

BOWSER, BREWSTER AND BRITISH COLUMBIA

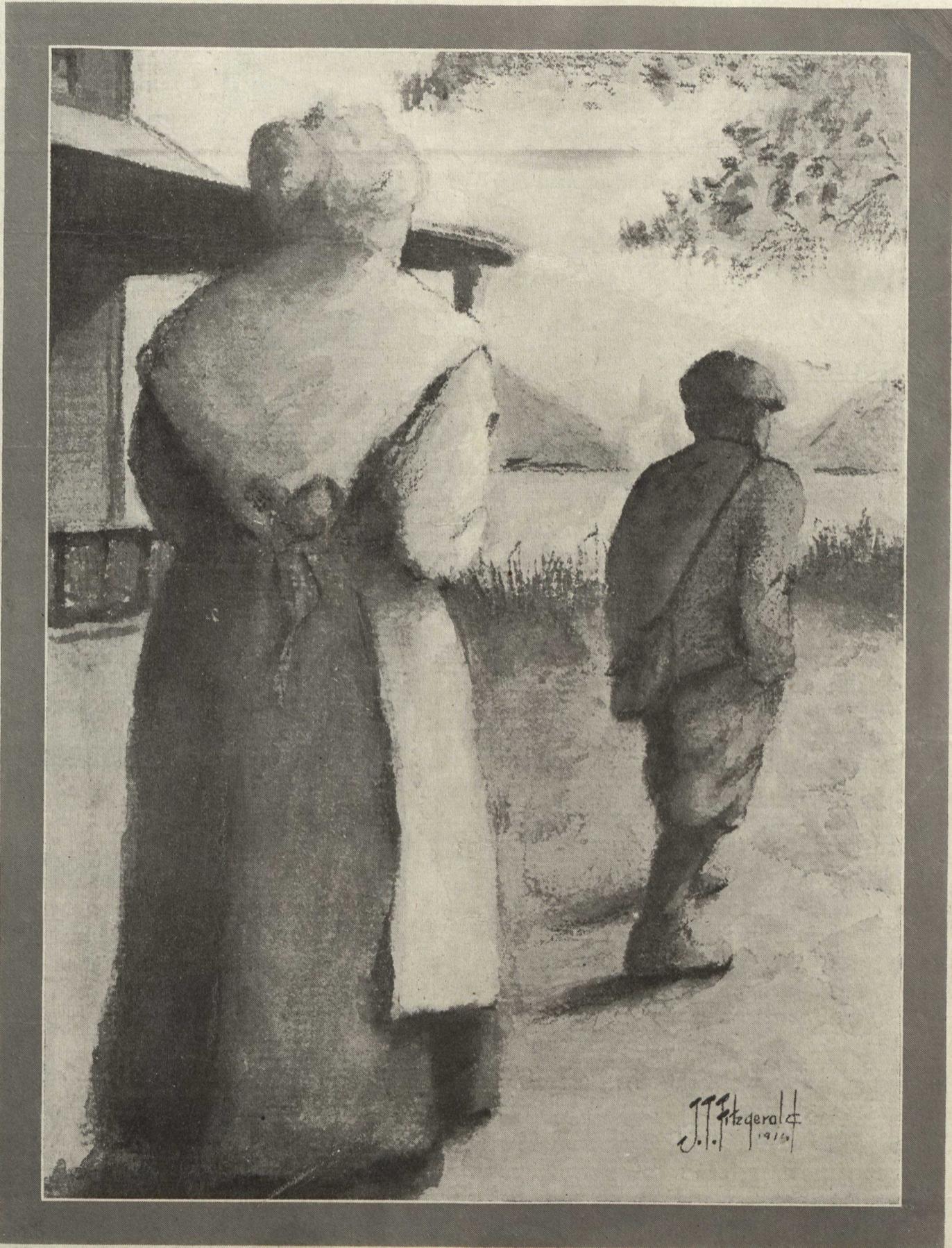
THE CANADIAN
COURIER

Alex. Fraser
67 Woodlawn Ave W
Toronto
35207

VOL. XX. No. 15

September 5th, 1915

Price 10 Cents



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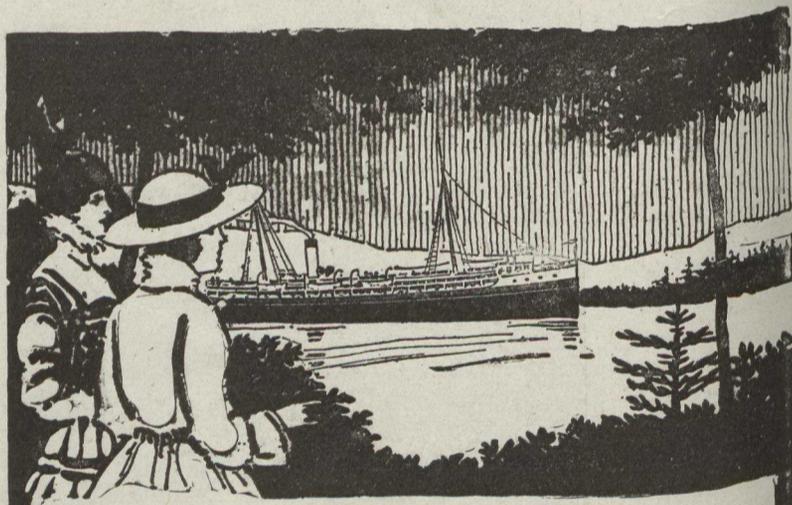
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The
**CANADIAN
 COURIER**
The National Weekly



Vol. XX.

September 9th, 1916

No. 15

WINNIPEG'S \$13,500,000 WELL

With a Broad-Gauge Railway Alongside that Cost \$1,300,000 More

GETTING into Winnipeg by the C. N. R. By AUGUSTUS BRIDLE Mayor Deacon was a man of action. Once the

about seven p.m., the visitor observes from the train-window a strange-looking train that seems to be heading nowhere in particular. It has three coaches behind a plug-ugly engine, the last of which is inscribed, Greater Winnipeg Water District. Having heard of prohibition, you at once conceive the idea that the demand for water has suddenly become so great that the city fathers are hauling it in by trainloads from somewhere to augment the artesian wells.

But that is a mere illusion. What that train actually is you do not discover until, like the writer, you are invited to travel on it with a first-class cold package lunch from Eaton's thrust into your lap and a whole day to go sight-seeing, some of the time by the aid of gasoline torches and lanterns at a temperature of 45 degrees underground. Which is the main reason why this story of a well and a well-hook is written.

High up among the engineering exploits and the economic utilities of North America must be reckoned the Greater Winnipeg Aqueduct, which, so far as we know, has but one rival of its kind on this continent, the famous Catskills waterway that provides New York with good water. The G. W. A. is not so huge as the Catskills tube, but it is within a mile or two of the same length. It is being built to reach a total distance of slightly under 100 miles, between the city mains and head of water at an arm of Shoal Lake near the borders of Ontario; its maximum height is nine feet; maximum width, ten feet. It is built to supply a peak load of 85,000,000 gallons a day. It is estimated to cost \$13,500,000. It called into being a broad gauge railway the length of the aqueduct proper, that cost \$1,300,000 more. The project was set on foot three years ago. It will not be finished for probably two years more. Meanwhile Winnipeg and five adjacent municipalities are able to boast that nowhere else in the world are 225,000, or even five times that many people, building a well that costs anything like thirteen and a half million dollars, including the well-hook, but not the bucket.

A fairly good percentage of the average populace of Winnipeg are dimly aware that such a stupendous system of waterway is under construction, and within a few millions of what it is scheduled to cost. A very small percentage of those who know most about it sometimes venture to say that in view of this, that and the other unforeseen in 1913, it would have been better to stick to the artesian wells. But the great majority of those who understand the project economically and financially have no more doubt of the sound economics of the G. W. A. than they have of the ultimate defeat of Germany or the philosophy of gravitation.

ANY pessimizing person had better ask Mayor James Waugh what he thinks about the scheme of the Winnipeg well. Of course it happens that Mayor Waugh is the Chairman of the Aqueduct Commissioners. But if James Waugh were only an ordinary tax-paying booster he would be just as keen for the aqueduct as he is now. It is very doubtful if any of the leading business, manufacturing or financial men of Winnipeg have the slightest doubt that the aqueduct is necessary whatever it costs up to ten millions or so. And at the time the by-law was passed by the ratepayers to spend for better water enough money to build at least 500 miles of prairie

railway, not more than ten per cent. of the ratepayers cared enough one way or the other to register their votes.

But that was at a time when population was building a greater Winnipeg by hundreds in a week, and when the average citizen was too busy with land and other increments to worry about what aldermen and controllers and engineers took a notion to spend on public utilities. Winnipeg was too big to be parsimonious. If Winnipeg wanted better water than the artesian wells could supply, let her have it. If the Winnipeg of to-day didn't need it, the city of tomorrow would. It would have been the same if the city fathers proposed to furnish better light, heat and power or cheaper coal, or improved transportation facilities. The need for all these things was self-evident. The determination to let the powers elected get them on behalf of the people was magnificent.

However, there were, and are, good, economic reasons why the city of wheat should invest millions in better water. In the first place, the old system of artesian wells in vogue for about thirty years past is becoming doubtful. More and more wells are constantly being sunk. The depth now is over 120 feet, compared to about 20 feet in the beginning. Not even a rust-prophet could predict when this invisible underground system of springs would play out and leave the greatest city west of Toronto at the mercy of a filtered Assiniboine. And that's no hygienic elysium. But suppose the supply is inexhaustible, there is a chronic objection to the kind of water that comes from the sub-terrain of Winnipeg. Chemically it is pure enough; contains no bacteria, is clear and cold, and for the most part perfectly wholesome. But it is as hard as liquid iron filings. Ask the householders of Winnipeg and they will testify that kettles and steam-pipes and water pipes clog up with some sort of calcareous formation almost as fast as the frost gathers on the windows in zero weather. This may be a trifle exaggerated as to speed, but it conveys the idea. Winnipeg water is so "hard" that it wears out plumbing and clothes and people's tempers at a wicked pace. It boosts the sale of Monkey Brand soap and all the other preparations that mollify hard water. It goes fiendishly after the interiors of steam boilers and runs up the price of locally generated power. It enriches the plumber and the supply man at the expense of the public, which is always a grievance. And it is so desperate an enemy of locomotive boilers that the C. P. R. made a present of \$200,000 to the Greater Winnipeg Aqueduct Association if they would guarantee them good soft water for the boilers that tank up so lavishly at that junction of great railways.

With such reasons to back them up, the Mayor and controllers and council of 1913 plunged into the scheme of building the great well. The one man who first promoted the scheme was Mr. T. R. Deacon, then Mayor, former city engineer, mining engineer and superintendent of construction on the North Bay waterworks; a man that had a great deal to do with bridge iron and other industrial matters, had a summer home somewhere on the Lake of the Woods, and when he got back to town after his summer holidays had a good deal of hard things to say about the difference between Lake of the Woods water and the water of Winnipeg.

idea got hold of him that a hundred miles from Winnipeg City Hall there was an inexhaustible reservoir of good water absolutely uncontaminated by sewerage, he began to think about how to get it into Winnipeg. In this connection one tries to imagine an average Toronto man in any public office scheming how to get good water from even as near by as Lake Simcoe, let alone having faith enough in the absolute economy of good water to run the bucket into Lake Ontario far enough out to be free of the Toronto and Hamilton sewerage that backs up with an east wind. This particular brand of economic imagination in regard to waterworks might be just as absent in a number of other Canadian cities. To all those that have problems of this sort the bold-as-brass tactics of Mayor Deacon in proposing, in 1913, to dump an arm of the Lake of the Woods into Winnipeg for all time to come are worth studying.

It was in June, 1913, that three New York engineers came up on the invitation of Mayor Deacon and his colleagues to investigate the problem of making an underground river from Shoal Lake to the city of wheat. It is to be presumed that there were no Canadian engineers capable of making such a survey. Anyway some of these men had already been identified with the Catskills aqueduct that supplies New York and probably had the very kind of experience that Winnipeg needed in the search for water.

THEREAFTER began pilgrimages of engineers to the Lake of the Woods area. The problem was in many ways simple enough. The difficulties had to do with absolute knowledge of purity of the water, with the gravity system and with financing. It would have been a joke of the ages if Winnipeg had undertaken to spend thirteen millions on getting germinated water. Chemical analyses were undertaken in a laboratory up at the Indian School. The report states: "The chemical analysis show that it is well suited for boiler and manufacturing purposes."

But people can't drink water that is merely good enough for boilers and manufacturing. Microscopic tests were made every other day for a period of two months. The total number of little organisms per cubic centimetre was discovered to be an average of 833, which is no more than normal. Any excess over this could easily be removed by filtration.

And the water was found to be smooth and soft. So far as quality was concerned the quest for water was successful. One obstacle remained on this score. Falcon River discharged into Indian Bay, which was the arm of Shoal Lake selected. Falcon River was brown with humus from the drainage of muskegs that reached back for miles along the route of the proposed aqueduct in a sort of no-man's land. It was necessary to get rid of the Falcon. The proposal was to build a dam and divert the Falcon, sending its waters on a fifteen-mile hike in the sunshine round by Snowshoe Bay before it was cleansed by sunlight and ozone and got back into Indian Bay again. That was done.

But that gets ahead of the story. Quality guaranteed—what about quantity? Shoal Lake level might be seriously lowered by an 85,000,000 per diem flow to Winnipeg. All available tests of efflux from Lake Superior and Lake of the Woods were dug up. Result—that a foot depth of Shoal Lake is found to be enough to furnish 85,000,000 gallons a day for a period of 8.5 months. That is, without any rain

for that period the thirst of greater Winnipeg up to a population of 850,000 with an average daily consumption of 100 gallons per individual could be supplied by Shoal Lake.

These two obstacles overcome, the next was gravity. There was a height of land known as the summit between Shoal Lake and the gradient leading down to Winnipeg. This could be overcome by two methods: either by natural gravity or by pumping. If by gravity, it would be necessary to tunnel deeper under the summit. If by pumping, that lower depth could be avoided. Gravity was recommended—and adopted. It is a basic principle in that part of the world that most things gravitate towards Winnipeg anyway. Why not water?

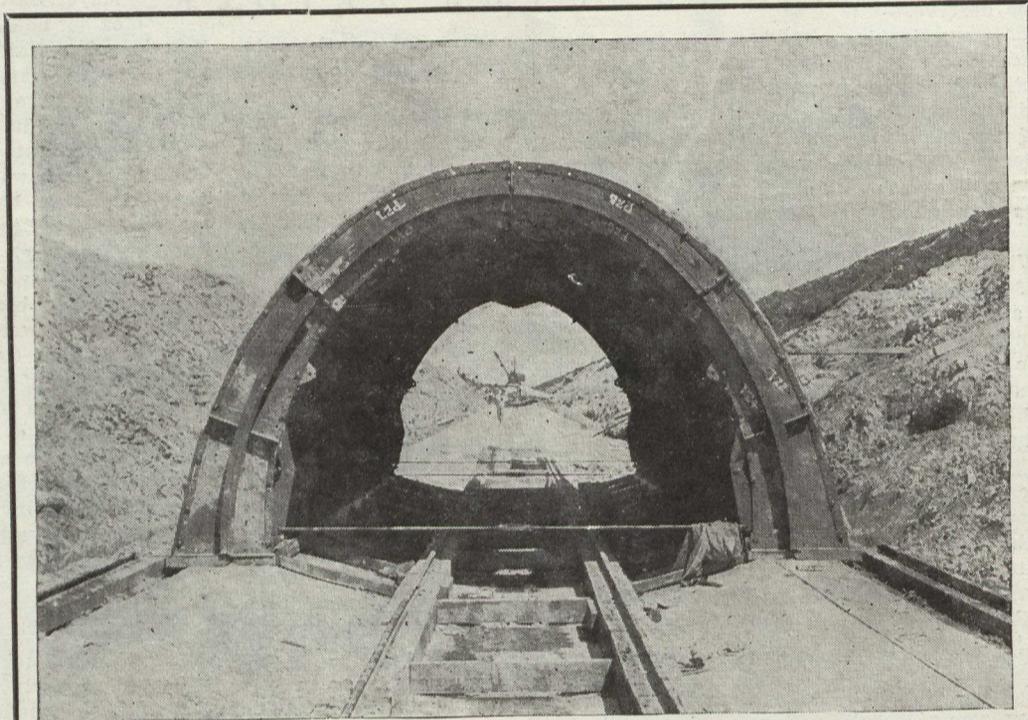
THE engineers' report occupies several pages. We can ignore most of them. The main fact is that within three years of the time when the first test was made of Shoal Lake water, Winnipeg has within at most two years of completion the greatest underground river-way in Canada. The work of survey was begun almost immediately. The first problem was to get right of way over Dominion Crown lands, of which there is a vast domain on the eastern edge of Manitoba. These lands, beginning sixty miles or so from Winnipeg, were as wild as any hinterland in the far north. Vast tracts of jackpine and stunted cedars and untractable muskegs stretched between the head of water and the farm country near the city. The surveyors found scores of caribou and moose, many of them almost incredibly tame. One of the engineers paused under a tree thinking he heard one of his party smashing through the wildwood. The smash came from a bull caribou who, without noticing the man, came up and locked his horns into the very tree on which the engineer was leaning, then as he got the man-smell he turned and plunged off into the wilderness.

To comprehend and conquer this muskeg-haunted wilderness for purposes of a cement water-way was one of the most interesting exploits ever undertaken by engineers in this country. The report recommended one great essential—the building of a complete line of broad gauge railway that could be used for carrying in all the material used in construction: iron, steel, copper, cement, crushed stone, gravel, sand and camp supplies. To build the 100 miles or less of road cost \$1,300,000. That was an enormous item when a switchback might have done. But there was a shrewd economy latent in the Winnipeg brain. That railroad might become an asset. How?

GOVERNMENT land was the idea. Nearly half the road would run through these reserves. Much of the land, probably fifty per cent. of it, was good, arable soil, capable with drainage of raising magnificent crops. Sample garden plots were tested out along the route. They flourished. With such land adjacent to a railway which was twenty-two miles at least from the Grand Trunk Pacific and the C. P. R. to the north and sixty miles from the C. N. R. to the south, why should not this new railway become a permanent common carrier? All it needed was settlers; some of the then surplus population of Winnipeg drafted off to take up 40-acre farms which by more or less intensive cultivation could be made to give fat returns. The revenue from the traffic created by this road would be enough to carry the investment and the operating expenses, and with an ultimate profit; meanwhile the road was needed to carry in supplies. It became immediately economic in carrying out farm freight to Winnipeg produced by farmers already settled within fifty miles of Winnipeg. Whether the road will be retained by the Aqueduct Commissioners on behalf of the various municipalities and operated as a revenue producer to pay interest on aqueduct bonds, or whether it may be sold outright to one of the common carrier roads at what it cost to build after earning interest as an aqueduct carrier, is yet to be decided. But the novelty of building a real revenue-producing railway as an adjunct to a waterworks is one of those things that occur most easily to the elastic imagina-

tion of the West. Here again the average Toronto vision would be sadly in arrears.

Telephone lines were installed. Contracts were let. Camps were run up. The big work began. For two years it went on, this silent but curious invasion of the wilderness by an industrial machine; railway and waterway surveyors, engineers, railway builders, telephone constructors, contractors, gangs of navvies in many languages, the concrete mixer and the ordinary steam shovel and the giant drag-line excavator that stands buoyed up on a platform on roller feet that propel it over the muskeg, stands there in the midst of a manless, even cattle-deserted land and gouges up the humus a cubic yard at a time. This giant wild-hog of the wilderness did the excavating through what is known as the big muskeg where the trench is from 16 to 23 feet deep. Any big game hunter walking through there a year ago would sink in the ground almost every step between the knees and the hips. In order that machinery capable of handling the work could be used, it was necessary first to drain the surface water off. This was accomplished by using a light gasoline dredge that put a six mile ditch through as the line of the aqueduct. During the past summer this big drag-line, weighing 145 tons, with a 100-foot boom, has been in commission excavating the waterways trench.



Winnipeg Water will come for 100 miles through an aqueduct of which this is a section. This is the new underground riverway that will provide future greater Winnipeg with a maximum of 88,000,000 gallons a day. The aqueduct railway runs along the bank to the right.

It was a strange, energizing business. The moose and caribou drew off to the undisturbed places to think it over. Month by month the canal lengthened and the work of building the aqueduct began; built according to a model, not a cylinder, but an arch with a concave floor, finished in sections, first the floor on the foundation sand, then the wooden forms that act as moulds for the arches, which in sections were filled in with cement, set solid and formed the beginning of the great hundred-mile tube.

In ordinary construction such work has been done many times before; under circumstances so unusual never before in this country for that purpose. To the question—How do you guarantee that the foundation will not settle and crack your tube? the answer comes, "Well, you see, the entire weight of any section of the aqueduct, even filled with water up to the 85,000,000 gallon a day mark, is not equal to the original weight of the material excavated and that gave the sub-sand its solid pack."

You never can catch one of these engineers napping. On a recent trip of inspection, when the writer was kindly invited to go along, the best part of a hundred men representing six municipalities did their best to pick flaws in the project. Most of the attempts were genially met by scientific explanation. At every few miles the waterworks train with its cold-lunch picnic party on board stopped to let the shirtsleeves gang walk through sections of the cold tunnel, average temperature winter and summer, 45 degrees. One of these tunnel walks was two thousand yards done by means of flaring torches; a mysterious aboriginal sort of procession that seemed like a cross between a pilgrims' chorus and a parade of the cave-men. The whole day, from nine a.m. until near midnight, was spent on the excursion, including a supper

at the beautiful Indian Bay camp, the chief beverage of which was Indian Bay water, ice-cold and delicious. The guiding genius of the party outside of Engineer Chace was Mayor James Waugh, chief commissioner. It was a hopeful, enthusiastic journey through a country that in places seemed to be a thousand miles from nowhere, instead of fifty miles or so from a big modern city.

AT present the big trouble with the aqueduct is lack of labour. But in due time the greatest well in Canada will be finished; and when it is, the water that leaves Indian Head Bay this morning will arrive at the Winnipeg reservoir just four full days later. The rate of flow is figured by gravity at a mile an hour. The aqueduct will be all filled in behind and overhead to prevent frost. When the water arrives at the end of the aqueduct proper it will be carried by a special tube under the streets to the Red River; from there by a six-foot steel tunnel under the river into the reservoir, from which it is to be pumped into the mains of the six municipalities comprising greater Winnipeg.

And when the first head of water starts from the huge reservoir at Shoal Lake down the 100-mile tunnel to Winnipeg the guardian angel of Chief Commissioner Waugh will be seen coming along the top of the tunnel carrying a banner inscribed,

"When Winnipeg wanted water as good as God ever made she had to have it."

The first delivery of 1918 water in Winnipeg may be accompanied by an orgy previously unknown in Canada. By that time Winnipeg will have become so enthusiastic over water and no whisky that it may be necessary to stage up a water pageant with Aqua Pura, Undine, Neptune, river-gods, water-sprites, nymphs and naiads—anything but Bacchanalians—as chief characters to celebrate the year that Winnipeg first tasted water from a well that with the well-hook, not including the water-main bucket, cost \$13,500,000.

There is one very classic parallel to the Winnipeg aqueduct. That is the waterway leading from Loch Lomond to Glasgow. The Scotch city had the same trouble with hard water that Winnipeg has. Loch Lomond, far up in the Highlands, was a reservoir of perfect water, celebrated in picture, prose and song. The practical Glaswegian in his Lowlands decided to strengthen the bond of union between the Highlands and the Low by condescending to drink and bathe in Loch Lomond water. What the cost of this scheme was is not known here. But it has been a huge success. The difference in the case of Winnipeg was that it was not the present, but the future, for which the Commissioners had to build. Greater Glasgow was a pretty definite size, Greater Winnipeg is an unknown quantity. The present population of 225,000 for the municipalities in Greater Winnipeg is only a fraction of the great city expected to rise at the junction of the Red and the Assiniboine. The growth of that city is measurable by the water it consumes quite as easily as by any other method. Here are the figures of growth for the period 1902-1912, as contained in the engineers' report, based mainly upon water:

Year.	Population.	Water Supplied per Day. Gallons.	Per Inhabitant.
1902	48,411	1,550,000	32
1903	56,741	1,860,000	33
1904	67,262	2,340,000	35
1905	79,975	3,280,000	41
1906	101,057	3,500,000	35
1907	111,729	4,580,000	41
1908	118,252	4,880,000	41
1909	122,390	5,820,000	48
1910	132,720	5,930,000	45
1911	151,958	6,510,000	43
1912	166,553	7,750,000	47

THIS is for Winnipeg alone, not including the extra municipalities which some day may be absorbed in Greater Winnipeg. It shows that the thirst for water has been steadily on the increase, from 32 gallons per head daily in 1902, to 47 gallons in 1912. Was it any wonder that prohibition had to come in 1916? The engineers estimate that even 47 gallons a day is too little. They allow 85 gallons a day for every person, so that the aqueduct now being built is big enough for a Greater Winnipeg of 1,000,000.

MUNITIONED RUSSIA ON THE MOVE



Wounded Austrians being transported from Galicia to Hungary. Now that Roumania is at war and fighting Austria, processions like this will be still longer and more frequent.

Russian soldiers entering a Galician town. These soldiers are well armed.

Austrian prisoners in Russia now number hundreds of thousands. The photograph below is a sample of the "bag" so much talked about in the newspapers; all very different from what began to happen a year ago. To change the proverb:—He wins best who wins last.



BOWSER, BREWSTER AND B. C.

The Pending Election May Bring Surprises to Both Parties

By F. H. STAPLEFORD

NOW, if it be true, that "an institution is but the lengthened shadow of a man," it is also true, that the fortunes of a political party are so bound up with the personality of its leaders, that politics becomes to a large extent a study in character. Of course, even a strong leader cannot create the issues, but he can put his own stamp upon them. The electors of British Columbia will, on September fourteenth, decide, not so much between policies as between persons. Taken abstractly, the platforms of the two parties are not very different. A year or two ago, they could have been contrasted, but now the voter will have pretty much the same difficulty in distinguishing between them, as Alice in Wonderland had in finding the difference between Tweedledum and Tweedledee. The situation reminds one of Lloyd George's saying that the church to which he belonged was torn by two factions, that he, himself, was passionately attached to one of them, but he could never remember just which one it was, not that this coming election is devoid of significance, for, as a matter of fact, there is a very clear-cut issue at stake. Men are themselves issues. Their record and character are factors of vital importance in a voter's decision. The Liberal party claim, of course, that the platforms are similar, because their opponents have stolen all their planks. But public opinion, and the logic of events, point in a certain direction and both parties must perforce follow. The record of the government, and the result of that policy, as it relates to the present economic situation, will play a large part in the coming election. But the electors are, by no means, focussing their attention upon the past alone. They expect to be shown some way out of the present muddle.

The situation in B. C. is of a kind to keep politicians awake at nights. They cannot at all count simply on party loyalty to carry elections. There has always been a pronounced streak of radicalism in the Pacific Province, but prosperity, widely distributed, has ever had a tendency to put radicalism to sleep. With the pinch of hard times it again wakes into activity. Now, B. C. has had hard times enough to produce almost anything. Working men, who have walked the streets of Victoria and Vancouver desperately hunting work, which could not be found; business men, with their eye on the calendar, knowing that their business could stand just so many weeks or months more of such economic starvation, and then, the deluge; property owners, whose houses stood empty or were filled with tenants who could not even pay their water rates, were not in a mood to be roused into frantic enthusiasm, simply upon hearing the party slogan. The first year of the war saw depression everywhere in Canada, but nowhere was it so grim and bitter as on the Pacific Coast. Men in \$20,000 houses lived in their kitchens, because they could not pay for fuel and light. Men, rated as well-to-do, or even wealthy, the year before, were glad to pick up a job of \$2.00 a day sweeping the streets and there were five men to every one of those jobs. B. C. had practically no factory equipment, which could be readily turned to munition making. It has never been a manufacturing province; agriculture is still in the embryonic stage, and one of its most important industries, timber, was dead because ships could not be secured to export it. It was a situation to make even the most conservative do a great deal of hard thinking, and the Pacific slope is not conservative. The country was exceedingly well aware of the fact, that the old speculating regime was over, and that it was necessary to get down to a productive basis. The ordinary citizen seemed to be aware of this much sooner than the members of the government, who drew regular salaries, and were not afraid, at any rate, of the tax collector. When political meetings were held, and government speakers attempted to blame the war for the whole situation, it was a very cool and critical audience which they met. Speakers who were greeted with enthusiasm a year or two before, now found that their perorations awakened no response, unless it were cat calls and interruptions. It may not have been entirely fair to blame the government for the plight of the country, but it was certainly human and, after all, governments who capitalize prosperity must be prepared to have economic depression put on the debit account. The country was not only critical of past policies, but it wanted to know what the government proposed to do now. The attitude of the man on the street could be

summed up in the sentence, "Well here we are, and what are you going to do about it?" There is no province in the Dominion where public opinion is more alert and keen than it is in British Columbia. The looseness of political ties is seen in the great turnover of votes in the recent bye-elections. In 1912 Vancouver and Victoria, which elect five and four members, respectively, went solidly Conservative by large majorities. Last spring a cabinet minister was, in both of these constituencies, defeated by Liberals, whose majorities were much larger than were those of the Conservatives in the previous election. This means that a tremendous number of men are changing their votes, and will face the elections coming this September with open minds, very largely freed from party bias. There were nine Conservatives returned by acclamation in 1912. There will be no election by acclamation this September, and there is probably not a single seat which Conservative party managers can regard as safe. This radicalism of temper by no means confines itself to criticism of the government, but scrutinizes with equal freedom, although not with the same asperity, the utterances of the Liberal leaders.

Both of the party leaders, then, have in a political field such as this, very difficult roles to play. With public opinion so keen and earnest, resounding common places will win scant approval. In B. C. the politician is sadly exclaiming, "Life is real, life is earnest," but is keenly apprehensive lest, notwithstanding the poet, a political grave should be its goal.

THE man who leads the Conservative party presents a curious study for the psychologist. One look at that great square head, with its strong face resting upon those massive shoulders, would convince one that the Hon. W. J. Bowser is not a man to be easily catalogued. In many respects he is the antithesis of his predecessor in office, Sir Richard McBride, in whose cabinet he had been Attorney-General since 1907. Sir Richard was courtly, urbane and polished, and had such a graceful and friendly way of receiving a deputation that its members, delighted at his sympathetic hearing, would not have the discourtesy to analyze his statements, to find out precisely what he had promised. It was only when they had left that magnetic presence and had begun to discuss on the steps outside exactly what the Premier had said that they would begin to realize they had not really been promised very much. The present Premier is blunt and decisive and when he makes a public statement, it does not take a doctor of philosophy to understand what he means. His very appearance suggests ruggedness and power. This does not mean that the Premier disdains diplomacy, for a more adroit and subtle politician does not exist in Canadian public life. He does not possess the personal popularity of his former leader, and both within and without the party he has very numerous enemies; but when a choice of successor for Sir Richard had to be made, Mr. Bowser had but to choose himself and inform the party. There was certainly no other man in the party on a par with him in intellectual power. If one wished to get an estimate of the man he could, in the course of a single afternoon, by interviewing men of prominence in Vancouver or Victoria, collect the most divergent and conflicting view points in regard to him. One significant thing would be that there would be no neutrals, every one interviewed would hold decided views in regard to him. He has so impressed his personality upon the public life of British Columbia that few indeed there would be to whom his name brought no concrete content of judgment. Even if one walked down Chinatown and interviewed its slant-eyed inhabitants, he would find that even here this man was known and discussed. The veil of Oriental passivity would not lift at the names of Sir Robert Borden or Sir Wilfrid Laurier, but mention Bowser, and a ray of understanding will lighten up their faces. If we chose out of the divergent views the two most frequently expressed and most clearly enunciated, sometimes indeed with considerable heat, they would line up about as follows: One view would be, that this man was the evil genius of the Conservative party, that he has been the guiding spirit of the most corrupt government that any province has ever been cursed with, that British Columbia has been fairly plundered, until the only things left are

the mountains; the timber, mineral and land wealth of the province have been scattered with a lavish hand, to satisfy the greed of the hangers on of the government, and that the directing head of all this plunderbund was Mr. Bowser. The other view is that Mr. Bowser is an essentially honest man, who, unfortunately, was not able to carry through his real policy, because of other influences; that Sir Richard McBride had so commanded the allegiance of the Conservative party as to be in the position to dictate its action, and that he, and not Mr. Bowser, was responsible for that policy, which has alienated such a vast amount of the country's wealth. It is further urged that this speculative policy of the government was really what was wanted, and that no government could have held power through those frantic, get-rich-quick years, which did not minister to this gambling mania. When Mr. Bowser is in full control of the government, they say that a very different condition of affairs will result.

THE onlooker who seeks an unbiased view will see in both of these viewpoints a large element of truth. Mr. Bowser has been for many years the brains of the Conservative party of British Columbia. His influence both as a cabinet minister and as a man have been very great. The policy of the government has been admittedly disastrous. Can Mr. Bowser, who had such a potent influence in shaping that policy, now lightly escape responsibility? Mr. Bowser, the Premier of British Columbia, cannot disown Mr. Bowser, the Attorney-General of the previous years. Some, at least, of the economic disasters of B. C. can be definitely laid at his door. As one of the Liberal politicians has urged, the present endeavour to escape responsibility would remind one of the Jewish procedure on the great Day of Atonement, when they selected a goat and symbolically loading it with the sins of the whole people, drove it out into the wilderness. The attempt has been made to make Sir Richard fulfil the functions of that goat for the Conservative party. But the people of British Columbia will not so lightly relieve those who remain of responsibility. This present election may show that in spite of all his efforts Mr. Bowser "found no place for repentance, though he sought it carefully with tears." On the other hand, it is quite true that in the boom days the pressure on the government to give way to the speculative spirit was exceedingly strong. If the railway and land policy of the government has proven disastrous, that policy was, none the less enthusiastically endorsed by the people of British Columbia in two general elections. The record of Mr. Bowser since he has had a free hand has been an exceedingly good one. The session last spring of the British Columbia Legislature, under his leadership, has a great output to its credit of really constructive and useful legislation. He has played fair with the temperance party, and from the time his pledge to them was once given, to pass a prohibition act (subject to a referendum) which would meet their wishes, he has never wavered in his course, despite strenuous opposition within the ranks of his own party. Mr. Bowser is no weakling. He has a disciplined and powerful will. He has conspicuous ability and a thorough and intimate grasp of the situation in British Columbia. Whatever be his previous record, since he has assumed the Premiership, his leadership has been wise and able. The question which the people of B. C. will have to decide is as to whether this new attitude of his represents the real convictions of the man, or whether they represent concessions extorted from him by an awakened and vigorous public opinion. One thing is certainly true, the Premier loves power as few men do. Whatever be his own predictions, he will break no lances in foolish Knight errantry, but will conform to whatever is necessary to hold his mastery of affairs.

Mr. H. C. Brewster, member for Victoria, and leader of the Opposition, presents a much simpler problem in character analysis. He was first elected in 1907, representing Alberta until 1912, when, running in another constituency, he was overwhelmed in the great Conservative landslide. Last spring, he again took his seat in the legislature, having won the bye-election against the Hon. A. C. Flumerfelt, Minister of Finance, by a two to one majority. He is a successful business man, being largely interested in the canning industry and other business enterprises of the Coast. He has an absolutely clean

(Concluded on page 23.)

Turks are Uneasy
and
Germans Pray for
Victory

.....

Grim Paris Heroes
Assist One Another

.....

French Soldiers on
Way to Front, Take
the Air on a Siding



A MASS MEETING HELD BY THE
TURKS IN CONSTANTINOPLE.

The monument shown in the above illustration is a street fountain which was presented to the Turks by the German Emperor in 1898. The fountain is situated in At Meidan, a tree planted square in Constantinople. The Turkish orators are speaking from the steps of this fountain to the Turks assembled in the square. Just in front of the steps may be seen a number of Turkish horsemen. Since the outbreak of war Turkey has had many war demonstrations in Constantinople. They have changed in character from pro to anti-war, however.

A German field mass being celebrated in Poland. As usual, the Kaiser calls upon the Deity to back up his policies.

Comrades in arms. Two wounded French veterans assist one another on a street-crossing.

These jolly French fighters are taking the air at a station en route to Salonika via Marseilles.



THE FAMILY DOCTOR

A Story That May Have Come True

By J. ADDISON REID

NOT for years had George Ferguson had to do so much of the manual labour on his farm as he was doing this summer. His three stalwart sons had taken most of that burden off his shoulders. But now all three were in khaki at Camp Borden. He counted on having their help for harvest, when the farmer soldiers would be given leave, but he had to get through the haying with the aid of only old Charlie, who had long been a retainer on the Ferguson farm.

And now with the constant forking of hay the old feeling of numbness, which at intervals for a long time had troubled him in the little finger of his left hand, began to cause him serious discomfort. His wife urged him to consult the local physician, but he stubbornly refused. The only occasion on which he had ever required the attentions of a doctor were further back than his memory carried. He had several times had to summon the doctor to the house, but it was always for Mrs. Ferguson, and at these times he usually retreated to the barn, where he pretended to be working at various tasks until someone brought out word that it was a boy and that both Mrs. Ferguson and the baby were doing fine.

Now, no persuasion on his wife's part could induce him to consult the doctor about his finger. In truth, he was much more alarmed about it than he cared to acknowledge; he was afraid that if the doctor once saw it he would want to amputate, and Ferguson would sooner face the prospect of dying by inches than that of having a single inch cut off at one slice by the surgeon's knife.

But now the situation was becoming serious. He doggedly persisted in keeping at the work, although each day it caused him more and more pain.

"Well, George Kirby Ferguson," at length exclaimed his wife, "if you won't do anything for yourself, I'll have to do it for you. I'm going to write this very day to the doctor of the Family Beacon and ask him what to do."

"Doctors don't know anything about such things," he replied, impatiently. "They're just looking for chances to cut you up for practice. That paper doctor can't cut it off anyway, so you can do as you like."

And she did write. She told in detail, albeit ramblingly and with repetition, all the symptoms, and gave a full account of the old injury to his elbow which her husband had suffered when a boy and which he had always maintained was the cause of the trouble in his finger.

THE first week passed without any answer to her question. Next week on Family Beacon day the mail carrier did not have to place the Ferguson mail in the R. F. D. box; Mrs. Ferguson was at the gate to take it from his hands.

Hastening into the house, she nervously spread the paper out on the kitchen table and turned its pages until she came to the one with the column headed, "The Family Doctor." Yes, there it was, her long letter condensed into eight short lines, and the answer almost equally brief, with many words she did not understand, but with the directions for treatment apparently clear and explicit.

This is what she read:

G. K. F., Ont.—Man, fifty-eight, in good health, suffers partial numbness of small finger on left hand. When hand is in certain positions it causes much pain. When patient was about twelve years of age he was struck on elbow. Would this have an effect on present condition of hand? Ans.—It is probable that cicatricial tissue is compressing the ulnar nerve at the seat of the old injury. Dissecting out the nerve might relieve the present symptoms; but fresh symptoms might follow formation of new scar tissue. Iodine internally (two to five grains of the pat. iodide well diluted three times daily) and the tincture of iodine to the seat of injury might cause absorption.

"Tincture of iodine to the seat of injury."

She knew what tincture of iodine was. She had a small bottle of it, the contents of which she applied with a feather to her corns. Why hadn't she thought of this herself? She could begin to use it at once.

"Iodine internally." That must be something different from what she had on her medicine shelf, or it would not have been mentioned separately.

"Two to five grains of the pat. iodide." The last d was evidently a mistake for n. Patent iodine, that's what she must ask for at the drug store. It must be a powder.

"Two to five grains." Her husband's case was getting serious; he had better have the five grains. She would get the druggist to put it up in powders of the proper amounts.

A momentary doubt crossed her mind. Her little

W HETHER this story is actually true, or not, depends a good deal on what may have been the experiences of some people who read it, or of other people they happen to know about. This much is absolute fact: that the newspaper paragraph which Mrs. Ferguson clipped from the medical column of the Family Beacon appeared word for word and letter for letter in a weekly paper of Dominion-wide circulation under date of August the sixteenth, nineteen hundred and sixteen.

bottle of iodine was marked "Poison." But the paper said "patent iodine." Doubtless this meant that the poison had been taken out; or else the tincture part of the bottle's contents was the poison and the iodine without the tincture would be for internal use. Anyway, the Family Beacon doctor wouldn't have prescribed it if it hadn't been all right.

She went over the paragraph again very carefully to make sure she had it right, for she didn't intend to let the druggist know the source of her recipe or to tell him that she had been writing to the paper for medical advice. The Fergusons did not have a reputation for closeness and she didn't intend to have it thought that they were too mean to employ Dr. Macarthur, but had to get their medical advice free from a newspaper. All the same, she cut the paragraph out and placed it carefully in her purse.

"Good morning, Mrs. Ferguson," exclaimed the druggist, coming forward to meet his customer.

"Good morning, Mr. Ross," replied the lady, not quite at her ease. Her conscience was still bothering her a little about not consulting Dr. Macarthur, and, good honest soul that she was, she couldn't help showing something of this mental conflict. But then, George had positively refused to let the doctor see his finger, so what could she do?

"I want to get some patent iodine," she stated.

The druggist looked somewhat puzzled. There was even a trace of suspicion in her face, could she have read it, for her slight agitation had not passed unnoticed.

"Is it tincture of iodine you want, Mrs. Ferguson?" he asked.

"No, I have that at home; this is a powder."

"Iodine comes in crystals. Some of them are pretty small, but you'd hardly call them powder. Is that what you want?"

"Yes, that's it; and Mr. Ross, will you put it up for me in papers with five grains in each."

"What do you want it for, Mrs. Ferguson?"

His suspicions were now clearly aroused, and yet his customer was one of the best known and most irreproachable farmers' wives in the township, and there might still be some reasonable explanation of her agitated efforts to purchase a deadly poison. She also perceived his attitude, but attributed it to a different cause. She knew that Dr. Macarthur was a half owner of the drug store, and did the druggist suspect that she had been writing to the paper doctor for medical advice instead of consulting his partner?

Well, anyway, she was under no obligation to consult him; this was a free country; she could write to the paper if she wanted to, and she didn't have to tell what she wanted to do with everything she bought at a store.

"I want it for medicine," she answered shortly.

"You know you'll have to sign for it in the poison book, Mrs. Ferguson, and you'll have to tell me exactly what you want to do with it before I can sell it to you."

"Poison!" she exclaimed, now thoroughly frightened. "It isn't poison. The doctor told me to give it to him internally three times a day well diluted."

"Give it to whom?"

"Why, to George—to Mr. Ferguson."

"What doctor told you that? It wasn't Dr. Macarthur?"

There was something in his voice and words that frightened her through and through. There came over her a wild desire to tell him everything and to make sure that she wasn't making some terrible fatal mistake.

"It was the Family Beacon doctor," she answered, trembling; fumbling at the same time in her purse; "I wrote to the paper; here it is," pulling out the newspaper clipping and handing it over the counter. The druggist took it and read it over carefully.

As he was doing so, Dr. Macarthur came into the store.

"Good morning, Mrs. Ferguson," he said, cheerfully, holding out his hand.

She took the proffered hand limply and looked up in his face in a frightened way, making no verbal return of the doctor's salutation.

"Is there anything wrong, Mrs. Ferguson?" he inquired, with professional solicitude. "It's a long time since I've had a call to attend the Ferguson family."

"Just cast your eye over that, Doctor," said the druggist, passing the clipping to him. "Mrs. Ferguson asked me for patent iodine and said that what she wanted was the crystals put up in five grain doses for internal use."

"Hmm. Hmm," murmured the doctor, reading over the printed lines. "He evidently intended to prescribe pot. iodide—potassium iodide, that is, Mrs. Ferguson. This would hardly be excusable in a formal prescription to be filled by a druggist. Scattered broadcast to the public this way, it's nothing but da—, I beg your pardon, Mrs. Ferguson—it's a piece of criminal carelessness."

The frightened lady was regaining her self-possession. She had evidently been saved from the risk of poisoning her husband and now what was bothering her most was her first fear that she would be thought too penurious to pay for medical advice.

"I tried and tried to get him to come to you, Doctor, but he wouldn't, so I—" and she told him the whole story.

"But now he'll have to," she declared, with determination. "Why, here he is now," she added, as the tall figure of George Ferguson appeared in the doorway. He had driven his wife in to the village and proceeded with other errands while she was in the drug store.

"But would it really have killed him, Doctor?" she asked, in a frightened tone, as her husband came to her side.

"Well, three grains have been known to be a fatal dose. It's about as poisonous as cyanide of potassium or bichloride of mercury. But even if you had tried to give it to him you would have found that it refuses to dissolve in water. It is only soluble in alcohol—that is the tincture of iodine—or in a solution of potassium iodide in water, the drug that this newspaper man intended to prescribe for you. When you found it wouldn't dissolve you would probably have become suspicious yourself. Anyway it's lucky you told Mr. Ross all about it."

"Your wife has just discovered, Ferguson," he continued, turning to the narrowly escaped victim of wifely solicitude and professional carelessness, "that this newspaper doctor isn't quite reliable."

"I don't know what this is all about," said Ferguson, who had been looking inquiringly from one to the other, "but I didn't intend to take the stuff anyway. If I've got to have a doctor, I'll go to one that I can see and who can see me, and not to one in a newspaper office five hundred miles away. I wish you'd take a look at this finger, Doctor."

"Just come back to the office. Will you come, too, Mrs. Ferguson? I think we may be able to do something better than killing Ferguson off quick with poison. Heard from the boys lately?"

"They're coming back this week for the harvest," said the old man, as the three filed into the Doctor's office.

Worried About the Coal

COAL has recently gone up 50 cents a ton in some eastern cities, owing to increased cost of labour, mining and so forth. The cost of coal is now \$8.50 a ton in Toronto—though very much more than that, up to \$10.50 a ton in Winnipeg. Meanwhile prohibition in Ontario is only a few days distant.

"What are you going to do about liquor this winter, Tom?" asked a man down town of a friend of his.

"Why?" said the other.

"Prohibition," said the other.

"Oh—that's not bothering me. I'm more concerned over the coal question."

"Yes, yes, that's another trouble. Price gone up again?"

"No, that's not it," said the other man reflectively. "But I've got my cellar so cramful of booze there's no room for any coal."

HARVEST IN THE TOWNSHIPS

By HELEN D. WILLIAMS

WHEN the maples wave scarlet in the purpling haze, and pumpkins bespatter stubbly corn-fields with gold, and butternuts fall with muffled thud in the woods, townships folk begin to think of their annual festival, the Harvest Home.

As a preliminary measure delegates, two by two, make a soliciting circuit of village and foothills. Incidentally, they square arrears in their social amenities at the same time. Having, like Captain Cuttle, "made a note" of what each feels like contributing, a mutual exchange of news, continued from the previous year, takes place. The operation of taking up geraniums, or putting in bulbs, or soap-making in the great iron kettle in the yard is suspended for the nonce, while those who cannot often "get down" to the metropolis learn what is going on in the world where the road runs down. To the "beggars," as the hillfolk quaintly and appositely call the requisitioners, the view, the cluttered farm buildings, the westering sun on the clematised stone wall, the sheep and turkeys and hens and geese in the fields, all look very peaceful.

Twilight is darkening to-night as you jog homeward with your spoil, tangible as proclaimed by rotund revolutions under the seat going down hills, and prospective, as recorded in your note book. A great yellow cheese of a moon swings clear of the horizon. Mists rise from the marshes. Lights twinkle forth from windows. As you draw near one of these, it flickers and goes out. A moment later it reappears at the shed door, showing up in bold relief a woman with a lamp and a man carrying a little black bag turning from hitching his horse to a tree. "Oh, Doctor! I am so glad you have come!"

In a sparsely-populated settlement on the Lower St. Lawrence a visiting clergyman relates that the Harvest Home service was interrupted by a stalwart dame striding up the aisle with a pumpkin pie under her arm. Upon reaching the altar and seeing that the most auspicious places were already occupied by triumphs of her neighbour's culinary skill, she thrust these ruthlessly aside, and plumped her own concoction down into their place. In the townships, how-

ever, the church decorations do not excite emulative contention, being restricted in their range to the vegetables and fruits of harvest.

Artistically stacked oats eke out asparagus very successfully as a background against which to heap Calhoun pumpkins, Hubbard and crookneck squashes, ponderosa tomatoes, Mackintosh red apples and braided strands of golden bantam corn. Surrounded by these products of the year's maturity, to joy "according to the joy in harvest," seems a consummation devoutly to be wished, the choir's paean, "Now thank we all our God with heart and hands and voices," less a traditional obligation than a sheer necessity.

DESCENDING to the basement, the decorative scheme is curtailed to edibles. Long tables span the length of the room, and on these, sandwiched between string-marked silver and empty platters of cold meats, beet and cabbage salads, pumpkin and apple pies, white and brown bread and all kinds of fruit make a brave showing. From the basement kitchen is wafted the aroma of coffee, and on the stove are huge kettles of steaming potatoes, mashed squash and turnips, and in the oven a pot of baked beans and pans of chicken and meat pies. From time to time someone squeezes in with a basket or covered dish and deposits a cake or a tin of buns or a jar of whipped cream among the heterogeneous reserve store on the side table. Small boys and the squat, sandy-haired individual hired to "wash up after" regard each addition with an appraising eye, knowing that what is left will fall to their share.

Meanwhile everything is bustlement and good cheer. The minister goes about shaking hands with everyone. A Harvest Home atmosphere pervades the place. A clatter of backward pushed chairs, a hush—the prelude to the minister's blessing—a louder buzz of conversation perforated at intervals by someone asking someone else whether they will take tea or coffee, and the dinner is fairly launched.

In the main all goes well. The comedy-loving find

diversion watching the byplay furnished by a self-constituted mother in Israel who, conspicuous chiefly by her absence during the arduous, getting-ready stage, comes in strong, so to speak, at the last lap. She hurries down the basement stairs, responding to greetings with pre-occupied nods, and unrolling her apron as she goes. When she has elbowed her way into the kitchen she dons it with a precipitation which would seem to augur well for the amount of work to be executed. But it soon becomes apparent that her role is rather to get work out of others—or produce the effect of doing so. Her air of riding the whirlwind and directing the storm is amusing or maddening to those who have borne the brunt of the work, according as they are endowed with or lacking in the saving grace of humour.

Sometimes, the dispenser of avowed chicken-pie is brought to confusion by one of the cleric proclaiming to all and sundry that the flaky crust covers a deception.

"Chicken-pie?" he says, with stern displeasure, probing with his fork and producing a steak bone in confirmation of his statement, "chicken-pie? I think not."

And he helps himself sadly to baked beans, while the abashed waitress trips kitchenward to cock a humorous eye under other crusts, lest inadvertently she offend again.

Cups have many times been refilled, depleted dishes replenished before the minister invites certain of his male parishioners to adjourn to the Rectory for a quiet smoke. Of the rest, the hillfolk agglutinate into groups and visit, the girls and boys go out for a stroll, the waitresses make merry over their belated repast. Presently they will all congregate in the church for the three o'clock service. And a diminished number will round off the day with supper and games. With the exception of the church collection, it has all been gratuitous. It has been a lot of work and no one is a whit the better off. And yet, as surely as Autumn comes round, the feeling awakes for certain upland drives and familiar faces, and in the midst of city scenes and activities the mind previsions the Harvest Home in the townships.

THE BLIND MAN'S EYES

By WILLIAM McHARG AND EDWIN BALMER

CHAPTER V.—(Continued.)

EATON felt he was paling as he faced the blustering smaller man. He realized that the passengers he could see—those at the smaller tables—already had judged his explanation and found him wanting; the others unquestionably had done the same. Avery was gazing up at him with a sort of contented triumph.

"The telegram was for me, Conductor," he repeated.

"Get that telegram, Conductor!" the stout man demanded again.

"I suppose," Connery suggested, "you have letters or a card or something, Mr. Eaton, to show your relationship to Lawrence Hillward."

"No; I have not."

The man asserting himself as Hillward grunted. "Have you anything to show you are Lawrence Hillward?" Eaton demanded of him.

"Did you tell any one on the train that your name was Hillward before you wanted this telegram?"

It was Harriet Dorne's voice which interposed; and Eaton felt his pulse leap as she spoke for him.

"I never gave any other name than Lawrence Hillward," the other declared.

Connery gazed from one claimant to the other. "Will you give this gentleman the telegram?" he asked Eaton.

"I will not."

"Then I shall furnish him another copy; it was received here on the train by our express-clerk as the operator. I'll go forward and get him another copy."

"That's for you to decide," Eaton said; and as though the matter was closed for him, he resumed his seat. He was aware that, throughout the car, the passengers were watching him curiously; he would have foregone the receipt of the telegram rather than that attention should be directed to him in this way. Avery was still gazing at him with that look of quiet satisfaction; Eaton had not dared, as yet, to look at Harriet Dorne. When, constraining himself to a manner of indifference, he finally looked her way, she began to chat with him as lightly as before. Whatever effect the incident just

Canadian Serial Rights held by the Canadian Courier. closed had had upon the others, it appeared to have had none at all upon her.

"Are you ready to go back to our car now, Harriet?" Avery inquired when she had finished her breakfast, though Eaton was not yet through.

"Surely there's no hurry about anything to-day," the girl returned. They waited until Eaton had finished.

"Shall we all go back to the observation car and see if there's a walk down the track or whether it's snowed over?" she said impartially to the two. They went through the Pullmans together.

The first Pullman contained four or five passengers; the next, in which Eaton had his berth, was still empty as they passed through. The porter had made up all the berths, and only luggage and newspapers and overcoats occupied the seats. The next Pullman also, at first glance, seemed to have been deserted in favor of the diner forward or of the club-car further back. The porter had made up all the berths there also, except one; but some one still was sleeping behind the curtains of Section Three, for a man's hand hung over the aisle. It was a gentleman's hand, with long, well-formed fingers, sensitive and at the same time strong. That was the berth of Harriet Dorne's father; Eaton gazed down at the hand as he approached the section, and then he looked up quickly to the girl. She had observed the hand, as also had Avery; but, plainly, neither of them noticed anything strange either in its posture or appearance. Their only care had been to avoid brushing against it on their way down the aisle so as not to disturb the man behind the curtain; but Eaton, as he saw the hand, started.

He was the last of the three to pass, and so the others did not notice his start; but so strong was the fascination of the hand in the aisle that he turned back and gazed at it before going on into the last car. Some eight or ten passengers—men and women—were lounging in the easy-chairs of the observation-room; a couple, ulstered and fur-cap-

ped, were standing on the platform gazing back from the train.

The sun was still shining, and the snow had stopped some hours before; but the wind which had brought the storm was still blowing, and evidently it had blown a blizzard after the train stopped at four that morning. The canyon through the snow-drifts, bored by the giant rotary plow the night before, was almost filled; drifts of snow eight or ten feet high and, in places, pointing still higher, came up to the rear of the train; the end of the platform itself was buried under three feet of snow; the men standing on the platform could barely look over the higher drifts.

"There's no way from the train in that direction now," Harriet Dorne lamented as she saw this.

"There was no way five minutes after we stopped," one of the men standing at the end of the car volunteered. "From Fracraft on—I was the only passenger in sleeper Number Two, and they'd told me to get up; they gave me a berth in another car and cut my sleeper out at Fracraft—we were bucking the drifts, about four miles an hour; it seemed to fill in behind about as fast and as thick as we were cutting it out in front. It all drifted in behind as soon as we stopped, the conductor tells me."

The girl made polite acknowledgment and referred to her two companions.

"What shall we do with ourselves, then?"

"Cribbage, Harriet? You and I?" Avery invited. She shook her head. "If we have to play cards, get a fourth and make it auction; but must it be cards? Isn't there some way we can get out for a walk?"

"There's the top of the cars, Miss Dorne," Eaton suggested. "If we could get up there, we'd get a fairly decent walk and see everything."

"Good!" the girl applauded. "How do we get up?"

"I'll see the conductor about it," Eaton offered; and before Avery could discuss it, he started back through the train.

(Continued on page 23.)

Great French Pictures

At the Canadian National Exhibition

By ESTELLE M. KERR

CANADA abounds in art critics. The greatest masters of the nation that has acknowledged supremacy in painting are summarily condemned by a public who have been taught by art dealers to think that modern painting has culminated in the pretty domestic scenes of the Dutch school. French art bewilders them, as Wagner's operas must startle one whose musical experience has been confined to the singing of "Annie Laurie" by a young lady in book-muslin. But why do people who remain discreetly silent when music is discussed become so voluble at an art exhibition?

WHISTLER says that "Art knows no country," and the collection of paintings at the C. N. E., though supposedly representative of French art during the last fifteen years, contains a mixture of academic restraint and rampant radicalism that seem to have been spread over a much longer period and might be the product of a dozen different nations. The Exhibition as a whole suffers in consequence. The high-keyed paintings by Maurice Denis, flat and decorative, demand a light-toned architectural setting. Even the world-famous decorations by Puvis de Chavannes, in the Pantheon of Paris, would look unattractive in the galleries of the Toronto Exhibition. But the very modern Frenchmen are poorly represented. Matisse is there, and Gauguin, but others who have recently aroused so much discussion are conspicuously absent. The pictures that command the highest prices are those by Renoir and Claude Monet. These are not necessarily the best, but, being by deceased artists who have become very famous, fancy prices are asked. A few of these have been selected from the Retrospective French Exhibition at the Panama-Pacific Exposition, but the majority of the canvases shown were chosen from the French section in the Palace of Fine Arts. It is hard to understand why Cottet and Le Sidaner have been omitted in favour of comparatively unknown artists.

SOME of the struggling Canadian artists rejoiced to see the works of their former masters. There was Colin, whose paintings were considered somewhat "tight" even in my student days, but he had a popular summer studio in a little village near the forest of Fontainebleau, where one could study the living model out of doors. He also gave criticisms at the Academie de la Grand'Chaumiere in Paris once a week, consisting chiefly of a murmured "Pas mal." Blanche and Simon had an enormous following in a class at which they jointly gave criticisms; it was too crowded for comfort. I nearly followed Lucien Simon to Brittany one summer. Indeed, I paid \$10 to someone who was arranging a class (and only those who have lived the life of an art student in Paris know what a lot of money that is), but I discovered resentfully that we were obliged to live in the next village—far removed from the master's studio—and only gave criticisms twice a month. So I forfeited the money. Neither of the pictures on view are of his favourite Brittany scenes. "The Gondola" is a masterpiece, resplendent in colour, and "The Bath" is equally brilliant in brush work, though more sombre in tone. Jacques-Emile Blanche was equally popular as an instructor. In those days he painted with a free, fluid brush-stroke like Sargeant, but judging from the two canvases now on view, his painting has become less brilliant, though it may have gained in depth. His portrait of Henry James is a real masterpiece. I remember one gala day when he asked us to his private studio. He spoke and acted like a very charming Englishman, and we were properly thrilled to find ourselves in such a beautiful studio belonging to such a great artist.

HOFFBAUER was another artist who murmured politely over my youthful attempts at painting. He is an Alsatian, handsome and very blond. He gained the Prix de Rome the year I was in Paris, which means that he was then under thirty, and a few years ago he took a studio in New York, where he painted "The Metropolitan Tower at Night," now on view. There are two other exhibitors for whom I have a personal affection, as well as an admiration for their work. Franz Charlet, of Brussels, who exhibits "Dressing Baby," in the Belgian Section, and Augustin Hanicotte, who shows a "Winter Scene in the Low Countries." This is not one of M. Hanicotte's best works, but it is very typical of Volendam, where he lived. It is full of kindly humour, and the subject is more like a study for one of the coloured lithographs he draws so well than a painting. M. Hanicotte was the most popular person in the village. All



Madam Ida Rubinstein in "Scheherazade" (above), by Jacques Emile Blanche, the greatest of French portrait painters, who has taken great delight in depicting the rich oriental draperies and the harem background.



The Red Shawl (right) by Herman Richir, who contributes the most notable pictures in the Belgian section. His other canvas, "Looking Backward," recalls the work of the greatest of all Belgian painters, Alfred Stevens.



Communicants, Flanders, by Francois-Charles Baude.



The Silver Thread of the Marne, by Georges Griveau.

the peasants admired him, particularly the children. There was one old man of eighty, Jap van der Krap, whose chief interest in life was his daily conversation—in French—with M. Hanicotte. The only words he knew were: "Il fait beau temps." These he had learned in his youth when he had served with his regiment in France, but he repeated them, rain or shine, and then swaggered back to his friends saying, nonchalantly: "I've just been talking a little French with M. Hanicotte." The artist's paintings deal almost exclusively with the life of the little village he understands so well. He paints only large pictures for galleries and will sell none of his sketches. No visitors were allowed in his studio, but I was admitted the day before my departure under promise of secrecy and saw the great work which he had been painting for nearly three years.

IT is difficult to decide on the merits of an artist from a few examples of his work. A one-man show of paintings by Besnard, which I saw in Paris, was the most astonishing thing I have ever seen. He is a painter that works with remarkable surety of touch, combined with lightning-like rapidity, and such a variety of subjects! I am also familiar with his ceilings in the Opera Comique and in the Hotel de Ville, Paris, but the nine pictures on view in Toronto are totally different from anything I have previously seen. They are all eastern subjects, bizarre, sometimes hideous—dancers with faces painted bright yellow, repulsive old beggars—yet to me they are fascinating.

GASTON LA TOUCHE is another artist whom I have long worshipped from afar. He is a master draughtsman, especially interested in unusual effects of light. One of his paintings—a fountain at Versailles in the Gallery of the Luxembourg, was for some time my favourite painting, and though "Hallali" and "A Summer Night" could not be counted his greatest works, they are among the most interesting things in the collection. Henri Caro-Delvaile was once the most popular painter in Paris, and "The Lady with the Hydrangea" is a fine work of art, though not at all typical of his work. He is better known by his conventional groups of fashionably dressed women, often out of doors and in sunlight, which he paints with light, broken colouring. Alfred-Philippe Roll, president of the Societe Nationale des Beaux Arts, and one of the foremost French artists, is represented by five pictures and a piece of sculpture. He is an extraordinarily versatile painter, famous for his battle-pieces. But all French artists are versatile. To be a landscape painter pure and simple, often signifies a lack of knowledge of the figure, and the Frenchman evinces a preference of subject in art, but knows no limitations.

NOW that colour reproduction has so greatly improved, the work of foreign artists will become more widely known. The most familiar names in the catalogue, to many people, are those who have worked in commercial mediums. The posters of Cassiers, who exhibits in the Belgian collection, have had a wide circulation. Boutet de Monvel is known through his book illustrations, and Paul Helleu, who exhibits an interior of the Cathedral of Rheims before bombardment, is celebrated for his dry-point portrait etchings. Photographic reproductions may give one a good idea of pictures such as "Saint Cecilia in the Catacombs," by Cave, or "The Sword," by Agache, for in these the drawing is far more important than the colour, and the surface is perfectly smooth, but the work of the so-called impressionists, who paint light in its prismatic colours, must be seen to be appreciated, and our opportunities in Canada are very rare.

"EVERYONE has two countries, his own and France." This may not apply to the majority of Canadians, but to the lucky few who spent some of their student days in Paris, it is certainly true. My visit to the French Section of the Fine Arts Department was like a return to that other loved country, and it is good to see that Canadians have this splendid opportunity to become familiar with modern French art.

The paintings by our own artists stood the test of comparison very well. They represented the best pictures shown at the large exhibitions held during the year and contained a higher percentage of landscapes than in the French section. The figure subjects were confined chiefly to portraits, or arrangements of one figure, but there is a tendency to be less conventional and, fired by the inspiration of the French masters, our artists will doubtless take fresh courage to paint life and light with its movement and brilliancy rather than the traditional "studio pieces."



Hallali, by Gaston La Touche, (above), is a gorgeous spectacle of Autumn colouring. The blue of the water, the red coats of the hunt, are bathed in sunshine and a shower of golden leaves.



The Man in Pink (left), by Albert Besnard, a versatile painter whose ceilings in the Opera Comique and Hotel de Ville, Paris, brought him universal renown.

The Cathedral of Rheims (Before the Bombardment), by Paul Helleu (below), is a charming interior by an artist who is famous for his dry-point portrait etchings.

The Lady with the Hydrangea, by Henri Caro-Delvaile, at one time the most fashionable portrait painter in Paris.



E D I T O R I A L

IT WAS TO BE EXPECTED that many Englishmen might differ with our view of the Englishman in Canada. It was not to be expected that they would interpret the editorials in question as attacks upon all Englishmen and upon England. Let us make clear that point at once.

In spite of George Meredith, who wrote, in effect, "An Englishman travels only in order to discover the abortions of his Creator," in spite of Haldane and Lord Lansdowne, in spite of Ireland and—often—of the Englishman himself, we Canadians cherish a profound affection and admiration for the Englishman. The ancestors of many of us were English. Some of us were ourselves English by birth. The Englishman of to-day becomes the Canadian of to-morrow. And the Englishman's virtues are far more numerous than his faults. His tranquillity in the face of danger may be crudely stoical, but it is admirable. His detestation of emotion may be lack of sympathetic understanding, but it is net gain, not loss. His inborn sanity and common-sense may be mere phlegm, but it is an example to all mankind. These are only a few of many reasons why we are glad to call an Englishman our brother and happy to welcome him to Canada.

BUT WE HAVE IN THIS COUNTRY a state in embryo. Its material wealth can scarcely be estimated. Its possibilities as a supporter of a glorious community of happy, healthy and, above all, state-loving people, are infinite. In short, while England has achieved her glory and wears her crown, Canada's glory lies all in the future. It depends upon the will and the devotion of Canadians to Canada whether the future millions in this country are to be counted only in terms of population, or by the high standard of citizenship and the wise and useful institutions which the Canadian people evolve out of the special conditions in which they live.

One Englishman, writing us from Montreal, asks how he can be expected to prefer Canada to England, when in England he can hear Wagnerian operas, see excellent plays, hear famous presses turning out scholarly books, and rub elbows with great men and the scions of illustrious houses in the Mall? His complaint is unanswerable. We are indeed starved for opera, deluged with poor books and surrounded by men who are, alas, too often only common clay like ourselves. We go with him still farther: we have no charming hedges. We have no really good servants. Our politics are not clean. Our workmen are too often wasteful. Our public servants are seldom competent and often dishonest. Public spirit is so rare a thing that the parties are forced to recruit their ranks with demagogues and exploiters. All-Canadian sentiment is so weak that we have sponged our sea defence instead of taking it over ourselves and Haligonians to-day feel closer in heart to Boston than to Toronto, and incomparably closer to London than, say, to Vancouver.

THESE CONDITIONS WEAKEN not only Canada, but the Empire. To remove them is to strengthen both. The airing of ultra-English loyalty by men who are outwardly Canadian citizens does not help achieve this end. Talk of Empire centralization, making Canada a suburb of London, is still worse, for strange as it may seem, there are far too many native Canadians who, by such talk as this, can be worked into frantic patriotic feeling for a country they have never seen, while they remain ignorant of and indifferent to whatever parts of Canada lie outside their immediate ken. A sound Canadianism, so essential to a strong Canada and a staunch Empire, is hard to build up. Englishmen in Canada, knowing as they should the great value of patriotism, might well in the interests of the Empire they prize, help promote a sound Canadian spirit. That is the first step toward building up those "new centres of strength" of which no less a Centralist than Lord Milner, so often speaks.

MR. RICKARDS, OF STRATHCONA, Alberta, whose clear and thoughtful letters we are unable to publish for lack of space, tells us that there is no need to draw the distinction between Englishmen and Canadians. That an Englishman, like a Canadian, is at home in whatever part of the Empire he may be. This is true in the sense that the heirs of a great tradition are brothers and therefore not strangers in one another's homes. But

there the truth ends. We do not all live in one house, nor all in one climate. We have separate homes and separate problems, and it behooves those who leave the old home for a new one to join heart and soul in making the new home strong. It may not have the finish and comfort of the old one, but to men of hope, faith and vision it has more! It is like a great heap of richest materials from which, if we are true to ourselves, a state can be built nobler and happier than the greatest of to-day.

EVERY NEW ALLY TEACHES us something. Roumania has probably a more advanced system for encouraging industry than even the Germans. By a law passed in 1887 the State of Roumania provides that anyone undertaking to start an industrial establishment with a capital of at least \$10,000, or employing at least twenty-five workmen, of whom, be it noted, two-thirds must be Roumanians, is granted "twelve acres of State land, exemption for a term of years from all direct taxes, freedom from customs dues on machinery and raw material imported, exemption from road taxes, reduction in cost of the carriage of materials on State railways and preferential rights to the sale of manufactured articles to the Government."

This is up-to-date State-craft, and makes our Canadian system, or lack of system, look very antiquated indeed. As a result of this policy Roumania's factories have been prospering. Instead of selling her raw materials, she sells finished products. And at the same time her agriculture does not flag, but benefits by a wise industrial policy. Her exports rose from fifty million dollars in 1904 to ninety-five million in 1906.

It is worthy of note that German investors in Roumania are likely to be more than a little uneasy now that Roumania is fighting the Teutons. The bulk of the public debt of Roumania is owed to German banks. How sure Roumania must have been that victory lies with the Entente may be guessed from the fact that she had to overcome great German influence within. The General Bank of Roumania belonged to a syndicate of Germans.

HOW IS CANADA TO COMPETE for Russian trade if at least a few Canadians do not speak Russian? Are we to leave the negotiation of orders to Englishmen and Americans? Or are we to expect the Russians to learn English in order to have the privilege of buying our goods. Few, if any, Canadian universities teach the Russian language. There are lacking even private schools where this difficult language may be acquired. Something should be done to remedy the defect.

Our neglect of the Russian language has an excellent precedent. Oxford and Cambridge are only now giving this study the attention it merits. Our centres of learning should not hesitate to equip the schools promptly.

The Department of Trade and Commerce at Ottawa has rendered great service to the cause of greater trade between this country and Russia. The reports of Mr. Just, the special commissioner, have not only shown that the opening is there for Canadian goods, but have indicated lines of procedure for our would-be exporters to Russia. It is for the universities now to do their part.

Germany's Last Trump

YOU MAY NOT KNOW THIS MAN. He is not a Canadian—thank heaven!—and yet if he were, or if somewhere we could scare up such a man of brains, tact and suavity outside of mere party politics, the land we so smugly tinkle with the Maple Leaf might have a fighting chance of a place in the world's work according to her size.

The man concerned in this article has been for two years the most secretly studious man in all Europe. He is not an Englishman. He is not a Frenchman. No doubt in both France and England there are men of as much brains and of as much passionate devotion to their respective countries. But none of them look out on the world with the calm cocksure poise of this suave man. He is not a Russian. Russia also has patriots of the passionate kind; men who would as lief as not die for their country and leave worlds of thought behind them. And he is not an Italian—though he married an Italian wife, and from the precepts of Machiavelli the Italian learned a good deal

of the business of world statecraft.

Now you are guessing—who he is. And even if you had never read Imperial Germany you would at once say Prince von Buelow. That is the man. He has recently revised his Imperial Germany which was originally part of a huge collective book and was published afterwards under that title with von Buelow's name on it so that the German people might be able to read it. The author's revision of this book since the war is a revelation.

Ordinarily if one of us were asked to say how von Buelow would come at that problem of Imperial Germany now we should say that he would write Mene, Mene Tekel and so forth all over it. Does he? Rather not. Von Buelow is not such a man. In the present plight of his country of which he was Chancellor for years till he disagreed with William he sees no cause to pull a long face. Deep down in his marrow-bones Buelow knows that the Empire, for which he wrote the original book, now exists only in the imagination. He knows and practically admits that somebody blundered. One of those somebody is the present German Chancellor. There are others. And it was not so in the days of old, when Bismarck and von Moltke and von Roon engineered the Franco-Prussian War. No, in those days there was a wise man at the helm, and his name was Bismarck. Von Buelow regards him as the greatest of all masters of modern statecraft. He as good as says so all over his book. He still thinks so. He knows that had Bismarck lived this particular war would never have happened. There would have been no scrap of paper, no German atrocities, no defected Italy, no Roumania declaring war on Austria, no England with a huge land army in Europe. No, none of these things. And if Buelow had stayed at the helm neither would these things have happened. He does not say so; but in his amended book, as well as in the original, you can see it.

Buelow believes in himself—and in the German people. He may have his doubts about the war lords and the junkers and the bungling diplomats of Germany. But he believes that there is one man in Germany who has had nothing to do with the war except to try keeping Italy out of it—and that man is Buelow. The Kaiser may put down Falkenhayn and put up Hindenburg; he may reorganize his whole war machine on land, water and air; but he will do nothing that Buelow does not see behind or that in Buelow's mind compares to what such a man as himself on behalf of the German people could and would do if he had the chance.

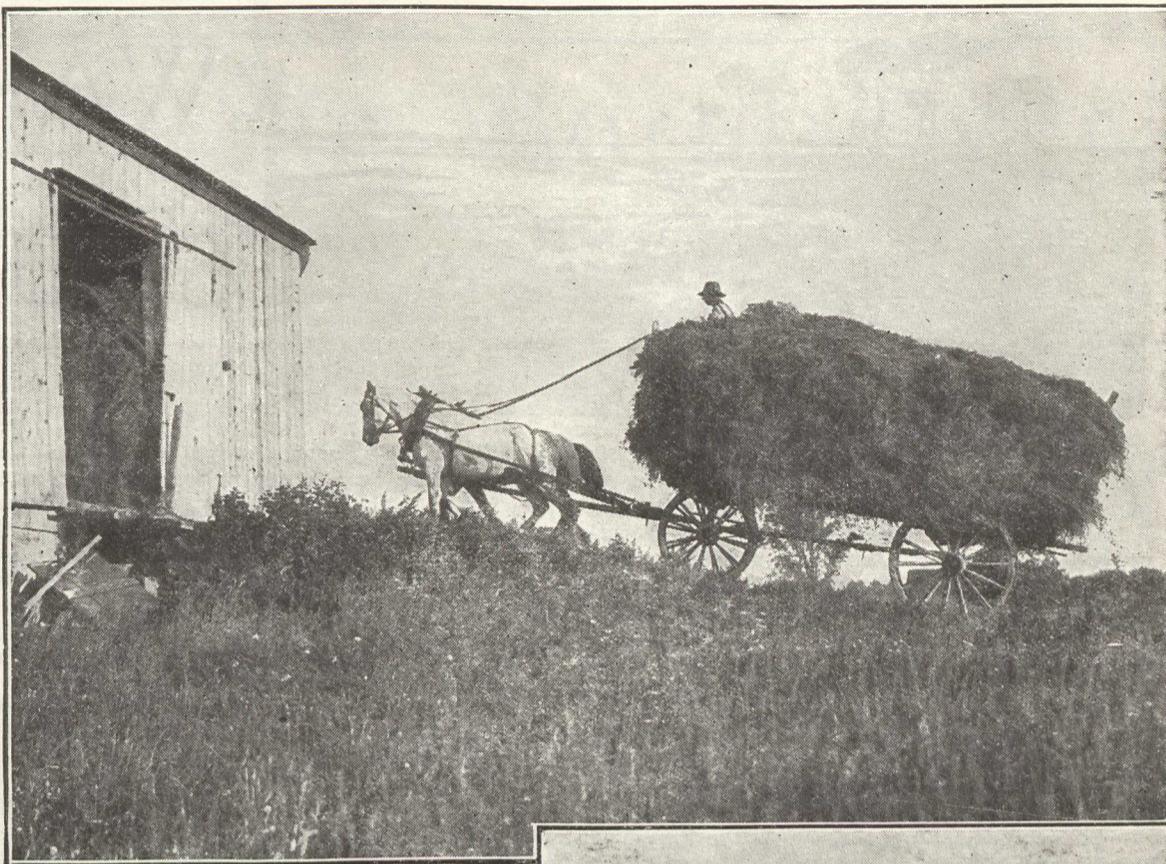
Or rather will do when he gets it. Buelow expects that Germany will yet need him for bigger purposes than writing books. He is waiting for the day. When the peace terms of Germany are under consideration it will be Buelow that holds the German cards. He is the only man with whom the Allies can transact business, because he has taken no part in the war, does not believe that it should have happened, knows a bigger and wiser game than any such a war and is ready to prove it the moment the belligerents consent to lay down their arms.

And what is the game that this crafty, smooth-spoken Machiavellian knows so well? Is he a promoter of universal and perpetual peace? Not so. He believes in war as profoundly as Bernhardt. But not this war. No, this was not the occasion. The war came too soon for Buelow. He was framing up for a condition of perpetual war, not of armies and navies merely, but of tariffs and trade treaties with a great German navy and an invincible German army behind them, to make that country master of the world. He admits that the war came too soon, because he expected to make the German navy so formidable before war actually broke that England would be forced into an alliance—of vassalage—with Germany. With England as an allied henchman, Germany would have had no trouble dominating the world, providing that England could have been a party to that kind of domination. That dream of Imperial Germany was all shattered by the war that came too soon for Buelow. Somebody blundered. The blunder was the salvation of Europe. Buelow knows it. But he has poise enough to stand in the midst of a crumbling Germany and tell the world what Germany expects from peace terms when they come. Admirable poise! Von Buelow, you are a marvel of psychology. You are the only big trump card the Kaiser has left—but you never can take the trick.

And After All The Farm

MERELY for the sake of pictorial interest, it happens that the photographs on this page represent mixed farming. The reason is that Canada has a greater variety of purely farming interests than any other country in the world. Our only geographical and climatic competitor is the United States, which produces bananas, lemons, pineapples and grape-fruit—but does not produce Saskatoons, Montreal melons, No. 1 Hard or Nova Scotia apples. As there are four noons in Canada, and all the way from 49 deg. to 180 deg. latitude—including the North Pole we have many kinds of climate and soil. We can raise the best wheat, if not the greatest quantity of it, the best oats and barley; the best apples and grapes and peaches—but there's no end to blowing the horn of Cornucopia once you start. It would take a book to enumerate and define the things that are produced by Canadian farmers. The annual wealth of the Canadian farm is calculable only in the thousand millions. Nineteen-fifteen was the biggest of all big years. Nineteen-sixteen will fall but little below it. What we lose in wheat we shall largely make up in hay, which this year is the greatest crop ever known over a continental area in this part of the world.

We have but two special kinds of farmers—fruit-farmers and wheat-raisers. All the others are plain farmers. The day will come when all those who live on the land will be plain farmers, because the by-products of mixed farming are most valuable when converted into beef, pork, mutton, dairy products and poultry. Intensive farming is in its infancy here. But it is on the way; and it is possible to make the land continue to yield a maximum in production only when the farmer gets away as far as possible from special lines into mixed farming. There may be parts of the West where wheat will continue to be king for a long time, owing to the present scarcity of water



for large herds of cattle confined to small areas. But the pure-wheat area will narrow down as the science of agriculture develops. And the mixed farm with proper rotation of crops will in time represent the highest mark of land efficiency.

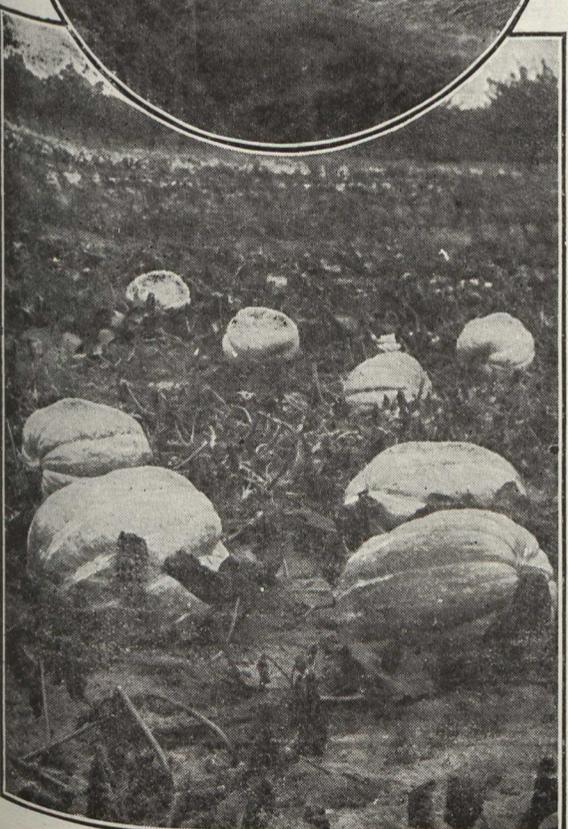
✻ ✻
The Ontario farmer hauling into his barn still depends a good deal on his winter wheat.

✻
Belgians are experts in harvesting sugar-beets, the cultivation of which we learned partly from Germany—and learned it well.

✻
Flax is becoming more and more a staple both East and West. This photograph of flax-gatherers is good enough to print.

✻
The fat and fecund pumpkin has been a little thirsty this summer, but is still a strong note in Canadian fields.

✻
And wherever you see a one-horse load of hay you may be sure it is in Quebec, where the hay-crop this year is the best ever. An Ontario or a Western farmer would not be likely to use the hand rake in the hay-field, either.





WAR SHADOWS IN SOUTH FRANCE

By ALICE JONES

At the hospital on the hill that French sisters have made a real, if temporary, home for their "dear wounded," some convalescents loitering by the door in the sun eagerly greeted a visitor. "Oh, madame must come and see our Servian; it is his fete day!" Cripples and all forming an escort, they led her to a bed where sat smiling a young Servian, the first of the scattered army to reach our shores, bandaged, haggard from past privations, but never losing that proud tilt of the head, characteristic of his race. On the quilt amid an arabesque of sprays of green, interspersed with a few flowers, were set out some small gifts of cigarettes, picture post-cards, a ring fashioned from a bit of shrapnel.

Proudly contemplating their work, the Frenchmen stood round, nodding and exchanging friendly grins with the man cut off from any other greeting.

It was Twelfth Night, the Christmas of the Greek Church, and the exile was keeping his feast.

The visitor left some money for cigarettes and came away with a choky feeling she did not wish to betray.

During a sunny morning stroll on the promenade, I was drawn by curiosity to a bench where, on the reverse side, sat a strange pair.

One was a shabby, unshaved old man, still showing through the listlessness of his dejection signs of former local importance. Ruddy-faced, short and sturdy, one recognized the northern Flemish type now mentally associated with refugees. Beside him sat a smart young officer, sandy-haired and freckled. Anywhere he might have been taken for a Scotchman. His closely fitting uniform of fawn-coloured cloth with facings of crimson velvet was visibly fresh from the tailor. His white collar and cuffs, not so common now as once, were spotless, and his buttons shining. His peakless, fawn-coloured cap had a jaunty tilt. At first I thought him a Belgian, but their uniforms are in cut and material much more like our own, and if he were not a Belgian, he must be one of the Servian officers newly arrived at the English hospital. If so, the splendour of his appearance was dimmed by my happening to know that the French Red Cross ladies were busy getting a change of underclothing made for these same officers, and in passing I will note the fact that Serbs, in spite of their cold winters, prefer to the heavy woollen underclothing of French and English soldiers, cotton garments. But the old man was asking the officer questions to which he responded in the most halting of French.

He was a Serb. He had come? By Nisch, Ushub, Durazzo, Brindisi, Genoa. Each word dropped like a bead on a rosary of pain and exile.

The old man, comprehending, sighed, and staring with heavy eyes at the shores and sea, said, with dull bitterness:

"Ah, me, I come from the Belgian border. Never did I think to find myself here."

"Me, I go back!" the youth announced.

The old man shook his head.

"It marches slowly la bas, eh!" he said.

Meanwhile the officer had been keeping sharp watch on paths, and when a nice-looking girl appeared behind the band stand, he jumped up and joined her.

As they walked past me, she was laughing gaily at his broken French and he was trying to explain his meaning by waving his hand round his cap and then pointing his stick like a gun at the distant mountains.

The old man sighed again and toddled off. For him there was no pretty girl, no hope in youth, the first breath of spring, only the dreary listlessness of days of exile.

Mardi Gras on the Riviera. Two years ago the words meant much more, meant crowded hotel and trains, all Parisian upper Bohemianism disgorging its unsavoury self on Nice in trains de luxe and Pullmans. It meant bright flags everywhere and music and flowers, from the country woman's basket

of humble little bunches of wall flowers and marguerites, with perhaps one wilted rose or carnation to a bunch, to the ethereal sprays of forced lilac and great glowing orbs of La France or Glorie de Dijon roses behind the panes of fashionable flower shops, both doomed to be trampled underfoot in the street dust. From the country woman with her basket to the German owner of the most gorgeous hotel, all were reaping their harvest from the world's pleasure-seekers. Prices, what did prices matter when it seemed a race between reckless Russians, ponderous grey-clad German couples, smart English men and girls, French, somewhat scornful and aloof, and excited American family groups of shrill children and grey-haired elders as to who could fling away their money the fastest.

"It can't last much longer," said my wise English doctor, who knows his Riviera so well, but neither he nor I guessed that the writing for this pleasure-seeking world was already on the wall and its days numbered.

I think it must be three years since a friend of mine, a self-reliant, much-travelled Englishwoman, was called south by sudden summons on the eve of Shrove Tuesday. Her account of the journey was startling.

Cook managed to secure her a berth in the night express, crammed with Parisian daughters of joy and with men intent on making the most of every hour allowed them by their return tickets. Everywhere were notices to beware of pickpockets, and it was easy to see that the warning was needed.

Tucked away in her corner, sad at heart for the bereaved mother she was hastening to, the wild horde mattered little to her. But food must be had, and when she ventured into the dining-car she was almost swept off her feet. Fantastically dressed women and half-drunk men made a babel. Champagne flowed like water and she saw a plate thrown at a pallid waiter. Dinner was impossible, so she beat a retreat with a roll and an orange. I forget exactly when it was that she discovered a frightened English girl, but they shared a berth together, preferring crowding to a solitude not without risk. No doubt many of those men have died for France. Many of those women have served her in hospital or ambulance.

I remember that carnival of the old order. Beneath heavy skies, stretched a wild grey sea, and the rows of seats on the promenade offered small temptation.

So we strolled up and down, with occasional pauses to watch a floral battle between two carriages turned into bowers of mimosa or of red carnations. There was always an outburst of laughter and flower-throwing when the military car came, especially if it met the white and yellow tennis club car, laden with white-clad men and girls. The officers were mingled, Chasseurs des Alps and artillery. How many of them are sleeping their last sleep on northern battlefields. How many are to-day facing the German hordes on the Meuse?

To-day the March sun shines brilliantly over the snow-tipped mountains, but the town shows no flags or flowers or music, and the crowd only gathers round the evening bulletin on the Mairie wall that tells how sways the battle. And the women grow more and more nervous.

"Ah, madame, I had no sleep last night. I was cold to the heart," says the heavy-eyed washerwoman, whose husband is at Verdun.

My French friend appears with a resolute smile on her lips, though eyes and hands betray her nervousness. There is no news of her nephew somewhere on the Meuse, who is as her own son.

The France of to-day is as far removed from that two-year-old France as is the Merovingian kingdom, and as far exalted above it, perhaps.

No one who has not known it can realize what it means to watch day by day the slightest variation of the battle line in one's own country. In Canada,

I know that to-day there must be thousands of homes where the coming of the daily paper is awaited with sick dread, but here it is not only for the dear soldier that the watch is kept, but for France, the invaded country.

It is not so far away as the crow or the aeroplane flies from where the Huns are flinging their wretched soldiery against that line of steel.

"On ne passe pas," says the French poilu, and ever the heaps of German dead rise higher, a mute appeal to heaven against man's madness, and the whole of France holds its breath and watches and prays.

Wake! calls the bugle as St. Michael's bells on the old town heights ring out five while the line of the Mediterranean changes from grey black to royal purple, and over beyond the Italian shore behind Bordighera on its point the first auroral light creeps up the sky. The bare Alpine peaks show a pale, ashy pink against the dark north, and in the big, white hotel, now their barracks, the Chasseurs des Alps rouse from dreams of mountain village homes, where wife or mother may already be feeding the mules or setting out for the first mass to pray for their men.

Wake, to a routine of dull tasks and dull leisure, or to that day that comes sooner or later to each one, when the heavy pack, the bundle of firewood, the kettle are shouldered, the rifle grasped and the rakish cap discarded for the blue steel helmet, and a grim company trudges to the station and the train that will bear it north away from the blue sea and the sunshine to the sodden trenches or the Jura heights. Worse, far worse for those who, having faced the ordeal before, know to what they are returning.

"It is the going back that matters," say the women, speaking of their men. Never did this matter more than in the past autumn months, when a second winter in the trenches had to be faced, when the gloom of its coming hung like a pall over the land.

Letters! calls the bugle, and the men lounging on the steps, who still carry a stick as insignia of the stiffness of wounds, are galvanized into activity and active men in canvas fatigue blouses pause from their tasks to join the group. A strange medley those letter bags must hold. Here may be one, slowly scrawled on flimsy, lined paper by the old father or mother on some Provençal bastille among the olive groves, and next it the dainty effusion of some smart young avocet's bride or sweetheart in Toulon or Nice. If the old mother wears the short, full skirt, she has all her days worn to till the vines and gather the olives, and the pretty town bride wears hers still shorter and fuller, only in accordance with the latest fashion, yet, old and young, their hearts beat equally true for the man who has gone to fight for them and his home and their words have the same echo of love and prayer.

Dinner! calls the bugle, as the Angelus rings and the noon sun shines down on the southward, facing hotel court and the palms planted there for the delectation of German tourists. In and out the big door stream the little blue men, laden with tin pannikins and hunks of bread. Every step and bench and rocky border becomes a dining place. Far worse have many of these men known in gloomy defiles of the Vosges, or on the bare Gallipoli shores.

Sleep! calls the bugle, with that lingering note that shall sound over many a lonely grave in near at hand days of wrath. With the sound a great stillness falls upon the town and the country. In these times, when there are no late trains, none of the old Monte Carlo trains bringing back the cosmopolitan crowd to the hotels, nine o'clock has the silence of midnight. The waves sigh in a slow rhythm on the shore and the full moon looks down on France, on women weeping for the dead or praying for the living, on many a new made grave, or dead face turned to the sky, but above all, on that line of men keeping ever a determined, watchful face bent on the relentless foe, still within her borders.



What's What the World Over

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

No Hope for Art . . . Germans Defy Defeat . . . Forty Cent Loaf . . . A Soul-Sick State

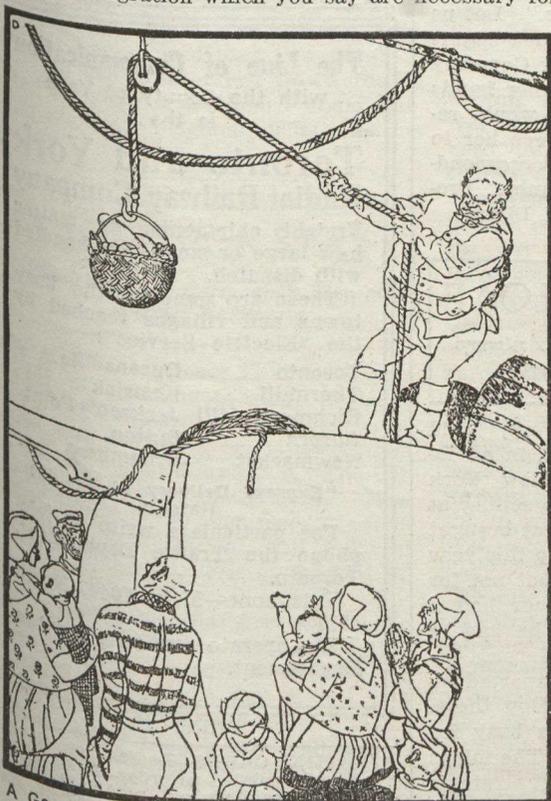
NO HOPE FOR ART

George Moore, at 63, is sure of it—unless civilization ends

At sixty-three, George Moore, the Irish poet, novelist and literary monologist, declares art is dead. He blames internationalism, which is, he says, the result of too great facility in locomotion and communication. He laments the passing of parochialism and nationalism which, in his estimation, fostered true art. This is part of what he said on the subject to John Lloyd Balderston in an interview appearing in the Atlantic Monthly for August. He is speaking of the art in literature:

"If there be a future for the English language, which I doubt, it is in America. A great deal of your speech is Elizabethan, and what is not you have invented. You are still inventing a language, while we have stopped; we take what additions foreigners and our savage subjects supply us, but that is all. Perhaps in America another language will arise, adapted to literary usage, out of your patois. . . Ah, yes, I see you smiling. Out of your slang, your dialects; English words both, and just as good. You might have done better, when you went over the Atlantic, to adopt the Sioux language. Which possesses the more complex and subtle grammar, English or Sioux, I do not know. Probably the Sioux. Decidedly you had better have adopted the Sioux, particularly if the Sioux was not a written language, because uneducated people, especially when they cannot read at all, are always more literary than the educated. If I had the privilege to learn English again, I would learn it from the peasants and be a better writer. Peasants use in their speech images inspired by what they look at; they never use abstract terms, and I'm sure that the Sioux spoke far more beautifully than any Englishman. If I ask my parlourmaid to find something I have lost, she will say, 'I'll have a look around.' If I ask you, you will say, 'I'll try to find it.' Which phrase conveys the image?"

"Your reasoning," I said, "is intensely depressing. It seems we and our descendants to the last generation must live in a world without Art, for the conditions of segregation which you say are necessary for



A German view of the British blockade. It is an interesting comment on the "official" denials of food shortage in the Teutonic Empire.

—The Berlin Tageblatt.

original vision can never return. There are no more barbarians to break up our civilization and bring

about segregation again, as happened 1,500 years ago; modern transportation we shall have with us always."

"No," said Mr. Moore, "let us end on a note of hope. I believe Art will come again, after an interval perhaps of many centuries. The coal mines of the world will be worked out in a hundred years, more or less, and then locomotion will stop, all modern civilization come to an end, and, who knows, men go back to bows and arrows. I would like to live until that happened and see the beginning of Art, for there will be rude strivings in the right direction in the first generation after communication between communities ceases and segregation is restored."

"Do you think Science will remain dependent upon coal?" I objected. "By the time the mines are worked out they will have harnessed the power of the sun, these men who cannot use their hands."

"Ah, let us not think of that possibility," replied the novelist. "If that be true, this is indeed the Dusk of the Gods."

GERMANS DEFY DEFEAT

They Plan to Capture World Trade by Systematic "Dumping"

GERMANY will not be crushed by a military defeat. Her means of "conquering" the world will be unimpaired. She is now accumulating under "state" control colossal stocks of manufactured goods which she will send into all countries. She will "dump" these goods on our markets. She will gladly sell at a loss until she has thus put the native industries of the Allies out of business. Then she will raise her prices and exercise unlimited control of world commerce.

This is in effect the startling and important declaration made by Professor Henri Hauser of the University of Dijon, in an article in the Fortnightly Review. We quote as follows:

It would be of no avail to have worsted Germany in the land and naval conflict, if we were not to carry on the actual war by another war—the economic.

Germany has poisoned the springs of confidence. For the war has brought the secret to light that in the heart of peace Germany, for the preparation of war, was utilizing her peaceful commercial methods and relations. As Mr. Runciman said not long ago: "peaceful preparation as a means to a military end can never again be tolerated," the Allies are unanimously determined "to resist Germany wherever they find her trying to establish political predominance in foreign countries by commercial means."

Now there is not the least doubt that Germany dreams of resuming this policy of invasion on the very morrow of the signature of peace. The more possible or even probable she considers her military defeat the more keenly she prepares her revenge on the economic battlefield. Vanquished in arms, she will return to her labours with the old tenacity, the old perseverance, the old protean activity, the old lack of scruple. The forces will be augmented, not diminished, that she employs.

Leave the New Germany to her devices for ten years; leave the cuttle-fish to put out its tentacles again—and all our work will have to be begun afresh. Dominated, stifled, enringed, the industrial and commercial western nations will once more, as in July, 1914, be forced into war. And Germany will raise her helmet once more.

United we can offer a formidable opposition to Germanized Central Europe.

Our force is irresistible. But how are we to organize and utilize it? How are we to prevent Germany from regaining in peace what we have taken from her in war?

The readiest answer to the question is: Let us boycott Germany. By prohibitions and by duties sufficiently heavy to be practically prohibitive, let us close to the Germans a market that supplies 700 millions of men. Let us kill German production and sale. In the heart of peace let us continue the blockade.

A simple plan, too simple. An idea that smacks

of the man in the street, the hasty journalist. An example of a badly formulated question.

It would be equally impossible and inhuman to cut off the subsistence of a group of more than a hundred million men in the same way as you cut off the subsistence of the population of a fortress. We know how difficult it is in time of war to make a blockade even half effective. How then in time of peace could we prevent neutrals from revictualing Germany and furnishing themselves with German products?

Would it be to our own interest to close completely



A New Recruit for the Egyptian Expedition. "Then it is understood, Moses, that you undertake to throw back the waters of the Red Sea!"

—Le Rire, Paris.

against ourselves a market which in 1913 bought over 29 million sterling of French products, not far short of 44 million of English and more than 79 million of Russian products? Surely we do not intend light-heartedly to "bore a hole in the planet" at the very hour when our reviving industries will have need of markets! But if we desire to sell to Germany we must be prepared to buy from her. And where, even if we annexed new coalfields, could France procure the tons of coal that she must purchase with her iron? How could England replace German sugar? Are France and England to work to their own disadvantage and provoke unexampled rises of sugar and coal?

To ruin Germany would be a mistake from another point of view. One shudders in calculating the formidable total of indemnities that we shall have to exact from Germany. She would be incapable of paying them if we proposed to extort them from her in the same way as she extorted 5 milliards from France. Germany will be able to meet her liabilities only by annual payments, in the form of products of German labour: tons of coal to be delivered free of charge or at exceptionally low prices, machinery, goods, etc. For many years to come Germany will be in a state of industrial servitude to us. We must needs, therefore, economize her industrial powers, for they will be our gage.

We do not wish to ruin Germany. But we wish to put it out of Germany's power to work harm.

How has Germany become an economic danger? Of her methods two have been applied with special adroitness and perfidy: industrial penetration and "dumping."

Industrial penetration, that is, the establishment in France and Italy of German factories masquerading under a disguise of French or Italian nationality, has profited chiefly by the wide margin between the duties levied on half-finished products and those levied on the finished article. The system is to prepare the article in Germany and effect abroad the finishing or adjusting operations. The abuses of this system may be met by intelligent measures of domestic legislation and intelligent customs regulations.

On the other hand, co-operation is necessary for an effective struggle against dumping. If we stand separately, we shall be disarmed separately. We can only triumph united.

We must thoroughly comprehend the real significance of German dumping. Out of this kind of expedient the German manufacturers' unions—"cartels"—had developed a marvellously coherent sys-

tem, an institution, a dishonourable practice of irresistible force.

As long as German dumping was confined to raw materials or half-finished products corresponding to the preliminary stages of production, the heads of finishing industries congratulated themselves somewhat naively on buying these goods cheaper than the German industrials themselves. "Dump as long as you like," they would have been inclined to say to their Westphalian furnishers. They failed to see that, to the inter-subordination of cartels, or rings, there corresponded a highly elaborate scale of premiums on exportation, which rendered it possible to apply dumping to all stages of production. They failed to see that the extensive practice of dumping applied to the preliminary stages of production, would have the effect of killing these preliminary industries in their own country and thus of bringing the advanced stages, in which the half-finished products serve as raw material, into dependence on German industry. They failed to see that the practice of dumping is not regular and uninterrupted; that it is liable to fluctuations; and that, after having ruined an English, French, Italian, or Russian industry by a prolonged depression of prices, it is in the power of German industry, established in undisputed mastery of the market, to raise its prices again.

This, we repeat, is a war method, a policy of conquest: it is not a normal economic proceeding.

Now we are not to suppose that when peace is declared Germany will abandon the system that she employed unscrupulously before the war. Her immense population and her rigorous organization have enabled Germany, at least for a very considerable period, to maintain a large proportion of her working classes in her factories. Her soil furnishes her with abundant combustibles, certain if not all minerals, and numerous raw materials. As she was preparing for war, she had, before the crisis, imported quantities of other raw materials from abroad. For the last 20 months leakages in the blockade have permitted her to accumulate more stocks. Thanks to an extraordinary official organization of pillage and rapine, she has seized, centralized, and disciplined the stocks existing in the territories occupied by her armies.

Thus German industry has not been paralyzed.

For whom are they working? Even calculating for the calls of war, the home markets must be all but saturated. Foreign markets are practically closed. "We are in an economic prison," says Naumann. But work has not stopped in the prison. Stocks are accumulating silently.

The pencil of the German commercial traveller notes orders to be delivered at the close of hostilities, while in neutral ports the German shipping agent constitutes stocks of food supplies or of materials, charters its cargo-boats, even loads them, prepared to sell them once or more, if the war lasts longer than the German General Staffs forecast. But the piled merchantmen will be ready to take the sea as soon as the wireless telegraph flashes through space the magic word "Peace."

Then, at Hamburg and Bremen the German holds will be full to bursting of products manufactured on the margin of the war. "The execution of orders is postponed to the conclusion of hostilities," as the special reviews announce to the neutrals. The trains are even now ready piled, awaiting their turn at the frontier stations. And these gigantic stocks will flood the world at the very hour when the sudden return to normal life creates an immense demand for manufactured goods of every kind. Germany will be vanquished, but she will do excel-

lent business, and the war will be liquidated to her profit.

How she will float her stocks Mr. Heckskjold explains very clearly. The manufacturers who have been working during the war have received most effective support. For goods delivered at warehouses they have been paid 90 per cent. of their accounts at current rates. With the funds so supplied they have been able to produce yet more goods and dispose of them on the same advantageous terms. In return for these privileges the State has reserved itself the right of directing as it pleases the commercial operations which will follow the war—i.e., the exportation of this enormous reserve of products. Like the serried masses that the German Headquarters Staff launches to the assault of hostile fortresses, a veritable avalanche of products will be hurled on the neutral countries, perhaps even on the States actually at war with Germany.

It will be a colossal dumping. Little will Germany mind selling her stocks below cost price. On such enormous quantities the loss will be small compared with the advantage of emptying her storehouses at a stroke and restoring to German industry its

GERMAN FINANCE



German Michael: "I got a receipt for 100 marks. I gave this for a second 100 marks, and I received a second receipt. For the third loan I gave the second receipt. Have I invested 300 marks, and has the government got 300 marks, or has both of us got nothing?"

—Louis Raemaker, in the Amsterdam Telegraaf.

spheres of activity. A 10 per cent. dumping, for instance, will have the added effect of submerging and clearing out markets and stifling industries in their birth. Of what avail the new industries that may have been developed in England or France, the manufacture of chemical products, for example, if in the first months of peace German dumping puts our factories out of count by this economic attaque brusque?

Our factories, once closed down or bought up by German firms, the dumping operation once carried through to a finish, the Germans will return to normal prices and will have no competition to fear. If the object of the actual war is to conquer the markets of the world, we may say that, even defeated, Germany will have won the day.

How are we to defend ourselves against this danger? How counteract this masterpiece of unfair dealing?

No customs legislation would be of itself efficient or operative. If we propose to shut the frontiers of the Entente by heavy duties, the Germans will have only to lower their selling prices in proportion. Instead of losing 10 per cent. on the cost price, they will sacrifice 20 or 30 per cent. What will

this temporary disadvantage weigh with them when they are playing for the final and definite conquest of the markets of the world?

On the other hand, even in the times of peace, one of the constituent nations of the British Empire had already studied the means of protecting itself against these dishonourable methods of competition. The 12th Article of the Canadian Customs Tariff of 1906 is an interesting attempt at anti-dumping legislation. It is worth while to reproduce the text in full:

"12.—Whenever it appears to the satisfaction of the Minister or of any officer of customs . . . that the export price or selling price to the importer in Canada of any imported dutiable article, of a class or kind made in Canada, is less than the fair market value thereof, as determined according to the basis of value for duty provided in the Customs Act in respect of imported goods subject to an ad valorem duty, such article shall, in addition to the duty otherwise established, be subject to a special duty of customs equal to the difference between such fair market value and such selling price."

It appears certain that the Parliament of Ottawa has found an adequate remedy for the evil. But how apply it? one will ask. As the Dominion applies it. Special agents of the Dominion established in Germany are charged to verify the invoices of exported goods and to point out that such and such goods are sold to the Canadian buyer below the current prices of the German market.

Suppose this system generalized, universalized, employed not by one single State of 7 million souls, but by all the Allies, as well as by the neutrals who may have signed in with the Entente, . . . and the iniquitous German dumping will have lived its day.

But this organization should be our joint object from this very moment. For, dating from the signature of the armistice before the frontiers are thrown open, Germany must accept the establishment in her harbours and exporting stations of agents of the Entente invested with powers identical to those of the Canadian agents.

This is the means, and the only means, to save our reviving manufactures of chemical products, our metallurgic industries, and those of mechanical construction, from being submerged under a flood of German products at "given away prices." Let us build our dyke before the flood begins to mount. Let us not hinder Germany from living by the work of her hands—honest work. But if we would remain free peoples, let us force her to play fair.—Henri Hauser, Correspondent of the "Institute de France," Professor at the University of Dijon.

FORTY CENT LOAF

The Price of Bread in Antwerp
—Other Costs in Proportion

WHEN I left Antwerp," said Herman Huysmans, in an interview in the New York Times, "bread was selling at 40 cents for a small loaf, meat brought \$2 a pound. The potato crop this year was fine for the Germans, but not for the Belgians, for if a farmer had a crop that netted 500 kilos he had to turn over 400 kilos to the German authorities, most of it to be exported into Germany for the population there.

"The Germans have been busy for months mining the country. The mines have been placed not only at strategic points, but in many of the cities and towns, under the streets, and even under buildings. In Antwerp I myself saw them placing the mines, and I know what I am saying when I tell you that mines are now in position under the Cathedra, Palace of Justice, and

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other great buildings in that city. The mines are electrically controlled, and the mined areas and buildings are under the constant guard of German soldiers.

"Trenches have been constructed all over the country, and if ever the Allies get into Belgium and begin a drive at the Germans they are going to find it a mighty big job to dislodge them. Yet there is not a Belgian living who does not believe that the time is coming when the German will be driven from the land, but it's going to take a world of work, and I think it will be a long time before it is accomplished.

"Many of the German soldiers will admit that the day is probably coming when the allied advance will drive them back into the country, but they will tell you that when that time does come they won't leave anything standing in Belgium. Perhaps that is the reason why they have mined the Cathedral and other buildings in Antwerp.

"I want to say a word for the plain, every-day German enlisted man. He is not responsible for the trouble in Belgium and in a lot of instances the enlisted men are big, kind-hearted chaps who sympathize with the Belgians. It is the German officer who is responsible for all the trouble and the enlisted German soldiers hate them almost as much as do the Belgians. The less said about the Prussians the better. The kind of men they are is shown by a little incident that happened in Antwerp. When the Bavarians were the garrison they had pictures of King Albert and Queen Elizabeth, the latter a Bavarian princess, hung in the barracks. When the Prussians came they tore down the pictures and a fight followed, the Bavarians on one side and the Prussians on the other. I am sorry to say the Prussians won.

"In Antwerp the Germans have reconstructed all the defences and the city was never so strongly fortified as at this moment. The Germans compel the Belgians to do military construction, and when one refuses they go to his house and take his wife or daughter or perhaps both and deport them to Germany. They do not even tell them to what part of Germany they are going. On one occasion they lined up a lot of Belgian workmen and asked those who were willing to work for the Germans to step forward. The whole line stepped back two steps.

"If I had to utter just two words to tell the story of Belgium I would simply say, 'poor Belgium.' That tells the story."

A SOUL-SICK STATE

Physicians Say Germany is Mentally Affected by Disease

MEDICAL science in Great Britain is beginning to study Germany as an enormous sick man, a nation with a disease, or, as the British Medical Journal describes it, "The Collective Aberration of Germany." Now that Germany, in the face of Roumanian participation still talks of "victory" the article is of especial interest. It says:

It is probable that few of us have been able to form any clear conception of the state of mind that induced the Germans to force on war in 1914, and still permits them to wage it with all the savagery their highly trained barbarianism places at their disposal. Some writers have laid all the blame on the two allied Emperors. Others have held the leaders of the German war party mainly responsible. Others, again, have argued that it is the whole German nation that is guilty of the overweening ambition that let loose the dogs of war two years ago, and has abolished all the due decencies and

restraints of battle and conquest that other nations have so painfully acquired during the last two thousand years through the progress of civilization and experience of warfare. Discussing the mentality of the two Emperors, Professor Lugaro dwells on the intellectual mediocrity and moral insensibility of the Austrian Emperor, to whom in the sixty-eighth year of his reign not even the most zealous courtier has been able to attribute a single generous act, a single happy phrase, a single flash of insight; this, however, is all in the region of anomalies of character, and does not enter that of true mental disease. The case of the German Emperor has already occupied the attention of a number of alienists. By Neipp it is diagnosed as one of maniac-depressive psychosis; Finot describes the Emperor as a degenerate, and Bechterew as a degenerate of the Neronian type. Professor Lugara sets these diagnoses aside as fanciful, and gives a careful discussion of his subject's physical infirmities; concluding that "unbounded vanity, levity, instability of purpose, violent obstinacy, and a vindictive and petulant temper are the endowments, neither rare nor precious, which are unanimously attributed to him by relatives, courtiers, and by public report." These are, ac-



Music Hath Charms, Etc.

Northcliffe: "Play up, David! It's o-obvious y-y-your fine overtures are t-taming its s-sav-savage breast... begins to l-look quite... quite f-friendly."

—Passing Show, London.

According to Lugaro, the generic qualities of the man; others which have been attributed to him—duplicity, cruelty, megalomaniac mysticism—are dangerous because conjoined with the powers of an Emperor, but "the present war would not have happened if these defects had not been thoroughly in accord with the most intimate sentiments of the German mind." Analyzing German policy, Professor Lugaro remarks that the Emperor's motto, Oderint dum metuant, is applicable here also; all Germany is nationalist and militarist, including even the working classes and the intellectuals, and throughout the nation runs a psychological disposition to intrigue and hypocrisy that finds its best expression, both at home and abroad, in the elaborate and odious German spy system that is now all-pervading: "The spirit of the informer is abroad; its malign influence overshadows the life of every German, the working man and the Chancellor of the Empire alike, paralyzes the most circumspect with the incubus of obscure difficulties in life, and keeps a check on the more audacious with the threat of a process for lese majeste. This espionage "stifles individual thought, inclines the German youth to habits of suspicion, hypocrisy, and dissimulation, gives rise to an exaggerated deference for constituted authority and every official title." Professor Lugaro absolves the

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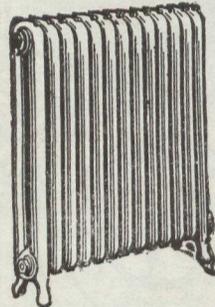
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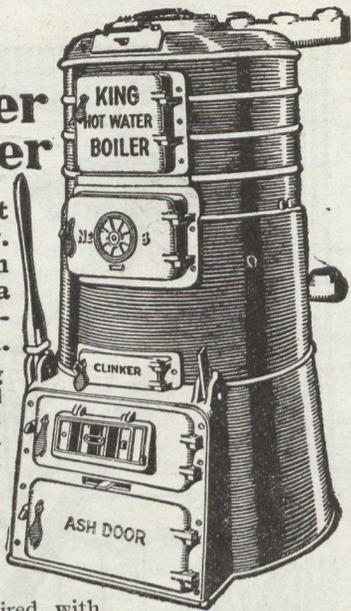
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German Emperor from any particular responsibility for the countless barbarous outrages committed by the German army; they follow, he holds, from the theory of "absolute war," developed last century by von Clausewitz and von Hartmann, and supported today by the whole German people, according to which "necessary cruelty" becomes a normal part of the "necessity of war." But the defect of the German theory of "absolute war" is this, that it postulates two conditions—violent action on the German side, defeat and terror on the other. Morality, chivalry, and honour it entirely neglects, and this neglect must, he thinks, bring the Central Powers to grief, quite apart from the probability of their defeat in battle.

Professor Lugaro enumerates a few of the grosser German outrages of civilization, adding that "as the culmination of cynicism, they are not ashamed to copy from the professional thieves a certain stercoraceous rite, which has left its filthy traces in all the villas and castles occupied even by the flower of the German staff." A threat of the repetition of this rite has since been used to deter certain Spanish owners of Belgian properties from signing the manifesto of the Spanish Roman Catholics. Lugaro comments on the moral poverty and obtuseness of

amples of generosity, of courtesy, of sacrifice to a disinterested ideal; its heroes are tribal chiefs, brutal soldiery, and pedants. Such is Professor Lugaro's diagnosis; Germany is a dangerous nation, suffering from a collective aberration, and now shows the final psychological result—a true delirium. The necessary treatment must be dictated by the danger of this delirium to others. How great this danger is the whole world now knows. The first task of civilized Europe is to subdue Germany by force, without paying any attention to hypocritical clamours for peace, for as the final catastrophe approaches the German delirium of persecution is sure to become more and more accentuated.

Can Germany be cured? The prognosis is very doubtful, says Professor Lugaro, but not hopeless. Great disillusion are salutary even to paranoiacs, and collective deliriums are more easily dispelled than individual. Even grave moral defects, indelible in individuals, may be corrected in a whole people which has at its disposal ages in which to reform its character. Let us hope, but not delude ourselves that the reform can be rapid.

The Laugh-Line

COURIETTES.

EVERY time the Russian drive is "checked" they get a minute or two to breathe and see how they like the country as far as they've gone.

New York Herald has reduced its price to one cent. No doubt it's worth it.

We read of an aeroplane that made 119 miles an hour. It must have been coming down.

New York doctor was left \$10,000 by the will of his servant girl. He must pay good wages, that doc.

Why stick to that old word "temperature" after its awful display of intemperance during the past summer?

A London judge has fined the author of "Pam." No, dear, not for writing the book.

A man in Muncie, Ind., played the piano for 3,005 hours. They must have no police in that place.

Charlie Chaplin films were cut in price on account of the infantile paralysis epidemic in New York. Charlie's feet suffering from paralysis!

We notice some discussion in the American press of "women bosses" as if they were something new and strange.

A particular preacher banned dancing in his church. He was right. The regular dance halls have too much competition as it is.

There's a naive touch in that recipe given by a noted chef, when he writes: "First, if you are in fair circumstances, procure a five-pound porterhouse steak."

France retired 17 of her generals to the Reserve. What would France do with a lot of honorary colonels floating around in khaki?

There is work that women will not do. The rat-catchers of London have been excused from army service because substitutes cannot be found for them.

Montreal is talking of night racing. Have they enough dark horses in the eastern city?

AMBIGUOUS.

People do not always mean just what they say—or write. As for instance, this little advertisement in the Winnipeg Free Press:

"Soldier's wife, whose husband is leaving, would like another as companion; good home, every convenience."

WANTS OF THE SEXES.

It's true as well as cynical,
This silly little sally,
That woman wants the ballot,
But man—he wants the ballet.

NOT WANTED.

Pancho Villa is said to have taken his own life. Nobody else seems to want it. He's welcome.



Place: Siberia. Time: Future.

First Convict: "I've killed my mother. What are you in for?"

Second Convict: "I was one of the Hohenzollerns."

—Budilnik, Moscow.

the circulars addressed in the earlier days of the war to the civilized nations, especially the Italians, by the German intellectuals (first by the 87 elect, then by the 125 of less repute), and on the megalomania or mad pride of the German Emperor and his people, based on the enormous secret German preparations made in the decades preceding 1914 for a war to be forced on at the opportune moment. According to the German militarists and politicians, these preparations could not fail to make certain the speedy subjugation of Europe. Lugaro does not accept the attempts of clinical psychiatry to explain this megalomania; it is not a psychosis, either imperial or national; it is not a collective delirium of the German nation; it is not a paranoia. The real delinquent is not a man, but a nation—Germany. The Germans fail because they cannot understand that a people may possess a hundred universities, a thousand laboratories, innumerable perfect workshops, a flourishing commerce, and, notwithstanding all that, be barbarians. They cannot succeed in comprehending a truth which for other nations is elementary—namely, that civilization does not consist in knowing, but in the manner of acting. It is not a matter of science, technique, or mechanism—which may serve bad ends as well as good—but of sentiments which reveal themselves in conduct. The qualities of the German spirit are material strength and prodigious egotism; its history has no ex-



English girls engaged in making pianos. England has been in the habit of importing thousands of pianos every year from Germany. Englishwomen will see to it that English homes are provided with British pianos even though they produce German music.

say that if Richard Strauss were to come here he would be cheered to the echo. But Kreisler has fought for his country, and if he comes here after the war he'll draw bigger crowds than he ever drew before."

What of the Music Hall?

IN the Fortnightly Review for August William Archer writes on The Music Hall, Past and Future. He is inspired to do so by a perusal of a book by H. G. Hibbert, called Fifty Years of a Londoner's Life.

Has the music hall, says Mr. Archer, in its fifty-odd years of high-pressure activity, produced either a culture-poetry or a folk-poetry in any way commensurate either with the effort centred upon it or with the ruin it has wrought? The answer, though almost incredible, must be unqualified and emphatic; the music-hall has produced not one single lyric which has any chance of living in the national memory, except perhaps, as a monument of vulgarity and inanity. I speak, of course, of the words: the fate of tunes it is impossible to prophesy; but I can remember none which seems to me to take even respectable rank as a melodic invention. That question, however, may be left to experts—and to time. What is certain is that the whole music-hall movement has produced not one—literally not one—piece of verse that can rank as poetry of the humblest type, or even as a really clever bit of comic rhyming. If we include negro minstrelsy among the branches of music-hall activity, we may perhaps find a few sentimental ditties that are likely to survive; but negro minstrelsy, though ultimately affiliated to the music-hall, in no sense grew out of it. I fancy, too, that almost all the negro songs of any merit were of genuinely American origin.

The odd thing is that the music-hall seems to have killed a genuine vein of lyric faculty in the English people.

Georges Vigneti, New Arrival.

HAMBURG activities are once more reconstructive. The newest appointment to the faculty is that of Mr. Georges Vigneti, French-Italian violin virtuoso, who is to carry on the work so auspiciously begun by Jan Hambourg before he moved to New York. Vigneti is a pupil of Remy, the teacher of Thibaud, an exponent of the brilliant French-Belgian school of playing. He has been several years before the public and has played in both Europe and America. He is a product of the Conservatoire National in Paris and the Academy of Music in Paris, which is under the guiding hand of Vincent d'Indy, with whom Vigneti studied symphonic and chamber music. He is the great-grandson of Pietro Vigneti, who in the 18th century was first violin soloist in the private orchestra of King Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette. He studied opera under the director of the Grand Opera National de Paris and was for one year violinist of the Concerts-Colonne. He has toured the chief cities of France with the Schola Cantorum Orchestra and the famous singers of St. Gervais under Director Charles Bodes. He has played often in the salons of the Marquis Tornielli, late Italian Ambassador in Paris. In the period 1908-11 Mons. Vigneti made a musical tour of the world playing in most of the civilized countries as well as in the United States, where in 1912 he settled in New England, the birthplace of his mother.

Mons. Vigneti will arrive in Canada during the next few days and will at once begin the work of camying on the tutorial chamber-music and solo virtuosa programme inaugurated by the Hambourgs some five or six years ago. Negotiations are also completed now for the engagement of a celebrated young Russian piano pedagogue who will step into the large and difficult shoes of the late Professor.

Monday this week Mr. W. O. Forsyth returned to the city after two months spent near the Gulf of St. Lawrence. He is now in his studio, 220 Yonge St., for the reception of pupils.

Mr. Frank Welsman has been summering as usual in Muskoka. We regret to learn that in the violent activities of camp life—Frank always did do things with a gusto—he sprained his ankle. This, however, will not prevent him from being in his studio at the Toronto Conservatory of Music any time now for the prosecution of the season's work.

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MUSIC AND PLAYS

Seitz to Conduct Glee Club.

WE understand that Mr. Ernest Seitz is about to organize a Glee Club, presumably of mixed voices, to give performances during the coming season. This is a new departure for a solo pianist. As a rule piano artists know and care little about choral, or even vocal, music. The piano sings in its own peculiar way, but tone production in a voice is a very different matter, and the polyphonic tone-production of a choir singing up to eight-part harmony is a much different problem from anything in the solo voice. The art of expression in a choir has very little in common with that of the piano. In fact one is just about all the other is not. The violin is much more closely related to the voice in all matters of crescendo, diminuendo, tone-colour, expressional climaxes and general emotional character. On the piano these subtleties of expression are largely indirect. Yet there is a good deal in the piano that might be applied to the voice, attack, sforzando, legato, staccato, rhythmic utterance, cumulative and sudden climaxes, etc. No doubt Mr. Seitz with his mastery of the piano has observed all these things and more. He may also remember that one of the greatest choral conductors of his day is a piano master, the great Von Bulow; and that for years the expression and the tone-colour of the Mendelssohn Choir were largely those of the piano, in the teaching of which Dr. Vogt spent much of his time. Just what class of works Mr. Seitz aims to produce, or what sized choir he will organize we do not know. But no doubt in matters of programme the work of this new chorus will be distinctive. Seitz never does things in fractions. We shall wait and see.

Walford Davies in a New Role.

DR. H. WALFORD DAVIES, organist of the Temple Church in London, composer of music to Everyman, the Symphony in G Major and many other works of importance in modern English music, has become an organizer of music among the British soldiers. An article by H. W. Hornill in the N. Y. Evening Post Saturday Magazine describes what Dr. Davies has done. Out of these camp concerts, says the writer, there has developed lately a movement of more permanent value. Sometimes Dr. Davies found it a good plan to make part of the concert a sort of informal singing lesson. His own party on the platform would introduce an unfamiliar song and get the

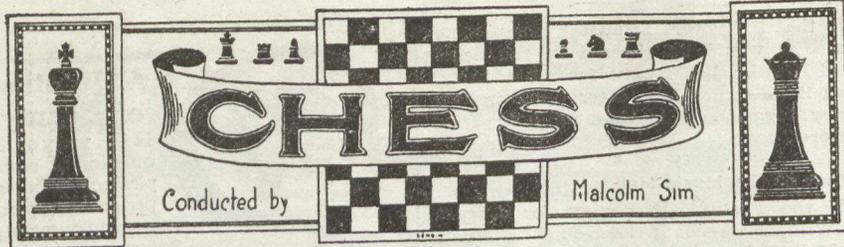
audience to sing it after them until they came to know it fairly well. He then conceived the idea of organizing regimental choirs among the men in various units. A choir of this kind, in his opinion, would be "a real godsend" on festive occasions, such as camp concerts and other entertainments; in hours of enforced idleness when no other corporate effort was possible; on the march, when there was no band or when the band was tired, and at regimental services.

The collections of words and music that Dr. Davies has prepared for the use of these military choirs are very interesting reading. The songs in which every one is to take part are mostly arranged for three voices—tenor, baritone, and bass. The editor has wisely substituted English for the conventional Italian in his accompanying instructions. Thus, "God Save the King" is to be sung broadly and fervently, "The Marseillaise" martially and with dignity, "Scots wha ha'e" fervently and with strong rhythm, "Annie Laurie" quietly, "The Bay of Biscay" vigorously, "Nobody knows the trouble I see, Lord," reflectively, and "Ben Backstay" hilariously.

He has no sympathy with the chauvinism that attempted early in the war to banish all German music from the concert-rooms of London. Nor does he regret the failure of the schemes to exploit British patriotism by "booming" native composers who had been unable to secure a vogue in time of peace. People stayed away from these concerts. "And why shouldn't they?" asks Dr. Davies. "If they are angry with Germany, is that any reason why they should listen to music they don't want?" The fallacy of the ultra-patriotic logic could not be more pungently exposed.

Apropos of the relation of national feeling to music, I mentioned to Dr. Davies a statement I had seen attributed to Fritz Kreisler in some American paper. Kreisler was reported as saying he was sorry that the feeling aroused by the war would prevent his appearing again on the concert platform in London. He had always enjoyed playing in England, and it was a real regret to him that the British public would no longer welcome him after the war. Dr. Davies dismissed this apprehension with a vigour that could scarcely have been exceeded by one of his regimental choirs in singing "The Bay of Biscay."

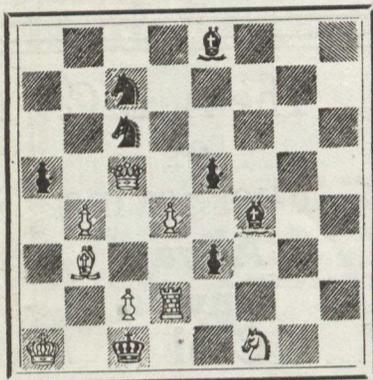
"No," he declared most emphatically; "the English people are not like that. I think they are forgiving to a fault. If Kreisler comes here after the war, he'll be cheered to the echo. Mind, I don't



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

PROBLEM NO. 72, by H. W. Bettmann. Specially contributed to the "Courier" (Task).

Black.—Eight Pieces.



White.—Eight Pieces.

White to play and mate in three.

Problem No. 73, by A. Ellerman

Second Prize, Good Companion Club, March, 1916.

White: K at KBsq; Q at KR4; Rs at QE4 and KR6; Kts at KB4 and KKT3.

Black: K at K4; Rs at K7 and KB2; Bs at QKtsq and QBsq; Kts at K8 and KBsq; Ps at QB3, Q6, Q7, KB7, KKT2 and KKT5.

Mate in two.

SOLUTIONS.

Problem No. 69, by W. Pauly.

1. R-QKt7! K-K4; 2. R-Kt6, K-B4; 3. P-B3, K moves; 4. Q-K4 or Kt4 mate.

Problem No. 70, by M. F. J. Mann.

1. K-B4, KtXR dbl. ch; 2. KxP mate. 1., KKT-B3ch; 2. R-Q6 mate.

Problem No. 71, by Karel Traxler.

1. Q-R7, KxR; 2. B-B4ch! K moves; 3. Q-Q3 or QB7 mate. 1., B-Kt8; 2. B-B5! KxR or Kt-B2; 3. Q-B5 mate.

A REMARKABLE CLEARANCE THEME

By F. Kohlein.

White: K at QB6; R at KKT6; B at KBsq; Kt at QKt5; Ps at K4, K6 and KR5. Black: K at KKTsq; Rs at KRsq and KR2; Bs at QB6 and KBsq; Kt at KKT2; Ps at K2, K4, KB6, KB7 and KR3. Mate in seven.

Obviously the means of mating is by the Bishop at B7. White must first clear a path by the removal of his Knight and King. The play commences 1. K-Kt7! threatening 2. K-R8; 3. Kt-R7; 4. B-Kt5 and mates on the sixth. (The Knight covers first at R7, or the King would eventually be subject to a check from Black's Queened Pawn at QR8.) Black defends by 1., B-Q5! If now 2. K-R8, then 2., B-R2; 3. KtXB stalemate. The defence 1., B-Q5, however, permits procedure by 2. Kt-B7, the most remarkable point in this remarkable composition. White then threatens 3. K-B8; 4. B-Kt5, P-Q; 5. B-K8, Q-R3ch; 6. KtXQ and 7. B mates. If Black continues 2., B-Kt3, this line of play will not answer, however, on account of 3., BxKt. But 3. B-Kt5 is feasible at once, as the disastrous check from the Queened Pawn at QKt8 is consequently not forthcoming. This brings in to the light the reason why 1. Kt-B7 does not cook. Black would reply 1., B-B6; 2. K-Kt7, B-R4 and now 3. K-B8, or B-Kt5 will of course not avail.

COPENHAGEN TOURNAMENT.

An international tournament at Copenhagen has resulted in a victory for the well-known Swiss master Paul Johner by a score of five wins out of a possible seven. The other prize-winners, Dr. Krause (Denmark), Lowenborg (Sweden) and Marchand (Holland) tied for 2nd, 3rd, and 4th, places, with 4 1/2 games each.

Johner was a visitor at the Toronto Chess Club one afternoon in September, 1910, and met ten players in simultaneous play, winning eight games and losing two, to J. S. Morrison and the late veteran W. Flint Jones. Following this Johner engaged eleven players singly in rapid play with a result of 9 wins, 1 loss and 1 draw, in the master's favor also.

The following is an interesting game from the tournament, with notes, abridged, from the London "Field."

Queen's Pawn Opening.

- White. J. Giersing (Denmark) 1. P-Q4 2. Kt-KB3 3. P-B4 4. Kt-B3 5. BPxP 6. P-KKt3 7. B-Kt2 8. Castles 9. B-Kt5 10. BxB 11. R-Bsq 12. P-K3 13. PxBt 14. Q-K2 15. Q-Kt5 16. P-K4 (a) 17. Q-Kt6 (b) 18. QR-Ksq (c) 19. Q-Ktsq 20. BxB 21. B-K2 22. P-B3 23. P-B4 24. PxBt 25. P-QR4 26. PxB 27. R-B3 28. K-Bsq 29. R-Bsq 30. Q-Kt4 31. K-Ksq 32. KxR 33. K-Ksq

- Black. P. Johner (Switzerland) 1. P-Q4 2. P-K3 3. Kt-KB3 4. P-B4 5. KPxB 6. Kt-B3 7. B-K3 8. B-K2 9. Kt-K5 10. QxB 11. R-Bsq 12. KtXKt 13. Castles 14. B-KKt5 15. P-B5 16. P-QR3 17. PxB 18. R-Q4 (d) 19. BxKt 20. P-B4 21. P-QKt4 22. P-K6 (e) 23. KtXP (f) 24. RXP (g) 25. Q-B4 26. PxB 27. R-Q7 28. R-Ksq 29. Q-Q4 30. P-R3 31. RxBeh 32. Q-Q6ch 33. R-Qsq (h)

(a) A good move, but white does not follow it up correctly.

(b) A mistake which loses a Pawn. The correct continuation was 17. Q-R4 still bearing on the Queen's Bishop Pawn, followed, if Black plays 17., PxB, by 18. R-Ksq, threatening 19. Kt-Q2 and regaining the Pawn with the better game. If Black plays 17., QxB, then 18. Kt-K5, Q-B4; 19. KtXKt, PxBt; 20. P-B3 winning the Bishop for two Pawns.

(c) If 18. Kt-Q2, then 18., P-K6; 19. PxB, (if 19. KtXP, Black would win the exchange by 19., B-K7), QxPch; 20. R-B2, Kt-K4!, threatening Kt-Q6 and winning the exchange, for if 21. B-Bsq, then 21. Kt-B6ch!

(d) Threatening to win the Queen.

(e) The only move. If 22., R-Ksq, then 23. PxB, PxBt; 24. B-B3, regaining the pawn with the better game.

(f) The sacrifice was almost forced as white was threatening B-B3, after which he would probably have won the isolated Pawn in a few moves and would then have had the advantage.

(g) Black has now three Pawns for his piece and White's game is very cramped.

(h) Threatening Q-Q7ch.

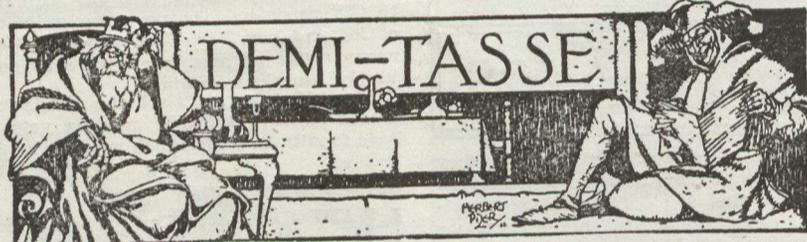
(i) Black has now a forced win by Q-K5, e.g., 34., Q-K5; 35. R-KBsq, P-K7; 36. R-B2, Q-R8ch; 37. KxP, QxR, threatening mate in two.

Or 36. R-KKtsq, Q-Q5; 37. KxP! R-Ksqch; 38. K-Bsq (not 38. K-B3, Black mates in two), QxQRch; winning easily.

Or 35. Q-R5, QxR; 36. QxRch, K-R2, threatening Q-B7ch and also Q-R8ch, to which there is no valid defence.

(j) If 36. QxP, then 36., P-B6, followed by 37., Q-Q7ch, wins.

(k) The losing move. R-R8, instead, would have drawn.



THE REAL THING.

Now that the United States tennis champion has been beaten by a Jap, our American cousins are at last up against the real thing in the way of a yellow peril.

FEARING THE DRY SPELL.

Now Ferguson and Lucas Show signs they'd like to crib it— They fear that prohibition Might possibly prohibit.

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Now here's what we want to know—are those directors male or female?

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HER TOUCH.

"I do so like to hear your wife play the piano—she has an excellent touch."

"Yes—I know. I sometimes think of it when I get down town and put my hand in my pocket."

ON THE ATLANTIC COAST.

"Mother, may I got out to swim?" "Yes, my darling daughter,

But look out that a shark doesn't trim your limb

If you venture into the water."

THE PARALLEL.

"Why are the dude chaps who go to the seaside resorts in summer time like the waves they watch?"

"Well, they come up in great style, make a big splash for a minute or two, and go away broke."

BLESSING NO. 41144.

Add list of things to be thankful for—the paper shortage has materially lessened the number of novels to be issued this fall.

HE'S IT.

The Kaiser is reported as saying that the man who started the war has a great load on his conscience. At last he's beginning to feel it!

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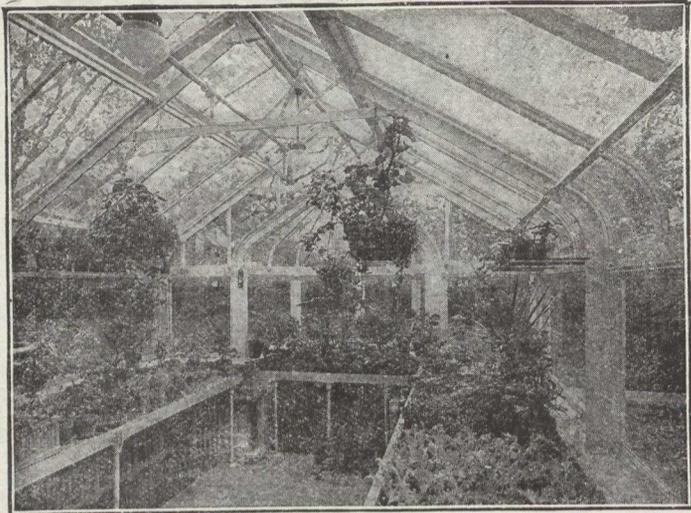
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RESERVE FUND, \$13,500,000

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Advertising Manager, Canadian Courier

MONEY AND MAGNATES

A Canadian Bank in Venezuela

ANNOUNCEMENT is made that the Royal Bank of Canada will open a branch in Caracas, Venezuela, during September, and will add to its other branches in that country before the year is out. Premises have already been secured at the capital. This is in line with the policy of expanding the operations in Central and South America. Venezuela is on the northern coast of South America, adjoining Colombia on the east and British Guiana on the west.

The Royal Bank and Bank of Nova Scotia already have numerous branches in the West Indies, while the Bank of Commerce and Bank of Montreal have branches in Mexico.

The extension of the branch system of the Royal Bank of Canada so as to take in Venezuela brings the number of countries in which the Canadian chartered banks have offices to eighteen. The list follows: Canada, Newfoundland, Great Britain, France, United States, Mexico, Cuba, Jamaica, Barbadoes, Bermuda, Porto Rico, Bahamas, Trinidad, Grenada, Dominican Republic (Island of Haiti), British Honduras (Central America), British Guiana (South America), and Venezuela (South America).

Canada Taking Trade From United States

OFFICIAL RETURNS show that the Canadian flour mills are taking the Trinidad flour trade away from the United States. Revised figures give our 1915 sales as 203,759 barrels, against 202,930 in 1914, and 138,398 in 1913. Meanwhile the imports from the U. S. last year were only 43,792 barrels, against 71,347 in 1914 and 128,464 in 1913. The export trade of the Canadian mills is becoming a greater factor year by year.

Russian Exchange and German Marks

RUSSIAN roubles were quoted at 33¼ on the day of this writing, which is a new high record in a long time. Par is 51.2 cents, but war time conditions brought a gradual decline late in 1914 which culminated in a break to 28 cents on December 30th, 1915, the low point. Intervention by Rumania is cited as the reason for the present rise. It is significant that holders of the 6½% participation certificates of the \$50,000,000 rouble collateral Russian loan placed in New York recently have an opportunity to buy roubles at a profit at anything above 33 cents.

It is learned that only a small quantity of the Russian internal loans offered here by brokers have been sold in Canada. New York houses have, however, placed a large quantity in the U. S.

German exchange has been tumbling again in New York, and was recently down to 70 13-16 cents for four marks, which makes a new low record in history. Par is 95¼. In the first five months after war broke out the rate fell to 88½ and opened there in 1915, that being also the high of the year. By December, after a gradual drop, the price had fallen to 75¾, and this was followed by a further slump in March last to 71½. By May a rally to 78 had occurred, so that to-day's low is about 7 cents down from the high level for this year. The decline from normal is now approximately 26%, against 2% in sterling.

Employees Are Offered War Bonds

MONTREAL correspondent writes: The directors of the Dominion Bridge Company have concluded arrangements so that employees of the concern and its subsidiaries, the Montreal Ammunition and Copper Products, Ltd., may purchase Dominion war loan bonds of the first issue at 97½, the original price to the public, on the instalment plan. The company subscribed for a large block of the war loan last December when the offering was made.

Another example of the same practice is shown in the case of the Du Pont Powder Company. The Du Pont Powder Co., a U. S. corporation, has authorized the usual 1½% dividend and an extra dividend of 23½%, or 25% in all, payable to the extent of 19½ in Anglo-French bonds. This is the second disbursement of this nature which the company has made.

Money in Abundance

IT is learned that there has been no tightening of any account in the money market in the east, and that brokers are not experiencing any difficulty such as is usually noted at this period of the year in securing loans on good stock collateral. Bank deposits are increasing rapidly. Across the border call money is holding around 2 to 2½%, the range so far this month being 2 to 2¾%, compared with a high of 6% a short time ago.

An Interesting Canadian Bond Offering

NEW YORK curb mining house is offering \$100,000 of 5% ten year gold bonds of the Parish of Saint Pierre Claver, Montreal. The interest and principal are payable at the National City Bank, New York, or at the Hibernian Banking Association, the trustee, Chicago. The parish is a Roman Catholic one, and the issue is one approved by the Archbishop of Montreal.

In offering the bonds, the issue house states that they have the credit of the church back of them, which is, of course, not strictly correct. It is true, however, that under the laws of Quebec the securities are secured by a first tax lien on the community preceding the lien of municipal and school bonds.

Bowser, Brewster and B. C.

(Concluded from page 6.)

record and his honesty and integrity are unquestioned. He indulges in no subtleties or exalted flights of fancy, but takes a sober, businesslike view of the problems of his province, and tries to find a practicable solution. As a speaker, he lacks the persuasiveness of his opponent being inferior both in eloquence and knowledge of crowd psychology. One gains the impression, however, in listening to him, that he is a man thoroughly to be trusted and that he will do his best to carry out his pledges. His friends do not claim for him genius, but they do claim for him the ability and fidelity to discharge the duties of the great office to which he aspires with success. At the last session of the legislature, he entered upon his duties as leader of the Opposition, and proved himself an opponent who, though he always fought fairly, could strike hard blows. He has had presented to him a great opportunity, but it has not been without its difficulties. Within the ranks of the Liberal party are to be found many whose hunger for the spoils of office has been sharpened by a long past. Some there are who would only be too eager to perpetuate the worst evils of the Conservative regime for their own benefit. The Liberal chances have not been brightened by the type of candidate which is leading their forces in some of the ridings. In certain cases, these candidates were selected by poorly attended conventions, at a time when Liberal prospects were so gloomy that few could be induced to take any interest in the matter, and candidates were chosen not always of the highest type. In the city of Victoria, for example, dissatisfaction with certain of the Liberal candidates has called forth two independent Liberals, thus greatly injuring the party's prospects at the polls. There are men, not a few in British Columbia, who would have been glad to see Mr. Brewster exer-

cise a little of that autocratic spirit for which "Napoleon" Bowser is so famous. Such action would have alienated a few professional politicians, but it would have been welcomed by the great body of electors who have felt themselves deprived of any voice in the selection of a candidate to represent them. A tactical error Mr. Brewster has also committed in calling in question the legality of the legislation passed at the last sitting of the legislature. It may be true, as he contends, that the session really had expired before the time when it lengthened its own life, but with so many people intensely and vitally interested in the legislation passed at that session, it would have been good politics to let the matter alone. But in such difficult times, Mr. Brewster has, on the whole, piloted his party in such a manner as to win confidence. He has much to offer which is especially attractive to Canadians in the temper of mind in which they find themselves to-day. They are tired of politicians with a past, and put integrity and honesty of purpose very high up in the list of qualifications which they demand from their leaders.

Canadians everywhere will follow the next election in British Columbia with the keenest of interest. Will the Hon. W. J. Bowser, with his new found zeal for reform, be able to make the electors of British Columbia believe that he represents the party of progress or will they, remembering those dark chapters in the history of the province with which his name has been so intimately associated, prefer to find in the Liberal leader a man whose past needs no forgiveness, those elements of clear-cut honesty and devotion to public welfare, which they are, above all, seeking in the man to whom they will trust the control of the destinies of the province for the next four years?

The Blind Man's Eyes

(Continued from page 9.)

CHAPTER VI.

The Hand in the Aisle.

THE man whose interest in the passenger in Section Three of the last sleeper was most definite and understandable and, therefore, most openly acute, was Connelly. Connelly had passed through the Pullmans several times during the morning—first in the murk of the dawn before the dimmed lamps in the cars had been extinguished; again later, when the passengers had been getting up; and a third time after all the passengers had left their berths except Dorne, and after nearly all the berths had been unmade and the bedding packed away behind the panels overhead. Each time he passed, Connelly had seen the hand which hung out into the aisle from between the curtains; but the only definite thought that came to him was that Dorne was a sound sleeper.

Nearly all the passengers had now breakfasted. Connelly, therefore, took a seat in the diner, breakfasted leisurely and after finishing, went forward to see what messages had been received as to the relieving snow-plows. Nothing definite yet had been learned; the snow ahead of them was fully as bad as this where they were stopped, and it would be many hours before help could get to them. Connelly walked back through the train. Dorne by now must be up, and might wish to see the conductor. Unless Dorne stopped him, however, Connelly did not intend to speak to Dorne. The conductor had learned in his many years of service that nothing is more displeasing to the sort of people for whom trains are held than officiousness.

As Connelly entered the last sleeper, his gaze fell on the dial of pointers which, communicating with the push-buttons in the different berths, tell the porter which section is calling

him, and he saw that while all the other arrows were pointing upward, the arrow marked "3" was pointing down. Dorne was up, then—for this was the arrow denoting his berth—or at least was awake and had recently rung his bell.

Connelly looked in upon the porter, who was cleaning up the washroom. "Section Three's getting up?" he asked.

"No, Mistah Connelly—not yet," the porter answered.

"What did he ring for?" Connelly thought Dorne might have asked for him.

"He didn't ring. He ain't moved or stirred this morning."

"He must have rung," Connelly looked to the dial, and the porter came out of the washroom and looked at it also.

"Fo' the lan's sake. I didn't hear no ring, Mistah Connelly. It mus' have been when I was out on the platform."

"When was that?"

"Jus' now. There ain't been nobody but him in the car for fifteen minutes, and I done turn the pointers all up when the las' passenger went to the diner. It can't be longer than a few minutes, Mistah Connelly."

"Answer it, then," Connelly directed.

As the negro started to obey, Connelly followed him into the open car. He could see over the negro's shoulder the hand sticking out into the aisle, and this time, at sight of it, Connelly started violently. If Dorne had rung, he must have moved; a man who is awake does not let his hand hang out into the aisle. Yet the hand had not moved. Nothing was changed about it since Connelly had seen it before. The long, sensitive fingers fell in precisely the same position as before, stiffly separated a little one from another; they had not changed their position at all.

"Wait!" Connelly seized the porter by the arm. "I'll answer it myself."

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(Incorporated under the Laws of Canada)

THIRD ANNUAL REPORT OF THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS TO THE SHAREHOLDERS FOR THE YEAR ENDED 31st DECEMBER, 1915

To the Shareholders:

The Board of Directors beg to submit their Third Annual Report, together with the Balance Sheet and Profit and Loss Account of the Company for the year ended 31st December, 1915, and a report by the President, Mr. Alexander Mackenzie, on the enterprises in Brazil. The annual accounts of the Subsidiary Companies for the same period are also attached.

While the combined earnings of the Companies in Brazilian currency have fully realized the expectation of the Board, being considerably greater than those of previous years, the result is not so satisfactory when such earnings are converted into Canadian currency.

For some years prior to the outbreak of the European war, the value of the milreis for sight bills on London was approximately 16 pence. During the latter part of 1914, however, the average value fell to approximately 13 pence, and in 1915 it showed a further depreciation to an average of approximately 12½ pence. Converting the earnings during 1915 at the average rates prevailing prior to the war, the net revenue in Canadian currency, as shown by the attached accounts, would be increased by over \$3,000,000.

The revenue of the Company in Canadian currency resulting from the year's operation was as follows:

Revenue from Securities owned and under contracts with Subsidiary Companies	5,339,192.76
Interest on Advances to Subsidiary Companies.....	273,683.41
	\$5,612,876.17
General and legal expenses, administration charges and interest on loans	218,074.43
	\$5,394,801.74
Surplus available for Dividends	
Dividends Nos. 8, 9, 10 and 11 at 1½% each on Preference Shares	\$ 600,000.00
Dividends Nos. 10 and 11 at 1½% each, and Nos. 12 and 13 at ½ of 1% each on Ordinary Shares	4,249,380.00
	4,849,380.00
Surplus carried forward in profit and loss.....	\$ 545,421.74

During the first half of 1915, dividends on the ordinary shares at the rate of 1½% each were paid on 1st March and 1st June, respectively. As, however, contrary to expectations entertained earlier in the year, the exchange value of the milreis continued to fall, the Board decided to limit the dividends payable on 1st September and 1st December to ½ of 1% each, making a total dividend of 4% for the year.

Although rigid economies have been effected, the cost of operation and maintenance has been adversely influenced by the rise in the price of materials, and by the enormous advance in ocean freights. This advance has particularly affected the earnings of the gas business, as owing to the requisition by the British Government of some of the steamers employed in the Company's service for carrying coal, it became necessary to charter other steamers at rates greatly exceeding those which would have been payable under normal conditions. It is therefore remarkable that, notwithstanding the adverse circumstances with which the Company has had to contend, the results for the year have been so satisfactory, and it is evident that with a return to normal conditions, the revenue of the Company should be not only equal to that obtained prior to the war, but should show a considerable and steady increase. Conditions generally in Brazil are showing distinct signs of improvement.

The Board are pleased to report that all the coffee purchased for exchange purposes during the year 1914 and at the beginning of the year 1915, has been disposed of, and at prices which realized a sum in excess of that which it is estimated would have been received had the usual method of making remittances been followed.

During the year further shares have been acquired in the capital of the Companhia Telephonica do Estado de Sao Paulo and in that of the Companhia Rede Telephonica Bragantina, and with those subsequently purchased, this Company now holds 95% of the share capital of each Company. This Company has also made advances for the purpose of carrying out necessary improvements and extensions to the telephone systems, which, when completed should result in material increases in the revenue.

The Board are glad to state that the relations of all the Subsidiary Companies with the Federal, State and Municipal authorities continue to be of the most cordial character.

The President of the Company, Mr. Alexander Mackenzie, has spent the last sixteen months in Brazil in connection with the affairs of the Companies. He has recently returned, and his report on the operations of these enterprises, which has been adopted by the Board, is appended.

A valuable addition to the Board has been made by the election of Mr. R. C. Brown as a Director. Mr. Brown was Manager of The Sao Paulo Tramway, Light and Power Company, Limited, during the first two years after its organization, and has had a wide experience in similar undertakings, and he has recently visited Brazil and made a thorough examination of the Company's properties.

The Board regret to have to announce the loss of one of their esteemed members by the death of Sir William Van Horne, in September, 1915. Sir William Van Horne was a director of The Rio de Janeiro Tramway, Light and Power Company, Limited, from its inception, and was elected to the Board of the Brazilian Traction, Light and Power Company, Limited at the time of its formation. The Board of the Rio de Janeiro Tramway, Light and Power Company, Limited, have also suffered a further loss, owing to the death in September, 1915, of their valued colleague, Monsieur Jean Javal, of Paris, France. The Board desire to express their appreciation of the services rendered by these Directors.

The Board take great pleasure in recording their appreciation of the efficient services rendered by Mr. F. A. Huntress, the Vice-President of The Rio de Janeiro Tramway, Light and Power Company, Limited, The Sao Paulo Tramway, Light and Power Company, Limited, and the Sao Paulo Electric Company, Limited, and the other officials of the Companies in Brazil.

By order of the Board.

J. M. SMITH, Secretary.

Toronto, Canada, August 3rd, 1916.

He dismissed the negro and waited until he had gone. He looked about and assured himself that the car, except for himself and the man lying behind the curtains of Section Three, was empty. He slowed, as he approached the hand. He halted and stood a moment beside the berth, himself almost breathless as he listened for the sound of breathing within. He heard nothing, though he bent closer to the curtain. Yet he still hesitated, and retreating a little and walking briskly as though he were carelessly passing up the aisle, he brushed hard against the hand and looked back, exclaiming an apology for his carelessness.

The hand fell back heavily, inertly, and resumed its former position and hung as white and lifeless as before. No response to the apology came from behind the curtains; the man in the berth had not roused. Connery rushed back to the curtains and touched the hand with his fingers. It was cold! He seized the hand and felt it all over; then, gasping, he parted the curtains and looked into the berth. He stared; his breath whistled out; his shoulders jerked, and he drew back, instinctively pressing his two clenched hands against his chest and the pocket which held President Jarvis' order.

The man in the berth was lying on his right side facing the aisle; the left side of his face was thus exposed; and it had been crushed in by a violent blow from some heavy weapon which, too blunt to cut the skin and bring blood, had fractured the cheekbone and bludgeoned the temple. The proof of murderous violence was so plain that the conductor, as he saw the face in the light, recoiled with starting eyes, white with horror.

He looked up and down the aisle to assure himself that no one had entered the car during his examination; then he carefully drew the curtains together again, and hurried to the forward end of the car where he had left the porter.

"Lock the rear door of the car," he commanded. "Then come back here."

He gave the negro the keys, and himself waited to prevent any one from entering the car at his end. Looking through the glass of the door, he saw the young man Eaton standing in the vestibule of the car next ahead. Connery hesitated; then he opened the door and beckoned Eaton to him.

"Will you go forward, please," he requested, "and see if there isn't a doctor—"

"You mean the man with red hair in my car?" Eaton inquired.

"That's the one."

EATON started off without asking any questions. The porter, having locked the rear door of the car, returned and gave Connery back the keys. Connery still waited, until Eaton returned with the red-haired man, "D. S." He let them in and locked the door behind them.

"You are a doctor?" Connery questioned the red-haired man.

"I am a surgeon; yes."

"That's what's wanted. Doctor—"

"My name is Sinclair. I am Douglas Sinclair, of Chicago."

Connery nodded. "I have heard of you." He turned then to Eaton. "Do you know where the gentleman is who belongs to Mr. Dorne's party?"

Avery, I believe his name is."

"He is in the observation car," Eaton answered.

"Will you go and get him? The car-door is locked. The porter will let you in and out. Something serious has happened here—to Mr. Dorne. Get Mr. Avery, if you can, without alarming Mr. Dorne's daughter."

Eaton nodded understanding and followed the porter, who, taking the keys again from the conductor, let him out the rear door of the car and reclosed the door behind him. Eaton went on into the observation car.

As he passed the club compartment of his car, he sensed an atmosphere of disquiet which gave him first the feeling that some of these people must know already that there was some-



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thing wrong farther forward; but this was explained when he heard some one say that the door of the car ahead was locked. Another asked Eaton how he had got through; he put the questioner off and went on into the observation-room. No suspicion of anything having occurred had as yet penetrated there.

"How long you've been!" Harriet Dorne remarked as he came near. "And how is it about the roof promenade?"

"Why, all right, I guess, Miss Dorne—after a little." Controlling himself to an appearance of casualness, he turned then to Avery: "By the way, can I see you a moment?"

WITHOUT alarming Harriet Dorne, he got Avery away and out of the car. A few passengers now were collected upon the platforms between this car and the next, who questioned and complained as Eaton, pushing by them with Avery, was admitted by the negro, who refused the others admittance.

"Is it something wrong with Mr. Dorne?" Donald Avery demanded as Eaton drew back to let Avery precede him into the open part of the car.

"So the conductor says." Avery hurried forward toward the berth where Connery was standing beside the surgeon. Connery turned toward him.

"I sent for you, sir, because you are the companion of the man who had this berth."

Avery pushed past him, and leaped forward as he looked past the surgeon. "What has happened to Mr. Dorne?"

"You see him as we found him, sir." Connery stared down nervously beside him.

Avery leaned inside the curtains and recoiled. "He's dead!"

"The doctor hasn't made his examination yet; but there seems no doubt he's dead." Connery was very pale but controlled.

"He's been murdered!"

"It looks so, Mr. Avery. Yes, if he's dead, he's certainly been murdered." Connery agreed. "This is Doctor Douglas Sinclair, a Chicago surgeon. I called him just now to make an examination; but since Mr. Dorne seems to have been dead for some time, I waited for you before moving the body. You can tell."—Connery avoided mention of President Jarvis' name,—"tell any one who asks you, Mr. Avery, that you saw him just as he was found."

He looked down again at the form in the berth, and Avery's gaze followed him; then, abruptly, it turned away. Avery stood clinging to the curtain, his eyes darting from one to another of the three men.

"As he was found? When?" he demanded. "Who found him that way? When? How?"

"I found him so," Connery answered.

Avery said nothing more. "Will you start your examination now, Dr. Sinclair," Connery suggested. "No—I'll ask you to wait a minute."

Noises were coming to them from the platforms at both ends of the car, and the doors were being tried and pounded on, as passengers attempted to pass through. Connery went to the rear, where the negro had been posted; then, re-passing them, he went to the other end of the car. The noises ceased. "The Pullman conductor is forward, and the brakeman is back there now," he said, as he turned to them. "You will not be interrupted, Dr. Sinclair."

"What explanation did you give them?" Eaton asked.

"Why?" Connery returned.

"I was thinking of Miss Dorne."

"I told them nothing which could disturb her." Connery, as he spoke, pulled back the curtains, entirely exposing the berth.

The surgeon, before examining the man in the berth more closely, lifted the shades from the window. Everything about the berth was in place, undisturbed; except for the mark of the savage blow

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The National Directory of Schools and Colleges

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

BOYS' SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES.

Bishop College School, Lennoxville, P.Q.

Lower Canada College, Montreal.

Ridley College, St. Catharines, Ont.

St. Andrew's College, Toronto.

St. Michael's College, Toronto.

Stanstead Wesleyan College, Stanstead, Que.

Trinity College School, Port Hope, Ont.

BUSINESS SCHOOLS.

Shaw's Business Schools, Toronto.

CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS.

Shaw's Correspondence Schools, Toronto.

GIRLS' SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES.

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

Moulton College, Toronto.

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

St. Margaret's College, Toronto.

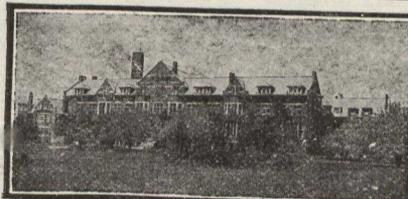
Stanstead Wesleyan College, Stanstead, Que.

UNIVERSITIES.

Queen's University, Kingston, Ont.

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on the side of the man's head, there was no evidence of anything unusual. The man's clothes were carefully and neatly hung on the hooks or in the little hammock; his glasses were in their case beside the pillow; his watch and purse were under the pillow; the window at his feet was still raised a crack to let in fresh air while he slept. Save for the marks upon the head, the man might yet be sleeping. It was self-evident that, whatever had been the motives of the attack, robbery was not one; whoever had struck had done no more than reach in and deliver his murderous blow; then he had gone on.

Connery shut the window. As the surgeon carefully and deliberately pulled back the bed-clothing and exposed the body of the man clothed in pajamas, the others watched him. Sinclair made first an examination of the head; completing this, he unbuttoned the pajamas upon the chest, loosened them and prepared to make examination of the body.

"How long has he been dead?" Connery asked.

"He is not dead yet."

"You mean he is still dying?"

"I did not say so."

"You mean he is alive, then?"

"Life is still present," Sinclair answered guardedly. "Whether he will live or ever regain consciousness is another question."

"One you can't answer?"

"The blow, as you can see,"—Sinclair touched the man's face with his left finger tips,—"fell mostly on the cheek and temple. The cheekbone is fractured. He is in a complete state of coma; and there may be some fracture of the skull. Of course, there is some concussion of the brain."

Any inference to be drawn from this as to the seriousness of the injuries was plainly beyond Connery. "How long ago was he struck" he asked.

"Some hours."

"You can't tell more than that?"

"Longer ago than five hours, certainly?"

"Since four o'clock then, rather than before."

"Since midnight, certainly; and longer ago than five o'clock this morning."

"Could he have revived half an hour ago—say within the hour—enough to have pressed the button and rung the bell from his berth?"

SINCLAIR straightened and gazed at the conductor curiously. "No, certainly not," he replied. "That is completely impossible. Why did you ask?"

Connery avoided answer.

The doctor glanced down quickly at the form of the man in the berth; then again he confronted Connery. "Why did you ask that?" he persisted. "Did the bell from this berth ring recently?"

Connery shook his head, not in negation of the question, but in refusal to answer then. But Avery pushed forward. "What is that? What's that?" he demanded.

"Will you go on with your examination, Doctor?" Connery urged.

"You said the bell from this berth rang recently!" Avery accused Connery.

"I did not say that; he asked it," the conductor evaded.

"But is it true?"

"The pointer in the washroom, indicating a signal from this berth, was turned down a minute ago," Connery had to reply. "A few moments earlier, all pointers had been set in the position indicating no call."

"What!" Avery cried. "What was that?"

Connery repeated the statement.

"That was before you found the body?"

"That was why I went to the berth—yes," Connery replied; "that was before I found the body."

"Then you mean you did not find the body," Avery charged. "Some one, passing through this car a min-

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ute or so before you, must have found him!"

Connery attended without replying. "And evidently that man dared not report it and could not wait longer to know whether Mr.—Mr. Dorne, was really dead; so he rang the bell!"

"Ought we keep Dr. Sinclair any longer from the examination, sir?" Connery now seized Avery's arm in appeal. "The first thing for us to know is whether Mr. Dorne is dying. Isn't—"

Connery checked himself; he had won his appeal. Eaton, standing quietly watchful, observed that Avery's eagerness to accuse now had been replaced by another interest which the conductor's words had recalled. Whether the man in the berth was to live or die—evidently that was momentarily to affect Donald Avery one way or the other.

"Of course, by all means proceed with your examination, Doctor," Avery directed.

As Sinclair bent over the body, Avery leaned over also; Eaton gazed down, and Connery—a little paler than before and with lips tightly set.

CHAPTER VII.

"Isn't This Basil Santoine?"

THE surgeon, having finished loosening the pajamas, pulled open and carefully removed the jacket part, leaving the upper part of the body of the man in the berth exposed. Conductor Connery turned to Avery.

"You have no objection to my taking a list of the articles in the berth?" Avery seemed to oppose; then, apparently, he recognized that this was an obvious part of the conductor's duty. "None at all," he replied.

Connery gathered up the clothing, the glasses, the watch and purse, and laid them on the seat across the aisle. Sitting down, then, opposite them, he examined them and, taking everything from the pockets of the clothes, he began to catalogue them before Avery. In the coat he found only the card-case, which he noted without examining its contents, and in the trousers a pocket-knife and bunch of keys. He counted over the gold and banknotes in the purse and entered the amount upon his list.

"You know about what he had with him?" he asked.

"Very closely. That is correct. Nothing is missing," Avery answered. The conductor opened the watch.

"The crystal is missing." Avery nodded. "Yes; it always—that is, it was missing yesterday."

Connery looked up at him, as though slightly puzzled by the manner of the reply; then, having finished his list, he rejoined the surgeon.

Sinclair was still bending over the naked torso. With Eaton's help, he had turned the body upon its back in order to look at its right side, which before had been hidden. It had been a strong, healthy body; Sinclair guessed its age at fifty. As a boy, the man might have been an athlete,—a college track-runner or oarsman,—and he had kept himself in condition through middle age. There was no mark or bruise upon the body, except that on the right side and just below the ribs there now showed a scar about an inch and a half long and of peculiar crescent shape. It was evidently a surgical scar and had completely healed.

Sinclair scrutinized this carefully and then looked up to Avery. "He was operated on recently?"

"About two years ago." "For what?"

"It was some operation on the gall-bladder."

"Performed by Kuno Garrt?" Avery hesitated. "I believe so."

He watched Sinclair more closely as he continued his examination; the surgeon had glanced quickly at the face on the pillow and seemed about to question Avery again; but instead he laid the pajama jacket over the body and drew up the sheet and blanket.

Connery touched the surgeon on the arm. "What must be done, Doctor? And where and when do you want to do it?"

(To be Continued.)



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