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CANADIAN COURIER

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TEN CENTS

MAY 25, 1918



EDWIN MARKHAM made a good gloomy poem out of "The Man With the Hoe." He had the idea that a hoe was a terrible thing for a man if he got too much of it. Maybe so. I guess hoeing isn't a man's job. A man is too tall. The hoe makes his back ache. Hoeing is a boy's job. Hoeing lets air into the roots and hokes out ragweeds, pigweeds, foxtail, chickenweed, Canada thistles—high prices and human laziness. I'm a boy scout with the hoe. Look out for me. There's a man on our street who was brought up on a hoe but he tries to bunco himself that a billiard cue is more in his line. Look out for him too. I don't believe there will be any really great Canadian in the future unless he knows how to hoe his own row. And when I have boys of my own they are going to have this picture hung up in the hall so that when anybody asks them, "Who's that?" they'll say, "Oh that was dad when he made the Canadian hoe popular."

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CANADIAN COURIER

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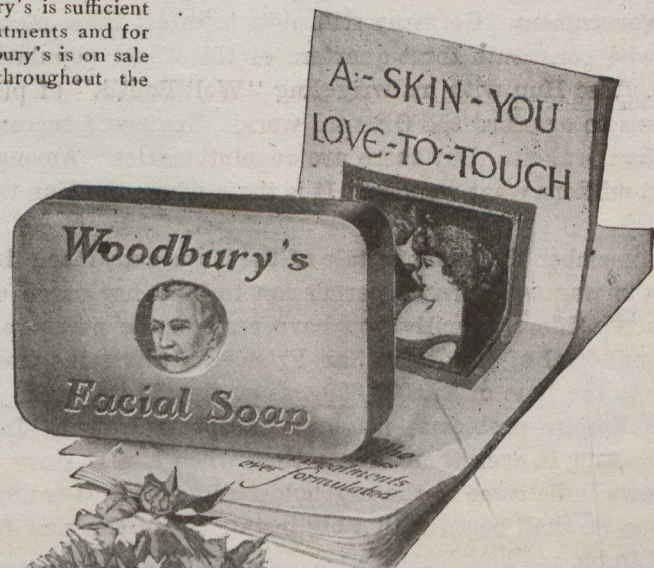
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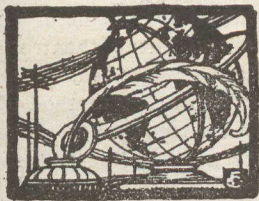


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CANADIAN COURIER



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PREHISTORIC GERMANY OF 1918

NOW that the Canadian Government's new Budget has made everybody decide to eat less, wear clothes longer, smoke less, and go easy on the coal-heap, we shall all find a great deal of useful information in knowing what Germany has done along these lines. What the Teutons have been doing for two years we are now beginning to do. It's all a problem of getting as near to cave-man economics as we can and still be civilized.

ONE day after England declared war on Germany in 1914 the writer of this turned the hose on a potato patch. His back garden compared to the countries then going to war was the size of a postage stamp on the side of a mountain. But the lawn hose of 1914 was instinctively recognized as part of the war. How? Nobody quite knew. None of us who had hoes and hose in 1914 dreamed that in 1918 the hoe and the hose would be organizing over half the world. We only dreamed that if the war should last even three years it would come to a desperate struggle for food, comfort, fuel, clothes, light—all the things that make a nation materially civilized.

More men, more men is one cry. Food, and more food is the other. The call is heard under every flag. The whole world is living from hand to mouth. In every country people are learning, as only our bush forefathers knew, the business of scraping every platter, using every stitch, raking up every pound of fuel, economizing every copper.

"The war will be won not by the victories of armies in the field," said Ludendorff, the brains of war-Germany, "but by the disintegration of peoples behind the armies."

Maybe he was thinking of Boloism. Or he may have meant food, clothes and fuel. We don't know. But he knows. Ludendorff knows what disintegration means in Germany. He is the Quarter-master General. We used to say this was a war of warlords, of despots, of officers, of professors, of newspapers, of gold, of ships, of a dozen other things that for the time being seemed to fill the bill. Now we know that this is the Quarter-masters' War.

And we have been everlastingly wondering as we in Canada were taxed and drafted and economized and man-powered and food-regulated—how was this game of getting down to the bottom of the pot going in the countries that for three years and a half have been blockaded by the British Navy from commerce with the world?

A DEAL of buncombe has been handed out on this question. And there is a lot of comfort to be taken from the fact that the people of the Central Powers are down to the "iron ration," that profiteers have pillaged the populace and that the socio-economic fabric of Central Alliance has been worn threadbare; that the British blockade has, in fact, been a mighty efficient factor in forcing Berlin towards the inevitable capitulation. It is heartening also to learn that the much vaunted "efficiency" of Teuton officialdom is "buncombe—rot, pure and simple," and that the administration of internal affairs was so badly bungled by the bureaucracy during the first two years of war that the whole structure was wobbling with war-weariness and threatening to collapse entirely.

All these things are set out in a remarkable book written quite recently by George Abel Schreiner who, until Washington finally broke off correspondence with Berlin, was United States Associated Press correspondent in Germany, Austria, Bulgaria and Turkey, and as such had freedom to travel and take

By REX CROASDELL



TWMS

A FEW years ago he was a prominent citizen with a box at the opera. He is still fond of the opera, but he's too busy scrambling for existence to bother with it.

in the significance of the sights he saw around him. The book is the first uncensored and authentic exposition of the real state of affairs in the Central European States. It is a comforting book to read—at first sight.

But even at that it does not require second sight to see that the significance of Schreiner's book is not its expose of Germany's weakness and the weariness of her allies, but its demonstration of Germany's strength and the determination of the Alliance to stick. The conditions he uncovers are amazing and even gruesome in some details, but they combine to confirm the idea that every man, woman and child in Germany, Austria, Bulgaria and Turkey, and every ounce of productive effort, has been mobilized and drilled or thrilled into co-operation with the fighting forces in the field.

Passing over the blunders of the bureaucracy and the pillaging of the profiteers, look rather at some of the things which resulted when, in October, 1916, the governments saw their peace doves returning

with ruffled wings and no way out of the mess of internal affairs but to mend the mischief which had nearly wrecked their various States. Remember that before October, 1916, they had already put the people on the "iron ration." Food, fuel and clothing had been controlled, conserved, "substituted" and "sub-substituted" up to a point where thousands of the aged, feeble and infants had died of mal-nutrition; hearths were cold and homes without artificial light; clothing was of shoddy four and five times removed from the original fabric; and a cobbler would mend your broken shoes without cost if an older pair, from which he could salvage a few extra scraps of leather, were left with him for his labor.

As Mr. Schreiner puts it: The regulations to which the food crisis of the fall of 1916 gave justification laid the axe to the middleman system of distribution. The several governments empowered their Food Commissions and Centrals to establish shortcuts from farm to kitchen that were entirely in the hands of the authorities. Though the Purchasing Central was even then not unknown it came now to supplant the middleman entirely.

The grain was bought from the farmer and turned over to the mills, where it was converted into flour at a fixed price. The miller was no longer able to buy grain for the purpose of holding the flour afterward until some commission-man or wholesaler made him a good offer. He was given the grain and had to account for every pound of it.

NOR was the flour turned loose. The Food Centrals held it and gave it directly to the bakers, who meanwhile had been licensed to act as distributors of bread. From so many bags of flour they had to produce so many loaves of bread, and since control by means of the bread-card coupon would have been as impossible as it was before, the Food Commissions assigned to each bakeshop so many consumers. The bread cards were issued in colored and numbered series. The color indicated the week in which they were valid, while the number indicated the bakeshop at which the consumer had to get his bread—had to get it in the sense that the baker was responsible for the amount the card called for. The Food Central had given the baker the necessary flour, and he had no excuse before the law when a consumer had cause for complaint. If there were one thousand consumers assigned to a bakeshop, the authorities saw to it that the baker got one thousand pounds of flour, and from this one thousand loaves of bread had to be made.

The regulations were enforced with no regard for persons. One baker tried "stretching" the flour and diverted ten loaves into illicit trading channels. He had been thirty years in business and was a "reputable" citizen. He was fined five thousand crowns and lost his license, and only his gray hairs saved him from a prison sentence to boot.

Will some of our potential profiteers kindly remember this?

What bread is for the adult milk is for the baby. It, too, was zonified. A card similar to that governing the distribution of bread was adopted, and dealers

were responsible for the quantities assigned them.

Picturing the result of the regulations on the diet of the industrial classes in the towns and cities, Mr. Schreiner says: The adults, after rising in the morning, would drink a cup or two of some substitute for coffee, or very bad tea, without milk, if there were children, and with very little sugar. With this would be eaten a third of the day's ration of bread, about two and one-half ounces. That meal had to suffice until noon, when a plate of soup, a slice of bread, two ounces of meat, and two ounces of vegetables were taken, to be supplemented by a small quantity of farinaceous food in the form of some pudding or cake. A cup of coffee substitute would go with this meal. At four in the afternoon another cup of substitute coffee or poor tea would be taken by those who could afford it, usually together with cake equal to a half-ounce of wheat flour and a quarter-ounce of sugar. The evening meal would be the same as dinner, without soup and pudding, a little cheese, and the remaining seventy grams of bread.

The disciplinary value of the food-line was still kept in mind in the distribution of potatoes, beets, wheat flour; now and then other cereal products, such as macaroni, biscuits, buckwheat flour, and oatmeal; meat when the city distributed it at or below cost price; fuel, coal-oil, sugar, and all groceries; soap and washing-powder; shoes, clothing, textiles of any sort, thread and tobacco. For many of these things certain days had been set aside. Potatoes could be drawn every other day. For instance, while wheat flour was issued every fourth day, meat on all "meat" days, fuel once a week, petroleum every two weeks, and sugar once a month, shoes and clothing were issued only after the Clothing Central had been satisfied that they were needed. It was the same with thread, except silk thread, and with tobacco one took a chance.

Patrons of hotels and restaurants had to bring in their own bread. The eating house manager who gave bread to patrons would be fined heavily once

or twice and after that would lose his license. Here is Mr. Schreiner's account of an incident noticed by him in the cloak room of the Court Opera in Vienna: "A well-dressed couple came in. The lady was attired in quite the latest thing made by some able couturier, and the man was in evening dress, a rare sight nowadays. As he pushed his fur coat across the counter a small white parcel fell to the floor. Two slices of very black war-bread rolled among the feet of the throng.

"There goes our supper bread!" cried the woman. "So it seems," remarked the man. "But what's the use of picking it up now? It's been rolling about on the floor."

"But somebody can still eat it," said the woman. "Just then two men handed back the bread. Its owner wrapped it up again and put the parcel into a pocket. I suppose the servants of the household ate next day more bread than usual."

As an example of the co-operation between government and people created by the crisis of 1916, Mr. Schreiner gives an interesting instance of a radical revision of the first fuel regulations. At first it was a case of more economy, more restrictions. Industries not contributing directly to the military strength of the Central Powers were ordered to discontinue all night work and overtime. Shops, cafes, hotels, restaurants, and other public places had to limit the consumption of fuel for heating and lighting purposes to one-third their usual quota. The lighting of shop-windows was cut down to almost nothing. Stores had to close at seven o'clock, eating-and-drinking-places first at twelve and later at eleven. No light was to be used in the hotels after twelve. All unnecessary heating was prohibited, and the warm-water period in hotels shrank from four to two hours per day.

Some man with a statistical mind figured out that the closing of a movie seating five hundred people and giving two performances in the evening, meant an increase in fuel consumption for heating and

lighting purposes sixty times greater than what the movie used. That was simple enough, and a few days later the movies and cheap theatres resumed business. More than that followed. The government decided that this was a fine method of co-operation. It gave the cafes permission to use more fuel and light in return for a more liberal treatment of patrons not able to spend much money. The fuel conjunction offered new opportunities. Free musical recitals, concerts, theatrical performances, and lectures were arranged for in order that thousands might be attracted away from their homes.

All this may not be interesting to people who are still thinking about lingerie and liquors. But it will be interesting less than a year from now. We may not do just as Germany has done. But we must and will do this thing of nation-rationing as thoroughly as Germany has done and is going to do it, or the war won't be won by any of us in the rear, whatever happens to the armies at the front. Germany is in this fight to a finish. She is willing to put everything on the junk-heap that won't help to win. Germany has become the junk-man of Europe, the dago navy able to work on what other nations leave; able to organize the scrap-heap.

At home only. The junk-heap was giving out. What then? Russia and Roumania broken down. The Ukraine rolls its food into Austria and Germany. The Ukrainians are made peons of production for the half-starving Teuton. Thuggery? Oh yes. But the German junk-heap was in need.

But whatever Germany does abroad we shall all have to jump in and help Government lay violent hands on every ounce, inch and stitch this country has. Germany has gone through it. She has cleaned up the country. Just when the nation was running down she made that break into the East. She is now on the upgrade of her economies again. How far up will it carry her? We don't know. Thugs who have reverted to cave-man ethics can carry on far longer on bad economics than nations who sip tea.

MAKING THE WORLD SAFE FOR NICKLE

By

HARRY W. ANDERSON



William Folger Nickle, B.A., K.C.,
M.P.

HERE is danger of Canada becoming a real democracy! Public men seem to be letting up on talk and getting down to action. The lessons of war—the seriousness and the sacrifice of the struggle—are leading men and women back to the things that count. There is "a sound of going in the tops of the mulberry trees" throughout the Dominion. It is so persistent, and so insistent, that it has finally reached Ottawa, proverbially the last place in the country to sense and to interpret public sentiment.

The "unionizing" of Government has helped. The proclaimed abolition of party patronage has contributed. The new atmosphere of Parliament has made strange things possible. Private members who were wont to do what

they were told find themselves unfettered and free to do what they will.

All this means the making of some men and the unmaking of others. The representative with ideas of his own, with imagination, with initiative, suddenly freed from his party hobbles, sweeps to the front. The fellow whose ideas were manufactured for him, the faithful follower, the trusted partisan, settles into the discard. In such a situation William Folger Nickle, member for Kingston, was bound to be heard from.

During the whole of his public life, as representative of his native city, first in the Provincial Legislature, and later in the Dominion House of Commons, this little, slim, auburn-haired, brown-eyed, soprano-voiced, human dynamo, has kicked against the party pricks. He calls himself a Conservative but he is essentially radical in thought and action—an apostle of the "plain people" whom platform politicians love to prate about. But Nickle was never content with platitudes. He was eager for performance. He was a "ginger group" all in himself, a "bull-mooser" who perpetually got the politician's two "p's" misplaced. He persisted in placing the People before the Party. It got him nowhere in Parliament, and everywhere outside. Party managers shied from him nervously but the proletariat gathered around his standard.

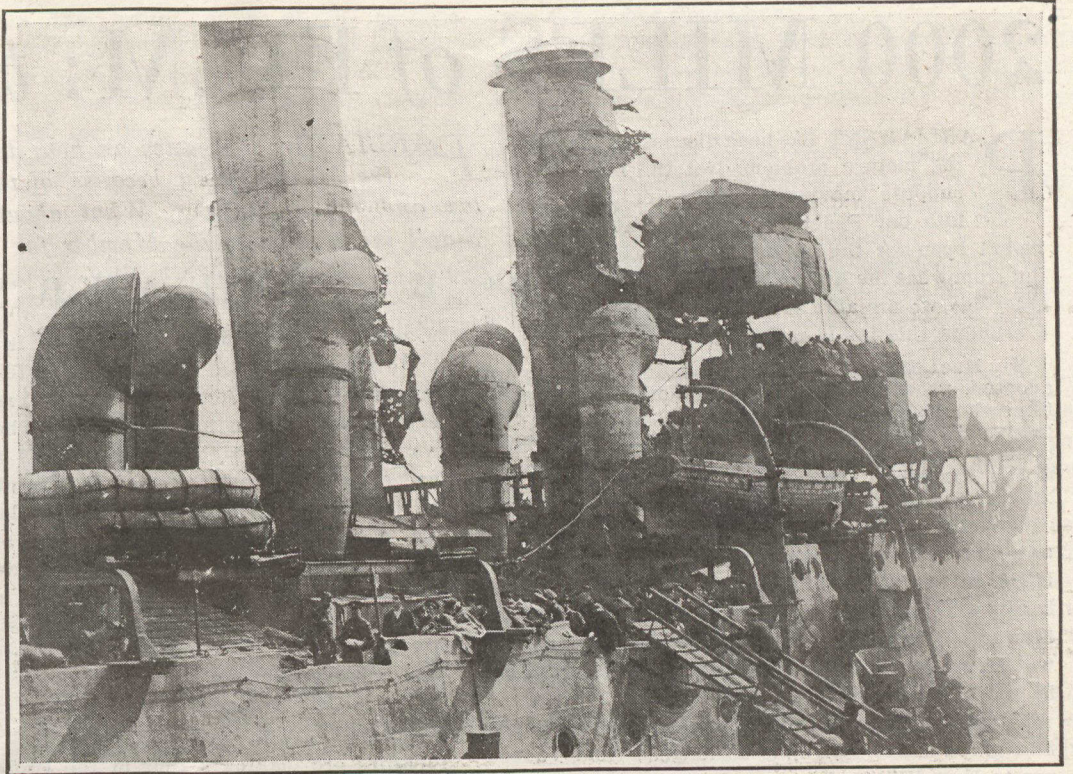
First of all, he changed Kingston's politics. When he went to the Legisla-

ture it was because he had won a seat long held by political opponents. When he came to the House of Commons it was likewise because he captured the constituency from the party which had held it safe since the days of Sir John A. Macdonald. This achievement was the result of qualities that count and a personality that wins. "Billy" Nickle, his fellow-citizens know, wears well. Born in Kingston, brought up in Kingston, graduate of Kingston's university, player on Kingston's football team, pillar in Kingston's Andrews Church, and trained in the fiery school of Kingston politics, everybody in Kingston knows and respects him.

As soon as he reached the Legislature he got busy. He was no theorist seeking a career. He was a human fellow anxious to serve his fellowmen. He was the mover for and a member of the Provincial Milk Commission; he was the father of the Bread Bill; he specialized in things that improved the actual condition of the people. Then he went to Ottawa. Here, as might be expected, his convictions caused him to clash with certain "big interests."

It was natural and logical that the crystallizing Canadian sentiment against the creation in this democratic Dominion of a pseudo aristocracy, founded on the promiscuous granting of titles, should find expression in Parliament through Mr. Nickle. Some years before Mr. F. F. Pardee, member for West Lambton, had protested, from his seat in the House, against the wholesale spattering of knighthoods among the Canadian citizenhood. Two sessions later Captain J. H. Burnham, member for Peterboro, brought in a bill to abolish titles in this country. Everyone who hadn't a title and didn't expect one acclaimed these parliamentarians, but the men in the seats of the mighty sat tight, and the storm passed over. Nickle waited—waited till the time was ripe. Then he prepared his case, carefully, conscientiously, clearly. When he spoke in Parliament he had an aroused country behind him. The Press heralded his campaign and backed it, from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Letters poured in like an avalanche. Something had to be done. It was announced that the Government had made representations to the Imperial authorities against the granting of all hereditary titles, and that the whole title business was to be seriously reviewed.

Mr. Nickle's strength in Parliament and with the people is, in the final analysis, in his sincerity. He believes whatever he says—and the public know it. He speaks quietly and convincingly, with no attempt at the oratorical, no blandishments of gesture, and little concern for the arts of verbal camouflage. His words are direct and meaningful. His summary is judicial. He leaves the impression of fairness and earnestness, two things that tell. His character and his career lend force and effect to his utterance. He is a lawyer of fine ability and sound judgment. His patriotism has found practical expression in the overseas service of his sons, but the characteristics which, more than all else, are responsible for his winning the public—or the public winning him—are his sterling integrity, his progressive and practical ideals, and his inevitable keen sympathy and concern for the under-dog.



How the Vindictive looked—generally speaking—after her Raid on the Zeebrugge Mole.

The Old Vindictive

Pictures Record the Story of the Sea Trench Raid on the Zeebrugge Mole.

ST. GEORGE for England! was the message signalled by Admiral Keyes before the raid led by the Vindictive on the submarine base at Zeebrugge on April 22. "And may we give the dragon's tail a damned good twist!" was Commander Osborne's reply from the Vindictive.

Which it was. Old history now, and the first real naval news since the Battle of Jutland two years ago. Pictures tell without words what happened the Vindictive which is now under water at Ostend. Having done the lion's share in the destruction of the Zeebrugge Mole and blocking the harbor with concrete-filled hulks, this old relique of the Navy herself becomes the block for the other submarine base.

The story of the Vindictive is as truly British as the Long Hermann gun and the submarine are German. The work of the Vindictive was done well. It was a work of devil-may-care daring along with careful calculation. No Hun could ever understand it. Not far from the waters where Nelson worked some of his earlier daredeviltries these Jack Tars carried out this trench raid of the sea. How they did it can never be told better than in the cool-headed words of Captain Carpenter of the Vindictive, whose picture is shown in the group below.

"Our chief purpose in the expedition," says the Captain, "was to distract the attention of the battery while the block ships ran. Our ship was elaborately prepared for the business of landing soldiers on the Mole, which is of stone, 40 feet high and 15 feet above the Vindictive's top deck at the state of the tide when the attack took place.

"We had a special superstructure over the upper deck and three long gangways or 'brows,' which were designed to take the men up to the level of the Mole as soon as we got alongside. As there was nothing for us to tie up to we merely dropped anchor while the Daffodil kept up against the Mole with her nose against the opposite side of our ship. In the fairly heavy sea two of our three gangways were smashed, but the third held and 500 men swarmed up this on to the Mole. This gangway was two feet wide and 30 feet long. The men who went up it included 300 marines and 150 storming seamen from the Vindictive, and 50 or so from the Daffodil. They swarmed up the steel gangway carrying hand grenades and Lewis guns. No Germans succeeded in approaching the gangway, but a hard hand-to-hand fight took place about 200 yards up the Mole.

"The German fire was very hot all the time we lay alongside the Mole. At times the German guns reached as high as forty shots per minute. The spirit of the men was excellent."



And the crew of the Vindictive cheered when the job was done. How they cheered!



Fourth from the left, Capt. Carpenter, who told the story; third, Commander Osborne.

2000 MILES of FILM: *the* SEAMY SIDE

PARLIAMENT has been discussing the moving picture problem. Not the menace. I suppose "movies" would never have got into our Federal Parliament at all if it hadn't been for the recent budget tax on films. But from what the Acting Minister of Finance said the other day we are able at least to estimate how "long" a problem this is—in miles. Here is the item:

Mr. MacLean submitted an amendment, which was adopted, providing that the tariff on cinematograph films should be: British pref., 2 cents per lineal foot, intermediate tariff 3 cents per lineal foot, general tariff, 3 cents per lineal foot. From this source, the acting Minister of Finance said it was estimated that the revenue would be \$300,000 approximately.

Now for a little figuring to estimate how many miles of films are imported into Canada in a year. If the revenue is \$300,000 on an average tax of, say, 3 cents a foot—because the most of our imported films come from the United States—this means that we import ten million feet of film in a year; which is just a little less than 2,000 miles.

Visualize that, all you who are expert on going to film plays. A line of films as long as from Vancouver to Fort William—imported in a single year!

Notice, however, that there is a British preference of one cent a foot. This is not commercial. It is sentimental. Better to have a British film than an American. Is it? We suppose so, but we have very little chance to find out. We get most of our films made in the United States—like our imported magazines, our fashions, our automobiles.

But notice the logic of this. The member for Parkdale sees it. Says the despatch:

Mr. H. W. Mowat, Parkdale, urged that representations should be made to proprietors of moving picture houses requesting them not to use films portraying the seamy side of American life, as was often the case at present.

There you have it. "The seamy side of American life." Ten weeks ago The Canadian Courier began its series of articles, "The Menace of the Movies," by describing "When a Man Sees Red," as villainous a patch of "the seamy side" as ever was allowed on

PARLIAMENT devotes an hour to the Menace of the Movies, only because of the 3-cents-a-foot tax and the \$300,000. What about "The Seamy Side" mentioned by the Member for Parkdale?

By THEATRICAL

a screen. That film is still running in Canada.

Now then—a little more logic. A few weeks ago one of the leading picture-houses in Toronto dropped a little paper in at my door, called The Screen. It was a newsy little sheet, and I knew the house to be perhaps the best equipped moving-picture palace in Canada, with a pipe organ, a first-class orchestra and a big clientele. One item stuck out above all others in that sheet. It was a bit of news; intended as harmless gossip to evoke a smile and a shrug. The two screen artists concerned in this news item are responsible for many miles of imported film in this country, most of them good, some of them excellent. Here is the item:

Charlie Chaplin, Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford are making a tour of the United States in aid of the Liberty Loan. The wife of the famous screen star intimated very briefly that if Fairbanks and the popular idol of the screen do not admit their love for one another, and cease to "deny the obvious," she will cease to sacrifice herself further for their sakes. "She has told her father and mother that her love for Douglas is the big love of her life," said Mrs. Fairbanks, "and I am big enough to step aside and allow my husband and the one he loves better to carry on their affair."

Now, of course, Mary Pickford was born in Toronto. And no friend of Mary would like to have her classed as "the seamy side of American life."

But—more logic—if this is the kind of ethics practised by the leading artists of the film in private life, what better can be expected from the stories depicted on the film? If Parliament has to listen to a suggestion of the member for Parkdale that picture-houses be "requested" to keep out the "seamy side," how did the "seamy side" ever get here in the first place? The films exploiting this kind of

thing include murder, arson, burglary, swindling, forgery, divorce, illegitimate children, loving other men's wives and other women's husbands, violence and anarchy—all the things that if you could see them in your own community would cause you to reflect that the world was coming swiftly to a very bad end.

"Oh well, of course," we are told by the motion picture expert who writes picture plays, "such things do happen, and it's because the picture play is so real and true to life that it has such a tremendous vogue. Why, I get all my plots from the newspapers. I saw six in one paper—all ripping subjects for picture plays."

Quite so. But why put high lights on the worst things that menace society and glorify them on a screen? It may often be funny. There may be a moral tucked away somewhere. But if the fun arises from a burlesque of something that should be repressed, and if the poor little moral has to be found by wading through a No-Man's-Land of filth, what good is the fun, or how much better is anybody for the moral?

Moving pictures are among the greatest uplifters, entertainers and educators in the world. But the immoral moving picture masquerading as a "moral lesson" film does more harm in a week than all the good films can do good in a year. It was to keep our screens free from this kind of thing that we enacted the solemn farce of "Passed by the Board of Censors." Now can anybody tell us if these are the things the censors have passed, what on earth are the awful things they keep out? Are the censors asleep? Are they under the influence of the film producer? Or is it, as the practice now stands, impossible to have a real censorship of moving pictures? Now is the time to find out about this when Parliament, discussing the revenue to be derived from a tax, suddenly discovers that some of the things from which they get their revenue are nothing but "the seamy side of American life."

(This subject to be continued.)

HOW TO ENJOY AN AIR-RAID

PARIS Fashions in House-Furnishing now include the Latest Things in Practical Designs for Cellars. Of course Bright Colors Predominate.



cellar; and when you are invited out to dine your hostess will casually remark:

"In case of an air-raid we will play bridge in the cellar."

Should you happen to be a neighbor, she may give you a general invitation for all the air-raids, asking you to hurry to her house as soon as the clarion sounds—"for we must have a fourth for our game." You gather from her enthusiasm that she rather hopes the air-raid is not far distant.

Various ways of enjoying an air-raid are shown in the accompanying sketches (plagiarized from various French cartoonists). In some of the best regulated families it is customary to gather closely round the gramophone on the ground floor; others prefer a candle in the cellar, while some take refuge in strongly built houses or in the underground railway, where the government has placed a notice: "ABRI—150 places"; or 100 or 50, according to its size. But a downy pillow, a boudoir cap and a high-drawn coverlet are to my thinking the best protection against air-raids and the sounds thereof.

The stores have recently sold a large quantity of camping outfits—not that Parisians

have gone to Algeria, for the farthest they can go is to the Riviera. But they are busy making their cellars as comfortable as possible. Many people who have never taken an interest in maturing their own wines do not know the way to their own cellars. So after a raid, a mistress is apt to say to her maid:

"Tell me, Marie, you know the cellar?"

"Oh, yes, madame!"

"Then you know where it is . . . is it comfortable?"

"Fairly so."

"Strong—well-built?"

"Yes, indeed!"

"Is there electric light? . . . But I'd better go and see for myself."

So she goes to her cellar, sees the spider webs and is distressed to note that the potatoes have sprouted and the coal has dwindled to an alarming extent.

SINCE one is counselled to take refuge underground, it is but reasonable to make the cellar as comfortable as possible. It is sufficient to buy a sort of camping outfit; four or five chairs, a table for bridge (without a cloth; it would get mildewed), some rustic glasses, some fibre mats in bright colors,



By
ESTELLE M. KERR

Paris, April 3, 1918.

FROM my earliest infancy life underground has attracted me but little. I preferred to build my play-houses in the trees rather than in caves; and the attic has far more charm for me than the cellar. I abhor underground railways and the description of trenches makes me almost content with my sex in war-time. I claim no originality in these views. Until very recently people didn't boast of their cellars, unless the word was used to stand for what it contained—things whose value was rather enhanced by dusty spider-webs. But now a householder in Paris seeking a change of residence makes a thorough inspection of the



and a few Japanese lanterns. Then with good wine, cigarettes, cards, you are quite comfortable and can await a raid in tranquility, playing bridge or poker; and for your friends who aren't players a few illustrated papers and books.

Paris is protecting her favorite sculptured monuments with sand-bags. We regretfully see them retire behind their fortifications. Napoleon's tomb is protected by 25,000 sand-bags, while other priceless relics of a more distant past are left exposed. The workmen do not hurry at their tasks, and each raid finds a few more yards of statues protected than the last. It is with a feeling of sadness that we see our best-loved fountain become a formless mass, and delicately-modelled nymphs and satyrs assume uncouth shapes; though there are, it is said, some puritanical Parisians who rejoice to see so much nudity retire into oblivion. Shall we ever see them again in happier times? Perhaps after many years we may return and view them when we—but not they—will have grown old.

A FEW days ago I was trying to telephone from the basement of a department store when suddenly the salespeople left their counters, the shoppers dropped their parcels and purses, and rushed down the stairs. I was thrust against the wall, battered and bruised.

"Les Gothas . . . les Gothas!" cried the terror-stricken people.

I tried to go upstairs but the woman beside me caught at my skirt and implored me not to go.

"You will be killed!" she cried.

I felt that I would be suffocated if I remained where I was, and I said so. At that she released me, saying in disgust:

"Oh, these English! They are all mad!"

At the head of the stairs I met a woman carrying a child.

"My little baby!" she cried. "He was asleep in his carriage when a bomb fell right by his face, but le bon Dieu protected him."

I regained the ground floor and went by the deserted counters to the door. It was a great relief to be outside. The glass in the shop windows was broken, but that was the only evidence of disaster from the explosion, which had wrecked a large munition plant many miles away.

Apart from a limited number of very young lady ambulance drivers, who think it "simply too thrilling for words" to be ordered out for duty during an air-raid, and have never been allowed within a mile of a real disaster, I don't know anyone who appears to enjoy an air-raid more than our French neighbors. Probably they don't like them at all, but they act as if they were spending a most enjoyable evening. I am glad that they can do so, only I would prefer to have them do it elsewhere; for as soon as the clarion sounds they descend from their apartments on the third, fourth and fifth floors and ring our door-bell. There is a general impression in Paris—frequently belied by the facts—that bombs do not penetrate for more than three stories. The maids arrive first and take refuge in the kitchen, to the great disgust of our newly-married Marie and her soldier husband. There one of them indulges

in the luxury of a fit of hysteria, shrieking every time a bomb explodes or a gun is heard. Marie herself is kept busy for some time answering the door bell, for there are two families in each flat, and sometimes the daughters arrive later than the fathers, mothers and aunts. They all come with an air of expected and welcome guests. They shake hands with everyone, even though none of us ever saw them before, and "hope they are not putting us to the slightest inconvenience." If we try to take refuge in our rooms they follow us, expressing the greatest interest in ascertaining if our apartment is exactly like theirs; and then they stay to talk with great animation, while we sleepily reply in our very worst French, or listen with a puzzled expression to their execrable English.

One of us, tired of having our privacy disturbed by a voluble matron, said, "I am very tired, madame, I am going to have an extra couch in my room, may I offer it to you?"

We tried to be polite the first time they came, but they stayed very late and we were so tired the next day that we decided when another raid occurred a few nights later that we would retire to our rooms. We explained that most of us were engaged in manual labor, and could not keep late hours, raid or no raid. They looked at us in blank amazement. What! Sleep during an air-raid? The thing was impossible!

"But if your boys at the front never sleep when the guns are firing, they would get no rest. We are doing war work too," we told them; and they shrugged their shoulders and said, "Oh, you English, you have no nerves!"

Then came a loud rapping at the door. It was the concierge to tell us that the police had complained—we were showing a light. Consternation! The French ladies dashed madly about trying to turn off the electric lights, and turning them on by mistake. They opened the door of a bed-room and saw by the light of a candle two girls leaning out of the window watching for the bursting shells, that look in the distance like falling stars.

"Oh, mon Dieu! They have opened a window! Oh, the idiots! All the English are mad!"

Our windows have shutters, but the curtains are thin, so we are obliged to use only candles during an air-raid, except in the drawing-room which opens on the court. There our French neighbors felt secure and comfortable. We gave them all the chairs that our meagrely-furnished flat possessed, and retired to bed. The hysterical cries from the kitchen ceased, and far from the chattering voices in the salon, I could hear the boom of the guns and the louder sound of an explosion; but I was soon sound asleep. An hour later I was awakened by the banging of the front door, and I judged from the sounds that followed that the clarion had sounded "all clear." Our last guest had departed. Marie's husband was locking up for the night.

Next morning we awoke refreshed, but we had to get our own breakfast. The late party in the kitchen and the hysterical visitor had proved too much for even our stoical Marie, and when next the Gothas come, we hope she will follow the inhospitable example of the "mad English." The papers told of the wonderful behavior of the Parisian people; except for a disastrous panic in an "Abri," where scores had been injured. The bombed quarters were not mentioned, and only from gossip did we learn their whereabouts. But when the Germans sent a demand through Switzerland for appallingly large sums "for damage done to the German Embassy in Paris during the last air-raid," they couldn't help talking of that.

Once again the "mad English" scored; for the windows left open near bombed quarters were undamaged, while the glass from those that had been closed was strewn on the pavements. At lunch I heard an American lady at a table near

me say to her companion:

"I have the Baron F. with me now. He has the flat next to mine, but all his windows were broken, and of course a Frenchman couldn't sleep with open windows."

Madeleine, our pretty waitress, told of a house near hers that was shattered. A bomb had cut right through it. Happily all the inmates were in the cellar at the time, and so escaped.

"Ah!" we cried, "we shall mention that to our French neighbors. Then they won't be so anxious to spend the night in a second-floor apartment."

THERE has been another air-raid since that time. As soon as the "Alerte" sounded we all fled to our rooms, where we waited in anticipation—not for bombs, but for the door-bell. But it never rang. Our French neighbors were safe in the cellar.

On the following day the bombardment began—one small shell every twenty-five minutes. Still Paris remained in its cellars. The underground stopped running, and stores remained closed; but the "mad English" stayed above ground, indignant because they couldn't go about as usual.

I wonder what cellars in Paris are like? There must be some place in the basement reserved for our use. I must ask Marie to take me there some day.

A Short Siesta

ONE of our officers had just entered his palatial residence one day and stretched himself out for a short siesta on a downy couch consisting of a few empty sand-bags laid on the hard earth fire step, which was about one and a half feet wide, when Fritz decided to throw over a few "beer kegs" (Minnenwerfers). We got forty of them in about twenty minutes. The last one landed plumb in the centre of the trench just beside the officers' dugout. It made a hole about twenty feet across, twelve feet deep, and buried three of our men alive. We eventually managed to dig them out, however, unwounded but shell-shocked. It was at this moment that the officer, who had gone blissfully to sleep, emerged from the so-called dug-out, rubbed his eyes and muttered, "Say, boys, what's going on? I thought I heard something." He was the soundest sleeper I ever knew. — From "Captured," by Lieutenant I. Harvey Douglas (Canadian).



SHE STOOPS TO BE CONQUERED

HOW much cash value can a woman carry on her person? This is a form of jugglery.

We heard the other day of a young Canadian girl, whose chief asset is her beauty, engaged to an American multi-millionaire who has divorced a well-known sensational actress and who is lavishing fortunes on the girl's attire. At a luncheon a few weeks ago in an American city she allowed somebody present to compute the value of all that could be visibly noticed on her person. The aggregate—including of course a fabulous amount in diamond rings and bracelets and a chatelaine bag costing \$450—was \$69,000. Only a year or two ago this girl lived in a pretty little Nova Scotia town where she had not even the luxury of an evening gown.

On the same day we were told of a Toronto girl engaged to a young officer—who paid \$10,000 for an engagement ring. Diamonds are said to be good investments. And I suppose a \$10,000 diamond does more good on a woman's hand than it does in a show-case. But what of the \$10,000?

Evidently the squaws are coming back. It's a queer time to be writing about such things. But there never was a time when this squaw-clothes menace was so near to Canadian women as it is now. Some of it is right in our midst. Go through the big fashion-stores in Canada and see for yourself—millions of dollars worth of fabrics and creations intended for Canadian women to wear this year and discard the next.

But the world's headquarters for Babylonian extravagance in dress is now—not Paris, not London—but a town about 500 miles distant from either of our chief cities. New York has usurped Paris. The queens of fashion are on Fifth Avenue. For \$25 any Canadian woman within 500 miles can see this pageant. For several hundred dollars she may become part of it—a very small part.

But as most of us can't go—no matter how much we should like to—the best we can do is to read about the show. The most vivid picture of it recently comes from the pen of a lady who was once couturiere to queens in Europe. Baroness von Hedeman is now in New York. She says in the Forum for April:

Paris has transferred her gaiety to New York, and it is spreading over the whole of the United States. As the arbiter of fashion Paris will not reign supreme for a long while; New York has taken its place. The war clothes of the American women are responsible for a new impulse in extravagance. The American woman's war clothes cost more than they ever did, their prices going higher and higher as the death lists of the great war grow bigger and more ghastly. The American woman alone reigns in the old indisputable splendor of clothes that cost fabulous sums. She is still wearing the imported styles, though there are no imported gowns to speak of. She is able to do this because these "importations" are made in America, where they cost more than they did when they were made abroad. It is the milliners and dressmakers who are imported, not the gowns. A kind of barbaric neutrality of temperament prevails in the modern clothes one sees along Fifth Avenue, at the opera, in the ballroom. There appears to be a perpetual restlessness of dress, a still hunt among the Amazons of abbreviated skirts and colored boots for something startling, new and various.

At a fashionable dance the other evening the extravagance of gowns was commonplace; there was a costly splendor in the clothes, a fabulous gaiety of the beautiful. I wondered if the great whirlpool of death over there really existed, wondered if the fathers, husbands, sons and those beautifully gowned women were really giving their lives for world democracy! Or, was this scene of exotic charm merely a phantom picture of something I still remembered from those days of court splendor in England and France before the war?

BUT it takes a man to criticize luxury-loving woman. In the North American Review for May Richard Barry, one of the editors, comes at us in drastic style. He says that in Congress—where of course there is only one woman and she never wore

MUCH money and little taste has made 20th Century women slaves of the designing fashion-designer. A grand carnival of cultivated squawdom is now being enacted in New York. Will this be the Last of the Mohicans?

B Y H E L E N H U N T



Valor in the trenches must be maintained by sacrifice at home.

finery in her life—high heels have been declared more dangerous to the welfare of the United States than the submarine. Here are a few more of Mr. Barry's epigrams:

"Eccentric waist-lines are more deadly than Big Berthas."

"So-called 'style' is the assassin of character."

"Women have nothing to say about what they shall wear. A few business men, originally from the East side of New York, prescribe what the prevailing style shall be."

"The motif of a European peasant"—referring to styles in vogue—"with the Parisian eccentricities manufactured by the French—only for export."

THE herd-woman, he says—meaning all of us who have enough money and little enough brains—have seen "styles" in the windows, but no woman ever has the courage to wear one till she sees the couturier's model on the street performing the function of a lead bull at the slaughter house. He should have said—the goat, which, I believe, it really is. But then, of course, we are the goat. Well, and what of it? Last spring, he says, skirts were wide; now women must put a narrow skirt under the wide one and cut off the old skirt to show the new. Then, as a little added turn to the general imbecility of the thing, this season the skirts are humped up in the back so as to insure the use of three times the necessary material. It is hopeless for American designers to attempt an advance along the vicious path which has already been travelled to its final ingenious refinement by the more deft French designers. The time has come to establish a style of our own and to make that style permanent. This costume must be in keeping with American ideals and must express the national character.

What Mr. Barry wants to see is an American national costume, as simple and as characteristic as "the shirt-waist and skirt idea, the coat suit which has made the American girl famous the world around. Such lines lend themselves to all purposes of dress; they are charming in street or evening gowns, beautiful in afternoon effects and adaptable for evening wear; they may rule both house and street gowns, the sport, the one piece, the two-piece,

the three-piece, and they may be adapted for any demand in formal evening attire."

Well, a man may be allowed to think so. But I know a number of women whom no tailor-modes could ever camouflage into anything decorous. A fat woman in a shirt waist? Never! Better a Mother Hubbard and be done with it. Why should we bother any more about fashion so long as the war makes material, dyes and labor so scarce?

If men's clothes are to be standardized, why not women's? Women should be the last to object to uniforms, because every new fashion is a uniform, except for the colors and the fabrics. But we shall not simplify our clothes just in order to be so ridiculously simple. We shall do it to meet the necessities of the times. And after the war we shall have learned enough from the sensible simplicities of war to know what a lot of commercially exploited fools we were in the days of arbitrary and absurd fashion. We are not rightfully squaws. If the men want us to be, suppose we refuse? Suppose we become sensible?

Too much? Well, there's not much use left in the world for barbaric folly. War is foolish and barbarous enough. If women are to offset the ravages of war, their first business is to rear children and keep homes. And we can't do this if we remain squaw-women in clothes.

Of course it's not likely that dress reform will come all in a day. Banishing the bar, and getting votes for women and daylight saving for everybody are all strictly moral or practical issues. Dress reform is different. Women don't pretend that a lovely gown is a moral affair, even though taking off a yard of fabric round the shoulders to put three yards over the top of a skirt is not done exactly for its ethical value.

THE WOMEN OF OLD

HOW women bore and reared children, and did the cooking and choring, the making and mending of those days, only God who pities and strengthens understands. This is not so much a man's world as it was, and no doubt men toiled long and hard to make homes in the bush, but when one thinks that women nursed babies, washed dishes, swept and scrubbed, cooked and served, milked cows and fed calves and pigs, spun and wove, made and mended for all the household, and sometimes helped with the harvest, one feels there was an unequal division of labor and bows the head in reverence for the women of half a century ago.—Sir John Willison in Reminiscences Political and Personal.

HE CHOSE TO REVERT

READERS of this paper will be interested to know that its former and first editor, Lt.-Col. John A. Cooper, is now in France serving with the rank of Major in the 19th Battalion, C. E. F. A year ago last February Col. Cooper took to Witley Camp what was acknowledged by those who knew to be perhaps the finest battalion ever sent out of Canada. The first officers for the 198th Canadian Buffs were chosen in this office two years ago last January. By a system of organization, of which he was a master, Col. Cooper created a battalion which its friends hoped would give a great account of itself as a unit at the front in the much hoped-for Fifth Division. But the Fifth failed for the lack of reinforcements. The Buffs were "broken up" by drafts into other battalions. The commanding officer had his choice either to come home or to revert. He chose not to come home, because as an old officer of the famous Queen's Own he had gone into khaki for service and not for decorative distinction. He went to England hoping to go to France as a Canadian at the head of a great Canadian battalion. He has gone to France as a Major in the 19th, because he is a soldier and a Canadian.—The Editor.

PROBLEMS IN B. C.

THINGS that because they are so intensely local in feeling and so big in scope, are national in spirit. Written by the undersigned in collaboration with Mrs. Ralph Smith, M.P.P.

BACK EAST and OUT WEST are terms happily growing obsolete in Canada. They belong to the days when we were little children and used to look at the map and see Vancouver Island on the Pacific and think to ourselves, "I wonder if ever in the world I shall travel as far as that"; and, having travelled "as far as that" we looked back again to Nova Scotia or New Brunswick on the Atlantic seaboard, and wondered "if ever in the world we would go back there again."

East and West are far closer together to-day than they were twenty-five or thirty years ago, though the Rocky Mountains loom just as large as ever. Trans-continental railways have threaded the prairie and surmounted the Rockies; all to no purpose but for a deeper union made possible by the spread of a Canadian national spirit.

For national spirit let us above all thank the war which has changed our geographical perspective and has brought all the countries of the world nearer to us. Continents and seas that were mere names, and whose locality were practically unknown, form part of the everyday curriculum of our thought; we have travelled with the British army ancient roads and forgotten highways that heretofore have been inconceivable miles away. What then to us is the width of a continent?

But there is still room for closer cooperation between the provinces, and to-day on the eve of universal franchise we feel it is timely for the women of Canada to get in closer touch with each other, by mutual confidence and sympathy aiding one another. Naturally the outlook of the eastern woman is not quite the same as our own. It is that outlook we want to understand, and in return we would like to have your patience, you in the East.

For example, the Siberian situation. Possibly to the women of the Maritime Provinces or of Quebec and Ontario, that question is more or less remote. To us it is most vital and imminent. Vladivostock seems dangerously close to us. Many of our old timers know that part of the world like a book. Every year, some few years before the war, the sealing fleets from the west used to go up the Behring Sea, past the Aleutian Islands and into the Sea of Japan, and all about the coast there. Names that to you would signify the farthest ends of the earth, mean only a few days' sail across a stretch of peaceful sea to us, for we are linked up with the Orient by many lines of steamships, to say nothing of the windjammers. All questions concerning China and Japan loom very large on our political horizon, and the same may be said to be true in regard to Australia and New Zealand, for only a width of water separates us. The social and political course of these two divisions of the Empire form an intimate and absorbing study for us, for our problems are very similar, and do we not, with them, hold in trust British dominions in the north and south Pacific?

Though we have not here in the west the difficulties of congested cities to deal with, at the same time we have very much the same sort of social problems to deal with as civilization has everywhere, and it is to meet those problems, and to study them so as to remedy existing conditions, that we women all over Canada need to cooperate and to help one another.

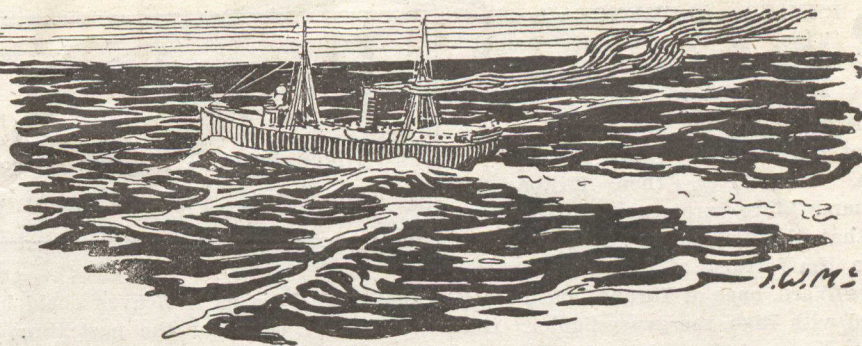
"Your voices," wrote Ruskin, "are not worth a rat's squeak in or out of Parliament till you have ideas to utter with them." Probably it is because we had those ideas that we women have at length got into Parliament, and it is for us now to carry our theories into execution. We feel we have made a beginning in British Columbia.

In the first place we have elected a woman representative, and, let us state here, that she has only the most cordial things to say about the other members on the floor of the house. Irrespective of party, they have invariably shown a most kindly and helpful spirit which bodes well for the harmony of a time in the probably not far distant future, when our houses of Parliament will always consist of both men and women members. In the next place we are bringing about legislation which will mean a minimum wage for women. The bill effecting this will soon be made law.

"What is to be done with this baby?" asked a woman the other day. She was carrying in her arms a bright-faced infant, and explained that it was her daughter's child and that the father was a Chinaman. Such cases as this are not as rare as we should like to imagine. It is because our eyes are wide open to the existence of such things that we mean to try and take steps to change and to broaden the scope of education, in this way lifting the ignorant woman to a place where she can realize the enormity of her responsibility.

We have also in mind the segregating of the feeble-minded and the establishing of farm colonies and other educative institutions in which these unfortunate may be taught to be self-supporting and their marriage prevented.

Just now when the man-power of the Empire is being so seriously depleted, it is not difficult to see that woman's duty largely lies in the conservation of life at home. We have great plans, splendid plans, but we are young here in the west, for the spirit of the west is the spirit of youth, and we need the advice of the steady, wise old east. In return we promise to furnish an unlimited supply of unshakeable optimism. Optimism is an absolute essential of frontier men and women, and we have an abundance of it here in this outpost of empire.



It is the spring, and the eternal miracle of that season has come to us, clothing the low hills with the glory of the golden broom, greening the clustering foot-hills, and making the mountains dazzling in rainbow tints and silver sheen of sunshine. The orchard trees are lovely as brides, and the gardens an intoxication with their riot of color and perfume. And the incentive of the spring is behind us in our earnest endeavor to join hands with you in the east and to help the women all over Canada to fit themselves for the sacred responsibility of citizenship.

N. deBERTRAND LUGRIN (Victoria, B.C.)

QUERIES from QUEBEC

THE writer of this letter could have done it even better in French. Joseph Lachance is not a separatist. He believes in Canadian unity. None of his arguments are new. Some are open to controversy. But they are the sentiments of a man who wishes to be regarded as a Canadian, first. He is a citizen of a town which better than any other in Canada represents race-unity. St. Johns, P.Q., is a little city of big factories down near the border. It contains about as many English as French-Canadians. The French all speak English. Most of the English speak French. There is an English-speaking garrison. The people mix freely in all matters, social, civic, educational and political. Religion only keeps them in separate camps, as it does people in places which have no Catholic church. At the end of every band concert in the park the band plays O Canada and God Save the King. Nobody is better entitled to a hearing on the question of race-unity than a citizen of St. Johns, and no citizen of St. Johns could have stated the case more moderately than Mr. Lachance.—The Editor.

AS a farmer's son and graduate of the much despised Quebec Primary Bilingual Schools, allow me to express my entire approval of the articles in your issue of March 16th. Your paper is interesting from the first page to the last; even the cover is up to the mark, and I must congratulate you on the tone of the two articles by A. M. Chisholm and Verne Dewitt Rowell. The latter hits the nail on the head squarely, and the writer deserves thanks from all Canadians. As for Mr. Chisholm, he displays a remarkable spirit of broad-mindedness. I feel that if he realized the French-Canadians had a grievance, even with a small "g," he would be the first man to help redress it.

I consider Canada, as a whole, my country, and a Canadian should feel at home anywhere in Canada, be he from Quebec, Ontario or British Columbia. Any differences which may happen to crop up in any Province naturally would tend to hurt Canada as a whole. Now, in my opinion, French-Canadians are first of all and always Canadian. They may evince sympathy, more or less platonic, for France, England, etc.; but their genuine love is for Canada. Human nature could not be otherwise, and I dare say that the fifth or sixth generation of Mr. Chisholm's descendants will have exactly the same feelings as the French-Canadians have to-day.

When Confederation was formed, Sir John A. Macdonald said that every Canadian citizen was on equal footing, and as French is legal and official in the highest spheres of Canadian life (Federal Circles), it must be equally so in the lower regions, and all Canadians should have the opportunity of learning the French language at school, for if not, where would they learn it? I will add that all French-Canadians in Canada, throughout, desire to learn English; but they also quite naturally wish to learn French. I was taught my mother-tongue exclusively the first four years of my schooling, the next two years were devoted to English and French, and the last two to English only. Of course Arithmetic, etc., etc., were also taught during the whole eight years; and I consider this a most sensible way of learning any alien language. Surely Mr. Chisholm would not consider the Treaty of Paris and the Confederation Act as *Scraps of Paper*. I feel that the only Province living up to this Act, both in letter and spirit, is Quebec; the Protestant minority enjoying the full control of their schools, the school taxes paid by Catholics going to the Catholic School Board, those from the Protestants going to the Protestant School Board, and those from Corporations going to what is called a neutral panel and divided according to the attendance at the schools. In my opinion, if all the Provinces followed this excellent rule, there would be no school question.

I thank Mr. Chisholm for the certificate of good conduct given to the Quebec people, but he could have added that the attendance at school is higher than in all the other Provinces, with the exception of British Columbia; that there are more proprietors with a lower ratio of mortgages, and that the criminality is also lower, though I will admit there may not be as many automobiles. I might also say that the majority in this Province can speak English and French, possibly not as classical English as taught by the great English Universities, but I know a great many who can speak the English language

(Continued on Page 20.)

PREMIER CLEMENCEAU, the Tiger of France, once fought a duel with the ex-husband of a lady who about 27 years ago lived in a large house at the corner of Carlton and Yonge St., in Toronto. The Tiger, then Editor of L'Homme Libre, wrote an article alleging that the Prince de Chimay had stolen the fortune of his former wife

(Clara Ward, once of Toronto and Detroit), when she eloped with Rigo, the gypsy fiddler. Hence the duel.

Clemenceau is now into the greatest duel of his stormy career. As Premier of France part of his



work is to clean up the crooks who have been betraying the country. He was once a doctor in New York—hence his American wife. When he went back to France he plunged into politics, first as a radical delegate to the National Assembly. Here he aided Gambetta in fighting Bismarck's terms of peace with France in 1871. Soon he was into the business of setting up and pulling down ministries who would not "come through" on

promises. He was a slashing sabre as a speaker. He loved enemies—to slash them. The Tiger always. In his first paper, Le Justice, he came out hot-foot for free education by the state and for disestablishing the Church. He was accused of being no friend to the Russian Alliance. In the Chamber of Deputies, Paul Deroulede, the worst enemy Clemenceau ever made, hurled at him the epithet of a traitor and said that his colleagues thought so too but dare not say it, because they feared Clemenceau's awful tongue. The Tiger's answer was a growl:

"M. Deroulede, you lie!"

Hence a duel. Afterwards Clemenceau retired from public life and tried writing plays, essays and newspaper articles. It was then that he helped Zola defend Capt. Dreyfus, and was afterwards returned to eminence by the people. He made another enemy soon in Jaures, the Socialist, who was an advocate of internationalism and against war-preparedness. Clemenceau went after the nest of traitors. He became Minister of the Interior, and very shortly the destroyer of Cabinets himself became Premier. During his Premiership he flatly opposed the Kaiser in the demands that were intended to force France into eventual war. Now that he is Premier again, it is the Kaiser again, the foe outside and the secret enemies within, all the Bolos and Malvys and Caillauxes and Humberts. And he is equal to them all.

SAMUEL GOMPERS may be wrong as often as anybody in the world. The only American who ever addressed both Canadian Houses of Parliament, has got where he is to-day, at the head of the A. F. of L., because he didn't hesitate to be wrong if by doing so he could start something bigger than merely being right. Gompers may have been wrong when he said that Canadian labor has not been as responsive to government needs as American labor has been; when he said that Canadian labor is socialism-infected. He may have forgotten that strikes in the



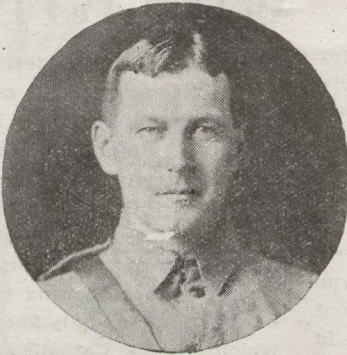
United States threw back shipbuilding further than Hurry-Up Hurley could get it ahead. But when Gompers spoke in New York some weeks ago on behalf of the A. F. of L., he shot the kind of bolt that one

People You Know

Illustrated Brevities concerning a Frenchman, an American, two Englishmen and two Canadians.

wishes to heaven could have been the voice of America for the past three years—since May 7, 1915. Looking like he is in this picture taken at Ottawa, he said:

"I say to the Kaiser, I say to the Germans, in the name of the American labor movement: 'You can't talk peace with American workers; you can't talk peace with us; you can't talk to us at all now. We are fighting now. Either you smash your Kaiser autocracy or we will smash it for you.' Yes, we say to the Germans: 'Get you out of France, out of Serbia, out of Belgium, and back into Germany, and then perhaps we'll talk peace terms with you. But we won't before you do.'"



IN FLANDERS' FIELDS

By
Lieut.-Col.
John McCrae

IN Flanders' fields the poppies blow
Between the crosses row on row,
That mark our place, and in the sky
The larks still bravely singing fly,
Scarce heard amidst the guns below.
We are the dead. Short days ago
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,
Loved and were loved, and now we lie
In Flanders' fields.

Take up the quarrel with the foe,
To you from falling hands we throw
The Torch—be yours to hold it high;
If ye break faith with us who die,
We shall not sleep though poppies grow
In Flanders' fields.

"**W**HO being dead, yet speaketh," should be one motto on the memorial about to be erected—not a monument—to the late Col. John McCrae. The man who wrote In Flanders' Fields, first printed in Canada by the Canadian Courier from the New York Times, achieved in a few lines the immortality which some men get only in great books. The poem of Soldier McCrae is a spiritual prophecy as grim and yet as fine as that of the American soldier, Alan Seeger, "I Have a Rendezvous With Death," and the death poems by Rupert C. Brooke, written before he was sunstruck on service at the Dardanelles.

McCrae was a native of Guelph, Ont., a graduate of Toronto University and of the Medical School, and a colleague of Dr. Adami in the chemical laboratories of McGill. He was also a medalist of the Boer War, from which he returned a master of artillery. He went to the front as a doctor, but was always close to the guns. He was among the guns in the second battle of Ypres. He died of pneumonia.

SUPPOSE that Baron von Freytag Loringhofen who is the Deputy-Chief of the German General Staff, should write a letter to the Lokal Anzeiger saying that Chancellor Hertling had given out incorrect figures about the German armies to the Reichstag? What a pow-wow English editors would be privileged to make over it! And hence what a noise some Teuton editors are at liberty to make over this letter of Gen. Maurice to the London Daily Chronicle.

Well, the letter is out. The former Director of Military Operations at the War Office says in his

letter: "That statement," referring to what the Premier said about Haig's army, "implies that Sir Douglas Haig's fighting strength on the eve of the great battle which began March 21, had not been diminished. That is not correct." England is divided—for a time. Another of Democracy's rifts that mean sometimes greater strength, sometimes

weakness

when general elections have been abolished by war. The Commons supports the Premier who abuses the "cocoa press." Col. Repington agrees with Maurice, who may be court-martialed. Is there politics behind? Perhaps the General knows. Anyway he knows war—"a pink complexion and a monocle," says the cable correspondent, "surrounded by maps of all sorts; contour maps, flat maps, maps of elevations, all marked by flags, with numbers and with red, blue and yellow pencil marks. General Maurice dealt with all those maps as Paderewski deals with the keys of a piano. He knew every detail of them."



BARON READING, Ambassador to the United States, also Lord Chief Justice of England, and an authority on finance, is one of the biggest brains of England, given the biggest job that ever confronted the British Embassy in Washington. How big the job, is well expressed by Sydney Brooks in the Nineteenth Century. Americans, he says, at times seem a little doubtful whether George the Third is really dead. To interpret to them Great Britain as she really is seems to me the highest task in which a British Ambassador could engage. The size and character of the man for the job is set forth by Frank Dillnot in The World's Work. Picture, he says, a slim, erect man, always perfectly dressed, with clear-cut oval face, dark shining eyes, severe, boyish, humorous. He walks with the lithe alertness of youth—and he is 57. In all the cases fought by Reading in the courts, defending lives, reputations and finances; in all his heat of politics on the hustings and in Parliament, from the back benches to the Attorney-Generalship and the woolsack, he has never been known to lose his temper.



THE man who follows O'Connor is of course McFall. If the Mc. is as bold a scrapper as the O' there should still be some human interest in the Cost of Living Department of our statistics. Hon. T. W. Crothers, Minister of Labor, says Dr. McFall is a first-class man, probably in spite of the fact that the news item diagnoses him as

an M.A., Ph.D. We feel sure that he is a good, practical, much-alive man, even though the Hon. Minister of Labor says so. But unless he is prepared to be as unpopular with some people as the late Jeremiah of old, he had better pass the job along. Cost of living is no game for the average M.A., Ph.D.



YPRES—"Wipers" as the Tommies call it—knows more about war than any other town in the world. The bloodiest battles of the war have surged around this ancient city of Belgium. The first and second battles of Ypres are now in the immortal history of great battles in the world's history.

Canada knows Ypres, because it was Canadians who held Ypres and first blocked the Hun drive for Calais. On and beyond Ypres the British line went. Now it is creeping back; and the struggle is once again over the old battlefields that reach out from Ypres one way toward the Somme, the other towards the Channel. The Hun pushed his legions back along three sides of Ypres whose ruins are now three years old. In a mist of smoke stands the hulk of the Old Cloth Hall, once one of the finest piles of architecture of Europe, now a lonesome, sorrowful lighthouse of stone, on which storms of shells have broken. A price was set by the Allies upon what remains of Ypres—10,000 or 20,000 dead Germans. Will they take it?

Sometimes, says Philip Gibbs, writing of the great offensive,



Ypres, Liberty and Long Hermann



I wished to God the sun would not shine like this nor nature mock at me with its thrilling beauty of life. However, the British are full of confidence. They are full of faith that against all odds they shall hold their own in the last battle of all. The Commander in Chief's orders of the day should reveal to the British people and to the world what is happening out here in France—the enemy's object to seize the Channel ports and destroy the British Army.

ONE day in Paris there was a nursery with sick children in their cots and nurses hovering over them. The next day there was something different. It was the day of the shells from the Hun's "miracle" gun; two of whose most cruel visitations were this Day Nursery and the Church of St. Gervais. The photograph shows both scenes in the nursery. Imagination supplies the rest. But the Hun's new toy whose explosions made seismic tremors 4,000 miles distant, is to him only a toy. How he looks at it is expressed in the language of one Rosner, who is the Kaiser's Boswell. Long Hermann, he calls the gun. "It does not really look like a gun at all," he says, talking like a dead beast. "It is more like a gigantic grey crane, which for some unaccountable reason has been planted here amid violets, primroses and other spring flowers. It stands dreaming, as it were, and then it suddenly awakens, disturbing the peace of this field. The violent disturbance of the air, which shakes the very trunks of trees, becomes quite visibly a black thread cutting along the sky. This thread is the traveling calamity. It can travel thus 78 miles, but it is satisfied this time with less. It will remain on the move exactly 180 seconds.

MONTREAL has lately had a revival of war enthusiasm. And of all the rousing spectacles to stimulate the war spirit of the big bi-lingual city the native-born Frenchmen, veterans of the war from the first call to arms, who marched in the Ypres celebration on a recent Sunday was the most remarkable. They were given the "place d'honneur" in the procession, once again citizens of Montreal after giving all they knew how to the war in old France. The photograph was taken at sunset.

"BLUE DEVILS," Frenchmen who have seen service from the beginning of the war, made a sensational impression on New York, marching for the third Liberty Loan. The feature of the previous Loan Drive was a British tank. A year from now we may expect a parade of American veterans to stimulate Liberty Loan recruiting. It is said that next to the Blue Devils Canadian soldiers excite most enthusiasm over there.

EDITORIAL

A War Surmise—Not a Forecast

WE are content to leave military forecasts to the experts. Just at present, however, it looks as though the Hun might have to go back over that Picardy area again. The reason he is fighting over it now is because he has to. He is driven from behind. His work is done in the East. He must keep moving. Digging in to wait is no longer any use. The West is his only place to keep busy. Presently, if Foch's expectations are realized, he may have to go back over his tracks because Foch's armies will make him. He is between the deep sea of pressure at home and the devil of the enemy. How far back he will swing on the return trip may depend upon where he can dig himself in. When he is being attacked and pushed toward his own border his people may be patient. They will let him defend Germany, because it is the old bogey that Germany was being attacked. This may mean another long era of siege. By that time, whether his navy is forced out or not, the combined weight of the Allied armies—including the American—will be plenty to keep him from ever again budging westward. Then will be the time for the greatest air-drive ever known, when thousands of Allied planes bomb his armies and his cities. Which may be the beginning of the end. But that will not be in 1918.

This is only a surmise. There may be a dozen others better. But it is time for surmises. We are all getting tired of waiting.

The Morale of a Nation

ALL said and done perhaps the Maurice affair simmers down into personality. Such things happen even in the British War Office, which is a sort of female Prussia for red tape. Maurice is evidently in temperament just about all that the Premier is not. Lloyd George is the only public man in any of the Allied countries who is now in the same or a higher post than when the war began. Having reached the top via the Exchequer and the Ministry of Munitions which he created and made so enormous a success, he must hang on. And he is so doing. Exit Gen. Maurice—on half pay, which is absurd; for either the man was right or he was wrong, and the amount of salary he gets has nothing to do with the case. According to Lloyd George he was wrong. The Premier was supported by Parliament. Presto! In the trail of Parliament comes the Daily Mail, owned by the man who owns the Times, from which Repington was removed for endorsing Maurice. The War Office may run its head into the sand. But the Northcliffe press knows what it is doing, no matter how much it bewilders other people, even a Premier.

Well, it is too much to expect a Premier who a few years ago was next thing to a pacifist to know just what is going on at the front unless blunders are kept to a minimum—which with us they never are. Blunders are a part of the British heritage. Costly blunders. If South Africa was the graveyard of military reputations, Flanders—speak it not, the business is too terrible. Nothing is so easy for a Premier to understand as success in the field. Nothing so hard to explain as what seems like failure. The Premier is the transformer who steps down the voltage to the public. Lloyd George is a good transformer. Now that he has at the head of the War Office a man whose military presence he can trust, he may have less difficulty. He may even clean up the War Office. But the best way to do that in the interests of the general public is to let the nation know exactly how much of a martyr, or an enemy-comforter or a scapegoat Gen. Maurice really was. The surmise of a Paris newspaper that Maurice was

the tool of Repington, who hates Wilson, is too naive for a French editor. We talk about keeping up the morale of the army. That is mainly the business of the Generals and the War Office. But there is a morale of the nation. And it is the business of the Government.

Where Are Our Armies?

WE all know exactly what is the matter with the Hun and how near he is to extinction. We have known it for three years. It was the present Premier of Great Britain who in a speech in 1914 said, "Poor mailed fist! Poor shining armor!" All we had of an army in France then was "the old contemptibles" of imperishable renown. We hadn't even the ghost of a notion in 1914 that Britain would raise an army of six millions.

But now Canada is being dragnetted for new men; for the ultimate man; for the farmer's son with his hand on the plough of greater production which only yesterday he was told was the symbol of anti-famine. The mines and munition plants of England are being combed for new men. More men and more—from everywhere. China has 250,000 men behind the French lines, intensively farming. India, Africa, Australasia, America—all sending men. And still the Hun is able to push our armies back towards the Channel ports; to all but envelop Amiens; to be offered Ypres with its immortal memories of struggle and brave blood at a price of 10,000 or 20,000 dead Germans.

Can any Repington, Maurice or Belloc tell us exactly what has been done with that British army of 6,000,000? How many of them are dead and back in Blighty; how many have been sent to Saloniki, Egypt, Mesopotamia, Palestine, Italy; how many are actually under Sir Douglas Haig at the front; finally how many are still in England? The question is not irrelevant because the British Premier tells us that when the March offensive made a call for reinforcements the men were rushed at once from England. That is—they were not in France. Maybe it is good war policy to keep a big army in England in case the Hun should break through. But so far as is known there is no way to keep the Hun from doing this except with big armies—not in England. Perhaps there is not a big army in England. But where are the armies? Our soldiers are as great as any that ever marched. They fight as never man did in the days of old. But never with our great armies added to those of France have we been able to get the Hun out of Belgium and France. On the map he is no nearer being out now than he was when he went in. On the fourth of next month we shall be within two months of four years at war since Lloyd George said, "Poor mailed fist! Poor shining armor!" And the mailed fist and shining armor are still there.

Why is this? Because our men are soldiers and not disciplined butchers; that we preserve in our armies the thing for which we are fighting on behalf of the world; that our generals are gentlemen up against men of blood and iron; that we are sane, liberty-loving peoples faced by the insanity of a nation of slaves; that in all the business of men and guns and mechanical organization we are at least the equal of the enemy, in the spirit of manhood vastly his superior—but in the ruthless purpose that drives millions of men into hell we are no match for the Hun because, being free peoples, we were not born that way.

Propaganda—The Fifth Arm

PROPAGANDA is the fifth arm of the service in this war; sometimes the first. So far the Germans have conducted most of the propaganda. They began on their own people. They did about as

much with the rest of us. If ever there was a war conducted by mental methods, this is the war. And the war may last a great deal longer than it should unless the Allies undertake propaganda as industriously as the Hun has done it. Every nation at war should be invaded by an allied propaganda centralized at Paris for convenience. This should be the work of a select committee from all the great nations on our side. It should include newspapers, tracts and moving pictures. Newspapers can always be relied upon to do good work in any Allied nation able to read. But a large percentage even in the United States, and a small one in Canada, cannot read. These must be reached with moving pictures. A vast majority of the Russians are illiterate. Soap-box orators have been their newspapers. These millions can be reached by the screen. A dramatized version of Loringhofen's German book, *Deductions from the World War*, should be an eye-opener to the Russians. A really good film of Gerard's *Experiences in Germany*—not the one now running, which is very poor—would do an immense auxiliary work to the newspaper in the United States. France and England and Canada are pretty well covered now. But the public information bureau as we now have it is not doing a really vital work because it is not doing something which the newspapers can't. Italy, so much penetrated by Germany, should be better penetrated by a sane Allied propaganda. Germany remains. Obviously we can't run moving pictures or circulate newspapers in Germany. The only way to reach the Hun is by dropping things in upon him, like manna from heaven. A fair start in German cities might be made by dropping millions of pamphlets containing a full exposition of what Prince Lichnowsky confessed as to who started the war and how it was done.

In Rome Everywhere

SOME men are born with a marvellous adaptability. Sometimes writers have it. One in particular comes to mind—not a Canadian, though he lives in Canada and has always loudly professed to be a very Canadian citizen. This writer has no country. He thinks he is cosmopolitan. His latest cosmopolitan feat is an article in the *Detroit News-Tribune* alleging that King George is first cousin to the Kaiser, that at a certain dinner in London the King's health is not drunk because he is a German, that President Wilson is the real King of England, and that Canada will soon be ripe for annexation. The simple category of these things makes it unnecessary to mention the man's name. He should have an identification card and a number in a large asylum for the internationally insane. In case he should need credentials in any part of this country to which he is so dispassionately attached we are glad to furnish this accompanying mental description:

Born in England; came to Canada about 30 years ago; was for a while editorially employed in Toronto; afterwards publicity agent for a railway; started a paper called *The British News*, which was an attempt at segregating the British in Canada from the rest of Canadians; stumped the country for a Canadian League, which he failed to establish and of which he never knew the purpose; made a dismal run for Parliament under the mistaken impression that he was a sort of political Messiah and failed to make even the first hurdle; became a terrible enthusiast for the *Bonne Entente*, even appearing at dinners of the same when he was not expected; an ardent fungal growth on the *Win-the-War League*, whose campaign in the West he seriously endangered; when on a Canadian tour in England a few years ago, the land of his birth, blandly intruded himself into the spot-light of every public function, basking in the smiles of bishops and archbishops, sheriffs and Lord Highs, Lord Mayors and whatsoever looked like aristocracy. And if the Kaiser should ever be permitted by the "patriotism" of men of his stripe to put one of his bankrupt Grand Dukes on the throne of Canada, this same accommodating gentleman of the pen would be one of the first to be on hand for a job as flunkey.

LET US ALL CELEBRATE THE OLD 24th OF MAY!



OPEN FORUM



"Those Titles"

PARTLY in reply to Mr. Gourlay:—I am English born and educated, also a returned soldier from the line, and am over 50 years of age. I object to titles because they are the apotheosis of caste, than which there is nothing more hellish and unchristian. I left England largely to get away from caste and found here—dollar caste. Now an attempt is made to wish the hereditary article on to us also. Mr. Gourlay's reasoning does not begin to touch me. I was born under hereditary caste—it is debasing. I have experienced military caste—it is an evil thing. I have had 15 years of dollar caste—it is ridiculous. That we are wedded to titles is a lamentable proof of our snobbishness; it also proves that we are not true Democrats. The fact that titles are usually bestowed for value received and seldom for real merit is beside the question; the whole business is undemocratic and therefore harmful. Perhaps Canadians at home are unaware that the signs in England point to the abolition of all titles there in a very short time.

50th CANADIANS, Strathcona, P.O., Alta.

What is Bi-Lingual?

I SEE that the Native-Born Article was a dish too much peppered with French-Canadianism for the delicate assimilating powers of Miss Clara Greenhow, Walkerville, Ont., since it forced her to return your "menu."

What made her sick is the assertion that Canada was a bi-lingual country. Too Bad! If she had been trained to swallow the bitter pills of truth, if she knew the history of her country (I grant her to be a Canadian), its laws, the habits and customs of its inhabitants, I dare say that the Canadian Courier would not have lost such a valuable, broad-minded and intelligent subscriber.

While we are waiting for the soldiers to return and try to realize Miss Greenhow's most patriotic wish for the rehabilitation, in a Prussian way, of Quebec French folk, do you believe that she could, as a parting gift to the other readers of your esteemed weekly, send a good definition of her own of "a bi-lingual country" and "bi-lingualism"?

I trust that the other Canadian disciples of Malthus, before teaching others and solving "à la Bismarck" the great racial problems of our country, will read again "Native-Born," and make a practice of the lessons which Candida gives them in it: perhaps afterwards Canada shall have more sons to defend them.

ADRIEN FALARDEAU (Quebec).

THE objection raised in the letter referred to was a statement by the author of the Native-Born articles that Canada is an Anglo-French bilingual country. Miss Greenhow says Canada is British. She is quite right. There is no argument here. Candida said nothing about Canada being un-British. The articles on Native-Born have nothing whatever to do with politics, either Imperial or domestic; neither with the right or wrong of one race as against another in this country. Canada though British politically and sentimentally is an Anglo-French bilingual country as a matter of population and language. That is all.—The Editor.

Bad Enough Now

IN your issue of April 13th you give space to an article entitled, "Make Doctors Civil Servants." Surely we do not need to add another link to what promises to be a heavy chain—the link of compulsory acceptance of medical advice and treatment? And while we are fighting for freedom for the people, our friend would enslave us with a compulsory system of medication, regardless of religious belief—educational enlightenment, or whatsoever may go to make a man the arbiter of his own life. He seems to be willing to include in the rank and file of Doctors who are to be licensed as Civil Servants—always first of course the Allopath, the Homeopath, the Regular and the Osteopath. The venom seems all focused upon one particular science, the Chiropractor. His charge that "chiropractic is a Farrago of Nonsense" can be met with proof that it is the most sensible nonsense ever given a suffering world. He says it "has adopted some means of treatment

Dear Mr. Editor:—

from other systems." The osteopath did not start the claim that Chiropractic started with them, until it got to be so active and successful it threatened to undermine their business. Medicine and Osteopathy have been diametrically opposed for years, but like unto men of note some two thousand years ago, they have merged their differences in a common cause and are not so much concerned now in proving the origin of Chiropractic, as for constituting a ways and means committee for stopping it. I wish to say just this in reference to the "So-called advertised cures" our Medical friend mentions: "The Science of Chiropractic has produced proof satisfactory to the U. S. and Canada, that their so-called cures are cures, because they stay cured." Thousands of witnesses are ready to testify any day as to this, and the writer as one of that great number can furnish proof that after years of suffering and a final prostration from neuritis, when given up by the medical men and considered by family and friends as being beyond help, the chiropractor by his applied science cured her. Her experience with the medical men has been one for kindly remembrance. A practical nurse for over twenty years, she found them kindly, noble and self-sacrificing, and she has yet to find one in her personal experience who would find it necessary to be made a "Civil Servant."

(MRS.) A. M. WORKMAN,
(Swift Current, Sask.)

And Might Be Better

THE article in your April number entitled, "Make Doctors Civil Servants," written by an M.D., I certainly approve of. If this is done every M. D. will be assured of a good salary and he will not be so eager to pour poison into the systems of his patients to give them temporary relief, nor yet will the surgeon be so ready with his knife. By this I do not mean to imply that all surgeons are too keen to use their knives, nor yet that all doctors are careless in the use of pernicious drugs. But I know a good many who are.

What in the world is the matter with the M.D.'s that they are so death against the Chiropractors? Your correspondent says the real reform would be

to make it compulsory on the public to accept the services of an M. D. placed over them.

Now, Mr. Editor, I have visited the offices of Drugless Physicians and have seen sane, upright M. D.'s in the offices of these men getting their bodies put in shape for nature to cure them. Why not let the public judge for themselves? Your correspondent also says that the regulation foreshadowed in the report is an attack on Osteopathy and that Chiropractic is a "farrago of nonsense," as the Chiropractic has to adopt the methods of the osteopath and the electro-therapist to get results. He knows nothing of Chiropractic or he would know that Chiropractic and Osteopathy together will get results that cannot be got by Osteopathy alone.

M. J. SHAW (Walkerville, Ont.)

English or British?

I HAVE just read your interesting article, entitled, "The Spirit of England on the Somme."

But why confine the use of the term to even the dominating partner? At a time like the present when the whole Empire is at war, aye for years, is it not highly improper, incorrect and most objectionable to do so?—and yet very many Englishmen are using this and relative terms, to which they have no special right. If they could only realize its folly and worse, they would probably cease the habit. We don't mind or care what foreigners say, write or do in this connection; they don't know better. But many Scotch, Irish and Welsh—"colonials" also—protest and truly dislike the English using incorrect terms of language.

FROM A FRIEND.

WHEN Shakespeare wrote "this precious stone set on the silver sea," did he draw the line at the Tweed and leave out the Irish Sea? Or was he not soldier enough to know that an enemy landed at Edinburgh or Dublin was an enemy on the soil of England? We admit that the term is loosely used. But we believe more in the unity of the British Isles than in their diversity. No good Scot, Irishman or Welshman should hesitate to use the term England for the whole of the British Isles. If accused of being too vague he may say Britain or Great Britain. When we spoke of the Spirit of England on the Somme we meant the spirit of every man on that front from the whole of the British Isles, including the Isle of Man.—The Editor.

A Voice from the Canadian Ukraine:

YOU will notice that most of the time and energy of some people, who could do a lot of really beneficial work, is spent in an effort to unload their superfluity of hatred, conceit and egotism into the channels of least and weakest resistance, attacking the least offensive classes simply for the purpose of aggrandising their own personal imaginative loyalty. They think that by doing so they are helping the cause of the Allies who are struggling against a deadly foe. The actions of such people do not tend toward strengthening the effective aid of Britain, France and other allies; they only cause hard feelings to grow right in our midst, which will manifest themselves after the war is over and forgotten, and at present retard the machinery providing the necessary material of defence.

We all thoroughly understand that it is the duty of everyone without exception, to devise ways and means whereby our actions in Belgium and France could be thoroughly felt by the Kaiser and his hordes of damnable autocratic savages, and thus show those butchers that all the world is united against them. Everybody understands that in order to do so we require complete and full concentration of our minds, actions and thoughts, toward this end. But what do we see in reality? Instead of a judicious, sane and proper deliberation, some people are taking advantage of the opportunity offered them to abuse the principles for which we are fighting to-day, by parading their prejudice and egotism.

There are about 500,000 citizens among us who originally came from Galicia, a province which was wrested from the Ukrainian kingdom alternately by several different autocratic governments and finally incorporated under the flag of the Prussian Austria. These people are considered as "alien enemies" in Canada. Of course this is done only by the people who do not know the history of these people. But under the present circumstances this ignorance is working hard to create a very

obnoxious and antagonizing condition. You hear such expressions as "intern the whole dam bunch"; "conscript them", etc. Now being one of those "dam fellows" myself, I fail to see where I am lacking in loyalty to my adopted country, and I have yet to see any of the better class of my people who are not as loyal British subjects as any of those who are ultra-loyal. Those people were glad to get away from the autocratic leaches who robbed them of their country and their homes and were more than satisfied to live under the British flag and support the British principles of government; and thus become, through time, a natural addition to Canadian citizenry, enjoying all the privileges and suffering all the hardships, as the circumstances may require.

However, after this war broke out, some people, apparently ever enemies of any other nationality, took the opportunity to antagonize them and class them with the savage Hun. In fairness to all parties concerned, it must be admitted that the government failed in their duty when they placed the unpatriotic and disloyal enactment upon the statute book of Canada releasing those people from Military Service. This act also placed these people in a very delicate situation by giving every antagonistic element a chance to harp upon the miseries of the situation these people were placed in through no fault of their own, and placing them in the categories of enemies instead of bona fide, law-abiding citizens.

Were you to fully understand the situation you would certainly admit that these people are no more enemies of the British Government than Lloyd George is a friend of the Kaiser; but they are enemies of prejudice, hatred, bigotry, egotism, PRUSSIANISM. Every right-thinking man is an ENEMY OF GERMANISM IN ITS ENTIRETY. Ask any Britisher who spent some of his time in Galicia during the Russian advance, and he will tell you more than space permits me here.

P. A. LAZARNICK, Teulon, Man.

THE WRATH of JONATHAN GRAY

A LONG and vehement man with dingy plug hat and hair like an Indian chief's, drove a clattering old buckboard one spring day into Jonathan Gray's lane. He pulled up at the log trough and began to shout. Link by link he extricated the contents of his musty frock coat from the rig and stood it up on the chip hill.

Martha, getting dinner, ran out.

"Good-morning, madam!" lifting his mid-Victorian. "You do not know me. You will perhaps regret having done so. I am one of those intolerable nuisances known as public servants. Ahem!"

He rushed to his cribby old nag and began violently to adjust the harness which always looked as though it might fall off along the road. Martha had seen three men who put into one might have resembled this curious visitor: a corn doctor at the village once, a shoddy pedlar who beat his wife, and an itinerant preacher who died of convulsions.

"My name—ah!" He fished up a card. "Elijah Hawkeen, C.E., Public Lands Surveyor." "Madam, you have a fine farm here. But flat. So very flat. The tops of these farms seem to have been washed away, yet you are still seventy feet above lake level. No hills. Not even a slope. Blue clay vertically deposited by glacial drift. Curious conformation—"

All this and a yard more came from him as he fussed about the rig. Martha longed for the lads to come up with Jon so that they might fall within the sound of such wonderful great words, much more learned and oracular than she had heard from any preacher, and on so unusual a subject. And she must hurry with the dinner.

"Ah!" said Hawkeen squinting at the sun. "So it is high noon. I see your good man and boys are coming up, madam. I never would have guessed it was so late. Shall I put in my horse? Thank you!"

Presently from the stable came Jon trailing this plug-hatted cockatoo in to dinner. The boys followed at a wondering interval. Such a man they had never seen on that farm. At the table Jon timidly thrust the corners of a few words into the cataract of language and ideas that tumbled from this oracle, much of the time over a lurid crush-strawberry handkerchief which he salvaged from his tail pocket and flapped like a flag, cornucopiously blowing his nose, till the lads kicked one another under the table.

"Now, Mrs. Gray"—his last gulp of tea—"we've had a lovely dinner. Your pie was perfect. No thanks, madam—not another bite. Mr. Gray—nature played you and your neighbor a cruel joke when she tilted your farms the wrong way, depriving you of your natural outlet in the lake."

"Ay," mumbled John, "our water must traipse back to the river."

"Twelve long, slow miles, Mr. Gray, much of it through the bush. Ah! isn't the whole township, sir, a perfect Venice of canals which I have designed to keep farmers from losing crops? And the poor back farmers must take your water; you in turn must wait till there's room for theirs to drain away. The water—ah, go on, Mr. Gray. I see you have had the experience."

"Water backs up on us," admitted Jon. "It's a terrible thing is water. Worse nor fire, as I do believe."

"Much. Much. So you see, sir, how necessary it is that we carry through this grand engineering scheme of having all these lake shore lots drain into the lake; these lots that are a mile and a quarter long and forty rods wide; these ribbons of landscape which when the bush is down will look from a passing balloon like carpets of lovely crops owing much of their beauty to a great artificial ditch, the common carrier for a block of land containing four square miles."

MARTHA, his wife, did not believe in letting righteous indignation run away with practical profit. The stranger with the tripod and the loud, big language, was to her a way of salvation. All over a big ditch.



By THE EDITOR

By the middle of this poetic outburst Hawkeen was out under the appletree with the entire family gathered around, much as the Israelites must have convened about Moses in the desert. They hung upon his words and the colossal ideas of which they were the vehicle. No such practical evangelist had ever come round that part of the world. Like one inspired Hawkeen pointed out the natural path for the aqueduct.

"That gully of yours, Mr. Gray, right on the line between you and your neighbor—who, I perceive, does not inhabit his place, and the more shame to him!—does the trick. That obviates making an outlet. Nature, sir, may have fooled you when she tilted your farm backwards. She came to your rescue when she put that grand gulch at your very bank, making it absolutely unnecessary to create a new outlet—"

JON began to come to himself in the cloud. He was beginning to see light. He walked up to the surveyor.

"Mr. Awkeen, sir—do you mean to say that we'm to 'ave that great ditch on our place?"

"Nature so decrees it, sir, since you are fair in the middle of the block. You are lucky. Your farm will be the talk of the township. In years to come tourists in all manner of strange vehicles will halt on a great bridge flung over a canyon and credit you with being the possessor of one of the wonders of the world—"

A shout from Jon shut him up.

"I'll not 'ave it so," not knowing how he dared say this. "Never! It's tearin' me farm to flinders. No!"

Muttering for courage Jon went about his noon chores, packing the lads back to the stump-grubbing. Hawkeen, perceiving a snag, betook himself to his rig, yanked out his tripod and levels and at once scurried away to the edge of the high bank where, after inspecting the gully with the vast blue of lake

and sky for a background, the human crane began to spy up and down Jon's little ditch.

"Drat the beggar," said Jon. "Is 'e takin' pictures then?"

Jon felt an unholy storm arising within. He sat on Martha's chopping block under the old appletree, to watch. He was always silent that way just before a storm.

This ditch had been talked of for months. Martha had read of it in the weekly paper, how that the taxpayers for three miles along the shore had petitioned the council to have such a drain made, at a cost of thousands of dollars to be spread over ten years by taxes. Jon had gone against it. He was not always wise outside his own fences. But he had submitted to the will of the majority and the council, not dreaming of the impertinent comedy now being enacted by Elijah Hawkeen, C.E.

HE began to whittle. Whenever Jon whittled he was either very pleased or getting angry. Martha watched him. She would soon be needed. There would be a tantrum.

"Ma!" he called quietly. She came. "Be that ol' clacker's talk this drain is to be 'arf as deep as the 'ouse is 'igh and as wide as my lane. It'll be twice too big, for all the water comes down. I told 'im so."

"What said he to that, Jon?"

"'Im? That we'm building for the future wen the clearin' is twice wot it is. Says, that as boosh comes down trees take up less water that scoots over the land in floods. Pugh! Pile 'e knows about boosh, I think so."

The undertone of his voice was going out.

Martha busied herself with idle chores on the chips.

"Luke at the beggaration man," mused Jon.

"Oh, ma! See! I'll not 'ave it so. No."

"But what harm does it, Jon?"

"'Arm? Cuts a strip ten feet wide at the widest off me farm and ten off the west man. Gives each on us a blue-clay bank fit for nowt but Canada thistles and buckweat and as 'ard to plough as a rowd. 'Arm? Wot more could it be?"

"But some one's to have it, Jon."

"Well and gude. Let them 'ave it that prayed the Council to 'ave it. Not me."

"But we're fair middle of the block that's to be drained. You know that."

"Middle? Wot's it matter? If yon scarecrow is so clever makin' water run up 'ill, w'y can't the big drain go up the side-road then?"

"'Twould spoil the road, Jon."

"Oh! As lief spoil road as my farm. I would. Big ditch is public work. Farm's private property—with taxes. Now 'oo's to gainsay that?"

Here was a rock to founder Martha's logic; a point well taken. Her knowledge of engineering would not provide the argument, which, however, her better knowledge of human nature as embodied in Jon brought to her mind as a last big drive on Jon's front.

After a pause, a wary one,

"Jon, there'll be no pay to you for the land. Did ye know that?"

He was up in a moment, arms high, as a tree is tossed by a gale.

"I'll be paid for me land or lose farm," he shouted. "I'll 'ave the law on the beggars!"

"Yes, plenty. Lawyers, Jon."

"What care? Be I to be robbed, land that cost wot we've done to make it? No! I'll pull up every stake yon hifalutin' scarecrow sets down. Never a ditch team shall set hoof on this farm till I've got sure o' me dues. I'll go to township council meetin'—"

"But there's none for three weeks yet, Jon."

Martha always kept better posted on events than Jon, who was a slow reader.

"Dash an' help them! Then I'll go to the 'ouse of the reeve and demand a meetin'. No fear. And if

that greasy gentleman wi' the cock 'at and the long words isn't off this place bag and baggage before suppertime, I'll run 'is ol' buckboard to the road and turn loose the 'orse. No more, wummon! I'll not hear a word. Back to me stumps."

And away he went like the wrath of Brian Boru, before Martha had made the grand point which she expected to clinch the duel.

Elijah Hawkeen clattered away an hour before Jon came up from the barn. He lifted his old hat to Madam as he went down the lane. Not for him to be excited over Jon Gray. He had been through many a scrimmage with angry farmers.

Martha had her own plot. She knew that the longer Jon pondered the iniquity of the ditch the more determined he would be to get his rights. Why would Jon not be paid for the land? There must be a good reason. She found it. That evening when the youngers were all abed and Jon was trying to whisper to himself a Talmage sermon, she paused in her sewing of overalls.

"Jon, it's the worth o' that strip of land to have the outlet ditch on our own place. When a flood comes we're drained in an hour. The rest must wait till our water's off."

Jon arose an' looked overwhelming. But his boots were off. He tried to stalk up the floor. His socks were very unimpressive. He knew it. This woman should be answered; but only cussedness could be arrayed against her kindly logic. So he went to the door and spoke about the ring around the moon which with three stars inside boded three days till a storm.

"Why don't you take a job at the ditch, Jon? It'll be three dollars a day for you and the team. We've three weeks and more before haytime and the lads can do the field work."

Jon always found Martha's economic arguments too much for him. Three dollars a day of township money for twenty days was a big sum. Who had a better right to it than he? Drouth might crizzle up the corn. The wheat might be half chess. A sudden wet spell might flood the beans. All hazards yet lay betwixt Jon and a fair crop in the barn.

Martha took up a gingham shirt she was making and let the leaven work. She said nothing. Her scheme was not yet complete. She had mustered all this argument while Jon was back at the stumping.

It was now the end of May; sheep-washing yet to do, corn just beginning to be pulled by the crows; a small field of wheat along the bank getting ready to head out; clover north of the road just blossoming a bit with bobolinks alive all over it; bumble bees abroad and the garden needing as much time as she could spare, since the organ was yet to be paid for out of that. Every minute of Martha's time was mortgaged it seemed. Every cranny of her home was full of works. She had rags a-balling for a new carpet in the fall; soon to have wool to card and spin—and then the weaving and the new crop of homespun clothes to cut and sew, with as yet no sewing-machine.

"Well, Jon," she said when he seemed about to go to bed with the argument, "since the ditch'll mean more work for you and the boys—"

She bit off a thread and held up the shirt. Jon wound the clock and his hand fumbled as it always did—as he put it there so it might remind him—fumbled the deed of the farm. That deed had as its spectre the mortgage held by the county-town banker, the money-loaner who had become rich by foreclosures.

"Please God that never shall pass to 'im," he mumbled as he often did.

And Martha heard him. That ritual was as familiar as the morning prayer. And since ever Jon had mentioned the \$60 from twenty days' work of man and team at the new ditch, she also had been figuring.

"Jon," she said suddenly, "ye'll not be doing this without me."

"Howt! Wot's for you to do wi' a ditch then?"

"It's to be more work for you and the lads. I guess—the girls and me can take up more too."

"Ay, but with a great ditch, though—how?"

Martha's answer was simple. With a little crowding of the young ones and the furnishing of a lumber room over the kitchen into a bed-room, there would be sleeping quarters for four ditchers, if so be as many as that taking contracts on the new ditch

would be coming from too far out back to be homing every night.

"Sure to be that," he said. "Must be."

Jon lifted no argument. To do so would have been to lose it. Martha would do as she pleased. How he knew not, except that she never failed in what she undertook.

Thus it was settled that Martha should take in four ditchers to board, wash and bunk, at three dollars a week for each, counting the stable room in the barn and the hay for the teams, but not the oats which each teamster would fetch for himself.

HURRY and scurry then to wash the sheep, herding them down the gully helter-skelter to a drift-log corral on the wide beach from which one by one they were soused in the blue of the lake and left on the warm, clean gravel till the wool dried. Then the shearing in which Martha with the big iron shears was more deft than Jon. And she was nicely into the carding and spinning when punctual as a rooster-crow the gang of teamsters hove up on the shore end of the survey line and began the shouting slambang of plough and scraper; Jon among them like a grumpy but genial god of thrifty labor.

What these men could eat thrice a day and the beds they could rummage up and the clay they trailed in on their boots on a rainy day from the blue

gash of the new ditch—was never in the language of mere patience to record. They were all strangers to Martha. They all smoked and spit and sometimes in heated moments swore. She had them all summer long, after Jon drawn by his hay crop and his wheat and his cultivating corn and his buckwheat and barley had gone to the farm again. Dawn was not a moment too soon to rise. Dark was but the beginning of unfinished labors. That summer Martha and her people had no home. It was a ditch camp. And the great gorge of the blue clay went down and down as the rampart of the clay came up in the scrapers to the dump along the turnpike.

A hot and dusty summer after the earlier rains. The spring well went dry and Jon hauled water from the lake, driving his cattle down as other men did for miles through the smoke of burning bush.

And whenever Hawkeen, the surveyor, came shouting up in his buckboard he engineered a pair of fine fat meals from Martha, doled out the newest things in his horoscope of the universe and said unto her:

"Madam"—doffing his ridiculous plug—"I have never in all my going to and fro in this part of the earth encountered your equal in pies. You are well and truly named—as, I believe—Martha. Pardon the familiarity, which, I hope, in your case will not breed contempt. Good-day!"

(To be continued.)

THE RACE OF THE NATIVE BORN

By CANDIDA

WHATEVER may be Senator Cloran's views on most patriotic subjects, I congratulate him upon his speech in the Senate a few days ago on The Need of More Cradles in Canada.

Just to show how near I came to plagiarizing Senator Cloran's speech before it was written, let me quote a summary of the speech alongside an extract from my article of April 13.

SUMMARY

THE menace of Germany is not in her shells or her other devices of human distribution, but in the growth of her population. When Germany consolidated as an Empire in 1870, she had a population of not more than 35,000,000 to 37,000,000. Germany has advanced to an admitted population to-day of 87,000,000.

In 1911, the yearly increase due to births, amounted to 11½ per thousand—the highest in the world, apart from that of Russia, which is 17 per thousand. To-day the German army can each year lose a million men and have them replaced by a million young men of twenty-one years of age, so that this war is not yet at an end.

I quote these figures to show that while we are calling out for men to fill the gaps in the trenches, we neglect to call for more babies to fill their places. Are we going to rely on foreign immigration to develop our country? I say it would be the commencement of our downfall.

The woman who rocks the babe to-day rocks the man of the future—in all that goes to make civilization worth while; but, if the woman has no babe to rock, what becomes of her future, or what will it be?

I notice that a few newspaper editors have been alluding to the subject; but from the timid way they come at it one might imagine it had something to do with the family life of the man in the moon. We may as well get rid of our prudishness. I don't

EXTRACT

THE Anglo-speaking world—including Quebec—is confronted with a problem that will long outgrow this war. Let us clearly realize that the more the guns answer now along the battle-fronts the more must the cradle answer in future. Only motherhood can mend the terrible suicide of the world caused by the slaughter of war. Canada has a big part to do in that. No country has so much room for new population along with such a well-devised "plant" for handling and citizenizing masses of people. Our seven or eight millions are dotted over the land that in time will hold five times as many. Our native-born population must increase. It will not do to depend on immigration. In the first place we don't want a high percentage of foreigners. And if we take by immigration from France and England, we unpeople countries that because they are closest to the "World-ruling" menace should be pitting their efficient populations against those of middle Europe. Our contribution to the efficient population of those who must continue to strive that Germany may not dominate the world, must be from the cradles of Canada.

believe in making a joke about subjects connected with intimate family life. There's no coarser kind of joke in the world. But to talk frankly about the birth of babies is not indelicacy. And we may as well be candid about it with ourselves.

There are just two reasons why motherhood in Quebec, for instance, is so different from that in other parts of Canada—except among the Germans in the West who have almost as large families as Quebec.

1. Economic. 2. Aesthetic.

"Of course," says a conscientious objector, "it's all very well to boast about those big families in Quebec. For instance, the Mayor of Quebec City has twenty, and I don't know that he's a rich man. But it would cost me more to bring up three children than it does a Quebec mother to raise ten. Look at the difference in the way we live. Look at rents, food, clothing, domestic help, amusements. I can't hold a crying baby on one arm and cook a meal with the other."

Agreed. Rents, clothing, food and fuel should all be regulated by the State; women should evolve a scheme to get along without so many maids, and they don't need half the amusement they spend their money on.

But the failure to have adequate families does not as a rule come from the poor or the moderately well off. Most of it comes from the rich and from those who would like to be in the pleasure orbit of the rich even though they haven't got so much money of their own. A very few years ago it was counted bad form to have children more than so often. I have heard it said with a wise shrug by people who were neither rich nor idle, "Oh that woman shouldn't have had her third child so soon. She disgraces herself having children so often." Any mother who transgressed this code of just-so-often, laid down as a rule by people who had no children at all and expected never to have any, was considered highly indiscreet and quite—oh quite ordinary, you know.

Without arguing this, we leave it to the sensible reader to decide which is the immoral person, the mother of a large family or the average mother of none or as few as possible?

So much for what some people consider the aesthetic objection to many children. Heaven doesn't know where it came from. Evidently it has nothing to do with religion or with morals, because in the first place the people who voice it so loudly don't impress us with having very much of either, and the most religious book in the world is filled with passages glorifying children in large families.

YOUR HUMBLE ENEMIES

A MATHEMATICIAN has figured out that the Progeny of one Female Aphid, 1-16 of an inch in diameter, in a single season, could if put end to end, make a battle-front of 7,850,000 miles. Figure this backwards and see how many Aphids there are on your Rosebush.



(From Insect Data supplied by A. Brooker Klugh, of Queen's University.)

DID you ever notice that almost while your back was turned something had come along and painted your rose-bushes, golden-glows and marigolds—black or green? And that if you looked at the paint with a magnifying glass it was crawling?

"Lice," you called them. "Aphids," says the scientist.

Lice or aphids, they are deadly juice-sucking enemies whose Hun idea seems to be that a plant exists for the sake of being transformed into billions of aphids. Billions is not right. Trillions—sextillions! Hold on. You have gazed upon the multiplying potato-bug and thought he was the nearest thing to a 20th century war debt ever known. But for unrestrained prolific self-multiplication the potato-bug is only a timid greenhorn compared with the aphid. Mosquitoes and house-flies compared with him are as slow as elephants. "So rapid is the multiplication of aphids," says our informant, "that if all the progeny of a single female survived, they would at the end of the season form a procession 7,850,000 miles in length, though each insect is but one-sixteenth of an inch!" Now if you have a war-loan appetite for figures based upon geometrical progression, you can from those millions of miles of aphids each

one-sixteenth of an inch long compute the number of posterity which one mother aphid starts in one season.

How do these aphids come? Our informant answers:

The Aphids, which hatch from the over-wintering eggs, are all females and they produce living young in a few days, and in a few days more these young are mature and are in turn producing young. At the end of a certain number of generations winged females are produced and these are able to fly to, and to colonize, fresh plants. At the approach of cold weather a sexual generation is produced, the males being winged. Each female of this generation lays a single large egg, which remains in some crevice in the bark or other shelter over winter.

Now if you are an observant gardener you will have noticed that every swarm of aphids is likely to attract a swarm of ants.

"A—ha!" you say, "my friend the ant is eating the aphids."

And you think that settles it. But again the coldly scientific brain of our informant comes along and knocks your theory into a cocked hat. He says:

The Aphids have very good friends in the Ants. The Aphids excrete a sweet, sticky fluid, known as "honey-dew," from the alimentary tract and this fluid is eagerly sought by the Ants, who stroke the Aphids gently with their antennae and receive a drop of honey-dew. In return for thus acting as their "cows" the Aphids are protected by the Ants from their enemies and fostered to the best of their ability. The Ants even go as far as to take the eggs of the Aphids into their nests at the approach of winter, carrying the young Aphids out to their proper food-plant in spring and taking them into the nest again in bad weather or on cold nights.

So if you gave over swearing at the ants for making a No Man's Land of your lawn because of the aphids you thought he was eating up, you swear at him harder now—and much good may it do you!

The best Aphidicide, according to our informant, is a kerosene emulsion spray. Recipe—Boil ½ lb. of hard soap in one gallon of water, add 2 gals. kerosene and mix violently until a thick white cream is formed. Use one part of emulsion to 12 of water. From which calculate that if you intend to use, say, 13 gallons of spray, you will need one gallon of emulsion. This gallon of emulsion will contain one-third gallon of water and two-thirds kerosene.

Any other sure cure for aphids? Oh yes, lady-birds; the little red and black winged bugs that are supposed to mean a new suit if they run over your clothes. The lady-bird's axiom of the aphids is—Eat 'em alive.

MORE ABOUT BIRDS

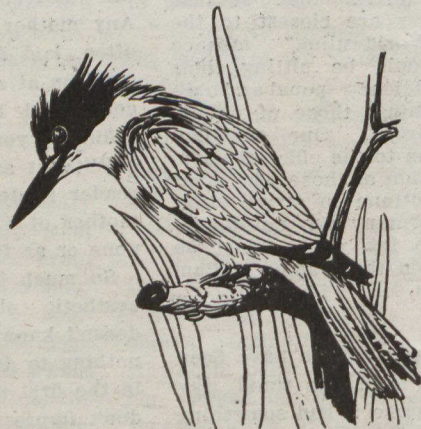
Bobolink and Kingfisher about the Last Word in Contrast.

BOBOLINKS are here. Not everywhere. Perhaps on 400,000 square miles of prairie not a bobolink can be found. Because this merry little songster who goes in flocks seems to be fonder of clover fields than of anything else, and he isn't much at home in great tangled-up fields of alfalfa. Neither will you find a bobolink in town. Robert of Lincoln, as the school-reader used to call him with his spink-spink-spink and all that, is a back-to-the-land bird. He has never seen a telephone wire or a trolley or an ice-wagon.

If you care to be thrilled in the morning, go to the bobolinks. Especially in June. While the red clover is heading up Bob is right in his element. He has his nest in there somewhere, and the young Bobs will all be on the wing before the mower comes along. One bobolink perched on an old rail is capable of more songs in a day than any other bird I know. He is only the size of a sparrow. But oh, how he can sing! He begins deliberately enough—those

By YOUR UNCLE DUDLEY
THE AMATEUR.

three short lisping notes, supposed to be spink-spink-spink. All the rest is a gurgle of ecstasy in which somebody once discovered the sound of his name. It is the essence of pure and perfect joy. A crowd of bobolinks on a warm June morning are enough to



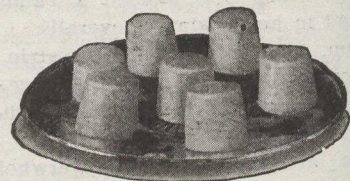
This is not the Bobolink.

make any lucky vagabond who has the time to stroll, forget that there is anything like war or hard work in the world.

Later on, Bob becomes as mum as an oyster. His black-yellow-white shiny little coat becomes shabby. He sits and mopes. His creative experiences are all over. He is now father of a family and realizes that there are other voices in the world as musical as his own. Which to my way of thinking is very foolish. But he may be thinking of his probable fate down in the rice fields of the south where it is said he becomes the reed bird of the swamp and is shot for the epicure—the man who eats songs! The epicure in that case is a beast.

JUST by way of contrast behold the kingfisher, who is no more like a bobolink than an ostrich resembles a chickadee. I have very vivid recollections of this gentleman because for a long while I lived on the bank of a gully that ran into one of the great lakes, and it was on the

—write for
this book
by Mrs. Knox
on "Food Economy"
—138 recipes
like this one



Cottage Pudding

Soak one-half envelope of Knox Sparkling Gelatine in one-fourth cup cold water ten minutes. Make a custard of two cups milk, one-third cup sugar, a few grains of salt and two egg yolks. Add soaked gelatine to the hot custard, and when nearly cool, add whites of eggs, beaten until stiff, two-thirds cup stale cake crumbs and one teaspoonful vanilla. Turn into a mold or small cups, first dipped in cold water, and chill. Any left-over cocoa or coffee may be used instead of the milk.

THE above is just one of the many economical dishes included in Mrs. Knox's new book on "Food Economy." Most of the war-time recipes contained in this book show how to make delicious dishes out of "left-overs"—new and inviting uses for inexpensive foods—all of them approved by the leaders of the food conservation movement.

If you have not yet received your copy of "Food Economy," send for it today. A post card will bring it if you mention your dealer's name and address.

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blue-clay crags of this canyon that the kingfisher used to sit and keep a weather eye out for dead or live fish. Hence his name; though I often wondered if he was really any better fisherman than the baldheaded eagle that used to perch on a hickory tree out there, sometimes on the stakes of the fish pond, and at a moment's notice pounce on a fat live herring which he carried back to his huge nest in the swamp-elm crotch. The kingfisher, who is a second cousin to the high-holer and the woodpecker, always suggests the economic side of life. There are no artful alluring ways about this predatory plunderer. He does not, like the robin, combine with his carnivorous habits any beguilements of song. He never sings. He only chatters and shrieks. His whole lingo, you fancy, is a combination of fishwife profanity and lectures on the high cost of living. He is not comical like the woodpecker, and not romantic like the yellow-hammer. I am indebted to Bird Neighbors for the picture from which our artist makes the excellent sketch of this piscatorial plunderer, as well as for the equally picturesque description of his methods of getting a living:

"Suddenly the bird drops — dives; there is a splash, a struggle, and then the "lone fisherman" returns triumphant to his perch, holding a shining fish in his beak. If the fish is small, it is swallowed at once, but if it is large and bony it must first be killed against the branch. A few sharp knocks, and the struggles of the fish are over, but the kingfisher's have only begun. How he gags and writhes, swallows his dinner, and then, regretting his haste, brings it up again to try another wider avenue down his throat! The many abortive efforts he makes to land his dinner safely below in his stomach, his grim contortions as the fish-bones scratch his throat-lining on their way down and up again, force a smile in spite of the bird's evident distress. It is small wonder he supplements his fish diet with various kinds of the larger insects, shrimps, and fresh-water molluscs.

If you have ever been on a northern Ontario river hunting for a square meal, you will have said many a nasty thing about the kingfisher, who always keeps ahead of your canoe and shrieks like a maniac to all the game in sound of his voice—"Beat it! There's a Johnny-Get-Your-Gun coming. Beat it!"

He is a savage but joyful beast. He is more. He is a troglodyte; a cliff-dweller; in which he somewhat resembles the martens who used to have their galleries of ground nests in that same bank, for all the world like tenements in a slum. But you never catch a kingfisher exposing his slum house like that. He is a dug-outer. When he comes back with that fish, watch where he takes it. He plops into a hole near the top of the bank just under the over-hang of a piece of sod. As you can't explore that tunnel without endangering the break of your neck, you can find out about this underground nest by digging in from above.

Which I did, discovering in a cleverly-snooped-out cave three hairless kingfisherets hatched underground. And I put them back, because they didn't at all like the publicity, and all the

while pa and ma kingfisher sat on a crag near by—swearing at me. Such wickedness I have never heard from any language of a bird. It wouldn't have been any more eloquent if set to music like they do wickedness in grand opera. Not a bit.

Brooke's Swan Poem

ON page 12 of this issue appears the immortal little poem of Col. John McCrae, "In Flanders' Fields," and an allusion to the fact that at least three great little poems, each prophetic of the poet's death in the war, have appeared in print. Following is one of the poems of that ilk written by Rupert C. Brooke, who a few years ago was a visitor to this country. This poem appeared in a London magazine about the same time that news of the poet's death from sunstroke at the Dardanelles appeared in the newspapers.

If I should die, think only this of me:
That there's some corner of a foreign field
That is forever England. There shall be
In that rich earth a richer dust concealed;
A dust whom England bore, shaped, made aware,
Gave, once, her flowers to love, her ways to roam,
A body of England's, breathing English air,
Washed by the rivers, blest by suns of home.

And think, this heart, all evil washed away,
A pulse in the eternal mind, no less
Gives somewhere back the thoughts by England given;
Her sights and sounds; dreams happy as her day;
And laughter learnt of friends; and gentleness,
In hearts at peace, under an English heaven.

Splendid Year for Library

A TOTAL of 350,000 visits by eager boys and girls to the libraries is sufficient proof that the last has been a splendid year for the Toronto Public Library. At two of the branches the children's rooms have had to be removed to larger quarters; and this of necessity made heavy demands on the staff. It is reported that of all the books read, between forty and fifty per cent. are non-fiction; and this condition has been helped materially by the story hour, which has steadily raised the standard of the children's reading. The unfortunate part of this work is that it is bounded by financial resources; there is the organization, the intelligence and enthusiasm; but money to carry it on is badly needed.

Circulation increase has been marked. The grand total was nearly 200,000 over that of 1916. During the year 27,000 books were added to the Libraries; so that there are now available for use 300,000 books, of which 90,000 are in the Reference Library, and 210,000 in the fourteen Circulating Libraries.

Literature for the greater production campaign was furnished by the Library; and there was an active part taken in all the great war campaigns of the year. But now measures must be taken to increase the revenue of the Library Board, if the work is to be carried on in anything like the way that will be necessary.

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Particulars of entry may be obtained on application to the Department of the Naval Service, Ottawa.

G. J. DESBARATS,
Deputy Minister of the Naval Service.

Ottawa, January 8, 1918.

Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.

THE STEEL COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED

To the Shareholders:—
Your Directors respectfully submit the statement of Assets and Liabilities, together with Profit and Loss Account as at the 31st December, 1917.
The net profits for the year, after deducting charges for repairs, maintenance and improvements and providing for War Tax, amounted to \$6,040,318.83. The statement below shows the manner in which these profits were dealt with:—

Interest on Bonds	\$ 515,203.40
Dividends on Shares—	
Preferred	\$454,741.00
Ordinary	690,000.00
Reserve for Bond Sinking Fund	1,144,741.00
Reserve for Depreciation	177,531.07
Reserve for Fire Insurance	40,000.00
Special Depreciation for Furnace "A"	400,000.00
Transferred to Betterment and Replacement Reserve	1,406,486.53
Credit to Profit and Loss Account	1,550,356.83
	<u>\$6,040,318.83</u>

In the matter of Inventories we have followed the same policy as in former years and have placed the values of our raw materials and manufactured products on a fair and proper basis.

In conclusion, we should like to particularly draw your attention to the fact that The Steel Company of Canada is a valuable asset to the Dominion of Canada. We have done our share in providing large quantities of Steel for Munition, Agricultural, Railway and Shipbuilding purposes and in meeting the demands for other commercial and domestic needs, we have also contributed in the last three years, in the shape of War Taxes, a very large sum of money, the War Taxes for 1917 exceeding the total amount of dividends distributed to the Preferred and Ordinary Shareholders during that year.

In addition, we have paid in the last three years over Three Million of Dollars of duties on the various articles and raw materials which we have to import. We have been large purchasers of Dominion War Bonds and have contributed during the past year \$55,000 for Patriotic purposes, which we believe you will heartily approve of.

The splendid manner in which our employees have supported the various Patriotic Funds and War Bond purchases is a matter for your congratulation.
Signed, on behalf of the Directors,
ROBERT HOBSON, President.
Hamilton, Canada, March 14, 1918.

Consolidated Balance Sheet as at December 31st, 1917

ASSETS.

Cost of Works owned and operated by the Company	\$25,267,810.95	
Investments in other Companies and Company's own Bonds acquired for Sinking Fund	725,794.57	\$25,993,605.52
Sinking Fund Assets—		
Cash in hands of Trustee		4.64
Current Assets—		
Inventories of Raw Materials and Finished Products, less reserve	8,008,655.64	
Accounts Receivable	4,121,185.64	
Bills Receivable	100,380.75	
Call Loans to Stockholders secured by Collateral since paid	231,200.00	
Cash on hand and in banks	1,370,844.29	
	<u>\$13,832,266.32</u>	
War Bonds and Other Securities	2,648,712.95	
Stock of the Company—		16,480,979.27
Held in Trust for Employees		206,869.53
Deferred Charges to Operations—		
Insurance and other Expenses paid in advance		26,830.91
		<u>\$42,708,289.87</u>

LIABILITIES.

Capital Stock, Authorized—		
100,000 shares at \$100.00 each, Preferred	\$10,000,000.00	
150,000 shares at \$100.00 each, Ordinary	15,000,000.00	
	<u>\$25,000,000.00</u>	
Issued—		
64,963 shares, at \$100.00 each, Preferred	\$ 6,496,300.00	
115,000 shares, at \$100.00 each, Ordinary	11,500,000.00	
	<u>\$17,996,300.00</u>	
Bonds, 6 Per Cent. First Mortgage and Collateral Trust Bonds—		
Authorized	10,000,000.00	
Issued	\$ 8,850,000.00	
Less held in Escrow for redemption of Montreal Rolling Mills Co. Bonds	500,000.00	
	<u>\$ 8,350,000.00</u>	
Less redeemed through Sinking Fund	353,853.32	
	<u>\$ 7,996,146.68</u>	
Bonds of Montreal Rolling Mills Co.	500,000.00	8,496,146.68
Convertible Promissory Notes—		
Due July 1st, 1918, 1919, 1920		270,000.00
Current Liabilities—		
Accounts Payable, including Provision for War Tax	\$3,191,814.88	
Bills payable	2,000.00	
Unclaimed Dividends	7,080.50	
Preferred Dividend No. 26, payable Feb. 1, 1918	113,685.25	
Ordinary Dividend No. 4, payable Feb. 1, 1918	172,500.00	
		<u>3,487,080.63</u>
Reserves—		
Furnace Lining and Rebuilding Reserves	\$ 337,171.26	
Reserve for Accidents to Employees	48,096.93	
Contingent Reserve	338,141.62	
Betterment and Replacement Reserve	2,360,013.21	
Fire Insurance Reserve	40,000.00	
	<u>\$ 3,123,423.02</u>	
Bond Sinking Fund Reserve	431,485.07	
Depreciation Account	2,706,000.00	
		<u>6,260,908.09</u>
Surplus—		
Balance as per Profit and Loss Account		6,197,854.47
Approved on behalf of the Board:		<u>\$42,708,289.87</u>

ROBERT HOBSON, F. H. WHITTON,
Directors.

Montreal, March 15th, 1918.
Verified as per our report of this date.

RIDDELL, STEAD, GRAHAM & HUTCHISON,
Chartered Accountants.

STATEMENT OF PROFIT AND LOSS FOR THE YEAR ENDED DECEMBER 31st, 1917.

Profits for the year ended Dec. 31st, 1917, after deducting charges for Repairs, Maintenance and Improvements, and providing for War Tax ...	\$ 6,040,318.83
Less Reserves—	
Bond Sinking Fund	\$ 177,531.07
Depreciation	806,000.00
Depreciation Furnace "A"	400,000.00
	<u>1,383,531.07</u>
Less Interest on Bonds—	
The Steel Co. of Canada, Limited	\$ 485,203.40
The Montreal Rolling Mills Co.	30,000.00
	<u>515,203.40</u>
	<u>\$ 4,141,584.36</u>
Less Dividends on Preferred Shares—	
Nos. 23, 24, 25, 26, at 1½ per cent.	\$ 454,741.00
Less Dividends on Ordinary Shares—	
Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, at 1½ per cent.	690,000.00
	<u>1,144,741.00</u>
	<u>\$ 2,996,843.36</u>

Job and the Food Problem

SOME irony is involved in putting Job on stage as has been recently done by Stuart Walker in New York. At least the audience would be expected to have patience. Quite likely most of the people who saw this spectacle just off Broadway had never read Job and had no idea—apart from its extremely religious and reverent character—how funny a story it is. Job has been the butt of many a popular joke. And yet the dramatizer has made the play-spectacle almost as serious as Everyman; how serious may be judged by the character of the narrator.

As a writer in the "Outlook" remarks, "the idea of visualizing the Book of Job and of apportioning its speeches among characters on a stage

near as any writer ever has come to encompassing the mystery that has assumed the form of a gigantic war to baffle a world of moderns.

THE patience of Job is needed in the food problem. The Canada Food Board know it, so do the people. Nothing is more bewildering just now than what to do and not to do in the matter of producing and consuming food. In the matter of production, Hudson Maxim, writing in Leslie's Weekly, says that the only way to avoid a near-famine in America is to employ Chinese farmers, who are the world's greatest experts in intensive cultivation. He would have a million Chinamen come over at once. Farmers, he says, have been called off the land by the drafts and the higher wages of munition work, and production has suffered.

The average American does not like farming. The sons of the prosperous farmers do not take kindly to the tilling of the soil with their own hands. They prefer the excitement and the diversions and stimulus of the life of city and town.

The average American laborer also finds the occupations of the city and town more congenial than farm labor. Consequently the farms are denuded of labor, and there is no remedy in sight unless we shall be able to overcome prejudice, enlighten our minds with understanding, and introduce Chinese labor to work our land.

They would solve the servant problem as well as the agricultural one, and we should have the best agricultural workers in the world and the best household servants in the world, in unlimited numbers, says the writer. They would not compete with American farm and household labor, because there are no laborers left in those two fields worth considering, and the few there are would, with the new opportunities and lower cost of living resulting from the introduction of Chinese labor in those two capacities, be able very readily to find more profitable and more congenial employment in other pursuits.



The Narrator in "The Book of Job."

is simple and obvious. The Book of Job is already dramatized as it is."

It is so disguised, however, by the typographical form that is given to it in the common English version of the Bible that it looks like a succession of somewhat disconnected "verses." Its wealth of imagery, its profoundly poetic expressions of some of the most deeply tragic and lofty of human experiences, cannot be concealed by any form in which it may be printed; but there are few readers who catch its interplay of satire, of humor, and of personalities. That is because few readers have imagination enough to distinguish in this vast poetic drama the various characters that take part in it. What Stuart Walker has done is to supply the imagination.

The mood of men to-day is receptive to such a poem as the Book of Job. In the sufferings of Serbia and Belgium, in the inexplicable power of an unscrupulous group of military leaders to bring immeasurable woe upon the world, in the vast, belligerent patience of France, men have been confronted with that which confronted Job and his friends. And the closer they have come to the experience of the world at war, the more keenly can they appreciate the impatience of the patient Job with mere pietistic or mere theological explanations of that experience. It ought not to be surprising that an audience of to-day should find themselves absorbed in the work of a master of literature who, though counted among the most ancient of the ancients, came as

Queries From Quebec

(Continued from page 11.)

very fluently, and in a vastly higher ratio than the English who can speak French, even in the Province of Quebec. I can point with pride to the French-Canadians in Parliament, everyone of whom can make a speech in English. How many on the English side can do the same in French? What we ask is simple justice and no privileges. Let the other Provinces treat their minorities as Quebec treats hers and peace and harmony will reign supreme for the greatest benefit of every Province, of Canada and of the British Empire.

No one would wish to see the same troubles here as in Ireland, but as the same causes always produce the same effects, people who clamor for one school, one language, should stop and think a little.

As to the loyalty of the French-Canadians, I will say that it is first for Canada, and then for the British Empire. The opposition to conscription is quite strong in Ontario, or in

fact in nearly all the Provinces, judging from the demands for exemption filed in the different Provinces. If we consider the circumstances, Quebec is not the worst in this respect; and then again the opposition to conscription is only against Overseas service. No one would object to Home Service. My father fought the Fenians in 1866 and 1867, and every French-Canadian would fight any invader, be he American, French or German. Then also, even if we consider the friction between the French and English in the English Provinces, over forty thousand French-Canadians have enlisted, as proved by La Presse, who quoted official figures at different dates. I feel that the native born of the English Provinces have not done any better—over eighty per cent. of the volunteers being English, who naturally flocked to defend their mother country, which is England.

These few remarks are offered in a friendly spirit, with a view of clearing the dark and cloudy political atmosphere, and with a hope of bringing about a reign of freedom and justice in all Canada.

JOSEPH LACHANCE,
(St. Johns, P.Q.)

P.S.—Since the publishing of your articles, most unfortunate events have occurred at Quebec. A few misguided, hot-headed young men have caused bloodshed and great damage to the good name of the French-Canadians in general; but it is to be hoped that the whole French-Canadian race will not be held responsible, and I should not be surprised if this nasty business were but a repetition of the Montreal dynamite outrages, only this time on a larger scale, and I sincerely trust the leaders will be caught and severely punished.

FINANCIAL

A SAVINGS BANK MIRACLE

WILL some financial expert explain a miracle? The miracle is suggested by an article in the World's Work for May. Writing on Savings Banks and the Liberty Loan the author says:

Figures compiled show that the savings departments of Canadian banks held \$663,650,000 deposits in July, 1914, and on January 1, 1918, their deposits were approximately a billion, a gain of about 50 per cent. The interest paid on these savings averages about 3 per cent. and Canada has issued war loans carrying 5 and 5½ per cent. interest without causing the withdrawal of money from the savings banks. The remarkable fact is that during the periods when payments were being made on the first two loans, savings deposits grew as rapidly as they did in the intervening periods.

It would be interesting to know how the score stood on May 1, when the final payments for Victory Bonds fell due. A good many people must have rushed in and made a wild raid on the savings banks departments to get square on those large blue receipt forms which on June 1 are convertible into Victory Bonds. It seems unlikely that the pass-books escaped unmolested. Of course there is a lot of money going about in the country. But judging from the symptoms of extravagance on many of our streets and the scale of living-cost as checked up by the grocer and the butcher, it seems hardly credible that in spite of the biggest drive ever made on the saved-up money of Canada, we should have almost doubled savings bank deposits in one year.

If so, we are lucky to have escaped from the speculators. Real estate and other get-rich-quick bonanzas no longer entice the unwary dollar. People are counting the cost. We know the value of money as never before in this generation. Perhaps the Postal Savings department shows a decline. Naturally when buying Victory bonds which are handled ultimately in many cases by the banks, people prefer to have their money where it can be

most directly applied to the bond transaction.

In any case our experience seems to be of some value to the United States now in its third big Liberty Loan drive. Comparisons here are interesting. The same writer alleges that in the U. S. savings banks there is nearly \$5,000,000,000 of capital in savings banks. This goes a good way toward refuting the statement that we are not a thrifty nation. Ten million people own these savings. About half of this capital is in New York State savings banks. During 1917 the savings bank deposits of that state grew by \$33,000,000. In the last half of the year they fell by \$5,000,000. It will be an interesting study in the economics of individuals to watch their course from now on.

The economic viewpoint of the savings bank depositor is different from that of most investors in stocks. He has a definite object in mind when he starts an account. Either he wishes to insure his family against want in the unknown future, or he has the worthy selfish object of providing for his own comfort in old age, or both. It matters not so much to him what the interest rate is. The savings bank depositor who was shown during the 1907 panic how much higher a rate of interest he could get by buying the same kind of bonds the bank owned would nevertheless not make the transfer.

This war is going to educate many more people in the ways of thrift, and that will result in larger business for savings banks. It is also going to teach people that following the accumulation of small savings should come the purchase of sound securities with the larger sums. The American who has bought securities up until now has usually been something of a speculator; he has hoped that they would advance in price. From now on there is a likelihood that there will be more true investors. Then will the savings banks still serve their proper function and do it more largely, for anything that increases thrift will benefit them.

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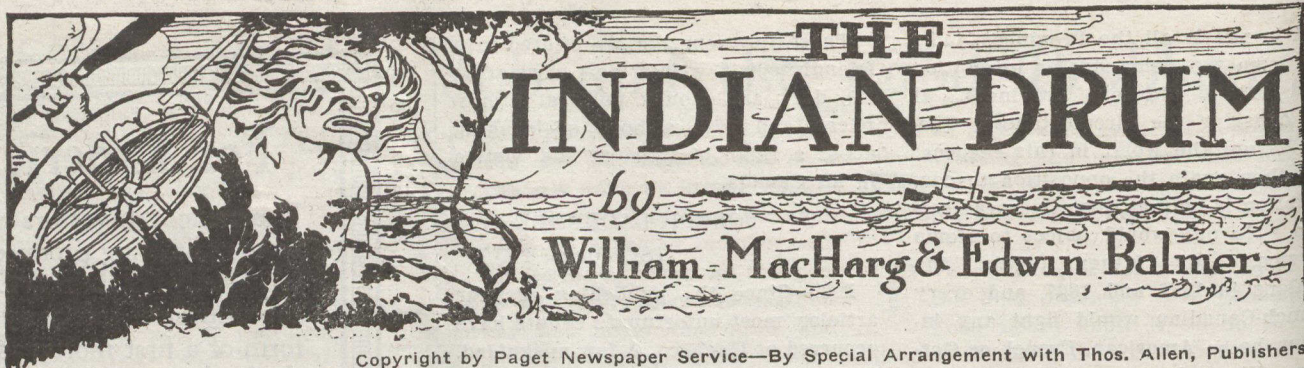
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IT had grown late. The early December dusk—the second dusk since little boats had put off from Number 25—darkened the snow-locked land. The wind from the west cut like a knife, even through her fur coat. The pine trees moaned and bent, with loud whistlings of the wind among their needles; the leafless elms and maples crashed their limbs together; above the clamor of all other sounds, the roaring of the lake came to her, the booming of the waves against the ice, the shatter of floe on floe. No snow had fallen for a few hours, and the sky was even clearing; ragged clouds scurried before the wind and, opening, showed the moon.

Constance hurried westward and then north, following the bend of the shore. The figure of a man—one of the shore patrols—pacing the ice hummocks of the beach and staring out upon the lake, appeared vaguely in the dusk when she had gone about two miles. He seemed surprised at seeing a girl, but less surprised when he had recognized her. Mr. Spearman, he told her, was to the north of them upon the beach somewhere, he did not know how far; he could not leave his post to accompany her, but he assured her that there were men stationed all along the shore. She came, indeed, three quarters of a mile farther on, to a second man; about an equal distance beyond, she found a third, but passed him and went on.

Her legs ached now with the unaccustomed travel upon snowshoes; the cold, which had been only a piercing chill at first, was stopping feeling, almost stopping thought. When clouds covered the moon, complete darkness came; she could go forward only slowly then or must stop and wait; but the intervals of moonlight were growing longer and increasing in frequency. As the sky cleared, she went forward quickly for many minutes at a time, straining her gaze westward over the tumbling water and the floes. It came to her with terrifying apprehension that she must have advanced at least three miles since she had seen the last patrol; she could not have passed any one in the moonlight without seeing him, and in the dark intervals she had advanced so little that she could not have missed one that way either.

She tried to go faster as she realized this; but now travel had become more difficult. There was no longer any beach. High, precipitous bluffs, which she recognized as marking Seven Mile Point, descended here directly to the hummocked ice along the water's edge. She fell many times, traveling upon these hummocks; there were strange, treacherous places between the hummocks where, except for her snowshoes, she would have broken through. Her skirt was torn; she lost one of her gloves and could not stop to look for it; she fell again

and sharp ice cut her ungloved hand and blood froze upon her finger tips. She did not heed any of these things.

She was horrified to find that she was growing weak, and that her senses were becoming confused. She mistook at times floating ice, metallic under the moonlight, for boats; her heart beat fast then while she scrambled part way up the bluff to gain better sight and so ascertained her mistake. Deep ravines at places broke the shores; following the bend of the bluffs, she got into these ravines and only learned her error when she found that she was departing from the shore. She had come, in all, perhaps eight miles; and she was "playing out"; other girls, she assured herself—other girls would not have weakened like this; they would have had strength to make certain no boats were there, or at least to get help. She had seen no houses; those, she knew, stood back from the shore, high upon the bluffs, and were not easy to find; but she scaled the bluff now and looked about for lights. The country was wild and wooded, and the moonlight showed only the white stretches of the shrouding snow.

SHE descended to the beach again and went on; her gaze continued to search the lake, but now, wherever there was a break in the bluffs, she looked toward the shore as well. At the third of these breaks, the yellow glow of a window appeared, marking a house in a hollow between snow-shrouded hills. She turned eagerly that way; she could go only very slowly now. There was no path; at least, if there was, the snow drifts hid it. Through the drifts a thicket projected; the pines on the ravine sides overhead stood so close that only a silver tracery of the moonlight came through; beyond the pines, birch trees, stripped of their bark, stood black up to the white boughs.

Constance climbed over leafless briars and through brush and came upon a clearing perhaps fifty yards across, crescent-shaped, as it followed the configuration of the hills. Dead cornstalks, above the snow, showed plowed ground; beyond that, a little, black cabin huddled in the further point of the crescent, and Constance gasped with disappointment as she saw it. She had expected a farmhouse; but this plainly was not even that. The framework was of logs or poles which had been partly boarded over; and above the boards and where they were lacking, black building paper had been nailed, secured by big tin discs. The rude, weather-beaten door was closed; smoke, however, came from a pipe stuck through the roof.

She struggled to the door and knocked upon it, and receiving no reply, she beat upon it with both fists.

"Who's here?" she cried. "Who's here?"

The door opened then a very little, and the frightened face of an Indian woman appeared in the crack. The woman evidently had expected—and feared—some arrival; and was reassured when she saw only a girl. She threw the door wider open, and bent to help unfasten Constance's snowshoes; having done that, she led her in and closed the door.

Constance looked swiftly around the single room of the cabin. There was a cot on one side; there was a table, home carpentered, there were a couple of boxes for clothing or utensils. The stove, a good range once in the house of a prosperous farmer, had been bricked up by its present owners so as to hold fire. Dried onions and yellow ears of corn hung from the rafters; on the shelves were little birchbark canoes, woven baskets, and porcupine quill boxes of the ordinary sort made for the summer trade. Constance recognized the woman now as one who had come sometimes to the Point to sell such things, and who could speak fairly good English. The woman clearly had recognized Constance at once.

"Where is your man?" Constance had caught the woman's arm.

"They sent for him to the beach. A ship has sunk."

"Are there houses near here? You must run to one of them at once. Bring whoever you can get; or if you won't do that, tell me where to go."

The woman stared at her stolidly and moved away. "None near," she said. "Besides, you could not get somebody before some one will come."

"Who is that?"

"He is on the beach—Henry Spearman. He comes here to warm himself. It is nearly time he comes again."

"How long has he been about here?"

"Since before noon. Sit down. I will make you tea."

Constance gazed at her; the woman was plainly glad of her coming. Her relief—relief from that fear she had been feeling when she opened the door—was very evident. It was Henry, then, who had frightened her.

THE Indian woman set a chair for her beside the stove, and put water in a pan to heat; she shook tea leaves from a box into a bowl and brought a cup.

"How many on that ship?"

"Altogether there were thirty-nine," Constance replied.

"Some saved?"

"Yes; a boat was picked up yesterday morning with twelve."

The woman seemed making some computation which was difficult for her.

"Seven are living then," she said.

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"Seven? What have you heard? What makes you think so?"

"That is what the Drum says."

The Drum! There was a Drum then! At least there was some sound which people heard and which they called the Drum. For the woman had heard it.

The woman shifted, checked something upon her fingers, while her lips moved; she was not counting, Constance thought; she was more likely aiding herself in translating something from Indian numeration into English. "Two, it began with," she announced. "Right away it went to nine. Sixteen then—that was this morning very early. Now, all day and to-night, it has been giving twenty. That leaves seven. It is not known who they may be."

SHE opened the door and looked out. The roar of the water and the wind, which had come loudly, increased, and with it the wood noises. The woman was not looking about now, Constance realized; she was listening. Constance arose and went to the door too. The Drum! Blood prickled in her face and forehead; it prickled in her finger tips. The Drum was heard only, it was said, in time of severest storm; for that reason it was heard most often in winter. It was very seldom heard by any one in summer; and she was of the summer people. Sounds were coming from the woods now. Were these reverberations the roll of the Drum which beat for the dead? Her voice was uncontrolled as she asked the woman:

"Is that the Drum?"

The woman shook her head. "That's the trees."

Constance's shoulders shook convulsively together. When she had thought about the Drum—and when she had spoken of it with others who, themselves, never had heard it—they always had said that, if there were such a sound, it was trees. She herself had heard those strange wood noises, terrifying sometimes until their source was known—wailings like the cry of some one in anguish, which were caused by two crossed saplings rubbing together; thunderings, which were only some smaller trees beating against a great hollow trunk when a strong wind veered from a certain direction. But this Indian woman must know all such sounds well; and to her the Drum was something distinct from them. The woman specified that now.

"You'll know the Drum when you hear it."

Constance grew suddenly cold. For twenty lives, the woman said, the Drum had beat; that meant to her, and to Constance too now, that seven were left. Indefinite, desperate denial that all from the ferry must be dead—that denial which had been strengthened by the news that at least one boat had been adrift near Beaver—altered in Constance to conviction of a boat with seven men from the ferry, seven dying, perhaps, but not yet dead. Seven out of twenty-seven! The score were gone; the Drum had beat for them in little groups as they had died. When the Drum beat again, would it beat beyond the score?

The woman drew back and closed the door; the water was hot now, and she made the tea and poured a cup for Constance. As she drank it, Constance was listening for the Drum;

the woman too was listening. Having finished the tea, Constance returned to the door and reopened it; the sounds outside were the same. A solitary figure appeared moving along the edge of the ice—the figure of a tall man, walking on snowshoes; moonlight distorted the figure, and it was muffled too in a great coat which made it unrecognizable. He halted and stood looking out at the lake and then, with a sudden movement, strode on; he halted again, and now Constance got the knowledge that he was not looking; he was listening as she was. He was not merely listening; his body swayed and bent to a rhythm—he was counting something that he heard. Constance strained her ears; but she could hear no sound except those of the waters and the wind.

"Is the Drum sounding now?" she asked the woman.

"No."

Constance gazed again at the man and found his motion quite unmistakable; he was counting—if not counting something that he heard, or thought he heard, he was recounting and reviewing within himself something that he had heard before—some irregular rhythm which had become so much a part of him that it sounded now continually within his own brain; so that, instinctively, he moved in cadence to it. He stepped forward again now, and turned toward the house.

Her breath caught as she spoke to the woman. "Mr. Spearman is coming here now!"

Her impulse was to remain where she was, lest he should think she was afraid of him; but realization came to her that there might be advantage in seeing him before he knew that she was there, so she reclosed the door and drew back into the cabin.

CHAPTER XX.

The Sounding of The Drum.

NOISES of the wind and the roaring of the lake made inaudible any sound of his approach to the cabin; she heard his snowshoes scrape the cabin wall as, after taking them off, he leaned them beside the door. He thrust the door open then and came in; he did not see her at first and, as he turned to force the door shut again against the wind, she watched him quietly. She understood at once why the Indian woman had been afraid of him. His face was bloodless, yellow, and swollen-looking, his eyes bloodshot, his lips strained to a thin, straight line.

He saw her now and started and, as though sight of her confused him, he looked away from the woman and then back to Constance before he seemed certain of her.

"Hello!" he said tentatively. "Hello!"

"I'm here, Henry."

"Oh; you are! You are!" He stood drawn up, swaying a little as he stared at her; whiskey was upon his breath, and it became evident in the heat of the room; but whiskey could not account for this condition she witnessed in him. Neither could it conceal that condition; some turmoil and strain within him made him immune to its effects.

She had realized on her way up here, what, vaguely, that strain within him must be. Guilt—guilt of some

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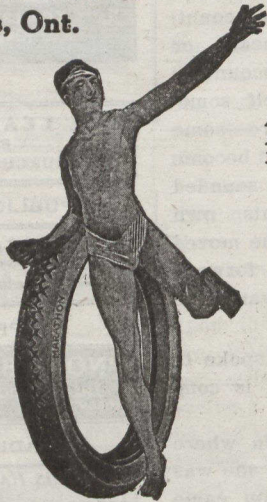
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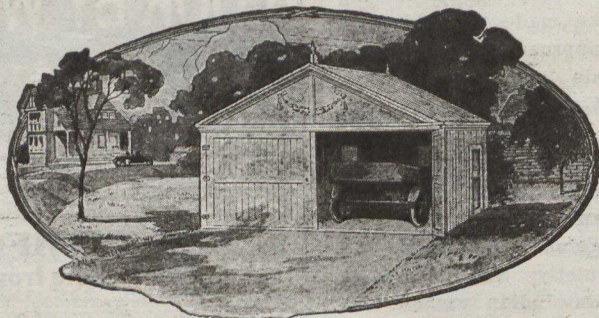


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awful sort connected him, and had connected Uncle Benny, with the Miwaka—the lost ship for which the Drum had beaten the roll of the dead. Now dread of revelation of that guilt had brought him here near to the Drum; he had been alone upon the beach twelve hours, the woman had said—listening, counting the beating of the Drum for another ship, fearing the survival of some one from that ship. Guilt was in his thought now—racking, tearing at him. But there was something more than that; what she had seen in him when he first caught sight of her was fear—fear of her, of Constance Sherrill.

HE was fully aware, she now understood, that he had, in a measure betrayed himself to her in Chicago; and he had hoped to cover up and to dissemble that betrayal with her. For that reason she was the last person in the world whom he wished to find here now.

"The point is," he said heavily, "why are you here?"

"I decided to come up last night."

"Obviously." He uttered the word slowly and with care. "Unless you came in a flying machine. Who came with you?"

"No one; I came alone. I expected to find father at Petoskey; he hadn't been there, so I came on here."

"After him?"

"No; after you, Henry."

"After me?" She had increased the apprehension in him, and he considered and scrutinized her before he ventured to go on. "Because you wanted to be up here with me, eh, Connie?"

"Of course not!"

"What's that?"

"Of course not!"

"I knew it!" he moved menacingly. She watched him quite without fear; fear was for him, she felt, not her. Often she had wished that she might have known him when he was a young man; now, she was aware that, in a way, she was having that wish. Under the surface of the man whose strength and determination she had admired, all the time had been this terror—this guilt. If Uncle Benny had carried it for a score of years, Henry had had it within him too. This had been within him all the time!

"You came up here about Ben Corvet?" he challenged.

"Yes—no!"

"Which do you mean?"

"No."

"I know then. For him, then—eh. For him!"

"For Alan Conrad? Yes," she said.

"I knew it!" he repeated. "He's been the trouble between you and me all the time!"

She made no denial of that; she had begun to know during the last two days that it was so.

"So you came to find him?" Henry went on.

"Yes, Henry. Have you any news?"

"News?"

"News of the boats?"

"News!" he iterated. "News tonight! No one'll have more'n one news to-night!"

From his slow, heavy utterance, a timbre of terrible satisfaction betrayed itself; his eyes widened a little as he saw it strike Constance, then his lids narrowed again. He had not meant to say it that way; yet, for an instant, satisfaction to him had become inseparable from the saying, before that was followed by fright—the

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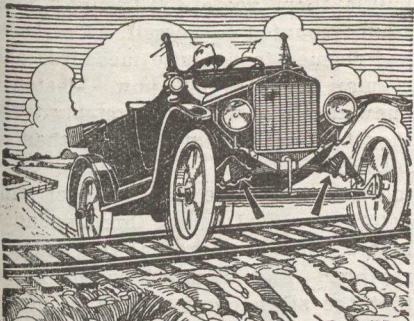
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fright of examination of just what he had said or of what she had made of it.

"He'll be found!" she defied him.

"Be found?"

"Some are dead," she admitted, "but not all. Twenty are dead; but seven are not!"

She looked for confirmation to the Indian woman, who nodded: "Yes." He moved his head to face the woman, but his eyes, unmoving, remained fixed on Constance.

"Seven?" he echoed. "You say seven are not! How do you know?"

"The Drum has been beating for twenty, but not for more!" Constance said. Thirty hours before, when she had told Henry of the Drum, she had done it without belief herself, without looking for belief in him. But now, whether or not she believed or simply clung to the superstition for its shred of hope, it gave her a weapon to terrify him; for he believed—believed with all the unreasoning horror of his superstition and the terror of long-borne and hidden guilt.

"The Drum, Henry!" she repeated. "The Drum you've been listening to all day upon the beach—the Indian Drum that sounded for the dead of the Miwaka; sounded, one by one, for all who died! But it didn't sound for him! It's been sounding again, you know; but, again, it doesn't sound for him, Henry, not for him!"

"The Miwaka! What do you mean by that? What's that got to do with this?" His swollen face was thrust forward at her; there was threat against her in his tense muscles and his bloodshot eyes.

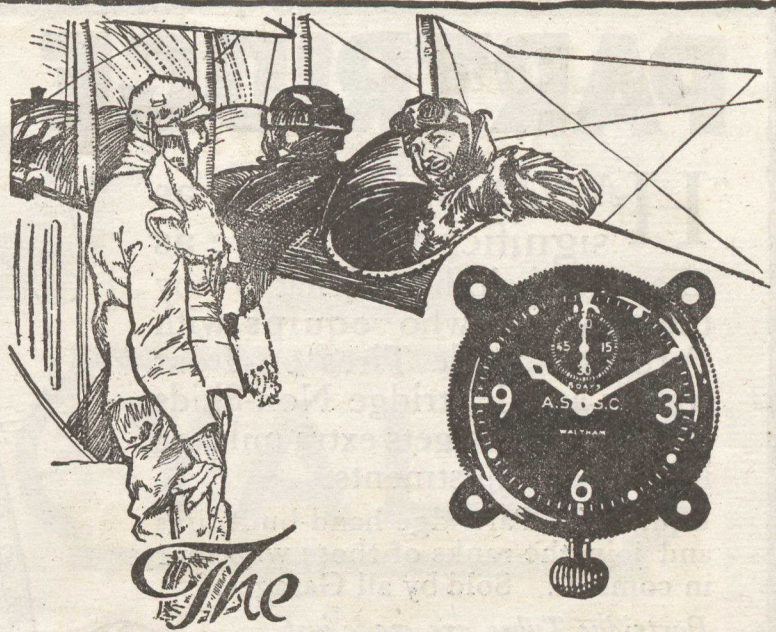
She did not shrink back from him, or move; and now he was not waiting for her answer. Something—a sound—had caught him about. Once it echoed, low in its reverberation but penetrating and quite distinct. It came, so far as direction could be assigned to it, from the trees toward the shore; but it was like no forest sound. Distinct too was it from any noise of the lake. It was like a Drum! Yet, when the echo had gone, it was a sensation easy to deny—a hallucination, that was all. But now, low and distinct, it came again; and, as before, Constance saw it catch Henry and hold him. His lips moved, but he did not speak; he was counting. "Two," she saw his lips form.

THE Indian woman passed them and opened the door, and now the sound, louder and more distinct, came again.

"The Drum!" she whispered, without looking about. "You hear? Three, I've heard. Now four! It will beat twenty; then we will know if more are dead!"

The door blew from the woman's hand, and snow, swept up from the drifts of the slope, swirled into the room; the draft blew the flame of the lamp in a smoky streak up the glass chimney and snuffed it out. The moon light painted a rectangle on the floor; the moonlight gave a green, shimmering world without. Hurried spots of cloud shuttered away the moon for moments, casting shadows which swept raggedly up the slope from the shore. The woman seized the door and, tugging it about against the gale, she slammed it shut. She did not try at once to relight the lamp.

The sound of the Drum was continuing, the beats a few seconds apart. The opening of the door outside had seemed to Constance to make the beats come louder and more distinct;



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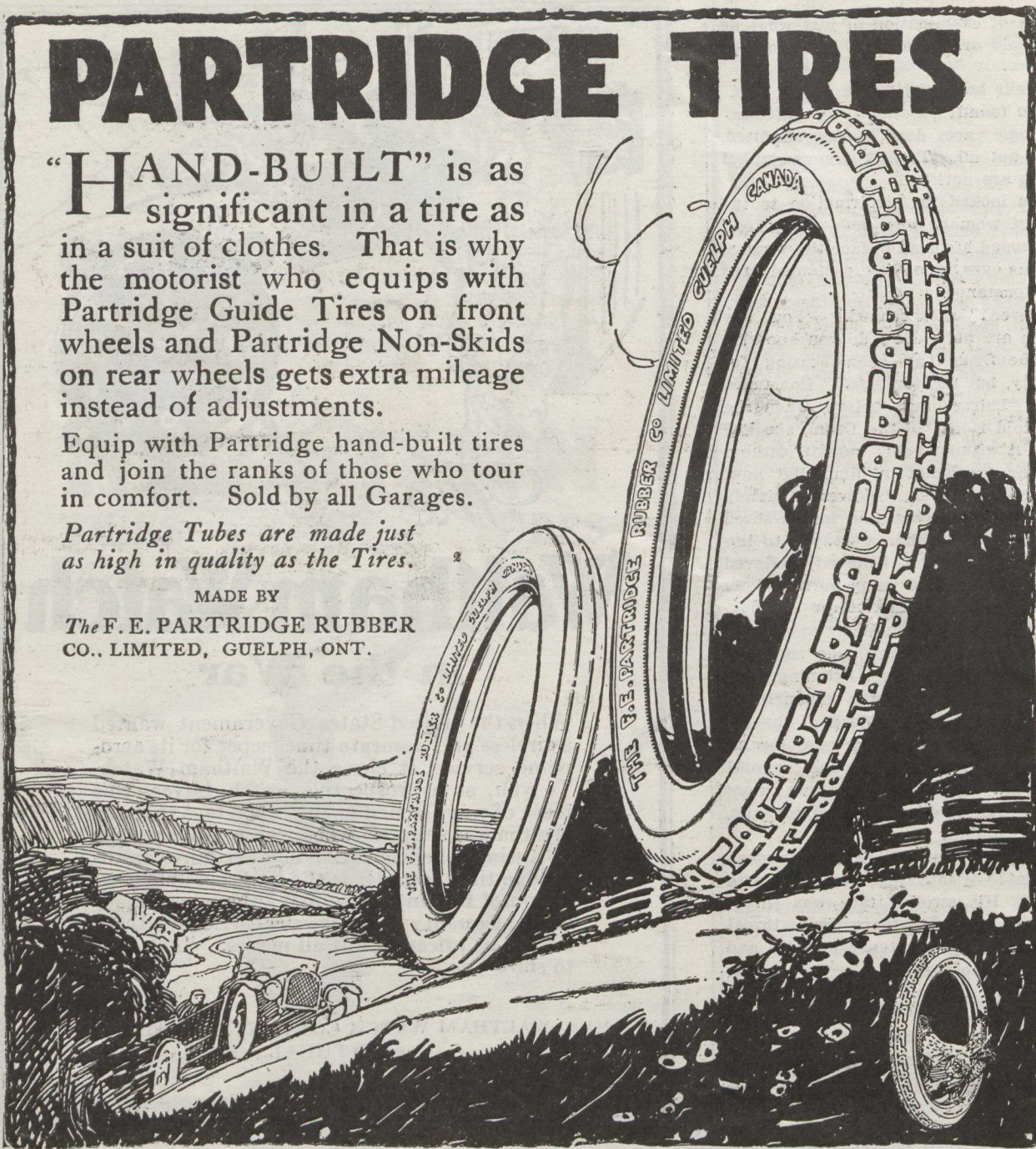
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but the closing of the door did not muffle them again. "Twelve," Constance counted to herself. The beats had seemed to be quite measured and regular at first; but now Constance knew that this was only roughly true; they beat rather in rhythm than at regular intervals. Two came close together and there was a longer wait before the next; then three sounded before the measure—a wild, leaping rhythm. She recalled having heard that the strangeness of Indian music to civilized ears was its time; the drums beat and rattles sounded in a different time from the song which they accompanied; there were even, in some dances, three different times contending for supremacy. Now this seemed reproduced in the strange, irregular sounding of the Drum; she could not count with certainty those beats. "Twenty—twenty-one—twenty-two!" Constance caught breath and waited for the next beat; the time of the interval between the measures of the rhythm passed, and still only the whistle of the wind and the undertone of water sounded. The Drum had beaten its roll and, for the moment, was done.

"Now it begins again," the woman whispered. "Always it waits and then it begins over."

CONSTANCE let go her breath; the next beat then would not mean another death. Twenty-two, had been her count, as nearly as she could count at all; the reckoning agreed with what the woman had heard. Two had died, then, since the Drum last had beat, when its roll was twenty. Two more than before; that meant five were left! Yet Constance, while she was appreciating this, strained forward, staring at Henry; she could not be certain, in the flickering shadows of the cabin, of what she was seeing in him; still less, in the sudden stoppage of heart and breathing that it brought, could she find coherent answer to its meaning. But still it turned her weak, then spurred her with a vague and terrible impulse.

The Indian woman lifted the lamp chimney waveringly and scratched a match and, with unsteady hands, lighted the wick; Constance caught up her woolen hood from the table and put it on. Her action seemed to call Henry to himself.

"What are you going to do?" he demanded.

"I'm going out."

He moved between her and the door. "Not alone, you're not!" His heavy voice had a deep tone of menace in it; he seemed to consider and decide something about her. "There's a farmhouse about a mile back; I'm going to take you over there and leave you with those people."

"I will not go there!"

He swore. "I'll carry you then!"

She shrank back from him as he lurched toward her with hands outstretched to seize her; he followed her, and she avoided him again; if his guilt and terror had given her mental ascendancy over him, his physical strength could still force her to his will and, realizing the impossibility of evading him or overcoming him, she stopped.

"Not that!" she cried. "Don't touch me!"

"Come with me then!" he commanded; and he went to the door and laid his snowshoes on the snow and stepped into them, stooping and tightening the straps; he stood by while she put on hers. He did not attempt

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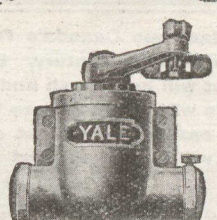
again to put hands upon her as they moved away from the little cabin toward the woods back of the clearing; but went ahead, breaking the trail for her with his snowshoes. He moved forward slowly; he could travel, if he had wished, three feet to every two that she could cover, but he seemed not wishing for speed but rather for delay. They reached the trees; the hemlock and pine, black and swaying, shifted their shadows on the moonlit snow; bare maples and beeches, bent by the gale, creaked and cracked; now the hemlock was heavier. The wind, which wailed among the branches of the maples, hissed loudly in the needles of the hemlocks; snow swept from the slopes and whirled and drove about them, and she sucked it in with her breath. All through the wood were noises; a moaning came from a dark copse of pine and hemlock to their right, rose and died away; a wail followed—a whining, whimpering wail—so like the crying of a child that it startled her. Shadows seemed to detach themselves, as the trees swayed, to tumble from the boughs and scurry over the snow; they hid, as one looked at them, then darted on and hid behind the tree trunks.

Henry was barely moving; now he slowed still more. A deep, dull resonance was booming above the wood; it boomed again and ran into a rhythm. No longer was it above; at least it was not only above; it was all about them—here, there, to right and to left, before, behind—the booming of the Drum. Doom was the substance of that sound of the Drum beating the roll of the dead. Could there be abiding in the wood a consciousness which counted that roll? Constance fought the mad feeling that it brought. The sound must have some natural cause, she repeated to herself—waves washing in some strange conformation of the ice caves on the shore, wind reverberating within some great hollow tree as within the pipe of an organ. But Henry was not denying the Drum!

He had stopped in front of her, half turned her way; his body swayed and bent to the booming of the Drum, as his swollen lips counted its soundings. She could see him plainly in the moonlight, yet she drew nearer to him as she followed his count. "Twenty-one," he counted—"Twenty-two!" The Drum was still going on. "Twenty-four—twenty-five—twenty-six!" Would he count another?

HE did not; and her pulses, which had halted, leaped with relief; and through her comprehension rushed. It was thus she had seen him counting in the cabin, but so vaguely that she had not been certain of it, but only able to suspect. Then the Drum had stopped short of twenty-six, but he had not stopped counting because of that; he had made the sounds twenty-six, when she and the woman had made them twenty-two; now he had reckoned them twenty-six, though the Drum, as she separated the sound from other noises, still went on!

He moved on again, descending the steep side of a little ravine, and she followed. One of his snowshoes caught in a protruding root and, instead of slowing to free it with care, he pulled it violently out, and she heard the dry, seasoned wood crack. He looked down, swore; saw that the wood was not broken through and went on; but as he reached the bottom of the slope, she leaped downward from a little height behind him



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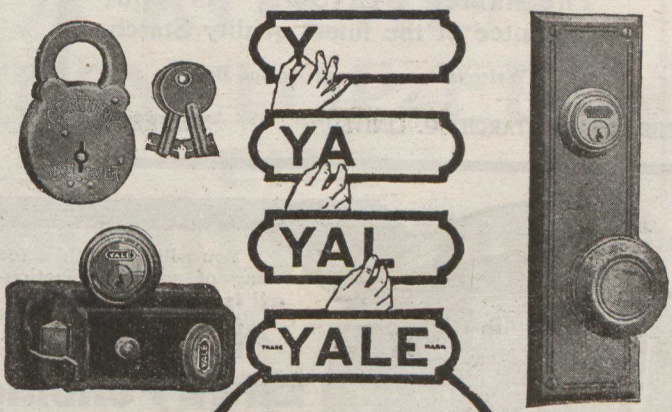
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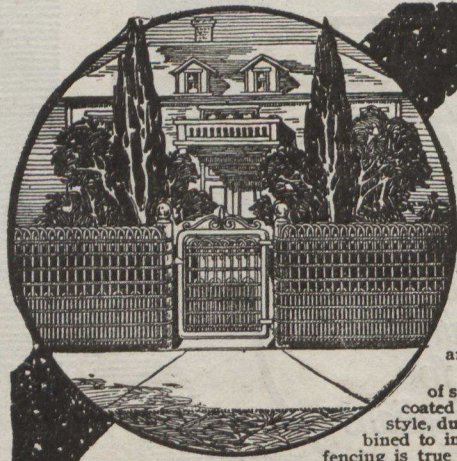
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and crashed down on his trailing snowshoe just behind the heel. The rending snap of the wood came beneath her feet. Had she broken through his shoe or snapped her own? She sprang back, as he cried out and swung in an attempt to grasp her; he lunged to follow her, and she ran a few steps away and stopped. At his next step, his foot entangled in the mesh of the broken snowshoe, and he stooped, cursing, to strip it off and hurl it from him; then he tore off the one from the other foot, and threw it away, and lurched after her again; but now he sank above his knees and floundered in the snow. She stood for a moment while the half-mad, half-drunken figure struggled toward her along the side of the ravine; then she ran to where the tree trunks hid her from him, but where she could look out from the shadow and see him. He gained the top of the slope and turned in the direction she had gone; assured then, apparently, that she had fled in fear of him, he started back more swiftly toward the beach. She followed, keeping out of his sight among the trees.

TO twenty-six, he had counted—to twenty-six, each time! That told that he knew one was living among those who had been upon the ferry! The Drum—it was not so easy to count with exactness those wild, irregularly leaping sounds; one might make of them almost what one wished—or feared! And if, in his terror here, Henry made the count twenty-six, it was because he knew—he knew that one was living! What one? It could only be one of two to dismay him so; there had been only two on the ferry whose rescue he had feared; only two who, living, he would have let lie upon this beach which he had chosen and set aside for his patrol, while he waited for him to die!

She forced herself on, unsparingly, as she saw Henry gain the shore and as, believing himself alone, he hurried northward. She went with him, paralleling his course among the trees. On the wind-swept ridges of the ice, where there was little snow, he could travel for long stretches faster than she; she struggled to keep even with him, her lungs seared by the cold air as she gasped for breath. But she could not rest; she could not let herself be exhausted. Merciless minute after minute she raced him thus. A dark shape—a figure lay stretched upon the ice ahead! Beyond and still farther out, something which seemed the fragments of a life-boat tossed up and down where the waves thundered and gleamed at the edge of the floe.

Henry's pace quickened; hers quickened desperately too. She left the shelter of the trees and scrambled down the steep pitch of the bluff, shouting, crying aloud. Henry turned about and saw her; he halted, and she passed him with a rush and got between him and the form upon the ice, before she turned and faced him.

Defeat—defeat of whatever frightful purpose he had had—was his now that she was there to witness what he might do; and in his realization of that, he burst out in oaths against her—he advanced; she stood, confronting—he swayed slightly in his walk and swung past her and away; he went past those things on the beach and kept on along the ice hummocks toward the north.

She ran to the huddled figure of



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the man in mackinaw and cap; his face was hidden partly by the position in which he lay and partly by the drifting snow; but, before she swept the snow away and turned him to her, she knew that he was Alan.

She cried to him and, when he did not answer, she shook him to get him awake; but she could not rouse him. Praying in wild whispers to herself, she opened his jacket and felt within his clothes; he was warm—at least he was not frozen within! No; and there seemed some stir of his heart! She tried to lift him, to carry him; then to drag him. But she could not; he fell from her arms into the snow again, and she sat down, pulling him upon her lap and clasping him to her.

She must have aid, she must get him to some house, she must take him out of the terrible cold; but dared she leave him? Might Henry return, if she went away? She arose and looked about. Far up the shore she saw his figure rising and falling with his flight over the rough ice. A sound came to her too, the low, deep reverberation of the Drum beating once more along the shore and in the woods and out upon the lake; and it seemed to her that Henry's figure, in the stumbling steps of its flight, was keeping time to the wild rhythm of that sound. And she stooped to Alan and covered him with her coat, before leaving him; for she feared no longer Henry's return.

CHAPTER XXI.

The Fate of the "Miwaka."

"SO this isn't your house, Judah?"
"No, Alan; this is an Indian's house, but it is not mine. It is Adam Enos' house. He and his wife went somewhere else when you needed this."

"He helped to bring me here then?"
"No, Alan. They were alone here—she and Adam's wife. When she found you, they brought you here—more than a mile along the beach. Two women!"

Alan choked as he put down the little porcupine quill box which had started this line of inquiry. Whatever questions he had asked of Judah or of Sherrill these last few days had brought him very quickly back to her. Moved by some intuitive certainty regarding Spearman, she had come north; she had not thought of peril to herself; she had struggled alone across dangerous ice in storm—a girl brought up as she had been! She had found him—Alan—with life almost extinct upon the beach; she and the Indian woman, Wassaquam had just said, had brought him along the shore. How had they managed that, he wondered; they had somehow got him to this house which, in his ignorance of exactly where he was upon the mainland, he had thought must be Wassaquam's; she had gone to get help. His throat closed up, and his eyes filled as he thought of this.

In the week during which he had been cared for here, Alan had not seen Constance; but there had been a peculiar and exciting alteration in Sherrill's manner toward him, he had felt; it was something more than merely liking for him that Sherrill had showed, and Sherrill had spoken of her to him as Constance, not, as he had called her always before, "Miss Sherrill" or "my daughter." Alan had had dreams which had seemed impossible

of fulfilment, of dedicating his life and all that he could make of it to her; now Sherrill's manner had brought to him something like awe, as of something quite incredible.

When he had believed that disgrace was his—disgrace because he was Benjamin Corvet's son—he had hidden, or tried to hide, his feeling toward her; he knew now that he was not Corvet's son; Spearman had shot his father, Corvet had said. But he could not be certain yet who his father was or what revelation regarding himself might now be given. Could he dare to betray that he was thinking of Constance as—as he could not keep from thinking? He dared not without daring to dream that Sherrill's manner meant that she could care for him; and that he could not presume. What she had undergone for him—her venture alone up the beach and that dreadful contest which had taken place between her and Spearman—must remain circumstances which he had learned but from which he could not yet take conclusions.

He turned to the Indian.

"Has anything more been heard of Spearman, Judah?"

"Only this, Alan; he crossed the Straits the next day upon the ferry there. In Mackinaw City he bought liquor at a bar and took it with him; he asked there about trains into the northwest. He has gone, leaving all he had. What else could he do?"

Alan crossed the little cabin and looked out of the window over the snow-covered slope, where the bright sun was shining. It was very still without; there was no motion at all in the pines toward the ice-bound shore; and the shadow of the wood smoke rising from the cabin chimney made almost a straight line across the snow. Snow had covered any tracks that there had been upon the beach where those who had been in the boat with him had been found dead. He had known that this must be; he had believed them beyond aid when he had tried for the shore to summon help for them and for himself. The other boat, which had carried survivors of the wreck, blown farther to the south, had been able to gain the shore of North Fox Island; and as these men had not been so long exposed before they were brought to shelter, four men lived. Sherrill had told him their names; they were the mate, the assistant engineer, a deckhand and Father Peron, the priest who had been a passenger but who had stayed with the crew till the last. Benjamin Corvet had perished in the wreckage of the cars.

AS Alan went back to his chair, the Indian watched him and seemed not displeased.

"You feel good now, Alan?" Wassaquam asked.

"Almost like myself, Judah."

"That is right then. It was thought you would be like that to-day." He looked at the long shadows and at the height of the early morning sun, estimating the time of day. "A sled is coming soon now."

"We're going to leave here, Judah?"

"Yes, Alan."

Was he going to see her then? Excitement stirred him, and he turned to Wassaquam to ask that; but sud-



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denly he hesitated and did not inquire.

Wassaquam brought the mackinaw and cap which Alan had worn on Number 25; he took from the bed the new blankets which had been furnished by Sherrill. They waited until a farmer appeared driving a team hitched to a low, wide-runnered sled. The Indian settled Alan on the sled, and they drove off.

The farmer looked frequently at Alan with curious interest; the sun shone down, dazzling, and felt almost warm in the still air. Wassaquam, with regard for the frostbite from which Alan had been suffering, bundled up the blankets around him; but Alan put them down reassuringly. They traveled south along the shore, rounded into Little Traverse Bay,

and the houses of Harbor Point appeared among their pines. Alan could see plainly that these were snow-weighted and boarded up without sign of occupation; but he saw that the Sherrill house was open; smoke rose from the chimney, and the windows winked with the reflection of a red blaze within. He was so sure that this was their destination that he started to throw off the robes.

"Nobody there now," Wassaquam indicated the house. "At Petoskey."

The sled proceeded across the edge of the bay to the little city; even before leaving the bay ice, Alan saw Constance and her father; they were walking at the water front near to the railway station, and they came out on the ice as they recognized the occupants of the sled.

Alan felt himself alternately weak and roused to strength as he saw her. The sled halted and, as she approached, he stepped down. Their eyes encountered, and hers looked away; a sudden shyness, which sent his heart leaping, had come over her. He wanted to speak to her, to make some recognition to her of what she had done, but he did not dare to trust his voice; and she seemed to understand that. He turned to Sherrill instead. An engine and tender coupled to a single car stood at the railway station.

"We're going to Chicago?" he inquired of Sherrill.

"Not yet, Alan—to St. Ignace. Father Perron—the priest, you know—went to St. Ignace as soon as he recovered from his exposure. He sent

word to me that he wished to see me at my convenience; I told him that we would go to him as soon as you were able."

"He sent no other word than that?"
"Only that he had a very grave communication to make to us."

Alan did not ask more; at mention of Father Perron he had seemed to feel himself once more among the crashing, charging freight cars on the ferry and to see Benjamin Corvet, pinned amid the wreckage and speaking into the ear of the priest.

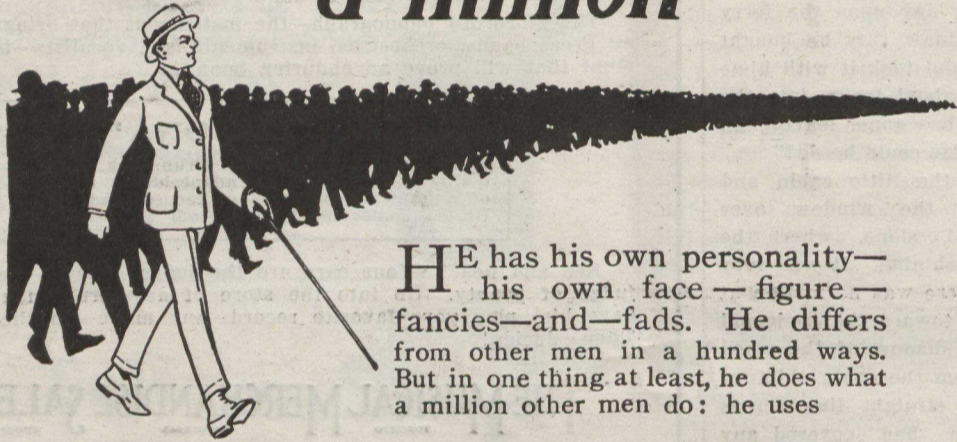
Father Perron, walking up and down the docks close to the railway station at St. Ignace, where the tracks end without bumper or blocking of any kind above the waters of the lake, was watching south directly across the Straits. It was mid-afternoon and the ice-crusher Ste. Marie, which had been expected at St. Ignace about this time, was still some four miles out. During the storm of the week before, the floes had jammed into that narrow neck between the great lakes of Michigan and Huron until, men said, the Straits were ice-filled to the bottom; but the Ste. Marie and the St. Ignace had plied steadily back and forth.

THROUGH a stretch where the ice-crusher now was the floes had changed position, or new ice was blocking the channel; for the Ste. Marie, having stopped, was backing; now her funnels shot forth fresh smoke, and she charged ahead. The priest clenched his hands as the steamer met the shock and her third propeller—the one beneath her bow—sucked the water out from under the floe and left it without support; she met the ice barrier, crashed some of it aside; she broke through, recoiled, halted, charged, climbed up the ice and broke through again. As she drew nearer now in her approach, the priest walked back toward the railway station.

It was not merely a confessional which Father Perron had taken from the lips of the dying man on Number 25; it was an accusation of crime against another man as well; and the confession and accusation both had been made, not only to gain forgiveness from God, but to right terrible wrongs. If the confession left some things unexplained, it did not lack confirmation; the priest had learned enough to be certain that it was no hallucination of madness. He had been charged definitely to repeat what had been told him to the persons he was now going to meet; so he watched expectantly as the Ste. Marie made its landing. A train of freight cars was upon the ferry, but a single passenger coach was among them, and the switching engine brought this off first. A tall, handsome man whom Father Perron thought must be the Mr. Sherrill with whom he had communicated appeared upon the car platform; the young man from Number 25 followed him, and the two helped down a young and beautiful girl.

(Concluded in next issue.)

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The Chess Column has unavoidably been crowded out of this number. It will appear in our next issue.

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