

THE CANADIAN COURIER

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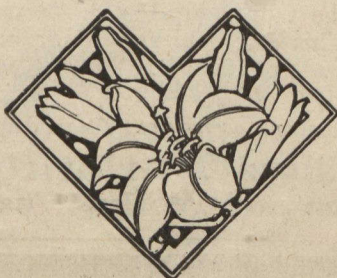
Diameter and Circumference

A GUN-MAN besieged in a house may give ten policemen a bad experience just rushing across the house from window to window with his gun. He may kill half those policemen before enough reserves are brought up to storm the house—in which case the gun-man is usually found dead when the house is broken in.

Germany and Austria are, to a great extent, in that kind of house. With all the adjacent territories across which they have flung their battle-fronts, they are a vast besieged city of two countries. They are doing their best to break the siege. And as any German war-lord knew when he was knee-high to a grasshopper, it takes at least three men to one and three times the weight in the force conducting the siege to bring the city to terms by means of it. A besieged city can rush forces from side to side, and from point to point in the circumference just by transporting across the diameter, which is one-third the circumference of any circle. A besieged country with a railway system in perfect organization as Germany's can do the same thing. Germany is doing it. The violent offensive at Verdun, at the Ypres salient, on the Austro-Italian frontier, on the North Sea by means of the German Navy, are all phases of how she is using the diameter

of a circle against the circumference. Time is the essence of the contract in mobility of war-mechanism. The army that can land the most men and munitions at a given point in the least space of time is—other things being equal—the army that can force a decision. With her war-machine radiating from a common centre—at Berlin—Germany has been in a position to set the pace in this war. After the first setback at the Marne she was able to force the Allies into trench warfare. The trenches of the Allied armies marked the place where the wall of the besieged city begins. Not military science but common sense teaches any observer that to break through those walls, to crumple up any part of that line, imposes a similar ratio of weight in both men and munitions on the besieging force as in the case of a beleaguered city.

Germany knows she is in a state of siege by land and sea. At what other points from time to time she decides to try breaking through that wall, no one can tell but the German war-lords themselves. So long as the Germans have relative weight enough in men and munitions to act on the offensive while they are themselves in a state of siege, so long will they be able to force the pace—but no longer.



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The
**CANADIAN
 COURIER**
The National Weekly

HERBERT
 P. D. R.



Vol. XX.

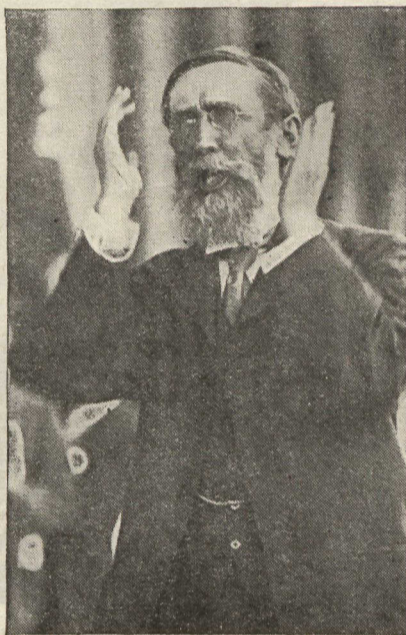
June 17th, 1916

No. 3

A GREAT NATIONAL APPEAL

HON. SIR GEORGE FOSTER has issued a call to action. The full text of this economic call to arms appears in last week's issue of the Weekly Bulletin, issued every Monday by the Department of Trade and Commerce. It is signed—George E. Foster, Minister of Trade and Commerce. It could not be more impressive and rousing to a nation by reason of its contents had it been signed by such a name as David Lloyd George. The call to action is a real inspirational call from a man of big, patriotic and unifying brain to men of both parties, of all nationalities, creeds, or economic pursuits whatever in a new country, to engage in a line of national action. The call is to consider now and afterwards reconsider, to begin to organize now and in the fall of 1916 to organize completely, a movement which will mean as much for the reconstruction era after the declaration of peace as

A CALL TO ACTION By SIR GEORGE FOSTER



the organization of our army has done for the prosecution of the war.

With the inspiring message of this call to arms for the sake of the reconstructive labours of peace, the Canadian Courier is in thorough sympathy. We believe that no call has ever been issued by any department of Government, outside the office of the Premier, equal to this as an incentive to national united action for the sake of the Canada that is to be and to grow after the war. We believe that no Minister in any Cabinet in Canada is better entitled by reason of brain-power, nationalizing sense and national machinery under his control to expect united results from such an appeal. Therefore, we reprint the main part of the message just as Sir George Foster gave it, with the expectation that in so doing we are helping thousands of Canadians to aid him.

FOR nearly two years a colossal and far-reaching war has convulsed the activities and disturbed the avocations of the world, has destroyed an incalculable amount of accumulated wealth, killed and disabled millions of the world's best workers, abstracted millions more from beneficent productive work to provide munitions for the destruction of life and property and involved the warring nations in expenditures and debts which pass the powers of man to comprehend, the burden of which must remain for long years to cripple and restrict the progress of mankind.

Though no one can foresee the end of this war, yet the end must be drawing appreciably nearer and peace must eventually come. Until that time comes production will be largely abnormal and every possible energy must be directed to the great purpose of preparing soldiers, providing munitions of war and supplies for its maintenance. The normal work of industry and productive power must for the time give precedence to war work.

But the date draws continually nearer when this abnormal activity will cease, and the world, and Canada along with it, move back towards normal. This transition period will, I believe, prove more grave and critical than that which marked the plunge from peace to war in 1914.

In the belligerent world fully 20,000,000 adult men will lay down arms and flood back into the fields and factories, the cities, towns and country-sides, whilst millions more will lay down the tools now being used in making war munitions, and take up again the tools of peaceful pursuits, and still other millions, now engaged in the vast subsidiary services of the war, will be thrown out of employment and have to look for work in other lines.

Therefore it becomes necessary for business men and men of knowledge and experience to begin an earnest study of the situation that must soon be faced.

As one means to this end the Department of Trade and Commerce has thought it wise to convene in the coming autumn a convention of the business men of Canada to advise together out of their practical and varied experience and knowledge as to the best means of meeting the coming situation and of mobilizing the business forces of Canada so as to employ our labour, increase our production and enlarge our markets along peace lines.

Before such a convention meets it is necessary that much spade work be done, much study and thought bestowed, and much consultation and interchange of views be had in each great branch of production and distribution.

In no other way can such a gathering be rescued from becoming a mere theatre for declamation and debate, and turned into a useful and effective means to the great end desired. Therefore I am venturing to solicit most earnestly the help and co-operation of Boards of Trade, the Manufacturers' Association, the great transport corporations, the bodies of scientific and industrial research, the engineering associations, the labour bodies, the mining, fishing, lumbering and agricultural interests, the banking institutions and generally of all men of knowledge and experience.

If these will begin at once to examine, to think, to discuss and to confer with one another in their respective fields of work and activity, they will be better prepared to answer certain fundamental questions which must be asked and answered before our productive and distributive capabilities become properly mobilized and energized for the great work that lies before us.

In the two years of war activity our iron and steel manufacturers, for instance, have set aside much of their machinery used in peace times, and installed in its place machinery adapted to war purposes—have organized and co-operated and systematized for war work and in doing so have learned valuable lessons

business for himself—put back the old peace machinery or adapt the new war machinery to peace production and betake himself to the old peace methods of hunting up business, but then, let it be remembered, in an atmosphere hot with the keenest competition. Are we thinking out now what we will do then, and how we will do it?

The object of this appeal is to challenge attention, to evoke thought and devise means to bring about industrial and commercial preparedness.

The question which it seems to me each should face is this: "What will be the situation as regards our industry in Canada when the war ends and how can we best meet it?"

Will our steel industry, our textile industry, and all our great industries, our transport corporations, our banking people, our agricultural and lumber and fishing and mining interests, our engineering, chemical and scientific research associations—in a word, all our lines of production, natural and industrial, our labour associations and our great educational institutions take up and canvass and work out their ideas along the line of this question?

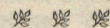
And to do this effectively, will each one of these interests in this time of great national need, take the trouble to get together a select number of their best and brightest representatives, who will make it their business to conduct a thorough examination and be ready to counsel and advise their Canadian co-workers?

And then, will they be prepared after such examination and thought to meet in the proposed convention, ripe in well-based conclusions, fertile in well considered plans, and ready for co-operation each with every other in one united, intelligent systematized national effort to increase production and capture our share of home and foreign markets?

If, for the next two or three months, spade work like this were carried on, the succeeding convention should be made an epoch in the economic and industrial development of Canada.

This is the nation's own work, a reconstructive work, greater even than the work of war. Shall we take it up in dead earnest and prove ourselves equal to the task?

GEORGE E. FOSTER,
 Minister of Trade and Commerce.



NO doubt Canadians will come to the line chalked out by Sir George Foster in this inspiring call. There is to be no waste of energy, no sparring for time or jockeying for place, but straight businesslike grappling with a very practical and pertinent problem. It will be of no consequence how many or how few knights assemble in that convention next fall. The test of any man's fitness to be a delegate to that convention will be his measure as a man of experience, a patriot and a shirt-sleeves worker.

YEA, THE GREAT GLOBE ITSELF

By
AUGUSTUS BRIDLE
 and
BRITTON B. COOKE

BACK in 1880, when most of the farmers of Plugville, Ont., were enlightened on local topics and Talmage's sermons once a week by the Plugville Planet or the Botsford Banner, there was a tall wiseacre who used to stroll out Sunday summer mornings and regale all and sundry with knowledge otherwise unheard of in those parts. This farmer wore shrunken brown duck overalls over calfskin leg boots, a print shirt buttoned behind, and mutton-chop whiskers. And his wisdom was poured forth in the trombone tones of a sonorous Grit voice. He could talk of tariffs and reciprocity, of the massacres in Rooshia, and the iniquities of "old Jawn A.," the difference between National Policy and No Popery, and the solemn aint-it-too-badness of the Pacific Scandal.

And whenever any common-reading farmer wanted to know whence such a power of information, old Charlie gave a hitch to his suspenders, chewed another spear of timothy, and said: "Gosh! there's only one paper has it. That's the Weekly Globe."

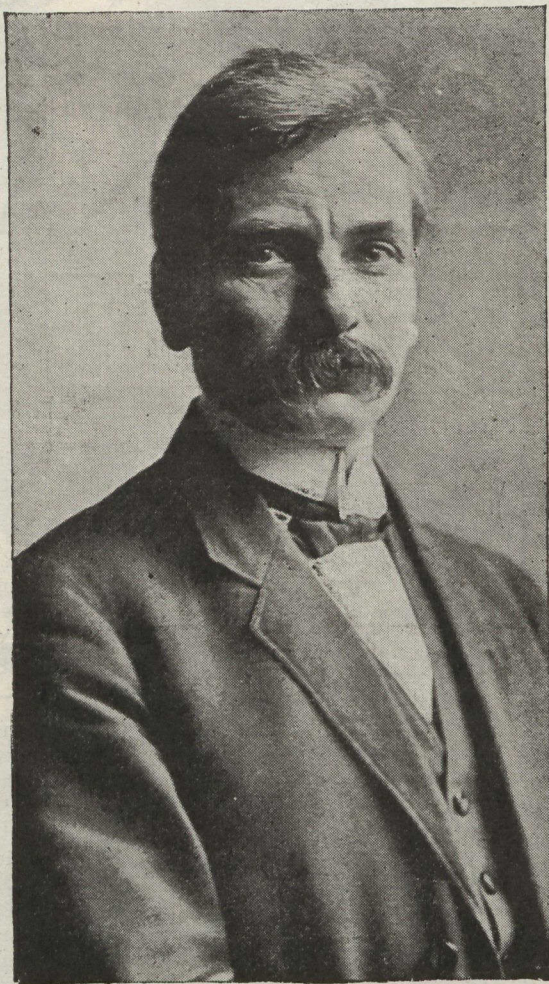
Sundry conversations with Grit people indicate that this man was one of a very large community scattered over many parts of Ontario, but especially thick in the region of Strathroy, Zorra, Fergus, Guelph, Galt—but once you begin to enumerate there's no end to the places where Scotch Grits had forbears who began at the front page of the Globe and religiously read as much of that as they had time before feeding the cattle; scrupulously marked the place where they left off with a pencil, and after chore time worked over on to the next page, ads and all; probably by bedtime got over as far as the editorial page—which, of course, was always a good "Deoch an' Doris." Hence the sobriquet—"the Scotchman's Bible." Hence the pious prevalence of the Globe in most of Anglo-Canada.

There is a common notion that the C.P.R. came after the Hudson's Bay Co. and the Northwest Co. in discovering the Northwest. That is a mistake. The Toronto Globe really discovered the West. In 1881 Lord Lorne went on a buckboard and horseback trip over the Saskatchewan valley and the land of the foothills and the vast prairies between Winnipeg and Calgary. The only correspondent on that trip was one Williams, of the Globe, who kept on the trail after Lord Lorne left it, and gave to Globe readers most remarkable and vivid pictures of that marvellous country then just seething on the edge of rebellion.

Ever afterwards, as regularly as the clover headed out, some Globe man went abroad in the farming areas of Ontario to tell its readers how the crops were doing. No paper—not even the Family Herald and Weekly Star of Montreal—had ever taken such pains to tell farmers how other farmers were getting along. Very early in its career the Globe made it plain to the people of middle Canada that there were other Canadas beyond, and to the townfolk in Toronto and Hamilton that it was very important to understand the true basis of all wealth by keeping tab on the farmer's wheat, oats, hogs and cattle and apples going to waste.

Such was the Globe in the '80's and for many years afterwards; a consistent, pertinacious link between town and country, parliament and people, near Canada and far Canada, Church and State, and all the other fundamentals that seemed necessary to its editors in the development of a liberal education.

THERE are two Globes: the one which is to be had for a cent, or thereabouts, and propped against the sugar-bowl at breakfast while the reader absorbs toast and the war summary. The other is a personality, a quality, a voice—an elusive thing to be glimpsed from time to time in the course of great public discussions. It is to be seen now in connection with some controversy in the field of Dominion politics, now in its comment on affairs at Toronto City Hall, now in some self-revealing paragraph on taxation or class privilege. "The Old Lady on Melinda Street," as she used to be known, is very real to those who have read her for any length of time. She has the dignity of years, the patience of the experienced, the steadiness of a person with deep convictions and the quick resilience of one who is not afraid of controversies, having come through many. She is not, like so many papers on this continent, a mere enlargement of one man's personality. It is a Globe proverb that no one man on the Globe can ever be bigger than the Globe. Though George Brown was its father, it is greater than its father or than any of its children. Instead of being the mere pedestal for a genius, it is a con-



Stewart Lyon, the Inner Personality of the Toronto Globe.

taining fabric into which unlimited talent may be fitted, shaped and given direction. The leg-weary reporter on the Globe becomes in time a sort of vestal virgin, who feels a greater responsibility to protect his paper and its good name than to hunt fame for himself.

GEORGE BROWN and his father were not new to controversy when they came to this country. In Scotland they had warred against the Established Church. It was the Brown theory that established churches were of a piece with aristocracies, landed proprietorships and other sorts of Privilege. Coming to Canada, George Brown found the Roman Catholic Church becoming established in Lower Canada as a state church, and in Upper Canada the Church of England working itself into the same position. The cry of Religious Equality became the watchword of a group of Canadians led by Brown. He founded the Banner and then the Globe. He fought the State Church idea and defeated it. The original issue died out in time, but the principle of "No Privilege," "Equality of Opportunity for All Men," remains the leading principle in the Globe office.

On such a Calvinistic foundation has been reared the Globe of 1916. What changes have come over it have been guardedly made. The Globe was always too Scotch to be a mere propaganda without becoming an enterprise. Dividends and directors must be considered as well as doctrines and political opinions. There was always a shrewd method in any madness of the Globe.

Six editors in all have occupied the chief sanctum: George Brown; his brother Gordon; John Cameron, formerly of the London Advertiser; John S. Willison—now Sir John of the News—who came to the Globe as a staff writer from the London Advertiser after Cameron became editor of the Globe; then Rev. J. A. Macdonald, of Westminster repute—and after him, a few months ago, the present editor, Stewart Lyon.

It is thus to be noted that all the editors save one have been of Scotch birth or descent. What Cam-

eron did for the Globe nobody but Sir John Willison seems to remember. What Willison did is of quite modern memory. It was in his time, 1890 to 1903, that the modern Globe got its character and moved into its present somewhat palatial premises down on lower Yonge Street, corner of Melinda. Those were the days of the well-remembered Charlie Taylor in the business office, and the Globe special that went storming across lower Ontario from Toronto to Windsor between Toronto milkman time and breakfast time in Detroit. Those were the days of Goldwin Smith, whose frequent confabs at the Globe office with Editor Willison and Ned Farrer had so much to do with commercial union, talk of annexation, Erastus Wimann, the triumphs and sorrows of Hon. Edward Blake, and the obvious shortcomings of John A. Macdonald. That colourful chapter in Canadian history began just prior to 1887, when the Globe heralded the accession of Wilfrid Laurier to the leadership of the Opposition, and lasted until after the death of Sir John Macdonald in 1891. It included the latter part of the Ontario career of Sir Oliver Mowat, with his slogan of a greater Ontario, the extension of the C.P.R., and the full fruition of the National Policy. And it was marked by the gradual rise of the Globe newspaper into a vehicle of world-wide news as well as of both sides reports of political meetings, and the prominence on the board of directors of the late Senator Jaffray, President, and Sir George Ross.

ONE of the most remarkable features of the 1890-1903 epoch of the Globe was the appearance of a book entitled "The Life and Times of Wilfrid Laurier," written by John S. Willison, editor. That book has been a solid comfort to the Globe ever since 1903. It created almost as much rustling in the sanctums of Canada as the commercial union writings of Edward Farrer or the sermons and orations of Rev. J. A. Macdonald.

During most of that period the present editor, Stewart Lyon, was a Globe man, and along with him under Editor Willison were the late John Ewan, the only man on the Globe who was on the staff when George Brown was shot; John Lewis, who after the resignation of Willison, went first to the World, afterwards to the News, and later to the Toronto Star, where he now is; Sam Wood, whose Provincial Legislature reports were only exceeded in interest by his editorials on Saturdays about birds and wild flowers; William Houston, M.A., who was and still is a link between the Education Department of Ontario and the Globe sanctum—not omitting the Ross Bible; and E. R. Parkhurst, who besides being for years editor of the Weekly Globe, kept the readers informed, as only a veteran can, of what was doing in the world of music and drama.

The Globe hangs on to its men as tenaciously as readers cling to the Globe. First be sure of the man and then keep him as long as possible is the Globe method. Yet Grandma Globe has sent many sons and grandsons to carry on Globe traditions in various parts of Canada. She is a rare old mother of journalists.

The staff of the Globe to-day is at a high point of all-round efficiency. By the addition of Lindsay Crawford, formerly a well-known Irish journalist, its handling of old country topics has been strengthened very considerably. With two of the best political correspondents at Ottawa during the session, its hold on political news, whether in Government or Opposition, is always unmistakable. Its editorials are always—to be read. They are advertised on the bulletin boards as preachers placard their sermons. They are by turns as they have been for years, courageous, purposeful and direct, passionate, pompous or pedantic—according to mood and circumstance. They are never negligible. For many years the Weekly Globe was a guide unto the feet of thousands of farmers. It has been absorbed into the daily. For several years also the Saturday Illustrated Supplement was snugged away inside the regular edition like a toy in a stocking. The Post-office Department ruled it out of order and it too was absorbed. For several years, too, the Christmas Globe was sent all over Canada at fifty cents a copy, with the annual prize poem of the Globe and pictures enough to decorate anybody's kitchen. That was abandoned, but never absorbed. With all

EDITOR'S NOTE.— This is the second in a series of articles on the great newspapers of Canada, beginning with the Montreal Star in a recent number. The next in the series will appear in an early issue.

its obvious excellences, no newspaper could possibly absorb that.

In a passing review of Globe institutions also we must not forget the Globe robin, which in 1895 came in the middle of February and was followed by 15 below zero.

From early in 1903 till early in 1916 the chief sanctum of the Globe was mainly occupied by Dr. J. A. Macdonald, who first became famous for his anti-Ross editorial on Barnacles and continued for thirteen years to be the most remarkable preacher and platform editor in Canada. He still remains a valued editorial writer, whose opinions on men and events—not forgetting the Taft-Fielding episode of 1911—are always of compelling and vivid interest.

ALL this, however, leads up to a natural focus in the consideration of the present editor-in-chief, Stewart Lyon, who, compared to his predecessor, is a still greater contrast than the shuffle of 1903. Lyon is, to all intents and purposes, a man behind—who knows the secret of forging ahead. From reporter to city editor, news editor, then after the death of John Ewan to associate editor, now editor-in-chief, this popularly unknown man who has never become a figure, represents many of the best elements in newspaper evolution. Since the war he has become known to many as the author of the now famous war summary in the Globe. He is also the man, who as accurate himself as a chronometer, put the fear of inaccuracy into his reporters.

For many years the night policemen and the downtown milkmen who deliver milk to the janitors of office buildings, have known the lightly-built, quick-moving, nervous figure of a man striding briskly through sleeping King Street, Bay Street, Queen—and so on up through Queen's Park to that part of the city where he had his mysterious habitation. Spoken to, he was curt or generally cynical in his answers. He invited no approaches. He avoided no one. His stick rapped smartly on the pavement beside his rapid feet.

"Wonder who he is?" said a police patrol sergeant to the man on the beat one night. "Sober. Don't look like a poker fan. Bit like a preacher in some of his lines."

"He's a newspaperman," said the man on the beat. "Lyon. When you see him beating it you can tell it's time for the first copies of the Globe to be off the presses."

Stewart Lyon was, in his early days, a young Scotch mechanic, with the usual passion of his race for learning. There was in him the inherent resentment of an intellectual man of toil against privileged idlers, as they were to be seen in the Old Country as a workman. He explored the industrial centres of Scotland. He came to America as a young man and tasted working conditions in the big centres here, including Chicago. Perhaps his earliest venture into journalism was when he wrote Chicago news-letters to a paper called the Labour Reformer, run by Alex. Wright in the old Yonge Street Arcade. This led to a position as assistant on that publication, and this, in turn, led Lyon to the Globe in 1888. His writings were clear and businesslike, not emotional or ornamental. They were not an end in themselves, but the means of expressing the views of the man who wrote. Lyon became known for shrewd judgment, blunt honesty, horror of shams, and a capacity for hard and accurate work. His is one of those peculiarly fine faces in which there seem to be no unnecessary, no inconsistent lines. Some men have women's eyes and Mad Mullah chins, jaws that show power and nasal ornaments that betray the weakness of the rudder. Lyon's face is that of an aggressive apostle of democracy. He looks like a man who might some day jump just too quickly and miss his aim—a hair-trigger sort of man. But something under the mop of grey-black hair has, so far, kept him from that. When he has decided Lyon stands by his decision. He has about him the appearance of a man who by instinct is sentimental, but by sheer force of will hides it.

This is the man, backed by a rare type of business manager, J. F. Mackay, and an able editorial staff, who is the inside personality of the Globe.

THE GLOBE has had its great moments and its moments not so great. When George Brown was shot in March, 1888, dying in the following May, it was brought home to the Canadian public that a great event had happened, a great man had been removed, and a paper, made great by him, remained to carry on the tradition. Out of this tragedy, as it were, stepped another of the "big" men of Globe history—the late John Ewan, of genial memory. Ewan was at the time employed on the mechanical staff of the Globe. Coming up the stairs he heard

the shot fired by the assassin, George Bennett, a fellow-worker in the composing room. He found George Brown, though he had received his mortal wound, "scolding" his assailant for his folly and endeavouring to take away his weapon. Ewan and others took Bennett in hand until the police arrived. Ewan became afterward associate editor of the Globe and one of the best influences in the life of the paper.

Another name connected with Globe history is that of the famous Ned Farrer, who died recently in Ottawa. Farrer was for a time associate to Sir (then Mister) John Willison. He was closely connected with the campaign for commercial union with the United States. Sir John Willison tells a story which throws light, not only on Ned Farrer but on another man famous in those days, the late Erastus Wiman. Wiman, who became head of a well-known commercial agency, the Dun-Wiman Company, started his business career carrying newspapers on a Globe "route." At the time of the commercial union controversy he was a very able writer on behalf of the project, and not at all indifferent to the pleasures of being in print. Sir John Willison relates the story of how Wiman came to Willison's office with a manuscript dealing with commercial union. He wished the Globe to publish it, and read it to Mr. Willison and Farrer. Willison made only tentative comment on the effort when Wiman had concluded. Farrer was less reserved.

"It would be impossible from the Globe standpoint to publish it," was his summary.

Wiman listened, made sure Farrer had finished, then tossed the manuscript into his grip, closed the grip and left the room, heading for the Union Station and New York.

Willison was about to call him back when Farrer interrupted.

"Don't," he said. "He'll read that manuscript to the black porter on the way to New York and that will salve his vanity quite as well as the Globe could do it."

THE Globe has known threats of mob violence, for example when threats of wrecking the building were made by the crowd that had heard Sir John Macdonald read "The stolen proofs" of a certain article written by Farrer, then on the Globe staff, and intended for use in the Commercial Union campaign at the United States end. The police got word of the threats and offered special protection to the paper. Willison refused it, but a platoon of constables waited in a nearby lane waiting for the first signs of mob hostility. As late as 1911, however, persons of another shade of politics showed their pleasure at the defeat of Reciprocity and their spite against the paper that had been so closely connected with the American proposals, by heaving half a brick through a side window, narrowly missing an employee at work in the office.

The most serious damage ever done the paper was, of course, the "Globe Fire" in January of 1895. Flames destroyed everything but the great iron safe in which the records of the paper were kept. There are those still living who recall the anxious moments when, standing in the still smoking ashes, the late Senator Jaffray and his assistants waited for the opening of the still glowing safe in which the subscription lists lay. The scorched lists were brought safely out and by the courtesy of the publishers of the Empire the paper was printed and delivered to its subscribers Monday morning, containing an account of its own destruction. In making up the Globe in the rooms of the Empire Willison and A. H. U. Colquhoun, now Deputy Minister of Education for Ontario, formed an acquaintance that blossomed into their association later on the Toronto News.

In the news rooms of the Globe one tradition outshines most others. That is the story of the Globe's "beat" on the news of the battle of Paardeburg in the South African War. No newspaper anywhere or at any time has really been able to improve on that beat. The man to whose credit it stands was "Fred," now Major C. F. Hamilton of the Militia Department at Ottawa, and assistant comptroller of the North-West Mounted Police. Hamilton was the Globe's correspondent in South Africa. The news of the battle came to him and to certain officials simultaneously. Two men started for the cable office, Hamilton and the official. Two cables were offered. Two men laid down their money with the despatches. But Hamilton's rival had not the exact amount of money required and Hamilton had. His cable was sent on, while the other cable waited.

Thus to the Toronto Globe came the first news of Paardeburg, first not only in Canada and America, but first in London—to which city it was cabled from Toronto. For a delirious few days the Globe had the war news market cornered, at least so far

as Toronto was concerned. The other papers when asked for news were compelled, in all good nature, to refer their readers to the "Old Lady on Melinda Street."

There was a time when the Globe stood between its pride as a newspaper with exclusive news to offer and its principles as a Sabbath-respecting sheet. This was in the days of George Brown. On a certain Sunday during the Fenian troubles, special news reached the Globe from private authorities. The editors were keen to get out a special edition. The people in the streets, hearing about it, crowded about the Globe office seeking information. Such a golden opportunity was not to be missed—and yet George Brown refused to bring out a Sunday edition. Instead, he ordered the news printed on small handbills and the handbills thrown from the composing room windows to the street. He would "give" the news away—but he would keep the Sabbath.

THE LOVE APPLE

Is it Tom-a-to, To-mat-o or To-mah-to?

By A RANK AMATEUR



TOMATOES, like bananas, are said to be an acquired taste. My first sensations of these love apples are past description, resembling only that imparted by the Indian turnip. But with a difference. I ate the Indian turnip because it had no smell, and wished for three minutes that I might go and die. The tomato I did not eat—because I could smell it; and in the heat of a summer morning the odour of that vine covered with a crop of reddening, fat and smooth-skinned love apples was enough for a good part of a square meal. I saw a farm lad bite into one of these things and eat it squishingly, skin and all. I expected him to die of poison. But he ate another. Then he threw three at the board fence just to see what a mess they would make. And I left him—very much disgusted with tomatoes.

It took me some years to get to the point where I could experiment dietetically with the tomato. I took them first in stews; later by turns, as tomato catsup, canned tomatoes, tomato preserves, in tomato pie, fried tomatoes—and finally was induced to take a raw one seasoned with pepper and salt. That sensation lives with this day. It was like chewing your first oyster. But it bore fruit. To-day I am a tomato enthusiast. I can do anything but eat them raw out of my hand. On the table I much prefer them with sugar—and no vinegar, no pepper and salt. After all, the tomato is a fruit—not a vegetable. It requires sugar.

So now I raise my own tomatoes. Usually, thanks to the cutworms in sandy soil, I have a dickens of a time getting the plants started. I always plant five dozen to get a net mean average of three. Last year the plant that bore the most tomatoes in my garden was one that came up itself from seed. That plant bore by actual count 197 tomatoes! Of course they didn't all get ripe. But they made the most exquisitely scrumptious French pickles.

Yes, I believe in the tomato—by the acre. It is good food and excellent medicine. It is also much better to grow your own plants from seed in some sort of greenhouse. Then you know what kind you are getting.

MY FIRST LOGGING BEE

A Primitive Tale of One of the Epics That Made Canadians Great Fighters in the Wilderness

By JACOB HOLDFAST

(Formerly known as Jake the Growler.)

Elucidated by Augustus Bridle

WHEN I first got a look at that log-slash of Hiram Buckle's up against the wall of the green swamp-elm bush I didn't suppose anything but fire or dynamite or dry rot ever would clear it up and make a field of it. But I didn't know at that time how those Canadians could wriggle themselves into holes to get something twice as big out, sweat and swear and foam and fury and blaspheme a five-acre chaos of jampiles the height of a house into a village of log-heaps among the stumps ready for the hickory-bark torch at the gathering of dusk.

No, I didn't know much about those unconquerable characters in the neighbourhood of Brixton's Corners. But I was privileged to find out, and the log bee held by Hiram Buckle in the fall of that year was one of my privileges.

Hiram asked five gangs, which included four other teams besides his own, to that bee. The teams belonged to these yeomen to wit: Alonzo Miles, Ike Smith, Adolphus Beech and Boss Plugit—without whom no log-up job in that part of the land of promise was ever quite complete. I had and still have reason to believe that these five team-manipulators and log-harriers were five of the most perfect operators of their kind in the world. If any of their descendants or immediate relatives have been at St. Eloi, or St. Julien, or the Hooge Sector, I don't wonder they get the reputation of being daredevil fighters. No country with an historic background like those log-heaps of Hiram Buckle's ever could turn out poor fighting-men.

Well, it was a grey and hoary morning when those teams and hands to the log-bee clanked in with chain and doubletree out the bush line to Hiram's slashing. I forgot to say that he asked all his hands from out back, because he was chronically aggrieved at the Wesleyans along the lake shore—although I had much preferred him to ask the shore-liners, because they were, as I believed, just as good men in a scrimmage as the out-backers, and had a certain overplus of respectability to boot.

However, Boss Plugit was both pious and respectable, and no bee could go clean clever to the bowwows with him as one of the party. Hiram Buckle himself, with all his muscular virtuosity, was not gifted with a deep passion for sustained hard labour. But the idea of a glorifying rampage among these logs of his for one day delighted his soul and body; for thereby he would get his swampy log-slash cleaned up ready for ditching, when the only cost would be for meals and paying back some day.

Here, by eight o'clock or shortly thereafter, came twenty-three men, making five men to a team—including Hiram's truly as a man, which of course I wasn't. I felt properly humble in the presence of so much tobacco-chewing, hairy-chested virtuosity of muscles that morning as I drove Hiram's best team in among the other four spans of log-snatchers, and for a few moments waited while the teamsters picked their gangs each and every man to his choice of the lot. And of course Hiram was bound to choose me, because I was like a bump on a log, part of the outfit and couldn't be got rid of without spoiling the log. The choosing was soon over, and I guess those gangs were about as evenly matched as five peas in a pod. Seeing that Buckle could lift one and a half as much as any other man there, he pretty well made up for the fact that I was only half a man, and by the grace of Hiram was delegated to "handle the ribbons," which always meant driving the team.

WHILE the gang got limbering up for the log spree, let me just relate the psychic side of the thing. There was a measure of guile in Hiram Buckle's unbelieving makeup. He had an honest desire to extract as much work as possible out of those five gangs before the dusk came solemnly out of the bush over the log-heaps. It was a short October day; just the kind of tang in the air that made sweat a joy and mud a mere circumstance. Hiram only followed a good old rule when he had bought a little brown jug of good whisky the day before and had deposited it somewhere at the tother end of the slashing, with the express understanding that the first gang smashing through to the spot where that little brown jug was concealed with the corncob in its neck would get the pull of the cork.

That fact was clearly understood even by Boss Plugit, who, with all his untarnished Methodism, never had any objection to seeing unconverted bush-whackers have a little ecstasy of the gullet, so long as the whisky was good and the drinking thereof unaccompanied by too much blasphemy. Leave it

to the head gang to find the jug, somewhere in a cranny of a black-and-bruled jampile.

And we were only half an hour into the black and muckraking bowels of that burnt-over slash when the magic of the little brown jug began to exert itself. I have always marveled at the power of a fetish. Here it was at its height. The majority of twenty-five men bent themselves to the besmirching deviltry of back-breaking, button-demoralizing labours of Hercules knee-deep in muck, hugging black logs to their bosoms, chinning over the wet ooze of rotten trunks to get them up on to the log-heaps, prying over the handspikes, lifting till the cows came home and the stars came out in their closed-up eyes—just to get as much of that log-slash of Hiram Buckle's resolved into log-heaps as possible and to consecrate their labours in a swig of the little brown jug.

ANY of my reformatory friends who have joined in the hue-and-cry to abolish the bar and the shop license in any province of Canada will bear with a trifle of enthusiasm as I recall the immortalizing joy of those log-bee gangs that October day under the shadow of the swamp-elm bush of Hiram Buckle back from the lake-shore road half a mile. That brown jug united them in a common cause. With all its essence of o! Nick it was the one thing that could extract from those Canadian sons of the bush and the jampile the last terrifying ounce of sublime energy.

As I said before, I was driving Hiram's team. Believe me, as I recall that it was no tiddlewinks job. It was just as much Hiram Buckle's business to have the pull of that corncob cork as anybody else's; and he saw to it that no laggardry or frog-leg work of mine over the chain and the doubletree kept our gang behind the others if it was possible to keep neck and neck. What a smashing and rip-tearing orgy of undoing there was by middle of the forenoon in that silent cave of the solemn bush! How those entangled jam-piles flung by the cunning of the slasher-man with his axe and just crawled over by the snakes of fire in a dry summer—how they cracked and gave up their insides to the power of the roll and hitch on the chain and the teams plunging like horses on a park monument, the back-bands rising like jockeys and the belly-bands digging into the fur below, and the tugs tight enough for some wood-giant to have played The Devil's Dream on them with a handspike for a bow!

Pardon the enthusiasm of language! Words were born in that log-bee. Every time a long, thick, green-bush log—elm, oak, maple, hickory, black-ash or white ash, or what not—came rollicking out of a jampile, from under the weight of five trees, bound in among crisscross and uncompromising stumps, rooting across frog-pools three feet deep and full of water; every time one came on its way to the place appointed for a log-heap there was an upheaval of language from the entire crew. The horses expected that language. The words were epithetical. Oh, some of those epithets were quite aboriginally awful. I can't recall them or record them here. They were not for public edification. They were meant for the privacy of that log slashing with no spectators but the crows and the blackbirds and the tops of the leafless trees.

By the time the sun crawled across the meridian, every sleeves-up, braces-down person in those five gangs was a veritable son of Muck. Every face was as black as an end-man at a minstrel show—except Boss Plugit's, which was guarded by whiskers. All the arms were caked and slimed with primeval ooze. Every shirt was thickened with brule and muck. Overalls were soppy and saturated with it. Leg boots chortled inside with the water that made pulp of every man's socks. Did anybody growl or grumble?

I bear unremitting testimony to the fact that these men cursed everything but the mud. If they had not, even the cheerful expectation born of the brown jug would have failed to make that jampile slash look by noon as though a gang of giants had stalked out of the bush to heave it out of the settlement.

I also testify that I had never in my short life been so bedevilled by dirt, walloping doubletrees, rough-and-tumble logs, slithering chains and general demoralization of mud up to my eyes. All I had to do

was to drive the horses. Nothing more. Hiram looked after hooking the chain on to every log we snatched out of a jampile. He gave it the proper roll and hitch to start it on its wild career among the stumps and the frog-wallows. But it was up to me to get the team backed in among the snarls of the jams and to get the chain handed to Hiram and to keep the horses from getting outside their harness till the log was hooked up, and to follow them like a circus monkey hanging on a horse's tail after they got started on the rampage out to the heap.

Oh, I sometimes wish moving-picture machines had been invented in those days. What pictures some kodak fiend might have got in that jampile slash of Hiram Buckle's that October day! The filmographs of Hiram's truly alone flying after that team, sometimes dragged by the lines on my shirt-front—all there was left of it—sometimes jumping over the log on the fly as it rolled to keep myself from getting rolled on, now and then slushing knee-deep into a frog-wallow that I had no time to go round; then presently, amid a chorus of whoa-o-os! hauling up alongside the heap and off with the chain before I could say Jack Robinson—all this would alone have made a series of film dramas much more epical than the Birth of a Nation.

I say nothing of dinner. It was a joy—just to be sitting on something that seemed like a chair and letting things slide down my oesophagus. It was a wrench of the immortal soul to hitch up the team again after dinner and go trailing back along the tobacco-chewers, those sons of the morning who were not yet weary in any limb—back to the log-bee again.

TOWARDS the fag-end of the day the noise died down a bit. This was ominous. We were getting nearer the end of the slash at the edge of which was the little brown jug. The hollering season was pretty well over. I saw men hurl logs on those heaps as though they had been mere bags of sand. I saw handspikes bend and crack and break. I saw old soggers of tree-trunks rolling up the skids with the chain over the top of the heap and the team on tother side. I saw men snatch up armfuls of truck and go dog-trotting to the heaps to fill up the chunks and curse the time it took with such inconsequential loads. I saw them grab at stumps that the teams had uprooted and sling them in at the ends of the heaps. I heard the axes whack in the jampiles and the grunts of men who had long since forgotten whether their shirts buttoned before or behind, or whether they had any on at all. I became conscious as I spraddled and sprawled after that plunging team that we were all parts of a tremendous and colossal mix-up with the elements that made a revival meeting or a country dance seem tame and uninspiring.

What were we doing it for? Not to get so many acres of Buckle's land logged up. Not merely to get a swig at the jug. We scarcely knew why we were doing it, and never paused to think. One of us might have kicked the bucket in that scrimmage and perhaps that would have fetched things to a full stop for a while. But we were all too busy and too much alive to recognize that there was such a thing as death or even sleep left in the world.

Hiram Buckle—he became by near sundown a being transformed. In fact, for the first time in his hulk of a life he came near to being really sublime. That beast could lift. How he could heave those logs; sometimes taking one end alone with three men at the other and with a swing-out away from the heap and a "Hip" from Hiram up she went while I trotted the team to another obviously close at hand.

"More timber!" bawled Hiram, like a bull. "Sachet them plugs right about face double quick. Keep off y'r wishbone, kid."

I retorted spiritually, "How kin I—when I'm dang near bushed?"

Now I never should have squeaked about how I really felt if Hiram had refrained from mentioning the fact that I was traveling a little too often on my wishbone. I couldn't see that it made much difference how I got from the place where the log used to be to the heap where it was supposed to be—so long as I lost no time on the road; and believe me, when I say that, I did not. The moment I knocked off long enough to think of just how I felt in reply to the boss's remark, the whole Ayer's Almanac of symptoms came before me. I became self-conscious. I lost my step in the rhythm. I leaned on the mud-leg of the high horse in front and sulked. If there had been any place for tears to run that wasn't taken

up by mud and brule-grime, I should have wept. As it was I looked sadly over at the nearby bush as though it had been my heavenly home, knowing that for that few moments every other gang in the logging host was getting ahead of us. But I could no more shake the ribbons over the team now than I could fly to the top of yonder white-oak, where the eagles' nest was. There was a chunk of choke in my throat. I felt dizzy, conscious of the gurgle in my socks, of all the wet and misery of me from top to toe, of my quivering underpins and short breath and all the rest of the miserable crew of ailments that I wanted to keep out of my mind till our gang had won the race, and then I didn't care if I dropped all of a heap for a while.

The gang stopped a moment to look at me. I knew it. I felt ashamed of myself. I couldn't help it. I was losing the race to the gang, and the pull of that super-izing corn-cob in the neck of the brown jug would sure go to Ike Smith or somebody else—maybe Boss Plugit; and goodness knows I didn't want that unspotted Methodist to be confronted with so powerful a temptation.

LOOKING down at the muck I saw Hiram's boots and legs come swatting my way. Hiram was mad—and I knew it. He grabbed up the ribbons and took a whop at the chain.

"Out o' the road, spoopydyke!" he banged at me. "Go and lay down on a bull thistle somewheres—it'll buck yeh up a little."

His words stung me like a hornet. All in a sudden, spontaneous jiffy I sprang at him and snatched the ribbons from his muddy hooks.

"No!" screamed I. "No sich dang thing. I ain't got to the bull-thistle stage. And that team's mine to drive till the last dog's hung. Gid-ep, you—"

Not knowing or caring what I called those blessed good horses—friends of mine, if anybody was in that gang—I trailed away to a new log, hearing somebody say as he took a fresh nip of chewing tobacco, "Well, I'll be jiggered!"

From that on I moved in a maze of renewed effort. I was no more weary than an eagle in the dawn. The horses caught the spirit of the occasion and seemed to turn and back up to the psychological point of every needed log. And now, how those last few relics of the jampile slash did almost come out to meet me and the team, and how the gang seemed to work together as I have never seen any rugby team or lacrosse outfit anywhere! How Hiram did bend himself to the last labours of Hercules! I half closed my eyes and let the thing go. There was a slam-bang in the silence. The walls of the bush were nigh at hand; the underbrush, with its yellow leaves and redspice-bush berries and robins and bluejays. I could smell it all along with the brule and the grime and the frog-muck and the logs and the dead nightshade vines.

What all the other gangs were doing I never knew. We seemed to be all there were—next to the nebulous gang of Boss Plugit, that all afternoon had been neck and neck with ours.

Somehow it seemed to me that great Methodist and myself each hooked on to a last final log at the same moment and leaped to our respective log-heaps at once.

And the first thing I clearly cognized was a mighty, primevalizing roar and a whoop from his gang and ours, both of which made a grand, concerted rush to some supposable spot where something was—some little brown god blinking in the last gleam of the dusk from his little fat sides. Hiram shouldered away a pack and himself grabbed the jug, because he knew precisely where it was, in a tangle of dead nightshade base of a known stump. He held it aloft and twenty-four ardent souls, myself included, stood about him in the gloaming.

"Boys," he said, with a magnanimous note in his voice, "I guess it's which and tother between Jake the Kid and Boss Plugit which pulls that corn-cob. Eh?"

There was a chorale of acquiescence in that undoubtable decision. The jug was solemnly lowered between Boss Plugit and myself when a hand of each of us seemed to touch it. I looked at my former boss and felt half way between laughter and tears. He looked at grimy me and seemed to be in a like predicament behind his clotted whiskers.

"I guess," said I, huskily, in that impressive silence of waiting, "that neither Boss Plugit ner me has any moral desire to do the trick. Hiram, I guess—we'll leave the job to you."

Which we did, because the gang's impatience was now very marked—to make a guzzle of that little brown jug.

Oh, it was properly and piously guzzled in the gloaming of the log-heaps, and we all trailed away to supper.

TWO WILD FLOWERS NOW BLOOMING

The Twin Flower and the Dwarf Cornel, both of which bloom both on the Pacific as well as the Atlantic and most of the way between.

Nos. 8 and 9 in Flowers of Forest and Field

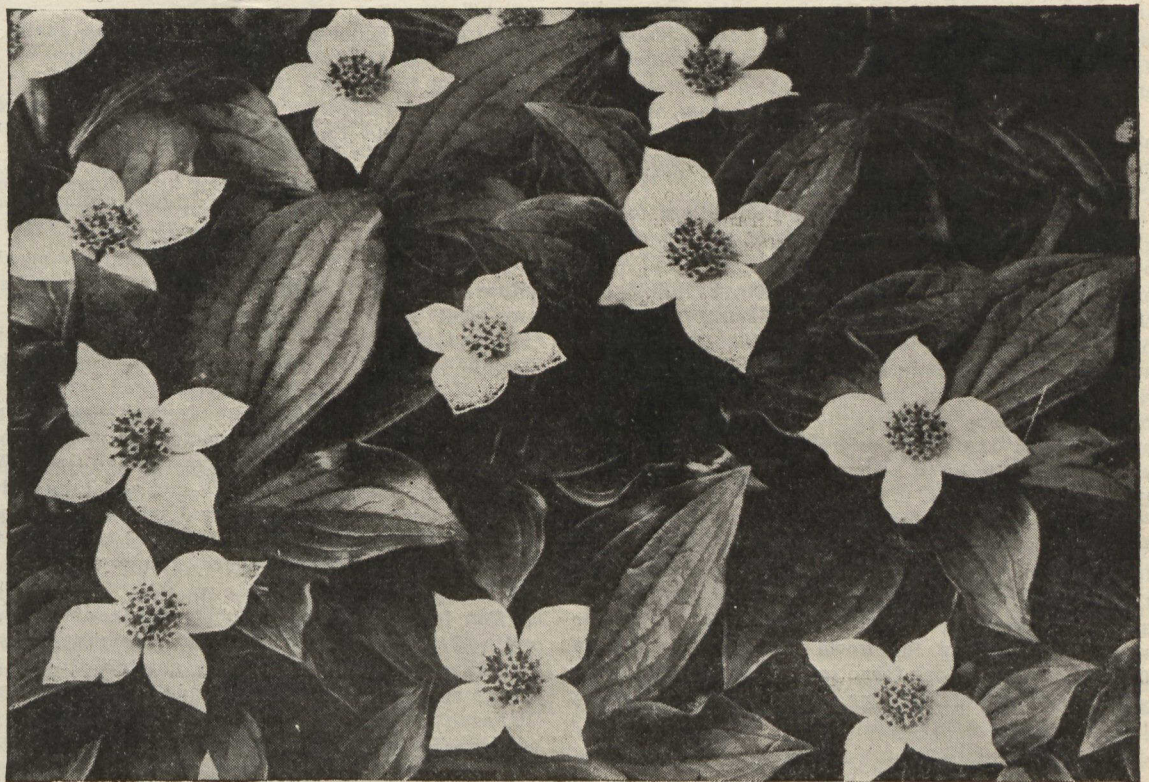
By A. B. KLUGH



GROWING among the moss in our moist woods we find, at this season of the year, large patches of a most attractive little plant; a little plant with trailing stems, bearing oval, toothed, evergreen leaves and upright flower-stalks which fork at the top, each fork carrying a little pinkish, swinging bell. It is known as the Twin-flower—a decidedly appro-

priate appellation. The name of the genus, "Linnaea," is in honour of Linnaeus, the Swedish biologist.

In addition to its attractive form and the delicate pink and white shading of its tiny bells the Twin-flower is very fragrant. It belongs to the Honeysuckle Family, and is found in Canada from the Atlantic to the Pacific.



A LITTLE plant which greets us wherever we wander in Canadian woods is the Dwarf Cornel. In the spruce woods which skirt the Atlantic I find this plant at home; among the Birches of Ontario I see its four-pointed star; on the slopes of the Rockies beneath the slender spires of the Alpine Fir and Lodgepole Pine I find it flourishing; and in the deep forests of Douglas Fir and Pacific Cedar of Vancouver Island I find it nestling at the foot of the giant trees.

In the denser woods, the plants grow singly

or in groups of two or three, but in openings in the woods they form large patches, this being particularly true in southern New Brunswick.

In this plant the white parts which look like petals are really four bracts surrounding a group of little flowers, and in our illustration the group of little flowers with their separate corollas and stamens can be seen. Each little flower sets a berry which, when ripe, is coral-red, and as these berries thus occur in bunches, the species is often termed the Bunch-berry. These berries are edible.

THE CRUISE OF THE SILVER GULL

A LONG arm shot out from the alleyway and seized by the collar the young man swinging up from the Windsor ferry dock. Before the surprised pedestrian could cry out he was dragged into the shadow, thrown on his back, his arms pinioned and his mouth gagged. Several shadowy, heavy-breathing forms worked over him. Silently, systematically his pockets were rifled and the contents passed into the possession of the taller of the four highwaymen. The job finished, the tall man stood apart and surveyed the booty under the glow of a pocket flashlight.

"It's all right, boys," he muttered in an undertone to his confederates. "Now get him away quietly. Jake's strong room will do for the night; but mind, no noise, no scene, or everything is spoiled."

Struggling, kicking and making ineffectual efforts to create a noise which his gagged mouth otherwise prevented, the victim was unceremoniously hustled down into the stygian lane. The tall man looked on till the figures melted into the shadows, then strode out of the lane, lit a cigarette and leisurely sauntered up the street.

Sidney Vail strolled around the Sarnia wharf in the throes of indecision. He had been about the vicinity an hour idly watching fussy tourists trailing in and out of the Northern Navigation offices and flustering after blase dock officials with trifling queries and requests. It was now within a few minutes of the Noronic's time for departure, yet he had not definitely made up his mind to be a passenger. For all his careless, outward air, a close scrutiny would have disclosed a certain nervous tension in this superbly set-up young man as his keen, grey eyes covertly surveyed each new arrival.

Suddenly the figure of a young woman leaning over the rail of the overhead platform caught his attention. She was attired in a brown travelling suit and cloth cap, a dainty living picture limned against the clear blue skyline. The girl was alone, and she, too, appeared to be undecided or looking for someone.

Their eyes met across the intervening space. The man nodded his head twice. Sidney Vail caught the faintest of smiles flung to him, and the girl turned and tripped rapidly after the ticket-seeking crowd pouring down the further stairway. The effect was electrical on Vail. He gripped his bag and the light coat flung over his arm with a new purposefulness, and he, too, joined the crowd waiting in the line.

Vail saw the girl ahead of him in the jam as he strode up the plank to the steamer. Once she took a swift glance backward, but as quickly avoided his earnest gaze and swept on.

For the balance of the afternoon he saw no more of her, though with a well-affected front of idle indifference he sauntered systematically all over the ship.

It was a rare moonlit night and soundless on the glorious Huron, but for the wash of the giant ship plowing through the limpid wastes and the even pulsing of her mighty heart. Tired holidayers, capitulating to the somnambulant effects of the keen ozone, were gradually thinning out from the promenade deck. Vail, restless and more chagrined than he cared to even mentally admit, strode the promenade alone on what he decided would be a last turn on the deck before seeking his berth. Absent-mindedly he lit a cigar, puffed at it vigorously, then savagely tossed it over the side.

In a preoccupied, irritated mood he rounded the stern. There he came abruptly upon a gentle figure leaning upon the rail and gazing pensively out over the wake of mottled silver that spread like a fairy stairway across the black expanse of Huron to the star-studded rim of the world. The picture, like a flash from some long-forgotten dream, brought the young man out of his dour reflections with a shock that set all his nerves a-tingle.

At the sound of his step the girl turned, and the moon lent her witching draperies to a queenly face and form that dashed all Sidney Vail's usual poise to oblivion. For an awkward instant the spell held him mute, cap in hand.

"Miss—Miss Rhienhardt?" he stammered.

Her smile was non-committal, but her silence encouraged him.

"I am Vail—Sidney Vail," he continued, more suavely, "and I have instructions from Von Metz to be at your service."

"I am indeed pleased to meet you, Mr. Vail," she acknowledged, simply, extending a dainty gloved hand. Then, in a lower tone, as she glanced cautiously up the promenades: "You have the papers?"

"Merely blue-prints of the Canadian harbours, a railway map of Northern Ontario, and this letter of introduction from Von Metz," he replied. "The letter, I understand, simply states that the bearer will co-operate and take instructions from Miss Freda Rhienhardt, 'who will arrive at Sarnia from Buffalo, Saturday, June 17, and board the S.S. Noronic.'"

The girl glanced casually at the scrawled note and the signature at the bottom, refolded it, and tearing it into little bits, tossed the remnants into the lake.

"Von Metz did not have the opportunity of fully explaining the details of the expedition before I left," remarked Vail; "evidently relying upon you to issue further orders upon which I am to act."

"That is part of what Von Metz calls his 'caution and efficiency methods,'" laughed Miss Rhienhardt. "But it is a gigantic scheme, Mr. Vail," she explained with a new show of enthusiasm, "in fact, the most gigantic yet conceived by the friends of the Fatherland on this continent. Yet it is as simple in its operation as its consummation should be effective, and it will deal a staggering and telling blow to these proud Canadians."

They leaned together over the rail, so close that the thrill of her immediate presence made Vail oblivious to all but the dreamy moonlight, the magnificent creature at his side and the music of her voice, as in confiding undertones she told him the sensational details of the Von Metz plot to paralyze Canadian commerce.

"Von Metz holds that if it is successfully carried out it will break the backbone of Canadian transportation facilities so thoroughly that the Dominion will lose millions in money and be crippled for months in the transportation of wheat to the entente allies," she went on. "Right now, as you no doubt know, Mr. Vail, Canadian railway and marine services are taxed to their utmost in the midst of the greatest grain rush the country has ever known. No more opportune time could have been selected to teach Canada her lesson that the arm of the Teuton is long and his blow deadly to them that he hates."

She paused, her face lit up with scorn, transfigured to a beautiful tigress exulting over the ruin it was in her power to bring.

"The spot chosen by Von Metz for the scene of action is the head of Canadian navigation, where all the grain carried by water must be discharged into boats and where the three great trans-Canadian railways converge. It is there the blow is to be struck."

"But, Miss Rhienhardt, this cannot as easily be accomplished as would appear on the face of it," interjected Vail. "All the elevators, waterfront and terminals at Canadian ports are heavily guarded night and day by Canadian troops."

"THAT has all been taken into consideration," replied the girl, "and if no hitch occurs, it will not interfere in the operation of our plans. But we may as well get down to details as rapidly as possible before the hour grows too late. Now listen carefully:

"When we arrive at the head of the lakes, I will disembark at Port Arthur and you at Fort William. We will each take quarters at a good hotel in the respective cities. The summer tourist season is now on and we will not be suspected. I will pose as a book agent for Ransome's Story of the Great War, a sample of which I have with me, and take orders, cash on delivery. In this way I will gain the open sesame to the offices of the grain and transportation officials and no doubt secure some valuable information.

"You for your part are to be a man of leisure, a well-to-do tourist from the States, strong in your partiality for the cause of the entente allies. You are to rent or buy with the funds I will put at your disposal the fastest and most powerful craft you can secure. Later, you and I will accidentally meet and become acquainted, and you will entertain me to some trips around the harbours while we thoroughly acquaint ourselves with the ground on which we have to work.

"Meanwhile, Von Metz, accompanied by his party, will sail from somewhere in the neighbourhood of Duluth in a large pleasure yacht, bringing with them five small but cleverly constructed sea-mines, capable of sinking the greatest freighter afloat on the lakes. They will land at an uninhabited natural harbour on the Canadian side, south of a place called Sturgeon Bay.

"One week after our arrival you will leave in your motor-boat for Von Metz's rendezvous. As soon as you land a mock attack will be made upon you, the

A Breeze-Blown Story of Life on the Upper Great Lakes With a---Plot!

The Machinations of Von Metz as they Worked Out in the Case of

Sidney Vail and Freda

Rhienhardt

By C. CHRISTOPHER JENKINS

crew on your boat will be taken prisoner and two or three of Von Metz's men will take their places, under your command, bringing aboard the five mines. You will return on the first overcast night and drop one of the mines with its contacts and anchors in each of the ship channels leading to the three river entrances to the Fort William harbours. The other two you are to drop in the channels running to the Canadian Government and Canadian Northern elevators at Port Arthur.

"The balance of your work will merely be to get us clear of the vicinity before the inevitable happens. Your last mine will be laid opposite the Canadian Northern plant, which the harbour map shows to be only a short distance from the Port Arthur passenger docks. At the latter place you will pick me up and head your motor-boat full steam for the American side."

AS the girl finished, Sidney Vail gasped in spite of himself. "God, what a plot!" he ejaculated.

"Isn't it?" agreed his companion. "You see, Von Metz calculates that with the busy rush now on, big grain boats will be leaving and entering by all the channels mentioned almost simultaneously at day-break, so that every harbour entrance and channel will be effectually blocked with a sunken freighter before the danger is suspected at any point. It will tie up and dislocate Canadian shipping for months."

"They can, of course, still ship by rail," Vail pointed out.

"Granted, but see what a congestion and disorganization they will be up against in the meantime," she contended. "The Canadians, Von Metz says, depend principally upon the lake routes to carry the immense stores in their elevators. Without them, their plans for summer transportation of their big crop of last year will be paralyzed possibly till the new crop is ready to come down from the west.

"As a matter of fact," she continued, "Von Metz's original scheme was to dynamite the three transcontinental railways as well, but I refused to be party."

"You feared failure?"

"No, but I could not bear to think of the men who might be killed in the wrecks," she shuddered.

"There may be men killed on the boats when the mines explode," he suggested.

Freda Rhienhardt's eyes took on a new, cold light. "It is all for the Fatherland!" she flashed.

A heavy step sounded from the promenade, and a boat's officer rounded the corner. It was the deadline for all passengers on the promenade deck.

Sidney Vail tossed long in his berth before sleep came to him. His thoughts were in a wild chaos. This was the biggest adventure he, a life-long adventurer, had ever agreed to take part in. But it was not the danger or the possibility of failure that weighed heavily upon him; the thought that came back to him again and again, despite his attempt at mental evasion, was, what would this exquisite creature think of him when it was all over? On the other hand, it seemed so utterly incongruous that one so beautiful, so charming in speech and gesture, should play a part in such an ugly drama.

In his dreams she came to him, wreathed in the magic of the moon as he had first seen her, to press a dagger deep in his heart. He awoke with a cry of pain, and then cursed himself for forty kinds of an addle-headed fool. It was his bounden duty to see the thing through to the bitter finish, and he swore he would do so.

The time passed swiftly on the balance of a delightful trip. Sidney Vail and Freda Rhienhardt had many walks and talks together. He dared to hope that this strange, beautiful girl leaned toward him as something more than a mere friend and associate. At first, he would not admit to himself that he was in love, but when she conversed with other men or

favoured one of her many would-be courtiers with her rare smiles, he invariably had to check a madened impulse to rush to her side and appropriate her attentions to himself. As a matter of fact, Sidney Vail, cynical bachelor and mystery to most people who knew him, had lost his heart thoroughly and irrevocably.

In their little confidential chats he learned much of her past history. For all the responsibility that had been placed upon her, she was as simple and confiding as a child. She had been born in New York City, of German parents, who left her a wealthy orphan at an early age, she told him. She had been reared and educated by an uncle and aunt in Buffalo, who brought her up in the belief that the aggrandizement of Germany and German methods meant the world's salvation. It was in her uncle's home that Von Metz, of Detroit, propounded the plot to blockade the Canadian harbours by sinking ships in the channels. She had overheard Von Metz declare that all he needed to carry his plans to a successful conclusion was an attractive and accomplished woman. On an impulse, she volunteered to take the role. At first, both her uncle and Von Metz objected, but in the end she succeeded in overcoming their scruples. The plans for the expedition were all laid beforehand so that exchanges of correspondence would be unnecessary, Von Metz promising to send the most trusted and intrepid male agent he could locate to act as her confederate. That was her story as Vail pieced it together from fragmentary details of their conversations.

It was by a bit of rare luck that Sidney Vail secured the Silver Gull the first day of his arrival at the Canadian head of the lakes. She was a trim little motor yacht, with full cabin and sleeping accommodation for half a dozen persons, and could make her good eighteen miles an hour, exceptional time for a craft of her seaworthy type. He engaged two capable

men as a crew, one to attend the engines and the other to take charge of the wheel.

The harbour folk were much too busy to bother their heads over what he was about, and with townspeople he easily made the impression of a rich and affluent American tourist, bent on getting all the pleasure out of life that is to be had for the seeking. That he should strike up an acquaintance with the pretty book agent, whose beauty had become the talk of two cities, seemed quite as natural.

ALMOST every afternoon, when Freda had finished her canvassing for the day, he took her out for a trip around the harbours, up the winding rivers or over the lake. And each succeeding day found Sidney Vail the more hopelessly her captive. As for Freda, she did not actually discourage him, though there was that in her distinctly refined friendship that held him aloof for the time being and checked his mad impulses to say what she must have before now read in his ardent eyes.

It was only at night, when he had left her, that he remembered with keen bitterness that she was his confederate in a ghastly business, which, once consummated, must surely raise an insurmountable barrier between them. He felt that she must look upon him as merely a paid agent—a tool of Von Metz for the money there was in it. It was not that he even suspected she was playing with him—there was none of the affectation or forwardness of the coquette about her—but he felt that these things must all come home to her when it was over. When it was over—God, how he dreaded the thought!

It was on the evening preceding his trip to the rendezvous of Von Metz that he forgot his avowed intention to see the issue to its finish and threw discretion to the winds in a boyish outburst.

They were returning from a cruise to Amethyst Harbour, and the two stood on the after-deck of the

Silver Gull watching the scarlet banners the setting sun flung up from the gilded western hills. She had been silently gazing at the gorgeous horizon and there was a strange sadness in her face. Perhaps—he dared to hope—she, too, was meditating on the coming parting of the ways. He moved a step closer, every fibre in his being a-tingle.

"Freda."

It was the first time he had so addressed her, but she turned as one not at all offended by the familiarity, a questioning smile on her lips.

"Don't you wish," he began, striving for fitting words that would not come, "that we had met—under different circumstances?"

"And pray why?"

"Because," he replied, boldly, "we are confederates in a horrible business that neither can ever respect the other for being engaged in—because otherwise things might have been different."

A quick transformation came over the girl's face. A cold, steely light came into her eyes. "You forget, Mr. Vail," and the words fell like ice on his numbed senses, "that there are greater things at stake than our personal pleasures. If your nerve is failing you, the sooner we have an understanding the better. I am very, very much disappointed in you."

As she moved to leave him, he stepped before her, grim determination on his drawn features.

"It is not that—it is not fear," he cried. "You do not understand, Freda. It is—it is—because I love you! It is this—that makes me wish all my being that things had been different—that you were not part of this terrible thing."

The girl's face went white. He could see her lips tremble. Then the crimson blushes came as her dark eyes fell before his.

"Freda, you do care for me?" he demanded. "Tell

(Concluded on page 22.)

WHAT THIS FIGHT MEANS TO US

WHEN the news blushed on our bulletin boards that first Friday—that first amazing and stunning intelligence of what looked like a British naval disaster before we knew the truth—I wonder how many Canadians realized that it was very probably of deeper personal import to them than to the people dwelling in the British Isles. I have no doubt that that first flash of darkness started deep thoughts in the mind of the average John Bull—though he never would betray it. He must have asked himself a little breathlessly—"Why!—what can have happened? Have they really a surprise gun? Did their Zeppelins do it? Can they continue to wear down our safe naval supremacy?" And he knew exactly what it would mean to the fair country-side and humming industrial centres of Britain if it should turn out that ten-to-three was going to be the usual score in Anglo-German naval battles. Of course, we know now that it was really a British victory that Admiral Beatty won; but we didn't know it then. So we can go back to our first feelings without too much discomfort.

WHAT John Bull knew was that, if the British fleets were put out of action, there would soon be German soldiers in the British Isles, looting, "Louvain," giving themselves up to license and lechery. Manchester might suffer the fate of Lille. But there is no use painting the horrifying picture which limned itself all too vividly on the astounded mind of good John Bull. He has been accustomed all his life to thinking of the uses and value of his Navy; and he has a very full appreciation of what would happen if he lost it. But we have no such habit of thinking in Canada. We would realize at once that a defeat for the British Navy might expose the British Isles to invasion; and we would know that that would be a most disastrous thing for the British and Allied cause. But we would not automatically conjure up a vision of what it would mean to each of us in Canada, individually.

YET it is the simple truth that it would mean more to Johnny Canuck than it would to John Bull. The British Islands might be invaded—even conquered; but the Germans would go home again at the close of the war. They would never try to keep a teeming and stout-hearted population like that of the United Kingdom in permanent subjection to German rule. Especially would they shrink back before such a task when the territory to be held

*They are Having Laid Before Them the
Wisdom of Saving Montreal from Being
Treated as Posen has Been Treated
Since its Occupation by Prussians,
and Protecting Toronto from
Becoming a Canadian
Strassburg*

By THE MONOCLE MAN

was cut off from them by a streak of sea. They would not even try to hold France, which has no sea barrier. They have had about enough of Alsace-Lorraines. They would levy indemnities on these populous and wealthy nations; but they would go home!

THEY would come to Canada; and they would NOT go home. That is the vital difference. What they seek is—not populous countries of alien races to be ruled—but empty El Dorados to be settled with good German stock. And that is what Canada—with her petty eight millions scattered over a half-continent—would offer the land-hungry German. There is no excuse for the least self-deception on this point. If the Germans once got the British Navy out of the way during the progress of this—or any other—war, which would give them an immediate excuse for landing in Canada, they would certainly send over an adequate army to invade us; and they would certainly insist upon keeping Canada as a German Colony when peace came. They had rather have Canada than any other part of the British Empire. South Africa is not so suitable to settlement. Australia is much farther from the Fatherland, and might, moreover, bring them into conflict with an overflowing Asia. Canada could bring them into conflict with no one but the unarmed United States.

I AM about fed up, for one, with appeals to Canadians to go to the help of "dear old England" or "our other motherland, France." Canadians who enlist go precisely to the help of Canada. We are in a much more dangerous position—if there be danger at all—than either Britain or France. Britain and France are thickly populated with capable, liberty-loving and resourceful folk of racial divergence from and personal antipathy to the Ger-

mans. Canada is an empty garden—an unworked mine—an unclaimed forest—the finest prize for Colony hunters now to be seen in the world. We have just enough people here to have made trails through the wilderness—some of them costly steel trails—and prepared a plum for the enterprising and ruthless German exploiter. The Prussians would have more trouble with us than with an African concession; but, once in complete military possession of the country, he would not fear us very much more than he has feared the Poles. He would infallibly try it if he got the chance—and he would get the chance if the British Navy were sunk and the campaign of the Allies fatally disorganized.

OF course, I have not the smallest doubt that the British Navy will keep him in his cage. The Battle of Jutland has not even scratched the paint off the real paramount power of our fleets. But I am moved to write these observations by recollecting the comments that fell sympathetically from the lips of my fellow Canadians when the first bad news came in. We were all for pitying the motherland—we never seemed to think that it was our own front wall that had been damaged. I am also moved by the talk of men like Bourassa as to whether the French-Canadian is in duty bound to go to the help of France. That is not at all the question, I humbly submit. The real question is—Is not the French-Canadian well advised to defend his own paradise of freedom (barring Ontario) at the only point where it can be effectively defended; that is, in co-operation with the Entente against the German Imperialists who would fain make of Quebec a Canadian Poland?

SENTIMENT is a fine thing. I do not deny that many Canadians are moved to fight in this war because of their love for Britain or France. I love them both myself. But we are permitting our people to live in a fool's paradise if we leave them under the impression that the sentimental plea is the only—or the chief—plea. What they are really asked to do is to fight against the invasion and conquest of Canada. They are not begged primarily to save London from sacking or to turn the Prussians out of Strassburg—though most of us want to do both these things. They are having laid before them the wisdom of saving Montreal from being treated as Posen has been treated since its occupation by Prussians, and protecting Toronto from becoming a Canadian Strassburg.

THE MONOCLE MAN.



YOUNG CANADA'S PATRIOTIC ENTHUSIASM EN MASSE.

Five thousand school children assembled to sing patriotic choruses at Beacon Hill Park, Victoria, on Empire Day.

System in a Sea Fight

How Cool-Headed Men do Prosaic Brain Work in the Midst of Battle

By BRITTON B. COOKE

AS a Canadian the ruddy Hibbert would have been a failure. As an Englishman he was—he has been a glorious success. I do not mean that the business of dying like a gentleman is exclusively an old country matter—in fact it is not even exclusively British, as witness many events in recent years. But in Canada we require of a man initiative, a certain amount of pushfulness and ambition, and Hibbert, lieutenant on H. M. S. — was not of that sort. His idea of living was “to do the right thing.” He used this phrase rarely, but when he did so it was understood to cover his whole creed. Expanded into common language, it meant that Hibbert placed duty and obedience to discipline before all other considerations. He abhorred ambitious persons—though he had a secret wish to get a ship of his own some day, if for no other reason than that he might thus have a larger “duty” to perform and serve still better the cause of his country. Yet he never spoke of “my country” or showed any emotion toward her or toward anything at all. He was more afraid of emotion than of anything else in this world. He called England “Old Blighty” with what sounded like a sneer. He spoke of his mother, who lived in Devon, with a light “The Mater.” He was gay and companionable in the company of younger women, and put himself to trouble willingly to provide entertainment. He had red hair made to seem golden by contrast with his sea-bronzed face. He was fattish and laughed easily. A Canadian magnate would have estimated him as a first-rate gentleman, but never a man to make his way against primitive difficulties, which would have been a true enough estimate. Hibbert’s business was “to do the right thing”—that is, as I said before, to be unflinching in doing his duty—even though he differed from the reasoning of the man who gave the order.

HIBBERT was crossing the Atlantic last summer on a pseudo-passenger vessel. He had in his care one hundred and twenty-five gun-layers for the British Navy, able-bodied seamen and others who had been picked for special training in Bermuda. While his men, like over-grown children, played leap-frog, or Priest of the Palace on the fore-deck, or made swings for the children in the steerage, Hibbert, in his navy-blue and gold-braid, sang for the ladies or played shuffle-board, or bet on the run or smoking, listened to the talk of the landsmen passengers.

“But how,” said someone to Hibbert in the smoke-room one night. “How do you fire a gun when a ship is rolling?”

It was the age-old question, and Hibbert blinked wearily.

“Oh—” he said, lightly, “you just—er—keep her on.”

“The gun you mean?”

“Of course.”

“But how do you keep in ‘on’?”

“By—oh, by twisting a bit of a wheel . . . light little thing . . . spin around with no effort at all.”

“And as the ship rolls or pitches the gunners keep raising or lowering the gun by means of the wheel till they fire?”

“Er—yes. Something like that,” replied Hibbert, “only, of course, we don’t call them—exactly gunners. Keeping the gun ‘on’ is really the gun-layer’s bit, y’know. Of course then the rest of the gun-crew—they have other things to look after—helping, y’know.” He tapped his pipe out. “It’s all simple.”

This sounded like a reproof. Navy men, like army men, don’t like talking shop. It is infra dig and bad form. It is not done. But a Canadian lad in the corner, on his way to England to take a flight-lieutenancy in the military arm of the Service, insisted on knowing all that was to be known.

“Well, lookout,” he said. “Can you tell me anyhow—how the devil is a battleship worked in a battle. Who says when to fire and what at, and—and all the rest of it? I wanta know?”

“So it seems,” drawled Hibbert, smiling. “But how can I tell you? One just—er—well one just fights the ship—that’s all.”

“Rats!” retorted the irreverent junior. “For instance, s’pose we’re a war ship sailin’ along an’ watchin’ out for the Germans. S’pose it’s day-light, so’s we can see and we know there’s German boats ahead.”

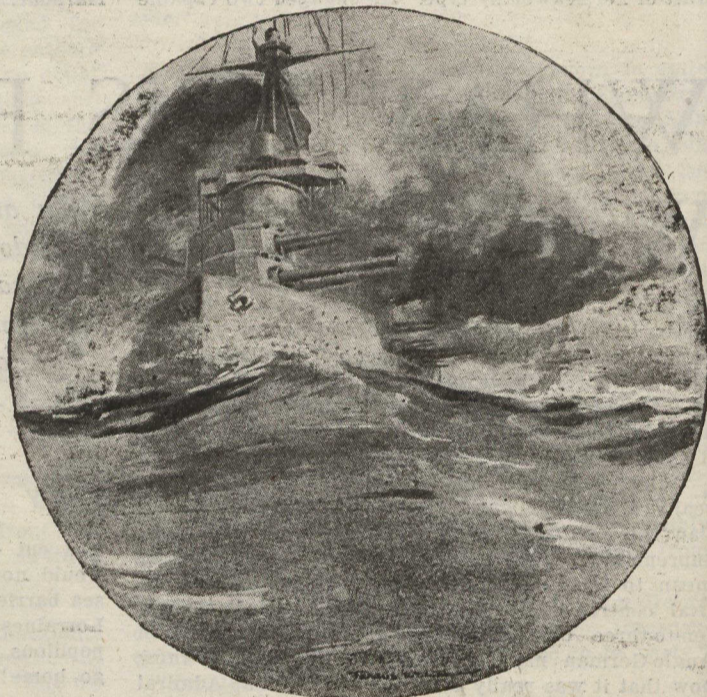
“Boats! You mean ships?”

“Sure! Anyway you like to call ‘em. Now—what d’ye do?”

Hibbert appeared to think deeply. Then he began: “Well,” he said, “to begin with, there is the navigating part of the ship and the fighting department. The navigating officer manoeuvres the vessel according to instructions from the admiral, or from the commander, that is, y’know, the officer in charge of the actual fighting.”

“Yes,” said the junior, eagerly.

“Well, leave the navigating side out of the question. That will simplify things. First of all, then, there are the men in fire-control stations—one in



the fore-top, like the crow’s nest on this ship, for example, only larger, of course; and the other in the main-top.”

“Way up on the masts?”

“Yes—call them that if you like.”

“How many men in the fore-top?”

“Seven.”

“And in the main-top?”

“Seven.”

“What do they do?”

“Well, take the fore-top—that is the fire-control station for all the forward guns, and it works in the same manner as the aft-fire-control station in the main-top, controlling after guns.

“First there is the control, or ‘spotting’ officer. He must see and identify the enemy.

“Yes.”

“Then there is a man to reckon how far away she is. He is called the range officer. Then two men to calculate the speed of the enemy and two to work out her course. They have instruments, y’know.”

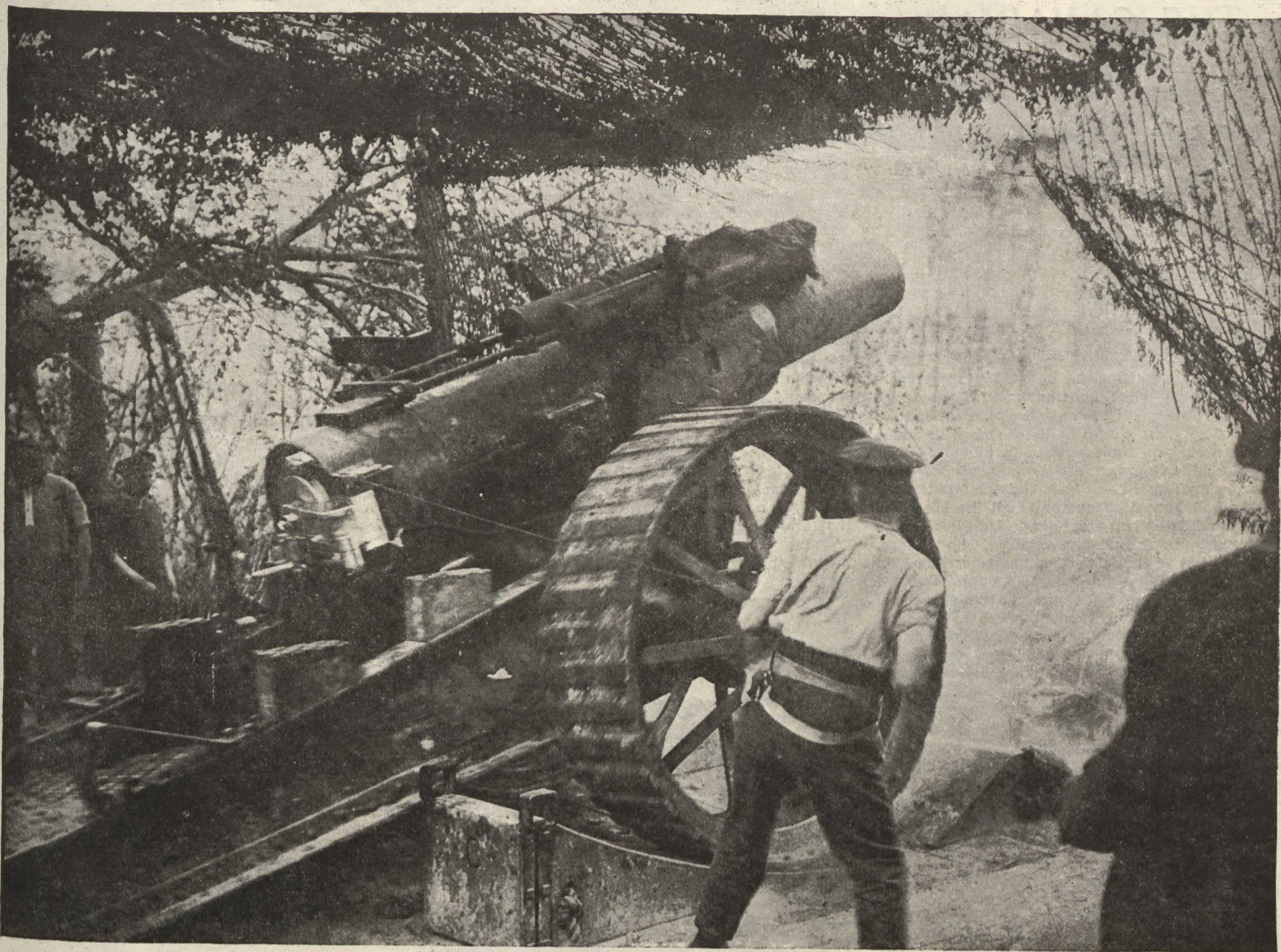
“That is only six.”

“Then there is the voice-pipe man to report what the others have to say about the enemy’s range, course and speed.”

“But who does he report it to?”

“In the case of the forward fire-control station, he reports to the forward transmission room. The after-control station reports to the after-transmission room. But if one transmission room is put out of action, the other can handle the reports from both

Concluded on page 20.)



OUR WAY OF HOLDING YPRES, AND OUR ANSWER TO THE GERMANS.

For the first time in our prosecution of the artillery war it is possible to count on our big guns as a part of the contest fit to compare with the gunnery of the Germans. We have long since known what the French 75's and 400 m.m.'s can do—what they have been doing and are now doing at Verdun. We are beginning to know what British big guns are able to accomplish; what they have now to do at the Ypres salient, which means as much to us as Verdun means to the French.



Steel helmets are now a regular feature of the western battle-front. The picture of this Algerian cavalcade riding near Calais looks as though it might have been staged as part of a Wagner music drama. They are all wearing the steel helmet. In previous wars 15 per cent. of wounds were in the head. One-third of this percentage penetrated the skull. One-half of this one-third were fatal. The steel helmet reduces the percentage of fatalities from head wounds to a minimum.

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Kitchener

WE MAY NOT GO so far as one newspaper poet last week when he translated K. of K. as King of kings. It is not necessary to load the memory of so great a man as Kitchener with adulation. He would be the last man to like it. Somewhere along the Orkney coast the body of that great warrior is drifting like a lost Viking of old. The man who had been a conqueror in all the hot countries on earth, who had waged war against all sorts of empire-disturbers and always won, who was regarded by most of the Empire as unconquerable, fell a victim to what the Admiralty call a mine. We still prefer to believe that the mine was about the shape of a submarine torpedo. Of this there is no evidence. Lord Kitchener had crossed the Channel many times and had once gone to the Dardanelles since the war began. It is unbelievable that spies did not know of his going. But he seemed to carry a charm. And he feared nothing.

When he boarded the Hampshire to go to Archangel—that rockbound route to Russia across the top of the world—he had with him the knowledge that the best of his work was done. He had raised the greatest army ever assembled without conscription and in size comparable to the greatest of the armies now fighting in Europe. In his forty years of service to the Empire he had led small armies in almost every kind of war except trench warfare—which to a man of his temperament was not war at all. He bent his mighty strength to the raising of an army that should meet modern conditions, as laid down by the war lords whose acquaintance he had very little made. He left it to another man to equip those armies with munitions. In the end of the second year of war he was just beginning to see where the impact of this mighty mob of his was going to be effective in ending the war—some time. In getting to that point he had fought more opposition and greater natural difficulties than ever he encountered in any of his marvellous campaigns in the hot countries. In his own way and with all the limitations of his genius he overcame them. We had learned to re-study Kitchener. In so doing we divested him of some of the glamour he wore in the Soudan and in South Africa. But he remained an essentially great soldier who had himself at the age of 64 learned to measure himself by a new and paralyzing kind of unwarlike warfare. Now that he is gone with the greatest volunteer army of all time past or future behind him, we prefer to think of Kitchener still as the man whom the late G. W. Steevens described so vividly in his book, Kitchener of Khartum. In those days he was the Sidar; and of him Steevens says:

"No general is unpopular who always beats the enemy. When the columns move out of camp in the evening to march all night, through the dark, they know not whither, and fight at dawn with an enemy they have never seen, every man goes forth with a tranquil mind. He may personally come back or he may not; but about the general result there is no doubt. You bet your boots the Sirdar knows; he wouldn't fight if he weren't going to win."

The memory of a soldier like that will live in the British army to the day when wars are done. We hazard a guess that Kitchener dead may do even more to stimulate the British army and nation to win the war than all that could have remained of Kitchener living. If the Germans killed Kitchener, for their own good they picked the wrong man.

Who's Hughes and Why?

IF THE POLITICAL GAME in the United States goes on the way it has been doing for the past number of years we shall eventually find Republicans and Democrats voting for principles instead of platforms or personalities. The Republicans have got Justice Hughes pitchforked upon them by the hand of fate. They have about as much warmth towards Hughes as they might have to St. Swithin after the 49th consecutive day of rain in harvest

time. Of course they may rally round the man who was once a very good Governor of New York and may help him to give President Wilson a real scare next November. But when they chose Hughes they did what the rank outsider might have guessed they would do. There was nothing new about the idea; nothing creative. Besides Judge Hughes has whiskers which always seem repellent these shaven days. So far as our memory extends the last President of the United States with whiskers was some one about the time of President Garfield. Since that time no party has gone wild over a candidate with whiskers. The last great furore was when in 1908 Roosevelt saddled the G.O.P. with Taft and they wanted Roosevelt four years more. The other creative episode in the history of parties in that country was when Bryan stepped on the stage in 1896 against McKinley. Since the fading of both Bryan and Roosevelt there seem to be no supreme creative moments and no surprises left in either party. Nobody ever could consider Woodrow Wilson a surprise. He was a calculation. No one can regard Hughes as a surprise. He is a nebular hypothesis. Roosevelt is always surprising; Bryan usually so. Roosevelt declines the Progressive nomination. He has some lurking desire up his sleeve. What is it? Did he want the G.O.P. nomination after he had given the Old Guard that bad taste in the mouth in 1912? Did he expect that they would be so afraid of the resurrected Progressives that they would be afraid to face Wilson without them? Well, evidently they are—and in all



Judge Hughes, nominee of the Republican Convention in Chicago, may have to put on other clothes than these to beat President Wilson next November.

probability unless Roosevelt's resurrected join forces with the G.O.P., Woodrow Wilson will be President again, by an act of fate. Meanwhile the Democrats are entitled to look wise and ask: "Who's Hughes and Why?"

Could He Answer

SUPPOSE, AT ONE OF THESE inter-ally conferences the chairman were to turn to Canada's representative and say:

"See here! We older nations think you ought to have first say as to what you Canadians would like in the way of concessions that would keep your foreign trade? Speak up. Ask what you like!"

Could our representative answer? Could any Canadian—anybody at all say just what Canada would like?

No one could.

And why?

Because we have no general national idea of what we ought to seek or could seek in the way of foreign trade. Our competitors would like nothing better than to see us remain as we have been and as we still are to a large extent—sellers of raw materials: wheat, fish, beef, ores, timbers. But in this respect

we can't consent to oblige them. Yet, if we had our choice, what would we say?

Some day we will get a programme for Canadian economic development laid out. But will it be in time?

Subjects for Controversy

NO HERESY-HUNTS graced the recent church parliaments held in this country. The Anglicans, the Presbyterians and the Methodists held their respective deliberations without any sensational disputations over the meanings of particular biblical passages.

This is not a sign that the clergy are any sweeter tempered, but indicates that there has been a wholesome influx of new and larger ideas into the minds of all men. The tendency to assert and to dispute, whether on religious topics, politics, sport or tea-party etiquette, is not only normal but necessary. It indicates life and tenacity, spirit and faith on the part of the disputants.

But it will surely be many a decade before mankind returns to the petty controversies so popular in high places in recent years. There will soon be big timber to be cut and no need to trifle with chips.

A Flanders Legacy

A STORY OF OLD Canadian days has a present significance:

A poverty-stricken family in a backwoods township lost one of its sons in the second North-west rebellion. It was a family with no education, no traditions, and very little pride. The son had not even been an obedient son, nor a particular heroic figure for an example to his younger brothers. Yet war brought out in him a latent, unsuspected heroism, and by his death he bequeathed to the backwoods family a tradition. That tradition is to be traced to the present day, for it transformed the lives of the other brothers. It renewed the pride of manhood in them. The hero's death, reminding them of the heroic stuff of which they too were made, caused them to look for the opportunity to live with some flavour of heroic quality.

So to-day, though our bereaved Canadian homes may not have been as poor in tradition as this older home, they nevertheless receive with the grave news from France, a legacy of inspiration. The death of our men ennobles not only families but whole villages and towns—the Dominion itself. We are reminded of the heroic quality of our kind and compelled to recognize, honour it, and give heroism its place in our sometimes over-crowded lives.

Religion, too, often stops at teaching us how to live. War teaches us how brave men die. The one lesson is fully as important as the other.

It Is To Explain

THIS issue of the Courier involves a change of clothes. For the first time in its history the paper is printed on a web press. This explains the wider margins than usual, the altered arrangement of the half-tone cuts and the difference in the material of the stock. Ever since its inception the Courier has been printed on flat-bed presses, fed by sheets of paper in forms, each form containing four, eight, or sixteen pages. This means comparatively slow printing. It is the old method—and a good one. Leaving speed out of the question a paper can be printed just as well on a flat-bed press as on a modern web press printing from rolls of paper. But much time is lost in the process. It takes several hours for instance to make a form ready for a flat-bed press after it leaves the composing-room. All the cuts and the headings and every part of the type must be made exactly type-high. The surface of the form must be as level as a pane of glass to avoid irregularities in printing. And when it is ready to run the maximum speed is only about one thousand sheets an hour.

The web press, on which all but the cover of this issue is printed, uses instead of a flat form of type and cuts, revolving cylinders; instead of sheets of paper, a web of paper. To get the pages ready they must be either stereotyped or electrotyped. Once they are transferred to the cylinder, as is done in all daily newspapers of any size, they are ready to run; when they begin to run they go at high speed; and before they leave the press they are folded, trimmed and stitched ready for sending out. The wider margin is caused by the use of a different size of paper in rolls from that called for in the flat sheets. The altered arrangement of the illustrations is due to the fact that every page which carries a half-tone engraving must be electrotyped, which takes several hours, whereas stereotyping on the pages which have no illustrations except zinc line cuts such as cartoons, etc., takes but a few minutes. The present issue is somewhat of an experiment. Future issues may see still further changes with a possible narrowing of the margins by setting the type wider. But it is due to our readers who have followed the form of the Canadian Courier for years that they understand at least in outline the reason for the change in the paper's appearance.



Entering the Buffs' Garden Party at Benvenuto.



Regina girls who danced the minuet in "Chanson et Crinoline."



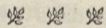
Miss Josephine Carlyle and Miss Clara Flavell selling sweets.

At the Sign of the Maple

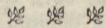
EDITED BY ESTELLE M. KERR

Military Garden Parties

EVEN in times of national tragedy, individual cheerfulness must be maintained, and the celebrations of the King's birthday proceeded just as if the papers had not announced a great naval disaster. The most welcome of all social gaieties are those that go to help our soldiers, particularly when some of the brave boys not yet gone overseas can share them with us. That is why such a crowd of people took advantage of the occasion when Sir William and Lady Mackenzie threw open their beautiful grounds at Benvenuto, Toronto, for a garden party in aid of the 198th Canadian Buffs. Mrs. John A. Cooper, wife of Lt.-Col. Cooper, the former editor of this paper, received with Lady Mackenzie, while other officers' wives, sisters and sweethearts assisted in looking after the comforts of the guests or sold candies of their own manufacture to further augment the funds of the battalion. Refreshments were served in a large marquee and dancing took place on a floor especially laid on the tennis court, while two orchestras and the Battalion band added greatly to the enjoyment.

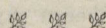


THE most charming features of the afternoon were the "Dance of the Wood Nymphs" and "Dance of the Greek Vase," for which the trees and flowering shrubs formed such an excellent setting, and the final number, a minuet, danced by the young officers of the regiment and a dozen pretty girls in full-skirted muslin frocks and wide picture hats, was extremely picturesque.



NOT only society people, but many figures of military importance were present. Lt.-Col. Cooper was, of course, very much in evidence. Sir John Eaton was a conspicuous figure in his uniform of Honorary Colonel. Col. Panning, of the Headquarters Staff, was there, and His Grace Archbishop McNeil and Provost Macklem represented the clergy. Altogether, the occasion was a most festive one, and it needed only the glad news brought by the evening papers which allayed our worst fears, to make the occasion a real celebration.

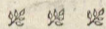
But there were pictures whichever way one turned, for the sun shone on the dainty summer dresses grouped around the fountain in the sunken garden and glistened through the vines on the pergola and the scent of the lilacs was sweet and the sky so blue that war seemed very far away and the khaki but a costume designed solely for garden parties—and surely the most becoming costume in the world!



Garden Craft

ANOTHER good way of helping our battalions in June was adopted by the Garden Craft Club, who held a garden party and bazaar at the residence of the president, Mrs. J. J. Gibbons, Toronto, in aid of the units in which the fourteen young lady members were most interested. They all have brothers either in the 41st Battery, the 4th Mounted Rifles, the 134th Battalion or the P. P. C. L. I. Garden furniture, gardening aprons, plants and rose trees were for sale, also a great many articles that had been designed, made or painted by club members, including watering cans, window boxes, hanging bas-

kets and gardening smocks. Bird-houses to suit the requirements of many varieties of feathered songsters, and cement baths for their use, were particularly attractive. Miss Gladys Burns, in a gardening hat and apron, sold vegetables which she and Miss Nairns had cultivated themselves. Tea was served amongst the lilac bushes, and the garden party was not only pretty—as garden fetes always are—but interesting and instructive as well.



"Chanson et Crinoline"

THIS name was given to a delightful concert held recently in Regina, for the benefit of the 195th Battalion. The music and costumes were both of the crinoline period, and eight girls danced a minuet.



Lady Mackenzie and Mrs. Cooper receiving the guests of the 198th, at the garden party at Benvenuto, Saturday of last week.

The programme was arranged by Miss Eva M. Clare and Mrs. Charles Ivey. Mrs. Ivey's husband, from London, Ontario, is now serving in England.

The Dew Drop Inn

A REAL Canadian Tea Shop has been established at Folkestone, England, and it is already very popular. The decorations are all of rose pink, and the young ladies dispensing tea are dressed in the same hue, with dotted muslin caps and aprons. The

idea originated with Mrs. McAvity, wife of Major McAvity, of St. John, N.B., now living in Folkestone, and her staff includes Miss Edith McLachlan, Toronto; Miss Kitty Hughes, niece of Sir Sam (her engagement lately announced to Lieut. John Gzowski, of Toronto); Mrs. Henry Newell Bate, Ottawa; Mrs. Robertson (daughter of Sir George and Lady Perley); Miss Widmer Brough (niece of General McDougall); Miss Gwen King-Mason, of Saskatoon; Mrs. Hutton Crowdy, and Mrs. Gordon McGillivray, of Montreal; Miss Merritt, St. Catharines; Miss Mann, Folkestone; and Mrs. Haultain, Ottawa.

The proceeds from the daily teas go to buy comforts for the men in hospitals, and this is an added reason why so many soldiers respond eagerly to the invitation—if you change the spelling on the sign-board—and "Do drop in."

Convalescent Homes

Kingswood

A CANADIAN woman who has been very busy in England is Mrs. Edward V. Reynolds, of Toronto, who had charge of the outfitting of Kingswood Convalescent Home for Wounded Soldiers, given and maintained by the Massey-Harris Co. The opening of the hospital, which occurred on June 1st, took the form of a garden party, and was attended by 300 people. Among the speakers were Sir George Perley, Col. Sir Charles Wakefield, Lord Mayor of London, who declared Kingswood open; Col. McLaren, of the Medical Service, and Col. Noel Marshall.

Waratah

AN appeal is now made for another Canadian Convalescent Home in England, organized by Miss Winnifred Lewis, of Ottawa, who has had valuable experience in convalescent work in England during the past year as Secretary-Registrar of Luton House, in the Shorncliffe area. The new convalescent home will be in the London area, and a beautiful old English house, Waratah, remodeled with up-to-date equipment has been chosen at Chiselhurst, 12 miles from London. The house, which is surrounded by woods, will accommodate about seventy-five beds, but only fifty will be provided for the present, and \$8,000 will be required for the equipment.

Canadians in England

HEARING of so much interesting work that is being done in England makes us anxious to cross the ocean, but the powers that be are trying to impress the fact upon us that we can do our bit much better by remaining at home. Canadian women are swarming to England to be near their husbands, sons and brothers. A few of them have found useful work to do, but the majority report that only skilled workers are wanted, and so they are loading Britain with a useless population—worse than useless—for that country requires every ounce of food, every inch of boat space, for the effective prosecution of the war. Canadian soldiers would infinitely prefer to be deprived of the limited comfort their wives can be to them while in training, or on leave, if they realized that they are interfering with a speedy termination of the war.

What's What the World Over

Interesting Phases of the World's Thinking and Doing as Recorded in Current Periodicals

What Romeo Houle Experienced

ROMEO HOULE tells one of the most graphic war stories ever printed from experience, in a recent issue of the New York Times Magazine section. He is an American who enlisted from New Bedford, Mass. He does not state, but it is inferential, that he is a French-Canadian by descent. He enlisted in a French-Canadian battalion, the 65th Regiment—of Northwest Rebellion fame in 1885—which became the 14th Battalion in the first overseas contingent. His experiences are told in vivid American style in an effort to rouse Americans to what is going on in Europe. What he went through months ago in the 14th Battalion has very recently been repeated in the case of thousands of Canadians who have gone through the battle for the Ypres salient. Romeo Houle says:

The true story of the trenches has never been told. I know, because for many months I have lived in trenches. I have slept daily in dread of bullet, shrapnel, mine, and deadly gas; and nightly in fear of mine and gas—and the man-eating rats.

I am one of the few soldiers living who entered the front trenches at the opening of the war and who lived to fight the Germans in the front trenches in February, 1916. Of my original company (the Fourth of the Fourteenth Battalion, Third Brigade, First Canadian Division), which marched away to that hell at Laventie and Ypres so gayly—500 brave boys—I am one of the sixteen who survive. And returning unexpectedly, snatched by the American Government out of the very jaws of death, with the mud of the trenches still upon my clothing, I discovered how much American people have been talking of the trenches and how little, after all, they really know.

Who has seen hell? Who has experienced the horrors of Milton's terrible vision or the slow tortures of Dante's Inferno? God! If Dante's dream madness were truth, and those seven circles were seven encircling battle lines in Northern France or the torn fringe of brave little Belgium, I could stand up and say there is no agony of body or mind which I have not seen, which I have not experienced. I thank God and give Him the glory that I still am sane.

Gas? What do you know about it, you people who never heard earth and heaven rock with the frantic turmoil of the ceaseless bombardment? A crawling yellow cloud that pours in upon you, that gets you by the throat and shakes you as a huge mastiff might shake a kitten, and leaves you burning in every nerve and vein of your body with pain unthinkable; your eyes starting from their sockets; your face turned yellow-green.

Rats? What did you ever read of the rats in the trenches? Next to gas, they still slide on their fat bellies through my dreams.

Stench? Did you ever breathe air foul with the gases arising from a thousand rotting corpses?

Dirt? Have you ever fought half madly through days and nights and weeks unwashed, with feverish rests between long hours of agony, while the guns boom their awful symphony of death, and the bullets zip-zip-zip ceaselessly along the trench edge that is your skyline—and your deathline, too, if you stretch and stand upright?

I am an American by birth and a barber by occupation. I have shaved men for my living in New Bedford, Mass., and have shaved soldiers of necessity in time to the crackling of rifles in Northern France. I chanced to be in Montreal when England declared war. That was on August 4th, 1914. On August 10 I enlisted in the Sixty-fifth Regiment of French-Canadians, commanded by Major Barre, of Montreal. There were two New England boys with me in the regiment—Henri Bertrand, of Attleboro and a fellow named Collette from New Bedford. There were 500 French-Canadians—then—between the ages of 18 and 28. I left most of them buried in unmarked graves.

We left Montreal on August 25 for Valcartier, where they made out of a fair barber a good soldier, I think. The Duke and Duchess of Connaught inspected us at Valcartier, and a brave sight we were in our new uniforms and our full and gallant ranks. But the Duke and Duchess would have shuddered could they have inspected us, say at Cunchy or Messines. Our 500 got thinner the older the war grew. Our 500 will be gone, I think, all gone but me, before the war is over.

It was on September 25 that I sailed with my regiment for Plymouth, England, on board the Cunarder Alunia. There were 1,000 men on board, half English, half French. Thirty-three vessels sailed together in three rows of eleven boats each, with three cruisers to left and three to right of us, and one before and one behind to guard us. So great was our dread of German torpedoes and mines, it took us twenty-one days to cross.

I was in the Seventh and Eighth Companies of this French-Canadian regiment, the Sixty-fifth, but at the front my company was known as the Fourth of the Fourteenth Battalion, Third Brigade, First Canadian Division.

I slept in my blanket, my first night under fire, with a lump of cheese at my feet, as a bribe to the rats to spare my face. Not that I slept much. The night rocked with sound. The night is the true time for fighting, and the wire-cutters were creeping about on their dangerous errands between the trenches. The rockets now and then hissed skyward, throwing their powerful flares of light over the darkened world. Wounded men groaned. And rats, like flies in summer, scuttled about, making queer noises, which we could hear in momentary lulls. I had not lain there long before an officer called for volunteers to examine the land between our trench and the enemy's and repair our broken barbed wire entanglements. The wires are destroyed every day by the

bombardment, and must be repaired every night. It is a most dangerous duty. Yet, I gladly volunteer, with Aurele, Auguste, and other friends.

While we were at work upon the wires the Germans threw up some flares and turned our protecting darkness into the glare of midday. They poured upon us a deadly fire. We dropped among the dead bodies which littered the ground. And long I lay, sprawled across the corpse of some brave German



His Nightmare!
—From the N. Y. World.

lad killed there many days before—constrained to feign death to save my life. But we did not all escape. Martin of Montreal was killed and many of our little party were wounded. But, as usual, I came back at last, moving painfully on my stomach, uninjured. I reported to Captain Desserre and told him all that I had heard and seen. And then I went back to sleep upon empty sandbags; and a cold, cold night it was.

I awoke at 7 o'clock, sore and stiff. I soon had kindled a little fire and cooked a slice of bacon and steeped a little tea for my chum, Aurele Roy, of Montreal, and myself.

"I can lick the whole German army alone this morning!" I exclaimed in French, warmed by the tea.

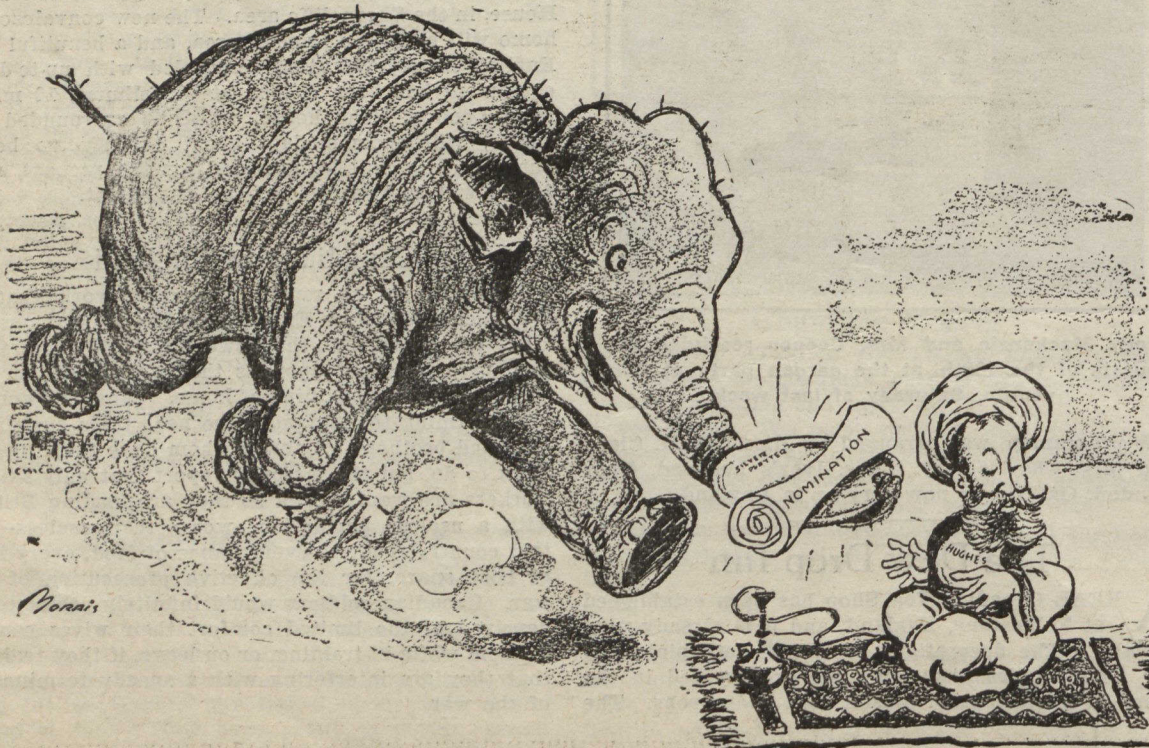
"Not alone!" cried Roy, reviving also under the influence of our breakfast, "for if you begin to lick 'em, I'll be beside you." And we laughed together, little dreaming how soon our brave words would be put to the test.

Arthur Robillard, a car conductor back in Montreal, was on guard duty. I was roused when he fell over me. As I sat up something got me by the throat and began to strangle out my life. The air was rent with awful cries. Many of my comrades lay dying and dead about me. I hurled myself in semi-madness into a huge crater near by, made by a bursting shell. There was a little muddy water at the bottom, and I fell in it, face down.

The water relieved me a little, and I wet my handkerchief in it and covered my face. The green, stinking air was thus shut out, and I began to breathe easier. I crawled out, and half blindly sought my unconscious chum, dragging him back ten yards into the crater where the water was. I laid him face downward there, and he, too, revived a little, and there we lay, waiting for death.

Ten minutes later, I heard a shouting, and knew that the Germans were coming fast. Then I ran back into my trench, got my gun, and began firing as fast as I could. The rifle soon became so hot that it burned my hands. I threw it down and began throwing bombs. The order to retreat to the next trench came. My half-strangled comrade was with me. We ran together and, looking back, saw the big, strapping gray fellows of the Teuton army leaping down into our trench.

Somehow we got hold of two machine guns, and



Will the Mountain Come to Mahomet?—And It Did.

—From the Independent.

placed them where they would do the most good. One of these was running 560 shots a minute, and the other—blessed French destroyer!—was pouring out death at the rate of 700 shots a minute.

I shall never forget those Germans. When our guns suddenly spoke their front line melted; their second crumpled before this destruction; but on, on they came, unflinching, marching with even steps into certain death. We were like lions at bay.

suggestion at once plunges us into the most acrimonious party politics.

The whole question of industrial relations in this country has a sinister background which seems to be unknown to the cheery optimists who shout for an economic war. It is a background of interrupted strife of the most determined character which is only waiting the conclusion of the war to be resumed with undiminished ardour. If the war had not oc-

output is contrary to their interests. It is up to the employers to take the lead and convince the men that increased output is to the advantage of both and will not be rewarded by lowering wage rates. I have indeed heard an employer say, "I wish to goodness all my men were earning £10 a week; it would be the cheapest stuff I ever turned out." But he was a rare bird, and I am afraid such views are inconceivable to most. Instead of new ideas, modern methods and better relations, what both sides are contemplating is the old rut and a battle royal. They are yearning to be at each other's throats; not everywhere and not in all trades, but in some very important centres and in some vital industries.

We shall go into peace with this prospect of unprecedented industrial turmoil and strife before us; and on the top of that will be all the political strife—Home Rule and the rest of it. In other words, the prospect is civil war, and that without any reference to the real war. But the termination and result of the latter will make all the difference. If the war ends with a changed and chastened Germany, less convinced of her superiority, less aggressive, less ambitious, more pre-occupied with setting her own house in order than with plans for dominating her neighbours, we may get through our troubles. But if the war ends in a stalemate and leaves Germany with the military regime intact, animated with the same aims and ambitions, bent on the eventual control of the sea and the downfall of the British Empire, we shall surely go down unless we altogether change our ways. We shall be in no position to meet the commercial competition with which she will immediately proceed to undermine our strength by means of carefully prepared and methodical plans. That is what the Germans intend, and they are eager for peace in order to begin. Other competitors, more formidable than ever, will also have the advantage of us. Our industrial system will be in chaos through the mad conflict between employers and employed, and when we emerge it will be too late. The persons who talk about the economic war and promise themselves the crushing of German commerce and industry are like children playing over a rattlesnake's hole and anticipating the pleasure of pulling it out by the tail.

I think the war will end in an industrial revolution here. The only chance for us is to see that it also ends in a moral and political revolution in Germany.

What the Luxemburg Thinks

THOUGH the people of the Luxemburg seldom get into print since the day when Germany sent her armies marching through that little country, they are, nevertheless, keenly interested in the big war at their very doors, and have opinions worth knowing if one could only get close enough to them. Francis Gribble, a writer in the Edinburgh



HUGHES AT THE IMPERIAL CONFERENCE

ASQUITH: "David, talk to him in Welsh and pacify him!"

This Hughes is not General Sam, nor the Republican candidate, but Premier Hughes, of Australia, who holds the record for overseas long-distance oratory in London.

It was out lives or the Germans'. Then, as fourteen of us fought together, a bomb dropped amid us, and killed eleven. I came to consciousness, lying in the bottom of a trench, with Roy leaning over me.

"Are you living, Romeo?" he exclaimed in amazement. I rose dizzily. He and I and one other stood alone among our eleven dead friends.

Post-Bellum Revolutions

INDUSTRIAL revolution in England after the war is only one of "the trials to come" of which Dr. Arthur Shadwell writes in the Nineteenth Century for May. He claims that the nation has two great trials before it—(1) the prosecution of the war to a satisfactory conclusion; (2) the resumption of civil life afterwards. Both will put the character of our people to a far severer test than anything we have yet gone through. The problems involved by each are different and governed by different factors, but the conditions after war depend so much on the manner of its termination and the international relations so established that the two must be considered together.

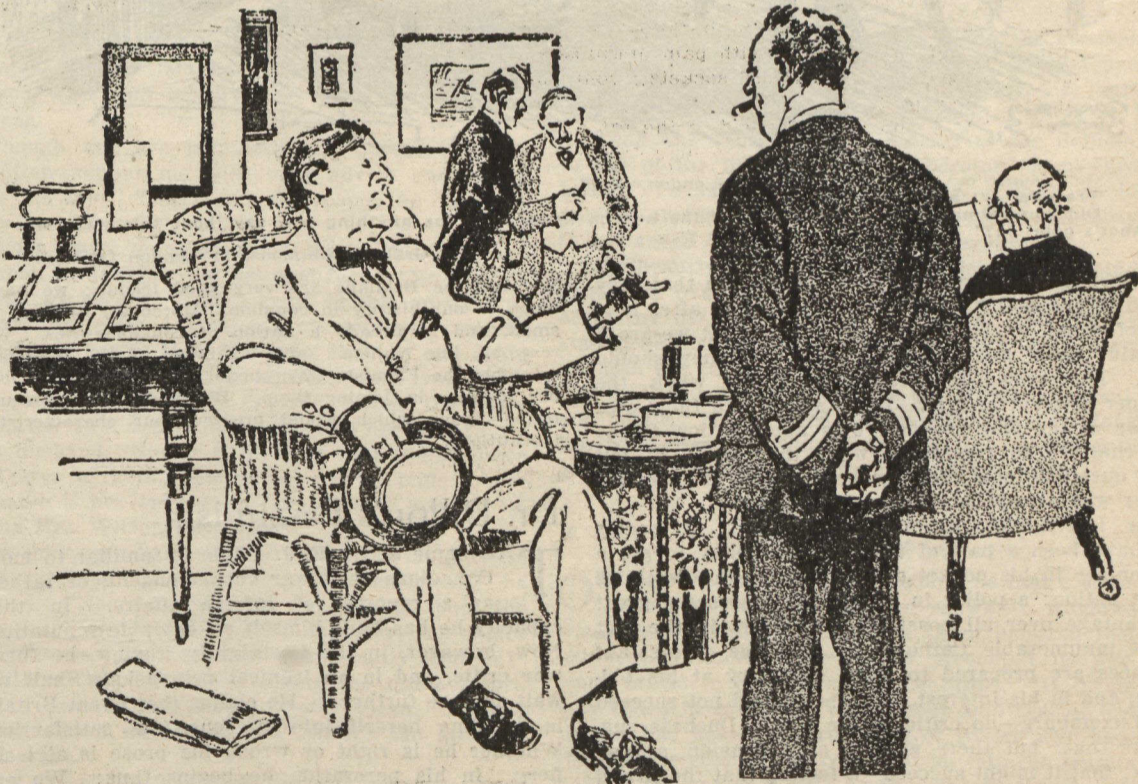
Trade relations with other countries cannot again be as they were; which means that they will be more difficult, because they have previously run in the direction of least resistance. There are some sentimental reasons which must not be undervalued, though I shall not dwell upon them. If this had been an ordinary war waged in an honourable manner they would have vanished at the touch of peace. But we cannot forget—and if we could ought not to forget—such names as Louvain, Lusitania, Cavell, and Wittenberg. We have no feelings against the Turks as enemies or against the Austrians and Hungarians so far as I know; but the river of blood that has flowed between Germany and the Allies cannot be readily bridged, nor will the cement of common sacrifice between the Allies be easily dissolved.

But there are more solid and permanent reasons than those for a change of relations. The war has revealed great weaknesses and dangers in our economic life. In the first place we have allowed, as other nations have allowed, the Germans to get a grip upon our internal affairs, which is incompatible with independence and self-respect and indeed with national safety. It nearly strangled our freedom of action in regard to the war, and is even now tying them. We must have no more "peaceful penetration." In the second place we have had brought home to us the danger of dependence on foreign countries for important materials which we can produce ourselves. We have started making them, and the intention is to go on, but it will not be carried out without a great deal of trouble. This is going to be a matter of extraordinary difficulty. These industries cannot be developed without some protection, which is counter to the principle of free importation, and the

adjusted we should before this have witnessed an industrial conflict certainly on a large scale and probably more violent than any known before. The elements not only remain in full force, but they have been reinforced by circumstances attending the war. The trade unions have been asked to suspend their rules and customs, and to a very considerable extent—though not the extent commonly believed—they have done so. It is a great sacrifice on their part and it deserves full recognition.

The unprecedented earnings in some trades will themselves be another cause of trouble peculiar to this country. They have set a new standard of living which will not be readily relinquished.

It will be impossible to go back altogether to the old conditions. Some industries have been revolutionized and the whole outlook is changed. The re-



Naval Officer—"What would your country do in the event of joining the Allies?"
American—"Waal, we'd get along an' hustle the Teutons out of the Kiel Canal to begin with."
Drawn by Bert Thomas, in London Opinion.

adjustment really requires a corresponding revision of ideas on the part both of employer and employed. The former needs to abandon the idea that if he is paying wages beyond a certain arbitrary limit fixed in his head he is being ruined. The latter need to abandon their idea that there is a fixed amount of work to go round, and that increased

Review (the first quarter this year), gives an interesting account of his impressions as a visitor in a small Luxemburg town since the war. Speaking of the people themselves he says:

If they chuckled over every story of German discomfiture, they also looked before and after and speculated as to the future of their country. Before

the war, there were a few among them who questioned the value of their political isolation, saying that "small countries have small ideas"; but that sentiment did not survive the outbreak of war, and was never very widespread. The general feeling was expressed in the refrain of the national anthem: "We want to remain what we are." The sincerity of Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg's announcement that he had done Luxemburg a wrong for which he meant to make full reparation may perhaps be gauged from the fact that the singing of that song was forbidden. The suppression of it was certainly one of the things that made the Luxemburgers most indignant; and it was also a grievance with them that none of the guarantors of the Neutrality Treaty of 1867 had instantly flown to arms when the neutrality was violated. Their amour-propre was a little hurt at the thought that the cause of Belgium had been taken up so much more promptly than theirs; and they wondered whether their rights would be as safe as those of the Belgians in the hands of the Allies.

It was gratifying, at any rate, to find them confident that the Allies would have the last word in this matter. Never, after the check of the Marne, did I find any doubt in Luxemburg that Germany would ultimately be beaten. The soldiers who returned from the front brought with them more tales of carnage than of victory; and that impressed the uneducated. The educated had reasoned the matter out. They were equally convinced that it would be a long business and that Germany would eventually

than accept the hand of a Hohenzollern; and if she did contract such a marriage she would infallibly lose her throne as soon as Luxemburg was free to take it from her. Such loyalty as would prevent such a proceeding does not exist in Luxemburg. Loyalty there means loyalty to the State, not loyalty to any given ruler of the State.

On the whole, therefore, one may say that the essential factors of nationality are present in Luxemburg and the Luxemburgers certainly have the feeling and pride of nationality. At the same time the Kaiser's contempt for his own honour has somewhat shaken their faith in the value of guarantees of neutrality; so that a talk with them about their future was apt to run on the following lines:

"We would prefer, of course, if possible, to remain what we are."

"I know. It may be possible. In fact I see no reason why it should not be. But if there must be a change—if you must, for your own protection, be included in some larger political unity . . . ?"

"Not in Germany, at any rate. You know how the Prussians treat the Poles, the Danes, the Alsations. Why should they be likely to treat us differently?"

"In France, then?"

"That would be more tolerable. The French are sympathetic. We get on very well with them. Still we feel that our national identity would soon be lost in France; and that is what we want to avoid."

"Would the same objection apply to union with Belgium?"

"A little, perhaps, but certainly not to the same extent."



Old Countryman—"You're jest from London, Sir?"
Traveller—"I am."
Old Countryman—"Could you tell me if the London newspapers 'as anything tew say 'bout this y'ere war that's goin' on?"

—By Graham Simmons, in London Opinion.

be worn down. It was on that assumption that they used to ask me: "What will happen to us after it is over? Shall we be allowed to remain what we are?" I said that I knew of no reason why they should not. I promised to plead their cause when the proper moment arrived. But I also asked their own views of the matter—their own appreciation of the alternatives to remaining what they were. I put the question to a good many of them, and the answer was always pretty much the same.

In Luxemburg, as in the Balkans, it seems to have been a part of the Kaiser's policy to get a potentate in his pocket and so control the destinies of a nation: a policy in which he possesses a great advantage over all possible competitors in the fact that innumerable Catholic as well as Protestant princes are prepared to reign or marry at his bidding and in his interest. The policy did not succeed in Luxemburg—no critic of the Grand Duchess suggests that; but there was an apprehension, at one time, that it might succeed—a feeling that the Grand Duchess was, in a general way, "too fond of Prussians," and would very likely end by marrying a Prussian prince. The Kaiser, according to popular rumour, has not yet abandoned the hope that she may do so, and has proposed a member of his own family as a suitor for her hand; but there is no chance whatever of his getting his way. The Grand Duchess—I once more quote popular rumour—says that she would sooner end her days in a nunnery

We and the Belgians are very good friends; we have much of our history in common. Moreover, Belgium is small, and is already a nation of conglomerates. We resemble the Walloons quite as much as the Walloons resemble the Flemish. We should not feel that we lost our identity in joining them. We could join on equal terms—terms which would preserve our characteristic institutions."

Dr. Dillon's Pessimism

THE name of Dr. E. J. Dillon is familiar to most Canadians as a war correspondent, or rather, as a reporter of foreign affairs. In that capacity he has built himself an enviable reputation. Now, however, in the Fortnightly Review, he turns war critic, and in an ironical vein asks, "Shall we wait and see further?" He claims that Great Britain is deluding herself into a sense of satisfaction. Whether he is right or wrong his prose is at least fiery. In his peroration he begins thus: We are not winning this war. Nor do we stand a chance of winning if it continue to be conducted some time longer by the men of routine whose ingrained defects evoke a counter-spirit that vitiates, thwarts, corrodes. One is amazed at their dimness of apprehension of what this struggle means to the British Empire and race, and at their apparent faintness of sympathy with the people's deepest instincts and generous ardours. To those placid politicians the

struggle is hardly yet a reality. They believe in it by an effort of the intellect, but it does not touch them as it touches the French and the Russians. They fail to gauge the magnitude of the issues, the odds against us, and the tremendous effort now needed if we are to arrive at the goal. For their minds, islanded by irrelevant aims and interests, are kept from contact with the quickening influences of the historic movement that is shaking the foundations of civilized community life. They have no true conception of the world-struggle in the course of which nations are going under and races will die.

The Germans, on the contrary, have been winning steadily during the twenty months' struggle, and are still advancing. They have wrested from the Allies vast stretches of fertile territory exceeding in area the whole German Empire. Despite our blockade, they are not dying of hunger. Their output of munitions is incomparably greater than ours. They have no labour problem. Their reserves of men amount to some seven millions. So long as they possess a printing press they will not be crippled by lack of funds. In spite of their formidable manpower, they are careful never to risk a heavy loss without ensuring an adequate return. They undertake no operation which is not an integral part of the plan of campaign. Upon agriculture and industry they bestow the same painstaking care that marks their conduct of the war. And they judge the tree they are thus cultivating by its fruits. Hence the Prussian War Minister's remark: "A hundred metres of trenches have more value for me than the finest speeches."

What, in these circumstances, awaits us in the future?

It is for the nation to ask itself the question: "Can inefficiency hope to beat efficiency, chaos triumph over organization, the blind force of the angry bull overmatch the intelligent manoeuvres of the matador and his assistants?" The corollary to the negative answers which these queries must evoke is the displacement of the Government responsible for the lack of plan, the disorganization of the nation's forces, and the dissipation of its substance, which have nullified the efforts of the past twenty months.

No political critic of average intelligence and patriotism wants a change of Cabinet for the mere sake of making an experiment nor yet for purposes of home politics. Parties and individuals go for nothing to-day. Neither will it be denied that if one might judge them, not by what they have done, but by what they would fain do, the members of the Cabinet have striven honestly if unavailingly to fight the nation's battle. But after twenty months of incoherent ideas, chaotic forces, and dismal failures, and with a very short span of time left during which radical reform may perhaps help us to success, deeds, not words, are peremptorily required.

In Conservative as well as Liberal circles the stereotyped answer to all demands for a change of Government is the impossibility of finding any successor to the Premier. Is that plea admissible? That there is neither a Pitt nor a Palmerston in evidence among the official candidates may be granted. But will it be seriously maintained that there is no strong man in Great or Greater Britain who could, I do not say emulate the great leaders of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, but transact the affairs of the country much more successfully than the men who are responsible for the forfeiture of all our political advantages in the Balkans, for the Dardanelles fiasco, for the Mesopotamian expedition? If that proposition be tenable, there is little scope for men like Mr. Hughes and General Botha, and scant hope for the Empire.

What is needed is not a political, but a war Cabinet, not a little Parliament of twenty-two theorists, but half a dozen live men who grasp the problem in its entirety, know how to deal with it effectively, and are invested with full powers which they are minded to wield by sweeping aside all the debris of our past follies and all hindrances that lie between us and our aim. By such a committee the mistakes of the past might possibly be repaired and the struggle wrought out to the only issue that will avail us aught. This reversal of policy might even now prove belated, but if the feat be still possible it can be achieved in no other way.

For we are not winning the war, nor are we adopting the means to win it. Shall the causes that have baulked us thus far be kept operative in the future? Shall we continue to follow blindly the leaders who, professing their forefeeling of the glorious mission reserved for our race, are manifestly contributing to the disintegration of the Empire? Are they to be proclaimed indispensable because unmatched in the art of subordinating the essential to the subsidiary? The trend of their efforts has been to press a world crisis into the compass of insular politics, and the result has been to inoculate the nation with the bacteria of general paralysis. A little while longer, and we shall be slouching into irreparable disaster.

THE SORROWS THAT MAKE A NATION

By THE EDITOR

CANADA is in mourning. Her tears are not those of friends at a funeral, but the quick, impetuous tears of a people in action. We brush them away as we go about our work, knowing that in the battle front where Canadians once again have fought as bravely as men ever did in a desperate plight, our soldiers were far too hard at work to shed tears themselves. In this war it is becoming more and more a fact that the people at home must themselves be soldiers. In other wars when the boys went forth we regarded them as a more or less professional army gallantly making their way against odds above ground, losing a few hundreds here and there—presently coming home again with the glory of battle still round and about them.

All that is changed in an underground, overhead war that kills and disables in one battle, not hundreds but thousands of Canadians. We no longer pause to count the exact number, knowing that a war which has taken 20,000,000 of the best men in the world to fight one another to a finish is no respecter of battalions, divisions or army corps. We in Canada are dealing in action with armies, not with regiments. It is only when the

casualty lists begin to come in while the battle still rages that the identical brigade, the battalion, the company—the individual man, becomes for the time being the one object of anxious, searching inquiry.

The shock of the latest battle of the many battles at Ypres has been felt in every Province in Canada. There was no city too large that on some street, some house number, the blow was not likely to descend. There was no village so small in any remote part of a vast country where some little home tucked away among the June-leaved trees was not likely to be changed, just by reading the casualty list in a newspaper, from a house of hope into a house of mourning.

That much is the personal and sacred right of every man, woman and child at home—to mourn for the brave dead who went down in the smoke and shock of action, some of them never to rise again. But when that is over and the family at home come to see the thing in all its proportions, the individual loss is seen to be but one of thousands, some of them in that very town, one

perhaps just across the way. And the grief over the loss of thousands of the flower of manhood in a new country becomes merged in a bigger, sublimer feeling that is not grief; the feeling that these men died and their friends suffer the loss, that the nation may live. By the loss of many the life of the people is turned from a more or less mistaken chasing after wealth and prosperity to the life of a people that hopes for bigger and brighter and better things through the mist of its sudden tears. We weep for the brave men fallen. We smile for the brave nation that lives on, lives to stand among the great nations of the world, purged of its errors and its weaknesses, strong to suffer, to wait, to work, to hope—to achieve. What Canada may yet become in the Empire is no longer a theme for solemn faces at round tables in council-rooms of capitals. It is a business for the individual man and woman, the family, the home, the young community overseas. And by the national hope we get from personal bereavement do we measure not only our sincerity in this struggle, but our place in the great nation that must begin to arise by our united efforts when the struggle is over.

THE LADY OF THE TOWER

CHAPTER I.

Father and Son.

THERE was nothing in the appearance of the surroundings of Mr. Jacob Polgleaze to denote that he was worth nearly a million of money. The place he called his office was little better than a ship-chandler's shop in the Market Strand at Falmouth. The den where he worked among his musty ledgers and bills-of-lading was simply a match-boarded partition of the sail-loft on the first floor. Downstairs the place was frankly a shop, where could be bought anything required by those who go down to the sea in ships—literally from a needle to an anchor. The odours assailing you as you passed through the low doorway arose from the salted food of sailor-men, the barrels of pork and beef stacked nearly to the cobwebbed ceiling.

And when Jacob Polgleaze went home at night it was to a little square eight-roomed stone house on the outskirts of the town, which would have been dear at thirty pounds a year, certainly hideous, and probably insanitary. The skipper of a harbour tug-boat would have scoffed at it.

Yet Jacob Polgleaze could not conceal the fact of his wealth. It was an accomplished fact, and he was daily engaged in adding to it, quite openly in the eyes of all the world. He was the owner of some twenty sailing ships and of half a dozen tramp steamers, which traded in every sea, but more especially to South America. He was interested in tin and copper mines in his native county, and it was whispered that he lent money on mortgage when the security was above suspicion.

His fellow townsmen regarded him with a mixture of respect and awe, the former for his achievements, and the latter for the power he wielded. There was many a humble home in the Cornish seaport where the breadwinner would win no more bread if he fell foul of "Old Jacob." From smart steamer captains to coal-trimmers, from weather-beaten shell-backs to the Jew salesman in the retail shop, his will was law. People were shy of talking about him, but sometimes in a public house of a Saturday night, a loose-lipped mariner might be heard to remark that Jacob Polgleaze was a skin-flint.

YET this opinion would have got something of a shock had a witness been present at an interview between the ship-owner and his son on a boisterous March morning not long ago. Mr. Wilson Polgleaze was no example of the hackneyed phrase "a chip off the old block." He was by way of being smart after a spurious, horsey fashion, and the stern austerity of his sire was altogether lacking in his dissipated face. Save for a vague family resemblance a greater contrast could not be imagined than that between the young man who climbed the creaking stair to the sail-loft, after flinging a supercilious nod to the assistant in the shop below, and the old human cormorant who received him with a grunt of disapproval.

"I can't think how you can sit in such a beastly

Serial comparisons are odious. So many readers were impatient to get to the end of "His Great Adventure" concluded last week, that to begin another on the heels of it seems like tempting literary fate. But after reading a number of popular-interest serials, we have concluded that the one of the lot worthy to follow Alan Sullivan's mystery yarn is "The Lady of the Tower."

By HEADON HILL

draught," said the younger man, glancing spitefully at the dilapidated window that was rattling in the gale.

"If that's all you've come to say you'd best clear out," growled Jacob. "I have business to attend to."

"Well, I'm here on business," rejoined Wilson Polgleaze. "I want you to threaten Hilda Carlyon that you will foreclose the St. Runan mortgages if she doesn't pay up principal and interest at due date—the fifteenth of next month, isn't it?"

The shipowner laid down his pen and regarded his son with cold inquiry, his thin lips curling in a sneer.

"Though you are nominally my partner you do not often honour me with your advice and assistance," he said. "May I ask the reason for this sudden access of zeal?"

Wilson swept some papers aside on the table and sat upon it, dangling his gaitered legs. "No need to get snacky because I don't grind in this musty hole all day," he rejoined, looking contemptuously around. "You know you're that masterful that no one could work with you—except a servant, with your boot on his neck. As to Hilda Carlyon, I want the screw put on her as a gentle inducement to her to take me for a husband. She is devoted to that tumble-down old Tower of hers. She might be a trifle more amenable if her only way of keeping it was by becoming Mrs. Wilson Polgleaze."

The elder man laughed a harsh, jeering laugh. "So that's how the cat jumps, my fine gentleman," he rejoined. "Not satisfied with swaggering about the town, spending the fruits of my industry, you aspire to an alliance with one of our oldest county families?"

"With what's left of it," came the quick retort. "You've picked their bones pretty clean. I allow the connection would suit me, but it's the girl herself I want."

"And the girl is just what you won't get—not with any help from me," replied Jacob, firmly. "She's a plucky wench, the way she holds her head up at that old rat warren, and I ain't going to be the one to pull her down. I admit I might be tempted if there was profit in it, but there isn't a stiver. I lent money on the property in the hopes of finding copper, or at least tin, but every acre I've foreclosed on is as barren of metal as the palm of my hand. It isn't likely the narrow strip remaining is any richer. Anyway, I shan't disturb her, and if I did it

wouldn't better your scheme."

"How do you make that out?" demanded Wilson, sullenly.

"Miss Carlyon is proud, and like mates with like. It's common talk up and down the street that she's plighted, or as good as plighted, to her own distant kinsman, Lance Pengarvan, the skipper of 'The Lodestar.'"

WILSON POLGLEAZE made an impatient gesture. "But, my good father," he broke out, angrily, "'The Lodestar,' is your ship. Pengarvan is your servant. You hold him in the hollow of your hand. You can sack him—ruin him at a word. It's what he allows his mother, who lives with Hilda, that keeps St. Runan's Tower going. Hilda may not know it, but I do."

The brows of the old shipowner met in an ominous frown. "I am certainly not going to discharge my best steamer captain to foster your silly social ambitions," he replied. "They wouldn't be realized if I did, seeing what the Carlyon spirit is. That's my last word, so you'd better be—"

The telephone bell rang sharply, and the speaker broke off to put the receiver to his ear. He listened to a brief communication, answered with a curt "thanks," and turned again to his son.

"That was Lloyd's Signal Station at the Scillies, to tell of the passing of 'The Lodestar,' homeward bound," he said, with a grim irony. "She'll be in port by evening, so you'll have to bustle if you mean to get ahead of Captain Lance Pengarvan."

Significantly Jacob Polgleaze hunched his stooping shoulders over his desk once more, and Wilson, accepting his dismissal, slouched down the rickety stairs and through the odours of the dark shop below out into the street.

"I'll take your advice for once, my respected parent, and bustle," he muttered, as he made his way along the wind-swept Market Strand to the second-rate hotel where he had lived for the last two years.

CHAPTER II.

The Tower on the Cliff.

ON the very brink of the precipice, so that a stone dropped from one of the seaward windows would fall plumb on the beach three hundred feet below, St. Runan's Tower had presented its age-worn fabric to the storms of centuries. Its origin was veiled in obscurity, but rumour held that at one time it had been the stronghold of rovers who kept their pirate craft in the cove that bit into the granite cliffs a quarter of a mile away. The first authentic records relate that Henry the Eighth granted the Tower and some six thousand acres adjoining to one Roger Carlyon, on the understanding that he should guard that stretch of coast with ships and men.

As time rolled on these duties devolved upon the naval and land forces of the Crown, and the Carlyons, having lost their prestige as semi-official protectors of the coast, lapsed into the less onerous position of a county family. For two or three hundred years

(Continued on page 23.)

MUSIC AND PLAYS

A Siegfried Symphony.

RICHARD STRAUSS has broken out again—this time in an "Alpensinfonie," a symphony of the Alps, we presume; and this work was recently given its first American performance by the Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra, under Dr. Kunwald. The race to get this premiere production was a hot one. The first score overseas was sent to Stransky, conductor of the Philharmonic, in New York. This was intercepted by the British mail-seizure authorities, who may have thought it was a bomb or a secret message to German agents—when it was much worse than either. That left the race between Philadelphia and Cincinnati—when Cincinnati won.

This is evidently an ultra Strauss production. We do not marvel at this. Since Teuton armies have been tussling in the Alps we presume that Mr. Strauss has come to imagine that at last Germany is about to own a real range of mountains. We are not surprised to learn that the work calls for as many instruments of as many different varieties (57) as Electro, or that it makes the Sinfonie Domestica seem like a Toy Symphony in comparison. German writers are, of course, very eulogistic in their criticisms. The Allgemeine Musikzeitung says, for instance:

"Strauss is a great painter in tones; who would argue that point? But perhaps never before has he joined to his virtuosity in the use of colour such superior artistry, such economy and such a high sense of beauty. Strauss has created in his *Alpensinfonie* a masterly piece of programme music, and, be it said, programme music of rather an old style. He has given us a 'Pastoral' (alluding to Beethoven's Sixth) translated into Alpine terms."

We don't doubt it. After eleven years spent in operatic works, Richard was entitled to make one more sublime symphony noise, to "shatter the empyrean," as one writer put it. The only error was in calling it so bland a name as *Alpensinfonie*. It should have been called "42-Centimetre, or the Tragedies of Verdun."

Nervous But Efficient.

VIVIAN SPENCE, from the class of W. O. Forsyth, gave a piano recital in the Margaret Eaton Hall on Saturday evening, June 10, and as might be expected from a Forsyth pupil, gave many evidences of superior training in the refined virtues she displayed, as to the beauty of touch, limpid scale playing, good pedalling, and an incisive, well ordered pulse beat, due to the proper feeling for rhythm. True, Miss Spence gave one the impression that she was nervous, as some slips of memory were apparent, but nevertheless some things were beautifully done, as, for instance, Balakirev's "The Lark," the "Il Trovatore" transcription, the "Master Singer," music by Wagner, arrangement by Schmitt, and the charming Arabesque, by Joseffy. This latter number is delicate and quite fascinating. Other pieces were the "Moonlight" Sonata, by Beethoven; Schumann's "Why"; Liszt's transcription of Rossini's "Cujus Animam," and the same master's arrangement of Mendelssohn's "Wedding Music," and a Chopin Nocturne. Miss Joy Denton gave grateful variety by singing three or four songs, besides the aria "Herodiade," by Massenet.

Recital at Deancroft.

APIANOFORTE recital was given on Wednesday afternoon of last week at "Deancroft," the charming home of Mrs. A. E. Gooderham, by pupils of Miss Maria Bauchop, of the Canadian Academy of Music. The performers, ranging from little tots to young ladies, did remarkably well, and altogether provided a happy entertainment, which was naturally

enhanced by the pleasant surroundings and kindness of the gracious hostess. The students participating were: Miss Alice Blackstock, Miss George Royce, Miss Margaret Watson, Miss Isobel Cawthra, Miss Kathleen Crowther, Miss Marjorie Dennis, Miss Madeleine Wills, Miss Eileen MacLaughlin, Miss Kathleen Skey, Miss Josephine Eaton, Miss Marietta Gooderham, Miss Aglaia von Kunits, Miss Victoria Gooderham, Miss Marjorie Bongard.

"Florodora" at Grand.

THE Vandenburg Opera Co. opened their season at the Grand Opera House, Toronto, last week, with a creditable performance of the tuneful and humorous "Florodora." If the subsequent offerings, which include Mikado, Belle of New York, San Toy and old-time favourites, are as capably sung and acted and as effectively staged, the Adelaide Street Theatre may remain open during the entire summer.

"Florodora" captivates, with its tuneful melodies, familiar songs, exotic atmosphere and the laughter-provoking antics of the mountebank, Professor Tweedlepunch. The character of the pseudo-professor got an adequate and hilarious presentation by Mr. Ben Lodge, who invested the part with asininity and a ludicrous humour. Richard Temple made Cyrus W. Gilfan an attractive figure, who looked like President Wilson wearing mutton-chops. Marie Hamilton's Dolores was a girl instinct with life and strong emotions. She has a nice stage presence, a sweet singing voice, and acts with restraint. Ernest Caldwell had to repeat the favourite, "Under the Shade of the Palms." Morgan Williams' lyric tenor is agreeably sweet. The chorus will be better with a little more rehearsing.

A Fiske Success.

IF Mary Maddern Fiske permitted Mr. Robins, her leading man last season, to present "Mrs. Bumpstead-Leigh" to Toronto theatregoers, we thank the famous American actress for the opportunity to witness this delightful comedy, in which she was conspicuously successful, and which the Robins Players gave an enjoyable presentation last week. Frances Neilson again triumphed. This young lady has amply demonstrated in "Widow by Proxy" and in the play now under review that she has a histrionic capacity for drawing-room comedy, a nimble wit, and varied expressional ability. As Mrs. Bumpstead-Leigh, a hyphenated aristocratic English name assumed by the family of a successful American herb-remedy manufacturer, Miss Neilson created an illusion of real culture and decency among her friends, until her little sister, prompted by conscience, let the cat out of the bag about the family tree. Mr. Robins as a maker of monuments evoked amusement by his fantastic attire and humorous dialogue.

Musicians and Movies.

ALL the famous musical stars in New York were invited to go walking in the Mall in Central Park on a recent Sunday, and the moving picture men were on hand to snap them as they came up the steps at the end of the long avenue of elm trees. There was Maud Allan and Caruso, Percy Richardson, as usual hatless and in white flannels dashing about and shaking hands with everybody; Kreisler and Mrs. Kreisler looking very smart and surrounded by their numerous children; Jan Hamburg and his bride; Boris Hamburg and his sister, Lula; Alexander Lambert, and many others.

"A little more business, please!" called out the photographer, and everybody tried to appear animated. In the excitement somebody introduced a husband and wife to each other.

"Vraiment, it is some time since I have

met her!" exclaimed the husband.

On the following Thursday the company assembled at the Langan Film Co. to see themselves as others see them. The hall in which the films are shown is long and narrow like a train, wide enough to seat three or four people, and the films caused much amusement. Some of the numerous and energetic hand-shakings of tall, white-clad Percy Richardson will probably be expurgated before the film is viewed by the public. Other films were presented, showing the grand opera stars leaving the Metropolitan Opera House, and into these a little story had been worked. There was the stage-struck girl who hangs around the stage-door, waylays Caruso and succeeds in obtaining his autograph, and other little comedies of theatrical life.

The taking of a movie is always a thrilling proceeding to watch when you come across it accidentally in the street, and there is also a possibility that you—humble though you be—may accidentally appear as one of the mob in a realistic scene, for to the movie-man all the world's a stage and all the men and women that come within his range of vision, merely players.

Past Understanding.

The novels of Henry James.
The prophecies of the weather bureau.
Sir Sam Hughes' opinions of himself.
The art of some popular movie actors.
Why a woman wears furs in summer and exposes a low neck in winter.
Kilts—except on a Scotchman.
The evidence of experts.
The way of a man with a maid, and the way of a maid with a man.

T. C. in July and August.

IN response to numerous requests from many parts of Canada, the Toronto Conservatory of Music is arranging a special Summer Session for the benefit of teachers and others desirous of availing themselves of the institution's unrivalled facilities for general musical instruction, normal or pedagogical work, or coaching in repertoire, etc. Many of the most eminent of the Conservatory's unrivalled faculty are likely to be available during July and August, including leading professors of Piano playing, Organ, Violin, Singing, Cello, and Theory. The names of the teachers available will be made known on application to the Registrar.

Hambourg-Buffs Concert.

NOTICE of the concert given by the Hambourg Conservatory, in aid of the Canadian Buffs, on Thursday evening, this week, in Massey Hall, did not reach this office in time for publication last week. But we expect to make sure that so auspicious a combination of music and war is not missed in the matter of appreciative criticism.

At the Grand.

The Angelus Opera Co. will present

"Florodora" at the Grand next week, followed by the "Mikado" on June 19th inst.

Robins Players.

Mr. Robins informs us that the rippling comedy "We Are Seven" will be the attraction at Alexandra week commencing June 19th.

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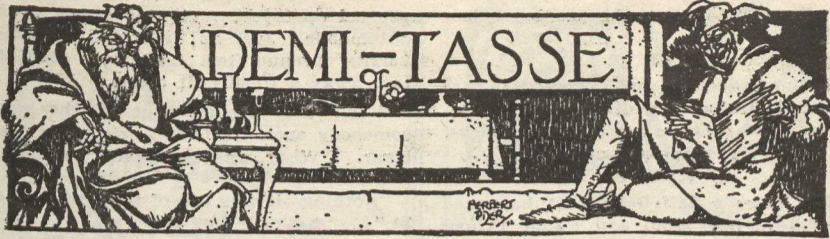
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Courierettes.

SPEAKER SEVIGNY of the Canadian Commons, caught a Quebec editor by the arms and shook him. That's what comes of editors carrying arms.

A man with a wooden leg got past the doctors and joined the British army. An army made up of men with a spirit like his couldn't be beaten.

Mayor Church is not satisfied with the ventilation of Toronto street cars, and it seems a pity that all the cars can't be connected with the wind-mill at the City Hall.

Why not mobilize Canada's honorary colonels and fill out the units now recruiting?

Pupils in Toronto's open air schools have gained weight. No doubt they will soon put to shame the light-weight trustees who won't have more open air schools.

Uncle Sam objects to Britannia seizing the mails. Stinky old Sam! Isn't this Leap Year?

The attempt to burglarize Ireland through the Casement has just about passed into history.

Germany objects to the "visit and search" principle—even in the offices of her spies.

Some of these days we will perhaps see a film drama in which nobody takes a drink.

Judge Hughes is now so far behind the other candidates that when he starts to talk he'll have to talk awfully fast to catch up.

We note a statement that "ye women of ye olden time were spinners." So are the women of the present day—on the ball-room floor.

Gen. Pershing begs women not to send any more candy to his troops in Mexico. Does the sweet stuff make chocolate soldiers of them?

One of Roosevelt's critics says that he splits infinitives. Well, they can't accuse him of splitting hairs.

Writer for a women's page says that in this day of short skirts, shoes and stockings need close scrutiny. They're getting it.

It's been a bad spring season, hasn't it, for folks who didn't know enough to come in out of the rain?

Great News.

The war news page take far away—
I have a bigger piece of news—
For on a King street car to-day
I saw a girl who wore black shoes.

All in Favour.—Dr. Waite, the dentist murderer, now says that he believes he should be electrocuted. Then it's unanimous.

A New Phase.—It used to be "Dementia Americana," but since the Dr. Waite case it seems now that the proper phrase is "moral idiocy."

Appropriate.—Hand-painted pumps are the latest freak of feminine fashion. Meant to match the cheeks.

Too Much.—The postmaster in a New York town gave up his \$2,000 job because it was not "congenial." Perhaps there was some work connected with it.

Owed to June.
June, June, beautiful June,
Month of brides and roses,
When pleasant sights the eye delights
And pleasant smells the noses.

Banning the Wink.—A Canadian traveller who recently returned from a tour of "dry" territory in the United States, tells of a sign he saw in a druggist's window which may perhaps appeal to some

Ontario druggists, now that this province faces a long dry spell after Sept. 15.

This was the sign:
"DON'T WINK."
"This is not an oculist's office, but a drug store."
"NOTHIN' DOING!"

Query.—The actor folk now have a labour union. Will they insist on the eight hour day?

The Effective Way.—Britain is consid-

ering a proposal to lessen the output of beer. This, of course, will be the most effective way of limiting the input.

Green.—"Lettuce green hats," says a despatch, "are the latest from Paris." And it takes the long green to pay for them.

Unusual Activity.—Sometimes we read of uncanny things. Here's a headline from the Toronto Daily Star which is a case in point:

"Says the Dead Man
Struck First Blow."

Try Them.—Would you take the rations that nourish achievement? Here they are—in order:

Inspiration.
Perspiration.
Desperation.

Described.—Watch the cynic and you'll

find he's a fellow who sneers at life because life has sneered at him.

Things They Didn't Do.—Nero did not blow out the gas.

Cromwell never rode in a motor car.
The Queen of Sheba never attended a bridge party.

Napoleon never telephoned for reinforcements.

Cleopatra did not wear a union suit.
Julius Caesar was not known to write notes to rival nations.

Noah did not carry an umbrella.
Solomon was never investigated by a graft commission.

George Washington never threw his hat in the ring.

Henry the Eighth's divorce cases were not reported in the newspapers.

His Place.—Alfred Noyes, the English poet, has gone back from America to en-

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—Pittsburg Leader, February 4, 1915.

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—Toronto News, October 22, 1915.

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list. His meter is said to be very good. Let them put him on the gas bomb brigade.

Distinguished.—In one respect the late James J. Hill was a distinguished man, far and away above most of his fellows. He was a rich man—and popular.

Gen. Logie's Self-Denial.—It happened while the 4,000 High and Public School cadets of Toronto were on the march on Empire Day in Toronto. Sir Sam Hughes, Minister of Militia, and Brigadier General Logie, Officer Commanding No. 2 Military Division, were reviewing the embryo soldiers.

With their staff, the two generals whirled up to the reviewing stand in an automobile. Just as they sped up University Avenue Gen. Logie was seen to toss away a freshly lit cigar.

When they stepped out of the car, somebody spoke to Gen. Logie about the cigar. "What was the matter with it, General?"

"Nothing—it was one of the best I ever lit."

"Well, why didn't you smoke it?" "Didn't want to set the example to those little soldiers," said the camp commandant, as his eye brightened at the sight of the sturdy little fellows marching along.

WAR NOTES.

Russians regain their lost territory, reports Petrograd. Steppe by steppe?

Warring countries ask their people not to use autos for pleasure. War time is no joy-riding time.

A preparedness parade in the U. S. was stopped by a thunderstorm. Preparedness did not include the providing of umbrellas.

The chap who wrote that Prince Von Buelow was coming to America, omitted to state the name of the German liner that was to bring him over.

Germany now plans to take Verdun by August 1. Let's see—wasn't the fall of Verdun advertised before?

French writer says the French people will forgive their German foes. But not until after they've licked them.

U. S. officer says American navy hasn't enough powder to last through three hours of a battle. Well, that might be long enough—for the foe.

What on earth would Great Britain do if little Lloyd George were to take a holiday?

System in a Sea Fight

(Concluded from page 10.)

the control stations."

"Never heard of transmission-rooms before," said the junior.

"Humph!" said Hibbert, with an indulgent smile. "Most important parts of a ship—a war vessel, I mean. They are kept way down below. Almost at the lowest point in the ship. They take the reports that come down by the voice pipe or by electric signals in case the voice-pipe connection is broken. They work out the exact details necessary for fixing the actual position of the guns. That's to say: after allowing for the speed of the enemy and the speed of our own ship, and the pressure of the wind the transmission-room sends word to the sight-setters at the guns."

Hibbert warmed to his subject. "This sounds prosy, no doubt," he said, grimly, "but it isn't. Not by a jolly lot! You take even a six-inch gun, for example. She has two telescopes. They are fixed on her right and on her left sides respectively, just in front of the breach. The one on the left moves up and down on a pivot. The other moves to right and left. Near these telescopes are two "clocks," that's to say, dials with figures on 'em and a pointer that moves around according to what figure is to be indicated. Now, the pointers are moved by electricity from the transmission-rooms. The one on the left indicates the degree to which the gun is to be raised or lowered, so that the projectile will fall on the enemy ship. The other indicates how much to right or left the gun is to be swung, so that, after allowing for the wind pressure and the speed of the two opposing vessels, the drop of the projectile at the end of its flight will coincide with the arrival of the enemy ship at that point. Do you see?"

"Y-yes," said the junior, "I get you."

"Well, now, at the gun—a 6-inch gun, I mean—there are nine men. Forward of the breach is the sight-setter. He watches the clocks on the gun. The pointers on the clocks suddenly move in accordance with the operators in the transmission-room controlling that gun. The sight-setter, noting the figures indicated, sets the two telescopes accordingly, one tilted farther up or farther down than the line of the gun itself, and the other swung to right or left of the actual line of the gun itself to whatever degree the clocks indicated for each telescope. Now, on the right side of the gun the gun-trainer squints through his telescope and by a hand-wheel swings the whole gun right or left till the per-

pendicular wire set inside the telescope shows against the enemy's foremast. Now, remember, the gun itself is apparently not pointing true to the mark, but ahead of it. Only the telescopes are pointing directly at it. The difference between the lines of the two telescopes and the angle of the gun itself is due to the allowances made by the calculators in the bowels of the vessel as to wind, weather, speed, distance, and so on, as I told you.

"In the meantime, while the gun-trainer has got his telescope on the enemy, the gun-layer has raised or lowered the gun by HIS hand-wheel, so that his telescope shows the main deck of the enemy against the horizontal wire in his telescope. Thus, if you could look through both telescopes at once the two crossed wires inside would intersect the line of the foremast and the main deck of the enemy.

"But who fires the gun?" demanded the junior.

"The gun-layer. When the gun-trainer says "ready," and when the gun-layer himself is ready, he presses on a sort of revolver butt down at his side. This sends a charge of electricity through the "tube" in the breach. This explodes the cordite and the cordite forces out the projectile."

"But what are the other men on the gun for?"

"Well, No. 2 opens the breach. No. 7 passes the projectile from the ammunition hoist to No. 5. No. 5 passes it to No. 3. No. 3 inserts it and rams it home. Meantime No. 6 has taken the cartridge (the driving charge) from the hoist, passed it to No. 4, who inserts it behind the projectile. Now, No. 2 inserts the 'tube' and closes the breach. Meantime the sight-setter and the layer and trainer have adjusted their part of the work and the gun is fired."

"Who says when to fire?"

"The gun-layer—if it is independent firing. If not, the word comes from the officer commanding the guns in that section of the ship."

The junior's eyes bulged with the strain of so much information. But it was apparently sinking in.

* * *

Hibbert died in the Skagerack fight. He was never brilliant enough or pushful enough to get a high command, but he was absolutely steady, reliable, unflinching. He was probably working out a new range down in the transmission-room when his ship made her final lurch. He was a man of that sort.

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MONEY AND MAGNATES

Railway Equipment Bonds

IT is interesting to observe how few investors—taking all classes together—have any general knowledge of securities and the difference between one kind and another. Only in recent years have Canadian investors been interested in bonds—except as something to be sold in England, and they still show singular indifference to one of the most interesting classes of these latter securities, the railway equipment bond.

In the United States where railways not infrequently go into the hands of receivers or are in danger from the manipulations of rival railway groups, the railway equipment bond is more in favour than that of the railway itself. A right-of-way and a string of rails laid thereon are, after all, not worth much if there is no rolling stock to pass over the same. Engines and cars are always good, even though the railway itself fail, for they can be sold or leased to another road.

Thus the modern railway company places its rolling stock under the ownership of an equipment subsidiary. This company issues bonds, from the sale of which the rolling stock manufacturer is paid the 75% or 80% left unpaid by the railway itself. The railway now pays a regular sum into a sinking fund, this fund to meet in due time the bond-indebtedness due on the rolling-stock. Thus the holders of rolling-stock bonds are given additional security. In Canada these bonds have not yet become as widely known as they deserve, probably because the British and other foreign investors have absorbed whatever bonds of this sort were offering heretofore. With war conditions, however, there promises to be increased opportunity in this line for Canadian investors.

Merchants Bank Makes Satisfactory Report

THE Merchants Bank of Canada, whose balance-sheet is now fast approaching hundred-million-dollar dimensions, has made its report for the year ended April 29, and exhibits a notable increase in all classes of business. As indicating the considerable measure of public confidence enjoyed by the bank, and the increasing wealth of the community, it may be pointed out that its interest-bearing deposits increased about five millions during the year, its non-interest deposits about four and a half millions, and its note circulation over a million. The total volume of funds entrusted to the bank is well over ten millions larger than in 1915, and thirteen millions larger than before the war, and totals just under sixty-two million dollars.

The holdings of cash and liquid assets are of great strength, amounting to more than twenty millions of actual cash and equivalent cash, which with gilt-edged investments and call loans combine to produce a total of \$40,960,486 of liquid resources, being 50 per cent. of the public liabilities.

Profits in the year just ended were naturally not upon the pre-war scale, but were amply sufficient to allow payment of the regular dividend, after full provision for contingencies and payment of the heavy war-tax of the Dominion Government, and make a small addition to the profit-and-loss surplus. This report will afford satisfaction to all concerned. Depositors and shareholders alike have every reason to be satisfied with the statement. On the other hand, the general public sees in the figures submitted evidence of the sound state of business generally.

Drop in Freight Rates Coming

LONDON cables state that ocean freight rates between Canada and Britain are declining and that it is anticipated further declines will occur. The Admiralty is releasing ships for commercial purposes and the more stringent blockade against Germany is diverting neutral ships to British trade. It is said freight rates will go 30% under what they were three months ago, which would, of course, result in increased export trade, but at the same time mean lower vessel earnings for Canadian steamship lines.

These Securities on Demand

SIGNS of the times in the security market are to be read in these items of news: First, that the Province of Quebec has disposed of an issue of \$4,000,000 5% ten year bonds to a New York syndicate, with which the Bank of Montreal was identified. The bonds will be sold to the public at 100.75 or on a basis to yield 4.90%. The second is the announcement by the Dominion Securities Corporation of Toronto that it has purchased an issue of \$1,032,000 ten, twenty and thirty year 5% bonds at 100.101, or an interest yield of practically 5%, of the City of Ottawa. The City has thus done better in the sale than either Toronto or Montreal did on their recent offerings. Toronto received 99.63 for its 5s recently, while Montreal got 98.86 a comparatively short time ago. The incident is significant as illustrating the rising trend to bond values.

Our correspondent states that no tenders had been called for this year, but that the Dominion Securities had sent in the offer, and that it was accepted.

Locomotive Company Advertising for Men

OWING to the large contracts which the Canadian Locomotive Co. has on hand and the shortage of skilled labour due to enlistments, the company is advertising extensively in the press of this country for additional workmen. The advertisements state that high wages will be paid for first-class men and give the assurance that the positions will be assured for a long time to come.

Between its locomotive orders and shell contracts, the company is doing by far the largest business in history, and it is understood that earnings are running at new high levels almost from month to month.

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Combined specification and form of tender can be obtained at this Department and on application to the caretakers of the different Dominion Buildings.

Persons tendering are notified that tenders will not be considered unless made on the printed forms supplied, and signed with their actual signatures.

Each tender must be accompanied by an accepted cheque on a chartered bank, payable to the order of the Honourable the Minister of Public Works, equal to ten per cent. (10 p.c.) of the amount of the tender, which will be forfeited if the person tendering declines to enter into a contract when called upon to do so or fail to complete the contract. If the tender be not accepted the cheque will be returned.

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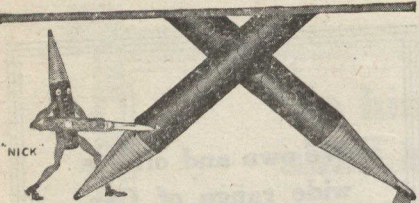
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Done in 5 seconds Pull the strip straight away

Blaisdell Paper Pencil Company
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The Cruise of the Silver Gull

(Concluded from page 9.)

me that you do care."
But she gently pushed him from her. "Afterwards, Sidney," she said, "you may ask me and I will tell you."
Silently the man acquiesced, but he stifled a great bitter sigh that the woman would not have understood.

It was what mariners call a "dirty night" as Sidney Vail, with all lights out, silently guided the Silver Gull toward the point on the docks where a slight, girlish figure in a cloak was dimly outlined in the drizzle against the flickering lights above. As the walestrakes grated on the piling, Vail turned the wheel over to the man near him and sprang to assist the girl to the deck. A boat-hook was swept out against the dock timbers, there was a muffled whirr of machinery below and the Silver Gull leaped out into the murk of the bay.

"It is all over at last, Sidney," she whispered. "I was getting so nervous because some man shadowed me down to the dock, and it was so weird there alone in the dark."

He could feel her arm tremble in his as he led her to the little cabin forward. There he switched on the lights. "It IS all over," he agreed, but his tones were the tones of a man who pronounces his own death sentence.

THE girl started at his ashen, drawn face. "Tell me," she cried, "you have not failed—?"
"I will tell you all," he replied, "then you will hate me, you will loathe the very memory of me."

"Stop," he insisted as her lips parted in a question. "First, I must tell you I am not the man I allowed you to believe I was. True, my name is Sidney Vail, but I am of the Canadian Secret Service, and the man who was to have acted as your confederate I arrested at Windsor, confiscated his papers, then took up the role he was to play. Von Metz and his assistants are in jail awaiting Canadian justice and the plot to blockade the Canadian harbors will never be consummated."

A low moan escaped the girl's lips as she tottered to a chair. He did not attempt to assist her as she sat mute, staring wide-eyed at him. He spoke as one to himself in a dream.

"Not for heaven itself would I live through the hell of the past few days again. It was brutal—it was the deed of a cad—but for the passing hours of your company, your presence and your trust—though I knew these things could never more be mine—I played my miserable role to the bitter end."

"One thing, however, I would have you know and remember—remember as one bright spot in your loathing of me. It was not for the glory of attainment as an officer of the Canadian Intelligence Department—it was not for gain or advancement that I did this thing. It was to frustrate a plot to bring calamity on my own country, Canada, and the duty I owe to the land of my birth before all things that moved me to act as I have."

The pride and spirit of Freda Rhenhardt returned. She rose and faced him. "I congratulate you, Mr. Vail, on your coupe," she offered scornfully. "It was worthy of your country. I am your prisoner."

"Not mine!" he waived. "I am no longer in my former official capacity. My resignation, dated for to-day, went forward to Ottawa last week. You are my guest till we reach Duluth, then you are free."

She made as if to speak, but on a second impulse, turned and went silently to her stateroom.

At a little-frequented dock at Duluth, she gave him her hand at parting. "We may never meet again," she said.

"It is not likely," he sighed. "Next week I join the forces for overseas service."

It may have been an overwhelming instinct or it may have been an invitation he read in her eyes as she hesitated that moved him to suddenly gather her in his arms. She suffered him to kiss her madly and returned kiss for kiss. Then she flung herself from him.

The soul of the tigress had returned and glared at him from her snapping eyes. "I hate you, Sidney Vail!" she hissed.



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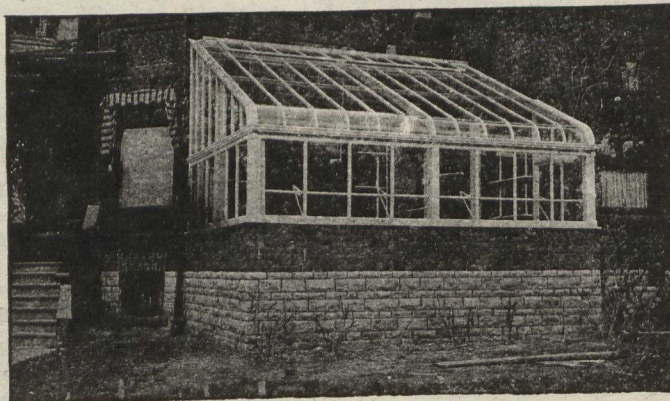
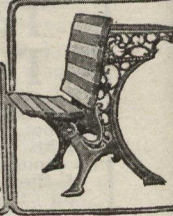
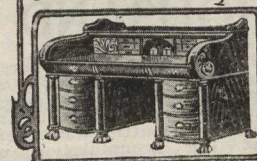
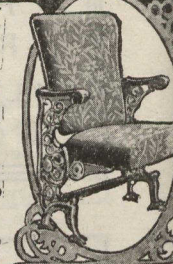
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The Lady of the Tower

(Continued from page 17.)

they enjoyed as much prosperity as was to be won from the ownership of soil that was neither one thing nor the other, being partly metalliferous and partly agricultural. By the middle of the nineteenth century they were depending for their luxuries on dwindling hopes of tin and copper, while scarcely paying their way on the revenues from half a dozen barren farms. The era of mortgage had set in.

THEN, at a critical moment, when a little common sense might have saved the situation, a wild and rollicking descendant of tough old Roger, had inherited the estate, proceeding to play ducks and drakes with what was left of it. He in turn was gathered to his fathers, passing on the impoverished patrimony and still proud family name to a wiser son, Pendomer Carlyon. This gentleman made a desperate effort to retrench, but he was too late, and died from the anguish of disappointment. For by that time Jacob Polgleaze, of Falmouth, had bought up the mortgages, and had begun to foreclose without mercy, leaving at the date of Mr. Carlyon's death only the Tower and its private grounds in the possession of his only child, Hilda, the heiress of all this penury.

The orphaned girl, her mother having died during her infancy, struggled bravely to make both ends meet on the pittance left to her. Nothing but the house remained, and a couple of hundred a year, out of which she had to pay the interest of the mortgage on the Tower. She would have been wiser to let the old place go, and free herself from the encumbrance, but she clung to the grey eyrie on the wild cliff with passionate affection. She insisted on living in it, accompanied only by Mrs. Pengarvan, the distant kinswoman, who had brought her up and kept house for her father after her mother's death. An elderly man and his wife, devoted to the young mistress by the ties of hereditary service, performed the few household duties.

It was a sombre existence, as viewed from outside by the sympathizers in the great houses round about, who had known her from childhood. In reality it had many compensations. These were the periods spent at St. Runan's Tower in the intervals between his voyages by Lance Pengarvan, the son of her friend and chaperon, who commanded Jacob Polgleaze's steamer "The Lodestar."

Hilda stood at the open window of the oak-panelled dining-room, her fresh young beauty in striking contrast with the shabby furniture and threadbare carpet. Heedless of the gale that was raging, she had the window open, and was gazing through a pair of binoculars over the storm-tossed sea. But the leaden pall of the rain-charged sky pressed down upon the waste of waters, rendering it impossible to see beyond half a mile. The thunder of the waves on the base of the cliff was appalling, and presently closing the casement, she laid her glasses aside.

"He must be out somewhere in that hurly-burly," she murmured. "The weather is too thick for me to catch a sight of the ship as she passes. It is a comfort to think that Lance, on the bridge of his own steamer, is a good deal safer than he is on land."

The smile which the thought had conjured up died out suddenly, after a brighter flicker at the entrance of an apple-cheeked, middle-aged woman who announced:

"Mr. Polgleaze wants to see you, Miss Hilda. I didn't tell him you were at home. I said I'd see."

"That was wise of you, Martha. Is it the old man?"

"No, the young 'un—drat him. Says it's most particular."

"Is Mrs. Pengarvan in the house?"

"No, Miss; she went out half an hour ago. Down to the cove, I think,

to see Jem Penolva's boy, as is down with the mumps."

Hilda Carlyon's frown was not for the faithful retainer who was scanning her face so anxiously, but for the unwelcome visitor waiting under the crumbling portico.

"Very well, Martha," she said, at last. "There's no fire in the drawing-room. You can show Mr. Polgleaze in here."

The young man entered with a jaunty swagger, which changed to unctuous deference, as he bent over the hand coldly extended to him. Mr. Wilson Polgleaze prided himself on his manners, and would have been surprised if he had known that Miss Carlyon usually spoke of him as "that ineffable cad."

"Won't you sit down?" she said, wondering why her visitor should have ridden from Falmouth in such weather. For all his affectation of outdoor proclivities, his breeches and gaiters and horsey get-up, he was notoriously a feather-bed sportsman, who chose fine days and shirked his fences.

He smirked and took a seat, though a glance at the haughty face of his young hostess, and the fact that she remained standing, caused him to fidget. He was clearly at a loss how to begin. The girl, watching him with a mixture of contemptuous amusement and secret fear, was not going to help him out with a lead.

"It's a vile day, Miss Carlyon, but I had to come," he started, at last. "I wanted to warn you, don't you know. The old man is out for the shekels—fairly on the warpath, and nothing I can say will hold him."

"Very good of you, Mr. Polgleaze, to want to warn me, but I should be better able to thank you if I knew what it was all about. Who is the 'old man,' for instance, and what do you mean by shekels?"

The cold, crisp tones lashed the shipowner's son like a whip, but he choked back his resentment. "I alluded to my father, and to his intention to make things unpleasant," he said, with a touch of bravado. "I learned this morning that he is going to foreclose on the Tower next month if the principal is not repaid with interest to date."

HILDA paled a little. Her grey old home was very dear to her.

"Then Mr. Jacob Polgleaze must have changed his mind," she said. "He told me only a fortnight ago that the mortgage could remain as it is if the interest is paid. I have that ready for him."

"Ah, you never know what my father will be up to, Miss Carlyon," Wilson pressed his advantage. "His word isn't worth anything unless it's written down with his signature at the end over a stamp. But you mustn't take it too much to heart. I know how fond you are of this fine old place, and I can see a way for you to avoid being turned out. Also, if you will pardon me, to restore some of its ancient splendours. A coat of paint now, and a little underpinning here and there—to say nothing of the gardens being restored to proper cultivation."

A silence that could be felt prevailed in the faded room. "Yes?" said Hilda, at length, in a tone that tinkled like a falling icicle.

The visitor took his courage in his hands. "I have long admired you with the deepest respect, Miss Carlyon," he blurted out. "If you would marry me there would be no further trouble with the old man. All in the family, don't you know?"

There was no ice in Hilda's voice now—only the ringing laughter of genuine amusement. She even looked at Wilson Polgleaze in quite friendly fashion, as though grateful to him for relieving the tedium of a dull day.

"My dear Mr. Polgleaze, I am most deeply obliged to you," came her reply, when her merriment had given place to intermittent gusts. "You are

too magnanimous for words, but the plan is impossible. Don't spoil the generosity of your offer by asking me why."

"But I do ask you," persisted the suitor, goaded by her laughter.

"Then my answer must be that my name is Carlyon, and that I do not care to change it to Polgleaze," said the girl, her head held high. "I could give you any amount of other reasons, but I should not advise you to press for them."

The money-lending shipowner's son was no fool. He showed no vulgar temper, indulged in no outbreak of threats. Rising from his chair, he contrived to preserve some semblance of dignity, and held out his hand.

"I'm sorry," he said, "but if that's the way you take it I won't annoy you with another word—except that this will make no difference in my desire to serve you. I shall do my best, Miss Carlyon, to persuade my father to reconsider the foreclosure of the mortgage, just the same as if you hadn't sent me away with a flea in my ear. I shouldn't build too much on that, though. The old man is a terrible skinflint, and he doesn't think any better of me than you do."

With which he made a sufficiently composed exit, and mounting the horse which he had left hitched under the portico, he rode forth into the driving wind and rain. As he made his way along the grass-grown drive his teeth were clenched in a grin that might have been due to the tempest which smote him, but once clear of the entrance gate he opened his mouth to curse.

"D—n her!" he shouted to the storm. "D—n her and d—n her and d—n her! I'll bring my lady to her knees yet. Treated me like dirt, and thought it funny. I'll show her."

HIS way lay down the shoulder of the headland on which stood St.

Runan's Tower, at the foot of the steep descent skirting the little cove, where in olden times the Carlyons had moored their ships. There were only three or four fishermen's cottages there now, nestling at the edge of a narrow beach in the cleft between the mighty cliffs. He was about putting his horse to a trot along the level road behind the cottages, when a girl, drenched to the skin, sprang from a heap of stones.

"I must speak to you, Wilson!" she cried, laying a hand on his bridle.

The man checked the oath that rose to his lips. "Well, you must be quick," he said, rudely. "It's no fun being out in this weather."

"It isn't so long ago that you didn't mind a little weather when I was at the other end of it. It hasn't kept you from riding ten miles to the Tower," rejoined the girl, with a sob in her voice.

"I've been to the Tower on business," Wilson replied. "Now, what is it that you want?"

"There's trouble coming on me through you. Father will kill me when he knows, and I think he suspects already. Be a man, Wilson, and keep your promise. I will be very good and humble, if you will only give me the shelter of your name."

The restrained oath broke out at the appeal. "Let go my bridle!" Wilson Polgleaze supplemented the curse. "I never made you any such promise, and if I did it wouldn't hold. You must have wheedled it out of me when I was drunk or silly. The shelter of my name indeed! For Marigold Craze, the daughter of the mad fisherman of St. Runan's Cove! What next, I wonder. Stand clear or you'll be trampled."

He wrenched his bridle from the feeble clutch and rode on, never casting a glance behind him at the white-faced figure staring after him with eyes too full of anguish for tears. The black mood induced by his repulse at the Tower, and by this stoppage on the high road had him in its grip. His senses were dulled to externals, or he might have heard a queer little click that came from behind another heap of stones as he passed it a hundred yards further on.

But he would not have seen the

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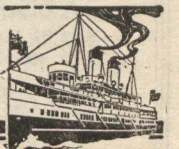
THE STERLING TRUSTS CORPORATION

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NIAGARA TO THE SEA,

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Or any Ticket Agent.

THE MERCHANTS BANK OF CANADA

Statement of Liabilities and Assets at 29th April, 1916

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	175,542.50
Balance of Profits as per Profit and Loss Account submitted herewith	250,984.12
	<u>\$14,426,526.62</u>

2. To the Public.

Notes of the Bank in Circulation	\$ 7,486,906.00
Deposits not bearing interest	17,181,959.18
Deposits bearing interest (including interest accrued to date of statement)	54,995,069.97
Balances due to other Banks in Canada	363,799.39
Balances due to Banks and banking correspondents in the United Kingdom and foreign countries	877,399.91
Bills payable	1,029,702.00
Acceptances under letters of credit
Liabilities not included in the foregoing
	<u>\$96,361,363.07</u>

ASSETS.

Current Coin held	\$ 3,681,854.13
Deposit in the Central Gold Reserves	1,000,000.00
Dominion Notes held	8,106,240.25
Notes of other Banks	702,006.00
Cheques on other Banks	2,754,968.88
Balances due by other Banks in Canada	2,836.92
Balances due by Banks and banking correspondents in the United Kingdom	207,226.65
Balances due by Banks and banking correspondents elsewhere than in Canada and the United Kingdom. (In U.S., \$3,839,597.24)	3,892,026.83
Dominion and Provincial Government securities, not exceeding market value	2,480,446.72
Canadian Municipal securities, and British, Foreign and Colonial public securities, other than Canadian	5,251,321.38
Railway and other Bonds, Debentures and stocks, not exceeding market value	5,055,106.27
Call Loans in Canada on Bonds, Debentures and Stocks	5,175,048.49
Call Loans elsewhere than in Canada	2,651,404.32
	<u>\$40,960,486.84</u>
Other Current Loans and Discounts in Canada (less Rebate of Interest)	48,835,565.38
Other Current Loans and Discounts elsewhere than in Canada (less Rebate of Interest)	203,125.72
Liabilities of Customers under letters of credit as per contra	1,029,702.00
Real Estate other than bank premises	177,186.29
Overdue debts (estimated loss provided for)	164,363.18
Bank premises, at not more than cost, less amounts written off	4,507,782.34
Deposit with the Minister for the purposes of the Circulation Fund	345,000.00
Other Assets not included in the foregoing	138,151.32
	<u>\$96,361,363.07</u>

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 29th, 1916, and at a different time during the year and found them to agree with such entries. We have also attended at some 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, 23rd May, 1916.

great, raw-boned, Cornish giant, who was ambushed there, lowering from its futile aim the old muzzle-loader which had missed fire because the archaic percussion cap on the nipple had got damp in the rain.

CHAPTER III.

The Man from the Sea.

AFTER the departure of Wilson Polgleaze, Hilda went back to the window, and once more gazed out over the waste of waters. She had not been long at her post when, with a sudden shift of the wind to the north-west, the sky cleared. The gale continued from the new quarter, but the rain ceased, and her range of vision was extended to the horizon. With a little cry she seized her glasses and focussed them on a tramp steamer of about two thousand tons that was threshing her way up channel against the heavy sea.

"Yes, that is the 'Lodestar,'" she murmured. "I can make out the white diamond on her funnel, and there is no mistaking the rake of her foremast. She will be in Falmouth harbour by six. Lance will be home again tomorrow at least—if he doesn't manage to get out here to-night."

She watched the steamer until it passed out of sight round Manacle Point, and then sought the stone-flagged kitchen where Martha Pascoe was busy polishing saucepans. Martha was the sole indoor servant in this house of fallen fortunes. Her husband, Timothy, an amphibious, shaggy creature, equally at home in a boat or in a vegetable garden, acted as factotum outside. The worthy couple, a legacy from more prosperous days, would have gone through fire and water for their young mistress. As a matter of fact, they had done so, very nearly literally, both of them.

"Martha dear," said the girl, breaking in on the homely employment, "she has gone by. She'll be in port to-night."

There was only one "She" at St. Runan's Tower requiring no qualifying description, namely, the stout tramp steamer owned by Jacob Polgleaze, of Falmouth, and commanded by Captain Lance Pengarvan. The good woman laid aside her saucepan, and rose with cheerful alacrity.

"All right, Miss," she said, in her cooing, west-country accent. "The Captain's room is nice and vitty for 'un—sheets aired and all, but I'll just run up and light a bit fire in case he reaches home to sleep under the old roof. 'Tain't likely, with 'The Lodestar' to put to bed for a month, but he'll be out to us if duty don't keep 'un."

She bustled out, and Hilda, following more slowly, was crossing the raftered entrance hall, when the front door was opened, and a sturdy, elderly lady in a dripping water-proof was swept over the threshold by a gust of the now off-shore gale. She thrust a heavy oak cudgel into the umbrella stand, and cast a shrewd glance at Hilda's radiant face.

"I can see that the ship has passed," she said, divesting herself of her outer garment. "Your face is an open book, dear."

"Yes, I caught sight of her when it cleared; Martha is lighting a fire in Lance's room on the chance of his coming out to-night."

"And if he does right glad two lone women will be to see him," rejoined the elder lady, kissing the eager face that was changed out of all recognition from that of the nice maiden who had rejected Mr. Wilson Polgleaze's addresses an hour earlier.

Mrs. Pengarvan, a first cousin of the last spendthrift Carlvon, and a more distant one of Hilda's father, had been a second mother to the motherless girl whom she had brought up from infancy. A blunt, outspoken Cornish-woman, she had never made any secret about it that when she first came to St. Runan's Tower a home was an object to her, but that condition was now happily passed, though she still kept up the pretence of being a poor relation. Old Jacob Polgleaze of Falmouth did not pay princely sums to the commanders of his scratch fleet, but since Lance Pen-



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garvan had begun to earn money most of it had been at his mother's disposal, and she had used it, without Hilda's knowledge, in "keeping the flag flying on the mainmast of the Tower," as Lance put it.

"It's only fair, Mother," the sailor had said, five years before, when he had only been a second mate in one of the Polgleaze sailing ships. "You will have to collar my pay, and welcome, for the benefit of the show. They took us in when you were nearly penniless with a kiddy of your own to bring up, as well as the one you were paid to look after. Now I'm going to take a hand. What's the use of a sailor if he can't help to pump out a sinking ship?"

In their different ways both mother and son worshipped the proud young mistress of the Tower, and many were the innocent subterfuges they practised in making both ends meet at the impoverished mansion, while keeping Hilda ignorant of their secret subsidies. The latter were rendered possible by Mrs. Pengarvan's insistence on acting as housekeeper, and by Lance Pengarvan making the Tower his home while he was on shore. He would only do that as a "paying guest," and the two conspirators were alone aware of the amount of his contributions.

THE hours dragged slowly after the passing of 'The Lodestar.' It was far from certain that the vessel would be berthed in time to enable her captain to get to St. Runan's before next day. The ladies knew that he would make the attempt if it was possible, but he would have much to do on reaching port, and there was a ten mile drive from Fal-mouth to be negotiated. Lance was not the man to start if he thought that he would have to knock up the household after they had gone to their rest.

So that they might be ready with their welcome the two women spent the evening in the entrance-hall, and just after the old "grandfather" had struck eleven, wheels were heard in the drive. Before the carriage stopped they had the front door open.

"Ahoy, there, Mother! Hullo, Cousin Hilda!" came a cheery hail from the vehicle, and the next moment the captain of 'The Lodestar' was in Mrs. Pengarvan's arms. Then he shook hands with the fair young chatelaine, their eyes meeting and holding each other in a glance that was almost a caress. Then Lance turned to the dark interior of the fly, where someone was collecting light luggage from the front seat.

"Look slippy, there," he said, in a sharp tone of command. "I want to get myself under hatches."

A man in the garb of a common sailor, heavily laden with packages, came stumbling out of the vehicle, and at the same time the driver hoisted down a couple of trunks from the front seat.

"All right, Dennis; this sailor-man will carry in the things," said Captain Pengarvan to the driver. "Good-night, and a pleasant journey back. Now, then, you lubber! Don't stand there scaping. Haul the luggage into the house. I'll show you where to stow it presently."

The fly drove off and the sailor crossed the threshold with the light packages, coming back instantly for the trunks. Lance let him carry in one single-handed, but when he came out for the next he took hold of one end and helped to deposit it in the hall. The two women watched in silence. It wasn't like Lance to speak roughly, as he had to this man, though it was true he had tardily atoned for it by rendering assistance with the second trunk.

But the explanation was quickly forthcoming. As soon as they were all in the hall and the great oaken door had been barred and bolted Lance broke into a hearty laugh.

"Don't look so solemn, Mother," he cried. "That abuse was only for the benefit of the flyman. Let me present to you my good friend the Senor Antonio Diaz, who has excellent reasons for preserving an incognito.

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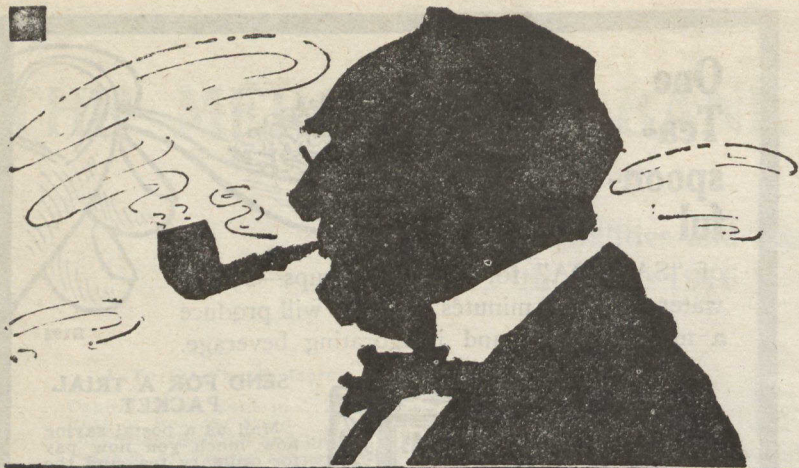
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I have brought him in the hope that you, Cousin Hilda, will extend to him the hospitality of St. Runan's Tower till 'The Lodestar' sails again."

Hilda Carlyon glanced at the dark-skinned foreigner who was regarding her with frank admiration and a hint of amusement in his sloe-black eyes. In spite of his dungaree jacket, and big sea-boots with tucked in trousers, she realized that this was no foremost sailor-man. Here, if her instinct availed her, was a gallant gentleman, whose desire for privacy, since it was backed by Lance's approval, she might safely take on trust.

"Of course, Senor Diaz will be very welcome," she said, as she shook hands with the stranger. "On condition that he understands that my poor old house is a shocking fraud, and that he would probably be far better entertained at one of the cottages in the cove."

"I assure you," laughed the foreigner in flawless English, "that you would not try to frighten me like that if you had seen me for the last six weeks, eating the fare provided by Mr. Jacob Polgleaze for the mariners who serve him in the foc'sle of his tramp steamers, and who have to subject themselves to the brutality of skippers such as Captain Lance Pengarvan when they were caught on deck.

But Hilda was disarmed by the affectionate smile which the speaker flung at "The Lodestar's" captain—a smile instantly reciprocated with an unabashed wink.

"Come in to supper," she said. "You are both very mysterious people, but sooner or later perhaps you will let me into the secret."

CHAPTER IV.

In the Cave.

SENOR ANTONIO DIAZ picked his way down the steep footpath that led to the cove, and leaving the cluster of cottages to his left struck along the narrow beach that skirted the perpendicular cliff. He had been a guest at the ancient stronghold of the Carlyons for over a week, but he had been absent part of the time, and this was his first opportunity for exploring the shore under the Tower. The lay of the land interested him keenly. With a measuring eye he glanced at the twin headlands that hemmed the cove, and he looked approvingly upon the still waters in the sheltered space between. Then he gazed upwards at as much as was visible of the house where he stayed.

There was little more than the projection of a diamond-paned oriel window, from which, as he stood immediately under it, a cord was paid out weighted with a chunk of stone. The latter, after clearing the few snags that jutted out from the sheer escarpment, touched ground almost at his feet, and was then drawn up again. The foreigner waited till the stone disappeared into the open casement, and then waved his hand at the unseen manipulator of the rope. The gesture implied congratulation and encouragement.

"As my dear friend Pengarvan would say, that is a 'bit of all-right.' The boxes will come down plumb, and not bump against the face of the cliff," he murmured, as he continued his walk along the desolate beach, now glancing seaward at the distant steamer track marked by the trails of smoke, now scanning the grim granite wall that hung over him on the landward side.

Antonio Diaz no longer wore the rough sailor clothes in which he arrived at the Tower. He had on a well-cut suit of tweeds, a grey Homburg hat, good linen, and neat brown boots. The transformation dated back to the morning after his arrival, when he had astonished his hostesses by coming down to breakfast in the garb of a gentleman. They were less surprised than they might have been, for it was only his appearance that was altered. At supper the night before his speech and manners had charmed them, Mrs. Pengarvan confiding to Hilda afterwards that Lance's mysterious friend was "a dear."

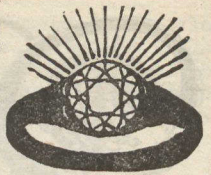
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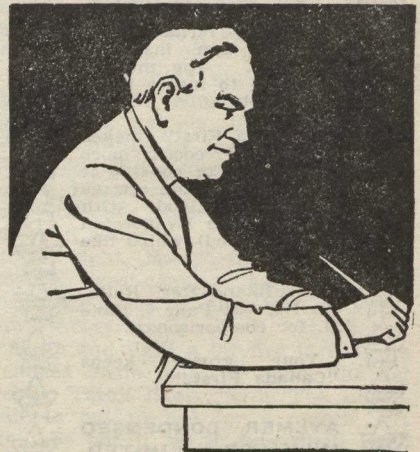
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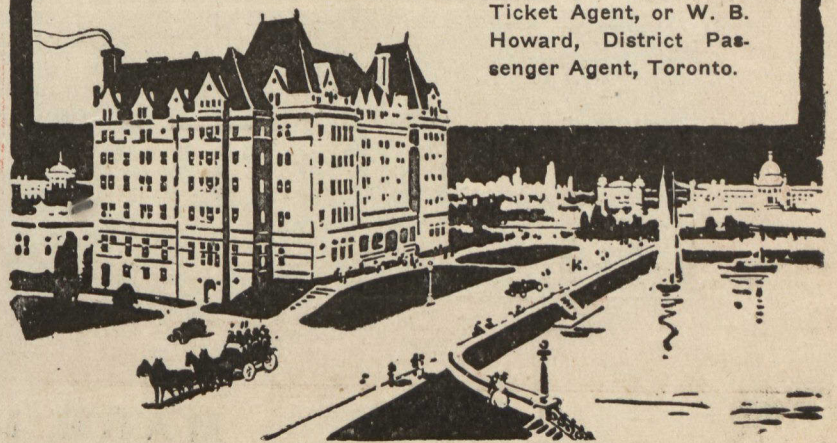
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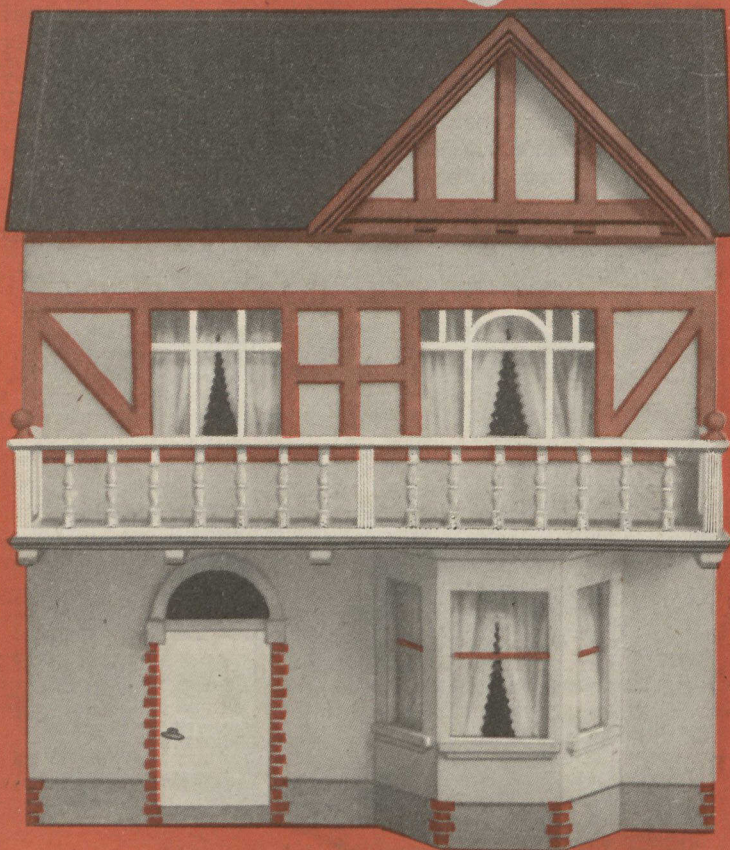
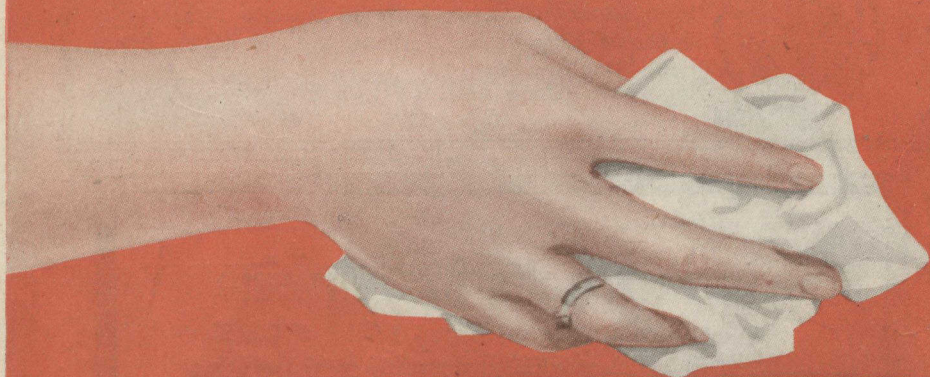


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