

Circulation Exceeds 50,000 Copies

CANADIAN COURIER

1122 FROST
67 HOUSTON AVE
TORONTO
ON M5G 1S8
STAMP 40250

Vol. XXIII. No. 18

TEN CENTS

JUNE 8, 1918



"Winds of the World"

By TALBOT MUNDY

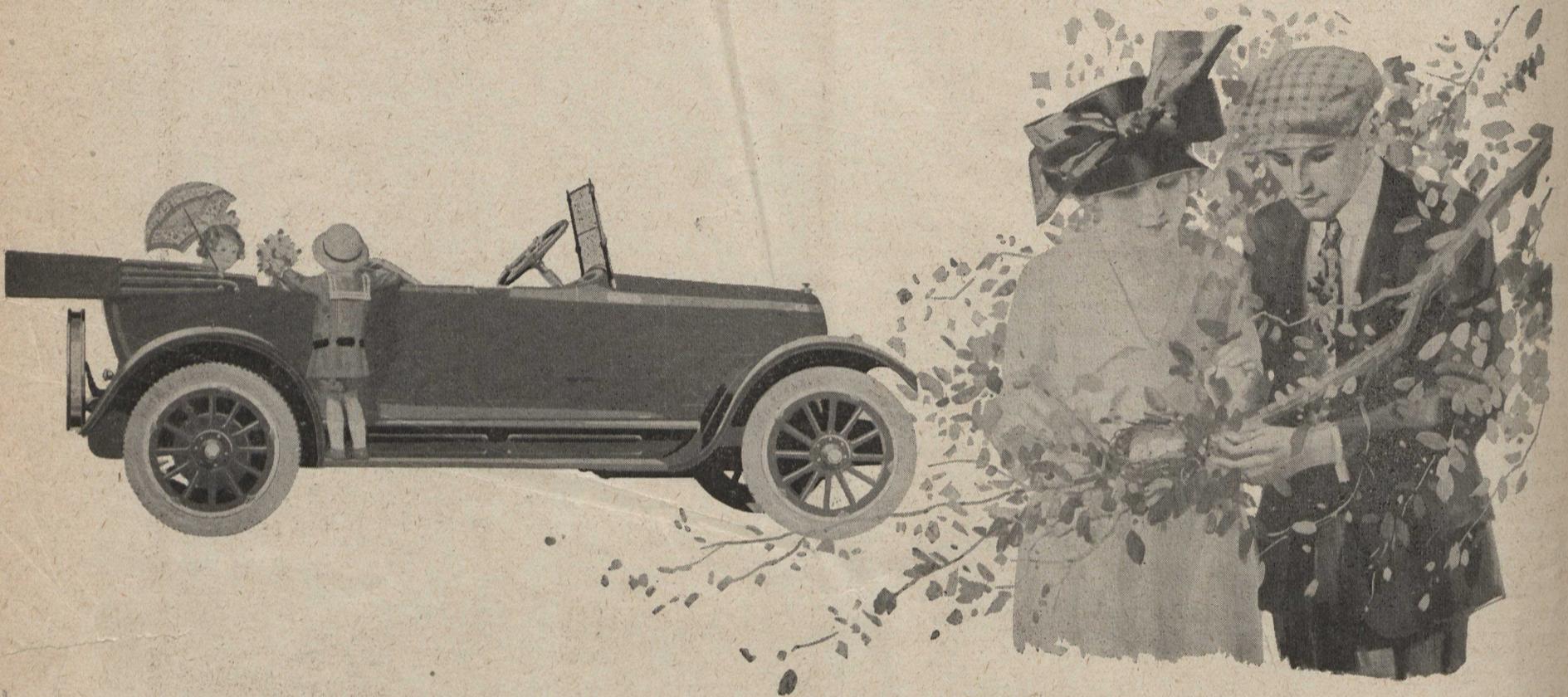
A Mortar-Board Matinee

By THE EDITOR

Overland

TRADE MARK REG.

The Thrift Car



Model 90—Everything for Complete Satisfaction

First for consideration, if not first in importance, is the *Appearance* of your car.

Model 90 leaves nothing to be desired, with its big-car stylish design, correct color scheme and exquisite finish.

It is the powerful, sweet-running motor and efficient *Performance* of this easy-to-handle Model 90 that, more than anything else, is responsible for its great popularity.

More than 100,000 are already sold.

It is sparing with fuel and saving of tires and, above all, is consistent and adequate.

Its control is convenient and simple.

Women find this Model 90 especially handy to drive because of its easy-to-operate clutch, its narrow turning radius and because it is simple to handle.

The longer you drive, the greater grows the necessity for comfort.

This is why the *Comfort* of the Model 90 is best appreciated by veteran motorists. Experience teaches that nothing can do more to spoil satisfaction in a car than the absence of comfort.

Model 90 has wide, extra cushioned seats, deep upholstery, spacious interior, ample leg room, cantilever springs, and large tires, non-skid rear. These factors combined with the scientific distribution of weight produce maximum comfort.

Those who have owned cars for years will tell you nothing is more important than the *Service* the company behind the car is able and willing to render.

The fifth essential that must be satisfactory is *Price*. Perhaps this should be listed first,

but price is only an advantage if the other four essentials are properly provided.

Because Model 90 does completely give the desired appearance, performance, comfort and service, its modest price makes it even more of a remarkable bargain.

Increased demands upon the time and energy of people magnify the value of Model 90 cars as business entities.

With one you can commandeer time. With one you can exact the greatest amount of work out of a day.

With one you can save hours and energy, benefit your health and make your life richer and fuller.

Order your Model 90 now.

Five Willys-Overland superiorities:

Appearance, Performance, Comfort, Service and Price.

Willys-Overland, Limited

Willys-Knight and Overland Motor Cars and Light Commercial Wagons
Head Office and Works, West Toronto, Ontario

CANADIAN COURIER

Published fortnightly at 181 Simcoe St., Toronto, by the Courier Press, Limited.
Subscription Price—Canada and Great Britain \$1.00 per year, United States \$1.50 per year, other countries \$2.00 per year, payable in advance. **IMPORTANT:** Changes of address should be sent two weeks before the date they are to go into effect. Both old and new addresses must be given. **CANCELLATIONS:** We find that most of our subscribers prefer not to have their subscriptions interrupted in case they fail to remit before expiration. While subscriptions will not be carried in arrears over an extended period, yet unless we are notified to cancel, we assume the subscriber wishes the service continued.

Published Every Other Week

A Little Plot of Land

And the Principle of The Other-Man vs. Number One.

To every man upon this earth there should be a little plot of land which he can occupy before death. The land was made for man, but man has forsaken the land. Hence, slums and billionaires almost in the same block; commercial greed which makes No. 1 the only digit in personal arithmetic; the doctrine of every man for himself and the devil take the hindmost, which is now at its apex among a God-abandoned people known as Germans.

Then men came together and said there was such a thing as altruism, the gospel of the other man which was seen at its best in the Canadian days of old when men "changed works" on the farms and kept no account of how many days' work each owed another. In various ways this doctrine of other-manism has been set forth for generations. Its latest exposition is the Rotary Club, whose confession of faith is as simple and as ethical as a day's work in another man's field. Rotary Clubs do not exist in farm communities. They had nothing originally to do with Back-to-the-Land. But when food production had to be keyed up, the Rotary Clubs discovered a principle long ago enunciated by one Henry George in his philosophy of slums and millionaires. In any subdivided or real-estate city and town there was the vacant lot, idle, weed-grown, untaxable at its real value! In order to get the greatest good to the greatest number the Rotary Clubs undertook to turn these lots back into land, so that they might raise food, commensurate with the taxes. It was not always the Rotarian who needed the land, but more often the other fellow, who on his way home has an hour for the rake and the hoe without changing his clothes or overworking his heart. And in this gospel of a little plot of land to as many people as possible there is a practical beginning of the idea that the Other Fellow is a bigger game than Number One!

If the Rotary Club can apply its ethical principle as soundly to the other man's business in the next block it deserves a first call on the Millennium. But a little plot of land on a business street does not grow radishes, beets and onions. It sometimes grows crooks, selfishness experts, combinations to boost prices and to cut prices, and to reduce the efficiency of labor. Let us all look for the day when the Rotary Clubs can manage the business block in which they have ten members as well as they do the corner lot where the other fellow grows ten pecks of potatoes.

WRIGLEY'S



The universal military service gum—

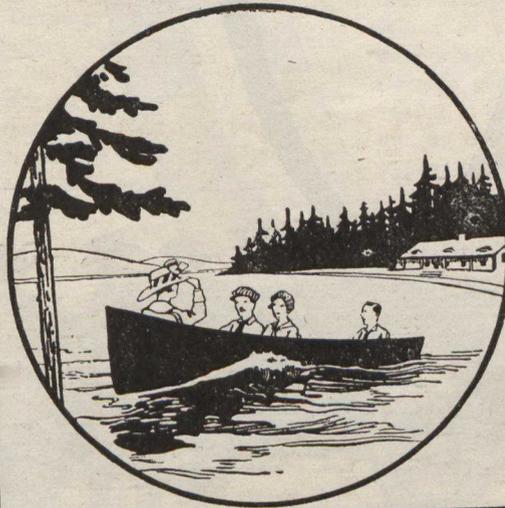
A Soldier's offering to his sweetheart is naturally the sweetmeat that gave him most refreshment and greatest enjoyment when on duty.
The Flavour Lasts



DEAN'S "MISS KOKA" LAUNCH

\$225

F.O.B TORONTO



By placing your order immediately you may secure one of these wonderful little launches at the above price, to be delivered later in the season if you desire. We are expecting a shipment of new engines within a few days for which we are having to pay nearly double the former price, and our price for "Miss Koka" Launch will advance accordingly very soon. Write Dept. C, phone or call for our special circular describing the "Miss Koka."

WALTER DEAN CANOE & BOAT CO.,

Foot of Yr. St. - - Toronto.
 Phone A. 1614

Food Conservation with

KEEPS BOILING LIQUIDS HOT 24 HOURS	THERMOS	KEEPS ICE COLD LIQUIDS COLD 3 DAYS
------------------------------------	----------------	------------------------------------

THE THERMOS BOTTLE
 Is Helping America Win the War

Tens of thousands of workmen in factories and mills, making supplies for the Allies, are daily using Thermos Kits for the noon-day or midnight lunch. For Sale everywhere in Canada, \$3.75 up, or Thermos Bottle Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

Talk Correctly and You Will Think Correctly

Slipshod English promotes slipshod thought. Get into the habit of careless use of words and you will soon be careless in thought. To think correctly and talk correctly, to talk correctly and think correctly you will find

A DESK BOOK OF ERRORS IN ENGLISH

a very serviceable little book. "Right to the point." 12mo., cloth. 24 pages, \$1, p.p.

UNIVERSITY BOOK CO., 8 University Ave., Toronto

The Aim of Goodyear Endeavor

The ultimate aim of the Goodyear institution is, of course, to build a profitable and large business.

But of importance to every motorist is—not the end, but the method by which we believe it is to be attained.

And that method saves our ideal from the taint of self-seeking.

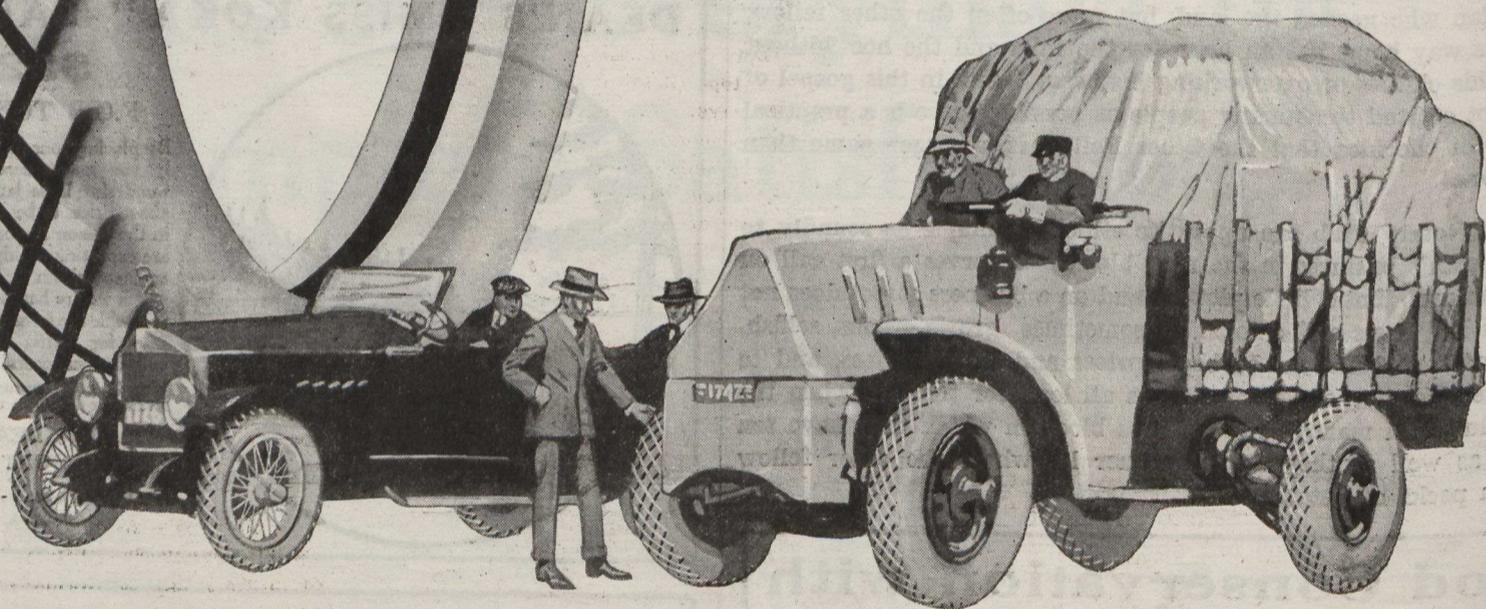
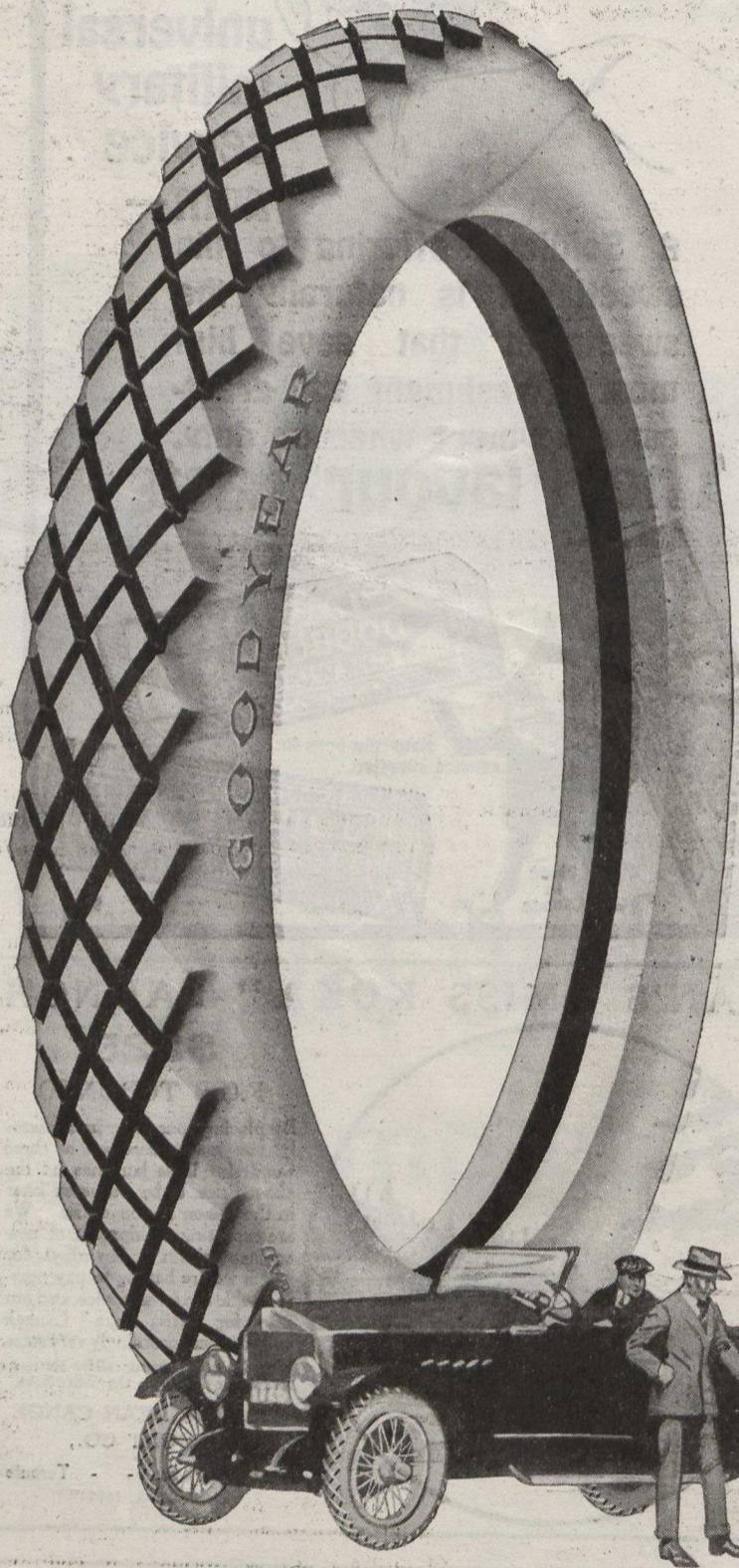
We believe that to endure, Business must be wholesome. That it must never have anything to transact behind closed doors. That it must not grow corpulent at the expense of the consumer of its product.

Could we not uphold these ideals and still profit, we would withdraw from the tire business.

As a matter of fact we have found our policy commercially successful. Quick to recognize merit in a manufactured product, the public has accorded Goodyear Tires premier place in the motoring field. Last year Goodyear produced more pneumatic automobile tires than any other institution in the world. That is both effect and endorsement of our ideals.

The Goodyear Tire and Rubber Co. of Canada, Limited

Goodyear Tires, Tubes and Tire-Saver Accessories can be obtained from Goodyear Service Stations everywhere. Watch for this emblem and enjoy the benefits of Goodyear Service wherever it is displayed.



GOODYEAR
MADE IN CANADA



CANADIAN COURIER



VOL. XXIII. No. 18

JUNE 8, 1918

THE LIES OF LORINGHOVEN

THE new book by the Deputy Chief of the German General Staff is the best example extant of Hun propaganda woven from an absolute divorce between truth and the Hun. When shall we have as good a propaganda using nothing but the truth?

By REX CROASDELL

LEARNED professors have written long essays to indicate it; five-minute men have lectured for hours to expound it; honest parsons thump their pulpits as they proclaim it; most reasonable people believe it—and history will prove it.

The mental and moral processes of the Teutons are fundamentally different from the rest of the civilized world.

And now, one of the greatest living mendacity experts in Europe has added his testimony to establish the truth of one of the most outstanding facts of the war. Baron von Freytag Loringhoven, mouth-piece of Militarism and Deputy Chief of the German General Staff, has, with unconscious clarity, given evidence which should convince even the most sentimental silly-body that the desires and illusions of the German national mind are as far removed from the reasoning of the rest of the world as a rotten egg is from a farmer's new-laid.

Loringhoven is anyhow not a Deputy Liar. He is Chief of Staff and he has set his say-so down in a book, the title of which, done into English, reads: "Deductions From The World War." It was intended only for domestic consumption and the authorities put a "verboten" on its export beyond the German frontiers. But a copy or two got overseas and a translation has just been published in English. It is patently a piece of propaganda to prepare the way for tremendous demands which the Kaiser and his counsellors are going to make from the German people to prepare for a war which they have planned to follow this one. The bulk of the book bulges with the lessons in strategy which the German staff professes to have read from the major sequences of the war. Our own military men may realize the inward significance of the declared "deductions" and estimate the worth of the warning.

IT is in the early chapters and the last few paragraphs—the preliminary whirl of the propagandist's whip and the final crack of his lash—that Loringhoven puts special emphasis upon the fundamental qualities of German philosophy. They have a significant sound to those who should see how militarism has driven, and always will drive, the Teuton mind to a common consent and disciplined docility.

Comment on the back-handed casuistry and colossal conceit of the thing is superfluous. To the German mind every sentence uttered by Loringhoven is logical and crammed with common sense. Contrast their creed with your own. The difference between their conception and your own is the difference between Christian civilization and German Kultur—or may the Lord have mercy on you.

"We had to wage war," says this almost amusing distortionist, "against enemies who were under the influence of a mass-psychosis. This has engendered phenomena such as Europe has not witnessed since the time of the wars of religion. Deeds of horror and senseless rage of destruction have again made themselves manifest. The notion that humanity as a whole had advanced spiritually was proved to be an error. The vast distance between civilization and Kultur was clearly revealed. . . . The naturally

amiable and, under ordinary circumstances, good-natured Frenchman easily degenerates. The human beast is always roused in him with surprising suddenness. The French, both white and black, and their women no less, have not scrupled to jeer at and ill-treat our prisoners in the most flagrant manner. In stirring up and working upon the feelings of the masses, England in fact showed no more scruples than France. This stirring up of hatred has in his case, too, engendered distressing excesses as regards the treatment of German prisoners. In certain cases, even if not as a general rule, the English have shown themselves not behind the French in brutality."

"Even distinguished minds are subject to mass-suggestion," whines the wily baron, "as is shown in the case of numerous distinguished scholars and artists among our enemies. Neither judgment nor good taste availed to prevent them from joining in the general orgies of hatred directed against everything German."

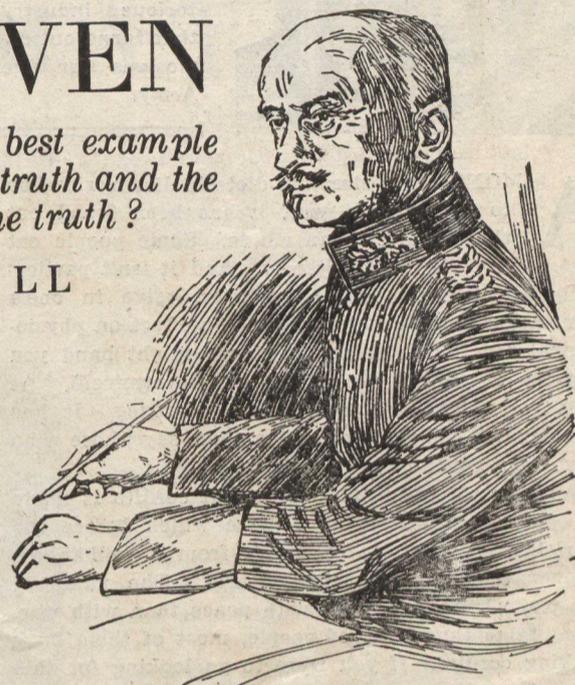
"For England," says the baron, "it was a commercial war with a view to her own enrichment and the annihilation of her chief rival." And he continues, "The English reached a high degree of technical efficiency, but their fighting tactics remained defective. Also, for all that tough courage peculiar to the Englishman, they lacked that spirit which can be engendered only by the consciousness of a lofty national purpose. Voluntary army or national army, it served only the ends of English politics and the economic war against Germany."

Then, with a top-gallery rah-rah of self-gratulatory ranting he says: "In the case of the Central Powers, that lofty moral strength, arising from the sense of righteous self-defence in a war which had been thrust upon them, showed its superiority to the zeal which a commercial and predatory war could kindle in our enemies."

Dodging the spectre of Louvain and wriggling away from the wraiths of the Lusitania which ride the Seven Seas, he blames the submarine campaign on "our geographical situation." Says he, "The disadvantages of our economic position in the world have made themselves felt all the time. The fact that we have resorted to submarine warfare as a means of self-defence is in itself a proof of it."

His only reference to Belgium is this: "As a result of the thoughtless adoption of franc-tireur methods of warfare in Belgium, with the support and approval of the authorities, the War acquired from the outset still more of the character of a struggle of nation against nation. The principle that war is directed only against the armed strength of the enemy-State and not against its population could not under these circumstances be upheld by our troops. They found themselves compelled to resort to severe measures of retaliation. Thus the war acquired a character of brutality which is otherwise very alien to the nature of our well-conducted German soldiers."

The "deductions" which follow are more or less deftly drawn to indicate that the very existence of



The Author of Deductions from the World War waiting for truth to do another acrobatic feat before he sets it down.

Germany depends upon an extensive development of her national army through the continuance of compulsory military service for all males, and vast preparations for another war to follow the present conflict. The whole military system, he says, is to be reconstructed on "an indestructible economic foundation," with immense levies upon capital.

NO apology for the policy: just a little encouragement and assurance that Germany will be quite equal to the effort. Says he: "The levy on capital of a thousand million marks, measured on the scale of the costs of the war, now no longer seems to us the enormous sacrifice which caused doubts as to whether it could be demanded of the German people. The war has, on the one hand, revealed to us the full financial strength of Germany; but, on the other hand, it has proved that additional expenditure on the army at the right time would have been profitable. We should then have saved in this war not only milliards of marks, but in all probability we should have had to offer up a far less considerable sacrifice of men. In view of the central position of the Fatherland, larger expenditures on the land-army, in addition to the necessary expenditure on the fleet, was absolutely essential. The demands which in this connection were put before the Reichstag were but a feeble minimum of what was really desirable, as the World War has proved."

Then follows the announcement of a plan of universal compulsory military training for every man of military age in Germany to continue, after the war, just as it has been enforced during the last two years of the present conflict.

Loringhoven knows the German people much better than Lansdowne. Speaking of mutual agreements devised to rid the world of war, Loringhoven declares: "Such agreements will, after all, only be treaties which will not on every occasion be capable of holding in check the forces seething within the States. Therefore the idea of a universal league for the preservation of the world remains a Utopia."

Deductions from the World War. Baron von Freytag Loringhoven.—McClelland, Goodchild and Stewart.



PRESIDENT, general manager and assistant manager of the Cordite City, somewhere in Northern Ontario. They know all that newspapers are not permitted to tell about this mysterious industry that turns out explosives for the Army.

A CITY of CORDITE

sands of tons of it have been shipped out since the war. The plant is one of the busiest and biggest in Canada. Before the war it did not exist. No actual photographs of this plant are permitted by the censor to see the light of a printer's page. The two herewith are merely a proof that this colossal industry exists on Canadian soil, far from centres of population.

After the war—what? Shall we develop a popular appetite for cordite? On this head some useful evidence is given by the author of "Ladies from Hell," who tells the following story of how cordite becomes a fad with certain people in war hospitals. "On my right was a pale, wide-eyed chap who

When the medical officer came up to him, he said:

"Well, young fellow, what seems to be the trouble with you?"

"I don't know, sir," replied the pale, wide-eyed individual, "but I think I have heart-failure."

Thereupon the medical officer felt his pulse, listened to his heart and passed on.

The orderlies gossiped openly about the terrific pulse of this otherwise apparently normal young fellow. Somehow I couldn't help connecting his tin tobacco-box with his pulse, although I had no reason for doing so.

Toward evening, the M. O. in charge came in and

AMONG other startling dietetic discoveries due to the present war, it has been found out that cordite is an edible. Some people eat it. They don't like it. And it isn't particularly nourishing. But a high explosive in one's alimentary tract has a very specific effect on physiological reactions. A restaurateur might hand you a plate of cordite when you order vermicelli. At first you might not notice the difference. It has the same stringy look—at least so say those who have seen cordite in the making.

And where? It is no secret that cordite is made in colossal quantities at a place which before the war did not exist, a few miles from a well-known lumber town in northern Ontario. The name of the place has more to do with peace than with war. It contains thousands of people, most of them busy making cordite. If you were to go looking for this city of cordite you would find no great buildings, no forests of smokestacks; merely acres and acres of detached, low buildings, similar to the section of one which appears in an accompanying photograph. These buildings are set up on the steamship bulkhead plan. If a mass of cordite in one building takes a notion to go off it does not wreck the plant. Hundreds of women work at this business of making cordite, the materials for which are shipped in by boat from across the lake. Thou-

JUST a few of the girl operatives who help to make cordite. Many hundreds of women are employed in this lucrative business. They wear a regular uniform for the work and after they are in the company of cordite for a while find it no more exciting than making wings for aviators.



from time to time reached under the mattress to pull out a tiny, tin tobacco-box, from which he took a pinch of something. Believing it to be his duly prescribed medicine, I thought nothing of it. But as he continued his excursions under the mattress, I noticed that he endeavored to take his little dose without being observed by the orderlies or doctor. Medicine requires no such furtiveness. Immediately my suspicions were aroused."

made directly for this same young chap. But this time, instead of asking him what ailed him or how he felt, he lifted the mattress and pulled out the little tin box which had awakened my suspicions. Then, with a muttered oath and a disgusted look on his face, he turned to the orderly and said:

"Another one of those cordite-eaters! Send him along and give him two or three weeks of rest. Then back to the front for him!"



MANY the tales this grizzled warrior told to wife and little ones when he got home. Taken at the home end of the journey.

UNHERALDED and unannounced, a big liner glided into "An Atlantic Port." Only military authorities and railroad officials had knowledge of the expected arrival and they had not given out any information beyond what was actually necessary, and only to those whose imperative business it was to know. The name of the steamer was not even mentioned, but preparations had been made for the transport to inland points of some four or five thousand passengers. Along the lines of the Government Railways for several days long trains of tourist cars had been moving Eastward, until the terminal sidings were filled. Dining cars were assembled and there was a gen-

Our Army Coming Back

By A. H. LINDSAY

eral gathering of all available sleepers. There was an influx also of railway officials and their staffs, and preparations were thus made for the movement of returned soldiers who had either "done their bit" in France, or else had been granted a furlough long enough to enable them to reach Canada.

When such a ship comes in all is life and bustling activity at the docks. The quarantine, customs and immigration inspection is thorough and systematic. The military requirements are quickly complied with, a staff of railway ticket agents holds court, and passengers are soon grouped into transportation units and despatched as quickly as trains can be moved from the sheds. The system of co-operation between the military and railway officials is excellent. The railway places the trains, the military furnishes the passengers and their transportation. Then the matter of train movement is entirely up to the railway. A passenger representative as a rule travels on each train, holding the transportation and looking after the comfort of the passengers, keeping in close touch with the officer in command.

Troop trains generally consist of from ten to twelve cars, a baggage, commissary, table car, tourist sleepers and a standard sleeper for officers. On some trains the standard diners are carried. There is ample seating and berth accommodation for the men on the tourist sleepers. Each berth is supplied with good bedding and clean sheeting. The table car is well appointed and good meals are excellently served. The commissary car is a development of war times and consequent troop movement. The arrangements for cooking and service are most

ingenious, the main idea being to make the best possible use of the space available so as to be able to cater rapidly to from two hundred to four hundred soldiers with healthy men's sized appetites.



FATHER would rather carry this kit bag even though he had to pay \$10 for the privilege than have a porter do it for nothing.

The commissary is well stocked and the chefs have the advantage of knowing just how many are on the train and how much food to prepare for each meal. One table car can seat seventy-two men and six or seven smart waiters can place food satisfactorily before that number of diners at one sitting.

The returned men do not find much evidence of whatever food shortage is prevailing in Canada when journeying on the trains of the Canadian Government Railways. The menu is generously substantial and they are not fussy. After a period of actual service at the front they welcome many food comforts that elsewhere than in Canada are diffi-

cult to obtain. Good bread with plenty of fresh dairy butter, is a real luxury to them. Fresh fish, nicely grilled, fresh eggs and bacon, good roast beef, veal or lamb, cakes, pies, tea and coffee, with plenty of cream and sugar look and taste good after their life in the trenches. And they are homeward bound, on the last stage of the trek to where the "home fires are burning."

"Isn't this a pretty weapon?" remarked an officer, exhibiting a German army officer's automatic pistol which he had just removed from its leathern holster. "No! Don't move! There are no cartridges in it. They are here in this box. Here are the regu-

lar ones; these others are the ones found in the pistol when it was taken from a captured Prussian officer; soft nosed bullets—the magazine full of them. The British officer before whom the Hun was taken just looked at those and then shot the Prussian dead with his own pistol and one of the dum-dums. There was an enquiry of course—but the officer was exonerated."

All through the string of eleven cars went this cycle of anecdote, interspersed here and there with breezy comment and occasional outspoken criticism. What was a long rail journey to them? They were going HOME.

A MORTAR-BOARD MATINEE

ONE convocation is ordinarily as like another as peas are alike in a pod. Churches and plays, creeds and dances, music and books, manners and politics, war and learning—have all changed. Convocation remains the same yesterday, to-day, and it may be forever.

Long ago the Convocation producers must have concluded that the Pageant of Learning, as evolved in the days of Erasmus or whenever it may have been, was incapable of improvement. Academic Belascos may have suggested innovations. The faculty managers were inexorable. In a world of cyclonic change something must be permanent.

However, women changed the great annual pageant in the '90's, merely by insisting on being admitted to it as actors. Since when the supers in dramatis personae have been enlarged to include Bachelors of Agriculture, Dentals, Engineers, Veterinarians, Domestic Scientists, forestry experts and pedagogues. The stage is more crowded. The cast is colossal enough for an Intolerance Film. But the show is essentially the same.

The same pompous procession across the sunlit campus, the maces and the gold-braided Chancellor, the medieval robes and the mortar-boards, and the Latin formulae ending in Convocatio Dimissa Est; the charmed claquers and the sentimental twitterings from the gallery; the high hopes and the illusion that there never was such a convocation as this. Then the stage empties itself into the campus, the pageant of pure learning dissolves into the pile of greystone and the ecclesiastical toggeries are laid away for a year.

And yet the Convocation at Toronto last month was different. The customary sentiment of the occasion gave place to sadness and a grim undercurrent of struggle. Like other great universities in Canada, Toronto has sent thousands of men to war. Near the back of the programme book were the names of those who for all time can only be honored in absentia. They are entitled The Fallen. The list numbered nearly 400. Since Convocation of 1917 the roll-call of the forever absent except in spirit has grown by 139. There was a large patch of khaki in the congregation. Few, so very few, men called to the hood—some of them in khaki.

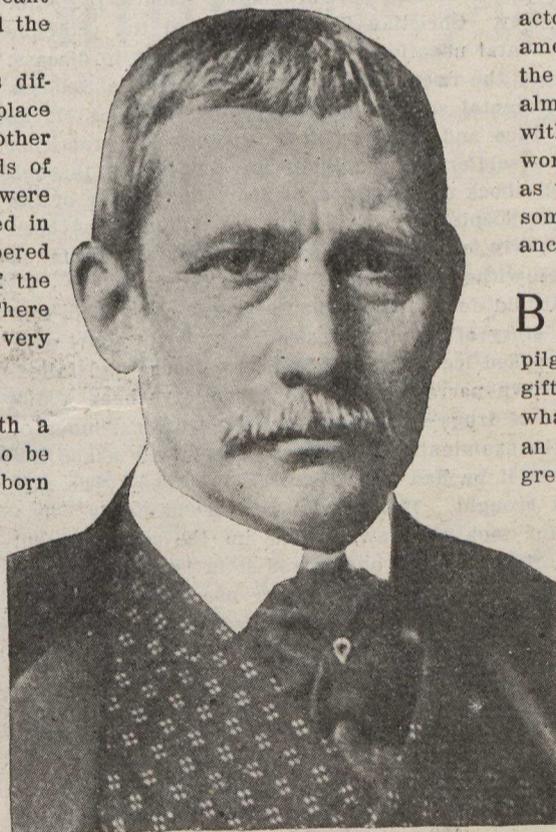
IN the cast were two new actors. One of them with a stage name, Earl of Reading, who in plain life used to be Rufus Isaacs; the other with the homely name he was born to—Elihu Root. Between them these two great jurists just about made a democracy of Convocation. Reading and Root together embody in its highest expression the working-out of the law among more than 500,000,000 people, almost one-third of the world's population, representing most of the peoples of the earth coming from all forms of government known to mankind. In Convocation makeup they were almost as obscure as any of the others on stage. As Lord Chief Justice of England—besides being Ambassador to the United States—Rufus Isaacs is the apex of British law, which is the pillar of British justice, individual liberty and self-government, all that the world is fighting for, to an Empire of 400,000,000 people. Elihu Root, who almost 50 years ago studied law at Osgoode in Toronto, represents the law in its high-

THE two headliners Reading and Root drew a packed house to an Academic Drama. And the queue for Canadian Club Luncheon Tickets was equal to any theatrical line-up in the palmiest days of Henry Irving.

BY THE EDITOR



THE two chief actors are in the motley gowns. The Earl of Reading marches ahead with Sir Edmund Walker, Chairman of the Board of Governors; Elihu Root, behind him with Sir Robert Falconer, University President.



He helped the Earl of Reading rouse an "academic audience" to a pitch of patriotic enthusiasm by talking about democracy.

est application to a nation of 100,000,000.

Put these two into one picture and you have Canada; in one man the symbol of our laws, our political institutions, our ideas of democracy; in the other our commercial and industrial expansion, our way of going at things and our practical outlook. We commend this idea to Mr. Bernard Partridge of Punch.

Reading and Root may have had very little time for what the University calls "The Humanities." But they have surely been busy on the study of mankind.

Reading is the second Lord Chief Justice to speak here. The other was Lord Haldane, almost ten years ago. One recollection distinctly remains of Lord Haldane as he spoke in Montreal. It is one word; a word upon which he played like a pipe of Pan in his effort to make us get the idea that Germany had a social concept for which the English of Chaucer and Shakespeare has no term—Sittlichkeit, the moral sense of a community. What has become of Sittlichkeit; this dove of social well-being whose dove-cote was on the Rhine? Lord Reading said nothing about it. No, he talked fighting and democracy. He thrilled at the idea that it is our business to stand nation to nation till we get what is most characteristic of Germany crushed out of business; and whatever it is he did not call it "moral sense."

Reading has a Forbes-Robertson cast of face, the same eagle-eyed distinction, and a voice that would have been a credit to the drama. Rhetorically he might have been an actor. But he lacks the fire. He has not the kind of temperament that suggests incipient neuritis. A man who has worn the mantle of the greatest advocates in English history might almost be a man of passion. He has a vast acquaintance with the human—and the sub-human—side. He knows the workings of British justice, usually as dramatic a business as there is. He knows the vainglorious ambitions that lead some men to common crime, others to the crime of high finance, others to the crime of some politics.

BUT he has kept all these things calmly correlated in a well-ordered ethical brain. He has the patience of a pilgrim and the sincerity of a great priest. He has that rare gift of which Englishmen have a high share, a sense of what he as a man owes to the public weal. Rufus Isaacs is an Englishman. He is also a Jew, as Disraeli, one of the greatest of Englishmen, was a Jew. Whether by birthright or by accident he is an eminent authority on finance. And this in a man of political and juristic eminence is a rare combination.

His speech was not a masterpiece. It was rather ponderously heralded in the customary panegyric that punishes all recipients of degrees "honoris causa." Nobody is better able than Sir Edmund Walker to narrate the outstanding facts of a great man's career while looking him in the face, and at the same time to give them an apt setting for the occasion. But the bare outline of Reading's public achievements and the list of his titles gave him a bad handicap in expression. Yet in the few minutes he spoke he left the impression of a big-brained man who uses his intellect like a searchlight. He disclaimed that he had any message. As Lord Chief Justice and Am-

bassador he was excused. Yet he would have been freely forgiven if in exercising a certain degree of rather restrained boldness of utterance, he had given the audience a little more real thinking.

ELIHU ROOT rose to the occasion as naturally as though he had been facing five thousand fellow-Americans. Deliberately he took out his spectacles, found the pen and slowly scratched his name on the register. For half a minute he stood silent. When he spoke the voice was a sort of gasp. You might have supposed he was waking up, or under emotion.

If he had been asleep he surely awoke—not without emotion. Root had a reputation to maintain here. The first fighting speech that ever smote the pacifism of the United States away back in 1916 was that in which he lashed the President for "shaking his fist first and his finger afterwards." His mission to Russia was a tribute to the bigness of the President who chose a Republican for the task, and the results of it were as much as any man could have achieved. Reading may not have had a message. Root had. When he began to talk he scarcely knew what it might become before he was finished. He had no titles to overcome. He was plain Elihu Root; much like many of America's greatest, with the Abe Lincoln edge of awkwardness bordering on the uncouth, that flames into moral earnestness. Root metaphorically took off his coat. His toga seemed ridiculously uncomfortable. He could have said what he did standing in a farmer's yard with a pitchfork. You somehow saw the rawboned hulk of the man under his robes; and as he walked slowly to and from the desk he seemed to be walking in the woods "like a man beloved of God." That

kind of man is going out of the United States. Old Joseph Choate was one of the greatest of the type, and he spoke on that same stage three years ago. Whenever you find such a man he has wisdom, humor and big morality tucked away in his makeup somewhere. Root had far less humor than Choate; but just enough to be cynical when he began. He stood for the United States. But there had been times when he was like a reed shaken with the wind. Now his country had taken up arms. He admitted it. But the way he intoned his remarks about—what had been promised—meant a good deal from Root. He knew what had to be done. There was a big uplifting thing for all America, including Canada, to do in the fight for democracy.

Root is one of the few men who can talk about democracy without being tiresome. You never would catch him drawing the long bow about what the United States has done, is now doing or is going to do. No, but Root would shout to the last man in civilization and beyond, what he believed America ought to do. He has no chiseled phraseology for what he feels about this. He speaks now what he is thinking—now; not what he began to write down yesterday.

Root is an individualist. He made a big point of the keynote difference between the idea expressed in a true democracy like any one of half a dozen he mentioned and that contained in the "Beast of Autocracy" at Berlin. It was the freedom of the individual from the tyranny of the State. Peace between Canada and the United States had been a fact because both countries believed in that individualism; in the rights of man more than the privileges of a few men. And a great university might well

teach the ethics of patriotism, liberty and justice. So he believed.

And so we have sometimes heard, but with a certain tone of frigid condescension that made an individualist feel like keeping away from any college if he wanted the truth to make him free. Root shot his moral message and made what President Falconer rather precisely called "an academic audience" forget that it was anything but a matinee crowd at a big living drama. Some of the alumni in the top gallery had been talking during the formalities about the price of pork and how to raise potatoes. The Head of the Ontario Agricultural College presented several B.S.A. diplomas. He rattled them off like a drill sergeant. To-morrow those men would be back into the shirt-sleeves line or near it, helping Messrs. Acre and Bushel. The Principal of the Veterinary College told the Chancellor that all his graduates were on other business; some in the Imperial army looking after war horses; some in the United States army, and one making serum for soldiers up at the toxin farm.

Several of the graduates were returned men. One of the degree-getters was a C.M.G., who had done real scientific service in the sanitation branch of the Canadian Army, and was given his diplomatic standing by a Colonel in uniform.

There was a curious practical note to this convocation. It stood for doing something. The old order is changing. A University which has already given 4,500 men to the war and several of its best buildings—one of them not yet finished—along with as much of its scientific plant and as many of its faculty as might be needed for war purposes, is right in the grip of the great transformation.

DOCTORS CONTINUE TO DIFFER

QUITE evidently the business of medicine is as live a topic as politics, religion or moving pictures. The Canadian Courier started its medical talks some time ago with an article on some of the proprietary medicines that have been gulling the public. Then we published a short editorial on medicine as related to Christian Science and Osteopathy.

Following that came an article by A Medical Man on "Make Doctors Civil Servants." This led to a large number of letters from osteopaths, Christian Scientists, drugless healers, chiropractors, and optometrists. Some of these we published.

Now we begin to get the result.

A valued medical subscriber in Grand Forks, B. C., has cancelled the Canadian Courier because of what he calls our "veiled" attack upon the medical profession." For 2½ pages in its May number the Canada Lancet, oldest and most reputable medical journal in Canada, takes the Canadian Courier on its operating table. We are not given an anesthetic because of a weak heart.

"It is always interesting," says the editor, "when one who does not understand a subject writes on it." This by way of genial comment on our statement that "the last twenty years has proved that mental science and osteopathy are capable of being useful curative agencies"; whereas, according to the Lancet, "mental suggestion in some form is as old as the human race." Well, at least we never said that Svengali invented hypnotism. Neither do we suppose that Mary Baker Eddy discovered curing by suggestion. All she did was to formulate it into a creed whose business was mainly to heal the sick, on the theory that a human being in full harmony with the Divine Being has no business to be unwell.

If Mrs. Eddy had become a professor of medicine and introduced her ideas in a modified form into the curriculum without organizing it into a cult and a creed, medical practice to-day would be openly using mental suggestion as an auxiliary. As a matter of fact any wise doctor uses it to some extent anyway, and he would be foolish to ignore it. Chloroform and ether have been admitted to the medical pantheon because they cause the mind to negate pain. Evidently the brain is not a negligible item

THE Canada Lancet disagrees with the Canadian Courier's articles on the Practice of Medicine. This is a hopeful sign. When doctors and osteopaths and Christian Scientists, all differing radically on how to increase the sum total of human health, make a clearing-house of the average man represented by the readers of a non-professional paper, there is some hope of curative agencies uniting their forces to get better results. We want—not more treatment of disease, but more health.

in surgery. Hypnotism does the same thing. On the public stage pins have been jabbed into hypnotic subjects who felt no pain. In one case the anesthetic is a drug; in the other a mental suggestion. One is a necessary part of medical science, the other a bogey. Christian Science extended the principle of mental negation not only to pain but to disease. Hence the doctor's contempt for Christian Science. Yet mental suggestion is admitted to be as old as the race and to-day military doctors are practising it on soldiers whose limbs are out of use through shell shock or paralyzed by fear; and in one of the great hospitals in England a practitioner has been regularly employed to put insomniac patients to sleep without the use of drugs.

An old doctor, friend of the writer years ago, told the story of how he was called to treat a girl with a crooked leg after orthopedic treatment had failed. His own narrative—and he has always been a disciple of drugs—was dramatic. At a critical juncture in the examination of the leg he suddenly asked the father if he had a handsaw in the shed. The saw was brought. The patient roused—naturally. The doctor took the saw, picked up the girl's crutch, laid it on a chair and sawed it in two. "Now, my girl," he said, "you will never use that again. I'll leave you some medicine. It won't hurt you. To-morrow you can sit on the edge of the bed and the next day you can touch the floor with that foot."

"In a few weeks," said the doctor, "that girl was walking normally and has been doing so ever since."

No doubt hundreds of doctors have had similar cases. Many of them may prove that the origin of the trouble was mental and that therefore the cure must be through the mind. That makes no difference to the principle that mental suggestion was practised as the curative agency in some cases when either medicine or surgery seemed to be a failure.

It does not prove Mrs. Eddy's doctrines. It merely admits suggestion as a useful auxiliary to medicine. What difference does it make from whom the suggestion to get well comes? Or to get sick? We all know the story of the man who was sent to a sick-bed by his friend's suggesting that he didn't look well. We all know how

much good sunlight, fresh air, cheerful

company, pictures and music can do in therapeutics. Not even a doctor can draw the line here between chemical reaction, sense-stimulus and spiritual suggestion. Carried into a more absolute sphere, away from the senses entirely, a sceptic remarked to a Christian Scientist who said he was healed of a bad hernia by Science and threw away his truss:

"In the church of St. Anne de Beaupre in Quebec there is a pyramid of crutches and trusses. What is the difference between your case and a pilgrim cured at the shrine?"

He replied: "One was by faith and prayer alone; the other by faith, prayer and knowledge."

But the results were the same; except that the Christian Scientist carries his faith-knowledge into all the affairs of life—or is expected to—and the faith-curer may be satisfied merely with the cure. At one time, if not now, the "placebo" was a common device among doctors; a bottle of colored water that looked like medicine given to patients who perhaps only imagined they had the ailment for which they were treated. Suggestion again.

THE Lancet pays its respects to the osteopath at more length. The writer says:

"The mode of treatment used by the osteopaths is not osteopathic in any sense. It is just ordinary rubbing, kneading, massaging and manipulation, and these methods of treating disease are very old indeed. . . . But rubbing and manipulation may be potent for evil if employed in unsuitable cases. Just think of the terrible results that would follow rubbing and manipulating the neck of a child suffering with diphtheria; and yet this is the osteopathic plan. Equally bad would be the result for acute appendicitis."

No doubt there are limits to the curative potency of the osteopathic method. But it would be a very bad waste of time and money for students to spend four years at an osteopathic college in the United

States learning how to rub and manipulate. The fact that the best osteopathic curricula now include courses in microscopy and bacteriology, and in some cases pharmacy and materia medica looks as though the osteopath is abandoning his claim to absolute druglessness and as though it might yet be necessary for the best medical practice to include osteopathic therapy. The Lancet editor's own remarks on the Hodgins report are almost a confession of this cardinal principle pointed out by the Courier editorial of March 2. He says:

There is no gainsaying the fact that there is merit in physical therapeutics. The fact that it has not been taken up as much as it should have been has allowed it to fall into the hands of the ignorant or very imperfect operator, or the callous and mercenary exploiter. Because it is admitted that massage and manipulation are often very helpful, it does not follow that there is any merit in the theories the osteopath and the chiropractor have built on subluxations. . . . His Lordship then states that the trend of things points to one of two results—the osteopathic colleges will to all intents become medical colleges, or the medical colleges will adopt a course of physical therapeutics and thus supersede the osteopathic colleges.

How a medical doctor can become a convert to osteopathy is expressed in the following letter:

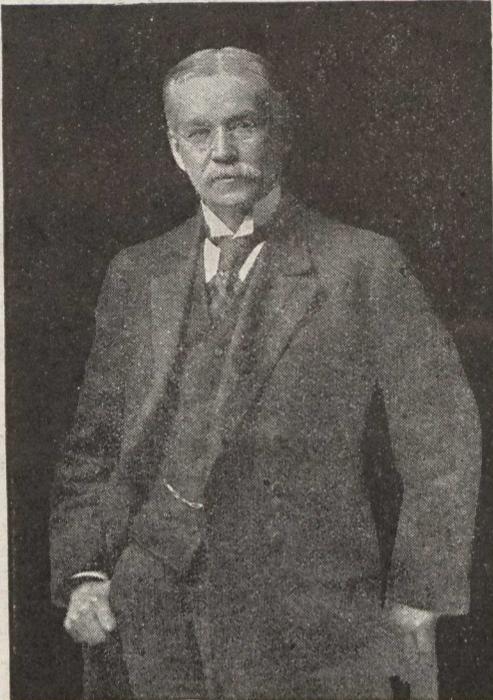
Editor, Canadian Courier:

Allow me to express my appreciation of the article in the last issue of the Courier. I was four years in medicine before taking up osteopathy, six years ago, and so know a little of "the other side of the question." Any stand you take in favor of a more liberal interpretation of the medical laws or the enactment of laws, reasonable and fair, and not dictated by a medical autocracy, is only a step in the right direction, and keeping abreast of the times. Osteopathy is a science! Be quite assured of that, sir! and one which appeals only to the intelligent and educated, never to the ignorant and superstitious. It is built on the proven facts of Anatomy, Physiology and Biology, and not on empiricism and guess-work.
E. A. ROE, D.O.

Why did this Doctor of Osteopathy abandon medicine? Not because he believed that his medical training was all wrong, but because he found as he thought a more effective way to practice it by means of osteopathic methods and principles. Any doctor who goes back on materia medica and all the complicated art of overcoming a thousand ailments to any and every known part of the body for the sake of becoming a "manipulator" or a "masseuse" would be a fit subject for a place where only mental methods fit the case.

And here is the reply of A Medical Man who wrote the article, "Make Doctors Civil Servants," the cause of so many letters from various angles and

of a good part of the Canada Lancet's argument. It is necessary to state that only the Christian Sci-



DR. ALEXANDER MCPHEDRAN is a medical veteran and a professor of medicine in Toronto University. Because of his eminence in physiological studies and materia medica he was elected President of the Association of American Physicians at the Convention in Atlantic City last month. Dr. McPhedran is a medical scientist. There is a vast difference between his medical knowledge and that of the outpost practitioner who makes Indians believe without trying to that he is a "medicine man." There is sometimes also quite as great a difference between people who pay doctors' bills for the same ailments. The scientific knowledge of Dr. McPhedran should be invaluable in the modern art of reducing disease to a minimum by raising the standards of public health.

ence letter of Mr. Lowe was published in reply to that article. The article by An Osteopath was in the hands of the editor before we had even decided

to use the article, "Make Doctors Civil Servants." It was instigated by our previous editorial in the issue of March 2, and by the fact that the Hodgins report referred to in that article was about to be made public:

Editor, Canadian Courier:

Criticisms of my former article, "Make Doctors Civil Servants," apparently from a Christian Scientist and an Osteopath, as usual with a disclaimer, assail the medical profession. Doctors reserve the human right to differ along with all other callings. Christian Scientists and Osteopaths are no more uniformly infallible and unanimous in their code and ethical relations than the "regulars."

How far our Christian Science friends are receding from Mrs. Eddy's doctrines we may judge from the published statement. We have every respect for the individual Christianity of members of that denomination. We even believe in faith cures as possible, but rare in actual occurrence; and that moral lives in some sense obviate disease. Instead of a mental delusion and "mortal error," modern disease is too objectively real, especially with communicable disease, to allow any religious sect to trifle with it. We have positive knowledge of one smallpox epidemic spread by a Christian Science family evading quarantine.

My proposal was not as interpreted by Mr. Lowe, to advocate compulsory drugging by an arbitrary medical "hierarchy." We are just as much against drugs as Dr. Osler or any other authority and have proposed the only possible way to eliminate this indiscriminate free use of drugs and inadvisable self-treatment by patent nostrums now practised by the public. Some people need compulsion to be sensible, and as such deserve to get it. There are hundreds of people in dire need of medical aid to-day, who resort to quacks and patent medicines, because they cannot afford the medical fees, or cannot any longer run a ten years' account. They cannot escape the alluring advertising of drug pirates or irregular quackery.

The greatest question to-day is—how to save people from sickness and injury. Prevention is better than cure; and the slogan of the modern doctor is naturally "prevention." He cannot afford to preach such a doctrine as long as his living depends upon a maximum of sickness.

Wherever the osteopath is honest enough to limit his range of applicability to the healing art, we fully accept him. Until that limit is fixed by definite standards of physical therapy, he has no un-

(Continued on page 20.)

THE MIDNIGHT RIDE OF PERCY CUMMINGS

WHEN Hiram Hookwell of Dundreary intimated that he might go to Ottawa with the farmers' crusade—"and then again he mightn't"—Percy Cummings, his hired person, became very much excited. At first he opposed the idea, because there were a large number of things on that hundred acres which in the absence of the proprietor might get out of order. A lively imagination conjured up kicking horses, sick cows, burned barns, lost pigs, hydro pump out of gear and all the water for the cattle to pump by hand; or the power might go off, or lightning might strike somebody in the field. Mr. Hookwell had grown up with the place and, as he said, not since the advent of a single animal then on the farm had he ever been absent for more than a trip to town, back the same day.

The moment Percy began to poohpooh the man's anxiety, Hookwell gave all the signs of not going at all. Whenever he seemed frightened of it and wanted to get instructions, Mr. Hookwell argued that after all he might go. And so it went on for a day or two until by many a secret confab with Mrs. H. it was decided that if Mr. Cummings—ahem!—felt himself capable of operating the plant, the boss might take the vacation.

Being a youth not without guile Percy said to himself that above all things he wanted Mr. Hookwell to go. He wanted the experience of being alone on a farm, to run things according to his own manly

WHILE Hiram Hookwell of Dundreary, was in Ottawa, the young hired man from the city encountered the great temptation.

By **AUGUSTUS BRIDLE**

ideas, to be regarded by Mrs. H. as her protector and by the animals as the sole source of authority. Wherefore in his cunning Percy expressed all manner of doubts and fears, while at every point he asked questions as to what should be done in the case of this, that or the other, until the boss realizing that the youth had the thing at heart and was really not going to make an ass of himself, or sleep in the barn half the day, said,

"Oh well, I guess I'll go. There's no use asking any more questions."

Percy drove him to the Dundreary station in the nice little farm motor-car capable of seating four. Mr. Hookwell said he had no idea when he would be back; all depended upon how things went at Ottawa; but it would be two full days at least; if it was a late train he would either walk from the station or take the chance of a ride; if an early one he would telephone ahead and have Percy meet him.

"Righto, sir!" chuckled Percy and he buzzed away back to the farm at 30 miles an hour.

Percy's sole responsibility on the farm made him feel like a new man. He was the only big voice on a hundred acres. Every animal had to obey him. Only Mrs. Hookwell was his superior. Percy was glad she had charge of the milking. He sat on the

disc-harrow from eight a.m. until six p.m. with one hour off for dinner at noon, cultivating up a ten-acre field for corn, speculating on how lucky he was to have got broken in so easily and to have become of such tremendous importance at a time when farmers' sons were being drafted into service. It would be a month yet before he would have to report in the city for another medical examination. He had never felt so much like a physical man in his life.

In these two days of discing—a philosophic job—Percy indulged himself in a lot of vague dreams of his future. He would like to own a farm. He figured up in his mind what a man like Hookwell really represented in economics. That farm and its "plant" was worth not less than \$17,000. As a man Mr. Hookwell was a big factor; remarkable ability, strength, handiness, brains and morality. Yet from the encouraging remarks of the boss Percy did not despair that some day if he stuck to farming, he might be a good second-rater to the Hookwell variety, and with such a deal of machinery to operate he might do very well as a farmer on his own hook.

"Oh," mumbled the youth as he turned the Clydes, "I don't know that there's anything in the headwork of this farm that I can't learn if I want to."

As he mounted the knoll in the middle of the field and looked out over thousands of acres dotted with tolling teams, it seemed to him that a farmer

(Continued on page 20.)

EDITORIAL

As Big As His Job

ARCHDEACON CODY, the new Minister of Education for Ontario is a big man confronted with a big job. He has already one monument to his organizing enthusiasm and faith, in St. Paul's Church. Cody had realizable dreams of St. Paul's. He aimed to have it a forum church. He will find a bigger forum in the Education Department. There should be no doubt about Dr. Cody resigning from his church. We have not imagination enough to picture two Codys, one of the choker and the other of the tweed suit.

Ontario does not want her school system with its spiritual headquarters in St. Paul's Church. St. Paul's is not a big enough forum for that. Dr. Cody can, if he will, make education a popular issue in Ontario, even though he has to play the role of Ezekiel in the valley of dry bones. That much we can tell him, even though he already knows it. Born in Embro, Ont., he may have gone to something like the little red school-house, with its haggling triumvirate of trustees trying to fit a lean salary on to a leaner tax rate. If not, he missed something. These triumvirates still exist. Some of these school-houses are still to be found. The consolidated school movement is in a state of arrested development. Teachers are at low salaries, though high to what they were, or to salaries in Quebec. Men refuse to stay teaching because they want to save the salary for law, medicine or engineering.

Education in Ontario is much less a popular issue than it is in any of the Western provinces, or the Maritimes. It needs more evangelism, less philistinism, fewer fads and no politics; unless politics can be lifted to an equality with education. As the head of Ontario's educational system Dr. Cody has an opportunity to bring it back to the good old days, when the politician had nothing to do with the schools, because there was a spiritualized intellect in the Education Department. He has a chance to abolish bigotry in administration, because he is a man of broad mind, who will naturally put education before provincialism. He can, if he measures up to his own inherent bigness, make the School System of Ontario an inspiration to all Canada.

Why Railway Rates Go Up

RAILWAY rates in the United States are to go up twenty-five per cent. There is an old Latin adage, "post hoc ergo propter hoc," which is supposed to apply to people who may argue that because this rate increase came after Government took over the operation of the roads, therefore Government is not as good at railroad managing as private corporations, and found a rate increase the only sure way of breaking even. Anyway the rates are to go up, and the Government has the roads. What about Canadian railroads? Nationalization is the order of the day. Rates per ton-mile here have been about the same as in the United States, and lower than anywhere else in the world. Wages are as high on the average as the highest in the United States with its cheap labor in the South. Winter conditions are worse. The price of coal has gone up 100 per cent. since the war; of rolling stock 100 per cent. We lack density of traffic which is the only guarantee of profitable railway operation. We have as long hauls as the United States and no New Yorks and Chicagos to offset them. A majority of our mileage is in the West where population is thinnest. In fact we have all the elements possible to shove up the cost of operation and keep down the dividend—in some cases to zero or less. If rate increase is necessary in the United States it would seem to be inevitable in Canada. There are but two ways for Government to overcome the sure normal deficit on operation cost—raise the rates or "raise" the deficit from the public exchequer. If the C. P. R. is quoted as contrary evi-

dence we shall bear in mind that the deficit of the future was made good in the past when the C. P. R. got its empire of grant land. But for that we should have been paying higher traffic rates long ago.

Kitchener, Mort, June 5, 1916

THE more we know of the Hindenburg-Ludendorff cult with its open doctrine of killing women, children and wounded, the more we realize that a far greater than either of these war-masters went down on the Hampshire two years ago the middle of this week. Kitchener knew how to apply the iron to a refractory foe and how to organize a war machine out of leagues of desert sand, a pack of camels and a few railway ties. But the author of that immortal message to his troops in 1914 was a conqueror with a moral sense. Pinkerton in Ladies from Hell thus describes K. of K.:

A splendid figure he was, big upstanding, a man's man from his boots, black against the snow, to the vizzor of his immaculate cap, impervious alike to man's petty criticisms and God's storms. Chattering with cold, we marched by in stiff review, and then lined up before him and listened to his big voice boomed out above us, brief, terse, to the point, a message worth the hearing.

"Men of the London Scottish, you have a record to uphold. Three things only would I leave with you to-day, you soldiers of the British Empire. First, fear God; second, honor your King; and third, respect the women." His voice caught, and he repeated with added emphasis, "Respect the women."

A Box of Matches

NO true citizen objects to the budget taxes. They are necessary for revenue. He does object to paying one tax to the Government and a bigger one right on top of it to either a dealer, a manufacturer, or both. A small example will illustrate. A certain little box of matches contains forty lights. Before the tax it sold for one cent. Since the tax some dealers have sold it for three cents. The tax is one cent per 100 matches. The natural increase on those forty matches should be at most half a cent. What becomes of the other cent and a half? Plainly, it is the 300 per cent. profit which the manufacturer or the dealer, or both, are making on the tax.

Apply this test to all the articles mentioned in the budget and see where the loyal citizen and the unscrupulous maker or dealer come out. On the wall above every counter should be hung a large poster indicating exactly what was the old price and what should be the new on all articles included in the budget scheme of taxation. Any dealer allowing either himself or a manufacturer to exceed that price should have his business confiscated. It is time for Government to take a hand in the regulation of prices. We are all getting to the limit of our ability to pay and to economize, unless there is also a very drastic limit made to the other fellow's ability to line his pocket by making a profit on a tax or by unduly boosting a price under cover of a general advance due to the war. The solvency of the State is conditioned upon every sub-species of wartime hog being put into something closely resembling a pen.

Men, Not Experts Needed

AFTER-THE-WAR reconstructionists are to be found on almost every fence corner. Tinkering up the whole world is a fascinating pastime. It can be come at from almost any angle. The church, the counting-house, the labor union, the school, the farm, the parliament, the soapbox—these are a few of the centres of opinion from which the new crusades may begin. Bolshevism has already announced its programme—Away with Capital. And the industrial interests of Canada have banded themselves together. Bolshevism must not

enter here. No State can thrive with Bolshevist ideas rampant among the people.

Is there anybody insane enough to imagine that a crusade against capital will ever get anywhere; or that any country will ever be able to buck against labor? And yet we hear people talk about capital and labor as though they were two things as antipodal as heat and cold. There is no capital worth considering that is not built upon labor and no labor worth its pay that does not translate itself into some form of capital.

Wherefore it seems a matter for regret that when the Canadian Industrial Reconstruction Association was started nobody but industrialists and one editor were put on the provisional Executive Committee. All the men named on this committee are able men. The Chairman, Sir John Willison, is a man of ideas and experience. But unless the permanent Executive has a different complexion these reformers may as well expect hostility from just such quarters as they are beginning to get it already. Manufacturers alone cannot reform industry in the interests of the public and the nation. We should like to see on the permanent Council of this Association at least one or two farmers, one railwayman, one labor unionist, one professor—oh yes, there are professors with practical ideas—one good live judge or big lawyer and the biggest purely business man in Canada, whoever he may be.

Retire The Extremists

COMPROMISE, the first principle of successful politics, is no business for extremists. Sir Edward Carson, confronted by John Dillon, is the essence of never-give-up till doomsday. And that will never settle Ireland's problem. Why not retire both and pick on two moderates? There are such people. Redmond was a moderate. Both the Redmonds were. In his little book, Trench Pictures from France, Major Wm. Redmond, gallant sacrifice for the rights of little Belgium, pays many a tribute to the true pan-Irish spirit as he saw it along the front. In one passage he describes the jostling of all sorts of Imperial troops. "Presently," he says, "a wagon came along bearing on its side the Ulster badge of the Red Hand. The Munster soldiers hailed the wagon as it passed. 'Can you give us a lift along the road?' Promptly the answer came, 'Righto! in ye get my shamrock boys.'" In a speech in the Commons in 1916 William Redmond said, speaking of the Orange and Green, "All you want is to get them together. They came together in the trenches and they were friends; get them together on the floor of an Assembly, or where you will, in Ireland. Let the Ulstermen agree to give up their historical memories of events like the Boyne and the rest. . . . We will also give up any celebration that might be irritating, and we will begin and build up out of this war a new and better country, with Protestants and Catholics working side by side—a country based on the recognition of Irishmen."

Organize a Truth Propaganda

ON this page, issue of May 25, there was an editorial headed, Propaganda the Fifth Arm, in which we pointed out the necessity of unifying the Allied nations by a centralized propaganda from Paris as the armies at the front are unified under Gen. Foch. We indicated a few of the ways in which such a campaign of unity could be carried on. A daily paper despatch dated May 27, says that the French Minister to the Belgian Government has now been placed in charge of a centralized Allied propaganda bureau for all foreign countries. This is not enough. Propaganda to be successful must be as thorough as Loringhoven's Lies published on page 5 of this issue. The work of getting the truth about the war over (1) to ourselves, (2) to one another, (3) to Russia, (4) to Germany, is much more necessary than any propaganda in "foreign" countries. What we want is a powerful truth drive upon public sentiment. The chairman of committee should be the biggest publicity expert in the world, and he should have at his command men of the calibre of Belasco and Griffith, who understand picturesque methods of getting at the masses.

THE REFUGEES

By ESTELLE M. KERR

HOW a Canadian V.A.D. feels when she is really in action. This was written just after the "mystery" gun bombarded Paris, and just after the big offensive sent so many thousands of people out of their little towns to places of safety behind the lines; many of them to Paris.

Paris, March 30, 1918.

OUR little refugee is asleep before the fire; he has evidently walked a long way, for he is thin and dirty and limps a little. But we have given him a good supper and the heat and long sleep will put new life into him.

He is the only one of the thousands who daily come to Paris from the evacuated territory, to whom we have offered shelter; for the majority of the refugees are transferred from one train to another. They enter Paris at the Gare du Nord and leave from stations at the other side of the city by lines going West or South.

But our little refugee did not come by train, and I don't think he was very kindly treated on the road. Perhaps his master or mistress was not allowed to take him along. With 5,000 people on one train, is it any wonder that a little fox terrier should be left behind?

He is evidently a one-man dog, for he has attached himself to the little English chauffeuse and is miserable when out of her sight. He has been loved, too, for he responds very quickly to affection. On his collar is written, "Mirabeau, Villa Narcisse, Ortonvillers."

Whether Mirabeau is his name or the name of his master we do not know; but we have rechristened him "Jerry."

"L'Oeuvre de Bon Accueil" has established a canteen at the Gare du Nord with beds and hot drinks for the refugees; and the American Red Cross has lent its large motor lorries to assist in this work, while we of the French War Emergency Fund, stand ready to help in any way we can. Some of us collected bottles and filled a hundred each day with malted milk for the babies; and it was my humble lot to transport them to the station with a shift of workers to assist in the British canteen.

"Copley" and I were sent to the Gare du Nord again yesterday to help in transportation. Copley is my Ford van. He is green with a large red cross and the name of our society on his sides; the new paint makes him look much younger than he really is. The Canadian girls were there before us, with their large lorries, which make Copley look very small indeed. Their leather driving-coats and dark blue caps look very business-like; and without a uniform it would be impossible for us to go unquestioned through the station. The Canadian Red Cross drivers are English girls, but everyone calls them "the Canadians." Their big lorries are better adapted for the transportation of great numbers of refugees. Copley can take only seven and some small luggage with larger bales and sacks piled on top.

The passengers must have been very uncomfortable while we rattled across the rough stone pavements, but they were glad to get a little farther on their way. None are allowed to remain in Paris, which is being rapidly deserted by its permanent residents.

My first load consisted of three women in rusty crepe veils, a paralyzed old man, who had to be lifted into the van, and a large black dog. They did not belong to the class of peasants who were evacuated at the expense of the government, but were comparatively poor people who found it impossible to get transportation across Paris. When they finally arrived at the station they gave me a generous tip and told me to give something from them to the wounded.

The next lot were hatless, and the women wore aprons and black crotched shawls. They, too, had a paralyzed grandfather, but unlike my last paralytic, he was able to stand up, but could not sit down.

Next I had a family with two children. They had been evacuated from St. Quentin a year ago and now they were forced to leave their new home.

"I have never been in Paris before," said an old lady, looking about her with interest. "It needed this catastrophe to bring me here!"

A mother with two babies had come from near Amiens, not very far from Paris, but it had taken them three days on the train. Some of my loads had to be taken to one station and some to another, according to their destination. At five o'clock Copley was overheated, and his engine was knocking to tell me he wanted water. I asked a taxi-driver where this water could be supplied, and he told me to go to any cafe. The nearest one was the restaurant of a large hotel, where a very grand waiter proffered me a small carafe. I tactfully explained that I must have a painful, but he looked rather hurt, so I hastily ordered tea—tea with lemon and saccharine, which is the only way one can get it in Paris now. It refreshed me, and Copley proved more amiable after his rest and water, so we bumped gaily back for another load of refugees.

Next day the transportation was better arranged, and the authorities decided that the larger lorries could handle the rounds; but I went to the station at night to take more malted milk for the babies. It was rather eerie driving through the darkened streets, for all the lights are blue, and the blue glass in our motor-lamps throws a sickly light on the pavement, so wise drivers go slowly. The canteen in the basement of the Gare du Nord is both picturesque and pitiful. Part has been turned into a dormitory, for many have to spend the night there; and at long tables lighted by candles stuck in bottles, the people are fed. We hope that our bottles of milk will diminish the suffering of the little babies who have a long journey still before them.

We have been asked by the French War Office to open canteens at two stations where the wounded will arrive in large numbers. All our workers have been divided into two shifts, for we will give hot drinks and other comforts to the wounded day and night. Mine will be the humble part of driving the night shifts down and the day shifts back; and also to carry equipment. We are glad—oh so glad, to help the soldiers, but each one of us has the wish, "Oh, if they were only our own men!"

THE Canadian chauffeuses seem to have a more exciting time than we do; perhaps the lives people lead in the next garage are always more interesting than our own. But they are the first to be summoned to the scene of disaster. They are a splendid lot of girls, rather boyish in their manners and most of them answer to such names as "George" or "Stephen." I have made a drawing of Stephen; the pose is hers as she stands waiting by her car,



"Stephen," one of the "Canadian" chauffeuses, as she stands waiting by her car. You must use your imagination to supply her curly black hair, her soft brown eyes and lovely pink cheeks. She was sent to the Church of St. Gervais to help bring to the mortuary the mutilated forms of those killed by the "mystery" gun on Good Friday.

but you must use your imagination to supply her curly black hair, her soft brown eyes and lovely pink cheeks. The badge of the British Red Cross is on her cap, and the winged wheel surmounted with V.A.D. on her sleeve shows that she belongs to the motor corps. Yesterday was Good Friday and a holiday for the people of Paris; but Stephen was on duty and soon after a bomb was heard to explode, she was ordered to take her ambulance to the Church of St. Gervais. One of the long-distance German guns had found its mark in the Church while a service was in progress, and Stephen had to wait while her passengers were dug out; but she took their mutilated forms to the mortuary, not the hospital. Then she came back and washed her gory ambulance.

This morning she told me she was going away for a fortnight.

"I am so glad you have got leave," I said. "I know you need a rest."

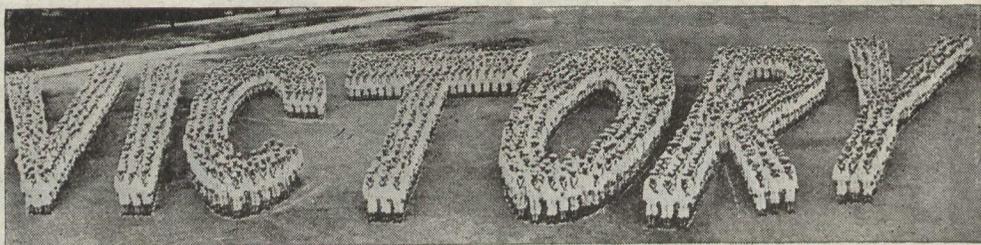
"Rest!" she cried. "We're going to Trouville to drive for the British. The other girls have broken down from overwork. We won't have a bath or go to bed for two weeks—but isn't it wonderful to be able to look after our own men for even two minutes?"

AT the Gare du Nord there is another canteen, a British canteen, "for British soldiers and the Allies"; and when there is need of extra workers some one telephones to our Oeuvre, and if any of us

are off duty we are so glad to help. There is a table for the Belgians, and one for the French; but it is impossible to keep the British helpers from showing a certain amount of favoritism for their own men. They give them real meals too—not simply the drinks and sandwiches of the other canteens, and the British Tommies on Paris leave find a welcome from their own countrywomen when they arrive from the front, and a farewell when they return.

We thought that during this great offensive all leave would be cancelled, but the canteen seems busier than ever. The flood of refugees has passed through Paris, and on my last visit to the Gare du Nord there were no pitiful, homeless groups to be seen, but workers, workers, everywhere. Hundreds of Red Cross men and women, canteen workers, motor drivers, were there ready to cope with any emergency. Another train might arrive with thousands of starving and homeless on board, but perhaps their hastily-organized work had come to an end. If the Germans retreat, there will be no need of evacuation; and those who are eager to serve must transfer their efforts into other channels. If the Germans advance—we don't admit this as a possibility, but still we must be prepared.

In any case, there are the wounded—thousands of them; but when they will arrive, and where they will be sent, remains a mystery. We have made a wonderfully efficient kitchen from a dirty ticket box at one of the goods stations. We have rows of little stoves, and the Government has provided 12 tents with 22 stretchers in each; surgeons are waiting, and so are we, with fires burning in case they come with little warning.



VICTORY in this case is not for the Hun. The "great living slogan," as the photographic writer put it, was formed by a crowd of U. S. Naval reservists in a recent demonstration at Pelham Bay. It is the first time such a heading had such a singular meaning. The Hun may think it is a juvenile idea. But it happens to represent the war juvenility of a great nation gradually being roused with a gathering storm. We may not agree that the war will be won by the United States. None but the misinformed and impetuous in America think that. But we all agree that no nation now at war has such immense potentialities for final victory yet unused, while the other great nations are more or less spent with nearly four years of fighting.

THREE years ago old Britain after her first "contemptibles" flung themselves in the path of the Hun, began to roll her big guns thundering over that western front. They are still rolling up; never so heavily and with such terrific weight as in the present German offensive, while Foch waits and waits for the hour to strike, for his reserves to get into action. When? None of us know. Foch knows. We are leaving it to him; and to the fact that "Tommy" is a greater power on the west front than ever he was. We may not know where all our armies are, but we know they are in good hands and that they won't be made into German "cannon fodder" just for the sake of getting a snap victory.

HOW often in war books you have read of the hour when a battalion or a company makes its first march from reserve billets into the front line trenches; the hour of all when men's nerves are strung to the highest tension; when as the shadows bob ahead of them in the keen sunlight they may whistle and



sing, but they know that at last after all the torture of waiting—the greatest torture of all—they are at last on the road to action. The last word in action and reality and suffering and strength lies just ahead of this quiet, crooked road whose silence is broken only by the still distant reverberation of the guns.

HUNDREDS upon hundreds of refugee pictures have been photographed on the west front since the great trek out of Antwerp three years ago. And the rivers of refugees are still rolling along. Every great offensive drives out thousands of people who leave their homes and all they have that they can't carry with them to be out of the range of gunfire. It was so in the British offensive at the Somme. It is even more so now as the Huns desperately fight back over the ground they lost, retaking village after village, caring nothing for human life in old or young, woman or child—because, as Ludendorff says, this is not a war of armies but of nations; and it is just as much a part of the Hun programme to kill women and children as to kill soldiers.

TIRED? Oh yes—what one might notice. Again and again have we read of heroes who have fought for days and nights without sleep. Here we have them at the end of the strain. Sleep has got them. You, who hate to leave an Ostermoor by daylight saving, or the baby who sinks to sleep in the racket of the street—have you or the baby ever known the Godlike tug of sleep as these know it? They can sleep to the ditty of old nurse "Minnie" as she hurls herself in thunder over the trenches; slumber for hours and days if only they are let to do it; forgetful of war or hunger or home. Such is the sleep that comes to the men who at the front are struggling for Victory.



CAPT. W. E. DAVIS is one of those war padres who when they go to the front don't depend altogether upon prayers. At Passchendale he walked into No-Man's Land with a Red Cross flag on his cane; under rifle and machine-gun fire he attended to wounded men. Even Boches came under his care. He has that big Irish heart—and a Military Cross. Born in Ireland, but a citizen of Edmonton.

HERE'S a cheerful family puzzle. Dickens, who immortalized the Old Curiosity Shop, could have built a novel around this curio-junk shop of the Canadian front where in his off moments the Canadian soldier can buy almost anything that he doesn't want and a few things that he does. No one tells us what on earth a man might want to buy a cradle for in that part of the world, but here it is. On the other side of the shop, as though an artist had designed it, you get

PRESIDENT WILSON'S smile upholds the best traditions of his two predecessors, Taft and Roosevelt. Mrs. Wilson's smile is very becoming to an uncommonly handsome lady. There is also a smile on the face of the other gentleman in the picture; but a smile of concealment and of mystery, because the owner of it is Col. House, that mysterious other self of the President. From the unanimity of the smiles one might surmise that the President has just been



reading the newspapers and that he has just been informed by Col. House that what Col. Repington said about him in the despatches is quite correct.

"The absorption of President Wilson in the big things of this war alone and the idealism which inspires all his words and actions I regard as the greatest moral and political force on the side of the grand Alliance. . . . His power of detachment and concentration of purpose on things that matter make him a very real force, and not only a force, but the earthly Providence of our alliance and the chief master of its destinies." No wonder the President smiles.



YOU never saw on any stage a bigger won't-come-off smile than this of the nineteen-year-o'd Pte. T. W. Holmes, of Owen Sound. He has the V. C. Another Owen Sounder who has followed the Bishop trail into the big things that come to youth in this war. It may take old men like Foch and Haig and Hindenburg behind to direct the destinies of war. It takes the youth who has never had time to look back to get big things in action.

AND NOW AND THEN A SMILE



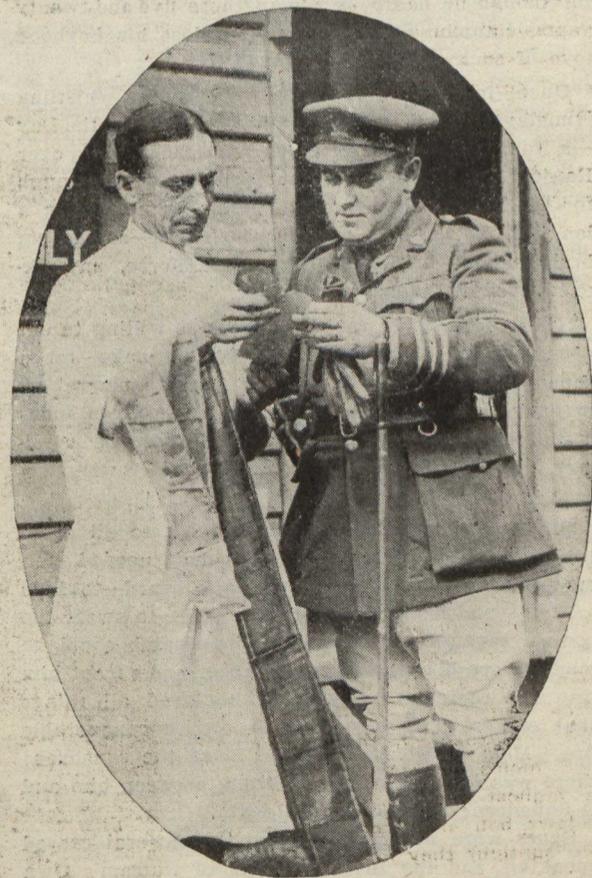
the opposite of the cradle. All in between—helmets, birdcages, an old suit, a toy to send home to the kiddies—

"Step right in, sir. If we haven't got it there's no use going any further. We have the only authentic collection of curios on the line; the things that remind you of the old home back yonder and the things that remind the folks back yonder of the kind of life we're all living out here. Step right in. No trouble to show goods."



YOU heard of the tailor who charges you a high price for a suit because he has to pay his landlord such a high rent. This is not the man. He pays no rent. No architect designed his shop. He built it himself out of old junk. He has an old defunct sewing-machine for a sign. And in this long-way-to-Piccadilly tailor-shop a Canadian officer can get as neat a job of mending as ever he could get in any Repair-while-you-Wait shop in the old home town.

AND the Canadian dentist is there. Dental Clinic for Officers Only is the sign on his laboratory. You don't telephone him for an appointment. This one got a message—which he is now reading—the oddest dental appointment ever made or missed. It was dropped from the air; not a letter, but a neat little note pinned hard to a streamer as long as a house, and it read: "Dear Capt—I was very sorry not to be able to get away on Wednesday, but had to aviate. May come this evening on spec., at 3.30 p.m. Yours sincerely, 2nd Lieut. R. F. C."



The WINDS of the WORLD

by
Talbot Mundy

A New Serial Story of India

JUST as we began to prepare Winds of the World for the printer, a large number of newspaper articles appeared concerning German plots among the Hindus, and war despatches indicating that the Hun intends to make the far East his great stamping ground—to strike London via Calcutta and Bombay. At the same time in a contemporary appeared a very long article by Eleanor Franklin Egan describing what a fabulous old lady is doing to foist herself upon the Hindus as a priestess. Her name is Annie Besant, Theosophress, believer in re-incarnation, fomenter of unrest among millions to whom she aspires to be a sort of modern female Moses. In plain words, Mrs. Besant is said to be working hard to unite the dangerous Home Rule minority against British Rule. Dare we imagine that Mrs. Besant is in the pay of the German?

Well, we make no allegations; merely intimating that Winds of the World is the very story that illuminates the dark secrets of India. In that story there is also a woman, a stranger creature than Mrs. Besant,

A WATERY July sun was hurrying toward a Punjab sky-line, as if weary of squandering his strength on men who did not mind, and resentful of the unexplainable—a rainy-weather field-day. The cold steel and khaki of native Indian cavalry at attention gleamed motionless between British infantry and two batteries of horse artillery. The only noticeable sound was the voice of a general officer, that rose and fell explaining and asserting pride in his command, but saying nothing as to the why of exercises in the mud. Nor did he mention why the censorship was in full force. He did not say a word of Germany, or Belgium.

In front of the third squadron from the right, Risaldar-Major Ranjoor Singh sat his charger like a big bronze statue. He would have stooped to see his right spur better that shone in spite of mud, for though he has been a man these five-and-twenty years, Ranjoor Singh has neither lost his boyhood love of such things, nor intends to.

Once—in a rock-strewn gully where the whistling Himalayan wind was Acting Anti-septic-of-the-Day—a young surgeon had taken hurried stitches over Ranjoor Singh's ribs without probing deep enough for an Afghan bullet; that bullet burned after a long day in the saddle. And Bagh was—as the big brute's name implied—a tiger of a horse, unweakened even by monsoon weather.

So Ranjoor Singh sat still. He was willing to eat agony at any time for the squadron's sake—for a squadron of Outram's Own is a unity to marvel at, or envy; and its leader a man to be forgiven spurs a half-inch longer than the regulations. As a soldier, however, he was careful of himself when occasion offered.

Sikh-soldier-wise, he preferred Bagh to all other horses in the world, because it had needed persuasion, much stroking of a black beard—to hide anxiety—and many a secret night-ride—to sweat the brute's savagery—before the colonel-sahib could be made to see his virtues as a charger and accept him into the regiment. Sikh-wise, he loved all things that expressed in any way his own unconquerable fire. Most of all, however, he loved the squadron; there was no woman, nor anything between him and D Squadron; but Bagh came next.

Spurs were not needed when the general ceased speaking, and the British colonel of Outram's Own

because she is not a preacher nor a prophet, but a poet; the woman with the cobras and the dancing maids; the song-woman who dances to the gods and holds the secrets of India in her ken as Winds of the World blowing in to her; the intuitionist of the super-sense, by some called the sixth—Yasmini. In her circle of mysterious vibrations the plain prosaic figures of the British sahib and the Sikh soldier Rangoor come and go as puppets are pulled by a string. Then there is the Hun—the plotter; he who seeks audience of Yasmini; whom the Sikh meets at her house. More of him as the story goes on. It is all part of the Great Intrigue and all very much of a piece with the strange unrest that works upon a minority of India's population. Wherever there is mystery, superstition, the temple, the strange god, the mystic rite—expect the shifty Hun to be on hand.

But Yasmini—the woman with the pet cobras and the fountains and the gardens and the dusky Arabian Nights damsels—what of her? We shall see. And here is the first instalment.—The Editor.

Illustrated by T. W. McLEAN



shouted an order. Bagh, brute energy beneath hand-polished hair and plastered dirt, sprang like a loosed Hell-tantrum, and his rider's lips drew tight over clenched teeth as he mastered self, agony and horse in one man's effort.

LINE after rippling line, all Sikhs of the true Sikh baptism except for the eight of their officers who were European, Outram's Own swept down a living avenue of British troops; and neither gunners nor infantry could see one flaw in them, although picking flaws in native regiments is almost part of the British army officer's religion.

To the blare of military music, through a bog of their own mixing, the Sikhs trotted for a mile, then drew into a walk, to bring the horses into barracks cool enough for watering.

They reached stables as the sun dipped under

the near-by acacia trees, and while the black-bearded troopers scraped and rubbed the mud from weary horses, Ranjoor Singh went through a task whose form at least was part of his very life. He could imagine nothing less than death or active service that could keep him from inspecting every horse in the squadron before he ate or drank.

BUT, although the day had been a hard one and the strain on the horses more than ordinary, his examination now was so perfunctory that the squadron gaped; the troopers signaled with their eyes as he passed, little more than glancing at each horse. Almost before his back had vanished at the stable entrance, wonderment burst into words.

"For the third time he does thus!"

"See! My beast overreached, and he passed without detecting it! Does the sun set the same way still?"

"I have noticed that he does thus each time after a field-day. What is the connection? A field-day in the rains—a general officer talking to us afterward about the Salt, as if a Sikh does not understand the Salt better than a British general knows English—and our risaldar-major neglecting the horses—is there a connection?"

"Aye. What is all this? We worked no harder in the war against the Chitralis. There is something in my bones that speaks of war, when I listen for a while!"

"War! Hear him, brothers! Talk is talk, but there will be no war until India grows too fat to breathe—unless the past be remembered and we make one for ourselves!"

* * * * *

There was silence for a while, if a change of sounds is silence. The Delhi mud sticks as tight as any, and the kneading of it from out of horsehair taxes most of a trooper's energy and full attention. Then, the East being the East in all things, a solitary trooper picked up the scent and gave tongue.

"Who is she?" he wondered, loud enough for fifty men to hear.

From out of a cloud of horse-dust, where a stable helper on probation combed a tangled tail, came one word of swift enlightenment.

"Yasmini!"

"Ah-h-h-h!"

In a second the whole squadron was by the ears,

and the stable-helper was the center of an interest he had not bargained for.

"Nay, sahibs, I but followed him, and how should I know? Nay, then I did not follow him! It so happened. I took that road, and he stepped out of a tikka-gharri at her door. Am I blind? Do I not know her door? Does not everybody know it? Who am I that I should know why he goes again? But—does a moth fly only once to the lamp-flame? Does a drunkard drink but once? By the Guru, nay! May my tongue parch in my throat if I said he is a drunkard! I said—I meant to say—seeing she is Yasmini, and he having been to see her once—and being again in a great hurry—whither goes he?"

SO the squadron chose a sub-committee of inquiry, seven strong, that being a lucky number the wide world over, and the movements of the risaldar-major were reported one by one to the squadron with the infinite exactness of small detail that seems so useless to all save Easterns.

Fifteen minutes after he had left his quarters, no longer in khaki uniform, but dressed as a Sikh gentleman, the whole squadron knew the color of his undershirt, also that he had hired a tikka-gharri, and that his only weapon was the ornamental dagger that a true Sikh wears twisted in his hair. One after one, five other men reported him nearly all the way through Delhi, through the Chandni Chowk—where the last man but one nearly lost him in the evening crowd—to the narrow place where, with a bend in the street to either hand, is Yasmini's.

The last man watched him through Yasmini's outer door and up the lower stairs before hurrying back to the squadron. And a little later on, being almost as inquisitive as they were careful for their major, the squadron delegated other men, in mufti, to watch for him at the foot of Yasmini's stairs, or as near to the foot as might be, and see him safely home again if they had to fight all Asia on the way.

These men had some money with them, and weapons hidden underneath their clothes; for, having betted largely on the quail-fight at Abdul's stables, the squadron was in funds.

"In case of trouble one can bribe the police," counseled Nanak Singh, and he surely ought to know, for he was the oldest trooper, and trouble everlasting had preserved him from promotion. "But weapons are good, when policemen are not looking," he added, and the squadron agreed with him.

It was Tej Singh, not given to talking as a rule, who voiced the general opinion.

"Now we are on the track of things. Now, perhaps, we shall know the meaning of field exercises during the monsoon, with our horses up to the belly in blue mud! The winds of all the world blow into Yasmini's and out again. Our risaldar-major knows nothing at all of women—and that is the danger. But he can listen to the wind; and, what he hears, sooner or later we shall know, too. I smell happenings!"

Those three words comprised the whole of it. The squadron spent most of the night whispering, dissecting, analyzing, subdividing, weighing, guessing at that smell of happenings, while its risaldar-major, thinking his secret all his own, investigated nearer to its source.

HAPTER II.

YASMINI bears a reputation that includes her gift for dancing and her skill in song, but is not bounded thereby. Her stairs illustrated it—the two flights of steep winding stairs that lead to her bewildering reception-floor; they seem to have been designed to take men's breath away, and to deliver them at the top defenseless.

But Risaldar-Major Ranjor Singh mounted them with scarcely an effort, as a man who could master Bagh well might, and at the top his middle-aged

back was straight and his eye clear. The cunning, curtained lights did not distract him; so he did not make the usual mistake of thinking that the Loveliness who met him was Yasmini.

Yasmini likes to make her first impression of the evening on a man just as he comes from making an idiot of himself; so the maid who curtsies in the stair-head maze of mirrored lights has been trained to imitate her. But Ranjor Singh flipped the girl a coin, and it jingled at her feet.

The maid ceased bowing, too insulted to retort. The piece of silver—she would have stooped for gold, just as surely as she would have recognized its ring—lay where it fell. Ranjor Singh stepped forward toward a glass-bead curtain through which a soft light shone, and an unexpected low laugh greeted him. It was merry, mocking, musical—and something more. There was wisdom hidden in it—



"I will answer when the time comes," answered Ranjor Singh.

masquerading as frivolity; somewhere, too, there was villainy—villainy that she who laughed knew all about and found more interesting than a play.

Then suddenly the curtain parted, and Yasmini blocked the way, standing with arms spread wide to either door-post, smiling at him; and Ranjor Singh had to stop and stare whether it suited him or not.

Yasmini is not old, nor nearly old, for all that India is full of tales about her, from the Himalayas to Cape Comorin. In a land where twelve is a marriageable age, a woman need not live to thirty to be talked about; and if she can dance as Yasmini does—though only the Russian ballet can do that—she has the secret of perpetual youth to help her defy the years. No doubt the soft light favored her, but she might have been Ranjor Singh's granddaughter as she barred his way and looked him up and down impudently through languorous brown eyes.

"Salaam, O plowman!" she mocked. She was not actually still an instant, for the light played incessantly on her gauzy silken trousers and jeweled slippers, but she made no move to admit him. "My honor grows! Twice—nay, three times in a little while!"

She spoke in the Jat tongue fluently; but that was not remarkable, because Yasmini is mistress of so many languages that men say one cannot speak in her hearing and not be understood.

"I am a soldier," answered Ranjor Singh more than a little stiffly.

"I am a statesman," said the viceroy's babu! A Sikh is a Jat farmer with a lion's tail and the manners of a buffalo! Age or gallantry will bend a man's back. What keeps it straight—the smell of the farmyard on his shoes?"

Ranjor Singh did not answer, nor did he bow low as she intended. She forgot, perhaps, that on a previous occasion he had seen her snatch a man's turban from his head and run with it into the room, to the man's sweating shame. He kicked his shoes off calmly and waited as a man waits on parade, looking straight into her eyes that were like dark jewels, only no jewels in the world ever glowed so wonderfully; he thought he could read anger in them, but that ruffled him no more than her mockery.

"Enter, then, O farmer!" she said, turning, lithely as a snake, to beckon him and lead the way.

NOW he had only a back view of her, but the contour of her neck and chin and her shoulders mocked him just as surely as her lips were making signals that he could not see. One answer to the signals was the tittering of twenty maids, who sat together by the great deep window, ready to make music.

"They laugh to see a farmer strayed from his manure-pile!" purred Yasmini over her shoulder; but Ranjor Singh followed her unperturbed.

He was finding time to study the long room, its divans and deep cushions around the walls; and it did not escape his notice that many people were expected. He guessed there was room for thirty or forty to sit at ease.

Like a pale blue will-o'-the-wisp, a glitter in the cunning lights, she led him to a far end of the room where many cushions were. There she turned on him with a snake-like suddenness that was one of her surest tricks.

"I shall have great guests to-night—I shall be busy."

"That is thy affair," said Ranjor Singh, aware that her eyes were seeking to read his soul. The dropped lids did not deceive him.

"Then, what do you want here?"

That question was sheer impudence. It is very well understood in Delhi that any native gentleman of rank may call on Yasmini between midday and midnight without offering a reason for his visit; otherwise it would be impossible to hold a salon

and be a power in politics, in a land where politics run deep, but where men do not admit openly to which party they belong. But Yasmini represents the spirit of the Old East, sweeter than a rose and twice as tempting—with a poisoned thorn inside. And here was the New East, in the shape of a middle-aged Sikh officer taught by Young England.

He annoyed her.

Ranjor Singh's answer was to seat himself, with a dignity the West has yet to learn, on a long divan against the wall that gave him a good view of the entrance and all the rest of the room, window included. Instantly Yasmini flung herself on the other end of it, and lay face downward, with her chin resting on both hands.

She studied his face intently for sixty seconds, and it very seldom takes her that long to read a man's character, guess at his past, and make arrangements for his future, if she thinks him worth her while.

"Why are you here?" she asked again at the end of her scrutiny.

Ranjor Singh seemed not to hear her; he was watching other men who entered, and listening to the sound of yet others on the stairs. No other Sikh came in, nor more than one of any other caste or tribe; yet he counted thirty men in half as many minutes.

"I think you are a buffalo!" she said at last; but if Ranjor Singh was interested in her thoughts

he forgot to admit it, and did not show it.

A dozen more men entered, and the air, already heavy, grew thick with tobacco smoke mingling with the smoke of sandalwood that floated back and forth in layers as the punkahs swung lazily. Outside, the rain swished and chilled the night air; but the hot air from inside hurried out to meet the cool, and none of the cool came in. The noise of rain became depressing until Yasmini made a signal to her maids and they started to make music.

THEN Yasmini caught a new sound on the stairs, and swiftly, instantly, instead of glancing to the entrance, her eyes sought Ranjoor Singh's; and she saw that he had heard it too. So she sat up as if enlightenment had come and had brought disillusion in its wake.

The glass-bead curtain jingled, and a mad backed through it giggling, followed in a hurry by a European, dressed in a white duck apology for evening clothes. He seemed a little the worse for drink, but not too drunk to recognize the real Yasmini when he saw her and to blush crimson for having acted like an idiot.

"Queen of the Night!" he said in Hindustani that was peculiarly mispronounced.

"Box-wallah!" she answered under her breath; but she smiled at him, and aloud she said, "Will the sahib honor us all by being seated?"

A maid took charge of the man at once, and led him to a seat not far from the middle of the room. Yasmini, whose eyes were on Ranjoor Singh every other second, noticed that the Sikh, having summed up the European, had already lost all interest.

But there were other footsteps. The curtain parted again to admit a second European, a somewhat older man, who glanced back over his shoulder deferentially and, to Yasmini's unerring eye, tried to carry off prudish timidity with an air of knowingness.

"Who is he?" demanded Ranjoor Singh; and Yasmini rattled the bracelets on her ankles loud enough to hide a whisper.

"An agent," she answered. "He has an office here in Delhi. The first man is his clerk, who is supposed to be the leader into mischief; they have made him a little drunk lest he understand too much. I have sent a maid to him that he may understand even less."

The second man was closely followed by a third, and Yasmini smothered a squeal of excitement, for she saw that Ranjoor Singh's eyes were ablaze at last and that he had sat bolt upright without knowing it. The third man was dressed like the other two in white duck, but he wore his clothes not as they did. He was tall and straight. One could easily enough imagine him dressed better.

His quick, intelligent gray eyes swept over the whole room while he took two steps, and at once picked out Yasmini as the mistress of the place; but he waited to bow to her until the first man pointed her out. Then it seemed to Ranjoor Singh—who was watching as minutely as Yasmini in turn watched him—that, when he bowed, this tall, confident-looking individual almost clicked his heels together, but remembered not to do so just in time. The eyes of the East miss no small details. Yasmini, letting her jeweled ankles jingle again, chuckled to Ranjoor Singh.

"And they say he comes from Europe selling goods," she whispered. "The fat man who is frightened claims to be a customer for bales of blankets. Since when has the customer been humble while the seller calls the tune? Look!"

The second arrival and the third sat down together as she spoke; and while the second sat like a merchant, nursing fat hands on a consequential paunch, the third sat straight-backed, kicking a little sidewise with his left leg. Ranjoor Singh saw, too, that he kept his heels a little more than a spur's length off from the divan's drapery.

"Listen!" hissed Ranjoor Singh.

Yasmini wriggled closer, and pretended to be



"Know Yasmini?" asked the man in drab silk suddenly.

watching her maid by the window.

"That man who came last," said the risaldar-major, "has been told that thou art like a spider, watching from the middle of the web of India."

"For once they have told the truth!" she said.

"In the bazaar he asked to be shown men of all the tribes, that he might study their commercial needs. He was told to come here and meet them; and these were sent for from the caravanserais. Is it not so?"

"Art thou thyself for the Raj?" asked Yasmini.

"I lead a squadron of Sikh cavalry," said Ranjoor Singh, "and you ask me am I for the Raj?"

"The buffalo that carries water for the office lawn is for the Raj!" said Yasmini.

"Then he and I are brothers."

"And he, yonder—what of him?" She was growing impatient, for the tune was nearly at an end, and it would be time presently for her to take up the burden of entertainment.

"He will ask, perhaps, to speak with a Sikh of influence."

"Sahib, 'to hear is to obey,'" she mocked, rising to her feet.

"Listen yet!" commanded Ranjoor Singh. "Serve me in this matter, and there will be great reward. I, who am only one, might die by a dagger, or a rope in the dark, or ground glass in my bread; but then there would be a squadron, and perhaps a regiment, to ask questions."

"Perhaps?"

"Perhaps. Who knows?"

HE spoke from modesty, sure of the squadron that he loved so much better than his life, but not caring to magnify his own importance by claiming the regard of the other squadrons, too. But Yasmini, who never in her life went straight from point to point of an idea and never could believe that anybody else did, supposed he meant that one squadron was in his confidence, whereas the rest had not yet been sounded.

"So speaks one who is for the Raj!" she grinned.

Playing for profit and amusement, she never, never let anybody know which side she had taken in any game. Therefore she despised a man who showed his hand to her, as she believed Ranjoor Singh had done. But she only showed contempt

when it suited her, and not always when she felt it. She despised him nevertheless.

The minor music ceased and all eyes in the room were turned to her. She rose to her feet as a hooded cobra comes toward its prey, sparing a sidewise surreptitious smile of confidence for Ranjoor Singh that no eye caught save his; yet as she turned from him and swayed in the first few steps of a dance devised that minute, his quick ear caught the truth of her opinion:

"Buffalo!" she murmured.

The flutes in the window wailed about mystery. The lights, and the sandal-smoke, and the expectant silence emphasized it. Step by step, as if the spirit of all dancing had its home in her, she told a wordless tale, using her feet and every sinuous muscle as no other woman ever did.

Men say that Yasmini is partly Russian, and that may be true, for she speaks Russian fluently. Russian or not, the members of the Russian ballet are the only others in the world who share her art. Certainly, she keeps in touch with Russia, and knows more even than the Indian government about what goes on beyond India's northern frontier. She makes and magnifies the whole into a mystery; and her dance that night expressed the fascination mystery has for her.

AND then she sang. It is her added gift of song that makes Yasmini unique, for she can sing in any of a dozen languages, and besides the love-songs that come southward from the hills, she knows all the interminable ballads of the South and the Central Provinces. But when, as that evening, she is at her best, mixing magic under the eyes of the inquisitive, she

sings songs of her own making and only very rarely the same song twice. She sang that night of the winds of the world which, she claims, carry the news to her; although others say her sources of information speak more distinctly.

It seemed that the thread of an idea ran through song and dance alike, and that the hillmen and beyond-the-hills-men who sat back-to-the-wall and watched, could follow the meaning of it. They began to crowd closer, to squat cross-legged on the floor, in circles one outside the other, until the European three became the centre of three rings of men who stared at them with owls' solemnity.

Then Yasmini ceased dancing. Then one of the Europeans drew his watch out; and he had to show it to the other two before he could convince them that they had sat for two hours without wanting to do anything but watch and listen.

"So waas!" said one of them—the drunken.

"Du lieber Gott—schon halb zwolf!" said the second.

The third man made no remark at all. He was watching Ranjoor Singh.

The risaldar-major had left the divan by the end wall and walked—all grim straight lines in contrast to Yasmini's curves—to a spot directly facing the three Europeans; and it seemed there sat a hillman on the piece of floor he coveted.

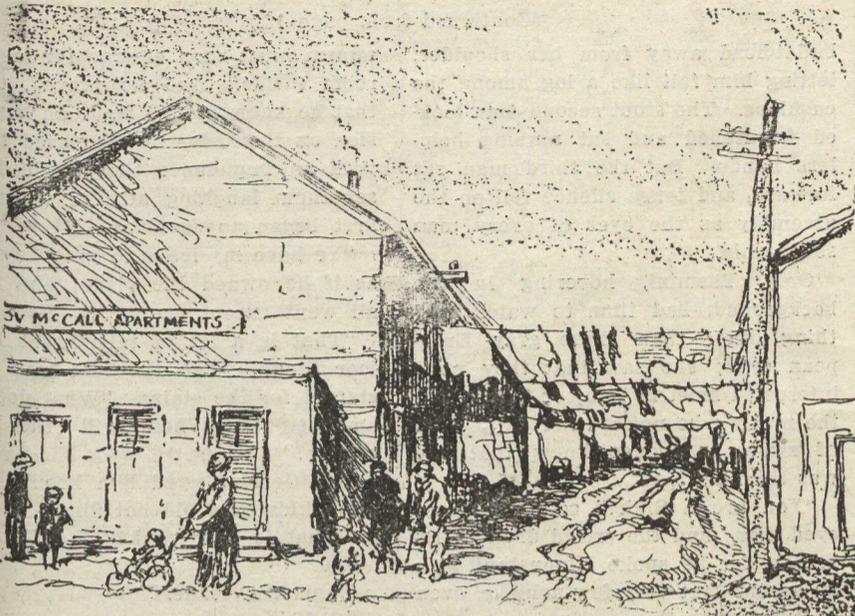
"Get up!" he commanded. "Make room!"

The hillman did not budge, for an Afridi pretends to feel for a Sikh the scorn that a Sikh feels truly for Afridis. The flat of Ranjoor Singh's foot came to his assistance, and the hillman budged. In an instant he was on his feet, with a lightning right hand reaching for his knife.

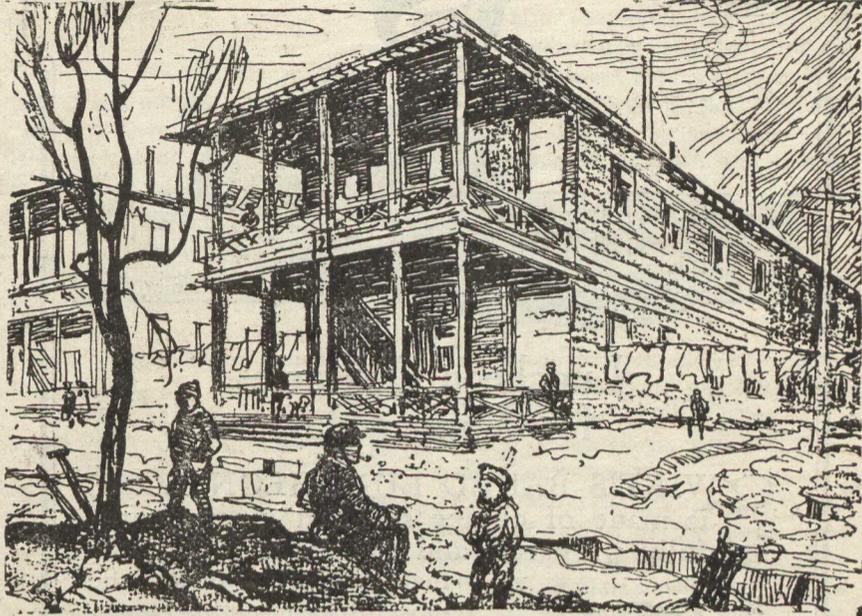
But Yasmini allows no butcher's work on her premises, and her words within those walls are law, since no man knows who is on whose side. Yasmini beckoned him, and the Afridi slouched toward her sullenly. She whispered something, and he started for the stairs at once, without any further protest.

Then there vanished all doubt as to which of the three Europeans was most important. The man who had come in first had accepted sherbet from the maid who sat beside him; he went suddenly from drowsiness to slumber, and the woman spurned his

(Continued on page 18.)



Governor McCall Apartments, Massachusetts Ave.



Apartment Type Houses on Garrison Football Grounds.

HALIFAX REBUILDING

Sketches by ARTHUR LISMER

HALIFAX is being rebuilt. This may seem like saying that the sky is blue, because everybody knows it—except those who are born blind. I see that a Toronto weekly—by the way—has been muckraking the School for the Blind, conducted by Sir Frederick Fraser, who some time ago issued an appeal through the press for funds to carry on the heavy work entailed by the disaster in the loss of so much eyesight. There is no sense in an attack of this kind. People who sent money to the Halifax School need not worry as to whether somebody is getting it who should not. Sir Frederick Fraser's blindness is physical, not moral. The only mistake in this connection is that the School for the Blind should not have been taken hold of by the Government of the Province, that all appeals for public subscriptions were not made and disbursed by the Government.

As to rebuilding Halifax. The houses put up by the Relief Commission in many cases look like hurriedly constructed shacks built for navvies; gray tar-paper covered with dark wood, sombre and doleful. Some of them are vacant. Evidently some people prefer to live in the patched-up ruins of their own houses to life in these monotonous tenements. Of course they are intended to last only five years. But five years in tenements like these is a long time. A little architectural advice would have made far greater improvement in them than the cost involved. If it is going to take so long to rebuild Halifax, why not do it better?

To the credit of the Commission be it said that no time was lost in getting things started. Hustle was needed. Hustle was the law. And the law was met by action. The general idea is good. The aim is all right. The spirit of getting things done quickly is admirable. Col. Low has done a big, swift work. And he got what he was after, as he always does. What he was after in the main, so far as housing the people was concerned, was—tenements. Temporary tenements were built on public grounds, so that they could not be retained by private interests and made a source of revenue after final re-construction. The first week in January saw seven large tenements of wood on Exhibition grounds. A week later there were



Dwellings under the lee of the Citadel hill.

three rows of such houses. There are to be forty of them, each with accommodation for eight families. The first block on the first street (Massachusetts Avenue), is known as "Governor McCall Apartments," so named in honor of the State that supplied the

money and materials with which these buildings were constructed. These buildings are calculated to last for five years without renewal of material. Each apartment rents for \$12 per month, and comprises living-room, two bedrooms, kitchen and bathroom.

On the South Common are being built twenty-four houses. Twenty buildings on the South Common facing North Park Street are similar in type to those on the Exhibition Grounds, though smaller.

Another type of building is on the Garrison Football Grounds. This is the apartment type, four apartments opening on a common hall.

Reconstruction came on the heels of relief. It came so fast that the two R's were mixed up, and they still are. No doubt a good long summer of reconstruction will see Halifax housed in some sort of comfortable way for the winter. But there is a huge work to be done; a work easily forgotten by people in cities and towns where the chief complaint is too much dust, or smoke, or garbage dumps, or holes in the street—little things like that. Halifax is thankful for what has been done so quickly. And if Governor McCall were to come up here this summer, the people who are so grateful to Massachusetts for being first on the spot regardless of national boundaries, would like to give him the freedom of reconstructed Halifax in a spirit of civic pride born of achievement.

OBSERVER.

(Halifax, May 15, 1918.)

BIRDS ONCE MORE

By YOUR UNCLE DUDLEY

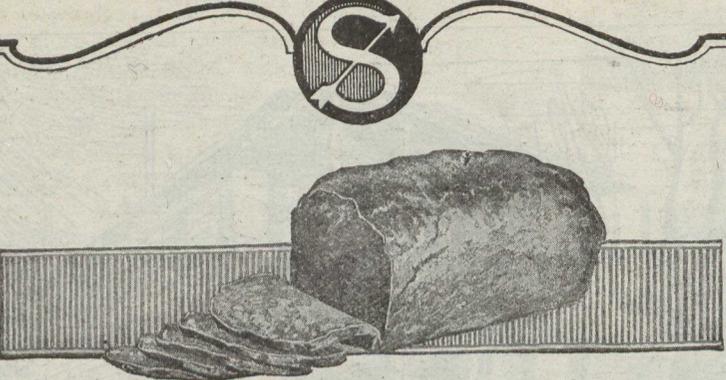
NOW that Galli-Curci is all the rage in Canada it is appropriate to talk about the Galli-Curci of the birds, which is the brown thrasher—or thrush. It's a good while since your Uncle Dudley heard one of these immortal songsters. The last time was about seventeen years ago, when a brown thrasher perching at sundown on an old dead rampike stub just away from the bush, gave a whole hour's unbroken performance for my especial benefit. I could see him plain enough. He was only the size of a pine knot. But what a cataract of melody! No singing-master ever could get that into notation. It contained quarter-time and hemi-demi-semi-quavers and chromatics beyond the reach of a Debussy to compose or a Galli-Curci to sing. He knew he was alone. The other birds were squabbling themselves to sleep in a delightfully discordant racket

among which the piping notes of the vireos were the dominant note. They were the subdued orchestra. Galli-Curci on the rampike was the soloist. I think it was the he-bird. It's usually the he who sings best among the birds. It was the ne plus ultra of perfect art and golden enjoyment.

ONE thing only marred the performance. But for the plaintive whip-poor-will on the other side of the landscape I might have heard ten minutes more of the thrasher. Will started at dusk, as he usually does. After which he had the whole floor for his pertinacious, petulant whistle. I have never liked him quite so well since. He is a very homely bird to look at and peculiarly shy; probably knows he is ugly. He is all right in his place. But his real habitat is Muskoka, where some of the more genial birds seldom go.

AS to the orchestra in the bush—always keep in mind the flute and piccolo section devoted to the vireos, of whom there seem to be half a dozen varieties, but I have never heard more than one that haunts me with music. I first heard them many years ago in the solid green bush when I had no idea what kind of birds they could be. I have seldom seen one in full view. I don't want to. They are joy enough to hear. One of the few birds who can sing in harmony—real minor thirds like two tin whistles blown at once with a little water gurgling in each. And that song is as characteristic of high noon as of dewy eve, the most persistent and generous song of any in the wildwood—or the little grove on the fag-end of a city dump-heap.

OF all restless birds commend me to the barn swallow who goes squeaking through the air like the sound of a harness; famous for keeping you awake if you try to sleep in a hay-mow.



**Luncheon Delicacies
for Warmer Days**

SWIFT'S BAKED LUNCHEON LOAF
is made of choice selected meats, carefully prepared and spiced so delicately that it appeals at once to the most discriminating taste. We know you will like it.



Swift's

- Premium Cooked Hams
- Premium Minced Specialty
- New England Style Cooked Specialty
- Baked Hams
- Ashland Cooked Specialty
- Jellied Beef Tongue
- Jellied Pork Tongue
- Jellied Beef

Why not use this and other

Swift's Cooked Meat Delicacies

this Summer? It makes it so easy on hot days. No fuss, no worry.

**READY TO EAT
NO COOKING
NO HEAT**

Your grocer or butcher has them, or can easily get them for you.

Swift Canadian Co.
Limited
Toronto Winnipeg Edmonton

**CAREFULLY SEALED
IN GERM PROOF TUBES**

PURITY OATS

**BRINGS TO YOUR TABLE
THE DELICIOUS NUT LIKE
FLAVOUR OF THE FAMOUS
ALBERTA OATS**

MANUFACTURED BY
Western Canada Flour Mills Co. Limited

OUR first consideration is the welfare and protection of our readers, and we intend to so conduct our advertising columns as to command their confidence, and increase their dependence upon the printed message.

ADVERTISING MANAGER CANADIAN COURIER.

THE WINDS of the WORLD

(Continued from page 16.)

bullet-head away from her shoulder, letting him fall like a log among the cushions. The stout second man looked frightened and sat nursing, helpless hands. But the third man sat forward, and tense silence fell on the assembly as the eyes of every man sought his.

Only Yasmini, hovering in the background, had time to watch anything other than those gray European eyes; she saw that they were interested most in Ranjoor Singh, and the maids who noticed her expression of sweet innocence knew that she was thinking fast.

"You are a Sikh?" said the gray-eyed man; and the crowd drew in its breath, for he spoke Hindustani with an accent that very few achieve, even with long practise.

"Then you are of a brave nation—you will understand me. The Sikhs are a martial race. Their theory of politics is based on the military spirit—is it not so?"

RANJOOR SINGH, who understood and tried to live the Sikh religion with all his gentlemanly might, was there to acquire information, not to impart it. He grunted gravely.

"All martial nations expand eventually. They tell me—I have heard—some of you Sikhs have tried Canada?"

Ranjoor Singh did not wince, though his back stiffened when the men around him grinned; it is a sore point with the Sikhs that Canada does not accept their emigrants.

"Sikhs are admitted into all the German colonies," said the man with the gray eyes. "They are welcome."

"Do many go?" asked Ranjoor Singh.

"That is the point. The Sikhs want a place in the sun from which they are barred at present—eh? Now, Germany—"

"Germany? Where is Germany?" asked Yasmini. She understands the last trick in the art of getting a story on its way. "To the west is England. Farther west, Ameliki. To the north lies Russia. To the south the kali pani—ocean. Where is Germany?"

The man with the gray eyes took her literally, since his nation are not slow at seizing opportunity. He launched without a word more of preliminary into a lecture on Germany that lasted hours and held his audience spellbound. It was colorful, complete, and it did not seem to have been memorized. But that was art.

He had no word of blame for England. He even had praise, when praise made German virtue seem by that much greater; and the inference from first to last was of German super-virtue.

Some one in the crowd—who bore a bullet-mark in proof he did not jest—suggested to him that the British army was the biggest and fiercest in the world. So he told them of a German army, millions strong, that marched in league-long columns—an army that guarded by the prosperous hundred thousand factory chimneys that smoked until the central European sky was black.

Long, long after midnight, in a final burst of imagination, he likened Germany to a bee-hive from which a

swarm must soon emerge for lack of room inside. And he proved, then, that he knew he had made an impression on them, for he dismissed them with an impudence that would have set them laughing at him when he first began to speak.

"Ye have my leave to go!" he said, as if he owned the place; and they all went except one.

"That is a lot of talk," said Ranjoor Singh, when the last man had started for the stairs. "What does it amount to? When will the bees swarm?"

The German eyed him keenly, but the Sikh's eyes did not flinch.

"What is your rank?" the German asked.

"Squadron leader!"

"Oh!"

The two stood up, and now there was no mistake about the German's heels; they clicked. The two were almost of a height, although the Sikh's head-dress made him seem the taller. They were both unusually fine-looking men, and limb for limb they matched.

"If war were in Europe you would be taken there to fight," said the German.

Ranjoor Singh showed no surprise. "Whether you wanted to fight or not."

There was no hint of laughter in the Sikh's brown eyes.

"Germany has no quarrel with the Sikhs."

"I have heard of none," said Ranjoor Singh.

"Wherever the German flag should fly, after a war, the Sikhs would have free footing."

Ranjoor Singh looked interested, even pleased.

"Who is not against Germany is for her."

"Let us have plain words," said Ranjoor Singh, leading the way to a corner in which he judged they could not be overheard; there he turned suddenly, borrowing a trick from Yasmini.

"I am a Sikh—a patriot. What are you offering?"

"The freedom of the earth!" the German answered. "Self-government! The right to emigrate. Liberty!"

"On what condition? For a bargain has two sides."

"That the Sikhs fail England!"

"When?"

"When the time comes! What is the answer?"

"I will answer when the time comes," answered Ranjoor Singh, saluting stiffly before turning on his heel.

THEN he stalked out of the room, with a slight bow to Yasmini as he passed.

"Buffalo!" she murmured after him. "Jat buffalo!"

Then the Germans went away, after some heavy compliments that seemed to amuse Yasmini prodigiously, helping along the man who had drunk sherbet and who now seemed inclined to weep. They dragged him down the stairs between them, backward. Yasmini waited at the stair-head until she heard them pull him into a gharry and drive away. Then she

National Directory

of

Standard Products

THIS directory includes the names of leading Canadian firms making and handling the various classes of goods, indicated.

Buyers unable to find the desired information in this directory are invited to write to this office for information, which will be furnished free of charge.

APPLES, (Evaporated):

Graham Co. Limited, Belleville, Ont.

BABBITT AND SOLDER.

Hoyt Metal Co., Toronto.

BRICKS AND TERRA COTTA.

Don Valley Brick Works, Toronto.

CARPETS AND RUGS.

Toronto Carpet Mfg. Co., Ltd., Toronto.

CAR WHEELS AND CASTINGS.

Dominion Wheel & Foundries, Limited, Toronto.

CIGARS.

Andrew Wilson & Co., "Bachelor" Cigars, Toronto.

ELEVATORS.

Otis-Fenson Elevator Co., Toronto.

GLOVES AND MITTS.

The Craig-Cowan Company, Limited, Toronto.

HARDWARE.

Hardware Company of Toronto, Limited, Toronto.

PAINTS AND VARNISHES.

International Varnish Co., Limited, Toronto.

PIANOS & PLAYER PIANOS

Heintzman & Co., "Ye Olde Firm," Toronto.

PRINTING INKS.

Sinclair Valentine Co. of Canada, Limited, Toronto.

REFRIGERATORS:

Eureka Refrigerator Co., Limited, Toronto.

SCRAP IRON, STEEL & METALS.

Frankel Bros., Toronto.

TINWARE & SHEET METAL WORK.

Soren Bros., Manufacturers, Toronto, Ont.

UNIFORMS.

Beauchamp & How, Limited, Toronto.

VEGETABLES, (Desiccated):

Graham Co., Limited, Belleville, Ont.

WATCH CASES.

American Watch Case Co., Limited, Toronto.

FOUND AT LAST!! Only Reliable Canadian-Made **FORD STARTER**
WRITE US FOR PARTICULARS. THE PEERLESS NON-BREAKABLE
\$22.50 THE MORGAN SALES CO. 415 YONGE ST. TORONTO

MALE HELP WANTED.

\$20.00 WEEKLY, showing samples for Large Grocery Corporation, all goods sold at factory prices to consumers, granulated sugar 6½c. Pure lard 5-pound pail \$1.00, Sunlight, Gold or Surprise Soap 7 for 25c. Everything at cut-rates. Men wanted everywhere. Sample case free. The Consumers' Association, Windsor, Ontario

THE WILLOUGHBY FARM AGENCY

Head Office, Georgetown, Ont.

AT NORVAL

GRAND STOCK AND DAIRY FARM

150 Acres. 40 Acres Oats, 10 Acres Spring Wheat, 65 Acres Hay. School 5 minutes walk. Station one mile. Soil, clay loam in grand order. Fall ploughing done. Ice in for summer. Owner has shipped milk for 12 years to Toronto. 3 Barns. 2 Silos. Frame house, nine rooms. New Upper Canada College Site, one mile. Price for Farm with Crop, \$14,000. \$5,000 down, balance on mortgage at 5½%. Herd of Dairy Cows, Horses and Implements can be bought with farm if desired. Great Bargain.

THE WILLOUGHBY FARM AGENCY

Head Office, Dept. 153, Georgetown, Ontario

PATENT SOLICITORS.

FETHERSTONHAUGH & CO. The old established firm. Patents everywhere. Head Office, Royal Bank Bldg., Toronto. Ottawa Office, 5 Elgin St. Offices throughout Canada. Booklet Free.

STAMPS AND COINS.

PACKAGES free to collectors for 2 cents postage; also offer hundred different foreign stamps; catalogue; hinges; five cents. We buy stamps. Marks Stamp Co., Toronto.

turned to her favorite maid.

"Them—those cattle—I understand!" she said. "But it does not suit me that a Sikh, a Jat, a buffalo, should come here making mysteries of his own without consulting me! And what does not suit me I do not tolerate! Go, get that Afridi whom the soldier kicked—I told him to wait outside in the street until I sent for him."

The Afridi came, nearly as helpless as the man who had drunk sherbet, though less tearful and almost infinitely more resentful. What clothing had not been torn from him was soaked in blood, and there was no inch of him that was not bruised.

"Krishna!" said Yasmini impiously. "Allah!" swore the Afridi. "Who did it? What has happened?"

"Outside in the street I said to some men who waited that Ranjoor Singh the Sikh is a bastard. From then until now they beat me, only leaving off to follow him hence when he came out through the door!"

Yasmini laughed, peal upon peal of silver laughter—of sheer merriment.

"The gods love Yasmini!" she chuckled. "Aye, the gods love me! The Jat spoke of a squadron; it is evident that he spoke truth. So his squadron watched him here! Go, jungli! Go wash the blood away. Thou shalt have revenge! Come again to-morrow. Nay, go now, I would sleep when I have finished laughing. Aye—the gods love Yasmini!"

CHAPTER III.

THE colonel of Outram's Own dropped into a club where he was only one, and not the greatest, of many men entitled to respect. There were three men talking by a window, their voices drowned by the din of rain on the veranda roof, each of whom nodded to him. He chose, however, a solitary chair, for, though subalterns do not believe it, a colonel has exactly that diffidence about approaching senior civilians which a subaltern ought to feel.

In a moment all that was visible of him from the door was a pair of brown riding-boots, very much foreshortened, resting on the long arm of a cane chair, and two sets of wonderfully modeled fingers that held up a newspaper. From the window where the three men talked he could be seen in profile.

"Wears well—doesn't he?" said one of them.

"Swears well, too, confound him!"

"Hah! Been trying to pump him, eh?"

"Yes. He's like a big bird catching flies—picks off your questions one at a time, with one eye on you and the other one cocked for the next question. Get nothing out of him but yes or no. Good fellow, though, when you're not drawing him."

"You mean trying to draw him. He's the best that come. Wish they were all like Kirby."

The man who had not spoken yet—he looked younger, was some years older, and watched the faces of the other two while seeming to listen to something in the distance—looked at a cheap watch nervously.

"Wish the Sikhs were all like Kirby!" he said. "If this business comes to a head, we're going to wish

we had a million Kirbys. What did he say? Temper of his men excellent, I suppose?"

"Used that one word."

"Um-m-m! No suspicions, eh?"

"Said, 'No, no suspicions!'"

"Uh! I'll have a word with him."

He waddled off, shaking his drab silk suit into shape and twisting a leather watch-guard around his finger.

"Believe it will come to anything?" asked one of the two men he had left behind.

"Dunno. Hope not. Awful business if it does."

"Remember how we were promised a world-war two years ago, just before the Balkans took fire?"

"Yes. That was a near thing, too. But they weren't quite ready then. Now they are ready, and they think we're not. If I were asked, I'd say we ought to let them know we're ready for 'em. They want to fight because they think they can catch us napping; they'd think twice if they knew they couldn't do it."

"Are they blind and deaf? Can't they see and hear?"

"Quem deus vult perdere, prius dementat," Ponsoby, my boy."

The man in drab silk slipped into a chair next to Kirby's as a wolf slips into his lair, very circumspectly, and without noise; then he ratched the chair sidewise toward Kirby with about as much noise as a company of infantry would make.

"Had a drink?" he asked, as Kirby looked up from his paper. "Have one?"

"Ginger ale, please," said Kirby, putting the paper down.

A turbaned waiter brought long glasses in which ice tinkled, and the two sipped slowly, not looking at each other.

"Know Yasmini?" asked the man in drab silk suddenly.

"Heard of her, of course."

"Ever see her?"

"No."

"Ah! Most extraordinary woman. Wonderful!"

Kirby looked puzzled, and held his peace.

"Any of your officers ever visit her?"

"Not when they're supposed to be on duty."

"But at other times?"

"None of my affair if they do. Don't know, I'm sure."

"Um-m-m!"

"Yes," said Kirby, without vehemence.

"Look at his beak!" said one of the two men by the window. "Never see a big bird act that way? Look at his bright eye!"

"Wish mine were as bright, and my beak as aquiline; means directness—soldierly directness, that does!"

"Who is your best native officer, supposing you've any choice?" asked the man in the drab silk suit, speaking to the ceiling apparently.

"Ranjoor Singh," said Kirby promptly.

IT was quite clear there was no doubt in his mind.

"How is he best? In what way?"

"Best man I've got. Fit to command the regiment."

"Um-m-m!"

"Yes," said Kirby.

The man in drab sat sidewise and caught Kirby's eye, which was not dif-

ficult. There was nothing furtive about him.

"With a censorship that isn't admitted, but which has been rather obvious for more than a month; with all forces undergoing field training during the worst of the rains—it's fair to suppose your men smell something?"

"They've been sweating, certainly."

"Do they smell a rat?"

"Yes."

"Ask questions?"

"Yes."

"What do you tell them?"

"That I don't know, and they must wait until I do."

"Any recent efforts been made to tamper with them?"

"Not more than I reported. You know, of course, of the translations from Canadian papers, discussing the rejection of Sikh immigrants? Each man received a copy through the mail."

"Yes. We caught the crowd who printed that. Couldn't discover, though, how it got into the regiment's mail bags without being postmarked. Let's see—wasn't Ranjoor Singh officer-of-the-day?"

"Yes."

"Um-m-m! Would it surprise you to know that Ranjoor Singh visits Yasmini?"

"Wouldn't interest me."

"What follows is in strict confidence, please."

"I'm listening."

"I want you to hear reason. India, the whole of India, mind, has its ear to the ground. All up and down the length of the land—in every bazaar—in the ranks of every native regiment—it's known that people representing some other European Power are trying to sow discontent with our rule; and it's obvious to any native that we're on the watch for something big that we expect to break any minute. Is that clear?"

"Yes."

"Our strongest card is the loyalty of the native troops."

"Yes."

EVERYBODY knows that. Also, this thing we're looking for is most damnably real—might burst today, to-morrow—any time. So, even with the censorship in working order, it wouldn't be wise to arrest a native officer merely on suspicion.

"I'd arrest one of mine," said Kirby, "if I had any reason to suspect him for a second."

"Wouldn't be wise! You mustn't!"

The man in drab silk shook his head. "Now, suppose you were to arrest Ranjoor Singh—"

Kirby laughed outright.

"Suppose the Chandni Chowk were Regent Street!" he jeered.

"Last night," said the man in drab silk, "Risaldar-Major Ranjoor Singh visited Yasmini, leaving six or more of the men of his squadron waiting for him in the street outside. In Yasmini's room he listened for hours to a lecture on Germany, delivered by a German who has British naturalization papers, whether forged or not is not yet clear."

"After the lecture he had a private conversation lasting some minutes with the German who says he is an Englishman, and who, by the way, speaks Hindustani like a native. And,

(Continued on page 28.)

To Win the War

The Christian Science Monitor, as an international daily newspaper, presents to its readers a clear, calm, and exact record of world happenings, and interprets them editorially from the viewpoint of Principle and universality.

The Monitor supports every right effort to win the great struggle now engaging our national attention. Its fearless exposure of the attempts of evil influences to interfere in our affairs aids and encourages all people to united service for the certain triumph of right.

With its own news-gathering service in every part of the world. The Monitor publishes in detail the facts about the most important world events, and, through its international circulation, promotes a better understanding between peoples and nations.

The Christian Science Monitor, 3c a copy, is on general sale throughout the world at news stands, hotels and Christian Science reading-rooms. A monthly trial subscription by mail anywhere in the world for 75c; a sample copy on request.

THE CHRISTIAN SCIENCE
PUBLISHING SOCIETY

BOSTON U. S. A.

Sole publishers of all authorized
Christian Science literature

MARTIN BOOK SHOP

17 RICHMOND STREET EAST

Specializing in Fine Books

We Purchase Private Libraries, Paying Highest Prices. Send
for Circular.

RAY SUBTRACTOR-ADDER

used by G. N. W. Telegraph Co., Robt. Simpson Co., Limited, Canadian Credit Men's Association, Limited, Business Systems, Limited, Walter Biton Co., Limited, United Hotels Co., Woolworth 5 and 10c Stores, and hundreds of other representative commercial institutions.

Adds with speed and accuracy, directly subtracts, only low-priced machine in the world possessing this feature.

Saves worry, time and money. Write for particulars of 15-day trial. Price \$32.50 delivered.

THE RAY CO., 77 Mail Bldg., Toronto, Ont

FLOWER GARDENING

By H. S. Adams.

This is the most complete, the most authoritative, the most practical book on growing flowers. The author has the keen judgment to suppress distracting non-essentials and technical foibles. What he strives for and accomplishes is a book that will give its readers a close familiarity with all the best garden flowers and a knowledge of growing and so combining them that the result is a thoroughly satisfactory garden.

The considerations of situation, size, season and color are carefully made clear; the special requirements of varieties are explained, in addition to the important general instructions of planting and treatment. The vast fund of up-to-date and hitherto unpublished material increases the timely value of the book. A variety of tables supplements the text and renders the subject matter easily available.

Illustrated. 5x7 $\frac{3}{8}$ in. \$1.25 net; postage 10c.

J. M. DENT & SONS, LIMITED

Publishers

25-27 Melinda St., TORONTO.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

We will not, knowingly or intentionally, insert advertisements from other than perfectly reliable firms or business men. If subscribers find any of them to be otherwise, we will esteem it a favour if they will so advise us, giving full particulars.

ADVERTISING MANAGER,
CANADIAN COURIER.

The Encore Profiteer

By THE MUSIC EDITOR

A LARGE number of the huge audience that heard Alda, Martinelli and Co. at Massey Hall last month wanted to hear how the two leading stars compared with the records. Some of the rest went to hear good music. And a large majority went just to hog-encore the proceedings, being quite certain that four Latin singers of such great popularity would be good for at least twice as many things as were on the programme. There is always room for a music hog at a Gargantuan feast of good music. A number of the audience were Italians, such as heard Caruso here a few years ago. The foreign population always know when a thing is big enough to go to. It was the Jews who heard Heifetz—and used to hear Elman.

And it was not the "dagos" on this occasion who applauded before one of the pieces was finished; the magnificent duet by Mme. Alda and Martinelli, from La Boheme, given in encore to a duo from Madam Butterfly. The balcony and the dress-circle crowd on the ground floor did not understand what the singers meant by acting out the finale of this duo as it is on stage. Arm in arm they walked off singing. When they got to the curtain there were still several bars to sing behind stage. The audience broke out. The accompanist-conductor frantically threw up his right hand to hush them off. Too late. The last ecstatic notes were lost. A duet of such starlike beauty. An incomparable bit of work.

These two singers have had long experience together on the operatic stage. They have voices of extraordinary loveliness and power. Mdme. Alda is a gorgeous artist, her only infinitesimal fault being a slight occasional tendency to go off pitch

either flat or sharp in the high register. Many a singer of less eminence probably does this without detection through a cuttlefish ability to cover up a slight deviation from pitch by bad intonation. In Alda's pellucidly clear but gorgeously warm and wonderfully flexible voice this slight variation was noticeable. Her first appearance was in God Save the King as a solo—a compliment to the crowd—when one impulsive tenor in the top gallery joined in, while several in his vicinity gave him the cold stare and one said, "Oh, I guess he wanted to sing a duet with Alda." She encored that with Rule Britannia, in which she made the mistake of most great artists who do not understand the English language, singing, "Britannia rules the waves," instead of "rule the waves." A small distinction, but a great difference.

Martinelli is a wonderful singer. He marches out at double quick and is ready at once for anything. Those who have heard Caruso need not judge him by that standard. He has less voice but more beauty and quite as much power as Caruso. He is less Martinelli than Caruso is Caruso, and more art. A real, inspiring tenor who never fails to get a thrill by the most legitimate methods, and has a voice of absolute purity in robust dimensions. A voice of such calibre is a gift from the gods. Martinelli has also the gift of being generous. Some singers are generous because of conceit in themselves, as though the public could never have too much of what they choose to call "a good thing." Others do so to humor the crowd, saying to one another behind stage, "Oh, those people out there hear so little good music they are hungry. Give the poor things encores to everything."

DOCTORS CONTINUE TO DIFFER

(Continued from page 9.)

versal claims to recognition. Osteopaths have apparently to some extent adopted chiropractic; yet the original chiropractic was probably an osteopath. We do not claim to understand the doctrines of osteopathy. We would be in a state of lunacy before we could grasp the science of chiropractic.

Now Mr. Lowe puts the shoe on the wrong foot. We proposed to hand the medical profession over to the people, making them responsible, as all other civil servants are, to the people; but we required the people to pay them. If Mr. Lowe is shocked, we cannot help it. Fifty years since, people were shocked about compulsory education. If some of our predecessors had secured their way, we

would still be as illiterate as the Bolsheviks of Russia. Except for records of Anatomy and Pathology we might wipe all medical theories older than thirty years clear off the slate, and eliminate two-thirds of everything older than ten years.

So the doctor is empirical? He may be. He is empirical in the best sense of being up-to-date. Within ten years over one-half of modern communicable disease will have been solved and widely eradicated by immunizing inoculation. Typhoid, formerly a scourge of war, has been reduced to nothing by military inoculation; also tetanus in war wounds and to a large extent cerebral spinal meningitis. Vaccination for smallpox would

(Continued on page 28.)

MIDNIGHT RIDE OF PERCY CUMMINGS

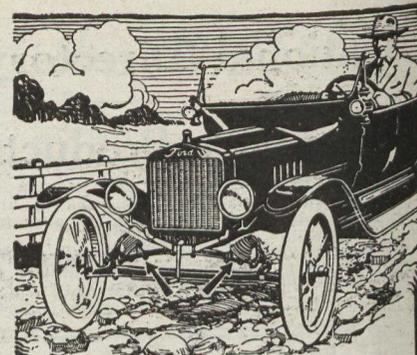
(Continued from page 9.)

was the noblest work of God. The only real obstacle to his farmerhood was that \$17,000. But even that didn't seem unsurmountable, to a youth who had already made such a partial conquest of himself; morally, physically—mentally.

Mrs. Hookwell, however, took some of the gimp out of Percy's roseate

optimism. She was very cross. Milking thirteen cows in addition to all her housework was enough to make any woman cross, and she was no exception.

"Still she don't need to take it out o' me," reflected Percy the evening of the second day, as he yahooped himself in among the horses. "Mrs. Hook-



Don't Let Rough Roads Keep You from Riding

IT ISN'T NECESSARY. Hassler Shock Absorbers on your Ford will make "rough spots" feel almost as smooth as an even stretch of road. Their gentle, springy action absorbs every jolt and jar.



Shock Absorber For Ford Cars

Hassler Shock Absorbers make your Ford ride as easily as a \$2,000 car. They increase tire mileage 20 to 100%, save gasoline, cut your up-keep bills one-third, and increase the resale value of your car. 300,000 Ford Owners recognize their economic necessity.

You can't realize how much difference they make until you try them. That is why we want to give you the opportunity to see for yourself.

10-Day Free Trial Offer

Phone, write or call for FREE TRIAL BLANK and we will have a set of Hasslers put on your Ford without a cent of expense to you. Try them 10 days. Then, if you are willing to do without them, they will be taken off without charge. Don't ride without Hasslers simply because someone discourages you from trying them. Accept this offer and see for yourself. Over 300,000 sets in use. Do it now.



ROBERT H. HASSLER, Limited
Lock Drawer H.C.I. HAMILTON, ONT., CAN.

JAEGER NEGLIGE SHIRTS

Have a D'istinctive Style

Made of fine pure wool Zephyr and wool Taffeta, in exclusive dainty patterns, they have all the "appearance" which superior material and skilled workmanship gives to Jaeger Goods.

Far superior to cotton or linen, not only for exercise and out door sports, but also for year 'round wear in office, or when travelling.

Made in all sizes, with single or double cuffs, shirt or coat style.

A fully illustrated catalogue will be sent free on application to

DR. JAEGER Sanitary Woolen CO. LIMITED
Toronto Montreal Winnipeg
British "founded 1883".

S. Winifred Parker

Conralto.

Vocal Teacher, Hambourg Conservatory.
(North 2341), Toronto, Ont.

well," he suggested timidly, "can't I help you milk those cows?"

"No!" she snapped. "You wouldn't know how. If you've done the chores you'd better mind the children."

The two young Hookwells were in to a terrible tantrum at the chip-hill.

"Oh, no thanks!" he replied to himself. "I'd be very unpopular because I'd be gadding them both. Me for the road!"

He strolled to his room, not without some compunction. He had really wanted to help milk. She had refused him. There was nothing in his contract about being a nurse. Besides he had worked up till six and done the chores after supper. It was time he had a little leisure. Thanks to daylight saving it was still an hour from sundown.

So he togged himself up in his best, as never he would have dared to do if Mr. Hookwell had been at home. When he came out Mrs. Hookwell was still in the big barn milking. The children were playing in the woodshed. Feeling a bit danderish he went to the drive-shed and took Mr. Hookwell's car, and went whizzing out the lane, over to the village.

Here—as he expected he would—he encountered a bevy of farm freshettes whose tantalizing clack of laughter and part songs he had been hearing every evening for a week past. Not knowing one of these delightful creatures by name, Percy made the Hookwell motor serve as an entree, and in short order he had four of them out for what even the college graduate young lady with the polished accent and the severe look agreed was "a joy-ride."

HENCE it was near midnight when Percy reached the farm—on foot. In his absorption over the farmerettes he had not noticed that his gasoline was running out. The motor was stalled on the roadside. By great good luck Mrs. H. was abed. The house was dark. The children were asleep. Percy carried his battery lamp to search for the gasoline tank. He found it not. He perspired openly. Standing in the drive-shed door he felt that every night-hawk was uttering his name. The geese wrangling in the barnyard all seemed to be saying, "Percy, you're in for it now." The horses snorted sardonically in the stalls. He had no desire to rouse Mrs. Hookwell. He feared the lady.

"By jing!" he muttered, "I won't be beat. You can't stick a man like me."

He crept to the stable where he quietly harnessed the Tom horse and led him forth with a long trail rope coiled on the hames and a whiffletree taken from a wagon.

"Now you old gazabo, be quiet!" he said as he mounted the Clyde.

With masterly tact he wheedled the clumsy beast past the house when every joint in both horse and harness seemed to advertise him like a tally-ho megaphone.

"You dunno why, but it's all right, you old gink!" he assured the animal as he got him to the road and set off at a lumbering trot to find the dead motor, which he carefully hitched to the horse with the rope and then stood back wondering how he should manoeuvre the return trip. Clearly he had but one of the reins and no idea of how to convert it into a pair. If he sat in the car the horse would be sure to go wandering off the road. If he rode the horse the car would go meandering. He tried both. He

discovered that he was right.

"Then I'll never get the bally thing home this way!" he almost wept. "Why didn't I fetch two horses and drive 'em?"

This he was doing his best to answer when he detected a heavy pair of boots trudging along the pike from the village. Tom, the Clyde, heard it and at once set up a tremendous whinny.

"Shut up, you donkey!" advised Percy. "It's bad enough to be stuck like this—to have you laughing at me—without telling the whole neighborhood about it. I hope he turns up the side-road."

But the boots came steadily on and on. Percy saw the bulk of the man; looking like a giant. He trembled in

his clothes. On and on—right up to him:—

"What in the name o' Moses in the bulrushes is this?" boomed a big voice.

Percy crouched beside the motor. "Good Lord!" he gasped.

It was Hiram Hookwell back from Ottawa, "hoofing it," as he said from the station.

"I—I was going to—" Hookwell remained a mass of silence.

"I—" Percy looked over the ridiculous outfit and said the most absurd thing he could think of, because he was hysterical. "I was going to meet you!" he gasped. "Yes, I knew you wouldn't feel like walking, and—"

Before he could finish his immortal

joke, Mr. Hookwell grabbed him by the collar and the trousers and landed him on the horse.

"Now, sonny," he advised, "go ahead. I'll steer the car."

And when long past one o'clock the foolish caravan hove into the lane, Mrs. Hookwell was at the door, all the electric lights going.

"Here we be, Gertie," said the boss. "I found this young man stuck on the road, without his tag. He was joy-riding with the Farmerettes and used up all the gasoline. Take him in and put him to bed. We can't fire him, because there's nobody else to hire. But one of these days, young man—"

What was the threat? Percy could only imagine. He was yet to find out.

NIAGARA TO THE SEA

A FEATURE of a trip that is all interesting, all delightful, is the voyage through the Thousand Islands of the St. Lawrence.

The Thousand Islands! The glint of sunlight filtering through the tree tops—the shimmering shadows of the shore-line reflected in the blue river water—the castle cottages of millionaires, each set on its own little island—the "tang" of pine-laden places, elsewhere narrowing down to a mere channel between islands—provides one of the most satisfying fresh water trips in the whole wide world.

But do not stop with the St. Lawrence. Travel its broad expanse as far as Quebec. From there let us take you on up the famous river Saguenay. Up-to-date "Canada Steamship" hotels at Murray Bay and Tadousac. Magnificent accommodation all the way, on the boats of the Canada Steamship Lines, Limited.

This should be your war-time vacation. In planning your holiday remember that there is no congestion on the mighty rivers that flow from Niagara to the Sea. Extravagant pleasures are not to be encouraged—but there's real economy in taking the kind of vacation that keeps one's efficiency above par. So make it a water trip this year—the kind of holiday that promotes health and refreshes the mind. Complete standard service maintained.

CANADA STEAMSHIP LINES, Limited

Send two cent stamp for illustrated Booklet, Map and Guide. Address: Canada Steamship Lines, Limited, C.S.L. Building, Montreal.

Map labels: TORONTO, HAMILTON, NIAGARA FALLS, LAKES ONTARIO, THOUSAND ISLANDS, WINSTON, ALLEGONIA BAY, CLAYTON, MONTREAL, QUEBEC, SAGUENAY RIVER, TADOUSAC, LAKES ST JOHN, PANDOR RICHESSE C.S.L. HOTEL, O.S.L. HOTEL.

BANK OF MONTREAL

Statement of the Result of the Business of the Bank for the Half Year Ended 30th April, 1918

Balance of Profit and Loss Account, 31st October, 1917.....	\$	1,664,893.08
Profit for the half year ended 30th April, 1918, after deducting charges of management, and making full provision for all bad and doubtful debts		1,287,586.56
		<u>\$2,952,479.64</u>
Quarterly Dividend 2½ per cent. paid 1st March, 1918....	\$400,000.00	
Quarterly Dividend 2½ per cent. payable 1st June, 1918....	400,000.00	
Bonus—1 per cent. payable 1st June, 1918.....	160,000.00	
	\$960,000.00	
War Tax on Bank Note Circulation to 30th April, 1918....	80,000.00	
Subscriptions to Patriotic Funds	27,500.00	
Provision for Bank Premises	100,000.00	
	<u>1,167,500.00</u>	
Balance of Profit and Loss carried forward		<u>\$1,784,979.64</u>

GENERAL STATEMENT—30th APRIL, 1918.

Liabilities.		
Capital Stock		\$ 16,000,000.00
Rest	\$16,000,000.00	
Balance of Profits carried forward	1,784,979.64	
	\$17,784,979.64	
Unclaimed Dividends	5,589.00	
Quarterly Dividend, payable 1st June, 1918....	\$400,000.00	
Bonus of 1% payable 1st June, 1918.....	160,000.00	
	<u>560,000.00</u>	
		18,350,568.64
		<u>\$ 34,350,568.64</u>
Notes of the Bank in circulation	\$ 28,349,607.00	
Deposits not bearing interest	109,851,949.99	
Deposits bearing interest, including interest accrued to date of statement	247,904,855.58	
Deposits made by and Balances due to other Banks in Canada	1,840,789.57	
Balances due to Banks and Banking Correspondents elsewhere than in Canada	600,907.10	
Bills Payable	716,654.08	
		389,264,763.32
Acceptances under Letters of Credit		1,921,822.28
Liabilities not included in the foregoing		784,942.74
		<u>\$426,322,096.08</u>
Assets.		
Gold and Silver coin current	\$ 20,931,133.00	
Dominion notes	60,457,838.75	
Deposit in the Central Gold Reserves	13,500,000.00	
Balances due by Banks and Banking Correspondents elsewhere than in Canada....	\$15,679,641.07	
Call and Short (not exceeding thirty days)		
Loans in Great Britain and United States. 96,534,365.63		112,264,006.70
Dominion and Provincial Government Securities not exceeding market value	11,171,316.40	
Railway and other Bonds, Debentures and Stocks not exceeding market value	12,436,458.78	
Canadian Municipal Securities, and British, Foreign and Colonial Public Securities other than Canadian.....	45,280,436.87	
Notes of other Banks	1,985,554.00	
Cheques on other Banks	13,597,629.35	
		<u>\$291,624,073.85</u>
Current Loans and Discounts in Canada (less rebate of interest)	100,294,678.98	
Loans to Cities, Towns, Municipalities and School Districts	18,136,406.78	
Current Loans and Discounts elsewhere than in Canada (less rebate of interest)	9,014,491.53	
Overdue debts, estimated loss provided for	375,430.23	
		127,821,007.52
Bank Premises at not more than cost (less amounts written off).....	4,000,000.00	
Liabilities of Customers under Letters of Credit (as per Contra).....	1,921,822.28	
Deposit with the Minister for the purposes of the Circulation Fund.....	790,000.00	
Other Assets not included in the foregoing		165,193.33
		<u>\$426,322,096.98</u>

VINCENT M'BREIDITH,
President.

FREDERICK WILLIAMS-TAYLOR,
General Manager.

A Woman's Will

Nowadays it is just as important that Women should make Wills as Men. Every woman who owns property should have her Will carefully drawn by a Solicitor, and, above all, she should appoint an Executor who is competent and dependable.

This Corporation, with thirty-six years' experience in the management and care of Estates of every nature, combines all the necessary qualifications of a satisfactory Executor and Trustee.

The Officers of the Corporation will be pleased at any time to discuss this important matter with you.

THE
TORONTO GENERAL TRUSTS
CORPORATION
ESTABLISHED 1882 HEAD OFFICE TORONTO
BRANCHES: OTTAWA, WINNIPEG, SASKATOON, VANCOUVER



WHAT THE PEOPLE WANT TO KNOW WHO BUY VICTORY BONDS

By INVESTICUS

WITH this issue we begin a new series of simple talks about financial matters, intended for people who do not regard themselves as financial folk. The writer, Investicus, has mapped out a clear programme on these talks with which he expects to cover many interesting matters that are making an economist of Mr. Everybody. The thing he has chosen for a headline topic in this instalment is the Victory Bond which as this is being written is on its way by thousands to the hands of the people who hold the interim certificates. If you don't find in this simple talk about bonds the explanation of what you want to know, drop a line to Investicus. He will tell you all about it in the next instalment. But keep an hour every issue for reading this page of savings and investments. It will pay you.—THE EDITOR.

AT the present time there is no investment in which Canadians, both rich and poor, are so greatly interested as the Canadian Victory Loan. With the placing of these bonds amongst more than eight hundred thousand of our people interest in the issue did not cease, but, rather, only began; and the result is that to-day almost every Canadian household with a shrewd eye on the future is carefully considering the investment of all its savings in the Canadian Victory Loan. Because of this it is only right that the many perplexing points troubling those unused to bond investments be speedily cleared up. It is only a little while since the average man regarded a bond of any kind as a thing of large denomination to be handled by nobody but financial people. The average Canadian with small savings kept away from bonds because they seemed to be the property of millionaires or of people who were heading in that direction. If he got any money ahead he either let it stay in the bank at 3 per cent. or put it in the Postal Savings, or else if he had a mind to speculate a bit he chose stocks and real estate because these friends of printer's ink occupied big display ads in the newspapers, while the bond concealed its identity in a modest little card tucked away in an obscure corner of the financial page.

Victory Bonds and Liberty Bonds have changed all that. No stocks or real estate ever got the newspaper space that was devoted a few months ago to educating everybody in the character and opportunity of Canadian Victory Bonds. And almost over-night people found themselves talking about a Victory Bond as familiarly as though it had been a ten-dollar bill.

But there are still some puzzling points about Victory Bonds. People have not yet become as familiar with these bonds as they are with ten-dollar bills.

THE PUBLIC FULLY PROTECTED.

A while ago some people wondered why, when they had paid the full value of a bond, the bond was not immediately forthcoming—as though it had been a banknote. And the most puzzling point to some people still is the irregularity of delivery of both interim certificates and the definitive bonds. Yet from the standpoint of the issuing office, this is the easiest thing to understand. Where more than a million and a half bond certificates and several million coupons have to be printed and distributed within a few months' time, there is a tremendous congestion of work; and this taken with the smaller staffs weakened by the draft, has resulted in some mistakes due to the pressure at which the staffs have been forced to work. The result is the addressing of some certificates to wrong destinations and consequent non-delivery in others. But the Government has a careful record of all bona fide subscriptions and cases of mis-delivery are being rapidly adjusted, and no one will be allowed to suffer. Only a little patience will be needed on the part of the few—the very few it happens to be—who do not get their bonds right on the dot.

EASE OF CASHING COUPONS.

Some confusion exists as to how and where the interest payments should be made. In the case of coupon bonds, both registered and ordinary, the holder of the definitive bond himself or herself clips off the coupon and cashes it at his or her bank; while in the case of regular registered bonds which bear no coupons attached, the Government at Ottawa sends the holder a cheque for the amount of interest. The amount of cheque should be verified and if not correct, the Department of Finance promptly communicated with.

REMARKABLE MARKET FOR BONDS.

With regard to the absolute soundness and stability of the Victory Loan as an investment for savings, too much cannot be said. The remarkable way

The Absence of a Will

The law gives you the privilege of governing by a will the distribution of your property after your death.

Lacking a will, the law requires your property to be divided in a fixed, definite way, according to the number and nearness of your surviving relatives.

The latter method may give results quite different from the ones you would have wished.

Have your will drawn by a lawyer. About executorship, ask for our booklets, or consult us.

National Trust Company Limited.

Capital paid-up, \$1,500,000
Reserve \$1,500,000

18-22 King St. East
TORONTO

Debentures Issued

In sums of \$100 and upwards. For terms to suit convenience of investor.

Interest paid half-yearly. Interest computed from the date on which money is received.

THESE DEBENTURES ARE A LEGAL INVESTMENT FOR TRUST FUNDS.

They are a favorite investment of Benevolent and Fraternal Institutions, and of British, Canadian and United States Fire and Life Assurance Companies, largely for deposit with the Canadian Government, being held by such institutions to the amount of more than ONE MILLION AND A HALF DOLLARS.

We shall be glad to mail a specimen debenture, copy of annual report, and any further information desired to anyone sending us their address.

Canada Permanent Mortgage Corporation

Established 1855.

Paid-up Capital and Reserve Fund Eleven and One-Quarter Million Dollars.

TORONTO STREET, TORONTO.

Cawthra Mulock & Company

Members of Toronto Stock Exchange

Brokers and Bankers

12 KING STREET, EAST
TORONTO, CANADA

Cable Address: Cawlock, Toronto,

in which the market for these bonds has been supported, despite the size of the issue compared with per capita wealth in Canada, is little short of marvellous; and at the present time brokers report no difficulty at all in selling all offered to them as the demand has steadily exceeded the available supply. In this connection it should be pointed out that no other large issue placed in America in recent years but has had considerable price variations.

The credit for this rests jointly with the Government and the financial community. The fixing of a definite price for regular trading in Victory Loan has prevented manipulators from forcing the price below where it properly should rest; while the hearty co-operation of the entire banking and brokerage fraternity has so improved the situation that the movement is decidedly towards higher and not lower prices.

UNIQUE SELLING SYSTEM PROTECTS INVESTOR.

And this brings us to a discussion of the present system of selling Victory Bonds. All regular transactions are made by the authority of the Victory Loan Committee through recognized banking and brokerage houses, and members of the Stock Exchange. The fixed price offered those desiring to sell is 97% and interest; and buyers can purchase at 98% and the interest. The difference of \$1 per \$100 bond is the commission received by the broker finding a buyer, securing and delivering the bond to same; a small enough sum considering the work entailed; while no remuneration is given to the broker offering the bond for sale.

This fixed price for which Victory Bonds can be bought is equivalent to the net price at which they were offered last December when the interest bonus is taken fully into consideration. In so far as the seller is concerned, his interests are well protected, as if he is forced to sell, he does so at slight loss, if any, for his accumulated interest in most cases will take care of his selling expense.

BANKS LOAN LIBERALLY ON BONDS.

The ease with which bonds can be disposed of under this scheme should not be overlooked. As mentioned earlier in this article the demand for bonds has exceeded the supply; and there is no need for any bondholder to worry as to whether he can transfer his bond into cash, as this can be done at practically any time and at comparatively little expense to himself. There should therefore be no great wish to sell on the part of holders when they receive their definitive bonds; for there will always be a good market, and it is manifestly foolish to glut the market with selling orders unless in case of need.

And in the latter event, probably, in most cases a sufficient sum could be borrowed from the bank. Canadian banks stand right behind Victory Bonds and will loan in moderate amounts up to 90 per cent. of the value of the bond. But would-be borrowers on their bonds should not ask for more than they actually require for their particular needs, and should bear in mind the old adage—"It's easier to borrow than pay back."

COUPON BONDS EASIEST SOLD.

Regarding the three varieties of bonds issued, it is to be feared that many persons selected not wisely but too well. Many people who did not understand clearly the difference between the bonds, ordered fully registered bonds when their needs would have been far better filled by coupon bonds, or possibly coupon registered bonds. In this connection the following general principle should be remembered, that only those who bought bonds to put away in their strong box as a long-time investment should have bought registered bonds of either type, and then only in large denominations; and conversely, those who bought with the idea of helping in the war and possibly selling later, should supply themselves with straight coupon bonds, the reason being that the latter are easily transferred to a new buyer without any red tape, whereas the registered bonds require transfer in the books of the Finance Department at Ottawa, which sometimes entails a slight delay if the seller is not well-known to the brokerage house closing the transaction.

Regarding registered bonds, the coupon bond is the better for small holders, while the straight registered bonds are better in large denominations. The expense connected with paying interest by cheque is too great unless where large sums are involved as with the big bonds; and the registering of the principal of the coupon registered bond sufficiently protects the holder while at the same time it is easy for him to secure his interest when due by cutting and cashing his coupons.

In the case of foreigners buying registered bonds, considerable difficulty has been experienced in selling, as in some cases the buyers could not write their name or sign the transfer papers. This has caused some slight confusion; and has fully demonstrated the fact that where buyers intend to sell soon, it is most advisable for them to get the straight coupon bonds and avoid transfer charges and possible delays in selling.

NO INVESTMENT QUITE SO GOOD.

A word to the wise may not be amiss. From every viewpoint the Victory Loan is an excellent investment for savings; and those who hasten to sell once they get their final bonds are surely foolish. For once they have sold they must either spend or reinvest. If they do the former they are just as much the poorer; while if they sell to re-invest, they are going "out of the frying-pan into the fire" as it is truly difficult to see what investment can offer them better returns, all factors being carefully considered.

For no other security is so immune from outside influences. The war has laid a heavy hand upon most investments, in many cases causing them to severely depreciate in value, as witness the large sums of money set aside against this contingency by all the chartered banks. But the Victory Loan is still practically the equivalent of its issue price; and there is steady trading daily going on with thousands of bonds changing hands a week. This is a phenomenal performance which should encourage all who have purchased these bonds to hang onto them and acquire more.

SOLID GROWTH

Up-to-date business methods, backed by an unbroken record of fair-dealing with its policyholders, have achieved for the Sun Life of Canada a phenomenal growth. Assurances in Force have more than doubled in the past seven years and have more than trebled in the past eleven years.

To-day, they exceed by far those of any Canadian life assurance company.

SUN LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY OF CANADA
HEAD OFFICE - MONTREAL

Western Assurance Company

Fire, Marine and Explosion Insurance.
Incorporated A.D. 1851.
Assets over \$6,000,000.00.

Losses paid since organization over \$70,000,000.00.

HEAD OFFICE: Cor. Scott and Wellington Sts. TORONTO

We Buy, Sell and Quote MINING STOCKS

Authentic information available to interested investors

Plummer & Co., Stock Brokers
108 Bay Street, TORONTO.

F. C. SUTHERLAND & CO.

12 KING ST. E., TORONTO

Dealers in Bonds and Stocks
Specialists in Porcupine and Cobalt Securities

Elaborate Information Bureau at your service FREE. Write us.

The Radial Lines

Passenger and Freight Service Daily

Toronto	Richmond Hill
Aurora	Newmarket
Sutton	Schomberg
New Toronto and Port Credit	

Information as to rates and schedules will be gladly furnished by local agents or traffic department.

Head Office:

88 King St. East, Toronto

Toronto & York Radial Railway

Express Service at Freight Rates

BEN BEY

Mild all the way. 10¢ CIGAR

Made of all Imported Tobacco

KING EDWARD HOTEL

—Fireproof—

Toronto, Canada.

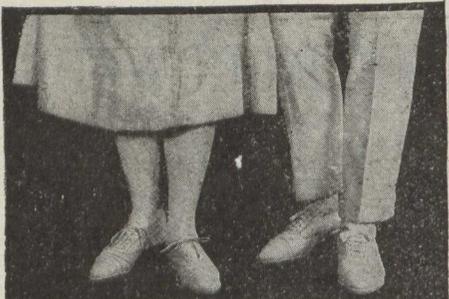
Accommodation for 750 guests, \$1.50 up. American and European Plan.

THE TUXEDO

A Comfortable and Exclusive Modern Home. Table and Service in Keeping. Seven-course Evening Dinner.

Families Coming to Toronto Should Write for Reservations.

The Tuxedo, 504 Sherbourne St.



KEEP YOUR SHOES NEAT

21

White Shoe Dressing

WHITE LIQUID For Men's Women's and Children's Shoes WHITE CAKE

THE F.F. DALLEY CORPORATION LTD., HAMILTON, ONT.



Among the Pines

in tent, log cabin or modern hotel in a country of scenic beauty where fishing, hunting, kodaking, canoeing are at their best.

Highlands of Ontario

offers you and all the family the outing of your life. The Grand Trunk Railway will help you plan your stay at Algonquin Park, Muskoka Lakes, Georgian Bay, Lake of Bays or Timagami. Write or call for literature.

J. Quinlan,
Bonaventure Station
Montreal, Que.

C. E. Horning,
Union Station, Toronto Ont.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

The CANADIAN OFFICE & SCHOOL FURNITURE CO.
PRESTON, ONT.

Manufacturers of High Grade Bank & Office Fixtures, School, Library & Commercial Furniture, Opera & Assembly Chairs, Interior Hardwood Finish Generally.



TYPEWRITERS ALL MAKES ALL PRICES

LOOK at these bargains! Typewriters rebuilt—guaranteed in perfect order, \$25 to \$65. Save time money and trouble. Buy a typewriter for your business, profession or home use. List sent free on application.

Get This Ad Out and Keep It Before You

CANADIAN TYPEWRITER EXCHANGE & SUPPLY COMPANY
62 ST. JAMES STREET, MONTREAL



Copyright by Paget Newspaper Service—By Special Arrangement with Thos. Allen, Publishers.

THEY recognized the priest by his dress and came toward him at once.

"Mr. Sherrill?" Father Perron inquired.

Sherrill assented, taking the priest's hand and introducing his daughter.

"I am glad to see you safe, Mr. Stafford." The priest had turned to Alan. "We have thanks to offer up for that, you and I!"

"I am his son, then! I thought that must be so."

Alan trembled at the priest's sign of confirmation. There was no shock of surprise in this; he had suspected ever since August, when Captain Stafford's watch and the wedding ring had so strangely come to Constance, that he might be Stafford's son. His inquiries had brought him, at that time, to St. Ignace, as Father Perron's had brought him now; but he had not been able to establish proof of any connection between himself and the baby son of Captain Stafford who had been born in that town.

He looked at Constance, as they followed the priest to the motor which was waiting to take them to the house of old Father Benitot, whose guest Father Perron was; she was very quiet. What would that grave statement which Father Perron was to make to them mean to him—to Alan? Would further knowledge about that father whom he had not known, but whose blood was his and whose name he now must bear, bring pride or shame to him?

A bell was tolling somewhere, as they followed the priest into Father Benitot's small, bare room which had been prepared for their interview. Father Perron went to a desk and took therefrom some notes which he had made. He did not seem, as he looked through these notes, to be refreshing his memory; rather he seemed to be seeking something which the notes did not supply; for he put them back and reclosed the desk.

"What I have," he said, speaking more particularly to Sherrill, "is the terrible, not fully coherent statement of a dying man. It has given me names—also it has given me facts. But isolated. It does not give what came before or what came after; therefore, it does not make plain. I hope that, as Benjamin Corvet's partner, you can furnish what I lack."

"What is it you want to know?" Sherrill asked.

"What were the relations between Benjamin Corvet and Captain Stafford?"

Sherrill thought a moment.

"Corvet," he replied, "was a very able man; he had insight and mental grasp—and he had the fault which sometimes goes with those, a hesitancy of action. Stafford was an able man too, considerably younger than Corvet. We, ship owners of the lakes,

have not the world to trade in, Father Perron, as they have upon the sea; if you observe our great shipping lines you will find that they have, it would seem, apportioned among themselves the traffic of the lakes; each line has its own connections and its own ports. But this did not come through agreement, but through conflict; the strong have survived and made a division of the traffic; the weak have died. Twenty years ago, when this conflict of competing interests was at its height, Corvet was the head of one line, Stafford was head of another, and the two lines had very much the same connections and competed for the same cargoes."

"I begin to see!" Father Perron exclaimed. "Please go on."

"In the early nineties both lines still were young; Stafford had, I believe, two ships; Corvet had three."

"So few? Yes; it grows plainer!"

"In 1894, Stafford managed a stroke which, if fate had not intervened, must have assured the ultimate extinction of Corvet's line or its absorption into Stafford's. Stafford gained as his partner Franklin Ramsdell, a wealthy man whom he had convinced that the lake traffic offered chances of great profit; and this connection supplied him with the capital whose lack had been hampering him, as it was still hampering Corvet. The new firm—Stafford and Ramsdell—projected the construction, with Ramsdell's money, of a number of great steel freighters. The first of these—the *Miwaka*, a test ship whose experience was to guide them in the construction of the rest—was launched in the fall of 1895, and was lost on its maiden trip, with both Stafford and Ramsdell aboard. The Stafford and Ramsdell interests could not survive the death of both owners and disappeared from the lakes. Is this what you wanted to know?"

FATHER PERRON nodded. Alan leaned forward, watching; what he had heard seemed to have increased and deepened the priest's feeling over what he had to tell and to have aided his comprehension of it.

"His name was Caleb Stafford," Father Perron began. "(This is what Benjamin Corvet told to me, when he was dying under the wreckage on the ferry.) He was as fair and able a man as the lakes ever knew. I had my will of most men in the lake trade in those days; but I could not have my will of him. With all the lakes to trade in, he had to pick out for his that traffic which I already had chosen for my own. But I fought him fair, Father—I fought him fair, and I would have continued to do that to the end."

"I was at Manistee, Father, in the end of the season—December fifth of 1895. The ice had begun to form very

early that year and was already bad; there was cold and a high gale. I had laid up one of my ships at Manistee, and I was crossing that night upon a tug to Manitowoc, where another was to be laid up. I had still a third one lading upon the northern peninsula at Manistique for a last trip which, if it could be made, would mean a good profit from a season which so far, because of Stafford's competition, had been only fair. After leaving Manistee, it grew still more cold, and I was afraid the ice would close in on her and keep her where she was, so I determined to go north that night and see that she got out. None knew, Father, except those aboard the tug, that I had made that change.

"At midnight, Father, to westward of the Foxes, we heard the four blasts of a steamer in distress—the four long blasts which have sounded in my soul ever since! We turned toward where we saw the steamer's lights; we went nearer and, Father, it was his great, new ship—the *Miwaka*! We had heard two days before that she had passed the Soo; we had not known more than that of where she was. She had broken her new shaft, Father, and was intact except for that, but helpless in the rising sea."

THE priest broke off. "The *Miwaka*! I did not understand all that that had meant to him until just now—the new ship of the rival line, whose building meant for him failure and defeat!

"There is no higher duty than the rescue of those in peril at sea. He—Benjamin Corvet, who told me this—swore to me that, at the beginning none upon the tug had any thought except to give aid. A small line was drifted down to the tug and to this a hawser was attached which they hauled aboard. There happened then the first of those events which led those upon the tug into doing a great wrong. He—Benjamin Corvet—had taken charge of the wheel of the tug; three men were handling the hawser in ice and washing water at the stern. The whistle accidentally blew, which those on the *Miwaka* understood to mean that the hawser had been secured, so they drew in the slack; the hawser tightened unexpectedly by the pitching of the sea, caught and crushed the captain and deckhand of the tug and threw them into the sea.

"Because they were short-handed now upon the tug, and also because consultation was necessary over what was to be done, the young owner of the *Miwaka*, Captain Stafford, came down the hawser onto the tug after the line had been put straight. He came to the wheelhouse, where Benjamin Corvet was, and they consulted. Then Benjamin Corvet learned that the other owner was aboard the new

ship as well—Ramsdell—the man whose money you have just told me had built this and was soon to build other ships. I did not understand why learning that affected him so much.

“Stafford wanted us’ (this is what Benjamin Corvet said) ‘to tow him up the lake; I would not do that, but I agreed to tow him to Manistique. The night was dark, Father—no snow, but frightful wind which had been increasing until it now sent the waves washing clear across the tug. We had gone north an hour when, low upon the water to my right, I saw a light, and there came to me the whistling of a buoy which told me that we were passing nearer than I would have wished, even in daytime, to windward of Boulder Reef. There are, Father, no people on that reef; its sides of ragged rock go straight down forty fathoms into the lake.

“I looked at the man with me in the wheelhouse — at Stafford — and hated him! I put my head out at the wheelhouse door and looked back at the lights at the new, great steamer, following safe and straight at the end of its towline. I thought of my two men upon the tug who had been crushed by clumsiness of those on board that ship; and how my own ships had had a name for never losing a man and that name would be lost now because of the carelessness of Stafford’s men! And the sound of the shoal brought the evil thought to me. Suppose I had not happened across his ship; would it have gone upon some reef like this and been lost? I thought that if now the hawser should break, I would be rid of that ship and perhaps of the owner who was on board as well. We could not pick up the tow line again so close to the reef. The steamer would drift down upon the rocks—”

FATHER PERRON hesitated an instant. “I bear witness,” he said solemnly, “that Benjamin Corvet assured me—his priest—that it was only a thought; the evil act which it suggested was something which he would not do or even think of doing. But he spoke something of what was in his mind to Stafford, for he said;

“I must look like a fool to you to keep on towing your ship!”

“They stared, he told me, into one another’s eyes, and Stafford grew uneasy.

“We’d have been all right,” he answered, “until we had got help, if you’d left us where we were!” He too listened to the sound of the buoy and of the water dashing on the shoal. “You are taking us too close,” he said —“too close!” He went aft then to look at the tow line.”

Father Perron’s voice ceased; what he had to tell now made his face whiten as he arranged it in his memory. Alan leaned forward a little and then, with an effort, sat straight. Constance turned and gazed at him; but he dared not look at her. He felt her hand warm upon his; it rested there a moment and moved away.

“There was a third man in the wheelhouse when these things were spoken,” Father Perron said, “the mate of the ship which had been laid up at Manistee.”

“Henry Spearman,” Sherrill supplied.

“That is the name. Benjamin Cor-

vet told me of that man that he was young, determined, brutal, and set upon getting position and wealth for himself by any means. He watched Corvet and Stafford while they were speaking, and he too listened to the shoal until Stafford had come back; then he went aft.

“I looked at him, Father,” Benjamin Corvet said to me, ‘and I let him go—not knowing. He came back and looked at me once more, and went again to the stern; Stafford had been watching him as well as I, and he sprang away from me now and scrambled after him. The tug leaped suddenly; there was no longer any tow holding it back, for the hawser had parted; and I knew, Father, the reason was that Spearman had cut it!’

I RANG for the engine to be slowed, and I left the wheel and went aft; some struggle was going on at the stern of the tug; a flash came from there and the cracking of a shot. Suddenly all was light about me as, aware of the breaking of the hawser and alarmed by the shot, the searchlight of the Miwaka turned upon the tug. The cut end of the hawser was still upon the tug, and Spearman had been trying to clear this when Stafford attacked him; they fought, and Stafford struck Spearman down. He turned and cried out against me—accusing me of having ordered Spearman to cut the line. He held up the cut end toward Ramsdell on the Miwaka and cried out to him and showed by pointing that it had been cut. Blood was running from the hand with which he pointed, for he had been shot by Spearman; and now again and a second and a third time, from where he lay upon the deck, Spearman fired. The second of those shots killed the engineer who had rushed out where I was on the deck; the third shot went through Stafford’s head. The Miwaka was drifting down upon the reef; her whistle sounded again and again the four long blasts. The fireman, who had followed the engineer up from below, fawned on me! I was safe for all of him, he said; I could trust Luke—Luke would not tell! He too thought I had ordered the doing of that thing!

“From the Miwaka, Ramsdell yelled curses at me, threatening me for what he thought that I had done! I looked at Spearman as he got up from the deck, and I read the thought that had been in him; he had believed that he could cut the hawser in the dark, none seeing, and that our word that it had been broken would have as much strength as any accusation Stafford could make. He had known that to share a secret such as that with me would “make” him on the lakes; for the loss of the Miwaka would cripple Stafford and Ramsdell and strengthen me; and he could make me share with him whatever success I made. But Stafford had surprised him at the hawser and had seen.

“I moved to denounce him, Father, as I realized this; I moved—but stopped. He had made himself safe against accusation by me! None—none ever would believe that he had done this except by my order, if he should claim that; and he made plain that he was going to claim that. He called me a fool and defied me. Luke—even my own man, the only one left

on the tug with us—believed it! And there was murder in it now, with Stafford dying there upon the deck and with the certainty that all those on the Miwaka could not be saved. I felt the noose as if it had been already tied about my neck! And I had done no wrong, Father! I had only thought wrong!

“So long as one lived among those on the Miwaka who had seen what was done, I knew I would be hanged; yet I would have saved them if I could. But, in my comprehension of what this meant, I only stared at Stafford where he lay and then at Spearman, and I let him get control of the tug. The tug, whose wheel I had lashed, heading her into the waves, had been moving slowly. Spearman pushed me aside and went to the wheelhouse; he sent Luke to the engines, and from that moment Luke was his. He turned the tug about to where we still saw the lights of the Miwaka. The steamer had struck upon the reef; she hung there for a time; and Spearman—he had the wheel and Luke, at his orders, was at the engine—held the tug off and we beat slowly to and fro until the Miwaka slipped off and sank. Some had gone down with her, no doubt; but two boats had got off, carrying lights. They saw the tug approaching and cried out and stretched their hands to us; but Spearman stopped the tug. They rowed towards us then, but when they got near, Spearman moved the tug away from them, and then again stopped. They cried out again and rowed toward us; again he moved the tug away, and then they understood and stopped rowing and cried curses at us. One boat soon drifted far away; we knew of its capsizing by the extinguishing of its light. The other capsized near to where we were. Those in it who had no lifebelts and could not swim, sank first. Some could swim and, for a while they fought the waves.”

ALAN, as he listened, ceased consciously to separate the priest’s voice from the sensations running through him. His father was Stafford, dying at Corvet’s feet while Corvet watched the death of the crew of the Miwaka; Alan himself, a child, was floating with a lifebelt among those struggling in the water whom Spearman and Corvet were watching die. Memory; was it that which now had come to him? No; rather it was a realization of all the truths which the priest’s words were bringing together and arranging rightly for him.

He, a child, saved by Corvet from the water because he could not bear witness, seemed to be on that tug, sea-swept and clad in ice, crouching beside the form of his father while Corvet stood aghast—Corvet, still hearing the long blasts of distress from the steamer which was gone, still hearing the screams of the men who were drowned. Then, when all were gone who could tell, Spearman turned the tug to Manitowoc. Now again the priest’s voice became audible to Alan.

Alan’s father died in the morning. All day they stayed out in the storm, avoiding vessels. They dared not throw Stafford’s body overboard or that of the engineer, because, if found, the bullet holes would have aroused

MAGIC BAKING POWDER

MAKES THE WHITEST, LIGHTEST

NO ALUM

MAGIC BAKING POWDER

MADE IN CANADA

CONTAINS NO ALUM

E.W. GILLETT COMPANY LIMITED
WINNIPEG TORONTO, ONT. MONTREAL

INCONSISTENT.

“I thought you were an ardent food conservationist—signed the pledge and all that.” “That’s true.” “Then why complain so loudly when I phone you that I won’t be home to dinner?”

Cravenette REG.

WHO minds sudden showers when the new Coat or Suit is made of “Cravenette” Regd. showerproof cloth?

Dampness, fog, showers leave no trace on it.

Every yard and every garment of genuine “Cravenette” Proof bears the Trademark shown below.

If your dealer cannot supply the genuine “Cravenette” Regd. proofed cloth and garments, write us.

The Cravenette Co., Limited
P. O. Box 1934. Montreal.

QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY

KINGSTON ONTARIO

ARTS

MEDICINE EDUCATION APPLIED SCIENCE

Mining, Chemical, Civil, Mechanical and Electrical Engineering.

HOME STUDY

Arts Course by correspondence. Degree with one year's attendance or four summer sessions.

Summer School Navigation School
July and August December to April

19 GEO. Y. CHOWN, Registrar

EDUCATIONAL.

HAVE YOU SELF CONFIDENCE? Our mind and Memory Course will build you up mentally strong in memory, concentration, etc. Quarter of a million students prove it. Write Canadian Correspondence College, Limited, Pelman Dept. O, Toronto, Canada.

Cash For Old False Teeth

Don't matter if broken. We pay up to \$15.00 per set, we also buy Crowns, Bridgework, and Platinum. Will send cash by return mail and hold goods for 10 days for sender's approval of our price. Mail to

Mazer's Tooth Specialty
2007 S. 5th St., Philadelphia, Pa., U.S.A.



How Your Neighbor Ends Her Corns

HAVE you noted how uncommon corns are nowadays? That pained look—that slipped-off shoe—are not very often seen. The reason lies in Blue-jay, which millions have adopted. An easy, gentle, scientific way to forever end a corn.

Those corn-free folks don't pare corns. They don't merely pad them. They don't use old-time treatments, harsh and mussy.

When a corn appears they wrap it with Blue-jay, then forget it. It never pains again.

In two days, usually, the corn disappears. Only rare, tough corns need a second application.

The way is simple, easy, quick. It is right and scientific. A noted chemist evolved it. And it is made by a world-famed surgical dressing house. Don't keep paring and protecting corns. They are deformities—remove them.

Learn how Blue-jay does it. It will be a revelation. After that test you will never again let a corn annoy you. Make the test tonight.

Bauer & Black, Limited Makers of Surgical Dressings, etc., Chicago, Toronto, New York

B&B Blue-jay Corn Plasters
Stop Pain Instantly—End Corn Completely

Large Package 25c. at Druggists—Small Package Discontinued

Peanut Soup...
Ideal for Light Lunches



Here is a dish that every member of the family will appreciate. It is easily made, nourishing, satisfying and economical.

To each serving use three-quarters cup of milk and two tablespoonful of BOWES Peanut Butter. Heat milk in double-boilers. Then pour very slowly over peanut butter in a bowl, creaming the mixture to remove all lumps. Return to double-boiler and cook until thickened. Season with salt and dash of nutmeg.

TRY IT—IT'S DELIGHTFUL

Be sure of the very best—ask your grocer for



BOWES PEANUT BUTTER

inquiry. When night came again, they had taken the two ashore at some wild spot and buried them; to make identification harder, they had taken the things that they had with them and buried them somewhere else. The child—Alan—Corvet had smuggled ashore and sent away; he had told Spearman later that the child had died.

"Peace—rest!" Father Perron said in a deep voice. "Peace to the dead!"

But for the living there had been no peace. Spearman had forced Corvet to make him his partner; Corvet had tried to take up his life again, but had not been able. His wife, aware that something was wrong with him, had learned enough so that she had left him. Luke had come and come and come again for blackmail, and Corvet had paid him. Corvet grew rich; those connected with him prospered; but with Corvet lived always the ghosts of those he had watched die with the Miwaka—of those who would have prospered with Stafford except for what had been done. Corvet had secretly sought and followed the fate of the kin of those people who had been murdered to benefit him; he found some of their families destroyed; he found almost all poor and struggling. And though Corvet paid Luke to keep the crime from disclosure, yet Corvet swore to himself to confess it all and make such restitution as he could. But each time that the day he had appointed with himself arrived, he put it off and off and paid Luke again and again. Spearman knew of his intention and sometimes kept him from it. But Corvet had made one close friend; and when that friend's daughter, for whom Corvet cared now most of all in the world, had been about to marry Spearman, Corvet defied the cost to himself, and he gained strength to oppose Spearman. So he had written to Stafford's son to come; he had prepared for confession and restitution; but, after he had done this and while he waited, something had seemed to break in his brain; too long preyed upon by terrible memories, and the ghosts of those who had gone, and by the echo of their voices crying to him from the water, Corvet had wandered away; he had come back, under the name of one of those whom he had wronged, to the lake life from which he had sprung. Only now and then, for a few hours, he had intervals when he remembered all; in one of these he had dug up the watch and the ring and other things which he had taken from Captain Stafford's pockets and written to himself directions of what to do with them, when his mind again failed.

AND for Spearman, strong against all that assailed Corvet, there had been always the terror of the Indian Drum—the Drum which had beat short for the Miwaka, the Drum which had known that one was saved! That story came from some hint which Luke had spread, Corvet thought; but Spearman, born near by the Drum, believed that the Drum had known and that the Drum had tried to tell; all through the years Spearman had dreaded the Drum which had tried to betray him.

So it was by the Drum that, in the end, Spearman was broken.

The priest's voice had stopped, as Alan slowly realized; he heard Sherrill's voice speaking to him.

"It was a trust that he left you, Alan; I thought it must be that—a trust for those who suffered by the loss of your father's ship. I don't know yet how it can be fulfilled; and we must think of that."

"That's how I understand it," Alan said.

Fuller consciousness of what Father Perron's story meant to him was flowing through him now. Wrong, great wrong there had been, as he had known there must be; but it had not been as he had feared, for he and his had been among the wronged ones. The name—the new name that had come to him—he knew what that must be: Robert Alan Stafford; and there was no shadow on it. He was the son of an honest man and a good woman; he was clean and free; free to think as he was thinking now of the girl beside him; and to hope that she was thinking so of him.

THROUGH the tumult in his soul he became aware of physical feelings again, and of Sherrill's hand put upon his shoulder in a cordial, friendly grasp. Then another hand, small and firm, touched his, and he felt its warm, tightening grasp upon his fingers; he looked up, and his eyes filled and hers, he saw, were brimming too.

They walked together, later in the day, up the hill to the small, white house which had been Caleb Stafford's. Alan had seen the house before but, not knowing then whether the man who had owned it had or had not been his father, he had merely looked at it from the outside. There had been a small garden filled with flowers before it then; now yard and roofs were buried deep in snow. The woman who came to the door was willing to show them through the house; it had only five rooms. One of those upon the second floor was so much larger and pleasanter than the rest that they became quite sure that it was the one in which Alan had been born, and where his young mother soon afterward had died.

They were very quiet as they stood looking about.

"I wish we could have known her," Constance said.

The woman, who had showed them about, had gone to another room and left them alone.

"There seems to have been no picture of her and nothing of hers left here that any one can tell me about; but," Alan choked, "it's good to be able to think of her as I can now."

"I know," Constance said. "When you were away, I used to think of you as finding out about her and—and I wanted to be with you. I'm glad I'm with you now, though you don't need me any more!"

"Not need you!"

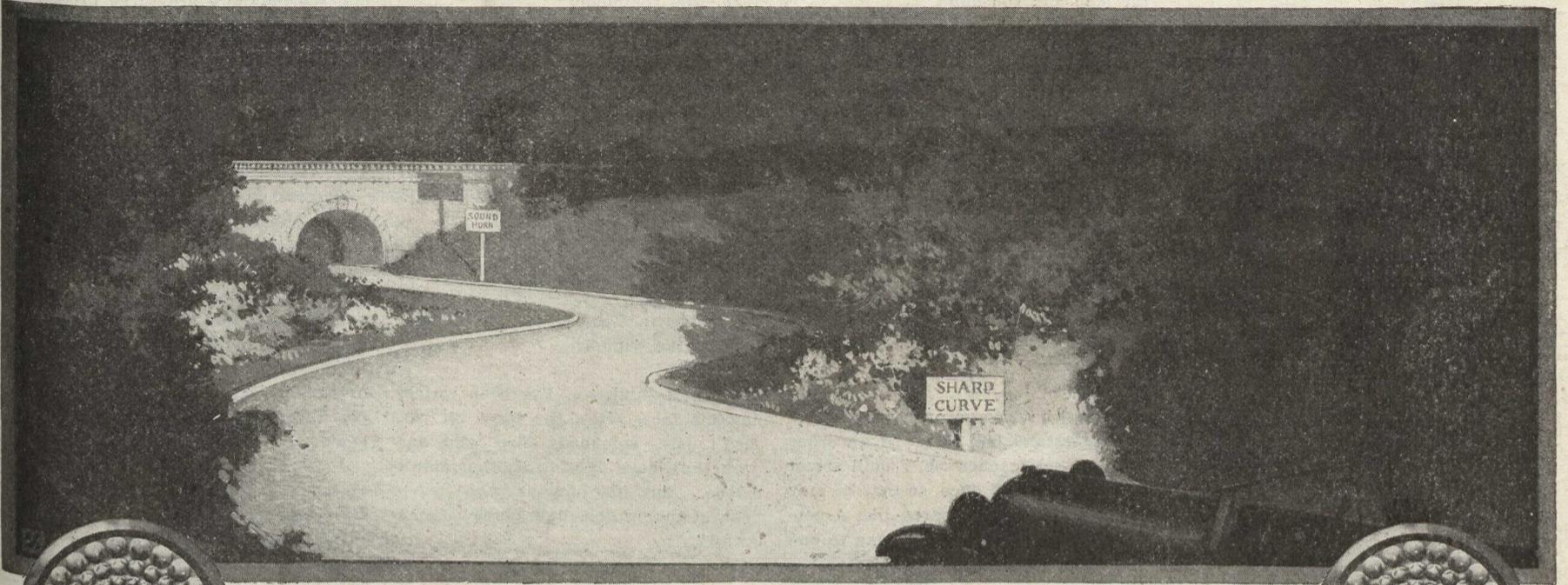
"I mean—no one can say anything against her now!"

Alan drew nearer her, trembling. "I can never thank you—I can never tell you what you did for me. believing in—her and in me, no matter how things looked. And then, coming up here as you did—for me!"

"Yes, it was for you, Alan!"

"Constance!" He caught her. She

(Concluded on page 29.)



No Law Requires an Eccentric Light

REMEMBER that. If you use a glare-light you must dim it. Or you must throw the glare rays down. But there are no restrictions on the glareless flood-light which the Warner-Lenz supplies.

That has been decided by countless authorities. The Warner-Lenz is legal throughout Canada and the U.S. It has been accepted by every commission appointed under any law.

Not a Compromise

The Warner-Lenz is not merely a law-escaper. It was invented before No-Glare laws were common. Hundreds of thousands adopted it before their laws required it.

Its main purpose was to do away with narrow, shifting shaft-lights. To light a widespread scene, and light it clearly, rather than overlight a strip.

Get these all important features as well as glareless light, when you change to lawful lenses.

The Warner-Lenz has these advantages:

It floods with light one's entire field of vision, just as day does. It lights the road-sides and the ditches. It lights the curves and turns, the upgrades and the downgrades.

It lights the road signs, which are often

high. There are no direct beams, no glare rays; so Warner-Lenz light is exempt from 42-inch restrictions.

Turning of the lens in the lamp-rim does not affect this light. Nor does rise and fall of the car. Nor does a lamp-bulb jarred out of focus. This is of vital importance.

The Engineer's View

If you once compare the Warner-Lenz with others—in actual night use—you'll adopt it. If you can't do that, accept the verdict of those who do compare.

Note how many engineers have chosen Warner-Lenz in this way for their famous cars. Their requirements are far-reaching, and their tests exact.

Glare-lights are illegal almost everywhere to-day—also inexcusable. Dimmers are a nuisance, and they quell the light. Shaft-lights leave unlighted most that you need to see.

Change to-day to the Warner-Lenz. Every hour of night driving will amply repay you. Don't defy both law and reason with a light that's out-of-date.

See your dealer or write to us. Look for the name Warner-Lenz on the edge.

LEGAL UNDER EVERY LAW

WARNER-LENZ

This is A. P. Warner, of the Warner Auto-Meter Fame, and Inventor of the Magn-tic Speedometer

THE WARNER-LENZ COMPANY, 969 S. Michigan Avenue, Chicago

Standard Equipment on

Packard
 Marmon
 Doble Steam
 Standard 8
 Stutz
 Daniels 8
 Cunningham
 McFarlan

Anderson
 White
 Case
 Westcott
 Hal Twelve
 Ohio Electric
 Peerless

Fiat
 Murray
 Crawford
 Lenox
 Davis
 Rock Falls
 Moon

MOTOR TRUCKS
 Vim

Warner-Lenz
 Prices:

\$4.50 to \$6.50 Per Pair

West of Rockies
 25c. Per Pair Extra

The Winds of the World

(Continued from page 19.)

before he started home, his men who waited in the street thrashed an Afridi within an inch of his life for threatening to report Ranjoor Singh's presence at the lecture to the authorities.

"Who told you this?" asked Colonel Kirby.

"The Afridi, Yasmini, and three hillmen who were there by invitation. I spoke with them all less than an hour ago. They all agree. But if Ranjoor Singh were asked about it, he would lie himself out of it in any of a dozen ways, and would be on his guard in future. If he were arrested, it would bring to a head what may prove to be a passing trifle; it would make the men angry, and the news would spread, whatever we might do to prevent it."

"What am I to understand that you want then?" asked Kirby.

"Watch him closely, without letting him suspect it."

"Before I'd seriously consider orders to do that, they'd have to come through military channels in the regular way," said Kirby, without emotion.

"I could arrange that, of course. I'll mention it to Todhunter."

"And if the order reached me in the regular way, I'd resign rather than carry it out."

"Um-m-m!" said the man in drab silk.

"Yes," said Kirby.

"You seem to forget that I, too, represent a government department, and have the country's interests at heart. Do you imagine I have a grudge against Ranjoor Singh?"

"I FORGET nothing of the kind," said Kirby, "and imagination doesn't enter into it. I know Ranjoor Singh, and that's enough. If he's a traitor, so am I. If he's not a loyal, gallant officer, then I'm not either. I'll

stand or fall by his honor, for I know the man and you don't."

"Uh!" said the man in drab silk.

"Yes," said Colonel Kirby.

"Look!" said one of the two men at the window. "Direct as a hornet's sting—isn't a kink in him! Look at the angle of his chin!"

"You can tell his Sikh officers; they imitate him."

"Do I understand you to refuse me point-blank?" asked the man in the drab suit, still fidgeting with his watch-guard. Perhaps he guessed that two men in the window were discussing him.

"Yes," said Kirby.

"I shall have to go over your head."

"Understand me, then. If an order of that kind reaches me, I shall arrest Ranjoor Singh at once, so that he may stand trial and be cleared like a gentleman. I'll have nothing done to one of my officers that would be intoler-

able if done to me, so long as I command the regiment!"

"What alternative do you suggest?" asked the man in gray, with a wry face.

"Ask Ranjoor Singh about it."

"Who? You or I?"

"He wouldn't answer you."

"Then ask him yourself. But I shall remember, Colonel Kirby, that you did not oblige me in the matter."

"Very well," said Kirby.

"Another drink?"

"No, thanks."

"Who won?" asked one of the two men in the window.

"Kirby!"

"I don't think so. I've been watching his face. He's the least bit rattled. It's somebody else who has won; he's been fighting another man's battle. But it's obvious who lost—look at that watch-chain going! Come away."

(To be continued.)

BUGS AND SLUGS

Written for the Amateur Gardener from Notes Supplied by A. Brooker Klugh, of Queen's University

BUGS and slugs and caterpillars will soon be the greatest part of the population of Canada. Every gardener is liable to B. S. C. A large number of amateur gardeners will be up against professional bugs. In that case the pros have it, unless the amateur gardener is up and doing with his recipes, his mixtures, his spray-nozzle, his whatever fits the case. Thousands of readers of this column will appreciate the simple directions herein given to increase production by decreasing the ravages of the bugs, slugs and caterpillars.

CABBAGES and cauliflowers are very often damaged by a little worm which eats not only the leaves but also the hearts of the plants. This is the larva of the well-known white butterfly, a species with a

spread of wings of about two inches and in which the female has two round black spots on the forewing and the male one. The Cabbage Worm also sometimes attacks turnips, kale, radish, horseradish, and such ornamental plants as nasturtium, mignonette, and sweet alyssum—all of which belong to the same family as the cabbage.

Like so many of our worst pests, this insect is introduced from Europe. It was at Quebec in 1860 that it was first noticed. A voracious appetite and a rapid growth are the distinguishing characteristics of this caterpillar; and it attains maturity in from ten to fourteen days from the time of hatching. It moults four times. After the fourth moult the caterpillar feeds for four or five days and then spins its cocoon, the pupal stage last-

ing from seven to twelve days. In one season there are three broods of this insect, the third brood spending the winter in the pupal stage, emerging as adults the following spring. The adults are particularly partial to the nectar of white flowers of the Cabbage Family, such as the aster, heliotrope and thistle.

To combat this pest effectively, the plants should be sprayed with arsenate of lead, in the proportion of a quarter of a pound of dry arsenic of lead to six gallons of water. Some people are afraid of the use of poisons on such plants as these; but a man would have to eat twenty-eight heads of cabbage at one meal in order to get a dangerous dose of arsenate of lead.

DID you ever see on the leaves or stem of your pumpkin plants a little group of yellowish-brown eggs? You would hardly guess that from these is hatched a light-green bug with rose-colored legs. It does not retain this delicate combination of color, however, for it moults five times; and from a black and gray mixture, finally becomes a dark brown bug, of a size about half an inch. Then it sucks the juice of the vines, and must be treated severely with a spray of kerosene emulsion, used in the proportion of one part emulsion to twelve of water.

"TOADS WANTED" would be an excellent advertisement for the use of gardeners who are troubled with slugs. If you have slugs at all—and in some soils they are very rare—you will have them by thousands, especially if the season is wet. These slimy white things swarm all over the bottom part of your turnip patch, devouring the leaves and in some cases gormandizing on the turnips. For if you want an effective live slug-trap, all you have to do is to induce a toad to come and take up his abode in your garden. And as he is not an epicure, he will not limit his consumption to slugs, but will devour great quantities of other injurious insects.

However, if you are unable to get a reply to your advertisement, try putting pieces of sod around the garden at night. In the morning you will find under them congregations of slugs, which should be destroyed.

YELLOW, with black stripes—this is the jockey-like color-scheme of the adult cucumber beetle; and its size is just a quarter of an inch. Down in the soil about squash, melon and cucumber plants it deposits its eggs; and the young as soon as they are hatched begin to feed on the roots.

You will have to cover the plants with frames of netting, if you want to get rid of this pest; or else use the method of hand-picking.

Doctors Continue to Differ

(Continued from page 20.)
largely destroy this disease were it not for "conscientious" men such as McFadden of Physical Culture notoriety, who refuse any demonstration of reasonable truth.

The greatest cure to-day is the more or less unrestricted sale of drugs to the public by pharmacists.



FRENCH ORGANDIE

Stationery

FRENCH ORGANDIE is fine linen finished stationery which is obtainable in papeterie, note paper or tablets with envelopes to match.

Ask your stationer for it.

30-6-18

Barber-Ellis
Limited
Toronto, Canada
Brantford-Vancouver
Winnipeg-Calgary



Some wholesale druggists prepare nostrums for even the doctor to use. They refuse to allow him his own judgment in making prescriptions. Under a state control of manufacture and sale of all drugs there would be mighty few drug fiends at large, and no patent medicines containing "dope" or alcohol to excess.

Whatever may be said by faith healers and physical therapists, they have not demonstrated any infallible escape from death by any of their methods. Yet there are more cases of extreme longevity cropping up at present than ever before. When we consider the complexity of modern life and the excessive strain of a livelihood under much greater risk of injury or sickness, we must give medicine some of the credit for aiding longevity. Public health does really achieve some results. The real heritage is yet to come. Cancer, tuberculosis, syphilis, plague and some other scourges are yet to be fully met and defeated. We hear little about any of these from faith healers or physical therapists. Up to twenty years ago there were over 20,000 practising doctors in the United States, whose chief text-book was probably Dr. Chase's Recipes. Homeopathy and Eclecticism flourished after the Civil War. There are probably not a thousand homeopathic physicians of reputable standing practising in all America to-day. Ten years hence there will be hardly one left. So much for Hahnemann. He was the Spiritual father of a million quacks. That is why he was kicked out.

If it is the function of medical practice to reduce diseases by raising the average of health that prevents disease, every system of treatment which produces apparent good results should be investigated on its merits. What Christian Science has done or claims to have done should be understood by those who are not Christian Scientists; what Osteopathy has done or claims to have done by those who are not osteopaths.

If there is anything in these agencies that can help the people to help the doctor, let us know what it is. And whatever limitations there are to either of these systems should be clearly recognized. Anybody knows, for instance, that a broken leg can't be put into a mental splint and that eczema is not cured by treating the spine. But whatever the disease or the injury or the lesion, there is nothing under heaven but natural power in the body that can effect the cure.

THE INDIAN DRUM

(Concluded from page 26.)

let him hold her; then, still clinging to him, she put him a little away.

"The night before you came to the Point last summer, Alan, he—he had just come and asked me again. I'd promised; but we motored that evening to his place and—there were sunflowers there, and I knew that night I couldn't love him."

"Because of the sunflowers?"

"Sunflower houses, Alan, they made me think of; do you remember?"

"Remember!"

The woman was returning to them now and, perhaps, it was as well; for not yet, he knew, could he ask her all that he wished; what had happened was too recent yet for that. But to him, Spearman—half mad and fleeing from the haunts of men—was beginning to be like one who had never been; and he knew she shared this feeling. The light in her deep eyes was telling him already what her answer to him would be; and life stretched forth before him full of love and happiness and hope.

[The End.]

WHICH ONE?

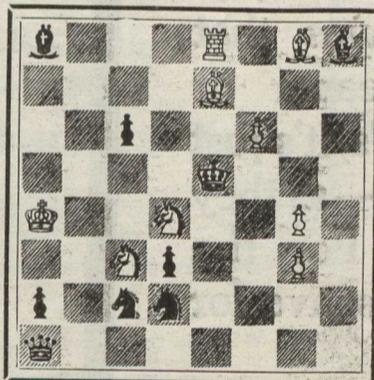
A VERY pretty but extremely slender girl entered a street-car and managed to seat herself in a very narrow space between two men. Presently a portly colored mammy entered the car, and the pretty miss, thinking to humiliate the men for their lack of gallantry, arose. "Aunt," she said, with a wave of her hand toward the place she had just vacated, "take my seat." "Thank you, missy," replied the colored woman, smiling broadly, "but which gen'man's lap was you sittin' on?"



Solutions to problems, and other correspondence relative to this department, should be addressed to Malcolm Sim, Chess Editor, Canadian Courier, 30 Gran' Street, Toronto.

PROBLEM NO. 184, by L. Berg. Second Prize, Scandinavian Chess Federation Tourney.

Black.—Nine Pieces.



White.—Nine Pieces.

White to play and mate in two. Problem No. 185, by M. Ravnig. Second Prize, Scandinavian Tourney. White: K at KB3; Q at KM4; R at Q8; Bs at QKt5 and QKt6; Kt at K4; Ps at QR2, Q6, K2 and KR5. Black: K at Q4; Rs at QR5 and KR3; B at KKt5; Kt at QR4; Ps at QR6, QKt2, QKt5, K3, K4 and KB6. White mates in three.

SOLUTIONS.

Problem No. 182, by J. A. Broholm. 1. R—QB3, KxR (B3); 2. RxB, P—Kt8 (Q); 3. Q—B6 mate. 1....., KxR (K5); 2. R—Q3, BxR; 3. KKt—B3 mate. 1....., PxR; 2. Q—B4ch, BxQ; 3. QKt—B3 mate. 1....., P—Kt6; 2. R—K4ch, KxR; 3. Kt—Kt5 mate. 1....., threat; 2. R—Q5ch, any move; 3. Q—B6 mate. This is the best three-mover we have seen for some time.

Problem No. 183, by L. Berg.

Key move: 1. R—Q3.

MASTERPIECE BY HEATHCOTE. The following beautiful sacrificial four-mover, by England's premier composer, Godfrey Heathcote of Westmoreland, secured First Prize in the 1917 informal tourney of the "Saturday Westminster Gazette."

White: K at QKt8; Q at K6; Bs at KB4 and KR7; Kt at QB7; Ps at QR3, QR5 and QKt2. Black: K at QB4; R at KR7; Bs at K8 and KKt7; Kts at QB5 and QB6; Ps at QR2, KKt2 and KR5.

Solution.

1. B—B2, threat; 2. Q—Q7, B—Q4; 3.

COWAN'S ACTIVE SERVICE CHOCOLATE



For our Heroes—

At times during heavy bombardment the army commissariat becomes so disorganized that ordinary food is unprocurable for days.

During such times as this the value of a convenient and concentrated food that may be carried and handled easily, cannot be over-estimated.

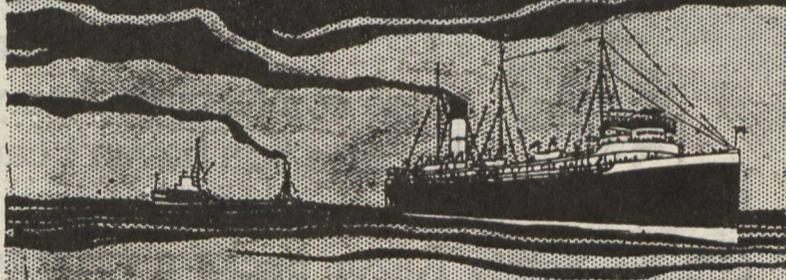
Active Service Chocolate answers all the requirements of such a food. It is the most nourishing and wholesome chocolate manufactured. If you are unable to obtain this chocolate in your locality, write us, we will see that you get it.

Sold in 5c. and 25c. sizes.



A-101

Include Great Lakes Water Route



On Your Trip to the Pacific Coast Through the marvelous

Canadian Pacific Rockies

Excellent accommodations—cool, restful, day-and-a-half's diversion on the

Canadian Pacific Railway Great Lakes Steamship Service

From Port McNicoll, via Toronto, on Georgian Bay through Lake Huron and Sault Ste. Marie to Fort William on Lake Superior.

Summer Tour at Special Rates covering Lake Ports and chief Western Points of Canada and the United States.

Particulars from Canadian Pacific Ticket Agents or W. B. Howard District Passenger Agent Toronto



There wouldn't be so many failures if people would struggle just as hard to get into magazine advertising as they do to get into business.

Kt-K6ch and Pawn mates. If 1....., Kt-Q4; 2. Q-B6ch! KxQ; 3. B-R4ch, etc. If 1....., B-B3; 2. Q-Q6ch! KtxQ; 3. B-K3ch, etc. If 1....., B-R6; 2. P-Kt4ch, K-Q5; 3. Q-Q5ch! etc. If 1....., K-Q5; 2. Q-B5, B-Q4 (if 2....., KtxRP; 3. Kt-K6ch, etc.); 3. QxBch! etc. If 1....., Kt-Kt4; 2. Q-B5ch, Kt-K4; 3. QxKtch, etc.

To Correspondents.

(J. McG.)—Tamworth. Our decision on your initial version still holds good. We do not favor symmetrical problems—at least with symmetrical keys. (J. V. S.)—Acton West. In No. 178, 1. Kt-K6 is defeated by 1....., KtxP. In No. 179, if 1. QRxB, then 1....., P-B4 and no mate!

A FINE GAME.

The following highly interesting game was played at Augsburg, Germany, on March 6, 1907, between the well-known master, Eric Cohn, and Dr. E. Dvckhoff, a prominent chess analyst. It may, perchance, rekindle a spark in a blighted admiration. Notes based on those in the "Suddeutsche Schachblätter."

French Defence.

- | | |
|-----------|--------------|
| White. | Black. |
| E. Cohn. | E. Dvckhoff. |
| 1. P-K4 | 1. P-K3 |
| 2. P-Q4 | 2. P-Q4 |
| 3. Kt-QB3 | 3. P-QB4 |
| 4. PXP | 4. KPXP |
| 5. Kt-B3 | 5. Kt-QB3 |
| 6. B-K3 | 6. P-B5 (a) |
| 7. B-K2 | 7. B-QKt5 |

8. Castles (b)
9. PxB (c)
10. Kt-K5
11. P-B4
12. B-B3
13. Q-Ksq
14. K-Rsq
15. BxKt
16. Q-R4 (e)
17. QPxB (h)
18. B-B5
19. QR-Qsq
20. B-Q4
21. Q-R5
22. P-B5
23. P-K6 (k)
24. Q-Kt5 (l)
25. RxQ
26. P-B6
27. QxQ! (n)
28. P-B7 (o)
29. R-B3
30. R-R3ch
31. PXR(Q)ch (q)
32. RxP
33. R-B7
34. RxBKtPch
35. RxKtP (s)

(a) This advance is a doubtful one. A better policy was to exchange Pawns.

(b) 8. B-Q2, followed by P-QKt3, should have been played. If Black attempts to parry this by 8....., Q-R4, then White first Castles, followed by Q-Ksq; in either case with the advantage.

(c) Instead his Queen's side becomes crippled, and the Black Pawns dominant and unassailable.

8. BxKt
9. Kt-B3
10. Castles
11. Kt-K5
12. P-B4 (d)
13. Q-R4
14. K-Rsq (e)
15. BPxB (f)
16. KtxKt
17. QxBP
18. R-Ksq
19. P-QKt3! (i)
20. QxP
21. B-R3
22. P-K6! (j)
23. P-K7
24. PxB(Q)ch
25. R-KKtsq
26. Q-Kt3 (m)
27. PxB
28. P-B6! (p)
29. B-K7
30. B-R4
31. KxQ (r)
32. B-Kt5?
33. BxP
34. K-Bsq

(d) Rightly reserving the capture of the proffered Pawn for a more favorable opportunity, or the alternative of a passed Pawn on K5. If 12....., KtxBP, then 13. Q-Ksq, and the Black Knight must retire to the Queen's side.

(e) Not 14....., QxBP, on account of 15. BxKt, QxQ; 16. BxQPch: the reason for the text-move.

(f) Of course to retake with the Queen's Pawn would lose the Bishop's Pawn.

(g) Threatening Kt-Kt6ch. The simple 16....., K-Ktsq would have been a safer reply.

(h) 17. BPxBKt appears to have much in its favor. However, White develops an interesting assault by the combinative play following the text-move.

(i) A good move, making room for the development of the Bishop at R3, the King's side being barred by the attitude of the White Pawns.

(j) The position becomes a hair-raising one, attack and counter-attack being approximately on an even keel.

(k) If 23. P-B6 (threatening mate in three), then 23....., Q-Kt3; 24. PxB, K-Ktsq. Not 24....., KxP, on account of 25. P-K6 dis. ch, K-Ktsq; 26. Q-K5, and wins.

(l) If 24. Q-B7, then 24....., PxBKt(Q)ch; 25. RxQ, R-KKtsq; 26. P-B6, P-R3 (not 26....., P-Kt3, on account of 27. Q-K3! Nor 26....., Q-Kt3, on account of 27. PxBch, RxP; 28. Q-B8ch and mates); 27. PxBch, K-R2. The attack being stayed, Black wins.

(m) The correct defence was 26....., P-R3! After 27. PxBch, K-R2; 28. QxQP, Q-Q6, Black has a straightforward win, the advanced Knight's Pawn being threatened, in addition to the Rook.

(n) Best! If 27. PxBch, then 27....., RxP; 28. P-K7! R-KKtsq! 29. QxQ! (not 29. R-B8, on account of 29....., Q-Kt8ch, followed by 30....., RxQ; 30. R-B8 (threatening 31. RxRch), B-Kt4; 31. R-B3, B-Q2. Or 31. R-B4, P-Kt4.

(o) The advance of this Pawn appears ominous, but Black finds the saving clause. In reply 28....., KR-KBsq, then 29. R-B3, RxP; 30. PxB, B-Bsq; 31. P-B8(Q)ch, wins. If 28....., K-R2 (or P-Kt4), then 29. P-K7, KR-KBsq; 30. PxB(Q)ch, RxQ; 31. B-B3, followed by 32. B-Kt4, and wins.

(p) By the very helpful advance of this Pawn the Bishop is enabled to come across to the rescue.

(q) If 31. P-Kt4, then 31....., P-B7; 32. B-Kt2, KR-QBsq; 33. B-Psq (if 33. P-K7, then 33....., P-B8(Q)ch; 34. BxQ, RxPch; 35. K-Kt2, R(B8)-Bsq; 36. PxB, K-R2; 37. R-K3, R-Ksq, and the Pawns adequately stayed); 32. B-Kt4, and wins.

(r) If 31....., RxQ, of course 32. P-Kt4 follows.

(s) The long and tedious end-game would, in spite of Bishops of different color, win for White. With 32....., R-Ksq, the game would probably have ended in a draw. The ensuing play was unfortunately not recorded. A possibility would be 35....., B-B2; 36. R-Kt4, R-Bsq; 37. P-KR4, R-B7; 38. P-R3, R-R7; 39. B-K5! P-Kt4 (if K-K2; 40. R-R4, etc.); 40. B-Q4, P-R4; 41. B-B5ch, and White can now attend to the advance of his Pawns.

END-GAMES NOS. 34 to 36.

By E. Holm.

White: K at Qsq; R at QR8; Ps at QR6 and Q3. Black: K at K4; R at QB6, Ps at K2 and K5. White to play and win.

1. P-Q4ch, K-K3 (a); 2. P-Q5ch, K-K4 (b); 3. P-R7, R-B2; 4. P-Q6! R-Q2!; 5. R-K8, RxRP; 6. RxPch, and wins. (a) To expose the Black King to a Rook check at any stage would be immediately fatal. (b) If 2....., K-Q2, then 3. P-R7, R-QR6; 4. P-Q6, PxB; 5. R-R8, and wins.

White: K at QKtsq; B at KB2; Kt at QR8; Ps at QB2 and KR3. Black: K at QR6; B at QK5; Ps at QR5, KR3, K7 and KR4. White to play and win.

1. P-B3, B-K2! (a); 2. B-Ksq, B-Kt4 (b); 3. B-K43; B-K2; 4. P-R4, B-Bsq; 5. B-Ksq, B-R3; 6. B-B2; B-Bsq; 7. B-Kt3, B-B4; 8. B-Ksq, B-K6; 9. Kt-B2ch, and wins; (a) If 1....., BxP, then 2. B-B5ch, B-Kt5; 3. Kt-B2ch, etc. (b) To avoid impending mate at White's QBsq.

White: K at KKtsq; Kt at QR2; Ps at QR5, QB5 and K5. Black: K at K2; B at QKt6; Ps at Q2 and KB3. White to play and win.

1. P-B6, PxB (a); 2. P-R6, B-Q4; 3. Kt-B3, B-B6; 4. K-B2, B-R8; 5. K-K3, P-KB4 (b); 6. Kt-Q5! BxKt; 7. K-Q4, B-B6; 8. K-B5, and the Rook's Pawn cannot be intercepted. This smacks decidedly of our end-game No. 32. (a) If 1....., B-Q4, then 2. Kt-Kt4, B-K5; 3. P-B7, B-Kt2; 4. P-R6, etc. (b) Otherwise 6. Kt-K4.

NOTES AND NEWS.

Due to unusual demand upon space, the Chess Column could not appear issue May 25th. To offset matters we have made an extension this issue.

GOOD COMPANIONS CLUB.

Canadian Membership.

The Canadian membership of the Good Companions Chess Problem Club has now reached the startling total of 51! This great increase is due wholly to the interest evoked by Mr. John C. Gardner, of Toronto. The membership is nearing the 400 mark, at which the door closes, and we would be glad to hear from any problem lover interested, during the meantime. The annual fee of \$2 includes special inducements at the present moment. The following is a full list of Canadian membership, the first 34 being resident in Toronto:

- John C. Gardner (Vice-Pres.), Malcolm Sim (Vice-Pres.), Harry G. Martin, H. J. Fairhead, Miss Edith Collins, J. F. Nield, E. J. Farmer, W. J. Faulkner, R. G. Hunter, H. J. Lane, Prof. J. Mavor, Rt. Rev. Bishop W. D. Reeve, J. R. Ballantyne, Private C. Hamburg, F. W. Young, J. H. Kelly, W. Cawker, H. Northcote, H. J. Keys, B. A. Little, F. T. Butler, W. H. Stephens, W. A. Martin, R. Greenwood, Erichson Brown, E. Willans, G. Ridout, Rev. F. Morgan Dean, M.A., N. H. Brown, A. H. Toppin, W. C. Eddis, J. Martin Gardner, A. W. Campbell, Geo. M. Bertram, C. P. Davie, Victoria, B.C.; J. W. Martin, Winnipeg; John McGregor, Tamworth, Ont.; C. W. Moore, Amherst, N.S.; Judge J. A. Barron, Stratford, Ont.; A. E. Dyson, Richmond, Que.; J. Kytte, Newmarket, Ont.; P. W. Pearson, Newmarket; C. E. LeRoux, Montreal; Lorenzo Prince, Montreal; H. S. Vokins, Lashburn, Sask.; J. R. Wright, Westmount, Que.; F. H. Byrne, Niagara Falls; Hugh H. Nash, Edmonton; J. V. Savage, Acton West, Ont.; H. R. Narraway, Evansburg, Alta.; Dr. W. Winfrey, Montreal.



is Your
Gillette
Shave
as Clean and Easy
as Your Friend's

If your friends are enjoying Gillette shaves that are quicker, cleaner or more comfortable than your's, it's just because you haven't caught—as they have—the simple knack of using it. For the Gillette Safety Razor packs a real, good shave for every man that grows a beard!

Hold each new blade under really hot water to remove the oil film which protects its edges from the slightest trace of rust. Then shave with the ANGLE STROKE. Don't use the Gillette hoe fashion—hold it diagonally, so that the blade slides across the hairs at an angle—the way you have to handle an ordinary razor to make it shave at all.

Held in this way, and used with a swift, easy stroke, the Gillette makes light of the stiffest beard that grows. Try your Gillette this way—give it a chance—and enjoy the way it makes good!

GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR CO. OF CANADA, LIMITED,

Office and Factory: 65-73 St. Alexander Street, Montreal.

DUNLOP TIRES

Make a Comparison

Assume nothing in a tire that you cannot see.

It is easy to measure "Traction's" big corrugations, or "Special's" big "buttons," with any competitive anti-skid.

Dunlop Tires go Further
and go Better.

A. 87

"SPECIAL" - "TRACTION"

OTTAWA BY C.N.R.

ADDS PLEASURE TO THE JOURNEY

SCENIC BY DAY :: COMFORT BY NIGHT

Lv. TORONTO 10.00 A.M. Daily Ex. Sunday
Lv. TORONTO 11.00 P.M. Daily Ex. Sat. 'y

Tickets or reservations from any Agent or write Gen. Pass. Dept., Toronto Ont., or Winnipeg, Man.



CANADA PIPE AND STEEL COMPANY, LIMITED

(CLUFF BROTHERS)

FINE PLUMBING APPLIANCES, ENGINEERS' PLUMBERS' AND STEAMFITTERS' SUPPLIES

79-87 CHURCH STREET - TORONTO

RITZ CARLTON HOTEL

MONTREAL

CANADA'S FINEST HOTEL



For Reservations apply to - FRANK S. QUICK, Manager

Schrader



AIR IS CHEAP—USE PLENTY OF IT

Nothing is as essential to the life of your tires as air. New air is cheaper than new tires.

Give your tires all the air they need.

The only way to KNOW whether or not your tires have enough air is to measure it with a

Schrader Universal Tire Pressure Gauge

If you have been riding on haphazard pressure, you have been spending a great deal more money for tires than you need have spent.

Price \$1.50

For Sale by Tire Manufacturers, Jobbers, Dealers, Garages, or

A. SCHRADER'S SON, Inc.

334 KING ST. EAST
TORONTO, ONT.

Schrader products were awarded a Grand Prize and two Gold Medals at the Panama-Pacific Exposition. "There is a Reason."

Manufactured by
A. Schrader's Son, Inc. 334 King St. East
TORONTO, ONT.
NEW YORK: LONDON: CHICAGO:
703-803 Atlantic Avenue Earl St Westminster 1200 Michigan Ave
Highest Award Panama-Pacific Exposition

Northern Ontario

A vast new land of promise and freedom now open for settlement at 50c. an acre in some districts—in others Free.

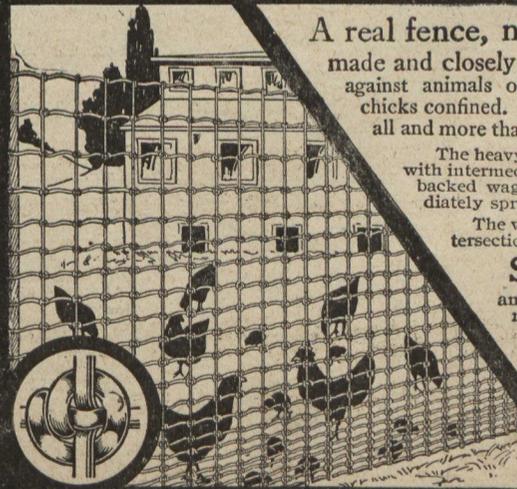
Thousands of farmers are responding to the call. Here, right at the door of Southern Ontario, a home awaits you.

For information as to terms, regulations and railway rates to settlers, write to

G. H. FERGUSON,
Minister of Lands, Forests
and Mines.

H. A. MACDONELL,
Director of Colonization
Parliament Buildings,
TORONTO, CANADA.

Peerless Poultry Fencing



A real fence, not netting. Strongly made and closely spaced, a complete barrier against animals of any kind. Keeps the small chicks confined. They can't get through. Does all and more than is required of a poultry fence.

The heavy, hard steel top and bottom wires with intermediate laterals will hold a carelessly backed wagon or unruly animal and immediately spring back into shape.

The wires are held together at each intersection by the Peerless Lock.

Send for Catalogue

and address of nearest agent. We make a complete line of farm and ornamental fencing. We now have agents nearly everywhere, but will appoint others in all unassigned territory. Write for catalogue today.

THE BANWELL-HOXIE WIRE FENCE CO., Ltd.,
WINNIPEG, MAN.
HAMILTON, ONT.

Four forms of
Williams'
Shaving Soaps

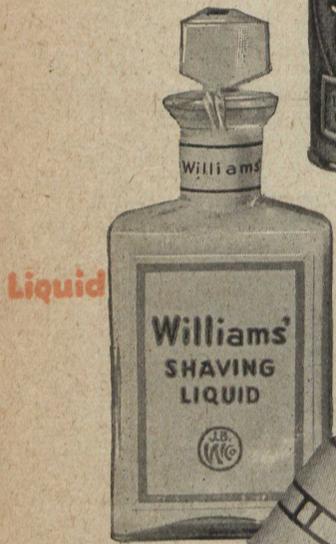
Williams'



Stick
PATENTED
Holder
Top
Shaving
Stick

Williams'
Quick & Easy
Shaving
Powder

Powder



Liquid

Williams'
SHAVING
LIQUID



Cream



PATENTED
Holder Top

Shaving Stick

After the shave or the bath you will enjoy the comforting touch of Williams' Talc Powder.



Williams' Shaving Soap is as much at home in camp or at the front as it is in a bathroom. The water need not be hot, your brush need not be a fine badger, to coax Williams' Shaving Soap into a lather. Like a good soldier, it fits into any kind of life, and delivers its full quota of rich, creamy, lasting lather, even under difficult shaving conditions. Pass this war comfort along to your soldier. It is one of the few luxuries the Government permits.

The J. B. WILLIAMS COMPANY, Canadian Depot, 655 Drolet St., Montreal