

CANADIAN COURIER

Vol. XXII. No. 14

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September 1, 1917



Photograph by Edith Watson

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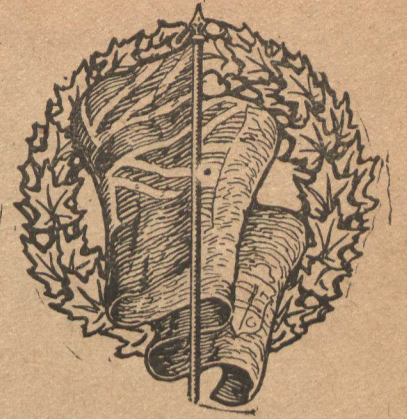
NATIONAL SHOP WINDOW



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

BACK TO THE PITCHFORK AGAIN

SOMEWHERE, somehow, there is some farmer who needs a man about my heft and build for something or other.

I don't know who he is, or where he is, or just exactly what he wants to do with me. But I'm going to have a guess or two. Of course when he sees me he may conclude that I'm not the man he wants at all, and I may be sent to finish my holidays in empty-headed Muskoka. But I rather think we shall be very much together, some crinkle-headed, hard-fisted coon with a mussy moustache and a hundred acres, twenty-five of it oats, twenty fall wheat—barley and hay, it being all in now, will not concern me. I don't expect him to like me. All I expect of him is plenty of hard work, long hours, good wages, square meals and a comfortable bed all to myself. The moment I find myself sleeping with any other hired man I shall go to the haymow, and in the morning be found wanting on that farm.

In the flurry of the wheat I shall forget the sanctum. And I may revise my ideas about farming, because it's some years now since I had the privilege of pitching sheaves on to a waggon—the one thing in this life that I never had any doubt that I knew how to do up to a hundred per cent. efficiency, and compared to the average farmer about 120.

I am yearning just now to go at that wheat. Two fields back from the barn on its knoll I can see long rows of shocks brown and wind-beaten and dry, just waiting for me. The farmer—call him Moses—will leave it to me what part of the job I prefer; also he will exempt me from swilling hogs, currying horses and cleaning out stables. I am to become a sheaf expert. For the ten days I am to be on that farm I expect to do nothing but sling sheaves, driving the team on the rope-end of the slings at the barn, mowing away and pitching on. If the farmer has another hired man and two waggons all the better. But I am dreaming of two teams, two waggons and another man with either a boy or a woman to drive the team at the barn. That leaves me in the field along with the oats, jug and the dog, all day long, out where the breezes blow, among the long brown lines of the shocks that ultimately go up into the racks of the waggons at a rate of speed never known in those parts. For the first day I shall wear old gloves to ward off blisters. The second day I shall have the kinks out of my back and shoulders by noon. By the third day I shall be up to top speed.

PITY those teamsters and loaders! They will trot their horses in the lane so as to give me no time to rest, and the man in the mow will be busier than any pup at a root he ever saw. They are out to bush me; to send me panting and tuckered and dizzy to the shade of the big hickory where the water-jug is, there to lie flat on my back till a bumble-bee from his clover-side nest nearby crawls up my overalls.

How Different It All Was From What Is Set Down Here Will Be Told in a Coming Issue



By THE EDITOR
Illustrated by T. W. McLean

But they do not know me. They imagine that a man who works with a lead pencil and typewriter and who used to be a farmer in the days when they bound all the sheaves by hand and cradled around the stumps, is some sort of agricultural joke. Twenty years and more ex-farming has taken the tuck out of him. Out among the wheat-shocks or the oat-shocks he will crumple up like a loose bag of sand and ask to have his wages reduced because he finds he is not up to the scratch.

Hence I am aching to demonstrate. I shall begin my first day without a word of warning to the man who loads the sheaves. He will think I act a bit awkward; that I do not know gee from haw and have not gumption enough to know which end of the waggon he wants the sheaves first. I shall not disillusion him. I am to surprise him. If he begins

to load with a fork I shall not tell him that every good loader uses his hands and kneels down to the job. If he takes too long adjusting the ropes under each lift I shall pretend I am jolly well glad of the rest while he is doing it. I may even sit down by the next shock. And by no means shall I have a sheaf poised upon high waiting to whop it on before the horses are stopped.

No, that farmer is to have no premonitions that I am a sheaf expert incog. He is to have the privilege of teaching me. When he growls that I am not putting the sheaves up the way he wants them I am to ask him,

"Kind sir, which way do you mean and I shall try to oblige you."

UP at the barn I shall fumble about the horses with the same mental detachment I am supposed to show getting into a taxi—whenever I am able to afford such a thing. I won't pretend to know the off horse from the nigh, or whether the tugs are wrong when they are hooked up with a twist, or that the neckyoke has no business being hitched to the bits. I am as likely as not to water the horses when they are hot and to advise feeding them oats before we go into dinner. I shall carefully refrain from talking about crops, of which I know nothing, and confine myself to conscription, of which I really know less. If the farmer's wife asks me about music in the evening I shall not pretend that her piano is not out of tune, and that I gloat over rag-time; but talk to her about operas and sonatas and great musicians I have met. I shall act as though I miss my napkin at the table, shall insist on wearing my coat at every meal, even though I leave off my collar and tie. I shall decline to "reach to and help myself," and shall insist on passing the butter to Madam first. I shall be wistful about eating both apple-sauce and apple-pie for dinner, apple-sauce and canned cherries for supper, and on the pretext of

meatless days I shall take but one meal on pork every day, knowing quite well that day by day it will be the same pig. Going to bed I shall, of course, on no account, pull off my boots in the kitchen, but wear them to my bed-room and leave the chaff on the rag carpet; and in the morning I shall shave myself before I dress and expect to wash in the bath-room instead of in the family tin basin down at the kitchen stoop—knowing, alas! that there is no bath-room.

For two days until I get my second wind I shall maintain this sophisticated dignity. Then about ten o'clock of the third day off goes my mask. What happens back in that field of shocks? My first is a pair of sheaves heaved up at once just for a starter. In six whops a shock is up in nine seconds, and before the waggon is up to the next shock I have two, perhaps three, sheaves in the air ready to lam that farmer before the horses stop. If he growls I am too busy to hear him. If he swears I pay no

THE EXPLOSION *at* RIGAUD, P. Q.



The Curtiss and Haney high explosive plant, finest of its kind in Canada, almost a total wreck from the explosion on August 18.

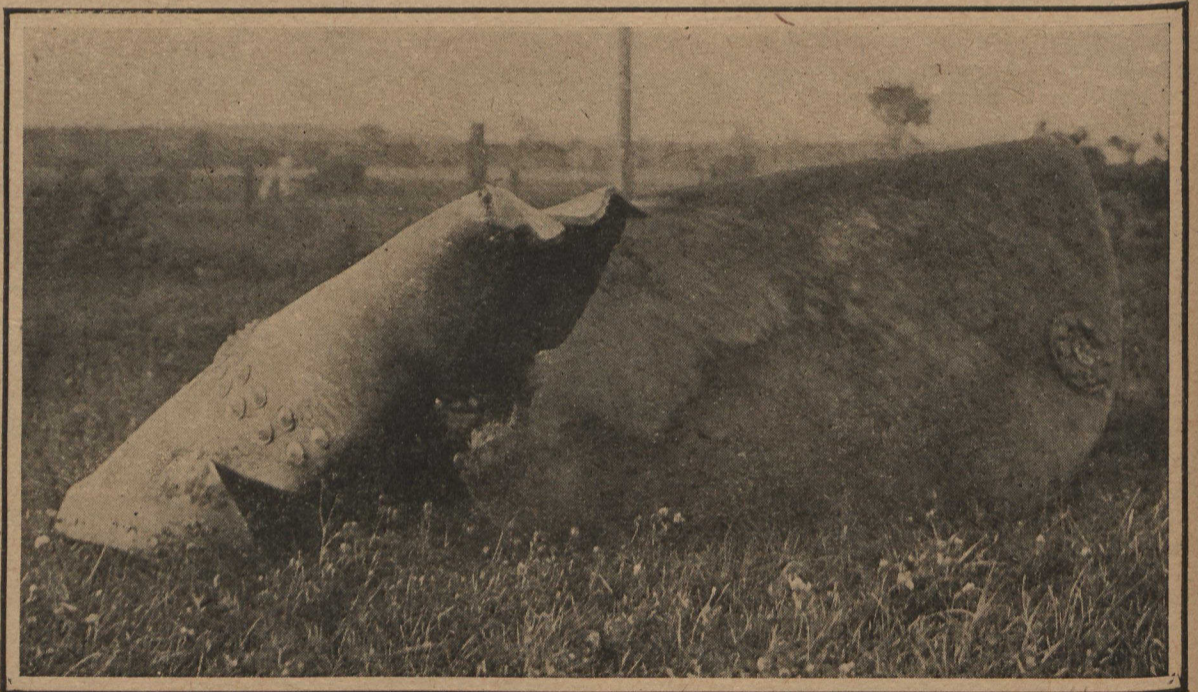
heed. If he rolls sheaves down on me I slam them back in Ty Cobb style. By middle of the load-on he will be a half-buried farmer, spluttering to find words to tell me what he thinks about me. If the horses don't step up lively I shall bat the off horse on the rump with the fork and tell him to whoa-gee, calling him a son of a sea-cook.

But it will be reserved for the hired man who skins the contemptuous eye like a balky horse, the man who poofs at me because he thinks I am a mere consumer from the city and only a producer by proxy—for him, the real unveiling of myself. That person with hair on his chest and the tobacco-quid in his chops is to be handed those sheaves four at a lick. Each shock will go up at just three lifts. He gets the first four sheaves before the waggon stops, the second just as he is staggering to grab the first, and the third just as the horses move on again. By the time the load is half on the sheaves will be going up so fast that the waggon will never stop once across the field, except where a sheaf rolls off behind. When the load is on it will look like a cross section of a brush fence and very much more tidy than the man at the top, who will be swearing at me when I don't notice him or merely say,

"Don't mention it, old chap. Perhaps you'd better get some one to help you."

That third day will tucker me out. By bedtime I shall be as limp as a rag, but shall pretend to be much interested in my regular copy of the daily paper so that I may vent my latest opinion about the muddle at Ottawa; when all the while I feel as though I am needing a therapeutic massage and an operation for appendicitis. I shall go to bed not caring whether I wake in the morning or not. After that those farmers will ask my advice about what to do next. I shall be even invited to help harness the horses. In the cool of the evening, while the crickets chime in the grand rhythm of the see-saw, buckety-rav all together, the boss, the hairy hired man and myself will lie in the orchard munching harvest apples while the hired man begs me to tell him the story of my life and how such a great brain came to forsake the farm for the paths of human enlightenment. If I stay in the settlement long enough I shall be asked to make my sanctum the town office of the Farmers' Institute. Some day, when those farmers need a real representative at Ottawa, they will send for me to run for Parliament.

In the meantime I am packing my grip and taking a fond look at my lily-white hands.



This section of 3.4-inch steel tank, weighing between 3 and 4 tons, was carried half a mile.

High Explosives Outburst.

Saturday, August 18. Fifteen successive explosions. Loss, probably \$2,000,000. At least one killed.

Plant almost totally destroyed.

Dragon village shattered.

Houses destroyed a mile away.

Final blast heard 30 miles.

Due to chemical reaction, says Vice-President of Company.



Building wrecked half a mile distant.

FOUR PLACE-POEMS
IN
RURAL QUEBEC

Photographs by Edith Watson

THE
UNWRITTEN BOND

By ULRIC BARTHE

IN the present turmoil of conflicting opinions and battle cries, when the two neighbouring and sister provinces of Ontario and Quebec look as armed camps fronting each other, it would seem to the ordinary bystander as if both sides were actually preparing to come to blows. The object of the present communication is to show that all such wild talk of civil war is nothing but empty noise, and in this the writer expects to represent the views of the most clear-sighted observers of history and current events. Addressing English-speaking readers, he would urge them to dispel from their minds any too pessimistic view of the situation in Quebec.

If they ask me why I don't believe in the disastrous consequences of such clamorous threats of racial clash, my answer is: Because a break between us is a natural, physical impossibility. And why is it impossible? Because, above all our visible differences and dissensions, there exists between the two pioneer races of Canada an invisible, spiritual parentage which is even superior to blood relationship. It is an unwritten bond, the uniting of which is beyond human power. May be it is unconscious, but it is there all the same. I take my text from the inspiring speech delivered by Sir Lomer Gouin before the Bonne Entente delegates assembled in Toronto, in January last, when he said: "Nature, history and Providence alike proclaim our brotherhood. . . . We are destined by Providence to live together; we must, whether we like it or not." Can there be real enmity between the two races which for over one century and a half have sprinkled the soil of Canada with their sweat, and very often with their blood? Working together, side by side, they have toiled to colonize Ontario, Quebec and the Maritime Provinces, to aggrandize and enrich their common patrimony, and to create and consolidate this great Confederation. Could any divergence of opinion on passing events obliterate such an enduring fraternity, which has stood the test of one hundred and fifty-seven years.

Of course, during that long term of co-partnership, we have had our household troubles and struggles. Very often we agreed to disagree; there have been occasional cases of incompatibility of temper, which in certain countries is considered a legal cause for divorce—but not with us. On the contrary, every one of our fights was followed by a step forward, towards Canadian unity. As a French poet said: "c'est du choc des esprits que jaillit la lumiere": from the clashing of ideas springs out the flashing of light.

Once or twice, while we were thus quarrelling, our neighbours to the South thought it was the right time for them to interfere and to proffer their good services to one of the antagonists. The effect was magic; just the same as what happened to the kind-hearted and well intentioned neighbour who, in one of Moliere's immortal comedies, ventured to poke his nose in the middle of a matrimonial scramble—both man and wife at once joined hands and sticks on his back and gave him strong and striking reasons wherefore he should in the future mind his own business. In many other instances, during the last century, our apparent disunion on political and social subjects resulted in closer union. The more we advance, the older we grow, and the deeper our national family tree buries and entangles its sinewy roots in the solid subsoil of Canada.

Let us be candid. Whatever may be our differences of language, faith, temper, traditions and habits, however much all that may suggest a state of mutual distrust, disdain, and even hatred, in the bottom of our heart we entertain more affection and better appreciation for each other than would appear from the grouchy tone of our every day colloquials. In our moments of dispassion, we take real pleasure in recognizing in each other certain sterling qualities which we have inherited from our respective origin, and which so strikingly differentiate the genius of the French and English races. Evolution works on, and unconsciously or not we help it.

At all events, there is a sure thing. We may quarrel, vituperate and vociferate against each other to our heart's content, we may divide sharply as to the best means to attain a common object in view. All this is nothing but intermittent convulsions against the irresistible trend of evolution, nothing that can ever undo the work of generations, nothing but surface squalls the violence of which can never unroot the dear old Canadian tree which we have planted together. Therein lies the best guarantee of Canadian unity.



Who says wash-day is blue Monday in Quebec?



Now listen to the artists rave about these two cottage scenes: The Roly-Poly Churn and the Girl with the Water-Yoke.



And how would you like to have any half dozen of these Quebec-made rugs for a den?

MEN, WOMEN AND EVENTS



BARON SONNINO, recently a visitor to London, is still the trusted Foreign Minister of Italy. It was this uncompromising old patriot who upset the von Buelow corruption campaign in Rome.

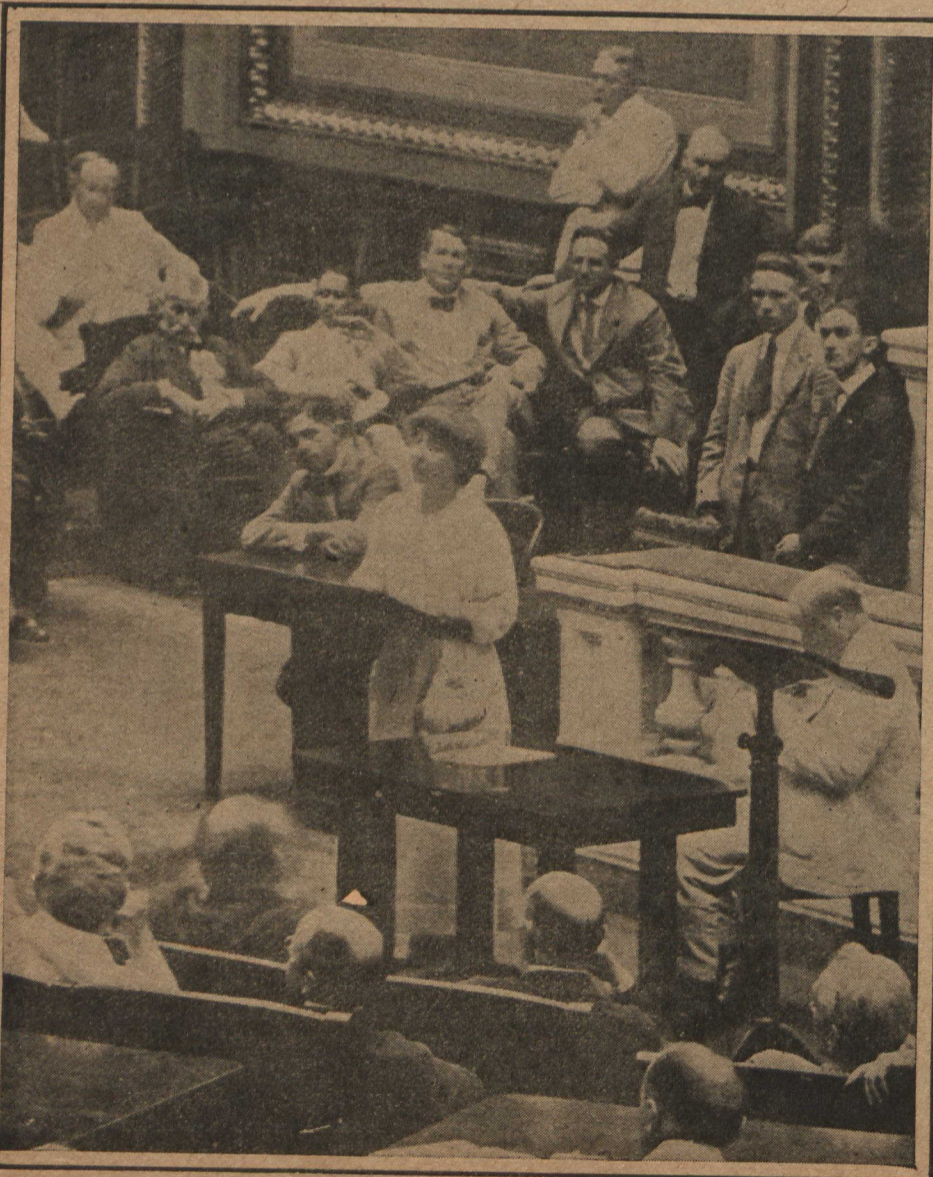


WHEN Thomas Nash heard the skirl of the 48th Highlanders' bagpipes in New York, his Jap blood roused within him. He decided to enlist with an Irish-Canadian regiment. His mother is an Irish-American.



MRS. ANN WILLING ASTOR, first wife of the late John Jacob, is more beautiful than most actresses who pose for the camera. Apart from this enchantment of delicate lineaments and lovely gowns, she is now engaged in London in war relief work. Since being here, it is rumoured that she has had several offers of marriage from English nobility; but all offers have so far been made in vain.

SINCE the deposition of the Czar, Russia holds the record for shuffling officials into the discard. There is not a cabinet minister or a high-commanding officer left who was conspicuous when the war began. The fortress of Peter and Paul contains enough celebrated prisoners to fill a large drawing-room. There is talk of sending the Czar and Czarina to Siberia. And Baron Heykling, former Russian Consul-General in London, married to a charming young woman, has been recalled to Petrograd.



THAT "the female of the species is more deadly than the male" has its latest proof in the Russian Legion of Death, the battalion of Russian women who have been fighting Germans on the east front. Each of these women carries a ration of cyanide of potassium in her knapsack, preferring death to German captivity. The leader of this remarkable group of Amazons is Mdme. Botchkaler, who is here shown wearing several medals for bravery. German soldiers do not care to encounter these soldieresses. The German officer is so proverbially chivalrous that whenever he comes within range of the L. of D. he puts his hand to his heart and says to the C. O.: "Kind madam, Kamerad! Do not take your cyanide of potassium. Kill yourself with my revolver and let me have the poison. We need it."

FIRST speech ever made by a Congress-woman in Congress is hereby photographed. Miss Jeannette Rankin, elected from Montana, waited a good while before facing Congress. When war was declared, on April 2, she voted for war, but was led from the House in tears. She is here seen talking to Congress, while a large percentage of the summer session male members look as though they would like to curl up in their seats and go to sleep. She had intended, she said, to give them a Montana breeze on woman suffrage, but decided that they needed more enlightenment on the copper question. She said that labour agitators were making so much trouble in Arizona and Montana that the Government ought to commandeer the mines; and she moved a resolution to that effect.



The LONG TRAIL of CANADIAN LAW

Story of the alleged Eskimo murderers at Coppermine, in the Arctic Circle, covering four years of time and over 5,000 miles of space, comes to a head in a Trial at Edmonton

Written from notes and photographs supplied en route.

By ELIZABETH BAILEY PRICE

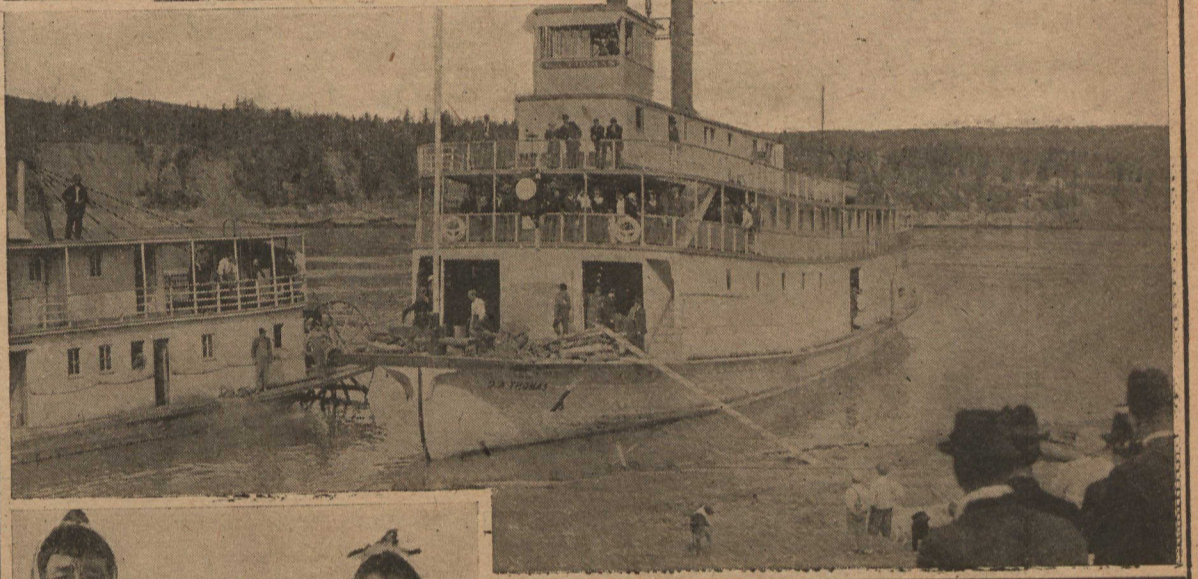
FOUR years ago about now two priests were killed by Eskimos 2,200 miles north of Edmonton. What they expected to accomplish by converting this tribe of Copper Eskimos in the region of the Coppermine River is not known. But the priests were a long way from home and they must have had strange sensations when, for some reason or other, they found themselves among a hostile band in such an outlandish place. Only by recalling what these priests, Fr. Leroux and Fr. Rouvier may have felt like in that primeval copper country on the edge of the Great Barren Grounds of Great Bear Lake can we get the counter-idea of what the alleged murderers, Sinnisiak and Ulusuk felt like when, a few weeks ago, after a year's journey "up South," they found themselves in the clattering city of Edmonton, with more people on one street corner than can be found in a whole Coppermine camp of Eskimos.

The Copper tribe are the furthest north Eskimos in the world. Steffansen met them once and swapped them guns and powder for furs. Odd glimpses of these caribou-hunters have been got now and then by an explorer crossing the Great Bear. The nearest Indians to these "huskies" are the Yellow-Knives, said to have got their name from their big copper knives. When asked where they got their knives, they have explained—from the Eskimos eastward, of whom they are afraid; because these Eskimos are said to have retained the art of tempering copper sufficiently to make a blade, useful for skinning caribou. The copper, remember, of the Coppermine district, is small mountains of almost "free" metal, and these Eskimos live among it.

They are a very backward tribe, still using bows and arrows, with occasional guns; depending on the caribou for existence; a simple, hospitable and happy people in no great need of conversion. Their regard for human life is, as may be easily understood, the grim principle that Darwin expounded, the survival of the physically fittest. All the old people who cannot keep up on the trail are left to perish. Babies born while on the hunt for caribou are left in the snow to die, as the women are on a par with the men and do their share of hunting and packing, and a nursing child weakens the mother.

Only imagination can realize what a crude, cruel country of copper and caribou, of magic and midnight suns, produces the primitive life of these Eskimos, and therefore how courageous must have been the two priests who went among them. Fascinating books could be written about the country of the Coppermine, which is as full of legends and miracle ideas as the barren grounds swarm with caribou; and just above this land, on its very edge, is the land of the mysterious musk-ox.

THE killing of the priests was in 1913. News of the event got out to the nearest police post in 1915, because the Coppermine region is the most remote and inaccessible region inhabited by anybody in this country. A patrol party consisting of Inspector La Nauze and Constable Wight outfitted and started for the Coppermine as soon as possible. Their instructions were to find the probable murderers and bring them to Edmonton, 2,200 miles about as the crow flies. The party went as far as Fort Norman on the Mackenzie, before starting on the real outpost party of the journey. Here they let the boat go on "down North" to the mouth of the Mackenzie, sending word to the police just at Herschell Island that Corporal Bruce, stationed there at the whaling post, should proceed from there to the Coppermine and meet them at such-and-so a point. Somewhere ten



Sinnisiak and Ulusuk sawing wood at Herschell Island to keep themselves in condition for the rest of the journey.

D. A. Thomas, the boat that brought the party down from Herschell Island to Peace River.

The Eskimos shed their native caribou-skin togs when they got into the chinook belt on the way "up south."

At Peace River barracks, left to right: Patsy, Eskimo half-breed witness; the two prisoners; Koeha, another witness, and Inisiak, interpreter.



route they picked up the Eskimo interpreter.

The trip by either route is a desperate business. Only once a year do the Indians from the eastward end of Great Bear Lake get out to Fort Norman with canoe-loads of dried caribou and skins. Then the short summer of midnight suns slinks away, perhaps in an August blizzard, as sometimes happens, into the long winter of snow. The caribou are back from the Arctic. The camps are frozen again. The great lake that never gets warm freezes in early autumn. The whole world in that country goes into winter camp in early October. The Eskimos go abroad to hunt the musk-ox. Travel there is by dogs and sleds. Only the most intrepid explorers and the police ever dream of travelling there in winter. The patrol party to the Coppermine kept on its way. We know little or nothing—only the matter-of-fact R.N.W.M.P. reports will tell in detail—of just how this long journey occupying just about a year, was made, via Great Bear and Dease Bay at its eastern end; or what sort of journey Corporal Bruce had from Herschell Island. If Jack London were alive he would make a 100,000-word story out of the thing.

All we know is that the party arrived at Coppermine Camp as per schedule; that they examined the tribe and sifting down the preliminary evidence, picked on Sinnisiak and Ulusuk as the men probably guilty. Without a shot fired or a handcuff, these men of Canadian law got their two men and two witnesses away from the band and began the year's journey via Herschell Island back to Edmonton.

There they arrived in the early part of August,

1917. By this time the Eskimos had travelled further than they had ever dreamed they could, and still stay upon the earth; away out, and up South by the frozen pack-trail and the roaring rivers, away from the last traces of the caribou and the copper lands, away from the midnight sun, out through queer, jostling trade-posts, beginning at Fort Norman; up and up into the Great Slave and the Lesser Slave and their chain of posts among the many tribes of Indians; up into the Peace River country as the Spring broke and the rivers ran again.

Sixty miles north of Fort Vermilion the boat on her one round-trip to Herschell Island was met by a party from Edmonton, of whom one was the lady whose notes and photographs form the basis of this description. Another long, dazzling journey and Sinnisiak and Ulusuk were at Athabasca Landing, where they met the queer thing known as a railway. Here they found the first train they had ever seen; such speed and noise and confusion as never they had known to exist in the world. This Athabasca Landing—big city—was surely the place where they were to answer all the questions. But no; a hundred miles further—Edmonton!

Great Aurora Borealis! what a place! No wonder Ulusuk and Sinnisiak, out of their caribou skin togs by now, clung to the police. So many strange people, worse than Athabasca, worse than all the trading-posts put together; such a clatter of big trolleys pulled by nothing; such queer motor-cars propelled by God knew what; such high walls and hot, dizzy streets. They gasped in bewilderment and said it

was most surely the uttermost end of all the earth. They had now seen more people than ever they had thought God had made; more numerous, it seemed to them, than the countless herds of the caribou. Eheu! and the languages were such as no tongue from Eskimo-land could possess. And then the trial; one of the strangest that ever took place in the North. These were the first Eskimos that ever got through to Edmonton.

Here in this story of new-world sensations we are reduced to the petty dimensions of a newspaper despatch—always such a wise, matter-of-fact thing. This is what the thousands of strange people read about the thing that happened four years ago up in the Coppermine:

Edmonton, Aug. 16.—The feature of the murder trial of the two Eskimos, Sinnisiak and Ulusuk, yesterday was the confession which was put in evidence by the Crown prosecutor, C. C. McCaul, K.C. It was made by Sinnisiak. He said that he was at the Coppermine River, and that Father Leroux asked him to pull his sleigh and he would pay him in traps. Both he and Ulusuk, the other accused, gave their aid. The next day, while they were still helping, it was storming and they lost the road. The two Eskimos found a cache, and were looking at it when the priests came. Father Leroux was angry, said the confession, and when asked if he was going to kill them, nodded his head. After some further quarrelling they became frightened, and Sinnisiak stabbed the priest in the back with a knife and Ulusuk finished him. Father Rouviere, the narrative continues, ran away, and Sinnisiak took the rifle from the sleigh and shot the fleeing priest, and with the aid of an axe and a knife they both killed him. They then cut up the bodies, eating the liver.

HOW THE WAR LOOKS NOW

THE fighting at the northern end of the western front has broken out again with great severity and with the now familiar tale of Allied successes and of German reverses. It will be remembered that the attack, interrupted by the weather, was brought over a front of twenty miles, or from Dixmude to the bank of the River Lys. The area seems to have been divided between the British and the French, the British operating from Bixshoote to Warneton on the River Lys, and the French operating to the north from Dixmude to Bixshoote. The rains called a halt to the engagement until August 10, when a fresh attack was brought along the whole length of the line. At the moment of writing, on August 17, we learn that the French have crossed the Steenbeke River and have captured all their objectives, and that the British have taken Langemarck, five miles north-east of Ypres. In spite of the reticences of the British and French bulletins we need have no doubt that the present battle is of a much more critical nature than any of the battles that have preceded it. It is intended to have decisive characteristics that these have lacked. The bombardments have been of unprecedented severity and duration. A French army was moved up to the British left, and there must have been peculiar reasons for such a participation as this at a time when the French armies in the south are supposed to be hard pressed to hold their own. Everything seems to point to a supreme effort to expel the German armies from France.

I believe we are on the point of witnessing a German retirement on a large scale, and that we should already have witnessed it but for two difficulties that have caused hesitation on the part of the German commanders. The first is the effect upon public opinion at home, and perhaps this is the more pressing of the two. The German public was persuaded that the great Hindenburg retreat was a piece of strategy of so subtle a nature as to amount to a victory, that it brought an ultimate German triumph within measurable distance, and that it imposed upon the Allies an embarrassment of the gravest kind. How far this persuasion was real may be a matter of doubt. German newspapers reflect little save the wishes of officialism, but it is probable that the public was more or less convinced that the Hindenburg retreat was actually a "retreat to victory." But they must know better by this time as they witness the persistence of the

Coryn predicts a German retirement on a large scale, and very quickly. The effect upon public opinion in Germany being a large factor in its delay. The only other alternative to such a retirement will be a German disaster that will surpass anything in history.

By SIDNEY CORYN
Written Especially for the Canadian Courier

attack and the resolution with which the Allied forces have moved eastward. It might be impossible similarly to explain another retreat, and especially at a time when the outspoken utterances of popular leaders such as Maximilien Harden show how rudely the confidence of the public has been shaken. If the German armies were now to fall back to the Belgian frontier—and it is quite likely that they will fall back further than this—it would undoubtedly increase the gloom of the German public, and intensify the restlessness of which we have recently seen such remarkable evidences, and this is hardly a prospect to which the German leaders can look forward with equanimity. None the less a decision will have soon to be made. There must be some desperately hard fighting before a German retreat becomes compulsory, or before the danger of outflanking becomes imminent, but a retreat of this kind can not be carried out during a battle. It can not be done under actual pressure. Nor would it be confined to the area under immediate attack. It would be measured by scores of miles, and possibly by hundreds. Every part of the line is sensitive to the events on all other parts. It is impossible to say precisely what measure of Allied success in the present battle would involve an extensive retirement of the German lines, assuming that it was then possible to effect a retirement, but it is obvious that a relatively small advance on the part of the British and the French armies would have the effect of outflanking the German lines to the south and compelling their withdrawal. And it is hard to resist the conviction that the necessity for such a retirement is pressing hard on the minds of the German commanders.

But there is another difficulty, and a purely military one, and one that goes far to explain the persist-

ence of the German attacks upon the French forces in the south, around Craonne, on the Chemin des Dames, and at Moronvilliers. These are commanding positions, and especially the position at Moronvilliers. If the Germans are meditating a retirement in Flanders and along the line of the Hindenburg line it is of pre-eminent importance that they should guard themselves from an attack by the French on what would then be the left flank of their retreating forces. Their moving armies would then be most vulnerable to an assault from the Moronvilliers plateau, and in fact from the whole French line running from Craonne eastward. The French position on this east and west line constitutes a grave danger to a German army moving eastward, a danger so great as to render almost impossible a retirement in the face of it. But with the Moronvilliers plateau in German hands, with the Germans dominant along the line westward from Moronvilliers, a retirement of the German lines to the northward could be carried out in relative safety from a flank attack. This seems to account for the fury with which the Crown Prince has been hurling his men to the assault of these positions, and the prodigality with which he expends the lives of his men for their capture. Unless he succeeds in his aim—and so far he has won none but the most transient of advantages—a retirement of the northern lines would be difficult and dangerous. They would inevitably be exposed to an attack from the south, and at a time when they would be in the worst of positions for a defence. If this view be a correct one, the German commanders are on the horns of a dilemma. If they hold on to their northern lines they are in danger of an outflanking movement in Flanders as a result of the present battle, and a successful outflanking movement would probably become a disastrous rout. If they retire in Flanders, and along the length of the Hindenburg line, they are in danger of an attack by the French on the southern extremity of their retiring army. Unless the Crown Prince is in a position to cover the retirement from the south by ejecting the French forces from their present commanding positions it would be extraordinarily dangerous to attempt such a retirement in the north. On the other hand the pressure of Haig's men is likely to be so severe as to threaten disaster unless the retirement be attempted in good time. And, as has been said, it will be too late to retire after the full pressure of battle has begun to make itself felt. The Germans

THE WORLD WAR and the ROAD TO PEACE

By FRANK CARRELL

Priest and Minister must work hand in hand to help to build up our foreign

are in the position of being compelled to retire to save themselves from an outflanking movement, and at the same time of being unable to retire because of the threat of the French upon their southern flank. This accounts for the energy of the German defence in the north and of the German attack in the south.

THESE seem to me to be the facts of the present situation so far as the west is concerned, and they are largely unaffected by anything that is happening in the east, or by anything that is likely to happen, short of a separate peace by Russia or a seizure by Germany of the Russian food stores. For this reason I find it hard to account for a certain pessimism as to the future of the war that has everywhere been apparent during the last few weeks. This pessimism is partly due to the reprehensible practice of certain persons in Washington who are in charge of the publicity departments, and who seem to select certain items of information to the exclusion of others, not because they are accurate in any representative way, but because of the effect that they will produce on the public mind. If the public mind is supposed to be over-confident, the evil can be remedied by some carefully assorted facts and opinions. If the public mind is despondent, it is easy to make another assortment of facts and opinions that shall serve as a stimulant. For example, within the last few weeks we have been told with much show of authority, official and otherwise, that the submarine campaign will prove fatal to the Allies before the end of next year unless something can be done in the meantime. Seeing that the German experts, Captain Persius for example, are telling their auditors that they must place no sanguine hopes upon the submarine it is hard to understand why American authorities should adopt a view so much more gloomy, even with the laudable object of hastening the building of American ships. The end of next year is a long way off. The submarine depredations are sharply, although not yet conclusively, checked. American aid in the way of shipbuilding is taking a practical and hopeful form, while Germany herself for the past two years has been suffering much more severely from the effect of the Allied blockade than the Allies themselves have yet had to suffer from the effects of the German submarine blockade. Then again we are suddenly favoured with a number of estimates of Germany's man power in the field, and of assurances that Germany is now stronger than she has ever been before in this respect. But there is a certain simultaneity about the appearance of these direful forecasts that is, to say the least of it, suspicious, and that suggests not so much a wish to communicate facts as to produce certain states of public opinion that are considered desirable. It is a bad practice, and especially bad for those parts of the country that are too far removed from the great centres to receive the antidote of public discussion as well as the poison of pronouncements that may not actually be false, but that none the less create a false impression.

There are still other assertions and arguments that are more insidious and of which one may very seriously question the good faith. These may be summarized by the one word "deadlock," and they usually emanate from those pretending to some measure of military knowledge. I have tried to deal with this on previous occasions and need not do so again, but we may remind ourselves that these arguments are based on the theory that the small territorial gains of the Allies that are recorded from week to week are insignificant in comparison with the extent of French and Belgian territory remaining in German hands, and therefore that we have reached a state of deadlock that must be broken by diplomacy and not by arms. I have tried to show on previous occasions that the Allied aim is not to push the Germans back yard by yard to their own frontier, but rather to produce such a strategical situation as to compel a general retirement, and that a gain of even half a mile might easily have that effect. As a matter of fact there is no deadlock nor the likelihood of one. On the contrary I believe that we are nearly certain to see a retirement, and very quickly, and that the alternative to such a retirement is a German disaster that will surpass anything of which history has any record.

FIFTY years ago one of the greatest obstacles to the cementing of the Eastern and Western dissenting bodies of Canadians, which finally lead to Confederation was transportation. Strange to say, we are now face to face with much the same problem, but the question is not being made as great a factor as it really is. To-day there seems to be a strong political division on the question of conscription. It has raised a cleavage of feeling particularly between two races, which, no doubt, will be bridged and settled in harmony, but there is still a sensitiveness lurking in the minds of the two races that make one suspicious of the other. This must not exist. It must be decimated before it is allowed to harbour all kinds of imaginative theories and fallacies.

After this war there will be another war for trade. Let us therefore arm to-day to meet the eventualities of a world commercial competition. Let us place our house in order for the coming strife. We are endowed with bountiful natural resources. Let us exert all our energies to make the best of them. This will never be consummated with internal turmoils and family quarrels about what? Look at the present dissenting question from any angle you like and you see politics the chief cause of all our troubles. The war has blinded many of our politicians—not statesmen, to the actual conditions and needs of the country. Both political parties are victims of rancour and bitterness, when Unity and Concord should be the watchword of all. This is no time for disagreement on political issues affecting the greatest conflict the world has ever known in a struggle for Freedom and Liberty.

What then will be the result of our present agitation at the capital City?

We think that out of the maelstrom or whirlpool of disaffection will come good. Out of the serious situation of disaffection of fifty years ago, came Confederation and ever since, Canadians have prospered and grown to nationhood under its good influence.

Out of the misunderstanding and adverse views and visions of the Canadians to-day there will come Unity and Concord of action. It must come! There is no other course for a healthy, prosperous and common sense nation to follow. Those who would wish anything else are not Canadians at heart. We all want peace at home and peace abroad. Let the two come together and then the trade war!

Every hope and aspiration of commercial instinct in every single Canadian, whether of French or English extraction, must be brought into play, in the East and West, to cultivate, mine, develop, and produce our many and varied natural resources for the world's markets.

Canada must assume its place in the affairs of the two hemispheres or it will have to retrograde. We have outgrown our childhood; we are entering maturity when our judgment must be keen, sound, and above all, we must work in Unity and Harmony. We want the West as much as it wants the East. There must be no division. With our natural resources we shall be capable of opening up trade and intercourse with all the markets of the world. From this Imperial move, it must be made plain to the French and English Canadians that we are Canadians first, last and always, and Imperialists next.

We must do business with the world as one people; our trade with the outside world will depend upon the extent of our Imperialism. We must not commit ourselves to any policy without being assured it is in our mutual benefit and interest. Our prosperity means the cordial relationship with our neighbors and friends. This question must be understood and brought home to every school boy and girl in the East and West. There must be no complex situation to lead to misunderstandings that cannot be immediately unravelled and solved. Everything must be plain and above suspicion. There must be no political divisions in a trade war that will enrich this Dominion. There must be no difference of opinion, no sectional or racial division.

trade, a different policy is required than the heresies of to-day which issue from men who have no business experience and, being unpractical, are supporting men who are preaching separation from Confederation and Independence. Such propagandas are not serious, and are misleading their more simple followers. There is not one Province in the Dominion that will not want to participate in the huge benefits to be derived by Canada taking her place among the nations of the world, trading with them and thereby converting our resources to such advantage that they will enrich every part of the Dominion. Any Province or section of Canada which through peevish political feelings, desires to educate its people into a state of trade stagnation, or, isolation, is not leading them along the course of unity of common interest, but is rather shaping them for the worst that can befall a Province or a nation by blinding them to their real true interests.

What then will help this great question to a quick and sure solution?

Good roads! More good roads, and still more good roads!

The transportation problem, which was one of great concern fifty years ago has settled itself. Canada has sufficient railways to take care of its expanding trade for some years to come. She now wants good roads from ocean to ocean to bring her people in closer touch with one another. To become a good Imperialist abroad one must be a good Imperialist at home. Sectional and racial divisions in Canada will never make us a World Nation. If we cannot agree among ourselves, how can we agree with other nations, how can we agree to defend ourselves, in the event of a disagreement, which must assuredly follow?

Do you realize the great benefit of this suggestion? Well, let us explain further.

THE Railways have brought the people of the East and West together, but only in a way. It is going to take the automobile to bring them together in such a friendly manner that they will know one another with better understanding and common sense relationship. The true heart and character of the people are found in those who live with nature, those who cultivate the soil, those who produce that the world may live, develop and manufacture. Never was there a better time to revive and keep alive that great slogan, "Back to the Soil, Your Country Needs You." For once we will go backward and make a study of things in the country, learn to see the true inwardness of the life and customs of those we have read and heard about. The Ontario farmer who has been misguided by fanatical preachers will motor to Quebec and shake hands with his partners in toil and soil cultivation. He will know him as he should.

The Quebec habitant will return the visit. They will be no longer blinded by pernicious political influences and inflamed and exaggerated prejudices. They will know one another better by Good Roads. Every Canadian must, therefore, impress the Dominion Government with the imperative importance of a Transcontinental Highway, so that Canadians will come from ocean to ocean, and receive the proper insight and knowledge of the conditions, character and life of their neighbours.

Now that the Province of Quebec has led the pace of all Provinces in the Dominion, in its Good Roads Policy, it is up to every Canadian to become a Good Road advocate in his village council, town-hall or within the chambers of our Dominion and Provincial Legislatures and let us have the great Cross the Continent Highway completed at the earliest possible moment that we can all get together and shake hands in Unity, Concord and Harmony, and then let us be Imperialists in as far as our trade with the world will allow us, and in helping ourselves, we will be helping others, the Motherland, our sister Dominions, our Neighbours and our Friends—the other nations of the world.

FIVE PHASES OF FEMININITY



DAINTY little person in white, snuggled in the cushions on her roof-top rest room at Bath Beach, New Jersey, is feeling very sure that pretty soon the New York Sundays will be publishing her picture and the critics saying nice kind things about her first appearance on the stage of the Metropolitan. Who? Well she is not an American. No, she was born in Sicily among the sulphur mines, not far from where old Ulysses used to put wax in his ears so as not to hear the sirens of Scylla. And about six years ago the late Dan Frohman—drowned on the Lusitania—went to a little village opera house. There he heard Mlle. Aguglia in folk songs. He induced her parents to let her go to New York for training. Now she's ready for the grand bow to the 400 next November.

PLEASE notice that this rustic wagon carries not merely as fine a load of femininity as any eye-glass critic could say "The deuce!" to; but likewise a cargo of real brains. These are all undergraduates of Toronto University going to camp from the berry plantations at Beamsville, Ont.



AS a nominee for the Alberta Legislature, Sister MacAdams aims to represent 38,000 Canadian soldiers from this province, who are at present in camps, hospitals and trenches abroad. Nursing Sister Roberta MacAdams is a lieutenant in the Canadian Army Medical Corps, and as such has the right to be one of the two candidates to be elected by the soldiers.

She would make an ideal representative, always kind and sympathetic, and always ready to take the wider standpoint of life. She plans to work for the pension scheme for our soldiers.

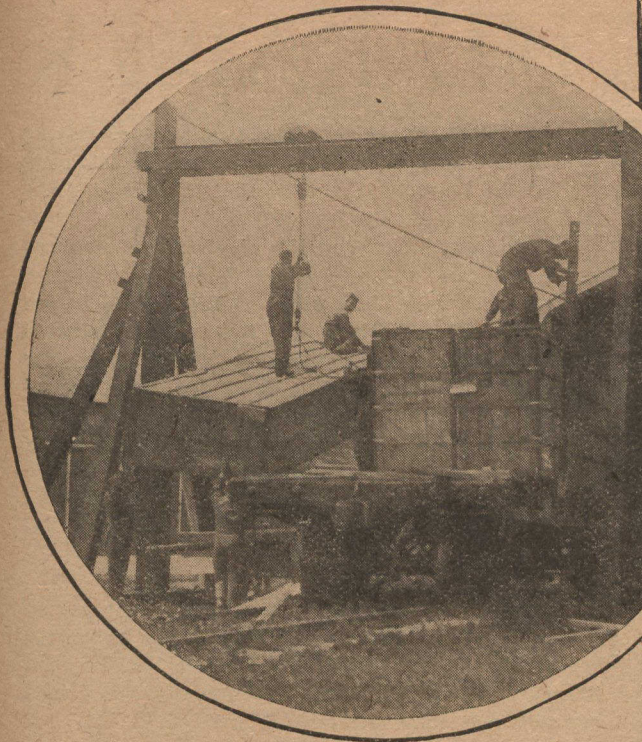
Sister MacAdams is here seen soliciting votes from the military storekeepers at Orpington Hospital, Kent.



CLEARLY understand, the person with the man on the step-ladder is no lady. She is a poster. The man on the ladder is an artist. You observe at once that if this poster is to advertise anything it must be something

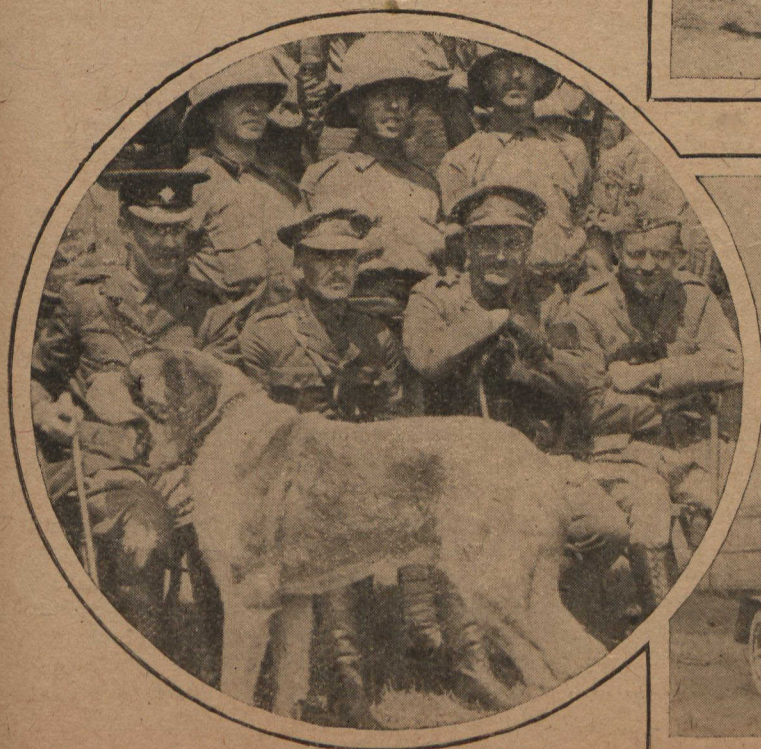
out of the common. The style of decoration used looks suspiciously like the wreck of an aeroplane. But it is real art. Any artist will tell you that it is—Futurism. As to what this extraordinary poster advertises—sh! It is to be a show, a lavish and spectacular presentation in the Strand, London, of what some people used to consider a great drama. Sh! keep this quite under your hat. The name of the thing is Three Weeks! And the poster-person is supposed to be the lady in the case.

FIRST photograph ever published in Canada of negro women on parade. This was, of course, in New York, where if you want anything you have to march down Broadway to get it. These coloured ladies are justly indignant over the race riots and lynchings that took place not long ago in St. Louis. They organized this parade to advertise their protest.



TEACHING UNCLE SAM
TO FLY

WE don't pretend to teach Uncle Sam much about business, or politics, or democratic government; or even about war. But when it comes to the art of flying we qualify at once. Canada has been at the flying game in real dead earnest about two years longer than the United States. For some time much of our aviation work was done under the guidance of expert Americans. Now the Royal Flying Corps have taken over the work. Camp Hoare, the aviation part of Camp Borden, is the headquarters for this camp of birdmen, and of the R. F. C. The experts who are teaching us to fly in Canadian-built planes on Canadian soil are training also large numbers of young Americans. The pictures on this page were taken at one of the sub-camps of Camp Hoare, near Toronto. The O. C. of this camp is Lord Innes-Kerr, who may be seen with the headquarters cap at the head of his big dog among a group of officers. The circular picture at the top shows the unloading of a pair of giant wings at the Camp, to be installed ready for business. The other three photographs are all of American aviators-to-be. The top one shows the excitable line-up at the distribution of the morning mail. American girls are good at a high average of love letters, even if they don't write long ones. The one below shows the grubstake parade. Air-men have amazing appetites. And the other one is just a quick bit of a route march to keep the aviators in good muscular condition.



NEW THINGS ABOUT THE KAISER

NO longer the most talked-of and spectacular ruler of the German empire and would-be lord of Europe is the Kaiser to-day as he was before the fateful August 4, 1914, for the war has changed many things, both spiritual and temporal, and the change bodes anything but good for the Emperor, or the "all-highest" as he prefers to be called.

The signs of the times indicate that this royal criminal and murderer of young and innocent children, women, and men, on land and sea, has about run his royal race and the end is not far off. Kaiser Bill, no doubt, already sees the handwriting on the wall and the letters are not blurred; has doubtless placed his money and valuables in safe keeping against that day. For very many years the Kaiser's income, extracted from his beloved, hoodwinked subjects, has been but a sorry pittance—a matter of 16 million marks a year.

The spectacle of the late Czar Nicholas Romanoff, the would-be betrayer of his country; Constantine of Greece, now known as plain Mr. Constantine; and Mr. William Hohenzollern, late of Berlin, hobnobbing together bereft of their kingly state, is something to look forward to with keen pleasure. But whatever the Kaiser's fate, his egoism, bombast, and claims of divinity, will ever remain on record as a proof of his insanity and unfitness for his kingly position.

One of the favourite sayings of the Kaiser's is, "There is but one master, one king, let them hate me if they but fear me"; and from such a statement may be traced many of the mad things attributed to him all through the years of his reign.

It is said that King George the 3rd found a louse on his plate at dinner and ordered his whole household shorn, men and women, alike, but this was mild egoism to the ego of the "divine William" who does nothing by halves, as we shall see in the following extraordinary declaration:

"I will walk among you and will be your God, and ye shall be my people; ye shall walk in all the ways which I have commanded you. Without me ye can do nothing."

The foregoing is the actual inscription written in a number of Bibles which the Emperor dedicated for use in the Berlin garrison church. Each sentence was signed "Wilhelm, Emperor Rex," and no reference to chapter, or verse, or quotation marks. The phrases are transcribed from Leviticus, the Book of Deuteronomy, and St. John's Gospel. "They shall stand by themselves as expressions of my royal will," said the Kaiser to his queen.

That the "all-highest" had keen vision is attested from a letter he sent to Prince Bismarck from Constantinople in 1899, in which the one and only says: "We had an excellent voyage from Stamboul, the weather splendid, colour effects and illuminations on land and sea surpassing anything heretofore known. Yesterday the air was so clear, I saw the peaks and the continent of Pelagomes all at once, a sight which never before greeted mortal eyes." This is an inference that the Almighty God was good enough to shift clouds and manipulate the heavenly lights to give the Kaiser a special vision!

To impress his poor, ignorant bodyguard with his wonderful majesty and power the Kaiser made the following speech: "Children of my guard, you are now my soldiers—mine body and soul. You have sworn to obey all my commands; you must follow my rules and my advice without grumbling. It means from this day on you durst know but one enemy and that enemy is my enemy. And if I command you some day—and God grant that I may never be driven to this extremity—if I command you, I repeat, to fire upon your own relatives, your sisters, brothers and parents perhaps, my orders in that respect must be executed cheerfully and without grumbling, like any other command I may issue." Thus the Kaiser imparts both fear and even death to the unfortunate man who wears

MOST people of good sense agree that they have no love for Kaiser Bill, but everybody is still interested in reading about him. It's a good while now since the mad monarch of Potsdam cut much figure in the head-lines. Hindenburg and Ludendorff have headed him off. But the Kaiser is still behind the scenes and among millions of deluded people as popular as ever. Getting rid of the Hohenzollerns may look easy on paper, but Kaiser Wilhelm is a hard nut to crack. The things dug up about this mad Emperor by the writer of this article are most of them new, and all interesting.

BY R. G. EVERETT

the uniform of this conceited monarch.

Had the Kaiser not succeeded his father as Emperor of Germany, but had been born like any other mortal, perchance he would have outrivalled the great showman, P. T. Barnum. Says a court official at the time of the great Paris fire: "He, the Emperor, was fairly beaming with enthusiasm as he informed the court that he had sent his cheque for 10,000 francs to the relief committee. 'All the world will talk about it—can man do more for a national enemy?' spoke his eyes."

In the evening, even before the newspapers had the story, a despatch arrived from Count Philli: "They will haul your Imperial and Royal Majesty to Paris in a thousand triumphal cars in 1900!" But, when a month afterward, Wurtemberg was devastated by floods, the Emperor had neither money or words of sympathy for the stricken ones. And for the military aid, furnished to the inundated Silesians in the fall of 1897, the towns and villages were promptly taxed: so many pioneer troops, so many marks for food, forage, extra pay, and railway fares.

Slapping the Kaiser.

HOW near the world could have been saved from the horrible holocaust caused by the present war will be seen when the circumstances attending the birth of this royal murderer is remembered. After the Princess had given birth to the present Kaiser it was thought that she was dying and

BACK TO THE SCENE OF HIS CRIME.



The Kaiser's bitter memories.

—Knott, in the Dallas News

even the doctors remarked that she was paying for her son, while they worked over the body of the Princess. Here is what the nurse to her Royal Highness says:

"I had to abandon the child momentarily to help them, and when—the Princess having revived after a little while—I knelt down before the couch on which our heir rested, imagine my fright; he had not yet uttered a cry, nor did he move a muscle. 'Still-born, by Heaven!' I thought. A gesture brought Dr. Martin to my side, and together we laboured over the newly born, I do not know how long, exhausting successively every means ordained by medical books, or practised in the nursery, to bring the child to life.

"When everything had been done that in decency could be done, I took that royal youngster under my arm, and, grabbing a wet towel in my right, began to belabour him in good homely fashion, though the doctors groaned and everybody in the room looked horrified.

"To the devil with etiquette," I thought, seeing their grimaces; 'this is a matter of life or death.' So I spanked away, now lighter, now harder, slap, slap, until—the cannons announcing the birth in the Lustgarten yonder had about half finished their official quota of a hundred and one shots—at last a faint cry broke from the young one's pallid lips.

"He was alive! I had snatched our Prince from the grave for which he seemed destined."

That the Kaiser had a weakness for beautiful female arms is shown by the interest he took in Fraulein Von Bocklin, the central figure of some tableaux vivants arranged for the benefit of Paul Gerhard Stift in 1891. How he raved about her arms, her hands, and her feet. Photographs of the young lady adorned his study, private bedroom, and the audience chamber, but Fraulein herself never crossed the threshold of the Schloss or Palais, though Count Eulenburg proposed her for years successively at every festive occasion. Auguste Victoria simply put her foot down, and Fraulein Von Bocklin's social success was a thing of the past.

Kaiser's Deformities.

Cancer is an inheritance of the Kaiser's which is a contradiction to his oft-repeated statement that he is divine, since the Deity himself is perfect and not susceptible to disease.

At the time of his Majesty's entry into life, it was found that his left hand and arm were deformed, and that he could not move his left arm. The surgeons discovered that the elbow joint was dislocated.

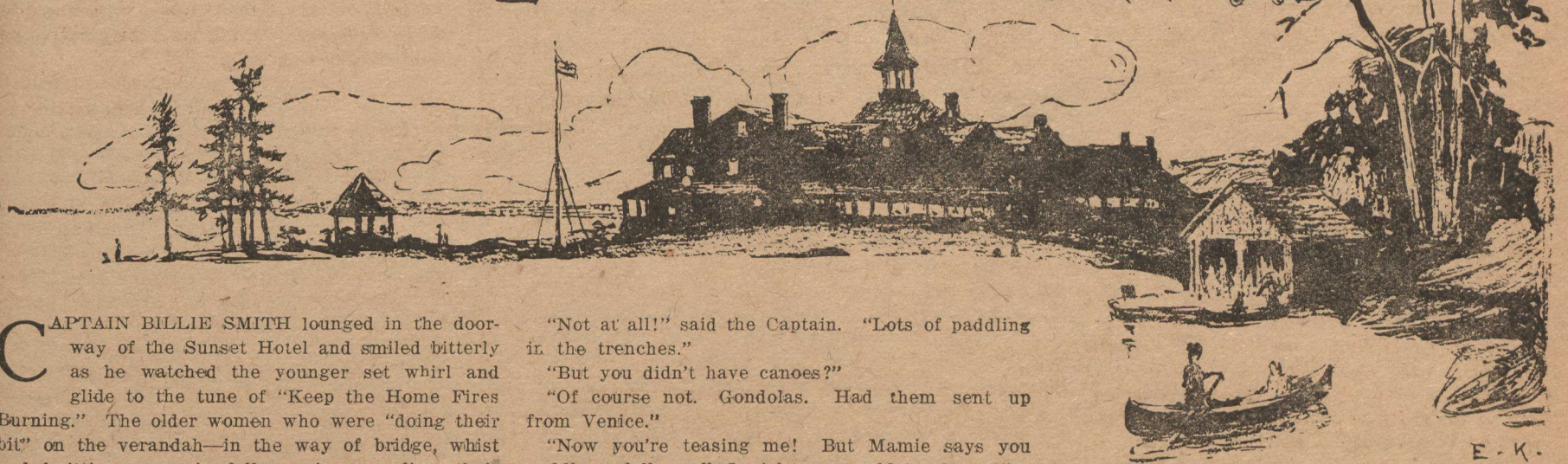
ON January 28, the Prince showed his son to his relatives, friends, and the assembled royal and princely households; no one observed that anything was wrong. But on the last, or the last but one day of the month, it was noticed that the child could not move his left arm; an investigation was made, and in the course of it the surgeons discovered that the elbow joint was dislocated.

Says one of the Imperial valets in describing some of his daily troubles: We would not mind the work, at least if the Emperor changed his uniform ten instead of four times a day. It's the fear of injuring his lame hand that makes us nervous and gradually wears away our usefulness, and, besides we must always be prepared to forestall the "all-highest" master when he balances himself on his left leg as he does at times when he is in a hurry to put on a different pair of trousers.

According to court etiquette the Kaiser's height must never be discussed! It is said that Count Von Molke once told an intimate friend that this royal master was exactly 5 feet five; that his clothing is always adapted to make the Emperor appear taller. The Kaiser is seldom, if ever seen, without a helmet terminating in a point.

At Sunset Point

By ESTELLE M. KERR



CAPTAIN BILLIE SMITH lounged in the doorway of the Sunset Hotel and smiled bitterly as he watched the younger set whirl and glide to the tune of "Keep the Home Fires Burning." The older women who were "doing their bit" on the verandah—in the way of bridge, whist and knitting—were in full evening regalia, their decolete gowns serving to accentuate the deep sunburn on their throats and faces. The very scarcity of men seemed to spur them to unusual effort to make themselves attractive, though there was only one amongst the males—they admitted to each other—only one that really mattered. The slight limp that prevented him from dancing was only an added attraction, for had he not gained it at Ypres, and what tales could he not tell—things, they said, they were "dying to hear about," if only they could "get him started!"

"Getting him started" became the chief aim of all the summer girls at Sunset Point, but so far with scant success. Once he took Mamie Linghorn paddling and the consequent excitement would have amounted to jealousy had not her dearest friend told him she did it. Mamie, it seems, happened to be sitting in the boat-house. After dinner, when the hero appeared, so suddenly and unexpectedly that Mamie tumbled right into his canoe! Then she raised her big blue eyes to his and said:

"Oh, is this yours! I'm so sorry! I was wondering if I could rent it, the afterglow is wonderful on the water! Are you going all alone?" All this without moving, mind you!

"Well, I intended to be solitary, but since I find a passenger already aboard . . ."

"Oh, Captain Smith, how good of you! And you will tell me some of your experiences, won't you? All the boys that have been home on leave say it is so nice to talk to a girl again. It's a novelty, at least, isn't it?"

"You forget that I'm just out of the hospital. Oh, I've not been lacking in feminine society. Trained nurses and V. A. D.'s—the best of women!"

"I felt as if I ought to be knitting or something," Mamie confessed afterwards, "but I told him about all the tag days and bazaars. He was most attentive and insisted on bringing me in early for fear I should take cold. But he wouldn't talk about the war except to say we didn't realize it."

NEXT day every girl in the hotel was at work on a pair of socks, while some of the older women went about with a lost expression inquiring: "Have you seen my knitting?" And just as Captain Billie appeared, Mamie's mother pounced on hers and exclaimed:

"I do wish, Mamie, you would get some knitting of your own. Now I shall have to rip out every stitch you have done!" And the Captain was rude enough to laugh. Then he went off with his mother and was absent all day. Now here he was, lounging in the doorway with a sardonically amused expression.

"Why amused, I don't know," Gertrude Farley afterwards remarked. "The girls here dance exceedingly well, and only the very latest steps." Gertrude stopped in the doorway to fan herself and sent her 16-year-old partner for a glass of water.

"This must be quite a change for you, Captain Smith," she said, "paddling and all that sort of thing."

"Not at all!" said the Captain. "Lots of paddling in the trenches."

"But you didn't have canoes?"

"Of course not. Gondolas. Had them sent up from Venice."

"Now you're teasing me! But Mamie says you paddle awfully well, I wish you would teach me!"

"I should be delighted . . ."

"Oh, how nice of you—couldn't we begin now?"

"Sorry, but I promised to take my mother out. I think she must be ready, will you excuse me?"

Captain Billie whispered in his mother's ear.

"But, dear boy, I'm horribly afraid in a canoe!"

"Sh! That's a good little mater!"

Then the "Mowhawk Belle" whistled.

All the young people hurried down to the wharf to inspect the new arrivals, and in the confusion Captain Billie and his mother slipped away.

To-night the recent guests were disappointing and the girls soon joined their elders on the verandah.

"Well, my dears, did anybody exciting come?" asked Mrs. Linghorn.

"No—just two old ladies," said Mamie.

"An old lady and her daughter, I should say," amended Gertrude.

"Well, when you're past thirty you might just as well be a real old lady and be done with it."

"Be done with what?"

"Oh, beaux and fun and parties. I'm sure she's kind to her aged mother, but she wears year-before-last clothes and you would think anyone who could afford to come in a place like this would have the decency to wear silk stockings, now wouldn't you?"

"Hush, here they come! Why, it's Mrs. Godfrey Brown! Dear me, how stout she's grown! Perhaps that is just in contrast to her daughter—she must be the eldest unmarried one."

"Sure to be! 'Eldest unmarried' is written all over her. I can just see her spending her days fetching her mother's shawl."

"Must be a great comfort," sighed the Fat Lady. "There was another daughter who was a bit wild. Went to Paris and studied art. I hear she exhibited a most shocking picture in the Academy!"

"Who are you attacking now?" asked Captain Billie Smith, as he and his mother joined the group.

"Attacking? Why, what do you mean?" said Miss Linghorn. "We were speaking of the Brown girls. The elder we suspect of being patriotic on the grounds that dowdiness and patriotism go hand in hand, but an agreeable contrast to her younger sister, an artist of whom we have heard the most scandalous reports."

"Come," said Captain Billie. "You interest me." "The worthy elder sister, I suppose," murmured Mamie.

"The Molly Brown I knew in Paris wasn't what one would call worthy."

"Her mother and sister are here."

"I didn't know she had a sister."

"Yes, an old unmarried one, who wears cotton stockings."

Just then someone in a bathrobe and red diving cap hurried from the hotel and crossed the verandah.

"Who can it be?" asked one.

"No one goes in bathing at this time of night!" said another.

"Why, it's a boy!" cried a third.

"No, it's a woman, but no stockings!" said Mamie, as the breeze blew open the bath-robe.

"Why, I believe—I do believe it's the elder Miss Brown!"

No one noticed that Captain Billie had deserted until he, too, was seen flying across the lawn. "Molly!" he called. "Molly!"

She turned and held out both hands, and the bathrobe slipped. Captain Billie picked it up and folded it around her, and together they strolled down the beach.

"MAMIE," said Gertrude, suddenly. "Let's go to the Point! Perhaps we might sit down under those pine trees, I expect he's telling her all sorts of thrilling stories. Of course if it's anything personal we won't listen," she added, virtuously.

Mamie was right. Molly lay on the beach while Captain Smith, reclining beside her, acted as if he had at last found a listener to stories he had been longing to tell.

"Really, Molly," he was saying, "I'm ashamed to be alive! If it hadn't been for this beastly ball in my leg I should certainly have 'gone out' with them. They were heroes, every one of them! I'm pretty well fed up with civilization. Just look at these women, listen to them!"—he waved his hand embarrassingly near the pine trees. "Really, Moll, if you hadn't turned up to-night I was planning to take the next boat home."

"And when I saw all those dreadful people in evening dress on the dock, I was wondering how soon I could escape!"

"Such old gossips! Such utterly useless young ones!"

"Well, you wouldn't call me exactly useful, would you, Billie?"

"No, perhaps not, but somehow you're different. By the way, Mollie, you are your mother's only daughter, aren't you? There is a case of mixed identity which, in the interests of the verandah gossips, I feel that I should solve. One old lady says you spend all your time knitting."

"Never finished a pair of socks in my life."

"More shame to you! It is further alleged that you wear cotton stockings!"

"I can prove an alibi at the present moment," said Mollie, digging her bare toes into the sand.

"Then you are not your own elder sister, that is certain. Now, the question is, are you the younger one?"

"I confess to thirty-three."

"Sh, don't mention it! The information may be used against you."

"This younger sister is lacking in common decency."

"In defence I produce—this bath-robe."

"She paints scandalous pictures."

"And wins medals for them."

"Mollie, I fear you don't take this seriously."

"Oh, let them talk and speculate, it is their chief joy in life, and mine is to idly bask in the sunshine."

"Then let's bask together, for that's what I need."

(Concluded on page 25.)

EDITORIAL

ATORONTO daily points out to the world that a \$100,000 Persian rug is to be exhibited at the Canadian National in 1917; and that therefore a great future lies ahead of the "Ex."

Farmers' wives will please take notice. This \$100,000 rug may yet belong to one of you. Gone are the days when your mothers exhibited their rag mats and patchwork quilts. Canada is marching ahead. The great Mogul of the rugs is an evidence. We no longer depend upon native crafts for the applied art of the great Exhibition. The firm of X. Clusive Importers, puts up a \$100,000 rug. Once let it be known that the rug is valued at one-tenth of a million and there will be more people around it in a minute than flies round a sugar barrel.

Even an editor who does well to have a good Axminster in his parlour may be one of its most ardent admirers. We don't blame people for being fascinated by such a rug. It's human nature. It's barely possible that one of our prosperous profiteers may purchase the fabric. We are not informed of its dimensions; but at 50 feet square suppose we work out its arithmetic. Fifty feet by fifty feet makes 2,500 square feet. Two thousand five hundred square feet are valued at \$100,000. So that one square foot values at \$100,000 divided by 2,500, which makes exactly \$40 per square foot.

Rather expensive rugging. Who will buy it? The country is rich. Canada ought to have at least one \$100,000 rug. Has Ontario Government House no room that will fit this rug? Has no millionaire a castle that will hold it? Then for the love of the almighty dollar, let some baron of wealth build a house round this rug, and let's keep it in the country.

AT the same time working up to the \$100,000 rug standard, the C. N. E. has become one of the world's great institutions. Every year makes any Canadian prouder of the great Fair. It is a cosmopolitan picture of the country. We draw upon the world for people, for money, for customs, for ideas, and we send our products out to a great part of the world. Canada is itself a great Fair. In the days to come we shall be more and more so. The cosmopolitanism of Canada is reflected in that of the Fair. Let us hope the day will come when we manage the cosmopolitan country as well as the Board of Directors do the Canadian World's Fair. We are glad to notice at the Exhibition that the products of all countries retain their national character. We should be sorry to see any Canadian carpet-maker remodel that \$100,000 rug, for instance, according to a so-called Canadian pattern.

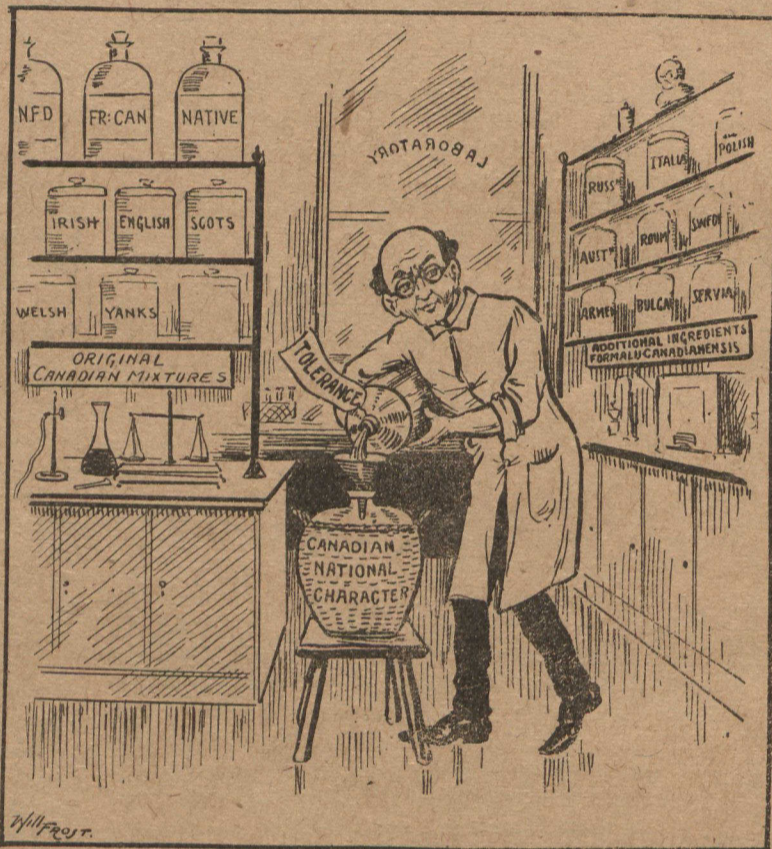
We hope the great Fair of 1917 will be better and bigger than ever. Three years ago there was talk of calling off the C. N. E. because of the war. Optimists with good sense counselled better. The Fair is an expression of Canada. It expresses war Canada as well as peace Canada. The only regret we have concerning this remarkable institution is that war activities prevent it from becoming as great an exhibition of 50 years of Confederation as it otherwise surely would have been.

MR. HANNA, F. C., is not lacking in critics. The Toronto Star alleges that he is too much absorbed in reducing consumption and should be doing more to reduce prices. With a great deal of force the Star points out that consumption cannot be reduced beyond a certain point. Thousands of people are already economizing all they know how on the amount of food they eat. But so far as the average consumer is concerned, Mr. Hanna is a perfect logician. If your food costs you more, obviously the less you eat the less it will cost you. Double

the price of anything and all you have to do to break even is to consume half as much of it. The less you consume now, the more can be put away into storage for future reference. The more we store the more we have to export. Hence the maximum of food support to our Allies and the maximum of revenue to ourselves. Besides the principle of eat what you cannot can and can what you do not eat leads to a much-needed raid on the garbage tin and the waste heap in the garden.

But—

There is a limit to this logic. And the limit works two ways. First, Canada is producing, this year, a vast aggregate of farm goods. In many parts of the country the yield was never greater. In the very lap of plenty, however, with fat fields blowing around our doors, Canadians are compelled to pay famine prices for many necessities of life. Why should we?



Professor: I've tried everything I have on these numerous ingredients. This is the only thing that will mix them all without making trouble.

What governs the price of anything? Demand. Who is demanding so far ahead of the visible supply? Cold storage, we are told. 1917 must be the cold storage record year. Very well, but there are many things that never see the inside of a refrigerator or even a silo, that are now at cold storage prices. This is not logic. In the season when things that grow and perish are at a maximum, the cost of living should be considerably lower than four months hence when nothing is being grown. What difference will there be?

Don't worry, says a writer, Mr. Hanna will fix that. Wait till you see how much higher cold storage prices are in February, 1918, than they were in 1917. That will convince you.

But if that is so, it doesn't convince us. The whole function of cold storage is to provide a maximum reserve at a time of maximum production, and therefore to equalize prices as far as possible the year round. If the food that is now going into storage so fast and forcing up the prices of the remainder comes out at prices higher than ever, who gets the difference? Not the armies at the front; not the Governments; not the consumer at home. Somebody else. And these somebodies, we take it, are no friends of Mr. Hanna. By all means let us have food logic. But let us see where logic gets off and self-preservation gets on. And let the Food Controller jolly well see to it that the storage of a nation's food comes as near as possible to national

business, by government control of the price at which the food comes out.

We know we can't cut our pie and keep it, too, but we certainly feel like putting up a holler on finding nothing but a large hole and the teeth marks of the nibbler when the plate is brought down from the pantry shelf and passed around.

NO doubt the Government can do a great deal to begin enforcing the Military Service Act before it is time for an election. A great many things must be done to get the weight of the nation behind the war before it comes to the actual complete selection of new drafts for new battalions or reinforcements. These things the Government understands and will no doubt carry on.

But when we come to the full enforcement of the Act involving the complete war service of the nation, we shall need the power of a unity government behind it. Whichever party—call them what we like—wins the election, that party must be expected to help win the war to the last man, bushel, pound and dollar that we can spare for the purpose. None but a unity government can put that concentration of effort into the nation. By unity government we do not understand either a coalition or a discord of Parliament. We understand that such a government can, if it will, go outside of Parliament for certain men to complete its working personnel. But these men will not reform the political administration. They will supplement it by special services. If the present Government by any alliance with conscription Liberals can win the election, the Premier will have the greatest responsibility of his career in getting the right men to enforce the Military Service Act. If the present Opposition in alliance with anti-conscription Quebec should win on an enlistment basis, Sir Wilfrid Laurier will need to exercise all the acumen he had in 1896, and more, to get the men with him that will prove his platform was right.

But whichever way we decide to do it, the thing to do is to win the war. On an even basis we surmise that the best way to do that is first of all to obey the law, and to enforce it so thoroughly, so wisely and so in accordance with a truly national spirit that the majority of those who are not unreasonably opposed to the law now will assist in its enforcement later. We should prefer to see Canada's army the greatest volunteer army in the world. But above all things we need to maintain the army. No conscription of an army would be of much use without a conscription of other resources than of men. Whichever side should win the election, putting the last man into the war is of no use unless we put along with men our last dollar, bushel and pound. We have been too long coming to realize the absolute need of a national organization. We have worked the voluntary system overtime in some quarters. By working it unwisely we have made it ineffective.

Now, suppose we enforce the law; is there any reason why Canadians would not obey the law—willingly? No true citizen of Canada can fail to realize that something much more thorough and just than the voluntary system as we know it in practice must be put into effect if we are to finish our work in the spirit of a free and resourceful people. That something must come from national unity. So long as we go on fighting one another we shall never make sure we licked the Kaiser. If we intend to spoil the country by fighting ourselves over the war, why not let the Germans come over and spoil it for us? They could do it so much more easily.

IF the unofficial note in the Daily Mail is true and James W. Gerard is to have a G.O.B. behind and a Sir in front, we can expect to hear a decided American accent in the controversy over trans-Atlantic titles. In any case, we had always thought that it was only the ladies who were allowed to carry titles "across the pond."

HELPING YOU to KEEP POSTED

CAN we communicate with the dead? The question is an old one. Many people who do not believe in spiritism as such constantly believe that the spirits of departed friends hover near them, invisible, unheard, but a very present help in trouble. Millions of people who have no definite doctrines about communion with spirits believe that the souls of babies come direct from some spirit world to inhabit the little bodies given them by the mothers of mankind. If these things so commonly believed without doctrine by so many people are true, it is surely open to the average man or woman to follow the investigations of those who have made spiritism a scientific study. The various views for and against presented in this collection of extracts from magazine articles are intended to summarize conveniently the main outlines of the case.

There never was so much intense and widespread interest in the subject as there is to-day. The question is in debate all over England now and the population has been stirred to a division of opinion more marked than in any previous controversy affecting the religious beliefs of the community. The published opinions of so eminent a scientific authority as Sir Oliver Lodge have given an impetus to the cult of spiritualism and war bereavements affecting nearly every family in the land have given sorrowful cause to seek some form of contact, however evanescent, with the thousands of souls so suddenly wrenched away by the terrible violence of the battle-field. The book "Raymond," offered by Sir Oliver Lodge as an authentic message from his son who was killed in action, and which purports to describe the manner of Raymond Lodge's passing and the conditions which govern the state of being in the spirit's sphere, has created a furore of enthusiasm in favour of spiritualism. To the living voice of Sir Oliver Lodge is added the message of the late W. T. Stead, who has been "appearing" to mediums ever since a few hours following the Titanic tragedy. The Belgian mystic, Maeterlinck, has used the stage as a medium to promulgate his belief that the ordinary aspects of this life survive after death; and Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, after two decades of research, claims to have collected an abundance of evidence to support his contention that Sir Oliver Lodge is right.

So rapid has been the extension of the cult that its opponents seem to have been taken by surprise. As yet only a few representatives of orthodox science and orthodox religion have made any serious attempt to combat the spread of the idea promulgated by the believers that those who have been disembodied by death are still conscious of earthly associations; that they stay near the places they were accustomed to on earth; and strive continually either to comfort or terrify those they knew before the great adventure happened to them. The sceptics seek to confound the believers either by declaring that the "evidence" is not permissible as it measures to no established standard of mundane knowledge or by condemning the whole thing as a reversion to mediaeval superstition.

There is nothing new in the methods employed by Sir Oliver Lodge to obtain the messages "from the other side." The communications published in the book "Raymond, or Life After Death," came, so he says, in a recent exposition of the subject, by way of mediums speaking in a trance state; by "automatic" writing and some portions were even transmitted from the spirit land by a clumsy code tapped cut in table-tilting seances. It is for his use of such instruments as have been so often discredited by expert investigators that Sir Oliver Lodge is condemned by his critics. They avoid a discussion of the more intimate messages so secured, but take serious issue with him on this account because of his findings, from evidence so open to suspicion, as to the conditions of life after death.

As to the conditions which govern existence beyond the grave, Sir Oliver claims that these are



Various views on the question, "Can we communicate with the dead?" as recorded in current literature. Sidelights on the personality of a great actor.

clearly indicated by the many "communications" he has himself examined. Writing of these in the *Bookman*, he says: "The invariable assertion is that the conditions 'on the other side' are much more like conditions here than the communicators themselves had expected. They speak of flowers and animals, and books, and interest and beauty of all kinds. They assure us that they know very little more than we know, that their character and personality are practically unchanged, that they have not suddenly jumped into something supernal—nor infernal either—that they are themselves just as before, with tastes and aptitudes not dissimilar, but that they are subject to conditions happier and more conducive to progress, and freer from difficulty and gratuitous obstruction than when they were associated with matter.

They also say that things round them are quite solid and substantial, and that it is the old material things which now appear shadowy and evanescent; so that they are barely cognizant of happenings on earth save when definite duties are allotted to them to help those who are coming over, or when they make a spontaneous effort to get through to those they have loved and left behind. They are keenly susceptible to friendly feeling and affection, and they are less shy or chary of expressing their feelings than they were down here.

"They do not appear to be in another region of space, but are interlocked and closely associated with this order of existence; the links being ties of interest and affection, rather than mere space-relation or bodily proximity. Moreover, the same constructive ability as must in the long course of evolution have succeeded in producing their old visible organism, by arranging particles of matter, seems able to continue its task under the new conditions, and can construct another body or mode of manifestation out of such substance as is there available—the ether it may be hypothetically supposed to be—a body not unlike in appearance the material one which had been constructed here. And this constructive ability probably belongs not only to human and animal, but to all forms of organic life; so that the surroundings, in what some are beginning to think of as an ethereal world, need not be very different from those familiar to us in this realm of matter—that realm which is now so real and



all-absorbing to us, which excites our keenest admiration, and yet of the real mode of construction of which we know so little.

The case for those who oppose Sir Oliver Lodge is presented by Edward Clodd, author of "The Story of Creation," in an article published in the *Strand Magazine*. After citing a number of instances in which spirit "mediums," examples of automatic writings, spirit photographs and many more products of the paraphernalia used by Sir Oliver Lodge, were proved beyond doubt to be the result of clever trickery, he says:

"Yet the game goes on merrily; the 'new revelation' is accepted as supplemental to, or even superseding, the 'old.'

"To what manifold causes can we trace these delusions of men who, followed as authorities in expert matters, are, therefore, looked up to as authorities on everything else? 'If they do these things in a green tree, what shall be done in the dry?'

"Not on fact, but on sentiment; not on reason, but on emotion, do these delusions build their unstable foundations. Impelled by the wish to believe, the dupes attend seances by mediums, who, like the spirits they pretend to represent, 'love darkness rather than light, because their deeds are evil.' The biased attitude of the inquirers is wholly uncritical; the power of suggestion paralyzes them; they are prepared to see and hear and believe all that they are told, and the insatiate appetite for the marvellous is satisfied to repletion. All this is emphasized when the sorrowing and the bereaved seek consolation from those to whom they pay their fees to obtain it. Applicable to-day is the shrewd comment made by Reginald Scot three hundred and thirty years ago in his 'Discoverie of Witchcraft.' Speaking of Saul's visit to the Witch of Endor, he says: 'He that looketh into it advisedly shall see that Samuel was not raised from the dead, but that was an illusion or cousenage practised by the witch.'

"To the question, 'Is Sir Oliver Lodge right?' the emphatic answer is, No!"

In the *Fortnightly Review*, the editor, W. L. Courtney, has addressed an open letter to an American friend setting forth some interesting sidelights on the personality of the late Sir Herbert Tree. He tells how this master craftsman of the English stage toiled to achieve those astounding effects of stage production with which Tree, taking up the tradition set down by the illustrious Irving, established for himself a reputation as supreme master of dramatic pageantry.

"There was never anything slipshod either in the method of stage representation or in the attention paid to what the diplomats call 'imponderabilia,'" says Mr. Courtney. "To see Tree make up for his part was a privilege I often enjoyed. There in his dressing-room you saw the artist at work, the creative artist who adds touch after touch to complete the picture, until suddenly the whole conception bursts into significant life. When Tree had thoroughly got inside the skin of a character—which often took some time—he seemed to partake of a new and alien life. A singular illustration was Zakkuri, in the *Darling of the Gods*, in which by degrees Tree gave us, I do not say a true, but an extraordinary vivid and convincing, portrait of a Japanese statesman in all his horrible subtlety and coarseness. Another example was Izard in *Business is Business*. Tree was never a smoker in the true sense of the word, he only smoked for the sake of companionship, taking a modest four-penny cigar, while he gave his guest Coronas. But in Izard he was perpetually smoking big and black-looking cigars. I asked him how he managed to stand it;

he answered that, as it seemed natural to the character, he found it easy for himself. Off the stage he could not have done it; on the stage it was appropriate and therefore a piece of unconscious mimicry. Svengali smoked, I think, cigarettes or long Vevey fins. The Duke of Guisebery smoked, quite as to the manner born, a pipe—a luxury in which Tree, the individual, not the actor, never indulged."

Tree never allowed his own face to be seen on the stage but his personality permeated every one of his productions. "Tree as a personality was greater than anything he accomplished," admits Mr. Courtney. "But you must allow me to observe that that in itself is a compliment, and in the case of many artists a very great one," he adds. "He was always unexpected, daring, original. He often gave one a shock of surprise, welcome or unwelcome. He was good when you anticipated a relative failure, poor, when you could have wagered on his success.

His acting was never monotonous, rarely the same from night to night. Like his conversation, it was full of quick turns and unlooked-for spurts of wit. For the same reason, his figure as he moved

**Behind the Scenes
with
Sir Herbert Tree**

on the stage was vivid, graphic, picturesque, satisfying the eye, even when occasionally he failed to satisfy the mind. When he was acting Mark Anthony in the Forum scene he broke off the famous speech in the middle, came down from the rostrum and finished his speech, standing on a broken pillar. I argued with him about this, suggesting that if Mark Antony was really holding his audience he would never have altered his position. Tree answered: "You forget the soon-wearied eye of the spectator: he becomes tired of one situation and demands another. Besides," he added with a whimsical smile, "change is a necessity for my nature." It was indeed. And owing to this he became tired and bored with his part, and sometimes broke off the run of a piece in the midst of a brilliant success."

As to the positive contributions of Sir Herbert Tree to the English stage, Mr. Courtney speaks of the way he carried on the tradition he had inherited from Henry Irving, who had set a magnificent example of stage production at the Lyceum. "Thanks in especial to Irving and Tree, London stage-production reached a higher level of completeness and finish than was to be seen in foreign capitals," says Mr. Courtney. "Sarah Bernhardt and other foreign visitors acknowledged that in this respect they did not do things better in France. Gradually Tree bettered the examples of his predecessors. His critics said he over-elaborated his effects; his friends were never tired of welcoming new grades of beauty.

"He was full of the idea of the importance of the theatrical art, as a main instrument of culture and as a most necessary element in civic and social life. He did not work merely for his own hand, but upheld the claims of his calling. He instituted a Shakespearean week—a most costly undertaking—in order to keep alive our indebtedness to the Elizabethan stage. He presided at meetings, made speeches, inaugurated movements, pushed and encouraged various policies, in order to prove that actors were important elements in the community who had their proper functions in the body politic. You know how many speeches Tree made in the United States, not because speaking was easy to him—it never was—but because he felt it to be his duty to represent British interests and ideals in this appalling universal war."

THE most obvious thing about the Russian revolution seems to be that the scum of the boiling carries the odious taint of the rascally Rasputin and bears a strong Teutonic flavour. This is evidently so in the case of the ex-Minister of the Interior, Protopopoff, whose policies during the last few months of the old regime did much to provoke the final fulmination. In a review of Protopopoff's political history and an exposition of his dictatorship given by E. H. Wilcox, in the Fortnightly Review, it seems clear that Protopopoff was a protege of Rasputin, and that his policy was dictated by a mischievous determination to stir up domestic strife

and sell the Russian birthright for a mess of sauerkraut.

Protopopoff is now safely stowed away in the fortress of Peter and Paul. When the first rumble of the revolution roused Petrograd he slunk out of sight and hid in the home of the notorious herb doctor Badmaeff. Reports say that it was his brother who persuaded him to surrender to the revolutionaries. He went in disguise to the Taurides Palace at midnight of March 14th and actually offered his services to the Executive Council "for the welfare of our Fatherland." Kerenski was called and decided that Protopopoff could best serve the welfare of the Fatherland under arrest and told him so. And now, amongst the many charges preferred against him is one of stealing from the telegraph archives the original dispatches between the late mystic monk Rasputin and Emperor Nicholas and Empress Alexandra.

A correspondent of Current History, who visited the Fortress of Peter and Paul, says: "Protopopoff, like a beast in its den, strode to and fro, to and fro, incessantly, from corner to corner of his cell. He paid no attention to the sound of men moving in the corridor. He did not even glance at the hole in the door." Which is not the first time a jackal has tried to play tiger.

Rasputin first appears in the Protopopoff record when, as senior vice-president of the Duma, Protopopoff returned from England in the spring of last year after creating, temporarily, a favourable impression there as one of the delegation from the two Houses of the Russian Parliament, which attended the conference of Allied Parliaments. Protopopoff had just promoted the new paper *Russkaya Volya* (The Will of Russia), the financing of which, according to a later review of the enterprise given in the Duma by the Conservative deputy Pouriskevitch was engineered by "the three principal banks which work in Russia with German money." About this time Protopopoff was also being criticized for the remarkable indiscretion of being seen in conference with a member of the German legation at Stockholm on the return trip from England. He was also charged with having slipped away for a while from his brother delegates during the stop-over in Stockholm for a quiet chat with the German minister von Lucius.

Thanks to the oily interference of Rasputin, Protopopoff weathered the storm and, by some wizardry of the "esoteric" forces, was elevated to the Ministry. Whilst still in the probationary stage as "Administrator" of his department, he provoked the strong disapproval of the Duma, and the Minister President Trepoff, in response to the demands of Pouriskevitch, went the length of inducing the Tsar to agree to the removal of Protopopoff from the cabinet. But the united efforts of the Rasputin gang secured a reversal of the decision and, when Protopopoff was confirmed in full Ministerial rank, Trepoff sent in

his resignation.

"Protopopoff was now supreme in Russia," continues Mr. Wilcox; "for the new Minister President, Prince Galytzin, was a mediocrity without a will or a programme of his own." As Minister of the Interior, and following Trepoff's removal, he was responsible for every one of the reckless and fatal measures adopted in Russia's domestic affairs. He has been charged with deliberately withholding provisions from Petrograd, Moscow, and other large towns, with the object of goading their populations to revolt. Nominated members of the Imperial Council who had voted for the resolution in favour of a Cabinet of "public confidence" were removed, in defiance of precedent and, apparently, in contravention of the law, and their places filled by men of trustworthy subservience. The President of the Council was dismissed and his post given to a notorious reactionary, the former Minister of Justice, Shcheglovitoff, who, according to the Grand Duke Nikolai Michailovitch, was one of the most influential of the supporters of the Tsar in the policy of defying the nation.

**Protopopoff
Provoked the
Revolution?**

"Meanwhile the arrests of political workers were becoming more numerous every day, and on February 11th Protopopoff took the extreme and desperate step of imprisoning eleven of the workmen's representatives on the War Industrial Commission.

"By ordinary human intelligence the arrest of these men at that critical juncture can only be ascribed to a desire to provoke excesses," remarks Mr. Wilcox, in conclusion. "There is, indeed, only one alternative to this view, and that is the theory that Protopopoff's actions as Minister were the aberrations of a madman. For some time past his health had been very unstable, and, apart altogether from his Ministerial record, it had been rumoured that his physical condition was beginning to affect his mind, and that he was threatened with paralysis. How much truth there is in these stories has not yet become known, and we shall probably have to wait for the greatest of modern political trials before the strange case of Alexander Protopopoff is thoroughly cleared up."

THERE is hardly another public character in the history of the United States of whom so much has been heard and about whom so little is known as is the case with Herbert Clark Hoover. His masterly administration of Belgian Relief projected his name in an admirable light before the whole world, but only a comparatively few know anything of the past of the man, or of his struggles and successes in private life.

All of which moved a Boston editorial writer to enquiry. He discovers that Hoover, when a barefoot boy in Iowa—the son of poor Quaker parents—developed a bent towards engineering by reading of the achievements of John Hays Hammond. He went to Leland Stanford Junior University, with nothing more tangible than a determination to study his chosen profession there. He worked as a laundry agent and did other menial jobs to pay for his education. "As usual in such cases," says this writer, "he made his way through college creditably, and from this point onward his progress was not only remarkable, but exceptional."

The sketch of his career which is oftenest consulted is necessarily so compressed and condensed as to be little more than the recital of a string of bone-dry facts punctuated with dates. He is appointed to geological surveys in Arkansas, and in the Sierra Nevadas; he is made assistant manager of the Carlisle mines of New Mexico; he becomes engineer of the Morning Star mine in California; he goes on, holding higher and higher positions, gaining steadily in reputation until we find him filling the post of engineer of the Imperial Bureau of Mines in China. Then the details merge almost into the romantic, for the little barefoot Iowa boy becomes in succession the trusted consulting engineer of mining corporations in different parts of the world, the authorized representative of a hundred millions of capital, director of properties almost



A gusty corner for Royal Millinery.

—J. N. D., in Kansas City Star.

beyond price, and the employer of 50,000 men. He is brought to London for consultation by the heads of international enterprises. He is recognized, in reality, as a second John Hays Hammond. He is looked up to as a potential Cecil Rhodes. He is accorded distinction as one of the big men of the world. He is consulted by cabinets. He is put at the head of the greatest philanthropic undertaking of modern times, if not of all times.

One of the circumstances that have escaped the scrutiny of his biographers is the fact that, while submerged, as it were, in the material and the practical, this big, brawny, bustling business man, was engaged upon a translation, compilation, and elucidation of "Georgius Agricola De Re Metallica," founded upon the first Latin edition of 1536, a monumental technical work published by the Mining Magazine, Salisbury House, London, 1912.

PERCY GRAINGER, the Australian virtuoso and composer, has sprung another surprise on musical America. As the author of many tuneful ditties and brilliant popular successes, he did not inspire much serious consideration amongst his high-brow brethren—in spite of his startling shock of hair. Now at a bound the composer of "Molly on the Shore," "I'm Seventeen Come Sunday," "Handel in the Strand," and other catchy rhythms and spicy oddities, has revealed himself as a serious and ultra-modern composer of astounding originality and an erudition worthy of Strauss. From the important Norfolk Festival comes the report of "The Warriors," a symphonic poem which, in the words of one musical critic, "makes Stravinsky sound like Mozart." In intricacy, daring, largeness of design and breadth of conception, "The Warriors" appears to be the most startling novelty of the season.

The interpretation furnished by Mr. Grainger himself is interesting. By warriors he does not mean, apparently, the great generals of history, who busied themselves with the science of military strategy and tactics, but the natural-born fighters, lovers of personal combat, of all ages and climes—"lazy, pleasure-loving men and women who would rather fight than work for a living."

"It may be imagined," says Mr. Aldrich, musical critic of the New York Times, "that Mr. Grainger let loose all the powers of his imagination and opened the flood gates of his orchestral rhetoric in embodying this. The piece is rather terrifying at first, but it has that in it which gains greater significance on repeated hearing. . . . The din which rises to an almost unbearable point at least two passages is not a mere noise-making but the product of a perfectly traceable thematic treatment."

Besides the ordinary instruments of the full orchestra, Mr. Grainger employs the members of his beloved marimba

family, and in addition the glockenspiel, the xylophone, seven bells and two pianofortes! There are at least fifteen themes in it, and abundant passages of real beauty, of true expressiveness and poetry, even of genuine ability. Grenville Vernon, of the New York Tribune, calls it a triumph of virtuosity. The attitude of musicians generally is one of astonishment for the ability shown.

IF you or I sat down on the upturned point of a pin we'd express anything that came handy to the tip of our tongues—but when Charley Chaplin does it he expresses "art," according to Mildred Cram, in the Theatre magazine. She also sees a certain kind of poetic motion in the way Charley slithers in custard pies, trips over garbage pails and plunges into crates of eggs. Charley should be taken seriously, says Miss Cram, because he is "contortionist, clown, idiot and artist all in one. He is the world clown, the delicious mountebank, the lovable rogue. He has taken the place of Pierrot, Arlecchino of the Commedia, Punch, Puck and the marionettes and mines of Gauthier's day."

"He was inspired," says Miss Cram, "when he made up like a Hobo Romeo, drawing a line between the absurd and the tragic so delicately that you laugh at him with tears in your eyes. A romantic clown! A

tramp with a tragic past! Cyrano de Bergerac wrong side about. Charley borrowed heavily from Pierrot. He can be languishing; he can be stricken, love-sick, dumbly forlorn. He is an artist because he can lead an audience unerringly from hoots of laughter into silence and to tears. He accomplished it in "The Tramp," one of his most uproarious comedies. In the last 'fade-out' he stood at the top of a hill. Behind him lay a tramp's short dream of love and home, be-



"Oh, doctor, will it make me normal again?"

—Marcus, in The New York Times.

fore him lay the long, white road. He did not show his face, but by the droop of his shoulders, his dumb immobility, his whole, discouraged and disheartened, sagging head, hands and knees, he gave the tramp's little tragedy. He stood a moment—and it was as daring a moment as any of Mrs. Fiske's back-stage expedients—forn and pitiful. Then courage came again; he straightened, swung his absurd cane, flourished his elbows, kicked up his sore heels and trotted briskly away into the face of the setting sun."

THE most majestic National Anthem ever written has been sacrificed to Russia's determination to have done with the house of Romanoff. "God Save the Czar" is to be sung no more, and "The Hymn of New Russia"—a composition reflecting something of the heat of revolutionary fervour—replaces it. The music of the new national anthem was written by Alexander Gretchaninof, already a composer of international reputation and leader of the new school which has undertaken to build up a pure ritual music for the Russian Church.

The new anthem has been heard at two public performances in New York and was received cordially enough. "Sung by a multitude of voices it should prove extremely stirring," is the opinion of a critic in Musical America. Its compass never exceeds an octave, and it "has a touch of Russiaism that gives it a becoming suggestion of folk quality."

It is this "common touch" in the tune of the new anthem which may secure its survival. National anthems, like all folk-songs, are usually of the obscurest origin and are rarely written by musicians of the first rank, such as Gretchaninof. But up to the present Gretchaninof has owed his distinction chiefly to his part in the renaissance of Russian church music. "Some of his works," says H. K. Moderwell, in "The Art of Music," "will stand as the most perfect specimens of sacred music the world over."

MFERMIN GEMIER, director of the Theatre Antoine, is convinced that French dramatic art is on the eve of a great revolution. He believes that the quickening of the national consci-

ence which came as one of the salutary attributes of war has turned public opinion in Paris against the persistent tendency of French playwrights to probe sex problems and pander to prurency. Speaking to the Paris correspondent of the Christian Science Monitor, M. Gemier said that this tendency in the French theatre had been largely responsible for spreading abroad the idea that France had become a degenerate nation and that it was a realization of this shameful fact that had aroused a public demand for change.

As to the form this new development is to take M. Gemier said that the recent formation of the Shakespeare Society in France was perhaps the first great practical step.

M. Gemier went on to say that going back, as it were, to Shakespeare as a point of departure, as a starting point where they were all agreed that truth had existed, it became possible to look ahead with confidence. The experience gained by the recent production of the "Merchant of Venice" at the Antoine Theatre was highly encouraging. He could state that all in France who were interested in the theatre had been much impressed by the results obtained from this first effort. The suppression of the wings and of some of the scenery, and the putting, as it were, of the actors in closer relation to the audience had been a great change in the right direction. By a single stroke they had eliminated much of the artificiality of the stage. A great note of simplicity and sincerity that was entirely new had been struck by this new production of Shakespeare. It constituted the actual start of a plan for rendering the drama more natural and more real.

In reply to the question as to whether the public were ready to accept this change, M. Gemier said they undoubtedly were. There was, in fact, a new audience already created and waiting. At present this audience was in the trenches, but they would soon be back from the war and the theatre must give such representations of the drama as would meet their psychological needs. Development in this direction had great possibilities, and from this basis there would, M. Gemier hoped, spring up a new style and a new drama.

ELLA Frances Lynch who is one of the most active advocates for the educating of children at home and who founded the league of Teacher Mothers, is not very much impressed with the idea of military training in schools. "The home is the best training camp," she says in the New York Times. "Home discipline, home unity, home efficiency must prepare the way and train the individual for national discipline, national unity and efficiency under a democratic Government."

Preparedness calls for a regular daily program of home work, school work, and play, says Miss Lynch, so that the child knows what it has to do throughout the day. Every child must have some task to perform. Teach him how to do the work. Then make him do it promptly, thoroughly, regularly. He must work while at work. To this end, compulsion must not be shunned. Thoroughness must be procured by making a stand against erratic busybodyness and requiring of the child suitable work done honestly. He must learn respect for the finished job.

NOW, the effort to repudiate conscription, says the Christian Science Monitor of Boston, has come up in the Western Hemisphere, and is summed up by the Roman Catholic Archbishop of Quebec in terms which go infinitely further than anything the Bishop of Killaloe or the Archbishop of Killaloe or the Archbishop of Melbourne has ever thought it wise to advance. It is obvious

*Christian Science
Monitor on
Cardinal Begin*

that conscription cannot be attacked in Canada on the ground that the country does not enjoy representative government. Canada not only enjoys representative government, but the Province of Quebec even enjoys a bilingual privilege. Therefore Car-

(Continued on page 26.)

Rimrock Jones

By DANE COOLIDGE

Author of "The Desert Trail"

RIMROCK JONES, prospector, discovers the Tecolote copper mine in Arizona. The mine is rich in ore, but Rimrock is "broke." He gets \$10 from Lockhart, a local banker. With it he plays Faro and wins thousands. Another throw and he loses all. While searching for "Apex" McBain, his chief enemy, he meets Mary Fortune, McBain's typist. To her he explains how McBain euchred him out of the mine that put Gunsight on the map. She lends him \$400 on the security of an un-named share in the Tecolote. Rimrock comes back later with a bag of gold ore on which he gets \$2,000 loan from Lockhart. The ore was borrowed from a Mexican; whereby Rimrock begins to get even with a man who had previously robbed him. Rimrock goes down to New York and floats a company. He comes back, repays Lockhart, and tries to pay Mary Fortune her \$400. Mary insists on the "share" he had promised her. She names one per cent. Rimrock is trapped. That one per cent. throws the casting vote to Mary. The New York man has 49; Rimrock 51. It takes Rimrock's 50 and Mary's 1 to control the mine.

In a motor-ride to the Tecolote Rimrock proposes marriage to Mary Fortune. She postpones her decision. Surveyors arrive to line the railroad from Gunsight to Tecolote. "Apex" McBain and his gang undertake to jump Rimrock's claim. Rimrock arrives on the scene single-handed with his gun. In the scrimmage to get the claim jumpers off his property, he shoots McBain. Rimrock is placed under arrest on a charge of murder. He goes to jail. Unable to get bail, he also refuses to engage a lawyer, preferring to conduct his own case on a man-justice basis. Meanwhile Mary is made Secretary of the Company. Gunsight property booms. Jepson, manager for the New York interests, arrives. Mary visits Rimrock in jail and urges him to secure counsel. He refuses. A hotel, with the company's offices, is built. Rimrock's trial comes on. He is acquitted, and returns to Gunsight. Rimrock interviews Jepson and tells him plainly that he, Rimrock, is boss, not the New York people. Rimrock, Mary and Jepson ride out to the mine. Rimrock is satisfied with the showing of the ore. They return to town. Rimrock proposes to Mary again, and is put off once more. A Directors' meeting is held. The New York interests propose marketing a hundred million shares of common stock. Rimrock declares against it. They wait for Mary's decision.

CHAPTER XV.—(Continued.)

"DID you get that, Miss Fortune?" asked Buckbee, suavely, "the proposition is to issue a hundred million shares of common and start them at, say, ten cents a share. Then by a little manipulation we can raise them to twenty and thirty, and from that on up to a dollar. At that price, of course, you can unload if you wish: I'll keep you fully informed."

"Yes, I understood it," she answered, "but I'm not in favour of it. I think all stock gambling is wrong."

"You—what?" exclaimed Buckbee, and Whitney H. Stoddard was so astounded that he was compelled to unmask. His cold, weary eyes became predatory and eager and a subtle, scornful smile twisted his lips. Even Rimrock was surprised. She was with him, that was enough; let the stock gamblers rage. He had won in the very first bout.

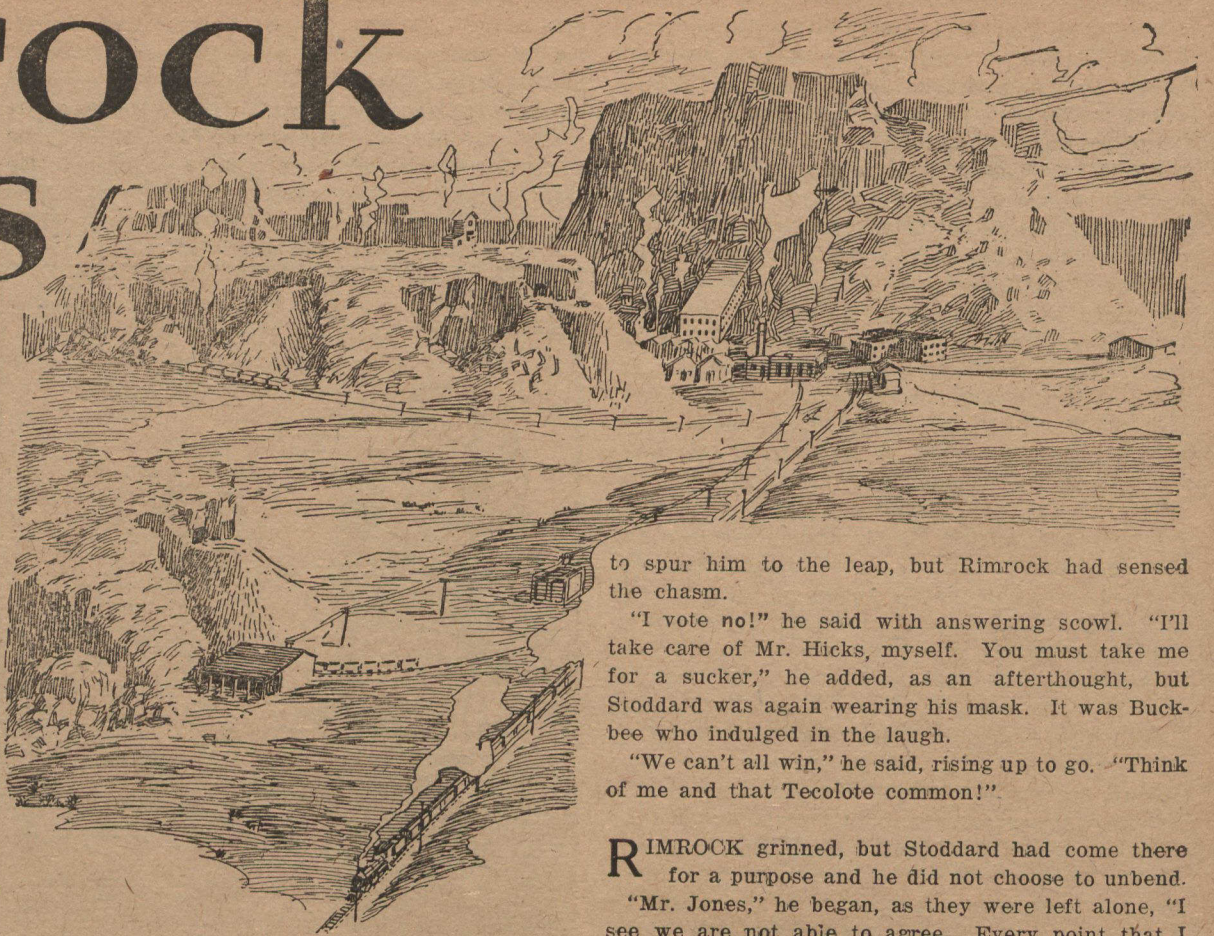
"But my dear Miss Fortune," began Stoddard, still smiling, "do you realize what you have done? You have rejected a profit, at the very least, of one or two million dollars."

"That may be," she said, "but I prefer not to take it unless we give something in return."

"But we do" broke in Buckbee, "that stock is legitimate. The people that buy it will get rich."

"But the people who buy it last will lose," she said. "I know, because I did it myself."

"Oho!" began Buckbee but at a glance from Stod-



ILLUSTRATED BY T. W. McLEAN

ard he drew back and concealed his smirk. Then for half an hour with his most telling arguments and the hypnotic spell of his eyes Whitney Stoddard out-did himself to win her over while Rimrock sat by and smiled. He had tried that himself in days gone by and he knew Stoddard was wasting his breath. She had made up her mind and that was the end of it—there would be no Tecolote common. Even Stoddard saw at last that his case was hopeless and he turned to the next point of attack. Rimrock Jones, he knew, opposed him on general principles—but the girl as a matter of conscience. They would see if that conscience could not be utilized.

"Very well," he said, "I'll withdraw my motion. Let us take up this matter of the saloon."

"What saloon?" demanded Rimrock, suddenly alert and combative, and Stoddard regarded him censoriously.

"I refer," he said, "to the saloon at the camp, which you have put there in spite of Jepson's protests. Now, outside the question of general policy—the effect on the men, the increase in accidents and the losses that are sure to result—I wish to protest, and to protest most vigorously, against having a whiskey camp. I want the Tecolote to draw the best type of men, men of family who will make it their home, and I think it's a sin under circumstances like this to poison their lives with rum. I could speak on this further, but I simply make a motion that Tecolote be kept a temperance camp."

He paused and met Rimrock's baleful glance with a thin-lipped fighting smile; and then the battle was on. There were hot words in plenty and mutual recrimination, but Stoddard held the high moral ground. He stuck to his point that employers had no right to profit by the downfall of their men; and when it came to the vote, without a moment's hesitation, Mary Fortune cast her vote with his.

"WHAT'S that?" yelled Rimrock, rising up black with anger and striking a great blow on the table. "Have I got to tell Hassayamp to go? This old friend of mine that helped me and staked me when nobody else would trust me? Then I resign, by grab. If I can't do a little thing like that, I'm going to quit! Right now! You can get another manager! I resign! Now vote on it! You've got to accept it or—"

"I accept it!" said Stoddard, and a wild look crossed Rimrock's face as he saw where his impetuosity had led him. But Mary Fortune, with an understanding smile, shook her head and voted no.

"How do you vote?" challenged Stoddard, trying

to spur him to the leap, but Rimrock had sensed the chasm.

"I vote no!" he said with answering scowl. "I'll take care of Mr. Hicks, myself. You must take me for a sucker," he added, as an afterthought, but Stoddard was again wearing his mask. It was Buckbee who indulged in the laugh.

"We can't all win," he said, rising up to go. "Think of me and that Tecolote common!"

RIMROCK grinned, but Stoddard had come there for a purpose and he did not choose to unbend.

"Mr. Jones," he began, as they were left alone, "I see we are not able to agree. Every point that I bring up you oppose it on general principles. Have you any suggestions for the future?"

"Why, yes," returned Rimrock, "since I'm in control I suggest that you leave me alone. I know what you'd like—you'd like to have me play dead, and let you and Jepson run the mine. But if you've got enough, if you want to get out, I might take that stock off your hands."

A questioning flash came into Stoddard's keen eyes.

"In what way?" he enquired, cautiously.

"Well, just place a value on it, whatever you think it's worth, and we'll get right down to business." Rimrock hitched up his trousers, and the square set of his shoulders indicated his perfect willingness to begin. "You're not the only man," he went on, importantly, "that's got money to put into mines."

"Perhaps not," admitted Stoddard, "but you take too much for granted if you think I can be bought out for a song."

"Oh, no," protested Rimrock, "I don't think anything like that. I expect you to ask a good price. Yes, a big price. But figure it out, now, what you've put into the mine and a reasonable return for your risk. Then multiply it by five, or ten, or twenty, whatever you think it's worth, and make me an offer on paper."

"Not at all! Not at all!" rapped out Stoddard, hastily, "I'm in the market to buy."

"Well, then, make me an offer," said Rimrock, bluffly, "or Miss Fortune here, if she'd like to sell. Here, I'll tell you what you do—you name me a figure that you'll either buy at, or sell! Now, that's fair, ain't it?"

A fretful shadow came over Stoddard's face as he found himself still on the defence and he sought to change his ground.

"I'll tell you frankly why I make this offer—it's on account of the Old Juan claim. If you had shown any tendency to be in the least reasonable I'd be the last to propose any change—"

"Never mind about that," broke in Rimrock, peremptorily, "I'll take your word for all that. The question is—what's your price?"

"I don't want to sell!" snapped out Stoddard, peevishly, "but I'll give you twenty million dollars for your hundred thousand shares of stock."

"You offered that before," countered Rimrock, coolly, "when I was shut up in the County jail. But I'm out again now and I guess you can see I don't figure on being stung."

"I'll give you thirty million," said Stoddard, speaking slowly, "and not a dollar more."

"Will you sell out for that?" demanded Rimrock, instantly. "Will you take forty for what you hold?"

"You won't? Then what are you offering it to me for? Haven't I got the advantage of control?"

"Well, perhaps you have," answered Stoddard, doubtfully, and turned and looked straight at Mary. "Miss Fortune," he said, "I don't know you intimately, but you seem to be a reasonable woman. May I ask at this time whether it is your present intention to hold your stock, or to sell?"

"I intend to hold my stock," replied Mary, very quietly, "and to vote it whichever way seems best."

"Then am I to understand that you don't follow Mr. Jones blindly, and that he has no control over your stock?"

MARY nodded, but as Stoddard leaned forward with an offer she hurried on to explain.

"But at the same time," she said, in her gentlest manner and with a reassuring glance at her lover, "when we think what hardships Mr. Jones had endured in order to find this mine, and all he has been through since, I think it is no more than right that he should remain in control."

"Aha! I see!" responded Stoddard, cynically, "may I enquire if you young people have an understanding?"

"That is none of your business," she answered, sharply, but the telltale blush was there.

"Ah, yes, excuse me," murmured Stoddard, playfully, "a lady might well hesitate—with him!"

He cast a teasing glance in the direction of Rimrock and perceived he had guessed right again. "Well, well," he hurried on, "that does make a difference—it's the most uncertain element in the game. But all this aside, may I ask you young people if you have a top price for your stock. I don't suppose I can meet it, but it's no harm to mention it. Don't be modest—whatever it is!"

"A hundred million dollars!" spoke up Rimrock, promptly, "that's what I value my share of the mine."

"And you?" began Stoddard, with a quizzical smile, but Mary seemed not to hear. It was a way she had, when a thing was to be avoided; but Stoddard raised his voice. "And you, Miss Fortune?" he called, insistently. "How much do you want for your stock?"

She glanced up, startled, then looked at Rimrock, and dropped her eyes to the table.

"I don't wish to sell," she answered quietly, and the two men glared at each other.

"Mr. Jones," began Stoddard, in the slow, measured tones of a priest who invokes the only god he knows, "I'm a man of few words—now, you can take this or leave it. I'll give you—fifty—million—dollars!"

"Nothing doing!" answered Rimrock. "I don't want to sell. Will you take fifty millions for yours?"

For a moment Stoddard hesitated, then his face became set and his voice rasped harshly in his throat.

"No!" he said. "I came here to buy. And you'll live to wish you had sold!"

"Like hell!" retorted Rimrock. "This has been my day. I'll know where I'm at, from now on."

Then he fell to watching Jepson and talking to the miners and snooping for some hidden scheme, but Jepson went ahead with his machine-like efficiency until the Tecolote began to turn out ore.

Day and night the low thunder of the powerful batteries told of the milling of hundreds of tons; and the great concentrator, sprawling down on the broad hillside, washed out the copper and separated it from the muck. Long trains of steel ore-cars received the precious concentrates and bore them off to the distant smelters, and at last there came the day when the steady outpauk ceased and the money began to pile up in the bank. L. W.'s bank, of course; for since the fatal fight he had been Rimrock's banker and bosom friend. But that ended the long wait. At the sight of all that money Rimrock Jones began to spend.

For a year and more Rimrock had been careful and provident—that is, careful and provident for him. Six months of that time had been spent in the County Jail, and since then he had been watching Stoddard. But now Whitney H. Stoddard—and Jepson, too—were uniformly polite and considerate. There was no further question—whatever Rimrock ordered was done and charged up to the Company. That had been Stoddard's payment for his share of the mine, and now the money was pouring back. Rimrock watched it and wondered, then he simply watched it; and at last he began to spend.

His first big blow-out was a raid on The Mint, where Ike Bray still ran his games; and when Rimrock rose up from the faro table he owned the place, fixtures and all. It had been quite a brush, but Rimrock was lucky; and he had a check-book this time, for more luck. That turned the scales, for he out-held the bank; and, when he had won The Mint, he presented it to Old Hassayamp Hicks.

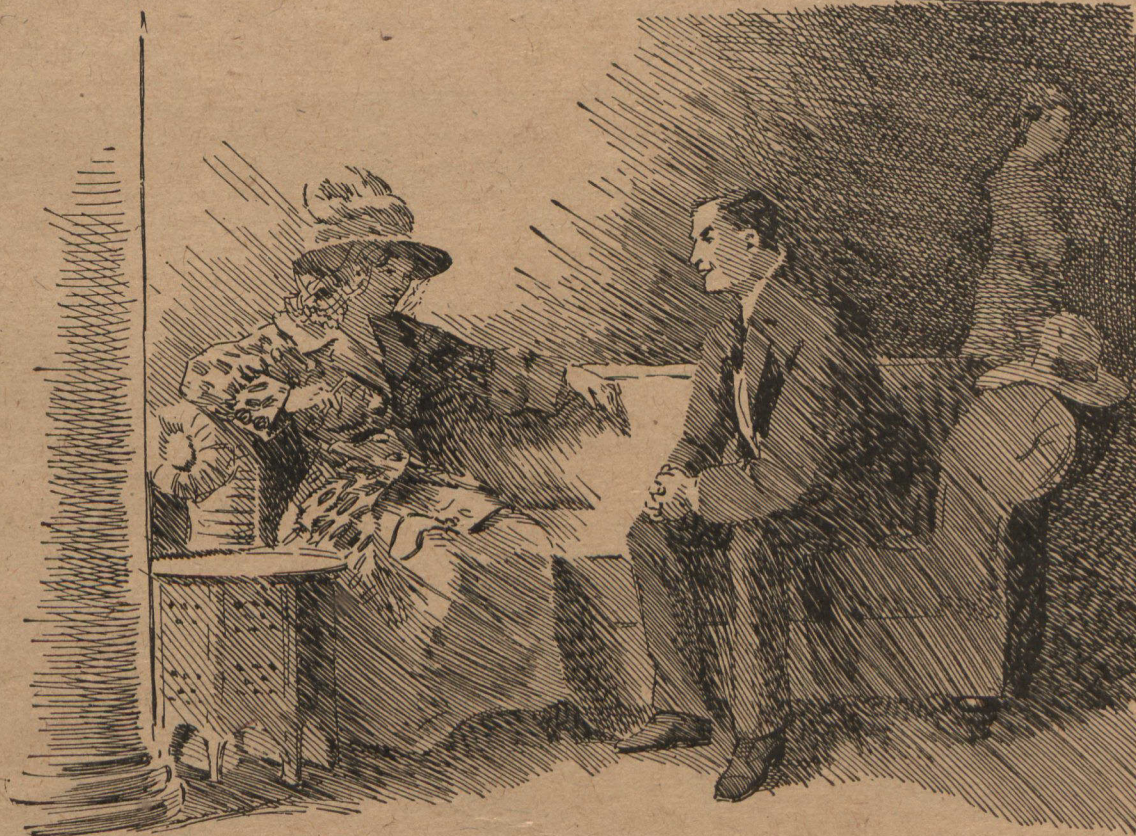
"They can talk all they please," he said in his presentation speech which, though brief, invoked tremendous applause, "but the man don't live that can say I don't remember my friends."

Yet how difficult it is to retain all our friends, though we come with gifts in both hands! Rimrock rewarded Hassayamp and L. W., and Woo Chong,

And after that, repentance; the same, joyless waiting; and, at last, drink again, to forget. And then humbler repentance and forgiveness of a kind, but the sweet trustfulness was lost from her smile.

So with money and friends there came little happiness, either for Rimrock or yet for her. They looked at each other across a chasm of differences where any chance word might offend. He had alluded at one time to the fact that she was deaf and she had avoided his presence for days. And she had a way, when his breath smelled of drink, of drawing her head away. Once when he spoke to her in his loud, outdoor voice, she turned away and burst into tears; but she would never explain what it was that hurt her, more than to ask him not to do it again. So it went until his wild, ungoverned nature broke all bounds and he turned to drink.

Yet if the first phase of his devotion had been passed by Rimrock he was not lacking in attentions of a kind, and so one evening as the West-bound train was due, Mary found herself waiting for him in the ladies' balcony. This oriental retreat, giving them a view of the lobby without exposing them to the rough talk of the men, was common ground for the women of the hotel, and as she looked over the railing Mary was distinctly conscious of the chic Mrs. Jepson, sitting near. Mrs. Jepson, as the wife of the Tecolote Superintendent, was in a social class by herself and, even after Mary's startling rise to a directorship in the Company, Mrs. Jepson still thought of her as a typist. Still a certain feeling of loyalty to her husband, and a natural fear for his job, had prompted Mrs. Jepson, in so far as possible, to overlook this mere accident of occupation. And behind her too-sweet smile there was another motive—her woman's curiosity was piqued. Not only did this deaf girl, this ordinary typist, hold the fate of her husband in her hand, but she could, if she wished, marry Rimrock Jones himself and become the wife of a millionaire. And yet she did not do it. This was out of the ordinary, even in Mrs. Jepson's stratum of society, and so she watched her, discreetly.



And as all the world seemed far away, they took no notice of a ghost.

THE train bus dashed up outside the door and the usual crowd of people came in. There was a whiff of cold air, for the winter night was keen, and then a strange woman appeared. She walked in with a presence, escorted by Jepson, who was returning from a flying trip East; and immediately every eye, including Mrs. Jepson's, was shifted and riveted upon her. She was a tall, slender woman, in a black picture-hat, and from the slope of her slim shoulders to the high heels of her slippers she was wrapped in a single tiger skin. Not a Bengal tiger with black and tawny stripes, but a Mexican tiger cat, all leopard spots and red, with gorgeous rosettes in five parallel rows that merged in the pure white of the breast. It was a regal robe, fit to clothe a queen, and as she came in, laughing, she displayed the swift, undulating stride of the great beast which had worn that fine skin.

They came down to the desk and the men who had preceded them gave way to let her pass. She registered her name, meanwhile making some gay answer to a jesting remark from Jepson, who laid aside his dignity to laugh. The clerk joined the merriment, whereupon it was instantly assumed that the lady was quite correct. But women, so they say, are preternaturally quick to recognize an enemy of the home. As Mary gazed down she became suddenly conscious of a sharp rapping on the balcony rail and, looking up, she beheld Mrs. Jepson leaning over,

CHAPTER XVI.

The Tiger Lady.

THE winter came on with its rains and soft verdure and desert shrubs bursting with bloom and, for a man who professed to know just exactly where he was at, Rimrock Jones was singularly distraught. When he cast down the glove to Whitney H. Stoddard, that glutton for punishment who had never quit yet, he had looked for something to happen. Each morning he rose up with the confident expectation of hearing that the Old Juan was jumped; but that high, domelike butte remained as lifeless as ever, without a single guard to herd the apex claim.

and every man who had done him a kind act. If money can cement friendships he had won over the whole town, but with Mary Fortune he had failed. On that first triumphant night when, after their bout with Stoddard, they realized the true value of their mine; in the dim light of the balcony and speaking secretly into her ear, he had won, for one instant, a kiss. But it was a kiss of ecstasy, of joy at their triumph and the thought that she had saved him from defeat; and when he laid hold of her and demanded another she had fought back and leapt up and fled.

glaring at her husband. Perhaps Jepson looked up—he sensed her in some way—and, remembering, glanced wildly about. And then, to the moment, in came Rimrock Jones, striding along with his big hat in his hand.

IT happened as in a play, the swift entrance of the hero, a swifter glance, and the woman smiled. At sight of that tiger-skin coat Rimrock stopped dead in his tracks—and Jepson saw his chance to escape.

"Mr. Jones," he beckoned frantically, "let me introduce you to Mrs. Hardesty. Excuse me!" And he slipped away. There were explanations later, in the privacy of the Jepson apartments, but Mr. Jepson never could quite understand. Mrs. Hardesty had come out with a card from Mr. Stoddard and it was his duty, no less, to look after her. But meanwhile the drama moved swiftly, with Mary in the balcony looking on. She could not hear, but her eyes told her everything and soon she, too, slipped away. Her appointment was neglected, her existence forgotten. She had come—the other woman!

"Ah, well, well!" the woman cried as she opened her eyes at Rimrock and held out a jeweled hand, "have you forgotten me already? I used to see you so often—at the Waldorf, but you won't remember!"

"Oh! Back in New York!" exclaimed Rimrock, heartily. "What'd you say the name? Oh, Hardesty! Oh, yes! You were a friend of—"

"Mr. Buckbee! Oh, I was sure you would remember me! I've come out to look at your mine!"

They shook hands at that and the crowd moved off further, though it increased as the circle expanded, and then Rimrock looked again at the tiger-skin.

"Say, by George!" he exclaimed with unctuous admiration, "ain't that the finest tiger-skin you ever saw. And that's no circus product—that's a genuine tigre, the kind they have in Old Mexico!"

"Oh, you have been in Mexico? Then that's how you knew it! I meet so many people who don't know. Yes, I have an interest in the famous Tigre Mine and this was given me by a gentleman there!"

"Well, he must have been crazy over you!" declared Rimrock, frankly, "or he'd never have parted with that skin!"

"Ah, you flatter me!" she said, and turned to the clerk with an inquiry regarding her room.

"Give her the best there is!" spoke up Rimrock, with authority, "and charge it up to the Company. No, now never you mind! Ain't you a friend of Buckbee's? And didn't you come out to see our mine?"

"Oh, thank you very much," answered Mrs. Hardesty, sweetly, "I prefer to pay, if you don't mind."

"Your privilege," conceded Rimrock, "this is a fine, large, free country. We try to give 'em all what they want."

"Yes, it is!" she exclaimed. "Isn't the colouring wonderful! And have you spent all your life on these plains? Can't we sit down here somewhere? I'm just dying to talk with you. And I have business to talk over, too."

"Oh, not here!" exclaimed Rimrock, as she glanced about the lobby. "This may not be the Waldorf, but we've got some class all the same. Come up to the balcony—built especially for the ladies—say, how's friend Buckbee and the rest?"

AND then with the greatest gallantry in the world he escorted her to Mary's own balcony. There was another, across the well, but he did not even think of it. He had forgotten that Mary was in the world. As they sat in the dim alcove he found himself telling long stories and listening to the gossip of New York. Every word that he said was received with soft laughter, or rapt silence or a ready jest; and when she in her turn took the conversation in hand he found her sharing with him a new and unseen world. It was a woman's world, full of odd surprises. Everything she did seemed quite sweet and reasonable and at the same time daring and bizarre. She looked at things differently, with a sort of worldly-wise tolerance and an ever-changing, provocative smile. Nothing seemed to shock her even when, to try her, he moved closer; and yet she could understand.

It was a revelation to Rimrock, the laughing way she restrained him; and yet it baffled him, too. They

sat there quite late, each delving into the mystery of the other's personality and mind, and as the lower lights were switched off and the alcove grew dimmer, the talk became increasingly intimate. A vein of poetry, of unsuspected romance, developed in Rimrock's mind and, far from discouraging it or seeming to belittle it, Mrs. Hardesty responded in kind. It was a rare experience in people so different, this exchange of innermost thoughts, and as their voices grew lower and all the world seemed far away, they took no notice of a ghost.

It was a woman's form, drifting past in the dark corridor where the carpet was so thick and soft. It paused and passed on and there was a glint of metal, as of a band of steel over the head. Except for that it might have been any woman, or any uneasy ghost. For night is the time the dead past comes back and the soul mourns over what is lost—but at dawn the spirits vanish and the work of the world goes on.

Mary Fortune appeared late at the Company office, for she had very little to do; and even when there she sat tense and silent. Why not? There was nothing to do. Jepson ran the mine and everything about it, and Rimrock attended to the rest. All she

ONE of our more or less regular woman contributors says in a recent letter concerning things she reads in this paper: "I like Rimrock Jones, far ahead of Number 70, Berlin. I think we are a little tired of German spies." The more we study Rimrock more worth while he seems to be. He is worth in fact rather more while than we allotted him at the start. Not to rush Rimrock off the stage before too many of our new subscribers have a chance to make his acquaintance, we have decided to let him stay in the Courier until about the first week in October. As the days get shorter, the instalments of Rimrock will shorten up also. But we definitely engage to have him off the boards by the middle of October to make room for the next.

had to do was to keep track of the records and act as secretary to the Board of Directors. They never met now, except perfunctorily, to give Rimrock more money to spend. He came in as she sat there, dashing past her for some papers, and was dashing out when she spoke his name.

"Oh, Mr. Jones," she said, and, dimly noting its formality, he paused and questioned her greeting.

"Oh, it's Mister again, is it?" he observed, stopping reluctantly. "Well, what's the matter now?"

"Yes, it's Mister," she said, managing to smile quite naturally. "You know you told me your name was 'Mister'—since you made your pile and all that—but, Mister, I'm going away."

"Going away!" exclaimed Rimrock, suddenly turning to look at her; and then he came hurriedly back.

"Say, what's the matter?" he asked, uneasily, "have I done something else that is wrong?"

"Why, no," she laughed, "what a conscience you have! I'm going East for an operation—I should have gone long ago. Oh, yes, I've been thinking about it for quite a while; but now I'm going to go. You don't know how I dread it. It's very painful, and if it doesn't make me any better it's likely to make me—"

"Oh," said Rimrock, thoughtfully, rubbing his chin, "well, say, when do you want to go? I'm going East myself and there ought to be one of us—"

"So soon?" enquired Mary, and as Rimrock looked at her he caught a twinkle in her eyes. Not of merriment, exactly, but of swift understanding and a hidden, cynical scorn.

"What d'ye mean?" he blustered. "Ain't I got a right—"

"Why, certainly," she returned, still with that subtle resentment, "I have no objections at all. Only it might make a difference to Mr. Stoddard if he found us both away."

"Aw, what's all bosh!" broke out Rimrock, im-

patiently, "he's got his hands more than full in New York. I happen to know he's framing up a copper deal that will lay the Hackmeisters wide open. That's why I want to go back. Mrs. Hardesty says—"

"Mrs. Hardesty?"

Rimrock stopped and looked down. Then he picked up his hat and made another false start for the door.

"Yes, Mrs. Hardesty—she came in last night. That lady that wore the tiger skin."

"Oh!" said Mary, and something in her voice seemed to stab him in the back as he fled.

"Say, what do you mean?" he demanded, coming angrily back, "you speak like something was wrong. Can't a man look twice at some other woman without your saying: 'Oh!' I want you to understand that this Mrs. Hardesty is just as good as you are. And what's more, by grab, she's got stock in our Company and we ought to be treating her nice. Yes, she bought it from Stoddard; and if I could just pull her over—"

"How much stock?" asked Mary, reaching suddenly for a book, and Rimrock fidgeted and turned red.

"Two thousand shares!" he said, defiantly. "She's got as much as you have."

"Oh!" murmured Mary, as she ran through the book, and Rimrock flew into a fury.

"Now, for the love of Mike!" he cried, striding towards her, "don't always be pulling that book! I know you know where every share is, and just who transferred it to who, but this Mrs. Hardesty has told me she's got it and that ought to be enough!"

"Why, certainly!" agreed Mary, instantly closing the book. "I just didn't recall the name. Is she waiting for you now? Then don't let me detain you. I'll be starting East to-night."

Rimrock rocked on his feet in impotent anger as he groped for a fitting retort.

"Well, go then!" he said. "What do I give a damn?" And he rushed savagely out of the room.

CHAPTER XVII.

An Afterthought.

IT was part of the violent nature of Rimrock that his wrath fell upon both the just and the unjust. Mary Fortune had worsted him in their passage at arms and left him bruised from head to heels. She had simply let him come on and at every bludgeon stroke she had replied with a rapier thrust. Without saying a word against the character of Mrs. Hardesty she had conveyed the thought that she was an adventuress; or, if not exactly that, then something less than a lady. And the sure way in which she had reached for that book was proof positive that the stock was not recorded. But the thing that maddened him most, and against which there was no known defence, was her subtle implication that Mrs. Hardesty was at the bottom of his plan to go East. And so, with the fury still hot in his brain, he made poor company on the road to the Tecolote.

Since Mrs. Hardesty had come, as a stockholder of course, to look over the Company's properties, it was necessary that she should visit the mine, though she was far from keen for the trip. She came down at last, heavily veiled from the sunshine, and Rimrock helped her into his machine; but, being for the moment in a critical mood and at war in his heart against all women, he looked at her with different eyes. For the best complexion that was ever laid on will not stand the test of the desert and in the glare of white light she seemed suddenly older and pitifully made up and painted. Even the flash of pearly teeth and the dangerous play of her eyes could not hide the dark shadows beneath; and her conversation, on the morning after, seemed slightly artificial and forced.

Perhaps, in that first flight of their unleashed souls when they sat close in the balcony alone, they had reached a height that could never be attained when the sun was strong in their eyes. They crouched behind the windshield, for Rimrock drove recklessly, and went roaring out across the desert and between the rush of the wind and the sharp kick of the chuck-holes conversation was out of the question. Then they came to the camp, with its long rows of deal houses and the rough bulk of the concentrator and mill; and even this, to Mrs. Hardesty's wind-blown eyes, must have seemed exceedingly Western and raw.

A mine, at the best, is but a hole in the ground; and that which appears on top—the shaft-houses and stacks and trestles and dumps—is singularly barren of interest. The Tecolote was better than most, for there were open cuts with steam shovels scooping up the ore, and miners driving holes into the shattered formation and powdermen loading shots. Rimrock showed it all faithfully, and they watched some blasts and took a ride in the gliding cars, but it was hardly a trip that the average lady would travel from New York to take. So they both breathed a sigh when the ordeal was over and the car had taken them home.

AT the door of the hotel Mrs. Hardesty disappeared, which gave Rimrock a chance for a drink, but as he went past the desk the clerk called him back and added to the burden of his day.

"What's these?" demanded Rimrock as the clerk handed over some keys, but he knew them all too well.

"The keys to the office, sir. Miss Fortune left quite suddenly and requested me to deliver them to you."

"Where'd she go?" he asked, and, not getting an answer, he burst into a fit of cursing. He could see it all now. She had not gone for an operation, she had gone because she was mad. She was jealous, and that was her way of showing it—she had gone off and left him in a hole. He ought to have known from that look in her eye and the polite, smiling way she talked. Now he was tied to the mast and if he went to New York he would have to turn over the mine to Jepson! And that would give Jepson just the chance he wanted to jump the Old Juan claim.

For a man who was worth fifty million dollars and could claim a whole town for his friends Rimrock put in a most miserable night as he dwelt on this blow to his hopes. He was like a man checkmated at chess—every way he turned he was sure to lose if he moved. For the chance of winning a hypothetical two thousand shares, which Stoddard was supposed to have sold to Mrs. Hardesty, he had thrown away and lost forever his control over Mary Fortune's stock. Now, if he followed after her and tried to make his peace, he might lose his chance with Mrs. Hardesty as well; and if he stayed with her Mary was fully capable of throwing her vote with Stoddard's. It was more than her stock, it was her director's vote that he needed above everything else!

Rimrock paced up and down in his untidy room and struggled to find a way out. With Mary gone he could not even vote a dividend unless he came to an agreement with Stoddard. He could not get the money to carry out his plans, not even when it lay in bank. He could not appoint a new secretary, to carry on the work while he made his trip to New York. He couldn't do anything but stay right there and wait until he heard from her!

It was a humiliating position for a man to find himself in, and especially after his talk with Mrs. Hardesty. Perhaps he had not considered the ways and means very carefully, but he had promised her to go back to New York. A man like him, with his genius for finance and his masterful control of men, a man who could rise

in a single year from a prospector to a copper king; such a man was wasted in provincial Arizona—his place was in Wall Street, New York. So she had said that night when they sat close together and their souls sought the high empyrean of dreams—and now he was balked by a woman. Master of men he was, and king of finance he might be, but woman was still his bane.

He looked at it again by the cold light of day and that night he appealed to Mrs. Hardesty. She was a woman herself, and wise in the ways of jealousy, intrigue and love. A single word from her and this impenetrable mystery might be cleared up like mist before the sun. And she ought to help him because it was

through her, indirectly, that all this trouble had occurred. Until her arrival there had never been a moment when he had seriously worried over Mary. She had scolded, of course, about his gambling and drinking and they had had their bad half hours, off and on; but never for an instant had there been the suggestion of a break in their business affairs. About that, at least, she had always been reasonable; but now she was capable of anything. It would not surprise him to get a telegram from Stoddard that he was coming out to take over the control; nor to discover later, across the directors' table, Mary Fortune sitting grimly by. He knew her too well! If she once got started! But he passed—it was up to Mrs. Hardesty.

THEY met at dinner, the lady being indisposed during the day as a result of their strenuous trip, but she came down now, floating gracefully in soft draperies and Rimrock knew why he had built those broad stairs. He had thought, in jail, that he was building them for Mary, but they were for Mrs. Hardesty after all. She was a queen no less in her filmy gown than in the tigerskin cloak that she wore, and Rimrock dared to use the same compliment on her that he had coined for Mary Fortune. They dined together in a secluded corner on the best that the chef could produce—and for a Chinaman, he accomplished miracles—but Rimrock said nothing of his troubles. The talk was wholly of (Continued on page 25.)

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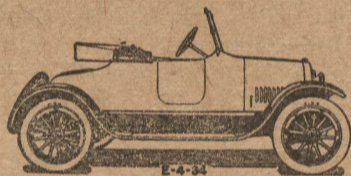
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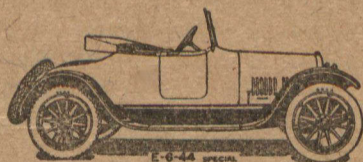
McLaughlin 2-Passenger Valve-in-Head Roadster
E-4-34



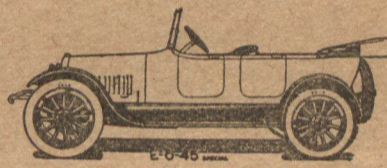
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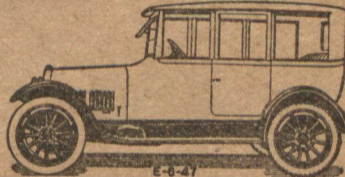
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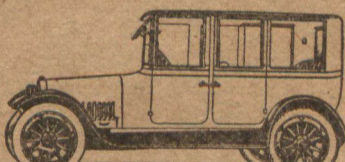
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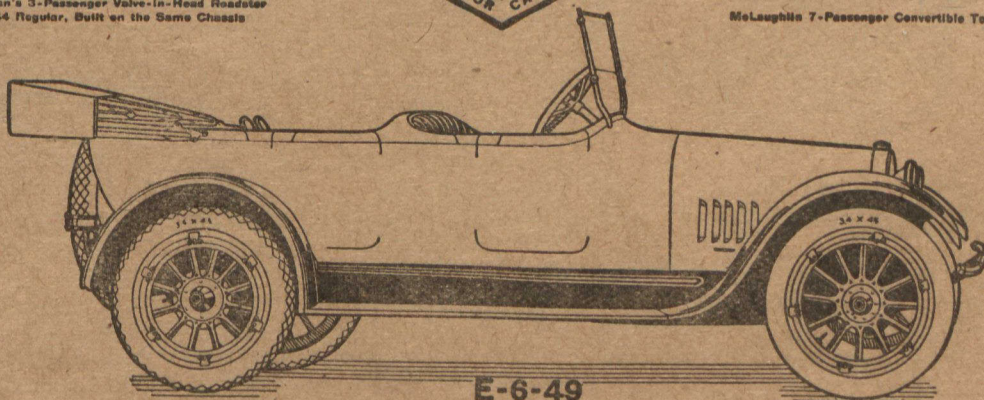
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SINCE the Classics vs. English matter referred to in these pages a few weeks ago from the Fort-nightly Review, other oracles have been taking a hand in the controversy. We quote from August Current Opinion:

The defence of the classics in American education is eloquently summed up by Senator Henry Cabot Lodge in this manner:

"To the mass of mankind science means the steam-engine and the telegraph, the telephone, the dynamo, and the motor-car, wireless telegraphy, and aeroplanes. No one would think of belittling the value and helpfulness of these wonderful inventions which have beneficent purposes. But they all minister to physical comfort. They leave the soul of man untouched. The spirit of man, that which is highest in him, is not lifted up and strengthened by an automobile or a traction-engine or even by an incandescent electric lamp. But the thoughts of men, of the philosophers, the moralists, and the preachers of religion, of artists and architects, of the dramatists, the singers and the poets, whether conveyed to us in paintings, statues, and buildings, or in books, are the real forces which have moved the world."

The case against the classical languages, as presented by H. G. Wells in the same review, is an attack on R. W. Livingstone's "A Defence of Classical Education" (Macmillan). Mr. Wells declares that most of those who are most vigorous in their claims that a knowledge of Latin and Greek is most helpful in the creation of a fine English style, are themselves, for the most part, poor and mediocre writers of English. "If these men do not use their own language nicely, if they miss its subtle opportunities and reason in English with a blunted edge, we are left skeptical by their enthusiasm for the unapproachable subtlety of two languages which, after all, they cannot possibly know so well nor use so freely as they do their own."

The fact, Mr. Wells, continues, that they have failed to bring the treasure over into English (since translations are said to fail in this), "is the most fatal flaw in their very flawed case." One must approach this problem in the role of a father, Mr. Wells thinks. "I wanted my boy to be as highly educated, as well educated, as possible. . . . He is to be an illuminated man." But, even granting the value of the humanities, the father must remember that, after all, his son is English or American.

"He is going to think in English, and he will not do that well unless he has exercised himself in every possible use of our most flexible, beautiful, expressive, and very difficult tongue. He cannot afford to keep it only for the meager uses, because it will be necessarily the medium of all his private thinking. Greek literature may contain the most marvelous intellectual yeast, but it is no real good to him until it is fermenting and reacting in that flow of English thoughts and ideas which will be the essential aim. I do not want him to go off for private mental exaltation into a study, and come out of it again not even trailing clouds of glory into his every-day life. Such learning is no better than opium"

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DEPARTMENT OF THE NAVAL SERVICE.

Royal Naval College of Canada.

ANNUAL examinations for entry of Naval Cadets into this College are held at the examination centres of the Civil Service Commission in May each year, successful candidates joining the College on or about the 1st August following the examination.

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

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

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

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

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One stroke of a bell in a thick fog does not give any lasting impression of its location, but when followed by repeated strokes at regular intervals the densest fog or the darkest night cannot long conceal its whereabouts. Likewise a single insertion of an advertisement as compared with regular and systematic advertising is in effect not unlike a sound which, heard but faintly once, is lost in space and soon forgotten.

Letters to the Editor

WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN.

Edmonton, August 17, 1917.
Editor, Canadian Courier:

In my copy of your paper, dated the 4th August, on page 6, there are these words: "Three years ago next Sunday morning the Grand Fleet of Great Britain sailed away to the North Sea."

This is not historically correct. In the month of August, 1914, I saw a postcard and a letter written by an officer of the Grand Fleet to his brother. The postcard was dated a few days before the war commenced, I think about the 29th of July, when things were getting very hot, and it stated that the Grand Fleet was sailing at sunrise the next morning. The letter which followed was written from the Fleet and stated that the Grand Fleet left Portland at sunrise and went as hard as they could go straight for a point on the Norwegian coast, where they hit the whole German Fleet. Admiral Callaghan wirelessed London for orders to begin action, but he was told that war had not been declared and nothing could be done. When the British Fleet came up to the German the German Fleet turned round and made for cover and all the British Fleet could do was to shepherd the German Fleet into Kiel Harbour.

I knew these facts in August, 1914, but did not like to divulge them at that period.

HERBERT C. HARDY.

RECRUITING RETURNS.

Editor, Canadian Courier:

In publishing in your issue of 4th instant the recruiting returns given out by Mr. J. W. Edwards, you appear to have more moral courage than most Canadian editors. The most material figures were sent to a local daily journal which for many a month glibed and jeered at the Americans and taunted them with being "top proud to fight." They appear to have been deemed unsuitable fare for the tender digestive organs of its readers.

Over a year ago a cablegram appeared in the Melbourne (Australia) Herald stating that there was great war enthusiasm in Canada and that 90 per cent. of the recruits were native-born. Some months ago the London (England) Times gave the percentage as 75. There have evidently been deliberate attempts made to mislead people outside Canada. It is bad policy from the recruiting officer's point of view. One cannot fool people indefinitely.

Mr. Edwards is reported as saying: "We have been wont in the past to sneer somewhat at some of the oddities of the Englishman who comes to this country." The Canadian who sneers at people from overseas should sit down on a good firm seat and try to solve this problem: Is a person who has never left his native province likely to be a reliable authority on dress, manners and customs? It will be of some help to him to remember that the best emigrants from Europe do not come to North America, and that if there is anything in breeding the average native of Canada is not likely to be at the upper end in the scale of civilization.

There are some Canadian-born men wandering about distant parts of the world. When they return they will probably long to drive some of their stay-at-home countrymen out of Canada that they may "stretch" their narrow minds a little. A scantily-clad Zulu warrior would think some things in Canada very strange, but probably the strangest thing of all would be the large number of healthy young men who shirk military service. He would overlook oddities in dress and manner with a smile, but he would have no smile for the slacker.

J. CARRINGTON.

Victoria, B.C.

Cause and Effect.

"Your brother has the earache."

"It serves him right," answered the small boy's sister. "Teacher has told him time and again he ought not to play the piano by ear."—Washington Star.

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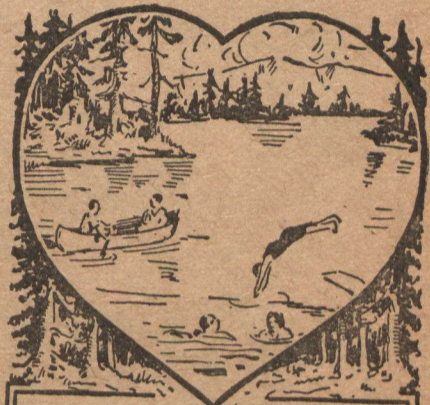
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At present there is a big demand for many manufactured articles which in 1914, were on the down grade. Just before the war, furniture factories in Western Ontario, the hub of the furniture business in Canada, were running on half time, and depleted staffs. Now there is a scarcity of labour and the production has great difficulty in keeping up with the demand. These are the reasons, the relative scarcity of labour and the relative abundance of money, caused by the high pressure of universal employment. Stocks ran low in 1914. Manufacturers are building them up again. But they have an eye on the near future. They will not likely be caught again as in 1914, with huge stocks for which there is no demand.

Similar conditions prevail in the other staple articles of production that may be classed as necessary luxuries—pianos and automobiles. Three years ago piano manufacturers were beginning to reef sails. They are busy now. People must have pianos. Soldiers' wives making munitions can afford music which before the war they never dreamed of having. The increase in the sale of motor cars, in spite of the boost in prices, has become in some places almost a common menace.

People are spending their war-time revenues as they come. Much of this expenditure is a good thing for the legitimate business of the country. Much of it would be far better if put into the form of wise investments. We have pretty well got rid of the speculator who in various forms preyed upon us in pre-war days. In his place we have the much more desirable war loan investments in various forms, annuities, savings deposits in banks and post-offices. The legitimate broker has taken the place of the speculator. He invites us to invest in what is absolutely safe. This speculator tempted us to part with our money on a fair chance of never seeing it again.

If in a time of almost ruinously high prices one can offset them by wise investments, we shall have learned in some small degree how to get along without the peace-time, boom-era speculator, the greatest parasite ever known to economics.

RUSSIAN MONEY.

One obvious effect of the depreciation of the rouble in Russia has been that all real estate and material belongings have increased in money value, says Stephen Graham in his book, "Russia in 1916." The people who have made money by the war are busy buying land and houses. This is reproachfully called land speculation, but is in reality commonsense action on the part of those who wish to make fast their wealth.

The public are still exhorted to pay for their railway tickets in gold, but are less inclined to do so than ever. There is reason to believe there are a number of millions of gold coins being hoarded in the country. In the southern districts of the Empire German agents have appeared, offering 15 roubles paper for 10 roubles gold. In this way Germany is said to have collected a considerable amount of Russian gold. The traffic was discovered

MAGIC BAKING POWDER



by the police in Russian Central Asia, where men were found to be carrying this gold into Persia and thence to Turkey and Germany in small handbags. Many arrests were made.

Russia has no gold in circulation, but also she has no silver and no copper. Russian silver coinage became last year, at least in popular estimation, worth its weight in silver and people began hoarding it; copper also was hoarded, and there was a series of small-change panics in the towns. Thorough Government action swiftly followed, and paper tokens for all the small coins were introduced.

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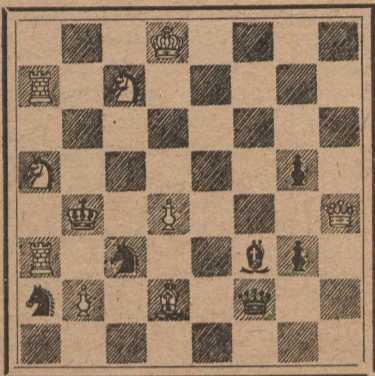
CHESS

Conducted by MALCOLM SIM

Solutions to problems and other correspondence relative to this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, Canadian Courier, 30 Grant St., Toronto.

PROBLEM No. 151, by H. J. Tucker.
First Prize, "Australasian," 1916.

Black.—Seven Pieces.



White.—Nine Pieces.

White to play and mate in two.

SOLUTIONS.

Problem No. 149, by E. E. Westbury.

1. B—B7, threat; 2. Kt—B2 mate.
1., Q—Q6ch; 2. R—Kt5 mate.
1., Q—K6; 2. Q—Q8 mate.
1., Kt—B6; 2. QxQP mate.
1., Kt—B5; 2. R—Q5 mate.
1., B—K4; 2. R—QB4 mate.
1., K—Q6; 2. Kt—B2 mate.

CANADIAN CHESS IN THE '60's.

We were much surprised, whilst perusing a volume of the Berliner Schackzeitung for the year 1869, to come in contact with the following game, played by telegraph in February, 1868, between the Hamilton and St. Catharines Chess Clubs. We would much like to know if there is any veteran player who could furnish us with further particulars of the contest. The Berliner Schackzeitung was edited by Anderssen and Zukertort, both invincible as world's champions in their prime. The notes are our own.

Evans' Gambit.

- | | |
|---------------------|---------------------------|
| White.
Hamilton. | Black.
St. Catharines. |
| 1. P—K4 | 1. P—K4 |
| 2. Kt—KB3 | 2. Kt—QB3 |
| 3. B—B4 | 3. B—B4 |
| 4. P—QKt4 | 4. BxKtP |
| 5. P—B3 | 5. B—B4 |
| 6. Castles | 6. P—KR3 (a) |
| 7. P—Q4 | 7. PxP |
| 8. Pxp | 8. B—Kt3 |
| 9. Q—Kt3 (b) | 9. Q—K2 |
| 10. B—R3 | 10. Kt—R4 (c) |
| 11. Q—R4 | 11. Q—B3 (d) |
| 12. P—K5 | 12. Q—Qsq (e) |
| 13. P—K6 | 13. Pxp |
| 14. Bxp | 14. Kt—QB3 (f) |
| 15. BxKt | 15. RxB |
| 16. P—Q5 (g) | 16. Q—B3 |
| 17. R—Ksqch | 17. K—Qsq (h) |
| 18. PxKt (i) | 18. P—Q3 |
| 19. OKt—Q2 | 19. P—Kt4 (j) |
| 20. Kt—B4 | 20. BxPch |
| 21. KtxB | 21. P—Kt5 |
| 22. KtxQP (k) | 22. PxKt (l) |
| 23. P—B7ch! | 23. Kxp |
| 24. Q—B4ch | 24. K—Ktsq (m) |
| 25. QR—Bsq (n) | 25. Q—Qsq |
| 26. QxR | Resigns (o) |

(a) This precautionary move betrays a lack of book knowledge and of the nature of the Evans' Gambit. 6., P—Q3 was the correct move. The chief danger is from the opposite wing and the centre.

(b) This attack, as a general rule, results only from the 5., B—R4 defence. Due to Black's error, it is feasible in this instance, for if now 9., Kt—R4, then 10. BxPch, and the White Queen cannot be driven from the protection of the Bishop, as usually occurs. The better play, however, is the attack now in favor, 9. Kt—B3, the embarrassing reply, 9., B—KKt5 not being at Black's disposal. If then, instead 9., P—Q3, White continues 10. Q—Kt3, Q—K2; 11. Kt—Q5, or 10., Q—Q2; 11. B—QKt5, with a winning attack in each instance.

(c) 10., P—Q3, threatening to reduce the attack by Kt—R4, would have been far better. Now White pins the Queen's Pawn.

(d) 11., Q—Qsq was the right play, as will be seen. White would reply 12. B—Q3, with a commanding position. After the text-move the attack becomes formidable and decidedly interesting.

(e) If 12., Q—Kt3, then 13. Q—Kt4, P—Q3; 14. Pxp, Pxp (if 14., QxQP; 15. Q—Ksqch); 15. Kt—K5, PxKt (if 15., Q—B3, then 16. KtxP); 16. Q—B8ch, K—Q2; 17. Bxp, Q—B3! 18. Q—K8ch, K—B2; 19. Pxp and wins.

(f) White was threatening 15. BxKt, RxB; 16. R—Ksqch, K—B2; 17. Kt—K5, K—B3; 18. B—K7ch! If, instead of the text-move, Black plays 14., Kt—K2, then 15. R—Ksq, etc.

(g) This advance wins a piece with very happy results. If the Knight moves, then 17. R—Ksqch leads to the play in the previous note.

(h) If 17., K—B2, then 18. PxKt, P—Q3 (if 18., R—Ksq, then 19. RxR, KxR; 20. Q—K4ch! Q—K3! 21. QxQch, PxQ; 22. Pxp, and the piece ahead wins

against the isolated Pawns without great difficulty); 19. Pxp, Bxp; 20. Q—Q7ch, K—Bsq! 21. R—K6, Q—B2; 22. BxPch and mates in two.

(i) Threatening to win the Queen.
(j) If 19., Pxp, then 20. QxBP, R—QKtsq; 21. Kt—K4, Q—Kt3; 22. KtxP, PxKt; 23. Bxp, R—Kt2; 24. QR—Qsq, R—Q2; 25. B—K7ch and wins. With the entry of the White Queen's Knight into the game, the St. Catharines players have no means to avoid the inevitable. Their attempt at a counter-attack is futile.

(k) The brilliant key-move of a neat final sacrificing combination.
(l) If 22., PxKt, then 23. Kt—B7ch, QxKt; 24. QR—Qsqch and wins.

(m) If 24., K—Qsq or Q2, then equally 25. QR—Bsq.

(n) Disdaining the Rook for a better and more artistic opportunity.

(o) The whole game, which is very interesting, marks the skill of the experts of the Hamilton club at this early date as of a surprisingly high order. Indeed, their every move, except the ninth, is beyond the slightest criticism. The modern "skittle" player, with which our clubs abound, might aptly remove his hat and bend his head to their memory.

At Sunset Point

(Concluded from page 13.)

As soon as I've accumulated enough to pay up a few scores I owe Fritz."

"And I am going to store up as much as possible to go on with my work."

"That reminds me, Moll—I forgot to ask—how is Art?"

"Well, I don't have much time to paint. I start work at 7 a.m.—something new for me!"

"What! Not Commercial Art, Mollie, with your ideals!"

"No. Brace up, Billie, now you are going to get a shock. I'm in Munitions!"

"Come," whispered Gertrude to Mamie, "let's get back to the hotel, this is no place for us."

Just to Read Aloud

HE was a lion tamer, but the man who ruled the king of the forest was in turn ruled by his wife. One night he was entertained by his friends, who refused to allow him to depart until the small hours of the morning. As a result, on his homeward way, thinking that his wife would not receive him as cordially as he deserved, he spent the night elsewhere. In the morning he tried to slip into the house unobserved, but, alas! a voice from the top of the stairs greeted him coldly: "Where have you been all night, John?" "Well, my dear, I was afraid to disturb you, so I slept in the lion's cage." There was a moment's pause, a gritting of teeth, then down the stairs floated one word: "Coward!"

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 today, thank you." The procession then moved on.—Weekly Telegraph.

A SOUTH DAKOTA railroad is noted for its execrable roadbed. A new brakeman was making his first run over the road at night and was standing in the centre of the car, grimly clutching the seats to keep erect. Suddenly the train struck a smooth place in the track and slid along without a sound. Seizing his lantern, the brakeman ran for the door.

"Jump for your lives!" he shouted. "She is off the track!"

RIMROCK JONES

(Continued from page 21.)

gay, distant New York, and of the conflict that was forming there.

For a woman of society, compelled by her widowhood to manage her own affairs, it was wonderful to Rimrock how much she knew of the intricacies of the stock market and of the Exchange. There was not a financier or a broker of note that she did not know by name, and the complex ways by which they achieved their ends were an open book to her. Even Whitney H. Stoddard was known to her personally—the shrewdest intriguer of them all—and yet he, so she said, had a human side to him and let her in on occasional deals. He had been a close friend of her husband, in their boyhood, and that probably accounted for the fact; otherwise he would never have sold her that Tecolote.

"But he's got a string on it," suggested Rimrock shrewdly; but she only drooped her eyelashes and smiled.

"I never carry gossip between rivals," she said. "They might fly at each other's throats. You don't like Mr. Stoddard. Very well, he doesn't like you. He thinks you're flighty and extravagant. But is that any reason why we shouldn't be friends—or why my stock isn't perfectly good?"

"Don't you think it!" answered Rimrock. "Any time you want to sell it—"

"A-ah! At it again!" she chided laughingly. "How like fighting animals men are. If I'd toss that stock, like a bit of raw meat, in the midst of you copper-mad men! But I won't, never fear. In the fight that would follow I might lose some highly valued friend."

From the droop of her lashes Rimrock was left to guess who that friend might be and, not being quick at woman logic, he smiled and thought of Stoddard. They sat late at their table and, to keep him at ease, Mrs. Hardesty joined him in a cigarette. It was a habit she had learned when Mr. Hardesty was living; although now, of course, every one smoked. Then, back at last in the shadowy alcove—which was suddenly vacated by the Jepsons—they settled down on the Turkish divan and invited their souls with smoke. It rose up lazily as the talk drifted on and then Rimrock jumped abruptly to his problem.

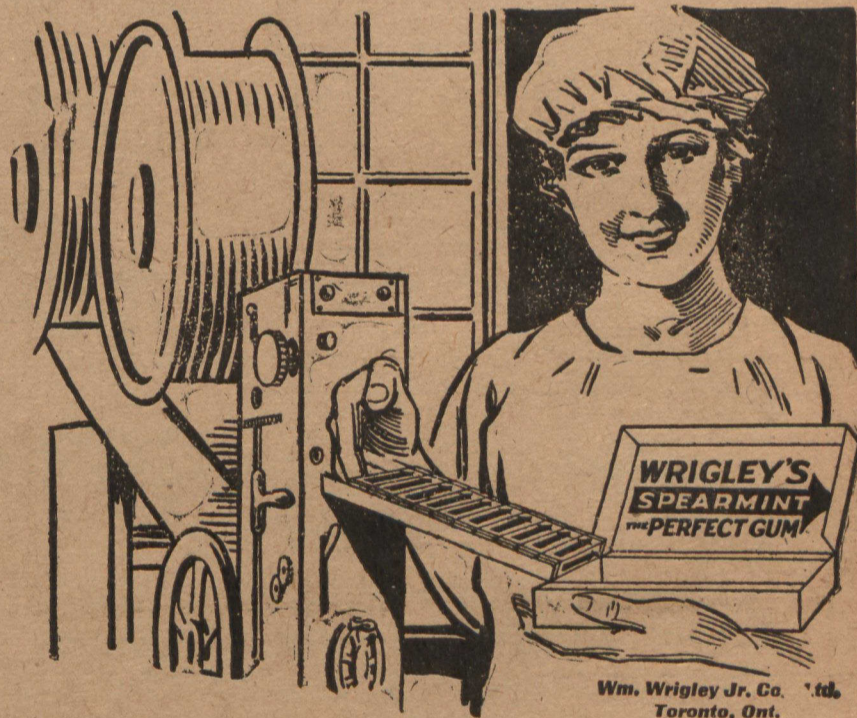
"Mrs. Hardesty," he said, "I'm in a terrible fix and I want you to help me out. I never saw the man yet that I couldn't get away with—give me time, and room according to my strength—but I've had a girl working for me, she's the secretary of our company, and she fools me every time."

MRS. HARDESTY laughed—it was soft, woman's laughter as if she enjoyed this joke on mere man—and even when Rimrock explained the dangerous side of his predicament she refused to take it seriously.

"Ah, you're all alike," she said sighing comfortably, "I've never known it to fail. It's always the woman who trusts through everything, and the man who disbelieves. I saw her, just a moment, as she passed down the hall and I don't think you have anything to fear. She's a quiet little thing—"

"Don't you think it!" burst out Rimrock. "You don't know her the way I do. She's an Injun, once she makes up her mind."

"Well, even so," went on Mrs. Har-



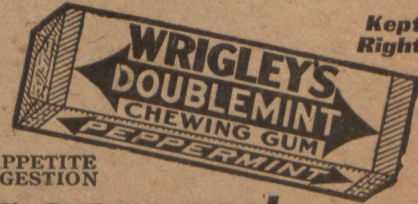
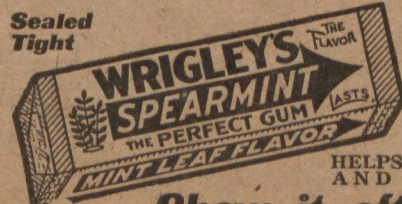
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esty placidly, "what reason have you to think she means trouble? Did you have any words with her before she went away? What reason did she give when she left?"

"Well," began Rimrock, "the reason she gave was some operation to be performed on her ears. But I know just as sure as I'm sitting here tonight she did it out of jealousy, over you."

"Over me!" repeated Mrs. Hardesty sitting up abruptly; and then she sank back and shook with laughter. "Why, you foolish boy," she cried, straightening up reproachfully, "why didn't you tell me you were in love? And we sat here for hours! Did she see us, do you suppose? She must have! Was she waiting to speak to you, do you think?"

"My—God!" exclaimed Rimrock, rising slowly to his feet. "I had an

appointment with her—that night!" He paused and Mrs. Hardesty sat silent, the laughter dead on her lips.

"Yes, sir," he went on, "I was going to meet her—here! By grab, I forgot all about it!" He struck his leg a resounding whack and sank back upon the divan. "Well, now isn't—that fierce!" he muttered and Mrs. Hardesty tittered nervously.

"Ah, well," she said, "it's soon discovered, the reason why she left you so abruptly. But didn't she say a word about it? That doesn't seem very lover-like, to me. What makes you think the child was jealous? Did she mention my name at all?"

"Nope," mumbled Rimrock, "she never mentioned it. That girl is an Injun, all through! And she'll knife me, after this! I can feel it coming. But, by George, I plumb forgot!"

"Oh, come now!" consoled Mrs.

Hardesty, giving him a gentle pat, "this isn't so bad, after all. If I can only see her, I'll explain it myself. Have you any idea where she's gone?"

"Bought a ticket for New York—where Old Stoddard hangs out. I can see my finish—right now!"

"No, but listen, Mr. Jones—or may I call you Rimrock? That's such a fine, Western name! Did it ever occur to you that the trains are still running? You could follow, and let me explain!"

"Aw, explain to a tiger cat! Explain to an Apache! I tell you that girl is an Injun. She'll go with you so far, and stand for quite a little; but when she strikes fire, look out!"

"Oh, very well," murmured Mrs. Hardesty and reached for a cigarette which she puffed delicately while Rimrock gloomed. It was painfully clear now—the cause of Mary's going and

the embittered vindictiveness of her smile. Not only had he sat up to talk with Mrs. Hardesty, but he had brought her to where Mary had been waiting. He had actually talked love, without really meaning it, with this fascinating woman of the world; and, having an appointment to meet him right there, how could Mary help but know? He pictured her for a moment, lingering silently in the background, looking on where she could not hear. Was it less than human that she should resent it and make an excuse to go? And yet she had done it so quietly—that was the lady in her—without a word of tragedy or reproach! He remembered suddenly that she had laughed quite naturally and made some joke about his name being Mister.

"What's that you say about the trains still running?" he demanded as he roused up from his thoughts. "Well, excuse me, right now! I'm on my way! I'm going back to hunt that girl up!"

He leaped to his feet and left her still smoking as he rushed off to enquire about the trains.

"Well, well," she murmured as she gazed thoughtfully after him, "he's as impulsive as any child. Just a great, big boy—I rather like him—but he won't last long, in New York."

(To be continued.)

Christian Science Monitor on Cardinal Begin

(Continued from page 17.)

dinal Begin falls back on an almost mediaeval conception of State and Church, and proposes to make effective, in Canada, a condition of things which was ship-wrecked in France by the French Revolution, in Italy by the Red Shirts of Garibaldi, and which has not been seriously advanced in England since the Reformation.

The conscription law, which, it is to be remarked, has been passed by the representatives of an entirely democratic nation, Cardinal Begin describes as "a menace which causes the Canadian clergy the worst apprehensions." Military service, and by military service the Cardinal designates the act of the representatives of a thoroughly democratic people, to insure the military safety of the country, and the liberties of the nation, in a tremendous battle with autocracy, this military service the Cardinal describes as "a serious blow to the rights of the Church of Christ, independent in its domain, and whose laws and practice exempt the clergy and that class of the society which that name designates from the service under arms." In plain English, the Cardinal is claiming as exempt from military service not only the regular clergy, who are exempt in any case without question, everywhere, but all those divinity students, teachers, and other adherents of the Church of Rome, which that Church chooses to embrace under the comprehensive title of clergy. Not only, therefore, is he reviving the claim that the Church of Rome in all its phases is above the civil law, but he is apparently prepared to do his utmost to prevent the ordinary civil population from taking their place in the ranks for the defence of their country. The defence of the country, it would seem, is to be undertaken by the Protestant provinces, since the Roman Catholics do

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Save the Meat.—Beef, mutton or pork not more than once daily. Use fruits, vegetables and fish at the

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not voluntarily enlist: the Province of Quebec is to stand apart, and enjoy the advantages of the efforts of the other provinces to maintain its laws and freedom in the present struggle. Such an attitude really places the Roman Catholic Church on the side of the Central Powers. She refuses to let her children fight, not only against the Germans and the Austrians, but discourages them from doing their part to produce a condition of things in which Armenian massacres will no longer be a possibility. In order that there may be no misconception at all as to the stand which the Roman Catholic Church in Canada is taking, Cardinal Begin frankly brushes democracy aside, and takes his place as the critic of democratic institutions as typified in the House of Commons in Canada. "If," he declares, "we judge by the very rude knowledge revealed by certain speeches made in the Commons one may indeed fear that some legislators, so little enlightened and maybe also somewhat ill-willed, may not make a choice that we would approve, and here is what legitimatizes all the fears." In plain English, the Cardinal places the judgment of his Church above the decision of the House of Commons, and boldly declares that it is not the will of the nation which should prevail but a decision of the Church of Rome as to what it may approve.

Finally Cardinal Begin declares that the Roman Catholics of Canada are assured by treaties of the free practise of their religion. The Roman Catholics throughout the entire British Empire are assured of the free practise of their religion, and this is true of all Protestant countries, but when it comes to the attempt to set a church above the State, the question becomes not a religious one but a political one, and has to be decided as such. But though Cardinal Begin declares that the free exercise of the Roman Catholic religion is protected in Canada, he goes on to demand that legislation shall not be passed which is displeasing to the Roman Catholic minority, and he expresses this in something perilously near a threat, when he declares that "no one will dare, on a matter so important and delicate, hurt the sentiments of the whole Roman Catholic population of the Dominion." In other words, the Roman Catholic minority in Canada is to determine the policy of the country, and is to repudiate the acts in Parliament of the representatives of an entirely democratic country elected on a democratic franchise. Any failure of the majority to give way to the minority will, the Cardinal insists, "sow, on this side of the Atlantic, the seed of the fatal religious discords that have divided the Old World." To the average man it would seem that this is perilously near what the Cardinal is engaged in doing himself. The Roman Catholic Church, in Canada, is demanding privileges which it may enjoy under the governments of Austria and of Spain, where it can scarcely be pretended that there is much liberty of conscience, and which are frankly undemocratic. But Vienna is not Ottawa, nor is Madrid Toronto. If, therefore, the democratic government of Canada is not prepared to haul down its colours to him, it will be interesting to know what Cardinal Begin proposes to do by way of obedience to the legislature of the country and of respect for law and order.



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