

# CANADIAN COURIER

Parliamentary Library  
36830



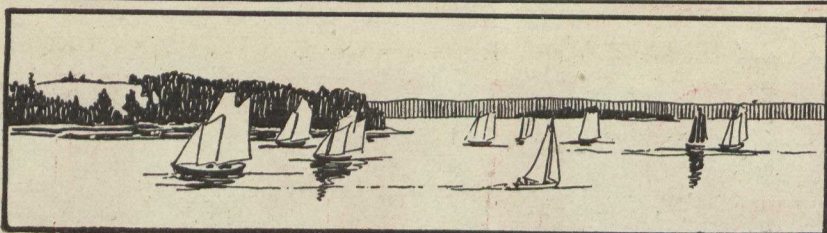
T. W. McLean

COURIER PRESS, Limited, TORONTO

Vol. XXI. No. 26

FIVE CENTS

May 26, 1917



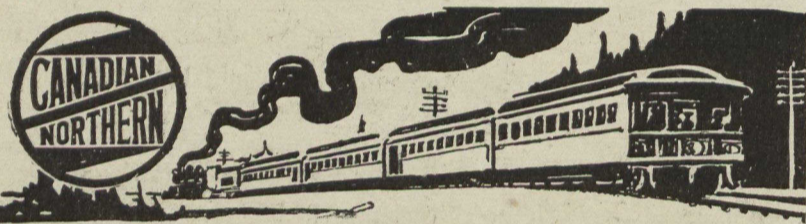
## Plan Your Summer Vacation Now

Decide to enjoy the rest and recuperation of Body and Brain in one of Canada's National Playgrounds where the delightful climate, magnificent scenery and unlimited sporting possibilities combine to make the ideal recreation.

- GRAND DISCHARGE OF THE SAGUENAY:
- LAURENTIDE NATIONAL PARK:
- ALGONQUIN NATIONAL PARK:
- RIDEAU LAKES: MUSKOKA LAKES:
- GEORGIAN BAY HINTERLAND:
- NIPIGON FOREST RESERVE:
- QUETICO NATIONAL PARK:
- JASPER NATIONAL PARK AND MOUNT ROBSON PARK

All of which are served most conveniently by the Canadian Northern.

For literature and further information apply to nearest C.N.R. Agent, or write R. L. Fairbairn, General Passenger Agent, 68 King St. E., Toronto, Ont.



# ALASKA

## Follow the Gold Seekers' Trail



to this wonderful land of the north. Know the lure of its fjords, snow-capped mountains, blue-green glaciers, rivers and tumbling cascades, Indian villages and totem poles. Thrill with its awakening to a mighty commercial life.

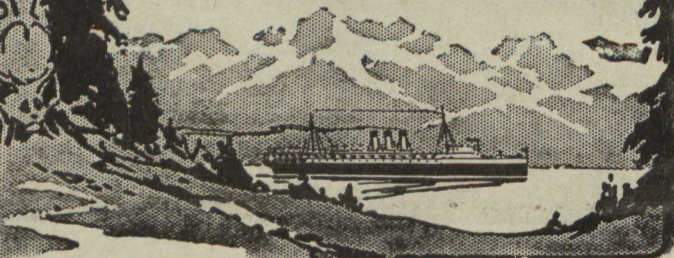
Travel luxuriously by the splendidly appointed

**Canadian Pacific "Princess" Liners**  
including the  
**S. S. Princess Charlotte**

Sailing northward, 1,000 miles along the protected "inside passage."  
Make your reservations early and secure choice accommodation.

W. B. HOWARD,  
District Passenger Agent,  
TORONTO, ONT.

**Canadian Pacific Railway**



If you change your address and desire to receive your copy without delay, always give your old address as well as the new one.

# EVEREADY DAYLO



The light that says  
*"There it is!"*

There are nooks and corners in every home that even daylight cannot reach—

where matches, candles or lamps are positively dangerous. That's why you need an Eveready DAYLO\* about the house, for both convenience and safety.

Nearly all good electrical, hardware, drug, sporting goods and stationery dealers display and carry Eveready DAYLO'S\* in 77 different styles at prices from 85 cents up. And your satisfaction is always assured by the Eveready TUNGSTEN battery, the only battery that is long-lived, dependable and really economical. Always specify this make when your battery must be renewed.

Don't ask for a "flashlight"—  
get an Eveready DAYLO

\*DAYLO is not merely the new name for our product but a mark by which the public will hereafter distinguish between the ordinary "flasher" or "flashlight" and the highest development of the portable electric light.

when a leak in the water or gas pipe must be fixed quickly

when you lose a key, a coin or a ring in the dark

when the watch dog barks his alarm

when all the lights in the house go out

when the wrong medicine bottle may mean a tragedy

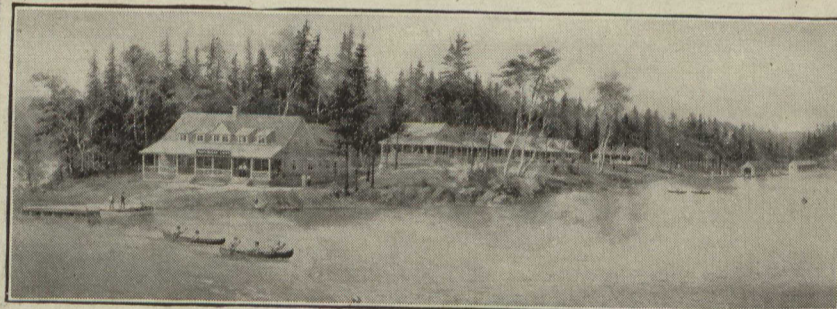
whenever you need light—indoors or out—that cannot cause fire or blow out—you need an Eveready DAYLO\*.

**NATIONAL CARBON CO., Limited**  
TORONTO ONTARIO



## ALGONQUIN PARK, ONTARIO

A Thoroughly Universal Vacation Territory Midst Wild and Delightful Scenery.  
Ideal Canoe Trips—A Paradise for Campers—Splendid Fishing—Easy of Access by the Grand Trunk Railway System—2,000 Feet Above Sea Level.



### NOMINIGAN CAMP—SMOKE LAKE.

The "Highland Inn" affords fine hotel service. Camps "Nominigan" and "Minnesing" offer novel and comfortable accommodation at reasonable rates. Write for illustrated advertising matter giving full particulars, rates, etc., to J. Quinlan, Bonaventure Station, Montreal, or C. E. Horning, Union Station, Toronto.

G. T. Bell, Pass. Traffic Mgr., Montreal.

W. S. Cookson, Gen. Pass. Agent, Montreal.

Many Uses

**SNAP**  
THE GREAT  
**Hand Cleaner**

15c.



GET IT TODAY

# CANADIAN COURIER

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

## Concerning Women

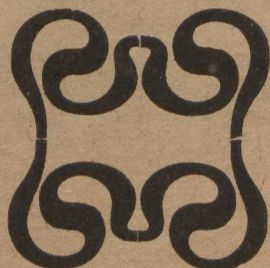
A REGULAR contributor to this paper for the past ten years remarked lately that so far as his observation went the woman's section of the average paper was never read by women, but more habitually by men. This was one of those paradoxes that delight some journalistic minds. Men are credited with the curiosity that naturally belong to the other sex. But it would take a high percentage of this brand of curiosity to induce some men we know to read some woman's literature that has been put out by a number of papers—including ourselves—in this country.

This issue introduces the second revised woman's section in the Canadian Courier. It contains five pages of matter devoted to the new activities of women. We do not subscribe to the doctrines of those revolutionary innovators who contend that women's business in the world from now on is to do men's work as far as possible. We believe that women themselves recognize their own natural work in the world as something which men—as a rule—cannot do. Of course, women can work in factories as well as men—some factories. And men can wait on table as well as women—some tables. In fact, there are hundreds of things that some women can do quite as well as some men, and vice versa. But so long as the world is built on a two-sex basis there are some things that each must leave to the other.

The Woman's Section of the Canadian Courier is designed to show not merely how women can do much of the work regularly done by men, but how women can do their own work in a bigger, more helpful way. Whatever new social rearrangement is effected by the war, the new civilization will get its character not from putting the sexes on anything like a common level against the principles of nature, but men doing men's work and women doing women's work—better.

That has nothing to do with sex-equality. Neither of the sexes is better or more potential than the other. The moment we begin to wrangle about that we begin to weaken the whole fabric of community life. Only weak women and silly men argue about the comparative rights, privileges and powers of the sexes. The women and men who help the world most are those who instinctively concede to one another a place in the world that can be filled only by the kind of being nature intended to fill it.

There is a very elongated argument in all this. We don't propose to embark on it here. All we want to point out is that the Canadian Courier is not a mere man's paper, masquerading as a paper for women, but a home and community paper, devoted to the best things that enter into the life of a people. In the newer Canada now in the making we shall find women's work more and more important; getting back more to the state of affairs that made pioneer women the helpmeet of the man, he in the field, she in the house—both equally concerned in building up the home.

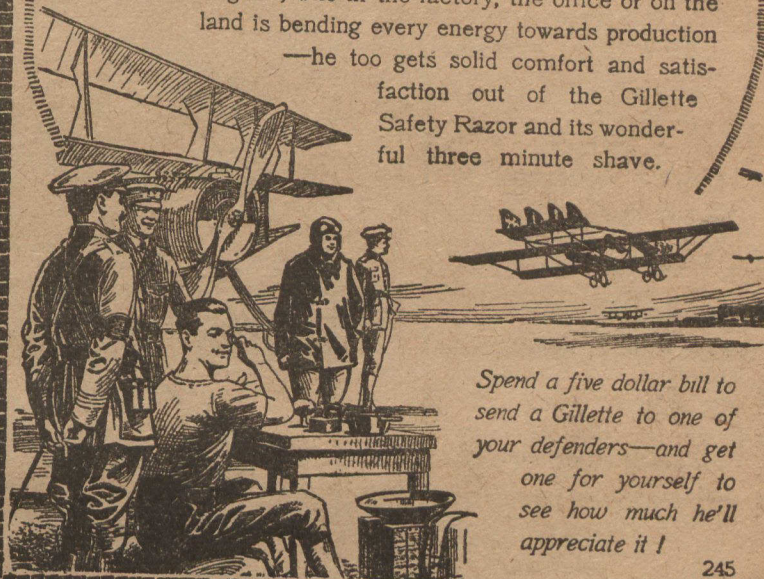


## Relaxing the Tension with a good Gillette Shave

A day a-wing over enemy lines—scouting, observing, fighting, dodging shells and machine-gun bullets—is a nervous strain that has no precedent and probably no equal. When our airmen alight at last, after flights an eagle might envy, they certainly do enjoy the refreshing relaxation of a cool, smooth Gillette shave.

Nor is this appreciation of the Gillette Safety Razor limited to our airmen, or even to our own British armies. Every service has its own tense moments, hours or days, with its welcome intervals of relaxation when the Gillette is a friend indeed. Keen, compact, always ready for action, the Gillette Safety Razor is treasured in tens of thousands of kits on every fighting line on land and sea—and by no means least in the land of its birth, with the forces of our newest Ally.

Nor does its service end here, for "the man behind the man behind the gun", who in the factory, the office or on the land is bending every energy towards production—he too gets solid comfort and satisfaction out of the Gillette Safety Razor and its wonderful three minute shave.



Spend a five dollar bill to send a Gillette to one of your defenders—and get one for yourself to see how much he'll appreciate it!

245

## BOYS

In the Small  
Towns of

## CANADA

It is you I am calling for. I want your services for a pleasant little task of selling **Canadian Courier** in your spare time on Fridays and Saturdays. You will have the sales right in your own hands, the more you sell the more you make. That's fair and square.

Do not think **your** town is too small to be valuable. **Canadian Courier** is in **your** home. There are thousands of others where it might be. **You** may put it there.

Write me for instructions.

**SALES MANAGER, Canadian Courier.**

# Electric Service

Means comfort, convenience, economy and safety.

The home that is completely equipped with electrical devices is a happy one.

All the drudgery of house-keeping is eliminated by electricity.

You can wash, iron, sew, sweep, cook, keep cool in summer and warm in winter, by means of electrical apparatus designed especially to relieve you of unnecessary and fatiguing labor.

At our showrooms all these devices are ready for your inspection. Competent demonstrators will operate and explain them for you.

The  
Toronto  
Electric  
Light  
Company,  
Limited

“At Your Service”

12 Adelaide St. E.  
Telephone Adel. 404



## Suppose You Are in a Dining Car?

You will probably want a light meal, but still nourishing and sustaining. Try

*Kellogg's* **TOASTED CORN FLAKES**

and note how fresh and bright you feel.

Also note the economy compared with the cost of other foods. The same ratio of economy will apply in your home.

And insist on the original in the red, white and green package.

Made in Canada for over eleven years.



The Battle Creek Toasted Corn Flake Co., Limited.  
Head Office and Factory: London, Ont.

## MIND As a Mental Factor in Medicine

The action of the mind in the cause and cure of many disorders is considered from new and scientific standpoints, with suggestions for the practical use of this knowledge by physicians and laymen.

### “The Force of Mind”

is a delightful and instructive work, and it has received very high testimonials from thinkers. Green cloth, 309 pages, indexed. Price \$2.25 by mail anywhere.

UNIVERSITY BOOK CO., 181 Simcoe St., TORONTO

Gets Material  
from  
Everywhere in Canada

# CANADIAN COURIER

Goes to  
Canadians  
all over Canada

Vol. XXI.

May 26th, 1917

No. 26

## GREAT MEN IN CANADA

**M**OST great men have visited Canada as a curiosity shop or as part of an Imperial globe-trotting campaign. The triumvirate, Joffre, Balfour, Viviani, have visited us because we needed them—and they needed us. It is a great joy to know three big men who have no handles to their names. Mr. Balfour, introduced to some of our Canadian titleholders, might, of course, concede that overseas titles are a good thing to keep the British home fires burning in the Dominions. He is himself a nephew of the late Lord Salisbury, British Premier, and the man who, with more than common wisdom on foreign affairs, gave Heligoland to Germany in exchange for a protectorate over Zanzibar.

Canada has no man of the Balfour stamp. Sir Beerbohm Tree, writing in the New York Times, called him

"The most un-American thing in America. Cosmopolitan in intellect, he is the embodiment of the old-fashioned English gentleman. Having turned his back on fame, he seems almost irked by her pursuit. A natural aristocrat of mind and heart, he is a socialist in courtesy. He has remained plain Mr. Balfour and is so much the stronger with all sections of society. It is a great thing to be able to afford not to be a Duke. If as a politician he has a fault, it is probably that he is too much of a philosopher to take seriously the game which the pushful worldling plays with a deadly earnest."

Canada will be as much a curiosity to Mr. Balfour as he to Canada. In Ottawa he will not encounter his like. It takes historic background and a large element of leisure to produce men of his stamp. There is a certain native indolence about so keen an intellect that is near to genius; a quality which Lord Bryce and Lord Morley do not possess, and it is peculiarly charming. Mr. Balfour is a good deal of a dilettante. Literature, art, music, history, philosophy, politics, foreign affairs—all pass through this man's mind and leave it still the essential Balfour. He is not a natural diplomat, more than he was an effective First Lord of the Admiralty; not a shrewd politician, but a wise political thinker; not an eminent flag-waver, but a great patriot; not a musician or an art connoisseur, but a fastidious dabbler in music and pictures—unlike the average English public man who knows little of music and nothing at all about pictures. Neither is Mr. Balfour a philosopher or a religionist, though he wrote *The Foundations of Belief*. He is not an orator, though he speaks amazingly well because his style is so simple, his grasp of the subject so vigorous and his method of delivery so lucid. Democratic he may be, but he is not a Socialist. He is perhaps as much bewildered by the present world chaos as any man; but if he lives long enough no man will make a better intellectual use of the new world that comes out of the war.

The nearest approximation to Mr. Balfour that we have in Canada is a personality compounded of two such men as Sir Wilfrid Laurier and Sir Edmund Walker. Intellectual ease and a certain agreeable indolence make the Laurier resemblance; as a diligent dilettante Mr. Balfour resembles Sir Edmund, who has nothing of his Balfour philosophic insight.

On the practical action side this tall, lean ascetic

### Interesting Impressions of Mr. Balfour, M. Viviani and Gen. Joffre, Regarding their Visit to this Country



with the sadly humorous face has seen considerable service, not the least of which was his Chief Secretaryship first of Scotland, afterwards of Ireland, concerning which the New York Sun says:

News of the appointment convulsed the country. The rebellious Irish were expected to "play the cat and banjo" with the mild, the frail, the easily exhausted Balfour. All England looked forward to a Roman holiday with Balfour as the Christian martyr. The rebels in Erin began to bedevil the Government, they indulged in a series of riots. The Chief Secretary was appealed to.

"Shoot if necessary," he telegraphed to the captain sent to put down the disorder.

Thereby he came into the title of Bloody Balfour—this man, who belonged to "The Souls," a society of aesthetes, who had written "A Defence of Philosophic Doubt," who seemed to gain his only enjoyment out of a round of golf. Bloody Balfour he remained for his five years' incumbency of the office.

It was half a decade that brought him into constant battle in Ireland, where he opposed the Home-Rulers, and in Parliament, where he had to contend with the Irish Nationalists. Gladstone early in his career had adopted him as a sort of protege, but Balfour felt it essential to his duty to riddle his theories of Irish government. He did much that was constructive in Ireland, much that has lasted through all the pressure exerted since in behalf of the Emerald Isle.

When he dropped his duties in this important field he became First Lord of the Treasury. He took up for his uncle the work of the Foreign Office and he held the leadership of the House. When his uncle resigned as Premier, in 1902, Balfour succeeded him. He came into power about the time King Edward was crowned and when the loose ends of the concluded South African War had to be caught up.

For three years he held the Premiership. In his term he brought Russia and Japan into alliance with England after they had ended the war. He concluded the agreement with France in 1904. He saved his country from warfare, too, when the Russian squadron fired on the British fleet off the Dogger Bank.

**R**ENE VIVIANI is a very different sort of man from Mr. Balfour. He is a great Socialist, a tremendous orator and a man of fire. His brief visit to our Parliament in Ottawa gave him a very small opportunity to demonstrate these charac-

teristics. He made a speech in French and it had about it some of the electric quality of the storm that made it impossible to get a clear photograph of the man while in Ottawa.

This man's intellectual fire is equalled by his patriotic inspiration. Both spring from the same root. A man of the people, a Socialist, an orator, he is a great Frenchman worthy to rank with them that will save France to the world. He was made Premier at the outbreak of war. When it seemed better to have M. Briand in the Premiership, without the least hostility or rancor, M. Viviani retired, like Mr. Asquith, to serve his country, but in a very difficult role, that of Minister of Justice. Under Clemenceau he had been Minister of Labour. He is by profession a lawyer, was born in Algeria, made his home in Paris, and was elected to the Chamber of Deputies.

It was during the early days of Briand's Premiership that Mr. N. W. Rowell, accompanied by Main Johnson, his private secretary, visited France and heard M. Viviani speak in the French Senate. A vivid impression of that

scene has been given to the Canadian Courier by Main Johnson, who says:

It was in the Senate that we listened to him. The French Upper Chamber, since 1879, has been housed in the "Palais du Luxembourg," built by Marie de Medicis, in the early part of the 17th century. While we were waiting in the sumptuous library before going into the "Salle des Seances" we could feel the atmosphere of the romantic history of the palace. Before the Revolution it was the residence of princes and princesses. From 1789 to 1795 it was used as one of the many political prisons in which were confined such men as Hebert, David and Danton. Napoleon himself afterwards lived there for a few years until he moved to the Tuilleries in 1800.

From the windows of the library we were overlooking the Jardin du Luxembourg—one of the glorious gardens of the world and the only remaining Renaissance garden in Paris. Ontario legislators look out upon Queen's Park, which needs no apology, but they are also confronted with some rather mundane and prosaic examples of sculpture. The gardens of the Luxembourg are not only enchanting with their delicacy of flowers and trees and fountains, but, scattered about, nestling under groves and peering half-hidden from unexpected spots, are some of the most delightful and charming statues in Europe. And they are not confined to figures of public men; Viviani and the senators of France look out upon Bacchantes, upon shepherds and fauns, goat herds and mowers, wrestlers and Venuses, hunters and river-gods.

When we went into the Senate Chamber, Viviani was standing in front by the tribune addressing his colleagues, who were seated in the semi-circular amphitheatre characteristic of European assemblies. The President of the Senate, corresponding roughly to the Speaker of our Houses, sits not on the Floor, as with us, but dominates the hall from a lofty station at about the same height as the press gallery at Ottawa and Toronto. A number of secretaries are grouped around the circular platform behind the President. Viviani was standing immediately below and in front. Members do not debate from their seats, as they do under the British plan, but, like the Americans, speak from an isolated rostrum. The press men sit on both sides of the orator on the same level with him.

If we had expected to find the alleged excitability of the Gallic temperament illustrated in Viviani and to see an orator wildly gesticulating as Frenchmen have been represented on the American dramatic and musical comedy stage, we would have been surprised. Viviani spoke with complete restraint in a comparatively low



## Joffre in Montreal

Even after he had gazed up at the skyscrapers of New York, thinking what a mark they might make for German shells, Gen. Joffre saw something of great interest in old Montreal. At his left is Hon. C. J. Doherty, representing the Government.

Joffre with a Pinkerton man. But in Montreal among his own race-men, he was safe enough. The greatest Frenchman that ever saw the St. Lawrence since the days of Montcalm.



voice, but with a fluency—a flowing, liquid quality which seemed so perfect as to belong to nature, to rivers and to currents of the sea rather than to mere man with his usual imperfect, halting, irregular and inadequate flow of speech. Viviani had been one of the Prime Ministers of France, since the beginning of the war. When we heard him it was during the Premiership of Briand, but the influence of Viviani was still very great.

"You are so fortunate," our Parisian friend told us. "You could not come to the Senate at a better time. Viviani is to speak." He was representing the ministry that day, on the subject of relieving families of Pollus from paying rent. A commission had been appointed to deal with the matter; it had made an interim report, and now Viviani was giving the views of the ministry. He was treating the question from an economic viewpoint, but occasionally there would come a torrent of colour and feeling, irresistible and yet held perfectly in check, as he painted the immortal achievements of the French privates. The seriousness and reserve of Viviani in the Senate was typical of the Paris and of the France that we saw—the Paris of the boulevards, as well as the trenches of the front.

We heard another Senator—Edouard Herriott—"Senator from the Rhone," and apparently perpetual Mayor of Lyons. In one of the many recent Cabinets he was "Minister of Alimentation" (Food Control). He is one of the constructive thinkers and patriots of France, and he, too, spoke with a moderation and a calmness, not with the same supernatural fluency as Viviani, but with equally trained and sound judgment.

In one of the front benches that afternoon sat an old man. We noticed him first when he rose and walked over to talk with a colleague. He was a white-haired old gentleman, very tall, but bent under the weight of age. We saw him later in his own private bureau and realized then that something else besides age was weighing him down. At this time we did not know who he was and asked our friend. "That is the Minister of Finance, Ribot," was the reply. That old man, at a time of life when rest and retrospection in some villa of Normandy

should have been his natural lot, was bearing the load of financing France through the long-continued crisis of the war. Since then a still greater responsibility has come upon him—he is now Premier of France.

**FURTHER** light on the character of this great man is given by the New York Sun as follows:

Viviani has written into the French laws more statutes that are socialistic in their essence than any other of his comrades in the party. What is more, these laws have been taken up and adopted by other countries where socialism has been a dead letter so far as politics is concerned.

Furthermore, contrary to the doctrines of socialism, he has been an ardent militarist. Years before the world-war he besought preparedness, and when the war came he plunged into the military activities with an ardour that amazed those who knew his previous capacity for work. His career in public life has been the briefest among the principal emissaries, but it has been a vivid flash across the pages of the history of his country.

One of Viviani's great resources is his intense optimism. From the first dark hours, even when the Germans were knocking at the outer gates of Paris, his faith never faltered. There came criticism of the country's policy from the Chamber of Deputies, which harbours as many malcontents as our own Congress.

"This is no hour for pessimism," an-

nounced Viviani, in a ringing speech. "Let every man be at his post."

Viviani never has tried to throw a veil of secrecy over the blunders of his country. He told the Deputies frankly that mistakes had been made, mistakes that took tremendous toll in blood. But he went further than that. He asked the men of the Chamber to help point out the mistakes, to constitute themselves as inspectors of the military organization. He guaranteed them full opportunity for a view of the lines. It is significant that since that time the carping has stopped.

When Viviani throws his heart into the effort there is little withstanding his eloquence. He has gained the reputation of being one of the foremost spellbinders of his country. His skill in debate is the standard of all new members of Parliament.

**A**ND now Papa Joffre, the Generalissimo, beloved of all France and all the friends of France, upon whose thick and cheerful shoulders fell the task of turning the French nation against the great enemy of mankind; who for two years organized the French nation into a great army and the army into a silent, heroic unity that held against the worst foe that ever descended and ravaged a beautiful land; who against the deadliest war machine ever known kept his army nibbling and holding and never giving way except when it was good strategy to do so; who steadied emotional France into a great resisting people inspired by memories of Napoleon, but more by the presence of the plain, silent and unconquerable Joffre.

This man was only a few hours in Montreal. It was a great compliment to Canada—especially to French Canada—that he came at all. The pictures on this page are a few episodes in that visit of Sunday, May 13, 1917, never to be forgotten in the Canada that has France for a mother land in history.

And of Joffre's work as a soldier in this war, Frank H. Simonds says, in the New York Tribune:

The problem of Joffre on the morning of the Great War was the greatest problem that had ever fallen to a single general. With insufficient armies, ill-equipped; with a northern frontier defenceless and open; with willing but weak British Allies, he had to stem the flood of a German invasion organized over forty years for the blow that was to destroy France.

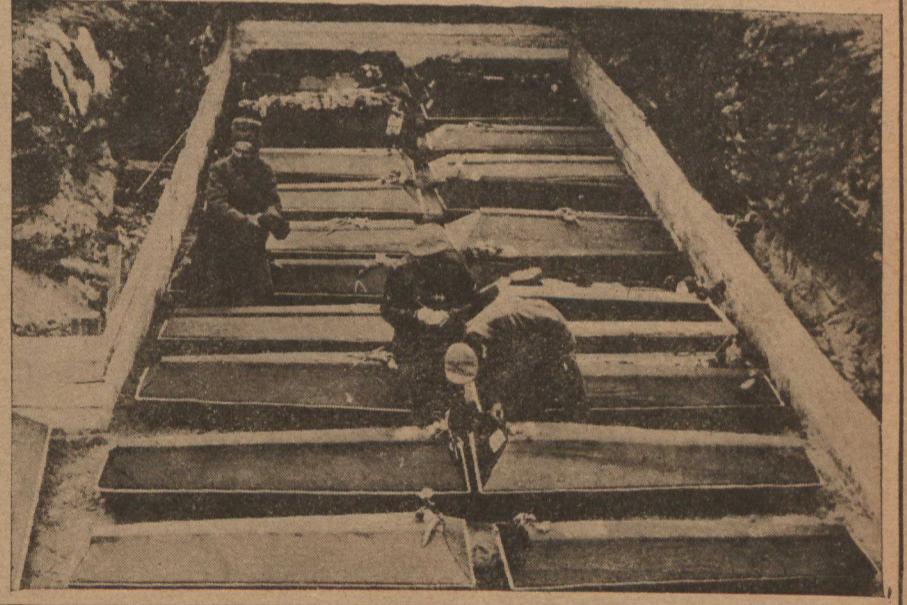
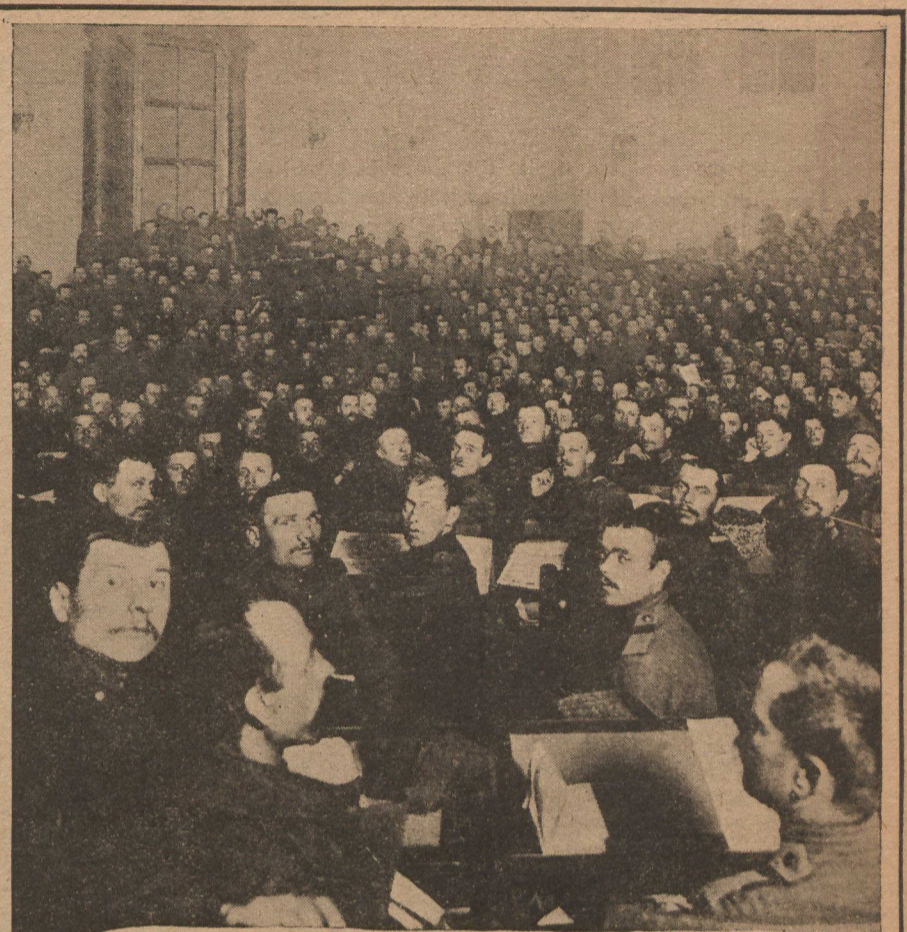
The measure of the man Joffre is best taken in the fact that he failed frequently before he won completely. His initial offensive in Lorraine broke down under German heavy artillery. For the same reason his attacks in the Ardennes and at Charleroi failed. Mobile heavy artillery on the German side triumphed over gallant infantry, unsupported save by field-artillery, and in the third week of August Joffre contemplated a situation  
(Concluded on page 20.)



Joffre took off his coat once in Europe before the Battle of the Marne. He puts it on here in Montreal—a bit chilly after the southern airs of Washington and New York. To the left is Mayor Mederic Martin, in magisterial regalia.

AWAKENING AMERICA.

RETROGRADING RUSSIA



**A** MERICA on her greatest holiday or Glorious Fourth never rolled out such a sea of excited, energizing humanity as the crowd that swept through New York to greet Viviani and Gen. Joffre. England appeals to the intellect of America. France, the sister republic, makes her impression rather on the emotions. The photograph shows a general view at the City Hall as the party turned into the Park. Above—the Stars and Stripes floats over the residence of Lloyd George on Downing St. A few months ago there was little enthusiasm in the United States for England. Now there is plenty.

**T**HE Duma is not dead. It is only in a bad way. The Parliament of the Russian people will yet—nobody knows when—be the real voice of Russia if such a thing exists. In the Duma the army has its own representatives, the Council of Soldiers' Deputies. The deputies are themselves soldiers. If the Council of Workmen and Soldiers will only act as much in the interests of Russia as the Duma thought it did when the portrait of the Czar was removed from the frame shown at the back of the rostrum, the army of Russia might have a chance to save the nation.

In the photographs below, Prince Lvoff, Premier, and Pául Miliukoff, Foreign Minister, are at the grave-side of those killed during the Revolution.

# THE GOLF BALL

*A Story that on First Reading Interests Everybody but Golfers, and the Second Time Over Gets the Golfers Also*

By N. de BERTRAND LUGRIN

N OBODY needs to shy at this story because of its title. I don't know anything more about golf than you do. I might have been a rattling good player by this time if it had not been for my sisters, because Cora and I are as alike as twin peas, except that she has got her hair up and puts nail paste on her lips. And I could have gone down to the links as well as not and played in her place in bad weather, and only old Colonel Appleby and the secretary out, and the secretary, Mr. Brownlee, is near-sighted. I told Cora and Eileen and Martha (Martha is my married sister) that I would keep well away out of sight, and they'd never recognize me if they would only let me try my fist at it on rainy days, and nobody would be a cent out of pocket, either. But do you believe they would? Not one of them took my part. It wasn't the money so much, and dad was perfectly willing. But mother and the girls said I couldn't join until Eileen is married and I have come out. Eileen's fiance is in Mesopotamia, and it's a nice outlook for me. Sometimes if I wake up in the night I turn cold all over with fancying myself still a flapper and my hair turning grey. How do I know that Gerald won't get killed or fall in love with an Egyptian. And it's not likely Eileen will get another chance, she's twenty-six and there are no eligible men left, anyway. Of course she might do with a returned soldier if he wasn't too badly knocked to pieces. She's had some training as a nurse. But the doubt of the thing is pretty hard on me.

The reason I wanted so much to learn golf, is because Cora is the lady champion of the Pacific Coast, and she's awfully cocky about it. I can beat her at tennis, and at hockey, and I can even beat dad at billiards. He and I play a lot in the evenings. He and I both know I could put it all over Corrie if I had the chance, and of course that's why I don't get the chance. Dad sympathizes with me. Poor old dad, not a son to his name and four girls. He and mother wanted terribly for me to be a son. I suppose that's the reason that although I was born a girl, I've got all a boy's energy and aspirations. It's pretty hard. On rainy days when the boys can play footer or any old thing they like, I've got to stay in and read or practise or sew or knit, and all those perfectly good golf clubs in the cupboard and Cora's tweed skirt and jersey and brogues and things fitting me as well as they do her.

HOWEVER, things happened. They began in the most harmless way. But "C'est le premier pas qui coute," as the French say, it was just the same the time I took out the motor car. The first thing was to get it out of the garage. A slight thing enough, but leading to most unforeseen results. I had just cleared the doors when I ran over the cat, then I broke the left hand back gate clean off its hinges, and dashing into a telephone post, smashed one of the front lamps, new ones they were, too. I got the blame for a horse running away and upsetting a cart full of groceries, although it was not my fault, for the horse was not tied, and anyway, nothing was hurt a bit except a lot of eggs smashed. Then I knocked over a Chinese laundry waggon. After that, when the motor was climbing the steepest hill in town, not because, goodness knows, I wanted it to, but because it would in spite of me, and I tried to change the gear, I disconnected the whole works, and started slithering back down the hill. As we were nearly at the top when I made my false move, the descent grew more rapid every step, and we simply ploughed, across the boulevard when we reached the bottom, sprinted into Mrs. Winterburn's garden, flattening all her dahlias, and crashed into her cellar windows. They had an awful time getting us out. Part of the car and I were in the cellar, and we did a lot of damage to her plumbing and stationary tubs. But, of course, it was really Mrs. Winterburn's fault. She is an American and does not believe in fences. If she had had a fence, we would probably have just bent it or something. However, she was

very nice to me and gave me stuff to drink and rubbed me till the doctor came.

Well, it was just such a little thing as getting the car out of the garage that started this other affair, although results in this latter case were not disastrous, but only very, very wonderful.

It was Saturday and rainy. We were all about the fire in the sitting room. The girls and mother had been talking for a week of an officer by the name of Forsythe, who was coming to town specially for the golf. He was a returned soldier on furlough, a D.S.O., and had had all kinds of write-ups in the papers. Cora had been practising early and late, she was to give an exhibition match while he was here. Besides, he was young and unmarried. Suddenly Cora very vexatiously:

"Now I have done a stupid thing, left my clubs at the club house."

I started to slide out of the room without being noticed, but "would Jeannie"—I am always Jeannie if I'm to be wheedled into doing anything—"would Jeannie put on her raincoat and run down and get them and take them to Brown to be cleaned?"

NO, Jeannie would not put on her rainclothes and go out in the wet for sister. Sister could just jolly well go and get the clubs herself.

"Mother," Cora pleaded wailingly, "please insist. I've got these bed socks to finish for the box this afternoon, and they must be at the Red Cross rooms by four."

"Yes," I said, wrathfully, "and I suppose Jeannie is going to be asked to deliver those things, too. Well, she won't do it."

"Jean," said mother, "It's only drizzling, and the walk to the links will do you good. You are always so eager for an excuse to go down to the links, I should think you would be glad to get 'the clubs.'"

"Whoever said I was glad for an excuse to go down to the links?" I asked, angrily. "Nobody but a fool would want to go puddling around down there in the wet unless they were going to play."

"And I've got an hour's work to do on my dress," went on Cora, "if I'm to go to the dance to-night."

"If you're to go to the dance to-night," I said, sarcastically, "when you've been talking, thinking, eating, sleeping dance for a week."

However, after a bit I said I would go, because I had got an idea—the first step "premier pas" I mentioned a while ago. Cora thanked me effusively and offered me half of a box of chocolates that was in her dressing-table drawer. But I told her I didn't want her candy, that I wasn't going for her, but for "mums." Besides, I didn't feel it would be quite the square thing to take the candy in view of what I had made up my mind to do.

Her tweed skirt and her rose-coloured jersey fitted me exactly, and the brogues and the new plaid stockings filled me with pride. I'm a bit longer and leaner in the leg than she, but that didn't matter. I put all my hair up, but as it does not curl like Cora's, I found some little false ringlets in her drawer that she had for some fancy dress affair, and I pinned them on under the tam-o'-shanter. I looked quite dolly.

I went out of the house by the back door and across the fields. It's a short cut the girls often take. Nobody saw me. And there was not a soul at the club house. I got the clubs all right. Just as I knew, old Colonel Appleby and Mr. Brett, the secretary, were playing away off on the horizon. I was quite safe.

I made a splendid beginning. The very first ball was a bird. I made up my mind to go right around the eighteen holes. But I was not so lucky at the second hole. I lost two balls and dug up a good bit of the turf. No one saw me except Teddy Appleby, the Colonel's grandson, who was supposed to be caddying for his grand-dad, but who had run away. He helped me put the grass back. To test my

makeup I asked him to guess which one of the Miss Devers I was. He said promptly I was not Miss Dever at all, I was Jean. I said, "Teddy, I'm surprised," just like Cora, and then the little fellow blushed and said, "Oh, yes, now I know, you're Miss Cora, but a while back there when you said, 'Blame that ole golf ball,' I thought you was Jean." He called me Miss Cora always after that, prefacing and ending every remark with "Miss Cora" until I got quite tired of him and sent him off to find his grandfather.

I think it was at the fifth hole that the ball got in the most abominable little guet-apens—that's a French word, it means a trap, but not a rat-trap. You only get in guet-apens in war or something like that, but it's what the ball was in, anyway. I tried one club after another, and if Teddy could have heard me, he would have been quite certain I was me.

All of a sudden I heard someone say:

"By Jove, you know, you've no right to do that," and I was quite frozen in an instant with horror. I did not dare turn round. You see, there was quite a little avalanche of bits of turf all about the guet-apens, and I was not sure whether that was what was meant or whether my identity had been discovered. A last I peeped over my shoulder expecting to see Colonel Appleby, the voice was like his, rather gruff and commanding and insolent. But it was not Colonel Appleby. It was a stranger. He wore tweed knickers and a most uncouth plaid jacket. He was bare-headed and his hair curled. He had a moustache about as big as a minute, and he leaned on his golf clubs and looked at me piercingly. After all, what business had a perfect stranger to find fault with me, for all he knew I might be Eileen or Martha, and every member can tear the turf up providing he or she pays for it. I said, coldly,

"I beg your pardon."

"I beg your pardon," he said, smiling with rather a nice white smile. "I had no right to say anything, of course, but I have been watching you for some time. You've got a beautiful shot there, you know. If you will only use your niblick properly. Here, let me show you."

And he did show me, made the play with the utmost ease and curled that beastly little ball out of that guet-apens into the hole as if the hole had obligingly opened to receive it.

"That," said I, forgetting myself in my admiration, "was a corker. You are some little golf-player, are you not?"

He looked at me, his eyebrows raised for a minute, and then laughed heartily. "Am I to take that as a compliment?" he asked.

"Yes," I said, my face getting uncomfortably hot all of a sudden. "It's a Canadian slang way of saying 'That was an excellent shot.' Permit me to congratulate you on your finesse as a player."

"I like the Canadian way best," said he. "I stood and listened to you for a little while when you did not see me, and I was lost in admiration. It is so much more forcible than mere conventional English."

A NICE state of things! I have no idea what language I had been using. I must correct bad impressions. "It lacks dignity," I said, as primly as I could. "I am trying to break myself of using slang. It impoverishes the vocabulary, and besides, what could be more forcible than the simple, yet beautiful English of Shakespeare and the Bible?" I asked, triumphantly.

"Oh, lord," said he, and he looked so comical that I laughed before I could stop myself, and then he laughed and we both laughed. He said, in a minute, "My name is Forsythe. I came in last night. Three weeks ago I was on the Somme. I'm stopping with my uncle, Hugh Kennedy."

"Then," said I, "you're a lieutenant-colonel or something, aren't you?"

"Oh, no," he replied, "just a plain captain."

"You rank very high as a golf-player," said I. "You've got the whole town talking about you, and practising to meet you, and show their best shots. And lots of the girls have new jerseys and shoes and—"

"Stockings," he suggested, looking at mine.

"Oh," I told him, "I haven't been planning to meet you. I haven't taken the slightest interest in you. I've been bored to death with hearing about you."



"Don't you like me any better now you've seen me?" he asked.

"I am more interested in you," I confessed.

"Why?" he urged.

"On account of your appalling jacket," I replied. "Your Joseph's coat. But then, it's just like you Englishmen to wear a thing like that, no one else would have such a boundless nerve."

"I don't see anything wrong with this coat," he said; "it's loose and warm. I bought it in Scotland."

Just then Colonel Appleby and Teddy hove in sight followed by the little secretary.

"I must get on," I said. "I'd like to finish this game, but I specially don't want to meet Mr. Brett. I'm going home."

"Not," said he, "until you have told me your name."

I DID not want to go home. Surely if I could get over the hill I could scurry down the course and have some good tries before dusk without being recognized. So without stopping to think of any consequences, I said,

"I am Cora Dever," and then ran toward the hill. To my surprise, he followed. We were in its shelter on the side farthest away from the oncoming trio when I stopped for breath.

"What are you coming, too, for?" I asked.

"Well," he pretended to be crestfallen, "I see I'm not wanted, but I met those two duffers at dinner last night, and I'm not equal to them so soon again."

"You're making a great mistake," I told him. "You have not seen Colonel Appleby when he is most interesting. He has a stock of the most wonderful swear words anybody ever heard. But he only uses them on the links."

"I didn't know that," said the captain, as if he had half a mind to go after the colonel.

"Yes," said I, encouragingly. "He seems inspired down here. Sometimes I just sit and listen," and that's the truth, Cora and Eileen say they often forget to play with wondering what he will say next. "It's really quite amazing," I went on, "the immense number of swear words he knows. He almost makes poetry with them. I should think it would be a real education for anybody that cares for that sort of thing to be with him, and you might find it useful when you get back to the front."

However, he didn't seem to be of my mind, but trailed along after me offering to carry my clubs. It was all very disappointing. How could I play under the circumstances and ruin Cora's reputation first shot, if I hadn't done it already. So I watched the captain. He showed me a few of his choice plays. But he did not seem very keen about playing, either, rather wanted to talk. He told me a lot of interesting things, and some good stories. He made me laugh, and struck me as being rather a good sort. After a bit, it had stopped raining and the sun was out, we sat down to rest on a little seat under an oak tree secure from observers. As I am nearly sixteen, I realized that the captain was trying to flirt a bit at this stage of the proceedings, and I set myself to puzzling what Cora would say under the circumstances. Cora is an awfully nice sort of girl, no nonsense about her, and yet a good sport, and a great favourite with the men. But the captain was very eligible, and for days I had heard mother and Eileen and Martha talking about him, of his being an officer with a private income besides, and such a golf enthusiast, and coupling his name with Cora's in the most unmistakable manner, although if you had suggested that they were making any plans or had any hopes they would have all been vastly indignant. Still, as much as I had seen of the captain, I felt he would be a splendid match for Corrie, and I did not want to put her in wrong the first thing. So it was rather a responsibility for me, taking the whole thing together. I tried honestly to be as charming as he said I was. But a terrible thing happened. The little false curls I had pinned on came off. They simply fell into my lap as we sat talking. For a moment I was speechless, then I dared to look at him, and his eyes were far away, much too far away, and the muscles all down the side of his face were twitching in a frantic manner.

"Why don't you laugh out loud," I said, in disgust. "Of course it's funny. I know it's funny."

So then he did laugh. He laughed so hard I thought something would happen to him, he being

invalided home and all that. After a while I laughed, too.

"But," said I, with my thoughts on poor Cora's reputation, "you must not think all my hair comes off."

"I must believe it," said he, conclusively, "unless you can prove to the contrary."

"Nothing easier," I retorted, triumphantly. Cora's hair and mine are precisely the same colour, so I was quite safe. I took off my tam, pulled the pins out of my hair and shook it all down around me. There's a lot of it and it's real girlie hair, light as a baby's. I peeped at him from behind it. "Now, you see," I said, "and you may pull it if you like to be sure it's on tight."

He put out his hands and gathered some of it up.

"By Jove," he said.

"Pull it," I advised him, "to make sure."

He gave it a little tug with both hands.

"How's that?" I asked.

"It's fast, all right," said he.

Then I realized that his face was very close to mine.

"Don't you dare," I hissed, dragging my hair away



and myself away and putting all of it, not all of me, but all my hair under the tam.

"I don't know that I was going to," he said, a bit gloomily, "but why not?"

"Because—" I began, indignantly, and then I hesitated. I could not explain to him that I loathed the very thought of lovemaking and kissing and that I had told dad—not mother, because it would make her feel too badly—that I would never marry, but meant to be the editor of a sporting paper. But now that I was impersonating Cora, I could not let him know my real feelings. I must pretend.

"You know," I said, drawing away from him as far as the seat would let me, and trying to look very sweet and demure, "no self-respecting girl would permit any man to kiss her unless it was the man she was going to marry."

"Well," said he, "we might overcome all obstacles if you were willing."

I was not quite sure of what he meant by that, so I merely laughed softly, and said I must go home. But he detained me. He told me he considered our meeting one of the most wonderful things that had ever happened to him. His uncle had written to him about Cora being the lady champion of the Pacific

Coast, and had also described her as the prettiest girl he had ever seen. So he had been looking forward all the way from France to meeting her. Fate, he said, played strange tricks sometimes, and she had led us to one another in an undreamed of way. He might have met me for years and never had the real glimpse of me that he had had this afternoon. And because it had all been so unconventional, informal and all that sort of thing, he could say to me frankly, "Cora, you are adorable."

Well, that was very satisfactory, but I knew I must hurry away then and there, so as not to destroy his good opinion. I told him while I was very glad he liked me, and had enjoyed meeting me, that I had a request to make which he must grant if he ever expected to see me again. He asked what it was with great eagerness. I explained that he must promise never, on his honour as a soldier and a gentleman, to refer to this meeting again, never by so much as a word or a glance. If he did, from that time forth I would never speak to him. He laughed at first, but when he realized I was in deadly earnest, he consented. But he asked me to save him ten dances for that night.

Naturally I refused to discuss the dance at all. And I also refused with much trepidation, for I was afraid he would come anyway, to allow him to walk home with me. I told him I would be ashamed to be seen with a man in such a jacket as he was wearing, and then I ran as fast as my legs could carry me, and they could carry me pretty fast in such a short skirt, and the last I saw of him, he was standing just where I had left him looking after me.

It was easy enough to slip in the house without being seen. Easy enough to change into my own clothes and nobody the wiser, though I did have an awful time cleaning Corrie's shoes. I did not see any of the family until dinner time, and then at the table mother said:

"Jeannie, your walk did you good. Your eyes are as bright as diamonds."

"And look at the child's cheeks," said dad. "Jeannie, have you been putting anything on your cheeks?"

Dear old dad, when we were playing billiards after dinner I did so want to tell him what I had let Cora in for. But I didn't like to worry him. I watched the girls get ready for the dance with a shaky conscience. I told Cora if she wanted to make an impression on the captain she ought not to be too dignified, but to treat him in a friendly, easy manner. She laughed at me and called out what I had said to Eileen in the next room. Often I stepped beside her to look at our two faces in the glass side by side.

"We do look alike, don't we, Corrie?" I asked.

"For heaven's sake, Jean," said she, testily, "at least you've asked me that twenty times already tonight. And I do wish you would keep away from the mirror. Who is going to the dance, you or I?"

"Oh, excuse me for living," I said. I didn't want to watch her. I was not interested in her clothes or Eileen's, either, but I was a bit nervous. I tried to stay awake until they came home, so that I should hear if anything surprising had happened, but I went to sleep.

As a rule I never listen to their after-the-ball gossip, but Sunday morning, as soon as they gathered round the fire with "mums," I took a seat nearby and pretended to be reading the paper.

FIRST thing I learned, Cora had made a conquest of the captain, that he had never let her out of his sight the whole evening, and that everybody was talking about it. But Cora did not seem to plume herself much about it. Pressed for reasons she said she thought he was crazy. Mother suggested he was suffering from gas shock. But Cora said he had had no experience with gas, that he had only been shot in the leg and was all right now. Eileen said that she found him a perfect dancer, almost as good as Gerald, and very charming and well-bred, and that everybody but Cora had sung his praises.

Mother asked for a more definite explanation of his behaviour.

"Well," said Cora, "the very first moment he was introduced, which was as soon as I had entered the

(Concluded on page 20.)

# HOW THE WAR LOOKS NOW

THE loss of Fresnoy is a regrettable interlude, but it is no more than an interlude. Already we hear that portion of the village—if a smoldering heap of ruins can be called a village—has been recovered, that the Canadians have been strongly reinforced, and that there has been a heavy bombardment as the prelude to a new assault. It is easy to understand what happened. The counter attack was brought with overwhelming strength, and so quickly that the Canadians had no opportunity to consolidate their gains. The Germans poured in division after division of fresh troops and a withering artillery fire from ranges already measured. Their determination is evidence of the importance that they attach to their new line and the desperate measures that they will take to save it as the one frail barrier that stands between them and retreat.

The consolidation of a captured position is a term that is often used and it has a wide meaning. First of all, the trench has to be repaired, and it will be badly in need of repair after many days of pounding by big guns. In the second place, the parapets and sandbag shelters must be moved from the west side of the trench to the east. A trench in German occupation would of course have its parapet and sandbag defences on its western edge, that is to say, on the side nearest to its enemies. But with the trench in British hands the parapets and sandbags must be moved to the eastern edge, or the edge nearest to the Germans. The remains of the German wire entanglements must be cleared away from the west of the trench, and new wire entanglements must be erected to the east. And finally, the German communication trenches running at right angles with the fighting trench must be effectually barred and guarded to prevent incursions into the captured trench from the still uncaptured fortifications to the eastward. All this must be done under fire and under the glare of searchlights and star rockets that are quick to disclose the presence of men at work on wire entanglements or the construction of new trenches.

In the meantime we find that the French have met with an almost unchecked success at the southern end of the Hindenburg line. They took Craonne on Friday, May 4. On Sunday, May 6, we learned of another advance along the road from Soissons to Laon over a distance of about four miles. French troops, we are told, have captured all the plateau in the neighbourhood of Czerny and Craonne and the hills dominating the valley of the Ailette River. A glance at the map will show in a moment the importance of this movement. Soissons and Craonne constitute the base of a triangle of which Laon is the apex. From Craonne to Laon is about eight miles and from Soissons to Laon about twenty miles. The Ailette River runs half way between Soissons and Laon. The French are evidently advancing upon Laon from both extremities of the base, that is to say, to the northwest from Craonne, and to the northeast from Soissons. Laon is supposed to be strongly fortified, but we may have our doubts about this, although cities naturally lend themselves to the purposes of defence. Immediately northwest of Laon is La Fere, and both Laon and La Fere are strongholds of the Hindenburg line.

It would be hard to exaggerate the importance of the capture of Craonne. It was one of the critical events of the great battle that is now being waged. Craonne and Laon together constitute the southern of the two hinges that unite that line with the old system of trench fortifications. Vimy marks the northern of those hinges, and while we must wait awhile before saying that they have actually been burst open we may at least believe that the crowbar has been vigorously inserted and that the joints are visibly widening. If Laon is presently taken the southern hinge will be shattered, and the Hindenburg line will exist no longer. It will be in full retreat to the east. A slight further advance by the British will do the same thing to the northern hinge. Indeed it is quite on the cards that the Germans will

By SIDNEY CORYN  
Written Especially for the Canadian Courier

Since the change in our going-to-press schedule Mr. Coryn's Argonaut syndicate copy could not arrive from San Francisco in time for simultaneous publication. A new arrangement has been made for special articles by this student of the war, written exclusively for this paper.—Editor.



A GLANCE AT THE MAP

take time by the forelock and begin their retirement, at once. It depends on how much confidence they feel in their ability to hold Laon and to maintain their grip on the north of the line.

VIMY and Craonne are the two extremities of the Hindenburg line, which constitutes the third side of the great triangle of which the other two sides are the lines evacuated by the Germans in their great retirement early in February. Vimy was taken by the Canadians, but the full results of their success were delayed by the construction of a second German line immediately to the east, about fifteen miles in length, and extending from Drocourt to Queant. This is the Wotan Line, and it is so close to the old Hindenburg Line immediately before it that it served to bridge the gap caused by the loss of Vimy. This line is now being attacked in force, and considerable results have already been achieved, although the momentary loss of Quesnoy has delayed the British advance. None the less the enveloping movement around Lens continues, and its fall cannot be far off. But the French success at Craonne is of the utmost moment because it bids fair actually to sever the Hindenburg Line from its support to the east and to threaten it either with envelopment or with compulsory retirement. Without a precise knowledge of the topographical situation it is impossible to state the imminence of the danger to which the Hindenburg Line is now exposed. In other words, we cannot say if the hinge has actually been pried loose, or if the screws are still maintaining an uncertain hold. But the danger to that line is a real one and a great one. It is increasing every day. A similar success by the British in the north, the capture of Lens or of Cambrai, would seal its fate. The whole line would have to fall back, and with it would go the old established lines from Arras to the North Sea, and from Rheims to Verdun and Metz. We may reasonably believe that this is what we are about to see.

It will be noticed that every fresh blow struck by the British and the French is at some new point on the immediate battle line. Rarely do we find two successive assaults directed against the same objective. The reason for this is fairly obvious if we consider the manner in which these attacks are brought. The first stage is an artillery bombardment, not only against the point selected for attack, but along the whole front of the line. In this way the Germans are kept in doubt as to the actual area to be assailed, and they are thus unable to mass troops for its defence. But secrecy of this kind would be impossible, or at least difficult, without a command of the air. The prying aeroplanes would quickly detect the movement of large bodies of men, and it would know exactly what it portended. So essential is it to guard against the aeroplane that men in the trenches are ordered not to look up at the machines passing overhead lest the gleam of white faces should betray their presence and numbers. The intensity of the air combats that so often precede a battle is due to the determination of one side to discover the point that is to be attacked, and the determination of the other side to hide that knowledge. The assault is carried out as soon as the bombardment is considered sufficient to clear away the wire entanglements, to isolate the enemy from reinforcements and supplies, and to break his morale by the incessant explosions. However successful the attack may be it will usually be found that the speed of the advance gradually diminishes, that the fighting fades away, and that quiet is presently restored until some new attack is brought elsewhere. This, of course, is due to the rushing of reinforcements to the threatened spot until a balance of force is attained. It is due also to the necessity of bringing up new supplies to the advancing lines, moving the guns into new positions and finding the new ranges, massing fresh stores of ammunition for defence and attack, and consolidating the captured positions. It is now a cardinal principle with the British armies, and of course with

the French armies also, never to allow advancing troops to outstrip the supporting guns, no matter how great the temptation to advance may be.

The success of the Allies against the Hindenburg line, although slow, has been continuous. In the early days of the war there was always the expectation of German victory. In these later days there is the same expectation of Allied victory. There are very few checks. An attack by the French or the British means almost invariably an advance. The explanation, so far as the mechanism of war is concerned, is obvious. It is to be found in the superiority of the Allied artillery and in the abundance of the munition supply. We learn that the Germans are using guns that they took from the Russians two years ago, and that can be fired only about a dozen times a day. This does not mean that there is an actual shortage of guns in the German army, but undoubtedly there is a relative shortage in comparison with those that are at the service of the Allies. And there is something more than a relative shortage of the ammunition supply. Orders of the day found on German prisoners contain strong recommendations to economy, while the Germans seem less often to resort to the barrage and the curtain fire that have proved so tremendously efficacious against them. But it is in the calibre of their men that the Allies are now demonstrating their superiority. Man for man, the Frenchman and the Briton are superior in fighting power to their opponents. They have more initiative, they have more military intelligence, and they have the morale that comes with the dignity of political freedom. So long as the French and British were relatively unsupported by an adequate military equipment they were liable to be worsted, but now that the energy and the skill of their people are behind them they are showing the mastery that is accorded to them by superiority of morale and intelligence.

It may be that the battle for the Hindenburg line is by no means over. The issues are so great that

the Germans are not likely to retire without an enormous effort to keep their footing. It is probably true that they have now more men on the western front than at any previous stage of the war. But their quality has obviously deteriorated. They seem no longer to have the consciousness of strength that they had. Nothing is so demoralizing as repeated failures. But it is now nearly certain that the Hindenberg line can not be held. If the Germans could not retain Vimy and Caronne they can not resist the crow-bars that are being applied in the north and the south. This is one of the time when a gain of a mile or two, perhaps one might say of a few hundred yards, may mean the decision of a campaign. There is a critical moment in every tension when a fracture becomes imminent, when it must inevitably follow even the least increase of strain. At the same time it is well to be cautious in prediction. The unexpected sometimes happens. The German resistance may so far stiffen that further advance becomes impossible. But it is highly unlikely. The French and British are now so well co-ordinated, their actions are so measured and deliberate, their advances are so cautiously subordinated to the movements of the cumbersome artillery, that their success is nearly certain. We may believe with some reasonable confidence that we are about to witness the evacuation of France and a retirement upon so large a scale as to throw all previous retirements into the shade.

There is now something that the German commanders fear much more than military

They don't call Sir Douglas Haig a war lord, but he was a veteran of two big wars when the Junkers were making war on paper.



defeat. They dread the wrath of their own deceived people much more than that of their enemies. Otherwise they would have fallen back to the Belgian frontier long ago. We have only to read the German bulletins with their careful suppressions of the truth and suggestions of the false to understand something of the military mesmerism that they have exercised upon their readers. In no other way can we account for the stupefying fact that Germans of intelligence are still discussing the extent of French soil that is to be permanently occupied, and the amount of the indemnities that they will demand. It is alike bewildering and pathetic. One would suppose that maps are unknown in Germany, and that no realization ever comes to the readers of these bulletins that the daily reports of "successes" show a steady movement eastward, or that the Wotan line, for example, is to the east of the Hindenberg line, or that the "impregnable" Vimy now lies well to the west of the fighting. But then the Germans have not been told of the loss of Vimy. Realization must, of course, come, and the moment of its coming is the perpetual nightmare confronting the German command.

Editor's Note:—Owing to the best of a week's journey before this war article reaches the editor's desk, readers will find it necessary to trace back somewhat the events of a week previous. The writer has not found it necessary to revise his original estimate of the belligerents made when the United States was a neutral.

## DID PRESIDENT WILSON PROPHECY?

SIR THOMAS BARCLAY, writing in the New York Times, says that President Wilson, in 1903, foretold that the United States would be on the side of the Entente whenever a great war should break out. Sir Thomas, who has been called Father of the Entente, because he worked so hard in King Edward's time to bring it about, bases his conclusion on a talk he had with Woodrow Wilson before he became Governor of New Jersey.

Let me explain, he says, how this conversation came about.

It was in New York, on the occasion of the festival of St. Andrew, the patron saint of Scotland, which Scotchmen all over the world celebrate on the 30th of November by a banquet. Now, in the United States, all those who have one Scotch ancestor consider themselves Scotch. It is the royal blood of the United States!

On my left I had as a neighbour a man whose fine Scotch head, firm and determined mouth and intellectual brow I had already noticed. I looked at his place card—"President of the University of Princeton," it read.

"That will mean nothing to you," he observed, "I will give you my private card." I, being a foreigner, was supposed to be ignorant even of the best-known things of the country.

"But it does mean something," I said. I was well acquainted by hearsay with him who by his strength of character, genius for organization and indifference toward superannuated university pontiffs, had not only saved Princeton, but raised it to the first rank among trans-atlantic universities. I knew only too well of these things, for I had come to the United States as a member of an English committee whose special mission was to study American methods of public instruction. Moreover, everybody knew the historical works of the President of Princeton.

After terminating my work on public instruction, I had remained in America to renew the agitation in favour of an arbitration treaty between England and the United States. The Anglo-French Entente, to which I had consecrated my life up to that time, had just been consummated by the arbitration treaty of

Oct. 14, 1903. The second part of my mission was to bring the United States within the charmed circle of ententes.

Wilson assured me of his support, and, in fact, when later on the movement was definitely launched, he did not fail to give us the backing of his well-reasoned, moderate, and convincing words.

To pass from talk about agitation for arbitration treaties against war to the causes of war, and thence

to the elimination of these causes, is an easy and natural transition and Wilson spoke to me of these things with all the freedom of a man who most assuredly did not in the least foresee at that time that ten years later he would be elected to the highest and most responsible position attainable by a man in this world.

I do not claim to give his exact words, and I merely guarantee as authentic the general sense of our conversation as I remember it after thirteen years. This conversation has enabled me to foresee certain attitudes taken by Wilson which some of his best informed countrymen refused to credit. The reason is that Wilson has the Scotch character, and that only one possessing a Scotch soul can understand him fully. We agreed with one another so remarkably well, in fact, that I must confess that I hardly can tell now from which of us the statements here set down emanated:

"Your idea," he told me, "of looking upon arbitration treaties merely as a means of coming together and not as an efficacious means of settling disputes seems excellent to me. A good commercial treaty can have the same effect, like the treaty of 1860 between France and England. It is the 'entente' that counts; the means do not matter. A treaty serves as a guidepost for pointing out the road. Here in America you must have found the ground well prepared for the implantation of such an idea.

"The American does not like red tape. You will even find big commercial firms in New York whose partners have never drawn up a partnership agreement. They have merely agreed upon some little matter as a starting point and, from that, conditions have shaped themselves according to circumstances. These untrammelled associations are the most durable because they operate without constraint and, since they may be dissolved at will, continue as long as they are useful.

"In the United States you will always find sympathetic support for ententes of this kind and you may rest assured that this country will respond sooner or later to your efforts by attaching itself to the entente between England and France."



RUSSIA WEDS DEMOCRACY.

Nervous Bridegroom: "Where the deuce is that ring?"

—New York Times.

## S T O R I

## E T T E S



*Little Illustrated Epics Peculiar to the 24th of May as Understood in Canada, where that Exuberant Holiday got most of the Great Joy it ever had*

## DAD SAYS:

**T**WENTY-FOURTH o' May—corn's got to be all in. 'Twill if rain holds off. Been wonderin' if why we have such a peck o' rain sometimes is on account o' them bombardments in Europe. Donno. Anyhow I'm dang glad to be jammin' corn in as fur as I be from where they plant nothin' but dead men nowadays. And I'd like to be able to write the boy yunder—tellin' him that we got this corn in 'cordin' to custom by the old 24th; and that his dad an' mam are keepin' up their end in supplyin' the food so long as we can do anything. By gum! it's a pretty stiff contract this year without a hired man and no Billy. Used to think it was bad enough when I had Billy and no hired man. Consarn it! I had a good case o' lumbago and rheumatiz all worked up to put me on the retired list from now on. Here I be whackin' away at hard labour agin as though I was a convict.

## BILLY SAYS:

**E**VERY man to his job. Gee, I'd like to chuck a heap o' these high-jinkers down in front o' dad in the cornfield. See him jump seven feet and holler for kingdom come. Tinkerin' bombs don't bother me much. I always was a handy boy round the old place. Had to be. Dad never sent me to any Tech. or Ag. College. I just naturally had to take things up just about where he left off. These here bombs though are things I never had any idea about on the farm. Nearest I ever saw to this kind o' thing was lawn bowls in a net. No, 'tain't the same. Tech-nic's altogether different. This neck o' the woods ain't any tennis court or bowling green. It's—sometimes hell. But at Vimy! By gosh! I must write to the old folks and tell'm about that. I chucked a few o' these pets in that scrap. There—that's another hand-ball ready for biz. Next?

## MAW SAYS:

**W**E'RE economizin' this year. Matter of fact we loaned our barrel churn to a woman that's just moved in down the road and don't know how to run any other kind. This old pelter, dad dug it out o' the back shed and toggled it up, made a new dash, and here I be peckin' away like I used to in the good old days when we started to keep house. Takes longer. I don't mind. Our house ain't so busy as 'twas before the gals got married and Billy went away to the war. Laws! I must write Billy an' tell 'im I'm makin' 50-cent butter with the old dash churn that he used to spend so much time on after school. How he did hate that churnin'!

One good thing about Billy goin' away—it's made his father buck up. I ain't heard much complaint about that lumbago and rheumatiz since he had to knuckle down and take over the heft o' the work agin.

## HONOURING THE BRAVE OF ANY NATION

**B**ISMARCK said it was the English who tried to teach Germany long ago the ideas of humanity and civilization. If Bismarck could see this picture, taken in England not long ago, he would smile an iron smile and say there was no use in Germany trying to teach England anything about "kultur." Here is a funeral of German sailors who raided defenceless towns and were killed in action by the British gun. The British buried these German sailors with full military honours. Their mission in life was damnable; their death heroic. Britain forgets the damnable mission in the heroism of the sacrifice. Britain pays her respects to brave men of any race the world over. And if this were a brave men's war instead of a tussle of underground machinery and of submarines it would have been won by the Allies before now. The Ger-



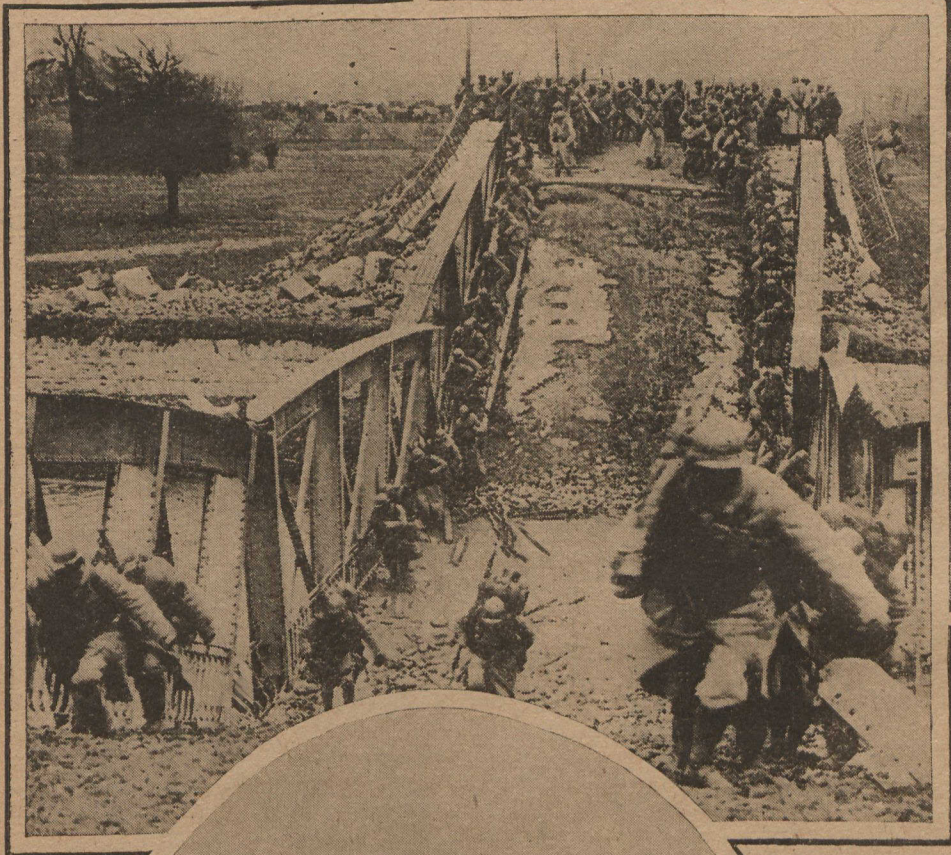
mans know it. "We fight from a sense of duty," said a captured German officer after the Battle of Vimy. "But you Canadians seem to fight because you like it." British troops do not exactly hanker to kill people; but they dearly love a scrap in the open and they know how to honour brave men even if they are German sailors that shell defenceless communities. Traditions must be kept up. The British have set themselves a good example by avoiding mere reprisals in kind so far as possible even when the devices of the Germans might have out-witted the devil himself. When German sailors bury British tars with full regard to the noble traditions of honourable warfare—it will be time for some enterprising camera-man to get a photograph of the event. The copies might be rare enough to fetch a good price.

# ROLLING UP *against* THE RESERVES

*How France and England are putting their weight on the Western Front, while Russia lies down in the East, and hundreds of thousands of German soldiers are being rushed up against the Allies in the West. Please Mr. Military Expert—What has become of the Anvil and Hammer of Two Years Ago?*

B y T H E C A M E R A M A N

**F**RANCE'S class of 1918—born in 1898—called to the colours. Their last look at dear old Paris—for a while. Russia may not be ready with her last moujik, as the Czar said, but France will never be Germanized.



BUILDING  
LIGHT  
RAILWAYS.

○○○○

**T**OP picture to the left shows a bit of the real thing, the French crossing a bridge blown up by the Germans on the road to St. Quentin. The bridge may drop into the canal any moment. But St. Quentin lies beyond. One more French town retaken from the invaders!

**J**UST below is a photograph of what the British had to encounter in the big advance when life for weeks at a stretch was an inferno of shell-fire, barbed wire, mud and heaven knows what—but there was always some French town or village ahead to be retaken. Vive la France!

**A**ND in the trail of the advance come the railway builders, slinging down light lines to bring up the communication lines, in truly Canadian style.



MAYBE it was the Bob Whites calling in the bush cornfield while the old crows were spying around for the corn to pull up; maybe it was the new veil of buds over the vast hills of the swamp hardwoods; maybe the faint flicker of dust on the road behind somebody's wagon; or it may have been the smoke of some man's log heaps; somebody taking his first swim in the mill-pond; or somebody perhaps went fishing for suckers in the creek. But if he was a real countrified person, as most of us are glad now we used to be in those elderly days, he put on the best "bib and tucker" he had and walked three miles to the Celebration. It was by long odds the grandest holiday in the whole year, in any calendar, to any nation. It was in Canada that the old 24th became such a popular idea. In Canada may it never die. Monarch's birthday and all, it was yet a great Canadian institution, is yet, is going to be. The Bob Whites call no longer; but the day is here and all it ever was. So we'll go right down on our shirt-bosoms and take a good long drink out of the little "crick" to the immortal

OLD TWENTY-FOURTH OF MAY.

## EDITORIAL

### Welcome and Work

SIR ROBERT BORDEN is welcome back. No Premier of Canada has ever had such an intimate insight into Imperial affairs as Sir Robert. Time and again he has been at Empire War Cabinet sessions. The Imperial Conference, recently closed, was the most important ever held. Shorn of the pomp of other days, relieved of the splendid theories of Empire, the Ministers from overseas have been permitted and expected to get very close to the hands that control the lever of Empire. Sir Robert has seen much of the War Council. The Responsible Five who manage Britain's part in the war have let Canada's Premier into as many of their secrets as he cared to know and more than he may ever choose publicly to tell. He has been at close range with big, energizing men who, by the fortunes of war, have for the time being become world figures. If ever a Canadian Premier got working vibrations from association with big men abroad, that Premier is Sir Robert Borden.

Fortunately Sir Robert is not easily excited. He is not carried away by emotions. He does not regard himself as on stage. In fact, most of the photographs of the Premier in England seem to indicate that he would be glad when the London business was done and he could get back to where his real work is in this country.

At least, so we imagine.

The time has gone by when a Canadian Premier could forget Canada while engaged in the business of Empire. Other Premiers abroad left no unmistakable impressions in England that Canada was the place where they did all their biggest work. Sir John Macdonald and Sir Wilfrid Laurier always went about in England as primarily great Canadians. There was then no war to disturb the pageant of Empire. It is the present Premier's business to carry on Canada's end of the war and to carry it on by efforts such as his Government have never yet made. There is a tremendous work to be done in Ottawa. It makes very little difference by what methods it is done so long as it is done. We assume that Parliament stands behind the Government in this work, and that the Government will make good use of Parliament. The work must be done. England is working as never before. The men with whom Sir Robert has been associating are up to the eyes in work that puts party manoeuvres and parliamentary inertia into the scrap heap. We shall expect drastic things from the Premier and his Government as a result of being next to these men. And in welcoming Sir Robert back to Canada we may be excused for pointing out the peg on which he may hang his coat and, if need be, his collar and tie.

\*\*\*

### Quebec and the Militia Act

MORE than once Quebec has said that it is the plain business of Government to invoke and operate the Militia Act, which expressly states that the Government of Canada has the right to order out all males of military age for the defence of Canada. There have been various interpretations of this attitude of Quebec leaders. Armand Lavergne clearly said to the editor of this paper last summer that if the Government would make it necessary by

law for Quebec to go to war, Quebec would obey the law. What did he mean? Cynics have alleged that his meaning was—We will not go of our own free will, but compel us and we will act under compulsion. That is a prejudiced view. Armand Lavergne, with all his own superficial cynicism, often the mask for sentiments he does not care to express, would not admit this interpretation. He is a young man, by training a soldier, by instinct a man of action, naturally courageous and devoted to the principles he professes. Would such a man be likely to wear the King's khaki as a slave soldier booted into a war against which his free will rebelled? No, we prefer to think that Lavergne's meaning is:

"Make it clear that Quebec is to go to war in conformity to the law of this country, for the sake of Canada, which every French-Canadian loves as dearly as any other race in Canada, and much more than most—and for the sake of Canada with the clear mandate of Canada we will fight. But do not ask us to volunteer in a war which was not of Canada's choosing."

We may be wrong in this interpretation. In making it we do not necessarily endorse its motive. But motive is a matter of choice. If Quebec is willing to obey a Canadian law rather than respond to an Imperial impulse—why not give Quebec a chance to do so?

\*\*\*

### Russia That is Not Yet

AN American editor has predicted that Czar Nicholas may yet return to the throne of Russia. If so—what? Is there any prophet who can tell us the fate of Russia? Temperamentally she does not belong to Western Europe. She is an Oriental. The Russian mind dwells in a perpetual mist. It moves in masses. It is a sea lashed by the last wind that blows. And the wind changes very often. Happens that the prevalent wind is from German way. There is a reason. Russia the inorganic population-mass, one language, one stock of national ideas, serfs, mujhiks, barons, spies, superstitions, fatalisms, great sad music-makers and intense novelists—is next to the most powerfully organized state in the world. Germany has been blowing on the Slav sea for a long while.

Bismarck always said his country must keep the Russian door open. He knew. He was ambassador at St. Petersburg for a long while. He pioneered the "penetration" of Russia, knowing that out by the Slav door was the only land route for an expanding, ebullient Germany. He frankly admitted that France would never coalesce with Germany and he sneered at England even while he feared her. To his way of thinking, it was important to keep on good terms with Russia. To do this meant more than diplomacy. It meant ambassadorial espionage and a system of corruption trickling steadily down through the court and official life of the country. With official and aristocratic Russia poisoned, the under-world of the illiterates would be merely a matter of swinging a huge mass into line with a policy just as Prussia manipulated the rest of Germany.

The revolution in Russia probably caused no mutterings in Berlin. At least the Czar had a semblance

of authority, he was something of a patriot and much of a Slav. With him out of the way it mattered little what the Miliukoffs and Rodziankos and Guchkoffs might want. All the powerful patriotic minds in Russia would have no influence without some form of despotism to focus them. Russia is only the phantom of a democracy. The Duma is a kindergarten parliament, full of democratic impulses. If some Imperial ragamuffin could be discovered with a clear claim to the throne, a long beard and a Cossackian guise, he might ride through Russia and muster the millions from Siberia to a new patriotism. At present the dreaded William of Berlin is to them the all-powerful emperor; and he—well he is backed by his nobles and apparently feared by all of his people. No, it would be little use to return Nicholas unless the Revolutionists can be sure that he is kept away from outside influences and maintained as the idol of the Russia that is to be.

\*\*\*

### Another Wells Evolution

M. R. H. G. WELLS has traversed another continent of universal thought in his sequel to *Britling*. His new book, *God the Invisible King*, is the present apex of his thinking along this line. The publisher's advertising extract reads:

"The time draws near when mankind will awake . . . and there will be no nationality in all the world but humanity, and no king, no emperor, nor leader, but the one God of mankind."

For cosmic breadth of utterance this makes Tennyson's "parliament of man, the federation of the world" sound like a nursery rhyme. Mr. Wells' intellectual industry is prodigious. He is never at a loss for new co-ordinations of philosophy in semi-popular form to make another best seller. Thousands of people in England will buy the book to see how Mr. Wells proposes to get rid of the British monarchy. Many thousands of Americans will read it to be reminded that in getting rid of George III, they were setting an eternal example to mankind. The abdication of the Czar and the establishment of a so-called Russian Republic may incline somebody to translate the work into Russian. But before the translation is off the press, Mr. Wells will have another evolution of his intellect ready for the publisher.

\*\*\*

### The Washington Power House

THE latest Cabinet in the long line of renaissances is that of President Wilson. As yet that Executive of a nation has not been shaken up and remanned. But it probably will be. It contains some weak men in some of the most important posts. Daniels is a weak character; Baker, Secretary of War, is not a big aggressive; Treasurer McAdoo is perhaps not of a calibre to meet an emergency, although in his recent interview with the *New York Times* he gave expression to a number of bracing sentiments that showed his grasp of the emotional side of the war. In fact, McAdoo spoke rather too freely. It is a way American ministers have. Not being responsible directly to Congress, any Cabinet member may speak out in meeting whenever he is interrogated by an interviewer. There is a lack of team play about the American Cabinet and a great deal of individualism. Before the war is much older in that country the Cabinet will perhaps be re-organized on a real war basis. There may even be holes shot in the Constitution. Congress has relapsed into a condition of debate. Congress, as at present constituted, is not suited to a great and prolonged crisis. Changes may happen there also. There is yet a long way to travel from the first flush of patriotic excitement to the point where the United States Congress and Cabinet representing the unity of the people is within sight of winning the war. But when democracy has accomplished so much in other countries under the stress of war, we may expect America to rise to the great occasion and in so doing discover in herself a strength which for a long while has taken the form of talk. America is a vast power-house just getting the current from its Niagara, the people. And it will take a lot of drastic reformations to make that Niagara effective in Europe as it is expected to be by the Allies. Playing Russia off against America will not save Germany.

# WHAT WOMEN ARE DOING

**D**OES anybody really know the Canadian woman? Has anybody in fiction or poetry, painting or plays, ever made her any more definite than the Temptation of St. Anthony done by a recent cubist painter which has to have a key explanation and a diagram to make it intelligible? We are not saying that the Canadian woman is incapable of being portrayed by even Canadian artists. We only intimate that so far this delicate task seems to have been neglected; or else contemporary Canadian art is sadly in arrears. The art of no country is anywhere near the road to perfection till it has begun to do more towards interpreting its womanhood than to paint portraits at so many dollars a square foot or to report their diversions in the social column. It is one of the chief functions of all art to interpret women. That

is why so much of the world's art has devolved upon men who have a faculty for that sort of thing.

The Canadian woman has not been brought out in literature, plays and painting. She has not reached the debutante stage in art. But signs are not wanting. Women nowadays are making what makes history. Newspapers and the feminine parts of periodicals can at least tell in plain, unadorned language what women are doing in this country in that direction. Which is all as yet the following five pages of this paper, once a month, pretend to do. When we get tired telling what the women of Canada are doing, we shall begin to try telling what Canadian women are.—The Editor.



## ART IN THE GARDEN

*A brief account of Mrs. Dunington-Grubb*

By THE EDITOR

**T**ALL, English in style—as she is by nationality—enthusiastic, but not sentimental, practical and brimming with useful, agreeable ideas on a fascinating and sometimes bewildering subject, Mrs. Dunington-Grubb comes along with her perennial programme of gardens. Art in the garden is her theme. Art in the sometimes crude, sometimes ornate, but always promising Canadian garden.

We have been working spasmodically to get real gardens in this country. As yet we are not a nation of gardeners. But we shall be, when we have solved the problem of becoming a nation of real farmers and real towns people engaged in making homes beautiful on the outside as well as within. We have had a number of landscape gardeners in Canada. Mrs. Dunington-Grubb is the first woman to make a propaganda of this work among us—at least in the middle part of Canada.

And she has a peculiar equipment for the work, not only in education, national taste and diversified experience in more than one country, but in adaptability to conditions—which in our case is half the battle. We have in Canada several areas of climate making gardens as different in character and material as Bombay differs from Copenhagen. Mrs. Grubb understands these differences and the natural limitations that arise out of them. She has travelled pretty much all over Canada with an eye to landscape artistry. And she has gone from the great skyscope that enchants the ensemble artist to the squidgy-eyed back yard 20x30 with a melancholy board fence on three sides. Not long ago she was talking on a platform to a gathering of women

about how to make a Canadian back yard a thing of beauty. She made a number of quick-fire sketches on a blackboard to illustrate various ways of doing it—using coloured chalk perhaps—not knowing what she might say next. And the subject was so interesting to the audience, so happily worked out, that she was asked to print the whole talk, sketches and all in a pamphlet. Which of course was not so easy, when one mainly talks on the inspiration of the moment, backed up by the experience of years in various parts of the world.

Mrs. Grubb was asked plainly by the Canadian Courier what her experiences had been as a garden artist before coming to this country and why she came here from a land of gardens. She replied:

"My experience—oh, that goes I should say, back to the age of seven. My first real garden was in Upper Bengal, India. It was a small patch of gold and brown marigolds mixed with many-hued balsams in happy disregard of colour schemes. We must all begin with the joy of natural colours—for nature herself mixes colours very lavishly."

"And your next garden—?"

"Was in Hobart, Tasmania," she replied. "It was in that most perfect climate of Australia that I gained my elementary knowledge of the propagation of shrubs and flowering plants."

"And you went to England?"

"Yes, it was many years later, that I began training for the professional career of landscape architect."

Mrs. Grubb took practical and theoretical horticulture at a well known college, before she began architectural design and garden planning. She was the second woman to practise landscape architecture in England. She established herself in London and from there worked out all over the British Isles. Several of her gardens were in the South-West of Ireland and some in Wales.

Six years ago she married Mr. H. B. Grubb, who was also a landscape architect. Always with a desire for some new field, she agreed with her husband that Canada was a good place for two people  
(Concluded on page 24.)

## GARDENS FOR WOMEN

*Miss Louise Carling starts a Movement*

By KATHLEEN K. BOWKER

**S**O far as I know "The Human Wire in Hydro" (can you guess his name?) never made a Tungsten light. And yet—most people admit that he has electrified Ontario! So it is also possible to be a great Gardener, and yet never to have planted a potato, nor raised a Real Live Onion up, to call you blessed. There is much planting that is not done with a dibble.

"Seeds is seeds" of course. And sometimes they fall on stoney places, and sometimes by the wayside, or among thorns. But when they DO get in good ground—!

So many things go to the making of good ground. Sunshine, and rain; the right fertilizers; and quantities of cultivation.

Fortunately, Canadian women had all these influ-

ences. Then came the War, with its harrowing processes—and then the call for greater Production.

This spring one cannot pick up a paper—daily, weekly, monthly—that does not touch on Gardening; for pleasure; for profit; and always for Patriotism.

This enthusiastic Publicity did not begin till the month that is called—by courtesy—the first month of Spring.

But up here "London, Ont.," personal Patriotism "for Production" was germinating (like Fall wheat) all winter.

Miss Louise Carling—daughter of the man to whom Canada owes her Experimental Farms—had long been a member of the National Council's Standing Committee on Agriculture. When the Women's Emergency Corps was formed in Military District No. 1 (with Headquarters in London) Miss Carling was unanimously chosen as Convenor of the Gardening Committee.

To the uninitiated, October seems an odd time to begin gardening talks. But the Real Gardener knows that that is the time to commence a campaign of preparedness. Once a month somebody gave a talk on Wild Gardens they had known, told gossip of the Ground, or lectured on the possibilities of Production, past, present, and to come.

"What IS this gardening committee anyway?" women began to ask.

It takes a trained eye to foretell the future of the first tiny pair of leaves that pushes its way through the earth!

But Miss Carling had—as far back as last October—the enthusiasm that the rest of us never feel till the Seed Catalogues blossom in the mail boxes. And she cultivated the soil. She cultivated it to such an extent that in November Col. A. M. Smith offered her as much ground as she could use, at his home "Belvidere," already noted for having been used as one of the first of the Military Convalescent Hos-



pitals. Others followed suit. The Association began putting down long useful tap roots. Soon the two or three originally gathered together began interesting and enrolling others. Then came two hot days, when (as the Poet remarks) it seemed that "Spring had come." The Woman's Gardening Association broke into leaf and bud, with over a hundred members.

The City Council have co-operated to the extent of ploughing the Community Gardens. There are now six of these, in different parts of the city. Each garden is in charge of a Convenor, who appoints her own Committee, secures workers, if enough are not forthcoming, and who is responsible for the usefulness and beauty of that particular plot. To help her she has a "Director," i.e., a skilled Amateur, who is giving free instruction and advice to those who want it.

Nearly a hundred women and girls are already at work. Each gardener may have the contents of her own plot—to eat, or store, or sell—as the Spirit moves her. Supply and demand will doubtless have something to do with the Moving Spirit! Gardeners always get near to Nature, and grow like her—lavish. Gardeners have a reckless way of growing more than they can use. Gardeners are notoriously generous. But this year even the most lavish of us may feel less like pressing potatoes and lavishing lettuces on those who are too slack to dig! Selling here a little and there a little, wastes time and pati-

ence, and often makes it difficult to preserve the freshness of the Produce. And—except in a few special lines—it does not pay the Back-Yard Gardener to sell to the Retail Stores.

So the Women's Gardening Association hopes to run a Community Store this year, where each member (by paying a small percentage towards expenses) may send her surplus produce for sale.

If the Store is a success—you'll hear about it!

The real aim of the Association is to increase Production, and to interest women and girls in outdoor work.

Following Production by Conservation, it is hoped to provide for the members a course of Lectures by an expert, on the scientific canning of vegetables.

The Association is not merely a Hardy Annual, but an everblooming perennial, and its President—for the Committee has flowered into a Real Society, with Officers and a Constitution—has already a vision of the great work its members may do for Canada and the New Canadians, in the piping times of Peace.

I have asked her to be specially photographed for this article, as "The Woman with the Hoe."

She protests that she would not know how to hold one properly.

It may be true—that Miss Carling cannot handle a hoe. But she knows just how to put the Prod into Production. And she doesn't have to imitate being a man in order to do it.

of the meatless and potatoless message was very simple:

"It is not so much what the members of the Order will themselves save by economy in carrying it out, but the effect which such abstinence on the part of 40,000 Canadian families may have in lowering prices to people who will be too poor to purchase even the plain necessities of life."

We assume that if the message goes into effect it will be respected as rigidly in the Gooderham home as in the humblest home of the Order.

By the time this reaches our most distant subscribers the 17th annual meeting of the I.O.D.E. will be convened (May 28—June 1), at the Empress Hotel, Victoria. At this convention there will be delegates, members and friends of the Order. All members are to be allowed to take part in the discussions, but only delegates may vote. A good part of the first two days will be occupied in the registration of delegates. This seems unfortunate. The address of welcome will be read by Mrs. A. F. Griffiths, Regent of Municipal Chapter, Victoria.

Afternoon of the second day Mrs. W. M. Martin, wife of the Premier and herself Provincial President of Saskatchewan, will address the convention on The Value of Provincial Organization. Next day—there will be extraordinary feminine days in Victoria—there will be an address by Miss Alice Ravenhill on Modern Aspects of Thrift in Line with Our National Service. Reading of reports will occupy several hours. No doubt these will be of an eminently practical character. There will be a reception at Government House by Lieutenant-Governor and Madame Barnard. At the morning session of the last day Mrs. Sexton of Halifax will give an address on Some Aspects of the Navy. Other valuable talks will be on Value of Organized and Disciplined Service by Mrs. A. W. McDougald of Montreal; on Educational Work by Mrs. George H. Smith of St. Catharines, Ont., and on National Service for the Development of the Nation by Miss Crease.

In all these deliberations we trace no allusion to Woman Suffrage. There is a constitutional character to the debates which makes it hard to discuss direct politics. The I.O.D.E. is not directly political. The Gooderham family are known to be Conservatives. The Order takes in both—all parties. One very significant omission from the list of names included in the programme is—French-Canadian women. Is there any reason for not regarding French-Canadian women as Daughters of the Empire? Or do the women of Quebec prefer to remain out of the Order?

In these strenuous times less will be said about the more cultured side of the I.O.D.E. than usual. But

(Concluded on page 24.)

## A WORKER FOR ALL CANADA

By THE EDITOR

AT 12 o'clock midnight of May 10 a long line of motors began to pull away from a large brownstone house set in a poem of woodscape overlooking one of the great ravines that make the north half of Toronto so peculiarly beautiful. Deancroft



is one of the landmarks in that part of the city. Thousands of women all over Canada know Deancroft who have never been there and have never seen the home of the President of the I.O.D.E. They know Deancroft to be more than a beautiful home kept by a charming and gracious hostess. They know it as a centre of Dominion-wide work of an educational, social and national character. And if any head of an I.O.D.E. Chapter has any doubt about how busy a place it is she had better read about the motors that began to trail away from Deancroft at midnight on May 10, 1917.

Some of these motors had to wait for half an hour longer. There had been a large gathering. The occasion was not merely sociable. Many of the ladies present were beautifully gowned. It was an after-concert gathering to welcome to that part of Canada a new Belgian pianist, Mons. Francis de Bourguignon, who had given his premiere Canadian recital that evening. Mrs. Gooderham had been too busy to attend the recital. As the guests began to arrive she was answering the fourth long-distance call that evening. The supper was a very simple affair. But a casual visitor, not knowing Mrs. Gooderham, might have supposed that nobody in the gathering had much to do with the war.

However, when half the guests had gone a large group still remained standing in the large drawing-room. Twelve o'clock came and went. These ladies still waited. Was it a discussion of the relative characteristics of Chopin and Beethoven; or of Alfred Noyes and Masefield? No, it was a meeting of the I.O.D.E. to draft a resolution, copies of which this week are being mailed to the heads of Chapters all over the country:

To all Members of the Imperial Order Daughters of the Empire:

In the present crisis of our Empire, when we are assured by those most competent to know, that world hunger stares us in the face, and that it is absolutely necessary that we help those who are fighting for us by increased production and greater economy at home, the National Executive, at a meeting held on May 10th, 1917, decided to make the following appeal to all Members of the Order, and through them and their influence to all the women of Canada.

It is in no spirit of arrogance, but in the spirit of humble service that we deem it incumbent on the Order to do its utmost to give the Light and Leading so vitally essential at the crucial period of Canada's welfare.

We ask that Members pledge themselves to observe two meatless days, and two potatoless days a week, the meatless days to be Wednesday and Friday, and also to abstain from the use of veal and young lamb.

We also ask that every member should realize for herself and impress on others the terrible gravity of the situation, and the imperative need of loyal and immediate co-operation, and acquaint herself with the various aspects—scientific, economic, social, of this many-sided problem.

When the message was complete the members went home, knowing that the injunction they had set forth in it would come to the attention of about 40,000 families all over Canada.

Mrs. Gooderham has been President of the I.O.D.E. for a number of years. She has been so long the heart and soul of the Order so far as one woman is able to organize the interest of thousands more, that no one seriously at present considers anybody else in that position. What is most attractive about the public efforts of this lady is that she has never permitted her contact with public affairs to interfere with her truly domestic life. Deancroft may be a place of business. It is also a real home. The mistress of Deancroft is interested in all that makes a home the bulwark of truly national life.

Now there are many women who aim to reform homes along with society and end by making themselves peculiarly obnoxious. Mrs. Gooderham retains the gentleness of manner and the broad outlook upon society which keeps her influence over her associates in I.O.D.E. work that of a perfect lady who is first of all a woman. Surrounded by wealth she has the practicality of a woman who understands the homes of those less affluent. Her explanation



Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt, President of the International Woman Suffrage Alliance, who recently lectured in Canada.



# A VISIT TO A PRAIRIE SCHOOL

By EDITH G. BAYNE

THE visitor knocked rather timidly at the door of the little yellow school house. Eleven o'clock of a busy morning seemed an inauspicious time to intrude upon the young idea. However, the pleasant-faced little schoolma'am swept all lingering doubts aside by extending a ready welcome.

"I'm going to stay till four o'clock," announced the visitor. "So just put me in the dunce's corner and forget about me."

"Oh, dear, we haven't got such a thing! But do come in."

The first sight to greet a newcomer upon entering that scrupulously clean room, with its bowls of spring flowers in every window, was a large Canadian flag done in colored chalk on the blackboard.

"Wasye Kropotki's work," whispered Miss Smith. "He's our champion draughtsman."

From the teacher's platform one saw three double rows of smiling faces, about thirty in all.

"What do you do with that very tiny chap while the rest are studying?" asked the visitor, indicating an Indian baby boy of three years who sat at a kindergarten table nearby.

"That's our Tiny Tim. Oh, he generally builds block houses. He's awfully good—never crying or making a noise to disturb the others. Three days a week his mother goes out washing and so his two sisters bring him here. Tiny Tim behaves like a little gentleman. Big Bear was his great grand-daddy, but there's nothing of the rebel about this papoose!"

This particular country school had a reputation. Its teacher was known as a girl with ideas of her own, so the visitor watched with considerable interest the methods she employed. School-teaching being the more or less thankless job it is, it was exhilarating to find a teacher so thoroughly in love with the work that she was not afraid to expend some original ideas upon it.

The junior oral spelling class came up.

"Spell 'busy,'" said the teacher to a small chap who was very evidently of Russian descent.

"B-i-z-z-y," he answered glibly.

"Wrong!"

"But it does spell it," he protested in surprise.

Another pupil gave the correct spelling.

"But that spells 'bewsy'!" exclaimed the child.

The teacher was equal to the occasion. In a few words and gently, she explained that we were not responsible for the eccentricities of the English language as handed down to us.

At noon the teacher lighted an oil-stove, the presence of which had been puzzling the visitor.

"Katia, Mary and Olga, will you get the cups and spoons and pass them," she ordered. "And, Axel, please fetch me some fresh water."

She took from a cupboard a large saucepan, a can of cocoa, a bottle of milk and some sugar.

"Do you always have hot cocoa for lunch?" asked the visitor.

"Yes, or else soup. Once or twice we have had malted milk, but the children don't seem to care for it as well."

"Doesn't this work encroach on your noon hour?"

"Oh it does of course. But then—" she shrugged.



"I suppose the pupils clean up."

"Yes, and they seem to enjoy it. Two of the girls have charge of the cupboard, and in winter two of the boys look after the box-stove. The quality of the pupils' work has gone up fully fifty per cent. since we instituted this wrinkle. A cold snack, you see, is a rather miserable preparation for the afternoon's lessons. Oh, I had some kicking to contend with at first! One German parent took the trouble to call on me and say: 'Maype you tink I don't feet my Kit Lena, eh? Lots to eat she gets at home.'

"It was worse when I first introduced the thin edge of the wedge in regard to our Friday afternoon 'politics' space. (By the way, this is Friday, so you

will be able to hear us.) One of the chronic kickers came around and told me that I would be reported to the board if I didn't remove Sir Wilfrid Laurier and Sir Robert Borden from the curriculum. 'Is dot vot you call school-teaching?' he snorted. 'My Kit, Mary, comes home and tells me already how she is going to vote!'

"You see, that hour from three to four on Friday used to be given over to a concert or a spelling-match. So I just told the board that I intended to utilize it in a better way. And what better than to teach these boys and girls something about our Canadian statesmen? You would be surprised, too, how they look forward to the lesson!"

When three o'clock came round the visitor could indeed observe a subtle excitement in the school. The children sat up very straight and waited with ill-concealed eagerness for the opening of the proceedings.

"Now I'm going to try Benny and Myra first," announced Miss Smith. "They are our two newest pupils and this is their first Friday at school."

She pinned a large picture of the Premier of Saskatchewan on the blackboard with a glass-headed tack, and turned about inquiringly.

"That's Mister Martin," said Benny at once.

"Premier Martin, Benny. Now, Myra, do you know who this man is?"

MYRA smiled agreeably. She evidently believed in putting in a good word for everybody.

"Yaw," she said. "He ban nice fella."

A ripple of merriment passed over the class.

"Dmitri will stand up and tell us something about our Premier," said Miss Smith.

Dmitri was about ten and he was bashful, but he rose and obeyed. His knowledge was accurate, even if his delivery was quaint and halting. Following him, Axel (who had brought the water from the pump) got up and discoursed upon free wheat. He told us just what benefits would accrue from it, and he side-stepped the subject a moment or two to give us some facts about mixed farming and the marketing of cattle. It wasn't just patter. The boy was hugely interested in his subjects, as of course he was himself a potential (and intentional) farmer.

A map of the western battle front hung on the wall. The pupils had made it themselves, with a row of red-headed pins to represent the British lines. The so-called Hindenburg line was picked out in black pins, while our Allies' trenches were shown in blue, yellow, white and green. The pupils were required to gather a sort of war summary or review of the week's war news so that on Friday these pins might be moved forward or backward as the case

(Concluded on page 24.)

## PERSONALITY AND PHILANTHROPIST

By MADGE MacBETH

FIRST Jewish settler in Ottawa was Mr. M. Bilsky. His wife, who is still living, deserves especial mention. Undaunted by the responsibilities of rearing her own large family, she adopted five other children, all in a lump! And this at a time when considerable pulling was necessary to stretch the housekeeping allowance from one week to the next. The young Bilskys were taught at an early age the joy of giving and they formed quite a creditable benevolent society amongst themselves, caring for the Jewish immigrants who were finding their way into the city. These foreigners, Russians and Poles, were generally in desperate straits, ignorant as to language, lean as to purse and utterly without an idea as to the best way of earning a livelihood.

The Bilskys fed and clothed several families, but even their generosity could not compass the ever-growing need. So Lillian, then a girl about sixteen, decided to broaden their activities, and band together all the Jewish people in moderately comfortable circumstances for the purpose of looking after those

in need of assistance. Under her youthful leadership the Society flourished, its efficiency is proven by the fact that never since its formation, has any outside charity been called upon to help the Jewish people. Even the city charity organizations have been relieved of this burden.

Miss Bilsky did not look upon her marriage with Mr. Freiman as an excuse for dropping her philanthropic work. On the contrary, she made it the means of performing added charities. For instance, she adopted a little girl who had been receiving ill-treatment in the family where she had been placed; she made work in her own home for women whose capabilities did not quite equal their willingness and who could not keep situations elsewhere. And the people she fed.

Mrs. Freiman's enormous connection, her personal knowledge of so many of the city's poor, brought her in close touch with the Children's Aid Society, and that in turn with the Juvenile Court, where her

attendance is frequent. It is quite the ordinary thing for her to be summoned to the Court, for her to "get the children off," after which she exacts a promise that they report to her every few days. This seems to satisfy all concerned—the officers, the parents, the children. The reforms which have resulted from her gentle methods of dealing with delinquents are too numerous to mention. Boys who apparently had made a habit of stealing, now hold positions of trust in large institutions; girls whose feet slipped from the difficult moral path, are now happy wives and mothers. And it is worth recording that when, owing to some one's dark record, a position could not be found elsewhere, that person was always sure of being given a trial in Mr. Freiman's mammoth store.

A few years ago, when the Freimans moved into a new home, their neighbours exhibited quite a little pardonable curiosity and puzzlement in regard to the procession which flowed to and from their door. The neighbours, risking an eye from behind the front bed-room window-curtains, did not know about

these children delinquents who were required to report, nor about the new lot of immigrants who were applying for help, nor about out-of-town visitors who once had lived in Ottawa, had received help from Mrs. Freiman and were calling to express their gratitude. Indeed, these same neighbours nearly forgot themselves and poked their heads out of the windows one evening, when sixty odd ill-clothed, bent-backed, tragic-faced men shambled to the door. This was a delegation of rag pickers, most of whom Mrs. Freiman had started in business, buying out of her own pocket their push-carts and licenses. They waited on her in a body to explain that an organization doing immense good in war work and the raising of thousands of dollars for patriotic purposes, had thoughtlessly hit upon a scheme which would take the bread out of the mouths of the Jewish families . . . they planned the collection and sale of old rags, bottles and junk.

**I**N her unhurried, almost placid way, Mrs. Freiman stilled the woeful outpourings of the delegation, and showing a confidence she was far from feeling—for the organization was powerful, and their advertising for junk was already widespread—she called upon the Mayor. She represented that the city could not afford to throw these rag-pickers out of work, that the care of sixty odd families throughout the oncoming winter would be a heavy burden, and that the scheme of the organization was not economically sound. Her argument was too obvious to require discussion. The scheme was abandoned, there was no dreaded starvation, and a host of grateful people were added to those already under obligation to Mrs. Freiman.

That she feels gratitude, too, is evidenced in many ways. She furnished and maintains a room in the Water Street Hospital—a Roman Catholic institution—because the nuns there have been so kind in their treatment of the charity patients she has sent to them. For the same reason she pays for the up-keep of a room in the new Hull Public Hospital. She furnished and maintains the women's sitting room in the Home for Incurables into which no Jewish people are admitted! A list of her monthly donations would fill this page, and she is a regular martyr of the raffle-fiend and the ticket-seller.

**T**HAT kind of generosity, however, is accounted easy to one whose cheque book will stand the strain. Not that Mrs. Freiman makes no personal sacrifices, for she does. But the kind of work for which she is remarkable requires more energy and thought than the mere writing of cheques.

At the outbreak of the war she organized the Jewish women into one of the most efficient bodies sewing for the Red Cross. Lady Borden presided over the opening meeting, at which one hundred and fifty women were present. Mrs. Freiman has converted a whole floor of her home into a huge workshop, and there, every week, these people come to sew. They keep nearly thirty machines humming and take pride in saying that they do no "small" work. Pyjamas and heavy lined dressing gowns, beautifully tailored, are their contribution to the Red Cross.

The Polish Relief work is perhaps Mrs. Freiman's hobby. Nothing for this fund was done in Ottawa

until she undertook to raise some money. Over fifteen thousand dollars has been collected, one might say, through her personal effort. She approached every Jewish family in the city and arranged that they contribute a certain amount each week. This varies according to their circumstances from two

cents up. Taking charge of booths, collecting advertisements, lending her home for concerts and bazaars—these things are just incidental in her busy life.

She is a member of the Executive Board of practically every organization in the city. Her name has become synonymous with success, and people say, "If we could only get Mrs. Freiman interested. . . ."

She abhors waste. Not a minute slips by her without accounting for itself. She collects the scraps, clippings, papers, etc., from her husband's store, sells them and with the proceeds (to which she adds largely) she pays the very poor women to sew or knit. To her come the most unique offers—stranded theatrical companies hope that she will finance them and incidentally make something for the Polish Relief! Moving picture companies place their outfit at her disposal. People with things to raffle, offer them to her, if she will undertake to dispose of them. Fifteen minutes spent in her home gives one a slight idea of the bewildering variety of her activities. The telephone calls her one moment to arrange for some committee meeting; the next, it summons her to attend the Juvenile Court; a second later, she hears by Long Distance that a youthful runaway

has repented and begs money to bring him back home; following close upon this, she is told that misunderstandings have arisen in a certain committee and disruption appears imminent. She looks at her watch and makes a rapid calculation.

**"I** HAVE a meeting at eleven," she might have said, "must be at the Hospital at twelve; take a look at my booth at two; see one of the returned soldiers at half past; sew with the women at three; serve tea to them at five; meet the moving picture man at six; listen to the reports of the children until seven; have some old friends of my father's coming in to dinner; and entertain a few of the convalescent soldiers in the evening." Instead, she answers, "Yes, I think I

can fix up that little trouble in the committee, to-day. Oh, it's no bother . . . don't thank me. Good-bye!" One never hears her say she is "too busy," or that she has no time.

People in all walks of life and of all denominations lean on her strength. She helps them indiscriminately—which does not mean without discrimination. She is an acknowledged power, but her wielding of it is without bombast. It is entirely unassuming. Mrs. Freiman makes no bid for recognition, social or otherwise; indeed, she has no time for purely social activities. One more little story before bringing this sketch to a close: Mrs. Freiman receives two cheques every month from the Militia Department. They represent the pay of two boys to whom she was kind. When they left for the front, they begged her to accept their cheques in return for all she had done for them. She accepted the money, which is deposited each month to their credit, and which never grows less, in spite of the fact that interestingly fat parcels are sent to them every week.

If it is true that war has brought nations together who in peace times never had mutual dealings more than the ancient Jews and the Samaritans, it is quite as true that the exigencies of war work at home have brought about co-operation among classes of the community which used to keep much to themselves.



Some of the workers organized by Mrs. A. J. Freiman, of Ottawa, to sew for the Red Cross. They meet every week in an upper room of Mrs. Freiman's house. She herself, with an apron on, is about middle of the picture third row from the front.



Over one hundred girls of the well known "inner circle" families of Ottawa have undertaken gardening activities under the direction of the Ottawa Women's Canadian Club, for the benefit of the Soldiers' and Sailors' Comfort Fund. Here are some of the young women thus engaged, photographed at



Women timber cutters at Ludlow, Shropshire, England, loading a wagon with timbers they have cut, for the Army in France.

the scene of their work on the Dominion Government Driveway. At the left is the young ladies' chaperon, Mrs. T. W. Crothers, wife of Hon. T. W. Crothers, Minister of Labour. The girls are buying a motor truck to be operated by themselves in transporting their produce to Ottawa's large public market.

# WAR-WORK—PAID AND UNPAID

By ESTELLE M. KERR

**T**O judge patriotism by the remuneration or absence of remuneration for war-work is unfair, for the people engaged in its most definite forms—soldiers, nurses, munition-makers, etc.—are paid, and well paid. They can never be adequately recompensed in dollars and cents for the risks they take, but their wages compare favourably with those given for other forms of labour. Yet there is a tendency to criticize women belonging to what was formerly known as the leisure class, who accept paid positions for patriotic work.

Now, this is a mistake. It has been proved conclusively that the voluntary worker is less efficient than the paid worker, and all employers of labour prefer to give wages, however small, to put things on a business footing. It is almost impossible to get the same punctuality and conscientious attention from the voluntary as from the paid worker. Only one case in Canada has come to my notice of a girl who, for the last two years, has worked steadily five hours a day, six days a week, making hospital supplies. This has involved great sacrifice, it meant absenting herself from the wedding of her best friend, it meant rising early to do the housework when other members of the family were ill. This case is so unusual as to attract much attention, yet the factory girl who follows her daily routine with unfailing punctuality remains unpraised, though her hours are more exacting, and her work more trying, but possibly quite as useful.

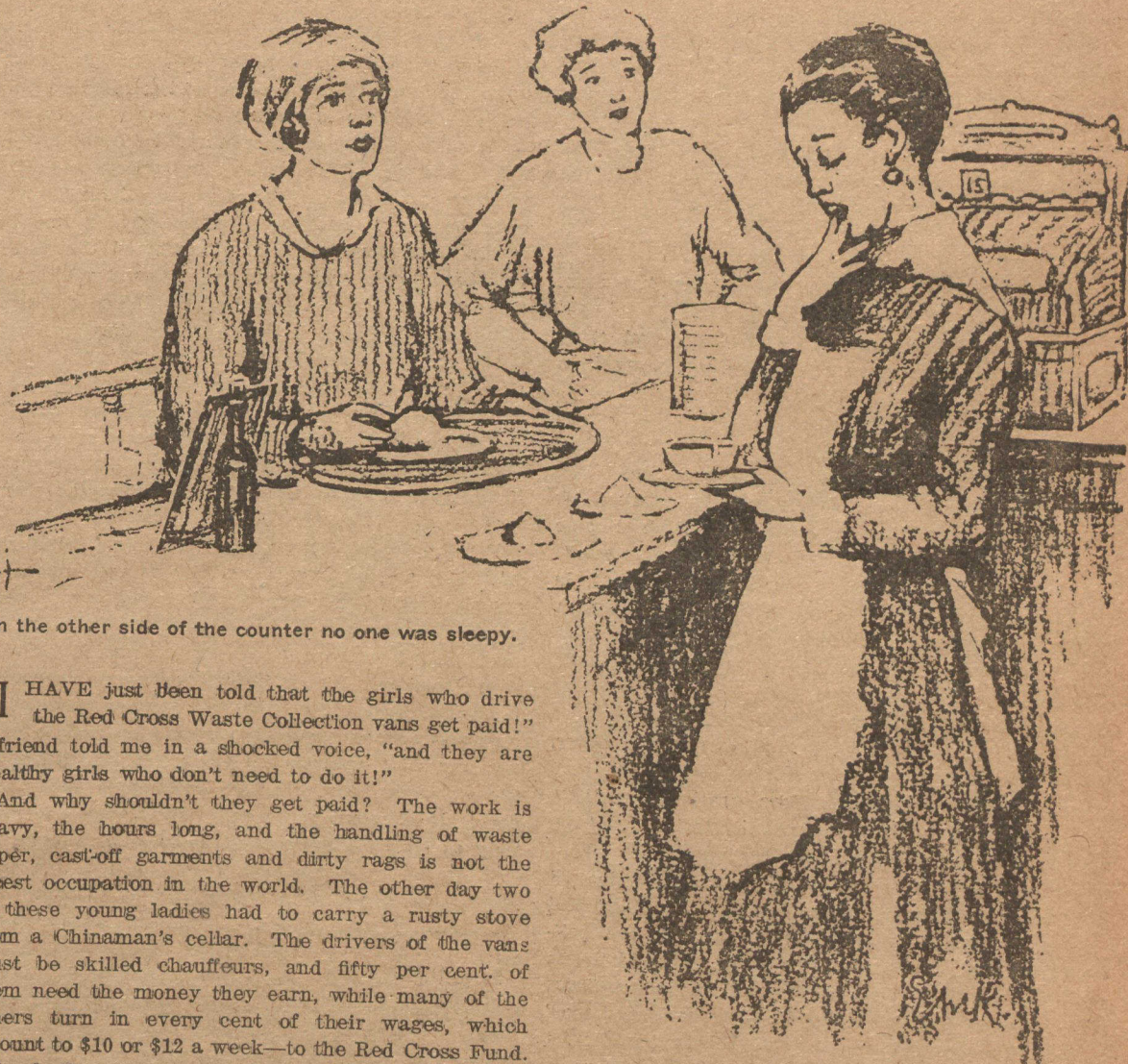
**A** LADY returning from the Red Cross Committee of her church boasted of the fact that she had made four shirts that day—and the shabby little girl from a shirt factory sitting near her in the street car nudged her neighbour and said:

"Say, Mame, did you hear that? Gee, she'd be able to hold down a machine at our shop I don't think!" And Mame giggled.

"She'd get the walking ticket pretty quick, even if she was on piece work! They wouldn't keep no dubs like that, no siree!"

**F**EW people undertake hospital supplies as a life work. It is chiefly carried on by women who are engaged in the vocation of homemaking, by business girls, students, teachers and artists whose time is not fully occupied. The amount accomplished by individuals is small, but with working parties in every church, college, club and institution, the women of Canada have, by utilizing their time of leisure, ensured the comfort of our wounded men. Recent reports, however, show that this supply is diminishing, while the toll of wounded increases daily. The reason given is that so many women who formerly spent much of their time in this way, are now filling positions formerly occupied by men. Surely there are more women who can give part of their time to this work, or women already working nine hours a week who could work twelve, or some working twelve hours who could work eighteen. But even with the present force of workers we feel sure that if business methods of punctuality and conscientiousness were universally adopted by all these part-time workers, the hospital supplies would increase rather than diminish. One is so apt to be half an hour late when there is no time-clock to punch; one is so apt to feel too poorly to go when there are no deductions in salary for their absence. And when the thermometer marks 90 degrees in the shade, one is very liable to suddenly depart for long summer holidays.

**A** GREAT deal of consecrated devotion to the cause has been shown by honorary officers of various patriotic societies, but though their work may occupy more than the average working hours each day, it rarely involves the painful necessity of being on duty at 8.30 a.m. sharp and continuing till 5.30 p.m., and these officers who are in the public eye may appreciate the honour and fame given to their work more than mere money.



On the other side of the counter no one was sleepy.

"I HAVE just been told that the girls who drive the Red Cross Waste Collection vans get paid!" a friend told me in a shocked voice, "and they are wealthy girls who don't need to do it!"

And why shouldn't they get paid? The work is heavy, the hours long, and the handling of waste paper, cast-off garments and dirty rags is not the nicest occupation in the world. The other day two of these young ladies had to carry a rusty stove from a Chinaman's cellar. The drivers of the vans must be skilled chauffeurs, and fifty per cent. of them need the money they earn, while many of the others turn in every cent of their wages, which amount to \$10 or \$12 a week—to the Red Cross Fund. But whether they spend their money on themselves or not, they are doing useful work for the country. The waste depot in Toronto turned in \$1,752 to the Canadian Red Cross Society last month, which brings the total receipts from this source to \$15,403. And in many other Canadian cities the work is carried on in the same way. There are a great many applicants for these positions. In Toronto alone there is a waiting list of over one hundred, but why do these girls not apply for positions as drivers of delivery waggons? They would do useful work in that capacity releasing men for work on the land. When a few society girls take up some form of work, it becomes fashionable and there is a great rush of applicants while useful industries upon which fashion has not smiled her approval, suffer for lack of labour.

**L**OUD protests have been heard from many sources against women of means taking the well-paid positions in munition factories. Recently a large munition plant in Canada, where a large number of well educated women are employed, temporarily laid off 400 workers. Imagine the state of affairs at the end of the war when all munition plants are closed, if the employees are all dependent on their earnings! All forms of war work should be done as largely as possible by women of independent means, and the poorer women should be encouraged to fit themselves for vocations that will continue in time of peace.

**T**HERE is always friction when paid and unpaid workers labour together, and nowhere is this more apparent than in the munition canteens. On one side of the counter are unskilled waitresses selling food for very little money and working for no remuneration whatever and rather conscious of their virtue in so doing. On the other side are keen-faced workers who are eating from necessity. They are well paid, but require good, nourishing food, and they often want it quickly, for delay may mean a loss of a bonus. Punctuality is a necessity on one side of the counter, it is a rare virtue on the other and often, instead of the regular workers of the day, the

staff of waitresses consists chiefly of substitutes. This was the case on the Saturday night when I consented to take the place of one of the regular canteen workers. Several articles were not marked on the price list, we did not know where things were kept, and some of us had come at an hour's notice after a long tiring day and were feeling cross and sleepy. On the other side of the counter no one looked sleepy. They were used to working at night and had taken their rest by daylight. And their time was comparatively short—six hours—while we arrived at ten and remained until eight a.m. Indeed, I spent nine hours that night feeling that food was the least desirable thing on earth and sleep the most beatific pleasure.

**S**LOWLY the hours dragged on. The real workers, accustomed to the hours and hardened to fatigue, came to the canteen for refreshments, departed to their work, and after six hours came again, conscious of having done good work and earned two or three dollars, while I, working three hours longer, returned home conscious of nothing but a blinding headache. I was not upheld by any idea of patriotic service, for the factory was not owned by the Government. I knew that at the low prices charged the Y. W. C. A., under whose auspices the canteens are run, can make very little money, and the munition workers are able and the majority of them quite willing, to pay more for their food and have it well cooked and served by paid and skilful workers.

Women in Canada have not yet risen to the point of self-sacrifice and devotion to the cause shown by women in England and France. There there are many forms of voluntary war work in which strict business principles are observed. In the munition canteens in Government factories there is a staff of voluntary workers who come day after day for regular hours and by daily service they soon become skilful workers. They serve only necessary and nutritious food to the workers who are poorly paid. They are directly serving the Government and, by their daily sacrifice, they are helping the great cause.

## THE GOLF BALL

(Concluded from page 9.)

room, for he was standing in the doorway with Colonel Appleby, and fairly sprang out in front of me, he took my programme, wrote his name opposite ten dances and asked if I would save him the two last extras, as he had to go to the barracks to see the O. C. during the latter half of the evening."

"My dear," said mother, rather shocked but pleased.

"And then," said Cora, "when we were dancing the second dance he said, 'that's a ripping way you've got your hair done to-night, does any of it come off?'"

"For heaven's sake," ejaculated Eileen, "he must be crazy."

"That is what I thought," said Cora, and then, turning to me, "Jean, there is nothing funny in a rude remark like that."

I told her I was not listening to her, that I was laughing at something in the paper. Mother asked Cora what she had replied to the captain. She answered that she didn't remember, she didn't think she had said anything, she was so surprised. But he had said, "There, there, I truly forgot, forgive me."

"Then," went on Cora, "some time after that, in the interval he was quite all right, a good dancer, I admit, and very entertaining, but some time after that he stopped me, drew me to one side, and said, 'How do you like me in this coat, Cora?'"

"Impertinent, I call that," said Eileen.

"He probably did not mean anything," said mother, soothingly.

"That is not the worst," Cora continued, a little breathless and laughing almost hysterically. "We were out in the conservatory having an ice about supper time, waiting for a table, when he leaned over to me and said, 'Cora, you are adorable,' and then when we were about to go back to the ball-room, he took me in his arms without the slightest warning and said, 'Let's remove all obstacles, Cora, marry me, darling,' and then he—he—he kissed me."

"Cora!" screamed mother and Eileen together.

"I don't know what I said then," Cora gave a little hysterical gulp. "I think I told him that I did not care if he was a returned soldier and a hero; that I considered him the rudest and most ill-bred man I had ever met."

"That was a little hard, Cora," remonstrated mother. "He has been several years in France, you know, and we cannot tell how the French ladies expect men to behave. He probably meant quite all right."

"He probably treats every girl he meets the very same way," said Cora, angrily.

"Oh, no, he doesn't," I interrupted. "I think he must be a rattling good sort from what you say. Why don't you take him at his word, Corrie?"

But I might have saved myself the trouble of trying to take his part, I didn't do any good, rather the reverse.

It seems Cora had left him after she had expressed her opinion of him, but even then, she said, he was evidently not much impressed with what she had said. He had laughed a little, said something about her not really meaning it! Oh, Cora was mad all right, mad straight through! Mother tried to persuade her that she had completely turned the captain's head, and that he was not quite responsible. But Cora and Eileen both said they thought there must have been something wrong with the captain's head before ever he saw Corrie. Then Cora ended the whole thing by crying, and saying she simply could not play on Monday; to have him looking on would upset her completely, and as for playing a double with him, as she had promised to do, she would not think of it.

However, a note arrived by special messenger that afternoon, the special messenger was a tall soldier, the captain's batman I suppose. The note was not given me to read, but as it was left on the dining-room mantel-piece I considered it public property, so I read it. In it Captain Forsythe humbled himself to the ground. Nobody but myself knew what he meant when he said "from the very first moment I saw you I knew I had never felt for any girl what I felt for you. You will think me foolish and precipitate, but it's true. However, I shan't refer to it

again, we'll both try to forget it if you insist, and we shall date our acquaintance from this evening, if you will let me come up with Major Whitely. I promise to be conventional and circumspect in every way. I have two months' leave here, perhaps in that time I can persuade you to forgive me."

He came up that same evening. I did not go down. But I understand he made the liveliest sort of an impression on dad, and that mother thought him no end charming. His behaviour, according to all accounts, was faultless. He entertained them all by thrilling stories and funny stories, and yet was the most perfect listener. Mother and Eileen and Corrie talked till two o'clock that night in Cora's room.

Matters progressed with amazing rapidity after that. They had four days of golf and the Captain increased his fame with every stroke. He took Cora and Eileen out to tea, sent up flowers, came to call about every other day, and, in short, did everything that any man does when he is paving the way to a proposal.

For the first few days, when I knew I might meet with him around any corner, I was very uneasy. I am accustomed to wearing my hair puffed a bit round my face and wound round my hair in plaits. It suits me that way and covers my head with a shiny sort of coronet. But in order to alter my appearance I combed it straight back and braided it in a long queue down my back. It's very long and it got in my way a lot, and I had a great deal of guying from the girls and boys at school, but I pretended not to care. It changed my whole appearance. I looked ugly as sin. No danger in the least of anyone mis-

## A POTATO DRAMA.



Despair.  
The Last Potato.

Safety.  
Ha, ha! I am a Seed  
Potato!

—From The Westminster Gazette

taking me for Cora or falling in love with me at first sight,

The first time I met the captain, properly met him, I mean, he just glanced at me, and I was so studiously indifferent to him that mother spoke to me about it afterward. The second time I met him he was up to dinner. I had on a hideous little high neck blouse, and I tried to disguise my voice when it was necessary for me to speak, so Eileen and dad both asked me if I had a cold. But mother and Cora were so taken up with the captain that they did not notice me, and, as for him, he seemed to avoid looking at me, and if his eyes did meet mine, his face always twitched the way it did when the false curls fell off, and I laid it down to the fact that I looked so comically plain beside my pretty sisters, that he wanted to laugh about it. While I am sorry I was not a boy and all that, and don't care two pins for admiration, I am fond of nice clothes, and I like to look my best even before the postman. I got pretty well fed up with seeing my face in the glass in those days, choky little collars around my neck, and my hair as slick as a cat's. Dad said I looked like a Finlander, and asked me what the idea was. Considering I was doing the whole thing not to interfere with Corrie's love affair, it was pretty hard that I had to be laughed at all round. However, I bore it in good part enough and for three weeks martyred myself without any outward complaint. As it turned out, I might have spared myself the trouble.

The way it ended was this. It took twelve days for Cora and the captain to become engaged, and they were going to be married on the first of the month.

Of course, it was rather a scramble of an affair, but his leave was short and he was able to persuade mother and dad with Cora's help. As for me I was very anxious the whole thing should be safely over and I could get back to my normal life again.

I shall end this story with an episode that took place in the library two days after they were engaged.

I was sitting in there with my feet on the table, four apples and a large volume of the History of the French Revolution—I have to be up on that for my French exam. The door opened suddenly and in came the captain. He was alone. All along I had been barely civil to him, and now, with my usual aloofness, I stood up and said, "I'll call Cora."

"No, don't," he said, advancing with outstretched hand, "she'll be here presently. Then he asked, smiling, "Jean, aren't we ever going to be friends?"

I shrugged my shoulders. "I'm friendly enough," I said. "You're a good sort. I've nothing against you," and I gave his hand a hard shake.

"Jean," he said, very softly, still holding my hand, "I like you better with your hair loose."

For one moment we stood there facing one another. He had his eyebrows raised quizzically and was smiling broadly.

At last I said, "How long have you known?"

"Since two days after I met you," he answered.

"Who in time could have told you?" I gasped.

"Little Teddy Appleby," he replied. "I was at his house for dinner. He had seen us together on the links Saturday."

"But I told him I was Cora," I said, stupidly, "and he pretended to believe me."

"So he said," the captain affirmed, "but Teddy is rather astute, and he has watched Cora play golf."

"Oh," I said, "thank you," and then, "I suppose his grandfather and every one else has been told, too."

"No," the captain shook his head, laughing, "I made him promise with the aid of a silver dollar never to divulge the secret."

"Does Corrie know?" I asked.

"Not yet. I wanted your permission before telling her."

"You can have it," I said, "after you are safely married."

"Thank you," said he, and then, "You are a very pretty girl, Jean, if you will forgive me for saying so, but you are not half so pretty as Cora."

"Thank you," said I, with heavy emphasis on the last syllable.

Then I hurried from the room, ran upstairs, shook out my hair, put on Cora's rose-coloured jersey, and her tam, tucked the little curls under the latter and ran down to the library while Cora was still talking with mother in her bed-room with the door shut. It was beginning to get dark, but the firelight in the library was bright. I poked my head around the door.

"My darling," said the captain, coming towards me with some precipitation.

I shook my head and placed my finger on my lips, still with only my head around the door. He came closer, "Sweetheart," whispered he, "what is the secret?"

"This," said I, and I pulled the false curls from under the cap and laid them in his outstretched hand.

So I think we're quits, anyway.

## Joffre in Montreal

(Concluded from page 6.)

which might well have broken the spirit of a smaller man. All French armies had been defeated; all French armies were in retreat, and a great and victorious German machine was moving forward as it had moved forty-four years before.

The story of how Joffre led the German armies into the fatal strategic positions between Paris and Verdun, and having led them there—having led them beyond their bases, ahead of their supplies—struck them, exhausted with the strain of long marches, rolled them back, narrowly missed destroying them, is the story of the greatest feat in military history—the victory of a million men, ill-prepared and ill-organized, who had already been frequently defeated, who had fallen back for one hundred miles before a victorious army of more than a million and a half, nourished in the tradition of invincibility and already sustained by victories unequalled even in Napoleonic history. The battle of the Marne was the victory of French genius over German force.

What a great thing for Canada in the war it would have been if Joffre could have gone on a pilgrimage clean through Quebec!

# A WAR DANCE FOR WAR FUNDS

By P. W. LUCE  
Pictures by Canada Photo Co.

WHEN Vancouver undertook to raise \$72,304 for equal division among the Red Cross Material, the Returned Soldiers, Canadian Patriotic and Royal Naval Service Funds, Vancouver took a truly western way of doing it. The event was translated into a Carnival. The Carnival occupied four days, beginning May 3. It was staged under the auspices of the B. C. Commercial Travellers' Association, and it was done with a vim and a spectacular energy that reminded the people very much of the go-ahead days before the war.

The whole four-days event was called A War Dance. The stage for the Dance was the Georgia St. Viaduct, a bridge half a mile long and nearly a hundred feet wide. In the centre space was reserved the largest open-air cabaret in the world, and here thousands of couples danced every afternoon and evening. On Saturday, the closing day, a great free-for-all masquerade ball was held, when

the whole length

of the bridge was a sardine box of humanity, while immense crowds debouched from each end and overflowed into the adjoining streets, where confetti battles took the place of dancing.

Incidental to the War Dance, an election of a Queen of the Carnival was held. Votes cost one cent apiece, and the fifteen candidates brought to the treasury as a result of their campaign nearly \$16,000; the winner, Miss Josie Siddons, alone turning in \$6,050. Her ladies in waiting, the next highest candidates, were Misses Grace MacDonald, Pearl Traer, Nettie Williams and Ethel Hollis

Miss Josie Siddons, Queen of the War Dance Carnival in her royal robes.



One of the greatest parades in Vancouver's Four Days' War Dance was the American Day Parade, here seen on its way down Hastings St.

Morris. Miss Siddons and her maids rode in state in the two-mile parade on the opening day, May 2, in a gorgeously decorated carriage. Mayor McBeath, as representing the city of Vancouver, crowned the young lady Queen of the Carnival, with imposing ceremony, at a palace built on the viaduct.

It is estimated that 20,000 visitors came from other cities and the rural districts to take part in the pleasures of the carnival, and that approximately a million dollars of money was placed in circulation as a result of the big fete.

## ADVERTISING THE BIGGEST THING WE KNOW

BUT all the bright festival ideas don't originate in the West. The photograph below was taken in the Arena Gardens, Toronto. Some days ago, just as spring made her first coy advances taking the chill off the hockey field in that vast auditorium, 300 young ladies of Branksome Hall and Margaret Eaton School, Toronto, presented a patriotic fete which, if given in the New York Hippodrome, would have been regarded as a "hit." The photograph below gives the closing scene, when all the young ladies expressed the sentiments of the audience and the occasion in a very striking style. An advertising man present made the shrewd remark: "Well, I've seen some pretty elaborate sign advertising in

my career, but that's the most extravagant I know anything about. Hmm! Three hundred girls in that. No, there isn't anything but King and Country big enough to carry such expensive display advertising as that."

Then he forgot his advertising idea, because the thing was so beautiful. The entire programme was in charge of Miss Mary G. Hamilton. The net proceeds were \$1,300, devoted to the Returned Soldiers' Fund. As an example of what educated young women can do under good stage management, this Patriotic Fete stands high.



# THE GAME OF BENIGN BUNCO

*Involving Some People's Wheat and Other People's Money*

By THE EDITOR

Cartoon by Carmichael

WE are naturally a diligent, enthusiastic people. We like to be found doing our duty, giving our share and helping along with the biggest work in hand according to our means. When the agricultural experts and the economists tell us on behalf of Provincial legislatures and the Dominion Government that it is our duty and privilege to be up and doing in the name of increased production, we are as soon as possible up and doing while yet it is called day, for the night cometh when no man can work—and we don't mind working at night too if the moon happens to be up and doing also.

For weeks, months, almost years now, we have been exhorted to get back to the land, even if it's only a patch as big as a rag rug in the back yard. We are told how to make this rug of soil bristle with things for the table. By so doing it is said we do not necessarily make money but we add to the sum total of production in such a way that if hundreds of thousands of people do it the visible supply is increased to a point where it begins to catch up with the demand. This we are assured by the wise ones in economics is sure to bring down prices, or at least prevent most of them from going much higher.

And we agree on this as a first principle. If we can't raise wheat and barley and hogs in a back yard we can at least grow potatoes and string beans. Every bushel and ton of garden truck produced adds to the sum-total of eatables in the country. In times like these it doesn't so much matter what particular eatables they are, so long as they can be eaten. We understand that one thing can be substituted for another. When potatoes went to nearly a dollar a peck we were told to buy rice which was in comparison very cheap. When the hen season came on we were advised to substitute eggs at 40 cents a dozen for meat at about the same price per lb. Any time bread got too high we might eat some other cereal instead—oatmeal, graham bread, and so forth.

Well, we are beginning to learn about this business of substitution. It seemed at first to be a game at which only one could play. And as long as some things stuck at somewhere near the old familiar price, so it was. The green grocer—literally green we supposed—forked us over beans and rice in place of potatoes and wished us a long and a happy life. The butcher handed us out eggs in place of meat and hoped we would do well on them.

Our bills began to come down a little. This was encouraging. By a little added thrift and frugality we might screw our cost of living down to a reasonable percentage above the pre-war scale. So we hoped. And we worked like Trojans while we hoped because we knew that the worst was yet to come. But even while we worked prices worked harder. There seemed to be a kind of infernal yeast working on prices, so that the harder we worked at increasing production the higher the prices went. Perhaps the price-boosters are afraid of the producers.

What we want to know first is—what fixes the price of anything? Demand—we are told—operating on supply. We comprehend this. Joseph might have cornered the corn of Egypt till all the Pharaohs were mummies, but if nobody came round to buy the corn, the whole commodity would have been a drug on the market. The more people that clamour for the eatables that other people have to sell, the more easy it is to get rid of the eatables. And if the would-be buyers come too fast, a very good way is to clap a little extra on to the price, which, of course, always shoves the less affluent buyers to the back of the mob and leaves the market open at a higher price to the more selective crowd who happen to have the price.

That's all simple enough. It may also be as near absolute economic justice as we can ever get, unless an all-wise government paternally steps in and says:

There shall be no discrimination against the poor because the better-off folks have the high price. The cost of this-and-so must remain where it is until—

Exactly—until when? Who knows that some unscrupulous manipulator, willing to obey the law, will not hire a lot of poor people on commission to buy for him so that he may cold-storage commodities for higher prices still when the visible or available supply is not so great? And of what use would it be to fix a top price for anything so long as it is possible for Mr. Rich-Person to buy up a whole raft of the commodity in his own name or through other people's, and thereby take food out of circulation, naturally increasing the price of what remains?

No, if we fix the price, we must also fix the average amount that can be bought by any one person within a given time, or we shall have the little finger of Rehoboam thicker than the loins of Jeroboam.

In this latter variation of the cost-and-commodity problem we begin to smell a further clue to—What causes prices to go up? If demand is the primal cause—then what makes the demand? Is it hungry people? Well and good. Then the hungry must as far as possible be fed from stores that are available now, and until other supplies can be produced from the crops.

BUT suppose—it is not hungry people alone that make the demand for food? To illustrate this, let us take the case of wheat, for an example. There are plenty of others. Once we establish certain simple truths about a few things we are on the road to understanding the rest.

Wheat, we all know, has gone up. Cash wheat is now higher than the maximum price asked several weeks ago by the western wheat growers from the British Government acting through Sir George Foster. The farmers would have taken \$1.70. The price is now over \$2.00. A few years ago we had dollar wheat—and under. At that time bread was less than half the price it is now. The variation in the price of bread corresponds pretty closely to the variation in the price of wheat from which it is made. We

therefore exonerate bakers and millers from the charge of increasing the price. The blame must lie somewhere else.

Why is wheat going up at such a tremendous rate? Is it—demand, compared to visible or available supply? Perhaps. But if the British Government considered \$1.50 a fair maximum price for Canadian wheat two months ago, and Canadian farmers would have been willing to take \$1.70, why has the price now gone far beyond \$2.00 and still going up? Has there been any change in the demand or enough decrease in the visible or available supply to warrant such an increase? We prefer to think—not. The wheat embargo in the Argentine, the wastage in American winter wheat, the decreased acreage in Canada, the lessened production in Europe are factors, some of which were known long ago, some of them of recent development. The new factors are not powerful enough to make the difference if on one side of the score we put

SOME PEOPLE'S WHEAT,  
on the other side,

OTHER PEOPLE'S MONEY.

Something must come between the wheat and the money—something more than the decrease in the visible supply. What is it?

"Oh," says somebody: "That's simple. The submarines. The price of wheat is determined by its export. Export depends upon transport. If submarines destroy a million tons of shipping a month, there is a direct embargo on the export of wheat—since wheat to be really exported must reach its destination and not be sent to the bottom of the sea. The value of wheat is its value to the consumer wherever he may be. If the foreign consumer sets the price for wheat we must have the wheat to consume. The less he gets of it and the more of it goes to the bottom of the sea, whether as wheat or flour, the greater will be the sustained demand and naturally the higher the price will incline to go. There you have it in a nutshell."

Which is somewhat a reasonable argument. But we remember also that when the Canadian farmer was willing to take \$1.70 and the British Government offered a maximum of \$1.50, there was as much destruction by submarines as there is now. Therefore the submarine factor must have been taken care of economically at a much lower price than \$2.30 wheat and 24-cent bread. There must be something else. Between some people's wheat and the other people's money there must be some other influence. What is it? A large majority of those who consume bread and therefore wheat—to each man, woman and child about 5 bushels a year in this country—will perhaps point to the opulent person whose portrait is caricatured at the bottom of this page. Perhaps that fat man can tell us what he has to do with making bread cost 24 cents a large loaf in middle Canada when we have wheat enough in the country now to feed all of Canada for three years.

"Close the exchanges," says somebody. "Why should there be in Winnipeg, for instance, several hundred people engaged in nothing else but the buying and selling of wheat? Why should not these men find more productive employment and some other simpler organization step between the farmers' wheat and the people's money?"

We don't answer that. There may be those who can. But we imagine that if the British Government or the Canadian Government acting for the British had bought the entire surplus Canadian crop, for 1917, a large number of these alleged profiteering price-boosters would have been out of business.



## CANADA IN WAR PAINT

THIS war has produced a new breed of mankind, something that the army has never seen before, although they have formed a part of it, under the same name, since Noah was a boy. They are alike in name only. Batmen, the regular army type, are professionals. What they don't know about cleaning brass, leather, steel, and general valeting simply isn't worth knowing. They are super-servants, and they respect their position as reverently as an English butler respects his. With the new batman it is different. Usually the difficulty is not so much to discover what they do not know, as what they do! A new officer arrives at the front, or elsewhere, and he has to have a batman. It is a rather coveted job, and applicants are not slow in coming forward. Some man who is tired of doing sentry duty gets the position, and his "boss" spends anxious weeks bringing him up in the way he should go, losing, in the interval, socks, handkerchiefs, underwear, gloves, ties, shirts, and collars galore! What can be said to the wretched man when in answer to "Where the — is my new pair of socks?" he looks faint and replies: "I've lost them, sir!" Verily, as the "professional" scornfully remarks, are these "Saturday night batmen!"

Yet even batmen are born, not made. Lucky is he who strikes on one of the former; only the man is sure to get killed, or wounded, or go sick! There is always a fly in the ointment somewhere. The best kind of batman to have is a kleptomaniac. Treat him



"Where did you get this pair of pants?"

well and he will never touch a thing of your own, but he will, equally, never leave a thing belonging to any one else!

"Cozens, where did you get this pair of pants?"

"Found them, sir!"

"Where did you find them?"

"Lying on the floor, sir," with an air of injured surprise.

"Where!"

"I don't just remember, sir."

Voice from right rear: "The Major's compliments, sir, and have you seen his new pants?"

"Cozens!"

"Yessir."

"Give me those pants. . . . Are those the Major's?"

"Yes, sir, them's them."

Cozens watches the pants disappear with a sad, retrospective air of gloom.

"You ain't got but the one pair now,

By CAPT. RALPH W. BELL

Published in Book Form by J. M. Dent & Sons, Ltd.

sir." This with reproach.

"How many times have I got to tell you to leave other people's clothes alone? The other day it was pyjamas, now it's pants. You'll be taking somebody's boots next. Confound it. I'll—I'll return you to duty if you do it again! . . . How about all those handkerchiefs? Where did they come from?"

"All yours, sir, back from the wash!" With a sigh, one is forced to give up the unequal contest.

Albeit as valets the batmen of the present day compare feebly with the old type, in certain other ways they are head and shoulders above them.

The old "pro" refuses to do a single thing beyond looking after the clothing and accoutrements of his master. The new kind of batman can be impressed to do almost anything. He will turn into a runner, wait at table, or seize a rifle with gusto and help get Fritz's wind up. Go long journeys to find souvenirs, and make himself generally useful. He will even "bat" for the odd officer, when occasion arises, as well as for his own particular boss.

No man is a hero in the eyes of his own batman. He knows everything about you, even to the times when your banking account is nil. He knows when you last had a bath, and when you last changed your underwear. He knows how much you eat, and also how much you drink; he knows all your friends with whom you correspond, and most of your family affairs as revealed by that correspondence, and nothing can hide from his eagle eye the fact that you are—lousy! Yet he is a pretty good sort, after all; he never tells. We once had a rather aged sub. in the Company whose teeth were not his own, not a single one of them. One night, after a somewhat heavy soiree and general meeting of friends, he went to bed—or, to be more accurate, was tucked in by his faithful henchman—and lost both the upper and lower sets in the silent watches. The following morning he had a fearfully worried look, and spake not at all, except in whispers to his batman. Finally, the O.C. Company asked him a question, and he had to say something. It sounded like "A out mo," so we all instantly realized something was lacking. He refused to eat anything at all, but took a little nourishment in the form of tea. His batman was to be observed crawling round the floor, perspiring at every pore, searching with his ears aslant and his mouth wide open for hidden ivory. We all knew it; poor old Gerrard knew we knew it, but the batman was faithful to the last, even when he pounced on the quarry with the light of triumph in his eye. He came to his master after breakfast was over and asked if he could speak to him. Poor Gerrard moved into the other room, and you could have heard a pin drop. "Please, sir," in a stage whisper from his batman, "Please, sir, I've got hold of them Teeth, sir! But the front ones is habsent, sir, 'aving bin trod on!"

The biggest nuisance on God's earth is a batman who spends all his spare moments getting drunk! Usually, how-

ever, he is a first-class batman during his sober moments! He will come in "plastered to the eyes" about eleven o'clock, and begin to hone your razors by the pallid rays of a candle, or else clean your revolver and see if the cartridges fit! In his cups he is equal to anything at all. Unless the case is really grave the man wins every time, for no one hates the idea of changing his servant more than an officer who has had the same man for a month or so and found him efficient.

Not infrequently batmen are touchingly faithful. They will do anything on earth for their "boss" at any time of the day or night, and never desert him in the direst extremity. More than one batman has fallen side by side with his officer, whom he had followed into the fray, close on his heels.

Once, after a charge, a conversation ensued between the sergeant of a certain officer's platoon and that officer's batman, in this fashion:

"What were you doin' out there, Tommy?"

"Follerin'."

"And why was you close up on his heels, so clost I could 'ardly see 'im?"

"Follerin' 'im up."

"And why wasn't you back somewhere safe?" (This with a touch of sarcasm.)

"Lord, Sargint, you couldn't expect me to let 'im go out by 'isself! 'E might ha' got hurt!"

## SCOUT OFFICER

WE have a certain admiration for our scout officer; not so much for his sleuth-hound propensities, as for his completely degage air. He is a Holmes-Watson individual, in whom the Holmes is usually subservient to the Watson.

Without a map—he either has several dozen or none at all—he is purely Watson. With a map he is transformed into a Sherlock, instantaneously. The effect of a new map on him is like that of a new build of aeroplane on an aviator. He pores over it, he reverses the north and south gear, and gets the magnetic differential on the move; with a sweep of the eye he climbs hills, goes down into valleys, he encircles a wood with a pencil-marked forefinger—and asks in an almost pained way for nail-scissors. Finally, he sends out his Scout Corporal and two men, armed to the teeth with spy-glasses and compasses (magnetic, mark VIII), to reconnoitre. When they come back (having walked seventeen kilometres to get to a point six miles away) and report, he says, wagging his head sagely: "Ah! I knew it. According to this map, 81 X D (parts of), 82 GN, south-west (parts of), 32 B1, N.W. (parts of), and 19 CF, East (part of), the only available route is the main road, marked quite clearly on the map, and running due east-north-east by east from Bn. H.T."

But he is a cheerful soul. The other day, when we were romancing around in the Somme, we had to take over a new line; one of those "lines" that genial old beggar Fritz makes for us

with 5.9's. He—the Scout Officer—rose to the occasion. He went to the Commanding Officer, and in his most ingratiating manner, his whole earnest soul in his pale blue eyes, offered to take him up to his battle headquarters.

This offer was accepted, albeit the then Adjutant had a baleful glitter in his eye.

After he had led us by ways that were strange and peculiar through the



He circles a wood with a pencil marked forefinger.

gathering darkness, and after the Colonel had fallen over some barbed wire into a very damp shell-hole, he began to look worried. We struck a very famous road—along which even the worms dare not venture—and our Intelligence Officer led us for several hundred yards along it.

An occasional high explosive shrapnel shell burst in front and to rear of us, but, map grasped firmly in the right hand, our Scout Officer led us fearlessly onwards. He did not march, he did not even walk, he sauntered. Then with a dramatic gesture wholly unsuited to the time and circumstances, he turned and said: "Do you mind waiting a minute, sir, while I look at the map?" After a few brief comments the C.O. went to earth in a shell-hole. The Scout Officer sat down in the road, and examined his map by the aid of a flash-light until the Colonel threw a clod of earth at him accompanied by some very uncomplimentary remarks. "I think, sir," said the Scout Officer, his gaunt frame and placid countenance illumined by shell-bursts, "that if we cross the road and go North by East we may perhaps strike the communication trench leading to the Brewery. Personally, I would suggest overland, but—" His last words were drowned by the explosion of four 8.1's 50 yards rear right. "Get out of this, sir! Get out of this damn quick," roared the C.O. The Scout Officer stood to attention slowly, and saluted with a deprecating air.

He led.

We followed.

He took us straight into one of the heaviest barrages it had ever been our misfortune to encounter, and when we had got there he said he was lost. So for twenty minutes the C.O., the Adjutant, nine runners, and, last but not least, the Scout Officer, sat under a barrage in various shell-holes, and prayed inwardly—with the exception of the Scout Officer—that he (the S.

(Concluded on page 25.)

## IGNORE THE SCENERY

HERE has recently come into the theatre what people call "the new art," says Robert Edmond Jones in *The Theatre*. European influence on various "Little Theatres" throughout the country was largely responsible for its foundation, and as a vogue this "new art" swept the theatrical world and became popular with all classes of playgoers. Its appeal, while supposed to come from the stage as a whole, really came from the scenery, and has been the means of the establishment of a school of painters whose work is mostly known by their employment of great masses of colour, blended in a manner to hold the eye and to dazzle the brain.

Ten years from now this "new art," as it is known to-day will have disappeared, and in its place will be seen a work that is at present starting in a very humble manner. . . . There have been instances in the past few seasons where the idea of the play did not "get over" with the scenic artist. We have all seen bits of stage pictures that were supposed to be cold and dismal spoiled by a bank of too red roses. . . . The trouble is, that when any play reaches the hand of the artist who is to make the backgrounds for its action, it is a dead thing—something that contains words and directions for action. The artist has to visualize, to see every movement and colour, and frequently his conception of a scene is different from the original idea of the playwright.

My idea of the correct production of a play is to start from the author's original idea and make it something truly alive, organic. Let producers read plots and suggestions as they now read plays. . . . While the scenery of a play is truly important, it should be so important that the audience should forget that it is painted. There should be a fusion between the play and its scenery. Scenery isn't there to be looked at, it is really there to be forgotten. The drama is the fire, the scenery is the air that lifts the fire and makes it bright. If a scene is properly done it should unconsciously "get" the audience.

I think that the Russians' idea of the ideal stage picture comes nearer to my own picture of the ideal than any other. They believe that when they look at a stage picture they should see something that is entirely the handiwork of the artist responsible. They believe that an artist should personally—with his own hands—be responsible for every bit of colour on the stage.

### YOUNG PIANISTS RECITE.

A PIANO recital of exceptional merit was given by two of Mr. F. S. Welsman's pupils, Miss Lilly Timmins and Master Bert Proctor, at the Toronto Conservatory on Monday evening, May 7th.

Both of these young pianists gave an excellent account of themselves in a programme that was interesting, and by no means easy.

Miss Timmins was successful in the first movements of the Brahms C major Sonata and the Grieg concerto, displaying a genuine musical talent, a large tone of excellent quality, and a technic that was always adequate. She further proved her ability and versatility by her charming interpretations of the Smetana "By the Sea Shore," Moszkowski's *Gondoliera*, Leschetizky's *La Piccola* and the Chopin B flat minor Scherzo.

Master Proctor gave a well balanced reading of the Beethoven Gondo in G. In the Chopin E flat Nocturne he produced an appealing singing tone, while in the *Fantasié Impromptu* of the same composer he found a suitable medium for a display of his decidedly brilliant execution. His other numbers were Scriabine's Nocturne Op. 9, Careno's Waltz "Mi Teresita" and the Schumann-Paganini Caprice.

\*\*\*

### MAY-TIME RECITALS.

AN important series of three Commencement Recitals will be given by graduates and undergraduates of the Toronto Conservatory of Music, in the Music Hall of the institution, on the evenings of Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, May 28th, 29th, and 30th next. The programmes will bring to a hearing a number of brilliant young musicians, several of whom are already well established amongst the most successful of Canadian professional artists.

Pianoforte selections will include Concertos by Liszt, Tschaiakowsky, Mozart, Beethoven, MacDowell, Grieg, besides solo numbers by representative composers. Organ works by Bach, Rheinberger, Piérne, and Guilman will be performed, also Violin solos by Wieniawski, Sarasate, Vieuxtemps, and other standard composers for the violin.

### A Prairie School

(Concluded from page 17.)

might be. Keen was the interest in this map! This part of the lesson revealed the interesting fact that youthful Western Canada was reading the newspapers—not sporadically but systematically!

The last half-hour was taken up with five-minute speeches. One pupil had a watch and held the orators to strict accountability. In these addresses there was nothing of "my father says" or "my mother thinks." Each child spoke on his own responsibility, and in an extempore manner. Sudden flashes of real eloquence were by no means missing. A young English lad caused a small riot of enthusiasm with his topic: The British Navy.

"Time's up," came the voice of the timekeeper, in the midst of the Battle of Jutland.

"Aw, let him finish!" cried the school en masse.

He finished—amid cheering.

A half-breed girl of twelve gravely spoke on Papa Joffre.

"Everybody kisses him," she wound up.

In any other school this remark would have raised a tumult of mirth.

The visitor harked back in memory to the lethargic calm of her Friday afternoons, when the last hour was one to be endured with what patience could be mustered!

The singing of the National Anthem

—including "God save our splendid men, Send them safe home again!"—closed the lesson.

After the dismissal gong and the scattering of the children some handicrafts work was examined and admired. The cleverest by far were the examples made by the fingers of our newest Canadians—hand-carved woodwork, pottery, lace and embroidery.

As the visitor went away she couldn't help wondering how many more mute inglorious pedagogues there were all over this great land of ours who were performing their part so very effectively in cementing the bonds of empire. There must be many of whom we never will hear—little, timid teachers in remote spots who are not seeking publicity but only quietly doing what they conceive to be their duty, in forming from our polyglot population the new Canadian citizenship.

### Art in the Garden

(Concluded from page 15.)

so congenially disposed by a common profession to work out the ideas and experiences of both. They came to Canada.

Concerning conditions and prospects in this country for the art of the landscape gardener, Mrs. Grubb admitted that her first two or three years here were somewhat discouraging. However, recently, there has been a marked change in the general attitude of the public towards the exterior beautification of city and country homes. Many are beginning to realize, she says, not only that such beautification is a necessity, but that for its successful achievement the services of a trained expert must be secured. The man who tells you with pride that he dispensed with the services of an architect when he built his house, is not likely to recognize the profession of Landscape Architecture, nor to observe the desirability of planning the garden to harmonize with the building. But fortunately men of this mental attitude are rapidly on the decrease in Canada and to offset this lack of appreciation of the fitness of things, we have an ever-growing class of genuine garden enthusiasts.

One of the ambitions of these two landscape architects is to introduce and extend the growing of many plants and trees not as yet tried in Canada.

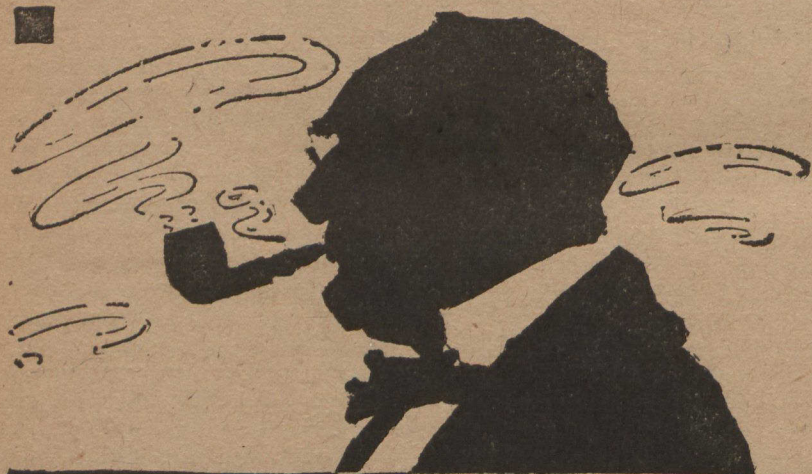
### For All Canada

(Concluded from page 16.)

there is a strong culture aspect to the I.O.D.E. and the President herself embodies it. Her active interest in music, for instance, is not exceeded by any practical woman musician in Canada. Her association with the management of the Canadian Academy of Music is one of her most useful activities. And as she says herself:

"Music is one of the working activities that I need for a recreation. I don't regard it so much a work as a way to offset the drudgery of work. We are all busy women to-day. Good music helps to keep us from becoming disgruntled and officious."

These are not her exact words, but they carry her meaning. As a practical worker in the cause of music, the President of the I.O.D.E. has made herself a reputation worthy of being followed by the Regent of any Chapter in the Dominion.





# OLD CHUM TOBACCO

is the "chum" of more pipe  
smokers, than any other  
tobacco smoked  
in Canada.

EVERYBODY SMOKES  
"OLD CHUM"



**SCOUT OFFICER**

(Concluded from page 23.)

O.) would be hit plump in the centre of his maps by a 17-inch shell.

It were well to draw a veil over what followed. Even Holmes-Watson does not like to hear it mentioned. Suffice to say that the C.O. (with party) left at 5.30 p.m. and arrived at battle head-quarters at 11.35 p.m. The Scout Officer was then engaged in discovering a route between Battle H. Q. and the front line. He reported back at noon the following day, and slept in a shell-hole for thirteen hours.

No one could live near the C.O. for a week, and he threatened the S.O. with a short-stick mills.

If there is one thing which the Scout Officer does not like, it is riding a horse. He almost admits that he cannot ride! The other day he met a friend. The friend had one quart bottle of Hennessey, three star. The Scout Officer made a thorough reconnaissance of the said bottle, and reported on same.

A spirited report.

Unhappily the C.O. ordered a road reconnaissance an hour later, and our

Scout Officer had to ride a horse. The entire H.Q. sub-staff assisted him to mount, and the last we saw of Holmes-Watson, he was galloping down the road, sitting well on the horse's neck, hands grasping the saddle tightly, rear and aft. Adown the cold November wind we heard his dulcet voice carolling:

"I put my money on a bob-tailed nag! . . .  
Doo-dah . . . Doo-dah!  
I put my money on a bob-tailed nag;  
. . . Doo-dah! . . . Doo-dah!! . . .  
Dey!!!"

**Stolen Certificates of Corporate Stock**

*An Interesting Financial Point of Law*

**P**ROMISSORY notes, cheques and drafts or bills of exchange are very common documents, and if A gives a promissory note, bill of exchange, or other negotiable instrument to B, and C steals it from B and sells it to D who buys in good faith for value and without any notice of the theft, D can collect the amount of the note from A, as the law is well settled in all English-speaking countries, at least, that if such a document is lost or stolen it is no defence against a bona fide purchaser for value without notice of the loss or theft.

Suppose, however, that the document stolen had been an ordinary certificate of corporate stock, would the same rule apply?

A case on this point decided by the Supreme Court of Minnesota not long ago arose out of a rather interesting state of facts. In the case mentioned one S borrowed some money from a bank, giving his promissory note and pledging as security a stock certificate in the G Company which he endorsed in blank in the usual way and delivered to the bank, and the certificate was attached to the note, and filed with the papers of the bank. This certificate, it is to be noted, was a non-negotiable document. L, the cashier of the bank, took the certificate from the bank without authority, stole it in fact, and gave it to A, a broker, with instructions to sell. A had no knowledge of the theft and subsequently sold the certificate to H & Company of New York, who sold it in the open market in New York.

It was admitted that H & Company bought the certificate in good faith, without knowledge of the theft, and at the usual market price. As soon as S became aware of the theft he notified the G Company of the loss, tendered payment of the note to the bank at the proper time and demanded the return of the certificate.

The question then arose whether S was entitled to the certificate from the bank or whether H. & Company had a good title as innocent, good-faith purchasers for value, and the court decided in favour of S, holding that H. & Company had no claim, on the ground that the party who endorsed the stock certificate in blank is not precluded from claiming it where it has been stolen and passes into the hand of an innocent holder for value, as such a certificate is not negotiable paper in the sense that the title transferred by the thief to an innocent good-faith holder cannot be questioned.

It was urged on behalf of H. & Company that there was a custom

**By INVESTICUS**

among banks and brokers for certificates of stock endorsed in blank to pass from hand to hand without inquiry the same as negotiable paper, but the court said that "a custom which runs counter to the settled and established law is not to be adopted by the courts. If a crying demand exists in the business world to have certificates of shares in corporations placed on parity with negotiable paper in every respect, it is a proper matter for legislative investigation and action."

**EXIT THE SWASHBUCKLING SPECULATOR.**

**T**HEY speculate in Wall Street these days says the New York Times, in a way different from the methods followed in the free and easy times of John W. Gates and his coterie of wealthy plungers. Gates was a "leader," who had a blind following in the stock market, convinced that he would make them all rich. There is no leader any more. James R. Keene was the last of the class of great operators whose bull-like, crushing tactics, supported by much money, swung the market up or down.

Keene's way of doing things would hardly go just now. Manipulation has been frowned upon by the Stock Exchange and the law. The average run of speculators, moreover, exercise more intelligence than before, and their number is too great now to be influenced by a man or group of men. The quality of trading and traders has undergone a vast change. Self-advertising and loud boasting in the lobbies of uptown hotels have passed out with "wash" sales.

No one could charge Bernard M. Baruch with making a display of his stock market efforts. Before the Congressional committee which investigated the "leak" of last December Baruch referred to himself as an investor and speculator in the same manner as another man would have spoken of his grocery business. He informed the committee, with no more enthusiasm than he might have shown in discussing the weather, that he made \$476,000 on the short side of stocks in December. His reasons for selling stocks when he did illustrated the new epoch in speculation. He believed, merely that prices were too high.

It is doubtful if anybody besides his brokers knew that Baruch was heavily short of stocks when prices began to

slip. If Gates had been alive and selling short, it is probable that he would have passed the word along to his friends, and the market would have been set boiling immediately.

Jesse Livermore is another operator whose work attracts little attention while he is about it. In a way, Livermore is a relic of the old days, without any of the trimmings.

Livermore, the story goes, began selling stocks short last November, a month before prices started to move off. Practically every other trader in an office where he had desk room, it is said, was buying enthusiastically while he was selling. He sensed the market tendency and stood unmoved amid a shower of optimistic utterances. When the break finally came he is said to have been short of stock 50,000 or 80,000 shares.

**THE DEPOSITOR OF A DOLLAR**

is as welcome to open an account with this Corporation as the depositor of thousands. We know by experience that the large majority of such accounts steadily grow. The accumulation of small savings in this way is a satisfaction to us as well as to the depositor. Do not delay the opening of an account because the first deposit may appear to you to be too small. Begin to-day. We credit interest at

**THREE AND ONE-HALF PERCENT**

per annum, and compound it twice each year.

**CANADA PERMANENT MORTGAGE CORPORATION**

Established 1855.

Paid-up Capital and Reserve  
**ELEVEN MILLION DOLLARS.**  
TORONTO STREET, TORONTO

**Western Assurance Company**

(Fire, Explosion, Ocean Marine and Inland Marine Insurance.)  
Incorporated A.D. 1851.

Assets over \$5,000,000.00.

Losses paid since organization over \$66,000,000.00.

HEAD OFFICE: Cor. Scott and Wellington Sts. TORONTO

**STAMPS AND COINS.**

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

**Cawthra Mulock & Co.**

Members of  
Toronto Stock Exchange

**Brokers and Bankers**

**12 KING STREET EAST  
TORONTO, CANADA**

CABLE ADDRESS—CAWLOCK, TORONTO

Established 1864.

**The Merchants Bank**

OF CANADA.

HEAD OFFICE - MONTREAL.

Paid-up Capital - - \$7,000,000

Reserve Fund and Undivided Profits - - \$7,250,984

233 BRANCHES IN CANADA.

General Banking Business Transacted.

SAVINGS DEPARTMENT at all branches. Deposits of \$1.00 and upwards received, and interest allowed at best current rates.

TORONTO OFFICES:

13 Wellington St. West; 1400 Queen St. West (Parkdale); 406-408 Parliament St.; Dundas St. and Roncesvalles Ave.; Dupont and Christie Sts.

**Guaranteed Investment**



Our Guaranteed Plan of Investment will interest you. Under this plan your investment is guaranteed by our capital and reserve, and by a specific first mortgage on improved property. 5% net, per annum, payable by cheque quarterly or half yearly. Sums of \$500 and upwards accepted.

Write Us for Our Booklet and Full Particulars

**THE TORONTO GENERAL TRUSTS CORPORATION**

Capital Paid-up, \$1,500,000.00. Reserve, \$3,350,000.00.  
Head Office: Bay and Melinda Sts., Toronto.



# BOOKS YOU WILL READ

by Wayfarer

## UP THE HILL AND OVER.

I AM very jealous of the fair fame of Canadian literature. I know, of course, that it is still in the stage of development, but I want to see it develop into something that we can really and truly be proud of. For that reason it is my intention to deal firmly, but not unkindly I hope, with every book by a Canadian writer that comes under my notice. There has been too much log-rolling in the past. First books are praised as if the superlative of excellence had been attained. That is not fair to the public, it is not fair to the writers themselves, and it is not good for literature. For this reason I shall always endeavour, no matter how humbly, to play the role of candid critic. I am sorry, then, that I cannot say I like Mrs. Isabel Ecclestone MacKay's *Up the Hill and Over*, published by McClelland, Goodchild and Stewart, Toronto. The plot is well conceived, carefully constructed and skilfully worked up to a climax. The characters, too, although not leaving any very lasting impressions, are distinctly drawn. But the book is too morbid. Insanity, or imbecility, in real life is a necessary, and may even be an interesting study for alienists or students of morbid psychology, but in fiction—no, thank you! The introduction of mentally unbalanced characters into *Up the Hill and Over*, to my way of thinking, quite spoiled what otherwise would have been a very pleasant little love story. There is also a too obvious striving after effect.

Read this: "Although Miss Coombe had very nice hair—cloudy hair—with little ways of growing . . . which a blind man could not help noticing." What is one to understand by "cloudy hair?" Turn to the dictionary and see if it be at all possible to apply such an adjective to the human hair. If a man be blind can he notice anything, or if he can notice things, can he be blind?

"My mother, my sister and myself were left"—"myself" is ungrammatical. "I" is the correct pronoun. And equally incorrect is "like dead" in the sentence, "I fell like dead over the door sill." When the English language is so inexhaustible why, my dear madam, perpetrate such absurdities as "amn't." Try to pronounce it yourself, and say frankly if you have ever heard it used by any one who spoke correct English.

It is evident that Mrs. McKay can do better work if she will but take the trouble. I look forward, then, to the pleasure of reviewing another book by her in which these blemishes will not appear. Please remember, too, Mrs. MacKay, that life is already full of tragedies. Don't drag them into books that are obviously meant to entertain.

**DISTRIBUTIVE JUSTICE.** By John A. Ryan, D.D. The Macmillan Co., Toronto. \$1.50.

EVER since the first cave-dweller clubbed his weaker brother into working for him the question of the

distribution of profits has agitated the mind of man. The centuries have rolled by bringing much enlightenment and improvement, but no solution of this problem which can be accepted by all parties as equitable. The latest attempt to deal with this matter is to be found in the above-mentioned work of Dr. Ryan's. It differs somewhat from, and to that extent is in advance of, most books on this subject in that the author insists that, inasmuch as there are few classes—land-owners, capitalists, business-men and labourers—concerned in the production of wealth, no just distribution can take place which does not recognize the right of each class to its due share. The doctor is no noisy-tongued advocate of this, that, or the other system as a sure cure for all our economic ills. He

believes, rather, that in the main the present system is a good one. Recognizing, however, its imperfections, he proceeds to show how these may be removed, while at the same time its better features may be strengthened. There is, as Miss Tarbell points out in her recent book, gradually and almost imperceptibly permeating the minds of the capitalistic class a recognition that a good deal of the unrest of our industrial life is due to the employer, and that all men, regardless of race, origin, or experience, have powers for greater things than has been believed. She believes that this growing realization that economics and human happiness are eternally bound up together is slowly making for betterment in the condition of the workers by higher pay, shorter hours, healthier surroundings—in a word, by a more equal distribution of the product of the combined efforts of the four classes referred to. Something of this belief, too, is to be found in Dr. Ryan's book, for he sees no hope of a real and lasting improvement without a considerable change in human hearts and human ideals.

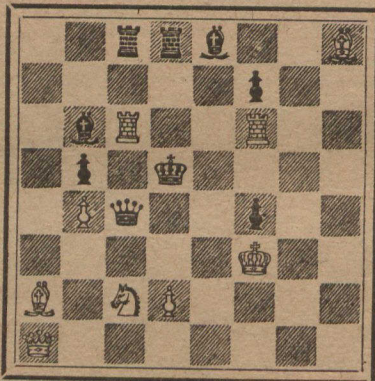
# CHESS

Conducted by MALCOLM SIM

Address all communications to this department to the Chess Editor, Canadian Courier, 30 Grant St., Toronto.

PROBLEM No. 138, by W. P. Cornwell, First Prizewinner, Australians' Column Tourney, 1916.

Black—Nine Pieces.



White—Nine Pieces.

White to play and mate in two.

SOLUTIONS.

Problem No. 136 by A. C. White.  
1. R—Qsq, Px B(Q); 2. KtxP (Q4)ch, QxKt mate.

1. . . . ., Px B(R); 2. RxKtch, R—B6 mate.

1. . . . ., Px B(B); 2. Q—Ktsqch, R—B7 mate.

1. . . . ., Px B(Kt); 2. K—R4, R—B5 mate.

This is a very fine specimen from some recent attempts, promoted by Mr. A. C. White himself, to produce four distinct variations from the promotion of a single Black Pawn, in a two-move selfmate.

MASTER PLAY.

We give this week another specimen showing the wonderful combinative strategy of the great Russian, A. Rubinstein. Previous to the war, negotiations between Rubinstein and Lasker were in progress with a view to a match to attempt to wrest the world's championship from the German master. Lasker's arrogant comments on the military and moral side of the greater conflict safely precludes his appearance in chess events in allied countries for some time to come!

(Played at Lodz, 29th Oct., 1907.)  
Giucco Piano.

- |               |                |
|---------------|----------------|
| White.        | Black.         |
| H. Saive.     | A. Rubinstein. |
| 1. P—K4       | 1. P—K4        |
| 2. Kt—KB3     | 2. Kt—QB3      |
| 3. B—B4       | 3. B—B4        |
| 4. P—Q3       | 4. Kt—B3       |
| 5. Kt—B3      | 5. P—Q3        |
| 6. B—K3       | 6. B—Kt3       |
| 7. Castles    | 7. B—Kt5       |
| 8. Kt—Q5 (a)  | 8. KtxKt       |
| 9. BxKt       | 9. Castles.    |
| 10. P—KR3     | 10. B—KR4      |
| 11. P—Kt4 (b) | 11. B—Kt3      |
| 12. K—Kt2     | 12. K—Rsq      |
| 13. Q—K2      | 13. Q—K2       |
| 14. P—QR4 (c) | 14. Kt—Qsq     |
| 15. P—R5      | 15. BxB        |
| 16. Px B (d)  | 16. P—QB3      |

- |                  |                  |
|------------------|------------------|
| 17. B—Kt3        | 17. Kt—K3        |
| 18. P—B3         | 18. Kt—B4        |
| 19. B—B2         | 19. P—Q4         |
| 20. PxP (e)      | 20. PxP          |
| 21. Kt—R2        | 21. P—K5 (f)     |
| 22. P—Q4         | 22. Kt—Q6        |
| 23. B—Kt3        | 23. QR—Qsq       |
| 24. Q—Q2 (g)     | 24. P—B4 (h)     |
| 25. P—B4         | 25. P—B5         |
| 26. PxQP (i)     | 26. P—B6ch       |
| 27. K—Rsq        | 27. Q—R5         |
| 28. B—B4         | 28. QxRP         |
| 29. BxKt         | 29. Px B         |
| 30. R—B2         | 30. B—K5         |
| 31. R—QBsq       | 31. R—B3 (j)     |
| 32. Q—Kt4 (k)    | 32. P—Q7! (l)    |
| 33. R—Qsq (m)    | 33. Q—Kt6!!      |
| 34. Q—K7 (n)     | 34. R—QBsq       |
| 35. R(B2)xQP (o) | 35. Q—K8ch!! (p) |
| 36. RxQ          | 36. P—B7ch       |
| 37. QxB          | 37. PxR(Q)ch     |
| 38. K—Kt2        | 38. QxRch        |

(a) This only helps Black to clear the line for the eventual advance of the King's Bishop Pawn.

(b) Weakening, of course, but there is difficulty in freeing the pinned Knight.

(c) Kt—R2, followed by P—KB4, was here in order, and would have placed some hindrance on Rubinstein's excellent manoeuvre with the Knight that follows.

(d) 16. QxB would leave an entry for the opposing Knight at B5.

(e) 20. Kt—Q2 would be a better defence. If 20. P—Kt4, then 20. . . . ., KtxQP; 21. BxKt, PxP.

(f) A finely judged advance, which gives Rubinstein a powerful grip on the White centre.

(g) To prevent Black answering 25. P—B4 with Q—Kt5.

(h) The final attack now commences. If in reply White plays 25. PxP, then 25. . . . ., BxP and 26. . . . ., Q—R5 follows.

(i) Not 26. PxBP, P—K7, etc.

(j) Threatening R—KR3 and then to play QxKtch, followed by P—B7 mate.

(k) A momentary counter-attack, threatening Q—K7.

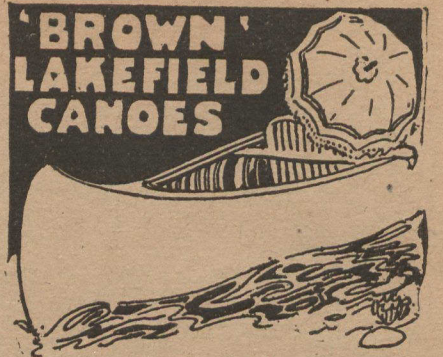
(l) It is at a critical moment such as this that the intellect of the master comes well into the limelight. The Pawn now forms the nucleus of a comprehensive and beautiful combination.

(m) If 33. QxP, then the threat in note (j) returns.

(n) If 34. R(Qsq)xP, then 34. . . . ., 35. R.K—Ktsq. If then 36. QRxP, P—B7d.ch; 37. QxB, P—B8(Q) mate.

(o) If 35. Q—Q7, then simply 35. . . . ., 35. R(Bsq)—KKtsq. If then 36. QRxP, Black wins prettily by 36. . . . ., Q—Kt7ch; 37. RxQ, PxRch; 38. K—Ktsq; R—B8ch, etc. If 35. QxB, of course 35. . . . ., QxR; 36. R—KKtsq, P—Q8(Q) wins. If 35. QRxP, then 35. . . . ., R—B8ch mates in a few moves.

(p) The point of the combination!



## Don't Rent a Canoe

It does not pay. You can buy a new canoe for less than the rental for two seasons. Your new canoe will last ten years at least—if built by the BROWN BOAT CO. Besides, half the pleasure is that of ownership—to say nothing of the comfort of a clean, dry, safe boat all your own.

Prices \$29.00 to \$50 delivered. Send for catalogue.

The Brown Boat Co.  
Lakefield  
Ontario

## EXCURSION PARTIES

### Bond Lake Park

One hour's ride from Toronto by Electric Car, is Toronto's popular resort for Sunday School and other excursion parties.

Every accommodation has been provided for excursionists, including pavilion, kitchenette service, play-ground equipment, boats, etc.

For excursion rates, open dates and other information apply

Excursion Dept.

Toronto and York  
Radial Railway Company

88 King Street East,  
Toronto.

Phone Ad. 3810.

## PATENTS AND SOLICITORS.

FETHERSTONHAUGH & Co., Patent Solicitors, head office, Toronto, and Ottawa. Booklet free.

# PATENTS IN ALL COUNTRIES

Book "Patent Protection" Free  
**BABCOCK & SONS**  
Formerly Patent Office Examiner. Estab. 1877  
99 ST. JAMES ST., MONTREAL  
Branches: Ottawa and Washington

## AUGUSTINE ARLIDGE TENOR.

Soloist, St. Paul's Methodist Church. Open for Engagements in Church or Concert.

Write 43 Fulton Ave., Toronto. Phone Ger. 2020.

## RICHARD TATTERSALL

Organist, Old St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church.

Studio: Canadian Academy of Music only. Residence: 347 Brunswick Ave. Phone Coll. 2403

## FRANK S. WELSMAN

Planist.

Studio for Lessons at Toronto Conservatory of Music.

Residence: 30 Admiral Road.

# TORONTO CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC

A. S. VOGT, Mus. Doc., Musical Director.

Unrivalled facilities for Professional and Non-Professional Students. Conservatory School of Expression, Dr. F. H. Kirkpatrick, Principal. Send for Year Book, Syllabus, Women's Residence Pamphlet, and School of Expression Calendar.

# NUMBER 70, BERLIN

A STORY of espionage as they had it in England and still have it in Russia. Told with great simplicity and dramatic force. What is Number 70? That's what Lewin Rodwell knew all about when some people didn't.



CHAPTER V.—(Continued.)

PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

SIR HOUSTON also made a statement, this being followed by the man Thomasson, who detailed his master's movements prior to his death—as far as he knew them.

His master, he declared, had seemed in excellent spirits all day. He had seen patients in the morning, had lunched frugally at home, and had gone down to Guy's in the car to see the wounded, as was his daily round. At six he had returned, dressed, and gone forth in a taxi to meet his friend, Mr. Trustram of the Admiralty. They having dined together returned, and afterwards Mr. Trustram had left and the doctor, smoking his pipe, had retired to his room to write. Nothing further was heard, Thomasson said, till the arrival of Mr. Sainsbury, when the door of the room was found locked.

"You heard no one enter the house—no sounds whatever?" asked the detective inspector, Rees by name, a tall, clean-shaven, fresh-complexioned man, with rather curly hair.

"I didn't hear a sound," was the servant's reply. "The others were all out, and, as a matter of fact, I was in the waiting-room, just inside the door, looking at the newspapers on the table. So I should have heard anyone go up or down the stairs."

Inspector Rees submitted Thomasson to a very searching cross-examination, but it was quite evident to all in the room that he knew nothing more than what he had already told. He and his wife had been in Dr. Jerrold's service for eight years. His wife, until her death, a year ago, had acted as cook-housekeeper.

"Did you ever know of Mr. Lewin Rodwell visiting the doctor?" asked Sir Houston.

"Never, as far as I know, sir. He, of course, might have come to consult him professionally when I've been out, and the maid has sometimes

THE story opens up in the boardroom of The Ochrida Copper Corporation in London. Lewin Rodwell, one of the directors, is conversing with Sir Boyle Huntley, chairman of the board. Indiscreetly he lets his conversation be overheard by Jack Sainsbury, a clerk of the company. Sainsbury suspects from what he has heard that Rodwell and Huntley, although hailed as great patriots, are really traitors. The two conspirators are aware that they have been overheard, and Rodwell promises his colleague that Sainsbury will be dismissed. Later Sainsbury calls on his sweetheart, Elise Shearman, and after leaving her, decides to ask advice of his most intimate friend. Dr. Jerrold, who has been helping the War Office investigate different acts of espionage. Jack calls and finds the Doctor locked in his room, dying. He explains that he has been shot. His death is a mystery. There is no bullet wound. Sir Houston Bird, pathologist, is called, and Thomasson, the doctor's servant, is cross-examined. But no other clues are apparent. A torn envelope is found addressed to Sainsbury, but no letter. Sir Houston tells Jack that Dr. Jerrold alleged that Lewin Rodwell was a German, and his real name Ludwig Heitzman.

By WILLIAM LE QUEUX

opened the door and admitted patients."

"Have you ever heard Mr. Rodwell's name?"

"Only on the telephone to-night—and of course very often in the papers," replied the man.

"Your master was very intimate with Mr. Trustram?" inquired the detective.

"Oh, yes. They first met about three months ago, and after that Mr. Trustram came here several times weekly. The doctor went to stay at his country cottage near Dorking for the week-end, about a fortnight ago."

"Did you ever discover the reason of those conferences?" Jack Sainsbury asked. "I mean, did you ever overhear any of their conversations?"

"Sometimes, sir. But not very often," was Thomasson's discreet reply. "They frequently discussed the war, and the spy-peril, in which—as you know—the doctor was actively interesting himself."

Upon Jack Sainsbury's countenance a faint smile appeared. He now discerned the reason of the visits of that Admiralty official to the man who had been so suddenly and mysteriously stricken down.

He exchanged glances with Sir Houston, who, a moment before, had been searching a cigar cabinet which

had hitherto escaped their notice.

At Rees's suggestion, Jack Sainsbury went to the telephone and rang up Charles Trustram, to whom he briefly related the story of the tragic discovery.

Within twenty minutes Trustram arrived, and, to the detective, told the story of the events of the evening: how they had met by appointment at Prince's Restaurant at half-past seven, had dined together, and then he had accompanied the doctor back to Wimpole Street about half-past nine, where they had sat smoking and chatting.

"Jerrold seemed in quite good spirits over the result of an inquiry he had been making regarding a secret store of petrol established by the enemy's emissaries somewhere on the Sussex coast," Mr. Trustram explained. "He had, he told me, disclosed it to the Intelligence Department, and they were taking secret measures to watch a certain barn wherein the petrol was concealed, and to arrest those implicated in the affair. He also expressed some anxiety regarding Mr. Sainsbury, saying that he wished he could see him to-night." Then, turning to Jack, he added: "At his request I rang up your flat at Hampstead, but you were not in."

"Why did he wish to see me?"

"Ah! that I don't know. He told me nothing," was the Admiralty official's reply. "While I was sitting here with him I was rung up three times—twice from my office, and once by a well-known man I had met for the first time that afternoon—Mr. Lewin Rodwell."

A T mention of Rodwell all present became instantly interested.

"How did Mr. Rodwell know that you were here?" inquired the detective quickly.

"That's a mystery. I did not tell him."

"He might have rung up your house, and your servant may possibly have told him that you were dining with Jerrold," Sir Houston suggested.

"That may be so. I will ask my man."

"What did Mr. Rodwell want?" Rees asked.

"He told me that he had that evening been in consultation with his friend Sir Boyle Huntley, and that, between them they had resolved to commence a propaganda for the internment of all alien enemies—naturalized as well as unnaturalized—and he asked whether I would meet them at the club to-morrow afternoon to discuss the scheme. To this I readily consented. When I returned to this room I found the doctor in the act of sealing an envelope. After he had finished he gave the envelope to me, saying, 'This will be safer in your care than in mine, my dear Trustram. Will you please keep it in your safe?' I consented, of course, and as I took it I saw that it was a private letter addressed to Mr. Sainsbury, with instructions that it was not to be opened till a year after his death."

"Then you have the letter!" cried Jack, excitedly.

(Continued on page 28.)

THERE is something about the month of April that invites criticism—and gets it. No matter what sort of weather we have, we say, "Oh, what can you expect—in April!" But when May comes, we heave a sigh of relief and tell each other that now we are going to have nice weather! And May is here at last. I always take down the old fishing rod about the first of May, hunt out the ancient hook I keep for the occasion, and tell myself that on the first nice day I shall certainly stroll over to the creek and catch a few fish for supper. I have never caught a fish in my life. For when that nice day comes, I am hopelessly handicapped for such frivolities as fishing—I am always house-cleaning.

Housecleaning! That is the password and the high sign now-a-days among the ladies of the butter-bowl and the egg-basket. The rag-carpets are meeting their fate on the long-suffering clothes-line, where the far

## DE RE RUSTICA

An Extra Chapter in What Women are Doing

By NINA MOORE JAMIESON

end of the broom strives valiantly with such unseemly items as germs, mud, ashes, chewing-gum from the hand of the school-boy, ancient potatoes from the baby's dinner-plate, relics of Christmas pudding, and other articles too numerous to mention, as auction-sale bills say impressively. . . Curtains come down with a rush, and reappear on shining windows, with a stiffness and a blueness of which no poet has ever sung. The preference is for long able-bodied curtains of the Nottingham persuasion, with fine prosperous roses and grapevines in the pattern. In the parlour, we always have them long enough to spread out over the carpet after the fashion of a peacock's tail. Woe betide the unlucky youngster who en-

deavours to rush in where even a burglar might fear to tread! Parlour windows were not meant for looking out of—nor were they intended to open, evidently. The majority of them are solidly fastened down. The Fresh-Air Campaign has been heard of in these parts, but it is a by-word and a mockery. Fresh air! The idea! Most of us get far more of it than we know what to do with; let city people follow such fads as that—we intend to be comfortably warm when the snow is on the scene, and to discourage the unquenchable fly in summer time. Therefore the closed window and the drawn blind.

And now to business. There are kitchens to paper—yea, with a little encouragement, many a woman will

paper her whole house. There are straw ticks to empty, and fill again after washing, with clean conscientious straws from the barn—straws which consider it a positive duty to spear you somewhere about your anatomy, and seldom fail. There are floors to paint, and although paint is dearer than ever, the average farmhouse will show its complacent kitchen floor smiling again this spring through the annual coat of yellow paint. Housecleaning. Magic word—it causes no end of confusion and gnashing of teeth; it encourages lame shoulders from carpet-beating and almost involves the spontaneous combustion of the hired man when he steps upon a vagrant tack at 4.55 a.m. It unsettles meal hours, bestows our cherished belongings in strange and undesired places, fills us with odours of camphor balls and spirits of turpentine; but none the less, in the spring a woman's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of house-cleaning!

"Yes, I have it at home," replied Mr. Trustram; who, proceeding, said: "At first I was greatly surprised at being given such a letter, and chafingly remarked that I hoped he wouldn't die just yet; whereat he laughed, refilled his pipe and declared that life was, after all, very uncertain. 'I want my friend Sainsbury to know something—but not before a year after I'm gone. You understand, Trustram. I give you this, and you, on your part, will give me your word of honour that, whatever occurs, you will safely guard it, and not allow it to be opened till a year has elapsed after my death.' He seemed to have suddenly grown serious, and I confess I was not a little surprised at his curious change of manner."

"Did it strike you at all that he might be contemplating suicide?"

"No, not in the least. Such an idea never entered my head. I regarded his action just as that of a man who makes his will—that's all. I took the envelope and, about five minutes later, left him, as I had been called down to the Admiralty upon an urgent matter."

"A quarter of an hour afterwards Mr. Sainsbury called and we could not get into the room," Thomasson remarked. "That is all we know."

#### CHAPTER VI.

##### Reveals the Victim.

THREE days had passed. The coroner's inquiry had been duly held into the death of Dr. Jerome Jerrold, and medical evidence, including that of the deceased's friend, Sir Houston Bird, had been called. This evidence showed conclusively that Sir Houston had been right in his conjecture, from the convulsed appearance of the body and other signs, that poor Jerrold had died of poisoning by strychnine. Therefore the proceedings were brief, and a verdict was returned of "Suicide while temporarily insane."

No mention was made of the sealed letter left with Mr. Trustram, for in a case of that distressing nature the coroner is always ready to make the inquiry as short as possible.

Jack Sainsbury, who had been granted leave by Mr. Charlesworth, the managing director, to attend the inquest upon his friend, returned to the city in a very perturbed state of mind.

He sat at his desk on that grey December afternoon, unable to attend to the correspondence before him, unable to fix his mind upon business, unable to understand the subtle ramifications of the cleverly conceived and dastardly plot, the key of which he had discovered by those few words he had overheard between the Chairman of the Board and his close friend, the great Lewin Rodwell.

He was wondering whether his dead friend's allegation that Rodwell was none other than Ludwig Heitzman was really the truth. Sir Houston Bird had promised to institute inquiry at the Alien department of the Home Office, yet, only that day he had heard that the official of whom inquiry must be made actually bore a German name. The taint of the Teuton seemed, alas! over everything, notwithstanding the public resentment apparent up and down the whole country, and the formation of leagues and unions to combat the activity of the enemy in our midst.

Jack Sainsbury disagreed with the verdict of suicide. Jerome Jerrold was surely not the man to take his own life by swallowing strychnine. Yet why had he left behind that puzzling and mysterious message which Charles Trustram, having given his word of honour to his friend, refused to be opened for another year?

The will had been found deposited with his solicitor—a will which left the sum of eighteen-odd thousand pounds to "my friend and assistant in many confidential matters, Mr. John Sainsbury, of Heath Street, Hampstead."

As far as it went that was gratifying to Jack. It rendered him independent of the Ochrida Copper Corporation, and the strenuous "driving-power," as it is termed in the city, of Charlesworth, the sycophant of Sir Boyle Huntley and his fellow directors. The whole office knew that Huntley and Rodwell, brought in during days of peace "to re-organize the Company upon a sound financial basis," were gradually getting all the power into their own hands, as they had done in other companies. The lives of that pair were one huge money-getting adventure.

In the office strange things were whispered. But Jack alone knew the truth.

The most irritating fact to him was that Jerome Jerrold, just as he had discovered Rodwell's birth and masquerading, had died. Why?

Why had Lewin Rodwell rung up his new friend, Trustram, just before poor Jerome's death? Why had Jerome asked to see his friend Sainsbury so particularly on that night? Why had he locked his door and taken his life at the very moment when he should have lived to face and denounce the man who, while an alien enemy, was posing as a loyal subject of Great Britain?

Of these and other things—things which he had discussed on the previous night with Elise—he was thinking deeply, when a lad entered, saying:

"Mr. Charlesworth wants to see you, sir."

HE rose from his chair and ascended in the lift to the next floor. On entering the manager's room he found Mr. Charlesworth, the catspaw of Sir Boyle, seated in his padded chair, smoking a good cigar.

"Oh—er—Sainsbury. I'm rather sorry to call you in, but the directors have decided that as you are of military age they are compelled, from patriotic motives, to suggest to you that you should join the army, as so many of the staff here have done. Don't you think it is your duty?"

Jack Sainsbury looked the manager straight in the face.

"Yes," he said, with a curious smile. "I quite agree. It certainly is my duty to resign and take my part in the defence of the country. But," he added, "I think it is somewhat curious that the directors have taken this step—to ask me to resign."

Charlesworth, an estimable man, and beloved by the whole of the staff of the company at home and abroad, hesitated a moment, and then replied:

"Unfortunately I am only here to carry out the orders of the directors, Sainsbury. You have been a most reliable and trusted servant of the com-

pany, and I shall be only too pleased to write you a good testimonial. You will have half-pay during the time you are absent, of course, as the others have."

"Well, if I leave the Ochrida Copper Corporation, as the directors have practically dismissed me, I require no half-pay—nothing whatever," he answered, with a grim smile. "I part from you and from the company, Mr. Charlesworth, with the very kindest and most cordial recollections; but I wish you, please, to give my compliments to the directors and say that, as they wish me to leave and act in the interests of my country, I shall do so, refusing to accept the half of my salary which they, in their patriotism, have so generously offered me."

CHARLESWORTH was a little puzzled by this speech. It was unexpected. The steady, hardworking clerk, who had been so reliable, and whom he had greatly esteemed, might easily have met his suggestion with resentment. Indeed, he had expected him to do so. But, on the contrary, Sainsbury seemed even eager to retire from the service of the company.

Charlesworth was, of course, ignorant of the conditions of Dr. Jerrold's will, or of those words Jack Sainsbury had overheard as he had entered the board-room. Vernon Charlesworth had been a servant of the Ochrida Copper Corporation ever since its formation eighteen years ago—long before the "new blood" represented by the Huntley-Rodwell combination had been "brought into" it. From the first inception of the company the public, who had put their modest savings into it, had lost their money. Yet recently, by the bombastic and optimistic speeches of Sir Boyle Huntley at the Cannon Street Hotel, and the self-complacent smiles of Lewin Rodwell at the meetings, confidence had been inspired, and it was still a going concern—one which, if the truth be told, Huntley and Rodwell were working to get into their own hands.

"Of course I am really very sorry to part with you, Sainsbury," the manager said, leaning back in his chair and looking at him. "You've been a most trustworthy servant, yet I, of course, have to abide by the decision of the board."

Jack Sainsbury smiled.

"No, please don't apologize, Mr. Charlesworth," he said, with a faint smile. "I daresay I shall soon find some other employment more congenial to me."

"I hope so," replied the manager, peering at the young man through his horn-rimmed glasses—a style affected in official circles. "Nowadays, with so many men at the front, it is not really a difficult matter to find a post in the city. It seems to me that the slacker has the best of it."

"I'm not a slacker, though you may think I am, Mr. Charlesworth," cried Jack, reddening. "A month after war was declared I went to the recruiting office fully prepared to enlist. But, unfortunately, they rejected me as medically unfit."

"Did they?" exclaimed the other in surprise. "You never told us that!"

"Was it necessary? I merely tried to do my duty. But—" and he paused, and then, in a meaning voice, he added: "If I can't do my duty out

## GENUINE HAVANAS

TRY SIX MY EXPENSE

The cigar shown here is Rosin's Cuban. It is made by hand by expert cigarmakers, in our own sanitary factory, of the choicest, clean, long Havana leaves grown in the famous Vuelta Abajo district in Cuba. We sell them direct to private smokers by the box for \$5.00 a hundred, \$2.50 for fifty, carriage charges prepaid. A cigar of similar quality and workmanship can positively not be procured over the retail counter for less than ten cents. When you DEAL WITH HEADQUARTERS you save the difference. Besides, you get our cigars fresh from the cigarmaker's table instead of the dried-out article you get handed over the counter.

Be Your Own Dealer

Write us on your business stationery or enclose your card stating position you hold, and we will, upon request, forward you fifty Rosin's Cubans on approval. You may smoke half a dozen cigars and return the balance at our expense if you are not pleased with them, no charge being made for those smoked. If you are pleased and retain them, you agree to remit the price, \$2.50, within ten days.

Write for your box to-day

ROSIN BROS.

Cigar Manufacturers

5 Ferry St., Windsor, Ont.

When ordering please state whether you wish light dark or medium cigars

## ASSIMILATIVE MEMORY;

OR HOW TO ATTEND AND NEVER FORGET

By Prof. A. Loissette

The complete Memory System. Its aim is to increase the power of memory in much the same proportion as the power of the eye for vision is increased by means of the microscope and telescope. 12mo cloth, 170 p.p. Price \$3.00 post-paid.

"I have no hesitation in commending Professor Loissette's system to all who are in earnest in wishing to train their memories effectively."—Richard A. Proctor, the Eminent Astronomer.

UNIVERSITY BOOK COMPANY

181 Simcoe St., Toronto.

## JUST FOR BOYS

This offer is for you, boys; nobody else. I want wide-awake boys in every town and village in Canada—all over.

I want you because you can help me make sales for the Canadian Courier.

You want MY PROPOSITION because it will show you how to make money.

MY GUARANTEE, TOO.

I positively guarantee you at least 50c a day. Write me to-day and I will tell you HOW. You just learn the HOW and then go and do it.

SALES MANAGER,  
CANADIAN COURIER,  
TORONTO.

in the trenches, I can at least do it here, at home."

"If it is true that you've been already rejected as unfit," exclaimed Charlesworth, "I daresay I might induce the directors to reconsider their decision."

"No, sir," was Sainsbury's proud reply. "I will not trouble you to do that. It is quite apparent that, for some unknown reason, they wish to dismiss me. Therefore I consider myself dismissed—and, to tell you the truth, I don't regret it. But, before I go, I would like to thank you and the staff for all the kindness and consideration shown to me during my illness a year ago."

"Then you refuse to stay?" asked Charlesworth, rather puzzled, for he held Sainsbury in high esteem.

"Yes. Before dismissing me I consider that the directors should have inquired whether I had tried to enlist," he answered, resentfully.

"Then I suppose there is no more to say. Shall you remain till the end of the week?"

"No, sir. I intend to go now. It would not, I think, be a very happy seven days for me if I remained, would it?"

Charlesworth sighed. He was sorry to lose the services of such a bright, shrewd and clever young man.

"Very well," he replied, regretfully. "If that is really so, Sainsbury, I must wish you good-bye," and with frankness he stretched forth his hand, which the young man took, and then turned on his heel and left the manager's room.

While Jack Sainsbury was on his way through the bustle of Gracechurch Street, Lewin Rodwell, who had been upstairs at a meeting of the board, descended and entered Charlesworth's room, closing the door after him.

"Well," he asked carelessly, after chatting upon several important business matters, "have you spoken yet to young Sainsbury?"

"Yes. And he's gone."

Lewin Rodwell drew a sigh of relief. "He ought to enlist—a smart, athletic fellow like that! Such men are just what England wants to-day, Charlesworth. I hope you gave him a good hint—eh?"

"I did. But it seems that he has already endeavoured to enlist, but was rejected—a defective arm."

**L**EWIN RODWELL was silent—but only for a few seconds.

"Well, never mind; he's gone. We must reduce the staff—it is quite imperative in these days. What about those six others? Staff reduction will mean increased profits, you know."

"They all have notice. I'm sorry about Carew. He has an invalid wife and seven children. His salary is only two pounds fifteen."

"I'm afraid we can't help that, Charlesworth," replied the man who posed in the West End as the great self-denying patriot who hobnobbed with Cabinet Ministers. "We must reduce the staff, if we're going to pay a dividend. He'll get work—munition-making or something. Sentiment is out of place in these war-days."

And yet, only two days before, the speaker had made a brilliant speech at a Mansion House meeting in which he had beaten the patriotic drum

loudly, and appealed to all employers of labour to increase wages because of the serious rise in food-prices. Charlesworth knew this, but made no remark. It was not to his interest to thwart the great Lewin Rodwell, or his place-seeking sycophant Sir Boyle Huntley, who had been put by his friend into the position he now held.

Truly the city is a strange, complex world of unpatriotic, hard-hearted money-seeking—a world where the Anglo-German or the swindling financier waxes rich quickly, and where the God-fearing Englishman goes to a Rowton House ousted by the "peaceful penetration" of our "dear kind friends" the Germans.

Those who have known the city for the past ten years or so know full well—aye, they know, alas! too well—the way in which Germany has prepared us for the financial aspect of the war. In the light of current events much has been made plain that was hitherto shrouded in mystery. We have seen plainly the subtle methods of the enemy.

Lewin Rodwell and his catspaw, Sir Boyle, were only typical of dozens of others in that little area from Temple Bar to Aldgate, the men who were working for Germany both prior to the war and after.

Charlesworth, to do him full credit, was an honest Englishman. Yet such a man was bound to be employed by our enemies as a safeguard against inquiry, and in order to avert suspicion. City men, like Charlesworth, might be patriotic to the backbone, yet when it became a matter of choosing between bread-and-cheese and starvation, as in his own case, the matter of living at Wimbledon on two thousand a year appealed to him, in preference to cold mutton and lodgings in Bloomsbury.

Germans, with or without assumed English names, controlled our finances, our professions, our hotels, nay, our very lives, wherefore it was hardly surprising that we were unable, in the first few months of war, to rid ourselves of that disease known as "German measles."

"I must say I'm sorry about Carew," remarked Charlesworth. "He's been with us ever since the formation of the Company—and you recollect we sent him abroad two years ago upon the Elektra deal. He made a splendid bargain—one that has brought us over twenty thousand pounds."

"And he was paid a bonus of twenty pounds, wasn't he?" snapped Rodwell, impatiently. "Surely that was enough?"

"But really I think we should keep him; he is very valuable."

"No, Charlesworth. Let him go. Give him the best of references, if you like. But we must cut down expenses, if you and I are to live at all."

"We must live at the expense of these poor devils, I suppose," remarked Charlesworth, with a slight sigh.

**T**RUTH to tell, he could not express his repugnance.

"Yes. Surely we are the masters. And capital must live!" was the other's hard reply. "But where is Sainsbury going?" Rodwell inquired, quickly. "What does he intend doing?"

"I have no idea," the manager said. "He behaved most mysteriously when

I told him that his services were no longer required."

"Mysteriously!" exclaimed Rodwell, starting and looking straight across at his companion. "How?"

"Well, he expressed undisguised pleasure at leaving us—that's all."

"What did he say?" asked Lewin Rodwell, in an instant deeply interested. "Tell me exactly what transpired. I have a reason—a very strong reason—for ascertaining. Tell me," he urged, with an eagerness which was quite unusual to him. "Tell me the whole facts."

#### CHAPTER VII.

#### The Spider's Web.

**T**HREE weeks went past—dark, breathless weeks in England's history.

Jack Sainsbury, keeping the knowledge to himself, spent many deep and thoughtful hours over his friend's tragic end. Several times he suggested to Mr. Trustram that, in order to clear up the mystery, the sealed letter should be opened. But Trustram—having given his word of honour to the dead man—argued, and quite rightly, that there was no mystery regarding Jerrold's death. He had simply committed suicide.

Rodwell and Charles Trustram had, by this time, become very friendly. The latter had been introduced to Sir Boyle Huntley, and the pair had soon introduced the Admiralty official into a higher circle of society than he had ever before attained. Indeed, within a few weeks Rodwell, prime mover of several patriotic funds, had become Trustram's bosom friend. So intimate did they become that they frequently played golf together at Sunningdale, Berkhamstead or Walton Heath, on such occasions when Trustram could snatch an hour or so of well-earned recreation from the Admiralty; and further, on two occasions Sir Boyle had given him very valuable financial tips—advice which had put into his pocket a very considerable sum in hard cash.

Admiralty officials are not too well paid for their splendid and untiring work, therefore to Charles Trustram this unexpected addition to his income was truly welcome.

The establishment of Lady Betty Kenworthy's Anti-Teutonic Alliance had caused a wave of indignant hatred of the German across the country, and hence it was receiving universal support. It aimed at the internment of all Germans, both naturalized and unnaturalized, at the drastic rooting out of the German influence in our officialdom, and the ousting of all persons who, in any sphere of life, might possess German connections by blood or by marriage.

While Trustram was, of course, debarred, on account of his official position, from open sympathy with the great movement, Lewin Rodwell and Sir Boyle went up and down the country addressing great and enthusiastic audiences and denouncing in violent terms the subtle influence of "the enemy in our midst."

Jack Sainsbury watched all this in grim silence. What he had overheard in the board-room of the Ochrida Copper Corporation rang ever in his ears.

More than once he had sat in Sir Houston Bird's quiet, sombre consulting-room, and the pair had discussed the situation. Both agreed that the



clever masquerade being played by Rodwell and his baroneted puppet was, though entertaining, yet a highly dangerous one. But without being in pos-

**Society's Choice**

For over 69 years Society Women all over the world have used it to obtain greater beauty and to keep their appearance always at its best.

**Gouraud's Oriental Cream**

Send 10c. for Trial Size

**FERD. T. HOPKINS & SON, Montreal**

**DEPARTMENT OF THE NAVAL SERVICE.**

**Royal Naval College of Canada.**

**ANNUAL** examinations for entry of Naval Cadets into this College are held at the examination centres of the Civil Service Commission in May each year, successful candidates joining the College on or about the 1st August following the examination.

Applications for entry are received up to the 15th April by the Secretary, Civil Service Commission, Ottawa, from whom blank entry forms can be obtained.

Candidates for examination must have passed their fourteenth birthday, and not reached their sixteenth birthday, on the 1st July following the examination.

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, March 12, 1917.

Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.

**"Cravenette" REGD.**

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

Dampness, fog, showers leave no trace on it.

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

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

**The Cravenette Co., Limited**  
P. O. Box 1954. Montreal.

"Pure and White - Always Right"

REGAL  
FREE RUNNING  
Table Salt

See that Spout?

Made in Canada

THE CANADIAN SALT CO. LIMITED

"There's no place like home" when

# PURITY FLOUR

makes the pies, cakes and bread.  
More Bread and Better Bread

## BOOK BARGAINS

"In the Old Stand-By's"

Now is the time to fill your shelves with standard authors, the kind who write the "old favorites," of never-dying interest. The series known as "Short Story Classics," published by Scribner's, contains the noted names and best work of many English authors.

### List of Countries and the Authors One Vol. to Each Country

Green Cloth, Gilt Stamping, 200 Pages, 25 Cents.

25c Brings You a Handy Volume Classic.

ENGLAND	LONDON.	SCOTLAND.
Anthony Hope	J. M. Barrie	J. M. Barrie
Thomas Hardy	F. Anstey	S. R. Crockett
Charles Reade	Arthur Morrison	Ian MacLaren
Wilkie Collins	I. Zangwill	Sir Walter Scott
Amelia B. Edwards	Beatrice Harraden	Professor Aytoun
Angelo Lewis	"Q"	R. L. Stevenson
F. W. Robinson	Marie Corelli	
IRELAND	AFRICA	GERMANY
Samuel Lover	A. Conan Doyle	Beatrice Harraden
George H. Jessop	H. Rider Haggard	John Strange Winter
Jane Barlow	J. Landers	Ouida
John Barnim	W. C. Scully	R. L. Stevenson
William Carleton	Percy Hemingway	William Black
FRANCE.	ITALY	THE SEA
R. L. Stevenson	James Payn	W. Clark Russell
Ouida	W. E. Norris	Sir Walter Besant
Wilkie Collins	Laurence Oliphant	G. B. O'Halloran
Hesba Stretton	Anthony Trollope	Grant Allen
Stanley J. Weyman	A. Mary F. Robinson	

### 9 VOLUMES FOR A SONG.

Note that the title of each book is "Short Story Classics—England," or any country, as the case may be. The authors named contribute as designated. Remainder lot of these valuable books to be cleared out, while they last at

25 cents a volume.

TAKE THEM!

Use Coupon Dept. C.A.

University Book Co.,  
181 Simcoe St., Toronto, Ont.

Please send me the Volumes  
Checked.

Total ..... Vols. at 25c. \$.....

Name .....

Address .....

WARNING!

In order to prevent correspondence and delay, please number volumes in order of your choice, and mark more than you order, so as to provide alternates in case stock should be exhausted.

session of hard, indisputable facts, how could they act? The British public had hailed Lewin Rodwell as a fine specimen of the truly patriotic Englishman, little dreaming him to be a wolf in sheep's-clothing. To all and every charitable appeal he subscribed readily, and to his small, snug house in Bruton Street came many of the highest in the land. Alas! that we always judge a man by his coat, his cook, his smiles and his glib speeches. Put a dress-suit upon the biggest scoundrel who ever stood in the dock at the Old Bailey—from Smith, who murdered his brides in baths downwards—and he would pass as what the world calls "a gentleman."

One evening in December—the ninth, to be exact—there had been a big dinner-party at Sir Boyle's, in Berkeley Square, and afterwards Trustram had accompanied Rodwell home to Bruton Street in a taxi for a smoke.

AS the pair—the spider and the fly—sat together before the fire in the small, cosy room at the back of the house which the financier used as his own den, their conversation turned upon a forthcoming meeting at the Mansion House, which it was intended to hold in order to further arouse the Home Office to a true sense of the danger of allowing alien enemies to be at liberty.

"I intend to speak quite openly and plainly upon the subject," declared Rodwell, leaning back in his chair and blowing a cloud of cigar-smoke from his lips. "The time has now passed for polite speeches. If we are to win this war we must no longer coddle the enemy with Donnington Hall methods. The authorities know full well that there are hundreds of spies among us to-day, and yet they deliberately close their eyes to them. To me their motto seems, 'Don't aggravate the Germans. They are such dear good people.' The whole comedy would be intensely humorous—a rollicking farce—if it were not so terribly pathetic. Therefore, at the meeting, I intend to warn the Government that if some strong measure is not adopted, and at once, the people themselves will rise and take matters into their own hands. There'll be rioting soon, if something is not done—that's my firm conviction," and in his dark eyes was a keen, earnest look, as he waved his white hand emphatically. Truly, Lewin Rodwell was a clever actor, and the line he had taken was, surely, sufficiently bold to remove from him any suspicion of German birth, or of double dealing.

"Yes, I quite agree," declared Trustram, enthusiastically. "We know well enough at the Admiralty that the most confidential information leaks out to the enemy almost daily, and—"

"And what can you expect, my dear fellow, when we have so many Germans and naturalized Germans here in our midst?" cried Rodwell, interrupting. "Intern the whole lot—that's my idea."

"With that I entirely agree," exclaimed Trustram, of course believing fully in his friend's whole-hearted sincerity. "There are far too many Germans in high places, and while they occupy them we shall never be able to combat their craftiness—never!"

Lewin Rodwell fixed his cold, keen

eyes upon the speaker, and smiled inwardly with satisfaction.

"My poor friend Dr. Jerrold held exactly similar views," Trustram went on. "Dear old Jerrold! He was ever active in hunting out spies. He assisted our Secret Service in a variety of ways and, by dint of diligent and patient inquiry, discovered many strange things."

"Did he ever really discover any spies?" asked Rodwell, in a rather languid voice.

"Yes, several. I happen to know one case—that of a man who collected certain information. The documents were found on him, together with a pocket-book which contained a number of names and addresses of German secret agents in England."

Rodwell instantly became interested.

"Did he? What became of the book? That surely ought to be most valuable to the authorities—eh?"

"It has been, I believe. But, of course, all inquiries of that nature are done by the War Office, so I only know the facts from Jerrold himself. He devoted all the time he could snatch from his profession to the study of spies, and to actual spy-hunting."

"And with good results—eh? Poor fellow! He was very alert. His was a sad end. Suicide. I wonder why?" asked Rodwell.

"Who knows?" remarked the other, shrugging his shoulders. "We all of us have our skeletons in our cupboards. Possibly his might have been rather uglier than others!"

Rodwell remained thoughtful. Mention of that pocket-book, of which Jerrold had obtained possession, caused him to ponder. That it was in the hands of the Intelligence Department was the reverse of comforting. He had known of the arrest of Otto Hartwig, alias Hart, who had, for many years before the war, carried on business in Kensington, but this was the first he had learnt that anything had been found upon the prisoner.

HE endeavoured to gain some further details from Trustram, but the latter had but little knowledge.

"All I know," he said, "is that the case occupied poor Jerrold fully a month of patient inquiry and watchful vigilance. At last his efforts were rewarded, for he was enabled to follow the man down to Portsmouth, and actually watch him making inquiries there—gathering facts which he intended to transmit to the enemy."

"How?" asked Rodwell, quickly.

"Ah! that's exactly what we don't know. That there exists a rapid mode of transmitting secret intelligence across the North Sea is certain," replied the Admiralty official. "We've had illustrations of it, time after time. Between ourselves, facts which I thought were only known to myself—facts regarding the transport of troops across the Channel—have actually been known in Berlin in a few hours after I have made the necessary arrangements."

"Are you quite certain of that?" Rodwell asked, with sudden interest.

"Absolutely. It has been reported back to us by our friends in Germany."

"Then we do have friends in Ger-

many?" remarked Rodwell, with affected ignorance.

"Oh, several," was the other's reply. Then, in confidence, he explained how certain officers had volunteered to enter Germany, posing as American citizens and travelling from America with American passports. He mentioned two by name—Beeton and Fordyce.

The well-dressed man lolling in his chair, smoking as he listened, made a mental note of those names, and grinned with satisfaction at Trustram's indiscretions.

YET, surely, the Admiralty official could not be blamed, for so completely had Lewin Rodwell practised the deception that he believed him to be a sterling Englishman, red-hot against the enemy and all his knavish devices.

"I suppose you must be pretty busy at the Admiralty just now—eh? The official account of the Battle of the Falklands in to-night's papers is splendid reading. Sturdee gave Admiral von Spee a very nasty shock. I suppose we shall hear of some other naval successes in the North Sea soon—eh?"

Trustram hesitated for a few seconds. "Well, not just yet," was his brief reply.

"Why do you say 'not yet'?" he asked with a laugh. "Has the Admiralty some thrilling surprise in store for us? Your people are always so confoundedly mysterious."

"We have to be discreet," laughed Trustram. "In these days one never knows who is friend or foe."

"Well, you know me well enough, Trustram, to be quite certain of my discretion. I never tell a soul any official information which may come to me—and I hear quite a lot from Cabinet friends—as you may well imagine."

"I do trust you, Mr. Rodwell," his friend replied. "If I did not, I should not have told you the many things I have regarding my own department."

Lewin Rodwell smoked on, his legs crossed, his right hand behind his head as he gazed at his friend.

"Well, you arouse my curiosity when you say that the Admiralty have in store a surprise for us which we shall know later. Where is it to take place?"

Again Charles Trustram hesitated. Then he answered, with some reluctance:

"In the North Sea, I believe. A certain scheme has been arranged which will, we hope, prove effectual."

"A trap, I suppose?"

Trustram laughed faintly.

"I didn't tell you so, remember," he said, quickly.

"Ah, I see!—a trap to draw the German Fleet north—up towards Iceland. Is my surmise correct?"

Trustram's smile was a silent affirmative.

"This is indeed interesting," Rodwell exclaimed. "I won't breathe a word to anyone. When is it to be?"

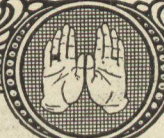
"Within a week."

"You mean in a week. To-day is Wednesday—next Wednesday will be the sixteenth."

Again Trustram smiled, as Rodwell, with his shrewd intelligence, divined the truth.

"It's all arranged—eh? And orders have been sent out to the Fleet?" asked the financier.

(To be continued.)



## The Ultimate Verdict

Taken in the aggregate  
Dunlop Automobile Tires—  
"Traction," "Special"—uni-  
formly give the highest  
average of general satis-  
faction. \* \* \* \*

A. 74

# DUNLOP TIRES

### Have You Read EDGAR ALLAN POE ?

If not, you have missed the Prince of Short Story Writers, who also originated the vogue of the detective story. Sir Conan Doyle admitted that the inspiration for Sherlock Holmes came from Poe's Tales.

You can have a Complete Set of this Famous American Author—Stories, Poems and Essays—in 5 neat cloth volumes, good type and paper, with engraved frontispieces—The "Tamerlane Edition." While they last at only ..... **\$1.50**

**UNIVERSITY BOOK COMPANY**  
8 University Avenue - Toronto

## A NEAT KITCHEN WITHOUT A BROOM

No coal-hod, no ash-pan, no dirt, no bother. You never have to sweep up after cooking on a **NEW PERFECTION**. It cooks more quickly and more conveniently than a coal or wood range, costs less for fuel and takes up half as much room.

The Long Blue Chimney gives perfect combustion and the visible flame "stays put."

*With Royalite Coal Oil the New Perfection will cook your meal for from 5 to 10 cents.*

**THE IMPERIAL OIL COMPANY**  
Limited  
BRANCHES IN ALL CITIES

## NEW PERFECTION OIL COOK STOVE




Schrader

The mileage obtainable from tires is in direct ratio with the air put into them. If your tire lacks twenty per cent of the air it needs, it will render you twenty per cent less than the mileage it could have given you. Measure the air in your tires with a **SCHRADER Universal Tire Pressure Gauge** and get the maximum out of your tires.

Price \$1.25 at your dealer or **A. Schrader's Son, Inc.**  
20-22 Hayter St., Toronto

HIGHEST AWARDS AT THE PANAMA PACIFIC EXPOSITION

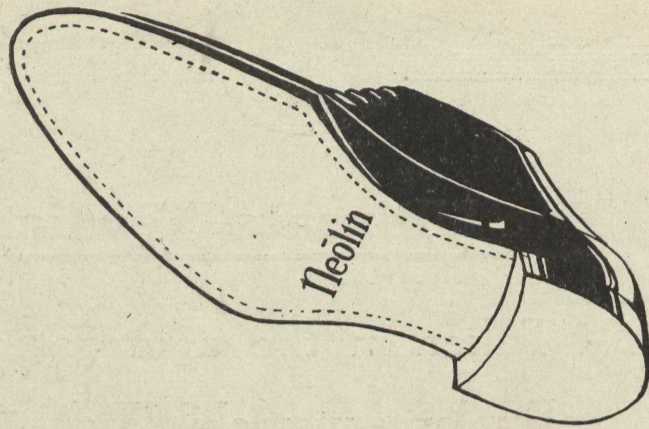


BANK  
OFFICE  
SCHOOL  
& OPERA CHURCH LODGE  
FURNITURE  
MANUFACTURED BY  
**CANADIAN OFFICE-SCHOOL  
FURNITURE CO. LTD.**  
PRESTON—ONTARIO

**THE TUSCO** Comforts of your home. American and European. (Private Hotel) Moderate rates. Hot and cold water in every room.

E. S. EDMONDSON, Prop., shopping district, 235 Jarvis Street, Toronto, Ont.

**KING EDWARD HOTEL**  
—Fireproof—  
Toronto, Canada.  
Accommodation for 750 guests, \$1.50 up. American and European Plan.



# A Message to the Shoe Dealers of Canada

During the next eight weeks you will be buying for next Fall and Winter. Perhaps you have already placed orders, but can have your supplier change specifications of the shoes. With this fact in mind, consider the situation from the standpoint of shoes built on Neolin soles.

A little over a year ago we made our first announcement of Neolin. The immediate demand was such as to much overtax our factory. So great was this demand that we were forced to cancel our advertising. Even this did not entirely relieve the situation, for the enthusiastic wearers of Neolin spread the story of its virtues by word-of-mouth.

To-day our manufacturing facilities are many times what they were a year ago. They are far greater than we anticipated. So we can supply soles for a big percentage of the shoes that will be made. We are not waiting for this demand to come, but are resuming an advertising campaign that will tell the story of Neolin in every city, town and hamlet in the Dominion.

By next Fall we believe that 50% of the shoe purchasers will demand shoes built on Neolin. An additional good percentage will accept Neolin, if, when they come to buy shoes, you explain why Neolin is better than leather. And later they will thank you for your thoughtfulness in getting them to buy more durable and more comfortable shoes.

Neolin has been a great success. Because of distinct superiorities it is replacing leather for shoe soles.

Neolin's appearance can be imitated. But Neolin's qualities are the result of methods and materials known only to us.

Now there are other soles that look like Neolin.

This means that every proprietor of a shoe store in Canada, if he is going to please and hold his trade, should at this time specify to his manufacturer or jobber that half or more of the shoes he is now ordering for sale next Fall shall be built on Neolin.

Most dealers will order a great percentage of their shoes built on Neolin, but even the keenest shoe merchant can hardly know of the great demand that is rolling up day by day, week by week, month by month, for Neolin and the better shoes it makes possible.

Some dealers have become Neolin specialists from early in the history of Neolin. They have advertised Neolin and with wonderful results. Several retailers who have advertised have attracted a bigger demand for shoes built on Neolin than for shoes built on leather, and have not only increased their local trade but have opened up some mail order business from localities where retailers had not featured Neolin.

Shoe manufacturers and jobbers are thoroughly acquainted with the outstanding qualities of Neolin, and are enthusiastic as to these qualities. But they, after all, will only build as many shoes on Neolin as the retailer orders. Hence this message to shoe merchants. Be prepared for this tremendous Neolin business next Fall and Winter. Think of it when next the salesman shows his samples. Ask for orders recently placed to be filled with shoes built on Neolin.

But there is only one Neolin—and every pair of soles is branded with the trademark below.

To be sure of the genuine Neolin—mark that mark; stamp it on your memory. Ask for Neolin with the accent on the "o"—Neolin.

—the trade symbol for a quality product of

The Goodyear Tire and Rubber Co. of Canada, Limited

# Neolin