than he should about the Home Rule question. Since the war he has proved that he knows how to hit straight from the shoulder, and that he is willing to bury a hatchet for the sake of national unity.

### Secretary for India

SAME monocle and orchid—or they looked the same—as his father; same long, interesting face as the great Joseph Chamberlain, the new Secretary for India, Hon. Austen Chamberlain, is no tyro in public business. Sons of great fathers are not usually great. The new Secretary is regarded as a fine administrator. In 1902 he was Postmaster-General, and proved that he knew how to work with and manage other men by getting their opinions on how to run his department. At that time his father was Colonial Secretary. Austen was never a brilliant speaker like his father, though his first speech in the House moved Gladstone to words of praise. He afterwards became Chancellor of the Exchequer, and since his party went out of power he has been an able critic of the Government. At one time it looked as though he might be made leader of the party, but he moved to promote Bonar Law.

### The Ex-First Lord

TRYING to fancy Winston Churchill as Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster is something like imagining Teddy Roosevelt as a head waiter. Hon. Winston was never intended to be a quiet, amiable gentleman. He was designed for action, with

or without sufficient thought, but always as is said in a certain vernacular, "Something doing." The Churchills were always so, ever since the days of the old Duke of Marlborough. War is in their breed. Winston Churchill practically began life as a soldier, serving in various campaigns in as many parts of the Empire, and once out of it. When mere soldiering was too slow for him he took on the duties of war correspondent, in which role he played a lively part in the Boer War, where he saw action in nearly a dozen danger zones and took part in several adventures befitting the temperament of a soldier-news-paperman. When the Boer War was over he went on the platform lecturing about it, and most of those who heard his lectures predicted that Mr. Churchill would never be a good lecturer and might never become even a good speaker of any sort.

Nobody at that time imagined that when the world's greatest war broke out, this same adventurous, irrepresible, almost irresponsible Churchill would be the First Lord of the Admiralty, all but autocrat of the greatest navy that ever mobilized under any flag; that the said navy would be very largely the joint creation of Churchill's "bete noir," Lord Fisher, and himself; that for years Churchill would have been the man who on the naval end was constantly dinning into England's ears the sound of the German menace; that when the greatest navy put to sea and Churchill's passionate zeal for "something doing" was vindicated, in less than ten months he would have quarrelled with Lord Fisher, been more or less responsible for one bad naval defeat, one or two naval fiascos, and the author of the daring scheme to break through the Dardanelles without a land force. Still less did even his worst wishers imagine that in the tenth month of war, after the British Navy had done more than its share of England's work in the war up to that time, the First Lord would find it necessary to resign, and Lord Fisher along with him.

But Churchill was always dealing with the unexpected. When the great shuffle came and men stepped out of the party cabinet to make room for

men of other parties, Churchill quietly dropped his stormy responsibilities at the Admiralty and took over the Duchy of Lancaster, a sort of exalted game-keeper's and bursar's job, which will leave him plenty of leisure for reflection.

Leisure? Reflection? Oh no—neither of these. Churchill was born for doing something. One of these days he will come back to a big task, somewhat chastened by experience, but still the essential Winston, burning with enthusiasm—for something.

### The New First Sea Lord

ADMIRAL SIR HENRY JACKSON steps into the sailor boots of Lord Fisher. A few weeks ago Sir Henry was obscured in the British Navy, from which every now and then some brilliant man emerges to take the place of such men as Beresford and Fisher. He is a fellow of the Royal Naval Society and understands the complete science of the modern navy created largely by Lord Fisher. He has been in the Navy since he was midshipmite at the age of 13—just forty-seven years ago. One side of his development has been as a practical scientist; the other that of a sailor. He has risen through all the grades in the Navy; was made a captain in 1896, and has since been promoted on his merits to various posts, naval attaché, navy controllership, commander of the sixth cruiser squadron in the Mediterranean, head of the Royal Naval War College, chief of the war staff in the Admiralty and commander-in-chief of the Mediterranean fleet. As First Sea Lord he is a Minister not in the Cabinet, and is expected to work harmoniously with Mr. Balfour. This combination of a literary statesman with a quiet, scientific Sea Lord, is considerable contrast to the fiery bulldog team, Churchill and Fisher, who have just stepped out. It is to be hoped that these two remarkably fine men will spring as many surprises at the Admiralty as the other combination did. If they do, the navy will be heard from before very long.

# The Blame for the "Lusitania" Tragedy

By THEODORE S. WOOLSEY, LL.D., Recently Professor of International Law at Yale

THERE is, I think, a clear distinction between the "Lusitania" case and the cases of the two American ships attacked by the Germans, if the reports are accurate, the "Cushing" by aeroplanes, the "Gulfight" by submarines. The "Lusitania" was a British merchantman, unarmed, carrying much war material—although this could be positively known to the Germans only by search—carrying also mails and passengers. If captured she was a good prize; if unable to send her under a prize crew to a German port, which was clearly the case, her destruction was legitimate. This destruction should have been inflicted after a due sequence of processes: first, a warning to stop, which, if disregarded, authorized a torpedo shot; second, scrutiny of her nationality to make sure that she was enemy's property; third, opportunity given passengers and crew, being non-combatants, to leave the ship. To do otherwise is in violation of immemorial usage, in violation of humanity.

To sink an enemy's merchant ship without warning is not piracy, as an eminent publicist declares, because piracy involves the idea of robbery on the high seas with an *animus furandi* aimed at all ships, not at those of a particular nation or nations. It is simply murder. If passengers and crew are subjects of an enemy it is none the less murder, but as war already exists, no penalty is possible except reprisals or the punishment of the murderers after a fair trial, if the fortune of war at any time makes this feasible.

If, on the other hand, neutral subjects are involved, their government must pay the penalty for the act, whether pecuniary or personal, into its own hands. But notice that in the case of the "Lusitania" there is no question of blockade or of contraband. These are primarily restraints put upon neutral ships and cargoes. This was an enemy ship subject to destruction under the conditions named. If, owing to the peculiar nature of the submarine, these conditions could not be complied with, such destruction is illegal—a crime against humanity—and must not be attempted. There is, then, no essential difference between the status of the British and the neutral persons on board the "Lusitania," except as re-



"OUT DAMNED SPOT!" BUT IT WILL NOT OUT.

The Modern Lady Macbeth, according to the New York Herald.

gards the manner of exacting reparation for the crime.

But the German attacks without a warning upon the "Cushing" by aeroplanes and the "Gulfight" by submarines, both American ships sailing under their own flag, involve neutral rights as well as the rights of human-

ity. If they were carrying contraband, which only a proper search could develop, with a hostile destination, the contraband goods are subject to capture, but not the vessel, unless its contraband lading forms more than half its cargo. This also implies search. If they were violating

blockade, to legalize capture the blockade must be effective, that is, continuous and sufficiently efficient to really prevent access to the enemy's coast line. Notoriously, this is not the case.

The occasional appearance of a submarine, even the occasional torpedoing of a vessel, is not enough to constitute a legal blockade. Our government has taken this ground. Failure to search for contraband, then, and failure to maintain an effective blockade, are fatal flaws in German submarine activity in both these directions. They are violations of our neutral rights. To attack without warning and examination, whether from below or above the sea, is also a violation of humanity. Whatever the facts of loading and destination may be, therefore, in the cases of the "Cushing" and the "Gulfight," the Germans have put themselves in the wrong and must be dealt with.

And how if they refuse apology and compensation? There are two ways: through indemnity and through punishment. If loss of property and loss of life are to be merely indemnified, the simple way is to seize for the purpose whatever German property we can find, public or private, the latter because its owners may look to their government for reimbursement. The German ships in our ports come under this head. The other, the violent way, is, of course, war. But indemnification, however desirable, is not the only, not the most important, remedy which we should seek. We must have assurance against the repetition of these wrongs. This may be forthcoming if demanded. If not, is it not a fair suggestion that we seek union with the other neutral powers which have likewise suffered even more heavily than ourselves? These are Holland and Norway, Denmark and Sweden, with memories of two armed neutralities. Perhaps a third is indicated to which the United States would be welcome as it was not in 1780. A united demand for the surrender of this criminal policy of sinking neutral ships and their hapless crews on suspicion of one knows not what, might be listened to. If not, then, as the diplomatists say, we should take whatever steps our interests demand. For truly the cup of wrath is running over.—Leslie's Weekly.



# THE STORY OF BLINKY STUBB

"They Got Me, But I'm Glad" Said the Lad Who Was Called the Scum of the Regiment

By RICHARD V. BROWNE

HE had spent the preceding day, in the filthy lodging house, where he had heard a stray remark concerning a war. He wondered, as he trudged down the wind-swept alley, what war it could be. Ah, yes! If his memory served him, it was the puny war in the Balkan States. But it had been years ago, before he had been caught and sentenced to life in Stonehurst.

He shuddered violently, as an icy blast tore aside the dirty neck-cloth and burrowed into his skinny throat. It would have been better if he had waited. It was warm in prison but here—

He paused. In his path a blank wall rose abruptly and he found his eyes resting on a poster with luridly printed letters, a foot high. In the dim light from a distant street lamp, he could make out the words,

YOUR KING AND COUNTRY  
WANT YOU.

"Lordy," he chuckled, in his first surprise. "They want ME." Into the vault of his memory rushed the vision of a band of warders darting through the night, in search of him, and he burst into a harsh laugh. Oh, yes! They wanted him. He turned to go, then the picture caught his eye.

It looked fine, that picture of a soldier, as he stood, bayonet in his clenched grasp, ready to do and die for his country. But his uniform was even better. It looked warm. A dim desire to wear clothes like these came into the man's mind.

His thin frame shook as the wind tore round an angle of the wall. He cast a last look at the picture soldier and shuffled down the cobbled way, his head shrunken in the worn collar of his tattered coat. Sluggishly a half-formed wish entered his mind.

HE drifted on, down streets, up alleys, across avenues, hiding in some dark recess as a constable plodded past, cowering in some shelter from the biting wind, until he had reached a familiar haunt.

It was a squalid court, muddy underfoot, musty, evil-smelling and dark. His groping hands, searching the darkness, clutched a broken stair-rail, that led upwards, on one side. Cautiously he made his way up the steps. A door confronted him, he tried it, to find it locked, so he knocked softly, then waited impatiently. Soon he heard footsteps, a rattle of a chain and the door was opened a trifle. The frowsy head, red-rimmed eyes and shrunken face of an ancient crone protruded. In one talon-like hand, she held a candle aloft.

The man greeted her with a snarl.

"Mother, Wag Wilson in?"

The woman broke into cackling laughter.

"Well, well, if it ain't Blinky Stubb," she said.

The one addressed looked fearfully around, then, his glance returning to the hag, he growled harshly.

"Close yer blime mouth, ye fool, where's me pal?"

"Gone."

A curse broke from Stubb's lips. "Where, I said?" "He went an' joined th' sodjers," grunted the woman, briefly. "An' 'e's in France a fightin' th' bloomin' furriners."

The door slammed in his face and he could hear shrill laughter as she moved away. He had no reason to doubt her words, so he retraced his steps. He cursed his old pal, under his breath. So Wag was a soldier, eh? A blessed hero, maybe. Perhaps Wag, too, had thought the uniform looked warm. "Or, maybe," he muttered, as an afterthought. "He fell for that 'King and Country' stuff."

HE laughed tonelessly to himself as he continued on his way. He mused scornfully. "His King and Country." Was not the Country seeking him, watching for him with outstretched hands, to haul him back to the hell of Stonehurst.

But he always found himself reverting to his original thought. He wondered if the clothes were as warm as they looked. Indeed they would have to be very thin to match the rags he wore. He checked his slouching stride, while he tried to remember the place where recruits were asked to go.

His memory served him well, his feet better. In a half-hour he was standing before a sleepy sergeant, who, sizing him up, with a contemptuous frown, thought to himself, "He'll stop a bullet, anyway," and told him where to report.

For a time, the novelty of the warm clothes and the rough, but good meals, kept Stubb in a cheery frame of mind. He looked a queer figure in his uniform. It was many sizes too large for him and hung upon his body in bagging folds. Still he was satisfied, until he recognized Captain Blair.

Blair had been a guard at Stonehurst, and the best hated man in the prison. Stubb had often felt the raw edge of his tongue, and had often sworn that he would "get him" for it. Now that he was in the army he had not changed. His men looked at him with hatred in their glance, and many were the muttered curses that were flung at his retreating back. But Stubb went around with fear in his heart, waiting, ever waiting, for the dreaded moment when

Blair would recognize him.

He began hating it all, the life, his comrades, and most of all, Blair. Indeed he had a half-formed plan to shoot the captain, in the thick of some battle. He vaguely began to realize that he had gone from bad to worse. True, the prison folk could scarcely find him here, but then a German bayonet might, and he would be laying as still as the man he had—

A MONTH passed by, and he found himself at the front, a recruit no longer, but a seasoned soldier. He still retained an air of uncouthness and he had lost none of his taciturnity. His comrades dubbed him "Silent Stubb," and he took their chaff, to all appearances, in good humour, but inwardly it rankled.

At last the night arrived when they were ordered to move on the enemy. The fear of death crept into his heart and gnawed its way to his craven brain. He must desert, was his uppermost thought. It was the only way to be free again. He pondered vaguely how it could be done.

He edged to the end of the moving line, slowly, carefully. The night was velvet in its blackness and he was unseen. In the distance a glare of fire tinted the sky a crimson. The enemy's trenches lay in that direction, so he must go the other way.

He walked past the last man, he was a few yards away. He expected a shout or maybe a bullet, but none came. Then he ran and the darkness swallowed him. He fancied he heard a hail, but it made him only run the faster. He realized he must not turn back now. Besides, he knew there was no reason to do so. He had mapped his way in the last few minutes, cleverly, indeed. As shrewdly as when he had broken through the iron bonds of Stonehurst.

He knew what lies to tell, what battle tales to weave. He would make them believe him. He had heard the Colonel say it was "certain death." He hated death, hated them all, the prison, his comrades and the bully Blair.

"They look upon me as the scum of the regiment," he snarled to himself. "I was only in it to fill a better man's place."

He stumbled and half fell to his knees, even as he spoke. A wire stretched in his path had thrown him. A grey figure seemed to rise out of the ground beside him and the stock of a rifle fell with crushing force on his head. He had a faint vision of other men in grey, a misty impression of guttural voices, then all was blank.

THE eery light of a wan moon was filtering through the trees, when with a low moan, he rolled to one side and raised his head. What length of time had passed he did not know, but he reasoned that it could not have been long, for it was still night. In the distance he heard a throbbing hubbub of rifle

shots, then even they died into silence.

He staggered to his feet and lurched across the sward and into the shadows cast by the trees. He was disheveled and bloody. His head was bursting with pain. He cursed volubly and mingled his curses with groans. But somehow his curses were directed against the men who had laid him low, not his friends. He longed to grasp, to choke, to crush them.

He moved away, as the daze passed from his brain and tottered down a leaf-strewn path. Above the moon cast strange shadows as it threw its reflection through the branches of the trees. He emerged into a little glade. In front of him lay a distorted form. He grinned weakly. It recalled the way the man he had "outed" had lain. The figure stirred as he gazed at it and a white face was turned to the light. It was the face of Captain Blair. "Gawd," spoke Stubb, in wonder. "They got 'im, too."

He chuckled, Blair had got his. But no, he was not dead. He pondered dully, what was to be done. He turned it over and over in his mind. Then he remembered. The grey devils had struck Blair down, even as they had struck him. He bent down and assayed to lift the other, and after a heart-breaking effort, did so.

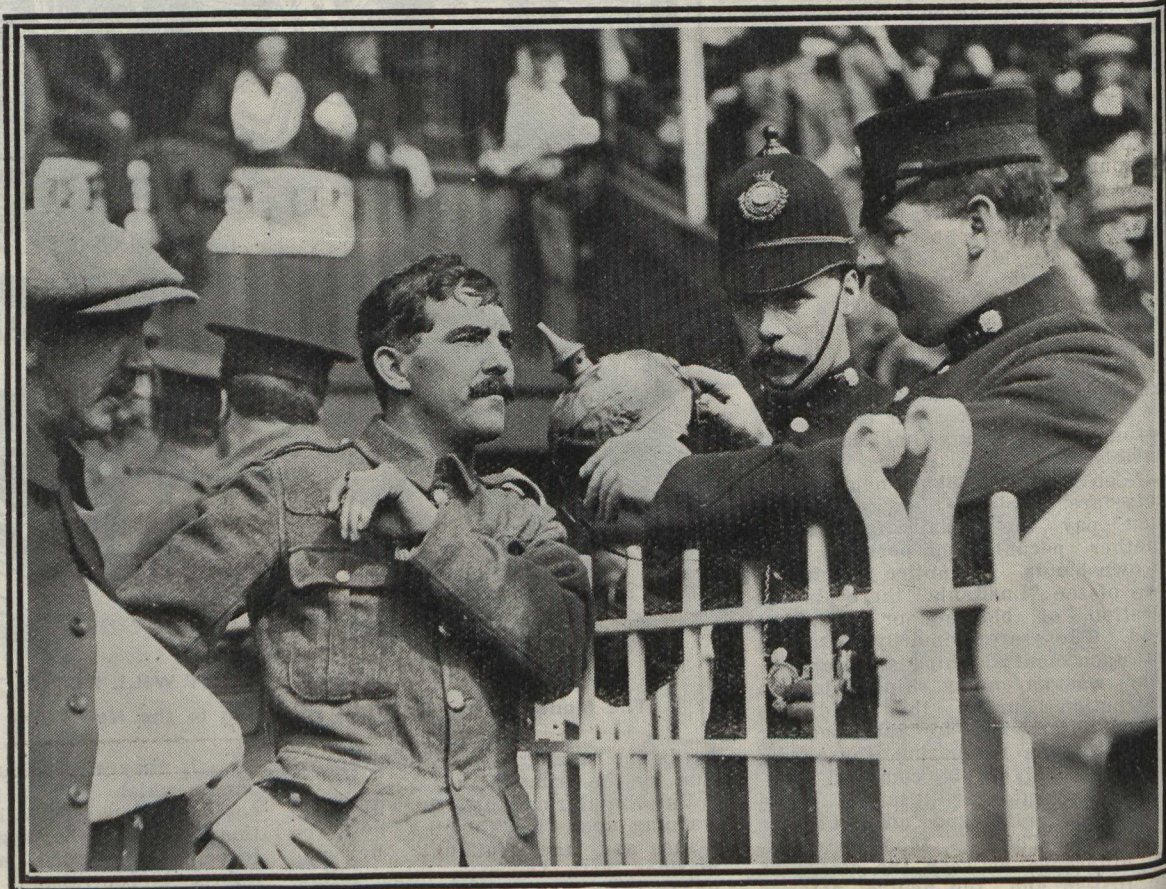
He managed to raise him to his shoulder, where he hung like a sack of meal, and with this burden he staggered on. He must find his regiment. Overhead a shell burst and he felt a searing pain in his shoulder. His brain seemed in a chaos and he shouted in an insane manner and yelled to his charge "to see the rocket." Here and there he almost tripped over a motionless form lying asprawl in his path and to each and all he screamed a merry greeting. The firing grew out of the distance ahead, and he fancied he could hear the sputter of his regiment's Maxim's. Bullets whined around him, clipped their way through the trees, dropped across the grass, but he still went on. He had begun to dance, a queer swaying and a quivering chant of some nursery rhyme rose to his lips.

A stray shot found rest in his body somewhere as he shrilled a music hall ditty. Another struck him and his song ended in a scream.

He was in the open at last. He could hear, above the roar of battle, the sounds of shouts, but he heeded them not. Why didn't they let him alone. He wanted to find his regiment, that's all. He wanted to bring back their captain.

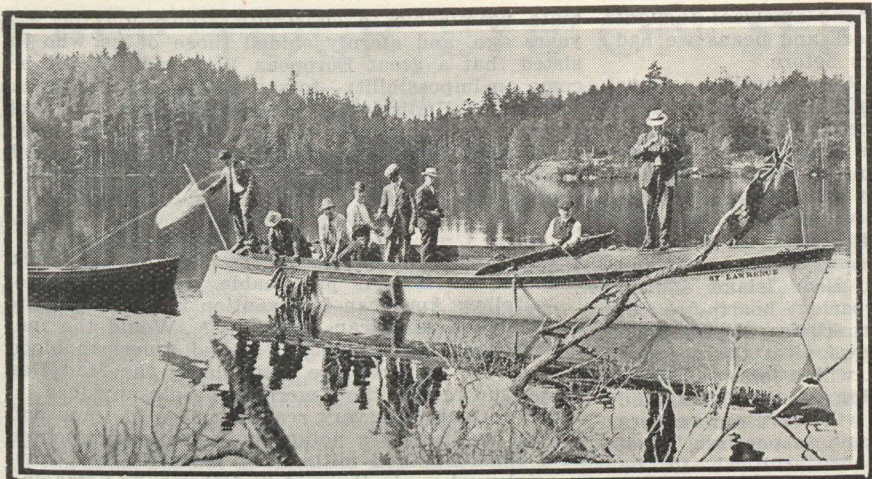
He fell, a few yards from his destination. Friendly hands dragged him to the shelter he did not want, or need. A vast silence was creeping over him, a mist dimming his eyes. He tried to continue his song, but a voice interposed with the words, "Your King and Country are proud of you." His eyes twitched open and he recognized his Colonel's face peering into his own. His hand moved to the salute, feebly he replied, his voice heavy, "Well, they got me, but I'm glad." Then the engulfing silence swept on, and for him, the battle was over.

## A TROPHY OF WAR



A wounded Britisher showing police officers a German helmet got in battle.





"We anchored among the dead limbs of a fallen tree to try our luck with the black bass and the pickerel."



"There they hung in the sunlight, sixteen small-mouthed black bass and twelve beautiful pickerel."

## SIX FISHERMEN IN TIMAGAMI

*Where it is by no means all of Fishing to Fish*

By M. PARKINSON

SIX of us had been lured to far-away Timagami last July by the specious folder of the Grand Trunk Railway, which stated that fish might still be caught in that unspoiled north-land.

We had discussed the matter in the smoking-room of the sleeper on the Cobalt Special, and the Broker had concluded that we were all off on a wild-goose chase, and that we would find there were no more fish in Timagami than in the other much advertised summer resorts. So, before it was time to turn in we had christened ourselves the "Piscatorial Doubters," and formed a compact to remain unconvinced, preserving an open mind, until the real trout and black bass were produced from the crystal waters of Timagami on the following day.

Now we were standing on the verandah of Walsh's Wigwam at Bear Island, after a two hours' sail up the North-East Arm through the most ravishing scenery that human eye ever rested on. We had already visited the Hudson's Bay Post, and Harry Woods, the obliging Factor, had initiated us into all the mysteries of rods, reels, copper wire, and otter-tail bait. So here we stood an expectant six, waiting for Oderick Perron, the six-foot Timagami guide, and his speed launch, the St. Lawrence, to come around to the wharf.

It was not yet noon. Before us lay stretched out a scene of marvellous beauty. Timagami's blue breast, studded with islands and islets clothed to the water's edge with interminable green, lay spread out before us. Scarcely a ripple broke the surface. The path of a passing canoe was clearly marked by a wake of ruffled water showing distinctly for many rods behind the tawny Indian and his frail birch-bark craft. The soft sounds of a strange tongue wafted to us from a group of Indian lads and lassies as they laughed and chatted at the wharf side. You might dream it was the speech and laughter of her who was called Laughing Water and her Indian brave, for it was from the Ojibway chiefs, who peopled the northern lake-land that Schoolcraft learned the legends that he afterwards repeated to Longfellow, who embalmed them in those singing verses that all English-speaking people love so well.

This is the land of Hiawatha. Those statuesque young braves, leaning so gracefully on their paddles; and those lithe young squaws lavishing on them all the wily arts of look and gesture known to their silk and satin-clad sisters in the haunts of civilization, despite their Scotch and French and even English cognomens, are, at least on their mothers' sides, the lineal descendants of Hiawatha and Minnehaha.

We are truly in the wild-woods. All its mystery and its magic are ours. The spell of the wilderness is on us, and the thirst for the novel, the new, the unknown, has mastery. The old quest of the savage when he roamed unhindered the pathless forests of the past, which has come down to us through long generations, now breaks through the veneer of civilization and the elemental instincts have sway, and we long to cast off all reserve and live for at least one sweet week without any of the hampering conventionalities of our artificial life. This is Timagami. Is it possible that Toronto, with its rumbling cars, its honking autos, and its worry and bustle, and din, and dust is only sixteen short hours away? Yes, we left there last night at 8.30 and it now barely touches the hour of noon.

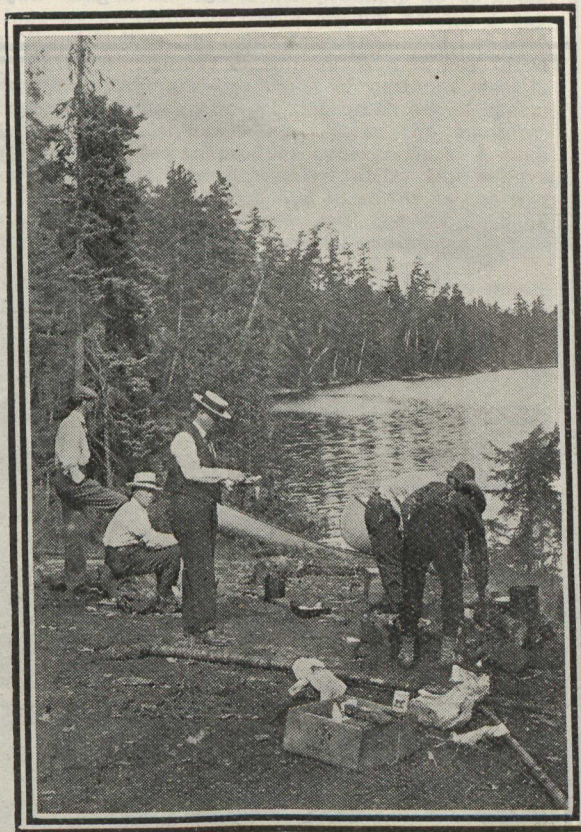
BUT the purr of Oderick's engine as it passes the Fire Rangers' point, wakes us from our reverie, and as with a great curve and dash he drew up to the wharf side, we are down with all our impedimenta ready for the start. Our host, Walsh, with bustling, and assiduous care, sees that all is safely packed aboard; and we, the dauntless six, with Jim, the guide, step aboard; and off we speed for the much-talked-of South-West Arm and the fighting black bass

and great, grey trout that make the mouth water. The Son of Aesculapius, from his seat in the stern sang out,

"We be Piscatorial Doubters, we," but Oderick sat at the steering-wheel, his soft felt hat pulled jauntily over his right eye, his head erect, his whole mien challenging and confident, as much as to say:

"Wait till I get you to Burnt Island, my Bucko, and I'll show you what your Piscatorial doubts amount to."

So, on we sped for one short hour through fifteen miles of winding and tortuous channels, past charming islands lying placid on the blue breast of the waters in their idyllic beauty, past frowning cliffs rising hundreds of feet above the wave, where you might picture some keep of medieval baron with its hoary towers jutting out against the sky, through narrow openings between jagged rocks, where even the slender St. Lawrence seemed in danger of



"Oderick and Jim busied themselves with preparations for dinner."

scratching her shiny sides. On, on, till at last with a big swing to the right and the roar of an opened muffler, Oderick pulled up at a most tempting spot on an emerald clothed islet. A flat rock provided a convenient landing stage, and at its base lay forty feet of crystal water, offering safe dockage for even an ocean greyhound.

"It's one o'clock, all off for dinner," roared Oderick. And in a trice, the doubting six, Oderick and Jim, the two boxes containing bacon, eggs, cans of pork and beans, bread, St. Charles cream, butter, sugar, pepper and salt were all out of the launch and safe on shore.

The Limb of the Law, who had as yet taken no

part in all the discussions regarding the possibilities of Timagami, plucked his cigar from his mouth for a moment, and looking back over that part of the moving kaleidoscope from which we had just passed, he said: "Say, boys, I have just learned what that old guy meant when he left us that wise saw, 'It is not all of fishing, to fish.'"

"Amen! and Amen!" chorused the rest, and a deep sense of reverence, almost even of awe, settled down on us, begotten of the sweetness of this perfect day.

But soon the rattle of pots and pans, as Oderick and Jim busied themselves with preparations for dinner carried us back from such inspirations, and the call of hunger begotten of this clear, dry atmosphere, and these balsamic breezes, brought us face to face with the commonplaces of life—bacon, eggs, and pork and beans. Never did food taste so good. There was no reference to the "pies my mother used to make." Every man ate as though he had seen no food for a week. And the most fastidious never thought to criticize the tin cups, the rusty frying-pan, or the boiled tea. All was good, and woe betide the knave who would grouch at a dead fly or two on such a day as this.

THE meal was over, we were all again in the St. Lawrence, with the canoes trailing behind. A swift turn or two among the islands and we anchored among the dead limbs of a fallen tree in a cosy bay to try our luck with the black bass and pickerel.

It was now 2.30 p.m. The Timagami sun poured down in blazing glory. Not a breath flicked the unbroken surface of the water. Surely not a good time to tempt the finny denizens of the deep. But, rods were uncased, and hooks baited with Michie's angle-worms bought in Toronto just 24 hours before.

The Broker sat in the bow on Oderick's steering stool paying out line into the crystal water, which looked all too transparent to hope even for a nibble. All at once his body stiffened, that strange tingling sensation had run from his finger-tips up his arm to his brain and then up and down his spinal column, which comes to every disciple of Isaac Walton when he gets his first nibble. Something, away down there twenty feet below the surface, where the trunk of the old tree joined the bottom, was interfering with his hook. The Broker was a good fisherman. He knew that if it was a black bass that was investigating his luscious, juicy worm, he must exercise patience and let the fish swallow and run away with the bait. So he steeled his nerves to the tension of waiting. But it was only for a moment. Off with a mad rush went hook and fish, and then for a few minutes there was great excitement.

Everybody yelled instructions. The cool Broker, fresh from the Exchange, took no more heed of the babel of voices than he would take of the mad clamour of a corner in the pit. Quietly he played his fish. In and out among the dead branches of the old tree, the wily quarry raced only to be dexterously extricated by a quick twist of the agile wrist. Shorter and shorter the singing reel made the silken tether. Oderick waited, net in hand, for the appearance of the victim by the side of the launch. One deft sweep and the fine fish lay in the bottom of the launch. It was a small-mouth black bass (*micropterus dolomieu*). It measured sixteen inches and weighed four pounds.

Now all was bustle and excitement. There were black bass and they were biting. The canoes were drawn up alongside. All were soon at work. Glad cries of satisfaction when fish were safely landed, and tones of disappointment when the proverbial big ones escaped came from the different canoes. And, thus, the merry work went on for some two hours. Then the cry went up to stop killing fish. We had



all we were justified in catching. There would be no sport in taking more.

So the canoes were brought alongside the launch again. The Piscatorial Doubters no longer unbelievers in Timagami's possibilities, again boarded the St. Lawrence. A few minutes brought us back to our noonday camping spot, and here we landed to count our spoils.

THERE in the afternoon sun, for it was not yet five o'clock, we sat for our pictures with our fish. Oderick, with his brown, bare arms, squatting in the front row, his hat pushed back and his curly locks falling over his forehead, a studied look on his mobile face, as much as to say, "I reckon I taught those Toronto guys something of fishing in Timagami." There they hung in the sunlight sixteen small-mouthed black bass, and twelve beautiful pickerel (*Stizostedion Vitreum*), weighing just under the round 100 pounds.

The evening shadows began to lengthen, and in the golden glow we sat under the trees while Oderick and Jim skinned enough pickerel and bass for our even-

ing meal. Again we ate with no apparent thought of the bacon and eggs, and pork and beans we had devoured just four short hours before.

Too soon it was all over. We had said good-bye to Burnt Island and the South-West Arm. We were all again on the St. Lawrence, the engine purring again its comfortable tune, the islands were slipping past into the haze of approaching nightfall. A silence fell on all. We seemed to be watching the crystal globules shaken from the bow waves to scurry away over the polished surface of the water as the prow of the St. Lawrence cut the crystal sheet and ploughed her way onward to Bear Island and to Walsh's—Walsh's, with the roaring hearth-fire of odorous tamarack, the cosy arm-chairs, the comforting pipe, the downy soft pillows after the arduous day, and the sleep of the just which followed hours of invigoration in the inspiring air of Timagami. Here, chained in slumber, we will leave our readers hoping that they, too, may come to peerless Timagami and be convinced there are still fish to be caught in the North-land. And there are casual moments when it is all of fishing—to fish.

quite practicable to substitute arbitration for war years ago, and sternly chided those of us who insisted that a great European War had not yet become an impossibility—to say nothing of a practical certainty. Undismayed by this mistake, they bob up serenely again and confidently assume the easy possibility of an international co-operation of which there are no signs and which the present war surely stamps as a Utopian dream.

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HOWEVER, let us waive the point of practicability. If it is practicable, why could it not follow American intervention in the war quite as easily as American neutrality? Would the fact that it had been necessary to shed American blood in order to help capture and muzzle the Mad Dog of Europe render the American people any less inclined to make the very real sacrifices in trade and finance implied by a policy of rigid non-intercourse with some hundred millions of industrial and commercial workers in the midst of Europe? I imagine that the Americans would sternly set themselves to such a task with very much more determination after a bloody war than they would if they had remained spectators and lost no sons except by the chance blows of blind submarines.

My point is that every one of these methods by which a neutral United States does or could assist the Allies or injure the Germans, would be quite as effective at least if the Americans went to war; and would in most cases be very much more effective and more likely to be carried through.

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THE case stands this way—If the Americans declare war, they will certainly employ every weapon against Germany which they would use if they stopped short of war but assumed an attitude of lofty contempt and severed relations. Moreover, they would employ several other weapons, such as a good navy, a small but effective and easily increased army, and a determination to make the victory of the Allies crushing. Yet there are people who argue that we will be better off if the United States only hits half as hard as she can. It is an exceedingly good thing that this theory has not been accepted by any of the original Allies—or by Italy.

THE MONOCLE MAN.

## COULD UNCLE SAM FIGHT?

By THE MONOCLE MAN

I CAN never quite make out whether the Canadian journalists who go out of their way to argue that the United States should not enter this war—usually on the ground that the Americans are more help to us while neutral—are engaged in a patriotic effort to make an inevitable evil look like a benefit, or if they really believe the awful nonsense they write. Of course, we all know that the Americans are not going into this war. Under the present leadership it is very hard to conceive of any affront which would drag them in. The deliberately premeditated and advertised murder of over a hundred of their own people by a German war vessel having failed to even create a possible presumption that they might fight, my imagination recoils from trying to conjecture what would make them fight. So I suppose it is quite arguable that we Canadians should endeavour to pretend that we do not want them to fight—"sour grapes," and that sort of thing. And if some of my fellow journalists are taking this attitude for these patriotic reasons, far be it from me to spoil their fine line of—well, call it what you like.

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BUT whisper!—come over here where they can't hear us! What do you think of the compliment to Uncle Sam in saying that, if he went to war on our side, he'd help the Germans? What do you think of the common-sense of it? Some tell us that we need American munitions of war so much that it would hurt us to have them monopolized by the American armies. But the American armies would only use them to shoot at the Germans; and are we prepared to say that the fine professional army of the United States—what there is of it—would not do as much damage to the Germans with such of their own shells as they used, as our boys would do with the same shells? The shells would fly over to the German trenches in any case. Aren't we willing to have them sent in that direction by American instead of Canadian soldiers? Moreover, it is notorious that the American output of ammunition is by no means as large as it could be. Some hitherto "pacifist" factories in the United States were brought into the great game by the American horror over the sinking of the "Lusitania." Would not an American declaration of war bring in a lot more? I think it very likely that the Allies would actually get more war material from the United States after the Americans had entered the war than they do now; and that we should have the American army firing shells into the bargain.

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OTHERS say that it would be better for the United States to hit Germany a rude slap on the wrist by cutting off all commercial and financial relations with her, than to actually go to war with her. The former course would make it clear to Germany how thoroughly President Wilson and the American people disapproved of her conduct. Its advocates can imagine cowed and cringing Germany, appalled at this terrible indictment of her methods of war and crawling to the knees of Uncle Sam in abject contrition, crying—"Oh, do not turn your face away from us! Do not hide your smile! Do not withhold the light of your countenance—or the shine of your golden dollars!" Well, these people have more imagination than I have. Somehow I do not quite see Germany engaged in that form of "knee drill." But, in any case, would not this measure of stern disapproval, and all this severance of commercial and financial relations, be included in a declaration of actual war? It usually is, you know. Nations seldom lend money to or trade freely with or highly approve of their belligerent enemies.

THERE is another idea held apparently in some quarters, that this policy of so cruelly "cutting" Germany might be continued after the war until the repenting Germans had got rid of their "Prussian military despotism" and had returned to civilized ideals and a spirit of international good will. The United States is invited to lead off in this policy, to rally other neutral nations to it, and eventually to establish a great international ostracism against any Power which keeps up a menacing military force. As to whether this be practical or not, we realize the futility of trying to discuss with the people who advance it. They simply assert its entire practicability in the face of all human experience; and even in face of the kindred fact that they thought it

## THE GREAT EXAMPLE OF O'LEARY

Drawn by F. Matania, for the London Sphere, from a personal description by a Sergeant of the Irish Guards



The Lance-Corporal of the Irish Guards, single-handed against a German machine-gun squad, last February. Reported killed in action last week.

ONLY a few of the many stories of individual heroism among British soldiers have got into print. Thousands will never be told. The heroism of Langemarck was British, even while it was Canadian. And the heroism of here and there a soldier or officer whose work managed to struggle into print always sticks out humanly big on the mass of machine-made details of war. The gallant story of Michael O'Leary who for a short time was a Canadian, a mounted policeman on the prairies. O'Leary is dead. Three months before he quit he became famous in the trenches as the Lance-Corporal who last February got the Victoria Cross and his sergeant stripes for a deed of remarkable heroism. No. 1 Company of the Irish Guards at Cuinchy went pell-mell for some German trenches. O'Leary outpaced his comrades and made for himself a target of a machine-gun squad. Before the gunners had time to swing the gun against the charging company O'Leary picked off the five with his rifle. Leaving them to be looked after by his mates, he made a sprint for the second barricade, where he shot three more Germans, took two prisoners and came walking back with them as though he had just been on a picnic. Every dead O'Leary is a bad enemy to the Germans, because of the example to living O'Learys.

Only show



# KEEP YOUR EYE ON SEPTEMBER

## An Interview with a Hard-Bitten Captain of Industry

By NORMAN PATTERSON

HE was not big physically, but he has had enough experience to justify asking him, "When will business revive?" So I asked him, and the gist of his reply was, "Keep your eye on September."

Incidentally, he did a bit of talking which indicated that he had been doing some deep thinking.

"Are you still cutting down expenses in your business?" was one of the first queries.

"Yes, I am," was his frank reply. "I have turned several of my best men into the selling department, because I needed more salesmen. It takes six men to get the same amount of business now as we could get with three men in 1913. Instead of hiring new men, I turned three of my best inside men into salesmen and they are doing well. They are bringing in the orders, and my salary list is no larger than it was. That is cutting expenses. And believe me, I have learned some lessons. When I was making \$30,000 a year profits, I thought it would go on forever. I figured even if hard times came on, that profit might be cut in half, and that would be the worst. But when the war struck us, that \$2,500 a month vanished so quickly that it took my breath away with it. Instead of a profit, I was showing a loss. It certainly made me turn things upside down."

"What did you do with that \$30,000 a year you were making before the war?" was my impudent question.

"Do? Why, I did just what everybody else did. I put it into new plant and a bigger building. Expansion was the cry with us all, and I expanded."

"Did you lay nothing away for contingencies?"

"Nobody did. As a matter of fact, most people have more actual cash to-day than they had in the boom days of 1910, 1911, 1912, and 1913. I know men who counted themselves worth a couple of hundred thousand at that time, who had not a hundred dollars in cash, and who were overdrawn at the bank. Now they count themselves worth about half that, but you will find they have a good cash surplus in the bank. Their capital account has suffered by depreciation, but at the same time their cash account has gone up."

"Do you think that people generally have greater cash reserves now than they had in 1913?" I asked.

"So far as business men are concerned, I believe that is true. Look at the Bank of Montreal's deposits—up twenty millions when you compare April, 1914, with April, 1915. Look at the April Bank Statement, showing an increase in deposits in all the banks of twenty-six millions more than last year. And that is not the whole story. I know men who have bought municipal and government bonds during the past six months who never had money to invest in that way before. Their savings are not in the banks, but in bonds, because they can get five and six per cent. instead of three."

"That means, then, that we have all been saving money in the last twelve months?"

"Certainly. The people of Canada have, if my observation is right, saved twice as much money in

the past twelve months as in any previous twelve months during the past ten years. The deposits in the banks and the investments in bonds show that. There has been little money spent on new machinery, less spent on sidewalks and sewers, very little in real estate, while stocks of merchandise have been reduced. All this means that Canadian business men, as I have pointed out, have lower assets and increased cash reserves."

"But all this saving means a stoppage of expansion, doesn't it?"

"True. But most of us expanded enough in the past five years to last us for some time to come. We would have stopped building additions to our factories whether the war had come or not. We were over-built."

"Can good times come again before we return to our next expansion period?"

"Any one who looks for the old boom days to return soon is foolish, to my way of thinking. All that I am looking for is a return of business which will enable me to get back to where I was in 1913. And believe me, when I get back there, I will not be in a hurry to buy new machinery and enlarge my output. No more expansion for me. My frenzy for expansion has given me enough sleepless hours and grey hairs to last me some years. Canada has enough factories, railways and tall buildings to supply all the country needs for five years to come."

"Aren't you a little pessimistic?"

"I don't think so. Indeed, I am an optimist from my point of view. I look for a rush of orders in the Autumn that will keep us working twenty-four hours a day and then we will be unable to fill them. But believe me, if that occurs, I will be a lender of money, not a borrower. Henceforth and forever, no bank over-drafts for me. My faith in Canada is as great as ever and I believe, with ordinary luck, we will produce more and export more in 1915 than in any year in our history. That is my optimism. But my optimism is not going to lead me to double the size of my plant. I'll leave the surplus orders for the other fellows."

"Has the war helped us or hindered us, as a nation?" I interrupted.

"Of course the war hurt us. It dislocated everything for a while, and people stopped breathing almost. But in the end it will probably do us good. So long as we could borrow a million dollars a day from Great Britain, we could forget the value of land cultivation, of fishing, of mining, and of all those industries which are the basis of national wealth. Everybody was trying to get rich quick out of speculation—not wealth-producing. Even the manufacturer was inclined to produce poor goods at a high price—safe behind the protective tariff. But believe me, that has been changed, and in so far as the war has brought us to our senses, sent the people back to the land, shown us the value of export trade, and so on, it has been a blessing."

"Then you look for a bright future for this much-maligned country?"

"Certainly, providing we learn the lessons. If our cultivated areas expand, if our pulp and paper industries increase, if the fishermen learn to fish again and miners learn to mine, then our future is assured. If these primary industries are prosperous, then the manufacturing which is not of a primary character, banks, brokers, railways, commercial lawyers, real estate dealers and all those who are engaged in secondary occupations will be prosperous also. Finance and manufacturing cannot succeed unless farming, mining, fishing and lumbering are developing and showing a profit. With wheat, oats, cheese and cattle at their present prices, Canada must be on the verge of normal conditions again. By August 1st the crop will be assured, and then watch for the fire-works to begin once more. As I said before, keep your eye on September, for then there will be no unemployed. The revival won't come in a day, but quietly and gradually. But by September, it should be well under way. Then the army of industrial workers will come out of their trenches and a real industrial advance will begin."

## A Brave Mohawk

He Gives His Life in British Service

By MAX McD.

ONE hundred years ago a great Chief and Indian statesman gave his life defending Canada from Southern Invaders. Tecumseh, the "Crouching Panther," the "Shooting Star," fighting with his teeth clenched and dressed



Lt. Cameron D. Brant, great grandson of the celebrated Chief Joseph Brant, after whom Brantford, Ontario, is named, and a direct descendant of Tecumseh, killed in action at Langemarck.

in his native war garb with a green ostrich feather in his hair, was felled to the ground by the axe of Colonel Johnson, the commander of the American riflemen.

This was at Moraviantown, where in the war of the American Revolution, Proctor turned to await the enemy. On the left was the river; on the right a cedar swamp, in which Tecumseh's warriors, the Six Nations Indians, lay hidden, leaving a front of only three hundred yards which might have been made impregnable. Neglecting all precautions to strengthen his position, Proctor was forced to fall back before the first attack of the enemy. The gallant Tecumseh refused to retire, and fell fighting upon the field which his commander had disgraced by his flight.

One hundred years have passed and again the "Great Father" across the big wafer has called upon his Indian allies for assistance to fight the battles of the Empire. The Red Men have heard the call and responded with both money and men. None were more willing to lend their help than the Six Nations of the Grand River. Many Indian sons have been born and raised on the banks of that river, but none more worthy of note than Lieutenant Cameron D. Brant, the gallant leader of a squadron of the 4th Battalion, recruited at Cayuga, Ontario. The young Lieutenant is a great grandson of the original Chief Joseph Brant, and lived in Hamilton, Ontario. In the battle of Langemarck, where so many brave Canadians were called upon to give their lives for their country, the young Indian Chief Brant, following the example of his worthy ancestor, died while leading his men against the entrenched enemies of his country; the patriotism of a great Empire.

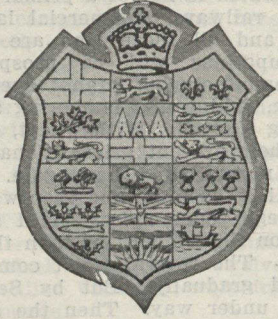
## THE HYGIENIC ARMY COOK-HOUSE



Only recently was it thought necessary to make cook-houses at military camps fly-proof. This picture shows a new cook-house at Niagara Camp, with mosquito-netting on all sides. In it is cooked the food for doctors and their patients.



# THE CANADIAN COURIER



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## A New Bird

WHETHER the editor of the Toronto Globe has discovered a new bird or a new variety of aeroplane is not clear, but it is one or the other. In the leading editorial on Monday morning this sentence appears:

"Education has dropped its plumblines into the deeps of the human spirit and strained its wings to scale the heights."

The latter part of this Janus-like metaphor seems to refer to a bird, but birds do not always carry plumblines. Therefore, one must conclude that the editor is comparing modern education with the most modern of aeroplanes.

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## Germany's Sarcasm

NO finer touch of irony has been made in any war message than Germany's offer to submit the United States' contentions, re the Lusitania, to the Hague Tribunal. For a nation which has violated nearly every rule laid down by that body, despite its own signature of approval, this is a bold suggestion. The United States would be a most trustful nation if it would harbour the thought for a moment that Germany would recognize any adverse award by the august authorities that meet at the Hague.

The United States is not likely to go to war with Germany. Yet short of war, there are several courses open to that country which are more certain than references to the Hague. For example, there is a hundred million dollars' worth of German shipping interned in United States ports which could be confiscated any day. The United States could make good use of these vessels at present, and any adjustments of their claims and German counter-claims could be made after the war is over.

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## Will Finish in Style

NO more splendid phrase has been coined in this war period than that sent over by Lieut.-Col. E. W. B. Morrison, of the Canadian artillery. Colonel Morrison was editor of the Ottawa Citizen for years, but his enthusiasm for soldiering took him to South Africa for the campaign of 1900 and eventually led him into the Militia Department. Writing home after Langemarck he said, "Whatever may happen, I think Canada can depend that we will finish in style."

Such a phrase is an inspiration. To those of us who are forced to stay home and miss the glory of it, there is a lesson. We, too, must finish in style. Whatever must be done to support our soldiers abroad, whatever is necessary to produce the supplies that are needed, whatever is advisable in the Empire's interest must be done, no matter what the cost. We, too, must finish in style, even if that should mean the effacement of our most thrilling occupations—the playing of petty politics and the scrapping over political patronage.

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## Saskatchewan Demurs

AN editorial in the Regina Leader, and several letters from subscribers have protested against some comment in these pages on hasty legislation in that province. The language used in the Courier was either obscure or inadequate. The charge was made that Saskatchewan was going ahead too fast in experimental legislation. The answer comes back that Saskatchewan has not yet adopted initiative and referendum, woman's suffrage or prohibition.

Let us examine the answer. A law was passed as the Courier understands, providing for initiative and referendum, subject to a plebiscite. The plebiscite was taken and was not favourable. Can it fairly be said that the Saskatchewan Legislature has not

approved of this fad? If they had disapproved, they would never have allowed it to go to a vote of the people.

With regard to woman's suffrage, the Premier has said that he is in favour of it, and if we mistake not, all the politicians have declared for it. Now they are trying to evade by saying "Perhaps the time is not ripe."

As for temperance legislation, Saskatchewan has had a commission which reported recently in favour of the Liquor Dispensary System of South Carolina. The Government has declared in favour of some such system. To the people in the other provinces this looks to be "hasty."

The Courier is not opposed to temperance reform, nor even to woman's suffrage. Nevertheless, all reforms, as experience proves, must be based on genuine conviction in the minds of the people before it can be a success. The people of Saskatchewan do not understand the South Carolina system, and cannot be in favour of it. The women of Saskatchewan are no more ready for the suffrage than the women of the other provinces.

That is the whole story. Our legislatures should cut out the fads which have made the State Legislatures to the south ridiculous. There is plenty to do in promoting settlement and increasing the domestic happiness of the people without making laws embodying new and untried theories.

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## Propagandists

WHAT Canada needs is fewer wish-washy, chicken-hearted leaders, and more propagandists of the Lloyd-George type. Perhaps the finest example of propagandism in recent times is the work done by Hon. Martin Burrell and Dr. C. C. James in connection with the "Patriotism and Production" campaign. These men know what Canada ought to do, and they went out and held one or two thousand public meetings to bring the news to the people. They solicited the help of the newspaper

## GROWING!

This is the first issue in Volume XVIII. of The Courier. You will find some day that Volume XVII. is one of the most valuable volumes ever issued in Canada. It contains a history of stirring times.

editors, the provincial agricultural authorities, the farmers' institutes, and every other body or society or set of individuals that could help. They got the message over to the farming public quickly and effectively.

The Hon. (now Sir) Clifford Sifton, was a propagandist once. About 1897 everybody in the country knew that what Canada needed by more population. Every provincial premier knew it. Every member of the Dominion House of Commons knew it. Every business man knew it. But Clifford Sifton was the man who went out and brought the new citizens in. He became a propagandist for Canada in the United States and Europe.

Canada needs a commercial and industrial awakening. Canada needs a new chief propagandist who will start another constructive era. Canada has the railways, the harbours, the canals, the farming land and other natural resources, but there is no one preaching the gospel of development. Each citizen is doing something, but the country lacks a national leader. The effort is spasmodic and pocketed. A big propagandist would gather up all the forces and com-

bine them into one huge engine which would carry Canada into its newest and greatest era.

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## The Admiralty Leaders

RIGHT HON. ARTHUR J. BALFOUR and Admiral Sir Henry Jackson are now at the head of the British Admiralty instead of Winston Churchill and Lord Fisher. That Churchill should go is no surprise, but that Lord Fisher should retire is something of a surprise. The "underground" explanation that he signed orders given by Churchill though he did not approve of them, is hardly sufficient. Yet, these are the cold facts.

Of course, Canadians could not man a navy, much less build it or manage it. We didn't have the experience, to say nothing of the lack of brains and intelligence. Still it seems doubtful if our statesmen at Ottawa, inexperienced as they may be, could have done much more in the way of bickering and disagreement than the statesmen of London.

However that may be, let us hope that Mr. Balfour and Admiral Jackson will do better. Everybody in Canada recognizes that the freedom of the seas lies with the British navy, and that our stake in that freedom is of the first importance. No part of the Empire will rejoice more loyally than Canada if the new leaders and the new policy bring greater efficiency and ultimate naval triumph. We may still discuss the mystery of the Iron Duke, the mystery of the Audacious, and the mystery of the first attack in the Dardanelles, but the Canadian heart beats true in its appreciation of the brave men who have kept the flag flying upon the open seas.

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## The Baby's Jam

A LONDON newspaper poet protests in rhyme against the censorship which tells only half the truth. He wants to know the whole truth, the best and the worst of it. He hates having anything nasty hidden in a tablespoon of jam. His last couplet runs:

"The bits of 'arf truth doled out now, to us, ain't worth a damn,  
So give us powder fit for men and chuck the baby's jam."

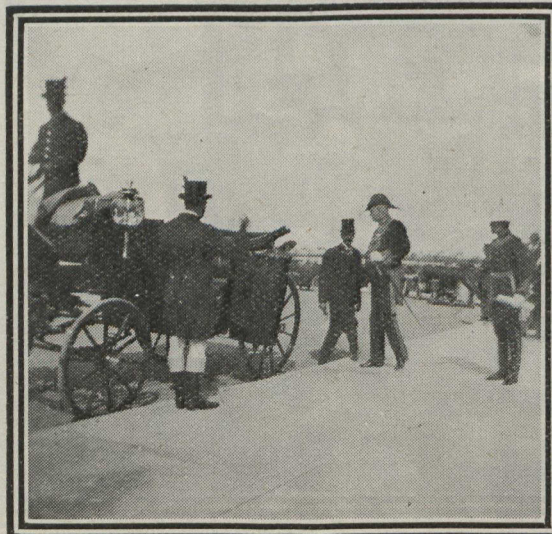
Perhaps no finer example of "the baby's jam" was the rush of everybody around the official London circle to cable their congratulations when the Canadians made their stand at Langemarck. They never said a word about the huge losses, and never a word as to the blunder that caused such a tremendous sacrifice of human life. All they had to say was to the effect that the men, who were so bumptious and lacking in discipline at Salisbury that they were not worth moving out of the mud and miasma of a swamp, had suddenly proved that they were heroes.

Let us admit that these officials have treated us no worse and no better than they treated the people of Great Britain and Australia. Their conduct has been uniform enough. But it seems a bit childish.

The Canadians we now know were unsupported by adequate reserves of either infantry or artillery. They were without protection against the gases which, three weeks earlier, were mentioned as being probable by the "official eye-witness." This one division of 18,000 men were opposed by four army corps, or 160,000 men, in spite of the much vaunted superiority of British aeroplane scouts. They were without adequate supplies of ammunition, and some of them went three days without food or sleep. They suffered untold agonies and endured terrific punishment.

Yet not one word of explanation in the month that has elapsed. We are expected to believe that this is a necessary result of a great war, and that no one blundered. Under these circumstances most of us will echo the words of Dick Richards and ask them to "chuck the baby's jam!"

## OPENING SASKATCHEWAN'S LEGISLATURE



Governor Brown (Windsor uniform) and Premier Walter Scott after inspecting troops.



46th Expeditionary Force Battalion in front of Parliament Buildings at Regina. (See page 16.)



# AT THE SIGN OF THE MAPLE

A NEWS DEPARTMENT MAINLY FOR WOMEN

## Linens, the Latest Need

Vancouver, May 22nd.

**T**HERE is now on the way to England, consigned to the care of Sir George Perley, a shipment of thirteen tons of linen, which is the result of a special "Linen Day" collection made in the city of Vancouver by the Daughters of the Empire, who have inaugurated a movement which has already been taken up by other cities and is likely to spread throughout Canada.

As spring approached, letters were received from doctors and nurses in the military hospitals which told of preparations being made for a vast number of wounded expected upon the resumption of activities along the battlefield. It was in anticipation of this rush, which it was said would tax to the utmost the resources of the hospitals, that the Daughters of the Empire in Vancouver, under the leadership of Lady Tupper, organized a thorough and systematic collection of linen to be made throughout the city and its environs.

The idea originated with Mrs. Fitzgibbon, an ardent imperialist and talented writer known to the reading public as "Lally Bernard." As is well known, she was a niece of the late Sir John A. Macdonald, and a step-daughter of the late D'Alton McCarthy, and has always been closely associated with movements for promoting imperial unity. Since the outbreak of the war she has given all her time and energy to patriotic work.

**T**HE collection was made in one day. Lady Tupper had as her first assistant in planning the undertaking, Mrs. A. H. MacNeill, a clever and resourceful woman with a genius for organization. A publicity campaign was vigorously prosecuted, owners of automobiles loaned their cars, the Boy Scouts were called into requisition, and on the day fixed a large and efficient motor fleet, manned by the Scouts spread over the entire city and made a house-to-house canvass. The Industrial Bureau, in the centre of the town, was secured as a receiving depot, and there the contributions poured in until they assumed a magnitude exceeding the expectations of the most optimistic of the promoters of the enterprise.

There were donations of new articles and of old white material, and the work of preparing it all for shipment occupied almost a month. A floor of the Industrial Bureau was turned into a work room which much resembled a whitewear factory, with its long work-tables and many sewing machines, where from two hundred to three hundred women gathered every day for two weeks sorting, classifying and labeling the new articles, and making the old material into slings, bandages, pads, wash-cloths and other hospital requirements, the standards of measurements set by the Red Cross Society being followed. All articles were made up into lots of dozens or hundreds, tightly sewed up in cotton wrappers ready for sterilization, and marked with a description of the contents.

There were 4,000 sheets, 5,000 pillow slips, 5,000 towels, 17,000 wash cloths, 86,000 mouth wipes, with dressings, pads, pyjamas, shirts, and all other hospital requisites in proportionate numbers. It filled 200 packing cases, and for nearly another fortnight professional packers were at work upon it, all the boxes being strapped with iron bands and stencilled with the address, the name of the consignors and the contents. Lady Tupper was able to make an

arrangement with Sir Thomas Shaughnessy, president of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company, who was a visitor to Vancouver while the work was going on, whereby the shipment was carried free and was attached to a passenger train so that there might be no delay in its transportation.

The women who dispatched these comforts for the wounded are profoundly grateful that the boxes are speeding on their way, for many of those who helped to prepare the linen now have sons or brothers in the hospitals for which it is intended. One of these is Lady Tupper, under whose direction the work was carried on, and who, while it was still in



MISS ANNETTE TARTE,

Daughter of the late Hon. J. Israel Tarte, who has accompanied the Royal Canadians, the French-Canadian regiment of the Second Contingent, as a member of the Red Cross. Before her departure Miss Tarte took a course in nursing at the Hotel Dieu in preparation for her work at the front.

Reginald Hibbert Tupper, severely wounded in the fighting at Ypres. M. D.



MRS. SANDFORD H. FLEMING AND HER SON.

Of Ottawa. Mrs. Fleming, who is the wife of the eldest son of Sir Sanford Fleming, and was before her marriage Miss Gertrude MacIntosh, is on her way to England to establish a convalescent home for Canadian soldiers. Her son, Charles Sanford Fleming, enlisted at the outbreak of the war with the entire crew of the boat of which he was stroke. He is an expert oarsman and a member of several rowing organizations. A member of the 2nd Battalion, 1st Brigade, Canadian Field Artillery. Gunner Fleming was "on" the gun at the time Lt. Helmer was killed.

progress, learned that her son-in-law, Captain Cecil Marsh Merritt, had been killed, and her son, Lieut.

## A Convalescent Home For Our Boys

Ottawa, May 26th.

**T**HE movement well under way, to establish and equip a Home in England for those Canadian soldiers who are discharged from various hospitals in order to give room to the more seriously wounded, should make a universal appeal to the people of Canada. For there is no city or town throughout the Dominion which has not contributed its quota of men to fight for the honour of their King and their Empire.

That these men will receive every attention—should they require it—in the hospitals already established, is a foregone conclusion, but that they will be discharged before full strength has returned to them is a fact which must be faced.

To most of those who have loved ones in the trenches such a Home as this suggested by Mrs. S. H. Fleming, of Ottawa, will be the solution of a racking problem. It is Mrs. Fleming's idea to take in the convalescents from other Canadian hospitals, and keep them until they are fit to go back to the firing line or until they are in a condition to travel Canada-ward. The Home will be under Mrs. Fleming's personal supervision, and she will provide a capable staff of trained nurses. It is approved and sanctioned by the Minister of Militia, and urgently required according to such authorities as Sergeant-Gen. Carlton Jones, Col. Hodgetts, and others.

At least twenty soldiers can be accommodated at one time, and the sum of \$25 will provide for the maintenance of one man for two weeks. Therefore, the upkeep of the establishment is not discouragingly large. Subscriptions, however, are badly needed, and the committee appointed to look after funds will be glad to receive any amount—no matter how small. Money may be sent to Mr. J. Roberts Allan, Mr. Sanford Fleming, and Mr. E. S. Houston, Ottawa, and will be immediately acknowledged. Mrs. Fleming hopes to leave for England, where the house for her splendid humanitarian undertaking is ready for her, in about ten days.

M. M.

## Told in Tabloid

**L**ADY AIKINS has been made President of the recently formed Women's Educational Association in connection with Wesley College, Winnipeg.

\*\*\*

A despatch from Paris states that nearly 11,000 women have been enrolled in a female police force authorized by the Italian Government. These women belong for the most part to the middle classes. They will undergo special physical training and wear uniforms.

\*\*\*

Premier Norris, of Manitoba, has placed himself in the good graces of a large number of women in the Province by his courteous reception of a deputation from the Political Equality League which waited on him recently, led by Dr. Mary Crawford, with regard to the vote for women. The Premier expressed his opinion that a woman who was qualified to vote in a municipal election was qualified to



VANCOUVER MAKES A GIFT OF LINENS.

As a result of the successful "Linen Day," held in Vancouver by the Daughters of the Empire for the benefit of military hospitals abroad, a little army of willing workers were kept busy for many days getting the materials into shape for use. It required two hundred packing cases to carry the supply to England.





## A Question of Beauty

is but a question of Complexion. A soft, refined, pearly white skin is the recognized beauty of society. Every woman cannot hope to have perfect features but they can and should have a perfect complexion. Just a few moments each day using

## Gouraud's Oriental Cream

pays your complexion big dividends. As the premier liquid face cream it far surpasses dry powders in all forms. Nourishing to the skin—Greaseless and healing.



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IN CANADA

**FREE!**

Send now for Gouraud's Complexion Chamois and a booklet of powder leaves. Enclose 15c to cover cost of wrapping and mailing.

**Ferd T. Hopkins & Son**  
474 St. Paul St., Montreal

## THE BEST LIGHT

A complete lighting plant in itself. Makes and burns its own gas. Cheaper than kerosene and more brilliant than electricity or acetylene. For homes, stores, factories, churches, etc. Made in over 200 styles. Every lamp warranted. Used in every civilized country on earth. Agents wanted. Write for catalogue and prices.

**THE BEST LIGHT CO.**  
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## LUXFER PRISMS

Deflect the natural light at any angle into gloomy places. For store-fronts, sidewalk hatches, skylights and hatches they are a necessity to insure sanitary and healthy conditions. Let us explain how economical our installation of these "Made in Canada" prisms will prove.

Established in Canada seventeen years.  
**The Luxfer Prism Co., Limited.**  
100 King St. West, Toronto, Can.

## DIAMONDS ON CREDIT

Terms 20% down  
**\$1-2-3 Weekly**

Buying a High Grade Diamond is saving money, not spending it. A written guarantee given with each diamond. All goods sent prepaid for inspection. Write or call for catalogue. We send diamonds to any part of Canada.

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Should your copy of the Courier not reach you on Friday, advise the Circulation Manager.

vote in a provincial election but that nothing could be effected along this line without a session of the Legislature.

\*\*\*

At the close of the three day's campaign to raise \$100,000, held by the Red Cross of Montreal, it was found that the most sanguine hopes had been exceeded and that the amount secured was well over the hundred thousand mark.

## I. O. D. E. Elect Officers

At the closing session of the annual meeting of the Daughters of the Empire, which took place at Halifax last week, the following officers were elected: President, Mrs. A. E. Gooderham; Vice-Presidents, Lucy Mackenzie, Mrs. E. F. B. Johnston, Mrs. W. R. Riddell, Mrs. Henshaw, Vancouver; Secretary, Mrs. Auden; Treasurer, Mrs. Bruce; Organizing secretary, Mrs. Murray Clark; Standard-bearer, Mrs. A. W. MacDougall, Montreal.

This year's meeting, though smaller than usual, was declared to be the most successful yet held. The work of the previous term, reviewed by Mrs. A. W. MacDougall, of Montreal, in an inspiring address, delivered at a public meeting in the Technical school, showed a very splendid amount of work accomplished during that period of stress, while the President, at the closing session, spoke of the present and future needs of the nation and the share that the women of Canada would be looked to to undertake. Mrs. Gooderham declared:

"We have left our youth and entered our maturity. That is what I want to remind you, that we must not allow the former interests of the or-

der to lapse. It still remains a vital responsibility that we should encourage all that will make more noble and more beautiful the communities in which we live. It still remains for us to give every assistance that lies



**MRS. A. E. GOODERHAM,**  
Of "Deancroft," Toronto, re-elected President of the Daughters of the Empire at the Convention held in Halifax last week.

within our power to the hospitals, the sanatoriums and the various undertakings that aim to improve the national health."

The next annual meeting will be held in Toronto.

## The Canadian Women's Press Club

THE latest members of the Canadian Women's Press Club are Miss Ethel Maud Porter, of the Canadian Home Journal, Toronto; Mrs. M. C. Chambers, connected with the same journal and with the Toronto Sunday World, and Miss E. Dawe, sub-editor of Church Life, Toronto.

\*\*\*

The members of the Calgary Club recently entertained in their room the editorial staff of the city newspapers, on which occasion Mr. J. H. Woods, the editor of the Herald, gave a practical but withal humorous talk on the characteristics of the ideal newspaper man or woman, following this with many interesting items concerning Calgary and the district, taken from the old files of the Herald and the Northwestern, a paper extinct now for many years.

\*\*\*

Mrs. Ewan Macdonald, of Leaskdale, Ont., better known as L. M. Montgomery, the author of "Green Gables" and "Avonlea" fame, is to publish in June the third of her "Anne" stories—"Anne of the Island."

\*\*\*

Mrs. Arthur Murphy, of Edmonton; Mrs. A. V. Thomas, of the Free Press, Winnipeg, and Miss Mary Mantle, of the Nor'-West Farmer, Regina, are to address the Homemakers' Convention, which is to be held this month at the University of Saskatchewan.

\*\*\*

Miss Marshall Saunders, the author of "Beautiful Joe," is at present in New York, where she is working on a story for juveniles and a Southern story of adults. Miss Saunders has become interested in the peace society founded by Andrew Carnegie, and has recently finished a peace-play.

\*\*\*

Miss Grace Cornell, of the Free Press, Winnipeg, was married recently to Mr. Henry Cyril Wright, a Fort William banker.

\*\*\*

The Port Arthur and Fort William press women are giving a series of entertainments for the purpose of raising money to furnish and maintain a cot in the hospital at Clevedon.

\*\*\*

Miss Cora Hind, the commercial editor of the Winnipeg Free Press, and

Mrs. George E. Ellis, of the Prince Albert Herald, attended the recent horse show at Edmonton, where they were the guests of the local press club.

\*\*\*

Mrs. Olive Ryckman, a former member of the Winnipeg Club, is at present attending The Hague Peace Conference as one of the forty-two delegates from the United States.

\*\*\*

Mrs. Kate Simpson-Hayes ("Mary Markwell") is attending the Panama Exposition in the interests of the Canadian Pacific Railway.

\*\*\*

Deep regret is felt by the C. W. P. C. in the loss of one of their most distinguished and esteemed members, "Kit" (Mrs. Kathleen Blake Coleman), who died at her home in Hamilton on the 16th of May. Mrs. Coleman was a member of the Toronto Branch.

\*\*\*

The May meeting of the Toronto Branch took the pleasant form of a high tea, served in the Club Rooms, and later addressed by Mrs. White, known to readers of the Mail and Empire as "Caltha."

\*\*\*

Members of the Toronto Branch were given an opportunity one day last month to view their city from the dizzy height of the top story of the Royal Bank Building, where the Board of Trade is quartered, through the kindness of Mr. W. M. Douglas, who invited the Club to tea. Mr. Douglas' parties, which have become almost an institution, are always immensely enjoyed by the members.

Hitherto the now well-established institution of the shower was associated in our minds with a form of tribute to the bride-to-be, but war year has changed its purpose to some extent, and put it to a more practical, if not so romantic, use. In Toronto there has recently been held a number of sheet showers, as a means of providing this commodity for the University Base Hospital. These have been arranged by various societies who have also taken the opportunity to add to the hospital fund by selling homemade bread and cakes, and have proved most successful.



"Comfort becomes second nature to wearers of C/C à la Grace Corsets."

Corsets for Walking and for Evening Wear must lend a suppleness and grace to the figure.



*à la Grâce*

Corsets

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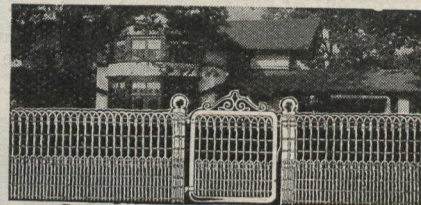
are in high favor among those who really know how to dress for occasions.

The Crompton Corset Company Limited  
78 York Street, Toronto



C/C à la Grace Corsets can be obtained from all high-class ladies' apparel and ready-to-wear stores.

12



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## PEERLESS Lawn Fencing

ORNAMENTAL fencing serves a double purpose. It not only enhances the beauty of your premises, but also protects it and your children and property—as well. It keeps out marauding animals and trespassers. It protects your lawns and flowers and always gives your home grounds that orderly, pleasing appearance.

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is the result of years of fence building. It is built to last—to retain its beauty and grace for years to come and should not be confused with the cheap, shoddy fencing offered. Peerless fence is built of strong, stiff wire which will not sag and the heavy galvanizing plus the heavy zinc enamel is the best possible assurance against rust.

### Send for Catalog

Shows many beautiful designs of fencing suitable for lawns, parks, cemeteries, etc. Agencies almost everywhere. Active agents wanted in unassigned territory.

**THE BANWELL-HOXIE WIRE FENCE CO., Ltd.**  
Winnipeg, Man. Hamilton, Ont.





COURIETTES.

**H**UERTA says Mexico needs a million Jews. Why a million? Half a dozen could buy off the revolutionists.

Japan's new Diet is being tried out on a big Chinese dish.

Denmark is giving the women the vote. The women may not be able to stop the war but the war is not stopping the women.

When a "favorable" trade balance is reported, the query is, who is favored?

Spring's reluctance to bring warm weather was no doubt meant to discourage the spring poets.

Turkey hung the man who failed to kill the Sultan. That seems to be proof that there is justice in Turkey.

There are many reports that Villa and his troops have been annihilated. His foes must have taken a telegraph office.

Well, Italy can never be accused of jumping at conclusions, when the history of this war comes to be written.

The British Cabinet has been shaken up a bit. The idea, no doubt, was suggested by the desire to better its batting average.

Jane Addams says she is wedded to peace. Many a wife wishes she could say the same thing.

Billy Sunday declares that hell is no worse than Chicago. But it is so much easier to get out of Chicago.

When a hen cackles nowadays, it's an open question whether she's laying or lying.

Boss Barnes of New York says political parties should have leaders. He also has views as to who the leaders should be.

Out in Idaho they have a preacher named Rev. R. H. Goodpasture. His flock should be satisfied.

Puck's editor has got married. We wonder whether he got a girl who will laugh at his jokes.

Teddy Roosevelt has been accused of telling fairy tales. It cannot be denied, however, that he tells them very well.

In the language of the motorist, here's a "two-speed" sign that we noted the other day: "Special regular meals, 25 cents."

**What He Needs.**—A British bishop declares that he will not abstain from liquor because it would injure his health, he has become so used to it. That cleric needs not restriction nor prohibition, but the gold cure.

**An Admission.**—Mr. Roosevelt says he tried but failed to make Boss Barnes a good man. He admits then that there are limits to his powers.

**Japan Advances.**—We note that Japan now has breach of promise cases on her court lists. The land of the rising sun thus qualifies as a highly civilized power.

**The Rich Litigant.**—The Rev. J. H. Rice, the preacher-judge of Emporia, is famed equally in Kansas for the eloquence of his sermons and the justice of his police court rulings.

"Well," said Dr. Rice, modestly, at a dinner in his honour, "I fear your praise is exaggerated, but at least I can say that I go into court with clean hands—cleaner hands, eh, than the rich litigant?"

"A rich litigant, you know, had directed his lawyer to wire him at his

Palm Beach villa the result of a certain suit. The lawyer wired accordingly: "Right has triumphed." "Thereupon the litigant wired back: "Appeal at once."—Washington Star.

**No Doubt Now.**—In Baltimore the other day a rude listener threw a mouse at a suffragette orator. The woman picked up the little animal and petted it. After that, how can we refuse them votes?

**A Paradox.**—This is no doubt a paradox, but there is money in some lines of business that it does not pay a fellow to take up.

WAR NOTES.

If they must use poisonous gases, why not arrange debating duels between the parliaments of the various countries?

Russia has ordered shells from America and Austria asks for 5,000 cork legs. Cause and effect?

Dr. Dernberg declares that every international law has been broken. This sounds more like a boast than a regret.

"Let George do it," is the motto of some Britishers who refuse to follow the King's lead and swear off.

Somebody reports having seen 68 German vessels at sea. Perhaps they were heading for an American port to be interned.

Lord Kitchener is blamed for lack of high explosives. They could never say that of Teddy R.

These are the days when in Rome it is wise to do as the Romans do.

That fellow Dernberg may be said to have talked himself out.

China is becoming almost a Christian nation. She let Japan smite her on one cheek and then turned the other.

**The Threat.**—A Georgia judge has decided that nagging is a form of cruelty and cause for divorce in that State. Now if she doesn't keep a sweet temper, just threaten to go to Georgia.

**Ever Think of This?**—It's odd that some girls will marry men to reform them, but you never heard of a man marrying a woman to reform her.

**The Failure.**—"Do you play cards for money?" "Yes—but I never get it."

**Not For Us.**—A scientist in the University of Wisconsin has declared the safe way to kiss is through a screen. This is one case in which, with the rest of the world, we deliberately spurn the "Safety First" motto.

**Easily Done.**—These are the glad, spring days when, with one stroke of the censor's pen a whole army corps is saved from annihilation.

**All Alike.**—All flags look alike to the German submarine.

**Not in That Class.**—John O'Neill, although a Roman Catholic, is one of the most popular men in the ultra-Protestant city of Toronto. He is also vice-chairman of the Board of Control—a position next in importance to that of Mayor.

The other day Controller O'Neill was presiding at a Board of Control meeting. Secretary Thos. McQueen

read a letter, signed by a dozen Toronto Orangemen, demanding that all persons of Austrian or German birth or extraction be removed from the civic service.

Controller O'Neill glanced at the letter and did not quite recognize the signatures.

"Who are they—Sunday School teachers?" he asked the secretary.

"Well, if they are, you are not in their class," gently intimated Mr. McQueen, and the vice-chairman joined in the general laugh.

**Misnamed.**—The poor fellow was having a fight with his wife and was getting the worst of it.

The big policeman intervened. "I'll have to arrest you," he said.

Throwing his arms around the officer, the beaten hubby exclaimed, "This isn't an arrest, officer, it's a rescue."

**Enough For That.**—A man in Pennsylvania is suing a railway for \$20,000 for the loss of his senses. He has enough sense left to sue, however.

**Ignorant.**—New York is to banish bee hives. One New Yorker, however, suggested that it would be sufficient to muzzle the bees. Some ignorant folks always make a mess of a problem by starting at the wrong end of it.

**"Safety First."**—Daily papers tell how a man committed suicide by means of a safety razor. No doubt the barbers will now urge this as a good argument for the abolition of the safety. It is so much easier to make a clean job of it with the good old kind.

**Poor Prospects.**—They have started a new steamship line between New York and Iceland, but as the island is under prohibition the prospect for tourist traffic is not at all encouraging.

**Emancipated.**—Little Everett was a member of the Band of Mercy Society, and was proud of the membership. He wore his badge, a small star, as if it were a policeman's insignia, and was often heard reproving other boys and girls for cruel treatment of dogs and cats.

One morning a woman of the neighborhood heard a commotion outside, to find Everett in the act of tormenting the cat.

"Why, Everett," she called, "what are you doing to that poor cat? I thought you belonged to the Band of Mercy Society?"

"I did," replied the little boy, "but I lost my star."

**Properly Described.**—Monday morning's Toronto "World," describing the last services to be held in old Erskine Church on Caer Howell Street, says of Rev. Dr. Macdonald that he "gave an in spirational address." This is the best description of the reverend gentleman's keltic oratory that has yet appeared in any public journal. What the writer meant can only be judged by listening to the orator. But for fear somebody should pick the wrong adjective, we hasten to say that the word was not "infernal."

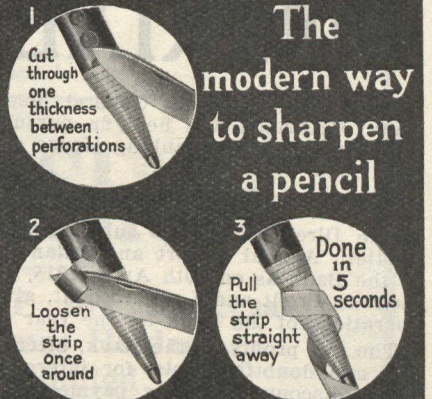
Warmed-Over Nursery Rhymes.

Little Bo-Peep  
Has lost her sheep  
And I know where she'll find 'em;

In a trench I'll wot,  
Being served red hot  
With hardtack close behind 'em.

Hey diddle diddle,  
O how they did riddle  
The cow that jumped over the moon—

For the soldiers below  
Mistook her, you know,  
For a bomb-dropping German balloon.



Good choosers of good pencils

- Standard Oil Company
- Pennsylvania Railroad
- Ford Motor Car Company
- United States Navy
- United States Steel Corporation
- General Electric Company

Surely the endorsement of these organizations stamps an article the leader. These organizations are but several out of the long and distinguished list of those using Blaisdell pencils either wholly or in part.

It is not sentiment that leads the greatest business concerns to use the Blaisdell exclusively. These companies buy Blaisdells because Blaisdells are their best buy!

The Blaisdell is the modern, scientific lead pencil. Modern in quality; modern in convenience; modern in its remarkable economy.

Scientific methods and special automatic machinery enable us to economize in the manufacture and offer leads of superfine quality. This tells not only in the splendid writing qualities of Blaisdells, but also in their remarkably long life.

No whittling with Blaisdells! No waste of time. No cutting away and wasting of the lead. No soiled fingers. No dirt and no annoyance. Blaisdells are sharpened in 5 seconds with ridiculous ease. The day-in-day-out comfort and convenience of Blaisdells put them in a class by themselves.

We make no mere vague "claims" as to the economy of Blaisdells. We are prepared to prove it in black and white to anyone who will take the trouble to ask us. We are ready to demonstrate in actual figures that Blaisdells will reduce your wooden pencil costs 33 per cent. (not to mention saving clerks' time of whittling, etc.). Write us.

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There are Blaisdell pencils of every kind for every purpose, including Regular, Colored, Copying, Indelible, Extra Thick, China Marking, Metal Marking, Lumberman's and Railroad pencils. All grades and all degrees of hardness.

Sold by leading stationers everywhere.





# IMPERIAL BANK OF CANADA

The Fortieth Annual General Meeting of the Imperial Bank of Canada was held, in pursuance of the terms of the Charter, at the Banking House of the Institution, 26th May, 1915.

## THE REPORT

The Directors beg to submit to the Shareholders the Fortieth Annual Report and Balance Sheet of the affairs of the Bank as on 30th April, 1915, together with a Statement of Profit and Loss Account, giving the result of the operations of the Bank for the year ended on that day.

The net profits of the Bank, after making provision for bad and doubtful debts, for interest on unmatured bills under discount, and for payment of all Provincial and Municipal taxes, amounted to \$1,031,359.08 being at the rate of 7.366% upon the paid-up Capital and Reserve Fund.

There was brought forward from last year the balance of Profit and Loss Account .... 1,265,919.12

making a total Profit and Loss Account to be applied of ..... \$2,297,278.20

This amount has been distributed as follows:

- (a) Dividends at the rate of 12% per annum, amounting to ..... \$840,000.00
- (b) Annual contribution to Officers' Pension and Guarantee Funds ..... 7,500.00
- (c) Provision for depreciation in securities and for contingencies ..... 400,000.00
- (d) Special contributions:
  - Patriotic Fund subscription, \$25,000 (40% paid) ..... \$10,000
  - Red Cross Fund ..... 3,000
  - Belgian Relief Fund ..... 1,000
- (e) Dominion Government War Tax on Bank Circulation from 1st January to 30th April, 1915 ..... 17,788.97
- (f) Auditors' Fees ..... 5,000.00
- (g) Balance of Account carried forward.. 1,012,989.23

\$2,297,278.20

New Branches of the Bank have been opened during the year:

In Ontario—Toronto, Yonge and Ann Streets; Sault Ste. Marie, James Street; Niagara Falls, Queen and Ontario Streets; and at Welland, West Side.

British Columbia—Victoria, Douglas Street and Athalmer.

Branches at Humber Bay (Toronto); Invermere and Wilmer; Main Street Branch, Vancouver, B.C.; Maissonneuve, P.Q.; and Portage Avenue Branch, Winnipeg, have been closed.

It is with profound regret that your Directors have to report the death of the late President and General Manager, Mr. D. R. Wilkie, who was stricken suddenly by apoplexy on 17th November, 1914; of the Hon. Robert Jaffray, President at the time of his death, 16th December, 1914; and of Mr. E. W. Cox, on 27th June, 1914, a Director only since the previous annual meeting. Mr. Peleg Howland has been elected President, and Mr. Elias Rogers Vice-President. Hon. W. J. Hanna, Mr. John Northway and Lieut.-Col. J. F. Michie have been added to the Board to fill the vacancies.

The position of General Manager has been filled by the appointment of the Assistant General Manager, Mr. Edward Hay.

The Head Office and Branches of the Bank, now numbering 125, have been carefully inspected during the year. The Head Office and the principal Branches have also been examined by the special auditors appointed at the last annual meeting, whose report will be found attached to the statement now presented.

The Directors have much pleasure in testifying to the faithfulness and efficiency of the staff.

The whole respectfully submitted.

PELEG HOWLAND,  
President.

## LIABILITIES.

Notes of the Bank in circulation .....	\$ 4,528,252.00
Deposits not bearing interest .....	\$ 7,815,803.18
Deposits bearing interest, including interest accrued to date of Statement .....	47,266,100.92
	<u>\$55,081,904.10</u>
Balances due to other Banks in Canada...	14,331.53
Due to Banks and Banking Correspondents in the United Kingdom .....	292.53
Due to Banks and Banking Correspondents elsewhere than in Canada and the United Kingdom .....	671,301.21
Acceptances under Letters of Credit (as per contra) .....	48,676.80
Total Liabilities to the public .....	\$60,345,258.17
Capital Stock paid in .....	7,000,000.00
Reserve Fund Account .....	\$7,000,000.00
Dividend No. 99 (payable 1st May, 1915) for three months, at the rate of 12% per annum .....	210,000.00
Balance of Profit and Loss Account carried forward .....	1,012,989.23
	<u>8,222,989.23</u>
	<u>\$75,568,247.40</u>

## ASSETS.

Current Coin held by the Bank..	\$ 1,619,399.77
Dominion Government Notes .....	13,428,609.00
	<u>\$15,048,008.77</u>
Deposit with the Minister for the purposes of the Circulation Fund .....	328,005.57
Notes of other Banks .....	436,479.00
Cheques on other Banks .....	1,949,611.32
Balances due by other Banks in Canada .....	476,549.68
Due from Banks and Banking Correspondents in the United Kingdom .....	523,995.32
Due from Banks and Banking Correspondents elsewhere than in Canada and the United Kingdom .....	3,234,212.77
	<u>\$21,996,862.43</u>
Dominion and Provincial Government Securities, not exceeding market value .....	\$ 666,360.10
Canadian Municipal Securities, and British, Foreign and Colonial Public Securities other than Canadian .....	1,070,713.75
Railway and other Bonds, Debentures and Stocks, not exceeding market value .....	927,041.90
	<u>2,664,115.75</u>
Loans to Cities, Towns, Municipalities and School Districts .....	\$7,432,334.55
Call and Short Loans (not exceeding thirty days) in Canada on Bonds, Debentures and Stocks .....	3,966,959.85
Call and Short Loans (not exceeding thirty days) elsewhere than in Canada .....	7,000.00
	<u>11,406,294.40</u>
	<u>\$36,067,272.58</u>
Other Current Loans and Discounts in Canada (less rebate of interest) .....	36,245,617.96
Liabilities of Customers under Letters of Credit (as per contra) .....	48,676.80
Overdue Debts (estimated loss provided for) .....	86,564.50
Real Estate (other than Bank premises) .....	164,922.91
Mortgages on Real Estate sold by the Bank .....	458,586.33
Bank Premises, at not more than cost, less amounts written off .....	2,448,493.17
Other Assets, not included in the foregoing .....	48,113.15
	<u>\$75,568,247.40</u>

PELEG HOWLAND,  
President.

E. HAY,  
General Manager.

## AUDITORS' REPORT TO SHAREHOLDERS.

We have compared the above Balance Sheet with the books and accounts at the Chief Office of the Imperial Bank of Canada and with the certified returns received from its Branches, and after checking the cash and verifying the securities at the Chief Office and three of the principal Branches on 30th April, 1915, we certify that in our opinion such Balance Sheet exhibits a true and correct view of the Bank's affairs according to the best of our information, the explanations given to us, and as shown by the books of the Bank.

In addition to the examinations mentioned, the cash and securities at the Chief Office and five of the principal Branches were checked and verified by us during the year and found to be in accord with the books of the Bank.

All information and explanations required have been given to us, and all transactions of the Bank which have come under our notice have in our opinion been within the powers of the Bank.

R. J. DILWORTH,  
Of Clarkson, Gordon & Dilworth, C.A.

GEORGE HYDE,  
Of MacIntosh & Hyde, C.A.

The customary motions were made and carried unanimously.

Mr. R. J. Dilworth, C.A., Toronto, and Mr. George Hyde, C.A., Montreal, were reappointed Auditors of the Bank for the ensuing year.

The scrutineers appointed at the meeting reported the following shareholders duly elected Directors for the ensuing year: Messrs. Peleg Howland, Elias Rogers, Wm. Ramsay (of Bowland, Stow, Scotland), J. Kerr Osborne, Cawthra Mulock, Hon. Richard Turner (Quebec), Wm. Hamilton Merritt, M.D. (St. Catharines), W. J. Gage, Sir James A. M. Aikins, K.C., M.P. (Winnipeg), Hon. W. J. Hanna, M.P.P., John Northway, J. F. Michie.

At a subsequent meeting of the Directors, Mr. Peleg Howland was re-elected President and Mr. Elias Rogers Vice-President for the ensuing year.

PELEG HOWLAND,  
President.

E. HAY,  
General Manager.

## A Legislature Opens

Description of a Picturesque Military Ceremony at Regina

By W. H. S.

ON a beautiful afternoon, reminding one of midsummer, Lieutenant-Governor Brown opened the fourth session of the third legislature of Saskatchewan at Regina on May 8. The hour set for the ceremony was three, but as early as two o'clock the "youth, beauty and fashion" of Regina began to arrive at the Parliament Buildings, in carriages, automobiles and on foot. Some preferred to wait outside to see the troops and the arrival of His Honour, others took their seats in the oak-pannelled legislative chamber, while the corridors and the rotunda were full of strolling parties of ladies and their escorts.

Presently a few strains of martial music were heard as the 46th battalion, headed by their band, were to be seen swinging across Albert Street bridge, and under the command of Captain McKenzie, were drawn up near the main entrance steps. It always gives us poor civilians somewhat of a "turn" to behold for the first time an old friend, who we have been accustomed to see in the modest garb of everyday life, in full regimentals, with many pockets, belts, a sword and weird English leggings, with perhaps a newborn moustache, a hanky in the sleeve and other martial symptoms. However a large group of officers lounging on the main stairs, gratified their friends by a display of their manly proportions during the period of waiting. Far be it from us, however, to make fun of them, for we have nothing but feelings of pride and admiration for them, while many of us feel rebellious at the hard fate which has prevented us from joining their ranks.

At last the cry goes up, "Here he comes," as the scarlet tunics of the Mounted Police escort are seen bobbing along in front of the Lieutenant-Governor's carriage. Picked men on picked bay horses, they once again create that impression of soldierly smartness which we have so often felt on seeing these favourites of the West, the Royal Northwest Mounted Police.

The Lieutenant-Governor, accompanied by his aide-de-camp, Captain Allard, then entered the building, where he presently took his seat in the chamber, and in the trained accents of the practised public speaker, delivered the speech from the throne, thus opening a session at which will be discussed issues probably the most important of which have ever come before a Saskatchewan legislature.

On emerging from the building His Honour, with Hon. Walter Scott, Premier of the Province, was received by the officers in command of the troops, which he proceeded to inspect. Although it has often been said before we cannot refrain from remarking how well His Honour "looks the part." In his gold-laced uniform and plumed cocked hat his appearance is dignified and striking, and he was head and shoulders above the ranks of the soldiers.

On getting into his carriage the police escort came smartly into position, and the Lieutenant-Governor left to the strains of "God Save the King." The battalion was next to move off, and on emerging from the grounds their band struck up a lively marching air. The proceedings were over, and the civil service staff resumed their daily struggles with their books, adding machines and typewriters.

## (P)russia

IT is some time now since the Czar changed St. Petersburg to Petrograd, because he wanted no more German endings to town names in Russia. It might have been expected that the Kaiser would follow suit by going on record as the man who took the P out of Prussia. But the Kaiser is waiting to do a whole lot of things till he is gently forced to. Some day, before very long, not only the P, but all the other letters will be taken out of Prussia—which for military purposes will be clean rubbed out.



# MONEY AND MAGNATES

## Canada's Foreign Trade

NEVER was there a time when Canada's internal prosperity depended so much upon its external trade as at the present. Therefore the figures for the year ending March 31st, have more interest than in any previous year, and are deserving of the closest study by every business man in the country.

Canada's total foreign trade for the year amounted to \$1,078,173,240, as compared with \$1,112,562,107 for the twelve months ending March, 1914. This is the general result as issued at Ottawa. On the face of it it is satisfactory, but a closer examination hardly justifies the general comparison.

In the first place, the exports of foreign produce increased \$28,000,000, and this must be deducted. Again the importation and exportation of coin and bullion increased \$123,000,000, and this also must be deducted to arrive at a fair comparison between the trade of last year and the trade of this year. Of course, Canada got a small fee for handling this foreign produce and for transporting this coin and bullion to and from the Ottawa Treasury. Yet it would be foolish for any one to allow these unusual items to influence his opinion as to the real size of the country's foreign trade.

Deducting these two items from the total trade we find that the real trade for the year is \$927,000,000, as compared with \$1,112,000,000 in the previous year or a decrease of about 16 per cent. This corresponds pretty fairly with the decline in domestic trade. Under these circumstances it is reasonable to conclude that during the past twelve months the trade of Canada, both external and internal, was fifteen per cent. less than in the corresponding twelve months ending March 31st, 1914.

This is the worst that can be said, and it is always well to know the worst. Indeed, the showing is rather remarkable considering the extraordinary circumstances. Moreover, the greatest decreases are passed and the remaining months of the year should show better results.

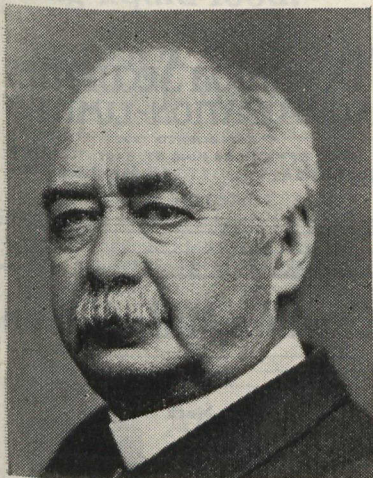
There is one other feature which is most encouraging. During this twelve months' period imports declined one hundred and sixty-three million dollars, while exports of Canadian produce declined only twenty millions. In other words, while Canada had twenty million dollars less goods to sell, she saved one hundred and sixty-three million dollars in her purchases.

When imports decline it does not necessarily follow that purchases at home increase. Canada bought much less abroad, and also bought less at home. This can only be explained by pointing out that the contraction of foreign borrowings forced Canada to take several reefs in its commercial sails. It is probable, however, that domestic purchases will revive sooner than foreign purchases.

## Imperial Bank Report

NO one can accuse the Imperial Bank of neglecting to take precaution to protect its circulation and its depositors. The bank's quick assets on April 30th were nearly two million dollars higher than at the same period in the previous year, and amounted to sixty per cent. of the total liabilities to the public. This is an exceptional position, and the management is to be congratulated. No doubt there will be some who may think that the Imperial and other banks are hoarding too much gold, but it is of prime importance that our larger banks should be able to meet any contingency that may arise. To do this they must err on the side of caution rather than on the side of liberality.

During the year the Imperial Bank has suffered more losses in personnel than probably ever fell to the lot of any other bank in the same period of time. Col. D. R. Wilkie, president and general manager, was a tower of strength to the institution and his sudden demise in November last was a great loss. In addition the bank lost its Vice-President, Hon. Robert Jaffray; a director, Mr. E. W. Cox; and its chief counsel, Mr. James Bicknell. Naturally, the president's address referred to these extraordinary losses. As has already been announced, the offices were filled as follows: President, Mr. Peleg Howland; Vice-President, Mr. Elias Rogers; and directors, Hon. W. J. Hanna, Mr. John Northway and Col.



MR. EDWARD HAY,  
General Manager of the Imperial Bank.

Michie. The new general manager is Mr. Edward Hay, who joined the bank before it opened its doors in 1875, and who has been assistant general manager since 1902.

## The Situation in New York

CANADA is still waiting on New York developments, and last week New York was waiting for news from Berlin. That is the story of the financial situation in a nutshell. On Friday the New York stock market was in a state of "suspended animation," due partly to the lack of news from Berlin and partly to the approaching Monday holiday. The volume of stock dealings was the smallest recorded since the middle of March. On Saturday the same situation obtained.

Another point of resemblance between the situation in New York and that of the Canadian financial centres is to be found in the gradual accumulation of money. Last week's weekly statement from the New York clearing house showed surplus reserves at a new record. Money is a drug on the New York market because the lenders are afraid and because the borrowers are exceedingly timid. We know that this is very much the situation in Canada, and that deposits in the savings banks have increased more than twenty-five million dollars in the past twelve months.

The closing prices of leading New York stocks on Saturday last were Amalgamated Copper, 65½; American Car & Foundry, 51½; American Locomotive, 46; Atchison, 99; Baltimore & Ohio, 72; New York Central, 84½; Redding, 142½; United States Steel, 54¾; Westinghouse, 93; Canadian Pacific, 155½; Bethlehem Steel, 137.

During the week May wheat declined 16 cents a bushel, July closed at 125½, and September at 120½.

"The Boots that stood the Test"

# Honest Shoes

The Keystone of the success achieved by Ames Holden McCready Limited

Go into any shoe store of any standing in Canada, and ask the proprietor about "Ames Holden" or "McCready" Footwear. His reply will be "They are honest shoes".

Every dealer in Canada knows the Ames Holden McCready reputation for quality and value.

He knows that "Ames Holden" or "McCready" on a shoe means, honest leather, honest workmanship, long wear and comfort.

It is on this foundation that we have built the largest business of its kind in the Dominion.

You want an honestly made shoe, that will give you service and satisfaction for your money. Ask your dealer to show you the new spring and summer styles in the "Ames Holden" or the "McCready" brand of shoes.

**Ames Holden McCready**  
Limited

Montreal.

QUALITY—First, Last and Always.

TIME was, when many people were reluctant to make Wills. They felt that taking death into their calculations, somehow invited it.

To-day, every man realizes that for his dependants the need of careful control of his resources is as pressing after his death as before.

Many have found our advice helpful in providing such control. We invite, and shall respect, your confidence.

**National Trust Company**

Capital Paid-up, Limited Reserve,  
\$1,500,000. \$1,500,000.

18-22 KING STREET EAST, TORONTO.

2 IN 1

Before the "Stroll"

**2 in 1**

Gives the best shine  
Does it easiest

The F. F. Dalley Co., Ltd.,  
Buffalo N. Y.  
Hamilton Can.

**BLACK WHITE TAN**

ALL DEALERS

**10¢**

**SHOE POLISHES**





## LUXEBERRY WHITE ENAMEL Whitest White · Stays White

You, too, will admire—the rooms you have finished in Luxeberry White Enamel. Its ever constant freshness and lasting whiteness add that touch of permanent beauty you so want your home to have. Your floors will be permanently beautiful, too, if they are finished with Liquid Granite, the lasting, water-proof floor varnish.

Like other celebrated Berry Brothers' products, it has withstood the hardest wear and tear in homes and public buildings for over 58 years. Booklets and valuable information on finishing are free to you from the nearest

Berry Brothers dealer or direct from our factory.

**BERRY BROTHERS**  
INCORPORATED  
World's Largest Varnish Makers  
Established 1858

Walkerville, Ontario

Lasting, Waterproof Floor Varnish (53)

## LIQUID GRANITE

# THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE

SIR EDMUND WALKER, C.V.O., LL.D., D.C.L., President  
ALEXANDER LAIRD, General Manager JOHN AIRD, Ass't. General Manager

CAPITAL, \$15,000,000 RESERVE FUND, \$13,500,000

## SAVINGS BANK ACCOUNTS

Interest at the current rate is allowed on all deposits of \$1.00 and upwards. Careful attention is given to every account. Small accounts are welcomed. Accounts may be opened and operated by mail.

Accounts may be opened in the names of two or more persons, withdrawals to be made by any one of them or by the survivor.

## OUR ADVERTISING POLICY

We will not, knowingly or intentionally, insert advertisements from other than perfectly reliable firms or business men. If subscribers find any of them to be otherwise, we will esteem it a favour if they will so advise us, giving full particulars.

Advertising Manager, Canadian Courier

## They'll Give Kaiser Bill Something to Think About

(Concluded from page 4.)

always round yon corner on two wheels, and gallop right through the gate. You're sure they're going to fetch up against that night post, but they always somehow miss it, and then they swing their waggon around against the platform as nice as you please, and just as unconcerned like as if there weren't no other way to drive. They're jolly fine fellows to meet, too, and very free-handed with their money. They'll give old Kaiser Bill something to think about, will them chaps."

ABOUT sunset I reached Bearsfield Park and strolled through its imposing gateway. Before me stretched a beautiful avenue of trees, with stretches of what had once been lawns on either side, now converted into parade grounds and plentifully dotted with low-gabled huts, the *sine qua non* of a Kitchener Camp. In the background I could catch inviting glimpses of a stately mansion, the former home of Prince Bunster (at present in temporary exile!), now the headquarters of General Keeley, who commands several units of Canadian Horse Artillery as well as a brigade of King Edward's Horse. The latter have been recruited in Great Britain, but are composed largely of Colonials and Britons from overseas, and both in their splendid physique and in their free-and-easy bearing might be mistaken for a colonial contingent. They are easily to be distinguished from other cavalry, however, by the chain armour that protects their brawny shoulders.

Probably many of your readers have heard of this accoutrement and know its name, but I must confess that my mind took an abrupt flight to a bygone age when our warlike progenitors rode back and forward over this very terrain, many of them protected to the girth by chain mail jerkins, from which this shoulder armour has plainly been evolved.

Apart from its delightful environment there was little in the Bearsfield Camp that differed from the many other camps I have visited. The huts seem everywhere of the same pattern and dimensions, and the mess rooms, sleeping quarters, canteens, etc., might be exchanged for similar accommodations from Salisbury Plain or Devon or Scotland, for all the difference it would make. I doubt, indeed, if any single architectural plan has been used for so many buildings since the dawn of history. There must be tens of thousands of them, and at a cost of approximately one hundred pounds apiece (which I am told is their actual cost to the Government), these military hutments must have cost in themselves a goodly king's ransom.

AS I say, I arrived at about sundown, and in exactly ten minutes I encountered a chap named Brown, who, on the strength of my name, not to mention my nationality, promptly took me in tow and showed me everything worth seeing. I inspected the guns, the horses, the ammunition, the guard-room, peeked into the officers' mess—interviewed the sentries—in short, I was made so thoroughly at home that wild horses (Canadian or Texan—it makes no difference) could not drag from me one indiscreet disclosure. But I can truthfully and proudly assert, and let the Censor make the most of it, that the Canadians I saw at Bearsfield Park are a credit to the Empire, and have honestly earned the admiration and esteem of the entire countryside. What their record will be in France—or Flanders—is doubtless indexed in the news so recently flashed from Ypres.

At nine o'clock I bade my namesake good-bye and hurried for my train. We planned, of course, soldier-like, to meet again. But will we? That is for Fate to say, and Fate, you know, is so confoundedly reticent!

## Canada Permanent Mortgage Corporation

TORONTO STREET, TORONTO.

Established 1885.

President—W. G. Gooderham.  
First Vice-President—W. D. Matthews.

Second Vice-President—G. W. Monk.

Joint General Managers—R. S. Hudson, John Massey.

Superintendent of Branches and Secretary—George H. Smith.

Paid-up Capital ..... \$6,000,000.00  
Reserve Fund (earned). 4,500,000.00  
Investments ..... 32,496,750.55

### DEPOSITS

The Corporation is a  
LEGAL DEPOSITORY FOR  
TRUST FUNDS.

Every facility is afforded Depositors. Deposits may be made and withdrawn by mail with perfect convenience. Deposits of one dollar and upwards are welcomed. Interest at

Three and One-half Per Cent.  
per annum is credited and compounded twice a year.

We own and offer a  
wide range of Can-  
adian City Bonds to  
Yield 5% to 6%.

Particulars Upon Request

## DOMINION SECURITIES CORPORATION-LIMITED

ESTABLISHED 1901

HEAD OFFICE; 26 KING ST. EAST, TORONTO  
MONTREAL LONDON, E.C., ENG.

## Cawthra Mulock & Co.

Members of  
Toronto Stock Exchange

Brokers  
And  
Bankers

12 KING STREET EAST  
TORONTO, CANADA

CABLE ADDRESS—CAWLOCK, TORONTO

## The Imperial Trusts Company

of Canada

Established 1887

4% Allowed on Deposits  
Withdrawable by Cheque

5% Paid on Guaranteed  
Investments.

MORTGAGES PURCHASED

Head Office:  
15 Richmond St. West, Toronto  
Tel. Main 214.





The Business Man's Favorite Brew.

Light and sparkling. Delicious and refreshing. The best health drink for the whole family. That's

**O'Keefe's Pilsener Lager**

"The Light Beer in The Light Bottle"

is brewed only from pure barley malt, choicest hops and filtered water. The mildest and stimulating liquid food.

ORDER A CASE FROM YOUR DEALER. 304

**British America Assurance Company**  
(Fire)  
Incorporated A.D. 1863.  
Assets over \$2,000,000.00.  
Losses paid since organization over \$36,000,000.00.  
W. B. MEIKLE, General Manager.

**GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM**  
**Algonquin Provincial Park**  
(Ontario)

A Thoroughly Universal Vacation Territory Midst Wild and Delightful Scenery  
Ideal Canoe Trips—A Paradise for Campers—Splendid Fishing 2,000 feet above Seal Level.

The HIGHLAND INN affords fine hotel accommodation. Camps "Nominigan" and "Minnesing" offer novel and comfortable accommodation at reasonable rates.

Write for illustrated matter giving full particulars, rates, etc., to C. E. Horning, Union Station, Toronto, Ont.

**SLOVENLY SPEECH**  
is a sure mark of ignorance or ill-breeding. Better be as particular about your English as about your personal appearance.  
The easiest way is to get that handy little volume, "A Desk-Book of Errors in English," by Frank H. Vizetelly. Price, \$1.00, post-paid.  
**UNIVERSITY BOOK CO.**  
8 University Ave. : Toronto

**Vancouver's Part**

(Concluded from page 5.)

suffered so severely. Both the 16th and the 7th Battalions have lost a large percentage of their men. A great many of these were from Greater Vancouver. The troopers of the B. C. Horse in their eagerness to get to the firing line, chose to go as infantrymen and were drafted into the 5th Battalion. The units of the other branches have practically lost their identity, being attached to various brigades.

The four Greater Vancouver regiments furnished quotas of 250 men each for the 47th Battalion, formed as part of the third contingent and mobilized at New Westminster, and provided detachments for the 48th Victoria regiment and the 2nd Canadian Mounted Rifles, part of the second contingent; the 11th C. M. R. mobilized at Vancouver for the third contingent; the garrison force sent to Bermuda by the Canadian militia dept. to relieve the regular British regiment stationed there; and also sent east a special detachment to fill up the strength of a battalion mobilized in Montreal, in which recruiting was not proceeding as briskly as at the Pacific coast. Sections for special services, such as mechanical transport, cycle corps, Canadian Overseas Railway Construction Corps, telegraph branch and even aeroplane machinists have also been provided. About 200 former gunners in the British navy went from the coast, being furnished with transportation by the Imperial authorities.

In addition to the troops mobilized and trained for active service several thousand have been on garrison and other special duties since the war started. A large force has been constantly guarding the lines of communication through the mountain passes of British Columbia. The majority of the soldiers originally assigned for these duties later joined the overseas forces, their places being filled by men signed on since.

**C**ENSORSHIP regulations preclude any extended reference to the defence measures adopted at the coast. Suffice it to say that Greater Vancouver furnished a large proportion of the men posted at various strategic points during the time when German raids on Canadian Pacific coast points were not an unlooked for eventuality. The Royal Vancouver Yacht Club supplied a fleet of fine motor boats for patrol purposes and many members helped to man the Canadian cruiser Rainbow and served in other useful capacities. Some, unused to manual labor of any description, but imbued with a desire to serve their King and Country, shovelled coal in the stokehold of that warship. They had no glory, only hard toil, and great credit, even greater than that given to those who enacted more romantic roles, is due to those yachtsmen.

The Volunteer Reserve movement took a firm hold in Vancouver. More than 2,000 citizens, who from physical, domestic or other reasons, could not enroll with the overseas forces, joined the Home Guards and by hard work, constant drilling and keen enthusiasm have become an efficient arm of the military service. The Vancouver Volunteer Reserve is representative of all the districts, each having its own company, and includes artillery, cavalry, infantry, engineers and special branches.

Although such a large proportion of the population is now in the field or training for active service, recruiting at the time of writing showed no signs of flagging. Hundreds of applications were on file at each of the regimental headquarters and no indications were apparent that would lead one to believe that any further calls for men would not meet with the same ready response that met the earlier calls.

The Vancouver regiments have been among the heaviest sufferers. Several prominent officers are now numbered on the honour rolls and the death lists each day show that the men from Greater Vancouver have been in the thick of the fighting. Far from acting as a deterrent each successive casualty list has further stimulated recruiting.

**THE INDEPENDENT ORDER OF FORESTERS FURNISHES A COMPLETE SYSTEM OF INSURANCE**

Policies issued by the Society are for the protection of your family, and cannot be bought, sold, or pledged.

Benefits are payable to the Beneficiary in case of death, or to the member in case of his total disability, or to the member on attaining seventy years of age.

Policies issued from \$500 to \$5,000.

TOTAL BENEFITS PAID, 42 MILLION DOLLARS.

For further information and literature apply to

**FRED J. DARCH, S.S.**      **E. G. STEVENSON, S.C.R.**  
Temple Building      TORONTO.

"Made in Canada"

**If You Like Good Beer**

—just step to the phone and call up your nearest dealer and have him send a case or a few bottles of

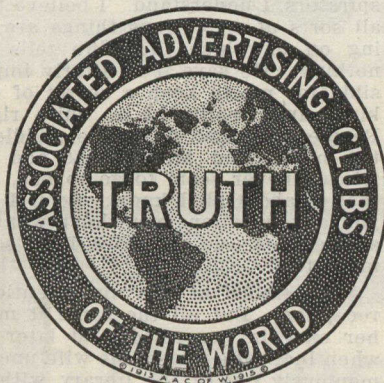
**COSGRAVES (Chill-Proof) PALE ALE**

You will find that the delicious flavor and malty richness makes COSGRAVES fit for Kings and "then some."

For over half a Century and Cosgrave label has meant the best in malt and hop beverages.



As light as lager, but better for you.



In Chicago, from June 20th to 24th, there will be held a convention of The Associated Advertising Clubs of the World. The standard under which this convention assembles is

**"Nothing but the Truth in Advertising"**

This country recognizes three grades of truth:

- the truth
- the whole truth
- nothing but the truth

"The Truth" by itself may be false because of what it leaves unsaid, or because, while technically correct, it is designed to mislead.

"The whole truth" may be ineffective because it leaves one asking—"Well, what are you going to do about it?"

"Nothing but the truth" involves a grasp and expression of right fundamentals, rounded knowledge, fair play—an irresistible appeal.

This is not a sentimental standard. It is a commercial standard, maintained by the contact of idealists, enthusiasts, and hard heads.

It is the only standard under which the annual expenditure of \$600,000,000 for advertising can be made to pay. It is the standard under which 2,000 people met last June in Toronto and, before that, in Baltimore, Dallas, Boston.

It is the standard under which every reader of newspapers, magazines, outdoor signs, booklets, novelties—the printed or painted advertising message—has come to believe what he reads.

**You Are Invited to Attend**

No adult in this country but uses or is affected by advertising. The convention in Chicago will give you ideas for application to your own business and your own life. You will come in contact with the discoverers and pioneers in the development of the economic force of advertising—a force which will grow with your support as you will grow by contact with it and its workers.

For special information address CONVENTION COMMITTEE, Advertising Assn. of Chicago, Advertising Bldg., 123 Madison Street, Chicago.

The Toronto Advertising Club will run a special train to Chicago, leaving Toronto on Saturday, June 19th. A special rate has been secured for the trip, and all applications for space on the train and in the La Salle Hotel, Chicago, where the Toronto Advertising Club will stay, should be made to C. W. McDiarmid, of the Toronto Advertising Club, 104 Yonge St., Toronto.



# The Passing of a Throne

*A Powerful, Personal Narrative Concerning the Unparalleled Drama of the War*

CHAPTER LXV.—Continued.)

THE speaker turned away, and strolled along the street. Vera was easier in her mind now. It was quite plain that Alonzo was not going to get away for many hours to come, and with any luck she would be up in the North in time to warn Rosslyn. She could go to bed with an easy mind, secure in the knowledge that she had struck a blow for freedom, and that the bold and adventurous career of Alonzo and Lady Loxton had reached its end.

Nevertheless she was down early the following morning, and eager to see the papers. They were practically filled with the story of the German raid, to the exclusion of everything else. In every case the plan of campaign was identical, in every case the attack had been made from some lonely spot near the various coast towns which had been selected by the German spies. It was the same at Brighton and Littlehampton, the same at Hastings and Eastbourne. The latter town had been quite a typical example. The lonely stretch of downs at the back of Willingdon Golf Club had afforded an ideal spot for the attack on the town. It had been no difficult matter to land the gunners at Pevensey, where they had made their way over the marshes to the high ground. Here also was a disused quarry, which had been fitfully worked by foreigners a few years ago, and subsequently abandoned. The scheme was ridiculously simple and easy, so easy that no suspicion had ever been aroused. The guns hidden there were somewhat of an old pattern, no doubt, but they were powerful enough to destroy an open town in a few hours.

And they had done damage enough in all consciousness. They had had a free hand for the best part of two hours or more before the troops training at Cooden Beach and Hastings were got on the way, and the high ground behind the town from Beachy Head away past Willingdon had been thoroughly scoured and the deadly battery unmasked. For the most part the German gunners had got away safely enough, leaving their guns and ammunition behind them, which they had done with a light heart, seeing that they had been successful beyond their wildest dreams. They had done their work successfully enough, and for once in a way Berlin would be able to tell the truth.

The papers there would be able to say that the invasion of England was an accomplished fact, and that batteries had been landed and planted on a score of positions commanding as many English towns. They would be able to say that the terror had come in the night, and that many a prosperous watering-place had been unmercifully shelled. They would say, of course, that the South of England had been destroyed, and that millions of terrified fugitives were fleeing towards London. London would be next, and for the first time in many months Berlin would have something to rejoice over.

Fortunately the loss of life was not great. Streets were injured here and there, and one or two hotels on the sea front badly damaged. In most cases the audacious Germans had got away, but they had had to leave everything behind them, so that there was no chance of a further raid taking place. Vera was still engaged over these details when Lady Loxton came gliding into the room.

"Oh, this is a nice thing," she said. "One thing I am thankful for is that I was not in Brighton last night. I see that the hotel Metropole is in ruins. I suppose it will be London's turn next. You may call me a coward if you like, but I am not going to stay here. I am going to the North. I should have gone early this morning, only those stupid people actually refused me a permit for the car. They told Alonzo, who kindly offered to drive me, that no permits will be is-

By FRED M. WHITE

sued until after to-morrow. I suppose I shall have to stay till to-morrow afternoon. Are you staying, too?"

Vera was not sure. It would have been unwise to speak of her movements to this woman. All the same she knew exactly what she was going to do. She was leaving London by a fast train soon after lunch, and she hoped to meet Rosslyn at Filey somewhere about tea time. She shook Lady Loxton off, and went on hurriedly with her preparations for departure. As she anticipated, the trains were running as usual and she reached her destination.

Rosslyn was there on the platform awaiting her.

"We are going straight to Inchcliffe Castle," he said. "Come on, I have got a car waiting."

CHAPTER XLVI.

The Other Spider.

VERA asked no questions. She knew that the broad road of adventure lay before her, and that there was yet much to be done, but it was good to know that she was amongst friends, and that no longer would she have to make her way alone. It was a warm welcome that awaited her from Lady Inchcliffe, who in a way reminded Vera of Lady Loxton. She was small and fair and vivacious, always cheery and good-tempered, and absolutely devoid of brains. In fact, she was typically a musical comedy lady, to whose charms so many of the younger aristocracy have fallen victims during the last few years.

"I hear all sorts of wonderful things of you," she said, as she settled Vera down in a great chair before the hall fire. "Now I want you to make yourself perfectly happy here, and do just as you like. You are one of the conspirators, I understand. I believe that all sorts of mysterious things are going on of which Inchcliffe tells me nothing. He says it is utterly impossible for me to keep a secret of any kind, and, really, he is quite right. People come and go in the middle of the night, and Mr. Hallett and his friends never seem to go to bed, and that is about all I know. So if I ask you any questions you don't want to answer don't do so. Now have some more tea."

Vera smiled at this unconventional reception. But all the same it made her easy in her mind, and later on, when Inchcliffe turned his wife unceremoniously out of the library with an intimation that she was not wanted, Vera did not feel in the least uncomfortable.

"You have just come straight from town haven't you?" Inchcliffe asked. "No more trouble there, I hope?"

"As a matter of fact, Miss Leroux knows all about it," Rosslyn said. "She had adventures thrilling enough for yellow covers. She saw the raid on Brighton from start to finish. Don't be shy, Vera. Tell these people all about it."

Vera stammered out the history of her wonderful trip. It did not occur to her that she had done anything calling for marvellous courage and resolution, and her cheeks crimsoned as she listened to the chorus of praise from her listeners.

"It was just good luck," she said. "Mr. Hallett put me on the track, and after that fortune favoured me in the most extraordinary way. Absolutely nothing went wrong. Now do tell me what's going on here, and how I can help. It's so dreadfully lonely working by oneself. I think I can be useful."

"You can be of the greatest possible assistance," Hallett said. "Now listen to what I have to say."

In a few words Hallett explained the course of events during the last day or two. He had managed to de-

cipher the code of the window curtains with the aid of the catalogue, and now had the whole thing at his fingers' ends. It was no part of his scheme to take the conspirators single-handed, for he preferred, if possible, to capture the whole of them at one fell swoop.

"We have contrived for the moment to put them entirely off their guard," he said. "They think the arrangements have broken down for the time being, and that there is reason for delay. We know that there are several hostile fishing smacks hanging about in the bay outside waiting for orders, and we know that these boats are connected with the laying of mines. We have every reason to believe that the mines are not on board the boats. That would be a rather dangerous proceeding in case of a search. But the mines are somewhere handy where they can be taken on board at a moment's notice, and it is this hiding place that we want to discover. If we can put our hands on those and the crews of the fishing boats at the same time, then I think we can break up this gang altogether."

"Where can I help?" Vera asked.

"I was just coming to that," Hallett went on. "I am going to ask you to be good enough to spend most of to-morrow mastering the cipher of the window curtains. I will give you the key and I have no doubt you will learn the whole thing in the course of the day. You see our great difficulty has been to change the letters on the curtains in the same neat way as they have been altered hitherto. I have used tiny spots of gum, but what we want is a woman who is quick and neat with a needle."

"I make all my own blouses," Vera smiled.

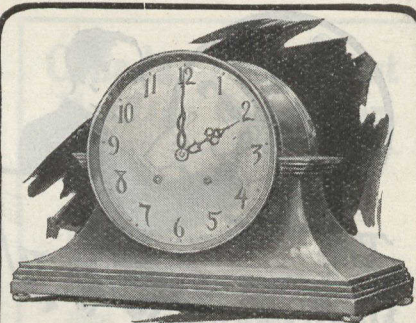
"Excellent," Hallett exclaimed. "I was quite sure you would be most useful. You will be able to make all the necessary changes without the slightest trace of clumsiness. Now I am laying a little trap for these people to-morrow night and I shan't be able to spare one of my friends here to work the signals from the house on the cliff. They will have to be changed from time to time at certain specified hours, and this is the task that I propose to put in your hands, Miss Vera. I know you won't shrink from it."

"I don't think I shall," Vera said quietly. "Now let me clearly understand. You are going to give me a series of messages to tack on the window curtains and these things are to be altered and changed according to a time-table. The lights will go up and down as I am doing my work. Shall I be alone in the house?"

"Not altogether," Hallett explained. "One of my trusted subordinates and his wife are in the house acting as caretakers. They don't know much, though they are both old hands at the game. It won't interfere with you unless something quite unexpected happens, some unforeseen danger and all that sort of thing. My man is a resolute fellow, quite capable of using a revolver. Of course, no one about has the least notion of what has happened. People are under the impression that Blair Allison and his wife have gone abroad on business and the servants are having a holiday."

THERE was no more to be said or done for the moment and Vera went away wearily to bed. She was utterly tired out with the toil and excitement of the last eight-and-forty hours and only too ready to rest. But she was up betimes in the morning and hard at work with the cipher directly after breakfast. All this sort of thing was child's play to her, so that by lunch time she had the whole thing by heart and was quite capable of working the secret code without any reference to the ingenious catalogue.

"Splendid," Hallett said. "The way



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you picked that up is wonderful. I don't know what we should have done without you. Now do take a rest this afternoon and don't think any more about it till after dinner. About half-past ten you had better announce your intention of retiring for the night, then come down again and meet us in the hall. Put on something warm and serviceable; you need not be afraid of meeting the servants, because they will all be sent to bed by that time."

"Vera was glad enough to have an hour or two to herself to wander about the grand old house and make herself agreeable to Lady Inchcliffe. It seemed strange to stroll up and down the magnificent terrace in front of the castle, to look out over the ancient park where the deer were lying peacefully under the trees, and realize the deadly intrigue which was going on only a mile or two away. It seemed to Vera that she was leading two separate lives. She sat in the drawing-room presently listening to Lady Inchcliffe's pleasant frivolous chatter and all the time longing for the moment of action to arrive. She could hear the men talking in the billiard-room, she could hear the click of the balls and someone calling the score. All this was such a long way from trouble and strife that Vera could not altogether grasp the connection between the two. Then the time came for her to bid her hostess good-night, and a quarter of an hour later with Hallett and the rest she was making her way across the park in the direction of the house on the cliff. They did not touch the road at any point, and just as a clock somewhere was striking the hour of eleven the discreet caretaker opened the door and admitted them.

"Nobody been here, I suppose?" Hallett asked. "That's all right. No, we are not coming in. We have work to do elsewhere. But we are leaving this lady behind and you will do anything she asks. Please show her into the suite of bedrooms and bath-rooms in the front of the house and point out where the controlling switch of the electric light is. I think that's all."

The discreet subordinate bowed respectfully and asked Vera if she would be good enough to follow him. She had nothing with her, not even the key to the cipher, for she already knew that by heart. She asked her guide a few simple questions, then when she had satisfied herself that the box of embroidered letters and needle and cotton were handy, she closed the door and proceeded to study the card on which Hallett had tabulated his messages and the various times they were to be signalled by means of the window curtains. It was a somewhat monotonous job, requiring a certain amount of patience and at intervals the putting out of the light whilst the necessary letters were being altered. But at length the messages drew to a close and the last one had just been signalled when there came a low tap at the door and the caretaker looked anxiously in.

"I don't quite know what to do, miss," he said. "Some visitors have just turned up asking to see Mr. Blair Allison. I had to say I was only here taking another man's place and that I'd inquire. If only Mr. Hallett was here."

A sudden fear flashed into Vera's mind.

"Did these people give any names?" she asked.

"Oh, yes, miss. I asked for names and the gentleman calls himself Alonzo and the other is Lady Loxton."

CHAPTER XLVII.

The Hour That Mattered.

VERA had quite forgotten both Lady Loxton and Alonzo. They had gone clean out of her mind from the moment that she had left London, and she never thought of saying anything to Hallett about them. Of course, Hallett had been informed that the two spies had been present at the attack on Brighton and that in point of fact they had engineered the whole thing, but she had never got far enough in her story to reach the point when Alonzo had proclaimed

the fact that he and his companion had been recognized and had suggested that they should fly to Blair Allison for protection.

And here they were at the door clamouring for admission. The reason for their coming was perfectly plain. They had been unfortunately recognized by someone and were fully alive to the fact that so far as they were concerned the game was up and England was no longer a place of safety. They had probably come with a view to getting away on one of the fishing smacks to the Dutch coast. Once there they were safe enough even though their story was known to every peasant in Holland.

That was one of the advantages of being a spy. Once beyond an enemy's frontier, and he could laugh at the country he had betrayed. And so it was with Alonzo and his companion. They had come up here knowing that Blair Allison would hide them until they could be smuggled across the sea. In a way without knowing it they had delivered themselves into the hands of the foe, and indeed in the circumstances they could have chosen no more unfortunate hiding-place. But even at this moment they were very near to discovering the truth, and this was what Vera had to prevent. She must allay the suspicions of these people, she must account for her own presence there, and keep the spies until help came.

She took in the caretaker at a glance. She liked the look of him, she liked his resolute face and determined jaw. And, moreover, Hallett had told her that she could confide in his subordinate if anything like danger presented itself.

"You have done quite well so far," she said. "Those people downstairs are unscrupulous. They have come here under a misapprehension. They come here to hide themselves until they can leave the country. They must not be allowed to leave, indeed Mr. Hallett would be terribly annoyed if they slipped through his fingers. Invite them into the house, tell them Mr. Blair Allison is away but that the lady of the house will be down presently. You had better suggest that she had gone to bed but that on hearing their names she had decided to come downstairs. That will give us a quarter of an hour's delay at least. If they get really suspicious, then you will have to show your hand and detain them. Do not hesitate to show violence, if necessary."

The man tapped his pocket significantly.

"YOU needn't be afraid, miss," he said. "Mr. Hallett and me, we have been in many a tight place together and we have always come out top. But what do you propose to do, miss?"

"I am going to see if I can find Mr. Hallett or some of them," Vera said. "I don't suppose they are very far off. I'll come back as soon as I can. You had better go and give my message to the visitors and ask them into the house. Put them in a room if you can where there is only one window, a room you could lock them in if you wanted to. Make escape as difficult as possible. And if you can steal out presently and damage the car they came in it would be perhaps just as well. Now go along."

The caretaker favoured Vera with an admiring glance and departed on his errand. Vera had fortunately finished sending her messages now, so that she was able to act as she pleased. She stole very cautiously down the stairs and into the hall. It would never do for her to meet Lady Loxton or Alonzo at that moment, and she was pleased to see that all the doors leading out of the hall were closed and that the caretaker was standing there apparently listening. As Vera came forward he smiled significantly and jerked his thumb over his shoulder in the direction of the morning-room. Vera could hear the murmur of voices as she smiled in reply and then made her way out on to the lawn. It was very dark there, and just for a moment she hardly knew which way to turn. She was trying to memorize the route by which she had come, and it seemed to her presently that she had got it clear. Then she

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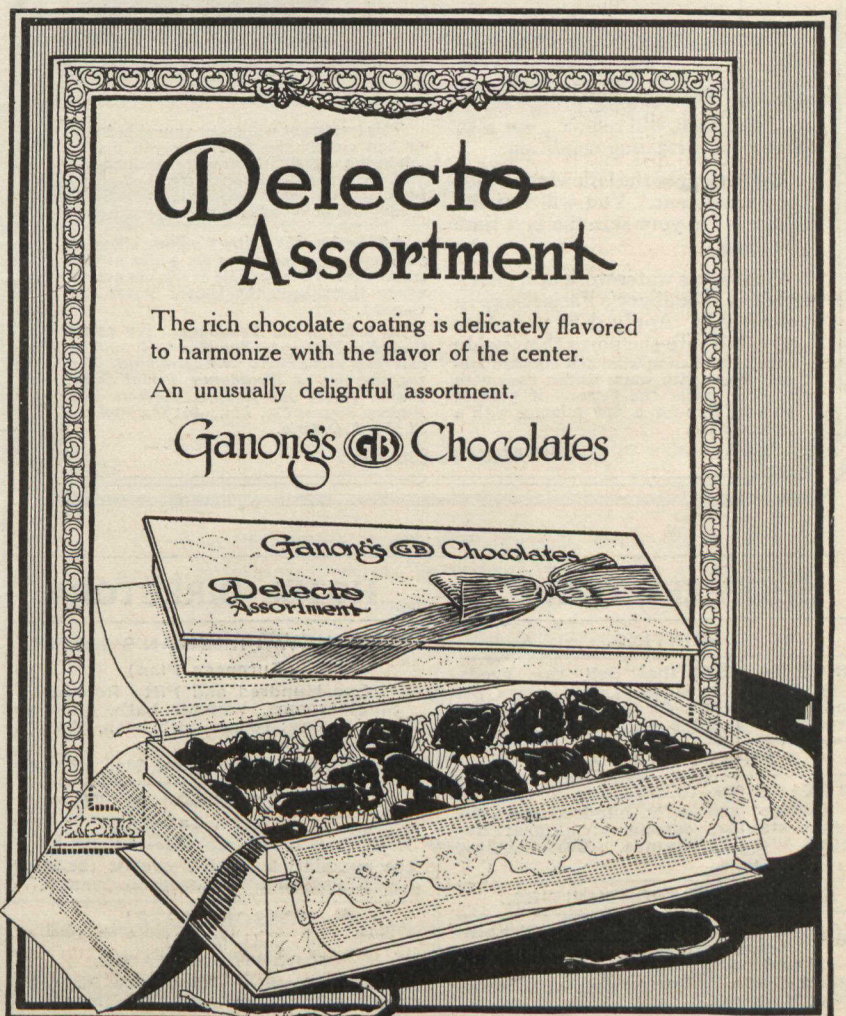
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moved cautiously across the lawn in the direction of the cliffs until it seemed to her that she could make out a figure advancing in her direction.

Her eyes were getting accustomed to the gloom now and she was sure that here was Hallett on his way back to the house.

"Oh, I am so thankful to have met you," she exclaimed. "A most extraordinary thing has happened. I know that I am greatly to blame, but I quite forgot to tell you that Lady Loxton and Alonzo were recognized during that Brighton affair; in fact, I overheard Alonzo telling Lady Loxton. They made up their minds to come up here for shelter, and they are here. The worst part of it is that I knew they were coming. I cannot understand how I can have been so foolish as to have forgotten to tell you. At any rate, here they are and I should like to know what I am to do with them?"

"Actually in the house?" Hallett asked.

"Yes, both of them. They are under the impression that Blair Allison is away somewhere and that Mrs. Blair Allison, who is supposed to be in bed, is hastily dressing to receive them. Couldn't you come back with me at once—"

"No, I couldn't," Hallett said curtly. "Don't think I am rude, but I am risking the success of the whole of our campaign by leaving my post for a moment. I will scribble on this bit of paper a fresh signal which I want you to display at once. It will be the last to-night, but it must be got through at all hazards. I was coming back to give it you, even though I spoil everything by leaving my post. You must do the best you can with those people, try and fool them, say and do anything you like for the next hour or so, by which time I shall be free to act."

**H**ALLETT turned abruptly away and disappeared in the darkness. He seemed to be restless and uneasy about something which did not detract from Vera's own feeling of nervousness. But without a moment's delay she flew back to the house again and flashed past the caretaker who was still standing on guard in the hall. He made a significant motion as she passed, from which she inferred that the car had been put out of action. She ran lightly up the stairs and a few moments later the fresh signal stood out boldly from the window with the brilliant glare of the electric light behind it.

The feeling of nervousness had left her now, and she was quite herself as she made her way down the stairs. The people she was about to meet had lived well and luxuriously all these years by lying and trickery and they were going to be met by their own weapons now. In the ordinary way it would have been an unequal contest, but forewarned is forearmed, and it seemed to Vera that she had all the leading cards in her hand.

She walked smilingly into the morning-room and held out her hand to Lady Loxton. She seemed to take it all for granted, and there was a suggestion of mischief in her eyes.

"This is quite a pleasant surprise," she said. "Now who would have thought of meeting you here? And who would have thought that Lady Loxton was one of us?"

The other woman hesitated and stammered.

"I don't know what you mean," she said.

"My dear Lady Loxton, there is no reason for any caution under this roof. When the man brought me your name I was fairly staggered for the moment. I had no idea you were a spy like the rest of us. As a matter of fact, both the Blair Allison's are away on important business. I didn't know that till I got here yesterday and found the house in charge of a caretaker and his wife. No doubt the servants have been sent away for some good reason, but nobody in the neighbourhood suspects anything and you will be just as safe here as anywhere else. Now, fancy you and I being friends this long time and neither of us knowing that the other was a spy! If you knew my father's real name you would be

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astonished. But you look troubled and worried, and not a bit like your usual self. If there is any way I can help you I shall be delighted."

Lady Loxton smiled for the first time. Evidently she had not the slightest suspicion of Vera's object, and even Alonzo no longer regarded Vera with a hostile glance.

"We are in trouble," Lady Loxton said. "It is the old story of the pitcher that goes once too often to the well. We were in that Brighton business and somebody unfortunately recognized us. So we came here on the chance of finding one of those fishing boats in which we could get over to Holland. We thought we could hide here until the opportunity came."

"Ah, I am afraid I don't know anything at all about that," Vera said. "It is out of my line altogether. And now let me get you something to eat. I am sure you must need it. Oh, no trouble. I have only to ring the bell."

The bell was answered a moment or two later. But the man standing there was not the caretaker, but Hallett.

#### CHAPTER XLVIII.

##### Beyond the Power of Evil.

WITH an oath Alonzo flung aside the cigarette he had lighted and jumped to his feet. He had seen the trap like a flash, and he moved a pace forward as if he would have fallen on Vera and choked the life out of her. It was maddening to be fooled by a child like that, to be deluded by her smiles and innocence. It was all very well to sneer over many a wise man who had been snared by Lady Loxton's artlessness, but it was quite another matter now that the same weapons were turned upon himself. And, moreover, he was not armed. He had always despised the class of spy who travelled with a revolver in his pocket. And he knew too the determined character of the man who stood there smiling grimly in the doorway.

"You have done exceedingly well, Miss Leroux," Hallett said. "Let me congratulate you on the way you have managed this little affair. Will you kindly sit down, Senor Alonzo. You will gain nothing by violence. Lady Loxton, I regret to say that you are my prisoner. A few days ago I arrested Mrs. Blair Allison in this very room. I might as well tell you that she and her husband are both in custody, as also are Allison's confederates. It was very unfortunate that you should come here."

Lady Loxton showed her teeth in a brilliant smile. She could not forget her blandishments even now.

"We came to see our friends," she said.

"No doubt," Hallett replied. "But the real reason why you came here was because you were recognized in connection with that Brighton affair, and you were astute enough to see that your career in England was finished. You will stay here till tomorrow, when you will both be handed over to the police. As doubtless you have both been here before you are aware of those armoured turrets in the roof. They will make two very efficient cells, where you will be perfectly safe till the morning. Now, Lady Loxton, will you please go first. Senor Alonzo after you."

Alonzo crept along unwillingly into the hall. He glared round him with some desperate idea of escape in his mind, but the sight of the caretaker standing there stolidly fingering a revolver caused him to change his mind. A moment or two later and the two spies were locked securely away in the steel-lined turret bedrooms which no doubt had been erected at some time as a possible platform for machine guns. Vera breathed more freely when the keys were turned upon them and they were powerless for further harm.

"That was well done," Hallett said. "Uncommonly well done. We are making a bigger bag than I anticipated."

"It was a pure accident," Vera said. "I cannot see how I can take any praise from it. They were so easily deceived, and you came back just at the right time. I do hope everything is going well outside."

"Splendidly," Hallett explained.

"Nothing could be better. That last message of your's has done the trick beautifully. In addition to the four fishing smacks we have lured in a ship which would be rather difficult to describe. She is a sort of combination between a hospital craft and a mission vessel flying the flags of all nations. She has been hanging about for weeks and nobody seems to have had the slightest suspicion of her. But the last hour Inchcliffe has been cruising about in one of his motor boats picking up a heap of information. It was he who suggested that I should fish for the stranger with one of the code signals, and your last message was responded to at once. Now the whole lot are there together in the bay, and almost at any moment the crews may come here for instructions. Our idea is to tackle them one by one as they come in and lay them out. There won't be more than thirty of them altogether, and we have got plenty of room for them in the big turret bedroom, where they will be as safe as if they were in York jail. And that reminds me that this will be no place for you, Miss Vera. You had better let my man here escort you back to the castle—

"Oh, I must stay," Vera said. "I should like to see the finish of this thing. You never know if my services might be useful."

HALLETT demurred, but finally gave way, much against his better judgment. He was half disposed to argue the point further when the front door opened and the others came in.

They looked smiling and confident enough, they had the air of men who have done big things.

"So all goes well?" Hallett asked.

"Couldn't be better," Inchcliffe said. "That third signal of yours did the trick, I mean the one about the mines. I left Montague and the other two at the foot of the cliff just by the side of the caves, and as I set off on my little trip round the smacks I caught a glimpse of a boat coming in. There was only one man in it, and I felt quite sure that he was coming to get those mines ready. Montague will tell you what happened afterwards."

"We spotted the beggar all right," Montague took up the story. "We followed him across the sands and saw him enter one of the caves. He produced a lantern, after which, with the aid of a lever, he lifted a spring trap and a lot of big rocks flung back on hinges and disclosed a cavern beyond. Really a most ingenious affair, but that's not the point. Inside the cave were quite a hundred mines all ready for use. Then we dropped on our man, who showed fight. We did not want any noise of revolvers, so we promptly shot him and put an end to that game. Oh, yes, we killed him right enough. Then Inchcliffe came back and expounded a little idea of his own. We filled up his motor-boat and the spy's boat with mines, and for the last hour we have been doing a little laying of our own."

"Rather a dangerous game," Hallett observed.

"It might be in less expert hands than mine," Inchcliffe said coolly. "But I know what I am doing, as you will see presently. When my little programme comes off there won't be any of those mines left to damage anybody."

Hallett let it go at that. He knew that in Inchcliffe he had an ally who could read the sea and who understood the strategic side of it like an open book. Moreover, there was no time to argue, for at any moment the crews of the smacks and the sham hospital ship might be arriving for their instructions.

"We can discuss the point later," Hallett said. "Meanwhile it seems to me that I can hear steps on the gravel outside. You are all armed, aren't you? Good! Open the door."

The caretaker flung the door back and four men slouched in. By the way they advanced it was evident that this was by no means their first visit, for they made straight for the dining-room quite unaware of the fact that they were flanked by six resolute armed men. They turned sharply as Hallett spoke.

(To be continued.)



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