Vol. XXI. No. 3 December 16, 1916

THE CANADIAN COURIER

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TIRPITZ AT CLOSE RANGE

Miss Suzanne Garnier, now of London, Ont., spent three years in the home of the German Admiral. In this issue she tel[illegible] about him and his policy never previously printed in A[illegible]

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THE CANADIAN COURIER

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CANADIAN COURIER

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EDITOR'S TALK

A NATIONAL WEEKLY like the Courier is not unlike the Christmas cakes which Canadian housewives have been labouring over recently and which will shortly yield to the treacherous persuasions of the cake-knife. It consists of varied ingredients assembled in such a way as to make an agreeable offering to the mental "palate" of the reader.

Take, for example, the war: many people feel that they hear all they want to hear about that tragedy from the headlines of the newspaper columns and from the casualty lists. And yet there are phases of the war—new photographs and carefully studied analyses like Sydney Coryn's war summary—that cannot be overlooked. They are somehow essential to a proper understanding of the situation.

On the other hand, in order to help our readers **forget** the war for at least a few moments, we have to choose the most suitable short and continued stories and amusing articles that can be found in this country. Those who have never learned the short story habit should try one of the Courier's stories in this issue, or in the issues to come. They will carry you away, at least for a few minutes from the world of matter-of-fact into the world of imagination.

And whether we like reading about the war or whether we don't, there still remains our duty to this country. It has continually changing problems to face and these problems are all the better solved if ALL Canadians have an intelligent understanding of them. Of course there is no need for an article on some national problem to be "dry," and it is the pride of the Courier management that its editorial department is almost always able to find a Canadian writer capable of handling a Canadian subject in a human and interesting way. Some people hate to be informed—for them, then, are the short stories and our serial. Some don't even like to read a line more than they have to—and for them are the news photographs. But the majority of Canadians want information blended with entertainment, world news synopsized alongside Canadian news. That's why the Courier finds a special field in Canada. There is only ONE Canadian NATIONAL weekly.

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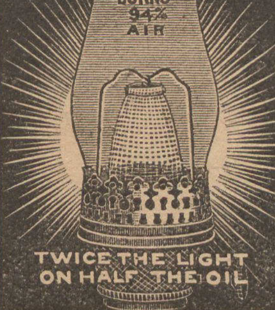

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THE COURIER

Vol. XXI. December 16th, 1916 No. 3

VON TIRPITZ AT CLOSE RANGE

How a man who had all the human qualities that Alfred Von Tirpitz seemed to have, and yet appear to be the monster that people think he is—makes the Jekyll-Hyde anomaly described in this article.

By SUZANNE GARNIER

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Editor's Note:—For three years Miss Suzanne Garnier held an intimate place in the household of the Grand Admiral, as companion to his daughters. She now sets forth in this striking article some interesting features of the working habits and social life of the man who for so long has held such a place in the world's eye. Here are given for the first time unknown facts in connection with the Kaiser and von Tirpitz, and one of the reasons for the animosity between von Bethmann Hollweg and the Grand Admiral. Miss Garnier is now a resident in Canada. She has one brother at the front who was recently presented with the French Military Cross for valour in delivering despatches at great risk of life, and received the Russian Order of St. George for single-handed taking prisoner three heavily armed Germans.

IS patriotism in some cases a curse, instead of being one of the noblest sentiments of humanity: does it, in the human heart sometimes give birth to lust for the blood of the enemy, to the forgetting of all basic laws of humanity towards women and children and helpless non-combatants?

In asking this, I refer particularly to Grand Admiral Alfred Von Tirpitz, till recently commander of the German navy. With the memory of those years between February, 1909, and January, 1912, during which I saw him daily, lived as a part of his household, sat at his table as one of the family, I cannot but believe that the former is true. That he—the kindest of men, the great soul whose heart was warm for all humanity, the man whom servants, children and all those around him worshipped—that he could have been the instigator of all the horrors caused by Germany's submarine policy seems to me to answer most emphatically "Yes" to the first part of the question put above.

It was through the Baronin von Thielmann, wife of the late German ambassador to Washington, that I came in contact with Frau von Tirpitz. The Tirpitz's English governess had just left for her native country, after a stay of several years with the grand Admiral's daughters, Elsie and Margaret; and the girls—possessing now a perfect English education, having spent two years in an English school at Chelsea, and conversed continually since their infancy with English governesses—had turned their attention to French. To that effect I was engaged as a companion to them, speaking as I did both German and French.

I was very favourably impressed when I first met Frau von Tirpitz one bright January morning in 1909 at her home in the Navy Ministerial building on Leipziger Platz. I was quickly brought into her Excellency's presence, a very youthful appearing women—not looking at all her forty-three years—with a smiling, motherly face. Right away we came to terms as to my obligations and duties.

It was late in the afternoon of the day appointed when my taxi halted before their door. The porter and butler carried my things up-stairs to the room assigned to me, one next to the Admiral and his wife. It belonged really to the eldest son, Wolfgang, a lieutenant in the navy, at that time cruising in the neighbourhood of Tsing-Tau, China, at which place he was taken prisoner when that fortress surrendered to the British and Japanese early in the present war. I took possession immediately, unpacking my things and placing them in their respective drawers and closets. Then, it being after six o'clock, I proceeded to change and dress for dinner. A little time before eight o'clock, the usual hour for the evening meal in Germany, I heard a rap at my door, and her Excellency in evening dress came in to welcome my arrival, accompanied by her two daughters, Elsie, a tall, slender blonde, with porcelain blue eyes and a real German complexion, and Margaret, shorter and stout, of a faint Jewish type, in spite of her fair hair and blue eyes. It may be stated here for the first time, a fact not generally known, that Frau von Tirpitz's father was a Jewish antiquity merchant of Geneva, Switzerland.

"Yes," he said, "we now have a navy that will blow England's from the seas. If the fleets ever do come together, the battle cannot last at best over twelve hours." Illustrated by H. E. Sampson.

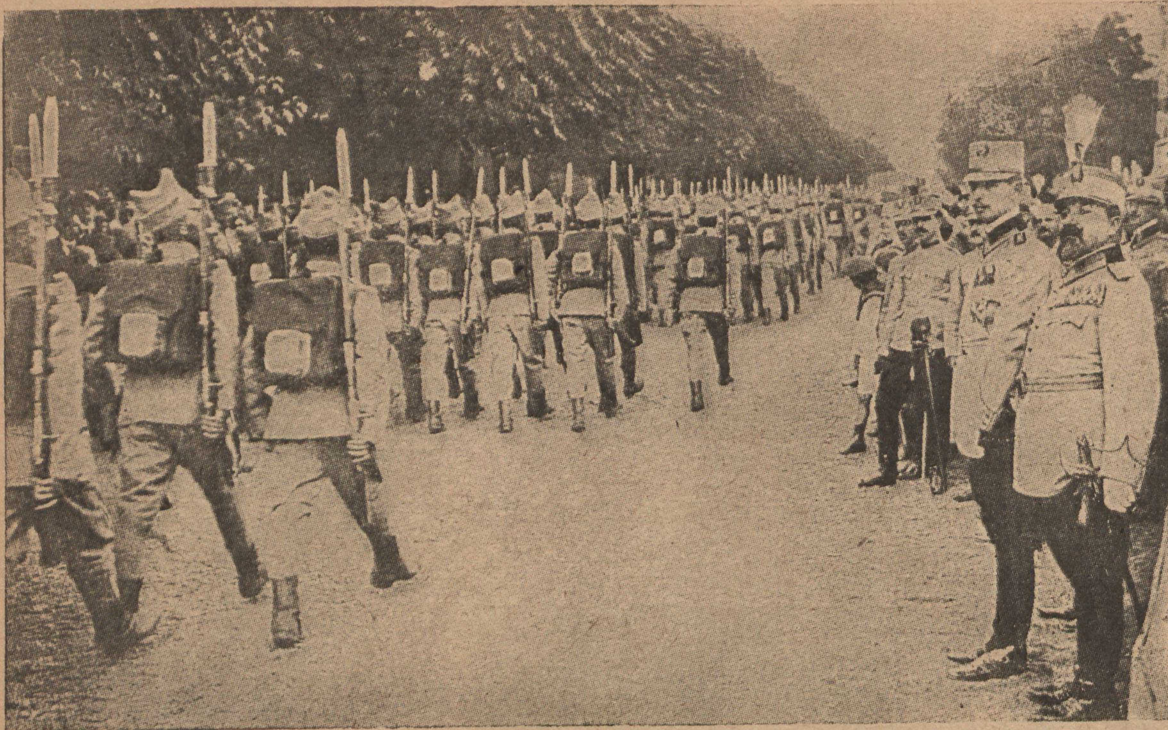
SHORTLY after their leaving me the butler announced supper, and, taking a book along, I made my way down the silent, white marble carpeted stairs. Arriving at the main floor I stood hesitating a moment, no servant being in sight to guide me. However, noting a light filtering from under a nearby door, I took a chance and entered. I had conjectured correctly. It was the dining room, a huge oblong space with a long table, capable of seating thirty people, holding the centre of the floor. The table was laid for one. An immense silver surtout occupied the middle, decorated with flowers. A little shyly I took my place, set at the head of the table, and immediately the round-faced butler served supper. I felt very small sitting there alone at this immense festal board, under the glance of his Majesty Wilhelm, painted life size above the sideboard; the feeling was further heightened by the electric chandeliers' light, which, bright as it was, illuminated only the table and immediate vicinity, leaving the corners of that vast silent room in shadow, little abysses of darkness, very much like my thoughts during that silent meal in the stately home of the Admiral, one of the first men in the German Empire.

Since the starting of the terrible old world struggle, I have read many of the Allied nations' papers' accounts of the Grand Admiral's actions, representing him as a cold-blooded murderer of innocent women and children travelling upon the high seas. He is given as the instigator of all the submarine terrors which have held the Allied Nations, and also the Neutral Powers, in continual dread for those dear to them that were upon the sea. And then, often after I had read one of those accounts or seen him pictured with flamboyant eyes pouring looks of hatred for all humanity opposed to Germany, I close my own eyes, and my thoughts race back to that second day of my stay at the Minister's, and the familiar picture Alfred von Tirpitz made coming towards the dining room from his study, his arm around his wife's waist, and looking down upon her from the height of his wonderful carriage with such loving eyes; while on the other side, walking close to him and hanging to his arm his two daughters, like two playful children, talking and laughing to him; and then him sitting at the table with her Excellency, not at the other end, as etiquette would have, but close to him at his right, and him holding her hand now and again between replying to Margaret and Elsie, and teasing them as to whom they had danced with at the Royal ball the previous evening.

When I think of that scene, and many other similar ones that I witnessed during my stay in the Admiral's household, I cannot realize that the actual man of then and the man of to-day, hated by nearly all the civilized world, are one and the same. And it sets me to repeating to myself the questions asked in the opening paragraphs of this article.

Following the Admiral's entrance into the dining room, I was introduced, and was immediately enchanted by his joviality. In a very broken French he made me welcome to his home, and at once began to tease the girls, expecting them to be already accomplished Parisians.

From that day on the routine of life started, not bringing anything startling. In the morning, Margaret, the youngest daughter, and myself, would go for long walks through the Thiergarten, enjoying the beauty of spring in that unique park in the heart of Berlin. Sometimes I would go and meet her at her music teacher's, sometimes at one of her girl friend's home. During our walks, Margaret would exercise her French, which she already spoke slightly, telling the gossip of her set, anecdotes of her father's life and much of the family history which



How Roumania felt about the war when she decided to go into it.

naturally, they being who they were, was of extreme interest to me. Thus, I became in a way quite well acquainted with the life of the Grand Admiral. She told me of her childhood at Kiel, when her father was only commanding a vessel, at which time her mother made all their clothes, having only one maid to assist her in keeping the house and taking care of the children. And from these and other conversations I glimpsed enough to realize that von Tirpitz's rise from lieutenant to Grand Admiral of the German navy came through sheer ability and an almost superhuman toiling—I know, during the time of my stay there that he often worked twenty hours a day, sometimes for days at a stretch, and he was by no means a young man. We often discussed the Kaiser, and she told me many stories of her father's relations with him.

ALTHOUGH a great admirer of the Grand Admiral and his junior by a few years, the Kaiser, with his dominating nature, often wanted to dictate and bring the Admiral to do certain things against his judgment. But the Admiral had a will of his own, and an absolute fearlessness in expressing his opinions and sticking to his own convictions in naval matters. Of course, this caused friction between the two, often so great as to keep both parties from speaking to each other, sometimes for quite a period. How valuable a man von Tirpitz was, and how well the Kaiser knew his worth is exemplified most fully by the fact that von Tirpitz, in spite of many times daring to set himself in opposition to the Kaiser, still retained his standing. Any other person, no matter of how high position, who would have taken such a stand, would shortly have found himself relegated from official circles. And after these differences of opinion the Grand Admiral often went so far in showing his displeasure as to decline invitations to dine at the Royal table, a thing about as close to lese-majesty as one could imagine. All of which is only another instance of how valuable the Grand Admiral must have appeared to the Kaiser. Perhaps even then the German war lord of to-day had dreams of world dominance; and for the furthering and fulfilling of them he realized how vital to their success was the presence of von Tirpitz in his position—it seems this must have been, for the Kaiser, of all men, is least given to brooking even the slightest breaches of court etiquette.

The relations between the Kaiser and the Grand Admiral had been strained for a considerable period when it came time for the ceremony of the Admiral's daughter Elsie's presentation to the Court. Till then the Admiral had been seeing the Kaiser only when summoned on matters pertaining to the navy. Now, however, it was impossible for the Admiral not to be in attendance. After the ceremony of presentation, the Court dispersed and dancing followed. It should be mentioned right here that Elsie was a great favourite with the Kaiser. Shortly following her presentation she noted he was alone at one side of the great ball room. Quickly going to her father, who was standing near by her, talking to some of the guests present, she drew him away. Clasping his arm tightly she led him straight to the Kaiser and by her tactful words, aided by her strong favour with His Majesty, she affected a reconciliation. How well she stood with the Kaiser, a very aloof man at all times, even for a King, I saw for myself once at a celebration of the Admiral's birthday, which the Kaiser attended. Elsie and he were talking together and he held up his left foot remarking jocularly: "How do you like my new boots?" which were of a peculiar pattern. "Why, I don't like them at all" she replied quite coolly. The incident may seem inconsequential, and would have been with anyone less given to unbending than the Kaiser, but he smiled easily, remarking regretfully: "Well, that's too bad." Time and again after the reconciliation effected by Elsie, the Kaiser when he would happen to see her, would make teasing comment upon her powers as mediator.

The Kaiser often invited his Excellence, the Admiral, to his numerous hunting parties given at one or other of the Royal castles and hunting lodges, scattered in different parts of Germany. As usual, the Admiral would go, accompanied by one manservant. The hunting parties generally started out about six o'clock in the morning and breakfast would be served accordingly, but the Emperor, following one of his dear habits, often got up and dressed long before time, and had a most annoying habit of personally going around, waking up everybody hours before it was necessary. The Kaiser is extremely impulsive. Once seized with a thought, idea or plan, he does not stop for anything, but immediately carries it out or to those concerned in it. On one of these hunting trips when up extra early, a thought came to him regarding some naval matters. Immediately he rushed to the rooms reserved for the Admiral. In answer to his knock, Herbert, the Admiral's valet, came to the door. The boy was new and had never experienced any of the Kaiser's informal calls; so he was almost overcome by the sight of his Sovereign standing there hatless, unannounced and unattended. The boy, however, finally managed to articulate that while his Excellency was up, he was for the moment in his bath; but that he would surely be out immediately. Hearing this, the Kaiser brushed aside the astonished youth, made his way to the bathroom, and, walking calmly in upon the naked, reclining Admiral, plunged at once into the subject upon his mind. His excellency, quite disconcerted, was forced to stand dripping wet with a bath towel wrapped hastily around him until the Kaiser finished. And it was not until the Kaiser finished that the oddness of the situation struck him, so fully had he been wrapped up in the business at hand. Then his invasion struck him as exceedingly funny, and he took himself away laughing heartily.

MY walks with Margaret, in fact, my whole stay at the Minister's, was more recreation than an ordinary duty of necessity, for it brought me in touch with many personages that otherwise would have remained but names to me, and indirectly it gave me knowledge of much of the lives of many of Germany's great people whose whims, peculiarities, etc., I heard through the girls and their friends whom I came in contact with.

Often when I was out with Margaret, Elsie would be away with her mother, and at an appointed time the four of us would meet at musicales and lectures. Their lives were along very ordinary grooves, and for a family occupying such a high place in the country's social world, they were an extremely quiet, homeloving one, the girls going out very seldom.

As for the Admiral—he did nothing but work, barring those occasional hunting trips with the Kaiser, he had no recreations, unless a daily walk for an hour in the Thiergarten just at dusk could be called such. He never touched cards, and I never heard of his knowing any other games. He did not smoke and drank only sparingly of light wines, such as Bordeaux and Moselle. He was very regular in his habits. No matter how late at night it might be when he got to bed, he always rose at nine, took a bath and a massage at the hands of his valet. This man of excessive energy began the day with a piece of dry toast, one boiled egg and a cup of coffee. In all the time I was there I never knew him to depart from this. In fact, for such a vigorous and powerfully built man (he is well over six feet) he ate so astonishingly little as often to arouse my wonder. With the exception of breakfast, the meals at Tirpitz were terribly irregular, and chiefly due to the Admiral's habits of study

HE did all his work and planning pertaining to the navy in his huge study in his home in the Ministerial building at 13 Leipziger Flats; from here the whole German navy was commanded, and to this place came endless visitors: regular navy officers, old Count von Zeppelin and others with money intentions on the navy; cranks with crazy schemes and many representatives of foreign nations. Jules Cambon, Ambassador for France, was a very frequent visitor, the two men being on excellent terms. Strange as it may seem now, the Admiral had a particularly high regard for French people; equally a very decided antipathy to Englishmen and their politics, although he held the language in high regard, and spoke it perfectly. Often when he was engaged with his secretary, or studying out some important problem, the Admiral would forget all about eating. As none of the family would sit down without him, and no one dared disturb him, luncheon was served variously from one in the afternoon to four, much to the disgust of the butler and other servants.

In the spring started the sitting of the Reichstag. At night during this time we would often wait until ten o'clock for supper before the Admiral would come back utterly worn out, looking ten years older after a stormy session when he had to fight desperately for the rights of his dear navy against a horde of shouting Democrats bitterly opposed to the granting of more credit for the building of fresh cruisers, torpedo boats, etc. Sometimes on arrival home he had to be helped out of his carriage and up the steps. Often his broad shoulder, enveloped in long cape peculiar to the navy, stooped so he appeared more a man of eighty than the sixty years he was, and which in ordinary times he did not look. How terrific was the drain of some of those sessions upon him may be understood when his speech was temporarily gone, and his eyes were sunken and filled with that look of utter weariness that comes from the complete exhaustion of both body and mind. Immediately the session closed, at which, be it said, he generally got what he wanted, he and Frau von Tirpitz left for Bad where he would rest and recuperate in preparation for once more attacking his labour of love—the building of an invincible navy.

In March the Admiral's birthday came around, and for days ahead the whole household was busy in preparation for what was one of the main family fetes of the year. On his birthday, outside of the ordinary present giving and rejoicing, and, most important, was the coming of the Kaiser. It was His Majesty's custom to bring to his most venerated Minister his good wishes on the morning of the day. The drawing-room was all decorated for the ceremony, and everybody outwardly and inwardly much excited.

The necessity of being in gala dress at ten o'clock in the morning is rather trying, but I bravely made the best of it: and along with the rest made a brave showing of not being flustered or excited. Perhaps I was, slightly more than the rest, for this occasion had been also set as the time when I should be presented to the Kaiser.

Punctually, as His Majesty always is—that being one of his characteristic traits—the peculiar individual toning of his car sounded before the door promptly at ten. His Majesty alighted at the door accompanied by one of his aides-de-camp, while behind came to a stop three more of the Court autos—he has thirty—and from them alighted various officers of the army and navy. Happily he came up the steps where he was greeted by the Admiral and Frau von Tirpitz. The girls and myself and the rest of the household were drawn up in two lines on either side of the door; and as he passed through to the drawing room we all made him the elaborate curtsey common to German Court etiquette.

Following him came the Tirpitz, myself and the officers. After offering the usual congratulations the Kaiser turned to her Excellence and started conversing with her. Later on I was presented, and in excellent French, of which he is very proud, he con-

versed with me a few moments in most amiable manner. Shortly after he took his leave.

With the exception of a few such happenings as this, the days passed in ordered and uneventful groove. Once or twice a week some fifteen or twenty guests were entertained to dinner, mostly officers of the navy and their wives. These were very formal affairs, and I always tried to be excused; but occasionally found it necessary to attend. It was during one of these that I was perhaps afforded the best glimpse of von Tirpitz, of his philosophy and aim of life, as it were. At this particular dinner the talk was more than usual of naval affairs. I was seated near to the Admiral and beside a very brilliant young naval officer, von Arnim, of whom the Admiral was particularly fond. They were talking animatedly; and, as always, the conversation finally veered to the relative strength of the English and German navies.

They began by discussing various technical details, but presently the Admiral made a remark that will always live in my memory: "Yes," he said, "we will soon now have a navy that will blow England's from the seas. If the fleets ever do come together the battle cannot last at best over twelve hours." He paused a moment, and in his eyes came a strange, far-away look, a look one might almost say of sadness, then went on: "But in such an event we will not come off lightly; we might, too, almost be destroyed. The work of a lifetime," he added heavily, "the work of a lifetime to be shot away in twelve hours. But we would win," he added quickly, as if in those last words the listener might have sensed any possibility of defeat in his tone. Then, possibly conscious that he had said more than was prudent, at least before me, a foreigner whose sympathies were of unknown quantity, he changed the subject and talked in lighter tones.

But that picture of Admiral von Tirpitz sitting there at the head of his brilliantly lighted table, immaculate in his quiet uniform, his bald head and high, broad brow and long beard marking him so distinctively as both a thinker, a dreamer and a doer, and that queer, half sad light in his eyes as he uttered those prophetic words: "The work of a lifetime to be shot away in twelve hours"—that picture will always remain with me.

Though the navies of Germany and England have never met in just the manner he spoke of them doing—in full strength—there yet would seem to be a world of truth in his prediction, for how terrible was even that partial meeting off Jutland, how quickly was the destruction of enormous tonnage accomplished! Yes; I think the world will agree with what Tirpitz said that night, having so fresh in mind the memory of Jutland.

One day her Excellence came into my room, and, very much excited, announced the engagement of

(Continued on page 27.)

ARTISTS OF THE CAMERA

A Shrewd Study in Black and White

ALL summer long a vast army of people obey the injunction of the advertisements which say, "Take a Kodak with you!" Holidays are not complete unless there is some devotee of the camera to snap casual groups of merrymakers or secure a memento of charming bits of landscape. In the winter time, however, dust settles on most of the black leather cases and not until our annual sleet storm is followed by a day of dazzling sunshine that turns even wires and telegraph poles to things of crystallized beauty and trees to dreams of surpassing loveliness, do we exclaim:

"I must get some snapshots!"

Then some of us really do take down our cameras from the topmost shelf in the cupboard, but the majority allow the shining day to pass unrecorded.

For the real lover of photography there is no slack season. In winter portraiture and figure studies prove quite as fascinating as landscapes do in summer. The true artist of the camera tries to express his ideas of beauty by means of plates and acids, just as painters use canvas and brush. Many of the best photographers would have followed the greater pictorial art as a profession had the way been smoother or the advantages of business life less attractive, and these put their knowledge of light and shade, composition and values into photographs, while the camera supplies mere draughtsmanship.

"The White Fan," by Charles Ashley and James Crippen.

IN most cities a camera club supplies a studio and dark-rooms, sometimes a large camera is also at the disposal of club members, with attachments for enlarging, but the business man can take small advantage of these arrangements, for his daytime is fully occupied, and now many of the best photographic portraits are taken by electric light.

The most artistic photography that has been exhibited in Toronto is the work of Messrs. Ashley and Crippen, two clever young amateurs who devote much of their leisure to this fascinating pursuit. Mr. Charles Ashley studied in an art school for some years, and later took up illustrating, but eventually chose engineering for his career, and this combination of art and science ensures the success of his work in photography. Mr. James B. Crippen is also artistic, though his special line is literature, and working together they produce most felicitous results.

One of the pictures here reproduced is a landscape that might easily be mistaken for a copy of a painting by Corot, but was taken on the banks of the Humber River, the other, the painting reproduced, is a portrait study by electric light at their own studio, which is fitted with a nitrogen lamp 1,000 watt., placed in a large reflector and diffused by means of a screen of oiled silk, while a less powerful light on the other side of the sitter, softens the shadows. These two young men have experimented with all sorts of cameras and have no less than twelve in their possession, preferring the soft focus lens for indoor work. They use a very sharp lens, fitted in a small camera for snapshots out of doors, and thus take pictures of great detail, which admit of considerable enlargement. They find plates more satisfactory than films, and do their own developing, printing and mounting. Though frequently solicited to turn their talents to pecuniary advantage, they insist on remaining amateurs, and only their friends benefit by these works of art which have carried off several medals at exhibitions in Canada and the United States. Mr. Ashley has also experimented in colour photography, but this is a troublesome process and at best results in but one plate, which may be viewed only against the light or by means of an optical lantern, and is consequently not popular with amateurs.

THOUGH a Swedish chemist was the first to investigate the darkening action of sunlight upon silver in chloride, in 1778, to England belongs the honour of producing the first photograph. In June, 1802, Wedgewood published, in the Journal of the Royal Institution, the paper, "An account of a method of copying paintings upon glass and of making profiles by the agency of light upon nitrate of silver." From that day to this scientists have been indefatigable, working out new developments of this wonderful discovery, and now that the three colour printing process has made it difficult to tell the reproduction of a work of art from the original, while the Kinema colour holds the mirror up to nature in its most active moods.

DIS-FRENCHISING CANADIANS

Sam Genest Reads Rule No. 17 to Me

By W. H. MOORE

When the press depicted Sam Genest as fanning the flames of racial prejudice, the arch-agitator of a movement designed to disturb the peace, if not the security, of the country, I began to suspect that there was more in the bilingual question than had appeared in the newspapers. I had known Genest fifteen or twenty years, and if he had turned demagogue since last we met it was clearly in defiance of the intention of nature.

Sam Genest is not built for conspiracy. His stature is short, his shoulders broad, and his figure well-knit, save for a slight and not unbecoming, but quite unconspirator-like embonpoint. His voice is soft and sympathetic, and his "eyes were made for laughing, and do their part." Sam Genest has humour—broad, wholesome humour—wit untinged with bitterness; and many a time in the old days I have sought him as one seeks a cure for the blues, or searches for a breath of fresh air on a sultry day. And Genest is generous. He draws a modest stipend from a sometimes close-fisted government, and belongs to that non-commercial school of civil servants, which is continuously turning inside-out, seldom-filled pockets to relieve the needs of others. We had discussed Canada's race question long before Dr. Merchant's report had been printed, or Rule No. 17 devised, and I can bear witness to his tolerance. He would be the last to impose an intolerant measure upon the men of another race, and counts his English-speaking friends as if born to the tongue.

Sam Genest may not be a towering genius, like another Sam of whom we know; but, like the other Sam, he has ability, culture and education. When Genest's character is fully analyzed and its qualities set forth for inspection, it is his wholesomeness and sincerity which stand in boldest relief,

"One of those happy souls who are the salt of
the earth,
And without whom this world would smell like
what it is—a tomb;
Who IS what others SEEM."

In recent years my work had taken me to Ottawa only once in a while, and I had not met my old friend since he had come into fame as leader of the Ottawa Bilingual Movement. As from the steps of the "Chateau Laurier" I watched the striking school children march by, my mind turned to Genest, even before I saw him a short distance away approaching from Wellington Street.

"The old gentleman with the scythe and the hour-glass" had been kind to Genest, and usually is to people of his sort. There were evident, the old-time confident, resolute bearing; the same quick step and jaunty air; not the same fat cigar, it is true, but one that looked familiar, between his teeth. If it were not for a generous sprinkling of grey hairs, I would have thought it only yesterday we met and swapped stories of the bright side of life.

Together we walked to the spacious rotunda of the hotel and sank back into one of the comfortable benches in a quiet corner.

"Sam," I said, "you are being talked about."

My comment opened the flood gates of bilingualism. His questions were terse, his answers decisive, and the language! I wish I could repeat, word for word, the things that Sam Genest said to me that day many months ago in the "Chateau Laurier." When he pressed for the information that I had read Rule No. 17, I was compelled to acknowledge that I had not done so.

"IT'S always the same story with you English-speaking people," said Sam. "You are so busy with your own affairs there is neither time nor inclination to enquire into matters that do not directly affect your self-interest. Or, perhaps, it is the oppression in Belgium that fills your mind to the exclusion of the oppression at home," he added, with what I thought to be a touch of sarcasm.

"But I am willing to read it," I urged, "or to have you explain it,". I added, on second thought. The numerical name of the thing gave me an unpleasant foretaste of something technical, complicated, and difficult to understand.

"Very well! Here is a copy," said Sam, extracting a paper from his inside pocket. "I always carry a copy. It is the best justification of our cause."

I read slowly the circular of Instruction No. 17, issued by the Department of Education for the Province. When I had finished, Genest took the paper from my hand.

"Do you understand it?" he asked.

"Not entirely."

"It isn't a masterpiece of the English language. Let me state in plain words its meaning. The rule entirely prohibits French-Canadian children from being taught arithmetic, geography, history, or general school subjects in the French language. May I read to you the section that says so." His voice steadied into seriousness as he read:

"In the case of French-speaking pupils, French may be used as the language of instruction and communication; but such use of French shall not be continued beyond Form 1, excepting that on the approval of the Chief Inspector it may also be used as the language of instruction and communication in the case of pupils beyond Form 1 who are unable to speak and understand the English language."

"The design of the Rule," commented Sam, "is to Anglicize the French-Canadians; and that would be the effect, too, if we were to submit to it. But we don't want to be Anglicized."

"You believe that an attempt is being made to disfrenchise you," I suggested.

Genest looked at me suspiciously. "We want to remain just what we are," he said, "Canadians speaking French, and Britishers. The British Empire is broad enough to include scores of races, each speaking its own language, and surely it has room for us."

"How about the English language?" I asked.

"We learn it!" he exclaimed, "the better educated because they want access to its culture, and appreciate the friendships of English-speaking Canadians; and all of us in Ontario because of self-interest; the business man for more business, the labourer for better wages."

"BUT we are wandering from Rule No. 17, Sam," I ventured. "Our press at home says that it does not take away or interfere with the right of an education in the French language."

"Under Rule No. 17, provision is made for the French language to be taught, it is true, but only to pupils during their first two years at school. Afterwards, when they are six or seven years old, the subjects of the school curriculum may not be taught in French; the language of instruction and communication is to be exclusively English, except under special circumstances. In other words, while French may be taught, the children may not be educated in French."

"Rather an anomaly?" I questioned.

"Not at all. Let me give you an illustration. The child is concerned the first two years at school with the alphabet and in learning to read and write. This must be done before it is ready to take up its general education or to become acquainted with arithmetic, geography, and history; the period is past in which the language of communication may be French, and so these subjects are taught exclusively in the English language, except under the special circumstances to which I have referred, and which the inspector, not the teacher, must determine; very special circumstances, you must know."

Genest again picked up the circular of instruction. "Let me read this clause to you," he asked, "and you will see the general provision that has been made for the teaching of French:

"The provision for such instruction in French in the time-table of the school, shall be subject to the approval and direction of the chief inspector, and shall not on any day exceed one hour in each class-room, except where the time is increased upon the order of the chief inspector."

The study of French after the first two years becomes simply one of the subjects in the course, as is history."

"Or Latin, when you and I went to high school."

"Exactly," he agreed.

I asked myself: "How much Latin do you remember?" and for a moment lost the thread of his remarks in an attempt to run over some of the easier declensions of Latin nouns, and when I hesitated, stumbled, and stopped, it came forcibly home to me that the pupils of the bilingual schools would know little French under this arrangement, if they were not apter pupils at French than I had been at Latin; and then I picked up Sam again.

"It is charged against French-Canadians that we are not good traders, are not quick at figures, are poor financiers, and possibly there is something in the charge. Are we to become more skilful by being compelled to learn all of our arithmetic in a tongue with which we cannot possibly be as familiar as that of our mothers? Is that in the interests of the State?"

I did not answer, and Genest continued. "And this is not the worst. Provision is made that even these scant privileges are denied to communities in which French-Canadians are a majority and desire education in French. Clause No. 4 of the Department's Regulations commences: 'In schools where French has hitherto been a subject of study, the public or the separate school board, as the case may be, may provide,' and then sets forth the conditions for instruction in French grammar, reading, and composition. This clause is designed to confine the teaching of French in schools established before 1912, the year in which Rule No. 17 was promulgated, and consequently to proscribe the French language in all other schools."

"BUT that has been denied," I objected.

"None the less, I can cite you applications for leave to teach French from school districts composed wholly or very largely of French-Canadian children, which the Department has refused under this clause of the regulation."

"And what is to be done?" I asked.

"Obtain our rights," he replied, confidently.

"How?"

"I can't tell you how, and can't tell you when, but I have a firm belief in the ultimate success of our cause. In the end, truth must prevail. We have carried our case to the Government, and it has listened patiently, but unsympathetically; we have appealed to the courts and are confident they will grant some relief; but it is to our English-speaking compatriots' sense of fair play that we would appeal, if we could; but the public ear is reached only through the press, and the press is against us."

"Why should it be against you?" I enquired.

"Because the press is political," he replied. "How many daily papers can you name that are neither Grit nor Tory? Their business is with majorities, not minorities."

"It looks to me as if you were crusading for an already lost cause."

Sam's voice trembled with emotion when he replied: "We simply can't lose. Our language is as dear, dearer than, life itself. We are proud of the achievements accomplished in its name in this land of our forefathers; we are proud of our church, our homes, our clubs, and our friendships, and the various activities that go to make up life, and they are all inextricably bound up with our language. It may mean a long, hard struggle. We may have to undergo persecution, imprisonment, loss of life—who knows? But we are men. We will leave to our children and our children's children the beautiful language we inherited from our forefathers."

There was no mistaking the fact: my old friend Genest had become a man with a cause. Years had brought maturity and leadership, responsibility. There was a touch of bitterness, but no bombast, a great yearning to be of service in the preservation of his mother tongue, "the amber in which a thousand precious and subtle thoughts have been safely embedded and preserved." Self-interest, party politics, the great war itself, were thrust back into the subconscious mind of Sam Genest by the all-powerful conviction that he and his people were facing racial annihilation.

"You will help us, won't you?" he pleaded. "You have years of friendship with Canadians, the men of our race. You know the beauty of our home-life; you know our failings and our good points alike."

"IT is not help from me you require. Turn to the men of influence, the men behind the big daily papers, the Ontario Government, the leader of the Opposition and his Inner Circle, the members of the Legislature," I replied.

"We have tried them, the politicians and the press, and failed," answered Genest, wearily. "The Conservatives may conserve and the Liberals may be liberal, but we fail to recognize the principles of the parties by the treatment of the French language in the Province of Ontario. We are only a people one to ten in the population of the province, mainly farmers, scattered along the banks of the Ottawa up into the great hinterland of Ontario, scarcely two hundred and fifty thousand people all told. We are in need of help, desperately in need, and you can at least raise your voice in our behalf."

"Why should I take part in the heated bilingual controversy?" I asked myself that night after Genest had left, and I have repeated the question many times since. I am neither politician nor journalist; and, by the custom of the country, great national

questions are consigned to the hustings and the press. As Wong Foo, our Chinese cook, replies to any suggestion that he deviate from his usual routine, "It's not my business." Even to the suggestion that if China became embroiled in the present war he would have to return and fight, Wong Foo simply shrugged his shoulders and replied, "It's not my business." They are philosophers, of a sort, these sons of Li Hung Chang.

But I was born in Ontario, not in China, and nearly a quarter of a million of my countrymen, claim that they are being subjected to a grave injustice, claim that they are being deprived of rights as sacred and as dear as the right to live. They are my countrymen who make this claim, for my family has been on this side of the water so long that I know no other home than Canada. I am like the French-Canadian: this country is not all his, but it is his all. The first score of years of my life had passed before I met a fellow-countryman born to the French tongue. My awkward school-book French would have been a bar to intercourse, but the polished, although French-accented English of my new-found friends made discussion possible and pleasant; and beneath the differences in language, there was a common view of the basic things of life. We talked freely of the affairs of this world and speculated as freely of the affairs of the next, as men will; and in no respect save language did I find my French-speaking countrymen different from my English-speaking countrymen. We were the common product of several centuries of the same environment, soil, food, and the aspects of nature; and, it will be remembered, Buckle, the eminent author of "The History of Civilization," maintains that these things make for character. The difference in our uses and arrangements of vowels and consonants was lost in a union through the love of the common soil from which we sprang.

Since the day when first I met my French-speaking countrymen, another score of years has passed, and during these years I have entered into the social and business life of Canadians who speak French, only to find my first impressions strengthened, not weakened. To me, the Canadian is my countryman, and even though he speaks French, he is more my countryman than the man who, speaking my own language, has qualified for citizenship in Canada by a few years of residence, and whose heart goes naturally back to another home, the land of his birth, or of his father's birth. My patriotism, with that of many of my English and French-speaking countrymen, is for Canada. Many of my countrymen have a patriotism for England, Scotland, Wales, or Ireland. All have a broad citizenship within the British Empire. There is a basic distinction between patriotism and citizenship which is too commonly overlooked.

These were some of the ideas that passed through my mind when I met Sam Genest on the steps of the "Chateau Laurier" many months ago. I express them to the reader, not with the presumptuous idea that he may be interested in my personal feelings, but as an explanation of the manner and style, or lack of style, which must necessarily follow a venture in a something which "is not my business."

The House of Devonshire

VERY interesting reading, so says an English reviewer, is afforded by the many books dealing with the lives of the Devonshires. One which has been recently published is especially so. This is "The Devonshire House Circle," by Herbert Jenkins. Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire, is the pivot around which these pages turn. She was not the most beautiful or the most intellectual of her class, yet she was the possessor of a peculiar charm which enabled her to dominate such divergent personalities as the Prince of Wales and Dr. Johnson, and to draw to her side wits like Fox and Sheridan, and to her salon many of the distinguished men of the time. In addition to the external advantages which she had received from Nature, she possessed an ardent temper; a cultivated understanding illuminated by a taste for poetry and the fine arts; much sensibility, not exempt, perhaps, from vanity and coquetry.

The Devonshire House Circle existed for fifty years. It was a half century of strong lights and shades, of high-rank ladies who were both extremely prudish and excessively coarse, of brilliantly intellectual men who could sink to the lowest depths of youthful folly, of fantastic dress, and blatant privilege. Yet, despite its extravagances, it was an age of individuality and character. That is the keynote of Mr. Stokes' exceedingly interesting and comprehensive volume, a volume, as the reviewer says, without a dull page, replete with wit and aphorism.

Acquainting with the Devonshires

LADY BLANCHE and Lady Maude hold a sprightly conversation with Miss Hendrie, daughter of Ontario's Lieutenant-Governor.

HER GRACE the Duchess of Devonshire, in white fox furs, chats with Lady Hendrie and a very attentive officer at the Government House gathering in Toronto.

HIS Excellency the Duke of Devonshire notices what good subjects for snapshots are Major-General Logie, commanding the 2nd Divisional Area, and Lt.-Col. Osborne, of the Headquarters Staff.

GETTING acquainted with a new first family is one of the periodical privileges of this democracy. The Devonshires have taken up their abode here under circumstances quite peculiar. Following Royalty is no easy task. This country paid great respect to H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught. In so doing we were quite sincere. There is no royal personage too high to be welcomed as a citizen of Canada. Naturally we have been somewhat spoiled by the experience. We knew the Duke, the Duchess and the Princess Pat, more intimately than any other gubernatorial family we ever had. Their photographs appeared in almost every paper in Canada, in some of them on an average about once a month. If the Devonshires are not quite so popular with the camera they will probably be rather relieved than offended. The Devonshires, so far as can be judged, seem to be simple, democratic people.

Our Buckingham Palace and Windsor Castle in Ottawa, the most distinguished residence in North America.

OLDER THAN CHRISTMAS ITSELF

Is Man's Perennial Hankering to be Generous

By JAMES GRANT

FAR be it from me to lead any man from the path of his Christmas resolutions. In times past I have made them myself, and even kept a few—just to show what I dared. But in the matter of a "sane Christmas," as I have heard it called, I have never been able to keep even a mildly good resolution, and neither have my friends and relatives. Don't take this as a confession of generosity. No man is ever as generous as he'd like to be, or ought to be. On the generosity count I plead "not guilty." On the charge of being generally indiscreet and under the influence of—of Christmas, I take, if I may be permitted to change the figure, "the count."

I am in excellent company. Some of the best and wisest people I know have been guilty of unbelievable extravagance in the matter of Christmas presents. I use the word extravagance in the sense that the "sane Christmas" people use it. One can't help wishing these people well. If they would rent an old house and start some sort of a gold cure treatment for the Christmas present habit, I'd apply for admission at once. For I have the habit both ways—both receiving and giving, and I can't get out of it. Last Christmas I must have spent as much as a dollar and a half in a regular debauch of Christmas shopping. Naturally it would be hard on my young nieces and nephews if I did take the cure. But they aren't in much danger. The Christmas habit is older than Christmas itself, and it will take many generations of pamphelteering to put an end to it. The opponents of Christmas giving are mostly sensible people. But who wants to be sensible three hundred and sixty-five days in the year? It is the touch of the fool in a man that makes him tolerable. One wet Christmas I was caught in a rainstorm and had to take refuge on the verandah of the house of a man I hated. I hated him because he was so unfailingly sensible and successful. But I was cured of it that day because he invited me in—which was in itself nothing—and I saw him blowing up a collapsible elephant for his grandchildren and hitching himself to a tin waggon for the amusement of a two-year-old. You can't hate a man who loves a child—and you can't love a child unless you're a bit of a child yourself. Hence—Christmas.

There is one way one could get rid of being a child at Christmas. That would be to be a child—or more or less of a child—all year round. If mankind was sensible it would admit this and put a stop to the habit of frowning down on childish things in adults. But so soon as the human animal reaches a certain age it feels self-conscious. It is impressed with the dignity and the general importance of its position in this life, and it proceeds to act accordingly. Most people never get any older than twenty-one, and the Saints know twenty-one is the real childhood of life when all the world is a toy and life more or less of a ball-game on a corner lot. But the twenty-one-year-old takes elaborate precautions against showing his child-like nature. He pulls on long trousers and a long face and spends his days and nights trying to hide the fact that he is a child, and pretend that he is a man. That is the childishness of it. Now at twenty-one you are never deeply affected by the presents you get. It would be infra dig to show it if you were. The sooner you can look blase the better, and one way of making sure to seem blase is to deny Christmas its usual dole of childish pleasures. You mustn't over-eat. You mustn't over-buy.

Our fathers had a very hard time of it before Christmas came to make them a safety valve. Take, for example, a crusty old cave-dweller who hung out up round the Caledon Mountain. I don't know that there are any caves up there now-a-days, but if there aren't there ought to be, and certainly there must have been some once upon a time. At all events, this old fellow was a pretty shrewd man. He was a great fisherman and clever at shying a stone axe at a deer. He got to be so quick and expert that the rest of the community found it handy to let him do the fishing and hunting, with a certain number of young men to help him, while they made golf sticks and fig leaves out of fur for trade with the tribes that lived down Toronto way by the Orangeville road. The result of all this was that the expert hunter became rich and owned nearly all the best six-room caves and two family dug-outs in the district. His rents were fabulous, almost as fabulous as the lies his debtors told when they tried to get out of paying any rent at all. He became so bored with listening to lies and packing his money away so that it wouldn't spoil, that his face got long and hard and his eyes looked always as though he was sneering even before you told him your story. So they called him crusty and other pretty names.

Now, deep down in the old cave-dweller's heart there was the queerest passion you could imagine. It was before the time of the distillery down at Brampton, else no doubt the gentleman would have dissipated some of his surplus earnings in jug-lifting contests. There were no horse races on account of the religious objections of the early Canadian druids. Card games were unpopular, because sleeves had not then been invented, and everybody's reputation was so bad anyhow that there was no zest in the game of scandal-mongering. If the fellow in the end cave next the blasted pine beat up his wife—why everybody knew it the moment she went down to the banks of the Credit to brush her teeth in the cool river water. Smoking was taboo on account of the danger of bush-fires. So the chief landlord of the Caledon region was thrown back upon the ancient game of bully-and-grouch for a living. And he hated it. That is the thing I started to tell at the beginning of this paragraph. Having acquired a reputation he had to live up to it. If he had started giving away his money or being lenient with people they would have whispered among themselves that he lost his mind, or had ulterior motives such as trying to get a stand-in with the local rabbi. Like as not they'd have stoned him or made schemes to rob him of all his money.

That, may it please you ladies and gentlemen, is how the potlach system once so popular even among the Pacific Coast politicians, came to be invented. A potlach, as you know, is a Siwash festival marked by the giving of prodigious gifts. It is a regular orgy of generosity, and it was invented by the disgruntled cave-dweller I mentioned. He had to get away from his grouch. He had to get an excuse for getting back to sociable relationships with his fellow men, or he'd have died of jaundice. The Potlach let him play the fool without appearing to be a fool at all. It provided the safety valve by which the old gentleman could blow off his excess "side" and show that he was human and a brother once more. I don't know who it was took the potlach idea to the west coast of this continent—probably some poor devil who was driven out of the Caledon region and walked to Burrard Inlet over the C. P. R. right-of-way. It is quite possible that he started it there so as to make some of the tightwads loosen up with a little for him. That I can't say, but it survived on the Pacific Coast, while here in the East it was wiped out by the early arrival of the Christians, who combined religion and utilitarianism and diverted the generosity outbreak into a fete in the honour of a Great Event in their religion.

Now, if I were you, generous reader, I wouldn't give away a penny's worth—or if I did I'd make them strictly sensible gifts. Your position is different from mine. I can't escape. On the last pay-

(Concluded on page 28.)

DAMMING FOR LOVE'S SAKE

A Story of Law and Love. First of a Series of Law Stories from New Brunswick

By MARVIN LESLIE HAYWARD

ARTHUR LIMERICK paced moodily from the battered roll top desk to the slender stack of book cases that contained his little law library, and frankly admitted to himself "without any equivocation or mental reservation whatsoever"—to quote a well worn legal phrase—that he was deeply and decidedly in love.

"I suppose it had to happen sooner or later," he told himself, whimsically; "but I never expected to lose my heart to a girl I just met last week."

He glanced across the narrow street and caught sight of the tall, ungainly figure of Albert Bradley—commonly called "Bogus"—evidently headed for Arthur's office.

"Of course the old miser's coming here," he growled, as he heard the familiar step on the stair.

Bradley entered and glanced around furtively.

"All alone, Mr. Limerick?" he queried.

"Quite alone. What can I do for you?"

"I've a matter of very important business I want you to look after for me," began Bradley.

"Explain the details and I'll see what I can do," said Arthur, absently.

Bradley pulverized a "cud" of "Napoleon" in a gnarled palm, hitched his chair up to the desk, and drew a rude plan on the back of a used envelope with quick, nervous strokes.

"It's like this," he explained. "Here's my land where I live on that I bought from Brown, 5,000 acres, just south of the international boundary line between Dakota and Manitoba. You wrote the deed, you recollect. Now, just about a mile east on the south of the boundary line, too, they's another 5,000-acre block that I bought from Blackburn the other day, as he'd had a lot a sickness lately and couldn't make the ripple on his payments to the Mortgage Corporation."

"And you paid him how much?" asked Arthur, carelessly.

"$7,000."

"What's it worth?"

"About $15,000 on a careful valuation," replied Bradley, virtuously.

"That makes you quite a 'landed proprietor,' as the English say," remarked Arthur.

"Yes," was the disappointed reply, "but I'm not much better off the way things is. You see, in here between the two blocks that I own they's a 2,000-acre lot owned by a young girl who's livin' on it now, so I'm badly hampered getting from one to the other."

"How does a woman happen to be owning land up that way?"

"Her father moved there from Vermont some years ago, and died and left the land to the girl. Her folks tried to get her to go back East, but she's a gritty little body, I must say. Declares she'll run the place the same as her father usta, and she's making quite a fist at it, blamed if she isn't."

"Do you want the land? If so, why don't you try to buy it from her for a big price, the same as you paid Blackburn?" queried the young lawyer with latent sarcasm.

"No," replied Bradley, evidently pleased at Arthur's estimate of his ability. "The land isn't worth a great deal. The south part in Dakota is the best and it is only fair; but it slopes down on a level strip of about a thousand acres that's covered with surface water from the high land more or less the year round. Then the north part that runs over into Manitoba's just a regular bog and fit for nothing."

"Then what do you want it for?" snapped Arthur.

"Because if I had the thousand acres, say, I could build a road across it close to the Canadian boundary line between my two places and make it mighty handy, for it's just a long, narrow strip. As it is, she won't let me set foot on it, so I have to drive around the high land to the south or up through Manitoba around the swamp—about twenty miles. If I could travel straight across it would make the Blackburn place worth at least $5,000 more to me than it is the way things stand."

"Why don't you try to buy a right of way from her?"

"Wouldn't sell for love or money," replied Bradley, with a reminiscent grimace. "Her father and me never pulled very well, and she's mighty unneighbourly, and last year my boy Harry, from some accountable reason—he don't take after the Bradleys you know—fell in love with the girl, and, would you believe it, she turned him down quicker'n scat."

"But she wouldn't hold any hardness over that," declared Arthur, "when it comes to a matter of business."

"She does just the same," replied Bradley, in an aggrieved tone, "and I can't understand why. Harry told me she wouldn't have him, I seen his heart was sot on it, so I told him we could arrange that all right, for some years ago I went bail for her father on a criminal charge. There wasn't really nothing to it; but I was sure, though, that she wouldn't want it to come out after Adams died, so I just told Harry to tell her that if she didn't care to marry him we'd get a copy of the bail bond from the Court and publish the whole thing."

"What did she say?" smiled Arthur, lighting a fresh cigar.

"What do you suppose?" questioned Bradley, as if he were stating some incredible fact. "She said she was sure her father would rather have it known that he had been arrested a hundred times than to have his daughter marry a Bradley. Think of it, and us with the money we had."

"What do you want me to do, then?" was the impatient query.

"I thought if you wrote her a letter as my attorney offering her a fair, decent price—not too high, though—for a right of way, and tell her just what we'd do about the bond if she don't, it might have more effect as comin' from a lawyer."

ARTHUR turned round in his chair and regarded his client with a lazy smile that those who knew him best recognized as a preliminary signal of approaching trouble.

"I'm a lawyer, Mr. Bradley," was the calm reply; "not a blackmailer."

Bradley sprang from his chair and stood leaning over the desk in an attitude of helpless perplexity.

"Do you mean you wouldn't do it?" he stammered.

"Do you imagine for a minute that I would?" snapped Arthur.

"Then if you're so particular as that, you'll lose all of our business," raged Bradley.

"I don't want dirty work."

"I'll give all my work to Quirk," was Bradley's parthian shot as he started for the door.

"Give it to the devil for all I care," snapped Limerick.

He picked up Bradley's rude plan on the back of the used envelope and was about to fling it into the waste basket when his eye caught the name on the narrow strip of land between Bradley's "homestead" and the Blackburn lot.

"'Lena Adams,'" he read. "And she's the girl old 'Bogus' plans on beating out of her property. Lord, I wish I'd have known it when he was here, I'd have kicked him clear across the street. And the idea of his miserable Harry daring to think of marrying her," he raged.

During the next four days a rush of Court work kept Limerick with his nose on the grindstone. But on the afternoon of the fifth day he sat at his desk and gazed idly across the deserted street to the green hills on the opposite side of the river, a little pucker of perplexity bisecting his brow. Suddenly he closed the desk, replaced the scattered textbooks and statutes on the shelves, and reached for his hat.

"If any clients come this afternoon, tell them I'll not be in till morning," he told the stenographer as he passed out. "I'm going for a ride. I can't seem to settle down to work this afternoon."

He had been working a little too strenuously of late, he persuaded himself, as he cantered out the "Lake" road, and the afternoon off would put him in shape again. He would not admit to himself what he knew full well—that since he had met Lena Adams a few days before he had been unable to think of anything else.

HE was glad, he reflected, that he remembered one sentence at least from his college course in literature, that seemed to describe her exactly. "Her chestnut hair like bronze light," it read, "adorned the oval ivory of a face that the divine Diana or Mother Venus might have envied."

"Why shouldn't I," he mused. "Bradley has happily terminated our professional relations."

As he came to where the road skirted the western side of the Adams ranch, he saw the girl on a hillock where she could survey the greater part of her domain.

"And what brings you so far out of your course?" she laughed.

"To pay my respects to the Princess of this fair demesne," he replied.

"The Princess is not often honoured by such adroit courtiers."

"I did not come to try my hand at compliments," replied Arthur; "but was hoping that I might find the Princess in distress."

"A most uncharitable wish," retorted Lena; "but my troubles are very much reduced, as I have lately ceded away a large part of my ancestral kingdom."

"Explain in modern terms."

"It simply means," replied the girl, pointing to the low land stretching away to the boundary line, "that I have sold that part of the ranch for current coin of the United States."

"To whom?"

"My right and left hand neighbour, Mr. Bradley, and he went to town this afternoon to put the papers on record."

"Why should the old shark want any more land?" queried Arthur.

"Just south of the Manitoba line there is a chance where he can build a road to connect his properties on the east and west of my little stronghold."

"But will it not be inconvenient for you," persisted Arthur, remembering how tenaciously she had clung to every foot of ground her father had owned and guessing at the means Bradley must have resorted to in order to get the coveted deed.

"Oh, no," she replied. "I have the higher land here and the northern end in Manitoba left, it's all I can look after, and the part Bradley got is low and wet and really of very little value."

"As a knight seeking for the Princess in distress," said Arthur, earnestly, "will you not tell me just how you came to let old Bradley have this land?"

And with the mellow sunlight filtering through the oak leaves and lighting up her bronze hair, she told him how she had conveyed the land to Bradley to save her father's good name.

"The old scoundrel," exclaimed Arthur, as he gazed moodily at the purloined estate, "and yet—I'm glad to find you in distress, Princess. For, as your legal advisor, I shall proceed to tell you what to do."

"Expound!"

Arthur pointed to the north as he outlined a plan of action.

"But," demurred Lena, "then he would tell about the bail bond just the same, and I simply couldn't bear to have it known that father was charged with a crime, even unjustly."

"To come down to modern language again, that's simply a 'bluff,' and Bradley wouldn't dare try it," declared Arthur. "If he did we would arrest him for blackmail right off the bat."

"And are you sure it is safe legally?" queried Lena.

"Sure," was the emphatic reply. "I'll stake my reputation on it."

"And is it right morally?" persisted the girl.

"Nothing can be morally wrong where 'Bogus' Bradley is the loser," laughed Arthur.

"Then it's all right if you say so," agreed the girl, "but I wouldn't dare to do it on the advice of any one else."

A FEW days later one of Arthur's clients from Bradley's section told him with evident enjoyment how that one fine morning when Bradley and his son Harry rode out to inspect the site of his proposed road across the Adams property they found the whole stretch of low land one broad lake with fully six feet of water over the coveted right of way. Just across the Manitoba line on the remaining Adams land there was a long bank of earth that had dammed up the surface water and flooded their recent purchase.

"What did Bradley do?" queried Arthur.

"For a moment," replied the client, "old Bradley thought the hull country musta been bewitched, and then whirled and rode up to the Adams verandah. I was there and heard the whole conversation.

"'What does this last move of yours mean?' says the old man, as he rode up to the verandah where the Adams girl was standing.

"'It means that I am simply exercising my legal rights on my own land,' says the girl, as cool as you please, 'and as we have settled up all our business dealings, I have no desire to prolong the discussion.' She's certainly some scrapper, that little Adams girl."

"'I'll sue for damages,' yelled Bradley."

"'My lawyer, Mr. Limerick, will accept service of any papers in the matter, and you will kindly communicate with him in future,' she says."

"'Well,' snarled old Bradley, 'what's sauce for the goose is the same for the gander, and I'll dam up the water on the south end of the land I bought from you and flood the rest of your land in this State, the same as you have mine. I'll show you you can't fight the Bradleys!'"

"'Suit yourself, Mr. Bradley,' she says, and turned to the door, 'and if you do you will no doubt hear from Mr. Limerick in regard to it.'"

"'Confound Limerick,' breaks in Harry. 'I believe that's why she couldn't marry me.' But the girl had gone, and the bang of the screen door behind her was the only reply."

"What did the old rascal do?" asked Arthur.

"Oh, the next day he put on a full crew and dammed up the south side of his land, and flooded the rest of the Adams land in Dakota."

Arthur dismissed the talkative client as speedily as possible and at once set to work. That evening the sheriff rode out to Bradley's ranch and served him with papers in a suit for damages to the Adams land. They had been issued by Limerick that afternoon. Ten minutes later Bradley was on his way to town.

"Here," he yelled, as he stamped into Limerick's office and slapped the offending papers on the desk, "I want to know what you mean by this d—— move of yours."

"I think I am no longer your attorney, Mr. Bradley," replied Arthur, "and am therefore at liberty to take any other case that I please."

"WELL, I'll enter suit against the girl for flooding my land, and we'll see who comes out ahead," raged Bradley.

"Suit yourself; but you'll find there is a slight difference in the law," began Arthur.

"That's what Quirk said; but to h—— with the difference," fumed Bradley. "Don't I know we've both done exactly the same thing. I'm no lawyer, but any fool would know if she can sue me I can certainly sue her for the same identical thing. I'll show you what it means to fight the Bradleys, and I'll have Quirk start suit to-day."

"Go ahead," invited Arthur, "and in the meantime I am busy, and there's the hole the carpenter left in the wall that you can walk out of."

Bradley kept his word; Quirk entered suit; a few weeks later the two cases came on at the same session of the District Court, and Limerick rose to open the case.

"May it please the court," he began, "my learned friend Mr. Quirk and I have agreed on a statement of facts which will obviate the necessity of calling witnesses. It is agreed that Miss Adams owns land in Manitoba, that she dammed up the surface water on that land and flooded Mr. Bradley's land in Dakota. It is also agreed that Mr. Bradley owns land in Dakota, that he dammed up the surface water thereon and flooded the Adams land in Dakota in the same manner."

"That is correct," assented Quirk.

"What does the fool expect to make out of that?" whispered Bradley, nervously. "He's given away his case right here."

"Wait and see," ordered Quirk, grimly.

"Then," said Arthur, "we might also agree on an assessment of damages and I would suggest $4,500 in each case."

"But," began Quirk, only to be jerked back into his seat by the trembling hand of his excited client.

"Agree," hissed Bradley.

"But it's too much," demurred Quirk.

"But if we both win we get the same amount," exclaimed Bradley. "Her ranch is in her own name, and I can collect it from her. All my property's in Harry's name and she can't get a cent out of me."

Quirk rose with a quizzical look on his lean face. "The amount is agreed to," he announced, and Bradley settled back with a sigh of satisfaction.

"Then these facts being agreed to," said Limerick, "I would ask that Miss Adams be given a verdict for $4,500 damages against Mr. Bradley, and that Mr. Bradley's suit be dismissed with costs."

"State your grounds," said the Judge, quietly, and Bradley growled in deep disgust at such a nonsensical request.

"The agreed facts show that this was 'surface water,'" continued Limerick, "in regard to which two different and distinct rules have been laid down by the United States and Canadian Courts."

"That is correct," agreed the Judge.

"The first rule, called the 'Common Law Rule'," Limerick went on, "is that 'surface water' is a common enemy which the lower owner may fight as he deems best, and may repel the flow back upon the adjoining land."

"Then why did the d—— fool sue me for doing that very thing," whispered Bradley.

"Keep still," cautioned Quirk.

"THIS Common Law Rule," Limerick went on, producing a number of volumes, "has been adopted by the Supreme Court of Canada in the case of Ostrom vs. Sills, 28 S.C.R. 485."

"Now, the facts show that the dam in question was erected by Miss Adams on her land in Manitoba, where this rule is in force, so she simply did what she had a legal right to do by the laws of that Province, and Mr. Bradley's action, therefore, fails."

"That is certainly good law," declared the Court.

"Then the other rule," continued Limerick, "which is called the 'Civil Law Rule,' is that the lower owner

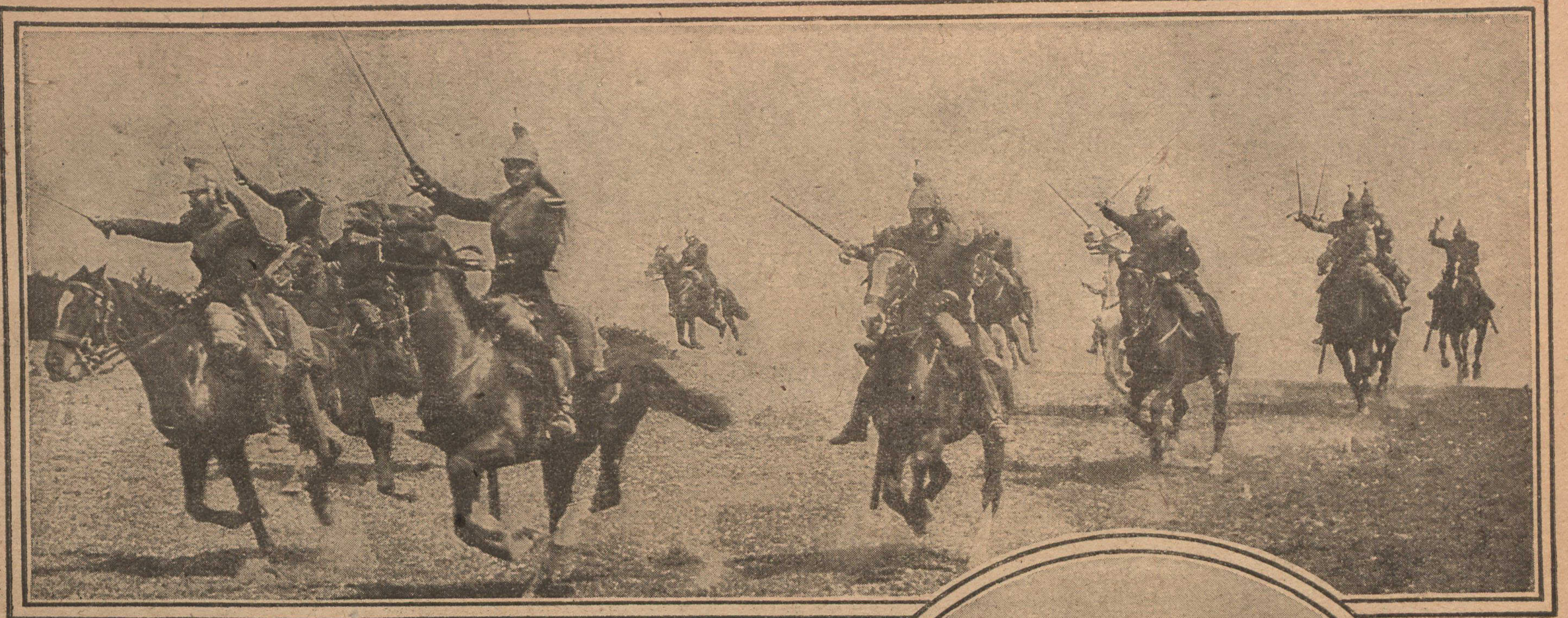
(Concluded on page 26.)

A PARLIAMENT of FARMERS

LEST you should think these are photographs of any common convention—such as knights and preceptories or grand lodges—observe the faces, and some of the coats in this congress of 300. There is more behind those coats and faces than meets the eye. Here are more farmers in one picture than we have M. P.'s at Ottawa. And the Parliament of Canada never carried so extensive a programme as the more or less united grain growers of the three prairie provinces did in Winnipeg a few days ago.

And what do they want? Reduction of duties on British goods; reciprocity agreement uniting foodstuffs, farm implements, and machinery, vehicles, fertilizers, etc.; direct taxation on unimproved lands and all incomes over $4,000, on large inheritances and all profits over 10 per cent.; nationalization of railways——

That's enough for the present. Lloyd George should take that convention into his Cabinet. For boldness and statesmanship of programme we doubt if any similar congress ever held in the world was ever so important. There was an idea in some people's minds that they came to discuss seed wheat and prices and improvement of roads. Perhaps they did. The grain growers are experts in all these things. They sell wheat on the exchange, and buy it. They buy on the co-operative system. One section operates the elevators of Saskatchewan on a co-operative basis. They are an economic organization of remarkable growth dating back in various forms to 1901, and steadily growing and consolidating since that time. The great Grain Growers' Grain Co. arose out of those various associations. This company has enormous economic power. But there is more than economics. There is politics. In the West these are very often one and the same thing. The convention amalgamated various associations. It did not include the Saskatchewan Co-operative Elevators. There was a reason. But there may come a time when this great organization will merge itself on the movement which it has done so much to create. The reason, then, may be more directly political than economic.



Dreams of the War

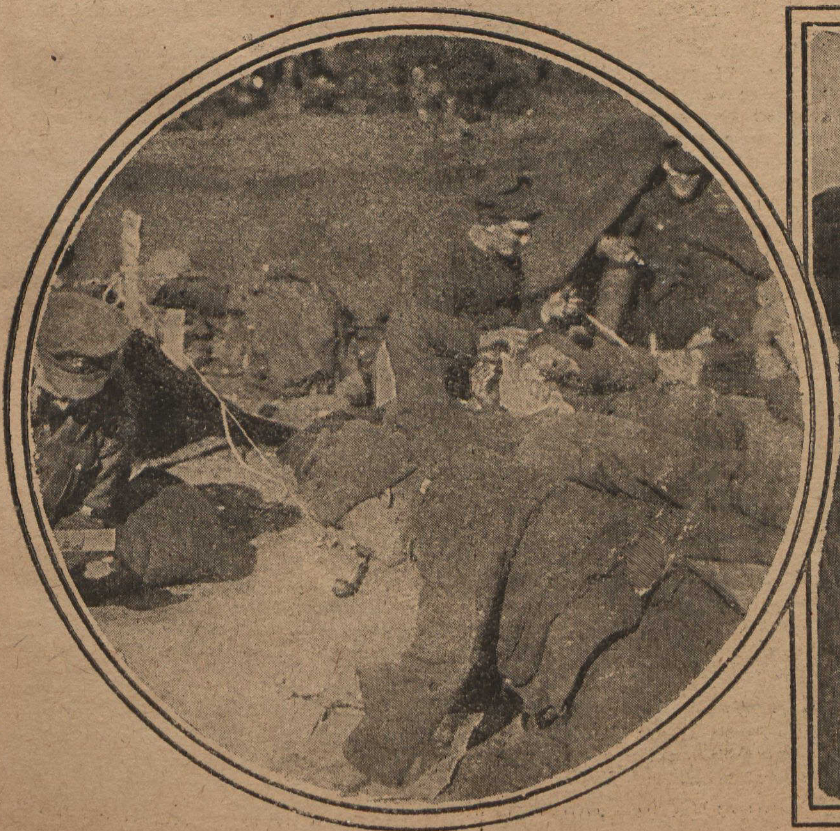
THE French Chasseurs represented in the dramatic photograph above are known as the Knights of 1916. The picture is their dream of war—a wild gallop into the jaws of death and victory. They are still dreaming; because the cave-man is in on the ground floor, and the Chasseurs will not for a while do any galloping up the banks of the Rhine.

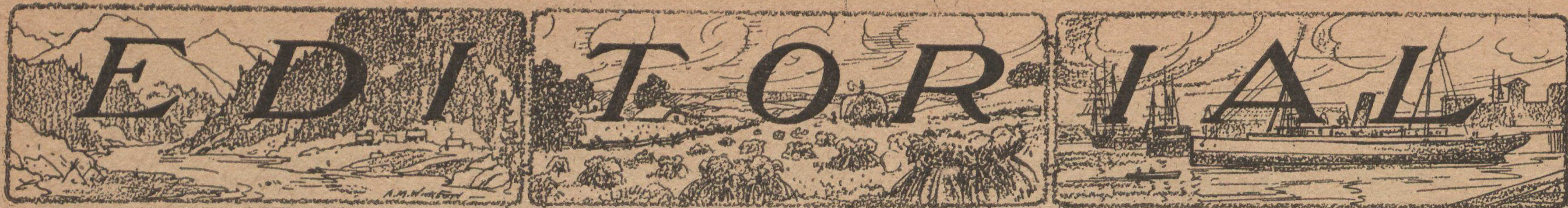
* *

A STATUE of the Virgin Mary on the top of the tower of Notre Dame Church in the town of Albert is another dream of war. The church has been battered by shell fire until the image of the Virgin holding the child Jesus is at right angles. Still it refuses to fall. The legend is that it will not fall until the Germans are driven out of France.

* *

CANADIANS also have their times to dream a bit at the front. As they read the papers from home, especially at this time of year, they are carried back on fancy, like the Man From Athabaska in Service's book, to a land which to many of them has been for a long while a dream of recollection. Canadian Scotsmen, as they are called over there, get as near the stage setting of Robin Hood and Muskoka as possible in their gatherings about the camp-fire in England. Here they cook their meals, swap stories of home, and dream about those of us who in this country still look upon the war as a dream.





Five Reasons for Wives

THE wife of a Canadian officer went to England to be near her husband. She had excellent letters of introduction to friends of friends in a city in Warwick. With a nurse for her children she engaged the best flat she could find in the city and counted the days till her husband should get his first London leave. In six months she saw him for seven days, and in the next six months—thirteen days. When, finally, he was wounded, she saw him only as a visitor at the hospital. Meantime, she led the loneliest of lives. For in England, unless you belong to the gay and smart cliques, folk live very quietly just now. She had many invitations to bridge and to tea—cold affairs. It was almost a year before she received her first dinner invitation. Meantime the children wept because their Canadian education had not prepared them for the system in the English schools. They had infinite trouble "fitting in."

In that woman's story is to be found ONE reason why Canadian soldiers' wives should remain in Canada. With very few exceptions our women arriving in England fall into one of two sets of circumstances: either they are drawn into the reckless, excitement-seeking class who do no credit either to themselves, their husbands or their country; or into the lonely class. In addition to this important consideration there are four other reasons why Canadian wives should stay at home. First: Because their presence in England makes it harder for England to feed herself—each additional soul in England means that more food must be imported from abroad or else other people are to eat less. Second: Because they are taking Canadian money out of Canada, and thereby reducing Canadian prosperity by that much. Third: Because, when the war is over, it will take over a year, using every available vessel, to get all our soldiers back to Canada, and such impedimenta as soldiers' families will have to wait till after the troops are transported before there will be space for them in any sort of ship sailing from the Old World to the New. And fourth: Because it is due to Canadian husbands and Canadian children that the soldier's home be maintained in his absence, or else that it be instantly ready for him when he gets back. It is in the interest of the soldier, of his wife, of his children—it is in the interest of England and in the interest of Canada that soldiers' wives and dependents stay home!

A Near Correction

A RECENT paragraph on this page stated that a certain well-known American weekly has more circulation in Canada than any three Canadian monthly magazines combined. The publisher of a well-known Canadian monthly publication writes to protest that we are far astray on the count; that the circulation of his own paper alone exceeds that of the "certain" American weekly referred to. Of course he understood, as did others, the probable name of this weekly; and it is quite possible that still others understand the name of the Canadian monthly whose publisher writes the protest. We still maintain, however, that we are correct. The monthly publication which our correspondent refers to is not a magazine as we understand that term. It is of course, a stitched, as distinguished from a folded, publication. But stitches do not make a paper into a magazine. The Canadian Courier is stitched; but it can scarcely be called a magazine. In making the statement we assuredly conveyed no references to the monthly publication in question, which we have for some time known to have a circulation that would make such a comparison ridiculous.

Munition Advertising

OVER the signature of Mr. Mark Irish, who has to do with the labour-finding side of the Imperial Munitions Board at Ottawa, we have been reading a number of striking advertisements. They consist—as most good advertisements should consist—of a few words set in a generous panel of white paper. These call attention briefly to the importance of munitions, and to the honour which attaches to the making of them. The words are well chosen and skilfully used. The selection of type could not be better. The copy itself is a model of clearness, brevity and obvious meaning. The only point on which one could possibly criticize these skilfully constructed "ads" is an occasional lack of "punch" and original novelty in the wording. In most essential respects this campaign of advertising resembles the famous newspaper campaign for recruits put on two years ago in England. The only point of dissimilarity is in the casual lack of this one quality. The name "Mark Irish" is habitually associated with driving power. It is therefore the more remarkable that the last ounce of the "punch" seems to have been left out of some of these otherwise tiptop advertisements.

Nothing as Usual

AGAIN the "nation of shopkeepers" has become the most dramatic democracy in Europe. Asquith, the fine old statesman of indecision is out. The Welshman who decides as suddenly as Napoleon is Premier. The nation pauses in its curious whirligig of disturbed complacency to adjust itself to a new set of actors on stage. And the political omnibus with all its heterogeneous burden of empire and world problems creaks on again over the Dickens road in a London fog, up there on the shoulder of Europe; a nation that has always had the superb audacity to act as though the world depended on its nod—and somehow it does.

In his latest book, "Mr. Britling Sees It Through," H. G. Wells makes Britling say:

"Nobody planned the confounded constitution, it came about. It was like layer after layer round an agate, but you see it suited the climate and the temperament of our people and our island, it was on the whole so easy that our people settled down into it, you can't help settling down into it, they had already settled down by the days of Queen Anne and Heaven knows if we shall ever get away again."

Britling must be surprised out of his boots by the political upheaval of recent events. Party government broke under the war. Coalition mended the government. The war cracked coalition—which was a two-party compromise in the first place and was never man-picked so as to disturb things too much from going on just as usual. The Cabinet of gentlemen represented by Asquith, Balfour and Grey, did not live up to the great speeches delivered by some of these men in the earlier days of the war. Almost in spite of their diplomatic and political methods of handling a struggle that long ago outgrew either politics or diplomacy, the various forces of the Empire on land, water and air have continued to make some headway. But the nation and the Empire have waited a long while for the tremendous revolution that was to make further great German successes impossible. We wanted action. The coalition family compact gave us—politics and diplomacy.

Action had come to be suspected. Churchill was a man of action. His fiascos in the Admiralty following his remarkable preparation for war on the sea made the appointment of Balfour as First Lord seem statesmanlike. Balfour was a safe man. But he was also seventy—a perfect British gentleman and an author. No thanks to him that the Jutland battle crippled Germany's fleet while so badly damaging our own. In his hands the blockade still failed to prevent Germany from getting supplies and from conducting submarine raids; failed to enable the Air Board to keep off or even to reduce the Zeppelin menace. Sir Henry Jackson, as First Sea Lord, replacing Fisher, was also a perfect scientific gentleman. He has now become head of a Naval College. Sir John Jellicoe in his place will show what a man of action may do. Sir David Beatty in place of Sir John Jellicoe means a man of greater action than Jellicoe in a position where great action is imperative.

There had been reconstruction in the Army. Sir Douglas Haig abroad and Sir William Robertson at home made it possible for our armies to continue making gains in spite of the loss of Lord Kitchener. Back of the army gains was the certain fact of great speed-up in munitions. But for the drastic nationalization of munition-making under the Minister of Munitions the enemy would long ago have been in Calais and in control of the Channel.

Back of all the statesmanlike gentility of a Cabinet waging war as a gentleman's game there were men of action whose genius the nation needed more and more. Behind all the political manoeuvrings of a coalition junta that never could forget its politics, there were great forces of discontent and of action framing up to make the great army, the great navy and the great munition output more effective in winning the war.

Month by month the nation of England was learning from experience that politics and diplomacy were a flat failure against an enemy that long ago learned to put a national unity without politics or diplomacy in the forefront of everything. Criticism filled the newspapers. The enemy rejoiced at the apparent quarrels of a democracy whose affairs were in the hands of a junta that would not discard names and traditions and diplomacy for the sake of winning the war. It seemed there was something essentially British to conserve in this struggle. What was it? Diplomacy as usual, politics as usual, speeches as usual, traditions as usual—all following on the heels of the once popular but afterwards discarded slogan, Business as Usual, the greatest fallacy of modern times.

There was in fact nothing usual about anything. We all knew it. The great drama of Europe was all unusual. And there were but a few men of political authority in England who were capable of realizing in action how diabolically unusual the whole thing was becoming. The scarcity of food was one thing that brought it home. It was unusual for free trade England to want food that used to come swaggering in so plentifully from the seven seas. It was just as unusual for the masses of England to be working at high pressure for high wages with a high cost of living.

So the time came when the As Usual cast on the political stage had to be let out. No Premier of England ever carried such burdens as Asquith and carried most of them so skilfully. But he was too fond of the martyrdom of carrying burdens. The nation wanted to relieve him. The nation was willing to forget or at least to forego its politics for the sake of winning the Unusual War. Mr. Asquith hung on. Failure to achieve the unusual became a national indictment. The nation was only half effective. The colossal impact of England in the war had not yet been delivered. The country was not yet nationalized for the purpose of winning the war. There was even the spectre of a second great Welsh coal strike, a dastardly business that would have rejoiced the enemy more than the uprising of Ireland.

THERE was and is but one remedy. That applies in every country now at war. We see it in the drastic overturns in France, in the vague criticisms of even Gen. Joffre, in the struggles of the Russian Duma to make head against the Ministry who never can explain why Russia is making so little headway on the eastern front. Perhaps we can see it also in Canada, where certain movements are already shaping up that promise disaster to the Politics as Usual regime. The present, immediate spectacle is that of great old England roused and vibrated as never in her whole history, desperately discontented with even a Coalition government that promised so much and performed comparatively so little.

Public opinion at this distance at least does not stop to consider the coalitional contour of the new Cabinet of the Unusual. We only search for the men whom the new Premier calls to his councils. Three labour leaders—men of action; a new President of the Board of Trade—a great tramways administrator; Sir Edward Carson, who quit the Coalition Cabinet because of its inaction and now takes the post of First Lord of the Admiralty; Lord Milner, organizing Imperialist and centralizer; Bonar Law, who has strength without suavity and becomes Chancellor of the Exchequer; Lord Curzon, who has been out on the wings of the stage ever since the war began and is a man of great action. Arthur Henderson, directly representing labour, goes into the Council of War along with Milner, Curzon, Bonar Law and the Premier. Mr. Balfour goes from the Admiralty to replace Sir Edward Grey in the Foreign Secretaryship. We can only surmise why Sir Edward Grey was dropped along with Mr. Asquith. Only conjecture can explain why Baron Reading is not the Lord High Chancellor.

Dangerous? Yes, the situation is full of danger. But there is a greater danger in Europe. England knows it. There is a greater danger in the Germanization of the North Sea. England knows that also. There is a greater danger in the world-flung Empire. England and the Empire know it.

So England prefers to live dangerously at home that she may get rid of danger abroad. She prefers to take the risk of a dictatorship and an oligarchy that nails its colours to the mast, not caring a copper what political wind may be blowing, to the uncertain politics-as-usual programme that made first mere party government and afterwards coalition a national failure. What this will do to England in the ultimate is not now to be considered. It is the England of to-day that is in danger. Democracy has seized upon the throne in the elevation of the Radical Lloyd George, who for all we know may yet become a Tory and advocate Tariff Reform along with his radical programme of nationalizing railways, mines and war industries.

England is roused. She cares less now for the old-line political cleavages than ever. The old political doctrines are burning up. There must be—there now is—a new democratic England that will become more of a nation than ever it did under the old classes and masses programme. Because classes and masses are now a national unity for the one great business of winning the war and the discarding of all—As Usual.—A. B.

BILINGUALISM IN ART

By ESTELLE M. KERR

The Royal Canadian Academy

IT was my first visit to Montreal, at the time of the Royal Canadian Academy, and I looked forward with the greatest of pleasure to comparing Ontario exhibitions to one held in Quebec, where the French element predominates. For surely, I argued, the French are greater artists than the English, therefore the French-Canadian should be more artistic than the British-Canadian.

But it was not as simple as it seemed. It was impossible to separate them. Artists who bore a French name appeared to be wholly British, while men with the most usual Scotch names spoke English with considerable accent. There were few pictures distinctively French, and those were reminiscent of the art that flourished in Paris fifty years ago, rather than the modern impressionistic school.

TWO Academicians were conversing. One hailed from Toronto and the other resided in Montreal.

"There seems to be more unity amongst the artists of Montreal," said the visitor. "In Ontario we are considered rather quarrelsome. There have been splits in our Art Clubs and rumours of splits—oh, the usual thing—how is it that you are free from such bickerings?"

"It is Bilingualism," said the Montrealer. "The slight difference in race and creed makes us more courteous to one another. But art is universal; on canvas we all speak the same language."

"There we disagree," said the man from Ontario. "Some of our artists are talking a language I do not understand."

"You mean the Impressionists?"

"Call them what you will. I don't refer to the younger artists who paint things in purer, brighter colours than we use and give less attention to detail. Their pictures, I freely admit, look much better when seen across the full length of the gallery than ours do. I should hate to have a landscape by that young Doukhobor, Loveroff, hanging in my sitting-room, but it is clever stuff all the same. I am a tremendous admirer of A. Y. Jackson and Tom Thomson, judged impressionists by our Canadian standards. The chief offenders, strange to say, are three young women. Take this picture, for instance, 'The Orphans,' by Emily Coonan—what do you make of it?"

"I consider it a masterpiece that I should love to possess."

"Ah! There, you see, you are Bilingual. In your own paintings you are a sincere and sympathetic interpreter of nature, a combination of realist and idealist, yet you can admire what to me is a caricature. In colour it is as unlike nature as possible, in representation of the human form it is hopelessly bad. I confess I am too fond of little girls to accept that interpretation of them, and each child is just like the rest. I admit a certain beauty in the golden brown and black—colour which I should expect to see in an old lacquer chest—but if it is merely colour she is after, why not paint still life instead of people?"

"In Montreal we all consider Miss Coonan a genius. She was quite the cleverest girl in the art school and used to go about the city painting little things that struck her fancy, groups of children on the quays, communicants, and so on. All the other students tried to copy her and she sold enough to take herself abroad for a short time. Then she won the travelling scholarship two years ago, but the war has prevented her from using that and her recent work has not been uniformly good. She likes to paint women in fancy dress of crude colourings which she makes herself, paints them with very little regard to anatomy, but that is merely a passing phase, I hope. We still believe in her genius. She is a strange girl, extraordinarily shy, who refuses to meet people and lives entirely within herself."

"Well, I won't sit in judgment on Miss Coonan—I do not understand her language. What do you think of our cubist from Ontario, Miss Kathleen Munn?"

"Very clever indeed! She has shown us what she can do in the line of good academic painting in former years and nearly carried off the travelling scholarship on two previous occasions. It is unfortunate that she chose to send these paintings, for she is the only one of the six competitors that shows marked ability, but the committee wouldn't stand for it. I am sorry they gave the scholarship to Edward Glen. His work is decidedly mediocre. Possibly a certain amount of sex jealousy influenced the committee for, from its inception, the scholarship has always been won by women."

"I quite agree with you about Miss Munn's former work, but I think she should be punished for exhibiting in those plaid cows. No cows are beautiful, viewed from the rear, and why paint shadows in squares and triangles of purple, blue and red like a patchwork quilt? If it is a riot of colour she wants, why not a real quilt or flowers? And this green-backed nude woman against a purple background—a most interesting colour scheme, I admit, which might look quite well in a still-life."

"At least her work is progressive. That girl has great possibilities."

"And Henrietta Shore? Her works come all the way from California. Our young Canadian Futurists are far removed from one another."

"I am not so sure about her. Her work is so unequal and she has never showed a good grounding in drawing like Miss Munn. But there is a wonderful quality of paint and fine colour in 'Mother and Child,' which makes one overlook the faults in perspective. I cannot say I like her other picture."

"Nor I. But there is one young woman whose work I admire intensely, and that is Miss Mabel May. I would rather have her 'Boats on the St. Lawrence' to adorn my walls than any picture in the show, but since I can't have it I am glad it has been purchased for the National Gallery. She ought to give a little more time to drawing if she is going to paint figures, but as a colourist she is superb."

"The Orphans," from a painting by Miss Emily Coonan, of Montreal.

"The women artists show up marvellously well. Gertrude Des Clayes has, to my mind, the best picture in the exhibition, in her portrait of 'Evelyn and Baby MacInnes,' and her sister Bertha has some charming landscapes. The Princess Patricia's work is very good, for a princess! It is good to see some of Florence Carlyle's still life studies again. I always like Mrs. Reid's work, also that of Laura Muntz Lyall, though I do wish she would stop painting madonnas. I am glad the government bought one of Harriet Ford's. Miss Wrinch's paintings always please me, but this year they are less sunny than usual. I hope we shall some day see more of the work of Lilias Torrance. Marion Long is making great progress, and Lorna Reid's "Wind Flower" is quite charming. This is the first time she has exhibited, I think, and the fact that her picture was bought by the government should encourage her."

"The women seem to be having it all their own way in war-time," said the man from Ontario. "But you will admit that none of them have attained to the height of Cullen and Gagnon, in landscape, Curtis Williamson or Wyly Grier, in portraiture. . . ."

"Stop," said the man from Montreal, "I admit nothing. I know these men all too well to pass judgment."

So they left it at that.

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THE following artists have been elected as associate members of the Royal Canadian Academy: O. Leduc, of St. Hilaire, Que., who exhibited a decorative snow scene which was purchased by the government, and Herbert Raine, of Montreal, an architect who is also well-known as an etcher. Two of Mr. Raine's etchings were also purchased for the National Gallery.

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"SYLPHIDE," by J. C. Franchere, a dainty study of a dancing girl, was a popular choice made by the Trustees of the National Gallery. "The Wayside Cross, Autumn," by Clarence A. Gagnon, is perhaps the greatest acquisition of all the purchases. Other artists not previously mentioned whose paintings were bought for the government collection are: F. M. Bell-Smith, W. H. Clapp, Charles de Belle, Arthur Lismer, Herbert Palmer, A. D. Rosaire, Horne Russell, E. Laland, Ivan Neilson.

Murals in Georgian Bay

SOME striking mural decorations have recently been installed in the summer residence of Dr. James MacCallum, Georgian Bay. The word "striking" is used advisedly, for though that adjective is seldom happily applied to mural decorations, the almost barbaric riot of colour is, in this instance, very pleasing in the large and formerly somewhat bare-looking living-room, with its rough raftered ceilings of new pine. The effect is bizarre, suggestive of the Russian, and is essentially harmonious with the wild northland and the gay and cheerful life of the great out-of-doors. Three well-known Toronto artists have combined to produce this effect: J. E. H. Macdonald, Arthur Lismer, and Tom Thomson, and their theme is—Georgian Bay.

The most outstanding of the decorations are those placed in triangular panels surmounting the mantel on each side of the great stone chimney above the fire-place. These are by Mr. Macdonald, and represent, in figures four feet high, the early settlers of Canada. Here we have the Indian, the Jesuit priest and Champlain on the one side, while on the other is a huntsman, a fisherman and a lumberjack. Behind them are conventionalized pine trees against a low strip of water and a bright blue sky banked with white clouds. Other panels by the same artist show modern scenes in the life of Georgian Bay; the arrival of the supply boat, swimmers and divers disporting themselves in the water, sail-boats, fishermen—all the healthy pursuits of a typical northern resort.

Mr. Lismer has depicted other phases of the lives of summer campers, also in the lightest, brightest colours. His most important panel represents a picnic party on the rocks with a group of children lighting a fire. A tribute to Mr. A. Y. Jackson, now overseas, who was one of the artists who spent so many happy days sketching together in this country, is shown in a panel which represents the artist at his easel beside an inlet which separates him from a high bank covered with autumn foliage. These diverse subjects are unified by the water line which appears in every panel and is continued around the room at the same level.

On either side of the fire-place and above the windows are low-toned decorations by Tom Thomson, which represent the various kinds of trees found in Georgian Bay, highly conventionalized. These are: Cherry, oak, poplar, pine, maple, birch, rendered in a wonderful symphony of rich, dark colouring which serve to divide and set in relief the bright realistic decorations of Mr. Macdonald and Mr. Lismer. Altogether, the room is vastly interesting and the paintings it contains are worthy of the three clever artists. The only regret is that they are placed so far away that very few will have the opportunity of seeing them.

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MR. CHARLES W. SIMPSON is holding an exhibition of paintings at the Arts Club, Montreal, and was, consequently, not represented at the R. C. A.

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AN exhibition of little pictures by members of the Toronto Heliconian Club is now on view in the club rooms, and include some very charming paintings by Mrs. Reid, Miss Marion Long, Mrs. J. E. Elliott, Miss Wrinch, Mrs. Percy Robertson, Miss Florence McGillivray and others.

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A VERY successful exhibition of oils, water colours and etchings, by Mr. Oliver A. Staples, was held in his studio, in Hogarth Avenue, Toronto.

THE DOMAIN OF DELUSION

War May not to be Basis of Peace. Germany Playing her last big trumps in the East, willing to dicker on losing in the West. No acceptance of this by Allies. War pledges are to be kept to the full

Editor's Note: When this article was written the reorganization of the British Cabinet had not yet shown how true Mr. Coryn's viewpoint is.

By SIDNEY CORYN

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THE public, to a large extent, has lost its interest in tactics. Doubtless there are some enthusiasts, leisurely ones, who still pore over the large scale maps and try to bring the little coloured flags into some approximation with the truth. But they are not numerous. So far as the eastern field is concerned the necessary facts are not obtainable. The censors, with a sort of magic wand, raise and lower the curtain at will, and we have even learned to interpret their silence as significant of the larger events. Perhaps never before in the history of the modern world has there been so complete a control of the channel of news.

At the moment of writing there is no reason to believe that the plight of Roumania has been lessened. It is true that we hear of large Russian forces making their way southward, not only through the Dobrudja, but along the west bank of the Danube. We are told that they are holding the western end of the bridge at Cernavoda and that there have been marked Russian successes at Kirlibaba Pass in the Carpathians. But so far as the story can be read from the maps there has been no real check to the German advance on Bucharest. The toe of the Roumanian boot, that part containing Wallachia and terminating in the west at Orsova, has been practically amputated, and the Roumanian army that was at Orsova seems to be surrounded. Falkenhayn from the north and Mackensen from the south have practically joined hands on the Alt River, and unless the Russians should meet with some great new success we are nearly certain to see the fall of Bucharest and the retreat of the Roumanian armies eastward to the Danube and northward into the Roumanian province of Moldavia. At the same time a Russian success that would save Bucharest is by no means impossible. Russia is at last in earnest in her effort to help Roumania, and the words "at last" are used advisedly and in view of recent events in Petrograd to which further attention may presently be given.

To what extent will Germany profit by crushing Roumania? The question is an important one in view of the habit of the average newspaper reader to base his opinions of the war as a whole upon the continuous reports of successes from one small field. The question can be answered from the military as well as the political points of view, and so far as the military aspect is concerned we are at once faced by the curious fact that Germany should be willing to weaken herself upon all other fronts for the purpose of conquering one small principality. Practically we may say that she gave Verdun and most of the ground that she has lost on the Somme as the price of her victories in Roumania. So far as there are Austrian troops in Roumania we may add to the price the recent Italian gains on the Isonzo. And we may also add Monastir, since this place could have been saved but for Bulgarian preoccupation to the northeast. It seems to be a heavy cost and out of proportion to the values acquired.

LET us suppose that Roumania has been conquered, although this, at the moment, is still a large supposition. From the military point of view Germany might then congratulate herself on being in a position to threaten the Rusisan flank now resting on Kirlibaba. But with the Russians in occupation of the passes this would not be a very serious threat. The second gain would be the rescue of Bulgaria and the removal of what should have been the chief Bulgarian enemy if Roumania had only avoided the fatal error of invading Transylvania instead of Bulgaria. The third gain would be in the possession of the Roumania wheat and oil fields, although we may suppose that the oil wells would be destroyed so far as it is possible to do so. And as a concluding German advantage we may consider the somewhat dubious moral effects of the victory, which would be negligible so far as the Allies are concerned, and nearly negligible upon a neutral world that has already furnished as many combatants as it is likely to do. On the other side of the shield we have the losses at Verdun, on the Somme, and on the Isonzo. We have the new German casualty lists that are certainly heavy, the need of an army of occupation in Roumania, the extension of the battle line, and the existence of the Roumanian army that, if the worst should come to the worst, can easily retire into Bessarabia. From the purely military point of view it is not easy to see that Germany will have bettered her position substantially. Her Roumanian armies will not be liberated for service elsewhere, since they will still be needed in Roumania to repel the Russian attacks from the north that will certainly be continuous and heavy. In order to account for the German concentration against Roumania we must resort to the theory advanced by Count Apponyi that the Allies will become so despondent that they will be willing to make peace, and this, of course, belongs to the domain of delusion from which the Teuton mind seems to be peculiarly prone when trying to interpret the psychology of its opponents. The Allies, and particularly Russia, would regard a conquered Roumania as one more debt to be added to the list. It would postpone and not hasten the end of the war.

BUT from the political point of view it is far more easy to understand Teuton policy in Roumania. It is now quite clear from the pronouncements of German statesmen and from the authorized utterances of the German press that there is no longer any hope of acquiring territory in the west. Here at least there are no delusions. The war will go on so long as any part of Belgium or France remains in German hands, even though the work of liberation should take forty years. If the German armies in the west are immovable, so also are the armies of the Allies. Where, then, must Germany look for her compensations?

We are not left at all in doubt upon this point. The commercial hopes of Germany are fixed upon the east. Commercial Germany talks hardly of anything else. With the international railroad in German hands from Hamburg to Bagdad, not to speak of Egypt, with the Danube in German possession, Germany might well believe that she had not fought in vain and that her trade supremacy was assured. With such a prize in view, no wonder that German statesmen should view the eventual evacuation of Belgium and France with equanimity. They could play that card against their eastern conquests with the full assurance that they would have the best of the deal. Leave us in possession of our conquests in Serbia and on the Danube, they would say, and we will cheerfully establish the status quo in Belgium and France. But their conquests must be real ones before that demand could be made, and we may be fairly sure that if Roumania should presently be overrun we shall witness just such a proposal as this. Germany will then point to her main battle lines in east and west, and to her easy conquest of Roumania, and she will offer terms that she will describe as magnanimous. And doubtless she will be genuinely surprised when they do not elicit even a reply. For since so much peace talk is in the air, even though it emanate only from college professors, it would be merely childish to evade the facts that are patent and undeniable, however much those facts may conflict with our sympathies. And the most patent and the most undeniable of these facts is the resolve of the Allies to re-establish Serbia, and to exclude Germany from Asia Minor. They will make no peace upon the basis of the present map in eastern Europe. The conquest of Roumania will stimulate them, not to peace, but to even more strenuous war.

The statement was made last week in this column that recent events in Russian government had destroyed the expectation that Russia was about to weaken in the prosecution of the war. We are now allowed to see that these events were of the gravest kind and that a continuous Russian participation actually hung in the balance during several critical weeks. The weakness of the Russian government until now has been its divided counsels. The German element has always been strong and at times it has threatened to become dominant. Naturally enough, it found a reflection in the army, and among the chief difficulties of the Grand Duke Nicholas was the presence in his forces of large numbers of officers who were practically German by blood and wholly German by sympathy. Indeed, the Grand Duke is said upon one occasion to have notified the Czar that his presence at the front would be even more welcome but for an entourage that might almost have been a deputation from Berlin.

THE SUNLIGHT LOSER.

Kaiser (as his sainted grandfather's clock strikes three):—"The British are just putting their clocks back an hour. I wish I could put ours back about three years."

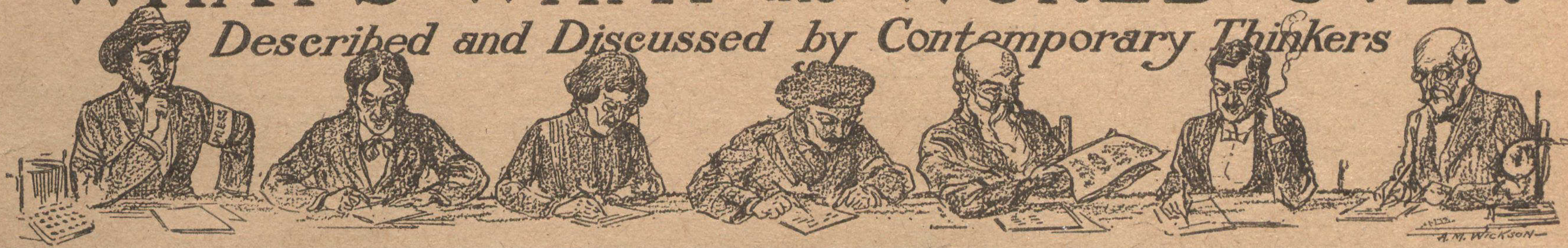
—F. H. Townsend in Punch, London.

(Reprinted from Cartoons Magazine.)

THE head of the German party in the government was M. Steumer, Prime Minister and Minister of Foreign Affairs, whose lofty position gave him a power second only to that of the Czar himself and, as it now seems, of the Duma. We are not allowed to know what actually happened in the Duma, but from the fact that the debates have been suppressed we may suppose that there was some very plain speaking from Paul Milukoff, the head of the popular party and the spokesman of democratic Russia. But at least we are allowed to see the results. Steumer has been driven from office and assigned to some subsidiary post where he will be without influence upon the conduct of the war. The Duma has placed itself upon record as being wholly Russian and as resolved to continue the war to its successful conclusion. That a popular legislative assembly in Russia should thus assert its authority over the Prime Minister is itself a political portent of the first magnitude, but with that we are not now concerned. But its effect upon the war is of the most significant kind. It disposes at once of all the stories of Russian weariness with which we have been furnished. In point of fact it means that the Russian Prime Minister and Minister of Foreign Affairs was bent upon the conclusion of a separate peace and that the Duma has peremptorily interposed its veto. Now we understand the basis upon which these stories rested. We understand also the instructions to Russian representatives everywhere to deny those stories. We understand the Berlin references to the fact that a Russian withdrawal was no more to be expected. And perhaps we understand also why the Russian armies have been quiescent for so many weeks and why they have now suddenly become active again in the relief of Roumania.

Perhaps we shall never know the real inwardness of the situation from which Russia has

(Concluded on page 28.)



ENGLAND—PETER PAN

An Explanation of the Secret of English Character

THE national characteristics of citizens of a State are always a matter of interest to the citizens themselves, observes Cuthbert Spurling, in the Contemporary Review. In time of war they become of importance to their allies and their enemies. Hence, at the present moment, we find, in German, French, and Russian newspapers and reviews, articles on the national character of the English people. All these critics, friend and foe alike, agree in one respect—that the British character is peculiarly puzzling, inconsistent, and difficult to understand.

History shows, and our bitterest enemies admit, that the English people are, above all nations, stubborn in warfare and persistent in the face of difficulties. "England wins one battle only, but that is the last," say the Italian papers. Our military history shows that British troops excel in defence against overwhelming odds. The sieges of Londonderry, Gibraltar, Lucknow, Ladysmith, Mafeking; the battles of Waterloo and Ypres; in all these conflicts the British soldier showed his supreme gift—that of "sticking it." "Tear-'em is a good dog, but Holdfast is a better"—the national proverb illustrates the national characteristics, love of sport and tenacity.

Nevertheless, our critics on the hearth in the daily press roundly abuse us for "not taking the war seriously." Our Allies are reluctantly compelled to admit that there is a curious air of detachment and frivolity in the presence of imminent national danger. Our enemies foam at us because we refuse to treat them with the solemnity they consider their due. Reading the German press, one would draw the conclusion that if the English people would only cease to jeer at the "German wireless news," would give up talking of the war in terms of sport, would frankly confess to Germany "you are a very formidable nation and have done great things," all our wickedness and hypocrisy would be forgiven. Germany feels herself like Thor in the hall of the giants. She strains her muscles and performs prodigious feats, but we stand round laughing. "All the giants laughed, and the noise of their laughing was loud as the breaking of great waves on the shore."

Frenchmen, whose whole soul is in the war, come over here and find us eagerly discussing Charlie Chaplin and the bubble blown by Professor Dewar. Our rulers find it necessary to correct these impressions by importing small bodies of delegates from the Allied nations. These representative men are personally conducted on a tour of inspection. "A visit to the Grand Fleet" has superseded "A tour round the Trossachs." We show them our munition factories instead of our cathedrals.

Hence our reputation for hypocrisy. John Bull, the next door neighbour of Herr Hans, is always lamenting the weakness of his defence against burglars. He has lost, he says, "that alacrity of spirit that he was wont to have," his limbs are feeble, his eye is dim. His house is decaying; it is open to every bold invader. Meanwhile his quarrels with his wife and his sons are audible to every ear. "Ho! ho" thinks Hans. "He says that, does he; and indeed I can tell the signs myself. But how rich he is, how undeservedly rich and clothed with the spoils of half the world! I will fall upon him suddenly and slay him and take from him all that he has. 'England has everything and deserves nothing, Germany has nothing and deserves everything.'"

Yet there is a very simple solution to the apparent inconsistencies of the English character. England is the Peter Pan of the nations, the country which never grew up. It was once termed "the weary Titan," a gross misnomer. Rather, it is a great, sprawling, overgrown schoolboy, half unconscious of his strength. There is a strong strain of boyishness in every normal mature Englishman. Combined in the race, this marks the character of the nation. With this clue at hand, let us see if we cannot explain much that is apparently contradictory. Lately we were taken to task by the Times because we showed more joy over one Zeppelin that did not return than over the capture of Erzeroum. But what schoolboy would not have exhibited the same discrimination? A shot in the gross belly of a swanking, bullying Zeppelin—and down comes the monster, oozing gas at every pore. Are we to blame that we all cheered? No flags were flown in London for the victory of the Marne. A battle on so vast a scale has not the touch

ON RECONQUERED SOIL.

"And I thought I should never see it again!" —Forain in Le Figaro, Paris.

of the human personal element which appeals to youth. But thousands of citizens thronged the bridges, to cheer the plucky little Wandle on its triumphal progress up the river. Nelson, not Wellington, is the national hero. Was not Nelson the ideal hero for a nation of boys? His empty sleeve, his telescope to his blind eye, his signal to the Fleet at Trafalgar, his glorious death in the hour of victory!

The Englishman's weakness is his lack of foresight; his strength lies in his invincible optimism. Both defect and virtue are due to his boyish character. If a boy fights, will he fight solemnly with a great sense of responsibility, or will he fight joyously, gaily, as if fighting were a jest? We know the answer. Let us not wonder then at the humour of the trenches, at the soldier's apparent lightness of heart, at his grim jokes in the beard of death.

This ubiquity of the Briton is one of his chief offences to a certain class of foreigner. Throughout the German novel, "His English Wife," we detect an undercurrent of bitterness due to this cause. The German feels himself a provincial in the presence of a nation of globe-trotters. As a man grows old, he develops a cat-like affection for the locality in which he has resided for some years. If he can be induced to leave at all, it will be to remove to some other district where the same conditions prevail, and where he may expect to be equally comfortable. He will not give up a settled for an unsettled habitation. A boy has no such prejudices. He prefers a tent in the garden to the most luxurious of sitting-rooms. He is ready at any moment to abandon the known and the secure in favour of adventure. The prospect of roughing it has no terrors for him. The emigrant from Germany and the emigrant from Great Britain exhibit the same differences of temperament. The German cannot be induced to seek his fortune in the immature German colonies; he will rather go to the United States, to the United Kingdom, or to some well-established British colony. But the Englishman loves to escape from an ordered civilization. He will hunt for quarters of the world where the conventions of his home life do not apply. The English soldier whose prayer was "to be put somewheres east of Suez, where there ain't no Ten Commandments," was not really desirous of breaking the rules of the Decalogue. His sentiment was the same as that of the small boy who, to escape the constant "don'ts" of his elders, flees him to some deserted waste ground where he is monarch of all he surveys. Many things have gone to the foundation of the British Empire. The blood of innumerable sailors and soldiers, the wise forethought and sage diplomacy of statesmen, the energy of traders in search of new markets, the enterprise and vigour of youth. But the spirit of youth, above all.

HOW FRAULEIN HELPS

German Women, according to Mr. Thos. Curtin, are completely nationalized

THE handling of the always difficult question of the "eternal feminine" was firmly tackled by the German Government almost immediately after the outbreak of war, says D. Thomas Curtin in the London Daily Telegraph. Mr. Curtin is an American who has been much in Germany of late, and knows whereof he speaks intimately when he says that in dealing with this many-sided problem they have been, on the whole, successful. Mistakes have been made, but they have not been the mistakes of delay.

To understand the difference between the situation here and in Germany it is necessary first to have a little understanding of the German woman and her status. With you and with us Americans woman is treated as something apart, something on a pedestal. In Germany and in Austria the situation is reversed. The German man uses his home as a place to eat and sleep in and be waited upon. The attitude of the German woman towards the man is nearly always that of the obedient humble servant to command. If a husband and wife are out shopping it is often enough the wife who carries the parcels. In entering any public place the middle class man walks first and the wife dutifully follows.

On the whole, the efforts of the German woman have almost doubled the national output of war energy. Except in Berlin there are very few idle women, and these only among the newly rich class.

(Concluded on page 27.)

SHIPS THAT CAME AND WENT

How our Ship-Building Maritimes Might Re-Establish Their Old-Time Glory

By BRITTON B. COOKE

Charlottetown, P.E.I., December 5th.

NATURALLY, we Ontario people know everything that is worth knowing. Naturally, we western Canadians own the only part of Canada that is worth owning. Naturally, when we come traipsing away down to this insignificant, out-of-the-way and luck-forsaken locality, where the Atlantic pounds his fists against the sides of the Dominion—and sobs with impotent rage over something or other—we feel that we have somehow done a dangerous thing. After all, it isn't every great man of business, like Ontario or like the western provinces, who can spare the time to be patronizing to such comparatively poor relations as the Maritime Provinces, especially such a lonely province as Prince Edward Island. In Winnipeg we have our wheat commissions to collect. In Toronto we have agricultural implements to make, to say nothing of reassuring the Empire that Toronto is still its benign patron. In Calgary we have to impress Edmonton with our cosmopolitan character, and in Edmonton we have constantly to remind ourselves that we are not of the same vulgar level as Calgary. In Victoria and Vancouver we are fascinated by our brilliant British Columbian future. In Montreal we are pulling the strings of Big Business that make Ottawa seem almost human! And Ottawa puffs and pouts, and scowls upon the rest of humanity with all the assurance of one whose mind is not nimble enough to see itself.

But in this part of the Dominion there lives a peculiar modesty, a sort of cheerful resignation to that fate which permits younger brothers to make off with all the prizes on the Christmas tree. In natural resources as rich as any part of the country and richer than most; in transportation and shipping facilities unrivalled; in the thrifty commercial habits of an industrious people unsurpassed—the Maritime Provinces have still failed to measure up to the full swing of modern development indicated by these advantages. Population has not marched ahead. Industry has advanced much faster that population—that is, some industries. Life is not the same as in middle and western Canada. On the surface it is quiet and its channel narrow. Yet its flavour, I suspect, is richer than ours—like the difference between the apples of British Columbia and the apples borne by the salt-wind orchards of Evangeline's country. And it IS richer. That is one of the things we do NOT know in Ontario. There is back-ground to the people here richer even than the background of old Upper Canada, for they had here not only the cold and the woods and the Indians and the French to deal with, but they had the sea to live beside. And wherever men have dealings with the sea they are either broken or made strong by its heroic influence. The stubborn fighting power of many a British Columbia lawyer, or Yukon miner, may be traced back to an ancestry in Nova Scotia, New Brunswick or Prince Edward Island, and from that to the sea itself. Perhaps that is why we have premiers and poets, finance ministers, university presidents and scoundrels from this part of the country. It takes a man's country to produce even a thorough-going scoundrel in these days when burglars are neurasthenics and the average swindler come to court with a doctor's certificate.

BUT there is a canker in the heart of this country. You feel it even in places like St. John and Halifax. It does not reveal itself to you in so many words, but indirectly as when, in some well-run household you sense a hidden tragedy behind the bright eyes and beneath the light conversation of the family. You see it in St. John, which is one of the solidest business cities in Canada, but if the West had not been such a hungry child should have been twice the size and doing twice the business it is. Much the same in Halifax, which has the greatest harbours in North America, and a few years ago consented to be on the brink of a land boom that never quite culminated when the general slump came all over the country. In smaller places you may observe a curious mingling of decadent greatness, missed opportunity and big modern business. It is quite true that the Nova Scotia Steel Company and the Dominion Coal Company make their parts of the country seem very busy indeed; they employ their thousands. And it is equally true that Halifax and St. John are busy ports, giving and taking countless tons of cargo from many kinds of ships. But St. John and Halifax are, after all, like any city, mere dots on the map, and the steel and coal trade produces only a handful of millionaires in Montreal and Boston and a few black-grimed herds of employees.

The Lord Roberts, once a Canadian-owned vessel, is now a Norwegian vessel carrying Canadian trade.
Photo by Edith S. Watson.

I said to an old man whom I met walking with dignity on a tumble-down wharf,

"What's become of the people who built those proud houses in St. John? And the firms that splattered their names on the walls of the buildings over yonder? And why do Yarmouth and Digby and Summerside wear the air of having played a great game —and lost?"

And he sighed and poked his stick into a rotted snubbing post on the wharf, and replied:

"Why is this wharf rotten?"

I couldn't tell him, but I urged my own questions again and finally he answered.

"Well," he said, "the big houses you saw in St. John were built by proud men—in proud times hereabouts. They were ship-owners whose vessels touched in every port in the mercantile world. They amassed huge fortunes and founded fine families—manly sons and womanly women."

"And where have the sons and grandsons gone?"

"West."

"And the ships?"

"Driftwood."

"And the daughters and the grand-daughters?"

"Married off to army captains or real estate brokers or wheat speculators out West."

"But what about these dead and gone firms?"

"They died when the trade died."

"And the decaying small ports?"

"They died when the trade died, too."

"What are the moss-grown timbers over there—on that shore?" I pointed.

"That was a ship-yard."

"And you—" I ventured. "You seem to ——"

"I used to carve figure-heads," he said, "and transom pieces for China clippers."

With that, as though he had mentioned all that there was to be mentioned, he changed the subject and refused to be drawn back to it again.

In the early years of the last century Halifax was a great ship-owning community. With the owning of ships went also the building of ships. On shore there were many great ship-yards building some of the noblest vessels known to the trade. On the sea, Canadians sailed these ships against the competition of Englishmen and New Englanders and held high place. In 1812, Halifax was a base for privateers. She was opulent. Nova Scotians were making fortunes by the sale of timber for ship-building, or by the building of the ships or by using them in trade, especially trade with the West Indies in sugar and rum.

IN 1818 the first iron ship was launched in Great Britain and proved a success. The temporary supremacy of New England's wooden ship-building industry was threatened and finally fell. England became the great ship-owner because she had the materials of which the new ships were being built. In spite of this change in the ship-building situation the ship-owners in Halifax and other Canadian-Atlantic ports continued to do a profitable business. All up and down the Atlantic Coast, between Halifax and Boston and New York there flourished a brisk trade. Then, in 1867, came Confederation, and with Confederation the control of trade policy passed from the hands of the Nova Scotians and New Brunswickers into the hands of Ottawa. Recent friction with the United States had impressed upon Canadian statesmen of the Conservative school the need for strengthening Canada's hand against the Americans. As everybody knows, our artisans were leaving us as fast as they matured. In 1879 came Sir John Macdonald's National Policy, a policy which was undoubtedly good for the Dominion as a whole, but which, naturally, could not take into consideration the special relationship of the Maritime Provinces to the United States. From trading with the United States ports freely and openly, the Maritime Provinces were thus finally compelled to accept new trade channels—channels leading via the St. Lawrence in summer or by the Intercolonial Railway at any time of year, with Montreal and Toronto. Halifax and St. John thought they saw for themselves golden opportunities become even greater than they had been before. They would, they thought, be the front doors of Canada. They would import goods and ship them inland to lesser cities like Montreal and Toronto, and export our inland products. But when the scheme was put into practical operation everyone saw how false had been that hope. Incoming traffic went up the St. Lawrence to Montreal during many months of the year. Out-going traffic left by that same port or was taken across the United States to Portland or New York. Ship-building and ship-owning fell away to a mere nothing. The beginning of the decline of the great Atlantic provinces of Canada set in and was given added impetus by the opening of the West, which drew the young men from the old provinces.

THERE is no use in lamenting the drawbacks of Confederation, but there is every reason for considering what followed this decline in ship-building and ship-owning. Although the fishing industry is still carried on vigorously in these provinces, and although Halifax continues to be the greatest fish-shipping port in the British Empire, if not, indeed, in the whole world, thousands of Canadians whose natural inclination was to "follow the sea" have been lost to Canada and the art of building ships has dwindled to pitiful dimensions.

In the south side of Market Square, or "Cheapside," in Charlottetown, a certain Benjamin Davis, ship-owner, had his offices in 1860. He owned at least one full-rigged ship that crossed the Atlantic many a time. I heard of a schooner captain living in Bradalbane who had sailed aboard her to a U. K. port in 1862. Last summer, at Pictou, an old wooden wind-jammer dropped anchor that had been built forty-eight years ago in Bideford, P.E.I. She was in charge of a Norwegian captain, and owned by Norwegians. Her profit on one trip alone across the Atlantic since the war broke out was twenty thou-

sand dollars. Thirty-five years ago the Atlantic Provinces of Canada owned one million tons of shipping. To-day they control 200,604 tons. Thirty years ago Murray River and Murray Harbour, in Prince Edward Island, were famous ship-building centres, and even twelve years ago had several schooners under construction. To-day they are all but idle villages. Twenty-five years ago, in Charlottetown, there were five "sail-lofts" and twenty to thirty sail-makers. To-day the city boasts one "sail-loft" and one sail-maker.

"Between twenty and thirty years ago," said Captain James R. Stewart, at a meeting of ship-masters in Vancouver in 1914, "I used to meet many of these Eastern Canadian vessels in foreign countries; at ports in China, India, South America, continental shipping ports, and at Liverpool, London and Cardiff in the British Isles. I, however, regret to say that during the last ten years of my command the Eastern Canadian vessels seem to have completely disappeared from the sea."

A New Brunswicker was, not long ago, honoured by the King for his services as captain of a transport in the Dardanelles. A Nova Scotian was once Admiral in a Turkish navy. The founder of the Cunard Line was a Canadian. Admiral Wallis, of the British Navy, who commanded the "Shannon" when she brought the "Chesapeake" into Halifax Harbour, after the historic battle off the Harbour of Halifax—was a Halifax boy. In short, Canada once had a great place on the sea—and has lost it. Where she was once fourth among maritime nations she is now about eleventh.

Whether ship-building or ship-owning in Canada is to be encouraged by bonuses from the Ottawa Government or by bonuses from provincial governments—as was described in the case of British Columbia in a recent issue of the Courier—or whether the aid to ship-building must take some other form, AID THERE MUST SURELY BE. Certain industries in Canada have been heavily protected from foreign competition, and some have been given bonuses, as for example, the steel companies in the production of wire rods. The ship-building trade has not only had NO protection, but it has been exposed to special difficulties. For example, Norwegian owners have been given special privileges in our coasting trade and the man who imports a ship from Britain gets her engines duty free, whereas if he went to build a ship in Canada and wished to import those same engines to equip her he must pay duty on them. Of course, in tariff adjustments consideration cannot be given only to the ship-builder, and in fixing the laws under which foreign vessels may enter our coasting trade, due regard must be had for the rightful interests of those Canadians who depend on ships for the carriage of their goods. That is to say, it would not be fair while there was a shortage of tonnage in Canadian waters and a high demand, to keep out foreign carriers such as the Norwegians. In times of war, too, special conditions prevail and have to be met by special provisions.

But the fundamental fact is this:

We have in Canada a lop-sided development.

We have increased the industry in the centre and neglected what should be the native industries on our coasts. We have sacrificed our coasts to our middle and western provinces. By so doing we have injured ourselves because we have injured the general interests of Canada which require a general development rather than special and local development.

The people in the Atlantic provinces make even their protests modestly. They believe that with a little encouragement wooden ship-building might be revived in their ports, or if not wooden ship-building then steel. Recently the few schooner captains that are left were subjected to what seemed gross injustice by the coal companies. It appears that, although a schooner might have been waiting patiently for week after week—running up her expenses all the time and earning no money—for a cargo of coal for Prince Edward Island, the companies would load first any Norwegian or other steamer that might just have arrived at the port. With characteristic sloth, Ottawa took many weeks to appoint a commission to investigate the matter. The commission is still apparently investigating and the condition complained of appears as likely to continue next season as this. There seem to be no spokesmen for the sea at Ottawa. The suspicion seems to gain ground that the members sent by these provinces to Ottawa are more concerned with the coal and steel interests of the country than with the less powerful but more important question of restoring what should be one of the great industries of Canada.

Those who belittle the prospect of building a Canadian merchant marine may be tempted to point to the case of the United States. Like Canada, the American Republic at one time sent its ships to the remotest parts of the earth. New England clippers, according to one authority, were at one time so much faster than English and Scotch vessels that they were able to capture the pick of this world's cargoes, and compelled British ship-owners, in self-protection, to buy the New England-built craft. The change in the position of the United States as a ship-owning country was brought about partly by the invention of the iron ship (and later the steel ship), and partly by the skilful negotiation of treaties on the part of Great Britain. By these treaties the American ocean carriers lost the protection they had had and were driven from some of the most lucrative trade routes.

Editor's Note:—This is the first of a series of articles on the shipping question, written specially for the Canadian Courier. The second of the series will appear in an early issue.

THE "MONOCLE" TURNED ON MACMECHAN

Those who failed to read A. B. MacMechan's article on "Declaring Our Independence" in the Courier of Dec. 2nd, will miss the delightful come-back of this reply.

By THE MONOCLE MAN

I WAS immensely interested, Mr. Editor, in reading what your approving editorial head-lines called a "red hot" attack upon certain tendencies in Canadian life, written—you ask us to believe—by a College Professor. Of course, I take your word for it; but I respectfully submit that no "higher critic" would find in the document internal or textual evidence supporting this theory of authorship. But wait!—perhaps, there is one fact. There seems to be an idea, underlying this vitriolic assault and battery upon all seepings of Americanism into our make-up, that "materialism" is a bad thing, that it is unworthy to have a "good time," that "the high, hard road of heroic endeavour" is an end to be sought for itself. That idea smells decidedly of class-room chalk. It is one of those "fool" fantasies preached by unpractical men who only study human nature in the "calf" and who never come into contact with adult life.

NOW, I am not coming to the defence of "Americanism"; and don't imagine that I have any prejudice against College Professors. I have forgiven them long ago for what they did to me. You will add, no doubt, with your customary courtesy, that little of it was lasting. But what I do object to is that any young people who may read your great "national journal" should be taught, without protest, that to be "fat, prosperous and comfortable" is a disgraceful end for any people—that it is a bad thing to have a "good time"—that "the broad, flower-strewn road of ease" is "soul-destroying," and that "the high, hard road of heroic endeavour" is the one we should choose for its disciplinary effect upon ourselves. This is the doctrine which, perhaps more than any other one thing, has cursed and finally uprooted the work of the best men of all ages—a doctrine which mixes the means with the end, and argues that because the end is worthy, the means must be desirable.

PROFESSOR MACMECHAN gives us an example that could not be bettered. His "high, hard road of heroic endeavour" is to be trod that we may win the war. That is good business. Moreover, it is the only way to win the war. But if there were no war to win, then would any sane young man propose to live in damp dug-outs on bully beef, shortening his life and lengthening each individual day, for no purpose at all? I don't think he would—unless he were in training for a College Professor. It may be necessary—I think it undoubtedly will be—to maintain military training after the war; but it will be necessary because there will be a definite end to be achieved—preparedness for any possible succeeding war. It would not be necessary, or even wise, if we could be quite sure that the Millennium had arrived and that wars had forever ceased. The end is excellent—but the means is a distinct diminution of what Tommy Atkins has learned "somewhere in France" to call "th' joy de viver."

WHAT are we fighting the war for? To get a "good time" for ourselves and our friends. A big factor in that "good time" is to be free. There is that in us which amounts to an appetite for liberty. We would fight anybody for self-government. Where the idealists go wrong is that they imagine that the higher things of life are only sought by the unselfish—by those who have adopted the Puritan theory that it is sinful to be happy. But that is not true. Take the case of France. Shallow observers are telling us all the time now—in a vein of poor compliment to the French people—that their nature has been entirely changed by the war—that they were a pleasure-loving and frivolous race, but that they now bear hardship like a good soldier, and throw away every cherished thing, including life, for liberty. A College Professor will know better than that. His history of France will teach him better. He will know that this has long been the nature of the Frenchman—that he has long been ready to endure and die for liberty—that he was the inventor of liberty for Continental Europe—but that he does not go on enduring and dying when he has won his liberty—that he then sits down at his Cafe table or promenades in the garden, where the band plays, and enjoys to the full the liberty he has won. To employ an illustration from the streets which our Professor will not like, he does not continue to chase his street-car after he has caught it.

THAT is, French character has not changed at all. It is precisely what it has long been—highly intelligent, highly clear-sighted, and highly patriotic. It is too intelligent to mistake the hardships of the road for the prizes of the goal. It will take "the high, hard road of heroic endeavour" when that is the only road to the Temple of "the great god Goodtime." But if this Temple can be reached by the "broad, flower-strewn road," then men of intelligence and taste take the latter—and Frenchmen are men of intelligence and taste. It would be impossible to calculate how much mischief has been done the human race—how much happiness has been lost to us—how needy lives have been imprisoned in drab cells—because of this wicked theory that sacrifice and suffering are good things in themselves, and that frank enjoyment has a "soul-destroying" effect.

FOR is it any reply to this to say that there are kinds and kinds of enjoyment; and that the pleasures of "the high, hard road" really exceed those of "the broad, flower-strewn road." The answer is easy. Let those who prefer the high, hard road, take it; but do not let them put on airs—for them, the road is not high or hard, but the tempting, alluring, fascinating road of their selfish preference. They do not like broad roads or flower-strewn roads—the broad road contains people they do not care to meet, and the flowers give them hay-fever. All right. Let them mount up into the thinner air, and enjoy the delights of isolation from their species. That is their own affair—their free choice. But what I object to is that they should come to me with their lofty, austere superiority of pose, and pretend that my pleasure in the companionship and gayety of the broad road is an inferior moral or psychological attitude. I think myself that it is a superior attitude—that love of humanity is better than contempt for it, that a bright face and a merry laugh make all who are touched by them better men and better women.

"AMERICANISM!" I am sorry that I haven't space for that this time. There are a lot of bad things about Americanism. One is that the American nation is to-day deliberately preparing a head-on collision with disaster by ignoring the storm signals that flame from every height. But one of the good features of Americanism is that they frankly prefer what they prefer. They are not to be frightened away from happiness by all the hard, high foreheads in the world—or even in the Collegiate cloisters.

WAR MAKES STRANGE CONTRASTS

Is there a Submarine Type and an Air-Man Type of Physiognomy?

BRITISH SUBMARINERS.

BRITISH AIR-MEN.

KIPLING some time ago wrote a few lines about the submarine sailors of Great Britain. It was a new note in naval affairs. England has never banked heavily on the submarines. Sir Percy Scott made the prediction a good while ago that the submarine must be looked to as the deciding factor in naval warfare. England's preference for open-sea fighting will have nothing to do with the case. The dreadnought and the battle cruiser are all very well. But as Von Tirpitz put it in the remarks he made—quoted in another article of this issue—twelve hours' open fighting may practically destroy two of the greatest navies in the world. No country can build war vessels fast enough to keep up with the colossal wastage of open-sea warfare. Another battle like Jutland and the German navy would be "non est" and the British a badly crippled machine. What would be left? Mainly on both sides—submarines. These skulking undersea sharks you cannot destroy by open fighting, because they do not fight openly. They are always a reserve. They are what may be left when top-sea navies are blown to smithereens.

Suppose then that another great naval battle should take place, what would be the result? The two belligerents must continue the sea warfare with just what they have left, which in the case of Great Britain would be a number of war vessels plus a fleet of submarines; in the case of Germany a large fleet of submarines plus a few negligible war vessels. No more fighting would be taken on in the open. The war must continue below. Then it is the navy which is most competent in submarines that wins. And you never can tell when the battle is over. It is never over so long as one submarine is left capable of sniping at food-ships.

It looks as though we should have to depend more and still more upon submarines for the final word. Our great navy is the finest fighting machine afloat. But a day might cripple it.

PLEASE, SIR, STOP THE WAR.

A FEW days ago seven little East-Siders, members of New York's Juvenile Police Force, went to Washington to present President Wilson with a peace plan on behalf of the school children of New York. These little people want the war to stop. And they are quite right. There should never be any war to kill little folks' fathers and mothers. But somebody's fathers over in a great country called Germany started this awful war, and the fathers and brothers of little boys and girls all over the world have to be killed and wounded to carry it on. Christmas is coming, little messengers of peace. Santa Claus will soon be bumping over the top of the world. Last Christmas some older children from your country crossed the ocean to try stopping the war. But they couldn't do it. And your great President can't do it.

JACK TAR IN TRIM.

JACK TAR hasn't enough to do on shipboard to keep him busy all the time; so he finds time to develop his acrobatic muscles. This picture shows vividly how some of our great sailor-men keep themselves in trim for any kind of emergency that may arise. They are a good deal like a fire brigade. A fire brigade may loaf for days and go to sleep, when suddenly there is a big fire and every sleepy fireman becomes an athlete. Our sailors wait a long while between battles. It's pretty slow work, even under so great a man as Admiral Sir David Beatty. But all of a sudden there may be a great battle. When it comes every Jack Tar must be in trim for his work. They used to say a year ago that this is a war of athletes. The men in the trenches took long courses in gymnastics before they got there.

ON the other hand war is to be decided somewhat in the air. Naval warfare is not the last word outside of the trenches so long as air-men survive. It may be doubted if any country could carry on a submarine programme successfully if it was losing in the air. Nothing has been better demonstrated by the present conflict than the fact of co-ordination between far separated branches of the service. That has been proven again and again by the strange conspiracy between an army on the eastern and one on the western front. Pressure at one point is relieved by counter-pressure on another. So, pressure in the air may counterbalance even a submarine programme. Whatever happens to the armies in the field, which can be more or less approximated by calculators of man strength and munition strength on both sides, there is always the great gamble as between relative superiority in submarines and in air-craft. We may dismiss the Zeppelin as not being a factor in actual war. We cannot eliminate the air-ship, which in the case of England has become a great fighting machine. We are as much superior to Germany in the air as Germany may be superior to us in submarines. Buelow once remarked that Germany must win in the air. He was thinking about Zeppelins. He did not foresee what enormous progress would be made by the Allies in the use of the air-craft. England has progressed in the air even more than France. As a machine of defence the air-craft has not been so much utilized as in the role of scouting and actual warfare in the air.

When the last estimate of war strength has been made, it will be found that superiority in the air will be a big factor to play against enemy superiority under the water. There may come a time when a real battle in the air may be a decisive factor. There may come a time when a fleet of Allied air-ships raiding German towns would have a profound effect on the German people.

UNDOUBTEDLY A GENIUS

—Drawn by T. W. McLean

But Sometimes a Mild Maniac

ORNSTEIN — ornSteIN — oRN — steIn! Shake them up and spill them out again—and once more; no matter how—because after all it's OrN-s-T-eIn. This Russian by birth and Teuton by name and most of his life an American by habit, played once more in Canada, last week. He played a piano. The piano was a Knabe —or some word to that effect. The place was the Canadian Foresters' Hall, in Toronto. The occasion was the first programme for this season of the Canadian Academy Quartette conducted by Luigi Von Kunits.

These facts are set down because they are indisputable. Any moment we may forget ourselves and go off again, remember we are supposed to be talking about Ornstein—Stzx!

This man is a pianist. To look at him, a downtrodden serf snatched from somewhere in Russia, put under a ruthless American manager and made to play like that just to get cash enough to carry home at night. He fairly slinks across to the piano, sadly bows to it and without observing the audience, slides on to the seat and begins to go through the motions dictated by his uncontrollable genius.

Mere superficalities. Come across Leo after the concert, and he has a grip like a young lion, a thick bustling gait and a pair of big brown eyes that almost talk—which he is very well in the best of American. There is a heap of strength in this young person who has made himself famous in New York. Why Ornstein is famous is not merely because of his piano playing. His nervous system was woven differently from that of the average man. Therefore, he refuses to give us Liszt and Chopin, or even Debussy, according to any comfortable axioms of interpretion. He injects into each of them —Ornstein. We get the result. It's a bit chemical. But we don't mind that. As a mere technician he is not the equal of a number of men who have played in this country. He is strong in his intense, grippy reading of parts, in his sudden eloquence, his convulsive climaxes, his gushes and eddies of rhythm, his avoidance of legato as much as he may and his obvious contempt of cantabile—sometimes. In Chopin most of all, these idioms creep out. In Debussy least. Debussy is next of kin to Ornstein—via Schoenberg. But he played Debussy's Reflections in the Water a bit muddily. The Cesar Franck piece he did without much legato. In the Karngold thing and the Schumann he exhibited great style.

Of Ornstein's own unparalleled pieces for the pianoforte he played four or five the other evening. His first was:

Impressions of the Thames.

And it sounded like the Battle of the Somme. The Thames must be a terrible river. We have heard it, but never like that. Ornstein must be pictured standing on Blackfriars Bridge looking at Cleopatra's needle and thinking up the chords he would set down when he got back to the Savoy. He gave us bells and whistles, steam valves and puffing of tugs and evermore we suppose the silent swish of the muddy little ditch that becomes the heart of the world as once the tawny Tiber was. Musicians detect a subtle undercurrent of rhythm in all Ornstein's compositions. There is surely none in the Thames. What measure—3-4, or 5-8 or what not—we know not. Nor does it matter. The thing is—to describe the Thames on a keyboard. The piano has limitations. Let's be thankful. What would Leo do with a modern pipe organ? Or even a jew's harp?

Another bit—a la Chinois—was a marvel of Chinese realism. Gongs, pentatonic scales, joss-sticks, fantan, we had them all. This was a great bit of work. How anybody else would do it is a puzzle. The natural climax was his Wild Men's Dance. He did this here before. It sounded much the same. Somebody else played it once—so Ornstein shouted back from the front seat of a limousine going home after the concert.

"But at 9.45 December 7, 1916," observed a sceptic in the back seat, "there might be a difference.. Nobody ever played that piece twice the same way—not even Ornstein perhaps."

"I did," he shouted. "Every time I do it—exactly the same."

"You don't mean to say you ever wrote it down in musical notation?" came the objector.

"Certain-lee" he insisted. "I can send you a score."

Afterwards I saw a bit of it on a postcard. It didn't look one-tenth as bad as it sounded. Write it on a Chinese laundry bill and it might. As played by Ornstein—wough! They say it has a rhythm and that you can count it out. Not with a metronome. No, it is far beyond all mathematics. It was an orgy of pandemonism. Ornstein grabbed the piano and shook it; he kicked it below and hammered it above; he jiu-jitsu'd the keyboard from bottom to top, until the viscera of the poor thing fairly creaked with rage and abandon. Then having as he thought tuckered it out, he let go his stranglehold and stopped. He flung back the long black blob of hair from his eyes and shambled off the stage.

Some day we shall take Schoenberg as a primer and try to understand this Dance. It won't do just to call it Futurism. It is for the present just Ornstein, who, as an exponent of what is awfully possible in the chemical mixture of chords, must be regarded as the last word in the musical laboratory.

Meanwhile we are glad to have heard him again; not forgetting that some of his pieces, especially his Funeral March for the piano and several melodic things for the violin are superb bits of sanity in song and form and ordinary human feeling. Which makes us wonder what a genius is anyway. Not always insane. That is why Ornstein can't be eliminated as a mere freak. He is at bottom a big musician. He knows. He reads. He creates. And then he becomes—Ornstein: which is impossible.

* * *

A Welsman Recital.

MR. FRANK S. WELSMAN'S pupils gave a most successful piano recital in the Toronto Conservatory of Music on Thursday evening, Nov. 30th. Owing to illness, Miss Olive Cooper was unable to appear on the programme, her place being filled, at short notice, by Miss Muriel Robinson, who gave a brilliant and telling rendition of the Kiss Waltz of Strauss-Schuett, and Mr. Simeon Joyce, who played the first movement of Beethoven's G major concerto with remarkable fluency of technic in the difficult passages and beauty of tone and utterance throughout the entire work. Miss Virginia Coyne on her first appearance played a Gavotte by Sgambati, Debussy's Arabesque and the MacDowell Polonaise and as her second number, Liszt's Twelfth Rhapsody, compositions which showed well her clear and brilliant technic, and versatility of style and refined musical perception. In the difficult Rhapsody she was eminently succesful, playing with plenty of abandon and apparent ease. Master Bert Proctor played the Beethoven Rondo in G as his initial number, with a maturity of style and perfect sureness which shows a mind and musicianship which already mark him with distinction. He also gave effectively Carreno's Waltz, The Chopin Nocturne in E flat and the Schumann-Paganini Caprice. The recital was a pronounced success and the performers were well received by an enthusiastic audience. Mr. Welsman announces his next pupils' recital for the evening of December 9th, when another excellent programme may be anticipated.

* * *

In Best of Form.

NEVER do we remember the Academy Quartette playing better than at the Ornstein programme. As often happens genial old Papa Hayden led off with a lovely ensemble of the perfectly obvious—Quartette in C Major. There is no need to describe this. It was done with the "perfect unanimity" of which Dickens speaks in his Christmas Carol. The four players—with a new figure in the person of that undoubted artist, Leo Smith at the cello—played with a delightful sociability of true ease of rhythm and delicacy of definition that makes Hayden such a perennial recreation. After the strenuous disturbances of Ornstein culminating in his Dance of the Wild Men, the posthumous fragment of Schubert was a gracious intrusion of almost classic form

(Concluded on page 28.)

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BANK OF MONTREAL

ANNUAL MEETING

Sir Vincent Meredith, Bart., President, and Sir Frederick Williams-Taylor, General Manager Insist Strongly on Policy of Preparedness—Economy, Production and Immigration Should be Its Principal Features—67% of the Male Staff of the Bank of Military Age Have Enlisted for Overseas Service

Montreal, Dec. 12, 1916.

The Ninety-ninth annual meeting of the Bank of Montreal was held at the Head Office of the Bank of Montreal on Monday, December 4th. The addresses submitted by Sir Vincent Meredith, Bart., President, and Sir Frederick Williams-Taylor, General Manager, dwelt especially with the policy of preparedness it was urgent the Dominion should adopt in order to be ready for the period of readjustment that must necessarily come at the close of the war. The principal features of the policy should be Economy, Production and Immigration.

Attention was also drawn to the temporary character of the present industrial activities in Canada and the necessity of recognizing same. Confidence was expressed in Canada' ability to solve the problems that might present themselves. Special reference was made to the large number of the staff of the Bank now serving with the Colours and the illustrious record they had made.

THE PRESIDENT'S ADDRESS.

Sir Vincent Meredith, Bart., President, in his address to shareholders, said:—

I hoped when I last had the pleasure of addressing you that before this annual meeting the end of the cruel and devastating war, which has convulsed Europe would be, if not reached, at least within measurable distance. In this expectation we have been disappointed. No one can fix the day of its termination, but I am sure I express your feelings when I say we hold an unshaken confidence of the ultimate victory of Britain and her Allies.

Canada, inspired by a deep-rooted loyalty to the Empire, has given and is still prepared to give freely her gallant youth and monetary means to the great cause, upon the success of which her liberties and national existence so greatly depend.

Relations of United States and Allied Countries.

The wide ramifications of the business of the Bank make us necessarily deeply concerned with commercial conditions in other countries. In Great Britain, general trade has been spurred to great activity by the war's demands. There has been no lack of employment, wages have risen, money has been circulated freely, returning to the Banks in the form of increased deposits, and for the time being, at least, prosperity has prevailed, despite the displacement of labour by the war.

In the United States, also as a result of the war, there is an activity in business unexampled in its history. The shipments of gold to that country in payment of munitions, grain and other commodities have reached a sum in excess of $700,000,000 since the outbreak of the war. This huge inflow of the precious metal, together with the fact that under the new Federal Reserve Act the proportion of reserves required to be carried by the Banks has been reduced, is causing concern to many financial men, who fear that it will bring about a period of inflation to be followed by a serious financial reaction.

At present these conditions are serving a useful purpose to the Allied Countries by causing a plethora of money, thereby enabling them to borrow at comparatively reasonable rates of interest. If the United States market will continue to look with favour on further Allied loans, any menace to the financial situation to that extent will be removed.

The recent action of the Federal Reserve Board in counseling caution in the investment of American Bank funds in Treasury Bills of Entente Powers it is thought may be intended as a warning to imprudent or inexperienced bankers. It is hoped, however, that it will not bring about a diminution in Allied borrowings in the United States, with the possibility of a check in the volume of trade with Europe.

The Allied loans so far issued in New York aggregate $1,585,000,000 of which sum Great Britain has borrowed $860,000,000, France $570,000,000, Russia $130,000,000, and Italy $25,000,000.

Business Conditions in Canada.

The sudden reversal in the position of Canada from a debtor to a creditor nation, as respects foreign trade, has been very remarkable. In the seven months of the fiscal year to October 31st the excess of imports over domestic exports of merchandise was, as recently as 1913, no less than $145,000,000, and in the like period of 1914 the adverse balance of trade amounted to $60,000,000. Then the gap began rapidly to close. The production of munitions of war of every description, together with the bountiful harvest of last year, carried the exports to an unprecedentedly high figure. In the seven months to October 31st, 1915, the value of domestic exports exceeded imports by $73,300,000, and in the corresponding period of this year the excess of exports over imports has reached the large sum of $160,000,000.

Nor has this reversal of the balance of trade been accomplished by contraction of imports; in the present year the value of imports has outstripped all previous records. The change has been effected entirely by shipments abroad of the huge crop of 1915, and the large output of war supplies, the exports of agricultural products in the seven months period to October 31st having risen from $75,500,000 in 1914, to $233,500,000.

It is scarcely necessary to add that this striking change in foreign trade balance has greatly ameliorated the financial situation and is at once a cause and reflex of the existing commercial activities of the country.

Success of Domestic Loans.

In a little more than a year, Canada has issued two Domestic Loans amounting to $200,000,000 and the Canadian Government has borrowed in New York $95,000,000. The success of our internal loans is a matter of pride and congratulation. It is due largely to the spirit of loyalty of our people and a determination to do all within them to bring the war to an early and successful conclusion.

So far, a depletion of Bank deposits in consequence of these contributions has not taken place; in fact, they show month by month a gratifying increase. It must not be forgotten, however, that these increases are only partially due to the savings of our people. They may be accounted for to a very considerable extent by the husbanding of resources by our large corporations, a prudent and wise precaution in view of the uncertain conditions which now prevail and will continue to exist during the continuance of the war.

The Minister of Finance, to whom the country owes much for his wise and farseeing administration of our financial affairs, will doubtless keep in view these conditions when making further calls on our resources, which of necessity he must do from time to time.

Policy Canada Should Follow.

There are three objects to which every effort must be bent:

Economy—that we may be enabled to provide the Government with funds to do our part to win the war and to make provision for taxes which we shall undoubtedly be called upon to pay.

Production—that we may increase our exports and furnish more plentifully our home markets; and above all

Immigration—(which will bring about increased production so necessary to our well-being) to be promoted at all times and under all circumstances, more particularly of settlers who seek the land.

The Railway situation in Canada has been a matter of some anxiety to those connected with financial affairs. The Dominion Government has, as you are aware, appointed a Commission of capable and experienced men to thoroughly investigate the situation in respect of the newer transcontinental railways, and while I cannot, of course, anticipate the findings and recommendations of this Commission, I may be allowed to express the hope that neither Government ownership nor Government operation will ensue, either of which I am convinced, would prove detrimental to the best interest of Canada.

And now, as my remarks draw to a close, I am tempted, contrary to my usual practice and unrestrained by the old adage, "Never prophesy unless you know," to look into the future. The thoughts of many men are turned towards the problems that will confront us after the war. Government Commissions are dealing with them; the press devotes much space to their discussion; international conferences have met, but our first, obvious and imperative duty is to WIN THE WAR.

When that is done, new conditions will unquestionably supervene. It seems probable that for some months to come, orders for munitions and war supplies will continue to keep our industrial plants actively employed.

Outlook for Post Bellum Period.

A temporary check in business generally may be looked for when peace is in sight, but I do not anticipate that any lengthened cessation of our commercial and industrial activities will immediately ensue. The period of reconstruction will probably not be accomplished for several months, and during this time Europe should provide a market for all we can produce, and new markets, perhaps, will be opened to us which we have never yet been able to reach.

These countries, however, will be "beating their swords into ploughshares," straining their energies to the conversion of munition plants into factories for the production of goods for both home and foreign trade in the effort to regain their former markets, to liquidate foreign debts and to recover the gold of which by necessity they may have been temporarily deprived.

When the rehabilitation has been effected, we in Canada must be prepared to meet in our own markets the keen competition of foreign goods. To cope successfully with the competition, expenditures on capital account should be avoided as far as possible, and resources conserved. Efficiency, efficiency, efficiency must be our watchword, conjoined with economy in all walks of life.

With regard to immigration, I do not share the optimistic views of many of our friends as to the immediate outlook. That in time we will receive a large influx of new settlers there is no doubt, but for a period we shall be at a disadvantage owing to a deficiency of tonnage to carry them to our shores from Europe, and it is not improbable that Continental nations will, for the purpose of self-preservation, place an embargo on all emigration. Great Britain, for similar reasons, though she may not take such drastic measures in regard to her daughter nations, will no doubt discourage intending emigrants from leaving her shores. This I say without for a moment meaning that efforts to secure immigration should be in any way relaxed.

Canada is bearing up magnificently under the strain of this world-wide war, and her sacrifices will be amply repaid by the engendering of a spirit of self-reliance, and she will emerge, a comparatively little known country, to take her rightful position in the affairs of the nations.

The future, as I have said, is beset with new problems and is not entirely free from financial anxieties, but by a young people possessing great national spirit, a territorial Empire and unrivalled natural resources, the future can be looked forward to with hope and confidence.

THE GENERAL MANAGER'S ADDRESS.

Sir Frederick Williams-Taylor, the General Manager of the Bank, then made his annual address, as follows:

Gentlemen:—In this, the twenty-ninth month of the war, it is my duty to present for your approval the ninety-ninth annual statement of the Bank of Montreal.

Also it is my combined duty and privilege to explain the chief changes in the balance sheet now before you. First, however, let me comment briefly upon the factors that bear most importantly upon the future course of our affairs and that have influenced our banking position in the year under review.

The outstanding business feature in Canada is an industrial condition more abnormal in character than ever before in the history of this Bank, or of this country.

The same statement applies in a greater or lesser degree to several belligerent and neutral countries, but in Canada economic conditions as well are in an unnatural state. This is partly due to the war, also a result of suspended immigration and of a lengthy period of an extravagance of which we are now feeling the cumulative effect.

Canada sold her record crop of last year at high prices, as in the years of the American Civil War, while this year we are disposing of a moderate crop at such steadily mounting prices that we again reap a golden harvest about equal in amount to that of 1915. The total value of last year's crop was $799,000,000.

Our much criticized adverse trade balance has disappeared as though by magic, and our exports are now vastly in excess of our imports.

Exports for year ended 31st October	$459,300,000	$550,500,000	$1,172,700,000
Imports for year ended 31st October	514,600,000	421,700,000	716,900,000
Total trade for year ended 31st October....	$973,900,000	$972,200,000	$1,889,600,000

Many of our great industries have converted big floating debts, a cause of anxiety, into cash surpluses. As a natural outcome, our stock markets are booming. Not only is unemployment unknown, but unskilled labour commands wages two and a half times greater than the pay of our volunteer citizen soldiers, who so splendidly risk their lives for their country, while men engaged in "factory piece work" can earn as much as a college professor. It is, therefore, not surprising that the unanalytical minded, or those preoccupied with their own affairs, or those who have not contributed in flesh and blood to the Cause, should complacently say "Times are good."

Among those who do not join in this refrain are men and women of the salaried class and those with small fixed incomes. These have been hard hit by war prices and are indeed finding it difficult to make both ends meet.

The present buoyant industrial conditions are obviously the direct outcome of a steadily increasing demand by the Allies for food, clothing and other munitions of war at rapidly rising prices, yielding large profits to the producers.

Payment for these war exports and for our surplus crops, coupled with loans of $275,000,000 effected in New York since the outbreak of hostilities, have brought money into the country at a rate not only unprecedented, even in the days of our heavy borrowing in London, but so undreamed of that we can advantageously ponder on what might have been our condition had there been no war.

An American authority has said, "The war has saved the United States from a great industrial and financial calamity."

In many respects conditions in Canada are comparable with those in the United States. In two notable respects they differ. Our neighbours across the border are adding to their wealth at a pace without precedent in history, but, unlike the Dominion, unpenalized by increasing national debt and loss of human life.

Canada's Contribution.

There is another side to this picture on which it is not well to dwell unduly, but which should be kept clearly before us. Post bellum conditions will surely weigh upon us more heavily or less heavily in proportion to our present indifference or our foresight, and in direct

ratio to the steps we take to provide for inevitable problems and difficulties. Our agricultural production brings not only prosperity but stability; apart therefrom, though the cost of these alleged good times will not fall equally upon individuals. Canada as a whole will pay, and is paying already, in hard cash, reflected in a formidable national debt and in a great public debt per capita. We are also paying in that most priceless of all treasures, the blood of the manhood of our country. So far the cost to us of the war is 14,000 lives plus 45,000 casualties, and in money $354,000,000.

The transient nature of our increased exports alone is a simple index to a situation that commands the attention of all thinking people.

These views may not be acceptable to all, but they are common sense and based upon arithmetical facts. To be forewarned is to be forearmed.

These are the main factors that have influenced and will influence the banking position—the movement in deposits and loans and the safety of both. Therefore, in my opinion, the business of this Bank should be conducted with such views plainly before us until the situation clears.

There are two obvious meanings of lightening Canada's coming burden, viz., thrift and immigration. The two are closely allied, for only by practising national and personal economy or thrift can we reduce our high cost of living—that most effective barrier to immigration. Upon immigration we mainly depend for the fuller development of our unsurpassed natural resources.

Thrift is overdue but can be started forthwith; immigration must wait, but should follow in natural sequence. I have no words at my command with which to adequately urge the necessity of an organized and an individual effort to promote thrift.

The timely and eloquent "Call to Action" of our Minister of Trade and Commerce commands attention. I am not sure that it should not be preceded by a "Call to Reason," in order that the importance of the problems of the situation be impressed upon those who are living in, let us say, the paradise of the unwise.

Sane optimism and self-confidence are admirable national qualities, and should be the order of the day. There is a point where optimism loses its value and the danger of over-confidence begins. That is the point for nations to avoid.

To sum up, we are going to win the just war we are waging; we are bound to win the war, but let us emerge from it unexhausted in order that the victory over our enemies may be perpetuated and recurrence of such insensate destruction rendered impracticable.

With the advent of peace will come relief to our Empire, but to financial and trade conditions peace will bring a necessity for sudden readjustment that in Canada, as elsewhere, must tax every resource to the utmost. I am satisfied that our Banks stand prepared to meet these new conditions with the adaptability and strength that have made them the bulwark of the Canadian financial situation.

Bank's Record in Overseas Service.

Sir Frederick Williams-Taylor, in concluding, referred to the number of the staff of the Bank that had enlisted for overseas service, saying:—

"As for the Bank of Montreal Contingent with the Colours, I have no words sufficiently eloquent wherewith to fully express our pride in their achievements, our grief in their losses. Forty-eight per cent. of our total male staff, or 67 per cent. of those of military age, have enlisted, 51 of our best have been killed, and 107 are wounded, missing or prisoners of war. Several of our men have been decorated by the King for conspicuous valour, and the whole Contingent is illustrious."

Election of Directors and Officers.

The vacancies on the Board of Directors were filled by the appointment of Captain Herbert Molson of Montreal, and Mr. Harold Kennedy, of Quebec, the new Board of Directors being as follows:—

D. Forbes Angus, R. B. Angus, A. Baumgarten, H. R. Drummond, C. B. Gordon, E. B. Greenshields, C. R. Hosmer, Harold Kennedy, Sir William Macdonald, Hon. Robt. Mackay, Wm. McMaster, Sir Vincent Meredith, Bart., Capt. Herbert Molson and Lord Shaughnessy, K.C.V.O.

The meeting then terminated.

At a subsequent meeting of the Directors, Sir Vincent Meredith, Bart., was re-elected President, and Mr. C. B. Gordon was elected to the office of Vice-President.

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INVESTING YOUR MONEY

Look For The Worst

By INVESTICUS

A GOOD rule, when you are thinking of putting your savings into some new form of investment is this: always believe the worst. In any other walk of life this would be bad advice. If you have lost your purse, or if a relative is ill or in danger at some distance from home—believe the best. But concerning investments and speculations the less you expect the more you are apt to get.

If only the average man and woman, when he gets to the point where he or she has money to invest, would remember that twenty per cent. interest probably means less than one per cent. safety (one chance in a hundred), there would be far less money in the pockets of the swindlers and near-swindlers of this wicked world. And it would be even harder for these gentlemen if investors remembered that one of the favourite devices of the company promoter—even the most honest of company promoters—is to remind the prospective investor of the great records which others concerns have made as profit bringers.

A few years ago, when the gramophone was a new thing a music dealer in Toronto got the notion that he would form a "people's company" to start a great retail selling business on Yonge Street near Queen. He was a really honest music dealer, and his intentions were the best in the world. He had very little capital himself, and he thought that he must have a great deal more in order to erect a very splashy shop to attract trade. First he tried the rich men. Tried to interest the millionaires of the city. Most of them refused even to see him. The others turned him down. Some were polite about it, and some were not. This was the honest promoter's first rebuff, and he took it with a stiff upper lip.

Now he made up his mind that he had aimed too high. He reasoned to himself—quite rightly—that the great men would not have taken stock in his company, no matter what the prospects of profit might have been, simply because these great men were not interested in small lines like the one he proposed. If he had been talking about a nation-wide combine to manipulate the gramophone market, that would have seemed different, no doubt. But a mere Toronto shop was too small for them—he reasoned. So the next people he tackled were men of moderate wealth: retired wholesale grocers and real estate dealers. When this class of man turned him down he canvassed the professional classes: doctors and professors. As a rule, these are the easiest victims of get-rich-quick artists, but they refused to fall for this man, probably because his scheme did not appeal to them. They told him, too, that the gramophone wasn't a real article of trade, and would never become a great commercial item.

The mere fact that they were wrong did not help the would-be promoter in the least. He was hurt and angry. He felt that the refusal of the wealthy classes to help him with his scheme was a reflection upon his personal honour. The more he thought of the matter the more angry he got. He had never before had an idea, and this, being his first-born, he cherished deeply. Therefore he was tenacious of hope. If the rich wouldn't believe him it was because the rich are always stupid, anyway—that was his reasoning—and they didn't deserve the opportunity to make money which he had laid at their feet. He would, therefore, he told this to his wife one night, take the poor people into his confidence. He would give the plain, honest workingman a chance to share in the great phonograph company. He would issue shares at ten cents each!

Now this shows how the honest man often falls into the tricks of the crook. This promoter meant for the very best, but he had taken up a kind of financing which is usually associated with doubtful propositions. He hired a few young men who were recommended to him as salesmen, and these fellows, having no interest in anything but the sale of the stock, had no conscience in the things they said of the prospective company. They played on the story of the promoter's turn down by the rich men—only they did not tell just all the facts. They hinted that the rich had tried to steal the idea from this poor man, and tried to squeeze him out of business. This played on the sympathy of the small investors.

A number of them were long-headed enough to ask what guarantee there was that the gramophone would have a commercial future, and the great answer to this point was:

"Look at the Bell Telephone Company to-day. Can you buy its stock? Are there any shares for sale? Would you not have to pay fabulous prices to get any? Well—Bell Telephone stock was at one time a drug on the market, and people said then, just what you are saying now—what prospect is there for a commercial future for the telephone?"

This sort of argument roped in many people. It made them feel that, since they had missed the chance to buy Bell Telephone stock in by-gone days they certainly must not miss the chance to buy the same sort of stock—because that's what the agents' reasoning made them feel it was—now. A great many of them bought, but nothing ever came of it—for them. The "people's company" was wound up in a few months.

The thing to bear in mind is the fact that the gramophone has since proven to be the very thing the poor promoter said it would be. It was and is a commercial possibility and a great one. But the poor promoter and his "people's company" were not in the position to realize on it.

AN INVITATION

SINCE the recent reorganization of the Financial Department of The Canadian Courier letters have reached the editor of this department asking for investment advice.

The Financial Editor is very reluctant to say to the writers of such letters just what he thinks they should or should not do. Other journals have made a feature of proclaiming their judgments from the house-tops, and perhaps properly so. For if one believes a thing one should not be afraid to say so.

What the Financial Editor of The Courier is prepared to do, however, is this: If you have an investment problem staring you in the face — if someone is trying to get you to do something with your money that you are not very sure about doing—write to the Financial Editor and tell him the facts. He will answer your letter through the columns of The Courier, or by private letter, if stamped envelope is enclosed. In some cases he may be able to state at once whether the proposed investment is good or bad. In other cases, where it is a question concerning the strength of a new company (or an old one) he will indicate to the inquirer the facts on which to judge that company. This, we think, is fair, both to the company and to the investor.

Write to us freely and frankly. The Financial Editor will be glad to help.

Munitions at Trenton

AT the mouth of the Trent Valley Canal at Trenton, Ont., the construction of which was commenced by the British Government just eighty years ago, as a military waterway, an extensive plant, which will employ over 1,000 men, is being erected for the manufacture of munition chemicals for the Imperial Munitions Board.

After the war it is intended to manufacture here chemicals and dyes which previously have been made in Germany, and to which the trained scientists of the Allied nations are now directing their researches, to the end that, never again will the industrial world, outside of Germany, be compelled to depend on that country for supplies of these goods.

Thus does the abundant supply of electrical energy produced by the waters of this canal, planned so long ago by the home authorities, bid fair to become a powerful factor, not only in hastening the conclusion of this, the greatest war in which England has ever engaged, but also to materially assist in the industrial war which we are assured is to follow the declaration of peace.

Women with Money

A QUEER story was told the other day by a salesman for a big bond house in Montreal. He had been travelling in a certain country district in Ontario where there is known to be a great deal of cash. This is a great dairying section, and two or three generations of hard-working farmers have succeeded in building up a considerable quantity of wealth in the area. As it is in many parts of England—described so aptly by Arthur Gleason in the New York Tribune—there was more actual wealth tucked away in the long red stockings of this community than any ordinary insurance man or peddler might have imagined.

The bond salesman got word of an old woman who had been willed many thousands of dollars by deceased relatives. She had one grand-nephew living. She kept all her money in the local savings bank. The salesman called on this old woman and laid before her a proposition to put all

(Concluded on page 27.)

WHEN WAR WAS YOUNG

Scenes in the 1914 Days of Recruiting in British Columbia

When this was taken our number of battalions was less than 100. This is the 67th leaving Victoria.

A Route March of the C. M. R. in Victoria.

Princess Pats Reinforcements, leaving Victoria. In the foreground a line-up of the 30th Battalion.

—Photographs by Trio, Victoria, B.C.

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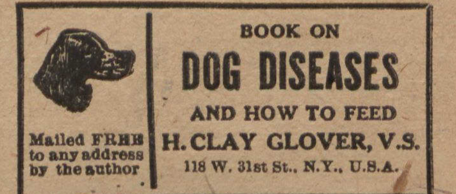

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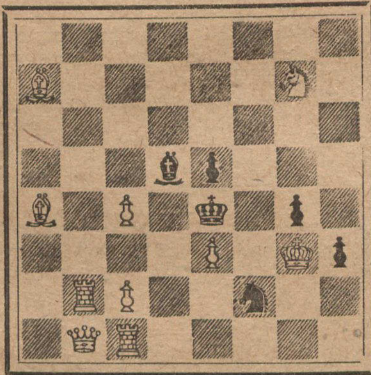
Address all correspondence to the Chess Editor, Canadian Courier, 30 Grant St., Toronto.

PROBLEM NO. 101, by D. J. Densmore.

(Specially contributed to the "Courier.")

Black.—Six Pieces.



White.—Ten Pieces.

White to play and mate in three.

Problem No. 102, by C. Promislo.

First Prize, (ex aequo), Rice Memorial Tourney.

White: K at QBsq; Q at Ksq; R at KR3; Bs at Q7 and KB8; Kts at QR5 and K7; Ps at K4 and KB4.

Black: K at Q5; R at QB4; Bs at KKtsq and KKt8; Kt at KR8; Ps at QB7, KKt3 and KR7.

White mates in two.

SOLUTIONS.

Problem No. 98, by A. J. Fink.

1. Q—K4, P—B3; 2. KtxKP mate.
1. ...., P—B4; 2. Q—K5 mate.
1. ...., P—K4; 2. Q—Q5 mate.
1. ...., threat; 2. Kt—Kt7 mate.

CONSULTATION CHESS.

While in Chicago, during his recent tour, Frank J. Marshall engaged in a consultation game with Eduard Lasker, at the Kenwood Chess Club, each expert being associated with five local players. The contest, a very interesting one, we give below, with notes, (slightly abridged), by Mr. Lasker, whose party won in handsome style.

Queen's Pawn Opening.

White. Lasker and Allies.	Black. Marshall and Allies.
1. P—Q4	1. P—Q4
2. Kt—KB3	2. P—QB4
3. P—B4	3. P—K3
4. Kt—B3	4. Kt—QB3
5. PxQP (a)	5. KPxP
6. P—KKt3	6. Kt—B3
7. B—Kt5 (b)	7. PxP
8. BxKt (c)	8. QxB
9. QKtxP	9. Q—Qsq
10. Kt—R4 (d)	10. B—Kt5ch (e)
11. Kt—Q2	11. Castles (f)
12. B—Kt2	12. B—KB4
13. Castles	13. R—Ksq
14. R—Bsq	14. R—QBsq
15. Kt—Kt3	15. B—K5
16. B—R3	16. R—B2
17. KtxP (g)	17. B—Q7
18. QxB	18. KtxKt
19. RxR	19. Kt—B6ch
20. PxKt	20. QxQ
21. PxB	21. QxKtP
22. R—Qsq (h)	22. QxRP
23. R(Qsq)—Q7	23. P—QR4
24. R—K7 (i)	24. K—Bsq
25. R(K7)—Q7	25. P—R5 (j)
26. Kt—Q5	26. Q—R8ch
27. K—Kt2	27. P—R6
28. RxPch	28. K—Ktsq
29. Kt—B6ch (k)	29. PxKt
30. R—Kt7ch	30. K—Rsq
31. RxPch	31. K—Ktsq
32. B—B5 (l)	32. Q—R7
33. B—Kt6	33. R—Ktsq
34. R(R7)—Kt7ch (m)	34. K—Bsq
35. B—B7	35. KxR (n)
36. BxQch	36. K—Rsq
37. R—B3	37. R—Rsq
38. R—Kt3	38. R—R2
39. K—B3	Resigns (o)

(a) This is superior to the defence of the Queen's Pawn by 5. P—K3.

(b) Better is first B—Kt2 and Castles as soon becomes evident.

(c) White cannot play 8. KKtxP, on account of 8...., B—QB4; 9. Kt—Kt3, BxPch, followed by 10...., Kt—Kt5ch; or 9. Kt—B3, B—Kt5; or 9. P—K3, B—K3, with much the better development for Black.

(d) If 10. P—K4, then 10...., PxP e.p.; 11. KtxP, Q—R4ch, with the superior position.

(e) The steady development 10...., B—Q3, followed by Castles, and B—KB4 is the simplest and probably best continuation.

(f) Here Q—R4 seems to be stronger. For instance, 11...., Q—R4; 12. B—Kt2, B—KB4; 13. Kt—Q5, Castles or R—Qsq and all Blacks' men are in good co-operation, while White has difficulty in developing his Rooks.

(g) A disagreeable surprise. If 17...., KtxKt, then 18. RxR, KtxPch; 19. QxKt, QxR; 20. Kt—Q5; Q—R4; 21. R—Qsq, with the better game for White. And if 18...., QxR, then White remains a Pawn ahead, and should win in the long run. The text-move allows White to give up the Queen for Rook, Bishop and Knight, which turns out to be in White's favor.

(h) White plays for the mating attack with both Rooks on the seventh rank.

(i) Better would be 24. K—Kt2, followed by Kt—Q5. If 24. RxBP, Black, of course, simply gives his Queen for the two Rooks and wins with his passed Pawn.

(j) 25...., RxP would hardly have drawn, as after. 26. Kt—K6ch, RxKt; 27. BxR, Q—Kt8ch, White can escape perpetual check.

(k) This sacrifice decides the game in White's favor.

(l) Slighty quicker would have been 32. R(R7)—Kt7ch first, as, after 32...., K—Rsq; 33. B—B5, the threat R—Kt4, followed by R—R7 mate, could only be met by the sacrifice of the Queen.

(m) This check is very important, for, if B—B7ch right away, Black answers with 34...., QxB, followed by P—R7, and White must play R—Bsq, giving up the other Rook.

(n) If now 35...., QxB, then White retakes with a check and saves both Rooks.

(o) The ending is, of course, easily won for White. A hard fought battle, which lasted 5½ hours.

END GAME NO. 19.

Third Prize, Barcelona End-game Tourney.

By H. Rinck.

White: K at QB3; Rs at K3 and KR3. Black: K at QKt3; Q at QR2. White to play and win.

SOLUTION.

1. R—K6ch, K—Kt4; 2. R—K5ch, K—R5!; 3. R—K4ch, K—R6; 4. K—B4ch, K—R5!; 5. K—Q5ch, K—Kt4; 6. R—Kt3ch and wins. If 3...., K—Kt4, then 4. R—R5ch, K—B3; 5. R—K6ch, K—Q2; 6. R—R7ch wins.

This competition took place during the summer and the positions were evidently restricted to Queen versus two Rooks. Rinck also carried first and second prizes, with positions having prodigious solutions.

TORONTO CHESS LEAGUE.

The following further results have taken place:

Division "A."

Dec. 6—Beach 2½, Parliament 2½.
Dec. 9—Central Y.M.C.A. 2½, Toronto 2½.
Dec. 9—Varsity 3, West End Y.M.C.A. 2.

Division "B."

Dec. 9—Parliament 4, Beach 1.

Canadian Correspondence League.

The Tri-monthly, Semi-annual Major, and the Annual Canadian Championship Tournaments of the Canadian Correspondence League commence on January 1st. The fees for the three tournaments are $1, $2 and $5, respectively. Director, Mr. C. F. Davie, P. O. Drawer 783, Victoria.

Items.

Marshall expects to meet aproximately 150 players at simultaneous chess in Philadelphia on December 26. The present record of 105 boards at Washington, last April, stands to the credit of the U. S. champion.

A match recently played between Dr. Tarrasch and J. Mieses in Berlin ended in a victory for the Doctor by 7 games to 2 with 4 draws. In Vienna Dr. Tartakower and Dr. Kaufmann met with a result in the former's favour of 2 to 0 with 2 draws.

A change in the editorship of the chess department of The New York "Evening Post" is announced, Dr. E. Lasker, of Berlin, having been succeeded by H. Helms, of New York. Lasker holds the title of "World's Champion."

What's What the World Over

(Concluded from page 17.)

The women of the upper classes, both in Germany and Austria, are either in hospitals or are making comforts for the troops, or are in munition factories. Women have always worked harder in Germany and at more kinds of work than here, and what, judging by your illustrated papers, seems to be a novelty—the engagement of women in agricultural and other pursuits—is just the natural way of things in Germany. It should always be remembered, when estimating German man-power and German ability to hold out, that the bulk of the work of civil life is being done by prisoners and women. A German woman and a prisoner of war, usually a Russian, working side by side in the fields is a common sight throughout Germany.

* * * *

As if what has been already accomplished is not sufficient, you will have read last week that all the German people of both sexes are to be organized against you, so that there shall not be the waste of a single pair of hands if possible. The matter is to be taken up, as you will have read, by soldiers and others of distinction. Von Stein, for example, in consequence of his failure on the Somme, has been brought back to Berlin, where it is believed he will have a great deal to do with the man-power part of the scheme.

German authorities are utilizing every kind of woman. The social evil, against which the Bishop of London and others are agitating here, was effectively dealt with by the German authorities, not only for the sake of the health of the troops but in the interests of munitions.

Women of doubtful character were first told that if found in the neighbourhood of barracks they were liable to be arrested, and when so found were immediately removed to their native places and put into the nearest cartridge-filling or other shop. The effect has been an increased output of munitions for the Army and increased health for the soldier, and such scenes as one may witness in Piccadilly or other London streets at night have been effectively quelched by the strong Prussian hand, with benefit to all concerned.

I am not speaking of German morals in general, which are notorious. I merely state the practical way the Germans turn the women of doubtful character into useful munition makers.

The lot of the German woman has been much more difficult than the lot of the woman in the Allied countries, for upon her has fallen the great and increasing burden of the struggle to get enough to eat for her household. In practically all classes of Germany it has been the custom of the German to come home from his work, whether in a Government office, bank, or factory, for his mid-day meal, usually followed by an hour's sleep.

The German man is often a greedy fellow as regards meals. For him special food is always provided, and the wife and children sit round patiently watching him eat it. He expects special food to-day. The soldier, of course, is getting it, and properly, but the stay-at-homes, who are all men over forty-five or lads under nineteen, still get the best of such food as can be got. Exceptions to the nineteen to forty-five rule are very few indeed. The excuses given at your tribunals would have no hearing in Germany. National work in Germany means war work pure and simple, and now, as we have read, the women are to be treated exactly as the men in this respect, except that they will not be sent to the front.

* * * *

I have nothing but praise and admiration for the way in which the German women have thrown themselves into this struggle. Believing implicitly, as they have been told—and, with the exception of the lower classes, they believe everything the Government tells them—that this war was carefully prepared by "Sir Grey" (Lord Grey of Fallodon), "the man without a conscience," as he is called in Germany, they feel that they are helping to fight a war for the defence of their homes and their children, and the cynics at the German Foreign Office, who manufacture their opinions for them, rub this in in sermons from the pastors, novels, newspaper articles, faked kinema films, garbled extracts from Allied newspapers, books and bogus photographs, Reichstag orations by Bethmann Hollweg, and the rest of it, not forgetting the all-important lectures by the professors who are unceasing in their efforts all over Germany.

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AMONG THE NEW BOOKS

Doreen and the Sentimental Bloke, by C. J. Dennis. Toronto: S. B. Gundy. Price 75c.

HENLEY has a sonnet in Cockney and convict slang which for cleverness is scarcely to be outdone, but now comes an Australian (Melbourne) poet with a volume in the same dialect. This would not be remarkable if the book were not clever, which it is. The theme is the regeneration of a more or less crooked Melbourne youth through his love for another youthful person called Doreen. Strikes one on the start that this sort of thing has often been done before and that anyone with a gift for song should be employed writing war poetry. Not so when one has read one of these winning chapters in verse. Suddenly there is a realization of the very vivid portraiture of a couple of —well, let us say it—hearts! No use disguising the fact that it is life the author-poet is sketching. One at least of the lovers has visions, and enters the third heaven and descends to the seventh hell by turns. The short tale of thirteen chapters covers what the picturesque hero calls "the intro." . . . the ousting of a rival, a bit of a huff, the recall by the siren Doreen, and the humble bloke's further enthralment, getting acquainted with "mar," the "pilot cove" (alias preacher), getting "hitched," a relapse to crime and Doreen's regeneration of the bloke by a woman's method, the birth of a son and the further reconstruction of a waster into an honest, prosperous, and philosophic man of the world, all through the power of the little "queen." The book is rich in slang peculiar to Australia, and possibly London. Lovers of verse will find absolute rhymes, rhythms and the most pleasing cadences. Here is the bloke's awakening:

"What IS the matter with me? . . .
I dunno.
I got a sort of yearnin' 'ere inside,
A dead-crook sorter thing that won't let go
Or be denied—
A feelin' like I wanted to do a break,
An stoush creation for some woman's sake."

* * *

BY accident this week we read two books on somewhat the same theme, one after the other. The first was Eden Philpotts' "The Human Boy and the War" (S. B. Gundy), and the second was Booth Tarkington's "Penrod and Sam" (S. B. Gundy). Phillpotts' was about the Old Country Boy; Tarkington's was about the American Boy. A great many people who have never liked Eden Phillpotts' work before will be sure to like this Boy book of his. But it is not so certain that those who like the Phillpotts book will like the Tarkington book, or vice versa.

"The Human Boy and the War" consists of the supposed writing of thirteen boys, all of them scholars at the Merivale School, presided over by Dr. Dunston. Each boy writes a chapter. This does not mean that one has to wade through a laboured transcription of bad spelling and twaddle. It means that Eden Phillpotts has in each chapter assumed the character of one of the boys, and is trying to narrate some more or less trifling school event in such a way as to show how the delightful mind of the average juvenile works, and to bring those mental processes in humorous contrast with those of the average grown-up. There is no use trying to describe the book. It simply must be read to be appreciated. It is light and easy reading, and yet there are thoughtful utterances tucked away in the seemingly naive aphorisms of the Merivale lads.

Tarkington deals with a younger lad than the average Merivale lot. His full name is Penrod Schofield, and his haunts are the empty stable behind his father's (American) house and the lane between there and the backyard of his chum Sam Williams. Penrod does and says things that none of the delightful little snobs in Mr. Phillpotts' book would dream of doing. While Mr. Phillpotts makes quiet fun of the inherent snobbery which, he hints, marks every Englishman, Tarkington makes quiet fun of the inherent barbarity of the young middle-class cub on this continent. Both books give one the impression of being absolutely true to life. There isn't a false note in either one. Penrod is the more refreshing of the two, but perhaps the Phillpotts book has in it more lasting flavour. Canadian boys who have been trained in boarding schools will find the Phillpotts book more in line with their experience. But the average public school boy in this country who has had to find fun in his own backyard, and who has chased dogs and—I fear—tormented cats, will be stirred by the Tarkington book. Tarkington, it seems to me, has discovered a new Tom Sawyer, and an exceedingly good one at that. B. B. C.

* * *

"Battery Flashes," by "Wagger (S. B. Gundy), would have been an interesting book if volumes like Kitchener's Mob, Between the Lines, The First Hundred Thousand, and even bits of "Canada in Flanders" had not been published. The jacket assures us that this book is "The Real Thing: Brilliant pen pictures of a gunner, from raw recruit to sergeant, with his battery in action." This is uncalled for exaggeration. The book's one merit is its plain, home-made word-carpentry. It gives nothing new about the front, and its one claim to distinction is its atrocious syntax. It is a queer thing how a man betrays his own character in his way of telling things, even things in which he has no part. One gains a very distinct impression of Wagger as being a rather callow English university boy who would have "gone in for" the Church had the war not intervened and would, at all events, have spent the rest of his days "being a gentleman." For the man with nothing to do but read war books, good enough. For others, no.

Forthcoming Books

"Rod of The Lone Patrol."

By H. A. Cody. 12mo. Cloth, $1.25.

When an old captain takes it into his head to devote himself to a small boy, teaching him to swim, and sail and handle tools, there is fun ahead for the boy. The good church members of Parson Dan's parish looked askance at first at old Captain Josh, but gradually as the old man developed a strong affection for the Parson's adopted boy, and then came to exercise a protecting guardianship over the lad, they began to change their minds. And Rod, of course, is wrapped up in the captain. Only when he finds his long-lost mother in the form of the famous singer whom he hears in the great city, and is able to bring her back to the parsonage she had left so many years before, discovering his real relation to the old Parson and Mrs. Royal, does he fully understand the peculiar situation in which he has grown up. This is a pleasant, wholesome, entertaining story, with many a good lesson in it for boys—a characteristic volume by the Canadian pastor whose books have won such well-deserved distinction.

—McClelland, Goodchild and Stewart.

* * *

"Mendel."

By Gilbert Cannan. $1.25.

"Mendel" is a story of London life, of love among the artists. Its hero is a young Polish Jew, who, teaching himself to paint, is carried by his talent through many circles of society and is plunged into the hothouse atmosphere of Bohemia, wild adventures in studios and cafes in London and Paris, with a strange fellow named Logan. Both Mendel and Logan have great love affairs which, interwoven, carry them through a great crisis in which Logan is broken while Mendel finds himself and discovers the meaning of art and love.

Damming for Love

(Concluded from page 11.)

of land is subject to the servitude of receiving the flow of 'surface water' from the higher land, and that the owner is liable if he obstructs the flow so as to throw it back on the higher land. This rule has been laid down by a majority of the State Courts in America. See 40 Cyc 641.

"Now, concluded Limerick, "Mr. Bradley erected his dam in the State of Dakota, where it was forbidden by the law, and he is, therefore, liable for damages."

Bradley gasped at the sheer audacity of the argument and clutched Quirk by the sleeve.

"That is correct," decided the Judge, "and there will therefore be judgment in favour of Miss Adams on her suit and against Mr. Bradley on his as requested."

Arthur picked up his books and walked out, but not without overhearing an interesting discussion between Bradley and his attorney.

"You're a h— of a lawyer, ain't you," raged Bradley, turning fiercely on the nonchalant Quirk.

"I tried to tell you there was a difference between the laws of the two countries," replied Quirk; "but you wouldn't listen to me, and ordered me to go ahead with the suit, so you've nobody but yourself to blame."

"Well, the property's in Harry's name, so she can't collect," declared Bradley.

"But you insisted that the deed should not go on record, so they've got us there," replied Quirk.

"Then between damages and costs I'll be paying all the land's worth," screamed Bradley.

"Well, as I told you before, you took your own head for it," replied Quirk, "and it won't hurt you to pay full value once in your life."

Arthur walked down the street with his head in the clouds and the light of triumph in his eyes. Lena had not been present. In fact she would not permit him to bring the case to trial until assured that he had arranged a stated case to do away with the necessity of taking evidence. She was in town, however, at the home of a friend, and Arthur hurried down with the news.

That evening they rode out to the Adams ranch and on the way they passed the flooded Bradley land.

"The law is certainly a great institution," remarked Arthur, pointing to the broad expanse of water that glittered in the moonlight like a great silver mirror.

"I suppose so," agreed Lena.

"Why sure," exclaimed Arthur enthusiastically. "Hasn't it given me the traditional opportunity of aiding the beautiful Princess in distress?"

"I suppose so."

"Yes," declared Arthur, "and it's also given me the right to demand her heart and hand as the traditional reward. And will the Princess give the traditional reply?" he persisted, with an uncontrollable little catch in his voice that he had been able to govern much better when arguing his first case before the Supreme Court bench.

"I suppose so."

But the light in her lustrous eyes belied the careless tone.

The National Directory of Schools and Colleges

The following is a list of some of the Leading Canadian Schools and Colleges which the Canadian Courier recommends as desirable institutions for the education of Canadian children. Most of them have years of reputation behind them.

BOYS' SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES.

Bishops College School, Lennoxville, P.Q.
Lower Canada College, Montreal.
Ridley College, St. Catharines, Ont.
St. Andrew's College, Toronto.
St. Michael's College, Toronto.
Stanstead Wesleyan College, Stanstead, Que.
Trinity College School, Port Hope, Ont.

BUSINESS SCHOOLS.

Shaw's Business Schools, Toronto.

CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS.

Shaw's Correspondence Schools, Toronto.

GIRLS' SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES.

Bishop Bethune College, Oshawa, Ont.
Loretto Abbey College and Academy, Toronto.
Moulton College, Toronto.
Mount Allison Ladies' College and University, Sackville, N.B.
St. Margaret's College, Toronto.
Stanstead Wesleyan College, Stanstead, Que.

UNIVERSITIES.

Queen's University, Kingston, Ont.

EXAMINATIONS IN MUSIC.

The Associated Board of the Royal Academy of Music and Royal College of Music, for Examinations in Music in the British Empire. Resident Secretary's Office, 777 Shuter Street, Montreal.

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EXHIBITION CAMP, EXHIBITION PARK.

Von Tirpitz at Close Range

(Concluded from page 7.)

her daughter, Elsie to Herr von Hussell, then in the Ministry of Foreign Affairs. I was surprised, as there had been no courtship at all, so far as I had seen, at least. I congratulated her heartily. From that time on the Admiral was very melancholy. Strange as it may seem, the idea of giving up his daughter seemed to weigh much more heavily upon him than such a thing does on the average father. Even though von Hussell was a very fine man, you might have thought him a veritable robber, such was the Admiral's attitude. I mention the engagement of Elsie, because through her subsequent marriage to von Hussell arose certain complications that played a large part in that little world of big men who controlled Germany's destiny.

One of the most influential men in Germany at that time, as to-day, was von Bethmann Hollweg, Chancellor of the Empire. Between him and von Tirpitz ill-feeling existed, due chiefly no doubt, to the Chancellor's continual opposition to the Admiral's continual demand for money and still more money for the advancement of the navy. Holweg then, as now, was strongly inclined to a peace policy; indeed on this score had an open quarrel with the Crown Prince regarding army matters. This took place in August, 1911. That Hollweg was in the right, or so powerful as to be placated is evident, for the Crown Prince was banished from Court for a period of six months.

Following Elsie's marriage to von Hussell, the Admiral made an attempt to secure his son-in-law a large post right, in Berlin in the Ministry of Foreign Affairs. He was defeated in this attempt largely through the antagonism of Bethmann Hollweg. Von Hussell was forced to be content with a small post, carrying an equally small salary, as vice-consul in Genoa, Italy.

Small as this incident may seem it was one, perhaps the leading or creating cause, of an antagonism between these two men that continued to grow, and resulted finally, I believe, in causing Von Tirpitz's resignation recently; for certainly, there can be no doubt that Von Bethmann Hollweg was the chief in the movement for unseating Germany's naval commander.

But hated as Von Tirpitz is to-day, and justly so for his submarine policy, I cannot help but admire the man, remembering him and his struggles as I do; struggles which I came intimately to know of through my place in the household. Wicked, cruel and wrong his policy must appear to be to any fair minded person. Yet and for all he was still a loving father, a kindly man to all around him, and most tender hearted. Pity it is that he and so many great ones of earth seem to lose all these attributes and give way to the causing of most inhuman acts through a blind obedience to a life dream and a sense of duty, things which in his case may best be given the one name "PATRIOTISM", that vital human possession which I have already held up to the light of question.

THE German people, always taxed to the utmost, began in 1909-10 to voice loudly their discontent through the Social Democrats, and many tumultuous sittings of the Parliament did Von Tirpitz face trying to convince his enemies through the power of his most perfect and compelling gift of speech of the necessity of an adequate navy with which to face the world, England in particular. Another claimant for means with which to uphold the German Empire was Graf Von Zeppelin who, though seventy years of age, was working actively on a fleet of air vessels which was to be one of the chief aides in making Germany invincible in any future war. He got a certain amount of funds granted him: but it never seemed enough. This shortage led him to appeal to the Admiral, who had the power to take some of the credit away from the navy and bestow it elsewhere, if he thought fit. Naturally with the furthering of his own life dream always to the fore Von Tirpitz was most often an unwilling giver. He had no faith in Zeppelins. Zeppelin, likewise bending all his energies to his own work, was equally anxious to further his plans and often spent hours at a time appealing, arguing, cajoling the Admiral. Often I have seen the Admiral come to the dinner table—often three hours late—from one of these bouts. He would be chuckling with high glee, and as dinner progressed would tell us all how he finally on this particular occasion got rid of the Graf. "But he never got any money out of me," he would add, tremendously pleased with himself. Then completely carried away with his subject he would go on to explain how the submarine and torpedo boat were more efficient in case of war than Zeppelins could ever be. He did not believe in airships, particularly the Graf's heavier-than-air steel machines. Sometimes when in the middle of a description of some new thing in the way of submarine or other boat he would halt in the middle, noticing my too evident interest. Innocent though my interest was, such is the German nature of universal suspicion that almost immediately he would shift the conversation into Italian, a language the entire family spoke fluently, but of which I was ignorant.

It is rather hard to sum up concisely and in order the events spread over a number of years. In those days no clouds of war were on the horizon, and I thought only of Tirpitz and his work in a casual way. Being so close to the great, one oddly enough loses perspective. In this man, soon to be a world figure, and even then possessed of enormous influence and power, I saw rather the kindly father, the man at home, than the planner of things with which to destroy the lives of tens of thousands and wreck millions worth of property. Because of this, no doubt, many things escaped me then that would be of immense interest now to the world at large. However, in the above I have given the most interesting things that I could remember of this great figure as I saw him every day in his home. Many men will think hard of him to the end of their lives; even I myself do not try to excuse or sympathize with him, after the many submarine horrors that have taken place. But because I knew him as the man at home, and came to like him so very, very much, I am going to say, or rather repeat one thing I have said before, and that is: "Is patriotism in some cases a curse, instead of one of the noblest sentiments of humanity? Does it in the human heart sometimes give birth to lust for the blood of the enemy, to the forgetting of all basic laws of humanity towards women and children and helpless non-combatants?

I think that in the case of Von Tirpitz, patriotism reached its zenith; became more—grew to be a fanatical obsession. Seeing only victory, and for its attainment he forgot that he was a father and a man, sacrificed principles, honor, the regard of the civilized world—all in payment for the right to let loose this modern Moloch of the seas, that rose out of the deep stealthily to take innocent babes as part of its just due.

Women With Money

(Concluded from page 23.)

her money in bonds yielding five and a half per cent. He was a patient and a clever salesman, and he succeeded finally in convincing the old lady that she would be better off were she to buy bonds than were she to leave her funds in the savings bank drawing only three per cent. And yet when the salesman was ready to close up the deal he found the bank manager making serious objection to honouring the old lady's cheque, which she had given the salesman.

"But that is her signature?" the salesman said.

"Certainly."

"And she has the money?"

"Yes."

"Then what is the matter?"

"I can only say," said the banker, that I cannot honour the cheque—at present."

"When will you?"

"When I am advised to do so."

The salesman was in a fury. He could, of course, have taken the cheque and sued for the execution of the contract—and made himself and his firm unpopular in ten counties. Instead of that he waited a day or two and then visited the bank again.

Once more he presented the cheque. This time it was honoured without demur.

"Well, what was your game, anyhow?" he demanded of the banker.

"Nothing. I have nothing to say," replied that individual.

But the truth of the matter was that the old lady's nephew, resenting the overtures of the bond salesman had threatened the banker with an injunction restraining him from paying out the money on the grounds that the woman was not of sound mind and had been subject to undue pressure by the salesman. The bank manager —who was by no means anxious to lose such a large savings account—had agreed to hold the matter up long enough to get in touch with his own head office. Head Office had told him to honour the cheque at once.

The point of this episode is this: how many women are left in charge of large estates who are not really capable of handling them. It is not a question of brains. The old lady above referred to was as bright as a dollar. But she did not have—and the average woman cannot have—the necessary experience with the world. The bond salesman might have been a crook, or the bonds he was trying to sell might not have been the gilt-edged affairs they were. Or her nephew might have been a crook—or the bank manager and he might have been working in collusion against the old body. The woman with much money in hand is likely to have a hard time of it unless she gets that money early enough in life to be active and enterprising in seeking financial information. If she hasn't this equipment then she should have what so many families in Canada are beginning to appreciate: a family lawyer. How to pick a family lawyer will be a subject for future discussion in these columns.

Reform Needed.—Frances—"You say you are going to marry a man to reform him. That is fine. May I ask who he is?"

Flora—"It's young Bond."

Frances—"Why, I didn't know he had any bad habits."

Flora—"Well, his friends are saying that he has become quite miserly."—Puck.

In Court.—Lawyer—"Do you drink?"

Witness (quite huffy)—"That's my business."

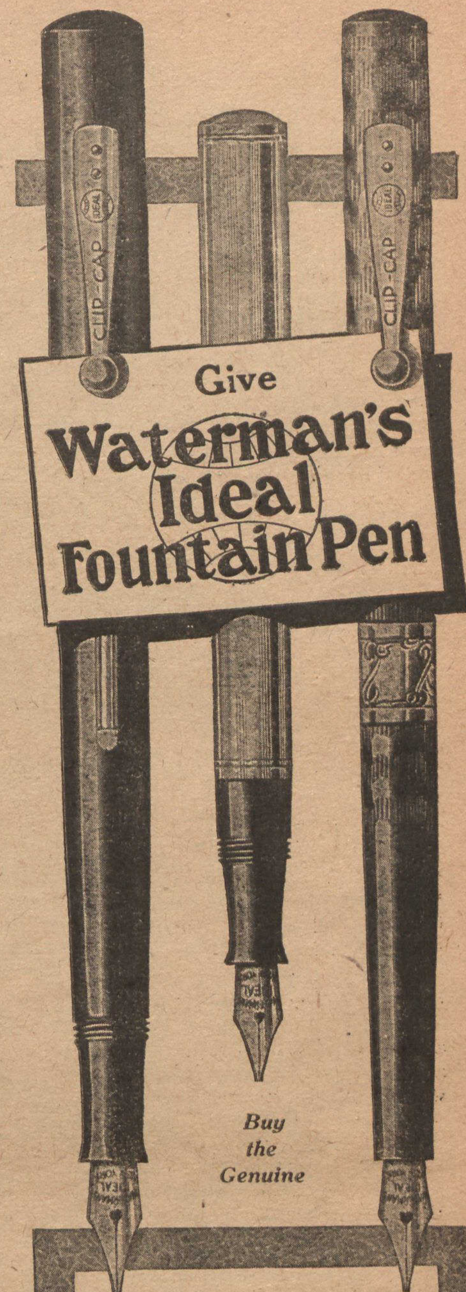
Lawyer—"Have you any other business?"—Widow.

A Difference.—Hewitt—"Don't you think I stand a good chance of making a fortune out of that mine?"

Jewett—"Out of it, yes. In it, no."—Town Topics.

The Last Thing.—"Perkins is down and out, isn't he?"

"Oh, yes—he told me the other day he was paying cash for everything."—Life.



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Older Than Christmas

(Concluded from page 10.)

day before Christmas I'll speak up to our cashier and I'll say: "Say, Bill. I think I want a little extra this week." He'll say: "How much?" and I'll whisper—"dollar 'n a half." Then we'll sneak a little extra time from the office and go down into the big shops. I don't know that it would spoil my Christmas if I only had ham and eggs for Christmas dinner, or if there was no red-paper bell or holly or mistletoe or the smell of brandy sauce, or the rattle of tissue paper coming off presents. But the big shops are different. They are—a large part of Christmas! They're full of the swish of people's feet and the click of the little pneumatic cash carriers. There's ribbon and holly and red paper and lights! There's bustle and hurry and weariness and delight—especially delight if you look down on the level of the youngster's faces. And there are the counters heaped high with the most wonderful things, the things that men and women all over the world, in all sorts of strange places have been putting together and shaping and painting or wrapping in neat packages! It's great! It makes me feel as if the whole world was rich and happy—which it isn't. But, Lord, don't we know THAT? And doesn't Christmas make us all the keener to wipe out the unhappiness?

I spend the dollar and a half and I go home—carrying the parcels—and I buy five cents worth of white paper and some green-and-red string at the corner magazine shop, and I send the parcels. Good? No, they aren't much. You can't get a lot of $1.50.

Music and Plays

(Concluded from page 21.)

and delicious lyric quality. Chaos was superseded by perfect figuration instinct with fine poetic feeling and generous, almost transparent emotion. It was like the eloquence of a great oration following the barbarism of the can-can.

The finale of the programme, the Beethoven Quartette in D major proved the greatest piece of the evening. This number was from Beethoven of the first period, when he was still under the spell of Hayden and Mozart. But it was full of divine poetry. The Quartette have played one or two Beethoven works of bigger content than this; none with a finer balance of all the great qualities of chamber music. Though the hour was late, there was no suspicion of weariness in the audience who have learned to regard the Beethoven repertory of the Academy players as one of the most notable contributions to the literature of familiar great works in that form. It is to be hoped that the Quartette will give us still more of such Beethovens—such joyful Scherzos, such luscious Andantes, such exorbitant Allegros. An entire evening of Beethoven from the three periods would be part of a liberal education.

Merry Wives in Canada.

THE Merry Wives of Windsor have been in Montreal and they go next week to Toronto. Tom Wise is the Falstaff of the cast. He was formerly understudy to James K. Hackett in the role and suddenly called on through the illness of Hackett to take the part in New York, he did so well that he decided to form a company of his own.

With Constance Collier, who has many times played Mistress Ford with Sir Beerbohm Tree in England, and Isabel Irving, the most delightful comedienne on the American stage, as co-stars, and a company of carefully chosen players, Mr. Wise is now taking his Shakespeare about the country with pronounced success.

The performance is pitched at the tempo of a farce; it is a Shakespearean frolic, and the gales of spontaneous laughter that greet the pranks of the fat knight and the two "Merry Wives," according to reports from all sources, is the surest proof possible that Shakespeare is "for all time."

Have you ever gone to a play of Shakespeare's because you heard it was the most amusing show in town? Have you ever chosen to see a play of Shakespeare's rather than the musical comedy at the other theatre—not because you knew you ought to see the former, but because you knew it would be more entertaining?

There have been Shakespearean productions of all kinds, from the attempt of the Ben Greet Players to reproduce the bare, illusionless stage of Shakespeare's day to the elaborate spectacles put on by Sir Beerbohm Tree. The Hackett production of "The Merry Wives of Windsor," with Tom Wise as Falstaff, at the Criterion Theatre, New York, last spring, showed that there is a human side to Shakespeare. Audiences packed the big Criterion Theatre to the doors. The play became the talk of the town.

And why? Certainly not because it was a Shakespearean production, for Mr. Hackett had been playing other Shakespearean plays at the same theatre previous to this one to half-empty houses. It was not wholly due to the splendid acting of the company and Mr. Wise's performance of Falstaff. What first and last drew the large crowds to the Criterion was that the play itself entertained them. It was human and humorous, with a humanity that was understandable, and a humour that still amused, despite the fact that the comedy was written three hundred years ago.

The Domain of Delusion

(Concluded from page 16.)

emerged or the actual strength of the pacifist influence that was thus exercised by only man who was openly denounced in Russia as an aristocrat, a reactionary, and a Prussian. But we note as significant that the Berner Tageblatt, an important Swiss newspaper of strong German sympathies, goes so far as to state categorically the terms that were offered to Russia as the price of her withdrawal. The Tageblatt asserts that its information is authentic and that it was obtained from a high source. Russia was to abandon her desire for a Balkan hegemony and for the possession of Constantinople, but she was to be allowed free access to the Dardanelles. Both Germany and Russia were to renounce all thoughts of indemnity. Russia was to receive parts of Bukowina and East Galicia and the whole of Moldavia and Armenia, and in return she was to cede a part of Courland and Lithuania. Egypt was to be given back to Turkey and the Suez Canal placed under Teutonic control. Bulgaria was to have the Dobrudja, Macedonia, and southern Serbia. Serbia, Montenegro, and what remained of Roumania was to pass under an Austrian protectorate. If Russia should be unable to pay her financial debt to France it was to be repudiated, and Germany would henceforth lend whatever money Russia should need. Such were the terms, says the Tageblatt, that were offered to Russia, and we are given to understand not only that M. Steumer was disposed to consider them favourably, but that his influence was already discernible in a certain paralysis that had communicated itself to the Russian armies.

Whether or not M. Steumer's influence had actually been felt by the Russian armies must be a matter of conjecture for the present, and perhaps forever. There may have been many military reasons for this, such as the weather or a lack of munitions. But we may be quite sure that the action of the Duman was not merely a blow at a hated bureaucracy. We know enough to be certain of that. Otherwise there would be no such unanimity of Russian opinion as to its effect upon the war. That opinion may be justly summarized in a few words, and it is to the effect that the Duma has asserted the popular will to continue the war and that the only representative assembly that Russia possesses has declared itself upon the side of the armies and for an aggressive military policy. And so we may class the "weariness of Russia" with that other foolish fable that describes France as "bled white."

THE BLIND MAN'S EYES

BY WILLIAM McHARG AND EDWIN BALMER

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CHAPTER XXIII.—(Continued.)

SHE stood on the lawn. The vague noises of the house now no longer were audible. She stood in the silence of the evening strained and fearfully listening. At first there seemed to be no sound outdoors other than the gentle rush of the waves on the beach at the foot of the bluff behind her; then, in the opposite direction, she defined the undertone of some faraway confusion. Sometimes it seemed to be shouting, next only a murmur of movement and noise. She ran up the road a hundred yards in its direction and halted again. The noise was nearer and clearer—a confusion of motor explosions and voices; and now one sound clattered louder and louder and leaped nearer rapidly and rose above the rest, the roar of a powerful motor car racing with "cut-out" open. The rising racket of it terrified Harriet with its recklessness and triumph. Yes; that was it; triumph! The far-off tumult was the noise of shouts and cries of triumph; the racing car, blaring its way through the night, was the bearer of news of success of the search.

Harriet went colder as she knew this; then she ran up the road to meet the car coming. She saw the glare of its headlights through the trees past a bend in the road; she ran on and the beams of the car's headlight straightened and glared down the road directly upon her. The car leaped at her; she ran on toward it, arms in the air. The clatter of the car became deafening and the machine was nearly upon her when the driver recognized that the girl in the road was heedless and might throw herself before him unless he stopped. He brought his car up short and skidding. "What is it?" he cried, as he muffled the engine.

"What is it? What is it?" she cried in return.

The man recognized her. "Miss Santoine!"

"What is it?"

"We've got him!" the man cried. "We've got him!"

"Him?"

"Him! Hugh Overton! Eaton, Miss Santoine. He's Hugh Overton; hadn't you heard? And we've got him!"

"Got him!"

She seemed to the man not to understand; and he had not time to explain further even to her. "Where is Mr. Avery?" he demanded. "I've got to tell Mr. Avery."

She made no response but threw herself in front of the car and clasped a wheel as the man started to throw in his gear. He cried to her and tried to get her off; but she was deaf to him. He looked in the direction of the house, shut off his power and leaped down. He left the machine and ran on the road toward the house. Harriet waited until he was away, then she sprang to the seat; she started the car and turned it back in the direction from which it had come. She speeded and soon other headlights flared at her—a number of them; four or five cars, at least, were in file up the road, and men were crowding and horsemen were riding beside them.

The captors of Hugh were approaching in triumphal procession. Harriet felt the wild, savage impulse to hurl her racing car headlong and at full speed among them. She rushed on so close that she saw she alarmed them; they cried a warning; the horsemen and the men on foot jumped from beside the road, and the leading car swung to one side; but Harriet caught her car on the brakes and swung it straight across the road and stopped it; she closed the throttle and pulled the key from the starting mechanism and flung it into the woods. So she sat up in the car, waiting for the captors of Hugh to come up.

These appreciated the hostility of her action without yet recognizing her. The motors stopped; the men on foot closed around. One of them cried her name and men descended from the leading car. Harriet got down from her machine and met them. The madness of the moments past was gone; as the men addressed her with astonishment but with respect, she gazed at them coolly.

"Where is he?" she asked them. "Where is he?"

They did not tell her; but reply was unnecessary. Others' eyes pointed hers to Hugh. He was in the back seat of the second machine with two men, one on each side of him. The lights from the car following and the refractions from the other lights showed him to her. He was sitting, or was being held, up straight; his arms were down at his sides. She could not see whether they were tied or not. The light did not shine so as to let her see his face clearly; but his bearing was calm, he held his head up. She looked for his hurts; there seemed to be bandages on his head, but some one had given him a large cap which was pulled down so as to conceal the bandages. Plainly there had been no other capture; excitement was all centred upon him. Harriet heard people telling her name to others; and the newspaper men, who seemed to be all about, pushed back those who would interfere with her reaching the second machine.

She disregarded them and every one else but Hugh, who had seen her and had kept his gaze steadily upon her as she approached. She stopped at the side of the car where he was and she put her hand on the edge of the tonneau.

"You have been hurt again, Hugh?" she managed steadily.

"Hurt? No," he said as constrainedly. "No."

A blinding flare and an explosion startled her about. It was only a flashlight fired by one of the newspaper photographers who had placed his camera during the halt. Harriet opened the door to the tonneau. Two men occupied the seats in the middle of the car: it was a large, seven-passenger machine. "I will take this seat, please," she said to the man nearer. He got out and she sat down. Those who had been trying to start the car which she had driven across the road had given up the task and were pushing it away to one side. Harriet sat down in front of Eaton—it was still by that name she thought of him; her feelings refused the other name, though she knew now it was his real one. She understood now her impulse which had driven her to try to block the road to her father's house if only for a moment; they were taking him there to deliver him up to Avery—to her father—who were consulting there over what his fate was to be.

She put her hand on his; his fingers closed upon it, but after his first response to her grasp he made no other; and now, as the lights showed him to her more clearly, she was terrified to see how unable he was to defend himself against anything that might be done to him. His calmness was the calmness of exhaustion; his left arm was bound tightly to his side; his eyes, dim and blank with pain and weariness, stared only dully, dazedly at all around.

The car started, and she sat silent, with her hand still upon his, as they went on to her father's house.

CHAPTER XXIV.

The Flaw in the Left Eye.

SANTOINE, after Harriet had left the library, stood waiting until he heard the servant go out and close the door; he had instructed the man and another with him to remain in the hall. The blind man felt no physical weakness; he was wholly absorbed in the purpose for which he had dressed and come downstairs; now, as he heard Avery start forward to help him, he motioned him back. It was the rule in Santoine's house that the furniture in the rooms he frequented should be kept always in the same positions; the blind man could move about freely, therefore, in these rooms.

He walked slowly now to a large chair beside the table in the centre of the room and sat down, resting his arm on the table; when he felt the familiar smoothness of the table under his finger-tips he knew he was facing the part of the room where the sound he had just heard had told him Avery must be.

"When did you learn that Eaton was Hugh Overton, Avery?" he asked.

"To-day."

"How did you discover it?"

He heard Avery, who had been standing, come forward and seat himself on the arm of the chair across the table from him; the blind man turned to face this place directly.

"It was plain from the first there was something wrong with the man," Avery replied; "but I had, of course, no way of placing him until he gave himself away at polo the other day."

"At polo? Then you knew about it the other day?"

"Oh, no," Avery denied. "I saw that he was pretending not to know a game which he did know; when he put over one particular stroke, I was sure he knew the game very well. The number of men in this country who've played polo at all isn't very large, and those who can play great polo are very few. So I sent for the polo annuals for a few years back; the ones I wanted came to the club to-day. His picture is in the group of the Spring Meadows Club; he played 'back' for them five years ago. His name was under the picture, of course."

"You didn't tell me, however, that he could play polo when you first found it out."

"NO; I wanted to be sure of him before I spoke; besides, Harriet had seen it as well as I; I supposed she had told you."

"I understand. I am glad to know how it was. One less certain of your fidelity than I am might have put another construction on your silence; one less certain, Avery, might have thought that, already knowing Eaton's identity, you preferred instead of telling it to me to have me discover it for myself, and so, for that reason, you trapped him into a polo game in Harriet's presence. I, myself, do not think that. The other possibility which might occur to one not certain of your fidelity we will not now discuss."

For a moment Santoine paused; the man across from him did not speak, but—Santoine's intuition told him—drew himself suddenly together against some shock; the blind man felt that Avery was watching him now with tense questioning.

"Of course," said Santoine, "knowing who Eaton is, gives us no aid in determining who the men were that fought with him in my study last light?"

"It gives none to me, Mr. Santoine," Avery said steadily.

"It gives none to you," Santoine repeated; "and the very peculiar behaviour of the stock exchange to-day, I suppose that gives you no help either. All day they have been going down, Avery—the securities, the stocks and bonds of the properties still known as the Latron properties; the very securities which five years ago stood staunch against even the shock of the death of the man whose coarse but powerful personality had built them up into the great properties they are to-day—of Matthew Latron's death. To-day, without apparent reason, they have been going down, and that gives you no help either, Avery?"

"I'm afraid I don't follow you, sir."

"Yet you are a very clever man, Avery; there is no question about

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that. Your friend and my friend who sent you to me five years ago was quite correct in calling you clever; I have found you so; I have been willing to pay you a good salary—a very good salary—because you are clever."

"I'm glad if you have found my work satisfactory, Mr. Santoine."

"I have even found it worth while at times to talk over with you matters—problems—which were troubling me; to consult with you. Have I not?"

"Yes."

"Very well; I am going to consult with you now. I have an infirmity, as you know, Avery; I am blind. I have just found out that for several years—for about five years, to be exact; that is, for about the same length of time that you have been with me—my blindness has been used by a certain group of men to make me the agent of a monstrous and terrible injustice to an innocent man. Except for my blindness—except for that, Avery, this injustice never could have been carried on. If you find a certain amount of bitterness in my tone, it is due to that; a man who has an infirmity, Avery, cannot well help being a little sensitive in regard to it. You are willing I should consult with you in regard to this?"

"OF course I am at your service, Mr. Santoine." Avery's voice was harsh and dry.

The blind man was silent for an instant. He could feel the uneasiness and anxiety of the man across from him mounting swiftly, and he gave it every opportunity to increase. He had told Eaton once that he did not use "cat and mouse" methods; he was using them now because that was the only way his purpose could be achieved.

"We must go back, then, Avery, to the quite serious emergency to which I am indebted for your faithful service. It is fairly difficult now for one contemplating the reverence and regard in which 'big' men are held by the public in these days of business reconstruction to recall the attitude of only a few years ago. However, it is certainly true that five years ago the American people appeared perfectly convinced that the only way to win true happiness and perpetuate prosperity was to accuse, condemn, and jail for life—if execution were not legal—the heads of the important groups of industrial properties. Just at that time, one of these men—one of the most efficient but also, perhaps, the one personally most obnoxious or unpopular—committed one of his gravest indiscretions. It concerned the private use of deposits in national banks; it was a federal offence of the most patent and provable kind. He was indicted. Considering the temper of any possible jury at that time, there was absolutely no alternative but to believe that the man under indictment must spend many succeeding years, if not the rest of his life, in the Federal penitentiary at Atlanta or Leavenworth.

"Now, not only the man himself but his closest associates contemplated this certainty with dismay. The man was in complete control of a group of the most valuable and prosperous properties in America. Before his gaining control, the properties had been almost ruined by differences between the minor men who tried to run them; only the calling of Matthew Latron into control saved those men from themselves; they required him to govern them; his taking away would bring chaos and ruin among them again. They knew that. There were a number of important people, therefore, who held hope against hope that Latron would not be confined in a prison cell. Just before he must go to trial, Latron himself became convinced that he faced confinement for the rest of his life; then fate effectively intervened to end all his troubles. His body, charred and almost consumed by flames—but nevertheless the identified body of Matthew Latron—was found in the smoking ruins of his shooting lodge which burned to the ground two days before his trial. I have stated correctly these particulars, have I not, Avery?"

"Yes." Avery was no longer sitting on the arm of the chair; he had slipped into the seat—he was hunched in the seat watching the blind man with growing conviction and fear.

"There were, of course," Santoine went on, "many of the violent and passion-inflamed who carped at this timely intervention of fate and criticised the accident which delivered Latron at this time. But these were silenced when Latron's death was shown to have been, not accident, but murder. A young man was shown to have followed Latron to the shooting box ; a witness appeared who had seen this young man shoot Latron; a second witness had seen him set fire to the lodge. The young man—Hugh Overton—was put on trial for his life. I, myself, as a witness at the trial, supplied the motive for the crime; for, though I had never met Overton, I knew that he had lost the whole of a large fortune through investments recommended to him by Latron. Overton was convicted, sentenced to death; he escaped before the sentence was carried out—became a fugitive without a name, who if he ever reappeared would be handed over for execution. For the evidence had been perfect—complete; he had shot Latron purely for revenge, killed him in the most despicable manner. For there was no doubt Latron was dead, was there, Avery?"

Santoine waited for reply.

"What?" Avery said huskily.

"I say there was no doubt Latron was dead?"

"None."

"That was the time you came into my employ, Avery, recommended to me by one of the men who had been closest to Latron. I was not connected with the Latron properties except as an adviser; but many papers relating to them must go inevitably through my hands. I was rather on the inside in all that concerned those properties. But I could not myself see the papers; I was blind; therefore, I had to have others serve as eyes for me. And from the first, Avery, you served as my eyes in connection with all papers relating to the Latron properties. If anything ever appeared in those papers which might have led me to suspect that any injustice had been done in the punishment of Latron's murderer, it could reach me only through you. Nothing of that sort ever did reach me, Avery. You must have made quite a good thing out of it."

"What?"

"I say, your position here must have been rather profitable to you, Avery; I have not treated you badly myself, recognizing that you must often be tempted by gaining information here from which you might make money; and your other employers must have overbid me."

"I DON'T understand; I beg your pardon, Mr. Santoine, but I do not follow what you are talking about."

"No? Then we must go a little further. This last year a minor reorganization became necessary in some of the Latron properties. My friend, Gabriel Warden—who was an honest man, Avery—had recently greatly increased his interest in those properties; it was inevitable the reorganization should be largely in his hands. I remember now there was opposition to his share in it; the fact made no impression on me at the time; opposition is common in all things. During his work with the Latron properties, Warden—the honest man, Avery—discovered the terrible injustice of which I speak.

"I suspect there were discrepancies in the lists of stockholders, showing a concealed ownership of considerable blocks of stock, which first excited his suspicions. Whatever it may have been, Warden certainly investigated further. Evidently this helpless, hopeless man had been thought worth watching by some one, for Warden's discoveries gave him also Overton's address. Warden risked and lost his life trying to help Overton.

"I do not need to draw your attention, Avery, to the very peculiar condition which followed Warden's death. Warden had certainly had communication with Overton of some sort; Overton's enemies, therefore, were unable to rid themselves of him by delivering him up to the police because they did not know how much Overton knew. When I found that Warden had made me his executor and I went west and took charge of his affairs, their difficulties were intensified, for they did not dare to let suspicion of what had been done reach me. There was no course open to them, therefore, but to remove Overton before my suspicions were aroused, even if it could be done only at desperate risk to themselves.

"What I am leading up to, Avery, is your own connection with these events. You looked after your own interests rather carefully, I think, up to a certain point. When—knowing who Eaton was—you got him into a polo game, it was so that, if your interests were best served by exposing him, you could do so without revealing the real source of your knowledge of him. But an unforeseen event arose. The drafts and lists relating to the reorganization of the Latron properties—containing the very facts, no doubt, which first aroused Warden's suspicions—were sent me through Warden's office. At first there was nothing threatening to you in this, because their contents could reach me only through you. But in the uncertainty I felt, I had my daughter take these matters out of your hands; you did not dare then even to ask me to give them back, for fear that would draw my attention to them and to you.

"That night, Avery, you sent an unsigned telegram from the office in the village; almost within twenty-four hours my study was entered, the safe inaccessible to you was broken open, the contents were carried away. The study window had not been forced; it had been left open from within. Do you suppose I do not know that one of the two men in the study last night was the principal whose agents had failed in two attempts to get rid of Overton for him, whose other agent—yourself, Avery—had failed to intercept the evidence which would have revealed the truth to me, so that, no longer trusting to agents, he himself had come in desperation to prevent my learning the facts? I realize fully, Avery, that by means of you my blindness and my reputation have been used for five years to conceal from the public the fact that Matthew Latron had not been murdered, but was still alive!"

The blind man halted; he had not gone through this long conversation, with all the strain that it entailed upon himself, without a definite object; and now, as he listened to Avery's quick breathing and the nervous tapping of his fingers against the arm of his chair, he realized that this object was accomplished. Avery not only realized that the end of deception and concealment had come; he recognized thoroughly that Santoine would not have spoken until he had certain proof to back his words. Avery might believe that, as yet, the blind man had not all the proof in his possession; but Avery knew—as he was aware that Santoine also knew—that exposure threatened so many men that some one of them now was certain to come forward to save himself at the expense of the others. And Avery knew that only one—and the first one so to come forward—could be saved.

So Santoine heard Avery now get up; he stood an instant and tried to speak, but his breath caught nervously; he made another effort.

"I don't think you have much against me, Mr. Santoine," he managed; it was—as the blind man had expected—only of himself that Avery was thinking.

"No?" Santoine asked quietly.

"I didn't have anything to do with convicting Overton, or know anything about it until that part was all over; I never saw him till I saw him on the train. I didn't know Warden was going to be killed."

"But you were accessory to the robbery of my house last night and, therefore, accessory to the murder of Wallace Blatchford. Last night, too, knowing Overton was innocent of everything charged against him, you gave orders to fire upon him at sight, and he was fired upon. And what were you telling Harriet when I came in? You have told the police that Overton is the murderer of Latron.

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Isn't that so the police will refuse to believe anything he may say and return him to the death cell for the sentence to be executed upon him? The law will call these things attempted murder, Avery."

The blind man heard Avery pacing the floor, and then heard him stop in front of him.

"What is it you want of me, Mr. Santoine?"

"The little information I still require."

"You mean you want me to sell the crowd out?"

"Not that; because I offer you nothing. A number of men are going to the gallows or the penitentiary for this, Avery, and you—I suspect—among them; though I also suspect—from what I have learned about your character in the last few days—that you'll take any means open to you to avoid sharing their fate."

"I suppose you mean by that I'll turn State's evidence if I get a chance, and that I might as well begin now."

"That, I should say, is entirely up to you. The charge of what I know—with the simultaneous arrest of a certain number of men in different places whom I know must be implicated—will be made to-morrow. You, perhaps, are a better judge than I of the cohesion of your group in the contingencies which it will face tomorrow morning. I offer you nothing now, Avery—no recommendation of clemency—nothing. If you prefer to have me learn the full facts from the first of another who breaks, very well."

Santoine waited. He heard Avery take a few more steps up and down; then he halted; now he walked again; they were uneven steps as Santoine heard them; then Avery stopped once more.

"What is it you want to know, sir?"

"Who killed Warden?"

"John Yarrow is his name; he was a sort of hanger-on of Latron's. I don't know where Latron picked him up."

"Was it he who also made the attack on the train?"

"Yes."

"Who was the other man on the train—the one that claimed the telegram addressed to Lawrence Hillward?"

"His name's Hollock. He's the titular owner of the place on the Michigan shore where Latron has been living. The telegram I sent night before last was addressed to his place, you know. He's been a sort of go-between for Latron and the men—those who knew—who were managing the properties. I'd never met him, though, Mr. Santoine, and I didn't know either him or Hollock on the train. As I said, I wasn't in the know about killing Warden."

"When did you learn who Eaton was, Avery?"

"The day after we got back here from the West I got word from Latron; they didn't tell me till they needed to use me." Avery hesitated; then he went on—he was eager now to tell all he knew in his belief that by doing so he was helping his own case. "You understand, sir, about Latron's pretended death—a guide at the shooting lodge had been killed by a chance shot in the woods; purely accidental; some one of the party had fired at a deer, missed, and never knew he'd killed a man with the waste shot. When the guide didn't come back to camp, they looked for him and found his body. He was a man who never would be missed or inquired for, and was very nearly Latron's size; and that gave Latron the idea."

(To be Continued.)

THE LOST CHORD.

(Uncle Sam's version of the classic.)

Seated one day at the organ
I was humming a ragtime wheeze,
And my fingers wandered idly
Over the noisy keys;
I then tried "The Star-Spangled Banner"
But the melody seemed a blur,
But I pounded it out right smartly
When I got a cash register!

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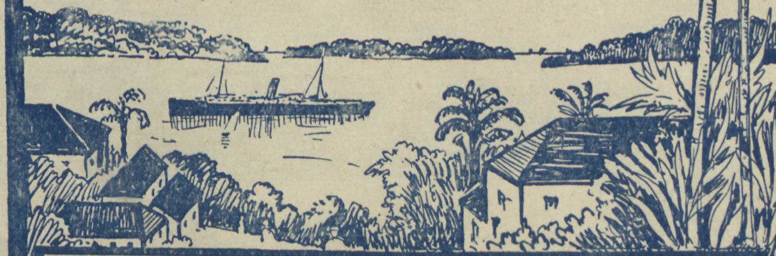
5th ANNOUNCEMENT

COMPANIONSHIP

Half the enjoyment of a long sea voyage depends on one's shipmates. The West Indian ships of the "Royal Mail" have accommodations for 50 first-class passengers, and during last winter they were filled to capacity on every trip. With such a large number of people to select from, it would be strange indeed if everybody did not find a companion.

Information with regard to dates of sailing and cost of tickets can be obtained from the following agents:

Mellville-Davis Co., Ltd., 24 Toronto St.
Thos. Cook & Son, Traders Bank Building, 65 Yonge St.
A. F. Webster & Son, 53 Yonge St.
S. J. Sharp & Co., 79 Yonge St.
Hoseason Tourist Agency, 746 Yonge St.
N. J. Hamilton, Traders Bank Building.
L. W. Clemens, 79 Yonge St.
E. Tiffin, Gen'l West. Agent, C. G. Rlys., 51 King St. E.
W. B. Howard, D.P.A., C.P.R., King and Yonge Sts.
T. Mullins, C.P.A., C.P.R., King St. E.
C. E. Horning, D.T.A., G.T.R., Union Station.
W. J. Moffatt, C.P. & T.A., G.T.R., Corner King and Yonge Sts.



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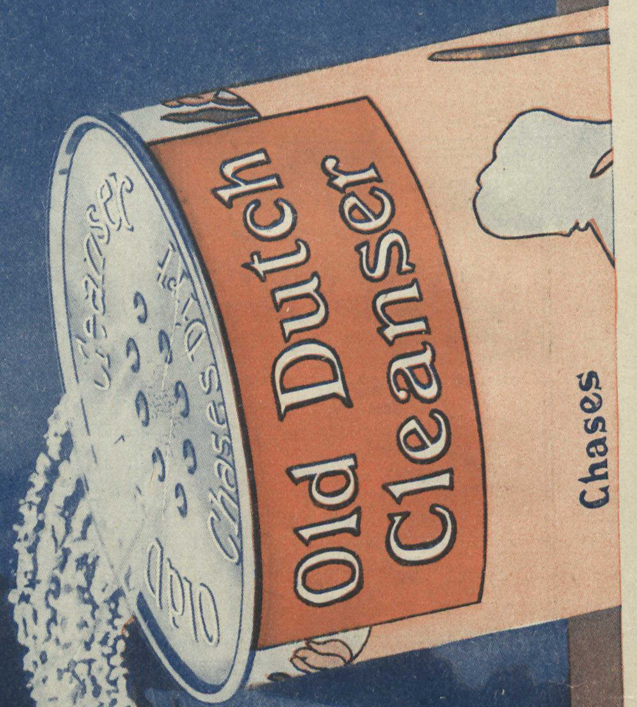

A Merry
Xmas
and
A Happy
New Year

Yours "Old Dutch"

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