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The
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THE SHADOW AND THE MAN

By AUGUSTUS BRIDLE

ONCE upon a time, and not so very long ago, there was a Colonel, since a General; a hard-as-nails specimen of mankind who by times felt the winds of the cosmos whistling through his hair, and at such times fancied himself—though no one thought much about it—a supererogant person in a democracy. There was in this General in large measure what some men have in small degree—Ego; nobody had to prove it; he admitted it.

He had always been grand on war. He believed—if anyone asked his belief or if he had an opportunity to state it—that war was made for the world, and the world for war. Yet he was no Prussian. He hated Prussianism; he merely believed, privately, that the only way to put down Prussianism was to stamp on its face with boots weighing each a million tons and hobnailed with hate. He had—or would have had if anyone had asked his views—no patience with moral maxims or diplomacy. Another thing he disliked was aristocrats, even though in a moment of weakness he had become one of them. For democracy he had a shrewd, organizing eye. He was born a democrat and intended for an agitator. But he regarded with conceited disdain politicians who did just what the people elected them to do and no more. Mere statesmen he puffed at in his thoughts as being too willing to wait for evolution instead of making history by trotting out examples. The smooth tacticians and the masters of finesse he privily derided. They were too soft for this world. Growing up among the militia he had caught early the idea that a mere militiaman was one thing and a soldier quite another. He himself, he had said, would be a soldier. He was. In a small way. He shouted at subalterns. He had them get up and dust to carry out orders and countermand them, bigod—sir, before the ink was dry. Yet he was a democrat! He dreamed he would organize the Democracy that votes and makes money and goes to races and pink teas and baseball and matinees, into a militaristic iron heel to grind the face off militarism. For "it takes a diamond to cut a diamond," quoth he to himself, "and a thief to catch a thief. I've always said so. I know war is coming. And by the Great Horn Spoon, Mars wasn't kindergartened on the Rhine. He belongs just as much to the St. Lawrence. If I get a chance I'll show 'em."

And the war came.

tion of the General it was more. It was a cosmic extension of himself! The projection of his own ego! With a shock of delight he reflected that the bulk of that shadow-man was limited only by the dimensions of the room. A greater room would give a greater shadow! A shadow ten, twenty, a thousand times as big! He observed that with so large a fireplace even that huge room was too small to contain all the shadow standing up.

"Wonderful!" he whispered to himself. "A man isn't just five foot ten, weight 170, chest 44. He's the size of the shadow he throws. I—am that shadow-man. Where I go he goes. But he goes up a wall or out a window, and I can't, except by means of him. That's all right. We're a team. But I'm the guiding element in the combination. He is my servant, and whatever I do must be measured by the figure he cuts. By love! I'm no little conventional man any longer. I'm a great, big, potentializing novus homo. Other men could be as big, but they haven't found it out. And by George," he looked nervously over his shoulder, "I'll never tell them the trick!"

He thought of the big persons who before the war used to pouff him as a visionary and clacking soldier person; those who bossed banks and big businesses and railroads and politics and universities. Where were they now? Compared to him not as one-two-three.

Obsessed with the magnitude of his own shadow, the General proceeded to build the democracy's war machine. With new self-confidence he organized thousands upon thousands of men in camps from ocean to ocean, with rifles and field guns and machine guns and field kitchens and horses and all the thundering panoply of war. He found frightened democracy willing to take him at his own valuation, standing in plain clothes eager to organize. Men left their comfortable jobs and happy homes to join his units of war. They whispered that this was a man who did things, and this was a war of doers, not of dreamers.

Watching his shadow, the General got strength to do more and more and dare more and more. He never hesitated. No, day by week and week by month the shadow man of super-size went boldly ahead with his programme. Any that got in his way were bowled over. The army grew. It became a marvelous thing. The bigger and mightier it became the greater and almightier the shadow-man felt. That army was the work of his will upon the genius of a free people who loved their country. He began to call it "my" army, because what he willed that army did. When part of that army died—how gloriously—he could not get it out of his head that he had made even its patriotism and self-sacrifice! The thought made his eyes water. His army! My army! His emotions overcame him. He longed to take the country to his heart and pity it tenderly for being so far below the height of his ecstasy. He dwelt in clouds and dreamed that the whole country rested safe in his shadow. His eyes were on high. Having the faculty of being blind and deaf to little signs of protest, he paid no heed to mere men and their opinions. Or when he could not be blind and deaf he said "poohpooh! They'll all learn in time that to follow me is the only way to do their duty, the only way to save the world from Prussianism." All other kinds of men were overshadowed by his glory.

Now let every man that wore the King's khaki assure himself that if ever he lived up to the last

ounce of glorifying energy, it was now—marching for the dear old country. Let the people who spent their time building railways and planning towns and cities realize that a war camp was the most wonderful work in the world. Those who spent their day whizzing away in strings of motor-cars to the half-way house for bottles of ginger ale and the like must admit that a battalion, made by this General, shirtsleeved and dust-scuffing on the route march with water-bottles at their belts was the greatest picture the world ever saw. Let the pacifist crawl into his hole and pull the hole in after him. The whole country from cod-land to salmon run was energized by this genius!

IN a quiet hour one day—and it was seldom he was quiet—the General had a long conference with his super-izing shadow. As it talked with him it seemed to stride up and down the country, among camps and artillery and marching armies. It looked to him bigger than ever—greater than ever. And he felt he must do something great in keeping with his shadow. Suddenly he thought of all the camps he had created and, in comparison with his shadow they seemed petty, piffling, hardly worthy of the opportunity. Why not, he thought, take even the biggest camps and make for himself one huge camp that would astound even himself! A camp so great it would be like a kingdom—and here he would heap up battalion upon battalion, brigade upon brigade, where he could, as it were, see them in the hollow of his hand, his hand, that had made them great! Aye! A tremendous march past—and all these thousands upon thousands saluting HIM, cheering him! He felt his greatness growing as he thought of it. The shadow, too, approved! He forgot it long enough to summon an orderly and dictate a curt telegram. Lo, in twenty words he had started the great adventure. His shadow swelled obedient. Democracy, in simple faith, applauded.

Be it noted, it was democracy that in all these ventures had provided the wherewithal. For instance, it gave the men without which no army ever existed. It gave the will to fight, the will to suffer, the will to die. It gave clothing, boots, accoutrement, artillery, ammunition, horses, carriages—and even automobiles and private cars for the General and his favourite aides. The General said, "Let this man be a captain and that man a colonel. Pay this man so much and that man so much more!" Millions he spent and democracy paid even that—even down to the General's barber bills and strawberries at breakfast.

So now, gladly and willingly, it set to work—through the sons it had lent the General for his army—to prepare this great camp where the General could see all the soldiers in the hollow of his hand. It bought him thousands of acres—just where he chose. It sank him wells and fetched him railways and built him roads and sweated and sweated and sweated in the heat and the grime and dirt, and the thirst for the General, because it believed the General was working for the state and for nothing else.

But the General had forgotten the state. He was dreaming of his greatest work. His shadow sat at his side constantly and whispered great words of glory to him, words that made the General's brain reel with emotion. The more he thought of his new camp the greater his desire to see it! He chafed at the delay. He yearned for this great moment—and dashed off a wire to his faithful assistants.

"I will come for the review to-morrow."

(Concluded on page 20.)

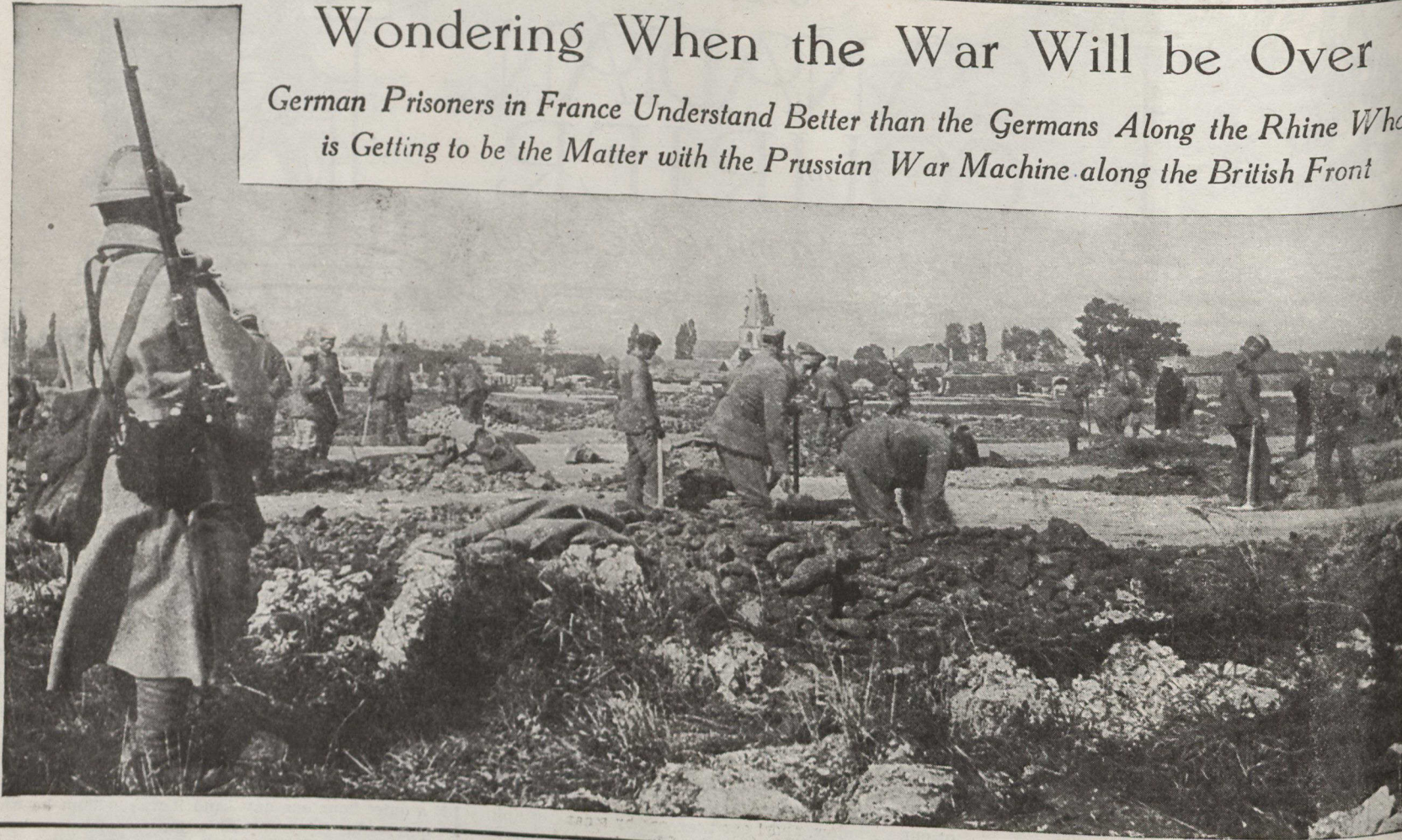
MUSING one evening soon after the war began, the General stood before a low flicker of a fire burning in a huge fireplace at the end of a great tall room. He was now the man of the hour. His country had commanded his services. Brooding thus, he became suddenly conscious of another person in the room, a person who moved every time he moved, but on a much vaster scale. If he moved an arm thirty inches long the other person moved one thirty feet long, poking all in front of the elbow out of a tall window. If he shifted a leg the other man shifted one ten times as long, a leg that ran more than half the length of the room and lost itself in a vast torso that spread all over the end wall and the high ceiling. If he coughed, the cough came back in a huge, hollow reverberation that seemed like the voice of a giant in a cave.

The General was fascinated with the size and the marvelous potentialities of this other person that did everything he did on a much larger scale—and yet did nothing else. Who was this man?

You say: it was the General's shadow. True; physically, that was all. But to the aroused imagina-

Wondering When the War Will be Over

German Prisoners in France Understand Better than the Germans Along the Rhine What is Getting to be the Matter with the Prussian War Machine along the British Front



A Dream Man Who Had a Lot of Ashes

Another of My Peregrinations in Potash

By JACOB HOLDFAST

ON a drab November day I started out with the double-box waggon to gather ashes for Ezra Bump. It is important to recall the picture I made that morning, because it was one of the most auspicious moments of my life when I was about to demonstrate in a commercial way that I was an accredited partner of Ezra Bump in the business of making potash. I sat on a hickory-spring seat which had a box of soap on the left-hand end. My feet just touched the top dashboard of the double-box waggon, in which the "bushel" basket and the scoop shovel danced several jigs as the rackabones team went trotting away and the hickory-spring seat teetered with me on it like a large bird on a bough.

I had several miles to go before striking any ashes because Bump had wisely cleaned them all up within four miles any direction the last time he went hauling in the spring; and the summer was a poor time to accumulate ashes except in saw-mills and in the places where they burned log heaps clearing the land. But that only gave me the more time to reflect upon the dignity of my position as an ash-man.

It was quite ten o'clock when I drove into a lane at the turn on to somebody's side-road. Bump knew all the people about here and had established himself as a pretty shrewd sort of tradesman as I knew. I know the old rascal had never taken to calling out his wares like a rag and bone man, but that morning I was so impressed with the poetry of driving into all sort of folks' lanes and prying into the family secrets contained in the ash-barrels that I took to calling out in a sort of rapture.

"Ash-es? Ash-es? Got any ashes to-day? Fine brown soap for ashes, five cents a bushel—Ashes?"

"Some out in the gum yunder," said a redfaced woman who might have been Irish. "Mighty good ashes too."

The gum was part of a hollow tree standing on end with a roof on the top and a small hording door at the bottom. With great gusto I rammied in the shovel. The ashes were dry. So according to Bump's advice, when I felt sure the lady wasn't looking, I jammed them down a bit with my left foot in the basket. It was a heavy tug heaving them into the box, but in that first place I got six bushels and with great consequence bustled to the kitchen door with six bars of brown resin soap.

"Oh, that all there wuz?" said the woman.

"Six bushel, mum," says I.

"Only a bar fer a bushel?" says she.

"Regular price, mum."

"Taint enough. Bars ain't big enough. You folks cheat. Needn't come here no more."

Now that same woman, as I knew, would have been as placid with Ezra Bump as a purring kitten. But seeing that I was a new man and a greenhorn she thought she might few me on up on the price, though, thank heaven, she said nothing about the size of the bushel.

"Sorry, mum," I told her as I traipsed away to the

waggon again. "I'll tell Mr. Bump."

And away I went, just a bit angry with the woman. I began to ask myself why I should be defending a man whom I knew to be a gouger. But I remembered that I was now a partner of Ezra Bump and could not afford to have my senior calumniated without just cause. So at the next house I was a bit more peremptory. This woman had three old barrels full of ashes.

"Who be you?" she wanted to know.

"I'm Mr. Bump's junior partner, mum."

"Oh? Big a scalawag as he is I'll warrant," she snapped. "That soap's terrible. I declare I c'n make better myself when I hev time. Eats holes in the cloes. I spose he makes it himself."

I assured her loftily that the business of the firm was making potash—not soap; that we bought the soap wholesale.

"Oh—same as the ashes I guess," she ventured as I got back to the waggon.

She seemed a very acrid person. What a long-suffering old martyr Bump must have been if he endured such cynical remarks as everywhere I went that forenoon seemed to be the lot of the ashman. Even the dogs seemed to regard me with doubt. They knew me not. Bump they had known; perhaps would not have growled at him—for he was a good hand at making up to dogs and getting round the cantankerous ways of certain women who persisted in believing that an "ashcat," as they called me, was worse than a lightning rod pedlar, because everybody didn't have to buy lightning rods, whereas everybody had ashes to sell. I had no wiles whatever. With a small heap of ashes in the waggon by noon and a great hunger in my being I was becoming conscious that it is sometimes harder to buy things than it is to sell some other things.

When at length, about two o'clock, I was able to unhook the team and feed them their pack of oats from under the axle and go in to a dinner of fat pork and beans. I was getting pretty well convinced that to be a buyer of ashes was no business for any one with a tender conscience.

Would I ever get that waggon-box full? By half-past two there was a heap in the middle that could be seen from the road. But the ends of that heap were great gaunt caves of emptiness. Only in the rear did the ashes crawl out to the end of the box.

Luck was not so good in the afternoon; or perhaps my manner was becoming crusty. By three o'clock I had less than half a load. It would be dusk in two hours and I was miles from home. For two miles I was told,

"No ashes to-day."

Which led me to conclude that some rival had been along in this part of Bump's territory and had stolen a march. This was discouraging. To go home my first

day with less than a full load would be to incur a terribly sarcastic drubbing from Bump and if repeated too often might terminate my partnership which had begun to seem so auspicious.

About half an hour this side of dusk I drove in a long lane to a brick house that had three chimneys. This was some prosperous person I felt sure who probably had a fine lot of ashes, which meant plenty of fires. There was a man close to the house husking corn; a sharp faced, quick-spoken man who when I asked him about the ashes said:

"Yep, I got enough in that gum over here to fill up y'r box. Wanta take'n?"

"I certainly do," I emphasized.

"All right. What's the price?"

"Five a bushel or one bar of soap," I said.

"What kind o' soap?"

I held up a bar.

"That's O. K. I guess. No kick on the soap, Bub. Help yourself," said he. "If you c'n git'm all in the wagin. If yeh don't—come agin."

I said unto him—quite brokenly with emotion as I reached for the basket and scoop,

"Mister—you must be the Dream Man, I guess."

He went shucking away for a bit, tied a bundle of fodder with basswood bark and came over to watch me benignly whilst I filled the basket again and again with those beautiful hardwood ashes of which there seemed to be in that prostrate buttonwood gum a limitless store. Out of respect for his benignity and the fact that the basket was pretty big I did not heap it up as I usually did and did not tramp them in at all, though to be sure they were middling dry. But they were lovely ashes and the man made nice kind observations as I scooped them out, helping me to take every basketful to the wagon and heave it in.

Presently the Dream Man and myself had Bump's double-box heaping full from dashboard to tail-board, one of the handsomest loads of ashes ever seen in those parts, as the man admitted.

"Well, sir, the nex' thing is to pay for 'em I guess," chuckled I, climbing blithely to my hickory spring seat and the soapbox. After rummaging a bit I said to the Dream Man who was rubbing at a spavin on my nigh horse's leg,

"Mister—we tuk seventeen bushels out o' that gum by my tally. That'll be seventeen bars o' soap."

I reached down the soap, five bars at a time; three fives and a two. He took them with a queer smile on his face, which I knew must be a kind smile, because I had never been quite so industrially happy in my life, and I could go home to Bump with a swagger and a song. The Dream Man stacked the soap on the ground and rammied both hands in his pockets.

I was about to reach for the lines and to lean over to

(Continued on page 22.)

Old Shibboleths Will Pass Away

OTTAWA, July 12th, 1916.

I HAVE watched Sir Robert Borden's hair turn from iron grey to white during the five years that I have been in the press gallery. And I take it that no man who has sat beside, or behind him during that time aspires to succeed him either as leader of the Conservative party, or as Premier of the Dominion. In fact, I venture the opinion that the man to-day who aspires to the leadership of either of the parties has "too much ego in his cosmos," for it is a giant's job. There may be men who aspire for the position through lack of appreciation of the responsibilities which must devolve upon the man who takes it, but their very lack of appreciation must unfit them from the start for the task. There are undoubtedly professional politicians in both parties who believe that they could handle the reins of power, and the rudder of state, but the job is not for a professional politician. I take it that the leadership of any party during the coming years is a task which might make any man quail. When to that is added the inevitable possibility of premiership, the prospect must be even more formidable. Canada has had statesmen in the past at the head of her affairs. And there never was a time when statesmen were more needed at the head of the parties than they are to-day. From the national standpoint alone there are problems for the creating of which professional politicians have been largely responsible. Their solution cannot be looked for from professional politicians, but from statesmen. And to these problems have been added in the past decade international problems, which width of vision and breadth of character only can hope to cope with.

Very few Canadian federal leaders have assumed the role of their own volition. Presidents in the United States are elected; Premiers in Canada, as such, are not. Sir Robert Borden would be happier to-day in his law office at Halifax. But Sir Robert is not a free will agent. He didn't seek the position at the start; he was pitchforked into it, and like Samuel, could only say, with all humility: "Here am I; take me." Sir Robert has been ready on many occasions since to resign; but caucus—and Lady Borden—have prevented him. And I think the same is true away back down the line of Canada's premiers; few of them have aspired to the position.

The Conservative party has always had trouble in securing and keeping leaders in the Federal arena. During a period of thirty years and more the Liberal party has had but one—Sir Wilfrid Laurier. In that same space of time the Conservative party has had no less than six—Macdonald, Thompson, Abbot, Bowell, Tupper, and Borden! Who will be the next?

I HAVE said that the task is for a statesman. When, therefore, I undertake the job of choosing the Next Man Up in the Conservative party I should look for a statesman, or the makings of one. And I don't think that anyone will quarrel with me when I say that they are scarce. I have said that the job is not one for a professional politician of the party kind. That is why at the very outset I beg leave to eliminate Hon. Robert Rogers, with all his admirable qualities, from the list of possibilities. That is why in a lesser degree I beg leave to eliminate Hon. Arthur Meighen, with his undoubted parliamentary ability. Both have qualities which make them factors in the political life of the community, but both have been connected too long with a certain school of politics to be classed in the ranks of statesmen, or even coming statesmen. There must come times, especially in the future, when the leaders of both parties must forget, and be willing to sacrifice, purely party advantage for the common weal.

In fact, I cannot see a successor to Sir Robert Borden from the West, at all, not even R. B. Bennett, the gifted and brilliant member for Calgary. For there are times when judgment is sacrificed for brilliancy, and when a man may be carried away by the very exuberance of his own eloquence. In my estimation there are only two men in the running as the Next Up in the Conservative party. They are Sir George Foster and Sir Thomas White. The first has many of the qualities which go to make the statesman; the second has potentialities in that direction. Sir George was a grown man when Sir Thomas White was in swaddling clothes. He had been in public life some years when Sir Thomas was struggling to put himself through college. He was Minister of Finance for the Dominion when Sir Thomas was a humble reporter. In fact, Sir George is one of the veteran members of the Conservative party, and of Parliament. Sir Thomas is only a matriculant even in the game of politics, and has

THEREFORE :

Sir Thomas White is Picked as

SECOND MAN UP

To Sir Robert Borden

By H. E. M. CHISHOLM

Ottawa Correspondent Manitoba Free Press.



graced Parliament for only one term. But despite the comparison I venture the belief that Sir Thomas White has more than an even break in the running for the next man up, though, mind you, I don't believe that either man aspires for the task.

Certain things must be recalled at this point to justify my contention. When the tidal wave of Sept. 21, 1911, swept the Liberal party off its feet, and Sir Robert Borden was called on to form a cabinet, he had at least one man fitted for the important task of Finance Minister. Sir George Foster had held that position under no less than five premiers—Macdonald, Thompson, Abbott, Bowell, and Tupper, and had been financial critic in opposition for nearly fifteen years. Surely he was the man for the task. But it is related that the first slate prepared by Sir

Robert didn't even contain his name in connection with any portfolio! When the final slate was prepared he had secured the portfolio—not of finance—but of trade and commerce, a far less important one. W. T. White, a Toronto financier, and a man twenty years his junior in years, and thirty years his junior in politics, was chosen to supersede him, and given the banner department.

Which proves my contention that neither premiers nor cabinet ministers are elected as such, but are the victims of caucus, and circumstance. Sir George Foster possesses many of the qualities which go to make a great premier. He is cultured. He is a brilliant orator. He has vision, and imagination, if he does not possess enthusiasm. He is a hard worker, and a fine student. But I venture the opinion that as Tom White superseded him for the position of Minister of Finance, Sir Thomas White will supersede him if the two men ever figure in the question of successorship to Sir Robert Borden. Sir George Foster might make a good premier; but I don't think he would make a great leader. And a man must lead to be a premier.

WHEN this war is over old shibboleths will pass away; many old faiths will be abandoned by the man who would be a national leader. For that reason I believe that the man who aspires to leadership should be a man whose political tenets (I mean party political) are not interwoven with his heart strings. A new interpretation of the National Policy, for instance, may be necessary. And there are some who think that Sir Thomas White has already put a broader interpretation upon it. In any case his heart strings are not too tightly interwoven with any party doctrines. His acceptance of the Conservative faith "synchronizes" with his reception into the Borden Cabinet; before that he was a Liberal. Disraeli was a Radical once; Gladstone had Conservative tendencies on a time; Borden, Whitney and Roblin are all "turncoats." So there are many precedents. And I believe, though I stand subject to correction, that both Sir Robert and Sir Thomas defected on the reciprocity issue.

In fact, Sir Thomas White is no politician in the party sense of the word, and that is one of the reasons why I think he might be the man to solve the problems created by the party politicians. His very worst performances in the House have been when he has espoused the party cause and taken up the role of defender of the faith. He is not at home on that job, and it doesn't become him.

Lawyers have predominated among the Canadian leaders of the past. Borden is a lawyer; Laurier is a lawyer; Macdonald, Abbott, and Thompson were lawyers. Bowell was a newspaper man; Mackenzie was a stone mason; Tupper was a medical doctor; Sir Thomas White is a lawyer, newspaper man, and financier. He studied law at Osgoode, and to put himself through worked on the reportorial staffs of the Toronto Telegram and the Toronto News. He won the gold medal at Osgoode, and was taken onto the Toronto Assessment branch. He used to appear before the Court of Revision on behalf of the city in connection with protests against the assessments. And he won for himself a reputation here, most of those who appealed being satisfied after Tom White got through that their assessment was not higher instead of lower. His success here led to his being taken on the staff of the National Trust Company. And from there he came to Ottawa. Since then he has been seeing to it that every individual in Canada is assessed.

Tom White has grown during the few years that he has been here. He is now Sir Thomas White, and he wears his honours well. He has raised more money during the past two years than any Finance Minister in the past considered it necessary to raise in treble the time. I am led to believe that in most cases he financed well. His budgets are a model of conciseness and clearness. He is a great student, and is one of the half dozen men on the front benches of the Conservative party who wouldn't starve to death if you locked him in a library for half a day. Of necessity he is a student not only of national, but of international affairs, for the money market is influenced by many things. He has dignity and presence; he has forcefulness and logic; he has youth and enthusiasm; he has imagination, and a certain vision. If he grows as fast in the next five years as he has in the past five, I do not think that I will need to apologize for having placed him in the front rank of those who may aspire to leadership in Canada. He is the one "best bet" as the next man up in the Conservative party.

THE PRINCE—WHO CAME TRUE

A Summer-Resort Fairy-Tale With a Substantial Ending

By LOTUS H. FRENCH

GERALDINE was lonesome. There was no denying the fact nor trying to ignore it any longer. She had been at Cedar Brae for three days and, as she expressed it to herself, there was nothing doing yet. To be sure that place was just as pretty as she had expected to find it; in fact, to be perfectly honest, it even exceeded her expectations. The water was just as blue and inviting as she could have wished, but what good was that when she had no one with whom to enjoy it? The roads were just as broad and level for motoring as the advertisement had promised, but of what avail to Geraldine who had no car?

It was warm in the grove with a scarcely perceptible warm, sweet breeze; and oh, so peacefully quiet. "I should be mighty thankful to be here and not in the hot, noisy city," thought Geraldine as she put both feet up in the hammock and nestled more comfortably among the cushions.

How comfy she was, and how sleepy! An intoxicating drowsiness stole over her, she seemed to be floating on the water, on and on to some far, rosy land where were boats and motors and companions and more delights than the heart could wish for. One dear lad in that land of dreams walked with her, rode with her, sailed with her, talked with her. His golden voice was ever in her ears, insistent—oh! so insistent. Among the cushions the dreamer stirred.

"I've made up my mind to go sailing and a-sailing I will go."

Geraldine stirred again; the hammock tipped dangerously.

"If you must go to town I'll go sailing alone," the voice continued. "I may only have a few days here, and I'm going to try to enjoy them—"

"Over the waters that sparkle and gleam, Sailing I'll go with the girl of my dream."

Geraldine sat up and rubbed her eyes. For a moment she scarcely knew where she was, and, while she was trying to separate the land of dreams from the land of reality, the dream voice broke in again very clear and very near.

"I'm sorry you have to go back to the city, Jim, but perhaps it will be only for the day. I'm crazy to get out in the dinghy, so I'll just try her out alone to-morrow while you're away."

"Your poetry wasn't very appropriate then, if you're going alone." A new voice this time.

"Dream girls aren't as a rule very substantial, so I'll have to imagine mine. Have a cigarette, Jim?"

Geraldine heard a match being struck, and being curious about the owner of her dream voice, she peered through the cedars in the direction of the sound. With a very handsome profile turned towards her, sat a dark man, puffing a newly-lighted cigarette, while he held a burning match towards his companion, a large young man with thick, unruly, fair hair. Geraldine waited for them to speak again, scarcely breathing. Which would possess the golden voice, the golden voice of her dream?

The dark man rose and brushed some grass from his white flannel trousers. "I'm going in now to change old man," he said. "I'll have to leave shortly after dinner." He had a pleasant voice, but not the dream voice.

"All right, Jim, see you later."

THE fair man stretched out with his arms under his head as his companion walked toward the house.

"They must be staying at Cedar Brae, too," Geraldine thought. "Oh! if I were only acquainted with this dream man of mine, he wouldn't have to go sailing alone to-morrow. Why should we both be here and both alone?"

Then a daring plan leaped into her head. She would accost the fair young man and pretend she had mistaken him for Mr. Carson who lived near her in the city. Geraldine was not acquainted personally with Mr. Carson, but she chose him because this stranger looked not unlike her neighbour. Thus, if by any chance the stranger knew Mr. Carson, the mistake would not seem unnatural.

To think, with Geraldine, was to act. She picked up her cushions and, starting from the opposite side of the grove, strolled casually toward the house. Coming suddenly upon the indolent young man, she stopped apparently very much surprised.

"Why, Mr. Carson!" she exclaimed. "What a surprise to meet you here." Then as the young man sprang to his feet, she held out her hand, hesitated, and drew back.

"Oh, I beg your pardon, it isn't Mr. Carson. How

stupid of me! You see, Mr. Carson is a neighbour of mine, and you really do resemble him so much, I am so sorry."

"Quite a natural mistake, I assure you," the young man answered, with a merry smile, showing strong, white teeth. "One naturally looks for one's friend at a summer resort so near town."

Geraldine allowed some of her assumed confusion to vanish as she answered his smile.

"Mr. Carson and I will have a laugh over this," she said. "He will appreciate the joke on me."

"Shall I carry the cushions up to the house or can I persuade you to sit here for a while? We can't be strangers now, you know. Won't you sit down, please?"

Geraldine glanced up at him through her long lashes. A thrill ran through her at the success of her plan. He was smiling down at her with an invitation in his eyes.

Geraldine laughed softly and happily, and threw the cushions on the grass.

It was noon and hot on the water, but cool on the beach in the shade of the cedars. Geraldine and her new friend had been sailing all morning. It had been delightful, and she had not consented to stop until her companion had assured her that his appetite was so great he must either have some lunch or turn cannibal and eat her. Realizing that her life was in danger, Geraldine had been the first to spy an ideal picnic spot.

But now she was content to just sit and watch the water. In fact, her companion's mention of home was distasteful. She didn't want to go back to the boarding house for the whole of that beautiful day. Her dream man was so jolly, so interesting, so kind and thoughtful, so good to look upon and, above all, so real. Sitting cross-legged in the sand, aimlessly making patterns with little pebbles, she watched him under lowered lashes as he lay on his back, hands under his head. He was smoking, with her permission, a crooked brown pipe. His teeth, set on the stem, gave his face a rather stern expression which was belied by the soft light in his laughing, blue eyes. He wasn't handsome, Geraldine decided, but—well, good-looking, yes decidedly good-looking.

Geraldine made a decidedly good-looking picture herself as she sat there in her white middy suit and bright tie, her brown eyes partly hid by long, straight lashes, and her bright brown hair curling round her face and escaping in little ringlets from the coloured band which strove to restrain it.

"Penny for your thoughts, Miss Marden."

"I was thinking of a poor little, lonesome girl who fell asleep in a friendless world, and awoke in fairyland. A tiny fairy perched on her shoulder and in a tiny voice asked her wishes. 'Darling fairy,' she said, 'send me a friend, some one with whom to while away the weary hours.' The fairy waved her magic wand, and lo! at the girl's side stood a fairy prince clad in shining armour. Then—let me see, what happened next? Suppose you finish it Mr. Bruce?"

"Then he said, 'Come, beloved, come with me to the land of the setting sun.' She rose as upon wings and hand in hand they flew away to dwell happily ever after in the glorious sunset land. How's that for a perfectly regular fairy tale ending?"

"Fine! But my story was true and your ending added a touch of fiction. I was the lonesome girl and you were the fairy prince."

"Well, my part is true, too. Didn't I say to you, 'Come'? And didn't my sail boat take you along as with wings? And won't we be going home into the sunset? The main trouble is with the ever after part; the day is going altogether too fast. But this isn't going to be our last sail, is it? You'll take pity on a beastly lonesome fairy prince again, won't you?"

"If you'll take pity on me too. I think I need it more than you do. But come, Dream Man, the hour has arrived when we must turn our faces to the West. We must sail towards the sunset ere the darkness steals upon us filled with all sorts of bogies. Then, the little fairy will have lost her power and perhaps my prince will disappear."

"No danger of my vanishing into thin air while you are anywhere around. But, as you say, the time has come, we may not tarry longer."

Once more the girl was seated among the cushions, and they were slipping over the water as if indeed the boat had wings. Oh, it was glorious, glorious! The water was so blue, tipped here and

there with a white cap. The wind carried away their words almost before they were spoken, so there was very little attempt at conversation. The girl was content to sit and revel in the flashing water, the stinging wind, the steady hiss of the waves as the boat cut through. The man was giving his attention to the sail.

"I'll have to change my course a little," he shouted to her. "When I do, the boat will lean considerably so I'll have to ask you to sit well up on the left side. There will be lots of spray, so you had better put on an oil-skin coat; you will find one under the seat."

The girl did as she was bid, and, as soon as she was settled, the man tightened the sail and slightly turned the handle of the rudder. The boat veered and leaned over until the deck was partly under water. Their speed increased; the water sprayed over the boat like rain. The wind nipped.

"Nervous?" the man asked. He was sitting beside her now on the upper side.

Geraldine, her face covered with spray, and looking like a pretty child with her wet curls, smiled at him reassuringly.

DOWN came the sail, while the boat retained enough headway to slide alongside the wharf. The man held the boat steady while Geraldine got out, then proceeded to fix it up for the night.

"How carefully you put your baby to bed," she commented, watching him.

"No wonder I take care of her; she has been my only companion during many a lonely hour up here. The fact is, I expected to have a tete-a-tete with her to-day."

"And I came along and burst up all your plans. Poor little boy! What a shame it was to knock over his house of blocks. But cheer up, little man, you can build another house."

"When I do there'll be room for two in it."

They strolled toward the house in silence, a constraint seemed to have fallen upon them. Their gay repartee seemed to have come to an abrupt end.

"Well, I'll see you at dinner, princess. How would you like to go for a paddle to-night? It will be moonlight I think."

"Thanks Mr. Bruce, I'd enjoy it immensely." At the landing she turned and, seeing him still watching her from below, sent him a merry little smile.

"Nice little princess," thought the man as he turned away.

"Nice fairy prince," thought the girl as she went on up the stairs.

Geraldine had finished dinner and still no sign of her new friend. Perhaps she was content to have it so, however, as she was very much preoccupied with a disturbing little thought. Naturally honest in word and deed she had come to look on her action of the previous day in a different light. From a harmless little bit of mischief, she had come to regard it as a piece of brazenness showing a distinct lack of refinement on her part. As to what had altered her point of view, she was not quite sure, but certain it was she felt that one who was worthy of Mr. Bruce's friendship would be incapable of deceiving him.

While half-heartedly eating her ice, she formed a resolution that she would confess her action to Mr. Bruce while out in the canoe that evening. She was sure that he would understand the spirit in which the thing was done. They would have a laugh over her impulsiveness, and, perhaps, be better friends than ever. With a sigh of relief over her decision, she rose from the table and went out on the verandah.

"Oh, here you are, Miss Marden."

Mr. Bruce came out of the house dressed for town, club-bag in hand.

"Walk down to the gate with me while I explain, will you? Beastly nuisance, but I got a phone message just as I was going down to dinner, and I have to go to town for a couple of days. Leaving on the seven-ten. Awfully hard luck little princess, I hate like the d—like anything to miss that paddle."

"What about dinner?"

"Practical child. I'll get something to eat on the train. Are you sorry I'm going?"

"Awfully."

"Why didn't you say so?"

"You didn't give me a chance."

Mr. Bruce laughed. "I'll only be gone for a couple of days, back Friday night sure."

They were at the gate now. The man put down

TWO "MEN OF EMPIRE" SERVE IN DIFFERENT SPHERES



The Duke and Duchess of Devonshire, who are to succeed the Duke and Duchess of Connaught at Rideau Hall in Ottawa, are said to be lovers of plain living and simplicity, and their sojourn in Ottawa is likely to be marked by easy grace and hospitality of their household rather than by anything resembling pomp. This picture was taken recently in London, where the Duke and Duchess have been active in patriotic enterprises of almost every description.



Private Jesse White is not advertised to succeed to any particular post except possibly that of a plain civilian with a game leg and a pension. Nevertheless he is a man of distinction and merit. First of all he was wounded while fighting for the Empire in France. Now, while "convalescing" in a Folkestone hospital he rescues 3-year-old Freddy Clayson from drowning. Mrs. Clayson looks the part of the grateful mother. White is not self-conscious.

his bag and turned to his companion.

"Do you know, although I've only known you a little over a day, I hate to say good-bye to you. When I first came yesterday and my friend told me he had to go back to town, I didn't know how I could put in the time while he was away. And now all I want to do is to stay here, and, to tell the truth, I don't care if he never comes back."

"I know I'll be fearfully lonesome again."

"You dear little princess you! I'd like to—say, little pal, will you meet me on the beach where my boat is, Friday night about nine? The train gets in at a quarter to; I'll go right down to the beach, and we can have an hour's paddle anyway."

Geraldine hesitated.

"Please say yes. I must be off now or I'll miss my train, but do say yes before I go. Please princess."

"All right, Dream Man."

He was off down the road in a swinging stride. Geraldine gazed after him till he rounded the bend, then turned slowly toward the house. The train whistled as she went. She sighed and smiled.

The next day brought more guests to Cedar Brae, among them Miss Carson, Geraldine's neighbour. The girls had not met before, but now found each other mutually agreeable. Geraldine was glad of the company of a girl her own age, and Miss Carson was equally glad to find some one congenial.

"You know I don't like coming to a place like this alone," she said. "My chum, who was coming with me, was unfortunately delayed at the last minute. She is coming to-morrow night, though, with my brother and two of his friends. They'll be here on the eight-forty-five. I suppose there will be quite a number come for the week end."

She went on talking, but Geraldine scarcely heard her. All she could think of was that Mr. Bruce and Mr. Carson were coming on the same train. Were they acquainted? Would Mr. Bruce find out before he arrived that she and Mr. Carson were not friends, had never even met in fact? Or would she have a chance to explain first? Even if she did explain now, he would think she was driven to it by Mr. Carson's unexpected appearance. Oh, why hadn't she had a chance to tell him before he went away? Or why had she done such a foolish thing in the first place?

"Do you think so Miss Marden?"

"I beg your pardon, I didn't catch what you said."

"I said that one of my brother's friends is my fiancée. He is tall and fair and everybody thinks I should marry a dark man because I am so fair myself."

"Oh, do tell me, are you going to be married soon?"

The two girls walked off arm in arm, engaged in one of those confidential conversations so dear to the hearts of girls.

At nine o'clock Friday evening Geraldine was on the beach. Edna Carson had gone to the station alone, having failed to persuade her new friend to accompany her. Geraldine had watched the yellow glow of the setting sun change to red, then to pink, and finally to a faint purple. The train whistle had sounded some time ago and now the sound of voices came to her ears. She got up from the sand and moved nearer to the road. Eight or ten young people were coming from the direction of the station. Considerably ahead of the others Geraldine recognized Edna Carson walking with a tall, fair man, doubtless her fiancée—but no, it couldn't be—yes it was Mr. Bruce. Was her secret already known, then?

Her heart skipped a beat, stopped, then throbbed angrily in her throat. With a glance back at the others Mr. Bruce had put his arm around his companion's waist and kissed her!

Geraldine stumbled back to the beach. Mr. Bruce, Edna Carson's fiancée. She threw herself on the sand, tears filled her usually happy brown eyes.

"Why was he so nice to me that day? An engaged man has no right to act that way."

And yet, why not? Surely it wasn't usual for a girl to fall in love with a man of one day's acquaintance. But she had—oh, yes, why not admit it just this once? and then set to work to forget all about it.

"Oh, dear," she sobbed, her shoulders shaking.

"Miss Marden—little princess! Why my dear child, what is it?"

She sprang to her feet. Mr. Bruce put his hands on her shoulders.

"Mr. Bruce, please leave me alone!" she cried, hurt anger drying her tears.

His hands dropped to his side and he took a step back.

"I beg your pardon. Would you like me to go?"

"No—no, not yet please. I—I have something to say to you."

"And I have a confession to make to you."

Geraldine knew what it was and she shivered

indignantly. Did he think it necessary to "confess" his engagement to her? She resolved not to give him a chance, it would be too humiliating.

"Mr. Bruce, please listen to me, I have something to tell you, something I wanted very much to tell you the night you went away. I didn't have a chance that night and now you will think I am explaining because I am driven to it. But oh, Mr. Bruce, please believe that I meant to tell you that night out in the canoe. No, please let me finish. That first day I met you, I didn't come upon you accidentally; I didn't even think you were Mr. Carson. I didn't know who you were. I don't know Mr. Carson, never even met him; it was just an impulsive plan of mine to make your acquaintance. I had heard you talking about going sailing all alone, and I was all alone too, and so awfully lonesome, and—"

Suddenly she was in his arms, her words stopped with kisses. For one glorious moment she thrilled with the ecstasy of it, then she struggled free of his embrace.

"How could you? How could you do such a thing? You don't deserve the love of a girl like Edna Carson. If she knew this, do you suppose she would care to have you for her fiancée? Oh, yes, I know about it," as a bewildered look crossed her companion's face. "She told me her fiancée was coming to-night, and besides I saw you k-kiss her." Angry sobs choked her voice.

"Dear little princess, let me explain." His voice was quiet, and, oh, so kind.

"No, no, no!"

"But I say yes, yes, yes! Listen dear, I do love Edna, and I hope I deserve her love, but I am not her fiancée."

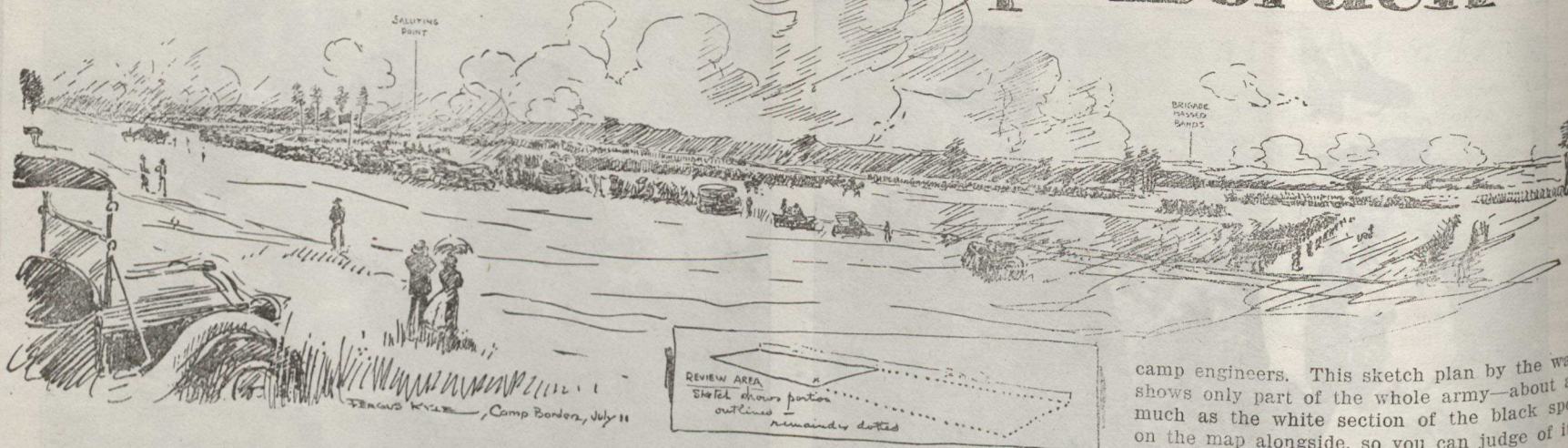
"Not her fiancée?"

"No, sweetheart, that is my confession, Edna is my sister. I am Bruce Carson. Oh, forgive me the deception dear. It was only done in fun after you pretended to recognize me. And I love you, little princess. I know I have known you only a matter of days, but I love you—just heaps, dear."

He took her hand and gently drew her to him, meeting with no resistance this time. She looked up, shyly, tears still gleaming on her lashes, and as his arms closed round her she whispered, her lips against his cheek:

"And I love you, too, Dream Man—just heaps."

A Look At Camp Borden



Written and Illustrated by FERGUS KYLE

CAMP BORDEN is—a species of concrete psychology specially suitable to 93 in the shade with a strong wind blowing. In the arguments of people who have been there, those who have not been yet, and those who never will go if they can help it, Camp Borden is now as famous as Torres Vedras and the cave of Adullam used to be in political speeches. Anybody in Ontario is qualified to talk about it. The farther away a man is from seeing it the more cocksure he becomes in his condemnation or his compliments, somewhat according to what he thinks he knows about politics and what he doesn't know about soldiering.

To get a parallel to this popularly interesting soldiers' retreat "far from the madding crowd" in the region of Lake Simcoe is not quite possible. No other camp in Canada is like it. In size and significance Valcartier is the nearest. But for most of the broad outlines as well as the minute details of camp

Plains of Angus. The village of Angus, now about two and one-half miles from military headquarters, was itself "headquarters" when the business of the district was lumbering instead of soldiering. That business ceased thirty years ago, but it was thirty or forty years earlier that the tallest, best looking pines kept falling one by one to the orders of the O. C.—axe gangs. The sun looks down hard upon the plains all day long (incidentally cooking to a cinder any mean-intentioned germs); but in the evening when the brilliant tints are fading over the hills to the far side of the camp you can get from the few remaining clumps of evergreens a scented suggestion of the woods. Three months ago nothing but silence filled the space. Just now it is the bang and blare of the battalion band doing its evening repertory, with a bar or two of Home Sweet Home sneaked in. Fifty men marching in fours raise a little cloud of dust that hovers about them like a gang of kids following a circus; a soldier waiting to cross the road, a man of the compact, hard-polished type, who has seen some years of service and has been in camps where rain and mud were prevalent, answered my grin with a smiling "They don't like it much; they'll soon get over it, though—a cool day now and a little rain will show 'em what they got here. Wait till they get to work and begin to see how much quicker the drill and shooting come to them where there is room and proper arrangement—" he thought they would soon be enthusiastic about the big breezy camp. A large motor truck came thumping and swaying along, packed to overflowing with straw hats, three men sprawled out over the load, spreading their wings to keep the hats aboard and bouncing and grinning. One grouch the less for some battalion on the morrow.

The sound of the planing mill and carpenter shops working overtime turning out tables, benches and ablution outfits to connect up with the second great water tower; the sight of that 22 foot concrete roadway coming steadily along every day; the gangs going to work at night with their flare lamps; the teams and trucks loading up with material from cars shunted in as fast as they can be unloaded—all this will get to them; each man will feel himself a part of that big job.

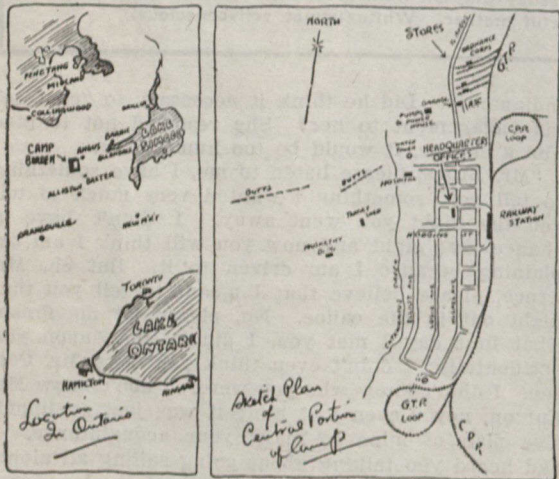
Camp Borden is fifty miles from Toronto as the crow flies. By the railways it is sixty or seventy miles, and the time of flight varies from two hours to three hours. When you land at the "Union" station, which is 570 feet long, and look up Hodgins Street you think you're at the World's Fair. Your gaze is held by a strip of woods stretching across the picture three-quarters of a mile away. This is the ravine bordering Catawampus Creek. Between it and the railway lie the brigade areas over a mile to the left and half a mile to the right; containing 6,000 tents. Half a mile farther to the right are the store-houses of the ordnance corps, where the straw hats come from, and the Army Service Corps, where the beef and bread are passed along from the cars—40,000 lbs. of each per day. One siding, not shown on the sketch plan, runs up the side of Hodgins Avenue, which carries in the supplies for the contractors and

camp engineers. This sketch plan by the way shows only part of the whole army—about as much as the white section of the black spot on the map alongside, so you can judge of its extent.

If you could slide Camp Borden over Toronto, turn its east side to lie along the waterfront, and carefully lower it about 450 feet, you would have the City Hall tower poking up through the floor of the headquarters office, and the camp railway station would be on King Street near York. One side of the camp would be at High Park, the other beyond the Don. The area for tents and stores would run from Bathurst Street to Parliament, and going from headquarters to the end of the rifle butts would be a trip from the City Hall to the new North Toronto station; continuing to the far side of the camp would land you at Eglinton Avenue. If, perchance, you have no acquaintance with these localities in Hogtown you may at least know how far it is from the Exhibition Grounds to King and Yonge—after the show. The big review took place south of the rifle butts; a native son of Pine Plains says there is another flat area farther south which is an even better marching ground than this. There are 10 miles of sewer pipe in the camp running to septic tanks, 15 miles of water mains. That round-bottomed, cone-topped cylindrical tank 100 feet in the air on stilts holds 100,000 gallons, and a second one is on the way. There are eight gushers or artesian wells supplying over a million and a half gallons of water per day. It is good enough water, very good indeed. There are 500 showers, 250 ablution tables, affording basins for 2,500 men at one time; the waterworks system is as complete as any city's; the railway station's outfit of conveniences for the public is practically the same as that of any metropolitan station.

Among the buildings of size on the grounds are: Headquarters office, 182 ft. by 36 ft., with large waiting hall and registry offices, and about 24 separate offices; post office, 61 ft. by 33 ft., accommodating post office, two telegraph offices and telephone offices; pay office, 51 by 38; bank, 44 by 38; guard house, 90 by 20, 24 cells; garage for Army Service motors, 160 by 60; pump house, 47 by 45, with transformer station, 20 feet square; Y. M. C. A. buildings, 5,000 feet floor area; musketry building, 60 by 30; headquarters officers' mess, 144 by 40, with dining-room, 100 by 40; hospital, 137 by 43, with complete operating and other departments; dental clinic building, 152 by 25, 24 chairs; three bungalows, 47 by 39. There are about 6 miles of railway sidings and an unloading platform 2,600 feet long. There are about 10 miles of wiring for electric light. The streets are mostly 150 feet wide and the lighting is better than in most towns.

And who laid all this out and will see it through? Col. Robert S. Low, contractor—he and Col. Deroche and Major Barry, of the Engineers. They blew in on the 10th of May with 60 carloads of stuff and 370 men, and it wasn't long till the construction foremen had many more going hammer and tongs until the number reached 1,500. They cleared 5,000 acres



life, Valcartier is as much like Camp Borden as a fine oil painting is like a crude sketch. The sketch may be worth potentially more than the painting; but as yet it is the baldest kind of sketch, which must wait for time and labour and war psychology to determine what it is worth as a military work of art. Niagara and Barriefield and Camp Carling and Petawawa are all essentially different. Most of these had something to do with history. They grew out of an old historic fort or a militia parade ground. Borden grew out of none of these—out of nothing except a concrete intention and psychology.

To understand Camp Borden one must keep away from it. To get a bundle of impressions, that may mislead, may in no sense convince, but are sure to be more or less interesting, one must go and have a look at it. Which is what a Canadian Courier representative did, arriving on the scene just when the big camp was beginning to recover from what happened to it on the evening of Monday, July 10th.

Question: What and where is this famous Camp Borden? Answer: Camp Borden is a topic of varied and at times violent conversation; it is grain of sand in the public eye. It is noted for its length and breadth—six and three-quarter miles from north to south; four and one-quarter, east to west—and for its depth (one soldier told me it was up to his neck).

It is in very truth a sandy plateau, mixed with ashes from forgotten forest fires that wiped out the pines that made this country, and known as the Pine



One recreation feature at the Camp is a species of Blind Man's Buff, but played with the aid of ropes strung out from a peg. It is exciting.

of thick bush and stumps; put up offices and workshops for blacksmiths, shoeing smiths, machinists, plumbers and carpenters; 3 saw mills, 2 planing mills; stables for 150 horses and dining-rooms for the men. They cut up and used 500,000 feet of timber, and they burned up the stumps and debris. Such a scene of activity there has not been equalled in Canada, both in the offices where the blue prints were laid out and in the field. These men are not through yet, but the city that has risen from the plains is ample evidence of the directing force and the organizing ability of the big chief who was on the job early in the morning and late at night. It must be a surprise to himself when he relaxes into a chair at his tent door with a cigar and views the tremendous thing that he built in two months. This was not needed to ensure him fame, for his work was well known in connection with Valcartier, Camp Hughes in Manitoba, the Nova Scotia Camp and the Connaught Rifle Ranges at Ottawa. To see him striding around the camp, to note his physical build and his blue eye, and to hear him suggest a thing or two that he would like done is to understand why they hop to it when an order issues. He can jump for an order himself, and knows how it should be done. To say to a foreman, "Look here, never mind talking, you're fired right now," sounds hard, but, on the other hand, when the goods are delivered he gives a full receipt and a bit more, and they feel the boost in his appreciation. Col. "Bob" Low is a big fellow, has a ruddy complexion, sandy hair with a sprinkling of gray, and wears an expression not so much of tyranny and bossism as of comfort and amusement, as though he enjoyed every bit of the turmoil.

In the arrangements for the battalions uniformity has been the watchword. It was planned to have everything of like design and in the same location within the areas. The Militia Department looked after all buildings; none were erected by the units and even in small matters the notion is being impressed on officers and men that smooth working of the whole machinery depends upon conformity to one plan. At present in camp are 9 brigades or 36 battalions, soon to be increased to 10 brigades, or a nominal roll of 46,000 men, and there is a probability that 50,000 will soon be the population of Camp Borden. In addition to the infantry there are camp corps of engineers, ordnance, army service, medical, military staff clerks, pay masters, and instructors in the camp schools of musketry, bombing, bayonet fighting, physical training, trench warfare, signalling, etc.—something over 1,000. The troops are from military district No. 2, which is practically central Ontario, less 3 battalions of infantry and 1 squadron of cavalry at Niagara, and with the addition of 8 battalions from district No. 1, which is Western Ontario. No wonder they use 6,500 lbs. of sugar and 5,000 lbs. of jam every day to go with 40,000 lbs. of bread! In a few days the camp bakery will be turning out half of this quantity of bread. During the past week the business of the battalion canteens has been very large, one running close to \$500 a day; 50 gallons of ice cream, all in cones; 400 dozen of soft drinks. At present no milk is served, as there is no ice to ensure its keeping, but plans are afoot to remedy this. In the late afternoons the canteens

FIGHTING THE THERMOMETER.



Canteen
Poses

of unearthing scandals as to the reason for the choice of this particular piece of land, and any other choice morsels with which audiences might be regaled in the future. People are asking who originally owned this land, and who suggested that the Government buy it? The same general authority says the land was bought at twenty dollars an acre! Critics say twenty dollars too much! Last Saturday night—again we quote rumour—several hundred men were missing—deserters, and several thousand were given leave. All sorts of hysterical stories came to Toronto with these men. They solemnly alleged that they personally knew of "dozens" of men who, in the privacy of the wash-rooms, had said "good-bye" to their chums. In short, the inference was that the camp was to be depleted by desertions. "Why, look," said a man to whom I was talking, "At Niagara the fellows took a pride in the camp. They used to look for ways to improve their surroundings. Fellows used to get pebbles and lay out little designs 'round their tents, of the name of the battalion! But nothing like that is going on at Camp Borden. The fellows are not comfortable and never will be." There is every probability that this sort of talk is mere youthful discontent seeking an outlet. The grouch may only be temporary. In the meantime, it is only right to say that so far as one could judge as an outsider, the officers at Camp Borden are working heroically to make things tolerable. General Logie is abroad when the first bit of light crawls up out of the east. When he gets any sleep—or when his aides get any sleep—is a mystery that might be worth investigating if any one had the time.

"What gets me," said one man, "is the ashes. There's ashes mixed with dust—ashes left from some forest fires or other—and, believe me, where the sand won't go the ashes will go. They sneak in through solid leather and make the way easier for the sand.

It is true enough that in a good many places one sank ankle deep, sometimes deeper, in the mixture of sand and ashes. It is true, too, that wherever a squad was drilling the earth seemed to be smoking—with dust—under their feet. But the question is Can't these conditions be altered? The optimists say marvels can be performed by the road-making gangs and a little construction material. Perhaps this is so.

Not all the soldiers are in the agitation. There were scores to be seen trudging along to the shower baths with towels and great-coats for dressing gowns, quite placid in spite of the heat. In the canteen, though, a grouch always helps conversation, the ice cream was oozing quite smartly down throats that still could enjoy strawberry or vanilla flavour. The glug-glug of the pop bottles seemed endless and somehow musical. Some of the subalterns, seeing trouble brewing, cudgelled their wits for the recollection of games with which to help their platoons to while away the rest hours. Thus Blind Man's Buff, which I sketched in a rough, came into fashion. The troubles of the blind man are increased by the number of ropes which he has to keep clear of. Sometimes he succeeds and sometimes he doesn't. That brings the laugh to the crowd of onlookers. In due time somebody else has to take the Blind Man's part and provide the laugh for the crowd.

Heat, dust and dirt are never soothing, and particularly at moving time. Perhaps that is why civilians do their moving, if they move, in May. It is wonderful what patience may yet achieve.



At the Shower Bath with a great coat for dressing gown.

are the centre of "social" life. Little groups munching cones or raisin pie discuss reviews—and other matters—between pulls at the pop. At the same time, illustrating the soldier's versatility, there are spirited bouts with the gloves and other games of skill and buffoonery going on out in the open.

The strain of the first few days upon the headquarters staff must have been terrific. They also were putting up with the difficulties of certain unpreparedness, but they seemed cheerful, notwithstanding rising at 4 a.m. and retiring—when possible. You would see a sweating, dusty officer retire to his quarters at the end of the day, soon to appear again all cleaned up and looking as though he was just coming on duty. The stunt extraordinary is not such an uncommon thing in training camps. The theory seems to be that the fellows who stand up to these tests now will be on the job later on, when nobody knows when or what the test may be.

What is going to happen at this colossal camp? As this article goes to press serious rumours are going the round. Some say the camp is to be abandoned. Others insist that the troops will rebel if kept there. Party politicians are busying themselves in the hope



General Logie in working clothes.

The Windigo of Black Alex

By BRITTON B. COOKE

POSSIBLY it was because we had been paddling hard all day bare-headed in the strong sun and wind. Perhaps the strange fish we had caught at noon and broiled with herbs over the fire by means of split-rods had some effect upon our minds. But why on two minds the same? It is not unreasonable to suppose that the warning the old Indian gave us at the encampment had roused our fancies. But why both fancies?

In this country it is easy to forget civilization, especially with a canoe, a tent, a gun and some grub. About seventy miles from Port Arthur the C. N. R. train stopped and set MacNish and the two Indians and me and the outfit down in the middle of a wilderness of lakes and woods. There was a station agent and no more at this point. We camped by the railway tracks that night, but were packed and afloat on the lake by six in the morning. The lake, from the train, might have looked like any one of the thousands of lakes in this district: a mere gem of blue water set in the woods. But to us it was the beginning of a long trip which was to end at Fort Frances on the other side of Rainy Lake. The young Indian whom we had brought with Old Johnny from Fort William took the big paddle and sat on the gunwale at the stern. Old Johnny squatted low beneath his battered hat, in the bow. We sat between, a paddle on each side, straddling the tents and the dunnage bags.

ON the seventh day, having seen no other men for what seemed a life-time, we were interested to land at the Indian reservation on Lac La Croix, having first pitched camp on an island off the shore, facing down the river which races from La Croix down to a larger lake to the west. We lacked a

decent frying pan and offered cash to the Indians for such as they might spare us. Beating off the dogs that beset our landing place, we made parley and bought a pan. Only the one Indian, in all that camp could speak English—though the young Indians were playing baseball in English enough manner in a clearing behind the houses.

"You go down river?" said the old chief.

"Yes. To-morrow."

"You watch-um good for landing place above the Black Falls?"

"Yes. We watch good."

"Aye," he muttered. "Swift water after that. No other place to stop before falls. Falls big! Thirty men die once there—big canoe. Missed landing."

"We watch-um good," we said.

Another question was brewing.

"Where you sleep to-night?"

"On the portage by the falls."

"Bad portage!"

"No. Good. Easy ground for tents."

"Bad portage. No sleep there. Go next portage. No sleep by falls. Windigo! Windigo!"

"What's a Windigo?" I asked of MacNish.

"Ghost," said MacNish, laughing.

So we went back to our island camp and next morning started down the river.

THE Maligne has a brooding air. It is well named. At the foot of the first falls is a lake half a mile wide, and black, and it is never done seething and breaking into hideous spreading circles like mouths, gaping and stretching under the belly of the canoe, evilly—though the mouths are caused

merely by the rebound of the terrific volume of water which the falls pitch down against the bottom of the shuddering lake. In narrow, jagged canyons the trees almost arch over-head, making a weird shadow on the black water. In broad shallows the rush of water over rocks and pebbles makes a dismal—sh! Hideous to listen to. As I said, too, the sun was hot on our heads. At noon MacNish suddenly dropped his paddle across his knees, shouted:

"Look! Look! A big canoe! A big canoe!"

It was only his imagination.

Once I thought I heard echoes of a camp chanty sung as in carousal by a great chorus of strong, lusty men. But I was afraid to speak of it. It might have been the wind. . . . Just before dusk we came to the landing place, paddled hard to keep from sweeping stern-round into the river, and leaped ashore glad to get the cramps out of our knees. . . . We climbed the steep bank to a level spot overlooking the falls. In the dusk the white smoke of the cauldron was still visible. We pitched camp, cooked and ate and crawled under our mosquito bars, leaving the fire between our tent and our Indians' tent. It made one canvas wall quite bright.

THE same mysterious impulse waked me as waked MacNish. We sat bolt upright and whispered. "What was that?" Neither of us knew what he meant by "that." It may have been a noise. We never knew, but as we sat there facing the tent wall, where the glow of the fire still shone fitfully, we saw suddenly a great shadow on the duck, the figure of a man too tall for our big Indian, too—he wore hose and a doublet!

(Concluded on page 19.)

Artists in War-Time

Written at the Sign of the Maple—By ESTELLE M. KERR

PEOPLE who mind their own business are rare in these days. Everyone seems to be horribly concerned about whether this man should or should not go to the front; whether if that woman were really as patriotic as she claims to be, she should give up her automobile, and now people who have never taken the slightest interest in art are saying: "Look at our artists—what are they doing? Now is their chance for really big aspirations and here they are painting landscapes!"

How do we know they are not inspired by the war? Masterpieces of art are not made in a day or a year. The fact that our exhibitions last year showed an almost total lack of war paintings proves nothing. The room devoted to sketches contained many suggestions, ideas that may

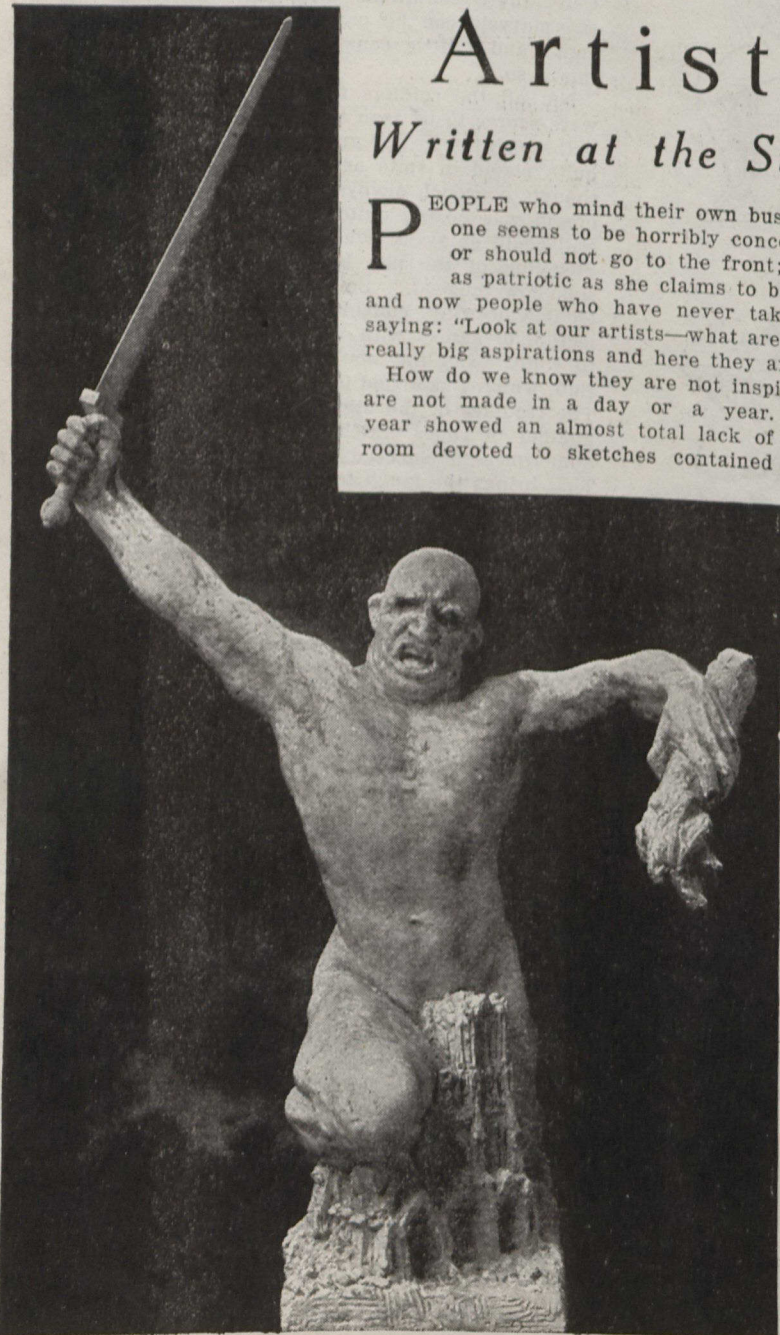
later take concrete form. Still with many of the artists, inspiration has been practically smothered by necessity. No class of people has suffered more from the war. The majority have been forced to use their talents in purely commercial work and it is only by an occasional week-end outing that they can keep the flame of art alight, and, please remember, that trees and brooks are cheaper to paint than living models at so much per hour.

Sculptors are usually more successful in depicting abstract emotions than painters. Florence Wyle, of Toronto, has shown two admirable studies bearing more or less directly on the war. One, the tragic, forlorn figure of a woman, is entitled "The Fruits of War." A more ambitious subject, "The Sacrifice," a woman is bending over her dead man, sorrowful, yet resigned. Henri Herbert, of Montreal, in his "Kultur Krieg," has produced a work of art that forces itself on our attention. Violent and brutal is the figure that depicts the German invasion. Half crawling, he crushes everything in his path by sheer weight and kills and puts afire with his sword and a torch. The Cathedral of Rheims shows that he has no respect whatever for the most sublime symbol of civili-

zation. The Cathedral, which in this case has been the stumbling block that prevented him from attaining his ultimate aim of the domination of the world. His eyes are put out, he sees nothing; his ears are deformed, he is deaf; he even hates breathing. It is a most powerful invective against German militarism. Mr. Herbert hopes soon to do something glorifying our arms.

Many of the finest monuments have been raised to the memory of dead heroes, and the South African Memorial, on University Avenue, Toronto, by Walter S. Allward, is the best work of art of its kind in this country. But the beautiful bronze group representing Canada and her soldiers is now hidden from view by a large and very ugly recruiting poster labelled "Take Up the Sword of Justice." The monument itself is the best call to arms that could be designed, and screening it from view is an insult to the brave lads who fought in the South African War, an insult to art and an insult to Canada's greatest sculptor. A monument to Edith Cavell was recently suggested, and this was to be placed on the same avenue. Probably it also would have served as a background for a recruiting poster had not the mother of Edith Cavell requested that a hospital would make a more fitting memorial.

SOME of our artists are fighting the Germans, some are tending the wounded. It behooves those who must remain at home to keep the flame of Art alive. This is a difficult matter, for Art was born of Leisure and Happiness in time of peace. The first man who tossed sleepless on his bed of leaves and wondered why he had been born was the first philosopher; the first man who, feeling happy in an idle moment, took a stone and drew upon it with another stone, was the first Artist. Now we are at war, there is little leisure and happiness is difficult to achieve, but we must not let ourselves be depressed and become obsessed by the war, and the man who has devoted a lifetime to the study of sunshine must not turn his attention to gloomy war subjects. It takes courage for those who cannot fight to hold to their vision and continue their life work as usual. Many will labour with small results, but one may produce a work of art that is truly great, and though swords may be beaten into pruning-hooks it will remain, and through it Canada may achieve renown even as she has done through her brave sons whose lives have been given



"Kultur Krieg," a powerful invective against German militarism by Henri Herbert.

on the battlefields as never before in our history. J. E. H. Macdonald has a brain which is teeming with ideas that he has not time to perpetuate, but busy though he be, he has yet found time to do a most interesting series of suggestive war-paintings. These are: "Forward with God," where the Kaiser and death ride together over fields strewn with the dead. "Belgium, 1914," "The War Makers," "The Flight of the Zeppelin," "Spirits of Christmas," "No Man's Land," and a few others, all decorative and very imaginative. Only artists who have been at the front can attempt the real thing, and few of these care to do so. The cartoons and photographs in the weekly papers show the horrors sufficiently without the added realism of colour.

Arthur Lismer has made a beautiful picture of a Belgium landscape and the stream of refugees fleeing from Antwerp, which has all the appearance of having been made on the spot. This is due to the fact that Mr. Lismer spent a year in Belgium and often watched the stream of peasants going in to the city of Antwerp, so with his excellent visual memory it required but little imagination to turn the stream of humanity the other way and represent them leaving the city, sad and bowed down with the weight of their household goods, instead of hopefully carrying their produce to market.

Canadian Artists in Paris

SEVERAL Canadian artists were in Paris when war broke out and some of them remained. Elizabeth Nourse has lived in France for so long and become so famous on the continent that she has ceased to regard Canada as her home. Miss Wallis, the sculptor, who has been living there for many years, has become a regular nurse at the Canadian hospital. Caroline and Frank Armington are also doing Red Cross work, the latter did night work in the Ambulance, but broke down under the strain, his wife is still nursing. They have both made charming etchings in the wards, and Mr. Armington received an order from the Japanese legation as a result of some sketches he made in the Japanese hospital. The book-plate reproduced was designed for Dr. Adeline Gurd, as a souvenir of her sojourn in Paris in 1915. In the foreground is a Zouave soldier, in the background is the Cathedral of Notre Dame, while in the middle distance there is the suggestion of a marching army and the play of anti-aircraft guns. Dr. Gurd and her daughter were in Berlin when war broke out and though they are Americans, they were very badly treated. "It is a certificate of character," Dr. Gurd says, "to be hated by the Germans, and they seem to hate Americans quite as much as the English." The Armingtons, she reports, have made quite a reputation for themselves in Paris. Mr. Armington's recent Algerian etchings have been particularly admired.

War pictures are very much in evidence at the Royal Academy Exhibition now on view in London, England, and many of these, though not great works of art, are valuable as historical records. Such is the picture by Herbert A. Oliver, which depicts the meeting of King George, President Poincare, and General Joffre. Excellent in their way are the large battle pieces of "Neuve Chapelle" and "Canadians at Ypres." None of our artists have had sufficient experience to attempt such pictures, the only one that has so far been produced is the work of Lieut. Louis Keene, of Montreal, who painted from memory some of his trench experiences. Personally we are not fond of battle-scenes. We were not even in the "good old days," when war was conducted in a more gentlemanly manner. The famous gallery of Napoleon's battle pictures at Versailles we found most tiresome and perhaps they permanently wearied the whole French nation, for the Triennial Exposition in the Tuileries, Paris, is noticeably free from war pictures. It represents normal life, but there is evidence of a greater seriousness of effort and absence of frivolity.

Story pictures have been considered out of date in France for many years. In England, however, they are still very popular, and the Royal Academy has many graphic war incidents this year. The returned soldier is a favourite subject. We see him welcomed home or returning to the front; sitting bandaged on a bench, accompanied by a nurse or recounting tales of the battle-field to his appreciative family. Perhaps the most dramatic picture is "The Survivor's Story," where a young woman, half rising from her berth, relates her tragic tale to two seamen. Marine artists have depicted sea fights or battle ships on guard, and an imaginative plane is reached by Frank Brangwyn, in his "Sorrows of Belgium." "Youth Mourning" is a poetic study by George Clausen, and there is an unusual painting called "Mothers of Heroes," which is simple and dignified. There are many famous military men amongst the



"Belgium, 1914," from a painting by J. E. H. Macdonald.

"From the Body of This Death"

By SIDNEY LOW

She is not dead! Although the spoiler's hand,
Lies heavy as death upon her; though the smart
Of his accursed steel is at her heart,
And scarred upon her breast his shameful brand;
Though yet the torches of the Vandal band,
Smoke on her ruined fields, her trampled lanes,
Her ravaged homes and desolated fanes,
She is not dead, but sleeping, that wronged land.

O little nation, valorous and free,
Thou shalt o'erlive the terror and the pain:
Call back thy scattered children unto thee,
Strong with the memory of their brothers slain
And rise from out thy charnel-house, to be
Thine own immortal, radiant self again.

portraits. Harold Speed's portrait of Albert, King of Belgium, has a suggestive background of ruined buildings and desolate land. Statues of King George and Queen Mary were also exhibited, and a charming bust of Edith Cavell. But war subjects do not monopolize the interest. If our artists produced nothing but war pictures, our theatres played only war plays, and our musicians none but martial music, it would be a very bad sign indeed, but perhaps we, in Canada, err on the other side?

Art Notes

THE next exhibition of importance is the Canadian National Exhibition, Toronto, Aug. 26th to Sept. 11th. Works by Canadian artists must be delivered at the Art Gallery not later than August

14th. The Exhibition of French Art, from the Panama Pacific International Exhibition, will be of unusual interest. The Graphic Arts Section promises to have a very high standard this year. All work must be on the exhibition ground by Monday, Aug. 21.

A memorial portrait of the late Col. Jeffrey Hale Burland, by M. Edmond Dyonnet, R.C.A., has been hung in the board room of the Royal Edward Institute, Montreal.

Few one-man shows are held during the summer, but one of unusual interest was the work of Geo. Chavignaud, O.S.A., which was held in St. John, N.B. There were about 70 pictures, consisting of landscapes and marines painted in Nova Scotia, Ontario and Holland. "In the Land of Evangeline" was one of the best.

Mr. and Mrs. McGillivray Knowles left last Saturday on their yacht Ariel for Picton, where they will spend six weeks. They will then voyage down the St. Lawrence and Lake Champlain, going later to New York. They expect to spend the winter in Miami, Florida, and will henceforward live on the yacht, chasing summer around the globe.

Mr. J. W. L. Forster, one of the best-known portrait painters in Toronto, was recently married to Miss Emma Aikins, daughter of the late Senator Aikins and sister of Sir James Aikins, of Winnipeg.

Another artist well known in Toronto who was married recently was Miss Ethel Heaven, who married Mr. Robert Hamilton, of New York and London, also an artist.

One of the most promising of young Canadian artists, Pte. A. Y. Jackson, has been wounded, but has returned to the trenches. He is a member of the Royal Canadian Academy and the Ontario Society of Artists. His brother is also in the trenches.

Joseph Pennell held an interesting exhibition in London, Eng., of drawings and lithographs of "Germany at Work," made before the outbreak of the war, while the artist was arranging the Anglo-American section of the Leipzig Exhibition. During those months he made many sketches in the dockyards, steel works and coal mines, and even in Krupp's works at Essen.



Book plate designed by Frank M. Armington.

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Colonial Opinion and Ireland

CANADIANS ARE NOT LIKELY to sympathize with Lord Lansdowne's side of the Lansdowne-Redmond controversy. It is important comment on the opinion of the Empire-at-large that the public in the Colonies are almost certain, in a case like the one in point, to take the side of the Irish people in general as against those men in England who still regard Ireland with mingled fear and hate and embrace every opportunity to hamper and, if possible, defeat the political development of the Irish people. Our British traditions, so fair and inspiring in the main, are stained with the shame of Britain in Ireland, and what is sadder is the fact that even the modern British statesman seems unable to shake himself clear of that strain of distrust and hate that at the mention of Ireland converts an otherwise fair-minded man into an oppressor.

The Irish to-day have a new influence to bring to bear in their cause, and that is colonial sentiment. The Protestant Irish whom England drove from Ireland to America, went over-seas and in time helped win independence for the United States. Montgomery, the American General who led the expedition against Quebec, was an Irishman born. If England fails to-day to redeem her record in Ireland it can mean only a postponement of the date. Colonial opinion is growing in favour—not of the Irish necessarily, but in favour of justice! It can have no patience with the local bitternesses betwixt Ireland and a section of the English.

Our Secondary Enemy

A MAN WHOSE OPINION we respect though we differ from him on most things, wrote recently saying: "If you don't approve of centralization of the Empire, what do you believe Canada should do? Surely she should not sit still and do nothing!"

Certainly she should not sit still and do nothing. At the present moment she is doing a fairly respectable amount of work in the war, and will continue to do so. It is only in connection with inter-political agitations that one would have her do nothing. While we are fighting let us fight only and waste no breath on home controversies. But, when the war is over let us take up the problem of Empire relationships in earnest.

"Are you one of those," writes our friendly critic, "who would have Canada continue to sponge her defence from England?"

Far from it. Our debt to England should be estimated—not exaggerated. Plans for repaying it openly, frankly and fearlessly discussed, and then—plans for building up gradually a complete Canadian self-containedness, not in a spirit of abandoning the Empire or turning our backs on our common relationship, but in that same spirit which prompts wise travellers in the desert to carry many water-bottles instead of one; or in the spirit of ship-builders who build a vessel in water-tight compartments.

Nationalism is the surest guarantee of the continuance of the British predominance.

Centralization means—refusing to use water-tight compartments—putting all your water in one bottle—or all your eggs in one basket. The greatest enemy of this Empire after the Germans—is centralization.

The Latest Commission

NOBODY KNOWS WHAT GOOD this new Railway Inquiry Board is going to do for us, and there is no use pretending about it. It is another of our numberless commissions, another case where the Government has deputed another large task to a group of civilians—and so got rid of it for a while. Smith, Drayton and Paish are excellent men. That is the best part of the whole scheme. But if they are only to report on the FACTS of the railway situation in Canada, then we are bound to say the facts are already available and

any fairly brainy civil service officer could have collected 'em and laid them out in lucid manner for the Cabinet to ponder. But if this commission is to go a step farther and make recommendations from the facts—well, that is deputing too much of the authority of Parliament altogether. The future railroad policy of Canada must be determined by the men we Canadians have elected to guide the state, not by hired experts. Railway experts are not properly the judges of a public question; they are judges of railroads and the judges of public questions are, or ought to be, our legislators. If they feel themselves incompetent they should say so at once and resign. The breeding of "commissions" is a distinct disease, and ought to be treated as such. If Ottawa gets a recommendation re railroads, from these gentlemen, it will either reject it, or accept it, or leave it in abeyance. In the last instance our money is wasted. In the second instance it is equally wasted because the Government should have been able to think the thing out for itself. And in the first instance, also, it is wasted. We appoint governments to govern or get out—not to hire experts.

It is curious to observe how reluctant any Government is to depute its authority on any matter touching patronage. Patronage IS a public matter. Of course it is. It wins elections. But thinking out railway problems is mere statecraft and as such—to be avoided.

The Indian Commission

SPEAKING OF COMMISSIONS: British Columbia has just received the bill for its "Indian Commission." It has cost a quarter of a million dollars, half payable by the Ottawa Government. Its members—mostly selected by pull—drew thirty dollars a day, "rain or shine, Sundays and holidays," as the Victoria Times remarks. Their auto hire amounted to six thousand dollars. One little steamboat trip cost them over a thousand dollars for the boat alone.

And what is accomplished.

A report?

Who will read it?

Much more important—who will act on it?

Mark our words—not a soul!

Bourassa's Mistake

HENRI BOURASSA WOULD be a useful and praiseworthy citizen if he could refrain from muddling up big issues with small ones. If, for the sake of a big, self-reliant Canada he would only forego a little of his racialism and ultramontanism he could do excellent service in building up a true Canadian spirit. The other day he bewailed the lack of man-like, independent spirit in our so-called statesmen, lamenting their passion for toadying to the officials of the mother country, deriding their eagerness to let others lead and others decide while we paid the piper.

In point of cold fact, Bourassa's derision is well-founded, but ill-timed. He forgets that we are only following an old Canadian tradition—the tradition of docility, loyalty and obedience. It will take time to develop that self-reliant spirit which is as much desired by wise Imperialists as by ardent Nationalists. And he forgets that now is not the time to make the change. A change there must be, and will be—but after the war, not now. At present our business is to fight and to win. Ottawa's lack of self-reliance does not seriously affect that issue and need not be seriously raised now. In the future it will be cured. Our soldiers, returning to Canada, will be the first to insist on self-reliant Canadianism in politics as well as in other things.

A Useful Explanation

ARTHUR HAWKES—for whose political idiosyncrasies our eye is much too slow—does the country a real service in elucidating to the readers of the Toronto Star some of the real reasons why the French-Canadian has not enlisted. Large bodies of fairly decent folk seldom pursue courses contrary to general approval just for the love of being wrong; though the words traitor and coward come easily to the lips, and though the Toronto News itself has hurled them at Quebec with careful aim, we have felt reluctant to believe that French Canada was refusing to send recruits for the reasons Upper Canada seemed anxious to believe. Mr. Hawkes reminds us first that the young French-Canadian marries early. He tells us next that many of the Roman Catholics in Quebec, especially the older folk, have no great love for the skeptic France of only recent years. In short, Hawkes has unearthed

one or two of the "grouches" of the French, which should be understood and "treated" before condemning our fellow Canadians. We ultra-loyalists who have made of our so-called "voluntary system" something much more to be dreaded than conscription (and much less honest) may be loth to consider any of these elements in the case of the French. It is infinitely easier to condemn a man offhand and without a hearing than to cool one's ardour and do even-handed justice. Mr. Hawkes' service consists in showing some of the sores that need treatment before we can expect a change in Quebec.

Ruled by Women

LET US NOT BE CLASSED as one of those who talk only of the evils to come after the war.

Let us assail the present thriving evil of co-education. It is in our midst. Its fruits are to be seen in an older orchard—the United States, just across our border. The war, thank heaven, has made males of our men, but what has happened in the United States is likely to happen here, too, as the years pass. Co-education unsexes women and unsexes men. It is reducing the all important "differential" of the sexes. It is only too truly what its advocates claimed it was: a softening influence on the young male, making him "gentler," more polite—prettier. It is a hardening influence on the young female. Familiarity begets contempt. The necessary differences of manner that should accompany differences of sex are lost.

To-day the American people, as we have had occasion to remark in these columns ere now, are turning feminine to an alarming degree. American men are sentimentalists and emotionalists of the worst type. The shops and books and newspapers of the United States are apparently designed for women—and women in male attire. Many factors have helped bring about this state of affairs, but the least important of them is not co-education. American boys have been petti-coated by generations of co-education, woman-rule at home, and woman rule at school. We are in danger of the same thing in Canada.

Straws in the Wind

NORTH PERTH, an Ontario constituency, has just changed its habitual heavy majority for the Conservatives into a fair Liberal majority. This may not mean all that the Liberals would like to think it means, but their interpretation is not very far out. The Conservative position in the country is, for the present, not quite favourable. Nova Scotia, Quebec, Manitoba, British Columbia! These are straws of some importance.

Not a Favour at All

THE MINISTER OF CUSTOMS promises to grant as a favour British Columbia's demand for a Canadian customs official at New York, to facilitate the shipment of goods in bond to British Columbia. The Minister has no business making it a favour. It was a right too long withheld from the Pacific Province. He should really make it an apology and an explanation. Why in the world was that New York officer not appointed before?

Two Sides

TWO ERRORS CAUSED the Camp Borden unpleasantness. One was Sir Sam Hughes'.

He should have foregone whatever gratification was to be had in seeing a review in his honour. The other was the error of the men, an error to be excused perhaps on account of the heat. It is easy to be wise over other peoples' troubles, especially when sitting in a cool office. Nevertheless, it is not we, but all history, that says: the quality of the soldier is endurance, silence under suffering, patience and obedience; and to profess to be a soldier is to profess these qualities. Possibly Camp Borden will be serene ere these lines are on the press.

Waterloo and Perlin

WITH NATIONS IT IS NECESSARY to establish and maintain national identity. That is one reason for opposing the centralization of the British Empire. But with cities the policy of separation is bad. Berlin and Waterloo (Ontario) are talking of joining and of not joining. Some of the Waterloo people oppose the scheme bitterly. So also Port Arthur and Fort William have discussed and rejected union, informally. These are two cases where centralization is wise. Money, time and friction would be saved by amalgamation.

But not so in the case of geographically separated nations. Centralization in that case spells disaster.

WHEN JOHN BULL SAYS RIGHT-OF-SEARCH HE MEANS IT



This is a photograph of a visit-and-search party from a British man of war engaged in finding out just what cargo the merchantman carries, whether any part of the cargo is legitimate contraband of war and whether or not the ship carries any guns that make her in effect a warship and liable to be treated as such. Note the clean-cut profiles of the British officer and his "staff."

Letter of a British Officer in Mesopotamia to His Wife

Dear Marigold:

If I could send you a snap-shot of myself as I write this you would smile. I am sitting inside a fly-trap that to an onlooker might seem very much like the bridal veil you wore when we were married—seems like a lifetime ago. I am completely swathed in this white net which contains also my paper, ink and pen. But if I should wait till I can find a place or a time when there are no flies you would be a long while hearing from me; and it takes long enough now to get letters to and from this hot country they call Mesopotamia.

As you note, I am not far from the land in which Omar Khayyam wrote his Rubaiyat. Well, I am in no humour to write any such philosophy, and if old Omar had been a soldier in modern times I'm afraid he would not have been so quick with his pen. One verse fits however:

"A book of verses underneath the bough, . . . A jug of wine, a loaf of bread and thou—

Beside me, singing in the wilderness, Ah, wilderness were paradise enow." But I haven't his verses, and I don't imagine that, even if I had, this place would be much of a paradise. It's a very picturesque country, and in that respect I don't wonder that old Omar could draw such pleasing pictures of it. But it's too infernally hot to be poetic. I don't believe this country would ever make a Parsee of me. Worshipping the sun is all very well in England



where sometimes the sun's very scarce. Here we get too much of it. I'm baking, blistering, brewing in this magnificent heat. I could do with less of it. We English are strange people. We seem to like almost any country that war or adventure drives us into. But I should like this country better if it were closer to the real centre of war. It makes one impatient sometimes to think that you know a hundred times more about what the war is really doing than I do. We never get news of the west front here till it's replaced in home newspapers with some new news. I wonder if the big offensive has really begun out there in France and Flanders. We shall probably get news soon.

So, send me all you can. Have patience with our slowness out here among the Turks. It's all part of the big work. And don't be impatient about the long time it takes a letter to reach you. Neither if the envelope contains a few flies.

There is no time for poetry in this country now. I fancy the chief poets are now among the dirty refugees we've passed on the way here. War and poetry don't go hand in hand, but they follow one another, and I suppose when the war is over

and peace settles down everywhere the poets will come out from their holes again like toads after a rain, and tune up. They'll write odes to shell-holes and sonnets to abandoned guns. When they've done all that they'll turn as usual to stars and flowers and women. Well—in the last respect, dear wife, even soldiers are one with the poets yet. They will be the ones, when the war is over, to come home and read the doggerel the poets turn out. That is how the world seems to run—alternate war and peace,—strife and poetry. Write the news. We are hungry for it.

Yours—

What's What the World Over

New Phases of the World's Thinking Recorded in Current Periodicals

Carson a Lonely Man

The Shambles of Peace

The Land of Rug-Makers

Blunt Tariff Talk

Dreading War's End

DREADING WAR'S END

*Englishman Suggests Plans for Avoiding
big Labour Congestion*

A GREAT many people are afraid of—Peace. They dread the readjustment that must take place after the war. In England public men are interesting themselves deeply in the problems of resuming ordinary life. Lord Parker recently declared: "Whatever excuse we might have had for unpreparedness for war, we should have none if we were unprepared for Peace!" In the Nineteenth Century, Captain George S. C. Swinton outlines the situation and a plan for meeting the problem of the discharged soldier. Canada will be affected by whatever conditions arise in England after the war. It is interesting, therefore, to observe Captain Swinton's argument:

Let us try, he writes, to realize that on the day a permanent peace is signed our present "Business as usual" will cease, not gradually, but instantly. The engines will stop running. We shall be armed to the teeth, and in reserve within the gates there will be mountains of useless shells and thousands of useless machines. Outside the gates will be a million or two of munition workers with their occupation gone and much of their training wasted; a lesson in short-lived prosperity. The better organized for war we are at that moment the more dislocating will be the advent of peace. Within a week the country will dispense with State employment, backed up regardless of cost by the State's capital, and go back to private employment requiring credit and asking for interest. Slowly we shall revert to being a heterogeneous crowd, keen once more on our own little schemes for success and pleasure and our various methods of compassing both. Unquestionably capital will be shy and labour conditions difficult.

So much for the sudden cessation of the civilian war industry, but on the top of it will come the far more serious question of the demobilization of our gigantic armies. Fortunately for us, some of this must be gradual. Every war has its aftermath, where points of difficulty and danger crop up among the smouldering embers, and a parade of instant force is necessary to prevent an outbreak of flame. But the gratitude we owe to our warriors from abroad and our reserves at home will also make us insist that the whole process of disbandment should be deliberate. These are the men who have protected us. How can we protect them—and use them?

There must be some emigration. Sir Rider Haggard has said that after the South African War 259,000 soldiers emigrated. But quite naturally and rightly this talk of emigration raises again the cry of the land. Let us get into our heads, the one elementary fact which governs the whole land trouble. In these islands, even after ruling out all the high ground, there still is no scarcity of land to live on, to work on, to build on; but the distribution of our population is ridiculous. On tens of square miles there are far too many people, on thousands of square miles there are far too few. It is this packing that has made the slums. They have herded into heaps. And, oddly enough, the advent of the great railways, which one might have thought could be relied on to spread the people, had exactly the contrary effect. They actually helped the people to crowd together. They drew the industries towards the coalfields, the country towards the bigger towns, and the bigger towns to London.

We want to multiply brand-new garden cities rather than tacked-on garden suburbs; to encourage enterprising manufacturers to show not only their philanthropy, but their business acumen, by going right outside to set up garden factories like Port Sunlight, and enterprising agriculturists to look to the back and therefore cheap land for intensive culture. We want to make small holdings a business proposition, not only as experiments on little patches of State-

owned land, but far and wide wherever public-spirited landlords will come forward to help. We want to increase the acreage which is highly productive. To town-planning we would add country-planning. We want to make places which are now out of the way in the way, and to provoke a sane land-hunger, hunger not reminiscent of the tale of Naboth's Vineyard. For all this improved communications are the essential mainspring. . . . That means . . . a demand for spade labour!

So we arrive at this. When in the fulness of time the War ceases there will be a mass of men for whom the State must guarantee employment even if it has to pay heavily for it. It will be short of capital, but over-burdened with labour which it must keep going. We shall then remember, I hope, that before the War there was in embryo—scantly endowed and therefore handicapped for want of this very labour—a proposal, or perhaps it would be more accurate to call it an intention, to develop the country on large lines to the advantage of all of us. Let us then introduce our armies to the Development Commissioners. If in the interests of safety we are compelled to maintain one large army for some months or years in a state of physical efficiency, here is something for our soldiers to do, more useful than eternal drilling and walking about the streets of garrison towns. If, for very shame at the thought of our defenders unemployed and starving, we have

FIGHTING INFANTILE PARALYSIS



EFFECTIVE WEAPONS!

—N. Y. Tribune.

to find work for yet another army while it is in process of slowly reabsorbing itself into civil life, will it not be well to use it also for the nation's good? Instruments of war switched off to be instruments of peace. So long as a sufficient force is kept ready for our defence I take it that in neither case would it be necessary to stand in the way of each individual man's interests and prevent him from falling out of the ranks as he found a job. The authorities would welcome his retirement and absorption, for their one and only object would be to provide stop-gap work until permanent civilian employment can be assured.

Supposing, then, that, while this gradual melting process goes dripping on until all our fighters have slipped back again into the peaceful stream of citizenship, the armies, with the whole of their impedimenta of tools and machines and transport, both horses and motors, and their skilled engineering instructors, their huts and tents also, could be used for development, what would be the process? We know that the possibilities of what can be classed as "development" are infinite. We can add on coast erosion, reclamation of land, both hill and swamp, resurrection and improvement of our canals, reser-

vation and the prevention of pollution of water, as well as the whole wide-stretching question of better communications. Every self-respecting city now desires a circular road, and most of them demand a great western approach. London has started on hers; Glasgow has got as far as mapping; Cardiff will soon realize the need. Further out there are the railway extensions to collieries and factories, and, if agriculture is to be made to pay, some light railways and a multitude of improved roads. The little farm colonies suggested by Sir Harry Verney's Committee will require quick and cheap access to their markets. For a generation, also, half Europe will be barred to tourists, and we must not despise the general improvement of our pleasure resorts.

BLUNT TARIFF TALK

*U. S. Expert Says Commissions are
not Entirely Perfect*

FOR a long time Canadians wanted a Tariff Commission. One was appointed by the Borden Government, but what it is doing nobody knows. It may have died in the night. Meantime it is curious to find James B. Reynolds, of the American "Tariff Board"—as near a Commission as the Americans have yet come—talking about limitations of the Commission idea, which nobody seems to talk about in Canada. Almost everything he says in his article in the North American Review, has a Canadian application. We reprint his article, leaving out matter of merely American interest:

People really believe, says Reynolds, that by the creation of a Commission they will be eliminating politics from the tariff. There is no better slogan than "Take the Tariff Out of Politics." Nor is there any more misleading.

The things that a commission can accomplish, according to some of the advocates of it, make up a splendid picture, glorious in colour and utopian in significance. But, alas, such a picture possesses many of the qualities of a mirage, and vanishes into air under the sunlight of scrutiny.

To the important and leading question: Is there a proper field for a Tariff Commission? my answer, as the result of three years' experience in Tariff Board work, is decidedly that there is, but that such a Commission should be founded upon a proper basis, and its work confined within its natural and proper boundaries. There is a field for a Tariff Commission, not for the purpose of determining what kind of a tariff shall be put upon the statute books of the country, but, after the country has determined what it wants, or what it thinks it wants, to give genuine and expert aid to the men whose duty it is to draw up a law in conformity to the verdict of the voters.

With the question of a Tariff Commission arises the question of costs of production, and whether or not it is possible to obtain such. The experience of the Tariff Board was that, if proper co-operation is given by the American manufacturer, costs of production can be secured, so far as this country is concerned, and it was also its experience that a great many foreign costs can be obtained through similar co-operation of foreign manufacturers.

There are certain essentials that must be kept in mind in any Tariff Commission law, and in any organization of such a body. One of these is permanency. Its tenure of office must be such as to leave it untouched by any change of national administration. One of the great values of a Tariff Commission would lie not in any report on any particular tariff act, nor any result of a particular inquiry or investigation, but in the permanent continuance of an unbiased study of industrial conditions from year to year.

Another essential element is the proper formation of the commission, and the practical appreciation of the fact that it is a business proposition and not one of theory. There are too many ways of using figures

known to experts to make it safe to place entire guidance in the conclusions of a statistician, and both he and the mere theorist are too warped in mind, and not sufficiently susceptible to argument, to make them safe advisers in matters which vitally concern the business of a whole nation.

It is not enough to say that a commission shall be "non-partisan." What "non-partisan" means in relation to the tariff is something that I do not know. Everyone who has either studied the tariff question, or who has had experience in business, is "partisan" toward some one kind of tariff. The man who has no ideas of any kind as regards the tariff might be a non-partisan, and from that angle be fitted for a place on a commission, but he would be of no value to such a work. Therefore it must be assumed that the members of the Tariff Commission will be partisan, but sanely so. This means that their recommendations must be confined to the presentation of facts, and not extended to the giving of advice upon tariff matters in general.

There was proof of this in the work of the Tariff Board. In connection with the woollen schedule investigation, we conducted a very thorough inquiry into the cost of producing raw wool, not only in the United States, but in all of the wool-producing countries. The results of that investigation were something that the Board, made up of members of both political parties, and of different tariff beliefs, could unite in presenting. We proved to the satisfaction of each member of the Board that the average wool grown in this country costs over nine cents a pound more to raise than does the wool of Australia, and that it costs twice as much to raise as the wool of South America. Upon such a statement of fact all the members of the Board could and did agree. If it had been necessary, however, to report to Congress what recommendation the Board should make as to tariff duties on wool, there would have been a complete division in the Board, and two conflicting reports.

There would have been a report from some members stating that wool was so important an article to the country's growth and existence that it was necessary so to protect the wool-grower that he could at all times turn with profit his attention to the raising of sheep, and that he should have sufficient protection from wool raised in other countries, no matter how great that protection must be. On the other hand, other members of the Board would have reported that the difference in the cost of the production of wool here and abroad was so great that, in order to give complete tariff protection, so high a duty was necessary as to involve a bad economic policy; that there was a limit beyond which duties should not go, no matter what the apparent necessity of an American industry; that any industry that required for its protection a duty beyond a certain point was an industry not fitted to the country, and too artificial a one to be part of the country's necessities; therefore, as wool could not be protected without an enormous duty, it would be well to put it on the free list. Agreeing, as we all did, on the facts in the case, those would have been the divergent opinions we would have expressed if called upon to report to Congress our recommendations in regard to the proper duty on wool.

Such would be the case in any Tariff Commission when faced with a similar problem. Any fair-minded commission can be a non-partisan commission, so far as facts are concerned; but when asked for recom-



ASSORTED CARGO FOR THE RETURN TRIP OF THE DEUTSCHLAND.

—New York Herald.

mendations as to what tariff policy should be pursued, the members will naturally and inevitably divide, and the line of cleavage will follow the tariff ideas of which the members are respectively the partisans.

LAND OF RUG-MAKERS

How Persians are Starved, Robbed and Cheated—by Persians

THE recent cataclysm in the western world has served to call attention to Persia and the Persian people, writes Youel B. Mirza, in the Review of Reviews (American).

It would at first appear that all the Persian troubles and misfortunes are directly traceable to the Anglo-Russian agreement of 1907, and the desire on the part of the two powers to absorb Persia and her people. Happily such is not the case. They simply discovered that it was a chance to step in and prevent another Oriental state from becoming Prussianized.

To Persia falls the lot of being one of the worst-governed countries in the family of nations. "A king," says Sadi, "must be just, that they (the people) may resort to him, and merciful, that they may sit secure under the shadow of his greatness." But the Kajars (the present dynasty) are neither just nor merciful, nor do they possess kingly qualities.

The Persians have been under a typically Oriental form of government for centuries. The average man takes no interest in his government. If you meet a Persian on the street and ask him, "What is the name of your king?" he will answer, "The king's name is sacred and the common people are not supposed to know it, but ask the priest of the village, and he will tell you." I venture to say that less than half of the subjects know the name of their sovereign. They only know enough to obey "Shah-in-Shah," "the king of kings."

The government has never done anything that would make the inhabitants of Persia happy. Not a single mine or factory in Persia is operated, not a single hospital or public school is established by the government. In a country twice as large as the German Empire, there are only twenty-five miles of railway, and these are owned and operated by a Belgian corporation.

Throughout the whole of Persia no modern agricultural implements are to be found. From the sowing of the seed to the threshing of the wheat, and from the weaving of a rug to the finishing of a packsaddle, all the labour is performed by the hands of the weary peasant.

The practice of buying and selling government offices is still rife among the Iranian officials. The practice of bakshish can perhaps be best explained by a hypothetical case.

Let us suppose, for instance, that the reader is worth a million dollars, and is seeking the position of a vizier. The first step would be to present a good-sized purse to an official, who would then take great pleasure in introducing you to his superior. You keep giving gifts and presents to all the officials until finally you are introduced to the royal family; then bakshish has to be given to all the princes and to the Shah. If the purse and your personality

please his royal highness, your position is assured.

As soon as you have secured the position, you recoup yourself by reversing the process, from a giver you become a receiver. If the office means gubernatorial appointment, then your hope comes from the appointment of various officials for collecting the taxes. The collectors, in order to maintain their own state and to meet the usual bakshish of the governor, are compelled to extort a much higher sum than is expected by their chief. Here, then, comes the sad part of the Persian administrative system. All the burden and expense falls upon the poor and the peasant.

Sometimes the tax-collectors come at a very trying season, when people have no money with which to pay. They desert their homes and disappear for weeks at a time. I have seen peasants driven almost to despair, I have seen them punished with the bastinado, because they had no money to pay the tax-collectors.

Every door that a Persian has in his home is taxed fifty cents a year. Consequently all the peasants have houses with only one door. In fact, some of the poorer class, who have been unjustly treated, live together in houses built in clusters, buried in the ground, with a communicating path known only to themselves; the result is that the tax-collectors, though they see nothing but a grass-built hut, may be actually in the midst of several hundred tax-dodgers.

Added to all these hardships, the daily wage of a man is only fifteen cents, of a woman scarcely ten. Even the skilled artisan fares but little better. The bricklayer and the shoemaker earn from twenty to thirty-five cents. The dye-master, with an inborn ability for telling the pattern of an antique rug by the touch as accurately as a blind man reads his raised-letter Bible, receives only fifteen cents for dyeing red, ten cents for blue, and seven or eight cents for other colours, for one pound of wool.

It may be of interest to the reader to know the cost of the materials, the amount of labour, and the value of the best Persian rug when finished. Some dealers and importers of rugs tell us that a square foot of the best Persian rug is worth ten dollars. It takes a single weaver twenty-three days to complete this portion, which allows the weaver about forty-four cents a day for wool, labour, and dye-stuffs.

The city of Tiflitz, Russia, is crowded with Persians; some of its best merchants and contractors are of this nationality. I met an acquaintance some years ago in Tiflitz and asked him, "Which government do you prefer?" Without any hesitation and with great emphasis, he replied, "The Russian."

"Why?" I asked.

"You see this gold watch," he said. "If I were in Persia, I would be afraid to show it, because if you wanted it, and happened to be stronger than I, you would take it forcibly. Here is another thing," he continued. "My home, as you know, is in the best section of Tiflitz. I can live there with peace and comfort, without fear of robbers. Here my business is prospering. What chance would I have if I were living in my own country? I can be of greater service to my country by living in Tiflitz than I could ever be in my native city, Urumiah, because here the Russian Government does not interfere with what I am doing."

Such is the feeling of the Persian business men, as well as the labouring class, who are found in



DEUTSCHLAND UNTER ALLES!

—Cassel, N.Y. Evening World.



COMPETITION!

N. Y. World.

Russia. No better news was ever brought to the civilized Persians than that the Russians were coming to take the reins of their government.

During the harvesting season the majority of the labouring class migrate to Russia to find employment. Within three months' time each individual can earn from seventy-five to a hundred dollars; in Persia during the same length of time he cannot earn over fifteen dollars at the most.

SHAMBLES OF PEACE

The Native Races are Being Wiped Out by White Men's Abuses

JOHN H. HARRIS' question: "What place will be given to native races during the discussion of peace terms?" sounds like the impertinent interruption of a faddist. Yet following this question in the Contemporary Review he proceeds to give reasons, not why the natives should be "consulted," but why the responsible races should hold another conference, as they did twenty-six years ago in Brussels, and thirty-two years ago in Berlin, to lay down new and better rules to protect the native races from the evils which even in modern times accompany the advance of the white man into the wildernesses:

The suffering of native peoples and the depopulation of their territories within the last fifty years has demonstrated the evils of white industrialism, and if civilization will heed the lessons this martyrdom would teach it, there is yet time to stop that degradation, disintegration of tribal life, and the thoughtless exploitation which will ultimately spell economic ruin to the white races no less than to the native tribes. The depopulation figures of the tropical and sub-tropical world are worth a moment's reflection. It is a disturbing thought that the hecatombs of dead, as a result of the great war, will probably not reach, nor anything like reach, the reduction of population, mainly by violent methods, amongst native peoples since the 1884 American and European Congress at Berlin. No student of colonial affairs will deny that since 1884 the depopulation of Central Africa alone has exceeded 10,000,000. Herr Dernburg's was one of the first authoritative voices raised against the colossal destruction of African life in German colonies, which he would probably admit exceeded 500,000 in German South-West Africa, and almost as heavy a proportion in Togoland. In the Pacific Ocean the ghastly experiment of the Franco-British Condominium in the New Hebrides during the same period has been primarily responsible for a reduction of the population from 650,000 to less than 65,000. What would not Germany have given could she have called back to industrial life the able-

A RUSSIAN WAR LOAN POSTER



"Help the Defenders! Whoever is not repelling the enemy with his own breast should buy the 5 1/2 per cent. war loan bonds."

bodied Herreros? What would the copra merchants of Europe give to-day if they could call into activity again those prematurely dead Polynesians of the South Seas? These countless thousands of the world's workers have gone, and it is useless to bemoan the fact; but to the insane folly of the past would be added the crime of to-day if we ignore the lessons which a thirty years' martyrdom of native races should teach us.

If one wished to state in general terms the cause of this depopulation and suffering, it might be summed up in the phrase, "too intimate a contact with white social and industrial life," and this general cause falls into four main categories: (a) Labour systems; (b) disease; (c) the unrestricted sale of alcohol; (d) sexual irregularities. Many tropical territories have suffered from only one of these scourges; others from two or three; others again—like the New Hebrides—have suffered from all four.

Slave trading has happily been abolished in most African and Asiatic territories, but it still flourishes in other countries, more particularly under a sort of debt bondage, which is in no essential element distinguishable from slave-trading. The individual labourer is transferred at a monetary valuation covering an alleged "debt." He, or she, is transferred without any reference to his, or her own wishes, and without any regard to the family tie. Husbands are thus sold from wives, daughters to other men, and little children sold from one or both parents. The nature of this traffic may be gathered from an article by Mr. W. O. Simon, which appeared in the Wide World Magazine of April, 1913:

"When I was in the Madre de Dios, the market price of a man was £60, a woman £40, and a child £10; although for good men used to collecting caucho (low-grade, wild rubber) much higher prices prevailed. One landowner I know had just bought twenty families—say, eighty persons in all—for £5,000. I myself was offered a hundred people by their master, who was retiring from business. He appeared quite surprised when I told him that Englishmen did not deal in human flesh."

CARSON A LONELY MAN

Leader of the Ulsterites Was a Delicate Child—Still Fights Ill-health

WITH an Irish settlement almost in sight, we hear less of Sir Edward Carson than formerly. Such a powerful figure, whether we admire him or distrust him, cannot, however, be ignored.

I remember as if it were yesterday my first glimpse of Sir Edward Carson, says "One Who Knows Him"—probably T. P. O'Connor, in "To-Day." I was lunching with a barrister friend at the Law Courts one day in 1893, when a man unknown to me rose from a neighbouring table, and with long, slow strides lounged out of the room. There was something so arresting in his appearance—the tall, thin, stooping figure with the head thrust forward; the long, cadaverous face with piercing black eyes, firm protruding chin and its general aspect of strength and distinction—that I realized at once this was no ordinary man. Calling a waiter, I asked him who the gentleman was who had just gone out. "That, sir," was the answer, "was Mr. Carson. I think he's an Irish barrister who has come to practise in England."

His fame had long crossed the Irish Channel. I knew of his brilliant career at the Irish Bar, which had led to a silk gown and the Solicitor-Generalship while he was still in the thirties. I knew of his amazing skill as a cross-examiner, and of the restless energy and unflagging courage with which he had conducted Coercion prosecutions until he had made himself the most hated man in all Ireland and went about in hourly fear of assassination; and it was common knowledge that this brilliant lawyer who had climbed so swiftly to the topmost rung of the legal ladder in his own country had flung away his splendid position and prospects there to start a new career as a stuff-gownsmen at the English Bar.

Never, so it seemed, had a man made a more fatal mistake, and knowing heads were shaken ominously at his "folly." But Carson knew well enough what he was doing; and his splendid faith in himself was splendidly and swiftly justified. Within a year he was wearing the gown of an English Queen's Counsel, and was universally recognized as one of the most brilliant advocates our Bar had ever known. The Oscar Wilde case established his pre-eminence so securely that he was soon earning double the income of the Lord Chancellor; and within seven years of his first appearance in an English Court of



IN THE COOKSHOP.

Master Baker (to illustrious amateur). "I'm afraid, sir, your cake's dough."

—Lindsay, Sydney Bulletin.

Law he was Solicitor-General—the first man who had ever held that high office both in England and Ireland.

The champion and "uncrowned King" of Ulster has not a drop of "Orange" blood in his veins.

The son of an architect and civil engineer, with a purse none too large for the demands of a family of three boys and two girls, the future statesman and lawyer led a more or less Spartan boyhood, in the full knowledge, carefully impressed on him by his father, that his career in life depended almost entirely on his own abilities and exertions. Nothing was farther from the boy's thoughts in those days than a wig and a gown. His ambition was to be an architect. Even to-day he persists that his true metier is not law or politics, but architecture.

As for politics, Sir Edward in his early years took no interest whatever in them. His family-tree had no politician in any of its branches. His father and brothers—one now a retired Colonel, the other a jovial country squire—avoided them as they would the plague; and Edward would as soon have thought of commanding the Queen's Navy as of finding his way to the Cabinet. "I am," he once told the writer, "a politician in spite of tradition, tastes and inclination."

His early education was received at Portarlington School, one of the best in Ireland, where, in spite of the handicap of delicate health, his cleverness and his industry enabled him to eclipse all his fellows. When young Carson migrated from Portarlington to Trinity College, Dublin, he had already turned his face in the direction of the law; and with characteristic energy he went hard for his goal. His days were much too full of work to allow him to share the pastimes and pleasures in which his fellow students indulged. Indeed, he had no money to spend in dissipation, however mild, for his allowance was strictly limited to £100 a year for all purposes, and it took him all his time to "make ends meet."

He is by temperament a lonely, retiring man who, if he would allow himself to have his own way, would fly from the limelight and spend his days far from the haunts of men; and it is only by a grim struggle with himself that, many a time, he has been able to overcome this temptation. In the world of men his work absorbs practically all his time and energies. He is rarely seen in the haunts of pleasure. He is the despair of Society hostesses, who vainly waste their sweetness on him. He seldom visits a theatre, although he counts many of our leading actors among his best and most devoted friends.

Of music he knows nothing. He is proof against all the allurements of bridge; indeed, he never plays any game of cards or indulges in any form of gambling. Nor does fiction appeal to him. He reads and enjoys a novel occasionally, it is true; but it must be of the highest order, a classic for preference; and even this he would lay aside to take up a volume of law or biography. Though he is still a little enamoured of politics as when he was a student in Ireland, he has probably sacrificed more to his political work than any other man living, declining for its sake briefs in a single year, it is said, to the value of nearly £20,000.

FAILURE OF HYPHEN-ISM

A German-American Explains Why
Plotters Lacked Success

A GERMAN-AMERICAN — Reinhold Niebuhr — writing on "The Failure of German-Americanism" in the Atlantic Monthly, should be interesting and is. The article is too long to quote fully, but its concluding part is illuminating.

One other characteristic of organized German-Americanism deserves special mention, says this writer. It is its opposition to all temperance reforms. If there is any activity which German-Americanism has undertaken as a unit, and which has brought it as a body to the attention of the American people, it is this opposition to the temperance movement, particularly the prohibition movement, in America. If German-Americanism was discredited in any way even before this war, it was because of its attitude upon this question. Next to the interests directly affected, German-Americanism has been the strongest opponent of prohibition in this country. The German press is practically unanimously opposed to any and every kind of prohibition, and the German pulpit has given the opposition a less unanimous but even more effective support. Resentment against this attitude has grown with the phenomenal increase in prohibition sentiment among the American people.

It is natural that opposition to a movement that has the support of the intelligent public opinion of our country should cause resentment, especially when it comes from a group of otherwise respected and respectable citizens. In this attitude, as well as in his attitude upon other issues, the indifference and hostility of the German-American to our ideals is a

betrayal of the ideals of his own people. Perhaps this contention will seem less convincing in this connection than it was in the others which we have tried to establish, for Germany is known as a drink-

THE HUN VIRTUOUS!



Helping the young birds build their nests.

—Heath Robinson, in "Today," pictures the German's indulgent view of himself.

ing nation. The position of German-Americanism upon the drinking question as such is, in fact, not inconsistent with German customs, though it must be mentioned that the temperance movement has made much more progress in Germany of late years than among German-Americans.

The real inconsistency of German-Americanism, however, is established by the principle it invokes to justify its opposition to the prohibition movement. It claims to be fighting for "personal liberty," a principle that has, in the history of civilization, covered a multitude of sins with the mantle of respectability. The espousal of that principle by Germans is, however, peculiarly unfortunate. They have sprung from an intensely communistic race, a race in which personal privileges have been more successfully subordinated to the common weal than in any other. Individualism, with its emphasis on personal liberty, is on the other hand, an Anglo-Saxon heritage. Tradition and training have made the German a champion of community interests, and his attempt to espouse the cause of the individual therefore justifies the suspicion that he is either ignorant of history or insincere. At any rate it is a curious anomaly, that a Teuton descendant should fight for an Anglo-Saxon heritage against the Anglo-Saxon heir.

We see upon every hand that, where the German-American is hostile or indifferent to our ideals, he is, in some sense, false to his own. Perhaps it is caused by the fact that the German exodus to this country had virtually stopped before the modern Germany was born. Thus, the attempt of German-Americans to remain true to the customs and conceptions of the fatherland, causes them to perpetuate customs and ideals long since discarded in Germany itself.

Whatever may be the cause of the failure of German-Americanism, its failure is obvious.

JOHNNY CANUCK IN KHAKI

By THE MONOCLE MAN

THERE is one work of art which our boys are creating across the Atlantic these days to which we are paying little attention; and yet it will be one of the most permanent products of the Great War. That work of art is the typical or representative figure of the Canadian fighting man. It will be a figure quite distinct from those of all other fighting men. The historic fighting nations have long had these typical figures. We all knew what Tommy Atkins was like—what were the characteristics of "poilu"—what distinguished both of these excellent soldiers from the Russian infantryman, from the Italian "bersaglieri," from even the stolid, machine-made private soldier of Germany. But we have not had till this war a typical and recognizable Johnny Canuck in khaki. Now we shall have him—and all the world will know him. The lads on the firing line and in the camps are slowly but surely limning on the public retina.

WHAT is he like? It is, perhaps, too soon yet for the stay-at-home Canadian to try to say. But some of his larger outlines are becoming clear. While it is doubtful whether he has reached the imperturbable insouciance of the traditional "Tommy," he certainly does display a sublime superiority to certain features of the soldiering game for which "Tommy" shows unceasing respect. For instance, the Canadian has an impatient contempt for much of the routine and "red tape" side of soldiering which the British Islander still takes very seriously. "Tommy" is cheerfully indifferent to danger—surely an admirable trait—but he takes a real pride in strictly obeying orders, even when they do not seem to "get him anywhere" in the actual business of fighting. His Canadian counterpart has no such docility. He may be quite as willing to "do and die," but he also insists upon "questioning why?" And if the "whyness" is not convincing to his mind, he betrays a spirit of revolt toward the "doing." In two words, he has less of the caste feeling for his officers than the Home "Tommy" has, and is not so willing to trust to their infallibility. Or is it that he has less regard for tradition?

IN this trusting to his own judgment and insisting upon knowing the reasons for things, he is like the French soldier. The French army is the most democratic in the world. Junior officers are not only invited to the councils of war held by their superiors, but are encouraged to criticize and suggest. The whole brains of the French fighting machine is "pooled" for the common good. This is an undoubted gain—especially as it is accompanied by the most absolute and unswerving obedience to orders when they are finally issued. It probably helps a French-

man to obey orders to know the whys and wherefores behind them.

OF course, this intelligent understanding of what he is doing enables the private soldier to take the initiative when conditions strip him of his duly-ordered programme. Here is a point at which the



"M' good man, what have you done for England?"
"Me? Nothink! But I've seven sons, five brothers, an uncle and nineteen nephews in France."

—London Opinion.

French soldier is vastly superior to the German. The German is at a loss when he has done all he has been told to do. The Frenchman can "carry on." And so can the Canadian. The typical "Tommy," is immensely better at this branch of the business than is "Fritz"; but the South African War seemed to show he was not so good at initiative as a Canuck.

WHEN it comes to courage, the Canadian has, if anything, too much. That is perfectly plain from the story of this war. He regards it as a deep disgrace to fall back—even when military strategy favours a retirement. He does not, in a word, play

the game of war quite coolly enough. He permits sentiment to have too much to say. One cannot write on such a subject without feeling his own sentiment sweeping him away into the most passionate admiration for this pluck which simply will not admit the wisdom of falling back; but it is a little like a pugilist who, losing his temper, leaves openings for his cooler antagonist. Sometimes this invincible refusal to see the obvious, results in splendid achievements and priceless victories—as at St. Julien—but, in the long run, it is probably not a paying policy. Still if our boys are to come home to us with one outstanding characteristic, to be reported and talked over around the camp-fires of the world, I think that we would all choose that that Canadian specialty should be super-bravery.

OUR officers do marvellously well when we consider the short time they have had at the trade. Military training in Canada before the war was not at all under European conditions. We had some men who tried to take the militia seriously and devoted their brains and time to studying their duties as militia officers; but even this was as far removed as possible from the training received by British officers in actual warfare—even though of an Asiatic or African type—or by the Continental officer in the hard training of his war-conditions conscript service. The European made a profession of war. We were more inclined to condemn him for it than to follow him. The result has shown that he was right. The millennium had not yet arrived.

BUT our chaps have learned the game wonderfully well and with great speed. They have shown a pride in standing the really hard gruelling to which they have been subjected by their trainers, even when they could not see the purpose very clearly. They at all events would not flinch. I fancy that, after the war, we will have more professional officers in this country—men who will give themselves up entirely to the business of getting ready to fight. Soldiering will be a more honoured profession. The country will be quite willing to maintain a military establishment, and will not be at all restrained by the stupid fear that it might become an instrument of tyranny. That could never happen under the democratic conditions of this Continent. More than that, khaki will become a very useful uniform—not only for the soldier—but for the public man. I look for a khaki Parliament after the war. We shall have our war heroes like other nations—and greatly will they deserve the honour. With khaki in Parliament and the fear of war in the hearts of our people, we will have no trouble in getting the money for a real Canadian military establishment.

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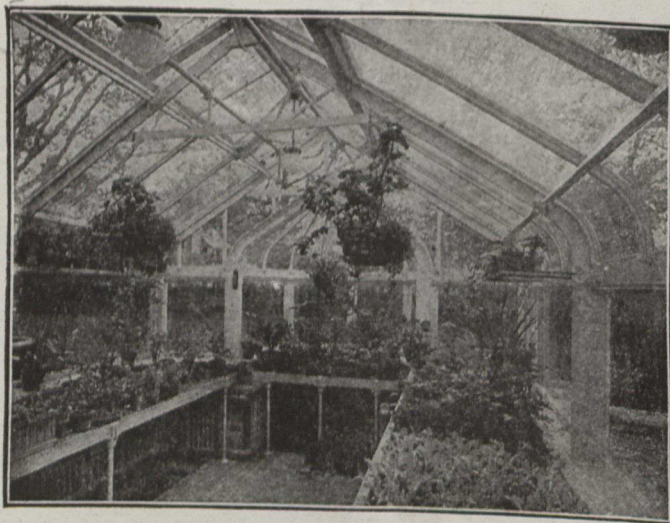
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MUSIC AND PLAYS**A Novelty in Criticism**

HOT weather musical critics will appreciate the following off-hand parody on serious criticism in a recent issue of the Boston Transcript which is not as a rule given to much levity in matters musical. In fact, it may be a surprise to discover that so much native musical humour can be found lurking in the city that has for so many years been the home of the greatest symphony orchestra in America. We reprint in this case, not direct from the Transcript, but from the Toronto Mail and Empire:

The musical critic was unable to attend the pianoforte recital, but the handy man on the paper allowed that he could do the thing easy enough. And this is how he did it:

"Herr Diapason's recital last evening at Acoustic Hall was the most recherche event of the musical season. Herr Diapason is a master in cantilever, and both in his automobile and in his tour de force he wrought wonders of tonic stimulation. He was especially potent in his dolce far niente passages, and in his diminuendo crescendo appoggiatura he displayed technological skill that was simply wonderful.

"There was also a marvelous musi-

cianly abandon in the mute bars, the instrument in these parts of the score being forcefully impressive in silent fortissimo. But it was perhaps in andante capriccioso that he excelled himself. Here he discovered a coloratura, a bravura and an ensemble that fairly electrified his audience.

"Herr Diapason, it is true, occasionally erred in an overponderosity of ruttaba, and again in a too lambent lustspiel; but these lapses were hardly noticeable in his rendering of cantabillous intermezzo. The recital, upon the whole, was a marvelous exhibition of pocahontas instrumentation and incandescent cavatina."

"Slug four," who takes lessons, said there was something wrong about it, although he couldn't say exactly what. and the managing editor, upon looking the critique over, was free to admit that it was all Greek to him; still, he said, it seemed to read all right, so far as he could discover to the contrary, and it was quite in the line of the regular critic's composition—more luminous indeed—and he did not see why it shouldn't be printed. It was lucky, he said, that they had so able an all-round writer on the staff.

Another O'Higgins Play

"Lazarus" Gets Favourable Comment from Chicago Critics

VERY few, if any, Canadian writers abroad have attained greater distinction than Harvey O'Higgins, whose genius runs to story-writing, novels, and more recently to plays. It is some years now since O'Higgins left Canada, where he was born and brought up, to take his chances in the precarious but dazzling literary fields centering in New York. Like most of those who joined in that literary trek O'Higgins stayed in the country that provided a market for his literary wares. He has managed not only to hold on, but to work up in crescendo a popularity that many a native-born American writer might envy. Many will remember the distinguished galaxy of writers who made that continuous trek into Gotham and thereabouts. The list includes O'Higgins, Arthur Stringer, one of the most prolific short story, novel and verse producers in the United States, Arthur E. MacFarlane, who has made a special business of stories and special articles for magazines, Bliss Carman, the giant poet from New Brunswick, Norman Duncan, whose stories were famous a while ago, and half a

dozen others. These writers have not returned to this country in any great measure "bringing their sheaves with them"; but from time to time stories and articles of theirs find their way into Canadian papers.

O'Higgins, however, has been very little the subject of attention in Canadian papers, largely because he has been too busy making copy for critics and appreciators across the line, somewhat of late, also, because his most recent metier is the play. Some months ago the play "Polygamy," the joint production of O'Higgins and Harriet Ford was presented in Canada. Now another play of a lighter turn by the same two authors is for the time being the subject of much favourable comment in the American Press.

O. L. Hall, in the Chicago Tribune, writes concerning the play: So precious a thing is wit that whoever makes our playwrights wastes little of it upon them. But here is one and there is one bountifully blessed with it, so expectation that you will encounter it in the theatre never quite dies. It is as original with its owner as honesty. Many have an unearned reputation for it, for the spuri-

ous wit of the playwriting smart Alec and the cheap phrasemonger with a Broadview of life is a vendible article. Very often true wit is not. But it is identifiable, wherever and whenever it may flash. An author can not wish himself into possession of it; he has it, or he lacks it—little praise or blame to him. It can not be stolen; it can not be imitated. Nor can it be hidden; where it exists it will make itself known.

All of which, however little you may care for it, is a bit of prelude for the news of the arrival at the Princess recently of a comedy signed by Harvey J. O'Higgins and Harriet Ford, and bearing the allusive title of "Mr. Lazarus." It is a witty thing, in the rare and true sense, and one will go far, as time and distance are measured in the theatre, before coming upon a comedy with a more copious flow of happy and surprising speech, with more fitting play of jocularity, with a finer vein of waggishness, or with a more spirited and continuous exhibition of refreshing banter.

Different in plot from other comedies, refreshing in situation, bright and funny as to lines and altogether admirable in presentation, "Mr. Lazarus" ought, said the Chicago Daily News, to stay to comfort Chicago for the loss of verbal drama until frost comes to ripen the persimmons and restore the theaters to spoken plays.

Mr. Lazarus, the character from which the play takes its name, is one who has "risen from the dead." At least, his sudden return after a lapse of twenty years has that significance. His recrudescence is something of a mystery and so

many conflicting stories are told throughout the unfolding of the play that one hesitates to say that certain facts form the foundation, but on the surface it seems an ordinary middle aged man who walks into the New York rooming house kept by a downtrodden, "hen minded" woman and her pretty daughter. Whether or not the lodger is what he says he is, let the prospective playgoer discover for himself. A second husband of the lodging house keeper is a florid, bumptious Dr. Sylvester of ample girth and steady habits of extracting money from his cowed spouse. His own daughter in tawdry finery leads a life of idleness, while the landlady's child slaves over the lodgers' rooms—a veritable Cinderella, but named Patricia Malloy, her father, had been killed in a railroad wreck which had happened on his wedding journey and that Patricia was a posthumous child. "I never could get that right," said the mother, with a half giggle; "I always say 'postmortem.'" The new lodger takes possession of the third floor back and dispossesses the young artist, who whimsically protests against the injustice of turning out a roomer who owes three months' rent for one who doesn't owe anything at all. But he gracefully abdicates when the pretty daughter asks him to and seeks henceforth to get his "north" light from the south side of a gas jet. It wouldn't be fair, even if it were possible, to tell all the complications that these characters become involved in, but the ending is a happy one even if a bit mystifying, and the ways that lead to it are filled with joyous and thrilling moments.

The Windigo of Black Alex

(Concluded from page 10.)

"Where's the rifle?" whispered MacNish, feeling around on the ground.

"Here're the cartridges. Come on." We crept out together through the flaps. We stole round the sides of the tent and saw—a giant man of commanding presence, heavily yet gracefully built, dressed in the costume of a fur-trader of the old days. At his side he wore an empty dirk case and an old-fashioned holster for pistols, but no pistol. He turned his back toward us, apparently brooding over the fire.

"Call to him," I whispered to MacNish. "And wake the Indians?" he retorted, in whispered contempt. "They'd never go a step further with us. . . . It's the Windigo."

"Nonsense," I said. "Watch!"

Suddenly, as though he had reached a desperate decision, the stranger lifted his hand to his brow and gazed inland toward a marsh we had noted below our camping ground. He swept off his hat, tossed it to the ground and strode toward the black marsh. For a moment he was lost to view, but as we followed we discovered him again, wading into the marsh and with his bare hands plucking out the water plants growing at the water's edge. He was in frantic haste.

"He's crazy," I whispered. "He's starving," MacNish retorted. As we watched—the stranger turned, struck toward us—and in the glow from our fire I saw as wicked and powerful a face as ever I may dread to see—and how thin! As he advanced his pace slackened. With a cry he clutched at his throat. He stumbled. He fell writhing to the ground. We ran to his side and bent over. There was nothing under our hands but a little heap of stones.

It was long before either MacNish or I would speak of what we had seen that night. In the first place, we felt as though we had made fools of ourselves. In the second place, we were afraid to laugh at what we had seen. But one night MacNish, whose uncle had been an old factor of the North-West Trading Company, brought a battered, hide-covered volume to me and said:

"Read the page I have marked." This is what I read in the fine but faded chirography of the old factor:

"May 20th, 18—: Have discovered Black Alex and writ his wife in York. One of the Indians in the brigade I sent down the Maligne has confessed. He began by reciting Black Alex's sins toward the In-

dians, which are known well enough. He said Alex had shot two bucks in a mere temper that morning and uttered profanities against their women. So they stole his weapons and overpowered him and kept him without food that day. At night they camped by Maligne Falls, and in the morning left him there without weapons or food. He waited at the portage for another party to rescue him, but I had cancelled that party for another task. He was found this week. He must have eaten the sweet iris that grows in the marsh by the foot of the Fall. . . ."

MacNish was waiting as I looked up. "Do you remember those iris?" he asked.

"Yes," I said. "They were beautiful."

"The root is sweet but deadly," added MacNish.

The News in Rhyme.

The breath of spring is blowing
Across the continent—
The signs of spring are showing
And the landlord's raised the rent.

Lloyd-George has won his point at last
With his conscription views;
He's the only hyphenated chap
For whom we've any use.

Wide skirts and powdered faces,
Also the high-topped boots.
The Kaiser's edict chases—
List to the Hun girls' hoots!
How desperate his case is
When he must ban the beaux?

Lives and dollars in demand,
This big war is mangling millions,
Cost of it by sky, sea, land
Steadily is busting billions.

Lord Northcliffe says Yank airmen
In France know how to fly—
Americans for many years
In Paris did "fly high."

A Daniel come to judgment,
Chicago judge decides
'Twas Bacon wrote Bill Shakespeare's
plays

And verses odd besides.
He timed his bold decision—
This Windy City judge—
For Shakespeare's tercentenary,
And the world said simply—"Fudge!"

Endurance Note.—In mentioning the fact that the Duke of Connaught just recently reached his 66th birthday, one writer mentions that he has visited Toronto twenty times. Well, His Royal Highness is still strong and healthy.

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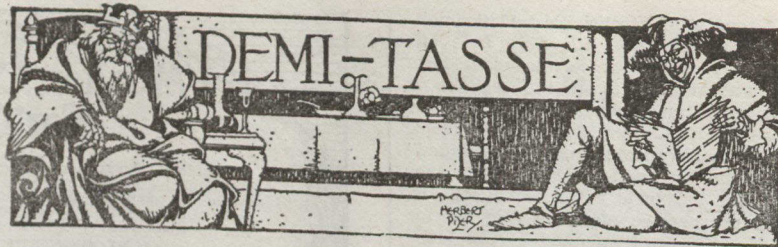
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CANADIAN COURIER

The National Weekly
Toronto, Ont.



Courierettes.

WE note that some chap has invented an automatic typewriter. The trouble with most of the dear girls is that they are too automatic already.

Reports indicate that the prune crop is to be greater than ever. What is war compared to this?

New York's recent six day campaign for "simple business honesty" makes us wonder what they meant by sticking in that word "simple."

Sir Roger Casement expressed his desire to be beheaded, and that should make it unanimous.

Man in Indiana seeks a divorce because his wife chews tobacco. Would he prefer her to chew the rag?

Hughes and Roosevelt lunched together, and the American papers omitted to say whether they had two or three cups of coffee.

People who leave beer bottles in New York parks are fined \$5—that is, if the bottles are empty.

They made an awful fuss about Mrs. Astor wedding for love, just as if thousands of people weren't doing the same thing day after day.

Some professor has discovered a way to produce grapefruit that isn't sour. In that case it wouldn't be grapefruit.

"Bull Moose Sings Swan Song" runs a head line. Bet that head was written by an Irishman.

Listed among the bright sayings of the month should be the Kincaid Review's remark that Hetty Green was the richest woman in America, next to Henry Ford.

Many English theatres are now housing American-made plays. Another horror of war.

Gen. Felix Diaz at least cannot be

accused of cowardice. He wants to be president of Mexico.

By the way, who was it took the "boo" our of the old-fashioned peek-a-boo shirtwaist?

And in all this gathering of American troops how is that we hear nothing of the Ancient and Honourable Artillery of Boston, Mass?

IT'S GONE FAR ENOUGH.

The skirts they wear are short enough, But when the naughty breeze Blows up and gets to acting rough, It makes them show their ankles.

—Luke McLuke.

Immodest man! they ought to throw At you some ancient eggs; For very well indeed you know They show naught but their insteps.

—Columbia State.

I am ashamed of both of you, My scorn to you in halves, The things you very rudely view Are nothing but their calves.

—Edgar A. Guest.

Rhymsters all, you give us a pain! Oh why don't you write some verse On a loftier level than the strain Of those shapely lines of hers?

What's the Use?—The State of Ohio boasts a citizen who was born before "The Star Spangled Banner" was composed. But what is the use of boasting about that if the old chap can't sing the ditty?

The Quick Answer.—Magistrates sometimes get answers they are not expecting when they ask questions in court. The other day a young lad was before Magistrate Kingsford in the Toronto Police Court, charged with theft, and his mother appeared to give character evidence on his behalf. The boy had denied his guilt and

WAR NOTES.

Enlistments have left the British golf courses deserted, the players preferring puttees to putts and tees.

French newspapers were delivered by aeroplanes over parts of Germany. They can now claim a high circulation.

Some of these days the Kiel Canal will have to be dredged, and then where will the Grand Fleet hide?

A wounded soldier recovered his power of speech after hearing a comedian's joke. That could not have been a real "gag."

The man behind the gun is the hero, but the man behind the gas batteries is not to be ignored.

Lord Crewe has declared that the country needs some amusement in war time. Now we understand why they have press censors.

German housewives have been ordered to practise economy. Well, there seems to be no waist about them.

High war time wages are increasing the demand for cheap pianos, and, therefore, we pray the war will end quickly.

The Shadow and the Man

(Concluded from page 3.)

To-morrow! And strong men were nearly weeping with fatigue! Like demons they had worked and he would ask a parade—To-morrow!

Light broke on them. It was not for the state the thing was planned but for the General's glory! The General would come to gloat! To see them sweat—for Him. To hear their thousands of breaths panting, parched in the furious heat—for Him!

So he came. And it marched. And it turned "Eyes Right." And it counted the paces past the reviewing post.

But the General's smile was strange and his eyes unsatisfied. When he could get alone he lit a candle so as to get his shadow back again. The shadow said:

"Well?"
"They cursed me," whimpered the General.

"Never!"

"They did! They did!"

"Outrage! Outrage!"

"I tell you there's something wrong."

"There is something wrong."

"What is it?"

"They are not your soldiers!"

"Not my soldiers? I made 'em."

"They are not yours. They are Democracy's. And they have found you out!"

"Alas! Alas!" groaned the General. Well—they can't throw me out just now. I'll swank it through."

But when he turned to look at his shadow it seemed to have dwindled to a mere man-size shadow. Someone had lifted the tent flap and the sun, shining, wiped out the candle-shadow.

asserted that his conduct was all that could be expected of a normal youth. "Well, my good woman," said the magistrate to the mother, "how do you find the boy?"

"I find him not guilty, sir," was the ready response.

GOOD EVIDENCE.

By looking at the weekly wash You may see, if you choose to That they're not wearing now, by gosh, The half of what they used to.

What Struck Him.—Pat had just been invalidated home from the front, and when he got into a circle of his admiring friends and relatives they wanted to know what it was that struck him most when he was in action.

"What struck me most!" said Pat. "Why it was the number of bullets flyin' around that didn't hit me."

THE CONTRAST.

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MONEY AND MAGNATES

A Vital Trade Document

MR. HARRISON WATSON, Canadian Trade Commissioner, London, has forwarded to the Department of Trade and Commerce at Ottawa a complete statement of the Recommendations of the Economic Conference of the Allies. The document may on first sight appear to be a mere mass of dull dry words. It is in fact, however, one of the most important documents in the history of the war. Business men will find it particularly significant.

After the preamble the document continues: In fact of so grave a peril the representatives of the Allied Governments consider that it has become their duty, on grounds of necessary and legitimate defence, to adopt and realize from now onward all the measures requisite on the one hand to secure for themselves and for the whole of the markets of neutral countries full economic independence and respect for sound commercial practice, and on the other hand to facilitate the organization on a permanent basis of their economic alliance.

For this purpose the representatives of the Allied Governments have decided to submit for the approval of those Governments the following resolutions. Here follows first the measures now in force for the war period. Then come "Transitory measures for the period of . . . reconstruction of the allied countries."

I. The Allies declare their common determination to ensure the re-establishment of the countries suffering from acts of destruction, spoliation and unjust requisition, and decide to join in devising means to secure the restoration to those countries, as a prior claim, of their raw materials, industrial and agricultural plant, stock and mercantile fleet, or to assist them to re-equip themselves in these respects.

II. Whereas the war has put an end to all the treaties of commerce between the Allies and the Enemy Powers, and whereas it is of essential importance that, during the period of economic reconstruction which will follow the cessation of hostilities, the liberty of none of the Allies should be hampered by any claim put forward by the Enemy Powers to most-favoured-nation treatment, the Allies agree that the benefit of this treatment shall not be granted to those powers during a number of years to be fixed by mutual agreement among themselves.

During this number of years the Allies undertake to assure to each other so far as possible compensatory outlets for trade in case consequences detrimental to their commerce result from the application of the undertakings referred to in the preceding paragraph.

III. The Allies declare themselves agreed to conserve for the Allied countries, before all others, their natural resources during the whole period of commercial, industrial, agricultural and maritime reconstruction, and for this purpose they undertake to establish special arrangements to facilitate the interchange of these resources.

IV. In order to defend their commerce, their industry, their agriculture and their navigation against economic aggression resulting from dumping or any other mode of unfair competition the Allies decide to fix by agreement a period of time during which the commerce of the enemy powers shall be subjected to special treatment and the goods originating in their countries shall be subjected either to prohibitions or to a special regime of an effective character.

The Allies will determine by agreement through diplomatic channels the special conditions to be imposed during the above-mentioned period on the ships of the enemy powers.

V. The Allies will devise the measures to be taken jointly or severally for preventing enemy subjects from exercising in their territories, certain industries or professions which concern national defence or economic independence.

Permanent Measures of Collaboration Among the Allies

I. The Allies decide to take the necessary steps without delay to render themselves independent of the enemy countries in so far as regards the raw materials and manufactured articles essential to the normal development of their economic activities.

These steps should be directed to assuring the independence of the Allies not only so far as concerns their sources of supply, but also as regards their financial, commercial and maritime organization.

The Allies will adopt the methods which seem to them most suitable for the carrying out of this resolution, according to the nature of the commodities and having regard to the principles which govern their economic policy.

They may, for example, have recourse either to enterprises subsidized, directed or controlled by the Governments themselves, or to the grant of financial assistance for the encouragement of scientific and technical research and the development of national industries and resources; to customs duties or prohibitions of a temporary or permanent character; or to a combination of these different methods.

Whatever may be the methods adopted, the object aimed at by the Allies is to increase production within their territories as a whole to a sufficient extent to enable them to maintain and develop their economic position and independence in relation to enemy countries.

II. In order to permit the interchange of their products, the Allies undertake to adopt measures for facilitating their mutual trade relations both by the establishment of direct and rapid land and sea transport services at low rates, and by the extension and improvement of postal, telegraphic and other communications.

III. The Allies undertake to convene a meeting of technical delegates to draw up measures for the assimilation, so far as may be possible, of their laws governing patents, indications of origin and trade marks.

In regard to patents, trade marks and literary and artistic copyright which have come into existence during the war in enemy countries, the Allies will adopt, so far as possible, an identical procedure, to be applied as soon as hostilities cease.

This procedure will be elaborated by the technical delegates of the Allies. This is the basis of agreement. Canadians should study it and prepare to offer suggestions at the conferences which are to be called here.

Personal Ties

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LEGAL NOTICES

Canadian Calumet & Montana Mining Company, Limited

PUBLIC Notice is hereby given that under the First Part of chapter 79 of the Revised Statutes of Canada, 1906, known as "The Companies Act," letters patent have been issued under the Seal of the Secretary of State of Canada, bearing date the 21st day of February, 1916, incorporating Thomas Anderson Burgess and J. Ogle Carss, barristers-at-law, Charles Osborne Wood, civil engineer, and Mary Ida Keays and Margaret Surgenor, stenographers, all of the City of Ottawa, in the Province of Ontario, for the following purposes, viz:—

(a) To prospect for, open, explore, develop, work, improve, maintain, and manage gold, silver, copper, nickel, lead, coal, iron and other mines, quarries, mineral and other deposits and properties and to dig for, dredge, raise, crush, wash, smelt, roast, assay, analyze, reduce and amalgamate and otherwise treat ores, metals and mineral substances of all kinds, whether belonging to the company or not, and to render the same merchantable, and to sell and otherwise dispose of the same, or any part thereof, or any interest therein, and generally to carry on the business of a mining, milling, reduction and development company;

(b) To acquire by purchase, lease, concession, license, exchange, or other legal title, mines, mining lands, easements, mineral properties or any interest therein, minerals and ores and mining claims, options, powers, privileges, water and other rights, patent rights, processes and mechanical or other contrivances and either absolutely or conditionally, and either solely or jointly with others, and as principals, agents, contractors or otherwise and to lease, place under license, sell, dispose of and otherwise deal with the same or any part thereof or any interest therein;

(c) To construct, maintain, alter, make, work and operate on the property of the company, or on property controlled by the company, tramways, telegraph or telephone lines, reservoirs, dams, flumes, race and other ways, water powers, aqueducts, wells, roads, piers, wharves, buildings, shops, smelters, refineries, dredges, furnaces, mills and other works and machinery, plant and electrical and other appliances of every description, and to buy, sell, manufacture and deal in all kinds of goods, stores, implements, provisions, chattels and effects required by the company or its workmen or servants;

(d) To construct or acquire by lease, purchase, or otherwise and to operate and maintain undertakings, plant, machinery, works and appliances for the generation or production of steam, electric, pneumatic, hydraulic, or other power or force; also lines of wire, poles, tunnels, conduits, works and appliances for the storing, delivery and transmission under or above ground of steam, electric, pneumatic, hydraulic or other power or force for any purpose for which the same may be used, and to contract with any company or person upon such terms as are agreed upon to connect the company's lines of wire, poles, tunnels, conduits, works and appliances with those of any such company or persons, and generally to carry on the business of generating, producing and transmitting steam, electric, pneumatic, hydraulic or other power or force; and to acquire by lease, purchase, or otherwise steam, electric, pneumatic, hydraulic or other power or force, and to use, sell, lease or otherwise dispose of the same and all power and force produced by the company, provided, however, that any sale, distribution or transmission of electric, pneumatic, hydraulic or other power or force beyond the lands of the company shall be subject to local and municipal regulations;

(e) To take, acquire and hold as the consideration for ores, metals, or minerals sold or otherwise disposed of, or for goods supplied or for work done by contract or otherwise, shares, debentures, bonds or other securities of or in any other company having objects similar to those of the company and to sell or otherwise dispose of the same, notwithstanding the provisions of section 44 of the said Act;

(f) To manufacture and deal in logs, lumber, timber, wood, metal, all articles into the manufacture of which wood or metal enters and all kinds of natural products and by-products thereof;

(g) To build upon, develop, cultivate, farm, settle and otherwise improve and utilize the lands of the company and to lease, sell, or otherwise deal with or dispose of the same and to aid and assist by way of bonus advances of money or otherwise, with or without security, settlers and intending settlers upon any lands belonging to or sold by the company, or in the neighbourhood of such lands, and generally to promote the settlement of such lands;

(h) To purchase or otherwise acquire and undertake and assume all or any part of the assets, business, property, privileges, contracts, rights, obligations and liabilities of any person, firm or company carrying on any business which this company is authorized to carry on, or any business similar thereto or possessed of property, suitable for the purposes thereof;

(i) To raise and assist in raising money for and to aid by way of bonus, loan, promise, endorsement, guarantee or otherwise any corporation in the capital stock of which the company holds shares, or with which it may have business relations, and to act as employee, agent or manager of any such corporation, and to guarantee the performance of contracts by any such corporation, or by any person or persons with whom the company may have business relations;

(j) To build, acquire, own, charter, navigate and use steam and other vessels;

(k) To apply for, purchase or otherwise acquire any patents of invention, trade marks, copyrights or similar privileges relating to or which may be deemed useful to the company's business and to sell or otherwise dispose of the same as may be deemed expedient;

(l) To join, consolidate and amalgamate with any person, society, company or corporation carrying on a business similar in whole or in part to that of this company and to pay or receive the price agreed upon in cash or in paid-up and non-assessable shares, bonds or debentures or other securities or guarantees of the company;

(m) To develop or assist in developing any auxiliary or allied company carrying on business of a like nature or germane to that of this company and to become shareholders in the same;

(n) To enter into partnership or into any arrangement for sharing profits, union of interests, co-operation, joint adventure, reciprocal concession or otherwise with any person or company carrying on or engaged in, or about to carry on or engage in any business or transaction which the company is authorized to carry on, or engage in;

(o) To lease, sell or otherwise dispose of the property and assets of the company, or any part thereof, for such consideration as the company may deem fit, including shares, debentures or securities of any company;

(p) To do all acts and exercise all powers and carry on all business incidental to the due carrying out of the objects for which the company is incorporated and necessary to enable the company to profitably carry on its undertakings;

(q) To do all or any of the above things as principals, agents or attorneys.

The operations of the company to be carried on throughout the Dominion of Canada and elsewhere by the name of "Canadian Calumet & Montana Mining Company, Limited," with a capital stock of forty thousand dollars, divided into 40,000 shares of one dollar each, and the chief place of business of the said company to be at the City of Toronto, in the Province of Ontario.

Dated at the office of the Secretary of State of Canada, this 24th day of February, 1916.

THOMAS MULVEY,
Under-Secretary of State.

Salts & Potash Company of Canada Limited

PUBLIC Notice is hereby given that under the First Part of chapter 79 of the Revised Statutes of Canada, 1906, known as "The Companies Act," letters patent have been issued under the Seal of the Secretary of State of Canada, bearing date the 24th day of February, 1916, incorporating Thomas Anderson Burgess, and J. Ogle Carss, barristers-at-law, Charles Osborne Wood, civil engineer, John Symes Hollinsworth and George Erskine Ewing, accountants, and Mary Ida Keays and Margaret Surgenor, stenographers, all of the City of Ottawa, in the Province of Ontario, for the following purposes, viz:—

(a) To import, manufacture, distill, methylate, buy, sell and deal in chemicals, spirits, explosives and other products, whether simple or compounded with other substances;

(b) To purchase, take on lease or otherwise acquire (either with or without the surface) any coal, iron or other mineral land, mining ground or minerals, and any mining rights, grants, concessions and easements and any lands and hereditaments or other property necessary for the advantageous possession and use of the mines or works of the company or any interest therein respectively and to search for, get, win, quarry, burn, make merchantable, purchase, sell, dispose of or otherwise deal with coal, ores, metals, minerals, and any substances of the earth;

(c) To import, purchase, acquire, sell, smelt, concentrate, quarry, reduce, distill, methylate, treat, extract, refine or produce in any manner whatsoever by any process whatever and deal in any vegetable, mineral, animal, wood, metallic, iron, chemical, medicinal, liquid, gaseous or other substance or product;

(d) To manufacture, buy, sell and deal in aerated, mineral or other water of every kind;

(e) To acquire any concessions, grants, rights, powers and privileges whatsoever from any government, which may seem to the company capable of being turned to account, and to work, develop, carry out, exercise and turn to account the same;

(f) To develop the resources of and turn to account any lands and any rights over or connected with land belonging to

or in which the company is interested, and in particular by clearing, draining, fencing, planting, cultivating, building, improving, farming, irrigating, grazing or otherwise howsoever;

(g) To manufacture, buy, sell, export, import, and deal in goods, wares and merchandise composed of wood, cement, clay, oil, chemicals or metals or any combinations of such materials or any of them with each other or with other materials;

(h) To carry on any other business (whether manufacturing or otherwise) which may seem to the company capable of being conveniently carried on in connection with its business or calculated directly or indirectly to enhance the value of or render profitable any of the company's property or rights;

(i) To acquire or undertake the whole or any part of the business, property and liabilities of any person or company carrying on any business which the company is authorized to carry on, or possessed of property suitable for the purposes of the company;

(j) To apply for, purchase or otherwise acquire, any patents, licenses, concessions and the like, conferring any exclusive or non-exclusive, or limited right to use, or any secret or other information as to any invention which may seem capable of being used for any of the purposes of the company, or the acquisition of which may seem calculated directly or indirectly to benefit the company, and to use, exercise, develop or grant licenses in respect of, or otherwise turn to account the property, rights or information so acquired;

(k) To enter into partnership or into any arrangement for sharing of profits, union of interest, co-operation, joint venture, reciprocal concession or otherwise, with any person or company carrying on or engaged in or about to carry on or engage in any business or transaction which the company is authorized to carry on or engage in, or any business or transaction capable of being conducted so as to directly or indirectly benefit the company; and to lend money to, guarantee the contracts of, or otherwise assist any such person or company, and to take or otherwise acquire shares and securities of any such company, and to sell, hold, re-issue, with or without guarantee, or otherwise deal with the same;

(l) To take, or otherwise acquire and hold shares in any other company having objects altogether or in part similar to those of the company or carrying on any business capable of being conducted so as directly or indirectly to benefit the company; and to sell, hold, re-issue, with or without guarantee or otherwise deal with the same, notwithstanding the provisions of section 44 of the said Act;

(m) To construct, improve, maintain, work, manage, carry out or control any roads, ways, tramways, branches or sidings, bridges, reservoirs, watercourses, wharves, manufactories, warehouses, electric works, shops, stores and other works and conveniences which may seem calculated directly or indirectly to advance the company's interests, and to contribute to, subsidize or otherwise assist or take part in the construction, improvement, maintenance, working, management, carrying out or control thereof;

(n) To lend money to customers and others having dealings with the company and to guarantee the performance of contracts by any such persons;

(o) To draw, make, accept, endorse, execute and issue promissory notes, bills of exchange, bills of lading, warrants and other negotiable or transferable instruments;

(p) To sell or dispose of the undertaking of the company or any part thereof for such consideration as the company may think fit, and in particular for shares, debentures or securities or any other company having objects altogether or in part similar to those of the company;

(q) To do all or any of the above things as principals, agents, contractors or otherwise, and either alone or in conjunction with others;

(r) To do all such other things as are incidental or conducive to the attainment of the above objects;

(s) To remunerate any person or company for services rendered or to be rendered in the placing of any shares in the company's capital stock, or any debentures or other securities of the company, or in or about the formation, or promotion of the company, its organization or the conduct of its business, and to pay for same in cash or, with the approval of the shareholders, in issuing fully paid-up shares of the company, or partly in cash and partly in fully paid-up shares of the company.

The operations of the company to be carried on throughout the Dominion of Canada and elsewhere by the name of "Salts & Potash Company of Canada, Limited," with a capital stock of five hundred thousand dollars, divided into 500,000 shares of one dollar each, and the chief place of business of the said company to be at the City of Toronto, in the Province of Ontario.

Dated at the office of the Secretary of State of Canada, this 24th day of February, 1916.

THOMAS MULVEY,
Under-Secretary of State.

Agreeable Anachronisms

MR. A. G. GARDNER has now completed his trilogy of biographical sketches, which began with *Prophets, Priests and Kings*, and ended with *War Lords*. The second in the series, but the latest to appear in this country, is his *Pillars of Society*, which is a very clever book, as all Mr. Gardner's books are, and at the same time in one respect quite disappointing. Mr. Gardner confesses in his preface that he made no attempt to bring these character sketches up to date by re-writing them in the light of the war. So we are genially treated to a variegated series of anachronisms that sometimes become quite startling. Lord Kitchener has just returned from Egypt. Roosevelt, whose picture is on the cover of the American edition, has just got done with his Guildhall speech. Lloyd George is still alive. Churchill is still First Lord of the Admiralty. Hillaire Belloc has not written a line about the great war!

These little deficiencies noted, it is quite necessary to admit that Mr. Gardner sustains his reputation in this book for flinging on the paint. Colour is his long suit. He delights to bring out the high lights. Some of his sketches are all high lights. If one should meet the originals, ten to one he would be disappointed in most of them. But that is the prime business of Mr. Gardner, who is never satisfied with men just as God and circumstances made them, but loves to trick them up like circus performers—without in the least detracting from their dignity. There is, it appears, a Gardner way of looking at people. And it is never dull. A. G. G. would take strychnine rather than be considered a dullard.

And the sketches are all as brief as they are breezy. They are the modern expression of the Englishman—though in this particular book the author has included a few un-English characters, notably Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Lord Strathcona, Prince Kropotkin, Roosevelt and President Wilson. His Roosevelt sketch is one of his very best and one of the best ever written about Teddy by anybody. His Laurier article is probably his worst. He has seen Laurier and knows something about the political background of the man; but the real essential Laurier he does not know and never will.

A Dream Man

(Concluded from page 4.)

shake hands with my benefactor.

"Wait a moment," said he, quietly, and looked towards the house.

Thinks I to myself, "He wants to give me a knock-down to his wife so that if he isn't home when I come back for the rest of the ashes—?"

But he up and spoke:

"Say, Bub," said he, with a terribly quiet voice, "you fork out seventeen more bars o' that soap. That basket o' yours is a two-bushel basket. You got—thirty-four bushels."

I stammered and stammered in surprise. My Dream Man went into a blur.

"All right," he said, "I'll take that basket to the barn and measure it with my half bushel. If it don't hold four measure you c'n take this soap all back. Is it a go?"

"No!" I shouted. "No, siree! That basket is an ash-basket. 'Taint a corn basket. It's an ashes bushel. That's what Bump told me. He knows. He's the senior partner. You're holdin' me up, Mister—"

Which he was; for he had hold of the horses' heads.

"All right," he said. "Shovel the ashes out again and lug 'em back."

Which I refused to do. Wherefore in my raging despair I took up the soap box and turned it inside out, letting all the soap whop onto the ground.

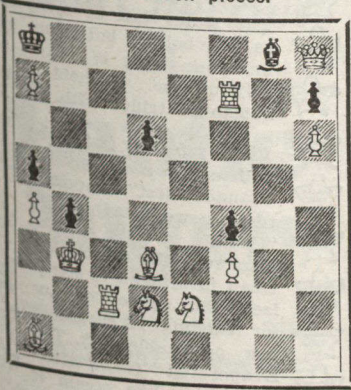
"Take it," I shouted. Take the hull jingbang. Count 'em over. If there ain't thirty-four bars drop a note to Bump & Co. and we'll send you the balance by express. But you're the rummiest Dream Man I ever read about. You're a miserable skinnit. I'll never come back here for ashes, not if you stand at the gate with your tongue hangin' out when it's ten below zero. Gid-ep you!"



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

PROBLEM NO. 58, by W. J. Faulkner. (Specially composed for the "Courier.")

Black.—Seven pieces.



White.—Twelve pieces.

The point of Mr. Faulkner's self-mate above, is, of course, the removal of the interception possibilities of the Rook, Bishop and Knight on QB4 by a sequence of Pawns before the final Q-Kt2. This problem has no bearing on the solver's ladder, the two problems in connection with which follow.

Problem No. 59, by A. Ursic. Deutsches Schachblatter, 6 Nov., 1910. White: K at K8; R at KB6; Q at Q7; Kts at Ksq and K6; Ps at QB4, KB3, KB7 and KR4. Black: K at K4; Q at KB4; R at QR4; B at Q5; Kt at QB7; Ps at QR3, K6, Kkt2 and Kkt6.

White mates in two. Problem No. 60, by J. Scheel. Munchener N. Nachrichten, 1914. (Chameleon Echo.) White: K at KR4; Q at Kkt7; Bs at QR3 and Q3; Kt at Q4; Ps at QR2, QR6 and KB3. Black: K at Q4; R at QR4; Kt at Qkt5; P at Q3.

White mates in three. Problem No. 54, by Frank Janet. SOLUTIONS. 1. Q-R7, B-K3; 2. Q-R2 mate. 1. P-K3; 2. QxP mate. 1. R-K3; 2. Q-Q3 mate. 1. P-K4; 2. R-Q3 mate. 1. threat; 2. QxP mate.

The following elaborated "Pickabish" captured first prize in the Birmingham News Tourney, 1904. By P. F. Blake. White: K at KR3; Q at Kkt5; Rs at QB6 and KB5; B at Q6; Kts at Qkt4 and QR4; Ps at Qkt2 and KB3. Black: K at Q2; Kts at KR5 and KBsq; Ps at Qkt4, QB2, Q6, K2, K6, KR2 and KR4. Mate in two (1. Q-Kt8!).

Problem No. 55, by C. S. Kipping. 1. Q-R5, R-Kt6; 2. B-Kt5! RxB; 3. BxP mate. 1. R-Ktsq; 2. Kt-Kt5! RxB; 3. Kt-Q4 mate. 1. B-Kt3; 2. B-Q5! BxRP; 3. BxP mate. 1. R-Kt5; 2. Kt-Q5! RxB; 3. Kt-K7 mate.

Solver's Ladder. First Week. No. 52 No. 53. Total. W. J. Faulkner ... 1 3 27. R. G. Hunter ... 0 0 24. J. R. Ballantyne ... 2 3 21. P. A. Leduc ... 2 3 17. J. W. Pearson ... 2 3 17. J. Kay ... 2 3 17.

We have also received correct solutions of Problems Nos. 45, 46, 47 and 48 from "Yukon," Dawson City, Y. T., which entitles our far off correspondent to ten points.

To Correspondents. (W. J. F.) No dual mates in No. 52 if 1. ... B-R6. We failed to point out the third important defence of this Q-B7 mate. (P. W. P.) Thanks for solutions. Glad we have started you up on the paper again.

CHESS IN SWEDEN. An interesting game played last year in the match between the Stockholm and Copenhagen Chess Clubs, which the Swedes won by 6 1-2 points to the Danes 1-2.

Scotch Game. White. Black. 1. P-K4. G. Nyholm. 2. Kt-KB3. 1. P-K4. 2. Kt-QB3.

- 3. P-Q4 3. PxP
4. KtxP 4. Kt-B3
5. P-K5 (a) 5. KtxP
6. Q-K2 6. Q-K2
7. Kt-B5 7. Q-K3
8. Kt-Q4 8. Q-K2
9. Kt-B5 9. Q-Kt5ch (b)
10. Kt-B3 10. P-Q3
11. Kt-K3 11. B-K2
12. B-Q2 12. B-K3? (c)
13. QKt-Q5 13. Q-B4
14. P-QKt4 14. Q-Q5 (d)
15. B-B3 15. Q-R5
16. KtxPch 16. K-Q2
17. KtxR 17. RxBch
18. Q-Kt5ch 18. K-Bsq
19. P-Kt3 19. Q-K5
20. B-Kt2 20. Kt-B6ch
21. BxKt 21. QxB
22. Castles! 22. B-R6 (e)
23. BxKt 23. BxB
24. Q-K8ch 24. K-B2
25. QxR (f) 25. B-Kt4!
26. Q-K8 26. BxKt
27. Q-K7ch 27. K-Bsq
28. Q-K8ch 28. K-B2
29. Q-K7ch 29. K-Bsq

(a) Following Alechin V. Cohn, Stockholm, 1912. Cohen, however, replied 5. Q-K2. (b) Black now attempts to avoid the draw. If, in answer, White plays 10. P-B3, then 10. Q-K5; and if instead 10. B-Q2, then 10. QxP; 11. B-B3, Q-B8ch; 12. Q-Qsq, QxQch; 13. KxQ, QKt-Kt5. (c) There seems nothing better than Q-B4. Now Black loses the exchange. (d) If 14. Q-B3; then 15. KtxB, KxKt; 16. P-KB4! (e) If 22. B-Q2; then 23. Q-Q3, B-B3; 24. Q-B5ch. (f) QxPch was better, as Nyholm pointed out. (g) If Black played 29. K-R3; then 30. Q-K8ch forces him back to B2, any other move losing. An extremely interesting game. (From the British Chess Magazine Annual.)

END-GAME NO. 11. By B. Horwitz.

White: K at Qkt5; Q at QB6; B at Kkt5. Black: K at QR2; Q at Q5; P at QB5. White to play and win.

Solution. 1. B-B6, Q-K6!; 2. Q-B7ch, K-Rsq; 3. Q-Q8ch, K-Kt2!; 4. Q-Q5ch, K-Bsq; 5. Q-B6ch, K-Ktsq; 6. B-Q8, Q-Kt6ch (a); 7. K-R6, Q-R6ch; 8. B-R5, Q-K2; 9. Q-Kt5ch, K-Bsq!; 10. Q-KB5ch, K-Ktsq; 11. Q-B4ch, K-Rsq!; 12. Q-B3ch, K-Ktsq; 13. Q-K3ch, K-Bsq!; 14. Q-Kt4ch, Q-Q2; 15. Q-Kt8ch and mates (c).

(a) If 6. Q-R2; then 7. Q-K8, K-Kt2 (if 7. Q-Kt2ch; 8. R-Kt6ch, Q-Bsq; 9. Q-K5ch and 10. Q-Rsq or K7ch); 8. Q-K6, P-B6 (b); 9. B-K7 (threatening 10. Q-B6ch), Q-Ktsq!; 10. B-Q6, P-B7 (if 10. Q-Qsq or KRsq; 11. Q-K4ch! or 10. Q-R2; 11. Q-Q7ch); 11. Q-Q7ch, K-Rsq; 12. BxQ wins. (b) If 8. K-Rsq, then 9. R-Kt6, Q-Qkt2!; 10. Q-B5 (threatening 11. Q-B8ch and 12. Q-R3ch. 10. Q-K8ch, Q-Ktsq; 11. Q-K7 also works). Q-Ktsq (if 10. K-Ktsq; 11. Q-K5ch, K-Rsq; 12. Q-R8ch, etc.); 11. Q-B3ch, Q-Kt2; 12. Q-B8ch, Q-Kt sq; 13. Q-R3ch and mates. Or 8. K-Ktsq; 9. B-Kt6, Q-Kkt2 (if 9. Q-Qkt2; 10. Q-K5ch, etc., as above. If 9. Q-Kt2ch; 10. Q-K8ch; 11. Q-B6ch; 12. Q-B7ch; 10. Q-K8ch, K-Kt2; 11. Q-B6ch; K-Kt sq; 12. K-R6, Q-K2; 13. B-B5 and 14. B-B6ch, wins. (c) A fine and instructive end-game. In the main-play, if 4. K-Ktsq, then 5. B-K5ch, K-Bsq; 6. Q-K6ch, and mates or wins the Queen.

There had been an escape from Sing Sing and the unheard-of method was taken of allowing some of the trusted convicts out to aid in the search for their vanished brother. There was a big man among them who had hitherto held a reputation for surliness and discontent. When he was permitted to be among the searchers the keeper predicted that he'd never be seen again.

"But he came back," said Osborne, "and he was proud as a child who had virtuously conquered a temptation to steal jam. He came into my office and he was obviously standing around looking to be patted on the back for his exhibition of honour. I did compliment him freely. He swelled all up, and when we shook hands as he went away, he said: "Tell you what, Warden—if everybody in this joint were like you and me, this would be just the right place to live."



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THE LADY OF THE TOWER

A Continued Story of Romantic Adventure

CHAPTER XIV.—(Continued.)

By HEADON HILL

ANTONIO DIAZ nodded assent, choking down a sob at the failure of his mission, and at the plight of the patriots who would never get the armament he had procured for them with such patience and resource. Lance felt the disappointment as keenly as his friend, holding himself vaguely responsible for the breakdown, but there was not a moment to lose if they were to shed the signs of their lawless enterprise before the gunboat caught them, and he was kept too busy for repining. The reason for his prompt alteration of the course became quickly apparent. "The Lodestar" was now steaming broadside on to the "Cortez" though the latter had also shifted her helm so as to give chase in the new direction. But the incriminating cases which had restored the spirit of romance to St. Runan's Tower were all dumped overboard on the far side before the war-vessel had made an angle sharp enough to view the operation.

And Antonio Diaz, his face coal-grimed out of recognition, and stripped to the waist, was down in the stoke-hole feeding the furnaces as if to the manner born.

Lance was up on the bridge again by the time a blank charge from the gunboat called a halt. He obeyed instantly, and stood with his cap in his hand and a look of aggrieved surprise on his face at the gangway when a steam-launch from the "Cortez" disgorged a fussy little officer and a dozen heavily armed Guyacan blue-jackets on to his deck.

"This 'Lodestar' of Falmoot, England?" panted the chief aggressor, twirling his moustaches with the truculence of successful achievement.

"That, Senor, is the name of the steamer," responded Lance suavely. "May I ask why you have offered this insult to the British flag?"

AND he pointed to the tattered and dingy "Jack," which but for the parsimony of Polgleaze and Son would have been scrapped long ago.

The captain of the war-vessel shrugged his epauletted shoulders. "I act on orders of President Huerta," he replied. "There has news been cabled from England that you have guns for the rebels on board. I am to make search, and if I find I am to tow you into port as prize for breach of neutrality laws."

Lance regarded the intruder with withering scorn. "All very well, but there is another side to the picture, my noble Senor Captain," he said. "Shall I tell you what will happen if you insist on searching my ship and don't find any guns? The British Lion will roar till your measly President will have to save his skin by finding a scapegoat, and that scapegoat will be you. Now bring a couple of those scarecrows of yours below, and get your rummage over as quick as may be."

It was a sick and sorry naval officer who, profusely apologetic, and with tears in his eyes, went over the side an hour later amid the jeers of "The Lodestar's" crew. Lance almost had it in his mind to pity him when he explained that he should have been shot if he had disobeyed his orders, and that he stood a very good chance of being so for not finding contraband on board.

"We are both the victims of some cruel jest, Senor," Lance commiserated him. "I suppose you have no idea precisely as to the source from which this false report reached your President? I would see to it that the miscreant was punished, and then if you are shot you will have the satisfaction of being avenged."

"Alas, Senor, even that compensation is denied to me," the little officer

PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

JACOB POLGLEAZE, ship-owner, holds a mortgage on St. Runan's Tower, the home of Hilda Carlyon. His son Wilson proposes marriage to her, but is met with refusal, and swears revenge. At this time Lance Pengarvan, a ship-captain, arrives home from a voyage with his friend, Antonio Diaz, who is on a secret mission. The two men conceal a load of iron-bound boxes in a room in the tower, with the help of Nathan Craze, an old fisherman. Diaz meets and falls in love with the old man's daughter, Marigold. Just before Pengarvan sets sail with the mysterious boxes, Wilson Polgleaze arrives at the tower. They suspect him of knowing their plans, but leave at once. In the morning news is brought of the murder of old Jacob Polgleaze. Mr. Grylls, of the police force, is put on the case. He consults the son of the murdered man, who states that he believes Pengarvan to be guilty of the crime. Hilda Carlyon is threatened with foreclosure by Wilson Polgleaze, who now manages his father's business. And on the high seas Pengarvan's ship is chased by a gunboat, which has discovered that he has a load of rifles on board.

wrung his hands. "I know not who struck this blow at the amicable relations between two mighty Powers—Great Britain and Guyaca—with consequences so lamentable. The cable was anonymous."

"Where was it handed in?" demanded Lance sharply.

"At your port of Falmoot. It was that that deceived us. It seem as if someone on what you call the spot had made the discovery and sent us the news. How was one to know, Senor, who was at the end of a cable four thousand miles away?"

"I think I could tell you," muttered Lance to himself as he bowed the charged popinjay into his launch.

But the discomfiture of the better half of the Guyacan Navy was no compensation for the fiasco in which the venture had ended. When Diaz emerged from the stokehole, and after a wash and brush-up rejoined his colleague, they discussed the origin of the cable that had proved their undoing. Twist it which way they would they could come to no other conclusion but that Wilson Polgleaze had been the informant, either on the strength of the evidence of his own eyes or of facts gathered from Billy Craze.

They looked forward to some possible explanation when on the following day they arrived at Santa Barbara, their legitimate destination. But the agents of Polgleaze and Son had nothing to say about the matter, and of course they could not be even indirectly questioned. Nor for the matter of that did they say anything about the death of the head of the firm in far-off Falmoot, which was not surprising, since they had not been apprised of it.

They had, however, another surprise in store for Lance, which gave him food for conjecture. They had received orders from home that he was to discharge his cargo with all speed and return to England in ballast, without proceeding to other ports of call arranged under his original instructions.

Antonio Diaz, Santa Barbara not being on Guyacan territory, waited openly in the sun-baked Plaza while Lance paid this business call, and on hearing the result squared his shoulders, smiling bravely.

"Then good-bye, my friend," he said. "I go to help my people in the war—

without the guns which would have made so much difference. I hear rumours in this town that they are in a bad way. But when the affair with President Huerta is finished, if I live, I shall come back to Falmoot."

"We'll give you a welcome, old man, but I shall be sorry for Wilson Polgleaze," said Lance grimly, noting the sombre gleam in the patriot's usually mild eyes.

But Diaz only shot out his lean brown hand, and with another "good-bye" turned on his heel and strode up the dusty street to a posada on the outskirts. There he mounted his horse, and put himself at the head of the mule train which he had chartered to take supplies across the frontier for his struggling friends in Guyaca, but his heart was sad because the quick-firers were not included in the load.

Three weeks later, on the day before Lance Pengarvan sailed out of Santa Barbara homeward bound, the news was brought in by an Indian runner that there had been a bloody battle between the Government troops and the rebels over the border in the neighbouring state, the latter being hopelessly defeated. The revolution was quelled, and Antonio Diaz with many prominent leaders, had perished, fighting manfully against desperate odds.

"A good man gone under through a dirty job done by a dirty rascal five thousand miles away, and a fellow countryman of my own, worse luck," Lance muttered under his close-clipped beard as he read the ill-printed news-sheet with tear-dimmed eyes. "I shall treat Master Wilson as a legacy left me by poor Tony when I get home—aye, if I lose my billet over the conversation I shall hold with him."

CHAPTER XV.

Sanctuary.

"THERE'S that blamed Marconi at it again," growled Timothy Pascoe, as he clattered into the hall at St. Runan's Tower to throw a log of drift-wood on to the fire in the cavernous hearth.

It is a firmly rooted belief in Cornwall that the rain which is the prevailing feature of the climate owes its origin to the vast electric waves scattered from the wireless station at Poldhu and the consequent disturbance of the atmosphere. So Hilda and Mrs. Pengarvan accepted the statement, gravely and without comment, as the natural explanation of the torrential downpour outside.

The depression from which the two ladies were suffering was not wholly due to the outrageous weather. The morning's post had brought a letter from Lance at Santa Barbara, describing the failure of the gun-running enterprise, and informing them of the departure of Antonio Diaz on what was practically a forlorn hope without the armament he had hoped to import. The South American had won their hearts with his chivalry and boyish enthusiasm, and they were grieved to think that he would now be fighting for a lost cause. The letter had been written some time before the news of his death had been received at Santa Barbara. They were therefore spared that shock, and there was a ray of comfort in the prospect of "The Lodestar's" earlier return.

They had been, however, rendered uneasy by the absence of any reference in Lance's letter to the murder of Jacob Polgleaze. They naturally concluded that it would have been cabled to the agents. Lance's silence on the tragedy seemed strange, and, taken in conjunction with the recall of the steamer before due date, almost ominous.

To add to the sense of gloom that hung over St. Runan's Tower that wet



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afternoon there was the as yet unfulfilled threat of Wilson Polgleaze to "come again shortly and be his own spokesman." And the days were ebbing fast towards the date when the crippled deformity, Simon Trehawke, would lay rapacious hands on the Tower, and drive Hilda forth from the beloved home of her fathers.

Pascoe had hardly replenished the fire and left the hall when Mrs. Pengarvan, who had been gazing through the window, uttered an exclamation, and ran to the front door, flinging it open.

"Come in, my dear!" she cried. "Whatever are you doing out in such weather? Why, you are drenched to the skin."

Pale as a ghost and with the water dripping from her soaked garments, Marigold Craze darted into the hall, glancing affrightedly behind her. Mrs. Pengarvan closed and bolted the door, and the girl, to whose side Hilda had run, was laid tenderly down on a couch. Her breath came in gasps, and it was some time before she could speak.

"It is my father," she panted at last. "He was going to kill me—sacrifice me, he called it. One of his religious fits is on him. Oh, please see if he is coming. I may have given him the slip. He is just mad. He may do anything."

But they were able to assure her that there were no signs of Nathan Craze in the drive, and after a while they got her story from her. For some days her father had not spoken a word, and then an hour ago he had come in from his fishing and had burst into sudden fury, accusing her of being the mistress of Wilson Polgleaze.

"But, my dear little Marigold, you were able to tell him that it was not true. Surely he believed you?" said Mrs. Pengarvan.

The girl staggered to her feet, and stood pitifully searching each kind face in turn for sympathy.

"Oh, listen before you condemn me," she wailed. "It is true in a way. Wilson Polgleaze courted me all last summer, and I was married to him, as I thought, the week before Christmas, at the registrar's at Falmouth. But it wasn't the registrar he took me to—only a lawyer who, they say, has him in his grip. My dear, dear ladies, I am neither maid nor wife, and now I have no home."

HILDA'S supporting grasp on the girl's waist tightened, but Mrs. Pengarvan was constrained to begin the question:—

"And you have occasion, poor child, to fear?"

But Marigold cut her short with: "No, not that, thank God. The time is past for that horror to haunt me ever again. My father found out months back that Wilson used to meet me in the Devil's Cave, and he has been growing crueller every day, till an hour ago, when he called me a dreadful name. In self-defence I told him of the sham marriage, and of how I had been deceived. It made him worse than ever. He swore to kill me, and chased me out of the house. If you will let me say good-bye to Billy, and stay till after dark I will go away out into the world, and begin a new life where I am not known. I am strong, and shall soon get some work to do."

Hilda had left it to Mrs. Pengarvan to drag the grisly skeleton to light, but now that it stood revealed, and, though fearsome enough, yet shorn of its worst terrors, the Lady of the Tower had her say, impetuous and indignant.

"You are not to blame, dear," she declared. "The shame is not yours, and as to going away we shall not hear of it, shall we, cousin? You will just stay here with us, Marigold, till Captain Pengarvan comes home, which is to be sooner than was expected. Your father need not know that you have sought sanctuary with us, any more than he does about Billy. The captain can manage your father better than anyone. He will prove to him that you have done no

wrong, and will take steps to punish the wretch who entrapped you. Now come along with me and get into some dry things."

"One moment," interposed practical Mrs. Pengarvan. "This mock registrar—was he a lame man, with no hair or eyebrows? Ah, I thought it would be Mr. Simon Trehawke. All right, my dear. You have furnished me with a very pretty rod, which I will put in pickle for the rogue."

But when the two girls had left her alone in the hall Lance's mother kicked the log on the hearth into a blaze with the toe of her stout boot, and shook her grey curls impatiently.

"God help us all!" she muttered. "Hilda has forgotten that we shall not have a refuge to offer so much as a stray cat soon after my boy casts anchor. And as to rods, I reckon those two villains have readied a worse one for us than ever we can ready for them."

Then she, too, left the hall, and from behind a screen crept Billy Craze, his brown face darkened with a purposeful scowl.

CHAPTER XVI.

Bearding a Wolf.

MR. Simon Trehawke sat in his dingy office, conning a parchment, which was the mortgage assigned to him on St. Runan's Tower by Wilson Polgleaze as his father's heir. The attorney's lips were curled in a malevolent grin which bared his yellow snags of teeth as he gloated over the document that was part of his price for financing his client's debaucheries.

Of late years Mr. Trehawke had done very little business as a lawyer, honest folk fighting shy of his unsavoury reputation. He had never acted for old Jacob Polgleaze, and being to some extent the shipowner's rival as a money-lender he had gleaned an additional pleasure in aiding and abetting the junior partner's extravagances. He now expected to live in clover for the rest of his days, part of the pound of flesh which he had exacted being the undertaking which Wilson had given him that in future he should be entrusted with all the legal business of the firm.

His only clerk was a half-starved youth, who sat in a little outer den performing the duties of a door-keeper, running errands, and safeguarding his employer from unwelcome callers.

About three in the afternoon of the day following Marigold's escape to the Tower Mr. Trehawke's drudge announced that a boy who refused to give his name or state his business desired to see him.

"Tell him I'm not in," snapped the attorney.

In less than a minute the underling was back again. "The boy says he'll wait on the doorstep, sir, till you come in or go out," he said.

Mr. Trehawke reflected. He had at wash a good deal of dirty linen which would be none the whiter for an altercation on his doorstep. Probably the boy brought an insolent message from some defrauded and angry debtor.

"Show him in," he relented. "I'll soon settle his hash."

But when Mr. Simon Trehawke looked upon the drawn, set face of Billy Craze, whom he had never seen before, he felt some misgiving. Somehow the echo of his threat sounded feeble and impotent in his ears at sight of the resolute ferocity in the countenance with which the boy entered. This was no messenger, but a principal, palpitating with a purpose of his own—no friendly purpose if Mr. Trehawke was any judge or shades of expression. He made himself, if possible, a trifle more revolting by putting on one of his would-be ingratiating smiles.

"Well, my lad, and what can I do for you?" he piped in his squeaky treble. "Been breaking somebody's windows; and want me to get you out of the scrape, eh?"

Billy waited till the clerk had departed, then advanced a step or two

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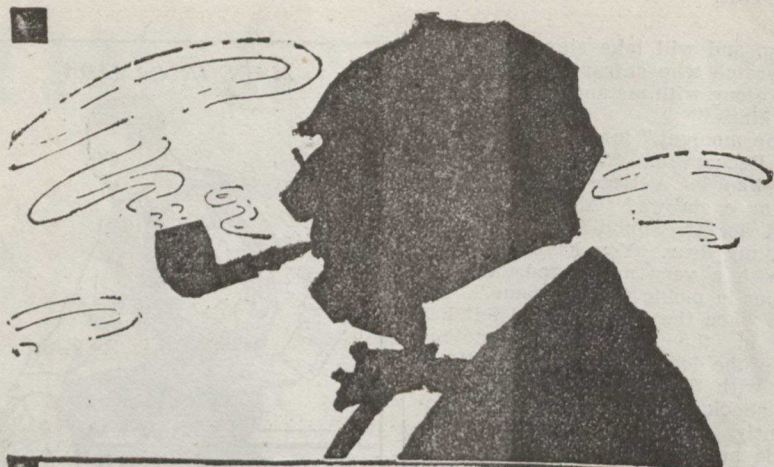


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towards the shrivelled anatomy behind the desk.

"It's you that's in a scrape," he said, "If you don't do just what I tell you I'm going to have you locked up."

Mr. Trehawke sat back in his chair, and, placing the tips of his talon-like fingers together, surveyed the boy with a gaze intended to be judicial, and at the same time tolerant.

"I am afraid that you are getting yourself into trouble, but before I send for a constable I may as well hear what your grievance is," he said.

BILLY laughed—a frank, boyish laugh that made that rotten limb of the law wince at the sheer delight of the merry jingle.

"You to talk of constables!" he jeered. "I'm come about my sister, Miss Marigold Craze, out to St. Runan's—her as you pretended to marry Wilson Polgleaze. You ain't the registrar, and you know it as well as I do."

This was a bolt from the blue. For a moment the attorney was staggered and blinked at his accuser from under his horrible hairless brows. But he was himself again directly, adroitly attributing his emotion to astonishment.

"Really, my good youth, you take one's breath away," he piped. "What bee is this that has got into your bonnet about your sister and a registrar? I never, to my knowledge, heard of your sister, and I certainly never pretended to marry her or anyone else to Mr. Polgleaze."

"You lie!" Billy persisted. "If you don't own up I shall go round to the police-station and tell Mr. Grylls."

Trehawke pricked up his ears. There was a suggestion of an alternative in the boy's words. "And supposing I had done this wicked thing and was fool enough to own it what would you do then?" he asked, leaning forward eagerly.

"I should make a bargain with you, rejoined the boy with a sullen insistence.

"I see," rejoined Mr. Trehawke with undisguised relief. "What is commonly called blackmail. And what might be the figure your juvenile Highness has fixed upon?"

"I don't want money. You'd just have to tear up that hold you've got—a mortgage, ain't it—on Miss Carlyon's property. Then me and my sister would cry quits," Billy presented his ultimatum.

It was no affectation of astonishment that contracted the attorney's mean features now. He stared at the boy for over a minute, then suddenly broke into a cackling laugh.

"My dear little chap," he said in a tone of unctuous benevolence that fitted him ill, "that proposition is so silly that I think you must be honest. I believe that your sister, whoever she is, has been deceived, though not by me. It is a case for the police, and I will send a note to Superintendent Grylls, and ask him to step round and hear your complaint. I gather from your misplaced abuse of myself that there has been a mock marriage by a bogus registrar. If so the parties to it ought to be punished, and Mr. Grylls will see to that. Come! that's fair isn't it?"

"I can't say as it isn't," was the grudging admission.

Mr. Trehawke drew paper to him, and while Billy looked out of the dust-grimed window at the traffic of Market Strand, wrote a letter which must have shaped itself in his brain before he began, so short was the time in which it was finished compared with its length. His pen fairly raced. As soon as it was finished he rang his bell, and gave it to his clerk.

"Run round with that," he said, and Billy was too interested in a dog fight on the pavement to notice that he did not mention the recipient. "And when you have delivered it," continued the attorney, "you need not come back. You can knock off for the day."

After the messenger had departed, so amazed at the unprecedented con-

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cession that he wondered if his master was going to die, Trehawke attempted to pump Billy about himself. Where did he come from that day? Was he living at home? and did he follow any employment? Was his sister or Miss Carlyon aware of the demand he was making? The three first questions the boy refused to answer; to the last he replied with a curt negative. At length Mr. Trehawke gave him up as a bad job, and Billy resumed his inspection of the humours of the street. At the end of an hour, tiring of the amusement, he waxed impatient and a little suspicious.

"How much longer have I to wait?" he demanded. "Taint more than a step to the police-station."

"You can't expect the Superintendent to hold himself at the disposal of every monkey that thinks he's got a nut to crack," said Trehawke sourly. It was evident that he, too, was chafing at the delay.

The best part of another hour passed, and then a heavy tread sounded on the stairs. Billy turned briskly from the window, expecting to see the familiar features of the genial Grylls. But he who entered after a tap at the door was a huge, black-bearded, seafaring man, clad in a rough pilot coat, and the plain cheesecutter cap of an inferior officer in the merchant service. Without a word he handed a letter to Trehawke, which we will take the liberty of reading over the lawyer's shoulder:—

"Dear T. What a cursed nuisance. Your notion of getting the kid out of the way is the only one. I have been bustling since I got your note. The bearer is the mate of our sailing ship, 'Ecuador,' outward bound for Iquique to-morrow. I have been on board and seen the skipper, who is under obligations. He'll take Master Billy with him and drop him overboard at the first convenient opportunity. The mate is equally reliable, and will relieve you of all trouble. If you agree that this is a bit of all right just tip him the wink.—Yours, W. P."

Mr. Trehawke read the letter carefully, weighing each word, and then obeyed his client's instructions, half closing one of his horrible eyes as he met the saturnine gaze of the mate of the "Ecuador."

Whatever that mate's merits as a seaman may have been, he was a man of extraordinary promptness. He had hold of Billy in a trice, stifled the boy's scream with the palm of his leg-of-mutton hand, and summoning the aid of a negro who had been waiting outside, had him gagged and trussed up in a couple of minutes. The nigger had brought a sack into which the boy was thrust head foremost, and with their living load they presently made their way down to the quay.

Half way through Market Strand they met Superintendent Grylls, strolling about and benevolently supervising the welfare of the citizens and the peace of the town. He knew the mate by sight—had known him from boyhood.

"Well, Symonds," he said in his bluff, hearty fashion, "getting the grub aboard, eh, ready to sail to-morrow?"

"That's it, sir," said the mate. "Potatoes—new 'uns for the old man's table."

The Superintendent passed on with a friendly nod, and so was discarded from the pack the trump card, which was Hilda Carlyon's last asset in the game which she was being forced to play with a bandage over her beautiful eyes.

(To be Continued.)

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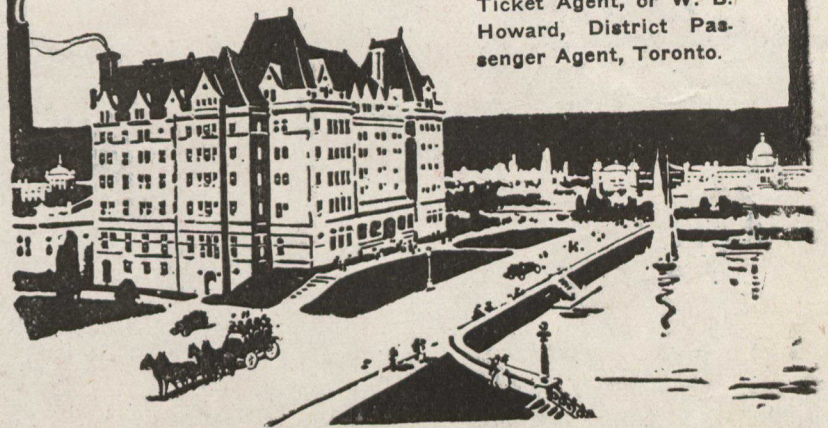
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