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A CONSTANT reader of the Canadian Courier happened to have in his pocket a letter from an eminent Canadian writer living somewhere in the United States. About three-quarters of the letter was written in regard to what this writer thinks about the Canadian Courier and its field. He had been reading the paper and had some ideas as to the problems it involved. His discussion of these problems coincides so closely with our own views and practice on this question that we asked to be allowed to use the letter without mentioning the author's name—because there was no time to get his consent otherwise. The case is well handled by a man who for years has been studying the magazine situation. When he says that a truly national paper should be international in scope he agrees with our own idea, except that we go him one better and say that it is the business of the Canadian Courier to see the rest of the world as far as possible through Canadian spectacles.

All Canadian periodicals other than daily papers, he says, have always had a hard row to hoe, and they always will until they try to meet American periodicals on their own ground. They have wished to enlist Canadian readers, very naturally, and to that end have directed themselves to Canadian

GETTING AHEAD OF OURSELVES

THIS paper gets to you three days late. There is but one reason—Paper. To publishers whose weekly increase in circulation jumps like the Canadian Courier these are strenuous days in paper stocks. On our average increase-of-circulation estimate, we found ourselves suddenly one week short of supplies. The day we should have gone to press we wired the paper manufacturer to rush a car-lot through. It was rushed and traced and corraled to the press and gets to you three days late; for which we apologize. Next week we shall tell you something about the circulation-growth that caused this delay on the press.

INTERNATIONALIZING A PAPER By A CANADIAN WRITER

material rather TOO exclusively. In seeking to become national, they have become somewhat provincial, don't you think so? Is it not true that they are very like all these Southern or Western, or even wholly New England magazines here, which only struggle along for a few years and die.

Almost all the successful American magazines are published in New York or Boston, and none of them is devoted to any one section of the country. That is something they must avoid if they would command a sufficient circulation. As far as its general literary taste goes, the Canadian public is very like the American. The Empire of English poetry and letters refuses largely to recognize the Declaration of

Independence. And the "eminent domain" of the modern American magazine, whether we like it or not, spreads across the 49th parallel. We must recognize that. We could put Canada on the Muses' map; that was easy. All you need is a pad and pencil. Poetic celebrity does not rest on wide popularity; a very small edition may win very high praise. But in the magazine field it is different. There you need capital—some financial Beaverbrook to tackle the job, to compete with the Home Journals and Evening Posts and Youths' Companions, and the big magazines over there. He would have to try in this open market, pay the best prices, and forget where his writers lived.

The reader in Nova Scotia is not going to pay good money for a poor magazine just because it is made in Canada. And he is more interested in a good story about California than in a poor story about British Columbia. Also, a good story laid in Montreal would be just as welcome to any American editorial room, as an equally good story laid in Denver or St. Louis. Of course, such a magazine as I mean would be eminently Canadian, only not exclusively so. In temper and outlook and sentiment it would be all Canadian, which is just a little different from American. But a large part of its reading matter would be just as interesting to readers in the United States as at home. It would put its duty toward the cause of letters first, and its duty to toward its country second; just as all good magazines do everywhere.

Whatever readjustment the war may make in our social, economic, ethnic, intellectual worlds, I believe nationalism and respect for racial preferences must remain. It is of nature, not to be abolished. The Hurrah for an Internationalism is mistaken and shallow, and too purely intellectual to endure the stress of life. You cannot love an abstraction. We don't love our friends because they are humans. We come to love humanity only through loving our friends.

CURRIE, OF THE CANADIANS

A Commander of Leaders

By CHARLES L. SHAW
(Victoria, B. C.)

Canadian soldier, put no reliance on the men's individual resource, restrain their spirit by urging them to do nothing except under orders. But that isn't Currie's system. It's all right on the parade ground, but out in the open it doesn't go.

Not that General Currie doesn't try to maintain absolute discipline among his troops. There has been no finer discipline in the whole British army than in the First Canadian Division, which Currie commanded from September, 1915, until appointed commander of the whole force a week or two ago. But Currie trusts his men to use their brains, and when under fire probably allows them more opportunity to use their own discretion than any other general in France. That's Currie's plan. It is largely responsible for giving Canada's troops overseas a name for unexampled courage, perseverance and resourcefulness—taken altogether, the essential qualities that lead to victory.

Confidence—that is probably the keynote of Currie's success. He himself has an abundance of it, and his spirit has proved contagious.

Speaking of how the Canadians managed to overcome tremendous difficulties at Vimy Ridge, the General said, recently:

"Let me tell you to what factors I ascribe the

victory. First, to the disciplined valour of our troops, and to the supreme confidence with which the men attacked—a confidence born of good training and good discipline. We knew we were going to win."

There you have it—the essence of Currie's battle policy. He was sure before the attack, and his men were, too, that it would be crowned by success. They went into the combat with the spirit of men that had already tasted victory, and all Canada knows the consequence. To recount how they drove on, carrying all before them, taking trench after trench, would be unnecessary here. Their work sent a thrill of pride through every son—and daughter of the Dominion.

Now hear what the General has to say about discipline, training and the indispensable initiative:

"No one ever shrugs his shoulders when speaking of the discipline of the Canadians," he said. "There is no crime; the men respect themselves and are held in the highest regard by everyone. They have a proud record to maintain and are determined that that record, sanctified by the blood of so many of Canada's best, shall not only be lived up to, but shall be enhanced.

"Discipline gives men confidence in themselves and in each other. All British troops are brave; thank God for that, and I would be the last to say that Canadians were braver than the others. Such a statement would not be true. I said the men were confident of their ability to win. The confidence

A RETURNED officer told me this: an officer who went out with Lieut-General Currie in the First Canadian Contingent, who trained with him at Valcartier and Salisbury Plains, and who fought under him from the second battle of Ypres to the winding-up of the Somme campaign last fall. And this is what he said:

"Currie makes each man fancy himself a regular Napoleon. As a result, while Currie is a born leader, in fact, a bear of a leader, he is also a commander of leaders, leaders in the truest sense of the word—a whole army of them!"

Perhaps it is that one watchword of Currie's, that of developing individual initiative and self-confidence among his men, that gave the First Canadian Division the reputation of being the wonder of the British army in France. Certainly it went a long way towards carrying Currie all the way from being a comparatively obscure colonel before the war to a knighthood and the command of the whole of the Dominion's forces at the front in 1917.

It is Currie's proud boast that while he led the gallant First Division it never lost a trench. And if you asked him why, he would probably reply that it was because every officer and man was sure of his own ability, and was prepared to bank everything on it. That was to their credit, of course, but Currie was responsible. Some generals would have felt it their duty to hold back that pent-up energy and enthusiasm which was swelling in the breast of every

was born of great training. The men knew how to shoot straight and how to use their bayonets; there were many bloody bayonets at Arleux and Fresnoy. They knew how to use the bomb, the rifle grenade and the machine gun; but, best of all, they knew the most effective combination of these weapons.

"When things do not go as planned, or when new and unexpected features are encountered, the resourcefulness, the self-reliant initiative of the Canadian is most marked. The men are accustomed to solve their own problems every day. Quickly and accurately they size up the situation and find the solution."

No better example of the self-reliant, independent Canadian soldier could be found than General Currie himself. That fact is brought out time and again in tracing his remarkable military career. And surely there's a smack of genius in a man who, at 42, is given the command of 300,000 trained veterans in this greatest of all wars. He is a son of Ontario, but Western Canada, and British Columbia in particular, shares with the eastern province the pride that it felt when Currie was made commander of the Canadians in France; because he grew up and entered military life on the Pacific Coast and, more than that, he's a typical Westerner.

General Currie has a commanding appearance. It is powerful and resolute, but without the slightest trace of harshness. His face is full and ruddy; but his features are clean-cut. Keen-eyed, he has a high, intellectual forehead, with a square-chiselled jaw—the kind that denotes stern, relentless determination. On the field he cuts an imposing figure. He stands well over six feet, and is well proportioned—every inch of him a fighter.

JUST a line as to how General Currie is thought of by the soldiers serving with him. Big-hearted, affable and companionable—a "good mixer," you might say—there's not a more popular man in France than General Currie. There's hardly a Canadian officer who has served abroad but felt even before the appointment was made that the big British Columbian was head and shoulders above the other possibilities. As a matter of fact, with Currie in the running, there were no other real possibilities for the job. He was right in line for it, and the announcement of his succession to Sir Julian Byng was hailed with the utmost satisfaction.

In the army they say that rapid promotion is sure to cause unpopularity. Well, it hasn't happened to Currie, and he's certainly had a taste of fast-traveling during the past three years. And no one holds him in higher regard, both personally and in appreciation of his worth as a soldier, than the Canadian Tommy.

Napperton, near Strathroy, Ont., is the birthplace of Lieut.-General Sir Arthur Currie, C.B., K.C.M.G. It's a little place; so small, in fact, that it isn't even listed in the Canadian Almanac. He is the only son of William Currie and Jane Garner, and was educated at the Strathroy Collegiate Institute. When only eighteen he set out for British Columbia. That was in 1893, and his first occupation was that of a public school teacher at Sidney, Vancouver Island, then little more than a village. Some years later he went to Victoria, and there entered the real estate and financial business as a partner in the firm of Currie & Power. Victoria has the truest claim to General Currie, for there he lived and served in the militia until the outbreak of war. Victoria is still his home, nominally speaking, although Lady Currie is now in England.

This, briefly outlines his history in the militia; Enlisted in 5th Regiment, Canadian Garrison Artillery, Victoria, as gunner, 1897; received commission as lieutenant, 1900; assumed command of No. 1 Company, 1901; promoted to captaincy, 1902; major, 1906; lieutenant-colonel in command of whole regiment, 1909; transferred to newly-organized 50th Highlanders of Canada on formation, becoming commanding officer, 1913. During his command of the 5th Regi-

ment, that unit achieved a wonderful record in competition with all other garrison artillery corps of the Dominion.

When the call went out for volunteers in August, 1914, General Currie, then a lieutenant-colonel, was among the first to respond. Only a few days after war's declaration he was offered the command of a brigade with the rank of brigadier-general. Holding

that post, he trained with the First Canadian Contingent at Valcartier and Salisbury Plains. He went to France as the commanding officer of the 2nd Infantry Brigade, composed of the 5th, 7th, 8th and 10th Battalions. The brigade saw some of the hardest fighting and was in the thick of it at Ypres in April, 1915, where the stand of the Canadians "saved the situation," and thrilled the Empire.

General Currie's conduct in that engagement did not pass unrecognized. The King made him a Commander of the Order of the Bath, while France conferred upon him the Legion of Honour and the Croix de Commander.

At the battle of St. Julian General Currie's brigade held 2,500 yards of trenches. German poison gas forced the 3rd Brigade, entrenched close by, to retire.

It was written of Currie for his part in that action that "in the very crisis of this immense struggle he held his line of trenches from Thursday at 5 o'clock to Sunday afternoon. And on Sunday he had not abandoned his trenches. There were none left. They had been obliterated by the artillery. He withdrew his undefeated troops from the fragments of his field fortifications, and the hearts of his men were as completely unbroken as the parapets of his trenches were completely broken."

In September, 1915, he succeeded General Alderson as commander of the First Canadian Division, and since that time has proved himself just as skillful in offensive operations as he was when attacked by superior numbers at Ypres.

In a recent letter to Premier Brewster he said: "We must and shall win. The Lord has not brought about the alliance of the English-speaking peoples that they may be overthrown."

A Boy's Hero

By BRITTON B. COOKE

THIS is about a new song for Canadian cradles. I don't know the words nor the tune, but I have met the theme—in France—and sat through a thunder storm with his mother up in the township of Adelaide in the county of Middlesex, Ontario. It is the story of General Sir Arthur Currie, Commander-in-Chief of the Canadian forces in France. He might well become a household tradition in Canada. Here is a Canadian born, Canadian bred—a real Canadian who has done something to fire the hearts and quicken the souls of little men and women (and older ones, too, for that matter).

The splendid thing about General Currie is that not all the King's horses nor all the King's men could ever make him anything else than a Canadian.

In the early part of September, 1915, when the first party of Canadian newspapermen visited the Canadian lines in France, there was only one Canadian division. It was under the command of General Alderson, an able and amiable little English fighting cock. General Currie, of Victoria, B.C., was then in command of one of the Canadian brigades and held a third of Canada's four mile front opposite Messines, south of Ypres. Turner and Mercer were his colleagues in charge of the other Canadian brigades. Mercer and Turner were both held in the very highest esteem by the British War Office and by the British and French officers beside them

on the firing line. They had rendered excellent service even then. But for some curious reason the name which everywhere was dinned into the ears of the visiting Canadian newspapermen, was Currie. English officers spoke of him as though he were a new sort of being. They spoke of him with that curious mixture of enthusiasm and reserve with which the English officer usually treats a subject which inspires him, but of which he is still just a little bit uncertain. It was everybody's secret that this big husky Canadian, with the baby pink face and the blue eyes and slow, smooth, bellowing voice, was to be in command of the second Canadian Division which was just then being organized. A few days after the newspaper men were back in London, the appointment was confirmed.

In the meantime we had seen Currie. He had his headquarters in a long low farm-house that had been badly mauled by German shells. Under a wrecked roof repaired with sandbags was the office from which the activities of Currie's brigade were directed. The peasant family still lived in the cellar of another part of the house, and still tended their fields—dotted here and there with patches of graves. There was a sow and the peasant girl's bird in a wooden cage—and the seltzer was made from greenish pump water.

NO place except Canada, I venture to think, produces such voices as Currie's, or such tremendous easy-moving bodies. He met the newspapermen with a smile and a great outstretched hand. The gesture was something like that of a popular preacher shaking hands with the little children on their way out of the church. But the voice was the great thing. It seemed to come from illimitable depths, rolling up smooth and musical, kind and yet full of the ring of confidence and authority.

Alderson—a kindly host—had been quick, staccato, delicate in his manner of speech. Mercer and Turner had the tongues of Canadian citymen—and eastern ones at that. Currie had all that delightful ringing drawl of the Ontario farmer who has gone west and lived on good terms with his digestive organs. It suggested at once—poise! Unlimited balance! Cool judgment that could never be upset under any or all circumstances. One could not imagine Currie ever being anything but humorously calm, steadily good-natured even in the midst of an enemy barrage.

The very bombardment that had wrecked the roof over Currie's head failed to disturb his equilibrium, so we were told. Officers who saw Brigade headquarters being "strafed," and who saw the roof blown in over Currie's head, whispered among themselves that that would be the last of Currie. But it wasn't. He emerged—not smiling, perhaps, for that would have indicated bravado—but as calm, and smooth and pink as ever, and with all his officers beside him, unhurt. The day the newspapermen first visited him

(Continued on page 21.)



As He Was Lately.



As He Used to Be.

KINGS and Other PEOPLE

KING GEORGE sits a horse as well as any Kaiser. Even the royal horse looks as though he knew the Australian troops his master is reviewing. As the Argonaut says: "British Kingship represents the loyalty of the people to their own ideas and ideals as represented by historic organization. England is a democracy quite as much as America."



THIS Tommy in France is the new-style gardener; goes rather to extremities in the matter of clothes and expects those shells of his to be planted where they will do most good.



KING VICTOR EMMANUEL takes a long, keen look at what his troops are doing in the clouds. He is a right good front-line soldier.



SOME people in this country talk about the war the way these German prisoners look at Messines. The place where the British put shells over and under was enough to make any Fritz feel like having a good long sleep. And according to Ackerman's book, "Germany the Next Republic," the whole German nation is just about as tired as these Fritzes.



GEN. PERSHING has a big job ahead of him to equal the ovation he got in England and France. His arrival at the front may do France as much good as Root did to Russia. He is here seen reviewing French marines, with a bunch of British soldiers looking on.

AND so a further effort is to be made to bring about political union between Canada and Newfoundland.

This effort differs from its predecessors in that it is being made a part of a general Imperial scheme for consummation after the war. The abortive attempts hitherto made were conducted direct by the representatives of the two countries.

When in 1864 the representatives of the then separated provinces met in Quebec to consider Confederation, Newfoundland was represented by two of her statesmen. But while the Canadian provinces continued between that time and 1867, to carry on negotiations, the Newfoundland Government decided to drop the matter. They preferred that while the Canadian provinces were working out the experiment they would watch the game to see how it worked.

In 1868 a further attempt was made to corral Newfoundland. Representatives went to Ottawa to discuss terms. Both branches of the Newfoundland Legislature passed resolutions endorsing the scheme. But the voice of the legislature was not the voice of Newfoundland. In the general election of 1869 the Government was bowled over on the issue of Confederation.

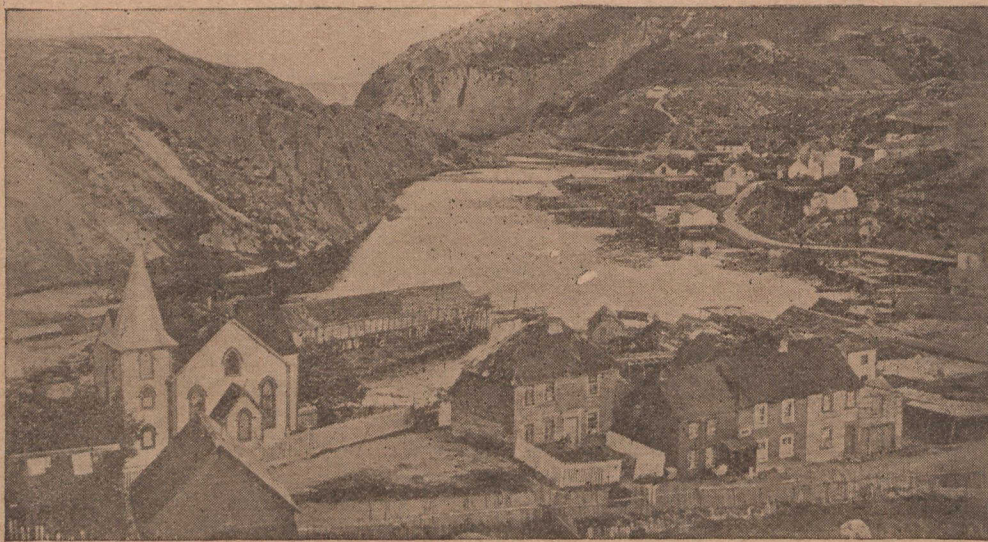
Naturally the pride of the young Dominion of Canada was somewhat ruffled by this decided rejection. The suggestion was made in one quarter that, willy-nilly, Newfoundland should be brought into the Confederation by Act of the Imperial Parliament. But Sir (then Mr.) John Macdonald promptly put his foot down on a proposal so drastic. He was keenly disappointed at Newfoundland's action because, as he said in a letter to the Governor-General, it postponed "the completion of the Imperial policy to unite all the British North American possessions under one Government." While there was no doubt in his mind that the Imperial Parliament had the power to force Newfoundland into the Union, yet he held it would be "very inadvisable" to exercise it. His experience with Nova Scotia was too recent and too unpleasant to warrant the coercion of Newfoundland, no matter how much he might have favoured it. "John A." not only knew how to play the game of politics, but he knew how to profit by experience. He was too canny to invite a storm which would probably be worse than that created over Nova Scotia being brought into the Confederation without the formal consent of the people. At any rate he felt, as he expressed it in the letter above quoted, that Canada could afford to wait with "patience for the inevitable reaction that must take place in a year or two" in the attitude of the people of Newfoundland in regard to Union with the Dominion. But nearly fifty years have passed since then, and the pronounced signs of "the inevitable reaction are still wanting."

TWENTY years after Confederation, Sir Charles Tupper, on his way to England, dropped off at St. John's, Newfoundland, for the purpose of feeling the pulse of the Government on the subject. He felt it so well that a delegation was started on its mission to Ottawa for the purpose of reopening negotiations. But such a storm was raised when the object of the mission became public that the delegates were recalled before they had travelled beyond the borders of Nova Scotia.

The nearest approach we have had since 1867 to the consummation of Union between Canada and Newfoundland was in 1895. At that time trade and financial conditions in the Island were precarious and it was generally felt that the only way of salvation was Union. A conference was held at Ottawa. This time the representatives of the Dominion put a crimp in the negotiations by refusing to agree to the additional sum of \$54,000 which the Newfoundland delegates asked for in the way of a subsidy.

This refusal of Sir Mackenzie Bawell and his fellow

SHALL WE ADOPT



NEWFOUNDLAND?

What Canada Missed for \$54,000 in 1895

By WILLIAM LEWIS EDMONDS

delegates to concede the additional \$54,000 demanded by the Newfoundland delegates has become known in history as "the blunder of 1895." And blunder it undoubtedly was, although it did not appear to be as much so at that time as it does to-day.

After this abortive conference Newfoundland began to smile again over a marked revival in trade and an industrial development bigger than anything dreamed by even the most optimistic of Islanders. In the very year that the conference at Ottawa failed, work was begun on the iron ore mines of Belle Isle, which now rank among the most important in the world, considerably over a million tons being exported annually. Nearly all the ore used by the iron and steel furnaces of Nova Scotia comes from Newfoundland, out of the 1,595,995 tons imported by the Dominion last year 811,513 tons being from that colony.

The paper and pulp industry, which has sprung up within the last dozen years, is probably of even greater importance to the Island than its iron mines, producing as it does materials having an annual value of three million dollars or more. The railway, which twenty years ago was in little better than an embryonic state, now traverses the Island from end to end, leading in turn to the development of its lumber, agricultural and mineral resources. At the time of Confederation, Newfoundland possessed no railway. To-day she has a total of a thousand miles, on the basis of population the largest mileage of any country in the world. According to a speech delivered in London a few months ago, Sir Edward Morris, the Premier, stated that the earning power of the people of Newfoundland has doubled during the past twenty years, in other words, since a matter of \$54,000 stood in the way of the consummation of Union with the Dominion. The fishing industry, which is still the most important, having an annual value of about \$7,000,000, is now no longer the Island's only source of support.

Since the failure of the Ottawa conference the external trade of Newfoundland has increased by about two hundred per cent. It now imports between fifteen and sixteen million dollars worth of merchandise compared with less than six million dollars twenty years ago. Its exports approximate closely to its imports in value, whereas twenty years ago they ran between five and six millions.

Canada's exports to Newfoundland have a little more than doubled since 1895, being now valued, according to the returns for the fiscal year 1916, at \$5,071,000. But had not the paltry \$54,000 been allowed to stand in the way of Union the annual value of our sales to the Island would undoubtedly have been much larger. As it is at present, we do not even rank first in Newfoundland's imports, that position being occupied by the United States, which

during the calendar year 1916 exported \$8,324,000 worth of merchandise to the colony, whereas five years ago it was \$5,258,000 worth.

"In my humble opinion," declared Hon. P. J. McGrath, a member of the Legislative Council of Newfoundland, in concluding an address before the Canadian Club at Toronto four years ago, "if Confederation should ever be brought about in the future, it must be through the influence of one of two circumstances: either a complete transformation of conditions in the eastern part of British America, which we cannot see in prospect at the present time, so that Newfoundland would consider it to be of advantage for financial or other reasons to come in; or the menace of foreign domination might force her to do so. But at the present time our country is too prosperous, our people are too contented, the outlook is too promising for us to consider any proposal for union on the part of the Dominion, even if the Do-

minion were disposed at this time to make one."

Since Hon. Mr. McGrath uttered these words some changes have taken place in the situation. More than anything else the war has influenced this change. With Britain in command of the sea the "menace of foreign domination," to which Mr. McGrath referred to, has perhaps not been very imminent. But it has been, and still is, a possibility—considering Germany.

THE Confederation of the Provinces of British North America was the result of the recognition of the fact that none of them could hope, as long as they existed as separate colonies, to achieve national greatness, either politically or industrially. It was a recognition of the same fact that brought about the creation of the Australian Commonwealth, in 1901, and of the Union of South Africa in 1909.

Canada certainly needs Newfoundland not only in order to complete the Confederation of fifty years ago, but, and what is more important still, in order that the gateway which commands the entrance to her great inland system of waterways may be under her own control. The trade and commerce and the natural resources of the Island, important and all as they undoubtedly are, rank but secondary in importance to the strategic necessities. Strategically, Newfoundland is fully as important to the Dominion as Gibraltar and Malta are to the protection of Britain's possessions in the Near and Far East. Newfoundland, on the other hand, needs Canada in order that her natural resources and industries may be more readily developed and in order that her position, geographically and politically, may be strengthened and assured.

Newfoundland is the tenth largest island in the world, having an area of about forty-six thousand square miles, and confederated with the Dominion would enormously increase Canada's prestige as a sea power, for with the island fortified and a navy at her command, which she naturally will have in the course of time, she would dominate the sea-going traffic of the Western Ocean.

There is no longer any doubt regarding the success of the Canadian Confederation. Neither is it possible for unprincipled politicians to go up and down the Island as they did fifty years ago and stir up antagonism against Confederation by declaring the sons of the simple fisher-folk would be used as gunwads for Canadian guns; that their fishing and bait industry would be sacrificed to Canadian interests; that they would be over-burdened with taxation, and that Newfoundlanders in general would be hewers of wood and drawers of water to the Canadian people. These prejudices, like those which at first existed against the construction of the railway, have now largely vanished under the influence of education and experience.

Financially, Canada is already largely interested
(Concluded on page 10.)

PICTURES FROM THREE CITIES



OTTAWA appropriately took the centre of the stage on Dominion Day. Confederation was celebrated in a very unusual way. The new Parliament Buildings were the scene of the occasion. These were dedicated to the cause of a United Canada. A memorial tablet was unveiled, to be the silent record of fifty years in Canada's new Hall of Fame. Inspiring speeches were delivered by the Governor-General, the Premier, and Sir Wilfrid Laurier. Patriotic songs were given by a massed choir. The two photographs show Sir Robert Borden speaking and three of our statesmen snapped while the choruses were being sung.



HON. PAUL NESBITT, speaker of Oklahoma Legislature, here delivers a characteristic six-foot-two speech to people of Western Canada on the occasion of the mammoth terminal celebration of the Jefferson Highway inaugural at Winnipeg. The Hon. gentleman is glad to see



THE Mayor and the Bishop of Toronto try to see which can look the highest at the fleet of airships which gave an upward turn to Toronto's celebration of Our Natal Day.



WINNIPEG is always doing things out of the ordinary. When the 'Peg settles down to be a drowsy imitation of Toronto or Montreal it will be time to shut up the national shop. Several weeks ago Premier Norris, of Manitoba, and a number of officials, took a motor ride from Winnipeg to New Orleans. The main party left May 14 and got back June 29. Six weeks of international joy-riding over the new Jefferson highway, which links up New Orleans by the gasoline route with all cities north as far as Winnipeg. In the photograph to the right Premier Norris, after his long trip of celebrations and receptions, is seen talking patriotically to the children of Gladstone School, who sang patriotic songs for the occasion.

Winnipeg and Manitoba swing into line on this big international scheme, one of the many that keep our western cities from sadly remembering how far they are from Montreal and Toronto in mileage compared to Minneapolis and Chicago.



A FEW days ago an inspiring band of naval cadets—all Canadians—swung down street in one of our Canadian cities. Recruiting for the Navy makes better headway according to the number wanted than enlistments for the Army. The tune of Rule Britannia sounds in the bayonet-gleaming tramp of these marching feet. Much of the credit for getting these and other similar aggregations of naval cadets into line is due to Mr. Aemilius Jarvis, the chief naval recruiting officer for the Dominion of Canada.

UNCONSCIOUSLY HUMANITARIAN

WEDNESDAY afternoon, Billy Bray, press agent for the Carthage Vaudeville Theatre at Northtown, sat at his typewriter and scowled at the scant sheet of advance dope of the next week's bill. Wednesday was the day upon which he had to turn in his stories of next week's bill to the dramatic editors of Northtown's three dailies: the Gazette, Journal and Tribune, for their Saturday theatrical page—Northtown as yet not having reached the "Sunday edition" stage.

In this Bray had no easy job. His was the opening house in Canada for a western "big time" vaudeville circuit, all acts for which jumped direct from Chicago; and always the Chicago office of the circuit, with true American contempt, common to many theatrical concerns in regard to things in Canada, even when playing through it, had failed to send Billy in advance more than the barest outline of the show due in Northtown on the following week.

Thus, with such a paucity of press matter, Billy had been forced to draw endlessly upon his imagination for fitting stories of the acts to fill the theatrical columns of the three papers. Sometimes the head office had even failed to forward a list, forcing the press agent to consult the "prop" list that went back stage. Still, in spite of this, good luck had favoured him, and his concocted advance stories had been sufficiently near the mark as to be successfully received both by actors and the public. Only once had he fallen down—a few weeks previously. On this occasion the advance matter had consisted of merely the names of the five acts. Of these only one was puzzling: Morton and Heath, billed as "Two in A Cab."

Finally making up his mind on this, Billy had written a column on Morton's earlier life as a cab driver, "which same the genial gentleman was now making good use of in the thrilling farce, 'Two in A Cab,' headlining the bill at the Carthage theatre next week."

This story had so appealed to the Capitol's theatrical man that he had duly featured it in his Saturday page.

Then, on the following Monday, Morton and Heath had arrived in the persons of two dainty young ladies, and Billy, aghast, learned too late that the act was "Two in A Cabaret," the word "cab" having been an abbreviation made by some labour-saving clerk in the Chicago office when sending out the advance sheet.

Now, as Billy sat scowling at his typewriter, the memory of this, and the two young ladies' withering sarcasm came back to him. Finally picking up the inadequate press dope again supplied him on the next week's bill, he scanned it critically.

Again one thing puzzled him: Lily Lalore, grand opera prima donna, was headliner, and billed as "With the Movies." Now just what connection a prima donna could have with an act called such was beyond Billy.

"Have to think up something safe and away from the act," he drawled, and, after several moments of aimlessly staring at the keys, pounded off a story; one which, featured in the dramatic columns of the Saturday Tribune, brought later most unexpected results.

II.

IT was late Tuesday afternoon of the following week. The strains of the orchestra and the barking of many canines with "Devere's Great Animal Act," which closed the bill, came faintly wafted through the half-open door of the inner office where manager Gill sat going over the matinee receipts. Presently he desisted from his counting and listened; in the outer office the office boy was giving answer to feminine voices. In another moment he entered, announcing: "Four ladies to see you, sir."

Richly gowned, gray of hair, and with all the marks of the city's best people about them, was the quartette of femininity that faced Gill.

"I am Mrs. Mouchier, President of the Humane Society," said the spokesman of the party, after the manager had bowed them into seats.

"Yes?" the puzzled man said, questioningly. His

HOW a theatrical press agent in a north Canadian city got into and out of a moral entanglement with a vaudeville star and with several ladies of the Humane Society. Fiction, as usual, in the best of cases based on fact.

brain was working fast for a clue to this visit. Suddenly he remembered a small cut on the flanks of one of the ponies with the Devere animal act. This, no doubt, was the cause of the visit; but, being astute, he waited for the lady to proceed.

"And," proceeded Mrs. Mouchier, "we are so pleased about Miss Lalore. It was one of the noblest things we have ever read, for her to make such a sacrifice for the cause. We held a meeting yesterday afternoon, and decided that it was only proper that the young lady should know how much we appreciate what she did. It is a splendid thing for the cause when a woman as prominent in the profession as Miss Lalore is, puts herself on record in a matter like this. It is bound to do good."

Manager Gill listened, trying hard to hide his blank amazement, but, with every succeeding word spoken by the stately lady, becoming more mystified.

"We are all coming in a body to-morrow afternoon to witness Miss Lalore's act," went on the president, "and later would like her to be our guest for dinner at our club rooms, if you will be kind enough to convey our invitation to her."

Press agent Billy Bray had stepped softly into the room in time to catch the latter part of Madame Mouchier's speech.

For a moment he stood gazing at the little group at the farther end of the room. Madame Mouchier, whose picture had figured often in the local press, Bray recognized at once. With remembrance of her position of the Humane Society, understanding of her recent words and the present visit, at once came to him. Glancing from the little group of women to the manager, sitting with absolutely expressionless face, Billy was suddenly aware that there was an awkward pause. Each of the gathered group of visitors was gazing at the manager expectant, waiting for a reply, and Gill, groping for many moments without success for a suitable answer to something of which he had absolutely no idea, dare not speak.

Seeing the press agent, the manager scowled angrily, but stalling for time as he was, secretly welcomed the interruption. "Well, was there something you wanted?"

"Yes; if you will excuse the interruption one moment, there is a matter I would like to call to your attention at once," said Billy, crossing the room.

"Knowing that Gill seldom read the local press dope, in this case the key to the situation which now so puzzled the manager, Billy pulled the big press book off the shelf above the desk, and, snatching it open on the desk before Gill, laid a pointing finger on a pasted newspaper clipping from the previous Saturday Journal.

"It will take you only a moment to deal with this matter," the press agent stalled, his eye drooping in a sly wink.

Comprehending, Gill dropped his eyes to the book before him, read rapidly the headlines and the story that followed. Finishing, he said: "Yes, that will be all right, go ahead and do it right away." Billy closed the book, tucked it under his arm and made his exit, and started on the run for the back of the house.

Following the press agent's exit the manager rose and bowing to the delegation said: "I am honoured by your visit, and I am sure that Miss Lalore will be delighted to meet you all and pleased to know that her great sacrifice for the cause has not passed unnoticed in this city. And I am sure," he went on, "that Miss Lalore will be only too pleased to attend at your tea, and perhaps even speak a few words on the subject in which you are all so vitally interested." He added this last sentence with a secret

vindictive pleasure. At least, he thought, someone else should have a few uncomfortable moments such as he had undergone. With this reflection to cheer him he bowed the society delegation out.

III.

BACK stage Billy Bray stood hands in pockets, grinning good naturedly at Lily Lalore. Seated on the wardrobe trunk in the centre of her dressing-room, that young lady was scanning with a pleased smile a pasted press clipping, the same one which, a few minutes before, had lifted Manager Gill out of danger at the hands of the Humane Society's delegation.

"And," Billy rushed on, taking up conversation momentarily delayed while the prima donna perused the story, "they are coming to the theatre in a body to-morrow to see your act and afterwards carry you off to take pink tea and things."

There came a knock at the door and the manager himself walked in. The three talked for several moments on the engrossing subject of the moment. Then, as he made his exit, Manager Gill fired a shot that suddenly robbed Miss Lalore of her pleased expression over this most excellent piece of press agenting.

"Yes; I told the ladies you would be pleased to attend their tea and also make a short address on the subject which both you and they are so interested in."

"Good Lord!" The queen of song's jaw sagged, all in a moment she went weak. Then turned pleading eyes to the press agent: "What on earth can I say to that bunch of swell dames about their cause! Why, I never even heard of the society till you sprung this one on me. Man, man, you've sure got me in for it now." Miss Lalore was a star risen from the chorus; time nor position could not change her language in times of stress.

"Why, that's all right," Billy said soothingly. "Just read that story over half a dozen times; there's enough data in it for you to make a little talk on. Don't say too much, and stick strictly to it, and you'll cover yourself with glory."

Resignedly the great songstress again applied herself to the press book where stared back at her the double columned, heavy headed heading of the story from the last Saturday's Tribune, and beneath it:

SONGSTRESS SACRIFICES POSITION RATHER THAN WEAR FEATHERS.

Miss Lily Lalore, the operatic singer who comes to the Carthage Theatre next week, is in vaudeville now and the reason is that she refused to wear a hat which was trimmed with long, drooping Bird of Paradise feathers. Miss Lalore is an active Humane Society worker, and much opposed to the use of any kind of feathers being used in woman's hats, and particularly against Birds of Paradise ones, which, to be of fine quality, must be plucked from the bird alive.

Late last season at the finish of the tour of the Ahearn Opera Company, in which Miss Lalore starred, Miss Lalore was engaged for a long run in New York City and cast for the leading role in the French opera "La Boheme." When the time came to talk wardrobe, the producer ordered for her several hats. In accordance with the styles prevailing, one of these hats had three beautiful Bird of Paradise feathers incorporated in the trimming. On Miss Lalore's arrival at Marie's, the well-known Fifth Avenue milliner, the first thing to greet her eyes was her hat trimmed in this abhorred manner.

That settled it for Miss Lalore! Not for her . . . she absolutely refused to wear it, and high ructions with the management were in order. The manager insisted that she should use the hat; the actress continued her refusal: "Do you think I would wear feathers from poor birds that are plucked and then left to die!" The manager finally delivered an ultimatum that the hat be worn or Miss Lalore resign, which she promptly did. Following this she at once began work upon an act of her own, entitled, "With the Movies," in which she appears as a headline attraction at the Carthage Theatre next week.

With a sigh Lily Lalore laid down the press book and completed her change into street costume. "I reckon I'd better study up this Humane Society dope," she said aloud. "The confounded story is bound to follow me over the whole circuit."

Then, slightly perturbed, but not ill pleased with her new role, Miss Lalore tripped to the street.

only twenty-four hours and a half under way between the two cities, with a strong head wind all the way. She is most superbly fitted up, and offers accommodation for passengers in every respect equal to the best hotel in Canada. In short, for celerity and security, she well deserves the name of 'Swiftsure.' America cannot boast of a more useful and expensive undertaking by one individual, than this of Mr. Molson's. His Excellency, the Governor-in-Chief, set out for Montreal on Tuesday in the steamboat." She was used as a transport for troops during the war of 1812.

AS early as 1847 there were two lines of steamers making the passage between Quebec and Montreal, the Royal Mail and People's line, and the Montreal and Quebec Steamboat Company steamers. The Richelieu Steamboat Company, later known as the Richelieu and Ontario Navigation Company, now the Canada Steamship Lines, was founded in 1845. It began by running market boats between Sorel and Montreal. The company started to run mail steamers between Quebec and Montreal in 1854.

The steamer "Lauzon," built on the St. Lawrence River, by John Goudie, in 1817, was a vessel of 310 tons and propelled by steam. She crossed between Quebec and Levis from that date until 1828, besides making an occasional trip to Montreal. The company that owned the boat was known as the Quebec Steamship Company and the shareholders comprised Quebec and Montreal merchants. The "Lauzon" was the first steam ferry on the river at Quebec. The time occupied in crossing was from ten to fifteen minutes, and the price for the passage was six-pence per head with a regular tariff for merchandise. The steamer ran from 5 a.m. to 9 p.m. daily, and ten minutes before each trip a bugle or horn was sounded to give travellers warning that the boat was soon to leave. The venture was considered a great novelty at the time and many Quebeckers took advantage of the boat to make the first trip in their lives to Levis. The French-Canadian captain was obliged to shout out all his orders to the English-speaking engineer, as bells or telephones were out of the question then, and such commands as "stop her, Joe," "reverse her, Joe," "start her, Joe," and "another stroke, Joe," were quite frequently given. Copper tokens of various values were used as tickets in place of money for passengers and freight for many years on the "Lauzon," another old pioneer, and some of these tokens are still in the possession of numismatians.

HORSE boats date from an earlier period than the boats propelled by steam and were used for years on the St. Lawrence at Quebec. To cross to Levis, even in the recollection of our older citizens, it was very often necessary to take a ferry boat worked by horses, and the time occupied in crossing varied, especially if a storm prevailed or the old nags working the paddle wheels took it into their heads to have a rest. In that event the boat might float up or down the river any distance, according to the tide. On the Quebec side the landings were made at the Finlay market. A well known character, before the departure of the boat, raced through the market square as far as Notre Dame Street, stopping at intervals, going and returning, to blow his tin horn and call out in a loud voice, "Embark, Embark." This he would continue until, in the judgment of the captain, the load warranted a start. Horse boats were often used as tow boats in the harbour.

The first regular tow boat on the St. Lawrence at Quebec, known as the "Hercule," was built in 1824. The steamer made regular trips between Que-

bec and Bic, taking two days and a half to cover the distance of one hundred and sixty miles. She also travelled to Montreal in the double capacity of a tow boat and passenger steamer, and is given credit for having towed the first ship, named the "Margaret," of Liverpool, to the sister city in 1824.

Although deepened in 1831, owing to the lowness of water in Lake St. Peter down almost to the middle of the past century, vessels of even less than five hundred tons had difficulty in making the passage from Quebec to Montreal. It was necessary at times, during the dry season, at least, to take down the yards and topmasts and float them alongside the vessels, while cables, chains and other rigging were

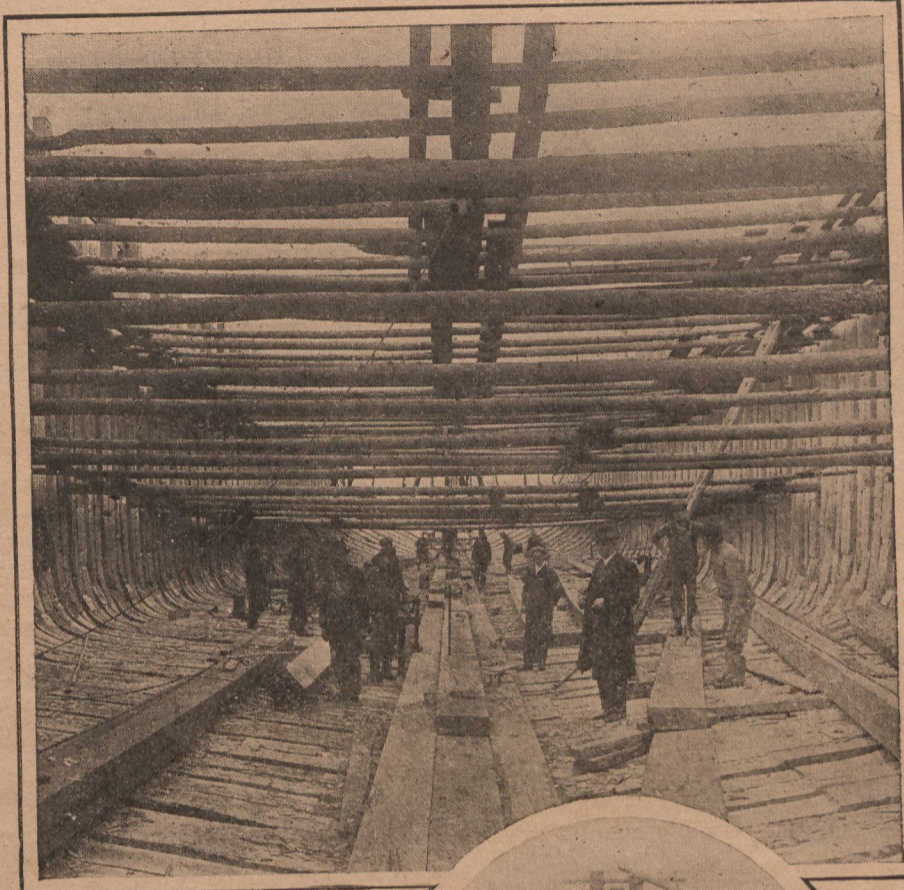
Wolfe breathed his last on the historic Plains of Abraham. The launching of the steamer took place on Friday afternoon, April 29, 1831. The Mayor of Quebec proclaimed a public holiday, which fact brought out a large concourse of people. Lord Aylmer was present as Governor-General, to represent King William IV., after whom the steamer was to be named the "Royal William" by Lady Aylmer. The guard and band of the 32nd Foot were drawn up near the ship. Lady Aylmer took the bottle of wine and, throwing it against the bows, pronounced the historic formula: "God bless the 'Royal William' and all who sail in her." Then, amidst the crash of arms and music, the roaring of artillery from the Citadel, and the enthusiastic cheers of all the people, the stately vessel took the water.

THE tonnage of the Royal William by builders' measurements was 1,370 feet, though by net capacity of burden only 363. The length over all was 176 feet. The rig was that of a three masted topsail schooner with paddle wheels, and there were fifty passenger berths and a good saloon. Besides several trips to Halifax in 1831 she went to Boston later, when the band at Fort Independence played her into port to the tune of "God Save the King," because she was the first of all steamers to enter a seaport of the United States under the Union Jack.

It was on the 5th August, 1833, under the command of Captain John McDougall, that she left Quebec for England, coaled at Pictou and took her departure from there on the 18th. The whole passage from Pictou, counting the time she was detained at Cowes repairing boilers, took twenty-five days. But either the port or starboard engine, or both, worked her the whole way over, and thus forever established her claim to priority in transatlantic navigation under steam alone. In London the vessel was sold for ten thousand pounds. She was at once chartered by the Portuguese government. In 1834 she became a man-of-war under the Spanish flag, though flying the pennant of Commodore Henry, then in command of the auxiliary steam squadron against the Carlists in the north of Spain. Two years later, under her Spanish name of "Isabella Segunda," she made another unique record. As the British Legion, under Sir de Lacy Evans, was attacked by the Carlists in the bay of St. Sebastian, she fired the first shot that any steam man-of-war had ever fired in action. She continued in the Spanish service till 1840, when she was sent to Bordeaux for repairs, and the French bought her for a hulk and left her where she was. But the Spaniards took her engines out and put them into a new "Isabella Segunda," which was wrecked in a storm on the Algerian coast in 1860.

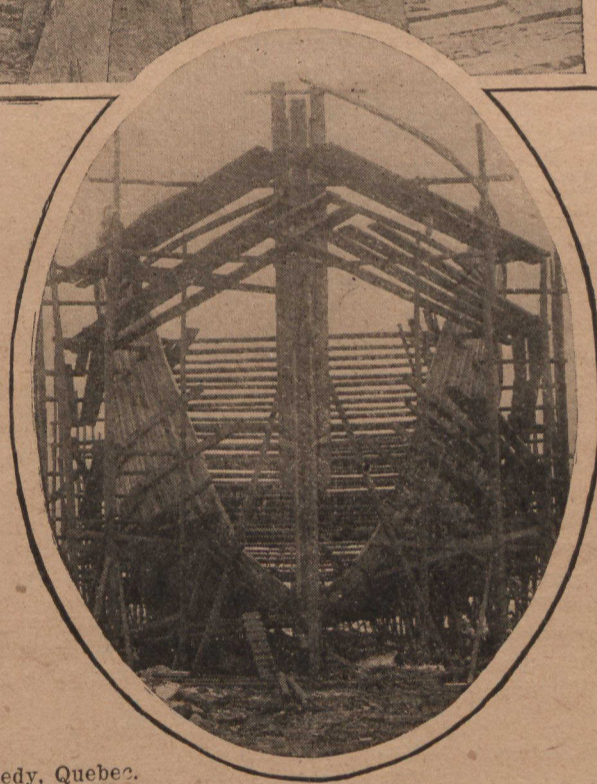
The first ocean steamer making a continuous voyage between Liverpool and Quebec, westward bound, was the "Geneva," Captain Paton, which arrived in Quebec May 9, 1853. She made the passage in twenty days and on arrival received a salute from the Citadel and returned it. She was built of iron, a little over eight hundred tons and equipped with sails. The first steamer of the Allan line to reach Quebec was the "Canadian," which arrived on her maiden trip in 1854.

Among all these little stories of "first ships" on the St. Lawrence it is encouraging to all real Canadians to know that Quebec is not to lag behind any of the eastern provinces in the modern business of reviving the ancient art of building Canadian ships. Canada should be one of the greatest maritime nations in the world. What other country has 1,000 miles of riverway cutting into the heart of it, along the direct line of steamer traffic?



THE Island of Orleans, just below Quebec City, is a very poetic picture to the passenger on deck of a tourist steamship. He little dreams that here, at the present time, some of the ancient glory of Quebec as a shipbuilding province are pictures of industry and construction such as these hulls of 1917 which, in 1918 will be afloat in the name of Canadian shipping.

Photographs by Kennedy, Quebec.



put into lighters.

In 1842 steamers were running between Quebec and Chicoutimi, calling at Kamouraska and other seaside resorts going and returning.

The year 1831 was a memorable one in the history of Quebec, opening as it did a new era in shipbuilding. It marked the construction and launching of the first vessel to cross the Atlantic under her own steam. The event at the time was of great significance. It was the turning point of sail vs. steam, marking as it did a complete departure in the order of things in the maritime world. It finally closed the career of the sailing ships.

It was on September 2, 1830, that James Goudie laid the keel of the steamer in the yard belonging to George Black, a shipbuilder, and his partner, John Sexton Campbell. The shipyard was situated at Cape Cove, directly in line with the spot at which

EDITORIAL



A CORRESPONDENT in Moosomin, Sask., abuses the editor of this paper tremendously because Henry Hawkins wrote a recent

article on western politics in which he praised Premier Martin. He accuses the editor of being in the pay of the Grit machine. This is terrible. Had Premier Martin been a Tory and Hawkins written a similar article we should have been in the pay of the Tory machine. Which might have been even worse. This being in the pay of a machine must be an exciting business. Sometimes we are tempted to ask some party editors just how the machine works. But that is such a personal matter. No, Moosomin, if we should wait till any political machine paid us anything we should need to consult Methuselah. We are not that kind of political sheet. One of the things we are trying to do is to get people a thousand or so miles from Regina or Fredericton or Victoria or Winnipeg to know a little more this week than last about some man in any of those places who is pushing on the national waggon in his own province. Premiers Martin, Foster, Brewster, Gouin, Sifton, Murray and Norris are all men of that kind. Somewhat by accident it happens they are all Liberals. That is to be regretted. We don't believe in a party monopoly of national efficiency either in peace or war. One of these days we sincerely hope that some of these Premiers will change their politics, so long as they do not go back on a progressive policy of helping to nationalize this country.

LET us agree that in times like this the State should conscript wealth. To those who have no wealth—and most editors have very little—this may seem very simple. But it involves a large difficulty in each word. First define what you mean by conscription; then—what you mean by wealth. The latter comes first. When we know what wealth is we shall know what the State should go out to conscript. We may not agree with Mr. J. L. Lanctot, M.P., that every rich man should have his surplus confiscated above \$100,000. But what method would conscript at about the same rate that a tea-spoon empties a rain barrel? Any man who is clever enough to accumulate more than \$100,000 is shrewd enough to put his surplus into some form that will escape a new tax. Theoretically all wealth belongs to the nation. Individuals are merely the trustees protected by the nation's laws. Abolish the laws, or let in a foreign invader, and individual property rights are gone. The new State would not hesitate at mere conscription. It would confiscate.

But what is this wealth? Property? Yes, but not merely. The clothes a man wears to do his work in, the food he accumulates from week to week to keep him working, the house for which he pays rent and the furniture in the house are not necessarily wealth. They are his working capital. But if you conscripted such a property a million times from as many men you would still have little or nothing that the State could use except in a last emergency.

Neither is land wealth that can be conscripted. Land is the first basis of wealth. But a hundred million acres of land would be no use to the State. All the State can use in the main is the product of the land. That involves labour. And the conscription of wealth would go a long way if it laid hands on the labour of all men working to the limit for the good of the whole country. You cannot conscript a crop by taxation or tithing until you know what is the cost of producing that crop. To tax some people's crops would be to get a minus quantity.

Mere money is not the thing to conscript. Only in the form of gold has it any intrinsic value. Paper money is a symbol. It happens to be a more convenient because more universal symbol than bonds, stocks and mortgages. All these represent various forms of wealth. Conscript the bonds of a railway or a trust company, or the stocks of shareholders in industrial or mining or other concerns, and you have only begun to get at a method by which you can get certain tangible assets of use to the State. These tangible assets are production of metal, or power, or foodstuffs, or clothing, or fabrics, or what you will. Get at these and you have something. But how?

Taxing profits has already been tried with limitations. Making it impossible for any investor to get more than so much percentage profit from his stocks or his bonds and forcing him to turn the rest in to

THE NEW CANADIAN SAYS:

WHETHER I was born in Canada or in some land outside the British Empire, I am still a Canadian. My creed, or racial origin are no part of my claim to Canadianism. Say that I was born abroad if you will. You, who are native-born Canadians, whether you celebrate the 12th of July or St. Jean Baptiste Day, may think I am an outsider. But I claim to be a Canadian because all I am, have and expect to be or to possess belong in this country. My father was not born here. My children were. My work is here. I have and know no other supreme patriotic allegiance. When I cross the water again I am not "going home." Home to me is where my heart and work and children and future are. Home to me is Canada. That has nothing to do with my politics. As I do not base patriotism on birth, nor on race, neither do I build it on political parties. I am saying these things because the future of this country is greater than its past. This is a new world. Canada is a world-open country. You can't take a man from continental Europe and make of him an Englishman; because the past of England is greater than her future. You can take any man and make of him a Canadian. The future will tell. And the future of this country will rule out the feud of race that goes back to 1759.

the State is all very well so long as you don't tax the product out of existence. Killing the goose that lays the golden eggs has been done in a variety of ways.

Nevertheless, we believe that the individual and collective energies of men working on land or material can be taxed by the Government in such a way as to increase the available wealth of the State for the purpose of expressing the will of the people. Just how it is to be done involves a clear understanding of the term conscription, which at present few men seem to have.

TWO correspondents recently wrote us concerning the translation of Mr. Bourassa's Le Devoir articles, published in our issue of June 30. One from Manitoba thinks we should have published them without comment and that our talk about seeing things from the viewpoint of Quebec is insincere. One from Montreal asks what is our candid opinion of the translation. If we please one we displease the other. Each is entitled to respect. But on general principles, if the columns of the Canadian Courier are open for a summary of Mr. Bourassa's arguments, they should be quite as

open for the editor's own comment on the same. If we had believed that Bourassa's teachings were as generally mischievous as Tom Paine's or Bob Ingersoll's, quite likely we should have repudiated them long ago. We are orthodox enough for that. But we have always observed in such of Le Devoir's utterances as we have been able to read, a certain thread of rational argument—inevitably carried to excess. These anti-conscription articles are no exception. The Government, says Mr. Bourassa, made certain mistakes. From his point of view had the Government reversed its policy it would still have made mistakes. He condemns voluntary enlistment and says conscription would have been better from the start. We have difficulty imagining Mr. Bourassa as a supporter of conscription in 1915 or at any time since. His query—how many European soldiers would cross to America if the United States were

to invade Canada?—is no analogy at all. If the United States were a Germany and attempted to make a Belgium of Canada, quite likely Europe's armies would land by millions in America, because great world powers are jealous of one another no matter in which hemisphere, and the conquest of Canada by the United States might be just as dangerous to civilization as the conquest of continental Europe by Germany. On the basis of army-cost there is some reason in Le Devoir's statements. We have the costliest army per man at the front. As mere economics it would be better to use more men of the low-cost class. But national sentiment, even in Mr. Bourassa, sometimes transcends economics. To say that the United States is 74 times as wealthy as Canada and on that to base a conclusion that Canada has already done far too much and is facing war bankruptcy is to ignore the essential difference between the two countries. Canada of the future will depend upon a good several millions of Mr. Bourassa's compatriots to help increase the wealth of this country at a much higher rate than growth in population. To be sure the cost of the war is staggering to Canada; but less so than to England or to France. And so far as we know there is no way to defeat a nature-defying, national outlaw like Germany by any bland spiritual methods or by passionate theories of patriotism. When any man says that Canada has done enough or too much, he may as well admit that neither he nor any one else knows how much Canada can do. This is a war of economics. But the stakes in the struggle are spiritual. Nobody understands better than Mr. Bourassa how to present the spiritual side of an argument and in so doing to use economics as a means to an end. We do not endorse Mr. Bourassa's teachings. Neither do we unqualifiedly condemn them. Because in the great busi-

ness of being a Canadian we shall yet find scope for the best of all men's opinions.

IN a recent issue, the Financial Post tangles itself up with the London Times in an effort to show that Canada is a long way behind in war work. The main part of the argument is a condemnation of the British Navy, which is said to be unable to cope successfully with the submarine and is not making the progress on water or under water or in the water that the British army is making on land. In the same breath Lords Curzon and Milner are condemned as worn-outs. Some months ago the Times did a good deal to put Curzon and Milner into that Quintette of Experts managing the war. Now it seems that the submarine has put Rule Britannia out of date and these noble lords are to be scrapped by the Financial Post. We do not know about this obsolescence of Rule Britannia. Any nation can use submarines quite as well as Germany is doing. But any nation must have something on which to use the subs. Germany has no shipping. Hence our subs can do her no damage. This is an argument so old that it is just about worn out. But the vitality of some war arguments is remarkable.

EXIT, THE AMATEUR

By ESTELLE M. KERR

SOME time ago it became apparent that, in this country at least, "the leisure class" consisted of women. A young man who remained deliberately idle was apt to be regarded as a tramp or a degenerate, according to the length of his purse, but a woman of means, who worked outside her own home, was a curiosity. In pioneer days housekeeping was sufficiently strenuous to occupy all the women of a household. Even in the homes of the large landowners the mistress rose at six to oversee her house and dairy maids. But now the wealthy housekeeper has a brief interview with her cook, spends a quarter of an hour at the telephone, and her task is done. In the old days the fashionable young lady had little time to devote to her "accomplishments." She sang a little, played the harp or made wax flowers. Now she has all the time in the world at her disposal, and it was as a result of this inactivity that the word "amateur" crept into the English language.

"An amateur," says the dictionary, "is one who practises an art, especially a fine art, not as a livelihood or professionally, but for the love of it."

The fine arts have been practised by many women in the past, not so much for the love of art, but because they felt the need of employment.

FROM the fact that so many women have distinguished themselves in the art of fiction, it has been thought that women have special literary gifts. The fact is that modern fiction, being merely a description of human life, is the only art that can be exercised without special training or special appliances, and it may be produced in moments of escape from the daily routine. Many great minds have been driven to this outlet as the only means that presented itself, and those who excelled probably had behind them an ancestry who practised artistic expression in the gentle art of letter-writing.

The fine arts were the only careers in which women could engage without losing caste, but since so many vocations are open to women, it is more rarely that one finds them devoting themselves to an art for which they have no predilection, and the war is throwing down the final barriers that prevented woman from choosing the outlet for her energy, according to her ability. The true amateur then, wishing to apply the crude but convincing test of saleability to her work, frequently becomes the professional, and the professional, jaded with the effort of gaining a precarious livelihood, is glad when circumstances permit her to join the ranks of the amateur.

JUST how far the war has affected art may be judged by the fact that at the large conservatories of music, the low-priced teachers, whose pupils were largely children, are still busy, for people do not wish to economize on the education of their children, and a certain knowledge of music is considered just as essential as instruction in the French language. Neither have the highest-priced teachers of established reputation suffered, for their pupils consist mainly of those who intend to make a profession of their music, and expect to get value in the future for their present outlay. It is the middle-priced teachers who are idle, for the young lady who "took" music for a drawing-room accomplishment is doing things that her grandmother would have thought anything but ladylike: She is making munitions in a night shift and goes about the town unattended; she has donned overalls and is engaged in market gardening or driving a plough; she is working long hours in a canning factory, that the fruit crop will not be

wasted; she is installed in a bank or is in other ways replacing a man who has gone overseas. She is not too poor to continue her lessons—oh, dear, no! As a matter of fact she never had so much money in her life, but she is much too busy. Perhaps she sings about her work more tunefully because of her musical education, but she is either "dead tired" or "terribly out of practice" if you ask her to perform after dinner. But you don't miss her music very much when you can turn on the phonograph.

THE war has weeded out painters, sculptors, writers, workers in all forms of art, in a similar fashion. They are either putting their talents to practical uses, or their genius has overcome all obstacles. The majority of these dilettantes in art will not be missed for they are not confined to people of taste and culture. Many who are incapable of appreciating or understanding art in any form have an immense respect for it, and a washerwoman refused an offer to send her daughter to a business college because she had decided to give her "the eddication of a lady," which consisted of china painting, and elocution. This pretentiousness is not limited to the lower classes. There are numbers of wealthy women who have boxes for the opera because it is "the thing to do" and yawn through the Wagner performances; they even think it essential to talk about art. A famous musician in speaking of a beautiful woman once said:

"If only she wouldn't insist on talking music! Why, she doesn't know a Beethoven sonata from a pastel drawing!"

We won't sigh for the wax-flowers of one generation nor the hand-made pottery of the next, for the burnt-wood work, the stencilling, the hammered brass executed by ladies of fashion. We are quite content to leave these in the hands of professional craftsmen. The world moves just as happily without "art" jewellery of semi-precious stones set in silver. The modern young woman satisfies her artistic cravings by knitting multi-coloured strands of wool into her overseas socks, when she might otherwise be decorating yards of good satin ribbon and fashioning it into ridiculous holders for burnt matches or handkerchiefs to gladden her friends at Christmas time.

But there are amateurs whose departure into business life will be felt by their fellow-artists,—amateurs whose work is of a higher order, though it has never been marketed, who go to make an intelligent audience and who, by their serious study, have helped to raise the standard of art, and are able to recognize genius in others. Many of these are patrons of the fine arts and quietly foster their development in unsuspected quarters.

PATRONS are not always all they ought to be.

This is shown by the distinctly disagreeable impression left by the word, "patronage." There are many wealthy women who consider themselves patrons of art because they visit studios, attend exhibitions, and even buy a picture occasionally at a reduced price because they know the artist is hard up. They subscribe to fashionable concerts and allow their names to swell the list of patronesses at recitals. Then they entertain these artists at dinner and after having fed them



It was the only possible career for a lady.

well, invite them to favour the company with some music. The hostess may even beg the celebrated portrait-painter to make a sketch on her menu card or the poet to write a quatrain to commemorate the occasion, but the musician is the chief sufferer. It is difficult to tell your hostess that your fee is \$15.00! She would never be guilty of the social blunder of asking a lawyer, who had accepted her invitation to dinner, to draw up her will, or a physician to prescribe for her children's indisposition! It is the ready acquiescence of the gifted amateur that makes the way of the professional so difficult.

Neither should the concert musician be expected to give her whole means of livelihood in the name of patriotism or charity. If people need music in times like these, they must pay for it, and it is poor economy of our national resources to drive our best instrumental musicians into munition-making and ruin forever a technique that is the result of a lifetime of study.

The former professional makes the best patron for she has been "up against it" herself. She knows the whole duty of a wealthy hostess who invites a lot of people to her house and then asks her musical guest to sing or play. She realizes the pleasure that her generous cheque gives to the performer. She knows, too, that it sometimes goes to provide the bare necessities of life. For to one who follows the precarious metier of an artist, it is apt to be a feast to-day and a famine to-morrow.

NOT only in the field of art is the amateur declining. Many an amateur gardener is now following her favourite pursuit as a profession. She began to raise flowers and vegetables for her own table, then she sold her surplus in aid of the Red Cross, and finally she became a professional market gardener. Even in nursing and other patriotic work employers prefer to have the workers salaried and charitable organizations have ceased to welcome anyone who is seized with a desire to minister to the poor. They must first undergo a course of study to fit themselves for social service.

The motto of the modern woman is: "Whatever is worth doing is worth doing well," and she tries to combine the amateur's love for her work with the professional's skill.



Music was a "drawing-room accomplishment" in those days.

gress declared that only in Palestine could the Jewish people undertake the work of a national settlement. Attempts have been made to settle Jews as colonists in other lands—the most notable and recent being the Hirsch Colonies in South America. None of these schemes have appealed to the Jewish people. The commercial and industrial claims of the Jews to Palestine have been largely aided by the Anglo-Palestine Company, a daughter of the Jewish Colonial Trust (the financial instrument of the Zionist movement). The Zionist organization has created the Jewish National Fund, the object of which is to acquire land in Palestine. Established in 1903, it has now a capital of about \$1,000,000, and before the war had an income of about \$200,000, contributed for the most part in coppers by the Jewish masses all over the world.

Many other Jews have also taken an active part in the development of Palestine, although not entirely actuated by the motives which have impelled the Zionists. In this category must be placed the colonization work of Baron Edmond de Rothschild, in which an enormous sum has been sunk; the charitable foundations of various European and other Jewish communities. When Zangwill said, "Give the land without a people to the people without a land," he spoke truly. Although it has been said that the existing population of Palestine makes it difficult for the Jews to obtain Palestine as a land of their own, the fact is that the 600,000 non-Jews of Palestine are not as 6 to 1 of an ordinary population, since a very large proportion of the non-Jews are nomads. From what has been accomplished and from the amount of land still lying fallow, it is abundantly evident that Palestine can obtain and support a much larger population than it holds at present.

This war will settle many questions, and it should make a settlement of the Jewish question also possible. There are thirteen millions of Jews in the world—more than half of these live in Eastern Europe in an unsatisfactory and unsatisfied state. Will the Peace Conference bring them a message of Peace? It is calculated that, owing to the disturbance of the war, some two million Jewish people have been uprooted from their homes in Poland and in Russia. What is to be done with these? Cannot a permanent home be found for at least a part of them?

We Jews are the only people in the world without a home of their own. What home can be more natural and appropriate than Palestine? Who else in the world has so great a claim to it? We Jews—Zionists and non-Zionists—have proved by our readiness to sacrifice ourselves for the countries in which we live that we can be and are faithful and loyal subjects. There must be more than half a million Jews fighting in the various belligerent countries—the vast majority on the side of the Allies. So far as Britain is concerned, she is pursuing in this war no selfish ends, but in view of what has happened she must protect Egypt and the Suez Canal—the highway to India. None of us therefore can admit a possibility of the Turk remaining in control of Palestine. This must come under British protection. And what nobler use can Britain make of this land than offering a welcome to Jews there?

Russia by her glorious Revolution has solved the immediate problem of her Jews in granting them equal rights with the rest of her population. But even that will not solve the Jewish question. That is only giving us our rights as men. Our rights as Jews are equally vital to us, and equally necessary to the world at large.

Mr. Cowen evidently does not believe the Jews are in the business of rags, bones and bottles and old iron and pawnshops by choice. He believes they are not a scavenger or a parasitic race and that they can do in Palestine what they have never learned to do in America or England—go on the land.

HOW Uncle Sam picks out big men here and there for emergencies since he began to fight Germany is worth the while of Canadians to study. When you read in the despatches that the price of coal at the mines has dropped \$180,000,000 worth per annum in the U. S., you may be sure some pretty big men are working on that problem with extraordinary powers. That would not make \$180,

000,000 difference if the railways were unable to handle the coal, which a while ago they were quite unable to do. Washington has been mining since April 2. The story of it is told in World's Work, by Arthur W. Page, editor of the New York edition of that paper.

Washington in war time, he says, is still its usual leisurely self, only now every day looks like Washington's birthday. The crowds in the hotels and groups of women with badges suggest a convention. The flags everywhere betoken a holiday.

Except for these manifestations there are few signs of war.

Yet the appearance is somewhat deceptive. Work is going on, and going on so quietly that even when a revolutionary accomplishment is announced it goes almost unnoticed. For example, in April one day the newspapers reported that about fifty railway presidents had met in Washington and were mobilizing the railways of the country for war service.

There was an increasing demand that freight congestion should be relieved, and as the other nations at war had railway dictators, it seemed the thing to do for us to have one also. Mr. Daniel Willard, of the Baltimore and Ohio, seemed the logical candidate for the dictatorship.

However, Mr. Willard knew more about the railway situation than 99 per cent. of the public, and one Saturday afternoon just before the dictatorship descended on him he telegraphed asking all the railway presidents in the United States to meet in Washington on the following Wednesday. About fifty of them turned up.

Mr. Willard explained that for war measures it was necessary to run the entire 17,000,000 miles of railways in the country as a single unit, and suggested that they appoint a committee to carry it out. It was agreed.

Under the agreement, Mr. Trumbull, of the Chesapeake and Ohio, must stand ready upon command of the committee to move coal, or tin for cans for tomatoes or seed potatoes, or anything they tell

**Uncle Sam
Uses His
Big Men**

him in preference to other freight not so essential for war purposes, but perhaps more profitable to his line. This is not only directly contrary to Federal statutes against discriminating service, but it would also be against the pecuniary interest of the shareholders of the line.

A tin can maker telegraphs the Secretary of Commerce or the Council of National Defence that his tin is not coming through, and that consequently he will be late with cans for preserving food, and late is the same as never in such a situation. The telegram is sent right over to the office of Mr. Fairfax Harrison, who is the chairman of the Railway Committee. Within an hour he has telegraphed the railway in question that the tin is preferred freight and that it must be moved. Someone's pianos, talking machines, and bricks for a garage are pushed aside, and the tins roll merrily on, so that the cans will be ready when the peas and tomatoes are ripe. As a matter of fact, the first freight announced as preferred was iron ore.

Moreover, under the agreement if it becomes necessary the committee can ask one railway to turn over coal or locomotives to another, or in fact to do anything that will help the cause along.

A few days after the Railway Committee had taken charge of the railways the French Ambassador got into communication with the Council of National De-

fence. He was trying to find ships to carry to France freight that was piling up off the seaboard.

They had not gone into the foreign trade before because there was a very pressing coastal trade that paid them big rates and which the railways could not handle. The immediate and concrete result was a long distance telephone to Mr. H. H. Raymond, President of the Clyde Steamship Line in New York.

Mr. Raymond journeyed down to Washington. Result—schedules were changed so that ships good for trans-Atlantic service could go into it.

WHENEVER I go to a party or a dinner, says Elsie Janis, in The Theatre, some woman, during the course of the evening, is sure to run up to me and giggle: "Oh, Miss Janis, I'm so glad you are here. I want to introduce you to a friend of mine and after he goes you can give us an imitation of him."

I remember once that I imitated a certain friend of my mother's and was soundly spanked for it.

**Elsie Janis
on Her Own
Imitations**

This woman was always grouchy and complaining about her aches and pains, so one day, when she came to the house, I listened carefully for a few moments, and then went up to my room to practise before the mirror. When I heard the front door close, I thought she had gone. I came down-stairs, croaking in this woman's voice and mumbling about my back and my head and my teeth.

Suddenly, out of the perfect silence, I heard my mother in a frigid voice say:

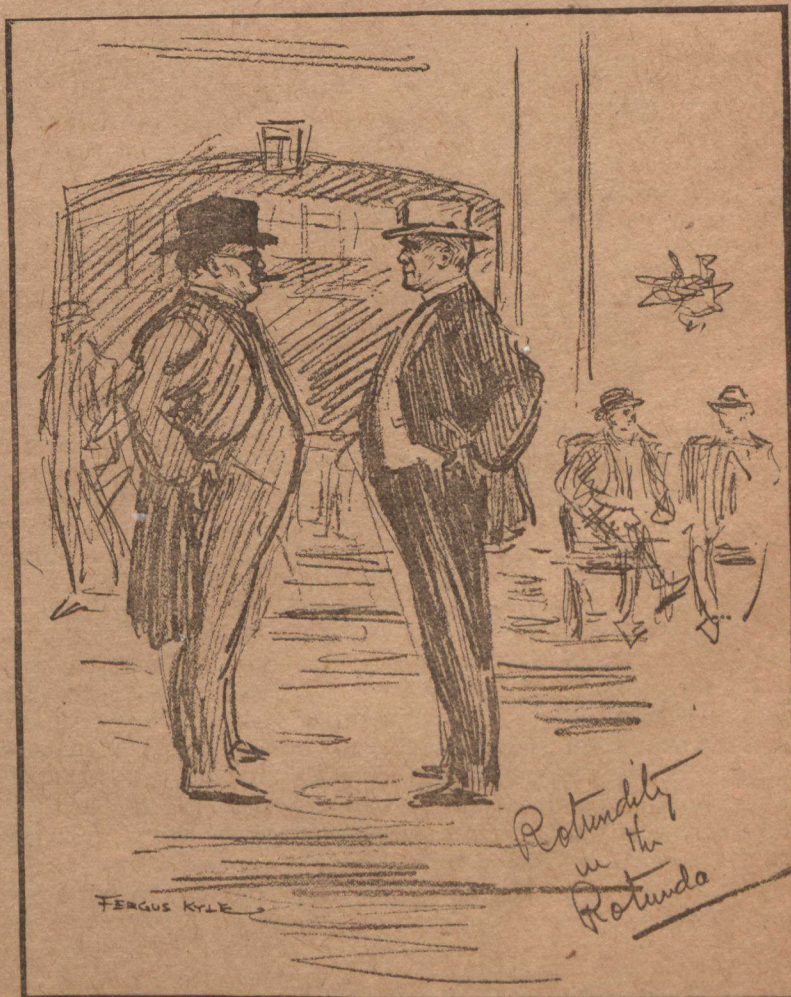
"ELSIE!"

My blood froze, and I took those stairs to my room three at a time. The woman had not gone, and she instantly recognized herself from my imitation.

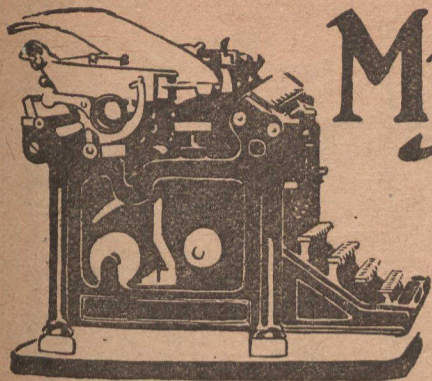
Nat Goodwin told me that one time he was imitating a dramatic actor in a scene from one of his plays and later on he asked that man what he thought of the imitation, and the actor replied: "Well, Nat, one of us is rotten."

Sarah Bernhardt is the most appreciative friend I have. I do an imitation of her singing a popular song in French, and she was really flattered that I

FROM THE OUTSIDE, LOOKING IN.



Hanna and Hughes caught by the casual cartoonist at the Chateau Laurier. They regarded each other with great directness.



My Gray Goose Quill

Once-a-Month Line-Up of some of the Most Interesting Features of Current Literature in the Making

A WEEK'S MAIL BAG

By THE EDITOR

JULY 1, being a national holiday, the editor of this paper spent the forenoon reading Canadian MSS.

Some idea of the range of territory covered by our contributors—you get this by noting that one article came from Wellington, N.Z.; one story from Prince Rupert, B. C.; one article from Vancouver; one sketch from Melville, Sask.; one letter of abuse from Moosomin, Sask.; three stories and two articles and one open letter to the editor from Winnipeg; one story from Fort William; one poem from Millgrove, Ont.; one article from Chatham, Ont.; one story from Toronto; two stories from Montreal; one story from Verdun, Que.; three stories from Hartland, N.B. Besides these there was one war sketch from England and one story from Tuscaloosa, Alabama.

This was the mail bag of less than a week. Next week's mail bag will show an altogether different set of postmarks. The significant thing about it is that the city of publication comes just about lowest in the lot. This mail-bag is an all-Canadian mail-bag.

Canada is a big country. If it's big enough to

EVEN editors sometimes live adventurous lives. In these days and in the recent past we have such examples as Rathom of the Providence Journal, W. T. Stead, our own E. E. Sheppard, Joseph Hare of Nova Scotia, Max Harden of Germany, and scores of others who may be named. But the most adventurous of them all is the editor of a queer underground paper in Belgium called *La Libre Belgique*. This editor has never been seen abroad by the Germans who rule Belgium, his paper has never been seen to come out and therefore has never been suppressed. Where it is published, who is the editor, how he manages to get his paper, ink, presses and type is still a journalistic secret.

If the Germans, says the *Christian Science Monitor*, had been content to permit the English and French newspapers to circulate in Belgium it is possible that *la presse clandestine* would never have been heard of. But when the entrance of the regular journals into Belgium was prohibited a substitute was sure to be invented. For a time there grew up a new smuggling trade, and the profits were so large, five francs for *The Times*, and three francs for *Le Matin* or *Le Petit Parisien*, that it was lucrative and prosperous. Gradually, however, the German police found a way of suppressing the smugglers, with the result that, when as much as two hundred francs had been paid for a single copy of a paper, it was felt that the time had come for a new device, and there appeared upon the scene the *presse clandestine*.

The most famous example of this, as it has been stated, is *La Libre Belgique*—Free Belgium—a paper which for a couple of years has defied every effort of the secret police to discover its presses or to stop its circulation. Where it comes from no man knows. The editorial office, it gravely announces on its front page, not being in any sense a place of repose, a cellar upon wheels has been found more convenient. It is in vain that every effort has been made to trace this cellar upon wheels. Again and again the German police has received definite information on the subject, only, after miles of excursions through the allies of Brussels, to find at their journey's end a lavatory or a dust bin. As for the editor, he has been denounced and betrayed times without number, but when on the eve of arrest he has gen-

have elections and referendums, it's also big enough to produce manuscripts. The day will come when this country will refuse to buy second-hand by-products of great or supposedly great writers; when we shall look to our own people to reproduce for us the life of our own country. Men and women brought up or experienced, if not born in Canada, are better interpreters of its life than clever experts who look at us from steamer-decks or train-windows or read about us in newspapers or study us by meeting our statesmen over in London and hearing them speak.

When you come to glance over the names of those who have made Canada take her place as a writing people you run into a long list of names known to editors all over the world. Canadian current literature finds its way into any Anglo-Saxon sanctum anywhere, and a great deal of it goes from the editor's desk to the composing room. There has been

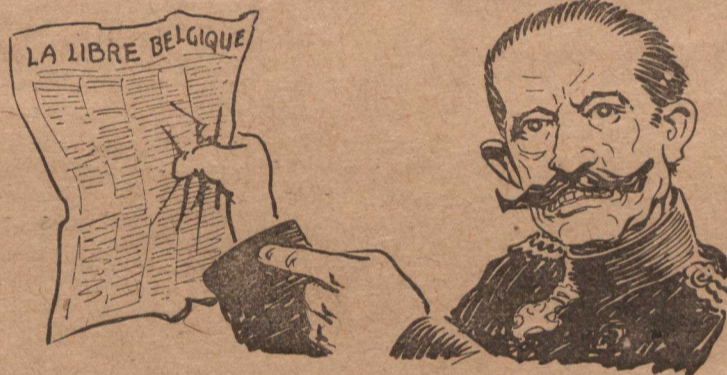
for a long while a growing demand for Canadian stories, articles and poems for people of other countries to read. So much has been said about these well known writers that a great deal has

been left unsaid about the less celebrated people who as a rule do not sell MSS. outside of Canada.

It is this crowd in the literary woods behind that make the weekly mail-bag to the Canadian editor's office. These are the people who represent the near-to-the-soil and the local colour virility that keeps our literature from getting stale.

In this somewhat neglected field we claim no small degree of experience. We know as much as most what it means to sweat under the lamp over the manuscripts of people who as a rule do not expect eminence in literature, may never sell a line in New York and may have no greater ambition than to see their work produced in a Canadian paper whose business it is to find out what is the life of the country by studying what is being written about it by other people. In this connection the reader is referred to the illuminating article by a Canadian writer on page 3.

A MYSTERIOUS PAPER



erally proved to have been a German official or perhaps a member of the secret police. And so the elusive publication goes on, gravely printing at its head as a telegraphic address the Kommandantur, or German Military Bureau, in Brussels.

Its subscription list is as remarkable as everything else about it, for the one person never escaping his free copy is the dictator, General von Bissing himself, who finds every issue placed upon his desk with most disconcerting regularity. Von Bissing indeed is the great mark at which the entire *presse clandestine* empties its quivers of invective. And so General von Bissing gets his copy at any rate for nothing, though indeed, as the reader is always informed at the top of the first page, the price of each issue is "elastic," ranging from nothing at all to "ad infinitum," though patrons are requested "not to exceed this limit."

Founded on February 1st in the year 1915, Free Belgium may be said to have been the very thorn in the flesh of the Germans during their occupation. It is, as it informs its readers, a leaflet of patriotic propaganda, which respectfully declines all censorship, and is unable to advertise its dates of issue since its circulation is necessarily "regularly irregular." On the 21st of July last year its success had become so complete that it felt itself in a position to publish a special anniversary number, on the occasion of the celebration of national independence, which by tradition is held on that date, and this in spite of the fact that according to its own advertisement, "business being at a standstill under German domination, we have suppressed the page of

advertisements, and advise our readers to save their money for better times"; whilst, in No. 81, it produced a fac-simile of a German post card, distributed in Germany at the beginning of the war, and symbolizing that country's intention of retaining Belgium, as part of its peace terms, by a coat-of-arms representing a German soldier riding the Belgian lion, with a German helmet for a crest, and the motto, "Union accomplished by force." The fact is, that there is one factor which no amount of police surveillance can control, and which no police barrier can confine. It is known as mind, and when a nation finds all other means of expressing itself cut off, it falls back on a weapon over which bars and bolts, rifles and police orders have no control. For years the Europeans in India and Africa have wondered how news travels to the most inaccessible spots, without apparently any visible means. The German police in Belgium are learning the secret to-day in the difficulty of suppressing human thought. When, however, the war is over, and the whole story of *la presse clandestine* is told, one of the most interesting chapters in the history of the war will have been written.

Canadian Magazine on Confederation

THE Confederation Number of the Canadian Magazine is of quite unusual character. The leading feature is a series of short articles by Provincial Premiers and Sir George Foster. M. O. Hammond recounts briefly the Fight for Confederation. A. H. N. Colquhoun, formerly newspaper editor, now Deputy Minister of Education for Ontario, writes a thoughtful and well-focussed article on Our Eight Prime Ministers. Lacey Amy has a farther instalment of his series *England in Arms*. Alfred Gordon has an ode for Dominion Day, in commemoration of Vimy Ridge. W. L. Edmunds contributes an historical sketch of our Governors-General since Confederation. A novel feature is the Premier-autographs on the cover. The number is particularly well illustrated with photographs, and should be a worthy contribution to an altogether too meagre national stock of Confederation literature.

THE FIGHT OF THE '60'S

An Old Play in a New Form

Adapted by M. O. HAMMOND in his book

CONFEDERATION AND ITS LEADERS

Published by McClelland, Goodchild and Stewart.
Printed by Warwick Bros. and Rutter.

The Whole Essence of Confederation was the Great Game of Fight by Big Clean Fighters. Chief events: The Macdonald-Brown struggle; Tupper vs. Howe; Tilley vs. The People; D'Arcy McGee and the Fenians. But they all knew how to Get Together like men at a barn-raising for the Good of the Whole Country.

AN ALL-STAR CAST

MASTER CONCILIATOR John A. Macdonald
IN one of his first cases in a law court he got into a fight with a rival counsel. The court constable shouted, "Order in the Court!" but under his breath encouraged Macdonald by saying, "Hit him, John!"

THE COVENANTER George Brown
"THE Imperial Government," said Brown, "are to offer me the governorship of one of the British Colonies. . . . I would rather be the proprietor of the Globe than to be governor-general of Canada, much less a trumpery little province."

POPULAR PATRIOT George Etienne Cartier.

HIS day ended just as Laurier's sun appeared over the horizon. The "little corporal" of Lower Canadian politics, the man who had gone to Ontario in 1863 to challenge George Brown and expound the French-Canadian viewpoint in the enemy's country—laid down his arms and entered into the negotiations which resulted in the coalition government.

DEMOCRATIC IDOL Joseph Howe.

WHATEVER Howe's faults of emotion or judgment, as revealed by his opposition to Confederation, he stands as the greatest Nova Scotian, the incarnation of his people.

CAPTAIN COURAGEOUS Charles Tupper.

FOR fifty years he was a storm centre in politics and no matter how threatening the gale, he braced his feet like a fisherman bound for the Grand Banks.

HUNDRED PER CENT. Samuel Leonard Tilley.

HE was a Puritan in principle and the first statesman in British North America to introduce a prohibitory liquor bill.

FACTS AND FINANCE Alexander T. Galt.

A RESERVOIR of ideas, a peerless exponent of finance, and the first man to force Confederation into practical politics.

THE ROUGE Antoine A. Dorion.

"THE people of Lower Canada," he said, speaking on the threat of a legislative union for the two Canadas, "will not change their religious institutions, their laws and their language for any consideration whatever."

PROVINCIAL RIGHTS Oliver Mowat.

AS an ally of George Brown, he was usually at war with Macdonald, but in 1864 he went with Brown and McDougall into the Coalition Cabinet and joined the Quebec Conference to arrange Confederation. Here Macdonald stood for a strong central government, while Mowat upheld the sovereign power of local governments.

THE SACRIFICE D'Arcy McGee.

HE told Protestant Irishmen at Quebec: "We Irishmen, Protestant and Catholic, born and bred in a land of religious controversy, should never forget that we now live and act in a land of the fullest civil and religious liberty."

REACTIONARY REFORMER

John Sandfield Macdonald.

FOR electioneering journeys he secured a flimsy old vehicle, tied up its wheels with cord, and went among his people saying, "I am one of yourselves."

THE STUMP SPEAKER William McDougall.

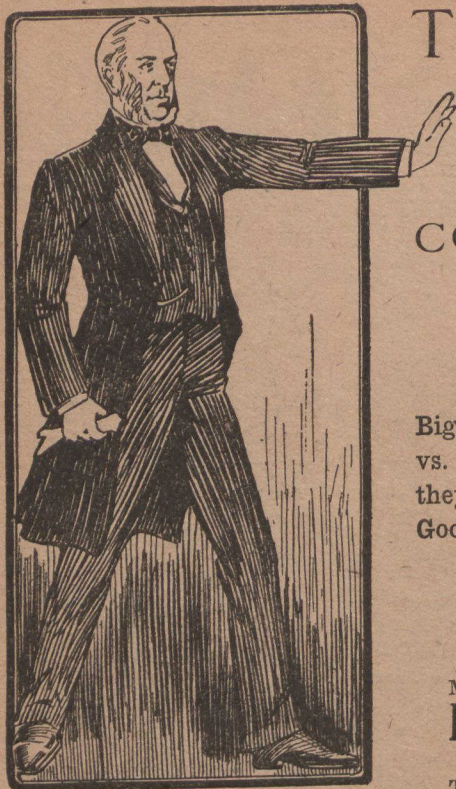
HE was a ready speaker, having developed his oratory by rehearsing with the stumps on his father's farm. Howe described him as "the ablest parliamentary debater I have ever heard."

THE ISLAND GIANT David Laird.

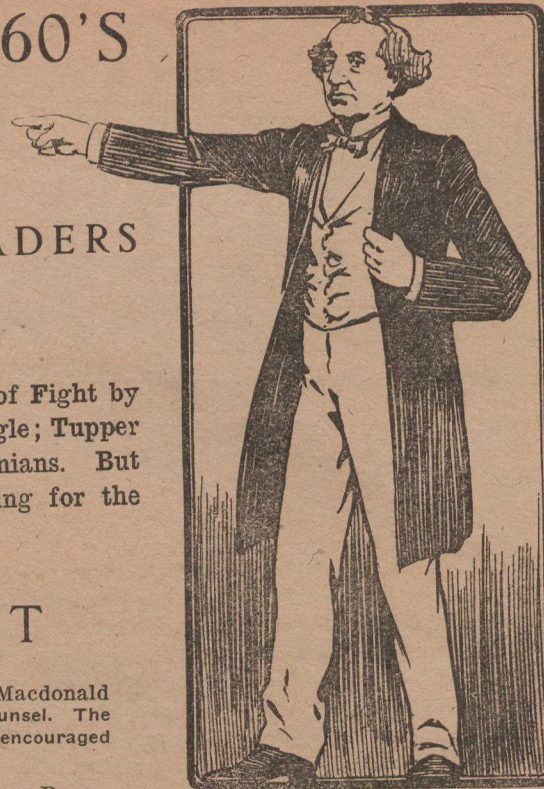
THEY used to call him Dour Davie, and some said cynically that he was so upright as to be impracticable. He was the keeper of an alert, Presbyterian conscience.

ROUGH AND READY Peter Mitchell.

ON one occasion he threatened to hold up the Intercolonial Railway estimates until the Government paid for a cow owned by a widow in New Brunswick which had been killed by a train. The cow was paid for.



George Brown once said he never would disgrace himself by going into a coalition with Macdonald.



John A. said in a letter to a friend that Brown was a scoundrel who used the Globe to vilify him.

MOST people seem to think that Canadian political history is pretty dry stuff. And the way we have had a lot of it served up to us it has been. A confederated headache is the usual penalty for reading most works dealing with the epoch of Canadian Confederation. But we are gradually beginning to find out that there is a heap of human interest in the men who federated this country. By the time we are on our hundredth birthday our grandchildren will have a real chance to get an insight into these old characters and early struggles that marked the greatest political movement that ever took place in the overseas Dominions of the Empire.

M. O. Hammond's book, "Confederation and Its Leaders," is a step in that direction. It is a long way ahead of any complete attempt previously made to tell the story of Confederation—so far as we know it. Hammond's handling of the subject has been somewhat influenced by the fact that he is a newspaperman. He is now city editor of the Globe, and has been for a long while a representative Globe man interested in political affairs on a country-wide basis, since the days when he was press gallery man in Ottawa and Toronto. Hence we have the news of Confederation served up in simple style with a certain newspaper method of arrangement. Hammond has made the story very clear, and in the main, very interesting. But he has not got further than the newspaper method improvement on the historical-essay style in vogue up to the present. He has not dramatized the work, has of necessity, according to that method, permitted the story of the movement to overlap in the effort to make the story of each character complete in itself. In that sense the work is more the story of the men than it is of the movement. Had it been made completely the story of the men it might have been better. There is a way of focussing the movement itself so as to throw these rare old characters into relief with all their humanizing qualities and their prize-ring methods of conducting political warfare. Hammond has chosen not to do this. He has not focussed the story, nor given it any particular dramatic setting. He has not furnished the philosophy of the movement, perhaps, because he suspected that it might make dry reading. Neither has he gone into exhaustive details over the characters in the play because to do so would be to make a much larger volume than now is.

But he has succeeded in getting attention to the men and the movement, and in giving any man who is interested in that kind of thing, anyhow, a better chance to work up his interest. Hammond has cleared away a lot of the underbrush. Succeeding writers may be able to carve out the fields and make the landscapes.

It is a big, virile story; in itself one of the biggest

of its kind in the world. The reason Canadians don't make the same kind of noise about Confederation that Americans do about Independence, is, we suppose, because it was a case of politics and statecraft. Had there been a war, the First of July might have become as hectic as the Fourth. But the movement to federate Canada had nothing to do with secession from the Empire. It was in some respects the reverse of that. We had no grudge against Queen Victoria as the American colonists had against King George. The Fathers of Confederation were not the fathers of their country. They were just actors in a big cast of players, putting on a big political play that happens to have peculiar interest in 1917. How they did it makes the story which will yet become a popular classic.

Hammond's book gives us fascinating glimpses of how this play went on the boards, what were the conditions at the time, what manner of men they were that went into the company under the star manager-actorship of John A. Macdonald, and what struggles they had with one another, and with their own people and with the ideas in vogue in various provinces at that time.

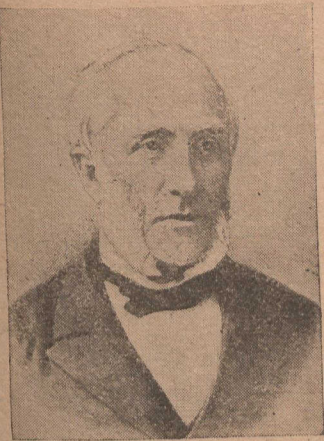
How they did fight and clash, and spout and foam in those good old discovery days is suggested in many of the incidents related by Hammond. They knew they were working on a big piece, and that quarrels among the actors would not necessarily put it off the stage. They knew that it would take a lot of fighting among the actors to upset the eternal equilibrium of John A. Macdonald. But at the same time, in all conscience, and in consideration of both their own peculiar personal ideas, and of those embodied in the provinces they represented, these boys of the old brigade surely gave their leader, John A., the greatest chance he ever had to show generalship of the first rank. In so doing they built a thing that was intended to stand the test of later struggles, big enough and broad enough to be the basis of many a change of heart and evolution of ideas yet to come.

Anybody wanting to get a good sketch outline of this great play for the purpose of following it out later should read Hammond's book, which is made in Canada, the production of the enterprising firm of McClelland, Goodchild and Stewart, working in conjunction with Warwick Bros. and Rutter, printers.

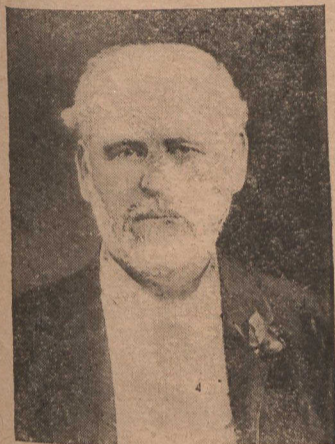
Because the most humanly interesting part of the story is the perennial fight between John A. Macdonald and George Brown we have made that the basis of our illustrated handling of the review. The fight between Howe and Tupper was almost as big. The struggle of Tilley against his own native province was a good second to the Howe-Tupper fracas. The story of the other actors, all of them sturdy fighting characters, is tersely illustrated by brief extracts taken from the book.

CANADIAN POLITICS EXPRESSED IN WHISKERS

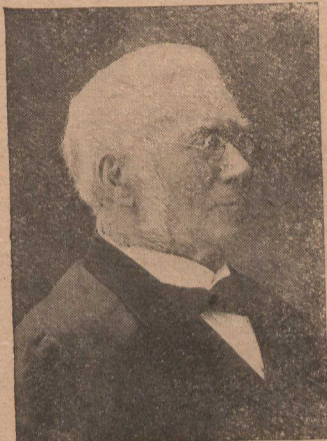
Illustrations from Confederation and its Leaders, by M. O. Hammond



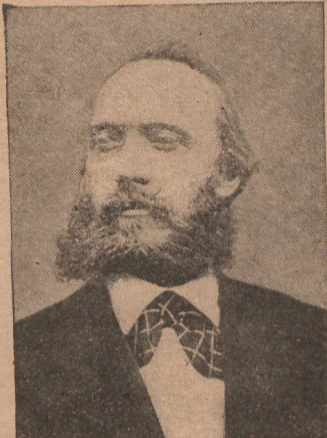
George Brown believed in keeping all whiskers away from his mouth.



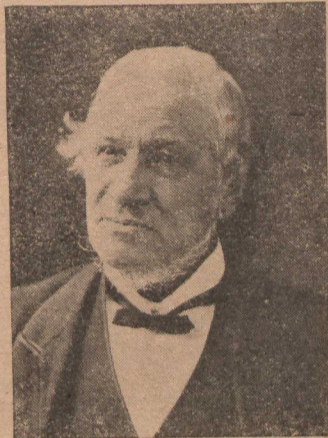
Peter Mitchell, of N.B., used the clippers very judiciously.



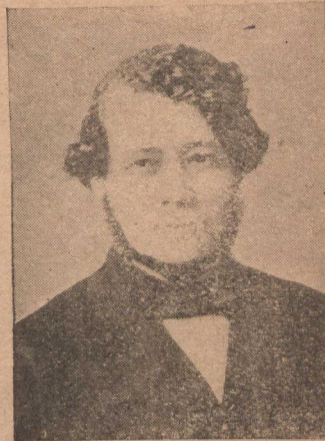
Oliver Mowat went in for the mutton-chop variety, such as no good Tory would wear.



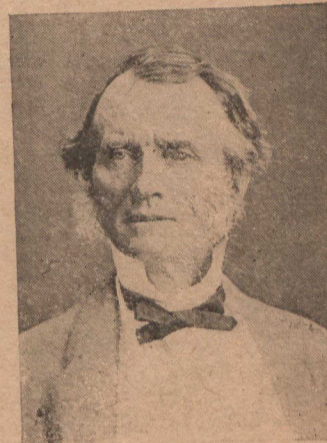
David Laird, the P. E. I. giant, 6 foot 4, had real whiskers and no mistake.



Alexander T. Galt let his undercut get as close to his marvelous collar as possible.



D'Arcy McGee upheld the pure and perfect Donegal cut.



John Sandfield Macdonald balanced his side-burns with a fat-man's collar.

The Fathers of Confederation made an enviable study of whiskers and old-fashioned collars. Looking at Parliament nowadays, we are tempted to ask—Where are the Whiskers of Yester-Year?

BOOKS YOU WILL READ—By Wayfarer.

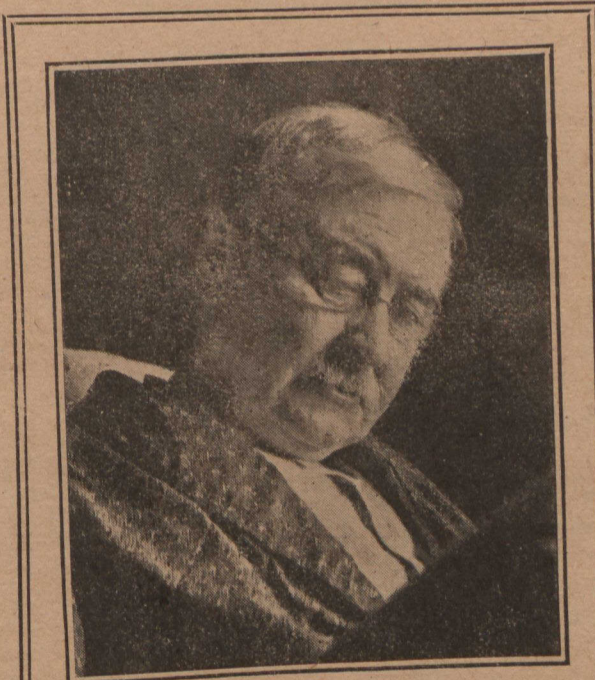
A MONTH or two ago Alfred Noyes, English poet, was in Canada. One of the curios he had in his pocket was a medal which the German Government got struck off several days before the sinking of the Lusitania, intended to commemorate that event. This medal is one of the items mentioned in a remarkably interesting book, Germany the Next Republic, by Carl W. Ackerman (Copp Clark Co., Ltd.). Ackerman's book promises to be as sensational as fiction, because it contains the greatest compilation of evidence as to Germany's recent condition, gathered by a man who spent more than two years in the country. The only way to know the value of this book is to read it. A review gives only a mere sketch outline of its contents. But it comes as a curious coincidence on the heels of Hammond's book on Confederation. One tells the story of a political movement that began in 1867 and built up a great and enduring unity. The other tells the story of a national unity begun in 1867, which is now disintegrating under war, hunger and misery. Ackerman does not say that the blockade is actually starving Germany, although he does state that the German press muzzle is starving the country of real news in an attempt to fight national hunger by means of false reports.

Excepting the very wealthy and those who have stored quantities of food for the "siege," every German is under-nourished. A great many people, says Ackerman, are starving. The head physician of the Kaiserin Augusta Victoria Hospital, in Berlin, stated that 80,000 children died in Berlin in 1916 from lack of food. The Lokal-Anzeiger printed the item and the Foreign Office censor prohibited me from sending it to New York.

But starvation under the blockade is a slow process, and it has not yet reached the army. When I was on the Somme battlefields, last November, and in Roumania, in December, the soldiers were not only well fed, but they had luxuries which their families at home did not have. Two years ago there

was so much food at home the women sent food boxes to the front. To-day the soldiers not only send, but carry quantities of food from the front to their homes. The army has more than the people.

It is almost impossible to say whether Germany, as a nation, can be starved into submission. Everything depends upon the next harvest, the length of the war, and future military operations. The German government, I think, can make the people hold out until the coming harvest, unless there is a big military defeat. In their present undernourished condition the public could not face a defeat. If the war ends this year Germany will not be so starved that she will accept any peace terms. But if the war continues another



T. P. O'Connor, or "Tay-Pay," the famous editor of M. A. P., has recently arrived in America with a message to Irishmen that Ireland's dream of home rule is at last to be realized. Questioned regarding his mission to the U. S., he said, "I am here to lay before the men of my race and the friends of Ireland of whatever race, the real issues of the Irish situation at this time when we are approaching a solution of the whole problem. Ireland is with America and her Allies," he said.

year or two Germany will have to give up.

Mr. Ackerman is an American, who, from March, 1915, until the United States broke diplomatic relations with Germany, was war correspondent for the United Press within the Central Empire. Holding such a position he was enabled to visit various headquarters of the German army on the different fronts. He also met the leading men in Germany's military, political and financial circles, and accordingly ought to be able to publish facts regarding conditions as they were up till a few months ago, as well as to interpret fairly well the spirit of the German people.

The book is written from an American point of view, and I frankly admit was more interesting to me when Mr. Ackerman was repeating statements made by high German officials, or quoting German official communiques on Britain and the United States, than when he essays to explain the wherefore of Allied policies or assumes the role of prophet.

"OVER THE TOP." By Arthur Guy Empey. Wm. Briggs. \$1.50.

Though the first three contingents of the United States' Expeditionary Forces have only just arrived in France, we do not require to wait until they have been in action before we learn of the experiences on active service in France of American citizens. There are many volunteers from the United States serving with the Allies, and "Over the Top" is a record of the experiences of one of them who joined the British Army in London and fell wounded in No Man's Land after one year and a half of service.

The story of his eighteen months of British soldiering is highly interesting. Tragedies are offset by humorous incidents and the book is worth reading. It carries the reader into the everyday life of the British private soldier, and it is interesting to note that the author refutes, as being unjust, the average American opinion of the Englishman as being distant, reserved, a slow thinker and lacking in humour.

"War is not a pink tea," the author says, "but in as worthwhile a cause like ours, mud, rats, water, shells, wounds, or death itself are far-outweighed by the deep sense of satisfaction felt by the man who does his bit."

For the slacker the following quotation from the



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book may prove comforting: "Anticipation is far worse than realization."

"CHANGING WINDS." By St. John G. Ervine. Toronto: Macmillan; \$1.60.

This is the story of the lives of four young men whose ideas of the relations of the sexes and outlook on life is, to say the least, unfortunate. Mr. Ervine, however, shows that the effect of the war is to cure their self-opinionatedness, leaving them less clamant and more thoughtful. His women characters are not particularly lovable. They are too abnormal and therefore appear to be puppets. I do not find the book particularly interesting, although it improves greatly towards the end, the description of the Sinn Fein rebellion being very good. "Changing Winds" has been compared to Wells' "Mr. Britling Sees It Through." Mr. Wells, however, endeavours to represent the average Englishman's viewpoint, while Mr. Ervine endeavours to misrepresent him. There is an absolutely unreasonable hatred of England and of everything English, which at a time like this is quite uncalled for.

"IN WAR TIME" POEMS. By May Wedderburn Cannan. Oxford University Press, Toronto; \$1.00.

These poems of Miss Cannan's show great promise. The sentiment in them is very beautiful and the technique of a very high order. Her friendship for the one to whom the book is dedicated and who is the subject of many

of her poems is very unusual. The selections are not mere arrangements of words, nor is a cheap feeling displayed. We can read between the lines and quite realize them as the outcome of strong emotion. They are divided into three parts: Poems of Peace, Before the War, and Poems of War.

* * *

MEN OF LETTERS. By Dixon Scott. Hodder & Stoughton. \$1.50.

WERE I asked to provide a motto for the late Dixon Scott, the brilliant young critic whose life is to be numbered among the sacrifices of the ill-fated "Gallipoli" expedition, I should have said "toujours l'audace." With an audacity that is as astounding as it is refreshing this young David hurls the pebbles of his criticism straight at the literary Goliaths of today. I call them pebbles, but they are more. So highly polished are they that they may more aptly be described as gems, for he who essays to criticize the great literary craftsmen of today is himself no mean master of literary form. Look at some of the titles: "The Innocence of Bernard Shaw"; "The Guilt of Mr. Chesterton"; "The Artlessness of Mr. H. G. Wells"; "Ye gods, be delightful; Barrie, Granville Barker, Stanley Houghton, Max Beerbohm, Masfield, Robertson Nicoll, Mrs. Meynell, Rupert Brooks, and others are all treated with delightful candour and their foibles as well as their merits are picked out with the unerring insight of the born critic. A truly delightful book, which is at once a joy and an inspiration.

- FINANCIAL -

When the Broker Goes "Bust"

By M. L. HAYWARD, B. C. L.

IF Roulette & Co., my New York brokers, buy for me and on my account 100 shares of U. S. Steel, say, on margin or otherwise, and an official "leak" in the Wilson family sends the market down like the proverbial stick, I simply assure myself that I guessed wrong, and wish for better luck next time.

Or, steel may go up 10, 20 or 30 points, and I wire Roulette & Co. to sell my stock, which is still in their possession, but Roulette & Co. have gone into bankruptcy, and everything is tied up hard and fast. The trustee of the bankrupt firm finds a number of stock certificates in their possession, and there are a number of customers in the same fix as myself. Where do we "ring in"?

First, suppose that the bankrupt firm were carrying 100 shares of Steel for me, a certificate for 200 shares is found in their possession, and no other customer except myself claim any Steel stock. Can I hold 100 shares out of the 200-share certificate?

Keeping in mind that in the case supposed the United States law would govern, the above question is answered by the U. S. Supreme Court in a case where the facts were exactly the same.

It was argued that as the stock in question was not specifically set aside for the customer, or identified as his property, the customer would have no right to claim his stock out of a larger number of shares found in the possession of the bankrupt.

The Supreme Court, however, decided in favour of the customer.

"It is, therefore, unnecessary for a customer," the Court said, "where shares of stock of the same kind are in the hands of a broker, being held to satisfy his claims, to be able to put his finger upon the identical certificates of stock purchased for him. It is enough that the broker has shares of a certain kind

which are legally subject to the demand of the customer. And in this respect the trustee in bankruptcy is in the same position as the broker. It is said, however, that the shares in this particular case are not so identified as to come within the rule. But it does appear that at the time of bankruptcy certificates were found in the bankrupt's possession in an amount greater than those which should have been on hand for this customer, and the significant fact is shown that no other customer claimed any right in those shares of stock. It was, as we have seen, the duty of the broker, if he sold the shares specifically purchased for the appellant, to buy others of like kind, and to keep on hand, subject to the order of the customer, certificates sufficient for the legitimate demands upon him. If he did this, the identification of particular certificates is unimportant. Furthermore, it was the right and duty of the broker, if he sold the certificates, to use his own funds to keep the amount good, and this he could do without depleting his estate to the detriment of other creditors who had no property rights in the certificates held for particular customers. No creditor could justly demand that the estate be augmented by a wrongful conversion of the property which never rightfully belonged to the bankrupt."

Again, suppose the bankrupt firm are carrying 100 shares of Steel for me and another 100 for Brown, and a certificate for 300 shares is found in their possession. Can Brown and I each claim 100 shares out of the 300-share certificate?

The answer to this should be "yes", for if I were the only claimant I could hold my 100 shares out of the 300, according to the rule laid down by the United States Supreme Court in the above case. That would leave 200 shares, and, by applying the same rule, Brown would be entitled to his 100 shares out of that.

Newsy Notes

STOCK-WATERING sometimes acts as a boomerang where government works it. For instance, said the Legislative Committee report of the C. M. A. at the recent convention. A company may commence an accounting period employing a capital of \$100,000. By steadily putting back into the business the surplus on its turnover, it may conclude the year by employing a capital of \$200,000. The percentage of earnings for the year, however, is computed on the basis of the amount with which the year was begun.

In 1867, says Monetary Times, there were twenty-six chartered banks in Canada whose paid capital was \$29,831,000. Nineteen of these have since been amalgamated or wound up. The remaining eight, which are still in existence, with greatly enlarged scope, are the Bank of Montreal, the Canadian Bank of Commerce, the Bank of Nova Scotia, the Bank of British North America, the Bank of Toronto, The Molsons Bank, the Merchants Bank, and La Banque Nationale, together with others which have since come into existence.

New Brunswick's new Lieutenant-Governor, is Hon. G. W. Ganong, the widely advertised head of the great chocolate firm in St. Stephen, N. B.

The most heavily life-insured man in Canada is Sir Mortimer R. Davis, president of the Imperial Tobacco Co. He is insured for \$1,500,000.

During the whole of 1916, Canada produced 224,000,000 lbs. of butter. Cold storage companies bought 46,561,063 lbs. at an average cost of 30.32 cents a lbs. Cheese production amounted to 202,000,000 lbs., of which cold storage bought 76,856,534 lbs. at an average of 18.10 cents.

That cut in coal prices at the mines will not necessarily mean cheaper coal in Canada, according to Mr. Elias Rogers, president of the Crow's Nest Pass Coal Co. He points out that the price of coal of all grades this winter will depend largely upon transportation and delivery facilities. "The railway companies operating in Canada have already asked for an increase of 15 cents per ton; and freight rates across the border are likely to be high, owing to the scarcity of freight cars. Labour is dear at the present time and cartage facilities are even worse than a year ago. We must expect dearer coal than last winter. Production at the mines has been pushed to capacity for many months past, but the shortage of cars will affect our winter's supply, and I do not expect that coal will be any too plentiful, but there is no occasion for panic."

The 1917 wheat crop will not solve the world's food problem, says the Grain Growers' Guide. No combination of favourable circumstances can remove the threat of famine before the 1918 crop is marketed. The increase in British crop acreage for 1918 may avert actual starvation in Britain, but will be far short of the ordinary food necessities of the Allies. Every motive calls for the best efforts of Canadian farmers to ensure maximum production for that year.

Montreal—During the year ending April 30th last, Ames-Holden-McCreedy Company doubled the profits earned during the twelve months immediately preceding. Net profits were \$720,242, an increase of \$398,450. After paying all charges and setting aside the sum of \$237,549 for depreciation and balance of organization expenses and \$25,000 for contingencies, the company showed a surplus of \$197,303, or equal to about 8 per cent. on the preferred stock.

Total sales for the year were \$5,880,840, an increase of 14 per cent. over the previous year.

MR. C. B. Gordon, the deputy chairman of the Imperial Munitions Board of Canada, has been selected by the British minister of munitions to act as the representative of the minister in the United States. Mr. Gordon, in this capacity, will be attached to Lord Northcliffe's mission in the United States. Mr. Gordon is a capable business man and financier and has well merited the compliment paid by the Imperial authorities by this appointment.

Currie, of the Canadians

(Concluded from page 4.)

a very junior officer—one who has since distinguished himself—came to report rather breathlessly that, "that last one, sir, got my tent!" He was a green boy as yet, and the event had impressed him, not unnaturally. He was excited and just a trifle hysterical, but two words from the General seemed to calm him at once.

"That so?" he said—not with contempt, but with the same quiet interest with which a farmer might have received news that a certain hen had at last laid an egg. "I thought that last sounded a bit close."

It was just the tone of voice the youngster needed. One could imagine its effect on the nerves of jumpy officers and men just before a great attack.

But while General Sir Arthur Currie is now one of the great executives in the greatest of all world undertakings, his plain Canadian beginnings are still to be traced in Middlesex County, on a farm four miles from Strathroy. This is the real point in the story of General Currie—that he achieved the leadership of Canada's great fighting forces without having social influence, or political friends. The sturdy strength of body and mind which place him where he now is came straight from the soil of Canada.

The Currie farm to-day is run by the big brother, John, while two sisters and the mother, now a woman of over seventy, keep house, feed the chickens, bake the bread and work for the Red Cross. Here he was born and learned to help in the chores before he was ten. He played all games well, fought well, teased well, and stole apples successfully and often. The General has not forgotten Strathroy and his old friends. They send him baskets and he writes them letters in his own hand. They are beginning to call him "Art" now, where formerly he was Arthur Currie.

The Story of Lopatin

(Concluded from page 16.)

was chosen as the man best fitted for the errand. He accepted the assignment and the programme was carried out in every detail.

Arrived in St. Petersburg, Degayeff invited Sudeikin to his residence where a revolutionist named Starodvorsky, a man of gigantic figure and great physical strength, was concealed in a side room. This was deemed advisable because of the immense physique of their quarry.

The next morning Sudeikin was found dead, and shortly after every railway station in the vast empire was placarded with an official advertisement containing six portraits of Degayeff in as many different positions and the offer of a large reward for his capture.

Degayeff was never caught; but Starodvorsky was, and after many years of confinement in the Schlüsselburg fortress he is now celebrating the triumph of democracy over the old regime.

Lopatin remained in St. Petersburg, assuming the leadership of the Terrorist organization but that body was infested with Government spies now, and after a brief period full of the pluckiest undertakings he was betrayed and arrested, tried and sentenced to life imprisonment in the "stone coffin," where he remained in solitary confinement for twenty years.

He was released in 1905 when, after the Russo-Japanese war, there was a second revolution. He was then an old man, broken in health and in spirit. Since 1905 he has spent most of his time abroad. He is now back in Petrograd seeing with his own eyes the victory of the principles for which he had suffered far worse than death.

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CONRADI CONVINCES.

THREE players who with violin, cello and piano, can conspire to produce A1 at Lloyds ensemble music are not gathered together in every city. The three we refer to here are Georges Vigneti, Boris Hambourg and Austin Conradi. Of these Conradi is the latest arrival. He is the pianist. They call themselves the Allied Trio. So they are—French, Russian, Americano. Conradi is the American—of Italian origin.

Of his work last week in the first public recital of the Trio it is easy to speak in high terms of praise. Conradi is essentially a legato artist; a born player of ensemble. He is in this respect much what Vigneti and Hambourg are. They all know the precarious art of self-subordination; how to keep a trio from becoming in any instrument a solo with the other man playing obbligatos. This is too often possible. And in music written with a leading piano part it is even more likely to happen to the piano than to either the violin or the cello. The cello is the most difficult to soloize in ensemble. The piano is just about the easiest, because it is a percussion instrument, while the others are—well what they are, bowed and fretted instruments.

Well, Conradi, a slim, quiet-looking man, rather youthful, alert, vivacious, but restrained, knows this. He came to the ensemble numbers ready to smooth his phrase off to the last cobweb of delicatissimo. And he did it. But when he was expected to lead up with a robustious motif he was there each and every time.

The work was exceptionally smooth. The Beethoven early-period sounded much after the manner of Hayden or Mozart; that silken, lyric, legato style so well suited, especially in the allegri, to that period of musical development. But in the Adagio you caught something different, a broad, big character—the coming Beethoven.

Of course it was the solo part of the programme that made the occasion. And in his several numbers of Bach, Scarlatti, Strauss, Macdowell and Chopin, Mr. Conradi proved that a legato style in ensemble is not necessarily barren of climaxes and constructive poetics in solo work.

At this time of fish-worms and tickets to Muskoka, it is no occasion to be analyzing such a performance. July is a fairly stupid month in which to give the inaugural programme of a new ensemble trio. However, as Mr. Conradi could only be here for a short while just now, and has just lately joined the Hambourg faculty as head of the piano department, it was thought better to bring him out now.

Norway Taboos Nikisch.

NIKISCH has been politely asked to stay away from Christiana, Norway. Feeling against German submarine outrages on Norwegian shipping has become so high that the master-futurist of Leipzig with his leonine mane and his high license in music is no longer necessary to the moral welfare of those people. They have living memories of Greig. And the more they think of Greig, the less

they are bound to regard Nikisch who seems never to have had an uplift in his life that was not in the same category as a Zeppelin. The wonder is that he had insolence enough to offer to conduct his orchestra in Norway at all. But, of course, he is a real German. A few years ago when Nikisch was here with the London Symphony we took occasion to belaud him very extensively. Musically we do not begrudge him a line of it. It is only unfortunate for the calm, moral welfare of the human race that an apparently inspired translator like Nikisch should be steeped with German ideas. After all, he is better in company with Strauss. They are about all modern Germany has left in music.

More Damrosch.

THEY are having a very contentious row in New York over the Oratorio Society; columns of it in the common newspapers. It seems to be largely a case of Damrosch encore. Not Frank, but Walter. A few years ago and for a long while before that, Frank D. was conductor of The Oratorio. He was induced to resign. Mr. Kommenenich took his place. Mr. K. is said to be a very able man who made the Oratorio begin to take notice of itself. However, the man must be something akin to a German. He was asked to resign. Mr. Walter Damrosch offers to take the baton. He already has the New York Symphony Orchestra. But he wishes to think chorally. He is a good conductor of an orchestra—though not entitled to be considered eminent except as an organizer. As a choral conductor he is probably quite negligible—except that a section of the O. S. Board seem to want him. Anyhow New York seems to die hard on the Damrosches.

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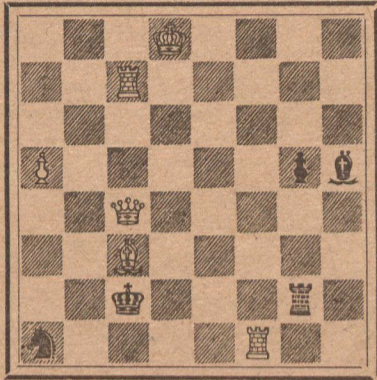
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YALE

C H E S S

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Address all correspondence for this department to the Chess Editor, Canadian Courier, 30 Grant Street, Toronto.
 PROBLEM No. 144, by E. E. Westbury.
 First Prize, Good Companions' Club, Fifth Meredith May Tourney, 1917.
 Black.—Five Pieces.



White.—Six Pieces.

White to play and mate in two.
 SOLUTIONS.

Problem No. 142, by R. G. Thompson.
 1. P—Kt5! QxP (Kt4); 2. K—Kt4 dis ch, etc.
 1. . . . , B or QxP (Kt3); 2. B—B2 dis ch, etc.
 1. . . . , Q—R7 (Kt7); 2. Q—Kt2 ch, etc.
 Anticipation Blocks and Interferences.
 The following twin problems promote their interest by the strategical restrictions placed upon a decoyed Black Bishop by the Black Knights. In the first example the Bishop must first be decoyed, as the Knight B7 interference, is in its path. Palkoska's Knights, by occupying the actual posts for the Bishop's defences, form self-blocks, Przepiorka has devised pure interference.

By D. Przepiorka.

White: K at QB7; Q at QB4; B at KBsq; Kt at QKt5.—Black: K at QRsq; R at QR3; Bs at QR6 and QKt2; Kts at KB7 and KR3; Ps at QR2, QKt3, Q3, KB2 and KR2. Mate in five. (1. B—Kt2, BxB; 2. Q—K2; Kt—K5! 3. Q—Kt4, Ktx Q; 4. K—B8, etc.)

By E. Palkoska.

White: K at KB3; R at QR5; Bs at QR8 and K3; P at Kt3.—Black: K at KRsq; B at KB4; Kts at Q7 and Kt2; Ps at QKt3, K3, K4, KR2 and KR5. Mate in five. (1. B—R6, Kt—R4! 2. B—B3, KtxB! 3. P—Kt4, BxP; 4. Ra8, etc.)

CHESS IN SWITZERLAND.

Following game was played in the forty-seventh correspondence tourney of the "Revue Suisse d'Echecs" last year. Score from "British Chess Magazine."

Ray Lopez.

- | | |
|---------------|--------------------|
| White. | Black. |
| O. Prochazka. | Dr. H. Kattenmark. |
| 1. P—K4 | 1. P—K4 |
| 2. Kt—KB3 | 2. Kt—QB3 |
| 3. B—Kt5 | 3. P—QR3 |
| 4. B—R4 | 4. Kt—B3 |
| 5. Castles | 5. KtxP |
| 6. P—Q4 | 6. P—QKt4 |
| 7. B—Kt3 | 7. P—Q4 |
| 8. Pxp | 8. B—K3 |
| 9. P—B3 | 9. B—K2 (a) |
| 10. R—Ksq | 10. Castles |
| 11. Kt—Q4 | 11. KtxKP (b) |
| 12. P—B3 | 12. B—Q3 |
| 13. B—KB4 (c) | 13. Kt—B5 |
| 14. BxB | 14. Kt(K5)xB |
| 15. RxB | 15. Pxr |
| 16. KtxP | 16. Q—B3 (d) |
| 17. KtxR | 17. RxB |
| 18. QxPch (e) | 18. K—Rsq |
| 19. BxKt? (f) | 19. KtxB |
| 20. P—QKt3 | 20. Q—K2 (g) |
| 21. Q—K4 | 21. Q—B4ch |
| 22. Q—Q4 (h) | 22. Q—Kt4 |
| 23. Q—Qsq (i) | 23. R—Qsq |
| 24. Q—Ksq | 24. Kt—K6 |
| 25. Q—K2 | 25. R—Q8ch |
| 26. Resigns. | |

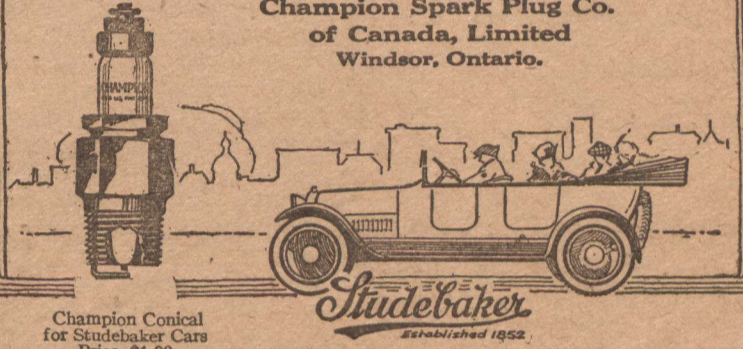
(a) Though now generally preferred to 9. . . . B—QB4, this allows White to play for the "Breslau" or "Bergmann's variation," whereby he gains (if he wishes) a piece at the expense of furious attack.
 (b) 11. . . . B—QB4; 12. KtxKt, Q—R5, is an interesting variation.
 (c) This move is attributed to Lasker. The dangers of 13. PxpKt have been often illustrated. In reply to the text-move, Black has the option of 13. . . . Q—B3; 14. BxKt, QxB; 15. P—Kt3, Q—Kt5; 16. PxKt, BxP.
 (d) Lasker, in his analysis, gives 16. . . . Q—K2; 17. KtxR, RxB; 18. QxPch, K—Rsq; 19. Kt—R3, Q—K6ch; 20. K—Rsq, KtxP; 21. Kt—B2, QxBP; 22. R—Ksq, Kt—B4; 23. R—K6 and though White is a Pawn down, he has a compensating attack.
 (e) If 18. Kt—Q2, Kt—K6; 19. Q—K2, Kt(Q3)—B5, Black has a strong attack.
 (f) White is in difficulties. If 19. Kt—Q2, R—Qsq is very strong. The text-move loses quickly.
 (g) Good. If, in reply, 21. P—KR3, then 21. . . . Q—K8ch; 22. K—R2; Kt—K6, and Black wins speedily.
 (h) If 22. K—Rsq, then 22. . . . R—Qsq, etc. If 22. K—Bsq, then 22. . . . Kt—K6ch; 23. K—K2, KtxP, with a winning advantage.
 (i) If 23. PxB, then 23. . . . Q—B8ch; 24. K—B2, Q—Kt7ch, and wins.

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Yet after all he had dismissed such suspicion as utterly absurd. To suspect Lewin Rodwell of any dealings with the enemy was utterly ridiculous. No finer nor truer Englishman had ever breathed. The very thought of such a thing caused him to ridicule himself.

He rose at half-past eleven, and, warmly shaking his friend's hand, asked:

"Will you dine with me to-morrow at the Club?"

Rodwell hesitated; then, consulting his little pocket diary, replied—

"I'm awfully sorry, my dear fellow, but I am due to speak in Lincoln to-morrow night. Any other night I'll be delighted."

"Thursday next, then, at eight o'clock—eh?"

"Good. It's an appointment," and he scribbled it down.

Then Trustram strode out and, hailing a passing taxi, drove home to his quiet rooms off Eaton Square.

The moment he had gone Mrs. Kirby, wearing a small, close-fitting hat and blue serge walking-gown, quickly joined Rodwell in the hall.

"I've learnt something of importance, Molly. I must get away down to old Small's at once. Gott strafe England!" he added very seriously.

"Gott strafe England!" the woman repeated after him in fervent earnestness, as though it were a prayer. Then she asked in surprise, "Going to-night? It's a long way. Why, you won't get there before morning!"

"I must be there as soon as possible. Our submarines can get some troop-ships—if we are slick enough! Every moment's delay is of the utmost importance," he exclaimed hurriedly. "Ring up Penney, will you, and tell him to bring round the car at once. Then come into the dining-room and have a snack with me before I go. But to what do I owe a visit at this hour? Have you anything to report?"

"Yes," she said "I'll tell you when I've been on the 'phone," she answered. "It's something urgent, and very important. I don't like the look of things."

CHAPTER XVII.

The Super-Spy.

DAWN was breaking, chill and stormy, over the grey North Sea. On the far, misty horizon showed four little puffs of black smoke at regular intervals upon the sky line—four British destroyers steaming on patrol duty.

Beyond, as Lewin Rodwell approached Tom Small's cottage, he also distinguished two trawlers moving towards the left, off Sutton-on-Sea, engaged in the perilous work of mine-sweeping.

Rodwell, wearing a thick and somewhat shabby overcoat, and a golf-cap pulled well down, had trudged across from those branch roads where Penney had dropped him after his night run of nearly a hundred and sixty miles. He was tired, yet he plodded forward through the mud, for the little low-built old tarred cottage was at last in sight.

"If we can get those troop-ships it will be a grand coup for us. Molly is quite right," he exclaimed to himself in German. "From Norddeich they can wireless away to Pola, on the Adriatic, and the Austrian submarines can go out to meet them in the Mediterranean—providing we have no un-

dersea boats there just now."

Old Tom Small was outside his door mending a net when Rodwell approached.

"Hulloa, Tom!" cried the visitor cheerily. "Didn't expect me—eh?"

"No, sir," grinned the bronzed, wrinkled-faced old fellow in the tanned smock—tanned in the same tub as his lines and nets. "This is unusual for you to come 'ere at this 'our—isn't it?"

"Yes. I've just come from London," he explained, as he entered the little sitting-room, which smelt so strongly of stale fish and rank tobacco. "Where's Ted?"

"E's gone along to Skegness to get me some tackle. 'E only started 'arf an 'our ago."

"Well," asked Rodwell, throwing off his coat and cap, and flinging himself upon the old wooden arm-chair. "Anything happened since I was here last week?"

"Not much—only that there Judd, the coastguard from Chapel Point, seems to be always a passin' or comin' in to smoke—as though he suspects summat."

"Ah, you're getting nery again, Tom, I see," laughed Rodwell. "What the dickens can he suspect if he doesn't see me, and you and Ted are both discreet and keep still tongues! why, there's no more respectable fisherman along the whole coast here than Tom Small," he added.

"Well, sir," replied the old fellow, "I've tried to keep respectable always, till now. And I wouldn't ha' done this dirty work—no, not for a fortune, had I known what was intended."

"No, I don't really suppose you would," remarked Rodwell with quiet sarcasm. "But, having begun, you've got to go on—or else be shot, both of you, as traitors to your country. Nevertheless, don't let's discuss that: it serves no purpose. I must get to work. Is the line all in order?"

"Yes, sir," was the reply. "I tested just before six—as soon as I got up. Mr. Stendel is on duty on the other side. He asked Ted if we'd seen you

lately, and 'e told 'im you 'adn't been down this week."

"Did he want to speak to me?"

"Yes, sir. I think 'e did."

OLD SMALL did not know the Morse code, except the testing signals, but young Ted had, before the war, been sent for a course to a wireless and cable school in Glasgow, on the pretext that he wanted to act as wireless operator on board a Grimsby trawler. Therefore Ted always transmitted and received messages.

When they wanted to speak urgently from Wangeroog, the German operator rang up Ted and informed him. Then Ted would walk into Huttoft, Alford, Chapel St. Leonard's, or one or other of the neighbouring villages where was a telegraph-office, and despatch a perfectly innocent-looking message addressed to either the chauffeur Penney, or to Mrs. Kirby, such as "Received your letter—Small," "My daughter left yesterday—Small," "Thanks, am writing—Ted," or "Will send fish to-morrow—T. Small." The wording of the message did not matter in the least; as long as Rodwell received the name "Tom," "Ted," or "Small," he knew that he was wanted at the end of the secret cable.

The gentleman from London passed into the stuffy little bedroom, drew aside the old damask curtain and took off the top of the big tailors' sewing-machine displaying the instruments beneath. Through the little window the grey, dispiriting light grew brighter as the dawn spread. The tide was out, and there was very little wind. The sea lay unusually calm in the morning mist. In the air was a salt smell of seaweed, and when he seated himself upon the old rush chair he could hear the low, monotonous lapping of the waves up and down the beach. That February morning was raw and chill upon the bleak, open coast of Lincolnshire, and while old Tom bustled about to get "Muster Rodwell" a slice of cooked bacon, the spy of the "All Highest of Germany" busied himself in looking through the intricate-looking array of cable instru-

ments, the hidden batteries of which he had recharged a week ago, spending a whole night there working in his shirt-sleeves and perspiring freely.

Presently, settling himself down to his work, he touched the ebonite tapping-key and in dot-and-dash he sent under the sea the letters "M.X.Q.Q.," the German war-code for "Are you ready to receive message?"

Thrice he despatched the letters, and then awaited the answering click. There was no response.

"Stendel is always so slow!" he growled to himself. Already the appetizing smell of frying bacon had greeted his nostrils. Old Tom's daughter was away. Indeed, he kept her away as much as possible, as Mr. Rodwell had no desire to have women "poking their noses into things that did not concern them"—as he once remarked.

THRICE again did the man at the end of that unsuspected cable tap out those four code-letters.

At last, however, came the answering sound upon the receiver.

"B. S. Q.—B. S. Q.," came up rapidly from the depths of the sea. "Who are you?" Wangeroog was asking.

"Rodwell is here," tapped out the spy. "Is Stendel there?"

In a moment came the answer.

"Yes. Stendel is speaking. I have a message for you."

"Mine is most urgent. Please put me through at once to J. A. J. 70."

"Your signals are good. Cuxhaven is engaged with Copenhagen. Wait, and I will put you through. While waiting will you take my message?"

"S. S.," answered Rodwell, which meant, "All right. I understand." Then he added "O. O.," by which the German operator on the island of Wangeroog knew that he was to proceed.

After a few seconds' pause the recorder began to click, and upon its green receiving "tape" there came out the following:

"J. No. 6834115. Berlin, February 21st, 1915.



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CANADIAN NORTHERN RAILWAY

"Ueber die zustaende 1828, 59361 sind folgende Nachrichten 0083 joa-
skcumf 2122: 298511, 3826, 3278: 2564:
8392 schmutzig: 6111: sparsam: dan-
nen: schiene: 2568, tbsxc zerreiben.
3286 zeilverlust."

Slowly it came out accurately regis-
tered on the long green paper ribbon,
which, when it stopped, Rodwell tore
off and carefully rolled up in order to
decipher it at his leisure by aid of
his little cipher-book.

Then, after a brief pause, he placed
his fingers upon the key and, with an
expert touch, inquired if he were yet
through to Number Seventy Berlin?

The answer came in the affirmative.
A few moments later he tapped out
the letters G. S. F. A.—the code pass-
word which automatically by the cal-
endar was so often changed. He re-
ceived the answer G. L. G. S. Then,
according to rule, he gave his own
registered number—that of "0740."
Every spy of Germany is registered by
number in the department presided
over by Dr. Steinhauer.

Fully five minutes elapsed before he
received the permission to proceed.

Then, finding himself in direct com-
munication with the headquarters of
the Imperial Secret Service, that ar-
gus-eyed bureau known as "Number 70
Berlin," he began his report with the
usual preamble, as follows:

"On Imperial War Service. Most ur-
gent. Naval. From 0740, to Ber-
lin 70. Transmitted Personally.
February 22nd, 1915.

"Source of information G. 27, Brit-
ish Admiralty. American liners Ellen-
borough and Desborough leave Ply-
mouth to-day with drafts for Alexan-
dria. Four troop-ships also leave Ply-
mouth for Dardanelles on Friday next,
and three leave Southampton to-day.
Names of latter are Cardigan, Lamber-
head, and Turleigh. All are escorted
to Gibraltar, but not farther. In fu-
ture all drafts for Mediterranean ports
embark at Plymouth. Suggest Pola
be informed by wireless, if none of
our submarines are in Mediterranean.
Are there any? Await reply. Bur-

hardt No. 6503 left for Amsterdam
with important information last night.
Grossman 3684 was arrested in Hartle-
pool yesterday. Nothing found upon
him. Will probably be released. Ex-
pecting visit of B— shortly. Tell
him to call in secret upon 0740 in Lon-
don. End of message."

Then he sat back and waited for
the reply to his inquiry regarding the
submarines of the Fatherland. He
knew that even at that early hour the
great bureau in the Koenigergratzer-
strasse, the eyes and ears of the Ger-
man nation, was all agog, and that one
of the sub-directors would certainly
be on duty. They never failed to an-
swer my question put to them.

Old Small entered with the news
that the bacon was ready, therefore
he ordered it to be brought in, and as
he sat at the table of the old sewing-
machine awaiting the response, he ate
the homely breakfast with a distinct
relish. He did not notice the look of
hatred in old Small's eyes.

Suddenly Stendel, on Wangeroo,

asked if he had finished with Berlin,
to which message he answered that he
was waiting for a reply.

"I have another message," Stendel
tapped out. "Will you take it?—very
short."

"G. G. F.," replied Rodwell, which
in the war-code meant. "Am ready to
receive message."

THEN came the following from be-
neath the cold waters which divid-
ed the two nations at war, a combina-
tion of German words and the numeri-
cal code:

"J. S. F.: 26378: Mowe: (sea-gull)
J. S. J. J.: schimpflich (infamous)
Ozstc: 32; Schandfleck (blot) tollkuhn
(foolhardy)."

And it was followed by the affix of
the sender, "10,11," and the word "zer-
ren" (pull).

Again Rodwell tore off the piece of
pale green "tape" and placed it care-
fully in his pocket, in order to de-code
it later on.

Then he leisurely finished his bacon
and declared to Tom that he felt the
better for it.

"I 'ear as 'ow the pay-pers are a
sayin' that the German submarines
are a torpedoin' our ships 'olesale, sir,"
remarked old Tom, when the recorder
was silent again. "It's a great shame,
surely. That ain't war—to kill women
an' children on board ship. Why, the
most brutal of all foreigners in the
world would go out and rescue women
an' children from a sinkin' ship!"

"It's war, my dear man—war!" re-
plied Rodwell. "You people, living on
the shores of England, don't yet know
what war means. It means that, at all
hazards and at all costs, you must van-
quish your enemy. No kid-glove or
polite speeches. The silly peace ideals
of humanity, and all that rubbish, don't
count nowadays. The German super-
man does not understand such silly
manoeuvres when he is out to van-
quish his enemy. Why, you and your
daughter and Ted would be far better
off under our own Kaiser than you are
to-day, with all this shuttlecock policy
of your out-of-date rule-of-thumb Gov-
ernment, and your strangulating taxa-
tion consequent upon it. Your Eng-
lish sovereign is only worth fifteen
shillings to-day."

"Yes, but I don't understand how
it is that you German people have put
us under your 'thumbs, as you have
done."

"Merely because you British people
are trustful fools," laughed Rodwell
merrily. "You never listened to Lord
Roberts, a great soldier and strategist
greater than any we have to-day in
Germany. You all laughed at his
warnings. And now you'll have to
laugh on the other side of your mouths.
That's the real, plain, brutal truth of
it all. You can't conceal it. If you
English had taken the advice of your
popular hero 'Bobs,' there would have
been no war to-day. You would have
been far too strong for our Father-
land."

"But why should we sacrifice our
lives any further?" asked the toiler of
the sea. "I'm sick and tired of the
whole affair, as I said to Ted only
this morning."

"I quite appreciate that," was Rod-
well's reply. "But—"

A CLICK sounded upon the instru-
ment, and Rodwell, breaking off,
bent eagerly to read the tape.

The words, in German, which came



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out upon it were: "Reply to 0740. Eight undersea boats are in Mediterranean. Message will be sent by wireless to Trieste and Pola for re-transmission. Any report from 6839? Await reply."

Rodwell hesitated. The number quoted was that of his friend Mrs. Kirby.

In a few moments he tapped out the reply.

"No. 6839 is in close touch with Minister, as reported by me a week ago. She will make cable report as soon as accurate information can be obtained. Our activity on the Clyde is progressing. The engineers are out and other branches of labour are threatening to strike. Unrest also in South Wales. Good work in progress there."

Then, for some minutes, the instruments were silent, and he watched the receiver intently.

At last it again clicked, and the green tape once more began to unwind.

"To 0740.—From O. Meiszner—Headquarters Imperial Intelligence Staff. Order 0213 to do utmost possible with Clyde workers. Information will reach him from Holland by Route No. 6 regarding South Wales and dockers. Report all movements of troops to Dardanelles, also movements from Aldershot to Flanders. Nothing from 0802 at Portsmouth. Please inquire reason and reply: urgent. Are you on good terms with G. 27 British Admiralty? Reply."

The number "G. 27" meant Charles Trustram, for as such he had been reported by Rodwell, and duly registered in the dossiers of the great spy-bureau in Berlin.

"Yes. On excellent terms with G. 27. But he is not yet indebted to us," he replied, swiftly tapping the instrument.

"He should be. Please see to it. His information is always good, and may be as extremely useful as that regarding the plot to entrap our Navy. I am sending No. 0324 to you as an American citizen. He bears urgent instructions, and is travelling via New York, and due in Liverpool about March 10th. He will report personally on arrival in London. End of message."

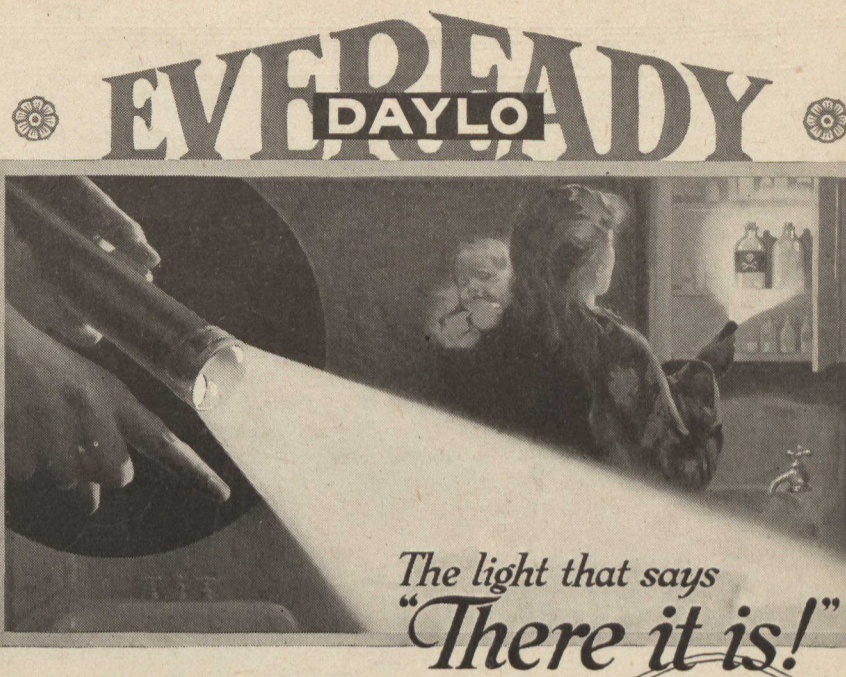
"S. S." were the letters tapped out—three dots, succeeded by three more dots—and by it Dr. Otto Meiszner, seated at the headquarters of German espionage in Berlin, knew that his friend had received and understood what he had transmitted from the heart of the Fatherland.

Rodwell, having replaced the cover over the instruments, lay back for a moment to think.

He knew that ere long the unseen rays of wireless would flash in code the news from Hanover away across Europe, to the Austrian station at Pola, on the Adriatic, reporting the departure of those troop-ships, which, after passing through the Straits of Gibraltar, would be at the mercy of the German submarines lurking in readiness in the Mediterranean.

Upon his hard mouth was an evil grin, as he rose, pushed the old chair aside and, striding into the adjoining room, joined the weatherbeaten old fisherman—the man who was held so dumb and powerless in the far-reaching tentacles of that terrible Teuton octopus, that was slowly, but surely, strangling all civilization.

(To be continued.)



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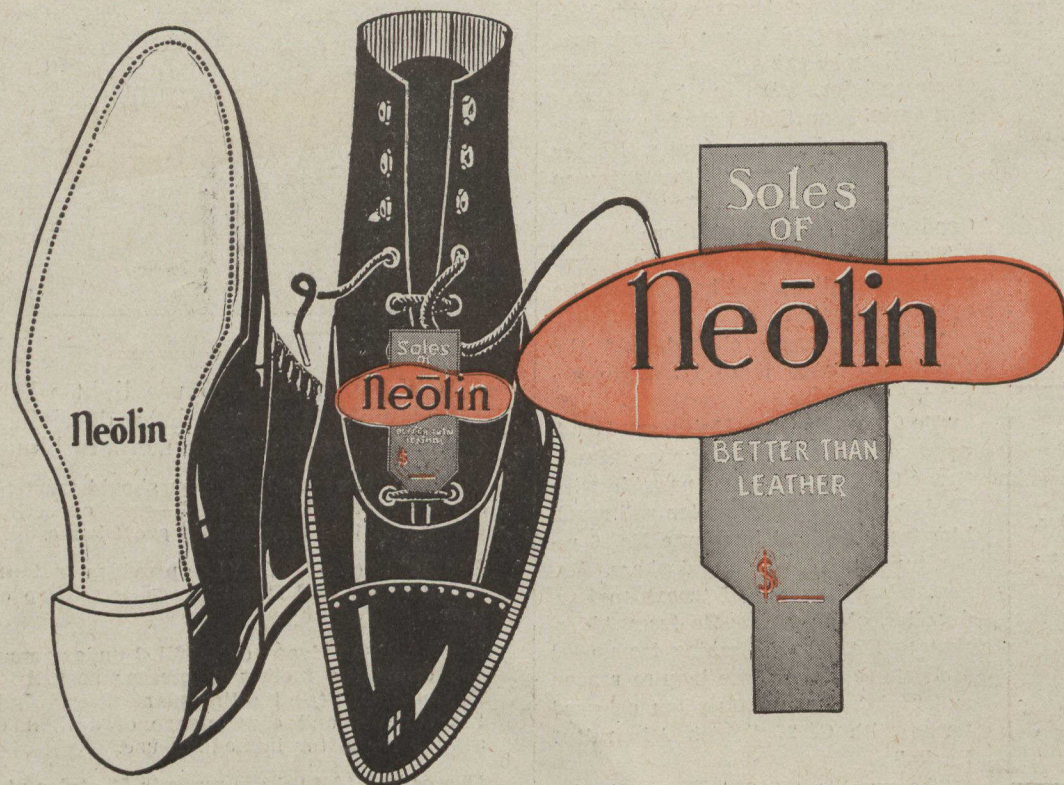
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Numbers of people who desired the advantages of Neolin's qualities have had to buy from other than their usual shoe dealer.

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