

Canadian Towler



Alex Fraser
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CANADIAN COURIER

Published at 181 Simcoe St., Toronto, by the Courier Press, Limited. 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.

The Power of Christmas

WHILE we don't conventionally wish our readers a Merry Christmas in so many words, we beg to point out that this whole issue of the Canadian Courier is a greeting to our many thousands of readers all over Canada. We believe in the Power of Christmas, and we have tried to put a fair percentage of it into this number. From cover to cover the only feature of the issue not made-in-Canada is the story, "The Greed of Jocelyn Jeffreys." And the rest, whether you think it good or otherwise, is inspired by Canadian life both past and present and made-in-Canada by Canadians, except a few of the photographs, which being of world events, were taken by foreign cameras. We believe in the Power of Christmas to focus the interest on one's own country. At a time when home-comings are the cheerful dramas, and when so many home-comings are impossible because of the war, we want this issue of the Canadian Courier to spread as much of the power of Christmas as possible.



One more issue and we shall begin our new serial, "The Indian Drum," by Balmer and MacHarg. We have had this thrilling mystery story in hand for some time, awaiting its release by the publishers. The Editor read it several weeks ago and had a great desire to begin publishing it then; but the holders of copyright were as inexorable as the power of the story. Personally we have been held by the grip of this mystery of the great lakes, some of whose scenes are laid on the common highway of Canadian and American ships. We feel quite sure that the readers will be captured by it as well.

Next week we shall run a further instalment of the picture story, "What Happened to Hoag," crowded out of this issue.

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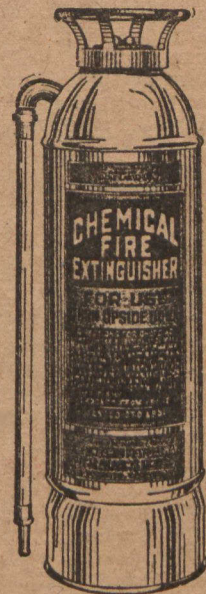
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292

FOR HIS CHRISTMAS



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BANK OF MONTREAL

Annual General Meeting Held 3rd December, 1917.

The 100th Annual General Meeting of the Shareholders of the Bank of Montreal was held December 3rd in the Board Room at the Bank's Headquarters.

On motion of Mr. R. B. Angus, Sir Vincent Meredith was requested to take the chair.

Mr. C. J. Flett, K.C., moved, and Mr. Alfred Piddington seconded, that Messrs. George R. Hooper and W. R. Miller be appointed to act as Scrutineers, and that Mr. O. B. Sharp be the Secretary of the meeting. This was carried unanimously.

The Chairman then called upon the General Manager, Sir Frederick Williams-Taylor, to read the Annual Report of the Directors to the Shareholders.

THE PRESIDENT'S ADDRESS.

Sir Vincent Meredith, in moving the adoption of the Report of the Directors to the Shareholders, said:

"On the third of November last the Bank of Montreal completed the one hundredth anniversary of the opening of its doors for business.

"I feel warranted in stating that never during this long period was its prestige higher, its business in sounder or more elastic condition and its earning power greater than I believe them to be to-day. I am glad to believe also that it has never enjoyed a wider measure of public confidence.

"The year, like the preceding one, has not been free from difficulties and anxieties, but we have been successful in avoiding large losses and are in a position to meet the legitimate demands of all commercial needs in addition to doing even more than our full share in financing both the Imperial and our own Government's requirements.

Financing Wheat Crop.

"In this connection, it may not be out of place to say that the banks of Canada have recently loaned the Imperial Government \$100,000,000 to assist in the purchase of the North-West wheat crop, and they are carrying further loans of \$160,000,000 in connection with the purchase of munitions. The advances to the Dominion Government for war purposes now aggregate \$147,450,000.

"The patriotic response of the banks and of our people to the demands of the Imperial and Canadian Governments for funds to enable them to carry on, and the adaptability of the Canadian banking system in meeting the ever-growing strain of war finance, are matters of gratification. That we shall continue our efforts to the utmost limit of our resources, always having in mind our liability to depositors, there can be no question.

"Business conditions in Canada continue buoyant. There is no recession in the great wave of industrial and commercial activity of the past few years, and trade in all lines, including what are generally known as luxuries, is highly prosperous. There is little or no movement in real estate, and building operations are restricted. Labor is fully employed at high wages, and there continues to be a deficiency in the supply.

"In the ten-year period, 1905 to 1915, the amount of capital employed in manufacturing industries in Canada increased from \$846,585,000 to \$1,994,103,000, or by 135 per cent., while the value of the products of these establishments rose from \$718,352,000 to \$1,407,000,000, a gain of 96 per cent. The output of munition plants has doubtless been a factor, though it is obvious that the industries of Canada are steadily enlarging the volume of their business and finding new markets.

"Bank loans have been augmented in consequence of the high prices paid for all merchandise. These high prices are the cause of some uneasiness to merchants carrying large stocks, and while I would counsel prudence, it is not apparent to me how there can be any material reduction in the cost of commodities in the near future.

Abnormal Trade Activity.

"The large expenditures by our own

Government in providing munitions and foodstuffs for Great Britain and our Allies, supplemented by the Mother Country's expenditures and the unexpectedly large orders which have been placed in Canada by the United States Government, all point to a continuance of prosperity and high prices, but it must not be forgotten that the prosperity we are enjoying is in a large measure due to the abnormal disbursements in Canada in connection with the war, and may, therefore, prove transitory. The funds which make possible these expenditures are largely obtained from British and Canadian Government borrowing, and constitute an obligation which one day must be provided for. What will happen if these expenditures are curtailed, or when peace is declared, no one can foretell. Personally, I am hopeful of prosperous business conditions being continued for some time during the readjustment period after the war.

"In this connection, the desirability of the extension of Canadian trade in all directions during the period of post-bellum reconstruction, either through Commercial Intelligence Agents, acting directly for the Government or a Board approved by the Government, should not be lost sight of.

"Since I last addressed you, the scourge of war has continued with unabated violence. The number of belligerents has increased; fortunately, they are all accessions to the side of the Allies.

"The entry of the United States into the conflict, thought tardy, is whole-souled, and with their enormous resources in men and money, which are being given generously and unhesitatingly to the Allies, cannot but be an important factor in bringing the war to a speedy and successful conclusion.

"No one can tell how long the war will last. The imperative need, therefore, for efficiency and increased production, together with economies in all public and private expenditure, is obvious and cannot be repeated too often or urged too strongly.

"The unbounded prosperity of Canada, to which I referred a year ago, is fully reflected by the abnormal trade figures.

"In the seven months to October 31st last, the aggregate value of imports and exports was \$1,586,616,000, or \$273,000,000 more than in the corresponding period of the preceding year. Eliminating the item of coin and bullion, as well as that of foreign produce in transit through Canada, our foreign trade was \$1,550,000,000 for the period as compared with \$1,084,000,000 last year, an increase of fifty per cent.

Growing Public Debt.

"The net public debt of Canada has assumed large proportions, now amounting to \$948,000,000, exclusive of guarantees, and is growing at the rate of \$1,000,000 daily. Large as these figures are, they must continue to grow while the war endures, and some concern is being shown as to how they are to be provided for.

"The recent Victory Loan, so splendidly taken up by all classes of the people, should suffice, with the surplus on consolidated revenue account, to meet the financial requirements of the Government until well on to the end of next year, before which time many things may happen. What is now imperatively required is that no unwise

expenditures be made, no new financial obligations undertaken, and that the burden of taxation be distributed equitably.

"Whether our debt is to be included in a huge Allied funding operation, or we provide for it by funding our own liabilities, is a matter that need not concern us at the moment.

"Our country is one of the most productive in the world. Our gold holdings per capita almost equal those of the United States. Our natural resources are unbounded and our credit is irreproachable. There are no doubt difficulties and anxieties ahead which we shall still have to face, but I think we may look forward with confidence to providing without undue strain for the burden of our patriotic endeavor."

THE GENERAL MANAGER'S ADDRESS.

Sir Frederick Williams-Taylor, the General Manager of the Bank, then made his annual address, as follows:

"Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen,—I feel it a great privilege to present to-day for your approval the centenary balance-sheet of the Bank of Montreal.

"Coincident with this anniversary, our President, Sir Vincent Meredith, has completed fifty years of uninterrupted service in this Bank, and it is fitting that we should extend to both our heartiest congratulations.

"As the President has dealt with the banking and financial situation in general terms, my preliminary remarks will be confined to specific incidents and influences bearing upon the business of your Bank.

"Above all other events the entry of the United States of America into the war stands paramount and bears upon the Canadian economic and banking position with a force the effect of which is only now commencing to be felt.

"Shortly after the outbreak of war, Wall Street, as every one knows, took the place of the London market for our country's public loans, and continued in that place until a few months ago. Now the influx of American capital is scanty, the inflow of borrowed money from the United States—which we had come to look upon as a matter of course—is suspended, it may be until the end of the war, and Canada is 'on her own.'

"In other words, little money is coming into Canada, except in payment of exports, and, therefore, for the first time since Confederation the Dominion is cast upon her own financial resources.

"By some this will be regarded too seriously, by others not seriously enough. Actually, the stoppage will have far-reaching consequences. On the one hand, industrial development will be checked, but on the other hand the inability to borrow may prove a blessing in disguise, once we have adjusted our affairs to the changed conditions. It is surely well for us to learn to do without financial assistance, especially as the country at large already has a debt abroad, the interest on which runs into the great sum of about \$500,000 per day. So long as the stream of money flowing into the country was uninterrupted, it was difficult, if not impossible, for our people to see the necessity for economy. Personal extravagance is still conspicuous in many directions, but presently economy will become general—from high motives, we hope; if not, then from stern necessity.

"It is true that the development of Canada could never have reached its present stage but for moneys borrowed abroad, and, therefore, Canada is grateful, first, to Great Britain, and, secondly, to the United States, for the help they have thus contributed to the remarkable progress which our country has made, particularly during the past twenty years.

"It is, however, equally true that our misuse of borrowed money is in great measure responsible for some of the chief evils that have come upon us. I refer especially to the inflation which before the war started the increase in the cost of living, and to the creation of debt unrepresented by productive investment. Now that the inflow of money is suspended, we must pull ourselves together, practise economy, till

the soil, produce to a greater extent the manufactured goods we require for our own use, until in the fullness of time we emerge a wiser and a better people in a sounder economic position.

"Having learned our lesson, this is clearly no time for us to brood over the errors of the past score of years, but rather to take stock of our resources, and with stout hearts to set about the work of conservation and rehabilitation.

"At the beginning of this Armageddon, England admittedly made mistakes that would have demoralized any other nation. These mistakes have been corrected, until to-day the British Empire has an army in the field whose equal in combined morale, size, equipment, organization, tenacity of purpose and fighting qualities the world has never known. Canada has played no inconspicuous part in this re-creation, and we shall be equally successful in recovering our economic balance.

"We are the fortunate possessors of a splendid, healthful and beautiful country, abounding in natural wealth; and, what is equally important, we can properly claim to be a virile, industrious and ambitious people.

Quick Assets.

"Thanks mainly to the soundness of our banking system and to the healthy condition of our banks, Canada can still hold up her financial head. Our own Bank's ratio of quick assets to liabilities is 75½ per cent, compared with 75 per cent. a year ago, and 64 per cent. the preceding year.

"We have heard it remarked by certain friends that the Canadian banks are too strong, and your own Bank particularly so; but permit me to express my clear conviction that the sheet anchor of our Canadian national ship is the Canadian banks, and that anchor must be strong to hold against wind and tide. The banks have kept strong in an endeavor to prevent currency inflation, while at the same time they have made war advances to the Canadian and Imperial Governments to an amount that would have been regarded as impossible three years ago. Such advances are naturally included among liquid assets. The loans made by the banks to the Canadian and Imperial Governments have enabled the business of the country to be carried on to an extent otherwise impracticable.

"Those of us who are responsible to you trust that you are satisfied with our judgment as to the percentage of liquid strength that we consider essential in these times. Of one thing you may be sure, our strength is not at the expense of our commercial business, which we are always ready to extend to meet the requirements of the Bank's customers."

Appreciation for Staff.

Mr. C. R. Hosmer moved, seconded by Mr. George B. Fraser, that the thanks of the meeting be tendered the General Manager, Assistant General Manager, the Superintendents, the Managers and other Officers of the Bank for their services during the past year.

The motion was unanimously adopted, and was responded to by the General Manager, Sir Frederick Williams-Taylor.

ELECTION OF DIRECTORS.

The ballot for the appointment of Auditors and the election of Directors for the ensuing year was then proceeded with. The Scrutineers appointed for the purpose reported that Messrs. James Hutchison, C. A. J. Maxtone Graham, C.A., and George Creak, C.A., were duly appointed Auditors. The following gentlemen were duly elected Directors:

D. Forbes Angus, R. B. Angus, J. H. Ashdown, H. W. Beauchamp, Colonel Henry Cockshutt, H. R. Drummond, G. B. Fraser, Sir Charles Gordon, K.B.E., C. R. Hosmer, Harold Kennedy, Wm. McMaster, Sir Vincent Meredith, Bart; Major Herbert Molson, M.C.; Lord Shaughnessy, K.C.V.O.

The meeting then terminated. At a subsequent meeting of the Directors, Sir Vincent Meredith, Bart, was re-elected President, and Sir Charles Gordon, K.B.E., was re-elected Vice-President.

CANADIAN COURIER



Now doth the city sit solitary,
that was full of people! how
is she become as a widow! she
that was great among the nations,
and princess among the provinces.

BECAUSE some one man or several blundered, or a piece of machinery broke down, because sheer misadventure steered two ships towards each other from the ends of the earth, the proud old city of Halifax was laid in ruins in an instant of time. A thousand of her people were slain and not with sword; as many more were maimed and wounded. Millions of money will not repair the damage. Nothing can make good the total of human suffering endured.

Halifax is a long, thin city, built on the western shore of a great harbor. The city is really two cities divided by the huge hill on which the citadel is built. The South End, as it is called, is the residential portion; the North End is industrial. There are the wharves, the dry-dock, the railway station, the factories, the main barracks, the naval department. This quarter was the home mainly of the working class. Their houses were of wood, cheaply constructed. Here is the wasp-waist passage between the outer harbor and the inner, which is known as Bedford Basin. This passage or strait has a deep, narrow channel. Here was the scene of the calamity which struck Halifax like a comet on Thursday morning, December the sixth, 1917.

It was a morning of unusual and surprising beauty. There was no snow on the ground. The air was kind and friendly as in summer. Nothing in sky or on earth portended disaster; but disaster was on its way. Men were getting down to their offices; the morning trains were coming in at North Street Station; the children were assembled in their schools.

Over the still, glassy surface of the harbor, a French ship, the "Mont Blanc," was proceeding cautiously towards the Narrows. She had four thousand tons of T. N. T. in her hold and a deck load of picric acid and benzol. She was to anchor in the Basin out of harm's way. The Dock Yard officials had a special eye on her, as they must have on all such dangerous visitors.

At the predestined hour, the Belgian relief ship, "Imo," conspicuously lettered in red, as is the fashion of such ships, had left her anchorage in the Basin and was proceeding outwards to sea. Both were in charge of regular certificated Halifax pilots. As they neared and neared, those looking on noticed that the "Imo" was disregarding the old established, immutable rules of the road at sea.

About a quarter before nine, the two ships met practically in the Narrows, and the "Imo" rammed the "Mont Blanc" somewhere about the engine-room. Some say the steering-gear went wrong at the critical moment; others that the usual signals were misunderstood.

Almost immediately after the collision, the "Mont Blanc" was seen to be on fire. A tall column of smoke rose like a pillar of cloud through the still morning air. Onlookers remarked that there was a ship on fire in the Basin. The crew of the "Mont Blanc," well knowing what they had underneath their feet, took to their boats and rowed like madmen for the eastern shore, where the town of Dartmouth stands, opposite to Halifax. The abandoned ship, burning fiercely, drifted towards Pier 8, as it is called, a long, double wharf, where the square-rigged ships load deals for the U. K. Long freight trains bear the sawn lumber from the mills to the wharf.

One observer of the collision was the captain of one of H. M. ships in the harbor, for nothing takes place in the vicinity of a British man-of-war that is not noted and reported. He saw the danger and ordered his commander away in a boat, to board the derelict, anchor her, and get the fire under control. They never reached their goal. Before they got near the "Mont Blanc" she drifted into Pier 8 and blew up.

AN eye-witness on the citadel curiously watching the huge column of black smoke suddenly saw an immense upward spurt of red flame. And that was the last of the "Mont Blanc."

There came a burst of thunder sound. Those who have experienced earthquakes thought they were caught in another. The ground rocked, walls swayed and fell, roofs collapsed. There was only one explosion, but most Haligonians heard two reports: first a deep, awful, subterranean rumbling, for earth carries sound more quickly than air; the second was like the sound of an enormous blast, as when the engineers of the Ocean Terminals explode tons of dynamite in the cuttings.

Immediately all over the peninsula, in every dwelling, shop, factory, office, bank, warehouse, there followed the sound of shattering glass, the splintering of wooden doors, shutters, as locks were burst and hinges smashed, where the whole fabric did not fall in a heap.

HALIFAX IN RUINS

Story by an Eye-Witness who lives in Halifax and who records in haste what he was able to focus of the Tragedy up till December 9.

By ARCHIBALD MacMECHAN

side the harbor. One! two!— When and where would the third fall? Or else it was "An air raid." Instinctively people ran into the open to look for the Zeppelins, or took to the cellar to escape the shells.

Then quiet reigned again. There were no more terrifying sounds. Neighbors began to confer in the streets and make inquiries as to damage and escapes. They also noted with surprise that everyone's house was wrecked as well as their own. In the South End people were calm and unexcited; they were taken unawares, but they were not flurried. Annoyance at the inexplicable damage done was perhaps uppermost, and curiosity as to the origin of the trouble. Blasting at the Terminals and the roar of big guns at practice have been so common here that it takes a great deal to put Haligonians in a panic.

The true story of the explosion soon spread mysteriously from lip to lip. Then practical people began to make repairs. They began to sweep up the broken glass and fallen plaster. If they were lucky enough to have some lumber they began boarding up their windows. If not they put up mats, rugs, blankets, roofing felt, cloth and battens—anything to keep out the weather. This was only true of the South End. It was some time before the city realized the disaster which had befallen it.

FAR different was the scene in what the local papers called "the busy North End."

There the incalculable force of the suddenly compressed air had blasted the whole quarter flat. Every house was level with the ground and every tree. The cheap, wooden houses, which covered the hillside, simply collapsed in a moment like houses built of cards. In an instant of time, before the unfortunates could realize the peril, their houses had fallen on their heads. One poor man hunting for his wounded wife from hospital to hospital, said, "I was sitting at breakfast, and the two ends went out of the house." Men, women and children were killed instantly by the concussion, and were thrown yards away from their homes. Others were torn to pieces, heads from bodies, limbs from trunk. Others were blinded by the pelting showers of broken glass, or strangely gashed and rent. In all conceivable ways was this poor human frame rent, and broken, and shredded and crushed. The houses collapsed, killing whole families at once, or heavy timbers pinned down living and injured. Their fate was the most fearful for—the wreckage took fire.

In an instant of time twenty thousand people, half the population of Halifax, were rendered destitute. Those who escaped were homeless; they had only what they stood up in. The case of the little children was the most pitiful. Richmond School came down and killed a hundred: the little white crushed faces could be seen through the timbers. Fifty more were killed at St. Joseph's School. All but two perished with devoted matrons in the wreck of the Protestant Orphanage.

Across the harbor the same things happened, but the loss of life was much slighter. Perhaps forty Micmac Indians were killed on their reservation at Tuft's Cove. In Dartmouth itself, twenty-five were actually killed. The flying fragments of the ammunition ship killed many. The plight of the aged, the sick, the infants, the bed-ridden, the crippled, the nursing mothers, the pregnant, cannot be described.

In the immediate neighborhood of Pier 8, the damage was greatest. The pier itself was simply abolished; hundreds of freight cars with their loads were upset, torn apart, and their contents scattered. The station roof came down, killing or injuring all but two. The road was completely blocked. Traffic was suspended. All through the city the trams and telephone service were at an end.

(Must send this to catch the 7.30 mail to-night, Dec. 9. Will send on conclusion to-night or to-morrow morning.)—A.M.

Perhaps nothing illustrates the inconceivable force of such an explosion as well as the case of the "Niobe." As guard-ship, she is anchored head and stern by heavy cables, and also moored to the wharf. Each link is of inch-and-a-quarter iron, in section. The explosion produced a miniature tidal wave eight feet high, which tore her sixty yards out of her place. The wooden deckhouses came down, killing fifteen men. The same wave swept the wharves and put out

(Continued on page 23.)

The effect of the vast, sudden interference with the air was practically the same as if an earthquake had shaken Halifax to the ground.

To those who heard those awful sounds two or three similar ideas occurred at once. Most thought, "At last." German ships were shelling the city from out-

The Boy and the Bells

By Augustus Bridle



HE was on the borderland of heaven and didn't know it. Because he had a drudging, back-aching bucksaw job alongside a long pile of cordwood, and he had been in Canada only three months; which was a long while ago, when the part of the land he went to was being conquered out of the bush. And it was always those dark, silent woods across the fields and the snow that made the lad wonder what lay beyond. The mill he knew because it screamed all day; the corner-store he knew, for he had been sent there by old Grim, his master, to buy tobacco; and he knew the blacksmith shop—and the harness-maker next door; both of them mighty men in that village since horses must have both shoes and harness and the Lord knew it was a land of horses.

Christmas week—day before the day of days—heaven the night before had rolled out a garment of new snow that made even the saw-mill go muffled and the—logs, the logs, the logs! Heavens, how they came, snow-splashed and huge under the creaking chains and the humpbacked binder-poles with the men bawling to one another on top and the horses below bobbing, jingling, belling along. Out of the bush they came, wherever that was, or the end of it, in to the village and the mill.

"Quit—that—dawdlin'," barked one out of a doorway close by, where a large boot hung. Spectacles. A leathery old face. His hammer had been whacking pegs into soles since seven a.m., when the mill whistle blew.

"Oh, crimes, oh crumbs; who is dawdlin'?" grumbled the lad as he swabbed another lick of the pork fat on the saw. He whopped a big hickory stick on the sawbuck and began again. The door shut. "I won't finish the job," he muttered. "I won't stay here. I don't like it. Splinters!"

He meant the slivers and the hickory bark that kinked the saw and chugged his chin.

SEVEN days and more he had been whittling at that cordwood like a mouse nibbling out of a wall. In the land of the beaver, where every man, as he had heard, was expected to hustle or bust. Glorious wood; seven varieties, and by this time he knew most of them. The whiskered personage who hauled them here in a sleigh had taken boots for pay and he lived beyond the bush lines somewhere in the fabulous land where the lad had never been. But it was not his horses and bells the lad liked most; that grey, hushed-up morning of white silences and jingling, dreamy bells.

"Wish he'd send me to the mill for a bag o' sawdust to bed the pig," mumbled the lad as he craned himself to see what a spectacle it might be to behold twenty of those loads snaking amidst the walls of the logs.

Boong! Every little while a log thumped down from the bunks.

Crash! A mile away and over some tree went down.

Day after day it had been so while the lad bucksawed and remembered the dingdong of a Sunday text in the saw-mill church. "Seest thou a man diligent in business, he shall stand before kings." Well, he was ready for the kings. And for aught he knew these furred fellows that drove the log-loads were the real kings. Now and again he had seen a few of their felt boots dangled from the counter in the store; had heard their fables and their oaths; tales of the trees going down and the logs coming out and the fights.

Oh, the bells! Seven sorts of them. Some on the tongues, on the collars, on the neck-yokes, on the back-bands, whole strings of them round some teams—as many kinds of bells as there were colors of horses, brown, bay, black, white, sorrel, chestnut, speckled and mongrel. Bravo! The lad paused to smell the breath of the horses. To hear the bells louder than the bucksaw thump in his ears. One of those teams—who could believe it?—had two strings of bells, one chime for each horse slung naively under the bellyband. That must be a rich bush-whacker. A hulky, huge-booted man of whiskers, he was, black and benign, sometimes a bit scowling, as kings ought to be, and once the lad heard his voice boom back the road to a teamster.

"Oh, I guess I got near two thousand on here."

Two thousand what?

Then the man stood up. Ben ceased sawing altogether to gaze at the colossuslike straddle of the great leathery legs as the load slid along down to the corner, round the store and—

Smack! came the door under the boot.

"Go to work, you whiffit!" roared spectacles.

And by now it was almost the drop of dusk; last loads for the day crawling in from the hinderland; empty bobs trotting and jangling home, bells at the bow and loose chains aft in the snow. Ben followed the bucksaw and looked. Oh, when would that king with the iron-grey horses and the two chimes of bells come by? Whenever he came Ben must be on the slab bridge to wave at him.

The shoemaker's window blazed. Ben put away the bucksaw and stood on the bridge. Team after team. As yet no black-whiskered king of the bush. Soon—

Ah! yonder round the store came the jangle of those double bells.

Ben crouched low on the bridge and looked upwards. The team came snorting on the slow trot. When he should pass! Oh, let the sign of the boot and the drone of the bucksaw be blasted!

Here was the man himself, squat low on the forward bunk gidooping his team. Now or never! As the hind bob slithered next the bridge Ben leaped upon it, grabbed the binder-pole and lay flat behind the bunk not far from the dangling hook in the snow. He knew not where he was going, but he was on the way. He would stand before the king. And the king saw him not. In the dusk Ben saw the broad of the man's back and the rumps of the horses as the bells jangled; one mile down the town line, round a corner, over a culvert on to a side-road, heading for the bush-land, the unknown, the great grey beyond of the trees and

the hidden clearing where lights and music and great men and kind women lived.

Would the king throw him back? Had he boys enough and to spare of his own? Oh, Lord!

What token! What sign, or claim could he have upon this man of the bells?

THE jangle of music changed up yonder. Ben's low-lying eye noted something suddenly dark along the track in the white snow. It was—one of the bell-chimes! Dropped, and the king didn't know it. Ben slid off and snatched the treasure. Wildly waving the string of bells for a moment, he shouted; then he ran, on and on to the jingle of bells, up and up the strangest road he

had ever seen, panting as never he had over the saw, slipping and tumbling and jingling—till he saw the king's horses turn in at a gate.

A few minutes later Ben ran into a barnyard where horses were loose.

"Please, sir," he panted, as he stood before the bush king, whose name he knew not, "I brought you—the bells!"

The king's hand reached out.

"Well, I'll be jiggered!—Where'd yeh brung 'em from, sonny?"

As best he might the boy told him.

The bush king laughed.

"And I wish you a merry Christmas, sir," said Ben, awkwardly.

"Well, you'd better come in and have supper, boy. Mebbe—mebbe you can spend Christmas with us if it's all the same to the old man yunder."

In a fit of blindness, Ben fumbled about helping the great man stable his iron-grey horses in one end of a huge barn—or it seemed huge. Strange cattle peered at him round a straw-stack as he helped the man lug in straw to bed the team. Chickens gabbled on a roost. A line of strange birds occupied the entire peak of the roof on a slatsided corner. And the king, as he paused on his way to the house beyond the woodpile, yanked his whiskers and said,

"One o' youse will be missing to-morrow morning, I guess."

What family it was that gathered around the supper-table Ben was too blind to notice clearly. He realized that old Grim, the maker of boots, would be in a fine rage by now. But he never would find him that night. No.

"Be you—wantin' to go to roost, sonny?" asked a kind, motherish voice.

AND in all his excitement Ben was sleepy—but not so drowsy as not to realize what a mountainous feather-bed he was to climb into in a cold room off the parlor. And that he slept in a pack of dreams, from which he was roused by a terrible flutteration and squawking among the poultry. When he came to himself he observed the bronze-black hulk of a headless gobbler lying on the woodpile.

Oh, the crime of it!

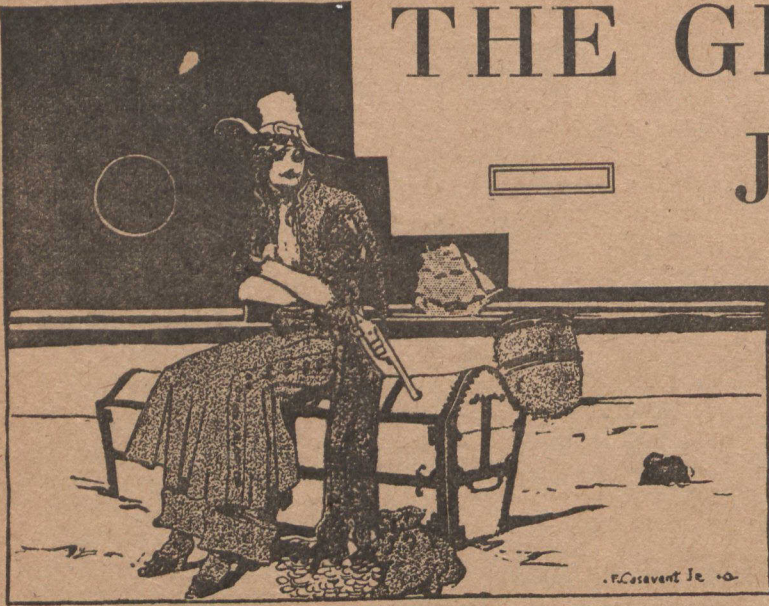
The sun swept up in a blaze of blue. The maze of all things lay about the lad in the great trance of a perfect holiday. The horses snorted and pranced out to the water-hole in the pond. Cattle stood in the snow and the sun, chewing their cud.

Breakfast! He scarcely knew when it came. Dinner—dinner was the thing. The household set to getting the dead gobbler ready for the

(Continued on page 24.)

THE GREED OF JOCELYN JEFFREYS

By WILLIAM HAMILTON OSBORNE



"Old-fashioned Christmas dinner, I see, Archie."

"Worse than that," returned Bellamy. "Old-fashioned Southern Christmas dinner. Everything on the table, all at once. Virginia darkies by the score to wait on you. I've been South a dozen of times to get the local color for it, Rightie, and it's

INVOLVING two Christmas Dinners, in which the art of a woman was strangely mixed up with the power of a woman to act, and the capacity of one man for being bamboozled.

WAINWRIGHT MONROE, in his bedroom at the Barristers, had finished shaving and was grooming vigorously his heavy head of tawny hair, when there thundered on his door a most tremendous knock.

"Who's there?" he cried, expectantly.

"Bellamy," replied a voice. Whereupon the owner of the voice thrust open the door and stalked in, as he stalked down the centre aisle of theatres, or into the middle of big dining-rooms, with his massive pair of big shoulders first.

Archibald Bellamy was known to his friends as a gigantic game of bluff and in this game of bluff his shoulders played the major part.

Wainwright Monroe turned to him with a humorous grin of disappointment on his features. "It's only you, Archie," he exclaimed. "Too bad, I thought you were a box of Duodecimos."

Archibald Bellamy strode heavily about the room, making everything in it, except Monroe, who was long where Archibald was broad, seem small by contrast.

"Why did you think I was a box of Duodecimos?" queried Archie, with a grunt.

"Because," answered Wainwright, "I just sent out for some."

Bellamy placed his hat carefully upon the bed and tossed his stick beside it. "In that case," he announced, "I had better wait."

Wainwright tucked his military brushes into their case and glanced doubtfully towards his stout friend. "That doesn't explain it," he ventured.

"Doesn't explain what?" queried Archie, keeping up his interest in the door, through which, at any moment, the Duodecimos might come.

Monroe selected a waistcoat from his closet and returned. "It doesn't explain your presence here so early in the morning, Mr. Bellamy," he returned.

For answer Archibald thrust his hand into his coat and drew forth from his breast pocket a square white envelope. "I've come, sir," he remarked, passing it over, "to confer upon you a Christmas present."

"In-deed?" returned Monroe. He tore open the envelope, extracted its contents, and then presented a countenance filled with comical disappointment. "Is this all I get for Christmas?" he complained. "Why, what do you think I thought that this contained?—I thought it was a check for that five thousand that you owe me."

ARCHIE waved his hand. "It's better, much better, my boy," he remarked easily. "There are lots of checks for five thousand floating around town, but it's not everybody who can get an invite to one of Archie Bellamy's Christmas dinners, let me tell you that."

Wainwright studied the invitation carefully.

going to be great."

"Well," mused Monroe, "I suppose I've got to come. Who's going to be there, anyway?"

"A lot of people in general," answered Bellamy, "but one in particular—Jocelyn Jeffreys."

Monroe started. "Jocelyn Jeffreys," he repeated, as though searching his memory for something that had escaped him. "Where have I heard that name?"

"Probably haven't heard it at all," returned Bellamy. "Most likely you have seen it in the theatrical columns of the newspapers. She's doing 'The Maid of Green Cheese' at the Gaiety."

Wainwright nodded. Some portion of his uncertainty had departed from him, for he recalled now, not only having seen the name of Jocelyn Jeffreys, but he recalled, also, having seen her at the Gaiety.

"She's the girl," went on Bellamy, "who introduced from the Fourteenth Street Burlesque House into Broadway that feature of kissing every man in the bald-headed row. Nobody could have done it and done it right except Jocelyn Jeffreys, and Broadway stood for it hard."

"I remember the girl," said Wainwright. "She does 'The Siren' and that business is in her kissing song, only she doesn't kiss anybody; she pretends."

"How do you know?" asked Bellamy.

"I've been in the bald-headed row myself," responded Wainwright.

"Well," went on Bellamy, "I'll tell you what. Jocelyn Jeffreys is just my kind, and I'm giving this little Christmas blowout just for her—just for her and you. Do you understand?"

"For me?" repeated Wainwright. "What terrible convulsion of your nature led you to give a dinner for me, I'd like to know?"

"It was no convulsion of my nature," responded Bellamy. "It was just a little idiosyncrasy of Jocelyn's. She wants to meet you."

"Wants to meet me!" exclaimed Wainwright, aghast. "Why the girl doesn't know me; she doesn't know who I am."

"Doesn't she," returned Bellamy. "I should think she did. You are one of the most distinguished Southerners in the Borough. She's from the South, and, what's more, she's seen you, and any girl in town, my dear young friend, who sees you, wants you. Not very remarkable, it seems to me."

But it was remarkable, somehow, to Monroe, and remarkable chiefly because the mention of the Gaiety girl's name, following immediately upon Wainwright's early morning reverie, had stirred something—some strange and intangible memory, that he could not account for. The mere fact that a Gaiety girl wanted to meet him, was nothing to him. He had grown weary of advances of this kind. But the fact that Jocelyn Jeffreys, a girl with a name that haunted him; a girl whose lips he had almost

met one night at the Gaiety, made him suddenly and tremendously anxious to know her. In the week that lapsed before the dinner, unusual impatience possessed him. Two or three times he was on the point of occupying a first row seat at the Gaiety again, to fall once more under "The Siren's" hypnotic spell; to see if he could not succeed where other men had failed—could not, across that narrow space between the audience and the footlights, succeed in wresting from The Siren the elusive kiss, for the performance of which feat, the vulgar Broadway manager was advertising on his billboards, the successful winner would receive an even fifty dollars. But he did not go. And so it happened that on Christmas night he found himself eagerly pushing his way through the crowd of common-places that always characterized Bellamy's dinners toward the girl in the far corner who was being monopolized by Bellamy himself. Bellamy did the honors, and, inasmuch as Wainwright's arrival had completed the list of guests, the doors were thrown open and the dinner began at once.

MONROE found, to his inward satisfaction, that though Jocelyn Jeffreys occupied the place of honor on Bellamy's right, he, Wainwright, was seated on the other side of the girl herself.

You give dinners, too, Mr. Monroe," she whispered, with a quick, confidential glance, that indicated somewhat that she preferred their converse to be overheard by no one, not even by Bellamy himself.

Wainwright did not answer at once. He looked her fully and frankly in the face. Glanced at her hair, her gown, her hands. She was a superb creature, without a trace of color on her countenance. A little above the medium height, perhaps, and with that strange bewildering combination of jet black hair and deep blue eyes. She was very pretty, and Monroe noted suddenly, to his satisfaction, that the girl wore no jewels. Her hair even gave no sign of fastening.

Ranged up and down on both sides of the long table were ladies of various ages and various stages of beauty, but the face of each bore evidence of art, not nature. It was small wonder with Monroe that over the top of the abundance piled in old-fashioned splendor on the table, every man in the room was watching Jocelyn Jeffreys.

"Yes," finally returned Monroe, "I do give dinners, now and then, but not like this; this is the kind of dinner that—" He stopped suddenly and something seemed to catch within his voice, and then he went on, "that my mother used to give."

The girl shook her head. "Never," she replied. "Archie Bellamy never could get up a dinner like your mother used to get."

Wainwright laughed. "How do you know?" he demanded. But the girl only shook her head and went swiftly on.

"Your dinners I have heard of, Mr. Monroe."

she said. "Three hundred dollars a plate, something like that, is it not? What do they call you in New York, 'Spendthrift Monroe'?"

"Jove," answered Wainwright, a bit alarmed. "You don't say that they call me spendthrift."

"What do you call yourself?" she asked. And then some new queer earnest look struggled to the fore. "What are you anyway?"

MONROE did not answer her. His face was flushed, not with Bellamy's wine, because none had yet been opened, but with the distinct and strange allurements in the eyes of the girl—something that was there appealed to him more strongly than had anything in his hitherto brief metropolitan career. She held his gaze quite frankly, and it was with an effort almost visible that Wainwright tore his glance from hers. He glanced up and down the room to find some commonplace topic of conversation that might relieve the strange emotion that obsessed him. Suddenly he found it.

"Old-fashioned Southern Christmas dinner," he exclaimed, half aloud. "I should think it was. Look at the darky waiters; look at the head waiter, great Scott."

For the first time, apparently, the girl looked, and, as she glanced at the head waiter, she involuntarily shivered. "Where did he get such a man?" she demanded suddenly of Monroe. "What caterer would employ him?"

Monroe, too, kept his eyes fixed to the countenance of this negro. The man had the proportions of a giant and the face of an orang-outang. All the brute in the negro nature was summed up and crystallized in him.

"Well," ejaculated Monroe, "the rest of them are not much better," which was quite true.

Bellamy had provided a dozen waiters for perhaps fifty guests, and, as the low-voiced exclamations of Wainwright Monroe and the girl were repeated around the table, the fifty guests began to realize that they were in the presence of the strangest set of waiters they had ever seen. There was nothing about them except that they seemed to be aboriginal negroes, almost untouched by civilization, trained, perhaps, in some west side restaurant, and even as the fifty guests watched the twelve—for they could not help but watch them—the sullen savagery of the twelve began to manifest itself.

The waiter at Bellamy's end of the table, who was serving Bellamy and his two right-hand guests, threw himself, purposely or by accident, in the way of the big head waiter, as the latter directed the carving of the turkey and the nice adjustment of the dressing on each plate. His burly chief had turned upon him in a flash showing white teeth and uttering some unintelligible jargon. This ill-will grew as the dinner progressed, and once Monroe detected in the air, as his negro served him, the genteel aroma of firewater.

The girl beside Monroe was shivering. She saw that something impended. Suddenly the waiters seemed to divide into two factions. They took sides for and against their chief. This was evidenced only by their mutterings and by the hostile jostling of each other, as they passed in and out the door.

Monroe, who knew the negro thoroughly, began to be alarmed. His alarm crept along the table and around on the other side until

all the guests were affected by it. In fact, the time came when everybody in the room, save Bellamy himself, wondered what dire thing would happen next. And then it happened.

Monroe's waiter, purposely or by accident, spilled a plate of salad down the shirt front of his chief. Without a word, that huge savage, waving his arms wildly in the air, swooped down upon his lighter aide. The latter, less burly, was more agile. He leaped suddenly out of the way, switched his arm backward to his hip pocket and drew forth, not a revolver, but a razor. And then the fight was on.

Immediately seven of the waiters leaped to one side of the room, each with an open razor in his hand, and confronted four others headed by the chief. The rest was pandemonium.

In the midst of it all Wainwright Monroe was aware that he had arisen from his seat, that he had caught the half-fainting Jocelyn Jeffreys about the waist and had dragged her into comparative safety in a far corner of the room. He was aware of something else—that, as he held her in his arms, he found suddenly that her lips were lifted with infinite allurements to his—found that he had kissed her. In the confusion that followed, he forgot the negroes—forgot everything save that one tremendous fact—that he had kissed her.

entertaining after-dinner speech.

The negroes were nowhere to be seen. Monroe drew the girl back to her seat, grateful that the diners had never noticed them, and, no sooner had the company restored itself to semi-mirth, then back into the room poured the most orderly set of darkies that could be imagined, each with a grin upon his face a mile wide.

The diners rose and cheered them. The chief waiter looked as sheepish at this unexpected salvo as he now looked harmless, and again the guests turned to Bellamy and raised their glasses in a silent tribute to his genius.

Monroe grunted in disgust. "We're con-foundedly slow," he said to Jocelyn Jeffreys. "I ought to have known it all the time. That razor fight was just one of Bellamy's sensations. He always has them at everything he gives."

The girl was still shivering. "It was worse than a joke," she exclaimed. "It looked too real to be a joke."

He held her hand for an instant underneath the table, and then suddenly a thought struck him, and, obeying an irresistible impulse, he rose in his place and extended his glance—a lone figure—toward Bellamy. "Bravo, Bellamy," he exclaimed, as though from the bottom of his soul.

The diners tittered at his belated acknowledgment, and he slumped into his seat again beside the girl.

"What's the matter with you?" she whispered.

He waited until his fellow guests had subsided into their customary consumption of food and drink. Then he turned once more to her.

"You don't seem to understand, Miss Jeffreys," he exclaimed, "that trick of Bellamy's got me what I wanted—a kiss from you."

The girl whitened perceptibly and turned the conversation back into its original channel.

"Would you ever give a dinner for me, Mr. Spendthrift Monroe?" she inquired. "How much a plate do you think I am worth?"

MONROE was tremendously impulsive and tremendously energetic as well. Two days had not elapsed before he had gained an entree to Miss Jocelyn Jeffreys' up-to-date apartments in the Belvedere, before he was chummy with her companion, Miss Leonora Smith, a young woman quite as ungainly as Jocelyn was comely, and, in fact, it was on the evening of the second day after the Bellamy dinner that he had the temerity and the boldness to hand to Jocelyn Jeffreys a little leather case from Tiffany's.

"A belated Christmas present," he remarked genially, though with some strange fear in his heart that he was doing quite the wrong thing.

They were sitting, he and she, in her living-room at the Belvedere. In the next room, reading the latest novel, sat the discreet Miss Smith, always austere, always ugly and always on hand, but she was too far away to hear and the curtains between the rooms were so adjusted that she could be scarcely seen.

It was late, after the performance at the Gaiety, and Monroe had driven Jocelyn home in his car. She was leaning wearily back in an easy chair, her wraps thrown carelessly aside, fatigued with the night's work and the day's, too, for she had had a matinee, but her eyes showed that she was frankly pleased and freshened by his presence and his attention, and she started from her chair and met him



"Well," mused Monroe, "I suppose I've to come. Who's going to be there anyway?"

How long they remained thus, he with his arm about her and she with her hand laid in some sort of frantic appeal upon his shoulder, looking into each other's eyes—how long this lasted they, neither of them, knew. They were brought to their senses by a universal burst of laughter and by the shrill voices of women and the strong voices of men crying out:

"BRAVO, Bellamy, good boy, Archie." And then they saw that the fifty guests, convulsed with laughter, were reseating themselves at the table, which they had left but a few moments before in alarm, and that Archie was bowing his acknowledgments with beaming face as though he had just perpetrated an

with adorable *gaucherie* as he handed her the flat leather case that he had drawn from his pocket. She opened it and drew back at its exquisite elegance, for it was a dog collar of pearls.

"Spendthrift," she exclaimed, "and who might this be for?"

"For you," he stammered, suddenly knowing that he had done the wrong thing, for the girl had frowned on the instant.

"Never," she returned coldly. "I wear no jewels and I never accept jewels from anybody, man or woman."

He flushed. "You will take these," he pleaded.

She shrugged her shoulders. "No," she answered, shortly.

"I want to give you something," he insisted. "I'm a little crude—uncouth about it. What can I give you?" he inquired.

A GAIN she shrugged her shoulders and was silent for an instant. Then she held out her hand. "We are friends," she said, with gentle pressure, "good friends, are we not? Is not that enough?"

Monroe held her hand for one instant. "Flowers, then," he remarked. "I can bring you those."

But again she shook her head. "I never take flowers," she returned. "Gifts—what are gifts to me?"

He stepped toward her. "Do you mean to tell me," he demanded, "that you never let anybody give you anything—not your best friends?"

The girl closed her eyes as though thinking hard, as though uncertain what to say next. Suddenly she opened them and glanced into his with a cool and calculating glance.

"There is only one thing that I ever take from any one," she told him, quite in a matter-of-fact tone of voice, "and that is—money."

He drew back. "Money?" he demanded, staggered by the coolness of her tone and by the mental attitude of a girl who is too squeamish to accept a dog collar of pearls, and yet who was ready and willing to receive their value in hard coin.

She noted the recoil and his sudden mental and physical retreat, and, as though to make amends, she followed him, talking volubly the while.

"You think me strange, do you not," she went on in the same matter-of-fact tone of voice.

"Perhaps I am—perhaps there is not another woman in New York of my—" she drew herself unconsciously to her full height—"of my social standing, who would say things like this to you. But I am practical, intensely practical—" She stopped here, and, as though to offset the calculating character of her words, she cast toward him a glance of bewildering allurements that belied them. "You like my voice?" she went on, switching off to something else.

"Like it," he answered, enthusiastically. "Haven't I told you already?"

"Exactly," she continued. "And my voice, some day, shall be my fortune—possibly. But now, I am under contract. Oh, he took advantage of me, that big, fat, vulgar Ellenbogen of a manager. He knew three years ago that I had a voice and that I had no money, and so I tied my voice to him for almost nothing, for the advertising almost. For seven long years. What then? I am ambitious. I love society. I must live, and I love to live well, and to meet

people, not like Bellamy, people like you. It takes money, does it not? Well, then, if my good friends want to give, let them give me money." She held up her hands as if in warning. "Let them give it in the right spirit and I shall receive it the same way."

The whole thing staggered Wainwright Monroe. It shocked him. And yet there was that other side of the girl's nature that he could not shake from him. Something that held him in its grip. He felt different toward this girl than he had felt toward every other woman he had known. What was it in her that stirred him to the depths? He had been in love before, so he assured himself, and love had been a mighty pleasant thing to him, no more, but this was something more. If it were love, it was a love that seared and burned him as though with a white hot iron. He could not grapple with it—he could not understand it, only, as he left Jocelyn Jeffreys that evening, he stretched out his arms toward her and pleaded silently for a second kiss, but Jocelyn Jeffreys eluded him

an embarrassed way at first, without noting the slightest trace of embarrassment upon her part. Gave it to her freely, because it seemed to please her, but never once did he try again to kiss her, and she seemed to like him the better for it. And yet, through it all, there was something in her eyes that was leading him on—leading him on. She seemed, somehow, a Siren in real life as well as on the stage.

As time went on apace, she asked him for money, asked it freely, and always with the same phrase upon her lips. "I take it in the spirit that you give it, my good friend," she told him.

These were gay days for Wainwright Monroe. He lived as in a constant round of pleasure. Food seemed like manna to him—the wine he drank like nectar of the Gods. And it was all due to Jocelyn Jeffreys. He was with her most of the time—they ate together—rode together. He waited for her at the stage door of the Gaiety, and all the while New York snickered and laughed in its sleeve. Even Bellamy confided to his friends that "Jocelyn Jeffreys had got Rightie Monroe by the nose and was leading him a merry life."

Once Monroe proposed to her, but, with that calm little shrug of the shoulders, she rejected him immediately.

"There's one thing, at any rate, I'd like to know," blurted out Wainwright. "Is there anybody else out there in the future waiting for you?" For truth to tell, Bellamy's tongue, piqued as Bellamy was with jealousy, had wagged a bit lightly in Monroe's presence, and Bellamy had insinuated, in his coarse and elegant way, that Wainwright's gifts of money were supporting some more congenial gentleman. It was not enough that Monroe had forcibly ejected Bellamy from his room at the Barristers in a fit of passion—Bellamy's insinuations still rankled, but Wainwright felt, somehow, that the girl, in the long run, would tell him the truth.

"Is there anybody else?" he kept repeating.

SHE shook her head. "There is something else, though," she told him. "Something, as you say, out there in the future." She clasped her hands behind her head and gazed on past him into the vistas. "My career," she whispered. "The big life that waits for me." She drew her hand suddenly and wearily across her face. "And it is so hard—so hard," she wailed, "here in New York."

This was the beginning of an idea that had been smouldering in Wainwright's breast. He knew nothing of music, except that it pleased him, and knew nothing of the comparative values of the voices of the Metropolitan singers, but in the voice of Jocelyn Jeffreys there was some vibrant melody that had ever stirred his soul, and he felt that she was one of those artists, who in time would be called "big." Monroe, in truth, was a spendthrift, but he had at least half of his fortune left. The spending of the other half had been a wonderfully pleasant exercise, but now a new object presented itself, an object that was as definite and helpful, as it was pleasing to him. He would "make" Jocelyn Jeffreys—he would make her the best singer, the most talked of woman in New York. He told her about it breathlessly—hopefully. He hardly noted that she had clutched him by the hand as he went on with his recital, but when he finished the girl sprang to him and laid both hands upon his shoulders

(Continued on page 20.)



"This is our Christmas dinner, and this is my Christmas present."

with ten times more energy than did the Siren flee from the unwelcome kisses of the bald-headed row.

"No, no," she exclaimed. "Why should I kiss you?"

"Why did you kiss me?" he demanded.

A GAIN she shrugged her shoulders. "That was an accident at Bellamy's dinner," she exclaimed. "I was beside myself with fear, but now—listen, my friend." She placed her hand lightly on his arm. "Some day a man will come to me and say: 'Jocelyn, I want you for my wife.' How then shall I explain to him all these kisses, if there are to be kisses?"

Again Wainwright was staggered, but he came boldly to the front. "How will you explain that kiss of the other night?" he asked. But she only smiled.

"That, somehow, was different," she assured him. "That is our secret, yours and mine."

Monroe gave her money after that, gave it in



AIR BOMBING

SUPPOSE we give the war a rest for a bit and talk about Christmas. We've all had more experience with Christmas, anyway. Other people—we can't always tell exactly who they are—make wars. The people everywhere, in all the homes of the world, make Christmas. Once a year in our childhood, in our youth, down into the years that fetch the backward look, we have opened for ourselves a magic gate into a world of beauty. It so happened that the time was winter for the part of the world where Christmas began, in the northern hemisphere; the time of the longest nights when the shepherds kept watch over their flocks and saw the magic star; in the holy silence of the snow, in the time of crackling logs and blazing fires, and spruce trees draped in white, when the stars palpitated in the clear air and down the road came the music of sleigh-bells.

Now my Uncle Dudley is going to read this far and then he will say,

"Poppycock! Slush! Here—darn you, young 'un, what are you making such a row in here over your bundle o' papers? Think you're the only star on Christmas Eve? Put the soft pedal on, or I'll chuck you out into the snow."

My Uncle Dudley is a newsdealer—including books, magazines, toys, sundries, newspapers and "Sundays." He has a staff of newsboys big enough to fill a streetcar, and they don't make him feel much like Santa Claus in his speech. For some years now he has been cross at Christmas. He says it makes him far too busy in his store. No customers are so cranky as Christmas customers. Half of them only maul over the things. Not much money in toys, anyway. Good toys hard to get. Not so plentiful since Germany quit sending us toys. As for books, magazines and papers, it takes a lot of people these days to make much in bulk of sales; small profits are a lot of handling. And on top of all this ram-bunctious newsies.

"Here, you, Barney—can that clack! I'll twist your neck!"

Barney plunges out with his cargo of Sundays, almost upsetting a man with a three-year-old boy who thinks he ought to take home all the toys he wants without anybody paying for them—a clear proof that Santa Claus is a fact and not a fiction.

The man and the child were jostled out. So they went along the crowded street just to get into the swing of Christmas. Clack and clatter, everybody pushing and jostling—the child thought it was immense. The man growled a bit. He wanted to get Christmas atmosphere. This wasn't it. All the shops were blazing with things to eat and wear, and read and to take for medicine. They all looked much as they had done every night in the year except for the few little Christmas decorations that began to peep out here and there. They were all made to look so in order that people might go in and buy. There was none of those shops where the poorest, raggedest child could have gone in and got something for nothing. Kris Kringle, as we used to call him in England, had never seen any of these shops.

Presently they came to a queer little front whose windows were covered with sale bills in three colors. On the next day there was to be a bankrupt sale of boots, shoes and rubbers. And of all places where the spirit of Christmas would not be the next day this was the first. The man could imagine the struggling, clutching crowds of women and children

THE CHILDREN

who early in the morning would be clawing over the footwear marked down to a price that always had a 9 on the end. No, the spirit of Christmas would not be in that.

But what was it that made the child and the man pause before that ugly little window when the man dreamed himself back into the world of Christmas as it used to be?

It was the sheets of colored paper with the light just oozing through. In the childhood of the man one thing that marked off the Christmas time was the festoons of colored papers which hundreds of children in a London school used to help weave into chains that hung upon the chandeliers and the windows and the doors. How they rustled and flashed and made color-music to the children! Just colored paper; cost next to nothing, and without them none of the things that took money to buy would have meant the same kind of Christmas. With those colored papers to look at the three-year-old and the man got the vision of Christmas, the London Christmas of Dickens.

—Little bits of paper; simple toys; a Christmas tree; a magic lantern; in the early morning the waits with their cracked and ghostly voices; before dawn the scramble from the long rows of beds in the white dormitory into the suits of corduroy and the white tunics; breakfast by gaslight; then the line-up in the courtyard in the dawn with a skiff of snow on the asphalt, yonder at the head somewhere the brass band, sometimes the fife and drum, ready to march out to the streets of great London, on and on and on till in the mellow haze of the day we found our straggled little two-deep line with the band at the head trailing through tremendous, holiday-making crowds, tramcars, horses, carriages and people. And by mid-morning we turned into a church somewhere, a great church with a huge organ at the far end, and we all took up the strain of "This is the day and this the happy morn."

Dinner—roast beef and hot potatoes and plum duff. Such a dinner. Bonbons at the plates. Crack! On with the paper caps and the aprons. Out to the yard, for games. At night the magic lantern, more carols and the unveiling of the Christmas tree, when each child got one little gift.

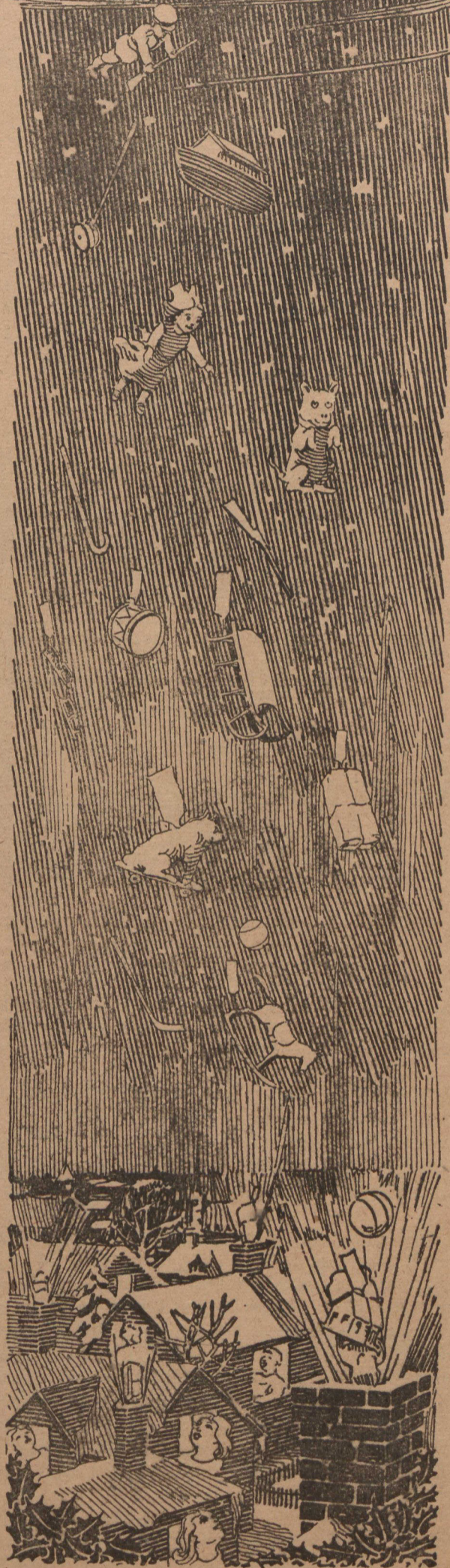
That was the Christmas when the spirit of Christmas ruled with kindness and magic, bringing joy that never could be outlived to hundreds of folkless children. Money? It cost little. We knew nothing of commercialized Christmas. Kris Kringle was in the offing; the saint who never buys but gives.

But that was all long ago—the Christmas that used to be. This child on the Canadian street, looking at the red, green and yellow papers, how could he ever have such a Christmas?

In the clatter of the street there was a shrill shout. "Oh, Daddy, Daddy! I'm finding Santa Claus!"

The lad had slipped away somewhere. Just for a few minutes, but so fascinated that he was not afraid, he had suddenly been picked up by a man who had on a false face, the mask of old Santa Claus. "Here's your boy," chuckled the voice in the mask. "I found him."

And when the lad pulled up the mask—it was the face of my Uncle Dudley who had just given all his newsies a box of goodies each. And the three-year-old had seen the spirit of Christmas; not the Christmas that used to be, but the Christmas that now is and must always be, or kindness perish from the earth.



SANTA CLAUS AND THE KAISER

Written for Children, Little and Big

By THE EDITOR

WHAT the kindest man ever known for the last 1800 years and more thinks of Kaiser Wilhelm on Christmas morning, 1917, ought to be found out. Almost all the editors and orators in the world, outside of Germany and Austria, have abused the Kaiser; and a good deal of the language has been set to work a great many times to invent some new way of telling the world how awful the German Emperor is. But after all, it is not a case for many words. If only we can find the right judge who knows more about people than anybody else, who has traveled and been kind to everybody and never angry or impatient with anybody, and know what he thinks about the Kaiser, we shall be quite sure what kind of man he is and what we should think about him at Christmas time, 1917.

Nobody should think evil of anybody at Christmas, even if he has to all the rest of the year. If there is a kind word to be said for this person who rules Germany, now is the time to say it. And if all the rest of the world outside of Germany feels backward about saying this kind word about the Kaiser, why, perhaps old Santa Claus, whose whole life is kindness and who knows the children of all the kings and princes in Europe, might step up and tell us—something good about this man. If he can't, then we may as well dismiss the case. And the silence of Santa Claus on this subject will be taken to indicate that he can think of no good thing at present that he wishes to say about the ruler of Germany.

No doubt Santa Claus remembers when this strange Emperor was a child; remembers the toys he used to fetch him. No doubt Santa Claus wishes the German Emperor had never grown up. And if the Kaiser were to echo the words of one of our poets and say, on Christmas Eve,

"Backward, turn backward, O time in thy flight,

Make me a child again just for to-night,"

Santa Claus would be puzzled to know just what to bring him for presents. The Kaiser has so many guns, so many drums, such a lot of horses and jumping jacks and different kinds of animals; he must be tired of them all. Dolls? No, William can't have any dolls this year. Dolls are made to look like babies and little children, and from what we have read in the newspapers, we don't think the Kaiser is very fond of children—except, perhaps, little Germans.

We know very little of this man as a child, when he was getting things at Christmas. But when he grew up to be a man and became the German Emperor, William Hohenzollern found out that millions upon millions of people all over the world had great faith in Santa Claus. So he hit on a bright scheme of going into partnership with the old Saint, just the way he did with the Sultan of Turkey and the King of Bulgaria. Santa Claus needed millions and millions of toys and somebody had to make them.

"Ah, yes," said William Emperor, smoothly rubbing his hands, "I'll make them—millions of them. All kinds. Tell me what you want."

So thousands of people, mostly women and girls and smaller folk, were set to work making the toys for Santa Claus. To make a really nice story, it should be said that the rich Emperor, knowing what a lot of good Santa Claus was doing in the world, especially to poor children, took the money out of his own royal treasure chests and paid for making these toys, which he handed over to his very good friend, Santa Claus. But of course that would have cost very much more than even Willie Emperor had. So he hit on the wise idea of charging old Santa for the toys and paying the people who made them just as little as he could. Which, of course, meant a fine fat profit for the country ruled by Emperor William.

And all this time the cunning Emperor was thinking up all sorts of things he would do to the world when his country got richer and more

powerful; how, when he had made the people pay by taxes all they could stand and more to raise a huge army and a navy and a lot of airships and submarines and terrible great guns, he would march out and fight the whole of Europe. And as everybody big enough remembers, that was what he did in 1914, about the time the people in Germany should have been extra busy making toys for Santa Claus at a fine fat profit. If anybody mentioned Santa Claus he just swelled out his chest and poofed and rattled his great sword under his cloak and said,

"BY the time Santa Claus begins to go over the world on Christmas Eve, 1914, our armies will be in Paris and St. Petersburg, and if the English don't jolly well look out we shall have another army in London. By Christmas Eve, 1915, we shall have soldiers in Ottawa and Washington and Winnipeg, and German sailors in Vancouver and Halifax. And we shall just hand Santa Claus a nice little map of the world, telling him where to go and what to take everybody; because Santa Claus is a foolish old fellow who doesn't always divide things up the way he should. Poof!"

And he called for his beer.

But all this, of course, as you know, never happened. We all know what has happened instead; how many millions of fathers and brothers and sons have been fighting in the trenches and on ships and in submarines and up in the air. We all know what terrible things have been in the countries where Santa Claus used to be so well known to everybody. There are great stacks of books containing all sorts of tales with photographs showing that the soldiers of this man who was supposed to be a great Emperor never was a friend of Santa Claus; that he hated the old saint because he was so kind; that he gave his officers orders to be as cruel as they knew how, more cruel than any savages ever known; gave them orders to burn towns and blow up houses and steal the peoples' wine and get drunk on it, to shoot down old men and cut beautiful girls to pieces and soak people in kerosene to set fire to them, and nail other people alive to crosses, and send over the trenches all kinds of poisonous gases to dry up peoples' lungs and burn their skins, and poison wells and spread awful diseases among the prisoners, and scatter white poison powder from bursting balloons over the snow so that when the Russian soldiers came to melt the snow for water they would be poisoned—and to send out crews of men in great blown-up Zeppelins to shoot bombs down upon England to kill women and children, the very children whom Santa Claus

was to have visited, and with submarine torpedoes to sneak up from under the sea and sink ships with women and children on board.

All these things were done by order or by consent of this Emperor who, when he was a boy, was visited by Santa Claus.

Nobody has ever been able to explain how he was able to get so many officers and soldiers and sailors to do such awful things. But they say that for many, many years the people had been taught how some day their country would be at war with Europe and to defend themselves they would have to do such things to make the people afraid of them.

But the queer part of that story, as any boy knows, is that in all the three years and five months of this terrible war there never has been a shell burst, never a man killed, never a house burned in Germany except by now and then a bomb from an airship and long ago by one of the Russian armies over in East Prussia. So it's quite certain that the German people have not been fighting to defend their own country or they would be fighting in Germany instead of in other countries.

Santa Claus knows the whole story. He is one of the few who do know it. But ever since the war began he has been too sad at heart thinking of all the homes where death has come because of the war to tell any secrets out of court. Just at present the kindest man in the world shakes his great white-haired head and prefers to say nothing.



BY one of those happenings called coincidences the German Emperor is here seen standing by what looks to be the remains of a Christmas Tree. The spruce boughs were in the photograph and we left them there; hoping that the man did not intend us to believe that he had put his boot down on Christmas trees as well as upon all the other kindnesses of humanity.

A Yuletide Package

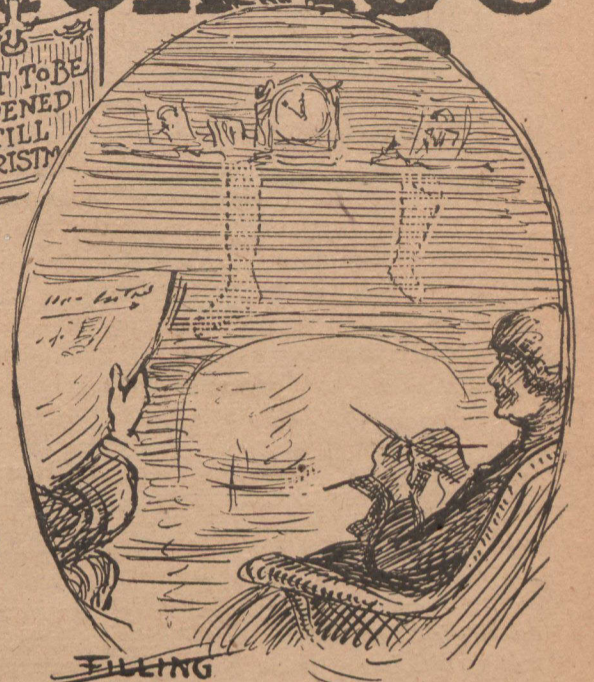


MR TURK - I wonder which house I'd better go to - It's quite out of the question to call on all of them



Everywhere In France

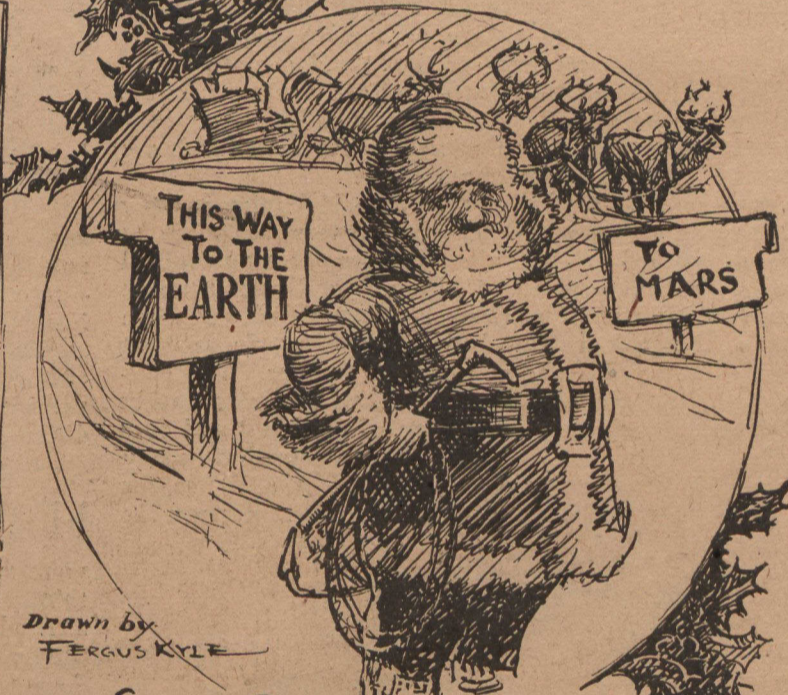
NOT TO BE OPENED TILL CHRISTMAS



FILLING KNITTING THE CHRISTMAS STOCKING



HERE'S A CHRISTMAS TREE YOU CAN'T HANG ANYTHING ON



Drawn by FERGUS KYLE

SANTA CLAUS - Nix, I can't go that way this year - they'd take the reindeer for food!



THE MAN IN THE MOON - It was to be all over by Christmas - Let's see now, which Christmas?



THE "WAITS"

It's a long time since "TIPPERARY" It's a long while ago -

AND then we have to remember that some folks have palm-leaf fans at Christmas. Half the British Empire has its mid-summer somewhere around December. Three-quarters of the people who own the flag of the world's greatest Christmas country, never saw snow on a Christmas-tree. What we should like to behold as a new thing in Christmas visiting would be a party from Bombay spending Christmas with the folks up in Ungava. Up in an igloo. Sixty below. Dinner of walrus meat. Bed in a deerskin bag. All sitting round the stone lamp burning seal oil. No chimney. Return visit of the Eskimos to Bombay in 1918. Amogogliasiak and family round-trip ticket from Ungava to Bombay. No particular reason. Just to spend Christmas in a different climate. Because that's the way they do in some parts of Canada and over in England—those folks who think the whole world goes into a new state of mind about December 25th, just because they do themselves



Boarder

soldier

COW

oleomargarine

THE NEW OFFENSIVE



A PRESENT-LESS CHRISTMAS

“CHRISTMAS was all right,” said the middle-aged bachelor, “until someone began writing it Xmas with an X, the emblem of a ten dollar bill. From that time on, Christmas deteriorated into a kind of trade-festival. We prepare for Christmas with an orgie of shopping. Crowds surge through the streets and shops preparing for the great day and on the 25th of December we naturally expect things to reach a climax, but they don’t—not for a grouchy old bachelor at least. I know it will be much the same as usual—a hectic exchange of gifts, a hearty dinner and a heavy family re-union. Now in the good old days . . .”

“When you were young?” we interrupted.

“Dear me, no! Not that all days are not good when one is young—and especially Christmas day—but I refer to the sixteenth century or thereabouts, when the Lord of Misrule or Abbot of Unreason was appointed to superintend the Christmas revels at Court and in the houses of the wealthy. Of course it was a religious festival as well, and is still, but you must admit that, apart from that, Christmas has been entirely given over to the children, and even they don’t know how to keep it properly. They think nothing of Christmas carols, dances and games, they do nothing but play with their presents all day long and stuff themselves with sweets. It is the great family day—as if people didn’t get enough of their families every day!”

“But wasn’t it a ‘family day’ in the olden times?”

“Yes and no. Families were worthy of the name in those days. You didn’t find four adoring grand-parents, two parents and five or six maiden aunts and bachelor uncles all playing Santa Claus to one overfed infant. It was the style then to marry early and often and to yearly increase the population. The old squire and his family and more distant relatives celebrated Christmas with their servants and tenants, and that made it worth while to keep the timely festival as it should be kept with feasting and merry-making, the traditional roast boar’s head, the yule log, holly and mistletoe.

“We try to perpetuate some old customs with our imported holly and mistletoe, keeping the letter but not the spirit of our ancestors, who wreathed their doorways and windows with greens from their own domains. Perhaps it is because they are so expensive that we use them—boughs of scented pine and balsam are much more decorative, but we must keep the X in Xmas! The mistletoe, especially, is so expensive that one poor yellowish spray is made to do the work of a luxuriant bough, for it was customary for each couple who kissed under the mistletoe to remove a berry from the bough, but if that were practised in modern times only the early birds would get the berries—and the girls would never allow that!

“No. The present Christmas is all wrong. I use the word present in its double meaning. If people stopped the exchange of presents they might find some other way to worthily celebrate the greatest festival of the year. The most successful attempts have been the com-

munity Christmas trees in a public park where the large and beautifully lighted tree, and the Christmas carols, can be enjoyed by all the citizens, young and old, rich and poor, on Christmas eve.

“Of course there are any amount of Christmas trees for various charities, but these are rarely held on Christmas day. We are much too selfish for that. The great day is sacred to our own families, and any day in the week before or the week after Christmas is thought suitable for the poor. Indeed, one tree with its decorations, frequently circulates amongst the various charitable organizations and the poor children circulate with it. They look upon Christmas as a time to receive presents—the more the merrier—so the attendance at Sunday schools, mothers’ meetings and various juvenile organizations, increases greatly about the middle of December, and greedy little hands are held out for more and more.

“Santa Claus was a beautiful fairy so long as he was surrounded by mystery, but when he visited every family Christmas tree and talked with the voice of Father or Uncle through cotton wool whiskers, his glory faded, and when he took up his abode in various department stores, his charm vanished forever. The children see him surrounded with outrageously expensive toys and some of the less timid ones will tell him that they want this or that (which is usually marked with an X or a V), so the poor mother in self defence has to destroy the

illusion and explain that the real Santa Claus can only bring gifts for which Daddy can afford to pay.

“We can’t expect the little ones to display hilarious joy at the receipt of a Victory Bond; we can’t give them expensive toys as well; a few of us may be too sensible to buy cheap trash that will fall to pieces before the end of the day, and so, what are we to do? Can’t we give them a good time in other ways, teach them Christmas carols and let them go about like waits—why, it would be a great lark! Get up Christmas pantomimes, masquerades, tableaux! Revive the old customs! Let them remember the Child of the Manger, whose birthday they are celebrating. To be sure He got presents: gold and frankincense and myrrh—whatever that may be. It sounds more like a Victory Bond than a toy, something that would be nice for a kid to have in the long run, instead of the drum, the train of cars and the fireman’s helmet.

“But then, I’m only a crusty old bachelor, and when Christmas eve comes I’ll probably sneak down town and buy a lot of cheap dolls and lead soldiers for my sister Mary’s children—though they have trunks full of toys already. Next day I shall probably sleep late, over-eat at the family party, and then spend the rest of the day watching the kids play with their presents—in keeping with our national traditions.”

HE was a crusty old bachelor and talked largely for the sake of talking, but the mother, whose name was Mary, heard these things and pondered them in her heart, and as a result of her meditations her family have planned a present-less Christmas. The children are as keen about it as anyone. I think they have a suspicion that though their father and mother may be delinquent in the matter of present-giving, the postman will provide them with the pleasure of opening parcels.

In company with some of their little friends they are learning Christmas carols and early on Christmas morning, when their little neighbors are opening their stockings, they will be surprised to hear the sound of voices, beneath their windows. First they will sing:

“God rest you merry gentlemen,
Let nothing you dismay,
For remember Christ our Saviour
Was born on Christmas Day.”

They will also sing “Gloria in Excelsis” and Herrick’s lovely carol with the famous verses:

“Why does the chilling winter’s morn
Smile like a field beset with corn?
Or smell like a mead new shorn,
Thus on the sudden?”

“We see Him come and know Him ours
Who with His sunshine and His showers,
Turns all the patient ground to flowers.”

Perhaps their friends will mistake them for real waits and fling them pennies, perhaps they will recognize them and drag them in with screams of laughter.

Then after a hot breakfast there will be



“Teach them Christmas carols and let them go about like waits.”

church, a walk and a good dinner.

"Without the door let sorrow lie,
And if for cold it hap to die,
We'll bury't in a Christmas pye,
And evermore be merry."

And after dinner the favorite uncle, who has been appointed Lord of Misrule, and Mary, the mother, who will be called Mrs. Mince Pie, will insist on everybody's dancing old English country dances like Sir Roger de Coverley—and the knowledge that you will have to dance immediately after dinner is in itself a good Food Controller.

And then innumerable wax candles on the Christmas tree will be lighted, no colored balls on it, no tinsel, just a beautiful evergreen tree, and the Yule Log will be brought in, just as big a log as the fireplace will hold. It should be lighted with a brand saved from last year, for the old song goes:

"Kindle the Christmas brand, and
Till sunset let it burn;
Which quenched, then lay it up again
Till Christmas next return?"

If you didn't save a brand from last year, don't forget to do it this Christmas, it will bring you all sorts of good luck! There will be pantomimes, charades and tableaux, some are being arranged by the children themselves and others by Mrs. Mince Pie and the Lord of Misrule, and I think this Old English Christmas promises to be jollier than the most up-to-date Canadian celebrations. Don't you? Perhaps it is too late to try it this year, but next year if we are still at war, let us all vote for the Present-less Christmas!

MARY has devised costumes for the children which make them look like the real waifs of the story books. A close inspection reveals the fact that these consist chiefly of their own woollen tights, mufflers and felt bed-room slippers, augmented by bright colored doublets and a slashed cape or two for the larger children. They are getting up a Christmas pantomime, and that calls for a good many rehearsals, for, if it is a success, they are going to repeat it at a concert for wounded soldiers. That will be their Christmas gift to the men who have been fighting overseas so that the children of Canada will not suffer like the poor little ones in France and Belgium. Perhaps the soldiers will enjoy their little play more than the chocolates and cigarettes which are so plentifully distributed at this season. All the Christmas money that Daddy gives every year to Mary and the children for their Christmas shopping will this year be sent to buy milk for the Belgian babies who are dying for the lack of it.

"It seems as though Christmas would never come!" sighed the littlest boy, who is even more enthusiastic about singing Christmas carols at dawn than he used to be about emptying his well-filled stocking, and as for the pantomime—just think, he is to be the Knave of Hearts and steal mince pies; and if he steals them as they should be stolen and runs away in a really professional manner, he can do it again behind real footlights to an audience of real soldiers.

And so, on Christmas morning, when they hurry to the window to see if it hasn't begun to get light, it is not that they are looking for Santa Claus to come over the roofs with his sled full of toys, perhaps the Real Christmas Spirit we read so much about, yet cannot define, will come in his place.



BRITAIN'S TEST OF FREEDOM

By WILLIAM H. MOORE

CANADA is fighting in Flanders for freedom. All the doing, dying, suffering, mourning, all the soul-stirring tragedies of the war, the Great War itself, are only means to an end—freedom. "Win the War" has been our slogan, a spiritual injunction which has penetrated deeply into the hearts of Canadians, but winning the war merely for the sake of a win, would be poor consolation. It is the cause for which the war is being waged that alone makes the sacrifices endurable, makes winning worth while. It is the idea behind the war, which makes a decisive issue imperative, which makes peace upon compromise equivalent to defeat. As well might men have talked of peace parleys in the days of the American Civil War, while men and women were still slave-bound in the cotton-fields of the South.

Great Britain seeks not territorial expansion, nor commercial advantage, nor military prestige in the war; her stand is for freedom, unequivocally for freedom, and it is the definiteness of the position which makes plain the path of British duty. But we are told by the Germans, by the Austrians, by the whole group of Central Powers, that they, too, are fighting for freedom, which reminds us that seldom, if ever, have men consciously fought against freedom. Even the Confederate States were fighting for freedom—their own—in the Civil War, which almost permanently disrupted the Republic.

Clearly this word, freedom, needs to be defined; its application to the war issues requires analysis and explanation. We must know the nature of the freedom that has been denied, must know to whom and by what right it belongs; otherwise, it is a mere catch-word which does not grip reality. There has been a sad lack of education in Canada as to the underlying causes of the war. Our publicists seem to have assumed that Canadians would intuitively understand. But we Canadians cannot be expected to possess greater powers of intuition than Englishmen, and in England scores of books have been written because it was found that large sections of the community failed to realize "the true inner significance of the struggle."

There is need for such an understanding in Canada, and the greater need because in this country we have claims for freedom which have been denied.

"The political causes of the present war," say the editors of "The War and Democracy," the most influential of English war books, "and of the half century of Armed Peace which preceded it are to be found, not in the particular schemes and ambitions of any of the governments of Europe, nor in their secret diplomacy, nor in the machinations

of the great armament interests allied to them, sinister though all these may have been, but in the nature of some of those governments themselves, and in their relation to the people over whom they rule."

Thus we are told to look for the main cause of the war in the relations which some of the warring governments bear "to the people over whom they rule." Great Britain is fighting, not for her own freedom, but is unselfishly fighting for the freedom of others. To bring the matter squarely before the British people, the editors of "War and Democracy" quote the following paragraph from "Imperial Germany," a book written by Prince Bernard von Bulow, who directed German policy as Imperial Chancellor from 1900 to 1909:

"If it were possible for members of different nationalities, with different language and customs, and an intellectual life of a different kind, to live side by side in one and the same State, without succumbing to the temptation of each trying to force his own nationality on the other, things on earth would look a good deal more peaceful. But it is a law of life and development in history that where two national civilizations meet they fight for ascendancy. In the struggle between nationalities one nation is the hammer and the other the anvil; one is the victor, and the other the vanquished."

Here we have the pith of the issue. It is the opinion of the editors of "War and Democracy" that "NO WORDS COULD INDICATE MORE CLEARLY THE CAUSE THAT IS AT STAKE IN THE PRESENT WAR" than those which Prince von Bulow has written in this paragraph.

Many reasons—most of them very good ones—have been given why Great Britain is in the war. But this is the central idea. Prince Bulow's words, say the editors of "War and Democracy,"

"show us that there are still governments in Europe so ignorant as to believe that the different nationalities of mankind are necessarily hostile to one another, and so foolish and brutal as to think that national civilization, or, as the German Professors call it, 'culture,' can and indeed must be propagated by the sword."

Great Britain is fighting to stay the hand that wields the hammer—and necessarily Canada, too, is fighting to stay the hand that wields the hammer upon the minor nationalities within the Central Powers. That is the freedom for which we sacrifice.

It must be remembered that "War and Democracy" is not merely one author's view. It is the well-thought-out opinion of a group of England's best educationists—R. W. Seton-Watson, J. Dover Wilson,

Alfred E. Zimmern, Arthur Greenwood; it was written for the use of the Education Workers' Association of the United Kingdom. The book has been officially recognized in Ontario as a book which students must read for matriculation into the University of Toronto. In other words, it is authoritative.

Let us seek further clarity on this important question, let us attempt to have the principle definitely fixed by concrete application in our minds—surely there is nothing in Canada worth more pains. By force of circumstances, usually conquest, groups of people, once freely developing towards common ideals, have come under the government of an alien nationality. This is true of the Slavs in Poland, the Danes in Holstein, and the French in Alsace-Lorraine. Germany maintains that these minor nationalities must be made subject to her culture and may at her will be limited in their own. Great Britain declares this to be a violation of the legitimate freedom of nationality and asserts that this, the most prolific source of wars, shall be ended once for all. With true pacifism, she sees in armaments only the means of war, in the clashing of nationalities a potent cause, which must be uprooted. To quote again from "War and Democracy":

"So long as there are peoples in Europe under alien governments, curtailed in the use of their own language, in the propagation of their literature and ideas, in their social intercourse, in their corporate life, in all that we in Great Britain understand by civil liberty, so long will there be men who will mock at the very idea of international peace, and look forward to war, not as an out-worn instrument of a barbarous age, but as a means to national freedom and self-expression."

It is a splendid cause for which we fight, but we cannot refuse to apply to ourselves the principles which we seek by arms to force upon others. There is, in the Province of Ontario, a minor nationality—more French-speaking men, women and children than in Alsace and Lorraine—and this minor nationality, in substance, says to the dominant Anglo-Saxon nationality: You have curtailed us in the use of our language; you have restricted us in the education which is necessary for the propagation of our literature and ideas; you have denied us national freedom and self-expression; and this in a land which was ours before it was yours and ours.

That accusation cannot be dismissed with the simple denial that the parallel between the minor nationalities of Germany and the minor nationality of Ontario does not run true. We must squarely face the evidence. We can no longer use the old arguments of the "necessities of the State," the commercial advantages of homogeneity," the "handiwork of agitators," "the superiority of culture"; we can no longer appeal to the essentialness of the common school crucible; for as we shall find—Germany has advanced all these things in her self-defence, and they have been rejected as insufficient, rejected by Great Britain, rejected by what we believe to be best in civilization. We simply cannot be Germanlike, we must, as Britain's allies, as an integral part of Great Britain itself, be unequivocally and splendidly unlike the Germans.

We believe in freedom; for that matter we believe in generosity. But we may talk of generosity as much as we please, extol it to the skies, and yet if we give not generously we merely prate. We may

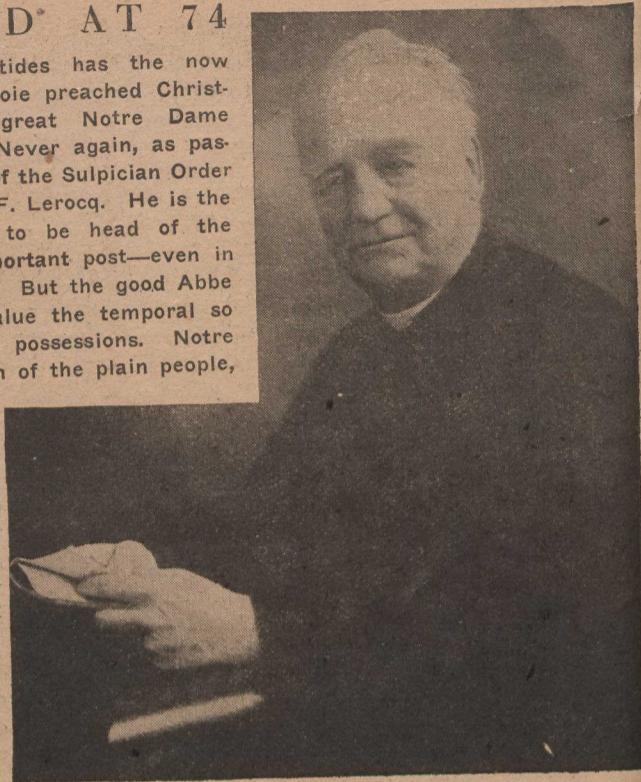
THE WORLD AND THE CHILD



THOMAS EDISON Sloan here looks out upon a troubled world of which his illustrious grandad knows more than most people. Mrs. Sloan is the daughter of the great inventor. This little chap looks as though he might be trying to invent a substitute for Santa Claus—which is a trick his great grandfather never could perform.

PROMOTED AT 74

TWENTY Christmastides has the now venerable Abbe Troie preached Christmas services in the great Notre Dame Church in Montreal. Never again, as pastor; he is now head of the Sulpician Order in Canada, succeeding F. Lerocq. He is the first French-Canadian to be head of the Sulpicians; a most important post—even in wealth alone, fabulous. But the good Abbe at his age will not value the temporal so much as the spiritual possessions. Notre Dame, the great church of the plain people, knows this. And he will be missed in Notre Dame, which happens to be the largest church in Canada, the only church we have with two complete galleries; a vast, ornate and always picturesque democracy, especially when crammed with its crowds at Christmas.



extol the cause of freedom, we may shed our best life's blood in its behalf; but the true measure of our adherence to its cause is the extent to which we give freedom, and as Lord Acton has wisely said: "The most certain test by which we judge whether a country is really free, is the amount of security enjoyed by minorities."

It is not denied by the English publicists who have laid bare the relations of nationalities, that in the past France and Great Britain have been guilty of fighting in causes which were not essentially on behalf of freedom—security for minorities. But it is argued that while men cannot be held responsible for all the acts of their ancestors, they can and must be held responsible for their own acts. As Mr. J. M. Robertson, writing of France and Britain, puts it:

"Simple common sense, priming common honesty, has dictated the avowal by rational men that the honors are substantially even, that folly and sin played their part in both politics, and that the sane course is for the self-governing communities of to-day to live a better life, whatever their forefathers may have done."

We as Canadians must live that better life. But—and I have in mind the words of a friend who is professor in an Ontario College—there is disloyalty in French-Canada. The minor nationality within Canada has not contributed its share of men and support to the present war; has not shouldered its full part of Canada's responsibility; in a word, "the French-Canadians have not been patriotic." My friend's opinion may be taken as illustrative of a large section of Anglo-Canadian sentiment. It is DeToqueville who points out that there are two kinds of patriotism—that of instinct and that of reason—the former which is disinterested, indefinable, but associating the affections with the place of birth, the French-Canadians have lavished wholly upon this country; but the latter, that of reason, which is due to the personal interest of the citizen, and depends on his having a sense of security under the State—that the French-Canadians have not in full measure. Let us frankly admit that many French-Canadians have not felt their responsibility to the State as have most Anglo-Canadians in this war. Let us admit that their attitude is a disease of the body politic and then—what shall we do? It is vain to regret the disease, a waste of precious time to speculate on its serious outcome. Our prime duty is to get at the cause, to diagnose the seat of the trouble. And in this instance we Anglo-Canadians will find that, since the disease is mainly of our own making, it ought to be of our own curing.

In our diagnosis we may again turn with advantage to "War and Democracy"; for this clashing of nationalities and its causes are of a common origin the world over. The editors say:

"There are governments in Europe so foolish as to think that men and women deprived of their national institutions, humiliated in their deepest feelings, and forced into an alien mould, can make good citizens, trustworthy soldiers, or even obedient subjects."

We have been violating the principles which British men say ought to regulate the relations of nationalities within a common state, we have been out of harmony with the essence of national freedom, and foolish enough to think that we could escape the consequence? We say we believe in freedom. We have undoubtedly given the best that is within us for freedom in Europe. In face of this we cannot continue to withhold freedom in Canada? Certain it is, we cannot continue to force men into alien moulds and expect them to be good citizens, trustworthy soldiers, and obedient subjects.

A New Violin Star

NEW YORK star-gazers have got a new orb of the violin; a star for which they have been yearning ever since Elman began to grow dull by repetition; since war put Kreister under the ban; since Ysaye, the demi-god, began to seem a bit too human and familiar.

Jascha Heifetz is his name. He came from the East; from Russia; a tall, fuzzle-haired youth, with liquid, deep eyes and a soul-searching fiddle—all the sorrows of Russia, it would seem, compressed into that little music box. And jaded, enthusiastic New York that never goes up except to a big sensation, has gone up.

So Current Opinion, not a musical sheet, says:

What appears to be the great sensation of the musical season is the American debut of Jascha Heifetz, a young Russian violinist, which took place in New York on October 27th. If press superlatives count for anything, there has not been within the memory of living critics a musical success so immediate, so sweeping, unless it be the surprise sprung upon Chicago by the discoverers of Galli-Curci last season.

The element of surprise should, however, have been lacking in this instance, for Heifetz has been heralded through the press all summer long. A fortune is said to have been spent on his "advance publicity." Reviewers and public alike had their expectations keyed to the highest pitch. That there should not be the slightest note of disappointment in the comment is, under the circumstances, remarkable enough. But the unreserved eulogies penned by veteran critics, the blazing tributes paid by the younger reviewers, and the ecstatic response of the audience seems to leave no doubt as to the extraordinary significance of this artistic triumph.

In the Theatre Magazine "Mr. Isaacson" heads his list of Going to the Concert with Heifetz, and says:

Jascha Heifetz, a young Russian boy, admitting to nineteen years, came out on the stage of Carnegie Hall, lifted a violin to his chin, and without ostentation or display, made his debut to America. Unquestionably he is master of his instrument, a musician of the highest character, a poet under restraint of a mature sense of the fitting. Such purity of tone has not been heard in the memory of the younger concert attendants. That he made it warm for violinists, as Godowsky said, is apparent. I cannot agree with those who, on the inspiration of the moment, instantly sweep aside all the favorites of the day. Kreisler still remains my ideal of violinists, especially because he is more than a violinist. But Heifetz has the right idea. He is, as Joachim might have pointed out, "a violinist in sharp distinction to the fiddlers." He did not obtrude himself on the canvas of the composer, but threw down the gates to a sweeping, pure enunciation of the music itself. As he stood on the platform, so modest and calm, it seemed to me that instead of Heifetz, it was Music.

Again in Musical America, H. F. Peyser sings a paean to Heifetz, to a "total impression so complete, so overwhelming and indivisible, that a reviewer must long rather to expatiate on the glorious artistic entity than to dissect and particularize. It may, however, be proper to point out that the newcomer plays with a tone so lustrous and silken, so fragrant, so intoxicatingly sweet, that only the molten gold of Fritz Kreisler can be conjured up in comparison. But though it wrings the tears from the eyes by its lambent beauty, its vibrancy and infinite play of magical color, its nature bespeaks a singular aristocratic purity rather than an unrelieved sensuousness, though its power of emotional conveyance and suggestion is



MUSIC

By THE MUSIC EDITOR

unparalleled. And, however forcible the vigor of Mr. Heifetz's superb, sweeping bowing, not the smallest blemish of roughness nor the minutest impurity of any other sort mars its ceaseless enchantment. From the pitch the violinist never wavers by the breadth of even a hair. In his rhythm he is unflinching, in his musicianship unchallengeable."

Henderson in the Sun cautiously says: Heifetz is not a phenomenon or a jingleur but a troubadour. The New York Globe says he is a modern miracle.

Krehtriell in the Tribune says that he rose above his instrument and the music written for it.

Well, we shall see. Heifetz, it seems, comes to Canada some time this season.

Current Recitals

WAGNER still manages to creep in to Canadian programmes. A few days ago Tattersall, organist of Old St. Andrew's, included among his organ numbers at a recital the Ride of the Valkyries. Last week at the second concert of the Hambourg Society, Boris Hambourg gave a cello version of the Prize Song from the Meistersingers. Both these artists have the best of taste, and they are both cosmopolitans. They believe that music is not so much national as it is universal. Incidentally they gave vivid renderings of the pieces named. But the cello is not pre-eminently suited to the Prize Song, and the organ has some inherent difficulty with the trombone effects in the Valkyries. Na-

turally any good French-Canadian organ made by Cassavant Freres should object to trumpeting out those elephantine blatancies.

However, it's all a matter of musical perspective.

Tattersall's best thing was a Widor Symphony (French) which he did in a manner worthy the genius of a man who at the age of 15 could compose such a thing. Widor is one of the colorful masters of the organ which he makes as orchestral as possible. And even in a Scotch-Canadian church the organ is becoming more and more an orchestral instrument.

A SURPRISE was sprung on a large audience who heard the second of the Hambourg Concert Society's programmes for this season. Jan Hambourg was in the stocking. He happened to be in Toronto for a couple of days' visit. Mr. Vigneti happened to be ill and could not possibly have filled his programme at the violin desk. Jan Hambourg, always game in such matters, undertook with little or no rehearsal to take his place, and to use a strange violin taken out of stock.

Under such circumstances the ordinary interest in the programme was somewhat disturbed. But the programme was exceedingly well chosen and most skilfully rendered. We have already alluded to the first of Boris Hambourg's group for the cello. The other three were a Prelude of his own, a very unusual duo-colored piece in the best of moods for the instrument; Hamilton Harty's Butterflies, which is much the usual kind of thing under

that name—except for the rendering—and Sinding's Ritornel. The hall in which he played is not suitable for the cello. I am wondering how that great instrument of Boris's will sound in St. Paul's Cathedral Church to-night—Dec. 13—but because there is a performance of the Messiah in Massey Hall the same evening, I will have to miss the cello in St. Paul's.

The Arensky Trio for piano, violin, and cello gave the three artists a fine chance to give the audience 30 or 40 minutes of perfect enjoyment which seemed only half long enough. To the exquisite and poetically eloquent effect of this beautiful piece Conradi at the piano contributed a high percentage. Conradi is a master of poetics in ensemble work. Jan Hambourg played in a somewhat subdued style but with all his old-time authority. And Boris never fails to fill in all the holes necessarily left in that sort of composition. This Trio is one of the finest things of its class ever written, and made a splendid finale to a most enjoyable programme.

FROM the average evangelical Christmas Sunday Service—heaven deliver us! Of all vaudeville performances in the name of music this is usually the worst. We don't object to winding up the day with the Hallelujah chorus; but we never have the physical courage any more to sit out a potpourri of Gounod, Wagner, Haydn, Mozart and about ten others, including selections from the Messiah which are usually beyond the virtuosity of the choir, and play hob with most of the organs.

What we need is a simplified and dignified musical service for Christmas.

When Percy Plays (Not)

CONSIDERING that Percy Grainger was to have played in Canada twice last week, and was prevented from so doing by military orders, perhaps the following lines written by an admirer will have to do in his place:

When Grainger plays, I hear the beat
Of drums and tread of martial feet,
I see a mighty host advance
Across the fields and roads of France,
When Grainger plays.

I see the men who've fought and bled,
Their colors waving at their head
Who, knowing that their cause is right,
March bravely forth again to fight,
When Grainger plays.

I see each youthful, raw recruit,
The nation's green and unripe fruit,
Shouldering his gun and heavy pack,
With head erect and unbent back,
When Grainger plays.

So eager they to join the fight,
They look not to the left or right,
I see their clear and forward glance,
As on they pass to fight for France,
When Grainger plays.

I hear the trumpet's strident blare,
I hear the guns which shake the air,
I hear the din and battle clash,
I see the smoke and blinding flash,
When Grainger plays.

I hear the nations one and all
Respond, "We come at freedom's call,"
I hear the shout of Victory,
The song of France restored and free
When Grainger plays.

ARTHUR FARWELL is carrying on some of the community chorus work pioneered in New York by Barnhart, the blacksmith. Farwell is the man for the job. Barnhart has the right idea in the 90-per-cent. ability to sing of a common average crowd. But with his methods he doesn't usually get the crowd much further than Old Black Joe. Farwell, if he can keep the evangelical ideas of Barnhart, should be able to get some real music out of a huge crowd.

YANKEE DOODLE INVADES B. C.



Victoria's American invaders coming up from the boat to the city.

NOVEMBER the twenty-third must henceforth be a red-letter day in the annals of British Columbia. On that day, for the first time in the history of the Province, the Stars and Stripes of the United States hung at the top of the flag-staff of the City Hall and all other government buildings side by side with the Union Jack; and behind the speaker's chair in the Legislative Chamber of the Parliament Buildings the flags of the two countries of North America were draped together as one; while every store and every dwelling displayed what American flags the owners had in their possession, and hundreds of Victorians wore miniature American emblems in the lapels of their coats.

It was the occasion of the visit of one hundred and seventy-five United States Army and Naval offi-

By **N. de BERTRAND LUGRIN**

cers from the State of Washington, for the purpose of doing honor to His Royal Highness the Duke of Devonshire, Governor-General of Canada, at the ball given at the Empress Hotel in aid of the Victory Loan on Friday evening.

That Victorians appreciated the sympathy and cordial friendliness which prompted the visit, was evidenced by the thousands which met the boat on her arrival at the dock, and cheered the representatives of the great Ally's Army and Navy as they disembarked. Joining in the welcome was a large number of officers from the Willows, Work Point and Black Rock Battery, as well as a contingent of officers from the Naval station at Esquimalt and H. M. S. Ships in harbor. There, too, were the regi-

mental bands, which voiced the crowd's enthusiasm in stirring national airs, among which American patriotic music largely predominated.

The army men from the Republic were headed by Brigadier-General Burr and Brigadier-General Irons. The Navy was represented by the Commandant of the Bremerton Navy Yard, Captain Coontz, and other officers. Every branch of the 61st Division of the United States Army was represented by the party, including the artillery, infantry, quartermaster's corps and signalling forces, quartered at Camp Lewis, Tacoma.

They were met by Provincial and Civic officials and G. O. C. Leckie and a staff of officers from the Canadian Army and Navy. Adding a touch of deep interest, and incidentally a dash of colour, were three French officers fresh from the Western front, in their picturesque pale blue uniforms and their little round caps with the scarlet and gold tops. Each one of them showed on his sleeve the gilt bands which proved that he had been several times wounded. The French government has lent them to the United States for a time to help train the American soldiers in modern warfare.

After luncheon at the Empress Hotel the visitors were escorted to the Parliament Buildings, where they were formally received and welcomed by the Governor-General.

The ball in the evening proved to be one of the most brilliant functions ever given in Western Canada. Never before was there seen such a variety of uniforms, even in this town, which figured as the Imperial Naval Station for so many years, and where countless notable events have taken place. At ten-thirty the Governor-General arrived and took his seat upon the dais at the end of the ball-room. Then from the opposite end, Mrs. Macdonald Fahey, the foremost soprano of British Columbia, sang "Rule Britannia," followed by "The Star-spangled Banner," while the Duke and his party stood.

But all the brilliancy of the event, all the warm cordiality of the various gatherings made not so deep an impression upon us as the subtle, intangible international stimulus that the visit engendered in our hearts at this so critical time. Perhaps the greatest dream of Canadians has been of a day when all British-speaking people in the world should unite to keep the world's peace, and under God, control the world's destiny.



THE BLOCK AT BAGDAD

Bagdad has been in print a good many times since the late Gen. Maude conducted his great campaign down there and since Gen. Townsend was trapped at Kut. The scheme to stop the advance upon the Suez Canal and upon Egypt and to corral the Turk has always been the picturesque end of the war. This picture of Arabs watching a squad of Britishers shove a heavy gun through the streets of the ancient capital of the Caliphs is one of the best of its kind ever taken. Had it happened to be the Kaiser's gun-men doing the work, we imagine how long a lot of able-bodied, mysterious Arabs would have been allowed to stand idle while the officers shoved on the gun. It was one of the Kaiser's dreams as far back as 1898 in his vainglorious speech at Damascus, to be the boss of the Mohammedans. His dream is over.

IMAGINATION STRIKES FIRE



British Capture of Jerusalem in the Ninth Crusade, two weeks before Christmas, 1917, is the most Romantic Episode of the War.

OF all cities, ancient and modern—Athens, Rome, Alexandria, London, Paris, or New York—none has had the power over the human imagination possessed by Jerusalem, the ancient Holy City of the Jews. Sunday-School days the world over made us all Jews in imagination. The greatest life drama ever enacted had for its stage the City of David. They who fight Germany now, anywhere on earth, are combatting Antichrist. All that makes Christian civilization worth the price we pay for it in peace or in war was thought, and suffered in the life of the world's greatest Man.

The capture of Jerusalem may be regarded not so much as a military feat, not so much from the viewpoint of history, as in the finer light of the imagination. It was in Jerusalem that as youths we felt our earliest imaginations kindle from scenes in the life of the Man who was regarded by His followers as the Son of God. The photograph on this page shows one of the holy pools in the foreground. In the centre, just below the aeroplane, the Mosque of Omar on the site where in Christ's time stood the Temple.



THE GREED of JOCELYN JEFFREYS

(Continued from page 10.)

and almost sobbed for very joy.

"You are the best friend that I have ever had," she told him.

They sat down and discussed the details of his plan. His proposition was to go to Ellenbogen and to buy him off in order to release Jocelyn from her unprofitable contract. Then to employ for her, as her teacher, the biggest Metropolitan artiste that they could get. After that, to buy her entries, at the cost of thousands, if necessary, as prima-donna in any big production that happened at the psychological instant to be the production of the hour.

"I'll see Ellenbogen, at once, to-morrow," he exclaimed. But she checked him.

"Not so fast, friend Wainwright," she protested. "It's true you are a spendthrift, but you are not a business man. Come, do you claim to be one?"

MONROE flushed and admitted that he was not. "Even Bellamy owes me a cool five thousand and I can't get it back," he said.

"You have no business head," she went on, her eyes sparkling, "otherwise your head is very super-fine—I like it—you have a good head—you have fine hair, my friend, hair that one would like to touch, to thrust one's fingers through, not like that plaster headed Bellamy, but the little bee of business—it is not there, eh? No, you furnish the money and I will do the business. I know the ropes."

And so it was arranged. And, with less hesitation than ever, this strange enigma called Jocelyn Jeffreys held out her hand repeatedly for Wainwright's cash. To him constantly she reported progress. She had gotten Ellenbogen down to his bottom figure, and was already negotiating with an artiste at the opera house. Everything looked propitious. "Only," she told him, "it takes money, more money than we thought, and all the time."

"I wish I was worth millions," sighed Wainwright, "so I could buy you a theatre, like the rest of these millionaires do."

But she placed her hand upon his mouth. "Not that, not that, my friend," she said. "It is things like that that make too much talk, and, as for me, I am not to be talked about, do you see? It would be well, though," she continued, naively, "for me to have—say—well ten thousand dollars."

Wainwright actually whistled, but not audibly, only to himself. The girl at times seemed to him insatiable in her demands for more, and yet he could not refuse her. Bellamy had warned him a dozen times and a dozen times had been rudely thrust out of the Barristers with instructions never to renew the conversation, and yet through it all, such was the art of the woman, that it seemed to him that he was having the time of his life. He had never lived, perhaps, more economically so far as his personal expenses were concerned. He had never lived more temperately, and yet he felt as though he were going the pace, and it was Jocelyn Jeffreys who made him feel it. Jocelyn, who plucked his heart strings and his purse strings at the same time. All the spice of life seemed to be concentrated in this girl, whose nature was as frankly cold and greedy on the one hand as it was fascinating on the other. Her demands meanwhile upon him kept increasing, but her progress in the making of herself a star seemed correspondingly slow. He noted, as time went on, that there was a slight but ever-growing change in her manner toward him. The more money he lavished upon her, the less friendly, so it seemed, the girl became, until at last—this strange coldness having grown almost imperceptibly into a barrier—he was met one night by Miss Smith, Jocelyn's grim guardian, with the curt statement that Jocelyn

was not at home."

"But I've got to see her," exclaimed Wainwright.

"She is not at home," persisted the cool and cruel Miss Smith, and yet, at that very instant, Wainwright could have sworn he heard the swish of skirts inside the living room.

He went out, considerably abashed, met Bellamy, and made a fair attempt to drown his disappointment in champagne. He found, however, that while it was no easy matter to drown Bellamy, who was always ready for another quart, that his own feelings declined absolutely to be subdued. He found himself telling Bellamy about it, something, save for the champagne, he would never have done.

"Well," said Bellamy, "you are a plain jackass. I always knew you were and this proves it. That girl has simply drained you dry—she's got every dollar that you had and then thrown you overboard."

"Not every dollar," said Wainwright, "I've got some left." How much he had left, in sooth, Wainwright did not know. He was startled one day by a curt note from his bank requesting him to call there at his earliest convenience between the hours of ten and three.

He attended at ten o'clock sharp, and the cashier caught him as he was passing into the bank and dragged him into a private room.

"Rightie, old boy," said the cashier to him, "you'll have to sell a mortgage or some stocks, I guess."

"What for," demanded Monroe.

"Overdrawn your account to about nineteen hundred odd dollars," said the cashier, "and I guess you'll have to build her up again. What have you been doing with all your money anyhow that you've checked out of this bank, Monroe? Keeping it in soap boxes at the Barristers?"

MONROE did not answer. He looked at the page in the ledger that was dedicated to himself, and allowed the fact to sink home, that he was nearly two thousand dollars short. He was still brewing over this fact, when the cashier turned to another page.

"Monroe," he said, "I'll show you a tidy little bank

account—an actress, too. What do you think of that, Monroe?"

Monroe looked upon the page and gasped. It was headed by the name of Jocelyn Jeffreys, and the credit side showed her to be possessed of more, considerably more than one hundred thousand dollars.

"Hasn't she drawn any of this," demanded Wainwright.

"Not a dollar," answered the cashier.

"That's a funny thing," mused Monroe, "she must be tight as thunder."

"She's as good as gold," added the cashier, closing the book. Then he nodded seriously. "You had better sell some stock and jack up your account, and do it right away. We don't like these overdrafts."

Monroe turned pale. "I'll do the best I can," he said, forcing some lightness into his tone. And then he strode out, and walked the streets for hours.

"Sell a mortgage—sell some stocks," he muttered to himself. He had no stocks—he had no mortgages—he had nothing. He was two thousand dollars to the bad and no way to make it up, and, what was worse, she had done it. Bellamy was right, he had simply been a plaything—a catspaw. He had had money, the one thing she needed, and probably she needed it for somebody else.

"Well, she got it, anyway," he muttered to himself. After that Wainwright went down into the depths. It did not take him long. He had no credit—his friends were of the kind that expected him to lend rather than to borrow. He sold his jewels, such as he had—left the Barristers, went into innocuous desuetude. He was literally down and out. In the midst of it all, he went back to Jocelyn Jeffreys. He noted that she had stopped playing at the Gaiety, but had failed to see her name in any paper. But he felt that he must see her, must take a final plea to her, if not for mercy, then for money. And again he was met by the redoubtable Miss Smith. "Miss Jeffreys," she told him, glibly, "is out of town; she will not return for six weeks, at the very least. Good day."

The next weeks constituted purgatory for Wainwright Monroe. He had no business ability and no practical ability of any kind, save to spend money. He lived on the East side and nothing a day—he starved. Once every day he sought Bellamy at the Barristers to get back one thousand—a hundred, or even a dollar that Bellamy owed him. Bellamy simply cut him and sought the friendship of some more prosperous man.

Once, as he walked the streets, he saw her, Jocelyn Jeffreys, in a limousine with Bellamy. He could almost hear her high-voiced laughter through the beveled plate-glass windows. She had cast him off forever, that much was sure.

One day the bellboy at the Belvedere handed him an envelope. There never was any mail for him, as a rule, but this time the unusual had happened. He looked at the envelope and gasped. It was in her handwriting. Hastily he tore it open, devoured its contents, and then he fell back gritting his teeth. She had invited him to her Christmas dinner. Everybody was to be there. She had new friends to introduce to him. He must come, looking his best and feeling his best.

HE went back to his East Side lodging, digging his nails into the palms of his hands as he went. Yes, she knew, she understood, she was laughing at him now—she was going to ask him there to make a laughing stock of him before her friends—the man that she had drained dry and had cast aside like some worn out glove.

Suddenly a new idea occurred to him. He would go, not in the evening clothes that he had no funds to redeem from pawn, but he would go as he was—starving—gaunt—almost ragged. He would go and shame her before them all. At the very least, she was a thief—he stopped himself, as he uttered the

(Continued on page 24.)



Drawn by Will Frost.

HELPING YOU to KEEP POSTED

Your Somebody Else—

ONE of the most persistent instincts in humanity, according to Samuel McChord Crothers, a writer in the Atlantic, is the desire to be somebody else. It is rooted, he thinks, in the nature of things, and explained by the fact that every man can remember the time when he was somebody else. "What we call personal identity is a very changeable thing, as all of us realize when we look over old photographs and read old letters."

Dr. Crothers believes that the fact that every man desires to be somebody else throws light upon many of the aberrations of artists and literary men. Painters, dramatists, musicians, poets and novelists are just as human, Dr. Crothers observes, as housemaids and railway managers and barbers. A musician wants to be a painter and use his violin as if it was a brush. A painter wants to be a musician and paint symphonies. A prose-writer gets tired of writing prose and wants to be a poet. You go to the theatre with the simple-minded Shakespearean idea that the play's the thing. But the playwright wants to be a pathologist. You discover that you have dropped into a grewsome clinic. Or you take up a novel expecting it to be a work of fiction, and you find that the novelist wants to be your spiritual adviser.

The conclusion that Dr. Crothers draws is that "you do not know a man until you know his lost Atlantis, and his Utopia for which he still hopes to set sail." We are told further:

"As civilization advances and work becomes more specialized, it becomes impossible for any one to find free and full development for all his natural powers in any recognized occupation. What then becomes of the other selves? The answer must be that playgrounds must be provided for them outside the confines of daily business. As work becomes more engrossing and narrowing, the need is more urgent for recognized and carefully guarded periods of leisure.

"The old Hebrew sage declared, 'Wisdom cometh from the opportunity of leisure.' It does not mean that a wise man must belong to what we call the leisure classes. It means that if one has only a little free time at his disposal, he must use that time for the refreshment of his hidden selves. If he cannot have a Sabbath rest of twenty-four hours, he must learn to sanctify little Sabbaths, it may be of ten minutes' length. In them he shall do no manner of work. It is not enough that the self that works and receives wages shall be recognized and protected; the world must be made safe for our other selves. Does not the Declaration of Independence say that every man has an inalienable right to the pursuit of happiness?"

Chesterton on Advertising Art—

IN his latest collection of essays, G. K. Chesterton writes of a new kind of Utopia—the kind that hard-headed business men and Capitalists are going to establish for themselves if they ever get a chance. That they will get a chance and that they may accomplish their aims is Chesterton's haunting fear. "We must hit Capitalism and hit it hard," he says, "for the plain and definite reason that it is growing stronger."

Taking up one after another certain aspects and departments of modern life, Chesterton describes what he thinks they will be like in "this paradise of plutocrats, this Utopia of gold and brass in which the great story of England seems so likely to end." He proposes to say what he thinks "our new masters, the mere millionaires," will do with certain human interests and institutions, such as art, science,

jurisprudence or religion—"unless we strike soon enough to prevent them." And he starts with the arts.

Most people, he observes, have seen a picture called "Bubbles," painted by Sir John Millais and used for the advertisement of a celebrated soap. This he holds up as an awful example. The first effect of the triumph of Capitalism will be that there will be no more art that might not just as well be advertisement.

I do not necessarily mean that there will be no good art; much of it might be, much of it already is, very good art. You may put it, if you please, in the form that there has been a vast improvement in advertisements. Certainly there would be nothing surprising if the head of a negro advertizing Somebody's Blacking nowadays were finished with as careful and subtle colors as one of the old and superstitious painters would have wasted on the negro king who brought gifts to Christ. But the improvement of advertisements is the degradation of artists. It is their degradation for this clear and vital reason: that the artist will work, not only to please the rich, but only to increase their riches; which is a considerable step lower. After all, it was as a human being that a pope took pleasure in a cartoon by Raphael or a prince took pleasure in a statuette of Cellini. The prince paid for the statuette; but he did not expect the statuette to pay him. It is my impression that no cake of soap can be found anywhere in the cartoons which the Pope ordered of Raphael. And no one who knows the small-minded cynicism of our plutocracy, its secrecy, its gambling spirit, its contempt of conscience, can doubt that the artist advertiser will often be assisting enterprises over which he will have no moral control, and of which he could feel no moral approval. He will be working to spread quack medicines, queer investments; and will work for Marconi instead of Medici.

—Too Many Stores, Says Armour

ANY charge against the packers as being responsible for or as unduly profiting by the high prices of meat is not supported by the facts, says J. Ogden Armour, in Colliers. It is the stock-raiser, and incidentally the retailer who is benefiting more than the packer. It is his opinion, in this connection, that "before the price of meat and of other food products as well can be materially reduced, there will have to be a far-reaching change in the demands made by the public upon the retail trade. The retail dealer is the last link in the long chain extending from the farm to the table, and, while he does nothing other than act as a distributor, he is compelled to charge in the neighborhood of twenty per cent. of the price of each article or each pound of meat in order to cover the cost of doing business." Nevertheless, we are surprised to read that "the great majority of retailers are the victims of high prices rather than beneficiaries thereof." Armour believes that the great bulk of the retailers will welcome a change in the present expensive method of retailing that will enable them materially to reduce their cost of doing business.

In the first place, there are too many stores. It is obvious that if there were only a third as many as now exist, each one would do about three times the volume of business it is now doing, and a huge amount of overhead and fixed expense would be cut off, making it possible to sell goods on a much smaller margin than is now the case. Those merchants who are now doing a legitimate business should be aided, but I believe the public has the same right to limit the number of stores as a means for reducing prices as it has to limit the number of saloons as a means for combating the liquor evil. . . . Neither can the retailers reduce overhead expenses while the customers demand four or five

deliveries a day and extra fine wrapping paper and colored string and all that sort of thing. In the days when prices were low deliveries were a matter of once a day or maybe only twice a week.

If the people of to-day would but adopt the cash-and-carry system of purchasing instead of clinging to the credit and delivery plan, it would be a boon to both dealer and consumer.

—Did Luther Cause the War

THAT "the revolt of the sixteenth century led inevitably to the dread catastrophe of the twentieth; the religious upheaval, started under the apostate Luther, sowed the seeds from which developed the pan-European conflict," is the charge made by a writer in "The Sacred Heart Review."

"The fifteen centuries prior to Luther's revolt were characterized by the gradual assimilation of the doctrine of universal brotherhood and by the rapid sequence to events calculated to establish permanently the gospel of arbitration. The nations gradually turned to the Church to settle the difficulties in which they were involved.

"She was the great peace tribunal of the world to which men appealed not merely because they deemed it expedient, but because prompted by a sense of duty. Her authority was respected, her orders were obeyed, and her pronouncements accepted by both the sovereign and his subjects. This was because society recognized that the Church, with the Pope at the head, was from God, and because the varied relations of public and private life were colored and controlled by religion.

"There were wars, it is true, in some of which even spiritual leaders engaged. There were differences between nations and disputes about national rights; but back of all this was an ever-growing tendency to appeal to Christ's Vicar for arbitration, a tendency fostered by the teaching that nations should constitute a united family under the fatherhood of the Pope. These fifteen centuries were marked by the gradual triumph of authority over force as the controlling influence in society.

"The work of these centuries, however, was destroyed by the Reformation. The unity of faith which alone could secure a united world was broken. The Pope's authority was overthrown by the pride of self-seeking men who could brook no restraint. Civil rulers made themselves supreme. The masses assumed toward their sovereigns the same rebellious attitude these had taken toward the Church."

Opposed to the views projected in the Roman Catholic paper, Bishop Edwin H. Hughes, in an address before the Boston Methodist Social Union, declared that Luther "was the colossal champion of those very principles of democracy for which America and her allies are now contending.

"It does not state the case too sweepingly when it is declared that he was the premier founder of democracy. It is true that his principle was applied mainly to the church. He dealt the divine rights of popes and priests a terrible blow. But the moral logic and moral conviction that led him to deliver that blow could not possibly stop in any one realm. The same arguments that he used against papal autocracy could be employed with slight changes of phraseology against royal autocracy in the state. If there is to be no pope in Rome for free Christians, neither can there be any pope in Potsdam for free citizens. In the presence of Luther's essential conviction members of a Reichstag are in as much peril as are the cardinals of the Curia."

PSYCHOLOGY of NEW OFFENSIVES

When looking for a reason why Germany is making such a noise now, remember that fear and terrorization are the stock-in-trade of German War Methods.

By SIDNEY CORYN

HOW important Germany thinks the Cambrai offensive really is may be inferred from the desperate efforts to retrieve the lost positions. The actual formation of the British salient at Cambrai is very similar to that of the Ypres salient, but its potential effects upon the German positions are much greater. The Ypres salient promises a British control of the submarine bases and the compulsory evacuation of the northern section of the German lines. These, of course, are large advantages, and in no way to be under-rated, but the advantages of a successful offensive at Cambrai are still larger. Cambrai is near the centre of the Hindenburg Line and one of its main buttresses. It is the railroad ganglion through which that line is munitioned. It can not be maintained without the possession of Cambrai. The British forces in the Ypres salient can not reap the full fruits of their successes without a further advance that shall bring Zeebrugge and Bruges directly under the observation of their artillery officers.

But the British at Cambrai need do no more than hold their own, and they have won their objective. Indeed they can do a good deal less than hold their own, and still win their objective. Cambrai is now directly under observation and within artillery range, and it is therefore useless to the Germans. Its railroad lines are cut. In the Ypres salient the Germans need do no more than maintain their present positions and so deprive the British from the final and full results of their victories.

But the Germans at Cambrai have a heavier burden than this. If they are going to save the Hindenburg Line they must do much more than maintain their present positions. They must recover their old ones. They must rescue Cambrai and its railroad lines from the British fire. They must efface the salient created by General Byng in his assault of two weeks ago. Here, at least, there can be no such thing as a deadlock. The British need do no more than make good their hold upon the semi-circle from Queant to Gonnelleu and the whole of the Hindenburg Line must retire. Indeed, the British can afford to give a little, as they have already done under the German counter attacks, without losing their dominance over Cambrai. The German efforts, therefore, are not directed to resisting the British advance, but to driving the British back to their previous positions. If they can do no more than resist the British advance they are lost. Nothing will avail them short of a practical flattening out of the British salient.

THE base of the British salient—that is to say, the old British line—runs from Croiselles, northwest of Queant, to Gonnelleu, a distance of about fourteen miles. The salient itself is in the form of a half circle with its most easterly point about three miles from Cambrai. Now, a salient has great advantages for the attackers. It is a spear point plunged into the breast of the enemy. But at the same time a salient is one of the most vulnerable of all military formations. It is obvious that it can be attacked from three directions, and it may therefore become an object of weakness rather than of strength, unless it can be adequately fortified and defended. It needs a very much stronger defence than a straight line that is liable only to a frontal attack. It is usually much easier to create a salient than to sustain it against the assaults that are nearly sure to come from three different directions.

The British salient in front of Cambrai has been attacked in just this way, that is to say, from three different directions. The attack on the northern arc of the semi-circle in the

vicinity of Bourlon Wood was a failure, but the Germans gained a little ground in the vicinity of Fontaine and Anneux, they recovered Masnieres, and they advanced nearly three miles at Gonnelleu and Gouzeaucourt, besides taking about one hundred guns. Now, Gonnelleu is not actually contained in the new British salient. It is just to the south of the junction point between the old and the new lines. The Germans swept past Gonnelleu, and we are told that the present fighting is in the neighborhood of Gouzeaucourt, about three

GERMANY believes that the mainspring of all national character is fear. The courage that rises upon defeat to heroism is something that Germany does not understand. Mr. Carl Ackerman knows this well when he says that German resistance will crumble away as soon as she meets a defeat that she can not hide. Arrogance, cruelty, and fear go always hand in hand. This characteristic has been displayed uniformly in the German bulletins from the beginning of the war. No single frank admission of reverse will be found in any one of them. Even the battle of the Marne was a strategical success, and the retreat to the Hindenburg Line was positively a victory. The present battle at Cambrai has involved, so we are told, a slight loss of territory, and since the first British assaults we have been furnished by Germany with a daily list of victories. The Chancellor and Von Kuehlmann are now singing paeans of praise over the Italian successes, although their shadowy nature must be unmistakable even to them. Germany has probably had no expectation of a military victory for over two years, but she is still wedded to the conviction that she can terrify her enemies into submission, just as she is wedded to the other conviction that if the worst should come to the worst her foes can always be bought off with offers of territory, and that they have no other thought in their minds than the fluctuations of a balance sheet. Germany knows that she herself would have surrendered long ago if the positions had been reversed. She is still "pointing with pride" to her fruitless and meaningless successes, and demanding their practical recognition. Her tactics are those of the old Chinese army that was wont to display colossal pictures of dragons and fabled monsters in order that its enemies might take warning and submit in time.

miles to the rear, but we are not told that the latter place was actually occupied by the Germans. The Germans claim, also, to have taken La Vacquerie, about two miles to the north of Gonnelleu, but this is not conceded in the British bulletins. The effect of this German gain is the creation of a small and sharply-pointed salient with its westerly extremity at Gouzeaucourt, and if the Germans can maintain this position it will involve a slight falling back in order to straighten the British lines to the north. Indeed, we are told that this retirement is already effected. But unless the Germans meet with a much more substantial success than this they will have gained nothing in return for their enormous expenditure of life, an expenditure that seems momentarily to have staggered them. The British will still dominate Cambrai and its railroad lines, and the result must almost immediately show itself in the evacuation of the German fortifications. We need not, therefore, attach any undue emphasis upon such British withdrawals as may be recorded during the next few days

salient and a general withdrawal of the British lines now before Cambrai. Nothing short of this will serve the German purpose. If the Germans fail to secure this result the position of the Hindenburg Line is a desperate one.

General Maurice, of the British Intelligence Department, is willing to go upon record as saying that the crisis in Italy has passed, and that the German offensive is practically at an end. Those less well informed might hesitate at a judgment so definite, and even fear that it may be premature, but there need be no doubt that the situation has immensely improved, and that the balance of military advantage is now inclining in favor of the Italians. Thus we may already notice that the German bulletins are proudly announcing, not German advances, but the repulse of Italian attacks. The Germans succeeded in crossing the northern Piave in the neighborhood of Feltre, and in establishing themselves upon the western bank. But the Italians were able to hold them there, and to prevent them from moving southward, and also to prevent the crossing of reinforcements. The Italians were also successful in stemming the tide from the north, and as they were able to do this before French and British aid had reached them, it seems fairly certain that they can continue their successful resistance now that men and heavy guns have arrived from France and England. But the most effective help probably came to them from the weather. The Germans must have been very sure of success, or very anxious for a semblance of success, or they would never have ventured upon an invasion of Italy through mountain passes about to be rendered nearly impassable by snow. Once more we have the distinct note of desperation in this offensive against Italy. It would never have been undertaken except as a gambler's chance, and we may be sure that Germany now regrets it. Not only has it failed of the moral effects expected from it, but it has practically interned and thrown out of action a great German army.

The Italian offensive is one more example of Germany's capacity to begin offensives and her incapacity to end them. She could do nothing against the Russian armies after the battle of Dunajec. She set forth with a mighty flourish of trumpets to complete the conquest of Roumania, but her advance rapidly dwindled away into paralysis. She fought against the Russian fleet in the Gulf of Riga, and announced that it was blockaded behind the Island of Oisel, but the Russian fleet was able to sail away without interruption. She captured Riga and threatened Petrograd, but nothing came of it. And now she strikes the hardest of all her blows at Italy, wins a spectacular victory, and is speedily reduced to something very much like a defensive. The explanation of these abortions is visible enough to those who understand the German character.

Christmas Shopping

A STORY is told in the national capital of a diminutive young thing, with snow-white furs around her neck, who impatiently waited her turn in the line before the stamp clerk's window. When her turn came she stepped up with a thoughtful air. "Have you any two-cent stamps?" This sweetly. An answer in the affirmative brought this request: "Will you let me see some?" Here the clerk gasped, but he was obliging. Picking up a sheet of the red stamps he laid it before her. A moment of intense thinking. She made her selection. She was blocking progress, but the impatient, squirming of those back of her didn't seem to molest the fair purchaser. "I think I'll take three out of this row, please."

Peace and Price Levels

Predictions by Experts

A BREAK in prices when peace comes, followed, however, by a quick increase at least to the point they have now reached, is foreseen by business and professional men who are students of economics and the science of business, says the Journal of Commerce. Professor Edwin R. A. Seligman, of Columbia, and others, discussed the subject, "When Will the Price Break Come?" before the Advertising Club, New York.

Professor Seligman foresaw the taxing of accumulated wealth as a development of the present tax system to maintain the war and asserted that this would reduce the power of inherited wealth and increase the influence of ingenuity, forcefulness, and intelligence. He cautioned his hearers that the country must be prepared for a decline in business prosperity and prices, and, perhaps, even a panic in a few years. Prices and prosperity, he declared, ran in cycles in this country, and he asserted that the country was now in what would have been a period of rising prices even without the war.

Ex-Senator Burton said that the cycle of price movement was like the alterations of depression and prosperity in business, adding:

"The price cycles are very much larger. In the last 108 years there have been pronounced upward and downward movements, each subject

to interruptions, but in which the general tendencies have been very pronounced. In the last century prices reached a maximum in the year 1809, and a minimum in 1896-1897. After 1809 there were diminishing prices with considerable interruptions for forty years, until 1849 and 1850, then increasing prices for twenty-three years, until 1873, then diminishing prices until 1896-1897, then an exceptional increase to date with slight interruptions in 1901 and 1907. If we were to take the length of the last two preceding periods as a guide, a downward movement would be due in 1919 or 1920.

"As regards prices during the present war, there is every reason to expect a maintenance or increase of the present range. The relation between demand and supply has been revolutionized. We face the enormous demands of war, also diminished productive power, because some forty millions of men have been called to the colors. War is attended by waste and destruction. The only check has been the exertion of the strong hand of Governments in the way of regulation and the prevention of extortion. The present situation affords little light in the study of prices because of the very exceptional conditions which exist. After the war there will be changes—social, political, and economic—the scope of which no one

can forecast. The question arises, Will the upward movement, which was so much in evidence prior to the war, continue?"

Bank of Montreal

ANNUAL MEETING.

THE shareholders of the Bank of Montreal, at the annual meeting received the centenary balance sheet of the bank. By a happy coincidence the occasion was the anniversary of fifty years of continuous service in the bank by the President, Sir Vincent Meredith, Bart., who received the heartiest congratulations.

The reports submitted showed a very satisfactory condition of affairs, and Sir Vincent Meredith expressed the view that he was warranted in stating, that never during the Bank's long course was its prestige higher, its business in sounder or more elastic condition, and its earning power greater than he believed them to be to-day. He also expressed pleasure in believing that the Bank had never enjoyed a wider measure of public confidence.

Sir Vincent referred particularly to the general conditions in the country, stating that business conditions in Canada continued buoyant.

There has been no recession in the great wave of industrial and commercial activity of the past few years, and trade in all lines is highly prosperous. Sir Vincent pointed out that Canada's chief concern was to prepare for the period after the war, and recommended that Canada's trade should be extended in all directions during the period of the post-bellum reconstruction, either through commercial intelligence acting directly for the Government or a board approved by the Government.

both under a heap of earth. There was necessarily some delay and lack of direction at first, but the firemen worked heroically and were reinforced by brigades from neighboring points.

About eleven in the morning the only approach to a panic occurred. There was some danger of a second explosion, and the crowds of refugees and onlookers in the North End were warned to move south to the parks and open places. This order was run through the streets in the same mysterious way as the story of the collision, and there was a movement of the population southward, many abandoning their homes with doors and windows wide open. But time passed, nothing happened and everyone went back to his immediate and urgent task.

Almost as strange as the stories of the strange injuries are the stories of the hairbreadth escapes. Practically every survivor had a narrow escape from death or maiming. A man standing before his mirror shaving had the

(Concluded on page 25.)

Halifax in Ruins

(Continued from page 9.)

many incipient fires. At least four steamers had their superstructures demolished and men on board killed. The two steamers in the dry dock were badly injured. The dry dock itself was filled with debris. The old sugar refinery, a tall brick building near by, subsided into a shapeless rubbish heap, and the syrup-soaked timbers burnt fiercely.

The Dock Yard suffered severely. The Royal Naval College with forty cadets in it had the walls blown in. A piece of the "Mont Blanc" weighing half a ton came down through the roof of the largest class-room and smashed the platform where the instructor stands. The floor of the "quarter-deck" buckled up in sharp angles. The new Y. M. C. A. hut just erected for the benefit of the sailor was smashed into a heap of kindling wood. The officers' quarters were broken open and the interiors ravaged as if by a tornado. All the water-front suffered damage from fire and water.

The sound of that awful rumbling had hardly died away before the work of rescue and relief began. Every private car, motor, lorry, delivery van was soon in use carrying the injured to the hospitals, to chemist shops and to doctors' offices. Before long the Victoria General, Pine Hill, Camp Hill, the Infirmary, were full to overflowing. Then the injured were transported to improvised hospitals—the City Home, the School for the Blind, and such other public buildings as were fit to take them in. The Academy of Music and the moving-picture places took in the waifs and strays. Some restaurants served refreshments gratis. Every home left standing was

ready to open its doors to those in need. The motors flew screeching and hooting through the streets with extra men standing on the foot-board, and close swathed forms inside. The resources of the city were soon over-taxed, and aid came at the earliest possible moment from New Glasgow, Truro, Windsor, Lunenburg. Most efficient aid came from the American hospital ship lying in the harbor. Within fifteen minutes after the explosion she had two boats with landing parties, surgeons and appliances at the Dock Yard.

The work of collecting the bodies also began at once. A young officer, invalided from France who had charge of a party of soldiers said the bodies were lying as thick as on a battle-field. Many were found lying on their back, without a bone broken or a mark of injury on them. These had been killed by concussion. Some bodies were naked, having been torn from their beds. Horrible human fragments had to be gathered up—children's heads—scorched limbs. The bodies were piled in tens, to wait for the lorries which were to carry them to the school which had been turned into a morgue.

The wooden smashed confusion had taken fire, and was burning in a dozen places. There were living and injured underneath. All the engines in the city were on the spot at the earliest moment. Unfortunately the Chief of the Fire Department and his Deputy were killed before they could direct the work. At the alarm of the burning ship they sped in their official motor to the scene of danger. The explosion caught them, flung their car high into the air and buried them

INVESTMENT vs. SPECULATION

"A high return should at once excite suspicion in the mind of the prospective investor." — Financial Post.

There are securities which promise a high rate of interest and the chance of an increase in value, but for those dependent upon the income from their investment, or endeavoring to lay up money for their old age they are too speculative. With such, the Bonds of the Canada Permanent Mortgage Corporation are a favorite investment, because they know that if they invest \$1000 in these Bonds they will get the \$1000 when it becomes due, and that the interest upon it will be promptly paid in the meantime. These bonds may be obtained in any sum from one hundred dollars upward. They are, therefore, available for the investment of small sums.

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National Trust Company Limited

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that a dividend for the three months ending December 31st, 1917, at the rate of

TEN PER CENT. PER ANNUM

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

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

By order of the Board.

W. E. RUNDLE, General Manager.

Toronto, December 5th, 1917.

THE GREED OF JOCELYN JEFFREYS

(Concluded from page 20.)

word. Somehow he could not bring himself to say it. Somehow the memory of what Jocelyn Jeffreys had meant to him kept him from denouncing her in his own mind, yet his purpose to denounce her before her guests did not flag, and with it was a stronger and more impelling purpose, a purpose that led him for three days to go almost without food, that led him to step into a gun store and buy a second-hand revolver cheap. He was going to do something and he was going to do it at her Christmas party—something that she would never forget as long as she lived, and, as for him—well, he would not live to regret it.

It was, therefore, with some fiendish enthusiasm that he pressed the button at her door that Christmas night. He knew that entering it he would never leave that door alive. He braced himself to meet the cold and critical gaze of Miss Smith, and was staggered, when not she, but Jocelyn Jeffreys, stood before him.

Jocelyn seized him impulsively by the hand and drew him into the centre of the room, into the full radiance of the light. Apparently she did not notice the pallor of his face or the fever that burned in his eyes, or the condition of his clothes. She forced him into a chair and began to talk excitedly.

"You are the first one, friend Monroe," she said, "the others have not come. Oh, we shall have a merry time to-night. Bellamy is my guest of honor, and as for you—" she laughed shrilly. "Do you mind if I place you alongside of Miss Leonora Smith? She is one of your staunch admirers."

HE did not answer her. He had thought the moment he entered that room to begin a denunciation—swift—terrible, but the manner of the woman and her magnetism prevented him even from speaking. With a rush, all his old feeling of tenderness for her returned, and he forgot everything but her, even the weapon in the right pocket of his coat. Suddenly, there was an almost unheard tinkle of an altogether unseen bell, and at that signal she rose, and, taking his arm, swept with him into another room—a room where there was a table set for two. She thrust him into a seat on one side and faced him on the other. "This is not my Christmas dinner," she said, softly, "it's ours, friend Monroe."

He looked wildly about the room. "Where are the rest," he demanded, feeling that she had cheated him somehow of his revenge.

"There are no others," she returned. Then suddenly she swept to the serving table in the corner, extracted something from underneath a silver salver, and returned to her seat. "Friend Wainwright," she went on, her voice sinking into that matter-of-fact tone, "this is our Christmas dinner and this is my Christmas present." She tossed on his plate a long, thin, narrow slip of paper. It was signed by her and was drawn to his order. It was a check for nearly two hundred thousand dollars.

He stared at it gasping. "Wh-What does this mean?" he demanded.

For an instant she did not answer. Then with her eyes upon her plate, but with her hand stealing over the table to meet his, to clutch it in a soft and warm grip, she started on her

story, in her low musical voice.

"Wainwright," she said, "do you remember a white mansion in the South, with tall fluted pillars at its front—a country place in Monroe, Virginia?"

He gasped. "My home," he exclaimed, "but mine no longer."

"Ah," she said, laughing, "sold under the hammer, was it not? Did you know I had been away—that I had been to Monroe?"

He shook his head. "I didn't believe that you had been away," he answered.

"I bought that place at sheriff's sale," she went on, softly. "I did it for a reason. Do you remember," she continued, "a little green house near the crossroads in Monroe, where there dwelt a little old-fashioned French music master. Do you remember him?"

Monroe started. "I do remember him," he said, "his name was—"

The girl stopped him. "His name," she said, "was Jeffreys Jocelyn. He was my father. Do you remember a scrubby little girl, who used to sit swinging on the gate in front of the music master's house, a little mite of a girl, many years your junior?"

Monroe ransacked his memory, and then, baffled, shook his head.

"That little girl," went on Jocelyn Jeffreys, "fell in love with you when she was as big as a peanut and when you were as big as a bushel of peanuts, and she always told that old music master that when she was grown up, she was going to marry that stuck-up prig of a Monroe, no matter how good he was. Do you follow me?"

Monroe told her he did, but he told it with his eyes, and in the same way, he told her to go on.

WHAT she said convinced Monroe that he was no actor compared to Jocelyn Jeffreys. He discovered that the greed of Jocelyn Jeffreys began a long while ago when she wanted to marry him; that Bellamy was only her fellow-conspirator for the purpose of capturing him; that the Christmas dinner at Bellamy's was a piece of stage play contrived mainly by Jocelyn who had fallen victim to his kiss by her own intrigue; that she knew his passionate desire to help her develop her voice would be sure to run away with his money, and because she saw he had no head for business she deliberately contrived to get his money and to put it in the bank.

Such was the greed of Jocelyn Jeffreys. And it all came out in the little Christmas dinner, covers for two—including Wainwright Monroe.

The Boy and the Bells

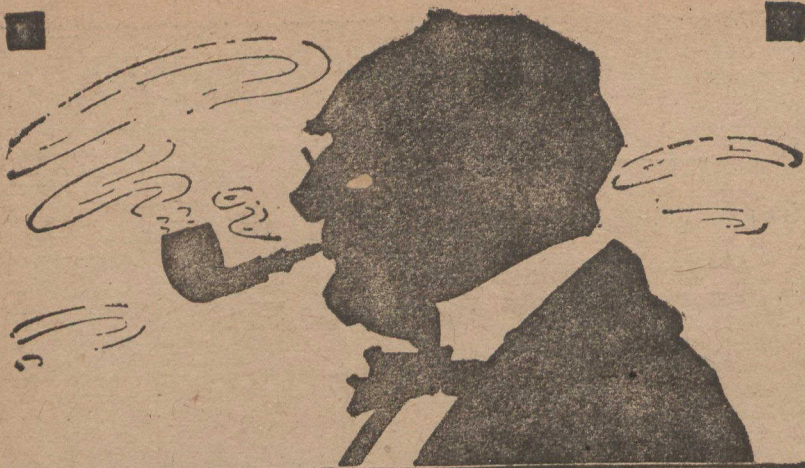
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oven, while the king greased and polished a set of light driving harness and set the lad to shining up a double layback cutter.

Bells again! Shine the bells! The bells of Christmas in the land.

And it was to the jingle of those self-same bells that Ben, the boy, in the afternoon, up next the king in the front seat, felt himself being scooted back to the saw-mill village.

Back to the old bootmaker. Back to the cordwood pile. Back to—oh, what did he care? He had broken away, for one glorified Christmas, to the lure of the bells on the bellyband.



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BOOKLET, "MAKING YOUR WILL," ON REQUEST

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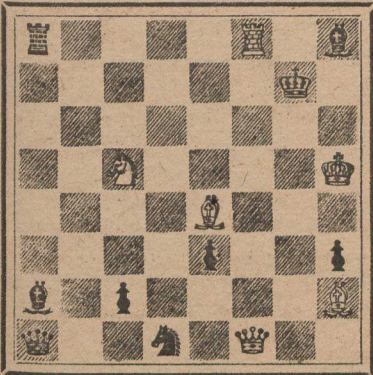
CHESS

Conducted by MALCOLM SIM

PROBLEM NO. 167, by Frank Janet.

(Mount Vernon, N.Y.)

Specially composed for the "Courier," with Holiday Greetings.
Black.—Nine Pieces.



White.—Six Pieces.

White to play and mate in two.

SOLUTIONS.

Problem No. 165, by D. Przepiorka.

1. Q-K2, R-R8; 2. QxKt ch, Kt x Q;
3. P-B5 mate.
1., B-Kt4; 2. QxKt ch, KtxQ;
3. PxR mate.
1., R-R7; 2. Kt-Q5, Kt x Kt;
3. PxKt mate.
1., R-Kt7; 2. QxB ch, Kt-B3;
3. P-B5 mate.
1., Kt moves; 2. QxKt ch, K-Kt5; 3. Kt-R6 mate.

To Correspondents.

G.L., Kingston.—The address of Mr. Davie is P.O. Drawer 783, Victoria, B.C. (J. McG.). Tamworth.—Thanks for revised problem. Are you sure 1. B-R2 is not a cook?
Correct solution of Problem No. 164 received from N. M. Knowles, Montreal.

CHESS IN HOLLAND.

An interesting and instructive game played the last Dutch masters' Tournament at Amsterdam. The winner, Van Gelder, captured first place at the congress with four wins and one loss.

Four Knights' Game.

- | | |
|------------------|-------------------|
| White. | Black. |
| J. W. Te Kolste. | G. J. Van Gelder. |
| 1. P-K4 | 1. P-K4 |
| 2. Kt-KB3 | 2. Kt-QB3 |
| 3. Kt-B3 | 3. Kt-B3 |
| 4. B-Kt5 | 4. B-Kt5 |
| 5. Castles | 5. Castles |
| 6. P-Q3 | 6. P-Q3 |
| 7. BxKt (a) | 7. PxR |
| 8. Kt-K2 | 8. R-K sq |
| 9. P-B3 | 9. B-QB4 |
| 10. Kt-Kt3 | 10. B-Kt3 (b) |
| 11. Q-K2 | 11. B-Kt5 |
| 12. P-KR3 | 12. Kt-R4 |
| 13. K-R2 | 13. Kt x Kt |
| 14. PxKt | 14. B-KR4 |
| 15. P-KKt4 | 15. B-Kt3 |
| 16. B-Kt5 (c) | 16. P-B3 |
| 17. B-K3 (d) | 17. P-Q4 |
| 18. BxB (e) | 18. R-PxB |
| 19. Kt-R4 | 19. B-B2 |
| 20. P-QKt3 (f) | 20. R-K2 |
| 21. Kt-B5 | 21. R-Q2 |
| 22. QR-Qsq | 22. Q-K sq |
| 23. P-B4 | 23. QR-Q sq |
| 24. P-QR4 (g) | 24. B-Kt3 |
| 25. Q-B3 | 25. BxKt |
| 26. KtP x B | 26. R-O3 |
| 27. P-KKt4 | 27. Q-O2 |
| 28. QR-Ksq | 28. PxKP |
| 29. PxP | 29. R-O7ch |
| 30. R-B2 | 30. Q-O6 |
| 31. R-K3 (h) | 31. Q-Kt8 |
| 32. RxR | 32. RxRoh |
| 33. K-Kt3 | 33. P-R4 (i) |
| 34. K-R4 | 34. PxP |
| 35. QxP (j) | 35. R-KB7 |
| 36. K-R5 (k) | 36. R-B5 |
| 37. Q-Kt2 | 37. Q-O8ch |
| 38. Q-K2 (l) | 38. Q-KKt8 |
| 39. P-R4 | 39. K-R2 |

Resigns (m)

- (a) This move is not good as it strengthens Black's centre and leaves him with two Bishops against Bishop and Knight. The right move was 7. B-Kt5.
(b) To prevent P-Q4.
(c) To induce P-B3, with a view of afterwards playing Kt-R4 and Kt-B5.
(d) Inferior to B-B sq, which would have enabled him to reply P-B4 to an eventual advance of Black's Queen's Pawn to Q5.
(e) This exchange not only improves Black's Pawn position, but also opens his Queen's Rook's file. The alternative was 18. B-R2 or B-B sq, or even Kt-R4 at once. In reply to the last Black could not have won a Pawn by 18., PxP, etc. A somewhat embarrassing reply to 18. Kt-R4, however, might have been 18., P-Q5, showing the inferiority of White's 17. B-K3.
(f) White is now on the defensive, and his game becomes more and more difficult. He was threatened with the loss of a Pawn by PxP, followed by RxP.
(g) Further weakening his position, but it is difficult to suggest any satisfactory move for White at this stage.

(h) If 31. QxQ, then 31., R (Q7) xQ, followed by doubling the Rooks on the sixth rank with disastrous results for White.
(i) A powerful stroke to which there is no satisfactory reply.
(j) If 35. PxP, then 35., R-R7ch, and if 35. KxP, then 35., Q-Kt8ch, winning the Queen in either case.
(k) If 36. R-KB3, then 36., R-K7, threatening 37., RxP.
(l) If 38. K-Kt6, then of course 38., R-R5, threatening 39., R-R3, mate; but if 38. R-K2, then 38., P-B4; 39. P-R4, K-R sq, and a curious position has arisen in which White loses by shortage of moves.
(m) Mate in a few moves, beginning with P-Kt3ch, could not be avoided. A finely played game by Heer Van Gelder. (Notes from "The Field," via "Year-Book of Chess.")

HALIFAX IN RUINS

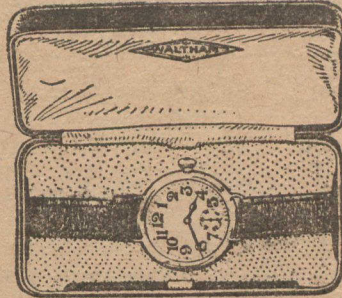
(Concluded from page 23.)

two large windows at each side driven in across the bed he had just risen from, daggers of glass stabbing it through and through. A woman in bed with her baby heard the heart-shaking rumble and instantly covered her face and the baby's with the bedclothes. The next instant the window frame crashed on them without inflicting a scratch. A telephone girl operator had just come off the night shift and had gone to bed. At the first noise she wrapped the bedclothes round her; the blast flung her out of the house unhurt, whilst everyone else in it was killed. At the Naval College two cadets were skylarking on a table when the same thing happened. They were both hurled through the window and alighted on a bank outside, without sustaining the least injury. Indeed the escape of all the cadets is a marvel. They were cut with the flying glass, even got it in their eyes, but no one was killed, nor was the sight of anyone destroyed. The wife of a naval officer was at breakfast with her two children, while the baby was asleep in his cot upstairs. When the shock of the explosion was over she found herself in the middle of the room bending over the two children, the only clear spot where heavy furniture had not fallen. The staircase was smashed. She called the first blue-jacket she saw to her aid; he climbed up the ruin of the house and found the baby still in his cradle, protected from harm by a closet door which inclined across it. Forty-eight hours after the disaster a seven-months' baby was dug out of a smashed house in Richmond. He was semi-conscious but soon revived with proper treatment. He had been flung under the projecting front of the stove. Every one else in the house was killed.

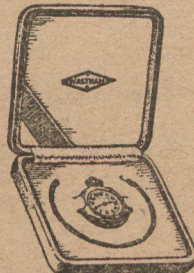
And so on, and so on. There are as many stories of escapes as there are survivors. Every one begins, "If I had been there ten seconds before," or "after," as the case may be, there would have been no story to tell.

What happened on December the sixth is the worst calamity that ever befell Halifax. The material damage is estimated at thirty millions. The whole North End beyond Wellington Barracks will have to be rebuilt. The physical suffering, the mental anguish from wounds, blinding, crippling, bereavement, cannot be reckoned by human calculation. On Friday it began to snow, softly at first, but soon the wind blew with blizzard force. In the afternoon a pitiful little procession followed a hearse from St. Mary's, which looks like an old Gothic ruin. "We shall have many funerals now," said a sad woman looking on. There are hundreds of bodies blackened, charred, dismembered, awaiting saltpetre. "The visitation of God!"

A WALTHAM WATCH



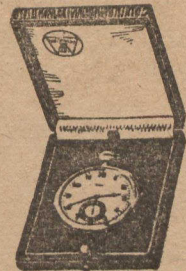
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"AT THE FRONT IN A FLIVVER."
By **William Yorke Stevenson.**

WRITTEN in the form of a diary, in a racy and humorous style, this book is one of the most attractive war books of its kind. Mr. Stevenson was a Philadelphia newspaper man who went to France in 1916 to join the American Ambulance Field Service; and he is now a recipient of the Croix de Guerre, and the commander of his section. He relates a stirring story of adventuresome excursions between the lines and gives vivid flashes of scenes in dressing stations; of dashes down shell-blasted byways under fire from the enemy; and tells of the perils and high privileges for splendid service which combined to attract to the Ambulance Field Service work so many of the high-spirited youths of America who, until last spring at least, could only vindicate their purpose without violating their neutrality, by pressing into the great affair under the banner of the Red Cross. The book has the blessing of the intimate note handled well by an experienced worker with words who knows of a knack to take the reader right along with him to the doing of the deeds he tells about.—Thos. Allen; \$1.25.

Noteworthy Poems

"KITCHENER AND OTHER POEMS."
By **Robert J. C. Stead.**

PROPHETS may be without honor in their own country, but poets sometimes win acclamation from their own people, as witness the high esteem with which the prairie folk of the west regard R. J. C. Stead, of Calgary. His first volume of verse caused the people of the places he sung about to exhibit their appreciation by bestowing on him the soubriquet, "The Poet of the Prairies." His songs were steeped in the atmosphere of illimitable solitudes and were quickened with a sense of bigness and freedom—they reflected the vigor of thought and open-air gusto which all westerners regard as their own heritage and easterners sometimes envy. In his latest volume he looks, with a rare understanding, beyond the prairie country with its peaceful industry and problems of settlement to a field of far larger values in Flanders.

Many of the poems included in this new volume have appeared in the leading newspapers in Canada and England. The title poem, "Kitchener," is already well-known wherever the English language is spoken. It was eulogized by the London "Spectator," was reprinted by English admirers for distribution in the army hospitals, and subsequently found its way around the world in the press of East and West. It is probably the only poem by a Canadian which was ever included in its entirety in a telegraphic news service.—Mussion Book Co.; \$1.00.

A Group of Lyrics

"THE PIPER AND THE REED." By **Robert Norwood.**

IN his latest volume of verse—"The Piper and the Reed"—Robert Norwood wanders away occasionally from

THE WAR CHARITIES ACT, 1917.
Department of the Secretary of State of Canada.

THE War Charities Act, 1917, defines "war charities" as follows: any fund, institution or association, other than a church or the Salvation Army, whether established before or after the commencement of this Act, having for its objects or among its objects the relief of suffering or distress, or the supplying of needs or comforts to sufferers from the war, or to soldiers, returned soldiers or their families or dependents, or any other charitable purpose connected with the present European war. Any question whether a charity is a war charity shall be finally determined by the Minister.

The Act also provides:
(1) It shall not be lawful to make any appeal to the public for donations or subscriptions in money or in kind for any war charity as hereinbefore defined, or to raise or attempt to raise money for any such war charity by promoting any bazaar, sale, entertainment or exhibition, or by any similar means, unless—

- (a) the war charity is either exempted from registration or is registered under this Act; and,
 - (b) the approval in writing of the executive committee or other governing body of the war charity has been obtained, either directly or through some person duly authorized to give such approval on behalf of such governing body; and if any person contravenes any of the provisions of this section he shall be guilty of an offence against this Act.
- (2) This section shall not apply to any collection at Divine Service in a place of public worship.

The Act was assented to on the 20th of September, 1917, and the above section so far as it relates to registration is applicable to War Charities on the 20th of December, 1917. After that date, collections made otherwise than on behalf of a registered War Charity by subscriptions, donations, bazaars, sales, entertainments, exhibitions or similar means of collecting money are illegal.

Regulations and information respecting registration may be obtained from the undersigned.

THOMAS MULVEY,
Under-Secretary of State.
Ottawa, December 3, 1917.

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all rhyme and rhythm to sing his song, free and footless, so to speak, in the wilderness. It may be that those who care to follow him through the measureless and mystifying mazes of "vers libre" will detect a sonorous and authentic note even in the blindest passage of the songs he sings that way. But there will be many more, one thinks, well pleased to believe that Mr. Norwood may reach a firm position among the American poets by following a more familiar path—the one indicated by the opening lines of the song from which his latest volume takes its name:

I am a reed—a little reed
Down by the river,
A whim of God whose moment's need
Was that the Giver
Might blow melodious and long
One cadence of eternal song.
—McClelland, Goodchild & Stewart;
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War Verses

"MARCHING MEN." By Helena Coleman.

ANOTHER very acceptable little offering of verses by a Toronto author is made by Helena Coleman, sister of Professor Coleman, of the University of Toronto. They should appeal to all who have known the thrill of a proud impulse to cheer the parting with a smile as some best beloved marched away; who have wearied while waiting for an expected but unwelcome word; who have heard that word and, while its echo hovered, have walked in the valley of the shadow. The little volume is dedicated to the memory of one "who fell in action . . . and of other 'Very Gallant Gentlemen' who gave their lives for Canada," and the verses are so arranged as to follow those "Very Gallant Gentlemen" from the beginning to the end of their great adventure.—J. M. Dent and Sons; 25 cents.

Songs of Women's Work

"THE NEW JOAN." By Katherine Hale.

THE warrior soul of Joan D'Arc, re-incarnated as a spirit of service and inspiring the will of millions of women to join a legion banded by a common impulse to share the stress "of this last war," is the vision projected in the title piece of a delightful little volume of poems by Katherine Hale. They are, as the author notes in her fore-word "chiefly songs of women's work, but there is a Christmas song for soldiers."

It is difficult to catch, in a short quotation, the inspiration to courage and the heartening sentiment of the brave little volume, although something of these is reflected in the last verses of "The New Joan," which is the title piece. They are:

And now through mists of dew, through leaping flame
We ride again upon an ancient quest,
That we may bring Love home, no longer guest,
But Love Triumphant, ever to remain.
See the bright banner a new Day out-fings;
It shall be ours to hold it high and white.
Again a Voice! And out of dawning light
The deathless soul of Joan through us sings.

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