CANADIAN COURIER

Vol. XXII. No. 8 FIVE CEN[TS] July 21, 1917

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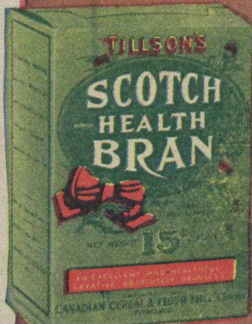

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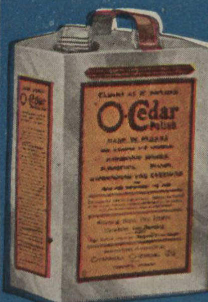

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NATIONAL SHOP WINDOW

CANADIAN COURIER

July 21, 1917
Vol. XXII. No. 8

CIRCULATION is a deep study. A. B. C. experts deal only in totals. They care little or nothing about where a paper goes, or the kind of people it goes to, or what's in the paper to keep it going year by year to that kind of people. All the experts care about is—How Many.

They are right. That's all their business requires them to do. Anything more would be a mere exchange of compliments or gossip.

But from the Editor's angle of perspective the number of copies paid for and sent out every time the date line is changed is bound up like a plant in a garden with other things. The mere number is to him only a means to an end.

Well, as to the latest census of the Canadian Courier we can't be absolutely certain to a thousand or so. It is now ten days since the Circulation Department quoted the figures. At that time they ran a trifle over 41,000 copies of the Canadian Courier paid for and sent out in that week.

On that statement we build one simple calculation. Even if our average for a year did not go beyond that, the number of copy-impressions we make on the Canadian public in a year would be 41,000 times 52; which is 2,200,000. Any man's copy, running for a year steady would reach at least 2,200,000 people, counting one impression as one person. The copy may be the Editor's. He has the chance to make in one year at least 2,200,000 impressions with something.

Published at 181 Simcoe St., Toronto, by the Courier Press, Limited. Subscription Price: Canada and Great Britain, $2.00 per year; postage to United States, $1.00 per year; other foreign postage, $1.50 per year. IMPORTANT: Changes of address should be sent two weeks before the date they are to go into effect. Both old and new addresses must be given. CANCELLATIONS We find that most of our subscribers prefer not to have their subscriptions interrupted in case they fail to remit before expiration. While subscriptions will not be carried in arrears over an extended period, yet unless we are notified to cancel, we assume the subscriber wishes the service continued.

SEEING OVER A ROLLER-TOP DESK.

SOMEHOW, says one of our more or less regular contributors who sells stories over the line, I don't think Canada's national advertisers quite do their bit in furthering Canadian literature, especially the short story. With the money they've been making lately they ought to be jamming national magazines with advertisements. If the Canadian writer is to be developed it must be through his native magazines, and the national advertiser is the man who could turn that trick if he could only see over the top of his roller desk and note that native art is something worth while helping along. It is bread that would all come back on the waters sooner or later, because Canada's soul will never be any greater than her struggling writers have scope to fashion it in. They can't do it peddling products in the States.

Circulation experts, however, usually allow about 5 readers to one copy. This in the case of a street-sale publication may be high. In the case of a home-read paper like the Canadian Courier, it is a fair average. According to which the Editor—or the year-contract advertiser, multiplies his 2,200,000 impressions by 5, making a total of 11,000,000.

All this is mere applied mathematics. We remarked at the outset that to the editor circulation means much more that the A. B. C. total of copies sold. You can make 11,000,000 impressions with a toy hammer and not do much on the foot-pound basis. The aggregate of the impressions depends a good deal on what goes into a paper like the Canadian Courier. This is not a matter of size, but of contents. It is not a business of printing a lot of indiscriminate matter, but of sifting a weekly heap of material to get the best possible impressions for that week. In the case of the Canadian Courier it means packing as much of Canada into an issue as it is possible to get and at the same time keep up the interest.

PETROGRAD IS NOT RUSSIA

Moreover Germany is in for another grand retirement on the West Front very soon

By SIDNEY CORYN

Written Especially for the Canadian Courier

MOST of our war writers assumed almost as an axiom that the paralysis of Russian political life must necessarily be extended to the Russian army. There was no reason for such an assumption, and I doubted strongly if it would be justified by events. Two weeks ago I said it was quite on the cards that the Russians had a surprise in store for us. General Brusiloff would not have withdrawn his resignation from the army unless he had foreseen that the army was about to acquit itself well.

The revolution itself in its initial phase was a protest against German court intrigues that were successfully strangling Russian military efforts. It was only when the idealists came on deck that we heard rumours of a separate peace. The rumours came always from Petrograd, the natural rallying spot for the theorists and the dreamers. But Petrograd is not Russia, and the various leagues and unions that tried to grasp at power are city products, and without influence over the great masses of the Russian people. It is easy to believe that German efforts adverse to the army came to an end automatically with the abolition of the court, and that the mechanism of Russian preparation began at once to move forward when the barriers were swept away. The army naturally reflected the perturbations of Petrograd, but only for a time. Malcontents and agitators did something to loosen the discipline of the soldiers, but their influence was shortlived. And in the meantime the supply of munitions must have been growing, and the equipment of the armies must have proceeded apace. This would be the natural course of events, and we see now that it was the actual course. Brusiloff's armies evidently had all the ammunition that they needed for their great attack.

WHERE THE FOOD GOES TO.
—From the Providence Journal.

A country in revolution is necessarily unstable, and it would be rash to assume that the present military activity will be fully sustained. But I believe that it will. Nothing is so inflammatory as a military success. The pacifist orator was never yet born who could hold his audience intact while the fifes and drums were marching down the street. Discussions end when the guns begin. No one questions the reasons for a victory. Defeats are questioned, but not triumphs. It would be foolish to predict more victories, but we are safe in predicting that there will be more efforts.

The effects of the Russian offensive will be felt at once, just as the effects of the preceding Russian quiescence were felt at once. Italy was compelled to cease her offensive on the Isonzo by the threat of a counter offensive in the Trentino, and the Trentino menace was rendered possible by the momentary inability of the Russians to maintain their pressure in Galicia. Austria brought every available man from Galicia and elsewhere on the eastern front in the hope of striking a crushing blow at Italy by the invasion of the northern provinces. The Italians have been able to stem the tide up to the present moment, but they must have been hard pressed to do so, and in the meantime their advance upon Trieste was in the air. But the Russian offensive means an end of the Austrian attacks in the Trentino. Austria must now look to her fences in Galicia. She must save Lemberg at any and every cost. She must bring back her men from the Trentino in the hope of stemming the advance of the victorious Russians. Her offensive is suddenly changed into a defensive. The effect upon the western front may be less apparent, but it will be just as real.

We are told that Hindenburg and Ludendorff hur-

ried away to Galicia the moment they received the unwelcome news, which must also have been unexpected news. We can hardly doubt that they will be followed by large bodies of their men who have been resisting Haig in the north and attacking Petain in the south. We know that the German lines in the east have been depleted in the belief that nothing was to be feared from that quarter, and that this is actually the fact is evidenced by the instant Russian success. It may be noted that the Russian activity in Galicia was presaged by renewed Russian vitality in Mesopotamia whence came news of a Russian advance over a week ago. It was the Russian inactivity, now broken, that tied up the British army to the north of Bagdad, that should have joined hands with the Russians coming south many weeks ago. Indeed it would be hard to over-estimate the embarrassment caused by the temporary defection of Russia, just as it would be hard to over-estimate the effect of the mighty blow that has now been struck by her armies. The misguided efforts of her pacifists have probably lengthened the war and added thousands to the casualty lists. And this, it may be said, has been the usual result of the efforts of pacifists everywhere.

THERE has been delay and embarrassment, but there has been no disaster. In spite of the efforts of the British to take upon themselves the brunt of the fighting in the west the Germans have risked a great battle with the French and they have been signally worsted. Not a single French prisoner was taken. Not a yard of French soil was lost. The French threat upon Laon is as great as ever it was geographically, and very much greater morally. It may be pointed out once more that Leon represents the southern junction point between the new Hindenburg Line and the old established lines to the east, just as Monchy and Roeux and Croiselle represent the northern junction point. A decided advance at either of these points, a marked bending back of the German lines, means the withdrawal of the whole German army. Whether the French will now be able to advance upon Laon remains to be seen, but at least it is evident that they cannot be driven back.

The German armies have once more shown that they have lost their morale, once more they have the discouragement of a signal reverse. And we may draw a very real encouragement from the falsity of the German bulletins that represent the battle to have been a French attack that was repulsed. That the Germans intended to bring this attack as soon as a lull in the northern fighting would enable them to do so has been evident for weeks. They have good cause to be seriously uneasy about Laon, and they also believed that the French army was more vulnerable than the British. Their disappointment is shown by their bulletins, which also show their apprehensions of public opinion in Germany. The Germans never admit the failure of an attack. They never admit any reverse unless it is disclosed by geographical references that cannot be hidden, such as the new positions into which they were forced at Messines.

The lull in the northern fighting is very far from being an actual cessation. At the moment of writing, on July 6, comes the news of a considerable success near Ypres. The British advanced along a six hundred yard line, although we are not told to what depth. This may have been intended mainly as a rectifying operation, but we may remember that the main object of General Haig's efforts is to compel the Germans to fight continuously, and at such points as he himself selects. This not only serves the purpose of attrition, but it acts also as a veil over the preparations for a major attack elsewhere.

Believing very firmly that we are now about to witness the last act in the great war drama, I have some curiosity as to whether its scene will be laid in the east or in the west. The two fields are now in close rivalry. In the western field we have a record that speaks for itself and that it would be hard to misinterpret. It is a record of several months, a record of almost unvarying Allied victory and of German defeat. In the east—and by the east I mean Greece and the Balkans—the record has yet to be made, but then on the other hand the east is actually the gauge of the whole struggle. Here is the one vulnerable point where even a slight wound may be fatal. Germany is waging her war in the west, not in order that she may conquer the west, but in order that she may conquer the east. Her armies in the west are fighting for the domination of Serbia just as actually as though they were in Serbia. Indeed we may say that they are fighting for nothing else, if we confine our vision for the moment to the first link in the chain that was to be forged for the captivity of the world. Germany was compelled to crush Serbia because an independent Serbia meant the nullification of all the military advantages that were to accrue to Germany from the international railroad to Egypt and the Persian Gulf. Austria was similarly compelled, or impelled, by the threat to her own empire implied by the presence within her frontiers of some twenty millions of southern Slavs —that is to say Serbians—who looked toward Serbia for leadership and unification and nationality. These two lines of policy, German and Austrian, converged upon Serbia, thus doubly doomed by the colossal ambitions of her imperial enemies. The restoration of Serbian integrity thus means a definite and final foil to those ambitions, just as Serbian extinction means their triumph. In a very real sense we may say that the war is being waged for, and against, the liberation of Serbia, and that this little Balkan state must either be the bulwark against Teutonic world domination, or else the open road over which that domination will speedily accomplish itself.

THAT the Central Empires know precisely where the prize is to be sought we need not doubt at all. Within the last few days we have had two semi-official peace suggestions, one from Austria, and the other from Bulgaria. Both voices—and of course they are actually the same voice—assure us of the moderate and magnanimous peace terms upon which the war may be ended. Neither Austria nor Bulgaria is anxious for territorial gains. They will be satisfied with the status quo, but with one trifling exception, and this is added as a sort of insignificant afterthought. Northern Serbia and the city of Nish, we are told, must not be allowed to revert to Slav possession. Quite so. But then Nish happens to be the city through which the international railroad runs, and Northern Serbia happens to adjoin Hungary. In other words, Austria and Bulgaria—or rather Germany writ small—are willing to end the war on condition that they are allowed to win the war, and to make their exit from the battlefield with the plunder in their pockets.

We see now the vital nature of the intervention of Greece, and our vision is still further cleared by the piteous cry for help that Bulgaria has addressed to Germany, and that ill agrees with the arrogant declamations with which she endeavours to comfort her own forebodings. This does not necessarily mean that the Bulgarians have any particular fear of the Greek army, but it implies a recognition on their part that the Greek army is henceforth an enemy, and not a friend. It means that the Greek army can no longer be relied upon to give that stab in the back Constantine would certainly have administered to the Allied forces as soon as they began their move forward into Serbia. Consternation, we are told, was caused in Sofia by Constantine's abdication, and there was good cause for the consternation, which we may suppose was vividly reflected in Berlin. For it means the reconquest of Serbia. It means that Serrail's army need now have no apprehensions for its rear, and that it can proceed in overwhelming force against the Bulgarians to the north of Monastir. The Bulgarians can not be in very great strength. They have very few Germans with them, and they have certainly been called upon to do a large share in the garrisoning of Roumania, where a Russian offensive is by no means an impossibility. The road up the Vardar Valley into Serbia is a dif-

(Concluded on page 23.)

SHALL WE COUNTER-STRAFE GERMANY?

AN open show of hands on Tower Hill, London, voted almost unanimously in favour of air-reprisals on Germany. Opinions differ. A delegation of bishops in the House of Lords protested against reprisals. The Manchester Guardian thinks reprisals would be useless because "in a competition of horrors Germany will beat us every time," and in any case Germany is boomeranged by the hostility of the world at large arising out of her campaign of horrors. The Dean of Manchester favours giving Germany Roland for Oliver. The real question, he says, is whether acts of reprisal do or do not possess a sufficient military value. In his opinion the responsibility rests with the nation that makes savage reprisals necessary. Arthur Ritson in The Clarion says in answer to the statement that we can never hope to beat the Germans at their own game: "The Germans have been beaten every time, whenever they have been subjected to reprisals, so long as they believed that the reprisals were made in earnest. For instance, Paris has never been subjected to a raid since the French devastated Karlsruhe."

PEOPLE YOU READ ABOUT

ONE oddity will be noticed in the photograph above. The large man to the left is not observing the camera. The sailor-man next him is trying not to. The soldier at the end has his gaze glued on the lens. You imagine this might be a scene in an awkward squad rehearsal of a play, with the experienced veteran doing his best to make the other actors look spontaneous. And so it is. The fine-looking civilian is the late Sir Beerbohm Tree, England's greatest producing actor and stage magician since Henry Irving. The man next him is Capt. C. A. Adams, of the U. S. Navy. The other man is Col. W. Chadfield, U.S.A. The place is the New York Press Club. The occasion was the exhibition of war posters shortly after the declaration of war by the United States. The photograph was probably the last taken of the great stage magic-maker, who died in London a few days ago. It illustrates how earnestly this man of genius worked and spoke and acted on behalf of the war—which to him was latterly as important as his own art. Beerbohm Tree's recent Shakespearean tour in Canada and the United States was a direct contribution to the inspired patriotism of English-speaking people in its presentation of great dramas taken from British history.

Sir Herbert Tree, as one met him casually in Canada at luncheon, was almost the living image of Mr. Asquith and he was also the prince of story tellers. In his acting he is said to have been the master of self-effacement.

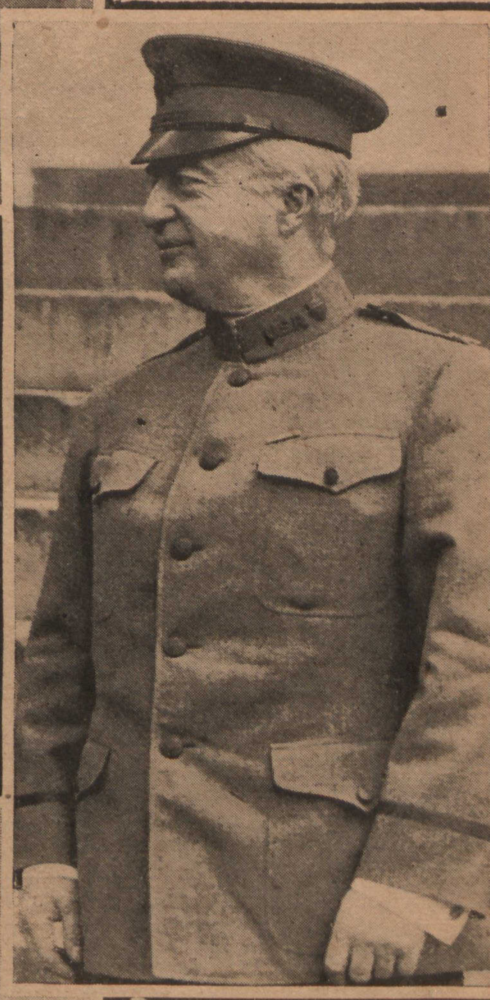
Before he obtained his engagement in "The Private Secretary," which really marked the start of his fame and was probably the first part created by him, says the New York Sun, Sir Herbert had become a master of makeup, and in contrast to the majority of the leading men of the period he seldom allowed his own face to be seen upon the stage. He sought to present every character in an entirely different guise, and he carried his artistic self-abnegation to the extent of making himself as repulsively ugly in one part, for instance, Caliban, as he would transform himself into one of the best favoured of men in the next.

As an actor he was never the equal of Irving. As a stage craftsman he went the great Irving one better. His mammoth productions, which were really dramatic pageants, were made possible only by the most marvellous attention to the minutest details of stage business, of costume, lighting, gesture, movement, tableau, rhythm and colour.

And as Henry Irving took many of his delineations of famous characters direct from life, so Beerbohm Tree—his real name was Beerbohm—took his from the men and women he met, on the Shakespearean principle that "All the world's a stage, and all the men and women merely players." He got his remarkable portrayal of the curate in "The Private Secretary" by studying a certain curate whom he often invited to dinner for that purpose. He played in Canada but once—in Henry VIII. last season. And of all the old guard of great producers he was the most genial, off-hand and benignly simple. His star associate on that tour was Lyn Harding.

LIEUT.-COL. PAT EDWARDS of Ottawa, who is given credit by the Central News Service with leading the Canadian infantry at the great battle of Vimy Ridge.

SIGNOR MARCONI, member of the Italian Diplomatic Commission, walking at Convocation with a distinguished American professor who seems to think there's a joke somewhere. But Marconi probably thinks the joke is on the professor. This is but one of the many visits made by Marconi to New York, so that a large percentage of the enthusiasm of Broadway for the Italian Commission was intended no doubt for the handsome young man below with the white gloves. From the Battery to Central Park, Broadway was jammed with Italians. Little Italy had a grand holiday. And the Spaghettis looked and salvoed the hardest at Prince Udine, son of the Duke of Genoa, cousin to King Emmanuel. It was he who presented the address to the President at the end of May.



SMILING now — Congressman Gardner of Massachusetts, in khaki, calls his own bluff by quitting Congress to enter the Army. Gardner is no recent convert of soldiering. He has been a preparedness advocate a long while. Last February in Congress he bucked against J. Hampton Moore, who made an anti-British speech.

OUR WHEAT OF 1917

A CONFERENCE on Canadian grain was recently held at the Winnipeg Grain Exchange. Grain and labour men took part. Here are some of the biggest. The photo shows, left to right: J. Matheson, Winnipeg; W. B. Best, Ottawa, representing Labour; Controller Ainey, Montreal; W. R. Bawlf, Winnipeg, President Grain Exchange; J. Stewart, Winnipeg; Dr. Magill (Chairman), Winnipeg, Secretary Grain Exchange; J. C. Gage, T. A. Crerar, Winnipeg; W. H. Wood, Calgary, President Canadian Council of Agriculture; Lionel H. Clarke, Toronto, member Harbour Commission; S. K. Rathwell, Moose Jaw, representing unorganized farmers.

IT cannot be too strongly emphasized that this is a Canadian job. It is not a job for Mr. Hoover to run from Washington, nor for our food controller to run on lines laid down by Mr. Hoover. Mr. Hoover has to see that one hundred million people get fed with as great an economy of food as possible to leave a large surplus, but nevertheless a small fraction of production, for export. It is the big part of our crop that must go overseas. It is a matter of regret to observe the news sent out with respect to "pooling" the wheat resources of the continent.

An Answer to Mr. McLeod

By HENRY LANCE

BEING a voluntary food controller has its difficulties. You start out to tell the Government that the only way to handle the wheat crop of 1917 is to purchase it entire from the farmers, at a fixed price, and to have the price of re-sale, and of flour fixed accordingly. You see the Government shortly after appoint a commission to handle the crop, and a little later a food controller, not at all as far as they need to go, but at least steps in the right direction, and you are eager to offer a little more advice. Then the editor drops you a friendly note to say that some one is making a "spirited reply" to your last article, and you brace yourself for opposition from some of the grain dealers you are trying to put out of business for a season. Whack! you find you have been hit over the head from behind, or at least from a quarter where you thought people would be behind you. The farmer attacks you, the man you are suggesting might get two dollars a bushel for his wheat instead of the dollar seventy at which he recently offered to sell it. He hints, if he does not go beyond mere hints, that you are subsidized by the persons whom you are asking to have put out of business for the season. And all because you pay them the tribute of a few kind words intended as an obituary notice. You are tempted to leave Mr. Hanna and the new grain board to their own devices and give them no more help.

You are tempted, too, to hit back, for there are ready retorts to the remarks of Mr. A. McLeod, in the "Courier" of June 23rd, in reply to my article, "Conscript Canada's Crop." The retorts would not be particularly new, any more than are my views and Mr. McLeod's on the normal workings of the grain market. There is an orthodox view of those workings. Mine is the orthodox view, as orthodox, say, as Adam Smith. Mr. McLeod's is the orthodox view, as unorthodox as Henry George. You can no more expect to reconcile those views than you can expect an agreement, say, between the Lord Bishop of Montreal and Pastor Russell. I am the less inclined to quarrel with Mr. McLeod because my orthodoxy has its limits, and on some matters connected with the grain business, and more particularly the manufacture and sale of flour I would expect to find myself agreeing with him.

THE orthodox point of view is that trading in futures is necessary to the conduct of the grain business in normal times. The other view is that such trading is gambling, and wicked gambling at that. If orthodoxy is wrong, at least the whole present structure of the grain trade depends on such trading. There is not an elevator company that could continue to buy wheat without facilities for its re-sale for future delivery. There is not a Canadian chartered bank that would advance money to the elevators for that purpose if they did not know their clients took advantage of the insurance against price fluctuations obtainable on the future market. The biggest grain company in the business is one which is owned entirely by farmers, and it cannot run its business except on the regular plan of getting the speculator in the market to underwrite the risks of price fluctuations. Some day, in peace times, we may have a co-operative system of marketing by which the farmer will continue to own the grain in transit across the ocean, while it is milled, and until it practically reaches the mouth of the consumer. Until that time comes the trader who handles the wheat will be subject to the risk of price fluctuations, and he will insure himself against those fluctuations as long as there are speculators willing to insure him. That is in normal times. Just now the insurance business is out of gear. That is why, by a contrary road, I arrive at the same conclusion as Mr. McLeod—we must eliminate the intermediate trading of the middle man.

The immediate problem to solve is the handling of the 1917 crop. Is it too much to suggest a coalition of effort between those who hold the views of Mr. McLeod and those who hold the views these articles have expressed? Never mind whether the middleman has to be eliminated forever or only for a year. A dispute on the general principle will only delay the needed action on the crop of 1917. There is a space of two months for action. You cannot establish in that time a complete, new, permanent machinery for handling the grain business of Canada. It is clear that if the present machinery is controlled by "grafters" you will have to get something entirely different, and there is not time for that. You can set up a method of handling the crop of 1917 to the advantage of the allied cause and the advantage of Canada. You can eliminate for this year the "graft" that you suspect.

The action that is needed is for the Government to make this announcement.

"All wheat delivered at any interior or terminal elevator is to be held to the order of the Government, or moved forward to terminal elevators there to be held to the order of the Government. All wheat delivered at terminal elevators at Fort William or Port Arthur will be purchased by the Government on the basis of $1.70 per bushel of No. 1 Northern, or such higher price as may later be announced, and all millable wheat of lower grade than No. 1 Northern will be purchased on the basis of its milling value as compared with No. 1 Northern, at set spreads for different grades. Canadian mills will be allowed to purchase the wheat they require for milling at no advance on these prices, and they will be required to sell flour in Canada at a price which bears a normal ratio to the cost of wheat. Wheat not allotted to the Canadian millers will be sold by the Canadian Government to the accredited purchasing agents of the different allied governments."

That announcement once made, the food controller and the grain commission can proceed to work out the actual price to be paid and the actual requirements of the Canadian mills. If the farmers of the West will stand by the offer already made, of $1.70 per bushel, by all means that is the price that should be established. It is nearly thirty cents lower than the price now offered for October wheat, and something higher might be justified, but at any rate it is a very good price.

Observe that such action will utilize the existing machinery of the grain buisness. Elevator companies can buy as usual in the country, deducting from the Fort William price only the freight rate and the usual elevating charges, and these can be exactly regulated.

They can pay cash as usual, with money obtained from the regular source, the chartered banks of Canada. They can close the transaction for each car of grain as rapidly as it is delivered to the terminal elevators. The business of the millers, their legitimate business, will in no way be interfered with. The brokers will be out of business for the season, and so will the professional speculator, but what of that?

Having got the crop, our Government will have one or two sales problems before it. First of these will be to impress upon the buyers for the British and French Governments that they will have to take all grades of millable wheat. We can't sell them more bushels of No. 1 Northern than we produce, and if weather conditions bring a good part of our crop below that grade, it still has to be made into flour. It was the failure of the Allied buyers to recognize this fact that brought about the demand that could not be resisted for "free wheat," so our low grades could find a market in the United States. It was the same failure that brought about the sensational "corner" in May wheat, and the sale of flour in Canada at fifteen dollars a barrel. We should not need that American market this year. Our wheat, like our soldiers, is bound for Europe. We must see that there is no one in authority who is likely to treat our Canadian climate like a munitions manufacturer, and turn back any product that is not absolutely up to specifications. You can't treat Nature like that.

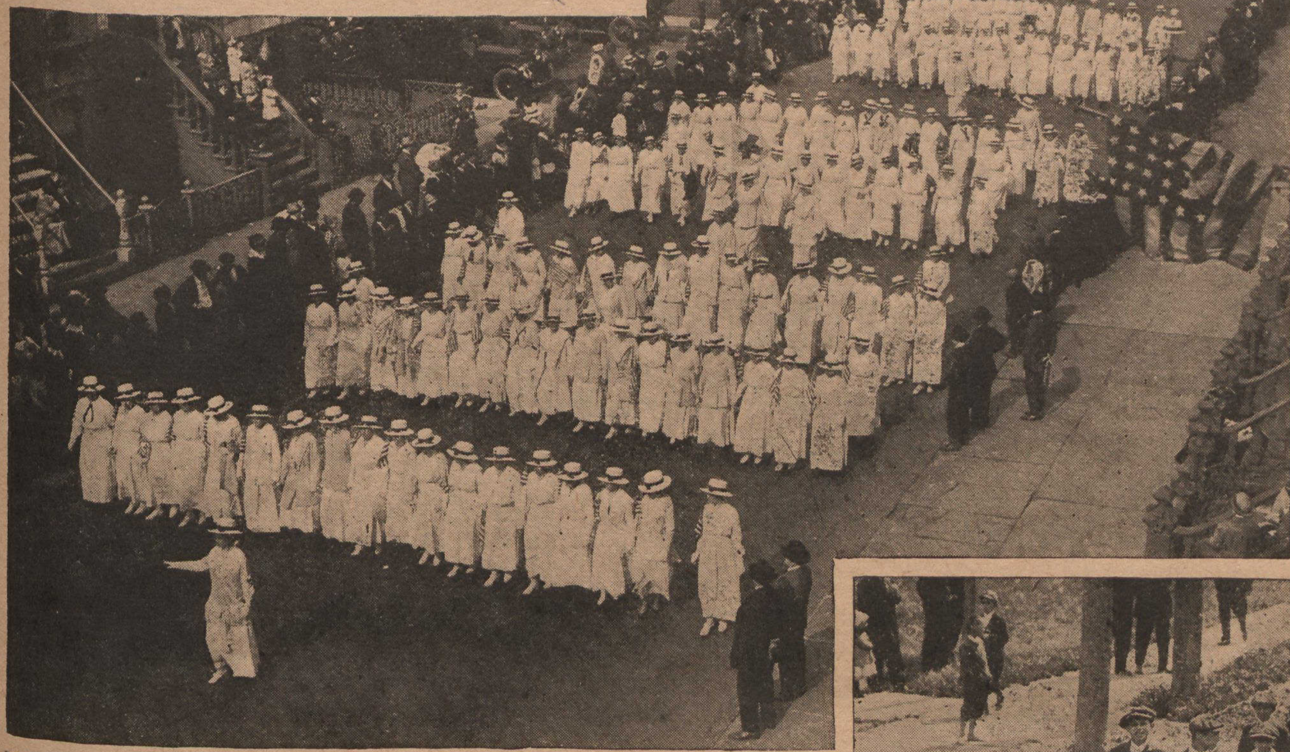
SUPPOSE you don't take action, what then? A distinguished Canadian authority is supposed to have said, the other day, that prices should be left alone to take their own level, and when the price of wheat is high enough the farmers will raise all that is required. All wrong, in this case. The West is raising all the wheat physically possible under present conditions. A price twice as high would not be a stimulus to further production, unless at the expense of other absolutely necessary products. We cannot stimulate production for this year by any action now. For next year we can keep it up to the highest possible level by seeing that the farmer gets a profitable price this year, and that he is not forced to sacrifice on a slumping market in October, with a consumer paying on the basis of a soaring market in later months. Even if you think that trading in grain futures is immoral, and abolishing that practice would cure the evils of the business, do not think that it will act well this year. The principal reason is that every one connected with the grain business from the elevator company to the miller and the

(Concluded on page 18.)

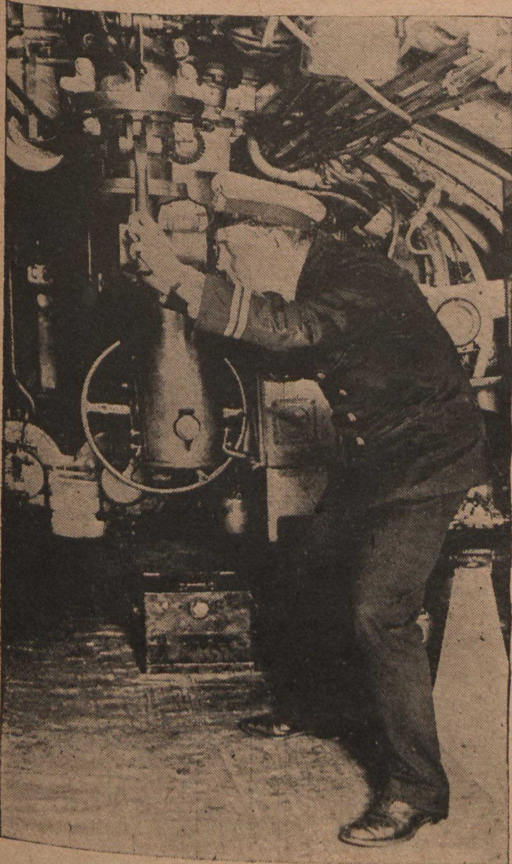
WAR, WOMEN AND CHILDREN

ON the morning of June 27, Washington reported that the American Red Cross Drive had raised $114,000,000. Much more was still to report. New York City was allotted $40,000,000. Most of the great centres over-subscribed. One film actress gave $1,500, a week's salary. Wanamaker's employees gave $25,000 twice, in Philadelphia and New York. More than a thousand women took part in the New York City parade. Our photograph below shows the parade in Brooklyn.

MANY of the diabolical war-inventions of the Germans have been improved upon by their enemies. Among these "improvements" count the flame-spouter. The French soldier here shown is running with a tank of gas on his back and a hose on his head. As he runs he squirts flames ahead of him in about the same style that a man hoses a lawn. Notice in the near distance one charge of flame and smoke with its shadow below. This fire-belcher is a terrible person in a charge. He beats hand-grenades and bayonets. And this—is modern war. In the words of the poet well might we say "O hell!"



A LONG, buoyant line of school-children marching along Portage Ave. to the Exhibition Grounds to celebrate Dominion Day in Winnipeg.



BRITISH submariner looking through a periscope. This is a very rare sort of photograph. Note the mechanism. Germany has no monopoly of sub. science. But the E boats have very little to do, compared to their exploits in the first year of war.

CAPTAIN PERSEUS—you have read the naval outbursts of this German expert—tells us, in the Berliner Tageblatt, that the submarine sailor is the super-sailor. He begins by saying that the sub is designed to secure the "freedom of the seas." Clever! But he goes on to assert with all the bland cocksurety possible in a German critic, that the men who are helping to create this condition desired in the interests of humanity and the development of culture are the crews of the U-boats. Only after the war will the world recognize to its full extent what the German people owes to its U-boat builders and to the constructors of the many pieces of machinery concealed in the U-boats, and what almost incredible progress has been made in Germany since 1914.

A seaman's lot is never easy. Night and day he is separated from a watery grave only by a thin plank. And yet his existence seems like paradise compared with that of the U-boat man. This man dispenses with what every one regards as indispensible for life—light and air. When the road to hades gapes for the U-boat man it leads through darkness and torment. He knows that he is threatened most by a slow death through suffocation. Everybody else—with exceptions like stokers, men in the magazines, and some others—enjoys the fresh air and looks up and sees above him the broad canopy of heaven when in the roar of battle he must enter the gates of the Great Beyond. But our sympathies will be more deeply moved when we think of the death of the U-boat man.

Of course the U-boat man also sees some of the bright side of life, and it would be wrong to pass by without noting this. On board a big battleship the individual is more or less lost in the crowd. He is only one among the more than 1,100 men composing the crew of a modern ship of the line. On board the U-boat every one is an important personality. There are rarely more than thirty men in a high seas U-boat. So every one, be he sailor or oiler, has several duties to perform; so every one is fully acquainted with all the numerous mechanisms and expert in their use. The commander, watch officer, and chief engineer know every one of their men thoroughly. Their food is all cooked in the same kettle and gift cigarettes of the same brand are found between their lips when the boat bobs up for a brief rest and the weather permits.

EDITORIAL

WE are warned that on August 7 and 8 there will be a huge new-Liberal convention in Winnipeg. No permanent name is given to the political body that will form the backbone of this congress. It is not a Liberal convention in the old sense. It is a gathering of Progressives, for some time now under way, but given a fresh impetus by the Liberal split over conscription. We believe that enough sane men are behind and in front and all round this movement to make sure that the convention is not turned into a revolt against the East. We take it for granted that the movers of this congress are as much interested in the unity of Canada as they are in the free wheat, better transportation and no-dictation from Ottawa. We believe the West has a country-wide point of view. The eternally grouchy Westerner is as much out of date as the parochial patriot of any other colour. This country is not divided eternally by the Ottawa; neither is it to be divided by Algoma. We believe that the centre of political gravity is slowly—perhaps not very slowly—shifting westward. The convention in August will be one of the means of determining its westward shift. The country is interested in this congress, in no way as a phase of party politics. And whatever it is, it will get down to something bearing a near resemblance to brass tacks.

CONVERSELY there has been considerable talk of late about a legislative union of the Maritime Provinces. In the Legislature of New Brunswick a progressive Conservative, Baxter, the ex-Attorney-General proposed a resolution to that effect not long ago. The House passed it without any signs of a party vote. Whatever does or does not come of it, this resolution endured by New Brunswick is along the right line of organization. If the West is going to organize as a unit, why should the East fail to do so? There are benefits to be got from a closer organization. There are progressives in the far East; plenty of them in both parties. Party politics run high on the Atlantic. We believe they do not run so high as patriotic regard for the welfare of Canada. The speech of Carvell, of Carleton, on conscription, was as Canadian and as courageous as that of Michael Clark, from Red Deer. Carleton Co. is 3,000 miles from Red Deer. The sentiment was the same. Both men are Liberals. Both are of the new order of things. We believe there are plenty of men of both parties in the East as radical as Carvell or Michael Clark. And a closer organization of the forces along the Atlantic that make for the welfare of new Canada is just as necessary in the East as is the Convention in the West. This country is marching along. Sometime after the war is over we may find that its pace will be much swifter than it was even in the decade 1903-13. And the Maritime Provinces have as much to do with that pace as the provinces west of the great lakes.

SOME months ago the Canadian Courier published an article on what George Harrison, of Moose Jaw, has done to get light, heat and power from straw. It was the story of Harrison's life and his scientific experimentation along that line. So far as we know it was an absolute discovery. At that time, however, university experiments were still being made on the original Harrison scheme. It falls to the lot of the New York Times, in a recent issue, to tell again the story of Harrison's straw-gas and to back it up by an account of experiments now being made in the University of Saskatchewan. Whereupon a Canadian daily takes the opportunity of reprinting the story from the Times, which it had either failed to notice or to see at all in the pages of the Canadian Courier. We are all good at seeing ourselves through some other national spectacles.

CLOSE to the top row of those who make easy money by working for a living is the man who fixes up lawn mowers. Nobody ever knows what sort of expert this man is. He is a mechanical mystery. You telephone him to call for your mower; that it needs sharpening and for all you know a little tinkering up—though you have used it only three seasons and have always taken good care of it. He comes and gets it. In two days you get it back. It looks about the same; feels about the same in action, but of course cuts grass better than it did. As you trundle it over the lawn you reflect that the bill you just paid the driver was $1.25. Evidently that expert did much more to your mower than you had any idea he was expected to. But of course it must be all right. The man down street paid just the same for a similar service by a different expert. No two lawn-mower specialists could have made the same mistake. In two months the machine needs a little more doctoring. You surmise that this time you will not pay $1.25. Instead, you go to the hardware man and buy a ten-cent file. In five minutes you have fixed your own mower. And the difference between that mower before you filed it and after is as great as the difference was when you got it back from the expert. In five minutes you have earned $1.25.

THE NEW CANADIAN SAYS:

MEN who talk about ripping a country asunder as though it were an old coat must be more fond of their opinions than they are of their country. There is no man on either side of the race dispute who has the most rudimentary claim to being a patriot if he permits a bad temper and a loose tongue to blaze into riotous speech. The man who talks about civil war as though he really wanted it to happen is a sower of treason. Canada is not a saw-mill village where the rival bullies go among their friends talking darkly of what they will do one of these days unless something happens. This is a great and a serious country. We are a pack of unpatriotic no-citizens unworthy of Canada if we treat it as though it were an old wearing-out country. Quebec is not Ireland. Those who make it such are among the worst enemies this country has. The future of this country has more claim upon any of us than the past. What some of us have failed to do in respect to real citizenship would be a sad tale for any one to relate if he knew it. What our children may not fail to do is of vastly more importance. In these times very few of us are living for what now is. But the future lies beyond. The new world of the future will not lie across any ocean, except the seas of experience. But in this part of the geographical new world millions of people are sure to find their best escape from the miseries that follow a world war. It is that Canada for which we are all working. No wonder the West gets impatient at the squabbling. Middle Canada is older and should know better. If some of our loose-tongued firebrands on both sides of the Ottawa would restrain themselves more when talking about the country we might be able to do better.

WHEN other countries are discarding old-line methods of government by the people, why should Canada, the newest autonomy in the world, hesitate to strike off the old shackles? This is no time for considering the interests of either of the old parties. It is a time to consider above all things the interests of Canada and Canadians. The real National party in Canada is contained equally in the statement made by J. W. Dafoe, editor of the Manitoba Free Press, and in the statement of Paul Emil Lamarche, of Montreal. Mr. Dafoe predicts a political revolution. By this he means that in the interest of Canadian unity and the whole of Canada a new force must arise in our politics. He calls it "a new orientation." The Liberal party has split. The split makes possible a new alignment of that party. The new alignment will of necessity become a national party, a Canadian party. It is bound to regard the will of Canada as expressed by the voice of the people as of more importance to this country than our place in the Empire which we hold as a free people in absolute fealty to England as a democracy taught by England. The will of Canada so expressed means more to us than the platforms of either of the old parties, whatever they may seem to be. It means very much what Emil Lamarche said in his article in the Canadian Courier two weeks ago.

"True Canadian Nationalism," says Mr. Lamarche, "must be free from racialism and from religious sectarianism; therefore it must in the light of the constitution mean equal treatment for all races and creeds. Nationalism must not be confined to one province or to any particular section of the country. As its name implies, it must be nation-wide. In true Canadian Nationalism lies that common ideal which will insure for generations to come an everlasting national unity."

While the language of Mr. Dafoe is more political in form than that of Mr. Lamarche, we assume that they are not less national in character. Any "new orientation" in our politics must either be national or absolutely unworthy the noise made in order to bring it about. Some people may see a vast chasm between the utterances of Messrs. Dafoe and Lamarche on this question. We don't. And the great Canadian political alignment of the future will do as much as possible to bring them into harmony.

THE statements made by Commissioner O'Connor as to the profits made and goods held in storage by the packing companies are peculiarly interesting. So much so that it will be the immediate business of the Food Controller to investigate them for himself. The public have confidence that Mr. Hanna will deal with this matter in absolute fairness to all parties concerned. If there is any explanation to be made that justifies the facts investigated by the Commissioner it should be forthcoming as soon as possible. The situation is peculiarly imperative. The cost of food and the business of making, storing and selling it are as much a matter of public utility as the management of railways. Public interest years ago demanded a Railway Commission to safeguard the public against the railways and the railways against unfounded accusations and unnecessary complaints made by the public. There is now, and has for a long while been just as big a need for a permanent food commission. People complain about the price of food a hundred times to one that they do about matters of transportation. The cost of traffic hits most of us like the tariff—indirectly. The cost of food is as direct as taxes, and a great deal more onerous. If we are kicking where there is no real cause for complaint, it will be the Food Controller's job to tell us where we are wrong. If there are food barons gouging us, it will be his job to see that they do so no longer and are penalized for so doing. We are still waiting for an explanation of the facts set forth by the Cost of Living Commissioner.

FISHING WITH A MOTOR-CAR

THE kind of story that if you are not a motorist will make you thank your stars you didn't do it; and if you are a fisherman will enable you to understand how near the author came to being a writer of real fiction. The writer is a Canadian editor; of what paper we are not saying. But he had the experience, and as the story was too long for his own paper, here it is.—Editor.

By T. HUGH McCULLOUGH

ARCHIE had bought a new car, and had asked Dug and the writer to cast dull care aside and come with him on a motor trip to distant fishing grounds where, it was said, the speckled beauties lay in wait for slimy garden worms threaded upon the cruel barbs of Kirby hooks. The invitation was accepted, indeed the proposition was "jumped at," and plans were laid for a day to be spent in getting closer to Nature.

It might be remarked that Archie didn't know very much about a car—no further proof of this would be needed than just one look at the old bus, which Archie insisted in designating "the cahr," for which my enthusiastic friend had separated himself from several hundred perfectly good Canadian greenbacks. Dug, also, was in the kindergarten class in so far as motor-car mechanics were concerned, and it developed upon the third human in the party—I say human because, like the Three Men in a Boat, we were accompanied by a dog, in this case an English Bull pup, rejoicing in the name of Peps—to "twist the crank, tramp on her tail, adjust the spark, change the gears and act as valet-in-ordinary to the bally old power-plant." After the first two or three purely involuntary stops we made on the road the others of the party learned to "Crank 'er up," as it was manifestly impossible for the third human to crank the car, change the mixture or look for the elusive spark which had been lost somewhere between the coil and the cylinders, at one and the same time. The fact that it was impossible proved a blessing to the third party, who managed to get the old bus to "hit 'er up" again without a dissolution in tears of sweat. The sweating, though, was done profusely enough by the two shifts of crankers.

The trip was a foolishly absurd one from the start. The petrol waggon started to limp along on two cylinders almost at the time we left the barn—Archie hadn't had time to build a garage—and during the first mile or two hit just a few times on the third and fourth. This hitting on three and four was done in a vain sort of way, just to show us that she could do it if she wanted to. When she was chugging along she seemed to sing a refrain much like this, one word for each explosion: "I can—I can—I can do—I can—I can do it—but I'll—but I'll—but I'll be—be—be—be blowed if—if I—if I will." And whether she could or whether she couldn't I'll be blowed if she would, anyway.

The first three miles of the trip were made without much trouble. Every time she hit on a third or fourth cylinder the spirits of the trio, and perhaps of the quartette, for who will say that Peps did not become enlivened or cast down at the performance of the engine, rose, and with each miss, and they were many, the spirits fell. A stretch of twenty-five yards done on the four cylinders was the signal for much rejoicing and we could see in our mental vision a perfect trip of twenty miles, a full creel, and a pleasant ride home in the evening. But Robbie Burns was right and whether our plans were best-laid or no they most certainly went terribly agley.

A DECIMAL five grade three miles from home started the fireworks. The old bus went jumping after a spluttering, fussing motor and, with a final screech of protest and a final buck, as though to unseat her riders, came to a full stop. The trouble was immediately diagnosed as that of a broken connection or a poor plug. Connections were examined and found to be right and tight. Plugs were looked over and found to be capable of firing any spark which might happen along. The connection from the coil was tested and found O.K., and the spitting spark on the third wire proved that the coils were in action and that the juice was entering the magneto. But if the juice entered the "mag" it apparently got no further, and a searching inquiry was instituted to try and discover just where the elusive spark eluded and why the mag was like a sponge—absorbing all the juice and delivering none. After a few minutes' search it was discovered that the breaker points were set too far apart and the trouble was remedied. Everything appeared serene again and the procession started. The old bus just managed to make the decimal five grade on second speed and we were off for a beautiful coast of a mile and a half to lower ground. The engine didn't miss once for the whole mile and a half. We had shut it off when starting the coast.

When we neared the end of the grade we turned the switch on and threw the gear into low, letting the clutch in gradually. This had the desired effect. The engine caught and we found the car scooting along hitting on all four cylinders. The trip, for the next half-mile, was a near-heaven for Archie, who concluded that he hadn't "been had" so badly after all and that the benzine buggy was going to pay dividends on his investment in pleasure and utility. He was metaphorically patting himself on the back and telling us that a couple of weeks' experience with the car was going to work wonders both in improving the car's running ability and his mechanical capability, when a sound, very much like a pistol shot, from somewhere in the rear interrupted him and we pulled up to find that a thin spot in the left rear tire had given way. A closer examination disclosed a jagged tear a couple of inches long in the casing and, subsequently, we found a rip about four inches long in the inner tube. Archie wasn't a bit downhearted over this. He undertook to make repairs. This was a job he could do. Didn't he have a brand new tire fastened on behind, a couple of extra inner tubes in the tonneau, and a power-pump, the kind which fits in the spark plug hole, under the back seat? And hadn't he had experience in curing blow-outs and repairing punctures in the old bicycle days? Sure he had! Just leave it to him! Since he seemed so sure of himself, since he had all the necessary repair parts, since he wished to demonstrate his ability to look after one part of the car at least, and since the pilot had had experience in dealing with refractory automobile tires, he, Dug and the dog sat under a nearby tree and "left it to him."

The first hitch in the proceedings came when Archie found there was no jack in the car. Every seat was turned over, the tool-box and every possible place of concealment was thoroughly probed, and still no jack. Dug and the chauffeur had to get up and help. A block of wood, a large stone and a fence-rail made an effective jack and the wheel was soon in position for Archie to work with. And Archie certainly worked. The tire hadn't been off the rim for some time and it had rusted so badly that it was almost impossible to budge it. Archie pulled and hammered, pried and pushed, yanked and swore, but the only noticeable result was a beautiful row of beads of perspiration which graced his brow. After struggling with it and swearing and sweating manfully for a full ten minutes he came over to us and pleaded for help. The help was given, perhaps not freely and ungrudgingly, but it was given. After strenuous exertions the tire yielded and the rim was clear for the new pneumatic. This Archie insisted on putting in place himself and in another twenty minutes the tire was filled with air, the old casing strapped on behind, the pump placed under the rear seat and we had started again.

Some of the power-pumps wished on the present day motorists are plaguey nuisances. The one Archie possessed was one of that class. A special kind of spark-plug was used in the car for this pump and to fill the tire it was only necessary to give a short lever a half-turn, extract the plug, insert the pump, and start the engine—so the advertisement read. After the tire was filled one had to give this lever a half-turn back, extract the pump and insert the plug. If this was done carefully everything was O.K., but if not, the force of the subsequent explosions would loosen the plug and it would fly out of the hole with a report like a pistol shot. We had managed to pump the tire and had started away happy in the thought that the old tub was going to get us to the river all right when the plug blew out. At the report Archie turned pale. He thought it was another tire gone. A few positively unprintable words rushed to his lips and he expressed himself as absolutely sick and tired of "the cahr." A moment's inspection, however, showed the "reason why" and Archie's soul was entirely at rest because he knew he didn't know anything about the power-plant and so didn't need to worry. But luck, even though this didn't prove to be a blown-out tire, wasn't entirely with us. We couldn't find the plug. The force of the explosion had not only forced it from its moorings on the engine, but had torn it from the magneto connection and cast it—where? This particular car was fitted with a pan which ran from the front of the engine to near the centre of the car. We didn't know for what particular purpose it was placed there unless to catch any part of the engine which might shake off and prevent its loss—it proved useful for that—but whatever the reason, it was there and, as we could not find the plug, we concluded it must be in the pan. Archie and Dug crawled underneath and, loosening eight springs, let the pan fall. The plug was there right enough, and after replacing it carefully and re-fastening the pan we started again.

OUR freedom from troubles didn't last long, however. At the very next grade the car slowed down. The engine worked as fast as ever, but the car wouldn't climb the hill. Stripped gears, was the first thought. Wrong! Slipping clutch, the next. Right! Slipping clutch it was and slipping very badly. Apparently a former owner had put an over-dose of grease in the clutch and it absolutely refused to grip. Dug's hat and a handy sand-bank solved this problem and we made the hill on low, with the chauffeur handling the wheel and throttle, Dug pouring sand on the clutch out of his hat and Archie softly swearing in the tonneau.

After another mile the engine petered out and, crank as we would, not a single explosion rewarded us. The carburetor had been leaking badly and a glance at the float disclosed the trouble which we afterwards verified by sticking the rule into the gasoline tank. No gasoline! Archie called at a neighbouring house, borrowed a horse and buggy and set off for a village a couple of miles distant for gasoline.

Time does not pass nearly so slowly when one is in action—even if the action does consist of bolstering up a rickety old automobile which should have been placed on the retired list many years before—as it does when one is just lying around waiting for someone else to do something, and the three-quarters of an hour Dug and I spent in waiting for the return of the gasoline-carrier seemed like triple the time. We were roused from our smoky snooze by the hoof-beats of a galloping horse and the rattle of a dilapidated buggy and wakened in time to see the steed, which Archie had driven to the village, make the turn into the gate of its own home followed by the buggy which went around the gate-post on two wheels. Our inaction didn't last long. Running to the farmer's barn we found the horse standing in the cattle shed puffing prodigiously, but otherwise none the worse for the trip. A few minutes sufficed to mend some minor breaks in the harness, and we drove down the road to look for Archie, who, we thought, might be seriously hurt. A half mile down the road Archie hove in sight. The appearance of

ENGLAND PROTECTS LITTLE PEOPLES

KING of Montenegro is much interested in what a British air-man says about an army plane used by the British on the French front. Montenegro is just one little corner in the chaos of war; in fact it's the smallest of all the belligerent countries, and the old King has been in France since he lost his crown. A couple of years ago a party of Montenegrins from the Western States crossed to Calgary to enlist, just about the time the little postage-stamp on the Adriatic envelope was licked by Germany.

KING ALBERT of Belgium has never left his country since the invasion, except for a hurried visit to France or England. He doesn't intend to leave it till the Germans do, though there may not be much of it left except the soul of the people when they do. He is here seen on a visit to the British front listening to a British officer explain the strategic outlines of the battleground. And he has the satisfaction of knowing that the ground he stands on was taken by the British from the Germans.

WHEN the President of the Norwegian Odelsting (Legislative Body) tells us, in the Contemporary Review, that England has been, and still is, the champion of little peoples, we may take it as an absolutely sincere compliment to England. There have been difficulties between England and Norway, but they are small in comparison to the feeling that England and Norway are neighbours across the North Sea, and the fact that if Germany had invaded Norway instead of Belgium, England would have been in honour bound to interfere.

According to Mr. Johann Castelberg, President of the Odelsting, public discussions of foreign policy have been very rare in Norway. The war seemed to ring the death knell of small nations, and nobody yet knows if its warning will come true. The basis of the safety of small nations is international morality and the inviolability of treaties. In the years immediately preceding the war, there had been a marked tendency to avoid conflict by submitting international differences to mediation and arbitration. The free States of North America took the lead in it. The small countries, Norway included, were anxious to follow this lead. Arbitration treaties increased in number and in scope. The small countries knew that their military power was a frail defence against the great ones. If the spirit which tore up the Belgian treaty of neutrality and sent the invading armies into Belgium, should become victorious in this war, then the work to assure mediation and arbitration by treaties hereafter would become a mockery without weight or value.

The treaty guaranteeing the neutrality of Belgium was a European interest, an important factor in the "Balance of Europe." The invasion of Belgium, contrary to an agreement, which England as well as Germany had guaranteed, demanded that England should resist this breach of treaty with all forcible means.

The military politicians who provoked this war failed to understand the importance of the moral values of each independent people, be it small or great. Accordingly, they broke, with no thought of the moral effect, the Treaty of Belgium. They calculated that England would keep outside the war. Accordingly they made themselves guilty in the miscalculation that the English world-empire would break down during the war. They did not understand the ties which bind this Empire together.

It was, and is, old English politics to protect Europe's small nations, and it is specially of vital interest to England that the small States along the North Sea shall maintain their independence and integrity. Europe's commerce and shipping and free communication in all parts of the world, and in all seas, are the basis of her prosperity; her powerful Navy has for its aim only to protect these interests and the widely-scattered parts of the British world-empire, as well as the island itself.

The blockade policy of the belligerents has not prevented the income of the neutral countries from increasing during the war, but the gain has only profited a minority of the population. The increase in the prices of most goods produced by the war, and especially the great demand for tonnage with the rise of freights, has, on the other hand, increased the prices of necessities, so that a great part of our Norwegian people has suffered from the dear times. The same is the case in the other Northern countries. Now that there is danger of a change in this respect and a stoppage of the supplies of our vital necessities is threatened, we ought to be quite clear about the reasons for it. Before the intensified German submarine war was proclaimed, the supplies to our country of goods for home consumption went on unhindered in the main by the blockade of the belligerents. By special agreements England has besides tried to secure that goods which were imported to Norway should not be used for the production of Norwegian goods to be exported to the enemies of England. It was, as is known, the breach of these agreements—as asserted by England and denied by Norway—that caused the very injurious "coal prohibition" in January-February, 1917. Apart from this prohibition, Norway has had from England during the whole time of the war all the coal she has needed. It has not been a one-sided favour. The great Norwegian mercantile fleet and Norwegian timber, especially for the English coal mines, have given high value to England in return. Neither did the German U-boat war, before the last sharpening of it, ten to hinder imports to the neutral countries for their own need. Only as an exception were neutral ships sunk when carrying cargo or goods for home consumption.

All neutral countries have lodged protests against this warfare as contrary to all international and human laws. It seems in its application to be directed chiefly against the neutrals. The small neutral countries did not follow the invitation of North America to join her policy. Their geographical situation and their small means of defence explain their utmost endeavour to keep outside this horrible war.

(Concluded from page 9.)

this lanky six-foot-two automobile-owner, limping painfully along the road carrying a badly dented gasoline can, with his hat on one side of his head, his collar loose from the front button, his coat badly torn, his trousers ripped at the knees, and covered with dust from head to foot, would have caused the face of the veriest saint to crease in a smile—and Dug and I were not saints. While driving back with the gas, Archie told us the story of his adventurous ride, and about the time we reached the car he had managed to see the funny side of the runaway and joined in the laugh at his own expense. As he was climbing from the buggy he dryly remarked, "The horse and buggy got clear away from me, my hat is wrecked, my clothes are beyond repair, my self-esteem cannot possibly survive, but thank heaven I managed to save the can." A couple of dollars was deemed sufficient to repair the damages to the harness and the five gallons of gasoline sent us on our way rejoicing.

But our rejoicing didn't last a great while. As I have intimated, the car was seven or eight years old and, judging from its performance that day, it had been saving up its cussedness for the purpose of launching it on us in a heap. It was rated as a 30 H. P. car, but, for the most of that day, about twenty-nine of those horses were in a state of coma and the other horse wasn't feeling very well. While the involuntary stops, after the gasoline supply was replenished, were few, the voluntary stops were many, and the spluttering, back-firing and hissing in the power-plant made Archie's face blanch about every hundred yards. We, in the course of the trip, tried almost every mixture of which the carburetor was capable, and apparently had all of them but the one suited to the old engine's digestive apparatus. We cleaned the plugs, brightened up the connections, took the magneto apart and replaced a couple of nuts which had shaken off, fussed with the valve tappets, and tightened the cylinder heads, which were leaking badly. We had long before given up all thought of fishing and had bended all our energies to getting the old tub to hit on four cylinders for more than a minute at a time and to pull something when she did hit. The trip was not completed. We turned for home while still some miles from the river and, after a fearsome struggle, succeeded in breasting the long grade down which we had so gaily coasted some hours before.

The old tub came "limping into her home port" about eleven that night, and was put up for sale the next morning at eight. The sale price has not been made public. Archie, though, said he thought "a fellow shouldn't keep all the good things himself, but should let his neighbour have a little happiness even at a cost to himself." I haven't yet discovered to whom Archie referred in that last word "himself."

OVER THE PATCHWORK QUILT

ALL true Canadians sing the praises of the patchwork quilt. You who have never slept under one, go twang your lyre about the spruce-bough bed by the river, the deerskin sleeping-bag or the hay-mow. For us, the crazywork quilt will suffice. We know that quilt in its day and generation to have been the most economical of all fabrications. In those days—Fenian Raid or thereabouts—it called together, as Ezekiel did, the dry bones, all the old print shirts, silk dress remnants, old neckties and ancient wedding reliques from old rag-bags. And so it has always remained. How coyly the unfeminized lad sent to sleep in a spare room under one of these marvels of domestic economy scanned the pattern and the material before he went to sleep on the fat feather-bed. It fetched to his imagination many a thrifty scene; not least of which was the day of the quilting bee, when from two concession lines mothers and grandmothers came together at the Call of the Rag-Bag to work arm to arm and face to face on the quilting frame made by father on a wet day. Section and quarter-section the fabric was crazy-worked from the patches, each mother and grandmother trying to get first place for design and colour in her choice from the rag-bag. Some time during the day the grand assemblage of all the sections took place on the frame, with the cotton base—was it cotton?—the padding—was it cotton-batting?—and the lining; the stitches up and through and the cups of tea and the chatter. It was an occasion worthy to be celebrated on a par with Longfellow's Hanging of the Crane. The patchwork quilt was, and still is—thank heaven!—a thoroughly Canadian institution. So may it continue to be, as this photograph and that on the cover illustrate.

And in these pictures from Gladstone, Man., we see the new life of the Canadian woman working on the new emergency in the old-fashioned woman's way. The quilt itself is but the occasion, not for gossip, as it used to be, but for talking about the new work of woman in this country. These women, we take it, are talking about what Mr. Hanna, the Food Controller, wants them to do in the matter of saving food that the soldiers of the Allies may not want. This woman's section of the Canadian Courier for July, 1917, is an illustrated chapter in the Food Control Campaign, the greatest movement in which the women of Canada have ever taken part. So we believe.

REFERRING explicitly to the photographs on this page and on the cover, we may state that the cover picture is just one corner from a group of more than 50 women of the Gladstone, Man., Red Cross Society. Gladstone has about 800 people. In three months the Red Cross Society of 50 active workers sent abroad 51 quilts and 461 garments. The cash receipts for the period were $812.67. The garments included: 79 suits pyjamas, 32 day shirts, 7 dressing gowns, 52 comfort bags, 48 handkerchiefs, 6 surgical gowns, 200 pairs of socks, 13 pillows, 24 pillow cases.

The 51 quilts were all made in 12 days, as shown in the photograph above, which, as a matter of pictorial make-up, shows only half the group and omits altogether a great heap of garments ready to go. The photograph alongside shows some of the real old grandmas of Gladstone rallying with their knitting needles to do their bit, as years ago, when they were young married women they worked like heroes in the lonesome days on the prairie for the good of the community which then seemed 1,000 miles from anywhere. If the patriotic activities of Gladstone, with its 800 people, could be extended pro rata to the whole Dominion of Canada, what would be the result? First divide 800 into 7,500,000, our total population. This gives, say, 93,000 Gladstones for all Canada. Multiply the number of quilts, garments and dollars given above by 93,000 and see what you get. Of course this is a bit fantastic, but it will hurt nobody to try it.

BEING the First Page in Our Once-a-Month Illustrated Review of what Canadian Women are Doing. The particular feature this month is the Food Question; how women are ready to be shown what to do by the Food Controller and his organization in the great business of winning the war by economics. The women shown in these two splendid photographs and that on the cover, by Cyril Jessop, of Gladstone, Man., represent just one band of war workers in the grand army of Canadian women from coast to coast and the islands that lie beyond.

The BILLPOSTERS

By THE EDITOR

Illustrated by T. W. McLean

WILLIAM HARRIGAN had never shown any respect for his wife's mental ability. He was quite in the fashion. Most of the Beacherville mesdames were regarded as mild suspects by their husbands because they organized; especially since the war. Mrs. Harrigan, however, had joined nothing, because too busy with her children. She had never joined Red Cross or Blue Cross or taken a corner on tag day; always staying at home, reading whenever she had time—borrowing books and magazines from the public library. Mr. H. read the newspaper. He had little use for magazine articles, and his wife never discussed them in his presence, so that he had no idea what she knew or did not know about the war, though at times he suspected that she was better informed than he was In strict confidence, we may say that Mrs. Harrigan is a college-trained woman, living in a small town, and in consequence a very prominent worker in the Women's Institute.

One night about ten days ago Mr. Harrigan went to bed at the usual hour, 11.10. He woke up as the town clock was striking midnight. The house was quiet. Night hawks and the distant throb of the power-house were the only sound. The babies were asleep. He sat up.

"Now, where in creation is she?"

He listened. He could detect a faint click-clack in the kitchen and a rustling of papers. For two or three days now his wife had been unusually agog over some crusade. He surmised what it was. Harrigan put on his dressing gown and crept below as he used to do on Christmas Eve.

He stood at the kitchen door.

And he was immediately afraid.

Only on fruit-canning occasions had his wife ever sat up in the kitchen like this—waiting for sealers to boil. It was a month early yet for canning. It was not fruit that surrounded her elbows. Papers, magazines, clippings, blank sheets of paper, an ink-bottle and a pen, a pair of scissors and a bottle of mucilage.

"Heavens, Maty!" he mumbled softly. "You look like a woman editor."

The cat blinked up at her in puzzled amusement. On the floor there was a clutter of strange-looking postery thinks rolled up in sections, and these things seemed now and then to distract his wife's attentions from the ruck on the table. She was having a gala night of it; happy with her literature and the cat, quite unaware that her resurrected and critical spouse was in the shadow of the doorway like a German spy.

Harrigan began to be hugely interested, as a spy always it. Presently his wife chased away the cat who was chasing its tail on the postery papers and began to unroll them.

She covered the kitchen floor with three of them, each lengthwise, side by side across. It was a large kitchen. But there was just enough room for this poster puzzle which, when she had it all matched up, Harrigan could see as plainly as she could.

He smiled. He admired her. He was bewildered. What secret crusade of billpostering was this? No doubt Hanna was at the bottom of it. She had been talking about Hanna. Here was the campaign coming head-on rampage into Beacherville, and to all intents and purposes Harrigan's wife was the head and front of the local executive.

Just what was on that large three-ply poster you may read at the top of this page. The sheets were not printed on the Beacherville Clarion presses. They were much too big. But they surely were made to catch the eye of the unwary.

Presently Mrs. Harrigan rolled up the posters and sat down again. After considerable rustling and conning over her papers she began to write. Quite oblivious of the tick-tock of the little kitchen clock she became absorbed in her new work. She was in another world than Harrigan's. This hard-working, earnest-souled little woman, who never had time to join anything, but wanted to be in everything for the good of mankind, had suddenly found herself in a position of strange and fascinating power. To Harrigan she was as bountiful as Ceres, as wise as Minerva, and as diligent as Dorcas. He hadn't the heart to disturb her. He knew now what she was doing. To-morrow there was to be a billposter brigade on the streets of Beacherville. His wife was the head of it.

But that was not all. Those flaring posters were to be the advance guard of something much more creatively interesting to Mrs. Harrigan. Those were her text. Her sermon was in the papers she had on the table and the things she was writing. Harrigan knew now what it would be. His wife had written things before. In the Beacherville Clarion she was known to the editor and a few other people as Joy Joyce, writing every now and then on household topics—and Harrigan had to admit, though he seldom read the stuff, that she had a gift of making things quite interesting. Quite probably the editor had given her a whole page in The Clarion day after to-morrow to expound her views on the food question. In that case she would be in bed about three a.m.; lucky if before daybreak.

So, feeling quite unimportant, Harrigan shuffled away to bed. And while he slept, his wife wrote out her little gospel of food, work and women. What she wrote that early morning we take the liberty of reprinting from the Beacherville Clarion. We understand that Mr. Harrigan read every word of this after he had just about memorized the posters which his wife and two other women put up the next forenoon. For several days Harrigan felt like telling everybody he knew that Joy Joyce was his wife. But he kept it to himself because he knew she had no desire to shine.

WHAT MRS. HARRIGAN WROTE.

NO woman not willing to be sensibly alive in every pore of her being had better read this. Anybody who wants to waste time over fads and follies and fripperies had better pass it up. The others will please pass it along. It's only a woman's attempt to get together some of the facts about food and war-time economy and to present them in a simple way. Really, when you come to get into it this business of working with millions of other women on a campaign to win the war is more interesting than the latest novel or any bridge party or shopping for dresses.

Remember at the outset—

This is the first time the winning of the war has been put up mainly to the women. We have been knitting socks and making garments and sending parcels of food and comforts for nearly three years. But most of that was everybody working to please herself and to help somebody she loved or knew.

This campaign is different.

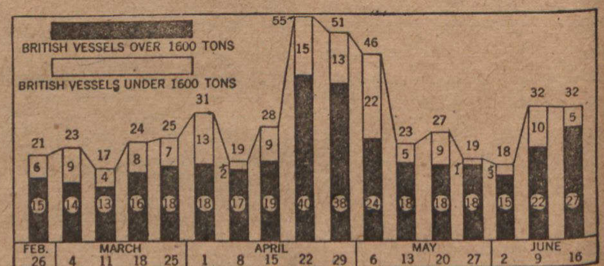
We are all—the women of Canada—pulling together on this rope. We are cutting out false moves and wrong starts and headlong enthusiasms. We are getting on to a common ground. We are trying to unite.

It's not the last shell but the last bushel apparently that will win this war. Men can go on making and firing shells on both sides just as long as they can go on eating and wearing clothes. But no longer. Those who produce the food and those who save it to send abroad are going to be the real winners of the war.

For the first time we realize the great fact about all we can do in the saving of food. It is—Absolutely Unselfish. It was not always so. Three years ago women began to hoard food and to save it. They were doing it selfishly.

Do you remember how in August and September, 1914, people in England—and in Canada—were hoarding food until stopped by the Government? Their only excuse was that if they didn't they would run short. They didn't stop to reflect that if enough of them did it, all the rest must go short because the supply would be exhausted and the price would go so high that a lot of people couldn't afford to buy food at all.

At least that was their own theory, if they had ever taken the time to frame it up. They had no faith in the British navy or the country, or the Empire, or in anything but panic and stampede. They hadn't the faintest notion then that in 1917 the war would still be on, that the United States would be into it and that German submarines would be sinking British vessels at the following rate:



AND they never dreamed that England, tearing up her great parks and ducal preserves, would still be importing food enough to fight Germany.

But here we are, the whole of us that produce food in great world quantities—except the Argentine and Brazil—into the war. We are all getting as near the non-producing class as we can. We are all producing destruction.

And it was the millions upon millions paid for munitions here and in England and the United States that kept many of us from being without

money to purchase enough food long ago.

Right here I waste no sympathy over the blonde hausfrau. That blonde may be my own sex, but she's not my own kind; she's the mother of a bad, perverted lot of people and she has never wanted to be anything else. She has never cared for the rest of us women. Womankind are divided into German-women and all others. There's something about the German idea of the human being that revolts me; and I think it's very much because on one hand the Germans estimate themselves as so many pounds and pints and chemical constituents and energies; on the other hand as strutting super-people that could gnaw the edge off the moon. No, if any German woman is busy writing things like this I hope I never have to read them.

We may as well admit that we women are directly and indirectly in normal times the world's great wasters. Suppose that only men ate in hotels, restaurants and cafes, would there ever have been such ridiculous parades of luxury as our prosperity bills of fare? Oh, of course men eat more and they waste a lot. But the average woman at an hotel is a cause of waste before the waiter takes an order at all. The silly man she is with—probably her husband—urges her to take all sorts of things she doesn't need and half the time doesn't want. He is vain. So is she. It looks important to sit among a maze of improbable and expensive dishes. And the more improbable and expensive they were, the less we ate of any of them. We just picked them over and three-fourths of the food we paid for we wasted. Nobody cared, so long as the man had the price.

But that's only the public side of the thing, and under the controllership all that is to be abolished. So far, so good.

BUT what of us at home? Are we any the less wasteful? Far more so. We waste less at a time, but we have all the time there is to do it. Twenty-one meals a week we do at every meal a certain amount of wasting. I don't know anything about domestic science. But I know that the gap between what is paid to the producer and what I pay to the dealer is considerably widened by how I have been wasting in the kitchen.

We can't of ourselves regulate the prices we pay for things, except by an occasional boycott, and by constantly so seeing to it that the grocer or the butcher or the manufacturer of package goods does not short-weight us. We look to government to do this. As a rule governments don't. Now that we have a food controller we expect the price we pay to be a fair one even if it is high. We expect to get even with the corner grocer who has piled up twice the income of his average customer in less than half the time and often with about half the brains. Of course the grocer may hand the knock back to the wholesaler who has been holding him up. But the wholesaler can't hand it back to the producer, because the demand is sure to out-run the supply.

I notice Mr. Hanna is quoted as saying "must" with reference to reducing our consumption of wheat and meat. I don't like that word. In this business of helping thing along we'd all like to be given credit for a little free-will initiative. It seems to me there should have been some musting in this country long ago, and I could mention a lot of things it would apply to very well, from motor-cars to fancy boots. However, the people of Beacherville intend to obey the law. At the same time they want the pattern to be wide, as the cloth is supposed to be cut by it.

Just for instance: If straight prohibition is to be applied, why doesn't Mr. Hanna issue a ukase directing that from now on nobody in Canada is allowed to make ice-cream wholesale for sale in any quantities whatsoever? I suppose ice-cream is made of cream. If it is, then the annual consumption of good butter-making and cheese-making cream, for up into the millions of pounds for a food which nine times in ten is used as a mere extra, is one of the economic crimes. We glibly ask Mr. Hanna about margarine, and he says he doesn't know—yet. But what's the sense of importing or making margarine to save on butter when we fling the butter away in the shape of ice-cream—delicious luxury as it is?

This is only a sample suggestion. It's not original with me. Ice-cream prohibition was talked about last year. But a lot of things are talked about. There was no time lost closing up the Ontario bars in 1916. For three months of the year I doubt if the bars were any more wasteful than the ice-cream parlours.

Mr. Hanna says we—meaning all of North America—must save 160,000,000 bushels of wheat to ship to Europe. This is where one of his two great musts comes in. The other applies to meat. The figures are partly Mr. Hoover's at Washington. I'm still a little peevish about that "must." But I'm going to see how this third-fraction works out—without depending altogether on Hoover and Hanna.

North America is an economic unit says Sir George Foster. Still I notice that when President Wilson wanted to put an embargo on foodstuffs he didn't have Mr. Hoover ask any opinions of Mr. Hanna about it. Assuming that we are that kind of unit, how do we get at the figures? I notice that one of the big New York papers prints an estimate of 609,300,000 bushels of wheat for the United States this year. Suppose we place Canada's wheat crop at 225,000,000 and add the surpluses on hand to make 850,000,000.

A safe estimate allows five bushels of wheat per person per year. So the total amount of wheat needed normally for the whole 120,000,000 population will be 600,000,000 bushels. Subtract that from 850,000,000, and you have left the 250,000,000 bushels for export. But the total amount required by the Allies, according to Mr. Hanna, will be 460,000,000 bushels. The deficit for us to make up by saving on wheat we eat ourselves—somehow—is therefore 210,000,000 bushels. Mr. Hanna's figures state 160,000,000. I'm willing to go him 50,000,000 better.

That means for, say, 120,000,000 people about one and three-quarter bushels each to be saved in a year. Or it means each of us eating just about one-third less wheat than usual.

So the one-third less is no mere guesswork. It's mathematics.

I don't know how it works in the case of meat.

But to save one-third on our wheat-eating means—

To eat more wheat and less flour.

So the sooner the millers are instructed to stop making white flour the better. As long as they make it some one is going to eat it. I daresay if the potato crop is a big one we shall do some of the wheat-saving on potatoes. Beans and corn-cake will help a good deal.

Uncle Sam will supply most of the corn.

But it's our business in Canada to produce most of the extra wheat—

Because we grow one-third as much wheat as the United States and we consume ten times less.

There—I think that's about enough food-mathematics for one article. My head aches. But it seems to me that when the word "must" is used in this country in regard to food questions it should be accompanied by as many reasons as possible. In this connection I think the press should be furnished with a set of simple calculations to teach people. Every intelligent house-wife should be furnished with a set of food-value figures telling her how she can substitute one thing for another without robbing her family's stomachs. When I pay 68 cents for a pound and 5 ounces of veal I'm naturally wanting to know what I could put in place of that meat without becoming an out-and-out vegetarian.

The man who gets that 68 cents is taking no chances. He is better off than I am. If he is allowed to keep on the way he is going he will be entitled to a knighthood one of these days.

Meat is one of those things that can be juggled with. Bread can't; at least everybody seems to be roused to a furore the moment another cent or so goes on to the price of a loaf. But the butcher can go on putting 5 cents, 10 cents, anything he likes on the cost of a pound of meat, and nobody does anything but say "it's too bad," and "we'll have to eat less meat I suppose," or "I don't see why we can't get along without it altogether."

No, nobody organizes even sentiment against the meat trust. And I suppose if it could be proved that there were several million pounds more in storage this year than last it could all be explained by saying,

"Well, of course, you know, we must keep vast quantities on hand for the men at the front. The need is SO great."

And that passes for patriotism just because it's big enough to get by without any one stopping it. However, human nature seems to be a strange mix-up. The higher up you get in the scale of living the more afraid people are to tell the truth about one another—especially if some man who makes a fortune out of what we pay for a necessity is mixed up with a great lot of benevolences. None of us like to see philanthropy made disreputable.

The man who can work out this problem should not be afraid of any big interest.

Opinions of a Farmer's Wife
By NINA MOORE JAMIESON

FOR one good careful farmer, you will find a score whose furrows have cramps. How many farm teams that go to town on a market day have shining coats and glittering harness? How often do you see Honest John out with his scythe, cutting weeds in the fence corners? The careless man! No doubt he will tell you he is "too busy"; there is so much said about the farmer and his busy days that you may reasonably conclude there is something in it. He is, in fact, so occupied with farming as a business that he has no time to think of the pleasure that might go with it. He has been labouring half-heartedly for years, with one eye on the crop, and the other on the house in town where he intends to live just as soon as he scrapes up enough to retire on. A farmer idealizes Heaven as a place where there are no chores to do. He has never had the ideals or the capital with which to back them, that might have made it possible to get the most out of his farm mentally as well as financially. This may explain why farmers' sons and daughters invariably cast anchor in the city. A little advertising might help our cause—but the blight of mediocrity rests upon us undeniably, and young folks yearn to excel. About the time they acquire double-chins and grey heads, their enthusiasm either achieves or wanes.

The farmer has been so long in his rut that now when the cry goes forth for increased production he is at a loss. Any other industry can mobilize men, money and machinery for the sudden demand. Why can't we? For one thing, we are dealing direct with Nature who refuses to jump at the whistle of any human demand. Some of her caprices we have studied and met. But we still find ourselves handicapped when it comes to supplying moisture in a dry season like the summer of 1916, or sunshine in a wet time such as the spring that went before it. Then farming, in this country, is probably the most wasteful industry we have. To illustrate: We pump water by hand for our stock, wasting, at a conservative estimate, 365 hours in a year, which is something over 15 days! But a water system costs a good deal of money; we have the time and we do not have the dollars. So there you are. Again, we set milk in pans, skim the cream and feed the residue to the calves. Happy day! Each calf gets as much cream daily as would put creases of fat on a baby. Cream is dear calf feed, but separators cost money, too! There was a fuel famine last winter—and here in the many bushes of this neighborhood are quantities of fallen stuff, which would warm the toes of half a city. There are trees lying by the roadside on the more remote concessions that have been there longer than a maiden lady cares to remember. Farming, you see, is a haphazard industry. We have not yet mastered the hand-book of Thrift, although we are taking lessons on it.

Meanwhile we go our way, a little more energetically, perhaps, since Peter McArthur has said that if we will put in a little extra plot of potatoes we may have the money from it—which we might have thought of, ourselves. And the "poets wreak their roundelay" as they will do while the world rolls in space. For while human beings sometimes do the necessary thing, they invariably manage to do the desired thing, and it is a caution the number of people who will chew a pen handle half an hour, hunting a rhyme for "month" when they simply could not spare the time if you wanted a shelf put up in the pantry, or a screen door hung.

Canada's First Woman M. P. P.
By "CRAIGWORTH"

WHEN Alberta was given a feminine name it must have been prophetic. Alberta has intuition, pre-vision, sagacity; and she showed them all when a few weeks ago she elected to the Legislature the first woman M.P.P. in Canada, as a result of the first provincial woman's vote ever recorded in Canada. And, mind you, the Equal Suffrage Act was only thirteen months old when the election was held.

Claresholm was the enterprising constituency. Mrs. Louise C. McKinney was the pioneer woman-elected candidate. She was the only woman nominated, which makes one wonder what might have happened had there been more.

Now, how did it come about?

Simple. Mrs. McKinney ran neither as a Grit nor a Tory. She was the nominee of the Non-Partisan League. The battle-cry of the League was the elimination of party politics. Mrs. McKinney was chosen as the Claresholm Eliminator. And she was not elected by any fluke of a split vote either, because there was no Conservative nominee at all, her only opponent being a Liberal.

And, mind you, again, just to show how thoroughly the League, backed by the women vote, broomed the constituency—that Liberal opponent had represented Claresholm during the previous five sessions! Uncertainly is the spice of elections. Mrs. McKinney was the uncertainty. Naturally. She was, in fact, an absolute experiment, as all first things, including first babies, are.

Happily the experiment was all in the idea, none of it in the personality of the N. P. League candidate. Mrs. McKinney herself is a certainty every time; a positive, unmistakable feminine fact. You surmise that from noting her full name—

LOUISE—CRUMMY—McKINNEY.

The middle name suggests something. The name Crummy is a familiar one in the West. Winnipeg in particular knows the Rev. Eber Crummy, D.D., who, until just the other day, when he also broke out unconventionally, was Principal of Wesley College, Winnipeg, formerly pastor of Grace Church, and before that the breezy, uplifting genius of Bathurst Street Church, Toronto. Another brother of Mrs. McKinney has been for nine years President of New York Newsboys' Club.

This suggests the American connection; and Mrs. McKinney has it in more than a brother. But she is herself a Canadian. More than that she is Irish. Now you have it. The Irish will come out. She was born of Irish parents, on a farm overlooking the St. Lawrence River, 18 miles from the town of Brockville, Ontario. She was educated at the High School at Athens—not in Greece, but Ontario—and had ambitious visions of a university course, but regretfully had to be satisfied with a term at the Normal College at Ottawa. The age of seventeen found her teaching in a small rural school, and, finally, in 1892, she left Ontario to take a scholastic appointment in the State of North Dakota. Here the bright, intelligent Canadian girl quickly made friends. Her wonderful abilities as a leader and organizer soon became apparent, and she was persuaded to leave the school-house and accept the post of organizer of the North Dakota Women's Christian Temperance Union.

IN 1896 she married James McKinney, and in 1903 left North Dakota with her husband for Alberta, and settled in the Claresholm district. Here it was not very long before her services were in demand, and the W. C. T. U., for the Northwest Territories, being organized in 1904, Mrs. McKinney was appointed Recording Secretary. Later she became President of the Alberta Provincial W. C. T. U. and Vice-President of the Dominion W. C. T. U., which offices she still holds.

In matters of social and moral reform Mrs. McKinney has for many years been a prominent worker, and is so known, not only in her own Province, but throughout Canada.

A clever lady, possessing much common sense and gifted with the art of taking pains, the electors of Claresholm have done themselves honour in electing her as their representative, and her career in the Alberta Legislature will be followed with much interest by her many friends in all parts of Canada. When election day arrived it was at once seen that the Non-Partisans had an excellent organization, the hardest workers in which were ladies who were to be seen careering in all directions in automobiles of all makes and shapes. This part of the organization was entirely wanting to the Liberals who depended on mere men as workers.

The result of the election was a sweeping triumph for the Non-Partisan lady candidate, who, in a ten-day campaign, gained the support of the majority of the prairie farmers and their wives, who, rightly or wrongly, had apparently determined that Claresholm riding was to be in the vanguard of the Non-Partisan movement. Undoubtedly the female vote was the main element in returning a lady candidate, and the result of the election has been the cause of much head shaking and gloomy prognostications among old-timers of both political parties who foresee a possible time in the future when the Legislature may contain a large proportion of the fair sex.

Can You Shoot Straight?
By EDITH G. BAYNE

OF course we are much too swift—we Western women. We admit it. In more than one place in the West women are drilling and marching and learning to shoot straight. Some began as far back as last summer. In those days we were told that we were only wasting ammunition, but one man less pessimistic than the rest said:

"Oh, let 'em go to it! If it don't do anything else it'll maybe put the fear o' the Lord into the resident Germans and Austrians."

We are not to be confused with the regular Women's Rifle Brigades. They are probably administered in a much more effective way. Yet our own particular company is not doing so badly. Our captain is a crack shot in her own right.

We are not out for prestige or praise. We have not even posed for our photo en masse—yet. "Labour before laurels" we say, and we are very modest indeed, and would curl up like a caterpillar if we saw our name in print. We exist for home defence aid, and we are all working people. During the winter we have been turning our excess energies into other channels of a patriotic nature, but now that the ground has dried up, our drill has commenced again, and muscle-tiring though it is, it undoubtedly puts "zip" and "pep" into us.

Twice a week we see the sun rise. Old Sol may not be particularly impressed with our rising, but he furnishes a fresh thrill for us each time. Out across the dewy prairie we march, in close formation, thinning out to double or single file when the exigencies of the ground demand it. We skirt the sloughs, a warm chinook in our faces, and come out upon a high level plateau where thirty years or so ago Big Bear and Louis Riel tried in vain to annihilate a sturdy little detachment of red coats.

A brisk drill limbers us up. Then in some sheltered coulee or buffalo-wallow we partake of our improvised canteen-fare of sandwiches and coffee. The waters of the tiny alkali lake ripple in the early sunlight. The first contingent of grass-birds lend a lively orchestral accompaniment to the clatter of tin collapsible cups.

Our uniform is serviceable, natty and—cheap! It consists of coat and skirt—the latter rather abbreviated—with leggings, and a hat similar to those worn by the American army. The color scheme is sand. The material is linen.

Our captain is a cavalier-like person, broad-shouldered, straight and commanding in figure. She looks quite Joan-of-Arc-ish marching in the van and the shoulders of the rank and file instinctively straighten as we watch her.

Our brigade has its Miss Winkle and Miss Tupman, of course. At first these two were compelled to use blank cartridges owing to their marked eccentricities in gun-handling. Both are improving.

We were all very raw on the start. Bomb practice wasn't easy, and it was made harder by our having a considerable male audience. There used to be an old saw, that woman "can't hit a barn door." But then one is always learning, and isn't there another saw which goes: "Practice makes perfect?"

As for the bull's-eye, we are hitting it. We are hitting it frequently! The poor thing is beginning to feel that everybody is down on it.

YOUR WAR—AND MINE

By ESTELLE M. KERR

IT was ten o'clock and the tired crowds that had started forth so gaily to celebrate the holiday were surging homewards. Weary women, fretful children, boys carrying empty lunch baskets, and girls in limp and soiled muslin dresses hurried through the station and boarded a waiting street car. I secured a seat near the front and was trying to find space for my club bag when the motorman opened the front door and a very sleepy little boy of three stumbled against me, followed by a young mother carrying a smaller child in her arms. The passengers squeezed together and made room for them beside me. I lifted the small boy to my knee and he sank back cosily.

"Don't go to sleep, Tommy," begged the little mother. "Please don't go to sleep! Remember, you must help me look after Baby now Father's gone away!"

Tommy sat up very straight and blinked his eyes valiantly.

"I'm sure I don't know how I shall ever transfer if they're both asleep," continued the little mother, turning to me, "I've just been seeing my husband off. He's gone back to Camp Borden. No wonder they're tired, poor lambs. Such a day as we've had. The soldiers left Borden at three and got here at five o'clock this morning!"

"Wasn't it nice that you had such a long day together!" I put in.

"We didn't see much of him, the parade took up most of the time and then . . . well, to tell the truth, I'm vexed with him for enlisting again. The first time he did it I didn't object, but he was in training for a year and then he took sick in England and was sent home and discharged. It took him a long time to get strong again and he was just settling down to work when he decided to enlist again. This time I wasn't a bit patriotic—not a bit! I really need him to help me with the children!"

"Oh, you ought to feel proud of him!" I said.

"What's the use? Nobody thinks anything of a soldier's wife! There's a woman in our street who says he went to war just to get away from me and the children. She says her husband wouldn't leave her—not for anything! And her husband says the same thing."

"But surely the opinion of such people is worth nothing, and conscription will make them talk differently."

"Yes, I know. Usually I can hold my head up with the best of them, but now I'm a bit discouraged. . . Tommy! Don't go to sleep! Say thank you to the kind lady for letting you sit on her lap. . . . No, don't bother, you've got your satchel and I can manage all right. . . . Good-bye!" And Tommy, as I helped him down the steps, sleepily echoed "Bye!"

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"NOBODY thinks anything of a soldier's wife!" The words remained in my mind. Of course it is not true, theoretically, for we are always making high-sounding speeches about their bravery and sacrifice, but practically do we give them much sympathy and consideration? I wished my companion could have seen that little play by J. M. Barrie, "The Old Lady Shows Her War Medals." She would have wept as I did, but it would have done her heart good to see the four London charwomen boasting of their sons and husbands at the front and refusing to speak to the women who had no relatives in the war. One old woman, you discover as the story develops, having no near relatives at the front and feeling the disgrace very keenly, has stooped to base deception. She has invented a son, one of her own name from a list seen by chance in the paper—a Highlander of the Black Watch regiment, and the stories she tells of the fond letters he writes to her make the other women envious. Then, to her great consternation, the clergyman comes in and announces that he has discovered her son on leave sitting alone in the park and brought him to his mother, and he persuades the other women to leave her alone while she greets her son. Then a brawny young Highlander comes in and upbraids her for daring to pose as his mother, but gradually he succumbs to the temptation before him of the teapot and the cakes and the comfortable folding-bed; he begins to relent when he hears it is she who has been sending him his boxes and socks and he takes her as his mother "on trial—only for a week—mind ye!" But at the end of the week the affection between the motherless boy and the sonless woman is so great that the parting is hard to bear, but the young man has registered her as his next of kin and when the curtain goes up for a few moments at the end of the play we see the old woman, dressed in black, as she smoothes out the bonnet and plaid and enjoys the melancholy consolation of showing her war medals.

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A PAIN in our own toe is harder to bear than the suffering of a nation. Unless we feel the war personally we can hardly be said to feel it at all. In countries where conscription has been in force since the beginning, sorrow is universal, but even then there are many women who have suffered no great personal loss—women who have neither son nor husband nor sweetheart, solitary old women, young girls who have always led sheltered lives. But in France and in Russia these women, whatever their age or religion, are all "godmothers" to some young man at the front. When their own man is killed they straightway adopt another, and without a godmother the poor "poilu" whose pay is but five sous a day would fare badly. The godmother supplies comforts that the little wife at home trying to make ends meet on a franc a day cannot furnish. And the soldiers who have neither wife nor mother are glad to write letters to their "fairy" godmothers. Little schoolgirls are godmothers to great bearded men, high-born ladies are godmothers to ignorant peasants. Usually they never meet, but sometimes when on leave a soldier takes occasion to pay his respects to his venerated godmother, he is surprised to find a dainty little milliner who has skimped and saved that his last box of comforts might be full.

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WHEN a mother sacrifices her craving for sweets that her child needs for sustenance we do not chronicle it as a heroic deed. It is but natural to mortify our own flesh for the benefit of those we hold most dear, but when sacrifice is demanded not for one dear child or man, but for an empire, the task is far more difficult. We are called upon to exercise food control nationally and individually. The government is taking steps to simplify our economies, and reports on the best means of eliminating waste in foodstuffs will soon be at the disposal of everybody, and when each woman realizes that her sacrifice will result in the better sustenance of one dear man at the front, a great national benefit will be felt. It is our government one dear man at the front, a great national benefit will be felt. It is our government that calls on us to exercise food control. This is our war, to be fought by each one of us. Volunteers or conscripts, we must fight! It has been said that our army travels on its stomach. The same thing applies to a whole nation. The efficiency of a human being depends greatly on his nourishment, and the time may come when the people of Canada may be inadequately fed, but just now the reverse is the case. The majority of us suffer from eating, not wisely, but too well, and it behooves every woman to study the health of each member of her household who looks to her for nourishment, and to eliminate from the table or from her own diet all food that can be spared without detriment to health.

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SOMETIMES we talk in a grand manner about the success of Our Arms, the supremacy of Our Navy. But what right have we to call it "Ours." Unless the war has touched us personally it has touched us not at all. Unless we have given our own lives, our own loves, our own comforts, we have sacrificed nothing. A long and increasingly severe struggle lies ahead. For non-combatants it will be an economic struggle and the well-to-do in particular must brace themselves to meet it. The world is running short of available resources. There is not enough food. There is not enough coal. There is not enough oil. There is not enough wool. There is not enough labour. If we continue to use these things as we are doing, our Army, our Navy, and our Allies will go short. It is we or they.

It is so easy to say: "Of course, we will go short!" But as yet only individuals up and down the country are really doing so. If we are strictly moderate in food we shall help to lower prices.

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HOUSEKEEPING in war time is a struggle—not for those women who mean by housekeeping the passing of ten minutes every day with an accomplished cook—the real housekeeping heroine, the real protector of the home, who stands in the fighting line of housekeepers, holding squalour and dirt and ill-health at bay, is of course a working woman. She is never off duty. Be she gay and strong, or sick and sorry, she must plan, contrive, carry on. But the majority of housekeepers are not in the fighting line at all. They must fall in line with the campaign for food control organized by the government, and not only economize in the consumption of wheat, meat and sugar in their own households, but take an active part in the movement to educate the women and children of the nation in a knowledge of food values. Only in this way can we reduce the high cost of living.

THE B. C. CONSUMERS' LEAGUE AND THE Y. W. C. A. SAVED THE BERRY CROP IN BRITISH COLUMBIA.

A FEW weeks ago, says a correspondent, when the berry crop of British Columbia had to be picked or the crop would be lost, 5,000 women and girls saved the situation. These women with the hoes were caught by the camera earlier in the season in a vast strawberry field, togged in men's clothes. At picking time they were again at the front. They are said to go out as groups, camping together, many of them High School and Normal School girls, spending their holidays under chaperonage. The Food Controller of Canada, one of whose great problems is to get women labour for picking and canning fruit, will be glad to know that British Columbia's army of 5,000 women, according to our correspondent, were mobilized largely through the efforts of Mrs. J. C. Kemp, President of the B. C. Consumers' League, and the Y. W. C. A.

Red Cross Bridge at Wahlachin, B.C.

POSSIBLY more people in England and the United States—than in Canada—are familiar with a place known as Wahlachin, B.C. Wahlachin is a group of tastefully designed cottages and bungalows all arranged in uniform style round a little station. There is a reason. The place known as the "Anglesey," or "Barnes Estates," is largely controlled by the Marquis of Anglesey. It was my pleasure to stop off there for a day. I was with utter strangers. It had always been my dream to stop a week or so in some place where I absolutely knew no one. During my stop at the little hotel I received so much kindness I scarcely knew what to do with it all. While chatting with one or two of the ladies in the living-room I learned that during the winter months of 1916 the people of Wahlachin had formed a "Red Cross Bridge Club," with a membership of thirty-six. They met once or twice a week at the home of some member or at the hotel. Each member paid an admission, and as much more money as he or she cared to be separated from. The proceeds at the end of the "bridge" season amounted to seven hundred dollars or more. As Wahlachin is largely an English settlement, naturally a great many of the Englishmen responded to the "call to arms." The large roll of honour designed in patriotic emblems hung over the fire-place mantel in the living-room of the hotel. Industry, happiness, and merriment are very noticeable in the people of the town and its vicinity. It seems characteristic of the people to crack jokes on one another and accept jokes of the most personal nature very goodnaturedly. For instance, a local correspondent, in reporting the town's news, sent to the paper of the next town the following item: "Mr. X. Y. Z. is in Savona getting his fine motor launch on to the lake and fitting up for a trip. Popular rumour has it that he left here with a life-belt and a bottle of Scotch." The "extreme" part of the joke is that Mr. X. Y. Z. is a very abstemious man and B. C. scarcely "bone-dry." The women of Wahlachin have been tireless in their interest in the men whose names are on the roll of honour. If they have the slightest inkling of a man not having a friend to help them by a cheery word in the form of a letter, they immediately get out their "pen and paper." One woman, a B. C. musician, gathered the names of six men who are generally "letterless" when mail was distributed "Somewhere in France." She writes to them regularly a "gossip letter," as the soldiers express it.

BELLE DOBIE.

Allies' Chums Club at Charlottetown, P.E.I.

IN a letter received to-day from friends in the far-off "Garden-of-the-Gulf" Province (Prince Edward Island), was an account sent me by a friend, of a club for children, called "Allies' Chums"; its object being to write cheery letters and picture post-cards, to the sick soldiers in the hospitals of France and England. In the case of the picture postal-cards, a little advertising is effected; as the views are all of the Island Province.

I learn in this letter that already the Club has a membership of over two hundred; but the hope is to have a membership of 1,000. There is no fee of money required; instead, each child who wishes to join, may do so on sending her name and address, with a promise to write one letter every month to a sick soldier.

Judging from the letter sent by my correspondent's young son, a lad of nine years, it is safe to say that many a sick and lonely soldier will find his heart cheered, by the receipt of one of these letters. Thinking some children of our own Province might like to join the "Allies' Chums," is my reason for writing you of this Club. I would like to quote just one sentence from the copy of one letter:

Dear Sick Soldier, I belong to the Allies' Chums' Club, and our Circle is the "Cheer UP," and I want to cheer you up because you are so far from home and sick, but, I hope you will soon be out of the Hospital, with all your legs and arms not shot off.

Children wishing to know more about this Club, are asked to address "Allies' Chums' Headquarters, care of Betty Burke, Patriot Office, Charlottetown.

"CONSTANT READER."

Twelve Tons of B.C. Jam From Doukhobor Women

By FRANCIS J. DICKIE

OF all the strange gifts of a strange people, the presentation, a short time ago, of 12 tons of homemade jam to the wounded soldiers of British Columbia, by the Doukhobor women of the settlement near the town of Brilliant, in the interior of that province, ranks first on the list since the war began.

The Doukhobors are a people of Russian peasant stock, sober, industrious, and peaceful. Two decades ago, under the leadership of Peter Veregin, the vanguard of these people came to the Provinces of Manitoba and Saskatchewan. They bought several great tracts of land and took up farming operations on a large scale. One of the guarantees they received from the Canadian Government was that in no case would they be called to fight. In their stand upon the question of war, the Doukhobors closely resemble the Quakers. They are also a communistic people. Mostly they live in little villages, having a baker, a priest and other artisans and mechanics assigned to each village. All moneys are turned into a head man and divided equally. The Doukhobors do not use animals either as food or beasts of burden. In the early days of the settlement men and women were harnessed to the plows, but of late years, through the growing wealth of the various communities, steam and gasoline-driven power machines have superseded the old method. During the past eight years Doukhobor labour was used in large quantities by new railways building through the Canadian West. In connection with this a peculiar custom of the people was the division of labour. A certain percentage of the men were chosen to go away from the villages and work for the railway companies. The rest of the men remained at home and performed the agricultural labour necessary. Then the next year, when in the Spring it came again time for railway work to begin, those men who had performed the farm tasks the previous season, went forth as railway labourers.

Some four years ago, long after the no-clothes religious mania on the plains, the majority of the Doukhobors, ten thousand in number, decided to move to the more salubrious Province of British Columbia and take up fruit growing. They settled in the interior and have prospered remarkably with their culture of raspberries, black currents, strawberries, plums, peaches and many other small fruits.

The twelve tons of Doukhobor jam was originally intended for wounded soldiers who had been returned to British Columbia; but when the authorities saw the size of the present they asked the donors to share it with hospitals in the prairie provinces.

PEOPLE *and* EVENTS

Many Writers Gone Over This Week to Get the Best of the Good Things in Current Periodicals

A New York Writer on Sir George Bury

SIR GEORGE BURY was very much talked about a few days ago by a man who has much to do with the food situation in Canada. What Sir George is now putting into effect by way of food-saving on C. P. R trains and in C. P. R. hotels has a good deal to do with what will be done all over the country. Sir George, not long ago, spent several months in Russia, where he went to be of service to the railway end of Russia's problem in the war. Consequently he knows a good deal about what is going on in Europe. And because the New York Sun knows that he knows it, that paper recently published a very good appreciation of this big Canadian.

Sir George Bury, says the Sun, in the course of its article, has the record of having moved more wheat on one railway between harvest and close of navigation than any other man in the history of railroading. He is distinctly a Canadian Pacific product. In the thirty-four years of his business life he has never spent one day outside the company's service, except when he went to Russia recently at the request of Lloyd George to look over the situation and return recommendations as to what was most needed to make Russia's transportation system effective.

Sir George is a Canadian. He was born March 6, 1866, and educated in Montreal. He entered the service of the company in 1883 in an obscure clerical capacity. His alertness and adaptability caught the attention of Sir William Van Horne, that remarkable American who is credited with having laid the foundation for the Canadian Pacific's colossal success. Soon after entering the company's service he was transferred to the purchasing department under Thomas G. Shaughnessy, now better known as Lord Shaughnessy. Sir George recently said that he owed every advancement he had received in this world to Lord Shaughnessy, who had pushed him along step by step.

Young Bury rose rapidly until in his early twenties he was made superintendent of a then Western division. Incidentally, it was one of "the toughest nuts to crack" in that it had every form of operating "grief" known. However, Bury got away with it so well that it is now one of the popular traditions among the operating men. With this reputation at his back, Bury was moved from place to place on the line where there seemed to be impossible tasks for the operating man to perform. Bury's real reputation, however, was won west of Fort William, at the head of the Great Lakes, where his directness of action not only got him recognition by his company, but endeared him to the energetic communities which were rapidly growing from small towns into large cities.

He has spent his whole career in the C. P. R.

Keeping up with the Western growth, particularly in Canada, was no small matter. Each year brought hundreds of thousands of new immigrants, settlers and colonists. Each spring saw millions more acres of unbroken prairie put under plough and each fall brought greater harvests. The cities were expanding as if by magic. Western Canada was booming. Branch lines had to be built almost over night to take care of the inflow of humanity and to carry the grain to tidewater. All of this meant new docks, terminals, stations and equipment; it meant, in short, almost a bursting growth. No man with a paralyzed imagination could handle the task. No man who built only for the present could cope with the future destined for Western Canada. But Bury again won out and now Western Canada has a railway equipment second to none. Western Canada's ability to meet Britain's cry for food is a justifiable commentary on Sir George's capacity to build for the future.

The Connaught Tunnel, completed and put into operation last winter, is a masterpiece of Western line betterment on the Canadian Pacific Railway. The successful planning and carrying out of this project is largely credited to Sir George Bury. The finished bore represents an expenditure of $6,500,000, and is the longest, mountainous, double tracked railway tunnel in the Western hemisphere, being five miles long from portal to portal. Its operation eliminates four and one-half miles of snow sheds and shortens rail distance more than four miles. It drops the peak of grade more than 500 feet and does away with Rogers Pass, which was one of the most costly pieces of road on the entire Canadian Pacific to operate. The tunnel is driven under Mount Sir Donald, a peak with an altitude of 10,600 feet. It cuts down maximum grades to almost nothing. Sir George and his assistants, co-operating with Lord Shaughnessy, the president, worked out the scheme for this tunnel several years ago. At the time Sir George was busy straightening out curves, cutting down grades, building steel bridges, and concrete culverts, double tracking and rock ballasting the roadbed and doing other work of like character to make the Western lines of the Canadian Pacific Railway second to none on the continent. Work on the tunnel was started before the beginning of the war, and was carried on unceasingly despite the fact that railroad construction throughout the country had been minimized as far as possible and practicable. The Connaught Tunnel was completed in record time and before the day specified in the contract. All records for speed in like construction work were smashed.

A little more than two years ago Sir George was transferred from Winnipeg to Montreal and placed in charge of operations both east and west of Fort William. In this time he has effected remarkable improvements and economies in operation. The general policy of making the Canadian Pacific the standard for this continent in railway construction and operation is now being carried forward by Sir George, under Lord Shaughnessy's supervision, on Eastern as well as Western lines.

As a young man, Sir George was well known as a good boxer, and many of the characteristics of his ring generalship were carried into later life. He is hard-hitting, quick and decisive. Although a good diplomat, he is not afraid to express his opinions forcibly and accurately. His willingness to step into a fight and his reputation for giving a good account of himself, usually coming out victorious, quickly gave him the name in the rough and virile West, of being "bad medicine," and there were few who cared to "mix it with G. B."

Sir George has made it a practise to know all there is to know about his job; although graduating from the clerical side of the railway service, he is just as competent on the mechanical. He not only knows how all things pertaining to his departments should be done, but knows how to do them. He can run an engine or work a key as well as he can dictate policies. It has been said that he is a better man in any job than any man in his employ.

Things like this have been said about a number of big men. Sometimes they seem to be legendary. But in Canada a number of our biggest men came up so recently from rough-and-tumble that it is quite likely Sir George Bury could, if he had to on a bet, operate a locomotive. He does not waste his time, however, talking about the things he used to do or could do now if he had to. To a man of his stamp there is always too much work piling up in front of him that he can do better than anybody else. And if he wastes time talking about it the work doesn't get accomplished. Sir George Bury is young enough yet to be worth 20 years of active

What Colonel Harvey Thinks of Northcliffe

COL. HARVEY, editor of the North American Review, comes out strong in his July Number with a glorification of Lord Northcliffe, who is now in the United States co-ordinating all British missions in that country. The most interesting part of the article is the outspoken—and utterly unregretful—condemnation of the Kitchener regime.

When war was declared, says the Review, Kitchener was in the black books of the Government for political reasons, which need not now be recalled, and the Cabinet determined to vest supreme command in another. But Northcliffe called for Kitchener and created a popular demand so strong that it became irresistible, and the Government yielded. But day by day, month by month, the war went badly; the army, so far from making progress, was hardly holding its own; operations on the field were being muddled; soldiers by the thousand were being sacrificed to no purpose; something radical was wrong. Northcliffe began investigation and soon discovered, to his horror, that the fault lay in the incompetence of the man whom he had raised to supreme authority and whose popularity he had fanned into a flame. Kitchener, living in the past, was adhering strictly and arrogantly to archaic methods long since discarded by both French and Germans, was resentful of suggestion and impervious to reason.

What to do? Kitchener was at his height in popular favour. Attempt to depose him except for overwhelming cause would surely prove futile and produce infinite harm. Fortunately, at this critical moment, word came to Northcliffe—through an American, by the way—that repeated disasters at the front were directly traceable to the use of shrapnel instead of explosives—by order of Kitchener. The evidence was conclusive, but Northcliffe took no chances. Hastening to the battlefields, he verified the reports with his own eyes. That Kitchener should be shorn of his limitless powers there could be no question. But could this be accomplished? Northcliffe did not know; nobody could have told. But there was but one thing to do at whatever hazard and Northcliffe did it without a moment's hesitation. He put himself, his power of the present and his growing influence for the future, his all, into the scales against the idol whom he had done so much to create and, through presentation with consummate skill of the unsparing truth, he won, and cleared the way for the manufacture upon an enormous scale of the modern munitions which now are making havoc in the ranks of the enemy.

The success of this undertaking, it is hardly necessary to remark, was equalled only by its daring, but to the alert mind of Northcliffe it bore a sharp implication—none other, in fact, than that the obsolete service to the C. P. R.

tion which rendered impotent a famous officer might also possess great statesmen of the same generation. Searching inquiry having developed the correctness of this suspicion, to his own mind at any rate, Northcliffe undertook forthwith, not merely to reduce an unwieldy Cabinet to an effective working War Council of five, a comparatively easy achievement, but to put the entire "old gang" out of power. According full credit to Mr. Asquith and Sir Edward Grey for the valuable services which they had rendered, he insisted nevertheless that, like Field Marshal French and Marshal Joffre, they had reached the limit of their accomplishment and, for the saving of the nation, must make way for others, younger in years and unimpaired in spirit. Again he drove home to the minds of the people the need of change and again he prevailed against tremendous odds, cowing all opponents into submission and establishing Lloyd George as Premier, at the head of a compact Council probably unsurpassable in efficiency in England.

Of the innumerable additional achievements of Lord Northcliffe during the war—his Air Defence for England, Aircraft for France, Organized Recruiting, Compulsory Service, Big Guns, Galvanization of the Admiralty, Central Allied Staff, Succor for Belgium, Huge Funds for the Red Cross, etc., passing mention only need be made. Suffice it to say that, after nine visits to all the fronts, including the Italian and Serbian, days and nights in aeroplanes, motor-cars and trenches, he has little to learn from the areas of hostilities and turns restlessly and eagerly to the activities of the great Republic, which is now pledged to take up and finish the mighty task of making the world definitely and forever safe for democracy. That he finally, though reluctantly, yielded to the urgent insistence of the British War Council that he assume the direction and supervision of the various commissions now engaged in the purchase and shipment of vast quantities of supplies to the Allies is less surprising than at first it seemed, for the simple reason that none can realize more keenly than he that in effective co-ordination of all forces can be found the only sure method of winning the war.

NEWS, VIEWS AND OPINIONS

AT the close of the debate at Ottawa on the Conscription Bill, says the Journal of Commerce, edited by Hon. W. S. Fielding, somebody started the National Anthem. The members, we are told, rose and sang the Anthem. Hon. Frank Oliver, the report states, kept his seat and did not join in the singing.

The singing of the National Anthem, on public occasions on which there is unity among the people, is a proper expression of such unity and of loyalty to our Sovereign. Perhaps, in Canada, there is too much of mere formality in this expression. It is the custom at the close of most public entertainments for the orchestra, if there is one, to play the National Anthem. But how many in the audience pay the respect that is due to the Anthem? How many stand respectfully until the music ceases? Is it not a fact that by the majority of the audience the first bar of the Anthem is taken as a signal to put on their wraps and rush to the door?

People who appreciate the National Anthem, and desire to have it honoured, will probably be inclined on first thought to disapprove of Mr. Oliver's action. But sober second thought should turn the disapproval from Mr. Oliver to those who, thoughtlessly perhaps, started the Anthem on such an occasion. Mr. Oliver's attitude, a report says, "is that he refuses to sing the National Anthem for what he considers to be political purposes." The easiest way on such an occasion is to rise with others and join in the demonstration. It requires courage in a man to keep his seat at such a time, as a protest against the misuse of the National Anthem. Both the flag and the Anthem are dishonoured by such use. The Anthem was designed as an expression by the whole people of their loyalty to the Sovereign. It was never intended to be used to mark the triumph of one party or set of men over another, either in Parliament or in the country.

WHEN we stop in front of a motion picture theatre and read a sign such as "Mary Pickford in Three Reels," we know this does not mean Little Mary has been cut to pieces, but that it was necessary to utilize three thousand feet of film to produce the picture. So writes R. W. Baremore, in the Popular Science Monthly. He says, "As a general rule motion pictures are made in thousand-foot lengths. The regulation camera and projection machine hold this length of film. What are known as "features" are produced in multiple reels. The film is one and three-eighths inches in width and is made in two-hundred-foot lengths, the full reel or one thousand feet being secured by cementing five of these lengths together. Sixteen pictures are made on each foot of film.

The developing and fixing are generally done in two-hundred-foot lengths. It is difficult to handle any greater length. Large drums made of light metal and wood are used for drying the film. The drying-room must be clean; for even the smallest particle of dust on the film will be magnified many times when the picture is screened. Printing is done in the well-known way, except that the positive is printed on celluloid instead of on sensitized paper. Great care is necessary in printing, as uneven work will produce a bad "flicker" on the screen.

THE Japan Chronicle notes the fact that recently a Japanese girl came to Kobe to work in the house of an English lady. A portrait of a young man in khaki stood on the mantelpiece of one room, and as the mistress speaks Japanese fluently, the girl asked about him and his uniform. On being told that he was fighting in the great war in Europe, she asked, "What war?" Further inquiry showed that this young woman, though quite intelligent, had never heard of the war. She herself had lost her father in the Russo-Japanese War when she was about 7 or 8 years old, and her mother had had a terrible struggle to maintain the family. But she had not heard of any war being waged at present.

JUST TO READ ALOUD

ONCE the master of a steamer, while loading at a Scotch port, took on two hands—one without a written "character" and another with an abundance of documentary evidence as to his honesty and uprightness. They had not been long at sea when they encountered rough weather, and the man with the written recommendations, while crossing the deck with a bucket in his hand, was swept overboard. The other hand saw what had happened and sought out the captain. "Do you remember the man from Dundee," he asked, "that you engaged wi' the fine character?" Yes," said the captain. "What of it?" "Weel, he's run awa' wi' your bucket."

"NOW be a good little girl and drink the nice medicine," said Mr. Jones to his eight-year-old daughter. "'Taint nice," responded the child, as she pushed the spoon and spilt the medicine over the quilts in her cot. Wearied with his endeavours, Mr. Jones brought a shining 10-cent piece out of his pocket, and after offering it the medicine was gulped down in a hurry. The next day there was more insubordination, but this time it was the piano, and the mother was concerned. "What a naughty girl you are for refusing to practise your piano lesson," said the mother. "Don't care," grumbled the youngster, giving the piano a kick. "Now, dear, I will give you a penny if you will practice," said the mother. "I won't practise," replied the child, as she jumped off the piano stool. "I can make more money than that taking castor oil."

A STORY about Lord Kitchener, who was often spoken of as "the most distinguished bachelor in the world," is being told. A young member of his staff when he was in India asked for a furlough in order to go home and be married. Kitchener listened to him patiently, then he said: "Kenilworth, you're not yet twenty-five. Wait a year. If then you still desire to do this thing you shall have leave." The year passed. The officer once more proffered his request. "After thinking it over for twelve months," said Kitchener, "you still wish to marry?" "Yes, sir." "Very well, you shall have your furlough. And, frankly, my boy, I scarcely thought there was so much constancy in the masculine world." Kenilworth, the story concludes, marched to the door, but turned to say as he was leaving: "Thank you, sir. Only it's not the same woman."

PAT O'FLAHERTY, very palpably not a prohibitionist, was arrested in Arizona recently charged with selling liquor in violation of the prohibition law. But Pat had an impregnable defence.

His counsel, in addressing the jury, said:

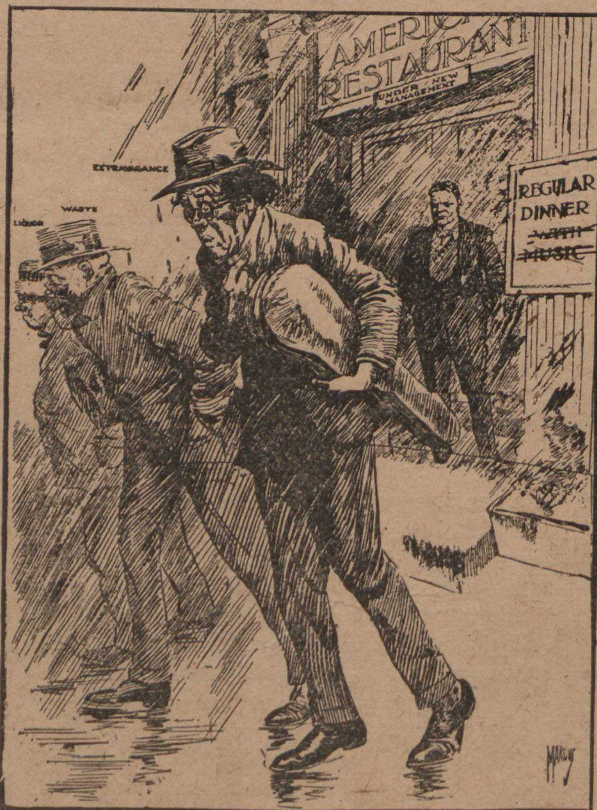
"Your Honour, gentlemen of the jury, look at the defendant."

A dramatic pause, then:

"Now, gentlemen of the jury, do you honestly think that if the defendant had a quart of whiskey he would sell it?"

The verdict, reached in one minute, was "Not guilty."

DISCHARGING THE MUSICIANS.



Manager: "I can't keep you and hold down expenses, too."

—Marcus, in New York Times.

Our Wheat of 1917

(Concluded from page 6.)

exporter and the bank manager thinks it is necessary. Only the other day an announcement was made in the British House of Commons that trading in futures could not be abolished by international agreement, because in the wheat producing countries it was considered a necessary safeguard to the business.

A board has been appointed by the Government to deal with the grain crop of 1917. It is a good board, or rather let us say that it is composed of a number of good men, representatives of the farmers, of labour, of the millers, of the Canadian grain trade, of the British purchasing commission. It would be an excellent arbitration commission, to bring in a report. But we don't want an arbitration commission. It is the government that must decide on the wholesale purchase of the 1917 crop as a measure of war. The board would be an excellent body to carry it out.

Some day I should like to argue with Mr. McLeod the economic theory of trading in futures as part of the regular grain business. Particularly would it be interesting to contest his statement that 95 per cent. of the western farmers object to trading in futures. Reference to the records of farmers' organizations and companies owned by farmers might be used in refutation. Just now it does not matter. We have a few weeks in which to decide on the policy for handling our 1917 crop. Will it not be in order to invite Mr. McLeod to join in an effort, not to influence the Government's action, but to persuade the editor and the readers of the Canadian Courier to demand immediate Government action for wholesale purchase of this year's crop.

BOOKS YOU WILL READ
by Wayfarer

"CECILIA OF THE PINK ROSES." By Katharine Haviland Taylor. Toronto, S. B. Gundy, $1.25.

Cecilia is so sweetly human that we become lost in her story and find ourselves both weeping and laughing with her. She is a little motherless Irish girl, who lives in a two-roomed tenement home and comforts her father and young scapegrace brother in their trials and tribulations. Through a lucky discovery of her father, who is in the bricklaying business, they become wealthy and "Celie" is given every advantage, but she meets with many sneers and gibes because of her lowly origin and her father's plebeian manners. However, she overcomes prejudice by degrees, and her very lovableness gains the victory so that wrongs are righted in the end. We heartily recommend the book to the victim of "dull care" or the sufferer from "ennui."

"THE HUNDREDTH CHANCE." By Ethel M. Dell. Toronto, William Briggs, $1.35.

Is it right to take "the hundredth chance?" We often question this, and when others take foolhardy risks and succeed, we wonder if we too would have been lucky. But we haven't the courage. In this story "Jake Bolton," fears that he has lost, when he wanted most to win.

His wife is a lady of high degree, whose brother, a helpless cripple, is entirely dependent on her. Thrown on her own resources, penniless and helpless, she turns to "Jake" who loves her, and makes a marriage of convenience, for her brother's sake. She has a hard time "making good," on account of a certain repugnance to her masterful husband, and a dislike for his business, which is trainer of horses. However, after many difficulties, "Bunny," the brother, recovers the use of his limbs, love comes at last and they "live happily ever after."

The story is exceedingly interesting and well written. It will make an excellent addition to your library of fiction.

"A LITTLE WORLD APART." By George Stevenson. Toronto, S. B. Gundy, $1.50.

The title is particularly applicable to this charming novel, which portrays life in a sleepy little English village, with a vicar's family for the central figures and other minor personages appearing throughout the chapters. The characters are splendidly drawn, and the scenes well depicted. There is humour and pathos, love-making and merry-making, and the sum total of everything, which goes to make up our daily lives. We listen to the whispers of the old busy-bodies who put their heads together in corners, and take away or add to their neighbour's reputations; we see the peace-maker, and the stranger within our gates; we watch the young people enjoying their youth; we laugh with the fussy old godmother, quarrelsome but generous at heart, and, if, surreptitiously we wipe away a tear now and again, who can blame us? This story recalls to our mind the best stories we have read, and pictures we have studied of sunny, merry England. Nevertheless it has a charm of its own, which makes it well worth reading.

"OPEN BOATS." By Alfred Noyes. Toronto, McClelland, Goodchild and Stewart, 60 cents.

Too few Canadians realize the magnitude of the present war or its influence on the people on the other side of the Atlantic.

In "Open Boats," Alfred Noyes pictures the atrocities of the German murderers on the sea in such a vivid manner that we are impressed, in spite of ourselves, with the inhumanity of these monsters. Mr. Noyes describes how they shoot helpless passengers and crew on the big ships, and then in the life-boats, holding off to jeer and laugh; the wonderful heroism displayed by the survivors who undergo all sorts of terrors and privations before being rescued, and the death of many victims from exposure with such realistic force that we are aghast. If this were mere romance we would be thrilled, it is real life, and therefore terrible.

JOHN DREW and E. H. Sothern met in the course of Sothern's tour for the benefit of the British Red Cross. "I had a singular experience," said Sothern to Drew, "when a man came up to me in the office of a hotel in one of the cities we played and said that he was delighted that I was there, that he had already bought his seats and that I could be sure of a large house. 'There is one thing you can always be certain of,' he said, 'and that is the loyalty of the people of this town. They always turn out for Richard Mansfield.' And then," Sothern went on, "he took my hand and said he was proud to make the acquaintance of Mr. Mansfield. Now what do you think of that?" "Strange," Drew answered. "Strange that he didn't know Richard Mansfield had been dead for years." "Of course it was," Sothern answered, "but it seems to me a whole lot stranger that he didn't know I was alive."

William Wilberforce, the slave-liberator, has a sister who was a hustler. She hustled for William at the hustings and succeeded in getting him elected to Parliament. On one occasion, when she had concluded her stump speech, some enthusiasts in the crowd shouted:

"Miss Wilberforce forever!"

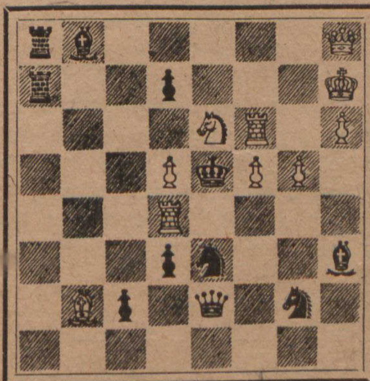
The lady stepped forward.

"Gentlemen, I thank you," she said, "but, believe me, I do not wish to be Miss Wilberforce forever."—Tit-Bits.

CHESS
Conducted by MALCOLM SIM

Address all correspondence for this department to the Chess Editor, Canadian Courier, 30 Grant Street, Toronto.

PROBLEM 145, by A. J. Fink.
First Prize, Pittsburg Gaz.-Times, Task Tourney.
Black.—Eleven Pieces.



White.—Ten Pieces.
White to play and mate in two.

It would give us great pleasure and no little encouragement to hear from our

(Concluded on page 23.)

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THE GREATLY DECREASED PURCHASING POWER OF OUR INCOMES DEMANDS THAT WE CONCENTRATE OUR FOOD PURCHASES UPON SUBSTANCES OF HIGH FOOD VALUE.

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CANADA *in* WAR PAINT

By CAPT. RALPH W. BELL

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

"THINK of my leave coming in two weeks, and of getting a decent bed to sleep in, with sheets!"

Sancho Panza blessed sleep, but perhaps he always had a good bed to sleep in; we, who can almost slumber on "apron" wire, have a weakness for good beds.

To appreciate fully what a good bed is, one must live for a time without one, and go to rest wrapped in a martial cloak—to wit a British warm or a trench coat, plus the universal sandbag, than which nothing more generally useful has been seen in this war. Any man who has spent six months (in the infantry) at the front knows all about beds. Any man with a year's service is a first-class, a number one, connoisseur. The good bed is so rare that whoever spends a night in one talks about it for a week, and brings it up in reminiscences over the charcoal brazier.

"You remember when we were on the long hike from the salient? And the little place we struck the third night—Cattelle-Villeul I think it was called? By George, I had a good bed. A peach! It had a spring mattress and real linen sheets—not cotton—and two pillows with frilly things on them, and a ripping quilt, with a top-hole eider-down. I was afraid to get into it until my batman produced that new pair of green pyjamas with the pink stripes. It simply hurt to give that bed up!"

And if you let him he will continue in like vein for half an hour. Recollections of that bed have entered into his soul; it is one of the bright spots in a gloomy life.

Needless to say, the farther you go back from the line, the better the beds. They can be roughly classified as follows: Battle beds. Front line beds. Support beds. Reserve beds. Divisional rest beds. Corps reserve beds, and Army Reserve beds. Beyond this it is fifty-fifty you will get a good bed, provided there are not too many troops in the place you go to.

Battle beds, as such, are reserved for battalion commanders, seconds in command, and adjutants. Sometimes Os.C. units have a look-in, but the humble sub. has not, unless he is one of those Johnnies who can always make something out of nothing.

When there is a "show" on nobody expects to sleep more than two hours in twenty-four, and he's lucky if he gets that. The C.O. takes his brief slumber on some bare boards raised above the floor-level in a dug-out. The Os.C. units use a stretcher, with a cape for a pillow, and the others sleep any old where—on a broken chair, in a corner on the ground, on the steps of a dug-out, on the fire-step of a parapet, or even leaning against the parapet. One of the best snoozes we ever had was of the last variety, while Fritz was plastering the communication trenches with a barrage a mouse could not creep through.

There is one thing about battle beds; one is far too weary to do anything but flop limply down, and go instantly to sleep. The nature of your couch is of secondary importance. Possibly the prize goes to the man who slept through an intense bombardment, curled up between two dead Germans, whom he thought were a couple of his pals, asleep, when he tumbled in to rest.

"The Others Sleep any Old Where."

Front line beds vary according to sector. Usually they are simply a series of bunks, tucked in one above the other as in a steamer-cabin, and made of a stretch of green canvas nailed to a pair of two by fours. Sometimes an ingenious blighter introduces expanded metal or chicken wire into the general make-up, with the invariable result that it gets broken by some 200-pounder, and remains a menace to tender portions of the human frame until some one gets "real wild" and smashes up the whole concern.

In support, the "downy couch" does not improve very much. Sometimes it is worse, and it is always inhabited by a fauna of the largest and most voracious kind.

All the beds at the front are the same in some respects. They are all wooden, and they nearly all have on them huge piles of mattresses, four or five deep. It is wisest not to investigate too thoroughly the inner consciousness of the latter, or the awakening may be rude. In the old days, long, long ago, when the dove of Peace billed and cooed over the roof of the world, no self-respecting citizen would sleep in them, but now with what joy do we sink with a sigh of relief into the once abominated feather-bed of doubtful antecedents, which has been slept in for two years by one officer after another, and never, never, never been aired.

C'est la guerre!

"Minnie and Family"

WHEN first I met her it was a lush, lovely day in June; the birds were singing, the grass was green, the earth teemed with life, vegetable and animal, and the froglets hopped around in the communication trenches. Some cheery optimist was whistling "Down by the Old Mill Stream," and another equally cheery individual was potting German sniping plates with an accuracy worthy of a better cause. It was, in sooth, "A quiet day."

And then she came. Stealing towards me silently, coming upon me like a brigand in the leafy woods. I did not see her ere she was descending upon me, but others did. There came distant yells, which I failed to interpret for a moment; then, glancing upward, I saw her bobbing through the air, her one leg waving, her round ugly head a blot on the sky's fair face. The next thing that happened was that the trench gathered unto itself wings, rose and clasped me lovingly from the neck down in a cold, earthly embrace.

Of all the nasty things "old Fritz" has invented, the Minenflamm is perhaps the nastiest of all. She is purely vicious, utterly destructive, and quite frightful. The very slowness with which she sails through the air is in itself awe-inspiring. I never see Minnie without longing for home, or the inside of the deepest German dug-out ever digged by those hard-working German Pioneer blighters, who must all have been moles in their respective pre-incarnations.

If you are a very wide-awake Johnny, absolutely on the spot, don't-you-know—you may hear her sigh ere she leaves the (temporary) Vaterland to take flight. It is a gentle sigh, which those verblitzender English artillery-men are not meant to hear. If you do happen by chance to hear it, then the only thing to do, although it is not laid down in K. R. & O. or Divisional Orders (you see they only hear about these things), is to silently steal away; to seek the seclusion which your dug-out grants. Later, if you are a new officer, and want to impress the natives, as it were, you saunter jauntily forth, cigarette at the correct slope, cane pending vertically from the right hand, grasped firmly in the palm, little finger downwards, cap at an angle of 45°, and say: "Minnie, by Jove! Eh what? God bless my soul. Did it fall over heah or over theah?"

Minnie has her little family. The eldest male child is called by the euphonious name of Sausage, and he has brothers of various sizes, from the pure-blood Hoch-geboren down to the bourgeois little chap who makes an awful lot of fuss and clatter generally. I remember meeting little Hans one day, about the dinner hour, when he was a very naughty boy indeed. The Company was waiting to get a half-canteenful of the tannin-cum-tealeaves, called "tea" on the Western front (contained in one large dixie placed in a fairly open spot in the front line), when suddenly little Hans poked his blunt nose into the air, and all notions of tea-drinking were banished pro tem.

I tripped over a bath-mat, came into close contact with an old shell-hole full of mud, and offered up a little prayer in the record time of one-fifth of a second. Instead of entering Nirvana I only heard a resounding splash, followed by a sizzling sound, like that made by an exhausted locomotive. Little Hans had fallen into the dixie, and positively refused to explode. I think the tannin (or the tea leaves) choked him!

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SPEAKING FINANCIALLY

Swanson on Wealth in the West; Cost of Gas in Winnipeg; Fortunes in War Junk.

NOT too many, but too few railways; not what has been done in settlement, but what will yet be done, is the argument of W. W. Swanson, writing in the Journal of Commerce, in Financing the Western farmer. More population is needed. The West has far too few people. Production is too sparse. The cost of the plant is too high, compared with its returns. There is an infinite amount of available land. Swanson says the West from the Great Lakes to the Rockies is capable of supporting 50,000,000 people—a rather optimistic estimate; besides, what countries whose population we want will have 50,000,000 to send us in our lifetime? He does not say when. But he believes in the enormous value of the West to the East, and in the necessity of getting better financial accommodation to the farmers. The cost of production must be lowered. Machinery and labour cost too much. Distances of haulage are too great. Too much comes out of the crop for the cost of getting it to market. Money is too high. Terms are too difficult.

The Government of Saskatchewan, he says, proposes to furnish borrowers with capital at the rate at which it can itself borrow in the money markets of the world, plus a minimum charge for expenses of administration. It is hoped, although in no wise guaranteed, that farmers will not be compelled to pay higher than six per cent. on their loans. The Government has set up a Farm Loan Commission, consisting of a paid chairman and two other members who will receive no remuneration save travelling expenses, for carrying out the provisions of the Act. This commission will have complete supervision of all details of inspection, recording t' mortgage on which the loan is based, and the granting of the loan itself. The Government will raise the capital essential for carrying out the purposes of the Act through issuing debentures, guaranteed by the Province, both as to principal and interest, and backed up by mortgages not to exceed 50 per cent. of the value of the land on which they are placed.

COAL gas in Winnipeg costs 50 per cent. more to the consumer than in Toronto. And at that Winnipeg gas is produced at a loss, says Sir Augustus Nanton, speaking at a joint meeting of Board of Control and Board of Trade Committee in an application to increase rates.

The extra cost at Winnipeg of coal, says the speaker—I am speaking of the old price—between Toronto and Winnipeg equals in every thousand cubic feet 24.2c per 1,000 cubic feet. Ammonia products that are saleable in the East and not here because there is not a market here and because transporting them to the East will not pay what it is worth, means it costs us 3½c per 1,000 cubic feet more than Toronto. The difference in the price of tar as to what can be got in the East and here is one-half cent. Labour cost is greater in Winnipeg than in Toronto—by 10c per thousand. Purification costs in Winnipeg one-half cent more than Toronto. General expenses, such as office supplies and our clerical work costs us equal to 2c more than Toronto. Heating of our holders costs us 2c more than Toronto. Renewals and repairs to buildings and plant and mains we estimate cost us one and one-half cent more than Toronto. In other words, it costs us 44½c per thousand cubic feet more than it does in Toronto.

If you take Toronto at 80c and add to it the additional cost to us in Winnipeg, your Winnipeg gas is relatively cheaper at $1.20 in Winnipeg than in Toronto at 80c, by 4.2c per 1,000 cubic feet.

IT might not be an unreasonable suggestion, says the New York Sun's special correspondent, for America to recruit a salvage brigade of trained junkmen to come to Europe and clear up the mess that has been made. The countries that have been at war for nearly three years cannot spare the labour to do this work, and when peace comes their men and women will be needed for more vital industries. Or if it is not practical to recruit a junkers' brigade the work might be allotted by competitive bidding to companies organized for the purpose. Contracts could be let for each ruined city at an enormous profit to the districts involved and to the contractors.

For instance, there is a vast fortune to be made in recovering the wine bottles that have been left by the million all over the French and Belgian territory through which the war has raged. On the road from Albert to Bapaume there are mountains of bottles and broken glass. Most of the unbroken bottles are to-day worth from 25 to 30 cents each. It is simply astounding to go through the wreckage of houses of Bapaume that before the German evacuation were used as billets for Hun officers and men. Entire rooms are piled high with champagne bottles that would bring in France three francs apiece. In one room, which is now the home of ten Australian soldiers, there are no less than 4,000 wine bottles piled up along the walls like cordwood, and this repository is only a small one compared with the dumps in other places.

Practically no attention is being paid by the army salvage corps to debris of this kind. Old iron, steel and lead are simply left to be destroyed by rust or covered with dirt thrown up by shells. All the junkmen in the world working night and day couldn't clean up the Bapaume region in a year, and it is probable that when the period of reconstruction begins this blot on the face of the earth will be covered up and no attempt made to recover anything.

BUILDING operations in Winnipeg, says Canadian Finance, have practically come to a standstill during the past week, owing to the strike of labourers for a wage of 40 cents per hour and a 9-hour day. The men were formerly receiving 27½ cents per hour. Building was being partially carried on up till last Saturday as plumbers and carpenters were still working, but these two trades, together with that of the electrical workers, have now struck in sympathy with the labourers and the plasterers and cement workers, it is stated, will follow their lead unless an agreement is shortly arrived at between the Builders' Exchange and the labourers' union.

A VANCOUVER correspondent states that conditions in the lumber industry are very encouraging, the majority of mills having plenty of orders on hand, and broadly speaking, as much business as they can handle. The output is sold well ahead and prices are on a more satisfactory basis than formerly, a further increase being looked for within the next few months. A larger proportion of trade is now on cash rather than credit basis. The most serious problem of the trade in this province at the present time is the shortage of labour. It is stated by the trade, that at least one thousand additional men could be employed in the industry at once if available.

IN connection with the plans of the new British-American Nickel Corporation, it is stated up to a week ago the company was planning to start with a plant costing $6,000,000 or $7,000,000, but the discovery at the main mine of five million tons of nickel ore in excess of the engineers' estimate is likely to result in a revision of the corporation's programme and the erection of a much larger plant than has been contemplated heretofore. When the plant is completed, the works and properties of the company will represent an investment of between $12,000,000 and $16,000,000. Within two years' time the officers of the corporation expect to be producing 6,000 tons of refined nickel yearly.

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He Prefers Latin

SHALL our boys and girls learn English by means of English, or by means of some other language? is asked by being answered at the hands of Cyril E. Robinson, assistant master at Winchester. He says in the Nineteenth Century in a long article, that a high percentage of our English literature—especially poetry in its highest form, is unfit for text-book study. "How much of our literature," he asks, "is suitable for analysis by boys? Certainly not Keats, nor Browning, nor Carlyle, nor De Quincey, nor much of Tennyson, nor the theological Milton, nor lovesick Shelley. Much of what is suitable is history pure and simple; and in much else the matter is far above their heads. . . .

"In short it is evident, and I think indisputable, that the quickest way to instruct a boy in the careful use of words and sentences is translation from another language. By this means he learns the identity between ideas and things, between words and realities."

Evidently the writer refers not to the teaching of literature, but to composition. This was always a vexed point in our pedagogy. The two fitted together so curiously. Which comes first in order? Mr. Robinson says—composition. He wants the youth to have an instrument before he teaches him to play.

Very well. There is room for acres of debate here. We pass on to follow Mr. R.'s logic. If most of our English is unsuited for composition-teaching and syntactical instruction, and we must go to other tongues for the purpose, obviously we shall not choose Choctaw or Filipino.

You gather at once that Mr. R. is knocking down a few nine pins when he says that modern languages suffer as a whole from the same drawback we have noted in English. They resemble our own tongue so closely in general style and structure that, when once the meaning of the words is grasped, the logic of the sentences can be interpreted with the same facility. Even for a school-boy it places no great strain on the attention to read a French novel, provided he is tolerably familiar with the French vocabulary. French is not a fully inflicted language; its syntax is in comparison to Latin, easy to acquire. The only real difficulty lies in accent and idiom. Either of these can be got far more easily by six months in Paris than by six years in a class-room."

So out go the moderns in a jiffy and of course we are reduced by elimination to the classics. Ergo, we infer that Mr. Robinson is a classical master. He gives a very lucid explanation of how a Latin sentence is constructed when he says:

A Latin sentence resembles a jigsaw puzzle. If the translator starts by contemplating merely the form, the logical structure of the parts, he will obtain a correct solution. If, as it were, he thinks only of the colour and links the words at haphazard according to some vague notion of the sense, he will sooner or later fall into a blunder. If he follows the right method, using inflexions, moods and the rest as a key to his solution, he is all the time employed in accurate reasoning; and we have in Classics something of the same certitude of inference which is the chief mark of Mathematics. It is upon this ground that Classics can claim their greatest advantage over the partially inflected languages.

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CHESS

(Continued from page 19.)

readers who solve the problems. We will give due recognition in this column to those successful, and point out to others where they have erred. The compositions we select, generally speaking, have not the difficulty comparative with the strategy they contain. Our selection above is a remarkable achievement in the Pittsburgh Gazette-Times Ty., self-block with battery mates task. Fink gets six self-blocks from his two batteries, four from the upper one, Queen and Rook!

SOLUTIONS.

Problem No. 143, by V. Noto.

1. Q—KR5!! PxQ dbl. ch.; 2. K—B3, Rchs; 3. KtxR or B6 mate.

1. ..., KxKt; 2. Q—K5ch, KxQ; 3. R—K2 mate.

1. ..., threat; 2. Q—R3ch, KxKt; 3. R—K2 mate.

Mr. A. C. White, in "The White King," points out the following odd example, where, by means of the en passant capture, Black gives double check without either of the checking pieces moving.

By W. Pauly.

White: K at KB5; Q at Ksq; Rs at QR5 and KR6; Bs at QR2 and QKt2; Kts at K3 and KB5; Ps at QB6. Q2, KB2, KB6, KKt3 and KR5. Black: K at K4; R at QB6; B at KKt8; Kts at Q8 and KR6; Ps at QR2, QB5 and KB2. Mate in three. (1. P—B3, BxKtch; 2. P—Q4ch, PxP e. p. dbl. ch); 3. K—Kt4 mate. 1. KtxB; 2. P—Q4ch, PxP e.p. ch; 3. QxR mate. 1 ..., KtxKt; 2. Kt—Kt7, any; 3. BxR mate. 1. ..., Kt—B5; 2. PxKtch, any; 3. Q or Kt mates). This first appeared in "Running the Gauntlet," 1911, and was the only example at the time. The construction must have been difficult.

Lasker v. Tarrasch.

From various sources, the "democratic world" has received three of the games from the match between Dr. Emanuel Lasker, the world's champion, and Dr. S. Tarrasch, played in Berlin a few months back. Score: Lasker 5, Tarrasch 0, drawn 1. The following is the most interesting of the three, Dr. Tarrasch's solitary draw:

Ruy Lopez.

White. S. Tarrasch.	Black. E. Lasker.
1. P—K4	1. P—K4
2. Kt—KB3	2. Kt—QB3
3. B—Kt5	3. P—QR3
4. B—R4	4. Kt—B3
5. Castles.	5. B—K2
6. R—Ksq	6. P—QKt4
7. B—Kt3	7. P—Q3
8. P—B3	8. Kt—QR4
9. B—B2	9. P—B4
10. P—Q4	10. Q—B2
11. P—QR4-(a)	11. P—Kt5-(b)
12. PxKtP	12. PxKtP
13. P—R3	13. Castles.
14. B—Kt5	14. R—Ksq-(c)
15. QKt—Q2	15. Kt—Q2
16. BxB	16. RxB
17. R—QBsq	17. Q—Kt3
18. Kt—Bsq	18. B—Kt2-(d)
19. Kt—K3	19. P—Kt3
20. PxP-(e)	20. PxP
21. Kt—Q5	21. BxKt
22. QxB	22. R—Qsq
23. B—Ktsq	23. R—K3-(f)
24. KR—Qsq	24. Kt—Kt2
25. Q—B4	25. Kt—Bsq-(g)
26. RxR	26. KtxR
27. Q—B7	27. QxQ
28. RxQ	28. R—Q3
29. B—R2	29. Kt (Bsq)—K3
30. R—B8	30. R—Q8ch
31. K—R2	31. K—Kt2
32. B—B4	32. K—B3
33. P—QKt3-(h)	33. Kt—Kt2
34. BxP	34. Kt—Q3
35. R—QKt8	35. KtxP
36. B—K2	36. R—QR8
37. RxP	37. KtxP
38. K—Kt3-(i)	38. Kt—R8ch
39. K—R2	39. Kt—B7
40. K—Kt3	Drawn.

(a) In their world's championship match, 1908, Lasker, as White, adopted the more frequent 11. QKt—Q2, sacrificing a Pawn for attack with the following continuation: 11. QKt—Q2, Kt—B3; 12. P—KR3, Castles; 13. Kt—Bsq, BPxP; 14. PxP, KtxQP; 15. KtxKt, PxKt; 16. B—Kt5.

(b) This continuation is advocated, but is not to our fancy. 11. ..., R—QKtsq can be played. If 12. RPxP, RPxP; 13. PxKP, PxP; 14. KtxP, then 14. ..., QxKt; 15. RxKt, Kt—Kt5; 16. P—KB4, Q—B2! 17. R—Rsq (not 17. P—QKt4, PxP; 18. PxP, B—B4ch!), Castles with the preferable game.

(c) The defence is a difficult one. This seems the least unfavorable method of relieving the restraint from the White Queen's Bishop.

(d) We suggest as here as preferable 18. ..., PxP; 19. KtxP, P—Kt3; 20. Kt—K3, B—Kt2, followed by 21. ..., QR—Ksq.

(e) Now White exchanges Pawns instead and gets his Queen in a commanding position, whilst Black's forces are disorganized.

(f) If the King's Knight moves, then 24. Q—B5 would win a Pawn.

(g) Black has not much choice. If 25. ..., KKt—B4, then 26. RxR, QxR; 27. QxKtP, R—Kt3; 28. Q—B4 (A.C.B.).

(h) At the psychological moment, White wavers and misses his opportunity. Instead, he should have continued with 33. BxP, R—QKt8; 34. B—B4 (If 34. R—B2, then 34. ..., P—Kt6; 35. R—Q2, Kt—B3), RxP; 35. P—R5, R—Kt8; 36. P—R6, R—QR8; 37. R—Kt8, R—R5; 38. R—Kt6, practically rendering all Black's pieces useless. (A.C.B.)

(i) If 38. R—Kt6, then 38. ..., R—R8ch; 39. K—Kt3, Kt—K5ch; 40. K—R4, P—Kt4ch; 41. K—Kt4, P—R4ch, winning the Bishop, with the White King in a mating net. Similar possibilities also restrict White on his next move.

(Notes marked (A.C.B.) are from the American Chess Bulletin, and notes (f) and (i) are based on theirs.)

Petrograd Not Russia

(Concluded from page 4.)

ficult one, but it is easier than the other road along the Struma and into western Bulgaria.

A study of the inner recesses of the German official and military mind would now be of surpassing interest, if it were only possible to make it. Certainly that mind is not expressed by the Pan-German ravings for a "Hindenburg peace," whatever that may be. Von Bethman Hollweg allowed us a glimpse of his own mental processes by his bitter reply to the Pan-Germans that the first step to the indemnities and annexations for which they were clamouring was to win the war. Evidently he did not think that the prospect was a very roseate one. How could he? The German armies have now manifestly lost the habit of victory. They must have lost also the expectation of it. The story of the war in the west has now a certain sameness about it that is almost monotonous. The British win a section of ground with heavy losses to their enemies. The German counter attack, and are repulsed with still heavier losses. And so it goes day after day. The same process is repeated, although lately with somewhat less emphasis in the south, where the French have their eyes fixed upon Laon. Have the Germans any real belief that they can stop this disastrous process? Of course they have not. They know that they can not stop it. They must be far more occupied in plans for retreat than for advance. They know that they can not for long stave off a general falling back of their whole line, and I believe that this is imminent. They have been prodigally consuming their drafts and their reserves. They have so far weakened their eastern lines that Hindenburg's offer of an armistice to the Russians while they are holding their elections becomes almost laughable in its transparency. The German armies in the west can never be stronger than they are now, and yet they are not strong enough to resist any one of the blows levelled at them by the British. Day by day they are being beaten by warehousemen and clerks and farmers who had hardly even seen a military rifle until a year or so ago. And the mighty and invincible Prussian Guard has no better luck than the rest of them.

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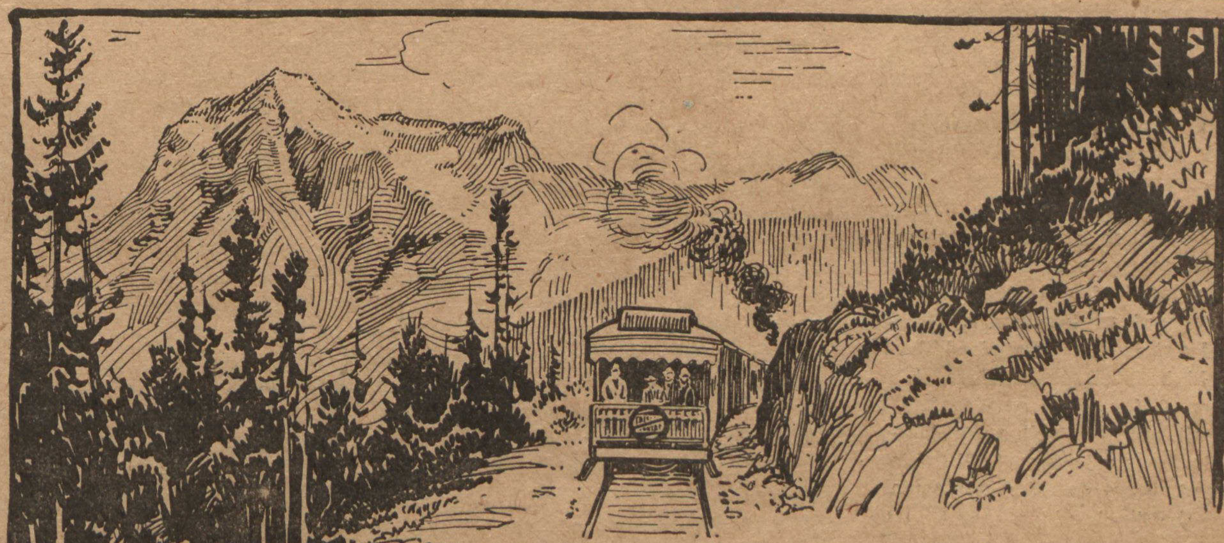

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CANADIAN NORTHERN RAILWAY

NUMBER 70, BERLIN

By WILLIAM LE QUEUX

CHAPTER XVIII.

Tom Small Receives Visitors.

THE super-spy, having concluded his work, sat with the old fisherman beside the wood-fire in the little low-pitched living-room that smelt so strongly of fish and tar.

Old Tom Small presented a picturesque figure in his long sea-boots, on which the salt stood in grey crystals, and his tanned blouse; for, only an hour ago, he had helped Ted to haul up the boat in which, on the previous night, they had been out baiting their crab-pots. Ruddy and cheery-looking, his grey hair was scanty on top, and his knotty hands, hardened by the sea, were brown and hairy. He was a fine specimen of the North Sea fisherman and being one of "nature's gentlemen," he was polite to his visitor, though at heart he entertained the deepest and undying contempt for the man by whose craft and cunning the enemy were being kept informed of the movements of Britain's defensive forces, both on land and at sea.

Now that it was too late, he had at last awakened to the subtle manner in which he had been inveigled into the net so cleverly spread to catch both his son and himself. Ted, his son, had been sent to the cable-school at Glasgow and there instructed, while, at the same time, he and his father had fallen into the money-lender's spider-web, stretched purposely to entrap him.

What could the old fellow do to extricate himself? He and Ted often, in the evening hours, before the fire, while the storm howled and tore about that lonely cottage on the beach, had discussed the situation. They had both, in their half-hearted way, sought to discover a means out of the impasse. Yet with the threat of Rodwell—that they would both be prosecuted and shot as traitors—hanging over them, the result of their deliberation was always the same. They were compelled to remain silent, and to suffer.

They cursed their visitor who came there so constantly and sent his mysterious messages under the sea. Yet they were compelled to accept the ten pounds a week which he paid them so regularly, with a frequent extra sovereign to the younger man. Both father and son hesitated about taking the tainted money. Yet they dared not raise a word of protest. Besides, in the event of an invasion by Germany, had not Rodwell promised that they should be protected, and receive ample reward for their services?

Old Small and Rodwell were talking, the latter stretching forth his white hand towards the welcome warmth of the flaming logs.

"You must continue to still keep your daughter Mary away from here, Tom," the visitor was saying. "Send her anywhere you like. But I don't want her prying about here just now. You understand! You've got a married daughter at Bristol, haven't you?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, send her down there for a long stay. I'll pay all expenses. So book the whole of it down to me. Here's twenty pounds to go on with"; and, taking his bank-note case from his pocket, he drew forth four five-pound notes.

"Yes, sir; but she may think it funny—and——"

"Funny!" cried his visitor. "Remember that you're paid to see that she doesn't think it funny. Have her back here, say next Tuesday, for a couple of days, and then send her off on a visit down to Bristol. You and Ted are able to rub along together very well without her."

NEXT WEEK

A NEW SERIAL

THE YUKON TRAIL

By William MacLeod Raine

Near enough to Canada to be just about Canadian The chief character—though not the hero—is Colby Macdonald, a Canadian. The kind of story that might have been blood-and-thunder, but was saved by the skill of the writer who made a trail novel of it.

"Well—we feels the miss o' the girl," replied the old fellow, who, though honest and loyal, had fallen hopelessly into the trap which German double-dealing had prepared for him.

"Of course you do. I should—were I in your place," was Rodwell's response. "But the confidential business in which you and I are engaged just now is not one in which a woman has any concern. She's out of place here; and, moreover, few women can keep a still tongue. Just reflect a moment. Suppose she told some friend of hers what was in progress under your roof? Well, the police would soon be out here to investigate, and you'd both find yourselves under arrest. No," he added. "Keep your girl away from here—keep her away at all costs. That's my advice."

"Very well, sir, I will," replied the wrinkled old fellow, rubbing the knees of his stained trousers with his hands, and drawing at his rather foul pipe. "I quite see your point. I'll get the girl away to Bristol this week."

"Oh! and there's another thing. I'd better remain in here all day to-day, for I don't want to be seen wandering about by anybody. They might suspect something. So if anyone happens to come in, mind they have no suspicion of my being here."

"All right, sir. Leave that to me."

"To-night, about ten or eleven, I'm expecting a lady down from London. She's bringing me some important news. So you'd better get something or other for her to eat."

"A bit o' nice fish, perhaps?" the old fellow suggested as a luxury.

"Well—something that she can eat, you know."

"I'll boil two or three nice fresh crabs. The lady may like 'em, if I dress 'em nice."

"Excellent!" laughed Rodwell. Truly his was a strange life. One day he ate a perfectly-cooked dinner in Bruton Street, and the next he enjoyed fat bacon cooked by a fisherman in his cottage.

OLD TOM, glancing through the window out upon the grey, misty sea, remarked:

"Hulloa! There's that patrol a-comin' back. For two days they've been up and down from the Spurn to the Wash. Old Fred Turner, on the Seamew, what's a mine-sweeper nowadays, hailed me last night when we were baitin' our pots. He got three mines yesterday. Those devils have sown death haphazard!"

"Devils!" echoed Rodwell, in a reproachful tone. "The Germans are only devils because we are out to win."

"I'm sorry, sir," exclaimed the old fellow, biting his lip. "I didn't think when I spoke."

"But, Tom, you should never speak before you think. It lands you into trouble always," his visitor said, severely.

"Yes, I—— But—I say—look!" cried the old man, starting forward, and craning his neck towards the window. "Why, if there ain't that there Judd, the coastguard petty-officer from Chapel Point again! An' he's a-comin' across 'ere, too."

"I'll get into the bedroom," whispered Rodwell, rising instantly, and bending as he passed the window, so as not to be seen. "Get rid of him—get rid of him as soon as ever you can."

"'E's got a gentleman with him," old Tom added.

"Don't breathe a word that I'm here," urged the spy, and then, slipping into the stuffy little bedroom, he closed the door and turned the key. Afterwards he stood listening eagerly for the arrival of the visitors.

IN a few moments there was a loud knocking on the tarred door, and, with a grunt, Tom rose to open it.

"Hulloa, Tom!" cried the petty-officer of the coastguard, cheerily. "'Morning! How are you?"

"Oh! pretty nicely, Muster Judd—if it warn't for my confounded rheumatics. An' now, to cap it all, I've got my girl laid up 'ere very bad. She only got 'ome last night."

"Oh!" exclaimed Mr. Judd. "But I thought you had a gentleman visitor this morning?"

"Gentleman visitor? Yes. I've 'ad the doctor to my girl—a visitor I've got to pay—if that's what you mean. She's been awful bad all night, an' Ted's now gone into Skegness for some med'cine for 'er."

The man who accompanied the coastguard-officer remarked:

"This is a lonely house of yours, Mr. Small. A long way from the doctor—eh?"

"It is, sir, an' no mistake. We don't see many people out 'ere, except Mr. Judd, or Mr. Bennett—or one o' the men on patrol."

Then, being compelled to ask the pair inside, for it had started to rain heavily, Tom Small sat with them chatting, yet full of wonder why they had called at that early hour.

The man in the next room stood breathless behind the door, listening to all their conversation. It was quite plain that he had been seen to enter there, whereupon the coastguard's suspicions had been aroused. He scented considerable danger. Yet his adventurous spirit was such that he smiled amusedly at old Small's story of his sick daughter, and of the visit of the doctor.

Judd, seated in the chair which Rodwell had occupied until he had vacated it in alarm, suddenly turned to old Tom, and said:

"This gentleman here is my superior officer, Tom, and he wants to ask you something, I think."

"Yes, sir, what is it?" asked the crafty old fisherman, turning to the man in plain clothes.

"You had a visitor here last Thursday—a gentleman. Who was he?" asked the stranger, suddenly.

"Last Thursday," repeated Small, reflectively. "Now let me see. Who came 'ere last Thursday? Weren't we both out fishin'? No," he added: "I know! Yes, we did 'ave someone come—Mr. Jennings, of course."

"And who is Mr. Jennings?"

"Why, 'e comes regularly from Lincoln for our insurances."

The petty officer exchanged meaning glances with his superior, who then asked—

"Aren't you in the habit of receiving visits from a gentleman—somebody who's been seen about here in a closed car, painted pale grey?"

"No car 'as ever come 'ere, sir," declared the old man, blankly. "Folk in cars don't come to visit people like Tom Small."

"And yet you are not quite so poorly off as you pretend to be, Mr. Small," remarked his questioner. "What about that nice little balance you have in the bank—eh?"

"Well, I've earned it, therefore I don't see why it should concern you," protested the old fellow, angrily.

"Just now it does concern me," was the other's rather hard reply—words to which the man in the inner room listened with breathless concern.

Was it possible that the existence of the secret cable was suspected? Had Tom, or his son, been indiscreet? No; he felt sure they had not. They had everything to lose by disclosing anything. And yet those two visitors were bent upon extracting some information from him. Of what nature he was not quite clear.

An awful thought occurred to him that he had left his cap in the sitting-room, but, on glancing round, he was relieved to see that he had carried it into the bedroom when he had sat down at the instruments.

What would those two men say, if they only knew that, within a few yards of them, was the end of a cable which ran direct to Berlin?

While the rain continued pelting down for perhaps a quarter of an hour, the pair sat chatting with Small. It was evident that the naval officer was disappointed with the result of his visit, for the old fisherman answered quite frankly, and had given explanation of his two visitors which could not well be met with disbelief.

"Are you gentlemen a-lookin' for German spies, then?" asked old Small at last, as though sorely puzzled at the questions that had been put to him.

"We're always on the look out for those devil's spawn," answered Judd. "There was a Dutch trawler off here last night, and she wasn't up to any good—I'm sure of that."

"PERHAPS it's the same craft as wor 'ere about a fortnight back. She flew the Dutch flag, but I believe she wor a waitin' for a German submarine, in order to give 'er petrol. They were a talkin' about 'er in the

Anchor on Saturday night. Bill Chesney was out fishin' an' got right near 'er. I think one o' the patrol boats ought to ha' boarded 'er."

"She was seen off the Spurn, and was then flying the British flag," remarked Judd's superior officer.

"Ah! There you are!" cried Small. "I was certain she was up to no good! Those Germans are up to every bit o' craft and cunnin'. Did you gentlemen think that Mr. Jennings, from Lincoln, was a German spy?" he asked, naively.

"No, not particularly," replied his visitor. "Only when strangers come along here, in the prohibited area, we naturally like to know who and what they are."

"Quite so, sir. An' if I see any stranger a-prowlin' about 'ere in future, I won't fail to let Mr. Judd know of 'im."

"That's right, Small," was the officer's response. "There are lots of rumours around the coast of our fishermen giving assistance to the enemy by supplying them with petrol and other things, but, as far as I can gather, such reports are disgraceful libels upon a very hard-working and deserving class. We know that some of them put down tackle in Torbay, and elsewhere, when they learn the fleet is coming in, so that they may obtain compensation for damage caused to their nets. But as to their loyalty, I don't think anyone can challenge that."

"I 'ope not, sir," was Small's fervent reply. "There ain't a fisherman who wouldn't bear his part against the enemy, if he could—an' bear it well, too."

THE clean-shaven officer reflected for a few moments.

"You've never, to your recollection, seen a pale grey closed-up car anywhere about here, have you?" he asked at last.

"Never, sir."

"Quite sure?"

"Positive, sir. The roads about 'ere are not made for cars," was the old fellow's reply. "I certainly did see a car one night, about six weeks ago. The man had lost his way an' was driving straight down to the sea. He wanted to get to Cleethorpes. They were Navy men from the wireless station, I think."

The old man's manner and speech had entirely disarmed suspicion, and presently the pair rose, and bidding him good-bye, and urging him to keep a sharp look-out for strangers, they left.

The moment they were safely away, Rodwell emerged from the bed-room, and in a low, apprehensive voice, asked:

"What does all this mean, Tom—eh?"

"Don't know, sir. That Judd's been about here constantly of late. 'E's up to no good, I'm sure. I've told you, weeks ago, that I didn't like the look o' things—an' I don't!"

Rodwell saw that the old fellow was pale and alarmed. He had preserved an impenetrable mask before his two visitors, but now they had gone he was full of fear.

Rodwell, as he stood in the low-pitched little room, recollected certain misgivings which Molly had uttered on the previous night, just before he had left Bruton Street. His first impulse now was to leave the house and slip away across the fen. Yet if he did somebody must certainly see him.

Shall you get off now, sir?" asked the old man, suddenly.

"Not till to-night," was the other's reply. "It would be a bit dangerous, so I must lay doggo here till dusk, and then escape."

"Do you think they really suspect us, sir?" asked the old fellow, in a voice which betrayed his fear.

"No. So don't alarm yourself in the least," replied the gentleman from London. "I suppose I've been seen about, and my car has been noticed on the roads. There's no danger, as long as I'm not seen again here for a bit. I'll get through to Stendel, and let him know that I shan't be back again for a fortnight or so."

"Yes; you must certainly keep away from 'ere," Tom urged. "They'll be a-watchin' of us, no doubt."

"I've got a lady coming here, as I told you—Mrs. Kirby, to whom you telegraph sometimes. She won't get here till night, and I must wait for her. She'll have some urgent information to send across to the other side. Penney will meet her in Lincoln, where she'll arrive by train, and he'll bring her on by car."

"You'd better keep to the bedroom," urged the old man. "They might come back later on."

"Yes: I won't be seen," and returning to the stuffy little room, he reopened the cable instruments and soon got into communication with Stendel, in order to pass away the time which he knew must hang heavily upon his hands, for even then it was not yet nine o'clock in the morning.

He sat smoking and gossiping with the old fisherman nearly all the day, impatient for the coming of darkness, for his imprisonment there was already becoming irksome.

It grew dusk early when, about four o'clock, a footstep outside caused them both to start and listen. In answer to the summons at the door Tom went, and was handed a telegram by the boy messenger from Huttoft.

Opening it, he found it had been despatched from London, and read:

"Impossible to leave till to-morrow. —M."

He gave it to Rodwell, who at once saw that the woman he expected had been delayed. Probably she had not yet been able to gather that important information which was wanted so urgently in Berlin.

The telegram puzzled him. Was it possible that the arrangements which he had made with such cunning and forethought, and had left to Molly to carry out, had broken down after all?

Lewin Rodwell bit his lip, and wondered. He seemed that day beset by misfortune, for when at five o'clock, Ted having returned, he tested the cable as usual, a call came through from Berlin.

Rodwell answered it, whereupon "Number 70" flashed the following message beneath the sea.

"Your information of this morning regarding troop-ships leaving Plymouth for Dardanelles is incorrect. Desborough was torpedoed off Canary Islands on Jan. 18th, and Ellenborough is in dry dock in Belfast. Source of your report evidently unreliable."

Rodwell read the words upon the long green tape as it slowly unwound, and sat staring at them like a man in a dream.

CHAPTER XIX.

Days of Darkness.

ON the same afternoon that Lewin Rodwell was stretching himself, impatient and somewhat nervous, in the lonely little house on the beach, Elise Shearman, pale and apprehensive, was seated in Sir Houston Bird's consulting-room in Cavendish Square.

The spruce, young-looking pathologist, clean-shaven and grave, with hair streaked with grey, was listening intently to the girl's words. It was her second visit to him that day. In his waiting-room were half a dozen persons who had come to consult him, but the blue-eyed young lady had been ushered straight into the sanctum of the great Home Office expert.

"Curious! Very curious!" he remarked, as he listened to her. "That anonymous letter you brought this morning I have already taken to Whitehall. The whole affair seems a complete mystery, Miss Shearman. No doubt the charge against young Sainsbury is a very serious one, but that you should have been given warning is most strange. Since I saw you this morning I've had a visit from Mr. Trustram, whom I called up on the 'phone, and we have had a long consultation."

"What is your opinion?" she asked, breathlessly.

"WILL you forgive me, Miss Shearman if, for the present, I refrain from answering that question?" asked the great doctor, with a smile. He was sitting at his table with one elbow resting upon it and half turned towards her, as was his habit when diagnosing a case. The room was small, old-fashioned, and depressingly sombre in the gloom of the wintry afternoon.

"But do you think Jack will ever clear himself of these horrible charges?" she asked, pale and anxious.

"I hope so. But at present I can give no definite opinion."

"But if he can't, he'll go to penal servitude!" cried the girl. "Ah! how I have suffered since his arrest! Father will hear no word in his favour. He daily tells me that Jack is a spy of Germany, and as such deserves full punishment."

"Mr. Trustram has found out from the War Office that his trial by court-martial begins at the Old Bailey to-morrow."

"Yes, I know. Mr. Pelham, his counsel, called on me just after lunch, and told me so," said the girl, tearfully. "But oh! he seemed so hopeless of the result. The prosecution, he said, would bring forward the most damning evidence against him. Can it be true, Sir Houston? Do you really think it is true?"

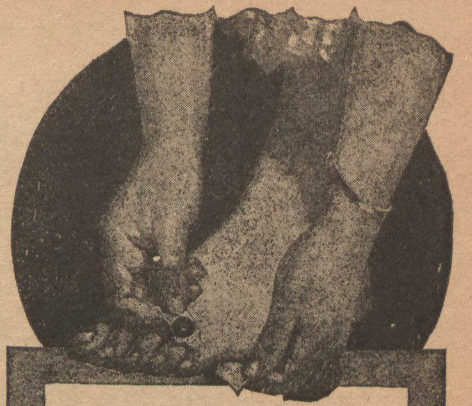
"No, I don't," was the prompt, straightforward answer. "Nothing will ever cause me to suspect Sainsbury to be guilty of espionage. He's far too good an Englishman to accept German gold."

"Then you believe him to be innocent!" cried the girl, her fair countenance brightening with a ray of hope.

"Yes, I do. He's the victim of some dastardly plot. That's my firm belief. And yet it is so strange that his friend Jerrold committed suicide."

"But was Dr. Jerrold a spy? That is the question!"

"It seems quite true that a warrant



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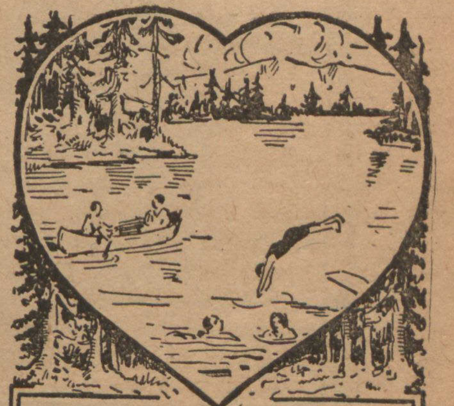

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had been issued for his arrest upon a charge of war-treason," Sir Houston replied. "Why didn't he try and face it?"

The girl, pale and agitated, sat in silence, her gloved hands lying idly on her lap before her. Those awful weeks of anxiety had left traces upon her face, now thin and worn. And she felt that her lover's fate was sealed unless he could clear himself. In desperation she had sought the great doctor, and he had been most thoughtful and sympathetic.

"I think," he went on, in a kindly voice, "I think it would be best, Miss Shearman, if you went home, and remained there in patience. You know that Mr. Pelham is a sharp lawyer, and, being quite alive to the seriousness of the situation, he will do his very utmost for his client. Go quietly home, and await the result of our combined efforts," he urged, sympathetically. "I am meeting Mr. Trustram again at five o'clock. Believe me, Mr. Trustram is not inactive, while I, too, am doing my level best in your lover's interests."

"Oh! thank you," cried the girl, tears standing in her fine blue eyes. "You are both so good! I—I don't know how to thank you both," and, unable to further restrain her emotion, she suddenly burst into tears.

Quickly he rose and, placing his hand tenderly upon her shoulder, he uttered kind and sympathetic words, by which she was at length calmed; and presently she rose and left the room, Sir Houston promising to report to her on the morrow.

"Now, don't alarm yourself unduly," was his parting injunction. "Just remain quite calm and patient, for I assure you that all that can be done will be done, and is, indeed, being done."

And then, when the door had closed, the great pathologist drew his hand wearily across his white brow, sighed, buttoned his perfectly-fitting morning coat, glanced at himself in the glass to see that his hair was unruffled—for he was a bit of a dandy—and then pressed the bell for his next patient.

Meanwhile, Charles Trustram was working in his big airy private room at the Admiralty. Many men in naval uniform were ever coming and going, for his room was always the scene of great, but quiet, orderly activity.

At his big table he was examining documents, signing some, dictating letters to his secretary, and discussing matters put forward by the officials who brought him papers to read and initial.

Presently there entered a lieutenant with a pale yellow naval signal-form, upon which was written a long message from the wireless department.

THOSE long, spidery aerial wires suspended between the domes at the Admiralty, had caught and intercepted a German message sent out from Norddeich, the big German station at the mouth of the Elbe, to Pola, on the Adriatic. It had been in code,

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of course, but in the department it had been de-coded; and the enemy's message, as the officer placed it before him, was a truly illuminating one.

"I think this is what you wanted," said the lieutenant, as he placed the paper before him. "It came in an hour ago, but they've found great difficulty in de-coding it. That is what you meant—is it not?"

"Good Heavens! Yes!" cried Trustram, starting to his feet. "Why, here the information has been sent to Austria for re-transmission to the German submarines—the exact information I gave of transports leaving for the Dardanelles! The Ellenborough and Desborough are not mentioned. That shows the extent of their intimate knowledge of the movements of our ships. But you see," he went on, pointing to the message, "the Cardigan, Lamberhead and Turleigh are all mentioned as having left Southampton escorted to Gibraltar, and not beyond, and further, that in future all drafts will embark at Plymouth—just the very information that I gave!"

"Yes; I quite see. There must be somewhere a very rapid and secret channel for the transit of information to Germany."

"Yes, and we have to find that out, without further delay," Trustram replied. "But," he added, "this has fixed the responsibility undoubtedly. Is Captain Weardale in his room?"

"He was, when I came along to you."

Trustram thanked him, and a few moments later, was walking down one of the long corridors in the new building of the Admiralty overlooking St. James's Park, bearing the deciphered dispatch from the enemy in his hand.

"The artful skunk!" he muttered to himself. "Who would have credited such a thing! But it's that confounded woman, I suppose—the woman of whom poor Jerrold entertained such grave suspicions. What is the secret of it all, I wonder? I'll find out—if it costs me my life! How fortunate that I should have suspected, and been able to test the leakage of information, as I have done!"

JUST before midnight a rather hollow-eyed, well-dressed young man was seated in Mrs. Kirby's pretty little drawing-room in Cadogan Gardens. The dark plush curtains were drawn, and against them the big bowl of daffodils stood out in all their artistic beauty beneath the electric light. His hostess was elaborately dressed, as was her wont, yet with a quiet, subdued taste which gave her an almost aristocratic air. She posed as a giddy bridge-player, a theatre and night-club goer; a woman who smoked, who was careless of what people thought, and who took drugs secretly. That, however, was only her mask. Really she was a most careful, abstemious, level-headed woman, whose eye was always directed towards the main chance of obtaining information which might be of use to her friend Lewin Rodwell, and his masters abroad.

Both were German-born. The trail of the Hun was over them—that Teuton taint of a hopeful world-power which, being inborn, could never be eradicated.

(Concluded next week.)

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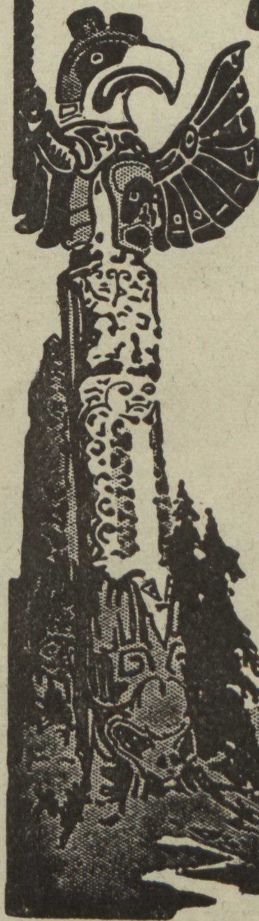

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