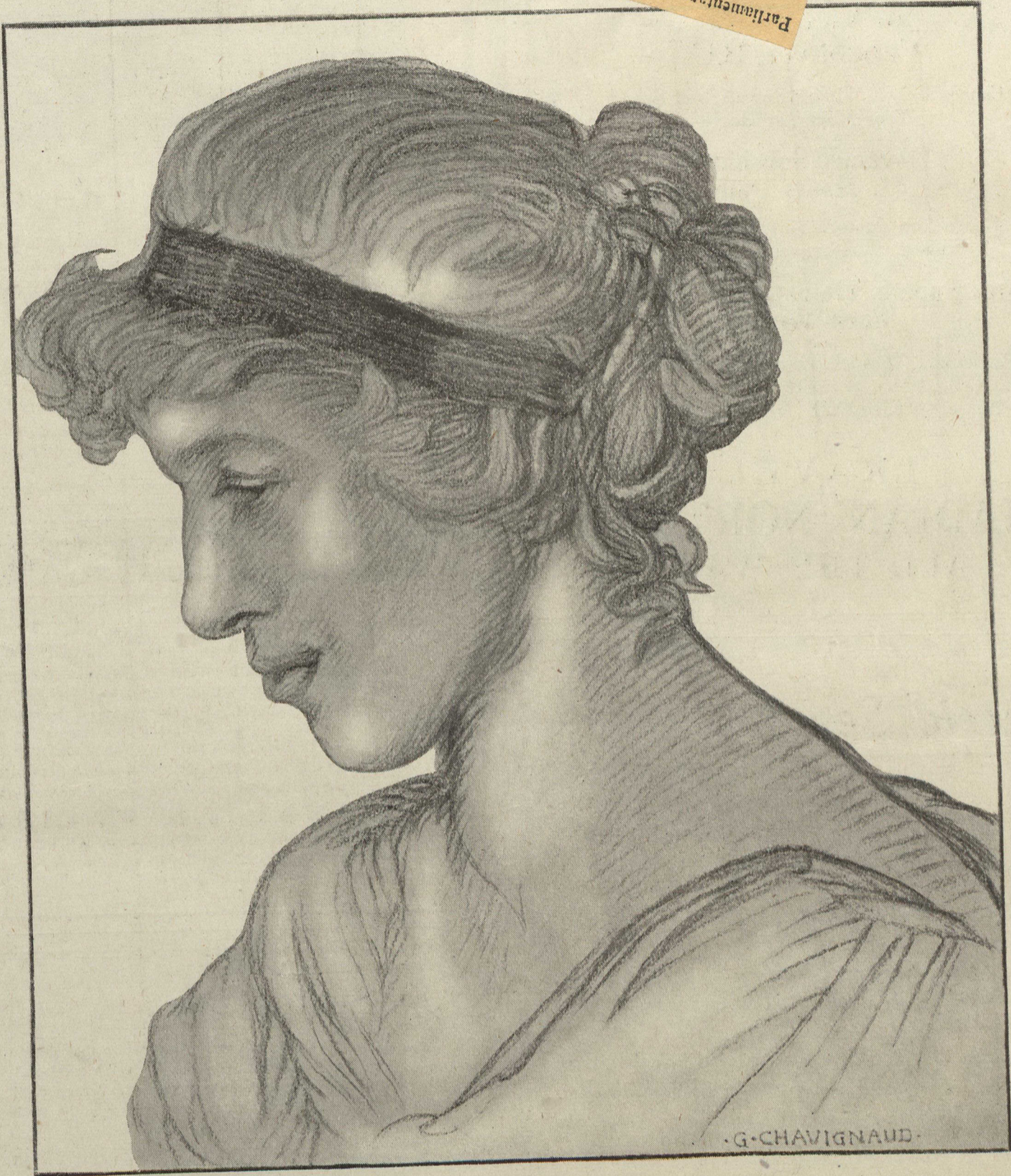


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COURIER

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Feb. 10
1917



STORY OF THE GRILSE, by ARCHIBALD MacMECHAN
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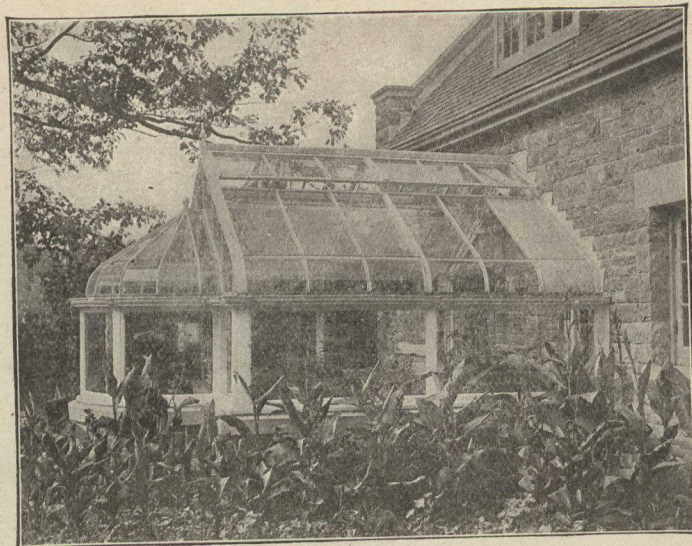
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THE CANADIAN COURIER

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You will have noticed that with the issue of Oct. 7 the price has been reduced from 10 cents to 5 cents per copy.

EXTENSIONS

In keeping with this we are extending all subscriptions, so that the subscriber will receive extra copies sufficient to make up for the reduction in price.

CANADIAN COURIER

TORONTO

ONTARIO

PERIODICAL PERSONALITY.

GO over the list of papers that come into your home and see if you can't pretty nearly describe the personality of each, almost as if it were a human being. When you come to find out what makes the personality you are not so sure. Punch, for instance, trots out just the same kind of paper every week. Page by page this week is the same general get-up as last or this time next year. An impromptu page in Punch would be as bad as a bagpiper at a church wedding. Some people like that. But everybody would object if Punch were not in every page one of the most genial week-enders in the world.

Most papers, of course, work to a certain type of makeup. You become used to the headings without knowing by what names the printers call them; to the ads featured on certain pages; to the stories here and there; to the regular style of article or illustration that you somehow feel couldn't appear quite so well in any other paper; and above all you look for certain names of contributors to whose stuff you have become accustomed. If you didn't find one or more of these "steadies," as some people are called who come around regularly with the best of intentions, you would be disappointed.

That's about as far as you could get in analyzing the personality of a paper. Most of the rest is indefinable. It grows. Week by week there is an accumulation of humanizing interest that comes along with the stealth of a good garden. Week after week in both the garden and the paper you note certain critical improvements. You are glad to find them. Because you have taken the paper and had the garden long enough to feel a personal interest in it. And that brings you to a clear conviction regarding the personality of a paper.

It gradually comes to represent your own personality. Some people say it is the editors—or the editor. Yes—and no. The editors as individuals—Never. Unless the paper is a personal house organ of Mr. Jonathan Jones, concerned merely in exploiting his views for the good of the community.

But the editors also are interested in paper-personality. How? The commonly accepted idea is that an editor picks up an article either by a regular or a casual contributor and says: "Bully! Just the sort of thing I like. In it goes." That's not the way at all. It's much more like this—at least in Canadian Courier: "Let me see now—I wonder how this shipping story from down in Halifax Harbour would interest an average reader up in the Saskatchewan valley?" On general principles, it might not. Smith, Jones and Robinson from the Maritime might write three good local interest articles to each of which an editor might say: "Not the kind our readers want. Too local. Those men were thinking only of Smith, Jones and Robinson. They should have been thinking about Brown out in Vancouver."

That's what the Courier exists for—To be the clearing house for ideas and opinions and human impressions that are born in one part of the country but belong to all of Canada. After all it's pretty well summed up in what the Monocle Man says on page 18 this week about "The Fiction Market in Canada." There's a heap of homely and attractive common sense about that article.

Next week on this page we'll tell you a little more about some of the impressions we get of Canada in getting out an all-Canadian paper once a week. One of these days we shall start telling you about some of the personalities that co-operate to make the "Personality of This Paper."

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THE COURIER

Vol. XXI.

February 10th, 1917

No. 11

THE LUCK OF THE GRILSE

ON Christmas Day, 1916, all the King's ships in the harbour wore green branches at their mastheads and yard-arms, according to ancient Navy custom. The little Grilse t.b.d. was moored at the dock within a pistol-shot of which the Shannon swung at anchor with her prize, the Chesapeake, a hundred years ago. She had no decoration, but she surely deserved at least a feather in her cap for what she had gone through.

Inspection showed her planking still dirty with oil, a huge dinge in the forward funnel, one mast gone, the deck swept clean of gear, and the heavy starboard stanchions supporting the bridge bent like wet card-board. The engine-room hatch had its back broken, instead of showing like the roof of a house, it was squashed flat, and covered over with planking and canvas. Down below, the spacious engine-room, where the turbines live, was dry and fairly clean. The men's quarters were in confusion; they had been washed out. On the whole, she did not look a wreck. Still, six of her crew had met their death, only thirteen days before. That the whole forty-five did not go the same road is due to their courage, skill and endless endurance.

Halifax in the winter months is no place for an unheated, iron vessel. Ever since it was a naval station, the King's ships have come north in the summer to avoid the heat, and gone south to Bermuda, or the West Indies, in the winter, to avoid the cold. The problem before the Grilse was to make the voyage without escort. She burns oil for fuel, and her tanks hold just enough to take her from Halifax to Bermuda in perfect weather conditions. Consequently, her low after-deck was loaded up with oil casks, when she left Halifax, Monday, Dec. 11, at 2.45 p.m. The weather conditions were distinctly favourable, and all went well until 10 a.m. Tuesday, Dec. 12, when it began to blow heavily from the south-west. The sea got up, and at 12 noon Captain Wingate decided to turn and run for Shelburne, the old Loyalist town at the very tail of the Nova Scotia peninsula.

THE weather got worse and worse. The racking must have opened her seams, for she began to leak forward about 5 p.m. In spite of all exertions, she stopping the leaks with tallow and shoring up the sides with timbers, she came down by the head, with four or five feet of water in her hold. This spoiled her trim, set her screws racing under her shallow overhang, and also made her very hard to steer.

The deck-load of oil-casks also incommoded her. It was decided to get rid of them. So the men set to work, staving in the barrels, letting the oil flow overboard and then heaving out the empties. The decks were soon slippery with oil. About four p.m., Lieutenant Winsloe found J. Chandler, leading seaman, helpless in the torpedo-racer, his right leg broken above the knee. With two other men he had been engaged in heaving the oil-barrels overboard. The two, Ashwin and Harris, had gone. How they went was easy enough to see. Slippery deck, heaving ship, a sudden lurch and they would shoot head foremost over the side. Chandler was conveyed with great difficulty to the officers' quarters. A boat-hook was sawn off to the proper length, one end placed under his arm-pit, and then lashed to his body and the injured leg. So he lay suffering on a mattress on the sloppy deck until the rescue.

At 7.30, the wireless signal, "sinking, send assistance," was sent out. Then night closed down and for forty-eight hours Canada believed that the Grilse was lost with all hands. At eight o'clock, the little vessel was struck by a tremendous sea that laid her on her beam-ends. The three officers, Wingate, Winsloe and Fry, were all on the bridge at the time with the quarter-master, Tucker, in charge of the wheel. The Grilse went over and over, until one of the officers found himself standing on the side of the chart-table—a very solid box for the maps in the middle of the bridge—as if on a floor. She heeled over to eighty degrees. Now, ninety is a right angle. Why she did not there and then turn turtle, no one can say. The reflux of the same wave that broached

Hilberto unpublished story of how the great little Canadian T. B. D. with her crew of forty-five battled with the Devil of the Deep last December

By ARCHIBALD MacMECHAN



her to, slapped her back on the other side, and slowly, very slowly, indeed, she righted, but did not recover an even keel. Until she reached safety, she had a list to starboard of twenty degrees. That means, she was navigating lying down on one side with her stern sticking up and her head burrowing in the waves.

THE damage wrought by that one wave was tremendous. It swept the two life-boats and the life-craft overboard. It carried away the mast with the aerials, which were ultimately discovered wound round and round the starboard propeller. Worst of all, tons of water smashed the frail glass skylight over the engine-room and flooded it as deep as a man's arm-pits. Steel hatches over the skylight would have made this impossible, but the Grilse had no steel hatches.

Nor was this all. The lights went out and could not be renewed. In the darkness, men worked like—sailors (there is no higher praise) to save the ship and their lives. It was at this time the chief loss of life occurred. R. Wilkinson, Artificer Engineer, seasick at the time, and probably sitting on the deck, disappeared in the black night. No one saw him go. E. Clement, Warrant Telegraphist, trying to rig new wires, disappeared in the blackness. McAuliffe, Signalman, a Halifax boy, went with the others, and Chief Petty Officer Trimbee was lost while cutting away one of the boats.

There was no time to mourn their loss. The crew set to work to repair the damages. Under the direction of the Navigator, C. McLean Fry, the engine-room hatch was covered over with whatever would keep out the water. In this job, Fry lost his footing and slid along the deck, face upward, under the spare torpedo, which was lashed to the engine-room casing. The twin propellers caught him fair. They laid his lips open to

the bone from the nose to the chin, and gashed his right cheek. Once more, Winsloe acted surgeon, tying him up as best he could. Indeed, he was so bandaged that he could hardly breathe. A cigarette holder between his split lips overcame the difficulty. So he was hors de combat.

The fight went on none the less valiantly. Down in the engine-room, up to his arm-pits in sea water, in the darkness, Artificer Swarbrick worked his levers by the feel. The stokers, of their own accord, fastened down their air-tight hatch over their heads and stuck to their jobs. It's a way they have in the Navy. The Grilse is Glasgow built and must represent much honest rivetting, for not a spoonful of water got into the stoke-hole. Up on the bridge, Wingate, Winsloe and Quartermaster Tucker humoured her and kept her on her course. There was no second swamping wave, but the danger was by no means over.

ON Wednesday night, Swarbrick reported that he was afraid of his turbines "seizing," if he could not get at them with his lubricating oil. But the big engine-room was full of water. There was nothing to do but stop the engines, form a bucket-brigade, and bale her out, spoonful by spoonful. So it was done. The officers took their turn with the men, down in the blackness, wet to the skin, handing buckets up the ladder, till the job was done, and muscles ached and almost refused to function.

But the word in the Navy is "Carry on!" The oil and sea-water together had spoiled all the stores; there was little or nothing to drink, and that kept the men going. Fortunately, also, there was a supply of tinned soup. The tins were fastened to the steam-pipes, and, when heated through, were opened, and provided the necessary support to their strength. As they neared the coast, the weather turned bitter cold.

By Thursday morning the long job was done, the engines were started once more and the Grilse,

"Leaking like a lobster-pot, steering like a dray,"

proceeded on her course to Shelburne. Late on Thursday night, she came

yawning up to the wharf, and the troubles were over. From one end of Canada to the other, the good news was flashed. Letters and telegrams of congratulation poured in. No return of men from death to life so stirred up Nova Scotia, since the boys came back from the Boer War.

Professional comment was restrained. That also is a way they have in the Navy. "They had a pretty thin time," was one sympathetic officer's opinion. Another considered the prominence given to the episode by the newspapers as "impertinence." All round the British coasts, trawlers, drifters, destroyers are doing the same sort of thing, day in and day out. There was nothing to make a fuss over. The Court of Inquiry did not sentence the officers to be hanged at the yard-arm, or shot at dawn. Hence it may be inferred that the Department approved their conduct. Such navigation would be a credit to any officers and crew in the Royal Navy. And these were Volunteers—amateurs! The little Grilse is certainly entitled to wear a feather in her cap.

CANADIANS who may have sailed in or out of the Gulf of the St. Lawrence since the war began, or from Halifax or St. John, may have a recollection of seeing the Grilse or her sister ships as part of the grim machinery by which our sea-communications with the Mother Country were ensured against possible interruption by the enemy. Few things in the making of a modern journey are more impressive than the passing of a ship out of the St. Lawrence into the North Atlantic under war conditions. There was a time when it seemed a mere trifling matter of passing so much low-lying, sullen coast-line, seeing the blue-grey and black-grey hills, salted here and there with snow drifts, lifting their cragged ledges above the rocking seas. The wind from the other side of Cape Race probably raised the moan of the rigging a tone or two in pitch. The motion of the ship became more noticeable, and night, settling down, betrayed the far, far lanterns in light-house-tops, flashing and dimming, dimming and flashing like so many lone sentries

whom some spiteful officer, for punishment has set a fantastic drill—and left, forgotten, with no words of countermand, to repeat these evolutions till the crack of doom. One saw—in those days—other liners come reeling in out of the wrack, ablaze with lights, like tangled necklaces of fairy topaz moving mysteriously past, now high on distant crests, now low in the unseen tumble of sea. Ship saluted ship, curtly yet with a certain admission of their common dignity; and passengers, lamenting no greater dangers than the uneasiness of a bedevilled stomach, groaned at the antics of the stars, or clutched the rail of the berth and remembered with agony sins of which they had once been proud.

But now? Lights out. Blankets over the port-holes, and the key of the wireless locked in the captain's room on the bridge. Now? Does some unseen, passing ship send the old greetings of the sea—The Captain's compliments and what ship is that?—no answer! Ships don't pass those easy words of greeting any more. Instead, if some rash skipper tries to be amiable, the captain sends word to the wireless operator and that one of the magi makes sputters and sparks in his cabin—then listens and nods and writes with his left hand, and tells the captain that the admiralty has heard and will attend, and is even now on the look out for the too talkative (and inquisitive) stranger.

There are no salutes. There are few ladies in the lounge or on deck showing off their new clothes—such as there are wear very plain clothes and keep anxious eyes ever ready to quit the face of the smiling novel for the face of the sea. The channel is apparently no longer straight. The lights on shore are no longer simple and direct but seem to be talking with one another over our mast-head—about US. They seem in fact to be in conspiracy with a shadowy, silent hulk that awaits the ship in mid-channel and cross-questions our bridge with lights of one kind and another.

A shore-echo of the story of the Grilse's adventures was observed in a newspaper three thousand miles inland from where the Grilse lay only a little while after the sea found it couldn't have her—that time.

It was a very small modest announcement of the wedding of a certain young woman to one of the officers mentioned in the foregoing account of the Grilse's battle with the weather. And no one of the many who may have read that announcement was more thrilled than the employees of a certain provincial government department.

One of the workers in this department was a young woman whom the other young women marked for distinction with the word "engaged." They did not know to whom she was engaged and probably thought very little about the matter—for are not many women forever getting into that happy state—until the news reached this office that the Grilse was feared to be lost. At that the engaged girl inadvertently gave way the fact that the man whom she was to marry was on board that vessel. She remained at her post, refusing to believe that anything had happened the Grilse. The other employees, from the deputy minister down, tried, as delicately as possible, to show that they too were certain the Grilse could not have been lost. The closer friends of the young woman assured her that it could not be so—and the deputy minister, it is said, sent a special request to Ottawa for information from the Department of Marine.

Presently the reply of the Department of Marine came back. It was very sorry—it feared that the Grilse was indeed, as the newspapers said—lost! A wireless had been received at such-and-such a time saying that the boat was sinking and now—

And then the real news arrived. The Grilse was safe and not only that but the important officer in question was safe—though he did have to breathe through a cigarette holder till his face mended.

Unofficial records say that the joy in that government department begged all description, that a great many folks cried who were not engaged at all. Then the young lady in question asked her holidays in advance. Got 'em. Set forth for Halifax—and was married. Further unofficial records state that in the matter of a wedding present that department did itself brown.

N.B.—This is a perfectly true story.

PRIVATE MARLOW'S STRANGE EXPERIENCES

THE complicated machinery of war, like the wheels of the gods, does some wonderfully strange things. It concerns itself with the elaborate preparations necessary for "big pushes" and yet is able to take care of such seemingly unimportant and obscure matters as the return of an English widow's son safe to his native cottage.

Private Marlow enlisted in the 5th East Surreys early in the war and without having any very clear idea as to where he was likely to see service. His first ideas were that he would be called on to walk to Berlin, Germany, there to help sit on the Kaiser's head while he was branded and dehorned. Later he thought he would be lucky if he got anywhere outside of the British training camp! Anywhere for a change. As a matter of fact, what happened ultimately was a long sea journey down mighty close to India and a terrible march—or series of marches—up from the Persian Gulf toward the city of Bagdad.

"I used to think," said Marlow to an interviewer, "that Persia was a place where you were walking all the time on soft rugs listening to fine ladies singin' to lutes, or fiddles or things of that sort. Strike me pink if I saw any Persian rugs that wouldn't have to be taken out and burned if they were in this country, and as for the Persian women-kind—none of us could ever figure they were musical. We were taken up the Gulf of Persia in various kinds of boats till we came to the mouth of the Euphrates. Then we got into some river boats and started to go still farther up—and then we got out and walked. No Persian carpets in MINE!"

Pte. Marlow was one of General Townsend's small but determined force that finally was taken after a long effort

AN obscure member of His Majesty's fighting forces turns up unexpectedly on his mother's doorstep after being prisoner of war to the Turks in the Land of Kut. His mother had just about given him up for lost when the War Office announced that he was on his way home, a released prisoner.

Photograph by London News Agency.



to get either nearer Bagdad or nearer home. Everyone recalls the tragedy of Kut—but perhaps no one more vividly than Pte. Marlow and his companions. How their rations dropped lower and lower, how they heard of the relief force being sent, how the aeroplanes of the relieving force tried to drop sufficient supplies among Townsend's troops to keep them going until more practical relief could be effected, these are some of the things Pte. Marlow recalls.

At all events, the day came when it was folly to hold out any longer. The wounded were suffering beyond all endurance and even those who were nominally well were really sick for want of the bare necessities of life.

"So we were taken prisoner," says Marlow, "and handed over our fighting tools to Johnny Turk, and herded away off into that God-forsaken country. Strike me, as they say in the Navy, if that is the part of the world where the garden of Eden is supposed to have been put—then I've no more sympathy for Adam for wanting to stay in it. There were snakes—but I didn't see any apple trees, nor any milk and honey, either. What we got when the Turk had finished marching us 'round was rice and water, and precious little of both. Mind you, that wasn't because Johnny Turk was mean, but because it was all he had to spare. Seemed to us he was getting a bit thin himself, last we saw. Our boots wore out and we had to go barefoot. Our clothes wore out and we had to do without most of 'em."

Marlow's mother, it appears, had almost given him up. She had resigned herself to the loss—when the War Office, moving in its own ways, was pleased to announce that Private Marlow was on his way home.

Father Vaughan Makes His Own Bed

FATHER BERNARD VAUGHAN, of the great Westminster Cathedral, is here seen in a new role—new at least to the camera—dressing himself and getting ready to make his own bed. The reason this camera intruded upon the great cleric's bed-room at such an unreasonable hour was to give readers of the Courier a chance to join in congratulations upon the anniversary of his golden jubilee. Fifty years now this great outspoken Catholic divine has been in the service of truth. During the past twenty years no man in England, not even the Bishop of London, has raised his voice bitter in the denunciation of the sins that weaken a nation. An article of his on England's Empty Cradles was recently reprinted—in part—in this paper. When he criticizes it is the time for most people to listen. And he never minces matters. He is sometimes thought to be too outspoken for his own good. But he makes no bid for popularity. He leads the simple life that makes for high thinking. When the photographer called to see him, the Father's fire was out.

"Well, you see, it's war time economy," he said, with a twinkle. "Yes, I always make my own bed, sweep my own room and make my own fire."

Plenty of eminent churchmen might be discovered who practise such arts of simple living. The best proof of Father Vaughan's complete democracy in so doing is not that he makes his own fire and bed and sweeps his own floor, but that he didn't tell the cameraman to find his way out because such private matters are his own business.



This Canadian Won His Way Up Again

COUNTLESS touching stories have been told of men who redeemed themselves from stigma by their valour in the army, and one of the latest and best of these concerns a Canadian, C. B. Jones, whose picture, lying in a hospital in the northern part of England, is shown herewith. Jones enlisted in this country when the war was still young and obtained a lieutenant's commission. Later he was court-martialed. No sooner had he been dismissed than he went to Montreal and there applied to be taken on the strength of a certain battalion—as private. He succeeded and gradually established himself in the confidence of the officers of that battalion. First he was made corporal, then sergeant. In the heavy fighting on the Somme he won the D. C. M. with Bar for his reckless courage. It was said that wherever Jones went, there the Germans seemed to be falling thickest. He fought like a fury. On September 15th last, however, he was seriously wounded and now lies in England convalescing.

Shortly after one of his exploits on the field last fall, steps were taken to have Jones reinstated as a commissioned officer. The story of his gallant conduct, not only in offensives against Germans, but in looking after his men (as a non-com.) and helping rescue the wounded under fire, travelled up the scale from his own O. C. to the highest authority. And everywhere the story went—the recommendation for reinstatement was endorsed. Finally it was put through by the Canadian war authorities.



THE WAY OF THE GODS

A Musical Romance

Two souls seemed to have for a while but a single thought expressed in the great language of music. Then something happened. Not the ordinary cloud of sentiment; something more sinister—a way the world has now-a-days with individuals

By ETHEL KIRK GRAYSON

shivered, and could not bring herself to even think the word "spy."

"Will you have tea served here, Miss Armour?"
"Oh, no, Palmer. It is too terribly desolate. In the drawing-room, please."

Even tea and buttered muffins failed to dispel the thousand and one reminiscences that irritated her. Every word, every glance, would seem now to have had its double meaning. How many months, was it, she wondered sadly, since she had first gone up to London to become the pupil of the famous young Warsaw pianist, and had ended by becoming his betrothed.

Lady Grover entered volubly. "This organization business is going to take a whole lot out of me, Helen. I've fairly lived in a motor since the beginning of things, and knitting every minute of the time. Couldn't you contrive to help me a little more?"

Helen smiled wanly.

"I'll make an effort, Aunt Miriam, after I've settled up one or two other matters."

"I surely hope so. Max coming to-night?"

"Yes, to stay till to-morrow night."

"Well, I won't join you at dinner, then. It takes too much time to dress. Just have Palmer send a tray to my room, will you? You'll drive to the station for him, of course?"

"Oh, yes, I suppose so."

Lady Grover took her tea with despatch, and was up and away again.

A little while later Helen drove slowly through the September gloaming. A red-throated bird chirped plaintively from the hedge-rows, now a gorgeous tangle of briar and berry, and flaming leaves. The road wound white through the purple stillness; a faint apricot glow still lingered in the sky.

SHE felt constrained when she met him, but he had always talked more than she did, and so the drive home was not quite as difficult as she had anticipated. He was very foreign and distinguished in his flaring grey coat, and the soft grey hat pulled low over the heavy shock of hair, she thought, and he chatted tirelessly of opera and drama, the war, the army, the navy, the munition factories. Was it all a part of his training? She almost screamed.

The tete-a-tete dinner followed.

"May I smoke on the terrace?" he asked, when it was finished.

"Certainly. Would you like me to join you?"

For one fraction of an instant he seemed to hesitate.

"Why—yes, indeed. What could be more charming?"

"Then I'll come in a few minutes." She left the room, only to walk quietly into the garden by a side door. There was a feverish flush in her cheeks, now, and her eyes were dangerously bright.

She saw him come out on the terrace, look carefully around him, as if for her, and then go inside again. She waited tensely—she could scarcely have told why. The windows of his room faced the sea. She knew instinctively that he had gone there. She crouched behind a great lilac bush, and then she saw him clearly, standing by the broad window. He was holding a lighted candle in each hand—or were they torches?

Still looking far over the darkened sea he waved them in a series of signals. She did not think of the meaning that they might convey. She only realized the horrible truth of it all.

He disappeared, and Helen ran swiftly from her shelter, and up the steps of the terrace.

"I have decided not to stay with you, Maxim. I have a desperate headache, and I think I shall go to my room at once."

He murmured a few graceful words of sympathy.

In solitude again, walking restlessly in the old-fashioned chintz bed-room, the woman fought out the great struggle of her life. "It's ridiculous," she said over and over, "Maxim isn't a spy. He's a great musician, and a conventional being who goes out to dinner and rides in the park and belongs to the best clubs—and signals with lighted candles from lonely seaside houses," she found herself invariably concluding.

"I love him," she exclaimed once, fiercely. Then came an awful revulsion. "My country is in the throes of her greatest agony, and he hates her, and is plotting against her. A spy! How could anyone possibly love a spy? Hateful word! And to have won you under false pretences, under an assumed name, no doubt!"

But the heart of woman is a complex, wonderful thing, and with every remembered warmth of look or tone her soul went surging out to him. "If you betrayed him he would suffer the fate of a spy." A spy! Her own betrothed! Could anything be more terrible?

Then the stern voice of conscience—"would you betray the land of your birth? And your brother in the trenches at this very moment?"

It was midnight, and she still battled with her problem. It would be a simple matter to walk to the telegraph office now, and send a message to London. The military authorities would be down in a few hours and then—ah, no! Not when a woman loved as she had loved. A thousand times, no!

There came a low, quick knocking at her door.

"Miss Helen, dear, are you awake? Why—you're still dressed. This telegram has just come. Shall I call her Ladyship?"

"Oh, no, I'll read it first. I couldn't sleep to-night."

It was an official message. Harold—seriously wounded. She repeated the words dazedly.

"Oh, Miss Helen, dear, poor Master Harold! Let me call—"

"No, no, Cummings, my aunt must not be disturbed. I shall go to the station myself. I want to send a wire."

"Miss Helen! Not at this hour of the night! I'll have my things on right away."

"No, you must not do any such thing. You don't understand, Cummings. It isn't just this news. There's another reason—I can't stay to explain. Wait here for me if you will, but do not rouse anybody else."

AS she sped silently, inexorably, down the staircase, through the oak-panelled hall, she caught a rift of light from behind the velvet curtains. She stole towards it—ah! Maxim was sitting by the piano. His hands strayed over it, though he allowed it to emit no sound. His face was rapt, almost seraphic.

"The musician now," she whispered, "he has forgotten that he is also a spy."

She could not trust herself to watch that look he wore. She glided away like a phantom. Out into the garden, past the sun-dial, crushing the geraniums under her feet, along the box hedges and the old stone wall—then came an awful glare of light.

The woman screamed. Away in the sky it was silhouetted against the deeper blackness, a monstrous, awful thing, like a bird of evil omen. There came a heavy deadening roar, as if some Titan had been hurled into being. Helen was thrown to the ground and for a long time she lay there stunned.

When she dragged herself up again and met the frightened village people, and the Zeppelin raid was only a hideous nightmare, she saw unfamiliar things around her. Old trees had disappeared, and ancient fences, and there were battered houses, and people moaning over their dead.

The house overlooking the sea stood miraculously untouched. But just outside the garden there had been a great upheaval of the earth. "Poor Max must have run outside for safety," her aunt explained with choking sobs, "but when they found him—it was so unlike—"

Helen listened to her, strangely quiet. Perhaps the signals were wrong then, or surely the raid would not have taken place that night. She had resolved to give her lover to the Justice of her land, and then Fate had intervened and spared her the ignominy. The secret of his life might die with her. She looked away to the sea, ghostly, and azure in the dawning, and in her heart, almost oblivious to the tragedy around her, there was only a great calm.

ALL day the woman had walked aimlessly in the garden. Between its grey cliff walls, the beds of late verbena were already turning to a dusty purple, and the geranium leaves becoming old and russet, she felt a curious sense of isolation. Here, at least, no prying eye might detect the strange restlessness that had come over her—that uncertainty of mind and spirit by which she was obsessed.

The long wash of the sea met her gaze, leaden and wavering as her own thoughts. Sometimes a gull dipped and wheeled, or a dejected white sail came into view on the far horizon.

She was scarcely sensible of that harmony of nature with her own mentality. In mechanical precision, queer, black little notes danced before her like the music that the morning's mail had brought. It had not been addressed to her, but she had opened it, as she had done once before in one of her careless, light-hearted moments. To the unsuspecting mind the dots and dashes, breves and semi-breves, would have meant nothing unusual. But the woman in the garden knew that they formed a cipher.

Yet she had far greater cause of distrust. Her thoughts reverted to the patriotic matinee in London, a week before, which even Royalty had honoured with its presence. Helen Armour remembered how she had leaned eagerly forward in her chair, her eyes intent upon the young pianist. How gaily he had executed that quaint old Polish mazurka, as if he were living his boyhood over in each rollicking strain! A shock of fair hair fell over his brow, and well nigh obscured his vision. "The privilege of a genius to be untidy," she had been wont to tell him, laughingly.

She could not remember what he had played next, but it was something of Mozart's, with a melody that was more a sorrow than a joy, and sublime crashing chords that drowned the sense in an exaltation of the spirit.

She had looked around in dewy-eyed wonderment. Did these others appreciate his divine gift in the same measure as she herself? Yes, everyone was speaking excitedly of the artist from Warsaw. Then her gaze fell upon a woman in the box opposite her, and remained fixed.

She had seen her before, a willowy figure in scintillating black draperies. Her face was oval and expressionless, after the manner of the mediaeval paintings; her pale brown hair framed it closely, and in her light blue orbs there was only a languid indifference.

Helen Armour caught her breath quickly. This was the woman she had seen at Bonne, only the summer before. They had been walking under a shady green avenue when she encountered them, with a little foreign exclamation of surprise, and a hand laid imperiously on Maxim's arm. He had not come to see her that evening—pleading preparation for the morrow's exertions as an excuse, when he was to play before a Grand Duchess, and her interminable retinue.

There was little space for jealousy in Helen Armour's nature, but something about the whole affair had struck her unpleasantly. A sinister conviction came to her, and when the matinee was at length over she slipped out hastily, and waited for the appearance of Maxim and the woman, within the shelter of her taxi.

THEY came together, as intuition had warned her. They drove away in a close carriage and she ordered her driver to follow slowly. When they turned down an unpretentious street she dismissed the taxi at the corner, and quietly followed on foot. From a deftly chosen point of observation she watched the woman go into a house, and presently come out again with a bundle of papers.

"They are all here, Elsa?" she heard him say.

"There is not one lacking. Ach, but I am glad to see the last of them. That drawing of the coast took me an eternity."

"Till to-morrow, then. Go and get some sleep, child."

As they conversed for a few moments in a lower tone a friendly gust of wind blew two of the loosely folded papers toward her. She picked them up, and tucked them feverishly away in her blouse. The others had not noticed the incident. When she was able to look them over privately she saw that they were sketches. Symbols meant little to her, but she realized that they were beautifully executed, and—strangely enough—there was a tiny Austrian crest in one corner. Yet to-day the woman in the garden

A DEFENCE OF THE CAT

MUCH against my will, I give this testimony. I am one of those who echo with gusto the cry that some ancient Egyptian uttered when his lady love made him kiss the kitty's ears—"I hate cats!" I belong to the ancient and honourable order of cat-haters. Whenever I hear a man say: "Damn the cat!" while the cat, having squawked, scoots down the cellar stairs to brood on her woes and take 'em out on some unhappy cheese-eater, I say to myself: There stands a man and a brother. And if I see our hostess, guardian of the said cat, cast a blighting glance in my ally's direction, as who should say "Broot," I subconsciously, even consciously, rally to his defence.

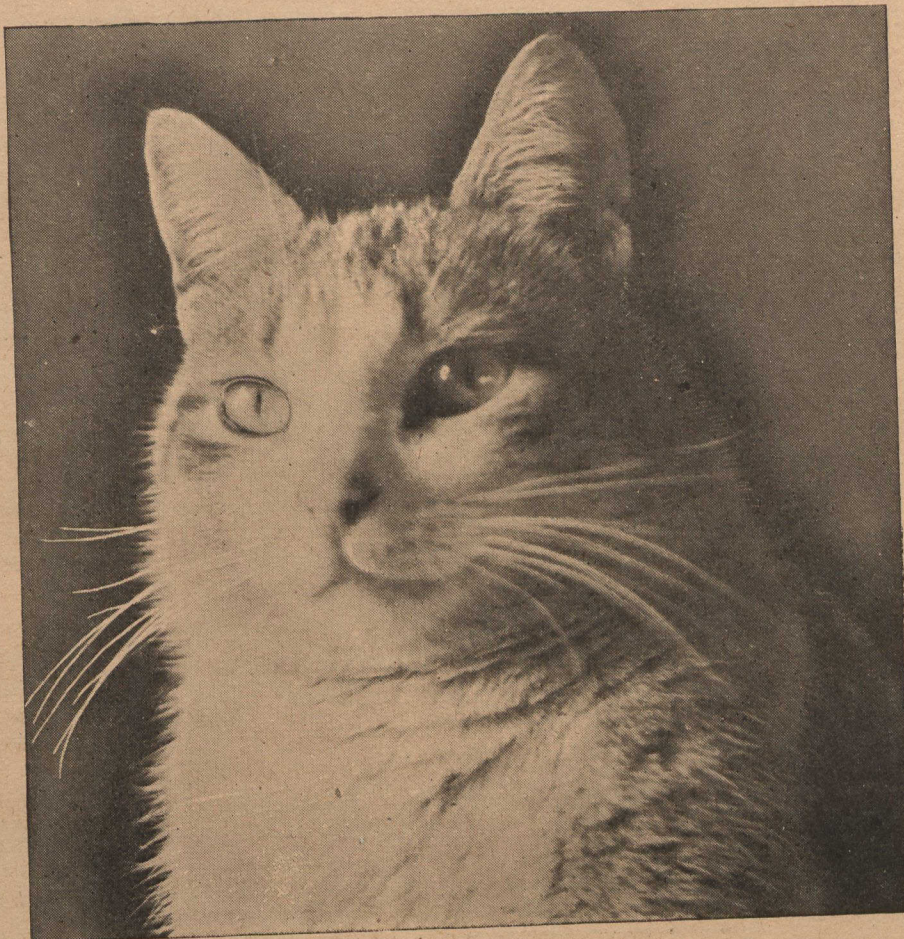
A Free-trader with a hare-lip and ruby ring once rode seven miles in a one-lung taxi with me, without any untoward incident. Free Trade, mangled accents and ruby ring were all forgotten in the light of our peculiar antipathy. When we reached the end of that journey we asked the chauffeur if he had ever by any chance run over a cat, to which he replied that he had killed dogs, hens, bike-riding curates and even birds on the wing, but never a cat. He had lived, it seemed, in vain being another of us cat-haters. So we bought him a cheese sandwich in a pub.—it was in London, after the anti-treating orders were issued—and parted with emotion.

I should say, too, before going on with my unwilling evidence on behalf of these creatures, that I have had considerable experience of them. There is a legend in our family of my great-uncle George's eleventh child being killed in its cradle by a velvety vampire that "sucked its breath." I have never been very clear in my mind just how the cat in that case did the trick, or just what real loss the world sustained—judging by the other relatives bequeathed me by Great-uncle George. But it was a horrible story, worthy of preservation, and my grandmother used to tell it on stormy nights to divert our childish minds. Furthermore, I once owned a cat called "Tom," who killed more, I once owned a cat called "Tom," who killed himself—having mislaid his other eight lives, unhappily—by leaping headlong into a hole in a stone wall that was too small for him, though, curiously enough, ample for the retreating mouse.

I HAVE stroked hostesses' cats and submitted to be smeared with cat-fur. I have projected tooth-brush holders and empty hair-tonic bottles from the window of my bed-room into the night below. I have attended the obsequies of unwanted kittens for whom no doubt Sir J. M. Barrie will also provide a paradise; and I have spent years of an otherwise unspurious life, hoping to see a real cat-fight, a form of comely, hoping to see a real cat-fight, a form of comely these little affairs of honour, so skilled in choosing out-of-the-way places and unexpected moments, would doubtless put cock-fighting, bull-fighting, dog-fighting and ecclesiastical argument forever out of favour with the masses. Indeed, I have seen one such fight—a charming affair, brilliant in technique, very fast, and marked by a really good oratorical accompaniment. Yet in a few thrilling seconds it was over—a sort of Peace without Victory, I judge—and our cat came slithering up the side-verandah steps with a disordered countenance and scalloped ears. That, I may say, was the first thing that ever made me think a kind thought of a cat—not that it was VERY kind. For real ginger it had been an incomparable exhibition, and then, the way OUR cat declined all offers of repair, the manly way he avoided capture and demanded access to his gloomy lair in the cellar, made him seem for half a moment a decent citizen. I like a man who, when he gets mad, stays mad, and refuses to smirk on his admirers and invite sympathy and praise. Our cat was that way.

But now I am pressed into the defence of the cat by an aunt who reads, somewhere or other, that the cats of the United States kill approximately thirty million birds a year. Why, says the writer to whom my aunt alludes, should this awful waste be allowed to continue? Why must our "feathered songsters"

The Cat is a much-abused animal. Boys put tar on his fur. Dogs worry him. Otherwise kind people neglect him. Now even the editor abuses him—Poor Pussy!



By ONE WHO HATES HIM

be forever menaced by the lurking cat? Why should the people of the United States and Canada tolerate this iniquity and waste? To which my aunt replies: What cat ever yet had a decent meal of a common sparrow? And if the cat is at times fool enough to waste a perfectly good morning getting ridges in his stomach by laying on a branch waiting to catch his hors d'oeuvres and get feathers on his tonsils—isn't it a good work? A work of supererogation? Isn't the cat the only remaining member of modern society that at least pretends to keep up the early traditions of his kind? Though the dog has become a mere man-worshipper and the horse has forgotten the days when he fought for his wives, and the canary-bird gets sick at his stomach unless you are there to select his food for him—and though man himself had almost forgotten he was a barbarian until the Kaiser made a false step—the cat is still a hunter. Though sky-scrapers may push-in the face of the Heavens, and velvet cushions take the place of grass the primeval battle of the forest remains with us. There is still one living creature in this country that doesn't get his foot in machine made packages—the cat. He preserves for us the tradition of the days when every man on our street would have worn deerskin breeches and butchered his own venison up above Wells' Hill. In fact, the cat remains the only absolutely wild creature that civilization has left.

To the charge of killing thirty million birds a year let the cat plead guilty. The total may be more or less, but it is reasonably arrived at by computing that the twenty-five million cats on this continent kill a bird-and-one-twenty-fifth-of-a-bird per annum. Now, gentlemen of the jury, having "admitted the corn," allow me to plead extenuating circumstances? In the first place, nobody has missed the thirty million birds. There isn't a particle less noise in my eaves-trough in the mornings. The lettuce seed in my back yard garden last year was all murdered in the broad light of day by birds. Birds picked holes in the fruit in my solitary cherry tree apparently for no other reason than to see what was inside. The robins whipped the vast reaches of the sky with shameless love-making, and a wood-pecker, thinking he heard pine-ticks tunnelling under my eaves-trough, woke the whole house, morning after morning, trying to sink a counter-shaft before 5 a.m., with what disas-

trous results to our sleeping may be imagined.

If, gentlemen of the jury, the cat is to be held to account for thirty million birds done away with, why should I not hold the birds to blame for all the lettuce salads I have missed. Why—now that I come to think of it—isn't there a society formed for the protection of angle worms? Do I see the ladies who have brought the present charge against the historic cat, rising in defence of the worm whose home is violated by the rapacious robin, and whose wife and family are plucked from their innocent walks in the forest of the grass—and no account rendered. And why not a society for the protection of little fishes from big fishes? And little business men from big business men? And the defenceless public against the machinations of editors?

AND consider the patience of the cat in his work! It has, I know, been hinted that an evil motive—hunger is not an evil motive except on the part of wild beasts toward ourselves—underlies the animosity of the cat toward birds; that there is, indeed, some professional jealousy in the matter of song. But that is trifling, and on the other hand the value of the cat's example in his stalking of his prey, is serious. Observe yonder grey tom-cat playfully practising the art of seeming to sleep on a low limb of the cherry tree? How he slips off and falls and looks foolish and tries again? How day after day he leaps at the birds and the birds "do a bank," as cousin Willie the aviator says, and elude their fate.

I have a notion that we might well pattern parts of our lives after the example of the cat. Dogs are forever minding other people's business. Not so with cats. Dogs fall in love with their masters and set them up as gods, to be worshipped in poverty or wealth, sickness or health, drunk or sober—but you can never paralyze a cat's moral sense. It wastes no sentiment. It won't get thin because you are getting thin, but will sally forth to do battle over already well-patrolled refuse cans in the neighbourhood. It does not notice whether you are sick or well, and if the degree of sobriety to which you lay claim, is less than it ought to be, your cat only stares into the fire or works the slits in her eyes with sensual delight, content to think that at least herself is virtuous and the world isn't all bad yet. Somewhere within she keeps a pot of contentment boiling and bubbling dreamily like soup stock on the back of the kitchen stove. She is capable of infinite exertion, quickness, precision and purposeful action. She is capable of the completest relaxation. And as for the birds—are they not to the cat, what ideas about gods and fairies and hell and harps are to us clumsier creatures? Something of another sphere?

What's in a Name?

By NORMAN RITCEY

MOST people do not know how or when their names originated, and what is more, they do not care. A sea captain relates how, in recent years, a man acquired a strange name in a strange way.

Some years ago a boy of about ten stowed himself away on board a bark sailing from Liverpool for the East. Out of sight of land the following conversation took place between the mate and the boy:

"Well, where are you from?"

"Liverpool, sir."

"What's your name?"

"Paddy, sir."

"Paddy what? What's your other name?"

"Ain't got any, sir."

"Where are your parents?"

"Never had any, sir."

Here was a boy without a name, and a name he must have. Well, the name of the ship was "LaKemba." The boy was named LaKemba. Last heard of, he was boatswain on an ocean liner, and had married. A whole generation of LaKembas may spring from that accident in a boy's life.

HUN TERMS WILL BE MODERATE

THE war student who depends on the military expert for enlightenment as to the locality of the coming fighting will be perplexed by diametrically opposed opinions. The expert of the New York Times, whose capacity is beyond criticism, says that the Germans will undertake a great offensive between Kovel and the Carpathians. He believes that there will be no German offensive in the West. The defence of Verdun has been an object lesson in the French powers of resistance, and it is not a lesson that need be learned for the second time. The Germans were not only disastrously beaten at Verdun, but they were barely able to hold their own on the Somme. The British are now much stronger than they were then, and they have an undeniable advantage in their shell supply. Why, then, should the Germans expect to succeed on a field where their record has been one of nearly continuous failure?

But three days later the New York Times prints a letter from the Amsterdam correspondent of the London Chronicle, who tells us that large bodies of troops are being sent to the depots in western Germany and that they are composed partly of new recruits and partly of veterans from the eastern lines. This movement, he says, confirms his opinion that there will be another attempt on a very great scale to score a big victory in the West, and that either for moral or for military reasons there will be a desperate onslaught in the West within the next few weeks. To this end "all possible elements of frightfulness are being piled up in readiness. These include still more horrible gases and other barbarities than have hitherto been used." The land attack, says the same correspondent, will be sustained from the ocean, where a large fleet of new submarines with all kinds of improvements and able to remain at sea for four weeks will work devastation upon all shipping, irrespective of flag or nationality.

The first of these two views seems to be the more reliable, always supposing that Germany will undertake any offensive at all. She knows well that a Western offensive, unless it should have the most triumphant success, would put her in possession of nothing that must not ultimately be surrendered. She entertains no illusions about territorial gains in the West. Whatever she now holds or whatever she may presently hold in the West will have a value for trading purposes and for nothing else. But she does expect to retain her Eastern gains, or at least all of those gains that have a bearing upon the transcontinental railroad. And she knows well that her hold upon those gains must be of the most shadowy kind so long as Russia is unbeaten, so long as she is able to send men down into Roumania and to fortify the banks of the Danube. With the Russians on the Sereth, the Serbians at Monastir, and the British and French at Saloniki, Germany's grip on the railroad may be shaken loose at any moment. Moreover, an unbeaten Russia is looking steadily at Constantinople, and with the Turkish capital in Russian hands there would be no all-German road into Asia. But if the Russians could be driven back from Kovel and Lemberg they must at once abandon their Roumanian lines, and Germany might then believe that her hold upon the railroad line was secure. We may remember also that Hindenburg is essentially an Eastern general, and that he has never concealed his opinion of the superior importance of the Eastern field.

BUT we rather beg the question when we ask ourselves where the German offensive will begin. It is by no means certain that there will be any German offensive. That Germany will carry out a number of savage attacks upon various parts of the Allied line goes without saying, just as she is doing at this moment in front of Verdun. But a general offensive is something very much larger. A general offensive is an effort to secure the initiative, and to dictate the area and the direction of the campaign. And we may very much doubt if Germany is at all

All Signs Point to Great Economic Weakening. Germany May be Willing to Give up Everything on West Front and Even Alsace, if She can Hold East and Digest Austria

B y S I D N E Y C O R Y N

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HINDENBURG is the apostle of frightfulness. The Kaiser is said to be an advocate of peace at any reasonable price. German editors are leading the army. Their criticisms are permitted to go through by the Emperor when Hindenburg would probably suppress them. Germany no longer has any hope of winning on the west front. In the east she has harried the Balkans which under the thumb of Austria would be the means of a yet greater Empire for the Germans on the assumption that Berlin can swallow Vienna. No further great German offensive seems possible. The recent eruptions are only the signs of desperation. Some experts predict a fresh outbreak of German violence in the west. They are probably mistaken. Mr. Coryn has nothing to say in this issue as yet about what has happened in the United States.

in the position to do this, if she can concentrate enough men anywhere to compel her enemies to abandon their own plans in order to defend themselves. That she was able to concentrate a large and successful army in Roumania is true enough, but it is to be remembered that this was done at a time when all other parts of the field were inactive as a result of winter. Roumania was almost the only area where fighting was possible. The German army in Roumania was drawn from all other parts of the line, and it was strongly aided by the Bulgarians, who are already beginning to ask themselves why they should go on fighting. And yet in spite of conditions so favourable to their arms we find that the German force in Roumania is now practically at a standstill and that the strength of its blow seems to have been spent. Germany could probably have done very little in Roumania had it been possible to maintain the fighting against her elsewhere. Is it likely that she can now hold the line everywhere and at the same time amass enough men at any given point to undertake a real offensive that shall give her the initiative? It hardly seems so.

I MENTIONED the present attack upon Verdun, which seems to be in considerable force, as an example of the isolated assaults that will probably be directed against various points of the Allied line. We may suppose that this particular movement was intended to forestall a French threat against Metz. Some weeks ago I suggested that the French army, liberated by the cessation of the Verdun siege, would be used in this way, and from time to time there have been reports of movements eastward against the German fortress, which is actually within range of the larger French guns. It seems likely that the Germans have been alive to this danger and that their new attack upon Verdun was intended to remove it.

It is therefore by no means certain that Germany will undertake an offensive at all, but if she does so it will probably be in the East. It is only in the East that her prospects are at all encouraging and it is only in the East that she can expect to gain any permanent territorial advantages. We may dismiss as wholly improbable the stories that point to an invasion of Switzerland. If Switzerland should be

willing to assent to such an invasion it would of course enable the German armies to make a damaging attack on the French right wing or even to descend upon Italy. But there is no evidence that Switzerland would assent. On the contrary, she has mobilized her forces in order to maintain her integrity, and the Swiss army is by no means insignificant. By an invasion of Swit-

zerland, Germany would do no more than create a new enemy for herself, and an enemy that would instantly receive reinforcements from France and Italy. At the beginning of the war a large part of Switzerland was strongly pro-German, and to such an extent as to welcome a German invasion. But much of this sympathy has been dispelled by the fate of Belgium, and it now exists only among the intellectuals of the German cantons. Swiss patriotism is supreme among the masses of the people, and they would unite with enthusiasm against an invader. None the less, the mobilization of the Swiss army is a proof that the authorities are wide awake to the possibilities.

THE report of Sir Douglas Haig on the battle of the Somme seems to point clearly to a resumption of the fighting in the same area as soon as the weather shall permit. Sir Douglas Haig says that his army sought to attain three main objects. The first was to relieve Verdun, the second was to prevent the transfer of troops to Russia, and the third was to exhaust the German strength. The British field marshal makes no mention of a hope to pierce the German line and roll it up north and south, but we need have no doubt that there was such a hope and that it has not been abandoned. But the three objects enumerated by General Haig were, he says, attained. The siege of Verdun was raised in order to meet the new danger in the north; the dispatch of troops to Russia was stopped; and German resistance became "decidedly feebler" toward the end of the operations. Bad weather, he says, "has given the enemy a respite," and from this we may infer that the battle will be resumed as soon as the snow and mud have disappeared. If one might venture on a forecast from such scanty data as are available it would include a new battle on the Somme and probably over a wider front, and some serious move on the part of the Saloniki army as the main features of the fighting now immediately ahead of us.

At the moment of writing there has been no further peace proposal from Germany and nothing but a mass of gossip and conjecture from which to construct an opinion of the actual situation. There are stories from neutral countries of a keen rivalry between the Emperor and Von Hindenburg, and, on the part of the people, a loyalty that oscillates between the ruler and the general. Von Hindenburg is said to favour projects along the line of "frightfulness," of which the Emperor does not approve, but it is hard to see what these can consist of over and above a ruthless submarine war. Von Hindenburg looks at the problem from the purely military point of view and knows little or nothing of internal conditions nor the views of neutrals. The Emperor, on the other hand, must be something more than a soldier. He must be a statesman also. The resumption of peace will relegate Von Hindenburg to the background, but the Emperor must still be at the helm and he must confront problems of reconstruction even greater and more dreary than those of war. It is for these reasons that popular gossip in Holland and Switzerland attributes to the Emperor an overwhelming desire for peace and to Von Hindenburg an equally rigid determination to continue the war. The antagonism between the two is said to be so acute as to amount almost to hatred.

BUT we need not doubt that other peace proposals will soon be on the way. The evidences of internal distress are too numerous to be negated by a few neutral travellers who are personally escorted through Berlin and allowed to see the well-lighted restaurants and the well-staged evidences of nor-

mality. The German newspapers are speaking out with considerable frankness, and they show that something much like starvation is prevailing among the masses of the people. Some of these newspapers have already been quoted, and now we find Die Woche saying "it is true that the people must do without food, but what are our deeds of abstinence and renunciation compared with the deeds and sacrifices of our heroes?" The officials of Dusseldorf warn the people not to complain of hunger, since such complaints have a discouraging effect. And even Herr von Batocki says "food scarcity undoubtedly exists, but it can not be overcome by abuse and scolding." Maximilien Harden is of course the most outspoken of the critics, and it is not a little significant that he should speak so boldly and with such impunity. Referring to the outburst of indignation that followed the publication of the Allies' terms, he says that he finds in those terms a basis for an understanding, and he then goes on to say that the terms of the Allies are small "as compared with those of the people who want to eat up Belgium, southern France, Belfort, Poland, Courland, Serbia, Roumania, and even Venetia and Egypt." Harden does not think that even Alsace and Lorraine should prove an insuperable difficulty. He has reason to believe, he says, "that the peace possibilities will not be smashed on the walls of Strassburg." And then he adds with

surprising candour that "it is a pity that the heads of the Central Powers failed to say on what reasonable terms they were ready to end the war and arrange to live at peace with the rest of humanity." Harden's voice is one of great influence, and he would certainly not have been allowed to speak so freely if his utterances were considered to be against the public interest or the imperial policy.

THE German terms, we are told, will surprise the world by their moderation. Personally, I am disposed to believe that this is true, so far as that part of the world is concerned that knows little of the great territorial ambitions that have swayed German policy during the last half-century. It is only when we look a little way below the surface that we realize how much Germany could afford to give and still emerge from the war with a substantial profit. She could easily afford to declare a "drawn game" and to restore all the frontiers as they existed before the outbreak of war and she would still be well rewarded for her efforts. She could return Alsace and Lorraine and the balance would still be on the right side of her ledgers. She could even abandon the whole of the left bank of the Rhine, including Rhenish-Prussia and Rhenish-Bavaria, and her empire would none the less be increased and its power would be still more formidable than it is now.

The explanation of the riddle is to be found in the fact that Germany and Austria have now been drawn so close together, and Austria has been so weakened, that a practical absorption of Austria by Germany, at least the domination of Austria by Germany, is among the certainties of the near future. And Austria, in her turn, must necessarily dominate the Balkans if only by her size and her contiguity. If we can imagine the Allies consenting to a drawn game with a restoration of frontiers we might then consider that Germany's ancient dream had been realized and that German control from "Hamburg to the Persian Gulf" was an accomplished fact. Even if Germany should abandon the left bank of the Rhine, she would still be much more powerful than she was before. There would be a practical amalgamation between herself and Austria; Bosnia and Herzegovina would be in the Bund; Bulgaria would be her friend; and Turkey would be her vassal. She would have gained immeasurably by the deal. She would be on the high road to a new strength that would enable her to take back whatever it had cost her to gain it. Austria, drilled and directed by Germany, would be able to place ten million soldiers in the field from her population of over one hundred million. Austrian railroads would be brought to the acme of German military efficiency, while the Balkans, Turkey, and Asia Minor could be relied on for food contributions.

WILL MEXICO AID BERNSTORFF?

And if the United States Declares War—What Effect Upon Canada?

By BRITTON B. COOKE

IMAGINATIVE Americans have raised the question: Will Mexico align herself on the side of the Teutons in case of war between the United States and Germany? In Mexico alone does it seem possible that the ubiquitous Hun might stir up trouble for the President of the United States. Here is a long frontier, difficult to patrol, over which Mexican raids have already taken place and might take place again. It is conceivable that a great part of the United States war energies—if it should come to war—may be absorbed to the advantage of the Germans by warfare of one sort or another along this border. And yet there are many excellent reasons for doubting the likelihood of German success in stirring up such trouble. Though the Mexican hates the United States he would display no squeamishness over the killing of Americans, he is likely, officially at all events, to be very slow to accept the wishes of the Germans as their own wishes.

In spite of her internal troubles, in spite of her ignorance and superstition, and her unstable government, Mexico is to-day one of the world's rich countries. The Carranza Government may be no better than it ought to be. Villa may still cause trouble here and there along the American border, but the fact remains that Mexico is on the up-grade for the present at least, and knows it—and doesn't intend to drop back if she can help it. In recent years the branches of American and Canadian banks in Mexico have barely been able to earn their running expenses. But on a recent mail to the head office of a certain Canadian bank came a request from its Mexican branch for authority to do business with a long list of Mexicans WHO WANTED TO PUT THROUGH DRAFTS AGAINST GOLD IN NEW YORK. In other words, Mexicans are beginning once more to have confidence in their own country and are bringing back the money they had sent out of the country in troublous times. The paper money with which Carranza flooded the country has gone the way of all paper money issued without proper collateral in reserve. In spite of government enactments making such money "legal tender" traders have refused to take it. Popular disapproval has made it worthless. It has been driven out of the country.

Now a country which has commenced to win back its own prosperity and some measure of self-respect is not likely to throw it away by making an unfortunate alliance against nations to whom it is already in debt. Mexico, allied with Germany against the United States (and of course that means against the Allies, for the United States must sooner or later become an ally once she declares war on Germany)

could have little hope of mercy from her creditor-enemies when the war comes to an end and the Teutonic influence lies shattered. And Mexico knows well that that influence will, sooner or later, be shattered. There may be bandit raids across the American border, and Mr. Carranza may find himself far from able to cope with them. But Mexico, as a state, will not court damnation merely to help a strangling nation in Europe to put off its final agony.

Of course the advent of the United States as a belligerent has many angles of interest aside from Mexico. One of these other angles is the question: How will American participation affect the industries of Canada? Another is: How will it affect the financing of Canadian enterprises? A third is: How can the Americans get a chance at the enemy? This last question is still a matter for debate among military experts. The obvious facts are, of course, that the United States still lacks a serious army and has by no means a dependable navy. Many years ago an American gentleman, having been appointed to represent his country at an important international function, requested that his government send him to the affair on a warship. He was told that the Government of the United States would indeed be glad to supply the warship but—it was really very sorry—the U.S.S.—was ashore off Nantucket, the U.S.S.—was in the Pacific and couldn't be got round in time, the U.S.S.—was being refitted at Brooklyn and —. But the United States representative waited for no more. He was carried to the great conclave on a British war vessel.

THAT story may illustrate the condition which to some extent prevails in the American navy to-day. There are no doubt some available units, but far too many of Mr. Wilson's ships are "otherwise engaged," or, as the Toronto Star aptly put it in a heading (referring to another vessel ashore) "American cruiser disports herself on the beach at —."

The one positive service to be seen for the American nation in helping prosecute the war—if they decide they are not after all as proud as they thought they were—will be in helping to convoy shipping. The negative services they would render would lie in cutting off such exports as may now be reaching Germany from that country, and in dealing more effectively with German-American plots against the Allies. As for invasions of Canada from American soil—that is no longer good enough even to frighten children.

In the matter of raw material supplies for our

Canadian factories, the advent of the Americans as belligerents might have very serious effects. At present we are importing a great deal of steel for munition and other work. The already-failing demand for steel for munitions in the United States would then be increased and an additional strain be placed upon the steel resources of this continent. Whether the consumption of coal would be so affected as to injure Canada's coal supply is a debatable question. There would be an increased demand for navy and munition work, but there might be a decreased demand for ordinary American industrial work. On the other hand, if the Americans were to mobilize, say, a million men, we should soon see a further advance in the price of foodstuffs. Everybody knows that as a civilian an ordinary man eats much less than he eats as a soldier. There might be comfort in this for Canada in the fact that the demand for Canadian agricultural products would increase and we might find ourselves offered tariff concessions for which our western farmers in particular have long been clamouring. Of course the comfort in this applies only to the Canadian as a producer of goods for sale. The Canadian father-of-a-family would find little to whistle about in the probably enhanced food prices.

All raw materials used in the making of army supplies would be increased in price and reduced in quantity available. Leather, brass, lead, the elements of high explosive, and cloth for uniforms would all be affected.

But what about the Canadian money supply?

We are assured that the prosperity of the Americans would not be immediately affected, and we know that they have, as the small boy would say, oodles and oodles of pelf. Last year we Canadians borrowed something like two hundred million dollars in American financial quarters. This year we might like to borrow even more. The American is not an international dealer in money. He is not like the Englishman, or the Scotchman, or the French or German; he distrusts investments away from home. And yet Canada does not seem away from home for him. Perhaps for that reason Canadian securities are the most favoured of all securities in New York, save only American. The Podunk, N.J., widow with ten thousand dollars to invest has a sort of feeling that if anything happened her investment in Canada she would only have to speak to the President to have him send a sheriff to foreclose the mortgage, as it were. She does not realize—nor do many Americans—that Canada has more armed men and more munitions than the United States, and that if we

(Concluded on page 23.)

THE LITTLE SINGS

By

ROLAND ASHFORD

PHILLIPS

*A quiet little story
with a sly surprise
punch that comes just
in time to be included
in the story at all*



HELEN sat on the edge of the bed swinging her feet. The landlady had just brought up the morning's mail—two letters from home and a haberdasher's advertisement.

"How much money have you—we got?" she asked, lifting a pair of curious eyes to where her husband stood at the window.

"How much?" Ned unfastened a safety pin and dug into an inner pocket of his vest. "I'm not exactly aware of my—our financial circumstances myself," he admitted, bringing out the roll of bills.

He smoothed out each wrinkled note, placing them one upon another. There were four ones and three twos. "Ten dollars," he announced quickly. Helen looked at the pile and then at the man.

"Not very much, is it?"

"Well, no, not a staggering sum," he argued, "but there's no use in worrying. I'm certain to hear from Summerville any day now, and that'll mean a good job. His show must begin rehearsals pretty soon. He's fond of me and promised me one of the best parts, too."

"We've been waiting for his letter ever since we came to New York," Helen objected, "and we're getting down rather low." She surveyed the four dingy walls of the little room. "How much do we owe on this—this luxurious suite, Ned?"

"Four dollars!"

"That leaves us six." She got up from the bed and came over to where he was staring out of the window. "You won't be angry with me if I tell you something I have done, will you, Ned?"

"You know I'm never angry with what you do, Honey," he remonstrated, "What is it—a new suit or a hat, or—?"

"Oh, it isn't anything like that, Ned," she faltered. "It is something to help you! I—I've got a position!"

"A what?"

"A—a position," she repeated. "Now don't look at me like that! Please hear me through. I saw an ad. in yesterday's paper and I answered it—personally. An elderly lady wanted a companion. I suited, so she engaged me. And—and, Ned, it's ten dollars a week!"

"But—Helen," he protested wildly, "I can't never think of you working! It's—it's absurd. Great heavens, if I'm not capable of supporting you I'd better go out—"

"But it isn't real work, Ned," she interrupted, her eyes misting. "This lady lives in a beautiful apartment on Central Park West, and all I have to do is to walk out with her, or ride, or shop and keep her company in the evenings."

"Yes," he choked, "but the very idea of you working. We're not down and out yet, Honey! And if the worst comes—why, I can easily pick up any number of stock engagements!"

"Oh, but you don't understand, Silly," she persisted. "It isn't work at all. It's more of an outing. Besides, I'll have all my meals—and that'll mean a whole lot to us—right now. It'll only be for a little while. . . And what do we care?" she added, lowly, putting both her arms about his neck. "What do we care, Ned! We've got each other and that's about all there is in this world. No one will ever know a thing about it—and just as soon as Summerville engages you, why I'll quit."

He brushed back the hair from her forehead and kissed her cheek tenderly. "That'll be any day now, Honey. He isn't the kind of man to go back on his word. Now you put that crazy idea of working right out of your head. I'm the bread-winner of this family, and if his job doesn't materialize in due time, why—why, I'll find something else in short order."

The mist in Helen's eyes formed into tears and instantly they began to trickle down her cheeks. Half an hour later Ned gave up the argument and bowed to the inevitable.

So the following day the girl took up her duties as a companion. The high little room on Forty-Fourth Street became very empty and cheerless during the long evenings, but Ned never complained, for fear of dampening the girl's enthusiasm. He waited patiently for her return and listened eagerly to her recount of the day's adventures.

Sometimes it was a long drive in the limousine that she told him of, or a pleasant afternoon in the park. Sometimes a matinee, or a shopping tour of all the great stores, or a dainty luncheon at one of the big hotels.

Yet, in spite of the manner in which Helen seemed to enjoy herself, Ned brooded over the situation and chafed at the unseemly delay in getting back into harness. For the previous three years he had been fortunate enough to accept good positions in the early Fall, and each production, while not playing New York, had always lasted well into the Spring. This year things seemed to be running at cross-purposes.

DURING a Summer season he had met Summerville, a manager for one of the big Eastern producers, who had liked his type and his work, and while no contract had been entered into, yet a verbal agreement passed between them to the effect that Ned should play second business in one of the firm's new openings. A Broadway appearance was a much-to-be desired goal, and a thing not easily gained; therefore Ned patiently awaited Summerville's convenience and frowned upon lesser engagements.

But such things have a habit of dragging slowly, and nothing materialized except constant and alluring promises. The money saved from the Summer's work went dollar by dollar, until but ten remained out of the hundred and fifty. The days of enforced idleness began to have a serious effect upon Ned's state of mind. Every fibre of his being protested, and, to crown all, the fact that Helen, his wife but one year, a girl who had been raised in comfort, if not in luxury, should hire herself out as a companion in order that his room rent could be met, has meals paid and his laundryman satisfied, seemed to be the last straw on the proverbial camel's back.

One morning, with his mind firmly made up not to stand the suspense a day longer, he began the weary rounds of the agencies. Here the first shock was met with. It was so well along in the season that all of the stock companies had been completed, and most of the lesser road companies were already opening. A week of this brought him to the bitter realization that even these ordinary positions were to be denied him.

He attempted to be cheerful in front of Helen, but despite it all, his heart sank lower and lower and a fear came into his brain. It could not go along this

way much longer. Helen was not to work while he loafed, depending upon vague promises.

The next afternoon he walked boldly into a cheap vaudeville exchange. The outer room was crowded with the usual mediocre gathering of singers, jugglers, magicians and acrobats. When a side door opened he looked up with the others, and was surprised to see a pompous looking personage beckon in his direction. He walked across the floor and went into the private office.

"What's your line?" the manager asked, bluntly.

Ned began a wearisome explanation, and finished by saying he possessed a fair voice.

"Let's hear it."

He walked over to the piano and sang through a popular ballad that was open on the rack. The manager listened and nodded.

"Pretty fair," he admitted, when it was done. "I think I can place you. Of course, you understand, I can't offer you what you've been getting in your regular line. But, anyhow, a New York engagement calls for less money."

Ned held his breath. Did the man really mean he could place him in a local production, and that he would remain in New York all the Winter?

"I've been drawing seventy-five a week for the past three seasons," he finally managed to stammer. "But, of course, for a New York engagement I'd consider less money."

"Sure thing," the other cut in. "You're sensible. This is a bad show year, and the man with a steady job will consider himself lucky. Never knew the outlook to be so bad, and I've been in the business the past twelve years. There's a moving picture house over on Eighth Avenue that's after an illustrated song man. Four shows a day, and \$20 a week. Do you want it?"

Ned's heart stopped. "A—a what?" he gasped. "Moving picture show? Singing illustrated songs at twenty a week?"

"Them's my words," the manager returned. "What did you think I'd be offering you, eh? A season at the Metropolitan?"

"Thank you!" The blood began to mount in Ned's veins, and his very throat quivered. "I'm not that far down yet. When I want to sing ballads in a dirty Eighth Avenue picture house I'll let you know."

He got up from his chair and started across the floor. At the door he paused. Did he say he was not that far down? Not down far enough to accept twenty a week when Helen was working for half that amount and was happy to do so! He set his teeth into his trembling lips and turned.

"I'll—I'll take the job," he said, simply, trying to control his voice. "When do I start?"

"To-morrow at eleven! Come up here first and I'll send a note over to the owner of the house. My commission is \$2—in advance, please!"

Two of Helen's dollars changed hands.

That night when Helen came home he met her at the door with a glad cry.

"No more work for you, Honey," he hurried, kissing her again and again. "No more work. I got a letter from Summerville, and I'm to start rehearsals to-morrow. Isn't that bully?"

She clung to him tight. "Oh, I'm so glad, Ned," she answered, her voice quavering. "But I'll have to work just a little while longer—until your first week's salary comes in."

"Not that long, Honey," he put in quickly. "I'll draw twenty from the management next Monday night. I'm sure Summerville will advance me that much."

And thus, almost before he was aware of it, the lie was given birth. Nor did it die with the passing of the days. Helen's absence in the evenings only made it easier for him to keep up appearances, and he always managed to arrive home before she did.

Down at the moving picture house he continued to sing his four songs daily, timing himself so as to get upon the darkened stage only a moment or two before his appearance. He never went around to the front of the house, nor did he give the manager his right name.

Evenings at home he eagerly explained to Helen the events of the day's rehearsals, the people he met and the way the work was progressing. She always listened with bated breath and radiant eyes, and so interested did he himself become in the tale of his own spinning that the remembrance of the stuffy picture house and the common songs and the gaudy slides sort of melted into oblivion.

After he had finished Helen would relate the little happenings of her day's adventure; what she had to eat, the long rides and some bits of conversation that passed between her and the old lady.

"Mrs. Willmington is so kind and considerate to me," she would repeat time and time again, as if to impress it upon Ned's mind. "It almost seems I'm

(Continued on page 25.)



Sir George Perley gave a party the other day. It wasn't the kind to which the guests come in gorgeous limousines, in uniforms with decorations on the front—though he has given that kind also. It was a

"kids' party," and was held in The People's Palace, in Mile End Road, in London's East End. Sir George is here seen giving away cakes to the little fellows—future soldiers of Britain.



This is one of eighteen dog teams taking part in a five hundred and twenty-two mile race over ice and snow from Winnipeg to St. Paul, Minnesota. The team here shown is in Winnipeg and the huskies

are keen to be off—"Mush!" The event was arranged in honour of the big carnival at St. Paul, which includes a sort of pageant of the early days of that city.



Not an Emergency Board

OUR friend, the Toronto Star, came at us one day last week about the editorial in our issue of week before last on National Government. We are reminded that we have partizan objections to the scheme. Thus tapped upon the wrist we should go to our corner and say no more about it. However, we are led to wonder if there were a Liberal Government in Ottawa instead of a Conservative, would the Toronto Star be so eager for a programme of reform? It may be so. But candidly, are we not as apt to have national thinking as any Liberal or any Conservative or even any independent paper in Canada? We have no motive for wishing either of the old parties to retain their hold on this country any longer than they can prove themselves to be more concerned in the welfare of Canada than they are in that of the party to which they belong. We also invite any party editor anywhere in Canada to prove, by a fair selection of opinions from any number of editorial pages in this paper, that we have any political interest in parties.

So far as National Government is concerned we reiterate that what we need in this country is not an emergency board to administer our affairs either with or without the present Premier. We do not need an aggregation or co-ordinating experts who will win the war and save the country. We need a re-creation of our whole political machinery. We need a better Parliament; broader-gauge Cabinets; less politics; less capitalizing of national issues for the good of either party; less peevish and petulant criticism; far less timid and crafty administration; more—much more—concentration of the best brains of Canada in the business of governing and representing Canada. National service is no new slogan created by the war. It is as old as we are. If there is any body of men in Canada who should be experts in national service it is the Parliament of Canada. We expect to have Parliaments after the war is over. But we can't reform Parliament by creating emergency boards. The emergency we are in now began a long time before the war. We should have begun long before the war to meet it.

At the same time if any newspaper in Canada can pick out three or four good men who would be of better service to the Premier than as many men now in the Cabinet—by all means let them be found, no matter to which party they belong. But when the emergency has been met, let us not send these men back to private business. Let them stay in public business. Let them spend their energizing and nationalizing ability for the good of the country—in the Parliament of Canada.

There Were Three Crows

AT least three very peculiar theories regarding the reasons for Germany's new manifesto of submarine frightfulness are perched like the three crows on a tree. Almost any average man is likely to be confronted by one or more of these three. The first is—that Germany wishes to drag the United States into war. The second is—that Germany wants the United States to declare war upon Germany. The third is that Germany wants a state of war between Germany and the United States. To be sure there is a remarkable similarity about all these psychic propositions. Closely compared by the aid of a good Washington microscope they begin in fact to look almost identical. In fact, they all amount to practically the same thing. Therefore it must be true—That Germany really wants the United States to go to war. There must be what amounts to a reason. In the light of German psychology and Washington diplomacy, what is it? First, because public feeling in Germany is on the point of revolution, and that in a final settlement Germany would say to her peo-

ple, "Well, you see practically the whole world was against us. What could we do? The world is a very stupid institution. Please don't revolt and we'll fix the world up." The second is that, in the final peace settlement, Germany will want one powerful friend at the council table. If the United States goes to war with Germany she will have a good deal to say in the Peace Conference. That is the doctrine of the eleventh hour worker mentioned in the Gospels. And from the latest utterance of President Wilson we may conclude that for one reason or another—also psychological—the United States officially wishes to remind the world that she is a friend of Germany. The third is that Germany wants the United States in the war so that she may go ahead with her "to the limit" submarine campaign without being charged with violating international law. In that case she could inflict more damage upon England in a month than the United States could possibly do to Germany in the same time. And England is, after all, the country that Germany desires to punish—not the United States.

These are the three popular theories. We may take our choice or the whole lot. And then get ready for a new crop.

Temperature and Temperament

B LUSTER about being a northern race does not jibe well with shuddering over zero weather.

We have a lot of people in various parts of the country who were never intended for more than 60 degrees variation in temperature one way or another. The ideal etiquette in a thermometer for such people should be from 10 above zero to 70 above. They would call one winter; the other summer. With such a beneficent accommodation in thermometers we should hear no growling about super-heat or whining about the infernal cold. When a man became politically naturalized under such conditions he would also become acclimatized. He would be just as cheerful a part of his environment as the beaver or the cat. Unhappily, however, we live in a land in three-fourths of which mercury has a magnificent compass from 105 in the shade maximum to 60 below minimum, or a total extreme variation of 165 degrees Fahrenheit. With such colossal temperament in our climate we should be able to develop a national temperament of a remarkable calibre. But if we continue to scold about extremes of temperature we shall never develop our national temperament. Of course something must be conceded to the man who contemplates a coal bill about as high as either rent or taxes. But the price of being comfortable has a good deal to do with our primitive and cumbersome methods of gathering fuel. Until we can get coal out of the luxury class we shall have to consider migration with the birds as a means of getting even. But in that case the railways could get us. So what's the use?

As Fair for Jack as for Jill

SOME people are said to have offered their services to munition manufacturers gratis. There are said to be Canadians now engaged in making shells on that basis. Far be it from any one who advocates true patriotism to squelch any such self-sacrificing impulse in any one. But let us make a practical and patronizing suggestion. For every man or woman that gives his services to the nation in making munitions let the munition-maker strike from his profits the cost of all raw materials and machinery depreciation involved in making such munitions. If services gratis are to be rendered by employees, why not by employers? If munition makers are heaping up profits, why should they do so even to the extent of one-hundredth per cent. be-

cause of the patriotic sacrifice of other people. If any munition maker or war supplies manufacturer in Canada is making any fraction of a percentage more in that kind of business than he used to do or could have done in times of peace in competition with the world at large under any sort of protective tariff, why should he? There are munition millionaires in the United States. Are we to have a crop of munition near-millionaires in Canada? Will the war tax of the Minister of Finance make it sure that munition fortunes are impossible? Or is some higher form of patriotic service expected than that a man should make a fortune out of a war when he couldn't begin to do it in any kind of legitimate industry in a time of peace? Let us not discourage other people from donating their services to the country. Also let us see to it that no munition manufacturer makes a further profit on such services.

Weighing Uncle Sam

THE business of weighing Uncle Sam is being carried on just now by quite a few million people. Probably no one is more engrossed in weighing himself—his guns, his manhood and his money—as U. S. himself. The Kaiser, it is to be presumed, has long since finished weighing Uncle Sam, and, having found him wanting, makes no bones about letting the world know about it. But we who are passing buckets or actually fighting the fire ourselves are willing to delude ourselves into thinking Uncle Sam, if cast in the balance on our side, would actually make the scale teeter in our favor. In fact, we know very well that he would be a help if he declared war against Germany—as at the moment of writing he may—but whether he brings on our side formidable forces, or whether his advent is a mere feather-weight in the scale, is the question being decided by millions of "amateur weighers." Scales are, as it were, being held up in every smoking car, back-kitchen, library and street corner in the Dominion—to say nothing of the cars, kitchens, libraries and corners in the lands of our Allies. With squinted eyes and craned necks we watch Uncle Sam, dangling there before the eyes of mankind. In a few days the beam of the scale may stop teetering and we shall see for sure just how much Uncle Sam is worth at the present time. But, even if he declares war, it will be some time before anyone can say—even the Kaiser—his undeveloped worth.

Atmosphere, Not Beverages

WHEN a subscriber cancelled his subscription to this paper a few days ago because he thought we advocated reinstating bars in Canada for the diversion of returned soldiers he was much too hasty. We did no such thing. What we wanted was to see some sort of resorts created for the recreation of men who, after they leave the hospital, are not well enough to return to the front or to go to work at any trade. Nobody imagines that any such resort would have to include a bar or anything like it. Tea and coffee and beef tea might be quite satisfactory. It is not the beverage, but the atmosphere of the place that counts. More than half the interest in any bar that has lately been abolished in this country was not to be extracted from the bottles and barrels behind the counter. It was in the place itself: in the comfortable, crony-making conveniences that made it possible for men to gather without joining some expensive club or having to find comfort in the sometimes awkward and austere precincts of church parlors. Just what such resorts should contain to make them congenial we leave to the creative ingenuity of social reformers. But in devising such places it will be as absurd to harp on the idea of social or moral reform as to dream of rehabilitating the bars.



THE CLOTHES CRAZE

By ESTELLE M. KERR

DID you know that the latest thing in skirts was the barrel shape? You must discard all your old frocks and buy new ones which will give to the lower part of your figure the graceful form of the barrel, bulging around the knees! A philosopher might have predicted this innovation, for since the outbreak of war found us tightly encased in sheath skirts, fashion has indulged in every kind of change—the overskirt, the crinoline, the panier, the bustle, have all been revived with dazzling rapidity, but for the last few months a saner note has appeared and the loose, one-piece serge dress, neither too short nor too long, neither too full nor too scant, has had a decided popularity. Can we not seize this style and hold it, at least for the duration of the war?

Fashions change so fast that we no longer have time to wear out our clothes. And therefore we do not want good material, nor good workmanship. We positively demand poor material and poor workmanship and reject what is not flimsy and shoddy, for we want to wear out our clothes as rapidly as possible and so keep in the style.

It is true that the women of past days were fond of dress, but this craving for change is essentially modern. The women of the Court of Queen Elizabeth were regal dressers and their styles appear to have been extremely uncomfortable and inconvenient, but their costumes were never discarded until they were worn out, for the fashions did not change. The desire for costly and showy shoddy is something wholly new.

MANY innovations deemed advisable in war-time will have a doubtful value when peace is declared, but there are other lessons which it seems only a war can teach us, and if the women of Canada can learn the meaning of thrift they will not have suffered in vain. In the Thrift Campaign in England it was the people who could most afford to be extravagant who were the first to practise economy. This is not surprising, because the rich are naturally thrifty. It is one reason why they become—and stay—rich. Among the pioneer organizations was the Women's War Economy League, founded and developed by a group of titled women who got thousands of their sisters to pledge themselves to give up unnecessary entertaining, not to employ men-servants unless ineligible for military service; to buy no new motor cars, and use their old ones for public or charitable work; to buy as few expensive articles of clothing as possible; to reduce in every way their expenditures on imported goods; and to limit the buying of everything that came under the category of luxuries. Champagne was banned from the dinner table; décolleté gowns disappeared; men substituted black for white waistcoats in the evening.

The abolishing of evening dress will have a marked effect on the national dress bill of Great Britain, which was said to be four hundred million pounds a year, or more than the total amount annually spent on intoxicating drinks. Special costumes for occasions that do not need special costumes fill the wardrobe of a woman of fashion. We would not have her—as in Elizabethan days—ride horseback in a satin gown, but besides the variety of clothes that sports and the changing seasons demand, there remain the dressing-gown, the negligee, the morning gown, the street costume for morning, another for afternoon, the afternoon gown, suitable for playing bridge, the tea-gown for afternoon wear in her own home, the dinner-gown, and the ball-gown, not to mention the multiplicity of hats, cloaks and coats necessary to supplement these costumes. There is

also the burning desire not to be seen twice in any one gown. The really fashionable woman must have boots to go with every costume, though the prices range from six to fifteen dollars a pair. At the beginning of the winter season one shoe merchant in Toronto claims to have sold 5,000 pairs of the kind of high-priced boots that go with the abbreviated skirt. White kids, bronze kids, grey kids, putty kids, even red and blue kids, the price was high, but the girls felt that they must have them!

THERE are some connections between war and fashions that are natural; there are others which are rather gruesome. That our clothes should be more practical is obvious, that we should economize in wool is necessary, the famine in broadcloth

BAD FORM IN DRESS

THE National Organizing Committee for War Savings appeals against extravagance in women's dress.

"Many women have already recognized that elaboration and variety in dress are bad form in the present crisis; but there is still a large section of the community, both among the rich and among the less well-to-do, who appear to make little or no difference in their habits.

"New clothes should only be bought when absolutely necessary, and these should be durable and suitable for all occasions. Luxurious forms, for example, of hats, boots, shoes, stockings, gloves and veils should be avoided.

"It is essential not only that money should be saved, but that labour employed in the clothing trades should be set free."

AN ENGLISH ECONOMY POSTER.

and the high price of leather are directly traceable to the war, but there are other connections to which the fashion writers draw our attention that are quite unnecessary, and they call them "Paris Fashions."

"This frock and hat are an example of the effect produced by a few innovations along military lines. The hat is suggestive of a hussar's, carried to an extreme. The long lines of the coat, which is of light-toned biscuit-coloured broadcloth, can not be anything if not soldier-like."

"For the street, khaki is in great favour and the more military the frock in appearance, the smarter it is."

"The extent to which the European war is telling on winter millinery is strikingly marked in this diminutive turban of sphinx metallic braid, shaped for all the world like a helmet, christened 'The Kaiser,' and surmounted by a most charming little tower of black velvet."

And these descriptions appear in a column flanking the very letters that describe an army in its agony!

There is something peculiarly unpleasant in the search for Paris fashions just at the present time. The fashion in Paris is to be unfashionable. The same is true in London, where smart dresses are assumed to indicate either a feeble brain or feeble morals, and usually both. The most fashionable of

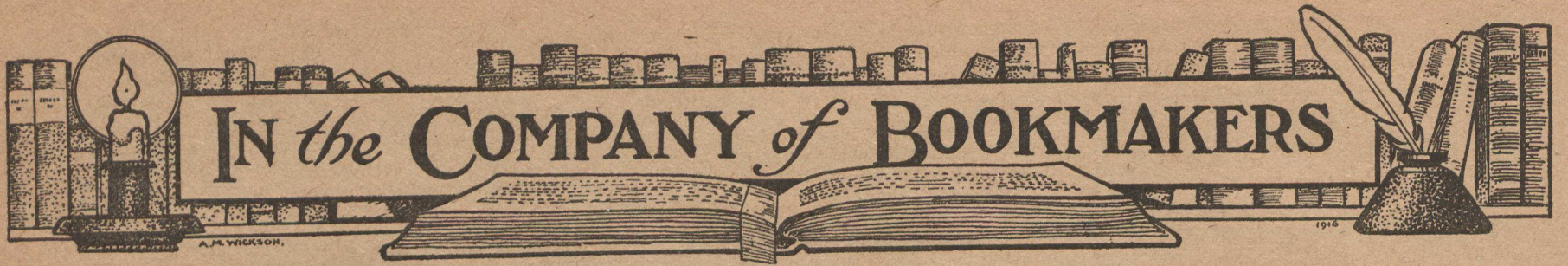
all costumes is that of the hospital nurse or the munition worker.

MR. W. L. GEORGE has recently written a short book on "The Intelligence of Women," in which he says that national bankruptcy must be faced unless women can be coerced into uniforms. Women, he says, by the insanity of their dress fashions, have already corrupted the drama into a show-room and invaded even the most dignified of our newspapers with their infamous fashion pages. This obsession for clothes affects the whole social system, for it is not confined to the women who can afford these debauches. A recent inquest on a girl showed that she had starved herself in order to buy clothes. It is not beauty that inspires these excesses. Very few women know what beauty is. It is the desire to be more expensively dressed than her companions, to insult and humiliate them.

It is not complimentary to our sex—but perhaps we deserve some of it. It has been said that French women dress to please the men, American women to outshine each other. Personally we confess to a great love of clothes, of rich materials and beautiful colours, and though we heartily approve of trousers for women whose work makes it advisable, we should be sorry to see women's clothing become as stiff and ungraceful as that worn by men. The nearest approach to a uniform is the tailor-made suit, which can be most attractive, but the light blouse and dark skirt is not beautiful. If we might presume to suggest a national costume, it would be one with a wide girdle and shoulder-straps attached to the skirt, or, better still, a low-cut waistcoat, worn with an underblouse with loose sleeves that can be easily turned up and a collar which can be worn high or low. The dress could be made of serge with the blouse of washing material, and think how lovely it would be made of velvet with a chiffon underblouse! If fashions never altered, women would take pride in having good, durable materials, they would also embroider them and so give an impetus to the handicrafts of the country. The rapidly-changing styles discourage such ornamentation. The waistcoat could be very loose for stout or pregnant women, or adjusted to the figures of slender ones. Some of the hats worn at the present day are very sensible. We remember the time when it was impossible to get a hat large enough to fit our heads. The soft felt hat with a rolling brim for winter—possibly a velvet one of similar design with a feather when our love of decoration cannot be held in check—and for the summer a well-made straw with a wider brim and a ribbon to match our gown—or our eyes. Believe me, our beauty would not suffer.

WE had the doubtful pleasure of sitting through a high-priced theatrical show the other night which resolved itself largely into a display of clothes, legs and shoulder-blades. A chorus of pretty girls reappeared every ten minutes in a new set of clothes that exhibited every eccentricity. Their skirts—when they wore skirts—were made of three-inch checks of black velvet and silver, or they were of multi-coloured taffeta wired up in the back to touch their shoulders, or they were made of leather, or covered with fur and decorated with a long tail, and when they finally appeared—imagination having reached its limit—in daintily modest muslin gowns and hats of quaint simplicity, the effect by contrast was startlingly beautiful.

So why follow the latest craze of fashion? Why not let our ideal be beauty, comfort and durability, rather than style.



Once-a-Month Devoted to the Human Interest of Canadian Literature Producers

Leacock is Probably Twins—The Gentle Art of Slang-Whanging
By THE EDITOR

What is Wrong With Our Short Stories? Sketch of a Canadian Publisher
By BRITTON B. COOKE

The Market for Canadian Fiction
By THE MONOCLE MAN

A Defence of the Canadian Short Story
By ALAN SULLIVAN

Leacock is Probably Twins

I HAVE never met Leacock. I have never even seen him. Therefore, anything I may say about him here is unprejudiced by his personality. I am sure Leacock has a personality. How else could he be a professor? Being a professor, how does he presume to be a litterateur? Here we come upon a paradox.

An old school book definition assured us solemnly that literature is life. If Leacock is a litterateur, he must have something to do with life. If he is not, therefore, according to well-known principles of boarding-house geometry, he must be a dead one, which is absurd. Leacock may be a professor. But he is not dead.

This is merely a matter of deduction. Existence is the first principle of life. That which does not exist does not live. It will do no good to quote that old professorial dictum, Cogito ergo sum. We do not admit as yet for purposes of argument that Leacock thinks. But he certainly exists. How do we prove this? A first condition of existence is, that which exists must occupy space. As a space-filler, Leacock is simply immense. At space rates alone he should be well enough off to maintain himself as an honorary colonel—which he is not.

But a stone exists. And a stone does not live. To predicate life about that which exists we must give it also the attribute of cells. Leacock is one of our very best sellers. Go a grade higher from point to point and we grant that the cellular organism which lays claim to any of the higher forms of life must be conscious of the passing of time. Leacock scores heavily here. He is one of the best time-killers in the literary life of Canada.

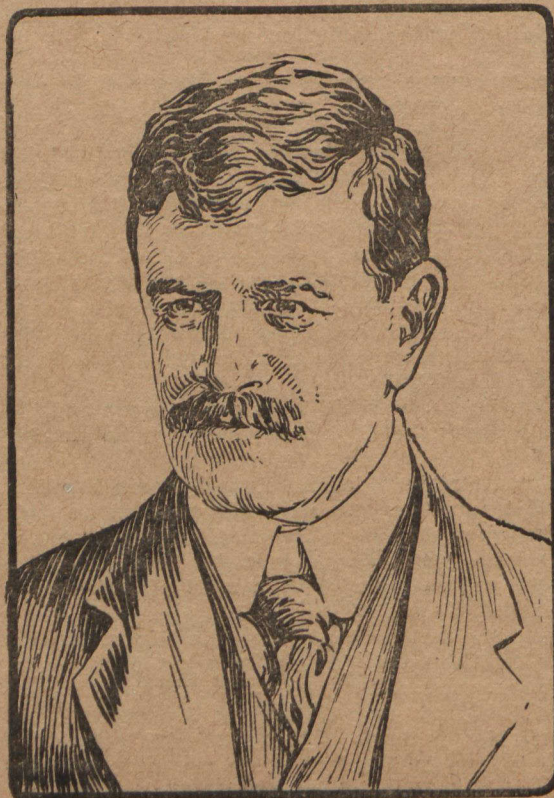
HAVING paid the Professor these compliments as a mere entity, let us consider him as a man. For all personal purposes we trace him no further back than his immediate parentage. He was the son of an English minister who, as soon as he discovered that his son Stephen was predestined to make himself unpopular in England by breaking literary canons, rules and precedents, migrated with him to Canada. The coldly dispassionate brevities of Morgan do not inform us as to what neck of the woods the Leacocks chose for their habitation. But we learn that somewhere in his youth Stephen Leacock found himself a resident of a county in which Orillia is one of the chief centres of enlightenment. Those who know allege that "Sunshine Sketches in a Small Town" was born in Orillia. That is not important. Leacock would have been just as true to the life if he had written about the far simpler inhabitants of Timbuctoo.

Realizing that there was a far bigger world than Orillia and all around there the youth went to Upper Canada College, afterwards to Toronto University. In this he showed due regard for conventionality. Had he gone to Toronto University first, it would have been much more like Leacock as we know him in his books. However, he did his best to put boots

on his ears by going back to U. C. C.—this time as an expounder of modern languages, which we presume were French and German. I think he had already written Boarding-House Geometry, so that he was known to possess a working knowledge of English.

Circumstances and a quixotic passion for discourses upon the cost of living led him to McGill as lecturer in political economy, of which he is now William Dow, professor in that institution.

Now, there are a good many people who marvel that a man who has become such a master of levity in literature ever should have gone into political economy for a living. To admit that living has anything to do with political economy was in itself a commonplace. Leacock knew what he was up to. He would show other people that the science of getting rich quick was something of which no professor was ever known to be capable. Having demonstrated that he could be a parson's son just as successfully as Max Aitken, he deliberately refrained from becoming a financial magnate by remaining a professor. Having shown in the course of his lectures on political economy that the Wealth of Nations is always accompanied by the poverty of individuals, including professors, he proved the paradox of political economy by showing that he could make more money when he wasn't working than he could when he was. I don't know what his salary is at McGill. But any publisher knows that any new levity of Leacock is likely to bring him in more cash than six months' lectures on how to remain poor though the father of a large family.



An author with two brains.

In fact, Leacock has shown clearly that the solemn-brow business of daily grind is not necessarily the vocation that keeps a man alive. Literature in the hands of Leacock is a bigger producer than political economy. Levity beats lectures. In his lighter moments Leacock is most thoroughly alive. When he is done with the serious business of demonstrating how dividends differ from day's wages he writes a fresh chapter of levities and makes another hundred or so.

Leacock's literary art ranges over pretty much everything in the world. In all his world-wide travels nobody ever heard of his spending a week in search of a fact. If facts don't blithely hop into Leacock's lap and beg him to record them, he invents fictions instead.

But in most of his literary levities we observe no traces of making light of political economy. There must be a reason. Some day, when this indiscreet master of literary amenities decides to quit being a professor, we may find him writing the humorous psychology of the tragedy of Andrew Carnegie working like a slave to get rid of his money.

ON rethinking over this I have decided that Leacock is a biological curiosity. If anything should happen to put one lobe of his brain out of business, the other would not be able to carry on as it does in other people. Each is absolutely and uncompromisingly different. One is a commonly constructive thinking-machine which turns out such a predication as this—concerning the future of the British Empire written about the time of the Boer War, on the subject of a change to a Federal Parliament, etc.:

The dead weight of inertia to be encountered before such a change could be effected will be realized by all who are acquainted with the British political temperament.

The other lobe of Leacock's brain was entirely disconnected from the power house when he wrote that.

Years before he began to think in terms of political economy Leacock's other brain-lobe created this (Boarding-house Geometry):

If there be two boarders on the same flat, and the amount of side of the one be equal to the amount of side of the other, each to each, and the wrangle between one boarder and the landlady be equal to the wrangle between the landlady and the other, then shall the weekly bills of the two boarders be equal also, each to each. For, if not, let one bill be the greater. Then the other bill is less than it might have been, which is absurd.

At the time of writing only two other examples stick out as parallels to this intellectual duality—Mark Twain and Bacon. An old friend of mine always said that Mark Twain would yet produce serious books. The posthumous pessimism of the great humorist, recently published, is a proof that he was right. Bacon is still supposed by some otherwise intelligent people to have written both the Novum Organum and Midsummer Night's Dream. Is Leacock a 20th century Bacon? Or is he a Canadian Mark Twain?

This is a problem for biological experts, and the consideration of individual, non-identical brain lobes. It will probably be found that Leacock is twins.

But whatever he is Canada regards Leacock as a real contribution to the gayety of nations and the sanity of being insane. Leacock as a sheer political economist might have been intolerable. Leacock as a mere humorist might have been merely a literary figure. With the two combined we have Leacock the man and the Canadian, who we hope will never get his wires crossed.

Dr. Briggs and His Books

SHORTLY after nine o'clock every business morning of the year an electric bell sends its quivering summons throughout the two million dollar institution known to the public as "The Methodist Book Room." Every morning, in response to that bell, the heads of all the departments in that great Canadian publishing house make their way to a magnificent office where an extraordinary old man sits on a shabby chair at a shabby desk behind heaps of freshly opened mail. That man is William Briggs, D.D., an Irish Methodist preacher and business man—chiefly business man in the last forty years. He hands out the mail according to departments, discussing important parts of it the while. Then his managers depart and he settles down—he is eighty-one years old—to work until twelve noon, when he goes home for lunch and forty winks. At three he is back again and at work until five-thirty. He takes no holidays. He seldom misses even so much as a day a month from the office. Such is the remarkable head of a remarkable organization.

The Methodist Book Room is in itself work enough for wonder. If you should ask: To whom does it belong? You could get no real answer. It has no owner. If you should ask: Who is the "boss"—the answer is Dr. Briggs, and yet Briggs owns not one tittle of it, and draws no profit. You might ask if the institution did not belong to the Methodist Church in Canada, and in part the answer would be "Yes." Yet legally that would not be true. The Methodist Book Room belongs to nobody but to its own history.

The sum of eighteen hundred dollars was the first money and the last money ever invested in this remarkable institution (except, of course, for a bond issue covering part of the cost of the recently completed plant.) That original \$1,800 was paid back to those who advanced it within a few years, and yet was the only monetary foundation of one of the most successful business organizations in the country.

The story which is none too well known in this country, begins with a meeting of a few Methodist ministers at Ancaster, Ontario, in the year 1829. These men agreed that it was desirable to start a church paper in Canada and twenty of them pledged themselves to advance \$100 each to start such a paper. They even agreed that the paper was to be sold at 12 shillings and 6 pence, paid in advance, per annum, or if not paid in advance, fifteen shillings. They agreed that every minister who secured fifteen subscriptions to the new paper was to receive a copy free.

With these starting conditions, one of their number, Egerton Ryerson, collected eighteen hundred dollars out of the two thousand pledged and set off on horse back for New York, where he bought primitive printing machinery of those days. Bringing this machinery back to Toronto he set it up in a little building on "March Street, in front of the new Court House" (that is now Court Street and the "new court house" is the shabby old structure known to the police reporters of the Toronto papers as "No. 1 Police Station.")

Here the first copies of the Christian Guardian were printed—it is, by the way, one of the oldest papers in the Dominion. Next year, 1830, the Guardian moved to the shop of Mr. J. S. Armstrong, on King Street, just a few doors from the present office of the Toronto Street Railway Company. From this place it moved to its well-known quarters on Richmond Street, and then, within the last few years, to the handsome structure on the corner of Queen and John Streets.

The Book Room publishes to-day no less than sixteen church and Sunday-school papers, to say nothing of its important output of books. It is the only pub-

lishing house in Canada that can do all the work from reading a new manuscript to printing, binding and packing the book—without leaving the shelter of the one roof.

In a few years after the Guardian was founded, the men who had advanced the eighteen hundred dollars had been paid back out of the profits of the concern. It had been found desirable, too, to open a book shop for supplying Methodist clergymen with necessary books, at cost. This feature of the work grew and still continues.

Meantime William Briggs, born in County Down, Ireland, in 1836—when the Guardian and the Methodist Book Room were seven years old—came to Canada. He had been in business in Ireland, but shortly after coming to Canada he was accepted by the Methodist authorities "on trial" at Durham, Quebec, and was ordained a minister in 1863. He had preached in Toronto, Montreal, Hamilton, London, Cobourg and other centres when called upon to become a managing member of the Book Room Board—the body which has general authority over the



Eighty-one years old and still at his desk.

policy of the Methodist Book Room, and which consists of preachers appointed by the General Conference. Since 1877 William Briggs has managed the institution. Not only have all the publications under his care flourished, but the Book Room has brought out important volumes—it discovered Robert W. Service, for one thing.

Dr. Briggs has one hobby—work! For Saturday afternoons he may allow himself a little cricket, but that is all. He rides to and from his work on the street cars—a true democrat.

The Gentle Art of Slang

ONCE upon a time, in a small western Ontario town, there was a parchment-faced, ravenlocked old land surveyor whose amiable and perpetual hobby was to evolve a dictionary of slang. Wherever Sherman Malcolm, P.L.S., of Blenheim, Ont., went among the ditches and bridges and concession lines of Kent county, he habitually kept his ears open for any new form of picturesque language not either vulgar nor profane.

"Pardon me," he would say taking out his notebook as he accosted a farmer. "Now where did you learn that very striking expression you have just used?"

There is no record that Malcolm's Dictionary of Slang was ever published. Which is a pity. Such a work would have been an invaluable contribution to the literature of Canada. We mention it here only because the editor of this paper is accused of slang-whanging. The accuser is one "P. S.," who book-reviewing in the University Monthly says con-

cerning a work called "Sons of Canada," alleges that the author "uses journalese bordering on slang."

This is a serious indictment. Since we have no literary cousinship to George Ade we cannot glory in our slang. The reviewer does not quote examples. Since reading his critique we have been searching the volume in question to find examples for ourselves. We have failed.

Something is wrong here. We are so addicted to slang that we fail to recognize it. Will the reviewer give us his university definition of slang? We have none ourselves. A great university should have this. It is just as important a branch of research as investigating a disease. Tarry a bit. We are not granting that slang is a disease. We do not cognize even "Journalese" the varioloid form of it as a real malady. But slang is evidently a form of speech. It is either organic or excrement. Which?

Some writer not long ago—I have forgotten his name—alleged that slang is a living form of language. To his way of thinking it was as necessary to evolve slang in speech as for science to construct new words in order to express new phenomena. Without the constant evolution of slang a language dies. A dead language has no slang. There is a vitality about slang that keeps a language fresh. Baseball jargon is one example. That language is understood only by "fans." But it is perfectly understood. The stock exchange vernacular is another. A classic example of this is "watering stock," the derivation of which is aptly given in the autobiography of Daniel Drew, the father of Wall Street, who described how when he was in the cattle-droving business he used to drive herds of cattle from the West into New York. Before weighing the cattle they were first heavily salted to make them thirsty; afterwards kept without water until the morning of weighing, when they were suddenly let out to the trough. But the expression, "stock watering," is perfectly understood by the "talent," just as Congress always knows what is meant by "the pork barrel."

We might go further and say that most vernaculars are built upon slang. Even poetry abounds with such unusual idioms of expression. In fact, every time you indulge in a figure of speech you are in danger of getting near the slang idiom. The phrase, "sour grapes," epitomizes a fable. Is it slang? If not, what is it? Somewhere the Bible says: "The fathers have eaten sour grapes and the children's teeth are set on edge." Here is a whole hereditary philosophy capable of being condensed into a phrase; and the phrase would be a form of slang. Take the axiom "gets my goat." This has been traced to various origins, one of which is the well-known goat that frequents racing stables, and which when removed by a jealous rival the evening before the race, makes the horse so nervous that he loses.

When a man goes "up in the air" he is not necessarily in an airship. Getting on a high horse does not mean riding. "Come off the perch" is easily understood. College wits might paraphrase it into "descend from the pedestal." One is slang; the other a figure of speech. "Hit the pike" is a picturesque form of "going the road." "Hit the hay" expresses more than going to sleep; it connotes also a high degree of dog-tiredness. "Beat it" is probably compounded of two ideas—the policeman's beat and hitting the pike. "A jag" is a perfectly legitimized form of expression, even though the thing itself is becoming illegal. A jag is a small load and that sort of load is more than any man should expect to carry and get away with it.

So we might proceed ad lib. without approximating to a definition. We merely cite these few instances to show that there may be a philosophy of slang respectable enough to enunciate even in the University Monthly. And on behalf of the readers of this paper who like the picturesque, but prefer it to be respectable, we should be grateful if the "P. S." would favour us with a definition of what slang really is from his angle of literary appreciation. Then when we are character-sketching any more academics we may unflatteringly "beat it" to "the well of English undefiled."

We do not advocate the printing or the teaching of slang. Slang is essentially a spoken, not a written form of speech. It requires to be vocalized in order to be effective. When a slang phrase has run its course it may either pass out along with the popular songs, or be incorporated as a written idiom.



One Reason Why Paper is so High

OUR FICTION MARKET

By THE MONOCLE MAN

THE Editor of this great family journal so seldom vouchsafes me a subject that I feel it only fair to give him credit for it when he does. This week is one of the times when he does. The subject he proposes for the few remarks which it is my duty to inflict upon you, gentle reader, is "The Fiction Market in Canada." Or, if I don't like that, I can have "The Fiction Supply" in the same place. I feel just as much at home with one subject as the other. I do not know anything about either. What I am is a truth-teller. I do not write fiction. And one of the reasons for my devotion to the slim maid, usually clad in her own purity and said to dwell at the bottom of a well—possibly because of her costume, though why she should feel that way, when young ladies are compelled by the exigencies of fashion to shave their arm-pits, I cannot imagine—is just because I was unable to find the location of the said "Fiction Market in Canada."

OR, perhaps, it was my "fiction supply" that was wrong. I can hardly believe that, however, because I was always the favourite author of the literary critic in whose judgment I have the greatest faith. In fact, I buy all my fiction on his recommendation. His name is to be found at the bottom of the cheques with which I pay for this fiction. Moreover, I am buoyed up by the circumstance that I deceived a number of American editors into buying it. And I might have gone on playing this bunko game if I had not discovered—what I am sure certain other Canadian fictionists, whose stories are really interesting, have discovered—that it is handicapping one's self very greatly to try to live in one country and write for the market of another. When I deliberately endeavoured to write a story in the American atmosphere, I found that it took very little return postage to sell it—though I felt constantly that my atmosphere was faked and unreal and very thin. I did not really know American life. But when I set myself to a story of Canadian life, I found that New York was supremely uninterested. I had to sell it in Boston—or Toronto. Boston was no more interested in the theme than was New York; but Boston will buy a bad story because it is well written. New York will not. And when Toronto bought in those good old days—I do not know how it is to-day—I always expected the bank to ask me why I bothered them with cheques for small change.

SO the choice came between moving over to the United States or taking the shilling of journalism. I am quite confident that that is really

why our authors go to New York. It is not that they are nearer to the editors and can bother them more persistently. Most authors I know anything about—except Arthur Stringer—look better at a distance. They had far better send in their contributions by mail and enclose somebody else's photograph. But an author ought to live in the atmosphere which is daily shaping the judgment and taste of the editor on whose judgment and taste his suc-



The Tom Hood of 1917.

cess must depend. It is not only, or chiefly, that he may want to write stories of that atmosphere—it is to a far greater degree that he must see other atmospheres through the eyes of the men who live in the New York atmosphere.

I FIND this latter condition to apply to Canadian editors regarding work I sometimes do—sketches of European travel and experiences. They like my sketches much better when I write them in Canada after my return than when I write them abroad. You would think the opposite would be the fact. I once thought it ought to be. But I know better now.

And the reason is plain. When I am in Europe, I am looking at things through a mental eye affected somewhat by my European surroundings. I can't help choosing my incidents and the objects which I will describe with some reference to whether they would be interesting to the people with whom I am constantly in contact—both natives and experienced travellers. I forget the attitude of mind of the untravelled Canadian for whom I am in a large measure writing. I fail to tell him the things he wants to know, and tend to tell him things he neither understands nor cares about. But when I am once back in Canada, soaked in our own atmosphere, I can then take my Canadian readers down a street in Cairo and show them the things which would most clamorously attract their attention.

THE most successful book of travel ever written—Mark Twain's "Innocents Abroad"—owed its success to the faculty which Mark Twain had at that time of looking at every thing through a typical American eye—ignorant, arrogantly sure of its own superiority, convinced that wherever Europe or Asia differed from the U. S. A., it was either wrong or ridiculous or both. By the time Mark wrote his "Tramp Abroad," he knew more about Europe—he was more in the European atmosphere—and his book would have been a failure if it had not travelled on the reputation of its predecessors.

HOWEVER, we are getting off our text. A market for fiction in Canada will be supplied precisely in proportion to the ability of Canadian editors to get writers who will write—not necessarily Canadian stories—but stories from all the range of human activity written to suit Canadian mental conditions. These writers must be able enough to overcome the handicap of American competition which flows in upon us, cheap and often nasty, but written by the cream of our fictionists on this continent for mental conditions not so radically different from our own. The big prizes of the American market will continue to attract our best men—as a rule. Sometimes we produce a man who had rather have a thousand a year in Canada than ten thousand in New York. Archibald Lampman was such a man; but he was a poet and not a fiction-writer. My old friend, Henri Julien was such a man, but he was an artist and not a fictionist. It is a difficult choice to make. Only rare souls will stay with us. And every year our distinctive market is becoming less distinctive and more American. It can hardly fail to be so when nine out of ten of the magazines and weeklies which our people read are American. A man's reading-table tends to make his mental atmosphere. The best influence in our direction is just what you are supplying—that is, an intelligent effort by a genuinely Canadian mind to pick out the class of writing that you think your fellow Canadians would like to read. If I were in your shoes, I would not dream of confining myself to Canadian subjects—I would seek rather to meet and maintain Canadian taste as you know it by bringing the wide world in fee to its table.

Another Slum Poet

HE is called the poet of the tenement and the slum; such a slum as Stepney, in the East End of London, vividly described in the current issue of the Contemporary Review. William Wilfred Gibson is his name; a sort of literary second cousin to Masefield in style; that directly simple method of writing that may be called talk-poetry. Gibson is coming to America shortly to give readings. Why do they insist on a poet reading from his own works? Why exploit Noyes, Masefield and Yeats, who should always remain simple souls, knowing nothing of the fluffy shirt front and the post-prandial speech? Why exploit this plain soul Gibson, who seems to be as sincere a delineator of poverty and its attendant tragedies as Tom Hood was in his day?

The question is worth asking when you consider the nature of the man's unadorned message to mankind, which is as simple and direct as a conver-

sation. Here is a sample, taken from a recent appreciation of the author:

"All life moving to one measure—
Daily bread, daily bread—
Bread of life, and bread of labour,
Bread of bitterness and sorrow,
Hand-to-mouth, and no to-morrow,
Dearth for housemate, death for neighbour . . .
Yet, when all the babes are fed,
Love, are there not crumbs to treasure?"

Rev. John Holmes, in *The Survey* for January 6, talks eloquently of this realist poet. A ride on a London bus to the far East End, he says, a walk down a dirty slum street a-swarm with children, a three-flight climb up the stairs of a dingy tenement, entrance into a small back room, crowded with books, flooded with sunshine, adorned with a typical English tea-table, and picturesquely overlooking a wilderness of roofs and yards—it was thus on an August afternoon, 1913, in company with my friend, Rabbi Wise, that I found Wilfred Wilson Gibson, whose forthcoming visit to this country is an event not only for lovers of literature, but for social workers as well.

It was *Daily Bread*, published in 1912, which first made Gibson's name familiar. An unpretentious collection of seventeen dramatic sketches, all brief, all written in the simplest poetic style, this book yet constitutes one of the most impressive works in the field of social literature which has appeared in recent years.

Here in his little dramas are miners, fishers, steel-workers, firemen, tenement-dwellers, factory girls, slum waifs, rural labourers, fathers, mothers, children. Here are people whose lives from morning until night, year in and year out, are concerned with the bitter problem of getting enough bread to hold body and soul together. Here are people who have become so used to hunger, cold, nakedness, weariness, disease, death, that they have lost the habit of complaint, or revolt, or even inquiry, and accept their misery as passively as the flower takes the gust of the hurricane or the chill of the autumn rains. And here are people who, amid a thousand ills of fortune, preserve unimpaired their love for one another, their fidelity to duty, their faith in God.

Defending Story Writers

VARIOUS theories are afloat concerning the use made by writers of Canadian material. In our literary section for December a staff writer gave expression to certain views which brought a number of protests from Canadian writers in January. Now in the February book section, Mr. Alan Sullivan comes at the subject by the mathematical method. Being apparently mentioned by our staff contributor as a writer who neglects Canadian material in his stories. Having on hand all the files of his published productions and copies of all MSS. not yet in print. Mr. Sullivan does a few sums in arithmetic to prove a case in literature. He says in a letter to the Editor:

February 2nd, 1917.

Editor, Canadian Courier:

Dear Sir,—I notice that in Mr. Cooke's article on "Canadian Short Stories," which appeared in your Christmas issue, he apparently discovers a lack of work dealing with Canadian subjects, and goes on to express his belief that this is due to the better market for short stories in the United States and the fact that the American public prefers to read that which takes its local colour from within its own boundaries. Mr. Cooke mentions Mr. Arthur Stringer and myself as being Canadian short story writers who use very little Canadian material, because the greater part of our work is sold outside of Canada.

I would like to take courteous but decided exception to Mr. Cooke's statement. I, naturally, cannot speak as concerns Mr. Stringer, but as concerns myself I find that out of some forty short stories written within the last two years and a half, and divided equally between Canada and the United States, thirty-four of them were purely Canadian in action, locality and colour. Out of six novelettes

written during the same period, running from 40,000 to 60,000 words, five are essentially Canadian. The sixth (and I might state that this is the only one which has not been sold) was cast in Virginia, in a weak-kneed attempt at compromise. The result of the compromise served me right.

A novel, which appeared in 1915, was laid in Canada, and a further novel, which commences serially in the March issue of "Munsey's," is also entirely Canadian. To put the matter briefly, my personal experience is that the writer may cast his scene either in Alaska or Timbuctoo, and the market value of his product will not be affected provided only that he knows whereof he writes and can, consequently, express himself with the assurance that carries conviction.

There are, without doubt, periodicals which devote themselves principally to American subjects, but

these do not exist in any great number. I find that editors are out for one thing only, and that is quality and that particular element of human interest by which the written word creates a picture to the eye of the reader. I find, further, that there is very little ground for the somewhat widely held belief that certain magazines have their own particular circle of contributors and that it is very difficult to break through this circle. So far as one can judge to-day, the market for short stories is better than ever before, prices are higher, and the chief complaint of editors is that they must, in self-protection, wade through a great deal of stuff of questionable quality lest they should happen to miss something fresh and desirable. I know of no better field for the imaginative writer than is to be found in Canada.

Yours faithfully,

ALAN SULLIVAN.

The Short Story Problem Again

PURSUE the Canadian short story and you will achieve a wonderful appetite for something better. I don't mean that there aren't good Canadian short stories. I do mean that the average is very low. There are just enough good ones printed in a year to make one wish for more of them, and the best of those that ARE printed appear, not in Canadian, but in American publications.

I say these things with knowledge aforethought, for I have only recently finished going through certain bound volumes of the *Canadian Magazine*, *Maclean's Magazine*, the *Courier*, a few ragged copies of "The Canadian Century"—Sir Max Aitken's little fivver of some years past—and sundry other publications in this country. I have examined page after page in the hope of finding a good story and I have found acres and acres of twaddle supporting a few, very few, literary flowers. I don't mean twaddle in the sense that much of the *Saturday Evening Post's* fiction is twaddle. In that journal there must be admitted to be a semblance of skill in the writing of the tales. There is at least invention and more or less sincere and shrewd observation of human nature. But in our stories—except those written from Canada for American editors, there are seldom even these points to recommend them.

In the first place, Canadian publications use a surprising amount of "syndicate stories," tales made in England or in New York fourth-story-rears, and fed out by the mile like telephone wire from a reel. These stories are bought because they are cheap and because the average Canadian editor finds no happy medium between buying cheap stories and the fabulous cost of buying really good stories in competition with American magazines. Sifting out the syndicate stories from the Canadian stories, I find that the syndicate stuff, bad as it is, shows a certain superiority to the average Canadian story in the way it is handled, technically. The observation of life may not have been as accurate, nor the plot as sin-

cere, but the syndicate story tends to run more smoothly. It has to, having been "ironed out" by the hacks in the employ of the syndicate.

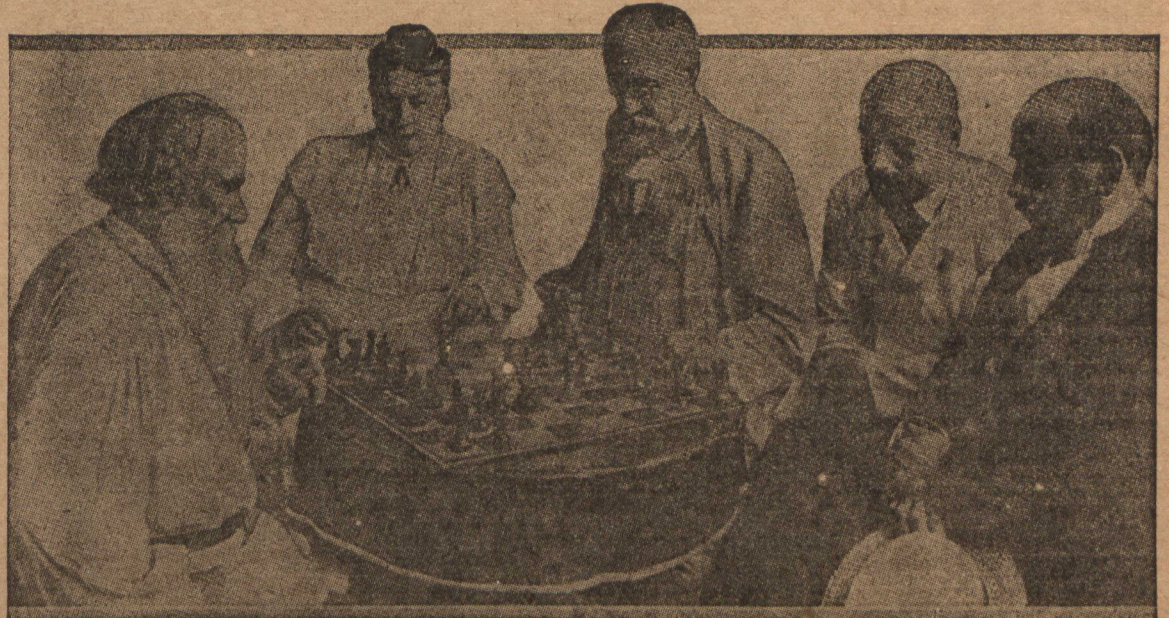
Now, then, to take the Canadian stories written for Canadian publications, this is the sort of thing I find: A story of somebody's summer holiday in the north country in which the chief episode is a rescue from a rapid. Stale! A woman writer here tells the brave story of a young Canadian soldier who goes to the Front and does something heroic (the author is careful not to give details) and rehabilitates himself in the eyes of his own home town. Obvious! Here is a story of a trapper in the far north who hears about the war and after much hesitation decides to give all his life's savings, except enough to grub-stake him for next year, to a machine gun fund, down in civilization. We are asked to believe that he trudges several hundred miles to the office where subscriptions are being taken, and then turns right around and trudges straight back to his traps—without even getting drunk, a most unusual oversight. At least that man would have taken a day off to see the town. At least he would have bought a picture post-card and scrawled something on it for some distant friend.

Then I come to a tale called "The Waters of Strife" (by a Canadian woman who has, I think, great ability if she could only apply it intensively instead of with such a prolific pen). I try to read it, but how can anyone continue in the face of dialogue like this: "This awful, awful war!" sighed Mrs. B., "I daren't trust myself alone with John for fear I'd ask him not to go." And then: "Oh, poor Mrs. B.! She is so brave and it is her only son."

That sort of dialogue is true enough in a way—but so true that it goes without saying.

Most of the stories lack plot. They seem to turn on some single episode, usually an accident. One story, with a near plot, is based on the idea that

(Concluded on page 22.)



The Game of Life as revealed to Count Tolstoy in a game of chess. Next the great novelist is Countess Tolstoy. His two sons are at the right. What would this pacifist philosopher's view of the life-game be now if he were living to contemplate the map of Europe.

WINTER IN THE WOODS

By HELEN E. WILLIAMS

THOMAS HARDY once averred that it was only those who half knew a thing who wrote about it, for those who knew it thoroughly didn't take the trouble. Certainly the time to write about winter is while it is still young in months, and the wonderment of its spell has suffered no diminution. After a little the eye becomes accustomed to phenomenal effects. They are "just winter." And—to quote the Frenchman asked for his impression of a country—when we do not speak of things with a partiality full of love, what we say is not worth recording.

There is a theory that love is the discovery of ourselves in others and our delight in the recognition. Applied to seasons and places this is even more true. But to effect it one must go alone. Then there is an exultation Homeric about walking through white storms that blot out all landmarks, mould roadside drifts into curvilinear convolutions, and shout windy dirges through the leafless, shuddering trees.

In winter the way seems farther to places where the feeling of people is left behind. But the Plain road takes you there. Always a means and not an objective—this level stretch which you must needs traverse before you partake of the inspiration of the hills—your mind races ahead. How will the creek look? In the village the river flowed swart betwixt its serrated white enamel banks. Under the "first bridge" it stained the virginal snow in one cream-coloured peppermint-drop. But the creek is snowed under. The landscape without the beautiful mystery of water.

Snowbound, too, is the sugar-



Most people haven't time to go to the woods in winter. Some people have no woods to go to. This article and photograph from Quebec give you the feeling of out-of-doors and decorative mystery without the bother of putting on leg boots

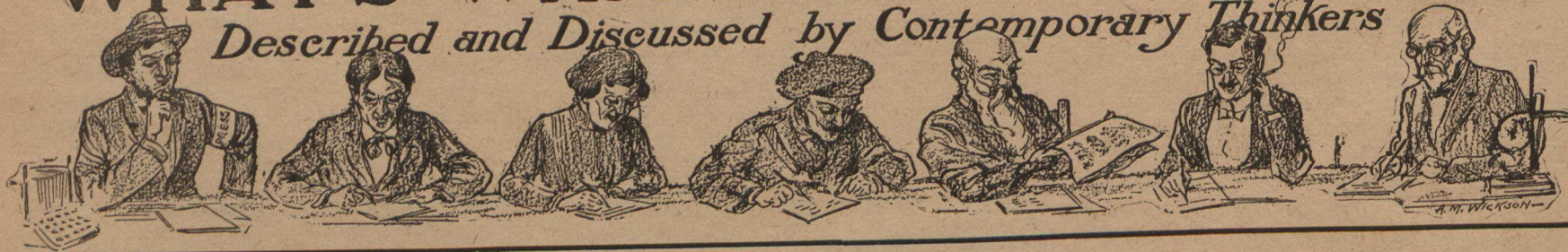
house, in the fold of the maple orchard. The bemarked foothills wear a pulplish tint. A yellow light is on the snow. The short mid-winter afternoon sunset. Corot had a preference for those hours of changing light preceding sunrise and following sunset. Perhaps in them he found the sublimed realism which removed his pictures, ethereally from the subject of their expression, and made them painted music. Any other medium seems inadequate to convey the mystery of the incarnadined East, or the drama of the splendid close of day. But Alexander Smith, poet and essayist, translates one phase of the latter, when he writes:

"The sun is dying like a cloven king
In his own blood; the while the distant moon,
Like a pale prophetess that he has wronged,
Leans eager forward with most hungry eyes
Watching him bleed to death, and, as he faints,
She brightens and dilates; revenge complete
She walks in lonely triumph through the night."

Next to skating, it is easier to leave an open fire and a good book for a snowshoe tramp than for any other winter recreation. And one's feet have a habit of turning lake-ward, which means parkward as well if the air is keen. There is a certain thrill about walking on water, even if it is frozen water, just as there is mountain climbing, in looking down on what usually looks down on you. A picturesqueness, too, about the ice-cutting in-
(Concluded on page 30.)

WHAT'S WHAT *the* WORLD OVER

Described and Discussed by Contemporary Thinkers



JOYS OF TOWN MAJOR

Life is Never Dull to the Billeting Officer in France

YOU ask me what it is like to be a Town Major? says Major Kenneth Bell, in the Nineteenth Century. C'est une vie! My village—the village of which I am Billeting Officer, O. C. Troops, Representant de l'Autorite Militaire Britannique, and devoted slave—had, in time of peace, exactly 130 inhabitants. I love it with an almost paternal affection. I stand and look at it against the evening sky, or dim with the ghostly shadows of dawn, and feel for it what Dante felt for Florence or Pericles for Athens. Is it not my village? I love its dainty little clocher, its miniature eglise, proudly defiant on the mound in the very centre of its acres, overlooking the most odoriferous of the two principal ponds; its austere and tiny ecole, thrusting an unbelieving little person into the very churchyard—the equally defiant, but certainly less attractive champion of the

civil authority; its irregular line of whitewashed, round-walled farm buildings, big double-doored gateways and capacious greniers succeeding one another down the well-paved street; the little yellow cottage that houses the Garde Champetre; the fine three-storey brick villa, beautiful iron railings and pillared entrance gate and all, where resides M. le Maire (qui est rationaliste), and the modest town dwelling-house of M. le Docteur (qui est bien persant and the Mayor's bitterest enemy).

Yes, I can find it in my tolerant soul to love even both sides of that bit of the street which contains these two redoubtable antagonists. Have I not billeted myself on both? Have I not listened in M. le Docteur's back kitchen to the thunderous eloquence of his denunciation of a man so base as to refuse to his dying mother the consolations of the Church? Have I not seen him rise in his shirt-sleeves, his ancient corduroy pantaloons more even than normally deboutonnes, to thump out with the more decisive vigour on the table (till the coffee cups rang again) his detestation of a character so vile, of belief so degraded. Eloquence is the Doctor's strong point.

Sarcasm is the Mayor's. "Un medecin, lui?" he asks, with withering scorn. "Au contraire, c'est simple officier de sante," and if his enemy has absolute proof that the Mayor's grand-daughter is no better than she should be, the Mayor has really no need to repeat the notorious fact that the Doctor's adopted daughter has, well—shall we say no need of adoption? Petit village, mauvais sang.

So you see the village is adorable, indeed, but not ideal. Put fifty men into a barn to live and sleep, and it is not improbable that one of them some time or other will think of knocking in a nail to hang a coat on or support a shelf. But if he knocks it into a wall made of mud and straw, he knocks down the wall, and leaves a horrid skeleton of worm-eaten balks to support the roof. Put a full-fledged Clydesdale with perhaps a little itch in his off hind into a stable made of similar materials, and in a surprisingly short space of time he will be indignantly shaking the remains of the roof off his broad back, and snorting in a cloud of dust which celebrates the euthanasia of the walls.

"Why the 'ell don't they 'ave 'edges round their

fields? Then we could tell what's private and what ain't. It don't seem natural country, this don't." A crudely expressed criticism of that ancient communal agriculture, which, because France is the true home of social equality, has survived the era of the English enclosures and safeguarded down the ages the independence of the "cultivateur." Perhaps that is why Mr. Atkins, the proud representative of the most aristocratic social structure in Europe, makes his own rights of way across one lady's winter wheat, through another's "potager" to the orchard which provides a couple of widows with most of their livelihood, and cuts down an apple-tree or two whenever he wants a standard for a piece of harness, or a picket post for a horse. Even Town Majors have tempers, and I must admit mine gets the better of me when I see that most hideous of wanton "degats," "un pommier massacre." It needs a Cockney or a Black Country miscreant to do so foul a deed. Three years to grow to fruit-bearing age, and then ten or fifteen years of steady production, thirty or forty francs a year, and they have made a post of it! There are the branches, the buds still fresh, scattered in a circle round the hacked and battered stump, and there in the horse-lines 200 yards away is a breast collar and a pair of traces hanging from a fork-shaped bit of green wood. No, it is not always pleasant to have des etrangers chez soi. "Regardez bien, mon Capitaine, ce qu'on a fait de mon potager," says one poor lady, whose misfortune it is to have her paternal half-acre situated in a direct line between A Battery's billets and their cook-house. At first there was a narrow, well-trodden path, then two days' rain turned it into a lane of mud, and each man walked a little bit further out on the side of it, till, finally, there is a boulevard twenty feet wide in what once was a garden, and even if you put it out of bounds, the soil is trodden down so hard that it will break the poor old lady's back to dig it up.

He, the Town Major, may, perhaps, have stolen five minutes to inspect his own horses (is he not a Battery Captain with 100 men, 160 horses, 20 wag-gons, a cook-house, latrines, billets, wash benches, horse-lines, forage stores, an interpreter, and a can-teen to look after, to say nothing of a Major, a Colonel, and a C. R. A.?) or to write to his wife (is he not married, with four children, two nursemaids, two servants, a mother-in-law, and a wife somewhere in England?) Then it is morally certain that someone will come to tell him that the water has failed again and Divisional H. Q. want to see him about it, or that the Divisional Sanitary Officer wants to know why the men of this battery are washing in their billets and not in the proper wash-houses (which, by the way, exist only in his imagination, there being no planks to make them with), or that the Assistant Provost Marshal has been asking whether beer is not sold in the estaminet at the end of the village in prohibited hours, or that the O. C. of the ambulance finds it necessary to withdraw the party who have been cleaning out the pond, and what is to be



Bethmann-Hollweg: "I vos lookin' for der love light in your eyes."

—McConnell in the Toronto Daily News.

done about it? Or that the Corps A. Q. M. G. himself has been through in a car and noticed that there was still some mud at the side of the roads, or that the Bandmaster from Headquarters is looking for the Town Major to get the programme for to-morrow's concert finally settled. He is sitting down to breakfast with a pile of letters a foot high to read and censor before nine o'clock, and a motor cycle orderly arrives with a chit: "Please find billets for six officers and 250 men of the — Siege Battery, R.G.A. Also a park for five motor lorries. Unit will arrive some time to-morrow." Perhaps he may be lucky enough to get someone else to finish off the letters, "hoping this finds you well, as it leaves

me in the pink at present." "Your parcel went down A1, but don't put any fags in the next one, darling, as we get an issue twice a week." "Dear Ma, mind you go and see Jane and the children soon, it will cheer her up," and so on and so on. Then he may have time to get some arrangements made for the unfortunate Siege Gunners before they arrive.

"Of course you are not serious?" I have been asked by a weary Engineer officer when I have shown him a barn billet for his men and told him it is one of the best I have got. Certainly, it does look rather gloomy and bare, with a steady drip proceeding from a hole where a loose tile has fallen from the roof and a rat as big as a Persian cat scurrying across the floor. But revisit it two days later, when the men's kits are all neatly laid out in rows along the wooden platform with which the barn has been fitted up, with, here and there, an improvised bed knocked up out of a few bits of wood and some rabbit wire by someone who understands comfort—and perhaps even a table and a bench of the same type of construction—and you would never know it for the same place.

HOLLAND'S CHANCE

She Must Decide to Join the Right Cause Before it is Too Late

FROM the beginning of this world-struggle the present writer has called many times in these pages on the people of Holland to take their courage in both hands and to declare themselves openly for the right cause, writes "Y" in the Fort-nightly. Which was the right cause before August, 1914, may have been open to question, but once the Germans began massacring, violating, and robbing unfortunate Belgian and French citizens and their women folk on the very morrow of their advance, no human being with the smallest title to rank as civilized could have been in doubt as to which side was led by Moloch and which by Michael.

In Holland, as in Greece, there is a rift between the popular view of things and that favoured in high spheres at The Hague, and of late the former has found louder and more emphatic expression than in the earlier stages of the war through the increased pressure of daily needs. This frame of mind, which is caused and aggravated by the pinch of want, has led to some searching questions as to the character of the national dynasty. Has Holland been guided through the European crisis in accordance with her true national interests and dignity, or simply by the predilections and prejudices of a small Court? Enlightened men in the country have made the discovery for themselves that German rather than Dutch interests have been the chief concern in royal circles. The discovery is all the more unpleasant because of its future developments. The Prince Consort is a German of the Germans, but his influence has never counted as much in the country as in the family circle. The only child of his marriage with Queen Wilhelmina is the Princess Juliana, who seems destined some time or other to have a German princeling as a husband. Apart from the Princess, the succession to the Dutch throne must pass, if at all, to other German princelings who have about as little regard for the Dutch as the Dutch people have for them. It does not alter the fact that the Court of The Hague is just as much a German nest as the Palaces of Sofia and Athens have been found to be. These matters are receiving attention and are giving rise to pointed questions, not here, but in Amsterdam and other true centres of Dutch opinion. Has the independent, freedom-boasting, Netherlands Government become only a branch of the German administration at Berlin? If it has not, why is no protection afforded to Dutch shipping in the North Sea, why has the repeated flagrant violation of Dutch territory been tolerated, and why have German plots to stir up strife in the Dutch Indies, from Sumatra to Flores, been treated as of no concern by the great folks of the Noordeinde and the "Plein"?

The attitude of the Dutch Government, its consistent policy of doing nothing against Germany, has resulted in a double wrong. It has not been able to uphold the national dignity whenever Germany has chosen to affront it; it has not been able to hold the balance true of impartial neutrality in common fairness to the Allies while Germany was being revictualled on most profitable terms. The greatest consideration has been shown throughout to Holland by the Allies. It looks as if The Hague Government may receive far less tender treatment at the hands of its own people now that its pro-German bias is being appreciated at home at the same time that the export to Germany is being stripped of its gilding.

It is more than two years since Antwerp fell, and

ever since the attitude of her Government has been hesitating and equivocal. But, long as has been the lapse of time, the door still remains open for effective, vigorous action that will restore Holland to her proper place among the Powers that will have saved the liberties of Europe. But the opportunity cannot be available indefinitely. Within a more or less limited number of months it must pass by, and Holland will have thrown away her last chance. When the decisive phase of the contest has been reached and passed it will matter to no one what Holland



Irate Passenger (as the train moves out): "Why didn't you put my luggage in, you blithering old ass?"
Porter: "There's mair sense in yer trunk than there is in yer heid, mon. It's you that's in the wrang train!"

—Drawn by Harry Low in the London Sketch.

proposes to do, because the future of the war will have declared itself, and nothing that she can do will affect it. Her intervention will then be a matter entirely for her own ends, and it will not be surprising if the Allies display no interest in them and render no help towards their attainment. But there is still time for a nobler and more profitable decision. Holland, by prompt action in asserting her national rights and in opposing German aggression on sea and land at her expense, can contribute more than any other country in the world to the more speedy termination of the war, thanks to her position, and for such a timely co-operation she could almost name her own terms and the Allies would not be niggardly in their appreciation. But the present is the moment to decide, and there is no excuse for, or wisdom in, delay.

POORER OR RICHER?

Which Shall We Be, Asks the Modern Economist

FOLLOWING an analysis of peace prospects, J. A. Hobson in the Contemporary Review observes that the net result of this general analysis is that, if we are to escape becoming poorer after the war, we must become richer. This is not the empty truism it may at first appear. It signifies in the first place that a mere return to the standard and volume of production of wealth before the war is impossible. For out of the after-war production a far larger amount will have to be taken for interest and dividends. Moreover, apart from the payment of war expenses in the shape of interest on loans and sinking fund, the needs of public revenue for social services, and probably for the maintenance of an expensive army, will involve a larger total burden of taxation than before the war. These enhanced payments, to capital, fund-holders and the State, would involve a heavy reduction of real wages, if the total production were no greater than before the war. But labour, as we diagnose the case, would not consent to such reduction. If it be said that the operation of economic prices would compel labour to submit to the inevitable, I would reply that the evidence does not show this course to be inevitable. There is an alternative course, viz., so to raise the

total productivity of industry as simultaneously to provide out of the enlarged output of annual wealth the increased aggregate of interest and public revenue, together with a higher standard of wages and consumption for the working-classes. The economic stimuli of production brought into operation during war-time show the possibility of increased production even under an improvised organization. Our supreme task must be to devise stimuli which, though less acute in their appeal than those supplied by the emergency of war, shall yet be adequate in peace to operate successfully in a carefully reformed organization of industry, in which the interests of all participants, capital, labour, ability and the consumer, shall be duly represented. If these changes in our industrial arrangements for producing and distributing wealth amount to a revolution, better this sort of revolution than the other sort which history teaches us may follow war.

DEEDS NOT ASPIRATIONS

Are the Things by which Britain Will Pledge American Sincerity, says Brooks

ENGLAND'S real feelings towards America are interestingly expressed by Sydney Brooks in the February issue of *The Atlantic Monthly*. The author outlines the neutrality of the United States and admits that "not even at this time would any Englishman desire to see America drawn into the war except under the constraint of purely American interests and in order to fulfill her own conception of what her self-respect and her duty as one of the great pillars of democracy demand. Were the United States, of her own initiative, to throw in her lot with the Allies, then, indeed, every Briton would feel that his dearest political wish had been realized in the mere fact of a working co-operation between all the English-speaking peoples; would say—and would be right in saying—that now at last the only possible foundations of a lasting peace had been well and truly laid. But that, as every one in Great Britain realizes, is a matter for Americans to decide in their own way, at their own time, and in the light of exclusively American considerations. From first to last in this war I do not think you will be able to point to a single utterance of any British statesman that savoured of the impertinence of urging the United States to abandon her neutrality or that tendered any advice whatever on the subject.

"If America is satisfied to remain outside, we in England are well content to have her do so. While we most passionately believe that we are fighting for every sound principle of right-dealing between nations, for everything that makes democracy possible, and for the protection of freedom itself against the assaults of a panoplied absolutism, we do not expect America to go crusading on behalf of these causes unless and until her own national honour or security is involved in their maintenance. We are not quite so foolish as to look for an exhibition of international knight-errantry from the American or any other government. Still less do we stand in any need of either the naval or the military assistance of the United States. The war of European liberty will be won even if America remains neutral to the end. We can, and we shall, save civilization, if we have to, without her. For themselves the Allies want nothing from the United States beyond what their command of the sea enables them at this moment to receive—arms, food, raw material, equipment of all kinds; and in regard to some at least of these necessities they will before long be independent of any source of supply but their own.

"Many Englishmen have even argued that the belligerent interests of the Allies are better served by American neutrality than they would be by American intervention. That also is a favourite American contention and unquestionably there is a great deal to be said for it. But no Englishman, or none at least of any consequence, has been guilty of attempting to force either that opinion or its opposite upon the attention of the United States. Most emphatically we do not seek and have never sought American intervention; we are perfectly confident that we can dispense with it; at the same time, if it came, as of course it could only come, under the compulsion of American honour and American interests, we in Great Britain would welcome it, not so much for its effect on the present war, as because it would powerfully reinforce the guaranties of future peace.

"However slight or however onerous the task of maintaining a lasting peace may hereafter prove, Americans can take no effective hand in it so long as they confine themselves to expressions of goodwill and pacific protestations, and, for the rest, wash

their hands of Europe. If the United States is to exert a genuine and first-hand influence in safeguarding and fortifying the peace of the world, there must be a resolute and definite entrance into the actual arena of world-politics and a willingness to undertake the inevitable commitments and run the inevitable risks.

"If that is, indeed, the direction in which American statesmanship is tending, then it will be wel-



Strafed.

—Fitzpatrick in St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

comed by no one more eagerly and more sincerely than by the people of the British Empire. And it is on the close understanding of these two powerful, democratic and unaggressive peoples that the well-being of humanity, the security of whatever dispensation is evolved from the turmoil of this war, and the best hope of a durable peace, must chiefly depend. We in Great Britain stand ready to work with any nation to prevent a recurrence of the awful cataclysm now pulverizing Europe and detonating throughout the entire world. But we would rather work with the American nation than with any other—if, but only if, America shall at length make up her mind to be judged, not by her aspirations or her protestations, but by her deeds."

SCANDINAVIA TROUBLE

Prospects of Trouble With the Hun are Quite Bright Says Writer

AFTER withstanding, for two years and a half, blandishments and threats and acts of provocation, the Scandinavian countries find themselves face to face with the most momentous period of the Great War in its relation to the neutrality declarations of Denmark, Norway and Sweden.

Will Scandinavia be able to maintain this neutrality for any considerable length of time? asks Julius Moritzen in the *North American Review*.

Scandinavia's prosperity as a result of the prolongation of the war is as certain a fact as is danger that this very prosperity is a contributing cause to the perils confronting Denmark and Norway, and to some lesser extent Sweden. The sinking of Norwegian and Danish ships by German submarines in the North Sea and the Arctic Ocean is a result of Germany's determination to impede as much as possible shipments of food and ammunition to Great Britain and her Allies. The Teutonic Powers, further, are exasperated beyond expression because importations into Denmark and Norway are regulated through agreements with England which stipulate that certain products sold to Danish and Norwegian houses can under no circumstances be re-exported to Germany. On their part, Denmark and Norway enter the complaint that this English restriction often leaves them without sufficient raw products for home consumption. The plenitude of money in Scandinavia rather points in the direction of a state of affairs where the war is blowing both cold and hot. Evidently the selling power of the

Scandinavian countries is far from being impaired. If sky-rocket prices obtain for necessities in the northern lands, it is because both England and Germany are willing to pay abnormally for all sorts of products.

The Scandinavian outlook is far from reassuring. It is not at all surprising that Denmark, Norway and Sweden sent identical notes to the belligerents in support of President Wilson's request for information. The answer of the Entente Allies to Germany's peace proposal scarcely suits Scandinavia, which believes that another year of war will undo all she has done for the maintenance of her neutrality. On the other hand, whatever may be the attitude of the American Government in its relations to the warring nations, there is reason to believe that it will shape also the course of Denmark and Norway. Here again it would be unwise to include Sweden, even though she, like her sister nations, is a party to the identical Scandinavian note. The Swedish problem in reality is one that calls for separate solution. The writer cannot conceive it possible that Swedish sentiment would sanction anything that would aid Russian expansion in any direction.

And yet there is just one possible chance that Sweden may be made to view her Muscovite neighbour in a different light. It is in regard to Finland. Of course, a recovery of this one-time Swedish province is not considered likely, but a change of policy by Russia regarding Finnish nationality may do much toward appeasing the uneasiness of the Swedes. With Belgian, Serbian and Polish nationalism of such great concern to the belligerents, why not come to a definite understanding touching Finland? is Sweden's query.

The Short Story Problem

(Concluded from page 19.)

a mounted police colonel accuses a young subordinate of forgery, only to find, in the end, that the young fellow was protecting the Colonel's innocent young spendthrift wife, who had herself forged the check, forsooth, because she wanted some pretty things and didn't know any better. She confesses to the Colonel in the end and thus saves the young man from getting into trouble. Then we are asked to believe that the Colonel stroked his moustache and sobbed to himself for not being kinder to his young wife and explaining to her the trifling little formality which says that it's bad taste, to say the least, to forge checks. Thus the tale ends very happily. The story is made still brighter by remarks like this: "There should never be any secrets between husband and wife." And the wife's speech: "Thank God. . . . Forgive me! . . ." And the husband's retort: "I know all." Rubbish!

One little bit of a story I ran across had, I think, real elements of art. I think it was by one of the woman writers above referred to. It made a most touching, grim picture, of a north-west settler waiting for his first good crop of wheat. It told in steady, dignified language, how one catastrophe after another had overtaken him till, at the crucial point, he is watching the sky for rain for this last attempt at a crop. He sees the clouds come up. Hope wells up in his heart. He calls his wife to tell her the good news. The clouds come nearer and nearer. The wind whips over the fields. The settler starts to pray his thanks—when suddenly he sees that the storm brings not rain, but hail! That's gloomy, of course. And Canadian editors are still afraid to reveal unpleasant truths about this country. But that was artistically a great story. It was sincere. It was based on truth.

Don't think I am overlooking men like Harvey O'Higgins, Arthur MacFarlane and Alan Sullivan. These men are successful story writers in the American field. But they write, unless I am greatly mistaken, with a view always to the American taste as represented by the American editor. There is nothing to complain about in that. But then, when they finish their stories, they send them straight to the American publisher. Why? Because that gentleman, having a large and well-developed home market in which to work up the circulation of his paper, can charge high advertising rates and pay high rates for his stories. When a writer can look forward to two hundred dollars or more for one small manuscript he may well put time and thought into its execution.

FINANCIAL

By INVESTICUS

Far Off Investments Look Green

SHOULD I, asks a woman on our Pacific coast, writing to this paper, buy any more shares of this stock? I open the envelope again and find inside the prospectus of an automobile company which has apparently been floated in Cleveland. As usual, it is a very pretty piece of printing. The paper is of the most expensive sort, and the wording is excellent (for the purpose). The promoters of the company probably paid not less than two hundred dollars just to have the facts stated in the convincing language of a good advertising writer. Furthermore, I think this company is an honest one, well-backed by a group of honest and well-intentioned automobile experts, and I am far from certain that the woman on the Pacific Coast who writes me about this investment, is going to lose money. Indeed she may make some—(I have written her about that.)

But what strikes me is this: why was it necessary to choose a concern so far away from home? Why an American concern when Canadian investments are just as attractive? I'm not writing from the patriotic point of view, necessarily, but from the point of view of practical business. There are government securities that may be had from any brokerage house in Canada and that will pay at least as well as this automobile concern and will be CERTAIN to pay. What kink in human nature led this woman to risk her money so far from where she could see it? And so much farther out of her control than if she had invested it at home in Canada?

The awful suspicion dawns upon one—that it was the gambling streak. The gambling streak lies in all of us. It is nothing to be ashamed of—merely something to be kept in check. It signifies vitality, optimism and a lively imagination, but that is about all. Women have it quite as well developed as men, often-times better. And very often they don't know they have it and would be horrified to be told they were gambling on the movements of a certain stock. Of course, closely allied with the love of hazard lies the desire to get rich quickly, without undue effort, or any effort at all, if that can be managed. That is why, when ill-founded concerns go "up-spout" there is nearly always to be found a long list of women investors on the list of shareholders bemoaning their fate.

Good investments are not hard to find but they are seldom as pretty to look at as a bad investment. For instance, a really first class warship isn't a bit pretty in colour. It probably isn't in it for gew-gaws and frills, with the average prosperous ferry boat or excursion steamer. But in war—? Surely the point is clear. The financial world is more or less like the high seas in war time. It pays to back the battleship as against the excursion steamer, even though the former seem cold to one's gaze. Very often excursion steamers are lost through mere "stress of weather," as the sailors say, and without even getting up against a competitor.

A young woman wrote me recently about some patent candy that a "gentleman" had induced her to invest in. The minute I read the word "gentleman" I suspected that she was backing a poor kind of candy—and she was. When will the world learn that polite manners and suave language are the first signs of a bad investment. This

poor girl had been saving for years and years—doing without new dresses, wearing her old white gloves (cleaned with gasolene for the nth time) when she went to call on her friends, and skimping herself—(she was a business-girl) on her lunches. Thus she rolls up three hundred dollars—and entrusts it to "a gentleman." Can't you see the whole story being enacted before your very eyes? How he lifted his hat SO nicely the first time he passed her in the hall? How, very hesitatingly, he made the first, rather dignified advances? How he gave this girl the impression of great affairs and wealth? Or of a cruel world that had abused him and refused to recognize his genius? And then she—not being very clear whether she was investing money or humoring a possible admirer (the best of women have been known to do that)—hands out her little bank roll to back "a patent candy."

Ladies! Beware of clothes, manners and words. When you choose a banker, choose one that seems short of time, short of temper, short of manners. Other things being equal, he is likely to be a much more satisfactory man than some seeming Sir Galahad.

THE NORTH AMERICAN LIFE.

SIGNS of solidity and strength have always been a feature of the North American Life Reports. That for the thirty-sixth year of business just closed is additional evidence along these lines. Assets now amount to \$16,442,713.47, while the net surplus of policyholders' account has been increased to \$2,657,105.64.

The new business issued and revived during 1916 exceeded that of the best previous year, 1915, by over one million dollars. The issued and revived business for the past year amounted to \$10,189,539.00, while the total assurance in force at the close of 1916 amounted to \$59,685,112.00. The cash income for the year amounted to \$2,912,514.00.

Mr. L. Goldman in his address to the policyholders pointed out that during the past year the sum of \$1,591,000.33 was paid to policyholders or their beneficiaries, of which amount \$262,684.26 was paid in dividends or surplus, while the guarantors received only \$6,000. During the past ten years there has been paid to policyholders the sum of \$10,481,146.85, striking evidence of the fact that the interest of the policyholders is the first consideration of this company.

Concerning Books

JUST one dog story among the other short stories of animals in Charles G. D. Roberts' new book, "The Secret Trails," is alone enough to endear the book to those who love animals. This dog had something to do with the war and the German advance through Belgium. He had a bright idea at a certain point in that terrible game, and at considerable risk to himself he chose to put it into execution instead of crawling off into some safe corner and dreaming of a hot dinner as some dogs would have done in the circumstances. This dog was no neutral. He saved a bridge, and by that he saved three regiments. But how he did it is the subject of the story and not to be divulged except to those who read it in the orig-

inal. The other stories concern all sorts of animals familiar to Canadians. They are jolly reading.

"A SOLDIER'S Sketches Under Fire" (Thomas Allen), is Harold Harvey's contribution to the already overflowing heaps of war literature. It is a small volume packed with all sorts of sketches, some finished and some merely fragmentary notes of things that this man saw at the Front. His sketches are accompanied by descriptive notes telling the circumstances under which the drawings were made or the particular interest attaching to certain of them. The charm of the book lies in its simplicity and directness. Those who are collecting war literature will find it a useful adjunct.

Mexico and Bernstorff

(Concluded from page 11.)

knew where to keep the prisoners we should get, we could probably spend a most amusing half day capturing New York. But the lack of this knowledge in no way injures our good cousins and on the other hand, by encouraging their delusion regarding our helplessness, we are in a position to encourage their investments.

War between Washington and Berlin would be very unfortunate for us in this connection. There is no denying that the Podunk widow and even the greater and wiser investors of the United States would tighten their purse strings. Where money had flowed freely across the boundary, it would come then only with difficulty. It would not stop coming, perhaps—but the interest rate would rise. That would be certain.

So far, of course, we have considered the question only from the standpoint of ourselves. If one enlarges the viewpoint, however, and takes into consideration the feelings and interests of the United States, we might almost wish them into the war—for their own sakes. There was a time when the American was a proud animal. Twenty-five or thirty years ago the earnest young American—however ignorant—was not ashamed to hope to be president. Such a thing as Mr. Benjamin Gould quitting his native land for Canada, and spending his time excoriating his native land from this side of the fence, was impossible. The spectacle of Mr. Poultney Bigelow coaxing applause from a Canadian audience by abusing his mother country would be impossible. But to-day these things are not only possible, but prevalent. The thoughtful, public spirited men and women to whom Americans might have looked for leadership in other times have grown weary of trying to stem the tide of crass materialism. They have retired into their houses, cynical and hopeless for any improvement.

A Safe Refuge.

The mining stock promoter dashed into his office and locked the door. "Where can I hide?" he cried. "The police are coming."
"Get into the simplified card index case," said the head clerk. "I defy any one to find anything there."

British Frightfulness.

The Host—"I thought of sending some of these cigars out to the Front."
The Victim—"Good idea! But how can you make certain that the Germans will get them?"—Tit-Bits.

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YOU MAY NOT BE MUSICAL

But you can appreciate the common sense article of Maestro Carboni, in which he compares the resonant characteristics of a human voice to a violin

IMITATION CAN'T PRODUCE SINGERS

By MAESTRO CARBONI

In this department from time to time will appear a number of short musical articles intended to be interesting to most everybody. This is the first of the series.

THE mechanism of the vocal apparatus is a familiar subject to all serious students of vocal art. Frequently, however, slight misunderstandings arise which a few words can set right. The vocal cords are not—as so many students imagine—just mere bands attached at their two



Head of Vocal Faculty at the Hambourg Conservatory, Toronto, late of Paris.

extremities; they are ligaments or membranous folds or shelves, united throughout their whole length to the cartilaginous walls on either side. Although the vocal cords are the primary agents of sound they cannot, of themselves produce sound. It is through their vibratory action that the membranous walls of the respiratory cavities and the air which they contain become sonorous.

An illustration of this principle may be found in violin playing. When the bow comes into contact with the string, the latter, which of itself produces no sound, sets vibrating the bridge on which it rests, which communicates the vibrations to the harmonic table, which, in turn, sets in motion the air contained in the body of the violin. The pulsation or vibration of the air contained in the body of the violin communicates itself to the surrounding air by means of the sound holes cut in the wood, and it is the pulsation of the outside air which reaches the ear as sound.

You have often wondered what makes one voice of the same kind so different from another. Leaving aside for the moment the variations of temperament, the fundamental difference which gives any voice its peculiar timbre comes from the form of the membranous walls as well as the shape of the cavities through which the air vibrations pass.

This fact gives the lie to the erroneous theory held by many that it is possible to give vocal instruction by imitation, i.e., that a teacher with an excellent voice is able to impart his vocal tone to his pupils, or that by mere imitation of a great singer heard on the Victrola records the listener will acquire in any permanent degree the celebrity's vocal tone.

The tension or stretching of these vibrating walls which determine the form of these pneumatic cavities gives to each individual voice its musical quality. As in the violin, strings, bridge, harmonic table, body, air and wood of the instrument vibrate, so it is with the voice. Muscular contraction of the walls of these cavities can at each instant change the tonal qual-

ity by their tension, elasticity, consistency and stability; moreover, the relative shapes of the cavities can change and adapt themselves to one another at any moment. Not only can we change the shape and capacity of our pneumatic cavities at will, but we can also temporarily change the timbre or "sonority" of the voice, and vary the amount of tension of these cavities by muscular contraction, while sustaining the tone by means of respiratory reinforcement.

There should be neither "registers" nor "passages" in the gradually ascending vocal scale. The existence of registers arises from the forced maintenance of the same thickness of the vocal cords above the limits proper to that thickness; and this excess of thickness requires an excess of tension; it thus follows that this force of tension becoming dangerous, the cords suddenly change, losing their thickness, thus requiring less tension; by this we see that registers and sudden changes in vocal tone are caused by the sudden relative variations of thickness and tension of the vocal cords. The vocalist should accustom himself to vary both easily and connectedly, at will, the thickness and tension of the vocal cords, and by avoiding both overstretching and overthickening of the vocal cords, he will be able to give greater volume of tone with no necessity to force his voice. In equalizing the low, the medium and high notes, confusion must not be made between maintaining the same evenness of sound and the same thickness of the cords. On the contrary, the regular diminishing of the thickness from the lower to the higher is required, thus avoiding all superfluous tension and forcing the sonority even when singing in half-tone. The medium comes within the range of the speaking tone; therefore the student must learn to enunciate distinctly without verbal affectation or forcing the tone.

One of the principal aids in obtaining beauty of tone lies in the will-power of expression. Teachers undertake to place the voice by imitation, or by a mechanical process, relying sometimes on one single vowel sound and neglecting to bring uppermost in the student's mind the necessity of carrying conviction by mental as well as by verbal concentration. The mere thought of lucid expression frequently entails the necessary means for encompassing this end, and in any case considerably modifies the timbre of the voice. Another point to remember is, that the charm of youth or freshness of vocal tone depends on the precise height or pitch of vibration of each sound being attained. This pitch, this youthfulness and freshness is obtained by an initial study on the vowels "oh" and "ah" on the high notes and "e" and "a" (ay).

has now established himself as an exponent of modern piano art which he expounds very much his own way, illustrating his precepts by his own practical work at the keyboard.

There is always a high degree of the aesthetic about Mr. Hesselberg's recitals—whether of pupils or of himself. In a marked way he projects his own personal taste into a pupils' programme. Hesselberg never gives you a mere recital. There is always the stage accessory in colour and light and sometimes costume. He has a high regard for ensemble effects. He believes in atmosphere. This is usually an advantage. Sometimes it is hazardous. Too much atmosphere might mean too little real virtuosity or even ordinary technical mastery in music. Mr. Hesselberg is constantly on his guard against this.

He must be judged in the main by his teaching, which is most of what he does. No teacher can constantly perform in public. At the same time Mr. Hesselberg makes a high average of public appearances in solo work. He returned recently from a tour in the United States. Extreme brilliancy characterizes most of his work. He has a high regard for the obviously engaging qualities of musical art. He keeps away from the profound or the merely technical. That is one way to simplify art, cutting out the occult and the vague while retaining atmosphere.

As a composer Mr. Hesselberg is prolific without being prodigious. He writes songs and piano pieces in most of the important forms. His songs are perhaps the more popular, one of the reasons being that his wife, Lena Shackleton Hesselberg, writes the lyrics. This has the advantage of a high degree of intimacy between the words and the music and makes for



greater fluency and freedom of expression. He has a strong lyrical sense, which pervades most of his work, whether for voice or piano.

A Significant Recital.

RACHELLE COPELAND, of Toronto, late of Petrograd and the studio of Leopold Auer, gave her first return-home recital last week. She played to a crowded house, a large number of patrons and patronesses, and a decidedly cultivated audience in the matter of higher criticism.

Plenty of ambitious debutantes have managed to scratch through a series of big numbers without absolute discredit to themselves or their tutors. Miss Copeland did much more than scratch through. She had one big

concerto of Mozart, two colourful things of Sarasate, a Nocturne of Chopin, arranged by her tutor, a Caprice of Gretny, the Vitalo Chaconne, Tchaikowsky's Meditation, and a Debussy Minuet.

Nothing was lacking to give any debutante a strenuous and heart-searching time. And Miss Copeland did not seem to be bewildered by its complexities. She showed a rather amazing composure and equilibrium. Brilliancy was demanded in at least three-fourths of the things she played. She responded with a smile. Hereby one criticism. The audience seemed interested less in the native atmosphere of each number than in the way the performer would overcome its difficulties, which were less obvious to her than to other people. Perfect poise without assurance is achieved as a rule by only very young people or great masters. But the master usually succeeds in imparting his own composure to the audience.

On so important a programme it was obvious that Miss Copeland should pretty well run the gamut of her powers. And she did. Any one who was not intimately acquainted with the pieces must have got a good crisp idea of what sort of things they were intended to be. There was always a naive, optimistic charm to the player's work. She was always sunny. Amid all the intricacies of so exacting a programme she resorted to no cap-

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PIANIST, PEDAGOGUE, COMPOSER

By THE MUSIC EDITOR

Another of a series of character studies among musicians

EDOUARD HESSELBERG has been known for some time to readers of this paper. He is a piano artist, a pedagogue, a composer—and a

Russian. About four years ago he came here from the end of a varied and distinguished circuit of musical positions in the United States. He

rices. Never once did she attempt a subterfuge or any evasion of the clearly difficult problem she had in hand. Her training in the Auer studio after a term with her Canadian teacher, Mr. Blachford, has given her

seem to make every possible use of these extremes. Elman does it. Not having heard Kathleen Parlow I can only imagine that she does it also. Sometimes there was more vibrato than seemed necessary. But a good warm throb in the G is a temptation to players of bigger calibre and more experience than Miss Copeland. With no end of dash and verve and resonant vigour she sometimes caused a shade of doubt as to exact pitch—especially in doublestopping—and occasionally as to tone-purity. Here again she is in the very excellent company of some great artists. Even Joachim when he played this same Mozart concerto a good many years ago is said to have been rather careless of intonation. With more repose and serenity at her finger ends the recital would have been a notable performance. As it was, Miss Copeland achieved a high degree of distinction, for which she should feel gratified as she looks forward to the big things she has yet to accomplish.

Musicians and Manners

“MUSICIANS are notoriously bad-mannered,” announces Carl Van Vechten in a book devoted to the theme of Music and Bad Manners. “I have seen a soprano throw a pork roast on the floor at dinner, the day before a performance of Wagner’s consecration festival, with the shrill explanation, ‘Pork before Parsifal!’”

The position of a certain couch in a performance of “Lohengrin” once aroused a dispute between Emma Eames and a tenor.

“At the rehearsal the tenor seemed to have won the battle. When, at the

performance, he found the couch in the exact spot which had been designated by the lady, his indignation was great. With as much regard for the action of the drama as was consistent with so violent a gesture, he gave the couch a violent shove with his projected toe, with the intention of pushing it into his chosen locality. He retired with a howl, nursing a wounded member. The couch had been nailed to the floor.”

But all the blame for scenes at concerts should not rest with the performers. Audiences as well, says the author, may be relied upon to behave badly on occasion.

“Mr. Paderewski was playing at one of those morning musicales arranged at smart hotels, so that the very rich may see more intimately the well known artists of the concert and operastage. Some women started to go out. The interruption became intolerable, and Paderewski stopped playing. ‘Those who do not wish to hear me will kindly leave the room immediately,’ he said; ‘and those who wish to remain will kindly take their seats.’ The outflow continued, while those who remained began to hiss. ‘I am astonished to find people in New York leaving while an artist is playing,’ the pianist added. Then some one started to applaud; the applause deepened, and finally Mr. Paderewski consented to play again. Once he had begun, he played for an hour and twenty minutes, and the faithful ones applauded so much that the echoes of clapping hands accompanied him to his motor.”

The Little Sins

(Concluded from page 12.)

a guest in her house—instead of a paid companion.”

At such times Ned would feel a wave of remorse sweep over him, realizing the girl’s simple trust and her faith in him, and it was only after a determined and fierce struggle that he kept from breaking down and confessing the whole loathsome lie. He never dared to think how it was all going to end.

Five of the seven days passed in this manner, and then, one evening, returning to the room between the afternoon and evening performance, he found a letter. He lit the gas with trembling fingers, and the sight of the name printed on the upper left-hand corner of the envelope sent the blood

roaring to his ears. It was from Summerville.

After he had finally composed himself from the first shock he carefully tore it open and read the few lines on the sheet.

Mr. Edward Mack:

Things finally settled. Report for rehearsals to-morrow morning at ten, if position of second business at seventy-five a week is agreeable. We will open the middle of the month at the Longacre Theatre.

Yours hastily,
SUMMERVILLE.

The little room, with its bare walls and its flickering gas jet, blurred in the man’s vision. He mechanically folded the letter and slipped it back into the envelope. Summerville heard from at last, and with the offer of a fine position. It didn’t seem real.

He sat down in a chair before the window, staring out over the fast-darkening town. How long he remained there he never realized, but of a sudden, fumbling for his watch, he found it was half after eight. Eight o’clock was his time for singing the first song after supper. He laughed aloud as he turned out the gas and reached for his hat.

That nightmare was over now. The lie was to be at an end. Helen would never know what had passed these five days. How wonderful and perfect had things turned out.

He went around to the stage entrance to meet the irate manager coming out.

“Call around at the box office for your money,” the latter jerked out. “You’re fired! I hired a man I can depend upon!”

Ned smiled and retraced his steps to the front of the house. The lobby was almost deserted. The box office was at the extreme end. He walked up to the barred window.

“I’m Lawson, the ballad singer,” he said, remembering his assumed name. “I’m quitting to-night, and the manager sent me around for the salary due me.”

That was as far as he got. His lifted eyes took in the face behind the cage. It was almost a full minute before he realized he had been talking to his own wife.

Books to Come

“Georgina of the Rainbow.”

By Annie Fellows Johnston. McLeod, Toronto.

GEORGINA, whose motto is, “Put a rainbow round your troubles,” will be a favourite second only to the “Little Colonel.” Every girl who has read the stories of the latter will love Georgina.

Miss Johnston, the author of so many delightful stories for girls, has in this book stepped into that realm of fiction which holds equal charm for young and old. The great quality of naturalness in her heroines is retained in this newest book.

At the tip of old Cape Cod the little heroine meets many people. Uncle Darcy, Mr. Milford, Mrs. Triplett—all these soon become familiar to the reader; and all learn from Georgina that “it pays to keep hope at the prow.”

“Emmy Lou’s Road to Grace.”

By George Madden Martin. Being a Little Pilgrim’s Progress. Cloth, \$1.35.

In “Emmy Lou,” George Madden Martin gave a picture of the mental progress and struggles of her little heroine in the public schools.

In this new book, Mrs. Martin deals with Emmy Lou’s spiritual development and growth, illustrating the progress of her “little pilgrim” by incidents at home, at Sunday School, at Public School.

—McClelland, Goodchild and Stewart



The Debutante.

an abundance of technique. Sometimes it may not have been just the kind of technique that the piece demanded. There were times when a little less display of that element might have been an advantage.

But Miss Copeland got a high degree of resonant eloquence from her violin. This was especially noticeable on the G and the E string. Most Auer pupils

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REQUESTS

THE PEOPLE OF CANADA TO

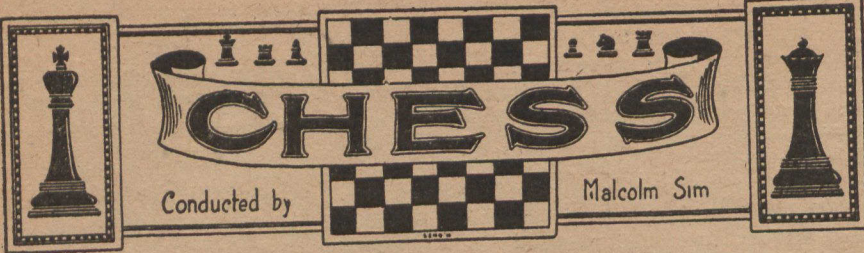
BEGIN NOW

TO SAVE MONEY FOR THE

NEXT WAR LOAN

DEPARTMENT OF FINANCE
OTTAWA

JAN. 9, 1917



Solutions to problems and other correspondence should be addressed to the Chess Editor, Canadian Courier, 30 Grant Street, Toronto.

Problem No. 116, by G. Guidelli. Third Prize, Good Companions' Club, January, 1917.

White: K at KBsq; Q at KKt3; Rs at QR4 and KB2; Bs at KKt3 and KKt2; Kt at Q6; Ps at K2 and KB4.
Black: K at Q5; Q at QB5; R at QB4; B at QR3; Kt at QB8; Ps at QR4, QB3, QB6, QB7 and K2.
White mates in two.

Solutions.

Problem No. 112 by Th. C. Henriksen.
1. K-B5, Kt-Kt4 dis. ch; 2. Kt-K4 mate.

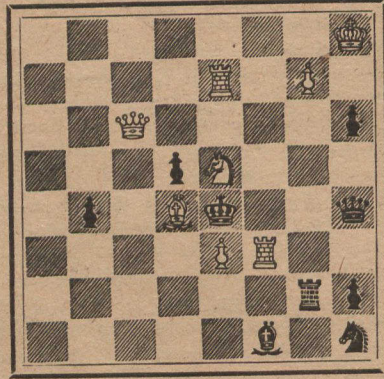
1., KtxR dis. ch; 2. Kt-Q3 mate.
1., Kt-B4 dis. ch; 2. R-B2 mate.

Two Rooks v. Black Queen.

The following two companion problems by F. Sackmann illustrate interesting focal play between the Rooks and the opposing Queen. White's second move in the first example calls to mind the famous key to one of Babson's two-movers.

Problem No. 115, by D. J. Densmore, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Specially contributed.
Black.—Nine Pieces.



White.—Eight Pieces.

White to play and mate in three.

Deutsche Schachblätter, June, 1911.
White: K at QR5; Rs at KB2 and KR7; Ps at QR3, Q R 7, QKt4, QKt5, QKt6 and KR 2.—Black: K at QRsq; Q at KKt2; Ps at QR5 and QKt2. Mate in four. (1. R-B2! Q-B6; 2. P-R4, etc.)

Deutsche Schachblätter, Dec., 1911.
White: K at QR5; Rs at KRsq and KR6; Kt at KR3; Ps at QR3, QR6, QR7, QKt4 and QKt6.—Black: K at QRsq; Q at KKt2; Ps at QR5 and QKt4. Mate in four. (1. R-QBsq! Q-B6; 2. R-B6! Q-B4; 3. P-Q, etc.! If 2... QxPch; 3. P-Q, etc.! If 1... Q-Bsq; 2. R (R6)-QB6, etc.)

The reasons why other moves of the key-pieces along the rank, will not answer, are very strategic in both compositions.

Correct solution of No. 112 received from J. R. Ballantyne, Toronto, and B. Gordon, Ottawa. Mr. Gordon also should have been credited with solution to No. 105.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

(J.R.B.) Why not try one of the Canadian Correspondence League Tournaments?

CHESS BY CORRESPONDENCE.

A brilliant game played in the Correspondence Chess League of Greater New York between R. G. Smellie of Toronto and L. A. Turnbull of Chatham, New Jersey. The notes are our own.

Muzio Gambit.

- | | |
|----------------|-----------------|
| White. | Black. |
| R. G. Smellie. | L. A. Turnbull. |
| 1. P-K4 | 1. P-K4 |
| 2. P-KB4 (a) | 2. PxP |
| 3. Kt-KB3 | 3. P-KKt4 |
| 4. B-B4 (b) | 4. P-Kt5 |
| 5. Kt-B3 (c) | 5. P-Kt4 |
| 6. QxP | 6. P-Q4 (d) |
| 7. KtxP (e) | 7. P-QB3 (f) |
| 8. KtxP | 8. Q-R5ch (g) |
| 9. P-Kt3 | 9. B-KKt5 (h) |
| 10. Q-Kt3 (i) | 10. Q-K2 |
| 11. Castles | 11. Kt-KR3 (j) |
| 12. P-Q4 | 12. P-Kt4 (k) |
| 13. B-Q3 | 13. Kt-R3 |
| 14. P-QR3 | 14. B-Kt2 |
| 15. B-K3 (l) | 15. Castles |
| 16. P-K5 (m) | 16. Kt-B2 |
| 17. B-B2 | 17. B-B4 |
| 18. B-K2 | 18. B-Kt5 (n) |
| 19. QR-KBsq | 19. BxB |
| 20. RxB | 20. Kt-Kt5 |
| 21. B-Q2 | 21. P-QB4 (o) |
| 22. Kt-R5 | 22. P-R4 (p) |
| 23. P-R3 | 23. Kt-K3 |
| 24. R-K4 (q) | 24. KtxP (r) |
| 25. R-KKt!! | 25. KtxQ |
| 26. RxBch | 26. K-Rsq |
| 27. B-R6 (s) | 27. QxP |
| 28. Kt-B6 | 28. Q-K6ch (t) |
| 29. BxQ | 29. KxR |
| 30. P-Kt | 30. R(Bsq)-Qsq |
| 31. BxP (u) | |

(a) Mr. Smellie usually adopts a sporting variation in his correspondence games.

(b) 4. P-KR4, of course, leads to the sounder Kieseritzky or Allgaier Gambits.

(c) 5. Kt-K5 is the Salvio Gambit; also unfavorable. Black's direct assault against the White King cannot, therefore, be adequately met. 5. Castles is the orthodox Muzio. The text-move initiates the McDonnell attack.

(d) 6... P-Q3 is simpler and better. If 7. QxP, then 7... B-K3. The text-move went into disfavor following the 1907 Gambit Tournament at Vienna.

(e) 7. BxP was, unaccountably, considered best previous to the tournament mentioned.

(f) Black must energetically oppose the maturing of his opponent's development.

(g) Maroczy against Marshall at Vienna defended inadequately with 8... Q-B3. The text move might have helped as a preliminary.

(h) This is a mistake that should have brought the game to an immediate conclusion.

(i) Both players, curiously, overlook 10. BxPch, enabling White to remove his Queen from danger with a check!

(j) If 11... QxP, then 12. BxPch, K-Qsq; 13. P-B3, Kt-B3; 14. QxP. If now 14... B-B4ch, then 15. P-Q4, BxPch; 16. PxB, QxPch; 17. K-Rsq, Q-K5ch; 18. Kt-Kt2, for Black cannot continue 18... B-R6, on account of 19. R-Qsq, QKt-Q2; 20. RxKtch, BxR! 21. QxRch, K-K2; 22. QxRP with a winning game.

(k) Again 12... QxP was feasible. If 13. QxP, then 13... QxPch; 14. K-Rsq, Q-K5ch; 15. Kt-Kt2, B-R6; 16. BxPch, KtxB; 17. QxKtch, K-Qsq; 18. B-KKt5ch, K-Bsq; 19. R-B2, B-QB4; 20. R-Q2, R-KBsq and Black will be able to still further improve his position. After the text-move he has to contend with White dominating centre.

(l) 15. P-B3 was probably better play. The remark, indeed, is applicable to his last move.

(m) And this advance might have been delayed until the philosophical moment. P-B3, Q-B2 and the doubling of the Rooks on the Bishop's file seems the natural course.

(n) The Bishop should have remained on the long diagonal to defend his King's position.

(o) Otherwise B-Kt4

(p) In order to continue 23... PxB.

(q) If now 24. P-Kt5, then 24... KtxP; 25. Q-Q3, KtxRch; 26. QxKt, BxP, with the exchange ahead and the better position. The text-move is a very fine conception on the part of Mr. Smellie, which took his opponent by surprise.

(r) If 24... Kt-R3, then 24... Kt-B6ch wins. The variations are interesting.

(s) Threatening Kt-B6.

(t) There is nothing else for it, of course.

(u) And Black resigned fourteen moves later.



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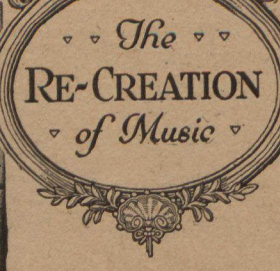
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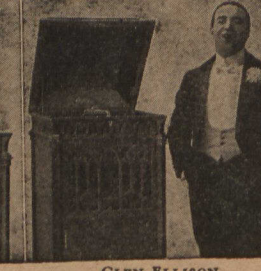
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The Toronto General Trusts Corporation

The following report was submitted to the Shareholders at their Annual Meeting, held in the Company's Board Room in the Head Office Building, Toronto, at noon, Wednesday, February 7, 1917.

THIRTY-FIFTH ANNUAL REPORT OF THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS (being for the year ended 31st December, 1916)

TO THE SHAREHOLDERS:—

The Board of Directors have pleasure in submitting the Thirty-Fifth Annual Report of the Corporation, together with the Statements of Assets and Liabilities and Profit and Loss for the year ended 31st December, 1916.

The net profits for the year, after payment of salaries, advertising, fees and all expenses of management at the Head Office and Branches, and providing for all ascertained or anticipated losses, amount to \$321,382.88, to which sum must be added \$77,674.12, the amount brought forward from the preceding year, making a total of \$399,057, which your Directors have dealt with as follows:—

To payment of four quarterly dividends at the rate of 10% per annum	\$150,000.00
To amounts subscribed as follows:—	
Canadian Patriotic Fund	\$10,000.00
British Red Cross Society	1,000.00
British Sailors' Relief Fund	2,500.00
	13,500.00
To amount provided for 1916 Business Profits War Tax (payable in 1917)	12,000.00
To amount written off Head Office building	25,000.00
To amount transferred to Reserve Fund (increasing this Fund to \$1,850,000.00) ..	100,000.00
To balance carried forward	98,557.00
	<u>\$399,057.00</u>

The Assets and Liabilities Statement shows that the total assets in the hands of the Corporation amount to \$77,180,513.62, an increase of \$5,311,043.52 over the preceding year.

The New Business in the way of Executorships, Administrations, Trusts, Investment Agencies, etc., taken over by the Corporation for the year amounts to \$10,075,979.17.

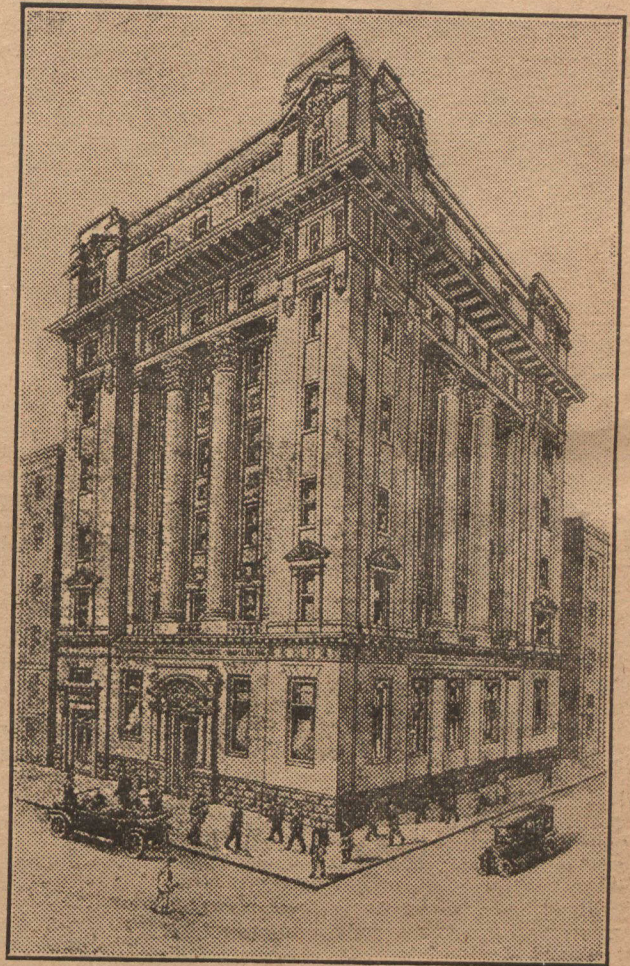
The Board of Directors have on your behalf made subscriptions to the Canadian Patriotic Fund, the British Red Cross Society, and the British Sailors' Relief Fund, confirmation of which will be asked for at the Annual Meeting.

Your Directors regret to report the death, which occurred during the year, of the Hon. J. J. Foy, K.C., one of the charter members of the Board, and at the time of his death, Vice-President of the Corporation.

All of which is respectfully submitted,

A. D. LANGMUIR,
General Manager.
Toronto, January 23rd, 1917.

FEATHERSTON OSLER,
President.



Head Office Building, Toronto.

PROFIT AND LOSS STATEMENT for year ended 31st December, 1916

By Balance brought forward from 31st Dec., 1915	\$ 98,812.60
Less Balance of 1915 Business Profits War Tax	21,138.48
	<u>\$ 77,674.12</u>
By Commissions received from Management of Estates, acting as Trustee for Bond Issues; Registrar and Transfer Agents, etc.; Interest on Capital and Reserve; Profits on Guaranteed Funds; Net Rents from Office Buildings, Safe Deposit Vaults, etc.	\$619,339.66
To Management expenses, including Directors' and Auditors' fees, salaries, advertising, rent, taxes, commissions paid agents for finding loans, etc.	297,956.78
Net Profits for year	<u>321,382.88</u>
	<u>\$399,057.00</u>

APPROPRIATED AS FOLLOWS:—	
To Quarterly dividends, Nos. 79, 80, 81 and 82, at the rate of 10 per cent per annum	\$150,000.00
To Amount subscribed as follows:—	
Canadian Patriotic Fund	\$10,000.00
British Red Cross Society	1,000.00
British Sailors' Relief Fund	2,500.00
	13,500.00
To Amount provided for 1916 Business Profits War Tax (payable in 1917)	12,000.00
To amount written off Head Office Building	25,000.00
To Amount transferred to Reserve Fund	100,000.00
To Balance carried forward	98,557.00
	<u>\$399,057.00</u>

ASSETS AND LIABILITIES STATEMENT for year ended 31st December, 1916

ASSETS	
CAPITAL ACCOUNT—	
Mortgages on Real Estate	\$ 2,145,850.58
Government and Municipal Debentures	197,857.62
Stocks and Bonds	60,000.00
Loans and Debentures, Stocks and Bonds	104,964.13
Loans on Corporation's Guaranteed Mortgage Account Real Estate—	150,000.00
Office Premises and Safe Deposit Vaults at Toronto and Ottawa	775,000.00
Accrued Rents re Offices and Vaults at Toronto and Ottawa	4,970.89
Sundry Assets	1,489.79
Cash on hand and in Banks	82,893.66
	<u>\$ 3,523,026.67</u>
GUARANTEED ACCOUNT—	
Mortgages on Real Estate	\$ 7,621,468.91
Government and Municipal Debentures	1,084,392.72
Loans on Debentures, Stocks and Bonds	166,310.00
Cash on hand and in Banks	92,996.72
	<u>8,965,168.35</u>
ESTATES, TRUSTS AND AGENCIES—	
Mortgages on Real Estate	\$14,673,893.03
Government and Municipal Debentures	5,479,677.91
Loan Company Debentures	8,900.00
Stocks and Bonds	1,144,792.58
Loans on Debentures, Stocks and Bonds	1,204,419.69
Sundry Assets	7,508.00
Cash on hand and in Banks	837,709.29
	<u>\$23,356,900.50</u>
Original Assets, including Real Estate, Mortgages, Debentures, Stocks and Bonds, etc., at Inventory Value ..	41,335,418.10
	<u>\$64,692,318.60</u>
	<u>\$77,180,513.62</u>

LIABILITIES	
CAPITAL ACCOUNT—	
Capital Stock	\$ 1,500,000.00
Reserve Fund	1,850,000.00
Dividend No. 82	37,500.00
Interest in Reserve	27,500.00
Reserve for Balance of Business Profits War Tax (payable in 1917)	9,469.67
Profit and Loss	98,557.00
	<u>3,523,026.67</u>
GUARANTEED ACCOUNT—	
Guaranteed Funds for Investment	\$8,965,168.35
	<u>8,965,168.35</u>
ESTATES, TRUSTS AND AGENCIES—	
Trust Funds for Investment or Distribution	23,356,900.50
Inventory value of Original Assets of Estates and Agencies under Administration by the Corporation.	41,335,418.10
	<u>\$64,692,318.60</u>
	<u>\$77,180,513.62</u>

Auditors' Report.

We, the undersigned, beg to report that we have made a full examination of the books, accounts and vouchers of The Toronto General Trusts Corporation to 31st December, 1916, and find same to be correct and properly set forth in the above statements of Profit and Loss and Assets and Liabilities.

We have examined, and find in order, all the mortgages, debentures, bonds and scrip of the Corporation, as well as those negotiated for the Supreme Court of Ontario, and Trusts, Estates and Agencies in the Corporation's hands, and we have checked same with the mortgage and debenture ledgers and registers.

The Trust investments and funds are kept separate from the Corporation's own securities and funds, and all securities are so earmarked in the books of the Corporation as to show the particular Estate, Trust or Guaranteed Account to which they belong.

The Banker's Balances, after deducting outstanding cheques, agree with the books of the Corporation. All our requirements as Auditors have been complied with.

We have also examined the reports of the Auditors of the Winnipeg, Ottawa, Saskatoon and Vancouver Branches, and find that they agree with the Head Office books.

Toronto, January 22nd, 1917.

R. F. SPENCE, F.C.A. "Can." } Auditors.
GEO. MACBETH,

BOARD OF DIRECTORS—President, Featherston Osler, K.C., D.C.L.; Vice-Presidents, Hamilton Cassels, K.C., LL.D., and Sir John M. Gibson, K.C.M.G., LL.D.; W. R. Brock, Sir William Mortimer Clark, K.C., LL.D.; Hon. W. C. Edwards, Wellington Francis, K.C.; A. C. Hardy, John Hoskin, K.C., LL.D., D.C.L.; Lt.-Col. R. W. Leonard, Thomas Long, W. D. Matthews, Hon. Peter McLaren, J. Bruce Macdonald, Sir Daniel H. McMillan, K.C.M.G.; Lt.-Col. J. F. Michie, Sir Edmund B. Osler, M.P.; J. G. Scott, K.C.; Sir Edmund Walker, C.V.O., LL.D.; E. C. Whitney.

KING, OF THE KHYBER RIFLES

By TALBOT MUNDY

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CHAPTER VIII.

EVEN with the man with the stomach ache mounted on the spare horse for the sake of extra speed (and he was not suffering one-fifth so much as he pretended); with Ismail to urge, and King to coax, and the fear of mountain death on every side of them, they were the part of a night and a day and a night and a part of another day in reaching Khinjan.

Darya Khan, with the rifle held in both hands, led the way swiftly, but warily; and the last man's eyes looked ever backward, for many a sneaking enemy might have seen them and have judged a stern chase worth while.

In the "Hills" the hunter has all the best of it, and the hunted needs must run. The accepted rule is to stalk one's enemy relentlessly and get him first. King happened to be hunting, although not for human life, and he felt bold, but the men with him dreaded each upstanding crag, that might conceal a rifleman. Armed men behind corners mean only one thing in the "Hills."

The animals grew weary to the verge of dropping, for the "road" had been made for the most part by mountain freshets, and where that was not the case it was imaginary altogether. They traveled upward, along ledges that were age-worn in the limestone—downward where the "hell-stones" slid from under them to almost bottomless ravines, and a false step would have been instant death—up again between big edged boulders, that nipped the mule's pack and let the mule between—past many and many a lonely cairn that hid the bones of a murdered man (buried to keep his ghost from making trouble)—ever with a tortured ridge of rock for skyline, and generally leaning against a wind, that chilled them to the bone, while the fierce sun burned them.

At night and at noon they slept fitfully at the chance-met shrine of some holy man. The "Hills" are full of them, marked by fluttering rags that can be seen for miles away; and though the Quran's meaning must be stretched to find excuse, the Hillmen are adept at stretching things and hold those shrines as sacred as the Book itself. Men who would almost rather cut throats than gamble regard them as sanctuaries.

When a man says he is holy he can find few in the "Hills" to believe him; but when he dies or is tortured to death or shot, even the men who murdered him will come and revere his grave.

Whole villages leave their precious possessions at a shrine before wandering in search of summer pasture. They find them safe on their return, although the "Hills" are the home of the lightest-fingered thieves on earth, who are prouder of villainy than of virtue. A man with a blood-feud, and his foe hard after him, may sleep in safety at a faquir's grave. His foe will wait within range, but he will not draw trigger until the grave is left behind.

So a man may rest in temporary peace even on the road to Khinjan, although Khinjan and peace have nothing whatever in common.

It was at such a shrine, surrounded by tattered rags tied to sticks, that fluttered in the wind three or four thousand feet above Khyber level, that King drew Ismail into conversation, and deftly forced on him the role of questioner.

"How can'st thou see the Caves?" he asked, for King had hinted at his intention; and for answer King gave him a glimpse of the gold bracelet.

"Aye! Well and good! But even she dare not disobey the rule. Khinjan was there before she came, and the rule was there from the beginning, when the first men found the Caves! Some—hundreds—have gained admis-

sion, lacking the right. But who ever saw them again? Allah! I, for one, would not chance it!"

"Thou and I are two men!" answered King. "Allah gave thee qualities I lack. He gave thee the strength of a bull and a mountain goat in one, and her for a mistress. To me he gave other qualities. I shall see the Caves. I am not afraid."

"Aye! He gave thee other gifts indeed! But listen! How many Indian servants of the British Raj have set out to see the Caves? Many, many—aye, very many! Again and again the sirkar sent its loyal ones. Did any return? Not one! Some were crucified before they reached the place. One died slowly on the very rock whereon we sit, with his eyelids missing and his eyes turned to the sun! Some entered Khinjan, and the women of the place made sport with them. Those would rather have been crucified outside had they but known. Some, having got by Khinjan, entered the Caves. None ever came out again!"

"Then, what is my case to thee?" King asked him. "If I can not come out again and there is a secret, then the secret will be kept, and what is the trouble?"

"I love thee," the Afridi answered, simply. "Thou art a man after mine own heart. Turn! Go back before it is too late!"

King shook his head. "Be warned!"

Ismail reached out a hairy-black hand that shook with half-suppressed emotion.

"When we reach Khinjan, and I come within reach of her orders again, then I am her man, not thine!"

King smiled, glancing again at the gold bracelet on his arm.

"I look like her man, too!"

"Thou!" Ismail's scorn was well feigned if it was not real. "Thou chicken running to the hand that will pluck thy breast-feathers! Listen! Abdurrahman—he of Khabul—and may Allah give his ugly bones no peace!—Abdurrahman of Khabul sought the secret of the Caves. He sent his men to set an ambush. They caught twenty coming out of Khinjan on a raid. The twenty were carried to Khabul, and put to torture there. How many, think you, told the secret under torture? They died cursing Abdurrahman to his face, and he died without the secret! May God recompense him with the fire that burns forever and scalding water and ashes to eat! May rats eat his bones!"

"Had Abdurrahman this?" asked King, touching the bracelet.

"Nay! He would have given one eye for it, but none would trade with him! He knew of it, but never saw it."

"I am more favoured. I have it. It is hers, is it not?" Does not she know the secret?"

"She knows all that any man knows and more!"

"**W**AS she seen to slay a man in the teeth of written law?" asked King, and Ismail stared so hard at him that he laughed.

"I was in Khinjan once before, my friend! I know the rule! I failed to reach the Caves that other time because I had no witnesses to swear they had seen me slay a man in the teeth of written law. I know!"

"Who saw thee this time?" Ismail asked, and began to cackle with the cruel humour of the "Hills," that sees amusement in a man's undoing, or in the destruction of his plans. His humour forced him to explain.

"The price of an entrance has come of late to be the life of an English arrificer! Many an one the English have dubbed Ghazi, because he crossed the border and buried his knife in a man on church parade! They bang and burn them, knowing our Muslim law, that denies Heaven to him who

is hanged and burned. Yet the man they miscall Ghazi sought but the key to Khinjan Caves, with no thought at all about Heaven! Thou art a British arrificer. It may be they will let thee enter the Caves at her bidding. It may be, too, that they will keep thee in a cage there for some chief's son to try his knife on when the time comes to win admission! Listen—man o' my heart!—so strict is the rule that boys born in the Caves, when they come to manhood, must go and slay an Englishman and earn outlawry before they may come back; and lest they prove fearful and betray the secret, ten men follow each. They die by the hand of one or other of the ten unless they have slain their man within two weeks. So the secret has been kept more years than ten men can remember!" (That estimate was doubtless due to a respect for figures and bore no relation to the length of a human generation.)

"Whom did she kill to gain admission?" King asked him, unexpectedly. "Ask her!" said Ismail. "It is her business."

"And thou? Was the life of a British officer the price paid?"

"Nay. I slew a mullah."

THE calmness of the admission, and the satisfaction that its memory seemed to bring the owner made King laugh. He found lawless satisfaction for himself in that Ismail's blood-price should have been a priest, not one of his brother officers. A man does not follow King's profession for health, profit or sentiment's sake, but healthy sentiment remains. The loyalty that drives him, and is its own most great reward, makes him a man to the middle. He liked Ismail. He could not have liked him in the same way if he had known him guilty of English blood, which is only proof, of course, that sentiment and common justice are not one. But sentiment remains. Justice is an ideal.

"Be warned and go back!" urged Ismail.

"Come with me, then."

"Nay, I am her man. She waits for me!"

"I imagine she waits for me!" laughed King. "Forward! We have rested in this place long enough!"

So on they went, climbing and descending the naked ramparts that lead eastward and upward and northward to the Roof of Mother Earth—Ismail ever grumbling into his long beard, and King consumed by a fiercer enthusiasm than ever had yet burned in him.

"Forward! Forward! Cast hounds forward! Forward in any event!" says Cocker. It is only regular generals in command of troops in the field who must keep their rear open for retreat. The Secret Service thinks only of the goal ahead.

It was ten of a blazing forenoon, and the sun had heated up the rocks until it was pain to walk on them and agony to sit, when they topped the last escarpment and came in sight of Khinjan's walls, across a mile-wide rock ravine—Khinjan the unregenerate, that has no other human habitation within a march because none dare build.

They stood on a ridge and leaned against the wind. Beneath them a path like a rope ladder descended in zigzags to the valley that is Khinjan's dry moat; it needed courage as well as imagination to believe that the animals could be guided down it.

"Is there no other way?" asked King. He knew well of one other, but one does not tell all one knows in the "Hills," and there might have been a third way.

"None from this side," said Ismail. "And from the other side?"

"There is a rather better path—that by which the sirkar's troops once came—although it has been greatly obstructed since. It is two days' march from here to reach it. Be

warned a last time, sahib—little hakim—be warned and go back!"

"Thou bird of ill omen!" laughed King. "Must thou croak from every rock we rest on?"

"If I were a bird I would fly away back with thee!" said Ismail.

"Forward, since we can not fly—forward and downward!" King answered. "She must have crossed this valley. Therefore there are things worth while beyond! Forward!"

The animals, weary to death anyhow, fell rather than walked down the track. The men sat and scrambled. And the heat rose up to meet them from the waterless ravine as if its floor were Tophet's lid and the devils busy under it, stoking.

It was mid-day when at last they stood on bottom and swayed like men in a dream fingering their bruises and scarcely able for the heat haze to see the tangled mass of stone towers and mud-and-stone walls that faced them, a mile away. Nobody challenged them yet. Khinjan itself seemed dead, crackled in the heat.

"Sahib, let us mount the hill again and wait for night and a cool breeze!" urged Darya Khan.

Ismail clucked into his beard and spat to wet his lips.

"This glare makes my eyes ache!" he grumbled.

"Wait, sahib! Wait a while!" urged the others.

"Forward!" ordered King. "This must be Tophet. Know ye not that none come out of Tophet by the way they entered in? Forward! The exit is beyond!"

They staggered after him, sheltering their eyes and faces from the glare with turban-ends and odds and ends of clothing. The animals swayed behind them, with hung heads and drooping ears, and neither man nor beast had sense enough left to have detected an ambush. They were more than half-way across the valley, hunting for shadow where none was to be found, when a shot salute brought them up all-standing in a cluster. Six or eight nickel-coated bullets spattered on the rocks close by, and one so narrowly missed King that he could feel its wind.

Up went all their hands together, and they held them so until they ached. Nothing whatever happened. Their arms ceased aching and grew numb.

"Forward!" ordered King.

After another quarter of a mile of stumbling among hot boulders, not one of which was big enough to afford cover, or shelter from the sun, another volley whistled over them. Their hands went up again, and this time King could see turbaned heads above a parapet in front. But nothing further happened.

"Forward!" he ordered.

They advanced another two hundred yards and a third volley rattled among the rocks on either hand, frightening one of the mules so that it stumbled and fell and had to be helped up again. When that was done, and the mule stood trembling, they all faced the wall. But they were too weary to hold their hands up any more. Thirst had begun to exercise its sway. One of the men was half delirious.

"Who are ye?" howled a human being, whose voice was so like a wolf's that the words at first had no meaning. He peered over the parapet, a hundred feet above, with his head so swathed in dirty linen that he looked like a bandaged corpse.

"What will ye? Who comes uninvited into Khinjan?"

KING bethought him of Yasmini's talisman. He held it up, and the gold band glinted in the sun. Yet, although a Hillman's eyes are keener than an eagle's, he did not believe the thing could be recognized at that angle, and from that distance. Another thought suggested itself to him. He turned his head and caught Ismail in the act of signalling with both hands.

"Ye may come!" howled the watchman on the parapet, disappearing instantly.

King trembled—perhaps as a race-horse trembles at the starting gate.

though he was weary enough to tremble from fatigue. The "Hills," that numb the hearts of many men, had not cowed him, for he loved them and in love there is no fear. Heat and cold and hunger were all in the day's work; thirst was an incident; and the whistle of lead in the wind had never meant more to him than work ahead to do.

But a greyhound trembles in the leash. A boiler trembles when word goes down the speaking-tube from the bridge for "all she's got." And so the mild-looking hakim Kurram Khan, walking gingerly across hot rocks, donning cheap, imitation shell-rimmed spectacles to help him look the part, trembled even more than the leg-weary horse he led.

But that passed. He was all in hand when he led his men up over a rough stone causeway to a door in the bottom of a high battlemented wall and waited for somebody to open it.

The great teak door looked as if it had been stolen from some Hindu temple, and he wondered how and when they could have brought it there across those savage intervening miles. With his six-inch teak planks and bronze bolts its weight must be guessed at in tons—yet a horse can hardly carry a man along any of the trails that lead to Khinjan!

The wood bore the marks of siege and fracture and repair. The walls were new-built, of age-old stone. The last expedition out of India had leveled every bit of those defences flat with the valley, but Khinjan's devils had re-erected them, as ants rebuild a rifled nest.

THE door was swung open after a time, pulled by a rope, manipulated from above by unseen hands. Inside was another blind wall, twenty feet behind the first. To the right a low barricade blocked the passage and provided a safe vantage point from which it could be swept by a hail of lead; but to the left a path ran unobstructed for more than a hundred yards between the walls, to where the way was blocked by another teak door, set in unscalable black rock. High above the door was a ledge of rock that crossed like a bridge from wall to wall, with a parapet of stone built upon it, pierced for rifle-fire.

As they approached this second door a Rangar turban, not unlike King's own, appeared above the parapet on the ledge and a voice he recognized hailed him good-humoredly.

"Salaam aleikoum!"

"And upon thee be peace!" King answered in the Pashtu tongue, for the "Hills" are polite, whatever the other principles.

Rewa Gunga's face beamed down on him, wreathed in smiles that seemed to include mockery as well as triumph. Looking up at him at an angle that made his neck ache and dazzled his eyes, King could not be sure, but it seemed to him that the smile said, "Here you are, my man, and aren't you in for it?" He more than half suspected he was intended to understand that. But the Rangar's conversation took another line.

"By jove!" he chuckled. "She expected you. She guessed you are a hound who can hunt well on a dry scent, and she dared bet you will come in spite of all odds! But she didn't expect you in Rangar dress! No, by jove! You jolly well will take the wind out of her sails!"

King made no answer. For one thing, the word "hound," even in English, is not essentially a compliment. But he had a better reason than that.

"Did you find the way easily?" the Rangar asked; but King kept silence.

"Is he parched? Have they cut his tongue out on the road?"

That question was in Pashtu, directed at Ismail and the others, but King answered it.

"Oh, as for that," he said, salaaming again in the fastidious manner of a native gentleman, "I know no other tongue than Pashtu and my own Rajasthani. My name is Kurram Khan, I ask admittance."

He held up his wrist to show the gold bracelet, and high over his head

the Rangar laughed like a bell.

"Shabash!" he laughed. "Well done! Enter, Kurram Khan, and be welcome, thou and thy men. Be welcome in her name!"

Somebody pulled a rope and the door yawned wide, giving on a kind of courtyard whose high walls allowed no view of anything but hot blue sky. King hurried under the arch and looked up, but on the courtyard side of the door the wall rose sheer and blank, and there was no sign of window or stairs, or of any means of reaching the ledge from which the Rangar had addressed him. What he did see, as he faced that way, was that each of his men salaamed low and covered his face with both hands as he entered.

"Whom do you salute?" he asked. Ismail stared back at him almost insolently, as one who would rebuke a fool.

"Is this not her nest these days?" he answered. "It is well to bow low. She is not as other women. She is she! See yonder!"

Through a gap under an arch in a far corner of the courtyard came a one-eyed, lean-looking villain in Afridi dress who leaned on a long gun and stared at them under his hand. After a leisurely consideration of them he rubbed his nose slowly with one finger, spat contemptuously, and then used the finger to beckon them, crooking it queerly and turning on his heel. He did not say one word.

King led the way after him on foot, for even in the "Hills" where cruelty is a virtue, a man may be excused, on economic grounds, for showing mercy to his beast. His men tugged the weary animals along behind him, through the gap under the arch and along an almost interminable, smelly maze of alleys whose sides were the walls of square stone towers, or sometimes of mud-and-stone-walled compounds, and here and there of sheer, slab-sided cliff.

At intervals they came to bolted, narrow doors, that probably led up to overhead defences. Not fifty yards of any alley was straight; not a yard but what was commanded from overhead. Khinjan had been rebuilt since its last destruction by some expert who knew all about street fighting. Like Old Jerusalem, the place could have contained a civil war of a hundred factions, and still have opposed stout resistance to an outside army.

Alley gave on to courtyard, and filthy square to alley, until unexpectedly at last a seemingly blind passage turned sharply and opened on a straight street, of fair width, and more than half a mile long. It is marked "Street of the Dwellings" on the secret army maps, and it has been burned so often by Khinjan rioters, as well as by expeditions out of India, that a man who goes on a long journey never expects to find it the same on his return.

It was lined on either hand with motley dwellings, out of which a motlier crowd of people swarmed to stare at King and his men. There were houses built of stolen corrugated iron—that cursed, hot, hideous stuff that the West has inflicted on an all-too-willing East; others of wood—of stone—of mud—of mats—of skins—even of tent-cloth. Most of them were filthy. A row of kites sat on the roof of one, and in the gutter near it three gorged vultures sat on the remains of a mule. Scarcely a house was fit to be defended, for Khinjan's fighting men all possess towers, that are plastered about the overfrowning mountain like wasp nests on a wall. These were the sweepers, the traders, the loose women, the mere penniless and the more or less useful men—not Khinjan's inner guard by any means.

THERE were Hindus—sycophants, keepers of accounts and writers to the chiefs (since literacy is at a premium in these parts). In proof of Khinjan's catholic taste and indiscriminate villainy, there were women of nearly every Indian breed and caste, many of them stolen into shameful slavery, but some of them there from choice. And there were little children—little naked brats with round drum tummies, who squealed and shrilled

and stared with bold eyes; some of them were pretending to be bandits on their own account already, and one flung a stone that missed King by an inch. The stone fell in the gutter on the far side and started a fight among the mangy street curs, which proved a diversion and probably saved King's party from more accurate attentions.

Perhaps a thousand souls came out to watch, all told. Not an eye of them all missed the government marks on King's trappings, or the government brand on the mules, and after a minute or two, when the procession was half-way down the street, a man reproved the child who had thrown a stone, and he was backed up by the others. They classified King correctly, exactly as he meant they should. As a hakim—a man of medicine—he could fill a long-felt want; but by the brand on his accoutrements he walked an openly avowed robber, and that made him a brother in crime. Somebody cuffed the next child who picked up a stone.

He knew the street of old, although it had changed perhaps a dozen times

since he had seen it. It was a cul-de-sac, and at the end of it, just as on his previous visit, there stood a stone mosque, whose roof leaned back at a steep angle against the mountain-side. The fact that it was a mosque, and that it was the only building used as such in Khinjan, had saved it from being levelled to the ground by the last British expedition.

It was a famous mosque in its way, for the bed-sheet of the Prophet is known to hang in it, preserved against the ravages of time and the touch of infidels by priceless Afghan rugs before and behind, so that it hangs like a great thin sandwich before the rear stone wall. King had seen it. Very vividly he recalled his almost exposure by a suspicious mullah, when he had crept nearer to examine it at close range. For the Secret Service must probe all things.

THERE had been an attempt since his last visit to make the mosque's exterior look more in keeping with the building's use. It was cleaner. It had been smeared with whitewash. A

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XI

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platform had been built on the roof for the muezzin. But it still looked more like a fort than a place of worship.

Toward it the one-eyed ruffian led the way, with the long, leisurely-seeming gait of a mountaineer. At the door, in the middle of the end of the street, he paused and struck on the lintel three times with his gun-butt. And that was a strange proceeding, to say the least, in a land where the mosque is a public resting place for homeless ones, and all the "faithful" have a right to enter.

A mullah, shaven like a mummy for some unaccountable reason—even his eyebrows and eyelashes had been removed—pushed his bare head through the door and blinked at them. There was some whispering and more staring, and at last the mullah turned his back.

The door slammed. The one-eyed guide grounded his gun-butt on the stone, and the procession waited, watched by the crowd that had lost its interest sufficiently to talk or joke.

In two minutes the mullah returned and threw a mat over the threshold. It turned out to be the end of a long, narrow strip that he kicked and unrolled in front of him all across the floor of the mosque. After that it was not so astonishing that the horses and mules were allowed to enter.

"Which proves I was right after all!" murmured King to himself.

In a steel box at Simla is a memorandum, made after his former visit to the place, to the effect that the entrance into Khinjan Caves might possibly be inside the mosque. Nobody had believed it likely, and he had not more than half favoured it himself; but it is good, even when the next step may lead into a death-trap, to see one's first opinions confirmed.

He nodded to himself as the outer door slammed shut behind them, for that was another most unusual circumstance.

A faint light shone through slit-like windows, changing darkness into gloom, and little more than vaguely hinting at the Prophet's bed-sheet. But for a section of white wall to either side of it, the relic might have seemed part of the shadows. The mullah stood with his back to it and beckoned King nearer. He approached until he could see the pattern on the covering rugs, and the pink rims round the mullah's lashless eyes.

"What is thy desire?" the mullah asked—as a wolf might ask what a lamb wants.

Supposing Yasmini to be jealous of invasion of her realm, King did not doubt she would be glad to have him break down at this point. Until he had actually gained access to her, nobody could reasonably charge her with his safety. If he had been done to death in the Khyber, the sarkar would have known it in a matter of hours. If he were killed here they might never know it.

"Answer!" said the mullah. "What is thy desire?"

"Audience with her!" he answered, and showed the gold bracelet on his wrist.

The red eye-rims of the mullah blinked a time or two, and though he did not salute the bracelet, as others had invariably done, his manner underwent a perceptible change.

"That is proof that she knows thee. What is thy name?"

"Kurram Khan."

"And thy business?"

"Hakim."

"We need thee in Khinjan Caves! But none enter who have not earned right to enter! There is but one key. Name it!"

King drew in his breath. He had hoped Yasmini's talisman would prove to be key enough. The nails of his left hand nearly pierced the palm, but he smiled pleasantly.

"He who would enter must slay a man before witnesses in the teeth of written law!" he said.

"And thou?"

"I slew an Englishman!" The boast made his blood run cold, but his expression was one of sinful pride.

"Whom? When? Where?"

"Atheistan King—a British arrificer

—sent on his way to these 'Hills' to spy!"

It was like having spells cast on himself to order!

"Where is his body?"

"Ask the vultures! Ask the kites!"

"And thy witnesses?"

Hoping against hope, King turned and waved his hand. As he did so, being quick-eyed, he saw Ismail drive an elbow home into Darya Khan's ribs, and caught a quick interchange of whispers.

"These men are all known to me," said the mullah. "They all have right to enter here. They have right to testify. Did ye see him slay his man?"

"Aye!" lied Ismail, prompt as friend can be.

"Aye!" lied Darya Khan, fearful of Ismail's elbow.

"Then, enter!" said the priest resignedly, as one who admits a communicant against his better judgment.

HE turned his back on them so as to face the Prophet's bed-sheet and the rear wall, and in that minute a hairy hand gripped King's arm from behind, and Ismail's voice hissed hot-breathed in his ear.

"Ready of tongue! Ready of wit! Who told thee I would lie to save thy skin? Be thy kismet as thy courage, then—but I am hers, not thy man! Hers, thou light of life—though God knows I love thee!"

The mullah seized the Prophet's bed-sheet and its covering rugs in both hands, with about as much reverence as salesmen show for what they keep in stock. The whole lot slid to one side by means of noisy rings on a rod, and a wall lay bare, built of crudely cut but very well laid stone blocks. It appeared to reach unbroken across the whole width of the mosque's interior.

On the floor lay a mallet, a peculiar thing of bronze, cast in one piece, handle and all. The mullah took it in his hand and struck the stone floor sharply once—then twice again—then three times—then a dozen times in quick succession. The floor rang hollow at that spot.

After about a minute there came one answering hammer-stroke from beyond the wall. Then the mullah laid the mallet down and though King ached to pick it up and examine it he did not dare.

Excitement now was probably the least of his emotions. It had been swallowed in interest. But in his guise of hakim he had to beware of that superficial western carelessness, that permits folk to acknowledge themselves frightened or excited or amused. His business was to attract as little attention to himself as possible; and to that end he folded his hands and looked reverent, as if entering some Mecca of his dreams. Through his horn-timmed spectacles his eyes looked far-away and dreamy. But it would have been a mistake to suppose that a detail was escaping him.

The irregular lines in the masonry began to be more pronounced. All at once the wall shook and they gaped by an inch or two, as happens when an earthquake has shaken buildings without bringing anything down. Then an irregular section of wall began to move quite smoothly away in front of him, leaving a gap through which eight men abreast could have marched.

As it receded he observed that the lowest course of stones was laid on a bronze foundation, that keyed into wide bronze grooves. There was oil enough in the grooves to have greased a ship's ways and there was neither squeak nor tremor as the tons of masonry slid back.

(To be continued.)

Winter in the Woods

(Concluded from page 20.)

dustry—or rather weird pagan rite, as it looks to be, silhouetted against the pearly-gray sky of an oncoming storm.

The mountain ranges, veiled by this storm, and the inky foothills it has not yet reached, "compose"—if one may be permitted the painter's idiom

—a striking study in black and white. A still more unusual one awaits you in the park. Out of beleaguering drifts and down disappearing vistas rise tall, straight-limbed cedars, and up every ebony trunk runs a white stripe of snow, giving to the tout ensemble a startling, zebraesque effect. The spruces are literally swathed in snow—not hard crustations such as one sees in March, but snow of the consistency of softest down. Upon their branches and twigs are wrought a thousand fantastic shapes. (Marvels of indescribable beauty seen on another day, with the sun turning them flesh-pink and etching long blue shadows on the snow beneath.) The smaller firs resemble dryads wrapped in costly, jeweled ermine, caught holding high carnival in the moonlight, and by some spell of enchantment congealed as they sported.

Beautiful beyond words—and so

silent! Silence almost personal.

In Winslow Homer's studio, at Prout's Neck, there are, among the other old-world antiques, two curious clocks—stopped. Many of his animated seascapes, depicting nature and man in action, adorn the walls. But the arrested life of the famous artist, like his stopped clocks, is sensed in the silence.

Here the silence is not like that. Rather it is the kind out of which Maeterlinck says great things fashion themselves. If one thinks of cities, it is not in the decadent's formula, "Their slaves are failure and their gods defeat." Failure and defeat are meaningless synonyms in that rarefied air. The beauty, not the imperfections of life call.

Forgetful of self, and place, and time, you snowshoe on and on—till the storm voices die down, and night, in a white silence, closes in.

The National Directory of Schools and Colleges

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

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Bishops College School, Lennoxville, P.Q.

Lower Canada College, Montreal.

Ridley College, St. Catharines, Ont.

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Trinity College School, Port Hope, Ont.

BUSINESS SCHOOLS.

Shaw's Business Schools, Toronto.

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Shaw's Correspondence Schools, Toronto.

GIRLS' SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES.

Bishop Bethune College, Oshawa, Ont.
Loretto Abbey College and Academy, Toronto.

Moulton College, Toronto.

Mount Allison Ladies' College and University, Sackville, N.B.

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UNIVERSITIES.

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EXAMINATIONS IN MUSIC.

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Storiettes

Both Fore and Aft.
Miss Gush—"Oh, Captain, were you ever boarded by a pirate?"
Captain Storms—"Yes; he charged me \$11 a day for a hall bedroom on the fourth floor."—Indianapolis Journal.

Judge—"Were you ever arrested before?"
Raggles—"Honest now, Judge, do I look like I was a bud jest makin' me dayboo?"—Boston Transcript.

Fifty-Fifty.
An Irishman who had walked a long distance, feeling very thirsty and seeing a milkman, asked the price of a quart of milk.
"Threepence," replied the milkman.
"Then give me a quart in pints," said Pat.
Pat, in drinking one pint, asked, "How do we stand?"
The milkman replied, "I owe yer a pint."
"And I owe you one," said Pat, "so we are quits."—Chicago News.

An Incautious Burglar.
A MAN who is given to doing "odd jobs" about his house was very proud of a bit of painting he had accomplished.
About midnight following the completion of the outside of the house he was awakened by a noise. Creeping to the window, he looked out, and, to his horror, saw a burglar climbing up a ladder to the second-story window.
"Look out there!" yelled the householder to the burglar. "Look out for the paint!"—N. Y. Times.

The increased demand for women munition workers, and for women workers of all kinds, had resulted in the arrival in London, for the purpose of engaging in domestic service, of a girl from the west of Ireland. She was cordially received, and thus she wrote home: "It's a strange place I'm coming to, surely; cabs widout horses and the lady of the house playing the pianer wid her feet, and talkin' to herself perpetual down a candlestick in the hall."—The Argonaut.

Extra!
The editor of a lively little journal in Iowa was much annoyed by the custom of a rival editor who was forever "stopping the press" in order to insert a piece of late news. It seems that scarcely a day passed that the rival did not state "We stop the press to announce that" some one had died, been born, lost money, been arrested, etc.

This sort of thing finally got on the nerves of the editor first mentioned, so he inserted on the first page of his sheet one day the following:
"We stop the press to announce that there is no news of sufficient importance to justify us in stopping the press. Giddap."—N. Y. Times.

Duncan Macpherson was sent to an outpost to observe any move of the enemy. With rifle and a few bombs he took his lonely stand. Suddenly he observed in the darkness the approach of an enemy scouting party. He opened fire. The enemy charged. Emptying his rifle, he flung a few bombs, and the while maintained a frightful yelling—defiance, threats, commands. Believing themselves facing a substantial entrenched force, the attackers retreated, leaving eleven dead on the field. Macpherson came off with a slight flesh wound, and was awarded a medal for bravery. The commanding officer wound up his brief address with: "And a good day's work it was, sir." "Tut," said the gallant and simple soldier, quite forgetting that he was on parade, and perhaps a little piqued at his performance being spoken of as a day's work; "tut, it didn'a tak' me twenty meenutes."—The Argonaut.

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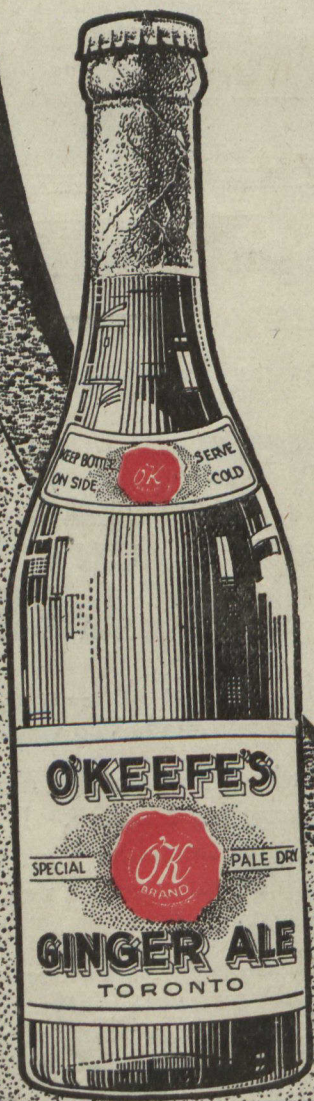
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