THE CANADIAN

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—Snapshot by Boyd

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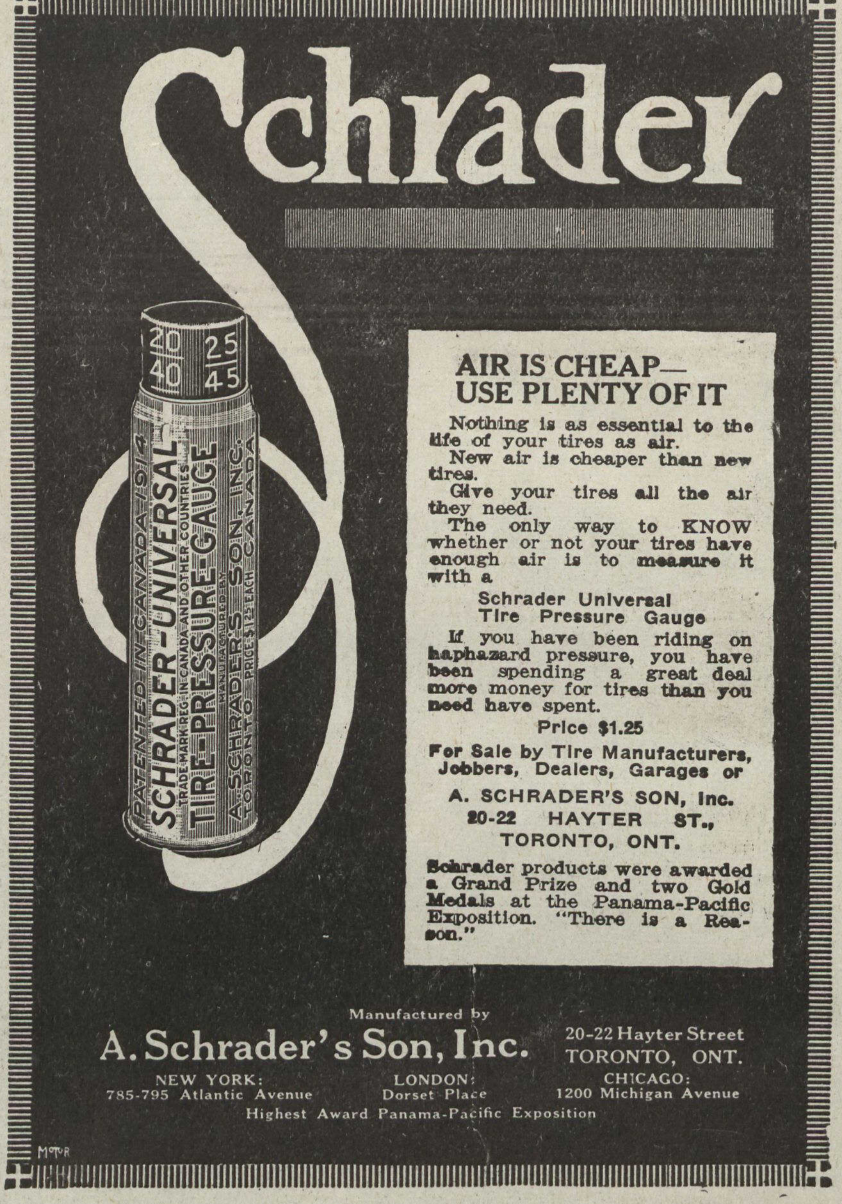

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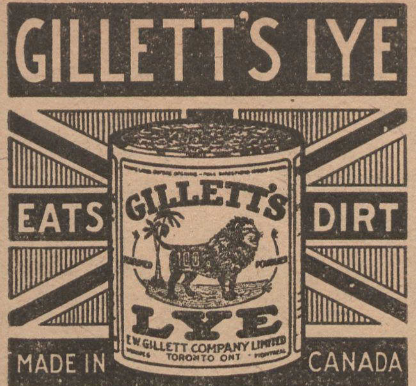

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THE CANADIAN COURIER

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CANADIAN COURIER
TORONTO - - - - - - ONTARIO

EDITOR'S TALK

MARKS OF THE CANUCK

THERE was a time when it was difficult to tell a Canadian from an American. It is still no easy matter—but it is infinitely easier than it used to be.

What makes a people is, firstly, the land. Americans and Canadians, coming originally of the same stock, and of the same restless strain in that stock, tended to develop along similar lines. One point of difference was reached in the American War of Independence. The Americans developed then the tradition of "Independence." The Canadians developed the tradition of "loyalty."

But in the last few prosperous decades even that difference in character tended to disappear. We were all individualists and materialists. The same language and the same—or much the same—business interests tended to make us daily more alike.

AND THEN----

And then came the war. Nothing could have had so profound an effect on Canada, Canadians and Canadian life, unless it had been a direct assault on Canada. Once more a point of departure had been reached. The Americans chose one way: The people of this country chose another. The Americans will go down in everlasting history as "Neutrals" with a capital "N." We shall at least have the honour of being belligerents against Germany.

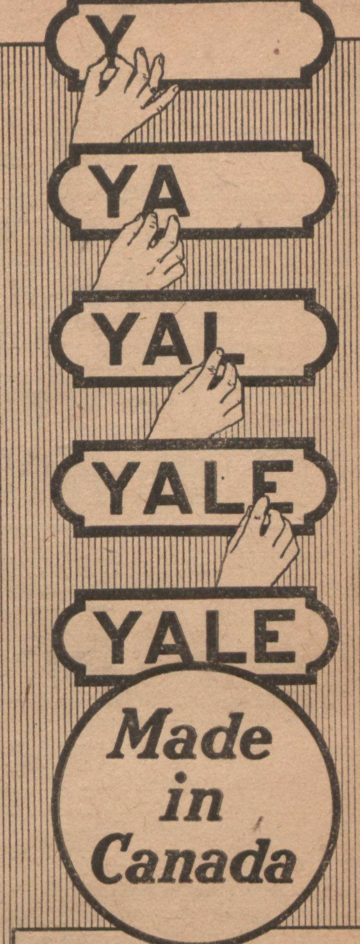
All of this has an effect even on so seeming small a thing as the publishing business in this country. A mere three years ago the fiction in the average American magazine suited Canadian readers comfortably enough. A girl in Toronto felt thrill-for-thrill with a Philadelphia heroine in the arms of a Texas lover. What was the difference? None. To-day there is a difference. Canadian feeling has been sobered, mellowed and exalted by the touch of suffering. The piffling town of Blank, Sask., has a new dignity since Bill Brown, the former livery-stable driver, won a D. C. M., and the widow Perkins got her lad home minus an arm. Men's notions of conduct have altered and women's ideals of manhood have been upset. The Americans continue to be amused with sentimental heroes with fine figures and smooth manners. They are no longer the kind Canadians want.

A BIG TASK

This then is the task of Canadian papers: to reflect the changed spirit of Canada and to give it the kind of periodical literature this new spirit demands.

It is not easy. The change of spirit has yet to affect all the Canadians who write—the people on whom we are dependent for a large part of our supply of material. This is to observe that we want this new material and are looking for it.

Perhaps YOU can help!



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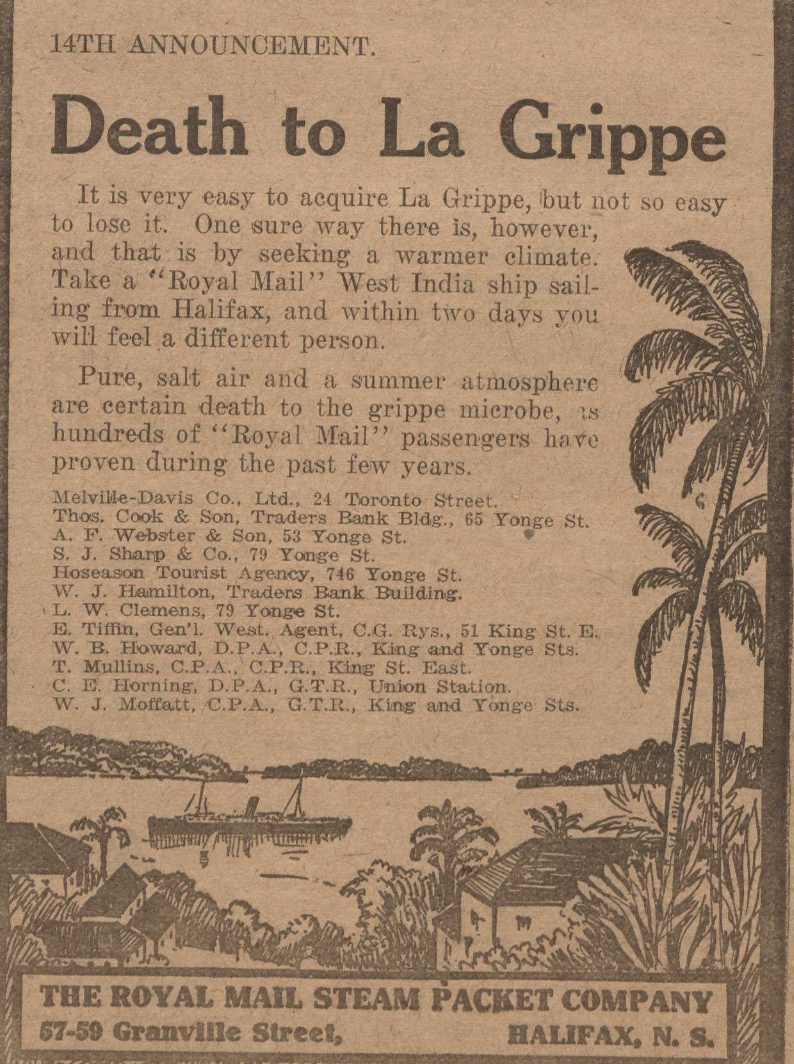


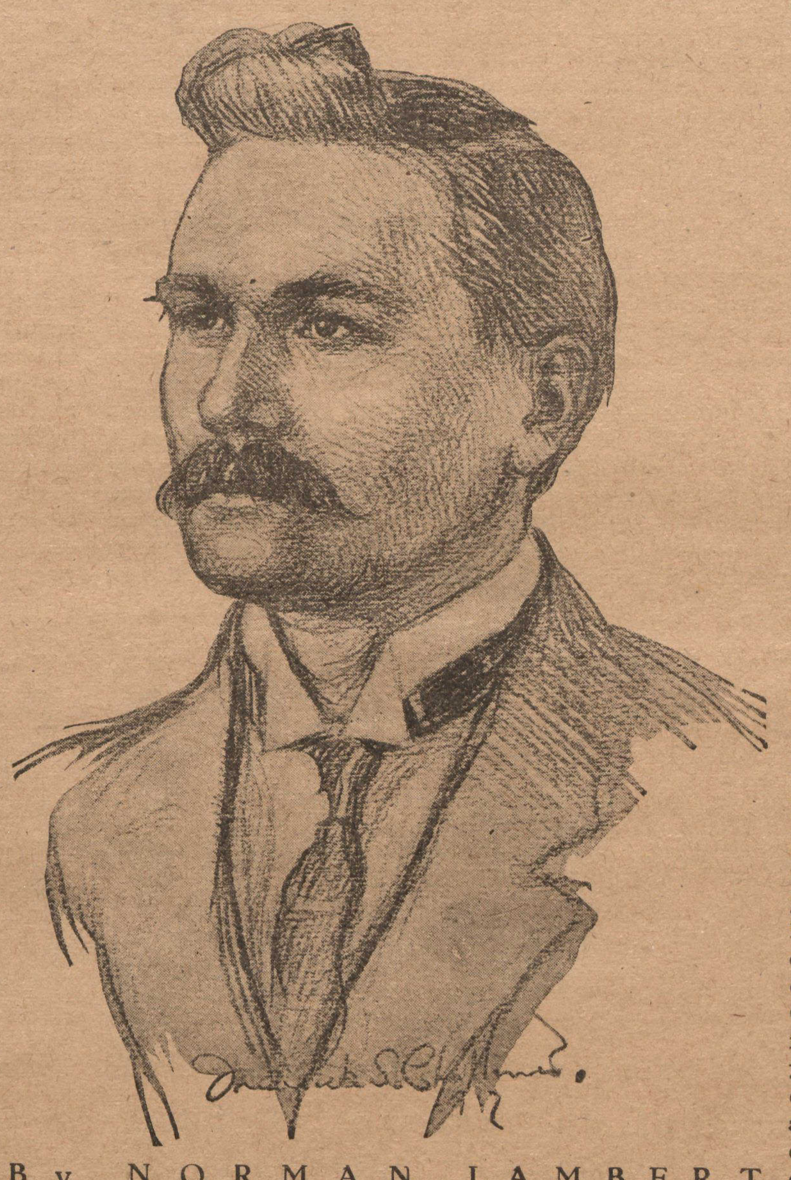
Many people are sending their Couriers to the boys at the front. The Courier is a good "letter from home." Send more Couriers and still more.

THE COURIER

Vol. XXI. February 17th, 1917 No. 12

DUNNING CAME UP THROUGH

Hired Youth from Leicester at $10.00 a Month, Homesteader, Hard-time Farmer on 13-cent Wheat, in Twenty Years He Became Managing Director of the "Sask. Co-op" With 230 Elevators, and Provincial Treasurer at the Remarkable Age of Thirty-One



By NORMAN LAMBERT

AT seventeen, an immigrant—at twenty a Saskatchewan farmer—at twenty-five learning to make speeches—at thirty managing the Sask. Co-op.—and at thirty-one a Cabinet Minister! That is the self-help, up-the-ladder record of Charles A. Dunning, Saskatchewan's new Provincial Treasurer.

One spring day—fifteen years ago—just before the snow had begun to disappear, a farmer in the Yorkton district, started for the Yorkton elevator with some grain which he had left over from the fall threshing. He made up a load of wheat and oats on his box-sleigh and started off early in the morning with his ox team. On the way to town he met another farmer returning with an empty sleigh. The roadway was narrow, with the snow sinking away on each side of the trail, and there was hardly room for two teams to pass each other. In the effort to get past safely, the loaded sleigh skidded and upset, taking grain and all into the deep snow. Its owner, assisted by his neighbour, was reloading, when it occurred to him to ask how wheat and oats were selling in Yorkton. He learned that oats were selling for 8 cents and wheat for something like 13 cents per bushel. Though he was half way to town, the unfortunate farmer, rather than proceed to such a market, turned his oxen around and went back home feeling pretty sore.

That was C. A. Dunning in 1902! He felt—so he says in telling the story to-day—like quitting Canada. That was the last time C. A. Dunning ever turned round to start over again.

The story of this man on the prairies is magnificently eloquent of the power of democracies to select their own leaders. While his political affiliations of the past three months have introduced him in a prominent light before the whole Dominion, the discovery of Dunning in his own province dates back seven years to an annual convention of the Saskatchewan Grain Growers' Association at Prince Albert. He was not quite twenty-five years of age at that time, but he made a speech before the convention that was worthy of a much older man. Thereafter, he was marked by the Grain Growers as one of the rising and most promising leaders of their whole movement.

C. A. Dunning is really a product of the Grain Growers' Movement, and he would be the first man to acknowledge that fact. It was the rapidly developing organization of the Grain Growers in Saskatchewan that took him off an obscure little farm, north of Yorkton, and gave him his chance to do bigger things. He is making full returns to-day to that democracy of farmers which selected him for leadership.

Dunning has done as much for the country of his adoption already as most of our natives do in their three score years and ten. He is one of those radical Britishers who have been in relation to Western Canadian politics of recent years almost "the leaven which leaveneth the whole lump." Born in Leicester, the son of a tenant farmer, right at the doors of one of the very most radical centres in England, Dunning's mind early became imbued with the idea of progressiveness and reform in the politics of his country.

At eleven years of age he went to the big shoe-making town of Leicester, and started to earn a living as an employee in a patents office. He was apt at drawing, and at first had a serious ambition to become a designer in the office of his apprenticeship. Attracted by higher wages, the boy now grown into a strong youth of fourteen, went to work as an apprentice at engineering in one of the foundries in Leicester. Living a few miles out of the town, at his father's farm, he rode to work every morning on a bicycle. His hours were from six o'clock in the morning to five in the afternoon. During these youthful days he had two forms of recreation, one of which finally caused his removal to Canada. Swimming and writing were the two pastimes which attracted him. The former was a natural athletic pursuit in Leicester, the municipality encouraging aquatic sports in the form of publicly arranged contests. The bent for literary work, however, came as the result of an impulse on a certain occasion to write a story. An English weekly magazine had offered a series of prizes for the best short stories which might be submitted to it. Dunning wrote a story and won one of the prizes. It brought him only a guinea, but it had the effect of firing the imagination and the ambition of the fifteen-year-old lad until he seriously thought of fame and riches. In the limited time at his disposal outside of working hours at the foundry, he applied himself very diligently to writing, and in addition, practised swimming most strenuously. The strain finally broke him. It came after a swimming race. Over-exertion had affected his heart, and a doctor advised an immediate departure from England to a drier climate. Accordingly, although just at the age of seventeen, C. A. Dunning set out alone for Canada with the intention of settling somewhere in the West.

That was in 1902, in the very year that Motherwell and the other pioneer Grain Growers gathered at Indian Head to organize their first Association. When that farmers' movement was being born C. A. Dunning arrived in the West, a green, English boy, and hired himself to a farmer living near Yorkton, for ten dollars a month. After learning something about farming in Western Canada he did what so many immigrants were doing about that time. He filed on a homestead, and became his own boss, subject to the many limitations which prevailing conditions imposed upon the 160 acre farmer, located twenty-five miles from a railway line. Dunning's homestead was situated twenty-five miles north of Yorkton, and during the early years of his proprietorship, he was that many miles distant from the railway. It was not long before he became vitally interested in the Grain Growers' Movement. Those were the days of bitter experiences amongst the farmers of the western plains, and Dunning had his share.

ABOUT the Dunning homestead there soon arose a pioneer community which later became known as Beaverdale. A branch of the Grain Growers' Association was quickly established at that point following the organization of the strong central body at Indian Head. It became the social and political centre of the settlement at Beaverdale. Through it the farmers and their families enjoyed many happy social events during the long winter months, and there, also, questions of public interest were debated. It was typical of the scores of branches of the Grain Growers' Association which sprang into existence throughout the Northwest in the first years of the movement. Although barely out of his 'teens, C. A. Dunning became the acknowledged representative of the Beaverdale community. In 1904 and 1905, when the question of the Autonomy Bills for Saskatchewan and Alberta, with their issues of provincial rights and national schools, were before the whole country, no group of people discussed or thrashed out those problems more vigorously than the Grain Growers of Beaverdale. During that stormy period Dunning had the interesting experience of debating the question of the Autonomy Bills in the Beaverdale schoolhouse, with Walter Scott, M.P., afterward Premier of Saskatchewan. The opponent of the honourable member of the House of Commons, on that occasion was not more than twenty years of age.

Those days of early training in speaking and debate in the schoolhouse at Beaverdale helped Dunning to win his way later on, more than anything else ever did. To-day he is easily one of the most effective public speakers in the Middle West. His style is plain, but lucid and forceful. In the Legislature, where he has just taken a Minister's seat, he will add greatly to the debating power of his side of the house. The argument with Walter Scott on the Autonomy Bills was the first event through which his reputation began to extend beyond his own little community. The next was when he represented the Beaverdale branch at the Grain Growers' Convention at Prince Albert. It was the first time that Beaverdale had sent a delegate to the annual con-

vention. The small branch association had always been too hard up to send a delegate to other conventions, but this time the money was in the treasury for that purpose. The amount was $17.50, and the delegate was told that if he thought he could get down to Prince Albert, attend the convention for a week, and get back again on that sum, he was free to go as the representative of the Beaverdale branch. C. A. Dunning was duly appointed a delegate. He went to the convention, slept for five nights in the cellar of one of the Prince Albert hotels, beside the furnace, and at the end of the week returned home with money in his pocket; all of which is a good record for a Provincial Treasurer to have.

BUT that wasn't exactly how Dunning first caught the ear of Saskatchewan. There were probably many other delegates at the Prince Albert convention sleeping in hotel cellars and getting through the week on small amounts of money. He got before the big convention by means of a speech on the subject of hail insurance. A discussion had arisen over somebody's resolution favouring the adoption of a province-wide scheme of insuring the farmer's grain crops against damage from hail. The people in the northern part of the province had always been free from hail. They were rather mixed farmers than grain growers. The southerly districts of the province on the other hand were always damaged to a greater or less extent by the violent hail storms of the summer season. The southern delegates, therefore, wanted the province-wide insurance scheme. Those from the north were opposed to it, and a sort of deadlock arose over the issue. At this juncture in the debate, the delegate from Beaverdale caught the chairman's eye, and got to the platform. He proposed a solution of the problem in the form of a scheme for co-operative insurance, to apply only to rural municipalities where a majority of the farmers could be shown to favour the application of the idea within the area of the municipality. The speech was not long, but it was clear and convincing. The proposal was seized eagerly by the convention, and drafted into an amendment to the main resolution. That was the beginning of the present Saskatchewan co-operative hail insurance scheme which now includes nearly every settled municipality in the province. As the result of his contribution to the convention on that day, C. A. Dunning was elected a director of the provincial association of Grain Growers. He had burst beyond the bonds of Beaverdale, and his influence has been steadily increasing since that time.

When the Scott Government decided to pass legislation to enable the farmers of Saskatchewan to organize a Co-operative Elevator Company, Dunning's name was at once associated with the management of that new business. Five years have passed over the constantly expanding field of the Saskatchewan Co-operative Elevator Company. Starting with 46 elevator and 9,000 shareholders that institution owned and operated by the grain growers of Saskatchewan, has grown until last season there were 230 elevators working, and the number of shareholders had increased to twenty thousand. In brief, that represents the constructive work done by C. A. Dunning during the five years that he was managing director of the "Sask. Co-Op." During that period, also, he served on the Royal Commission appointed by the Saskatchewan Government to investigate grain marketing conditions, and the question of rural credits, in Britain, and on the continent of Europe.

DUNNING had something more than hard business in his make-up. That extra something was public service. That is why he was taken from the office of managing director in the "Sask. Co-Op." last November, and given a very important portfolio in the new Martin Government. The Province of Saskatchewan is largely composed of farmers. Seventy-five per cent. of the population is rural. Most of the progressive legislation that has gained any headway in Canada in the past ten years was initiated in that province. Ex-Premier Scott, amongst other things, gave the Saskatchewan farmer co-operative institutions—greatest of which has been "Sask. Co-Op." Along with co-operation he gave it—C. A. Dunning. Scott has passed off the stage, and Premier Martin, a lawyer, was selected to take his place. One of the schemes which the new Premier took up as soon as he assumed office was a system of rural credits based upon co-operative principles. The Saskatchewan Legislature is now dealing with that scheme. C. A. Dunning, the Provincial Treasurer, is the man who will be mainly responsible for the working out of this new system of rural finance. Under the regime of the Scott Government, Dunning developed the Co-operative Elevator Company until he had twenty thousand farmer shareholders supporting it from all parts of the Province. In the new Martin Government, the same man is expected to bring an equal measure of success into the field of finance. There will be an election in Saskatchewan within the next two or three months, and the cause of the Government of the day will be borne by two men—Premier Martin and Hon. C. A. Dunning. Significantly enough they are the two youngest men in the Government, as well as its two most recent acquisitions.

C. A. DUNNING takes with him much special and expert knowledge that will be of value to the country he is serving. He has not practised the familiar arts of the modern politician. His reward has come as the result of hard earned toil. He has acquired things that are worth while, and the logical result was public service. Hon. Charles Dunning, as he will now be known, is not a stranger in the East. Three years ago he accepted an invitation from the Canadian Manufacturers' Association, and spoke to the members of that organization at their annual convention in Montreal. He spoke on the problems of the Western farmer, and was the first grain grower to enjoy the privilege of telling the manufacturers to their faces what is said about them by many people living west of the Great Lakes. He left an impression on that occasion, however, which has never been quite effaced. It is not an idle wager to venture the opinion that Hon. Charles Dunning some day will be heard again in the East, and then, possibly not far from Parliament Hill.

THE PERRIWIGS

BY
JOHN CAMPBELL HAYWOOD

Illustrated by
ESTHER J. SMITH

A Mysteryette that never loses track of the characters; whimsical creations, well deserving of the name—Perriwigs

"MY dear," said my wife, in some excitement, "there are people moving in next door."

I was putting on my overcoat in the hall, preparatory to my usual sprint to the depot. Bob Fletcher was just passing. He allows himself four minutes.

"Perkins told me on the train yesterday the place was rented—name's Perriwig!" I kissed her hastily and dashed out of the house.

"Perriwig! Mercy me, what a name, who——" Her voice floated down the path after me. I turned to close the gate and saw her on the porch watching a large van that was backed up to the sidewalk at number 31. She did not see me wave my hand—her mind was on the Perriwigs.

Binks was on the seven forty-nine. I told him the news.

"Let's find Dobbs," he said, "he'll know all about 'em." He was quite excited. Dobbs is in the real estate and insurance business; Perkins was with him.

"Know 'em, sure I do; rented 'em the place. Perriwig's a young man, married, no family, seventh son of an English duke or earl or something way up, fine people—he——"

"What's his business?" interrupted Perkins.

"Secretary to some one." Dobbs hinted he could say more but wouldn't. "Seen his wife?" he asked. No, we had not and said so.

"She, my boys, is a butterfly—a reg'lar butterfly!" He hung to the words as though he had at once and very clearly conveyed to our minds a picture of Mrs. Perriwig.

"I don't believe Mrs. Perkins will call right away," said Perkins, thoughtfully.

I did not commit Mrs. Burden to any action. I have been married longer than Perkins. We decided, however, that the seventh son, et cetera, would probably try for the club car. Dobbs agreed.

When I reached home in the evening, I was told that the Perriwigs were to dine with us. Their house was so terribly upset that my wife had asked them over, and they had promptly accepted. She appeared to have spent most of the day at Number 31. She said they were anxious to know everybody, not a bit stuck up or anything, although he was a seventh son of an English duke—she knew that—Mrs. Perriwig had told her.

From my study window I saw their porch all littered up with boxes and bundles and chairs and loose paper. Through their windows, which had no shades, a worse confusion was in evidence. I pitied them, for when we moved to Wildwood, athletic negroes tried feats of strength on the lawn with our piano, and left the rooms a very shambles of our household goods.

Then I saw the Perriwigs crossing the lawn. They were holding hands as children do. He, a big strapping boy with a little, very little, light hair and a smooth, strong face, and she—well, I'm a pretty old fellow, but I fell in love with her at once. A pair of blue jays were fluttering and fighting in the trees over the roadway. The Perriwigs stopped to watch them and I hid behind a curtain to watch her. Such a little body in a white frock, with a big pink sash and a face so white, whiter than the frock she wore, outlined in golden hair only partly held from a riot of disorder by a velvet band! She let go his hand to clasp both her own in apparent ecstasy over the jays, and then she skipped towards our porch where my wife was waiting to meet them.

"Isn't this just perfect!" she called. "You dear good people to think of asking us; we haven't had a thing but crackers and milk all day." She held out both her hands to me. I liked that, it seemed

natural in her and friendly. Then I shook hands with him. I liked his greeting, too. He looked straight into my eyes and held my hand just long enough. Another second and it would have come off at the wrist.

The dinner was a great success. Herbert Perriwig and his wife talked a good deal and talked well, but I could not find out what his business was. I was only curious about it because I knew Mrs. Burden wanted to know; besides, I hoped to be able to tell Perkins and Dobbs in the morning. When I suggested secretaryships or stocks he only blushed and changed the subject. One thing he was positive about, he would not try for the club car.

"No," he said, when I told him about it, hinting at the extra expense, "I cannot truthfully say it is beyond my means, but it is not a means to my end."

HIS wife looked at him and laughed. I thought it rather a poor pun. I did not understand it.

"And the end you have in view," I said, fully believing he could not escape me now.

"Is not in sight yet," he answered, and changed the subject. It was rather aggravating.

When they were gone, Mrs. Burden and I talked about them—a little.

"They're charming people, of course, Jonathan," she said, "and going to be quite an acquisition to Wildwood. What business did he say he was in?"

"You know, Matilda, he hasn't said," I replied.

She was quite miffed about it.

There was no mystery about anybody's business in Wildwood, or even the incomes they derived from it. There was nobody, not since Miss Stickney had tried to hide the fact that she worked for Frills in Brooklyn at ten dollars per, who had hesitated a moment to satisfy the natural craving of our community for this knowledge. What, we wondered, would the community say to the Perriwigs, who were, at least, mysterious about it?

Curiously enough, Wildwood asked, was denied as we were, but accepted them at once. I believe it was Mrs. Burden and the seventh son of the duke who did it. She took Mrs. Perriwig with her everywhere. Bridges—they were both fine bridge players—teas, church socials, cake sales and those things. The little woman made quite an impression. I looked for him on the trains. Sometimes he went to the city, but more often he didn't. I also looked him up in the commercial registers, but he was not there. Anyway, he joined the golf and kennel clubs, and they both went out a good deal until the fire came. That I marked as the beginning of the end.

AT about two o'clock one morning we were awakened by cries next door. The loud shouts of a man mingled with the staccato shrieks of a woman. I dressed hastily and rushed out. Smoke was pouring from the lower windows of the Perriwigs' house, which were open. I could see the reflection of flames in the cellar. Mr. and Mrs. Perriwig were both on the porch, fully dressed.

"Oh, Mr. Burden, dear Mr. Burden," shrieked Mrs. Perriwig, "run and send in an alarm."

"The fire's in the cellar," I shouted, "get out the garden hose, we can do something before the engines come."

"Get the engines! Oh, do be quick! Have the alarm rung." Mr. Perriwig was dancing up and down, making a fearful racket.

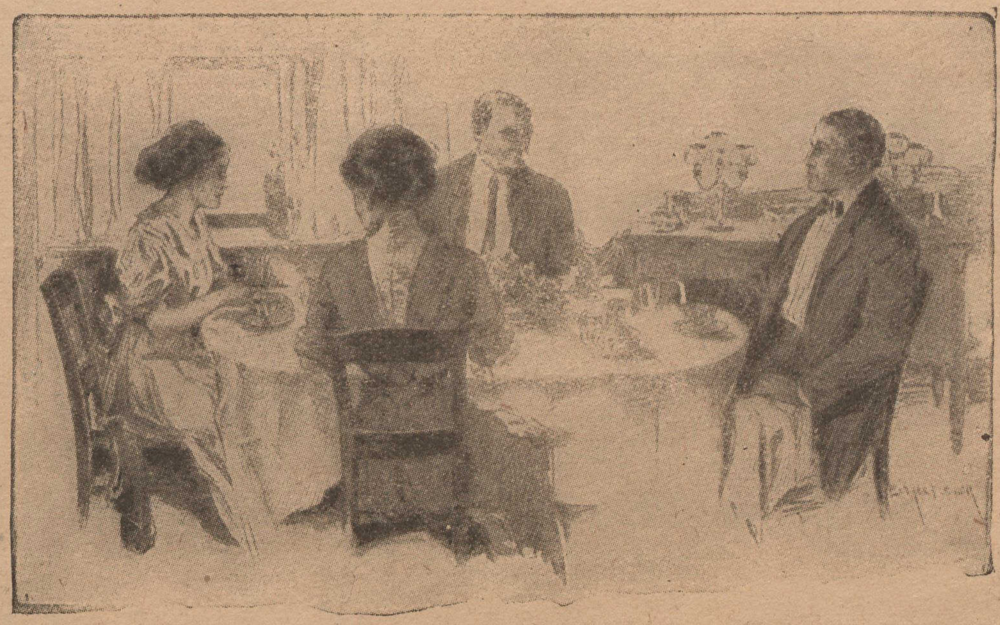
I ran across the way and pulled the alarm box. Mrs. Burden, I knew, would 'phone the department also. Then I got back to the house. Perkins, Dobbs and others were arriving rapidly.

"Let us get into the cellar—the back way," I called to them, but Perriwig was before me at the trap door.

"No you don't," he said, firmly, "it's locked on the inside; no breaking in here. Back to the front and get the furniture out."

The neighbours were already doing that, so I insisted—with the garden hose in my hand—in forcing the door.

Perriwig said, "Well, break it if you want to, but you cannot get in—there's too much smoke." He seemed wonderfully calm and went back to the front porch. Mrs. Perriwig, with Mrs. Dobbs, my wife and other women, was there. My wife said she appeared crazy with fright, laughing hysterically when the people, some half dressed, some not quite that, ran back and forth to save the furniture. Perriwig never moved a stick himself.



The Perriwigs come to dine.

Then the engines came, but by that time Perkins, Dobbs and I were in the cellar and the fire was almost out. A stream from the big hose soon settled it. We turned on the electric light, which was uninjured, and looked around. A horrible suspicion grew upon us. Not only had Perriwig's manner been unnaturally calm, but the fire had started in a large packing case—luckily the ceiling over it had been newly tinned—and there was every evidence that some one had started it. Dobbs is an old fire insurance man. He said at once.

"Arson, my boys, sure pop. Send for the chief!" The chief came, he looked, he saw likewise and shook his head. We all shook our heads.

"Doors all locked, no one in house but Perriwigs and——"

"I'm sorry for Perriwig," I said. I liked the boy.

"So'm I." Perkins made for the cellar door. Dobbs called him back.

"Boys," he said, "not a word of this to anyone. Wait until we find out the insurance."

We agreed we would. In ten minutes we did. There was no insurance. Perriwig said so himself. He was found drinking coffee in my house with the firemen. They were relating experiences. His wife was there, too, much interested.

"Furthermore," continued Perriwig, "I shall not let the insurance companies pay for what damage there is to the house—I shall repair it myself."

"Why," asked the chief, suspiciously.

"My own carelessness."

"Foxy cuss," whispered the chief to me. "Knows he's found out."

But that was all Perriwig would say, beyond promising a cheque to the Fire Department Relief Fund. The chief said nothing after that.

When the house was again in order, Perriwig suddenly disappeared. It was the day of the church social; Mrs. Perriwig came rushing over to our house before I had started for the seven forty-nine.

"He's gone, Mrs. Burden, Bertie has gone. Oh! it's too dreadful!"

She fell weeping into the motherly arms of my wife. It appeared that about ten-thirty the night before he had said he was going for a walk up the avenue. That was the last seen of him. A note was found pinned to the pin cushion in his room—I hoped he would be more original, but he wasn't. He wrote:

"I have gone, do not try to trace me. Farewell. Bertie."

The cold cruelty of it paralyzed my wife's tongue.

"I will not," cried Mrs. Perriwig, "let it blight my life. He—he may come back." She was completely unstrung. I missed my train listening to her hysterical utterances. She begged me, laughing wildly, with tears streaming down her cheeks, not to say a word, but I found out that neither Perkins nor Dobbs had seen him. She had telephoned their houses before coming to ours. They missed their train, too. They remembered, as I did, his curious attitude at the fire.

"Mad," said Perkins, "not a doubt of it."

"A seventh son," said Dobbs, mysteriously. We let it go at that. There was no solution in sight.

When I got home that evening, I found that Mrs. Perriwig was determined to go to the church social. It was to be a grand affair. Ministers from three parishes, and cake and ice cream, perhaps coffee, if the Ladies of St. Ann's percolator worked. It could not be depended upon.

Mrs. Perriwig went with us. She ran over first to her house to lock up.

"I insist upon going," she said to my wife. "I will not allow anyone to know how Bertie has treated me. You must not tell a soul."

SHE was quite theatrical. My wife promised but I found everyone talking about it—even the ministers. The little woman stayed close to me, her white face set in hard lines. There were times when she found it hard to control herself—I could see that—but she was determined to make the best of it. How those women did go on! There was little left to say about Mr. Perriwig when we came away. All had been said, and the little woman heard every word.

"I am so glad I went," she said to my wife, on the way home, "so very glad—it—it was most interesting." I could see she was trying to be polite. The poor thing nearly cried.

For three days she went about everywhere. We knew there were many reasons why she should not, but she seemed to want to talk over her troubles with anybody she could reach. We thought it comforted her. I suggested a police search, but she would not hear of it, nor of detectives. She often hinted there might be a woman in the case. We discussed that phase, too. My wife said Mrs. Perkins had said so right along. It was a sad time for everybody, but interesting.

Then he came back. The big rascal was sweeping the front porch—they had no servant at the time—when I saw him.

"Hello," I said, "back again."

"Yes—tiresome trip, but successful—very."

"We've been wondering——" I began, when the little woman came out of the house and took him playfully by the ear.

"Morning, Mr. Burden," she called, "the old cat came back! We haven't missed him, have we?" They disappeared into the house. I spoke to Mrs. Burden about it, somewhat hotly.

IT was a nine days' wonder—with no explanation forthcoming. They did not go out much after that. Mrs. Burden went back and forth to Number 31, daily, but I did not see anything of the little woman except now and then on their porch, from which she would wave her hand to me as I went to catch the seven forty-nine, or came back on the five ten.

The days were getting short and chilly and she stayed indoors mostly.

One night the big fellow came over and told my wife that Helen wanted her at once. I saw the lamps of the doctor's carriage. It was ten o'clock and quite dark. The boy stayed with me. He went and sat in my big arm chair—the chair that faces the cottage across the lawn. He cried like a booby. He kept the blinds up and watched the lights flitting about in his own house until I myself was nearly distracted with anxiety. Now and then I spoke to

him, even tried to get him to talk about the fire, and his running away and things like that, but he did not seem to hear me. I even asked him what his business was.

"Heavens! man," he cried rudely, "what does that matter now?"

But all the time he was listening, all ears as I was, for any sounds except those usual to the night. A hoot owl settled in a tree nearby and he got up and opened the window and shooed it quietly and angrily until it went away. It was the only time he moved. I brought him some coffee, which he drank eagerly, with my arm over his shoulder, but his hand shook and his eyes never left the windows of the cottage. So it went until about three o'clock. I was in the other room when I heard a great shout. I rushed in, but he met me half way and dragged me to the window.

"Look," he cried, "look—the signal!"

I saw a candle set in the lower window opposite.

HE seized a hat and slapped it on my head. It was his and large for me, but we took no note of that. My wife met us at the cottage door and whispered something to him.

"Hush," she said, seeing in his eyes the wish to make a noise. For an instant the great big boy stood still and then, before she could escape, he flung his arms about her and kissed her. Together they tiptoed into the house.

Well, my time was to come. In two weeks from that very day, I tiptoed into a semi-darkened room where the little woman lay, and two white arms stretched out and clasped themselves about my neck.

"Have you seen it?" whispered a weak voice.

"Show it to me," I said, craftily, and she did. I kissed them both.

When the spring came they left us. A sign was put on the house, but they would not tell anyone, even us, where they were going. I was afraid he had lost his position, whatever it was. I spoke to Dobbs about it, but he only shook his head—then I spoke to Perriwig.

"I am not afraid of the future," said the boy, bravely—then he looked at Helen and the baby and laughed.

A few weeks after they had gone my wife received this letter from her. There had been some letters before, but mostly about the baby.

My Dearest Aunty:

(so they called Mrs. Burden)

Bertie says I must write and tell you he didn't run away. He was in the cellar all the time. We fitted up a table and sofa for him, and he stayed there writing all day. And he set the packing-box on fire himself. You see, he is an author and editors had written him the nicest letters, sending back his stories, but saying they would like to see more of his work. He went to see some of them and they were awfully nice, but they said his stories lacked realism. We are city people and when he wrote about people living in places surrounded by God's green earth, natural people, living natural lives, he didn't know what he was talking about. They didn't say that, of course, but it is what they meant.

So we went to Wildwood and he started his book—the great book that will be out next month. You helped us to meet people and we went everywhere—I saw a change in his work at once—he got colour.

But one of the most exciting parts is where a house burns down—he couldn't get that right. In the city we knew the engines came rattling up the street, but nobody, except the small boys and policemen and the firemen, got really interested, or said anything he could put in a book. So we had a fire ourselves and watched what Mrs. Perkins and Mrs. Dobbs and the men said and did. It was really too funny to see fat little Miss Dabney in a shawl and nightie,—but I mustn't talk about that or I shall never finish.

Then another chapter tells how the man leaves his wife and what people say, and—well, in the book he never comes back, but I couldn't lose my Bertie, could I? He's the dearest fellow, and I think baby is getting more like him every day.

Another thing I must tell you, he really is the seventh son of the Duke of Salthaven and we are not poor at all, and our name isn't Perriwig—I don't know how Bertie came to choose it—it's too silly for anything.

With love to Uncle John,

(so she calls me)

HELEN CHICH[illegible]R.

Donald Lochiel's Letter in last "Opinions" Brings Two Protests

Shall We Teach German?

By Odi Tedesko

RE "WHY IS A CONSCRIPT?"

Strathcona P.O., Alta.,
Feb. 4, 1917.

The Editor, Canadian Courier:

Dear Sir,—You asked for it; here is your punishment: The trouble with Mr. McDonald Lochiel and all his tribe (small but noisy), is misrepresentation and false colouring. When did these five London Dictators say the colonies must have conscription? And these Dictators "say there shall be war and more war—and after that a trade war." Of course they say this in opposition to the people's will—they are not the people's mouthpiece—certainly not. The dear people (five million of whom volunteered to fight) are dragooned into fighting the dear Huns? Why drag the poor King in? What more has he to do with it all than Mr. Lochiel? Poor old J. Bull & Co. is fast becoming insolvent, we have Mr. Lochiel's word for it—and what is that worth? And the Grand Alliance is coming into conflict with all the neutrals. What liars our newspapers must be. The crazy, brainy English statesmen belong to the hereditary ruling class. Lloyd George and Henderson being the most prominent, I presume they are meant, and how long have they so belonged? Evidently, we don't have to go to England for craziness. "Sir Edward Gray was right. Viscount Gray is wrong." Some men are never right, is Mr. Lochiel one of these? The scarce hidden note of Mr. Lochiel's plaint is that this is England's war, not Canada's; let Canada judge. As to the colonies adopting the Englishman and his factories, have they not been doing this good work long before Mr. Lochiel was thought of, and will they not be doing it long after he is forgotten. What would you do—adopt them in a night? Let Britain and the Dominions have all the factories they can run, they will all be needed. And may we both have all the sons we can support, they also will be needed. "The King can do no harm?" Perhaps not, but Mr. Lochiel's tribe does quite a bit. Yours sincerely,

HENRY RICKARDS.

DONALD LOCHIEL IS ANSWERED.

Hamilton, Ont., 7th Feb., 1917.

Editor, Canadian Courier:

Donald Lochiel's letter of the 10th Jan. demonstrates in a most striking manner one of the few weaknesses of democratic government, and it certainly is exasperating to reflect that a person holding views such as his, the fallacies of which are so apparent, has as much right to vote on questions of vital import which he obviously must fail to understand as those of us who at least strive to view the grave problems in which we are involved, without prejudice and without regard to our own personal interests.

Let us analyze paragraph by paragraph, the "facts" and arguments (?) cited by your somewhat grouchy correspondent, and as his opening sentence contains neither the one nor the other, we will commence with the second paragraph.

He refers to the War Council (which was legally and constitutionally established with the unanimous consent and approbation of Parliament, Press and People) as the "five dictators" who say "that the 'deputies in 'our overseas possessions' must invoke conscription, for England is in danger." They said no such thing, and nobody knows better than they the precise extent of the rights and privileges enjoyed by all the self-governing colonies.

Let me therefore assure Donald Lochiel that it is a fatuous proceeding to falsely attribute statements to his superiors in intellectual attainments, with the object of enlisting the sympathy or support of those whom such statements would naturally offend.

And the fact that the United States is being swiftly forced into the conflict shows that the danger is not confined to England alone, but affects the whole civilized world. However, this much we may deduce from the paragraph: Lochiel is of military age, when slackers are concerned—army discipline can do no harm!

Third paragraph says John Bull & Co. is fast becoming insolvent. Well, perhaps the war is achieving a result Donald Lochiel's own province (B. C.) strove hard to accomplish. Still it is a fact that the Grand Old Firm, particularly the senior partner thereof, is in sore straits, and those who have lived on his generosity in the past, and are not big enough men to lend him a helping hand, while he is fighting with a stout heart the battle of freedom, not only for his own kith and kin, but for all the world, would do well to refrain from advertising their pitiful selfishness in letters to the Press; a Patriotic Fund subscriber can do no harm!

Mr. Lochiel's fourth paragraph asserts that Great Britain and her allies are on the verge of hostilities with the neutral nations, and in less than a month international developments have shown that your correspondent would be more successful as a sheepherder than as a prophet—and sheepherding can do no harm!

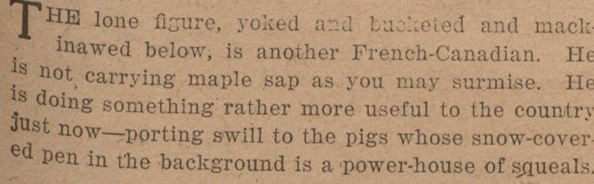
Now for the fifth clause in which the dour gentleman from Victoria, B.C., pokes a gibe at the "hereditary ruling class" who, however, he admits are brainy; well, we may as well let B. C. have this round, especially as he, rather clumsily it must be admitted, ranges himself on the side of a few million people in effete, old, decadent England—still a little originality would do no harm!

But we can score heavily, I imagine, in paragraph

WHETHER WE LIKE IT OR NOT

Winter in This Country is Certainly Picturesque

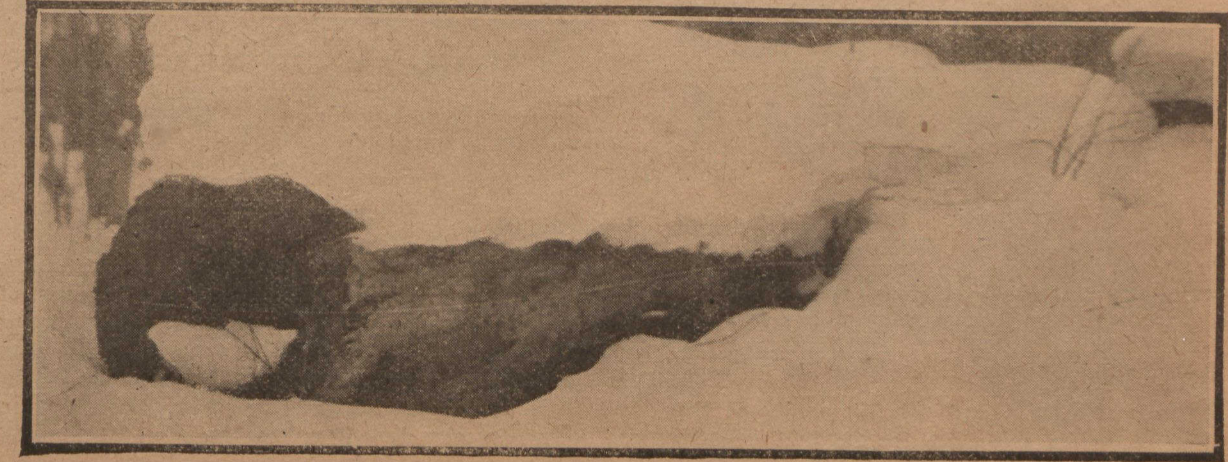
WHEN for every man, woman and child in Canada and the United States 60 pounds of paper are used up every year, the supply of paper is a big business. A large percentage of this world-highest supply of paper comes from Canada. The pulp forests of the north are being eaten up now as never before in history. The picture at the top shows French-Canadians hauling pulpwood from the bush.



THE lone figure, yoked and bucketed and mackinawed below, is another French-Canadian. He is not carrying maple sap as you may surmise. He is doing something rather more useful to the country just now—porting swill to the pigs whose snow-covered pen in the background is a power-house of squeals.

CURIOUS rigs for winter-hauling purposes are not all confined to the Indians with their horse-hauled, papoose-laden travoix. The habitant above has a strange, thrifty vehicle for hauling wood, being a wood-rack on a single pair of bobs. Thrifty—because it saves the cost of double bobs; and just as good for the purpose in a country where "good slipping" is a regular institution.

HOW we get milk and cream at all in towns and cities is sometimes an economic mystery to the thinking consumer who pays his ten or twelve cents a quart for milk. The picture to the right shows a large accumulation of this precious fluid in cans at a freight station just outside a big city. Here is wealth worth watching. The cream in these cans is the product of a large number of very costly cows.



THE bottom picture is just a wayside diversion of the photographer who happened across some picturesque and gigantic snow toadstools in his tramp abroad. This hollow log happens to have been the sudden hiding place of a red fox who heard—or smelled—the dog coming and got in out of danger.

six, where we find Sir Edward Grey classed as a statesman of said "hereditary ruling" caste, whereas he was elected by the people to their democratic assembly, the House of Commons, and his party being overwhelmingly supported by the electorate, he was selected on his merits for one of the most important portfolios in the Cabinet. His manly, clean and straightforward handling of the most delicate problems will never be forgotten, and the agreements entered into by him with the full knowledge of his colleagues in the Cabinet—not one of them an hereditary legislator, all elected by the people—have been approved by the Empire at large. So a few yelps and snarls from Victoria, B.C., can do no harm!

And it is easy to answer the query propounded in the next paragraph; Sir Edward Grey's handling of the Empire's diplomacy was admirably suited to the first stages of the world catastrophe, but as the cloven hoof became more apparent in the manoeuvres of certain neutrals, the gentler school gave way, in obedience to public opinion, to brusque and dauntless men, whose determination and aggressiveness qualified them to deal more effectively with the sinister turn affairs had taken, due mainly to the frustration of the enemy by their predecessors in office.

The last paragraph but one in Mr. Lochiel's masterpiece alleges that England advocates Canadian conscription in order to render all her colonies "tributary possessions" and enforce the location of all manufactures in England after the war. Quite a baseless assertion! And it ill becomes a resident of the fair province on the Pacific to cast aspersions of this nature, for London has been the Mecca for many years past of her rapacious politicians, unscrupulous financiers, mendicant municipalities and wild cat railroads. I would respectfully suggest to your correspondent that if he wishes to indulge in the gentle art of muckraking he will find abundant scope nearer home.

But the culminating phrase of the letter I am taking the liberty of criticizing is without doubt the most sparkling gem of all. It really broaches a most important problem, but I will content myself with dealing only with the issue as raised in the sentences—"factories must eventually go where the raw materials are," and "Mr. Englishman, let the colonies adopt you and your factories." If that is to be, then Eastern Canada is to lose quite a number of her industries, as we utilize in our manufactures many materials that are not indigenous to these latitudes. Has Donald Lochiel taken that fact into account? And if the colonies are going to run John Bull's factories for him, they will have to improve their methods somewhat, as English goods maintain their supremacy in the open market, which is a different proposition to getting a clinch hold on the consumer by means of a tariff wall. And if colonial management is modelled on B. C. practice, Mr. Englishman will perhaps demur at having his countrymen ousted to make room for oriental and Hindoo labour, as is the case in your sawmills and canneries, friend Lochiel; and he would certainly object to evasions of the Truck Act, and his municipal work and railroad construction can, to his thinking, be accomplished without the aid of our friend, the "wop."

Let me conclude, Mr. Editor, by complimenting you on the invigorating tone of your excellent periodical; it certainly has a destiny to fulfil in the complex affairs of the Dominion.

Yours truly,

"COUNTY PALATINE."

SHALL WE TEACH GERMAN?

Editor Canadian Courier:

Shall we or shall we not continue to teach German in the schools? That is a question that may solve itself ambulando, or may have to be settled by a by-product of the bilingual issue. For there are persons so blind to the interests of their own country that they would preserve the study of German lest its absence leave time for the more efficient teaching of French.

As to the pedagogical value of a second modern language, there is a strong body of professional opinion to the effect that the schools are better without it. The chief weakness of our school system is the diversity of the curriculum, while the great strength of the old classical system lay in the fact that its curriculum, though small, was covered thoroughly and with thorough results. This has entailed the exaltation of Latin as a sort of educational nostrum, the merchants of which demand, and get, a high tariff for the protection of their market, in the shape of compulsory Latin. It is time that we abandon the idea that any one subject of study has peculiar virtues of its own. French would produce the same educational results if it were taught with the same intensity and to them it would add that broadening of outlook that comes with the acquisition of a second means of communication. It must be remembered, also, that the mediaeval vogue of Latin had purely practical reasons for its existence. The man with two tongues has better cause for satisfaction than the proverbial dog with two tails. The opponents of bilingualism would be well advised to recognize that true bilingualism is the surest weapon for the accomplishment of their objects.

So on the ground that it leaves more room for French, a national need, we should abandon German in the schools, leaving it to be taught as a dead language in the Universities to those unfortunates who will need it for technical or academic purposes. As a dead language, because it is idle, even wicked to suppose that peace will bring goodwill, as some imagine who see in the war but a temporary disagreement: nor is it probable that the next generation will find itself in friendly contact with Teutonic speech.

Considered from the old-fashioned point of view, as a "disciplinary study" (perish the term) German offers nothing that cannot be found in French except the mediaeval barbarity of its inflexions and the pseudo-classic absurdities of its sentence structure, under which the phrase goes snorting and swelling like a Westphalian sow in a looted French corset. For the benefit of those whose privilege it is not to have studied the Hunsprache, it may be mentioned that a word desiring a place in a German sentence must learn a long list of Verbotens, till it knows just what position it is permitted to occupy; so that a sentence is just as elastic as a solid train of Pullmans. Harsh and unpleasing to the ear, the language is, when written, pre-eminently fitted to conceal thought, even if the contortions of the Teutonic mind did not effect this result pretty thoroughly before expression begins. As a key to literature, German opens a poorly furnished chamber: Goethe alone takes rank with the giants of French letters, while no sane person would advocate the teaching of German to children to enable them to read philosophy. Linguistically and culturally, then, German has small claim to a place in the high-school curriculum. It is, a cumberer of the ground and should be cast out.

From the administrative point of view there is an enormous advantage to be gained by the exclusion from the schools of this unmannerly, loud-voiced, interruptive jargon. It is this. In the University preparation of language specialists a heavy burden is laid upon student and professor by the requirement of high standing in both French and German. Now this is an unscientific grouping and rarely occurs in the higher branches of the teaching profession. Few colleges or universities of repute unite the two languages under the same department, and those that do are liable to find one usurping more than its fair share of attention. In the graduate schools of the United States, students must make their choice between the Romance and the Teutonic groups and to force our teachers to devote four years to both languages is to put them under a serious handicap in case they cherish the ambition of entering the professorial ranks. (Most of them merely marry, but that is no reason why they should have to teach German). No, the rational grouping of specialization is not French and German, but French and Latin, an arrangement that would leave German to be taught, if it must be, by the English specialist. From the suggested combination you would have two important results. The first, of national advantage, would be the increased efficiency and intelligence of the school teaching both in French and Latin, so that Latin might be enabled to stand on its own merits and remove the stigma of compulsion, while French would have a chance of being taught as a living speech instead of being made as at present about as inspiring as a dead and inedible fish. Secondly, the colleges would be able to devote so much time to the one spoken language that they could recruit their staff from the best of their own students—a thing at present rarely practicable except in the case of bilingual students or after two years of post-graduate work—while graduates going to the schools would feel that university posts were still open to them. It is needless to point out that this ambition would provide a valuable antidote to the intellectual sloth that too often envelopes the established specialist. It would also induce a greater number of men to take up language work in the schools.

Shall we then continue to teach German? No. Because it interferes with the efficient teaching of French, and in the teaching of French to all the school children of Ontario there is hope for internal amity.

ODI TEDESKO.

THE SUBMARINE BLUFF!

Undersea Campaign is a Straw to a Drowning Germany—Cannot Save Situation

By SIDNEY CORYN

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IF we may judge from the tremor of excitement that has followed Germany's declaration of a submarine blockade of Great Britain it would seem that the public susceptibility to bluff is just as great as ever it was. Indeed it would appear to be almost limitless.

Let us look for a moment at the theory upon which the present situation may be said to rest. Early in the war Germany declared a submarine blockade of Great Britain, just as she has done now, and she proceeded to put it into effect with all the force at her command. She sank a great number of ships—the exact number does not matter—and there is no doubt that she raised an acute problem for the British authorities, who were already facing a transportation difficulty as a result of the detachment of a large amount of shipping for army supply purposes. We do not know just how great that difficulty actually was, seeing that we have no precise information as to the output from the British shipbuilding yards. At the same time we may remember that those yards are the largest and best equipped in the world, and that under the spur of necessity they could turn out an unprecedented number of craft. But at least one thing is certain. Germany was able to do a great deal of damage with her submarines, but she was not able to establish an effective blockade nor anything like one. An army of ships continued to pass in and out of British ports, and the utmost that the submarines were able to do was to sink a small proportion of them.

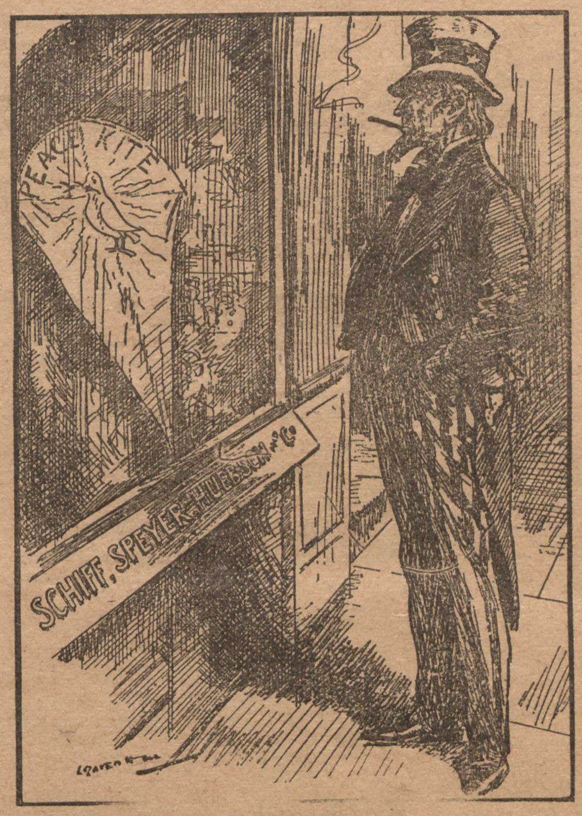
Then came the American protest and the resulting promise of Germany that she would curb her submarines and keep their activities within the limits of international law. It was hailed as a triumph for American diplomacy. Patience and forbearance, we

were told, had been rewarded, and we were asked to admire a diplomatic skill that had secured so great a victory for American rights and for the cause of humanity. But it soon became evident that the validity of the pledge was open to doubt. Several ships were sunk in direct violation of the undertaking, and although every allowance had to be made for the mistakes inseparable from warfare of this kind, it seemed as though the German pledge were being honoured more in the breach than the observance. Indeed there were those who asserted at the time that Germany's modification of her submarine war was not due to a deference to American wishes, but to the fact that she had no more submarines, and that the American protest came at a timely moment to conceal that fact. For we must remember that the war against the submarines had been an unceasing one. Innumerable devices had been employed with more or less effect. The surface of the sea was combed with armed motor boats, trawlers, and destroyers. Hundreds of miles of wire netting were suspended beneath the surface and marked with bell buoys. Rope trailers were employed to foul the propellers, and there were ingenious acoustic appliances by which the throb of the submarine engines could be heard from considerable distances. It has been the policy of the British admiralty to conceal its submarine captures, and therefore we do not know how many of these craft were actually taken. But we do know that the number must have been a considerable one. Indeed it is not unreasonable to suppose that the work of destruction kept apace with that of manufacture during the early stages of the war and even that Germany had to make extraordinary efforts to keep her submarine fleet at an effective size.

Therefore we may say that the theory upon which the announcement of the new blockade seems to rest is not one that we can accept without a certain amount of reluctance. We are asked to believe that during the last few months Germany has been building and storing a fleet of new submarines and that she has been holding them in leash, so to speak, in deference to her agreement with Washington, an agreement that, as we all know, has been broken again and again. Having now terminated that agreement, she has unleashed these craft, and as a result of their activities she expects to establish a cordon around the war zone and to prevent the passage of all ships of whatsoever nationality. Indeed, we have a story from a Dutch correspondent for whose imaginative and creative vision it would be hard to have too great a respect and who tells us of having seen a fleet of four hundred new submarines, steaming on the surface, and proceeding rapidly westward.

Now, in whatever direction our sympathies may lie, they ought not to be allowed to submerge our common sense. The probabilities ought to be accorded at least a hearing. And the probabilities are not at all in favour of this new fleet, or of anything else that is new except a determination to sink such few ships as have hitherto been immune—and they are very few indeed—and to abolish such slight restraints as have been allowed to exist. If the submarine war had been wholly suspended we might indeed believe that it would now be resumed. But it has not been suspended for a single day. On the contrary, it has been waged steadily and relentlessly. Nearly every morning we have read the printed tale of destroyed ships, and even though most of them have been insignificant trawlers it has been entirely evident that the German naval authorities have been doing their utmost to cripple the British marine and to establish an effective blockade of the British Isles. But we are now asked to believe that they have been using only a fraction of their submarine strength, that they have been keeping a vast fleet of U boats in reserve and that this fleet is about to be thrown as a determining factor into the struggle. We need not have any doubt at all that Germany has been building submarines. Of course she has. She has been using her unsurpassed energies and skill and resourcefulness in strengthening an arm from which she reasonably hoped so much. But it is unlikely to the last extent that she has been storing these boats or reserving them for some new eventuality. It is unlikely to the last extent that she has at any time refrained from using any weapon at her disposal. It is unlikely to the last extent that she is now in a position to make any new departure, to display any new and hitherto undisplayed strength except in the single respect of sinking those few ships that have until now been theoretically immune. In other words, Germany's whole submarine strength has been continuously at sea. Her threat to inaugurate a new kind of sea warfare belongs to the quite legitimate category of bluff.

The reasons for such a policy of bluff are quite evident. It was intended in the first place to influence the authorities at Washington and to spur them to greater efforts to secure the calling of a peace conference. Into the merits of a policy that gave to Germany the conviction of what may be called American malleability there is no need here to enter, but we may reasonably believe that Germany did not foresee the present diplomatic break. She did see that her efforts to inaugurate a peace conference were at a standstill, and that the President was apparently disinclined to add another to the steps that he had already taken or to combat the resolve of the Allies as embodied in their latest notes. She believed that the threat of a ruthless submarine war would spur the President to yet further effort and



A HYPHENATED PROPOSITION.

Uncle Sam: "Guess I'm not taking any. I've been neutral about the war and I'm going to be neutral about peace."

—L. Raven-Hill in Punch, London.

that his humanitarian pacifism would be stimulated to find some way to ward off the contemplated horrors. This at least is the view put forward by German apologists at Washington, and it is a view that is sustained by the probabilities. We can hardly believe that Germany is insensible to the vast moral force that is released against her by the action of the President or that she would lightly incur it. Nor did she lightly incur it. She did not believe that it would be so released. She expected a remonstrance, a protest, but not a rupture. She hoped to invoke a new access of American energies in favour of a conference. She hoped that the door of negotiation that seemed to be closed might once more be forced open by the pressure of American humanitarianism. Certainly she did not intend the incredible blunder of forcing America from a benevolent neutrality to an active hostility. She did not intend to forfeit the benefit of American benevolence at a peace conference, her greatest assets at such a conference.

But there is another reason, and it is to be found in the necessity to divert the minds of the German public from the food situation and from the discouraging aspect of the battle-fields. Ever since the supposed acquiescence in the American demand for a mitigation of the submarine war the German public has been buoyed by the belief that their government had been persuaded to renounce the use of a weapon that might bring victory and to which recourse might be had if the exigencies of the situation should demand it. We, too, have believed the same thing, and this in spite of the constant evidences that this weapon had not been renounced, of the long list of ships sunk without warning, and of American lives sacrificed without the possibility of salvage. There is no need to recount those ships or those lives. They are being printed in every newspaper in the country. We have grown so inured to these incidents that we hardly notice them. They have become mere war bulletins and nothing more. None the less the German public has been taught to look hopefully to a weapon that might at the moment be in disuse, but that was always available at a crisis. And now the time has come to enhearten them by the assurance that there will be no more restraints, no more deferences to neutral opinion, no more reluctance to strike at any and every vulnerable point.

For such reasons we need not expect any wide or sudden extension of the submarine war. There is not likely to be any other change than the abrogation of those slight and shadowy immunities that have existed since the first American protest. There will be no blockade of the British or any other coast in the sense in which a blockade means a supervision so effective that only a few agile blockade runners can escape it. It is not likely that Germany is better able to establish such a blockade than she was three months ago. Things will go on pretty much as they did before, so far as this aspect of the war is concerned. Germany will continue to send out every available submarine as soon as it is launched, and it is quite likely that those submarines are of a constantly increasing size and heavier armament. But if their armament is designed to resist such guns as may be carried by merchant ships then the guns also will be increased in weight. As was said last week, there can be no greater mistake than to suppose that a merchant ship must necessarily succumb to the attack of a submarine. On the contrary a merchant ship with three or four guns is in much the better position. The hope of the submarine is to escape detection until it can manoeuvre itself into place for the discharge of a torpedo, and it is by no means easy to calculate the aim at a moving object that may be, and that probably is, pursuing a zigzag course. Many a torpedo has been observed to pass astern or ahead of its victim and so be lost. If a submarine wishes to use her guns she must fully expose herself before she can even take aim, and in that event the odds are greatly against her if her victim is armed. Great Britain is known to be using motor boats—the suggestion, I believe, of a Californian—and their number has been placed at four thousand. These boats are efficiently armed and of great speed. Their draft is so low and their course so erratic that it is practically impossible to hit them with a torpedo, and in a duel with guns the odds are immensely in their favour. Even if we were to accede to all the claims now made on behalf of the German submarines, their number, size, armament, and everything else, the advantage would still rest largely with the defenders. And we may also remember that even if Germany has exercised self-denial in the selection of her victims, which is far from being a certainty, England also has refrained from arming her merchant ships in deference to the international law invoked by the American protest.

A Washington bulletin dated January 28th and giving the views of American military experts on the forthcoming campaign seems to coincide exactly with the forecast recently printed in this column. There will be no German offensive in the West, say these experts. The recent German attack on Verdun was inspired by the conviction that the French were preparing a forward move from this particular area and presumably in the direction of Metz, and it was considered necessary to discover its nature and to embarrass its plans. The weak spots in the West from the German point of view are considered to be Verdun and the Ancre River, but there will be no departure from the German resolve to stand on the defensive in the West and to reserve whatever strength can be concentrated for an attack in the East and presumably in the direction of Odessa. If the Germans could move northward across the Danube into Bessarabia it would not only be a menace to the Russian fleet, but it would also enable German submarines to enter the Black Sea and so come to the relief of Constantinople, which is now blockaded by the Russian ships. At the same time, say the Washington experts, Germany may be expected to strike some heavy blows in the West.

HERRING AS A WAR-TIME FOOD

By H. B. WATT

AS never in the world's history since the era of the cave-man the world of incomparable productive powers is into a struggle for existence. A world war has lessened production by putting producers by the millions into the trenches. The rest of the world is wrestling with the problem of how to keep the militant millions supplied with food and clothes at the front, and the rest of us at home in possession of what we need for ordinary economic sustenance.

To be sure we are not on rations. We are still free to get three square meals a day if we are willing to pay the price and able to get the money. But we are under the necessity of warning against waste and of making what we consume go as far as possible.

Of all foodstuffs that of meat is one of the most important. We know that the world, as a rule, consumes too much meat. Human ailments are frequently caused by over-eating of flesh. Our forefathers could gorge the flesh of the hunt because they were hunters. We can't, because we eat meat two or three times a day, and sit around working at desks instead of working off the effects.

But even if meat were always healthy, in times like these it would still be an extravagance as compared with other articles of an animal kind. A pound of beefsteak or bacon is a costly product. Everything that goes to make that beefsteak or bacon is a costly product in itself. It costs as much to feed a hog now as it once did to feed a man.

Under such conditions, common sense impels us to go after the kind of food that has a high nutrient value and at the same time a low productive cost. We immediately think of—Fish. In all the world there is no animal food that costs so little to produce as fish. Nobody spends a dollar on feeding fish. Nature looks after that. The only cost is in catching, curing and shipping. Before a fish gets into the net at all three-quarters of the production-cost has been completed in making the fish, which has high value as a nutrient in competition with beefsteak and bacon, or any other animal luxury.

As a food for soldiers, as well as civilians, fish should be a big factor. They exist in immeasurable quantities, and although there has been a notable diminution in the catch in the British Isles on account of the depredations of the submarines and mines, Canada, the greatest fishing centre in the world, has been prosecuting the industry with unretarded effort, and every year there are large quantities caught. Not the least important among these, is the herring, which of all fish inhabiting the ocean and interior waters, exists in greatest numbers.

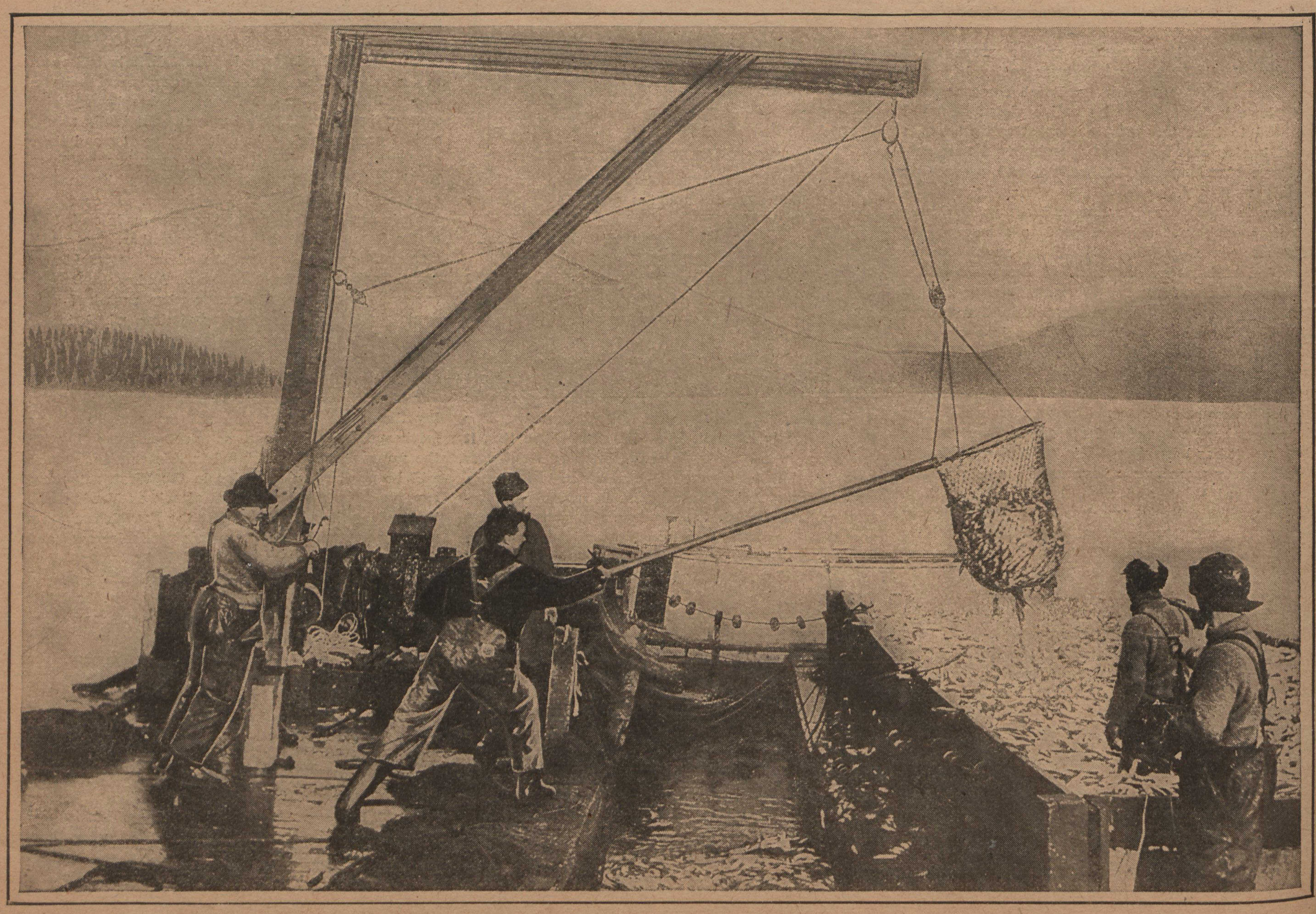
The herring is familiar as an ocean fish, resembling the trout in size and shape, and with all desirable qualities as a food. Although not considered a delicacy, like the halibut or cod, the herring could be utilized just now as a most valuable fish food. More of these fish are available than of any other kind; they are cured in various ways, which render them very adaptable for consumption; and they are the cheapest fish in the world, being purchasable at the lowest price of any on the market.

Herring are cured by smoking, pickling, and kippering, the last of which method is a modified form of the first. All are simple; the first consists in smoking them for a month or so until they have become hard and dry and of a yellowish brown colour, in which pressed state, with proper precautions as to ventilation and dryness, they can be kept for a long time. In this condition they are packed in wooden boxes, which contain two or three dozen, and placed at the disposal of the consumer. It should be noted that in the process just outlined the herring have been partially cooked, and to be made edible only require to be simmered or boiled for a short period, when they may be served with the usual foods which accompany meat. Many thousands of boxes of smoked herring are prepared every year on the Bay of Fundy and Northumberland Strait coasts, which are the seats of the industry, and shipped to the United States and the West Indies. Although the price varies according to demand, and on account of transport, would be slightly higher in Great Britain than in Canada, it would average no more than 10 or 15 cents per box in the former country. If a war-time price even as high as 25 cents be compared with that of meats and some other foods, little calculation is necessary to make evident the marked reduction in the weekly food bill, which a moderate use of smoked herring would effect.

Pickled herring are those of the largest size which have been salted in water for a time sufficient to ensure their preservation, after which without any further curing, they are packed in half barrels containing a quantity of pickle. In this state they are received by the consumer; but in preparation must be boiled, for since being taken from the sea their raw condition has not been altered. Pickled herring make a fine dish and are popular. They are sold by the half barrel upon shipment, at a rate of between $2 and $3, from which it can be seen that the consumer pays actually no higher price than in the case of the smoked herring. Here is the same commodity readily available, although in a different form, and trade in it may be diverted to Great Britain and France instead of being confined to America, as now.

The kippered herring are smoked to a certain extent and afterwards cooked, whereupon they are packed in tins usually shallow and oval shaped and large enough to contain a half dozen or more. The herring are somewhat smaller in this instance, but more of a delicacy because of the method in which they are cured and packed. Large quantities of "kippers" are prepared every year at the factories on the shores of the Bay of Fundy.

In view of the fact that an almost unlimited quantity is available for shipment overseas at short notice, why could not the herring be made a potent factor in feeding the people of Great Britain and France and the allied armies during the war?



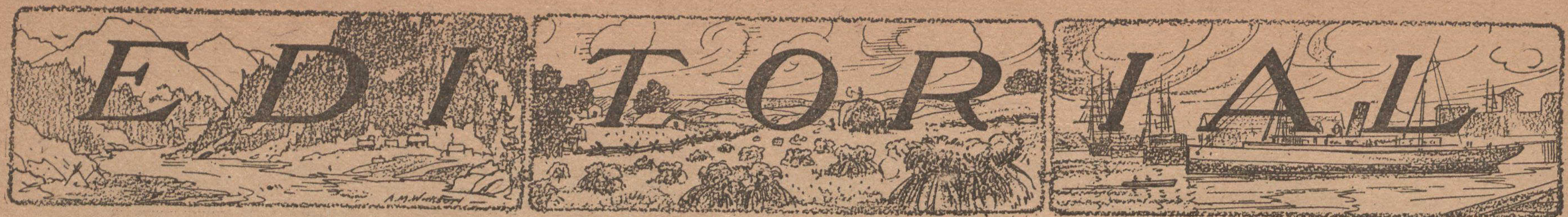
FRENCH-CANADIAN soldiers back from the trenches on furlough—non-coms and wounded—arrived in New York on the S.S. La Touraine, January 25th. They were much interested in the Statue of Liberty, in New York Harbour, because they have for a long while been fighting the battles of liberty in France, and know what liberty means. The photographer had no intention of emphasizing the Bonne Entente when he took this picture. The French-Canadians happened to be on deck. They looked picturesque and warlike. Perhaps Mr. Bourassa will see these men before they get back to the trenches. But he will never be able to convince them that it is their first business to remain in the Home Guard in Quebec, for fear the United States goes to war and German-Americans decide to invade Canada.

THE lady on horseback is Queen Wilhelmina of Holland. She may be riding for pleasure, but at present she has a load of national business on her mind. President Wilson has asked Holland to withdraw her ambassador from Berlin. For two years Holland has never known the day when Germany might not send enough armies into Holland to conquer and occupy. Only the pretext was lacking. If Queen Wilhelmina severs diplomatic relations with Berlin, can President Wilson guarantee that Germany won't send enough armies into Holland to conquer the country before Holland can release her waters to flood the country?

THE lady with the large parasol is one of the alluring novelties of Palm Beach, Fla. No names mentioned, but she is a well-known society leader in New York, who finds the war rather hard on her nerves. At Palm Beach she can forget the war. Her chief care is her toy dog. The dog is not shown in the picture; neither the nurse with the baby carriage in the rear to give the little doglet a rest when it becomes weary. Who says pleasure has all gone out of the world? The lady with the big parasol and the diminutive dog know better.

THE WOMAN——

——AND THE PARASOL.



Down to "Brass Tacks"

PEOPLE sometimes talk of organizing the sentiments of this country as though it were a large kindergarten. It is assumed that because you get a number of men together and enunciate two or three energizing platitudes about organizing the Empire or winning the war, you can get half of North America dynamized with a new gospel of one kind or another in a few weeks. We believe in regeneration. We believe that a large part of the people of Canada are neither thinking very clearly about the country and the Empire nor putting much of their energy upon winning the war. And if either of these things were left to the old political parties to achieve, merely as parties, we should be on the international back-shelf long before they were within reach of accomplishment. It is only because in spite of party sentiments our politics are being lifted by unorganized impulses, that any hope exists for a movement bigger than the parties. We shall always have parties. We shall for a long while at least continue to have parliaments. We shall return to our system of elections when the war is over, if not sooner. Therefore, any regeneration by new movements that comes now must resolve itself into a new alignment of democratic forces. It will not do merely to engineer movements for consolidating the Empire or for winning the war. We all want to win the war and to save the Empire. Most of us merely differ in our ideas of how these things are to be done, and in the amount of immediate energy we put into the business of doing them.

Working at Close Range

ORGANIZING a whole country along new lines must take into account the methods and machinery created by political parties for organization along old lines. No party was ever successful merely by hoisting flags, beating drums and calling conventions. All these are necessary in order to get the crowd interested. But success at elections is always preceded by trench work in the constituencies. The press, the ward worker, the machine politician, the man with the money bags, the man who believes in organized racial communities, and the man who works on secret societies and churches and big businesses—are all shrewdly utilized by the party powers in order to get results at the polls. We are not called upon to endorse these methods. Many of them are malicious and denationalizing. But we are compelled to recognize their efficacy. And when we undertake to raise a new standard for any fresh sort of victory in any kind of appeal to national consciousness, we must admit that unless we can get down to spade work in the trenches as effectively as the old line party mechanicians used to do we can't hope to achieve any kind of permanent success. Canada, in 1917, is a different country from what it was in 1914. But the difference is mainly as yet in vague desires, in outward unorganized impulses and in the sense of sacrifice seeking for a national justification. The war has cost us—at least something. No one pretends that it has cost us enough or that as a young and potential people we have more than begun to put our united national energy into winning it. But what it has already cost is the only sure way of bringing home to us what the winning of the war actually means. And what it is yet to cost us in a supreme effort put forth in the least possible period of time can only be realized by working on the people as definitely and as diligently as the party machine has done in the past. Let us have the simple strong call to nationhood and national service if we like. Let us make it effective by working on the people—right next door.

IT should be as much discredit to a citizen of Canada to be unwilling for national service as it is for any able-bodied, unencumbered young man to avoid enlistment. The recruiting drum has been whanged about as loudly and as persistently as it is capable of getting effective response. It is time to abandon merely recruiting methods. The Government has the National Service cards. We are not informed as yet what proportion of these are unreturned. It is time we began to know. To get the cards in is the first essential to organizing national service by the Government. It is important to back up the Government. It will not do to lean back and look to any new movement to save the country, saying to ourselves that a Government of any other stripe would be no better, that coalition would be a failure and National Government a mirage. It will do no good to wait for the impetus of a new movement to swing us into service. All the nation-making agencies that exist, any and every protestant clamour that is now and ever has been, must be utilized in getting our united selves to work in the greatest problem that faces the country. If the National Service cards have not been anywhere near adequately filled out, the country should know it, and the people be given a chance to remedy it. In lieu of an election, we got the National Service referendum. The question whether or not each man of National Service age was willing to serve his country has been plainly put. It should be as plainly answered. And any community that has registered a percentage of failures to answer this question should make it a first business to see that the percentage is reduced or wiped out as soon as possible. Let us do one thing at a time, in the shortest possible time, and do it as well as we may. The National Service call of the Government is the first referendum ever submitted personally to every man fit and capable of responding to it. That call should be met with a big national response before anything else is done along some other line to distract the attention of the people. Any new organization now being undertaken or likely to be set on foot should have for its first platform—Let the National Service Cards be returned and the results made known.

Put It Up to Parliament

EVEN though a war-time Government elected on peace time issues is not necessarily the political voice of the whole people, it should be understood clearly that such a Government is the nearest thing we have to an instrument of national will—to win the war or to do anything else that seems necessary. Parliament that now is contains more national brains than any other organization. The brains of that organization should be united on the greatest of all national issues. When Parliament asembles again after the Imperial Conference recess it should get down to the business of expressing the will of the people. Neither the Government nor the Opposition should need the menace of a discontented country to make them unite on national business. Those 235 men are as good a set of men as we can get in any other way without wasting a lot of energy, for the business of doing what the country needs. It should be as obvious to Parliament as it is to a plain citizen that what the country needs from its representatives at Ottawa is united national service, not fighting for place or party prestige. It is to the Parliament of Canada even more than to the Government of Canada that we must look for the biggest form of united nation-making, nation-expressing energy. It is to the Bonne Entente on Parliament Hill that the people should look for the will and the power to get the country out of its lethargy and its inertia into at least a semblance of real united patriotism. We love and respect our own country. We respect and love the Empire. For the love of all that makes us Canadians in any sense of the world, let it be possible in a national crisis for any of us to pay a bigger respect to Parliament than to parties, or else decide that Parliament as a national instrument is obsolete.

A Similar Problem

ONE question that has hitherto aroused very great discussion is that of "demobilization." "To-day," says Sidney Webb, "at least seven million wage-earners (probably not half the total wage-earning population) are engaged on war work, either in the army and navy and their innumerable subsidiary services, or in the 4,000 factories making munitions, or in the countless other establishments working on government orders of every kind. These millions, together with their managers and officers, and the shareholders and other capitalists who are living on their labours, are being fed from the five million pounds per day that the treasury is disbursing. From the very moment that peace is assured, the treasury will do its utmost to stop that expenditure. . . . . No such economic convulsion has ever threatened the inhabitants of these islands. . . . What is approaching in all the belligerent countries, so far as the mass of the people are concerned, is more like an Indian famine than like any ordinary depression of trade."

There is going to be a Canadian parallel to this situation. We should be prepared, in mind at least. It is time to formulate plans.

Organizing an Impulse

THE purely voluntary system of war-working lasted us just as long as the war worked on national sentiment. It was an impulse. We obeyed it. There was no need for a while to compare communities. The country as a whole was responding to the impulse to help the Empire and England. But that mere "impulse" petered out. It was organized into a conscious effort. The effort was backed up by economics. War, which had once worked on sentiment only, began to work on our factories, our farms and our pockets. When it got to that stage there was nothing to do but fall back on what is called national service, which should have been started at the time the first impulse began. If the money of England for war supplies and foodstuffs and munitions is going to pour into this country it's no longer a case for mere sentiment. It's something we get paid for. And nothing will elevate that into anything resembling patriotism except an organized national service. The war has organized itself. It is now organizing us. Let us see to it that we don't bedevil the organization of national service by failing to help the government.

The Paper Boom

A MAN who sells paper in a certain Canadian city for an established paper-making firm marked 1915 as his record year. Yet 1916 exceeded that high-water mark by sixty-five per cent! "Business," he said, "was never so good!"

England used to be a big paper-maker. She imported sulphide pulp from this and other countries at an enormous rate. She exported vast quantities to foreign countries. But with the war came the ship shortage and England cut down her imports of sulphide and her exports of paper. The United States, that formerly imported British papers, found themselves forced to supply their own needs. Furthermore, old customers of the British makers began placing orders in the United States. Thus the United States paper-making capacity was strained to the limit. She could not meet the demand. Her efforts to sell in Canada fell off—and the Canadian demand for Canadian papers rose in response.

PROFITABLE PATRIOTISM

By ESTELLE M. KERR

SINCE war charities have depleted our income, a patriotic appeal that will conserve the residue should be welcomed by all. We are asked to economize in electric light that our munition plants should be better supplied, in wool that our soldiers should not want, in food that the nation may never go hungry. There is hardly a commodity in which a national saving is not urged. Even the children are taught to think and write on terms of economy, and a school boy is responsible for the following suggestions:

"Eat less and the soldiers get more. If you make a silly mistake in your arithmetic tell your mother not to let you have any jam, and put the money saved in the War Loan. Stop climbing lamp-posts and save your clothes. Don't wear out your boots by striking sparks on the curbstones. If you buy a pair of boots you are a traitor to your country, because the man who makes them may keep a soldier waiting for his. Don't use so much soap. Don't buy German-made toys."

MANY of us are children of a larger growth in our understanding of thrift. Some families practise it rigorously for a time and a doctor's bill resulting from insufficient coal or ill-chosen food absorbs all the savings.

"Her husband was always complaining about the bills," we overheard one woman say to another, "but now she is practising thrift so strenuously that he stays down town nearly every night and eats expensive dinners at a restaurant."

Another husband is said to have raged at the ridiculous amount of money spent on dress owing to the changing fashions, so his wife, to please him, went in for dress reform—and then he eloped with a chorus girl!

We are not trying to depreciate husbands, but merely draw attention to the fact that a little knowledge is a dangerous thing and a better understanding of economics would benefit us individually and nationally.

MRS. CAROLINE BURNS.
Who is demonstrating war time cookery in Toronto.

MRS. IRENE PARLBY.
President of the United Farm Women of Alberta.

THRIFT does not necessarily mean discomfort. The women of France are said to be most economical housewives, yet go where you will in that country, you are sure to get well-cooked, appetizing dishes. Pigs' feet, calves' brains, frogs' legs, as cooked by them, are dishes for the gods. Horse-flesh is delicious, and only the price at a restaurant will tell you that it is not beef steak. Yet not so very long ago small farmers in Ontario used to throw away their sweetbreads! The poorest family in France has soup every night for dinner, and all the scraps that we are accustomed to waste vanish into this "pot au feu." We hear so much about germs that we shrink with horror from food left on a plate even if it has not been touched, yet this food can be carefully washed or re-cooked and in either case it is quite healthful.

Home thrift should not drive the man-of-the-house to the restaurant, but rather lure him to his own table, from which the hastily-prepared meal of canned soup, ready-cooked ham, tinned vegetables, and cake from the nearest pastry shop, have been banned.

ECONOMY does not consist in making a cake with two eggs instead of four, using substitutes for butter and seeing that the water in which vegetables are boiled is utilized for soup. This kind of information is useful, but the study of economics should go deeper than that. Ten million dollars were spent last year in Canada, practically by women in buying imported fresh fruits and vegetables, yet an equally palatable and wholesome diet can be instituted using our own products, and the buying of fruit and green vegetables out of season spoils us for our own produce when the time arrives. At the same time Canadian women should try to promote the growing of fruit and vegetables under glass. Last year half a million dollars were spent on imported tomatoes alone. Yet how many women knew they were having any economic effect on the life of the country. The successful business of the country, which consists of the proper balance between exporting and importing can hardly be carried on if the woman who buys is ignorant.

If we economize in butter, eggs, and other Canadian products it will result in the reduction of the prices paid for these articles, and yet we are doing our utmost in other ways to get Canadians to work on the land. Surely high prices are the greatest inducement for people to take up farming. Yet advocates of national thrift suggest a diet of bananas, sardines and imported nuts! Were we facing poverty the source of our food supply would be of no importance compared to its price, but that is not the case, we are prosperous and now is the time to learn how to conserve that prosperity, increase our production and make our exports greater than our imports.

IN Toronto the Thrift Campaign is well launched, under the convenership of Mrs. H. H. Loosemore. Various Thrift centres have been established in schools and churches in various parts of the city, and Mrs. Caroline Burns, a native of St. Catherines, graduate of the Macdonald College, Guelph, and former teacher in the Toronto Technical School, is to demonstrate economical cooking at ten of these centres. At the opening of the first Thrift Centre, Mrs. Burns quoted the words of Sir Charles Addis: "Thrift and economy are not the penalty, but the privilege of patriotism. Waste is now a crime."

"If a man does not succeed in business he looks for the leaks, and sometimes a man does not get ahead because of the leaks in his own home," declared Mrs. Burns. "All classes suffer from these leaks. They come from undue extravagance, poor judgment and ignorance in buying. Bad buying is the root of extravagance, and just as bad cooking, leads to waste. The need for more business-like housekeeping and thrift is imperative, for the saving of our dollars now means the saving of our men's lives. To the women is falling the conservation of the nation's food supply and the seeing to it that money thus saved goes into the war loans."

Mrs. Burns then pointed out that in her thrift centre talks particular attention would be paid to the spending of money so that as much as possible might be saved and as great value as possible received. A practical knowledge of marketing and the food values would be studied. What each kind of food does for the body and how the growth and health, vigour and endurance depend on the right kind of food will be emphasized. How to serve the ordinary fundamental foods in a variety of ways and how to take the drudgery out of old-fashioned housekeeping methods will also be studied.

For women who have to leave home during the day, Mrs. Burns plans a special course in dishes like casserole or fireless cookery ones that will provide hot, well-cooked food on their return.

ONE of the tendencies of modern life had been to alienate women from home duties. But France was an example of a country that had become one of the foremost financial powers of the world because of the thrift and housewifery skill of its women.

Our country now needs every dollar we can save for war purposes. Remember, it is on the small savings that a nation gets its millions, for there are so many more people who have small savings that they overwhelm the few whose individual savings are large.

Citing France as an example of how comfortably one can live on little, the demonstrator went into details concerning cheese, which is made up of one-third protein (without which life is impossible), one-third fat and one third water, all of which are needed for the growth and repair of the body, numberless cells of which decay daily. One pound of cheese is equal to nearly 2 lbs. of meat, 1 gal. of milk or 2 dozen eggs.

"Canadians," she said, "take altogether too little of cheese as a food, and too much of it as an extra. As I have gone about the country I nearly always have found cheese cut into little pieces on a plate, to be eaten as an extra, but rarely, if ever, a made cheese dish. Some people find cheese difficult to digest, a fatty acid which it contains irritating some stomachs; a quarter or half teaspoonful of baking soda added to half a pound of cheese will overcome this difficulty, and grating or melting the cheese, so that it be easy soluble, should never be neglected in the making of dishes from cheese. Again, to make cheese digestible, do not get too high a temperature when cooking it, as this toughens it.

SIMULTANEOUSLY with the call to consume less comes the appeal to produce more, and in connection with this campaign there is a Back Yard Gardens Committee, under the convenership of Mrs. J. B. Tyrell. But the great bulk of production must be carried on by farmers, and since women are becoming so actively engaged in this work, the United Farm Women of Alberta has assumed new importance. It is a young organization, but a remarkably virile one. In Alberta, as in Manitoba and Saskatchewan, the farm women for a time worked with the men in their farmers' organizations, but before long they began to feel the need of a separate organization where they could discuss their own problems, and seek to bring before the public the questions that to them seemed vital. In order to do that, effectively, they organized a sister organization to the United Farmers of Alberta. The U. F. W. A. they call themselves, and they meet at the same time and in the some city as the men for their convention. This year and this week they have been meeting in Edmonton. Alberta seems likely to lead the west in advanced legislation, and the U. F. A. will have done no small part to bring that about. Mrs. Irene Parlby, of Alix, Alta., is the capable president, a woman with tact, organizing ability and platform eloquence.

THE GENTLE ART OF BEING A CANADIAN

Entails obligations which in the past have been much neglected: a consideration

By BRITTON B. COOKE

THE business of being a Canadian is about as hard a thing as I know of. It is comparatively easy to be a Scotchman, an Irishman, a Fijian, or a German, because there are certain simple tokens—such as your breakfast food, your favourite pastime, your taste in meat or your delusions—which mark you at once for what you are. It is not difficult even to be an American, and to be an Englishman one need show only a certain grumbling unconcern about getting maimed for one's country.

But there are no definitions of the term Canadian. It is a term of location, and yet of so vague and vast a location that even that means little. He may wear B.V.D.'s all winter in Chilliwack, B.C., or may support Jaeger's heaviest in Montreal—he may drive a Ford or a dog-team, or live in an igloo or a board bungalow in Kitsilano—and still be a Canadian. He may date back to U. E. Loyalist stuff, or a Salvation Army revival in the East End of London, and an "assisted passage." His father may have been a Swede called Olly, and he himself may have been born on the side of a fjord, or his progenitor may have been an Arab called Yusuf, who received him into this world 'tween decks on a Blue Funnel liner off Port Said. On the other hand he may be an Indian or Doukhobor or an American forger. The all-embracing term "Canadian" gives never a sign of strain.

If your mother had said when you were young: Be a giraffe, or an elephant or a tiger—you should have known at once how to proceed, because the manners of these beasts are recorded in nursery books just as are the manners of Frenchmen and Tartars and Maltese cats. But had she said: be a little Canadian—you would have been in the position of the chameleon on tartan plaid. To say that a man is a Canadian because he lives north of the United States is about as true as saying he is a gentleman because he wears spats. There is no Canadian language. No Cromwell, Napoelon or Lincoln of Canada. The only spiritual thing we have in common—the only thing on which Olly and the forger and Yusuf and the U. E. Loyalists can unite—is the future And what a future! Never ask a Canadian about his past, because you can't be sure what it involves, and you risk pulling down on your head a long-winded account of some old U. E. Loyalist who drew free land in Markham Township back in something—or other.

ONE trouble with us Canadians is that we have had too many rights—without paying for them. We come to Canada or are born in Canada. We get into business. We begin to prosper and as soon as we prosper we begin talking about our rights. If we are wheat growers we think, because we have condescended to live in a country with good laws, good soil and the chance of owning a Ford ere we die, have run all the risks and are entitled to all the rewards. We little suspect what risks the country has taken! Some of us think, because wheat is easy to grow compared to some crops, and because Americans want Canada's wheat, that all the other interests of the country should be sacrificed to get our wheat into Chicago. Others among us are manufacturers and rob our customers under the shelter of an unscientific tariff. The great rabble of the inhabitants growls because the government does not reach out a hand and pluck the Cost of Living down by the coat tails. They want cheaper railway rates and local improvements in their harbours, if they have harbours. They demand good roads and rural free delivery, and Prosperity! And they refuse to pay for these things except by such inappreciable dribs as are taken off by the Customs Collectors. They—WE—insist upon rights and shun our duties.

If anyone says: "The future is Canada's and it is filled with problems." We say: "Where's Sir George Foster or Sir Wilfrid Laurier? They're the ones to worry about those things. Let's have a speech from them." It is another of the inalienable rights of Canadians to require speeches from their public men, like collecting goose-feathers and neglecting to eat the goose. There is something soothing about a speech because it tends to make one think that there, on the platform, is a man who is attending to the work of running this country. It keeps one from thinking about one's duty—the duty to TRY to be a Canadian!

Has it ever occurred to you, for example, that we have in Canada an enormous share of the earth and that there are a paltry seven or eight million of us claiming it? The Chinese are on the whole excellent people. They work harder than we work. They are more thrifty than we are. They pay much more attention to such religion as they have, than we do to ours. They are honest and occasionally merry, yet they live cooped up on a piece of ground infinitely too small for them. So with the Japanese and the people of India and the Germans. We tell these people to keep out because this is our land—which is right enough so long as we deserve our land.

BUT the truth of the matter is that we don't deserve it. If we did we would take our citizenship seriously. If we did we would eliminate dull politicians by taking a sustained interest in politics and refusing to wink at the flim-flam which passes for speech-making. We would ourselves follow public questions so closely and critically that governments would not dare to promulgate insincere and unwise promises and call them policies. We should then look upon Canadian citizenship as CANADIAN PARTNERSHIP, a share in a colossal business undertaking. Instead of being content with the mere things of to-day we should look to the things of to-morrow as well. We should not then be afraid to tackle the business of being a Canadian.

Now take this country carefully between thumb and forefinger and look at it. Never mind the row you had in the office to-day or the man you aim to fire to-morrow—and hate to. Be national. You are a shareholder in this concern and there are such strenuous times coming that some of the directors are half panic-stricken and wobbling between one doubt and another. If this was France you would say: "Well, I know exactly what the natural resources of this country are. I can estimate what supply of labour will remain after the war. I know all our old established lines of goods. Here is a list of our customers, and friend England still has her world-delivery-system which will sooner or later be working full blast to supplement my own shipping system." Then—as a Frenchman—you would say: "There will be the maimed soldiers to be attended to, and there will be war debts to be paid and damaged property to be restored." You would sigh and say: "A terrible problem!" So also if your country was England or Serbia or Belgium.

BUT in the case of the country which you hold in your hand—and you DO hold it—the problem is even more awful. For we are only a HALF-grown country—scarcely that! We do NOT know all our raw material resources. We can NOT so skilfully estimate the probable condition of the labour market after the war. We do NOT know the standard lines of production which we should resume after the war. We are NOT certain who shall be our customers and our competitors and we do NOT know just how we shall be situated in the matter of delivering our goods abroad. We shall have maimed soldiers to place once more in industrial life, but we shall NOT have the variety of occupations to offer which the old countries have to offer. We shall have also the immigration problem to struggle with.

The moral of all this is: Turn in everybody, and begin to think about the future of this country. Look at your own particular business if that's all you have time for, and study diligently just how the advent of Peace will affect that business. Talk to other men in your line of business and see what THEY think. Read! And bear in mind the OTHER businesses that dovetail into your business and that will affect or be affected by conditions in your business. Ransack your mind—and other people's minds—for ideas. Think them over, when you've found them, till you can express those ideas in conversation. Then try them on your next door neighbour and your office manager, or the man who sits beside you in the smoking car. You may find that all your ideas are wrong at first, but by matching yours with the other fellow's you can improve them and get good ones in the place of bad ones. But the great essential is to have SOME ideas. For, by-and-by the public men of this country are going to start announcing plans for after-the-war settlements. These plans will be far from perfect, and that means we must have intelligent public opinion to modify them. Then, when they ARE perfected, we must still have intelligent and interested public opinion to back up the execution of them. We have been prone to let the politicians do our thinking on public questions. We have reached the time when all intelligent citizens must help. It means more than the mere smoothing out of present difficulties. The whole future of the country is involved.

Now, if you are a good citizen—not just a get-all-you-can-for-nothing-VOTER—you will want something to start thinking on. If you haven't any subject close at hand, consider some of these that were roughed out by a group of thoughtful business men in Toronto recently. They divided the Canadian problems under different headings. First they considered "Problems of the First Year of Peace—Emergency Problems." Under this head they said (to themselves—but it should interest other Canadians, too):

1. Forecast the state of the Canadian home market in the first year of peace, having regard to alleged depleted stocks, and to the probable buying power of the present Canadian population. 2. Suggest the kind of work which our armies before the demobilization might be given. 3. Suggest the ideal scheme of demobilization. 4. In case of unscientific demobilization, what bonuses, transportation and other considerations should soldiers receive. 5. Answer the same question with regard to the disbanding of munition workers. 6. Outline the main features of a Federal Employment Bureau. 7. Suggest what special measures might be taken to find employment for the partially incapacitated men from the front. 8. Suggest what special undertakings might be arranged by municipalities, or by the Provincial or Dominion Governments to give temporary employment to relieve labour congestion, such undertakings to be justified by their permanent value.

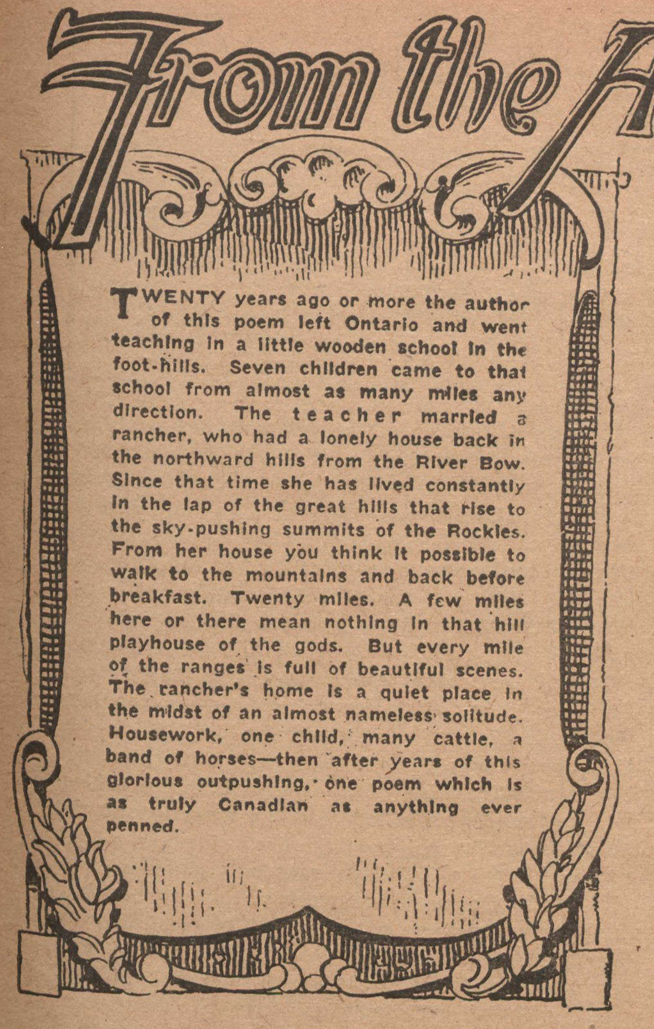
Then they said: We have three basic problems: To pay our interest on our borrowings; to provide employment for present and probable population; and to meet the expenses of government.

THE three are essentially questions of earning. Earning is a question of employment. Employment is a question of sale. And although it is conceivable that we might meet all our needs from within the boundaries of the Dominion—thus employing, so to speak, one another—it is, of course, a fact that we must make many purchases abroad and must pay for them as well as for the use of foreign money, by our exports. We should bear in mind the fact that the wealth of individuals may grow by trade within the nation, but that the available wealth of the nation can best be increased by trade with other nations. The more we export, obviously, the easier it is to pay our interest debt, the easier to borrow, the easier to buy, or, if a more prudent course be sought, the easier to achieve capital, national self-sufficiency, self-respect, wealth and happiness.

The first problems, therefore, have to do with the need to sell our goods abroad. They may be outlined as follows:

1. Trace the history and discuss the probable conditions of our export markets (of the years 1913-1914). 2. Are there any new export markets in sight for Canada? 3. Who will be our competitors in these markets? 4. Compare the conditions of production

From the Alberta Foot-Hills


TWENTY years ago or more the author of this poem left Ontario and went teaching in a little wooden school in the foot-hills. Seven children came to that school from almost as many miles any direction. The teacher married a rancher, who had a lonely house back in the northward hills from the River Bow. Since that time she has lived constantly in the lap of the great hills that rise to the sky-pushing summits of the Rockies. From her house you think it possible to walk to the mountains and back before breakfast. Twenty miles. A few miles here or there mean nothing in that hill playhouse of the gods. But every mile of the ranges is full of beautiful scenes. The rancher's home is a quiet place in the midst of an almost nameless solitude. Housework, one child, many cattle, a band of horses—then after years of this glorious outpushing, one poem which is as truly Canadian as anything ever penned.

THE myriad black-soiled foot-hill slopes we see
The slow cows range—The run of horses free
Where woven is within the unseen mills
Upon the serious flats and solemn hills
This old dun dress which centuries has been
But summer's brief glad mood drapes o'er with green
Where all the curves and terraces are seen.

THE wide-flung hills untrammelled meet the sky
The long slow plains—The empty lone bald space
Teach dignity, give majesty—The face
Looks out to find if here is answer why
And in the sun or in the wind or rain
The quiet settler delves on hill and plain
His simple fortunes out, while in long lines
Some come to trail for homes or range for mines.
And close beside, where climbs the earth to greet
The sky, while topped blue muffled mountains roll,
Their changing face each day reveals the soul
Of spirit there who lures unto his feet.
Far in their depths for long the glacier lies
And from their snows the great wide rivers rise.

WE hear the wind lyres in the jack pines tell
The tales of space and all that there befel
At night sounds river and the waterfall
And echoing fir-clad wilds send call for call
Of all the land September's yellow glory
Great canvas has to paint translation's story,
Through groves the partridge drums—The falcon soars
And from her ledge the nesting eagle lowers.

GREY catkins swing from aspens in the fields.
Bright golden hearts close clasped in purple shields
The anemonies in downy blankets shine—
Pioneer dames and brave to Northern clime
From vale and level bench to high sky-line
They gather late or cluster just in time
Demure and reverent Easter congregation.
They muse mayhap upon the forming nation
Which now doth conscious rise within old ways.
For broods the wind-broke mystery of our past,
Slow folds about her shroud of mist and haze
Withdrawing more and more to go at last
When grown this foster nestling 'neath her breast—
Now though she croons and croons it will not rest.

IN mystery empurpled airs will hover.
Men's thoughts that rise to pass up on the stair
Or moving souls invisible in air,
With sentient shadows all the hillsides cover
Or copyist for the winds is writing there
Elusive language all his own he takes
And then a chronicle for men he makes.

THE long, long summer day has earned its rest,
Its light hastes not but dallies in the west
And lingeringly the twilight takes its leave
And pensively as knight, one might believe,
Whose heart's full love he scarce dare clothe with speech—
Ah, passing light, what would you our hearts teach?
You go as one who comes to friends with dead
Tongue-tied departs, no word of comfort said.

THERE sweeps a warm chinook from out the gap,
A great cloud swings above the valley's lap,
It sends more clouds and more which all day long
And all day long it floats with wild wind-song.
Or swaying scarfs drift high of silken wool
From West to East the lulled sky is full
Of them or chill may be the wind that roars
And fastly closed the old log cabin doors.

AH yes a land of wind and wintry weather,
Kinic-in-ic willow and sage for heather.
Short shifts of light and then the north god smites
And sky-tides ebb and flow from Polar lights.
You say "how dull!" "how desolate!" but whiles
The soul of our plain friend shines forth in smiles
Our strong brave love demurely casts her wiles
And when we wander forestward she brings
Her solitudes as pure as fire and then
Her calm comes down on us and then
We know man's kinship to the primal things.

under which our competitors work and under which we shall be working. 5. What improvement in selling and advertising machinery could be suggested for our foreign trade? To what extent might co-operation be possible between our various exporters? 6. What might our banks do to facilitate our foreign sales? 7. What will be the conditions of ocean shipping? Can any steps be taken to protect ourselves against probable shortage of tonnage? 8. Are there any opportunities in foreign markets that suggest the possibility of developing new lines of production in Canada?

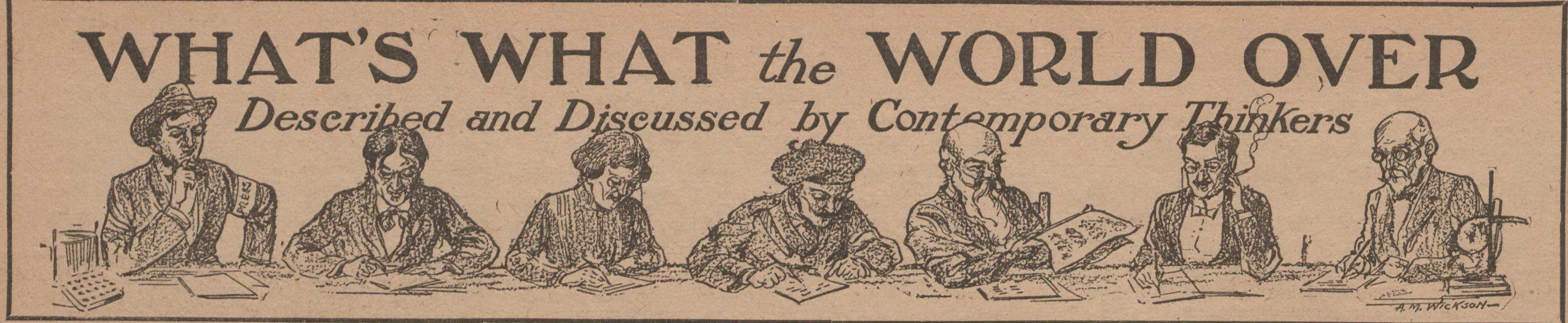
Having settled the question of our export trade, having guaranteed employment for our population by insuring sale for our goods abroad, the next step to be considered—they reasoned—has to do with our purchases abroad. Although it is not practicable to cut off all our imports, it is quite possible to reduce the volume of these purchases. Furthermore, the study of our chief imports may reveal such a demand for certain goods in Canada as to suggest that encouragement of one sort or another might be given by the Government for the production of these goods in Canada. It would be well, therefore, to consider the following questions:

1. Study the main items of import. 2. Indicate the history of each. 3. Comment on these imports; why are some of them justified, and why are others not to be justified! 4. Show how Canadian manufacturers have failed to meet the home demand. 5. Indicate opportunities for Canadian enterprise in cutting down our imports. 6. What general criticism of the tariff might be made in this connection.

Now, then, having determined what our markets abroad may be, and having made clear just what our necessary and unnecessary imports are, steps should be taken to make sure that Canadian industry shall be as near 100 per cent. efficient as possible, in order that we may obtain a maximum of goods from a minimum of Canadian raw material. In short, in order to meet our competitors successfully, and in order to build up our national wealth as rapidly as possible we must eliminate waste.

This department of enquiry may be conveniently taken under three headings: Waste, due to friction in the handling of labour; waste, due to lack of co-ordination of industry; and waste, due to the lack of a proper conservation policy.

Study yourself. Or form little groups of practical men and women, and thrash these questions out at nights. Thus, in any part of Canada, whatever your age, or the state of your health—you render real National Service.



DENMARK'S CRISIS

This Small State is Unhappiest of all the Neutrals

WITH a land frontier touching Germany's, and sea frontiers which make her chief keeper of the entrance to the Baltic, Denmark is seriously exposed to the incidents which, even more than war agitation at home, the neutral States dread. For that reason the neutrality of the Copenhagen Cabinet has been specially demonstrative. That the crisis now under way is shaking this policy is not my own conclusion, says Robert Crozier Long in the Fortnightly. It is the conclusion openly declared by Government and party leaders, and it is the inevitable inference from certain present developments—the nervousness of the nation and Press, the panic on the Bourse, and the desperate zeal shown by persons in authority, as high as the King himself, to allay the party conflict.

The position is that the "Neutrality Cabinet" of M. Zahle has been defeated on a vital issue, with the result that a General Election to the Riksdag is threatened and that the maintenance in power of an administration which had no programme except neutrality is thrown into doubt. The defeat of a Neutrality Government in a country where the Opposition also is pledged to neutrality does not seem in itself to involve any drastic change of policy in regard to the war. But for over a year past responsible Danes, in office and out, have spoken and written as if the existence of the Zahle administration, the suspension of party strife, and in particular the avoidance of an election, were conditions precedent to peace. The men and parties who made a religion of this doctrine cannot to-day escape the conclusion that peace is not quite so certain as it was. Hence the immediate cause of the crisis—M. Zahle's failure to push through the Riksdag the West Indies Islands sale, and the secondary cause—the Opposition's desire for power, are both falling into the background, and the conflict takes more and more the form of a struggle between the ultra-Pacifists, ultra-Neutralists, and (as opponents insist) Germanophile Radicals and Socialists who support the Cabinet, and the Conservatives and Left, who, though also programmatic Neutralists, are not ultra-Pacifist, and who (at least on the Right wing) are so sharply anti-German that they are charged (again only by opponents) with being tainted with "Activism." The word "Activist," borrowed from Sweden, is being used liberally; and here it means the same thing, with the difference that Swedish "Activism" aims at intervention on behalf of Germany, and Danish "Activism" is inevitably on the side of the Entente. There is the further difference that Denmark, unlike Sweden, is not divided into definitely "pro-German" and "anti-German" parties. The country is emphatically anti-German. But the parties in power, in their passion to keep out of the war at all costs, have sacrificed their sentiments and sympathies, whereas the Opposition parties give free rein to theirs. Hence to the Conservatives, the openly anti-German wing of the Opposition, and also to the somewhat less openly anti-German Left, M. Zahle and his supporters are "pro-Germans"; while, in the Governmental Radicals' and Socialists' judgment, the Opposition, in spite of its ostensible support of neutrality, is moving, consciously or unconsciously, in the direction of bringing Denmark into the war as ally of the Entente.

Denmark is to-day the only neutral country where organized expressions of sympathy for one side or the other are not allowed. A typical case occurred last winter, when Dr. Wieth-Knudsen, political editor of the Copenhagen Right newspaper Vort Land, the most emphatic pro-Entente publication here, was sentenced to three months' imprisonment for assailing the Cabinet's alleged too Germanophile interpretation of neutrality. On appeal this sentence was quashed; but the trial illustrates the prevailing doctrine of what neutrality is. A remarkable fact is that the public, including strong sympathizers with the Entente, approved of this policy.

Last year, when the defence agitation was acute, the book-market was flooded with publications bearing such titles as "What Good is It?" and "How Would it Help?" all from Radical or Socialist pens, and all in "Defence-Nihilistic" spirit. The Minister of Defence is accused of being the author of one. These publications proclaim that Denmark, in particular Copenhagen, cannot be defended. Copenhagen could not be defended from the sea side because British warships would not be risked in the Sound, and it could not be defended from the land side because the German Fleet would isolate the islands from the mainland, making army concentration impossible. An army of 50,000 men, the strength of the forces with local reserves in Zealand, would be useless.

The Morning Caller: Vos you ze man vot safe mine little poy from drowning, yesterday?
The Rescuer: Yes, I am.
The Morning Caller: Zen vhere's his cap?
—Drawn by Lawson Wood, in the Sketch.

Up to the beginning of August the Zahle Cabinet's chief asset was its neutralism. With most Danes this was rather a cause for supporting the Cabinet than for liking it. The masses were satisfied with a system under which they could nurse their strong anti-German sentiments without being exposed to risk of war. This is the prevailing Danish sentiment to-day; but there are signs of growth of a more patriotic and less passive attitude towards the war, which may be ascribed to the military failures of the Central Powers during the summer. This new tendency, which the Government Press roundly characterizes as "Activism," coincided with the patriotic sentiment against selling the West Indies islands. The main American motive was undoubtedly Washington's desire, on the eve of the Presidential Election, to complete a deal in which former Presidents failed and which has real strategical value since the construction of the Panama Canal. Denmark's motives in consenting have not been revealed by the Cabinet. Instead, the Riksdag was given vague hints of terrors to be expected if the deal did not go through at once.

During the present controversy some Radical and Socialist journals have not hesitated to proclaim that Denmark would not take back North Schleswig if she got it as a gift. In fact, the question has not been very alive. Last November in Prussian Schleswig rumours were afloat that the recession of the Danish-speaking part had been decided on "as an act of policy by the Entente, or as a measure of conciliation by Germany, or as a reward for neutrality." These rumours were apparently taken seriously by the Schleswig Danes, for the Ober-Prasident (formerly Prussian Minister of the Interior), von Moltke, issued a denial. "If those who spread this rumour," the report ran, "speculate on our foes' victory it is sufficient to point to the military situation; and as for the Imperial Government's relations to Denmark, it would be undervaluing the Danish Government's sense and political wisdom to imagine that in its efforts for strict neutrality it is influenced by hope of foreign reward."

This, of course, would not be so; the immediate question would be merely whether the policy of unconditional neutrality would be supported or whether a Cabinet, also neutralist by programme but more susceptible to intervention interests, would come to power. The neutralists are afraid, not of anything a Cabinet formed from the present Opposition would do immediately after it took office, but of what it might do if the military expectations of the Powers now fighting Germany are realized. The question is: Could Denmark at any date, however remote and under any conceivable circumstances, voluntarily go into the war on the Entente side? Anyone who studies Danish sentiment as it is now would answer "No." But, having so concluded, he would have to seek some explanation of the nervousness created by the crisis, of the pleas of the Cabinet and of the King for the avoidance of an election, of the Bourse panic, and of the declarations of the Government parties that the Opposition's policy threatens national peace and independence. The explanation is the Neutralists' dread that popular sentiment may undergo a change corresponding to military changes unfavourable to Germany in the course of the war. What will happen in the future? What will be the effect on national sentiment of a complete German collapse? They answer that Activist or Interventionist sentiment would grow, and that it might become too strong for any Cabinet. The dread of the Radicals and Socialists is natural enough, for both parties are pledged to reject intervention even in the most comfortable, riskless, and profitable circumstances. A Right politician assures me that the Cabinet's policy towards armaments has been governed by such fears; M. Zahle's anti-armament policy, that means, should not be ascribed to indifference about national defence, but to fear that the better Denmark is armed the stronger would be the temptation to make use of armaments by intervention. The "Activists" do not exaggerate the military importance of intervention, but they realize the value of even a small army like Denmark's with an entirely new front to operate on, and the still greater value of Danish territory as a base and of the Danish islands as keys to the Baltic. The election—if it comes off—will not clear up the question how far the Activists are to get their way; but it will be

worth watching closely, because a popular vote against the present Cabinet would mean at least a reaction against unqualified neutralism, which might in the future bear positive fruit.

CARNEGIE AND MUSIC

One Critic at Least Thinks Millionaire Cannot Aid Composers by His New Scheme

EDWIN EVANS, in the English Review, declares that the Carnegie scheme for assisting approved British composers to get their works published has been hailed with more delight than criticism. Naturally, one does not like to look a gift-horse in the mouth, but past experience of munificence in the cause of music, and what it has accomplished, suggests at least reasonable caution. Some well-informed enthusiasts have compared the plan to that of the late M. Belaieff, who accomplished so much for Russian music when it was in difficulties similar to ours, but there is no comparison possible. M. Belaieff, with whom I had an interesting correspondence for several years before his death, founded a publishing house, fully staffed and equipped, to launch his music in all directions. Performance and publication were for him interlocking devices. The Carnegie scheme, if I read it accurately, proposes to subsidize publication with the existing houses. This happens to be a matter to which I have had occasion to give close attention. I even addressed a letter to Mr. Carnegie himself on the subject some years ago. The crux of it is that no equitable plan can be discovered that will make it worth a publisher's while to push goods on commission in competition with his own. Human nature being what it is, he will always sell goods on which he reaps the entire profit in preference to those on which he draws a percentage, however liberal. Music on which there is no royalty to pay will be sold in preference to that on which the composer draws a royalty, and if the latter actually retain the copyright, as is proposed under the Carnegie scheme, the publisher's interest almost vanishes. The only way in which the scheme could be made to yield adequate results, whether in propaganda or in profit, is the creation of a business house with no conflicting interests.

I pass over the description of the classes of works that may be sent in, for there are obvious omissions, which have been pointed out elsewhere. It would have been much simpler to speak, without further specification, of music the prospects of which are not

Keep Away from Me, Woman.

—Kirby, in New York World.

immediately commercial. Presumably, the promoters were afraid that, if they included piano pieces, they would be inundated with rubbish. That they will have to face anyhow, and they might as well have faced it en bloc. It is less easy to deal with the competitive aspect of the scheme. Composers of standing do not readily enter into public competition, and there are enough manuscripts of proved worth now lying idle to keep the Committee busy for many a long year without going into the highways and byways for more. It is not so much a question of discovering new talent as of rendering accessible the talent we know of. Many works of sterling merit have had a successful performance, only to be locked up in somebody's desk for months at a time awaiting another. Meanwhile they are as inaccessible as if they only existed in the composer's brain. Let the Committee examine the records of the more important orchestral and chamber concerts for the last ten years, making a note of such works as appear prima facie worthy of publication. Let them also communicate individually with the young composers whose work is attracting attention, and ask them how much of it is in manuscript. They will find quite enough material to occupy them without subjecting any of them to the indignity, real or fancied, of submitting in open competition works which have already justified themselves. A broad-minded Committee would soon have a strikingly valuable catalogue. But there's the rub. Who are to be the Committee?

Every musical country has its little coterie of official musicians who stand in the way of progress. My French friends call them vieux bonzes. Some of us refer to them as the mandarin class of musicians. They represent everywhere the rut of music, but in this country there is the additional drawback that it is exclusively the German rut. Some have their "spiritual home" in this or that German musical centre that is living on its past glories. Some are acute Wagnerites, others admit no god but Brahms. They would vehemently deny that they see music from a German angle, but speak to them of a composer who aims at independence and they betray themselves at once. A clever student with a quartet reeking of Brahms would find immediate favour. The English equivalent of a Debussy or a Stravinsky might save himself the trouble of submitting his work for publication. Does anybody seriously believe that "Prometheus" or "Le Sacre du Printemps" would commend itself to them, or even that "L'Apres-Midi d'un Faune" would have been accepted in the period to which it belongs? Never by a committee of mandarins!

The trouble is to find an alternative. There are in England people of broad-minded musical intelligence who could be trusted with the difficult task of founding an edition of representative British music, but, alas! they have no official standing, nor do they sprinkle the alphabet after their names, and the English attitude towards music is so timorous that it accepts nothing without a diploma. For my part, I have far more faith in the really cultured amateur who have a genuine love of music, and especially a curiosity in regard to it, which the professional often lacks. I mean the type of amateur who discovers interesting new works for himself long before a public performance establishes them, but, of course, not the one who looks for them only in German catalogues. That kind of music-lover often has le flair. A mandarin never has.

ABOLISH ELECTIONS

—As They are Run Now; Part of England's Prob em

THERE is no parallel in American history, says Herbert W. Horwill in "The Survey," to the situation that will confront the British nation on the declaration of peace. The period of "reconstruction" in England, as it has come to be popularly called, will show little resemblance to the period after the Civil War to which the same name is given. In Great Britain there will be no problems analogous to those of restoring the prosperity of the devastated southern states and reorganizing their government. At the same time, the disbandment of the Union army created no such industrial and social difficulties as are expected to follow the demobilization of the British forces. For one thing, recruitment in America had not affected so closely the everyday life of the country, and, for another, the needs of the opening west offered almost automatically opportunities for ex-soldiers and others in search of employment.

"Nothing will be the same after the war" is to-day the one prediction on which everyone seems agreed. In the first place, the political machinery of the British Empire as a whole will be thrown into the melting-pot. As early as possible, the overseas dominions, largely as a reward for their services in the war, are to receive a share in the control of imperial policy.

To effect this momentous constitutional change without serious friction will tax the resources of both home and colonial statesmanship. The peculiar status of India will demand special consideration. Such readjustments must have profound effects upon trade developments in distant parts of the globe—

The Higher Up They Go the Smaller They [illegible]

—Donahey in Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Australia, for instance, will have something to say about relations with Japan, and therefore upon the conditions of British labour.

In domestic politics changes are expected almost immediately that will produce speedy reactions upon industrial life. The existing electoral roll has been made obsolete by the disturbance the war has caused, and its revision is likely to be drastic. A demand for the extension of the franchise not only to women, but to all adult males has suddenly acquired unprecedented strength.

It has been seriously urged in the Times, of all papers, that the existing system of representation should be completely scrapped, and that members of Parliament should no longer be elected by districts, but by industries or occupations. The reference to localities, it is argued, is in these days an anacronism, the real community of interest being not between neighbours, but between persons who follow the same trade. Now the basis of election to the Parliament that will have to undertake the work of reconstruction will make a great difference to the quality of the resulting social changes. Whether, for instance, the land laws will be revolutionized or only tinkered with will depend upon the more or less democratic character of the new House.

Any such reconstruction of the machinery of government will be the more far-reaching in its effects in view of the stimulus the war has given to the extension of governmental activity. When peace comes, the citizen will already have become habituated to forms of state regulation which were scouted as undesirable and impracticable before the war. For more than two years the railways have been a state department. Other industries—coal, shipping, agriculture—have been brought to a greater degree than ever before under the control of the state, either as purchaser or lessee, or as regulator of prices. In certain areas the liquor traffic is now a government monopoly, and everywhere it has been made subject to new restrictions. These emergency measures have done much to prepare the public mind for collectivist experiments on a larger scale. A more ready hearing is nowadays being given to pleas for the permanent and complete nationalization not only of the railways, but also of the canals, the coal supply, shipping, life insurance, and land.

A STAGE TALE OF TWO CITIES

A Canadian Sizes Up London and Paris in War Time

Did you ever notice that an Ibsen play made you want to go out afterwards for a "time," while a comic opera or a revue made you feel sad? An explanation is found in the article below

By DON HUNT

EVEN in the Europe of to-day, there is some amusement, and one of the factors in providing this change of scene are the theatres of Paris and London. There is much greater theatrical activity in the English metropolis than in the French capital, but the stage continues to figure prominently in the life of both cities. In London, and in Paris also, to a less extent, the "revue" is the prevailing "mode." Amid some farces and a few serious pieces, the lavish music hall, with its lights, its colour and its music, is the lodestone for the crowds. The reason is quite obvious. Reaction, a solace. In the revue houses, soldiers and their dependents, munition workers and officials, forget the war.

There is one exception—the movies, or "cinemas," as they call them over there. And war, war, war—that's what the public wants to see in the movies. Both the French and British Governments are officially trying to satisfy the demand, by providing moving pictures of the front and actual battle scenes, which, I believe, surpass in interest, any motion pictures hitherto produced, not excepting the "Birth of a Nation," or any of the other classics of the shadow stage. We saw both the French and English views of the Battle of the Somme, the former in Paris, the latter in Birmingham, and no adjective or set of adjectives could describe the profound impression those pictures made upon the audiences.

Elsie Janis teaches young society women in New York some new turns in dancing. For social purposes? Oh, no. These young societyettes do not perch themselves so informally just to learn dancing. The aim is to give a huge performance in New York for the benefit of some of the Allies war funds. And Elsie the inimitable is devoting her talents for the purpose.

As for the regular theatres, I saw quite a variety in Paris. The Opera was closed, but the Opera-Comique was open, where I heard one of the newer operas. "Madame Sans-Gene," well sung by a capable cast. On the same programme was a ballet, "Lumiere and Papillon," dainty and artistic as "light" and "butterflies" themselves.

THE Folies-Bergere, one of the standard institutions of Paris, was in full swing, with a revue featuring two of the leading music hall artists of France, Mistinguett and Magnard. The show, on the whole, was not as sprightly nor as interesting as a good Winter Garden production in New York.

The "Theatre des Ambassadeurs," in the Champs-Elysees, a summer revue garden, presented an entertainment so lifeless and dull that it was a choice between going to sleep, or going for a walk in the woods. "Marigny," also in Champs-Elysees, had high class varieties, with the famous dancer, Sahary-Djeli, in a glorious French Italian conceit, "The Dances of the Perfumes."

One of the most characteristically French theatres is the "Grand Guignol," the theatre of horrors, and there I did see something to make me sit up and keep awake. There have been several efforts to transplant the atmosphere of the Grand Guignol to New York, with varying degrees of success, but in Paris it flourishes without any artificial forcing.

As I looked at the "Chateau of Slow Death," with the most terrifying and horrible episodes following each other in rapid succession, culminating every little while in a regular orgy of frightfulness; as I shrank back, gripping the arms of the seat, not only from the strain of the play, but much more from the blood-curdling cries and hysterical sobs of women all about me in the audience, at first I asked myself, "What's the use? Haven't these poor Parisians trouble enough as it is, without looking for more in the theatre?"

But then, in this modern Athens, I remembered Aristotle and his theory of the tragic "katharsis"—that the dire horrors of the Greek tragedies, by raising fear and purging it by the very act of raising it, were comforters rather than disturbers of men's minds. As these people left the Grand Guignol, freed at last from the fearful atmosphere of the Chateau of Slow Death, with men and women, too, dying every few minutes, sometimes several at once, and suicides and murders in lavish profusion, they would probably feel that Paris, with all its sadness, was at least a happier place to live in than the Chateau, and they would take heart again. Whereas, on the other hand, to come from the froth and gayety of the Folies Bergere, into the dismal streets of the war-time Paris at night, was to feel heavy depression closing all around.

In London, next to the war, the "Bing Boys" were the chief subject of conversation, and the Alhambra, where these funny brothers held forth, in the persons of George Robey and Alfred Lester, with Phyllis Monkman and Violet Lorraine as their companions in merriment, was in a constant state of siege. Ask any Canadian, or Australian, or South African, or Englishman either, on the streets of London, where the Bing Boys are, and they will tell you, even if, in the case of strangers, they are ignorant of the location of the Houses of Parliament. The audience at the Alhambra, an immense and scintillating auditorium, has all the dash and brilliance, the fashion and the eclat, which can only come in the world's metropolis, even in war-time.

Then there was "Bric-a-Brac," at the Palace, with "Gertie Millar" and "Teddie Gerrard," and again a tremendous crowd, appreciative with boisterous good-humour. Zepps may come and Zepps may go, but the revue houses of London need not care.

At the Gayety Theatre, where, in the stalls, you feel quite sure that the man beside you is a duke, and the lady across the aisle, either a duchess or a countess, was the original "To-night's the Night," a copy of which we had already seen in Canada. Even in war time, the Gayety chorus looks as if it could provide appropriate brides for the aristocracy, as it has done so nobly in the past.

"JOYLAND," at the "Hippodrome," was as soporific as the "Theatre des Ambassadeurs" in Paris, but the varieties at the Coliseum made one regain his faith in the ability of the stage to entertain. On one bill to see Fay Compton, Lydia Kyasht, and Arthur Bouchier was to realize that there was such a thing as glorified vaudeville, even if the English did not call it that.

There was something in London beside singing and dancing—"Fishpingle," for example, at the Haymarket, under the direction of Frederic Harrison, a fragrant comedy-drama of rural England, played with a subtlety and charm that captivated London for many months. In this play was one of the ablest of English actors, Mr. Henry Ainley.

The theatre is a much greater social institution in London and Paris than it is in America. There may be some theatres in Canada, for example, where the audience goes for a promenade between the acts, or, in the case of a revue, whenever they feel like it, but I haven't found such a place. Here most men, and practically all the ladies, sit stolidly in their seats from the time they enter the theatre until they leave it. Some men do go out between the acts, but there is always the feeling, or at least there was before the sixteenth of September, that it was rather a devilish thing to do, and that the culprit either was going out to get a drink, or was going to associate with other men who did have such a wicked intention. The result of this prejudice against moving about in our theatres is to prevent any conversation or social badinage, except among those people sitting in adjacent seats.

IN Europe, however, everyone, men and women alike, move about, and, particularly between the acts, walk up and down the promenades, which, in many theatres, are delightfully artistic in their architecture. At the Marigny, in Paris, for instance, you walk around an open-air colonnade, adorned with sculpture, and overlooking the beautiful gardens of the Champs-Elysees. At the Opera-Comique, not only are there interior promenades, glorious to look upon, but you can stand out on a number of balconies, overlooking rather squalid but most intensely interesting streets, with Balzac-looking characters walking about. At the Grand Guignol, in the intervals between the terrifying acts, everyone roams around the building, listens to the woman playing the piano in one of the lounges, or walks outside in the long entrance way leading from the street, lined on both sides by sombre, dark-looking high walls, with the black leaves and branches of trees

hanging over them, rustling ghostlike in the deep silence of a Parisian evening in war time.

In London, also, particularly at such houses as the Alhambra, and the Palace and the Coliseum, there is much more informality, much less stiffness than in Canada. Our system must be more pleasing to the actors, but much less comfortable for the patrons. Actors really have too easy a time here; the audience seems afraid of them; they never talk out loud or take a walk to rest their legs, or do anything but gaze in open-mouthed awe at the wonderful creatures on the stage. In London and Paris, people are more at home in the theatre; they feel it is their institution, not the actors' or the singers'.

In Canada, also, the patrons of the theatre lose their independence to such an extent that they rarely think of talking to the players during the progress of the piece. Not so in Europe! At the London Hippodrome one evening, for example, there were several young men in the front box, who, when they felt like it, talked to anyone they knew in the audience, and directed numerous remarks to the stage.

Scene in "Merry Wives of Windsor." The kind of play that fits no town but a big one.

Make the Play Fit the Town

MAKE the Play Fit the Town has already begun to bear fruit. We have received a letter from a lady in Clinton, Ont., where they are considering the problem of how to produce plays by local actors, written by anybody whose plays are a practical proposition to put on stage. The letter has been answered advising the town of Clinton, Ont., to try, for one thing, Sheridan's School for Scandal, for another Lord Dunsany's Golden Doom.

Now, as every one knows, it is one play in a thousand that could possibly fill the bill in such cases. It need not be a short play, but it must be simple. Any play that needs elaborate staging or expensive gowns would not do. Our recollection of School for Scandal, as presented in this country by Ada Rehan, about twenty years ago, is that the company wore rather elaborate gowns. Suitable gowns for the purpose can be rented for about thirty dollars. Or imagination will go a long way in making locally-produced gowns carry the idea. And the setting, of course, must not be involved; a very simple interior will do—always making it clear to the audience that it is not scenery and costumes they have come to see, but a play.

The kind of play that can't possibly be produced by local actors in any average Canadian town is represented by the picture at the top of this page. The kind of play that might be produced under such circumstances is suggested by the photograph at the bottom; one of the Little Theatre plays that have began to work a sort of revolution in New York, and have extended to many other cities and have even begun to become a hobby in Ottawa, Toronto and other larger Canadian centres.

In fact the Little Theatre play as a type goes far to meet the needs of any town desiring to produce plays, because it calls for a kind of amateur actor, has a simple setting, and for the most part very inexpensive accessories.

In New York they have various names for those little playhouses, Portmanteau, Bandbox, and the like. Some wit has dubbed the little theatre "The Pill-Box Theatre," and in the February issue of the Theatre Magazine, Ranceholt Warsden describes very lucidly how the thing works.

"Will there, out of the 'pill-box theatre,' he asks, "come the tonic that will restore our decrepit drama?"

The one thing which the little theatre must accomplish to become a dangerous rival is—to pay. This it did not do at first; but in recent months it has demonstrated that it can produce what the commercial theatre would call uncommercial plays, and profit by them.

Perhaps the most noteworthy example is that of the Washington Square Players, which began as a group of amateurs, but now commands not only public interest, but the public purse. This most interesting of organizations is almost a community one. Everybody connected with it either writes plays or stages them or paints scenery for them or ushers—or does several of these things.

It was on February 19, 1915, that they gave their first performance, at the Bandbox Theatre. At the end of the season they had played forty-three times and always to sold-out houses. The next year was an honest-to-goodness theatrical season, and in the fall of 1916 they found they could do with no less than the Comedy Theatre, in the midst of the theatrical district.

Of course the wiseacres of the drama even then looked dubious; but as usual, they were consistently wrong. For after a slowish start the new season burst forth gloriously with a bill of four one-acts; and across the street the management has leased an office building for a work-shop theatre and for the headquarters of the Washington Square Players' School of the theatre.

To quote from The Theatre:

> The Washington Squarers have demonstrated that there is a place in America for the one-act play which is not merely a hackneyed vaudeville sketch crammed full of ancient if not honourable "kokum." But not vaudeville alone has felt, or is going to feel, the rejuvenating power of the theatrical pill-box. Little playhouses have also broached the three and four-act drama, with significant results. Mr. Ames, with his Little Theatre, has done more for the stage than did Mr. Ames with his mammoth New Theatre. One need only recall among his productions the charming "Prunella."
>
> And then in New York alone, there is the Bramhall, quaint and captivating; the Band-box; the Neighbourhood, whose productions of Shaw plays, short and long, have made it so powerful a competitor of Broadway that the Great Trite Way has had to invite Miss Kingston all the distance up from Grand Street; the Provincetown Players, who set no limits to their audacity in performing what they feel is worth while; and the Portmanteau Players of Mr. Stuart Walker.
>
> During the first half of this season the conspicuous names have undoubtedly been Dunsany and Shaw. It is the Portmanteau Theatre that has given us most of our Dunsany. "The Gods of the Mountain" and two other plays thus far stand to Mr. Walker's credit. Nothing else in town has been given so much free and deserved publicity.
>
> Well, the commercial theatre has had six or eight years in which to discover and produce Dunsany. His "King Argimenes" was actually performed here in New York some six years ago by a group of revolutionary amateurs. Now it is making money for Mr. Walker and his backers, while "Our Little Wife" and "Under Sentence" and "The Flame" and several others have had managerial money spent on them in floods and to no avail. Meanwhile, our most talented producer, Mr. David Belasco, can lift his eyes no higher lately than "The Boomerang," "Seven Chances" and "Little Lady in Blue."
>
> Mr. Stuart Walker packs not only big plays, but Hope for the Drama in his Portmanteau. May Heaven prosper him! The Portmanteau, by the way, is "the theatre that comes to you"—provided you are a millionaire and own a villa. Nevertheless, we can all go to it while its miniature stage is set up on one of our public platforms—as it is likely to be for some time. Dunsany, it is to be remembered, is only one of its gifted authors.
>
> The Neighbourhood Playhouse, in Grand Street, is thus far responsible for two more Dunsany pieces, "The Queen's Enemies," in which a gifted amateur, Miss Lewisjohn, distinguished herself before yielding her role to a professional actress; and the enthralling playlet, "A Night at an Inn." In addition, this dramatic pill-box has offered us Shaw's "Great Catherine" and "The Inca of Jerusalem." Later they put on "The Married Woman," which is one of the brightest as well as the most thought-provoking comedy New York has seen in several seasons.

Scene in "Gammer Gurton's Needle," a Portmanteau Theatre play in New York, showing the extreme simplicity of the stage setting.

A CONCERT THERE WAS

Heights and Depths of a Great Artistic Performance Analyzed

By THE MUSIC EDITOR

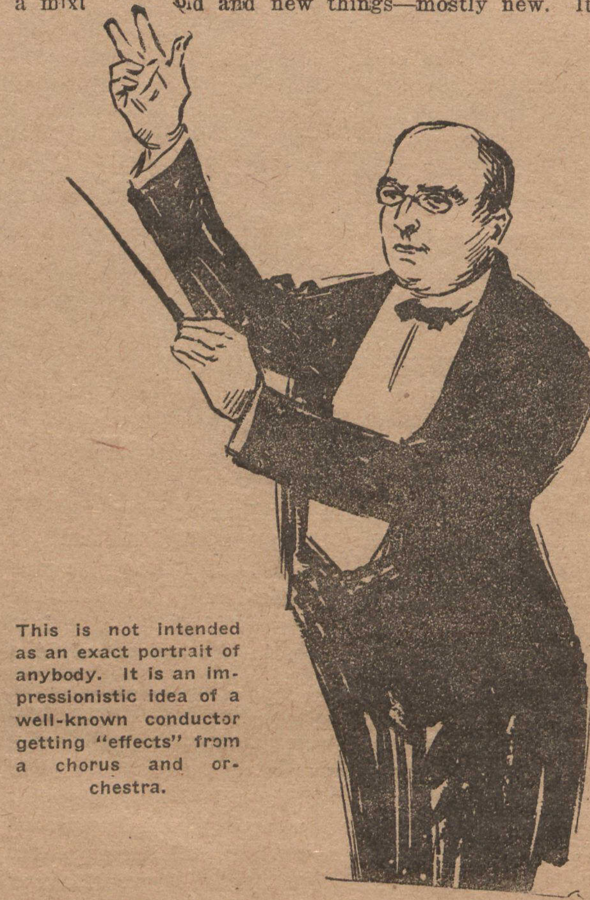
JUST one. Last week, for the first time in twenty seasons of evolution in music, America's greatest choir gave—just one concert. Lucky to get it. But we recollect that in 1894-95, its first season, the Mendelssohn Choir gave two concerts; season before last it was two—minus orchestra; the year Vogt was away in Europe it was none; last year it was two; five years ago it was five; ten years ago it was three.

One is an absolute novelty, even for the Mendelssohn Choir, which built itself up on new things.

Another novelty. Never before did the Choir sing with a local orchestra. An even bigger experiment. Symphony standards in choral music has been the Choir slogan for several seasons now. None but a first-calibre orchestra could be chosen to illustrate the idea. But people are so uneven in their musical tastes. Hundreds of people used to rave about the lovely unaccompanied work of the Choir. To them the orchestra was always a distraction. But when the no orchestra year came, they all grumbled. The price had gone up to make a big orchestra possible. When the band was taken off—because somebody suspected that German players might carry bombs in their music cases—the same people discovered that "a cappella" was not the sort of delicacy they liked in large doses. Last season the Russian orchestra came. More critiques. The Slavs were not up to standard. The Choir outshone, outpointed, outclassed them in every way.

Not to be beaten in his effort to please popular taste, Vogt this year decided upon a local orchestra. This happens to have been a recommendation of the Canadian Courier two years ago, though we claim no credit for its having been adopted now, because Vogt usually manages to hit on the thing best for all parties concerned, and as a rule knows more about his own problems than anybody else does. It was freely said at the time that if he wanted to put on some big patriotic thing—say of Elgar—no player of any insrument or of any consequence in Toronto would decline to work under his baton. And with a few exceptions it turned out so. The orchestra that worked under the joint batons of Vogt and Welsman last week was in most essentials a band of first-class potentialities. To be sure it was sometimes hopelessly submerged by the Choir. But it proved a mighty effective complement to that great organization, and in its own concert numbers stood up to a good critical level of sterling art performance.

However, that's not the Choir, which, as always, was the main thing. To begin with, it must be confessed that the one programme of last week proved a rather disconcerting affair. It was totally unlike any other concert ever given by the Choir. It was a mixt[illegible]d and new things—mostly new. It



This is not intended as an exact portrait of anybody. It is an impressionistic idea of a well-known conductor getting "effects" from a chorus and orchestra.

was a combination of tragedy and near comedy and refined burlesque. It was ensemble and "a cappella." It was international and cosmopolitan—British, Russian, American, Italian. It was a procession of lovely tone, superb artifice, super-climaxes and near-frivolities. But it was, after all, much of a post-impressionistic mirage. When it was all over nobody had a definite powerful impression, such as one always got from a big concert of the Mendelssohn Choir. We recall in this connection the Choral Symphony, the Deutsche Requiem, the Manzoni Requiem, the Vita Nuova and the Children's Crusade. These works always left an overpowering impression. They haunted people day after day. For the week of choral performances de luxe, nothing else really seemed to be going on. The air was charmed with music. The town was lifted. The talk was of Beethoven and Verdi and Brahms and Bach, as in Irving's day it used to be of Shakespeare—and Irving.

None of this in 1917. This is, of course, a strange year in all art. The one reason is, war. More than half of the Vogt effectives in the male section are in khaki. One hundred per cent. of the Mendelssohn Choir clientele are for the third season under the cloud of war. People do not rise to the full height of musical enjoyment under these circumstances. They may flock to musical comedy, light opera, vaudeville, movies, even spectacular drama. But they do not respond to the highest provocations of great music, because that sort of music naturally creates a feeling of triumph and exaltation which must not be disturbed by any background spectre of——

Well, whatever the war is to all of us. When the Choir sang that small masterpiece of Elgar, the Elegy for the Fallen, it was all too presently real. The fallen were right over the way. We remember that Brahms' Deutsche Requiem was composed in memory of those who fell in war. But it was no war like this, and it was not until war was over and the natural feelings had a chance to get expression. Some other day, when the war is done, we may rise to the feeling of this master-work as the Choir and orchestra did to its performance. Not yet. Similarly in the same composer's Death on the Hills; a psychic bit of plaintiveness as poignant as a poem of Keats. We admired it—as art. We did not respond to its sentiments because no imagination was required to do so. The highest enjoyment of art must always make some call on the imagination. In the three humoresques of Grainger, Bantock and Dutt, there was an altogether different quality of appreciation. These were further from the reality. The Gaelic Song of Bantock was the best of the three. In the Hymns from the Church Russian—Tchaikowsky's and Gretchaninoff's—there was no lack of charm and tonal beauty. But the Hymn of Requiem, How Blest Are They, an old Choir repertoire piece, was again too close to the facts of the case.

It is not necessary to harp on this psychic side of the Choir's work. Neither is it possible to ignore it. We observe that when Vogt interjected his own setting of Rule Britannia the audience came back to its historic form of other years. We might have had rather more of this kind to buck up our sentiments. Of course some brave soul will remark, "Poppycock! We can't always be singing bravado.

(Concluded on page 23.)

WHEN AND WHY TO GAMBLE

By INVESTICUS

FAR be it from the editor of this department to slander the gentle art of gambling. A certain man writes to this paper and says we are doing nothing but knock speculation and boost the selling of sure-thing securities. He says he is a gambler and proud of it. He says he has made money gambling and intends to make some more—and if we don't give the gambling end of the game a fair show he will lose all faith in Investicus.

Thus challenged, we say again what we said to begin with: far be it from us to slander gambling. It is not the oldest vice in the world but it is, in a sense, the most aristocratic. It is intellectual rather than sensual. A good gambler is a philosopher, whereas a glutton, or a drunkard—well, leave them alone. Gambling has in it an element of courage and of imagination —too much imagination as a rule. It is a sport. It is—but there comes an end to its praises.

If in the realm of investment there were no gamblers, there would be no silver mines in Northern Ontario, no copper mines in British Columbia and no Canadian Pacific Railway. Many of the best industrial concerns in Canada would never have started work and the hands they employ would have been without work in this country.

Nevertheless gambling in investments is on the whole a bad thing, simply because so many men and women allow their gambling instinct to be played upon by unscrupulous promoters, and because so many people gamble who can't afford to gamble. That is why Investicus has no hesitation in harping on the anti-gambling string.

If you have fifty dollars or a hundred or five hundred dollars to spare you are perhaps justified in buying a highly speculative stock. If you don't owe that money to your creditors or to your family. If you have good prospects for being able to replace that fifty in case you lose it outright—then there is an excuse for putting it up on some transaction where you stand to make a very high profit in a very short time. The man who protested against our anti-gambling attacks, tells us that he has made big "killings" in mining shares from time to time. Once he made three hundred per cent. on his original investment in a very few weeks. Other people, who have not taken the trouble to write to this paper about it, have made even more than that on "war baby" deals. And there is no use denying that strokes of good fortune like that are sometimes worth trying for.

The trouble is, however, that it is usually the man or the woman who is hard-up who is most tempted to gamble. They say to themselves that if such and such a stock only goes up so many points—it will give them the money they need to meet the next mortgage payment, or the doctor's bill. Their imaginations conspire with their desires to upset their judgment. They buy what looks well in prospectus. Their great need, their great appetite for an easy solution to their financial difficulties, is their undoing. They are the people to whom the protests of Investicus are addressed.

But if you will gamble, and if you can spare a little cash—don't gamble on the far-from-home prospect. Look up something near home, or something that is managed by some one whose standing cannot be doubted. Or if there is nothing near home that tempts you, and if you can't get a line on the men who are trying to get you to invest, then make diligent inquiry before you buy: very often your bank manager can find out something about the men behind a certain deal, or you may be able to write to the city and get the information.

Be sure of one thing. In making a speculative investment you are far more likely to do well if the man who solicits your advice owns-up that it IS a gamble. If he offers you guarantees—don't bite, unless they are that unheard of kind which is backed up by actual cash in the bank. Guaranteed speculations are in themselves a contradiction. If you must gamble be honest with yourself about it. Prepare

to lose—and you won't suffer disappointment.

THE SUN LIFE REPORT.

IT is evident from the results obtained by the Sun Life of Canada for 1916, essential features of which appear elsewhere in this issue, that the big Montreal Company has quite kept up with its usual rate of progress.

The Sun again maintained its leadership among Canadian life assurance companies in amount of new assurances issued, total assurances in force, assets, surplus and income. Assurances for $42,700,000 were issued and paid for in cash during the past year, constituting a record for all Canadian companies to date and bringing Sun Life assurance in force to the total of over $281,000,000. Something of the phenomenal growth of the company in recent years is indicated by the fact that assurances in force have more than trebled in the past twelve years.

Turning to the factors indicative of financial strength it is noted that assets now total practically $83,000,000, an increase of over $8,500,000 for the year. The net surplus over all liabilities and capital now stands at $8,509,865, an increase for the year of close on to $1,000,000. Cash income from premiums and investments totalled nearly $18,500,000.

During the year the company paid a total of $7,578,000 to its policyholders, bringing the payments to policyholders since organization to over $60,000,000.

Such a record reflects credit upon the directors and officers in charge of the company's affairs and should be a source of no small gratification to Sun Life policyholders.

A Concert There Was

(Concluded from page 22.)

Why not have a few threnodies and elegiacs when it's all in the air?" Admitted. But we didn't happen to need fine music to remind us of the sorrows of war, when any day we can read a headline and get that.

We take occasion to remark, however, that in Sir Hubert Parry's Naval Ode, "The Chivalry of the Sea," we got some real old-fashioned thrills. Parry is a fine old blustering John Bull, who bangs open the windows and lets in the winds of the heavens and the hills. He is not a great artist or he never would have written his Blest Pair of Sirens. But he comes near to being an art creator in this Naval Ode.

Once again also, we mentally take off our hats to the obvious magic of the Manzoni Requiem, an excerpt from which made the finale to the programme. This extract from a great ecclesiastical opera reasserted the Choir's consummate ability to create triumphant and overwhelming climaxes, such as one can never hear even in the greatest Metropolitan House opera.

In tracing thus at random the characteristics of the programme of 1917, we do not forget that in most of its enduring qualities of great art the Choir remains where it was in spite of the ravages of war and the lack of musical spontaneity among the people.

As for the orchestra, it gave abundant proof that the orchestral material in this part of the country is almost, if not quite as great as the undoubted desire for that kind of music on the part of the public. It was a good band; and it also called up other days when we were beginning to develop a local orchestra in the wake of a great choral movement, not only in the Mendelssohn Choir, but in other choral societies. The viola solo of Mr. Frank Smith in the Elgar Overture was as fine a bit of incidental art as we have heard in many a year.

Thought-Thievery—The Latest

THE Plagiarist we have always with us—the more so since the demand and the rewards for good writing and clear thinking have increased. In the "Bulletin of the Authors' League of America," Mr. Robert H. Davis, editor of the Munsey publications, says of this modern crime:

"It ramifies into every avenue of literature—into books, into magazines, drama, and motion-pictures. An army of mercenaries, fattening upon the thoughts of other men, is in the saddle. They apply to the business of plagiarism the same kind of intelligence and cunning, and even art, that a forger or a check-lifter brings to his unholy calling. By divers and sundry tricks they absorb the idea, if not in letter, in spirit—breathe into it an unwholesome vitality, christen it with a new name, and thrust it out into the world as a legitimate offspring. Its acceptance is regarded as a triumph on the part of the scalawag parent, whose intellectual communion is held solely with the devil.

"The arguments of defense put forth by these most pernicious of all thieves are characteristic of sinners. Confronted by the evidence of their guilt, they take refuge behind any one of the following excuses:

"(a) I had no idea it had ever been printed before. It was told me as an original story by a friend.

"(b) A gentleman whose whereabouts at the present moment are unknown gave me the story in the form of a manuscript and asked me to touch it up a bit.

"(c) I can't understand it at all. Probably I read it somewhere when I was a child and it clung to my memory. This is a surprise!

"There are a number of other equally vapid and ridiculous explanations that come glibly from the liar's lips, but the samples cited will suffice.

"They seldom make it clear how such vacillating memories and deficient intellectual mechanism as they appear to possess are able to absorb and hold details, dialogue, situations, etc., ad infinitum. Of course, you can't expect a pickpocket to announce in advance that he is about to go through your clothes. And so, therefore, these belated explanations awaken irritation instead of satisfaction.

"The most profound and noble countenance I ever saw, upon which were written reflection, wisdom, and serenity, belonged to a man who had spent thirty years of his life in an insane asylum, under the impression that he was the lost Dauphin.

"The kindest and most benignant individual I ever met—one whom I would have felt secure in naming as my executor—was in a penitentiary, where he had been thrust as a youth of eighteen for assassinating his father.

"If you want to pick out a nice, quiet-looking boy to sing in the church-choir, step into any reform-school.

"But for pure, undefiled innocence, a face carrying the expression of an archangel, a pair of eyes that can brew tears against accusation, I commend you to a plagarist."

"It is seldom that plagarists are actually convicted beyond the peradventure of a doubt. They possess the delicate sensibilities of a vitrified brick. An accusation pointed and proved has about as much weight with them as would have an autumn leaf falling upon the bosom of Lake Superior.

"It is the business of the Authors' League of America to set its traps for these varmint and exterminate them. There are hundreds of cases known to every editor, and perhaps half of them are known to every author. Should we not make it our business to define plagiarism so that it can not hereafter be misrepresented?

"I would recommend that a committee be appointed to examine into all charges of plagiarism; to read both the original and so-called plagiarized version of any story out of which charges of plagiarism grow; to make a report to the League and to publish a verdict in The Bulletin; and that all book publishers, magazine editors, dramatic producers, and motion-picture scenario editors be notified of such verdict.

"Ten years ago contributions from strangers were accepted on their merit and printed under the assumption that the writers were honest men. It is now regarded as a necessary precaution to write a new author, whose manuscript has attracted attention, and ask for references. Even these precautions do not always succeed. One must wait for the publication of the plagiarism before a comparison with the original can be made. In the interval the fraud is accomplished. A comparison of the two stories supplies the evidence of guilt.

"It is the opinion of the writer that unwarranted leniency has been shown these offenders. The usual penalty is a severance of connections, followed occasionally by the return of the money dishonestly collected. A period of agreeable silence follows, after which the malefactor sits down with a ream of white paper, selects another alias, and continues in the business of selling old tales for new."

Ladies, Try This.

Two ladies on the other side of the Border were holding a stairhead confab one morning on the troubles of life, and husbands in particular.

"I dinna wonder at some puir wives having to help themselves out of their husbands' trouser-pockets," remarked the one.

"I canna say I like them underhand ways myself," responded the second matron. "I jist turn ma man's breeches doonside up and help masel' off the carpet."—Tit-Bits.

An Enigma.

"I beg your pardon, but what is your name?" the hotel clerk asked.

"Name?" echoed the indignant guest who had just signed the register. "Don't you see my signature there on the register?"

"I do," answered the clerk. "That is what aroused my curiosity."

True Pity.

Hostess—"Doesn't it seem a shame, Mr. Jones, that this poor little lamb should have to die for us?"

Mr. Jones—"Ah, yes, indeed! It is rather tough."—Ideas.

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AMONG THE NEW BOOKS

ACCORDING to the editor of the Bookman, the year 1916 in literature was emphatically a woman's year. The book "MICHAEL O'HALLORAN," by Mrs. Stratton-Porter, was the most widely read during the earlier months, giving place to "DEAR ENEMY," by the late Jean Webster. One of the most popular plays of the year was by the same author, "DADDY LONG LEGS." Eleanor Porter added to her collection of laurels "Just David"; who, being a young brother to the Glad Girl, bids fair to rival her in popular approval. Other emphatic feminine successes in American literature were Mary Roberts Rhinehart's "K"; Ellen Glasgow's "Life and Gacriella"; and Kathleen Norris's "The Heart of Rachel." In England, two of the successes of the year were also by women, "Lady Connie," by Mrs. Ward, and "Good Old Anna," by Mrs. Belloc-Lowndes.

That most talked-about book, "Mr. Britling Sees It Through," has already reached a sale of well over 100,000 copies, while ever since the 1st of November five presses have been kept busy on the printing of the book.

Early in February another book by H. G. Wells will be published by the MacMillan Company. It will be called "Italy, France and Britain at War," and will be a study of how the war spirit manifests itself in these countries. The author has been at great pains to gather up a large quantity of private, personal opinions about the war, which he sets forth and considers in this volume.

One of Rudyard Kipling's recreations is reading the dictionary; and his especial pleasure is said to be taken from those devoted to slang and dialect.

Since the arrival of Ian Hay in America the demand for his book, "The First Hundred Thousand," has been large and uninterrupted. Two hundred thousand copies are reported to have been sold in England alone. New interest has been aroused in his other books also, "A Man's Man," and "The Right Stuff." It is hoped that another story, "Pip," will be ready for publication in the spring.

From the Russian Society of Authors and Journalists came a cablegram to the Authors' League of America expressing the deep-felt sorrow of its members at the death of Jack London. Not only has he acquired the position of a favourite writer in Russia, but in England also he is the most popular of American writers. Women read him eagerly, and most men gave him place beside Kipling as a writer who had seen things, lived them and could describe them with vividness and unfailing zest. He could take men out of themselves, giving them glimpses of a life they craved. "Jack Londons" is what his books are called in England, and that is commendation enough.

Many people followed with interest the recent short-story contest held by Life. The Musson Book Company have published a book containing the eighty-one stories selected from the thirty thousand submitted during the competition. For every story accepted the contributor was paid, not for what he wrote, but for what he did not write; and this ingenious method was what made the contest so successful. The fact that the awards for the three best stories went to comparatively unknown writers has in it an element of satisfaction; and what

(Concluded on page 26.)

Parents

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Commencing with the historic origins of the laws of War, Alberdi traces its injustice to the practice of classical times. He brushes aside as crude theories "Collective responsibility." He analyzes war's evils even to the successful belligerent. He indicates the sole sufficient remedy—Culture. He argues that peace and freedom are complementary. He points out how the crystallization of an universal force, "The World Community," must be gradual, spontaneous, and based on common sense rather than on written agreements: and how unlikely that it will imitate the dictatorial governments of the various existing states.

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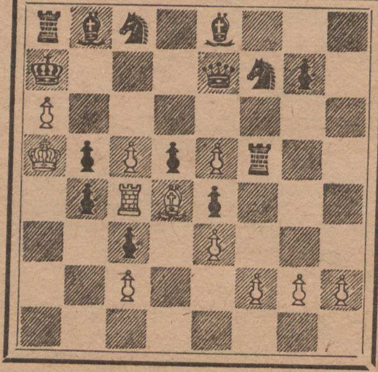
CHESS

Conducted by Malcolm Sim

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

PROBLEM NO. 117, by W. Hundsdorfer,
Tidskrift, 1908.
(Retrograde Analysis.)
Black.—Fourteen Pieces.



White.—Eleven Pieces.
White mates in two.

The solution to the above problem is only possible by White making, for key-move, an en passant capture. The onus upon the solver, apart for finding the solution, is to prove that Black so last moved as to render the key-move legal.

Problem No. 118, by G. Guidelli.
Second Prize, Good Companions Club, January, 1917.

White: K at K8; Q at KKtsq; Rs at QBsq and KB4; Bs at K4 and KKt7; Ps at QB4, K2 and KB6.

Black: K at Q5; R at QRsq and K6; B at KR4; Kts at QBsq and KB2; Ps at QR2, QKt3, Q3 and KB6.

White mates in two.

SOLUTIONS.

Problem No. 113, by G. Guidelli.

1. Kt—Kt3, Kt—B3; 2. R—Kt5 mate.
1. ...., Kt—B5; 2. QxBP mate.
1. ...., Kt—Q3; 2. BxP mate.
1. ...., Kt—Q5; 2. QxB mate.

The arrangement of the two Knights under pinning influence from the White Rook is known as the half-pin theme. The four diagonal self-blocks are an excellent feature. The threat is, of course, 2. Q—K4 mate.

Problem No. 114, by Rev. J. Jespersen.

1. R—KKt2, Kt—Q6; 2. Q—KB3 ch, Kt—B5 ch; 3. KxP d.ch, B—B4 mate!
1. ...., Kt—Q8; 2. BxP ch, RxB; 3. Q—K4 ch, BxQ mate.
1. ...., B—K5 ch; 2. KxP d.ch, B—Q4; 3. BxP ch, RxB mate!
1. ...., BxQ; 2. RxKt ch, B any; 3. P—K4 ch, BxP mate.
1. ...., threat; 2. QxKtch, BxQ; 3. P—K4 ch, BxP mate.

Correct solutions of Problems 111 and 112 received from B. Gordon, Ottawa.

To Correspondents.

(B.G.)—In No. 110, if 1. R—B2, then 1...., PxB(Kt), no mate—

CHESS AMONG THE ENEMY.

An instructive game from the Tarrasch-Mieses match, which ended in a victory for the doctor by 7 games to 2, with 4 draws.

French Defence.

White. Dr. Tarrasch.	Black. J. Mieses.
1. P—Q4	1. P—K3
2. P—K4	2. P—Q4
3. Kt—QB3	3. PxP (a)
4. KtxP	4. Kt—Q2
5. Kt—KB3	5. KKt—B3
6. B—Q3	6. KtxKt (b)
7. BxKt	7. Kt—B3
8. B—Kt5 (c)	8. B—K2
9. BxKt	9. PxB (d)
10. Q—K2	10. P—B3 (e)
11. CastlesQR	11. Q—B2
12. KR—Ksq	12. B—Q2
13. K—Ktsq	13. Castles QR
14. P—B4	14. B—Kt5 (f)
15. R—Rsq	15. B—Q3
16. P—B5	16 B—Bsq (g)
17. Q—B4	17. B—Kt2
18. Q—R4	18. K—Ktsq
19. B—B2 (h)	19. B—QBsq
20. R—Q3	20. R—Q2
21. R—R3	21. P—QR3
22. R—Kt3	22. K—R2 (i)
23. R—Kt6	23. KR—Qsq
24. Q—R5	24. R—K2 (j)
25. P—QKt4	25. P—B4
26. R—Qsq	26. P—K4 (k)
27. P—QR4	27. P—K5 (l)
28. P—Kt5	28. PxKt (m)
29. RxRP ch	29. PxR
30. P—Kt6 ch	30. K—Rsq
31. PxQ	31. R (Qsq)—Q2
32. BxP	32. RxBP
33. BxB	33. RxB
34 QxP ch	34. K—Ktsq
35. PxP	35. R—Q2
36. K—B2	Resigns

(a) There is nothing radically wrong with this exchange, but the more solid continuation, favoured by Dr. Lasker among others, is Kt—KB3.

(b) Or Black might continue with 6. ......, B—K2, when White would proceed with his development by means of B—KKt5.

(c) To economize time is the secret of a successful opening, for which reason this move, although it involves the opening of the King's Knight file for Black, is to be preferred somewhat to the retreat of B—Q3.

(d) In answer to 9. ......, BxB, White would play 10. Q—Q3, threatening the King's Rook Pawn and also BxKtP, to be followed by Q—Kt5 ch, recovering the piece.

(e) Forestalling the threat of BxKtP.

(f) Although this particular move does not cost him a tempo, so much time is lost with the King's Bishop that Black's position is seriously jeopardized. P—QB4 would have been in order here and prevented the hemming-in which now takes place.

(g) Under ordinary circumstances, the White Queen's Pawn would be regarded as hopelessly weak, but in this case White is well ahead in the process of development, and his attack comes to a head before the weakness alluded to can be made to count against him.

(h) Taking time by the forelock and illustrating the ultra-sound style of Dr. Tarrasch.

(i) White has succeeded in forcing the much-feared "hole" in the enemy's lines, and now proceeds to batter away until he accomplishes the end he has in view.

(j) He must be careful to keep the Rook in touch with the Queen, otherwise he would invite the loss of the latter through RxRP ch.

(k) It's nip and tuck now, with Black striving heroically to make a counter demonstration to relieve the pressure upon his own beleaguered King. White, however, has just sufficient lead to make his strokes count.

(l) If 27. ......, PxP, then 28. B—Q3, to be followed by R—QBsq and P—Kt5, with irresistible attack.

(m) A fatal capture, of course, which enables Dr. Tarrasch to bring about a neat finish. If 28. ......, Q—Q2, then 29. Kt—K5, BxKt; 30. PxB, Q—Ksq; 31. RxR, QxR; 32. RxRP ch, etc. Black's only recourse lay in playing 28. ......, K—Rsq. The winning continuation then would be found in 29. PxRP, PxP; 30. K—R2, PxKt; 31. KR—QKtsq, etc.

(Notes from the "American Chess Bulletin.").

Marshall's Chess "Drive."

In his epoch-making exhibition at Philadelphia on December 26, in the great Auditorium of the Curtis building, Frank J. Marshall battled for seven hours with no less than 129 opponents. In encountering that number simultaneously the United States champion surpassed the previous world's record of 105, established by himself at Washington in April of last year.

Marshall's final score gave him 97 wins, 23 draws and 9 losses. Play started at 2.30 p.m. and continued until the adjournment at 6.30 p.m. Resuming at 8.30 p.m. the master played until 11.30 p.m. at which time unfinished games were adjudicated.

Toronto vs. Buffalo.

A team of Toronto players journeyed to Buffalo on Saturday, February 10, to meet in match play the local experts. A full report will appear next week.

Among the New Books

(Concluded from page 25.)

Life deserves special credit for, is that it put a premium on brevity.

* * *

Everybody of prominence in the entire world is included in "Who's Who" for 1917, which the MacMillan Company announce to be now ready. Owing to the numberless changes which the last year has brought about new people have come to the front in every field, and the practical value of this volume cannot be overstated.

* * *

Included in the spring list from the Musson Book Company are some very attractive nature books, which ought to be eagerly read when the summer begins to come again. The Bird Study Book has sixteen full-page illustrations.

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Sun Life of Canada Sets New Records

RESULTS secured during the year 1916 re-affirm the position of the Sun Life Assurance Company of Canada as the leading life assurance organization in the Dominion.

Once more it leads the field among Canadian Companies in each of the following respects:

Largest New Business. Largest Business in Force. Largest Assets.
Largest Surplus Earnings. Largest Net Surplus. Largest Income.
Largest Distribution of Life Assurance Benefits.

THE YEAR'S RESULTS

The following large and uniform increases registered during the year 1916 clearly demonstrate the strength of the Company's position and the confidence and prestige it enjoys in the public mind:

	1916	1915	INCREASE
Assets as at December 31st.	$ 82,948,996	$74,326,423	$8,622,573 (11.6%)
Cash Income	18,499,131	15,972,672	2,526,459 (15.8%)
Surplus paid or allotted to Policyholders.	1,110,900	985,487	125,413 (12.7%)
Net Surplus as at December 31st.	8,509,865	7,545,591	964,274 (12.8%)
Total Payments to Policyholders.	7,578,016	7,129,479	448,537 (6.3%)
Assurances Issued and Paid for in Cash	42,772,296	34,873,851	7,898,445 (22.6%)
Assurances in Force	281,434,700	257,404,160	24,030,540 (9.3%)

Coincident with the above increases, the Company succeeded during the year in effecting a substantial and important reduction in the ratio of expense, a feature which favourably affects earnings on policyholders' account.

The Company's Growth

YEAR	INCOME	ASSETS	LIFE ASSURANCES IN FORCE
[illegible]	$ 48,210.73	96,461.95	1,064,350.00
1[illegible]6	373,500.31	1,573,027.10	9,413,358.07
1[illegible]96	1,886,258.00	6,388,144.66	38,196,890.92
1[illegible]06	6,212,615.02	24,292,692.65	102,566,398.10
1916	18,499,131.62	82,948,996.06	281,434,699.94

SUN LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY OF CANADA

1871 HEAD OFFICE MONTREAL 1917

T. B. MACAULAY, President.

NEW CANADIAN WEALTH.

NEW Canadian wealth is being created. Canadian bank deposits have increased at the rate of $100,000,000 in a year. But all the increased wealth is not going into the bank. The money is being spent in various ways. $20,000,000 has been voluntarily subscribed to Patriotic and Red Cross funds in the city of Toronto alone, since the beginning of the war. Outside of the industries affected by the war we have only to look at the customs receipts to have direct evidence of our increased buying powers. Take, for instance, the revenues collected at the port of Toronto for the month of January during the last four years:

January, 1914......$1,487,270.
January, 1915...... 1,144,225.
January, 1916...... 2,428,033.
January, 1917...... 3,141,498.

The figures for January, 1917, are the highest ever recorded in a single month at this port. It is not due to raw materials imported for the manufacture of munitions, as they are on the free list. A custom revenue of $3,000,000 a month at the port of Toronto, means a total customs revenue for the Dominion of about $13,000,000; or goods to the value of $65,000,000 per month.

BUILDING FOR THE FUTURE.

CANADA'S strategic position after the war is well illustrated by the statement of a Canadian manager of a very well known United States concern with a branch factory in Montreal. At the annual meeting of the concern he asked for all of the 1916 profits, a good round sum, to be given him to be spent in an additional plant. This additional plant would apparently be beyond all requirements of the Canadian market, but this manufacturer had other markets in view; namely, England, France, Russia, Italy, India, Australia, and New Zealand.

Preparation.

"My daughter has obtained a position in a lawyer's office. She starts on the first."

"And in the meantime is she doing anything to fit herself for the work?"

"Yes, she is reading 'Bertha, the Beautiful Blond Stenographer.' "—Louisville Courier-Journal.

KING—OF THE KHYBER RIFLES

By TALBOT MUNDY

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CHAPTER VIII.—(Continued.)

AT the end of perhaps three minutes that section of the wall had become the fourth side of a twenty-foot-wide island that stood fair in the middle of a tunnel, splitting it in two to right and left. Judging by the angle of the two divisions they became one again before going very far.

The mullah stood aside and motioned King to enter. But the one-eyed guide who had led them to the mosque thrust himself between Darya Khan and Ismail, pushed King aside and took the lead.

"Nay!" he said, "I am responsible to her."

It was the first time he had spoken and he appeared to resent the waste of words.

The tunnel that led to the left was pierced in twenty places in the roof for rifle-fire; a score of men with enough ammunition could have held it forever against an army. But the right-hand way looked undefended. Nevertheless, the guide led to the left, and King followed him, filled with curiosity.

"Many have entered!" sang the lashless mullah in a sing-song chant. "More have sought to enter! Some who remained without were wisest! I count them! I keep count! Many went in! Not all came out again by this road!"

"Then there is another road?" King wondered, but he held his tongue and followed the guide.

It proved to be fifty yards through part natural, part hand-hewn, tunnel to the neck of the fork where the left- and right-hand passages became one again. He stopped at the fork and looked back, for none of his men was following.

He caught the sound of scuffing—of clattering hoofs, and grunts and shouted oaths — and started to run back, since even a native hakim may protect his own, should he care to, even in the "Hills."

For the sake of principle he chose the other passage, for Cocker says, "Look! Look! Look!" But the guide seized him by the arm from behind and swung him back again.

"Not that way!" he growled. But he offered no explanation.

In the "Hills" it is not good to ask "why" of strangers. It is good to be glad one was not knifed, and to be deferent until more suitable occasion. King started to run again, but this time along the same defended passage down which they had come. And now the guide made no objection but leaned on his long gun and waited.

The charger proved to be making the trouble—the horse that King had exchanged with the jezailchi in the Khyber. The terrified brute was refusing to enter the passage, and all the men, including Ismail and the mullah, were shoving, or else tugging at the reins.

At the moment King appeared the united strength of six men was beginning to prevail. The mullah let go the reins, and in that instant the horse saw King advance toward him out of the tunnel; so, after the manner of horses, he chose the other passage. King ran at full speed round the corner after him, remembering that the guide had admitted responsibility, and therefore that the chances were he would be rescued should he run into a trap.

Suddenly, ten yards in the lead down the dark tunnel the horse threw his weight back with a clatter of sparks and screamed as only a horse can. After that there was neither sight nor sound of him.

Creeping forward with both arms outstretched against the left-hand wall, he reached the spot where the horse had been, and shuddered on the smooth dark edge of a hole that went the full width of the floor. There came whispering up out of it, and a dank wet smell, as if there were running water a mile away below. He could feel that a little air flowed downward into it. Twenty yards away on the far side the path resumed, but there was neither hand nor foothold on the smooth damp walls between. He went back to his men with a shiver between his shoulder-blades, and the mullah, standing in the gap of the mosque wall, blinked at him with lashless eyes.

"Many have entered," he chanted maliciously. "Some went out by a different road!"

"Come!" Ismail growled at the other men, seizing the mule's bridle himself and leading to the left. "The ghosts will have a charger now for their captain to ride! Lead on, hakim sahib!"

"Come!" called the one-eyed guide from the neck of the fork ahead. And as they all pressed forward after King the hairless mullah gave a signal and the great stone door slid slowly into place. It was like a tombstone. It was as if the world that mortals know were a thing of the forgotten past and the underworld lay ahead.

"Lead along, Charon!" King grinned. He needed some sort of pleasantry to steady his nerves. But even so he wondered what the nerves of India would be like if her millions knew of this place.

CHAPTER IX.

THE second gap closed up behind them and the tunnel began to echo weirdly. The mule was the next to be panic-stricken. The noise of his plunging increased the echoes a thousand times and multiplied his fright, until the poor brute collapsed into meek obedience at last. But the guide strode on unconcerned with his easy Hillman gait, neither deigning to glance back nor making any verbal comment.

Over their heads, at irregular intervals, there were holes that if they led as King presumed into caves above, left not an inch of all the long passage that could not have been swept by rifle-fire. It was impregnable; for no artillery heavy enough to pound the mountain into pieces could ever be dragged within range. Whatever hiding place this entrance guarded could be held forever, given food and cartridges!

The tunnel wound to right and left like a snake, growing lighter and lighter after each bend; and soon their own din began to be swallowed in a greater one that entered from the farther end. After two sharp turns they came out unexpectedly into the blaze of blue day, nearly stunned by light and sound. A roar came up from below like that of an ocean in the grip of a typhoon.

When his wits recovered from the shock, King struggled with a wild desire to yell, for before him was what no servant of British India had ever seen and lived to tell about, and that is an experience more potent than unbroken rum.

They had emerged from a round-mouthed tunnel—it looked already like a rabbit-hole, so huge was the cliff behind—on to a ledge of rock that formed a sort of road along one side of a mile-wide chasm. Above him, it seemed a mile up, was blue sky, to which limestone walls ran sheer, with scarcely a foothold that could be seen. Beneath, so deep that eyes could not guess how deep, yawned the stained gorge of the underworld, many-coloured, smooth and wet.

And out of a great, jagged slit in the side of the cliff, perhaps a thousand feet below them, there poured down into thunderous dimness a waterfall whose breadth seemed not less than half a mile. It spouted seventy or eighty yards before it began to curve, and its din was like the voice of all creation.

Ismail came and stood by King in silence, taking his hand, as a little child might. Presently he stooped and picked up a stone and tossed it over.

"Gone!" he said simply. "That down there is Earth's Drink!"

"And this is the 'Heart of the Hills' men boast about?"

"Nay! It is not!" snapped Ismail.

"Then, where—"

But the one-eyed guide beckoned impatiently, and King led the way after him, staring as hakim or prisoner or any man had right to do on first admission to such wonders. Not to have stared would have been to proclaim himself an idiot.

THE least of all the wonders was that the secret of the place should have been kept all down the centuries; for it was the hollow middle of a limestone mountain, that could neither be looked down into from above, because the heights were not scalable, nor guessed at from the conformation of the country. The river, that flowed out of rock and went plunging down into the chasm, must be snow from the Himalayan peaks, on its way to swell the sea. There was no other way to account for that; but that explanation did explain why at least one Indian river is no greater than it is.

The road they followed was a fold in the natural rock, rising and falling and curving like a ribbon, but tending on the average downward. It looked to be about two miles to the point where it curved at the chasm's end and swept round and downward, to be lost in a fissure in the cliff.

They soon began to pass the mouths of caves. Some were above the road, now and then at crazy heights above it, reached by artificial steps hewn out of the stone. Others were below, reached from the road by means of ladders, that trembled and swayed over the dizzying waterfall. Most of the caves were inhabited, for armed men and sullen women came to their entrances to stare.

Ears grow accustomed to the sound of water sooner than to almost anything. It was not long before King's ears could catch the patter of his men's feet following, and the shod clink of the mule. He could hear when Ismail whispered:

"Be brave, little hakim! She loves fearless men."

As the track descended caves became more numerous. In one there were horses, for as they passed there came a whiff of unclean stables, and the litter of fodder and dung was all about the entrance. The mouths of other caves were sealed, with great wax disks, strangely stamped, affixed to stout wooden doors. One cave smelt as if oil were stored in it, and King wondered whence the oil was brought—for the sirkar knows to a pint and an ounce what products travel up and down the Khyber.

At last the guide halted, in the middle of a short steep slope where the path was less than six feet wide and a narrow cave mouth gave directly on to it.

"Be content to rest here!" he said, pointing.

"Thy cave?" asked King.

"Nay. God's! I am the caretaker!" (The "Hills" are very pious and polite, between the acts of robbing and shedding blood.)

"Allah, then, reward thee, brother!" answered King. "Allah give sight to thy blind eye! Allah give thee children! Allah give thee peace, and to all thy house!"

The guide salaamed, half-mockingly, half-wondering at such eloquence, pausing in the passage to point into the side-caves that debouched to either hand. There was a niche of a place, where a man might lie on guard near the entrance; another cave in which horses could be stabled, with plenty of fodder piled up ready; another beyond that for servants and baggage, with a fire place and cooking pots; and at the last at the rear of all a great cavern full of eerie gloom, that opened out from the end of the passage like a bottle at the end of a long neck.

Peering about him into vastness, King became aware of frame beds, placed at intervals in a row, each with a mat beside it. And there were several brass basins and ewers for water. Also there were some little bronze lamps; the guide lit three of them, and King took up one to examine it. As he did so, involuntarily his hand almost went to his bosom, where the strange knife still reposed that he had taken from the would-be murderer in the train to Delhi.

There was no gold on the lamp; but the handle by which he lifted it had been cast, the devils of the Himalayas only knew how many centuries ago, in the form of a woman dancing; her size, and her shape, and the art with which she had been fashioned, were the same as the handle of the knife.

Watching him as a wolf eyes another one, the strange guide found his tongue.

"How many such hast thou ever seen?" he asked.

"None!" answered King, and the guide cackled at him, like a hen that has laid an egg.

"There are many strange things in Khinjan, but few strangers!" he remarked; and then, as if that were enough for any man to say on any occasion, he turned on his heel and stalked out of the cavern. It was the last King ever saw of him. He followed him down the passage to the entrance and watched him until his back disappeared round the first bend, but the man never turned his head once. He did not even look over the edge of the road, down into the amazing waterfall, nor up to the round disk of sky.

KING turned back and looked into the other caves—saw the weary horse and mule fed, watered and bedded down—took note of the running water that rushed out of a rock fissure and gurgled out of sight down another one—examined the servants' cave and saw that they had been amply provided with blankets. There was nothing lacking that the most exacting traveller could have demanded at such a distance from civilization. There was more than the most exacting would have dared expect.

"Why isn't it damp in here?" he wondered, returning to his own cave. And then he noticed long fissures in the cavern walls, and that the smoke from the lamps drifted toward them.

He could not guess what made it do that, unless it were the suction of the enormous river hurrying underground; and then he remembered that at the entrance air had rushed downward into the hole down which the horse had disappeared, which partly confirmed his guess.

"Ismail!" he shouted, and jumped at the revolver-crack-like echo of his voice.

Ismail came running.

"Make the men carry the mule's packs into this cave. You and Darya Khan stay here and help me open them. Remember, ye are both assistants of Kurram Khan, the hakim!"

"They will laugh at us! They will laugh at us!" clucked Ismail, but he hurried to obey, while King wondered who would laugh.

Within an hour a delegation came from no less a person than Yasmini herself, bearing her compliments, and hot food savory enough to make a brass idol's mouth water. By that time King had his sets of surgical instruments and drugs and bandages all laid out on one of the beds and covered from view by a blanket.

It was only one more proof of the British army's everlasting luck that one of the men, who set the great brass dish of food on the floor near King, had a swollen cheek, and that he should touch the swelling clumsily as he lifted his hand to shake back a lock of greasy hair.

There followed an oath like flint struck on steel ten times in rapid succession.

"Does it pain thee, brother?" asked Kurram Khan the hakim.

"Are there devils in Tophet! Fire and my veins are one!"

The man did not notice the eagerness beaming out of King's horn-rimmed spectacles, but Ismail did; it seemed to him time to prove his virtues as assistant.

"This is the famous hakim Kurram Khan," he boasted. "He can cure anything, and for a very little fee!"

"Nay, for no fee at all in this case!" said King.

The man looked incredulous, but King drew the covering from his row of instruments and bottles.

"Take a chance!" he advised. "None but the brave wins anything!"

The man sat down, as if he would argue the point at length, but Ismail and Darya Khan were new to the business and enthusiastic. They had him down, held tight on the floor to the huge amusement of the rest, before the man could even protest; and his howls of rage did him no good, for Ismail drove the hilt of a knife between his open jaws to keep them open.

A very large proportion of King's stores consisted of morphia and cocaine. He injected enough cocaine to deaden the man's nerves, and allowed it time to work. Then he drew out three back teeth in quick succession, to make sure he had the right one.

ISMAIL let the victim up, and Darya Khan gave him water in a brass cup. Utterly without pain for the first time for days, the man was as grateful as a wolf freed from a trap.

"Allah reward thee, since the service was free!" he smirked.

"Are there any others in pain in Khinjan?" King asked him.

"Listen to him! What is Khinjan? Is there one man without a wound or a sore or a scar or a sickness?"

"Then, tell them," said King.

The man laughed.

"When I show my jaw, there will be a fight to be first! Make ready, hakim! I go!"

He was true to his word and left the cave like a gust of wind, followed by the three who had come with him. King sat down to eat, but he had not finished his meal—he had made the last little heap of rice into a ball with his fingers, native style, and was mopping up the last of the curried gravy with it—when the advance guard of the lame and the halt and the sick made its appearance. The cave's entrance became jammed with them, and no riot ever made more noise.

"Hakim! Ho, hakim! Where is the hakim who draws teeth? Where is the man who knows yunani?"

Ten men burst down the passage all together, all clamouring, and one man wasted no time at all but began to tear away bloody bandages to show his wound. The hardest thing now was to get and keep some kind of order, and for ten minutes Ismail and Darya Khan laboured, using threats where argument failed, and brute force when they dared. It was like beating mad hounds from off their worry. What established order at last was that King rolled up his sleeves and began, so that eagerness gave place to wonder.

The "Hills" are not squeamish in any one particular; so that the fact the cave became a shambles upset nobody. The surgeon's thrill that makes even half amateurs oblivious of all but the work in hand, coupled with the desperate need of winning this first trick, made King horror-proof; and nobody waiting for the next turn was troubled because the man under the knife screamed a little or bled more than usual.

When they died—and more than one did die—men carried them out and flung them over the precipice into the waterfall below.

Ismail and Darya Khan became choosers of the victims. They seized a man, laid him on the bed, tore off his disgusting bandages and held their breath until the awful resulting stench had more or less dispersed. Then King would probe or lance or bandage as he saw fit, using anaesthetics when he must, but managing mostly without them.

THEY almost flung money at him. Few of them asked what his fee would be. Those who had no money brought him shawls, and swords, and even clothing. Two or three brought old-fashioned fire-arms; but they were men who did not expect to live. And King accepted every gift without comment, because that was in keeping with the part he played. He tossed money and clothes and every other thing they gave him into a corner at the back of the cave, and nobody tried to steal them back, although a man suspected of honesty in that company would have been tortured to death as an heretic and would have had no sympathy.

For hour after gruesome hour he toiled over wounds and sores such as only battles and evil living can produce, until men began to come at last with fresh wounds, all caused by bullets, wrapped in bandages on which the blood had caked but had not grown foul.

"There has been fighting in the Khyber," somebody informed him, and he stopped with lancet in mid-air to listen, scanning a hundred faces swiftly in the smoky lamplight. There were ten men who held lamps for him, one of them a newcomer, and it was he who spoke.

"Fighting in the Khyber! Aye! We were a little lashkar, but we drove them back into their fort! Aye! we slew many!"

"Not a jihad yet?" King asked, as if the world might be coming to an end. The words were startled out of him. Under other circumstances he would never have asked that question so directly; but he had lost reckoning of everything but these poor devils' dreadful need of doctoring, and he was like a man roused out of a dream. If a holy war had been proclaimed already, then he was engaged on a forlorn hope. But the man laughed at him.

"Nay, not yet. Bull-with-a-beard holds back yet. This was a little fight. The jihad shall come later!"

"And who is 'Bull-with-a-beard'?" King wondered; but he did not ask that question because his wits were awake again. It pays not to be in too much of a hurry to know things in the "Hills."

As it happened, he asked no more questions, for there came a shout at the cave entrance whose purport he did not catch, and within five minutes after that, without a word of explanation, the cave was left empty of all except his own five men. They carried away the men too sick to walk and vanished, snatching the last man away almost before King's fingers had finished tying the bandage on his wound.

"Why is that?" he asked Ismail. "Why did they go? Who shouted?"

"It is night," Ismail answered. "It was time."

King stared about him. He had not realized until then that without aid of the lamps he could not see his own hand held out in front of him; his eyes had grown used to the gloom, like those of the surgeons in the sick-bays below the water line in Nelson's fleet.

"But who shouted?"

"Who knows? There is only one here who gives orders. We be many who obey," said Ismail.

"Whose men were the last ones?" King asked him, trying a new line.

"Bull-with-a-beard's."

"And whose man art thou, Ismail?"

The Afridi hesitated, and when he spoke at last there was not quite the same assurance in his voice as once there had been.

"I am hers! Be thou hers, too! But it is night. Sleep against the toil to-morrow. There be many sick in Khinjan."

KING made a little effort to clean the cave, but the task was hopeless. For one thing he was so weary that his very bones were water; for another, Ismail pretended to be equally tired, and when the suggestion that they should help was put to the others they claimed their izzat indignantly. Izzat and sharm (honour and shame) are the two scarcely distinguishable enemies of honest work, into whose teeth it takes both nerve and resolution to drive a Hillman at the best of times. Nerve King had, but his resolution was asleep. He was too tired to care.

He appointed them to two-hour watches, to relieve one another until dawn, and flung himself on a clean bed. He was asleep before his head had met the pillow; and for all he knew to the contrary he dreamed of Yasmini all night long.

It seemed to him that she came into the cave—she, the woman of the faded photograph the general had given him in Peshawur—and that the cave became filled with the strange intoxicating scent that had first wooed his senses in her reception room in Delhi.

He dreamed that she called him by name. First, "King sahib!" Then, "Kurram Khan!" And her voice was surprisingly familiar. But dreams are strange things.

"He sleeps!" said the same voice presently. "It is good that he sleeps!" And in his sleep he thought that a shadowy Ismail grunted an answer.

After that he was very sure in his dream that it was good to sleep, although a voice he did not recognize and that he was quite sure was a dream-voice, kept whispering to him to wake up and protect himself.

But the scent grew stronger, and he began to dream of cobras, that danced with a woman and struck at her so swiftly that she had to become two women in order to avoid them; and Rewa Gunga came and laughed at both and called them amateurs, so that the woman became enraged and drew a bronze-bladed dagger with a golden hilt.

Then intelligible dreams ceased altogether, and he slept like a dead man, but with a vague suggestion ever with him that Yasmini was not very far away, and that she was interested in him to a point that was actually embarrassing. It was like the ether-dream he once dreamt in a hospital.

When he awoke at last it was after dawn, and light shone down the passage into his cave.

"Ismail!" he shouted, for he was thirsty. But there was no answer.

"Darya Khan!"

Again there was no answer. He called each of the other men by name with the same result.

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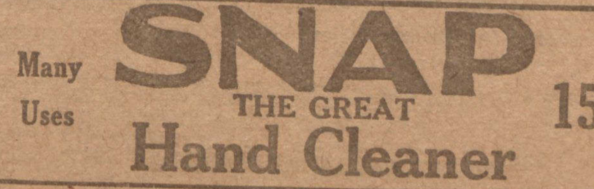

He got up and realized then for the first time that he had not undressed himself the night before. His head felt heavy, and although he did not believe he had been drugged, there was a scent he half-recognized that permeated the cave, and even overcame the dreadful atmosphere that the sick of yesterday had left behind. He decided to go to the cave mouth, summon his men, who were no doubt sleeping as he had done, sniff the fresh air outside and come back to try the scent again; he would know then whether his nose were deceiving him.

But there was no Ismail near the entrance—no Darya Khan—nor any of the other men. The horse was gone. So was the mule. So was the harness, and everything he had, except the drugs and instruments and the presents the sick had given him; he had noticed all those still lying about in confusion when he woke.

"Ismail!" he shouted at the top of his lungs, thinking they might all be outside.

He heard a man hawk and spit, close to the entrance, and went out to see. A man whom he had never seen before leaned on a magazine rifle and eyed him as a tiger eyes its prey.

"No farther!" he growled, bringing his rifle to the port.

"Why not?" King asked him.

"Allah! When a camel dies in the Khyber do the kites ask why? Go in!"

He thought then of Yasmini's bracelet, that had always gained him at least civility from every man who saw it. He held up his left wrist and knew that instant why it felt uncomfortable. The bracelet had disappeared!

He turned back into the cave to hunt for it, and the strange scent greeted him again. In spite of the surrounding stench of drugs and filthy wounds, there was no mistaking it. If it had been her special scent in Delhi, as Saunders swore it was, and her special scent on the note Darya Khan had carried down the Khyber, then it was hers now, and she had been in the cave.

He hunted high and low and found no bracelet. His pistol was gone, too, and his cartridges, but not the dagger, wrapped in a handkerchief, under his shirt. The money, that his patients had brought him, lay on the floor untouched. It was an unusual robber who had robbed him.

At least once in his life (or he were not human, but an angel) it dawns on a man that he has done the unforgivable. It dawns on most men oftener than once a week. So men learn sympathy.

"I should have been awake to change the guard every two hours!" he admitted, sitting on the bed. "I wouldn't hesitate to shoot another man for that—or for less!"

He let the thought sink in, until the very lees of shame tasted like ashes in his mouth. Then, being what he was,—and there are not very many men good enough to shoulder what lay ahead of him—he set the whole affair behind him as part of the past and looked forward.

"Who's 'Bull-with-a-beard'?" he wondered. "Nobody interfered with me until I doctored his men. He's in opposition. That's a fair guess. Now, who in thunder—by the fat lord Harry—can 'Bull-with-a-beard' be? And why fighting in the Khyber so early as all this? And why does 'Bull-with-a-beard,' whoever he is, hang back?"

CHAPTER X.

THEY came and changed the guard two hours after dawn, to the accompaniment of a lot of hawking and spitting, orders growled through the mist, and the crash of rifle-butts grounding on the rock-path. King went to the cave entrance, to look the new man over; but because he was in Khinjan, and Khinjan in the "Hills," where indirectness is the key to information, he stood for a while at gaze, listening to the thunder of tumbling water and looking at the cliff-edge six feet away that was laid like a knife in the ascending mist.

Out of the corner of his eye he noticed that the new man was a Mahsudi—no sweeter to look at and no less treacherous for the fact. Also, that he had boils all over the back of his neck. He was not likely to be better tempered because of that fact, either. But it is an ill wind that blows no good to the Secret Service.

"There is an end to everything," he remarked presently, addressing the world at large, or as much as he could see of it through the cave mouth. "A hill is so high, a pool so deep, a river so wide. How long, for instance, must thy watch be?"

"What is that to thee?" the fellow growled.

"There is an end to pain!" said King, adjusting his horn-rimmed spectacles. "I lanced a man's boils last night, and it hurt him, but he must be well to-day."

"Get in!" growled the guard. "She says it is sorcery! She says none are to let thee touch them!"

Plainly, he was in no receptive mood; orders had been spat into his hairy ear too recently.

"Get in!" he growled, lifting his rifle-butt as if to enforce the order.

"I can heal boils!" said King, retiring into the cave. Then, from a safe distance down the passage, he added a word or two to sink in as the hours went by.

"It is good to be able to bend the neck without pain and to rest easily at night! It is good not to flinch at another's touch. Boils are bad! Healing is easy and good!"

THEN, since a quarrel was the very last thing he was looking for, he retired into his own gloomy quarters at the rear, taking care to sit so that he could see and overhear what passed at the entrance. Among other things in the course of the day he noticed that the watch was changed every four hours and that there were only three men in the guard, for the same man was back again that evening.

At intervals throughout the day Yasmini sent him food by silent messengers; so he ate, for "the thing to do," says Cocker, "is the first that comes to hand, and the thing not to do is worry." It is not easy to worry and eat heartily at one and the same time. Having eaten, he rolled up his sleeves and native-made cotton trousers and proceeded to clean the cave. After that he overhauled his stock of drugs and instruments, repacking them and making ready against opportunity.

"As I told that heathen with a gun there, there's an end to everything!" he reflected. "May this come soon!"

When they changed the guard that afternoon he had grown weary of his own company and of fruitless speculation and was pacing up and down. The second guard proved even less communicative than the first, up to the point when, to lessen his ennui, King began to whistle. Because a Secret Service man must be consistent, the tune was not English, but a weird minor one to which the "Hills" have set their favourite love song (that is, all about hate in the concrete!)

(To be continued.)

No Time For a Loaf.

Some time ago, when a local corps was reviewed by Sir Ian Hamilton, one officer was mounted on a horse that had previously distinguished itself in a bakery business. Somebody recognized the horse, and shouted, "Baker!" The horse promptly stopped dead, and nothing could urge it on.

The situation was getting painful when the officer was struck with a brilliant idea, and remarked, "Not to-day, thank you." The procession then moved on.—Weekly Telegraph.

Storiettes

THE conductor of the London motor bus now and again seizes a great occasion. It was a dark night, and a lady, laden with many parcels, boarded the bus. She was carrying an electric torch, and, not being used to the instrument, found difficulty in extinguishing it. Again and again she tried, meanwhile sending dazzling flashes in all directions, now on to some fellow-traveller and anon through the window or the open door. At last the conductor could stand it no longer. "For 'eaven's sike, mum," he exclaimed, "put it awy, or we'll be arrested. Copper'll take us for a 'Un tank."

Awful Thought.

Favourite foods that mother used to make were the topic of conversation at the boarding house table. After numerous interchanges came a lull. Then a callow youth, whom bashfulness usually kept silent, broke it with this bombshell.

"D—d—did any of you ever eat sauerkraut with whipped cream on it?"

A Logical Conclusion.

"Did you really call this gentleman an old fool last night?" said the judge severely.

The prisoner tried hard to collect his thoughts.

"The more I look at him the more likely it seems that I did," he replied.

Unkind.

Author — Some of my brightest thoughts come when I am asleep.

Editor—Your great trouble is insomnia.—N. Y. Times.

Why It Failed.

A certain chemist advertised a patent concoction labeled: "No more colds! No more coughs! Price 1s. 1½d."

A man who bought the mixture came back in three days to complain that he had drunk it all, but was no better.

"Drunk it all!" gasped the chemist. "Why, man, that was an india-rubber solution to put on the soles of your boots."—Tit-Bits.

Never Again.

A recruiting sergeant stationed in the south of Ireland met Pat and asked him to join the army. The latter refused, whereupon the sergeant asked his reason for refusing.

"Aren't the King and the Kaiser cousins?" asked Pat.

"Yes," said the recruiting sergeant.

"Well," said Pat, "begorra, I once interfered in a family squabble, and I'm not going to do so again."—Chicago News.

Her Turn.

Smith got married. The evening of his first pay-day he gave his bride fourteen dollars of the fifteen-dollar salary and kept only a dollar for himself.

But the second pay-day Smith gave his wife one dollar and kept fourteen dollars himself.

"Why, John," she cried, in injured tones, "how on earth do you think I can manage for a whole week on a paltry dollar?"

"Darned if I know," he answered. "I had a rotten time myself last week. It's your turn now."—Topeka State Journal.

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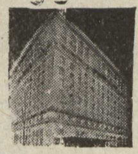

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