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CANADIAN COURIER

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TEN CENTS

March 2, 1918

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67 HOODLUM AVE
TORONTO
JUNE 18 1918



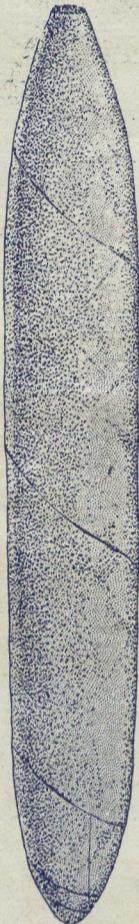
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ROGELIO, GIRARD & CO.
39 McCaul St. - - - Toronto

THE TORONTO RAILWAY COMPANY

REPORT OF THE PRESIDENT AND DIRECTORS
For the Year Ending 31st December, 1917.

YOUR Directors with pleasure submit the Twenty-sixth Annual Report, together with Balance Sheet and Profit and Loss Account of the Company, for the year ending 31st December, 1917.

While the gross income of the Company has shown an increase, the net income has been adversely affected owing to increase in wages and to the abnormal war conditions causing the price of all classes of supplies to advance very materially.

The gross earnings amounted to \$6,291,759.06
Charges for operating, maintenance, etc. 3,815,277.82

Net earnings		\$2,476,481.24
From which net earnings there was deducted the sum of \$2,293,918.98, distributed as follows:—		
Dividends	\$960,000.00	
Bond Interest, etc.	146,887.66	1,106,887.66
Payments to City:		
Percentage on earnings	\$970,512.41	
Pavement charges	98,840.80	
General Taxes	117,678.11	1,187,031.32
		<u>\$2,293,918.98</u>

The gross passenger earnings show an increase of \$321,057.39, being for the year \$6,202,562.67, compared with \$5,881,505.28 for the year 1916. When one has in mind the large number of our citizens who are still engaged in the war overseas, the income from the operation of the system must be recognized as satisfactory.

The operating charges have increased—(a) through the large increase in the wages of conductors, motormen and shop hands; (b) owing to the fact that in nearly every line of material used in the upkeep of the Company's plant, the price has advanced greatly—in some cases the material used has increased over 200 per cent.

The operating and maintenance cost for the year amounted to the sum of \$3,815,277.82, an increase of 4.5 per cent. over the cost of operation in 1916.

The payments made to the City of Toronto amounted to the sum of \$1,187,031.32, which when compared with payments made during the previous year, shows an increase of \$74,021.57.

The seventh drawing of the Company's currency and sterling bonds, under the terms of the mortgage deed dated 1st September, 1892, took place on the 21st day of June. Under said terms the Company draws annually during the last ten years of its franchise, five per cent. (5%) of the amount of bonds issued, thus reducing during the ten years mentioned, the outstanding bonds to fifty per cent. (50%) of the original issue, and all bonds so drawn are to be redeemed on or after the 31st day of August following the date of drawing, from which date no interest is payable on bonds so drawn. There has been drawn to date a total of \$1,592,519.98.

Careful attention has been paid to the maintenance of the plant, rolling stock equipment and other properties of the Company.

Your Directors declared, out of the accumulated surplus earnings of the Company, four quarterly dividends of two per cent. (2%), all of which dividends were paid on the several dates set for payment.

A regular monthly audit and verification of the books, accounts and vouchers, was made by W. S. Andrews & Company, Chartered Accountants, and their certificate has been attached to the Company's balance sheet.

Respectfully submitted,
WILLIAM MACKENZIE,
President.

INCOME ACCOUNT.	
Gross earnings	\$6,291,759.06
Operating, maintenance, etc.	3,815,277.82
Interest on bonds, etc.	146,887.66
Percentage on earnings	970,512.41
Pavement, taxes	264,271.30
	<u>5,196,949.19</u>

PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT. 31st December, 1917.	
Balance from last year	\$5,408,873.68
Surplus earnings, after payment of all expenses, interest, taxes, etc.	1,094,809.87
	<u>\$6,503,683.55</u>
Dividends, four of 2 per cent. each, on the paid-up capital.....	\$ 960,000.00
Balance from 1916	\$5,408,873.68
Surplus carried forward	134,809.87
	<u>5,543,683.55</u>
	<u>\$6,503,683.55</u>

GENERAL STATEMENT—Year Ending 31st Dec., 1917.	
ASSETS.	
Road and equipment, real estate and buildings, including pavements, etc.	\$19,592,694.81
Advances to subsidiary companies	2,914,352.17
Stores in hand	\$ 213,526.23
Accounts receivable	199,893.43
Cash in hand and in bank	413,419.66
	860,776.93
	<u>\$23,781,243.57</u>
LIABILITIES.	
Capital Stock:	
Authorized and issued	\$12,000,000.00
Bonds outstanding, 4½ per cent. Sterling	\$1,927,200.01
Bonds outstanding, 4½ per cent. Currency	1,030,000.00
	2,957,200.01
Short Term Notes	1,500,000.00
Mortgage	70,000.00
Accounts and Wages payable	\$696,091.43
Accrued interest on Bonds	44,479.53
Dividend No. 86, payable 2nd January, 1918	240,000.00
	980,570.96
Reserves:	
Provision for renewals and ticket redemption	\$1,846,651.82
Less charges to date	1,391,645.06
	\$ 455,006.76
Insurance fund for injuries and damages	274,782.29
	729,789.05
Profit and Loss	5,543,683.55
	<u>\$23,781,243.57</u>

Certified correct,
W. S. ANDREWS & CO.,
Chartered Accountants.

The Board of Directors were elected as follows:—President, Sir William MacKenzie; Vice-President, Lt.-Col. The Hon. Frederic Nicholls; Brig.-Gen. Sir Henry M. Pellatt, C.V.O.; Hon. C. P. Beaubien, Frank W. Ross, E. R. Wood, Geo. H. Smithers. R. J. Fleming, General Manager; J. C. Grace, Secretary-Treasurer.

CANADIAN COURIER

Published fortnightly at 181 Simcoe St., Toronto, by the Courier Press, Limited.
Subscription Price—Canada and Great Britain \$1.00 per year, United States \$1.50 per year, other countries \$2.00 per year, payable in advance. **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.

CANADA NOT A NO-MAN'S LAND

ARTICLES about Canada are not necessarily Canadian. Stories about Canada can be circulated in any English-speaking country. Getting ex-Canadians who live in New York or Boston to write and illustrate things about a country which they did their best to forget long ago, is not getting far ahead in the business of interpreting Canada to Canadians.

We say this, because such things are done in the name of Canada. We say it in a condition of real acquaintance with the man over the border or across the "pond," who with profitable affection alludes to Canada as "We, Us and Co." And we publish the Canadian Courier as far as possible to show that Canada is not merely a copy-mine for foreign exploitation. It is the business of this paper to interpret Canada for Canadians by being on the spot ourselves and seeing to it that the highest possible percentage of our production comes right from this country by Canadians who may talk about Timbuctoo if they want to—but when they talk they talk as one of ourselves.

Canada has too long been a No-Man's Land between the trench lines. It is time we took stock of ourselves. It's all very easy to say that Canadian writers and artists are not equal to those in some other countries. And they never will be in our estimation until we Canadians open our eyes to what they can really do. If getting out a Canadian periodical is merely a matter of assembling a lot of more or less clever foreign-made stuff and giving it a Canadian label, we might as well move our plant to Detroit or Buffalo or Seattle or Boston. We could get out a paper in any of those places with less effort. We could even send it into Canada with a Canadian label. But it would not be Canadian and our readers would very soon find it out.

NEXT ISSUE WE SHALL HAVE

Camouflage in Medicine Advertisements

Time we Abolished Fortunes from the Gull Industry

Another Menace of the Movies

A New Kind of "Pub." on Other Corners

Two Views About Quebec

Each From a Different Angle and From 3000 Miles Distance

Canadian Choral Conductors Contrasted

H. A. Fricker and A. S. Vogt Under the Musical Microscope

An Irish Play, Illustrated

In Honor of St. Patrick's Day in the Morning

Cover Design, on Wearing of the Green

By Frank Carmichael



MADE IN CANADA
 Bread is the cheapest food known. Home bread baking reduces the high cost of living by lessening the amount of expensive meats required to supply the necessary nourishment to the body.
REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.
 E.W. GILLETT COMPANY LIMITED
 WINNIPEG TORONTO ONT. MONTREAL



THE wife of a successful young literary man had hired a buxom Dutch girl to do the housework. Several weeks passed and from seeing her master constantly about the house, the girl received an erroneous impression.

"Ogscuse me, Mrs. Blank," she said to her mistress one day, "but I like to say somedings."

"Well, Rena?"

The girl blushed, fumbled with her apron, and then replied, "Vell, you pay me four tollars a week—"

"Yes, and I really can't pay you any more."

"It's not dot," responded the girl; "but I be villing to take thee tollars till—till your husband gets vork."—
 Boston Transcript.

RENNIE'S SEEDS

For Better Gardens

"EVERY back yard should be used for the cultivation of fruits and vegetables"—says the Food Controller's Bulletin. Market Gardens must be worked to capacity. But all this effort is wasted unless the seeds sown are capable of producing sturdy, vigorous plants. Plant Rennie's War Garden Seeds and insure a full crop!

Cabbage		pkt.	¼ oz.	½ oz.	oz.	¼ lb
Danish Summer Roundhead	.10	0.90	2.75
Cauliflower						
Rennie's Danish Drouth-Resisting	.15 & .25	1.00	1.85	3.50	10.00	
Celery						
Paris Golden Yellow (Extra Select)	.15	.60	1.10	2.00		
Onion		pkt.	oz.	¼ lb.	lb.	
Rennie's Extra Early Red	.05	.35	1.00	3.75		
Radish—Cooper's Sparkler	.05	.20	.65	2.20		
Tomato—Market King	.10	.60	1.75			
Rennie's Improved Beefsteak	.10	.75	2.50			
Pansy —Rennie's XXX Exhibition Mixture					.25	
Sweet Peas —Rennie's XXX Spencer Mixture					.15	
Nasturtium —Rennie's XXX Chameleon Mixture					.10	
Stocks —Rennie's XXX Large Flowering Globe Mixture					.20	

For Planting Mar. 1st to Apr. 15th Order NOW!

LOOK FOR THE STARS

Our 1918 Catalogue should be in your hand by now. It is your patriotic duty to consult it at every opportunity. Our Government insists we must produce more. Start right, then, and be sure and sow good seed—RENNIE'S SEEDS. Look for the special star border bargains in our Catalogue—it will pay you to do so.

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World's Shortage Demands Wheat—More Wheat—More Wheat. Plant a Few Dollars Each Month in Fields of Wheat and Watch Them Grow. Stay at Home and Reap Your Profits—Later, Settle on Your Own Wheat Farm if You Wish.

Now, for the first time, the small investor can share in the big profits from grain-growing on a large scale, under modern methods, with power machinery; the maximum of production with the minimum of expense. Remember, the war must be won by arms and farms.

You can own a definite number of acres in Western Canada's largest grain farm. You can own a small, medium or large acreage, on easy payments, or for cash. Your crops will be put in for you, harvested and marketed, year by year. We will farm it for you; or, later on, if you want to, you can farm it yourself.

Get the Big Free Book That Tells the Story *It is Illustrated—It is Interesting—It is True*

You will have no taxes or insurance to pay, nor money tied up in tractors, plows or other machinery; nor in buildings or equipment, and no seed to buy, while we farm it for you. Our Big Free Book gives all details and necessary information covering these points and others.

The property consists of 50,000 acres, located in the famous Snipe Lake District of Saskatchewan—a district famous for its record yields of 25 to 65 bushels of wheat per acre. Wheat is now selling better than \$2.00 per bushel. Every acre of this land is tillable, free from stones, and there is no cost for clearing.

Western Canada Wins World's Prize For Wheat Growing

At Peoria, Illinois, Sept. 23, 1917, Western Canadian Farmers walked away with the Wheat Championship of the World, and took all the other Wheat Prizes besides at the Twelfth International Soil Products Exposition. They also took First Prize on Barley and Flax, and Sweepstakes on Oats and Rye. Our Big Book will lay before you a mass of evidence that will show you our every statement to be most conservative. You simply can't afford to miss this book, and you will read every word of it.

Help Yourself and Help Win the War

Idle land grows tax bills; cultivated land is the basis of all wealth. This is your opportunity to share in big paying crops by becoming a wheat land owner. Young men and old men, here is a chance to benefit yourselves and aid in winning the war. You can help grow wheat, and by saving a few dollars each month, you can produce a steady income, and provide a good home for your old age. You ought to dig down and dig up every dollar you can spare to speed the plows and turn the furrows where serried ranks of waving grain are grown in the sunshine of Saskatchewan. Saskatchewan is the banner wheat growing province of the world—that's a fact. The Snipe Lake District of Saskatchewan is the banner wheat district of Saskatchewan.

Ask Any Bank or Dun's or Bradstreet's Regarding This Organization

Trustee: The National Trust Company, Limited, Toronto, Canada, Capital and Reserve \$3,000,000, will hold title to the land purchased until conveyed to you.

Fiscal Agents: Baker, Vawter & Wolf, Certified Public Accountants, with offices in Chicago, New York and other important cities, will supervise the receipt and disbursement of all moneys and render each purchaser a certified annual statement.

Farming Organizations: J. E. Hauskins & Company, of Eston, Saskatchewan, will have entire charge of all farming operations. The farming will be done under the personal direction of Mr. J. E. Hauskins. Almost everyone in Western Canada will tell you about the successful record of Mr. Hauskins in the Field Management of big wheat farm properties. Associated with him are competent and experienced wheat growers, who have placed many thousand acres of Canadian wheat lands under the plow.

General Counsel: Tolman, Redfield & Sexton, of Chicago, who have drawn the contracts, and are in charge of all legal matters.

General Sales Agents: Oliver & Company, Dearborn and Washington Streets, Chicago, members of the Chicago Real Estate Board, and of the National Association of Real Estate Boards, with thirty years' experience in large real estate transactions.

Enlist Your Idle Dollars

Idle dollars are as costly as idle men, or idle lands. This plan is intended for those who wish to continue in their present work, and make a profitable investment, without leaving home. Under our plan you can start right now, and get your share of the profits, beginning with this Fall. Later on, we will turn over to you, if you wish to farm it yourself, an improved, cultivated, producing farm, ready for you to operate. You are spared the hardships and expense of pioneering, and your farm will be in a high state of cultivation when you move onto it.

Send for the Book

The Book—"WHEAT PROFIT AND PATRIOTISM"—will answer all your questions. It is Free, and sending for it will place you under no obligation whatsoever. Land values in Saskatchewan, it is freely predicted, will double in price after the war is over. Get in before the Big Rush, and get your share of this Prime Wheat Land and what it produces, and get it NOW—five acres, ten acres, a quarter section, half section, or section—as much as you want for cash or on easy payments, and have it farmed for you.

Remember, by sending in the coupon now, you will be given an opportunity to participate in the profits of this year's crop. Don't wait until to-morrow, and don't lose any time in getting our literature. It will cost you nothing.

WRITE NOW: Just send the coupon, or put your name and address on a post-card, and we will send the Big Illustrated Book by return mail.

Oliver & Company General Sales Agents

Dept. K. Dearborn and Washington Streets, Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.

FREE COUPON

OLIVER & COMPANY, Dept. K.,
Dearborn and Washington Sts., Chicago, Ill., U.S.A.

Gentlemen: Please send me by return mail your Big Free Book—"WHEAT PROFIT AND PATRIOTISM"—telling me how I can make money raising wheat without leaving home, and later on, if I wish, may own a wheat farm. This request places me under no obligation whatsoever.

Name

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of
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25 to 65
Bushels
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the
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Western
Canada
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Send
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for
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Wheat
Profit and
Patriotism



CANADIAN COURIER



VOL. XXIII. No. 11

MARCH 2, 1918

Ship this Country Ahead

SOME day soon Canadians will wake up, blink their eyes and find that they belong to one of the world's greatest nations, not in area alone, but in wealth and power—a regular whale of a nation.

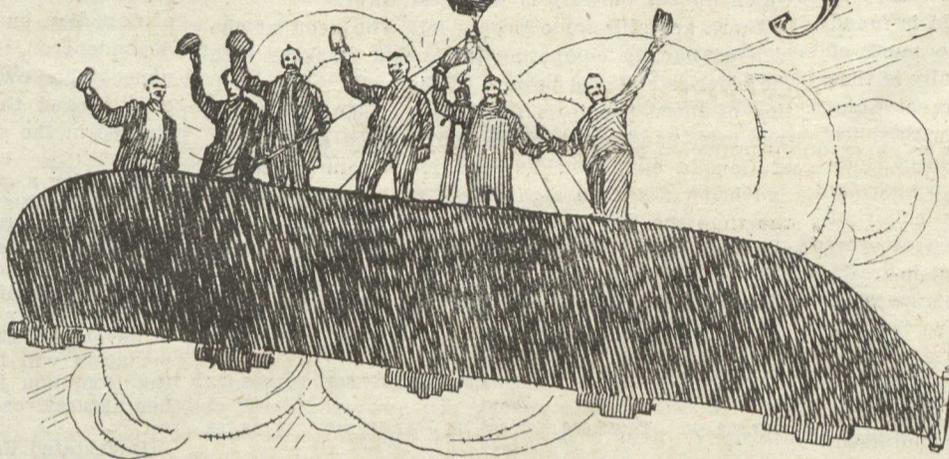
The war has probably pushed the coming of this day ahead at least a decade. In spite of the suffering, poverty and misery, loss of life, wastage of materials and cost in money, no one doubts that the world will emerge from the struggle—better. The triumph of the doctrines for which we are fighting, no matter how long it takes to achieve, will mean benefit to every country engaged.

Canada will probably profit more than any other country. Everything points to that. Her losses, apart from those of her gallant sons who fell in battle, are only skin-deep. Canada has been isolated from the actual hostilities. While in Europe, countless villages and towns have been razed to the ground, Canada, relatively speaking, is precisely the same as she was before the war.

Suppose we kept a balance sheet for Canada. On the loss account place the loss of soldiers; men who would have led the nation a few years hence. The other losses are only temporary and will be retrieved in overflowing measure by the stupendous commercial and industrial awakening that has already come.

A certain type of Canadian might say, "Why, things are dead to what they were three years ago. And then he would go on and tell about the big land deals, and the building booms that characterized those days which now seem to the most of us like part of a dream. He might go on to say that the present industrial situation in Canada is due only to war orders and that on the return of peace the whole fabric will fall flat. To that argument we will reply presently. Two years ago the man from the Pacific Coast might truthfully have said conditions were critical, and his remark would have described the situation throughout the country. But the crisis has been passed. The big cities of the West, which seemed half-deserted a while ago, are now rapidly filling up again. Hotels have just experienced the best season since the war. In many towns it takes days to find a vacant dwelling-house for occupation. "To Rent" and "For Sale" signs are rapidly elbowing their way to the dodo category.

PROSPERITY is returning, and it is a better kind of prosperity than we had in the boom days. It can't be measured only in land values, and for that we may be thankful. It hasn't so far meant an appreciable increase in building activity, and for the one reason that the country hasn't



CANADA has had enough of real estate booms and other kinds. What we want now is ship's booms and the boom of organized Canadian industry roaring with real national progress. Jellicoe says, wait till August and we'll curb the subs. Very same week, sub sinkings show a 20 per cent. increase. Bonar Law says we lost 6,000,000 tonnage in 1917, and replaced less than 2,000,000; and we must beat that record. We are dead sick of bunkum. Let us get down to business, and believe in the future of Canada as a nation.

By CHARLES L. SHAW

freight-carriers, motorships and steel steamships. A great industry has sprung into being within a few months. Factories with million-dollar pay-rolls and production capacities far greater than the average Canadian believed possible a short time ago have been created overnight. Many of them are working twenty-four hours a day to supply materials to be shipped away on Canadian-built and other bottoms.

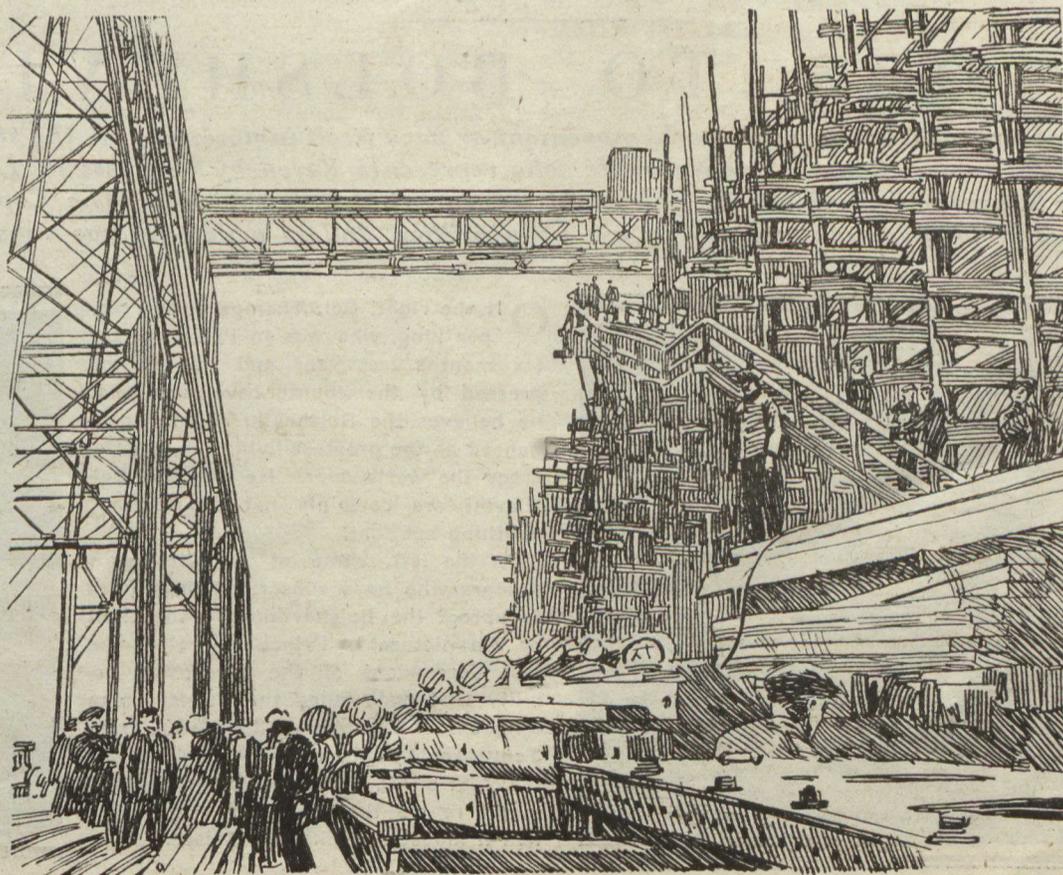
The war has stimulated every basic industry of the country. In spite of the nation-wide labor shortage, the great agricultural, lumbering, mining and fishing industries have simply had to progress. Output records have been smashed. War-time conditions demanded it. The Canadian people have had the meaning of production and thrift drilled into them as never before. Those engaged in

industrial work have had, to work a little harder and a little longer per day than before, and they have done it cheerfully.

Canada to-day stands industrially stronger and more prosperous than at any time in her past history.

And now comes the big question. What is going to happen when the newspaper headlines announce peace? What will happen to Canada's industrial machine when the demand for shells and other war supplies suddenly ceases? Will stagnation follow until the nation gradually readjusts itself to the new conditions imposed by peace? Will the return of overseas soldiers clog the labor market? Will commodity prices undergo a shock? Will Canada linger in preparing herself for the new era until other nations have secured for themselves a lead that will be hard to overtake?

Most certainly not. Canadians, individually and collectively, must determine that no



matter when the war ends, Canada's war-time efficiency must go on. The factory wheels must keep turning. Ships must be launched in greater numbers than before. Farmers throughout the land must continue their pace, clinging to this one slogan—bigger crops. Lumbermen cannot afford to lag in their activity. The output of the mines and fisheries must not slacken.

BECAUSE—after the war there will be a demand for everything that Canada can produce. The trade war will be on. Equipment for victory will consist of two main factors—labor and sea-going tonnage. The return of 400,000 soldiers to civilian occupations, if the process is worked out methodically, will solve the Canadian labor problem, and it will be further solved by a tremendous post-war immigration to this country. The second factor, that of tonnage, depends on the voice and labors of the Canadian people themselves. If Canada is found with a weak merchant marine, then she must of necessity drop out of the running. Especially is that a fact since Uncle Sam launched his great ship-building programme to bridge the Atlantic with ships.

The United States has learned the lesson of isolation. It has at last thrown off the shell which for nearly half a century held it down to a policy of internal development and scorned the idea of overseas expansion, not only in colonization, but in trade. Now the Americans are getting a new perspective. Merchant marine and foreign commerce are the two main foci of the picture.

Canada, after the war, should create a market for Made-in-Canada goods in every country of the world. Canada is too big to remain by itself, self-contained, reserved and self-complacent. That is not the theory that made the British Empire. Canada has got to maintain an open door—an open door to the flow as well as to the ebb. Let the ebb tide be people, and the outflow—let that be articles of commerce, carried in Canadian ships.

Canada's industrial leaders should lay their plans so as to reduce to a minimum the time necessary for readjusting their plants to peace-time requirements. And the Government should be unanimous and determined that shipbuilding must be given every encouragement. Ships will be by far the most effective weapons in the war of peace.

After an exhaustive survey, the Dominion Commercial Intelligence Service has reached this conclusion:

Export of Canadian manufactures can be maintained at the war level when the demand for munitions and other war supplies ceases, if Canadian manufacturers in general will really study the possibilities of export trade and organize for business immediately after the war. Great as Canada's exports have been during the war, the total is small compared with Germany's export trade the year before war began. To secure sufficient overseas

business to replace the present war orders, Canadian manufacturers would only need to capture a small percentage of Germany's former trade in markets where German goods are likely to be unpopular for many years.

Canadian manufacturers will be able to meet European goods in more equal competition after the war, because the European workingman has been accustomed to higher wages during the war. We shall not be competing with the sweatshop. European wages after the war will more nearly approximate those paid here.

Great natural advantages are possessed by Canada that are shared by no other country. We have almost a monopoly of several important minerals, the biggest forest reserve and the greatest grain country in the world. Canadians don't appreciate the advantage that the possession of unlimited cheap waterpower gives us over a country like Germany, for instance, which almost entirely lacks waterpower.

There are still some people left who scoff at the idea of Canada competing in foreign markets with the older-established powers of the world. The position of those people is precisely the same as those who less than twenty years ago laughed at the idea of Canada supplying its own manufactured needs, and had put in the high school geography books of the time the fact that Ontario was "not adapted to manufacturing." Here is the answer to those pessimists for the years 1911, 1913, 1917:

Farm.	Forest.	Fisheries.	Mines.	Manu- factures.
		1911.		
\$134,845,458	\$45,439,057	\$15,675,544	\$42,787,561	\$35,283,118
		1913.		
194,930,040	43,255,060	16,336,721	57,442,546	43,692,708
		1917.		
352,543,470	51,271,400	22,377,977	66,589,861	242,034,998

In 1911 manufactures stood fourth on the list. Last year they were second, nearly seven times as great as the manufactures of 1911.

It was not until 1916 that industrial Canada really hit its stride, because in the year before the manufactured exports, while higher than those of any previous year, were more than two and a half times less than those of 1916. The growth of exports of manufactures would make an even more remarkable showing if all foods prepared in factories and forest products that underwent some process in the mills were also included. Munitions and war supplies, of course, swelled the total, but the figures go to show the real capability of Canadian industry when there is the demand.

One of the results of the war is certain to be the creation of a distinct imperial preference on revised conditions. In this scheme Canada, on account of her geographical position and her capabilities of production, will share bounteously. The Trade Agreement between Canada and Australia has had the effect of forcing the trend of trade between the

two dominions steadily upward, and an extension of this reciprocity between Canada and other parts of the Empire, as well as with the motherland, must bear the same fruits.

The Oriental field stands ready for Canadian exploitation, and while China is likely to be the bone of contention among half a dozen world powers bent on extension of trade, Canada's geographical situation will be of tremendous advantage—advantage that can be emphasized by ships.

As to markets in the motherland: Britain imports 11,000,000 cwt. of flour annually, of which half comes from Canada. Canada is eminently in a position to export flour, as with an annual capacity of 30,000,000 barrels per annum and an approximate home consumption of less than 10,000,000 barrels every year, our mills must grind very largely for export.

Investigations have disclosed that freight rates are practically the dominating factor in the extension of Canadian business in flour. Because Canada was dependent on the ships of other countries and had none of her own, she was helpless at the outbreak of war, and the special trade commission sent to Europe in the spring of 1915 reported that,

In taking a general view of the transportation between Canada and the Allied nations, it would appear that the established lines have not given that service in linking up Canada with other countries that might have been expected. It has been felt for some years that the rates of freight have been of such a character as to seriously impair their usefulness as a means of developing Canadian trade. Canada's ocean transportation will have to be completely reorganized if the Dominion is to derive the fullest benefit from her natural resources and manufactured products.

Devastated France and Belgium will need the products of Canada, especially in the way of building materials. Here, again, looms the question of sea transportation, for the ships suitable for carrying timber, wheat and pulp are not adapted to carrying back silks, gloves, perfumery and other articles which express the genius of the French people and which will constitute the bulk of the French imports to the Dominion. It is simply a question of ships. Ships, SHIPS! They must be had, and in great quantities.

Evidence that after the war Canada may step in and corral business hitherto untouched is inexhaustible. There can be only one conclusion reached after an examination of facts. The opportunity is there, and everyone must help Canada make the best of it. There is a part that can be played by every man, woman and child to make this wonderful land of ours still greater by making it their ambition to see Canada prosper abroad as well as at home. It is a duty which we owe the country, ourselves and those who fought and perished that Canada might go forward. Canada is too great a nation to confine her greatness within her own borders. Make way for her!

TWO SIDES TO BOLSHEVIKISM

WHETHER the Bolsheviki movement will become a world movement or back itself ingloriously off the stage seems to be the one most pressing speculation just now. Constantine Nabokoff who represents Kerensky interests in London says, Trotsky is a pro-German and predicts that hunger will eliminate the Bolsheviki movement in a few weeks. The Copper King from Montana says, Bolshevism is going to last—long enough any way to use up a million dollars which he has subscribed to the movement.



ON the right, Col. Thompson, the copper king, who was in Petrograd for six months last year and was so impressed by the counter-revolution that he believes the Bolsheviki should be financed as the greatest living foe to autocracy the world over. He says the Bolsheviki are certainly not pro-German; anything but that.

On the left, some of the Circassian Tartars who have subscribed their lives to uproot the Bolsheviki. On the right of the picture is Prince Bagratan, the last descendant of the Circassian nobility that once ruled the Transcaucasian kingdom of Georgia—a long way from Tennessee. In the centre, Col. Gatofsky, his chief of staff, who looks as though he might revive that old song, "If I only had a moustache like the Kaiser."



ABOUT PEOPLE

CANADIANS of all sorts are welcome subjects to this department. True storiottes and anecdotes are all useful. If possible send photographs. — Editor.

LORD ABERDEEN AND THE REPORTER

By WILL FROST

WHEN Lord Aberdeen was Governor-General of Canada he occasionally resided in Montreal, accompanied by Lady Aberdeen and his retinue.

It was during one of his earliest sojourns in that city that the Cub Reporter was "wished upon him" by an enterprising local newspaper. As defined by his City Editor the cub's duties were to keep track of His Lordship—where he went, what he did, and what he said—illustrated by pictures from life made on the spot by "Our Own Special Artist."

The cub described himself as an Artist-Journalist; the victims of his pen and pencil described him strongly otherwise. So it came to pass that everywhere His Lordship went, the Cub was sure to go. His Lordship's doing, illustrated, had appeared in the paper quite a while before the victim realized that he was shadowed by a recording fiend. As the alleged portraits of His Lordship drawn by the Cub Reporter generally resembled various types of criminals, it is possible that they passed unrecognized.

One afternoon the Cub entered the office hurriedly, his chin in the air, slapped his copy on the desk, slapped his knee and guffawed.

"Listen," he cried, "Listen to this, ye low-born caitiffs. You know," he continued, "that Lady Aberdeen was to open that sale of Irish linen in Blank's store this afternoon, and His Lordship was to speak. Well, of course, I was there. The place was jammed, but no Lord Aberdeen. 'Yes,' said Her Ladyship, 'he should be here, he's very late. I can't see him anywhere.' So I took up a coign of vantage behind one of the counters and got out my sketch-book. You fellows know how it is when you get up against the bar counter for a drink, you rest one foot on the rail below. Force of habit. I felt around under the counter with my foot and rested it on a bale of cloth.

"Oh, boys! The bale squirmed and I pressed harder to steady it. Suddenly a hand clutched my leg and a voice said, 'Hist!' I looked under—and met the basilisk optic of His Lordship."

"'Go away,' he said, in that tone of 'get to blazes out of here you meddling ijit.' Of course I started in to apologize.

"'Keep quiet,' he said, 'this is a joke on Her Ladyship.'

"He crawled out, wiping the dust off him, got into the crowd and onto the platform amid cheers and laughter. So you see," concluded the Cub, with the air of a victorious prize-fighter, "it is not every newspaper man can boast of having had the neck of a belted earl beneath his heel!"

Arctic Circle." While in Victoria, Stefansson was entertained at Government House, and in the studio mentioned. While he was making an incidental call at Mrs. Hamilton's studio the artist caught an excellent sketch in pastel of Stefansson. After hanging for a while it was taken to an establishment to be framed.

Two years after (in June, 1917), I made another call at Mrs. Hamilton's studio, in Victoria. One of the first paintings I looked for was that of Stefansson's. Not seeing the picture I said in the usual curiosity of woman, "Where is Stefansson's pastel?" The artist informed me that she had sent it as a gift to his dear old mother in Saskatchewan. The artist thought that the explorer had done so much for Canada, the proper spot for the picture was in his home. Shortly after the presentation of the gift, Mrs. Hamilton received a very sweet letter of acknowledgment from Mrs. Stefansson, thanking her for her thoughtfulness.

While making the same call I noticed hanging in almost the same spot, a picture of Major Pringle, sketched while he was making a hurried call en route to Seattle, Wash., Mrs. Hamilton having been a member of his Port Arthur Presbyterian congregation. To add another link to the chain of interest, the writer had seen the subject of the sketch, entertained him, and listened to his recruiting lectures just a few months before, during which time he wore the same Highland uniform as that shown in the picture. On my return from Victoria, just three

months later, I found on my writing desk a photograph of his son, Lieutenant John Pringle, who had fallen in the Battle of the Somme. This boy, who inherited his father's gifts for walking through the wilds, traveled (by foot) five hundred miles through the Peace River district to Edmonton, Alberta, to offer himself for overseas service.

Speaking of Major John Pringle, who is still doing excellent work as chaplain, in France: No man in Canada, Great Britain or the Yukon, has worked harder in the interests of men's souls (and women's too). During his five years' labor in the Yukon he was often known to turn bar-rooms and worse places into temporary prayer-meeting rooms, in order to approach men, thus making many converts when he otherwise might not have had an opportunity of approaching them. Major John Pringle is especially gifted in ferreting out Canadians in faraway places, particularly personal friends. Just a few days ago I was hailed on the street by a woman friend whose husband is a patient in a French hospital, to tell me "in making his ministerial calls on the patient, Major Pringle called out 'Are there any Canadians here?' The patient replied, 'Yes; I'm from Port Arthur, Canada; my name is Rogers,' Major Pringle said. 'Do you know W. C. Dobie, the police magistrate?' Rogers answered, 'Yes, I do, officially but not criminally; I was his assistant.'" It is in just such interesting ways he ferrets out many other Canadians in another sphere.



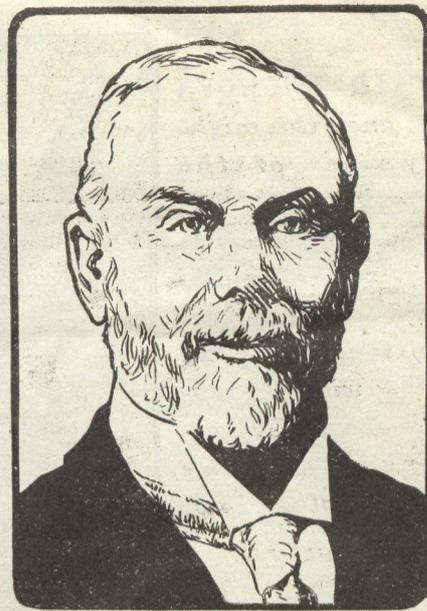
THREE PICTURES

By BELLE DOBIE

ASSOCIATED with three men and three pictures is a chain of interest that inspires a few fragmentary recollections. The subjects are (Major) John Pringle, Chaplain of the Highland Brigade, Canadians, France, (formerly of the Yukon); Lieut. John Pringle, late of Sydney, Cape Breton; and Vilhaljmar Stefansson, the Canadian explorer, in the far north, who has reached Fort Yukon, Alaska.

While each man illustrative of the story possesses strong individuality, no doubt had it been their good fortune to meet, chat, compare experiences, and exchange interests in such places as Massey Hall, Toronto; Albert Hall, London, Eng., listeners would have been rendered spell-bound, later carrying away impressions never to be forgotten. However, it will never be the fate of "the three" to meet. Two may meet, but Lieutenant John Pringle (son of Major Pringle, now on duty in France), who gave his life in the Battle of the Somme, now occupies a spot in the "Garden of Rest" and field of Honor in France.

Two years ago, while in Victoria, B.C., I called to see an old girl friend, Mrs. Mary Riter Hamilton, now a celebrated artist. Shortly after I entered the studio, in looking at a picture, I remarked in rather an abrupt manner, "who's the man with the interesting auburn hair?" The artist replied, "That's Stefansson, the explorer, who outfitted in Victoria, before starting out on his journey to the



CLIMBS TREES AT 73

By DOUGLAS BUSH

IN an age when teachers, like poor Joe, are "always on the move," a period of thirty-one years as headmaster of one school is something to be proud of. That is the record of J. S. Jamieson, M.A., who in 1914 retired from the principalship of the Morrisburg Collegiate Institute, which he had held continuously since 1883. Next to a newly-elected M. P. no one has more need of infinite patience and tact than the principal of a high school. That Mr. Jamieson has an inexhaustible supply of both was shown at the time of his retirement, when graduates of all ages, from far and near, united to do him honor.

Born at Kars, in 1844, Mr. Jamieson, like many another in those days, divided his early years between farming and studying. It is characteristic of such men that neither occupation suffered. After graduating from Victoria College he taught in several high schools before going to Morrisburg.

When, in the teaching profession, a man holds the same position year after year, nine times out of ten he grows stale. Mr. Jamieson's case was the tenth. With him increasing years meant no decrease in work; he was an abler principal in 1914 than in 1883.

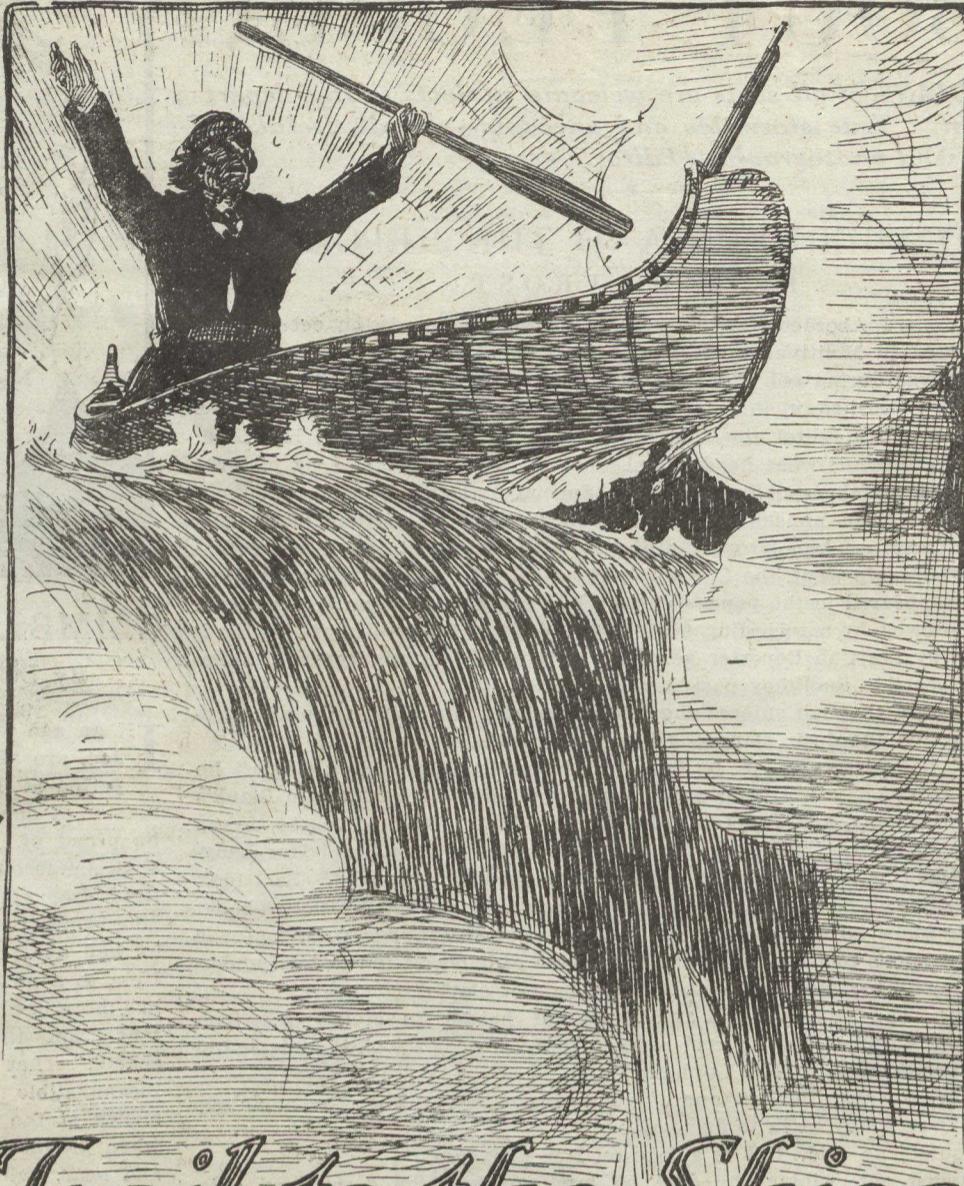
One cannot measure the achievement of such a man. Mr. Jamieson was no mere overseer of studies; his watchword was "education," not "cramming." Examinations were a minor consideration, his aim was to make boys and girls useful and upright citizens. In school and out he was a father to his pupils; all over Canada and the United States are men and women who look back with gratitude to the inspiration of his words or (more often) his example. As Mackintosh said of Dugald Stewart, he "breathed the love of virtue into whole generations of pupils." There is no greater praise.

People say that to keep young one must have a hobby altogether outside one's work. Mr. Jamieson never had a hobby—except his school—but there is no doubt about his youth. Unique among teachers for continuous service, he is unique in another point—he drives a car, and moreover, knows where the grease-cups are situated. Mr. Gladstone in his old age was content to take exercise with an axe; when Mr. Jamieson, at seventy-three, desires relaxation, he climbs a fifty-foot maple and saws off a few limbs in memory of his boyhood.

OLD MACHOVA knew this mighty river of the north. It had carried him bravely in the spring-time of life. The river was his friend, the great river with its rapids above, its cataract and the whirlpool below. Then—The Trail.

Drawing by
T. W. McLean

by
Charles C.
Jenkins



The Trail to the Skies

“**O**LD man can't get up trails this winter,” Tom Tall Cat argued. “Old man maybe die. Old man no good anyway; for hunt or trap. Just sit and croak like frog on blanket all day. Better old man stay here.”

“Un-n-n,” agreed Tom Tall Cat's squaw. “Old Man Owl stay. Better.”

“We say nothing to old man of it. Better,” cautioned Tom Tall Cat. “Maybe get mad and make Wintigo. Better just leave him. Children stay with him; one one week, one next. Maybe soon die.”

“Un-n-n,” came the crooning assent of the squaw again. “Maybe soon die.”

Old Man Owl just without the shack door gave utterance to an expletive in English for which there is no Objibwa synonym. “Dirty rats!” he muttered. “They would leave old Machova that they call the Owl on the reservation while they go trap and chase moose. Take kids, take dogs, but leave old chief to die. Dirty rats!”

Old Man Owl squatted upon a dirty blanket to the south side of the reservation shack, puffing meditatively at a straight wooden pipe and absorbing the morning warmth. A colored H. B. blanket was wrapped about his shoulders, for he was very old—so old none could tell his years. Old Man Owl could not see the glory of the Northern sun nor the faded yellow the early frosts had put upon the muskogs that patched the valley below him. A bullet from a rash white hunter's rifle had once passed too close to his eyes and carried away their sight; hence the name his people had since called him by.

But if time had made his blood thin and another's carelessness had robbed him of his sight, his fiery spirit was as of old; the lure of the wild, silent wastes was strong as ever. He had come upon evil times, this proud old red man who had known better days.

Once in all the North there was not a hunter so mighty as Machova, chief of the Objibwas, whose majestic title after the Brown Bear, as well as his chiefship, was stripped from him with the loss of his sight. White hunters from the city now no longer sought him for guide and new factors at the

trading posts, who knew nothing, and cared less, about his past glory, ordered him from their doorways. He had to be led about in the open by his grandchildren.

Old Man Owl knew things would have been different if his oldest son, Peter Chief, were home. But Peter Chief was away to the Great War across the big waters, and Peter Chief's squaw now lived apart in style on his assigned pay. She would have none of the pauper, Old Man Owl.

To-day it dawned on Old Man Owl with three-fold bitterness that he was a nobody in the village. The deeds of his youth and strength counted for nothing now. The world had taken all of what he had to give and when he was no longer useful was about to toss him aside as so much human garbage; its people were impatiently waiting for him to die so that they could put him out of their way. Peter Chief, who now and then sent part of his soldier's pay to buy him tobacco and warm clothes, was not there to offer comfort. He was useless, despised and alone. The others tolerated him only because they feared he would make of his spirit a Wintigo to bring vengeance upon them.

The old hunter listened to the preparations for departure with a heavy heart. It was the first season since away back into his dim boyhood past that he would not go up the trails. Stoic though he appeared without, the shock of it, the strain of the bitter tumult within seemed about to snap his reason.

A WAVE of strange, savage abandon swept upon Old Man Owl. He sprang to his feet. Straight and tall he stood as in his robust days, his blind eyes to the sun. He opened his mouth and burst into song.

Guttural, with a weird sweetness of tone, was the song; now savage, triumphant, now low and dolorous like the North wind in the pines. They who listened, even had they no knowledge of the Objibwa tongue, might have interpreted from it the story of a young strength that had known no fear in the deepest wilderness or before the gravest danger, might have

pictured from it lonely lakes and racing rivers where stalked the mighty moose and the nimble caribou—bearded mountain ranges where the black bear lumbered and the gaunt, grey wolf padded silently. Always it began with tributes to the picturesque and the beauties of nature, swelled in its descriptions of the might of man, grieved over his oncoming infirmities and swooned to a wail that told of death and the despair of despair.

Tom Tall Cat's household stood without the shack and listened in silence till the old man had finished and again taken up his pipe.

“Old Man Owl sings,” said Tom Tall Cat. “He is well?”

“Old Man Owl is well,” answered the other. “He asks nothing but to live here till he dies.”

“Un-n-n,” chorused Tom Tall Cat's female household, “Old Man Owl will live here till he dies.”

THE day following their departure, Old Man Owl appeared at the agent's office, led by little Joe, his grandson. He produced a bit of inner birch bark about the size of a postcard, on which was depicted with colored basket stains the figure of a man walking in stars and clouds. He indicated for the agent to write his name at the bottom of it.

“Maybe send to Peter Chief at Big War for old man?” he requested. He smiled, his blind eyes turned trustfully to the white man.

“But what the thunderation does that funny picture mean?” asked the puzzled agent.

“Oh, just letter from old man,” was the unenlightening reply. “Peter Chief he know.”

“Oh, all right, then,” and the agent stuck the bit of bark in an envelope and threw it on his desk.

At the door the aged blind man turned. “Maybe won't forget to send old man's letter to Peter Chief?” he pleaded.

“No, I'll not forget.”

The next morning Old Man Owl called little Joe at sunrise.

“Must get ready,” he announced. “Long walk. Take canoe, take gun, take packsack and meat for many days. Long walk.”

Little Joe asked no questions. They went without the shack, where the old man flung his arm to the North.

“See long big hill against sky?” he asked. The boy affirmed he did. “See many little hills running to big hill other side of muskog? Un-n-n? Trail there. Old man go to big hill; little Joe lead way.”

And so they set out, the boy in the lead tumping the packsack and Old Man Owl's ancient carbine, and the old Indian behind packing the canoe. To the ordinary eye, in the deceptive Northern light, the height of land indicated as his objective would appear but a few miles away. As a matter of fact, it was twenty.

Three days they trudged over an old, long-disused trail, on hills of rattling shale, through springy, thigh-wearying muskogs, across windfall labyrinths and over weird, burnt-over wastes. Nights they camped in the open before a tended fire, rolled in their blankets. No fancied dangers such as haunt the white traveler in the woods interfered with the slumbers of these children of the wild.

The fourth day they passed over the tip of the height of land. An hour later they descended to the shores of a mighty river, seldom visited nowadays by Indians and as yet practically unknown to the white man.

The canoe was dropped into its element. In its bow were placed the old man's rifle and an odd collection of belongings Old Man Owl fished from the packsack, rusty old traps, his hunting knife and a few old trinkets included.

The Indian lad's eyes were glistening as he said farewell and the old man pushed his canoe well a-stream. But old Machova—he was no longer Old Man Owl—was happy, happier than he had ever been since Peter Chief had gone.

He knew this stream—knew its every twist and obstruction, though it had been many years since he had skimmed its surface by night as well as

(Concluded on page 34.)

STORY PICTURES *by the* WAR ARTIST

*Interesting and Variegated Episodes
in Five Countries*



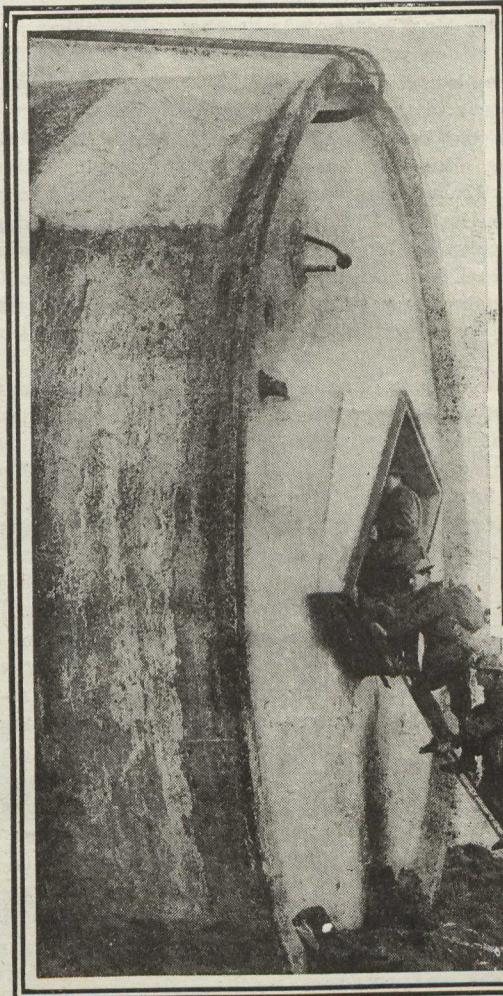
HOW could any Tommie keep his face straight when he sees his Captain pantomining as Cinderella? War has its funny side, sometimes.



WIFE of the Japanese Consul-General in New York working as head of a Japanese Red Cross Auxiliary Branch, who already have made about 2,000 articles for use at the front. Many of the workers are among the most prominent social figures from Mikado-Land.



THE owl caught the rabbit; the youth caught both the rabbit and the owl. Illustrating the horrors of war.



RUSSIAN women in a Petrograd milk queue.



THEY call this a strange billet in France. Turn the page around and you get an idea of what it was—something like a silo. This cylindrical hotel contains several floors, but no windows.

AFTER all, as these Tommies know, nothing like a donkey for a real joy-ride.

THIS old lady was compelled by the Germans to move all her belongings in a wheel-barrow—to what place of refuge, heaven only knew.



EDITORIAL

COMPULSORY service has begun to show us what percentage of flat-foots, anaemics, rheumatics and syphilitics we have in this country. For a country only a generation or two away from the bush and the prairie trail we seem to average pretty high. Admitted we have climates that try out the constitution. With a range of temperature from 60 below to 100 above we should be a people of unusual adaptability and strength. Two things, however, will offset any virility imparted by battling with climate. One is disease. The other is molycoddling. We seem to have all the diseases under the sun and as high an average of the deadliest as any other nation. Against this we shall have to fight by common-sense methods if we are ever to come to anything as a physically strong and clean people. But we shall never make much headway battling against diseases until we quit coddling our bodies as though they were exotics. A lot of men and women seem to think we should still be living in a garden of Eden. But we don't. We may as well accept our climates as something beyond our power to control, except by adapting ourselves to climatic conditions.

MEDICAL science will do well to keep itself from becoming a hierarchy. Not all the progress in medical science comes from within. Medicine is protected by law. Every law-protected body tends to become a tyranny. There are doctors practising under the law who are no more intelligent to-day in dealing with the human body than the old country practitioner who fifty years ago pinned his faith to leaches and blisters. The last twenty years has proved that mental science and osteopathy are capable of being useful curative agencies. Each of them comes at the problem from an opposite angle. The method of curing a disease by suggesting that you will get better or that you really haven't got it, is about as far as possible from lying on a couch and having an athlete who knows where your joints and nerve centres are knead out of you a cold or an attack of rheumatism. Yet these two antipodal curative agencies have one thing in common. They both eliminate medicine. And whatever progress may yet be made with drugs, antiseptics and electric treatments, it is a fair surmise that the science of medicine will never keep up with the rest of civilization in its own peculiar field unless it decides to incorporate the best in mental science and osteopathy.

PEOPLE without newspapers are not fit for government by discussion, which is a Bagehot definition of democracy. The greatest of all national tragedies in this war is Russia. Three years ago she was the man-power hope of the Allies, the unspeakably vast reservoir of men and food and war power; now a blind and battered giant without a Czar, without true leaders, in a state of growing anarchy that makes a State fighting with itself an easy mark for the grim slaughter-machine next door. Russia has been bedevilled on a vast scale. She has been all but discredited by her own Allies because of her weakness born of the corruption carried on by Germans. Just the other day England scarcely knew whether to regard her as an ally, an enemy or a neutral. She is not an enemy, since Germany has again declared war upon her. Not a neutral because the peace pact

Medical Science's Opportunity

Russia Needs Benevolent Despot

What is National Unity?

MR. JOHN M. GODFREY, one of the fathers of Bonne Entente, has delivered an address in the Ottawa Forum on Confederation—Its Second Phase. Its contents, motive, method and general spirit of fairness are admirable. As a piece of kindly logic looking at each side of the Ottawa from the other, as far as possible, it is a real contribution to the comity of two peoples. Were there more Godfreys in Ontario there might be less of a problem in Quebec.

But in all conscience isn't the rest of this great country a bit weary of the old Ottawa River tune? Why don't we pay a little more attention to the St. Lawrence which rises near the hinterland of three inland provinces and empties into the sea around three others? Rivers in war are always good battlegrounds. But the course of Canadian development is not across the Ottawa; it lies along the St. Lawrence. And it's because belligerents on both sides of the Ottawa have persisted in regarding that river as of first importance that we have had all this foolish talk of damming the St. Lawrence by letting Quebec out of Confederation.

Quebec is not going out. Mr. Godfrey admits that. He makes a leading point of the fact that for fifteen years Canada bridged the Ottawa by honoring a French-Canadian Premier. He makes another point of the fact that in the first Canadian contingent to the great war eighty per cent. were British born. We have published the figures on this page before. As a link in an argument it is convincing. But why should we emphasize in this country the land of a man's birth? When a man comes here with his family to live and to vote, what under heaven is he? English, Irish, Scotch—or anything European? If so, we may as well abandon the Canadian idea. The other evening a man whose father was an Ulsterman and who was himself born in Canada, declared that he was an Irishman; yet the same man would raise a terrifying hulabaloo at even a native born German who has a Canadian vote calling himself a German.

Either we are building a nation in Canada or we are making the country an eldorado for forty kinds of people who intend to stay foreigners. Admitted that we can never be the same kind of nation that England, France, Germany are—a one-language nation; must we also admit that we can never become a one-flag nation? Must we forever sympathize with the Britisher who when he recrosses the Atlantic, says he is going back home; with the Italian who makes his money here and sends it to Italy; with the Chinaman who makes his pile and goes back to China for cremation; with any and everybody who regards this land as a sort of experimental Siberia, to which he is exiled and which exists only for the sake of ten or a dozen homelands across any ocean? In heaven's name is Canada never to be a home for any but those who are born here? Then let us put a crimp in immigration, give Hon. J. A. Calder some other job and abandon the idea of ever making Canada anything but a transplanted international colony.

The real point of the matter is that whatever the patriotic motive of those eighty per cent. Britishers in the first Canadian contingent, the men themselves were or should have been Canadians and not Britishers. The writer of this was born in England. He claims to be first of all a Canadian. His second claim is on England. Does the so-called broncho and the sparrow—to quote Mr. Godfrey's words—think that Canada is forever a colony and that no matter how many of his kith and kin come here and for how many generations, they are still British? Then let us send a message to King, Lords and Commons and say we have no right to national aspirations. Let us concede that all the real Canada there is lies on both sides of the Ottawa; that the Canadian born Anglo-Saxon vs. the Canadian born Frenchman will always be the main programme in this country; that our biggest problem will always be this tiresome feud between Ontario and Quebec.

No, if our national talk is anything better than twaddle, we must look forward to the day when the business of making Canadians of people from all parts of the earth is a hundred times bigger problem than settling which is the greater bigot, Quebec or Ontario. And if Canada is ever to achieve national unity among a conglomeration of peoples, it must be by the united efforts of all Canadian-born, on both sides of the Ottawa and everywhere else.

has published a highly successful English newspaper in the French-Canadian metropolis. He knows both sides of what other people call the race problem. He understands that the more each side knows, not about the other, but of the other by actual acquaintance and living and working together, the less of a "problem" there is. In fact, Frank Carrel never acts as though there is a problem. His paper is not read merely by the English set in Quebec. Frank Carrel was born in Quebec city. He knows it as well as any French-Canadian knows it. And he has learned to love the town along with this country. He has learned that the best way to get along with any body of people who do not belong to the same race is to get along. He can do this even better in the Council.

was not consummated. Therefore she is an ally. How weak and helpless is now beginning to be seen.

But in the pity that the rest of the world feels for vast Russia there is an element of hope. The real heart of Russia is right. The people are right. The leaders are wrong. What Russia needs is a restoration of autocracy. She needs an enlightened despotism with all the gradation of authority which it imposes.

Government by discussion, as Bagehot called it, is all very well in countries that have been practising discussion for generations or centuries and has learned to read newspapers. Russia is not even learning to spell. She is only spell-bound by orators. The greater the oratory the worse the distraction. A people who can't read must be governed without democracy, until such time as the rank and file can understand the newspapers.

KIPLING says the Germans are slaves. That is not the whole truth. The slavery of Germany, which makes possible the amazing national concentration of the country, is a slavery of education. The people have been trained to submit and to sacrifice now in the hope of a great satisfaction hereafter. They have the Mahomedan creed of fatalism and the future. Long ago they began to endure the privations which are now beginning to be felt in other countries. They have been hardened to sacrifices by a system of education. They are not helots clamoring for freedom. They are a nation of fanatics with blind faith in the powerful righteousness of their rulers and a delusion that the world is in arms to crush them. Enlightenment is only beginning to dawn upon these systematized slaves. Germany is as much behind in enlightenment as we are in sacrifice. And the light that confounds the Prussian war lords will not break in Germany until other nations have begun to catch up in suffering and sacrifice.

LORD BEAVERBROOK does a good turn for this country in securing and sending us the portrait of Sir Alexander Mackenzie, painted by Thomas Lawrence. A large number of Canadians may not know who the great explorer was beyond the fact that he gave his name to the greatest river in the north of the world. It is considerably due to the persistent efforts of Sir Edmund Walker that such historical things as this are being collected for Canada. No busy man could possibly do more than Sir Edmund has done to encourage all forms of art in Canada. And this portrait of the great explorer stands to the credit of both Sir Edmund the custodian and Lord Beaverbrook who raised the fund for its purchase.

MR. FRANK CARREL'S appointment to the Legislative Council of Quebec is a happy choice. The proprietor of the Quebec Telegraph is a sincere believer in the principle and practice of Bonne Entente. For many years he

SHIPBOARD SKETCHES

By ESTELLE M. KERR

WE are still in Halifax harbor. When we shall sail—is a state secret; what cargo we are carrying—is a state secret; when we shall get our coal, when our convoy—these are state secrets also. An American battleship appeared in the harbor and vanished in the night; a white hospital ship ornamented with large, red crosses and green stripes, has gone; but other gaily camouflaged vessels flying flags of various nations are hovering near, while tugs and barges come and go on mysterious errands. Sometimes the ship's motor boat is lowered and the captain goes ashore, or the officer in command of troops; but these dignitaries sternly refuse to post our letters or purchase the ¼ pound of wool we need for our knitting.

We gaze daily at the snow-clad hills around Halifax. We can see the residential part of the city, with its windows covered with new boards. The town of Dartmouth, too, looks picturesque, its charm increased a thousandfold by the fact that none may enter. The devastated part of the city of Halifax is hidden from us by a bend in the river, and in the distance we see the slanting masts of the beached "Imo." At sunset the river is flooded with pink and gold, and the signal stations on the hill are outlined sharply against the radiant sky. At night, when the wind has dropped, the scene is even lovelier; and the lights of the vessels trail serpentine reflections of yellow, red and green in the dark water.

There is little to do. We pace the deck, but it is too cold to use our steamer chairs; even when playing shuffle-board the hands and feet get numb. But there are plenty of comfortable chairs in the lounge; convenient tables at which to write or play cards; and books may be obtained in the cosy library with its open fireplace.

At first the passengers complained bitterly of the delay, but now they are becoming reconciled or more accustomed to the monotony of ship life. They have become interested in their games of cards, their books; but most of all, now that the big ship is about to start on its journey over the ocean, they have become interested in each other. The proper study of mankind is man, and daily we acquire some new piece of information about the scant hundred of first-class passengers and learn to call them by their names.

The genial captain has time to be sociable now, and a privileged few have visited him in his cosy quarters aloft. The officer in command of troops is able to join in a game of bridge, the doctors have few patients, and the people who will retire to their berths at the first hint of stormy weather discover how pleasant life on the ocean wave may be.

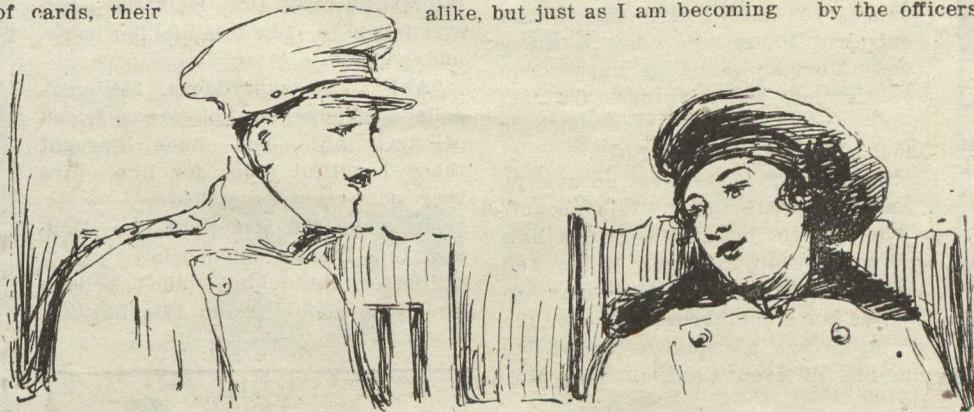
ON the short voyage from St. John to Halifax, many were laid low; but even with a dizzy head it seemed good to be moving. Additional excitement was caused by a fire in the lounge, due to defective insulation in the wiring of the electric fans. A small flame appeared on the ceiling, blistering the paint. A little girl with a scar on her cheek—victim of the Halifax disaster—was the first to see it and began to scream hysterically: "Tell the captain! Fire! Fire! Tell the captain!" Her mother clapped her hand tightly over the child's mouth and took her below. No one else betrayed the slightest excitement. The stewards, in a

leisurely manner, brought fire extinguishers, the ship's carpenter, with hammer and chisel removed the moulding from a beam and laid bare the smouldering wires, the amorous young man in "civies" drew his lady-lover into his protecting arms, and the young lieutenant, when the extinguisher splashed in his direction, ducked to safety behind the corpulent lady, mistaking her for a parapet. In half an hour the fire was out, the smoke cleared away and the stewards were busily cleaning the woodwork and splashed mirrors. An extension cord with a drop-light replaced the illumination in the damaged circuit and, in another half hour, tea was served in the lounge in its usual orderly fashion, and the passengers who had slept through the excitement, drank two cups of tea before their eyes, following the trail of their cigarettes, remarked:

"Why, what's happened to the ceiling?"

FRIENDSHIPS are formed quickly on ship board, and if, by chance, a man and a maid who are seated beside each other in the dining saloon find pleasure in each other's company, we are apt to come to the conclusion that they are married. It surprises us to learn that the pretty little red-cheeked girl who paces the darkened deck each evening, arm in arm with the young lieutenant, is going overseas to marry a soldier, and that her constant companion carries in his breast pocket a photograph of a small baby. The staid spinster who sits knitting in the corner all day proves to be a prospective war-bride, and the pretty young thing who romps around the deck in running shoes, and you have mentally placed in the bride category, calls your attention to her wedding-ring and tells you that "he" went overseas in 1914.

I am making a study of uniforms and military badges, for there are no two alike, but just as I am becoming



proficient, most of the officers have donned mufti. I can distinguish between the grenade of the artilleryman worn on the coat lapel, from that of the engineer. I can tell the Imperial machine gun badge from that of the Canadian.

A youthful officer in the Royal Canadian Dragoons, crossing for the first time, remains in uniform, spurs and all, and we can't help murmuring:

"Twinkle, twinkle, little spur,
How I wonder what you're fer,
Fastened to the boot so tight
And not a bloomin' horse in sight!"



The Belle of the Ship.

But a line that a youth whose sick-leave wasn't sufficient to restore his nerves to their former strength has written in my autograph album, tells a different story:

"If the boat were going the other way,
There would be something more to say,
But I've been before,
I've seen the gore.
How I wish it were going the other way!"

Most of the sentiments written in my little book by the officers are very cheerful. One has drawn a crude picture of our ship, a submarine and a torpedo, and has written underneath:

"In keen anticipation of the voyage!"

Many time-worn verses deemed suitable for autograph albums are there, but sometimes, meaning to be funny, the modern rhymes are pathetic. In the trenches one acquires a grim sense of humor, and one of the N. C. O.'s on board has written:

"What does it matter—the loss of an arm or a leg,
The glory and honor of having to beg?
Think of your duty, think of your pay,
To shoot and be shot for a dollar a day!"

Another writes on "The Glory of War":

"A trench,
A stench,
Some scraps of French;
Some horrible German vapors.
A shell,
A yell,
No more to tell,
But a paragraph in the papers."

Many of these gallant fellows, both officers and N. C. O.'s, crossed to England steerage, returned in a hospital ship and are now enjoying the luxuries of a first cabin passage for the first time. Perhaps there may be more equality between the officers and men in the trenches, but cer-



The Medical Officer.



The Aviator.



The Nursing Sister.



The Infantry Lieutenant.

(Concluded P. 30.)

EYES, BUT HE SAW NOT

MARKHAM was never so sure that his big business ship was in safe waters as when he was alone with his sister Gretchen Malone in her library.

"Well, Henry, have you got the psychic personage safe?" she asked him after the rest of the house had retired.

"In the Markham Ward for Nervous Cases," he said quietly.

"What does Dr. Heinfeldt say?"

"That he is undoubtedly suffering from derangement. It will be temporary, he thinks. But of course—"

He smoked silently.

"Of course," she took him up, "your doctor will see that the time involved in his complete recovery is long enough for your purpose."

"Whatever that is," he replied dreamily.

There was a ticking silence.

"And whatever it is—do you really know, Henry?"

She suddenly spoke in German. He replied in the same.

"Nobody knows," he insisted ex-



"They asked me what I knew about such spies as the Japs with their banzais to the Mikado."

citedly. "This side of the water there is nothing but the vaguest suspicion. Parliament talks of the German menace when it might as well be talking of the bubonic plague. I have been down there. Those M.P.'s know nothing about Europe. Nine-tenths of them have never seen it. All they know about Germany is that she has a great army, that she has model cities, a great mercantile marine, a powerful and peculiar Kaiser and good schools of music, where some of them have their sons and daughters. What on earth would happen if Germany were to declare war they know not. Some of them fear Russia more than they do Germany. They talk much more bitterly against the Japs who may come across from the other side of the Pacific. They still remember the case of the Komagata Maru and the mad Hindus who were deported before they were allowed to land. You remember that play—"

"Typhoon," she broke in. "Yes, very well."

"It was in Ottawa. I heard M.P.'s very much excited over those Jap spies. I agreed with them. With a few drinks they became quite confidential; asked me what I thought Germany knew about such spies as the Japs with their banzais to their Mikado. I said—why, I said of course, it was bad enough. Germans had also an Emperor; not a spiritual deity, but

MARKHAM'S Consolidated, with its sinister control from a hidden agency has at last corraled Martin Hoag after his sojourn on an island. Hoag is now in the Markham Ward for nerve cases. A German specialist from Vienna has him in charge. Helen Munro expects to marry Henry Markham the iron-master, when? She knows not. What is the secret that makes Markham fear Hoag and delay his marriage to Helen? Read the next to the last instalment of

WHAT HAPPENED TO HOAG

By THOMAS TOPLEY

a human person who had sowed his wild oats and had now become the real father of his people, interested in all their good works, helping and teaching the world wherever they could under the sun. Yes, they agreed with that. They had met Germans at the Capitol; men wise on trade matters. They admitted that Germany had a wonderful trade system—"

He paused to chuckle in the smoke. Gretchen lighted a cigarette.

She had no need to say a word now. Henry was wound up on a subject very close to his imagination.

"I have a way of pulling people out to talk about Germany," he went on. "I sometimes admit that my father's name was originally Markheim; that for naturalizing reasons, wishing to be a Canadian out and out, he himself changed it to Markham; that I was myself christened Heinrich, but that because he wished me also to become a subject of His Majesty the King whoever he might be, he had it changed to the good Anglo-Saxon equivalent Henry. So—that gets any good Canadian going at once. You see, they are becoming quite national here. Or think they are—which is much the same thing. Eh?"

"Well, Henry," she went on quietly. "And then what do they talk about?"

"Poh!" He brushed back his hair and gazed into the fire. "They tell me how wonderfully Germany organizes her trade bureaus all over the world. What a complete knowledge she has of even Canada. Ha! Ha! Ha!"

It powerfully excited Markham to observe that Canadians were much complimented to think that the great Kaiser knew about Canada; that he thought it important enough to have a memorandum on file about every great industry, every railway, every mine—everything.

"It flatters them up to the hilt," he went on. "And they say that it is all so open and above board; not like those stealthy Japs, I admit, that so it is. I tell them—that of course at Berlin there is indeed a complete record of all my own interests. I freely admit that I have let German investigators through my works—mines, foundries, factories, ships, railway tracks—everything. That is business. I have nothing to conceal. I do not fear Germany, so I tell them. No, and neither should they. Germany is my natural ally. I am a good Canadian. Germans are welcome and useful here. Yah. Very welcome. Very useful. Eh?"

STRICT ORDERS were issued from the Markham Ward that on no account was any one to see the patient designated as Martin Hoag.

It was an aggravated form of neurasthenia, coupled with serious psychic disturbances; so serious, the German specialist admitted when questioned by Mr. Markham, that perfect solitude was the only condition for a cure.

"Very well, doctor"—speaking deliberately between whiffs of smoke—"what I want is to save that man to his work in civilization. I know him. My old office manager. Given his first place by my father when the business was a shop. So—"

"Sentimental reasons, sir. I understand."

"Which will never again be permitted to operate in this Ward. I am asking you to make an exception of me. That is all."

THE doctor's perturbation began over this order when a lady came and asked to see Mr. Hoag. She was quite the most interested and interesting lady Dr. Heinfeldt had ever talked to. She told him her name, and he said,

"Ah! Quite superfluous, Mademoiselle. I knew it. You are a friend of—his? Ah! You have brought those beautiful roses for him. Are they not—magnificent!"

He spoke the last word like a climax in a Strauss tone-poem.

"Doctor Heinfeldt, I don't believe Mr. Hoag should be in this hospital



Dr. Heinfeldt expresses great astonishment at Miss Munro's scepticism about Mr. Hoag's illness.

at all. I don't think he is really ill."

Heinfeldt's big hands went up.

"Mad—em—ois—elle!"

His eyes were bulged with physical admiration.

"You scientists—think you understand people. Well, if they were nothing but flesh and bones, so you might. Tell me, Herr Doctor, why you Germans seem to be such world authorities on even medical matters. Are you—?"

"Seems, mademoiselle? Nien! We

—are! We must be. The world demands it."

"Fiddlesticks! Dr. Heinfeldt—"

"Ah—please to call me Heiny!"

"Heiny then—what do you really know about Mr. Hoag?"

He tilted his head and cocked his eyeballs over imaginary spectacles.

Helen was surely more beautiful than any garden. The spring seemed to have made her its apostle. Heinfeldt did not wonder at Mr. Markham deciding to marry such a creature, so beautiful, yet so bold. Neither did he marvel that he himself was somewhat obsequious. As Madam Markham—some day—she would be in a position to command him; might become the especial divinity of the Ward.

"Ah! You ask me for symptoms, Miss Munro. That is not easy. You would need to understand the psychophysical inter-relations, of which I assure you I have never seen, even in Berlin or Vienna, so remarkable an example as Mr. Hoag. Never one. And I can promise you that when we have finished with Mr. Hoag the science of psycho-therapy will have been advanced—much! But for the present, I cannot, I am afraid to permit you to see him. He is in my care. We must save him to civilization and to his blessed work in the world. Poor man! He is too much, I am afraid, of an altruist. He projects too much of himself into the lives of others."

With grandiose politeness the doctor reluctantly bowed the lady out. He watched her as she floated down the walk to her limousine. The room seemed still to be haunted by her gracious and stimulating presence. Such color; animation; spiritual human interest; and such a gentle lady.

HEINFELDT carefully examined the great clump of red roses she had left. There was no visible message except her card, which he put into his own pocket as a gracious souvenir. But, of course, flowers are subtle; might have souls? So much like women as they are, why should roses not convey from the spirit life of the lady to the remarkable psychic personality of Mr. Hoag some intimation more powerful even than her own presence in the room?

THE room in which Hoag was confined was desperately white. It glistened of tile and enamel. It was even more terribly maddening than a room of all black. Hoag was dressed all in white like a house surgeon. His hair had turned white. His face, shrunken and hollow, was almost grey. And even that greyness was enhanced by the snow-white com-

plexion of the room and the white couch on which he lay, looking out at the green and blue of a great centre court walled off from the street.

Hoag sat up when his medical jailer came in.

"Why didn't you bring the roses?" he wanted to know.

"Ah!" startled Heinfeldt. "What roses?"

"Don't be alarmed, Herr Doctor. I mean the roses which I can smell from your hands. I presume a lady brought them. As she could not have brought them for you, and as I am the first man patient admitted to this Ward, I deduce that the lady who has just gone is Miss Helen Munro. If you will look in your left upper vest pocket you will discover her card which you have stolen from me along with the roses. Please keep it—with my compliments."

Heinfeldt just stood and delivered himself of a series of gesticulations.

"Do you—wish to examine me again?" asked Hoag with a curious smile.

"Nein!" exploded Heinfeldt. "The more I examine you the less about you I know. So it is necessary to keep you for a while quite alone."

Hoag went about the room without a sound. Heinfeldt smiled at the absurdity of any such phantom being in love with such a lady as had been in his office that morning.

Suddenly Hoag loomed up in front of him.

"Why," he asked, "do you keep me in a white room? Why the devil don't you fetch in those roses? Don't you know that I hate this white?"

Heinfeldt shrugged as he rose. Backing towards the door he said,

"An illusion, Mr. Hoag. You do not hate white. Psychically you have made white your bete noir—your black beast. Conquer that and you are all right."

HELEN'S first impulse was to have a talk with Poundem, editor of the Clarion. She choked it down. The enemy of Henry Markham was also her enemy. Her second was to tell Markham himself what she thought of keeping Mr. Hoag cooped up in the Ward. Here again she felt herself balking. Her personal interest in Mr. Hoag was scarcely of the kind to be ventilated before Henry, who, no doubt, as he had already told her, thought he was doing the right thing by Mr. Hoag in maintaining him without a cent of charge at an institution expressly designed and financed for such cases as his.

They were to be married in the fall. That was definitely understood. Perhaps in September. At any rate whenever the multifarious interests of Mr. Markham would permit him time enough to make it, as he said, an event worthy the name of Markham; involving at least a six-months' trip to Europe, most of all to that remarkable wonderland Germany. Which, of course, meant that she must brush up her German.

MARKHAM spent much of his time now in Ottawa. Helen never quite knew what he was doing there. But he seemed to be strangely intimate with Parliament. There had been the usual idle chatter that he was financing his party in the coming campaign. She knew little or nothing of that. Oddly enough,

Henry sometimes brought the matter up. He seemed to enjoy talking about it; one of his ways of expressing his sense of power. After all was there anything so bad about it? Political money never grew on bushes. Some one must provide funds. And so long as it was good, honest money got from developing the resources and industries of Canada—well?

She had all his arguments off by rote.

He never met her but he talked of business, of his many interests, of the iron mills, the mines, the steamships—and of a possible election which he said would not be due until after they had returned from Europe.

One evening in his sister's library he showed Helen a voluminous document in typewriting.

"Oh just a complete report of all our industries," he said carelessly. "As you see, it is a carbon copy."

"Oh yes—and the original?"

He leaned forward, with a stagey lustre in his eyes.

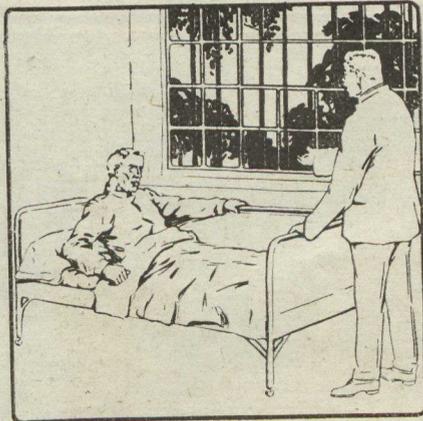
"It was sent—to Berlin," he said. "I wanted to prove to those Germans that Canada has the making of some industries that—"

He paused to see how she would finish the statement.

"Oh," she said evasively, "I don't care so much about what we can show Germany about our industries. It seems to me that we had better mind our own business. I don't see what business it is of Berlin—of the Kaiser—what any Canadian firm is doing. Why is it?"

He rose and took out a fresh cigar.

"Uh"—glancing sidelong at her—"my dear, don't get excited. Business, like art, is world wide. Berlin and Leipsic open their musical doors to Canadians who have the money. Canada must either become a world nation or remain a kitchen door of the Empire. In my opinion—I was born



"Physically, Mr. Hoag, you have made white your bete noir. Conquer that and you are all right."

here as you were—Canada is too great to be the kitchen door."

"Oh well, I quite agree to that."

"Yes, and if there is any country on earth that knows how to estimate the value of a country like this—it is Germany. Perhaps when our lawmakers and our governors here find out how Canada is valued in Berlin they will quit exploiting this country in the interests of other nations. For instance—the Americans; the British."

CONVERSATION ended there. Nothing more seemed necessary. Helen was at least convinced. And he understood her sentiments.

Anyway he told his sister so afterwards.

"All very well," she said. "But what did either of you say about—?"

"Hoag?" he suggested in a faltering way. "Nothing. She knows I don't want to discuss him. I know she wants to."

"And of course has too much maidenly reserve to bring the matter up; understanding of course that you are spending money in the humanitarian business of restoring so useful and so unusual a man to the work he does so well among the working classes. I do hope, my dear bungling brother, that you have got Helen to appreciate all this bunk at its face value."

He picked nervously at the ragged end of his cigar.

"Why of course she does. That's why we don't discuss it. Anyhow I've left it to you to sugar the pill."

"Me? La-la! My cake's all dough with Helen now. She doesn't even like being under my roof—poor dear!"

"I wish I hadn't taken your advice about Hoag," he blurted.

"Bless my soul! What better would you have done? Whose advice did you want? Warman's? Poh! He did very well corraling your man with a whole lingo of evidence in case anybody should bring an action. There his usefulness ended. The rest of the business must be a work of art. And so it will be. Look—you've got the respectable press all doped with the humane idea of that Nerve Ward. Nothing the Clarion says can affect that. The Ward is under your control. Helen knows that it's bad for Hoag's nerves for him to see her. She has his letter saying so."

"Yes, but she's been to see him, Gretchen."

"And failed. A mere impulse. Some desire to have a love melodrama in a sanitarium, come what might. No go. Your Heinfeldt was too cute. Even her roses failed to reach him. He can't get out without breaking iron bars and leaping three storeys. Heiny tells me that the clear white room angers the man's nerves. But he's keeping the room white. One of these nice summer days there will be a little more white than usual in that room. There will be a death notice in the newspapers, accompanied by the cheerful news item that although the best medical specialist available from Germany failed to save Mr. Hoag's life owing to the peculiar nature of the malady—one never before encountered in quite the same way—yet research on the subject of psychotherapy has been enormously advanced by his case, much to the benefit of future patients produced by our high-pressure civilization—all that rot! And as everybody knew that Mr. Hoag lived more for other people than for himself—why even Helen Munro will admit that he might have enjoyed dying for other—"

Markham clapped both hands over his ears.

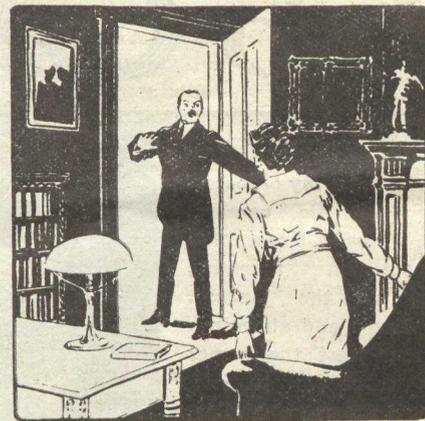
He rushed to the door and stood there puffing like a grampus, his eyes double-crossing one another.

"Please—to keep the rest—to yourself," he said huskily. "I never had such an idea."

She looked at him with a frigid smile.

"Henry," she said, "you know you are fooling yourself. You knew it all along. But you never had the courage to put it in plain language. It was all very well to doll it up with

scientific palaver. But you wanted to get rid of Hoag. You fear him. You fear him enough to hate him.



He rushed to the door and stood there puffing like a grampus; his eyes double-crossing one another.

Now you're got him where you can handle him—you're welching. Shame on you!"

MRS. BARTOP, landlady, must not be overlooked. In the fortunes of Mr. Hoag she was only less interested than Helen Munro. His return to the city from the island without returning to the room which had been vacant since he left it had much perturbed Mrs. Bartop. She understood why he had not come back. More than once she had been bold enough to visit the sanitarium in the hope of seeing Mr. Hoag; always politely refused admittance by the German doctor, and faithfully turning up again in the hope that any day there might be a turn for the better and that she might be the first to see him.

No lover can surpass the tenacity of a really devoted landlady. As summer came on and the days grew hot, Mrs. Bartop's desire to have a word with Mr. Hoag increased. Every day she anxiously searched the Clarion for any news about him, or any intimation that the Other Worlds than Ours column in the Saturday issue would be resumed and when.

Finally in her agitation—this time remarkably unusual—Mrs. Bartop paid a visit to the editor. Mr. Poundem was sitting in the little box office formerly inhabited by Mr. Hoag.

"Oh!" she gasped as she sat down, "I don't blame ye for comin' in here now and then. Haven't I been up till his room every blessed day since he left it, dustin' the books he never reads, makin' the bed that's never slept in, fussing wid the slippers and things he never wears and seein' him—"

"Go easy, madam. You've not been seeing him. Not Hoag."

Mrs. Bartop wiped a blur from her eyes.

Discreetly nodding her head, she said,

"Oh, well, it's maybe you that knows. But it's me that's telling you. That room o' his isn't like any other I've got. And it never will be again."

She paused, squinting at the lumpy bookshelves.

"Why don't ye ask me somethin'?" she snapped. "Dear me! I thought editors wanted news."

"Go ahead, ma'am. You came here to tell me. Why should I have to pump it of you?"

She reached over and plucked him by the shirtsleeve.

(Continued on page 21.)

Two Canadians Orientate

AND suddenly our Canadian army doctor, with his little camera, found himself, one fine Mesopotamian morning, gazing at the Bazaar. From Bazra and all points east and west the camel trains came to Koweit, carrying merchandise. Note the date packs. In the background, what looks like hills is a row of candy-shops. And the bronze god to the left thought the khaki-man was a strange Sahib.



Palestine Narrative by Norman Macdonnell Mesopotamian Snapshots by G. A. Dickson

“I SAY, Mac, we can get water in the village if we start now.”

Mac half woke up. He heard the rain on his “bivvy” and thought he was dreaming, for there had been no rain for seven months; but feeling about, he found his kit getting wet, and woke up altogether, asking what in blazes was happening. (He didn't say “blazes,” but that's what he meant.)

“Nothing. Only if we want water, we've got to get it now.”

In a parched country, where the troops' drinking

ABOUT three years ago Norman Macdonnell, lawyer, disappeared from Canada by enlistment. He went abroad in the artillery, was in England a long while wondering when he would get into action; took a sudden attack of appendicitis, followed by an operation, was invalided back; went over again—and nothing more was heard of him until a few days ago the editor of this paper got a pencil-scrawled screed with his name at the bottom and “A Sunday in Palestine” at the top. The article herewith describes a certain mysterious camel-jant in which Capt. Macdonnell was one of the cheerful victims.

DR. G. A. DICKSON, fresh as a May morning, enlisted long ago with the Army Medical Corps in the Imperial Army. He knew he would be a mobile item when he left Canada. But he had little or no idea that before he got back here on furlough with a pack of lively snapshots, he would have enacted such a movie panorama of orientation. His first location was at Bazra, five months; thence to Ceylon, afterwards to India, then to Egypt—and back to Canada. Now he has gone again. “Where to?” asks the editor. “Heaven only knows,” answers the A. M. C., “That's one of the joys of the Army.”

“Four miles, they say.”

Four miles takes two hours at a camel's pace. So off they pushed across the slimy, trackless plain. Palestine is a land of fields, but not of roads excepting the two great highways, one on the coast and the other inland through Jerusalem; for the rest it has merely mountain paths and clay tracks, which disappear in the rain. It was dark, and they had to wander round innumerable “Wadis.” The camels slipped and slid in the mud—splendid beasts in sand, but helpless where footing is insecure. The wallahs, clad only in the usual blue smock, with bare feet, made loud lament; for it is a mistake to suppose that crying was indulged in only by the ancients; the modern oriental is ever ready to “lift up his voice.” The rain kept drizzling down; and the padre and Mac made venomous remarks which much relieved their feelings, but need not be repeated here.

The village was there all right—a collection of mud huts leaving one narrow, straggling street filled with



LO and behold, these are “white-wings” of the desert; the scavenger corps with the donkey that keep clean the city. Legend saith that behind a wall the donkey turned and devoured the garbage.

water is carried in bags on camels (½ gallon per man per day for all purposes), the risk of losing the day's supply is enough to rouse the laziest sleeper. And the water dripping off the padre's hat—he wasn't really a padre, but they called him so because, before the war, he had been a minister of the Auld Kirk; now he was a captain in the gunners and had made great friends with Mac, who also was connected with the cloth—indicated that desultory conversation would not be tolerated.

“Are the camels ready?” “They will be in a minute,” was the instant reply. “Right ho!”

So Mac pulled on his boots while the padre hustled the unfortunate native camel wallahs. His language was not orthodox; but what will you at 3 a.m. in a November rain?

“How far is the village?”—the old, old query that dates back to the year 1.



FAIR enchantresses at Bazra; one with her birds of fortune in cages on ends of a pole in the market place. “Aha!” remarks our Canadian camera-man. “Why so shy, pretty ones?”

rubbish and refuse, waiting for the time when the Orient will appoint a scavenger. It might have been a city of the dead. Not a sign of life; only an occasional dead horse, to proclaim the fact that the retreating Turkish army had not long passed through. Soon the street opened into what might be called a square—on one side a most unprepossessing-looking mosque, on the other a row of dilapidated doors and shutters, at the end a camel shed, and in the centre a well. It was the same sort of well as existed several thousand years ago, like the one at which Abraham's servant that fine morning inveigled Rebekah into marrying Isaac. And it had means of drawing water which might have been used by Rebekah herself. But alas, there was no Rebekah there, no damsel “very fair to look upon”; only a dirty delman; and a dirty delman in a noisome square at 5 a.m. with the rain making puddles in the muck all round, is not exactly the essence of romance, even if he is wearing what looks like a set of bed clothes

out of the ark. But water is water So they "barracked" their camels, and told the wallahs to get on with the drawing.

Meantime Mac wanted to tie up his horse. So he grabbed a hook in the wall to run his head-rope through. To his dismay the who's wall came down, and there arose a hideous uproar. He had pulled down the front of a bake-shop, and the baker, who had been asleep inside, awoke with all the terrors of plunder and assassination in his heart. It took not two minutes for natives to appear from all corners—millions of 'em!—all wailing and shrieking as if the Turk had returned intent on slaughter. The intruder not being a Turk, however, but a British officer, quite as discomfited as anybody else, the uproar subsided. And an offer to buy some oil-cake produced complete peace. So they sat down in a dingy little shop lit by a sputtering candle, to eat oil-cake, while a mob of peasants stood in the open in all the colors of the rainbow and discussed their visitors. What was the subject? The recklessness of soldiers? The wealth of Britain? The trials of war? The appearance of their guests? Mac's corn-cob pipe? Neither Mac nor the padre knew. They only knew that the subject was engrossing, and the comments voluble.

Then it dawned. The rain ceased. The onlookers dispersed. The wallahs got the camels laden. And off they trekked to camp, with water for another day.

"What's the use of going home now?"

"Why, what is there to do?"

"Let's ride to —. The Australians have taken it. It's a big place, and we'll have some fun."

"Yes, but the A. P. M. won't allow us there."

"Cheero! Let's have a try. Got any food with you? No? Well, it's only ten miles, and we'll get food there."

So they went. It was a busy centre on the main road leading through Palestine, the road over which the major part of the Turkish army had retreated. Several minarets showed where mosques stood; but higher than all, for once, glistened the cross on the orthodox Greek church. In the twisting streets—like those of the village, waiting for the scavenger—the little bazaars were all alive with buying and selling, though there was little enough to buy or sell, the Turk having denuded the country of everything he could lay his hands upon. Even in a precipitate retreat, he robbed the people of most of their goods, beating those who were unfortunate to have none; God knows what he would have done, had he had a few days longer to plunder in.

Here was an oriental smithy, very primitive; there



CERTAINLY when the British beat the Turks out of Bagdad en route to Jerusalem, there was a sudden excursion of Christians and Jews from Bagdad to see the folks at Bazra down the river. Water-bottles, trunks, bird-cages, urns, bundles of spices and what-not. For the British deliverers had sent the boat, no tickets to buy—and who knew but that the end of the world might be close at hand?



"DOMINION over palm and pine," sang Kipling. Here are the palms, the shadowy palms of the dates. Palmistry or psalmistry—whichever you like.

a camel slowly paced his endless round, turning a corn mill. Farther on a goat-herd haggled over the bargain of a goat for a sack of meal. In and out ran ragged children, laughing merrily enough. At the bazaar entrances sat the vendors, giving good-day. Up and down passed women with pitchers or baskets on their heads; an occasional camel, piled sky-high with all the worldly goods and estate of a Bedouin, the patriarch himself in front with the face of a god and the clothes of a lunatic, and the youngest scion perched precariously on top. Swarthy Syrians were riding atrociously small donkeys; Greeks in European costume, greasy and much patched; Jews of the regular cosmopolitan type; and through all and over all the Army—Gourkhas, Australians, Imperials.

It didn't take long to bargain for some food—bread in one shop, mutton in another, radishes in a third, and some wine round the corner. But just as they had finished their purchases, a voice,

"Excuse me, Sir, but you are not allowed to buy anything here."

It was the minion of the A. P. M.! And all the booty had to be surrendered. For hungry men this was a bit of a shock.

"Well, I'm blowed," said Mac. (In the army "blowed" is the strongest expletive allowed.)

"If we can't get anything to eat, let's see the town, anyhow," said the padre.

So they wandered into the Greek Church. The priest, a hale, bright old man, quite the most attractive-looking person they had seen yet, was walking about, and showed a cold want of interest in his visitors. He seemed to have seen British officers before. But Mac, who had been sent to college for his sins, had a brain-wave, and tried his best Greek for "in the beginning was the Word," and the frost was turned to sunshine. The old priest beamed. He even produced a word or two of English. Thereupon Mac explained that he was orthodox—Auld Kirk is always orthodox—but also very hungry. And the priest took compassion. Ascending a stone stairway on the outside of the building, they came to a flat stone roof, with a parapet round three sides, very clean and neat. Here the priest's servant ("a man of the best families," whatever that might mean, for he looked as if he would regard a whole shirt as raiment fit only for state occasions), brought them a meal; home-made bread, fresh meat (the first they had tasted since the show started a month before), herbs, wine (Greek priests keep excellent wine!) Sitting on the parapet and munching their breakfast, they could look down at the street below, and watch the military police "in the

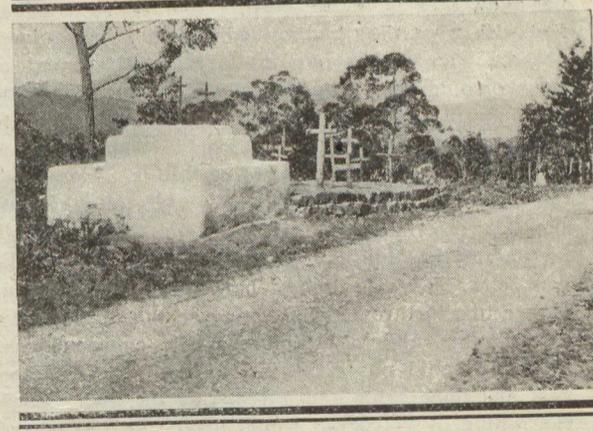
execution of their duty." It was an entertaining sight to see, and right heartily did they agree that discipline was a splendid thing, and that the soldiery should not be allowed to wander indiscriminately into strange towns.

At ten o'clock the church bell rang. The congregation appeared and the priest signified that he had other occupation than that of trying to understand Mac's Greek. So with many smiling adieux, and a healthy tip to the "man of the best families," they proceeded down the stairs and past the A. P. M. As they rode home the padre remarked, "Quite a new way of spending Sunday morning."

Which it was; and no one regretted it. Sunday was born in Palestine, so far as Sunday-school stories are concerned. Day of rest—no, it certainly was not, except in soldiering; and gladness—absolutely so. We were all glad of a chance to chalk it down that at least one Sunday in Palestine won't be swallowed up in the grand procession of one thing after another.



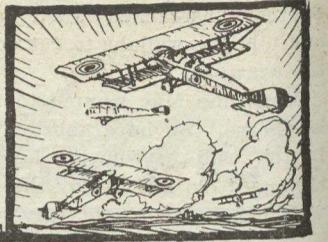
THESE are the Arab sheiks, the men of mystery who in all their desert-wise travels had never heard of Canada till they encountered the camera-man.



AND when a Mesopotamian Arab dies he is taken and buried with many another alongside a much-traveled road; so that he may not be lonesome.



RUSSIA THO' DEAD YET SPEAKETH



GERMANY began her attack upon Verdun on February 21, 1916, under bad weather conditions and without any special need for haste. The British armies were still far from ready, and there was no immediate danger from the French. She timed her offensive for the earliest possible moment in the new year in order that she might have abundant time to bring it to a conclusion before being called upon for defensive activities elsewhere. We are now close to the corresponding date of the present year. There is a general expectation that Germany is about to hurl her masses against the western front in a desperate effort to reach Calais, or Paris, or both. Innumerable correspondents with unavowed and probably nebulous sources of information speak of vast concentrations of German troops in Flanders and France. Germany is supposed to have transferred her eastern armies with very much the ease and speed of a Cook's tour. The arrival of Austrian armies is clearly foreseen by the same correspondents, and these, too, are supposed to have been switched from the mysterious east. Now all these things may be true, although they are highly unlikely, and all the more unlikely from the fact that Germany has said that they are true, and has said it with an extraordinary sound and unanimity.

I am strongly of opinion that the German plans have been gravely embarrassed by the Brest-Litovsk proceedings, and that Russia "though dead yet speaketh." Perhaps we came nearer to seeing the end of the war two months ago than we yet realize. If Lenine and Trotzky had been German agents, as in our wrath we assumed they were, they would have assented to the disguised cession of the Russian provinces. Germany could then have declared herself to be amply repaid and she could have gracefully receded from all her other demands. There can be little doubt that this is what Germany expected the Bolsheviki would do. She could not conceive of resistance without an army. That was contrary to the rules as she had learned them. Still less could she conceive of an honest idealism. But she found herself confronted with both.

Trotzky was not in the least abashed by the German hectorings. He refused to consider a cession of Russian territory, and he bluntly demanded an adherence to the basic terms agreed upon. The Germans were first perplexed, and then they were alarmed. They had opened the door for an invasion of Germany by Bolsheviki ideas, and Trotzky held it open. They had even invited an immense audience to listen to those ideas. They had placed the Bolsheviki in the middle of the stage, and centred the limelight on them. Trotzky refused the German demands, and asked the German delegates what they proposed to do about it. And, indeed, what could they do? They could not display the booty to the people at home, for they had no booty. They could not avow themselves to their other enemies as satisfied with what they had gained, for they had gained nothing. To begin a new military campaign against Russia would have been as baffling as grappling with a hailstorm. Neither could they leave the eastern front unoccupied, since this would be to abandon their actual tenure of Poland and Riga. Moreover, the Germans were perfectly well aware that the Bolsheviki were representative of no more than a small fraction of the Russian people, and that the intelligent classes were already banding themselves together to overthrow them whenever the opportunity should offer, and with unforeseeable consequences. Germany could not strike at Russia. She was too vast and impalpable and unresisting for that. Even the taking of Petrograd would leave her just where she was before. At the moment of writing comes the news that the Bolsheviki have made some sort of a peace, but nothing is said about the cession of Russian territory.

SIX POINTS STICK OUT IN THIS SUMMARY:

Russia is not an open door for Germany; the German strike was not staged by Berlin; Hindenburg had to follow it up with trombones about victory; he is not likely to play his lead card in the West; he is faced by certain defeat on that front. But he would swap Belgium for a sure hand in the Balkans.

By SIDNEY CORYN

It is as clear as the sun at noonday that the great strike in Austria and the greater strike in Germany were due to disappointment and disgust at the apparent failure of the Brest-Litovsk negotiations. It need hardly be said that even a formal peace with the Bolsheviki, with any possible number of cessions, would not have caused the Allies to relax their efforts, nor would it have disposed them to come to terms at the cost of an inarticulate and unrepresented Russia. President Wilson made that clear enough. Russia was not to be allowed to commit a valid suicide. She was to be saved in spite of herself. But of course the German mind was impenetrable by such an idea as that. It could not conceive that the Allies would hesitate to seize a chance to make Russia pay the bill. Moreover, with that almost insane reliance upon moral effects that Germany has always displayed, she believed that an actual peace with Russia, the positive removal of the name of Russia from the war list, would have a dismaying effect upon the western powers. To fathom the German psychology is a hopeless task, and the attempt may well be left unmade, but it is reasonable to believe that Germany confidently expected a general peace to result at once from the Brest-Litovsk conference, or at least that a general peace would be brought within easy vision. And the disappointment among the people was correspondingly intense.

The immediate result was the fusion of all the Socialist bodies. Philip Scheidemann, who had always been moderate and loyalist, now became something like a "red," and took the place vacated by Liebknecht when he was sent to jail. Scheidemann expressed himself in the strongest language. He said the German representatives had betrayed alike Germany and Russia, and that peace had been made impossible. And then came the strike. It was the expression of a tortured people who had been promised relief only to see it snatched from them. They had confidently believed that a peace without annexations and indemnities would settle their quarrel with Russia, and with all other enemies. Assured of their practical victory "on the basis of the map," they could not conceive why it should not. And they find that the offer upon which they had been buoying their hopes was not even to be made. The peace that had seemed so near immediately receded beyond the horizon, and an unending vista of more war and more privation took its place. To imagine that the strike was engineered by the government itself in order to produce an appearance of weakness is a mere absurdity. As well charge the government with arranging the weather. A strike of such magnitude could be nothing less than a German disaster, and it may be a far greater disaster than we are yet allowed to see.

OF course the strike was easily suppressed in its externals, but none the less it may have a pronounced bearing on the military situation. The government was evidently frightened. Not only was there a declaration of martial law, or a "state of siege" as the Germans call it, but the authorities began at once to reassure the people by promises of some great impending victory. Hindenburg announced that he would be in Paris in the course of a

few weeks. The Junkers blew the customary blasts on the war trumpet, and drew renewed attention to a "Deutschland Uber Alles" which at last was on the verge of accomplishment. The government claque all through Germany played its part in the effort to overwhelm discontent by expectation. How far they succeeded we have, of course, no means of knowing. The cessation of the strike means nothing except that there were bayonets enough to compel it to cease. But the spirit that produced the strike is not amenable to bayonets. It may be willing—probably it is—to watch the birth and death of one more glowing promise. Germany cannot afford to pour oil on the embers of popular discontent by failure. Even a partial victory, the semblance of a victory, the pretense of a victory, might serve. But a failure, a defeat, would be ruin. Carl Ackerman said that German nerves could not now bear a defeat, or words to that effect. The German at heart is a coward. The cruel are always cowards. The inspiration of loss and suffering is foreign to the German character. With every will in the world to strike and injure, the German commanders will see to it so far as their skill shall suffice that they do not strike in vain. And they are likely to choose the weakest victim in sight.

FOR these reasons it does not seem likely that Germany will play her card in the west, where her defeat is almost as certain as anything military can be. She may be compelled to follow a western card played by her enemies, for there is certainly no reason to assume that she has the initiative. In other words the Allies are quite likely to strike first and so to force the pace and produce a western battle. We are now gradually recovering from our first tendency to exaggerate the number of German troops in the west, or likely to be sent there. Colonel Repington, formerly of the London Times, who has been in the deepest mourning since the beginning of the war, tells us that Germany has piled up 165 divisions, a truly formidable total if the German division now consisted of 20,000 men, which it does not. Germany reduced her division to 14,000 men over a year ago, and she is believed by some to have still further reduced it since then. This would give her an army of 2,310,000 in the west. Probably even this figure is too high. The Echo de Paris, usually well informed, gives the German force in the west as 152 divisions of 12,000 men each, or 2,000,000 men in all, with some extras. Germany, says the same authority, has left about a million men on the eastern front, and they will stay there until the Russian outlook is clear. In fact she has not materially changed the relative numbers of her men in east and west, but she has changed their quality. That is to say, she has sent her best men to the west or elsewhere, and the inferior ones to the east. She has sent 100,000 men to Italy to help the Austrians, and 30,000 men to Macedonia and Turkey.

But, it may be said, what about Austria? Austria has no men to send, and if she did have any to spare she would send them to Italy, where they are evidently badly needed. The French government is responsible for the statement that Austria has seventy-nine divisions in the field. Of these she has forty-five in Italy; thirty-two on the eastern front, and two in the Balkans. It is obvious that Austria has nothing to contribute to the west. She can not hold her own in Italy, where the Allies are conducting a slow but successful offensive. So far as the Allies on the west front are concerned we are somewhat in the dark, but the French, English, Belgians, and Portuguese can not total less than 4,000,000 men. If we place their united strength at 3,000,000, an almost absurdly low figure, we still have a force largely superior to any that Germany can throw

(Concluded on page 34.)

Ace Glorifies Ace

*Major Bishop on His Friend
Capt. Ball*

The New German Idolatry

*Nietzsche's Superman, the
Man-created God*

MAJOR BISHOP, the premier ace of Great Britain's Royal Flying Corps, the only living person who has won the three distinctions of the Victoria Cross, the Distinguished Service Order (twice bestowed), and the Military Cross, writes in the National Geographic about the exploits of his fellow Ace of Aviation, the late Captain Ball, V.C. Captain Ball, says Bishop, was especially noted for getting himself into the tightest corners and then, in an instant, turning defeat into victory and coming out of the fight victorious.

Upon one occasion in the early part of his career as a fighter he had gone some twenty miles across the enemy lines, vainly looking for some one to fight with. Finally he saw two enemy machines flying together. Without hesitation he flew straight at these two and engaged them in a fight which lasted over ten minutes, at the end of which time he found that he had run out of ammunition. The two enemy machines had also had enough of it by now and seized their first opportunity to escape, diving down to the ground.

Ball was much disgusted at this and emptied six rounds from his revolver at the two diving machines. He then seized a piece of paper and a pencil which he had with him and wrote out a challenge for the same two machines to meet him at the same spot the next day.

At the appointed time Ball turned up on the spot and a few minutes later the same two enemy machines approached him from the east. He flew toward them to engage in a fight, but at that moment three more of the enemy came down from the sky and attacked him. It was a carefully laid trap and he had fallen into it without even suspecting that there was one.

The three enemy machines that had attacked him from behind were of the latest fighting type and were all flown by expert men.

At every turn Ball, who was underneath and thus at a slight disadvantage, found himself out-manuevered. Turn and twist as he would, he always found one of the enemy on top of him and another just ready to catch him if he turned the other way. Several times bullets passed within inches of him. Finally, deciding to escape, he realized that he must do something extraordinary; so he dived toward the ground and, picking out a large field, glided into it and landed.

The three enemy machines at once suspected that he had been shot and forced to land, and they all glided down and landed, either in the same field with him or the adjoining one. Then, jumping out of their machines, they ran over to Captain Ball. However, Ball, who had carefully foreseen exactly what would happen, had kept his engine running slowly while he was on the ground, and the moment he saw the others come out of their machines he tore off again and flew away from them.

By the time the first of the Huns had been able to get off the ground, Ball was over half a mile away and had made good his escape.

Editor's Note: Bishop is the third greatest Ace of Aviation on record. An Ace is one who has brought down five machines or over. The Canadian brought down 47; Guynemer 53; Richthofen 63.

THERE must have been something of the quality of a seer about Nietzsche. The smooth contact between his philosophy and the programme of Hun atrocities is more than mere coincidence. The articles of his "religion" read like a defence of the German's blood-guzzling debauch in Belgium, Serbia and Armenia. Here, for instance, is a "friendly" interpretation of Nietzsche's doctrine done



into a paragraph summary by the Outlook from material furnished in William M. Salter's "appreciation" of Nietzsche:

"The Superman or group of Supermen will have world control, the sooner the better. We must cease endeavoring to preserve the sick and the feeble. Our duty to them is "to help them pass away. . . . They may come to choose their own passing away, dying then in perhaps greater dignity than they have ever lived, and almost winning the right to life again." As with individuals, so with races. "Races that cannot be utilized in some way may be allowed to die out." Perils, disasters, wars, are all desirable, both because they develop the noble qualities in the strong, and because they destroy the weak. "It is no small advantage to have a hundred Damocles-swords over one—thereby one learns to dance, comes to freedom of motion." There will come a great war, the war for an idea, for the rule and organization of the earth; and in this war Nietzsche's higher men will lead. Morality furnishes no objection, for "there is nothing obligatory about morality. The only moral authority is general or social." It is furnished by the custom of the social group and varies with the various groups. Real standard for all there is none, and Nietzsche does not hesitate to call his followers "immoralists." "Morality, being that which produces good for the group, is not a good over it. The group owes no service to anything beyond itself; nor as creator of good and evil is it subject to its own creation. . . . The members of one group may deceive, rob, kill, those of another group without the slightest self-reproach. In a famous passage (infamous, some would say) Nietzsche describes a highly moralized race, its members self-restrained in their dealings with one another, and showing all manner of mutual considerateness, delicacy of feeling, loyalty, and friendship, falling on a stranger race, murdering, burning, ravishing, torturing, and with no graver feelings than those of students on a lark." As to God, the Superman will replace God.

THEN HE KNIT HIS BROWS.



Infantryman (to the telephonist in difficulties):
Willie, you've dropped your knitting!

—Lieut. S. Baghot De La Bere, R.G.A., in the Sketch

Transfiguration Explained
*Sir Oliver Lodge says it was
Mediumistic*

The Hausfrau at Downing St.
*Mr. Bottomley says Beware the
Petticoat Spy*

"The task of the race is to create these Lords or Gods—if you cannot create a God, Zarathustra says, stop talking of one."

PEOPLE are beginning to remember what many have almost forgotten, that the Bible is besides being the world's best guide to life and character is also the greatest book of reference on spiritistic matters. There is a tendency abroad to justify Biblical stories in the light of modern phenomena, just as there was once a tendency among a materialistic set to discredit such stories as the Ascension, the Transfiguration and the Apocalypse. On the other hand, expounders of belief warn us against any idea that the dead can possibly communicate directly with the living; and on this point Sir Oliver Lodge in the Nineteenth Century takes a tilt against the ecclesiastical ban on spirit-communication. He makes a particular point of the Transfiguration, the story of which may be useful in getting at the point raised by Sir Oliver.

Jesus taketh Peter, James and John, his brother, says the apostle, and bringeth them up into an high mountain apart. And was transfigured before them; and his face did shine as the sun, and his raiment was white as the light.

And behold, there appeared unto them Moses and Elijah talking with him . . . behold, a bright cloud overshadowed them, and behold a voice out of the cloud, which said, This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased; hear ye him.

And when the disciples heard it, they fell on their face, and were sore afraid. And Jesus came and touched them, and said, Arise, and be not afraid. And when they had lifted up their eyes, they saw no man, save Jesus only.

And as they came down from the mountain, Jesus charged them, saying, Tell the vision to no man, until the Son of Man be risen again from the dead.

Sir Oliver takes this as the gospel instance most akin to our poor dealings with the subject—the event which was accompanied by communion with men long since departed this life, who appeared in visible and audible and fully materialized form. Therein, he says, the Master Himself allowed His occult mediumistic faculties full play, and conversed, we are told, with Moses and Elijah.

Do people believe it? I confess I should be bound to disbelieve not only this but all these strange stories, were it not for my own experience on a far lower plane. For lower as it is, yet it is sufficient to make me realize that the things asserted in connexion with the Transfiguration are possible, and under the stress of an overwhelming Personality may have actually happened. The historical evidence being assumed good enough—and naturally as to that I am no expert—we may assume that these things did occur. Anyhow we must be right in assuming that Christian Ministers believe in their occurrence. Why then pretend that Christ objects to every kind of dealing or holding communion with the dead—with the dead who are not extinct but keen and vivid and intelligent? Do they imagine that He takes no pity on the bereaved mothers and widows of to-day, and that He objects to our lame but not unavailing efforts to bring them comfort by utilizing the facts brought to our knowledge through patient and reverent scientific inquiry?

Sir Oliver says that dislike and denial of any kind of real or apparent supernaturalism ought surely not to be able to flourish in an ecclesiastical atmosphere. Most religious doctrine is saturated with supernaturalism: hence, as far as that goes, there need be no complaint. Nor indeed is there complaint on that ground. Religious controversialists complain rather that it is the wrong kind of super-nature which has to be invoked. They claim not that the facts are un-

true but that in their modern form they are diabolic; that it is not the powers of good with which we are dealing in psychical inquiry but powers of evil. Some leaders of the Roman Church are voluble in this direction, though the lives of their Saints should give them pause. The attribution of any unwelcome power to the agency of Beelzebub is not a new device, it is a very ancient and respectable accusation. Indeed, remembering certain historical instances, it is difficult altogether to refrain from regarding a claim of this kind as rather an excessive kind of compliment. Not to go higher, the inspirations of Joan of Arc were officially attributed to the machinations of Satan. Such an opinion, however, is not really a judgment based on the facts, it is merely a *prima facie* prejudice against them. It is not held by the few churchmen who have experienced or studied the phenomena; the element of good in them then becomes manifest.

HORATIO BOTTOMLEY is indignant again. This time the cause of his ire is a woman. It has taken Horatio about two years to make up his mind to castigate this creature of his contempt; but he does it extremely well.

To illustrate the danger, he says, in which the present disgraceful laxity places us as a nation, let me tell you that a German woman, who was not naturalized until two months after we had come to grips with the Huns, was actually allowed to reside at 10 Downing Street—the residence of the Prime Minister, the arcanum of the secrets of an Empire at war—in September, 1916. There were rumors about it at the time—they were vague, as no decent person believed them. It was true we had all been startled by the statements, which on investigation proved to be only too true, that there was more than one member of the government who thought it decent to continue to employ German chauffeurs after war had broken out—one actually allowed his servant to go for a holiday trip to Switzerland! But a German woman at the Prime Minister's house in Downing Street—that was unthinkable; who could or would believe it? Well, I have all the facts and documents at my disposal, and they prove incontrovertibly that such a woman was permitted to reside at No. 10. And I say unhesitatingly that it is a shame and a scandal that such an outrage should have been committed. I might have held my peace about this disgraceful proceeding if I had any evidence to show that the present Home Secretary and the rest of the Government were more alive than their predecessors as to the lurking danger of this wanton folly. The woman who was allowed to take up residence in Downing Street was Caroline Hanemann, maid to a Mrs. Graham Smith, a relative by marriage of Mr. Asquith. I have in my possession letters she wrote on 10 Downing Street notepaper. I have the date of her naturalization—October 13th, 1914. Now it matters nothing to me that this woman of fifty, who has spent half her lifetime in this country, may be the most honorable soul alive. Her motives, her attitude towards the enemies of the land of her birth, may be as pure as the driven snow. Be that so, it has nothing to do with my argument.

What I repeat, is disgraceful in that this nation, in the throes of a life-and-death struggle with an unscrupulous foe, should be subject to the danger—I ignore the indignity—of a German-born woman living in the official residence of the Prime Minister. Nothing can excuse the enormity of the offence. If Mr. Asquith did not know what I have exposed, he should have known. Certainly his sister-in-law knew. And this is the pertinent question: Who stood guarantee for her bona-fides—who dared, in the face of war emergencies, with the words "once a German, always a German" ringing in their ears, to go bail for Miss Caroline Hanemann?

FARMERS' Parliaments, says the Grain Growers' Guide, are more than conventional conventions. They are deliberative bodies which have a great effect in shaping public opinion. They have had a wonderful and beneficial effect in shaping provincial legislation in the west and are beginning to have an effect at Ottawa. The Canadian Council of Agriculture has done great work for the farmers. As an instance, every farmer is getting about \$90 more for every 100 bushels of wheat he markets

than he would be but for the action of the Council last summer in refusing to have the price fixed at \$1.30. The big farmers' trading companies have saved millions of dollars for the farmers by straightening out the grain trade, in providing facilities for co-operative livestock marketing and purchasing farmers' supplies in large quantities. But the strength of these bodies does not lie in themselves. It is in the 75,000 organized farmers who stand behind them. They can only accomplish reforms for the farmer in proportion to the number of members in the organizations. Their work is not yet done. It is just beginning. For the duration of the war and afterwards conditions will be such that they can continue to render yeoman service. Big business is not asleep. It is not letting its patriotism interfere with its interests. It can be counted on to shift the war burden from one group to another until it reaches the farmer when the shifting stops and the paying begins. The organized farmers will have the fight of their lives to prevent an undue share of this war burden from being loaded upon them. In that fight they will need the backing of all the farmers. The only way to make sure of their support is to get them into the organizations. The Saskatchewan Grain Growers' Association has made a good start. It is out to double its membership during the coming few weeks. This week the big Saskatchewan convention is being held in Regina. There is as great an opportunity in the other provinces as



The New Policeman on the Beat.
—Norman Lindsay, in The Sydney Bulletin.

in Saskatchewan, for doubling the membership. An organized campaign led by the officers of the associations can do much towards increasing the membership, but after all, the work must largely devolve upon the rank and file of the present membership.

A. MAURICE LOW, in the American Review of Reviews, writes with some force, considerable accuracy and much interest, on *The Problem of the French-Canadian*. According to Mr. Low,—who of course is an American—the problem is very simple and very acute. His article has fewer inaccuracies than many articles on that subject, but such as there are can be gathered from two statements. He says that the Fathers of Confederation made a great mistake in permitting French to be an official language by the terms of the B. N. A. Act; and that Quebecers are not Canadians.

The French-Canadians, he says, are a curious study in nationality. They have no passionate longing for France and no bitter hatred against England because the Union Jack and not the Tri-color is the symbol of their nationality. They have not the same feeling against England as the conqueror that the Irish have. They have no long list of real or imaginary grievances to be avenged. They do not dream of the day when the yoke of the oppressor shall be cast off and once again they shall renew their allegiance to France. France is not their motherland, they are not her children; their hearts do not thrill

when they recall her glorious past or her valiant deeds of to-day. They are not English; of English history they are almost totally ignorant; the genius of the English people is foreign to them. And they are not, which perhaps is most curious of all, Canadian.

I recognize that there is a minority of French Canadians to whom Canada means as much as it does to the English-speaking people, and in the Canadian regiments at the front there are French-Canadians who have fought with the same gallantry as the men from all the other parts of the British Empire, and who have shown the supreme test of patriotism: the willingness to die in defense of country. But a minority, and especially a numerically small minority, is not representative of the mass, and what I say about the French-Canadian is a true presentation of the majority.

In the cities of Montreal and Quebec, where side by side are shops with French and English names, and the girl or man behind the counter will answer you in French or English according to the language of your question, and the street-car conductor is also bilingual, and the newsboys sell both French and English newspapers, and the gamins slang each other in a patois compounded of the dregs of both tongues, there is socially no more contact between French and English than is necessary; in fact, one may put it more correctly by saying that unless intercourse is absolutely necessary it is avoided. Money speaks a universal language, it alone knows no prejudice and feels no patriotism, it is without class distinction or racial animosities. In business, therefore, Frenchman and Englishman will exchange money, they will trade because they have to, but outside of the shop or the office, when there is no longer anything to be made and men can exercise their natural inclinations, the two races keep apart.

HAS the conductress become an institution, on a London tram, to be followed in time by the cabbine, in company with the farmerette, the munitionette, the dustwoman, the motor-woman and the manageress? In the land of the historic barmaid—who may yet be abolished—why not? Already, it seems, the conductress has been long enough on the trams and the omnibuses of London to merit a description as a distinct type; according to the London Times, which says that the conductor—whom honor attend and fame be-medal—has in large numbers answered his country's call, and we miss him.

The costume of the conductress answers one of the tests of beauty—fitness for the work in hand. A hat set on at an angle that bespeaks an alert mind; a tunic "dashed with drops of onset," it may be, here and there, but with a place in it for everything and everything in its place; a skirt that does not carry the wet, and a pair of buskins that challenge admiration less than they rest the eye.

She has an engaging way of asking for your fare—if you do not happen to have saved her a journey by paying it below—as if half apologizing for the prosaic necessity, and of receiving it almost as a favor personal to her. She has a still more charming habit of forgetting to ask, and giving you the opportunity of paying conscience-money, or even of asking, not for the fare but how much it ought to be, and so enlisting your sympathy as well as your honor. She sees a joke more often than she makes one, and can hold a conversation, when business is slack, without feeling too strongly the need to hold her own in it. She is at her best when wounded soldiers, or Colonials who do not know their London, come aboard. Her eye then easily persuades the man in mufti, if he has not already done so, to give up his seat to those; and for these—she would, if it lay with her, deposit them at the proper corner.

And her endurance. It is not easy for her to stand the racket, even to stand at all, for so many hours and so many days; sometimes she is more tired than others—that is all—but the work is done. And the pluck of her. At a time when "the arrow that fieth by day" was giving place to the "buggy by night," and the journey was away from home towards the more unhealthy parts, one said: "I don't mind so much for myself, it's them at home I'm thinking of," and another: "I shouldn't mind at all, only my driver has had shell-shock, and as soon as the guns begin he's all of a tremble."



WORTH KNOWING

A PROPOS of Rudyard Kipling's fifty-second birthday on December 30th last, his former editorial superior, E. Ray Robinson, observed: "There was one peculiarity of Kipling's work which I really must mention, namely, the enormous amount of ink he used to throw about. In the heat of summer white cotton trousers and a thin vest constituted his office attire, and by the day's end he was spotted all over like a Dalmatian dog. He had a habit of dipping his pen frequently and deep into the ink-pot, and as all his movements were abrupt, almost jerky, the ink used to fly. When he darted into my room, as he used to do about one thing or another in connection with the contents of the paper a dozen times in the morning I had to shout to him to 'stand off'; otherwise, as I knew by experience, the abrupt halt he would make, and the flourish with which he placed the proof in his hand before me, would send a penful of ink—he always had a full pen in his hand—flying over me."

PART, at least, of the gifts of Jascha Heifetz, the Russian violinist who has been the musical sensation of the current season, may be explained by heredity, for his father was in his own way a child prodigy upon the violin. Ruben Heifetz began to play at the age of four on a toy fiddle strung with threads, later teaching himself upon a genuine instrument. At the age of twelve he was already earning in his living as violinist in various cafes-chantant, and at sixteen he had advanced to membership in and symphony orchestras, playing in Riga, Lodz, and Warsaw.

AT a "frugality dance" in fashionable Montclair, N.J., recently, those wearing patent leather shoes, silk stockings, or high collars were fined five cents each for each offence, those wearing marcel waves ten cents, while wearers of evening dress, or "costumes," had to pay twenty-five cents to the management. That a very considerable amount was raised for a war-relief purpose in this way seems to have concealed from many the irony in the affair. Fashionable people, in certain circumstances, will pay an extravagant price to forward the cause of frugality.

AFTER all, there is a simple explanation of the success obtained by the German raiders on British convoys in the North Sea. The German boats, being always in harbor, can be kept as clean as a new pin. They carry just enough ammunition for the raid, just enough coal, no heavy stores, and the men are all fresh. The British boats, constantly at sea, get their bottoms more or less foul. They must have reserves of coal and ammunition for all eventualities, and as they have to do all running repairs they have quite a load of stores for repairs as well as food. "If ships were the same speed originally," says an authority straight from the North Sea itself, "the German would easily be the fastest under existing circumstances. So to catch them we have to be much faster in the first instance."

SEVERAL Canadian prairie cities, says a United States exchange, are involved in serious financial problems as an inheritance from the boom days of a few years ago. These municipalities are really the victims of that wholesale speculation in real estate which is never content to keep itself within rational bounds. Each citizen becomes a self-constituted "booster" of his town. A stranger entering it one year may find it a comparatively insignificant place, with a small and unpretentious town hall doing duty, in addition, as fire station and dance hall, and providing office accommodation for professional citizens. A year later all may be changed. The "boom" has struck the town, and the effect is much like that of a tornado. The streets are torn up and

the old flimsy houses torn down. But out of the gigantic dump rise the concrete and steel walls of the new city hall and a palatial block of stores which would do credit to a Chicago or a Montreal. The whole effect is that of a misfit.

DAVY JONES, whose locker was never so full as it is now, is coming, it is said, to the rescue of France. He has freely and unstintingly offered the use of his abundant sea water for the purpose of making war bread. Davy Jones' sensible idea was that, by utilizing the "briny," a good deal of salt and milk could be saved for other purposes. It is said that the offer has been eagerly and gratefully accepted by French chemists, and that the new delicacy is very popular in Cherbourg.

TROTZKY is endowed with a scalpel-like critical faculty, schooled by years of revolutionary activity and study of socialist literature. Temperamentally he is like those brilliant Jewish labor leaders on the East Side whose minds require the stimulus of a strike to bring out their resourcefulness and their ingenious fighting tactics which have won many a hard-fought battle for the organized workers. That he is pro-German nobody familiar with the history of the persecution by the Prussian state of the Russian revolutionists can believe. But Trotzky perhaps overestimates the effect of revolutionary propaganda upon the German people under the spell of Prussianism. German social democracy has itself become Prussianized. It is in action and tactics the least revolutionary of Socialist parties.

BRIGHT SAYINGS

Recently Made by Other People

TO individuals of a highly sensitive musical temperament, the feeling of intense sadness produced by such a composition as Chopin's noble "Funeral March" or his "Prelude in E Minor" is as marked as the exhilaration and enlivenment resulting from hearing one of his military polonaises or a jolly popular air such as "There'll be a Hot Time in the Old Town To-night." But even the average person who is neither musical in the sense of being an artist, nor even an amateur performer, responds to chorus singing in a way that is hard to overestimate.—Editor of Munsey's.

THIS world is not Utopia. It never will be Utopia. And since differences and contentions must always arise among men and nations, it should be the study of statecraft to devise means for peaceful adjudication rather than to abandon the world of the future to the illogical and ruinous arbitrations of war.—Editor of the Argonaut.

BUT a new day, please God, is dawning. A new era is emerging out of the hideous storm-welter of the blackest night in human history; a new world is in making for us. The darkest hour cannot shake our faith that Right is Might when all is said and done, and that precious blood poured out in its defence is never shed in vain.—Ada Cambridge.

SO let us beware. Let us not be led away either by friend or foe. We must "carry on," making whatever sacrifices are necessary and remembering that the enemy is far more hard-pressed than we, until we are in a position to dictate terms of peace, and not merely to discuss them.—Major Ian Hay Beith, in World's Work.

THE world, we say, must be made safe for Democracy. One of the surest ways of doing that, and one of the absolutely essential requisites, is to make Democracy safe for the world.—Col. Harvey.

LUXURIOUS, gaudy, mystic Bagdad! A City of Golden Domes! The City of the Thousand and One Wonderful Arabian Nights—Genii, Aladdin, Ali Baba, Sinbad! Rot!! Bagdad—military objective, map 34, sector E-16, Turkish town, 134,000 inhabitants. Just like the rest of the Mesopotamian objectives—dust and heat.—Arthur T. Clark.



LAUGHABILITIES

A LADY crossing from Detroit to Windsor was asked by the customs if she had anything dutiable. She assured him that she had nothing but wearing apparel in her trunks, but at the bottom of the largest one, which to him seemed the most suspicious, were found twelve bottles of whisky. "Madam," said the officer, sarcastically, "do you call that wearing apparel?" "Certainly," she replied, sweetly. "Those are my husband's night-caps."

THE judge's five-year-old son John had been naughty when his parents were having company and had been reproved. That night when his mother went up to hear John say his prayers she suggested that he ask God to teach his parents how to bring him up properly. John was quite penitent and prayed humbly: "Please God, teach mother how to make me a good boy." He paused for a moment, then added thoughtfully: "And father, too, if you can do anything with him."

A COUPLE of tourists driving in the picturesque hills of Santa Barbara decided to take a short cut to the ocean front, but were not quite sure of the road. The only human visible being a ragged lad sunning himself in the dust at the side of the road, the driver addressed him. "Say, boy, how do you reach the ocean from here?" Whereupon the boy, without batting an eyelash, gravely responded: "Well, which ocean do you want to go to?"

MOTHER was out, and Sister Sue was putting on her best blouse, so six-year-old Bobby had to entertain Sue's young man. As is the way with his kind, he began to ply the unfortunate caller with questions. "Mr. Brown," he began, "what is a popinjay?" "Why—eh—a popinjay is a—eh—vain bird." "Are you a bird, Mr. Brown?" "No, of course not." "Well, that's funny. Mother said you were a popinjay, and father said there was no doubt about you're being a jay, and Sue said there didn't seem much chance of your poppin', and now you say you aren't a bird at all!"

SOMETHING was the matter with the stop-signal bell of the Toonerville trolley car, and the conductor had to whistle to the motorman that trip—one whistle to stop, one whistle to go ahead. At one place the car made a long stop, and some of the passengers began to get uneasy. One sought the rear platform and found the conductor eating a frugal luncheon. "Say, how long are we goin' to stand here? What are we waitin' for?" asked the passenger. The conductor swallowed hard and was understood to reply: "Looky here, I ain't got nothin' but dry crackers for my lunch. An' you'll hafta wait till I get 'em swallowed good before I kin whistle."

TREASURY notes are all right, but they haven't the jingle and glitter of gold coin. This is the opinion of an English railway porter, who has a weekly growl about it on pay day. Recently he received a particularly dirty pound note. This he fingered so gingerly that the pay clerk said, chaffingly: "Frightened at the germs, Tom?" Tom eyed his questioner sadly as he retorted: "Not a bit, sir. No germ could live on a railway porter's money."

THE heroism of France has made the French language popular. On this head there is a story illustrating the tact of M. Jusserand, the French ambassador. A senator at a luncheon said to M. Jusserand: "Take—er—eska voo voo-ly—I mean—er—passy-moi sill voo play—er—" M. Jusserand laid his hand on the senator's shoulder and in his excellent English said: "My dear sir, my very dear sir, do, please, stop speaking French. Your accent is so Parisian that, positively, it makes me homesick."



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A LITTLE before six Constance Sherrill and Spearman called to inquire after him and were admitted for a few moments to his room. She came to him, bent over him, while she spoke the few words of sympathy the nurse allowed to her; she stood back then while Spearman spoke to him. In the succeeding days, he saw her nearly every day, accompanied always by her father or Spearman; it was the full two weeks the nurse had allotted for his remaining in the hospital before he saw her alone.

They had brought him home, the day before—she and her father, in the motor—to the house on Astor Street. He had insisted on returning there, refusing the room in their house which they had offered; but the doctor had enjoined outdoors and moderate exercise for him, and she had made him promise to come and walk with her. He went to the Sherrill house about ten o'clock, and they walked northward toward the park.

It was a mild, sunny morning with warm wind from the south, which sucked up the last patches of snow from the lawns and dried the tiny rickles of water across the walks. Looking to the land, one might say that spring soon would be on the way; but, looking to the lake, midwinter held. The counterscrap of concrete, beyond the withered sod that edged the Drive, was sheathed in ice; the frozen spray-hummocks beyond steamed in the sun; and out as far as one could see, floes floated close together, exposing only here and there a bit of blue. Wind, cold and chilling, wafted off this ice field, taking the warm south breeze upon its flanks.

G LANCING up at her companion from time to time, Constance saw the color coming to his face, and he strode beside her quite steadily. Whatever was his inheritance, his certainly were stamina and vitality; a little less—or a little dissipation of them—and he might not have recovered at all, much less have leaped back to strength as he had done. For since yesterday, the languor which had held him was gone.

They halted a minute near the south entrance of the park at the St. Gaudens' "Lincoln," which he had not previously seen. The gaunt, sad figure of the "rail-splitter" in his ill-fitting clothes, seemed to recall something to him; for he glanced swiftly at her as they turned away.

"Miss Sherrill," he asked, "have you ever stayed out in the country?"

"I go to northern Michigan, up by the straits, almost every summer for part of the time, at least; and once in a while we open the house in winter, too, for a week or so. It's quite wild—trees and sand and shore and the water. I've had some of my best

C ONCERNING the mysterious fate of old Ben Corvet, head of Corvet, Sherrill and Spearman, great lakes shippers in Chicago. Corvet suddenly disappears. Alan Conrad, from Kansas, has the contract of making the discovery. Previously unknown to himself, he is the son of Corvet. Conrad searches his father's house and discovers an intruder who is trying to find something and thinks Conrad is the ghost of somebody who is connected with the Miwaka? What was the Miwaka? Conrad gropes for a clue until Sherrill reveals how Corvet left his property to himself. In a stormy interview with Spearman, Conrad gets still more of the clue to the mystery of the Miwaka. He makes a secret enemy of Spearman, who is in love with Constance Sherrill. From old Wassaquam, Corvet's Indian servant still in the house, he learns the legend of the Drum—and that the Indian has just ejected an unwelcome visitor. Conrad goes out to find the man, and is sandbagged.

times up there."

"You've never been out on the plains?"

"Just to pass over them on the train on the way to the coast."

"That would be in winter or in spring; I was thinking about the plains in late summer, when we—Jim and Betty, the children of the people I was with in Kansas—"

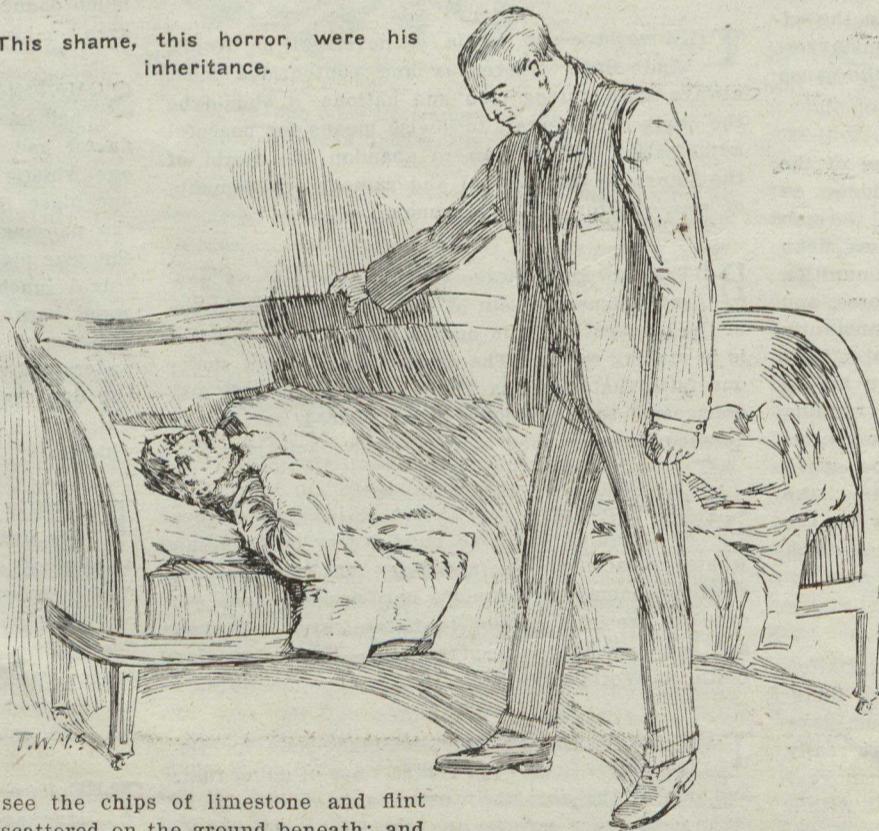
"I remember them."

"When we used to play at being pioneers in our sunflower shacks."

"Sunflower shacks?" she questioned.

"I was dreaming we were building them again when I was delirious just after I was hurt, it seems. I thought that I was back in Kansas and was little again. The prairie was all brown as it is in late summer, brown billows of dried grass which let you

This shame, this horror, were his inheritance.



see the chips of limestone and flint scattered on the ground beneath; and in the hollows there were acres and acres of sun-flowers, three times as tall as either Jim or I, and with stalks as thick as a man's wrist, where Jim and Betty and I . . . and you, Miss Sherrill, were playing."

"?" she said, bewilderedly.

"We cut paths through the sunflowers with a corn knife," Alan continued, not looking at her, "and built houses in them by twining the cut stalks in and out among those still standing. I'd wondered, you see, what you must have been like when you were a little girl, so, I suppose, when I was delirious, I saw you that way."

S HE had looked up at him a little apprehensively, afraid that he was going to say something more; but his look reassured her.

"Then that," she hazarded, "must have been how the hospital people learned our name. I'd wondered about that; they said you were unconscious first, and then delirious, and when you spoke you said, among other names, mine—Connie and Sherrill."

among the sunflowers with me when we were little—everything else is consistent. I wouldn't call a little girl 'Miss Sherrill,' of course. Ever since I've known you, I couldn't help thinking a great deal about you; you're not like any one else I've ever known. But I didn't want you to think I thought of you—familiarily."

"I speak of you always as Alan to father," she said.

H E was silent for a moment. "They lasted hardly for a day—those sunflower houses, Miss Sherrill," he said quietly. "They withered almost as soon as they were made. Castles in Kansas, one might say! No one could live in them."

Apprehensive again, she colored. He had recalled to her, without meaning to do so, she thought, that he had seen her in Spearman's arms; she was quite sure that recollection of this was in his mind. But in spite of this—or rather, exactly because of it—she understood that he had formed his own impression of the relation between Henry and herself and that, consequently, he was not likely to say anything more like this.

They had walked east, across the damp, dead turf to where the Drive leaves the shore and is built out into the lake; as they crossed to it on the smooth ice of the lagoon between, he took her arm to steady her.

"There is something I have been wanting to ask you," she said.

"Yes."

"That night when you were hurt—it was for robbery, they said. What do you think about it?" She watched him as he looked at her and then away; but his face was completely expressionless.

"The proceedings were a little too rapid for me to judge, Miss Sherrill."

"But there was no demand upon you to give over your money before you were attacked?"

"No."

She breathed a little more quickly. "It must be a strange sensation," she observed, "to know that some one has tried to kill you."

"It must, indeed."

"You mean you don't think that he tried to kill you?"

"The police captain thinks not; he says it was the work of a man new to the blackjack, and he hit harder and oftener than he needed. He says that sort are the dangerous ones—that one's quite safe in the hands of an experienced slugger, as you would be with the skilful man in any line. I never thought of it that way before. He almost made it into an argument for leaving the trained artists loose on the streets, for the safety of the public, instead of turning the business over to boys only half educated."

"What do you think about the man yourself?" Constance persisted.

"The apprentice who practiced on me?"

S HE waited, watching his eyes. "I was hardly in a condition, Miss Sherrill, to appreciate anything about the man at all. Why do you ask?"

"Because—" She hesitated an instant, "if you were attacked to be killed, it meant that you must have been attacked as the son of—Mr. Corvet. Then that meant—at least it implied, that Mr. Corvet was killed,

(Continued on page 26.)

What Happened to Hoag

(Continued from page 13.)

"Whisht!" she said. "It's not alone that I've seen him now and again as clear as noon in that very room. But I've just been—"

The importance of what she had to say quite overcame the good lady. She sat back fanning herself with a newspaper.

"I've seen him in—the body!" she whispered.

"Dreaming, ma'am. Where?"

"In the sanitarium, no less. I've just come away. That's why I came here."

Mrs. Bartop spoke very slowly, as though trying to keep in her mind the lineaments of a vision. Poundem changed his manner.

"Oh, that sauerkraut specialist let you in, did he? Why? Patient going to leave to-morrow?"

She shook her head sadly.

"No," with a long breath. "Nothing like that. No, Mr. Poundem he's in no way nor shape to get out as I saw him. And I'm not goin' to tell ye

about the jail he's in, for it's you that should have known it and exposed it long ago. Why his windies are barred just like a cell. And there's heavy bars on his door. All that. Whisht! But that's not what I came to tell ye. No."

Poundem stalked about the little floor swearing softly.

Mrs. Bartop looked at him in despair.

"Well, it's a queer editor ye are—not to be cross-examinin' me. Now if, as I told ye, I saw Mr. Hoag in the body and he's not better and isn't to come out till God knows when—how did I ever get to be seein' him then?"

Poundem sat down and took out a pencil.

"Tell me about it. I'll print every word you say—name or no name."

"Indeed and you'll print the name too," she insisted. "I'm not afraid of them Markhams. Not since I've seen my Mr. Hoag. The poor wasting-away man! Eyes had he but he saw not. Ears, but he heard not. Hands, but he felt not."



"Eyes had he but he saw not, ears but he heard not, hands but he felt not."

The old lady's manner became quite eloquent.

"Do you mean to say Hoag's dead?"

"No, no. Not that. I know better, because yon Dutch doctor held the man's wrist up for me to feel of his pulse. But there he lies, as I told ye. His heart beats. He breathes. His body's warm. That's all. The baboon-faced doctor makes no bones about it whatever. He congratulates

me that I'm the first to behold Mr. Hoag like that and hopes all his friends'll come in to witness the phenomenal as he calls it. The man's been that way since yesterday, he says. It's not spended animation either he wants me to know. What it is, he gives it no name. There's no living soul, Mr. Poundem, can tell in what manner or condition Mr. Hoag is at this time. He's fooled us all. And I'm glad of it."

This was a long speech for Mrs. Bartop on a scientific subject. She dwelt at some length on the fact that the German doctor had taken her into his confidence on the strange soul-chemistry of such cases; that he had listened to her tales of Mr. Hoag's odd behavior at her house; that he had told her how the only closely similar case he had ever known was a German genius of some sort or other; and that he hoped there would be the fullest possible investigation of the case by all the local experts. No doubt, as he said, it was a case of self-hypnotism.

(Concluded in next issue.)

Romance of the Ocean

Startling Changes in the Fisherman's Life

By MARGARET MacLAREN

THE ocean has become a valuable asset in the scheme of existence. Going back to the days when this country was in its infancy, we read in the archives of the Maritime Provinces, the letters written by men in high positions in the colonies to their home country (England), of the bountiful fisheries of Canadian waters. The wealth to be garnered from the sea in those bygone days, induced many venturesome spirits to cross the sea, coming over in the tiny vessels of their times, taking the risks of unknown seas and coasts, to build up the fishing business of Canada, and fill the coffers of those at home whose gold had been invested in the ships and gears of the pioneers. For many years the fisheries of Canada with their largest vessels, approximating ten tons burthen, kept up a travail that, ever increasing in volume, brought but a scanty living to the actual toilers. Thus the fishermen, in ballad or story, or whenever he was brought to notice, was called "The Poor Fisherman." But an old proverb says that there is a day for everyone, and the "Day" of he who goes out upon the great aquatic acreage of our country, to garner its rich and perennial harvests, has at last, after weary years of poverty and struggle, at length "arrived."

Every known device for the successful pursuit of his vocation is now at the disposal of the fisherman. Motors have done away with the long hours of rowing when becalmed. High prices bring good wages, and the fisherman, although engaged in a risky business (at least it seems so to the landsman), has more money to put in circulation than many of his brethren who, perhaps only in imagination, are on a higher plane. To-day, there are one hundred thousand men employed in the fisheries of Canada. Has any other industry shown such an increase in the same period?

Looking over the history of the Maritime Provinces the writer has learned that the year 1854 saw but a small export of fish, as against the quantity now sent abroad in spite of the tightness of shipping facilities. And too, the world war has given the fisheries an additional impetus, because, varieties of fish once unmarketable are now being sent across (Major Hughie Green as authority), to supply the fish ration of our soldiers, while here at home the scarcity and high prices of meat is causing a greater consumption of fish.

Increased business in the fisheries is giving a greater volume of trade to the various industries depending upon its requirements for life. But they have now the question of conscription to consider in Canada in the fishing industry. Old men could not bear the strain of the risky life which demands that its followers be on the sea in all weathers. A heavy draft from the men thus engaged, would therefore deplete the earning capacity, and as these men are engaged in supplying food to the armies in the field as well as to the home population, their case might be considered as similar to the agriculturists.

Before the war, iodine and potash were imported from enemy countries. Why should either be imported? Canada has millions of tons of kelp used in the manufacture of both, going to waste along her sea coasts. And the farmer knows that sea manure brings always bumper crops. Why are the natural resources of Canada allowed to be wasted and adequate fertilizers denied the inland farmer, because he cannot afford the various fertilizers now on the market, while more than would plant all the available acreage of our country, goes to waste? Is it because no Canadian realizes what the ocean can give us?

Probably if some dreamy scientist now admiring the stars would turn his

(Concluded on page 33.)

Our Reserves of Stock

A Business Proposition for After the War

By LANCASTER D. BURLING

TWO boats slipped away from the wharf at Dawson one cloudy afternoon for a trip into the north country. One was tarpaulin-covered and the "tenderfeet" in it had their slickers handy; the other was not only uncovered but the "old-timers" in it had put their canvas in the bottom of the boat. The rain came and the laugh was on the men who had to land and paw their cargo over in the rain. The experience method here did little harm, but there will be little time for contemplation and experience will be too slow a teacher in the strenuous days of Peace that are to come.

Provision is a mark of civilization and it is within our power, it is our duty, to make up in some way for the happy-go-lucky past by looking into the future and preparing now for the demands that will be made when Peace is declared.

What is the World going to want? Farm machinery and stock-plows, harrows, drills, and harvesters, cows and horses, sheep and pigs, plants and seed. Why shouldn't the nations make some provision now to supply this demand? We'd like to, you say, but we can't afford to breed cattle, build farm implements, and grow trees and hold them, even for a positive indefinitely future demand, it would tie up too much money.

Very well, then, let us suppose that the nations of Europe should arrive at some conclusion regarding the amount of agricultural stock and implements they will require on the declaration of peace. Suppose they institute a system of warehousing stock by authorizing certain designated farms in Canada, the United States, Argentina, anywhere, to pay current market prices for any stock of specified strains and conforming to certain standards. Suppose, further, that they agree to pay a certain per cent. per annum on the money so invested, calculated from the day of purchase, and that this percentage is large enough to provide for a reasonable return and for the upkeep of the stock; that they allow the stockhousing farms to use the stock and do anything necessary to keep the available supply in good condition; that they guarantee the purchase of this stock when needed at a price not less than its initial cost; and that they agree to purchase any stock bred on the farms at a price equivalent to the average cost of similar stock plus a certain per cent. per annum for its years of age.

The only objection to this scheme would be its probable effect on the supply of stock for home use and consumption, and any ulterior effect may be obviated in a number of ways. Indeed it is probable that the plan would increase the stock available for home consumption. Some such scheme as allowing no stock over two years of age to be placed upon a stock-housing farm will leave all the older animals where they are and no one will go to the expense of shipping stock to such a farm for current prices as long as he can dispose of them at home. But he will breed more than he needs if he knows he can sell them and the local market will be completely satisfied because it can absorb any desired portion of this apparent surplus.

With regard to surplus stocks of farm implements and machinery the method of procedure is comparatively simple. The interested governments would simply guarantee to pay a certain per cent. per annum on warehouse receipts, based upon current market prices, and to purchase the machinery covered by these papers for the sums upon which they have been paying interest at the conclusion of the war.

Agricultural necessity will also be reflected in a demand for seeds and

(Concluded on page 33.)



MUSIC



A BLACK-HAIRED, sleek, little, slim gentleman looking like a stage version of Lord Beaverbrook, occupied the virtuoso niche at the second Toronto Symphony concert in Massey Hall. His name is Levitzki. His home is Russia. His future is America. We are not for purposes of this article informed as to what part of Russia Levitzki came from. There was nothing barbaric about his appearance. New York has acclaimed him without the symptom of a mane. He is not prodigious. He is somewhere in the specifications of what might be called a technically perfect pianist who is not tied hand and foot to his technique. In general style he comes somewhere between the impeccable technique of Godowsky and the orchestral virtuosity of Hofmann, both of whom are alleged near-race relations of his. Russian pianists are more numerous than they used to be in the days of Rubinstein, the first great Slav pianist in recent recollection.

It is no longer necessary for a piano-conqueror to make his debut as one who has just been reclaimed from the wilderness. Levitzki impressed his audience as a rather poetic young gentleman who has an amazing familiarity with the resources of a modern piano and utilizes most of them. He knows how to hit the maximum number of notes in a given period and to preserve the broad essential sweep of great rhythm at the same time. It is in rhythmic capacity that he makes his greatest impression. Tonally he has the knack of using the pedal so as to make a piano sound like an organ. He has the sense of great contrast in expression. He never plunges into the keyboard as though he were on the edge of a dock on a hot day. Barring a very uncomfortable jump with which he gets some of his instantaneous climaxes he has no mannerisms that are not perfectly graceful.

Levitzki played the Saint-Saens concerto in G minor with the orchestra. He did it with much distinction, occasionally in the legato passages over-weighted by the orchestra and twice uncomfortably flanked by horns rather out of tune. He had, however, the great advantage of a perfect rhythmical regulation of the piece by the conductor who has always distinguished himself as a concerto-master. Levitzki is not the easiest man in the world to follow in conducting either. With less of that capricious business known as tempo rubato than some artists he is, however, a decidedly temperamental player who seizes an opportunity prestissimo to get what he wants and in so doing conveys the impression that he is primarily a solo artist and not quite an ideal concerto-performer.

In his three Chopin numbers, Ballade in A flat and two Etudes, he achieved surprising effects. The Ballade was Chopin plus the high lights and minus the haze. He made the familiar piece more like a succession of tone pictures than a real poetic unity. Yet he is a poetic player. In the Etudes he betrayed a fine mastery of rhythm. He made the pieces obvious to any listener and refrained from any sort of subtlety that Chopin might have had in mind.

The Liszt Rhapsody No. 6 suited Levitzki immensely. Here, if he lacked at all, it was in the prodigious breadth that makes Liszt different from anybody else. His rendering was pianistically strong and orchestrally weak; a powerful presentation of the best individual qualities of Liszt without the overpowering abandon that carries an audience away. Yet Levitzki made a big popular impression on his audience by being just a pianist and nothing more. And no one felt sorry for the piano when he was done. With great delicacy and suavity of style he omitted all attempts at caressing sentimentality. With that degree of restraint in so young a man he gives promise of ranking up among the big interpreters whenever he gets to know more about the relation of the piano to the power of life.

The orchestra played a short but very select programme of Mendelssohn, Dvorak and Grainger. The Grainger pieces were beautifully done. The Over-

Levitzki, the Newest Pianist

Galli-Curci, Popular Idol

Ban Russian Music? No.

By THE MUSIC EDITOR

ture "Carneval" was a fine bit of color work. The Overture to the Midsummer Night's Dream I heard through a glass door. The concert was a typically Toronto Symphony selection of just enough good things and no more.

WE are having a revival of coloraturas. Once more into the soprano age. Baritones and contraltos have a rather hard time of it trying to hold up the art of pure and perfect song as distinct from opera. Jenny Lind and Patti thrilled



Galli-Curci, popular successor to Patti and Jenny Lind, as Gilda in Rigoletto.

a world that knew nothing about coloratura—because they sang like larks and nobody gave the singing uncomfortable names. Then we had Melba, who did much the same thing, minus something else, with a greater power over the purely operatic side of bel canto, as it is sometimes called. Came Tetrizini, who amazed thousands and thrilled few; de Treville, who still pleases immensely without thrills and is still doing it. Nordica, and Sembrich and a bevy of others were always more of the dramatic sort. They required a stage. But as a general thing the stage had difficulty accommodating itself to the bel canto singer because opera got out of the hands of the older Italians into those of the modern French and German and Italian masters.

Now, however, Galli-Curci seems to be bridging over the gap between the concert stage and the opera. She has been heard in Canada a number of

times; in New York many times; in Chicago oftener. She belonged first to the Chicago Opera. Here she was a discovery. And a good part of the discovery has been made by another cantatrice Geraldine Farrar who is not a coloratura, but who pays a lavish tribute to Galli-Curci, whom she first heard in the Chicago Opera when both the mesdames were in the cast and neither for fifteen days heard of the other.

But if Chicago had the honor of the debut, New York claims the distinction of the real discovery which seems to have culminated in the opera Dinorah, giving the New York Times a chance for three pages about great women singers in a recent Sunday magazine section.

"I was so excited about her debut here," says Farrar in an interview. "I didn't think there was any doubt as to her success, for I knew her quality, and I knew the New York audiences as the kindest in the world; but I was as excited as if she were my own sister, for, of course, the appearance was an ordeal. So when this tremendous, genuine enthusiasm broke out after "Dinorah," it was as if wings had parted and showed her in all her glory.

"I always adored Melba and Sembrich, but we thought that this great generation of singers had died away. That kind of music was passing, it appeared, but it was because there was no interpreter who was adequate. Now we have a great gift supplemented by a tremendous intellect and musical refinement. If you think that music of this sort is becoming extinct, and then find a singer of such taste, refinement, and ease winning triumphs with it, you become more hopeful. To think that she could galvanize into life such an opera as "Dinorah!"

RUSSIA'S defection raises the query, Shall the Allies put the ban on Russian music? The answer emphatically is—No! After going on four years of war the Allies have not yet exterminated modern German music; and it's high time they did. Strauss should be buried for the rest of the lifetime of any one now living. Wagner also. Brahms deserves more leniency. There are no others worth banning. But Strauss and Wagner are apostles of modern Germanism which is the distemper of the world. Their works glorify the spirit which is found in Nietzsche and in the unmentionable brutalities and the horrors of war as waged by Germans. Therefore let us all have the courage—music masters and common people—to root Strauss and Wagner with all their consummate frenzies of sound out of modern entertainments.

We can survive very well without paying attention to Wagner in the lifetime of any now living. Let Germany take her super-Dick and put him in the Valhalla. Entranced as we have all been with Wagner's great works we may as well reflect that the boss of music drama had us all hypnotized at the expense of the appreciation we might have paid to other composers not belonging to the blood and butchery school of "honoring our German masters." What applies to the dead Dick applies even more to the living Richard. Let him be anathema.

But not so the Russians. We are more indebted to Russia for the last thirty years of music than to Germany. Many of the greatest compositions we know have come from Russia. All we know of them has never given us the impression that the Russian composers were trying to bolster up any superman ideas in art. Their work was pure national music, not concerned with world-domination. Some of it is barbaric; but most of it is beautiful and full of the deep friendly meaning that makes art the betterment of the world. Russia has no sin at her door the equal of Germany's. The worst we can say is that she has failed; the best—that she may yet succeed in keeping herself free from German domination. If she becomes a free Russia, free not only of her own despots but of the worse tyranny of Kaisers, Russian music must play a big part in that freedom. And the rest of us will do well to keep on appreciating Russian music because it is great, because we need it, and because it expresses not only the power of art but the deep sincere meaning of life apart from any devilish buncombe about the necessity of everlasting war.

THE GREAT CANADIAN CHOIR IS IN GOOD HANDS

H. A. Fricker, from Leeds, makes his first bow as Conductor to a Mendelssohn Choir Audience

FIRST CONCERT

In its present form the Motet is too much of a drill-master performance, no matter who does it.

Four short choruses were the choir's next contribution. The Gaelic Folk Song, arranged by Bantock, is a charming novelty. The humming accompaniments ran like a soft stage spot light all over the chorus as one after another of the eight sections took up the melody. And it was humming delightfully done. There is much art in humming; and Mr. Fricker knows how to bring it out. Sometimes the wordless harmonies almost ran off into shadows of sound. The ladies, accompanied by the orchestra, gave Schubert's familiar, "The Lord is My Shepherd," an obvious bit of writing done very beautifully and with absolute lyric values in all parts. The Hymn Before Action, done by the men, was in some small respects a departure from previous performances of the same work, suffering most from the lack of a double-heavy bass. An Erroskay Love Lilt, arranged by Robertson, a Glasgow organist, to one of Mrs. Kennedy Fraser's Songs of the Hebrides, was the most surprising thing on the programme. Here was an almost Oriental color suggestion woven about the North; a haunting, dreamy glorification of love, moonlight and lapping waters reduced to the last possible fraction of evanescence. The vocalisation in this number was almost absolutely beautiful. The smorzando at the end was one of the finest phantoms of decrescendo ever heard here.

The final chorus from Act II. of Aida with orchestra woke everybody up with a bang. There was no oratorio about this. The concert gallery was superseded by the stage. Aida never had such a chorus before the footlights. It was tremendously big, physically overpowering, a mountain of sound toppling over on the audience—without an emotional thrill. Perhaps an earth quake is not emotional. Mr. Fricker neglected no opportunity to provide climaxes in both chorus and orchestra. There was nothing in the score that he did not bring out. But nobody was unlifted. Why? Perhaps because the orchestra for once had too much of its own way. There were not men enough in that chorus to keep 92 instruments from getting the upper hand. Yet the chorus stood nobly up to the test. The conductor would have made a better impression if he had cut out the long orchestral interlude, unless he could bring the ballet

on stage for illustration.

Mr. Stokowski is a new figure at the baton. He has a prodigious band which he conducts with great power. In some respects he is the most dynamic conductor heard here. Only Nikisch and Paur transcend him in climatic virtuosity. He conducts with a savage and smileless intensity. He never seems to relax. With one hand glued to his side he uses the baton as a whip and gets what he wants the way he wants it. We have never heard Lovelier woodwinds, not even in Damrosch's new orchestra; seldom or never better brass; only in the Boston orchestra perhaps better cellos. The violins have not quite the song-purity and the ravishing sweetness of one or two string sections previously heard here. But they are wonderfully effective. We have never heard a more beautiful English horn and clarinet and but one flute section at all superior to this.

Gossip, rather vaguely, alleges that Mr. Stokowski is an Englishman whose name was Stokes. The programme biography states that his father was a London Pole and his mother Irish; that he was born in London and got most of his musical education there, much of it under Sir Hubert Parry and Sir C. V. Stamford, later in Oxford and Paris. Anyway whatever his ancestry he is English by training; and he is in most respects a wonderful conductor. In general style he most resembles Stock, with much more virility. A tall man with a slight stoop at the shoulder, something of the Elgar presence, a mop of blonde hair and a characteristic undercut style of driving his men, he is no man to be trifled with in any section of the orchestra.

The two numbers by the orchestra were Beethoven's Leonore Overture and the New World Symphony of Dvorak. Both were done in a big style. The New World Symphony was a notable interpretation of a work which was the first big attempt to read this continent into music by the use of native motifs, Indian and Negro. What a strange hotchpotch! As though there could be anything in common between Africa and the North American red man in music! And yet with Dvorak's masterly orchestrations and coloring the two are blended into a strange fascinating unity. And if there had been a dull episode in the score Stokowski's band would surely have made it interesting.

SECOND CONCERT

MR. FRICKER improves upon acquaintance, as most Englishmen do. His second concert was several degrees higher in temperature and much more British. Plainly he is first of all—English. He is an Elgarite. Elgar's Spirit of England was the most important work on the programme, and was supposed to be the biggest thing in the series. It is not a great work. It is sincere and some-

what beautiful, quite striking and considerably strident as many of Elgar's choral works are. It is too reminiscent of Elgar's own works. Inspired by the war, it falls far short of expressing what we should think is the whole spirit of England in this conflict. Elgar is something like H. G. Wells. He gets to a popular climax too often. The Spirit of England is not as big a work as the same composer's Car-

LEOPOLD STOKOWSKI
goes after his men like a lion-tamer in a cage. At the desk he is as grim as the moral law. Off stage he is one of the "boys."

actacus. But since it was composed as much for the good it might do the living as for how it might glorify the dead, it is worth while. The lament For the Fallen is a fine piece of elegiac writing worthy of any composer. And the choir's rendering, like Mr. Fricker's interpretation, was adequate throughout.

Much bigger effects were obtained in Songs of the Fleet, by Villiers Stanford, solo, chorus and orchestra. These songs, as sung by Mr. Wilfred Glenn, of New York, and accompanied by the chorus, were a masterly presentation of the sea story of England. Mr. Glenn was superbly fine, as good a basso as the Choir ever had. The choir outdid any of its previous efforts this year. It rose to a point of real dramatic power, great brilliancy of tone and masterful handling of purely choral climaxes. Stanford had the advantage of confining himself to a set of very concrete descriptions. He did it with great art. And his art was quite equalled by that of the chorus, the soloist and the conductor. Up to the time of writing this must be set down as Mr. Fricker's biggest achievement; an occasion when he demonstrated that nationality in music is a very powerful thing. He had no need to interpret Songs of the Fleet. He just played them on his chorus, and gave the audience that incomparable British feeling that is so often realized in Pinafore.

The choir, as it now consists, is not exactly the calibre for the Russian chorales. The Gretchaninoff piece, As the Waves of the Sea, proved disappointing in the double bass section. Dr. Vogt's Indian Lullaby was given a beautiful rendering by the women of the chorus.

The orchestra had a very colorful evening. The Roman Carnival, by Berlioz, that apostle of noise and whistling Rufus of the orchestra, the most tempestuous Frenchmen that ever wrote music, gave Mr. Stokowski a brilliant chance to show how a big orchestra can be a glorified band and still remain an orchestra. The Afternoon of a Fawn, by Debussy, had been

(Continued on page 31.)



THE new conductor of the Mendelssohn Choir reaches up to his chorus over the orchestra like a preacher calling his people to paths of righteousness.

MUSICAL curiosity lured ten thousand people to Massey Hall last week to see first of all how H. A. Fricker, M.A., F.R.C.O., new conductor of the Mendelssohn Choir, would play the role of Elisha while Elijah (Dr. A. S. Vogt) sat in the loge to the left; in the second place to discover how Leopold Stokowski with his monster Philadelphia orchestra would stand up in comparison to such Mendelssohn Choir Conductors as Frederick Stock and Emil Paur.

Well, the crowd got its curiosity satisfied. So did the critics. Just what one particular scribe thinks about the wearing of Elijah's robe by Elisha will be ventilated next week. As this goes to press the concerts are not yet finished.

The first concert was two-thirds orchestral, although the choir appeared four times out of six, counting the concert arrangement of God Save the King as Number I. We have never heard the National Anthem quite so well handled. It was an Englishman at the baton.

Speaking first of the choir which made its bow under the new regime with the Bach Motet, Sing Ye to the Lord, we observe that never before have we heard quite such good antiphonal singing of first and second choir. The Bach Motet would be a very dreary business unless done with sheer regard to accurate vocalism. It is very largely a choral fugue and Mr. Fricker made his choir do it after the manner of a great organ containing 220 speaking stops. The fugal section, however, seemed to suffer from a rather attenuated bass section, for which the war is responsible; also from a lack of absolutely clean definition, somewhat on account of the rapid tempo. Why should a choir sing a fugue anyway? We don't know. An organ does it better. But in the antiphons, the effects were beautiful; notably in the second choir which carried the soft responses. The first sopranos seemed to be sometimes a bit strident, not quite up to the standard of lyric purity achieved in other works of the evening. The Bach Motet is considerably like the Messiah, capable of better digestion if pruned down.



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A Word With a Banker

By Investicus

AT last I am a financier. I have dared to bandy words with a banker. This way. In December a canvasser succeeded in selling me two Victory Bonds, the price of which was not in the offing, but as he said that made no difference, I would effect economies enough to get it. I signed the application. He asked the name of my bank and how I wanted to pay the instalments. I told him. He said good-day. The bank deducted the first instalment from my savings account at a fortunate moment when the shoe was on the right foot. Nothing was said. I had no bond. Nothing but that deduction of ten dollars plus two cents from my grand total of savings effected by economies. Ten days ago I got a curt printed letter from the accountant stating that my second instalment was overdue. I hastened to the wicket.

"Why the devil is the bank overduing me when—"

"Sh!" said the accountant, blandly. "It was in the newspapers."

"What was? What in the name of—"

"Sh!" he repeated. "The instructions to you concerning second and other instalments. Banks have nothing to do with further deductions. Only the first. You pay others by check made out to the Minister of Finance. Did you get your receipt for first instalment?"

He showed me a sample.

"Which I did not," countered I, promptly. "Nothing like that."

"Sh!" he counseled, with that centre-of-gravity calm that characterizes all good accountants who have nothing

to do with the rising passions of irate mankind, the Bolshevik outside the wicket. As a matter of fact it wasn't a wicket. Accountants don't have wickets, because they never have any money.

"Then will you please signature this?" shoving towards me a printed affidavit that I had lost the receipt, had instituted an exhaustive search—when I hadn't even batted an eye over it because it had never reached me—and had failed to locate it; that if I should discover it I would return it to the bank; by which means I was annulled from claiming a second payment of ten per cent., and would I kindly make out a check for \$30.15, covering January and February—I liked the way he said Jan. and Feb.—instalments, all with that naive assumption that I had balance enough to turn this trick without depriving grocer, landlord or butcher. Wherefore I wrote the check, had it duly ascertained for S. F. and the like, stamped and returned to me, I returning it obediently to the accountant whereupon he passed out to me two important-looking blue receipts of large size containing explicit conditions with due acknowledgment of what I had done.

And I went out full of that holy calm which comes from getting rid of one's wrath without finishing a sentence. It takes a banker to create that calm.

But it's worth having—if you have the price.

Points for Investors

FOUR necessary elements are noted by a financial authority as belonging to a good investment; the authority is Mr. Waldo Newcomer, President of the National Exchange Bank of Baltimore.

"In making investments," says Mr. Newcomer, interviewed recently by World's Work, "the chief things to be considered are safety of principal, rate

of investment return, regularity of interest payment, and marketability. This order of their enumeration is entirely without reference to order of importance for the relative importance of these considerations varies according to circumstances. If a person is dependent on a small salary and is investing out of small savings, safety of principal must outweigh everything else. If such a person is not really dependent on the income from the securities, but is regarding it purely as a savings fund, he can disregard the regularity of interest, and endeavor to secure a slightly greater return in the long run. He is also not particularly concerned with marketability.

"If the purchaser is entirely dependent on an income from an investment, as in the case of a widow of small means investing the proceeds of her late husband's life insurance, it becomes of great importance that the interest should come in regularly, and it may be that in order to receive an adequate return she will have to take some slight risk of the principal being always safe in the full amount. A man of wealth can frequently take a 'flyer' for a moderate amount, feeling that the high interest return justifies a certain speculative chance in the principal where he would not be seriously

hurt if he should lose it. The widow should not take such a chance.

"In investing for a banking institution, or when investing funds belonging to an individual who is likely to have sudden demands upon him for considerable amounts of money, it is frequently necessary to place the question of marketability somewhat higher in the list than the other considerations. Thus it is seen that the weight which should be given to the different points varies with the circumstances surrounding the investment. The individual should be sure he understands his own requirements before he invests.

"A little consideration along this line will surely show that none of the principles outlined above can be absolutely and positively settled by any one short of an expert, and frequently not by him. Under the best circumstances, the real worth of an investment, I believe, is determined to a great extent by two elements—hard common sense on the part of the investor, a quality which is possessed by comparatively few; and secondly, by luck, which fails to strike a great many in an acceptable manner."

Safety Emphasized

AT the annual meeting of The Toronto General Trusts Corporation, held recently, the President, Hon. Featherston Osler, K.C., in addressing the shareholders emphasized the soundness of the company's business. He pointed out that the investments of the company were not only of a non-speculative character but the nature of these investments was disclosed in the yearly returns to the Government and open to inspection by anyone.

Attention was also drawn to the fact that the company does not borrow money on deposit, nor does it issue debentures.

The General Manager, Mr. A. D. Langmuir, in his address, dwelt upon the advantages of a corporate trustee over a private or individual trustee.

The annual report submitted made a most satisfactory showing. The sum of \$100,000 was added to the reserve fund, in addition to maintaining the usual dividend, and a larger balance than usual was carried to profit and loss.

The total assets under administration by the Toronto General Trusts Corporation are \$83,286,782. The profits for 1917 were \$300,886, and this, together with the \$98,557. brought forward from the previous year, makes a total of \$399,443. The sum of \$12,000 was paid out in patriotic subscriptions, \$150,000 was paid out in dividends of 10 per cent. per annum and \$100,000 added to the reserve fund, increasing it to \$1,950,000. The sum of \$101,443.11 was carried forward to this year.

Had Heard Enough

WHAT is a burlesque, pa?" inquired William.
"A burlesque, son," replied the father, "is a take-off."
"Take off what?"
"Henry," interrupted the mother, who had been listening to the conversation, "if you are going to answer that question I will leave the room."

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BOOKS

"Terror"

"THE TERROR." By Arthur Machen.

MASTER of some subtle magic with which he casts a spell of realism over the most miraculous fantasies, Arthur Machen, in his latest book, "The Terror," flourishes his faculty of plausibility in a way which simply makes one believe that the terrible things which he tells about in his tale have really happened. The spell of the thing grips the attention in the first few paragraphs and with a compelling clutch hangs on to one's interest to the final page—and a bit beyond. The mystery of The Terror is never explained. There is an ingenious denouement fraught with philosophical significance but without any real satisfying quality to soothe a curiosity quickened to a point which insists on pricking one's imagination long after the book is laid aside. The author himself characterizes the book as a "shilling shocker" but his astounding inferences and suggestions were surely not set down simply as so much stuff for morbid minds to mowl over.—J. M. Dent. \$1.35.

An Unsightly Spectacle

"INSIDE THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTION." By Rheta Childe Dorr.

THE internal situation of Russia since the revolution is an unsightly spectacle, according to the details reported by Rheta Childe Dorr, who went from America last spring to send back word from Petrograd of the glories which followed the overthrow of the Romanoffs. Mrs. Dorr is an enthusiastic sympathizer with the people in their struggle for freedom, but her indictment of the mob and its main mischief makers is about the most scathing denunciation as yet delivered by any western writer. Mrs. Dorr covers every phase of affairs up to last August. She has held a tight rein on her sympathies—although she may at times be suspected of being a little biased in her eulogy of her sisters over there—and the general result is what seems to be a very complete record of events and reflection of conditions. Her secret interview with Anna Virubova is intensely interesting and her account of Botchkareva's battalion of death is the most illuminating record of the Russian Amazons that has been published so far.—Macmillan; \$1.50.

That Terrible Triangle

"THREE'S A CROWD." By Wm. Caine.

IT requires an unusual amount of skill to enliven an old theme like the mother-in-law legend and to translate its essentials in terms of a sympathetic and interesting comedy. But Mr. William Caine has succeeded in twisting that terrible triangle—a man, his wife and his mother-in-law, into an amusing piece of fiction which skirts the edge of tragedy, ravel itself into a tantalizing tangle for a while, then makes a dash for the denouement in a crisp piece of comedy

which is really delightful. Incidentally Mr. Caine injects a certain amount of excellent philosophy, but his humor is agile enough to dodge any semblance of preachiness. The most obvious thing about the book is the rather stale truism Mr. Caine has chosen for the title, but the balance of the book from cover to cover, is fresh enough and quite entertaining.—Thomas Allen; \$1.50.

A Soldier Poet

"A CANADIAN TWILIGHT." By Bernard Freeman Trotter.

A BOOK of verse by a young man is always interesting; this one doubly so by the passionate life behind it; for awhile beating restlessly the bars of imprisoning ill-health whilst the great Challenge remained to be answered overseas; then suddenly released for action; and finally the glorious yet tragic offering at the front when the spirit that flamed eagerly for heroic expression found it in—sacrifice. This but hints at the life story of one who has been (temporarily it is hoped) called our Canadian Rupert Brooke. Lieut. Trotter—Toronto born, educated in Woodstock and Toronto, and led forth into fellowship with nature amidst Nova Scotian valleys, Muskoka lakes and California mountains—gave up his life on May 7, 1916, under shell fire in France, but not before he had given forth poetic expression to his soul in delicate and lofty verse in a strain which older minds have sought for in vain. The title poem and certain others—"To Esther," "The Poplars," "A Kiss," "An April Interlude, 1917," "Ici Repose," and "The Road to Tartary"—these place him in the company of our good Canadians—Lampman and Campbell. But 'tis but a fragment of what might have been; yet, but for the war, would it have been? McClelland, Goodchild and Stewart; \$1.25.

Songs of Canada

"SONGS FROM A YOUNG MAN'S LAND." By Sir Clive Phillipps-Wolley.

THIS "Young Man's Land" is Canada—Western Canada particularly—and the singer is of English birth, fondly cherishing "home" thoughts while abroad, yet passionately expressing affection for the new land of his choice. Many of the poems are a reprint of an earlier work entitled, "An English Esau," expressing the joy of the English foot-free; others reveal the pride in Canada of a man who has got his feet down and intends to stay. Perhaps the words Canadian-Imperialistic best describe them, since the author views Canada as but the bounds of England made "wider yet," to quote a native poet. Are they Canadian songs, will be asked? Yes, distinctively so, in so far as they deal with boundless nature in the open. It is the poetry of the U. E. Loyalist, the far flung patriotism of the pioneer, that Sir Clive Phillipps-Wolley sings and sings well, in smooth

and often impassioned, quotable verse. Is he like any one? Decidedly like Newbolt—without his dramatic power; like Kipling, without his jargon; like Service, without his extravagance. Sings more like the English gentleman that he is—an author, hunter, traveller, long in our last west and bringing his sheaf of songs into our already well-filled poetic granary.—Thomas Allen; \$1.50.

Bosche Bosh

"MY ADVENTURES AS A GERMAN SECRET AGENT." By Captain Horst Von der Goltz.

THERE is a peculiar twist in the Teuton mind which leads Herr this and that to a confidence in the gullibility of all other peoples and an assumption that so long as Herr says so himself it must be so. Take, for instance, the poppycock put out by the fellow Horst Von der Goltz and labelled as "My adventures as a German secret agent"—a most ridiculous mess of rubbish which Horst, etc., expects us to accept as an authentic exposition of Germany's secret diplomacy. It is the crudest kind of camouflage attempting to mask a mess of pro-German propaganda and anti-British mischief beneath a flimsy fabric of spy fiction. Incidentally, and on his word of honor as an ex-German spy, Goltz asks the Washington authorities to believe that since America went to war against the Hun there are no Germans working for the Wilhelmstrasse in the whole of the United States. Bosche!—J. M. Dent; \$1.50.

'Tino and Tommy

"TOMMY AND THE MAID OF ATHENS" By Joseph Hocking.

IT is a long while since Joseph Hocking first learned the knack of tickling the publisher in his counting house by pleasing the maid who hangs up the clothes, and for years now he has been milling out popular fiction at popular prices—all made up from practically the same formula. Mr. Hocking is well acquainted with his audience and—it being war time just now—he has added an extra dash of patriotism to his latest productions. His last book is like any other of his you may have read plus a few Hocking ideas as to the way Whitehall should deal with the diplomacies of the Eastern situation. The maid out in the garden will enjoy reading it when her washing's done—and so, for the matter of that, will a few thousand more Hockingtons.—Hodder & Stoughton. 50 cents.

TO THE REV. JAMES B. DOLLARD.

(Author of "Irish Lyrics and Ballads.")

In Irish fields the gorse doth glow,
A golden frame where row on row
Stand white-walled cabins. Tender the sky,

Blue as the sea, where sea-birds fly,
Keening with mystic sound the woe
Which haunts that isle. With thee I'd go
To glooming glens where pass below
The Slaugh-Sidhe, all hid from eye
In Irish fields.

Of misting and moonshine, friend and foe
Thou Dollard—bard of the mystic, high
Great Celtic past that cannot die—
Reviv'st dim faiths where legends grow,
Bidding old heroes live which lie
In Irish fields

Toronto. CHARLES CARLYLE.

THE INDIAN DRUM

(Continued from page 20.)

that he did not go away. You see that, of course."

"Were you the only one who thought that? Or did some one speak to you about it?"

"No one did! I spoke to father. He thought—"

"Yes."

"Well, if Mr. Corvet was murdered—I'm following what father thought, you understand—it involved something a good deal worse perhaps than any thing that could have been involved if he had only gone away. The facts we had made it certain that—if what had happened to him was death at the hands of another—he must have foreseen that death and, seeking no protection for himself . . . it implied, that he preferred to die rather than to ask protection—that there was something whose concealment he thought mattered even more to him than life. It—it might have meant that he considered his life was due to whomever took it." Her voice, which had become very low, now ceased. She was speaking to Alan of his father—a father whom he had never known, and whom he could not have recognized by sight until she showed him the picture a few weeks before; but she was speaking of his father.

"Mr. Sherrill didn't feel that it was necessary for him to do anything, even though he thought that?"

"If Mr. Corvet was dead, we could do him no good, surely, by telling this to the police; if the police succeeded in finding out all the facts, we would be doing only what Uncle Benny did not wish—what he preferred death to. We could not tell the police about it without telling them all about Mr. Corvet, too. So father would not let himself believe that you had been attacked to be killed. He had to believe the police theory was sufficient."

Alan made no comment at once. "Wassaquam believes Mr. Corvet is dead," he said finally. "He told me so. Does your father believe that?"

"I think he is beginning to believe it."

THEY had reached the little bridge that breaks the Drive and spans the channel through which the motor boats reach harbor in the lagoon; he rested his arms upon the rail of the bridge and looked down into the channel, now frozen. He seemed to her to consider and to decide upon something.

"I've not told any one," he said, now watching her, "how I happened to be out of the house that night. I followed a man who came there to the house. Wassaquam did not know his name. He did not know Mr. Corvet was gone; for he came there to see Mr. Corvet. He was not an ordinary friend of Mr. Corvet's; but he had come there often; Wassaquam did not know why. Wassaquam had sent the man away, and I ran out after him; but I could not find him."

He stopped an instant, studying her. "That was not the first man who came to the house," he went on quickly, as she was about to speak. "I found a man in Mr. Corvet's house the first night that I spent there. Wassaquam was away, you remember, and I was alone in the house."

"A man there in the house?" she repeated.

"He wasn't there when I entered the house—at least I don't think he was. I heard him below, after I had gone up-stairs. I came down then and saw him. He was going through Mr. Corvet's things—not the silver and all that, but through his desks and files and cases. He was looking for something—something which he seemed to want very much; when I interfered, it greatly excited him."

THEY had turned back from the bridge and were returning along the way that they had come; but now she stopped and looked up at him.

"What happened when you interfered?"

"A queer thing."

"What?"

"I frightened him."

"Frightened him?" She had appreciated in his tone more significance than the casual meaning of the words.

"He thought I was a ghost."

"A ghost. Whose ghost?"

He shrugged. "I don't know; some one whom he seemed to have known pretty well—and whom Mr. Corvet knew, he thought."

"Why didn't you tell us this before?"

"At least—I am telling you now, Miss Sherrill. I frightened him, and he got away. But I had seen him plainly. I can describe him. . . . You've talked with your father of the possibility that something might 'happen' to me such as, perhaps, happened to Mr. Corvet. If anything does happen to me, a description of the man may . . . prove useful."

He saw the color leave her face, and her eyes brighten; he accepted this for agreement on her part. Then clearly and definitely as he could, he described Spearman to her. She did not recognize the description; he had known she would not. Had not Spearman been in Duluth? Beyond that, was not connection of Spearman with the prowler in Corvet's house the one connection of all most difficult for her to make? But he saw her fixing and recording the description in her mind.

They were silent as they went on toward her home. He had said all he could, or dared to say; to tell her that the man had been Spearman would not merely have awakened her incredulity; it would have destroyed credence utterly. A definite change in their relation to one another had taken place during their walk. The fullness, the frankness of the sympathy there had been between them almost from their first meeting, had gone; she was quite aware, he saw, that he had not frankly answered her questions; she was aware that in some way he had drawn back from her and shut her out from his thoughts about his own position here. But he had known that this must be so; it had been his first definite realization after his return to consciousness in the hospital when, knowing now her relation to Spearman, he had found all questions which concerned his relations with the people here made immeasurably more acute by the attack upon him.

She asked him to come in and stay for luncheon, as they reached her

home, but she asked it without urging; at his refusal she moved slowly up the steps; but she halted when she saw that he did not go on.

"Miss Sherrill," he said, looking up at her, "how much money is there in your house?"

She smiled, amused and a little perplexed; then sobered as she saw his intentness on her answer.

"What do you mean?" she asked.

"I mean—how much is ordinarily kept there?"

"Why, very little in actual cash. We pay everything by check—tradesmen and servants; and even if we happen not to have a charge account where we make a purchase, they know who we are and are always willing to charge it to us."

"Thank you. It would be rather unusual then for you—or your neighbors—to have currency at hand exceeding the hundreds?"

"Exceeding the hundreds? That means in the thousands—or at least one thousand; yes, for us, it would be quite unusual."

She waited for him to explain why he had asked; it was not, she felt sure, for any reason which could readily suggest itself to her. But he only thanked her again and lifted his hat and moved away. Looking after him from the window after she entered the house, she saw him turn the corner in the direction of Astor Street.

CHAPTER XI.

A Caller.

AS the first of the month was approaching, Wassaquam had brought his household bills and budget to Alan that morning directly after breakfast. The accounts, which covered expenses for the month just ending and a small amount of cash to be carried for the month beginning, were written upon a sheet of foolscap in neat, unshaded writing exactly like the models in a copybook—each letter formed as carefully and precisely as is the work done upon an Indian basket. The statement accounted accurately for a sum of cash in hand upon the first of February, itemized charged expenses, and totaled the bills. For March, Wassaquam evidently proposed a continuance of the establishment upon the present lines. To provide for that, and to furnish Alan with whatever sums he needed, Sherrill had made a considerable deposit in Alan's name in the bank where he carried his own account; and Alan had accompanied Sherrill to the bank to be introduced and had signed the necessary cards in order to check against the deposit; but, as yet, he had drawn nothing.

Alan had required barely half of the hundred dollars which Benjamin Corvet had sent to Blue Rapids, for his expenses in Chicago; and he had brought with him from "home" a hundred dollars of his own. He had used that for his personal expenses since. The amount which Wassaquam now desired to pay the bills was much more than Alan had on hand; but that amount was also much less than the eleven hundred dollars which the servant listed as cash on hand. This, Wassaquam stated, was in currency and kept by him. Benjamin always had had him keep that much in the house; Wassaquam would not touch that sum now for the payment of current expenses.

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Applications for entry are received up to the 15th April by the Secretary, Civil Service Commission, Ottawa, from whom blank entry forms can be obtained.

Candidates for examination must have passed their fourteenth birthday, and not reached their sixteenth birthday, on the 1st July following the examination.

Further details can be obtained on application to G. J. Desbarats, C.A.G., Deputy Minister of the Naval Service, Department of the Naval Service, Ottawa.

G. J. DESBARATS,
Deputy Minister of the Naval Service,
Department of the Naval Service,
Ottawa, March 12, 1917.

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This sum of money kept inviolate troubled Alan. Constance Sherrill's statement that, for her family at least, to keep such a sum would have been unusual, increased this trouble; it did not, however, preclude the possibility that others than the Sherrills might keep such amounts of cash on hand. On the first of the month, therefore Alan drew upon his new bank account to Wassaquam's order; and in the early afternoon Wassaquam went to the bank to cash his check—one of the very few occasions when Alan had been left in the house alone; Wassaquam's habit, it appeared, was to go about on the first of the month and pay the tradesmen in person.

Some two hours later, and before Wassaquam could have been expected back, Alan, in the room which had become his, was startled by a sound of heavy pounding, which came suddenly to him from a floor below. Shouts— heavy, thick, and unintelligible—mingled with the pounding. He ran swiftly down the stairs, then on and down the service stairs into the basement. The door to the house from the areaway was shaking to irregular, heavy blows, which stopped as Alan reached the lower hallway; the shouts continued still a moment more. Now that the noise of pounding did not interfere, Alan could make out what the man was saying: "Ben Corvet!"—the name was almost unintelligible—"Ben Corvet! Ben!" Then the shouts stopped too.

ALAN sped to the door and turned back the latch. The door bore back upon him, not from a push, but from a weight without which had fallen against it. A big, heavy man, with a rough cap and mackinaw coat, would have fallen upon the floor, if Alan had not caught him. His weight in Alan's arms was so dull, so inert that, if violence had been his intention, there was nothing to be feared from him now. Alan looked up, therefore, to see if any one had come with him. The alley and the street were clear. The snow in the area-way showed that the man had come to the door alone and with great difficulty; he had fallen once upon the walk. Alan dragged the man into the house and went back and closed the door.

He returned and looked at him. The man was like, very like the one whom Alan had followed from the house on the night when he was attacked; certainty that this was the same man came quickly to him. He seized the fellow again and dragged him up the stairs and to the lounge in the library. The warmth revived him; he sat up, coughing and breathing quickly and with a loud, rasping wheeze. The smell of liquor was strong upon him; his clothes reeked with the unclean smell of barrel houses.

He was, or had been, a very powerful man, broad and thick through with overdeveloped—almost distorting—muscles in his shoulders; but his body had become fat and soft, his face was puffed, and his eyes watery and bright; his brown hair, which was shot all through with gray, was dirty and matted; he had three or four days' growth of beard. He was clothed as Alan had seen deck hands on the steamers attired; he was not less than fifty, Alan judged, though his condition made estimate difficult. When he sat up and looked about, it was plain that whiskey was only one of the forces working

upon him—the other was fever which burned up and sustained him intermittently.

"Lo!" he greeted Alan. "Where's shat damn Injin, hey? I knew Ben Corvet was shere—knew he was shere all time. 'Course he's shere; he got to be shere. That's shright. You get 'im!"

"Who are you?" Alan asked.

"Say, who'r you? What t'hells syou doin' here? Never see you before . . . go—go get Ben Corvet. Jus' say Ben Corvet, Lu—luke's shere. Ben Corvet'll know Lu—luke all right; alwaysh, alwaysh knows me . . ."

"What's the matter with you?" Alan had drawn back but now went to the man again. The first idea that this might have been merely some old sailor who had served Benjamin Corvet or, perhaps, had been a comrade in the earlier days, had been banished by the confident arrogance of the man's tone—an arrogance not to be explained, entirely, by whiskey or by the fever.

"How long have you been this way?" Alan demanded. "Where did you come from?" He put his hand on the wrist; it was very hot and dry; the pulse was racing, irregular; at seconds it seemed to stop; for other seconds it was continuous. The fellow coughed and bent forward. "What is it—pneumonia?" Alan tried to straighten him up.

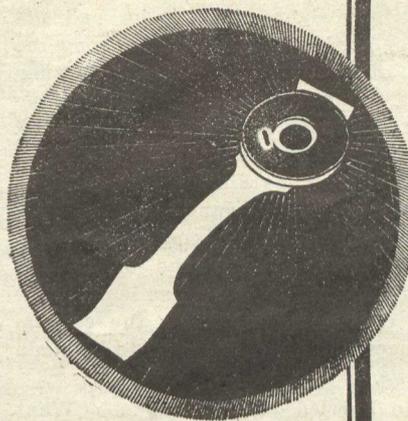
"Gi' me drink . . . Go get Ben Corvet, I tell you! . . . Get Ben Corvet quick! Say—yoush shear? You get me Ben Corvet; you better get Ben Corvet; you tell him Lu—luke's here; won't wait any more; goin' t'have my money now . . . sright away, your shear? Kick me out s'loon; I guess not no more. Ben Corvet give me all money I want or I talk!"

"Talk!"

"You know it! I ain't goin' . . ." He choked up and tottered back; Alan, supporting him, laid him down and stayed beside him until his coughing and choking ceased, and there was only the rattling rasp of his breathing. When Alan spoke to him again, Luke's eyes opened, and he narrated recent experiences bitterly; all were blamed to Ben Corvet's absence; Luke, who had been drinking heavily a few nights before, had been thrown out when the saloon was closed; that was Ben Corvet's fault; if Ben Corvet had been around, Luke would have had money, all the money any one wanted; no one would have thrown out Luke then. Luke slept in the snow, all wet. When he arose, the saloon was open again, and he got more whiskey, but not enough to get him warm. He hadn't been warm since. That was Ben Corvet's fault. Ben Corvet better be 'round now; Luke wouldn't stand any more.

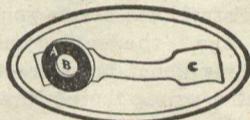
ALAN felt of the pulse again; he opened the coat and under-flannels and felt the heaving chest. He went to the hall and looked in the telephone directory. He remembered the name of the druggist on the corner of Clark Street and he telephoned him, giving the number on Astor Street.

"I want a doctor right away," he said. "Any good doctor; the one that you can get quickest." The druggist promised that a physician would be there within a quarter of an hour. Alan went back to Luke, who was silent now except for the gasp of his



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breath; he did not answer when Alan spoke to him, except to ask for whiskey. Alan, gazing down at him, felt that the man was dying; liquor and his fever had sustained him only to bring him to the door; now the collapse had come; the doctor, even if he arrived very soon, could do no more than perhaps delay the end. Alan went up-stairs and brought down blankets and put them over Luke; he cut the knotted laces of the soaked shoes and pulled them off; he also took off the mackinaw and the undercoat. The fellow, appreciating that care was being given him, relaxed; he slept deeply for short periods, stirred and started up, then slept again. Alan stood watching, a strange, sinking tremor shaking him. This man had come there to make a claim—a claim which many times before, apparently, Benjamin Corvet had admitted. Luke came to Ben Corvet for money which he always got—all he wanted—the alternative to giving which was that Luke would "talk." Blackmail, that meant, of course; blackmail which not only Luke had told of, but which Wassaquam too had admitted, as Alan now realized. Money for blackmail—that was the reason for that thousand dollars in cash which Benjamin Corvet always kept at the house.

Alan turned, with a sudden shiver of revulsion, toward his father's chair in place before the hearth; there for hours each day his father had sat with a book or staring into the fire, always with what this man knew hanging over him, always arming against it with the thousand dollars ready for this man, whenever he came. Meeting blackmail, paying blackmail for as long as Wassaquam had been in the house, for as long as it took to make the once muscular, powerful figure of the sailor who threatened to "talk" into the swollen, whiskey-soaked hulk of the man dying now on the lounge.

FOR his state that day, the man blamed Benjamin Corvet. Alan, forcing himself to touch the swollen face, shuddered at thought of the truth underlying that accusation. Benjamin Corvet's act—whatever it might be that this man knew—undoubtedly had destroyed not only him who paid the blackmail but him who received it; the effect of that act was still going on, destroying, blighting. Its threat of shame was not only against Benjamin Corvet; it threatened also all whose names must be connected with Corvet's. Alan had refused to accept any stigma in his relationship with Corvet; but now he could not refuse to accept it. This shame threatened Alan; it threatened also the Sherrills. Was it not because of this that Benjamin Corvet had objected to Sherrill's name appearing with his own in the title of the ship-owning firm? And was it not because of this that Corvet's intimacy with Sherrill and his comradeship with Constance had been alternated by times in which he had frankly avoided them both? What Sherrill had told Alan and even Corvet's gifts to him had not been able to make Alan feel that without question Corvet was his father, but now shame and horror were making him feel it; in horror at Corvet's act—whatever it might be—and in shame at Corvet's cowardice, Alan was thinking of Benjamin Corvet as his father. This shame, this horror, were his inheritance.

He left Luke and went to the window to see if the doctor was coming. He had called the doctor because in his first sight of Luke he had not recognized that Luke was beyond the aid of doctors and because to summon a doctor under such circumstances was the right thing to do; but he had thought of the doctor also as a witness to anything Luke might say. But now—did he want a witness? He had no thought of concealing anything for his own sake or for his father's; but he would, at least, want the chance to determine the circumstances under which it was to be made public.

He hurried back to Luke. "What is it, Luke?" he cried to him. "What can you tell? Listen! Luke—Luke, is it about the Miwaka—the Miwaka? Luke!"

LUKE had sunk into a stupor; Alan shook him and shouted in his ear without awakening response. As Alan straightened and stood hopelessly looking down at him, the telephone bell rang sharply. Thinking it might be something about the doctor, he went to it and answered it. Constance Sherrill's voice came to him; her first words made it clear that she was at home and had just come in.

"The servants tell me some one was making a disturbance beside your house a while ago," she said, "and shouting something about Mr. Corvet. Is there something wrong there? Have you discovered something?"

He shook excitedly while, holding his hand over the transmitter lest Luke should break out again and she should hear it, he wondered what he should say to her. He could think of nothing, in his excitement, which would reassure her and merely put her off; he was not capable of controlling his voice so as to do that.

"Please don't ask me just now, Miss Sherrill," he managed. "I'll tell you what I can—later."

His reply, he recognized, only made her more certain that there was something the matter, but he could not add anything to it. He found Luke, when he went back to him, still in coma; the blood-shot veins stood out against the ghastly grayness of his face, and his stertorous breathing sounded through the rooms.

Constance Sherrill had come in a few moments before from an afternoon reception; the servants told her at once that something was happening at Mr. Corvet's. They had heard shouts and had seen a man pounding upon the door there, but they had not taken it upon themselves to go over there. She had told the chauffeur to wait with the motor and had run at once to the telephone and called Alan; his attempt to put her off made her certain that what had happened was not finished but was still going on. Her anxiety and the sense of their responsibility for Alan overrode at once all other thought. She told the servants to call her father at the office and tell him something was wrong at Mr. Corvet's; then she called her maid and hurried out to the motor.

"To Mr. Corvet's—quickly!" she directed.

Looking through the front doors of her car as it turned into Astor Street, she saw a young man, carrying a doctor's case, run up the steps of Corvet's house. This, quite unreasonably since she had just talked with Alan,

added to her alarm; she put her hand on the catch of the door and opened it a little so as to be ready to leave the car as soon as it stopped. As the car drew to the curb, she sprang out, and stopped only long enough to tell the chauffeur to be attentive and to wait ready to come into the house, if he was called.

The man with the bag—Constance recognized him as a young doctor who was starting in practice in the neighborhood—was just being admitted as she and her maid reached the steps. Alan stood holding the door open and yet blocking entrance when she came up. The sight of him told her that it was not physical hurt that happened to him, but his face showed her there had been basis for her fright.

"You must not come in!" he denied her; but she followed the doctor so that Alan could not close the door upon her. He yielded then, and she and her maid went on into the hall.

She started as she saw the figure upon the couch in the library, and as the sound of its heavy breathing reached her; and the wild fancy which had come to her when the servants had told her of what was going on—a fancy that Uncle Benny had come back—was banished instantly.

Alan led her into the room across from the library.

"You shouldn't have come in," he said. "I shouldn't have let you in; but—you saw him."

"Yes."
"Do you know him?"
"Know him?" She shook her head.
"I mean, you've never seen him before?"

"No."
"His name is Luke—he speaks of himself by that name. Did you ever hear my father mention a man named Luke?"

"No; never."

LUKE'S voice cut suddenly their conversation; the doctor probably had given him some stimulant.

"Where's Ben Corvet?" Luke demanded arrogantly of the doctor. "You go get Ben Corvet! Tell Ben Corvet I want drink right away. Tell Ben Corvet I want my thousand dollar . . .!"

Constance turned swiftly to her maid. "Go out to the car and wait for me," she commanded.

Luke's muffled, heavy voice went on; moments while he fought for breath interrupted it.

"You hear me, you damn Injin! . . . You go tell Ben Corvet I want my thousand dollars; or I make it two nex' time! You hear me; you go tell Ben Corvet. . . . You let me go, you damn Injin! . . ."

Through the doorway to the library they could see the doctor force Luke back upon the couch; Luke fought him furiously; then, suddenly as he had stirred to strength and fury, Luke collapsed again. His voice went on a moment more, rapidly growing weaker:

"You tell Ben Corvet I want my money, or I'll tell. He knows what I'll tell. . . . You don't know, you Injin devil. . . . Ben Corvet knows, and I know. . . . Tell him I'll tell . . . I'll tell . . . I'll tell!" The threatening voice stopped suddenly.

Constance, very pale, again faced Alan. "Of course, I understand," she said. "Uncle Benny has been paying blackmail to this man. For years, perhaps. . . ." She repeated the word

National Directory of Standard Products

THIS directory includes the names of the leading Canadian firms making and handling the various classes of goods indicated. The Courier recommends these concerns as leaders in their classes and every prospective purchaser can rely upon getting honest wares from them. Most of them have years of reputation behind them. Moreover, they are "National" and a constant reminder of the steady growth in Canadian Industries.

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after an instant, in a frightened voice, "Blackmail!"

"Won't you please go, Miss Sherrill?" Alan urged her. "It was good of you to come; but you mustn't stay now. He's—he's dying, of course."

She seated herself upon a chair. "I'm going to stay with you," she said simply. It was not, she knew, to share the waiting for the man in the next room to die; in that, of itself, there could be nothing for him to feel. It was to be with him while realization which had come to her was settling upon him too—realization of what this meant to him. He was realizing that, she thought; he had realized it; it made him, at moments, forget her while, listening for sounds from the other room, he paced back and forth beside the table or stood staring away, clinging to the portieres. He left her presently, and went across the hall to the doctor. The man on the couch had stirred as though to start up again; the voice began once more, but now its words were wholly indistinguishable, meaningless, incoherent. They stopped, and Luke lay still; the doctor—Alan was helping him now—arranged a quite inert form upon the couch. The doctor bent over him.

"Is he dead?" Constance heard Alan ask.

"Not yet," the doctor answered; "but it won't be long, now."

"There's nothing you can do for him?"

The doctor shook his head.

"There's nothing you can do to make him talk—bring him to himself enough so that he will tell what he keeps threatening to tell?"

THE doctor shrugged. "How many times, do you suppose, he's been drunk and still not told? Concealment is his established habit now. It's an inhibition; even in wandering, he stops short of actually telling anything."

"He came here—" Alan told briefly to the doctor the circumstances of the man's coming. The doctor moved back from the couch to a chair and sat down.

"I'll wait, of course," he said, "until it's over. He seemed to want to say something else, and after a moment he came out with it. 'You needn't be afraid of my talking outside . . . professional secrecy, of course.'"

Alan came back to Constance. Outside, the gray of dusk was spreading, and within the house it had grown dark; Constance heard the doctor turn on a light, and the shadowy glow of a desk lamp came from the library. Alan walked to and fro with uneven steps; he did not speak to her, nor she to him. It was very quiet in the library; she could not even hear Luke's breathing now. Then she heard the doctor moving; Alan went to the light and switched it on, as the doctor came out to them.

"It's over," he said to Alan. "There's a law covers these cases; you may not be familiar with it. I'll make out the death certificate—pneumonia and a weak heart with alcoholism. But the police have to be notified at once; you have no choice as to that. I'll look after those things for you, if you want."

"Thank you, if you will." Alan went with the doctor to the door and saw him drive away. Returning, he drew the library portieres; then, coming back to Constance, he picked up

her muff and collar from the chair where she had thrown them, and held them out to her,

"You'll go now, Miss Sherrill," he said. "Indeed, you mustn't stay here—your car's still waiting, and—you mustn't stay here . . . in this house!"

He was standing, waiting to open the door for her, almost where he had halted on that morning, a few weeks ago, when he had first come to the house in answer to Benjamin Corvet's summons; and she was where she had stood to receive him. Memory of how he had looked then—eager, trembling a little with excitement, expecting only to find his father and happiness—came to her; and as it contrasted with the way she saw him now, she choked queerly as she tried to speak. He was very white, but quite controlled; lines not upon his face before had come there.

"Won't you come over home with me," she said, "and wait for father there till we can think this thing out together?"

Her sweetness almost broke him down. "This . . . together! Think this out! Oh, it's plain enough, isn't it? For years—for as long as Wassaquam has been here, my father has been seeing that man and paying blackmail to him twice a year, at least! He lived in that man's power. He kept money in the house for him always! It wasn't anything imaginary that hung over my father—or anything created in his own mind. It was something real—real; it was disgrace—disgrace and worse—something he deserved; and that he fought with blackmail money, like a coward! Dishonor—cowardice—blackmail!"

She drew a little nearer to him. "You didn't want me to know," she said. "You tried to put me off when I called you on the telephone; and—when I came here, you wanted me to go away before I heard. Why didn't you want me to know? If he was your father, wasn't he our—friend? Mine and my father's? You must let us help you."

As she approached, he had drawn back from her. "No; this is mine!" he denied her. "Not yours or your

father's. You have nothing to do with this. Didn't he try in little cowardly ways to keep you out of it? But he couldn't do that; your friendship meant too much to him; he couldn't keep away from you. But I can—I can do that! You must go out of this house; you must never come in here again!"

HER eyes filled, as she watched him; never had she liked him so much as now, as he moved to open the door for her.

"I thought," he said almost wistfully, "it seemed to me that, whatever he had done, it must have been mostly against me. His leaving everything to me seemed to mean that I was the one that he had wronged, and that he was trying to make it up to me. But it isn't that; it can't be that! It is something much worse than that! . . . Oh, I'm glad I haven't used much of his money! Hardly any—not more than I can give back! It wasn't the money and the house he left me that mattered—what he really left me was just this . . . dishonor, shame . . ."

The doorbell rang, and Alan turned to the door and threw it open. In the dusk the figure of the man outside was not at all recognizable; but as he entered with heavy and deliberate steps, passing Alan without greeting and going straight to Constance, Alan saw by the light in the hall that it was Spearman.

"What's up?" Spearman asked. "They tried to get your father at the office and then me, but neither of us was there. They got me afterwards at the club. They said you'd come over here; but that must have been more than two hours ago."

His gaze went on past her to the drawn hangings of the room to the right; and he seemed to appreciate their significance; for his face whitened under its tan, and an odd hush came suddenly upon him.

"Is it Ben, Connie?" he whispered. "Ben . . . come back?"

HE drew the curtains partly open. The light in the library had been extinguished, and the light that came

from the hall swayed about the room with the movement of the curtains and gave a momentary semblance of life to the face of the man upon the couch. Spearman drew the curtains quickly together again, still holding to them and seeming for an instant to cling to them; then he shook himself together, threw the curtains wide apart, and strode into the room. He switched on the light and went directly to the couch; Alan followed him.

"He's—dead?"

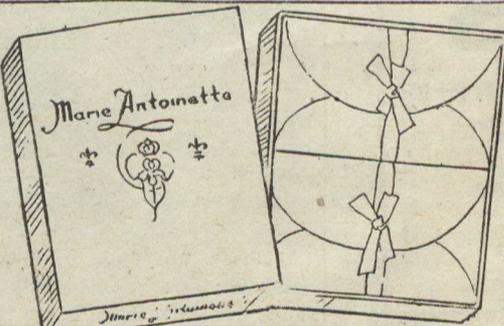
"Who is he?" Alan demanded.

Spearman seemed to satisfy himself first as to the answer to his question. "How should I know who he is?" he asked. "There used to be a wheelman on the Martha Corvet years ago who looked like him; or looked like what this fellow may have looked like once. I can't be sure."

He turned to Constance. "You're going home, Connie? I'll see you over there. I'll come back about this afterward, Conrad."

Alan followed them to the door and closed it after them. He spread the blankets over Luke. Luke's coats, which Alan had removed, lay upon a chair, and he looked them over for marks of identification; the mackinaw bore the label of a dealer in Manitowoc—wherever that might be; Alan did not know. A side pocket produced an old briar: there was nothing else. Then Alan walked restlessly about, awaiting Spearman. Spearman, he believed, knew this man; Spearman had not even ventured upon modified denial until he was certain that the man was dead; and then he had answered so as not to commit himself, pending learning from Constance what Luke had told.

But Luke had said nothing about Spearman. It had been Corvet, and Corvet alone, of whom Luke had spoken; it was Corvet whom he had accused; it was Corvet who had given him money. Was it conceivable, then, that there had been two such events in Corvet's life? That one of these events concerned the Miwaka and Spearman and some one—some one "with a bullet hole above his eye"—



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who had 'got' Corvet; and that the other event had concerned Luke and something else? It was not conceivable, Alan was sure; it was all one thing. If Corvet had had to do with the Miwaka, then Luke had had to do with it too. And Spearman? But if Spearman had been involved in that guilty thing, had not Luke known it? Then why had not Luke mentioned Spearman? Or had Spearman not been really involved? Had it been, perhaps, only evidence of knowledge of what Corvet had done that Spearman had tried to discover and destroy?

Alan went to the door and opened it, as he heard Spearman upon the steps again. Spearman waited only until the door had been reclosed behind him.

"Well, Conrad, what was the idea of bringing Miss Sherrill into this?"

"I didn't bring her in; I tried the best I could to keep her out."

"Out of what—exactly?"

"You know better than I do. You know exactly what it is. You know that man, Spearman; you know what he came here for. I don't mean money; I mean you know why he came here for money, and why he got it. I tried, as well as I could, to make him tell me; but he wouldn't do it. There's disgrace of some sort here, of course—disgrace that involves my father and, I think, you too. If you're not guilty with my father, you'll help me now; if you are guilty, then, at least, your refusal to help will let me know that."

"I don't know what you're talking about."

"Then why did you come back here? You came back here to protect yourself in some way."

"I came back, you young fool, to say something to you which I didn't want Miss Sherrill to hear. I didn't know, when I took her away, how completely you'd taken her into—your father's affairs. I told you this man may have been a whistler on the Corvet; I don't know more about him than that; I don't even know that certainly. Of course, I knew Ben Corvet was paying blackmail; I've known for years that he was giving up money to some one. I don't know who he paid it to; or for what."

THE strain of the last few hours was telling upon Alan; his skin flushed hot and cold by turns. He paced up and down while he controlled himself.

"That's not enough, Spearman," he said finally. "I—I've felt you, somehow, underneath all these things. The first time I saw you, you were in this house doing something you ought not to have been doing; you fought me then; you would have killed me rather than not get away. Two weeks ago, some one attacked me on the street—for robbery, they said; but I know it wasn't robbery—"

"You're not so crazy as to be trying to involve me in that—"

There came a sound to them from the hall, a sound unmistakably denoting some presence. Spearman jerked suddenly up; Alan, going to the door and looking into the hall, saw Wassaquam. The Indian evidently had returned to the house some time before; he had been bringing to Alan now the accounts which he had settled. He seemed to have been standing in the hall for some time, listening; but he

came in now, looking inquiringly from one to the other of them.

"Not friends?" he inquired. "You and Henry?"

Alan's passion broke out suddenly. "We're anything but that, Judah. I found him, the first night I got here and while you were away, going through my father's things. I fought with him, and he ran away. He was the one that broke into my father's desks; maybe you'll believe that, even if no one else will."

"Yes?" the Indian questioned. "Yes?" It was plain that he not only believed but that believing gave him immense satisfaction. He took Alan's arm and led him into the smaller library. He knelt before one of the drawers under the bookshelves—the drawer, Alan recalled, which he himself had been examining when he had found Wassaquam watching him. He drew out the drawer and dumped its contents out upon the floor; he turned the drawer about then, and pulled the bottom out of it. Beneath the bottom which he had removed appeared now another bottom and a few sheets of paper scrawled in an uneven hand and with different colored inks.

At sight of them, Spearman, who had followed them into the room, uttered an oath and sprang forward. The Indian's small dark hand grasped Spearman's wrist, and his face twitched itself into a fierce grin which showed how little civilization had modified in him the aboriginal passions. But Spearman did not try to force his way; instead, he drew back suddenly.

Alan stooped and picked up the papers and put them in his pocket. If the Indian had not been there, it would not have been so easy for him to do that, he thought.

(To be continued.)

Shipboard Sketches

(Concluded from page 11.)

tainly on shipboard a commission is an advantage.

The belle of the ship is Patsy—a pink-checked, golden haired girl of two, who is crossing the ocean to be with a father she has never seen. Whether it is the pretty mother or this small replica of her charms that draws so many large khaki-clad figures around them whenever they appear on deck, we cannot tell, but Patsy is carried off first by one burly figure, then by another, and there is not a young officer on board who will not renounce a game of bridge for the privilege of romping up and down the deck, driving or being driven by this little puss in her big fur coat with a tri-color whip and jingle-bell reins. Yesterday Patsy was ill, the little golden head lay inert on her pillow. Then it was the doctor's turn to be surrounded by Patsy's admirers, asking for the latest bulletins of her health. The rare papers that come on board were far less eagerly received.

Patsy's indisposition excused her from the life-belt drill, which was our only excitement this afternoon, but the rest of us assembled by life-boat No. 1 and were shown how to fasten our belts and warned to keep them near us in case of accident. The stéerage had their drill first, then the crew, then the passengers. It has made us feel hopeful that some night before very long we shall be wakened by the sound of the engines and in the morning the shores of Canada will be dimly seen behind us.

THE GREAT CANADIAN CHOIR

(Concluded from page 23.)

done here before, a first rendering by Stock some years ago, when Debussy impressionism was at its height. Mr. Stokowski gave it a big reading, but he did not convey the superficial mystery of the piece. The intention of the score was to convey a "morning-after" impression of what happened the afternoon before to a simple fawn in a forest. The Polovetskhi Dances from Prince Igor were much more to Mr. Stokowski's liking. Those Polish dances are blazoningly brilliant, barbaric and super-noisy, and the band seemed to revel in them. Perhaps the final programme will elim-

inate this type of piece and rise to a height of sublimity—of which the conductor is not by any means incapable. In the Valse Triste of Sibelius he created a little gem of pure seductive suggestion with an element of ultimate sadness in the form of a fantasia.

Stokowski will be looked for again in this country. He has the qualities of a really great conductor. No man ever came here who made a better first impression. He understands the inner life of music and he knows how to make good music interesting to common people. Without descending

to gallery tricks he "gets" the gallery, and at the same time satisfies the "talent." This is a combination achieved only by really great artists. And it is a sign of the times that good music is being made human by such men as Stokowski who understand that the great masters did not write for pedants and critics, but mainly for the masses of the people. It is time musicians dropped their masks and stopped being pedants. And it is equally time that people in general found out that they can get more thrills from good music than from poor music.

George Bernard Shaw and Rastus

Minstrelsy and mordant wit on two stages in the same room

SOMEWHERE in a certain Canadian city there is a strange, big room, once a criminal court, where a few days ago George Bernard Shaw played at one end in the afternoon and in the evening at the other, and the matinee came in as there was a glorifying revival of Rastus, Snowball and Co. The censor forbids us to mention the name of this place. In the afternoon people came in by the north door and walked over to the gallery stage built for the chorus of the minstrel show. They saw a stage up against the big fireplace which was part of the set for a remarkably clever presentation of Man of Destiny, by professional members of the Overseas Training Corps. The satire on Napoleon was simply staged with no properties whatever except a table, a candlestick and a settee built of stage boxes roped together. The big fireplace was its natural background. This, as may be inferred from its adaptability, was a work of art.

Promptly at 6 o'clock the room was cleared of all but a few club members—arts people—who turned all the chairs face about, carried the stage in sections to the other end of the room, shifted the stage lights, strung up the curtains and made ready for the minstrel show scheduled to come on at 8.15. In this presentation of dramatic contrasts the entertainers gave an example of playing both ends against the middle, perhaps never before seen in any other theatre. The reason it was possible being, that as the room was once a court it has an entrance at each end.

The burnt cork end of the minstrel show took possession of a county police court across the hall for a dressing-room. After five men had juggled with the electric connections, blowing out fuses, "the entire company" got on stage! The pianist used a stand of candles in one corner. The chorus conductor put over a humming verse of Old Virginy behind the curtain, which was pulled back by hand for the opening chorus, Dixie Land.

Sitting on a table back by the fireplace, the President of the Canadian Bank of Commerce dangled his boots in front of a pile of cordwood and for the best part of three hours laughed heartily. On another table nearby, Professor James Mavor, author of a monumental work on Russia, laughed also. Professor Keys, authority on Chaucer and other early minstrels,

forgot that there ever were such folk as the Troubadours and the Minnesingers. At least ten university professors were present. Up near the ring of darkies on the improvised stage, John Ross Robertson, proprietor of the Toronto Telegram, felt himself getting merrier every moment until just about the end of the olio as the cathedral clock was chiming 11.30 he went home.

For many years none of these

ordinarily serious men had seen a minstrel show. And this show had never been on the road.

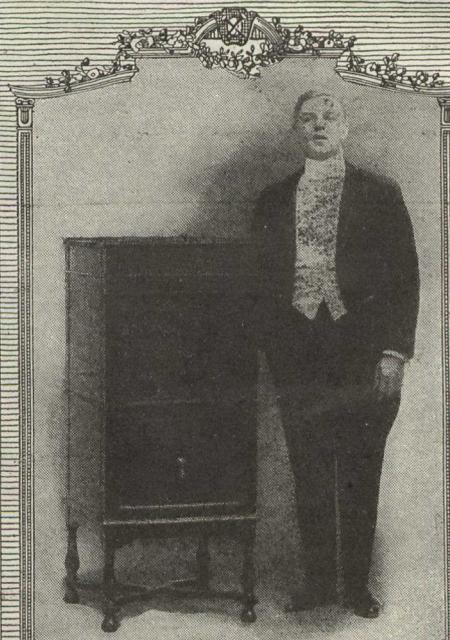
"The best minstrelsy I've heard since I was a youth," said Sir Edmund Walker, who the day before had been chairman at the Board of Governors of Toronto University, and next week might preside at a meeting of the Committee on Fine Arts in Ottawa. "In the old days I seldom missed a good minstrel show. Purely American art?"

Yes, but it's universal."

The stage held fifty men, chorus, ring and olio. Only the ring were burnt-corked. Above the chorus was a camouflaged poster of a large negro chorus painted that afternoon by some of the men on stage. The ring contained fourteen blacks. Sambo on the right was Ruthven McDonald, vocalist and general entertainer, opposed by a very refulgent Bones, in the person of one Arthur Beemer, who has never been on a professional stage. The next most conspicuous "coon" was a man who for years has made a hobby of painting the best negro studies in Canada, if not America—Curtis Williamson, R.C.A., juggling with a tambo and in the olio playing banjo and guitar. Other men in the ring who have more or less to do with other forms of art than minstrelsy were Fergus Kyle, late cartoonist of the Globe and Saturday Night; W. W. Alexander, engraver and etcher; Ralph Eden Smith, architect; J. Harry Smith, editor of the Sunday World; T. C. Greene, painter and teacher of art; Henry Button, Canadian manager of J. M. Dent and Sons. Interlocutor and minstrelsy producer, Eugene Beaupre, amateur artist, versatile amateur musician, and pageantist, manager of advertising for the T. Eaton Co.

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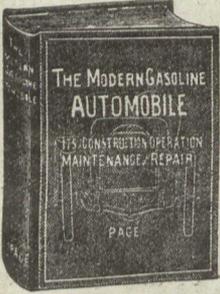
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greatly enlarged, and many automobile engineering features that have long puzzled laymen are explained so clearly that the underlying principles can be understood by anyone. This book was first published six years ago, and so much new matter has been added that it is nearly twice its original size. The only treatise covering various forms of war automobiles and recent developments in motor-truck design as well as pleasure cars. This book is not too technical for the layman nor too elementary for the more expert. It is an incomparable work of reference for home or school.

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two architects, one pedagogue, one editor and twice as many others who may be more useful to practical civilization. None of them had ever been on the road. The olio included Boris Hambourg, 'cellist, who played Mascagni's Intermezzo on a cigar-box—25—celloette accompanied by Broadus Farmer on a cigar-box—50—fiddle. Just before they went on stage the bridge of the celloette lost itself and the player had to improvise one out of a fag-end of linoleum. Dunington Grubb, landscape artist, did a strongman burlesque. Frank Johnston, painter and designer, did a street minstrel turn. Gladstone Brown, McLean Borthwick, Jimmie Manson and Ruthven McDonald sang "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup." Williamson, Beemer, Beaupre and R. L. Defries, lawyer, did mandolin and guitar quartettes. Beaupre did a

troubadour accordeon turn. And the final number was Henry Button doing a Hula dance in Honolulu togs in front of a Hawaiian quartette.

With all its resurrected patriarchal jokes, its rather disjointed technic and its reminiscent flavor of Lew Dockstader and Co. it was potentially a bigger exposition of minstrelsy than any of the old line companies, with a chorus worthy of grand opera. According to the Christian Science Monitor, there is now a revival of minstrel sentiment in the United States. This almost impromptu and never rehearsed-in-the-altogether coalition of various kinds of artists is perhaps the first serious effort to re-stage minstrelsy in America. According to symptoms it promises to blossom out this season into something undeniably big—for theatre performance.

THE MUSIC EDITOR ON TRIAL

BECAUSE we believe that music is a popular subject as much entitled to indignation, enthusiasm and argument as finance or baseball, we take great pleasure in publishing two letters, both of them vigorous onslaughts upon the man who has charge of the music department of the Canadian Courier. The Music Editor is not quite so sensitive as

some of the musical profession, or we should hesitate to have other people expose his weaknesses in print. But if music is ever to become a national fact in Canada, critics of music, alleged or otherwise, will have to run the gauntlet of other critics who have a perfect right to speak out on this subject from Halifax to Victoria.—Editor.

Vancouver, B.C., Feb. 12, 1918.
Editor, Canadian Courier:

A S a native Canadian the attempted national character of your paper has interested me, and having had to do with musical matters for something over thirty years in Ontario and on the Coast, your musical page has attracted my attention.

Let me say at once that if your present Musical Editor is supposed to in any sense represent or embody the musical status and aspirations of Canada, I consider him a hopeless failure. I should regret exceedingly if in any quarter he should be regarded as a measure of my musical ideas or ideals.

About two months ago there was an article headed, "How Broadway Listens to Wagner," or some such caption, which might get by as an effort in the style of "Farmer Corntossel's first visit to a Shakespeare play" of blessed memory at the back concession church social. As intelligent comment on Wagner, Heaven save us!

"How to nationalize music" might serve as a formula for developing nationality in boilers of the Scotch marine type, say, or tweed suitings. I have before me a sensibly written constructive article on the same subject from the Sydney (Aus.) Daily Telegraph. Between the two is a chasm. The "Messiah" effusion is too crass for words. Surely it is a waste of good ink, not to mention space and paper, for the Courier to begin finding fault with the musical design and construction of a work which has been before the world and has held its place without question for 176 years. During the last Christmas season there were two full-fledged Messiah performances in Vancouver, both to large audiences, which stayed to the end. On Christmas Sunday half the churches in town gave Messiah numbers. There were also performances of the Oratorio at New Westminster, Nanaimo, Victoria and doubtless all over Canada as well. In Sydney (Aus.) the Messiah was given five different times with the thermometer at around 95° in the shade.

Are all these people fools to be now enlightened by the seer of the Courier? I think not.

As for the orchestration commonly used, Mozart still retains in some quarters quite a reputation as a writer for orchestra. Perhaps the Courier's "Domestic" symphony version will be an improvement.

The "Sex" article is pure piffle. There is just as much sex in music as there is in sculpture, painting, literature, or as there will hereafter be in politics.

Let me suggest, if you wish your musical page to escape becoming a by-word, that you secure a writer having at least a glimmer of musical insight and a modicum of authoritative information.

Having paid my subscription to your valued publication, I should like to obtain its worth in creditable Canadianism, musical and otherwise.

A. E. WHITE.

Editor, Canadian Courier:

Dear Sir,—I have just finished reading your "Music" Department—and "my goodness!" was there anything in the last two weeks that the editor of that department was satisfied with—of course this paper is read by others—than Canadians—and what must they think of "the music world of Toronto?"

The Symphony Orchestra, or the "band," as the editor says, plays the beautiful Tchaikowsky Pathétique, while he watches "the hot air spiraling up to get away." I am sorry, but if we each have to imagine our own story, I do hope mine was a little more beautiful and also a little more fitting than the "dance of the electric light bulbs."

I do like the way he says—"Pages of interesting stuff might be written," etc.

As to Navarrete—or Ada as he familiarly addresses her—her gown, which "was all too short," happened to be a borrowed one, as her trunks hadn't arrived. Why all this about "sex?" Can one not enjoy music without the "sex" appeal—or did he get that mixed up with personality—?

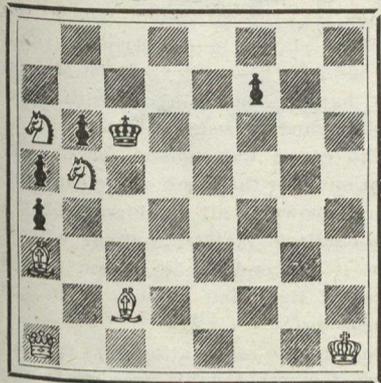
Then Mrs. H. A. Beach, or otherwise "mother in the kitchen frying doughnuts." Now imagine any one describing a guest in that way, for she is our guest. Then off he starts on her playing—"Without a twinge of emotion"—"of any sorts"—what is he looking for, "Hawaiian" music?

I am sorry to complain so, but the Musical Editor "rubs me the wrong way" all through his articles. Goodness knows how I will stand him, as we have already subscribed for the paper, but I will read him and try not to disagree every time. Barring the Music Section the rest's O. K.

Sincerely, M. J. O.



PROBLEM No. 173, by John McGregor.
(Tamworth, Ont.)
Specially composed for the "Courier."
Black.—Five Pieces.



White.—Six Pieces.

White to play and mate in three.

Problem No. 174, by C. W. Sheppard.
Second Prize, Good Companions' Club,
Dec., 1917.

White: K at QRsq; Q at KKt5; R at KB2; Bs at QKtsq and Q8; Kts at QR4 and K3.

Black: K at Q5; R at KB2; B at KR8; Kts at Q4 and K4; P at QB5.

White mates in two.

SOLUTIONS.

Problem No. 170, by L. B. Salkind.
1. P—R4, P—B4; 2. Q—R2, K—B3; 3. Q—KKt2 mate.

1., B—K6; 2. Q—KBsq, any move; 3. Q or Kt mates.

1., Kt—B4; 2. Q—K4ch, KxQ; 3. Kt—B6 mate.

1., threat; 2. Q—Q3ch, BxQ or K—B3; 3. Kt or Q mates.

Problem No. 171, by F. E. Godfrey.
1. B—K2, P—B3 ch; 2. QKt—K6 mate.

1., P—B4 ch; 2. Kkt—K6 mate.

1., K—Q5; 2. Kt—B5 mate.

1., K—B5; 2. KtxB mate.

1., K—B3; 2. KtxB mate.

1., P—QB4; 2. Kt—Kt5 mate.

1., B moves; 2. QKt—K8 mate.

Problem No. 172, by Dr. J. J. O'Keefe.
1. R—Q5, B—B4; 2. Q—R6 mate.

1., B—B6; 2. QxKt mate.

1., threat; 2. Q—B6 mate.

To Correspondents.

(J.V.S.), Acton West.—Your after play to No. 170 is incorrect. (J.McG.), Tamworth.—Your latest three-mover appears above. All particulars re correspondence tours from Mr. Hickok.

Correct solutions of Problems Nos. 170, 171 and 172 received from John McGregor, Tamworth.

CHESS IN TORONTO.

A complicated game played in the Gambit Tournament at the Toronto Chess Club, between Messrs. J. Boas and A. W. Campbell.

King's Bishop's Gambit.

- | | |
|-----------------|-----------------|
| White. | Black. |
| J. Boas. | A. W. Campbell. |
| 1. P—K4 | 1. P—K4 |
| 2. P—KB4 | 2. Pxp |
| 3. B—B4 | 3. P—KB4 (a) |
| 4. P—Q4 (b) | 4. Q—R5ch |
| 5. K—Bsq | 5. Pxp |
| 6. Q—K2 | 6. P—K6 |
| 7. Kt—KB3 | 7. Q—R4 (c) |
| 8. P—KKt4 (d) | 8. Q—R4 (e) |
| 9. B—Q2 | 9. Q—Kt3 |
| 10. Kt—Kt5 | 10. Kt—KR3 |
| 11. Kt—QB3 | 11. P—B3 (f) |
| 12. R—Ksq | 12. QxQP |
| 13. Kt—B3 | 13. Q—Kt3 |
| 14. P—Kt5 | 14. Kt—B4 (g) |
| 15. Kt—K5 (h) | 15. P—Q4 (i) |
| 16. BxQP | 16. PxB (j) |
| 17. KtxP | 17. Q—Qsq |
| 18. Kt—B6ch (k) | 18. K—K2 |
| 19. B—Kt4ch | 19. Kt—Q3 |
| 20. Kt—Q5ch (l) | 20. K—Ksq (m) |
| 21. KtxBP | 21. Qxp |
| 22. Qxp | 22. Kt—B4 |
| 23. Q—K4 | 23. B—K2 |
| 24. Kt—Q5 (n) | 24. Kt—QR3 |
| 25. BxB (o) | 25. KtxB |
| 26. Q—QR4ch | 26. K—Bsq |
| 27. R—K3 (p) | 27. KtxKt |
| 28. R—KB3ch | 28. Kt—B3 |
| 29. Q—R3ch | 29. K—Ksq |
| 30. Q—R4ch | 30. B—Q2 |

- (a) The old classical defence. It leads to a game requiring careful handling by both parties.
(b) The only real good continuation at this point is 4. Q—K2. 4. P—Q3 may also be ventured. The text-move permits Black to obtain a formidable arrangement of Pawns.
(c) 7... Q—Qsq was preferable. The text-move leaves him open to 8. BxKt, KxB; 9. Q—B4, Q—B2; 10. Qxp, which would have proved troublesome.
(d) One of White's characteristic sporting ventures, which, in this case, is not convincing.
(e) Black should have accepted the proffered Pawn. 9. B—B7ch in reply would simply drive the Black King to Qsq, a very usual post in this phrase of the Gambit.

(f) 11...., QxQP could have been played at once. 11...., QxKtP is tempting, but Black's better policy is to attend to his backward development.

(g) 14...., Kt—Kt5 is inferior.
(h) This is a further swindle, but White is committed to an unsound policy.

(i) It would have been preferable to play 15...., PxB. If 16. Kt—B7 dis. ch, then 16...., Kt—K6ch. If 16. Q—R5ch, then simply 16...., P—Kt3.

(j) Again PxB would be our choice.
(k) A desperate sacrifice, which Black should have accepted readily.

(l) Now White demolishes the advanced Pawns and a dangerous attack against the exposed Black King results.

(m) If 20...., K—K3, then 21. KtxBPch, KxKt; 22. Qxpch, K—B4; 23. Q—KR3ch, KxP; 24. Q—R5ch, and mates.

(n) It is difficult to maintain the attack. 24. Q—B4 is adequately met by 24...., B—Q2. 24...., Kt—Q2 instead would lose the Black Queen, whilst 24...., Kt—QR3 would surrender the pieces ahead, by 25. Q—B7ch, K—Qsq; 26. R—Qsqch, K—B2; 25. Kt—Q5ch, etc. The text-move seems right.

(o) Here however White goes astray and the attack filters out. The winning continuation was 25. Kt—KB3.

(p) The final mistake 27. Kt—KB4 instead was the best at his command. The resulting position is unfathomable though Black's extra piece should tell eventually.

Romance of the Ocean

(Concluded from page 21.)

attention to the tides, as Hugo advises, he would realize that in their mighty power and the volume of their currents, lies the answer to the submarine menace.

From another point of view, as a source of food supply, the ocean is proving its worth. The scarcity of cattle, as well as that of other meat-producing animals in Canada at the present time, as well as the soaring prices of what is available, should cause the housekeepers to study the value of fish as a food. It compares most favorably with many far more costly edibles, but the greatest trouble is to acquire the knack of really palatable cooking of this food, which eminent specialists have told us so often, is healthful for the body, and which stimulates the brain, because being easily assimilated, it causes none of the false energy or fatal lethargy, which is an after effect of two heavy a diet.

Our Reserves of Stocks

(Concluded from page 21.)

nursery stock which we should prepare to meet. The stock of young trees which will be needed for the reforestation of the areas laid waste by and for war, may be best obtained from countries near the scene of reforestation, but whether done there or here the interested Governments should at once provide for the establishment or support of the necessary nurseries. A possible procedure would be to have certain nurseries or companies authorized to go ahead under a scheme that shall secure the kind of trees wanted, and guaranteed a certain per cent. per annum on the market value of the stock under cultivation, the count to be based upon a yearly census made by a Government agent. The longer the time before the trees are to be used, the bigger they will be, and the nurseries will have received a certain per cent. of the cost for each year of the tree's life. This inducement should secure the necessary producers.

The schemes outlined will go a long way toward providing a stock of agricultural material ample to meet a demand which will become insistent the moment peace is declared, and its adoption in some form is essential.

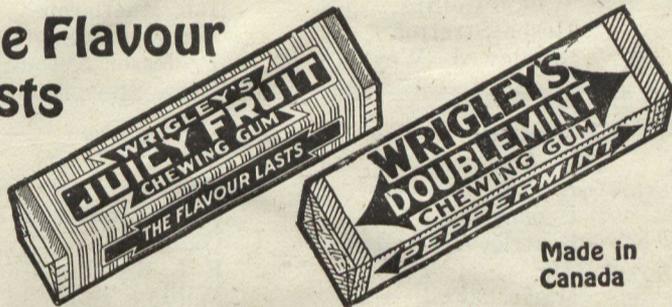


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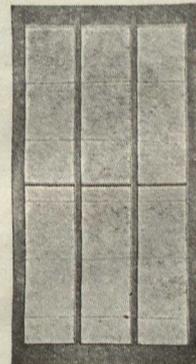
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THE TRAIL TO THE SKIES

(Concluded from page 8.)

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day. Now it was always night. His only danger lay in recent windfalls strewn into it, but he kept well to mid-stream, where such possibilities were less. With all the grace and skill of the old days he squatted in the stern, guiding the fragile craft that swept downward and onward like a thing possessed of life.

The river grew broader, more swift of current. Tributaries swelled its head of water. Past heavily-wooded shores it swept for hours. In late afternoon it carried the canoe and its lone passenger into a wild, barren country—lifeless, ghostly wastes where scraggly rocks reared their hostile heights to either side.

The stream grew tumultuous in a gorge. Old Machova stiffened at his paddle as a distant boom of thunder reached his ears, now rising, now falling, now fading almost to nothingness, but ever increasing in volume after succeeding intermissions. He was in the rapids. Foaming, swirling, lashing waters raced with him. But their mood sang no angry, threatening song to him. Their mood was his mood. How well he knew all their hidden dangers! Times innumerable he had flung defiance at their worst. To-day they were his brothers. He joined in their paeans. Wild things ashore stared in fascinated wonder as he passed. But old Machova saw not material things. He saw only smiling joyous faces from the long ago, heard only the songs of joy and triumph about him.

The thunders ahead boomed louder and louder, merged into a mighty roar. The waters suddenly grew velvet-smooth, but swifter and swifter. The canoe fairly hissed through space.

Old Machova saw not the ascending clouds of vapor ahead, where the rainbow played in the dying rays of the sun. He saw only the Mist Maiden that haunts that rainbow with arms outstretched to receive him.

The canoe was poised for one instant out over the brink of the cataract, which drowned all semblance of the old warrior's last triumphant whoop, then it descended the chasm like a sliver of light and all was as it was before.

Back at the reservation next day the agent remembered his promise to the old Indian. Before he sealed up the letter that carried it he scanned the odd-looking diagram on the birch bark quizzically. "I'd give two cents to know what that fool picture means," he pondered. "Oh well, might as well send it anyway, even if the censor does throw it away. Likely as not it's only a touch for more tobacco."

But over in France, back in rest, a dusky-skinned Canadian private started as he opened the letter and took the film of bark from it.

"What 'smatter, Pete?" asked a discerning white comrade. "Get any bad news?"

The Indian soldier turned away to hide the moisture in his eyes.

"Yes," he said. "Old Man Owl—father—gone up the trail of the skies."

RUSSIA THO' DEAD YET SPEAKETH

(Concluded from page 16.)

against it. And this is precisely the claim definitely made by Lloyd-George and General Maurice. If the Allies can play the first card in the west, and compel a great battle there at two or three points, it will be greatly to their advantage to do so. But Germany is hardly likely to choose the western line, and to throw herself with an inferior force against impregnable fortifications.

This is the view taken by Lazare Weiller, who writes in the Paris L'Homme Libre, and who has won much distinction as a war critic. He says that the war must, of course, be ultimately won or lost in the west, but that the time has not yet come for the final struggle. He says that there is no longer any secret about Germany's intention to bring an offensive in the east, because this is the ground that must be cleared up before anything can be done elsewhere. Germany must get her hands free here as a preliminary to whatever she may intend to do anywhere else. Whatever the ultimate outcome may be so far as the west is concerned, it is of preeminent importance to her to be the "man in possession" in the Balkans and in Asia Minor. The whole Mittel Europa scheme hangs upon this, and she is certainly not dominant in the Balkans with an Allied army at Saloniki. If she could overrun Greece, the great Balkan corridor would be hers, and her resulting control of the eastern Mediterranean would loosen the hold of the British upon Palestine, Mesopotamia, and the Bagdad Railroad.

ing to essentials. She has an almost pathetic veneration for the map, or professes to have. And the map is not a satisfactory one so long as her Mittel Europa chain is broken, or at least threatened, in the Balkans, so long as the end of the chain at Bagdad and the Persian Gulf is actually in British hands.

This, of course, is the main explanation of Germany's unwillingness to say anything definite about Belgium. She does not wish to renounce a card until she knows its precise value for trading purposes. Had she made herself secure in Poland and Lithuania it would have been another matter. If she were safe in the Balkans it would be another matter. But she has been disappointed, at least for the present, in Russia; the Balkan link is so precarious that she can hardly be said to possess it at all; while the terminal links at Bagdad have actually been lost. If she could sweep over Greece it would put a very different complexion on the situation. Belgium would not then be necessary as a trading card, and she need do no more than trade off Belgium in return for a guaranty of repose in the Balkans. If Germany could establish herself unchallenged in the Balkans she would have won the war. The possibility of a victory here, where resistance is at its minimum and where a victory is so entirely feasible, must certainly prove more tempting than an assault upon western lines, where victory is nearly impossible, and where anything short of an absolute triumph would produce nothing except new mountains of dead men.

Germany, we may be sure, is look-

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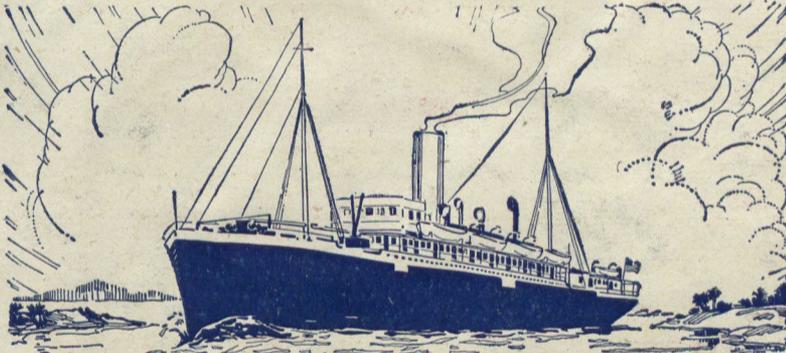
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