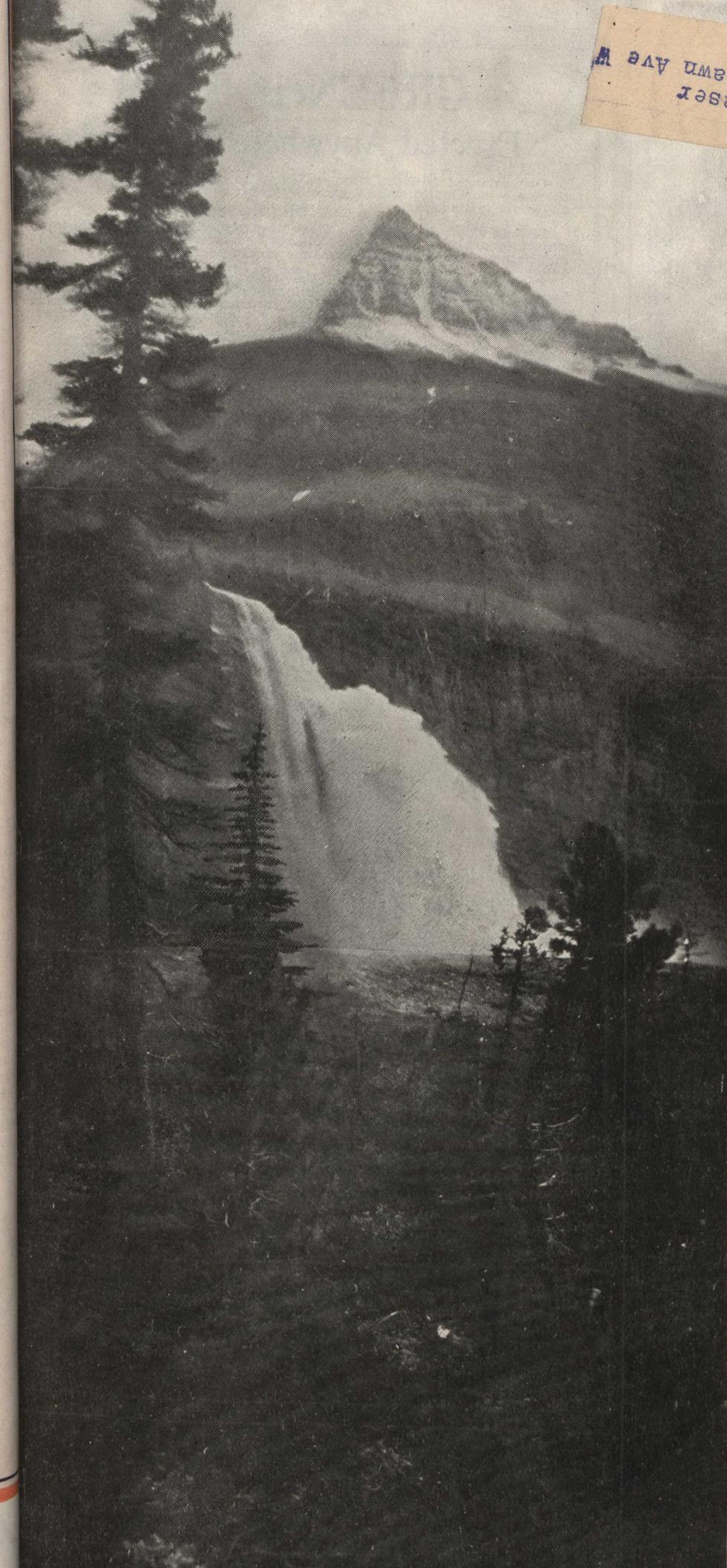


THE CANADIAN COURIER

Alex Fraser
67 Woodlawn Ave W
Toronto
35207



This Number Contains

SIX

TRAVEL STORIES

Oki Benu's Discovery of B.C.

Mahoney and I and the Dog

Madame XYZ

The Unknowing Mr. Poggleson

And Two Others

....

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We Believe It Is

....

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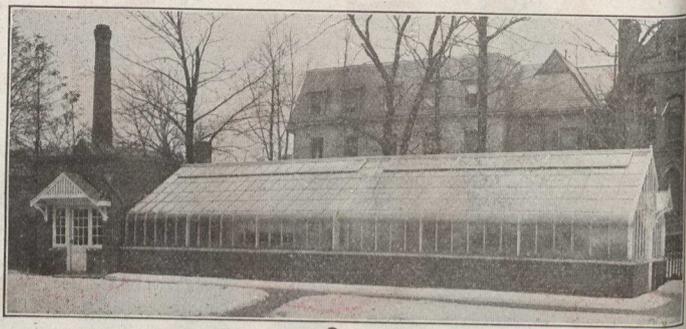
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the hamlets.

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CIRCULATION MANAGER,
CANADIAN COURIER,
TORONTO.



EDITOR'S TALK

THIS is a Seeing Canada First Number. The title speaks for itself. It is a large subject and a large country. We have merely scratched the surface in a more or less picturesque sketch outline of what it feels like to lose yourself in the travel joys of a huge, half-discovered country. As far as possible, we have tried to give the reading matter the character of novelty. Travelling is not merely going from one place to another and getting there on schedule time. That's all very well for the man who has a deal to put through on the other end and considers his time wasted on the train till he gets the man at the other end. Neither is it essentially a case for the sleeping car. The train that works while you sleep is all right as an economic business. But did you ever go on a new trip, either on a train or a boat and hate to go to bed, because you would be sure to get nothing out of it but the same old dreams you had at home, and in the morning wonder just what you missed by not being able to see it all? Travelling is—seeing things away from home. If this Seeing Canada Number gives you that impression it will have done what the editors intended it should. And if any readers unable to go far afield this season can take any compensation out of reading about how other folks feel when they travel in Canada—so much the better.

The photograph on the cover is a view of Mt. Robson and Emperor Falls in the upper Canadian Rockies.



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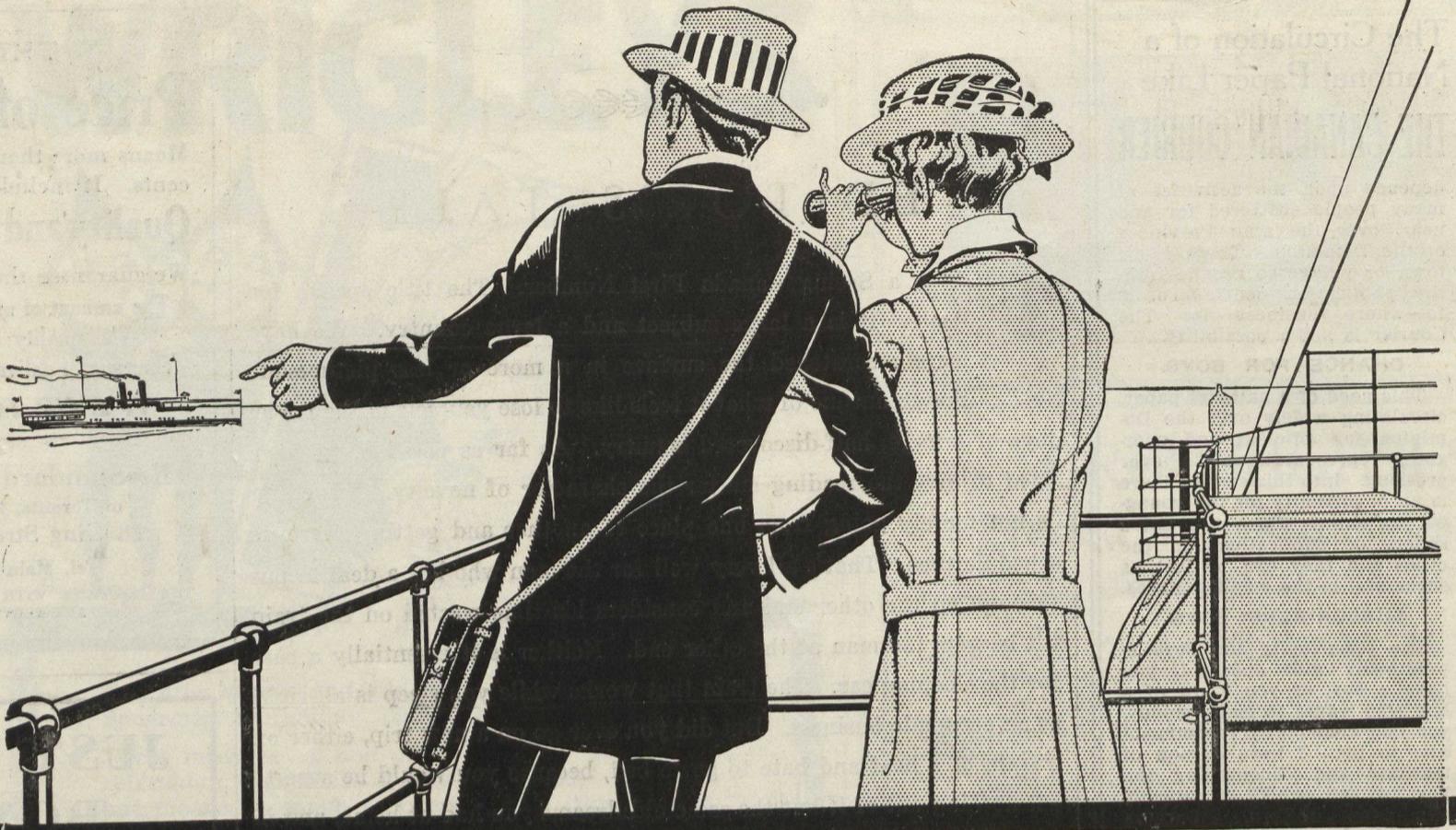
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The
**CANADIAN
 COURIER**
The National Weekly



Vol. XX.

June 10th, 1916

No. 2

THE MAN WITHOUT A PARTY

THE GROWING COMPLAINT OF THE POLITICAL
 ORPHANS OF THE DOMINION

By BRITTON B. COOKE

AFTER all, what is a political party but a great big fat old hen? And what is the party man but the tender little chicken that crawls in, at dusk, as close as he can get to the old lady's pin-feathers and lets her cluck him to sleep?

And what is the country but a barn-yard? And what is the revenue of the country but so much bread-and-sour-milk and screenings? What is life but the business of picking over the barn-yard and sharing whatever additional findings the old hen, with her superior vision, or the self-denying rooster with his bright eye, finds for us?

I am aware that the figure is not a perfect one, because I can't account the rooster or for a hen in Opposition or a hen sitting on the Treasury Benches. But as expressing the relation between the party man and his party the figure is, I submit, a sound one. Just as every chick needs mothering, even if it's only in an incubator or under a bit of flannel in a biscuit box behind the kitchen stove, so every normal man wants his party. At noon he may stray afield through the forests of independent thought. But when the night comes and the winds blow his poor little feathers over his head, when the shapes of the cattle take on terrible shadows and the great calves bawl in the pen—he goes home, chirping to the nearest motherly clucking, and stays safe hid from marauding skunks, till another dawn.

But what of the motherless chicken? What of the man without a party? What of the chicken who has conscientious reasons for declining the shelter of the hen? What if the mentality and morality of the hen become so be-devilled with new policies, fads and aberrations that her best children cannot follow her, but must needs, obeying conscience, strike out for themselves? The answer is: the political orphan, the party derelict, the floating voter, the Man without a Party.

Though it is true some men are born orphans, unresponsive to the instinct for association and co-operation, which after all marks the enlightened races, nevertheless the numbers of orphans who should not be orphans is steadily increasing in this country. I do not mean the men who think, and always did think they were born to lead, not follow. I mean honest men who stay out in the cold when, but for honest scruples, they would rather have a good night's rest with the others. For in politics, as in religion, it is more comfortable to delegate some of one's responsibilities to an organization representing one's general notions of the subject; and it is the only practical thing to do. The business of running with the pack may, it is true, be overdone, but not nearly so much as the business of hunting alone. Egotists hunt alone. When they happen to be great as well as Egoists, they sometimes attract to them others who will run with them—thus forming another pack. But the increasing number of Men without a Party in Canada is not even seriously made up of Egotists. Its new recruits are honest men who have no organization to represent their views.

I MET one of them the other day.

"Look here," I said. "You don't seem to turn up at the — as often as you used to. What's the trouble?"

He averted his gaze and shifted to his right foot to ease his left.

"Oh—I don't know," he drawled, trying to speak casually. "I guess I got a bit fed up for a while. Besides—I'm busy these days. Too much to do."

"Go home and water the grass at nights, I s'pose?"
 "Y-yes—and take the kids to the movies."
 "Losing interest in politics?" I suggested, delicately.

"Eh!" nervously.
 "Not so keen about seeing the old party win out?"
 With that a bitter look swept across his face.
 "Party!" he said. "Huh!"

We took a car together, hung to a strap together, tried to get room enough to unfold our papers or squint at the headlines, but failed. We exchanged invitations home to dinner—pot-luck. Argued about which asked the other first, and settled it by betting on the series number on our transfers. I lost. We had dinner and smoked and visited the garden, and this errant chicken told me the substance of his complaints while he hosed the lawn.

"Now don't you get thinking I'm any of these political Nestor folks," he said, by way of a preface. "It ain't because I'm swell-headed or anything like that I've quit going around to the club. But just the same—I've quit!"

He let the stream from the hose play on the roots of the chestnut tree and puffed at his pipe bitterly.

"I was born a Conservative," he said. "Father was one, and his father before that. Married into a Conservative family—though all women are Tories anyway. Fact is, I'm a Conservative by disposition, just the same as most Grits are Liberals by disposition. Stomach, liver, nerves—all that sort of thing decides what a man's politics are, because according to the way his internals work so his mind works. And mine worked Tory."

"But what you s'pose I felt like when the Whitney Government of this province started bringing in legislation that would have made Lloyd George nervous? Every bit of it was Liberal in its tendency. Hydro-Electric and Government ownership! That was Radical, not Tory, but I stood for it because I'd got the habit of flocking along. Besides, I liked Whitney. Nobody could help liking him. If he put through Radical Legislation at least he knew how to grouch and growl like a Tory. So I stuck."

Again a pause, filled with the sound of the water dribbling from the nozzle of the hose down over the toe of the Derelict's boots.

"Three years ago I believed in Local Option, though it seemed to me it was against the best traditions of the party. I kept on voting the Tory ticket because in liquor matters I believed the municipality probably ought to be allowed to judge its own liquor problems according to its own general character and so on. I figured that it was the duty of the Government to control and regulate the traffic after the municipalities had passed on the question."

"Now what's happened. Rowell advocates abolishing the bar, which is all right for a Liberal. You expect the Liberals to do the Reforming and the Conservatives to do the Conserving. But do they? No. Hearst goes Rowell one better. He wipes out the bar!"

"But you don't drink?" I objected.
 "I don't drink and I don't approve of drinking, either," he retorted, "but if there's to be no Conservative element in politics, if the party that's supposed to put up the opposition to radical reforms

and test them out, as it were, by making a fight over every issue—I say if that party lies down on its job and goes two miles when the Liberals only ask them to go one—well, that doesn't represent a party I can stand in with. Nn-nh!"

THE talk wandered to other fields as well. The Provincial Government was spreading Government ownership everywhere. He didn't mind Government ownership of some things, but he resented the spectacle of his party going in for wholesale Government ownership just because it was popular.

"I'm just Tory enough to say this," he concluded, "I believe in an almost even balance of legislative forces. Of course if it was dead even we couldn't get anywhere at all. There'd be a stalemate. But I like to see the Liberals push and the Tories resist. It's the right principle. It makes the best man and the best policy win out in the end. It prevents a piece of popular legislation from getting through too quickly, and it prevents the old tried laws from being changed too easily. It makes for progress with stability. But now—" he spat to emphasize his contempt, "everybody's pushing. There's no break on the thing. We're going to the bow-wows."

We emptied the hose and I handed it through the cellar window. The children went to bed and their mother brought out her mending. Up on that front verandah everything seemed content except the Derelict.

"I hate playin' alone," he sighed, finally. "But I got to."

Just then a yellow ball of fluff came shrieking down the side entrance. It was in terror and half leaped, half flew out onto the lawn. It was one of the children's chickens. One that had been lost and was now seeking the hen. I looked at the chicken and then at the Derelict, and saw a great light.

But not all these wanderers are Conservatives.

IN a back-room in a certain rich man's house in Winnipeg, there meets every Saturday night, or thereabouts, a group of men who have strayed away from the Liberal Hen. There is old Peter—who made a fortune in Saskatoon real estate and then fell victim to bucking conscience, so much so indeed that he started giving his money away until his wife threatened to apply for a commission in lunacy or get an injunction against him. Unknown to his wife he finds solace in these Saturday night meetings in his back room. His allies are four other rich men. One made his in wheat—and it is whispered that he monkeyed with the grading till he had a close call under a trolley and turned Christian Scientist. This man's name was Thorpe. With him came Plumb, who had made money on a grading contract on the G. T. P. Kelly, a lawyer with a taste for slumming. Treadgold, a millionaire preacher with a hankering after higher criticism and socialism. Kelly once ran in a South Saskatchewan constituency as Liberal candidate for the House at Ottawa. He was elected, but had bumpy riding in the Caucus of the party because he would insist on Free Wheat and something about as feasible as the expropriation of the C. P. R. Treadgold had barked his shins trying to settle a labour dispute, and Plumb, whose wife was an amazon, advocated women's suffrage, not only in the province, but in the Dominion as well.

For several years these men had contributed of their passion and their more material resources to the cause of Liberalism. Peter himself believed

(Concluded on page 21.)

SEEING CANADA FIRST

An Opportunity for Every Pleasure-Loving and Patriotic Canadian

Banff, June.

Most Distinguished and Honourable Lady:

I WRITE you news of the most profound importance to our family since our baby swallowed the key of our house. I sit on a warm rock up behind the sanitarium hotel here at a village called Bah-n-ff. I write you with almost a trembling hand and a piece of a pencil on a pad of paper. I found the pencil in the rotunda of the hotel last night after I was sweeping up after the rich Canadian natives had gone to their rooms for sleep.

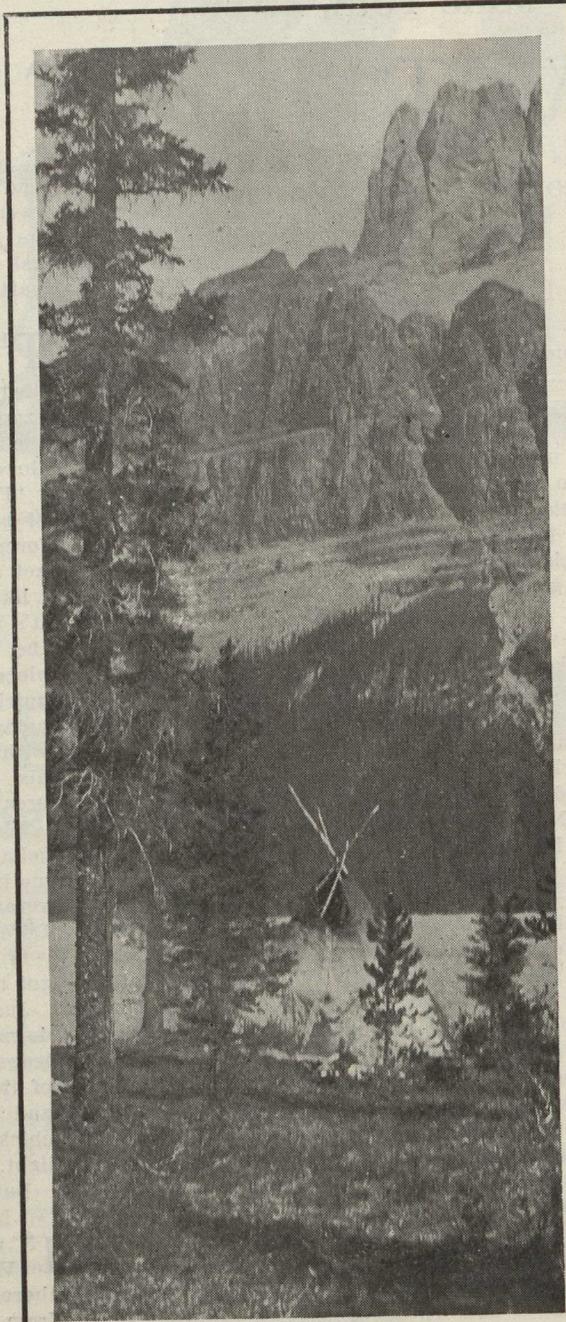
I know, Most Illustrious Lady, that you are desolate without my merriment in our house, but I console you when I announce that I am well and I have discovered a large province called by its present inhabitants—Canada, a province so great that I cannot tell you how much it measures, but certainly more than five hundred times all the country in our valley at home. The Canadian natives tell me there is more of Canada over to the east of this place, and a great city called Calgary. But it is not necessary to believe this on account of the exaggerating tendencies of the Canadians. There is probably a league or two of unknown land lying to the east of what they call the foot-hills. But I shall not explore it on this trip on account of possible dangers from strange tribes which are spoken of, such as the people of Winnipeg, and a very ferocious tribe called the French-Canadians, who live in a region called Quebec, probably one of the valleys along the foot-hills.

I do not care about these. I sit here in the saddle of this new country and I am very full of thoughts about what I have accomplished. I am forced to exclaim: "How great is Man! For have not I, a man, made this great discovery?" I think also that you, my wife, should feel very glad to have so great a husband. You might say so to the neighbours. As I write this record the sun-light warms my person agreeably, as though it were offering tribute to my accomplishment. The wind fans my brow almost as gently as you yourself once did in the month of blossoms after we ran away from your father, the cobbler, and I conferred my name upon you. Before me and behind me rise great peaks. The sweep of their lines is like the waves which bad artists paint on screens, or like the arms of priests lifted above their heads as though with such gestures they offered all the beauty of the earth to Buddha. Below me is a valley into which all the rivers of the world could be poured and still make only a little pool like a pearl lying at the bottom of a deep pot. The smell of the woods climbs the terrible hill and faints at my nostrils. The glory of the whole earth lies here, and yet there is not even a volcano to rumble threateningly like some wicked old man who owns an orchard and snarls at the folk who smell the blossoms of his trees.

THE way to get into this country from the sea is very hard, and I think there are devils in the mountains which look out over the sea watching the ships that approach or that go up and down between Vancouver and Victoria and the place called Prince Rupert. These devils make a spell over the place so as to bewilder the eye of the traveler with awful beauty. The coast is not like the one where you and I once sat musing in Japan. It is not a modest shore, low-lying, that retreats before the sea and invites the waves to play as they will on soft beaches. It is a war-like coast made up of ranks of terrible mountains, who advance boldly against the sea, even wading out into the deep water to meet its forces. These mountains wear white capes on their shoulders and their heads they keep veiled in clouds. To their thighs they are robed in green, scarred here and there with the courses of turbulent streams or the paths of avalanches. White jets of water leap from high ledges of rock and fall sheer into the waves, hissing. Sometimes mists move abroad or the spirit of the wind howls from a grey ledge to the frothing sea—or calm sunlight sleeps lightly on the rocking waves till, in the sea itself some strange spirit works a miracle, making white waves rise suddenly without apparent cause in the midst of calm water, and die away just as suddenly and without any cause whatsoever. This is what the natives call the "tide rip." I was not afraid

OKI BENU DISCOVERS BRITISH COLUMBIA

By JAMES GRANT



The Untenanted Palisades that overlook Lake Maligne, B.C.

of it—after I had seen that it would not wreck a big ship.

The people who lived in this country before the Canadians have hollowed trees for their fishing. They are called Indians, and they live in nooks and crannies of the coast, apparently having learned how to get in and out from the shore without angering the spirits of the mountains. It is my belief that though the sea and the land are sometimes friends, there is here a great war between them and the land is jealous of those who go out on the sea, and the sea is impatient of those who come from the land. So that the goings and comings of a man on this coast are like to be matters of some risk.

STRETCH out your hand to me as you read, Illustrious Lady, and we will walk together into this land. Here we are ashore. Underfoot is a springy soil composed of dead leaves from a great many centuries. No foot-fall can be heard unless where, here and there the rock of the mountains crops through the soft earth to remind the forest of his suzerainty. You stumble. The trees here are as thick as one of our little houses at Kioto. They

go straight up toward the sky, like bold men, without compromise to the wind. Presently, as one keeps on walking, there comes the sound of running water. The forest slopes away from one's feet and suddenly—there is nothing to support one's next foot-fall. The forest falls away. There is a precipice—two precipices, one at one's feet and the other opposite, forming the farther wall of what is called here a canyon. And though the distance down to the bottom of the canyon is great, yet the sound of the water comes up to one's ears perfectly and the water itself lies in green jade pools, laced together with chains of white, sparkling diamonds, where one pool falls into the next, singing.

Last month I, with two others from the city of Vancouver, made our journey up into the valley of the Fraser River. At New Westminster the fresh water meets the salt water and is broad, deep and smooth. The Chinese here have their market gardens and hovels, where they snatch sleep between sunrise and the first light in the morning. I, with two others, walked on foot the whole way from here, so as to save money. At first there was nothing but these market gardens in which the Chinese seemed for ever at work, stooping close down over the rows of green vegetables, plucking out the weeds, tending the plants as kindly as though they were children in a school for little ones. Endless rows, unnumbered stooping, squatting figures of Chinamen. Then we came to farms of the native Canadians who, being

(Concluded on page 23.)

MAHONEY AND I AND THE DOG

By AUGUSTUS BRIDLE

MAHONEY and I and the dog set out in May, 1901, to go from Edmonton to Prince Albert—by the all-water route. We might go on to Winnipeg, depending upon the Grand Falls and the wiles of Lake Winnipeg.

"Not that I know a rood of the route," blithered Mahoney, as we stocked up our double-sided row-boat at the Strathcona scow-yard. "Neither do you nor the dog. But we'll kill one summer on the road and have a cheap trip."

"Costing only for craft, grubstake and camp outfit, including a mosquito bar—

"Baccy and this," he squinted, holding up a quart bottle of Irish. "Oh, I'm a stony busted bummer of the Jasper House Brigade"—referring to a returned Klondiker lingo of rhymes he had made while living at that trail-bounders' retreat from the far north. The Klondike failure had made him hate west, north and the beyond. He insisted that every other man in that country was a grafter, and every settlement an illusion. He had no sympathy with people coming in. They would all get sold, as he had been.

Educated at Trinity, knocked about from cow hills to furpost, Mahoney was as cynical as a file, genial as a chinook, and as uneconomic as a half-breed with a land-strip to swap for a three-days' spree. We slid down the swollen bosom of the north Saskatchewan amid songs of birds, the faint scream of a saw-mill, and before evening the skirl of a rapids at the first elbow—by means of which we hauled up under Fort Saskatchewan, which had an historic hunger to be a rival to Edmonton before Edmonton got a railway in 1905. To all idle questions about when the railway would strike up there we gave cunning answers.

"We're on the road to meet it," sang out Mahoney in the morning as we glided into a gridiron of poplar-topped islands and consigned ourselves to picturesque oblivion for a term of weeks.

"This whole valley from the top of Lake Winnipeg to the old fort at Edmonton is bellyaching for the railroad," he said, as he lay back and smoked. "To hell with the railroad! I'd sooner be on this—eh, Jim?" to the wolf-hound, who swatted the cargo with his tail.

Here and there a half-breed village on a head-land; fewer and further between, crooks and elbows and infant rapids, sudden long reaches of river with

es of islands and white dots of drifting scows
re went by rowing and gave them the password
Mahoney got weary of exercising himself and
ed to fall asleep under a cloud. I did the same
d the dog. When we woke up the boat was
g ashore among the willows and it was raining.
atched camp, hooking the ring in the canvas-
f our mosquito bar on to a bent sapling and
g down the cheesecloth sides, piling in the
ets, and in slickers went firing up in the wet
for a hot supper of bacon and beans and dried

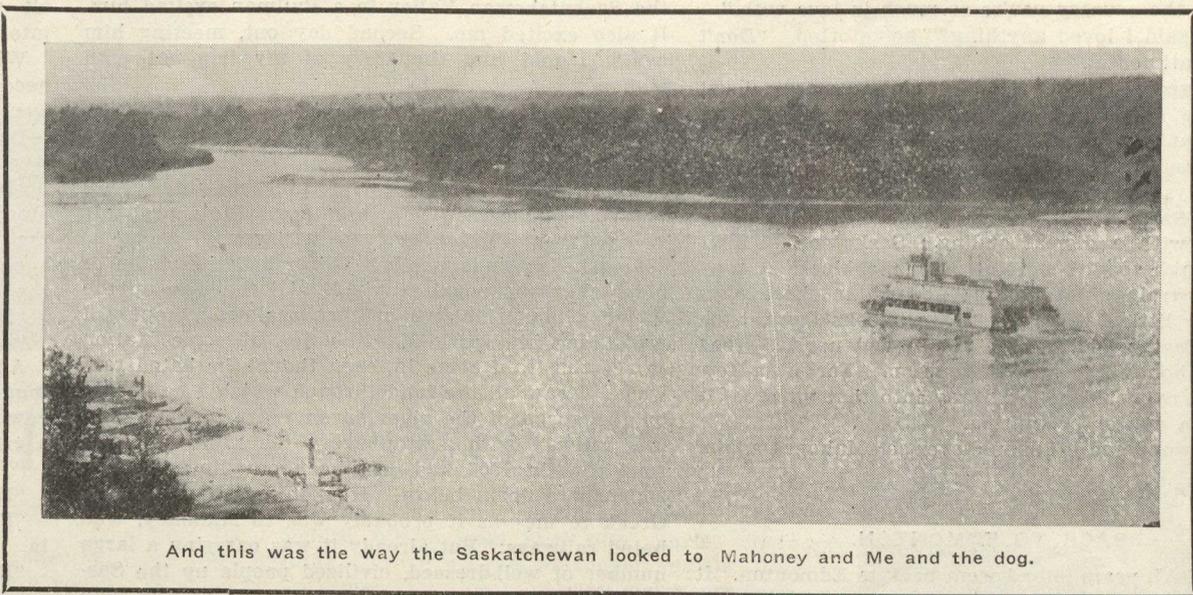
ht wriggled reluctantly through the rain as we
d under cover and rolled into the blankets,
the dog got under a spare canvas in the boat.
on the poplar leaves—pattering vast music,
of it, and the rushing, swishing river—and
we crawled out at sunrise the land was a blaze
an sunlight.

WEATHER'S a queer critter," growled Mahoney.
"But I like it." Whereat after breakfast
ackup he hauled out his banjo and tunked off
to the top of the morning while I worked the
down past blocks of bush where coyotes came
drink and sit on the sand like dogs, where a
deer now and again flicked among the poplars,
Mahoney to grab at his rifle and predict that
these days we'd be in the moose belt, wherever
And we soon got used to letting the boat
while the hot sun pelted our necks and the
oozed, and Galicians came out of the bush to
the pole fish-nets, much exciting Mahoney, who
I to go visiting—he was such a sociable dog.
we soon got down past the Galicians into the
f unlimited solitude—limited only by a casual
eed village and a now-and-then scow drifting
to the trade-posts and the missions. We were
bsolute children of the big river, as sensitive



Spectacular Indians in to spend treaty money."

vagrant humours as though we had been
ded from York boatmen.
But when at the end of a week of this we
to the Loon Lake landing, the "stony busted
r" gave signs of becoming a land-lubber again.
bered kindergarten Cree to a clump of shock-
natives on skinny cayuses, who informed us
e Agency was six miles inland over the hills;
t having securely cached the contents of the
id given admonishment to the Crees to touch
smell of it, because we were going to lodge
e Agent, who would smite them, we tramped
e miles amid a doddering caravan of Cree
nd red shawls and frowsy dogs.
ed. Family all at home in a large, domestic-
house on a low, broad knoll overlooking a
ous panorama.
ne my eyes," mumbled the adoring Mahoney,
gave one sudden glance at sundown over the
le. "If it isn't heavenly—mosquitoes and all."
rew down the green-gauze curtain of his cow-
t as he came into a cloud of mosquitoes.
ley below the Agency Hill was a smoke-curling
ngen ring of bronze-red tepees, bright green
and deserted winter shacks; threaded by a
ribbon of gleaming water that was much
than usual because of rains. The Agency
arked. Out came two young ladies dressed
e conventional style.
ney drew up his veil and greeted them with
rish gravity. He had met them in Edmonton
nces and the like. He introduced me. The
emed very glad to see us—unshaven and



And this was the way the Saskatchewan looked to Mahoney and Me and the dog.

camp-dudded as we were. Travelers by an unknown
route, and fresh down from Edmonton, the 1235 town
of no railway, we had about us the light of magic
aureole of the globe-trotter.

In a very little while he was so adroitly at home
among these denizens of the Cree hills that he was
able to monopolize the girls, leaving me to be enter-
tained by very interesting parents, father gruff,
bearded and matter-of-fact, mother a little lady who,
from all her wedded life among the Crees, had clung
passionately to the idea of civilization.

MAHONEY had no desire to leave next day. He
was for going the rounds among the Crees
with the Agent. But it rained. Mahoney, I'm posi-
tive, fell in love with one of the girls—he scarcely
knew which. When the rain stopped it was too late
to go back to the boat. John, the half-breed do-for-all
at the Agency, took a streak over to the river and
reported that she had come up ten feet, still rising
and with a current of unquestionable speed.

Owing to the beguilements of the young ladies,
who had seen nobody civilized for many a moon, we
consented to wait over until the scow should go down.
"Only a matter of a day or two," said Mahoney.
"And it's easier than paddling that boat."

He took a hectic notion to study telegraphy over
at the shack of the operator, who was also in love
with one of the girls, he scarcely knew which; and
that left me free to ruminate on what a shakeup
would come to that mediaeval settlement among the
Crees and to dozens more like it if ever the much-
dreamed-of railway came shrieking in there.
Mahoney scoffed at the idea.

"Fit only for Indians and mosquitoes, was the
Hudson Bay description of the country when they
wanted to keep settlers out," he reminded every-
body. "A genial distortion as I'll admit. No doubt
the land will grow anything but lemons. But it
never will be farmed in our day. Good lord! it's
the plumb vortex of nowhere—and I'm glad of it.

The Agent agreed with him. But not the Agent's
daughters. I know those girls hankered to be taken
along on the scow when it started for Battleford.
They were the two saddest folk in 10,000 square
miles when big John drove us over to the landing
with a team of oxen behind the rig. They might
never see us again. So said Mahoney, always a
romancer.

"However, don't weep," I advised him, as we loaded
oxen and horses on the scow just newly down from
Edmonton with half her cargo destined for down
below, including half a carload of British Columbia
shingles. "Railways make the world pretty small,
you know."

We were soon out amidstream, a house-boat and
a freighter all in one, horses and oxen amidships,
a long pole sweep abaft and astern and a fireplace,
whose smoke drifted out over our boat snub-nosed
along one side just out of reach of the stern sweep
in its socket.

That was a lubbering, pole-creaking, porridge-
eating trip into more and more solitude, day after
day among the snyes of bewildering islands, with
now a band of horses swimming the river ahead,
once at daybreak a moose which caused big John
to whop himself with a rifle into the boat and go
down stream ahead of the scow.

"No get him," he panted, as he clambered on deck
again for breakfast.

The river was going down. Sandbars pushed their
grey backs up through the water. With much skill
John steered away from them—until far down past
old Fort Pitt and five days out with no signs of habi-

tations anywhere, we hung up on one and all hands
piled out with pry-poles to shove off, Mahoney, as I
remember, in his shirt only. After which there was
a smug session with a bottle of Irish.

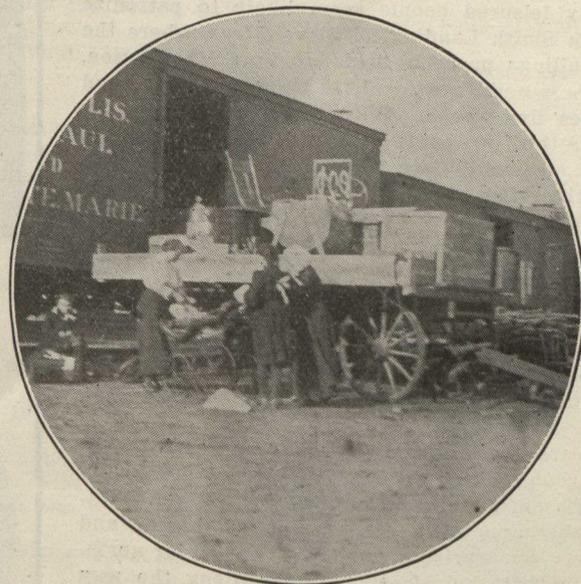
One gem of a morning, about two hours after
sundown, one of those sandbars hooked us fast close
along shore. We had no way of getting her off. By
John's orders the horses and oxen were landed over
gang-planks, and John and Mahoney went scouting
to find out where under the sun we might be; came
back late in the day to say that we were forty miles
west of Battleford, and that John would drive me
over to the town by trail, leaving Mahoney to look
after the scow till a crew could be sent back to shove
her loose.

That trail-hammering clip to old Battleford town
by evening and night over muskeg and poplared plain
put me asleep. I woke up to find John hammering
at the door of a whitewashed hotel. We had supper
amid strange folk and went to sleep. Next day
gaudy and spectacular Indians came to town to spend
treaty money, while John rounded up a few and
went back to fetch down the scow.

This white-walled, dormer-windowed old Battleford,
at the junction of two rivers, gave me the same kind
of feeling that Mahoney had got back in the hills.
It was strangely, hauntingly beautiful; a pagan, lazy,
Cree-clattering place that might have been the cradle
of some big town or young city to be—whenever
the railway should come; and the white folk were
all clacking of that. What did I know, what had
we heard about it? Nothing. Well—we should see.

Next day down came the scow. Mahoney and the
dog bounded into town with splutter enough for a
camp of Crees.

"Look here," he said, hastily, as he eyed the squint-
ing and enchanted town. "We'd better call off that
river trip. My eyes are sore from water-glare. We
can sell the boat and the camp outfit here and—"



"The Packing-case and the Box-car were everywhere."

"You're going back to Loon Lake to learn tele-
graphing," I suggested. "You don't want to get to
Winnipeg."

"Winnipeg be damned!" he exploded. "All I
wanted was to escape anybody's town. Towns are
the invention of the devil, and a new town is worse
than an old one."

The inconstant bounder!

"I know what's wrong with you," I said, suddenly.

"It's not the country you're so much in love with."

"Who said I loved anything?" he retorted. "Don't be so sentimental."

We agreed to disagree. Next morning early I got what few items belonged to me out of the camp-truck that Mahoney was to sell—advancing the ten dollars as my share—and boarded the bus-stage for a two-days' drive from Battleford to all there was then of Saskatoon. It was a beautifully lonesome journey with a dismal ending. Saskatoon in 1901 was enough to give a blind man the blues. I took the first train out to Regina—which in those days was very little better, and in two weeks I was back in the East, wishing to heaven I had never agreed with Mahoney to leave Edmonton. For in a few years there would be a railway into that village. It was all a matter of waiting.

And I wondered if I should ever see Mahoney again.

BACK TO EDMONTON.

SEVERAL years later I went back to Edmonton. It was a strange experience. After I got past Winnipeg, I found myself by accident in a Pullman state-room which I mistook for a smoker. In a few minutes the occupant came in, a shrewd, business-looking chap, who said:

"Please sit still. There's plenty of room."

It was his first trip to the West. He was intensely, immensely voluble. The sensation of pounding up

the Saskatchewan Valley in a Pullman excited him. It also excited me. Second day out, meeting him again, I told him the story of my trip out with Mahoney.

He seemed to know who Mahoney was.

"Quite impossible!" I suggested. "He went back to Loon Lake to study telegraphy. He's probably living in a shack now. He's nothing but a delightful old roundabout with a big dog. He's probably married; but I'll bet he's still a pagan."

I spoke enthusiastically. Never had the vision of old Mahoney seemed so vivid. All the way up the valley I was thinking of that scalawag, hoping I might see him with Jim the dog at some station to see the train come in, even though he hated railways. I saw all the land through which I had come on the gorge of the river seven years before. And this railway with a stop every ten miles was the road that in 1901 had just been crawling up from somewhere down below. How it got there was all Greek to me—as it probably was to Mahoney, who hated railways. But already it was carrying a large number of well-dressed, civilized people up the Saskatchewan Valley, plus a few carloads of folk who were trekking in for the first time to make homes. The packing-case and the water-tank were dotted all along the route. The old glamour was gone. A new glamour had taken its place. Carloads of goods and chattels were going in now, week by week spilling themselves out along the new railway. These people were all building something, and they were

all part of a spectacle of strange, bewildering interest.

When I got to Edmonton in the early morning I needed a guide to show me over the town. Walls were going up—

But this is no boost for any particular place. I went to a modern hotel, several blocks from the old hostelry immortalized in Mahoney's verses on "the stony busted bummer." I was just getting used to the clock of a new civilization when a large but very aged wolf-hound came wheezing and clawing across the rotunda.

"By gum! It's old Jim," I gasped. "How the——?"

"—— devil are you?" said a voice.

And I'm blest if it wasn't Mahoney, clean-shaven, togged in business tweeds, neat boots, and a Stetson cowboy hat! He shook hands with the warmth of a grizzly bear.

"Yes, it's me," he said. "I didn't learn telegraphy."

"No, you old fakir, you got married and——"

"I'm living with my family in Edmonton," he broke in. "I've made \$20,000 in——"

"Real estate," I interrupted.

"And I want to tell you that this town is——"

"Yes, yes of course, the greatest place in the world. I know it. Any man that's made \$20,000 without working any harder than you do on an average is entitled to think so."

"All the same, I'll be glad to have you come up to the house," he said.

And of course I went.

NOW is the busy season in the Top Country. Summer travel has set in, and all the through roads are carrying northbound traffic. That isn't romancing. Did you know that it is possible to buy a ticket, or a series of tickets, that will take you very comfortably from Montreal, say, to the edge of the Arctic Ocean, and by as fine a route as there is in all Canada? It does not appear in the standard timetables yet, but if you want it all you have to do is to ask for it.

Rail to Edmonton, of course. But also rail now past Edmonton, to Peace River Crossing. Then steamer down the Peace River to Slave River. Finally a long, soul-satisfying, eye-opening sail down the Mackenzie to the end of the line, into the Land of the Midnight Sun. A good trip all the way through, productive of thrills, suggestive of wilderness pioneering, filled with novelty, but as safe as a pleasure jaunt on the St. Lawrence.

If you really wish a deeper colouring of adventure and rough-riding excitement, you may have it by varying the route to read via the Athabasca River. That is the way the old fur transports went and came, and the chances are you'll find all the sport you desire in its rapids and on its portages. The average traveler to the North will prefer, however, to go the other way; it has less of adventure, but makes quicker connection with the Top.

The Mackenzie is hardly a tourist route yet. Scenery, interest, and comfort are not lacking, but it is laid out on such a scale of magnificent distances that only leisured people seem likely to patronize it. From Smith Landing on Slave River, where the Arctic sailings properly begin, to Fort Macpherson, the farthest north post, is 1,315 miles, and the round trip takes five weeks. With the Peace River connections, this means two months from Edmonton, and the steamship fare alone is \$240, plus meals. But in that time and for that money one covers a total of 3,982 miles of wonderful waterway, the like of which does not exist in any other part of the world.

As it is now, the trip to the Top is scheduled for one month less than in former years, because of the new railway connection; but not a great deal can be looked for in further shortening of the time except by a possible margin of a week or two. To visit the Arctic one must make up his mind to a long holiday.

There are two boats on the route, and each makes but one round trip in the season, covering practically the months of June and July. They are well built, comfortably appointed, electric lighted boats, and give a service surprisingly up-to-date for so far north. It is true that their frequent stops along the way to load up fire-wood for their own fuel are likely to recall the old Mississippi riverboat days, but otherwise they are fully modern. The larger one of them is operated by the Hudson's Bay Company, and the other by the Northern Trading Company. As yet the two have been able to take care of the traffic.

Business on the Arctic route is expected to be fairly good this summer. The fur trade, which in 1914-15 was seriously affected by the war, has been picking up, chiefly through a new demand from the

ON THE WAY TO THE TOP By AUBREY FULLERTON



The Phantom Ship on Lake Athabasca.



Passenger Traffic Along the Arctic Coast.

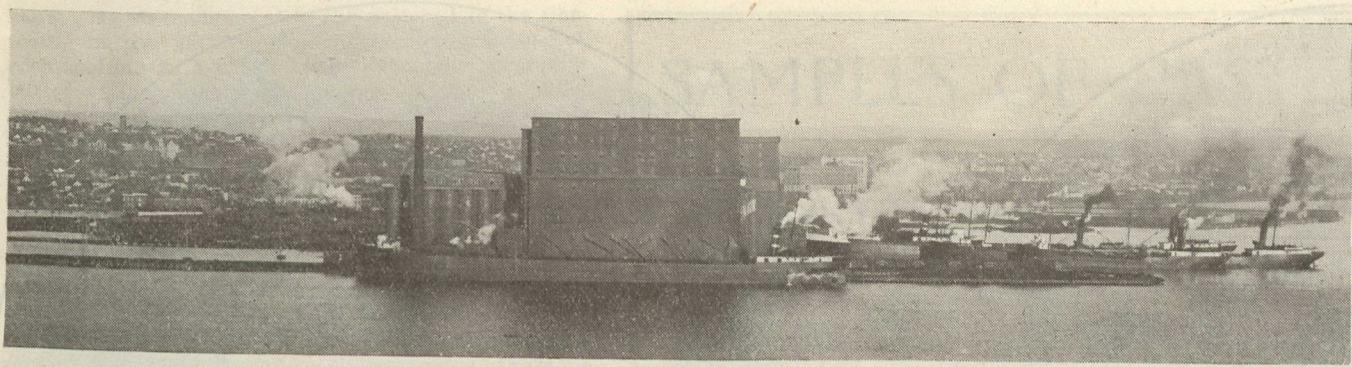
American markets, and the wilderness is busy again. The one lean year was a hard jolt to the Indian trappers, who were compelled to deny themselves the white man's sugar and tea and tobacco because they could not sell their furs; but they came through it, and now are trafficking as before. It is the fur trade, of course, that creates the business of the Mackenzie. Merchandise goes in for the trading-posts, and the accumulated stocks of raw furs come out; there is little other traffic but the carriage of supplies for the Mounted Police and the northern missions. As to freight rates, the charge from the end of the rail to Fort Macpherson is \$13.75 per hundred pounds.

The ingoing freight for the North this year, now already on its way, is of about the same quantity as last year. When the slump in the fur trade came, the northern posts were all heavily stocked, and the orders from head office to close down hard on credit, and at the same time to stop buying, meant that for that first winter the stocks were but slightly reduced. For that reason the new supplies since sent in have been only of average proportions, notwithstanding the present good times in the North. A much more valuable lot of furs will come back in exchange for them, on the return trips of the boats. It will run up into many thousands of dollars—just how many will depend upon how busily the Indian and Eskimo trappers plied their wilderness trade last winter.

His Majesty's Mails also go on one of these Arctic-bound carriers. Fort Smith, 550 miles north of Edmonton, is now a postal depot for the Top Country, and the mails for down the Mackenzie are there made up and dispatched. From Fort Smith north there are but two mail deliveries a year, and that going by the summer water route is much the heavier, including all the papers and second-class matter that ever get to the Top. What with mail and new supplies, it isn't to be wondered at that the northerners look for the coming of the steamers with as much eagerness as a youngster looks for Christmas.

By way of special features in this season's activity in the Arctic, there is the trip down the Mackenzie of Captain Lane, the American adventurer who hopes to find Stefansson and bring him back to civilization. That intrepid explorer, who was given up for lost and then reported himself safe and happy, is now about due to come out of his circumpolar haunts, and we shall all be glad to hear his story when Lane brings him within reach.

There is also the exploring expedition of the Anglican Church Mission, belonging to the diocese of Bishop Lucas. A party from the mission at Fort Macpherson is to make a thousand-mile trip along the Arctic Coast in a motor-boat, for the purpose of spying out new fields for missionary work, and especially in the hope of locating the mysterious tribe of blonde Eskimos who live somewhere in the vicinity of the Coppermine River. What the natives along the top coast will think and say when they see this chugging power-boat is not known yet; certainly it will be an innovation in waters usually traveled only by their own one-passenger kyacks.



At the head of the Great Lakes this—happens to be Port Arthur.

THE UNKNOWING MR. POGGLESON

"SIR?" said Mr. Poggleson. I repeated my observation. "Sir?" he repeated with a rising inflection amounting to almost irritability, "Who are you—anyhow?"

"Who are you?" I countered.

"Poggleson! That's my name. Ship-builder. Port _____" and he mentioned the name of an Ontario lake port once famous for the number of windjammers that took their barley cargoes there sixty years ago.

"Thanks," I returned, "I thought that was who you were. That's why I asked my question. My name is Brown—John H. Brown, of Montreal. I wanted to know what had become of the old windjammers. You seemed to know something about these lakes. That is why I asked you."

"That ain't why you asked," he retorted with a knowing sneer on his weathered-face. "I know—I know what you are after!" And with that he moved aft along the promenade deck, leaving my question unanswered. If he "knew" it was more than I did. I had asked the question out of an idle curiosity concerning these lakes I was sailing for the first time. Now to that was added curiosity about the old man. He was obviously a man who had had to do with seas and ships,—even if they were only fresh water seas.

The great grey shapes of the elevators at Fort William and Port Arthur were already receding into the haze of smokes that hangs over the Twin Cities when the wind is down. Behind us, under that curtain long-hulled black freighters lay under the grain shoots swallowing thousands of bushels per hour. In the yellow dust of the grain the "trimmers" were distributing the cargo evenly under the iron decks. Tugs came and went officiously, bringing an empty freighter to his elevator, or leading another one out into the channel. All this lay behind. The clean cool air of Lake Superior came humming in over the bows of the passenger liner. Passengers, turning to glimpse the last of Isle Royale Passage Island, and Thunder Cape, faced now straight ahead where not a spot of land was to be seen. The sailing vessel that had prompted my advances toward Mr. Poggleson, was a mere sail on the horizon, her masts canted a trifle by the night wind which had reached her first in its way across the lake.

"I know what you're after!" Old Poggleson's exclamation returned to my mind. What did Mr. Poggleson think I was? Why had he resented a question from a stranger?

Morning brought a clear sky and not a glimpse of land anywhere. There was no sea. The ship moved steadily on her course, the lake air, as she forced it aside, humming softly in her rigging. I read in the glassed-in sun-room, then smoked—and began counting the half-hours till dinner time. Occasional streaks of black smoke on the horizon resolved themselves into freighters, pounding steadily along with their solitary funnels set far aft and

their long bodies thrust uncompromisingly ahead. Some were from Duluth, others from Sault Ste. Marie, where we were heading. Twice we saw passenger vessels. But of sails we saw none. Poggleson, passing me on the deck, glared. He had a sort of strut when he walked and a tilt to his shoulders suggesting that here walked a person of importance. He eyed everyone with the same chin-in-the-air-give-you-good-day-SIRRAH! manner.

He whispered over my shoulder: "I s'pose y'd like to know a lot of things. Things about these locks maybe. But I'm watchin'. I'm watchin'. I know what you are after."

Then he jumped back like a grasshopper and was lost among the other passengers on the deck.

LAKE HURON has a character all her own. Superior is distinctly male, and a brusque powerful male at that. Huron is a woman. For us she was pleasant—smiled us down, day by day, night by night, to Sarnia. The Georgian Bay, on our left, might have given more varied scenes: islands and picturesque rocks set about like the forgotten playthings of some giant's child. But Huron herself can offer warm dreamy days and soothing, dreamless nights. And such are not to be scorned.

At Sarnia Poggleson tried, with a vicious light in his old eyes, to hale me before a policeman. He even explained his project to me—as though I should somehow have a sympathetic interest in it.

THE police-sergeant told me the first I knew about poor Poggleson's life. Poggleson told me the rest as he and I, fast friends now, made the rest of the journey by water from Sarnia to Detroit, Cleveland, the Welland Canal and Toronto. He had been a ship-builder with yards near Port Dalhousie in the days of the barley trade. When the wind-jammer was finally superseded by the steam freighter and there was no sense spending money on good white oak for schooners—Poggleson's yards closed and Poggleson missed the fortune he had planned to make. Not that he lacked enough for the rest of his days—but he had had a great vision of a perfect ship he was some day to build.

But on the way down he told me stories of the old sailing days on the lakes. Lake Erie, basking like a cat in the sun, took on new colours for me as he recalled the old trade. Instead of the freighters and passenger liners at Cleveland my eye saw only schooners with tall masts. So at Dalhousie and Toronto.

"But," I said to old Poggleson finally, "What HAS become of the sailing ships."

This time he answered. "Gone!" he said. "They use 'em for tow-barges, and when they are too old they fill 'em with rocks and sink 'em where somebody wants a wharf or a breakwater."



Pointing out the sweep of a glacier.



Prelude Lake, 100 miles E. of Winnipeg.

THE LADY OF THE ST. LAWRENCE

SHE was probably an adventuress. So far as I remember she got on at Charlottetown, which at that hour of night looked like the kind of place adventures might come from. She was dark—speaking of her as I recall her now when she came into prominence on the hurricane deck hours after the boat left Kingston in the early dawn. She was quite dark. Blondes are never so interesting in the role of adventuress. Seems to me she wore a grey and black silk check suit under a waterproof. Anyway, she was a very rustling person. One much prefers that kind on board. You can hear them coming louder than the clack of the tourist crowd or the vibration of the boat. This lady always came at one with a swish. Dark and a bit pallorish; rather delicately thin—spirituelle sort; long black eyelashes that seemed to sweep out over the gateway to the 1,000 Islands as though intending to see just what interested them most and shut out the rest.

She had never seemed to observe me. But we had not passed the 100th enchanted island in that part of the St. Lawrence before I concluded that she had made the same inward remark about me.

I took refuge from the lady looking at the landscapes. What a pleasing torture she would have been in mid-ocean! Here there was a fresh oil painting every minute. The enchanted islands swept past us in endless cycloramic profusion. Such a

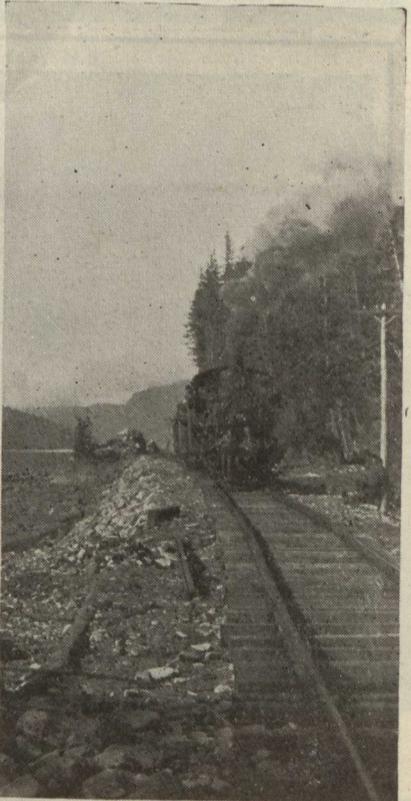
combination of nature and man-wealth and architecture and gardening, castles and cottages and fools' paradises, I had never beheld.

When we got past the maze steaming on to Ogdensburg I found the task easier. The extras we took on at O. made me all the more determined to see that Mdme. XYZ did not escape me when it came to the transfer and the crush at Prescott, getting hundreds of people into a boat half the size ready for shooting the rapids.

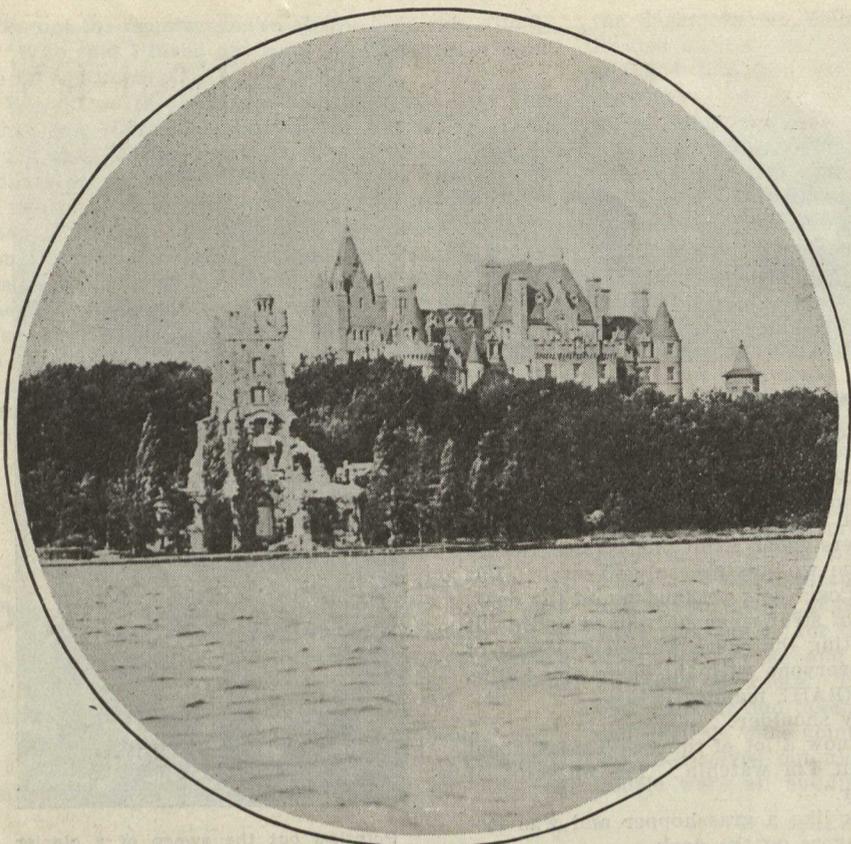
As yet Mdme. XYZ had never seemed to notice me. We were getting into a different state of affairs. By 7 o'clock we were due in Montreal. Lazy boats drifted up the canals. Ours was hitting a divine clip down towards the rapids. Everybody was beginning to stand up. I did so. Mdme. XYZ—did not. She sat and calmly seemed to be reading a book. To this day I don't understand how she did it. Most certainly when my interest in her was piqued to the utmost I felt impelled to observe the delirium of the waters when the power went off in the engine-room and the craft was caught in the arrogant violent clutch of the seething waters.

It seemed tame after the excitement was over and the power went on again. Nothing had excited Mdme. XYZ. She must be used to this journey. I did myself the satisfaction of ignor-

(Concluded on page 22.)



Along fresh lakes into new mountains.



No doubt Madame XYZ had romantic, old-world notions about this palace of wealth in the 1,000 Islands.



Madame XYZ kept her seat when the other passengers crowded to see the rapids, below the Islands.

PERE AND POETRY

AFTER my experience with Madame XYZ I intended to keep to myself for the rest of the journey down the St. Lawrence to Quebec—and to Saguenay, if possible. It was break of day when I clambered out of my state-room on an ocean liner and watched the operation of embarking. With what magic simplicity that vast vessel let go her freight-hooks on the wharf and the magnetizing city and swung her nose into the blaze of the rising sun. I seemed to be all alone watching it; the only passenger aboard to whom such a scene was an absolute novelty.

Up in the prow I felt a strange sense of exhilaration as the ocean liner got into her lane and began to swing down past the drydock, past the amusement park, out into the lightening aisles of the broad, blue river that from now on spoke the strong, sweeping language and the music of the open sea. But I had been there but a short while till a burly, benign figure loomed up alongside, clerically dressed in black with a dangling crucifix.

"I suppose you regard St. Lawrence as a real saint?" I ventured to say, knowing that he was a Quebec cleric.

He smiled. We were down among the low-sliding, sleepy batteaux, loaded low with hay and lumber and all manner of hand-gotten truck on its way to Montreal. Far behind now was the last old ferry limping across from Longueuil with its loads of people—which it would be before noon, but as yet sleeping and smoking up at the dock.

"I am not thinking so much of saints," he replied. "This is nature. Ah!"

He seemed to eat the divine air. What a river! What a landscape! How the villages with the tin-spires blinked and dozed and wakened in the enlivening sun! How the acres upon acres of fireweeds purpled up along the shore! We had breakfast and went up again. One should never miss a rood of the St. Lawrence once it gets into Quebec; for that is really where the great river seems to belong. My friend, whose name I did not inquire, seemed to know

the names of all the little towns and villages on both sides of the river. To him they were all parishes. To me they were places which I never should know intimately, and if I did should perhaps not like them so well as from the deck of the steamer, seeing the rise of the hills and the slope of the roads, the blink of the spires and the ribboning out of the long, narrow and fertile farms that make Quebec one of the fattest lands in the world. I preferred to see them in the unity of distance and perspective.

So I told him, half aloud:

"But why concoct for yourself the imagination of a difference?" he asked. "You are from Anglo-Canada—call it that. You like Quebec?"

"Who wouldn't?" I asked him. "It's so much of a poem."

"And that is what we try to keep it," he said.

"Well, I fancy that if I were living anywhere along here I should get tired of the poetry," said I. "I like it because it's different from the world we live in up west. At the same time some one has to live here and to keep the pastoral idea. The trouble is—"

I smoked and waited to see what he would say.

"You are thinking that Quebec is too much picture and not enough of progress," he said, wisely. "Do not despair. We have some of the greatest water-powers in the world, great cotton and pulp works, marvelous mines—"

"Yes, yes. I know all that," I interrupted. "But if you wait for Anglo-Canadian capital to develop them, where are you?"

Now I'm quite sure that on shore I never should have talked so to a priest whose name I did not even know. But here it was all free and easy and we were on a sort of common ground on a river that got its waters from Ontario and beyond. I could have quarreled with him on shore. Here there was no possibility. We were in a land of national charm.

"Yet if you were on Lake Huron on your way to Fort William," I asked him, "would you feel the same sympathy with our part of Canada as I do with yours?"

He laughed. And there was a sort of finality in his laugh.

"You do not realize the value of local colour," he said. "You have the idea of a national unity without diversity—"

TIME and space would fail to record how we dilated on this theme as the ship got down to the part of the world where the tide begins its tug and the salt of the sea begins to creep up the valley.

By early afternoon we passed under the citadel and swung into Quebec harbour. Pere—whoever he was—stood beside me.

"I know what you are thinking of, M'sieu," he said.

"National unity, you will suggest, perhaps? But I have been here before, yet—"

"It seems to you like the first time again. Is that so?"

"You've guessed right, Pere."

"Because I've had a lifetime of experience, my boy. I was born in those blue-hazed hills among the little farms tucked away in the valley of a big river. I am a part of Quebec. It is my mother. Yet I am always coming into Quebec, as if I were like Champlain seeing it for the first time. That is why, although I am a busy man, I always come by river. And if Montreal could only be down stream instead of up I should like it better—because I could then gaze at Cape Diamond before me in the west and get some of that holy feeling of discovery that awed those old explorers."

"Why not go to Halifax?" I suggested.

He was silent a moment. The ship had docked. The cabbies were clamouring below.

"That is different," he said. "We in Quebec are between those Anglo-folk and the others above. Nature and fate made it so. We divide them by our unity. But Quebec—some day she will unite us all. The city is much English, as you know. I am not one to wish it less so."

"Nor I to wish it more," was the inevitable reply. "Leave Montreal to be the melting-pot. Posterity will know this old city as best of all French—the gateway to the new world, but only the gateway."

He was met by some clerical rig; I took a cab, or was it a caleche—I scarcely



One always comes into Quebec by river as though he were seeing it for the first time.

know. He no doubt went to the palace, I to the Chateau. In the garbled glamour of the great hotel, cosmopolitan as a bit of Paris, yet rising somewhat out of a village scene of lounging folk on the plank promenade, I was satisfied to remain conscious of the eternal riddle of Quebec. The place was clattering with tourists. The souvenir books sold freely. The glasses clinked. The place was full of the soft music of the French. Underneath the old town lay like a squint into an old world, keeping the old ways while the city above was a mixture of the old and the new, of priests and politicians, soldiers and civilians, demoiselles and smart English folk, tourists from the United States, and simple small-town folk, to whom the city on the hill, the sparkling gem in the zone of the St. Lawrence must never become too big or it would lose its charm.

You can get as fine a paternoster in Quebec as in Rome. Also as good a cocktail as in Paris. In the Chateau they meet but never mix. And when you have enough of both you may take one of those cheerful river boats that are part of the great chain of travel from Fort William to the up-gorges of the Laurentians in far-down French-land—up to the haunting solitudes of the lordly Saguenay, where you get neither, but instead the old wine of a new life among the silent prayers of the eternal hills.

Maritime Meanderings

NOW, whether you like old St. John or not, you must get to it from westward by a riverway with a railway alongside that makes you dizzy when you try to dream how many moons of travel it would be to reach the old Eskimo "femme" in her kayack coasting along the Arctic. There is no river in Canada with more individual intimate beauty than the St. John, and the romantic chain of streams that run into it. Best of all in the mornings, perhaps. And before noon you are into the rare old city that blocks up on the Bay of Fundy, the city of two harbours and the tides, of many newspapers and much politics—of Courtenay Bay and the wharves, the fishermen and the optimist. St. John is peculiarly Canadian. And it is old; solid and simple, the home of a fine old-fashioned people of whom you take regretful leave in the crisp of an early morning and scud across Fundy to the fish-smacked, cherry-treed village of Digby, where ox-carts tinkle down the streets and the long, stolid fisherman slinks into the bush to cut fresh poles for his weir somewhere between Digby and Bear River among the old farms of Nova Scotia.

Presently, up from Yarmouth, comes the noon train. You could loaf in Digby for a week, but from there to Halifax is one of the finest railway trips in Canada—up through the valley of the land of Evangeline, from which many and many a man has rollicked away into various parts of the earth following the sea. That run of seven or eight hours is an unwearying delight. Almost anywhere you may stop and be within an hour or two of a cove where care never comes. But you are anxious to see Halifax—and that city on the greatest harbour in America is such a comfortable mixture of pleasures, ancient, mediaeval and modern, that you do violence to your own temperament if you escape from it in less than twice as long as you have time or money to stay.

Some fine morning out you go by the Intercolonial, and make the run over to Moncton—back to New Brunswick when you never know just where you cross the border. At Amherst, N.S., you marvel that so busy a town ever arose from so sleepy and Holland-like a country, where the sail luggers glide dreamily up among the tide-swept meadows, and the hay comes to crop three times a year.

You get to Moncton through a woodland that winds you into the region of the Petitcodiac and the land of the Bore; and here you are in a fascinating, restless and old-style town, that feels itself becoming new, and has for a long while been the metropolis of the I. C. R. Moncton is almost too hospitable. You know from the study of the timetable that the haunted Metapedia Valley lies beyond, eastward into the land of the St. Lawrence again. And it would need a small book to describe Metapedia, which with its climates and crescendos of great landscapes seems to be in another world from the St. John which you seemed to have been seeing two moons ago, whereas the time is precisely ten days.

Something better than half a railway day fetches you back to a place called Levis. And from Levis you behold again the ancient City of Quebec.

This condensed description must be read—between the lines. If at the end of such a beguiling journey any traveller hankers for more sensations, he can find millions of them by leaving the main lines of travel for a plunge into the wilderness.

SAMPLES OF EASTERN SCENERY



Rockbound Gorge at Grand Falls, St. John River.



The Marvellous Elms of Fredericton, N.B.



A Painter's Paradise on the Northwest Miramichi.



THE GREAT REPUBLICAN CONVENTION IN CHICAGO, WEDNESDAY, JUNE 7.

This, it may be noted, is not a photograph of the convention as it actually happened in 1916, but one of the same event in 1912, held in the same place, the Coliseum. This was the convention from which Roosevelt formed the Progressive Party, now a relic, which will probably support him if he becomes the Republican nominee, in preference to Judge Hughes or Elihu Root.

WHY GOUIN WON

By THE MONOCLE MAN

THESE is a lot of talk about the Gouin victory in Quebec—outside of Quebec—which is very misleading, and which is admirably calculated to create a dangerous feeling throughout the English Provinces. Those who would like to have it so, usually for political reasons, represent the rally of the people of Quebec to Sir Lomer Gouin and his Government as a tidal wave of race feeling, roused by what they tell us is a distorted version of the Ontario and Manitoba attitudes on bilingualism. This theory ignores several obtrusive facts—such as that Gouin carried the whole Eastern Townships without missing a seat; that he got eight out of twelve English-speaking members; that he gained one English seat and lost none, and that he has a habit of sweeping the Province. But what theorist ever abandoned a petted child which promised to bring him political profit, simply because the facts wouldn't fit? At the previous elections the Opposition to Gouin was led, inspired and drummed into a fury by the Bourassa-Lavergne Nationalist combination. Yet Gouin then swept the province. The sweep was not quite as complete as it was this time; but, on that occasion, the official Conservative party, led by Federal Ministers, put up a far harder fight. This time the official Conservative Opposition was so disorganized that it let a lot of seats go by default. The gains made by Gouin were due to this collapse of the regular Conservative Opposition very much more than to the disappearance of Lavergne et al.

I AM not saying this from any notion that the French voters of Quebec do not resent the attitude toward French schools of Ontario and Manitoba. Any of your readers who have done me the honour to follow this department know that they do resent it—and that they have every right to resent it. That feeling is undoubtedly strong in Quebec; and it may some day appear in politics if the powerful English majorities in the English Provinces do not take steps to assuage it. But it did not elect Gouin. Gouin was successful—as we have seen—when Nationalism was in the saddle against him. Nor has Gouin stood forth in any special sense as the champion of that feeling. His has been a distinctly moderate attitude. Of course, he believes that his French fellow-Cana-

dians in some of the English Provinces are being intolerantly treated. Why shouldn't he, when he himself treats the English minority in Quebec so very much better? But he has not made this grievance his issue. He has done no more than express his opinion and permit the municipalities of Quebec to vote their money to help "the cause" in Ontario. Other men are leading the Nationalist fight, while Gouin plays the moderate and conservative role.

PERHAPS I have put my finger in that last sentence, quite by chance, upon the secret of Gouin's steady success. He is a conservative—not a Conservative—public man. As a friend put it to me the other day: "I think," he said, "that Sir Lomer would make a good future leader for the Liberal party at Ottawa. He is the nearest approach to a statesman in Canada. He is careful, cautious, reserved and yet strong. It is true that he is French—and the Liberals might balk at two French leaders in succession. But if he once got the place, he would go up to the English Provinces; and the people would come out to hear him, expecting to see a Frenchman, but finding a regular Johnny Bull instead." Sir Lomer took over the affairs of Quebec when that Province had the champion debt of Confederation and when most of its past history was generously decorated with annual deficits; and he has been giving the thrifty Quebecers annual surpluses instead. That is one reason why they rally to him down there. He is a canny, conservative business man—the farthest remove from a racial fire-brand you could well imagine.

OF course, Sir Lomer benefits from his political alliance with Sir Wilfrid Laurier, the Grand Old Man of Quebec in quite a special sense. As the political partner of Laurier, Gouin gets the large Liberal vote which goes steadily with and for Laurier. This makes him very strong in rural Quebec. Then, when he comes to the centres, like Quebec City, Montreal, Sherbrooke, etc., he enjoys to an extraordinary extent the confidence of the solid business men. They have discovered in Gouin—what business Canada discovered in Sir John Macdonald in the days of his power—a politician with a

strong sense of responsibility for the use of his power; a public man with definite policies and principles. Gouin does not merely follow the lines of least resistance, nor does he yield automatically in the direction of the strongest pressure. He himself constitutes a force in the Legislature—by far its greatest force. He sits—as I used to see Sir John Macdonald sit—in judgment on private bills, and refuses to permit proposals to pass which, in his opinion, would either be bad for the Province or open the path to bad future policies.

I AM aware that this sounds like extravagant laudation—like the praise of imagined perfection. But it is this active leadership and vigilant censorship of his which has won for him the practically unanimous confidence of his people; and the Gouin victories cannot be understood without taking it into account. He has succeeded in uniting the two greatest forces in Quebec—the hero-worship of the French people, won for him by the Laurier alliance; and the commercial interests of the Province, won for him by his own commercial sanity and sagacity. His father-in-law, Mercier, had the former but not the latter. Laurier has never really had the latter—though he may have looked a little like it in the days when his retention of power was a foregone conclusion. But Gouin has it; so there is no firm foothold on which to construct an opposition to him. A demagogue might beat him—but hardly "a safe and sane" business opponent.

I AM moved to put these facts before my fellow-English Canadians because I feel that it would be a mischievous thing if the impression were to get abroad that the sweep to Gouin was a sort of challenge by Quebec to English Canada on the language question. It was absolutely nothing of the sort. If French Quebec had been minded to run its election on the language question, it would have chosen a more aggressive and outspoken champion than this French-speaking "Johnny Bull." French Canada is wounded to the heart over the language question. But it is still in the attitude of Sir Wilfrid Laurier's speech—it is only appealing to the British justice and the sense of fair play of English Canada.

THE MONOCLE MAN.

KITCHENER'S MOB

Pictures of Soldier-making from Awkward Squad to Front Line Trench

By JAMES NORMAN HALL

FROM the time a man—Canadian or British—enlists in his civilian clothes with all the customary ways of the street, home and business about him, until he gets right into the front line of some German trenches driving Fritz out of them, is one of the most remarkable transformations known to the world. It is more thorough, much less sudden, than conversion from sin to righteousness. And how it is done, phase by phase, is told in one of the most interesting of many war books, "Kitchener's Mob," by James Norman Hall. The author is an American, who enlisted as a private in England and stayed with the army until the end of 1915. His regiment was transformed from a crowd of nondescripts into some of the world's finest fighting men who had as part of their programme to help drive Germans out of front line trenches. How the men went through it stage by stage is indicated in the accompanying extracts:

Arms and the Man

Our arms and equipment were of an equally nondescript character. We might easily have been mistaken for a mob of vagrants which had pillaged a seventeenth-century arsenal. With a few slight changes in costuming for the sake of historical fidelity, we would have served as a citizen army for a realistic motion-picture drama depicting an episode in the French Revolution.

One Sunday morning in May we assembled on the barrack square at Aldershot for the last time. Every man was in full marching order. His rifle was the "Short Lee Enfield, Mark IV.," his bayonet, the long single-edged blade in general use throughout the British Army. In addition to his arms he carried 120 rounds of ".303" caliber ammunition, an intrenching-tool, water-bottle, haversack, containing both emergency and the day's rations, and his pack, strapped to shoulders and waist in such a way that the weight of it was equally distributed. His pack contained the following articles: A greatcoat, a woollen shirt, two

or three pairs of socks, a change of underclothing, a "housewife,"—the soldiers' sewing-kit,—a towel, a cake of soap, and a "hold-all," in which were a knife, fork, spoon, razor, shaving-brush, toothbrush, and comb. All of these were useful and sometimes essential articles, particularly the toothbrush, which Tommy regarded as the best little instrument for cleaning the mechanism of a rifle ever invented. Strapped on top of the pack was the blanket roll wrapped in a waterproof ground sheet; and hanging beneath it, the canteen in its khaki-cloth cover. Each man wore an identification disk on a cord about his neck. It was stamped with his name, regimental number, regiment, and religion. A first-aid field dressing, consisting of an antiseptic gauze pad and bandage and a small vial of iodine, sewn in the lining of his tunic, completed the equipment.

Stoical Tommy Breaks Loose

HERE was one burst of enthusiasm, as we started on our journey, which struck me as being spontaneous, and splendid, and thoroughly English. Outside the harbour we were met by our guardians, a fleet of destroyers which was to give us safe conveyance across the Channel. The moment they saw them the men broke forth into prolonged cheering, and there were glad shouts of—

"There they are, me lads! There's some o' the little old watch dogs wot's keepin' 'em bottled up!"

"Good old navy! That's w'ere we got 'em by the throat!"

"Let's give 'em 'Sons of the Sea!'"

And they did. They sang with a spirit of exaltation which Englishmen rarely betray, and which convinced me how nearly the sea and England's position as Mistress of the Sea touch the Englishman's heart of hearts.

"Sons of the sea,
All British born,
Sailing the ocean,
Laughing foes to scorn,
They may build their ships my lads,
And think they know the game;
But they can't beat the boys of the bulldog breed
Who made old England's name!"

Shorty's Complaint

SHORTY, a seasoned lieutenant at the front, gives the new-comers some notions of what conditions are. This is how he describes some information brought back by one of our listening patrols near the enemy lines:

"But this is wot gives you the pip," he said. "Ere we got three lines of trenches, all of 'em wired up so that a rat couldn't get through without scratchin' hisself to death. Fritzie's got better wire than wot we 'ave, an' more of it. An' 'e's got more machine guns, more artill'ry, more shells. They ain't any little old man-killer ever invented wot they 'ave n't got more of than we 'ave. An' at 'ome they're a-s'yin', 'W'y don't they get on with it? W'y don't they smash through?' Let some of 'em come out 'ere an' 'ave a try! That's all I got to s'y."

I did n't tell Shorty that I had been, not exactly an armchair critic, but at least a barrack-room critic in England. I had wondered why British and French troops had failed to smash through. A few weeks in the trenches gave me a new viewpoint. I could only wonder at the magnificent fighting qualities of soldiers who had held their own so effectively against armies equipped and armed and munitioned as the Germans were.

Tommy's Fair Play

I HAVE always admired Tommy Atkins for his fair play. He enjoyed giving Fritz "a little bit of all-right," but he never resented it when Fritz had his own fun at our expense. In the far-off days of peace, I used to lament the fact that we had fallen upon evil times. I read of old wars with a feeling of regret that men had lost their old primal love for dangerous sport, their naive ignorance of fear. All the brave, heroic things of life were said and done. But on those trench-mortaring days, when I watched boys playing with death with right good zest, heard them shouting and laughing as they tumbled over one another in their eagerness to escape it, I was convinced of my error. Daily I saw men going through the test of fire triumphantly, and, at the last, what a severe test it was! And how splendidly they met it! During six months continuously in the firing-line, I met less than a dozen natural born cowards; and my experience was largely with plumbers, drapers' assistants, clerks, men who had no fighting traditions to back them up, make them heroic in spite of themselves.

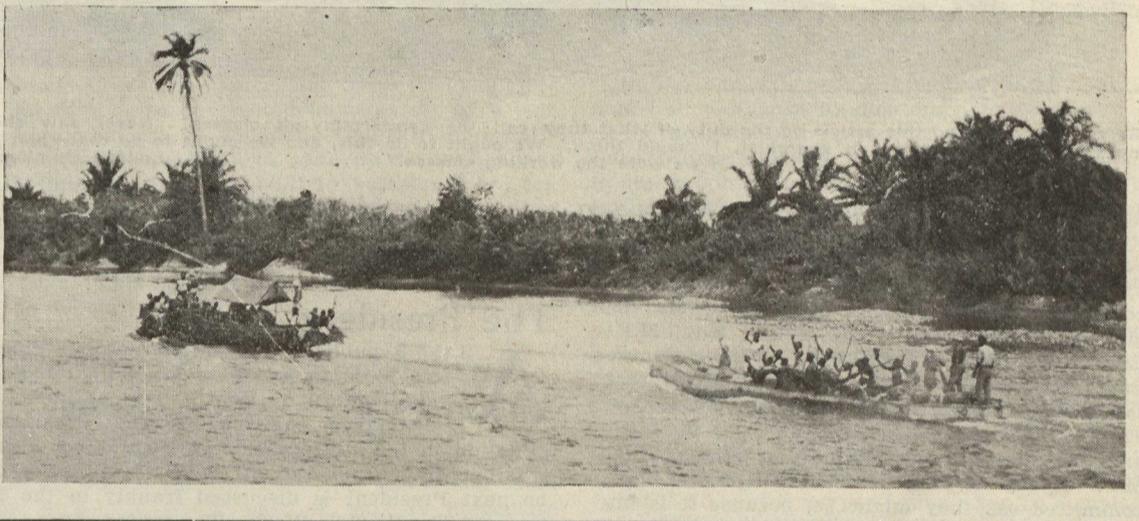
The Skylark

ONCE we heard an English skylark, singing over No-Man's-Land! I scarcely know which gave me more pleasure, the song, or the sight of the faces of those English lads as they listened. I was

WAR IS SOMETIMES PICTURESQUE



THE smallest and most picturesque expeditionary force sent out during the war was the naval expedition of 27 officers and two armed motor boats sent to Central Africa to clear the Germans off Lake Tanganyika. This fleet travelled farther and utilized more methods of transport than any other fleet ever known for war purposes. After reaching Capetown by steamer, the fleet travelled by rail to Fungurumee, 3,448 miles from F., it went 148 miles of a cross-country trek to Sankosia; thence by rail, 18 miles, to Bakama; thence by Lualaba to Kaballo, 350 miles, and again by rail to Lake Tanganyika, where the two armed motor boats, after 15,000 miles journey, captured the German gunboat Kingani and sank the Von Wissmann. By this brilliant feat the fleet liberated the natives from the clutch of the Germans. In the picture below the fleet is seen with full gas ahead on the trail of the German gunboats. In the picture above the gaudy and gorgeous natives are engaging in a dance of celebration in the fleet's honour.



deeply touched when one of them said:—
"Ain't 'e a plucky little chap, singin' right in front of Fritzie's trenches fer us English blokes?"
It was a sincere and fitting tribute, as perfect for a soldier as Shelley's "Ode" for a poet.

How German Trenches Look

THE author describes how certain German trenches were taken by the British and what those trenches looked like. In view of recent ructions along our own front this description is immensely interesting:

Many of the shell-proof dugouts were fifteen and even twenty feet below the surface of the ground. Entrance to these was made in the front wall of the trench on a level with the floor. Stairways just

large enough to permit the passage of a man's body led down to them. The roofs were reinforced with heavy timbers.

There were larger surface dugouts with floors but slightly lower than that of the trench. These were evidently built for living quarters in times of comparative quiet. Many of them were six feet wide and from twenty to thirty feet long, and quiet palaces compared to the wretched little "funk-holes" to which he had been accustomed. They were roofed with logs a foot or more in diameter placed close together and one on top of the other in tiers of three, with a covering of earth three or four feet thick. But although they were solidly built they had not been proof against the rain of high explosives. Many of them were in ruins, the logs splintered like kindling wood and strewn far and wide over the ground.

MOOSEJAW WILL "STAMPEDE"

MOOSEJAW proposes to teach history. Her pupils will be all Canada or as much as can get there next July. The special subject will be "Prairie History." In short, Moose Jaw is to have a "stampede" on the 11th, 12th, 13th, 14th of July.

The modern westerner does not have much opportunity to acquaint himself with old-time conditions. The life he leads is quiet and comparatively humdrum. But the old-timers and sons of old-timers don't propose to let the new men escape or forget the traditions of the country. Hence the coming stampede. There will be a reappearance of cowboys, cowgirls—kings and queens of the lariat—the rough riders, ropers, sharpshooters and their fantastic equipment of saddles and bridles, gold spurs, chaps,

hats and gloves. The ranch is disappearing—has disappeared entirely from the older parts of the West. The influx of settlers into Western Saskatchewan and Southern Alberta put an end to wholesale horse and cattle dealing. The cowboy turned ploughman—or moved away along with the lariat.

Moose Jaw was for twenty-five years on the eastern boundary of the ranch country. It was the winter home of many ranchers while their foremen and outriders kept an outlook over the stock on the ranges. Moose Jaw was also a great market place for cattle. It has therefore all the traditions of a real ranch country centre. Thousands of Canadians and Americans will gather in the big western city next month for a real western Canadian thrill.

ESSENTIALLY WHAT'S WHAT

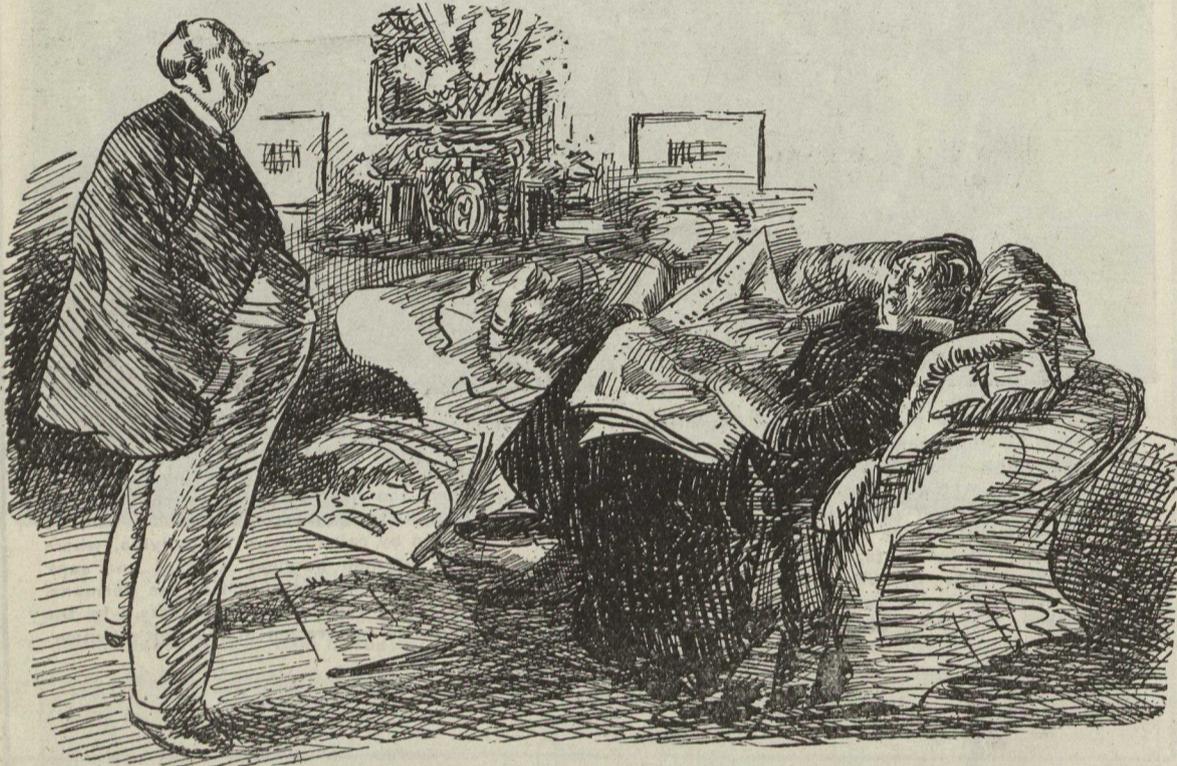
Interesting Phases of the World's Doing and Thinking as Recorded in Current Periodical Literature

Do They Want To Win?

MR. L. J. MAXSE asks the pertinent question in the May issue of the National Review, "Do they want to win?" By "they" he means the powers that be; and he proceeds to find an answer to the question by intimating just who the men of

Lord Haldane—who can overrule the Five without even hearing the experts, upon whom, nevertheless, all the blame is chivalrously thrown when it comes to a tragedy.

It is only the politicians who can answer the question at the head of this article, and we shall know by that answer what to think of



"George, did you read this article on the duty of what they call the comfortably-off classes? Never saw such impertinence. Written by an anarchist, I should think. We ought to do this, and we ought to do that—just as if we were the working classes!" —London Opinion.

Great Britain are that should be winning this war instead of parliamentarians and tacticians of debate. He says:

In a lawsuit against Germany none of us would complain of the conduct of our case by Mr. Asquith, K.C., M.P., Sir F. E. Smith, K.C., M.P., Lord Robert Cecil, K.C., M.P., and Sir George Cave, K.C., M.P., though we must suggest that this array of talent be reinforced by Sir Robert Finlay, K.C., M.P., Mr. H. E. Duke, K.C., M.P., and, last but not least, Sir John Simon, K.C., M.P.—to say nothing of others. If faults were committed—as they might be, because it is human to err—we should at any rate know that these gentlemen, learned in the law, were more likely to be right than their critics because they are experts.

So in a parliamentary debate with Germany we should be delighted to leave our interests and our honour in the hands of Mr. Asquith, Mr. Balfour, Sir Edward Grey, Lord Curzon, Mr. Bonar Law, etc., etc., confident of their ability to overcome in such a tournament Dr. von Bethmann-Hollweg, Dr. Helfferich, Herr von Jagow, Herr von Zimmermann, and the rest of them. Unfortunately, we are at war with Germany, in which neither forensic acumen nor dialectical skill are of the smallest avail. On the contrary, they are positive drawbacks. Lawyers are tempted to shackle British sea-power with "juridical niceties." Debaters are liable to waste irreparable time in futile discussion.

None of us would dream of suggesting that Admiral Jellicoe, Admiral Sturdee, Sir David Beatty, Lord Kitchener, Sir William Robertson, Sir Douglas Haig, or indeed any sailors or soldiers, should be invited to run a lawsuit or a debate against Germany. But we do suggest, and indeed demand, that for the duration of the war our parliamentarians confine themselves to matters they understand, such as civilian administration, the management of Parliament, and the education of public opinion, and leave the war to those who know something about it. There is only one institution more childish than the Five Politicians who have put themselves in a position to overrule both Army and Navy on purely military or naval questions—without the country being even allowed to know that the experts have opinions—and that is the Twenty-three Politicians—or Twenty-four if you count

them. "Do they want to win?" "Yes," if they hand over the management of the war to sailors and soldiers. "No," if they refuse.

The President to Be

AS the Republican Convention meets in Chicago this week to nominate a candidate—Roosevelt, Hughes or Root?—it is of immediate importance to consider the Presidential situation in the United States. What kind of man, whether of one political stripe or the other, should be next President is discussed frankly in the May issue of *The World's Work*. The writer says:

There is only one person in the American Government whom all the people have jointly had a hand in selecting; only one, that is, who represents the whole nation. Constitution or no constitution, the people regard the President as the head of administration and look to him to make their will effective. A President is a success or failure according to the success or failure of the legislative programme which is passed in his administration. Everything he does interests us. What Congress says or does interests us hardly at all. The people look to the White House for leadership, not to the other end of Pennsylvania Avenue. In reality the Constitution, as well as the popular voice, has made him leader, and in asserting his leadership he does not violate this document, even technically. The Constitution makes it the President's duty to recommend legislation and gives him the right to veto; it is, therefore, preposterous to insist that executive initiative is "usurpation" and encroachment "on the legislative power." This contention is particularly preposterous since the average Congressman and Senator notoriously spends his time not on national but on local issues.

The successes of Mr. Wilson's administration find their explanation in this courageous assertion of the Presidential leadership. When he has failed he has failed because he has temporarily abandoned this leadership and left Congress to flounder about without a rudder. In obtaining tariff revision, the new currency law and the Federal Reserve Act—in practically all domestic questions—Mr. Wilson has given the nation a splendid illustration of a resolute captain at the head of the nation. In failing to assert this same championship of public opinion in the improvement of our military and naval defenses, his administration has been a disappointment. In refusing to back up Mr. Garrison and in letting Congress, almost without guidance, transform our army into another gigantic pork barrel; in retaining as Secretary of the Navy so absurd a person as Mr. Josephus Daniels in face of an almost universal popular demand that this post, the most important of all at this

moment, be filled by a man of great intelligence and energy—these are the details in which the President has proved false to his own conception of his office. In his recent stand for American rights, however, he has asserted once more his leadership, with results that have thrilled the nation.

Violations of International Law.

According to the Wilsonian theory, the President's duty, in this as in all other large matters, was to make effective the popular will. What then, was the popular will on this great question of American rights? Did the American people stand upon the unquestioned principles of international law, or were they prepared to waive these principles in the interest of the Kaiser? This particular question struck deep at the issue that lies at the base of the European war. Whether Americans should travel on armed merchantmen was merely a detail. No one, not even Germany, disputed the legal point involved. For centuries merchant ships had had the right to carry defensive guns without acquiring the status of war vessels. Germany merely contended that the point was academic; that, since the development of new methods of warfare made the old rule obsolete, she could ignore it. What the Central Empires really demanded was the right to change international law whenever international law conflicted with their military advantage. That idea has apparently dominated German military philosophy all through the war. Stripped of all its fine-spun arguments, it means that a nation at war is justified in doing anything to win. On this ground Germany justifies her invasion of Belgium, the bombardment of unfortified towns, Zeppelin raids, the burning of Louvain, the massacre and violation of Belgian women and children, gas bombs, and the sinking of the *Lusitania*. All these things, the German legal authorities will admit, controverted international law, as international law had painfully developed through the centuries. Since such violation helped Germany however—or German militarists believed that they did—they were justified. Should the American people acknowledge this contention?

Food in War Time

HOW nations are fed in war time is of tremendous importance now that there is talk of nationalizing the meat supply of Great Britain, and since Germany has issued yet more stringent orders regarding the supply of food to soldiers and civilians; orders that a year ago would have been regarded as sensational to the point of calamity. A recent article by D. Noel Paton, M.D., in *Chambers' Journal* on "Food in War Time" brings out the main features of this problem from the standpoint of one who examines the qualities of food in regard to nutritive value. He says:

Our food is the sole source of our power of doing work. How do we measure the energy value of foods? It is done by finding the amount of heat each gives off in combustion. Now there are three great groups of foods: (1) the fats, (2) the sugars and starches, (3) the flesh-building foods—by proteins. Each of these yields a definite amount of energy in the body, and the diet must contain a sufficient quantity of them to provide the energy required. Any intake of food over this amount is simply wasted.

Obviously the diet must be adjusted to suit the conditions of life. One of these foodstuffs is absolutely essential. There must be enough of the flesh-forming material to repair the wear and tear of the body in the adult.



The American attitude on the German submarine policy.—By Louis Raemaekers, Noted Dutch Cartoonist.

and in the young to build up the body. There is good evidence that the supply of these flesh-formers should be largely in excess of what is absolutely necessary. Probably two ounces is sufficient, but four ounces is desirable. The proportion between fats and starch foods is not so important. It is determined (1) by consideration of economy—the starches are cheaper than the fats—and (2) by the fact that the power of digesting each is limited, so that it is better to take a proportion of each. It is thus possible to state definitely the amount of energy and of proteins which a diet will yield.

Now we come to the question, What is a good diet? It is one which supplies the energy and the flesh-formers at the smallest possible cost. This is the economic definition; because the more cheaply energy—the power of doing work—can be got, the more economically work can be turned out. Coal and iron are so much inert material in the bowels of the earth until the energy of human labour is made to act upon them and to convert them into the ships, the guns, the shells, and all the various machinery required for the prosecution of this war. Our power of financial endurance as a nation depends in no small measure upon this power of economically producing munitions—and this depends upon an adequate and cheap supply of food. It therefore be-

“The Submarine Killer”

OFF Kent, in the English Channel, a tiny black dot rides the surge of the blue water. One hundred yards farther from the shore lies another, beyond it another, and still others, placed at one hundred yards intervals, chart the course of the dreaded English submarine net.

The dots, according to A. M. Rud, writing in the Illustrated World, are barrel floats, each attached by wire cables to the mesh entanglements below. They are adjusted finely to the water pressure, so that the moment that a big fish—or a submarine—blunders blindly into the snare, the floats above become submerged.

And the fishermen are watching. Up and down the



Lady (to new gardener)—“Of course you are strictly sober?”

Applicant—“Yes, mum, often.”

line of floats a ceaseless patrol is maintained. Never an instant passes in which a majority of the floats are not under eager observation by alert watchers in the fishing smacks. There is an air of earnestness about it all far different from the bluff joviality of seine fishermen on the Grand Banks.

The smacks, too, are odd for fishing purposes. They are long, low racing motor boats, built with an eye more to speed than to seaworthiness. A little back of the middle of their lean, forty-five foot lengths are the engines, multi-cylindrical affairs delivering from twelve hundred to sixteen hundred horsepower. This tremendous power gives the “submarine killers”—for thus the British navy has christened these boats—a speed of over forty knots an hour, sufficient to enable them to out-manoeuvre any torpedoes which the hunted submarines may launch at them.

Nor are these wasps without stings. Each motor boat carries forward a six-pound rapid-firing gun, the largest weapon that ever has been mounted successfully upon a motor boat. It is just heavy enough to puncture the defensive armour of a submarine, yet so small that it can be handled by two men.

When one of these fast boats, swirling along the course of the steel-net floats, sights one of the barrels that is acting suspiciously, it swings out around the float in a wide circle. If the barrel stays submerged, the men on the motor craft know that a



Mistress—“Goodness, Bridget, where is our telephone?”
Bridget—“Mrs. Jones sent over, mum, askin’ for the use of it, and I sint it over; but I had the devil’s own toime gittin’ it off the wall, mum.”
—Drawn by Bert Thomas.

submarine has become entangled and is struggling to get free. The circle narrows. The motor boat finally plies more slowly in a narrower route, keeping her six-pounder trained constantly on the spot where the submarine must rise if it gets clear.

And the submarine must come to the surface if it can, for the lifting power of its air tanks is practically the only saving strength it possesses once its propeller gets entangled. While the float is under the surface, divers are at work far below, striving desperately to clear away the mess of entanglements.

If they succeed, the submarine floats free and rises to the surface, to be greeted immediately by a rain of shots from the six-pounder. One fair hit usually suffices, for submarines, in spite of the tremendous water pressure they are built to withstand, are fragile creations with respect to defensive armour equipment.

If they fail, the submarine’s enemies above wait five days. This lapse of time sees every living thing in the submarine asphyxiated.

Shaw “Defends” Himself

“SOME time ago,” says George Bernard Shaw, writing in “To-day,” “it was gravely stated in a Viennese paper that I had shut myself up in my house, put sentries at my doors, and could show myself in public only on pain of immediate assassination by the infuriated patriotic London mob. At that time our own newspapers took it for granted that England was one solid roar of execration against Keir Hardie, and that the name Ramsay Macdonald was to British patriotism what the name of Judas Iscariot is to Christendom. Never were evil reputations more firmly and unanimously established, as far as the press went.

“What were the facts? Keir Hardie died, neither unwept, unhonoured, nor unsung. . . . Mr. Macdonald was addressing crowded meetings throughout the country, with such standings-up, and singings of ‘For he’s a jolly good fellow,’ and salvos of cheers as Mr. Asquith himself can hardly elicit by the most dramatic repetitions of his famous stunt about terms on which we will sheathe the sword. As for me, I was addressing large open public meetings in London every week, inviting and answering questions from all comers about the war or anything else, without a sign of hostility, and rather more than any usual meed of applause; and I was receiving resolutions strongly approving my conduct from the provinces every day.

“I could multiply these instances of the planting out of fools’ paradises by the London press.

“What was the use of all this depressing bluff? It did not frighten the Germans. It did not encourage us; it was, on the contrary, obviously only part of the general panic which oppressed and distracted the more hysterical civilians when the war broke out. The same sort of thing goes on in Germany; and the only effect of it on us is to make us feel that a nation which has not stuff enough in it to look everyday facts in the face, and snap its fingers at scarecrows, will never stick it out if we go on long enough. When did we first begin to believe in the French army after its retreat from Namur to the gates of Paris? It was when, in the middle of our

absurd explanations that the retreat was a successful combination of profound strategy with undying heroism, Joffre electrified us by bluntly saying that the French should not have been beaten at all, and that there was no excuse either for the men or the generals, many of whom he promptly sacked. At that exhilarating sound of a Man talking at last, we turned to him instinctively as the saviour of the situation; and since then he has been the only general in the field in whom there is any large and generous faith.

“If the England of the Press were the real England I should shake its dust from my feet and retire to the most desolate corner of my native land. But I am fortunate enough to be able to talk occasionally to the people who are really running the war, both in the field and in the departments. Their contempt for the press is almost equal to their contempt for the party politicians; and in talking to them I am in a sane world of reality and possibility and activity, free from the asphyxiating vapours of spite and panic, greed and terror, Pecksnifery and Podsnapery, which rise and enfold us in paper clouds every morning and afternoon from Fleet Street. The Front Bench speeches in the Parliamentary debates ought to sweep these clouds away. But they only make them denser and more acrid.

“I am an old journalist myself, and used to think Oscar Wilde much too particular when he complained that English journalists were not gentlemen. But now that the brave, good-humoured, friendly, magnanimous ones have all gone soldiering, the only defence I can make of my profession is that we are no worse than Cabinet Ministers.”



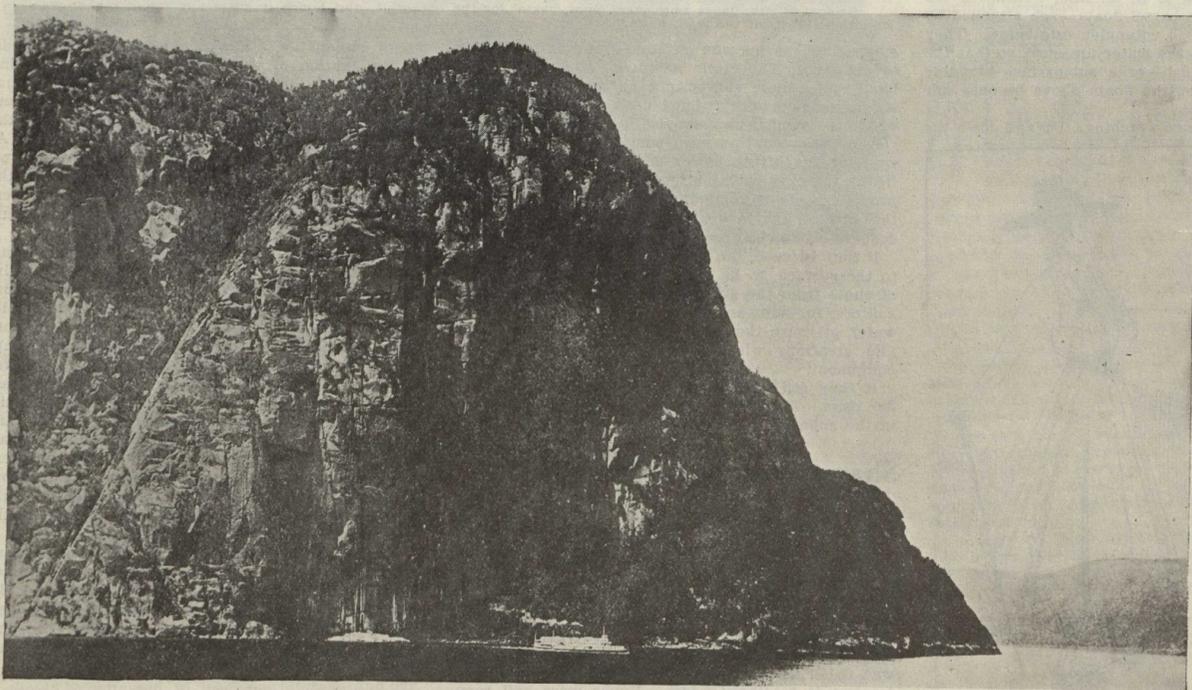
The Banqueter—“This is the feast of my life.”

—From The Sydney Bulletin.

SUPPOSED TO BE THE FIVE GREATEST LANDSCAPES IN CANADA



Panoramic View of Rockies at Burgess Pass, showing, from left to right, Mt. Field, Cathedral Mt., Mt. Goodier, Mt. Dennis, Van Horne Range, Mt. Burgess, Mt. Emerald, Mt. Vice-President and Mt. Wapta.



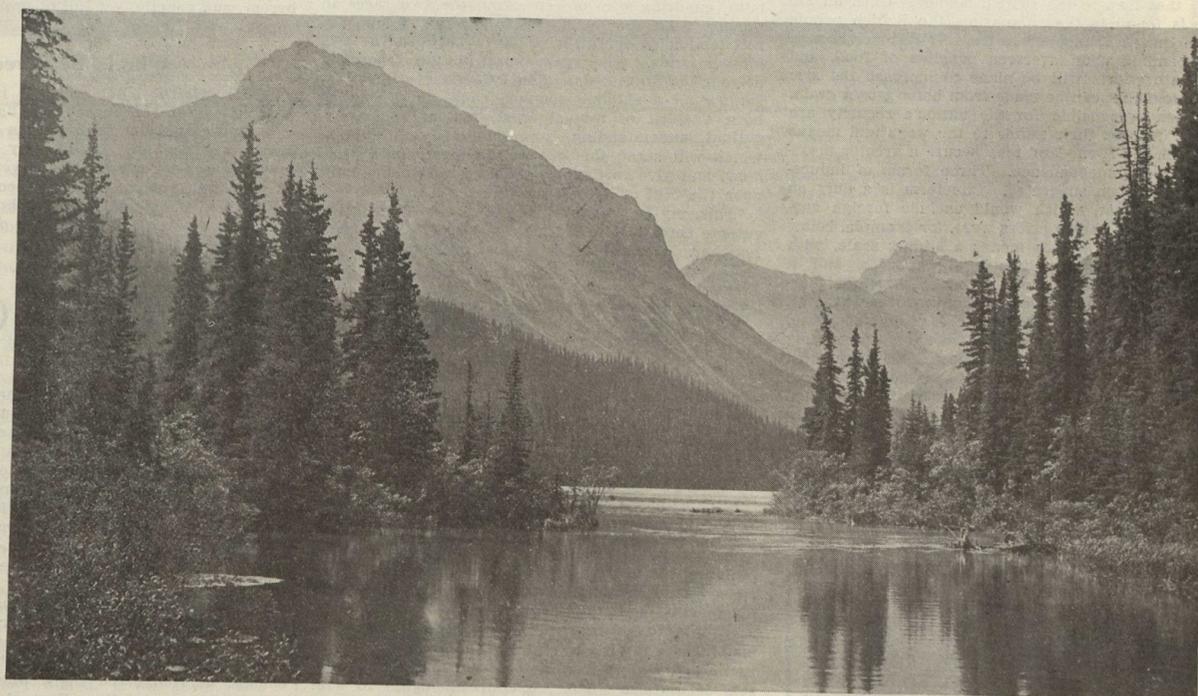
Trinity Rock on the Famous Saguenay River.



Alluring Glimpse of St. John River at Meductic.

*Scenic photographs
Repeating the
Organon of the
Five Great Trans-
portation Companies in
Canada! Access to
all the available
Material, superb Photo-
graphic equipment
and access of
Selection possible to
the Amateur Photo-
grapher*

THESE five were chosen from various parts of the Canadian Pacific, the Intercolonial and the Canada Northern, the Inland Northern, the Inland Northern and the Canada Northern Steamships Co. They were sent to the question, "Where do you find the finest landscape in all Canada?" and the panoramic view at Lake Burgess, the photograph of Jack Lake, were direct answer to that question. The other two were left to the Canadian Courier to pick from a number of picked photographs in some doubt as to which was really the best. We have made our decision. In the opinion of these five landscapes, two of which are river scenes, it is safe to say that the pictures on this page strike as high a level of superb pictures as could be struck in any country as to civilization. The more difficult question to which of these five is actually the most striking and beautiful photograph we are able to say, and prefer to leave that to the judgment of readers.



Solitude amid the unnamed mountains of Jack Lake, Jasper Park, Alberta.



A Beauty Spot on Lake Abitibi—Called Rather Facetiously Coney Island.

THE CANADIAN COURIER



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Submarines and Agriculture

CANADA IS VITALLY interested in the submarine and its effect upon the trade routes that lead to the British islands. Until an answer is found to the submarine, the British people of the United Kingdom will not feel themselves safe in depending upon overseas supplies of food, and desperate efforts will be made to increase the size of the loaf that can be made from home-grown grain. The men responsible for the nation's security are already turning their minds to the ways and means by which the Home-land may secure a greater measure of food independence. Three forms of inducement have been suggested. One form is a duty on imported wheat, which would exclude foreign supplies so long as home prices were, for example, below \$1.35 per bushel. This means a sliding scale, with its attendant opportunities for speculation and a dearer loaf for consumers. Another form is a guarantee of a minimum price for home-grown wheat of, say, \$1.35 per bushel for a fixed period of years. This throws upon the taxpayer an uncertain burden, but leaves the consumer his cheap loaf. The third form is a bounty on each additional acre ploughed, based in the first year in the cost of the operation, say, six to seven dollars, and reduced to two dollars and a half an acre in three succeeding years. This does not regulate the crop to be cultivated, and, except on the added area, leaves the wheat-grower at the mercy of the anticipated slump in prices. At present prices the cost of producing a quarter of

wheat in the Old Country is in the region of 40s. A minimum price of 45s., whether secured by duty or by guarantee, it is thought, would be a reasonable offer.

There are not accurate statistics possible as to the average cost of producing wheat in Canada, and comparison is rendered increasingly difficult by the varying costs of trans-atlantic transportation. It is certain that the difference in costs between producing wheat in Canada and in the United Kingdom are not so great that the Canadian farmer will be able to make his way over tariff walls or press past discriminating bonuses into the Old Country markets. Efforts will doubtless be made after the war to prevent by international arrangement the further use of the submarine in the destruction of commerce. But no matter the assurances given to this end, the people of the United Kingdom will demand an increase of home food supplies, and Canada must regard with anxiety the course of the submarine and its toll upon the commerce of the high seas.

"Join in Fellow Service"

A SPEECH OF SOME importance was made in Montreal at the Monument National last week. It was addressed to French-Canadians. "So long as there are French-Canadian mothers," said the speaker, "their tongue is in no danger of being lost. . . . But . . . I ask you, my compatriots, to leave all other considerations for the supreme task! . . . There is no more potent or more enduring way of cementing the two races in Canada than that way which had wiped out the recollection of centuries of strife between the two mother lands. Seal your appeal to the generosity of your big brother Canadian by service! In fellow-service for a sublime common cause there will be born a spirit of mutual trust, mutual generosity, mutual understanding, and mutual comradeship, which will stand the test of the most acute problems, and give to Canada a united citizenship built upon the best of British traditions. "This, my compatriots, is what I ask—this is the entente cordiale I would have us achieve by service together. I am older than most of you, and am

more than ever convinced that there is no real success but that which is based and has its foundation on right and justice and the generous instincts of the human heart. Let us all unite to allay, and please God to extinguish, the prejudices that pull us apart, and do our utmost like real men and women to bring together the two elements in our country, after the same way in which they were brought together at Westminster Hall in old London. I have had successes and reverses. I trust that successes have not blinded my eyes, nor reverses discouraged me. Let there be no exultation in success and no weakness in reverse. Come, my young compatriots, with these brave young men who offer their service—their lives—that France may live, that Britain may continue her noble and generous rule, and that heroic Belgium may be restored to her standing as a nation!" This is real Canadianism.

The speaker was Sir Wilfrid Laurier.

"Barren Absolutism"

PARKMAN KNEW his British. When he wrote of the struggle between our ancestors and our one time opponents in North America he might almost have been commenting on the present struggle in Europe. "This war," he says, "was the strife of a united and concentrated few against a divided and discordant many. It was the strife, too, of the past against the future; of the old against the new; of moral and intellectual torpor against moral and intellectual life; of barren absolutism against a liberty, crude, incoherent, and chaotic, yet full of prolific vitality."

Who Is Bereaved?

OUR MINDS ARE occupied in estimating the effect of the recent sea fight on our naval strength. Our imaginations try to picture the gargantuan conflict. In the very quiet background move figures we are likely to overlook: the figures of men and women curiously poor, curiously rich. "Who dies if England live?" Who is bereaved that loses son, husband, father, lover or brother in such a fight as last week's.

WHEN NELSON LIVED AGAIN

By THE EDITOR

ON May 31, beginning at 3.15 p.m., and on past midnight, the spirit of Nelson was on deck in the North Sea. Trafalgar could have been dropped into the Battle of Jutland as pop-guns fired into a thunderstorm. But Trafalgar was re-enacted in the North Sea with the shade of mighty Nelson reincarnate on the decks, in the great gun-rooms, in the engine-rooms, in the stoke-holes—wherever British seamen strove and sweat in the dark and the heat and the blinding noise to do what Nelson did—his duty. Not a man of all the 5,000 bluejackets who went below knew how many hundred ships were engaged in that fight. Only now land-lubbers begin to realize the enormity of the battle in trying to imagine between 150 and 200 vessels of all sizes, from super-dreadnoughts to submarines, engaged in action—all within 12 hours, from 3.15 p.m. May 31; on till sunset behind the smoky cloud; on into the dusk and the night, when storms broke and lightnings flashed that would have made old Thor with his mighty Scandinavian hammer seem like a baby with a tin drum.

And through three hours of a short northern mid-summer night and into the dawn the spirit of Nelson was on deck—against the spirit of Von Tirpitz. When the fleet of Jellicoe swept the seas of Jutland that morning of June 1, they found not a wrack of the Tirpitz fleet left. Der Tag was not May 31; neither June 1. Der Tag has not dawned yet. It will never dawn. Five thousand British seamen lie in the waters of near-Germany. Fourteen British ships—battle cruisers, light cruisers and destroyers are at the bottom of the North Sea. Miles from them more German ships and as many Germans have found the bottom never to rise again. And the corpses of thousands of brave German seamen are drifting in the undertow among the bodies of the brave men who went out to meet them.

Death so splendid and so terrible as that of sailors in battle knows no distinction in bravery. The cold official report dealing in facts and figures, tons and ships and guns and dead men, makes no attempt to magnify German, or to minimize British losses. It was a real navy that the British cruiser fleet went out to fight; the second greatest navy in the world that for many years has caused the German people to sweat taxes and ask no questions; the navy that was built in order to dispute England's right to

maintain the real freedom of the seven seas—and for no other purpose. With four of the greatest ships of that navy and several others gone below and with a possible eight others bottled up in the coves of Denmark till they come out to fight, the great German navy is now no longer big enough to be more than a few dots on the Kiel Canal and the waters of Heligoland. And the mother of navies is still mistress of the seas. In the name of Nelson and Blake and Fisher and Jellicoe she intends so to remain.

It is now a year and ten months since the British fleet put to the North Sea under Jellicoe with the King's message—"Capture or destroy the enemy." Four times since parts of the fleet have engaged the enemy: at Heligoland Bight when Admiral Beatty became famous; at Cape Coronel in Chili, when the German Pacific squadron sunk three cruisers under Admiral Cradock; at the Falkland Islands in December, 1915, when that German victory was more than avenged; off the Dogger Banks, when a still greater victory was achieved in the greatest running fight on record.

Since the Dogger Bank smash our navy has done little but watch and ward—somewhere in the North Sea. That raid and the one that preceded it, the attack on Scarborough, and the raid a few months ago on Lowestoft proved that the German navy, beaten on the high seas, intended to do something nearer home. Invasions of England were talked about freely—with submarines below and Zeppelins above, a spectacular nightmare. A fleet of barges loaded with Germany army corps was another journalistic pipe-dream. Emplacing 17-inch guns at Calais to shoot across the Channel and to bedevil our troopships was another. Calais is not yet and will not be an emplacement for German siege guns.

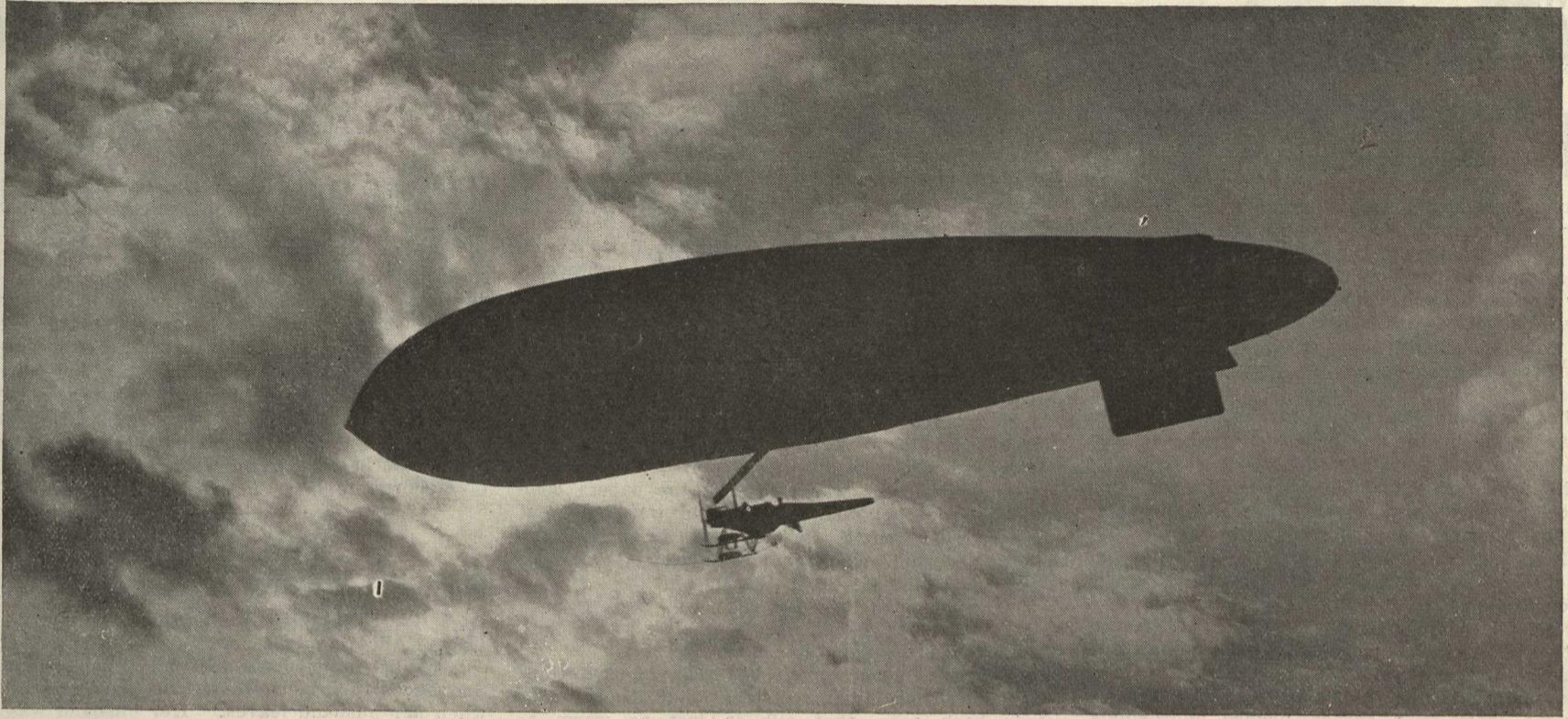
What was left for this costly, high-powered product of Von Tirpitz to accomplish? All the pipe-dreams went up in smoke. The high seas were swept of German commerce and German warships—except the Moewe, after the Emden was smashed off the Australian coast. The Kiel Canal and Heligoland began to resemble a huge offering just before a regatta—with a regatta that never came off. The waters were mined and guns of fabulous size were mounted on Heligoland which in a fit of diplomatic good-nature we once ceded to Germany for the protectorate

WOUNDED IN ACTION.



Major-General Mercer, commanding the 3rd Division of Canadians, and Brigadier-General Victor Williams, wounded in the fierce attack on the Canadian front at the Hoge Sector last week. These men paid the price of doing their duty. Gen. Mercer is in hospital at Boulogne. Gen. Williams is reported a prisoner; and the above photograph of him (right) was taken when he was Col. Williams, camp commandant at Valcartier.

England Confessed That Every Man That Day Had Done His Duty



The dramatic and remarkable photograph of a British naval airship silhouetted against the sunset, in all the glory of poetic action. This particular airship may not have noticed the approach of the German fleet that got such a bad smashing from part of our fleet on May 31.

of Zanzibar. After the audacious dash of Admiral Beatty early in 1915, there was no possibility of the British fleet making any attacks in those waters. The two mouths of the Kiel Canal, so ingeniously thought out by Bismarck when he forcibly annexed Schleswig-Holstein from Denmark, were strategically very important to Germany. Separated by a huge arc of the North Sea it was impossible to watch both equally well. In a time of fog a squadron might easily slip out through lanes between German mines for a swift raid on the English coast—and they sometimes did, mainly to their sorrow. The British fleet was free to patrol all that stretch of water, but it never could tell when it would have a chance to strike a blow at the enemy. Winston Churchill said after the Scarborough raid that the German fleet "must be dug out of the Kiel Canal like rats from their holes." He was thinking of a land attack on the Canal. But he had far too much to do trying to smash through the Dardanelles with some of England's mightiest warships. And all the while the combined British and French fleets in the Mediterranean were engaged on that hopeless job, the remainder of the British fleet policed the North Sea. Waiting—for the day. Every little while the King, or Kipling, or a bishop, or some scribe, paid a visit to the fleet—somewhere; nobody was ever allowed to know where. Descriptions of the great Fleet appeared in various English and some American papers. The location was never revealed. It was never twice the same place. We almost lost trace of Jellicoe. A casual picture of him such as that published on this page got into print. Nobody, not even Lord Northcliffe, could ever tell just where the camera was when it took the picture.

THEN the submarine war began. Germany's fleet must do something. The top-seas fleet was becoming a national joke. The "unterseeboote" became a grim reality. The trails of those murderous craft ran round three sides of Europe and round most of the British coast. Von Tirpitz began to chuckle. He had good reason. It took the British Admiralty many months to begin to check the submarines. How difficult a task that was and how formidable a weapon Germany had in the subs is well described by "A Naval Correspondent" writing in the May, 1916, issue of the National Review. He says:

The German submarines employed to attack the Grand Fleet were singularly unsuccessful. But their attacks imposed upon the Fleet certain conditions and the employment of certain tactics which had their effect on the war. The German submarine war upon commerce was proclaimed in February of last year, and began before the specified date of March 1. It inflicted loss which was absolutely serious, relatively insignificant. The consummate address and indomitable tenacity of the Navy practically defeated the submarines in six months. During the next six months the losses were much fewer; but in the meantime Germany was preparing men and vessels for a new campaign, which began in March last.

This, then, is the new element of naval warfare: invisible piracy: annihilation by an unseen foe. It is useless to rail at Germany because she breaks all rules, violates all treaties and derides humanity. Germany considers war to be annihilation, and there's an end on't. We are to face the situation as it is.

That situation consists in the fact that naval Power, owning an inferior Fleet which is shut up in its ports, can occupy the junctions of the trade routes, and by so doing can exercise a partial blockade. It is prevented from being a complete blockade by two factors. One is the comparatively small number of submarines; the other is the active offence conducted against them. Even under these conditions, the percentage of loss inflicted is roughly equivalent to the percentage of loss inflicted upon British commerce by cruisers and privateers during the Napoleonic wars. The conclusions adduced from statistics by Admiral Sir Cyprian Bridge, in a recent letter contributed by him to the Times, are erroneous, inasmuch as the losses inflicted by submarines fall almost entirely upon the proportion of tonnage which is not requisitioned by the Government, and not upon the whole available tonnage. Government tonnage is usually escorted or convoyed; and an escort of men-of-war is a protection, though not an absolute protection.

Therefore we arrive at this remarkable conclusion: that, although the virtual command of the sea, in the old sense of the phrase, is being so exercised by the

Fleet that no above-water enemy ship, with such infrequent exceptions as the Moewe, can touch sea-borne trade, the losses inflicted upon commerce are much the same as though that command of the sea were not being exercised.

In other words, the Fleet has not got the command of the sea.

We had submarines of our own. They have done some of the most daring exploits to the credit of that kind of craft in any waters from the Bosphorus to the Baltic. But we never knew how far the submarine menace was checked or how many more subs Germany was building. We believed once that we had disposed of sixty one way and another. And yet the submarine continued to be a real menace. Germany's faith in the submarine was impossible to fathom. Only Germany knew how near that kind of warfare was to becoming a fiasco because for nine-tenths of its work it was not warfare at all.

Had the submarine begun to play out? Did the renewal of the unterseeboote activities after the last of the American notes spell the beginning of the end of the submarine as an arm of sea war? We cannot tell. But at any rate the great high seas fleet still remained in superb idleness and in hiding; almost as idle as the German ocean liners cooped up in American harbours. Why not let loose this mighty fleet as German armies were being let loose at Verdun and elsewhere?

Plainly there was but one way to do it—to take chances of getting past the British fleet in the North Sea and to make another but this time a still greater raid upon the British coast. This would be a good companion piece to the attack upon Verdun and the furious onslaughts of the Austrians concentrated upon the Italian front.

To postpone Der Tag was no longer possible. The day must be—soon. So the great fleet put out. What happened to it has been told in the despatches. Where it is now and what it amounts to is known pretty well. What it cost England and the Empire in that twelve hours of indescribable combat is easily reckoned up. But we know that with all the loss to us, the loss to Germany's fleet in proportion to its size is tremendously greater, and that the German fleet is now in a worse way than ever as a fighting machine against the invincible British navy.

Better than all we know that against a daring, murderously scientific enemy British seamen and British commanders lived up to the noblest traditions handed down by the mighty Nelson. For nearly two years England has been expecting every man on that fleet in the North Sea to do his duty—whenever the day should come. England now confesses that when the day did come on May 31, 1916, every man did his duty—and that the British fleet still makes it possible for every son of the Empire to sing as never before,

"Rule Britannia!
Britannia rule the waves!
Britons never, never, never shall be slaves."

THE SPIRIT OF NELSON.



Admiral Sir John Jellicoe, whose fleet swept the seas looking for German war-craft and finding not one; and Rear-Admiral Sir David Beatty, hero of Heligoland, whose cruiser fleet did its whole duty on the German high seas fleet—without calling on our first line of battleships.

At the Sign of the Maple

EDITED BY ESTELLE M. KERR

The Fitness of Things

"FIRE!" The alarm spread through the wing of a summer hotel in the dead of night, and the guests, rudely roused from their slumbers, vacated their rooms in an incredibly short time, but none too soon, for the building was soon reduced to a charred ruin.

A few hours later the ladies, most sketchily attired, gathered for breakfast. Many of them had never spoken to each other before, but now they chatted like old friends, their conversation being—now what is usually the subject of conversation when two or three women are gathered together? Clothes.

"I had to shake Ella to get her awake, and then she ran to the mirror and began to brush her hair. I told her to grab some clothing and run. What do you think she picked up? A pair of silk stockings!"

"Stockings were always my weakness," confessed Ella, "but they're not very satisfactory as the sole item in a wardrobe. Look at Mrs. N—, she looks as if she had just come in from a walk. However did you find time to dress?"

"Dress!" laughed Mrs. N—, "I'm not dressed. I instinctively grabbed this long coat and my husband's deerstalker cap."

Two maiden ladies, huddling modestly beneath the same shawl in a corner, nodded approvingly. "Let this be a lesson to us, sister," said one. "After this I shall wear a fresh nightgown every night and keep a—what did you say the name of your cap is? Deerstalker. Thank you. I forgot my pencil in my hurry to escape. You will excuse my sister for not speaking, she left her teeth behind."

"The trouble is, you all go to bed too early," said a girl in a pink tulle evening gown. "Here am I fully dressed, but I look just as silly as you do, breakfasting in a dancing frock. Mrs. N— has kept up her reputation of being the best-dressed woman in the hotel. I shall always wear an ulster and hunting cap for fires after this! Success in clothes, after all, depends largely on a sense of the fitness of things."

Clothes and the War

HOW many women are distressingly lacking in a sense of the fitness of things? Fired with patriotism, they will volunteer for agricultural work and appear before the disgusted farmer in open work stockings and patent leather shoes. "What shall I wear on war service?" is the constant question at the Labour Exchanges in London. "Will a sport's coat do and how shall I dress my hair?"

SOME, in the spirit of play-acting, have adopted trousers, and great concern is expressed by many against this innovation. They needn't worry. The skirt will survive, not from a desire in women to accentuate the difference in sex, but because they prefer it. Deprive women of the privilege of wearing skirts and there will be a greater uproar than if you deprived the Highland regiments of their uniform.

MRS. PLUMPTRE, of Toronto, has received about 13,000 letters from soldiers at the front, and in less than a dozen were there any murmurs of complaint. One was from a Scotchman, who said he was in the hospital and as there were no kilts for him to don when better, he just refused to get up until kilts were provided.

DO Canadian women favour conscription? It would seem so if the Daughters of the Empire are representative. But that applies only to men. The Germans have enforced regulations that will affect women more nearly, for they have adopted

a decree prohibiting the importation of luxuries, including silk, silk or lace-trimmed clothing, fans, hats, jewelry, etc. In Munich the Commandant issued an order giving power to the police to arrest ladies who are conspicuously and wastefully dressed. Within two hours after the issue a lady belonging to one of the best military families in Bavaria was arrested, but was released after being detained a few hours, but warned to dress in a more simple fashion.

SHALL we give up our imported luxuries voluntarily or must we wait until we are forced to do so by law? Toronto boasts of her patriotism and spends \$15,000 for 24th of May fireworks. The clothes worn on the opening day at the races were quiet, for the day was cool, and the papers commented favourably on simplicity in war time, but on the twenty-fourth, the sun shone brightly. Simplicity had vanished, Economy stayed at home. Ye Gods, what clothes!

For War Workers

OF course some women will tell you that thick soles hurt their feet, that flat heels make their back ache, that silk is just as warm as wool, and anyway, one shouldn't wear wool when it is needed so badly for the soldiers. Also that they never feel dressed without their earrings. But when they begin to do serious war work in agriculture or munitions, their ideas undergo a change. An overlong skirt cost a girl her life on the London Tube not long ago. There isn't much room for coquetry in a pig-stye, and when there is no one but

will only be solved by those who have a sense of the fitness of things.

THE question of clothes has been most satisfactorily answered for the Red Cross Nurse, whose uniform is universally becoming yet practical as well, and other women may well emulate her in selecting costumes where neatness, suitability and durability are combined. Let us condemn eccentricities of fashion as utterly unsuitable for women whose countries are at war and cease to buy costumes which Paris designers have labelled "fashions for neutrals." The old saying, "What you lack in your head you make up in your heels," has acquired a new significance in connection with the spectacular boots now in vogue, and women of sense will now take a firm stand in the question of clothes.

Personalities

For the Red Cross

MRS. EDGAR D. McCALLUM, formerly Miss Alice Lanigan, of Winnipeg, is an accomplished musician and an expert chauffeur. She hopes to drive a Red Cross motor in England when her husband leaves. Her husband was Hon. Secretary of the Saskatchewan Provincial Branch of that organization, and it is due to his efforts that Saskatchewan took second place in the Dominion in the list of provincial donations, in December. Unfortunately for the Society, Mr. McCallum is now transport officer with the 195th, of Regina.

Something New in Antiques

IT was indisputably a case of giving the public what it wanted when Miss May Loucks took her plunge into the Sea of Commerce. And fortunately for her, she has that Sea pretty much to herself. One might say there is practically no competition in her "line" in Ottawa. In case she resents this statement, let it be known that the dealers who had gathered together antiquies in the old way, soon gave way before the cleverer methods of a woman, and before the more attractive articles she had to offer. She started moderately, collecting odd pieces of walnut, mahogany, Sheffield, prints, engravings, and so on. Then she opened The Old Curiosity Shop, which belies its name to the extent of being not a shop at all, but a suite of beautiful salons. By the end of her first season, she had to make a trip to England and the Continent to replenish her depleted wareroom. On her last visit to the old country, she bought according to previous calculations sufficient goods for two years' sales. But this spring she has to go across the perilous ocean once more. Not the least reason, perhaps, for her amazing success, is the interest—the most gracious interest—Their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Connaught have taken in The Old Curiosity Shop. They not only commanded the Royal insignia to be placed upon the door, they not only pay frequent unofficial visits to the rooms, and buy generously, but they recommend such distinguished guests at Government House, as Their Excellencies the Russian Ambassador and his wife, to visit the salon. It is no small feather in Miss Loucks' cap to realize that some of her favourite pieces of silverware will some day grace the Ambassador's table in far-away Petrograd.

Some of the best known dealers in antiques in our large Canadian cities are women, and it is a business peculiarly adapted to them, for artistic taste and diligent study must be combined with good business methods. Personality also counts, for there is an atmosphere about an antique shop that tempts one to linger, and lingering to buy.



Miss May Loucks, of The Old Curiosity Shop, Ottawa.



Miss Florence Munsie, of Victoria, who is to marry Lieut. Brown, of the Royal Berkshire Regiment.



Mrs. Edgar D. McCallum, Regina, zealous in Red Cross work.

the forewoman to see, the pretty munition-worker becomes reconciled to leaving her hairpins at home and braiding her hair with ribbons. No metals may be carried where explosives are made, consequently not only jewelry must be left outside, but hairpins, boots with nails in them, buttons with steel fasteners are all prohibited. The girl acetylene-welders in dark blue pinafores and fearsome goggles don't look very beautiful at work, but they make such good wages that they can afford to make up for it after hours, and the former parlour-maid who now earns £4 a week dresses better than her late mistress.

A Canadian lady just returned from England was amazed to see the latest extreme fashions worn here by women of good families. In London there is only one class of women who wear such clothes.

WHY shouldn't the woman chauffeuse make the most of her oilskins, and the tram conductor glance in the mirror to see if her cap is on at the most becoming angle? Women think of their looks whether they drive a motor lorry or deliver letters. Dress crops up in everything, and the adaptation of women's clothes for their manifold new activities

The Man Without a Party

(Concluded from page 5.)

that all Canadians should speak both French and English. Within their sacred four walls there was easy lodgment for all the latest reforms from Germany—this was before the war—and England. National Workingmen's Insurance; national labour bureaux, old age pensions, etc. Treadgold has a plan for organizing the industries of the Dominion—and a perfectly sane and sober one at that. But for none of these progressive measures can this group find a sympathetic hearing at Ottawa, or with the Provincial Governments.

Old Peter would like to form a party, but his wife won't let him. Treadgold would like to run in a Winnipeg constituency, but can't get the nomination of the Liberals. Where do these men stand?

Of course the ordinary chicken, when cold, cares very little about the private life of the hen. So with the ordinary party people. We say we are democratic, but any honest man knows that that isn't so. The average voter is seldom very clear in his mind just what he ought to expect from his party or from the government in the way of legislation or agitation. Jobs and honours are substantial things he can grasp pretty easily. But the question of reforestation, or fisheries protection or tariff or civil service reform usually gets through to him in a badly mutilated state. For him the party is the gang he can depend upon to back him up in an argument with any member of the other party. How he came to join one party or the other was largely an accident. Once joined he hates to quit, because the proverb says it is only stuck up people who set themselves up as having so much brains that they can judge the party and its doings better than the party himself. He likes to see through the other party, not his own. He goes to party smokers with the same hankering for sociability that he goes to lodge. He is very susceptible to hero worship, more especially if he doesn't know that hero's

early beginnings. Even then the newspapers have to say he is a hero first. If a politician says from the platform: "What has the opposite party done to reduce the cost of living?" he will cheer wildly. But he doesn't know, or care much what his own party proposes to do about it—SO LONG AS IT SOUNDS SMOOTH TO HIS EAR. Certain barren lands should be planted with trees and a sincere young speaker tells the average voter about it. It makes him yawn. Another sincere young statesman declares that our fresh-water fish are not being made use of as they should be. The listener is attentive long enough to discover that it would take months of effort to get the proper system into force—and he goes asleep. Good roads? Sure we want good roads. But his interest in the subject is not sufficiently sustained to force any party—Liberal or Conservative—to put through a comprehensive and consistent policy.

The truth about democracy is that it depends for its progress on the ideas of the leaders of the parties after due conflict in the legislative assemblies. The one party stands for the old things that have been tried and tested and found fairly good. The other party stands for the new things that promise to mend the old sores in society. Both are right. Both are necessary. By their ceaseless struggle they grind out sure and sound improvements in our state of living.

But in Canada the parties have lost their savour. The Conservatives no longer conserve, but are stamped by passing waves of popular thought—rather than relinquish office. The Liberals are no longer reformers.

One of these days the chickens will get together and start new organizations of their own. And these, denouncing one another—as it is fit and proper that lusty parties should denounce one another—will readjust the balance and save the present waste of political energy.

summer session. Are they afraid to go home?

Evelyn Thaw has married again, and there are many good little girls who can't even find one husband.

Force is right if actually needed, says President Wilson. But he may have to realize that it is not always right there when actually needed.

Are the Huns at Verdun showing the value of persistence or the folly of not knowing when to quit?

Price of Bibles is rising. Most of us will worry along with the old ones we have.

Boston recruited seven men in a week for the U. S. army. Thus preparedness doth progress.

Try it.

Make this your rule of life and you
Will never go to smash—
Give a dollar's worth of service
For a dollar's worth of cash.

The Contrast.

Woodrow Wilson's recent sharp note to the Allies would seem to indicate that he is more excited over the seizure of American mails than over the slaughter of American males and females.

Which?—Soap has now become a luxury in Berlin. There are places where it has never been regarded as a necessity.

The Early Bird.

A queer old chap is Mr. Bark,
His ways are hard to follow;
He often gets up with the lark
And goes and gets a swallow.

Tight.—"He's the tightest wad I ever met."

"Tight?"

"I should say so. If he had a thousand watches he wouldn't give you the right time."

Watch Them.—Keep your eye on those scoffers who say they don't believe half what they see in the newspapers, and you'll probably find they spend most of their reading time on the comic supplement.

Sir Sam and the "Telegram."—There is no love lost between Sir Sam Hughes, Minister of Militia, and the Toronto Evening Telegram. That statement of fact is by way of prologue to the telling of a little incident of Sir Sam's recent visit to Toronto, when two Telegram representatives tried to interview him.

Sir Sam, be it known, absolutely refuses to give interviews to Telegram men since the occasion on which he was quoted in that paper as saying things that he says he didn't say. The Telegram, nevertheless, keeps on trying to interview him, just as the Germans keep on scrapping at Verdun. But the paper always sends two men to interview the Minister since that episode—one to do the conversing and the other as a witness and possible affidavit-maker.

On this occasion Sir Sam was the centre of a group of more or less notable men, military and civilian, in the rotunda of the King Edward Hotel on the morning of Empire Day. The newspaper men waited their chance and finally got the Minister apart from the others. Sir Sam glanced keenly at the trio of scribes. One of the Telegram men began to ask questions.

"What paper are you from?" asked the General.

"The Canadian Press," was the answer.

"Yes—and what else?"

"Oh, I'm from the Canadian Press, General."

"And you're on the Telegram staff, too?"

"Well—yes," was the admission.

"Good morning," said Sir Sam, curtly. The other Telegram man made an effort to start a discussion of the Ross rifle.

"Good morning," said Sir Sam, again. Then he walked aside with the reporter from another daily and talked to him for ten minutes.



WAR NOTES.

The Kaiser asks Woodrow Wilson to make all the belligerents obey the rules of humanity in war. Well, let Woodrow start with the Turk!

War's effects are not all evil. It has made us realize the wisdom of daylight saving.

Great Britain seems to pay more attention to U. S. letters than to Wilson's notes.

One of the Kaiser's sons is to join the Turkish army. This is a new cause for worry in Constantinople.

The U. S. ladies' military service camp listened to a lecture from a beauty expert. Evidently they regard a pretty front as one of their best weapons.

Can it be that the German fleet is "too proud to fight?"

Austrians are now wearing white shirts in the snow-clad mountains. Laundry bills will now help to pile up the war debt.

If all those Russians on the western front get homesick they are apt to march straight across Germany to get home.

President Wilson says the war has caused him many sleepless nights. Well, why will he sit up late at nights writing those notes?

"Let Lloyd George do it" is Britain's revised version of the slang saying every time she finds a new and ticklish task that needs handling.

Courierettes.

IN these peace movements it seems that a soft heart is almost always accompanied by a soft head.

Jane Addams recently asserted that Europe wants peace. That's it—a woman can't keep a secret.

Edison has an invention for keeping the air pure in submarines. Wonder if he could make it apply to theatres and office buildings?

Movie stars announce their salaries as if they were quite indifferent to the income tax law.

They are putting rose-coloured lights in English carriages. Let the pessimists

read their war reports under those rosy lights.

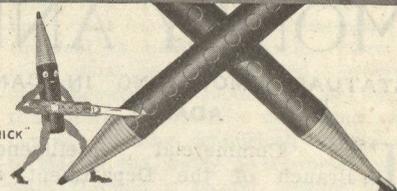
"T. R." seems to the American mind just now to be symbols for the phrase "To Run."

We read in an English paper that "Miss Levey is being fitted with a new song." Is that all the poor girl can get?

Marry beauty if you will, but beware that you do not find it on the dressing table when you retire.

No doubt the Turks deeply deplore the disgracing of the Grand Duke which was the cause of his being sent to their midst.

Some U. S. congressmen want an all-



Nick and Pull— and practice pencil economy

Save all the lead when you sharpen a pencil! Whittling a wooden pencil takes time and shaves off two-thirds the lead whenever you make a point.

With a Blaisdell just "nick and pull"—and the pencil's sharpened in an instant without loss of lead.

Blaisdells last more than half as long again. Their smooth, speedy leads save time in writing, too. They are favorites with the biggest commercial houses because of their marked economy; they are favorites with their employees—book-keeper, stenographer, clerk—because they are quick to sharpen and easy to write with.

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Blaisdell is a complete line of pencils—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.



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MONEY AND MAGNATES

STATUARY MOULDING IN CANADA.

THE Commercial Intelligence Branch of the Department of Trade and Commerce has been gathering particulars regarding new industries established since the war began, and the manufacture by old-established industries of articles that were not formerly made in Canada. The first report of the Department states that The Robert Mitchell Co., Limited, of Montreal, as a result of the war have established a statuary founding industry, and that although the cost of statuary founding in Canada is higher than in the countries from which such works were formerly imported Canadian sculptors have shown their willingness to patronize the Canadian industry.

Some time ago monument models were submitted by Mr. Alfred Laliberte, sculptor, of Montreal, for the large central retail market at Maisonneuve, a suburb of Montreal, the Robert Mitchell Co. entered a bid for the difficult work of casting the entire group in bronze, which was accepted. The group when finished weighed about 7,519 pounds, and to cast it necessitated an entire new equipment. Large iron flasks were needed, ovens for drying moulds, and French sand for moulding. While the equipment was being arranged expert moulders had to be engaged.

Since the Maisonneuve statuary was completed, several other orders for heroic statuary have been filled. One of Lord Dorchester, height 8 feet, weight about 1,400 pounds; and one of Intendant Talon, same height and weight.

This is not an "industry" in the usual sense of the word and yet the fact that such work is being done in Canada is important. Equipment for statuary founding has other secondary uses and by developing the skill for this work in Canadian workmen tends to raise the working efficiency of all moulders (of metal) in Canada.

THE CHINESE CORNER ANTI-MONY.

AS business people the Chinese are not to be ignored. A British Consular report contains an illuminating account of the one Chinese episode. "The war," it says,

"had not been long in progress before it became evident to all concerned in the manufacture of explosives that the province of Hunan in China actually controlled the total visible supplies of antimony then existent, and in order to obtain this much needed metal, Hunan prices would have to be paid for it. Before the war the value of antimony regulus on the London market was about £25 per ton. It had long been assessed by the Chinese customs for the purpose of export duty at about \$10 per ton. The price has now risen to over £100 per ton, but the customs rate remains the same.

"Previous to the outbreak of the war the whole output of the pure metal, as refined by the Hua Chang Company of Changsha, which enjoyed a monopoly of the manufacture of regulus in Hunan province, was controlled and marketed in London by a British concern, under a time contract. In times of peace and normal prices this arrangement offered many advantages to the Chinese manufacturers, but after the outbreak of the war their interests lay in quite another direction. Temporary banking difficulties having arisen with the war, the Chinese refiners of the metal seized the opportunity to denounce the contract.

"Soon afterwards market quotations for standard metals were stopped in the United Kingdom, and the export of antimony prohibited. Owing to the use made of it for the manufacture of munitions of war it was declared to be contraband, and its transport by land or sea closely watched and restricted. The area within which it was produced in France was invaded by the Germans and thus cut off from the world at large, as was also the output from Austria-Hungary. The Bolivian and Mexican mines having closed down, only two or three minor sources of direct production remained as possible competitors to the one important producing area left, that is to say, the Chinese province of Hunan. From both foreign and Chinese sources of information the real state of affairs soon became known to all the Chinese interested in the trade, and when an urgent demand arose in Japan, Russia, America and the United Kingdom, the Chinese seized their opportunity, held up supplies for a time and cornered the market."

WHAT IT COSTS TO VISIT—

HERE are a few samples of the cost of "Seeing Canada First." Out of the innumerable trips that are possible from almost any centre we have picked a few—from such points as Toronto, Montreal and Winnipeg, to the other parts of the country. Train or boat fares are always the first consideration in estimating the expense of a journey. In the following list the holiday seeker may find useful suggestions as to the trips that would most nearly fit his or her pocket-book:

I.—FROM MONTREAL.

(By steamer (including meals and berth).
Round Trip Fares to:

Quebec	7.35
Alexandria Bay	9.50
Murray Bay, Que.	10.75
Tadouac, Que.	12.50
The Saguenay, Que.	16.00
Sault Ste. Marie, Ont.	40.15
Chicago, Ill.	53.95
Port Arthur, Ont., and Fort William, Ont.	62.50
Duluth, Minn.	68.50

II.—FROM MONTREAL.

(By rail).

Round Trip Fares to:

St. Agathe	\$ 3.20
Huberdeau	3.95

Quebec	7.35
Lake St. Joseph	8.45
Cap a L'aigle	10.75
Algonquin Park	12.60
Lake Edward	12.95
Muskoka Lakes	18.20
Amherst, N.S.	24.95
Land of Evangeline	27.85

III.—FROM TORONTO.

By steamer (including meals and berth).

Round Trip Fares to:

Port Dalhousie	\$ 1.50
St. Catharines	1.60
Alexandria Bay	10.00
Montreal	16.70
Sault Ste. Marie	23.45
Quebec	24.05
Murray Bay	27.45
Tadouac	29.20
The Saguenay	32.70
Chicago	37.25
Duluth	45.45
Port Arthur and Fort William	45.80

IV.—FROM TORONTO.

(By rail).

Round Trip Fares to:

Jackson's Point, Ont.	\$ 2.50
Grimsby Beach, Ont.	2.50
Beaverton, Ont.	3.25
Kawartha Lakes, Ont.	3.85 to \$4.60
Sparrow Lake, Ont.	4.20

Niagara Falls, Ont.	4.25
Orillia, Ont.	4.35
Georgian Bay, Ont.	4.60 to 6.50
Muskoka Lakes, Ont.	5.10 to 7.10
Lake of Bays, Ont.	6.60 to 9.30
Deer Lake, Ont.	7.80
Algonquin Park, Ont.	9.30
Rideau Lakes, Ont.	9.45
Temagami, Ont.	13.15
Lake Champlain, N.Y.	21.02
Quebec	24.05
Atlantic City	25.00
Lake St. Joseph, Que.	25.15
Cap L'Aigle, Que.	27.45
Chicoutimi, Que.	32.70
Nipigon River, Ont.	34.05
Port Arthur, Ont.	34.80
St. Andrews, Ont.	43.10
Halifax and Yarmouth, N.S.	46.55

V.—FROM WINNIPEG.

(By rail).

Round Trip Fares to:

Banff	\$40.00
Lake Louise	40.00
Jasper Park	40.00
Mt. Robson	40.00
Glacier	45.00
Vancouver	60.50
Victoria	60.50
Prince Rupert	61.15

In long train journeys it is customary to allow \$4 a day for meals and incidentals and \$3 per day for Pullman sleeper.

The Lady of the St. Lawrence

(Concluded from page 9.)

ing her existence while waiting for the next rapids. There were several. Their names at this date I have forgotten in exact order. It makes no difference. The last one as I know was Lachine, within smoke-sight of Montreal and the mountain; to me the most devilish of all with those two rocks Scylla and Charybdis on either side and myself feeling a heap like Ulysses—without his Penelope.

But even in that thrilling moment when the crowd swirled to the bows, Mme. XYZ disdained to leave her seat. I felt like seizing her by the arm and commanding her to rise and see in the midst of what dangers we were.

And we were gliding under Victoria Bridge in full view of Montreal before my indignation and disappointment over the lady began to die down. She calmly got ready what little luggage she had to leave the boat. She had no concern over where she might be going. I wanted to ask her. But I felt sure she would be going on to Quebec and the Saguenay the very next day. She seemed to be a born traveller.

The moment I got on the dock I lost her. Look for her as I might she was no part of the crowd that went uptown; and I saw every one.

Who was she? Whither was she bound? What was the story of her undisturbed yet very disturbing life?

There was but one clue. I decided upon this as I got into a cab and went up to a hotel.

Madame XYZ had vanished—but not forever. I should probably meet her again in a boat along the St. Lawrence; not likely on a train.

She was not a corporeal lady at all. She was the feminine figment of my travel imagination. And as such I hope to meet her again—preferably on the St. Lawrence.

The Self-Made Variety.

It is said that some women make fools of some men—

'Tis impossible, quite, to deny it; But 'tis true that quite often the trick has been done

Before ever the women could try it.

Relative Values.—A batch of hitherto unpublished Dickens letters brought \$4,150 at a sale. Some unpublished love letters written a few days ago by less famous men would no doubt bring more.

Cruel.—"He took a couple of clubs, went with his wife to a lonely spot, and beat her badly."

"The cruel monster!"

"Oh, no, not at all. They were playing golf."

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MUSIC AND PLAYS

War-Play at Alexandra.

MR. ROBINS shows nice discrimination in his selection of plays, and good judgment in their presentation. Last week "Inside the Lines," a gripping play of the secret service, was offered by the Robins Players, excellently staged and adequately acted. It is the best war-play since the "White Feather," that masterpiece of thrills, vivid characterization, and rollicking humour. Mr. Robins, as Captain Woodhouse, a British Secret Service agent, posing as a German official in disguise, kept the audience in a speculative mood as to what side he was on until he took the code from his pseudo-accomplice, an Asiatic servant, in the employ of the Governor of Gibraltar, but an insidious and clever spy from the Wilhelmstrasse, whose plot to blow up the British fleet would have been accomplished had Capt. Woodhouse not been running him to earth. It was an unusual ending. George Cohan always has a surprise before the last curtain falls. Eugene Frazier, as the Indian servant, performance was subtle, compelling and quietly malignant.

Robin Hood Revival.

THE spirit of spring, ebullient youth, and joyous out-of-doors pervaded the performance of Robin Hood, which had a seasonable and welcome revival at the Grand Opera House last week, by the De Koven Opera Co. Several years ago we had the pleasure of witnessing this ever-popular opera at the old Princess Theatre, but, in point of general all-round excellence, the company which is now on tour eclipses that of the former occasion, with the exception of the tenor role of Robin, sung by Ralph Brainerd, whose deportment is unconvincing and vocalism metallic. Reginald De Koven and Lord Tennyson, in "The Foresters," have immortalized the merry band of outlaws who robbed the rich, disported, drank, and made merry in Sherwood Forest. Maid Marian, the chief character, a girl of captivating

beauty, a quick wit and a faithful, though circumspect lover, was adequately realized by Ivy Scott, whose singing voice is sweet and his histrionic ability commendable. Cora Tracy's full, mellow contralto was heard to fine advantage in "Oh, Promise Me." Herbert Waterous, glorious basso, in The Anvil Song. James Stevens' name is inseparably connected with "Brown October Ale," his delightful rendering. The Sheriff of Nottingham and Gay of Gisborne were superbly acted, with a vein of bibulous humour. The singing chorus is well selected; stage appointments fitting and costumes periodic.

The Flying Torpedo.

ANOTHER American preparedness film, by Griffiths, entertained Shea's audience in Toronto last week. It was a good melodrama. The Flying Torpedo, an American invention plotted against by—hyphenates—eventually saves America by smashing hordes out of the invader from the deep blue sky above. There was no end of excitement. And evidently we are in for a good many generations of war if we wait for the flying torpedo to decide the issues.

COMING EVENTS

"Kick In" Coming.

MR. W. E. Cuthbert, press agent Royal Alexandra Theatre, informs us that Mr. Robins has secured the rights to present "Kick In" at the "Royal" week commencing Monday, June 12th. This play is secured at the highest royalty the Robins Players have so far paid for big New York productions.

The Vandenberg Opera Co. open their summer season at the Grand next week, presenting the tuneful and popular "Floradora," to be followed by such favourites as San Toy, Mikado, Belle of New York. Mr. Lee Grove is publicity agent.

By K. A. L. Kubbel.

White: K at Qsq; Q at QKt7; Rs at QBsq and QB3; Ps at QB2, Q6, Q7 and KKt4. Black: K at Q5; Ps at KKt2, KKt3 and KKt4. Mate in three. (1. R-K8, etc.)

Solver's Ladder.

No. 41.	No. 42.	Total.
W. J. Faulkner	2	37
R. G. Hunter	0	19
J. Kay	2	17
F. Coombs	2	4

To Correspondents.

(F. C.) Thanks for letter. Write Sec., Toronto C. C., K. B. O'Brien, 7 Thornwood Rd. (W. J. F.) Thanks for letters and problems. Both very welcome.

CHESS IN ENGLAND.

The following interesting game is the second of the two in play off between E. G. Sergeant and T. Germann, in the City of London Championship Tournament. The first game we published May 27, it will be remembered.

Vienna Game.

White.	Black.
T. Germann.	E. G. Sergeant.
1. P-K4	1. P-K4
2. Kt-QB3	2. Kt-KB3
3. P-B4	3. P-Q4
4. PxKtP	4. KtxP
5. Kt-B3	5. B-K2
6. Q-K2 (a)	6. KtxKt
7. KtPxKt	7. P-QB4
8. Q-B2	8. Castles
9. P-Q4	9. Kt-B3.
10. B-Q2	10. P-B5
11. B-K2	11. P-B3 (b)
12. Q-Kt3	12. Pxp
13. Pxp	13. B-KB4
14. Castles KR	14. Q-Ksq
15. K-Rsq	15. Q-Kt3
16. Kt-Q4	16. KtxKt
17. PxKt	17. QxQ
18. PxQ	18. BxP
19. B-KKt4	19. B-K5
20. R-B4	20. RxB
21. PxR	21. P-KKt3
22. R-Ksq	22. K-B2
23. RxB (c)	23. PxR
24. P-Q5	24. B-B4
25. B-K6ch	25. K-K2
26. B-Ksq	26. P-K6
27. P-KKt4	27. B-Q5
28. B-R4ch	28. K-Ksq (d)
29. P-Q6	29. P-B6
30. B-QKt3	30. P-K7
31. P-K6 (e)	31. B-B3
32. P-Kt5 (f)	32. B-K2 (g)
33. PxB (h)	33. R-Bsq (i)
34. B-OB2	34. R-B5
35. K-Kt2	35. RxP
36. P-Ksq	36. R-B8
37. BxP	37. P-K8 (Q)

Resigns

(a) This move is only effective when Black has weakened his Queen's side by playing B-KKt5. 6. B-K2, or 6. P-Q4, would be a better reply to Black last move.

(b) Black has already obtained the better game.

(c) Being a Pawn down, with an otherwise hopeless game, White does well in boldly sacrificing the exchange and endeavouring to make play with his two passed Pawns.

(d) Black afterwards pointed out that he ought to have played 28... P-KKt4, winning without difficulty, e. g., 28... P-KKt4; 29. BxP ch, K-Ksq; 30. B-R4, B-B6, followed by P-K7 winning the Bishop. If, instead, White plays 29. Pxp, then 29... BxP; 30. P-Kt6 ch, K-Q3; 31. Pxp, R-Rsq; 32. B-B5, (not 32. B-Kt8, because of 32... P-B6), B-B6, followed by P-K7 as before.

(e) White could now have drawn the game by perpetual check, but he plays to win.

(f) If 32. B-Ksq then 32... R-Qsq; 33. P-Q7 ch, K-K2; 34. K-Kt2, P-QR4, (not P-B7 at once, because of 35. B-Kt4 mate); 35. K-B2, P-Kt3; 36. KxP, P-B7; 37. B-Q2, (not 37. K-Q2, because of 37... B-B6 ch), B-Kt7; 38. BxBP, KxP and Black wins easily.

(g) A fine move. Black gives up his Bishop in order to render the adverse Pawns innocuous and to get his Rook into action.

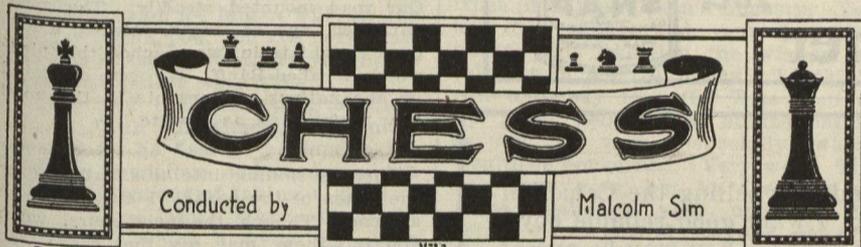
(h) P-Q7 ch, instead, would have prolonged the game, but Black would no doubt ultimately have won.

(i) The two unsupported Bishops are now helpless against the Rook and Pawns.

Oki Benu Discovers British Columbia

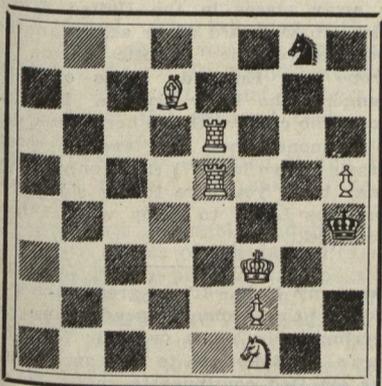
(Continued from page 6.)

less fond of labour than the Chinaman, keeps kine and sells butter and milk to the dealers in the cities. Bye-and-bye green grass, so deep that to cross a field was like walking on cushions. Here and there were the houses of little farmers and beside the houses orchards in bloom. Instead of fences there were hedges. They, too, were in flower. And at the edges of the lagoons, which the river had made in which the water, like the breast of a sleeper, rose and fell with the tide in the estuary of the river, there grew



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

PROBLEM NO. 47, by D. J. Densmore. (Specially composed for the "Courier.") Black.—Two Pieces.



White.—Seven Pieces.

White to play and mate in three. Problem No. 48, by Giorgio Guidelli. Second Prize, Good Companion Club, March, 1916.

White: K at QKt6; Q at Q2; R at KB7; Bs at QB5 and KB3; Kts at Q7 and Ksq; Ps at KKt4 and KR4. Black: K at KB5; R at KB3; B at K6; Kts at QB3 and KKt7; Ps at KKt2, KKt3 and KKt6.

White mates in two.

SOLUTIONS.

Problem No. 43, by A. Ellerman. 1. Kt-B3, R-Kt6; 2. P-Q6 mate. 1. R-QB6; 2. KtxP mate. 1. R-K6; 2. Kt-Kt3 mate. 1. RxKt; 2. R-K6 mate. 1. Kt or P-B5; 2. P-Q6 mate.

1. threat; 2. Q-K8 mate. The feature of No. 43 is, of course, the four variations following the moves of the Black Rook. The following noteworthy composition has nine variations springing from a Black Rook moving on the rank and file, the Black King having a flight square. The fact that discovered mate from the Queen, will not result from the upward move of the Rook, should not be overlooked.

Author Unknown.

White: K at KKt5; Q at KR4; Rs at QR4 and KKt3; Bs at KRsq and KR6; Kts at QR6 and QR7; Ps at QKt3, QKt4, QKt5, QB2, QB6, K6, KKt4 and KKt7. Black: K at Q5; R at KKt4; P at QB6. Mate in two. (1. R-K3.)

Problem No. 44, by D. J. Densmore.

1. R-Q8, KxP; 2. Q-R6ch, any move; 3. Q or P mates. 1. KtxRP; 2. Q-R5ch! any move; 3. P-Kt3 or 4 mate. 1. KtxBP; 2. Q-B5ch! any move; 3. P-Kt3 or 4 mate. 1. Kt-Rsq; 2. KxKt, KxP; 3. R-Q4 mate.

The task in No. 44 is evidently to give mates by the White Pawn, with the Black King standing on four squares. In the following remarkable splitting of the idea, there is a five-fold accumulation, but the pretty Queen sacrifices are of course missing. A checking key is essential.

By W. A. Shinkman.

White: K at QRsq; Q at QR7; Rs at QKtsq and Qsq; B at QBsq; Kt at Ksq; Ps at QKt2, Q2, KKt4 and KKt5. Black: K at QB5. Mate in three. (1. Q-QB7ch, K-Kt4; 2. P-Kt4, etc. 1. K-Kt5; 2. Q-B6, etc. 1. K-Kt6; 2. Q-B5, etc. 1. K-Q4; 2. P-Q4, etc. 1. K-Q5; 2. Q-B6, etc.)

K. A. L. Kubbel, of Petrograd, has evolved a threefold accumulation on the one file, with a non-checking key, which, by yielding the three fights, fully offsets the limiting effect produced on the King's file.

we began to feel the mountains creeping closer round us out of the haze of distance and we reached a valley which must once have been a resting-place for the foot of Buddha himself. Here the river must once have filled the whole space between the mountains, but had in time worn for itself a deep and easy course, winding whimsically from side to side of the valley as a woman would walk through a bazaar, seeing first a beauty here and then a beauty there, and turning as her fancy moved her. The land thus left dry by the river was flat as a flag-stone and covered with bright

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very tall, straight trees, which are called "Cottonwood" trees. To look at the farther bank of such a lagoon was like looking upon a fine painting by some man who had dreamed just before he died. The tall trees cast their gracious shadows into the water, and the sheep of the farmers moved pleasantly through the grass underneath the trees. The air was sweet with the scent of blossoms, and yet a little bitter with the wilder air venturing in from the sea.

We were many days in this part of the valley, and with fishing poles which we had made from cuttings in a wood, and twine and hooks provided by those that were with me, we fished for trout and salmon. In the early morning we fished, or in the evening. Thus we saw the valley in every light and the surrounding mountains in every mood. Once, while the sun shone in the valley, we could see that one of the farther peaks was obscured by what we learned was falling snow—a storm. In the morning the sides of the hills were grey with the rising mist. At noon they were green and at night the wooded slopes were deep in purple shadows.

The river Fraser grows less civil as he lies nearer his sources, which is like mankind itself. Following the railway out of the valley of the blossoms we found the hills crowding in closer about the line of steel. The pieces of flat farm land were not so often to be seen and the road was crooked, following the turns of the river. The mountains grew more lofty and more whimsical in their moods. One would now thrust his toe out into the valley as though to trip the river, though the river was not to be tripped, but passed snarling around. The next mountain would stand far back from the river as though in deference, or mockery, saying, "See! I allow you to pass." The rocks showed now at the edges of the water, grey and fretted with the carved faces of dragons, devils and evil spirits whom it had washed out of the hills and whom it thus remembered. Where two rocks sought to join across the torrent, it roared so that I and my two companions could not hear our words among us. We saw, also, fishermen here and there who had crawled down over the rocks and found foothold in notches and crannies at the river's edge from which to fish for salmon. Our road mounted steadily. The gorge narrowed, and at length, stealing a ride on a freight train, we reached this place which is called Banff. We were employed by the natives as servants in the hotel near which I sit as I write.

Dusk is spilling into this valley, over the edges of the peaks. I must come to an end. Though the neighbours, when you tell them, may say that those who came with me here are also discoverers of the Province of Canada, this is not so. They are like the Canadians who, from all I can see, only work till they get sick. Or if they are sick, eat and rest till they get well. When they have both health and money they make journeys to far away places in the United States, which I have heard of, or across another ocean called the Atlantic Ocean, to Europe and England. It is only the strangers who know Canada, I think. Those who came with me here think only of the money they may save to return to their native land. I think only of how I may bring you here to my side, Most Illustrious Lady, to enjoy what I have discovered.

Anatomy Note.—It's a great race now whether the women spend more on covering their heads or their feet, but there's no doubt as to the spot where dear old Dad continues to get it—in the neck.

Companions.—Champ Clark declares that the Bull Moose is a thing of the past. Gone to keep company with the houn' dog of Missouri that mustn't be kicked aroun'.

Fashion Note.—Women are wearing hand-painted hats this season. And we regret to report that some of them are wearing hand-painted faces beneath the hats.

Spirit of the Age.—The modern girl is afraid that her petticoat shows and that her hose don't.

HIS GREAT ADVENTURE

That Makes Everybody in the Family Want to Hear it Read Aloud

By ALAN SULLIVAN

CHAPTER XV.—(Continued.)

“WHAT did you mean when you were talking in the train about not being able to make me happy?” he demanded, suddenly.

She hesitated. “Don’t you know, dear, that all girls love to talk about all kinds of impossible things?”

“Nothing is impossible!” He blurted this violently, and people in the street turned and stared at him. “If to-night should decide matters for us, believe me they will be decided for some one else, too!”

The hours dragged slowly on, till, as evening closed, their feet turned automatically toward Florio’s. Again Pearson felt as he had felt the night of that memorable dinner. Again he was about to risk the future in one throw. Again he fumbled as to that which might lie on the knees of the gods.

As they entered, he glanced on one side as though expecting to see his own lean figure staring through the window. Then, walking slowly down the aisle, he stopped at the table where Stanovitch and Natalie had once sat.

“Will this do?” he said, quietly.

“Yes.” She was a little breathless, and her eyes wandered to the table opposite.

“That one is engaged, madame,” put in the waiter. “But I have no doubt that the gentleman would—”

“It doesn’t matter,” broke in Pearson. “This will do very well.”

Again that sense of recurrence stole over him. Natalie looked as she had looked that night before. Florio’s had not changed. Only the chair of Stanovitch was empty.

The manager walked up, looked hard at the young man, and bowed courteously. “Ah, sir, you are welcome back to Florio’s.” There was a pink flush in his cheeks.

A mocking spirit took hold of the newcomer, and he laid a bill on the table. “Thank you, you are very kind, and I can assure you there will be no misunderstanding this time.”

The round little manager blushed. “It is difficult sometimes not to make mistakes,” he said, apologetically. “Perhaps monsieur and madame will do me the honour of taking a glass of wine with me later. I have an admirable cuvee which I keep for very special occasions, and,” he bowed again, “this is a very special occasion.”

Pearson nodded. “With pleasure.” Then suddenly Natalie breathed sharply, and the colour fled from her cheeks.

“Jack!” she whispered. “Jack, look!”

He looked. The tall man with the scar on his cheek was coming slowly down the aisle. He glanced at Pearson, bowed distantly, and deliberately sat down at the engaged table. He was quite alone.

Pearson’s eyes signaled to the girl. “Take no notice,” they said; “take no notice.”

She smiled nervously and began to talk about topics of the day. Pearson mustered all his powers, and, between them, they kept the ball rolling. Dishes appeared and vanished, and he noted, with a queer pang in his heart, that she only toyed with the food. Across the aisle, the stranger ate methodically, never turning his eyes in their direction. He seemed devoted to a good dinner, and had apparently no other object in the world than to make the most of it.

Natalie played with knife and fork and sent petitionary glances that made the blood throb riotously in Pearson’s veins. Presently the stranger, with a word to the waiter, got up, stepped across the narrow space toward them, and bowed with formal courtesy.

“Might I beg for the favour of a few moments’ conversation with my former traveling companions?” he said, in a level voice.

Again that tide of daring lifted

Pearson in its embrace. “By all means! Won’t you sit down and have a glass of wine?” he concluded, calmly.

The stranger bowed again. “You are very kind.” Then he added, in low tones. “You put another aspect on duty.”

Natalie’s lips were parted as she scanned the dark face. “Duty,” she said, faintly.

“Yes. I often think how strange a thing is duty. It is often very hard to perform. It falls on the innocent as well as the guilty. In fact, it seems to me that it is almost always the innocent who suffer most.”

“Do you not think it would be wise to get down to business?” said Pearson, abruptly.

“You are very impetuous,” was the deliberate answer. “Business done in the proper way is an art—I had almost said a pleasure. It calls for the most tactful qualities of humanity, and business should always be considered a diplomatic matter. Especially since it is often painful and distressing.”

“Take what time you please,” put in Pearson, coldly. “I need hardly remind you that we have come a long way for the privilege of this interview—if it is a privilege.”

“Accept my thanks. Now,” he began, carefully, “I would like to put a case to you, and while I am describing it I trust you will do me the kindness to believe that it is purely imaginary. Let us assume first that in a very remote place there is something of value. The knowledge of this comes through means which I will not weary you by describing, to those who have, without question, the very best use for it. After careful deliberation, an emissary is sent out to discover and thoroughly examine this thing of value, it being the policy, I might add of those who send him—let us call them the society—not to put too much trust in any one man’s honesty. You are still young, and your impatient nature may question the wisdom or fairness of such a policy. To this I can only say that the wise men of the world believe that human nature is apt to vary, especially where wealth is concerned. Very well. The first man goes, but he does not go alone, although very naturally he thinks he is entirely beyond observation. He discovers the object of value and is at once carried away by the extraordinary wealth which lies, let us say, at his feet. Then a thought works like poison in his brain, and, since wealth is apparently in the balance, his honesty falls to the ground. In the act of theft and desertion, he is given his ultimate lesson by the shadow which accompanied him from the first and was acquainted with every movement.”

“Then you killed Stepan Kolkoff!” broke in Natalie, her breast heaving.

HE looked at her in surprise. “Who is Stepan Kolkoff?” he said, calmly. “I’m afraid you forget that I state a purely imaginary case. I merely said that the unfaithful emissary got his ultimate lesson. To continue, this imaginary society is fortunately headed by one who is very wise. He decrees that another man be sent forthwith, and with him still another. You will now observe that already four persons are involved. Now follow me carefully, if you please. This third man is vastly brave and clever. He has the strength of a giant, but in some respects the heart of a child. He also imagines that he sees the riches at his feet, at least let us assume that they are at his feet, and conceives the idea that although one has already failed, he himself can carry the treasure to his own hiding place. This idea possesses his mind, even before he starts on his journey. Gradually it grows in his brain until he thinks and dreams it constantly. Finally he talks of it in his sleep, and



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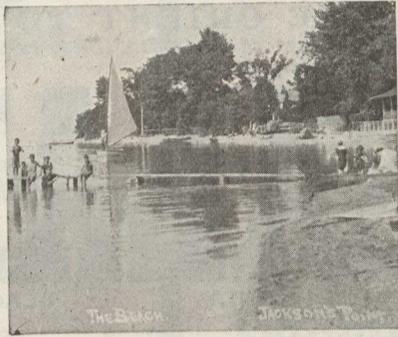
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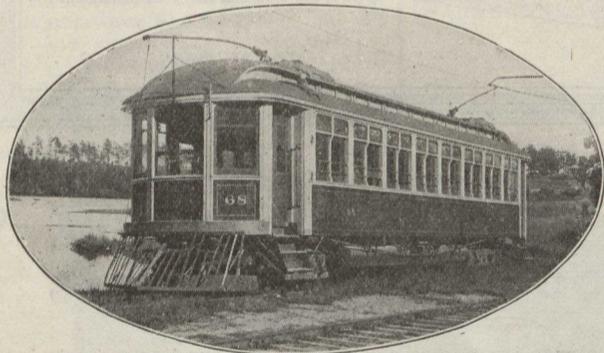
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his companion hears. Another traitor has entered the scene."

"What?" interrupted Pearson. "Stanovitch a traitor?"

The stranger flipped the ash from the end of his cigarette and gazed sadly at the young man. "I am afraid I must have been very stupid. I tried so hard to explain that the case I recite is purely imaginary. Forgive my clumsy use of your admirable language. With your permission let us proceed. We have now a situation in which the third man has turned traitor, and the fourth man knows it. The next development naturally is that the traitor attempts to kill the discoverer."

"No—no! That wasn't the reason," breathed Natalie. "It was something more dreadful than that."

"Madam, you have remarkable intuition. I begin to think that you could have put my case much better than myself. We have come at length to the point at which it is necessary to remember that a fifth person, a woman, steps upon the stage. The curious thing is that she is there not because she does not know enough to stay out of the wilderness, but because she knows too much to be left alone. The third man warns her against the fourth and gains her help in an attempt to murder the latter on the grounds that her life and what is more than her life are in danger."

"What!" stammered the girl. "Was Stanovitch deceiving me?"

"PARDON me, but I do not understand your question. It is obviously impossible for me to explain the actions of an individual who exists only in your mind. I merely put to you a certain affair which may or may not have happened. When I have finished, your advice will be asked on a certain point as to what certain individuals should most wisely do. So! The fourth man survives and Jackson kills the traitor. It was, I admit unfortunate, but entirely necessary under the circumstances. The fourth man now thinks he is the sole survivor of the four emissaries. A strange thing then follows. He is left quite alone, so far as he knows, with the girl for a few moments."

Natalie grew deadly pale. "Don't!" she implored. "Don't! You are cruel!"

"I am sorry," continued the stranger, "but you should not allow yourself to suffer purely on account of the visionary effect of anything I may say. The fourth man then makes a great mistake. He forgets that he is there for a set purpose and allows himself to be swayed by emotions for which the society makes no allowance whatever. It becomes necessary to remove him—and he is removed by the same shadow that was sent to keep watch on the first emissary." He hesitated again and went calmly on: "We now arrive at a situation which you will admit is very intricate. Three valuable men have perished. The society which sent them has not benefited. A knowledge which is of vast importance is in the possession of a girl and of a well-meaning employee of limited intelligence who it was not intended should ever leave the scene of discovery."

"Do you mean that?" cried Pearson. "Was the villainy as deep as that?"

"The purely imaginary villainy. Yes. My friend, you should not be so realistic. The affair now becomes even more delicate. These two escape and survive," he hesitated, "owing to the human weakness of one who should not have intervened."

"On Selwyn Lake," broke in Pearson, suddenly.

"I'm afraid I do not understand," said the stranger, smoothly.

"Ah—I forgot. I, too, refer to a purely imaginary case of a man and a girl who were starving to death and were saved by an invisible friend who left food outside their tent."

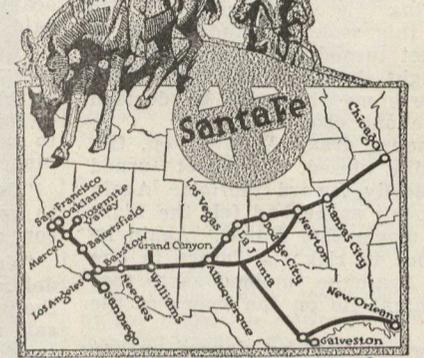
A flicker darted through the dark eyes.

"Not actual food, of course."

"No, not actual—I'm describing just such an occurrence as you did."

"In that case, I must admit that the

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Plans, specifications and forms of contract can be seen and forms of tender obtained at the offices of Messrs. Power and Son, Architects, Kingston, Ont.; Thos. Hastings, Clerk of Works, Postal Station "F," Toronto, Ont., and at this Department.

Persons tendering are notified that tenders will not be considered unless made on the printed forms supplied, and signed with their actual signatures, stating their occupations and places of residence. In the case of firms, the actual signature, the nature of the occupation, and place of residence of each member of the firm must be given.

Each tender must be accompanied by an accepted cheque on a chartered bank, payable to the order of the Honourable the Minister of Public Works, equal to ten per cent. (10 p.c.) of the amount of the tender, which will be forfeited if the person tendering decline to enter into a contract when called upon to do so, or fail to complete the work contracted for. If the tender be not accepted the cheque will be returned.

The Department does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order,
R. C. DESROCHERS,
Secretary.

Department of Public Works,
Ottawa, May 30, 1916.

Newspapers will not be paid for this advertisement if they insert it without authority from the Department.—45139.

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imaginary food was left on Selwyn Lake."

"Then you saved our lives only to separate us," interrupted Natalie, quickly. "It would have been kinder to leave us there."

A sudden wrinkle appeared on the stranger's brow.

He lit another cigarette, while a faint colour reddened his brown temple. "It is an unfortunate fact that no human mechanism can eliminate humanity. It is almost invariably the heart and not the mind that makes the false step. So! This knowledge is to-day, one might almost say this evening, about to escape, and with it any possible gain by the society. And now for a moment I beg your careful attention. It has been decided that the girl return to the supervision of those who know the meaning of the word silence, and the man"—he paused again—"the man will give his oath to go back to his native land for the rest of his life and not to speak of what he knows under any circumstances whatever."

"And the alternative?" snapped Pearson, angrily.

"Ah! I hesitate to mention the alternative."

THERE was a moment's silence, then a voice came in like the click of a steel trap.

"Sit still! If you move I'll blow your brains out if I swing for it. Now I've got something to say."

The stranger shrank. Pearson's hand was covered with a napkin from which the shining muzzle of Natalie's revolver protruded for a quarter of an inch and just cleared the edge of the table against which it rested. The tall man could see straight down the barrel.

"You will be kind enough to sit perfectly still, and please remember that in the past few months I have seen enough of death not to mind a little more. Now listen, although I won't take as long as you did. You saved our lives, but your terms are ridiculous. You talk as if you were omnipotent as to the platinum—for that is what you mean. Also please observe that I am not stating an imaginary case. All I have to do is to tell the Canadian government the truth about this whole, horrible affair and they will put a guard of Mounted Police up there that will blow holes in every Russian murderer in America. Now, as to my future wife, she will stay with me, and we are going to be married to-morrow. I think your past dealings must have been with cowards."

The stranger's face was as motionless as marble, but one arm moved, and his shoulder shifted slightly.

"Another quarter of an inch and you're a dead man. Put your hands on the table! One—two—"

The long brown hands came up and descended slowly on the spotless cloth.

"That's better. Now I want to ask something. Do you actually think I am going to sit here and take what you hand out? I'm a poor man, I admit it, and that platinum would mean a good deal to me, but I'm willing to forget it if—if you will forget us. There is one more thing. If you insist on this girl going back to Russia with you, you will never leave this place alive."

"Do you expect me to yield to a threat?"

"I expect nothing, except that in an hour you will be in the morgue and I will be in jail."

The stranger smiled coldly. "So, my young fire eater, you think I'm alone. You are very shortsighted."

"What do you mean?" stammered Natalie.

"It's very simple," he said, impersonally. "The policy of our society is always to provide for emergencies. It is quite true that you may be foolish enough to shoot me, but that will not make any material difference to the programme. My work will be carried on by another."

The muzzle of the revolver trembled, then steadied again. "Are you a man

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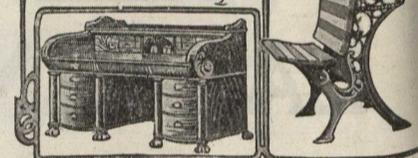
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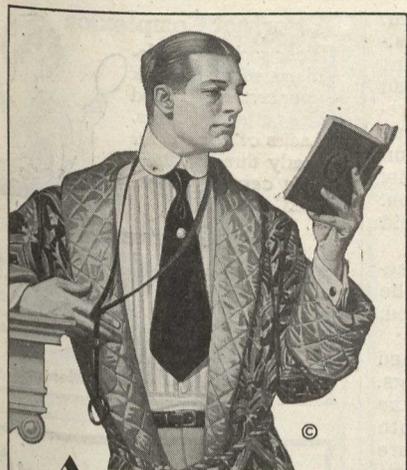
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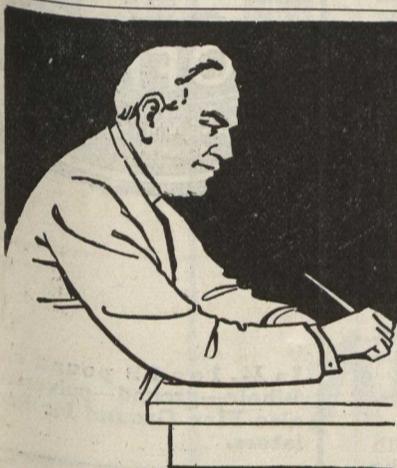
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or a machine? What do you gain by this?"

"Personally I gain nothing; but others profit much."

"And if they could profit just as much in another way?"

The stranger shook his head.

"Who are you?—a homeless wanderer. Can I trust you?—I have no reason to."

Pearson wracked his brain, and began to speak carefully and slowly. "Look here, you want to secure a certain thing—very well, you can secure it. I will give my word of honour not to use my knowledge or divulge it to any one, on the understanding that you drop out of this matter, here and now. My future wife will give the same promise. It is not on my own account that I say this. I'm not afraid of you."

"The word of an unknown soldier of fortune?" The tall man smiled. "Hardly!"

"Would the word of Lord Aldwich do?" put in Natalie, quietly.

Pearson started violently, but the revolver did not even waver. "What do you mean by that?"

"It's true, dear. I've known it since yesterday."

His eyes remained riveted to the stranger's brown face. "Natalie, you're joking!" Then he added, severely: "This isn't exactly the time for a joke."

"Perhaps," broke in the stranger, "the lady is not joking."

The Englishman's cheeks reddened, but still that small, shining barrel covered the man at the end of the table. "Where is your proof?" he said, in level tones, although the blood was rushing riotously through his veins.

She glanced at him strangely, and laid a newspaper clipping on the table before him.

"Read it," he commanded; "I'm busy."

She obeyed him in a shaking voice. "This is taken from a London paper, dated three weeks ago. A firm of English lawyers is advertising for information concerning the Honourable John Pearson, of Dyce Castle, Beaulieu, Hampshire. He came to America early this year and has not been heard from since that time. His brother, Lord Aldwich, died two months ago."

THERE fell a silence, into which the young man's voice broke with queer, deprecating tones: "It appears that I'm Lord Aldwych. I knew I would be one day, if I lived." He stared straight into the tall man's eyes. "You would not take my word before—will you take it now—although it's no better?" he added, quizzically.

The stranger paused. "Ah, that affects the matter considerably. Now I deal with a personage. One can always find Dyce Castle, in Hampshire, without too much exertion or expense." He looked hard at the young man. "And if I do take it—"

"You may regard the incident as closed," said Pearson. He slid the revolver into his pocket and turned to the girl. "What do you say, best beloved? You understand better than I do?"

She stared at the Russian, and spoke quickly in their own language. He thought for a moment, then replied in a brief, crisp sentence.

"It's all right," she said, tremulously. "You may believe him. That was the password of the inner circle, and he dare not break his word now."

"Then it is mutually agreed," continued Pearson, with a queer lift in his words, "that we part now—at once, and that neither of us mention what we know, and that from this time on the person of this girl ceases to be in danger or under observation."

"She will not be in any further danger, but both of you will always be under observation. That is inevitable, since you know what you do know, but you will be unconscious of our observation, and it need not cloud your sky. So, it is agreed!"

He rose, and a look of sadness came over his lean, brown face. "In saying farewell I would ask you to remember that no man is happy whose fate it is

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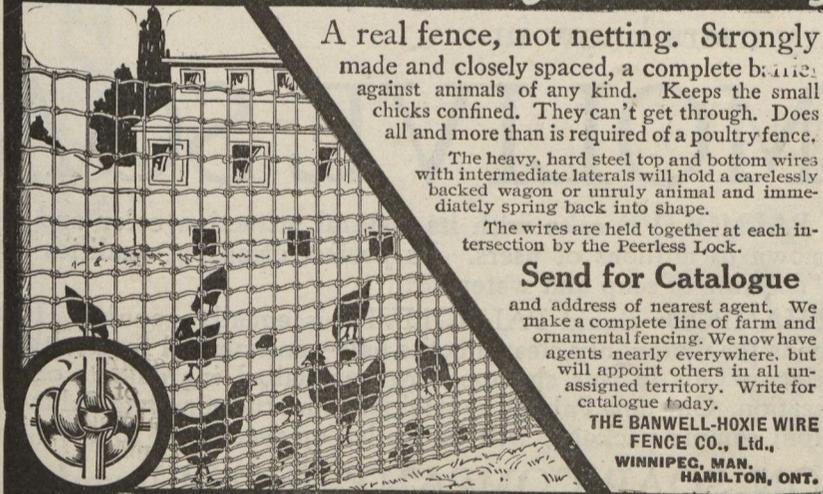
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