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ANTI-GERMAN DEMONSTRATION IN LONDON—AN ANGRY POPULACE.

This photograph was made during the "riots" which occurred in England after the sinking of the Lusitania. This attack was made on a Teuton tobacconist and news agent. A rioter is handing the furniture out of the upper window, while the police look on helplessly.

# BRITISH VIEW OF PRUSSIANISM

By JOHN A. COOPER

Do the British people fully realize the enormous sacrifice they are making in their fight against Prussianism? Have they decided that it is worth a million lives and ten billions of money to crush the autocratic and brutal system of which the Kaiser is the chief exponent.

These are questions which are being asked by those who are trying to pierce the veil of British taciturnity. The answer can be found in occasional speeches, despatches and articles appearing in the British newspapers.

Lord Bryce took the chair at a recent lecture at the Institute of Journalists, in London, and talked on international law, which he described as the embodiment of the conscience and wisdom of mankind. He said in part:

"International law has within the last ten months been more completely disregarded, cast down, trampled under foot than I think it ever was during the last four or five centuries. In fact, I can hardly remember a time when so many violations and so many of the established usages and rules were perpetrated together as we have seen perpetrated lately. In Belgium, as you all know, the war was carried on with greater ferocity towards innocent non-combatants than it was towards combatants. Similarly, it seems, ships full of innocent persons, trading ships not engaged in any warlike operation, had been suddenly sunk and their crews drowned.

"In that latest case, which happened only last Friday, a vessel carrying over 2,000 passengers was sunk so suddenly that it was perfectly impossible to save the people. The commander of the hostile vessel knew that it would be impossible to save their lives. That sort of thing has sometimes been done before, but by whom has it been done? By pirates. What are pirates? The technical legal description of pirates is that they are enemies of the human race. They are, so to speak, the wild beasts of the seas, the wolves or tigers of the sea, whom everyone is at liberty to seize and kill or to bring home and after trial to execute for the offence they commit against mankind as a whole. This is not a danger to any particular nation, but a danger to all mankind."

These remarks indicate that Lord Bryce views this struggle as Mankind's War. To him Germany's guilty conduct is a challenge to international law and hence a challenge to mankind. International law must be preserved or the world will go back to savagery. Hence it is Britain's duty to persevere in the war until the faith of treaties is vindicated, international authority restored and outraged humanity given satisfaction.

## ON THE BATTLEFIELD.

FURTHER the soldiers on the battlefield are realizing what a savage people they are fighting. An official eye-witness, writing from France under date of May 7th, says:

"It is as well that those at home should realize the



EDUCATION BY ZEPPELIN.

A Zeppelin, during one of the recent raids in London, dropped a bomb on the roof of "The Bull and George" Hotel at Ramsgate. It went down through the building with the results shown.

almost incredible spirit of savagery which animates the Germans. During the fighting north of Ypres a Prussian officer's life was spared by our men, even in the heat of a charge, and in spite of the exasperation caused by the enemy's latest method of making war, and he was made a prisoner. While he was being escorted to the rear the party passed some of our men who were lying in agony on the ground, fighting for breath, their lungs filled with fumes. He stopped, looked at them, burst out laughing, and pointing to the prostrate forms, said, "What do you think of that?" There have been not a few wounded prisoners, also chiefly of the Prussian Guard, defeated in front of Ypres, in November, who have behaved in hospital with the ferocity of wild beasts, while surly ingratitude and rudeness on the part of the patients is not at all uncommon."

## LATEST PROOF FROM BELGIUM.

ADD to this evidence, the revelations in the report of the British committee, appointed in December last, to investigate the Belgian atrocities. Those chosen were men whose judgment and answer would be accepted implicitly by the fairest-minded of all fair-minded Britishers. Perhaps the most damning evidence is that contained in the diaries of dead German officers. For example, a Saxon officer wrote:

"Aug. 23.—Two 6-in. howitzers succeeded in getting into position, and in 20 shots reduced the village of Bouvines to ruins. . . . The men had already shown their brutal instincts; everything was upside down. The sight of the bodies of all the inhabitants who had been shot was indescribable. Every house in the whole village was destroyed. We dragged the villagers, one after another, out of the most unlikely corners. The men were shot as well as the women and children, who were in the convent, since shots had been fired from the convent windows; and we burnt it afterwards. The inhabitants might have escaped the penalty by handing over the guilty and paying 15,000f."

Many of these records are reprinted in the report. Other incidents of a similar nature were verified and the descriptions of the witnesses printed. Citizens were shot in batches of 40 and 50. At Hevre, soldiers shot into the doors and windows of burning houses to prevent the inmates escaping. A soldier describes the rape in open day of 15 or 20 women in the Place de l'Universite, Liege. Hundreds of women died by such violence. The hospital at Namur was set on fire by inflammable pastilles. The reports that women's breasts and children's hands were cut off is confirmed.

After a full recital of these horrible events, for which there is no parallel in three hundred years of European history, the Committee adds:

"This catalogue of crimes does not by any means represent the sum total of the depositions relating to this district laid before the Committee. The above are given merely as examples of acts which the evidence shows

to have taken place in numbers that might have seemed scarcely credible."

Perhaps the most damning paragraph in the whole report is as follows:

"We are driven to the conclusion that the harrying of the villages in the districts, the burning of a large part of Louvain, the massacres there, the marching out of the prisoners, and the transport to Cologne (all done without inquiry as to whether the particular persons seized or killed had committed any wrongful act), were due to a calculated policy carried out scientifically and deliberately, not merely with the sanction, but under the direction of higher military authorities, and were not due to any provocation or resistance by the civilian population."

#### ROUSING MANKIND.

**A**FTER all, these reports are only a part of the evidence which the British is patiently gathering together and putting before the world. The actions of the captains of submarines in such cases as the Falaba and Lusitania is being fully and accurately described. Nothing is being overlooked.

Moreover, the forcing of Italy into the war, the attempts to bring in Rumania, Bulgaria and Greece, the patient struggle with German officials in the United States—all these diplomatic moves show that Britain intends to make a clean sweep of what it regards as a menace to civilization. Every nation is to be convinced that this is the world's war, not Britain's only.

Again, the coalition cabinet and the ordering of supplies for 1916, is not only an indication of a long war, but, what is more important, a thorough war. There are to be no half-way measures, no premature peace, no turning back at any one point. The people are being prepared for the sacrifices involved. The anti-German riots in England indicate how thoroughly the work is being done, because riots in England indicate unusual and deep-seated antagonisms.

Canadians need have no fear that this war will be unproductive of results. Germany will be crushed if all the nations of the earth have to be ranged against her. Prussianism will be crushed and eliminated even more thoroughly than Napoleonism was crushed one hundred years ago.

## More Munitions

**M**INISTER OF MUNITIONS HON. LLOYD GEORGE wastes no time getting to the point. A few days ago he was put in charge of this new portfolio. A week later he delivered a storm of high explosives to employers in the engineering trades and their employees in Manchester. His shells burst with great effect. There was no oratory about Germany; just plain, hard-hitting truth about what he as Minister of Munitions

sees to be the immediate great need in the war, and how as Minister he proposes to enlist the co-operation of employers and workmen to get it. He said:

"I come as an emissary of State to carry the most urgent message ever told to the ears of a Manchester audience. Our country is fighting for its life, for the liberties of Europe, and upon what it does, upon what it is prepared to sacrifice, depends the issue. It depends more upon the masters and men occupied in running workshops than upon any part of the community whether Great Britain will emerge from this colossal struggle beaten, humiliated, stripped of power, honour and influence, and a mere bond slave of cruel military tyranny, or whether it will come out triumphant, free and more powerful than ever for good in the affairs of men."

Pushing the truth still further home, he admitted that the Russians had been severely defeated in Galicia. The morning his speech was cabled came further news of that defeat—in the recapture of Permyl by the Austro-German forces under Mackensen. It seemed almost as though the Minister of Munitions foresaw what was coming; and he certainly knew the reason; the enormous, overwhelming need in Russia for the munitions which it is Lloyd George's business to supply for the British Army at the front.

"I come here to tell you the truth. Unless you know it, you cannot be expected to make sacrifices. Our Russian allies have suffered a severe setback. The Germans have achieved a great success, not because of superior valour of their soldiers or strategy of their generals. The German triumph is due entirely to superior equipment, an overwhelming superiority of shot and shell and munitions and equipment. It was a battle won by the use made of their skilled industries, and especially by the superior organization of German workshops.

"Two hundred thousand shells were concentrated in a single hour on the heads of the gallant Russians. Had we been in a position to supply the same process to the Germans on our front the Germans would have been turned out of France, and driven half way across the devastated plain of Flanders. They would have been well out of the country they had tortured and tormented with dastardly cruelty. More than that, we should have actually penetrated Germany."

#### FRANCE'S EXAMPLE.

**M**EN without munitions is to Lord George a poor way to conduct this war. He made it clear that, though there should be no let-up on recruiting, it is more immediately important to equip the men that England has already got; that a great army unsupported by heavy artillery and high explosives is a sure way to sacrifice thousands of lives. He cited the splendid example of France as a stimulus to the makers of munitions in England.

"For the moment," he said, "we have more than plenty of men for the equipment available. More men will come to the call, but we want the workshops to equip them with weapons. The State now needs the help of all, and I am perfectly certain that British engineers can do what the French engineers have already done.

"In France, private firms have given the State assistance in this critical hour which is beyond computation. The last French victories were largely attributable to the private workshops of France. I am here to ask you to help us to equip our armies with the means for breaking through the German lines in front of our gallant troops, and I know you will do it.

"We were the worst organized nation in the world for this war, which showed that we had nothing to do with precipitating it. It is a war of munitions and the Government has decided that compulsory powers are essential to utilize the resources of the country to the best advantage. The work of the country must come first, because unless it does, there will be no country worth fighting for.

"The employers are now subject to complete State control for industrial purposes, and if we are to make the best of our resources for the shortening of war, the same principles must extend to the whole field of industrial organization, whether it be capital or labour. There must be one reservation—that State control of labour must be for the benefit of the State, and not for the purpose of increasing the profits of any individual or private organization; it must increase the mobility of labour, and have a greater subordination of labour to the direction and control of the State."

"We have enlisted men who would have rendered better service at home. We needed compulsion not to send men to the front, but to prevent them from going to the front. We have been endeavouring to conduct a war against the most formidable antagonist that has even attacked human freedom with the ordinary untrained weapons of peace. You may as well send our men to face shrapnel and howitzers, armed with picks and shovels, as merely to go through the war with the industrial army organized, equipped and armed with the ordinary shifts and experiments of peace."

The immediate effect of this speech was the passing of a resolution unanimously pledging the support of the meeting to the Minister of Munitions in his campaign to get more war materials and equipment to the front. This is a proof of the value in one man of the power of action and of argument. No man in England except Lord Kitchener is the equal of the Minister of Munitions in action. No man is his superior in persuasive and powerful oratory. When the Minister of Munitions gets done with his speech-making on this subject, England will have converted most of her opinions into the kind of action which matches that of Germany.

It is no longer the cause, but the care of the war that from now on will unite the British nation. The opinions which count most in ending the war are those that are translated into shrapnel and high explosives.

## HEROES FROM THE DARDANELLES



Australians and New Zealanders wounded in the heavy Dardanelles fighting are being sent to hospital camps in Egypt. This picture was taken near Cairo showing some of them leaving a hospital train.



Egyptians watching the wounded from the Dardanelles being transferred to hospitals upon their arrival in Egypt.



ONE CANVAS VILLAGE AT NIAGARA CAMP AS SEEN FROM THE HELIO PLATFORM.

All bell tents look alike in that huge military picnic ground; but what is inside may be as different as Hongkong from Halifax.

# A DAY IN CAMP AT NIAGARA

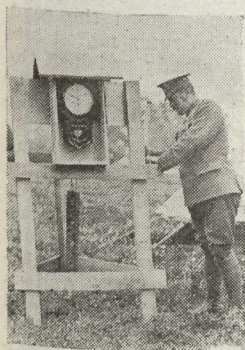
Once it was Scarlet and Coked Hats on Parade; But it's All Changed Now

By AUGUSTUS BRIDLE

SOME time last week about 5,000 men were eating, sleeping, drilling, marching, doing Swedish gymnastics, and otherwise enjoying life to the full at Niagara Camp. A day or two after that some of them struck camp. Who and how many—not for publication. The Niagara Camp is no longer an international picnic ground. To get inside the lines you must pass the pickets; either produce a passport from the headquarters' staff or some explanation that if you really are the guest of some officer you know precisely where to find his tent; and that is about as easy as picking out one tree in a patch of woods. All bell tents look alike. What is inside may be as different as Hongkong from Halifax.

and historic fireplaces, set off by the Engineers' camp, the ordnance buildings, the detention camp, fenced with barb wire, the heliograph station on a high platform; and then over near the entrance completing the circuit you come to the Headquarters Compound, another mediaeval house among old trees with a ring of tents and its pacing sentry with the right turn; and by this time you have pretty nearly worn out

sororities with their house parties would be sometimes dull and always too masculine. And Niagara has plenty of pretty girls, as the officers know. Sometimes they get inside the lines, but not far. Getting inside the lines at Niagara is about as serious a business as doing it in France or Flanders. If you are an accredited grocery waggon, meat van, crude-oil sprinkler, cook-waggon, water-tank or officers' automobile, the trip is easy. Go on foot in civilian clothes and you must show cause.



The Camp Clock.

This is the assemblage of all the units formerly concentrated in winter quarters at Exhibition Camp, Toronto. The units are drawn from all over No. 2 Division, which extends from Sault Ste. Marie down to Oshawa, Ont.

It's the same old camp ground that for more than a century has been a military precinct; much the same old town, at the foot of the Niagara River and the edge of the lake; streets wide enough for ten car tracks, great historic trees, old ducal-looking mansions tucked away among them, peach groves, fat gardens, mediaeval docks with the same old pine-hewn freight shed as stood there a hundred years ago, and the names of the old schooners still over the doors—St. George, William IV., Com. Barrie, Cobourg and United Kingdom. Niagara is as old as the bugle and the drum. And at the present day it is limbering up its old joints to the music of the big camp behind on the flats, to the clink of soldiers' coin—spent since Monday last week for anything but hard liquor. One old stager of a house on the road to camp bears the epitaph 1792. The old town hall, with the cupola, must be at least a century old. And every year of the old town's age spells something to do with patriotism in the Empire, which never was so picturesquely big as it is now with that city of mushrooms about the great dandelioned, buttercupped meadow crisscrossed by dusty roads and foot-trails beaten hard by the sentry-go.

OLD residents and young girls prefer the peace camps of other days, when the old town was painted many colours by regimental uniforms. The only dash of red now is the flag and the cap-bands of the H. Q. staff. Everything else is fawn-green and white. Somewhere on the sunlit field bugles stutter any time of day, much to the melody of "Hail, hail, the gang's all here." Almost any hour of day you may hear some band—it may be the good scratch band of the 36th, camped near the entrance—drooning out anything that seems cheerful.

Last week at the camp entrance were the tents of the Eaton Battery, 250 strong, the grey cars nowhere to be seen, but the men furbishing and strolling and sometimes drilling; wondering when to strike camp. Next to them the 36th; then an old wooden church and the chaplain's tent and the Brotherhood of St. Andrew. Across a commons past another trail-tramping picket, with his sword bayonet gleaming like sudden death, came the lines of the 37th; then the reinforcement contingent; further again the base hospital over on the river bank, a small town of white tents, fitting nurses and blue-trousered men; then the 35th; next to them the 4th Canadian Mounted Rifles, 700 strong, with a few hundred horses that never will see either France or Flanders; then round past a grove on the opposite side of the campus the Officers' Training Corps. Across the main camp road from that you come to the Headquarters offices, in an old one-storey building with huge chimneys



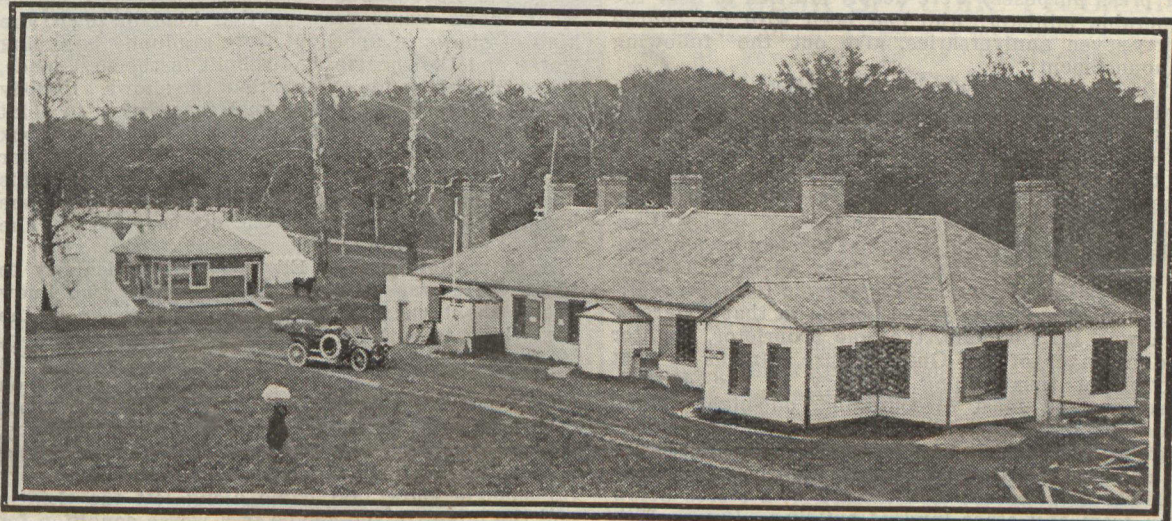
This kitchen outfit of the Eaton Battery Officers' Mess turned out meals fit for an epicure.

the typewritten pass signed by a staff officer, entitling you to the rights and privileges of the camp from the time you first produce it until midnight.

THAT'S the topographical outline; or it was last week. This week it is changed—no matter how. To-day the news goes that a certain unit is to strike camp to-morrow—perhaps two; come back to H. Q. in an hour and you find that the date of departure has been shifted ahead one, and for all you or anybody else knows may be shifted again, back to midnight if need be. There is always that delightful lack of positive information that makes the men smile as they swear a bit, and the hovering bevy of young girls on the camp edge conjure up further visions of ice-cream junkets downtown, garden parties and dances. Niagara without its girls, and its

ON an average about fifty things at once in that camp. Keeping thousands of men more or less busy in the name of the King is a serious matter. No factory concern in Canada has such a population to keep busy. And no factory staff ever did so many things that look like the fag end of mystery to the uninitiated. A squad of soldiers lying flat-back on the grass looking like sardines in a tin, or squatting like toads, or trying to grab invisible butterflies out of the air—that's physical drill; and it's more or less intelligible because muscles are universal and don't depend on red tape. Over in the Officers' Training Corps camp, two platoons are hustling their boots over the buttercups and the long grass under the shouting direction of a sergeant instructor. These captains and lieutenants are field officers in making, and have to learn "Right Dress" and "Right Wheel" and "By the Left," just the same as the privates whom some day they expect to command. They are a heterogeneous democracy; a giant six-foot-three alongside a pigmy five-foot-five; the son of a premier in front of a clerk; the man from the far west hobnobbing with the easterner; for these are supposed to be university men hailing from anywhere, many of them young men who quit college long ago for business, and finding business dull, take the course with or without enlisting. They are a bundle of miscellaneous brains that have to be licked into physical and military shape in courses of a few weeks each before they are able to stand in front of a company of privates and shout the orders they learned themselves last moon to men that may have been shuffling by the right when they were learning algebra at college.

HALF a mile yonder in the broad of the sun a few hundred men are at quick march, double quick on the run, wheeling and forming fours. This is the least part of their programme. After dinner they may be doing bayonet drill, or physical culture, or field manoeuvres, or route marching miles across country to work up an appetite already bigger than many of them could afford to indulge around home. Before you get to their lines, they are shot off in some other direction and you stop to look at the heliograph squad on the platform at the H. Q. offices. On sunny days this and the various helio stations in the camp



Headquarter Offices at Niagara embody a system as rigid as a great factory—but they are a great deal more humanly interesting.

are the substitute for galloping couriers and field telephones. By the click of the Morse code the operator at H. Q. gets the message flashed from the 35th, the 37th or the C. M. R. What it may be you don't know any more than you know what the shirt-sleeved chaps with the white and blue flags are flapping at to somebody you can't see in the opposite lines. But it's the same code for both the helio and the signalling corps, and it goes by letters of the alphabet. The extra men, along with the instruction operator on the platform, each with his little mirror on a swivel and its button to click for shorts and longs, are learning field language.

**B**UT the Hercules chaps past the next sentry-go are not worrying about language. With sleeves rolled up and eyes blinking at the sun they poke their rifles, with or without bayonets, in various directions; now advancing by the shuffle, now retreating; one command for getting the line on the invisible enemy that needs the bayonet, another for sticking it into him, the next for drawing it out, the next for advancing to stick another, and so on with various monologues from the Sergeant about how to hold their guns, feet and hands—until by actual count you have seen over a hundred intangible men bayoneted in invisible trenches, and not wishing to see any more carnage you pass along to some more peaceful moving picture.

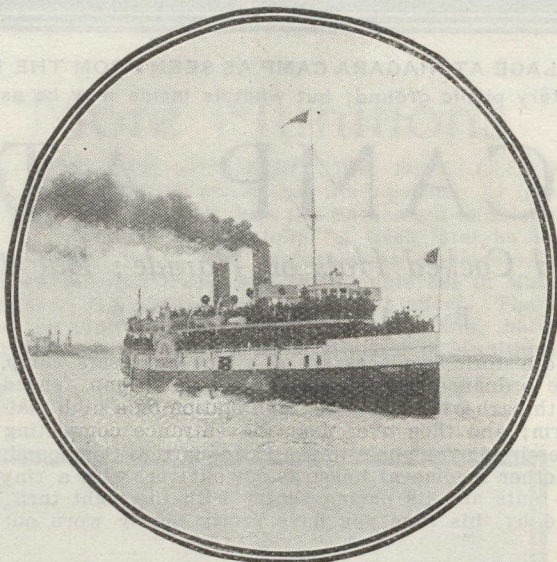
Here comes a squad of horsemen from the C. M. R. lines, four abreast, trailing across the campus, left wheel and across to the road, on and on in a cloud of sand-swirling dust in which the horses' legs look like moving stake fences. Where they will get to when they finish is no business of the visitor, who soon becomes interested in the lines of idle horses picketed by the head and one hind leg, eating hay, taking the currycomb, lying asprawl in the sun, or wondering when they will get loose for a scurry across camp. Here a bunch of troopers are polishing and mending saddles; yonder at the camp smithy end of the lines, men walloping out red-hot horse-shoes in the open; along the alley a four-horse truck-load of fresh sand to shovel off for bedding. But it's no use to talk to the C. M. R. or to Col. Vaux Chadwick, their commander, about horses going abroad, because the steeds are not going and the men are—which is one virtue of belonging to the mounted infantry, that you may not always have your mount, especially in a war which has abolished cavalry.

**W**HILE you gaze at the antics of an obstreperous broncho that never wanted to enlist and doesn't believe in conscription and won't carry a man and has to be thrown with ropes, you slam into a soldier who knocks a dinge in your hat.

"I beg your pardon," he hears you say; but he never budes and says nothing. He doesn't even know you are there. He is the rock; you are the wave—but you don't come again. On into the lines of the 35th, with its hundreds of Toronto men from our regiments. On again into the beautiful dingy dell where the base hospital is in charge of Major

T. B. Richardson, and where a lot of people seem to be more or less busy looking after men who are not just playing at the game, but are really ill, one way or another.

Executing a flank movement you turn up behind the grub lines of the next battalion encampment and get a glimpse of how open-air cooking is done; where everything is handled in circus dimensions without regard to cost; soup for supper brewing by the barrel, meat pan-roasting by the cwt., potatoes pared by the bag, and the whole elongated line of cook-tents banked up with tidy little woodpiles, with water pipes and garbage incinerators across the way, as



One of the Niagara boats carrying the Eaton Battery and the Reinforcing Contingent from Niagara to Toronto, en route for Montreal and England.

perfectly as though you were in a large summer hotel—and much cleaner.

There is no haphazard about Niagara. Too many generations of soldiers have camped there. Canadian soldier machinery is too well developed now. You could plant the Niagara Camp down in any part of Europe and get it recognized as a real military institution. Around the H. Q., under Col. Mewburn, slapdash and potluck are reduced to a minimum. Military despatch is on the high click everywhere. When Col. Logie, with his arm in a sling, looking every ounce a seasoned soldier, happens round the offices, there is no need for orderlies and staff officers to buck up for inspection. He knows it.

**N**OT all machinery. No, there is the eternally human side; which in a place so tremendously beautiful and historic has a perfect setting. In almost any one of the thousands of bell tents that

look as much alike as peas in a pod, you may find the human individualities that link the soldier with the life he came from. It may be in a chair, a book, a musical instrument, a cushion or two, a box of cigars or a jar of tobacco, here and there a feminine token of one kind or another; each tent tells its own story and the stories will never be told. Each battalion has its own pride and its own opinion of the others. There are youths and grey-haired men, bunking together from Lights' Out till Reveille; and from 9.30 to 12 and from 2 to 4.30 working on the field again.

In a tent near the entrance, a youth of 22 sauntered up and was introduced to a civilian whose son held one of the bunks in the tent, the new Colt revolver, the officers' boots and the sword.

"Why, it's you, Bobbie," said the father. "Heavens! eighteen years ago on a Sunday evening up at Lake Simcoe, you and this boy here and a dozen others were baptized in one service. I haven't seen you since. And here you are—well, well, well!"

He thought more than he spoke. These babies of 1897 were the young warriors of 1915, come together here in the most historic part of older English Canada, togged and accoutred for a war that makes babies of us all.

**B**UGLES up the road; round corner the whack of drums. The young girls chinning so musically with the young officers looked out along the highway under the rows of grand old trees. In the blink of the low sun over the butter-cupped acres of the camp they saw the 36th marching in; a long, quivering, four-deep line of khaki and rifles and rolled-up sleeves. As one end swung into camp, the other snaked round the corner far down the road. The bugles stuttered still and the drums miffed into a hollow. Then came the quick, steady swish of the marching feet slicking along the oiled roadway, the rifles glistening in the sun, left hands swinging alongside; men in that battalion who a few weeks ago were slouching about town with ingrown chests and crooked shoulders, now as sinewy and elastic as young panthers; a bit footsore, perhaps, but from the first line of drums clean back to the machine-gun and tripod carried in a sling at the rear, every man looking as though he were fit for Germans, hell-fire, or anything else diabolical to-morrow. And as the bugle corps mounted the little hill the camp band rose from a hollow and struck up a tune. That lifted them as a breeze stirs the grass. The khaki-clad, bare-armed lines snaked in among the tents and was swallowed up. Some bugle stuttered for supper.

Up the river whistled a boat, and the old town was threaded with officers down to see those that came in and those who were pulling out, probably never to see those officers again till the war is done. As the boat sluiced out past the dock into the lake, the khaki figures came on down to the edge. Bouquets were waved from the top deck. Kisses blown; handkerchiefs fluttering.

"Halt!" yelled somebody on the stern topdeck. "Look out, there—you'll be stepping off the end."



## THE PEOPLE AND THE MODERN PLAY

By ARTHUR FORD

**O**NE Sunday morning in the winter of 19— (date deleted by the censor), the congregation of the Bethel Presbyterian Church, in the Canadian town of Spotlight (fake name for press purposes) were deeply startled to hear the venerable minister, who had been with his charge thirty-seven anniversaries, give out the following announcement:

"On Thursday evening of this week, at the Town Hall, there will be a meeting to form a local branch of the Drama League of America, in this city. All parents who are careful about how they should be brought up by their children are invited to attend. The chair will be taken by Mrs. Arthur Jones, President of the — branch of the League, who will explain what a wonderful work has already been accomplished in other towns and cities all over America by this League. Your pastor expects to be present."

The most suddenly jolted person in that congregation was Eli Bingham, the sole proprietor, dictator and manager of the Opera House, famous in that section of theatregoing territory as the dirtiest, meanest, and most discouraging one-night stand house on the road. Eli built the opera house once upon a time because he happened to own the corner lot opposite the town hall and thought he could make a better revenue out of a theatre with stores below than from any other kind of building. But as Eli's regular business was running a big livery barn, he was able to spend a small fortune on his opera house

without getting much of it back. During the season the house averaged about one show a week, and as there was nobody but the circuit manager to decide what shows would draw in that kind of town, the kind of shows in Spotlight were gradually becoming worse and the theatre, badly built in the first place, was rapidly becoming worse than the shows. Nobody took any interest in the Opera House except to point it out to visitors. No self-respecting youth ever took his parents to see one of the shows. And the minister of the Bethel Church where Eli Bingham paid his dues, would have headed a committee to close the house, if Eli had not been one of the pillars of the church.

As a matter of fact, Eli was not particularly to blame. He was the only man in town who knew beans about running a theatre; and he knew the next thing to nothing. He was no judge of a show. He knew that a bad show always managed to get a full gallery, and that if he ever took a chance on Shakespeare the people who talked so hard about "rotten" shows that ruined the minds of the young, seldom or never bought tickets. So when things got started on the downward road in Spotlight, every ramshackle show that came along left the theatre and the minds of the people in a worse condition for the next one. And there was no body of public opinion or general dramatic taste behind Eli Bingham

to make things any better. He hung on to his livery stable and let the opera house go to the dickens. And the theatrical affairs of Spotlight were just about at their lowest known ebb at the time when the minister of Bethel took the bull by the horns and gave out the Drama League announcement.

Eli went to the meeting. So did a good number of the congregation—and the minister. A good deal was said by the visiting delegation to explain what was the matter with Spotlight and a hundred other places like it in this country; what the Drama League was trying to do to get the people at large to take as much serious interest in the kind of plays they saw as in the kind of sermons they heard on Sunday; what Spotlight itself might do to get in line with a circuit of good plays known to the Spotlight branch of the League and through them to the community at large to guarantee that whenever such a good play came to town, enough people would be present at least to pay the expenses.

This of course is only an extreme instance of what may yet be expected to happen when the Drama League gets hold of every town and city in Canada where there is anything that looks like a theatre. This movement began three years ago in Evanston, Ill., a suburb of Chicago. Members at that time were all Chicagoans. Now the League has extended into every State, to thirty large cities in the United States, to four cities in Canada, and England, where it is somewhat retarded by war.

# MAINLY PERSONAL

## Casual Notes on the New Additions to Our Aristocracy

**K**ING GEORGE did very well to make two knighthoods in Montreal and two in Toronto. Neither metropolis can be offended over that. Of the other two Sir'd last Thursday, one lives in Hamilton—when he is at home—and the other in Halifax. Following the old front-button lingo of "doctor, lawyer, merchant, chief, rich man, poor man, beggar-man, thief"—we find that the first list is represented throughout and the last four have only a look-in with the rich man. Poor men, beggars and thieves do not as a rule get knighted. Sir John

McGill before they are made public in Berlin. As for Gottingen—Sir William was once a scholar there; but never again!

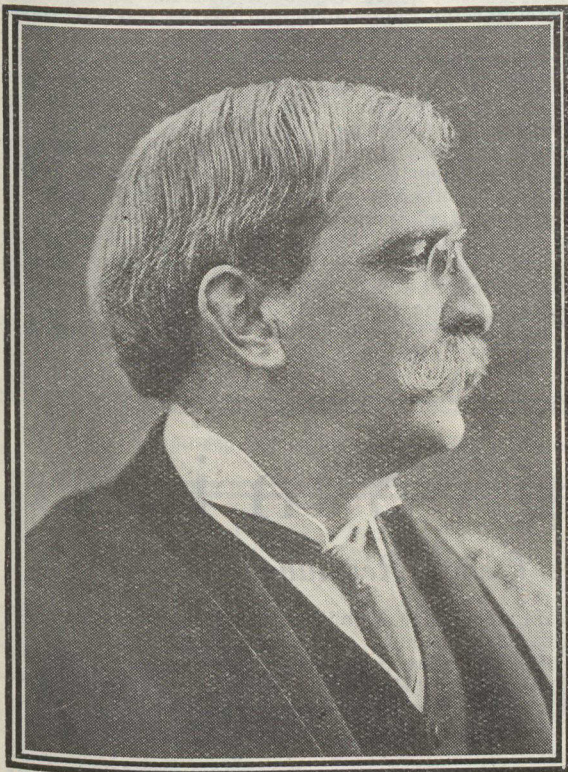


### Sir John Eaton

**S**IR JOHN EATON is the youngest of the new knights. And he has spent more money on public benevolences than all the rest put together. He is the rich man of the lot. His total contribution to things owned by other people or the community runs pretty well up to a million dollars. His last public donation was a large sum spent in his share of the Eaton Battery of armoured cars and machine guns. Others include the Public General Hospital in Toronto, the Y. M. C. A., Victoria College and the Eaton Memorial Church.

Sir John Eaton has always found it necessary to spend money outside his own business and his personal affairs. He is the official and administrative head of the greatest department store in Canada and one of the greatest in the world. He is the apex of a system that so far as it goes is not beaten for thoroughness by anything ever organized in Germany. He is the chief of an army of industrial workers and salespeople numbering many thousands in the three cities, Toronto, Winnipeg and Montreal, besides a large number in the factories at Oshawa. When he became President of the T. Eaton Co. he inherited his great father's organization and added unto it. It is said that the Winnipeg branch, which changed the current of retail traffic in that city, was Sir John's creation. But with no Winnipeg branch the headship of the T. Eaton Co. would be one of the greatest administrative posts in Canada. At the desk of Sir John Eaton the brains of many men, trained in the business under his father, are concentrated. Most of these men are nameless to the public; but they are writ large on the walls of the head offices and in the policy of the business. Sir John has never tried to outgrow the shrewd policy of his father for organizing the brains of other people in his business and paying them liberally for the privilege.

On the purely personal side, Sir John is the kind of man that creates popularity. He moves in the limelight and the things he does are always well worth people's while to observe. He is always interesting. When he buys a yacht it is the biggest on the lakes and may be seen by thousands of a summer evening all lighted up in the harbour. When he installed wireless on top of his store, he had the other end of it on his yacht. When he put his financial hand on the new Hospital project he made it write the interesting sum of \$250,000. When he took hold of the Y. M. C. A. movement he put his autograph on \$50,000. When he became the individual power behind the Eaton Battery the cost was more than was ever published and the result was something different from what any other citizen had done for the war. When he built a castle on the hill he put into it a pipe-organ which, with the aid of an automatic apparatus, he plays himself like a



SIR WILLIAM PETERSON, K.C.M.G.

Who will make knighthood interesting by decorating it with opinions.

Eaton is a merchant, Sir Henry Drayton a lawyer, Sir William Peterson and Sir John Hendrie are both chiefs, one of McGill University, the other of the Province of Ontario; Sir Herbert Ames is a manufacturer and Sir Charles Fraser is a doctor.



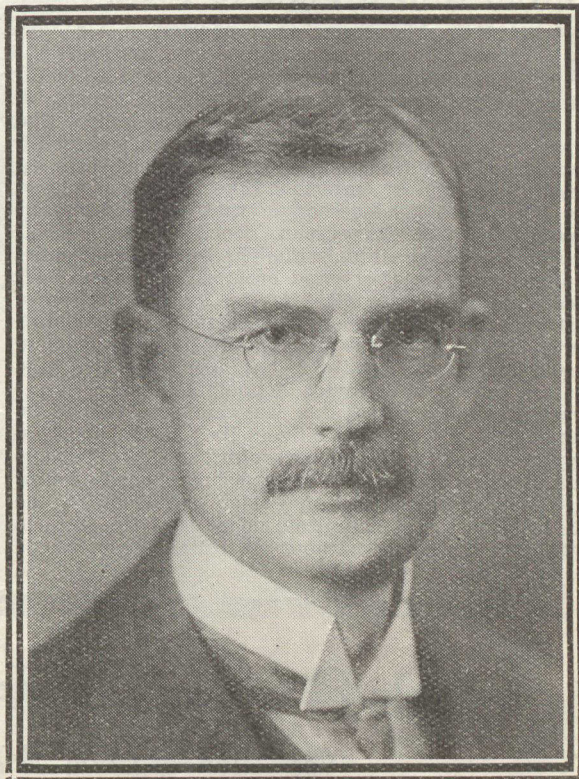
### The Knight of McGill Castle

**S**IR WILLIAM PETERSON will perhaps no longer be dubbed "Pete" by admiring students of McGill. One of the most touching morning-after salutations among the new knights must have been the telephone message from Sir William Macdonald, the financial benefactor of McGill, to Sir William Peterson the President. They are the most distinguished educational pair of Sir Williams in Canada. Sir William Peterson hails from old Dundee. He was President of University College there for several years, until 1895, when he came to McGill. Scholarship and Imperialism are his strong points. Making speeches with Sir William is a mere pastime. He has a passion for finding out what other men think—if they happen to be men more famous than himself. And he is one of the most affable men in Canada, if he is left to talk about the Empire, English poetry, and how not to educate young men. Since he became President of McGill his good friend the Scotch-Canadian, Sir William Macdonald, has spent several million dollars on the university. If Sir William Dawson, the eminent President before Peterson, were living now, he would scarcely recognize McGill, which is a living monument to the fact that when money is needed for education, the best way to get it is to set a Scotch President on the still hunt after a Scotch-Canadian millionaire.

And Sir William Peterson will always be one very individualistic species of modern knight. He knows all the amenities of knighthood, which are sometimes overlooked by wealthier and less educated knights. He is the cultivated knight; the man of opinions who can now prove that it is personally worth while to be an Imperialist in theory when the King is pleased to make him one in practice. McGill he has made a centre of Imperialism. In fact, if any member of faculty were known to be anything but some sort of Imperialist, he might not be popular with Sir William. It is one of his most characteristic convictions that a great University should reflect the problems of Empire. He believes in war, and he has a son who is a captain and an instructor in the Officers' Training Corps. And when the war is over, the peace terms will be all well discussed at

virtuoso. When he took to motoring—some say he was the owner of No. 1 license in Ontario—he drove his own cars and sometimes in devilish places. When the Eaton Memorial Church was built, to commemorate his Methodist father, he put his personal direction into what may be considered almost a model church, that money could buy for comfortable and aesthetic worship.

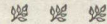
For the rest of a long life, Sir John may be expected to prove the spurs he has won from the King



SIR HERBERT AMES, K.B.

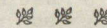
The Hon. Secretary of the Patriotic Fund, is an authority on a large number of public problems.

in a large number of things that help the community, boost business, and make the name T. Eaton still more of a proverb of power and public usefulness in the country.



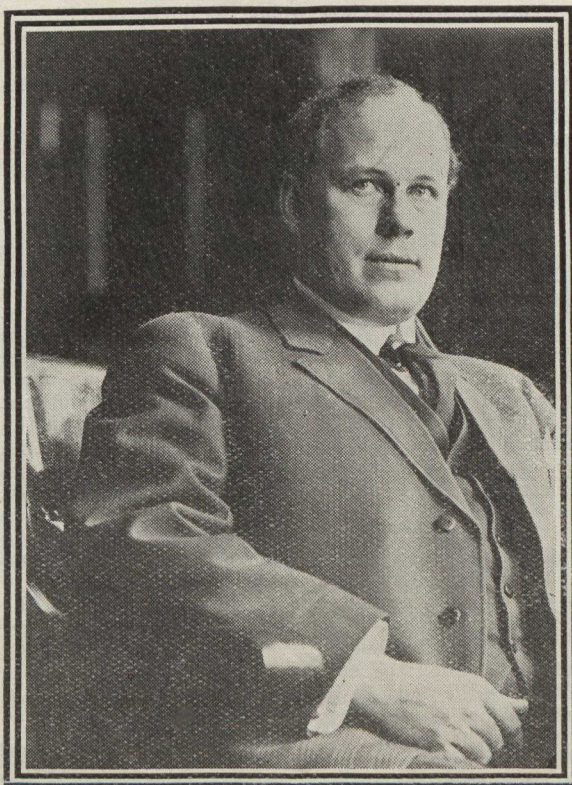
### The Lawyer Knight

**S**IR HENRY DRAYTON is the little shrewd lawyer who a few years ago stepped into the big, public boots of J. P. Mabee, at the head of the Dominion Railway Commission. Before that time he had been the ablest corporation counsel that the city of Toronto ever had. Before that again he was the assistant city solicitor for Toronto and County Attorney. He was born unto law as a fish into water. He never got over legal difficulties by ignoring them; always by ferreting them out. In all probability, when he went up from Kingston, his birthplace, to study at the Jarvis St. Collegiate, in Toronto, he had as much expectation that he would become Sir Henry as a fish has of flying. He got his knighthood by drudging through a deal of dry law, working like an artillery horse on corporation work, and being able to step into the boots of a man who had made a big public post of almost international importance. The Chairman of the Dominion Railway Commission sometimes sits in the smallest jerkwater town on the prairies within a stone-throw of a watertank and one other public building; but he may hand out decisions that have an echo in the heart of London and the Empire. Hence Sir Henry Drayton, Knight Bachelor.



### A Knight of Public Problems

**S**IR HERBERT AMES is a boot manufacturer; or at any rate he is Vice-President of a big concern that makes boots on a large scale and has recently turned out a huge order for the Canadian troops, doing it so well that the firm advertised the fact to get more business. But, though boots are the place to put spurs, Sir Herbert is not confined in his interests to boots. He has always been a peculiarly keen student of public affairs, of which his latest honour is that of Hon. Secretary of the general Patriotic Fund, that looks after the families of Canadian soldiers gone to the front. Sir Herbert has been an M. P. since 1904; always from one of the Montreals, and in December, 1911, he was appointed chairman of the Select Standing Committee on Banking and Commerce. He is known as a man of singularly cold, hard qualities, a public lecturer, a somewhat passionless dissector of public questions, and liable to turn up almost at any way station with a book of notes under his arm for the purpose of delivering an address that is supposed to make the community do a little more self-thinking. Some of his public hobbies are municipal government, public health, good government and public instruction. He has written a number of things on



SIR JOHN EATON, K.B.

Who will keep knighthood from getting dull by spending money on good works.

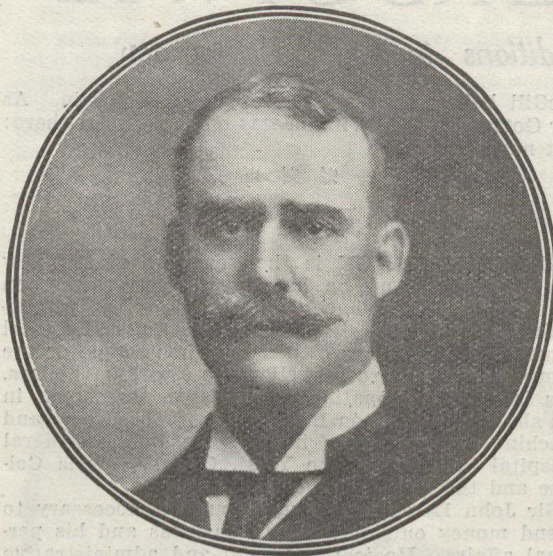
most of these topics and has the virtue of meaning what he says by putting it into practice. Sir Herbert is a good French scholar, for he studied both French literature and language in France when he was a very young man. He is an extensive traveler and observer in almost all parts of the world—Australia, Japan, Egypt, India, Europe and the United States.

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## From King's Plate to K.C.M.G.

**T**WICE in his career as a sportsman Sir John Hendrie won the King's Plate, in 1909 and 1910. Now he has won also a title from the King; not, however, because he is a horseman. It is a mere coincidence, but worth mentioning that in accepting a knighthood he makes the second Sir John from Hamilton to occupy the position of Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario. Like Sir John Gibson, his immediate predecessor in that office, Sir John Hendrie is a military man, though he chose the artillery as his medium, while Sir John Gibson chose the rifle. He was born and brought up in Hamilton, where he has lived all his life, and for the past forty years has become identified with a great number of affairs in private and public life. By original profession he is a railway engineer; not the kind that is turned out from a school of science, but a practical man working his way up from the chain-gangs to the engineer's office. He has had long experience as a railway contractor, and has become an expert in bridges—being lately manager and now President of the Hamilton Bridge Co. Publicly, he has been Mayor of Hamilton, member of the Ontario Legislature, member without portfolio of the Ontario

Cabinet under Sir James Whitney, chairman of the Railway Commission of the Legislative Assembly, member of the Hydro Commission, and of the



SIR JOHN HENDRIE, K.C.M.G.

The second Sir John from Hamilton to occupy Government House in Toronto.

National Battlefields Commission, appointed in 1908. As a military man, he has been President of the Ontario and the Canadian Artillery Associations. AS

major in command of the 4th Field Battery, he commanded the Canadian Artillery at the Diamond Jubilee in 1897; was afterwards made Lieut.-Col. commanding the Second Brigade of Canadian Artillery, and received the long service decoration, the Diamond Jubilee Medal and the C. V. O. After he added to his distinctions by becoming Lieutenant-Governor, there was nothing left but to make him a Knight—and a K.C.M.G. at that.

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## The Philanthropist

**L**EAST known but by no means least deserving of the six new knights is Sir Charles Fraser, of Halifax, who is the first man in Canada to receive a knighthood for educational work based on philanthropy. Sir Charles Fraser had but one great hobby in life, which became a passion. A doctor by profession, he kept out of the beaten track of those who make money by charging high fees, and interested himself in the people who are without sight in their eyes. Thanks to Dr. Fraser's benevolent zeal and untiring industry, the blind people of the Maritime Provinces get free education in the Halifax School for the Blind, of which Sir Charles Fraser has been Superintendent for no less than 43 years. He had been eight years in this position when he undertook the campaign to get free education for all blind people in Nova Scotia. He afterwards conducted a similar campaign in New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island and Newfoundland. As a public benefactor, working unselfishly all his life for the good of others, Sir Charles Fraser signally deserves the honour of knighthood.

# The Fate-Defying Smile

*Not Such a Long Way from Tipperary to the Heroism of the French Revolution*

By EDITH G. BAYNE

**T**WELVE years ago, in Ottawa, I first saw Martin Harvey play "The Only Way," and I have never forgotten the poignant tragedy of it. Particularly have I always remembered the debonair grace of a gallant French courtier who had been sentenced to the guillotine. I can still see him as, clad in pale blue satin doublet and hose, with buckled shoes, powdered wig and lace-ruffled coat, he preceded Sidney Carton to the scaffold, marching head-up, deliberately and coolly, across the courtyard between his guards, quite as though he were merely taking an afternoon stroll in the Champs Elysees. He ascended the steps and about midway up passed a lace handkerchief carelessly and with a flourish across his lips and smiled at his executioners.

Two minutes afterward his head was severed from his body! The "gameness" of that proud spirit that refused to be crushed, thrilled us. That vital thing in the man, that very essence of sublime courage that sustained him to the dread moment of the axe's descent was incomprehensible to us—a row of gaping school-girls.

**T**HE troop-train that was taking our quota of soldiers from the little prairie town was due in a very few minutes. The station platform and waiting-rooms were crowded with a seething, close-packed mass of humanity, and over the spirit of the throng and underneath the forced gaiety lay a suppressed tone of sorrow. About each khaki-clad figure stood a little group of particular friends and acquaintances. In the centre of the ladies' waiting-room was a young lieutenant with a jolly, ringing laugh, surrounded by a bevy of girls. A limousine whisked suddenly up to the station and a well-dressed woman sprang out and began to force her way through the crowd. By dint of much elbowing, and also because it is human nature to give a good-looking woman leeway, she finally weaved her way through to the middle of the room and grasped the young lieutenant's arm. "Mother!" he exclaimed. "I was beginning to think you weren't coming."

"It's Mrs. K—," said a voice near me. "She's been to a bridge-whist. Got six sons—three of them gone already—this is the fourth."

"Looks as though she kinder hated to leave the cards," drawled a man's tones, in response.

"And you've brought Ping-Pong!" exclaimed several voices in the lady's group.

Hereupon ensued a great fuss over a saucy little Pekinese, whose collar was adorned with a huge bow of ribbon in colour to match his mistress' helio-velvet gown.

Mrs. K— appeared to be of that type of woman who hires servants to bring up her children while she pursues her own course amongst a set of people for whom she does not care a rap, and who in turn care nothing for her. However, now that she had come, she remained close to her son and every moment or two glanced at the clock. As the precious minutes sped away, she grew quite pale under her rouge.

In the farthest corner sat another mother with her son, and this pair seemed to have nothing at all to

say. They appeared to have had the last dear intimate talk, and to be now, only waiting—waiting and dreading the inevitable, final moment. The boy, a fine, broad-shouldered young private, held his mother's thin hand, and looked from the crowd (moving and ever-changing like the sections in a kaleidoscope) back to her. His dark eyes were grave and yet held an eager light now and then, as though he already glimpsed the first line of the enemy's trenches. This was the first scene—this going away—the first scene in the Great Adventure. His mother was dressed in unobtrusive and somewhat shabby black, and wore cotton gloves that had been mended and darned a hundred times.

"You'll write—just as soon as—"

She broke off and her yearning, patient eyes finished the sentence, as she looked up at him.

"Yes, I'll sure write, Mother," he answered. "I'll send you a card from every place we touch at, and a letter as soon as we get time for letter-writing. Then—" it was his turn to pause. After all, this war was a very queer thing. A fellow didn't know what part of France he was going to be sent to and when he did find out he wasn't allowed to tell.

"You don't know just when you'll—be sent?"

A great deal depended on that "when." She hoped—oh how she hoped—that the war might terminate before his regiment was called out, to that mysterious place that was designated "the front."

He shook his head slowly.

"No, you see we are just so many cogs in the big wheel. We obey orders. That's our job."

A new stir rippled over the crowd and the rapid message flew about:

"She's coming!"

**T**HE shabby little woman and her son rose. The throng began to thin out, as the foremost in the crowd hurried through the doors to the platform, then to melt into a still larger concourse. The band had struck up "O Canada," and an army of school children sang lustily as the big headlight of the engine flashed into view about a curve in the track and flung its blinding ray over us. Then the wheels slowed down with grindings and creakings and there was a chorus of good-byes as the khaki boys swarmed up the car steps.

I had lost sight of my little shabby woman and so did not see when she said farewell to her boy. But at this juncture, as the train-bell began to ring, there was a sudden commotion at the upper end of the "Make way there!" bawled an official voice.

We fell back obediently. Then the words, "lady fainted" struck the ear.

It was the lady in helio, and she was being half-led and half-carried into the station, someone following with the spaniel.

As she disappeared there were sympathetic faces and voices all about.

"Hard on the women—deuced hard on the women," commented a man, in gruff, husky tones.

And here and there glistened a tear on a bronzed cheek. Then suddenly I saw my little plain woman

again. She was standing quite alone, as the train moved slowly out.

"He's on that car," she said, pointing to the one approaching. "He said he would come to a window, but I guess the crowd's too thick inside."

She kept an eager watch on all the windows and was rewarded at last, when a bright, boyish face appeared surrounded by half a dozen others in the last window of all.

She waved her hand, while delighted pride shone in her eyes. It was evident she looked upon this giving up of her son in the light rather of a privilege than a stern duty. I marvelled. Then suddenly I remembered the French court-gallant, he of the blue blood who had mounted the scaffold with a smile on his lips.

**H**ERE beside me was that selfsame, fate-defying smile. This woman was of the blue blood, too, though in shoddy clothes and bearing every evidence of hard daily toil. The band started "Tipperary." The last car swung away, growing smaller as the train gathered momentum, until at length nothing was to be seen down the track but a dark speck that disappeared finally in the growing dusk.

I laid my hand upon my neighbour's hard, toil-worn, shabby-gloved one. It was one of those uncontrollable impulses that sometimes seize the coolest of us.

"He is my only son," she said. "My only support, too. Just twenty-one, is Davey. I've been a widow these ten years an' more. He's my widow's mite," she added, with a slight smile.

I noticed the up-turning lines of her mouth. It was a mouth accustomed to smile away difficulties. I knew, then.

"Yes, Miss, it's hard on me," she went on, "but—I ain't complainin'."

"You are very brave," I said.

"My sister—she's more unfortunate than me," she continued. "Her boy, he's in the hospital. Consumption. . . . I take him flowers in summer an' little bits of jelly an' fruit now an' then. He's lamentin' on account of not bein' fit to go off, too—like Davey."

Something told me, then, that she would visit the sick boy oftener now, would sit with him and with many another, tending and cheering all vicariously, for Davey's sake.

I never saw the little widow again, but the other day I found Davey's name in the Roll of Honor, and after the phrase, "killed in action," his name and regiment appeared this distinguishing sentence:

"Specially mentioned for gallantry. He was hit while bringing the body of his Captain back to the trenches."

And once more I thought of the French aristocrat, and his sad, proud smile. I could see, in fancy, the face of Davey's mother—the little widow of the heart courageous—and shining through her tears, that wondrous Spartan glow that bespoke the thoroughbred. She had given her "mite" which was her all, to her country when along the line the signal ran: "England expects that every man this day will do his duty."



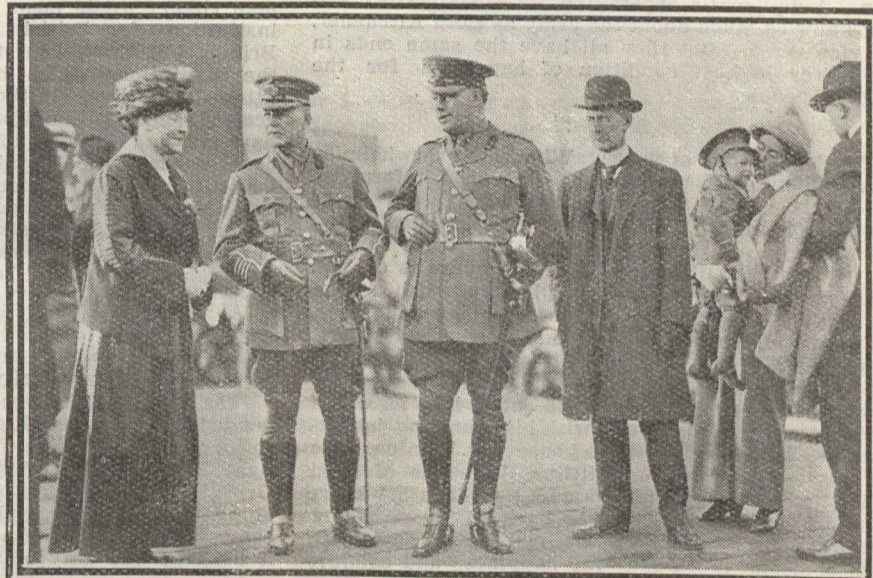
# THE COMING AND THE GOING OF ARMED MEN



His Royal Highness the Duke of Connaught saying good-bye to the officers of the 42nd Regiment when he inspected them for the last time at Montreal.



Review last week of the High School Cadets in Toronto by Lieutenant-Governor Sir John Hendrie.



Enthusiastic Honorary Colonels—Colonel W. K. McNaught and Colonel Sir John Eaton at the Union Station, Toronto, when the Eaton battery left.



The Eaton Battery, which was raised and equipped by Sir John Eaton, recently left Toronto, supposedly for active service.

# Social Reformers and the War

By THE MONOCLE MAN

**I** NOTICE a tendency in some thoughtful quarters to regard the creation of a Coalition Ministry in Britain as a "black eye" for social reform. For the life of me, I cannot see it. No one is more interested in social reform than I am. That is why I am so great an admirer of Lloyd George. But I cannot see that our cause has suffered through the strengthening of a Government whose sole business for the time is to "beat the Boches." Nor can I follow the mental processes which make a wide distinction between social reform policies and national defence policies. To me, they are one and the same thing. When I talk of national defence, I mean the defence of the nation as a comfortable and happy place for the people of the nation to dwell in; and when I talk of social reform, I mean precisely the same thing—that is, the making and maintenance of the nation as a comfortable and happy place for the people of the nation to dwell in.

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**O**F course, in this day of specialization and division of labour, we do not expect one man to take on both tasks—or even all varieties of either task. A statesman who specializes in social reform will probably not know as much about the foreign situation as his colleague who makes a business of international politics. We can sub-divide it further. A financial social reformer, like Lloyd George, will not know as much about educational reform as Macnamara, or of labour reform as Arthur Henderson. A diplomatic expert like Sir Edward Grey will not know as much about the army as Lord Kitchener, or vice versa. But they all have the same ends in view—the highest condition of happiness for the British people.

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**T**HIS is in time of peace. When the overwhelming calamity of war comes, the social reform expert is like a householder, who should be "a dab" at plumbing, let us say. Imagine him fixing up a leak in the bath-room when they come rushing in with the startling news that the house is on fire. He has been patching up the plumbing with a view to making his family healthier, happier and safer. But now the house is a-fire; and the whole structure, plumbing and all, may be destroyed in an hour. So he drops his plumbing tools and makes a race for a bucket of water. We should judge him insane if he insisted on going ahead with his plumbing job, regardless of the fact that the house was burning. We do not accuse him of belittling the value of good plumbing because he temporarily abandons his effort to mend the leak. He will be back on the plumbing job when the fire is out. But plumbing is, after all, only a means to an end—the happiness and comfort

of the household. And that end can now best be served by fighting the fire.

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**S**O when war comes—when an outside nation proposes to over-run and destroy the free institutions of our nation—the first duty of every patriot is to win the war. The position is something like this: The free institutions of Britain are instruments by which the people of Britain can better their material and social condition. If those free institutions did not exist, the people of Britain could do nothing for themselves. The first great and resounding victories of the reform elements throughout British history were precisely the establishment by great effort of these free institutions, such as a broad franchise, a dominant House of Commons, responsible government, the ballot, etc. In winning these victories, the reformers were not really bettering the condition of the people, but were only putting weapons in the hands of the people with which they could win their own betterment. You cannot eat the ballot; but you can use the ballot to make bread easier to get. So the existence of these free institutions is a necessary antecedent condition to all social reform.

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**V**ERY well. Along comes an enemy which proposes to over-run and destroy the free institutions of our nation—do? Obviously, to rally at once to the defence of the free institutions which alone make his reform work possible. A German victory would mean the substitution of German institutions for British institutions, not only in Britain, but throughout the world. They would be the institutions which had proven themselves the fittest to survive. If the German army could have accomplished the ambitions of the Kaiser, we must have all had German armies. If a free Commons could not make head against a close-corporation German Government, we must have fallen back to the times of the Tudors and gone in for a close-corporation Government. Liberty can only survive so long as it is prepared to defend itself against despotism. When despotism challenges liberty, every lover of liberty must be too proud NOT to fight.

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**I**T is quite true that the work of social reform in Britain is temporarily suspended. The work of the plumbing-householder is temporarily suspended on the outbreak of fire. But is the social reformer to take holiday? Certainly not. He is to fight the fire. And that is precisely what Lloyd George and his fellow social reformers have been doing. If, moreover, it looks as if a Coalition Government could fight the fire more effectively, then it becomes the duty of the social reformer to wel-

come and join such a Government. The more effectively the fire is fought, the sooner will it be out; and the sooner will the social reformer get back to the tasks which mean further progress and not merely defence of progress already made. So we may say that the formation of a strong Government in Britain actually brings social reform nearer to the British people.

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**T**HIS war will, I hope, teach my fellow reformers one needed lesson; and that is that they must never again anticipate the actual arrival of the Millennium. They must be ready to accept the judgment of their colleagues in the public service who specialize on international relations, as to the state of those relations. If their foreign policy colleagues declare that the nation needs certain armaments to make sure of its defence against reactionary enemies, the social reformers ought to rely on this judgment precisely as they rely on other expert opinion. They ought never again to permit themselves to be regarded by the nation as not quite sound on foreign policy questions. I do not ask them to accept the "say so" of men whom they suspect of using foreign policy excitements to draw a herring across the scent of social reform. But I do ask that they accept the verdict of their own friends who have given their lives or even much of their attention to foreign relations; such men as Sir Edward Grey and Mr. Asquith. They cannot all hope to be as alert as Lloyd George, who waked up in time to make the big speech over Agadir—or as Clemenceau, who supported the three-year law in France—so they must trust to trusted experts.

THE MONOCLE MAN.

## Those Alien Enemies

**A** MONTREAL subscriber recently asked the editor a question—"Why should any German, Austrian or Turk make a dollar out of Canadians while the best blood of Canada is being spilled for the Empire?" A reply was published week before last. The following letter is a further communication on the subject:

Montreal, May 28th, 1915.

Editor Courier:

Sir,—Alien enemies in internment camps must be clothed and fed and the twenty-five cents per day that the Government pays them can hardly be called made money. The official report on Kuepferle, the spy, showed that innocent looking business letters contained valuable information locating British ships. Other information shows that bonds and stocks of German institutions were loaded to the extent of five hundred million pounds sterling on British investors, who thereby enabled the enemy to finance to that extent. Petty persecution of helpless enemies has always been contrary to British tradition, but allowing enemies to fatten and prosper and remit to Germany a portion of the proceeds made under a flag that their nation is doing everything it can to destroy is another and very different thing, and even England herself is waking up at last to the folly of it.

I quite agree that neither German, Austrian nor Turkish goods should be handled by any merchant in Canada during this war.

Yours truly,

SAM J. MATHEWSON.

## FIRST PHOTOGRAPH OF AUSTRALIANS LANDING AT DARDANELLES



The great feat performed by the Allies in landing three divisions at different points in the Dardanelles is one of the best incidents of the war. There were no docks and there was a heavy fire from the enemy on the cliffs. The Australian division had better luck than the British division and smaller losses. Since then the Australians and New Zealanders have had much heavy fighting with tremendous losses, but they have won a reputation equal to that of the Canadian division in Flanders.

Photograph by Underwood & Underwood.

# AT THE SIGN OF THE MAPLE

A NEWS DEPARTMENT MAINLY FOR WOMEN

## As Others See Us

### How the Land Lies

**T**HE farmer is saying little these days; but he is, perhaps, congratulating himself with all his heart on his possession of a few acres of his own. A Montrealer, who had been considered a rich man before there were "Allies versus Germany-Austria," declares now that he takes great comfort in the thought of a small farm down in the prosperous Eastern Townships. How he exults in the possession of those chickens, the brown stretch of potato patch and the prospect of a crop worth while. The farmer is the true real estate magnate and is the happiest citizen in Canada to-day.

Are we down-hearted? Not while we have three million square miles and more in this Dominion, and a prospect of good harvests. The land is our un-failing resource and it is a most forgiving parent, yielding aid and comfort even to those who have forgotten the way back to the simple life. There has been a great deal of good advice in recent years, as to our complicated activities and our modern extravagances, with their often tragic consequences. The sword has cut through many entanglements and has proved to the world once more that there is very little wealth which humanity may call real. Paper values crumpled in a day and the soil which we possessed became the only firm belonging. There is a sense in which it is impossible to return to the simple life. We can hardly go back to the days of the spinning-wheel and the tallow candle, but we can go back to the ideals of simplicity in dress and habitation which made for peace and comfort.

For years, Canada has been "progressing" very rapidly, and, in some communities, money has been made with such apparent ease and swiftness that it had become the fashion to speak of a get-rich-quick citizen as one who had "made good." He might have lost health, honour and happiness in the process, but he was pointed to as one who had attained the ultimate height. Our get-poor-quick citizens are now coming to realize that the essentials to true success are not denied, in this land, to true industry. The land is ours still, and, in spite of war and taxes, while we have so good a heritage, it is not ours to grumble. Let us get acquainted with it, this year, as we never did before, and we shall realize that we have not only a Golden West, but a Gorgeous East.

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### A Surprise for the Cynic

**A** MAN who has been quite busy in patriotic work this year and who has two sons away in Flanders, remarked last week: "The cynic must have met with many surprises this year. While there have been revelations of ghastly cruelty and inhumanity, there has, also, been so much of unselfishness that one becomes both humbler and prouder every day."

Do we not live daily, in these tragic times, in an atmosphere of surprise at what humanity can endure and dare? We had a great belief in what our soldiers could and would accomplish, but the actual deed has been so much mightier than our assurance that we can say little over the heroes' dauntless charge and realize that Hamlet's "The rest is silence"



MISS ELIZABETH CAMERON.

Of Vancouver, recently appointed Health Inspector by that city. Miss Cameron has since obtained leave of absence and sailed with the last contingent of Canadian nurses for service with the Army Medical Corps.

is a fitting close to the tragedy. In later years, loud tributes will be paid and stately shafts will commemorate "the wild charge they made," but to-day the heart of Canada is too deeply stirred for open acclaim. Least of all do we wish to hear a word from the cynic—from one who is all too engaged with flaws to see the majesty which sometimes blazes out in every soul. The man who has been scoffing at humanity for years, "blackening every blot," is heard but seldom in these months, when a sneer is utter blasphemy. We have learned much of horror, of what extremes of savagery the lust of world-conquest is capable, but we have learned, also, of the great, generous heart of our people, ready to relieve the distress of those who have seen home and country in ruins, and prepared to see this greatest conflict through, to the bitterest end. No, this is a time when the cynic finds his occupation gone.

\*\*\*

### Making Over Things

**S**AID a practical and hopeful woman the other day: "There is one thing we'll have to learn again—how to make over. We have become so accustomed, in years of plenty, to throwing away distasteful food or discarding half-worn clothes, that we have almost forgotten how to make over anything. And it does not need to be a failure, either, because it is a made-over. Think of the terrible task it will be to make over Europe."

"I'd rather be a young soldier who died at Langemarck than a man who will have poli-



LADY HENDRIE.

Wife of Col. Sir John Hendrie, K.C.M.G., C.V.O., of "Strathearn," Hamilton. Sir John is at present Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario and residing in Toronto.

tical or military office after the war," said a knitting sister.

"Well, the men can't shirk their task of making over," said the first speaker, "and be sure that they will not want to. The boys have set us too good an example. But, do you know, I believe it will be a relief to many of us to cease 'keeping up appearances,' frankly admit that we need to economize and set about concocting simpler desserts and making last year's coat suit do for another season?"

"It is all very well, at first," agreed the other. "But there is nothing more monotonous than economizing. It is only when I think of the sadder lot of others that I am reconciled to our losses. I suppose we have needed all this 'lesson,' but there are so many innocent sufferers that one feels like protesting to Providence."

Making over things will be a world-wide task for many years to come. Kingdoms, empires and republics will be piled in shapeless masses before the machine-guns have ceased from firing. The work of reconstruction will be a vast undertaking, but that work will find the men fitted for its execution. To woman will fall the simpler, but not less important task, of reconstructing the home, where making over will be the policy until brighter days have come. However, even at its most difficult, the making-over process will not be as strenuous as the construction problems which were solved by our pioneer forefathers.

Much argument has been expended in trying to prove whether men or women have been most responsible for the extravagance of the household. Perhaps it is safest to say that each was equally guilty. But Canada has learned the folly of at least



LADY EATON.

Wife of Sir John Eaton, of "Ardwold," Toronto, who was made a Knight Bachelor in the recent Birthday Honour list. (From a new photograph taken especially for The Courier.)

some of this extravagance, and we shall probably all live saner and simpler lives until the cycle comes again.

ERIN.

### Lady Hendrie

**L**ADY HENDRIE is the wife of Ontario's Lieutenant-Governor and mistress of Government House, Toronto. Since her residence in that city during the past few months, she has devoted much of her energy to the furtherance of patriotic work and has associated herself with many of the women's organizations of the Province. Lady Hendrie before her marriage was Lena Maude, daughter of the late P. R. Henderson, of Kingston. She has one daughter, Miss Enid Hendrie, who has been of great assistance to her mother in the heavy social duties connected with Government House.

The Hendrie home is at "Strathearn," on the side of the mountain at Hamilton, and has long been known as a centre of hospitality and social work.

### Lady Eaton

**L**ADY EATON, or Mrs. Jack Eaton, as she has previously been known, is the mother of three sons, aged three, five and twelve years. Gardening is one of her hobbies, and the gardens at "Ardwold," Sir John's splendid residence on Davenport Road, Toronto, bear testimony to her taste and skill. Another hobby is music, and the Eaton house has a beautiful music room decorated by Mr. McGillivray Knowles, and furnished with a huge pipe organ.

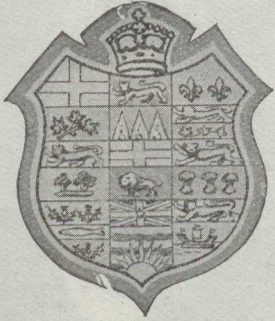
Lady Eaton was Miss Florence McCrea, daughter of Mr. John McCrea, of Omeme, and was married fourteen years ago. She has a happy disposition, a generous nature, and a host of friends.

### A Question of Skirts

**O**BVIOUSLY, from the results of the recent annual meeting of the Women's Christian Temperance Union, held in Ottawa, this body is determined upon the "uplift" of the women of Canada. No half measures will be tolerated; the reformation must begin from the ground up. "Longer skirts for grown women" is one of their most urgent reforms, and they add "two inches longer at least, than the prevailing fashions call for." Now, we do not want to be harsh or unjust in our criticism of these earnest ladies, but do they know what the "prevailing fashion" in skirts is? Does any one know? What is the absolutely correct length of the fashionable skirt? We admit that we ask more in a spirit of curiosity, rather than with a desire to conform with the standards of length set by the Women's Christian Temperance Union.

So far as our observations go, the prevailing fashion in skirts calls for a garment full in the extreme and of a length that is neither graceful nor disgraceful, but serves only to hide a dainty ankle or (Concluded on page 13.)

# THE CANADIAN COURIER



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## National Efficiency

**W**HAT Canada needs most is a new conception of national efficiency. Great Britain has discovered that this is one of the great essentials in prosecuting its share in the great war. It has formed a new cabinet to increase national efficiency.

Industrially and agriculturally Canada is not as efficient as it should be. A dollar invested in Canadian industry produces less than a dollar invested in United States or Germany industry. A dollar in agriculture gives its owner less return than a dollar invested in industry. A dollar spent by a Canadian government produces less return to the nation than a dollar spent by other governments. That is the problem.

The solution is not easy. A lower tariff would help, but it is only one factor. A scientific stimulation of export trade would help both the farmer and the manufacturer. That is another factor. A settlement policy which would transfer productive land from speculative holders to producers would be of considerable value. That is a third factor. There are a dozen others.

National efficiency can only be secured in a country which knows the need and the value of it. Canada has only begun to recognize that it is nationally inefficient. Much ground must be covered before the nation desires and demands what it most needs.

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## Lord Northcliffe Wins

**A** DECISION in favour of the London Times in the suit brought by the Censors for publishing certain information about the military operations is a great victory for Lord Northcliffe. Much adverse criticism of him and his newspapers has been cabled to Canada, and the people here were led to believe that the noble lord was a "blackleg." The court verdict is the best answer to those misleading cables.

A careful reading of the editorials in the "Times" and "Mail" during May does not reveal any justification for these condemnatory cables. Northcliffe did not attack Kitchener; he simply pointed out that the Government was putting too much responsibility on a man who was both able and willing, but still only one man.

The Courier holds no brief on behalf of Lord Northcliffe or his newspapers. While he may be overly ambitious, it is also apparent that he had a clear idea of the military situation and of the political weakness which has been remedied by a coalition ministry.

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## Limit of City Debts

**A**S has been pointed out time and again, the city of Toronto is now at the point where it is face to face with its legal debt limit. It has spent and spent till it is prevented by law from adding to its debt. Nevertheless, the other day the City Council passed estimates amounting to \$37,000,000, or more than twice as much as this year's estimates for the Province of Ontario.

Montreal is in a similar position. Within six years, Montreal has spent \$157,000,000, of which over one hundred millions has been borrowed. Like Toronto, Montreal is not nearly paying its way. In Buffalo, Cleveland and other cities, the civic debt is about one-quarter or one-third of that of Toronto, and about one-sixth or one-fifth of Montreal's.

These two leading Canadian cities are not only driving fast towards bankruptcy, but they are setting an example to other Canadian cities which is having serious consequences. No city in Canada should have a debt of more than \$50 per head of its population. If your city has gone beyond that, then it is living extravagantly and a reckoning day must come.

Montreal is face to face with a deficit of three million dollars this year. Toronto may avoid it, but the tax rate has been raised from nineteen to twenty-two mills. Unless there is a change soon, the bonds of these cities will not be saleable.

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## Rebuilding After the War

**A**FTER the war Belgium will need to be rebuilt. Northern France must be rebuilt, and so must Serbia, Galicia and Russian Poland. So, too, must Canada go through a period of reconstruction.

The war stopped the influx of new settlers. It did more—it took away mechanics to work in the ammunition factories of Britain and soldiers to fight with the British army in France. When the war is over, the work of adding to our population must be done over again. Canada has been put back five years by this depletion of its productive population.

How will the damage be repaired? The Toronto "News," following the suggestion in the Courier, favors a commission to begin now upon a plan of land settlement. Whatever method may be desirable, it is quite clear that the action should be immediate. In time of war prepare for peace. If we wait until the war is over, much valuable time will be lost, and that "dead" period might mean bankruptcy to some of our leading industries.

\*\*\*

## Idle Rumours

**S**OME idle rumours are going about which should be set at rest. It is said that seven Japanese cruisers are escorting the Second Canadian Contingent to the Continent. It cannot be. These Japs were not good enough to live in British Columbia and enjoy the prodigality of Sir Richard McBride—should we trust our honour to their keeping? If all the anti-Asiatic shouters of Vancouver are right, we shouldn't allow our soldiers to fight side by side with the Sikhs from India; much less should we trust our army to the tender mercies of the Japanese navy.

But then it is an idle rumour. The Mistress of the Sea has still enough and to spare. She would never suffer such a humiliation to come upon us—waugh, the very thought of it makes some people shiver.

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## Efficiency at Ottawa

**N**OW that the British leaders have come together for greater efficiency in London, the question arises "Can greater efficiency be secured at Ottawa?" No one need charge that the Borden Ministry has been either careless or inefficient. That is not necessary. Yet there never was a Government on Parliament Hill which could not, by change in personnel and change in policy, increase its efficiency. A coalition Government there during the past six months would have directed much energy towards the administration of national affairs which has gone into partisan activity and partisan controversy.

Let us admit that the Liberal leaders are not as competent to deal with the present situation as the Conservative leaders. That may or may not be true. Admitting it to be true does not kill the idea of a broad national administration such as has been formed in London. The British Empire is passing through its greatest trial and Canada is part of that Empire. There is much that Canada can do to bring that trial to a speedy conclusion, and it might be advisable to put the work in charge of a national rather than a party administration.

Our shipping across the Atlantic is in a bad way. The greatest effort is needed to secure ships to carry our food-stuffs and other products across the ocean.

The people have been asked to produce more, and right loyally have they responded. But are we certain that, having produced the greatest crop in our history, that we shall be able to ship what we have grown for the benefit of the people of Great Britain and the armies that are fighting for us in France?

This problem, though not the only one of supreme importance, is the greatest that Canada has ever faced. Would it be the part of wisdom to entrust it to a national administration, knowing no party politics, not interested in maintaining political power, but absolutely devoted to doing the best that can be done in a moment when the most vital interests are at stake? This is a question which public opinion must answer.

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## The Soldier's Mail

**N**O greater tribute to the organizing qualities of the British Government can be found than the mail service which it gives its soldiers and sailors. Despite the fact that 35,000 postal servants have joined the colours, the post office has maintained its efficiency. Some 400,000 letters and 50,000 parcels are sent daily to the soldiers in France. More than 250,000 letters and 5,000 parcels are sent weekly to the Dardanelles and Egypt. Fully 4,500,000 letters and 45,000 parcels go weekly to the Fleet.

The people of Canada who are hearing regularly from their husbands and sons at the front will add their tribute to the British postal authorities. They may also be assured that the mail they send, whether letter or parcel, will be delivered promptly despite all the exigencies of battle and troop movements. This is some consolation in these trying days.

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## Publicity and Diplomacy

**M**UCH argument proceeds as to whether publicity in diplomacy would have made the Great War impossible. While admitting that publicity is desirable, it is difficult to see that publicity would have turned Germany aside. If the German Emperor planned this methodically for twenty years, how could publicity have helped. Only a series of photographs of the Emperor's concealed thoughts could have done that.

Remember, also, England went to war because of a decision of the House of Commons. Plenty of publicity there did not keep the Empire out. Turkey went in after the War had been going three months. Italy decided to come in after eight months. The United States is shivering on the brink of unarmed interference despite publicity.

However, publicity is good in both domestic and international politics. The more of it the better. But publicity is not a cure-all, any more than the single tax, public ownership, or total prohibition.

## FINISHING IN STYLE.

Editor Courier:

Sir,—On your editorial page of the issue of June 5th, you say: "No more splendid phrase has been coined in this war period than that sent over by Lieut.-Col. E. W. B. Morrison of the Canadian Artillery. Writing home after Langemarck, he said, 'Whatever may happen, I think Canada can depend that we will finish in style.' Such a phrase is an inspiration."

Of course it is. We believe that Colonel Morrison, who is a good journalist, read it first in Kipling's "Seven Seas," (1895), when the writer of "Soldier an' Sailor, Too," said:

"But once in a while we can finish in style (which I 'ope it won't 'appen to me)."

The lines of the Laureate of the Empire are a mighty help to all the "Children of the Seven Seas" in these stormy days.

A READER.

## THE KING PAYS AN OFFICIAL VISIT TO SCOTLAND



This splendid photograph shows His Majesty decorating on parade Private Ross Tollerton with the Victoria Cross, for carrying a wounded soldier to a place of safety, although he himself had been wounded at the Battle of the Aisne. Photograph by Central News..

# At the Sign of the Maple

(Continued from page 11.)

accentuate an ugly one. The W.C.T.U. should discriminate. The reform should read thus: "Dresses for women with pretty feet should be at least two inches higher than the prevailing fashions call for, and dresses for women with ugly feet should be two inches longer."

We humbly suggest that with regard to this reform, the W. C. T. U. is about two years late. The time for longer skirts was during the past two or three years when the skirts were being made from a quantity of material hitherto considered only sufficient to make a cover for a medium-sized sofa cushion. But the tight skirt and the semi-tight skirt is passe, and the woman who has been weak-minded enough to follow the dictates of the makers of fashions, and is wearing a skirt that measures five or six yards around the hem, is sighing for last year's style.

## SHORNCLIFFE HOSPITAL.

**D**URING a clever review of the relief work done by Canadians, Lady Beck, President of the London, Ont., Red Cross branch, had this to say of the two leading hospitals in England:

"There seems to be confusion in the minds of many between the Duchess of Connaught Red Cross Hospital at Cliveden, and the Queen's Canadian Hospital at Shorncliffe. The latter is not a Red Cross Hospital, it is a military hospital equipped and supplied by the Canadian War Contingent Association. This society was formed by Canadians resident in England with the primary object of supplying comforts to the soldiers in camp and at the front. People were very generous and they received very handsome donations, also the magnificent offer of Sir Arthur Markham to give his house and grounds at Shorncliffe for the use of the Canadian wounded. Knowing the necessity of hospital accommodation, the Canadian War Contingent Association Executive decided to accept the offer and equip the hospital. This they have done and their

supplies are being augmented by friends in Canada."

## A MODEL CLUB.

**T**HE Ottawa Women's Canadian Club, one of the most active Canadian organizations engaged in patriotic work, has, through permission of Sir George E. Perley, recently acquired commodious headquarters in a central part of the city. Here the three branches of work, Belgium Relief, Red Cross and Prisoner-of-war, to which the club has given its special attention, are being pursued with energy.

## I. O. D. E. Executive.

**L**AST week the names of the officers elected at the I. O. D. E. annual meeting at Halifax were given. Members of the Executive, elected later, are as follows:

Mrs. Van Wart, President Provincial Chapter, New Brunswick; Mrs. Colin Campbell, President Provincial Chapter, Manitoba; Mrs. Croft, president Provincial Chapter, British Columbia; Mrs. Martin, President Provincial Chapter, Saskatchewan; Mrs. Arthurs, Toronto; Mrs. W. H. Burns, Toronto; Miss Boulton, Toronto; Mrs. H. F. Burkholder, Hamilton; Mrs. T. Crawford Brown, Toronto; Mrs. P. D. Crerar, Hamilton; Mrs. T. J. Clark, Toronto; Mrs. John Cawthra, Toronto; Miss Dixon, Toronto; Mrs. Fetherstonhaugh, Toronto; Mrs. H. R. Fraser, Sherbrooke; Mrs. Alton Garratt, Toronto; Mrs. Ross Gooderham, Toronto; Mrs. W. H. Gooderham, Toronto; Mrs. Lincoln Hunter, Toronto; Mrs. A. E. Kemp, Toronto; Mrs. I. B. Lucas, Toronto; Mrs. Angus MacMurchy, Toronto; Mrs. McGillivray, Toronto; Mrs. J. C. McLennan, Toronto; Mrs. A. W. McClennan, Toronto; Mrs. Leonard Murray, Halifax; Mrs. Wallace Nesbitt, Toronto; Mrs. A. R. Peuchen, Toronto; Mrs. E. V. Reynolds, Toronto; Mrs. Ambrose Small, Toronto; Mrs. G. H. Smith, St. Catharines; Mrs. W. D. Spence, Calgary; Lady Tupper, Vancouver; Mrs. R. S. Wilson, Toronto; Mrs. G. A. White, Trenton.

## CANADA IN UNIFORM



These are not Mexicans, Texans or Western Apache—just two nice little Toronto lads who are typically Canada in the khaki cow-boy uniforms.

Made in Canada



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several grades to meet varying road conditions. Used in road construction it forms a matrix about the stone, making a tarvia-concrete which is waterproof and automobile-proof. As it is slightly plastic it is not abraded by automobile driving wheels, but is simply rolled down smooth allowing no dust or mud to form.

### Tarvia furnishes the solution.

Tarvia is a dense, viscid coal tar preparation. It is made in

The cost of maintenance is so greatly reduced by the Tarvia treatment that its use is a real economy.

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or problems in your vicinity, the matter will have the prompt attention of experienced engineers. This service is free for the asking.

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THE PATERSON MANUFACTURING COMPANY, LIMITED  
MONTREAL TORONTO WINNIPEG VANCOUVER

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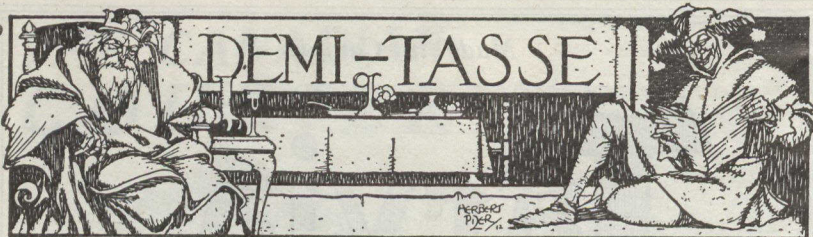
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Temple Building TORONTO.



**Courierettes.**

**BRITAIN** has a regiment of footballers. Now listen to the wail about savagery in warfare.

The South American explorer, T. Roosevelt, might find a job in Europe when the war is over—locating lost boundary lines.

They are using women as war censors. Imagine any woman curtailing the supply of news!

The Venus de Milo was found hidden in the vaults of the Louvre. Proper place for an unarmed person.

"Hiss German national air," says a headline. We fancy that it would be easier to hiss it than to vocalize it.

Kansas claims to be saving \$25,000,000 a year by prohibition. Kansas must have been a hard drinker.

that they see what a muss they have made of things.

Toronto's Police Board decides that all jitney passengers must have seats. Some girls are said to have been satisfied with seats in their chaps' laps.

**Forgot His System.**—Henry Ford, the automobile millionaire, says the architects who were hired to build his new home squandered his money. Unlike their boss, they did not choose one model and stick to it.

**Two of a Kind.**—A boy on a picnic and a man in his new car cannot understand why the crops need rain.

**This Is Odd.**—It is a remarkable thing that the more terrifying the names that are given warships the

consent to wed him, decided that she should reform him. This is the way she did it when he proposed:

"No, Jack, not yet."  
 "What's the matter, Lulu?"  
 "I haven't said I'd marry you. There's something to be settled first."  
 "What is it, sweetheart?"  
 "Several things. You have habits I cannot tolerate in the man I marry. Do you smoke?"  
 "Yes, a cigar once in a while."  
 "You will have to give that up."  
 "All right, dear. What else?"  
 "Do you drink?"  
 "A glass of beer once in a while—nothing stronger."  
 "Will you give that up, too?"  
 "Sure—I don't care much for it."  
 "Do you play cards?"  
 "Occasionally—for fun."  
 "I cannot wed a card player."  
 "Then I'll cut it out."  
 "Do you bet on the races?"  
 "Sometimes I put up a dollar or two."  
 "That's gambling. You'll have to stop it."  
 "I promise. And now—"  
 "Not yet, Jack. Are you in debt?"  
 "Don't owe a cent to anybody. Is that all?"  
 "Not quite. Will you agree to spend your evenings at home?"  
 "I'll stay home so much you'll be tired of me."  
 "One thing more—will you go to church with me when I ask you?"  
 "Yes—I love you enough even for that."

With a little sigh of content she laid her head on his shoulder.  
 "How much nicer it is, Jack," she murmured, "to reform a man before marrying him than to try to do it afterwards, as so many foolish girls do?"

**Obliging.**—A man in Saginaw, Mich., decided the other day to commit suicide by jumping into the river, but before doing so he tied a rope round his leg. Of course he was pulled out. But it cannot be denied that he was thoughtful enough to save anybody the bother of dragging the river for his body.

**Mangled Version.**  
 (Regrets to James Russell Lowell.)  
 What is so dry as a day in June?  
 Then, if ever, come torrid days;  
 Then tickle your throat if it be in tune,  
 And up to it softly a long drink raise.

**A Hint to the Teuton.**—In France they are now making coffins of paper. This might be of interest to the German statesmen who find so little practical use for "scraps of paper."

**An Old Gag Gone.**—Switzerland has purchased 29 motor boats. Now who will scoff and snicker at the Swiss navy?

**WAR NOTES.**

Seems as if all the armies in Europe could be described as "standing" armies just now.

China invented gunpowder, but it doesn't seem to be doing her much good.

The women's peace conference at the Hague did about as much as other peace conferences.

Perhaps the idea of using gas in warfare is to gain many meters.

All the same, this gas warfare demands more smoke-consumers than fire-eaters in the ranks.

Reports from Berlin and Vienna indicate that Germany and Austria are going to tire themselves out trimming Russia.

Some of these days we may find the casualty list swelled by the names of a few officers suffering from writer's cramp.

Americans are finding so much to remember now that they may find it trying to "Remember the Maine."



**THE HUSBAND'S UNION.**

She—"You men are hopeless. You all stick together so, that there's no telling when you are lying."  
 He—"That's a favorite delusion among women."  
 She—"Let me prove it. Yesterday my husband and I dined together, quietly at home. This morning, I called up four of his friends—strangers to each other—and asked each of them if my husband had dined with him last night."  
 He—"Well?"  
 She—"And every one of them said that he had."

"Women aim at peace," says a daily paper. Unfortunately the dear creatures seldom hit what they aim at.

Dr. Wiley, the U. S. authority, gets into print with the assertion that "there is more good than evil in kissing." Why doesn't he tell us something we don't know?

An Illinois woman is accused of having paid \$2 for a vote. We refuse to believe it. Any woman would ask a cut rate.

China is extended much sympathy from the U. S., which has an army some 100,000 smaller than China's.

The Austro-German reports from the eastern front tell of so many Russians captured that we suspect Grand Duke Nicholas' game is to exhaust the foe's food supply.

In these days the cloud from the chimney stack is the one with the silver lining.

And while the craze for changing names is on, why not change the name of Europe to "Abattoir" or something equally appropriate.

China respectfully submits that she is not keen for "a place in the sun"—at least in "the Rising Sun."

more easily are they made victims of mine or torpedo. As for instance: The Audacious, Formidable, Bulwark, Majestic and Triumph.

**Credit to Woodrow.**—Certainly we must give Woodrow Wilson due credit for his control of himself. After writing that note to Berlin he never went to the post-office more than once daily to see if there was a letter from the Kaiser.

**Baseball Note.**—This is the time of the year when the stars of the spring training trip gradually fade away into the secluded shadows of the bushes.

**No Use Trying.**—Detroit has passed a "more daylight" bill, but the married man who goes home an hour earlier in the evening—or morning—somehow gets no credit for it at home.

**Appropriate.**—Down in Mexico even the vegetation shows a warlike disposition. It consists mostly of cactus, prickly pear and Spanish bayonet.

**A Trusting Soul.**—This is a little tale of June—the month of bliss and brides. We know a young couple who are to be mated this month and the wise little bride, before she would

**Beautify the Complexion**

A Greaseless preparation for beautifying the complexion that will not cause the growth of hair.

At Druggists and Department Stores

**Gouraud's Oriental Cream**

We will send a complexion chamois and book of Powder leaves for 15c. to cover cost of mailing and wrapping.

**FERD. T. HOPKINS & SON**  
 474 St. Paul Street, Montreal

**SEAL BRAND COFFEE**

**T**HERE is no more reason for serving poor coffee than for making omelets of stale eggs.

Simply use reasonable care in making, and start with

**SEAL BRAND COFFEE**

158

**DUNLOP TREAD TRACTION**

SEAL OF QUALITY

The Master Tire fills the bill by reducing the bill. You see "Traction" on every style and make of car—on rear wheels, front wheels.

T 104

# Laughing at Life

By GEORGE EDGAR

Author of "The Blue Birdseye," etc.

IN previous articles we traced our young people from the days of adolescence to the time when they exist in a busy world, as responsible units, and have a stake in the great business of life. We have laughed with them in the "Peacock" stage, followed them tenderly through "Love's Fragrant Illusions," poked fun at the "Engaged Girl" and the "Monotony of Weddings," the humour of the first "Golden Year," and the quaint twelve months of veneration which follows the appearance of the first baby. Looking back, I fear me, some of my readers may consider their author is wholly cynical. Between us, you, dear reader, and myself as author, we have poked fun at many comedies verging on the commonplace, though the subjects of our mirth really represent the only affairs of moment in the great business of living. And yet, while we have had our fun by the way, our laughter is by no means heartless. We have tried to laugh with these foolish young people, busily creating new lamps for old, visualizing fresh worlds to conquer, in which we did battle more years ago than some of us care to remember. After all, we have all been young, and we know the thrill in the young, and we know the tear ever lurking behind the gentle laughter. Our laughter is the envy of those who have left youth's fragrant illusions behind for those who blow the same bubbles over again and see new colour and charm in the drifting, short-lived, iridescent films.

## At the Gateway to Middle Age.

Let us be quite honest with ourselves. We who have laughed over the comedies of the commonplace are presumably getting on or we should treat the subject of our mirth with profound seriousness. We perhaps tread sadly on the forties leading through hopeless middle age to the lean and slippered era of the almost helpless pantaloons. We are ceasing to joy in our personal appearance. A crease in the freshly tailored trousers and a new necktie, a curl of the hair and some vanity in the shape of a bow no longer set our hearts dancing. What HE said and how SHE looked are not matters of moment any longer unless we talk the language of parents, and record the sayings of our latest born. Our babies have probably grown up, and now prove shrewd critics of their parents. We have fought our social battle in the world, have had our hours of triumph, and at the gateway to middle age possess the painful knowledge of the coming losing days. We are aged and scarred, veterans in the divine comedy of human living, dull players and slow, case-hardened as we fumble about with an old game. We have the tendency to stand aside, spectators of the moving drama, and laugh at the great comedy. And laughing, in our effort to be honest with ourselves, I think we realize every note of laughter possesses the quality in all great humour which brings it so near to tears. We laugh, perhaps, because if we could not laugh, the rest would be tears. We smile upon the great comedy so that we may abstain from perpetual weeping.

## The Enchanted Past.

Yes, we have laughed. And at forty there is only room for laughter. We dare not to face any other emotion, so poor is our estate. Yet we laugh because we, too, have lived; and because we would forget we are not still living at the flood-tide of existence. The little people who play the great comedy of life afresh! Ourselves were once the little people, discovering all the appalling humour in life. We curled our hair and painted our cheeks, tripped forth in geegaws of dubious value, joy in our hearts, and as keen about our progress through life as a country girl dancing along to her first fairing. We have built castles in the air, for a company of two, and even tried to establish them on the earth as fit ar-

hours for the deathless love story. We have heard the birth cry of the first child, watched the rosebud grow to flowering stage, heard the wee mannikin lisp his first spoken phrase, felt the subtle tendrils he is ever ready to bind round our hearts. Ah, yes! We know just what he is. And we have fought, profitlessly may be, for our place in the sun, and, striving for recognition, have perchance found the harvest to be but the fruit of the Dead Sea. In all these impulses we have joyed; in leaving them behind, we have suffered. The state of youth is doubly gracious. It blesses both those who live in the present and those who live in the past. And even though we may be older, living in the past, the balance of joy is with us in watching the joy of the coming generation, always at our heels. Life holds up the mirror again so we may once more see ourselves walking through the enchanted past. In some aspects the second blessing is greater than the first.

## All the World Belongs to the Young.

Laugh! Yes, let us laugh at the little people, as our elders laughed before us. (Such humour softens our infirmities. I would not lose one dear curl in youth's nodding head; one glance of her bright, smiling eyes; one dear pressure of her infinite power to caress. After all, who has to give just the precious thing youth offers? The power to make life one glad song vanishes as she distributes her joys. As a spectator, hopelessly on the shelf, I am come to the thought that all the world belongs to the young; that all the music in life is sung by lispings lips. Take out just the comedies we have called commonplace, and the world's routine would be drear, indeed. Take out all the indiscretions of youth and life would become a charnel-house of grim endeavour. Better by far to grow old laughing in the company of youth and admiring their imperfect perfections than to approach the three-score years and ten, as the companion of aging people who dwell upon their own infirmities. Up to forty we may creep forward to the future, grabbing at happiness. After forty it is far better, still searching for happiness, to grope backwards into the past and to find, recreated in the lives of others, the joys withering in our aging selves.

Having laughed at the comedies of the commonplace, and, taking stock of ourselves after our superior endeavour, we may consider just what we have won—and all that we have lost. All we have won consists in remembering just the things over which we have been laughing; all the things we have lost are the commonplace comedies youth enjoys. By apologies we make reparation for our laughter. The aged, laughing at youth, but take upon themselves the grin of the skeleton at the feast. Because we have laughed we are skeletons at the feast. Yet youth, scarcely tolerant of our laughter, should have a care for our poor, creaking bones. After all, we were the people who mattered a generation ago. We paid for our knowledge with our lives and paid freely. All we have left is the certainty that our payment made the comedies of the youth of the moment possible and even perennial.

## A Plea for Mercy.

Indeed, our laughter is a plea for mercy, and not an apology. Youth does not quite understand. Proud in the possession of the right to discover, youth will never quite appreciate how much is implied by the self-abnegation of those who step aside. Only when the first baby comes to the perfect home peopled by two are the proud parents given a glimmering hint of the debt they owe to the preceding generation. Only when other children have come and grown into players of the eternal comedies of the commonplace do they realize how, as well-graced performers, they must reluctantly take themselves from the centre of the

# Take Your Vacation at Muskoka Lakes



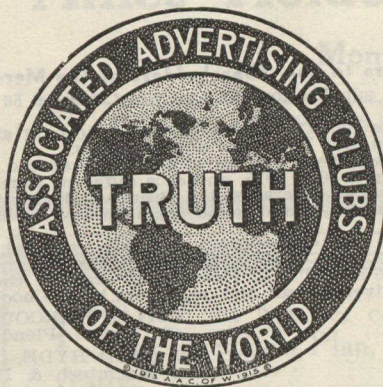
Come to this region of congenial summer hotels and cottages, excellent camping spots, splendid fishing, picturesque canoe routes—winding streams and many delightful islands. Make your summer home in this ideal resort district. Beautiful small islands and choice locations for sale.

TAKE THE CANADIAN NORTHERN RY. to the finest recreation districts in Canada, including: Lake St. John District, Muskoka Lakes, Rideau Lakes, Lake Edward, Que., Georgian Bay and Parry Sound as well as many others.

WRITE TO-DAY FOR THESE BOOKS—"Where to Fish and Hunt", "Hotel Lake St. Joseph, Quebec", "Muskoka's Lake Shore Line", "Summer Resorts Along the Road by the Sea", "Outdoors in Canada".

Enjoy a real recreation and rest for tired nerves in the picturesque lakes, streams and wooded isles of Muskoka Lakes District.

For further particulars as to rates and service apply to nearest C.N.R. Agent, or General Passenger Department, 68 King Street East, Toronto, Ont.



In Chicago, from June 20th to 24th, there will be held a convention of The Associated Advertising Clubs of the World. The standard under which this convention assembles is

## "Nothing but the Truth in Advertising"

This country recognizes three grades of truth:

- the truth
- the whole truth
- nothing but the truth

"The Truth" by itself may be false because of what it leaves unsaid, or because, while technically correct, it is designed to mislead.

"The whole truth" may be ineffective because it leaves one asking—"Well, what are you going to do about it?"

"Nothing but the truth" involves a grasp and expression of right fundamentals, rounded knowledge, fair play—an irresistible appeal.

This is not a sentimental standard. It is a commercial standard, maintained by the contact of idealists, enthusiasts, and hard heads.

It is the only standard under which the annual expenditure of \$600,000,000 for advertising can be made to pay. It is the standard under which 2,000 people met last June in Toronto and, before that, in Baltimore, Dallas, Boston.

It is the standard under which every reader of newspapers, magazines, outdoor signs, booklets, novelties—the printed or painted advertising message—has come to believe what he reads.

## You Are Invited to Attend

No adult in this country but uses or is affected by advertising. The convention in Chicago will give you ideas for application to your own business and your own life. You will come in contact with the discoverers and pioneers in the development of the economic force of advertising—a force which will grow with your support as you will grow by contact with it and its workers.

For special information address CONVENTION COMMITTEE, Advertising Assn. of Chicago, Advertising Bldg., 123 Madison Street, Chicago.

The Toronto Advertising Club will run a special train to Chicago, leaving Toronto on Saturday, June 19th. A special rate has been secured for the trip, and all applications for space on the train and in the La Salle Hotel, Chicago, where the Toronto Advertising Club will stay, should be made to C. W. McDiarmid, of the Toronto Advertising Club, 104 Yonge St., Toronto.

# MERCHANTS' BANK OF CANADA

ESTABLISHED 1864.

## Statement of Liabilities and Assets at 30th April, 1915

### LIABILITIES

#### 1. To the Shareholders.

Capital Stock paid in.....	\$ 7,000,000.00
Rest or Reserve Fund.....	7,000,000.00
Dividends declared and unpaid.....	175,710.00
Balance of Profits as per Profit and Loss Account.....	245,140.70
	<hr/>
	\$14,420,850.70

#### 2. To the Public.

Notes of the Bank in Circulation.....	\$ 6,204,069.00
Deposits not bearing interest.....	12,692,061.44
Deposits bearing interest (including interest accrued to date of statement).....	50,037,101.89
Balances due to other Banks in Canada.....	933,204.92
Balances due to Banks and banking correspondents in the United Kingdom and foreign countries.....	1,207,076.30
Bills payable.....	.....
Acceptances under letters of credit.....	696,100.26
Liabilities not included in the foregoing.....	.....
	<hr/>
	\$86,190,464.51

### ASSETS

Current Coin held (see also deposit in Central Gold Reserve).....	\$ 2,693,330.53
Dominion Notes held.....	12,732,618.75
Notes of other Banks.....	564,711.00
Cheques on other Banks.....	2,833,748.30
Balances due by other Banks in Canada.....	3,110.67
Balances due by Banks and banking correspondents elsewhere than in Canada.....	2,232,655.91
Dominion and Provincial Government securities, not exceeding market value.....	583,997.72
Canadian Municipal securities, and British, Foreign and Colonial public securities, other than Canadian, not exceeding market value.....	903,667.02
Railway and other Bonds, Debentures and Stocks, not exceeding market value.....	4,968,195.58
Call Loans in Canada on Bonds, Debentures and Stocks.....	3,606,342.89
Call Loans elsewhere than in Canada.....	964,193.14
	<hr/>
	\$32,086,571.51
Other Current Loans and Discounts in Canada (less Rebate of Interest).....	47,401,858.68
Other Current Loans and Discounts elsewhere than in Canada (less Rebate of Interest).....	100,240.32
Liabilities of customers under letters of credit as per contra.....	696,100.26
Real Estate other than bank premises.....	118,816.77
Overdue debts, estimated loss provided for.....	144,721.63
Bank Premises, at not more than cost, less amounts written off.....	4,166,147.94
Deposit with the Minister for the purposes of the Circulation Fund.....	335,000.00
Deposit in the Central Gold Reserve.....	1,000,000.00
Other Assets not included in the foregoing.....	141,007.40
	<hr/>
	\$86,190,464.51

K. W. BLACKWELL,  
Vice-President.

E. F. HEBDEN,  
General Manager.

### Report of the Auditors to the Shareholders of the Merchants Bank of Canada

In accordance with the provisions of sub-Sections 19 and 20 of Section 56 of the Bank Act we report to the Shareholders as follows:—

We have examined the above Balance Sheet with the Books of Account and other records of the Bank at the Chief Office and with the signed returns from the Branches and Agencies.

We have checked the cash and verified the securities of the Bank at the Chief Office against the entries in regard thereto in the books of the Bank as on April 30th, 1915, and at a different time during the year, and found them to agree with such entries. We have also attended at several of the Branches during the year and checked the cash and verified the securities held at the dates of our attendance and found them to agree with the entries in the books of the Bank with regard thereto.

We have obtained all the information and explanations we have required. In our opinion the transactions of the Bank which have come under our notice have been within the powers of the Bank, and the above Balance Sheet is properly drawn up so as to exhibit a true and correct view of the state of the Bank's affairs according to the best of our information and the explanations given to us and as shown by the books of the Bank.

VIVIAN HARCOURT,  
of Deloitte, Plender, Griffiths & Co. } Auditors.  
J. REID HYDE,  
of Macintosh & Hyde.

Montreal, 25th May, 1915.

stage and evermore be content to come on with the crowd. Learning these things means many hard knocks—the kind of blows that wound personal pride without much hope of subsequent healing. And yet, if we are sane and healthy, we come to a new sweetness of character, and live as fruit ripened in the keeping. To us is given the saving gift of laughter—nearly all that is left. The comedies of the commonplace, played even as we rendered them, twenty or thirty years ago, mature before our eyes, and become divine. When the little people who are our gift to the world prink and pirouette, kiss, mate, and hold together as parents of another race of little people we are repaid. We find the actors are holding the mirror up to nature and in the reflection we glimpse shadows of our former selves.

### The Everlasting "Why?"

To-day I swing in a hammock in a shady corner of a pleasant garden. A girl-child, eyes wide apart and ever wondering, sits near me, the sunlight filtering through the leaves, playing about the tresses of her hair. I see in the little face some traces of a personality I knew when I looked into the mirror for the first time. The little girl-child is busy drawing crudely in a book with big, stiff paper pages. And when she pauses in her occupation the tiny artist asks me questions—questions I might answer but dare not. I look over the pages covered laboriously with the pencil strokes showing the child's dawning conception of shape and personality. The drawings are mostly subject pictures—crude expressions of love as it takes body and substance in fairy land. Amazing princes of gallant bearing—allowing for the inadequacy of youthful artist; tender princesses, who sigh forlornly; recalcitrant kings, who develop the "off-with-his-head" manner when dealing with gallant princes and tender princesses; castles and gardens as a background for love and dungeons and thumbscrews for its discipline. The comedies of the commonplace begin for us, at the age of seven, in the world of fairy land, with phantasia and romance. And between all the pictures is the child's everlasting "why?" I stroke the busy head tenderly and laugh wistfully over the questions as they come, inevitably, one by one. And yet I cannot tell this tiny child, that the love of princes and princesses demanding castles and Italian gardens for a setting—the splendid romance, indeed—will, when it matures ten years later, become a commonplace comedy, content with a cottage background and a salary not nearly so much as the princes of romance spend upon roses and lilies for their ladies. Nor dare I tell how the comedy in its most laughable stage, where heart-break is nearest, becomes tragic—how the effort is to keep love from flying out of the cottage window. I stroke the busy head and laugh again. After all—one must laugh.

Copyright in the United States of America.

### Quips and Cranks

'Tis True.—These are the delightful days when the Sweet Girl Graduate's dressmaker gets more credit than does her teacher.

A Maxim Proved.—A New Jersey woman, aged 70, has just divorced her thirteenth husband so that she can clear the track in her search for an ideal mate. Well, the poet knew what he was writing about when he penned that line—"Hope springs eternal in the human breast."

Seasonable Song.  
In the spring the young man's fancy  
Lightly turns to thoughts of socks,  
And the vivid hues he's wearing  
Can be clearly seen for blocks.

Any Answer?—Among the mysteries we have been unable to solve is this—Where does Doc Cook get his traveling expenses?

Just a Tip.—It may be true that you cannot keep a good man down, but that does not mean that if you get the chance you should not help him.

# THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE

SIR EDMUND WALKER, C.V.O., LL.D., D.C.L., President  
ALEXANDER LAIRD, General Manager JOHN AIRD, Ass't. General Manager

CAPITAL, \$15,000,000 RESERVE FUND, \$13,500,000

## SAVINGS BANK ACCOUNTS

Interest at the current rate is allowed on all deposits of \$1.00 and upwards. Careful attention is given to every account. Small accounts are welcomed. Accounts may be opened and operated by mail.

Accounts may be opened in the names of two or more persons, withdrawals to be made by any one of them or by the survivor.

We own and offer a  
wide range of Canadian  
City Bonds to  
Yield 5% to 6%.

Particulars Upon Request

**DOMINION SECURITIES  
CORPORATION-LIMITED**

ESTABLISHED 1901  
HEAD OFFICE; 26 KING ST. EAST, TORONTO  
MONTREAL LONDON, E.C., ENG.



# MONEY AND MAGNATES

## Thirty Millions of an Increase

**C**ANADIANS are piling up their savings at a tremendous rate, considering all their charities and other good works. According to the April Bank Statement, the deposits in the chartered institutions were thirty millions greater on April 30th, 1915, than on April 30th, 1914. This indicates that the people are not wasting their money on riotous living, not buying useless town lots, and not dabbling in oil or mining stocks about which they know nothing. We have suddenly become the most demure and well-behaved people in the world.

Current loans have dropped about seventy millions during the year, or 8.7 per cent. Call loans in Canada are about the same. Circulation shows an increase of three millions. These three items, taken together, show that business is nearly normal, but not quite.

## An Estimate of Business Conditions

**W**HILE the Canadian Northern Railway has done a big service for the country in issuing a review of business conditions, it cannot be accused of optimism. Its summary shows that business is down fifteen to twenty per cent. But the April Bank Statement shows a decrease in business loans of only eight per cent. for the year, and an increase in circulation. Heretofore it has been customary to base our estimates of trade on these two items. If loans and circulation expand at the bank, then business is active; if loans and circulation contract, then business is poor. Judged in that way, business is not down more than ten per cent.

It is something new to accuse a Canadian railway of being conservative in its estimates. Usually they are open to the charge of being "boomsters." Because the Canadian Northern report seems conservative, it will certainly carry more weight and be more closely studied.

## Why Steel Stocks Are Rising

**D**ESPITE the bad showing made by steel stocks in the United States and Canada last year, their stocks have been steadily rising in price. The explanation is war orders, and the growing idea that the struggle will be a long one. United States Steel, five months ago, was selling at 38, the lowest price it ever reached. It rose steadily to about 47; jumped 7 points to 54; rose steadily to 59; jumped 5 points on Friday of last week, to 64. The meteoric rises of Bethlehem Steel and Westinghouse are well known.

In Canada there is a similar record in Dominion common, Steel of Canada common and Nova Scotia Steel common. Despite last year's bad reports, the stocks are rising in price on the basis of the estimated profits of 1915 and 1916. Dominion Steel common, even at 32, is low as compared with its record high of over 67. Nova Scotia Steel at 67 is low as compared with its record of 130. There is still lots of room for speculation in these speculative stocks.

## Where Our Cities Get Their Money

**E**VERYONE interested in municipal bonds has revised his ideas as to the possibility of selling such securities during the war. At first it was said "the cities can borrow no more." Then the united bond houses began to nibble in Canadian municipals, and people said "the cities must borrow in the United States." Now it is found that the cities can sell bonds almost as readily as ever, except that the rate of interest is higher.

During May, Canadian investors, including the banks and big insurance companies, bought bonds to the value of more than four million dollars. There is plenty of money on hand and investors are forced to buy bonds or let their money remain idle. For the first five months of 1915, Canada absorbed thirty-seven million dollars' worth of her own municipal bonds. During the same period, the United States absorbed over \$20,000,000 as against two million dollars' worth in the same period of 1914. The April Bank Statement also shows that "loans to municipalities" have increased from thirty to forty-three million dollars during the year.

In short, the plethora of money in America has enabled Canadian cities to sell debentures which it was feared would be unsaleable during the war. This absorption of Canadian municipals is proceeding at the rate of nearly twelve million dollars a month. Hence every city that is not in a bankrupt condition can get nearly all the money that it wants. Whether it should get the money, or whether it is wise that it should be able to borrow freely is another question.

## Fire Losses a Great Drain

**S**HOULD Canada stop having destructive fires the money saved would pay off the national debt in a short time. Any city that could arrange to prevent all such fires would save enough money to pay off its indebtedness in a few years. In the first five months of 1915, fire losses were six million dollars, as compared with twelve million in the same period in 1914. Is the reform beginning?

## Merchants Bank

**A**S with the other large banks, the Merchants has felt its responsibility to the nation during the past year. Its annual report, issued last week, and covering the period to April 30th, shows that its liquid assets have been increased from 36.9 per cent. to 46.6 per cent. This indicates a conservative policy, and naturally had its effect in reduced profits. That such institutions should prefer safety to profits is a high tribute to their management.

Current commercial loans are down six million, but deposits are up three and a half million, and there is a considerable increase in circulation. The total assets now stand at eighty-six million dollars, which is an increase of three million during the year.

Monday—The stock market to-day in New York was active. Bethlehem Steel rose ten points and Canadian Pacific fell five points. United States Steel was rather dull at 59½, but American General Electric and other war stocks were active. Standard railways, such as Atchison and Union Pacific, rose in price.

"The Boots that stood the Test"

# Our duty to the public

Our conception of it, and how we fulfill it in our Shoes.

**A** GREAT corporation like this, with an honoured name and an established reputation, owes a duty to the public.

It is our duty to retain the Confidence of every dealer who handles our Shoes, and of every man, woman and child who wears them.

To do this demands unceasing vigilance in every department of our three huge plants.

We must see that every Shoe bearing the "Ames Holden" or "McCready" name, is so well made that it will be certain to give perfect satisfaction.

We must select leather with expert care and wise discrimination, buying the best, but also buying with such sound judgment that the finished Shoes may be sold at reasonable prices.

We must manufacture on a scale so large that economies in the cost of production may be secured.

We must do the best that is known today, and search for better tomorrow.

This is our duty to our dealers as well as to our dealers' customers. The fact that we are the largest and oldest shoe manufacturers in Canada, is the best proof that we are doing our duty and that we enjoy the confidence of both dealer and wearer.

## Ames Holden McCready

Limited

Montreal.

QUALITY—First, Last and Always.

**I**NCOME at five per cent. under our Guaranteed Trust Investment Plan, is paid on fixed dates—half yearly.

This feature is of the utmost importance to investors who wish to have their income reach them punctually to the day.

Write for booklet.

## National Trust Company

Capital Paid-up, Limited Reserve,  
\$1,500,000. \$1,500,000.

18-22 KING STREET EAST, TORONTO.

## FORD OWNERS

will be interested to know that they can insure their automobiles against fire (including explosion and self-ignition) at lower rates than the owners of any other make of cars.

### RATES AND CONDITIONS.

1915 Ford Touring Car, \$500.....	\$6.00 for one year.
1914 " " " 400.....	5.50 " " "
1913 " " " 250.....	3.75 " " "

Cars over three years old that have been kept in specially good repair will be insured for amounts and at rates made to fit individual cases.

The cars will be insured while in any building or whilst on the road.

## THE LONDON MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY

Assets .....\$863,554.52  
Surplus to Policyholders .....\$433,061.40

Head Office:  
31 Scott St., Toronto.

F. D. WILLIAMS,  
Managing-Director.



## Travel via the Canadian Rockies

to the

## Panama Pacific Exposition

BANFF - LAKE LOUISE - FIELD - GLACIER

Are important tourist stop-over points on the Canadian Pacific Railway route to the Pacific Coast. These have excellent hotel accommodation, with opportunities for riding, climbing, swimming, boating and golf.

Write, phone or call on nearest C.P.R. Representative.

M. G. MURPHY, District Passenger Agent, TORONTO



## There's a Fascination About the "Rapids"

Every one enjoys the experience of "shooting the Rapids" on the River St. Lawrence. And the excitement and interest of it all is in no wise lessened by the fact that the trip is negotiated in absolute safety by the staunch boats of the Canada Steamship Lines, in the hands of experienced pilots. It's a part of the glorious "Niagara-to-the-Sea" trip—a unique holiday that costs from Niagara Falls to Chicoutimi and return, only \$34.55. Write for our beautiful book that describes it all, point by point.

Send 6c to cover cost of mailing  
THOS. HENRY, Passenger Traffic Manager

**CANADA STEAMSHIP LINES, Limited**  
178 Victoria Square, Montreal, Que.

"Made in Canada"

## A Truly Beneficial Tonic

COSGRAVES HALF-AND-HALF is not only a delicious, refreshing, satisfying home beverage, but it is a most effectual nerve and food tonic, fortifying the stomach against Summer languidness.

# COSGRAVES HALF-AND-HALF

Drink it with your meals. Your family will enjoy its delicious goodness and be benefited by its use.

ON SALE AT ALL DEALERS AND HOTELS U-94

For over half a Century the Cosgrave label has meant the best in malt and hop beverages.



The ONLY Chill-Proof Beer

## Opinions in Brief

### KITCHENER OVERBURDENED.

(London Daily Mail, May 19th.)

WITHIN the next few days we are all hoping that Ministerial changes will infuse new blood into men who have been in office for nine years and who were admittedly tired before this supreme struggle began. Their weakness may be due to their fatigue, but whatever the cause may be the results are bearing hardly not only upon their own reputations but also upon that of Lord Kitchener. They have thrown everything upon his willing shoulders and in every emergency have sheltered themselves behind his broad back. In his sixty-fifth year, and pretending to no experience of European warfare, he has had to carry on the War Office during the greatest period of strain it has ever borne, and incidentally to administer the largest advertising campaign the world has ever known. In addition to all this the Government have made him responsible for the treatment of the enemy aliens in our midst. They have, in fact, laid upon one man a heavier burden than any one man has ever yet been able to bear. We supported very strongly the appointment of Lord Kitchener, but, frankly, we confess that we should have done so with considerable hesitation if we could have foreseen the extravagant uses to which the Government have put him. It is to be hoped that the coming changes will give him the assistance that, as a good organizer, he would undoubtedly welcome.

### ADMIRE CANADIANS.

AN unnamed man, described by the New York Evening Post as "a well-known business man of the Central West," who has just returned from a business trip through the beligerent countries of Europe, says in an interview in that paper:

"It will be interesting to Americans, I imagine, to know that the Germans say that the Canadian soldier is the best fighter on the continent of Europe to-day. The admiration of the Germans for fighting qualities of the Canadians is most generous."

### THE MANITOBA MESS.

(Toronto Sunday World.)

ENOUGH has come out before the Royal Commission at Winnipeg to personally discredit two members of the defunct Roblin Government and to reveal bold, careless and impudent grafting, which staggers belief. The contractor pillaged the provincial treasury so freely it is impossible to escape the conviction that he had confederates on the inside.

It is charged that he was sharing up with both political parties and that the Opposition only attacked him in the legislature when he refused to come across with more money. That has not yet been proved. However, he did contribute to both party campaign funds in 1914.

If Premier Norris brings on an election the Manitoba people might do well to ignore political differences and elect a legislature composed entirely of honest men just to see how the experiment would work.

### CHURCH UNION AND WAR.

(Kingston Whig.)

THERE is an element in the Presbyterian General Assembly which dearly favors a deferring of the further consideration of the union question until after the war. Which seems remarkable. The war will make union more necessary than ever, as physical, moral, and economical considerations suggest the heartiest co-operation of the church in the great work in which it is engaged.

### GOOD RIDDANCE, LONG DELAYED!

(New York Herald.)

THE only regret that will be expressed by the American people at the news that Herr Dr. Dernburg will leave the United States on June 12 is that he did not go long ago. Far better would it have been for

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the cause of Germany, far better for German citizens of American descent, far better for the cause of humanity if he had never come to this country as the chief of the German propaganda.

He sought to sow sedition in the hearts of worthy citizens of the United States whose sires came from Germany. He sought to array a great class in this country against their own government. He sought to force the United States by methods of argument and then by methods of coercion to espouse the cause of the violator of Belgium and the maker of war on women and children.

When the Lusitania was blown up and more than one hundred American men, women and children lost their lives, he loudly proclaimed that it was their own fault. Cruel, cold blooded and heartless, may he never return!

## In Lighter Vein

**Almost Too Much.**—Dashaway: Playing tennis with a girl isn't violent exercise, is it?  
Cleverton: Oh, yes. Very. But, then, I'm making love to her at the same time.  
—Life.

**Mixed.**—Stranger: Are you sure it was a marriage license you gave me last month?  
Clerk: Certainly, sir. Why?  
Stranger: Well, I've led a dog's life ever since.—Boston Transcript.

**Well Known.**—Making the geography lesson as interesting as possible, the teacher asked the name of one of our Allies.  
"France," cried one little boy.  
"Now name a town in France."  
"Somewhere," promptly returned the youngster.—Tit-Bits.

**Justice.**—A Sunday-school teacher had been telling her class of little boys about crowns of glory and heavenly rewards for good people.  
"Now, tell me," she said, at the close of the lesson, "who will get the biggest crown?"  
There was silence for a minute or two, then a bright little chap piped out:  
"Him wot's got t' biggest 'ead."—Tit-Bits.

**Canny Scot.**—"I say, Sandy," said Jock, handing back his friend's photograph, "when ye had those photos taken, why dinna ye smile?"  
"And those pictures costing me two dollars a dozen!" replied Sandy. "Are ye crazy, mon?"—Woman's Home Companion.

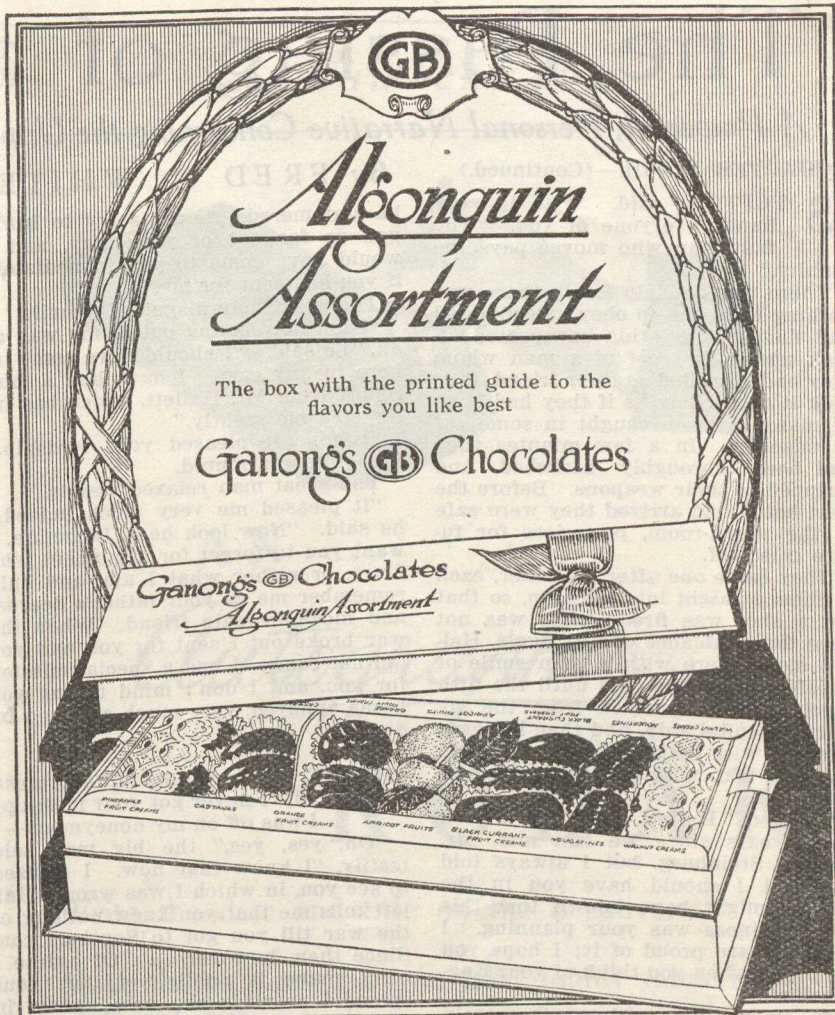
**Agreed.**—Mrs. Gnaggs, who had married twice, was bemoaning her fate. "I shall never cease to regret the death of my first husband," she exclaimed.  
"Nor, I, madam," replied Mr. Gnaggs, bitterly.

**One Better.**—Mabel: He traces his ancestry back to four kings, I believe. Arthur: Yes, that's how his dad got his start. The other fellow had four jacks.—Dallas News.

**The Reason.**—"Smith is one of the most wide-awake men I know." "I thought you said he was not at all enterprising." "Neither he is. He suffers from insomnia."—Baltimore American.

**Then the Blow Fell.**—The loquacious lady met the great lecturer the next morning, and at once rushed right into the subject. "So sorry not to have heard your lecture last night," she murmured. "I know I missed a treat everybody says it was splendid." "I wonder how they found out," said Mr. Froccoat; "the lecture, you know, was postponed."—Argonaut.

**But He Understood.**—The artist was painting—sunset, red, with blue streaks and green dots.  
The old rustic, at a respectful distance, was watching.  
"Ah," said the artist, looking up suddenly, "perhaps to you, too, Nature has opened her sky-pictures page by page? Have you seen the lambent flame of dawn leaping across the livid east; the red-stained, sulfurous islets floating in the lake of fire in the west; the ragged clouds at midnight, black as a raven's wing, blotting out the shuddering moon?"  
"No," replied the rustic, shortly; "not since I signed the pledge."—Tit-Bits.



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CHAPTER XLVIII.—(Continued.)

By FRED M. WHITE

"STOP!" he said. "Put up your hands everyone of you. The first man who moves pays the penalty."

There was no help for it, there was nothing for it but to obey. Bewildered and dismayed by this unexpected attack under the roof of a man whom they had regarded as their friend, they took it as docilely as if they had been so many children caught in some act of mischief. In a few minutes they had been thoroughly searched and stripped of their weapons. Before the next batch had arrived they were safe in the turret-room, powerless for future mischief.

They came one after the other, each of them straight into the trap, so that not a shot was fired; there was not even the semblance of a struggle. Hallett stood there with a grim smile of satisfaction on his face until the fifth batch of spies arrived from the so-called hospital ship, and then his eyes gleamed with satisfaction as they fell on a tall man with an upturned moustache.

"At last!" Hallett cried. It's a good many years since we last met, Mr. Charles Steinburg, but I always told you that I should have you in the end. I might have known that this little business was your planning. I hope you are proud of it; I hope you are proud when you think of your English birth."

The man thus addressed merely shrugged his shoulders and said nothing. The others looked at him interested and fascinated by the sight of the most infamous international spy the world had ever seen. But even that desperate character knew when he was beaten and submitted to be searched without a word of protest.

It was all over now, the spies had been rounded up, there had not been a single hitch in the whole programme. Hallett smiled as he took out his cigarette case and passed it round.

"We can go back to the castle now," he said. "These people are all safe and I know that my man will make an efficient warder."

"Hold on a minute," Inchcliffe said. "We haven't finished my experiment yet. Hallett, would you mind running upstairs and giving the signal. You know what it is."

Ten minutes later and the successful raiders were walking along the cliffs in the direction of the castle. They were happy enough in the knowledge of the good work done, all except Inchcliffe, who appeared to be anxious about something. Then a sudden cry broke from his lips and he pointed out to sea.

Five or six great blinding flashes lifted themselves from the face of the waters and as many stunning explosions followed.

"Got the lot!" Inchcliffe cried. "Four smacks and the hospital ship. Been a great night, hasn't it?"

CHAPTER XLIX.—WHAT OF THE HARVEST?

THERE was no popular excitement and no jubilation over the destruction of the so-called hospital ship and the fishing smacks in the North Sea. One or two local correspondents picked up a few crumbs of information, which duly found their way into the hands of the news-agencies, but all this was looked upon as so much gossip, and in a day or two was forgotten. Nor were the spies as yet brought before any tribunal. The haul made by Hallett and those under him was too far reaching and important to be made public as yet. But a day or two later a very great personage turned up unexpectedly and asked to see Inchcliffe at once.

He went into his own vast drawing-room in his own majestic home, a great man in his way and looked up to by his own people, feeling very much like a small boy unexpectedly summoned into the presence of a dreaded headmaster.

"I am greatly honoured, my lord,"

he stammered. "I am sorry to bring you so far out of your way, and I would have come to you immediately if you had sent for me."

The great man disguised a smile. "I am not coming out of my way at all," he said. "I should have come up here in any case. I have had a long report from Mr. Hallett, which has interested me greatly."

"I hope it pleased your lordship," Inchcliffe murmured.

The great man relaxed visibly. "It pleased me very much indeed," he said. "Now look here, Inchcliffe, I want you to forget for a moment who I am, or rather what I am, and only remember me as your father's dearest and most intimate friend. When the war broke out I sent for you and you did not come. I had a special mission for you, and I don't mind telling you I was annoyed, very much annoyed indeed."

"BUT, my lord," Inchcliffe protested, "I never got your message. I was off on my honeymoon—"

"Oh, yes, yes," the big man said testily, "I know that now. I refused to see you, in which I was wrong. Hallett tells me that you knew nothing of the war till you got to Southampton. Since then, however, . . . Of course I can't make it public yet, but your splendid services are now known in the proper quarters, and I have come down here to put a really big thing into your hands. The way you tackled those smacks and that bogus hospital ship would have been a credit to any officer of the British Navy. In short I am proud of you, my boy, and anything you like to ask for you can have."

The great man shook hands heartily with Inchcliffe, and departed as abruptly as he had come. It was later in the same day that Inchcliffe sought Vera out and gave her a couple of newspapers. They were brown and wrinkled, and evidently had been in the water for some little time. Vera could see at a glance that they were German newspapers, in fact very recent copies of the "Berliner Zeitung."

"Where did you get these from?" Vera asked.

"They were found just now on a body which was washed up this morning, evidently a victim of the explosion," Inchcliffe explained. "Between ourselves I am anxious to get that body buried, because it is all that remains of a famous German who shall be nameless. I can make much out of the German myself, but it looks to me as if great happenings are taking place in Berlin, and one or two names are mentioned which will be familiar to you."

It seemed to Vera, when she came to read those newspapers in the quietness of her bedroom, that she was dreaming. It seemed almost impossible to believe that those amazing headlines could have come from the office of so Pan-German an organ as the "Berliner Zeitung." Had the editor suddenly gone mad, she wondered. Or had he suddenly become converted to the side of the Democratic Federation? For the sheet that she held in her hand was frankly and openly revolutionary. It was no longer the slave of the German War Office, no longer a mere servile rag humbly printing the mandate of the tyrants, but a fearless self-respecting journal, speaking its mind on the subject of the day, and appealing to the German people. Some of the headlines stretched all across the paper thus:—

BERLIN FREE.  
THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE  
PROCLAIMED AT LAST.  
REPUBLIC OR MONARCHY?

"There are no soldiers in Berlin!"  
"For the first time in its history Berlin is a free city. For the first time since the foundation of the German Empire it is permitted to the humblest

of us to speak his mind freely without fear or the knowledge of punishment to follow. Berlin is awake.

"For years we have slumbered, for years we have deluded ourselves that we are the freest and most enlightened race on the face of the earth. That has been our nightmare. Under the spell of that hideous nightmare we have allowed the chains to be bound about us and our limbs fettered by the Prussian tyrant. And not only were we physically in chains, but we were bound spiritually as well. We have been traitors to ourselves, but not such accursed traitors as those whose duty was to lead us along in the paths of Christianity and progress. There has been no soul in Germany for years, it was stifled long ago. For nearly half a century we have been drunk with conquest, and our spiritual physicians have drenched us with poppies when they should have purged us with herbs. And why? Because they have been bought body and soul by Prussian gold. They preferred the purple and fine linen and the stalled ox to the dinner of herbs.

"Now, where has all this brought us to? Are we marching victoriously towards Paris and London and Petrograd, with the foe at our knee begging for mercy? Oh, no. We have lost over a million precious lives, there is not a house in Germany where eyes are dry, we are penned in like starving rats in a cage. And we are on the verge of starvation, too. The immense volume of trade which we have steadily built up in the last forty years has gone. We are at our last gasp, and still those bloody Prussian tyrants take the best that is left of us like so many human fagots and pile them on the funeral pyre, which is supposed to light the dark way to London.

IT was only a few days ago that we began to see the light, began to know how we were being deceived and how we were likely to lose the last handful of our manhood if the tyrant of Potsdam had his way.

"It was only a few days ago that we like another Rip van Winkle, awoke from her drugged sleep to the realisation of things as they are. We knew nothing, in lieu of the bread we needed we were fed day by day with stories of victories that were no more than defeats in disguise. We knew nothing of the slaughter that was going on. Then suddenly out of the skies there dropped the Manifesto of the Social Brotherhood. It burst like a bombshell over Berlin. And it bore the stamp of truth upon it, so that every man could read it for himself. The effect was instantaneous, the social revolution coursed in the veins of Berlin, as if she had been one human body and one only. One moment and we were a military nation filled with pride and ambition, the next we were the heart of the German Republic only asking for the peace and goodwill of our neighbours.

"It was in vain that the police interfered, in vain the troops lined the streets and drenched them with blood. With that we cemented the foundations of the new Republic.

"And the Government saw the red light. There was no more violence after the first day or two. Bethmann-Hollweg saw to that. And for once in his life the king of Prussia listened to reason. We call him the king of Prussia, because he is Emperor of Germany no longer. Our leaders forced him to meet them, they forced him to promise that he would bring this mad conflict to an end.

"That was the promise he made, but what of the fulfilment? The weary conflict is still going on, though every man in Berlin is now solid for the Republic. We have here three hundred thousand resolute citizens ready to shed the last drop of their blood for their deluded country. Our manifestos are prepared for delivery to every capital in Europe, but there are powerful reasons why the movement fails.

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Unless we can get assistance from without those appeals can never reach their destination. Our new President, Steinitz, and his cabinet of patriots are doing the best they can, but we lack a means of communication with the outer world. It is whispered amongst those who know that a mysterious aeroplane from England came to Berlin in the dead of night and distributed the manifestos which were, so to speak, the seeds from which the Revolution sprang.

"May the good friend who served us so well on that occasion reappear in our midst. Already the good fruit is ripening in the army, already our troops are turning their back on the tyrant's flag, and so seeking shelter across the frontiers. We know that our troops are wearied and broken down, and bitterly conscious that they are but pawns in the vile game played by the tyrant of Potsdam and his gang. So far have we got but no further. And if these words should ever find their way into the hands of the friend who helped us so gallantly that fateful night perhaps they may move him to a further effort for civilization and freedom."

All this and much more Vera read breathlessly. So far as she could see the struggle for freedom had commenced, and the real soul of Germany was awake. There were pages and pages devoted to the struggle, events that thrilled Vera to the core, but there was one thing that stood out like a flaming sword. Paul Rosslyn was needed now as he had never been needed by her friends before.

#### CHAPTER L.—THE HARVEST RIPENS.

WITH this amazing newspaper in her hand Vera set out on her search of Rosslyn. Hallett had gone back to London, together with Pascoe and Montagu, leaving von Kemp behind. The latter had no desire to return to London, where he might be recognised, and, though his work was practically finished, there were a few little outstanding matters in which he might be useful. Inchcliffe was happy enough, and was only waiting now for his promised appointment. Rosslyn had nothing before him for the moment, and he and Vera had a most pressing invitation to remain at the castle as long as possible.

"Here is a most extraordinary thing," Vera said. "I wish you would look at this paper, Paul. It is quite a recent copy of the 'Berliner Zeitung,' which up to the other day was one of the most rabid war organs in Germany. It appears now to be the official organ of the new German Republic. Berlin is in the hands of the Social Brotherhood. Berlin is armed and determined to carry the socialist programme through. Steinitz has been proclaimed President, and there is serious disaffection in the army. The Republic has issued a manifesto which it is anxious to get into the hands of the European Cabinets. This is the point where they fail, but read the paper carefully for yourself. There is a message for you there, unless I am greatly mistaken."

Paul grasped the paper eagerly. He sat there for a long time reading, with Vera by his side. Her head was on his shoulder, and his arm about her waist. And yet Rosslyn was so deeply engrossed with his reading that he was only half conscious of Vera's presence. Then presently he looked into her earnest eyes and smiled.

"You are quite right," he said. "The message stands out in letters of flame. It is quite evident that the military authorities have taken the greatest pains to prevent the rest of the world from discovering the truth, so far as Berlin is concerned. But that message was intended for me all the same. It was probably inspired by your father or Steinitz in the hope that it would meet my eye. Probably this particular paper was brought from Berlin by one of the master spies who met his death in the hospital ship. Anyway the arrow shot at a venture has found its mark."

Vera's face lit up with a glorious smile. "Ah, I expected to hear you speak

like that," she said. "I knew that you would not hesitate a moment."

"I am going this very night," Paul said. "What an extraordinary business this has been altogether. And what a story it will make when it comes to be told. My dearest girl, I am just as keen on it as you are. I am killing two birds with one stone. I am helping my country and Germany at the same time. This means the death of Prussian militarism. I shall be off after dark this evening, and long before you are awake in the morning I shall have seen your father and Steinitz. I shall bring back with me the documents they want to send out to various European capitals, in fact, I shall do everything I can to make myself useful."

"How splendid it sounds," Vera cried. "Fancy one man having so much in his power. It makes me feel almost afraid lest something should happen to you. Is it prudent to go alone?"

"I have hardly given it a thought," Rosslyn said. "But since you mention it, I have an idea. I am going to take von Kemp with me. He is a very keen republican, and he has done some magnificent work for us here. Now that his task is finished he might prove exceedingly useful in Berlin. At any rate he shall have the chance of going there. Of his courage there no doubt."

Vera smiled approvingly. She was more glad at Rosslyn's decision than she cared to say. She hated the idea of Paul travelling all those miles through the dark and perilous night on his long flight to Berlin. What he was going to attempt now out of sheer love for her and regard for her father was a tremendously different hazard than the flight from Wilhelmshaven to Berlin in company with a German subject ready to guarantee his bona fides. On this occasion he was going to start from somewhere near London, he was going to run the gauntlet of a dozen air and sea planes, which would pursue him as relentlessly as if he had been an avowed enemy. Once he was across the North Sea then the fact that he was carrying a German passenger would be distinctly to his advantage.

But at any rate he was going. This mission was entirely his own, and he did not feel disposed to confide in anybody. He meant to sink or swim, and if there was to be any kudos in this midnight adventure then he was going to have it all to himself.

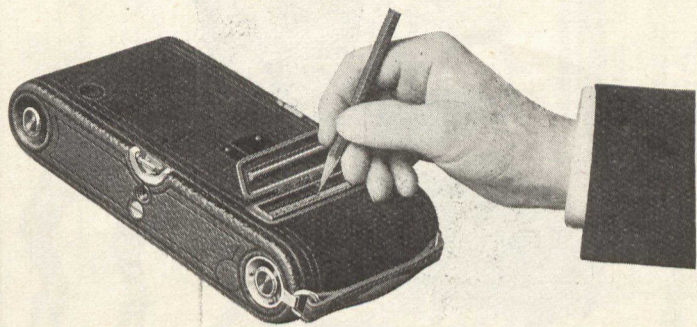
"It's all right," he said. "You need not be in the least afraid. I would fly that little plane of mine without hesitation to the North Pole. All the same, I am going to take von Kemp with me. I know he will be useful, and I am certain that he will jump at the idea. I will go and tell him now. I'll get Inchcliffe to motor us over to York, and with any luck we shall be in London by six. About nine o'clock this evening, if you stand on the terrace, you can imagine me sliding silently out over the North Sea at that moment. Oh, I shall be safe enough. Don't forget that my engine is absolutely noiseless, and that I shall be passing seaward ten thousand feet up without a soul being any the wiser."

Von Kemp rose eagerly enough to Rosslyn's suggestion. His thin, sallow face flushed with triumph as he eagerly read the paper handed to him. He smote his fist on it vigorously.

"At last," he cried. "At last. The scales have been washed from Germany's eyes, but it has taken a river of blood to do it. Ah, before long you will see the German walking arm in arm with the Englishman again, and their children playing side by side on the sands. Not Prussia, mind you, for that is another story. Yes, I will come with you to-night gladly. I am only too grateful to you for the opportunity."

It was shortly after six when they reached London, and nearly nine o'clock before the little plane was ready. The clock was just striking the hour as the machine rose, and Rosslyn set out on his long and perilous journey. It was bitterly cold and strangely dark up there when they reached the zone of safety, and the

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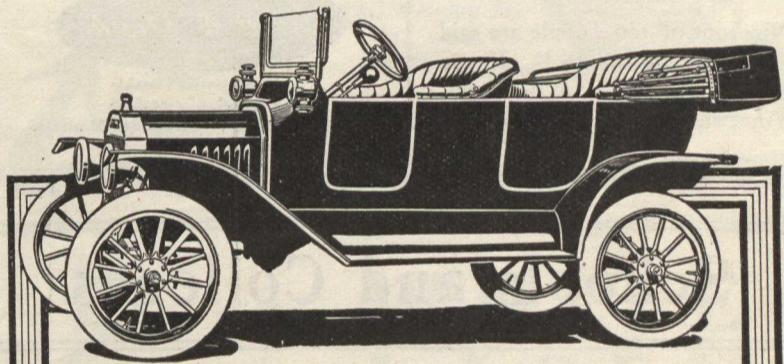
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aeroplane pointed like an arrow to the North Sea. Rosslyn knew exactly where he was going, many a time had he been as far as the coast of Germany and back again, so that every odd speck of light down below meant something to him, and spoke with no uncertain language.

"You are not afraid?" he asked von Kemp.

"I am not in the least afraid," von Kemp said. "Though I have never been in an aeroplane before I feel just as safe as if I were on the back of a horse. But this is a wonderful machine of yours. There is no vibration and no noise, nothing that suggests movement hardly. What time do you expect to reach Berlin?"

"We can travel, if I like, at over ninety miles an hour," Rosslyn explained. "At that rate we ought to reach Berlin somewhere about three. If you strain your eyes you will see there below the lights on the Dutch coast. When we have passed those I shall have to rely entirely on my compass."

They streamed on against the wind hour after hour through the thickness of the night, passing over long lines of light, where the struggling battalions were face to face, and ever and again over some town throwing long ribbons from the searchlights far up into the murky sky. But the aeroplane like some black nightbird was beyond the reach of these, sailing swift and silently in the direction of Berlin. It was somewhere near the hour of two when Rosslyn slackened speed and commenced to descend in huge spirals nearer to the earth. One by one little stars began to show, then long parallel points of flame marked in squares here and there, and after these greater lights shimmering in purple splendour one by one.

"Can you make anything out of it?" Rosslyn asked.

"BERLIN," von Kemp whispered. "But why all those lights? I thought they were short of power."

"Oh, I suppose the Brotherhood is responsible for that," Rosslyn smiled. "You may depend upon it that they are making every effort to get industrial Germany going again. We will go down closer if you like. This looks a different Berlin to the city I was over not so many days ago. It is alive now."

Rosslyn spoke no more than the truth. Late as it was, the streets were humming with life and movement. Lights were blazing everywhere, and though the cafes and theatres had long since been closed, the streets were full of people hurrying to and fro like countless ants, as if everybody had something definite to do, and were going about their business with a clear object. There was no listless, sullen crowd, no sign of anger or discontent, and no sign of a uniform to be seen anywhere. For some time the interested spectators watched, trying to realize that they were looking down upon a city, the capital of a state that was in deadly grips with half a score of enemies. It was a moving and fascinating sight, and Rosslyn turned the plane away from it with considerable reluctance.

"I hope to see it by daylight tomorrow," he said. "Meanwhile we had better be getting on to the end of the journey."

They dropped presently in Steinitz' garden, and housed the plane. But it was not Steinitz who came to the door, but another man, who smiled as von Kemp gave the sign of the Brotherhood.

"Ah!" he said. "Surely you are Herr Rosslyn? We dared to hope that you would see our message and come to us. Von Steinitz and the rest of them are not here—they are established at the Royal Palace."

"Long live the Republic," Rosslyn cried.

CHAPTER LI.  
The Day Dawns.

THE man standing in the doorway of Steinitz's house smiled. He was gaunt and haggard and drawn with lines about the corners of his mouth that gave him almost a

wolfish look despite the kindly expression in his eyes. Rosslyn had seen that look before, and he knew exactly what it meant. He knew now that Berlin was on the verge of starvation, and that the man in front of him had eaten little or nothing for days. Still Steinitz's trusted servant bade him enter and placed a meal of sorts before him and von Kemp.

"I am quite alone in the house," he explained. "I should not be here now only Steinitz was quite sure that you would come sooner or later, and it was necessary that someone should welcome you. I am sorry there is no better fare for you."

The dinner on the table consisted of some exceedingly dry looking bread and the heel of a Dutch cheese. This, together with an onion or two and a bottle of some thin Rhine wine, completed the entertainment. Poor and uninviting as it was, Rosslyn could see the wolfish gleam in the eyes of the other man as they swept over the table.

"I am not in the least hungry," he said. "Neither is my friend von Kemp."

Von Kemp protested that he could eat nothing. Steinitz's friend flushed uncomfortably.

"You fear there is nothing else," he asked.

"Oh, it isn't that," Rosslyn said hastily. "Very well, then. We will have a mouthful of supper on the strict understanding that you join us. Come along, my friend."

THE man sat down at the table and ate wolfishly. Then he caught Rosslyn's eye upon him and he changed colour.

"I see you understand," he said. "I have eaten nothing to-day. And I dared not touch the little food I had in case you came. It is the same all over Berlin. A few days ago they boasted that there were stores enough here to feed the population for a year. They said it was the same in every city in Germany. We were encouraged by visions of vast granaries and frozen meat and tinned food stored away in Government buildings. And we believed it. We were still credulous even when the authorities suggested that they should be left to distribute the food because they controlled the organization. But the food got less and the Cabinet of the new Republic insisted upon looking into things themselves. They found all the stores empty. Everything that could be raked together had gone to support the troops. Berlin to-day is on rations, and a week at the outside will exhaust them. When I think how we have been fooled I could snatch up a gun and shoot the first man in authority I meet. We have been fed for months on lies and imaginary victories. And now the day of reckoning is come."

"I think I understand," Rosslyn said. "This war of yours is no more than a great adventure. It has been built up on supposition. The War Staff had quite made up their minds that your armies in the East and West were going to provision themselves. They were to squat down in the enemy's country like two bloated spiders, and the French and the Russian people were destined to be their diet of flies. Meanwhile you were to live on the fat of the land and the stream of gold was to flow into Berlin from both sides of Europe. And now the bubble is pricked, the rosy dream has proved to be a stern reality. Every man in Europe besides the Germans could see how the adventure would end."

"We know it now," the listener said sadly.

"Ah well, it is not too late to put matters right yet," Rosslyn said cheerfully. "If you can throw off your yoke then many a man who hates you now, millions of foes of yours will hold out the hand of fellowship and lift you from your knees. But so long as this strife goes on so long will you suffer."

"The strife is practically over," said the man eagerly. "But the Prussian tyrants are still keeping up their bluff, and what looks like the iron front is now no more than tin. Our armies are fair and handsome fruit outside, but putrid and rotten at

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**R**OSSLYN and his companion were up betimes next morning despite their fatiguing journey the night before. They were anxious to get into Berlin to see how the new Republic was getting on. Steinitz's servant had actually found them something in the way of a breakfast, which he explained was owing to the fact that a provision train had been smuggled over the frontier and that another one was on the way. He shook his head doubtfully.

"It was allowed to come through, of course," he said. "There are Russian spies in our midst who know all that is going on, and it is to Russia's interests to keep us going so that we can fight the Prussian caste. So this morning I can give you coffee and bacon and hot rolls that I have made."

A little later and Rosslyn and his companion were in the streets of Berlin. They had to walk the whole distance from Potsdam, for there was no sign of a tram anywhere to be seen. There were no omnibuses either, and during the whole of the long walk Rosslyn saw no sign of a horse. No dog crossed his path either. It seemed strange, and he mentioned the matter to Steinitz's servant.

"When starvation comes it comes rapidly," the latter said grimly. "It fell upon us as suddenly as an eastern night. We were like a millionaire who has lost all his money. One day it seemed that we were in the midst of plenty and the next day starvation. After I have told you this you will not want to know what has become of our horses and our dogs."

Rosslyn shuddered. His question indeed had been answered. He was wondering what had become of those who had been in authority when this dreadful fact came to light. Had the people risen in their wrath and hanged the Kaiser's gang who had kept the dreadful truth from the ears of the people? Steinitz's servant seemed to see what was passing in Rosslyn's mind.

"No," he said. "There was no great outbreak. The people here were too stunned for that. But every member of the Government and the local administration here were arrested and imprisoned. They will be brought up for trial presently, they will be all in dock together, and I hope the Kaiser will stand there with them."

The man spoke with a concentrated bitterness that seemed to rasp off the tip of his tongue. Rosslyn smiled grimly.

"Oh," he said. "Is it as bad as all that?"

(To be continued.)

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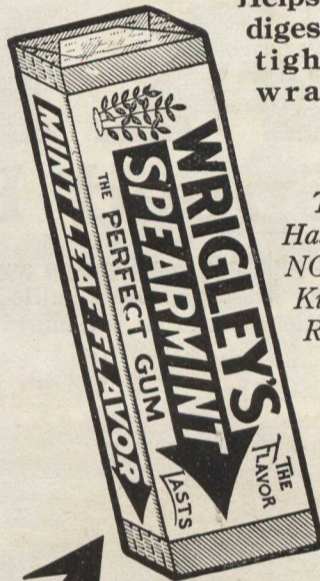
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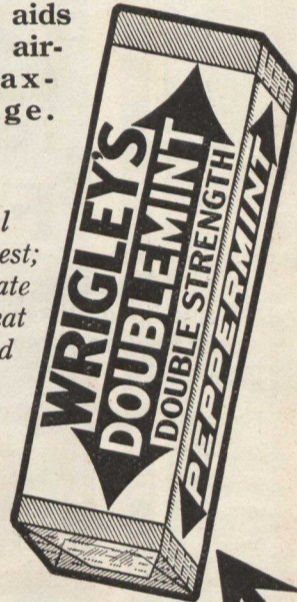
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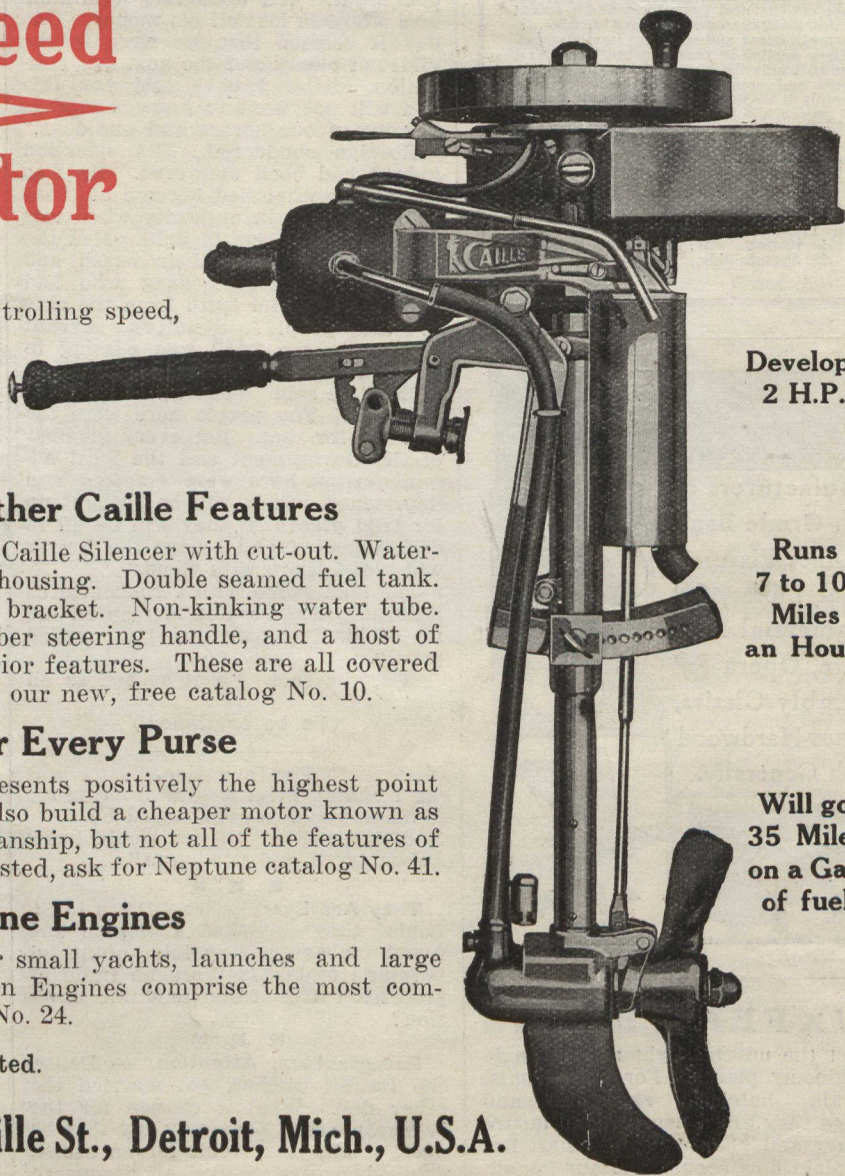
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