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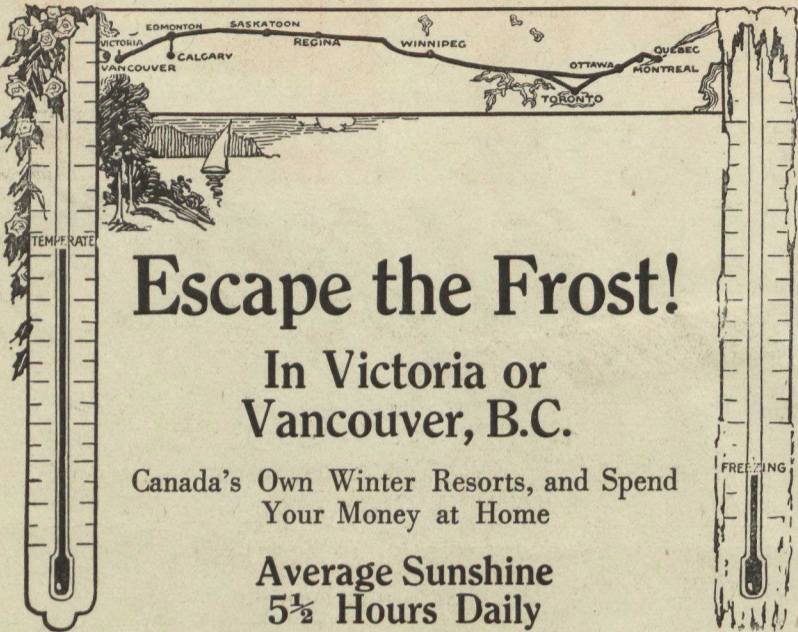


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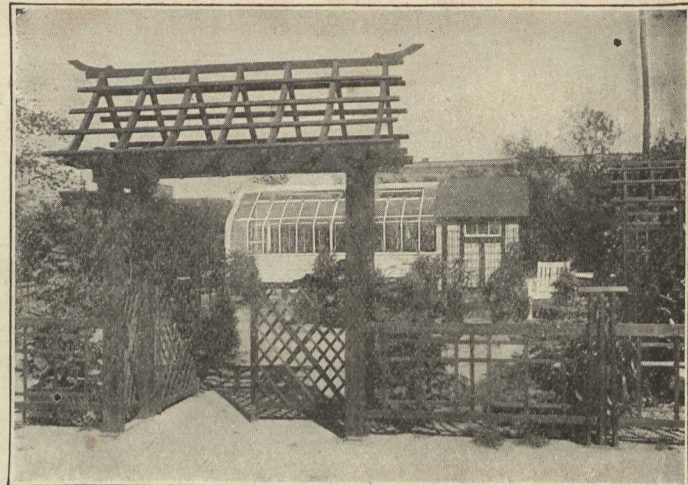
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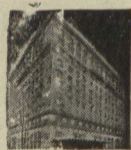
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Advertising Manager, Canadian Courier

The Axton Letters

By

EDWIN BALMER

and

WILLIAM MacHARG

....

Line Drawings by A. M. WICKSON, after
Originals by WM. OBERHARDT

....



Luther Trant, the Psychological Detective, Determines Identity by Sound

....

THE sounds in her dressing room had waked Ethel Waldron just before six o'clock. She could still see, when she closed her eyes, every single, sharp detail of her room as it was that instant she sprang up in bed, with the cry that had given the alarm, and switched on the electric light.

Instantly the man had shut the door; but as she sat staring at it, the hands and dial of her clock on the mantel beside the door had fixed themselves upon her retina like the painted dial of a jeweler's dummy.

It could have been barely six o'clock, therefore, when Howard Axton, after his first swift rush in her defence, had found the window which had been forced open; had picked up the Turkish dagger which he found broken on the sill, and, crying to the girl not to call the police as it was surely "the same man"—the same man, he meant, who had so inexplicably followed him around the world—had rushed to his room for extra cartridges for his revolver and run out into the cold sleet of the March morning.

It was now an hour or more since Howard had run after the man, revolver in hand; and he had not reappeared or telephoned or sent any word at all as to his safety. However much Howard's life in wild lands had accustomed him to seek redress outside the law, she still held the city-bred impulse to appeal to the police. She turned from her nervous pacing at the window and seized the telephone receiver from its hook; but at the sound of the operator's voice, she remembered again Howard's injunction that the man, whenever he appeared, was to be left solely to him. She dropped the receiver without answering. But she resented fiercely the advantage he held over her which must oblige her, she knew, to obey him.

She drew herself up and threw the dressing gown from her shoulders with a proud, defiant gesture. She was a straight, almost tall girl, with the figure of a more youthful Diana, with features as fair and flawless as any younger Hero, and in addition a great depth of blue in very direct eyes and a crowning glory of thick, golden hair. She was barely

twenty-two. And she was not used to having any man show a sense of advantage over her, much less threaten her, as Howard had done. So, in that impulse of defiance, she was reaching again for the telephone she had just dropped, when she saw through the fog outside the window the man she was waiting for—a tall, alert figure hastening toward the house.

She ran downstairs rapidly and opened the door herself. Whether her sense of almost resentment was because this man, whom she did not love but must marry, could so appear the assured and perfect gentleman without collar or scarf and with his clothes and boots spattered with mud and rain, or whether it was merely the confident, insolent smile of his full lips behind his small, close-clipped moustache, she could not tell. She motioned him into the library without speaking. But when they were alone and she had closed the door, she burst out breathlessly.

"Well, Howard? Well? Well, Howard?"

"You have not sent any word to the police, Ethel?"

"I was about to, the moment you came! But—I have not—yet!" she had to confess.

"Or to that—" he checked the epithet that was on his lips—"your friend Caryl?"

She flushed scarlet, and shook her head.

HE drew his revolver, "broke" it, ejecting the cartridges carelessly upon the table, and threw himself wearily into a chair. "I'm glad you understand that this has not been the sort-of affair for anyone else to—interfere in!"

"Has been! You mean," the girl's face grew white, "you—you caught him this time and—and killed him, Howard?"

"Killed him, Ethel?" the man laughed, but observed her more carefully. "Of course I haven't killed him, or even caught him. But I've made myself sure, at least, that he's the same fellow that's been trying to make a fool of me all this year, that's been after me, as I wrote you. And if you remember my letters, even you—I mean, even a girl brought up in a city, ought to see how it's a matter of honour with me now to settle with him alone!"

"If he is merely trying to 'make a fool of you,' as you say, yes, Howard," the girl returned, hotly. "But from what you yourself have told me of him, you know he must be keeping after you for some serious reason! Yes; you know it. I can see it! You can't deny it!"

"Ethel, what do you mean by that?"

"I mean that if you do not think that the man who has been following you from Calcutta to Cape Town and from Cape Town to Chicago means more than a joke for you to settle for yourself, I know that the man who has now twice gone through my letters in my room is something for me to go to the police about!"

"And have the papers flaring the family scandal again? I admit, Ethel," he conceded, carefully calculating the sharpness of his second sting before he delivered it, "that if you or I could call in the police without setting the whole pack of papers upon us again, I'd be glad to do it—if only to please you. But I told you, before I came back, that if there was to be any more airing of the family affairs at all, I could not come. If you want to press the point now, of course I can leave you," he gave the very slightest but most suggestive glance about the rich, luxurious furnishings of the great room, "in possession."

"You know I can't let you do that!" The girl flushed. "But neither can you prevent me from making my private inquiry."

She went to the side of the room and, in his hearing, took down the telephone receiver and called a number without consulting the directory.

"Mr. Caryl, please," she said. "Oh, Henry, is it you? You can take me to your—Mr. Trant, wasn't that the name—as soon as you care to. . . . Yes; I want you to come here. I will have my brougham ready. Immediately!"

And without another word or even a glance at Axton, she brushed by him and ran upstairs to her room.

In the same impetus of reckless anger, she swept up the scattered letters and papers on her writing desk, and put on her things to go out. But on her way downstairs she stopped suddenly. The curl of his cigarette smoke through the open library door showed that he was waiting just inside it. Suddenly his tobacco's sharp, distinctive odour sickened her. She turned about, ran upstairs again and fled, almost headlong, down the rear stairs and out the servant's door to the alley.

At the end of the alley, she shrank instinctively from the glance of the men passing until she made out a hurrying form taller even than Axton, and much broader. She sprang toward it with a shiver of relief as she saw Henry Caryl's light hair and recognized his even, open features.

"Ethel!" he gasped in surprise. "You here! Why—"

"Don't go to the house!" She led him the opposite way. "There is a cab stand at the corner. Get one there and take me to this Mr. Trant! I will tell you everything. The man came again last night. Auntie is sick in bed from it. Howard still says it is his affair and will do nothing. I had to come to you."

Caryl ran to the corner for a cab and returning with it, half lifted her into it. Forty minutes later he led her into Trant's office in the First National Bank Building, in the heart of Chicago's business district.

"This is Mr. Trant, Ethel," Caryl spoke to the girl a little nervously as she took a seat. "And Mr. Trant, this is Miss Waldron. I am Henry Caryl, who telephoned you an hour ago. We must see you at once or we may be interrupted—unpleasantly, by Mr. Axton. I have brought Miss Waldron to tell you of a mysterious man who has been pursuing Howard Axton about the world, and who, since Axton came home to her house two weeks ago, has been threatening her."

"Axton—Axton!" the young psychologist repeated the name which Caryl had spoken as if assured that Trant must recognize it. "Ah! Of course, Howard Axton is the son." He frankly admitted his clearing recollection and his comprehension of why the face of the girl had seemed familiar. "Then you," he addressed her directly, "are Miss Waldron, of Drexel Boulevard?"

"Yes; I am that Miss Waldron, Mr. Trant," the girl replied, flushing at the recognition, but raising her head proudly and meeting his eyes directly. "The step-daughter—the daughter of the second wife of Mr. Nimrod Axton! It was my mother, Mr. Trant, who was the cause of the Axton divorce suit twenty years ago. The first Mrs. Axton obtained the exclusive custody of her son. My mother, just before Mr. Nimrod Axton's death last year, required that that son—the first Mrs. Axton was then dead—should be cut off in the will, absolutely and entirely, without a cent, and that Mr. Axton's entire estate be put in trust for her. So—you doubtless remember the reopening of all this again six months ago when my mother, too, died—I am now the sole heir and legatee of the Axton properties of, they tell me, upward of sixty millions. Yes; I am that Miss Waldron, Mr. Trant!"

"I recall those accounts, but only vaguely," Trant replied, quietly. "I remember the comment upon the disposition of the estate both times. It was from the pictures published of you only a week or two ago that I recognized you. I mean, of course, during the recent comments upon the son, Mr. Howard Axton, whom you have mentioned, who has come home at last to contest the will."

"You do Miss Waldron an injustice—all the papers have been doing her a great injustice, Mr. Trant," Caryl corrected, quickly. "Mr. Axton has not come to contest the will."

"No?"

"No. Miss Waldron asked him to come home, that she may turn over to him, as completely as possible, the whole of his father's estate. If you can recall in any detail the provisions of Mr. Axton's will, you will appreciate, I believe, why we have preferred to let the other impression go uncorrected. For the second Mrs. Axton so carefully and completely cut off all possibility of any of the property being transferred in any form to the son, that Miss Waldron, when she went to a lawyer to see how she could transfer it to Howard Axton, found that her mother's lawyers had provided against every contingency except that of the heir marrying the disinherited son. So Ethel sent for him, offering to establish him in his estate, even at that cost."

"YOU mean that you offered to marry him?" Trant questioned the girl directly. "Has he come to gain his estate in that way?"

"You must be fair to Mr. Axton," the girl replied. "When I first wrote him, almost a year ago, he refused point blank to consider such an offer. In spite of my repeated letters it was not till six weeks ago—after a ship-wreck in which he lost his friend who had been travelling with him for some years—that he would consent even to come home. Even now, I—I remain the one urging the marriage."

The psychologist looked at the girl keenly and questioningly.

"I need scarcely say how little urging he would need, entirely apart from the property," Caryl flushed, "were he sensitive enough to appreciate Miss Waldron's position. I—her friends, I mean, Mr. Trant, have admitted that at first there was nothing about him to prohibit the possibility of her marrying him if she considers that her duty. Now, this mys-

tery has come up about the man who has been following him—the man who appeared again only this morning in Miss Waldron's room and went through her papers—"

"And Mr. Axton cannot account for it?" the psychologist helped him.

"On the contrary he says he can but he doesn't; and he has opposed in every possible way every inquiry or search made for the man—except such as he chooses to make for himself. Only this morning he forbade Miss Waldron, with a veiled threat, to attempt to summon the police and 'take the man out of his hands!'"

"But how do you know, if Mr. Axton is so reticent about this affair, that this latest visitor is the same man who, according to his story, has been following him?"

THE girl took from her bosom the bundle of letters she had brought from her room. "I told you I wrote Mr. Axton about a year ago to come home and he refused to consider it. He always wrote in reply to my letters in the half serious, friendly way you shall see. These four letters I brought you are almost entirely taken up with his adventures with the mysterious man." She handed them to Trant. "He wrote on a typewriter, because on his travels he used to correspond regularly for some London newspaper syndicate."

"London?"

"Yes; the first Mrs. Axton took Howard to England with her immediately after she got her divorce. This is his first return visit to America."

Trant already was glancing over the contents of the first letter hastily; it was post-marked at Cairo, Egypt, some ten months before. He then reread more carefully this part of it:

But a strange and startling incident has happened since my last letter to you, Miss Waldron, which bothers me considerably. We are, as you see, at Sheppard's Hotel, in Cairo. We could not get communicating rooms which it is our custom to have. It was after midnight, and the million noises of this babel town had finally died into a hot and breathless stillness. I lay trying to sleep when I heard distinctly soft footsteps come down the corridor on which my room opens and stop, apparently, in front of my door. They were not, I judged, the footsteps of a European, for the walker was either barefooted or wore soft sandals. I turned my head toward the door, expecting a knock; but none followed. Neither did the door open, though I had not yet locked it.

I was on the point of rising to see what was wanted when it occurred to me that it was probably not at my door that the steps had stopped, but at the door directly opposite across the corridor.

I dozed off. But half an hour later, as nearly as I can estimate it, I awoke and was thinking of the necessity for getting undressed and into bed, when a slight, very slight, rustling noise attracted my attention. I listened intently to locate the direction of the sound and determine whether it was inside the room or out. Then I heard a slighter sound which could be nothing else than breathing. Some living creature, Miss Waldron, was in my room!

The sounds came from the direction of the table by the window. I turned my head silently and saw a man holding a sheet of paper under the light of a lamp. He was at the table, going through the papers in my writing desk. But the very slight noise I had made in turning on the bed had warned him. He rose, with a hissing intake of the breath, his feet pattered softly and swiftly across the floor, my door creaked under his hand, and he was gone before I could jump up to intercept him.

I ran out into the hallway, but it was empty. I listened, but could hear no movement in any of the rooms near

me. I went back and examined the writing desk, but found nothing missing; and it was plain nothing had been touched except some of my letters from you! In the morning I reported the matter to the hotel office. The only description I could give of the intruder was that he had certainly worn a turban, and one even larger, it seemed to me, than ordinary.

The turban and the absence of European shoes, of course, determined him to have been an Egyptian, Turk, or Arab. But what Egyptian, Turk, or Arab could have entered my room with any other object than robbery—which was certainly not the aim of this intruder, for the valuables in the writing desk were untouched. That same afternoon I had had an altercation amounting almost to a quarrel with a Bedouin Arab on my way back from Heliopolis; but if this were he, why should he have taken revenge on my writing desk instead of on me? And what reason on earth can any follower of the Prophet have had for examining with such particular attention my letters from you? It was so decidedly strange a thing that I have taken all this space to tell it to you, one of the strangest sort of things I've had in all my knocking about; and Lawler can make no more of it than I.

"Who is this Lawler who was with Mr. Axton then?" Trant asked.

"I know only that he was a London friend of Howard's, an interesting man who had traveled a great deal, particularly in America. Howard was lonely after his mother's death, and Mr. Lawler and he—they were about the same age—struck up a friendship and traveled together."

"An English younger son, perhaps?"

"I don't know anything else except that he had been in the English army, in the Sussex Royals, but was forced to give up his commission on account of charges that he had cheated at cards. Howard always held that the charges were false; but that was why he wanted to travel."

"You know of no other trouble which this Lawler had?"

"No, none."

"Then where is he now?"

"Dead."

"Dead?" Trant's face fell.

"Yes; he was the friend I spoke of who was lost, drowned in the wreck of the Gladstone just before Howard started home."

TRANT picked up the next letter, which was dated and postmarked at Calcutta.

Miss Waldron, I have seen him again; my Moslem friend with a taste for your correspondence! You see I can joke about it; but really, it was only last night, I am in a perfect funk. It was the same man, shoeless and turbaned and enjoying the pleasant pursuit of going through my writing desk for your letters. Did he follow us down the Red Sea, across the Indian Ocean, over three thousand miles of ocean travel? I can imagine no other explanation. I would take oath he is the very same man I saw at Cairo; here he is in this Great Eastern Hotel at Calcutta, where we have two rooms at the end of the most noisome corridor that ever caged the sounds and odours of a babbling East Indian population, and where the doors have no locks.

I had the end of a trunk against my door, notwithstanding the fact that an Indian servant I have hired was sleeping in the corridor outside across the doorway. I prefer a trunk to a servant as a door-bolt; rightly, as you shall see. Lawler, who had the next room, had neglected to fasten his door in any way, trusting to his servant, who occupied a like strategic position outside the threshold. The door between our two rooms was open. I had been asleep in spite of everything—in spite of the snores and stentorian breathing of a floorful of sleeping humans; in spite of the distant bellowing of a sacred bull, the minor howl of a very far from sacred dog, and a jingling of elephant bells which were set off intermittently somewhere close at hand whenever some living thing in their neighbourhood, animal or human, shifted its position.

I was awakened, at least I believe it was this which awakened me, by a creaking of the floor boards in my room; and, with what seemed a causeless but certainly most oppressive feeling of chilling terror, I started upright in my bed. He was there—again in my writing desk and rustling the papers. For an instant I remained motionless; and in that instant, alarmed by the slight sound I had made, he fled noiselessly, pattered through the door between the rooms and loudly slammed it shut, slammed Lawler's outer door behind him, and had gone.

I pulled the door open, ran across the creaking floor of the other room—where Lawler, awakened by the slamming of the doors, had jumped out of bed—and opened the door into the corridor. Lawler's servant, still dazed with sleep, blubbered that he had seen no one, though the man must have stepped over his very body. A dozen other servants, sleeping before their masters' doors in the corridor, had awakened likewise and chorused shrilly that they had seen no one. Lawler, too, though the noise of the man's passage had brought him out of bed, had not seen him.

When I examined my writing desk, I found, as before at Cairo, that nothing had been taken. The literary delight of looking over your letters seems to be all that draws him. Of course, I am joking; there must be a real reason. What it is that he is searching for, why it

CANADA.

By Gunner E. G. Black, No. 312853, 41st Battery, 11th Bde., C.F.A., Military Post Office, London.

FOUR words there be in our old English tongue,

That make our hearts beat fast and pulses throb,

Words that the poet oftentime has sung,
Words that no paltry rhymster e'er can rob.

Mother is one, an angel from above;
And home beloved by men shall ever be;
Sweetheart speaks of rapture and of love,
And homeland is the birthplace of the free.

When men from Canada are overseas,
On pleasure bent, or business, or war,
There is one word that speaks of all of those,
With meaning that it never held before.

The word was but a name when spoke at home,
But Canada means all to those who roam.

is that he follows me, for he has never intruded on anyone else so far as I can learn, I would like to know!

The native servants asked in awe-struck whispers whether I noticed if his feet were turned backwards; for it seems they believe that to be one of the characteristics of a ghost. But the man was flesh and blood, I am sure of it; and I am bound that if he comes again I will learn his object. I sleep now with my pistol under my pillow, and next time I shall shoot!

TRANT, as he finished the last words, looked up suddenly at Miss Waldron, as though about to ask a question or make some comment, but checked himself. He picked up the next letter, which bore a Cape Town date line:

My affair with my mysterious visitor came almost to a conclusion last night, for, except for a careless mistake of my own, I should have bagged him. Isn't it mystifying, bewildering—yes, and a little terrifying? He made his appearance here last night in Cape Town, thousands of miles away from the two other places I had encountered him; and he seemed to have no more difficulty in entering the house of a Cape Town correspondent, Mr. Arthur Emsley, where we are guests, than he had before in entering public hotels. When discovered he disappeared as mysteriously as ever. This time, however, he took some precautions. He had moved my night lamp so that, with his body in shadow, he could still see the contents of my desk; but I could hear his shoulders rubbing on the wall and located him exactly. I slipped my hand noiselessly for my revolver, but it was gone. The slight noise I made in searching for it alarmed him, and he ran.

I rushed out into the hall after him. Mr. Emsley and Lawler, awakened, had come out of their rooms. They had not seen him, and, though we searched the house, he had disappeared as inexplicably as the two other times. But I have learned one thing, it is not a turban he wears, it is his coat, which he takes off and wraps around his head to hide his face. An odd disguise! The possession of a coat of that sort makes it probable he is a European. I know of only two Europeans who have been in Cairo, Calcutta, and Cape Town at the same time we were, both travelers like ourselves; a guttural young German named Schultz, an agent of the North German Lloyd, and a nasal American named Walkott, of the Lesic Medicine Company, New York. I shall keep an eye on both of them. This affair has come to be a personal and bitter contest between the unknown and myself. I am determined not only to know who this man is and what is the object of his visits, but to settle with him the score which I now have against him. I shall shoot him next time he comes as mercilessly as I would a rabid dog; and I should have shot him this time except for my own careless mistake through which I had let my revolver slip to the floor, where I found it.

By the bye, we sail for home—that is, England—next week on the steamer Gladstone, but, I am sorry to say, without my English servant, Beasley. Poor Beasley, since these mysterious occurrences, has been bitten with superstitious terror; the man is in a perfect funk, thinks I am haunted, and does not dare to embark on the same ship with me, for he believes that the Gladstone will never reach England in safety if I am aboard. I shall discharge him, of course, but furnish him with his transportation home and leave him to follow at his leisure if he sees fit.

"THIS is the first time I have heard of another man in their party who might possibly be the masquerader, Miss Waldron," Trant swung suddenly in his revolving chair to face the girl again. "Mr. Axton speaks of him as his English servant. I suppose from that, he left England with Mr. Axton."

"Yes, Mr. Trant."

"And therefore was present, though not mentioned, at Cairo, Calcutta, and Cape Town?"

"Yes, I believe so; but he was dismissed at that time by Mr. Axton. At the time of the mysterious man's next appearance, Beasley was in the Charing Cross Hospital in London. He is still there. His leg was broken in a cab accident; and one of the doctors there wrote Mr. Axton only two days ago

telling him of Beasley's need of assistance. It could not have been Beasley."

"And there was no one else with Mr. Axton, except his friend Lawler who, you say, was drowned in a wreck."

"No one but Mr. Lawler, Mr. Trant; and Howard himself saw him dead and identified him, as you will see in that last letter."

Trant opened the envelope and took out the inclosure; as he unfolded it, a printed sheet dropped out, a page from the London Illustrated News showing four portraits with the caption, "Sole Survivors of the ill-fated British Steamer Gladstone, wrecked off Cape Blanco, January 24th." The first portrait bore the name of Howard Axton and showed the determined, distinctly handsome features and the full lips and deep-set eyes of the man whom the girl had defied that morning.

"This is a good portrait?" Trant asked.



"I do not know him," Axton's eyes glanced furtively about. "I have never seen him before. This is not Lawler."

"Very good, indeed," the girl answered, "though it was taken for the News almost immediately after the wreck. I have the photograph from which it was made at home. I had asked him for a picture of himself in my last previous letter, as my mother had had destroyed every picture, even the early ones, of him and his mother."

Trant turned to the last letter:

Wrecked, Miss Waldron! Poor Beasley's prophecy of disaster has come only too true, and I suppose he is already congratulating himself that he was "warned" by my mysterious visitor and so escaped the fate that so many have suffered, including poor Lawler. Of course you will have seen all about it in the staring headlines of some newspaper long before this reaches you. I am glad that when found I was at once identified, though still unconscious, and my name listed first among the very few survivors, so that you were spared the anxiety of waiting for news of me. Only four of us left out of that whole shipload! I had final proof this morning of poor Lawler's death by the finding of his body,

I was hardly out of bed when a German trader came to tell me that more bodies had been found, and as I have been called upon in every instance to aid in identification, I set out with him down the beach at once. It was almost impossible to realize that this blue and silver ocean glimmering under the blazing sun was the same white-frothing terror that had swallowed up all my companions of three days before. The greater part of the bodies found that morning had been already carried up the beach. Among those remaining on the sand the first we came upon was that of Lawler. It lay upon its side at the entrance of a ragged sandy cove, half buried in the sand, which here was white as leprosy. His ears, his eyes, and every interstice of his clothing were filled with this white and leprous sand by the washing of the waves; his pockets bulged and were distended with it.

"What! what!" Trant clutched the letter in excitement and stared at it.

"It is a horrible picture, Mr. Trant," the girl shuddered.

"Horrible—yes, certainly," the psychologist answered quickly. "I was not thinking of the horror—" he checked himself.

"Of what, then?" asked Caryl, pointedly.

But the psychologist had already returned to the letter in his hand, the remainder of which he read with intent and ever-increasing interest:

Of course I identified him at once. His face was calm and showed no evidence of his last bitter struggle, and I am glad his look was thus peaceful. Poor Lawler! If the first part of his life was not all it should have been, as indeed he frankly told me, he atoned for all in his last hour. For undoubtedly, Miss Waldron, Lawler gave his life for mine.

I suppose the story of the wreck is already well known to you, for our one telegraph wire that binds this isolated town to the outside world has been labouring for three days under a load of messages.

ON the night it occurred I awakened with so strong a sense of something being wrong that I rose, partly dressed myself, and went out into the saloon, where I found a white-faced steward going from door to door arousing the passengers. Heavy smoke was billowing up the main companionway in the light of the cabin lamps, and the pitching and reeling of the vessel showed that the sea had greatly increased. I returned and awoke Lawler, and we went out on deck. The sea was a smother of startling whiteness through which the Gladstone was staggering at the full power of her engines for Cape Blanco. No flame as yet was anywhere visible, but huge volumes of smoke were bursting from every opening in the fore part of the vessel.

The passengers, in a pale and terrified group, were kept together on the after deck, as far as possible from the fire. Now and then some pallid, staring man or woman would break through the guard and rush back to the cabin in search of a missing loved one or valuables. Life preservers were passed. But when I tried to put one on I found it to be old and in such condition that it was useless. Lawler then took off the preserver that he himself had on, declaring that he was a much better swimmer than I—which I knew to be the case—and forced me to wear

it. This life preserver was all that brought me safely ashore, and the lack of it was, I believe, the reason for Lawler's death. Within ten minutes afterwards the flames burst through the forward deck—a red and awful banner which the fierce wind flattened into a fan-shaped sheet of fire against the night—and the Gladstone struck with terrific force, throwing everything and everybody flat upon the deck. The bow was raised high upon the reef, while the stern with its maddened, living freight began to sink rapidly into the swirl of foaming waters. The first two boats were overfilled at once in a wild rush, and one was stove immediately against the steamer's side and sank, while the other was badly damaged and made only about fifty yards' progress before it went down also. The remaining boats all were lowered from the starboard davits, and got away in safety; but only to capsize or be stove upon the reef. Lawler and I found places in the last boat, the captain's.

Then I recall only the swamping of our boat, and cruel white waters that rushed out of the night to engulf us; I recall a blind and painful struggle against a power

(Continued on page 27.)

GINGERING UP GINGER-LAND

Cameras, Reporters and Politicians accompany Premier Sir Robert Borden and Mr. R. B. Bennett on Record-Breaking, Speech-Making Journey from Quebec City to Victoria and back again

By J. F. B. LIVESAY

Photographs en route by the Author

SAID once a witty Frenchman—they say these things so much better over there: "I cannot get inside a man until I have him seated opposite me in a hackney coach."

A number of the privileged members of the party accompanying Sir Robert Borden and the Director-General, R. B. Bennett, M.P., west from Winnipeg to Victoria and back in their whirlwind campaign in aid of National Service had much the same experience of the people of Western Canada. Outside the merits and the heights of that campaign, it was these people—the wonderful audiences all through the prairie and at the Coast—that were of the most pregnant significance. Western Canada has given freely of her sons—too freely, even, of the farming community, it was said, if production is to be maintained—but those who are left are animated with the same stern spirit, inherited from Covenanter and Roundhead ancestors, or the natural growth of the wide land wherein they live, as the men they have sent overseas.

Take, for instance, the meeting at Brandon at the inconvenient hour of nine o'clock of a December morning, with the thermometer thirty-eight below zero. To one early on the ground it seemed impossible to fill the vast emptiness of the Winter Fair building, seating five thousand persons in and around what is reputed to be the largest show-ring in Canada. But nothing could chill the enthusiasm of the people of Western Manitoba, who came by special trains to what was to be the last of the prairie meetings. Quite four thousand persons were present.

The time was limited, because the special train had to reach Toronto at a certain hour next day but one; and perhaps this had something to do with the concentrated energy of the speeches, and the general crisp swing of the business. Certainly the Prime Minister was not heard to better advantage on the western tour, and the serious, earnest note he struck, an impressive and unforgettable figure to so many in that great arena, awoke at once its immediate response.

To those who do not know a prairie audience, the absence of applause, of vigorous hand-clapping, and ready demonstration, is actually disconcerting. At one considerable prairie point, indeed, the chairman of the meeting so far mistook the temper of the crowd as to ask for such a demonstration—he got it on demand, but in a few minutes the cheers subsided, to be replaced by the tense silence of close attention.

That, of course, is the greatest of all inspirations for the orator immersed in his theme, as so obviously was Sir Robert Borden. It was such audiences he faced in the West, grim in their determination to see it through, and abandoning their reserve only on such occasions as the eloquent declaration that Canada fought for nothing short of a victory so complete as to guarantee a peace that shall endure.

A feature of this significant meeting was the able and eloquent speech of Premier Norris, who, putting aside party politics in Brandon, as he had ten days before in Winnipeg, stood squarely on that platform alongside his Conservative opponents for the idea of National Service. That, indeed, was a happy characteristic of all the western meetings. No more impassioned appeal was made from any western platform than that of Premier Brewster, in British Columbia, while at the Regina meeting Hon. J. A. Calder was just as emphatic on behalf of the Saskatchewan Government, and, in Calgary, Michael Clark, M.P. for Red Deer, a recognized leader of Alberta Liberals, rose to a fine height in his exposition of the doctrine of unity of effort in prosecution of the war. It was difficult to dissuade oneself, indeed, of the notion that these were the right-hand men in the West of Premier Borden, instead of being the chief of his political opponents. That is a sign of the times.

This is neither the place nor the occasion to discuss or to weigh the aspects of National Service, as placed before the people of the West. None could leave these meetings without the impression of the single-hearted earnestness of its sponsors. It fell to the lot of the Prime Minister to strike the opening note of impressive warning; to recount what had been done, but much more to describe the perils and the difficulties that lay ahead; and to declare that nothing less than a united effort could achieve the common goal. He was able to speak from a wide experience that embraced not only the executive government, but included a personal survey of the conditions of our armies overseas. His message thence to the people of Canada was sharp and precise. Nothing less than ample victory and its concomitant of a lasting and honourable peace could pay for the blood of Canada's best, poured out on the plains of Flanders and of France.

Thus nobly introduced, Mr. Bennett stepped on the scene with his definite programme for the co-ordination of national effort, the foundation of which must



LEGEND: Sir Robert Borden has the National Service train stop in the foot-hills while he rehearses his Pacific war speech. Fast: The Premier has a little passing amusement. The train has stopped at a tank. Sir Robert invigorates himself throwing snowballs. The upper picture shows the Premier aiming definitely and morally at a cranberry bush. The second shows him contemplating the said bush after he has not struck it.

From the narrative of the journey it is quite obvious that the Premier sent better balls home from the platform on National Service than he did in the foot-hills. There has never been any doubt as to where Sir Robert Borden stands on the war question. And there are times when a man may stand a little too well. In the National Service campaign the Premier demonstrates that he does not believe merely in standing. The war and the world do move. The Government of Canada must move with them.

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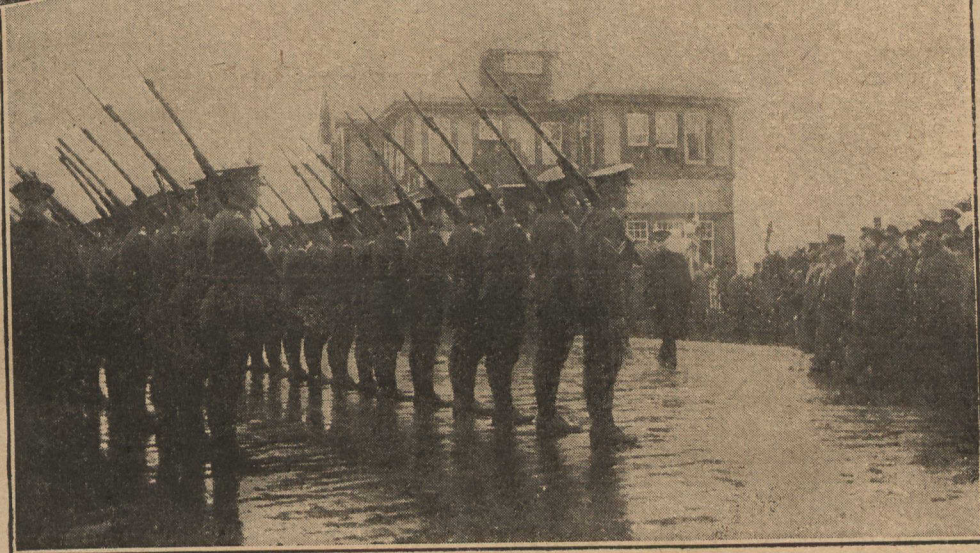
R. B. BENNETT, Director-General of National Service, swaps smiles with a member of the Toronto Globe staff aboard ship from Vancouver to Victoria. The gulls on the life-boat rig near by understand that Mr. Bennett is having the last word with the Globe and decide to overcome their native fear of man by coming as close as possible.





ON board s.s. Princess Adelaide en route to Victoria the Premier converses with Chief Justice Hon. J. A. Macdonald (centre), and G. H. Barnard, M.P. for Victoria.

THE two Vancouver street pictures shown are two of the most descriptive in Canada. It happened to be raining on Hastings St. (left), and also on Granville St.



(right)—so the camera man tells us; which accounts for the sheen on the pavement. But even in the rain the snapshots are delightfully sharp and crisp.

ARRIVED at Victoria—also a dull day—there was a military guard drawn up to receive the National Service party at the station.

be an accurate accounting of the man-power of the Dominion. The Director-General of National Service is known in the West as an electrifying and resourceful speaker, entirely at home upon the party platform. Naturally much interest centred round his deportment upon a stage superior to party strife, and nowhere more than in his home city of Calgary. "R. B. was never in better form, more in earnest, more convincing, nor commanded, by reason of his intense conviction, a more appreciative hearing than

he did this night," remarked an old supporter to the writer after that meeting. Indeed, his intense earnestness, his devotion to the cause he has made his own, his passionate promulgation of it as his own direct contribution to the common cause, was apparent on every hand, and impressed the trained and even sceptical observation of the newspaper men representing both sides of politics who had accompanied the party from the East.

From the point of view of those same newspaper

men there could not have been a more charmed excursion. A private car is a house, a house is a castle, and a castle is an Englishman's home. But with that reservation it may be said that seldom has an official party travelled across the continent with less ostentation; with, in fact, greater simplicity; nor, where the relationship is temporary and even accidental, with a greater comradeship; where official position was sunk and the guest of the occasion made to feel so perfectly at home.

DIS-FRENCHISING CANADIANS

Chapter III—The Pledge Justified

By WILLIAM H. MOORE

THE gentle art of "teaching your grandmother to suck eggs," has long been the favourite pastime of many Canadians. Peter McArthur, the author of the "Red Mill," once wrote an essay on the subject, which obtained favour in England. Of the many adepts at the game, there are none more keen than a friend of mine, whom I shall introduce as Mr. Blank. Canadian-born, English-speaking, he loves to dwell upon what he calls "the blundering stupidity of British statesmen," and when I read over with him the speeches delivered in the British Parliament in the debate over the Quebec Bill, he fairly gloated.

"What lack of vision those stupid old Englishmen had in the days of the foundation of British rule in Canada!" he exclaimed. "It was the same story with the Maine and Alaska boundaries, the Behring Sea fisheries, and every other great question which Englishmen have been called upon to decide for Canada."

"What would you have done with the French-Canadians after the conquest?" I asked.

"Anglicise them," was the terse reply. "Introduce the English language, English laws, English customs, and the Protestant religion."

"That would have been a violation of the Golden Rule," was the reply.

"What has the Golden Rule to do with politics?" he asked indignantly.

"You suggested introducing the Protestant religion, and surely the Golden Rule is its measuring stick of conduct," I argued.

"Nonsense," he retorted. "The Golden Rule is all right in its place, a good, a necessary thing to be preached, but quite impossible in practice, at least in state practice," and dismissing the subject as definitely settled, Blank wandered back to his criticism of the historical misunderstanding and mismanagement of Canadian affairs by Imperial statesmen.

It was within my heart to follow the argument as to the practicability of the Golden Rule in politics, but Blank had too good a start on his favourite topic; it was impossible to check the flow of criticism directed against the "muddling Britishers." Later on I read over the debates to my friend and associate, Price Green, an Oxford-born Englishman.

"Vision!" was his exclamation. "Wonderful vision!" he repeated.

"Vision of what?" I asked, mindful of my talk with Blank.

"Vision of the American Revolution," was Green's reply. "It followed the Quebec Act by a few months, you will remember, and the Empire leaders had scented its coming. Truly, Englishmen," he argued,

"are born with an intuitive understanding of colonial administration. They recognized the impossibility of making over the French-Canadians into Englishmen and, instead, they deliberately set out to make them French-speaking Britishers, by a pledge ensuring the security of their property, customs, and religion."

"But would it not have been better to have dis-frenchised the new subjects then, while they were few in numbers, and laid the foundation for racial homogeneity in Canada?" I asked, with Blank's words still in my memory.

"The genius of the Englishman as the builder of Empire, consists in his recognition of the right of a people coming within the British Empire to develop along racial lines," replied Mr. Green. "Nearly one-third of the earth's inhabitants are Britishers, and I defy anyone to produce a single instance in which Great Britain has deprived a race of either its language or its religion. I remember having read somewhere a statement to the effect that if humanity were a layer-cake, every layer would contain British citizens. To have attempted the Anglicisation of the races within the Empire would have meant inevitable disintegration; but the recognition of the rights of peoples has resulted in the world's greatest and most-enduring Empire."

My two friends were plainly in disagreement as to the wisdom of the Quebec Act and, needless to say, their views are representative of contemporary

opinions. The motives which prompted the giving of the ancient pledge continuing the French language in Canada, will always be the subject of controversy, since men will read history in the light of their own ideals. Personally, I prefer to think Thurlow and the other statesmen who voiced their opinions on the floor of the British Parliament, were honest, and intended to acknowledge the sacred right of racial self-expression. Be this as it may, there are few students of the history of the period who will not readily agree with Wyatt Tilby that "the policy was fully justified by its results."

WHEN the English-speaking British of America threw off their allegiance to the King of Great Britain, "no stone was left unturned, no means were left untried to induce the French to revolt," says this historian. "Inflammatory proclamations inciting to rebellion were issued from the printing presses of Boston and Philadelphia, and posted at dead of night by mysterious, unknown hands on the doors of the Canadian churches. The agents of the republic infested every village along the St. Lawrence, alternately cajoling and threatening the inhabitants. Freedom and assistance were promised to those who threw off the yoke of slavery; and the sword of the avenger was denounced on the cowards who meekly submitted to the British tyrants at the critical time when the rights of man were endangered and the friends of liberty in peril."

At the outbreak of the revolution there were only about a thousand British regulars in Canada, and not a single armed vessel. Of the civilian population, only a few hundred were English-speaking, and many of these, we are told, were "recalcitrant," by no means enthusiastic in the cause of Great Britain; many of them having come from the disaffected colonies were more inclined to throw off than to hold on to British sovereignty. Except for the handful of British regulars and the few hundred half-loyal English, the inhabitants were French-Canadian; clearly, by numbers and training the French-Canadians were masters of the situation.

With the Quebec Act in operation only a few weeks, the people were not wholly convinced of the genuineness of its guarantees. So the response to the governor's call for volunteers was not immediate. There was no bilingual question in those days, no one to dispute the right of self-expression of the French-Canadian race in the land east or west of the Ottawa River, but the "new subjects" wanted assurances for the future.

There was also dissatisfaction because the inhabitants were not allowed to choose their own officers. Many of the seigneurs had returned to France after the country had been turned over to the British, and leadership fell largely upon the church. Fortunately, the principal laymen and clergy of the colony believed that the assurances of the Quebec Act were something more than an expedient of the hour, and accepted them as an enduring pledge of the main-

tenance of French civil laws, of French customs, and of French culture in Canada. The young men capable of bearing arms were rallied to the British standard in sufficient numbers to resist the invaders and preserve the colony for the British.

An attempt has been made to picture the Canadians of that day as unintelligent yokels, submerged in a slough of inertia and ignorance, whose assistance was not of material service. But we know better. Francis Parkman has given us a graphic description of the country and its inhabitants at the close of the French Regime, only a few years before. It may be true that many French-Canadians of that period were unschooled, although, as we shall see, New France was farther ahead in education than New England. Whatever the faults of French colonial government, its system had, at least, one advantage needful for the day. As Parkman tells us, "It favoured military efficiency. The Canadian population sprang in great part from soldiers, and was to the last sympathetically reinforced by disbanded soldiers. Its chief occupation was a continual training for forest war; it had little or nothing to lose, and little to do but fight and range the woods."

THE seigneurs were admittedly splendid soldiers, but the common people had also an aptitude and training for war. "As for habitant, the forest, lake, and river, were his true school," says Parkman, "and here, at least, he was an apt scholar. A skilful woodsman, a bold and adroit canoe man, a willing fighter in time of need, often serving without pay, and receiving from government only his provisions and his canoe, he was more than ready at any time for any hardy enterprise; and in the forest warfare of skirmish and surprise there were few to match him."

For many years the Canadians had successfully defended their country from the inroads of the American colonists, who were backed up by the British Government; and had they been so minded at this critical period, without the shadow of a doubt they could have established their independence, or at least have thrown off British sovereignty.

They elected, of their own free will, to remain loyal.

I have suggested the possibility of the French-Canadians achieving their independence, and indeed it was more than a possibility of the times. It must be remembered that this was a dream of the resourceful and ambitious Vergennes, at that time the masterful dictator of the foreign policy of France. Vergennes is best known to fame as the French statesman who brought about the "Treaty of Alliance," concluded at Paris, February 6, 1778, and ratified by Congress, May 4, 1778. The motives of France in backing up the revolution in Great Britain's American colonies, have been the subject of speculation; but historians do not differ as to the effectiveness of French intervention. Edward S. Corwin, Professor of Politics at Princeton University, re-

cently wrote a book entitled, "French Policy and the American Alliance of 1778," in which he states: "The great majority of students to-day would, I suppose, concede that but for our alliance with France, the War of Independence would have ended without independence."

Although France, in the Treaty of Alliance, expressly "forever renounced any part of the Continent of North America which, before the Treaty of Paris in 1763, or in virtue of that treaty," belonged to Britain, there was another course open by which her ancient colony might be wrested from Great Britain and at the same time be prevented from falling into the open arms of the United States. This plan lay in independence under French protection. This was Vergennes' own original plan for Canada and Nova Scotia. He hoped to expel the English and establish a free "agricultural and commercial state which should govern itself under the protection of France. In this way, he argued, the country would be peopled by the French themselves, and 'by any who choose to go there,' and a national spirit, grounded on similarity of language, customs, and national character, and kept alive by constant intercourse, would be created substantially identical with that of France herself."

The plans of Vergennes came to naught because of the stubborn loyalty to Britain of the French-Canadians.

There was also more than a suggestion of independence in the proclamation of Baron D'Estaing, Commander of the French fleet in American waters, calling upon the French-Canadians in the names of Levis and Montcalm, to assert themselves against the loosely-held British power. Further still, we are told that the three commissioners, Benjamin Franklin, Samuel Chase, and Charles Carrol, appointed by Congress to win over the French-Canadians, finding this impossible "tentatively suggested that Canada might retain an independent position in its relation to the rest of the states." Whether Canada would have become independent, or a state of the Union, if the French had listened favourably to these suggestions, will never be known; for, relying on the inviolability of a British pledge of the right to self-expression, they remained true to Great Britain in the years when her Empire appeared to be crumbling to pieces. When peace was declared the Union Jack waved over no other part of the North American Continent than that dominated by the French-Canadians. Out of the mass of intricate forces which governed conditions during the War of the Revolution, the salient fact stands forth that the English-speaking Americans threw off British sovereignty and the French-speaking Americans retained it.

NONE save those who close their eyes to this page of the country's history will argue for the unifying force of a common language as compared with a recognition of the sacred rights of national self-expression. (Concluded on page 23.)

SHIPS AND TRADE GRABBING

HONESTLY—there are grave reasons for doubting whether we Canadians are going to gallop into the foreign trade field when the war is over and capture the business we talk about capturing. Don't for a moment suppose that these reasons-for-doubt outweigh the reasons-for-hope in this connection. They may—and they may not. But when we, the Canadian businessman and Sir George Foster, get talking together after a nice forty-cent lunch in our local tavern—when we get to sizing up the Russian market as though it was our own personal apple, which we polish on our palms, and twiddle in our fingers, and hold up and squint at while deciding whether to bite the red part or the yellow part first—I say then it's time to (to change the figure) look at the other side of the carpet.

On the top-side of the affair we have verdant generalities and rosy possibilities. Sir George rears the bottom of his whiskers clear of the chairman's head and with a lean fist stabs the table till the iron-stone coffee cups dance in their juice. He tells us we must prepare! We must be ready to seize the great opportunities that are certain to present themselves! . . . And we applaud heartily, hoping in our own minds that the man sitting to our right, and the man to our left, and the man before us and the man behind us—in fact every man in the room except ourselves, will take Sir George's words to heart and start practising right away the art of grabbing the fore-locks of opportunities. We exclude ourselves from this, however, because we know our own busi-

The Relation of One Neglected Canadian Business to the Problem of Post-War Prosperity

By BRITTON B. COOKE

ness and know how mighty hard it is to sell cheesecloth in New Westminster, let alone Paraguay. And we DON'T exclude the other fellows in the room because we DON'T know their business, and because we can't for the life of us see what's to hinder THEM bringing home the trade Sir George is talking about—and thereby making life in Canada just that much busier and the outlook for cheesecloth—or dental supplies, or fire extinguishers or pop, that much more agreeable to the eye.

And yet there ARE reasons why these other men in the room are thinking exactly as you are thinking. They, too, are leaving it to YOU to get after these pink-toed opportunities that are going to fling themselves on somebody's neck when the spiders in France start sewing up the mouths of the cannon. It is all very well to think of the American factories that are going to crowd into our cities after the war in order to get the benefit of tariff-entente among the allies. It's all very well, too, to think of the American rich man, groaning under his burden of wealth, coming over here like a neglected cow coming home to the barn-yard, to be relieved of his wealth by investing in Canadian undertakings. These things will undoubtedly happen, and we'll have less trouble putting our men to work again than any other

country now in the war. BUT in the matter of foreign trade we shall lack several of the assistant weapons which older and wiser states have provided or are now providing for themselves. For one thing, we haven't that money-lending capacity which is so closely allied

with selling goods to some of the new countries that will then be in the market for goods. We haven't that variety of output which enables a customer to do all his shopping in the one country—as is the case when a foreigner comes to England's counter, or, as it used to be, in Germany's shop. AND—we haven't ships! That, it might be said, is the most serious obstacle in sight to the building up of a lusty Canadian foreign trade. We MAY be able to do the money-lending stunt, as it were, vicariously: that is to say, the United States may and probably will advance large sums to various other countries and may find it to her advantage to divert the resultant crop of orders-for-goods to the Canadian branch factories which Americans are certainly likely to establish here. We MAY not find the small range of our manufactures as great an obstacle as it now looks, and if Sir Thomas White keeps on astonishing us by the rare sight of a good average business man running the Finance Department at Ottawa, he MAY devise a scheme of bank co-operation such as existed in Germany before the war and enabled German exporters to make such rapid gains. But with all these obstacles removed and with no better provision for ships and ship-building than we now have, or than we had before the war—we shall gain nothing.

Ask that man sitting beside you at the Canadian Club luncheon—listening to Sir George's glistening remarks. Pretend, for a moment, that he is a big lumber dealer from British Columbia.

"Yes," he says, when the Minister of Trade and Commerce stops to draw a breath, "That's the talk! That's the talk!"

"But what about YOU?" you whisper. "Are you going to take advantage of the opportunities that are coming?"

"Me? O no! Can't.—But YOU? You will—of course?"

Never mind what you tell HIM. Ask him why he doesn't expect to make great gains in his lumber business and he will talk something like this:

"More trade for me? No. . . . I got about all I can handle. . . . Timber? Sure, I got more'n I can ever sell this side o' the tomb. . . . Mill capacity? . . . O yes. I got equipment to double my output. . . . Labour? . . . Sure. I generally get all the men I need. . . . Orders?"

HE takes a long breath and looks at you out of the corner of his eye. He sees by the cut of your clothes that you aren't in the lumber trade and he decides to loosen up a little.

"Say!" he begins again, "I could get O-R-D-E-R-S—long as your arm? I don't mean war orders. Take them for granted. But before-the-war-orders. I remember, in 1913, a New Zealand house wanted five million feet of fir. Price was right and all that, but there wasn't a bottom (ship) to carry the stuff."

"Who filled the order?"

"A Tacoma firm."

"Americans?"

"I said TACOMA."

Now consider his words. F. C. T. O'Hara, the Deputy Minister of Trade and Commerce at Ottawa, will tell you his story was entirely probable, and O'Hara's clerks could dig up records of many other timber orders lost to Canada because Canada had no way of delivering the goods. Not only timber orders have been lost that way, but orders for stoves for South Africa, binders for Russia—all sorts of orders have actually been offered Canada—Canadian goods PREFERRED—and lost because Canada couldn't ship those goods. How long, O gentle member of the Canadian Club, would your wife deal with a grocer who couldn't "send it"? If she told you of such a grocer you'd be scandalized to think any man could run a business without having any regard to deliveries! If you were a branch bank manager and that grocer came to you to borrow a few dollars for thirty days, you would explain to him with great clearness and sincerity that Head Office had only yesterday written you to say—you know the rest of that line of chaff just as well as does the grocer who doesn't get the money.

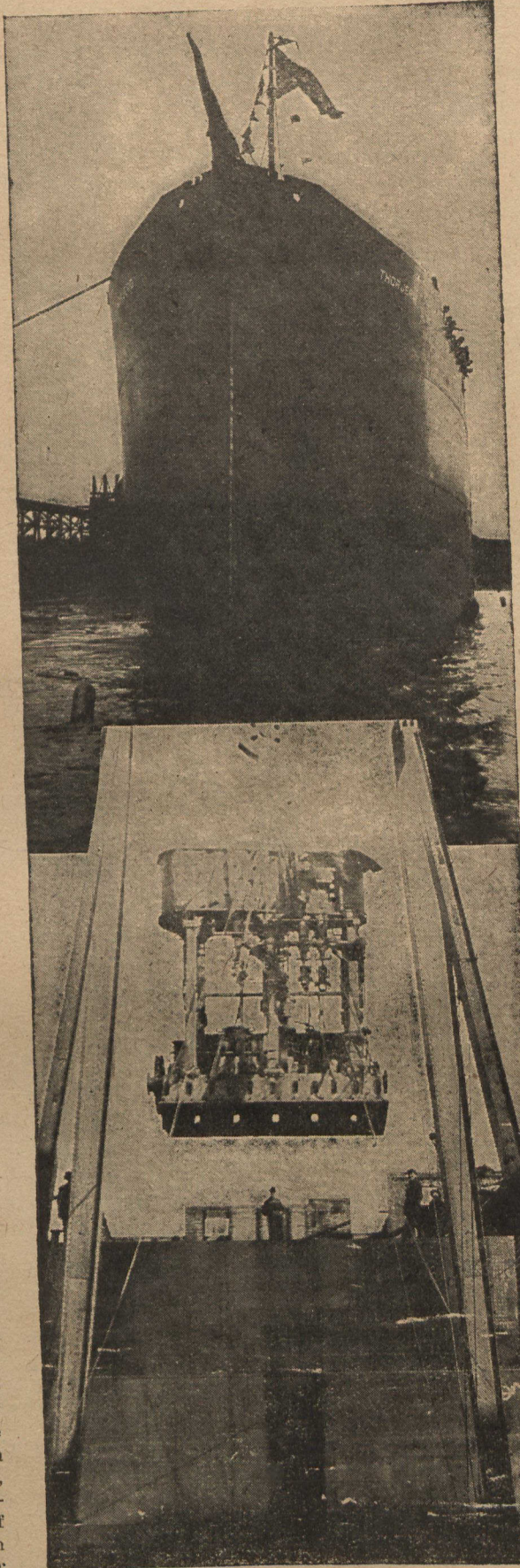
We Canadians, as exporters, are mere babes in the woods. Before the war we were, and after the war we will be entirely in the hands of our customers. If the customer can send his little boy to our shop for a few tons of lawn mowers—well and good. But many a customer hasn't got any "little boy" (do I need to explain that I mean ships?) and THAT custom must therefore go to which ever one of the nations CAN deliver its goods.

Among the countless blue-books that Ottawa carefully dumps into the waste-baskets of all the editorial offices in Canada, there is one which shows year by year and item by item, the trade between this country and various other countries. In another blue book (Part VI. of the Department of Trade and Commerce), is a record of the monies paid out by the Ottawa Government in steamship subsidies. You will find, for example, a great increase in our trade with the West Indies and a corresponding entry under steamship subsidies showing that the increase began when more ships started to ply back and forth between the two countries. You will observe, too, that we have been (or had been until the war intervened), doing a tidy little trade with China, and if you were curious enough to inquire into a certain increase there, and in our Japanese trade and in our Manilla trade all about the same time—you would find that that increase dated from the arrival of a great new C.P.R. liner on that route. You may be wise and mutter "Post hoc: propter hoc." I don't know which it was. But at least if there are ships available the drummer has a chance to get his orders delivered.

It is obvious of course that subsidized steamship services can't be possible on all trade routes. We MIGHT do a whale of a business with the Greeks for seven months and then not have much traffic with them for a year. It is as plain as day that we require, not steamship lines but SHIPS. The dirty old tramp steamers that come waddling up the Thames from Heaven knows where, and get themselves gee-ed and haw-ed through the river gates of the East India docks, or the Victoria and Albert docks, or the

Tilbury docks in London—these heroic old duffers make me think always of trained dogs that some wily old gentleman has taught to roam the world stealing chickens for him. Of course they don't really steal—it's trade, and may the stars prosper it—but there is something so faithful and hard-working about these ships that one at once wants to swell out one's chest

Port Arthur Builds Ships for Norway



Norway gets her ships built at Vancouver, at Port Arthur, in the Maritime Provinces. Two new ocean freighters were recently completed at Port Arthur, and taken to Montreal to meet Norwegian crews. The 265-foot freighters, "Thorjerd" and "Balaamyra," built at the Port Arthur Dry Dock and Shipbuilding Plant, for Norwegian interests, were launched and left the morning of the 24th Nov., for Montreal and the Atlantic, to be delivered to Norwegian crews. One went down loaded with grain, the other empty. These pictures are of the Thorjerd bow on after launching, and derricking in her 70-ton Norwegian engine. The Norwegians paid \$350,000 for each boat. Two more boats are to be built during the winter for next spring.

and congratulate one's self that they belong—in a sense—to ALL Britishers. As a matter of fact that is rubbish! They don't. One comes to presently with a bump, and is made sad to think that in Canada we have no ships worth talking about. We have no sailor folk—or rather we are losing what we once had because we have no ships to employ them in. We are losing the courageous traditions of the sea and getting to be more and more like land-locked Middle-west Americans! We have a very silly notion in Canada that England's great merchant marine is our merchant marine. We are tempted to feel that, sentimentally anyhow, the British Tramp is OUR tramp—and throw out our chests when we say it. But the facts are all the other way. English business men own ships because ships make money, and the English government encourages the owning of ships because a merchant fleet makes business possible and profitable for English manufacturers. English tramp steamers serve Canada's interest only when they serve English interests—which is precisely what they ought to do. They collect the same rates from Canadian shippers as from Fijians (rightly). British Lloyd's charges higher rates of insurance (in normal times) against vessels bound for Canadian ports as against vessels bound for American ports. This, too, is at it should be. Business is business, even between ports of the British Empire. When more Canadians learn this, and learn that it is more British to stand on your own feet than to sit and simper your adoration of your older, smarter and better relative—then we wont see schooner captains in Nova Scotia driven out of the country or out of business by the land-lubber policies of Ottawa Governments. Then we will see more such gladsome sights as that of British Columbia actually helping to build ships for her people.

WE can't hope for foreign trade and tramp steamers all at once. But we can recognize the importance of the one with relation to the other, and we CAN formulate some sort of a shipping policy for Canada. The trouble with this country has largely been self-absorption. We are frightfully interested in our own innerds—at least we have taken pains to supply them with good railways. But landsmen have dominated Ottawa policies. Only four out of the nine provinces have any real acquaintance with the sea, and yet they embrace among them hundreds of possible great ports, thousands of miles of coast-line, and these four send to Ottawa only a few representatives—chiefly lawyers. Alberta doesn't know anything about ships, nor the other two prairie provinces. Ontario is content to be the only fat English-speaking province of the lot. Quebec is satisfied so long as more and more money is always being dumped into harbour improvements for Montreal (good and necessary work no doubt), and improvements in the St. Lawrence ship channel. The number of millions of dollars that have been ladled into the St. Lawrence must have corrupted the very fish therein. That, too, was undoubtedly a good work.

But why build a garage for your customer to stick his motor in when he comes to take away the goods you sell him—why not make at least an attempt to get a car of your own, to make your own deliveries, to use your own garage. The fact that we have spent so much money on harbour improvements and on the St. Lawrence system generally, is proof that we know the value of ships. The fact that we have failed to develop some sort of a ship-building industry along with this other shipping work, is proof of the average incapacity of landlubber statecraft. A nation that must depend on other nations for the carriage of its goods at sea, is like a healthy male adult who lets other people feed him with a spoon. It does not matter how splendid may be the system of arteries inside the man, or how magnificently his alimentary tract works, or how stout is his breathing apparatus. If he can't fetch and carry the necessities for the upkeep of that splendid body he is ranked "invalid" and given an A.R. button. That is precisely our position. We need ships and ship-yards just as much as we needed the wire-rod industry and the lead-smelting industry. We may go right on dreaming our silly heads off about the great orders we are going to get when the war is over, but we won't get a dollar's worth if we can't show a delivery system. The ship-owning countries will lend us ships to carry—only what goods they don't want to sell themselves.

There is no need prodding the Canadian manufacturer.

The men to be prodded live in Ottawa, and their notion of a steam-boat is either a gorgeous, floating palace which one is always too ill to enjoy, or else of a steam barge with a collapsible smoke-stack (for getting under low bridges), which goes on wild voyages on the raging Rideau Canal with cargoes of gravel and grog.

PEACE TALK AND WAR ACTION

HERE can be no intelligent surprise at the nature of the Allied response to the German proposals. It was as certain as the sunrise. The message of the ten governments of the Entente to the four governments of the Teutonic Alliance is a direct and emphatic refusal to meet in conference. Moreover, it declines to believe in the sincerity of these proposals, which are described, not as an offer of peace, but as a war manoeuvre, and as intended to produce discord among the Entente Allies. None the less it can hardly be said that this message has the absolute finality that some commentators have seen in it. That would have been a diplomatic error from which the Allied statesmen have saved themselves. The fourth paragraph of the reply describes the German proposal as "a mere suggestion, without a statement of terms, that negotiations should be opened." Germany may now, if she wishes, indite a further response based upon that tacit invitation to state upon what basis she proposes to meet her enemies. And we may safely believe that she will do this. We may also remember that the American note requesting or suggesting a statement of terms from all of the belligerents has not yet been answered by the Allies. Germany replied to it with extraordinary promptness, although she ignored the suggestion that she state her terms. But no direct answer has yet come from the Allies, and it may be that their reply, when it shall arrive, will push the door still a little further open.

Writing in this column some three weeks ago it was suggested that the temper of the German communication, as well as the accompanying reports of speeches by German statesmen and generals, would be found to be insuperable obstacles to the favourable consideration of that proposal. The third paragraph of the Allied note shows that this view was well founded. The German proclamation of victory, we are told, renders "sterile all tentative negotiations." It could not possibly be otherwise. An acceptance of the German suggestion must necessarily imply an acquiescence in the causes advanced for the making of that suggestion. Those causes were definitely stated to be a German triumph. Germany, we were told, having vanquished her enemies, was now willing to make known over a conference board the conditions upon which she would allow them to have peace. Now that may have been the German view. No doubt that was the German view. At least it was the view of the German public. But how shall we account for the avowal of that view in a diplomatic document, an avowal that was absolutely certain to make that document nugatory? And that destructive avowal was not only made in a diplomatic document, but it was reiterated, emphasized, and expanded in a series of speeches by highly-placed officials, speeches couched in the most inflammatory and wounding terminology, speeches apparently intended to exasperate and enrage, since they were spread broadcast over the world. Perhaps this is a matter of psychological rather than of political interest, but none the less it was a procedure that must have filled with dismay the minds of pacifists everywhere who were inclined to exult at the appearance of anything that by the wildest flight of the imagination could have been construed into something having the likeness of an olive branch. It must remain one of the apparently insoluble puzzles of these critical and tremendous days.

BUT we need not expect that there will be any definite or complete statement of peace terms from either side. That President Wilson should ask for such a thing is inexplicable. It is still more inexplicable that it should seem to him to be desirable. For this is war, and not a lawsuit, with its formal and inclusive pleas and rejoinders, claims and counter claims. A complete statement of terms would postpone the day of peace until the Greek Kalends. It would be a proclamation, at least to some of the combatants, that they have nothing to hope for from peace and that the only straw at which they can clutch is in the continuance of war. Of what value would be a peace conference based on a proclaimed German determination to retain Antwerp? Or to partition Roumania? Or to demand an

Since there are so many uncompromising conditions to peace on both sides, we may look forward to increasing renewal of war in the spring. Allies are well prepared for this. Shipping of Canadian railroad lines and Sir Douglas Haig's report point in that direction

B Y S I D N E Y C O R Y N

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indemnity from Russia? Would Turkey assent to a peace conference after a statement of the Allied intention to expel her from Europe bag and baggage? Would Bulgaria enter such a discussion if she had been warned in advance that Russia intended to plow her under? The aim of a pacifist diplomacy should be to keep in the shadows all peace terms that would be regarded by any of the combatants as non-disputable and rather to seek for some few contentions that would be considered by all of them as disputable, and on the basis of these alone to seek a conference. The fatal error of much of American comment is in its failure to recognize that some of the principal belligerents are entertaining intentions that their adversaries would regard as non-disputable. The Allies, for example, will not meet Germany on any theory whatsoever of a German victory, and they can hardly be blamed for this, seeing that from the military point of view Germany is in no sense the victor. France will not abandon her claim to Alsace-Lorraine, and she will not discuss that claim. Neither France nor England will consent to any argument based on a continuing German influence over Belgium, whether that influence be political, military, or commercial. None of the Allies will tolerate a German control of the international railroad in the Balkans. And none of the Allies will entertain any proposal involving loss to Roumania, Serbia, or Montenegro. Of what avail, then, is it to insist upon a statement of intentions that would instantly preclude all further argument? Surely the part of wisdom would be to conceal all those intentions that any of the belligerents would regard as beyond the pale of discussion and to seek for some few points

that would be considered by all as properly controversial.

So far as the principal belligerents have been persuaded into an avowal of their terms it may be said that such an avowal in no way discloses the possible existence of a bridge, but rather the fact that there is no bridge. From the "peace at any price" point of view it would have been better that those avowals had not been made. From the side of the Allies, for example, we have a pledge that Russia shall possess Constantinople, that Serbia shall be independent, and that Alsace-Lorraine shall be restored to France. Of course, there

are other pledges to which an unbeaten Germany might possibly, and even probably, agree, such as the payment of an indemnity to Belgium. But there are three items to which an unbeaten Germany can never agree, since to acquiesce in any one of them would be to admit defeat. On the German side it is equally easy to select three avowed peace conditions that present an equally hopeless prospect. For example, we have the creation of a Polish kingdom under the control of Germany. We have the assertion of German dominance in the Balkans, and we have the preservation of Turkish rule in Europe under German direction. The creation of a Kingdom of Poland is conceivably disputable, but the other two certainly are not. We can conceive of nothing that Germany could offer that would make those conditions tolerable to the Allies, or even disputable by them. Here we can find no common standing ground, no point of departure for argument. The cause of peace except on the basis of a military victory has not been advanced by the disclosure of these demands. To applaud an effort for peace merely because it is an effort for peace is childish. It would be as intelligent to applaud an effort to cure a sick man by administering drugs taken at random from the shelf without reading their labels or considering the nature of the malady. If Germany is willing to evacuate and indemnify Belgium, as she seems to be, it is because she is the more resolved to retain her control of the Balkans and Asia Minor. Without the Balkans and Asia Minor she would leave the war with empty hands, which is, of course, exactly what the Allies intended that she shall do. Thus we see that there are at least three

items upon each side of the account that do not come within the sphere of arbitration, or compromise, or bargain. There are no equivalents that can be offered. Like the virtue of one's mother they do not come within the sphere of discussion.

WE may, therefore, be fairly certain that the war is about to break out with redoubled fury, and it would already have done so but for winter and soft roads. At the moment of writing come bulletins speaking of terrific British bombardments on the Somme which must certainly be intended as the prelude to attack. Sir Douglas Haig speaks confidently of his ability to pierce the German lines, and of his belief that he would already have done so but for unfavourable weather. Sir William Robertson expressed himself similarly some two months ago. The requisition of rails from Canada and the tearing up of Canadian roads in order to fill that requisition with the utmost possible speed are eloquent of the new effort that is pending. When it comes we shall probably find that it is on a much wider front. Nothing is easier than to criticize military operations at a distance of thousands of miles, and in nearly complete ignorance of local conditions, but there can be no doubt that a wider front in the Somme offensive, had it been possible, would have been far more conducive to success. It must be even more important now than it was a few months ago when that offensive opened. Rightly or wrongly, the Allied command is obviously acting on the theory that Germany's man power has reached its limits, and that the mileage of German lines that can be defended against a simultaneous offensive is steadily dwindling, or is now on the point of doing so. German communications that run parallel with their lines and to their rear, are known to be so well planned that defensive forces can be brought with the utmost rapidity to whatever point may be threatened, and the only way to counteract this mobility is to



The War Pup: "No wonder the Huns don't like us chaps."
—By G. E. Studly, in The Sketch.

multiply the points of attack. And even should such attacks have no other immediate result than to bulge the enemy lines there is still a marked advantage to the offensive since bulged lines are longer than straight ones and need more men for their defence. Nor must we overlook the fact that the British forces in France are steadily increasing in numbers and that the supply of ammunition with increasing facilities for its production must also be growing in volume.

The outlook for the Allies in the new year is a good one, but it would be absurd to speak as though the ball were at their feet and they had nothing to do but to kick it. There must have been grave miscalculations and mistakes on the Somme, and they were probably made in the territory to the north of the Ancre, which seems to have been the weak link in the movement, as it was certainly the scene of the heaviest losses. The German lines were pushed back, but they were not pierced, and if the strongest of the front line trench defences were taken, it is evident that the fortifications in the rear were at least powerful enough to resist the continued advance. The gains were real enough, but we may doubt now if they were worth the cost. Indeed, we may doubt if the attempt would have been made at all but for the conviction that it would be in some way decisive. And since it failed to reach its objective it must be counted as a failure, however stolid a base may have been left for future successes. That such a basis has been laid can hardly be doubted. The hitherto untried British troops have learned that their enemies are in no way invincible. The victories, it is true, have been small, but to a certain extent they have become habitual, and no army can have a more valuable moral asset than the expectation to win. Observers speak of a new and perfect co-ordination between artillery and infantry, and of an elaboration of material mechanism wholly unlike anything to be seen a year ago. A new Allied

offensive will start, therefore, under propitious omens and with the probability of success. None the less, it is a tremendous undertaking in which there are no foregone conclusions.

The eastern situation must be less satisfactory to the Allies than the western, and we may reasonably

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Editor's Note: The recent visit of Lloyd George to Italy with the rumoured object of getting Italy to transfer some of her weight to the Balkans, looks as though the new War Council realize what Mr. Coryn has been pointing out for several weeks—that the Germans expect to get their real decision in the East and must be dealt with on that front accordingly.

believe that it is also much more important. For it is in the east alone that Germany is fighting for what she intends permanently to hold. In the west she is doing no more than struggle to retain the cards that she means to use for barter. That she

should keep Belgium or any part of France is out of the question, and her responsible statesmen have known that from the first. But in the east she is adding to what she believes will be her permanent territory, or at least to the territory that will be under her permanent direction. Naturally enough she does not intend lightly to lose her western cards until they shall have been duly played, but her eastern aims may be considered as much more serious, because here she is fighting for a greater territorial empire and for permanent additions to her power. She must conquer Roumania, not only because Roumania gives her control of the Danube to its mouth, and therefore of the Black Sea, but also because she needs Roumania with which to reward Bulgaria. Germany is therefore far more dangerous in the east than she is in the west. It is nearly impossible to inflict upon her a deadly wound in the west, except indirectly, but if she should be worsted in the east she would bid farewell to even the appearance of profit from the war. That England and France have been so seemingly supine in the conduct of the eastern war is one of those problems that cannot now be solved, but we must suppose that it has been due to divided counsels. That there has been an eastern and western "party" in England is evident enough, and to this we must attribute the fact that the Saloniki army is large enough to be an important loss to other fronts, and not large enough to be seriously effective on its own front. Whether the Lloyd George regime means an increase of activity in the east remains to be seen, but friends of the Entente can hardly view without concern the daily tale of German successes in Roumania, successes that have not yet disclosed any definite military gain to the Central Powers, but that none the less tend more and more to confirm Germany in her place as the "man in possession." The east is still the weak link in the Allied chain, and its ultimate strength may turn the scale.

MIX BRAINS WITH THE MOVIES

AS a "movie fan," I have often been minded to ask a question of the film producers which a recent experience has made too insistent to keep bottled up any longer; and that question is—Why do they spend hundreds of thousands of dollars creating the often lovely pictures to which they treat us, and then frequently spoil the whole effect for people of any appreciation of dramatic values by cutting their expenditure on brains, as applied to the plot, down to about ten cents? You often go to a "movie," the pictures of which you would say had been posed by a committee consisting of Corot, Delacroix and Watteau, while the plot of the piece had apparently been drafted by the brakeman on the train which the "movie" actors had taken to the scene of the drama. It is crude, impossible, pathetic and absurd, and almost makes you forget the lovely landscapes and magnificent castles and beautifully dressed people with which the plot is unfolded.

I WENT the other night to see "Intolerance," which is undoubtedly one of the finest motion pictures that has yet been offered to the public. They charge a dollar and a half to see it—and they get the money, which is evidence that it is super-excellent when a ten-cent piece will commonly get you a "movie" show. The cost of production must have been enormous. They show you the ancient city of Babylon being besieged by the army of Cyrus, all correct from the accounts found in the cylinders dug up in the ruins of that great city. There are immense walls, tremendous implements of war, great halls and temples, and armies of people who seem to be countless. They have got enough, in the form of action and groupings, to make "movie" scenes that would last a week of nights. They constantly exasperate you by flashing on the screen scenes of great beauty and intricate detail, and then flashing them off again before you have half-seen them, even superficially. This illustrates their wealth of pictorial material. And, in spite of all this, the ideas presented by the picture, where there are any ideas at all, would disgrace the intelligence of a school boy.

THE play is a protest against "Intolerance." Every man knows that "Intolerance" is an evil and has evil results. But most men would be amazed to be told, in cold blood, that, among these evils, are sanitary nursing homes for neglected children. Yet that is the sermon that the film preaches. It shows

When a man who believes in good drama, good politics, real war and national unity takes time to criticize the "movies," there must be a reason. There is. The Monocle Man wants moving picture producers to live up to their opportunities

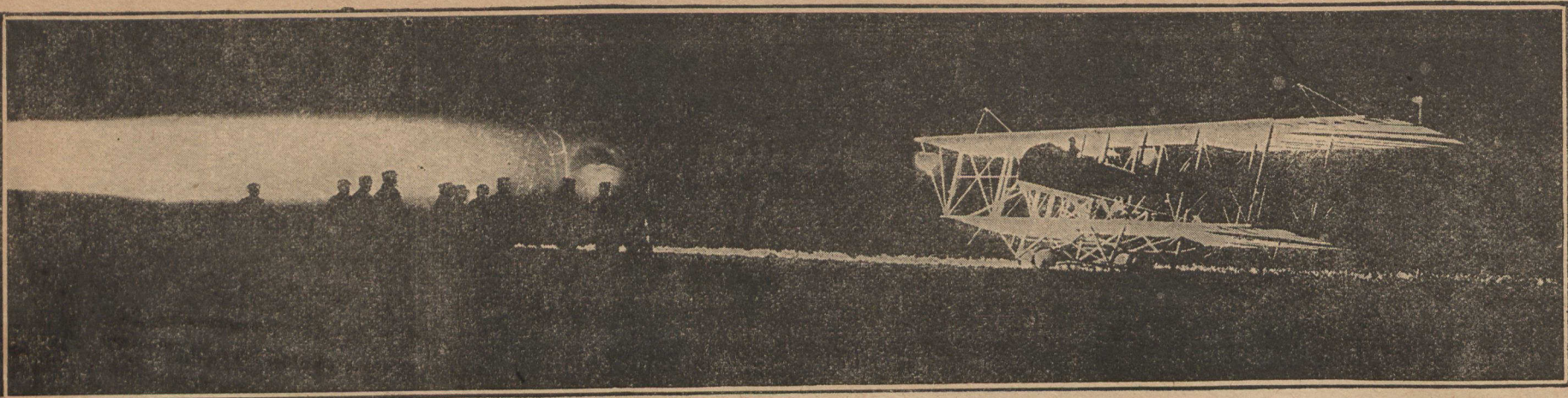
By THE MONOCLE MAN

you the case of a baby, born to a poorly educated and girlish mother in a slum district, with a father who is in prison on a conviction of robbery. This baby is taken out of what is apparently a very poverty-ridden room from her mother, found on both occasions by the committee of ladies with liquor in her hands, and carried off to a well-equipped institution for the care of such babies and placed in a clean crib in a great dormitory. But you know, from having seen the rest of the story, that the mother is not a drunkard, that she was merely taking an old-fashioned remedy for a cold, that the father is innocent of crime and is trying to do right, and that the baby would have been better cared for by her mother than by any hired nurse. So your sympathies—if you, too, lack brains—are turned against the charity of the nursing home. Yet a moment's thought will show you that this is a most exceptional case; and that, in ninety-nine such cases out of every hundred, the baby should be rescued and properly cared for.

HOWEVER, we must not concentrate our fire on this one picture, which is by no means one of the worst examples. Patrons of "movies" are constantly complaining that the plots are silly, illogical, implying incredible stupidity on the part of the people whose supposed actions are represented. The pictures, regarded simply as pictures, are marvellously lovely; but the things that the people do in them would have disgraced a ten-twenty-third melodrama in the pre-movie days. Often, the more ambitious the picture, the more ambiguous the plot. Sometimes they are merely pointless. You sit through a series of scenes which seem to have no purpose at all except to allow the photographing of certain costumes or properties. Again, a really good story is ruined. Hall Caine's "Roma" has been filmed recently, for example. There is plot enough in that story in all conscience. The producers even

went to the expense of carrying their company over to Rome and London, and photographing them amidst the actual scenes of the tale. I was disappointed, as a traveller, that they did not show us more of Rome while they were there; but possibly most people would think little of the back-ground and much of the plot. But if they got to know what the plot really was, they are far cleverer than I. It is years since I read the book; so that I saw the picture with a more or less open mind. Result—much of the action was an unsolved mystery to me. The men who planned the scenes entirely failed to put the story over—to put any story over—so far as I was concerned.

IT is rather too bad that I have had to mention by name two of the least badly-plotted of the pictures against which I have a grouch; but they are the ones that come to mind as I write—for they sinned against such splendid opportunities. The most and worst of the ruck I forget altogether. There was nothing in them to stick in the mind—though their production must often have cost a lot of money. Of course, the alleged "funny" ones are by far the saddest failures. They not only lack coherence, but humour as well. Except when a man is knocked down and turns three somersaults does anyone laugh at them—not even the ushers. That good comedies can be filmed, the delightful work of Mr. and Mrs. Sydney Drew proves irresistibly. Then there are the series that are built for the purpose of showing somebody—preferably a lady—leaping from the cab of a moving locomotive to a rushing motor car, or vice versa. Any sort of a stupid incident which will make this stunt excusable, is good enough for a plot. Just a little brains would turn it into a really thrilling story. A fire, too, often covers a multitude of dramatic sins. Or an impossible chase over roof-tops, especially if a uniformed policeman is mixed in the medley, is thought quite good enough, even if the provoking cause be too silly for a comic supplement. My point is, of course, that it is not necessary to so affront the intelligence of the audience. Almost any odd person in that audience could suggest valuable improvements at the first seeing of the picture. Why not hire some one of us at a few dollars a day to edit the pictures before they are photographed? It doesn't seem good judgment to pay even ten thousand dollars for the scenes, and then queer them for lack of five dollars spent on a critic.



Nocturnal Army Plane landing by means of a searchlight.

CAMERAETTES

A Strange Slav Story

TRUFANOFF, known as the Mad Monk of Russia, is now in New York. He was an intimate friend of Rasputin, the pro-Germanizing Monk who was mysteriously murdered last week, reputedly by the Czar's nephew. Trufanoff, who used to be a chaplain of the Imperial Court in Petrograd, made a public statement about Rasputin in New York a few days before Rasputin was murdered.

He said that Rasputin was then the strongest "separate peace" advocate in Russia, and that in his efforts to take Russia away from the Allies he had the support of the Czarina and other powerful influences in Petrograd. Furthermore, Illiodor said that there was no reason to doubt but that German money had something to do with the change of front on the part of Rasputin.

Here is how he got his name, according to his own version:

"Perhaps I may recall the fact that when people want to kill a dog and need an excuse to do it they spread the report that the dog is mad. Well, in Russia they wanted to kill me or do away with me in some other fashion, and so they told the people I was mad—crazy, perhaps, is a better word. So they called me 'Illiodor, the crazy monk.'"



Three Square-Mealers on the British Front.



A pleasant feature of the Serbian advance into their own country after eleven months of expulsion, has been the repatriation of some of the peasants along the southern border. They have crept up behind the invading force and have in many cases found their old village homes again.

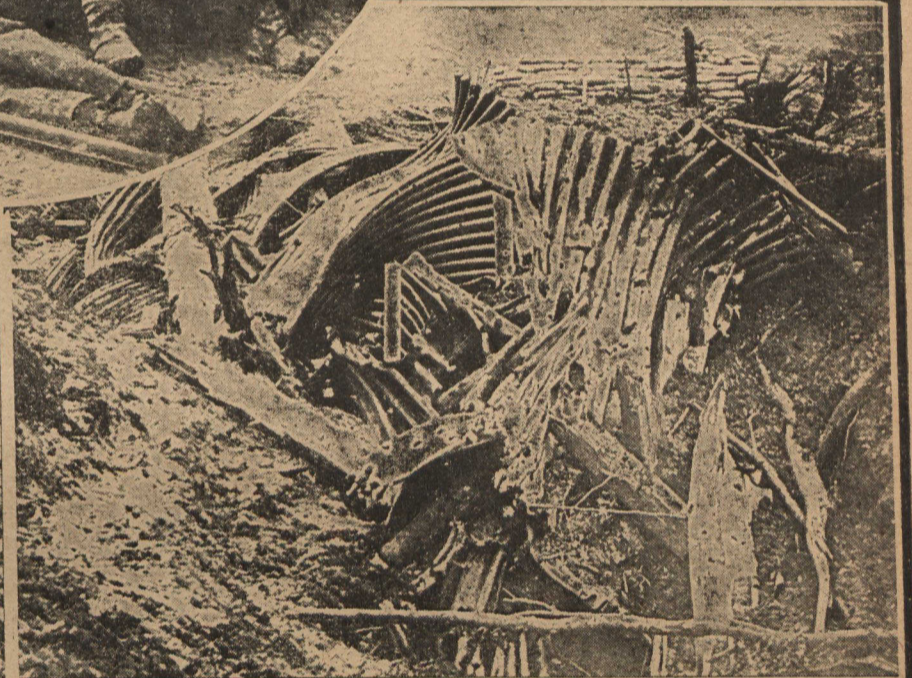
GERMAN ARMY SICK OF ITS JOB

Here-and-There Scenes from the Drama of the World-Harrying Teuton

NO doubt all soldiers are sick of war. But some are sicker than others. Germans are—some of these. One photograph does not make a moving picture, any more than one swallow makes a drink. But there have been so many pictures of tired Teutons that the photograph of German prisoners shown here somewhat sums up the story. These poor Fritzes look as though they would like to hate war and die. They don't look like average human beings engaged in world conquest. They resemble slaves driven to the job of war which inwardly they curse and yet keep at it because they can't escape the taskmasters. It's no kind of sense, however, to conclude that the German war machine is anywhere near its last wobble because the German soldiers are sick of war. The machine will keep on going for a long while



yet so long as the war lord slave-drivers can keep the slaves going. It takes a remarkable national psychology to keep armies fighting when soldiers look the way these poor devils do. Germany has it. There is no swagger about the Germans now. They are down to grim business. They don't sing Deutschland Uber Alles like they used to. They know that it no longer fits the case. But the war lords have still great armies of these jaded Teutons whom they can lash into the conflict. And on a military basis they can keep on lashing them for a long while. No doubt the German armies are suffering more hardships than any other. It is some while since iron crosses were given to army cooks. The armies of Germany long ago got past their second wind. Verdun and the Somme took most of that. They are fighting now because they have no will nor impulse for anything else.



ON top of this hill stands the Parthenon Museum, one of the wonders of Ancient Greece. In the foreground, Gen. Roques, French Minister of War and his staff are seen coming away from a visit to the ancient temple. The picture just below the circle looks like the ribs of some extinct mastodon. It's merely the anatomy of a German trench, as revealed by the touch of Allied shells. It is the steel and concrete skeletons of these trenches that have made the operation of blasting the Germans out of France such a slow one. More workmanship was spent on a mile of these trenches than upon the greatest factory in Europe.

In spite of all the atrocities of the Huns the French people seem to treat German prisoners very kindly. The picture to the right shows a French mayor binding up the wounds of a German soldier.



Conscription Would be Worse

THE spectacle of two thousand "Canadians" trekking across the border at Sarnia and Port Huron in order to avoid filling out national service cards is not inspiring to those who favour national-register and voluntary methods of getting Canada's full strength into the war. So far as the soldier element is concerned we have not lost much in this species of refugee. But we lose the labour which is scarce enough already. Let those who favour conscription think what will happen if compulsory service is made a law. If in one week two thousand slackers cross the border at one point to escape recording their names for national service, how many scores of thousands will cross parallel 49 if straight conscription becomes the law of enforcement? We are trying to make this country more effective in the third year of the war than she was in the first. By organization, enlistment and labour we believe that we are doing it. But a conscription measure which is sure to drive its tens of thousands, as national service did its thousands, across the border is a poor way to increase our effectiveness. According to the national service cards it was not enlistment of man strength that is aimed at exclusively or even mainly. The aim is to inventory national strength in all respects. Canada is now facing the possibility of half a billion a year war orders. That will be nothing short of a joke in fulfilment if we drive our labour across the border. We are facing the need for still greater supplies of foodstuffs. That also will be a fiasco if we drive our farmers and farm labourers abroad. If voluntary national service cards can drive away thousands, conscription will drive away tens of thousands; and we have no way of preventing it.

The Transatlantic Submarine

FOUR hundred super-submarines are said to be getting ready for indiscriminate destruction of Allied shipping at any time such a policy commends itself to the distorted judgments of the Potsdam war lords. The aim of this sub-sea fleet is to starve England. That has been tried and has not succeeded. The reasons for its failure—with all its measure of success—is that England has learned pretty well to cope with the submarine menace in her coast waters. There is no longer any possibility of cutting off England's food by torpedoing food vessels anywhere within the range of the submarine scouts and destroyers that patrol every mile of the coast. But the Transatlantic submarine is a different menace. It has been proved that the super-submersible can burrow under the Atlantic and torpedo vessels in American waters. It is the Tirpitz idea to send scores, perhaps hundreds, of these vessels across in order to destroy shipping anywhere on the high seas or along the Atlantic coast. It is impossible to patrol the high seas. It would be a difficult matter to patrol the Atlantic coast. With the United States at war with Germany there would be no check on submarine activities. All vessels leaving American and Canadian ports would be subject to torpedo attacks. We may surmise that a declaration of war by the United States would be counted by Germany a good opportunity to launch her deadliest great bolt against England. The damage to be done by the United States to Germany within six months would be a small matter compared to the damage possible to inflict upon England—so Germany thinks. In a desperate conclusion she would be willing to risk it. The danger need not be scoffed at. It is real enough. But those who allege that England's recourse is to cultivate her soil to the last acre neither give credit to the Allied navies nor provide an adequate remedy. England cannot produce food enough to feed herself and her armies. Neither should she have to. If Canada in 1914 was able to send a huge fleet of troop transports safely across

the Atlantic under warship convoy, it should be quite as feasible to send fleets of commerce ships under perpetual convoy sufficient to keep off submarines. The fleets of the Allied powers are strong enough to provide such convoys and to patrol all harbours from which shipping leaves for the Allied powers.

Soldiers' Resorts Wanted

SOME of the returned soldiers convalescing in the dry Provinces and not confined to hospital find their old home towns and cities dull places. While they were away at the front—in most cases—their friends at home closed up the bars. It is not necessary to assume that the only place a good soldier can find conviviality is in a bar-room. Nobody wants to advocate making soldiers drunk in order to give them a good time. But it is a fact that a dry hotel is a cheerless place for either a soldier or a civilian. Temperance drinks are not notorious for good fellowship. Their close resemblance in style to the old real liquor makes them all the less palatable. But it should be possible to provide some sort of refreshment rendezvous where soldiers could foregather and have a good time. The Church basement is not a good place. Checker parlors and religious bowling alleys do not fill the bill. The bar-room at present is a mockery. The friends of temperance and of the soldier should provide a substitute.

Bonne Entente Benvenuto

THE Bonne Entente delegation, playing a return match in Ontario this week, are entitled to the sincere co-operation of all those who desire national unity. Canada is both English and French. Those who are trying to bring about more harmony between the two root races should be profoundly encouraged. The more each knows of the other the better for both. The less that can be said of a contentious character the easier we shall get the national unity for which both sides profess to be working. There is a possibility of getting Quebec to do more than she has done in the war. There is just as great a possibility of getting Anglo-Canadians to appreciate better what French-Canada has already done, and the reasons why more has not been attempted. It is not alone the war that requires this co-operation. Race harmony will be necessary after the war. The problems of greater Canada must be solved by English and French-Canadians working together as a family of Canadians in order to Canadianize the people who come here from abroad. If the present relations between the two root races are taken advantage of to the utmost in the direction of sincere effort to get a working basis, we shall find French and English Canada nearer by reason of the war than they ever were before. But if so we shall need to abandon our mutual bigotries.

Heroism Universal Now

THERE are no longer any heroes. The word hero implied in a man qualities which, for two thousand years and more, we had supposed exceptional. Two years of war have proven them almost universal. Only this final outbreak of a depraved dynasty in Europe was required to betray into flame the quiet-burning ember of divinity in dull-faced labourers mending track in mountain gorges, in lone prairie-men, in stolid Ontario ploughmen, in clerks and professors, merchants and manufacturers, net-casters and apple-pickers on our far eastern coast. The terrible agency of war has made clear the meaning of a Hebrew King when he wrote, concerning his fellow-men, "I have said: 'Ye are gods!'" Devotion to duty, courage and self-sacrifice

are no longer the astonishing things. We are learning to wonder at self-love, to be shocked at cowardice, and outraged, as we never were before, at the sight of neglected duty.

The men who return with our armies from France, having led in war, will have the right to expect from their fellows at home competent leadership in peace. Clay-stained, lean-faced, steady-eyed, laconic—they will not look upon themselves as heroes deserving special privileges from those who did not go to the war, unless those who welcome them back show in some awkward moment that they have stood still while the others advanced, that our civilization has remained unheroic while those who fought for it were unlearning the selfishness of old-time peace, and learning instead to live calmly with Death in his busiest field. The men who return will not have improved themselves in the arts of peace, necessarily: they may not be better bookkeepers, or salesmen, or brakemen, or readers of gas-meters. But they will have changed in their conception of what is good and what is not so good in human relationships and in human conduct. They will have a right to expect more of the spirit of brotherhood and less of the spirit of egotistic Individualism in the occupations of peace.

Study Peace Problems Now

IS there or is there not a peace problem in Canada as in other countries? Are our conditions special and exceptional? Or are we merely slow-witted? Sydney Webb and Arnold Freeman, the English thinkers, have issued a pamphlet which reads like a High School examination paper, but is worth study nevertheless, for it takes up all the "key" questions relating to England's after-the-war problem and suggests means by which the average thoughtful Englishman may contribute to the solution of those questions.

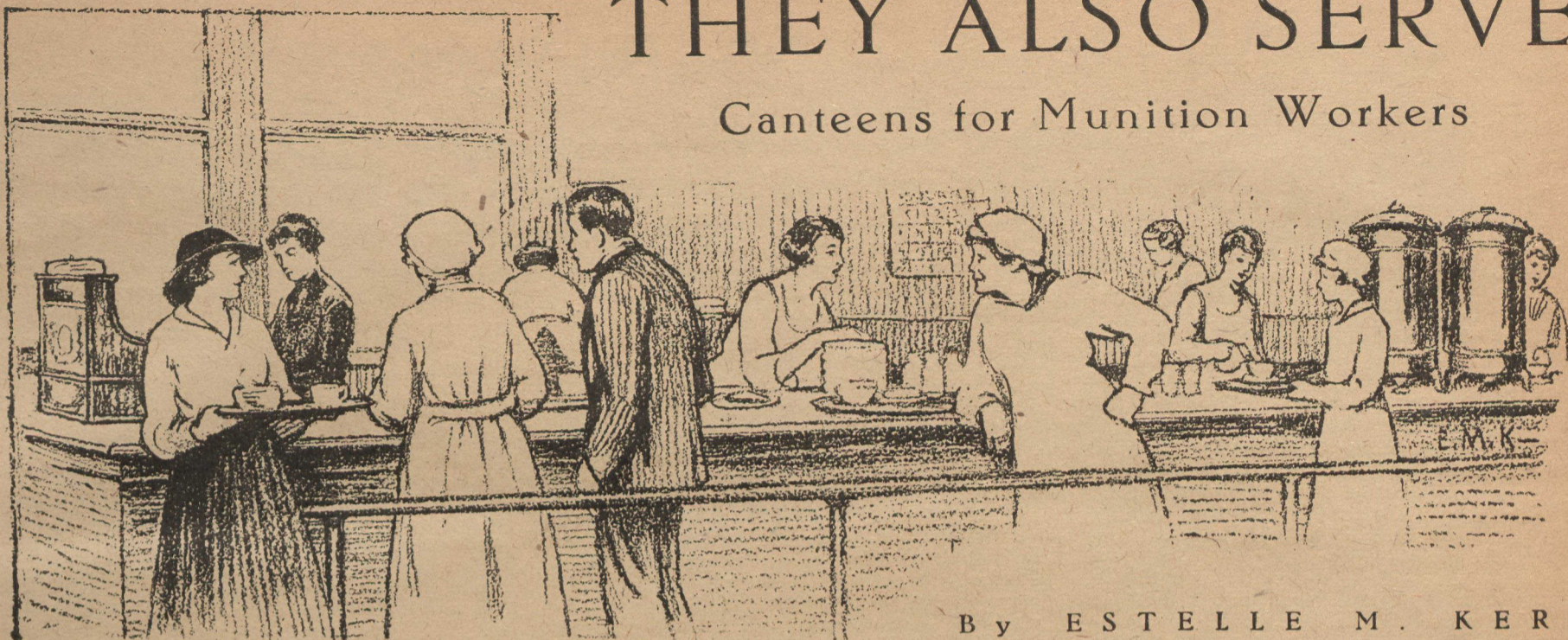
We should have some such a pamphlet in Canada. We need it. Some among us may think that there will be no problem, but even their opinion should be subject to widespread discussion. And if there IS a problem—we should be busy now seeking the proper course to pursue when the armies are withdrawn from France.

Maximum and Minimum

ONE thousand—at least that many—able-bodied men of varying ages sit in at a certain Canadian burlesque house every night, smoking and being amused. There is no doubt about the smoke and none whatever about the amusement. The air is thick with stuff that looks as though it could be carved into chunks, and smells as near trench gas as anybody could imagine this side of the Atlantic. These thousand burlesquers are undoubtedly of a high order of mentality and of physical endurance. They must be high mentally or they couldn't possibly be amused so often and so easily by the particular species of burlesque for which they pay their ticket prices and war tax. At the same time, as a burlesque, the show is by no means bad, is much better than the kind of menu that used to be served up years ago in such houses, and probably represents an evolution of burlesque. The girls are better looking; they sing better than the girls of old, dance more becomingly, and crack jokes that as a rule don't offend the puritanical mind. But the show is not screamingly funny, and it takes a high order of intellect to make it so. Certainly the men whose nerves can stand burlesque house smoke from a thousand cigars, pipes and cigarettes should not find trenches, including mild doses of trench gas, very uncomfortable. The men who attend burlesque shows under such conditions are able to extract a maximum of amusement out of a minimum of comfort. Why don't they go to war?

THEY ALSO SERVE

Canteens for Munition Workers



By ESTELLE M. KERR

TWELVE hundred women munition workers were entertained on New Year's eve at a supper and dance at Exhibition Park, Toronto, and this by no means represents the total number employed in Toronto factories, for many preferred to spend the last night of the old year with their friends and families. Neither were the members of the night shift present, for all energy must be concentrated on fulfilling the British contracts. An order for munitions to the value of \$60,000,000 has recently been received, and the shortage in delivery has become so serious that munition workers were also asked to forego their New Year's holiday and their Saturday half-holidays for a time.

Unless you are a regular worker, or trying to become one, the only way to see the inside of a munition plant is to work in one of the canteens which the Young Women's Christian Association, at the request of the Imperial Munitions Board, have established in some of our Canadian factories. To gain admittance you must secure the card of a regular canteen worker or the keen-eyed gate-keeper may suspect you of carrying a bomb in your shopping-bag; then you are allowed to enter a large room lined with shrapnel cases, where a freight elevator takes you to a large, light flat, divided into offices, cloak rooms, wash-room and lunch-room.

IT was noon when we entered and the workers were coming and going, punching the time-clock to register their hour of arrival. Some of the members of the afternoon shift were already there, as they wished to run no risk of being late and so lose their bonus of \$3.00 a week for punctuality. One of the offices was occupied by the Lady Superintendent, and in another, her assistants—stenographer, time-keeper, telephone operator—transacted the business of the department. Beyond the offices is a long, airy room, fitted with tables and wicker chairs, where about twenty girls in their street costumes were seated, some with a casual air as if they had just arrived, others comfortably ensconced with reading or knitting. These were all women who had their names enrolled on the waiting-list and now sat here, day after day, paid at the rate of ten cents an hour, until a vacancy should occur. Beyond the waiting-room is an equally spacious lunch-room, fitted with a number of long tables. At one side is a counter and the workers, kept in line by an iron railing, help themselves to a tray and pass down the line. One of the lady assistants serves tea and coffee, the next presides over the soup and baked beans, a third dispenses bread and butter, sandwiches and milk, a fourth cakes and pies, and the fifth, with by far the most arduous task, has charge of the cash register, checking the contents of the tray and making change.

"It wouldn't be nearly so difficult," she confided to me, "if they all paid cash, but I have to keep the accounts as well. The people in the head office, the trained nurse, the lady superintendent and several others prefer to charge things, and as they visit the canteens two or three times a day, and the purchases always run into a number of odd cents, it is a nuisance, when a string of other people are passing by at the same time. Then I am supposed to keep

a record of the number served each day, and as they often come back to make an extra purchase of chiclets or chocolate, that complicates matters."

ALL the help in the canteen—with the exception of the dish-washer—is voluntary. There are four shifts a day, three of five hours' duration, while the night shift is nine hours. One lady is responsible for each shift, and must see that her workers—six for each day-shift and four at night—are on duty. It is easy to get workers for the day time; the night is not so popular, and some of the workers complain that they work ten hours without remuneration, while the factory girls are well paid for their six. At night the employees are less numerous, and it is only around 1 a.m., when the shifts are changing, that there is a rush. After that is over the workers may rest on stretchers provided for them, and drawing a blanket over them, sleep if they can until it is necessary to prepare for the early breakfast rush.

The troublesome task of purchasing supplies falls on one woman, and she is on hand nearly every day, checking off purchases, noting supplies on hand, guarding against waste. The appetite of the munition-worker is capricious. Sometimes as many as seven hundred pass before the counter during the day, sometimes the number is infinitely smaller. At times they develop a passion for apple pie and a rush order is sent to the confectioners for more. The next day an ample supply is provided and this day the preference is for canned peaches and cake. "One of those little cakes with cocoanut on it and a dab of red jelly on top, please. Don't tell me you haven't any to-day!"

"Do you mean to say the pork and beans is off! No, I don't want any cold meat. I'll take some soup, if you're sure it's hot. I've heard the fame of your pork and beans way over at the other factory. Wish you had some sandwiches—it's for taking across. Of course we aren't supposed to eat, but you do get hungry working from one to seven and then it's nearly eight before you're home.

"Tea, please, and I don't care how strong it is—it can't be strong enough for me!"

VERY becoming are the blue caps and aprons, though the latter are often exceedingly dirty.

In the uniformity of dress—for the aprons and caps are purchased by the workers at the factory—it is more than ever apparent that clothes do not make the lady, and if the women who had worked hard all their lives sometimes looked askance when a merry peal of laughter came from the table at which a group of "the swells" were sitting, an on-looker, comparing types, was forced to the conclusion that even in manual labour, education and breeding should count for something. A complaint has been made that the so-called "society girls" are given the preference, but as a business concern, the preference is naturally for the best worker. The woman of education thinks more quickly and soon adapts herself to fill positions of responsibility, and in recruiting munition workers no effort is made to reach those who are already doing useful work as domestic servants, stenographers and clerks, but rather the women of leisure who will not suffer at

the end of the war, when the stoppage of munition factories throws thousands of workers out of employment.

One table was reserved for men—or at any rate men filled it during the noon hour. Some of them had passed the age limit, some had not reached it, but there were others who looked particularly strong and healthy.

"I draw the line at serving slackers," said a pretty little amateur waitress, turning her back to the counter as a handsome young giant paused before the pies she was cutting.

"Oh, give him the benefit of the doubt," whispered her companion, "perhaps he has flat feet."

"Possibly he is a skilled mechanic," said another. "We girls are all right for making parts of things, but when the machinery gets out of order we become mere spectators!"

SOMETIMES the blue-capped girls recognized friends in the canteen assistants and stopped to talk when the noon rush was over. They often had a new record output of shells or fuses to quote, for each in her particular department seemed anxious to beat the established record.

Occasionally they grumble a bit, in a good-natured way:

"Oh, we are so sick of your canned soups and beans. I do wish we could have a canteen with good home cooking," complained one.

"Then why don't you eat at home?"

"The hours are so inconvenient. I leave at noon after a late breakfast. I can't possibly have lunch before I go, but if I don't take something in the canteen I'm starving at seven. The girls who start after us can dine at home, but they are ready to eat at 1 a.m. The next shift could get home in time for breakfast, but they usually want a cup of coffee. It's very ungrateful to complain, for I don't know what we'd do without you. Still, don't you think if there was a proper kitchen and a real cook you might do better? Perhaps in the new all-women's building there will be one. Anyone who has kept house knows how extravagant it is to live on tinned goods, ready cooked meat, cakes and pies."

"We don't try to make money, but we do even now, though we charge little more than cost price. Of course the money is needed for the welfare work in smaller places that have to be fitted with lodging houses and other conveniences for women workers."

"But the greatest part of the profit goes to the canning factories, whose headquarters are in the U. S. A. We are able to pay for good food. There is hardly a girl here who isn't earning \$15 a week. We don't want charity."

Things are in an experimental stage as yet, but now that the canteen has proved to be not only a boon to the worker, but a financial success, it will gradually be put on a commercial basis and, as time goes on, we shall find that the women who began life in a munition factory by acting as waitresses for one day, may become regular workers. There is no woman without some friend or relative at the front, and rich or poor, paid or unpaid, there is a common bond of sympathy that draws all war-workers together.

LIVE WIRES IN EDUCATION

“LET’S have a declaration of independence,” says Prof. MacMechan, in a recent issue of *The Courier*. “We are the sedulous apes of the United States and in consequence we are a tame and uninventive people who have contributed not a single artistic, literary, educational, political, social or religious idea to the world’s common stock.” Some of the generalizations may be too sweeping in their nature, but the general truth is too patent for argument. A Canadian has been defined as an American with better manners. Before the war, at least, the average English opinion was that Canadians were very like Americans; the average American opinion of a Canadian is that he is very like an Englishman—all of which goes to prove that we have no distinct national traits. Our thought, culture and genius follow the line of least resistance, the line, that is, of the 49th parallel. If we wanted a readable history of Canada at the present time, it would most likely be written by an American.

“When the war is over,” Prof. MacMechan asks, “will Canada resume the broad, flower-strewn road of soul-destroying ease, or will she take the high, hard road of heroic endeavour, to make her future worthy of the noble present, consecrated with so much blood and such countless tears?” The answer to that question lies surely with the teachers of Canada and the coming generation.

“Bliss is it in this dawn to be alive,
But to be young is very Heaven.”

What is being done in Canada to stimulate the minds of pupils with the spirit of these times? Are our students really conversant with the significance of the events in which they move and have their being?

It may be that in other provinces a definite attempt is being made to teach young people something of the world-history which is enacting itself at the present time and in which Canadians are playing a share that ought to stimulate a fuller Canadianism, but in this province from which I write no direct teaching is given upon a subject which should be, and would be if taught, of all absorbing interest. Following an idea suggested by a similar test made by the *New York Times*, the writer gave to a number of classes whose members were almost of university age a series of ten names, which at the time were very prominent in the war news; the pupils were asked to write what they could about each. Some of the names were: Ypres, Duma, Anzac, Balfour, Poincare, Churchill.

ONLY three or four students out of some fifty really knew the names with any degree of certainty; some knew none of the names at all, while the great majority knew two or three with exactitude and made wild guesses at the others. The usual location for Ypres was “somewhere in France,” though one placed it “in the western part of France near the border of France and Switzerland.” The surprising thing in the answers was that a number spoke of it as the scene of a battle between the English and the Germans—very few spoke of the work of the Canadians. The Duma was frequently confused with Dr. Dumba, who was very prominent at the time; one spoke of it as the cabinet of Italy and another thought it to be the governor of Mexico! Very few knew the significance of the word Anzac, and it was located quite diversely, in Russian Poland by one, and on the western front by another. Coming to individuals, the names most frequently recognized were Poincare and Churchill, though Poincare was spoken of by one as “a town in France.” Mr. Balfour’s activities were strangely confused; quite as many made him admiral of the fleet as spoke of him as the First Lord of the Admiralty, as he then was; one rested his fame upon the fact that he had carried the Home Rule Bill through the House! An oral test was given to another class to find out how many American millionaires whose names they knew, and they evolved the creditable number of nine, but they could think of only two members of the English Coalition Cabinet. What would be the result if pupils in any high school in Canada were to be asked to name five great Canadian thinkers and to tell something of their work? Carlyle’s theory of history would go to smash. The purpose of all this is not to show the ignorance of pupils, for those on whom the test was made were surprisingly bright; it is to prove that if young Canadians do not know that Ypres was

A Victoria schoolmaster declares “As a teacher my experience is that we Canadians lack imagination.” He sets forth the need of an all-Canadian school magazine, edited by some such nationalizing professor as Alexander MacMechan, of Dalhousie University

B Y A R T H U R Y A T E S

the scene of a battle between their kinsmen and the Germans, it is hardly likely that they will realize how great a moment it was in Canadian history.

We all remember Southey’s ballad, “After Blenheim”—how Peterkin found a skull and his sister, Wilhelmine, with wonder-waiting eyes, demanded that Grandfather Kaspar tell them “all about the war, and what they fought each other for.” But Kaspar could not well make out the answer to this question—it was enough that “’twas a famous victory.” “And what good came of it all at last?” Peterkin queried.

“Why, that I cannot tell,” said he,
“But ’twas a famous victory.”

The moral of the tale in its application to young Canada and this present war is too obvious to be drawn.

Such tests as these indicated above show this further that modern education is frequently quite out of touch with contemporaneous thought and current events; in many schools no provision whatever is made for such teaching; in other schools where

THE writer gave to a number of classes whose members were almost of university age a series of ten names which at the time were very prominent in the war news. The pupils were asked to write what they could about each. Some of the names were Ypres, Duma, Anzac, Balfour, Poincare, Churchill. Only three or four students out of fifty really knew the names with any degree of certainty; some knew none of the names at all, while the majority knew two or three with exactitude and made wild guesses at the others.

provision is made, the teaching depends almost altogether upon the individuality of the teacher. Can one wonder at the boy of the public schools who, having to write a composition on some notable personage of the day, inquired at a public library if they had any good books on Charlie Chaplin! But was this any worse than the mistake of an editor of one of our eastern dailies who announced in a despatch, dated from Vancouver, that the new cabinet for the Province of British Columbia had been sworn in at Vancouver? The trouble is that we Canadians are hopelessly ignorant of how the other half lives. Obviously what we need is a nationalizing influence.

As a teacher to whom the force of education looms large, the writer holds that the stimulation towards a fuller Canadianism should come through education. The great mistake at Confederation was to make education a matter of provincial, not federal, control. Then we would have had a certain unity of thought and action. But provincial control was a mistake that could not be avoided at the time, nor would one wish to advocate it now. The question is, as things are, how best to get a nationalizing influence into our thinking?

First, through the schools, for “much may be made of a Canadian if he be caught young enough.” Second, by Dominion-wide action in the teaching of Canadian nationality. Third, by united effort to stimulate the thought and imagination of young Canadians.

How to get this united effort is obviously the question. As a partial solution of the problem, the writer wishes to submit the following for consideration: Why not a Canadian school-magazine, more particularly for the students of the high schools of the Dominion? Not a school-magazine conducted by students—the ordinary conception of a school-magazine—but one having as its head the ablest or second ablest newspaper editor of the day or such a one

as Prof. MacMechan, with his strong Canadian ideals. Its staff should consist largely of teachers drawn from as many different provinces as possible. Teachers should be chosen, for they know the psychology of the student of high school age and therefore they know what he or she can assimilate. Furthermore, such teachers should be chosen for their qualifications and abilities in divers fields of thought, in those departments of thought, indeed, in which we need a quickening of the

imagination.

If such a periodical were strictly non-partisan, strictly non-sectarian—questions of the day being presented fairly for both sides and the students being expected to think out and develop their own conclusions—if it were to appear monthly in every school in Canada, it would not take long to have a Dominion spirit. As things are at present, there is a fatal tendency towards development on provincial lines, especially intellectually. Now that almost all the provinces have developed their own universities, there is no common centre where east and west may meet.

SINCE the primary object of the magazine would be to stimulate Canadian nationality, much of its subject-matter would be devoted to Canadian topics, these to refer to the most constructive work being done, and the most creative ideas that were being thought, in connection with things artistic, literary, educational, political, scientific, social and religious. As a teacher, my experience is that we Canadians lack imagination; in science, for example, that gateway to the hidden mysteries of life, the chrysalid mind of the student is too frequently stifled by the cramming of facts, and they are frequently oblivious to the thousand and one miracles that are daily being evolved. Perhaps the world is too much with us. Of course, the periodical would also strive to bring the students into touch with what was most creative in the thought and action of other countries; if we are to have a renaissance in the field of knowledge, it will only come as a result of that breadth of outlook which was the heritage of Elizabethan England.

Such a periodical would have to be so much worth while that a place could be provided for it upon the school curriculum. The students having been taught the principles of argument and debate, many of the topics suggested by it could be taken up in the form of debates. The advantages of such instruction would be: (1) The pupil would get away from the too much memorizing that goes on in education—work that stifles his creative impulses—and he would learn to think originally and for himself; (2) Thomas Arnold long ago pointed out that the function of education was two-fold: first, to solve the problem of living, both morally and economically, and second, to prepare for citizenship. A magazine of this nature would give training in Civics, History and general knowledge; (3) It would give training in oral English. The man who has received a higher education is frequently surprised at the quickness and originality of thought of those who have not had such an advantage, and this is because the latter has not cramped his thinking powers by too much cramming. The student is taught the lesson of concentration and method, but too much of what he learns is out of touch with contemporary thought. We must realize more than heretofore that the average high school boy or girl is a potential citizen, that in the great majority of cases he or she is but a few years removed from the gift of the franchise, but that with regard to the great questions of the day they have not been brought into as close touch as they might be.

THIS suggestion of a school-magazine is merely general in its nature; a detail that would particularly appeal to the writer is the idea of a Dominion-wide competition for the production of a poem or short story in which great latitude of subject should be allowed, such a competition to be open to those who had completed a year in high school and had not yet matriculated. At Oxford, not all her great thinkers and writers have won the Newdigate Prize, but a surprising number who have afterwards become famous did attain the honour. Ruskin, for example, won the Newdigate—on the third attempt. The same prize fell to Mathew Arnold, in 1843; Swinburne was also a successful

(Concluded on page 25.)

PLAYS AND PLAYERS

Something about a play you might never see. New York froze it once. It came to life again. Famous New York critic says really great intellectual figures can't be successfully represented on stage

The Yellow Jacket

By FOOTLIGHTER

A NEW play—and yet old in one sense—has been loosed in New York, and we sincerely trust that only the stupid people will fail to see it if it comes to any theatre within their reach. It is not, let us say at once, a popular play. The idea is not a bit dull nor the rendering commonplace—which may be the true explanation for the failure of the piece in New York four or five years ago. At all events "The Yellow Jacket" WAS a failure in the Fulton Theatre there at that time. The writer of this article had then the pleasure of seeing it. When he heard later that the play had been "placed in storage" he felt that the artistic judgment of New York must indeed be wonderful.

"The Yellow Jacket" is a play written in the Chinese style, and it tells a Chinese legend. Of course, if it was purely Chinese it would last forever and ever and have no point. But it has just enough Americanism in it to make it a brilliant artistic achievement. The orchestra sits playing soft monotonous music right in the middle of the stage all during the action. The author (or the supposed author, as would be the case in a Chinese production) occupies a desk near the centre of things, from which he speaks to the audience whenever the spirit moves him to explain how really great is the thing he has written. Of course he uses very elegant language to do this, and is very suave and naive and funny. The "property man," who in any ordinary occidental play is merely an actor who doesn't drink and has a half decent memory for detail and business arrangements, is in this case undisguised. That is to say, he does not wear a morning coat and play the part of the hero's second cousin, but he stands on the stage, to one side, all the time, and makes it clear to all whom it may or may not concern that he IS the property man. In fact, the property man in "The Yellow Jacket" is one of the best characters in the list. Since in Chinese dramatic productions there is no change of scenery the Elizabethan method is adopted. That is to say, a property bottle may be used to signify that the scene is now supposed to be inside a tavern, or a small tree may be set in (drawn from the stock of the property man) to indicate that the lovers are now in the woods. In "The Yellow Jacket" the august workman, who has charge of these essential properties, sits on an upturned box at the side of the stage smoking a contemptuous cigarette, or yawning at the most touching passages, until such time as the manuscript requires him to supply a basin or a mountain or a boat floating on a river of moonlight.

WE all know that too much realism is not real at all, and that the best way to create an illusion is to give the audience just enough to set their imaginations working. If an audience has no imagination, no amount of fine scenery can create the illusion of reality. If it HAS imagination it should demand simplicity of scenery so as to give the imagination room to work. This is the great point about "The Yellow Jacket." The story, as I recall it, is that of a young prince whose execution had been ordered, but who escaped his fate through the devotion of certain persons in the play. His place in the kingdom is taken by a usurper, but meantime the main theme of the play is the narration of his adventures in a sometimes hostile world. One quaint scene is that in which the prince meets the lady of his choice, Suey Jun Fa—such a pretty name one can scarcely forget it after hearing it pronounced Chinese fashion. Suey Jun Fa is in the cemetery when the prince meets her, and is worshipping before a tombstone (represented by a cheesecloth drape hung over the back of a chair by the bored property man). The lovers-to-be meet here, and when they require a suitable tree under which to make love the property man lounges over to a corner, examines his stock of bamboo switches, chooses what he thinks will do best, then repairs centre stage where he "plants" the tree with a thumb near the lovers and remains supporting it (or rather leaning on it) while they exchange tender passages under its so-called shelter.

When a decapitation scene takes place the property man supplies a red bag about the size of a citron to represent the dead man's head. When a horse enters the scene the actor "riding" him supplies this need by stamping his feet as he moves.

Perhaps the prettiest scene in the whole of this charming play is the scene of the love boats on the river. Any ordinary play producer would consider that he had here a legitimate opportunity to "throw himself." He could paint an elaborate back-drop with "water" on it, and he would swing an electric-lighted moon up among the stars. Then he would cover the stage with a sort of carpet and cause it to undulate "like waves" by means of the latest sort of electric blower. On the whole, the marvel of the scene would lie in the knowledge of mechanics displayed in the building of the part. But no really artistic lines could be put across the footlights in the circumstances.

In "The Yellow Jacket" the ubiquitous property man, when he foresees the coming of this scene, quietly places half a dozen low tabourettes close together about the centre of the stage and tosses a few silk cushions on top. On this improvised platform the prince and his lady dispose themselves gracefully, and the lady sings a quaint Chinese love



Frances Starr appeared last week in New York with a dainty revival of "The Lady in Blue."

song to the accompaniment of the orchestra. In the intervals of her song the prince points out over "the water" (of the rest of the stage) and describes what he sees: the other love-boats with their little lanterns swaying in the warm breeze, the gold of the moon swimming in yellow bubbles of light on the waves, and so on. As you watch the scene you become almost breathless with the acute realization of its exquisite beauty. You DO see and you do hear the love-boats! In no better way could the value of simplicity in theatrical settings be so well demonstrated.

GEORGE JEAN NATHAN, famous New York critic, makes an interesting point when he claims that the really great intellectual figures of history, and even the majority of less intellectual ones, cannot successfully be represented on the stage. Nothing, he says, is so essentially undramatic as clear thinking. Various attempts to devise serious drama out of the thoughtful figures of history—out, even, of reflective figures of the play-

wright's fancy—have for the most part rolled the stone of Sisyphus. A play with John Stuart Mill, Herbert Spencer or Renan for its central role would last out probably one evening in the theatre. The meditative man, when employed for purposes of the playhouse, must, if he would be used at all, be made the figure of farce in nubibus, as with Napoleon in "Sans Gene" and "The Man of Destiny," or the figure of cheap gilt-furniture comedy, as with Disraeli in the play of Louis N. Parker. For the needs of the stage, the thinker must be operated upon, his heart placed in his head, his mind placed in his bosom. It is, indeed, the first rule of the acting stage that the hero must not think out the drama to its conclusion but that, per contra, the drama must think out the hero to his conclusion.

In plainer phrase, the central figure of a play must be influenced not from within, but from without. If, for example, one were to write a play with Friedrich Wilhelm Nietzsche as the hero, the drama would need to be generated and carried on to its climactic consummation not by that gentleman's energetic mind and philosophies, but rather by the objection to that energetic mind and those philosophies on the part of the leading lady. There can be no substantial thought in the drama of the stage. Such drama is created rather out of a contradiction and negation of thought: by proving either that the thought in point, while sound up to eleven o'clock, is then and finally impracticable if not, indeed, ridiculous (as in the instance of Mr. Shaw's Tanner) or that, while the thought may have been quite rational around quarter after ten o'clock in Act II, it had not yet at that time realized that its wife was in a family way or that its loved one was dying of tuberculosis, and so witnessed its own intrinsic vacuity.

DRAMA in its entirety means the surrender of accurate and judicious thinking to emotionalism; either to the emotions of its central figure or to the emotions of its second figure (symbolic of the mob emotion) operating upon that central figure and forcing him, breathless and beaten, to the wall. For the disparate victory of an Undershaft or a Trigorin, there are the thousand routs of the Johannes Vockerats and Gabriel Schillings. The clock strikes eleven and the Jules Lemaitres of "Revoltee" and "L'Age Difficile," the Briexs of "La Foi," the Sudermanns of "Der Sturmeselle Sokrates," anaesthetize their minds and deck their hearts with daisies.

The logic of the popular stage is a logic "not of facts, but of sensations and sentiments." When Hamlet and Iago, when Brand and Orgon spake truth or made to think, such thoughts were kept apart from the direct action of the drama and from the ears of such other characters as might interpose objection to them, in soliloquies and asides. The thoughts so spoken were mere pourboires tossed by dramatist to audience, mere refractory golden pennies—the literary man triumphing momentarily over the stage merchant. The imperturbable raisonneurs of such drama as Georg Hirschfeld's "At Home," Hartleben's "Education for Marriage," Andriev's "Savva," Wedekind's "Pandora's Box" et al are not for the popular stalls.

The heart must do the thinking in the mob drama. The mind of the stage protagonist must never be more alert, more deeply informed, more practised, than the mind of the average man who pays his two dollars for a chair in the auditorium. And I beg of my dear reader that he remember this when, upon concluding these remarks, he will feel himself moved to dispatch me a saucy letter on the dubiety of my designation of certain stage heroes as thinkers. I use the word, of course, but comparatively: I am charitable, for argument's sake, to the paradox.

When the thoughtful man is lifted onto the illuminated platform, the cautious playmaker exercises a care sedulously to eliminate from the character all suspicion of the mind that has identified him in history. For the cautious play-making fellow appreciates that "the conception of theatrical art as the exploitation of popular superstition and ignorance, as the thrilling of poor bumpkins with ghosts and blood, exciting them with blows and stabs, duping them with tawdry affectations of rank and rhetoric, thriving parasitically on their moral diseases instead of purging their souls and refining their senses: this is the tradition that the theatre finds it hard to get away from."

WHAT'S WHAT *the* WORLD OVER

Described and Discussed by Contemporary Thinkers



SWEDE LITERATURE

Sister of Norway Has at Least One Great Living Poet to Her Credit

CHARLES WHARTON STORK, in the North American, claims that the two salient characteristics of Swedish literature as a whole are: first, a remarkable closeness to the earth, reminding one rather of primitive than of modern poetry; and secondly, on the other side, a purely visionary gift, a sort of clairvoyance in the realm of the imagination. It is the former of these qualities which distinguishes Froding's early poems, the large group dealing with the scenery and the life of Vermland. These often resemble types which are familiar among the poems of Burns. There are supernatural pieces reminding one of Tam O'Shanter, scenes of ranting rustic merriment like those in The Three Jolly Beggars, and many saïres on hypocrisy which recall the keen drollery of Holy Willie's Prayer.

Froding's poetry is too cerebral to indulge often in the artless flow of song so dear to lovers of Burns. As we should expect from their education, the resemblance between the two is not one of style, but of material and temperament. An early victim to wine and woman, Froding had an understanding sympathy for the whole race of his erring fellow-men, excepting only those of the "unco guid." He finds human qualities in animals, and even in so gruesome a personage as The Old Troll, the anthropophagous female giant of Norse tradition. Like Burns again, he has a wide command of humour, alternately genial, grim and ironic.

The hard life of the north has inclined many Russian and Scandinavian writers toward realism, and realism means largely first-hand experience. In Froding's autobiographical poems, however, this groundwork is illuminated by the visionary faculty which we have already noted as peculiar to Swedish literature. With Froding this faculty is peculiarly subtle and fascinating. Of his autobiographical pieces by far the most important are The Ball and A Girl in the Eyes, which are also among the longest of all his poems, running to some two hundred and fifty lines each.

The Ball, which comes first in the series of lyrics From the City, is one of the best-known poems in Swedish. Nothing is more contagious in Froding's personality than the healthy fun he has, and conveys, in describing his own eccentricities. The picture of an unconventional youth, uncomfortably dressed, at a formal dance has seldom been surpassed. Next we have the hero's plunge from Byronic cynicism to Byronic fervour, as Elsa Erne, the heroine, appears on the scene. It may be noted in parentheses that there are eleven changes of metre in the poem, corresponding to the changes of mood. The hero makes a sad failure of his attempt to dance, and relapses into a fit of depression that is delightfully humorous when he begins "to speak as Hamlet does in tragic ire."

Then, looking at the floor, I said at last:
"Miss Erne, full well you know that youth is dead,
That love is vain, and life a desert vast,
Through which like pallid ghosts we mortals tread
And see like smoke our fond illusions going,
In the last rays of twilight faintly glowing."

Naturally the gentleman receives a smart rebuff, and beholds Miss Erne sailing away,

"A trim yacht on the white wave of the dance,"

under the conduct of a better pilot.

More most poets would end the story, but this is exactly where Froding's treatment is most characteristic. Disappointed in fact, the sentimentalist takes refuge in fancy. He and Elsa are transported in spirit to "The Seventh Heaven's festal hall," where they beheld angels and lovers dancing.

Finally, in a passage of extraordinary daring, the hero describes how he leads his lovely partner before the Throne, and introduces himself and her to the Master of the Dance.

Then God smiles down with gentle irony
And good, grandfather-like solemnity:
"I'm glad that such a pair as you have come.
Take what you find here, make yourselves at home,
Amid these other youngsters have your fling,
And waltz till Heaven's arches seem to swing!"

No doubt some readers will be shocked by what they feel to be the irreverence of the preceding quotation, and it must be conceded that a good deal of Froding's best poetry is not for the morally fastidious. This fault, if fault it be, is, however, not one of decadence, but simply of boldness and frankness. Other examples of it occur through A Girl in the Eyes, a poem by no means as charming as The Ball, but even more remarkable as a bit of self-revelation. The underlying motive is, to put it baldly, a love-affair with a bar-maid. But one shudders at seeing the poem so denominated. There



GERMANY PROPOSES PEACE.

—From Grain Growers' Guide.

is a pathetic idealism about the poor drunken seeker for love that can never be forgotten by those who are not afraid to understand such a creature. As in The Ball, Froding slips from the actual to the imaginary with an ease that baffles analysis. Presto! the bar-maid is an odalisque in a caliph's castle, from which the sordid hero, now become a knight-errant, is about to rescue her with a boat and ladder.

TWO BANKING SYSTEMS

Hun and English Compared and Contrasted by a Britisher

WRITING of the English and German banking systems, a contributor to the Round Table says: Take, for instance, the question of foreign contracts. Suppose a foreign Government or company wish to carry out in their country a scheme of industrial development involving a large financial outlay. There are some reasons why they should prefer Germany to England. In Germany their schemes will be considered at once by an institution which combines the financial power, the means of investigation and research, the issuing capacity and the industrial connections amply sufficient to carry out any contract, however large, if the scheme is approved by it. Suppose it were a scheme for large electrical development. The plans would be worked out in co-operation between, say, the Deutsche Ueberseeische Bank, the Deutsche Bank, and Messrs. Siemens and Halske, or the Allgemeine Electricitäts Gesellschaft, or both in conjunction. In many cases the German bank would probably be

willing to guarantee the manufacturer or contractor since they are so largely interested.

But if the project were brought to England, how would it be handled? If it were a scheme for harbour or railway building it might well be efficiently handled by one of the great British contracting firms. But schemes relating to more technical industries might be more difficult. No joint stock bank would take up such a scheme or make itself responsible for it. It is possible, but improbable, that a private banking house might. Even if it did, it would have no organization for investigating it, nor probably any close contact with the industry concerned comparable to that likely to be possessed by the German bank. In all probability the scheme would fall into the hands of a company promoter, who would then try to interest some financial concern or other, and who might or might not finally manage to gather together the means of carrying the scheme through. And this defect of our system is of still more importance when it comes, not to the financing of foreign contracts, but to the development of our own country. It seems likely, therefore, that our lack of co-ordination results in a preference in favour of German industry.

Industrial issues, and particularly new schemes, are left too much to the company promoter. They do not bear the imprimatur of any institution which would carry weight with the public and would be a guarantee that the business has been thoroughly investigated, and will be looked after when the issue has been made. The company promoter is concerned to make the issue a success, but, when once it is made, his interest in the business often fades. He must therefore look to make as large an immediate profit as possible regardless of the future welfare of the business. He dares not bear the subsequent responsibility that would attach to an issuing bank or private house. It is a natural consequence of this system that expert inquiry into projects, before they are offered to the public, is often of a far more casual nature than would be the case if a really responsible institution was standing behind the issue. It is this habit of superficial inquiry which has led to vast sums being lost by the public, and to the words "company promoter" and "expert" becoming clothed with a sinister significance in their minds.

Habit plays a large part in the psychology of the investor. The American investor has the habit of investing in nothing foreign; the French investor has a habit of investing in first and second class foreign government securities; the British investor the habit of investing in colonial and foreign securities of all kinds. This latter habit is the result of a good many influences working over many years. The financing of British industry has been largely of a local and private nature, and the north of England has not closely allied itself with London; the great issuing houses in London have often been more closely in touch with foreign countries than with British industries; and of late years the difficulties with labour, the Trade Union habit of restricting output, and the general insecurity produced by what may be called Mr. Lloyd George's pre-war policy have scared the British investor off home industries. The absence of any protection against "dumping" and unfair foreign competition has added to his diffidence. While our huge foreign investments have been of incalculable value to the whole Allied cause in this war, it is undoubtedly a question for debate whether we might not have spent some at any rate of the capital we have poured into foreign countries more profitably to ourselves and to the whole community in the development of our own country. Important for our trade and commerce and for our economic and financial life as are our investments overseas, they must not blind us to what is still more important, the adequate development of our own land. Investments overseas bring profit and interest to the British investor who sends his capital abroad; they increase our (British) exports, and therefore give work to labour here; they also

give work to the labour and profits to the capitalists of foreign countries. Capital advantageously spent here is doubly profitable. The labour employed is all home labour; the profits all remain here; and the work done adds wholly to the development of the country. When one considers the condition in which a large section of our population live, it is absurd to say that great sums of capital could not be spent here with advantage to the community. Is not Mr. Sidney Webb right in saying that "the economically sound policy for a nation in the long run is to develop within its own borders as many as possible of the industries fundamental to its health and strength"?

CATCHING SAYVILLE

How the Wireless Detectives Ended One Piece of German Intrigue

DURING the opening months of last year, writes Frederick A. Talbot, in *The World's Work*, the authorities at Washington became suspicious that German agents in that country were maintaining wireless communication with the Vaterland. A censorship had been inaugurated, but somehow or other it did not seem to meet the situation. It was the ostensible messages relating to commercial transactions which met with the most serious objections, but it proved hopelessly impossible to assert definitely whether or not they contained any military intelligence.

There happened to be within easy reach of New York an enthusiastic amateur who had built up a model experimental station in his spare time. Since his apparatus complied with the official requirements he was permitted to use it. This gentleman amused himself at night to "listening in" while the powerful trans-oceanic stations of Sayville and Nauen were talking. His eavesdropping proved fruitful. He was perfectly conversant with the customary methods of wireless in connection with commercial operations which Sayville was officially supposed to be observing. But a close attention to detail proved one conclusive point. The senders and receivers at Sayville were breaking every known orthodox rule, but in such a way as to disguise any ulterior motive. The checking-up or repeating of messages caught his attention owing to the incessant departures from accepted practice.

Thereupon he decided to secure a permanent record of the telegraphic transactions taking place at the Transatlantic station. To this end he secured some phonographic cylinder blanks upon which the clicks corresponding to the dots and dashes were secured by connecting the telegraphic receiver to

slipped on to the machine night after night when "listening in" upon Sayville between the hours of 11 p.m. and 2 a.m., during which time the talk with Germany was very brisk.

The records were regularly transcribed and then were compared with the messages which had been passed by the censors at Washington, and also with the secret reports which were sent into the Government from official stations within range and which had been asked to listen and to take records in the usual manner. The divergence between the censored messages and those actually sent as recorded by the phonograph and other operators' tapes were so striking as to compel official attention.

Obviously a complete code had been established. Under the cloak of apparently harmless commercial and newspaper information intelligence of the highest military importance was being flashed through the air. Although the code was never solved so far as is known, the authorities decided to take the bull by the horns to avoid any future diplomatic complications. The Sayville authorities were peremptorily informed that the American Government had decided to operate the station under direct surveillance and put naval operators into possession. Since that time Sayville has never occasioned a moment's perturbation.

The German company operating the station blustered and fumed at official interference. When confronted with the phonographic records of their duplicity they emphatically asserted that the wireless dots and dashes could not be recorded by any possible means in this manner. But when the amateur in question brought out conclusive evidence to prove that he had shown the company how to achieve this end a year previously, and that he had left such records with the company of messages sent from and received at Sayville in this way, the extreme anxiety with which they endeavoured then to prevent any publicity being given to such method of trapping private wireless communications all revealed by their own correspondence, the discomfited German sympathizers pulled a very wry face. They discreetly refrained from further denying having abused American confidence by such a grave misuse of the wireless.

Which goes to show that there is more than one way of catching the wireless spy!

DEMOCRACY'S DESPOT

A. G. Gardiner gives a Remarkably Interesting Estimate of Lord Northcliffe

THE most striking article in the January issue of *Atlantic Monthly* is that on "The Times," by A. G. Gardiner, author of *Prophets, Priests and Kings*, etc. It is really a sketch of the most remarkable and powerful newspaper man in the world—Lord Northcliffe, and its peculiar value lies in the fact that it was written some time before the recent Cabinet upheaval which made Northcliffe, through Lloyd George, the dictator of England.

In this illuminating sketch Mr. Gardiner traces the rise of Harmsworth from the day when, at the age of 18, he started *Answers*, and followed it with *Comic Cuts*, *Funny Wonder*, et al. In these publications Harmsworth proved that the sure way to get people interested in masses was first of all to amuse them.

His purchase and rehabilitation of the almost moribund *Evening News* was the next step. That was followed by *The Daily Mail*, which was a product of *The News*. The *Daily Mail*, says Mr. Gardiner, repudiated all these conventions. It adopted sensationalism as its gospel. Every day must have its thrill, every paragraph must be an electric shock, every issue must be as full of "turns" as a music-hall programme. "What's wrong with the shop-window?" was Alfred Harmsworth's formula when the paper displeased him; and the formula contained the whole of his newspaper philosophy. His shop-window must be the talk of the town; woe to the window-dresser who put in the quiet greys and left out the brilliant trifles! Policies were nothing, parties were nothing, principles were nothing. All that mattered was that the great public should be kept humming with excitement. There was always war in the air and some enemy with whom to arouse passion. Sometimes it was the Boers, sometimes it was the French, whom we would "roll in mud and blood" and whose colonies we would give to Germany. Sometimes it was the Irish, later it was the Germans.

If there came a lull in affairs and the public mind wanted rest and an idyllic interlude, then who so ready with his anodynes? He would set all the nation growing sweet peas; he would make it seethe

with mild interest over the discovery that it was dying from eating white bread, and that if it would save itself it must start eating brown bread. But these were only the entr'actes of the great drama. War was the permanent theme, and out of the Boer War the *Daily Mail* emerged with an influence that



GERMANY'S LAST HOPE.

"Go, mothers of Germany, pray for a victorious and honourable peace; for the longer we fight the further we seem from it."—The Kaiser at Cologne.

—D. H. Souter in *Sydney Journal*.

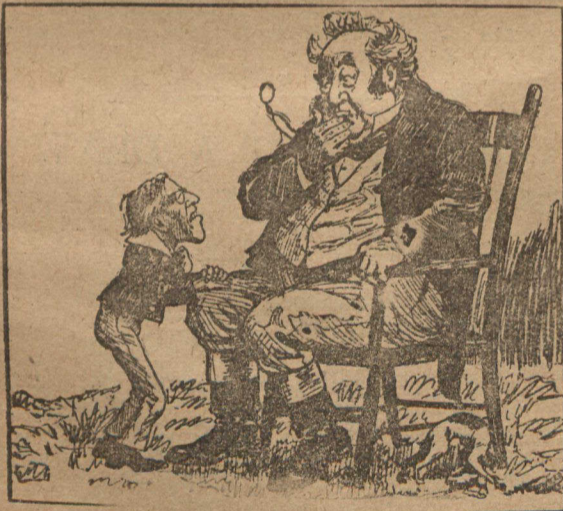
was unrivalled. People laughed and scoffed, but they read it and insensibly were governed by it.

In the struggle to survive, some of the newspapers adopted the form and spirit of the *Daily Mail* without reserve; others adopted the form and attempted to adapt their traditions to the new conditions. All felt the revolution in some measure. The *Daily News* and the *Daily Chronicle*, after a difficult transition period, came down into the popular half-penny arena, bringing their principles with them, but seeking by the new methods of appeal to make them acceptable to the mass. The *Standard*, which next to the *Times* had seemed the most enduring thing in English journalism, had a slow and lingering death. The *Morning Post* and the *Daily Telegraph*, each entrenched in areas of exclusive strength—the one as the organ of the aristocracy, the other as the chief advertising medium—suffered least from the storm.

Next followed the purchase of the *Times*—in itself a story of remarkable interest; by means of which Northcliffe got control of the upper classes as in his other papers he had gained the ascendancy over the "lower" strata of society.

In the past the *Times* had regarded itself as the adviser of the nation; he would make it the dictator of the nation. It was not enough to exercise power; it must be personal power. The sources of that power were now in his hands beyond all precedent. He could mould opinion as he willed. Through his popular papers he had control of the masses; through the *Times* he permeated the thought of the governing classes. Mr. Max Beerbohm's cartoon indicated the difficulties that beset his path, and the merely sensational basis of the philosophy with which he had to hold the *Times* public. But his extraordinary astuteness and freedom from intellectual or moral scruples enabled him to co-ordinate his address to his very diverse audiences. The coarse abuse and flagrant appeals to passion which were the staple of the *Evening News* were a little refined in the *Daily Mail* and came out in the *Times* in the forms of grave hints and suggestions delicately veiled, regretfully advanced.

The situation created by the war gave Lord Northcliffe an opportunity perfectly suited to his genius. A world in commotion was a world in which his passion for action could have unobstructed play. Sensation was the breath of his nostrils, and here was sensation on a scale beyond his wildest dreams. From the outset Lord Northcliffe ostentatiously challenged the Government and the Government



LITTLE PETERKIN WILSON.

"Tell me all about the war, And what they fight each other for."

—McConnell in *Toronto Daily News*.

the phonograph. The results were striking and when reproduced were emitted in a perfectly conclusive manner. Investigation of these records confirmed his suspicions, and they were transcribed into written messages which from examination certainly appeared to be highly suspicious, especially the frequent recurrence of certain obvious commercial terms.

Convinced that a code was being employed, this amateur revealed his discoveries to the Government Secret Service, which corresponds to our Scotland Yard. The "Chief," as a result of his individual examination of the records, came to the same conclusion as the operator, and thereupon it was decided to take a series of nightly observations by phonographic record. Blanks were secured and these were

never took up the challenge. Lord Northcliffe's calculation was that his power with the public was so great that he could make himself the dictator of ministries and policies, and that his instinct for the popular mood of the moment would give him such a prestige outside that no Cabinet would venture a fall with him. It was both a sound and an unsound calculation. It was unsound in so far as it underrated Mr. Asquith's influence with the public, but it was sound in so far as it relied on the temperament of Mr. Asquith, his notorious indifference to the Press, his patience with obstruction and his dislike of side issues and personal controversies. Except for one scornful reference to "the professional whimperers," Mr. Asquith never made any reply to the torrent of abuse, misrepresentation and ridicule to which he, his colleagues, and his policy



A world in commotion was a world in which his passion for action could have unobstructed play.

were daily subjected. Nor did he authorize any action to stem or stop the current.

Throughout all this perilous phase Lord Northcliffe played the part of alarmist and prophet of disaster. It was a part which was natural to a mind that lived in the sensation of the moment, saw only the immediate incident, and was insensible to the great tendencies of the struggle. His journalistic instinct and his passion for power were alike provoked by the feverish disquiet of the public mind. It was easy to exploit that disquiet. The tragedy of Gallipoli, the disappointment in Mesopotamia, the failures of Neuve Chapelle and Loos, the diplomatic victories of the enemy in the Balkans, and the demonstrations of German military power in Russia and Serbia gave abundant material for concern, if not for alarm.

It was that peril which was created by Lord Northcliffe's feverish exploitation of the reverses of 1915. His main purpose was to break the Asquith administration, and he used the emotions of the public with masterly and unscrupulous skill to achieve his end. He succeeded, by the most unabashed journalistic device, in giving the impression that his newspapers were forcing the hand of the Government against their will. The device was simple. Lord Kitchener explained it in the private speech he made to the members of the House of Commons three days before his death. It was to learn what was contemplated by the Government and then to start a raging demand for it in the newspapers. When the action was taken a little later, the streets were painted red with "Another victory for the Daily Mail," and purple with a more demure claim on behalf of the Times. There was no one to dispute these claims, for they could be disputed only by the men whose mouths were sealed and who, in any case, could not enter into a public controversy with an enterprising journalist as to who was running the war.

Occasionally Lord Northcliffe's instinct failed him. His memorable attack on Lord Kitchener made him for a moment the object of universal execration. It had been his proudest boast that he had made Lord Kitchener War Minister. It was as empty a boast as the rest. Lord Kitchener had been appointed at the moment when, sure of the event, the Northcliffe papers began kicking with magnificent fury at the door which they knew was already open. It is true that they accomplished one thing. They robbed the country in the midst of its necessity of the services of one of its ablest statesmen, Lord Haldane. When the war broke out, Lord Haldane, then Lord Chancellor, gave emergency service at the War Office, of which he had been the most brilliant civilian head in history. No one, in the full light of subsequent events, can doubt that the best arrangement would have been for Lord Haldane and Lord Kitchener to have gone to the War Office in joint control—Lord Haldane to organize the nation, Lord Kitchener to organize the army. But the prestige

of Lord Kitchener at this time was so great that the Government took the tempting course of endowing him with absolute and uncontrolled power in all directions.

But when Lord Northcliffe turned to rend Lord Kitchener he suffered a shattering reverse. Kitchener had never used the Press to exploit himself and he refused to be a tool of the Press. That was his offence in the sight of the Press dictator, who measured ministers by their accessibility to his influence.

It was this motive that ran through all the fierce controversies of those days. The issues were always secondary to the personal aims. They were weapons, not in the fight with Germany, but in the fight with individuals at home. The main object of that fight was to bring down the phalanx of which Mr. Asquith was the centre, and to substitute as the dominating element in the Government men who owed allegiance to the Times and the Daily Mail. The fall of Lord Haldane had given early promise of success. He had been attacked as the most vulnerable member of the Asquith-Grey-Haldane triumvirate which stood in the way of the mob dictatorship. All the subsequent energies were concentrated on completing the victory. That was the purpose of the attack on Lord Kitchener. He had disappointed expectations by attaching himself to the triumvirate and revealing a quality of responsible statesmanship which only those who had closely followed his career had suspected. He came under the personal sway of Mr. Asquith and remained loyal to him throughout.

ZIONISM ATTACKED

Jewish Writer Sees Grave Danger in This Movement Among Hebrews

REFERRING to the "Back to Palestine" or Zionist movement, "An Englishman of the Jewish Faith" asks in the Fortnightly Review: How did this strange and retrograde movement arise? Its origin is entirely due to anti-Semitism. The founder of Zionism was an Austrian Jew—that is, he was a Jew by race; religiously he was, I believe, an agnostic, though, when his movement had fairly started, he used, I fancy, for political reasons, occasionally to employ old religious terminology. He told the present writer that the violent anti-Semitism of his native country had made him despair of the situation and seek for a fresh solution upon new and nationalist lines. He conceived the theory, grossly libellous alike upon human nature in general and upon the Jews in particular, that anti-Semitism will persist for ever, and that, unless the number of Jews in a given country is the minutest fraction of the total population, anti-Semitism will always be rampant and intolerable. The followers of the movement sedulously maintain the monstrous hypothesis of their founder. In England, where anti-Semitism hardly exists, they always notice, harp



Muirhead Bone's sketch of Sir Douglas Haig, who wrote the introduction to *The Western Front*, reviewed on page 26, and whose report on the Battle of the Somme was so well timed with the change in the British Cabinet.

upon, and even exaggerate, any petty incident or remark of an anti-Semitic or anti-Jewish kind. Even where, according to their own principles, they ought to see nothing but an accurate use of words, they are the loudest to scent anti-Semitism. Thus, if an Australian statesman speaks unfavourably of "German Jews," they are at once up in arms. Now the old Jew, in whose eyes the Jews constitute a mere religious community, might justly censure the statesman. For to the old Jew the expression "German Jews" is on all fours with the expression "German Catholics," "German Lutherans." As, for him, the "German Jew" is merely a German of the Jewish faith, to emphasize the man's religion, or even to mention the religious denomination to which he happens to belong, seems needless and even offensive. But, to our modern Jewish nationalists, the German Jew is not merely a German of the Jewish persuasion. He is a man who, perhaps long resident in Germany, is yet a member of a distinct nation, and that nation is not the German nation, or, at all events, by no means exclusively the German nation. How, then, is such a composite being to be more precisely and accurately described than by the words a "German Jew"? On nationalist principles the terminology of the Australian statesman was entirely correct. And yet, perhaps, in scenting anti-Semitism everywhere, and in complaining of it, the Jewish nationalists are acting wisely. For of the whole national movement anti-Semitism is the backbone. Assume that there was no anti-Semitism to-morrow, and Zionism, like a pack of cards, would collapse the day after. Still more. Assume that the Jews of Russia and Roumania were in January in the same position, civically and politically, as the Jews of France or Italy, and there would be very little Zionism by December. The fire of the movement is carefully stoked up by its leaders: the fuel is found in anti-Semitism and in civic and political disabilities.

If the movement spreads, it must have the most disastrous results upon the Jews in every country, and more especially in those countries where they are most numerous. For it strikes at the root of the old emancipation arguments and robs equality of its justification. If the Jews are a separate people, with a national culture and with national aspirations of their own, how can they claim full citizenship in any country outside their own? Why should it be granted them? Why should they even retain it where, under totally false presuppositions, it has been granted them already? How can a man belong to two nations at once? How can he be a Frenchman or an Italian, and something else as well? No wonder that all anti-Semites are enthusiastic Zionists. They say: "All honour to the Jews, when, at last, they frankly confess that they are not at home among us. All honour to them when they honestly allow that nationally, as well as, or even more than, religiously, they are other than we; that they have separate aims, separate aspirations, and a distinctive civilization."

OBJECT NOT A DRAW

PROF. ALBERT BUSHNELL HART, of Harvard, is now credited by one Canadian paper with pro-Germanism.

"The real causes of the war," he says, "are too numerous, too involved and too deeply concealed for any common understanding; the one thing we are sure of is that the real cause was not the controversy between little Serbia and big Austro-Hungary, or in general the protection of small powers." That is to say, remarks the Toronto Daily Mail, we do not pretend to say what the causes of the war are, but we do know that they are the causes alleged by Germany, and not those professed by the Allies. In urging that an end be put to the war, Prof. Hart says that neither side can claim to be positively victorious, which, as a matter of fact, is the very reason that the war should not end. The object of a war is not a draw. No war was ever fought for a status quo ante, though some wars have thus ended. The Germans and Prof. Hart may be willing that the war should end in a draw; and the professor says that if Germany were to put forth proposals offering to end hostilities upon the basis of conditions reverting to their original position, the Allies could not refuse the terms, "for otherwise they would be responsible for keeping up the war to enlarge their own territories." Horrible, indeed! But it is not incredible, as Prof. Hart supposes, that the Allies would shrink from assuming this responsibility.

Mr. Lloyd George and other spokesmen for the Allies have stated generally the terms of peace, namely, "complete restoration, full reparation, and effectual guarantees."

MUSIC

Human Side of What is Sometimes Regarded as an Unhuman Art—by Other People

By THE MUSIC EDITOR

medium," say the writer, very naively.

Just plain tone-hypnotism. Beware.

"And when there is no will to struggle, nothing can be accomplished."

This indicates the final stage of coma when you abandon all identity and become the subconscious slave of the symphony.

However, the writer takes us out of the suggestion of burlesque when he speaks of the necessity for educating children in music.

"In every household, in every school, public or private, this ideal of music study should be kept in mind."

After a man begins to smoke cigars is no time to get him interested in a symphony—which is the highest form of pure music.

"If you understand the symphony you can apply that understanding to any other form of music."

We had rather put the horse before the cart. If the symphony grew out of the sonata, why not a course in Beethoven's sonatas before his symphonies?

"The symphony speaks in its own terms; opera speaks in terms of characters in action, of costume and scenery as well as music."

Which makes opera both more complicated and more easy. In the symphony, either you get music or nothing. There is no bewitching prima donna. But as Mr. Sarette says, the Third, Fifth and Ninth Symphonies are truly dramatic. They range from the tender to the terrible; they have their own emotional climaxes, they philosophize, they brood, they grin like a comic mask.

Further, the writer resolves every symphony into rhythm, melody and harmony, which, of course, is true of almost any kind of good music.

"I say then that rhythm is the heart of music."

One of the best mental exercises in the world, he might have said, is to count out the rhythm of a piece you are listening to. In modern music this is a strange pastime, the striking sonata of the Belgian Lekew, for piano and violin, for instance, contains almost every species of rhythm, including 5-4 and 7-4. Most modern music seems to fight shy of ordinary human metre.

"In no other of its varied means of expression," says the writer, "is the symphony more strictly and more fully an evolution than in this one of complex melodic textures."

He traces this back to Bach, "whose melodies clash



JANCZT RIGO, famous violinist, photographed December 23, 1916, at his home in New York. Rigo was once husband of the beautiful Princess Chimay, who, before her marriage to the Belgian nobleman was Clara Ward, of Detroit, Michigan, afterwards of Toronto, corner of Carlton and Church Sts. Her father left her many millions when he died. The violinist met the Princess when she and the King of Belgium and members of his staff were dining in a restaurant in Paris. Rigo played, and after the performance kissed her hand. A few days later they eloped dressed as gypsies. For eleven years the Princess showered him with presents and costly gifts. To-day he is the possessor of caskets of jewels worth thousands of dollars. The violin on which he now exhibits his talent is the gift of the Princess. The gypsy talks of nothing now but Clara Ward and her generosity toward him, of her gifts, and their romance. He declares that she left him \$500,000. He is now playing at the Little Hungarian Restaurant in N.Y. He declares that when the war is over he will claim his fortune. The coat he is wearing was presented to him by the late King Leopold of Belgium.

What is a Symphony—Anyhow?

A VERY comprehensive question. Mr. Thomas Whitney Surette comes at it in the current issue of Atlantic Monthly. His article occupies ten pages and takes just about as long to read as it takes to hear a big symphony performed.

On the whole, it's much easier to listen to the symphony, though the article contains a lot of good, conscientious "dope" on what a symphony is and isn't. For instance:

"What we call a symphony is merely a series of ordered sounds produced by means of instruments of various kinds."

This is worth analyzing. The sounds are "ordered." We always supposed they were spontaneous. Mr. Beethoven just set down what the over-soul told him to. "Produced by instruments." That is what we always thought. It isn't done by a sliver on a rail. Neither is it done by any one instrument. Furthermore, the instruments are of "various kinds." So glad to feel sure they are not all one kind—all "bull fiddles" or oboes.

"You cannot understand a symphony by trying to understand what the composer meant."

Just what we have always maintained. Nobody wants to be held responsible for his sins by having to explain why he committed them. It's bad enough to note their results on other people. A lot of folks have been sent to sleep by some symphonies just because the orchestra overwhelmed them with sounds that they really couldn't stay awake to resist. The symphony became a real knockout drop. And a lot of other well-meaning people have befuddled their brains trying to understand the programme notes while they listened to the orchestra. It requires a big intellect to make any good symphony fit the average notes written about it by the programmeur. Besides, what chance has the average concert-goer to read the notes when all the light is on the stage?

"Listening to a symphony should consist in giving yourself freely to it, in making of yourself a passive



THIS is a recent snapshot of Edgar Varese, young French composer and conductor, now in New York. Varese served several months in the trenches and apparently escaped uninjured, though he went to the hospital suffering from chest and throat trouble and was afterwards honourably discharged. He went to New York, and there peacefully walked up Fifth Avenue one day with Kreisler the violinist and Constantine, opera singer. He had his leg broken in several places by a skidding motor car that climbed on to the sidewalk. He is now convalescing. Early in 1917 Varese will conduct a tremendous massed orchestra and chorus in Berlioz' Mass for the dead of all nations in the war.

in never-to-be-forgotten stridence, striking forth such flashes of strange beauty as can come only from a war of themes." Harmony, he says, should be a combination of melodies. He has probably heard the Schoenberg Quartette as an example of this. What, also, would he think of Ornstein's music?

Gotham's Musical Gorge

NEW YORK may now be regarded as the musical centre of the world. Canadians who come back from this city invariably rave about the bewildering variety of musical events, in all conceivable styles that make New York in a peculiarly musical way what London and Berlin used to be before the war. On one page of the Sunday paper may be seen more advertisements of musical artists, all to appear within a few days, in New York, than can be heard in any Canadian city in five years. Carnegie Hall is booked up for musical events almost every night in the season, with several matinees a week. The Metropolitan was never so busy catering to the Four Hundred. All the smaller halls and some of the theatres are occupied with musical programmes which, in Montreal or Winnipeg, would be regarded as headliners. The fact is that New York has the time, the money and the appetite, and in no other city in the world can so much of these elements be found, or such big things in music. Some people have made predictions that New York is to become the gold centre of the world for all time, and also the most prominent centre of musical action. This is one of those startling statements which Americans love to hear and to make; as one may judge from present symptoms, it would take a lot of argument to prove that it is not a true statement.

New York is really suffering from a glut of gold, along with musical indigestion. There is a great difference between the vogue of music and that of plays in New York. Most of the New York plays are put on with long runs, for the sake of the millions who visit New York annually, from all parts of the country. But most of the music in New York is put on for the benefit of New Yorkers; and these poor opulent people simply have to face the music from one end of the season to the other—pay their money and take their choice and all their chance of getting better. The Knickerbocker Hotel is the regular rendezvous of more musicians than any other hotel in the world. It is here that Caruso lives, moves and has his being when in New York, and where
(Concluded on page 27.)



MOST recent photograph of opera diva, Alma Gluck, taken in her own home in New York. This is the tall, handsome lady who sang in Toronto with the Symphony Orchestra some years ago and afterwards married Egrem Zimbalist, violinist.

THE CANADIAN COURIER

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

EXTENSIONS

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

CANADIAN COURIER

TORONTO ONTARIO

EDITOR'S TALK

HOW many people west of Chapleau know whether "The G. G. Movement" is a religion, a clock, or a new system of training for three year old children?

How many of the wise ones—the ones who know that the G. G. Movement has something to do with wheat and the price of rock salt and binder twine—know just how seriously they ought to take this movement when it comes to analyzing election possibilities or other political problems?

It is all very well for Winnipeg people to understand the Grain Growers' Movement—though not all Winnipeggers understand it at that—and for British Columbia to understand parts of it, because British Columbia has close family relations with the prairies. But from the number of inquiries which have reached this office from Toronto people, Montrealers, and people in the Maritime Provinces, it became quite clear to the Editor of the Canadian Courier that the significance of the recent gathering of Grain Growers in Winnipeg ought to be elucidated. To do this he chose the one writer in the country who knows most about it, while at the same time keeping his independent point of view as one outside the movement. This writer is Norman P. Lambert, an eastern Canadian, with expert knowledge of western Canada. His article on the Grain Growers' Movement from the time it started with a handful of coonskin coats in a prairie town, to the present day, when it threatens to revolutionize the old political parties in the west. It will appear in the next issue of the Courier.

If there is any reader of the Courier who doesn't know Jacob Holdfast and his drawling, hum-

orous stories of back-woods life in this country thirty years ago, then that reader should make it a point of honour not to miss the tale of the little ash-boy and the big team, and the unfathomable waggon—and the episode on a lone bush road one dreadful night. If you have been reading the other Jacob Holdfast stories you must know this boy. But whether you have met him before or not, you will find him absorbingly interesting and funny—and perhaps just a little mite—well we won't say that OTHER word until you have read the story. You will know the word THEN. This will be revealed to you along with other good features in the coming issue of the Canadian Courier.

A Canadian artist came into the office the other day with a pack of sketch-books. He had them in his studio for years, crumpled of realistic, gingery impressions of a remarkable country which for ten years now has been more in the eye of the world than it was in the two centuries previous.

"I made these ten years ago—or more than that," he said.



EASY!

—Hunter in the Toronto World.

"Yes, it was thirteen years ago. I was passionately interested in those people and the places they live in. So I just filled my books with them, never dreaming that some day they might contain a world of meaning to other people."

He left us the books to look over. They were all he said, and more. In fact his modesty had got the better of him.

Next week we expect to begin giving readers of the Courier a glimpse of these sketches, along with the little humour stories out of which they grew. This will be a unique feature in Canadian journalism and somewhat of a new departure for the Canadian Courier, although we have more than once demonstrated that an artist's sketch-book is one of the best places in the world to get human-interest stories. The alive artist does not merely sieze upon a figure or an interior or a house just because it makes a good sketch. He sees in it the same interest that the alert writer sees. It is—copy.

And it is spontaneous. All human-interest matter is grist to our mill. These sketches and little stories will further convince you of the broad-gauge character of our programme—growing in breadth of interest every week.

The artist's name? Not yet. We are not even sure we shall tell that until the last instalment of the sketches.

* * * *

We did have it in mind to say something to the Canadian manufacturer in this issue. There is a sermon to be preached that estimable citizen and that, too, is coming—in an editorial foreword perhaps—in the next issue. Not only the Canadian manufacturer but the man who buys Canadian-made goods will be interested in that sermon. It will be brief but pointed.

A Smile or Two

Providential.—A farmer in a small way walked into the offices of one of our fire insurance companies and intimated that he wished to insure his barn and a couple of stacks.

"What facilities have you for extinguishing a fire in your village?" inquired the superintendent of the office.

The man scratched his head and pondered over the matter for a little while. Eventually he answered: "Well, it sometimes rains."—Tit-Bits.

* * *

"I think I made a mistake in arguing the question of expense with my wife."

"What do you mean?"

"She wanted an automobile, and I inadvertently told her that I couldn't afford it."

"Well?"

"Now she wants it worse than before."

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"It is possible, and even probable, that people who live an intensely religious life may more often be able to acquire this supporting spirit; they act spontaneously, by an intuition which makes them discover happiness where others do not see it; it is how they feel, that is all.

"One may recognize the same mental disposition, the same power of moral resistance, in people who have never thought of accepting a faith, or even in those whose reflections and experiences of life have led to agnosticism.

"This state of soul can only be created by a constant culture of our moral ego; our happiness is in direct proportion to our moral development."

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FINANCIAL

By INVESTICUS

HOW many readers of the Canadian Courier have bought stock in molybdenum mining companies? A molybdenum mining company may not call itself by that name. It may swagger under some such fancy appellation as "The Height of Glory" Company or the Divine Dividend Paper or the Quick Profit Piffle Company—Limited—Head Offices, Montreal—Bankers, the Canadian Bank of So-and-So. But a Rose by any other name would smell as sweet, as the prophet says. Wherefore again we ask: How many readers of the Canadian Courier have placed their money in companies which depend for their success upon the mining and marketing of this musical but mysterious molybdenum?

Please hold up your hands till the chairman counts.

One?

Two?

Three

Ah! Quite a few. Please resume your seats once more and PLEASE don't be uneasy merely because you happen to be interested in the molybdenum business. It is a perfectly honest business and a perfectly good mineral. There are even patriotic reasons for being interested in that business, and in Ontario there are, to our knowledge, four legitimate molybdenum concerns at least. These may be the ones you are interested in, but then again there are other companies which are not so legitimate—if appearances count for anything—and which seem to me to have been formed, not for gentle purpose of digging mineral out of rock, but for the much more lucrative business of digging rock (of the negotiable kind) out of our fellow citizens. Heaven knows life is dull and dry enough without our wanting to prohibit men and women making monkeys of themselves—financially—once in awhile. At the same time there are many perfectly sensible people who don't want to afford public entertainment and motors for crooked promoters by their investment mistakes, and for these people we say: 'Ware the Molybdenum bug! It bites.

Although it has an awkward name, Molybdenum is a very useful mineral. Many years ago Madame Curie of radium fame, and some of her associates, found out that by adding Tungsten to iron the native properties of iron were much improved. But Tungsten is fairly costly, as anybody knows who has to buy tungsten lights, and a substitute was found—molybdenum or molydenite (which is molybdenum disulphide). Molybdenum is now used as an alloy with steel for the making of tool-steel, especially for high-speed tools where hardness and toughness are required. Since the war began and the manufacturing trade of the world is practically devoted to the making of munitions of war, the demand for tools, the demand for tool-steel and therefore the demand for molybdenum has greatly increased. For a time this threatened to enhance the prices of the metal very greatly in Canada. But some time ago the British Government, through the various colonial governments "requisitioned" all the molybdenum in the Empire at a fixed price—105 shillings per unit delivered at Liverpool, a price that works out about \$1 per pound in Canada.

But now for the practical application of the matter:

One company, which shall be nameless—because those who come in contact with its agents after reading this

article should be fairly well able to identify it and protect themselves—is soliciting stock subscriptions at something like one dollar per share. Its authorized capital is two million dollars and its head offices are in Montreal. Readers of the Courier have written in to know what we think about the stock of this concern as an investment. Our answer is: we don't think about it as an investment at all—not even as a decent speculation. This company has for President a man whose rating in the business world we

Notice to Correspondents.

NOT long ago the Financial Editor of the Courier invited readers of this page who were in doubt about investments to write privately to him for information and opinion regarding the class of security they had in mind to buy.

In response to that offer many letters have been received and are now being dealt with as rapidly as possible.

If any Courier reader who has written to Investicus has not yet received his or her reply it has been because sufficient time has not elapsed to enable the requisite enquiries to be made.

It should be observed by those who write to this department that Investicus cannot assume the responsibility of actually advising a certain purchase, or of advising against a certain purchase. The service we desire to give our readers cannot be expected to go this far. What it does offer, is to give honest information (and unbiassed information) as to the reputation of certain investments and as to the advantages and disadvantages of certain classes of securities. Within these necessary limits the Courier's Financial Department is only too pleased to render whatever service it can.

INVESTICUS.

have been unable to find. Its secretary is equally modest. As for the company itself—it is unknown to any of the leading commercial agencies through whom we have made inquiry.

And yet some faithful fellow up in a small town in Ontario has been listening to the tales of Molybdenum and its worth and the great fortunes to be made from it. He has actually bought five hundred shares of the stock!

Molybdenum is an uncertain mineral. It occurs irregularly and in "pockets." These "pockets" are seldom large. There is plenty of it in

Northern Ontario, but it is rather problematical just what success you are going to have in mining it. It may yield hundreds of pounds to the ton of ore—and it may yield a few ounces—It has to be 85% pure to get the price the British Government has fixed upon it. We should add that there are two concentrators in Ontario: one at Ottawa (operated by the Department of Mines), and the other at Renfrew. At Orillia there is a plant for making ferro-molybdenum (that is, for making the alloy with steel). Belleville has another one. What has been written in this article must in no way be taken as a reflection on these plants. But when it comes to buying stock in vague Molybdenum mines, run by vague companies with strange gentlemen at the head thereof—remember Mark Twain's story of the blue-jay, and the hole, and the nuts that never seemed to fill the hole. P. S.—Don't let any agent fool you with a story of the high price of molybdenum in the United States. It is high there—but the law, unfortunately, forbids you selling it there.

Dis-Frenchising Canadians

(Continued from page 8.)

pression. Loyalty is essentially the product of freedom; disloyalty the natural offspring of repression. The French-Canadians' claim for self-expression rests not only upon the pledge which was given after the conquest, but upon the loyalty of their ancestors in the revolution. Sir George Cartier put this claim into words in the pre-Confederation debates. "If the Canadians of French-speech have their institutions, their language, their religion intact to-day," according to this able parliamentarian, "it was precisely because of their adherence to the British Crown. Had they yielded to the appeals of Washington and Baron d'Estaing, it is probable that there would not have been now a vestige of British power on this continent. But, with the disappearance of British power, they too would have disappeared as French-Canadians. These historical facts taught that there should be a mutual feeling of gratitude from the French-Canadians towards the British, and from the British towards the French-Canadians, for our present position, and that Canada is still a British colony."

"William Howard Hearst must feel grateful to French-Canadians," commented my friend Price Green as we turned from our books of history to prepare a final pipe before retiring for the night. "If it had not been for the loyalty of the French race in Canada, he would not to-day be Prime Minister of a province within the British Empire."

"Nor would Newton Wesley Rowell hold high position in the Legislature of a Province under the British Crown," I added.

This then is the plain teaching of history; it may be forgotten; it may be deliberately avoided; but it stands indelibly recorded: without French-Canadian loyalty during the War of the American Revolution there could have been no Ontario, no one of the nine provinces, no Canada within the British Empire. But, as we shall see, there are even stronger reasons than pledges and loyalty, why the French-Canadians should not be denied the right of racial self-expression.

The Habit of Thrift

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By TALBOT MUNDY

CHAPTER III.—(Continued.)

BURSTING through the glass-bead curtains at the door, the great savage strode down the room, holding out a telegram. Rewa Gunga looked as if he would have snatched it, but King's hand was held out first and Ismail gave it to him. With a murmur of conventional apology King tore the envelope and in a second his eyes were ablaze with something more than wonder. A mystery, added to a mystery, stirred all the zeal in him. But in a second he had sweated his excitement down.

"Read that, will you?" he said, passing it to Rewa Gunga. It was not in cypher, but in plain every-day English.

"She has not gone North," it ran. "She is still in Delhi. Suit your own movements to your plans."

"Can you explain?" asked King in a level voice. He was watching the Rangar narrowly, yet he could not detect the slightest symptom of emotion.

"Explain?" said the Rangar. "Who can explain foolishness? It means that another fat general has made another fat mistake!"

"What makes you so certain she went North?" King asked.

Instead of answering, Rewa Gunga beckoned Ismail, who had stepped back out of hearing. The giant came and loomed over them like the Spirit of the Lamp of the Arabian Nights.

"Whither went she?" asked the Rangar.

"To the North!" he boomed.

"How knowest thou?"

"I saw her go!"

"When went she?"

"Yesterday, when a telegram came." The word "came" was the only clue to his meaning, for in the language he used "yesterday" and "to-morrow" are the same word; such is the East's estimate of time.

"By what route did she go?" asked Rewa Gunga.

"By the terrain from the isstation."

"How knowest thou that?"

"I was there, bearing her box of jewels."

"Did'st thou see her buy the tikkut?"

"Nay, I bought it, for she ordered me."

"For what destination was the tikkut?"

"Peshawur!" said Ismail, filling his mouth with the word as if he loved it.

"Yet"—it was King who spoke now, pointing an accusing finger at him—"a burra sahib sends a tar to me—to this is it!—to say she is in Delhi still! Who told thee to answer those questions with those words?"

"She!" the big man answered. "Yasmini!"

"Aye! May Allah cover her with blessings!"

"Ah!" said King. "You have my leave to depart out of earshot."

Then he turned on Rewa Gunga.

"Whatever the truth of all this," he said quietly, "I suppose it means she has done what there was to do in Delhi?"

"Sahib,—trust her! Does a tigress hunt where no watercourses are, and where no game goes to drink? She follows the sambur!"

"You are positive she has started for the North?"

"Sahib, when she speaks it is best to believe! She told me she will go. Therefore I am ready to lead King sahib up the Khyber to her!"

"Are you certain you can find her?"

"Aye, sahib,—in the dark!"

"There's a train leaves for the North to-night," said King.

The Rangar nodded.

"You'll want a pass up the line. How many servants? Three—four—how many?"

"**O**NE," said the Rangar, and King was instantly suspicious of the modesty of that allowance; however, he wrote out a pass for Rewa Gunga and one servant and gave it to him.

"Be there on time and see about your own reservation," he said. "I'll attend to Ismail's pass myself."

He folded the list of names that the Rangar had marked and wrote something on the back. Then he begged an envelope, and Rewa Gunga had one brought to him. He sealed the list in the envelope, addressed it and beckoned Ismail again.

"Take this to Saunders sahib!" he ordered. "Go first to the telegraph office, where you were before, and the babu there will tell you where Saunders sahib may be found. Having found him, deliver the letter to him. Then come and find me at the Star of India Hotel and help me to bathe and change my clothes."

"To hear is to obey!" boomed Ismail, bowing; but his last glance was for Rewa Gunga, and he did not turn

to go until he had met the Rangar's eyes.

WHEN Ismail had gone striding down the room, with no glance to spare for the whispering women in the window, and with dignity like an aura exuding from him, King looked into the Rangar's eyes with that engaging frankness of his that disarms so many people.

"Then you'll be on the train to-night?" he asked.

"To hear is to obey! With pleasure, sahib!"

"Then good-by until this evening."

King bowed very civilly and walked out, rather unsteadily because his head ached. Probably nobody else, except the Rangar, could have guessed what an ordeal he had passed through or how near he had been to losing self-command.

But as he felt his way down the stairs, that were dimly lighted now, he knew he had all his senses with him, for he "spotted" and admired the lurking places that had been designed for undoing of the unwary, or even the overwary. Yasmini's Delhi nest was like a hundred traps in one.

"Almost like a pool table," he reflected. "Pocket 'em at both ends and the middle!"

In the street he found a gharry after a while and drove to his hotel. And before Ismail came he took a stroll through a bazaar, where he made a few strange purchases. In the hotel lobby he invested in a leather bag with a good lock, in which to put them. Later on Ismail came and proved himself an efficient body-servant.

That evening Ismail carried the leather bag and found his place on the train, and that was not so difficult, because the trains running North were nearly empty, although the platforms were all crowded. As he stood at the carriage door with Ismail near him, a man named Saunders slipped through the crowd and sought him out.

"Arrested 'em all!" he grinned.

"Good."

"Seen anything of her? I recognized Yasmini's scent on your en-

velope. It's peculiar to her—one of her monopolies!"

"No. I'm told she went North yesterday."

"Not by train, she didn't! It's my business to know that!"

King did not answer; nor did he look surprised. He was watching Rewa Gunga, followed by a servant, hurrying to a reserved compartment at the front end of the train. The Rangar waved to him and he waved back.

"I'd know her in a million!" vowed Saunders. "I can take oath she hasn't gone anywhere by train! Unless she has walked, or taken a carriage, she's in Delhi!"

The engine gave a preliminary shriek and the giant Ismail nudged King's elbow in impatient warning. There was no more sign of Rewa Gunga, who had evidently settled down in his compartment for the night.

"Get my bag out again!" King ordered, and Ismail stared.

"Get out my bag," I said.

"To hear is to obey!" Ismail grumbled, reaching with his long arm through the window.

The engine shrieked again, somebody whistled, and the train began to move.

"You missed it!" said Saunders, amused at Ismail's frantic disappointment. The giant was tugging at his beard. "How about your trunk? Better wire ahead and have it spotted for you."

"No," said King; "it's still in the baggage room at the other station. I didn't intend to go by this train. Came down here to see another fellow off, that's all! Have a cigar and then let's go together and look those prisoners over!"

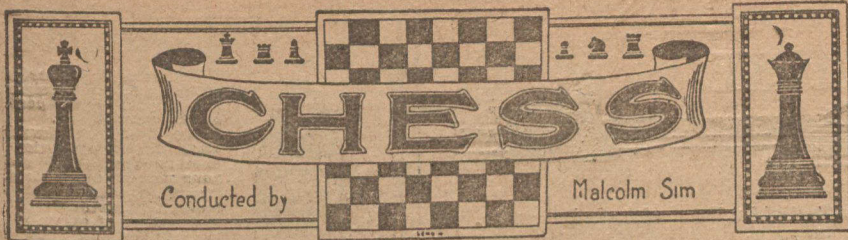
CHAPTER IV.

THE rear lights of the train he had not taken away out of Delhi station and King grinned as he wiped the sweat from his face with a dripping handkerchief. Behind him towered the hook-nosed Ismail, resentful of the unexpected. In front of him Saunders

(Continued on page 23.)



She joined in the dance with the snakes striking left and right at her.

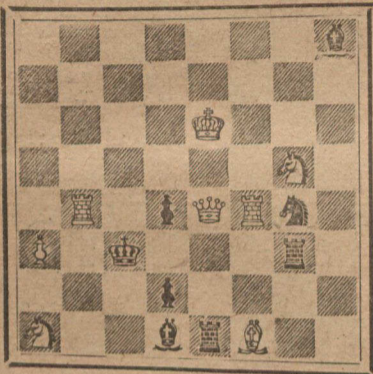


Solutions to problems and other correspondence should be addressed to the Chess Editor, Canadian Courier, 30 Grant Street, Toronto.

PROBLEM NO. 108, by L. Rothstein.

First Prize (ex-aequo), Good Companions' Club, Dec., 1916.

Black.—Eight Pieces.



White.—Eight Pieces.

White to play and mate in two.

Problem No. 109, by A. Ellerman.

First Prize (ex-aequo), Good Companions' Club, Dec., 1916.

White: K at KR5; Q at KB5; Bs at QR7 and QK7sq; Kts at QB7 and Qsq; Ps at QK3 and K6.

Black: K at Q5; Q at QR3; R at QB4; Bs at QRsq and KB3; Kt at KB6; Ps at QR6, QK4 and Q3.

White mates in two.

The above two problems are fine studies in quadruple lateral unpinning of the White Queen.

SOLUTIONS.

Problem No. 105, by Frank Janet.

1. Q—Kt6, B—Q3; 2. Q—Kt7 mate.

1. P—Q3; 2. R—R3 mate.

1. threat; 2. Q—R6 mate.

A very neat example of the pickabish, with the Black King located in the southeast corner of the board.

Problem No. 106, by V. Marin.

1. B—Q7, RxR; 2. QxP, RxQ; 3. B—Kt4 mate.

1. KtxR; 2. Q—B7ch, KtxQ; 3. B—Kt4 mate.

1. BxR; 2. Q—Kt3, BxQ; 3. B—Kt4 mate.

1. threat; 2. R—B6ch, any; 3. B—Kt4 mate.

Promotion Ambuscades.

The following are two examples, by the wizard Shinkman, of the remarkable influence of a piece upon a diagonal and a rank respectively, notwithstanding many intervening pieces. The theme is very ingeniously set forth by means of indirect minor promotions to avoid stalemate.

"Theory of Pawn Promotion," 1912.

White: K at QBsq; B at Q5; Kts at QK2 and QB3; Ps at QK4 and KR7.

Black: K at QR8; R at Q5; Kt at K4; P at KB3. Mate in four. (1. P=R, R—Q8ch; 2. KKtxR, Kt—Q6ch; 3. KtxKt, P—B4; 4. R—R8 mate.)

White: K at KB5; B at KB3; Kts at QK8 and Q7; Ps at QR6, QK5 and KKT7.

Black: K at QRsq; Bs at Qsq and Ksq; Kt at QBsq; Ps at QR2 and QKt3. Mate in four. (1. P=B, Kt—Q3ch; 2. BxKt, BxKtch; 3. KtxB, B any; 4. B—Q5 mate.)

CHESS IN THE STATES.

An interesting game played in the match between Professor Jacques Grommer, a Parisian expert, resident in St. Louis, and Edward F. Schrader, ex-Western States champion. Three games were played and all won by the Professor. The notes are our own.

Centre Counter Gambit.

White. E. F. Schrader.

1. P—K4

2. PxP

3. Kt—QB3

4. B—B4 (b)

5. P—Q4 (c)

6. B—B4

7. P—B3 (d)

8. P—KKt4 (e)

9. Kt—K2

10. P—Kt5

11. B—K3

12. P—Q5

13. R—QBsq

14. B—Q2 (g)

15. P—QR3 (h)

16. Kt—R4

17. P—Kt4

18. BxKt

19. P—QB4

20. KtxB

21. Kt—B5

22. K—B2

23. B—K3

24. KxR

25. Kt—K4 (j)

26. PxP e.p.

27. QxP

28. PxKt

29. P—B5

Black. J. Grommer.

1. P—Q1

2. QxP

3. Q—QR4 (a)

4. Kt—QB3

5. Kt—B3

6. B—Kt5

7. B—R4

8. Castles (f)

9. B—Kt3

10. Kt—R4

11. P—K4

12. Kt—Kt5

13. B—QB4

14. Q—Kt3

15. Kt—R3

16. Q—Q3

17. B—Kt3

18. PxB

19. B—Q5

20. PxKt

21. KR—Ksqch

22. P—Q6

23. RxB (i)

24. R—Ksqch

25. P—B4

26. KtxP

27. KtxKt

28. Q—K4 (k)

29. BxP

- 30. QxPch
- 31. KR—Ksq
- 32. QR—Qsq (l)
- 33. K—Q4
- 34. RxR
- Resigns.
- 30. K—Qsq
- 31. QxRP
- 32. B—B7 dis.ch (m)
- 33. RxR
- 34. Q—Q7ch

(a) Preferable to the alternative 3...., Q—Qsq, as leading to counter-attacks of great possibilities.

(b) 4. P—Q4 is usually played, but the text move has its advocates.

(c) Having developed the King's Bishop, 5. P—Q3 would have been far sounder play in this position.

(d) Practically necessary, for if 7. Kt—K2, then 7. Castles, with strong attack on the White Queen's Pawn.

(e) A rash advance which robs his King of a safe haven and leads to his eventual downfall.

(f) A pretty reply which demonstrates the weakness of his opponent's position.

(g) If 14. BxB, then 14. QxB; 15. B—Kt3, Q—K6; 16. R—Bsq, Kt—B6; 17. R—B2, Kt—R6; 18. R—Bsq, KtxKtP, and wins. 14. B—B2 would lose a piece and if 14. Q—Q2, the Queen's Pawn falls.

(h) Black threatens to occupy the King's file with the King's Rook, followed by the advance of the centre Pawn with dire consequences. This initiates a desperate attempt to meet the situation in advance. It is ingenious, but unavailing.

(i) A beautiful and sound sacrifice of the exchange, which evidently took his opponent completely by surprise.

(j) Necessary. If 25. K—B2, then 25. R—K7ch; 26. K—Ktsq, Q—B5, and wins; or 26. K—Bsq, Kt—Kt6 and wins. If 25. K—Q2, then 25. R—K7ch; 26. K—B3, Q—K4ch; 27. K—Kt3, R—Kt7ch; 28. K—R4, P—Q7; 29. R—Rsq, B—B7ch, and wins.

(k) If 28. BxP, then 29. QxB, etc.

(l) There is no means to meet Black's threat of 32. B—Kt3 dis. ch; 33. K—Q5! Q—Q7ch, owing to the triple predicament resulting.

(m) Or B—Kt3 dis. ch.

END-GAME No. 21.

By H. Rinck.

(From the "British Chess Magazine.")

White: K at QRsq; B at QKt7, P at QKt6 and K5. Black: K at KKT3; B at KBsq. White to play and win.

Solution.

1. B—K4ch, K—R3! 2. P—Kt7, B—Kt2; 3. P=B! BxPch; 4. BxB, and wins. If White had promoted to a Queen, the final position would have been a stalemate. Other lines will not win for White. For example, if 1. P—K6? K—B3; 2. B—Q5, B—B4! 3. P—Kt7, B—R2; 4. K—Kt2, K—K2; 5. K—B3, B—Ktsq, and draws. We intend submitting a few interesting problems shortly, where Black produces strategic play by laying for a stalemate.

Live Wires in Education

(Concluded from page 16.)

competitor. Would not a similar competition among young Canadians marshal those who were successful the way that they were going? To prepare for such, teachers throughout the Dominion would instruct their pupils in prosody; any teacher in English knows how that enlarges the student's vocabulary (and therefore his ideas) and at the same time gives him a knowledge of the "right word in the right place." We should recognize a junior poet-laureate, for the child is father of the man.

A number of pupils were following Byron in his pilgrimage through Italy. After reading of that wonderful renaissance of Florence, they were asked, "Why do we in Canada have no great art or literature?" One girl, answering perhaps better than she knew, remarked: "Well, in Italy the children have their imaginations stimulated because they can visit the great picture galleries, but we only have the moving pictures to go to." It's not all true, of course, but do teachers really have any united method of stimulating the minds of pupils as regards Canadian nationality and what is most constructive in our own thought and that of other countries?

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WHAT'S WRONG WITH LOCKE?

WHAT has happened our old friend W. J. Locke? Has he lost his gift? Has the war upset him so that he no longer feels himself? Or is he taking advantage of his established reputation to unearth some old Manuscripts and unload them on a trusting public. We had occasion in the Courier some time ago to lament the advent of Viviette—an atrocious piece of drivel. Now comes The Wonderful Year. It isn't as bad as Viviette—it could scarcely hope to be—but it is not good. That is to say, it is not W. J. Locke as we knew him in the Beloved Vagabond.

This story is based on the rather extravagant notion that a young man and a young woman (in their right minds and with all their senses unimpaired), set off to have a holiday together in the South of France, without a chaperon and yet without the slightest hint of love between them. They are advised to take this course by an elderly "broker of happiness" in Paris, who, having met them in the Latin Quarter, thinks they both need some such treatment as this.

Off they go, posing as brother and sister at the inns. Of course the woman is in love with the man, but the man, we are told, is just a big, innocent boy with rather hostile notions about Shes as Shes—and he hurts her feelings and they make up and they are forever just at the edge of discovering their mutual attraction—Of course they do TOO in the end. Obviously they HAD to or the book would never have been written. But the device is really too false, too artificial for words. For our part—give us the old Locke.

SHOE ON 'TOTHER FOOT.

WITH President Wilson whimpering about the "intolerable" condition in which the United States finds itself—and all on account of the silly whim of the British public to suppress a mad dog—it is especially interesting to find in Gilbert Cannan's "Three Pretty Men (S. B. Gundy) an account of the trouble that was felt in Lancashire during the war between the North and the South in the United States. Of course Three Pretty Men does not pretend to deal at length with that condition, but the incidental light which it sheds on the question is highly interesting. Just take this for example—and then bear in mind the

alleged "intolerable" conditions in the United States.

"For a week or two Jamie was dazed and hid his condition even from himself. He went down to his office as though nothing had happened and kept his clerks working at imaginary transactions. He could not realize the war as something actually happening among human beings; it was taking place for him on the map of America, a conflict between political principles, and conveyed no idea of bloodshed, or wounds or men lying dead on the plains. And so many of the men he met were in the same condition, dazed, stupefied, not seeing how they were concerned, not realizing the ruin that had come upon them. Little by little the excitement grew. What was the government doing? There were hot-heads who cried for war upon the Northern States, elderly gentlemen consumed with bloodthirstiness who declared that the time had come for the British nation to recover her colonies and to crush the damned yankees, if necessary to exterminate them, burn them out like wasps. . . . But when the Southern ports became blockaded and it became clear that no cotton was forthcoming, then the cry went up for war. England must declare for the Southern States and liberty. England alone could free the slaves. . . ."

Something makes us think, by the way, that this book of Gilbert Cannan's was written before the present war. The novelist is obviously unconscious of the parallel between the conditions he thus describes in Lancashire and those over which President Wilson weeps to-day—not that anyone has yet alleged that the hardship in the case of the United States, has actually caused unemployment and suffering. It HAS NOT. But in so far as the starving in Lancashire may be said to be parallel to the slightly reduced income of a few American millionaire cotton-dealers—Cannan may be said to have provided a parallel.

Of the book at once let us say that it is several cuts above the ordinary novel. Those who love writers like Locke need not look to Gilbert Cannan for further amusement along that same line. Cannan tends to rise rather to the class of Wells and of Arnold Bennett. One feels that he is young—young at least in his habit of sympathizing just a little too much with his central figure. His other recent book Mendel had in it the same curious fault. One felt that Mendel was to a large extent Gilbert Cannan working off some autobiographical grouches. Similarly one feels that Jamie in Three Pretty Men is simply Mendel—or Gilbert Cannan. Both Jamie and Mendel are temperamental and artis-

tic individualists who find themselves in more or less conflict with a matter-of-fact world. Personally, I should feel more enthusiasm for these works if Mr. Cannan had been able to look upon these two men (and folk of that type) with a little more detachment.

Meantime, however, don't let anyone imagine that these are amateurish books or that they are to be ignored by those who study contemporary literary workers. Cannan is showing what the Americans would call "Big Stuff." He may never be as sprightly as Wells or as humorous as Bennett, but he is coming on—decidedly.

WAR DRAWINGS.

UNDER the title of "The Western Front" is an interesting collection of drawings by Muirhead Bone, introduced by General Sir Douglas Haig.

As Sir Douglas remarks, these drawings "illustrate admirably the daily life of the troops under my command." There are three views of Ypres as it appears now, in the second year of war, and several of other towns along the Flanders front.

"On a Hospital Ship" and "At a Base Station," are perhaps best representative of the daily life of the soldiers, together with a realistic portrayal of the dug-outs. As a drawing, the best is one of a tank, seen in all its most formidable aspects.

We reproduce in this issue a picture of Sir Douglas Haig, as the artist sees him, and one of the Officers' Mess.

The book is published by the authority of the War Office, from the offices of "Country Life," Ltd., London.

THE RED CROSS and **THE IRON CROSS** by A Doctor in France (S. B. Gundy), is vivid reading but not to be taken in large doses or on a gloomy day. It is merely the narrative of a doctor's experiences in a ruined church in a French village in the first days of the war. There are some excellent bits of character drawing in it—Adalbert is a German type long to be remembered—and there are intimate little details of a doctor's merciful work which only a doctor could deal with so faithfully. If you like war literature—read it. Two years ago it would have been called wonderfully good.

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Gordon Highlanders Officers' Mess, by Muirhead Bone, in the recent collection of his sketches entitled, The Western Front.

MUSIC

(Concluded from page 21.)

he is said to spend a thousand dollars a week, with his retinue of servants and all the other prodigality which goes to the King of grand opera. It is not possible for New York to thoroughly appreciate half of the music it gets, yet the musical palate of New York is always hungering for new things. Always with new things and new people, there still remains a tremendous vogue for the old standbys. On page one of the New York Times, Sunday edition, there appear advertisements announcing Sembrich, Gadow-sky, Gluck, Elman, Kreisler, Harold Bauer, Paderewski, Grabilowitsch, John McCormack, and Bloomfield Zeisler. Most of these have been before the public for the good part of a life-time, and still keep the trails warm to New York, because they know that where the money is, there will the musical heart be also.

There are a few good-sized cities in Canada where about one per cent. of this dyspeptic feast of music would be appreciated at the present time. But while there is a feast in New York there is musical famine in Toronto and Montreal. We consider ourselves in luck now if we have one third-rate orchestra from across the line, during the season; and a few big artists who can by no manner of means be suspected of even a tinge of pro-Germanism. In this case our patriotism takes precedence of our musical sympathies, and we apparently prefer to do without good music for the sake of our interest in the war. In this respect things are getting worse instead of better; but we are getting used to it now, along with prohibition of liquor and other forms of dissipations. But one of these days, when the war is over, there will have to be a large musical blow-out in some part of this world, when we shall have some trouble in deciding which of the great artists we shall exclude from our concert halls, until we get over our musical and patriotic grouch.

* * *

Academy Quartette's Next.

A PROGRAMME of intense interest will be given by The Academy String Quartette at their second concert in the Foresters' Hall on Thursday, January 18th, when they will play Mozart's lovely quartette in D Minor, No. 13, and the great Beethoven quartette in F Major, op. 59, No. 1. This masterpiece of Beethoven's marks a definite period of wonderful expansion and evolution in quartette writing. In it are embodied things hitherto unexpressed in the string quartette: the ideas of struggle, revolt, triumph, also irony and mysticism, all expressed with a concentrated intensity of utterance combined with an enormous breadth of style. The whole work is one of the sublimest creations in music. A delightful variety will be offered by the singing of Mr. Vivian Gosnell, celebrated English Bass-Baritone, who is the assisting artist for this concert. His magnificent selection of songs includes: Recitative and Aria, Hear Me Ye Winds and Waves, Handel; Come Rag-gio di Sol, Antonio Caldara; Begli Occhi Merce, A. F. Tenaglia; Go to Bed, Sweet Muse, Robert Jones; The Pretty Creature, Arr. by Lane Wilson; Clair

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This photograph shows Miss Case actually singing in direct comparison with Edison's Re-Creation of her voice.



de Lune, Gabriel Faure; Les Cloches, Claude Debussy; Afterday, Cyril Scott; Song from Omar Khayyam, Victor Harris; Thy Beaming Eyes, Edward MacDowell; A Song of Liberty, J. Bertram Fox. Mr. Richard Tattersall will be at the piano. With such a programme this will undoubtedly be one of the most artistic and enjoyable concerts of the season.

England safely—I am a most entralling center of interest to the white, black, and parti-coloured inhabitants of this region; and I am writing this letter on an antiquated typewriter belonging to the smallest, thinnest, baldest little American that ever left his own doorway to become a missionary.

Trant tossed aside the last page and glanced intently at the girl watching him.

"Why—what is it, Mr. Trant?" the girl exclaimed.

"This is so taken up with the wreck and the death of Lawler," the psychologist touched the last letter, "that there is hardly any more mention of the mysterious man. But you said, since Mr. Axton has come home, he has twice appeared and in your room, Miss Waldron. Please give me the details."

"Of his first appearance—or visit, I should say, since no one really saw

him, Mr. Trant," the girl replied, "I can't tell you much, I'm afraid. When Mr. Axton first came home, I asked him about his mysterious friend; and he put me off with a laugh and merely said he hadn't seen much of him since he last wrote. But even then I could see he wasn't so easy as he seemed. And it was only two days after that, or two nights, for it was about one o'clock in the morning, that I was awakened by some sound which seemed to come from my dressing room. I turned on the light in my room and rang the servants' bell. The butler came almost at once and, as he is not a courageous man, roused Mr. Axton before opening the door to my dressing room. They found no one there and nothing taken or even disturbed except my letters in my writing desk. My aunt, who had been taking care of me since my mother died, was aroused

The Axton Letters

(Continued from page 5.)

infinitely greater than my own, a struggle which seemed interminable, I must have been in the water fully four hours and the impact of the waves alone beat my flesh almost to a jelly; I recall the coming of daylight, and occasional glimpses of a shore which seemed to project itself suddenly above the sea and then at once to sink away and be swallowed by it.

I was found unconscious on the sands—I have not the faintest idea how I got there—and I was identified before coming to myself (it may please you to know this) by several of your letters which were found in my pocket. At present, with my three rescued companions—even whose names I probably never should have known if the Gladstone had reached

and came with the servants. She thought I must have imagined everything; but I discovered and showed Mr. Axton that it was his letters to me that had appeared to be the ones the man was searching for. I found that two of them had been taken and every other typewritten letter in my desk—and only those—had been opened in an apparent search for more of his letters. I could see that this excited him exceedingly, though he tried to conceal it from me; and immediately afterwards he found that a win-

dow on the first floor had been forced. So some man had come in, as I said. "Then last night!" "It was early this morning, Mr. Trant, but still dark, a little before six o'clock. I had not opened the window in my bedroom, but the windows of my dressing room, and left the door between open. You remember that on the first visit that door had been closed and locked. When I awoke, I could see directly into my dressing room; and in a sort of silhouette against my shaded desk light, which he was using,

seemed plain enough, but the upper part was a formless blotch. I confess that at first enough of my girl's fear for ghosts came to me to make me see him as a headless man, until I remembered how Howard had seen and described him—with a coat wrapped round his head. As soon as I was sure of this, I pressed the bell button and switched on my light. He slammed the door between us and escaped. He went through another window he had forced on the lower floor. He used a queer sort of a dagger which had broken off and fallen on the sill. As

soon as Howard saw this, he believed it was the same man, for it was then he ordered me not to interfere. He made off after him, and when he came back, he told me he was sure it was the same man!"

"This time, too, the man at your desk seemed rummaging for your correspondence with Mr. Axton?"

"It seemed so, Mr. Trant."

"But his letters were all merely personal—like these letters you have given me?"

"Yes."

(Concluded next week.)

King, of the Khyber Rifles

(Continued from page 24.)

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eyed the proffered black cheroots suspiciously, accepted one with an air of curiosity and passed the case back. Around them the clatter of the station crowd began to die, and Parsimony in a shabby uniform went round to lower lights.

"Are you sure—"

King's merry eyes looked into Saunders' as if there were no world war really and they two were puppets in a comedy.

"—are you absolutely certain Yasmini is in Delhi?"

"No," said Saunders. "What I swear to is that she has not left by train. It's my business to know who leaves by train."

"What can you suggest?" asked King, twisting at his scrubby little mustache. But if he wished to convey the impression of a man at his wit's end, he failed signally.

"I? Nothing! She's the most elusive individual in Asia! One person in the world knows where she is, unless she has an accomplice. My information's negative. I know she has not gone by—"

King struck a match and held it out, so the sentence was unfinished; the first few puffs of the astonishing cigar wiped out all memory of the missing word. And then King changed the subject.

"Those men I asked you to arrest—?"

"Nabbed" — puff — "every one of 'em!" — puff-puff—"all under"—puff-puff—"lock and key,—best smoke I ever tasted—where 'you get 'em?"

"Had they been in communication with her?"

Puff-puff—"You bet they had! Where d'you get these things?"

"Not her special men by any chance?"

Puff—"Gad, what smoke!—couldn't say, of course, but" — puff-puff — "shouldn't think so."

"Well—I'll go along with you if you like and look them over."

Both tone and manner gave Saunders credit for the suggestion, and Saunders seemed to like it. There is nothing like following up, in football, war or courtship.

"I see you're a judge of a cigar," said King, and Saunders purred, all men being fools to some extent, and the only trouble being to demonstrate the fact.

They had started for the station entrance when a nasal voice began intoning, "Cap-teen King sahib—Cap-teen King sahib!" and a telegraph messenger passed them with his book under his arm. King whistled him. A moment later he was tearing open an official urgent telegram and writing a string of figures in pencil across the

top. Then he de-coded swiftly.

"Advices are Yasmini was in Delhi as recently as six this evening. Fail to understand your inability to get in touch. Have you tried at her house? Matters in Khyber district much less satisfactory. Word from O-C Khyber Rifles to effect that lashkar is collecting. Better sweep up in Delhi and proceed northward as quickly as compatible with caution. L. M. L."

The three letters at the end were the general's coded signature. The wording of the telegram was such that as he read King saw a mental picture of the general's bald red skull and could almost hear him say the "fail to understand." The three words "much less satisfactory" were a bookful of information. So, as he folded up the telegram, tore the pencilled strip of figures from the top and burned it with a match, he was at pains to look pleased.

"Good news?" asked Saunders, blowing smoke through his nose.

"Excellent. Where's my man? Here—you—Ismail!"

The giant came and towered above him.

"You swore she went North!"

"Ja, sahib! To Peshawur she went!"

"Did she start from the station?"

"From where else, sahib?"

But this was too much for Saunders, who stepped forward and thrust in an oar. King, on the other hand, stepped back a pace, so as to watch both faces.

"Then, when did she go?"

"I saw her go!" said Ismail, affronted.

"When? When, confound you! When?"

"Yesterday."

"I expect he means to-morrow," said King. With the advantage of looker-on and a very deep experience of Northerners, he had noted that Ismail was lying and that Saunders was growing doubtful, although both men concealed the truth with what was very close to being art.

"I have a telegram here," he said, "that says she is in Delhi!"

He patted his coat, where the inner pocket bulged.

"Nay, then the tar lies, for I saw her go with these two eyes of mine!"

"It is not wise to lie to me, my friend," King assured him, so pleasantly that none could doubt he was telling truth.

"If I lie may I eat dirt!" Ismail answered him.

Inches lent the Afridi dignity, but dignity has often been used as a stalking horse for untruth. King nodded, and it was not possible to judge by his expression whether he believed or not.

"Let's make a move," he said, turning to Saunders. "She seems at any rate to wish it believed she has gone North. I can't stay here indefinitely. If she's here she's on the watch here, and there's no need of me. If she has gone North, then that is where the kites are wheeling! I'll take the early morning train. Where are the prisoners?"

"In the old Mir Khan Palace. We were short of jail room and had to improvise. The horse-stalls there have come in handy more than once before. Shall we take this gharry?"

WITH Ismail up beside the driver nursing King's bag and looking like a great grim vulture about to eat the horse, they drove back through swarming streets in the direction of the river. King seemed to have lost all interest in crowds. He

scarcely even troubled to watch when they were held up at a cross-roads by a marching regiment that tramped as if it were herald of the Last Trump, with bayonets glistening in the street lights. He sat staring ahead in silence, although Saunders made more than one effort to engage him in conversation.

"No!" he said at last suddenly—so that Saunders jumped.

"No what?"

"No need to stay here. I've got what I came for!"

"What was that?" asked Saunders, but King was silent again. Conscious of the unaccustomed weight on his left wrist, he moved his arm so that the sleeve drew and he could see the edge of the great gold bracelet Rewa Gunga had given him in Yasmini's name.

"Know anything of Rewa Gunga?" he asked suddenly again.

"The Rangar?"

"Yes, the Rangar. Yasmini's man."

"Not much. I've seen him. I've spoken with him, and I've had to stand impudence from him—twice. I've been tipped off more than once to let him alone because he's her man. He does ticklish errands for her, or so they say. He's what you might call 'known to the police' all right."

They began to approach an age-old palace near the river, and Saunders whispered a pass-word when an armed guard halted them. They were halted again at a gloomy gateway where an officer came out to look them over: by his leave they left the gharry and followed him under the arch until their heels rang on stone paving in a big ill-lighted courtyard surrounded by high walls.

There, after a little talk, they left Ismail squatting beside King's bag, and Saunders led the way through a modern iron door, into what had once been a royal prince's stables.

In gloom that was only thrown into contrast by a wide-spaced row of electric lights, a long line of barred and locked converted horse-stalls ran down one side of a lean-to building. The upper half of each locked door was a grating of steel rods, so that there was some ventilation for the prisoners; but very little light filtered between the bars, and all that King could see of the men within was the whites of their eyes. And they did not look friendly.

He had to pass between them and the light, and they could see more of him than he could of them. At the first cell he raised his left hand and made the gold bracelet on his wrist clink against the steel bars.

A moment later he cursed himself, and felt the bracelet with his fingernail. He had made a deep nick in the soft gold. A second later yet he smiled.

"May God be with thee!" boomed a prisoner's voice in Pashtu.

"Didn't know that fellow was handcuffed," said Saunders. "Did you hear the ring? They should have been taken off. Leaving his irons on has made him polite, though."

HE passed on, and King followed him, saying nothing. But at the next cell he repeated what he had done at the first, taking better care of the gold but letting his wrist stay longer in the light.

"May God be with thee!" said a voice within.

"Gettin' a shade less arrogant, what?" said Saunders.

"May God be with thee!" said a man in the third stall as King passed.

"They seem to be anxious for your

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morals!" laughed Saunders, keeping a pace or two ahead to do the honours of the place.

"May God be with thee!" said a fourth man, and King desisted for the present, because Saunders looked as if he were growing inquisitive.

"Where did you arrest them?" he asked when Saunders came to a stand under a light.

"All in one place. At Ali's."

"Who and what is Ali?"

"Pimp—crimp—procurer—Prussian spy and any other evil thing that takes his fancy! Runs a combination gambling hell and boarding house. Lets 'em run into debt and blackmails 'em. Ali's in the kaiser's pay—that's known! Musing thing about it is he keeps a photo of Wilhelm in his pocket and tries to make himself believe the kaiser knows him by name. Suffers from swelled head, which is part of their plan, of course. We'll get him when we want him, but at present he's useful 'as is' for a decoy. Ali was very much upset at the arrest—asked in the name of Heaven—seems to be familiar with God, too, and all the angels!—how he shall collect all the money these men owe him!"

"You wouldn't call these men prosperous, then?"

"Not exactly! Ali is the only spy out of the North who prospers much at present, and even he gets most of his money out of his private business. Why, man, the real Germans we have pounced on are all as poor as church mice. That's another part of the plan, of course, which is sweet in all its workings. They're paid less than driven by threats of exposure to us—comes cheaper, and serves to ginger up the spies! The Germans pay Ali a little, and he traps the Hillmen when they come South—lets 'em gamble—gets 'em into debt—plays on their fear of jail and their ignorance of the Indian Penal Code, which altereth every afternoon—and spends a lot of time telling 'em stories to take back with 'em to the Hills when they can get away. They can get away when they've paid him what they owe. He makes that clear, and of course that's the fly in the amber. Yasmini sends and pays their board and gambling debts, and she's our man, so to speak. When they get back to the 'Hills'—"

"THANKS," said King, "I know what happens in the 'Hills.' Tell me about the Delhi end of it."

"Well, when the wander-fever grabs 'em again they come down once more from their 'Hills' to drink and gamble, and first they go to Yasmini's. But she won't let 'em drink at her place. Have to give her credit for that, y'know; her place has never been a stew. Sooner or later they grow tired of virtue, 'specially with so much intrigue goin' on under their noses, and back they all drift to Ali's and tell him tales to tell the Germans—and the round begins again. Yasmini coaxes all their stories out of 'em and primes 'em with a few extra good ones into the bargain. Everybody's fooled—'specially the Germans—and exceptin', of course, Yasmini and the Raj. Nobody ever fooled that woman, nor ever will if my belief goes for anything!"

"Sounds simple!" said King.

"Simple and sordid!" agreed Saunders.

King looked up and down the line of locked doors and then straight into Saunders' eyes in a friendly, yet rather disconcerting way. One could not judge whether he were laughing or just thinking.

"D'you suppose it's as simple as all that?"

"How d'you mean?"

"D'you suppose the Germans aren't in directer touch with the tribes?"

"Why should they be? The simpler the better, I expect, from their point of view; and the cheaper the better, too!"

"Um-m-m!" King rubbed his chin. "On what charge did you get these men?"

"Defence of the Realm—suspicious characters—charge to be entered later."

"Good! That's simple at all events! Know anything of my man Ismail?"

"Sure! He's one of Yasmini's pets. She bailed him out of Ali's three years ago and he worships her. It was he

who broke the leg and ribs of a pup-rajah a month or two ago for putting on too much dog in her reception room! He's Ursus out of Quo Vadis! He's dog, desperado, stalking horse and Keeper of the Queen's secrets!"

"Then why d'you suppose she passed him along to me?" asked King.

"Dunno! This is your little mystery, not mine!"

"Glad you appreciate that! Do me a favour, will you?"

"Anything in reason."

"Get the keys to all these cells—send 'em in here to me by Ismail—and leave me in here alone!"

SAUNDERS whistled and wiped sweat from his glistening face, for in spite of windows open to the courtyard it was hotter than a furnace room.

"Mayn't I have you thrown into a den of tigers?" he asked. "Or a nest of cobras? Or get the fiery furnace ready? You'll find 'em sore—and dangerous! That man at the end with handcuffs on has probably been violent! That 'God be with thee' stuff is habit—they say it with unction before they knife a man!"

"I'll be careful, then," King chuckled; and it is a fact that few men can argue with him when he laughs quietly in that way. "Send me in the keys, like a good chap."

So Saunders went, glad enough to get into the outer air. He slammed the great iron door behind him as if he were glad, too, to disassociate himself from King and all foolishness. Like many another first-class man, King sheds friends as a cat sheds fur going under a gate. They grow again and quit again and don't seem to make much difference.

The instant the door slammed King continued down the line with his left wrist held high so that the occupant of each cell in turn could see the bracelet.

"May God be with thee!" came the instant greeting from each cell until down toward the farther end. The occupants of the last six cells were silent.

Numbers had been chalked roughly on the doors. With wetted fingers he rubbed out the chalk marks on the last six doors, and he had scarcely finished doing that when Ismail strode in, slamming the great iron door behind him, jangling a bunch of keys and looking more than ever like somebody out of the Old Testament.

"Open every door except those whose numbers I have rubbed out!" King ordered him.

Ismail proceeded to obey as if that were the least improbable order in all the world. It took him two minutes to select the pass-key and determine how it worked, then the doors flew open one after another in quick succession.

"Come out!" he growled. "Come out!—Come out!" although King had not ordered that.

King went and stood under the centre light with his left arm bared. The prisoners, emerging like dead men out of tombs, blinked at the bright light—saw him—then the bracelet—and saluted.

"May God be with thee!" growled each of them.

They stood still then, awaiting fresh developments. It did not seem to occur to any one of them as strange that a British officer in khaki uniform should be sporting Yasmini's talisman; the thing was apparently sufficient explanation in itself.

"Ye all know this?" he asked, holding up his wrist. "Whose is this?"

"Hers!"

THE answer was monosyllabic and instant from all thirty throats.

"May Allah guard her, sleeping and awake!" added one or two of them.

King lit a cheroot and made mental note of the wisdom of referring to her by pronoun, not by name.

"And I? Who am I?" he asked, since it saves worlds of trouble to have the other side state the case. The Secret Service was not designed for giving information, but discovering it.

"Her messenger! Who else? Thou art he who shall take us to the 'Hills'! She promised!"

"How did she know ye were in this jail?" he asked them, and one of the Hillmen laughed like a jackal, show-

ing yellow eye-teeth. The others cackled in chorus after him.

"Answer that riddle thyself—or else ask her! Who are we? Bats, that can see in the night? Spirits, who can hear through walls? Nay, we be plain men of the mountains!"

"But where were ye when she promised?"

"At Ali's. All of us at Ali's—held for debt. We sent and begged of her. She sent word back by a woman that one of the sirkar's men shall free us and send us home. So we waited, eating shame and little else, at Ali's. At last came a sahib in a great rage, who ordered irons put on our wrists and us marched hither. Only when each was pushed into a separate cell were the irons taken off again. Yet we were patient, for we knew this is part of her cunning, to get us away from Ali without paying him. 'May Ali die of want,' said we, with one voice all together in these cells! And now we be ready! They fed us before we had been in here an hour. Our bellies be full, but we be hungry for the 'Hills'!"

King thought of the gold-hilted knife, that still rested under his shirt. He was tempted to show it to them and find out surely whose it was and what it meant. But wisdom and curiosity seldom mingle. He thought of Ismail—"Ursus, of Quo Vadis—dog, desperado, stalking-horse and Keeper of the Queen's secrets." It was not time yet to run risks with Ismail. The knife stayed where it was.

"I shall start for the Hills at dawn," he said slowly, and he watched their eyes gleam at the news. No caged tiger is as wretched as a prisoned Hillman. No freed bird wings more wildly for the open. No moth comes more foolishly back to the flame again. It was easy to take pity on them—probably not one of whom knew pity's meaning.

"Is there any among you who would care to come—?"

"Ah-h-h-h!"

"—at the price of strict obedience?"

"Eh-h-h-h-h!"

It seemed there was no word in Pashtu that could express their willingness.

"We be very, very weary for our Hills!" explained the nearest man.

"Aye!" King answered. "And ye all owe Ali!"

"Uh-h-h-h-h!"

But he knew better than to browbeat them on that account just then, for the men of the North are easier led than driven—up to a certain point. Yet it is no bad plan to remind them of the fundamentals to begin with.

"Will ye obey me, and him?" he asked, laying his hand on Ismail's shoulder, as much to let them see the bracelet again as for any other reason.

"Aye! If we fail, Allah do more to us!"

King laughed. "Ye shall leave this place as my prisoners. Here ye have no friends. Here ye must obey. But what when ye come to your 'Hills' at last? Can one man hold thirty men prisoners then? In the 'Hills' will ye still obey me?"

They answered him in chorus. Every man of the thirty, and Ismail into the bargain, threw his right hand in the air.

"Allah witness that we will obey!" "Ah-h-h-h!" said King. "I have heard Hillmen swear by Allah many a time! Many a time!"

The answer to that was unexpected. Ismail knelt—seized his hand—and pressed the gold bracelet to his lips!

In turn, every one of them filed by, knelt reverently and kissed the bracelet!

"Saw ye ever a Hillman do that before?" asked Ismail. "They will obey thee! Have no fear!"

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"Kutch dar nahin hai!" King answered. "There is no such thing as fear!" and Ismail grinned at him, not knowing that King was feeling as Aladdin must have done.

"I have heard you swear," said King; "be ye true men!"

"Ah-h-h!"

"Have they belongings that ought to be collected first?" he asked.

"No more than the dead have! A shroud apiece! Ali gave them bitterness to eat and picked their teeth afterward for gleanings! They stand in what they own!"

"Then, come!" ordered King, turning his back confidently on thirty savages whom Saunders, for instance, would have preferred to drive in front of him.

"Each lock has a key, but some keys fit all locks," says the Eastern proverb. King has been chosen for many ticklish errands in his time, and Saunders is still in Delhi.

THROUGH the great iron door into dim outer darkness King led them and presently made them squat in a semicircle on the paving stones, like night-birds waiting for a meal.

"I want blankets for them—two good ones apiece—and food for a week's

journey!" he told the astonished Saunders; and he spoke so decidedly that the other man's questions and argument died stillborn. "While you attend to that for me, I'll be seeing his dibs and making explanations. You look full of news. What do you know?"

"I've telephoned all the other stations, and my men swear Yasmini has not left Delhi by train!"

King smiled at him.

"If I leave by train d'you suppose she'll hear of it?"

"You bet! Bet your boots! Man alive—if she's interested in you by so much,"—he measured off a fraction of his little finger end—"she knows your next two moves ahead, to say nothing of your past half-dozen! I crossed her bows once and thought I had her at a disadvantage. She laughed at me. On my honour, my spine tingles yet at the mere thought of it! You've never met her? Never heard her laugh? Never seen her eyes? You've a treat in store for you—and a mauvais quat' d'heure! What'll you bet me she doesn't laugh you out of countenance the very first time you meet? Come now—what'll you bet?"

"Not in the habit," King answered, glancing at his watch. "Will you see about their rations, please, and the blankets? Thanks!"

They went then in opposite directions and the prisoners were left squatting under the eyes and bayonets of a very suspicious prison guard, who made no secret of being ready for all conceivable emergencies. One enthusiast drew the cartridge out of his breech-chamber and licked it at intervals of a minute or two, to the very great interest of the Hillmen, who memorized every detail that by any stretch of imagination might be expected to improve their own shooting when they should get home again.

King found his way on foot through a maze of streets to a palace where he was admitted through one door after another by sentries who saluted when he had whispered to them. He ended by sitting on the end of the bed of a gray-headed man who owns three titles and whose word is law between the borders of a province. To him he talked as one schoolboy to a bigger one, because the gray-haired man had understanding, and hence sympathy.

"I don't envy you!" said he under the sheet. "There was an American here not long ago—most amusing man I ever talked to. He had the right expression. I do not desiderate that pie!" was his way of putting it. Good, don't you think?"

All the while he talked the older

man was writing on a pad that he held propped by his knees beneath the bed-clothes, holding the paper tight to keep it from fluttering in the breeze of a big electric fan.

"There's the release for your prisoners. Take it—and take them! Whatever possessed you to want such a gift?"

"Orders, sir."

"Whose?"

"His. He sent for me to Peshawar and gave me strict orders to work with, not against her. This was obvious."

"How obvious? It seems bewildering!"

"Well, sir,—first place, she doesn't want to seem to be connected with me. Otherwise she'd have been more in evidence. Second place, she has left Delhi—his telegram and Saunders' men on oath notwithstanding—and she did not mean to leave those men. I imagine her best way to manage Hillmen is to keep promises, and they say she promised them. Third place, if those thirty men had been anything but her particular pet gang they'd either have been over the border or else in jail before now,—just like all the others. For some reason that I don't pretend to understand, she promised 'em more than she has been able to perform. So I provide performance. She gets the credit for it. I get a pretty good personal following at least as far as the Khyber!"

THE man in bed nodded. "Not bad," he said.

"Didn't she make some effort to get those men away from Ali's?" King asked him. "I mean, didn't she try to get them dry-nursed by the sarkar in some way?"

"Yes. She did. But it was difficult. In the first place, there didn't seem to be any particular hurry. They were eating Ali's substance. The scoundrel had to feed them as long as he kept them there, and we wanted that. We forbade her to pay their debts to Ali, because he has too urgent need of money just now. He is being pressed on account of debts of his own, and the pressure is making him take risks. He has been begging for money from the German agents. We know who they are, and we expect to make a big haul within a few hours now."

"Hope I didn't spoil things by butting in, sir?"

"No. This is different. She wanted them arrested and locked up at a moment when the jails were all crowded. And then she wanted us to put 'em into trucks and railroad 'em up North out of harm's way as she put it, and we happened to be too busy. The railway staff was overworked. Now things are getting straightened out. I felt it keenly not being able to oblige her, but she asked too much at the wrong moment! I would have done it if I could out of gratitude; it was she who tipped off for us most of the really dangerous men, and it was not her fault a few of them escaped. But we've all been working both tides under, King. Take me; this is my first night in bed in three, and here I am awake! No—nothing personal—glad to see you, but please understand. And I'm a leisured dilettante compared to most of the others. She must have known our fix. She shouldn't have asked."

King smiled. "Perfectly good opportunity for me, sir!" he said cheerfully.

"So you seem to think. But look out for that woman, King—she's dangerous. She's got the brains of Asia coupled with Western energy! I think she's on our side, and I know he believes it; but watch her!"

"Ham dekta hai!" King grinned. But the older man continued to look as if he pitied him.

"If you get through alive, come and tell me about it afterward. Now, mind you do! I'm awfully interested, but as for envying you—"

"Envy!" King almost squealed. He made the bedspring rattle as he jumped. "I wouldn't swap jobs with General French, sir!"

"Nor with me, I suppose!"

"Nor with you, sir!"

"Good-by, then. Good-by, King, my boy. Good-by, Athelstan. Your brother's up the Khyber, isn't he? Give him my regards. Good-by!"

(To be continued.)



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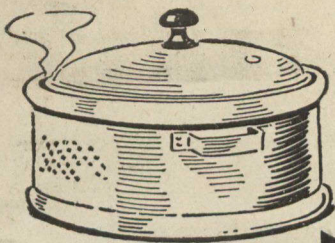
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How Kind!—Phyllis—"Aren't the new Boston traffic-rules just lovely for us girls?"

Ethel—"How so?"

Phyllis—"Why, didn't you know they were going to have sophomores stationed at every down-town street-corner?"—Boston Transcript.

Those Happy Days.—"Remember the eyes of the nation are on you," exclaimed the constituent.

"I know it," replied Senator Sorghum. "And the nation's getting more acutely discerning every day. The time is gone when a man can assume an impressive pose and get by as an optical illusion."—Washington Star.

We Know Them.—"Twobble is always being mentioned for some kind of office. I wonder why he never gets appointed to one?"

"I suspect that's because Twobble's friends are the sort of people who wish you well without stopping to see whether their wishes are carried out or not."—Birmingham Age Herald.

Promising Career.—Jimmie Willis—"What are you going to be when you grow up?"

Tommy Gillis—"An American bandit in Mexico."

"But ain't that dangerous?"

"Naw. Neither side can shoot you for fear of causing international complications."—Life.

Minister—"I have just received a call to Chicago which I think I shall accept."

Parishioner—"I thought you had received one to Milwaukee?"

Minister—"The Chicago all is a trifle—er—louder."—Life.

"What is a dilettante?"

"Well, the term applies pretty well to the idea of cooking habitually in a chafing dish."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

"I can see at a glance, madam," said he, "that you would not be interested in the preparation I am selling, except possibly as a gift to some of your neighbors."

"What are you selling?" she inquired, with interest.

"A facial beauty preparation, madam," he replied.—Judge.

"Is it easy to learn to drive an automobile?"

"Yes, very. All you have to do is to knock off the garage door once or twice, break a few lamps and a fender or two; back through a neighbor's wire fence several times and get accustomed to the fact that telephone poles and trees can't dodge you. When you have done all this you may consider yourself an experienced driver."—Detroit Free Press.

"We often hear people say we're getting a taste of winter. What is a taste of winter?"

"Why, it's when the cold is biting, I suppose."—Boston Transcript.

"Mrs. Flubdub has left her husband."

"The poor thing! I must run right over and condone with her."

"S no use. She won't tell what for."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Henry—"I don't see your little son around any more."

Mrs. Dogmore—"No, Fifi simply cannot tolerate him, so I sent him away to his aunt for a month or two."

Hokus—"Scribbler has had no less than nine plays rejected."

Pokus—"What is he doing now?"

Hokus—"Writing essays on the decline of the drama."



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The National Directory of Schools and Colleges

The following is a list of some of the Leading Canadian Schools and Colleges which the Canadian Courier recommends as desirable institutions for the education of Canadian children. Most of them have years of reputation behind them.

BOYS' SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES.

Bishops College School, Lennoxville, P.Q.

Lower Canada College, Montreal.

Ridley College, St. Catharines, Ont.

St. Andrew's College, Toronto.

St. Michael's College, Toronto.

Stanstead Wesleyan College, Stanstead, Que.

Trinity College School, Port Hope, Ont.

BUSINESS SCHOOLS.

Shaw's Business Schools, Toronto.

CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS.

Shaw's Correspondence Schools, Toronto.

GIRLS' SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES.

Bishop Bethune College, Oshawa, Ont. Loretto Abbey College and Academy, Toronto.

Moulton College, Toronto.

Mount Allison Ladies' College and University, Sackville, N.B.

St. Margaret's College, Toronto.

Stanstead Wesleyan College, Stanstead, Que.

UNIVERSITIES.

Queen's University, Kingston, Ont.

EXAMINATIONS IN MUSIC.

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