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THE CANADIAN

COURIER

Vol. XXI. No. 18

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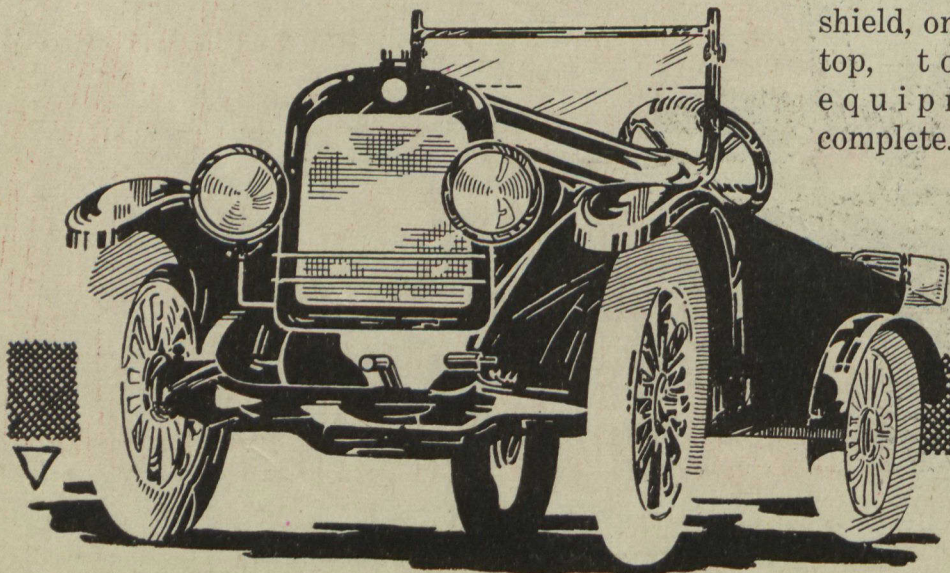
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THE CANADIAN COURIER

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

EXTENSIONS

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

CANADIAN COURIER

TORONTO ONTARIO

NATIONAL SENTIMENT AND CIRCULATION.

WEEK before last we published a letter pointing out that the Canadian Courier should be in every Canadian home. This week we are confronted with a somewhat startling passage from The Editor, the well-known clearing-house paper for writers and editors and publishers, produced in Ridgewood, N.J. The first article in the Experience Exchange of the issue Feb. 24, is by a writer whose work has sometimes appeared in the Canadian Courier.

"Canadian people," he says, with a touch of considerable eloquence, "are demanding more and more Canadian characters as well as Canadian settings in short fiction. The war is making Canada rabidly Canadian and the publisher who fails to note it will ultimately lose circulation. Less than a year ago the Canadian Courier, formerly extremely Imperialistic in its tone, saw the flood-tide, appointed a native-born editor and adopted an out-and-out Canadian policy. The circulation results already, I understand, have been far beyond the management's expectations. Now instead of its stories carrying far-away settings, they have the smell of the pine gum on them, the tawny roll of the prairies, the roar of the thousand-mile transcontinental eight-wheeler and the drift and crash of a busy people, who are making more history than they care to take time to study. The Courier is Canada's Saturday Evening Post."

The Canadian Courier has never consciously inspired any writer with these sentiments, or furnished him with what he puts down as facts. It is true that the circulation of the Canadian Courier is going ahead very rapidly. We have never paused to set any precise reason for this, except that in a Canadian way we are trying to make this Canadian paper of more and more interest to Canadians. So far as the native-born editor is concerned, he doesn't exist. The present editor of this paper was born in England and brought up in the Canadian bush. Which, according to his way of thinking, entitles him to rank as a Canadian. He is not anti-Imperialistic. He believes, however, that the best Canadians take more interest in England than in South Africa or Australia, and more interest in Canada than in any other country under the sun. The production of the Canadian Courier is intended to express this national idea, no matter if the British Empire, as at present constituted, should last a thousand years.

We admit the accusation of trying to get into the Canadian Courier "the smell of the pines, the tawny roll of the prairie and the drift and crush of a busy people." We would add also the sniff of the Atlantic, the balmy airs of the Pacific, the majesty of the mountains, and the spirit of a free people, who believe that our first duty to the Empire and the world at large is to understand Canada.

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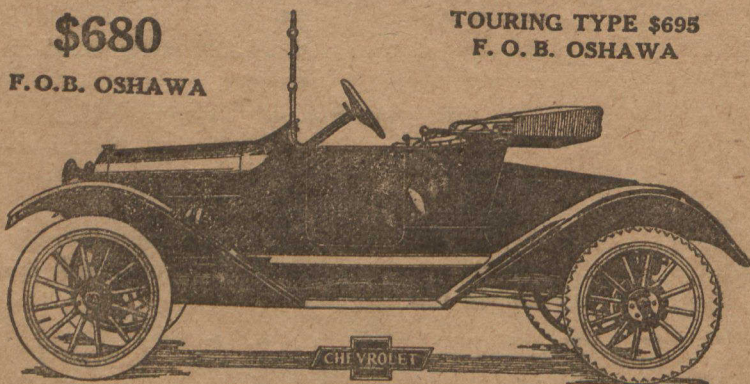
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Advertising Manager, Canadian Courier

THE COURIER

Vol. XXI.

March 31st, 1917

No. 18

GRANDPERE NADEAU RECRUITS



*A Narrative of Old Canada and
New Quebec*

By QUEENIE FAIRCHILD

Illustrated by H. E. Sampson

who had a good working knowledge of French, could follow the conversation fairly well.

While Captain St. Maurice explained their mission in the parish, bonhomme Nadeau looked him over, then demanded:

"Why are you not in red if you are fighting as an Englishman? And no sword! In my day the soldiers of the garrison at Quebec were a gay sight."

"But the uniforms were too conspicuous, the enemy could see us miles away," explained the young officer.

"Surely you are not afraid to let the enemy see you?" queried the old man.

Captain St. Maurice joined good naturedly in the laughter and answered:

"No, bonhomme, not afraid, but we don't fight in the open nowadays."

"You must be going back to the tricks of the Iroquois Indians."

"A story, a story, grandpere," called out half a dozen of the group. "Tell us of the days of your father and grandfather."

PETIT PIERRE leaned against his great-grandfather's knees; in his baby bottes sauvages and homemade clothes, he made a quaint picture as he twirled long "spills" made of paper to light the pipes from the fire as if such things as matches had never been invented. The child was no more eager for the coming stories than were the older people. While the storyteller smoked and thought for a few minutes, Captain Cameron looked with critical eye at the type of men in the room, commenting in English to St. Maurice.

"You don't know the stock as I do," Rene St. Maurice assured him. "These men may not seem up to an Englishman's standard of physical beauty, but they can rough it, handle an axe or a rifle equally well, live on simple fare and keep cheerful. Their greatest happiness is to gather like this to dance, sing, and to listen to stories. Half of the older people here cannot read nor write, yet it would be a stupid person who would call them unintelligent."

"Veneration is first taught for the church, and imagination is fired by the miraculous; it naturally follows that a French-Canadian shows respect for secular authority, and he has a natural love for the romantic and the heroic. His Canadian history is passed on to him in the form of stories, and the names of those who figured in history are almost household names, on account of the old Seigniorial connection between the families and their dependents."

"The songs of Normandy and Brittany had been carefully transmitted from generation to generation. Lord Northcliffe mentions in his book on the war that Captain Papineau of the 22nd French-Canadian Regiment, had called his attention to the fact that the old French peasants were astonished at hearing

CAPTAIN RENE ST. MAURICE of a famous French-Canadian Regiment, and Captain Jack Cameron, of Toronto, had been in hospital together in France, and now their short convalescent leave in Canada was soon to end. There might reasonably seem nothing the two men could have in common except their war experiences, yet the warmest friendship had sprung up between the dark, wiry French-Canadian officer, quick of speech and action, and the steady going Scotch-Canadian. Both men were lawyers by profession, the one versed in all the intricacies of French law or the Coutume Paris of the courts of Quebec, and the Upper Canadian needing no knowledge of it at all.

Jack Cameron was now paying the St. Maurice a visit at their Seigneurie of Lariviere near Three Rivers, although warned to expect nothing but the life of a small French-Canadian parish, with perhaps a bit of recruiting around the country side.

"You will find our ways very old fashioned I fear," had said Rene's father, the Sieur de Lariviere as he would have been called in the French regime, as he welcomed his son's friend, and Captain Cameron had answered that he was already under the spell of the Province of Quebec, but he looked at Juliette St. Maurice as he spoke.

For over two hundred years members of the St. Maurice family had at some time of their lives made Lariviere their home, had gone out into the world, had fought, loved, married, and been gathered in to their fathers under the Seigniorial pew of the parish church.

One week of Jack Cameron's stay at the manor had already slipped by, a week full of charm, from the moment of his arrival at the long stone house on the shore of the St. Lawrence. Rene St. Maurice was welcomed cordially in every habitant home they had visited as if censitaire (tenant) and their feudal lord were still bound to each other by laws of foi et hommage. There was no servility in the natural politeness, a good habitant respects himself as well as according it to his betters. The old world relationship delighted Jack Cameron.

They had been through other parishes all day, and Captain St. Maurice was feeling rather discouraged, as they had had no good opportunity of talking to the younger men. Old Narcisse was driving, turning around with many a quaint remark or piece of advice to "M'sieur Rene," as if he were still the school-

boy home at holiday time from the Seminaire of Quebec.

"If I could only revive the seigniorial obligation of military service to our family, what a draft I could take back to my regiment. However, I must surely get three or four men." Captain St. Maurice lighted a fresh cigarette as he spoke and turned to Captain Cameron seated beside him.

"How you must love every ancient custom and every inch of your seigneurie," said Jack Cameron.

"More than I can express in words," replied St. Maurice. "Many a moonlight night like this in France I have tried to make myself imagine the shimmer of light over a flat space of country was the light on the water of the St. Lawrence, and in the worst din I have suddenly heard the bells of Lariviere."

The man of the more emotional race stopped abruptly and both officers smoked in silence as the carriage rattled over the hard road of the early October night. An other ten minutes they drove into the single street of St. Norman, and stopped before the largest cottage, in which could be heard the pounding of feet and a violin playing the air of

"Mademoiselle voulez-vous danser?"

"Non Monsieur, je suis trop fatigue."

Several men smoking at the door came forward to show Narcisse where he could stable his horse, while some one else sought out Madame Marois to leave the Veillee long enough to get the travellers some supper at her Maison de pension.

"Mon Dieu! Just to think of Monsieur St. Maurice being here the very night of the grandpere Nadeau's eighty-fifth birthday. What an honour for him if the Messieurs would make their felicitations to him! There had been a Mass that morning, at which he had seven children, forty-five grandchildren and ten great grandchildren—A noble sight." Madame was forced to stop for breath as she rattled the plates on the table. "Such a wonderful old man, si sage, si respecte, and of such a memory for the good old times."

The crowd in the big kitchen at the Nadeau's made way politely for the two new arrivals to be led up to the grandfather, who was sitting near the open fire.

"Salut, salut," said the old habitant, using the word as a greeting without any consciousness of its one time military significance. Captain Cameron,

airs they had all but forgotten, yet Canadian soldiers had brought back the songs to France after three centuries. He is the same Captain Papineau who wrote that fine protest to his cousin Bourassa of Montreal." They are both descendants of Louis-Joseph Papineau.

"Bien! mes enfants," commenced Grandpere Nadeau—Everybody stopped talking and drew closer.

"My family at one time lived at St. Ann de la Perade further down the river, on the Seigneurie of the de Lanaudieres—such a fine family. I remember my grandfather well and all he used to tell me of the old times.

"To-night, out of compliment to these officers, I will tell you stories of how well we Canadiens served the English once we found we were to live together."

"Well, you know at the battle of the Plains of Abraham our good General Montcalm was killed, everything went wrong without him, and the English took Quebec. Then we found that if we Canadiens went quietly about our own business we were safer in our possessions than under bad Frenchmen like Bigot.

"Just sixteen years of peace and the Bostonnais took to quarreling with Old England, and Mon Dieu! they wanted us Canadiens to join them. 'Non Merci, Messieurs,' we said. We knew those neighbours to the South, and had some old scores to settle. They were not like the English from England, but were more cunning and hard, and they spoke of our faith as something abhorrent to them.

"We poor habitants had not much knowledge of the grand people of the Chateau St. Louis, but the Governor always made our Seigneurs and the priests his friends. Every Seigneur was born an officer, they loved the military life, and the honours they got, but best of all they loved Canada, whether French or English.

"Eh! bien, to make a long story short, the Americans were too strong for us at first and came in by Lake Champlain and down the Richelieu. Fort St. Jean and Fort Chambly couldn't keep them in check, and there was no hope of saving Montreal. The news that another army was coming down the Chaudiere River to take Quebec nearly drove the Governor wild. It was too late in the season to look for any help from England, but the Governor was going to get to Quebec as long as the St. Lawrence flowed to the sea. With eleven small sailing ships, three hundred men and a quantity of powder they slipped away from Montreal just before the Americans entered the city.

"All went well until Sorel was reached, but the Americans were already there with one ship they had captured and armed with a cannon. The ships from Montreal turned back to La Valtrie. Then came anxious days, bad weather, and wind against them. Finally the Governor called all the ship captains together to consult them. There were two fine French-Canadians among them. One captain said he was sure he could get the little fleet safely past Sorel, but Captain Jean-Baptiste Bouchette thought the Governor had better start for Quebec without attracting too much attention. So it was arranged that only a few men should accompany the Governor on the perilous trip.

"MARK what I say now, li'l Pierre, Canada was saved to the English by the brave undertaking of five Canadians, for there was no officer in command at Quebec who could have taken the Governor's place, and had his powers. Captain Bouchette was a young man, but he knew the river well and was called 'la Tourtre,' 'the wild pigeon,' because of his swift sailings."

"An open rowboat was almost covered with flannel wherever it was thought the oars or anything would make a noise. All the men dressed like habitants—not so bad a thing to wear, is our etoffe du pays, a sash to pull tight, and a bonnet rouge to draw well down over one's ears. Into the boat the men got that dark, wet early November night. All alone out on that big river was not a very com-

fortable thing, but getting past the Islands near Berthier was the worst time of all, for the 'Bostonnais' were camping all along the shores and their fires threw a glare so far out on the water that the men in the boat expected every moment they would be seen. They could hear the 'qui vives' of the sentries and answering calls.

"In the narrowest channels they all lay down in the bottom of the boat to make it appear as if adrift. At other times when oars could be heard they did not dare row and the slow current made every minute seem like an hour, so to keep the boat moving the men paddled it with their hands. Captain Bouchette gave his orders by tapping the man in front of him on the shoulder and whispering, and he passed the order on in the same way. Nine miles of this misery was endured until the river opened out again, and when daylight came they landed to sleep at a safe place. The rest of the journey to Three Rivers was just pull, pull, pull, watching the shores, landing at any manor houses within safe reach of the river for a few hours' sleep and to hear the latest rumours, and then back to the boat again.

"IT seemed good to them to see the spires and houses of Three Rivers. They landed and went to the house of M'sieur Tonnancour, another trusted Seigneur. There the Governor met a few officers who consulted him anxiously, for the Americans were advancing rapidly down the river from parish to parish.

"The first thing the household knew some American soldiers rode up to the house to arrange for billets. There wasn't a moment to lose. Captain Bouchette walked into the dining-room ahead of the soldiers, and tapped the Governor with pretended



The scene was like a painting of an old master.

familiarity on the shoulder, ordering him out, and the supposed habitant humbly followed him.

"They reached the boat without being recognized and rowed for their lives, one man the less now, as the Sieur de Niverville thought it would arouse suspicion if he were seen leaving his Three Rivers home again. The Sieur de Tonnancour had just managed to get up through the American lines around Quebec, and the men in the boat knew their greatest danger might be as the rock of Quebec was in view.

"After Three Rivers the St. Lawrence commenced to be a tidal river and it made a big difference, if the flood tide was against them. The villages on either side still looked so safe, but the bells of their churches sounded more like tocsins to those six men than peaceful summons to all wayfarers to stop and hear mass.

"M'sieur de Lanaudiere had to see his own dear Ste. Anne fade from his view, not knowing what fate might befall his home, but he had undertaken a sacred trust to get the Governor to Quebec or perish with him. Perhaps la bonne Ste. Anne, the patron saint of his parish was guiding him." Bonhomme

Nadeau here crossed himself reverently. "Below the de Lotbiniere's manor at Point Platon there was an English sloop cruising about. The men in the boat hailed her joyfully and the crew lost no time in getting the Governor and his companions on board. The boat that had served them so well was taken in tow and on they sailed past Cap Sante, St. Nicholas and Cap Ronge."

"The people of Quebec could hardly believe the news that the Governor had got safely by the Americans. The bells of the city were pealed for joy, and in a few hours after his arrival the garrison felt the greatest confidence that they would hold out until the spring. They had not to wait so long, for by New Year's Day one American General was killed and the other wounded and discouraged. That trip was a pretty fine thing for us Canadians to remember. The English Governor believed in and trusted our race, and he was well repaid." There was a general murmur of assent.

"Yes," said Rene St. Maurice, "and another Charles de Lanaudiere of my generation is an officer. He went over with the 22nd Regiment. That makes a good continuation of that family's services to Canada."

Then turning to Captain Cameron, he said in English: "By the way, Cameron, you might almost claim Captain Bouchette as a townsman of yours as he was given a grant of land where Toronto now is, but he made Kingston his home while in the Lake Naval Service during the early years of Upper Canada."

"I will tell you one more tale of the Canadians outwitting the Americans of those times," announced Grandpere Nadeau.

"There were some important letters to be sent through from Montreal to the Governor shut up in Quebec that winter, and who do you suppose was chosen to carry them? Louis Papineau, who afterwards became the father of Louis-Joseph who made the 'Papineau War.' But Louis was only a young fellow himself then, and with a companion named Lamotte he walked all the way down on the south shore of the St. Lawrence. The Americans never suspected the two Canadian youths were such trusted agents of the English. When they got opposite Quebec they did not know how they were going to cross the big river full of ice. The Americans at Point Levis would soon get them from one side and the English might take them for enemies and fire on them from the Quebec side.

"CREE-YEE! they hit upon a funny plan to make themselves invisible by putting their white shirts on over, instead of under their other clothes. Then they got down on the ice and crawled across that mile wide river on their hands and knees. Who can say the Canadians are not brave and resourceful? Why should they have taken all those risks?" The old man proudly threw back his head with its long grey curls.

"No one says they are not great fighters. The only thing is, we want more French-Canadians," answered Captain St. Maurice.

"By Jove," said Captain Cameron, "how history repeats itself. After a snowfall in France, our men covered themselves in white and crawled out on to 'No man's Land.'"

The English speech being repeated to the old man, he said: "They must have heard of Louis Papineau?" "Perhaps they had, bonhomme, perhaps they had," said Captain St. Maurice, smiling.

"Tell him of the old Canadian 'tump line' method being used to carry up supplies to the trenches, that will please the old fellow," said Captain Cameron.

"I will tell you of them to-morrow night," said the old man.

Everyone rose, said good-night, and sorted themselves out, for the gathering of relations for the grandfather's fete had to be put up in every cottage.

The two officers walked up and down in the fresh air before going to Madame Marois's. "We couldn't" (Concluded on page 21.)



WOULD "FIX" OUR WHEAT PRICES

THERE has been so much talk of government regulation of wheat prices that the Ottawa Government recently asked the body of men shown in the above picture to agree—as representatives of the organized farmers of Canada—on a proper price for Canadian wheat for 1917's crop. These men constitute the Canadian Council of Agriculture. Each man represents one of the nine organized farm bodies in Canada, such as the United Farmers of Ontario, the Alberta Grain Growers, etc. These men met in Regina last week and "set" the price of wheat. But whether the Government will accept this price, or whether the individual farmer will agree to it when the crop is harvested—is a doubtful matter. In the picture, from left to right, are shown: Back row: J. B. Musselman (Sask.), F. J. Collyer (Man.), Peter Wright (Man.), C. W. Brown (Alta.), R. M. Johnston (Sask.), J. L. Rooke (Sask.), E. J. Fream (Alta.), Jas. Robinson (Sask.), A. G. Hawkes (Sask.), W. D. Trego (Alta.). Second row:

Morrison (Man.), John F. Reid (Man.), R. J. Avison (Man.), J. S. Wood (Man.), J. W. Wood (Alta.), John Kennedy (Man.), Thomas Sales (Sask.). Front row: Fred. W. Riddell (Sask.), T. A. Crerar (Man.), H. W. Wood (Alta.), R. McKenzie (Sec. of Council), J. A. Maharg (Sask.), R. C. Henders (Man.), C. Rice-Jones (Alta.), Hon. Geo. Langley (Sask.).

ABOVE is Prof. Paul Miliukoff, Foreign Minister in the new Russian Cabinet. It was taken in New York during his last visit to the United States. Miliukoff is the man who defeated Sturmer's secret peace plans by a vigorous speech in the Duma, committing himself and his colleagues in favour of war. He is one of the new great men of Europe.

LIEUT. GEN. JAN CHRISTIAN SMUTS landed in England on March 12th, to represent South Africa at the Imperial Conference. General Smuts was recently made a Privy Councillor. The Imperial Government acceded to South Africa's request that General Smuts be sent instead of General Botha, owing to the necessity for the presence of General Botha at the approaching session of the South African Parliament. According to General Smuts the campaign on the East African battlefield is virtually at an end. He declares that after the rainy season in March and April the Germans will be obliged to surrender or enter Portuguese territory, where the Portuguese are ready to deal with them. The new Privy Councillor also says that he shudders to think what would happen if any part of the territory taken were given back to Germany. The native population has stood by the British throughout. All the African colonies would be opposed to the idea of returning the territory and British prestige would suffer materially.

MRS. VERNON CASTLE arrived in New York recently with her pet monkey "Rastus," and a thrilling tale of how her husband won the Croix de Guerre for valorous action in the upper air. He brought down two enemy planes after a desperate fight. Mrs. Castle went to London to spend the three weeks' leave of absence with her husband. She says that they did not dance—not even once while they were together.

JAMES W. GERARD, former U. S. Ambassador to Germany, is here seen on his way to be welcomed by a representative New York gathering. Mr. Gerard upon his arrival in New York received an ovation. He was greeted at the City Hall by Mayor Mitchell and the reception committee. Thousands of New Yorkers gathered on the steps and the plaza in front of the building and cheered the envoy. He knows more of Germany's conditions than Germany likes to think.



South Africa's Constitutional Hero.



Russia's New Foreign Minister.



A SENTIMENTAL CONFESSION

A Human Document Forwarded From the Firing Line

ADAPTED BY A. GREGORY SMITH

THIS is what the manuscript said after I got it puzzled out back in our new piggeries after we captured the village of —. None of us could agree about whether it was real or a fake. But we've been in Flanders a year now and it sounds real. You can do the studying:

Soon it will be all over and I shall be at peace.

In a short time I must face the firing squad. There will be a moment of supreme nervous tension, the click and firing of rifles, and I will have passed to a state where men do not war nor kill the innocent.

As I sit waiting for the dawn, which will witness my execution, my mind goes back over the last few years, and at least I cannot be deprived of the thought of the pleasure that filled those years previous to the last few months.

My mind has been unusually clear since shortly after my sentence was pronounced and I can think in detail of the events and happenings during the days over a great many years, but as my time is now getting short I can transcribe to writing only a few of the many things that have been running through my mind.

I think of myself as a young man, just returned after completing my military service, to stay with my people in that pretty village on the banks of the Rhine.

With the young men, many of whom were my boyhood friends, I enjoy life to the full. We play games of different kinds, requiring strength and skill, make excursions up the river or to surrounding towns where we always meet with something in the way of adventure. In the evening we relate tales of our different experiences while we smoke our pipes and drink our beer.

The most enjoyable evenings I spend with the girl whom I have long fondly loved. Elsa Brandt, besides having my fervent love for her, I believe, my ideal of all a wife should be, and we are looking forward to the time when we can settle down to a life of happiness together. We find the evenings all too short for all we have to say and think about.

Soon I have secured a position in the mill in my own town and it seems good to work and to be able to save towards the equipment of the new home.

Elsa and I have planned, time after time, how we will arrange and furnish it, and each time we derive a new pleasure from the planning.

WHILE I am working in the mill Elsa is doing her part making table linens, rugs, and other things that go to making a place homelike, and as she displays the articles she has made I cannot help but admire and compliment her on her skill with needle and thread.

In a year's time, with what I have saved and a little help from our parents, we decide that we can start housekeeping in a modest way.

Then the wedding. How well I remember the day with all its gaiety and excitement. The ceremony, the wedding supper and the banter and good wishes of relatives and friends. I moved through it all as in a dream, realizing that it was the happiest day of my life.

Elsa proves, as I anticipated, to be an excellent housekeeper and a good home-maker, and I think with pride what a fortunate man I am to have won such a prize.

Later on we look forward to an event and realize that we do not know the real happiness of married life till little Frederick arrives to brighten the days.

As always with the first born we take a special interest in watching his mind develop, and his first attempts at walking and talking.

As time goes on our family increases and Gretchen and Wilhelm arrive to share our love and attention.

After the evening meal I would sit and smoke my pipe by the open fire or in the warm weather on the vine-covered porch while the children frolicked or climbed over me, telling of the day's adventures in their sweet lisping ways.

On Sundays and holidays we would make short excursions up the river or the small streams.

While their mother and I would walk arm in arm

the children would go skipping along, exploring all the wonders and sights, calling our attention to them for fear we would miss something. At noon-time we would spread our luncheon under some shady tree, and it was a delight to watch the hungry children enjoying the good things to eat. Afterwards I would lie in a comfortable, lazy position, perfectly at peace with the world, content in the love of my wife and children, and meditate on my truly happy lot in life. As the afternoon would wear away we would collect our belongings and go joyously home in the cool of the evening, tired enough from the day's excursion to enjoy a good refreshing sleep.

We lived far away enough from the busy centres to enjoy the simple things of life and did not make the getting of money, or the chase after mad pleasures, our chief aim.

SINCE we had access to the Daily Press and living as we did, we were more unbiassed and had a clearer vision of the political situation and national affairs, than those who were living more in the turmoil and hurry of the great urban centres.

I cannot help but dwell on the pleasures of those evenings as we sat talking and smoking under the trees, occasionally joining in a familiar chorus, that we all knew and loved.

Elsa's tender glances, as she gazed at the children, formed a picture that was worthy of the notice of a great master and it is clearly stamped in my memory as I write.

When Frederick became old enough, I reserved for myself the pleasure of first teaching him the simple rudiments of learning.

I think of the homely scene of the family gathered round the table, of Frederick learning to form the letters of the alphabet, while the other children looked on with awe and wonder.

Day after day was much the same, each one full of pure happiness and contentment for all of us.

Life moved along like a pleasant even stream, without a ripple, till one day a shadow was cast across it. A rumour went round the mill that "The Day" was fast approaching.

As a young man, in military training with my comrades, I looked forward to "The Day." The day when we would go forth to conquer and win glory for ourselves and for the fatherland, but for the last few years life had been far too pleasant and had held too much for me to wish for a soldier's life again and all that went with it.

The thought of being separated from my loved ones in case of war was terrible to me and I felt as if a cloud had settled over our otherwise tranquil existence.

It was not long then till we read of the issues that finally brought on the great war.

After this, event followed event rapidly. In a short time we heard of the first division being called out for active service, then read of their first encounter and how they distinguished themselves. All too soon the call "To Arms" came to me, and it seemed my heart must break at the thought of leaving wife and family and giving up my present happy mode of life.

Each day I tried to derive the very utmost amount of pleasure from each moment spent with my loved ones, knowing how soon it would end for a time at least. The last day, as I was making the final preparations for the march, was like a night-mare, my only consolation being that the war would only last a short time. I might not even have to take a real active part in it and might soon be home to my family and all the old associations with some interesting experiences to narrate, but the uncertainty of what was before us was appalling. The last moments of leave taking were sad ones.

The next few days were very trying. The long marches; the hardening of the muscles; going without the home comforts that I had grown accustomed to, and being deprived of the associations of my

wife and family, were indeed hard on me.

By train and forced marches we soon reached the border line and passed into a foreign country, where from time to time we could hear the sound of heavy bombardments in the distance. My first time in action lasted only a few hours, the resistance being weak, and again we pushed forward deeper into the enemies' country.

Along the line of march now there were a great many ruined houses and farm buildings and in the villages and towns we saw the effects of shell fire.

Homes, that shortly before had been occupied by happy, thriving people with the same interests in life, the same love for their families that I had, now lay in ashes and ruins. The inmates of these homes were now scattered, many of them slain, many of them starving.

Fighting soon became quite frequent, and in firing into and killing men I could not help but think that these men had mothers or wives and children who would grieve as much for their loss as mine would for me. Was this war worth the misery and troubles it was causing? Could we gain enough for the fatherland to compensate for all this loss of life and devastation? Did the end justify the means? These thoughts kept going through my mind and I felt the gain would have to be tremendous to make up for the losses, both to the enemy and to ourselves.

Of course I had still some of the fighting and conquering spirit that had been instilled in me, but I did not have the same enthusiasm, the same lust for battle as the younger men fresh from the inspiration of their military training.

I do not like to dwell on the next few weeks. There was too much bloodshed. The horrors of war were so many to the non-combatants who were enduring untold misery and privation.

We noticed at times that our officers were surprised at the resistance we had to overcome, and worried at the way our ranks were being thinned out.

Each day's work now was much the same. At day-break or just before, there would be a heavy bombardment. Then would come the charge of infantry followed by the counter attack; during which time we would take a trench, hastily dig new ones, or fall back to our first line trenches, which we might have trouble to hold if the enemy were in great force. These movements were never carried on without a great many casualties and daily some of the members of my company were either killed or disabled.

One day I was ordered out with a squad to make a demonstration against the inhabitants who still lived there.

Some of them had shown hostility to our troops, and it was suspected that a few were in league and acting as spies for the enemy.

FIRST day we marched through a village many of the women cast looks of hatred at us but made no move against us till we set fire to a small house that was said to harbour a spy, when a small boy threw a stone, hitting one of the men on the head.

Immediately the officer gave the command and he was run through with a bayonet.

It seemed terrible to me! I could hardly control myself, as he was such a bright boy, about the age of my Frederick. Could I ever come with the men on such an expedition again. Another sight which I witnessed was of an old woman crossing the street in front of us as we were leaving, who was roughly pushed to one side where she lay groaning in the mud. Apparently I was to be on this kind of duty for some time, as next day my orders were the same. On reaching the outskirts of another small town, our officer tried to gain entrance to a house, but found the door barred. It was soon forced open, and as he stepped in, a young lad stood in front of his mother with a club in his hand to defend her. It was a touching scene. Here was the young boy, who had constituted himself a defender for his mother

(Concluded on page 21.)

TANGANYIKADVENTURES

EVERY little while the world-around virility of the Englishman comes up with a fresh jolt. The Empire is one huge world-thumping adventure. There never has been a remote cranny of the earth unfit for anything but nose-ring savages that some Sahib Englishman in as many varieties as a celebrated brand of pickles did not slam down his luggage and bellow for a square meal.

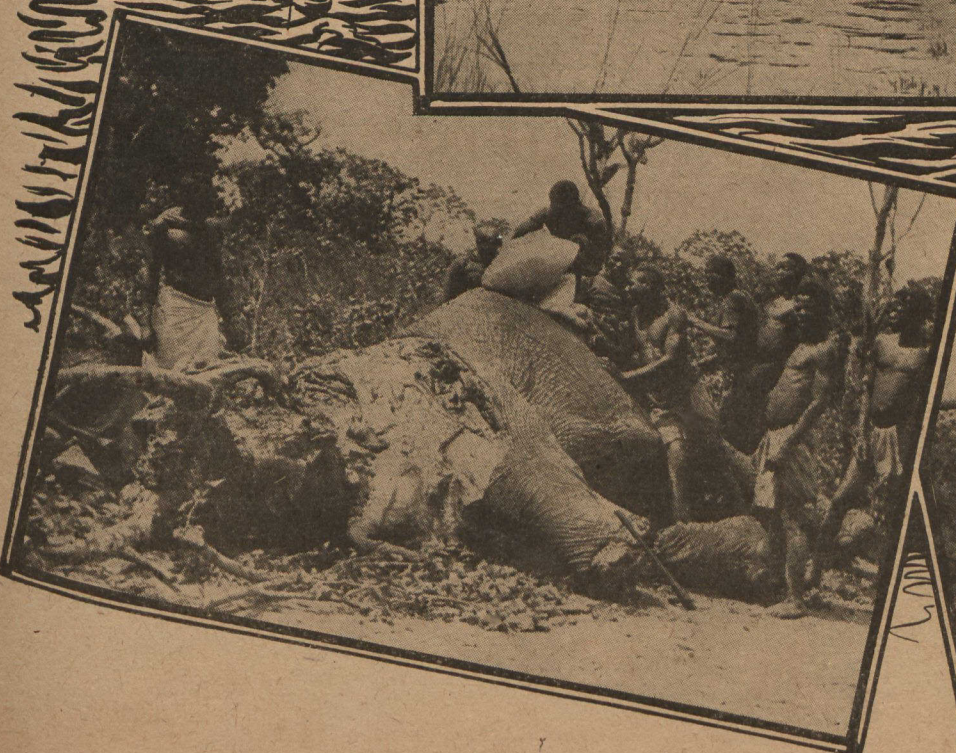
The most recent example of this globe-girdling virility is the British Naval Expedition to Lake Tanganyika, between German East Africa and the Belgian Congo. The commander, Spicer Simson R.N.—now D.S.O. because of the punch he put into this expedition—had 27 officers and men for the purpose of co-operating with the Belgians to drive the Germans off Tanganyika Lake. They left England in June, 1915. All the fleet they had when they landed at the Congo seaport on the west coast was two small motor boats 40 feet long, each with a 3-pounder and Maxims. The fleet was taken across country through the bowels of the Congo bush by combined oxen, tractors and man-power. To get 'em through—real bushwhack Canadian style—Spicer Simson's brigade had to make roads and build bridges over rivers till they got to the Lualaba. On the Lualaba was a voyage now of 350 miles to reach Lake Tanganyika, arrived at which, the Mimi and the Tow Tow captured a German gunboat in 15 minutes and a week later sunk the Von Wisemann. The Germans blew up the rest of their fleet and decamped, leaving the lake to the blustering British who, on their return trip through North Rhodesia, encountered some of the animals and the people depicted in the accompanying photographs, which tell their own story. In the long canoe picture may be seen amidst a leopard, who seems to be the chief passenger. Below you see a pageant of native packers wading waist-high with their loads of white men's impedimenta; an elephant being carved up for several square meals and an honourable member of the crew being ported in a pole-hammock by the glad-to-see-'em natives.



NEW MODE IN HEAD-GEAR.



NEW STYLE IN NECK-WEAR.



SOP TO THE GERMAN PUBLIC

MAJOR MORAHT, the German military expert, tells us, or rather he tells the German people, that the retirement from the Ancre is for strategical reasons. It is one of those phrases that sound well, but that actually have very little meaning. All military movements are for strategical reasons; otherwise they would not be undertaken. It is true that the early withdrawal was orderly, and therefore premeditated, although at the moment of writing we are told that it is becoming disorderly, and is taking on some of the aspects of a rout. But if it was not originally a rout it was none the less the alternative to a rout. The German defences were practically destroyed by an artillery fire without a parallel in the war, and they could certainly have been taken with the bayonet. Major Moraht then goes on to say that the British will now find that they must fight over extraordinarily difficult ground and he infers that this was one of the reasons for the retreat. Now all this is evidently for home consumption, and for the solace of a German public opinion that is growing sensitive and suspicious. The British reports say that the new ground is preferable to the old, and we have also the fact that the Germans have been defending this ground stubbornly ever since the Battle of the Somme opened last summer until the present moment. In the early stages of the war the German bulletins were fairly accurate, but they are anything but accurate now. The British advances are concealed until they can be concealed no more, and then they are announced as though they were German victories. All of which is eloquent of apprehension and distrust at home.

But Major Moraht is evidently trying to discount the future as well as to explain the past. He would prepare his readers for other news of a like nature. It is probable that Bapaume will be taken before these lines are in print, and this will mean a serious embarrassment to the German communications on their north and south line from the sea to Noyon. If the Germans are willing to evacuate their lines in the Ancre district and to surrender Bapaume, it is highly likely that they must presently surrender Peronne also, and even withdraw altogether from the great salient at Noyon and fall back toward the Belgian frontier. There is a good road running through Bapaume to the south as far as Peronne, while from Peronne there is a railroad immediately behind the German lines that continue southward to Noyon, and while these roads are probably not vital to the German communications their loss would be a grave inconvenience. It is hard, therefore, to resist the conviction that the present German retirement is a prelude to something much larger, and that "strategical reasons" are about to compel the abandonment of extensive lines that have been held fast ever since the Battle of the Marne.

OFFICIALLY we have been told nothing about the great extension of the British lines southward, but the fact that there has been an extension is no longer concealed. It will be remembered that at the opening of the Battle of the Somme the British were holding the Ancre district and advancing toward Bapaume, while the French, under Foch, were on the Somme and moving against Peronne. After a time there was a slackening of the French attack on Peronne, and presently it ceased altogether. Now we learn from the bulletins that the British forces are at Roye, which is well to the south of Peronne and close to Noyon, and so it becomes evident that the British have extended their lines southward until they now occupy about one-third of the whole western front, which includes practically the entire north and south formation. In all probability the British will presently move right around the Noyon angle until they occupy a full half of the front. And as this means the liberation of a larger number of French troops we may legitimately ask ourselves what is to be done with them, and how they will be employed.

Writing some two weeks ago I suggested that the

All this talk about the Invincibility of the Hindenburg Line. The Strategy of the German Retirement is probably not Hindenburg's at all, but Nivalle's and Haig's. The French may yet Invade Germany by way of Metz instead of via Belgium

By SIDNEY CORYN

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EDITOR'S NOTE

READERS of the Coryn War Summary in the Courier will recognize in this week's article, as in others, that Mr. Coryn writes under the disadvantage of time. That is to say, he is compelled to write to-day what is not intended to reach the public until next week. In that interval many things may happen, and any writer less posted on the facts, less familiar with the ground where the armies are fighting, less shrewd in judgment and wise in military understanding, might be expected to make serious blunders in anticipating the course of events. But in spite of disadvantages, Mr. Coryn has won a place of distinction among the four or five best "war summary writers" of the English-speaking world. Those who have followed his writings in the Courier will be able to recall no instance in which the prognosis has been at fault to any serious extent, if indeed at all. It is because of Mr. Coryn's unusual gifts in the analysis of the week's news from all fronts, and his unfailingly illuminative comment that the Courier has secured his services for its readers even in spite of the fact that so much time has to elapse between the writing and the reading of the articles.

Those who have followed this weekly review will remember that several months ago Coryn outlined the earlier phases of what is now taking place. In our issue of Oct. 7, 1916, he said:

The hostile circle around them was slowly and inexorably shrinking simply because the defensive forces were spread out so thinly everywhere as to be effective nowhere. Under such circumstances it seemed reasonable to believe that there must be a relative abandonment of one field for the sake of concentration upon another. The defensive circle must accept an inward bulge in one place in the hope of effecting a compensatory bulge elsewhere. But the withdrawal from the Western field was to be slow and obstinately contested so as to produce the greatest possible loss to the Allies for the least possible gain. None the less, the withdrawal was to be intentional and planned. For this view there seemed to be additional support in the relative weakness of the German counter attacks in Picardy as compared with the vigour of their Verdun campaign. This did not seem to be accounted for by the superiority of the British artillery. It appeared to point to a gradual withdrawal of forces precisely calculated to the end in view.

From time to time the writer has returned to his view and from week to week the slow development of events on the two great fronts has justified his estimate. The events that have revolutionized the outlook during the past few days are but the magnified sequel to months of this surrender of territory on the west front.

In the article on this page it will be seen that the Russian situation had not developed quite as clearly when the "copy" was completed as it has developed in the last few days. The retreat of the Germans from the Noyon Angle was only beginning. Nevertheless, allowing for the greater gains made on the West Front, and for the advancement in the Petrograd situation, the article is timely. It is several weeks now since this withdrawal from the Noyon Angle was prophesied in this department. It is some time, too, since the failure of the new "ruthless" submarine campaign was prognosticated. Mr. Coryn does not pretend to be a prophet and his success in foreseeing the trend of events is not mentioned with a view to proving that he has the gift of pre-vision. We submit, however—with perhaps pardonable pride in the fact—that for all around good sense and worthwhile comment the Coryn War Summary stands in a class of its own.

French offensive would be directed toward the Champagne district. In such a move there would be the obvious advantage of crushing in the Noyon angle from the south, while the British exercised a similar pressure from the north, although the Germans would certainly not wait for such an envelopment as this. In partial confirmation of this view we have the present heavy fighting in the Champagne district, in which the French seem to be winning

some notable successes. But there is another direction that may be ultimately favoured by the French staff, and that certainly has much to recommend it. A movement that carried the war actually on to German soil might have an effect upon the future of the struggle that would actually be more valuable than much greater successes, territorially measured, elsewhere. Now the right wing of the French armies in the neighbourhood of Verdun is within artillery range of German soil. The biggest French guns could throw their shells into Metz at the present moment, and it is quite possible that the French authorities mean to strike here in order that an actual invasion of Germany may produce the moral effects that would certainly not be lacking. It can be argued reasonably that while it would be good to crush in the Noyon angle and to advance toward Belgium from the east and the north, it would be a much better thing actually to invade Germany, and that while the Allied forces on the Somme are some two hundred miles from German soil the French forces on the eastern lines are within sight of that promised land. To attempt to weigh the probabilities would be futile except to soldiers who are on the spot, but we need not suppose that we are once more destined to witness, month after month, an advance that is measured by yards. The fighting on the Ancre is but the introduction to some immense effort over a wide field, and an effort that is intended to end the war before the return of winter. We may remind ourselves that the Germans have been explaining their Verdun venture on the ground that it was intended to prevent just such an invasion of Germany as has been suggested, and that inasmuch as it did prevent such an invasion it was successful. But then the German apologists have always been fertile in explaining their own defeats.

A CORRESPONDENT asks what would be the actual advantage to Germany from a shortening of her lines. That, of course, would depend upon the extent to which they were shortened. Roughly speaking, we may say that about three thousand men to the mile are required for the defence of first and second lines, although much, of course, depends upon the activity of the sector. But taking this number as an average, it is evident that even a slight curtailment of the front produces a substantial result in economized man power. The length of the present lines from the sea to Verdun is about 260 miles, but if the lines ran in a straight stretch from point to point the distance would be only about 190 miles. At the rate of three thousand men to the mile this would mean a saving of 210,000 men, a considerable army.

American Ambassador Gerard, who has just returned from Berlin, is unofficially reported to have said that the German public is placing its full and absolute reliance upon the U boats, and that a demonstration of their failure would mean an irresistible demand for an immediate peace. German statesmen have said practically the same thing, apparently indifferent to the fact that such assertions constitute a confession of military failure. German newspapers are nearly unanimous in their hysterical acclamation of the submarine as the one remaining trump card that can bring the game to a triumphant end with the taking of all the tricks.

Of course the submarine has already failed. That is to say, it has not accomplished one-half of the task so confidently allotted to it. It was expected to destroy one million tons of shipping a month, and it has destroyed less than half a million tons, while its power has been steadily waning since the be-

ginning of the "new" campaign. The current British Board of Trade report shows that during the first six weeks of unrestricted Great Britain lost 78 ships from her total of 3,653, that is to say, just about two per cent. Twenty-nine ships were destroyed during the first two weeks in March, as against forty-eight during the first two weeks in February. At the beginning of the campaign there were many old and slow ships at sea, and these fell easy victims to the underwater craft. Comparatively few ships were armed, and these also were unable to defend themselves or to escape. Now, two per cent. is an almost insignificant loss. It becomes still more insignificant when we observe how rapidly the percentage has fallen, and when we remember that innumerable shipyards, working on standardized plans, are producing new ships to the utmost limit of their capacity, and that still other ships are being bought or built in foreign countries. Germany published vague reports of the achievements of individual submarines, but she gives us no detailed and comprehensive statements of such a nature that they can be verified.

She would certainly do so if such statements would serve her, and she now finds it necessary to issue warnings against impatience, and also to modify the aims that she professed to be easily within her reach. Even though we make the fullest allowance for neutral ships detained in their home ports by the submarine menace, and for such embarrassment as may have been produced in the coal and munition service to France, Italy and Russia, we must still recognize the impotence of the submarine to produce a blockade of Allied ports or anything that remotely resembles a blockade. We may also allow ourselves to wonder how long it will be before the German people awake to the failure of a weapon that, by their own admission, is the last in their armoury.

It has been an open secret that the Russian armies have been paralyzed for months past, not because they were short either of men or munitions, but because they were held back by German intrigue at Petrograd. Lord Milner and General Castelnau were both at the Russian capital recently, but so far from this being an evidence of a general weakening on

the part of the people, as was loudly acclaimed by the Germans, it was exactly the reverse. General Castelnau went to Russia in order to place his unusual strategical abilities at the service of the Russian commanders, while Lord Milner's duties were to aid in the munitions problem. Lord Milner, speaking recently at Petrograd, said that it was difficult to include Russia in the "one front" plan under one general command, as had been done with the English, French and Italian forces, because of her distance, however desirable it might be theoretically. The speech was significant as indicating the existence of concerted plans under one general direction in the case of England, France and Italy, plans that we shall certainly see in operation as soon as the weather permits. When Russia moves in the new campaign it seems likely that it will be in the far north around Riga, and in the far south against the Germans and Bulgarians in Roumania. But so far as the revolution is concerned, we are fairly safe to assume that Germany has received no such ill news as this since the beginning of the war.

WHAT'S BECOME of the BOOSTER?

By BRITTON B. COOKE

AT circusses and in the midways at country fairs, there is always a pace-maker, a "barker," perhaps several "barkers," whose duty it is to assault the ears of an otherwise docile public through the gentle medium of a megaphone. The average sight-seeing crowd, however wrought-up it may be individually and inwardly by the prospect of seeing snake charmers and asthmatic elephants, requires the shouts of the barker to break down the layers of reserve in which men and women usually wrap their enthusiasm. It enters the tank area slowly, cautiously and without joy. It moves sluggishly until it comes under the flow of the barker's eloquence. "Here you are, ladies and gentlemen! The greatest circus in all the world! . . . Buy your tickets here to see Mona! Mona! Mona! the bewtiful diving horse that shells peanuts with her front hooves and refuses to act till the boss has put talcum powder on her neck! Mona! Mon—a—a! The bewt—" And the crowd snickers and smiles, and starts to jingle its loose change nervously, and to enjoy itself.

And I have always wondered, hearing one of these pacans through the magaphone, just what sort of man a "barker" must be; whether such a man made love as efficiently as he stirred crowds; whether he was able to use his gifts in the privacy of his boarding house to suppress his family; or whether he had a family; or—and this was the most serious question—how were his gifts made use of when winter laid the circus and the fair-ground midway to rest under a white counterpane. How then did he eat? How persuade the boarding house keeper to keep him roofed and warmed?

The answers to these questions have not been vouchsafed as yet, but in the meantime I have found some satisfaction in the study of an elder brother of the circus barker—the real estate boomster of our Canadian cities, the genius whose glib talk and confounded persistence made us buy lots we did not believe in, developed suburbs we thought we did not want—and some that we never will want anyway. He is the blood brother of the circus barker. He was the warmer-up, the pep-shooter, the bull-dispenser, the enthusiasm-sprinkler. He took bald-spots on the map of western Canada, and, as it were, made the hair grow in thirty days. He arrived with the town-site auctioneer and in three weeks was selling corner lots to the solemn banks of Montreal and Toronto for branch sites. He bought at three dollars an acre and sold at twenty dollars a foot, and he taught US to do likewise. He made us money and he lost us money. And now where is he? His gift was booming things that nobody believed in, and it was valuable so long as there were millions of easy-money in the country. But war snapped its fingers for attention and got it. The boomster dropped out of sight meekly and without protest as though he had been a story-teller ordered out of the nursery when it was time for the children to obey higher authority.

You have known many of these boosters person-

ally. There was a time when no fewer than eight hundred and twelve were listed in the classified section of the Vancouver telephone directory. They flourished in every village in the west—and in the big cities of the East as well. They were usually a healthy wholesome lot, except when driven to excesses by the sheer pressure of their easy-made wealth. They created a boom in the mahogany office-fitting business, and in the fine booklet-printing trade. They were easy spenders and good mixers, and to them it was a day's work just to drive around the sky-line in a seven-seated car and talk magnificently about the future to possible buyers. They were the apostles of cheerfulness and optimism—

The day when Vancouver—and all the other cities as well—could no longer afford to support such ornaments came like a bitter wind surprising the playful wood nymph before she has had time to take her winter vine-leaves out of camphor. She—he, the real estate boomster—shivered and was driven for shelter into most unheroic occupations. He tried to sell his automobile and couldn't. He closed his office and would have closed his expensive flat only he couldn't liquidate enough agreements of sale to pay his rent. One that I know—you must have known others—converted his handsome seven-seater into a jitney and lived for awhile by robbing the innocent electric railways. Another drew on the money his wife had laid away, another on his father-in-law. You recall the business as usual signs? What a sad and courageous lie so far as the real estate barkers in Canada were concerned. Some had been book-keepers and clerks before the war broke out. They sought out their old employers only to be turned down or to find the pen cramping their fat fingers and the ink staining their once immaculate nails. Far be it from me to deride their miseries. I am only recalling the process of their re-patriation in the land of practical affairs.

SOME of these men were mere foreign exploiters and dropped back into the United States as soon as the Canadian boom seemed at an end. For instance, the city of Detroit contains not a few of these ex-Canadians, though I suspect they were never Canadians at all, but only Americans under guise. Detroit, as you may recall, developed a real estate boom about the time the war broke out. Other American cities have since been "boomed" under the influence of the munitions trade, and the tricks learned in Canada have sufficed in these new boom areas to rope new converts into the fold of the property-blighted-rich. The old trick of looking up the assessment figures of ten years before and comparing them with those of to-day. The same trick with bank clearings and census returns—these have all been worked and are still being worked to make a living for SOME of our circus barkers.

On the other hand, not a few of these ex-boomsters have remained in this country and have rendered excellent service in the army. I met a general in the

Canadian army in France who wore on his magnificent chest the ribbons of the Legion of Honour of France. He had left—was at Vancouver or Victoria—a mere major in August, 1914, with no cash and little credit—so little indeed that he had had to close his pretty real estate office and live in semi-retirement until he was able to sell a bit of eastern property—at about half-price—and buy his new uniforms for overseas service. Here was a boomster turned into one of the finest soldiers Canada has developed, which is saying no small thing. His boost faculty made his men cheerful even under the worst of conditions. The spirit that made him see the bright side to a horizon lot in 1912, made him see the bright side of a bad mix-up at Langemarle. He was full of the "come-back." He sold destruction to the Germans as he would have sold rotten lots to an imbecile American tourist at Oak Bay. His men loved him and would go anywhere for him. His officers, like his staff of salesmen in other times, were filled with that confidence in him which made him once so successful in real estate and now so successful in war.

There are countless real estate boomsters at the front in France. A certain French "Count" who was once well-known in Regina is among them. A certain Montreal sub-division expert is now a flying man in Saloniki. A Halifax lad who married on the strength of paper-profits made in a real-estate boom, left for the front before his first son was born.

In a certain leading Ontario city one of the most effective recruiting officers was a man who bought a farm eighteen miles from the city's centre, erected gates, laid a few side-walks, and put in dummy hydrants to make his customers believe there were water-mains through the property. Of course this was one of the crooked boomsters and his crookedness came out in due time, manifesting itself in a constant desire to recruit safely in his home city or province. He resigned repeatedly from various units as they were ready to go overseas, and when finally that dodge seemed about played out, announced that his brother needed him in the making of ammunition in an Ontario factory—and resigned altogether. Thus is it made clear that a coward in peace is a coward in war, and vice versa.

Of course the underlying quality in the real estate boomster was salemanship, and there is generally a good demand for salemanship. If our real estate offices had taught the young men nothing else than the art of selling goods these young men might have been better able, when the boom broke, to sell their own services to men in other lines of trade. I am afraid, however, that it must be admitted that a certain element of flim-flam entered into the real estate business which is not present in the older and more conservative lines of trade. Plausibility was the great asset of the real estate salesman. Reliability was not so highly regarded. This contempt for being merely reliable, accurate and trustworthy was really fostered by the average client. For a client who was

(Concluded on page 18.)

CALLING DOWN the WILD GEESE

By

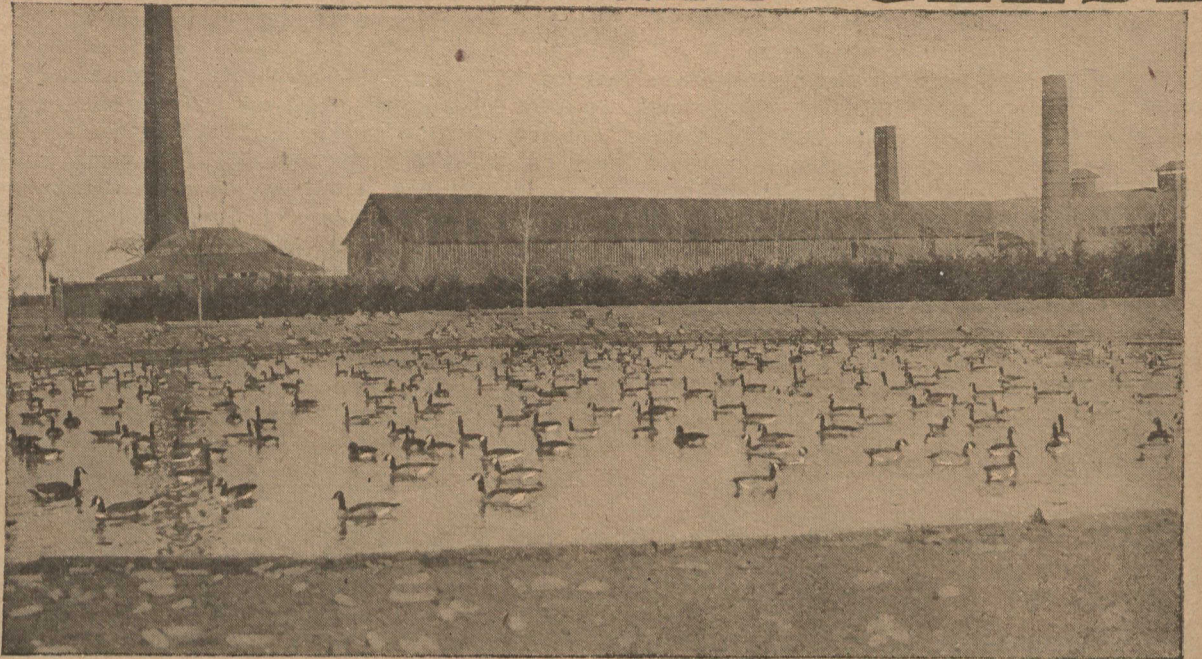
LAURA G. DURAND

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How Jack Miner, the Tile-Maker, of Kingsville, Ont., Does His Part in the Practical Poetry of Nature

Editor's Note:—As an original, uncopiable Canadian doing his share of human work in his own big-hearted way, we must recognize Jack Miner, the tile-maker of Kingsville, Ont. As a mere matter of livelihood, Miner makes tiles, and he makes millions of them, because the county he lives in is as flat as the surface of a marsh and must be drained by artificial means. Miner's great life interest, however, for a number of years, has been, not in the under-drains of Essex Co., but in the heavens above. He is the man who, at this time of year, when the birds are migrating from the United States northward, calls down to his farm the clouds of wild geese. Miner is the lord of the wild geese, which he has taken for a human hobby. What made him take such a personal interest in the honking caravans of the air is partly Jack Miner and partly environment. He lives in a peninsula that thrusts out between Lake St. Clair and Lake Erie. After the 60-mile journey across the lake the Essex peninsula is the first resting-place for the geese caravans. Here they pause to count up their rank and file, have a passing meal in a marsh and then swing on again. Here, also, in times gone by, the wary hunter has shot them before they had a chance to build nests in the north. It became Jack Miner's hobby to save the geese by protecting them. How in so doing he has become the national friend of the wild geese is the story so intimately told by Laura Durand, in the accompanying article.

EARLY last year I was discussing with a prominent educationist the possible contributors to the winter programme of the Canadian Society for the Protection of Birds, when he remarked, casually, "Have you thought of Jack Miner?" I had not. The rumour of his name and his unique enterprise had reached me, but—could he speak? Was he an educated man? "No, far from



In one of the ponds next to his tile factory, a few of Jack Miner's thousands of wild geese.

it!" The prominent educationist was emphatic on that point. But an interesting man, yes, voluble and sincere. He had seen the wild goose sanctuary at the tile factory in the county of Essex, had conversed with this singular tile-maker, and ventured the opinion that he might be able to address a polite audience of our members at a small afternoon meeting for an hour or so. "But he would not do for a public meeting at all!"

Villemessant, editor of the Figaro in the 'fifties, of whom Daudet writes so many spicy reminiscences in that most fascinating of his books, "Thirty Years of Paris," had a remarkable editorial theory that every person, regardless of age or sex, has the material for a news article lying dormant in his brain. The only question, he held, is what or who shall call it forth. As an editor he afforded all Paris that could wield a pen a chance in the columns of the Figaro, and many a writer owing to a happy inspiration enjoyed a brief moment of celebrity. If the miracle were not repeated the ephemeral writer was pronounced "used-up."

I thought Villemessant's theory might be extended. Jack Miner undoubtedly had a story to tell, and as secretary of the Bird Society I might be destined to call it forth. I wrote to him inquiring if he were willing to visit Toronto as the guest of the Society and address a meeting, reassuring him as to its informal nature.

I received the following reply:

"Dear Miss. Re yours of Jan. 1st Will say That I am billed for St. Thomas on Jan. 26 and London on the 27th, and it looks as if Kind Providence had a hand in it for me to come to Toronto on Jan. 28th as per request. Therefore all being well I will accept your kind invitation For the evening of Friday, Jan. 28th. Now by working together I am sure we can make the evening one of the most enjoyable and interesting ones that the bird lovers of Toronto ever experienced. As Mr. Henry Ford, of Detroit, and I have been working together and have secured motion pictures of the geese at my house, if you can secure a motion picture machine I would like to show them at the close of my lecture as proof of some of the things I will say which otherwise would be hard to believe. And if it is convenient for you I would like you to invite as many of the Ontario Game Commissioners as possible. Especially such men as Kelly Evans and Mr. Sheriff and their assistants. If we can use the motion pictures your audience will be delighted.

"Here is for a Enjoyable Evening together.

"JACK MINER."

In a second letter he wrote:

"Dear Miss. Re yours of yesterday will say That I believe this is a mistake re the Swans coming here. I am sorry to say that no swans have ever stopped here yet. But 8 different flocks followed the geese out here last spring. But they did not light. However, I know the motion film will be greatly enjoyed, as I doubt very much if There is another photo to equal it on this continent. If there is I would give \$100 to know it. Now you can rest assured that I

will not disappoint you, as I am very careful what I promise and I expect to do just as I promise.

"Yours respectfully,

"JACK MINER."

In a third letter, dictated, he expressed even greater self-confidence:

"You needn't be afraid to invite any person as the facts that I will explain will entertain them."

This final communication, prior to his arrival, was a note pencilled from Chatham, concluding:

"Will be on hand like a sore thumb.

"Yours, JACK MINER."

One of the members of the Bird Society met and guided him to his hotel and brought him to meet me at Convocation Hall the next morning. It was cold and snowing hard. Both were big, masculine men, but one was faultlessly dressed, buttoned to the throat and wore gauntlets; the other strode nonchalantly, with coat flying open and hands bare. He was smiling. Nothing is more characteristic of Jack Miner than his smile, unless it be his laugh, contagious and chuckling, which punctuates his unending flow of joke and story. He is a ruddy, grey-eyed man, and perhaps fifty, with the look of supreme health and a singularly benignant countenance. His companion, a bird lover, who frequently visits him in Kingsville, said, reproachfully:

"He never wears gloves!"

"You see, Lady," replied Mr. Miner, "my wife likes me to look nice when I go on a visit and wants me to wear them, but I tell her I like my hands warm and free. I'll wear anything else to please her—"

On the bitter night this year when again I saw him advancing towards me on the street, his great coat was flying in the wind and his hands were "warm and free." Besides his bag he was carrying with religious care the pheasant skins with which he illustrates his inimitable side talk to women on the iniquity of the use of birds in millinery. As we speeded home, apologizing for our dancing Ford, he apostrophized that car and declared he knew a man who requested, in dying, that his Ford be buried with him, "for he never was in a tight place yet which it had not got him out of." He also remarked that he sympathized with the boy who protested to a speeder that "he'd rather be ten minutes late in getting home than twenty years early in getting to heaven."

Who is Jack Miner? is a question he likes to toss before his audience and in reply give a brief biographical sketch of his life and enterprise.

He was born, he relates, in Ohio, of Leicestershire parents, and moved with them to Essex county, in Ontario, "when he was axe-handle high." He dwells on the fact that his school education was neglected, though he became expert in woodcraft and the arts of farm life. On the night of his appearance in Convocation Hall he gave us to understand that not

one present appreciated more than he the incongruity of his position as an unlettered man speaking in a seat of learning. He announces himself as "a sort of converted Jesse James to the bird world." His crimes against birds weigh heavily on his conscience. Especially does he lament having slain the quail in the dark ages of his existence. To-day he maintains for that species a preserve of between 20 to 30 acres of woodland. This he calls "the jungle," and refuses to clear it out. Here in winter time he erects shelters for them and provides an abundance of food.

"There are no more interesting pets in the world than quail," he assures his audience, and he demonstrates the fact with lantern slides picturing flocks of these pretty birds feeding like chicks from the hand of his little son. He confesses to having been a ruthless "sportsman" up to the year 1904, and to having undergone the process of conversion to absolute protection of useful birds up to the year of grace 1911. Since then his farm has afforded sanctuary to all migratory water fowl as well as to insectivorous birds.

In 1904 he initiated his enterprise by the purchase of seven Canadian wild geese from a man who had illegally trapped them. He clipped their wings and placed them on a pond dug out of a clay field. Then he took the youth of the neighbourhood into his confidence, promising them a shot at a wild goose on their pledge not to shoot without his consent.

The honking flocks passed over year by year unearring. Jack Miner, trying to corral the wild geese in transit, became the byword of the county. But at length his luck changed. On April 2nd, 1908, eleven Canada geese, the wildest of all wild birds, dropped down and fraternized with their domesticated kindred on the pond. He shot five of these and the other six went north on May 15th. The following year thirty-two geese ventured in from Lake Erie to feed on the corn cobs he scattered freely. He shot ten of these. The balance went north on May 10th. In 1910 three hundred and fifty geese visited his pond and twenty-six were sacrificed. A cloud of geese came in 1911. Twenty were shot, the last on Good Friday of that year. Memorable day! For ever since Jack Miner's place has been sanctuary for them.

"He does all his shooting with a camera now," one of his admirers wrote me in response to my request for information. "There was a great spectacle on his place on Good Friday in 1913, a very stormy day. The geese flocked in from the Lake by thousands and covered a five-acre field.

I am told they begin to arrive early in March, year after year, and continue to increase in number for two months. During the latter half of April the flocks present an amazing sight, flying about the barns and grounds like domestic fowl and feeding from their protector's hand. They know him by sight, respond to his call note and even permit the approach of strangers if he is present and in front.

Mr. W. E. Saunders related in one of his Toronto lectures the tale of Jack Miner endeavouring to flush his wild guests from the ponds before the camera by throwing gravel at them, and the indifference they displayed to his action, so absolutely do they confide in his good faith.

"There are wonderful incidents," he said, "which you never hear from him. He calls down passing flocks. They know his voice, powerful, rich, and carrying, and his call, 'chuckie, chuckie, chuckie!'"

Another visitor tells of Mr. Miner's keen interest in a pair of pin-tailed ducks flying over early last September. He called repeatedly and at length they came down and ate the wheat he scattered. He was more elated than if there had been a cloud of geese. One of the incidents of his narrative in Convocation Hall which he, perhaps, forgot to repeat this year, was that of a wild duck which sought sanctuary at his door in dying. It had, apparently, been a visitor to his ponds at some time, and knew that he was "safe," and when wounded by a shooter far away it turned and dragged itself to his place as to "home." He traced its bloody trail.

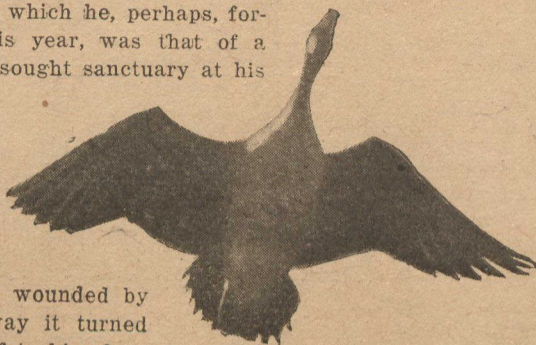
THIS enterprise is far more than an interesting spectacle. It is of scientific value. By bird banding Mr. Miner has been able to make notable contributions to systematized knowledge. For one thing, he has proven that birds return to the same resting sites year after year. To the field of ethics he claims to have made even more valuable contributions. He has proven that the wild gander is the most devoted mate or parent, displaying singular tenacity of memory both in love and hate, and an intelligence almost uncanny.

He claims that "Jack Johnson," one of his domesticated flock, recognized as his own offspring, the six goslings hatched from his sick mate's eggs by a hen. He drove away the foster mother in his first frenzy of repossession, but, later, apparently realizing the services of the hen to his family, graciously invited her to live with them, and this she did until the cold weather came, and she sought the shelter of the hen-house. When his mate died he stood guard for months at the door of the cow shed, where he had seen her disappear in Mr. Miner's arms. For his loss he blamed the cow and exhibited so great a resentment to the animal that Mr. Miner sold her to end the feud.

Another of his effective stories is that of two Ganders which formed a friendship so remarkable that he named them "David" and "Jonathan." Some shooter broke the wing of one of the Ganders and to end its painful struggle to follow the flock north Mr. Miner clipped the other wing. Its friend voluntarily remained with it in captivity, without clipping.

Mr. Miner is a great moralist, and derives tremendous lessons from such incidents.

He is a successful manufacturer and introduces original methods into his business, also. On the reverse side of his letter paper he prints a number of stanzas of clever doggerel having the refrain, "Drain your farm or it will drain you." His industry is said to be prodigious. He works all the time with his staff, which is largely made up of members of his family. He has never made a cent of profit from his wild bird enterprise. On the contrary, it impedes his business, for his visitors are countless and continuous. In fine weather and on holidays hundreds of rigs and machines are drawn up by his fence line.



He is essentially a philanthropist. He is "Uncle Jack" to the whole countryside. His love for children is a passion. I am told that he can never pass a child without some words of friendly greeting. He has proven his deep interest in the youth of Essex county by setting aside and laying out as a playground for boys, with a full-sized baseball diamond, five acres by the side of his house. This is not waste land, but corn land, the best Essex corn land, devoted, at a financial loss, to the incalculable benefit of young Canadians.

Mr. Miner's home is a typical little white Canadian farmhouse. His wife has been described by one of her admiring guests as "a woman who loves to give you a good handout." He has several children, the youngest, Jasper, being shown on some of his beautiful slides in the act of calling the young robins to their meal from the bowl he is holding. On the motion film there is a lovely moment when the child glances up from the birds and smiles at you.

Mr. Miner has extended his property and now owns 260 acres. His ponds, now so famous, are formed in the clay fields from which the surface has been removed and manufactured into tiles. He is progressively beautifying his grounds and laying out shrubberies that will, eventually, afford shelter and food for small birds.

The martens he has already attracted in large numbers, and their virtues as fly-catchers he never wearies of extolling. He wholly condemns the English sparrow as a malicious alien. His argument, "God did not put the English sparrow in this country," brings down the house!

This is the season of migration. The wild geese are arriving in their wedge-shaped flocks led by a veteran gander. Their "honking" fills the skies from Lake Erie to Jack Miner's Sanctuary, three miles inland. At dawn they rise like a mist from the bosom of Erie, where they have been sleeping and fly straight to the ponds, where they remain all day. The camera has caught the wonderful spring of their wide-spread wings in their flight. Thousands of bushels of corn on the cob have been fed to them during the last few years. Recently the sportsmen of Buffalo donated one hundred dollars to Mr. Miner for this purpose.

EARLY in May the last reluctant migrant will have departed going north, to the Arctic Circle, to nest. The young geese grow fast and in three months' time are as large as their parents. Very few stop to say farewell to Jack Miner on their return journey southward. The last of the 1916 migrants, a flock of fifty-two, left the Sanctuary on the night of December 15th, heading south.

Mr. Miner is impressionable, with the feeling of the artist. He was palpably smitten with the beauty of Convocation Hall as he stood that morning under the dome, gazing about him. He was silent for some time and then said, chokingly:

"To think of me speaking in a beautiful hall like this!"

And how well he did that "speaking" was proven by the throng who came to hear him speak again this year, dons and dignitaries, as well as laymen, moved by his appeal for the birds.

He was not "used-up."

He has a story to tell perennially interesting, susceptible of as countless variations as the Spring, as the birds which lent him their earliest inspiration.



Father, mother and family one day old.



Hon. P. E. Blondin, Patriot

HON. P. E. BLONDIN deserves the encomiums of all sides of politics—even the Nationalists. When this Cabinet Minister decided to enlist he virtually walked into the office of a colleague and asked for any military job which he might be best qualified to discharge for the sake of the country in which he was born and to which he ardently belongs. The office of P. M. G. is ordinarily as important as that of the Minister of Militia. In peace times we have known it to bulk much more largely in the public estimation. Politically, Hon. P. E. Blondin is the equal of Sir Edward Kemp, and as a Cabinet Minister he has had just about the same amount of experience. To offer himself as a subordinate is in itself an act of self-sacrifice which can be appreciated only in the light of a fine type and example of patriotism. Hon. P. E. Blondin, enlisting, even as a C. O., to raise a new battalion, is one more hope that Quebec will yet become as eager a part of modern Canada as she is well entitled to become because of her ancient and glorious history in this part of the world. On another page of this issue we print a narrative showing by the aid of our Dominion archives what old French families did for the British connection in this country. The career of Hon. P. E. Blondin, along with the officers of the 22nd, Col. Asselin and many others, will make a yet more significant chapter in the story of what 20th century French-Canadians are doing to help unify the Confederation which was based upon Quebec for a pivotal centre.

The Agrarian Trust

FOR the first time in our history Canadian farmers undertake to fix the price of wheat, which they have lately been trying to do in convention at Regina. This momentous chore has usually been performed by men who never go near a field of wheat and mostly by men who are thousands of miles from where a box car of wheat begins to travel out to seaboard. The farmer has always taken the price offered and as a rule has had his chance to kick violently when it was lower than he wanted—which it nearly always was. Now the consumer has never been profited much by the price manipulations of market experts. On a commercial basis it is more sensible that the man who produces should be able to determine what he is willing to sell it for. But there are certain practical reasons why the farmer has never before been able to do this. In the first place there never was a time when the Canadian farmer at least had a chance to dicker with one big consumer willing to buy every bushel he could spare. When the British Government gets a corner on buying, as it has now, there's very little chance for the people of Canada who normally consume less than twenty per cent. of our yearly production of wheat to do anything but pay the price set by this great competitor in the market. So, whatever the British Government offers or is compelled to pay, the rest of us will pay also in proportion to distance. If it means a still dearer loaf we shall pay it with all the optimism born of recent experience with dear loaves in this country. We understand that there never was a minute when any farmer in Canada could not sell his wheat for spot cash to somebody, whatever the price might be, just as there have been many episodes in other producers' experiences when they couldn't sell anything to anybody at any price. The farmer, especially in Western Canada, has had a long tuition in taking what he could get spot cash. In other parts of Canada he has had a much longer experience in getting the top price for nearly everything he produced. The farmers who in convention fix the price of what they propose to produce are merely using an organization which they have been at some trouble to create in dickering with a great consumer compelled by war necessity to pay a good price or go without. We may have our private opinions about

how \$1.50 wheat feels on the breakfast table. But we shall not record this against the farmer. The only real resentment we feel in this connection is against the chuckling representative of that class who dropped into the office the other day and confessed that he was into a conspiracy to boost the price of every mortal thing we had to buy that he produced, even though the clouds had to be lifted to get the price under.

When Is a War?

THE first thing we know the United States will argue itself into a state of war. Special Congress meets two days after the date of this issue. That Congress will sit upon the war problem as solemnly as the French Academy divides the status of a verb. To our certain knowledge there have been determinabilities quite as deliberate as this inquisition—When is Uncle Sam in a state of war? The nebular hypothesis took centuries to evolve. How Old Is Ann? has never been settled yet. Squaring the circle and discovering the ultimate atom have alike baffled the skill of the most astute investigators. Deciding when a great nation is actually in a state of war without formal polite declarations to that effect on either side, seems to be in a class with the profoundest of these. It seems that kicking a man in the shins is not a justifiable "casus belli." Hitting him a smash in the nose after spitting him in the face—might be. Congress must decide. And so far as we know there is no legislative body under the sun so well versed in the business of supreme indecision.

Thanks, Teddy!

ROOSEVELT has written a long article in the Metropolitan Magazine in praise of Canada's part in the war. He sets forth a somewhat glowing account of what we have done in khaki without showing any great instinctive knowledge of Canada which, so far as we know, he has never even seen. He eulogizes Sir Robert Borden for a speech delivered in New York and points out that what we have done in this country to raise an army would be equal to an army of over 5,000,000 in the United States. Of course the real reason for this praise of us is the Colonel's desire to get a whack at his own country. At the same time we appreciate the compliment and wish that once in a blue moon President Wilson would so much as deign to mention us as though we were some country as near by and as congenial as Alaska.

Americanizing O'Higgins

SOMEWHERE in the pastoral environs of New York there is a keen-faced, businesslike writing-man who makes plays and novels and serial articles to order; one of the best known literary producers in the United States. He was born and educated in Canada. Harvey O'Higgins was the intellectual product of the University of Toronto. But he has spent as much of his life in and around New York as he ever did in the land of his birth, and when he speaks about the art of his own business he speaks as an unmitigated American. His latest pronouncement on this theme is an article in the New York Tribune, in which he bewails the adverse fate of the American playwrights—of whom he is one—compelled to have their plays cut, "gagged" and adapted by the stage manager and his gang. As an honest workman O'Higgins resents this species of super-production. He wants to be interpreted as himself, a true American play-writer. Harvey, in fact, is out-and-out plain-label American, no bones about it, using the United States "we" as though he were born to it, and, rising to a point of indignation in so doing. So Canada has clean lost O'Higgins, except for purposes of digging around the family tree. We have lost a large number of

these well-known literature-producers to Uncle Sam. Some of them still cling to this country. One or two of them live here a good part of their time, while they sell most of their wares to New York. We don't blame them. A thousand times we may wish such men as O'Higgins and Stringer and MacFarlane, and Bliss Carman were back in this country helping to shove along our national wagon. But if we can't pay the price for their productions we can still continue to furnish them raw material of copy without any embargo, and hope they are working out their souls' salvation in the United States better than they ever could have done in Canada.

Earl Grey's Pipe Dream

MR. M. S. WADE, a writer in British Columbia, sends us his candid opinions about the Imperial farm scheme, for purchasing 200,000-000 acres of land in Saskatchewan, Alberta and British Columbia; Great Britain to pay Canada \$1 an acre for the land; the money, \$200,000,000 to be spent by Canada in developing the land to an ultimate value of \$100 an acre; the enormous profit of \$20,000,000,000, minus \$200,000,000 to be used in paying off Great Britain's war debt. Mr. Wade, being a practical British Columbian, very pertinently remarks:

There is not much, if any, clearing required in the lands in Alberta and Saskatchewan that would be likely to be selected for this enterprise. Presumably it would be ready for the breaking plow, an operation that would cost more than \$1 per acre in itself, to say nothing of harrowing, and rolling and seeding. Even should it be possible by the use of motor operated gang ploughs to get the job done by contract for a less sum than \$1 per acre, there would still remain those other necessary operations. To this must be added the cost of fencing, the erection of barns, stables and dwelling houses. In British Columbia, where most of the land requires more or less clearing, the cost of making improvements is very materially increased. Timber lands cost from \$50 to \$200 an acre for clearing and stumping, at least \$1 per acre for levelling and from \$3 to \$5 for ploughing and harrowing. Even sage bush lands cost from \$2 to \$5 for clearing in addition to ploughing, etc.

It is self-evident that such a scheme would never work out successfully. It would cost too much to develop such an enormous acreage as this British Empire Resources Committee contemplate. There is not a straight colonization scheme. It is an investment of so much money with the one object of reaping a profit of \$100 for each \$1 laid out. In itself that is quite a contract. If, however, the scheme were one of colonization pure and simple, a scheme to place a large number of settlers upon the land and give them a sufficient start to ensure success with ordinary industry and thrift, it would be much more easily handled. To begin with there would have to be a very marked revision in the estimates of first cost. Each settler, as a debtor to the Committee, or the Dominion, would receive in stock, buildings, provisions and implements, the equivalent of a stipulated cash loan. The amount of that loan would vary according to the acreage the individual settler decided to operate. He would undertake to repay the loan and to pay a stipulated price per acre for the land. He would, therefore, not encumber himself with more land than he could manage to handle, and the land speculator would be left out in the cold.

To be less practical and quite as much to the point may we remark, that if it were possible by spending \$1 an acre on land to make it worth \$100 an acre within any reasonable number of years, it would be a species of land speculation never before discovered in this country; that people must be found in large numbers to buy these developed lands at \$100 an acre—but who? that land costing anybody \$100 an acre must be miraculously operated and transported if it can be made to pay even its cost in one man's lifetime. May we also agree with Mr. Wade when he says:

The probabilities are that these well-meaning gentlemen, carried away by sentiment, inadequate information and the grandeur of a stupendous scheme, have not troubled to go into working details with practical men. Unless this is done, and ample capital be provided to carry out generously every essential, this or any other Utopian project is doomed to inevitable failure.

Let's Have a Garden

That Acre I Was Offered

By THE EDITOR

Get the Garden Fever

By DOROTHY PERKINS

Deserted Gardens

By ANNIE CAMPBELL HUESTIS

The Herbaceous Border

By D. H. KITSON



Eton Boys on the Grand March to the Potato Field—New Vogue at England's Great School.

ONE of Carlyle's great slogans was, "If thou hast aught in thee to produce, in God's name produce it." He was not referring to land, neither to gardens. But the slogan is right up to date in 1917. We are told in cable despatches how the Germans are killing French trees and spoiling vegetation as they retire on the Western front. All very devilish and idiotic, to be sure. But what of the valuable Canadian farms which this year will not produce because the normal producers have been taken away? How in God's name—to quote Carlyle—are we to keep up in production if we can't keep up our army of producers? When six recruiting sergeants stand for hours on one street corner in order to grab the passer-by for either the militia or an overseas battalion, how do they know they are not corraling some of the farm producers

of the 1917 class? Boards of Trade are working on the scheme to get urbanites on to the land (see Hodge, Canadian Courier, next week). If the farmers want the men, and the munition factories want the men, and the military camps want the men—who is to get the men?

The gardens and the fields of this country are expected to produce this year as never before. The cost of Canadian living has gone up 70 per cent. The price of Canadian staple foods has increased 45 per cent., as against 25 per cent. in the United States, where similar conditions prevail. The scarcity of workers and the heavy export of available produce has sent up the price. How do we know that 1917 will not see as great an advance on 1916 as 1916 was on 1915? And unless we obey the Carlyle injunction, how are we to avoid it?

THAT ACRE I WAS OFFERED

By THE EDITOR

A FRIEND of mine who has a fine farm 30 miles from where I pay rent on a 40 x 60 backyard plot made me an offer the other day that has caused me to do a heap of productive mental arithmetic.

"I'll loan you, rent free," said he, with sudden benevolence in his eye, "as much land as you want to work this summer, to raise whatever you like, enough to keep your family for a year and give away or sell to your friends as much more. Think it over."

Believe me, I have so done. Never before had I been offered an acre rent free. Once a farmer donated me a calf which became the basis of subsequent fortunes still to be realized after a lapse of thirty years. Experience has not taught me to avoid the river Eldorado or that one yecept Bonanza — both of them full of rocks and rapids. This offer of a rent-free acre, including the free use of team, plow, harrows and hand-implements roused again in a hard-working soul the desire to make a cmony of the earth. This acre and editor would go into a partnership to keep down the cost of living.

Intensive farming, of course. I am assured that the land is well fertilized, well drained and easy to work. It is part of a growing productive concern. That acre will not have to be reclaimed—if I take it. As soon as the frost lets go I can begin to plough and harrow.

What shall I raise? Not oats and barley. No, I shall intensify on potatoes—worth two cents each now; on vegetables of various sorts, exclusive of cabbages and that ilk. I don't know off-hand the value of an acre of this stuff. But at 1917 prices it's worth calculating. Suppose I put in half an acre potatoes. This means—anyhow 100 bushels. At \$3.00 a bag this is \$200, because I know a bag is a bushel and a half. The other half acre could not be less than \$200; and of course I should sell at least half that to my less agrarian friends and neighbours.

Here's \$400—to make a conservative estimate, call it \$300. All that lies between that \$300 and my cash-

book is—labour, seed, land, transportation, and marketing.

The land is already provided. Seed: suppose that costs me \$25.00. I can afford that—if I can get it. But I could get that \$25 much easier if I had the crop to sell. And the seed man won't advance me seed on the security of my crop. No, he looks me over and figures that what I don't know about making an acre of land yield back its seed would fill a farm paper. So the \$25.00, less or more, must be invested.

Labour involves both handwork and tools. My friend will lend me the tools. I can have his team, plow, harrows—anything. Do I know how to handle these? Oh, yes. I was raised on a farm. That's all clear profit. Hoe, rake, easy. Paris Green costs very little. Potato fork, borrow that. I shall need baskets, bags. I can borrow the team and waggon to gather the crop. So all that is left for me to provide under this item is—labour.

That, of course, has no particular value. I shall count it as an asset, instead of a liability. I need the exercise. To make one acre produce as it should, will make a new man of me. As for time. I shall merely adjust my office hours to let me put in at least 10 hours a week on that acre after the plowing, harrowing and planting are done; over a period of eight weeks. That will include all hoeing, Paris greening and bug-destroying. In October I shall have to knock off from work for a week to get the crop harvested. But the week I spend putting the crop in and the week for taking it off will be just an average holiday. The rest of the time spent will be no less to my business, because I shall have so much extra energy for office work while I am at it. As for clothes, I have plenty of old togs; all I shall need to buy is a pair of truck boots and a "cow-bite" hat.

I have already accounted for land, seed, tools, time and labour. My only remaining item is trans-

portation. But that will be very easy. I buy a commutation ticket. The distance is 36 miles. Three trips a week will cost me only about three dollars a week. Eight weeks—\$25.00.

Actual cash expenditure, then, up to the time of harvesting, will be:

Seed	\$25.00
Clothes	5.00
Tools	00.00
Horses	00.00
Land	00.00
Time	00.00
Transportation	25.00

Total	\$55.00
Total Estimated Revenue	\$300.00
Net Profit	245.00

Honestly, the prospect excites me. I shall point with pride, and with horny hands, to my achievements, to my cellar crammed with vegetables, to the cash on hand from sales. And my friends will look upon me as a real patriotic producer. How



Crippled English children gardening.

I long for that time to come! Meanwhile the prospect of it nerves me to all the labour and the heat and the sweat. I really can't wait to begin operations. I am on the edge of a new world, a world which I once knew in my boyhood days and afterwards forgot.

Sh! Don't let this leak out, or everybody will be doing it. I shall crown my labours by writing a book of my experiences. This will be sold at fifty cents a copy. All the Governments in Canada will buy large blocks of this book as a stimulus to thousands of city non-producers in 1918.

Ah! Did my friend who offered me that free acre dream it would ever be such a mine of discovery? No, but he'll be as proud of it as I.

Now—wait. I've got this thing up to the point of having the crop all harvested. All in my friend's barn, waiting for—

Hmm! That's it. What for? Getting it down to where I live. Freight, cartage, risk, depreciation, rot, frost—oh heavens!

Why isn't it all so easy as it looked. Why? Isn't my farm arithmetic right? Verily. But my dear friend—speaking to myself—if it's so dead easy why isn't everybody doing it?

Think again, my friend, all you've really got as a starter on the proposition is—one acre of land rent-free, and the use of a team, plow, harrow and waggon and tools. Otherwise you could go out and rent an acre and do the same thing. But you wouldn't rent

an acre and do it. Because you would be scared of all the adverse factors—lack of experience, labour, weather, bad seed, storage, depreciation, trouble in selling your stuff at the right place in the right time—everything the farmer has that you haven't got. You are competing with the expert producer, and he can beat you out.

So—glance once again at that available back yard and conclude that you will go at that plot 40 x 60 and make it hold all your energy for 1917. There is no limit to the fun you may get out of it and as for profit—well, you must reckon not merely on the crop which you may or may not produce, but on the effects on your health and your thinking machinery.

Also: It's the land that's nearest your back door that means most in cash value.

GET THE GARDEN FEVER

AS a nation we are just learning the spirit of gardening—as they have it in England. Haven't you been impressed with the repose that greets you everywhere in rural England? What was it? Not merely "old world charm." Or if it was, the people themselves made it; charm that took centuries of toil in a garden-loving people to produce. It is the gardens of England that make the rustic charm of England; the great national love of the open, of flowers and of gardens.

Getting back to Nature tends to make a people content. How can we as individuals live near to Nature? We don't need to go miles to get it. Create it at home. In what way? By gardening! Every home, no matter how large or how small, ought to have a garden. If we could only learn to think of the lack of flowers and gardens as being something to be ashamed of—and it is—the sooner the "spirit" of gardening would be born in Canada.

Relax! Most of you live in a whirl. Your threadbare, over-strained nerves are crying out for relaxation. Help create a Canadian garden picture! Are you one of the pessimists who doubt that Canada can ever become as beautiful as the mother-land? Go out and dig, grow flowers, and you'll soon believe it can be done.

Nature is both studio and artist. She paints our native flowers in much richer and deeper tones than in England. Seek out these possibilities. From those who truly long to help create this living, breathing, national picture, she withholds no secrets.

The vastness of our country, and the happy freedom under which we live, demands freedom in the garden. By that one means "natural" effects in the arrangement of our grounds. We do not want gardens, whose only charm lies in wonderfully accurate geometrical designs. They are dead! They lack soul! Leave formal gardens where they belong, on the continent and in Italy, the home of formal gardens. They can never create the spirit of gardening, or the "homey" atmosphere that the perennial border will.

After all, it is the home that everything revolves around. We buy necessities and luxuries, that have a lasting value, for the interior of our homes. But you can never make the exteriors beautiful by wasting time and money on foliage plants and annuals. Foliage plants lack character. As for annuals—many of them are gems of beauty, but they complete life's cycle in one short season and are gone forever. Unless you are wise enough to save the seeds, or better, save in spring the self-sown seedlings from the previous season. But if you are perennially foolish enough to keep on buying bedding plants and annuals you are a long way from knowing anything about garden "thrif," one phase of which means the conserving of the tender seedlings.

Time alone can produce that enchanting mellowness so apparent in English gardens. It, too, will come if we but act now and commence creating that picture.

Look over your grounds. Don't imagine because you live on less than half an acre—and the majority of us do—that not much can be done. Your garden can be a miniature dream of exquisite flowers. Take courage those of you with city lots, for a little well done is better than a lot half done.

A practical talk on how to make a garden personal to yourself

By DOROTHY PERKINS

Picture to yourself just how you would like the finished effect to look. If you are a member of the sterner sex, consult your wife and family. Men are perfect dears at paying bills and digging the gardens, but when it comes to the "art" of a garden some of them are painfully lacking!

One great fault of gardens on this continent is the lack of privacy. For five or six months of the year your garden is going to be the outdoor "living room." We only invite our friends to the interior of our house. The public are barred. Why should we openly invite strangers into our outdoor "living room"? Even our semi-suburban lot of one hundred or so feet frontage with a probable depth of two hundred feet, even it can be and ought to be private. I have watched "privacy" grow in my own garden, where the boundaries of the lot were planted with Lombard poplars. Their growth is rapid. Their great advantage over maples is that they can be planted more closely—to make the screen more effective—and their roots do not spread out as much as the maples, and their branches do not throw too much shade over the ground. In order to break the view from the public thoroughfare, shrubbery can be successfully used. With careful selection and arrangement the effect is vastly more artistic than a straight hedge. We can never expect to have the hedges that are so dear to the heart of the English, and which appeal so strongly to the transient visitor from this continent; even if our climate would permit us to import and grow them successfully it would not be creating "Canadian" atmosphere.

Plan and scale on paper the various varieties you

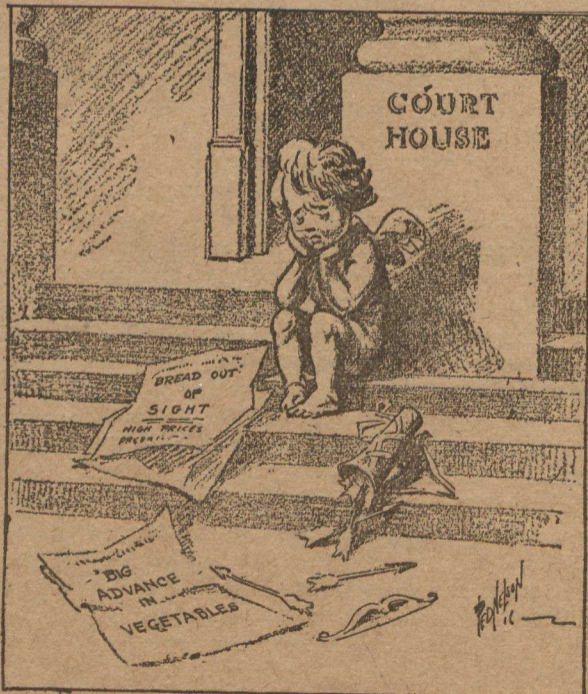
want for the border. Commence with the spring flowers, those that bloom during the summer, and lastly, those one can depend on for autumn flowering.

Spring planning will, of course, include the Dutch end of the art, the tulips, daffodils, scillas, etc., etc., for these, too, will become a permanent acquisition in the border. Then come the peonies—the queen of spring flowers—with their delicious fragrance, wonderful formation and good foliage. Peonies are a joy from the moment their little red heads pop up in early spring until the last autumn-tinted leaf drops in the fall. There are Irises in beautiful orchid-like tones, purples, bronzie browns, pale yellows and orange, to be selected from the family of Siberians, Germanicans, or Japanese. Delphiniums and phlox, anemones, michaelmas daisies and scores of other perennials add their charm of individuality to the hardy border. One is almost sure to have certain varieties dear to the heart. It may be the frilly hollyhocks; perhaps Canterbury bells recall happy memories; or methinks it's the sweet clove-scented pinks; or the hardy phlox that you have set your heart on. But no matter what you may long to have predominate in the garden, do not make the mistake many novices make of planting your favourites in too large clumps. Why? Because, as a rule perennials are only at their best for a period of two weeks.

Nothing could be more beautiful than a large "colony" of Delphiniums—when in bloom. Their star-like beautiful blue flower spikes reach up and vie with the blue of summer's sky. But, after flowering, what happens? The foliage becomes ragged, brownish and coarse. Many gardeners, as soon as the flowering period is over, cut the plant down to within a few inches of the earth. Very often by so doing, if the season is good, the plant will make new growth and send up new flower spikes. While waiting for the plants to re-grow there is that large blank space in the border, an eyesore, during the new growth period. Hence the advisability of planting not in large colonies.

What shall you do then? Plant in "drifts." When planning the garden, block out in five-foot areas. The border's minimum width will be twelve or fifteen feet. Of course the taller varieties will be at the back, next the garden wall. If, on the other hand, the border is to be a double one, with exposure on each side, the taller varieties must be planted in the centre. Next plan the varieties in diagonal "drifts." The number of varieties to fill each section will depend on the rapidity with which each chosen perennial increases. For instance, peonies require plenty of room. At the outset their place in the border should be permanent. They dislike very much to be moved. Every time a "moving" takes place they become peevish and sulk for a season or two and often refuse absolutely to flower. Phlox, and happily their family beauty is well known, and Iris require air and plenty of space. Phlox have a stand-offish disposition, they hold themselves aloof, in order to be the better admired. It is well to have summer blooming varieties planted in front of Irises, for after spring, when their period of bloom is over, they "sprawl." They lack backbone.

Gaillardias, sweet william, and coreopsis also be



Aw, What's the Use?

—Nelson, in St. Paul Pioneer Press.

long to the "sprawlers," and are apt to look hopelessly dishevelled unless taken in hand and staked up. The first mentioned, however, have a long season of bloom, and even the grayish-round seed balls have charm. Jacob's ladder (*Polemoniums*) and centaureas furnish some delightful blues in the border, while in habits they are like obedient children, tidy and neat in appearance.

What about "colour" in the border? Some gardeners are born colour artists. Others in time acquire the art of colour blending and learn to please the ultra sensitive colour enthusiast. The third classification includes gardeners who seemingly are colour blind. They jumble all varieties, irrespective of colours, with the result their garden is hopeless rag-time. The first class of gardeners point with pride to the "pink" section, where you will observe are the palest of shell pinks, which crescendo to the deep rose and carmine shades and then diminuendo to the most delicate flesh tones, which in the distance appear to melt into the faint creams. The cream or yellow section will include all gold shades and the deep orange and bronzes. They, too, will fade or rather harmonize into the blues and lavender.

Perhaps you haven't space to devote sections of the border to different colours. In this case your salvation will be in using grays and whites, which are deft harmonizers of tone. *Gysolphia*, that dainty, grayish-white perennial with its myriads of tiny wee flowers, adds airy billowness when placed amongst the hardier flowers. It has a rarely beautiful softening disposition. The stately madonna lily, in its beautiful wax-like purity, adds dignity, refined and elegant. Although the lillium family is fairly large, the madonna or candidum lily wins first place in the border. In many gardens one finds a place given to the ordinary wild field daisy. It is an interesting study to watch the improvement each year, when once given a home in the border. They seem to realize field manners will not be tolerated among the aristocratic cultivated perennials, and so they improve in size each year. They are vastly more dainty and graceful than their cousins, the *Shasta* daisies, which to the writer's way of thinking are stiff and coarse, though much larger. For mid-summer and early fall the wind flower (*Japanese anemone*) may be depended on. *Southernwood* (*artemesia*) is a good gray mixer, as is also the plume poppy.

Lastly, comes the thought "what shall I edge the border with"? English box is ideal, but our climate holds up a warning finger and forbids its use. Some people resort to "tiling" for edging, but it has no

"growing" qualities. But what looks better than a well cut-out turf? If this line is kept neat, clean and tidy it is all any garden requires.

For low-lying perennials, for the front of the border, select the *Allysum Saxatile*, which snuggles close to the earth and has the appearance of gold dust. *Arabis Alpina* or *Rock-cress* also has trailing habits and flowers early in the spring. Its flowers are of the purest white. Garden pinks with their compact silver gray foliage should also be placed near the front of the border.

One garden greatly admired has its undulating border edged with the old-time favourite "little gem"—sweet allysum. Although, truly speaking, it is an annual, by its self-seeding habits, one can almost perennialize it.

So whether you plant pyrethrums, cone flowers, aquileagea, yellow day lilies, plantain lilies, bizarre oriental poppies, shell flowers, foxglove, bleeding-heart or lupines, you will learn to know and love each one. There is the excitement of continual



THE FOOD GAME.

We All Play It, Whether or No.

—Rogers, in New York Herald.

change in the garden. No two days are alike. In watching these changes you will unconsciously lavish upon them purest affection.

DESERTED GARDENS

By ANNIE CAMPBELL HUESTIS

THE house I live in is flanked by two deserted gardens. For myself, a yard suffices. I have often wondered how it happened that this little house was built between two such great ones on so fashionable a street. I do not know anyone in all the length and breadth of it, nor do I wish to. At daybreak, I have the backstep and the dawn all to myself, while my neighbours, across the way, sleep the sleep of the over-feted. At twilight, after a plain six o'clock dinner, I sit here in the dusk, while they dine in splendour at eight. Their ancestors, in gorgeous frames, look down on them from lofty walls. The stars, as much mine as theirs, look down on me. I know them well, and like their company.

The garden on my right must once have been as near perfection as a master hand could make it. Even now, in its neglected state, it has a loveliness I find nowhere else. By day, its lilting winds and tossing leaves and roses give it a wistful gayety. By night, it lends itself to ghosts and dreams. No one looks from the gloomy windows. No one opens the door and comes down the grass-grown pathway. The great gate that leads to it is always closed. They are gone, whoever they were. But the wind rushes faintly through the bushes, like the echo of young laughter, crouches in the bowers, and seems to weep there, lingers in the paths and dreams.

The garden on my left once belonged to a convent, which now stands empty—guttered and scarred by fire. Its beds are trim yet, its paths finely gravelled. A solitary statue stands by the locked gate, with finger pointing toward a bleeding Heart, as if to remind the passer-by that, while those who once prayed so earnestly here are gone, One walks these pathways still, remembering, and the wind whispers itself upward from the treetops like a prayer.

By day, these are, indeed, deserted gardens. By night, they change. Lights seem to shine in the windows of the great house, doors seem to open, quick steps sound lightly upon the iron stair and along the silent paths. Sometimes I think I see the glimmer of a white gown and the blur of a black coat, as if the gay folk of *Used-To-Be* dance upon the dewy lawns or loiter in the arbours. Whether this is the play of blossoming bush, and moonlight, and shadow, or the weird coming and going of phantoms, I have never wished to know; for if I went near, and found that they were ghosts indeed, I might fear them, or, if I knew that they were merely flowers and branches, I might feel that the garden had been robbed of its glamour. So I am afraid to stir from this vantage point of mine, lest one step away from it should change the view, and break the charm.

But, if the mysterious stirring of the night be-

witches one gay garden, the hush of it upon the other is like the hush of prayer. The ruined convent softens and changes before my dreaming eyes. Arch after arch, tower after tower, seem to rise again in perfection, till the whole graceful outline looms greyly in the dusk, and from the chapel windows the lights begin to shine. Whether they are the fire-flies' lights, as they flicker through the bushes and in and out of the paneless windows, who would wish to know? Whether the faint sound of singing that I seem to hear is only the wind crying among the blackened arches, or the echo of some forgotten miserere, who can tell? It is enough for me that the garden on my right seems full of echoing laughter, while the garden on my left has the wistful hush of prayer.

My own yard drifts sometimes between me and the glamour of my deserted gardens. I have never given it much attention. If someone bade me close my eyes and describe it now, I could not, except that I have a dim idea that there is an ash barrel, and a long grey wall where stray cats stand lank and grim against the stars. The only one who ever goes in and out of it is the ashman. Strange to say, he likes to linger, and, stranger still, I like to watch him. The barrel stands always by the left wall. He goes stolidly toward it, turning neither to one hand nor the other, but the moment he has wheeled it to the right of my yard, he always stops and looks across the wall. He stands so long there that I have wondered what he can ever have known of the great house, to make it interesting to him. He stares at it intently, as if he sees what I see, bends his head, listening, as if he hears what I hear. That an ashman should lose himself in dreams is beyond belief! Sometimes I think he is a ghost himself, drawing up at my gate in his grey cart, and slipping gruesomely in and out of my yard. But he is not, for the barrels go out full and come back empty, and in the morning I find his footprints on the walk. Why should he care for a deserted garden? What has he to do with fresh winds and roses? He seems to belong forever to grey carts and smoking barrels. Yet he always stops by the low wall, always watches and listens there. There is a battered sign upon the lawn, still commanding trespassers not to venture in, and, for some fanciful reason, I have respected it, though who could stop me now?

To-night, as my ashman stood awhile, the wind stirred bush and branch and tangled bed till they flung all their bloom and freshness toward him, as if the garden offered him all that it had of beauty and fragrance and sweet memory. And I saw him fold his arms on the wall, at that. And he seemed to hide his face.

At the same moment, the gate of the convent garden clicked, and an old priest came quietly in, and locked it after him. He often comes here at dusk, as if he felt that a place once so sacred should not be left without prayer. Many a night, he moves slowly from path to path, appearing and disappearing, with bent head and reverent step. He, too, is like a ghost, until he stops, at last, to pray, and then the sky is like a great altar, with lights ablaze for Benediction, and the bending flowers of the garden like white-robed acolytes that kneel in prayer.

I forgot him, for the moment, in looking at my own yard, for the ashman had raised his head from his weary arms, and vaulted over the low wall into the shadow of the great house and the beauty of its garden. It seemed to me that the instant his feet touched the weedy paths there was a change in him. He squared his shoulders as if a weight had dropped from them. He strode masterfully across the lawns, and his step was not the step of a stranger. He stood whistling softly, with his back against the grey house, and I knew he dreamed he owned it all. Then he vanished in a turn of a path, and I waited for his re-appearing. After a time, I saw him coming swiftly along the balcony, and down the iron stair, with stumbling step. His shoulders had their old droop, as if they felt again their unseen weight. He came crashing through the bushes as if he could not see to find the path or feel the tangled flowers that tried to bar his way. An ashman's dream must be brief, for work awaits. The barrels are his, the dust, the dregs, the squalor; not this palace—not this garden—not any garden. He looked up once at the glowing sky, and raised a clenched hand as if to curse it. Then his eyes dropped to a rosebush, whose

thorns caught his sleeve. For a moment, I thought it was a rosebush; then it seemed as if a little hand had thrust itself out of the shadows, beseeching him not to curse. A flower swayed toward him on a wind-swept branch. He dropped his hand and gazed. And all the beauty of the world looked at him from the heart of one rose.

I put my work down, and looked from garden to garden. The priest, in the one on my left, drew near the place where he always said his prayer. The ashman, in the other garden, bent toward the bush as if it drew him down. He touched it lightly, branch by branch. I wondered what had taught that grimy hand such gentleness.

The wind changed, and swept in weird music through both gardens. The flowers stirred. The shadows trembled. The moon slipped behind a cloud so that she might not see. For, as the priest knelt to pray, the other man plucked the rose.

I think God was in both gardens, listening. . . . So much happens on a summer evening as I sit on my step.

Herbaceous Borders

By D. H. KITSON, R. H. S.

IN these days of shortage of labour, when all owners of gardens are thinking of war economy, it is well to consider the advantages of Herbaceous Borders. Though it is true that the initial labour of making them is heavy, yet once established a fairly perpetual succession of flowers may be obtained with less trouble by this form of culture than by any other style of ornamental gardening.

An ideal piece of ground to choose would be one facing south, and protected from the north and east winds by trees or shrubs or, best of all, by a wall. A fairly quick-growing shelter may be got by planting Lombardy or Black Poplars about three feet apart. These could have their tops cut back when they reach about six feet in height, and they will then form a great many branches.

An alternative would be to make a fence or trellis at the north side of the border, planting perpetual sweet peas—or hops—or some of the herbaceous clematis to cover it during the growing season.

The best soil for herbaceous plants is a good ordinary loam, but other soils can generally be brought to the right condition, if the drainage is good. As soon as the spot for the border is decided on, the bed should be marked out with lines and pegs and may be from 10 to 30 feet wide, according to its length, i.e., the longer the border the wider the bed may be made. But for all practical purposes a bed 20 feet wide will be found a good workable size. If wider a trodden path at the back will be needed. The ground should then be trenched as soon as possible, as all the work must be finished before the first frosts. The trenching should be done three "spits" deep, breaking up the subsoil and keeping each layer of soil at its proper level and adding manure between each spit, because herbaceous plants have root systems of various depths, so food must be placed at various depths to suit them. Pockets of leaf-mould, or sandy, or clayey soil may be placed here and there to suit certain groups of plants. After trenching the bed should be allowed to settle for at least a week, after which it should be raked over until it is quite evenly level.

If the border is ready in time planting may be done in the autumn, but if not, the plants should be put in as early as possible in the spring.

Herbaceous plants grow and spread very quickly, so plenty of room should be allowed between them. The table specimens should be planted towards the back of the bed, making occasional excursions towards the front. Straight lines should be avoided as much as possible and the plants be put in bold groups rather than spotted about singly.

Planting should be done carefully—a hole larger than the roots of the plants being dug, and the roots being carefully spread out; the soil is then replaced and made firm. After good planting the plant appears to grow out of level ground and not out of a hole or from the top of a hillock!

After the planting is finished the bed should be raked over again, and strawy manure should, if possible, be spread round each plant to make a mulch.

The plants for herbaceous borders are many and varied, and it would be impossible to give a complete

list of them, but no border would be complete without a large selection of red, pink and white paeonies, whilst delphiniums and michaelmas and other daisies should not be neglected. Hollyhocks, which can be got in many different shades, are very useful for the back of the bed—though now that the hollyhock disease is so prevalent it is wiser to raise new ones every year and treat as biennials, throwing them away after they finish flowering.

Some people like to have a colour scheme in their herbaceous border, and I have seen a very good effect made by growing delphiniums and white foxgloves together, or delphiniums and madonna lilies go well together, though the latter are not true herbaceous plants.

A beautiful bed can be made of nothing but michaelmas daisies, beginning at one end many different varieties of paeonies which should not be omitted from a mixed border. Michaelmas daisies can now be had in many shades, which will go well with practically every other colour. For the back of the border sunflowers are very useful, though they are really annuals. Hollyhocks, though really herbaceous, should be grown as biennials and thrown away after flowering, as old plants always get the dreaded hollyhock rust.

WHAT'S BECOME OF THE BOOSTER?

(Concluded from page 11.)

once "stung" in a deal usually depended upon the same doubtful methods of salesmanship which had roped HIM in to rope in some new customer, and thus relieve him of his bad purchase. The air was full of the feeling that if one made a foolish buy it was one's own fault. One had no right to expect honest treatment by the salesman. It was a case of buyer beware and if you aren't—be cheerful; thus helping yourself to take advantage of the next unwary buyer.

Of course the men who paid the price for this unethical attitude in business matters, were the last men to buy the properties before the boom broke—and the intermediary salesmen. Having been corrupted, having been drilled into a habit of handling the truth casually and glibly and improving it here and there as one went along, they found it difficult to fit into other lines of salesmanship. Of course the great majority learned the lesson in due course, and not a few of them are selling woolens or life insurance, making small salaries, but making them with appropriate labour and sweat. Other ex-boomsters have been hopelessly spoiled, however, by the craving for excitement and "big deals" which the boom days bequeathed them.

One case in particular I have in mind. The man in question was in 1900 a steady plodding book-keeper in a certain small mortgage company. A salesman in one of the real estate companies with which the mortgage concern had dealings, fell ill and the work was offered the book-keeper. He took it, made good and prospered. Presently in the course of his journeys about the city of Toronto he laid eyes on what seemed a desirable sub-division property. It was of the sort that would lend itself to exploitation among the working classes. He borrowed enough money to buy an option on it, then organized a company—you know how those things were done. He made money. From that he turned his attention to other opportunities. He bought options on other properties and sold them to other companies. On one or two deals he lost money. On others he reaped big profits. In a few short years he was wealthy and had achieved a taste for "deals."

Then he bought out a small mortgage corporation in Montreal and a one-horse trust company. With this embryonic material he started to build a big company. He increased the stock and—you know THAT game too. His profits were not at all bad. Of course he deemed it beneath contempt to hold any real interest in his companies. Cash was too valuable to him. So he left his companies in charge of a rather unimaginative businessman, a friend, while he sought fresh victories over the almighty dollar.

He kept on with victory after victory until the boom slowed down and the war broke out. Then the banks, that had been quite willing to lend him

Now as regards the upkeep of the border—weeds must be kept down between the plants, and the soil kept stirred, preferably by the careful use of the fork—the hoe is apt to cut off young shoots just under the soil and should never be used.

In the spring, when growth commences, a watch should be kept for slugs which eat the tender shoots. As soon as possible the plants should be staked as unobtrusively as possible. Dead flowers and leaves must be removed all through the growing season, and if this is carefully done a second crop of flowers is often the result. Strong growing plants will need watching and preventing from overpowering their weaker neighbours.

In mild climates when the plants die down in the autumn the old stems should be cut to within four inches of the ground, care being taken not to injure the buds for next year's growth, which are sometimes found within the old stems and sometimes clustered round them. In colder climates the old stems should be left, to be knocked down by the snow, when they will act as a natural protection to the plants during the cold weather. Some time, either in the autumn or spring, some well-rotted manure should be lightly worked in between the plants.

money on his own personal note, began to ask for payment. For a long time he was able to stall them off. Then, faced with necessity, he called on his mortgage corporation and trust company to do their bit in relieving him of the strain. They were to buy certain dead properties from him—

That was when his friend, the cool-headed and reliable businessman turned against him.

"No," he said, "I am running two honest companies for the benefit of their shareholders. I am not going to take over any dead-wood just to save you."

"But didn't I start these companies?"

"Yes you did. But you hold less than five thousand dollars worth of stock."

"But I'll get proxies enough to put you out of the management."

"Try," said his colleague.

But he didn't try. He knew the cards in his colleague's hands were too high for him. He faced the end of his financial tether.

It was then, however, when he seemed really on the verge of ruin, that his unimaginative colleague relented.

"Look here," he said, "You've had boom fever. You've been out of touch with honest hard work for so long that your moral code has been undermined. And yet we need men of imagination and enthusiasm in the business like you."

"Well?"

"Well, if you'll get down to brass tacks. If you'll take over some of the real work of the office and help build these two companies up on a sound basis—and get business—I'll go on your note to the bank."

"But will the bank—"

"The bank will be satisfied. I can assure you of that."

And it was. The ex-boomster is now a solemn and conservative "financial man." He works from 10 to 1 and 2 to 6.



WHOSE MOVE?

—Donahay, in Cleveland Plain Dealer.

PINK CAKES FOR TEA

By ESTELLE M. KERR



IT was more than two years since I had been in Jean's studio and I seemed out of tune with everything, though formerly I had thought the high-raftered cottage she shared with Marion, quite the pleasantest place to spend the close of the short winter days. The little red-brick studio, with its latticed porch and brass knocker, daily attracted half a dozen dabblers in some form of art, and I hung on the outskirts of what Claire and Marion were pleased to call "Our Crowd." The two fiancés were always present: Bamford, the well-known sculptor, and Bertie Grant, the scatterbrain genius of a penniless painter, both nice youths, but it seemed to some of us that they had contrived to get paired off the wrong way, for Marion, the sedate, was to marry Bertie Grant, who was considerably younger than herself, and little Claire was engaged to the serious-minded Bamford.

Then the war came and swept aside well-formed plans and personal ambitions. Perhaps if their affairs had been more prosperous the two young men would not have answered so quickly the call to arms, but art was at a standstill, so they went overseas nearly two years ago, and this was the first time I had called since then. War work is sometimes the excuse for a lack of common courtesy. I had not expected to find the studio turned into a house of mourning, but neither had I thought of finding it practically unchanged. Perhaps there was a shade less of the wild rose colouring in Claire's cheeks, but she was dressed as usual, in a clay-coloured smock and moccasins. There were even the same kind of pink cakes on the tea-table that we used to buy at the grocer's across the street. The people, too, were similar. A youth called Billie, who had answered my knock, knelt before the red-brick fireplace helping a girl in a grey sweater to make toast. Another young man, who answered to the name of Pat, was on a high stool. Claire waved vague introductions and, taking up her tools, resumed her work on the clay model beside him, pausing to take the measurement of his left ear. The profile turned towards me was Grecian, enhanced by wavy hair and a merry blue eye.

"I wish, Claire, you would do my front face so that I could have something good to look at," he was saying.

I registered a pang of jealousy for the absent Bamford. The last time I had been in that studio it was he who had been modelling, while Claire posed for the bronze bust that stood on the mantel-piece. Now here was Claire playing about with slackers, I thought, while he . . . for that matter Claire herself was a slacker, and Marion. What right had people to make clay images and paint in times like these?

The door opened and another girl stepped in, stamping the snow from her boots—a girl so pretty and dainty and wholly ornamental that the rather boyish felt hat and ulster she wore only accentuated her femininity.

"Hello, Joy!" called everybody, and I was presumed to know Joy because everybody did.

"I meant to buy some cake on the way," said Joy.

"Well, why didn't you?" asked Claire.

"Oh, it meant getting off the car, and it's snowing—but those pink cakes look good to me."

There was something about Joy that disarmed criticism. She was sufficiently pretty to justify her existence—one does not expect a flower to knit—and I was fascinated by her hands, such beautiful, supple, yet I felt such utterly useless hands. Even with a cigarette between her lips she could not look

anything but dainty and sweet and feminine. I began to forget the war and feel the familiar lazy charm of the place.

"Where's Marion?" said Joy.

"Oh, Marion's celebrating this afternoon," Claire

replied. "Gone to buy a box for Bertie. She had a letter this morning saying he has been recommended for a commission. I told her she was foolish, that he would probably be back in England before it reached him, but she felt reckless and nothing relieves her feelings like spending money—especially if it's for Bertie. She'll be in soon, but we won't wait for her. . . . There, Pat, it's all over for to-day. Let's have tea now. You butter the toast, Billie."

So we had tea, and toast flavoured with ashes, and the pink cakes. Pat of the Grecian profile dismounted from his high stool when Claire handed him a crutch and someone asked him when he was "going back."

"Very soon now," he replied. "They'll probably keep me in England now till the war's over, but I'm doing absolutely nothing to earn my pay here, unless I'm serving my country by posing for Claire."

One, at least, who is not a slacker, was my mental reservation, and that reminded me of Bamford, so I asked Claire for news.

"Oh, he's hating it, of course. It's not the kind of life that appeals to him. But they need men so badly. He's been at the front a whole year now and hasn't had any leave yet. It makes me feel an awful slacker. I wanted to nurse—to do something useful, but Bamford said, No, I must do this. He thinks I should have a profession—I may have to support myself after the war—and then I want to be able to help him, too—if necessary. So we are working hard, Grace and I." She nodded to the girl in the grey jersey. "We go to night school, too."

"With tea-parties every day during a thrift campaign, and pink cakes?"

"Well, we do without dinner three times a week, so you mustn't begrudge us our cake!"

"And Marion—is she working hard?"

"Yes, it's pretty strenuous for her, poor dear, she's on a night shift."

"What!"

"Munitions—didn't you know? Marion's one of those plutocrats who's fattening on the war. She's disgustingly prosperous—eighteen a week! But then . . ." dropping her voice . . . "then at two o'clock on these cold winter nights, she comes back here all alone, puts more coal in the stove, and crawls to bed in the gallery. Not very cheerful, is it? It makes me feel horribly useless! I wanted to go in for massage with Joy . . ."

"You don't mean to tell me that she is a masseuse?" I looked across to the ornamental Joy, who was exhibiting a much-crumpled cheque with great pride.

"See, it's from Ottawa!" she was saying.

"Thought you were prompted by pure patriotism, Joy," said Billie.

"So we were, when we first graduated. We had jolly hard work getting them to take us on at all; but now they insist on paying us—forty-five a month! I didn't register any complaint about it, however, as there are several little things I could do with—a

motor car, for instance. I really need a little Ford to play golf with. We are off duty at four, and with a car, I could easily get a round in; however, it will probably vanish into the Red Cross Fund, or be squandered in war loans. The way of the poor working girl is beset with pernicious temptations to be patriotic." Joy helped herself to the last pink cake. A knock was heard at the door.

"It's Marion," said Billie, springing to open it. "No, it's a telegram."

"For me?" said Claire, clutching the tea-table, and turning rather white.

"No, for Marion."

"They frighten one, nowadays," said Claire, "but probably it's nothing. Here she is now!" Marion's cheeks were glowing from the cold, but her face was thinner than formerly.

"Hello," she cried, letting in a great gust of frosty air. "How is everybody? Oh, but it's cold! I've been having the time of my life. Such a box as I've sent Bertie—cigarettes, chocolates, gum, socks, dates, a paper-covered novel, and—(they told me it wouldn't keep, but I insisted on their putting it in)—one pink cake—just to remind him of all our jolly times—but why are you all looking so solemn?"

"Marion," said Joy, tragically, "can you ever forgive me? I've just eaten the last pink cake!"

"Never mind," said Marion. "Give me a cup of hot tea, and I'll get something to eat at the canteen. I'm in an awful rush. We start at seven, and I've miles and miles to go."

She swallowed some tea, and nibbled a piece of bread as she went upstairs. "Sorry to leave you, but I have to dress," she called over the balustrade. "But do go on with your conversation, I can hear it from the gallery."

Claire followed her upstairs, and the rest of us tried to talk, but the words couldn't come. "Dearest, you mustn't go," I heard Claire pleading. Then, "Can't I go in your place?" And then a whispered "Don't tell them."

Marion came down the stairs with her head erect and looked at us all with unseeing eyes.

"Good-bye," she said, and her lips smiled perfunctorily. Then the door closed and Claire sobbed.

"Billie," she said. "Go after her."

He hesitated.

"Do—and hurry!" she urged, "I can't—in my moccasins."

"I know," said Billie, grabbing his hat and coat. "I'll follow her and see that she gets there all right; and, if she insists on staying, I'll call for her and bring her back."

"Good!"

"And we'll come in after night class," said Grace, "and make a good fire and a hot supper."

"Of course we'll do anything we can," said Joy. "It's a thing that may happen to any of us, any day—and yet when it comes, the best we can do is—absolutely nothing."

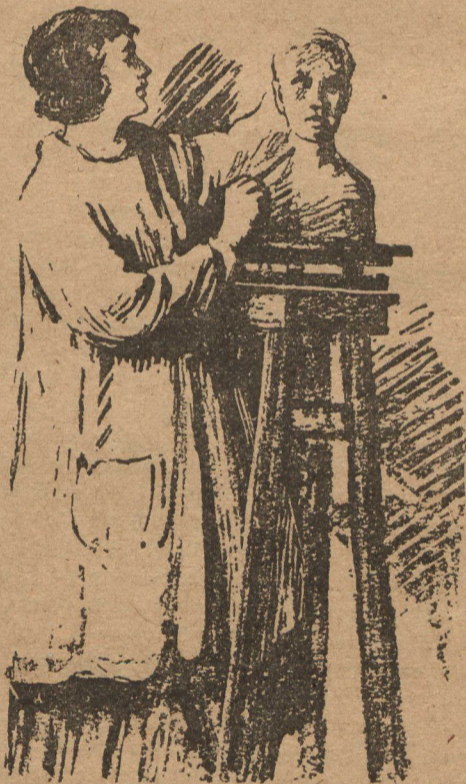
"Is he killed, Claire?" said Pat.

"No; wounded and missing."

"Well, let's hope for the best," and he smiled cheerfully as he took up his crutch.

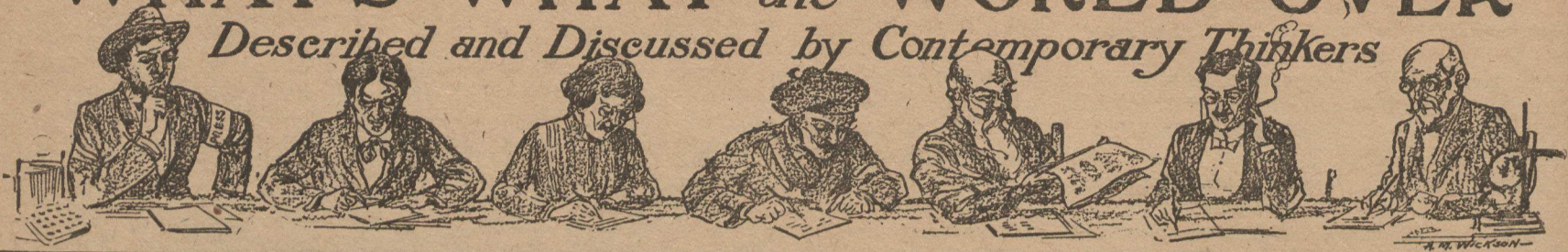
Claire dried her eyes, and forced a smile when we said good-bye, but Joy was crying bitterly. "Isn't it silly of me," she muttered, between her sobs. "I see dozens of them, nervous wrecks, and cripples, and blind—every day. I'm not really crying about that, but I do wish I hadn't eaten Marion's pink cake."

And I was raging inwardly because in my haste I had called them all slackers.



WHAT'S WHAT *the* WORLD OVER

Described and Discussed by Contemporary Thinkers



THE BAGDAD SUCCESS

What Lies Ahead of Our Victorious Campaign in Mesopotamia

WE have won Bagdad! But what is the real objective of that fight? This question is discussed illuminatingly by the "Military Expert" of the New York Times. It has been, he says, so long since a report reached us of any extensive military activity in the Near East that this war theatre has been almost forgotten. The British were popularly supposed to have given up any further efforts with the surrender of General Townshend's forces, something less than a year ago. But the British have disposed of this supposition during the last month by reviving the Bagdad campaign on a larger and more extensive plan than was first conceived.

In order to bring the Bagdad situation up to date it is necessary to review briefly the general situation in that theatre. The object of the original British move has never been clearly determined. As a matter of fact, it probably had no single object, but was, rather, a combination of several. There was, first, the question of the oil wells of Persia lying near the head of the Persian Gulf. Secondly, there was the colonial question in the East. In most parts of the East British suzerainty is not so thoroughly and firmly established as it is, for example, in India. It was, therefore, vital that a show of British force be made to prevent any possible uprising of the none too loyal natives.

Finally, there was Bagdad—the one great military objective in all of the Eastern Mesopotamia country. Its importance is found in its relation to the so-called Bagdad Railway, an incomplete road which runs from Constantinople to Bagdad by way of Brussa, Adana, Aleppo, then along the Euphrates to Bagdad. The control of this road, in fact its absolute domination, is one of the primary causes of the war. The German "place in the sun" inexorably extends eastward.

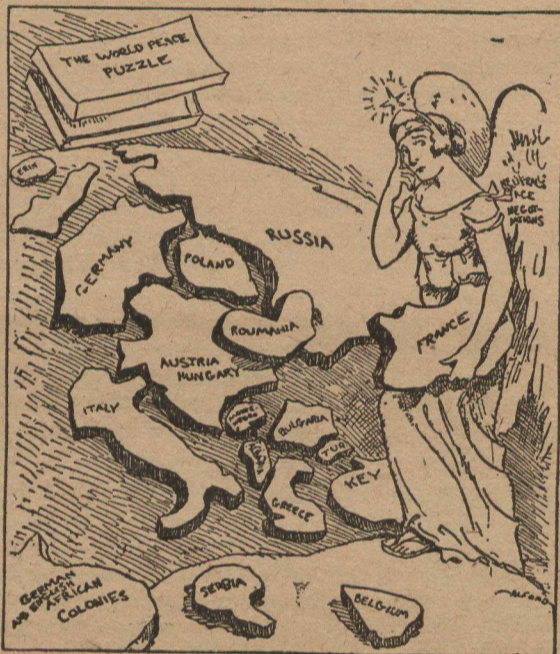
The German scheme was, first, to obtain control of this road from Berlin all the way to Bagdad, and open to German trade the door to the great wealth of the East, and, at the same time, practically to bring under the German flag the population of Austria, Bulgaria, and Turkey. With this vast population to work upon, Germany would soon be able to create a military force which would by its power and the genius of German organization give her rulers undisputed control of Europe. It was, indeed, a dream almost of universal empire.

These things apparently dictated the first effort of Great Britain to take the city of the Caliphs. This effort led a force up the Tigr's River from the head of the Persian Gulf toward Bagdad. Its only means of supply in this country of terrific temperatures and no roads to speak of was by boat up the Tigris, at best a dangerous and rather thin line. Townshend's force, it will be remembered, advanced as far as Kut-el-Amara, where it defeated the Turks and drove them back to Ctesiphon.

It was here that the tide of British invasion turned. Strong Turkish reinforcements were hurried up and thrown into action. The British were defeated, and they retired upon Kut. The Turkish pressure became more severe as the retreat got under way, and the rear guard of the British force—not the main force itself, it is well to note—was cut off and shut up in the bend of the Tigris at Kut, but on the other side of the stream. That is, the Tigris at Kut forms a crescent convex toward Kut, which is on the south

bank. It was in the hollow of the crescent on the north bank of the stream that Townshend's force was besieged. After most strenuous efforts to effect its relief, this force was compelled by hunger to surrender. It was no light blow to Britain's pride and, the Germans thought, to British prestige in the East. But the latter was in no way affected, and in a few weeks the incident was forgotten.

Now, however, the British are winning in the Eastern campaign, and with one more motive added to those already mentioned. The Russians, their resources in Asia Minor probably somewhat curtailed as a result of the Roumanian debacle, have been inactive for months. At the time we last heard from them their right was somewhere on the Black Sea west of Trebizond, their centre about Bitlis on Lake Van, their left breaking sharply away to the east, well into Western Persia. It is well to note at this jun-



IT WILL TAKE SOME TIME TO FIT IT TOGETHER
Peace: "Now wasn't this a nice game to wish on me?"

—Alford, in Baltimore Star.

ture the means of communication and supply of the right wing of the Turkish Army, that is, the wing which has held the Russians in Persia.

In the first place, there is the Bagdad Railroad. Just how much of this has been completed we do not know. At the time war broke out work was in progress at both ends, from Aleppo and from Bagdad. From Aleppo it had reached the Euphrates and was being pushed still further eastward. It is probable that it has reached as far as Nesibin, about 100 miles due south of Bitlis. From Bagdad it has been carried, perhaps as far as Tekrit, about 100 miles north of Bagdad. Between these two places is the only good highway in all of Eastern Mesopotamia.

The capture of Bagdad throws the way open to the Russians under the Grand Duke Nicholas, an active, resourceful fighter, who has been strangely silent for many months.

LINCOLN AND ASQUITH

Many Points of Resemblance are Found by a British Writer

IT was easier for the common people of America to understand Lincoln than it has been for those of England to understand Mr. Asquith, observes Harry Elmore, comparing these two men, in the Contemporary Review. Lincoln was typically a

people's man, sprung from their lowest ranks. He was also an "odd" character: his personality was like his physique—full of queer points, on which the popular fancy could hang facts and fables, stories true and only artistically true. On the contrary, Mr. Asquith is a product of the cultured classes, and, though born of middle-class stock, a patrician by nature. He has no foibles, and is by no means "odd"; his personality is clear-cut, and he is to most something of an embodied intellect, which may be admired, but is somewhat awful and distant. Stories—so beloved of the people—naturally grow around so strange and whimsical a figure as that of Abraham Lincoln, with his career of romance, his jokes, and his brooding melancholy, the shadowing legacy of a hard youth. But stories do not cluster round Mr. Asquith, and there is nothing, so far as the public know, in his whole career to give rise to the friendly gossip which, it may be observed, is by no means a drawback to a statesman. Romance is an invaluable ingredient in the make-up of a great man, and in that its lack has prevented him from becoming popular in the accepted sense, Mr. Asquith has been unfortunate in being so uniformly successful. Self-made as he is, he has marched from triumph to triumph with sure steps—school, university, the Bar, Parliament—all opened their doors as to a master: it is wonderful, but it is not romantic. Lincoln, unlike Mr. Asquith, after a boyhood of penury, passed a mid-manhood of struggle in a back-woods town, found nothing but disappointment in every political venture to which he set his hand, and had retired from public life to follow his profession of a country attorney when roused by the slavery issue to forsake his cases—to fill later on what is perhaps the most powerful position in the world, and to go down to history as the greatest of Americans. Moreover, Lincoln was an obviously human man. A natural humorist, his affinity with the common people enabled him to use with consummate art his propensity for joking, and while he exercised the highest statesmanship he at the same time endeared himself to the people, who understood him. Mr. Asquith has, to say the least, no reputation for humour; what he is like in private, few know; indeed, it is only of later years that he has given signs of a softer side to his character, which has brought him nearer to the hearts of the people. But compare Lincoln's early environment with that of Mr. Asquith, and it will be seen how the child in both cases was the father of the man. Lacking popular gifts, Mr. Asquith's ascendancy over his countrymen is therefore the more remarkable.

Thus on the surface the two are quite dissimilar, yet in statesmanlike essentials there are many and striking points of comparison. The most striking seem to be these: ability to see a problem whole, and steadfastness in dealing with it; great deliberation in action; unlimited patience; continuous capacity to rise to great occasions; readiness to accept responsibility. To these should be added the not less valuable and equally rare qualities of loyalty to colleagues and supreme capacity in the management of men. A minor but important similarity is the accuracy in speech of the two men—an accuracy probably unexampled among statesmen. Those qualities, it is to be noticed, are not of the spectacular variety, but then both Lincoln and Mr. Asquith belong to the order of plain men. Lincoln's triumph was eminently that of the plain honest man of great powers acting in the way a plain man would act: Mr. Asquith's success so far has been the same. He has been described as a man with common powers in an uncommon degree—a most useful endowment for a statesman when we remember that, as Lincoln

said, "the Lord must have loved common people: He made so many of them." Unfortunately, common people do not always recognize such powers; they call brilliance genius, while supreme ability operating in ways akin to their own methods is often considered mediocrity—whereas it may amount to genius. Such men of non-spectacular qualities as Lincoln and Mr. Asquith, as a rule, must wait for their full reward in the judgment of posterity.

All students of Lincoln's life have recognized that the rock upon which his state-craft was founded was his power of determining what were the essentials of a problem and the tenacity with which through the obscuring changes of a varying situation he held to the position he took up. In the course he set he might well have taken as his motto the words used by Mr. Asquith half a century later, soon after the outbreak of this war: "We must learn to take long views and to cultivate above all other qualities—those of patience, endurance and steadfastness." Plain qualities these in ordinary days, but purest gold in times of stress. Abraham Lincoln took the clear long view that nothing mattered so that the Union was saved, while many another, including Gladstone himself, failed to see the issues involved. Through the four long years of the agony of the Civil War Lincoln patiently endured all that fidelity to conviction brings in its train. All that he did during that time—even the emancipation of the slaves—was to preserve the Union. While it is true that the slavery issue was the cause of the War, and by the War it received its death-blow, it died in the greater cause to Lincoln of the maintenance of the Union.

In the House of Commons on Aug. 6th, 1914, Mr. Asquith defined the cause for which we are fighting in two sentences: "In the first place to fulfil a solemn international obligation . . . and in the second to vindicate the principle . . . that small nationalities are not to be crushed in defiance of international good faith, by the arbitrary will of a strong and overmastering Power." In other words, "public right" (see speech at Dublin, September, 1914), is the cause for which Britain and her Allies fight. Mr. Asquith has sometimes been accused of complacency by those whose hopes rise and fall with every passing phase of the conflict, but nothing in those famous speeches he delivered in the chief cities of the Kingdom in the early days of the war led to the supposition that he had not counted the cost of our participation in the great fight: "The task will not be a light one . . . its full accomplishment may even take years." Those were the reasons given by Mr. Asquith two and a half years ago for our entry into the war, and his recognition of the price that might have to be paid. In the interval he has moved steadfastly on his course, undeterred, like Lincoln, by attacks springing from misunderstanding, envy, malice and foolishness. "Patience, endurance, steadfastness"—when he uttered those words Mr. Asquith might have had a prophetic view of the qualities he himself would need to support him in his task.

ART AND BELASCO

Famous New York Producer Condemns the Little Theatre Fad

GREGORY MASON, writing in the Outlook, quotes David Belasco as saying: "Plays which present only the sordid, the brutal, the disgusting, are not true to life. They

are not art." He then writes: "David Belasco, the 'dean' of the American stage, was speaking. He was attacking the so-called amateur dramatic organizations which have multiplied rapidly within the past two or three years. Many of these theatres are not amateur at all, within the exact meaning of the word. But all of them have, or pretend to have, the amateur spirit; all of them profess to aim first at the presentation of distinctive plays, and at profits only secondarily. Mr. Belasco had discharged a broadside at these 'toy' playhouses through the columns of the New York 'Herald,' and now he was being asked to explain his outburst and to make it more specific.

"I do not decry all so-called amateur organizations. I except the schools, the colleges, and the settlements. They do not pretend to be more than they are. I was an amateur player and producer myself once. I first produced my plays in a shed in San Francisco, then I moved about from one improvised theatre to another. The things I produced then were pretty poor. And I knew it. But these amateurs to-day don't know how bad their plays are. They walk out of school or college onto the stage and say, 'Look at us! we are the great artistic We Are.' They believe they are better than the men on Broadway who have been play writing and producing and acting for years, and they expect the public to believe it.

"But how can they act or write when they know nothing of life? What do they know of the criminal courts, of the slums, of the gutter? I know of these things. I have studied them.

"Then what do they know of nature? They throw a gob of red paint on a back drop, smear yellow over it, stand back a few feet, and, squinting at it through cigarette smoke, begin to rave about it. 'What is it?' you ask them. 'A sunset,' they tell you. But you would never know it if they did not tell you. They are the cubists of the theatre. Why don't they go to God's skies for their sunsets, as I do? Then they would know that God's sunset is one thing in Norway, that God's sunset is another thing in China, and that God's sunset is still another thing in God's sky in San Francisco.

"Yet what do they know about life? What do they know of the honest married woman who makes a mis-step? And perhaps below that, what do they know of the well-meaning but weak working-girl who slips from the right path? And below that, what do they know of the woman of the streets? Nay, still lower, what do they know of the white woman in Chinatown? And lower yet" . . . he followed imaginary characters down several more steps of moral depravity, describing each step with the realism and vividness of the good actor, and at each repetition of the word "below" or "lower" dropping his right hand a few inches until with his description of the lowest abyss of degradation, which we will not share with our readers, his hand rested on the rug.

Grandpere Nadeau Recruits

(Concluded from page 5.)

have struck the place at a better time," said Rene St. Maurice. "If you can stand it, I will stay over to-morrow. Some of these young men are going to the bush soon for winter's work. I feel sure I can talk them over into enlisting instead."

As Captain Cameron put out the candle in his little room on the ground floor, he heard a strange rumbling of voices, then one voice in a monotonous sing-song. Going out into the dark passage he looked into the

kitchen. The scene was like a painting of an Old Master; a group of people were kneeling, some faces in light, others in deep shadow, a little apart from them was the head of the household. "Ave Maria, gratia plena," he half intoned. There was the clicking of rosaries as the beads were told off with the muttered responses.

"Great Scott," said Jack Cameron to himself, as he tiptoed back to his room, "I feel as if I were in the Middle Ages. I hope I won't wake up in the morning to find my old serge transformed into armour with enough trappings to satisfy even old Bonhomme Nadeau."

Mounting the three little steps beside the fourposter, he plunged into the feather bed. The room was flooded with moonlight, that mellowed the crude colours of a cheap print of a saint on the wall. To the drowsy eyes of the Ontario Presbyterian, the face suddenly seemed to bear a strange resemblance to that of Juliette St. Maurice and to smile down at him.

(To be continued.)

Sentimental Confession

(Concluded from page 8.)

in the father's absence, ready to meet any number of men and if necessary give his life to shield her. The officer made some sneering remark and advanced toward them, whereat the young lad hit him a glancing blow on the arm.

The order was at once given to catch him and shoot him. As the men went to take him the pleadings and entreaties of the mother were pitiful and should have melted the hardest heart, but her cries and beseechings were useless, for her son was soon caught, taken outside, where he was shot. The mother, after being roughly handled, was warned that she was being closely watched. Her agonizing screams followed us down the street as we were leaving. Conscience stricken, I felt that she probably would not live long after what she had passed through.

Come what might; come death itself, I could never go out on such dastardly work again. Never take even a passive part in such heinous, nefarious crimes against innocent humanity.

I knew my orders were the same for the next few days and rather than obey them I decided on either deserting or mutilating myself in such a way that I would be relieved from active service. In which case I might even go and see my family.

On thinking the matter over I knew it would be impossible to carry out the scheme for desertion, so I decided I would take my rifle and shoot off my left hand.

I had not long to wait, and loading my rifle I slipped off, as I thought unnoticed, to where there were chances of stray bullets going over.

I must have been suspected and watched, for just as I fired the bullet through the palm of my left hand and was turning to move away, I heard the order, Halt!

On looking round I saw it was my officer of the day. In a moment I was placed under arrest and marched off between two of my comrades to the guardhouse, where my wound was hurriedly and carelessly dressed. In the morning, when I faced the officers at the court martial, I knew at once by their dark, angry looks that my case was hopeless. The trial lasted only a short time. I was ordered to be shot at sunrise on the following day. Since then I have been meditating on my past life and preparing myself to meet my Maker, but I feel that in the sight of God my act of yesterday will not be considered a heinous offence.

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Further details can be obtained on application to G. J. Desbarats, C.M.G., Deputy Minister of the Naval Service, Department of the Naval Service, Ottawa.

G. J. DESBARATS,
Deputy Minister of the Naval Service.

Department of the Naval Service,
Ottawa, November 23, 1916.

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THE WORLD'S GREATEST FIDDLER

By THE MUSIC EDITOR

WHATEVER makes any man the greatest general, philosopher, financier, prize-fighter or fiddler, is worth studying, because it's usually something that a lot of other people pretty nearly have, but not quite. And Eugene Ysaye, the Belgian maestro,



A Prodigious Maestro.

who played once more in Canada last week, belongs in that class.

Ysaye is—the world's greatest fiddler. We use the word with becoming respect. His Guarnerius is a marvelous piece of musical mechanism. In Ysaye's hands it is a resounding, godlike fiddle; the sort of instrument you would expect to see in the hands of a goatskinned demigod in the days of fauns and satyrs. Centuries of evolving melody and rhythm and form have come to a climax in this prodigious Belgian who trudges long-haired upon the stage with the genial assurance of a huge father just come home to his family. He is the world's greatest fiddler because he has managed to preserve in his own make-up all the essential big elements of that class of music and has added unto them his own personality—which is a very large and composite mixture of qualities.

The programme he gave to the soldiers at Exhibition Camp, in the afternoon, was a good deal the same as he gave the musical elect in Massey Hall in the evening. They say the 2,000 soldiers went wild over his great rendering of the Vieuxtemps Ballade et Polonaise. But do you suppose Ysaye flung that big inspirational stuff at them ad lib, just for the sake of a furore in khaki? Not he. Another of the pieces was his own Reve d'Enfant, that drifted over the rows of khaki

like a subtle summer breeze over a forest. And with his son Gabriel, on furlough from the Belgian trenches for this year, he played the same set of Godard duettini as appeared on the evening bill.

The Massey Hall programme was not heroic in size. He has played greater, in technic, if not in emotional breadth and in variety of humour. But it was heroic in presentation. The vast Belgian, black-haired, mysterious, twinkling in the corners of his eyes, looking much like a powerful Black-foot chief, came with ponderous benignity on the stage, drew up his chair to a desk and sat down to play a Sonata of Mozart with Mr. Dambois, his accompanist. Was the elderly maestro getting weary or blase that he wanted his chair? No, there are no signs of weariness in either Ysaye's mind or great hulk of a glorious physique. But it is the custom to sit for Mozart. So he sat. And he did the tuneful, blithesome melodies with sublime ease, just letting the passages fall beside him like glorified shavings from a carpenter's jackplane. He seemed to enjoy doing it, but he made no great exhibition of his joy.

Without going off stage he followed with the Geminiani suite in D Minor. Who was Geminiani? We knew not till he turned off those delicate arabesques and little tone poems that in such massive fingers seemed like the amazing aptitude of an elephant's trunk. And when he was encored he came back at length shaking his finger at the audience, as though to say, "Naughty children! Don't you dare do this again."

Thereafter, while Mr. Dambois so ably played his two piano pieces we must imagine Ysaye behind the scenes filling that big calabash of his from the fat leathern pouch he carries in his hip pocket and having a fine fat smoke. How he loves to smoke!

In the six duettini of Godard played by himself and his son, Gabriel, the maestro showed with what graceful authority he could share himself up with a talented young man; to such a degree that sometimes it was hard to tell where one began and the other left off. These duos were none of them big; but they required high virtuosity in the doing.

Do not imagine—if you have never heard Ysaye—that he is not a superb technician. He is—the world's greatest fiddler; and he can do anything. There never was a thing of Paganini or Beethoven or Tchaikowsky that he cannot play with last-word perfection. But he is never thinking about his technic. He is never waltzing with his fiddle to get the rapture of the big tone. The big tone is got—and it is almost diabolically big—just



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by a little more zip in those powerful upper-cuts that are far more suggestive of the gymnasium than the dancing school. He can make the Guarnerius scream in a divinity of rage and chuckle like an aged crow. But in all that he does the mind of an intellectual adept goes with it. Ysaye thinks his playing. He is more than a fiddler. He is, of course, a conductor of orchestra, a great pedagogue, a composer, a fine French speaker, a lover of nature—and a healthy-minded man who enjoys laughter and good food and good wine, lots of tobacco and the tang of the open road.

When he came back to his last group he began with his own Reve d'Enfant, which he played with a most mysterious and colourful mute. It was a sweet fragment from the realms of sleep. The delicate restraint and poetry of the thing bespoke a rare gift of imagination in the composer. The Havanaise of St. Saens he made into



Delivers an Oration in French.

a carnival of abandon. And then, at last, the inspiring Ballade and Polonaise of his old master, Vieuxtemps. This was a finale fit for any great occasion. It breathed of war and of justice, of courage and fire and almost primeval abandon. Here the maestro let himself go after he had built himself up from the placid, sedulous sonata of Mozart. And the world's greatest fiddler went off the stage as carelessly as he had first come on, acting as though he could have done it all sitting on a log waiting for a trout to bite.

Next day the maestro went with his company to an arts club, where, before he had begun to eat, he pulled out his big pipe, after lunch made an oration in French in which he extolled "la vie de la boheme," such as he found in that Canadian group of art workers, but alas! no longer in Belgium or France; he spoke of the war and of Belgium in such fine French that almost anybody could get its drift. An hour later he was in a crowded conservatory (The Hambourg) playing with Boris at the 'cello and with Danibols at the piano, the great Beethoven Trio in C minor. At 5.20 he got aboard a train for Brooklyn and his next engagement.

Soft Lydian Airs

WHEN the Academy Quartette chose Miss Lydia Locke as the solo attraction of their last concert this season, they must have been guided by a preference for the ornamental. Miss Locke wore a beautiful rose gown, exceedingly décolleté, set off by a coloratura blue gauze scarf. She is tall, regal and handsome, smiles suffusively and seems to be en rapport with her audience. Otherwise she might better have been engaged in presenting a

pantomime. Because Lydia Locke, though she owns and operates a very extensive voice, is not a singer. Her basic defect is one which is shared by many vocalists, she sings with her muscular apparatus and gives her sympathetic nervous system nothing to do. Her motions have little or nothing to do with emotions. She has a big, resonant voice capable of carrying above any ordinary orchestra, essentially dulcet in quality, though hard in timbre, quite flexible and of good range, especially in the top register, which she seems to have cultivated at the expense of her middle voice, where most of her vocal infirmities belong.

To be quite candid, Miss Locke's intonation disagreed with the piano during nearly the whole of her performance, being, as a rule, from an eighth to a quarter tone flat, except on her top notes. The more the accompanist (Mr. Von Kunitz) accentuated the melody, the worse the discrepancy became. It would have been better to have sung a cappella.

With this cardinal defect admitted, we observe that Miss Locke has a very good method of execution, she understands how to interpret, and she has a facile repertoire. But with these virtues and her great good looks her stage resemblance to Alma Gluck is at an end.

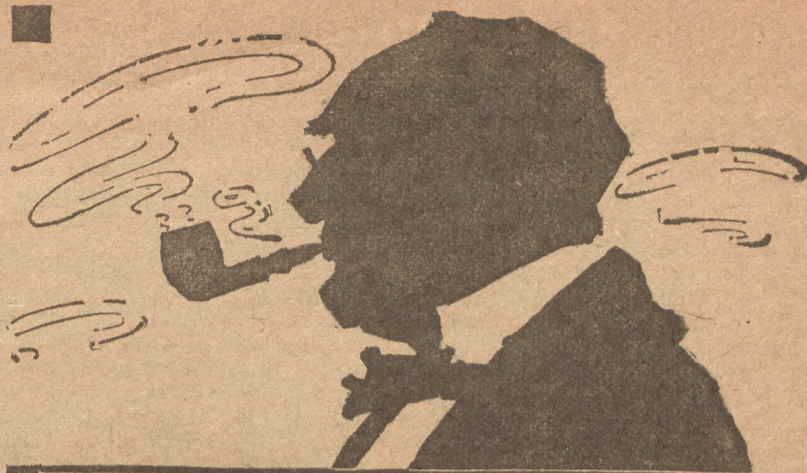
We turn with much relief to the Quartette, who, never in better form, gave two masterpieces, the Grieg in G minor and the Schubert in D minor. The first alone would have been a programme. A chamber music expert (amateur) remarked that the North Sea could be heard in nearly every bar of it. If ever there was a coast-line composer, it seems it was Grieg, who is seldom given a chance to escape the Skagerack and the fiord. There must have been times when Grieg would have liked to do a little inland work. But his admirers insist that he stay on the coast-line. However, in this work we are not obsessed with the sad sea. Neither does Grieg seem to pay much respect to mere quartette form. He uses it as a peg on which to hang a gorgeous garment of complicated sound. The quartette becomes a miniature symphony, with most of the instruments suggested. Its use of thematic material, variety of colouring, prodigality of unusual rhythms, elaboration of striking and opulent harmonies and astonishing range of emotional expression, with an almost pagan use of thumping plain rhythms and folk-song cadences, combine to make the work more like a small-sized sound-opera without words. Occasionally strident, frequently bewitching, characteristically lyric, it is always pervaded by the dramatic element and was quite big enough to satisfy the large number of expert musicians in the audience.

Rather less may be said of the Schubert, which is a stock piece of the Academy players, exceedingly beautiful, a bit obvious, rather formal, but deeply expressive, rollicking in scherzo, abandonish in presto, and tenderly, profoundly sad in the Death and the Maiden motif which dominates the Andante. I do not share Mr. Von Kunitz' evidently adoring enthusiasm for this work. But it is surely a great piece of writing, and a composition that makes the best possible use, at that time, of the form so richly endowed by Beethoven. Schubert had great gifts as an emotional writer and many of them are displayed in this truly important and beautiful work.

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Notice is hereby given that a dividend for the three months ending March 31st at the rate of

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has been declared upon the Capital Stock of the Company, and that same will be payable on and after April 2nd, 1917.

The Transfer Books will be closed from the 21st to the 31st March, both days inclusive.

By order of the Board,

W. E. RUNDLE,

General Manager.

Toronto, March 7th, 1917.

GIVING AWAY PROXIES BY INVESTICUS

A GREAT many people own shares in companies whose head offices they have never seen. They seem to think that once they have bought a few shares of stock it is only necessary for them to sit still and draw dividends. They never dream of attending the annual meeting of shareholders. They give their "proxy" to whoever happens to ask for it in the politest way. Perhaps for a long term of years nothing happens to make them wish they had paid more attention to their shares. Perhaps the possible catastrophe never does happen. But sometimes—

Take, for example, this company.

It deals in mortgages. Three men are in charge of its daily affairs. One as President, one as General Manager, and another as Vice-President. These three men dictate the policy of the company in all things. They are apparently honest and able men. I was surprised to find out the other day that not one of these chief officers held any large block of the shares of the company. The man who was called President really owned only five thousand shares and was selling some of those in order to realize cash for another transaction in which he was interested. So with the General Manager and the Vice-President. And yet

these men have just about their own way in all the activities of the company.

"How is that possible?" I asked.

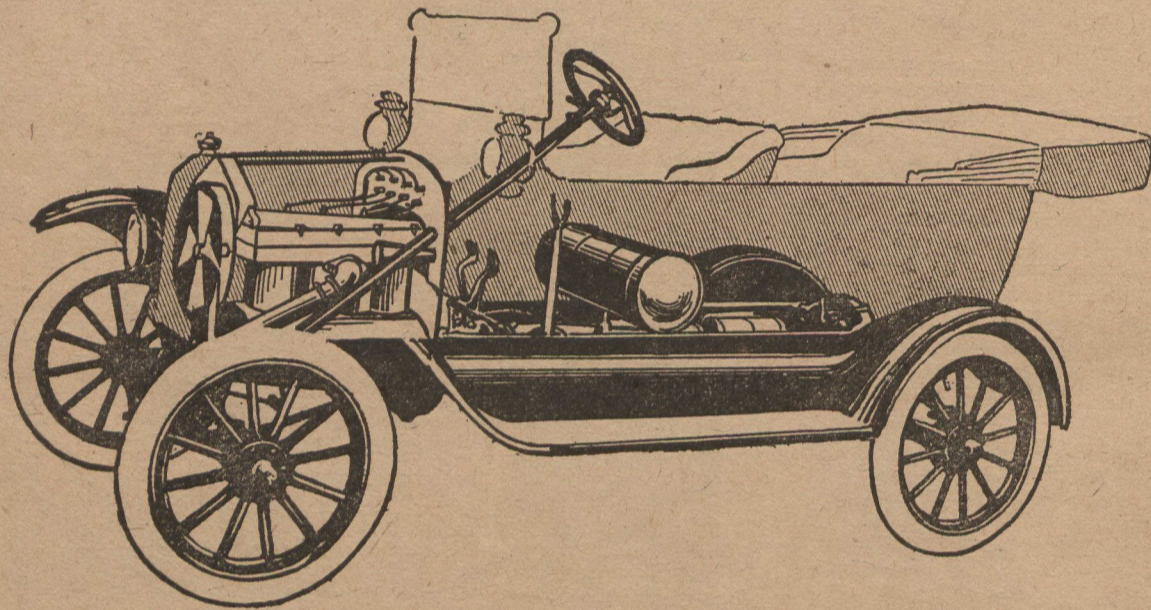
"Because the shareholders don't trouble to come in and vote," said the official to whom I put the question. "They have been drawing a fairly decent little dividend for some time past. They are quite content with that. The only contact they have with the company is with the travelling agents sent out by the head office from time to time. The agent calls and chats a while about business conditions and drops a few words in praise of the General Manager, and on his last call

before the annual meeting is held he usually collects the 'proxies' of these scattered shareholders and carries them down to the General Manager. That is why old ———, the General Manager, can get his own way even over the President and Vice-President."

The danger from becoming too indifferent to the affairs of the company in which your money is invested is this: Suppose the men to whom you give such implicit trust should be tempted to use YOUR company to benefit some other enterprise of their own. Suppose, for example, that one of the officers of this mortgage and banking house had been dabbling too deeply in real estate and was finding it hard to carry during war-time conditions. Might he not be tempted to get your company to advance improper sums of money on mortgages on his property? Are there not many things that might be done under the guise of legitimate business—that would injure your interests.

Don't give your proxy blindly. When you can't get down to the shareholders' meeting yourself, at least you should inquire into the matters likely to be brought before that meeting, and you should acquaint yourself with whatever plans are being fostered by the man who holds your proxy. That is not only prudence but justice. Don't TEMPT officers to think they can do as they like. Even though you may hold very few shares and may feel inclined to take no interest in the meeting, or to be "shy"—MAKE yourself do your duty. Then, if anything is going wrong in company management, you will have a chance to detect it for yourself. Furthermore, you will be educating yourself in business all the while. There are far too many lazy people in the world of finance. They buy a security carefully enough, but at that they seem to stop. Of

(Continued on page 27.)



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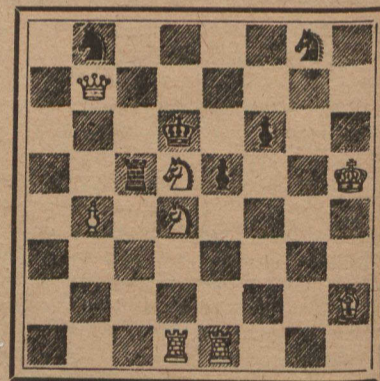
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C H E S S

Conducted by MALCOLM SIM

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

PROBLEM NO. 126, by D. J. Densmore. (Specially composed for the "Courier.")
Black.—Six Pieces.



White.—Eight Pieces.

White to play and mate in two.

Mr. Densmore, a matter of over 25 years ago, was a very prominent player of Brooklyn and held the championship of the Brooklyn C.C. for three years in succession. During the long interval he has been entirely out of chess. Recently he has reblossomed as a problem composer of the prolific order. The above is an excellent two-mover by Mr. D., a range of problem with which he is in no great favor.

Problem No. 127, by O. Nemo.

(M.N.N. April, 1912.)

White: K at QKt8; R at QR5; Bs at KB3 and KKt3; Kt at Qsq; Ps at QR4, QKt4, QKt5, QKt6 and KKt7.

Black: K at QR6; P at QB2.

White mates in three.

SOLUTIONS.

Problem No. 122, by Bert. Gordon.

1. P—R5, R—K5; 2. Q—Kt4 mate.
1., RxP; 2. Q—Q5 mate.

(Concluded on page 31.)

HAVE WE OVER-BUILT RAILWAYS?

By C. PRICE - GREEN
(Concluded from last week.)

In his article last week Mr. Green showed: That railway mileage in Canada since the recovery from the first distraction of war has been inadequate to actual needs; that we need have no fear of an under-worked railway system after the war, because the railways will be almost as busy getting our army back as they were getting it away and because the return of immigration is bound to overtake all our transportation facilities; that the western farmer is essentially a producer of big bulk products, requiring heavy haulage and the west with all its grid-irons of railways has never in the leanest year been over-railroaded as compared to production; that, according to the above chart, the phenomenal growth of railways in this country has really fallen behind the increase in other basic lines of expansion.

ASK any number of men in the United Kingdom or the United States to locate in a certain section of Canada, and the question will at once be asked, "How near is the land to a railway?" The productivity of the soil is no attraction unless the products of the soil can be quickly and cheaply marketed.

The practical men engaged in the business of issuing the annual prospectus which is to attract immigrants to the country, bases his argument that Canada is the Land of Opportunities, upon its transportation facilities. Of Manitoba, the foreigner who seeks a home in a new land, is told:

"Railways have anticipated the future, so that few farmers are more than eight or ten miles from a railway. Manitoba now has 3,895 miles of railway as compared with 1,470 miles in 1893. The Canadian Pacific has 1,620, the Canadian Northern 1,809 miles, and the Grand Trunk 366 miles, and extensions will be made by all lines this year."

And for fear that Manitoba's attractions may not allure him the Government's immigration advocates point out that:

"About five hundred miles of new road opened in 1912 gives Saskatchewan a total mileage of about 5,000 miles, as compared with 1,000 miles in 1905, of which 1,230 is main-line and 3,700 branches. The province is so well served by the Canadian Pacific, Canadian Northern and Grand Trunk Pacific, that few of the established settlements are more than 10 to 20 miles from transportation; new settlements do not have to wait long for railway advantages."

For Alberta and British Columbia the argument is the same, railways to carry the settler to the lands of the West, and railways to haul his grain and annual products to market. In other words, railways are the "talking point" to the outside world, and loom large in the reasons why "Canada is the land of Opportunity."

If by the overbuilding of Canada's railways we mean that we have built a mileage which is capable of carrying more business than is at present offered, then Canada may be said to have over-built her railways. But this should be a commercial and political boast, not a reproach. It means that our national railway plant is ready for the industrial settlers from all parts of the world to enter and utilize when they again turn their attention to the conquest of peace. Is it not fortunate that we have the roads, and do not have to stop and build them during the war? Is it not fortunate that they were built when money was cheap and labour abundant?

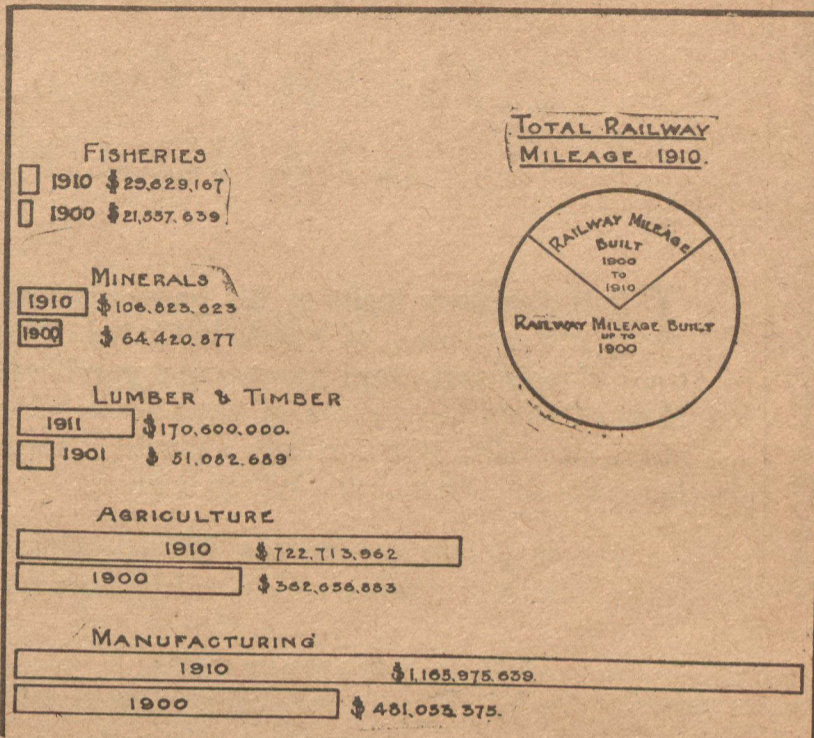
We have seen that, at the commencement of the period of railway construction, in the closing days of the last century, it was accepted as a national policy that there should be built means of communication which would open up the natural resources of the country, that railways should go ahead

of, and not linger behind, the requirements of the country. It was, of course, hoped that this could be done without too great an economic sacrifice, and our confidence in the country and its future led us to believe that in the course of a few years the result would be sufficient to justify the policy.

In the first decade of the present century there migrated to the country as many people as had come in the previous twenty-five years. Colonization railways in the prairie provinces, as we have seen, paid the interest on their bonds, and were gradually accumulating surpluses; and we continued as a nation to encourage the building of more railways, confident that the movement would continue and that the country was justified in making the sacrifices which seemed to be necessary in the public interest.

The only persons who seem to think that we have too many railways in this country live in Ontario, but they never suggest that their own province is over-provided. Indeed, at this writing, they would give a good deal for

(Concluded on page 27.)



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Canadian Oil Companies, Ltd., Toronto.
- Ontario Soap & Oil Co., Toronto.
- OIL REFINERS.**
The British American Oil Co., Limited, Toronto.
- The Imperial Oil Co., Limited, Toronto.
- OIL SOAP.**
Ontario Soap & Oil Co., Toronto.
- OVENS (Electric).**
The Toronto Electric Light Co., Toronto.
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Hamilton Carhartt Cotton Mills, Limited, Toronto.
- PAINTS AND VARNISHES.**
Benjamin Moore & Co., Limited, Toronto.
- Brandram-Henderson, Limited, Montreal, Toronto, Halifax.
- International Varnish Co., Limited, Toronto.
- Lowe Brothers, Limited, Toronto.
- Martin-Senour Co., Ltd., Montreal, Que.
- A. Ramsay & Son Company, Montreal, Toronto, Vancouver.
- Standard Paint & Varnish Co., Limited, "Superlastic Rust Preventer," Windsor, Ont.
- The Canada Paint Co., Limited, Montreal, Toronto, Halifax, Wiripeg, Calgary.
- The Lougall Varnish Co., Limited, Montreal.
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- PAPER (Bonds and Writings).**
Howard Smith Paper Mills, Limited, Montreal.
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Potts Pattern Works, Toronto.
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American Watch Case Co., Limited, Toronto.
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J. E. Richardson & Co., Toronto, Ont.
- WIPING RAGS.**
E. Pullan, Toronto.
- WROUGHT IRON PIPE.**
Canada Pipe and Steel Co., Limited, Toronto.

Giving Away Proxies

(Concluded from page 24.)

course for women it is not always desirable to participate actively. But even they can take a slight interest. If General Managers are led to do wrong things, or if a concern goes to smash, "apparently without warning"—that means, nine times out of ten, that the shareholders as well as the directors have been sleeping.

* * *

A GREAT COMPANY.

SENATOR NICHOLS' big company, the Canadian General Electric, has recently presented a report of more than usual interest to the business community. This company is the worthy colleague of the great General Electric Company, of Schenectady. From being a mere Canadian agency in remote times, the "C. G. E." has grown to great dimensions, with its engineers and salesmen travelling over the whole Dominion and concerned, one way or another, with most of the great power developing projects in the Dominion. The brand C. G. E. on anything from a colossal turbo-generator to the "key" of an

ordinary lamp socket has come to mean "standard."

The operations of the company have, of course, been affected, like the operations of almost all big concerns, by the war. Lack of raw materials and, in some places, the slackening of orders has tended to hamper the company. In spite of difficulties, however, the books of the company show an increased prosperity. The company, by its efficient manufacturing and engineering methods, has contributed not a little to the success of the munitions output of various other firms in the Dominion. Senator Nichols is to be congratulated on his company's report.

Have We Overbuilt Railways

(Concluded from page 25.)

another railway between Toronto and the Niagara frontier. A month or two ago there was an urgent imperial demand for a thousand miles of railway. It seemed as though track would have to be torn up, but everyone suggested that the railway destruction should

take place in some province other than the one in which he lived. Those living in Eastern Canada pointed vaguely to the West as the place to find superfluous mileage. Asked where in the West they finally suggested that the Canadian Northern and the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway, running closely together for two hundred miles west of Edmonton might get along with one track between them. But the business men of Edmonton and the North West vehemently objected. The Western people are calling for "more roads." They want railways built, not railways destroyed.

Speaking on this general subject, Hon. Frank Oliver, from his place in the House of Commons on January 31st, 1917, said that there seemed to be a general consensus of opinion that there were too many railroads in the West, and particularly in Northern Alberta, and that it would be entirely in the public interest to have these railways taken up. He protested that all the roads built under Dominion or Provincial guarantees were necessary. As a matter of fact some roads that had been graded were still uncom-

pleted because the railway company could not get steel, and yet it was urged that other roads built under Dominion guarantee should be torn up as superfluous. Against the idea that there was a superabundance of railways in the North West, Mr. Oliver emphatically protested. "In regard to the superabundance of railways," he said, "there are people to-day in the constituency immediately to the east of that which I represent who have been living for years 100 and 120 miles from railway communication. I say that in such circumstances the idea that seems to prevail that there are too many railroads in that country is entirely mistaken."

Big Business.

The visiting English merchant was talking impressively to the American. "In my firm," he said, "the clerks use 32,000 gallons of ink a year." "Your office is evidently nothing compared with mine," replied the American. "Why, we saved that much ink last year by instructing our clerks not to dot their i's."

ward—and the line of hills drew near. Then he began to stir himself, and she with him. He shouted to them to charge, and she echoed him, leaving his side at last to take command of a wing and sting the tired-out men-at-arms into new enthusiasm. In a minute they were a roaring tide that swept forward to the foot of the hills and surged upward without a check. In a little while they were hurling boulders down on an enemy that seemed inclined to parley.

Then, like a shadow of the incense cloud above, the mist closed up in the crystal again, and in a moment more King and Yasmini were looking into each other's eyes again above it. "I have seen that before," she said, shaking her head. "I am weary of their battles. They won; that is enough! I must know how they failed, so that we make no such mistakes!"

Her face was flushed, and her eyes glowed with the fire that is not lit by ordinary passion. She was being eaten by ambition—burned by her own fire—by ambition not totally selfish, for she yearned to shepherd King as she seemed to think this woman of the vision had not shepherded the man in armour.

"Look again!" she said. "Look again! And oh, ye old gods, show—show me wherein she failed!"

They stared again, and once more the crystal clouded. Out of the cloud came a city in the middle of a plain, and the city was besieged. It was not a very great city, but from the outside it looked rich, for domes and roofs and towers showed above the wall, all well built and well preserved. He and she, sitting their horses out of arrow range from the main gate seemed confident of taking it and eager to get it over with.

They no longer had only six or seven hundred men, but men by the

thousand. Their veterans in Roman armour were in command of others now, and they had a human pack-train with them, heavily burdened captives who sulked in chains under a guard.

The mist cleared further, and the gate gave in under the blows of an improvised battering-ram, covered by showers of arrows from short range. Then, like a river breaking down a dam, the thousands stormed in, howling. Smoke rose. There were screams of women. A great tower near the gate, that was half wood, half stone, cracked and curled up in yellow and crimson flame. He and she rode in together as modern men and women ride through a gate to the covert side at a fox-hunt. They chatted and laughed together, and their horses pranced, responding to the humour of their riders.

KING would have liked to tear his eyes from the scenes that followed in the tree-lined streets, but the crystal ball held him as if in a trance—that and Yasmini's hands that clasped his own like hot torture chamber clamps. Animals fighting to the death are not so vile, nor so inhuman as men can be in the hour of what they call victory. Even the little children of that city paid the penalty for having closed the gate.

Time was no measure to the crystal ball. In minutes it showed the devil's work of hours. The city went up in smoke and flame, and from the far side through a great breach in the wall the conquerors went out, with their plunder and such prisoners as had been saved to drag and carry it.

Now there were wagons and camels and horses. Now there were tents and furniture. Now each man of the fighting force had as much as he himself could carry, as well as what was loaded on the prisoners. Only he and

she seemed to care nothing for the loot and rode as if each was all the other needed. Still he wore nothing but his armour, and she no more than her dancing dress and sandals. But now she had eight prisoners to hold a panoply above her horse and keep the sun from her.

Yasmini shook her head impatiently. The crystal clouded over, and King's eyes were free.

"I am tired of it," she said. "I have seen that so many times. I know they won. I know they found their way to Khinjan. I know they began to build an empire here. I have seen all that a hundred times. What I must know is what mistake they made. What did they do wrong? How did they come to fail? Look again! Let us look again!"

She never once let King's hands go, but pressed them tighter and tighter until the circulation nearly stopped and they grew numb. Her own strength seemed endless—to grow rather than to wane in proportion as her yearning to look into the past grew. Her attitude would have been more understandable if she had believed herself and King to be reincarnations of those forgotten conquerors; but she was too original for that. She had said the old gods wished, and the man and the woman were; the old gods wished the same wish again, and she and King were. Why, then, if the old gods were contriving it all, should she seek to steady the ark for them? But down at bottom there is no logic connected with gods many. She clutched King's fingers as if to hold him there, and to make him see and understand the distant past, were the only way to save him from mistakes.

"Look!" she insisted. "Look again!" And he obeyed her. By this time obedience was much the easiest course. Between times his eyes were so weary he could hardly hold them open, and it was only when he gazed into the crystal that he could rest them and feel easy. He knew well that she was winning control over him in some sort, and he fought against it grimly. Soon he became weirdly conscious of being two men—one, whom he had grasped and overcome, a physical man who did not matter much, and another, mental man who was free from her, who could understand her, whom she could not reach or touch.

"Look!" she insisted. "Look!" And the crystal clouded over.

HE strode out of the mist, frowning with his chin hung low and fists clenched tight at his sides. Four of his own men came out of the mist to him and greeted him respectfully, yet not without a touch of irony.

They spoke to him and pointed westward. One laid a hand on his shoulder, but he shook it off and the man reeled back as if he had been struck. Another man reeled back as if he had been struck. Another man took up the argument, but he shook his head. They all spoke together, gesticulating and growing angry; but he stood calm among them, as a rock stands in a storm. He folded his arms across his breast after a while and listened, saying nothing.

Then as if to end the argument for good and all, he drew his sword and held it out toward them, hilt first, telling them to kill him and have done with it. They refused. He laughed at them, but they still refused; so he put his sword back in the sheath.

One of the men stepped into the mist and disappeared. Presently he came again, with two others, helping a wounded man along between them. Whoever the wounded man might be he was treated with respect. Prouder than Lucifer, he who had struck another man's hand from out his shoulder knelt to give this wounded man a

knee and seemed pained when the man refused him.

The wounded man pointed to the westward too and argued in short clipped-off sentences. He had a day or two to live—certainly not longer, for the blood flowed slowly from a wound that would not stanch; yet he argued as a man who has lost no interest in life, but rather sees its problems truly now that his own are near an end.

He demanded something almost truculently. He took his helmet off and passed it down to him. With fingers that were growing feeble the wounded man held it and traced out the letters S. P. Q. R. on the front.

"Go home!" he said, passing it back to him. "Fight your way back home!" What he said was as distinct as if a voice in the cave had spoken it.

Then, vision within a vision—dream within a dream—there was a view of the Via Appia, with gaunt grim galleys set along it in a row and on them a regiment's commander crucified along with the remnant of his men.

"So Rome treats traitors!" said a voice, that might have been either man's.

BUT instantly there was a vision, of ten thousand wolves baying down a Himalayan gorge in winter-time, the sleet frozen stiff on their fur and their tongues hanging. Eye and fang flashed altogether and made one gleam.

"Choose!" said a voice.

So he chose. He nodded. The men saluted him, and the wounded man was helped away to die. And then she came, angry as a flash of lightning, to spring at him and cling to him and call him names—begging, demanding, ordering, crying—abusing him and praising him in turn. He shook his head. She sobbed, but he shook his head again and pointed westward. Then she took him by the hand and led him away, not looking at his face again.

The crystal ball grew clouded. Yasmini's breath came and went as if she were running in a race, and her pressure on King's fingers was actually painful. The mist dissolved, and King forgot the pressure—forgot everything. The man in armour lay dead on his back in the cave on the wooden bed, and she bent over him, dagger in hand.

"Ah!" said Yasmini, her teeth chattering. "But what else could she do?" The mist closed in again and the crystal grew opaque. "The future!" she begged. "It is the future I must know! Ye old gods, tell me! Show me!"

The mist turned red. The crystal ball became as it were a ball of fire revolving within itself. The fire turned to blood, and the blood to fire again. The very cavern that they knelt in seemed to sway. Yasmini screamed and moaned. She loosed King's hands to cover her own eyes.

And as she did that King sank, like a sack half-empty and toppled over sidewise on the floor asleep.

He neither dreamed nor was conscious of anything, but slept like a dead man, having fought against her mesmerism harder than he knew.

Statesmen, generals, outlaws, all make their big mistakes and manage to recover. Very nearly always it is an apparently little mistake.

Yasmini made her little mistake that minute in believing King was utterly mesmerized at last and utterly in her power. Whereas in truth he was only weary. It may be that she gave him orders in his sleep, after the accepted manner of mesmerists; but if she did, they never reached him!

(To be continued.)



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"More bread and better bread"
arrived the day the sun first
shone on

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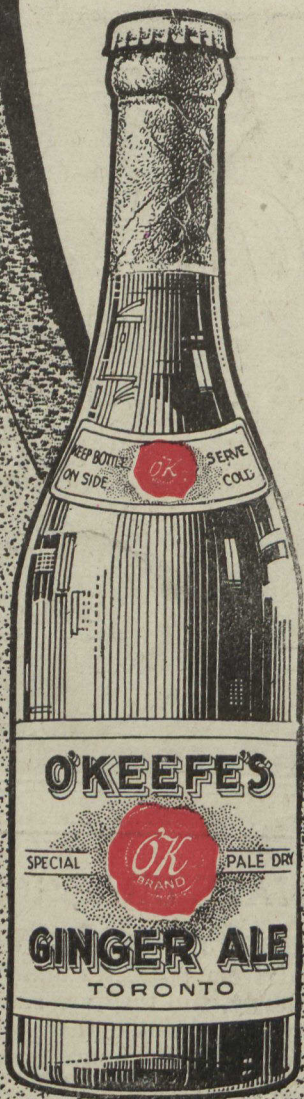
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