

# CANADIAN COURIER

Vol. XXI . No. 17

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September 22, 1917

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## CONTAINING THIS WEEK

LITTLE FATHER ON THE FARM

By Augustus Bridle

•

THE HEN AND THE EGG

By A. M. Chisholm

•

AN OPEN LETTER TO WOMEN

By N. de Bertrand Lugin

•

THE POLITICS OF WAR

By Sidney Coryn

•

SHOULD DEAD MEN VOTE ?

By Don Hunt

•

*And the Last but One Instalment of the Well-  
Read Serial, Rimrock Jones, by Dane Coolidge*

COURIER PRESS, Limited, TORONTO



## They Shall Not Pass

*The Immortal Cry of Canada at the Second Battle of Ypres.*

The defence of Ypres following the first ghastly gas attack April 22, 1915, exalts all history. By it our men were transfigured and the undying, imperishable Soul of Canada revealed.

In the name of these Heroes of Ypres, Festubert, Givenchy, Vimy Ridge, Lens, The Somme, Verdun—aye and the Deathless "Old Contemptibles"—we beseech you, Women of Canada, to Dedicate Yourself and Your Families to War Service by signing the Food Service Pledge.

The sacrifice is not great. We merely want you to substitute other foods for part of the white bread, beef and bacon your family now eat.

"What follows almost defies description. The effect of these poisonous gases was so virulent as to render the whole of the line held by the French Division practically incapable of any action at all.

### THE STAND OF THE CANADIANS

"The left flank of the Canadian Division was thus left dangerously exposed to serious attack in flank, and there appeared to be a prospect of their being overwhelmed and of a successful attempt by the Germans to cut off the British troops occupying the salient to the East.

"In spite of the danger to which they were exposed the Canadians held their ground with a magnificent display of tenacity and courage; and it is not too much to say the bearing and conduct of these splendid troops averted a disaster which might have been attended with the most serious consequences."

From

Sir John French's Seventh Dispatch,  
General Headquarters,  
15th June, 1915.

## Thou Shalt Not Want

*The Undying Pledge of Canada's Mothers to Her Sons.*

When baking use one-third oatmeal, corn, barley or rye flour. Or, order some brown bread from your baker each day.

Substitute for beef and bacon such equally nutritious foods as fish, peas, lentils, potatoes, nuts, bananas, etc.

Third, and this is most important—positively prevent the waste of a single ounce of food

in your home.

A Food Service Pledge and Window Card has been or will be delivered to you. The Pledge is your Dedication to War Service—The Window Card is your Emblem of Honour.

Sign the one and display the other.

# Sign and Live Up To Your Food Service Pledge

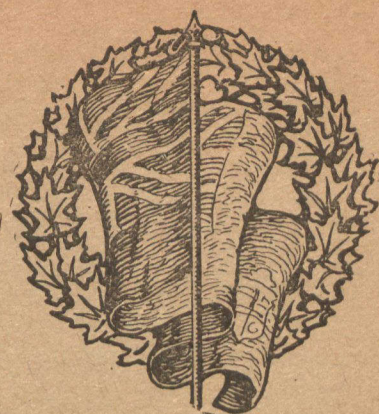
WOMAN'S AUXILIARY, ORGANIZATION OF RESOURCES COMMITTEE, IN CO-OPERATION WITH  
THE HON. W. J. HANNA, FOOD CONTROLLER



# CANADIAN COURIER

Vol. XXII. No. 16

September 22, 1917



Published at 181 Simcoe St., Toronto, by the Courier Press, Limited. **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.

**F**IRST-DAY Impressions of being a "Patriotic" on a big farm near a city. All who want to help this food situation by economy will note what difficulties in the way of garnering a fat crop the Lord put in the way of Little Father.

**A** DOCTOR'S motor spilled me out at the end of a long lane bordered with locust trees, fringed by ten acres of fall wheat stooks, and blocked by a large plaster cast house. From that to the dairy was a hop, to the drive-shed a step and a good-sized jump landed you into an expansive barnyard with two large barns looming over a gang of loose young Clyde horses and thirty Holstein cattle that looked like huge blots of ink on a bank of snow.

It was about five o'clock when I was introduced to the lady of the house—Little Mother with two small boys—and shown to a bedroom. I was informed that Little Father—nobody on the farm called him that, however—could be found in an oatfield back over the railway track.

So I followed my nose and went, observing that the railway was the length of another field of oats—all in stook—back from the barn, an 18-acre field, as I learned later, neighbouring on a twelve-acre field of wheat, cut, but not stooked as yet. So here in one sector of that farm firing line were 40 acres of crops, all more or less ready to be yanked barn-wards.

As I got up the grade of the railway and glanced back over what seemed to be a huge and beautiful valley with the house and barns on the edge of it, I could see in the distance along the main road another lake of cut wheat—not stooked as yet; 14 acres in that, as I was told next day.

Count this and you get 54 acres, all ready to come in.

The part of the farm cut off by the railway had, in the midst of it, a ten-acre field of corn, flanked to the right by a twelve-acre patch of oats, on the far edge of which a new self-binder seemed to be pushing three Clydesdale horses in my direction. I found out subsequently that to the left of that cornfield was another large field of oats ready to be stooked:

On a rough estimate I could account for 75 acres of crop all ready to come in. As I sat on the fence waiting for Little Father to come clacking along on his three-horse chariot, I noticed a third barn off to the right of the others; one of those old-style, weather-beaten barns that look as though they were intended to be always empty. Later investigations showed that this barn was crammed to the peak with hay, and that the horse-barn and the cattle-barn with the grain-barn above it, held the balance of more than 100 tons of timothy, clover and alfalfa.

This arithmetical diagnosis of a 200-acre farm is put down as a rough prelude to Little Father the apex of it all, the man on the machine, the cheerful, energetic soul of the whole picturesque aggregation of crops, cattle and barns. If I had never travelled the trails of a real Ontario farm before, I might have imagined Little Father as about twice the size of a man in a movie. To wrestle that 200-acre farm with its 30 Holsteins, 16 horses, and machinery of eleven species to a finish once every year; to come at it from the barnyarded white days of winter, feeding and stabling horses, siloing and chop-stuffing the stalled cattle and cleaning out the stalls, milking the 14 cows and canning the milk to send daily to Toronto, cross-cutting wood on the chip-hill—from this five months of restful ease, oh ye townsmen! to grind up one's loins for the springtime seeding and from thence until late frost to keep booting over that farm from peep of day until plumb dark, would need either a gang of men or one man built on the plan of Hercules.

But Little Father, third in generation from the Britisher who had chopped half that farm from the bush, could have been chucked into one of Hercules' side pockets; and in his normal condition as God took care of him, he was as much man-alone on that 200 acres as the Ancient Mariner on the sea.

The binder hummed itself to a halt. The three horses, shiny with sweat, stretched their necks as Little Father rammied the twelve-foot gad into its socket and from his high perch looked down at me. He had on about as many clothes as a bathing-girl.

"Are you the patriotic the Doctor told me about?" he said.

"Probably," I admitted. "Have you any others?"

"Two came to-day. An old gentleman and his son. They're over beyond stookin' oats. He doesn't need to work; does it to help on a bit; never worked on a farm before. His son is a school lad—both from the city. By George, I'd have been without help on this farm altogether if I hadn't induced my brother to leave this job in the city. Now, how long do you want to work?"

## Little Father



## On The Farm By Augustus Bridle

I intimated a week and a half or so. As the weather looked good for two weeks of harvest days, I imagined that ten days' shocking and hauling would not leave enough of his crop out to worry him.

"And what wages—?"

"Don't mention it just now," I interrupted. "I'll know better in a day or so whether I'm worth what I've got in my mind."

Little Father didn't seem to be excessively meek. But I knew right well he would have been vexed if I had named a ridiculous figure and because I couldn't get it, decided to walk back to the suburban station again.

"Ever work on a farm?" he asked.

"I—have."

"Oh! Know what to expect, then?"

"Yes. But I beg to be excused from milking cows and cleaning out stables. Shocking and pitching are my preference."

"Ever build—?"

"Loads? Oh, yes, but I prefer pitching on. You'd haul with two waggons, I'll keep them going."

"Well, guess you needn't start in till morning. I'm going to change teams in a few minutes and cut till dark. My brother's coming back with three fresh horses."

"Oh excuse me!" said I. "If I can get a bite to eat I'll shock oats right here till the binder quits."

I went back to the house, got into my overalls, had supper, of which one item was eggs laid that day, and went back to the field.

Shocking can be done in about as many ways as smoking. To get the real joy of the job you hug the sheaves. Ten to one you hug Canada thistles in every other field. These historic decorations belonging mainly to run-down farms or clay banks along new ditches have started colonies on many a good farm this year because men like Little Father couldn't for the love of money get hired help to cut them in the month of June before they blossomed.

I shocked till dusk and went up with the Clydesdales that clumped out to the iron trough for a drink pumped by Niagara from 160 feet below, past the Holsteins milked by Niagara and now heaping themselves in the yard for a glorious cud-chew, into stables lighted by Niagara. His work was done for the

day. Little Mother was still rounding up the last of the dishes. Since five o'clock she had served three suppers and put two children to bed.

Little Father squinted at my overalls.

"Feeling hungry at all?" he suggested.

"Well, about the extent of a little bread and milk," I admitted.

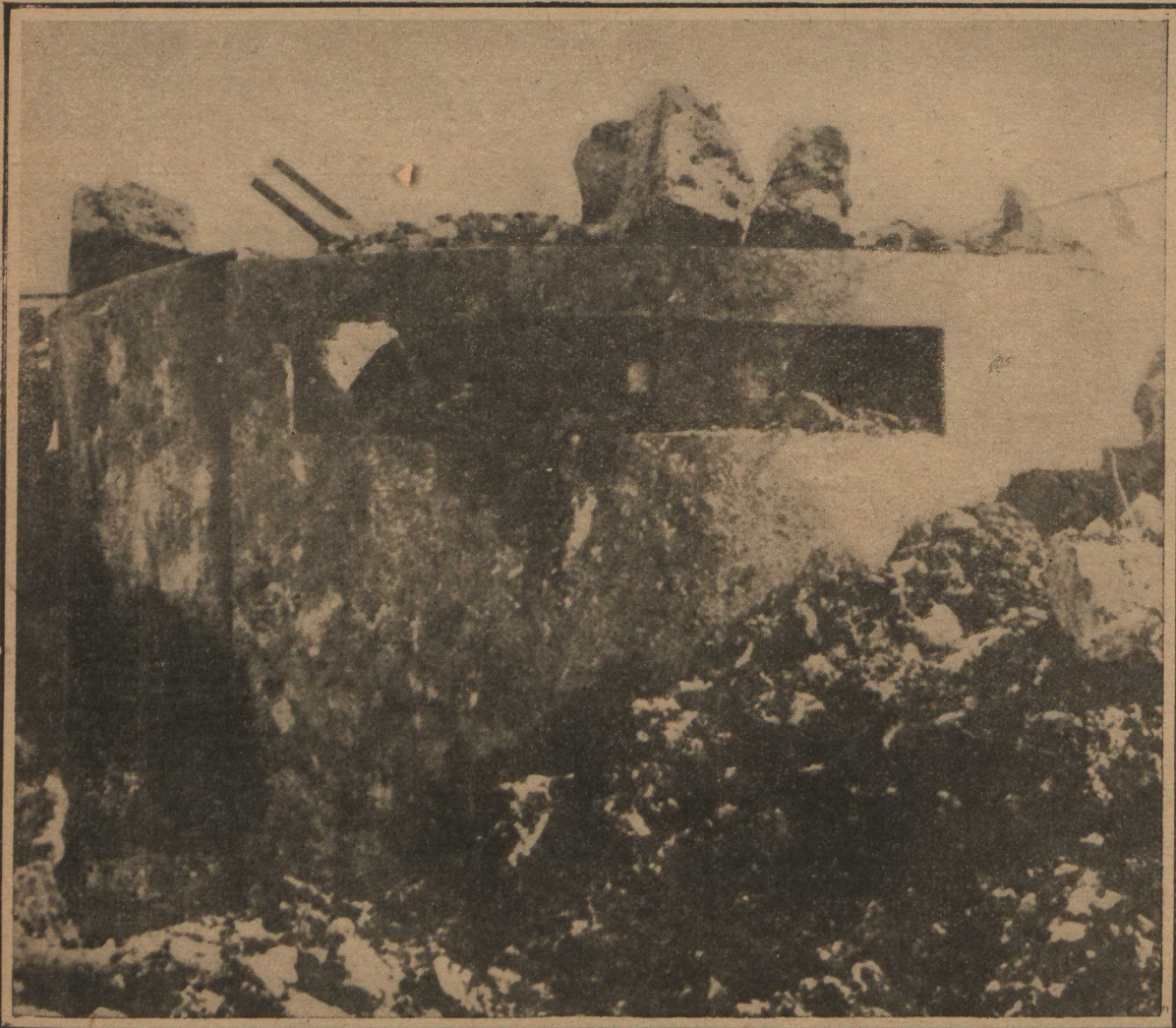
"Sho! Now that's an idea. It's some while since

we trotted out the night milk in this house. Just hold on—I'll get it now."

He ducked into a back part of the kitchen, somewhere next to the little old log annex that was once the log cabin of his grandfather in the bear days, and came back with as fat a white pitcher as I have ever seen, brimming with milk about an hour old and ice-cold.



**P**ENDER ISLAND, B.C., has not many pictures like this, at least not outside of the farm where this and several others like it were taken. Seven beautiful little snap-shots were sent in of this girls' haying bee on the Menzies farm, Pender Island, where the Canadian Courier circulates. The little story accompanying the snaps is an epic in itself. "The men on this little island," says our correspondent of the camera, "are few and far between, so many of them being at the front. When women suggested a bee to help take coal and take in our hay crop, the girls responded nobly, and though it was a very hot day, they kept at it till the field was finished, working side by side with the men."



**W**HEN you hear that the Hindenburg Line is a structure of concrete, barb-wire, compressed air and electric lights, and all that sort of thing, you at once imagine it is one vast miracle tunnel of construction. What it really looks like, what our armies really have to smash through in rolling back the Huns is illustrated in this photograph. This is what the Tommies call a "pill-box." It's really a mostly underground fort made all in one piece. It may be used singly as a dugout, to a machine-gun post—literally bristling with machine guns; in groups as redoubts.

"How will you have it now—glass, cup—?"

"Oh, a bowl, eh?"

"You're right. Then we'll need some bread. Wait."

He forked out two varieties, and we broke bread solemnly into the milk.

Afterwards it was 9.45 and high time for bed.

"Excuse me," said I, "I think the hay-mow will suit me. Have you a lantern?"

"Well, sir," he said, "that's just what I have and haven't. There's three out in the shed, and not a drop of oil's been in one o' them since we had the Hydro lights. But I've got a battery flash-light somewhere."

With an old quilt procured from Little Mother, I worked my way out.

"Don't try the hay-barn," advised Little Father. "It's jammed to the ridge-board, and it's a long way up to the top. You might break your neck."

"Good-night!" said I fervently.

Stars were shining. A shy harvest moon lighted up a fresco of very innocent-looking mackerel cloud. The Holsteins glimmered in the huge barnyard like a squad of the KuKlux clan. Out of curiosity I took a look at the hay-barn, so far as a toy battery flash is capable of a look. The roof looked as high as a cathedral and every visible inch both sides of the drive-floor was crammed with hay. There was a long mow-side ladder along the edge of one mow. I decided not to go up it. There seemed to be no end to that ladder.

The Holstein bull in the spare bed-room to the right seemed to be getting up. He gave an admonitory cough which sounded like that line in Excelsior, "Try not the pass, the old man said." I retreated, out to the cattle barn which looked and felt like the Catacombs of Rome; long lines of cement stalls, secret passageways, past three sentry-boxes of calves stirring uneasily, past a pen of white bacon hogs that roused in a sort of plutocratic protest at the idea of a common harvest hand disturbing bacon worth 16 to 18 cents a pound on the hoof. From the hog-pen the trail led upstairs past a rampart of chop-stuff sacks into the glimmering cathedral spaces of the big grain barn with its granary amidships one side and all the rest mows.

Here was my chosen bed-room. I went up a ladder and over a beam. The intermittent flashes of my toy battery scared a large number of sparrows and martens roosting on the purline plates under the roof. They scudded all over the barn like a hive of bees, as I picked out what looked like the most downy recess in the heap of hay and making the best combination possible of the one quilt and the clothes I had on, sank to rest—

Down among the little bugs and things. The birds went back to the purline. Soon the only sounds were the pigs and calves below, the fool geese parleying in the yard and the still small rustle of the hay.

In spite of the little bugs I must have gone to sleep. I remember how deliciously isolated it all seemed as I got the last glimpse of the end of the barn with long cracks of light looking like a 1917 skirt on a warm street. Then the spirit of the hay got hold of me, and I smelled my way into a swift land of big doings. I dreamed that I had just shocked up 25 acres of wheat in an hour moving with giant strength over the field, picking up sheaves as a magnet does iron filings; having accomplished this by early sunrise I found myself after breakfast in a fabulous large field of stooks with a gigantic fork waiting for the arrival of a tremendous waggon. Thereupon I heaved wheat, a whole shock at a throw, on to the waggons that came and went, feeling like a god-cousin to Hercules with Little Father transformed into an Apollo of strength and speed, and the Clyde horses moving like the wild horses in the days of old—

Gradually I became conscious of a strange pattering, a low silken music like the noise of soft rain on a silent sea. I opened my eyes. There again was the summer skirt glimmer of the barn wall; here was the hay; once more the quilt that would not fit me and the crawling buglets.

I had been surely dreaming. I sat up to listen. The patter was still there. The whole roof was pattering.

"Great heavens!" I heard myself mumbling. "It's raining. That puts the kibosh on all I was dreaming about."

And I rolled back to dreams again.

# AUTUMNETTES

September cameras spy out interesting little pastoral comedies in three provinces and four languages

By EDITH WATSON  
AND  
JOHN BOYD



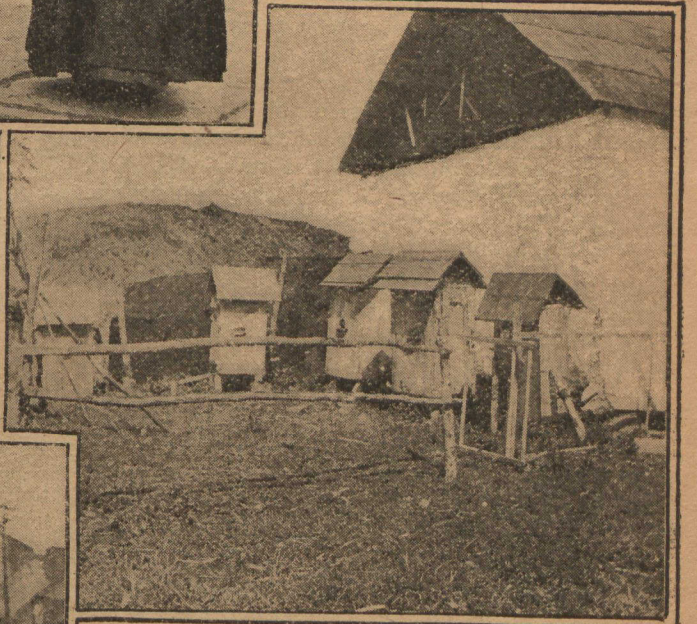
**B**E sure it's never the so-called foreigner who neglects to raise garden truck in Canada. These diligent women in Manitoba know how to make a prairie field look like a patch of populated Europe—thanking their stars that they got away from the outskirts of Kaiser's Empire before he began to make Europe a desert.



**T**HIS diligent Galician lady with her arms full of rhubarb doesn't know what all this pow-wow is about, letting the wives of soldiers vote and taking away the vote from her husband. Stefan Stefano voted last time of big elections—in 1911. 'For Laurier and free wheat,' she recollects. "But he is not to vote for Borden. I will ask Mistare Norris. He knows."



**M**RS. BUYLOW (Toronto Globe) has a market-basket big enough to bankrupt her hubby. But Pietro explains: "Apples. No, no. I sella you two and a half for ten cen'. But I keep de worm."



**1917** goes on the provender book as a mighty year for onions. These back-acheless Russian women smell a small fortune in this field of seedlings. Seven times before they have been over this field, harrowing, seeding, scuffling, hoeing. This is the last. One of these clean-swept nights a nice little frost will come chuckling into that onionery and then if there comes another nip—the ladies may whistle for their onions.

She carries no purse. That basket-load and more like it were hers for the convent over the hill before the seed went in last May. And the habitant gave it gladly.

**O**BSERVE the sagacious thrift of the good lady with the bonnet and the long basket. She has been to market in Quebec, of a bright September morning, and comes away with it "complete." The price? Ah, what is that to her?



**R**IGHT at the end of Ivan Ivanovitch's plaster-cast house he keeps his beehives; and may the good bees sting through the clothes any thief that comes prowling for honey! Ivan keeps flowers, for decoration and other things. And there's money in honey in 1917, when sugar goes up into backwoods prices and wet days keep the good bees from working. Ask Ivan where he learned the architecture of these hives, and he will tell you—not in Manitoba.

**W**HEN you marvel why the making of domestic wines was not abolished by the Ontario Legislature a long with whiskey and lager, glance at one of these grape plan-



tations of Niagara way. Grapes don't grow just to be eaten raw. Nobody likes canned grapes. And if we are to be allowed to drink native wine—why not imported light wines—sh!

# SHOULD DEAD MEN VOTE?

**N**OW that votes for soldiers' wives is on the programme in Canada, should there be adopted a new principle of suffrage, more revolutionary even than votes for women? Should there be votes for the dead?

We do not refer to unpleasant political charges in regard to illegal votes impersonating men who have died, but whose names still appear in the voters' lists. What we mean is an idea which has not been referred to in Canada as far as we know, although the general principle underlying the suggestion was expressed by a member of the Anglican Synod meeting at Hamilton, when, in opposition to the proposal of a referendum on conscription, he complained of its injustice because those who had fallen in defence of our liberties would not have a voice in the decision.

This raises in Canada a question which has been proposed in all seriousness in France—should there be a "vote of the dead," a vote for soldiers who have been killed in the war?

It is Maurice Barres, the famous French writer and publicist, who has made the proposal, which, in its simple terms, is as follows: The wife or mother of a man killed in the war should be given a vote for him, and the father of a son killed in the conflict should be given a supplementary vote.

Barres' belief is that such a step would graphically and specifically express by law the debt owed to the dead sons of France. It would emphasize even more than at present the necessity that the thought of those who have died for their country should dominate its deliberations, inspire its acts and regulate its conduct.

As far as his suggestion relates to women, Barres, speaking before the "Mutual Society of War Widows," rendered his homage to the courage, endurance and clear-sightedness of the French women. He admitted that formerly he had not fully realized their true position. The war had revealed to him, in an unexpected way, the problem of feminism. "In the days of peace," he said, "there will be much for us to do for the women; we must give them in law the place which they themselves have taken in duty." In the meantime, wives and mothers of the dead heroes should be given a vote. Fathers also should vote not only for themselves, but also for their dead sons.

**T**HE cult of the dead does not rest in Barres' mind alone, although his proposal is the most detailed. Anatole France, who, before the war, represented different ideals and a different school of thought from Barres, on one of the anniversaries of the war, wrote a thesis, mystical and exalted, entitled, "What Our Dead Say." The Countess of Noailles has written a lyrical poem, "The Voice of the Dead." Emile Verhaeren, the Belgian, in one of the poems written just before his recent death, addressed himself to "The Young who are Dead," in which "La Patrie" speaks to them in the tenderest of loving terms.

It is not in France alone that such worship of the dead is prevalent to-day; in different forms, it is appearing in the literature of all the belligerent countries. Rupert Brooke, himself dead now for his country, had sung a paean for men like himself in his poem, "The Dead," beginning:

"Blow out, you bugles, over the rich Dead."

"Blow, bugles, blow! They brought us, for our dearth,  
Holiness, lacked so long, and Love, and Pain.  
Honour has come back, as a king, to earth,  
And paid his subjects with a royal wage;  
And Nobleness walks in our ways again;  
And we have come into our heritage."

The worship of the dead is not a custom of modern origin, but one of the earliest in human history, and one of the most persistent. The ancient Greeks, when they came to a tomb, used to stop and say, "Thou who art a god beneath the earth, be thou propitious unto me." They brought food and drink for the dead, rice and milk, herbs and fruits, the funeral repast. Pausanias tells of the part taken

**FAMOUS French writer, Maurice Barres, thinks that men who have died for their country have a right to a voice in their country's affairs. He would give wives, mothers and fathers of dead heroes the right to vote on behalf of soldiers who died that their country might live. How would this do in Canada?**

By DON HUNT

by the dead in the early public affairs of Greece.

"The Megarians," he tells, "asked the Delphic oracle one day how their city might be happy; the god answered that it would be so if they took care always to deliberate with the greatest number. They understood that by these words the god meant the dead, who are, in fact, more numerous than the living. In consequence of his advice, they built their council chamber on the very spot where their heroes were interred." It is such a consultation in a more modern method that Maurice Barres proposes for France.

Hindu Brahmanism, as interpreted in the Veda, includes the religion of the souls of the ancestors, and the Laws of Man refer to it. Shintoism, in Japan, is also ancestor-worship, the religion of the dead.

In philosophy, Auguste Comte was a predecessor of Barres, elaborating a complete doctrine upon the predominance of the dead, whose actions and influence continue to affect the living.

It is of interest, by the way, to compare these ranges of thought with the viewpoint of Marinetti and the Italian Futurists, whose watchword is "Long live the living; let us kill the dead." To-day, however, even in their own field, these futurists are rather past numbers and antiquated, replaced as they are by Ezra Pound, Epstein, Wyndham Lewis and the Vorticists, who, while following the forward look of the futurists, have at the same time returned to a sense of the continuity of history.

Although, before the war, we were accustomed, perhaps, to look upon Barres as an idealist rather than a logician, yet in his proposal of "Votes for the Dead," he is showing that typical French tendency to follow out an idea to its logical conclusion. War-France, he knows, worships its dead more than ever before; why not give these dead a direct participation in the determination of its policies and its destiny?

It is not a vision emanating from a mere dreamer. It is Barres who was the one of the leaders in the organization of the "National cause of the Mutilated." He has performed outstanding services for the wounded, and particularly for the blinded.

Maurice Barres, therefore, has a right to speak, and a right to be heard. On this proposal, however, he is not meeting with the same unanimity of approval as greeted his efforts for the care of the wounded. Louis Barthou, for example, an ex-premier of France, has addressed an open letter to Barres, in which, although he praises his humanitarianism and the splendid imagination and generous inspiration of this other ideal, he doubts its practicability and fears certain dangers.

As for the women, Louis Barthou represents the typical conservatism of the French regarding women in politics. Frankly, he doesn't like it, although he admits the value of their services. "But," he asks Barres, "will you go as far as to give them the right of the political suffrage? Not to all of them, apparently, to begin with. You would give it only to those from whom the war has taken a husband or a son. But, what if they are not worthy, if their life is false to their dead, whose lesson they have not understood nor followed? What if you confer a privilege on a woman whom public opinion, a witness only too familiar with her acts and her misconduct, finds the least capable of being worthy of it? I fear lest the feminine electorate, thus chosen by chance and by exception, without conditions and guarantees, should at the one time compromise both your

generous thought and the feminine cause."

As for the supplementary vote for fathers, Barthou raises what he considers a decisive objection.

"The father and the son," he thinks, "might not have had the same opinions or the same beliefs. How will the father vote? If he divides his two votes, he contradicts this very union in the name of which you have given him an exceptional right. If he votes twice for his own personal opinion, he betrays the cause of his son. If he gives his two votes for his son, he betrays himself."

This is the case for and against. Barres thinks the giving of an actual vote would symbolize the rightful power of the dead in a way which would emphasize and strengthen their salutary influence; Barthou thinks the plan impracticable, and fears it would be exercised unworthily by some women and that it would embarrass those men upon whom it would place a double responsibility.

What about Canada? Should we have votes for the dead here? Should there be this symbolic and yet specific appreciation of the heroes of Ypres, of Courcellette and of Vimy Ridge?

Or, both in France and in Canada, is there any need of such a mechanical recognition? Is not the love of our Canadian heroes so deeply embedded already in the soul and the personality of Canada and its people, that they never will forget, but always will deliberate with the interests of the glorious dead as a primary consideration?

It is probable that the majority of Canadians will take the latter view, and, although perhaps not for the same reasons, will side with Louis Barthou against Maurice Barres.

In our belief, however, the mere raising of the question is worth while, for, whatever we may think of the proposal, it emphasizes again the history-long worship of the dead, and puts Canada directly in the current of a psychological and historical development. Our people to-day are thinking thoughts and feeling emotions, in whatever way they may be expressed in action, such as the ancient Greeks used to think and feel; such, too, as the Hindus and the Japanese, such as the French to-day and the British, and such as the American soon will have.

Canada has these thoughts and feelings; she has a place in the line of history, because, like ancient Greece, like Britain and like France, she, too, has bred a race of heroes.

## His Last Article

**A** FEW weeks ago we published a letter from Lieut. Wright, Principal of St. Mary's Collegiate Institute, then in the trenches. Some time before that Lieut. Wright had read in this paper an article by S. H. Howard criticizing the convention of the Ontario Educational Association held in Toronto. The comments made by Mr. Howard provoked Lieut. Wright to make a reply. It was probably the last thing outside of letters home to his wife and family that he ever wrote. A few days ago despatches appended to his name the laconic statement, Killed in Action.

The sudden death of the much-beloved Principal of St. Mary's Collegiate constrained a friend of his in that town to write the following letter, which in a small space tells a big story of sacrifice similar to thousands that never find their way into print:

St. Mary's, Ont., August 23, 1917.

Editor, Canadian Courier:—

Lieut. Wright belonged to St. Mary's, and got his education there. He appreciated fully his widowed mother's sacrifices in order to educate her boy. In time he got to the top and came back to his native town as Principal. Mr. Wright's fine personality and broad views soon made him a favourite and a success as a teacher. He adhered to what was highest and best and stood firmly for justice in his school. He enlisted from a high sense of duty. Having three single teachers on his staff who were all eligible to enlist, he felt that it was up to one or more of them to offer their services for their country. Although he had a wife and three small children, he nobly offered himself. He went out from home, position and family, to do his part in the fight for liberty and justice. We see plainly that it is the men and boys who have the highest ideals who make the supreme sacrifice.



CONCERNING  
THESE  
PICTURES

PURE cussedness undefiled keeps coming to the top every little while from those Boches. Observe the little mementoes left behind for the consideration of our Canadian friends who drove the Boches out—somewhere round Ypres. Notice that one of the Canadians is writing a letter; at least the camera-informant says so; and this is what he is probably saying:

Dear Folks:

I am leaning on a gentle little background of spike planks. You've seen harrows upside down—no? Well, they are not 1-2-3 with the acres of spikes driven into planks which the Boches left for us to walk over after we drove them out. Barb-wire, of course, is easy now. We can make neckties of that stuff. But these spike promenades don't make for swift going, and they don't improve language. However—the Boches haven't invented anything yet that can stop us. All they can do is to slow us down. Slow? Oh, yes. We know. But there's another word of four letters that goes along with it—Sure!

UNCLE JOE CANNON, long past seventy, and Champ Clark, Speaker of Congress, don't agree in politics. Not as a rule. Very much otherwise. In the picture above they are of one mind, with one flag. These veterans are stepping lively and unanimously for a good national reason. They are at the head of the Congressional parade which a few days ago turned out to see the march past of the men picked by Washington to form the District of Columbia's part of Uncle Sam's army.

IN the threshing picture we have a glimpse of at least one part of Russia that knows what she is doing. Korniloff and his soldiers may "throw on all the dog" they want to in their efforts to disrupt the country and play into Ger-



many's hands; but the crops have been gathered in by the women in South Russia, down by Odessa way, the great granary district. Here they are—threshing it; just by what kind of machine no Saskatchewan farmer could figure out. But it seems to be a woman's job and the grain—looks like oats—seems to be all right. Sincerely let those ladies see to it that the Kaiser's armies do not break through and gobble that grain.

JUST below, a squad of the T. Eaton Co. girls in Winnipeg who have been out helping to man-harvest Manitoba. Here they are just lined up in their new overall costumes ready to trail away to the stook lines. They got one man's pay from the farmer and another man's pay from Eaton's while they were out among the stooks.

UP in the right-hand corner a hob-nailed Italian trooper pauses a while to do a little chore which must be now or never. He has been fighting hard along the Isonzo, this soldier of Victor Emmanuel's; but another one fought a little harder for a brief while, and went down never to rise again. Petro pauses to write on the wooden-cross tombstone some epitaph suitable to express what he feels about that comrade with whom he kept step and went the hard trail. We are not privileged to know what he wrote. But whatever it is, among the millions of improvised epitaphs in this war, it's real poetry.

PERHAPS you never saw a threshing machine and a tractor engine in such a strange setting as that pictured in the scene up yonder. The place is the Trappist monastery of St. Norbert, somewhere in the vicinity of Winnipeg. This monastery is peopled by monks who never speak to one another. Mutely they go about their daily work on the big farm adjoining the monastery, attend to the herds of cattle and make the famous cheese—somewhat resembling Oka—the secret of which, it is said, they have never imparted to any one outside those walls. They know how to mix religion with labour, these monks.

# WAR IS POLITICS NOW!

A EUROPEAN statesman is said to have remarked, a few days ago, that if the continuation of the war depended upon military measures it would last another ten years. Presumably he meant that there was nothing in the field of war to indicate a victory so definite that further fighting would become impossible, and to this extent he was probably right. A war that involves the whole manhood of the nations concerned and that continues for years is not likely to end in a catastrophe so sudden and so complete as to prohibit further fighting. A war such as this does not culminate in actual surrender. The armies are too large and too numerous for this. They can not be brought to the point of actual military incapacity, nor reduced to such a plight as that of Napoleon at Waterloo or of Bazaine at Metz. In these cases the fate of the war depended upon single armies. To overwhelm these armies was to end the war. They could not be replaced, nor were there other fields in which the balance of fortune might be redressed. The wars of the past were settled by military victories, and not by national exhaustion, but a world war such as this is more likely to be terminated by the popular will evoked by weariness, hardships, and starvation than by the incapacity of the armies to continue the struggle.

There can be no doubt that the attention of the world is now focused upon the belligerent governments rather than upon their armies, and this fact has been strengthened by the papal note. Strategy and tactics have momentarily receded into the background. We are beginning to consider battles from the standpoint of politics rather than of war. If the Italians win a victory on the Isonzo we wonder what effect this will have upon pacific tendencies at Vienna. If the Germans are driven back in the west we speculate on the state of mind that will be induced at Berlin, and to what extent it will react upon the German political parties that are now making so clear an appearance. Rightly or wrongly, we have begun to expect some decisive word from the capitals rather than some decisive blow in the field, and to count upon discouragement rather than defeat. Everywhere there is something almost like conviction that the statesman is about to speak more loudly than the soldier, and that the diplomats are fencing for their opening positions. There is hardly any conceivable military disaster that would necessarily bring the war to an end, that would be a decisive bar to further fighting. But a succession of minor disasters might easily produce that feeling of hopelessness that would be the prelude to some open peace effort.

If Austria, for example, cannot hold her own against the Italians, and it is evident that she can not, she must certainly be asking herself if there can be anything but increasing ruin in front of her, and how much may still be saved from the wreck that has become a demonstrated fact. Austria has not been governed by an insolent military caste as has Germany, a caste that is fighting for its own status, and not for its country. If Austria should throw up her hands it would be impossible for Germany to face so grave a defection, and if Austrian interests were the inspiration of the papal message we may say that Austria has already thrown up her hands.

OF German psychology it is impossible to speak with certainty because here we have a governing class that is determined to rule or ruin, and that is indifferent to everything so long as it can hold down the forces of insurrection. In Germany we have something like a race between the war and democracy, with some indications that democracy may win. The rulers of Germany must be aware that their hopes of victory have dwindled to the vanishing point, and that even the chapter of accidents can contain nothing of solace.

Small wonder that there should be some lessening of interest in the ebb and flow of battle, and that attention should be directed to the foreign offices rather than to the armies. This is by no means to

THE war is more likely to be ended by popular will evoked by weariness, hardship and starvation than by the incapacity of the armies to continue the struggle. At the same time shell crater defence by the Germans slows up Allied advance, because a shell crater is a devil of a hard thing to hit; Austria gets no more German troops and must hoe her own row against Italy; the French advance at Verdun. As to Russia, the situation is undeniably bad, but a separate peace will be impossible so long as even a phantom of power remains in the hands of her present leaders.

By SIDNEY CORYN

say that there will be no more great battles. Undoubtedly there will be, but they are not likely to result in such a paralysis or destruction of armies as to render further fighting impossible, as was the case in the Franco-Prussian war and at Waterloo.

The small progress that is now being made on the western front is due partly to adverse weather and partly to a fundamental change in the German tactics of defence. While it would be an exaggeration to say that the trench system has been abandoned, it has at least been so far modified as to increase the difficulties of an advance. The trench system supplied definite objectives, a rigidly marked area for artillery fire and for the assault of infantry. But just as the old-fashioned fort had to succumb to the modern gun, so also the trench has lost much of its value, and for the same reason. It became a target for a gunfire so destructive as to obliterate its formation and to bury its defenders in the ruins. A bombardment of sufficient intensity made its capture almost a certainty. But a position that is defended from shell craters is much more formidable. Its area is only vaguely defined, and it provides no definite target against which the artillery fire can be directed. Even the prying aeroplane can hardly detect the particular shell craters that are occupied by the machine gunners, and as a result the advancing infantry is liable to a damaging fire at short range, and from unsuspected quarters. It may even pass an occupied shell crater, and leave it in its rear, with still more damaging results. An area that is defended in this way is therefore both elusive and elastic. It needs fewer men for its defence than the trench. The defenders are difficult to find in time to destroy their effectiveness, and they are able to fall back from crater to crater without those limitations to their movements that are inseparable from the trench. Every one of the innumerable shell craters may be said to be a miniature and ready-made trench, but without the regularity or formation that makes the trench so distinguishable. It demands a minimum of spade work for its occupation, and it can easily be connected with other craters in any desired direction.

At the moment of writing, the Italian offensive to the east of the River Isonzo has produced no decisive result, although the balance of advantage is strongly on the side of the attackers. The Austrian armies have been pushed back along the whole length of the line, but apparently not far enough to justify a direct advance upon Trieste. The Italians are making their way also northeast in the direction of Telmine, and while this can hardly be described as a threat against Vienna, it must have an unpleasant suggestiveness to the Austrian government. We may note with some interest that the German attack upon Riga is supposed to menace Petrograd, which is four hundred miles distant and therefore quite unapproachable before the advent of winter, while the Italian advance toward Vienna, which is only half the distance away, is regarded as insignificant. But there is no need to consider a very hypothetical danger to Vienna. It is sufficient to note the obvious fact that the Austrian armies have been

unable to resist the Italian attack, and that they have lost heavily in men and guns. The Austrian armies since the beginning of the war have won practically nothing without a stiffening of German troops, and it is now extremely unlikely that such aid can be given to them from German forces already hard pressed to hold their own. Indeed we are told that Von Hindenburg has already refused to send reinforcements, and that he has advised the Austrians to fall back to other positions more easily defended. The persistent bad fortune of the Austrian armies carried with it no reflection on the bravery of the Austrian soldier, but it does carry with it a reflection upon the wisdom of the Austrian government, which has preferred to make enemies of its Slav subjects rather than to enlist their sympathies by conciliation and political justice.

PERHAPS one of the most significant features of the Italian success is the proof that it furnishes of the cessation of Teutonic attacks in the Trentino. Until now this has always been the reply to an Italian offensive on the Isonzo, and a very effective reply. So long as Italy herself was in danger of invasion from the north, so long as her eastern army was thus in peril of being cut from its base, she was unable to do anything until she had first guarded her northern frontiers, and driven her assailants back into the mountains. Not long ago a million Teutons were assembled in the Trentino, and they would certainly have struck some hard blows against Italy but for the Allied offensive in the west that called away every man and every gun for the support of the hard-pressed German lines. It is evident that Italy now feels herself secure against a northern attack, seeing that in the presence of such a danger there could have been no forward move on the Isonzo. Here we see the absorption by other fields of an army of a million men, and it is extremely unlikely that they can again be spared for service against Italy in the Trentino. Austria, unaided by Germany, must now do what she can in the way of direct resistance, and it does not seem that she can do very much.

THE significance of the present peace talk is unmistakable. The Central Powers are trying to avoid the knock-out blow that they know to be the only alternative to a conference. The Chancellor, having said that Germany will make no more peace offers, is now intent upon finding someone who will make them for him without betraying the actual military situation to the people at large. So long as there was an expectation of a French collapse the Chancellor was willing enough to maintain his tone of vaunt and menace. With the waning of that expectation come the manoeuvres of Erzberger and the Centrist party, manoeuvres that can easily be repudiated if the military horizon should brighten, and avowed if it should grow darker. It is now the accepted opinion among the Allies and neutrals alike that the Vatican message was practically an expression of the German official mind, and this may be said without any failure to appreciate the lofty and beneficent intention of the Pope. Messages of this kind are not launched without some intelligent effort to foresee their fate and to forecast the nature of their reception. And that the Central Powers should acquiesce in the presentation of such proposals—and certainly they did acquiesce—is evidence of their desperation.

The Germans have undoubtedly believed that the French were near collapse, and in so doing they have given one more proof of their surprising capacity to believe in the things that are not so. Germany has the most expensive secret service in the world, and the most incompetent. She has been systematically misinformed upon every vital issue since the beginning of the war and for long before. Her conviction that the French were at the end of their resources is proved alike by her newspapers and by the nature of her military operations. But she has discovered not only that the French armies are not near collapse, but also that they are immovable.



# EDITORIAL

ANY sane adult in Canada, at a time like this, who declines to practise economy in food, must need to go before an alienist to prove his sanity. The time has gone by when people wilfully let food go to waste. Those who waste food now must be those who don't recognize waste when they see it. And while we all agree on general principles of food economy, we may differ as to some of the details. What may be waste to one person may be, relatively speaking, economy to another. A good deal depends on what one has been used to. You can't make an economist of a drunken sailor all in a day. Any Food Controller would do pretty well to educate some of us in a year. Of course some people are so adaptable that the moment anything so criminal as wilful or unwilful waste is brought to their attention, they effect a reform at once. The majority of us need a little time and practice. Economy is a new trick to some people. Like any other new thing, it must be learned gradually.

And in most cases we require good and sufficient reasons for such a drastic reformation in ourselves. When searching for reasons, arguments and other inducements to reform, we naturally look to the official literature of any organization publicly engaged in advocating that kind of reform. Such a statement of reasons in favour of doing something, and as much as possible, to cut down the waste in food, is furnished by the advertisement of the Organization of Resources Committee on another page of this issue. For months and week by week this paper has been publishing food economy and wartime production literature. The appeal of the Organization of Resources Committee is the natural focus of literature of this kind. It is the work of a Committee whose public business it is to set forth just such arguments for the public good. The general policy of this or any other ordinarily patriotic paper is directly in line with these arguments.

Those who may not have read editorials or special articles on that question may read that advertisement. After having done so they may observe that this one issue of the Canadian Courier happens to contain a number of features right along that line. You might as well be out of the world as out of the fashion. It's the fashion—based on self-preservation the first law of life—just now to talk economy.

## A Loyalty Pledge

PROF. RIETHDORF, himself a German-born, and for several years a citizen of Canada, suggests what he considers a needed improvement on the Wartime Elections Act. Instead of disfranchising all enemy aliens in any part of Canada, he would require each man in that category to sign a declaration of loyalty to Canada and a renunciation of enemy sovereignty. All who did so could be trusted, he thinks, to vote for winning the war. Their very act of doing so would make them at once unpopular with those who refused to sign such a declaration. They could not in such a case go back on their public statement, because there would be no attempt made to change their policy. They would be classed at once as the enemies of alien enemies. All the others would be deprived of the right to vote. The fact that some members in alien constituencies are on record as advocates of conscription makes it tolerably certain, according to Prof. Riethdorf's idea, that a public declaration of loyalty would have been a wise condition to the Wartime Elections Bill.

On this we have no opinions except to regret that at a time when national government is needed and all but an achievement in this country, the franchise should be regarded by either side of politics as a party-politics, instead of a national, asset. It's a mere accident, of course, that a majority of those aliens disfranchised by the Act are Liberals in the West, and a minority Conservative in Ontario. The thing would be the same if it worked just the other

way. What we want to get at is that the right to vote in this country should never have been tied up with the fortunes or misfortunes of either party, but only the good of the State and the privilege of the citizen. The Military Service Act was conceived as a national measure. The Wartime Elections Act will be a bad second to that measure if it becomes a party measure at the hands of either party.

## A Light That Failed

ONLY now and then in Canada does an unrestrained genius appear in the art world, a man who knows no law but his own instinct working in colour and form. Such a man we had until a few weeks ago, when a northern river swallowed him. Tom Thomson was a genius of colour, a man who stayed in a studio just long enough to translate his remarkable impressions into blazes of beautiful colour—and then struck back into the wilderness again for more impressions. No artist will deny that Tom Thomson was Canada's most daring translator of the eternal message of colour, almost regardless of form. In the northland he found the dream, the everlasting lure, the magic greater than of gold or of conquest. He loved that barbarous, beautiful, black-fly country as other men love women and children. His studio was aflame with it. The money value of what he did on canvas he never knew. All he knew was the message.

Then the waters of Canoe Lake, Algonquin Park, opened and let him down; just how nobody has ever found out. His canoe—he was an expert canoe-man—was found ten days before his body drifted ashore for burial. His friends wondered, not knowing what had come to him. He might have gone to Camp Borden to enlist. He had been talking it over.

But his "rendezvous with death" awaited him in a land of peace. Thomson had no scruples against going to war. He did not believe that an artist should fail in being a sacrifice. And he became the sacrifice. He left the land of colour on the rocks and lost the gleam. In what he lost, Canada lost also—the work of a great, almost uneducated translator of nature. And what that loss meant to Art in Canada is best expressed in the letter of a fellow-artist, also a great colourist, who for nearly two years has been at the front, is back in the trenches again after being wounded, and will come back with the eternal grip on things he never dreamed. The letter—anonymous so far as this publication is concerned—says:

One little art colony in Canada has suffered a very great loss. I expect you have heard of Tom Thomson being drowned. He was a strange genius, painting for the sheer love of it; unconcerned about the little worries most people have; generous when he had money, oversensitive when he had none. Living away by himself much of the time in the north, he seemed possessed by instincts as keen as an Indian. We were together much of the time before I left and got into this fighting business, and it will seem very different when I return. We were good partners. Tom had the genius perhaps more than any artist in Canada, and I had had training which enabled me to put him to work. At times I feel my emotions have all dried up. All the boys I knew well have been killed, until being killed seems to lose all significance. But the north country without Tom Thomson will never be just the same again.

## Disruption, No Matter How

MOST writers who describe the Russian revolution agree that the passivity of the people is one of its remarkable characteristics. The Russian army, like any other army, is now a large percentage of those who were plain people two or three years ago. They have been drafted into the army without a great deal of the discipline that makes soldiers of civilians in more developed countries. The Russian soldier is a peasant in uniform. He looks like a soldier, and under certain conditions makes a good one. He feels still, like a peasant, a

child of the Czar, or the State, or whatever to his mind comes nearest the superstitious regard which the Indians used to have for the Manitou or the White Father across the sea. He has no idea of Russia apart from this more or less benevolent despotism. The army of which he is a part is an aggregation of semi-disciplined people who still cling to the ideas of home and homeland with a simple faith. These soldiers are not seized of any compelling reason why they should continue fighting an enemy which is fighting half the world besides. They are not under the iron rule that characterized the regular army in times of peace. They only know that by millions they have been called from the land to serve in an army which has been bedevilled by German intrigues until it seems like a thing of organized bad luck. When the Russians first marched out under the Grand Duke Nicholas it was against Austria, whose enmity over the Balkans they understood. Fighting Austria was a simple business, and it was largely successful. Fighting Germany was a different matter, and has been almost uniformly unsuccessful. Even yet the Russians seem incapable of understanding why they are fighting a nation with whom they have no hereditary or racial quarrel.

The revolution was not an absolute uprising of the people. That it was successful at the time was due to the very passivity which made the soldiers fraternize with the Germans, and now makes it possible for an adventurer like Korniloff to lead them against a Government which has no power except from the people. What they may expect to accomplish by placing Prince Dolgorouki on the throne they don't pretend to know. The odds are that Dolgorouki is a pro-German and that Korniloff wants to use as much of the army as he can to get a post for himself under Dolgorouki as military dictator. He is probably jealous of Kerensky, who looks like a patriot. He may be a very sincere son of a Cossack who does not believe that he is any relation to a traitor. If he succeeds in precipitating civil war in Russia he will accomplish just what Germany wants. The Germans would just as lief have each side accuse the other of pro-Germanism—so long as the accusation splits the country into two camps, each ready to fly at the other's throat. All Germany wants in other countries is disunion. The precise cause doesn't really matter. That can be determined later. The thing to do now is to disrupt one otherwise powerful antagonist to make it impossible to squeeze Germany from both sides at once.

## Our New Hero

NEXT to being a free agent, which nobody is any more, the best thing is learning the difficult task of rising above your circumstances one moment and feeling yourself carried along by them the next. We used to have big faith in these men of moral magic who continually conquered things round about them, including other people, and lived in a sort of silent-upon-a-peak-in-Darrien moral elevation all the time they were awake. We don't feel so sure about some of these people as we used to. A while ago, this big-virtue, strong-character variety of man was put rather out of fashion by the big-action, large-business sort of man who never needed to profess any virtues except that of doing things—if he didn't care about the more hazardous job of doing other people. We got somewhat closer to this kind of hero-worship because it was easier to understand than the moral-elevation, self-conquest variety, and had at the same time something to do with developing the country and creating business.

Now we've found this style and model of public performer out of date and are looking about for still another on which to fix our hopes. We always get something. The world simply must have realized ideals. We must focus ourselves on something bigger than ourselves. We want for a hero now a man who can express in action the virtues that some of us feel and can never express. This new type of hero must be bigger than self-conquest or big business. He must make both himself and his business a sacrifice for the good of the community. That kind of man is summed up in the words: Public Service. And the quest for that man may put a lot of pretentiously moral and big-business people into the discard.

# From WEST to EAST

*The Canadian Woman's life and work from the Pacific to the Atlantic  
When the Mothers of Canada carry on the work of the Fathers  
of Confederation, there is no time nor place for Little  
Canadians*



**A** SUMMONS has come to the women of Canada, clear, insistent and unmistakable as a bugle call to arms. It bids us enlist for national service, irrespective of nationality, religion or political party. It sounds the death knell of the old order of things, and there is no room for us now to stand by the wayside and watch the procession go past. There is only one place for us and that is in the marching throng. This is the day of every woman's opportunity, nor dare we shirk that opportunity or shift it upon other shoulders than our own. And as we move along, conscious of our enfranchisement, and the sacred duty it involves, we see, vanishing by the wayside, ancient signposts which have led us in the past to the blind alleys of easeful, sensual dallings, and we see, before us, to guide us, the light of God which passeth understanding.

Those of us whose ancestors, French and English, laid the foundation of this country, have all things in common. We have suffered through the centuries side by side. There were black times in our history when God seemed far away, and there was little hope anywhere. But we have survived those times, and the spirit of our forefathers who lived and struggled then that they might leave us this land as a precious heritage, is alive in us to-day, urging in us a greater love for it, and a stronger tie of loyalty than even they felt. Old countries, mother countries, are dear to us by tradition, but Canada is sacred to our very souls because she is the only land we know, the only land we have ever known.

But this great war has weakened within us the realization that we have been ignorant in the past of what Canadianism really stands for. We have had too narrow an outlook, and our interests have been too confined. We have limited, to our own hurt, our national horizon. The time has come when we must sweep provincial barriers down, and let our mind's eye see the vision, the glorious vision of Canada, "from east to western sea," and let the advancement of the country as a whole, not only a single part or province of it, and the closer union of all her people, be the undivided purpose of our work, and of our prayers.

**I** WHO know this country from the International boundary to the far north, and from Cape Breton to Vancouver Island, speak to you from the depths of my heart when I tell you it is a land to thank God for every day of our lives. I was only a little girl when we left the east to make our home in the west, but I can still close my eyes and see the white fog roll up the Bay of Fundy and smell the dulce-sweet wind from the sea. I can hear the thunder of Grand

## A WESTERN WOMAN TO WOMEN OF THE EAST

By N. DE BERTRAND LUGRIN

Falls as it tosses down over the rocks, and thrill in memory to the jump of the trout in the Little Tobique and the Miramichi.

Again in vision I beheld the lordly march of the St. Lawrence to the ocean, and dimly, yet sweetly and clearly, I recall the songs of the river men. I have basked in the warmth of the sun and the sweeter warmth of precious memories in dear, old Quebec, and have talked with the Little Sisters of the Poor, and knelt in the sanctity of the oldest

churches in Montreal. I know the bustle and hum of the busy Toronto streets, and the fairy wonders of the Thousand Isles. I have travelled over the limitless prairies when the grain was gold and the scent of its life-giving sweetness like the breath of God!

Very urgent with me yet is my first glimpse of the Rockies, one evening when the sun was setting, and beholding, I could not believe I had not suddenly gone to heaven. Since then I have seen so many wonders in this all-wonderful west, that I can touch upon only a few in telling you of them. On the West Coast of Vancouver Island I have trod the noiseless carpet of pine-needles, through the twilight of timber groves, lovely, majestic and still as a vast cathedral, the wind, far above in the branches, like the faint music in a distant organ loft, or the hushed singing of worshipping nuns. I have seen the black bear and her young far ahead on the trails, and watched the deer feeding in the sunlight-flooded bottom lands. I have crossed the great divides far to the north, and slept under the stars in the unbroken stillness, breast to breast with the hills. I have seen the northern lights shake across the sky, like the shining glory of a young maid's hair. I have met the Indian trappers on the trails beyond Dawson, and when the country was wrapt in snow and the rivers locked in ice, I have listened to the long-drawn call of the wolf.

**I**N the northern summer-time I have watched the prospectors wash the gold from the creeks, and I have climbed the hill-trails that led from flowery valleys to the eternal winter of the summits, and brushing away the snow, I have found there bright little blue flowers close to the ground, as if to tell us "God's love is here, too." I know the great country of the Peace River, and its thousands of virgin acres, waiting and dreaming of the cities-to-be, cities that our sons and their children shall build and people. Think of it for a little while!

Think of what Canada is—the magnitude of her, the beauty of her, the marvel of her! Oh! when we have comprehended her, our Canadianism will indeed be too boundless—too lofty a thing to permit of pettiness, of narrowness. We shall be so inspired by the true national ideal, that we shall be lifted to a plane above all that is belittling, and in a true vision of our duty as citizens shall come to us the abiding vision of God.

Those who live on the frontier of civilization, especially the women, possess a divine gift of prophecy. It is the frontier women who need it most, for they are the advance guard, their's the outpost duty of watching over the welfare of the rest. The war has not blinded

## BORN IN THE DAYS OF GEORGE III.



**N**OBODY is more entitled to send a message of western women to the east than the old lady whose only great-great-grandchild is here photographed with her. Mrs. George DeBeck, of New Westminster, B.C., was 103 years old last June. She has been in B. C. almost it seems since the days of Capt. Vancouver. But she was born in New Brunswick 53 years before Confederation. Standing behind her, says the inscription, is her son, Captain C. H. DeBeck, with his daughter, Mrs. C. W. Tait, whose son stands at the left. The three-year-old lad is the great-grandson of Mr. H. L. DeBeck, of Penticton, another son of this wonderful old lady. He is her only great-great-grand-child. Mrs. DeBeck, who is the oldest white woman in British Columbia, is still in possession of all her faculties. She spends much of her time knitting for the soldiers. Concerning Mrs. DeBeck a lady in Edmonton also writes: "My father, Rev. Robt. Jamieson, a pioneer Presbyterian of B. C., was her pastor for many years, and when I was a little bit of a girl she was a grandmother of some of my playmates. I myself was born before Confederation, in B. C., and was eight months old on the first Dominion Day." Photo from Mabel Durham.

us here to a problem which was with us before the war, is with us now, and must loom up larger than ever when this war is over. That problem is the "Yellow Peril." This is a question which most directly concerns the women of Canada, for in our hands lies the future of the race. Every mother, every potential mother here on the borderland, looks always toward the east with anxious eyes, for there lies what most menaces the race's supremacy in this country. The question is too large a one to be more than touched upon in this letter. Let us only say that we have seen the gradual encroaching of the Chinese here on the frontier. They have come from the fringes of the towns where at first they were isolated, to take their places in the very hearts of our cities. The Orientals are monopolizing certain branches of our trade, and threatening others. Let us only say it costs a Chinaman one-fifth what it costs a white man to live, so that a Chinese woman can afford to have five children where a white woman can afford but one. What does this mean to you and to me. We are not only the mothers of our own children, but the mothers of the nation, present and to come. The war that follows this war will be a war of peace, but upon it will depend our whole national and racial existence.

While this problem has not come as closely home to you as it has to us in the west, there are other problems the seriousness of which is affecting us all equally. One of these is the enormously increased cost of living. Why is it that in a country teeming with fertility any of our children have to go hungry? (Concluded on page 12.)

## At the Sign of the Red Cross

*How a Garage was transformed into a popular Garden Tea House, where upwards of \$150.00 a week are realized for Red Cross and Field Comforts*

By MARY SPAFFORD COLBY

**S**PEAKING for itself, the Tea House would confess to having had its origin in a wood-shed,—a satellite to the near-by barn. When the barn was moved away to make room for a hill-side view which it had always hidden, the capacious woodshed graduated to the sphere of a garage. And now, it has attained the height of its career in the guise of a Red Cross Garden Tea House.

There came a time, when the Red Cross workers of the "Three Villages,"—Rock Island, Stanstead, and Derby Line,—found that they could make up more supplies than those purchasable by the \$150 pledged monthly, by the community. A Red Cross Tea House was suggested as a possible means of eking out these funds. It was thought that the "Broadview" garage, belonging to a private house, known as "Broadview," would be "just the place" for the "Tea House"; whereupon, the mistress of "Broadview," offered it, with that cordial spontaneity which is characteristic of her.

"Of course it's full of old calamity now," she said, "but I think that it offers decided possibilities" and she led the way hopefully toward it, followed by a little inspecting bevy of women.

That was the beginning of numerous meetings in the garage to consider ways and means. There were various points to be decided,—some of them apparently insignificant, yet debatable.

To have, or not to have oilcloth on the tables? To use square tables, or round ones? To serve a simple lunch, or just afternoon tea? To have the Tea House open on Sundays, or contrarwise? Whether, or no, to put up picnic parties for motor parties?

Such were some of the questions.

It was finally decided to use pretty paper doilies on dark, round tables, seating four people, with a larger, oblong table in the centre for parties of six or eight; to open the Tea House from noon to nine in the evenings, on week days, and from four to seven, on Sundays; and to engage a competent head for the culinary department.

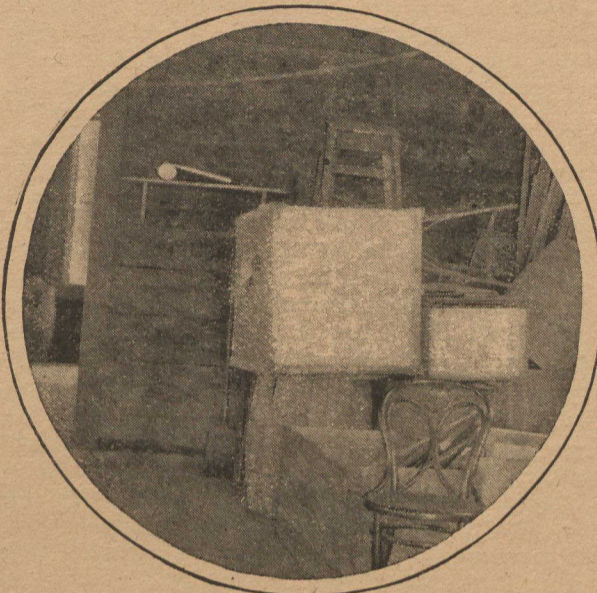
From the first, even in its dishevelment, the Tea House was a lovable place. The large front room, during its woodshed days, had had its sides open to every wind that blew, and the rafters of the

ceiling were weather-beaten the rich brown of Swiss chalets.

"Let us stain the walls to match," exclaimed the committee, and it was done.

There were heaps of lumber there. There were workmen's tables about, spider webs in the corners, and tiles piled under the stairs. "All sorts of calamity," as its mistress had said, but workmen soon made inroads upon these things.

Behind the large front room, and a step above it,



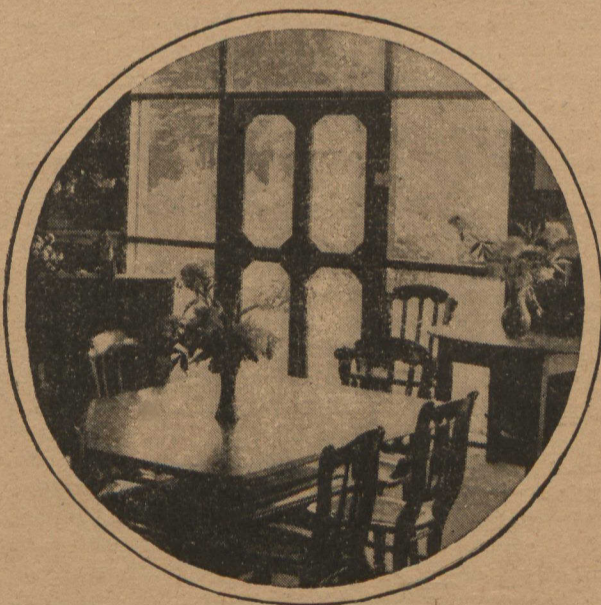
Once it was a common garage, as you may note from the useful decorations.

were two smaller ones. These found their vocation as a kitchen, and butler's pantry; while from the latter, a flight of stairs accessible by a side entrance, led upward to what is now the ladies' rest room, where a couch invites repose, and dishevelled beauty can find the conveniences it desires.

On the wall of the Tea Room, near the front door, from whence one sees the garden that gives the Tea House its distinctive name, hang two boxes—one with the Red Cross on it, and one with the Blue. They are opened fortnightly. It is amazing how the mites count up for the wounded soldiers, and the poor wounded horses.

One of the few wet blanketers of the Tea House project said: "Oh, the first year you won't more than make expenses."

An optimist said: "You'll clear \$200 a month." Last summer's proceeds netted \$2,000, and the present season is promising equally well.



Now it is a very conventional tea-room and much more useful than when it was a garage.

It is fair to state that the "Garden Tea House," started with a clean slate, as regards initial expenses. Necessary carpentering, plumbing, lighting, the use of a Jersey cow, an oil stove, refrigerator, and dishes, were met by private donations, and by the proceeds of a Rummage Sale, which cleared \$200, and will be remembered in anecdote, both for the things that people bought, which they didn't want, and which they did. An example of the former is the story told of a man who purchased a dress suit that did not fit him, for a dollar, and had a chest protector, and a box of ancient evening ties

thrown in.

The ladies of the Three Villages take charge of the "Garden Tea House" two at a time, for a week apiece. The two in charge, arrange about the girl waitresses, the lady at the desk, and the cakes solicited. The bread, the ice-cream, the salads and the sandwiches, are made on the spot—the two latter, as ordered, to insure their being fresh and delicious.

Other good results, besides the raising of money for Red Cross supplies, have sprung up alongside this fundamental one. People of various creeds, nationality, and up-bringing, have been thrown together in a common interest, who would never have gotten as thoroughly acquainted, otherwise. Each is actuated by the broadening desire to help.

"I have learned so much from you, during our week here," said one of the ladies in charge, to her running-mate.

"And I from you," said the other, cordially. "This week, and its experiences, will be a bright spot in my memory."

The work has thrown into strong relief the "best side" of those who have participated; while such qualities as generosity, unselfishness, thoughtfulness, zeal, and ingenuity, have blossomed like the rose.

A good deal of fun, coupled with a chance to study human nature, enters into the running of the Tea House, while good-natured raillery and a wholesome sort of competition exist among the ladies from week to week.

"We're going to order the hardest thing to-get-ready-in-a-minute, that we can," threatened two ex-manageresses, as they sat at ease, studying the menu, after their own strenuous week.

But thy didn't, although individual strawberry shortcakes graced the bill of fare!

Each week has its distinguishing features, and distinctive episodes, at the Tea House. The sensation of one week was a \$20 bill left by a generous Montreal gentleman, who had seen the advertisement in the Ritz Carleton Hotel. Another week, it was the visit of forty-two Board of Trade men. They were invited to motor from their convention, some miles distant, for a complimentary supper at the Tea House. They came, they partook of the good things provided, and after appreciative speeches, they left \$38 at the Tea House desk, by way of a visiting card.

One week, a band concert on the Tea House lawn, was the crowning feature, and \$30 the result, in cold cash. Again, fragrant hay cocks in the meadow, which leans inquiringly toward the Tea House door, was a picturesque note in the general order of things.

Just a few words about the Three Villages,—two in Canada, and one in Vermont. Stanstead and Rock Island are in the Province of Quebec; and there is no perceptible dividing line between the three except the iron post which marks the United States boundary. When dwellers in the Three Villages attend an entertainment in the Haskell Opera House the unique spectacle is presented of the stage being in Canada, and the audience sitting in the United States.

The Customs House, alone, stands aloof in seeming unfriendliness. But even this institution befriends the Tea House.

I stopped, one morning, beneath its great flag suspended across the roadway, with some fruit for the Garden Tea House.

"I want to declare this fruit," I said, to the official in charge. He smiled.

"It's Monday, so you can't get strawberries on the Canadian side to-day, and it's a donation, and anyhow, it's for the Red Cross," he said, conclusively.

Thus, even the stern Customs House officers smile approval on the mission of the Garden Tea House.

Where blooms this garden, with its Tea House of delights? Far up the stately Stanstead village street this Tea House sign with its blood-red cross hails the weary motorist and offers him wayside refreshment such as he little dreamed of.

Does it sound a Utopian sort of place? Maybe so. But if you doubt my words, just plan your motor trip by way of sweet, sunny, sleepy Stanstead, and see for yourself this Tea House of delights.

It'll be there.

## THE SPEED DEMON'S RECESSIONAL.

By Rev. C. McRae.

God of our fathers, we're away;—  
While summer lingers, blithe farewell  
To all the scares of yesterday,  
To sinking ship, or bursting shell,  
Or widow's wail, or orphan's cry,  
While we may "go it on the high."

God of our fathers, at the wheel,  
What care we how the world wags on,  
What care we how the stricken kneel,  
And in their anguish storm Thy throne,  
What care we for the griefs of war,  
Who range the plains in pleasure's car.

God of our fathers, while we speed  
Care free across our country wide,  
Our brothers for their country's need,  
Fall stricken on the other side,—  
While sheltered by their valiant steel,  
We jauntily sit to the wheel.

God of our fathers, while we whirl  
In reckless rush across the plain,  
Accompanied by our best girl,  
On blood soaked Flanders lie our slain,  
Or in the caverns of the tide,—  
And we are they for whom men died.

Our dauntless brothers stand at bay,  
O'er dune and ridge drives leaden hail,  
Cold are the friends of yesterday  
Who stood so bravely to the gale;  
In freedom's quarrel there men die,  
While here men "go it on the high."  
Springhill, N. S.

## POCKET MONEY FOR CHILDREN

By KATE T. CONNOLLY

WHENEVER the people of Canada, and especially the parents of Canada, decide that it is time to study and work out for their children's salvation proper lessons of thrift, they will find that time is—Now. If there be left in the whole Dominion any cautious Thomas who doubts the advisability, or rather the necessity, of teaching the principles of thrift to our school children let him but go into any one of the numerous ice-cream parlours that are so temptingly decorated some fine summer evening, and if what he sees there does not convince him—

Oh! well! there are some people who don't want to be convinced. Invariably the tables are filled with children between eight and fifteen years old spending their last ten-cent piece, in all probability, for the dish of fancy ice cream they are eating. And what is most deplorable is that the majority of these come from the lower and lower middle classes. They can ill afford the ten cents they spend nightly on these luxuries. It is usually quite remarkable, too, the knowledge the youngsters possess of the differences among the various dishes. No plain ice cream for them! "David Harums," "Sunny Jims," "Maple Parfaits," etc., etc. Only the other night I heard a seven-year-old stamp her little foot and shout at the top of her voice, "No, mamma; no, I didn't say a banana split. I hate them! I want a banana frappe. Make the girl change it." And the long-suffering waitress walked wearily to the rear to get the coveted banana frappe. The child should have been in bed hours before—which is of course, irrelevant and, to quote—"another story." One writer has defined thrift as "thoughtful, purposeful saving" and it seems to me a very good definition. T. M. MacGregor says, "Thrift means more than the average person thinks it does. In the first place it does not mean miserliness—grubbing, cheese paring, squeezing and saving every possible cent at the expense of self respect, comfort and health. At times spending instead of saving may be wisest. Thrift at once earns and saves, with a view to wholesome and profitable expenditure at a fitting time. While saving alone is not thrift it is an indispensable part of it, etc."

If a child is to grow up with little or no idea of the value of money it is a practical impossibility for him to learn its value later in life. And if as a child he is given no pocket money of his own and has no means of earning money for himself how can he be expected to learn its proper use as an adult?

I once heard a public speaker tell the reason he left the farm when a young boy and went to the city to get into business where he would have at least a little money that was his very own. His father had given him a calf on his tenth birthday. Naturally the boy was tickled half to death. He painstakingly went through all the stages of calf feeding from the first finger-sucking period to the final one, when it was ready to be sold. Many a time and oft he said he felt like the deacon who, arrayed in his Sunday "blacks", journeyed barnwards with his pail of sweet skim milk to feed the calf before service. Calfie, being in a sportive mood, quickly filled her mouth with the liquid nourishment, then throwing her head well back blew the whole of it out through her nostrils on to the deacon's irreproachable "blacks." With a vicious shake of his fist the deacon roared: "If I weren't so d—— religious I'd knock your d—— head off." And oh! what sympathy, said the speaker, did he have for that deacon! At last there came a cattle buyer who offered a good, fat sum for "his" calf. His father said it was time to sell it so the next day she was driven off to the shipping yard. When the father returned that evening the boy could hardly wait till the horse was unhitched—he was so anxious to feel the money himself, in his own pocket. He ran to the barn and asked his father how the calf had looked when she got among the others, if he thought they'd be good to her, etc., etc., and at last he asked him for the ten dollars he had heard the buyer offer him. With a loud laugh and a jocular slap on the shoulder the farmer said: "Sure, boy, you didn't think I would give you the money, did you?" And into the house did this noble parent walk. Then and there, went on the famous Canadian speaker, did his ten-year-old heart harden within him and he swore a bitter oath that never, never, would he stay on that farm one minute after he was old enough to leave it and earn his own living in the city—and he didn't.

"Childish tragedies!" I hear some smug old-timer say. "Well, yes, maybe, but don't forget that they often do more toward the moulding of a life than what are usually considered bigger things."

Every child after he is seven years old, anyway, should have a weekly or monthly allowance. There are all kinds of ways by which he may earn it. In winter a boy can shovel snow, sell papers or do a dozen and one things to earn his money. In summer there are always lawns to mow, messages to run and kindred errands. Even little girls can be taught to set the table, dust and do odd jobs to earn their allowance. It matters little what so long as they earn it and have it for their own. Then, and not by any means secondary in importance, they should be taught the wise expenditure of some of it, and the systematic saving of the remainder. If the child learns to put away some part of his earnings every week or month the saving habit will be firmly established and it will mean little to the adult to regularly put aside part of his salary. But if no habit has been established in youth it will be so much easier to go through life as a careless spender and never save a cent. Obviously, though, if a child has no money to call his own and only gets an occasional five or ten-cent piece doled out to him for ice-cream or candy he cannot acquire the habit of saving what he doesn't possess.

One of the main causes for the absence of the saving instinct in grown-ups is the absence of anything to save in childhood. Man does not spring full-panoplied, like Zeus, into a proper conception of the principles of thrift. They must grow up and develop with him.

It has been suggested that at first some reasonable purpose for saving be explained to the child. Say, let him save for a bicycle or something of that kind. Also if the savings are put in a bank or some other institution which pays interest on such accounts, the child can see his money grow and an added zest will be given to the saving thereof.

It is not enough for parents to say, "I have saved

so much to give my children a good start in life; what more is necessary?" But surely that is not enough. If we as parents fail to instil into our children's minds the right methods of spending an income we have signally failed in our duty to them. If they have no pocket money when they are young in all probability they will never learn the right use of it later on.

On the other hand, a mere prodigal handing out of money at any and all times is as bad if not worse than the holding of it back altogether. Somehow the tendency of the whole present age does not seem to be toward saving. The large middle class which forms the bulk of the population of Canada has earned its money easily, and it is spending it the same way. The children usually have plenty of spending money but there is no fixed amount given to, or earned by, them. There is no account kept of the money spent and consequently, there is a resultant careless disregard of money in general.

If Canada as a nation is to develop into a powerful one after the war it means that Canadians as individuals must be imbued with right ideas of the value of money. If we can believe what specialists in these lines tell us, we are not going to come by our money quite so easily in the future as we have done in the past. We are going to have to count the pennies about as carefully as we have been used to counting the dollars, and if our children have not been used to handling money of their own and using it properly they are not going to get used to it all in a minute.

As the Earl of Rosebery has said: "Remember that thrift is the surest and strongest foundation of an empire—so sure, so strong and so necessary that no great empire can long exist that disregards it."

Do we need more forceful words than these to make us stop and consider before lavishly handing out the next quarter or penuriously holding back the copper when our children come to us?

## FROM WEST TO EAST

(Concluded from page 10.)

This question most closely concerns the women in their responsibility for the race's welfare.

Another and most vital issue which we are called upon to face is that of the Returned Soldiers. A little more than a year ago the hospital unit of British Columbia had only a half a hundred or so patients. There are now, I am told, over 2,500. Twenty-five hundred men to whom we must see justice done, before we can expect an enthusiastic rallying to the colours. There are many more questions, which we have not the space to enter upon here, but with which we are all more or less familiar, and the time has come when we women must set our minds to the task of grappling with them. Behind the disordered conditions in Canada to-day is the selfless, soulless greed of those who are making our country's peril their opportunity for aggrandizement. These people know nothing of the love of this country or of any country, nothing of the joy of self-sacrifice and service for the common good. Appreciating this, realizing where the fault lies, it is for us to find a remedy.

But we cannot do this unless we work together. There must be no division in the women's camp. We must unite ourselves under the term "Canadians" and have as the sole end and aim of our attaining a closer knitting together of the component parts of Canada, and the different peoples of Canada. Fathers of Confederation brought about a great result fifty years ago, it is for the Mothers of Canada to carry on their work to a noble conclusion. Let no party politics divide us in the realizing of our ideals. Let no difference of religion separate. We all worship the one God, and follow the same Master, Jesus Christ. And oh, let all Canadian women, whether we be orthodox or recognizing no bond of church or creed, whether we pray in the solitudes of the western hills, or in the cloistered choirs of Quebec, embody in our prayers the one great thought, love and loyalty to God, to our country and to one another.



## INTERESTING WOMAN OF MANY INTERESTS

By A NOVA SCOTIAN

**A**T Grand Pre, Nova Scotia, famous as the scene of Longfellow's "Evangeline," and in later years the birth-place of our present Prime Minister, Sir Robert Laird Borden, there lives a wonderfully clever woman, Miss Annie M. Stuart. She is related through both her parents to the Premier, and her home is but a few hundred yards from his early home.

Two brothers, William and Robert Stewart inherited a large and valuable property from their aunt, Miss Nellie Laird, a Scotch lady of great executive ability and unfailing gentleness of heart, which qualities have been transmitted in an abundant measure to her grand niece, the heroine of our sketch. William Stewart lived in the homestead which is now one hundred and thirty years old, and occupied by his son, William, the eldest of a family of eleven sons and one daughter.

The parents were naturally very indulgent to their one little girl, and the big brothers would gladly have enshrined her as a little saint had she been acquiescent, but she preferred riding the horses bare-back with her flying mop of curly hair for a halo. When she was fourteen years of age diphtheria entered the home and four of the brothers were taken. Soon after this her father became involved in financial difficulties through no fault of his own. His final collapse came through indorsing notes for those whom he trusted as friends, but who allowed him to impoverish himself and family to meet their obligations. Mr. Stewart did not long survive this disappointment; thus, at an early age, the daughter came face to face with financial necessity. What remained of the once large farm was bought in at Sheriff's Sale by the brothers.

Miss Stuart was at this time sixteen years old. Her wild spirits and inattentive ways had made her the despair of her teachers, but, nevertheless, she always managed to pass her exams., so now she was in a position to earn her own livelihood by teaching. After a term or two this was not considered advisable as it took her away from her home where her mother's failing health necessitated her presence. She obtained the position of village post-mistress, and she also worked up a little business in stationery and small wares. A few years after this she obtained a position as clerk in the Registry of Deeds Office at Kentville, ten miles from Grand Pre, going thither each morning by railway train and returning at 5 p.m., in this way still maintaining oversight of the dear mother who was her chief care and thought.

A few months after entering this office, the Registrar died, and, pending a new appointment, Miss Stuart was sworn in as deputy-registrar, an error in

spelling changing her name from "Stewart" to "Stuart." When asked, as she often is, why she spells her name differently from her brothers, she laughingly says that every woman wants to change her name at some time in her life, and that was the best she could do.

A new Registrar was in due time appointed; his qualification being his devotion to his party. Two years later he died without having scarcely more than inscribed his autograph in the books of his county. This left the position again vacant, and, as there were so many political aspirants for the office, the fair deputy was left in undisputed possession of the premises and the emoluments for years. And it is to the discredit of the party in whose disposition the office lay that she was never officially appointed Registrar.

After twenty-one years of faithful, efficient service, she was deposed in the most unconventional way. One fine morning a year ago, a gentleman carrying an official looking bag called at the Registry Office and introduced himself as the newly appointed Registrar. Miss Stuart had received no notice of any change. A vestige of respect is left for those responsible, when one considers that they were possibly too well ashamed of the miserable part they were playing to communicate with Miss Stuart at all, and so kept well in the background. If an enemy had done it, it might have been less humiliating, but it was her own familiar friends in whom she trusted. There were rumblings of dissent from all parts of the county, and from members of both political parties, for Miss Stuart is held in high esteem by every man, woman and child in her district. Had it not been for her very decided disapproval a public protest would have been formulated, but her loyalty to her party, stimulated by her sense of personal dignity, forbade it. Her successor, very magnanimously, offered her a clerkship in his employ, which was declined.

Fortunately, Miss Stuart had other interests outside the Registry Office. She had been for years the trusted adviser of many women whose business knowledge was inadequate to their responsibilities. She could convey land, make out mortgages, write wills and had been interested in the stock market for years.

As a young girl her first earnings were devoted to paying off the mortgages on her father's property. After the mother's death a cousin came to live with her, and never were two women happier in each other's friendship than are they. The cousin is the housekeeper and the home-maker, a confidential, sympathetic other-half, and Miss Stuart ascribes much of her success to her happy home life. A few years ago she built a handsome new residence for herself, from which is dispensed a beautiful hospitality, leaving "Basil Terrace," the old homestead in her brother's charge. From this centre she conducts a flourishing brokerage business. She has had flattering inducements offered her from firms in the large centres, but she prefers life in the lovely village of Grand Pre, overlooking the broad dike lands, Blomidon beyond, and the turbulent tide of the Basin of Minas. More material interests also anchor her here. She owns two large orchards, both with modern residences, a seaside cottage, and a few years ago, a school house and a Presbyterian Church formed a part of her real estate.

The history of that old Presbyterian Church, a story in itself, is too long to tell here. But she is the mainspring of this church, and, in addition, is the director of the choir in the parent church at Wolfville, four miles distant. She has a rich contralto voice and is also a violinist of some merit.

Miss Stuart superintends her orchards and farming interests personally, and it is a very active supervision. Her workmen treat her with greatest respect and deference, as her opinions on drainage, fertilizers, sprays and the apple problem, generally are quite as reliable as her judgment of the Stock market.

Miss Stuart's interests are not bounded by her personal horizon. She is president of the Women's Institute, an active member of the Agricultural Society, has been for two or three years Road Surveyor in her own district, and during the season when road repairing is in progress, she is seen every day driving around, advising and superintending the men; and it is granted on all sides that she gets more and better work done than any of her

predecessors. Her interest in good roads is a somewhat personal one, as she drives her own automobile. She has recently been appointed a member of the School Board, and in the good time coming it will surprise no one, unless it be herself, if she is sent to our local legislature to represent our county.

Miss Stuart's office consists of a roll-top desk in the corner of the front hall of her home. The only masculine thing about her is the wild confusion of its contents and her abhorrence of any feminine interference in that vicinity. And now my story's over. Like one of Will Carleton's, "much of it never breathed the air before." Maritime people, as a rule, are too much inclined to hide their lights under bushels. The world does not hear of them until Ontario, the West, or one of the United States discovers that some Bluenose body is in a fair way to achieve greatness, and in an appreciative way they decoy them to themselves. It was feared a year ago that we were to lose Miss Stuart, but we are thankful that we have her still. From this narrative it might reasonably be supposed that she is a lady advanced in life. She has not reached the half century mark by a number of years. She is healthy and happy; the sunshine of her smile is an inspiration to many a tired heart, and it is not by smiles alone that she helps, as many can testify. Many daughters have done "virtuously," but she is one that "excels."

## SHINING MILESTONES IN HER CAREER

By EDITH G. BAYNE

**W**HEN her friends learned, the other day, that Miss Annie R. Gray, for the past four years Assistant-Secretary of the Ottawa Young Women's Christian Association, had been appointed General Secretary in the Capital, remarkably little surprise was expressed. They who had known her longest always felt that she was predestined for a high office. Yet probably never in the annals of Association work in Canada has so youthful a leader been chosen to preside over the welfare of such a very important branch of this, the biggest women's organization in the world.

But it is youth that the world demands—youth with its high ideals, its keen enthusiasms, its warm sympathies, and these have always been the most outstanding qualities of this clear-eyed young woman who is at the helm in the "Y" at Ottawa. The members of the Board are to be commended for their discernment in selecting her for this arduous and responsible post. She will not disappoint them.

Miss Gray's career has been marked by a succession of shining milestones. She is a native of Montreal, but has spent the greater part of her life in Pembroke, Ontario—a thriving town on the upper Ottawa, noted for its lumbering industries, its Petawawa blueberries, its Scotch Presbyterians, its excellent fishing, and a certain far-from-the-madding-crowd atmosphere better felt than described. Even in her early school days she had a way of gathering in honours with the utmost ease, and it is hardly necessary to say that when she left High School it was with

honour matriculation. She proceeded to McGill University, from which she graduated with first-class honours and the degree of B.Sc.—a distinction known to but few women in Canada. At Royal Victoria College she was prize essayist of the Delta Sigma Literary Society.

Always a studious girl, with a great deal of quiet strength of character, a girl in whom any appeal in the nature of social service found a ready champion,

(Concluded on page 26.)



# THE COLOUR OF HAPPINESS

**A**LL through my happy childhood I wore blue ribbons in my hair. My brown-eyed sister wore pink, and I sometimes envied her, but even when I became old enough to choose my own dresses, they remained for the most part blue, not because people told me it "brought out the colour in my eyes," but because I found that I felt happiest when wearing that colour. In certain ecstatic moments I crave for rose-colour or pale pink—I should never dream of buying blue for a ball-gown, it is not sufficiently exciting—but for daily wear and soul satisfaction my choice will always be blue, a blue that, whether light or dark, leans towards green rather than purple.

Evidently my choice is not universal, or people would not complain of "having the blues." Scientists tell us that a blue light has a soporific effect, that yellow stimulates, while red excites and enrages. By combining these primary colours we can see the effects of their derivatives: thus green (which is blue to which a little yellow has been added) would be less depressing than blue; orange would be more exciting than yellow. Purple is suggestive of smothered passion; white and black should both be neutral, but as a matter of personal experience I find black most depressing. If I sew on some black material for an hour I become convinced that nobody loves me and that the future holds no happiness. To be constantly in the company of people who wear black reduces me to the depths of gloom, and during the time I have worn mourning I have found it necessary to put on gay-coloured dressing gowns as often as possible in order to rest my nerves.

Few people realize the importance that colour plays in their daily lives. They all have a favourite colour, but seldom take pains to surround themselves with the colour that brings them the greatest happiness. They choose carpets and wallpapers for their pleasing patterns, and even when they work out a "colour scheme," they seldom consider this colour in reference to the effect it will have on their spirits and health. For some sensitive souls it is just as bad to live in a room the colour of which they dislike, as to persist in eating food that does not agree with them.

**A**N artist arranges the colours on his palette with white in the centre. On the left he puts the cold colours—blue, green and black—on the right the warm ones—yellow, red and brown—and when we start to furnish a room we should first decide on whether we want to make it look warm or cool, restful or stimulating. Have you ever noticed the sun playing on a white-washed wall, making it look yellow where the light strikes it and blue where it is in shadow? It can only be a blue whiteness that we get on our walls indoors, for they are perpetually in shadow. By adding a touch of yellow, making it the colour of cream, can we simulate the cheerful white that we see out of doors. Yellow will bring sunshine into a dull room, green will soothe and rest jaded nerves, so, to a lesser degree, will yellow if it is subdued and darkened into brown. Black will form a pleasing background, but red is always objectionable unless it is confined to small objects or softened to a rosy hue, when it may arouse a pleasing excitement, and should be employed in rooms devoted to pleasure or entertainment.

**I**N the homes of my friends are yellow rooms, green rooms, brown rooms galore, gray rooms with violet hangings, pink bed-rooms with rose sprayed chintzes; there is even the much-detested red wall-paper, made bearable only by many well-stocked book-shelves, but of blue rooms I know very few, and that is why I am going to tell about my rooms, which are blue, a blue that is almost green, like evening skies and peacock's eyes and robin's eggs. If you put royal blue in them they look green, but in contrast with yellow or orange, they remain emphatically blue.

**B Y E S T E L L E M . K E R R**

When my friends are about to re-paper their houses they ask my advice—they never take it, for I am sure to suggest blue. "I love a blue dining-room, the colour goes so well with mahogany," I told somebody the other day.

"But it fades so!" she replied. "I bought a blue ingrain paper once and now you would never know it, unless you moved the pictures—the rest is a yellowish brown."

"I had blue denim curtains in a summer cottage once and soon they were a dirty gray," said another.

"A friend of mine had a reception room hung in blue brocaded silk, and that lasted fairly well," remarked another.

"Oh, well, if you're a multi-millionaire it doesn't matter whether it lasts or not," retorted the first speaker.

"But, I'm not a semi-demi-millionaire, and I still advocate blue," I persisted.

"You must spend an age hunting for the right colour," said the second.

"No, I don't, I mix them myself."

So then they asked for the recipe. Now, like people who are "natural born" cooks, I don't like to give a recipe. I just keep on mixing until I get the right shade, but roughly speaking, in kalsomining a fair-sized room, I would use about 7 lbs. white, 1 lb. deep bluish green (French Permanent) and ¼ lb. of Prussian blue mixed in two pails with water and allow to stand over night. For kalsomining, use dry colour, and for painting, when one coat only is necessary, the same quantity should be sufficient, the pure colour ground in oil may be bought in half-pound tins, mixed with white lead and diluted with equal quantities of oil and turpentine. It is impossible to get ready-mixed paints in the right colours or consistency.

**E**VEN in war-time we can't get along without a few new clothes, neither should our homes be allowed to become shabby or they would affect our mental outlook. Perhaps a few suggestions for brightening the home will not be out of place, and

then, if you are disposed to try it, you can substitute the colour of your happiness for mine and, armed with a wide, flat brush for white-washing, and a smaller round one, for painting, you can array yourself in the very latest design in overalls and do it yourself.

When we moved to our new house I was allotted a wide room in the upper story, with small, deep-set windows and low, sloping walls, which had been recently papered in brown ingrain, so dark as to appear almost black. I lost no time in splashing them over with deep cream-coloured kalsomine, incidentally also my clothing, shoes and the few strands of hair not covered by my dust-cap. But kalsomine will wash off, and when I had removed the colour from those things which I ought not to have done and covered the spots I had left undone, the result was fairly satisfactory in day-time, but at night the walls looked dazzlingly white, too great a contrast to the mahogany furniture. I left it that way for a year, and then invested in about a dollar's worth of kalsomine (according to the above recipe) and tried it again, and the result is charming! In spite of the two coats of kalsomine the colour does not rub off and the texture of the ingrain paper gives it a nice surface. I have seen it employed very successfully over ornamented paper where the design shows through the kalsomine without revealing the colour. The curtains are terra cotta that is fading to a still prettier shade of orange, they are of mercerized cotton, shirred on rods with little frills between each pair. The book-shelves are curtained with the same material, the portieres and couch covers are of velours in a deeper shade, and the Turkish rugs and Japanese embroideries seem to harmonize with their surroundings. It was so successful (and so cheap) that my brown-eyed sister invited me to come to her summer cottage and help her paint the living room, and this time by using oil paint and deeper colour we mixed an even more luscious shade than that which adorns my room.

The cottage walls are covered with panels of beaver-board divided by strips of brown-stained pine, and the fireplace is of gray stone. The beaver-board had previously been covered with shellac, so we used oil paint, and it needed but one coat of my favourite blue, which looks lovelier than ever in the dark pine setting, but it seemed a trifle too rich and dignified for the summer cottage. We wanted things to look bright and gay, so we painted the furniture as well. The round dining-room table and chairs we did in blue, the cane seats we stained bright yellow, and on the backs of the chairs and legs of the table we painted many-hued flowers. The furniture that stood against the wall, the dinner-waggon, writing-table and one or two other articles of furniture, we painted yellow, ornamented with conventional blue roses with brown leaves, and the yellow window curtains, cushions and couch covers added the necessary excitement to the dreamy blue walls. No one has called the walls anything but "blue," and yet in mixing the paint we used a far larger percentage of green. All the Prussian blue needed was contained in two "studio" tubes of artists' colour, yet it dominated the whole mixture.

Once started, it is hard to stop painting, especially when you have plenty of brushes and rags and all that is necessary, so we ended by painting nearly everything in sight. Stone jars, that had performed the most utilitarian duties in the cellar, covered with a coat of Chinese red and shellaced, now grace the mantelpiece, and a gilded glass vase we always hated, provides the note of colour needed on the other side of the room. Even the shabby wastepaper basket is now a thing of beauty, and the China bowl on the brass lamp, once an eyesore, looks rather wonderful, now that it is coloured robin's-egg blue, and glows beneath a Chinese lamp-shade.

In case you don't like blue, gray is a very satisfactory colour, and the prettiest shades are mixed with white and the three primary colours. In a cold gray blue predominates, but for most rooms a warm gray is desirable. Cream woodwork looks well with gray walls, and the hangings may be rose or blue or violet, or gaily flowered cretonne.

"I splashed the walls—and incidentally everything else—with kalsomine."



# THE GRUB AND THE PRICE

Number Two

## THE HEN AND THE EGG

**S**UPPOSE we look at the situation from the standpoint of the ordinary individual who has for sale only the work of his hands or brain or both, brushing as much as possible of the fog of precedent and preconceived notions from our eyes, and refusing to bow the knee to the various Baals of sanctified theory until we are sure of their divinity. Let us get down to brass tacks, to case cards, to fundamentals, and inquire why we are paying present prices, which in many cases are no longer related even by marriage to the cost of production.

If we went with our innocent troubles and queries to an economic sharp we should get a complete answer at once. He would probably tell us that scarcity involves high prices, he would talk vaguely and learnedly of world wide conditions, and as a clincher he would sic' the dogma of supply and demand on us.

But let us not be afraid of economic sharps and dogmas to the extent of being bluffed out of doing a little thinking for ourselves. Some cynic once said that the science of economics was merely a record of exploded theories. There is a good deal of truth in that—also in the statement that the world do move. Unless we stand still we are going to explode and disprove theories of all sorts, and make the wisdom of yesterday the folly of to-morrow if not of to-day; as witness the fact that men fly, live under water, talk across vast spaces without material connection, can the human voice, and generally carry on tail first and scandalous according to old ideas. There were always people besides economists who clung to old theories and refused to believe that the world moves along.

For instance, there was a respectable gentleman who lived near Cooksville in the pre-telegraph days. Cooksville, I may explain, for the benefit of those unacquainted with Ontario geography, is near Toronto, which again, according to some people, is best described as about forty miles from Hamilton. Well, this old gentleman admired a horse, which, next to a Conservative, he considered the noblest work of God. When he wanted to go or to send a message to Toronto he got on or behind a horse, or put a boy on or behind a horse, and he had some good horses. For the excellent reason that his experience did not include the transmission of messages along a silly wire, he declared the stunt to be impossible. On a bet he started his best boy on his best horse with a message to Toronto to beat a duplicate message over the wire. Naturally he had to pay; but I have no doubt that to the day of his translation to a world from which even Toronto cannot get messages, he kept on thinking of a horse as the real thing as a means of communication and considered that somehow he had gone up against a brace game. Like him, there are many who believe in the eternal truth of a thing which once was true.

**C**OMING back to economic theories, the trouble with many of them is that, besides being built in the long ago by academic gentlemen, the builders also constructed an economic world to fit the theories. This economic world is a nicely sterilized contraption. In it everything is economic and lubricated and all the bumps are taken out. Men act from economic motives entirely, and anything that tends to gum up pet theories is verboten a whole lot. It is a Noah's ark of a world. Noah and Mrs. Noah and the boys are all there; but they are all paint and wood, and they never have to clean up the ark because the animals are wooden, too.

The law of supply and demand is a hand-raised, pet economic theory. It is true enough theoretically. But nowadays it works like the first gas engines used to, and is just about as satisfactory. As usually understood, it doesn't cover modern conditions at all. It is based on the idea of a free flow of supply



By A. M. CHISHOLM

and demand, and if those were free no doubt the mixture and spark would be all right and the good old law would bark sharply and regularly. But supply and demand are no longer free, and so the law, as baldly stated, misses frequently, refuses to pull a hill, and does not explain price.

There is an old story of a man who raised cats and rats for their skins. He solved the food problem this way: The cats ate the rats and the rats ate the cats, and so the whole thing was self-supporting. The law of supply and demand is a good deal like that. As I remember it from the merry student days of yore, it works like this: If the supply of any article is scarce, demand for it increases, on the well-known principle that though man wants but little here below, he always wants a little more than he can get of whatever is hard to get. And so price goes up, on the equally well-known principle that our fellow-man should be held up when he can't help himself. The praiseworthy and popular desire to be on the right end of the hold-up stimulates production. This results in an over-production, a glut of the market, when we fall all over ourselves to sell at any old figure at all, and so price goes down and our fellow-man gets back at us. Then production fails off. And then, of course, demand increases and it starts all over again—cats, rats; rats, cats.

Not that the books put it thus crudely and rudely. Oh, no. An undergraduate of average intelligence and industry can fill in much spare time between football and cent-ante games getting this theory firmly rooted in such crevices as there may be in his cranial structure. But that is the way it works out in the specially constructed economic world.

Far be it from me to knock any world, that, this,

or the next. The peacetime world bears just close enough resemblance to the economic world to make the supply and demand doctrine partly true. Everybody knows that when potatoes are high the farmer plants more land to spuds—that is, all but the fellow who takes a look over with his periscope and figures that the price will fall just because everybody is planting the same thing. And the doctrine might be wholly true if supply and demand were let alone to eat each other. But they aren't. The world do move.

As a simple instance, take a fragile little thing like an egg. Time was when the humble ultimate consumer benefited or otherwise by the devotion of the hen. In the merry spring months, when the hen sang her now-I-lay-me's regularly, eggs were on the menu of the humblest. Even a writer could afford them. In the winter, when the hen was off the job, eggs went up; in the spring, when she was on, they went down. There was demand and supply, reduced to its simplest terms. There is no reasonable doubt that some economist framed the law of supply and demand from a profound study of the hen. But somebody invented cold storage eggs, and this put the skids beneath the law of supply and demand, the consumer, and the producer, too. So far as the average consumer is concerned, cheap eggs are a mere tradition. You agree with that, yes? And yet, so far as most producers are concerned—I mean the owners of the hens—remunerative eggs are unknown. Passing strange, is it not? Let us cut into it a little.

**T**HE egg is a perishable thing. So far, Providence, plus human genius, have failed to produce a hen with a refrigerator side-car, a cold storage annex or other like attachment. The hen remains primitive. She is not concerned with economic problems. When she wants to lay she goes 'way back and sits down and lays. In her simplicity she thinks that by and by she will raise chickens. Beyond that she takes no thought for the morrow. She lays in the Spring because it is an old custom. She is a conservative and not a preservative. Yes, yes, I know she is

liberal at times; I intended to say that. Perhaps that is why arguments against dumping don't appeal to her. A very clever man—I think he subsequently took a course in a brain college, or what in B. C. is delicately termed a "mental hospital"—once suggested that we import Australian hens, which from force of habit would lay in the winter months. But a reactionary and standpat and non-progressive government turned the suggestion down, in spite of its inter-imperial possibilities. At that it was no more impractical than some other inter-imperial proposals. But I wander from the point.

The point is that when the hen lays the hen-owner has to find a market for his eggs right away. Everybody brings in eggs at once. I am speaking of country districts where everybody keeps hens and the only practical market is the local one. That is where the bulk of the egg crop comes from.

On these conditions the law of supply and demand gets excellent action. The price goes down. At the lowest price these eggs go into cold storage. And then zingo, the hen labour leaders declare a strike and the cold storage outfits have all the eggs till next Spring.

What this does to the law of supply and demand is a shame. In other words there is an annual cold storage corner on eggs. It has got to be the normal condition of affairs and we don't notice it. But mark how it works. The owner of the hen gets a low price for fresh eggs; the consumer pays a high price for non-fresh eggs; and the cold storage man gets the difference. The latter gentleman, in the vernacular, plays both ends against the middle and profits accordingly.

(Concluded on page 19.)

# HELPING YOU to KEEP POSTED

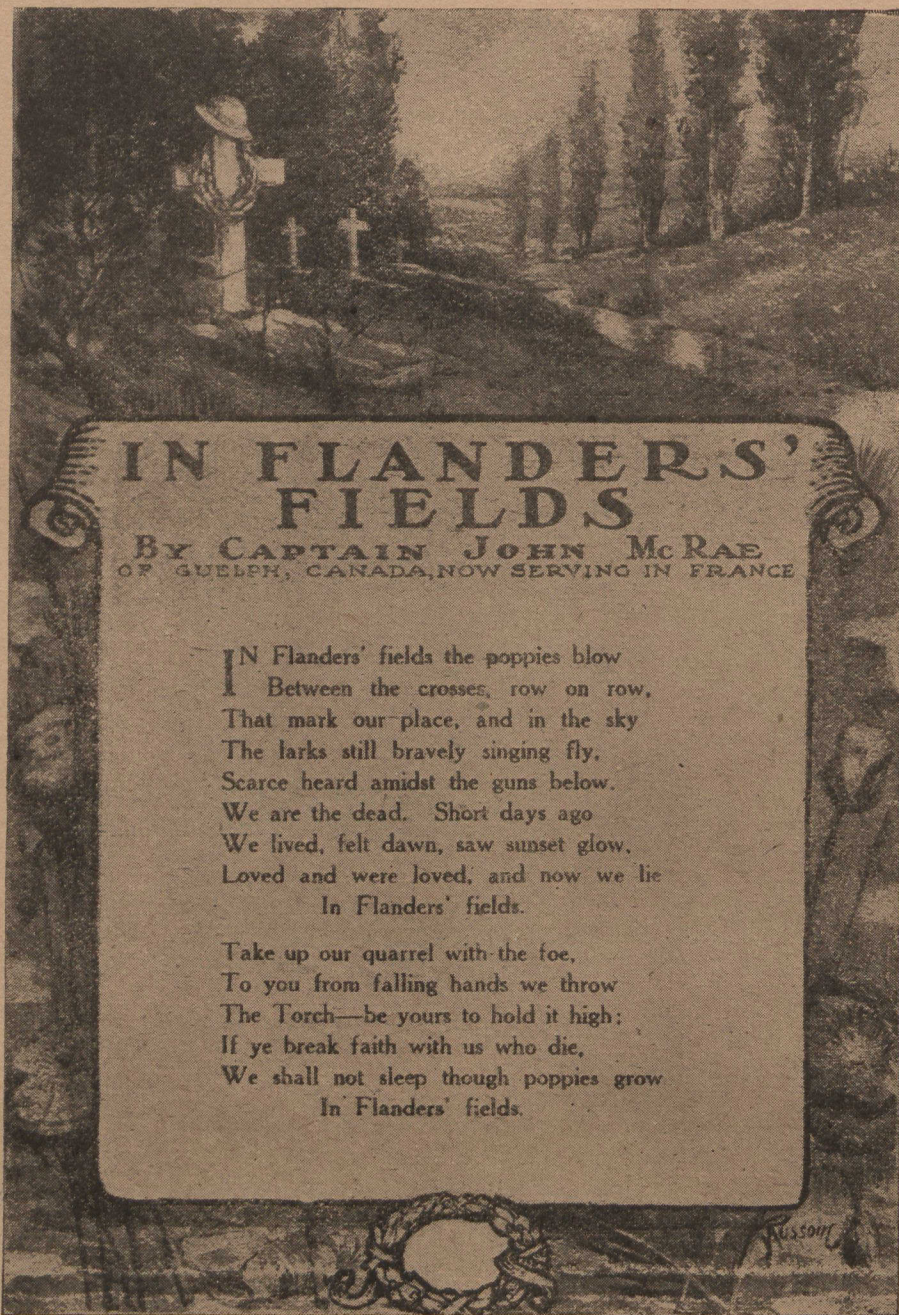
**B**RITAIN'S and France's air fleet in evolution has been one of the war wonders. When the first Boche goose-stepped over the Belgium border what few flying men there were in the fighting forces of Britain and her Allies were all practically known by name and almost every incident of their work during the first few months of war made a record of individual daring and amazing adventure to be flashed in news bulletins all over and beyond the seven seas. Now the work of the individual pilot—although each of the thousands of aviators in this fourth arm of the fighting services has a stunt or two in his daily log which would have startled the world of the land-lubbers three years ago—has merged, so far as world significance is concerned, into the wonderful combined exploits of the air fleets.

In the World's Work, James Middleton explains how these flotillas of flying, fighting ships go into battle. After explaining in detail the formation maintained by the airplanes at the battle of Messines, where the British service was so effective that the Germans were driven from the air, he says: "The air fleet is now as definitely organized as the navy, different types of machines being used for different kinds of work. A squadron of fighters, 15,000 or 20,000 feet in the air, advances far over the enemies' lines. These fighters do one thing and one thing only: it is their business to keep off all enemy planes, so that the other units can perform their work. Back of them are the photographers and reserves, about 6,000 feet up, who obtain all possible information concerning the enemy terrain and send it back to the staff. Behind them are the 'spotters,' who direct artillery fire, sending the ranges by wireless to the artillerymen, several miles in the rear. Finally, still farther back, are the scouts and bombers. These fly close to the ground, over the enemy trenches, into which they drop bombs and also sweep with machine guns. They also carry information back to the attacking forces.

It is to the "fighters," the advance squadron in the formation, that the most spectacular and daring work is allotted. At the present moment, in fact, the battle-plane—a "fiery little creature," as Mr. Middleton characterizes it—is considered the most important engine of warfare. It speeds up and down the lines, attacking enemy planes of all types. Its business is merely constant and aggressive fighting. Its energies decide the all-important question of modern warfare—the control of the air. Its success or failure

in making the heavens exclusively the abiding place of its own and its fellow craft is the most important element in deciding the fate of campaigns. The British won a glorious victory at Messines largely because these manhunters of the air made it impossible for German planes to leave the earth, and thus left the British observers and the bombers on the larger machines an unobstructed heaven in which to work.

In manipulating this fighting machine both sides have developed different theories of warfare. So far as the fourth arm is concerned, the Germans have not adopted their favourite theory of the offensive-defensive. All their military writers have thought that the best way to defend is to attack, and that the army is lost which rests content with fighting off its adversary. The Germans have, so far, not applied this



The New York Times got hold of this beautiful Canadian poem and decorated it. The second stanza is especially commended to those who think Canada has done enough in the war.

doctrine to fighting in the air. The German scheme of land fighting treats its men not as individuals, but as more or less inarticulate units in a huge machine. Initiative is notoriously not the prime quality of the German soldier.

This native lack of German initiative explains the fact that practically all the fighting takes place over the German lines. The German fighting fliers practically never cross over to the French lines, but remain over their own, waiting for the attack. Germans themselves explain this disinclination on the grounds of military prudence. Their business, they say, is to destroy the fighting planes of the Allies, and this they can do quite as well over their own fields as over the French.

**A**MONG the acres of dust-dry "dope" printed nowadays—as always—about education, it is almost startling to come across some of the plainest and most practically interesting matter from—

Denmark! Well, why not? We have met some well-educated Danes in Canada, one in particular, who can talk hours about world subjects outside his own profession—which is music; and if anything on education can come out of Denmark as interesting as this man's talk, a large number of people in this country would like to read it. And there is such an article. Copenhagen, as may be surmised, is the scene of it.

Copenhagensers practise economy of a common sense kind in most matters affecting child welfare, and they are particularly thrifty in their demands as

to the disbursements of appropriations for educational purposes. They do not stint on the amount to be spent, but in every tax-payer a vigilance committee is constituted and the Skolraad is closely watched by all his fellow-citizens who see to it that he gives a good return for every penny put down on the tax bill for the schooling of Copenhagen.

Copenhagensers do not stop at keeping the School Director well up to the mark; they are just as insistent that the guardians and parents of the children do nothing to reduce the efficiency of the educational system. "For in Copenhagen," as Edith Sellers puts it in "The Nineteenth Century," "public opinion among all classes is strongly on the side of the authorities when the enforcing of the Education Act is in question. There the very man-in-the-street is alive to the fact that to spend money on schools, and then allow children to absent themselves from school, is wickedly wasteful as well as shortsighted and unwise."

The clever and the stupid alike must all go to school, the law decrees, unless their parents can prove they are having them taught properly at home. The educational system is founded upon the principle that every child must be given a fair chance of developing every talent he has, no matter how few or how many and the whole organization of the town's schools, the Communal Schools, as they are named, is devised for the express purpose of securing for every child this chance. "In every school," says Miss Sellers, "carefully thought out arrangements are in force for lending a helping hand to the specially gifted; for lending a helping hand, too, to those who start life handicapped.

"In the Friskoler, and all the communal schools are now free," continues Miss Sellers, "there are three series of classes, and three distinct standards of teaching. There are the ordinary classes for children of average intelli-

gence; the Hjaelpe classes for children who, through nervousness, mental slowness, or some other defect, are a little below the average in intelligence, and must therefore be taught with special care, if they are to learn easily; and the Vaerne classes for those who are so far below the average that they must be taught by special methods, if they are to learn at all. In the ordinary classes the average number of pupils is twenty-nine; while in the Hjaelpe and

Vaerne classes, it ranges from ten to twenty; and three hours' teaching in these classes, owing to the great strain it entails, is reckoned to the teachers as equal to four hours' teaching in the

## Copenhagen Has Common-Sense Education

ordinary classes.

"Then, attached to several of the communal schools are free Middle Schools, where the education provided is of a higher order than that provided in the communal schools; and to these children who give proof of marked ability are sent. There are also State-supported Schools for those who are too sorely afflicted—the deaf and dumb, the blind, etc.—to be taught in the communal schools; and to these they must go, whether their parents wish it or not, unless suitable education can be provided for them at home; for in Denmark no parent is allowed to let his afflicted child grow up untaught. Thus, in Copenhagen, the children whom the town educates are divided according to ability into five distinct sections; and for each section there is a different standard of teaching, and, practically, a different method,

## How Flying Flotillas Go to Battle



so that the children in each section may be taught according to the very method by which they are best able to learn."

"The fact of special arrangements being made under the Copenhagen system for the markedly stupid child, on the one hand, and the markedly clever, on the other, is almost as great an advantage to the average child as to the stupid and the clever. It is even more for his benefit, indeed, than for theirs, that these arrangements are made; for it would be impossible to secure for him, and he, of course, represents the many, the precise teaching he needs, if, in his class, there were children very superior to him in intelligence, or very inferior. The great majority of the boys and girls who go to the Copenhagen schools, as to other schools, are of course of average ability, neither stupid nor yet clever; and they have nothing whatever to do with Hjaelpe or Vaerne classes, or with Middle Schools. They remain the whole time they are at school in the ordinary classes, where the teaching is just what they require, being carefully adapted to the average intelligence. The teachers—they have only 29 pupils each to deal with, it must be noted—are not tempted to soar above their heads as they might be, were there a few very clever children among them; nor are they tempted to make the lessons too easy, as they would be, were there among them some who were very dull. The result is, all the children are able to learn and do learn."

HOW does an air-raider view the havoc wrought by the rain of death he releases when he pulls the lever which slips the bombs above his objective? Does he feel any compunction for strewing terror and horrible death amongst a multitude

of helpless women and children? Does he concern himself about aiming destruction at military objectives only? A German aviator who commanded one of the machines in the squadron which

carried out a daylight raid over London last July has, unconsciously, answered these questions in a story he has written of the raid which appears in Current History.

As he tells it, the dreadful affair was, to him, just an ordinary part of the day's work. He had slight respect for the efficiency of the anti-aircraft guns used in London's aerial defence. He is "highly enthusiastic" scudding through the sky above Sheerness. "And now the first British shots reach our altitude," he says, and adds with significant indifference, "but that does not matter much." Clouds bother him more than the cotton-ball puffs from the bursting of shells fired from below. "Damn it all, shall our game be spoiled this time!" he exclaimed when a cloud crept between his machine and the environs of the metropolis over which he was flying at the time. "I write my fears on a piece of paper and hand it to my pilot, and I see his fist coming down broadside with an oath," he adds in his comment on the cloud.

Five minutes of anxious suspense followed and he looked about for the other raiders. "They are still following in close formation. Then we pass that cloudbank and London's sea of houses stretches in vast expanse far below us.

"We now discover the first of the English chasing fliers, but for the present they do not concern us. Suddenly there stand, as if by magic here and there in our course, little clouds of cotton, the greetings of enemy guns. They multiply with astonishing rapidity. We fly through them and leave the suburbs behind us. It is the heart of London that must be hit.

"We see the bridges, the Tower of London, Liverpool St. station, the Bank of England, the Admiralty's Palace—everything sharply outlined in the glaring sunlight. There are ships on the Thames that look like toys. With my glasses in one hand I signal with the other to my pilot. Slowly long rows of streets pass through the small orbit of the glasses.

"At last it is time to stop, I give a signal, and in less time than it takes to tell I have pushed the levers and anxiously follow the flight of the released

bombs. With a tremendous crash they strike the heart of England. It is a magnificently terrific spectacle seen from midair. Projectiles from hostile batteries are sputtering and exploding beneath and all around us, while below the earth seems rocking and houses are disappearing in craters and conflagrations, in the light of the glaring sun.

"In a few moments all is over and the squadron turns. One last look at the panic-stricken metropolis and we are off on our home course. I nod to my pilot, indicating that everything is all right. He answers 'likewise.' We have gotten somewhat behind the squadron, but soon make up the distance."

From his preamble and general description it is evident that he was one of the raiders who were above London on the morning of July 7th who were aided in their manoeuvres by clouds and a thick summer haze, and the defending squadrons were unable to detect and attack the raiders before they had strewn their bombs and started homewards. The German finishes his story by telling of being attacked by a British air fighter just as he reached the coast.

"By his tactics I recognized him as one of these astute English fliers we encountered at the Somme. Perhaps we had met there. For a short time we fly almost parallel, both preparing to attack. Suddenly he turns sharply to the left and there he is not twenty meters distant. Our machine guns pour lead into each other. Just twenty seconds of fighting and all is over, old friend of last summer!"

THERE has been a lot of talk in Canada lately about war councils, executives and big men coalitions; and quite a few new-fangled notions have been put forward as "war measures," and calculated to change the old order of managing our administrative affairs. We seem to have lost sight for a while of the importance of parliament. According to Thomas Lough, who writes of the British Parliament in The Contemporary Review, "Whatever criticism may appear in the press, or however the abilities of individual statesmen may be advertised or exaggerated for a moment, in the minds of the people Parliament is the indispensable machine without which order could not be maintained or Government carried on. The impatience displayed in these days when even a few weeks pass without the House being in session, illustrates the feelings entertained as to the necessity of its existence and continuous activity. The ideal of self-government is inbred in the people: they imagine that their member ought to be able to remove every injustice and procure them every benefit which existing conditions place



Democritus the Junk Man: "Any old crowns to-day any old crowns?"

within their reach. They know nothing of encroachment on the sovereignty of Parliament, and nothing is more remote from their ideal than that it has not full control over finance, military matters, and every sphere of the national activity. It must also be admitted that their view of the situation is the true one, and that Parliament is the guardian of liberty and often the only protector of the oppressed. Every restriction on its power or authority arises exclusively from the shortcomings, want of spirit or dignity of the House itself at some particular moment. The most serious restraints are merely embodied in resolutions or Standing Orders which could be swept away in a day. It is often said that the claims of every institution must be weighed by the single predominant consideration of the war, and its efficiency summed up by asking one question, Will it help us to win? No organization or institution can respond satisfactorily to this searching test with the same truth as Parliament. It has placed all the national resources unhesitatingly at the disposal of the executive; its constancy, steadfastness, and unity have been reflected and supported throughout the whole Empire. It alone can provide the necessary effort to bring the contest to a victorious conclusion. It is hardly too much to say that if sufficient respect had been given to the efforts and views of Parliaments in all countries, there would have been no war. During the last quarter of a century, an International Parliamentary Union has existed, which included a majority of the members in the great belligerent as well as neutral states, and this body was unanimously in favour of putting into operation an arrangement available for all nations by which this dreadful recourse to bloodshed might have been avoided. But its voice was not listened to, and so the inevitable punishment has fallen upon Europe. It is only the unfettered representatives of the people

**Parliament is  
our Biggest  
Institution**

repressed or deprecated."

ONCE more, now that Russia has broken her bonds and uttered the cry, "Freedom!" Lithuania is destined to loom very big in the world's history," writes S. Frederick Lees in the Contemporary Review. "There is a Lithuanian Question which, like that of the Ukraine, has been agitated ever since the beginning of the war, and will inevitably come up for discussion at the time of the great settlement, when, as we have been promised, 'the rights of the smaller nationalities of Europe' will be 'placed upon an unassailable basis,' when 'the smaller states of Europe' will be given their 'charter of independence.'

"The Lithuanians, conscious of their existence as a separate nationality, aspire, in short, to their complete independence upon a racial basis, in order that they may satisfy their aspirations. It cannot be denied that they base their claims on a firm scientific foundation. The Lithuanians, with their brothers, the Letts, who inhabit Courland and Livonia, form a nation of about five millions. To these figures should be added the million Lithuanian emigrants in the United States, and the eight to ten thousand who have found refuge in the United Kingdom, the colonies here, in the order of their importance, being in Glasgow, London, Liverpool, and Manchester. These two allied nations form a race apart, quite distinct from either the Russians or the Poles—a race, according to Elisee Reclus, 'composed of highly intelligent people, full of imagination and poetry,' and, in the words of Kant, who was of Lithuanian origin, 'of loyal men, strong in the knowledge of their personal dignity.'

"The Lithuanian nation, plunged into poverty, homeless, partly exiled from its native soil, and deprived of all its institutions, cannot be born again from its ruins unless, eventually, it is granted complete liberty," declares Mr. Lees. "They cannot heal their present wounds unless you grant full rights to their National organizations."

# Rimrock Jones

By DANE COOLIDGE

Author of "The Desert Trail"

CHAPTER XXII.—(Continued.)

"CAN you guess," she asked as she sat down beside him, "what it was that he wanted me to do? No, not to betray you or get possession of your stock—all he asked was that I should marry you."

"Marry me!" exclaimed Rimrock, and his keen staring eyes suddenly narrowed as she bowed her head.

"Yes, marry you," she said. "That was what made it so hard. Did you notice, when I stopped inviting you here? I was afraid, my Rimrock; I was afraid I might forget and—marry you. That was the one spot where Stoddard's plan failed, he forgot that I might fall in love. I loved you, Rimrock, loved you too much to marry you, and so I broke up all his plans. If I had married you, don't you see how easy it would have been for me to get hold of your stock? And that girl out there—the one I don't like—she would have thrown her vote to Stoddard. That alone would give him control, they would have fifty per cent. of the stock."

"No they wouldn't," corrected Rimrock, "not if you've got that two thousand. That would give us fifty-one per cent.!"

A shadow of annoyance passed over her face, as if some part of her plan had gone wrong, and then her eyes took on a fire.

"Us?" she said. "Would you have married me, Rimrock? But surely, not for the stock! Oh, I wish sometimes——" She stopped abruptly and looked at him strangely and then she hurried on. "Ah, no," she sighed, "that can never be—you are in love with that other woman—out there. When you met her at the opera, you forgot all about me. You went off and left me alone. If Whitney H. Stoddard had called me up then!". Her eyes flashed dangerously and she looked away, at which Rimrock glanced quickly at his watch.

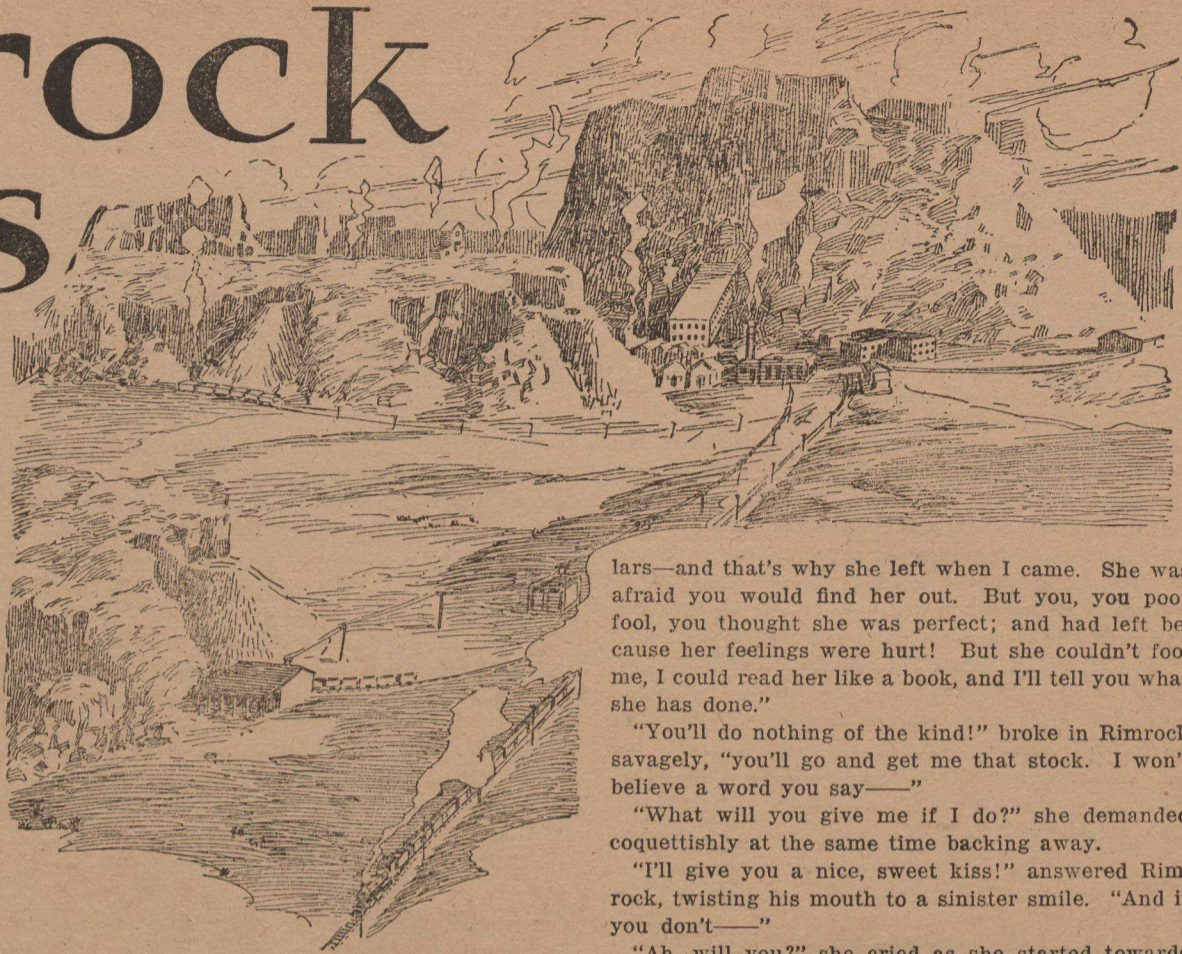
"By grab!" he exclaimed half-rising to his feet, "do you know it's half-past twelve? Say, where's your telephone? I've got a deal on in Navajoa and I've just got to find out where I am!"

She rose up suddenly and turned to face him with a look of queenly scorn.

"I have no telephone!" she answered evenly, "and if I did have I would not lend it to you. You're just like the rest of these men, I see; you think in terms of stocks. I should have done as Stoddard said, and paid you back for your rudeness. Do you know, Mr. Jones, that you think more of money than of anything else in the world? Are you aware of the fact that all the love and devotion that any poor woman might bestow would be wholly wasted, and worse than wasted, on a miserable stock-gambler like you! Ah, I was a fool!" she burst out, stamping her foot in a passion; and then she sank back on the divan and wept.

Rimrock stood and gazed at her, then glanced absently at his watch and looked about, shamefaced, for a phone. But in that elegant apartment, with its rich furnishings and tapestries there was no place for a crude, commercial telephone, and the door to the inner room was closed. He turned towards the outer door, for his business was urgent, but she had carried off the key. He stirred uneasily, and a shrewd doubt assailed him for her weeping seemed all at once sophisticated and forced; and at the moment she raised her head. One look and she had cast herself upon him and twined her arms about his neck.

"I can't help it! I can't help it!" she sobbed convulsively and drew down his head and kissed him. "I can't help it!" she whispered. "I love you, Rimrock; I can't bear to let you go!"



She clung to him passionately and with tremulous laughter tugged to draw him back to the divan, but Rimrock stood upright and stubborn. Some strange influence, some memory, seemed to sweep into his brain and make him immune to her charm. It was the memory of a kiss, but not like her kisses; a kiss that was impulsive and shy. He pondered, laboriously, while he took hold of her hands and slowly drew them away, and then his strong grip tightened. It was the kiss that Mary had given him in prison, when she had laid her cheek against the bars! That kiss had haunted him through the long months of waiting, and it rose in his memory now, when perhaps it were better forgotten. He put away the hands that still clung and petted and gazed fiercely into her eyes. And the woman faced him—without a tear on her cheek for all the false weeping she had done.

"How's this?" he said, and as she sensed his suspicion she jerked back in sudden defiance.

"A stock-jobber!" she mocked. "All you think of is money. The love of a woman is nothing to you!"

"Aw, cut out that talk!" commanded Rimrock brutally. "Some women are stock-jobbers, too. And speaking of stock, just give me a look at those two thousand shares of Tecolote."

A SULLEN, sulky pout distorted her mouth and she made a face like a wilful girl.

"You'd snatch them," she said, "and run away and leave me. And then what would I say to Stoddard?"

"Are you working for him?" he asked directly and she threw out her arms in a pet.

"No! I wish I were, but it's too late now. I might have made money, but as it is I stand to lose everything."

"Oh, you stand to lose everything, do you? Well say, that reminds me, I guess I stand about the same!"

He picked up his hat and started for the door, but she caught him by the arm.

"You're going to that woman!" she hissed vindictively, "perhaps I can tell you something about her. Well, I can!" she declared, "and I can prove it, too. I can prove it by my Tecolote stock."

"You haven't got any stock," answered Rimrock roughly. But he stopped and she drew back and smiled.

"Oh!" she said as she noted his interest, "you're beginning to believe me now. Well, I can show you by the endorsement where she sold out to Stoddard over a month before I came. She sold him two thousand shares of Tecolote for exactly two million dol-

lars—and that's why she left when I came. She was afraid you would find her out. But you, you poor fool, you thought she was perfect; and had left because her feelings were hurt! But she couldn't fool me, I could read her like a book, and I'll tell you what she has done."

"You'll do nothing of the kind!" broke in Rimrock savagely, "you'll go and get me that stock. I won't believe a word you say——"

"What will you give me if I do?" she demanded coquettishly at the same time backing away.

"I'll give you a nice, sweet kiss!" answered Rimrock, twisting his mouth to a sinister smile. "And if you don't——"

"Ah, will you?" she cried as she started towards him and then she danced mockingly away.

"You can keep it for her!" she flung back bitterly and passed out through the inner door.

Like a lion held in leash Rimrock paced up and down and then he listened through the door. All was silent and with a sudden premonition he laid a quick hand on the knob. The door was locked against him! He listened again, then spoke through the keyhole, then raised his voice to a roar. The next moment he set his great shoulder to the panel, then drew back and listened again. A distant sound, like a door softly closing, caught his ear and all was still. He hurled himself with desperate vehemence against the door so treacherously locked and with a crash it leapt from its hinges and he stumbled into the room. From where he stood Rimrock looked about in a daze, for the room was stripped and bare. The table, the furnishings, all that had made it so intimate when he had dined with the tiger lady before; all were gone and with the bareness there came a chill and the certainty that he had been betrayed. He turned and rushed to the outer entrance, but as he laid violent hands on that door it opened of itself and with such unexpected suddenness that he fell backwards on the floor. He rose up cursing, for something told him whose hand had unlocked the door; but she was gone and all that remained was a scribbled card in the hall.

"Kiss your money good-bye," was written on its face and on the back:

"I hate a fool."

CHAPTER XXIII.

Sold Out.

WHAT a fool he was and how much the tiger lady hated him Rimrock was already in a position to judge, but the inner meaning of "Kiss your money good-bye!" was still to be disclosed. As he dashed down the hall and out into the street and into the first taxi that passed it seemed but a cynical way of saying that his sole sweetheart was gold; but when he reached his room and glanced at the tape its meaning was written plain. Navajoa was quoted at six. He brushed aside his excited clerk and called up Buckbee on the phone.

"What?" yelled Buckbee as he recognized his voice, "have you been here all the time? My God, man, I've got the whole police department after you! You've ruined me! I've gone to the wall! Yes, bankrupt, I tell you, unless you go to the bank and put up collateral for my loans. Why didn't you tell me you only had credit of a million dollars in all? You said: 'Buy all you can get!' and by the gods they threw it in my face with both hands! Hundreds of

(Continued on page 20.)

## The Grub and the Price

(Concluded from page 15.)

I am not saying he should not have a profit. I am merely pointing out that he gets in between the normal flow of supply and demand and queers the whole deal. He has fixed up a cute little toll-gate on the old highway at which the public must pay; and not on eggs alone.

Naturally I do not charge any trust or price arrangement between various cold storage concerns. That would be too shocking. It would be illegal; also immoral; also hard to prove. Besides, it isn't needed. All that is needed is the policy of buying perishable things as cheaply as possible when they are plentiful and must be sold, and selling them as dearly as possible when nobody else has them in any quantity. The result is the same. If anybody ever heard of competitive buying between cold storage men, or of a cut-rate competition in cold storage stuff he has heard more than I have. Yes, the cold storage men are fairly wise birds.

An economist might argue that this proves the truth of the law of supply and demand, because the price goes up when the supply is small. But the point is that it is merely the visible supply which is small. The whole condition is artificial, strategic, capable of withholding supply till the price suits.

That is manipulation, rigging the market. In the early days, before its possibilities were realized, cold storage was merely a plan to save perishable stuff. The honest simplicity of pioneers is proverbial; but their successors restore the general average of guile. The story of the egg is a mere single instance, showing that present prices cannot be explained satisfactorily by any cut-and-dried economic theory. Instances might be multiplied. The heart of man being deceitful and desperately wicked he will devise ways of beating any game.

Before laying the egg gently aside I desire to pay a humble tribute to a department of the public service which, in a campaign for thrift, alleged that there was money in eggs, and advised law-abiding citizens to keep hens. I desire to say in the politest manner in the world that this was absolutely punk advice. The same department is now advising the people who took the advice to hustle around and buy mill screenings, buckwheat, mustard seed, burrs or any old thing at all to feed the said hens, because real feed is scarce. More bad advice. Kill the hens.

In order to go broke all the average man has to do is to keep enough hens. I am not speaking of miracle workers, but of the common or garden variety of hen owner. He can't produce eggs with feed at present prices and break even. If he fools with cheap, inferior feeds, he won't get eggs. The

situation has him in a split stick. You may eat shavings or cute little mattresses yourself and call them breakfast foods, but you can't con the hen that way. Wheat is the laying basis of the Canadian hen. Cut off her wheat and she will cut down her eggs, and you merely lose what you ante for inferior feed. That is the system she plays. You can't talk wheatless days to a hen. I keep hens myself—almost enough to go broke on—and I know something about it. Time was when the eggs I sold paid for the feed, and the eggs I used in my house were velvet eggs, so to speak. But long before wheat hit this summer's price there was no velvet.

Feed wheat this summer cost three-and-a-half cents a pound f.o.b. Calgary. Not No. 1 wheat, mind you, but chicken feed, frozen, broken stuff unfit for anything else. Robbery? Certainly. The farmer got perhaps a cent or a fraction over a pound for it, and somebody else tacked on two cents. But there it was, and the hen owner who had to buy feed was up against it.

With feed wheat at such a figure you would naturally expect eggs to be high also. I mean high in price, for paradoxical as it may seem, we expect high eggs to be fresh and perhaps fresh eggs to be high. But in eastern B. C. at least, eggs were low in price. The producer got from twenty-five to thirty-odd cents a dozen, which did not begin to give him an even break on feed prices.

# THE MAN WHO RINGS THE BELL

Nobody asked this man to get up on a platform in front of what looks like a magnified thermometer with a rail-splitting mawl, and his only aim in life evidently to hit a block hard enough to ring a bell at the top of the chute. In fact, when he first undertook to try it nobody took much interest in him. But the bell was several degrees higher than anybody else under the same circumstances had ever tried to ring it in the time he had at his disposal. As he seemed to be up against the improbable, if not the impossible, the crowd soon began to leave other attractions just to watch this man trying to ring the 50,000 bell.

Without taxing your imagination you have already surmised that the man who is doing this is nobody mentioned in any directory. He is, in fact, a composite man. The power of his elbow is not merely his own. He stands for the strength of a number of people all as interested as he is in ringing that bell.

When the Canadian Courier, something over a year ago, set itself the task of getting a circulation big enough to justify the part of the map it covered, nobody had any fixed ideas of just how it might be done. We believed that, once we had made up our minds to the task, a way could be found as we went along.

CANADA we understood to be a country of vastly variegated interests. It was impossible for any daily paper, however big, to represent these interests effectively. Every big daily depends for its clientele mainly upon one big city. Most weeklies have some sort of local attachment to the places in which they are published.

The Canadian Courier had, and has,

no such local attachment. It was necessary to produce it in one of the bigger Canadian cities because the kind of paper it demands in production specialized labour that can't be got in a small town.

Some days ago the Premier of Canada sent a message of congratulation on the achievement of a national telegraphic news service for Canadian newspapers involving the use of 6,000 miles of Canadian leased wires. That was a step in the unification of the newspaper service of Canada.

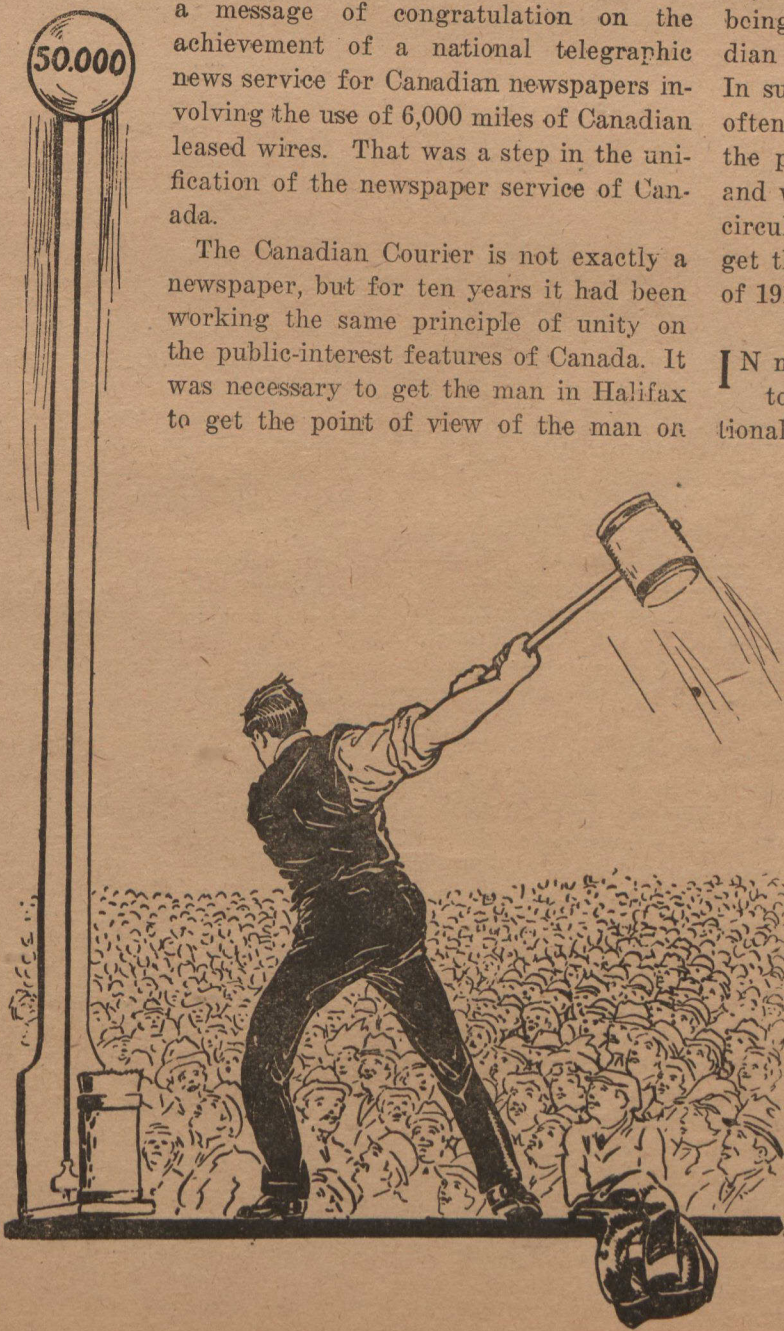
The Canadian Courier is not exactly a newspaper, but for ten years it had been working the same principle of unity on the public-interest features of Canada. It was necessary to get the man in Halifax to get the point of view of the man on

Vancouver Island. The weekly illustrated paper was the only way this could be done.

This has been said before. It is recalled here merely to illustrate what it means for the Canadian Courier to be setting out to ring the 50,000 bell. How this can be done is already being outlined by the kind of service the Canadian Courier is already giving to its readers. In subsequent issues, every other week, if not oftener, we shall furnish a prospectus of who the people are, what they intend to produce, and what the general character of this 50,000-circulation national weekly will be in order to get the result we are aiming at in this period of 1917.

IN making up the list of Canadian contributors and contributions to a Canadian National Weekly, we are reminded that it is no longer necessary to harp on the word "national" in order to get people interested in a paper of that kind. Neither, when the word "national" is used does it need to imply that the contributions will be of the dull, diligent variety whose chief aim is to define what we are in the nation, what Canada is in the Empire, and all that sort of thing.

We believe that the truly Canadian thing is just as interesting as a similar thing done in any other country. We have our own problems, and our own ways of looking at them; our own pictures and illustrations; our own stories and story-writers; our own poems and poets. It is time we had. If this country is to hold her place among other peoples we shall need to tell ourselves every once in a while, as loudly as a woman writer does in this issue, that once a thing is known to be thoroughly Canadian in subject and treatment it's equivalent to saying that it's absolutely as good as the best going anywhere.



# RIMROCK JONES

(Continued from page 18.)

shares, thousands of shares! And then when I called you up your clerk said you had gone. Well, I had my orders and you can't say I weakened—I bought thirty-two thousand shares!"

"Thirty-two thousand!" Well, what are you kicking about. That gives me control of the mine. But say, what the devil does this ticker mean, quoting Navajoa at six dollars a share?"

"It means!" shouted Buckbee, "that you bid up the market until I paid forty-three for the last and then Whitney H. Stoddard dumped every share he had and cut the ground out under your feet! You're obligated to make up a total deficiency of nearly a million at the bank; your loans have been called, and mine have been called, and the stock is forfeit for the debt. You've lost your stock that you bought on a margin and unless you can take up these loans, every blessed share of Navajoa will go to Stoddard and his bank."

"To Stoddard! Well, what does that bank outfit mean by grabbing all my shares? Ain't my name good for about fifty million? Did I ever default on a debt? I'm going right down there and tell that president to give me back every share, and if he don't—"

"Oh, now don't talk that stuff! Just go down and put up some collateral. That's all that will save you—they've got the law behind them and they're strictly within their rights. No, now listen! You borrowed a half a million dollars at the bank this morning and put up your Navajoa for collateral. It was worth twenty-four then, but now, by my ticker, it's only five and a half. Can't you see where you are? Stoddard caught you napping and he'll never let up till you're broke. You valued it at thirty, but he'll keep the market down to nothing until you settle up and liquidate those claims. Then the prices will soar, but you won't be in on it. He's got you trimmed, and no mistake."

"But I don't see it!" came back Rimrock insistently. "I want every one of those shares. And I've got the money—it ought to be here now—to pay every cent I owe. Say, come on up, Buckbee, and help me straighten this thing out—I was unexpectedly called away."

He hung up the phone and turned to the letters and telegrams that were strewn about the desk. There were notices from the bank and frantic demands that he put up more margin on his stock and a peremptory announcement that his loans had been called and must be taken up by the next day at noon—and a letter from Mary Fortune. He thrust it aside and searched again for some letter or telegram from L. W., and then he snatched up hers. There was something wrong and her letter might explain it—it might even contain his cheque.

He tore it open and read the first line and then the world turned black. The dividend had been passed! He hurled the letter down and struck it with his fist. Passed! He turned on his clerk and motioned him from the room with the set, glassy stare of a madman. Passed! And just at the time when he needed the money most! He picked up the letter and read a little further and then his hand went slack. She had voted against him—it was her vote and Stoddard's that had carried the day against L. W.!

He dropped the letter into a gaping wastebasket and sat back grinding his teeth.

"Damn these women!" he moaned and when Buckbee found him he was still calling down curses on the sex. In vain Buckbee begged him to pull himself together and get down to figures and facts, he brushed all the papers in a pile before him and told him to do it himself. Buckbee made memoranda and called up the bank, and then called up Stoddard himself; and still Rimrock sat cursing his luck. Even when Buckbee began to read the final statement his mind was far away—all he heard was the lump sum he owed, a matter of nearly a million.

"WELL, I'll tell you," he said, when Buckbee came to an end, "I'll fix it so you don't lost a cent. But that bank is different. They sold me out to Stoddard and peddled me my own stock twice. Now don't say a word, because I know better—it was like Davey Crockett's coonskin, that he kept stealing from behind the bar. They take my stock for security and then hand it to Stoddard and he sells it over to you, and by the time we get through Stoddard has still got the stock and I owe the bank a million. Those may not be big words but that's what's happened, like Crockett buying the drinks with his coonskin; but if they collect from me they'll have to sue. Now how can I fix it for you?"

"Well, just raise the money to meet my shortage—it's a matter of nearly six hundred thousand."

"All right," said Rimrock, "I'll tell you what I'll do. I just got some bad news from the mine. That big dividend that I absolutely counted on to meet all those obligations was held up—it wasn't passed. But here's the point: the money is still there, right in old L. W.'s bank; the only question is how to get it out. You show me how I can borrow on that tied-up dividend and I'll pay you back every dollar."

"The easiest thing in the world!" exclaimed Buckbee. "All you have to do is to put up your Tecolote stock."

"Nothing doing," said Rimrock, "show me some other way. You fellows know all the tricks."

"No, there's no other way," responded Buckbee earnestly. "That's the only way you can touch it, until the dividend's declared. The surplus in the bank is regarded in law simply as increasing the value of the shares; and so all you have to do is to prove its existence and put up your stock as security."

"And then, if I don't pay it back, the bank will keep my stock!" Rimrock stated it guardedly, but his eyes were snapping and his mouth had become suddenly hard. Don't you ever think it!" he burst out. "I don't put up that stock! No, by grab, not a single share of it, if I lose every cent I've got and leave my best friend in the hole! Do you know what I think?" he demanded portentously as he shook his finger under Buckbee's nose. "I believe every doggoned woman and broker in the whole crooked city of New York is working for—Whitney—H.—Stoddard!"

He paused and at a sudden guilty glance he dropped his hand and started back.

"My God!" he cried, "not you, too,

Buckbee? Don't tell me you're in on it, too\* Well, I might as well quit, then! What's the use of trying when every friend you've got turns out a crook!" He slumped down in his chair and, rumpling up his hair, gazed at Buckbee with sombre eyes. "So! Old friend Buckbee, too? Well, Buckbee, what's the deal? Just tell me where I'm at and I'll leave this cursed town forever."

"Too bad, Old Scout," answered Buckbee kindly, "but you know I warned you, from the first. I'm a Stoddard man, and I told you to lay off—but here's where he's got you now. You owe money to his bank, and you owe it to me, and he's guaranteed us both against loss. Now he might step in and get a judgment against you and tie up every share you've got; but all the wants—and he told me so himself—is four thousand shares of Tecolote. That gives him control and, I'll tell you frankly, he's going to get those shares."

"Oh, he is, is he?" said Rimrock and then sat silent while Buckbee bit the tip from a cigar.

"Yes, he's going to get them," went on Buckbee quietly, "but here's how it looks to me. The loss you will suffer from those four thousand shares will be more than made up by the increase in the dividends on the rest. You are not a good business man and, more than that, you have gone off and neglected your mine. But give Stoddard the control and, the way he'll manage it, your stock will bring you in more. You've learned your lesson—just hold on to the rest and you'll always have money to burn. But, if you try to buck him, as sure as God made little fishes, he'll have your hide on the fence."

"D'ye think so?" enquired Rimrock and again he sat silent while Buckbee puffed away at his cigar.

"YES, he's a hard man to whip," went on Buckbee thoughtfully "they call him the Iron Man. Any place you hit him you only break your hand; but when he comes back—zowie!"

"Well, I guess you're right," answered Rimrock slowly, "New York's no place for me. It's back to the cactus where they fight it out with sixshooters and the man that wins grabs the loot. But here you can get some kind of a judgment and let the sheriff do the job."

Buckbee laughed lightheartedly and slapped him on the back, but Rimrock did not even smile.

"By George," exclaimed Buckbee, "I'll be sorry to lose you. You do have a way of putting things. But say, Old Sport, let's get this painful business over. When can you arrange to turn in that stock?"

"I don't know," grumbled Rimrock, "I'll have to think this over—maybe call in a lawyer or two. I'm not so sure about those hands-up judgments."

"Why, my dear boy," exclaimed Buckbee, "you don't doubt for a moment that a bank can attach your stock? You must bear in mind that they loaned you half a million on your mere name stuck to a note. Not a cent of collateral—and on the other half million you were distinctly notified it could be called. Why, the banks have a department where they grind out these actions just exactly as a mill grinds out corn. It's the simplest thing in the world."

"Well, I'll think it over," answered Rimrock non-committally, "unless

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you've got one of those attachments on you?"

"Oh, no!" laughed Buckbee, "I'm no summons-server. It isn't quite so simple as that. You see the bank begins the action, the court issues a summons, and if you don't appear the judgment is declared by default. But it won't come to that, I'm sure. Just think it over and I'll call you up later. So long; don't take it too hard."

He flashed back a smile, but as the door closed behind him Rimrock answered by showing his teeth. He went to a safe that stood in the room and took out a single envelope. Then he strapped on his shabby old six-shooter, stepped quietly out and was gone.

CHAPTER XXIV.

The New Year.

A CRAFTY-EYED lawyer on an East-side street told Rimrock all he needed to know—a summons in equity could not be served outside the bounds of the state. And so, a year after his triumphal arrival, Rimrock Jones left gay New York. He slipped out of town with a mysterious swiftness that baffled certain officers of the court, but, though Jepson watched the trains in something approaching a panic, he did not drop off at Gunsight. Mary Fortune watched the trains, too, though with different motives and hopes, and when the last day dawned and no Rimrock appeared she went off by herself on the desert.

When that sun rose again, unless smething was done, the Tecolote mine would be lost. And all because Rimrock did not come. His share in the mine as well as her own was dependent upon what she should do and she motored out across the desert to think. Jepson's plans were complete—L. W. was still drunk and Ike Bray was waiting for the word. At midnight that night, as the old year went out and the new year was ushered in, Ike Bray and his guards would climb up to the dome and re-locate the Old Juan claim. And then they would leave it—for that was their plan—and let Rimrock contend with the law. Once located and recorded they had ninety days in which to sink their discovery shaft, and the last day was as good as the first.

Mary had overheard Jepson in his numerous consultations until she knew every move he would make; the question was, what would she do? Would she sit idly by and let this mountain of copper be snatched from their hands by Stoddard; or would she, alone and with no one to help her, brave the darkness and locate it herself? Already, as she nerved herself for the deed, she had typed out her location notice in duplicate; filling in the exact description of the boundaries from the records of the Old Juan claim. But would she dare to post that notice, in the face of three desperate men? Would she dare risk a meeting with drunken Ike Bray on the summit of that lonely peak? She resolved and recanted, and resolved again and drove back to the hotel in despair.

From the day she had known him she had helped Rimrock Jones in every way that she could; but he from the first had neglected every duty and followed after every half-god. She had written him to come, and told him of his peril, and that her own rights were jeopardized with his own; and he answered never a word. A hot wave

passed over her, of passionate resentment and hatred and womanly scorn, and she drew her lips to a line. She would jump the Old Juan, but she would jump it for herself and hold it against both Rimrock and Stoddard!

It had once been observed that, when driven too far, Mary Fortune became an Indian; and the man who said it knew. For the rest of that day she was afire with a resolution which contemplated even the killing of men. She bought her a pistol and, driving out on the desert, she practised until she could shoot. Then as the sun sank low and Jepson and his men were occupied with sobering up Ike Bray, she drove off in the direction of Geronimo. She was far out on the desert when darkness fell, rushing south on the other road to Tecolote. Within sight of the camp she put out her lamps and, turning her machine out of the road, she crept along until it was hidden from view, then leapt out and started for the butte. It stood against the stars, huge and sinister in its black bulk, and she shuddered as she took the lone trail.

UP that very same path the year before Rimrock Jones had rushed on to defend his claim. He had been a man then, or at least a fighting animal; but now he was a soft, pampered brute. He left his fighting to be done by a woman while he spent his money like a fool. The fierce anger from that thought gave courage to her heart and her resentment spurred her on. She toiled on and rested and gazed despairingly at the high crags, but still she kept her face to the heights. As midnight approached and the trail had no ending she stopped and gazed doubtfully back, and then she went hurrying on. A clanking of rocks and the bass guffaw of men had come up to her from below; and terror supplied a whip that even hatred lacked—it was Ike Bray and his drunken guards!

As she staggered to the rim and dragged herself past the wall where McBain had come to his death it seemed as if she must drop, but the men were coming behind. She drew a great sobbing breath and, with her hand on her pistol, hastened over to the discovery shaft. It was a black, staring hole and by the dump beside it there stood a sign-post supported by rocks. A pale half moon had risen in the East and by its light she made out the notice that was tacked to the centre of the board. That was Rimrock's notice, but now it was void for the hour was long after twelve. She tore it down and stuffed it into her pocket and drew out the one she had prepared. Then, gumming it carefully from a tube of glue, she posted it on the board. Already the voices were coming nearer, but there was one thing more to do—she lit a match and, looking at her watch, wrote the exact time on the blanks.

In the brief half hour that was occupied by Ike Bray in making the last lap of his trip Mary lived in an agony of fear. He came up slowly, using such violent language as she had never heard before; and, combined with the curses that he called down on the guards, was the demand for drink, and more drink. As she crouched behind a boulder that stood on the rim she bit her lips with shame and the hot rush of anger at his obscene revilings made her reconciled to killing him, if she must. He was lower than the lowest of created animals, a vile, degenerate beast; and as he struggled

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REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.

to the top and made for the monument his curses were directed against Rimrock.

"I'll show him!" he vaunted as he swayed before the sign, "I'll show him if Ike Bray's afraid. He can run a blazer over lawyers and women; but me—hey, tear off this notice!"

There was a minute of fumbling and then, as she gazed out at them, the taller guard spoke up.

"It's stuck," he said, "tighter than the back door of hell. Let it go and nail yours on top. Holy Smoke, if I'd knowed what a job this was—here, what are you doing now? Aw, give me that notice! Now where's your tacks? Say, Hank, pull him back from that hole!"

The sound of hammering came to her ears, half-drowned by a drunken brawl, and then there was a horror-stricken yell.

"He's fell down the hole! Are you hurt bad, Ike?"

The answer was a muffled curse, and both guards hurried to the shaft. With a prayer on her lips Mary crept from her shelter, then crouched and ran for the trail. She saw them lean-

ing over the shaft and heard them bandying oaths and then she had gained the path.

"What's that?" cried one as she knocked a stone from the wall, and as it clattered she went dashing down the trail. She fell and lay breathless, listening dully for their footsteps, then rose up and went limping on. She paused for strength far down the path, where it swings along the wall, and her heart beat loud in her breast. They were still on the cliff-tops, still cursing and quarrelling and poisoning the clean silence with their words—but she had located first!

THE day was breaking when, lost and wandering, she found her machine on the plain, but as it took the smooth road and went gliding towards Geronimo she smiled with a great sense of power. It was not alone that she controlled that throbbing engine, which made the car pulsate and thrill; she had a handle that would make two men she knew bow down and ask her for peace—Rimrock Jones and Whitney Stoddard. She appeared

(Continued on page 23.)

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## Rimrock Jones

(Continued from page 21.)

the next morning at the Recorder's office with a copy of her notice for record. Her torn clothes were concealed beneath a full cloak and her hands within automobile gloves; but the clerk, even in the rush of New Year recording, glanced curiously at a bruise across her forehead. Then he filed her claim with a hundred others and she slipped out and drove away.

When Mary Fortune returned to Gunsight she found the whole town in an uproar. Men were running to and fro and a great crowd of people was gathered in front of the hotel. If she had feared for a moment that the scar above her eye, which she had covered so artfully with her hair, might be noticed by Jepson and others, that fear was instantly allayed. There was bigger news afoot—Ike Bray had come to town and given notice that he had jumped the Old Juan claim. He was backed up now against a plate-glass window of the Tecolote Mining Company's office and Jepson was making a speech. As she drove up closer she could see Hassayamp Hicks, and as the crowd shouted he broke in on Jepson's disavowal.

"That ain't the question, suh!" he shouted fiercely, "we want to know who paid him! And as a personal friend of Mr. Jones, the best man in this hyer town, I wish to say right now that the Old Juan claim can't be jumped by nobody!"

"Just a moment, Mr. Hicks!" interrupted Jepson patiently, but the mob was shouting him down.

"It's a lie!" yelled Bray from his place against the window. "I jumped that claim for myself! I jumped it myself; and Rimrock Jones, nor none of his friends, can't come and take it away!"

"Oh, they can't, hey?" thundered a voice and Mary started as she saw a tall form through the crowd. It was L. W. Lockhart, the man who had sold Rimrock out and allowed the Old Juan to lapse. "They can't, you say? Well, I want to tell you they can! And, gun-play or not, they will!"

HIS high hat surged forward into the forbidden space that Bray had cleared with his gun and then a pistol shot rang out. The next moment the glass windows were swaying and bending beneath the weight of the mob. There was a babel of shouting, a quick surge forward and then the crowd gave back. L. W. was coming out and as they gave way before him he addressed the men of Gunsight.

"I've got 'im, boys!" he cried in a frenzy, "come on, we'll string 'im up! We'll show 'im if he can jump Rimrock's claim!"

He came striding from the crowd, one arm hanging limp the other dragging the cursing Ike Bray.

"You got me!" he snarled, shaking Bray like a rat, "but dang you, I've got you, too!"

The mob fell in behind, but as they passed Mary's automobile Bray reached out and clutched it with both hands.

"Let go!" commanded L. W., still dragging at his collar while his bloody arm flapped with each jerk. "Let go, you dastard, or I'll skin you alive—you can't run no sandy over me! The man don't live, so help me

God, that can rob a friend of mine!"

He turned back impatiently, but as he raised his boot to stamp on the clinging hands his eyes met Mary Fortune's.

"Don't let him kill me, lady!" gasped Ike Bray imploringly as he felt L. W.'s grip relax. "I only shot in self-defence."

"You'd better let him in here," suggested Mary as she hurriedly threw open the door. "I think it will be better that way."

"No, he robbed old Rimmy!" sobbed L. W. hysterically, "the best friend I ever had. And I was drunk and let the assessment work lapse. My God, he'll kill me for this!"

"No, he won't!" she said and as she touched his hand L. W. let go and backed away.

"Well, all right, Miss Fortune," he stammered brokenly, "but—he's got to git out of town!"

"I'll take him!" she answered, and as the crowd fell back she speeded up and raced away.

"God bless you, ma'am," cried Ike Bray tremulously as she slowed up to let him down, "I'll do as much for you, some day! Is there anything, now, I can do?"

He had read the sudden wish in her eyes, but she hesitated long before she spoke.

"Yes," she said as she started ahead, "keep away from Rimrock Jones!"

### CHAPTER XXV.

#### An Accounting.

ALL the next day, and the next, May watched the door and on the morning of the third Rimrock came. From motives of prudence the badly shaken Jepson had suggested that she see him first and she had consented with an understanding smile. He

slipped in quietly, glancing furtively around, and then looked at her coldly in the eye.

"Well," he said with an accusing smile, "I see you sold out to Stoddard, too."

She turned away wearily and, picking up a letter, laid it down on the counter before him.


"There's a notice," she said as if she had not heard him, "that I've been asked to turn over to you."

He glanced at it impatiently and then, confused by its verbiage, looked up with a questioning scowl.

"What's all this?" he asked. And then, in a louder tone: "Where'd you get this paper?"

"It was sent to me," she answered, "as secretary of the Company. But it's only a matter of form. When you left New York a general summons was published in a legal paper and in

(Continued on page 24.)



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# FINANCIAL

## Why Do Men Fail?

By EDWARD E. PURINTON

In the Independent

WHY does the average man die at about forty years of age? asks Edward Earle Purinton in The Independent. Because he is an extremist. Why does the American business man fail, nine times out of ten? Because he is an extremist. Why does the wage-earner have but a 21 per cent. chance of earning more than \$1,000 a year all his life, with a 79 per cent. probability of making less than a thousand a year? Because he is an extremist. Why does the ordinary man fall short of any goal worth gaining? Because he is an extremist.

Unruly temperament is at the bottom of all failure. The man who thinks right, feels right, works right, lives right, does right, cannot fail. Whoever has failed has been somehow wrong in one of these five respects. During recent years a number of my personal acquaintances have met failure in their business projects or professional ideals, the amounts lost ranging from a few hundred dollars to \$750,000. One man was a builder, another a manufacturer, another a publisher, another a lawyer, another a promoter, another a preacher, and so on. But they were all temperamental extremists.

One man failed because he was too social. He formed a business company on a friendship basis, most of the stockholders and officials being his personal favourites. Whereupon they, because he was their friend, up and did him out of his money.

Another man failed because he was not social enough. He took business problems and worries carefully home with him; all evening he kept them beside him when he should have been making friends or playfellows of his family and neighbours; he went to bed with his business troubles on his mind, so he could not sleep; and finally he went to pieces in a grand collapse.

Another man failed because he was too optimistic. He wrote a lot of rainbow literature on the success of other enterprises that looked like his; and on the strength of his belief in the future he sold several hundred thousand dollars' worth of stock. But he

could not manage the business at all, in spite of its great possibilities. Wherefore the stockholders took out of the ruin a few cents on the dollar, instead of making thirty per cent. on their investment as they were promised.

Another man failed because he was too philanthropic. He was so anxious to render a service to his patrons that he neglected to sell them goods at a fair profit. Having received something for nothing, they undervalued the whole proposition.

We could cite many other examples to show how the uncontrolled, perhaps unrecognized, extremes of temperament cause personal ruin. Failure is but the matured fruit of a lifelong temperamental folly. How many such seeds of folly are silently growing in your garden of personality?

We here make protest against the current fad of mere business efficiency. Your moral balance means more to you than your business method. If you must lose money and prestige that you may gain wisdom and character, you should welcome the loss. A big man is always the backbone of a big business; whenever a business totters and tumbles, or dwindles and dies, the need is for a bigger man somewhere in it. Personal perspective may be regarded as the fundamental factor in financial success. And efficiency only measures on the surface the moral size of a man too big to bother with efficiency. You will not get the finest results from your work until you are so well poised that you do not care what the results may be.

Efficiency engineers have placed too much comparative emphasis on the financial and industrial tests of manpower. When you go to buy an expensive horse, you study the animal at rest before you watch him at work. Equally, you should never hire an expensive employe, until you observe him, or test him, outside of office hours. A man's behaviour at home, on the street, in society and among his chosen friends, may serve to indicate what he will be twenty years from now even more clearly than his present salary or position. Business methods may be the effect of compulsion. Leisure habits, however, are the effects of volition. And the key to destiny will be found in what a man does when he has the time and chance to do as he pleases. The arbiters of your talents are your tastes.

### A New Play in Canada.

THE gifted and universally popular actor, Albert Brown, who has lately appeared in a highly successful week's run in Montreal will show Canadians a new phase of his art this season. He is making a sumptuous production of Paul Kester's beautiful romantic play, "The Love of a King." "When Knighthood Was in Flower," an earlier work of Kester's, made a fortune for Julia Marlowe and is still a household word among playgoers, and his new play is regarded by critics as an even more brilliant achievement. It deals in a dramatic, yet idyllic way

with the love story of George, Prince of Wales (afterwards George III.), and the pretty Quakeress, Hannah Lightfoot.

In presenting the piece Mr. Brown is satisfying his ambition to show Canadian playgoers the best that is in him and demonstrate the lights and shades of his art. He feels that the time is ripe for a revival of costume plays alive with colour and based on manliness and sentiment, in contrast to the melodramas and farces of a realistic kind which have been so popular of late years. Such a play is "The Love of a King," and in it Mr. Kester has provided him with the opportunity of a lifetime. It must be remembered that George before he became involved in cares of state, was one of the most popular princes in the annals of British royalty and it is in this aspect that he is shown. A large and carefully selected company will present the piece, and for the role of Hannah Mr. Brown has secured Lenore Phelps, one of the most beautiful and talented ingenues on the American stage. Mr. Brown's bookings include all the Canadian towns and cities he has visited during the past two seasons and his innumerable admirers are assured of a refreshing treat.

### Hambourg in B. C.

BORIS HAMBURG is now closing his summer concert tour in the West, mainly in British Columbia, where he has been for the past several weeks. The tour has been singularly successful, especially at a season of the year when music is supposed to be "canned." From the newspaper reports in western papers we note that a column of sustained-pedal praise is not counted too much to devote to some of these concerts. Boris is accompanied on his tour by Mr. Laurence Lambert, Calgary impresario, who also makes an occasional business of singing and does it well; and by Mr. Gerald Moore, solo pianist and accompanist. He returns east about September 20th.

### Rimrock Jones

(Continued from page 23.)

ninety days you will have to appear or lose your stock by default."

"Uhr! Pretty nice!" he sneered, and came in and sat down in a chair. "Pretty nice!" he repeated as he took off his hat and glanced around the room, "you must've known I was coming. What's the matter?" he burst out as she made no answer, "can't you hear, or don't you care?"

"I can hear," she replied categorically, "and I don't care."

"Oh! Like the rest of 'em, hey? Got no use for me, now. And so I'm summoned to appear in court? I come back home and the first thing you shove at me is this heer little notice." He drummed on a desk with the rolled-up paper, but as she sighed he changed his tone. "Well, well," he said, "you've got things all changed since Rimrock was here before."

"Yes," she answered with her old-time pleasantness. "Mr. Jepson did it. I found it like this myself."

"S that so?" observed Rimrock and gazed at her curiously. "How long ago was that?"

"Oh, back in November. It was about the twentieth. I came to send out the notices."

"Oh! Ah, yes! For the annual

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meeting. "Well, you put a crimp in me then. Just by passing that dividend you dropped me so flat that I lost every dollar I had."

"Very likely," she observed with no sign of regret, "but you should have attended the meeting."

"Attended the meeting!" he repeated angrily. "I had something else to do! But is that any excuse for stopping my dividend and leaving me for Stoddard to clean?"

"If you had come to the meeting," she responded evenly, but with an answering fire in her eyes, "and explained that you needed the money, I might have voted differently." As it was I voted for the smelter."

"The smelter?"

"Why, yes! Didn't you get my letter? We're going to build a smelter."

"Oh, my Lord!" raved Rimrock, "did you let them fool you on that old whiskered dodge? Sure I got your letter—but I never read it—the first few lines were enough! When I saw that you'd sold me out to Stoddard and gone and passed that dividend—" He paused—"Say, what's the matter?"

She had forgotten at last her studied calm and was staring at him with startled eyes.

"Why—didn't you read about Ike Bray?"

"Ike Bray! Why, no; what's the matter with Ike? I just came in—on the freight."

"Then you don't know that your claim has been jumped, and—"

"Jumped!" yelled Rimrock, rising suddenly to his feet and making a clutch for his gun.

"Yes—jumped! The Old Juan claim! The assessment work was never done."

"Uh!" grunted Rimrock and sank back into his chair as if he had received a blow. "Not done?" he wailed staggering wildly up again. "My—God! Did L. W. go back on me, too? Didn't Hassayamp or anybody just think to go out there and see that the holes were sunk? Oh, my Lord; but this is awful!"

"Yes, it is," she said, "but it wouldn't have happened if you had come out here yourself. And if you'd just read my letter instead of throwing it down the minute it didn't happen to please—" She stopped and winked back the angry tears that threatened to betray her hurt. "But now go on, and blame me for this—you blame me for everything else! Curse and swear and ask me what I was doing when all this came to pass! Ah, you expect more of others, Mr. Rimrock Jones, than you ever do of yourself; and now it will be me or poor L. W. that will come in for all the—"

SHE broke down completely and buried her face in her arms while Rimrock stood staring like a fool. He was stunned, astounded; put beyond the power to listen, or reason, or think. All he knew was that some time, when he was away and while no one was there to befriend, Ike Bray his enemy had climbed up the butte and jumped the Old Juan claim. And all the time he was dallying in New York and playing his puny string at Navajoa the Old Juan claim and the mighty Tecolote had been left unguarded until they were jumped.

"Where's L. W.?" he asked, coming suddenly from his trance; and she was sitting there, dry-eyed as before.

"He's gone to the hospital. Bray

shot him through the arm in a quarrel over the claim."

"What? Shot L. W.? Well, the little shrimp! Just wait till I get to him with this!"

He tapped his pistol and a wry, cynical smile came over her tear-stained face.

"Yes! Wait!" she mocked. "You'll be a long time waiting. He's under the protection of the court. No, you can put up that pistol and never miss it—this case will be tried by law."

"Well, we'll see about that," he answered significantly. "I've got a look-in on this, myself."

"No, I don't think you have," she responded firmly. "The claim was the property of the Company."

"Well, what of that?"

"Why, only this, that the case is out of your hands. Ike Bray has disappeared, the claim is recorded, and only the Company can sue."

"What, do you mean to say that when my claim is jumped I can't begin suit to get it back?"

"Why, certainly. You have transferred that claim to the Company."

"Well, why didn't Jepson do that work? Do you mean to say that that high-priced man, getting his twenty-five thousand a year, deliberately sat down and let that assessment work lapse and then let Ike Bray jump it?"

"Yes," she nodded, "that's it."

"But—" He stopped and a wave of sudden intelligence swept the passion from his face.

"It's Stoddard!" he said and once more she nodded, then waited with an understanding smile.

"Yes, it's Stoddard," she said. "But of course we can't prove it. Mr. Bray has already begun suit."

"What, suit to dispossess us? Does he claim the whole works? Well, there must be somebody behind him. You don't think it could be—what? Well, doesn't that—beat—"

"Yes, it does!" she cut in hastily. "The whole thing has been very carefully thought out."

HE slapped his leg and, rising from his chair, paced restlessly to and fro.

"How'd you know all this?" he demanded at last, and something in the nagging, overbearing way he said it woke the smouldering fires of her hate.

"Mr. Jones," she said, rising up to face him, "we might as well understand each other right now. From the very first you have taken it for granted that I have sold you out. You don't need to deny it, because you have used those very words—but please don't do it again. And please don't speak to me in that tone of voice, as if I had done you some great wrong. You are the one that has done me a wrong, and I assure you, I will never forget. But from this time on, if you want anything of me, please ask for it like a gentleman. Now what do you want to know?"

"I want to know," began Rimrock slowly, and then he broke down and smote the desk. "You have too sold me out!" he exploded in a fury, "you have—I don't care what you say! You stood in with Stoddard to pass that dividend, and, by grab, you can't deny it! If you'd voted with L. W.—"

"Very well!" returned Mary in a tone that silenced him, "I see that you don't wish to be friends. And I want to tell you, in parting, that you expect a constancy from women that you sig-

nally lack yourself. I will send Mr. Jepson down to be sworn at."

When Jepson, pale and anxious, sidled warily into the office he found Rimrock sitting thoughtfully in a chair. Some time had passed, for Jepson's wife had delayed him, but time alone could not account for the change. Rimrock was more than quiet, he was subdued; but when he looked up there was another change. In Abercrombie Jepson he saw, without question, the tool and servitor of Stoddard, the man who had engineered his downfall. And Jepson's smile as he came forward doubtfully—but with the frank, open manner he affected—was sickly and jaundiced with fear. It was a terrible position that he found himself placed in and his wife was crying, upstairs.

(To be continued.)

## Shining Milestones

(Concluded from page 13.)

it would seem to have been pre-ordained that her talents for organization, her love for humanity, and the winning personality which is hers, should eventually lead her to the top. She is intensely practical, but possesses sympathy and vision as well—those very essential requirements for the successful leader.

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OUR first consideration is the welfare and protection of our readers, and we intend to so conduct our advertising columns as to command their confidence, and increase their dependence upon the printed message.

ADVERTISING MANAGER, CANADIAN COURIER

present many girls are working at munitions:

"Rattle and clatter and clank and whirr

And thousands of wheels a-spinning—

Spinning Death for the men of wrath,

Spinning death for the broken troth And Life and a New Beginning.

Was there ever, since ever the world was made,

Such a horrible trade for a peace-loving maid,

And such wonderful, terrible spinning?"

"Besides vocational guidance classes we have recreation clubs and a gymnasium and swimming pool, so that the girls may maintain a high average of physical efficiency. A fine reading room invites to the use of the best books and magazines. We introduce

the lonely girl to friends, offer her pleasant surroundings, and encourage her to spend her time profitably. We plan, in our work this autumn, to have classes and demonstrations in cooking. The most valuable aid any woman can render her country at this time is to eliminate waste in every form, and to conserve foodstuffs especially. While everyone may deserve food it is the recognized duty of women to preserve food, to conserve food and to serve food; to simplify living so that labour may be released to serve where it is most vitally needed; to realize that patriotism is at first an attitude of mind and soul—that its expression should work from within outward, from home and city to nation and allies. Patriotism is measured by our capacities for sustained devotion."

## CHESS Conducted by Malcolm Sim

### ANNUAL CANADIAN CHAMPIONSHIP

The second annual Canadian Correspondence Chess Championship, under the auspices of the Chess Amateur Correspondence League (Canadian Branch), will commence January 1st, 1918. Canadian players of recognized strength are entitled to compete. Entries close December 31st.

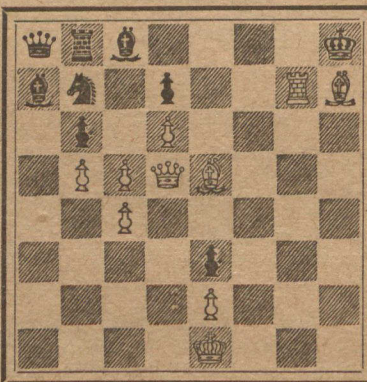
Players will be grouped into sections of six or seven and winners of the sections will receive a prize of \$2 each. A copy of the Amateur's Chess Note Book (value 50 cents) will be awarded to each of the non-prize winners who complete their schedules.

There will be not less than five prizes for the leading players at completion of the final round. The value of these prizes is dependent upon the number of entries. The first prize will be not less than \$25. The other prizes in proportion. A special brilliancy prize, a copy of Cunningham's Traps and Stratagems will be awarded to the most brilliant game in the preliminary round.

Applications should be made to the association tournament director, Mr. R. C. Smellie, 16 King street West, Toronto, who will supply further information.

PROBLEM NO. 154, by J. Kohtz. (1863.)

Black.—Nine pieces.



White.—Ten pieces.

White to play and self-mate in three.

#### SOLUTIONS.

Problem No. 152, by T. C. Henriksen.

1. Kt—Kt4, PxR; 2. QxBP, any move;

3. Q or Kt mates!

1. ...., P—Q6; 2. RxP! KxR; 3. B—B5 mate.

1. ...., P—B6; 2. Q—QB7, any move;

3. Q or Kt mates.

1. ...., K—Q4; 2. Q—Q7ch, K—K4;

3. Q—B5 mate.

1. ...., Threat; 2. Q—K5ch, KtxQ;

3. Kt—B6 mate.

To Correspondents.

J.M.G.: Thanks for letter and problems. Will examine.

#### CANADIAN CHESS IN THE 60's.

Game played by correspondence in February, 1868, between the chess clubs at Egmondville and Toronto.

#### Evan's Gambit.

White. Black.

Egmondville. Toronto.

1. P—K4 1. P—K4

2. Kt—KB3 2. Kt—QB3

3. B—B4 3. B—B4

4. P—QKt4 4. BxKtP

5. P—B3 5. B—R4

6. P—Q4 6. PxP

7. Castles 7. Kt—B3 (a)

8. B—R3! 8. P—Q3 (b)

9. P—K5 9. P—Q4 (c)

10. B—Kt5 10. Kt—K5

11. PxP 11. Q—Q2 (d)

12. Q—R4 12. B—Kt3

- 13. R—Bsq
- 14. BxKt
- 15. P—K6 (e)
- 16. RxP
- 17. RxQch
- 18. Q—Kt4
- 19. QKt—Q2
- 20. R—Bsq
- 21. B—Kt2
- 22. Kt—Kt3
- 23. Kt—B5
- 24. QxB
- 25. Q—R7 (l)
- 26. RxKt (m)
- 27. Q—Kt6ch
- 28. RxP
- 29. Kt—K5
- 30. B—R3!
- 31. RxR
- 32. BxR
- 13. P—QR3
- 14. PxR
- 15. QxP (f)
- 16. B—Q2 (g)
- 17. PxR
- 18. Castles (h)
- 19. B—Kt4
- 20. KR—Ksq
- 21. Kt—Q3 (i)
- 22. Kt—B5
- 23. BxKt (j)
- 24. R—Q2 (k)
- 25. K—Qsq
- 26. P—B4 (n)
- 27. K—K2
- 28. K—Bsq
- 29. R (Q2)—K2 (o)
- 30. K—Kt5q (p)
- 31. PxR
- 32. P—R3 (q)

#### NOTES BY CHESS EDITOR.

(a) This is not good. The usual play is 7. ...., PxP; the "Compromised Defence." 7. ...., P—Q3; 8. PxP, B—Kt3, the so-called normal position is also at black's disposal.

(b) If 8. ...., P—Q4, then 9. KPxP, KtxP; 10. Q—Kt3 and black is in serious difficulties.

(c) If 9. ...., PxP, then 10. Q—Kt3, Q—Q2; 11. Kt—Kt5, Kt—Qsq; 12. R—Ksq, etc. If 9. ...., Kt—K5, then 10. KPxP, KtxQP; 11. R—Ksqch, Kt—K2; 12. Kt—Kt5! Castles; 13. Q—R5, P—KR3; 14. Kt—BP, etc. If 9. ...., Kt—KKt5, then 10. KPxP, BPxP; 11. KtxP, Castles; 12. KtxKt, PxKt; 13. QBxP, R—Ksq; 14. Q—B3, etc..

(d) If 11. ...., B—Q2, then 12. Q—Kt3, P—QR3; 13. B—Q3, B—Bsq; 14. R—Bsq, B—Kt3; 15. RxKt, PxR; 16. Q—B2, B—Kt2; 17. QKt—Q2! KtxKt; 18. QxKt, P—R3; 19. R—Ksq, B—Bsq; 20. Q—B2, B—Q2; 21. B—KB5, Q—Bsq; 22. P—K6! with a winning attack.

(e) A beautiful, though rather obvious stroke. If 15. RxP at once, black, of course replies 15. ...., B—Kt2.

(f) If 15. ...., PxP, then 16. Kt—K5, Q—Qsq; 17. RxP, B—Q2; 18. RxKPch.

(g) If 16. ...., Q—Q2, then 17. Kt—K5.

(h) Black is at a material disadvantage, which leaves him with a forlorn hope. He could have made a longer stand, however, with 18. ...., Kt—Q3 and 19. ...., Castles KR.

(i) This incidentally parries the threat of 22. P—QR4, black replying 22. ...., B—B5, avoiding the loss of the other bishop.

(j) Otherwise he loses the Queen's Rook Pawn.

(k) Mainly to prevent 25. Kt—K5.

(l) A double edged move, threatening mate and also P—QR4.

(m) This stroke, which is a very fine conception, wins the piece and makes further resistance useless.

(n) If 26. ...., B or PxR, then 27. B—R3, P—B4; 28. Q—Kt8ch, K—K2; 29. BxPch, K—B2; 30. Kt—K5ch.

(o) If 29. ...., R (Q2)—Qsq, then 30. R—B7 and 31. Q—Kt7.

(p) Losing another piece.

(q) White now mates in eight moves, e.g., 33. QxKPch, K—Rsq! 34. Kt—Kt6ch, K—R2; 35. Kt—B8ch, K—Rsq! 36. Q—Kt6, K—Kt5q; 37. B—B6, R—K2; 38. BxR, etc. A well conducted, though rather easy victory for the Egmondville "players."

#### OBITUARY.

We deeply regret to announce that two prominent Toronto Chess Club players have lost sons in France, Messrs. E. B. Freeland and R. P. Glasgow.

"Some day you'll be rich enough to retire from business." "Give up my nice, pleasant office and stay home?" rejoined Mr. Growcher. "I should say not."—Washington Star.

# Building a Big Business in Canada

The Four Essentials—The Hard Things—The Well-Worn Way—"A Little Advertising in a Few Magazines"—A Yearly Expenditure of \$3000—\$5000.

THE way to great and lasting success in creating and holding demand for a product is well known and well worn—a way any maker of an article usable by the public can take:

1. The article must have positive merit;
2. It must be identifiable;
3. It must be readily obtainable;
4. It must be advertised.

\* \* \*

Making and marking the product are simple matters.

Getting retailers to stock it is more difficult, tedious and costly, requiring travellers.

Getting the public to want and ask for it is hardest of all, and calls for public advertising.

\* \* \*

Hundreds upon hundreds of the giant firms making nationally-known and nationally-consumed products began their upward career by doing "a little advertising in a few magazines," and extended their advertising as to

- Size of space used;
- List of media used;
- Frequency of insertions; and
- Intensive work

as their success made it possible.

But they began their publicity safely and soundly, by doing

"A little advertising in a few magazines."

\* \* \*

The use of national magazines was and is the base line. This

is the well-known, well-tried, well-worn way; and it has the merit of economy.

Take the Canadian group of magazines listed below.

Their combined line rate is in the neighbourhood of \$2—or \$28 a single column inch. Their combined circulations exceed 325,000 copies.

A 100-line advertisement, using all the publications listed, will cost approximately \$200. \$3,000 to \$5,000 spent in them in the course of a year will give a manufacturer the publicity necessary to get his product known and asked for by the public and by the retail distributing trade as well.

\* \* \*

Retailers will buy merchandise known to and wanted by their customers. Travellers get business more readily, more regularly and in larger volume when national advertising supports their canvasses.

Bear this in mind; 325,000 circulation in Canada is the equivalent of 6,450,000 in the United States. This circulation of 325,000 in Canada is tremendously big, penetrating and influential, and the group of magazines providing this circulation are a most attractive "buy."

\* \* \*

To create and hold demand in Canada; to accomplish the result surely, permanently and economically; and to build a big business, a manufacturer should start with

"A Little Advertising in a Few Magazines"

## CANADIAN COURIER

CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL

CANADIAN FASHION QUARTERLIES

EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD

MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE

WORLD WIDE

### Examine Your Skin in Daylight

It is in daylight most people see you and it is by daylight you should examine your complexion. If you once had a good skin, its smoothness, clearness and softness can be restored. We have for twenty-five years successfully treated skin blemishes of all descriptions of a non-infectious nature. Those who cannot come to the Institute for treatment can order our preparations by mail and treat themselves at home. Princess Complexion Purifier, a wonderful preparation for clearing and beautifying, large bottle \$1.50 post paid to any address on receipt of price. Write for our catalogue S and price list giving descriptions of preparations. Orders sent carriage paid to any address.

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Established 1892. 62 S College St., Toronto.

**St. Andrew's College**  
TORONTO  
A CANADIAN SCHOOL FOR BOYS  
UPPER AND LOWER SCHOOLS  
Careful Oversight Thorough Instruction  
Large Playing Fields Excellent Situation  
Autumn Term Commences Sept. 12, 1917  
REV. D. BRUCE MACDONALD, M.A., LL.D., HEADMASTER  
Calendar sent on application

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