

THAT PHANTOM, THE UN-HIRED GIRL

# THE CANADIAN COURIER

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September 16th, 1916

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## The Defence of the Automobile

By James Grant.

**SUMMONED:** The Automobile! Before the Bar of Public Opinion! In the High Court of Economy! In the Dominion of Canada! In the third year of our great war! To answer the indictment laid against it, to wit—that the said automobile is and has been a menace to the economical intentions of thousands of people who would otherwise have spent their money on something else; that the said automobile, hereinafter called the defendant, did, has done and continues to do wrong by inviting men and women to wear out tires instead of shoe-leather and gasoline instead of time. Now, therefore, Prisoner at the Bar, how do you plead: guilty or not guilty—so help you?"

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"I'll tell you why the automobile continues to be sold in the face of war conditions," said the general sales manager of a famous company. "It is because the automobile, if bought after due reflection and with full knowledge of all the different points in automobile design and construction, is just a bond-on-wheels, or a stock-on-wheels—or any other sort of gilt-edged security (on wheels) that you care to mention. The automobile is an investment. The sales our company have been making in Canada are not at all unlike the sales of municipal bonds or mortgage debentures being marketed by your bond and debenture brokers. The bond or debenture yields interest to its owner. So does the automobile. If it doesn't it should never have been sold to that particular man."

"We smiled with tolerant condescension.

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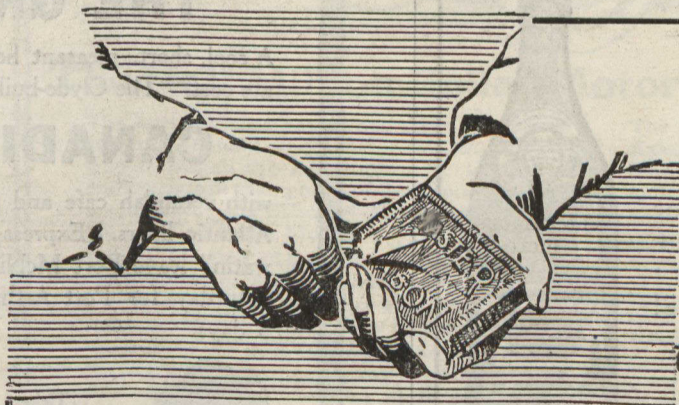
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any more than a man who bought a 6% stock at a top market price — double parity for instance. The buying of a car requires the same study as the buying of an ordinary security. Men buy stocks for, say, ready negotiability, prospect of a rise. They buy bonds for reliability, steady income and so on. So the man who does not want to use his car for touring, or who has a delicate wife who cannot face the wind—or, well you know the variety of cars and the variety of human requirements. The best motor investment is not the one that looks the biggest and shiniest, but the one that best meets the buyer's need. Of course the usefulness of the small car is famous, or ought to be famous in this connection. Jones finds a small car enables him to see three times as many customers as he used to be able to visit by street car and foot power. Countless Joneses are trebling their business by getting around more quickly. Men like Jones don't want big cars because they eat up too much money for up-keep compared to the small cars. On the other hand the advantage of the big car for the man who can afford it and who wants to tour and take his friends touring, is clear."

"But what excuse has a man to invest cash nowadays in a car for mere pleasure purposes?"

The bland salesman smiled. "Pleasure, my dear sir, is as necessary to man as food. Fresh air, new scenes, the joy of motion and adventure—these things renew a man's spirit. There is no better agent for securing these things than the motor—is there?"

But we did not wait to answer. It is dangerous listening to the defence of the motor by skilled counsel.

**LOVE AND THE LADIES.**

Herewith are a few proverbs and wise sayings from a variety of sages and ages and nations relevant to the eternal passion and the eternal feminine:

Whether you marry or not you'll be sorry.

Love makes time pass and time makes love pass.

Among the lovesick it takes one invalid to heal another.

Women are like puzzles; you lose interest when you have guessed them.

The love of woman is more to be feared than the wrath of man.

All woman's troubles come from not staying at home.

Paris is the hell of horses, the purgatory of men and the heaven of women.

When young it is too soon to marry; when old it is too late.

The tears of love are more powerful than its smiles.

The most honest woman is one of whom one talks the least.

A woman laughs when she can and weeps when she will.

Man's the spark, woman's the tinder, and it's the devil that blows.

In the art of love the apprentices know as much as the masters.

Love and a cough cannot be concealed.

All sick folk want to get well except the lovesick.

Three women and a goose make a market.

A woman is like a shadow; follow her and she flees; flee from her and she follows.

Take first counsel always of a woman; never the last.

It is a good marriage between a blind husband and a deaf and dumb wife.

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"Getting Married"—Any girl.

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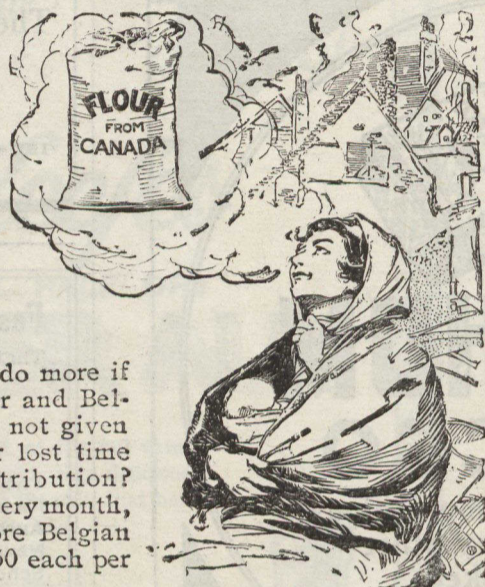
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We have given much—but barely enough to help keep the Belgians alive. More of them every week are calling for help, as their own resources are exhausted, and every one of the millions should have something more than the three slices of bread and the pint of soup which is all the Relief Commission can supply out of present contributions



If you have been helping, do more if you can till the war is over and Belgium is free. If you have not given yet, will you make up for lost time with a substantial contribution? Better still, will you give, every month, enough to feed one or more Belgian families, at the rate of \$2.50 each per month?

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# THE COURIER

Vol. XX.

September 16th, 1916

No. 16

## WHAT DID THEY BURY THIS TIME?

### Laying of the Parliamentary Corner-Stone at Ottawa Suggests a Few Relics

SEVENTY-FIVE years ago Queen Victoria placed a finger on a map of Canada fair on top of the name Bytown and said—so they say—"Let that be the new capital of united Canada." That story has always seemed more probable than the famous picture of the Afghan potentate who asked Victoria what made England so great, and the Empress Queen had a Bible brought in, saying, "That is the secret of England's greatness."

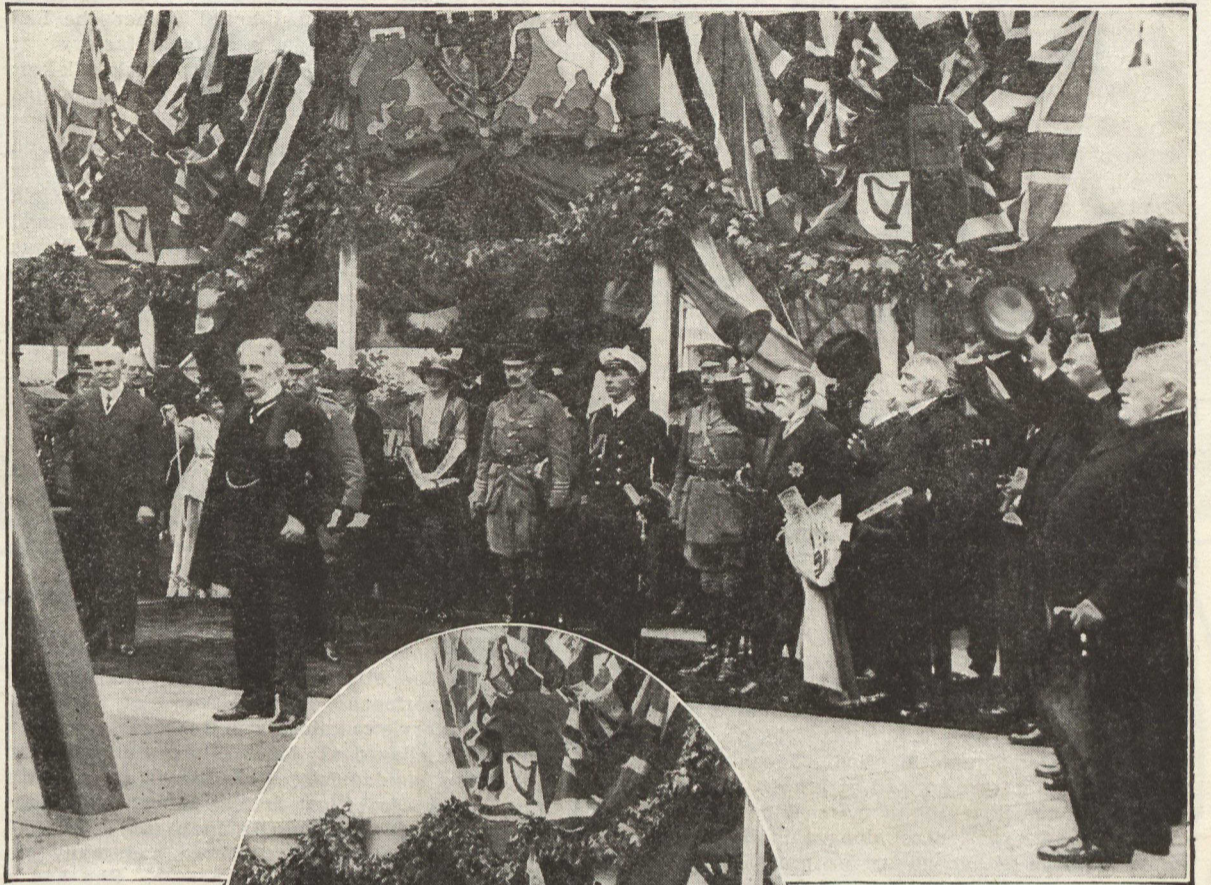
We seem to be growing out of these old-fashioned things. The laying of the corner-stone of the new Parliament buildings in Bytown last week brings a few of them back. We must not forget that the name Bytown was changed to the Indian word Ottawa, at which time the Duke of Connaught was not yet born; that just twenty years later when Edward, his elder brother, the Prince of Wales, was touring the Empire, he laid the original corner-stone of the buildings that were burned last winter. Now fifty-five years after that event in the old city of Bytown the Duke of Connaught lays the new stone in the presence of a large number of important people. The Duke made a speech. Since he himself became the corner-stone of the Empire in this part of the world he has never had so good a chance to say so many unusual things when he felt himself compelled to do just the opposite. Corner-stone speeches are never unusual. This one may have been no exception. But the Duke, perhaps, reflected that never again would he do such a thing in this country. He may have remembered that about the time he came out here two other parliamentary corner-stones were laid in Canada. Responsible government was domiciled in Saskatchewan and Alberta at about the same time.

Now we remember Bytown again. Had Sir Wilfrid Laurier been present he might have remembered the choice of the new Capital very vividly, for he was born in 1841, the year when a united Canada was made out of the English and the French province with Bytown as the capital. In that seventy-five years Canada has become a big country. Bytown died. Ottawa took its place. The saw-mills vanished from Ottawa. The politicians came. That always means development.

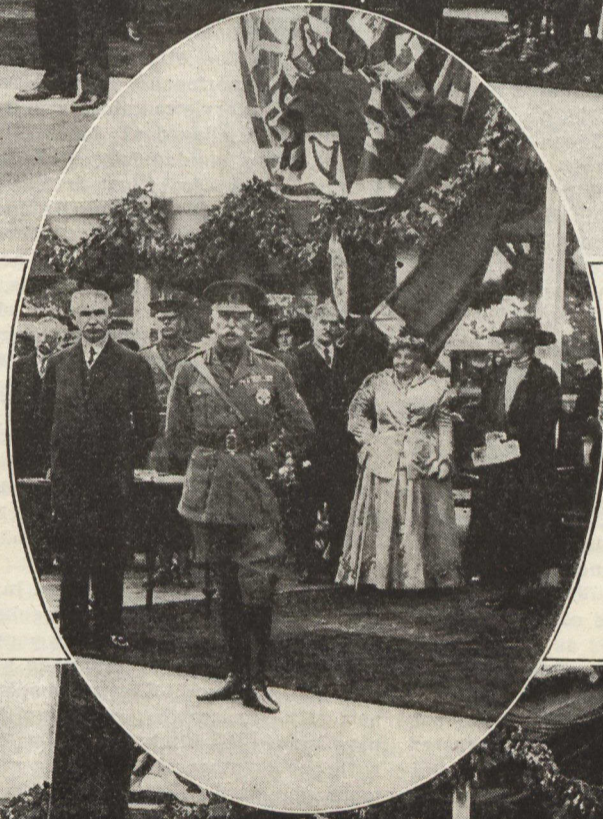
They make a custom of burying in corner-stones certain records which in generations to come may be exhumed as relics of a bygone age. Bytown was buried in Ottawa. Saw-mill Ottawa was obliterated by Parliamentary Ottawa. In the fifty-five years since the first corner-stone was laid on Parliament Hill no doubt a great many things have become relics. If one should have pried under the old stone with the eye of a prophet he might have seen sealed up there for all time to come most of the little-Canada ideas that used to dominate this country in the saw-mill times.

AND with still more of the prophet's eye, Sir George Foster might have looked under that new stone as it swung to place and the silver trowel flashed over it and have seen being buried there for all time to come many more things that a greater Canada has flung into the discard. It takes a politician expert to know what these things are. All we can do is to conjecture a few of them. On a rough estimate one might find buried under that new corner-stone of a great future Parliament for a land of coming millions of people, the following items:

Little Canadianism; party-worship; provincialism whether in Quebec or Ontario or in any other integral part of the country; narrow sectarian bigotry; mutual desire on the part of any communities in Canada to know as little as possible of one another so that they may continue to argue more; lack of faith in the essential greatness of Canada as a nation; the failure to believe that when we say the building of a new nation is in the lap of the gods it does not mean that it is in the hands of politicians, big interests and little patriots; the spiritual blindness that prevents Canadians from realizing that unborn people are more important to a nation than unexploited wealth; the smug belief that what

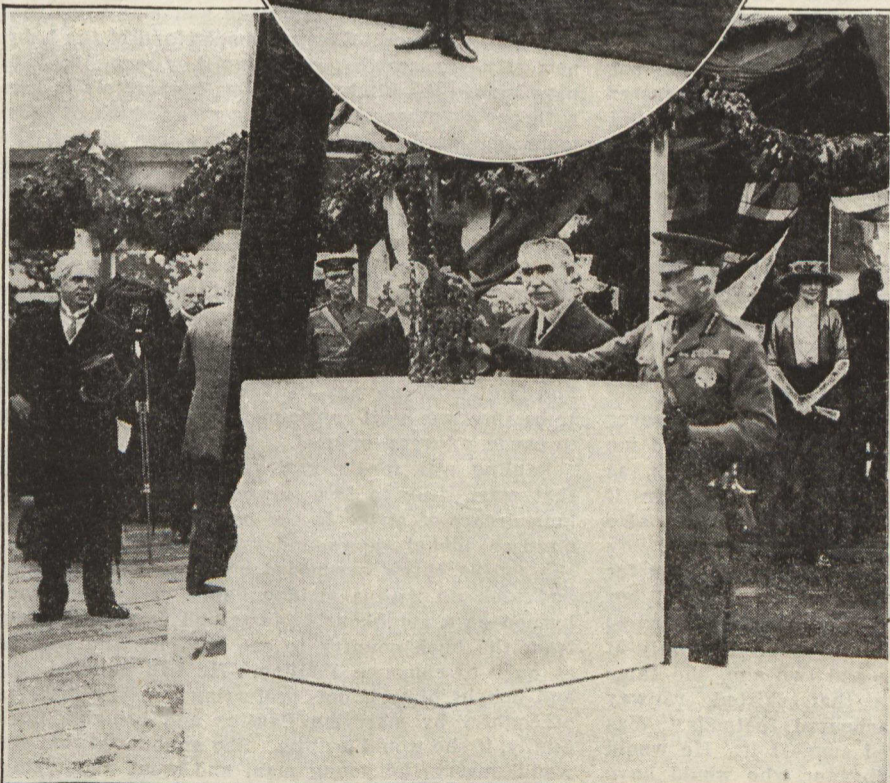


Sir Robert Borden proposed three cheers for the Duke of Connaught who laid the stone. In doing so he probably included new Canada in the compliment.



H. R. H. the Duke, flanked by Hon. Robert Rogers, made a good soldierly, statesmanlike speech.

And on this stone below the Duke saw in imagination not only the new Parliamentary building but the newer Canada that will arise after the war.



was good enough for our grandfathers is good enough for our grandchildren; the equal fallacy that the big inspirations which led to the discovery and settlement and the pioneer upbuilding of this country died a natural death in the Victorian age.

As a parallel to this the words of Royal Dixon in his recent book "Americanization," mean much to Canadians:

"Let us put this first then—the lost epic consciousness of the American is at the root of the unprepared, timorous phase of our national life which to-day puts us in a dilemma. Epic consciousness is the consciousness which makes America a poem in the mind; it is the very thing which makes the French people one and all and everywhere refer to 'La Belle France.' It is epic consciousness which fires the Briton not only to sing but to believe his 'Rule Britannia.'"

# THAT PHANTOM, THE UN-HIRED GIRL

*The Experiences of Henry Hatch, as Told by Henry*

CONSIDERING all the experiences my wife has had in two years of getting on in the world with other women, I am quite entitled to take occasional refuge in poetry. In this connection, apropos of the hired girl, I suddenly burst out one evening to her with this of Wordsworth:

"She was a phantom of delight  
When first she dawned upon my sight:  
A lovely apparition sent  
To be a moment's ornament—"

"Oh fudge!" says she, flinging down the want-ad section of the evening paper, our daily literature.

"Well, isn't it an exact description? Every time we get one of those people doesn't she start off with being an ideal and end with being a nuisance?"

She couldn't deny this.

"Henry," she said, "I think Eve must have been a happy woman."

"Why?" query I, knowing very well what the answer is.

"Because she never had to have a hired girl," we both repeat, simultaneously.

"Yes, but she had a snake."

"Really, is that any worse?"

This was the language of exasperated impatience. On all other matters my wife is the soul of toleration. In politics, religion, fashion and social matters she is evenly unruffled. On this hired girl phantasmagoria she has become a pillar of cloud by day and a fire by night. Since we entered the assistant-domestic zone of our career through space the hired-girl problem has shown worse symptoms than the cost of living or the course of moral reform or any other strenuousness. Now that soldiers have married half the available girls and nine-tenths of the other half have become munitionettes, the problem has become what statesmen call a crisis. On the off chance that ten-elevenths of married people in Canada have had experiences along this line hitherto unexpressed in either poetry or prose, I take the liberty of reviewing the vista of females whom it has been our privilege to entertain like angels unaware; the Offagins, Onegins, Gonegins and Finnegins who have come upon us like humming birds into a garden.

FIRST came Arethusa—black-haired, sharp-nosed and taciturn, nationality uncertain, leaning towards Scotch. The third evening she had a caller in the kitchen—a man who told her quite audibly through the dining-room door that she was a fool to be living in that suburb and must be off out of it. Very next evening Arethusa announced that an old maiden aunt in Montreal was very ill and she must go to nurse her. In an hour's time comes a rap at the front door:

"Is that trunk ready?" asked a red-faced, burly one—and it was he.

I helped him humbly down with the baggage, out to a dray which he said was not his, but the teamster that drove it was ill, and the old lady in Montreal was certainly in a bad way.

"She's got ammonia," said he. "Girl's got to nurse her."

And that was the last of Arethusa.

Our next was a miracle of 100 per cent. efficiency, a Scotch-Canadian. Heaven seemed to have endowed Maggie with all the virtues of good housekeeping. She loved the baby. She kept the schedule. Woe betide me if with breakfast timetabled at 8.00 I arrived at 8.05. Maggie never scolded me, for which I am thankful, for she had a capable tongue. She looked dourly. That was enough. No, she never flung things on the table. All she ever visited me with was that uncompromisingly scornful look, as though I had any business being a man of affairs if I couldn't keep my engagements. It was so also with the dinner. And with dishes washed in a jiffy or two, Maggie was ready four evenings a week for the long trail into the city, never once in all her six months of governing our household accompanied by anything so superfluous as a male. Promptly at midnight, sometimes at one and two a.m. she came back alone through streets that skirted railway tracks and might have harboured footpads. Was she timid? We never dared suggest it. He would have been a bold bad sandbagger who would have dared to molest Maggie. And I sometimes think that if I had been less humble and had ever dared to be more domineering we might have kept her ever

TRANSCRIBED BY AUGUSTUS BRIDLE

without increasing her wages or building her a private staircase or bribing her with a taxi twice a week to take her down town. But Maggie hankered once again to be in a factory, where she had a real man boss, higher wages and all her evenings to do as she pleased. The last I heard of her she had resigned her position in a munitions factory at \$14.50 a week, and was en route in a pink silk-knit coat to the Old Country to see what the Zeppelins looked like.

Next in line of succession came Myra, a dimple on the chin of inexperience. As the baby was six months old now we thought a young girl that could take him out perambulating, play with him a bit and give a little first aid with the meals might do us very well. Myra was a small bundle of inconceivable proclivities; a quiet, shy little fawn who sometimes over the scullery sink sang sweetly the latest popular, got on good terms with the baby, went out o' nights, came back at unconventional hours, sometimes sat on the boulevard with a young man who she argued was her very own brother, never pretended to cook, was not partial to cleaning, kept her room in a state of dishevelment and made up for what few defects she had by skilfully annexing my wife's silk stockings, handkerchiefs and other small articles too numerous to mention. Whereby we decided to separate her from the baby and to let her go.

MYRA was followed by another experiment. The young damosel had been a failure. We decided to try the other extremity in emergency, a woman of experience. The net result of advertisements and interviews galore was Rebecca; age, sixty and upwards, alleged 42; black-haired, thin, anaemic and weird; a maiden lady who scorned men as she always had and looked at first as though she might bestride the carpet-sweeper, kidnap the baby and never be heard of again. Rebecca had many ailments, the chief of which was nerves. She had a horror of street-cars and transfers, and she made all her journeys on foot. Whenever she got back about 11 o'clock she persisted in settling down in an arm-chair in the parlour to tell my wife all about her wayside experiences, not even recognizing my existence.

And of course her tenure was brief. Rebecca was an experiment in psychology. The experiment failed. However, she said she hated to leave us in the lurch and any time we found ourselves alone in the world she would be glad to return for a day or so. She has never returned.

After ten days' rest—real rest in the kitchen doing our own work after the ten weeks of hysteria with Rebecca—came another young person, Pauline. This candidate for a happy marriage had many qualities to recommend her. She was madly fond of the baby, perfectly trustworthy in taking him out, liked to have him in the kitchen, and was desperately in love with one or other of two young men, which of them most was hard to determine. One was absent, the other less so. Each came in upon occasion from somewhere or down from the north. One got jealous of the other. He criticized Pauline's clothes. That was quite unkind. She did the best she could with the togs she had, but never seemed to hit upon a happy ensemble of boots and hat, and in the matter of anything between depended largely upon her own craft with the needle, which was quite as precarious as her choice of colours. The other swain used to find fault with the way Pauline wore her hair, which to be sure was a bit capricious, but never bad enough to cause a lovers' quarrel.

Pauline was madly in love. She was contrived that way. Life to her, in service or out, was one long dream of walks in the park, goings to church, circuses, nickel shows and fairs. Whereby at last she swiftly threw overboard both the jealous lovers and took up with a sudden flame that had once burned on a neighbouring farm and now came down from the bush country to see the city and wanted at once to consume Pauline. He had enlisted, but had bought himself out, preferring to show his love of country by marrying Pauline and bringing up a family, if she would let him. She announced that she would marry the young man, and went about singing, "Never Let the Old Flag Fall." She did so. And that was the last of Pauline in our household.

Next came Madam Maypole. By this time baby

was becoming experienced in woman-kind and able to adapt himself to anybody. Madam Maypole was advanced in years, had an overplus of respectability, was at least ten years older than the census allowed and had a long vista of memories extending back to the good old days in Halifax and Montreal, where she seemed to have spent two successive girlhoods. She afterwards got married, happily relieved of her husband by the latter's death, and was now some-thing of a compromise between a domestic, a lady's maid, a senior housekeeper, a nurse and a governess.

Madam was a tantalizing experiment. One of her accomplishments was singing old operatic arias which she did in a querulous quaver that would have put any but a deaf child to sleep. When she got weary of these she had recourse to Loch Lomond and Last Rose of Summer, which she dinged to the baby in weird portamentos and little yeupings of joy. By the time her repertoire was done the baby was fast asleep and she was ready for another evening of reading the patent medicine ads in her favourite newspaper, which she paid for herself and kept a litter of them on fyle in her room with other nests of them in the cupboards. She had a horror of mice which seemed to take a joy in following her because she left so many comfortable litters to inhabit. But her feet grew weary in well-doing. With what money she had saved from patent medicines—always the latest cure-all, especially in any form of wine—she decided to retire from domestic duties. I believe she had a secret desire to see more fine folk than habitually came to our house, for she was delirious about dresses, functions and funerals. She went, much to our regret as an entertainment.

NOW the problem is up again and it will not down. We must have a maid. Munition factories have taken most of them; soldiers have married others; there are few immigrants; domestic service is no longer a necessity in a land where women are scarce compared to the jobs that want them. We tried one of those bureaus, a machine that telephones just as you are putting the baby to bed that a certain girl is corralled one mile away at the bureau and can you come down to see her before somebody else gets her, as you have first choice? By the time the baby is asleep the telephone rings to say that the girl has got tired waiting and has taken another engagement. Your name is still on the waiting list.

One day misfortune thrust a bureau girl upon my wife—I was away—in the person of Kate Finnegin. Kate, so I gather from the recital of her one-night adventure under our roof, was the peer of them all. She refused to get herself anything for breakfast but dry bread and tea, and when the bureau procuress met her with my wife down town in order to effect the transfer of Kate's passage money, etc., from Cork, she up and told the woman before my wife's face that Mrs. Hatch had put her to sleep in a dirty room and had refused to give her anything for breakfast but dry bread and tea. So Kate also went the road.

Now we are reconsidering the problem. We intend to try a new dodge. We must advertise. The ad must be alluring. It must read about as follows:

Wanted—a young lady assistant to a lady with one child; work light; no washing nor ironing; twenty dollars a month; plenty of the latest novels always on hand; piano-player available at any time; no mice; convenient to street-cars; two blocks from church; all Sundays off if desired; very little company; people strictly respectable—best of references, etc. Apply Elite Hotel between 4 and 5 any afternoon.

We choose the hotel in order to entice the girl. Having engaged her amid the glamorous allurements of a tea-room, we propose to send a taxi to bring her out by night, going clear round the city so that she never can find her way down town again. We shall put her to bed in the best room in the house as soon as she arrives, take her breakfast up to her the first morning and say unto her, "Clarissima, you are to be our guest without a dot of work for three days. Your pay will go on as usual. After that assistance until you feel inclined to take over the management of the house. By that time you will conclude that we are very nice people, that baby is a very desirable companion and we shall all get along famously."

That is the present plan. How it will work out probably depends somewhat upon Clarissima. And she has not yet arrived.



LADY DERSHES RISK DEATH O' COLD ON A HILLSIDE.

In these two pictures are to be observed the extremes of feminine activity in this country. On the one hand, sportive Canadian ladies doing what unkind people might say were anti-fat exercises, but what are more likely a modern revival of the dancing mania of the middle ages in a secluded field behind Montreal. On the other hand, two young women of Ontario who are taking a practical and sober interest in the welfare of our men on the firing line. No doubt these modern dancing ladies also knit, and no doubt the knitting couple have been known to dance—though not necessarily in the confiding, not to say candid manner indicated in the upper picture. There can be no question as to what those in the lower picture are doing. There has been much discussion as to the real cause of the ecstasy in the other one. Our photographer was unable to determine whether it was a toad in the grass or the prickly quality of stubble on the soles of tender feet, or sheer abundance of joy. He inclined to the former hypothesis. We remain neutral. One is reminded, in perusing the upper view, of the gentleman who, seeing his wife in her latest décolleté gown, with short skirt, enquired: "What are you dressed for now, dear? Opera? Or operation?"



Now Watch Our Diplomacy

By SIDNEY CORYN  
In the San Francisco Argonaut

ALL other war moves be- come relatively insignificant in comparison with the entry of Roumania. At no other moment since the war began would this event have been attended with such gravities as now. When the balances are barely moving in their equilibrium it is the featherweight that counts, and Roumania is very much more than a featherweight even as an independent military power. She can put a finely equipped army of three-quarters of a million men into the field. She saved herself the exhaustion and depletion that overtook Bulgaria, Serbia, and Greece in the recent Balkan wars. She has had a long season of preparation and she availed herself of it to the utmost. Her people are naturally warlike, and the rewards of victory are doubtless as large as the penalties of defeat. But the military power of Roumania is not the chief factor in the situation, although it is a large one. The first and most real import of Roumania's declaration is the attendant fact that the road is now open for the armies of Russia that have been assembling on the frontier for this purpose. Secondly, we have the fact that Bulgaria is now completely surrounded by enemy countries except for the narrow connection with Turkey. And, thirdly, we may consider the moral effect of Roumania's practical avowal that she believes the Allies must win and that her aid will hasten that end.

Let us not be too quick to assume that Roumania has been merely waiting in order to make sure that she shall choose the winning side. She was probably quite sure about that many months ago. Over and over again she has seemed to be on the point of drawing the sword, and there has been more than one glimpse of the actual steel. But it has been allowed to fall back into the scabbard, and while it was easy to laugh at her timidity and to sneer at her cupidity, there has been no lack of evidence that some unseen force was influencing her movements and that she was playing a game directed, perhaps—at least in part—from beyond her borders. Let us look for a moment at the situation, but with a full realization that we are groping in the dark and that probably there are not twenty men alive who know all the diplomatic facts. Nor are we likely to know them for half a century.

EVER since the military meeting at Paris it has been the obvious intention of the Allies to crush Austria-Hungary and to compel her to sue for a separate peace. This would remove Germany's chief ally, and it would extinguish Bulgaria and Turkey as a flaming match is extinguished in the ocean.

They would be instantly isolated, and the terms to be offered them would await their unconditional surrender. But even if Austria could not be induced to submit, there was still the possibility that Hungary might cut the painter, sever her connection with Austria, and make for herself whatever arrangements might be possible. But Hungary would not be likely to do this if Roumania should once intervene. Roumania would demand territorial advantages, in other words her price, and the price would have to be paid at the cost of Hungary. So long as there was any possibility that Hungary might sue for a separate peace it was obviously the part of wisdom to avoid the creation of a new creditor who must eventually be paid by Hungary herself. Nothing could be better calculated to drive Hungary to desperation than a new situation that would make her surrender of no avail. Now this may be the explanation of Roumania's delay. She may have been held back by the Allies in their desire to raise no obstacles to the hoped-for retirement of Hungary. That the delay has now come to an end may be due, on this theory, to one of two causes. Either the Allies may have decided to wait no longer, or they may have found some way to reward Roumania without menace to the interests of Hungary. One thing at least seems certain. The Hungarian people must be wondering why they are at war. Of all the belligerents they are the most inoffensive and unaggressive. Loyalty to a political partner is good, but it may be carried too far, and there are evidently Hungarian statesmen who think that it has already been carried too far. Every nation now at war sees certain definite benefits that must result from victory—except Hungary. There is no adjacent territory that Hungary covets. In point of fact she covets nothing. She has neither ambitions nor projects that could antagonize any one. No one has ever suggested any benefit to Hungary from the war except the dubious benefit of seeing Germany in occupation of Belgium, and Austria with more of those Slav peoples who have already worked her ruin. Hungary went to war from an honourable sentiment, but it was a sentiment toward her partner Austria, and not toward Germany. She may well think that she has now done her whole duty, and that she can do nothing more for Austria, but perhaps a good deal for herself.

THE situation is in the hands of Russia, and Russia is the master of all devious diplomacies. It looks as though there were a good deal more in the situation than the mere addition of a new belligerent. It is quite within the power of Russia to reward Roumania by giving up to her Besarabia, and so avoiding a new threat to Hungary. It is also within the power of Russia to offer something to Bulgaria that might call her out of the fray. She might persuade Roumania to cede the Dobruja to Bulgaria in return for Besarabia, which would be infinitely more valuable. Roumania filched the Dobruja, or part of it, from Bulgaria after the last Balkan war, and Bulgaria would much like to have it back. Russia could well afford to give up Besarabia in return for an agreement with Bulgaria and the possibility of tempting Hungary. Bulgaria may have been proof against such blandishments while the roseate dream of a participation in world conquest still persisted. But a change must have come over the spirit of that dream by this time. She has seen herself confronted with an army of nearly a million men in the south, and practically denied the help of her great allies. And now she finds that her whole northern frontier is menaced by a new and powerful enemy and that Russia has the command of a high road over that frontier. The King of Bulgaria is by no means a fool. He is only an extraordinarily cunning man, and of the kind of cunning that always over-reaches itself. He led his country to disaster during the Balkan wars, and no one knows better than he that he can not do that twice, and that a second fiasco will cost him his throne, and probably his life. How far Germany may be in practical control of Bulgaria it is hard to say, but at the risk of being tiresome it may be repeated once more that

the probabilities of Bulgaria joining the Allies were never so strong as they are now. It may easily be one of that series of spectacular events that will bring the war to a close. Bulgaria may be able to strike a few shrewd blows here and there, but she must know well that her position is absolutely hopeless, that she has not the chance of the proverbial snowball in Hades. The war has never been popular among the Bulgarians, who have not even yet realized that they are fighting on the side of the Turks and against the Russians. It would be a great triumph for Russian diplomacy if she could produce a state of concord between Roumania, Bulgaria, Serbia, and Montenegro and weld them into a Balkan Slav federation. It is almost certain that she has been trying to do so. It is likely that she has been holding back Roumania in that hope, and it is also likely that she now looks to Roumanian intervention as the final demonstration to Bulgaria as well as to Hungary of the hopelessness of their position. It is therefore well to bear in mind that there may be more in the present situation than the addition of a new nation and a new army, that it may be another turn of the screw to force both Bulgaria and Hungary to ask for terms that would not be onerous, and that might even give to Bulgaria a place in that Slav union that lies always near to the heart of Russian diplomacy.

SOME such theory as this would go far to account for the curious situation now in Greece and the delay in the Allied advance that seemed to have begun seriously some two weeks ago. The delay may be caused by unreadiness, which seems unlikely; it may be due to the expectation of Roumanian help and the desire for a concerted advance; or we may find the reason in an unwillingness to press Bulgaria too hard at some critical diplomatic moment. But in the meantime when we hear of Bulgarian successes, and of the capture by Bulgarians of various towns it is well to value the news by a glance at the map. The Allied line runs in a rough semicircle from Florina to Seres, a distance of about 150 miles. The left wing at Florina was held by the Serbians and these were ordered to fall back after a brief resistance, and they did so, leaving Florina and Banitsa in Bulgarian hands. But all the other Bulgarian successes were not against the Allies at all, but against the Greeks, with the exception of an outpost fight at Seres. The Bulgarians came from the northeast and moved against Kavala, which is to the east of the extremity of the Allied right wing. The Greek troops were instructed not to resist, and were assured that whatever territory was occupied by the Bulgarians would be restored. None the less the Greek forces did resist and so defied the king, and it is evident that they have the support of the people behind them. The situation is still chaotic, but at the moment of writing it seems as though Greece were actually at war with Bulgaria. The Allied forces proper have been in contact with the Bulgarians only at Doiran at the northernmost arc of the semicircle, and here the Allies seem to have been successful. Assuming that some sort of negotiations with Bulgaria are now going on and that those negotiations

will fail, then it is evident that the Allies intend to press northward up the Vardar River toward Uskub, with a view to cutting the international railroad. But it is to be remembered that this would have no immediate effect against Austria except a moral one, and that the main objective of the war in the east is now to crush Austria. At the same time the cutting of the international railroad would have a profoundly depressing effect in Germany, and the state of the public mind is quite as important a factor as the victories and defeats of armies. The greatest possible Allied triumph would be the peaceful detachment of Bulgaria. It might easily mean the end of the war.

THE Russians have either been held recently or they have been crouching for another spring. The probabilities are that they have been held and that Von Hindenburg's strategy has been bearing fruit. For the war south of the Pripet Marsh is not wholly a matter of hard hitting. Russia is somewhat in the position of a fighter who tries to overcome his opponent by rushing at him with outstretched arms in the hope to envelop him. One of those arms is represented by the forces that are attacking Kovel. The other arm is creeping west along the foothills of the Carpathians. The Austrian armies are almost within the circle of those arms, and Von Hindenburg's first care must be to extricate them before they close. He must not only withdraw those armies in the best shape possible until some defensible line can be found, but he must also check the movements of the arms themselves, either by direct resistance or by some counter threat. He seems to be doing both. On the Stokhod River he is fiercely resisting the encircling advance of the northern arm, but there is another danger in the south that Brusiloff is evidently doing his best to ward off. It is evident that as the Russian forces are advancing westward along the line of the Carpathians they are exposing themselves to a damaging attack from the south and through the Carpathian passes from Hungary. It was an attack of this same kind, but from the west instead of the south, that compelled the Grand Duke to withdraw in such precipitate haste from Hungary. Now we do not know what forces the Germans might be able to bring from Hungary in order to cut the lengthening Russian line that is creeping westward. But the Russians are evidently aware of the possibility of such an attempt, and this accounts for the desperate fighting to control the passes. It is of no use for the wrestler to enfold his opponent if he leaves himself open to a paralyzing blow on the elbow. The Russians can not proceed indefinitely along the line of the Carpathians without guarding themselves against an attack from the south. But if they can seize the passes and fortify them they will then be secure. And this must be done before their westward-moving Carpathian line becomes too long and attenuated. And unless it can be done quickly the Austrian armies in the centre will find the new and defensible line for which they are looking, and probably it will be in front of Lemberg. The aim of Von Hindenburg is then to hold back the encircling arms north and south, at Kovel and the

Carpathians, until their prey shall have escaped. And the present indications are that he is succeeding in doing this. But if he does no more than this it will be a negative victory. It will be the avoidance of one more crushing disaster. But if he can break the Russian line along the Carpathians it will be a definite and unquestionable success.

And here we see the vital bearing of Roumanian intervention upon the Russian campaign. Roumania not only threatens Bulgaria on the south, but she threatens also Hungary on the north and west. With that threat an imminent one she is acting as a shield to the Russian armies north of the Carpathians. She is likely effectually to prevent the sending of Teuton forces northward through the passes. If there were sufficient German forces in Hungary they could guard against a Roumanian invasion and still strike northward through the Carpathians upon the Russian flank. But we know that there are no such Teuton forces in Hungary nor are there forces elsewhere that can be sent there. Even before the action of Roumania there was not a single Teuton front anywhere that was not badly in need of reinforcements. And now comes a new army of nearly a million men, opening up two completely new fronts, nearly seven hundred miles in length, and exercising a powerful bearing upon two of the already existing fronts in Bulgaria and Russia. The possibilities are so colossal as to stagger the imagination.

ROUMANIA'S plan of campaign is yet uncertain. The bulletins speak of an incursion into Transylvania, and it is to be noted that nearly all the authoritative commentators, such as Take Jonescu, of Roumania, and Gabriele Hanotau, of France, speak of Transylvania as among the Roumanian prizes of war. It is significant that there should be such unanimity of statement. It looks almost like a warning to Hungary that she is at the eleventh hour of her fate and that she must pay the Roumanian bill if it once reaches the point of presentation. But it may be repeated that the factor of greatest moment is the road that has now been opened for a Russian advance into the Balkans. We need no longer compare the forces of France and England now in Greece with those of Bulgaria. Such calculations are swamped and made of no moment by the sudden disappearance of the dam which until now has held back the Russian flood. For many months Russia has been massing her men at the northern tip of Roumania to the east of Czernowitz. Steady streams of munitions have been pouring into Roumania from Russia, and those streams have become very much larger since the opening of Archangel. It is hard to resist the conviction that the group of events that we have just witnessed, the declaration of war by Italy against Germany, the sending of Italian troops to the Balkans, the intervention of Roumania, are the deliberated and foreseen moves in the great game of diplomacy, all of them directed toward the elimination of Austria and each of them played successively and with cumulative force. But at least one thing seems certain. Bulgaria must make peace at once or be exterminated. Probably she can still save herself, but she must be quick.

## STILL ANOTHER WAR PROPHECY

By THE MONOCLE MAN

HARD-HEADED Hindenburg, watching the defeat of the flower of the German army on the Somme, was a significant figure which will loom large and lowering across the film of history. It may not be painted—for it is a figure typifying defeat. Yet, again, it may be painted by artists of nations yet unborn, as the centre of a grim and tragic scene in the Great War—much as we paint Brutus at Philippi. If we could photograph the brain of a man in action, and throw the picture on a screen, we might have, in our photograph of the mental processes of Hindenburg on the Somme, an actual portrayal of the turning point in the war. For it is quite possible that, as Hindenburg saw his Prussians, Bavarians and Saxons—and brave Brandenburgers—hurled back by the irresistible poitus of France and the dogged British "Tommies," he came, right at that time and place, to his final decision to abandon the war on the Western front and seek victory—or defeat—in the East.

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HINDENBURG is an Eastern front man. He was a specialist on the Mazurian Lake region before he retired to his Hanoverian beer garden. He was not called out of his retirement at the opening of the war—the Kaiser did not think he would need him. But when the gallant Russians hurled an army

into East Prussia before it was dreamed they could be ready to fight at all, for the purpose of relieving the pressure on Paris, the Kaiser remembered Hindenburg and his "fad" for Mazurian Lake strategy, and summoned him to take command in that district. There Hindenburg won his renown. And the remarkable thing is that he has kept it. Mackensen did work during his sweep across Galicia and Poland which should have eclipsed "the lion of the north"; but it did not. Again, it was Mackensen who ploughed up plucky Serbia, Hindenburg remaining idle on the Dwina. Still Hindenburg retained his place as the German hero of the war. And when the Kaiser once more found himself in a tight place, being caught by the sudden irruption of Roumania into the fighting, he sent for—not Mackensen—but Hindenburg, and made him ruler over all his armies.

The selection of von Hindenburg to replace Falkenhayn was a magnificent choice. Hindenburg stands for the importance of the Eastern front. He would never have attacked Verdun. It is not likely that he believes either that France can be worn out or that Britain can be cowed. He would—if acting wholly on his own judgment—transfer the weight of the German armies to the East, and finish the war there

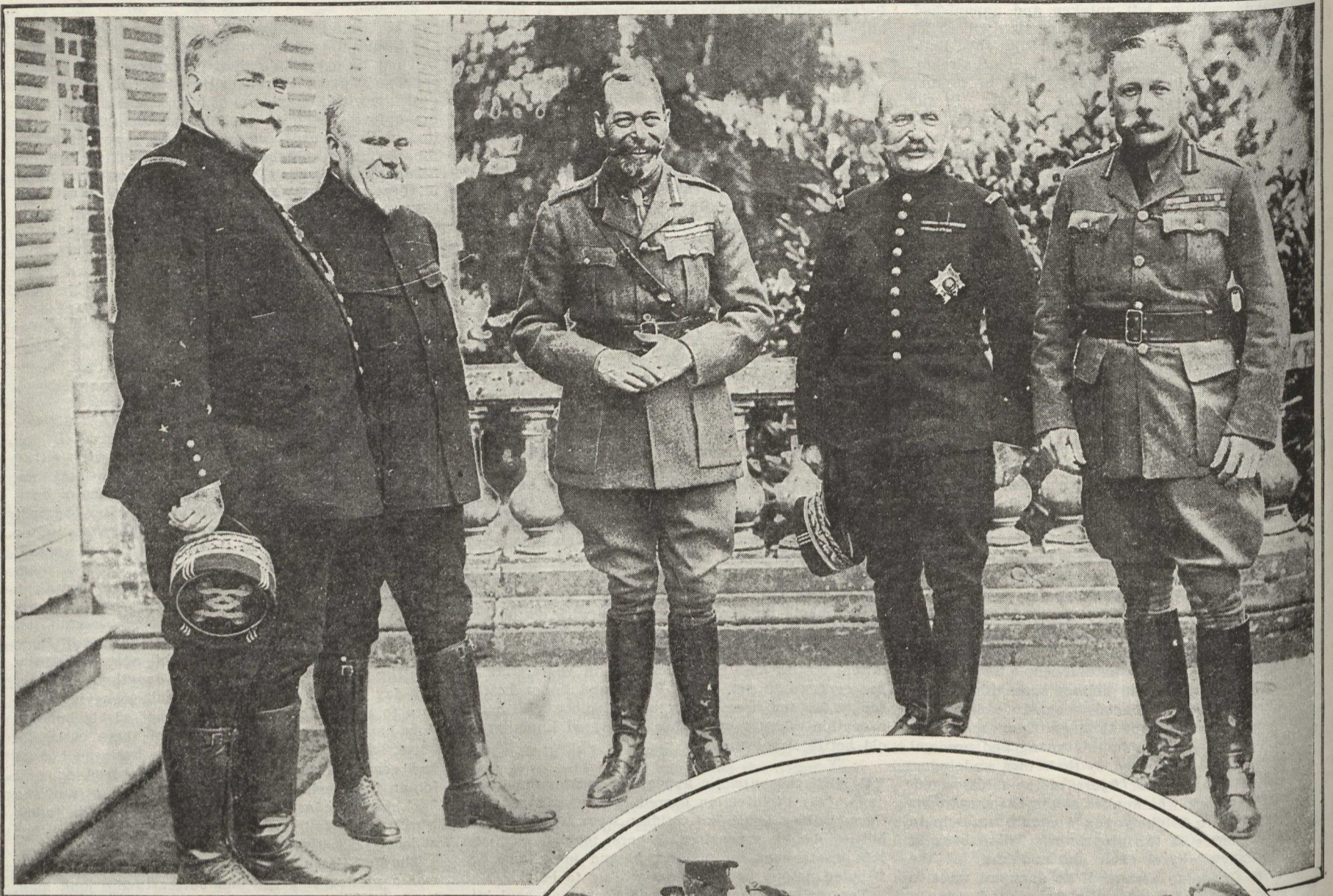
—if possible. Everybody knew this when he was chosen as Generalissimo. A new danger had arisen in the East and the Kaiser sent for an Eastern man—just as he sent for a Mazurian Lake man to meet a danger amidst the Mazurian Lakes. But the great and significant difference between the two cases was that the Mazurian Lake man was given command of only the Mazurian Lake army, while the Eastern front man was given command of the entire German forces.

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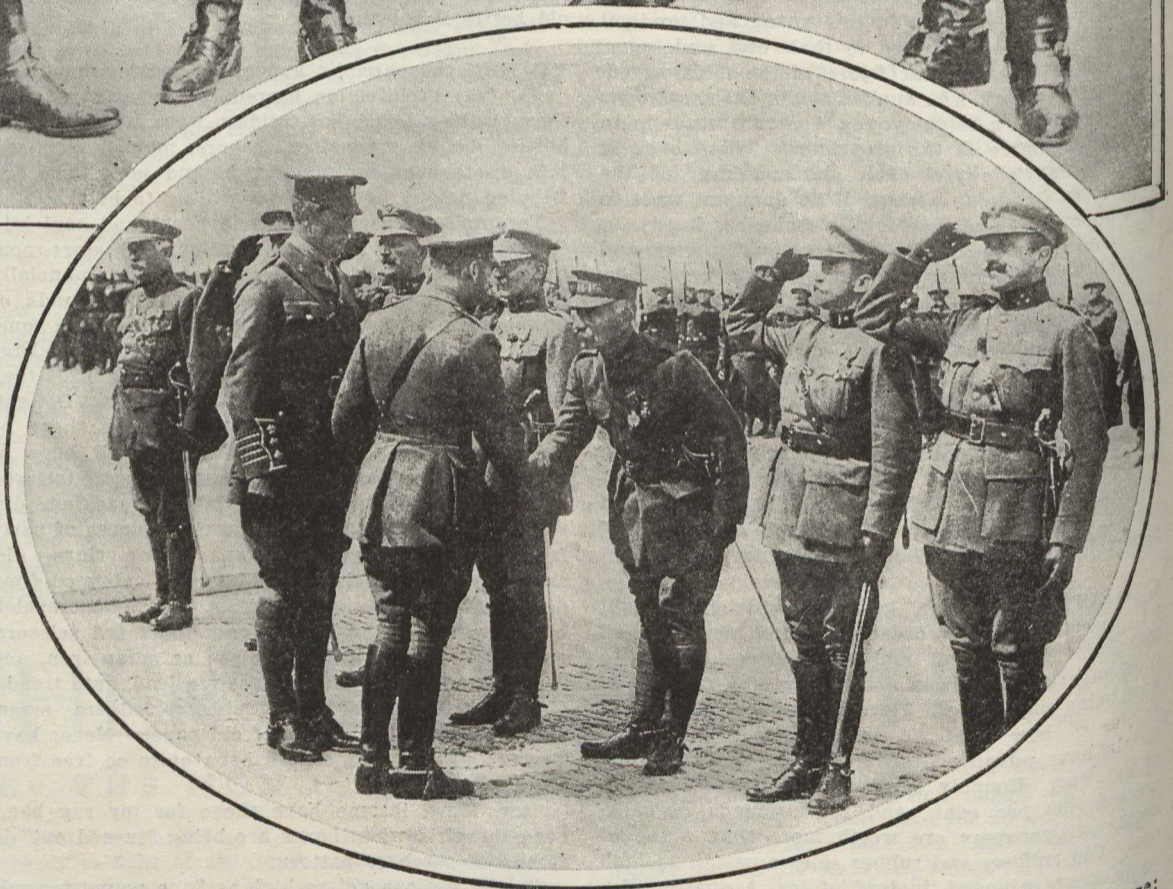
THIS probably means that Hindenburg will use the whole German army to meet the new Eastern danger. He probably intended to do so when appointed. But recent events on the Somme and the Meuse will have strengthened this resolve. That is why his tall and striking figure, watching the Allied rush toward Combes, meant so much. He may then have said to himself: "It is of no use. We can not hold them here. We had better sell them what they want until we reach a line we dare not abandon—say, the line of the Meuse—a line which we can hold with a million fewer men. Then I can throw my released million into the real battlefield of this war, the East." Joffre calculated lately that the Germans had two millions and a half on the Western front, and only one million and a hundred and fifty



## OUR ARMIES, GREAT AND SMALL



**S**UCH simultaneous smiles from so many distinguished war people caught by a single camera can have only one ultimate meaning—Victory. Allowing for the evident pose arranged by the photographer, it is certain that Joffre, on the extreme left, would not smile so unless he were feeling inclined that way by recent events on the Western front. He is too grimly busy a man for mere poses. President Poincaré is always urbane and is particularly so here. There's a reason. King George does not always smile so cordially. He sometimes



King Albert, head of the littlest army on the Western front, introduces his generals to King George; a brave, soldierly remnant of a great little staff whose heroism has been and still is inspired by the gallant head of a long-suffering and stricken people.



H. R. H. the Duke of Connaught also smiling at the garden party given in honour of his farewell last week to Toronto, at Government House in that city.

has a sad look. His recent investigations along the Western front have given him the right to smile, as the commander-in-chief of the potentially greatest army on that front. Gen. Foch, next to him, looks a trifle grimmer. Next to Joffre, he is the biggest French general. According to despatches of a correspondent in the New York Tribune, he is a most remarkable personality. General Foch is only five feet six inches in height. What first impresses the person who looks at him is his eye. He has a large, well-shaped head, rather thin iron grey hair, and a broad, high forehead. His nose is large, his mouth wide and straight. His moustache comes down over the corners of his mouth and then points straight up to his eyes. From any point of view his chin is massive. His eyes are grey, set wide apart, and have that appearance of boring through one, and

while they bore they burn, and all the time they smile. Truly, wonderful eyes. At this headquarters "somewhere in France" there is no fussiness, no trappings to warn the interviewer that he is in the neighbourhood of one of the great directors of the mighty struggle.

During a battle General Foch is to be found in his big room at headquarters. He stands before one of those large scale maps with a pencil in his hand, and the telephone receiver at his ear. His staff stands in a semi-circle behind him. There is perfect silence, and the only movement is of the general's pencil on the map as he follows the battle and ponders the detail of the district where the fighting goes on. Sir Douglas Haig, at the extreme right, is a commanding figure. His smile is a mere twinkle. But there is an immense reserve of strength behind it.

# WORK FOR WOMEN—REAL AND FANCY

**“REAL** Work for Women” is the title of an article in an English newspaper which aroused great indignation, according to “Martha,” is done on the farm, in munition factories—it is, in short, the manual labour formerly sacred to the uneducated male.

“Real work, indeed!” says the mother of six, bristling with indignation. “I like to see ‘Martha’ run my house for a while!”

“Real work!” says the principal of a university for women. “Surely education is the chief thing in life, and never have such important positions been open to girls with a college education!”

**WHICH** is most needful, the work of the hands or the work of the head, the work of women in the home, or the labour they are performing for the absent men? Pondering these thoughts we approached the Women’s Building at the Canadian National Exhibition. Here we would see all that is typical of the activities of the Canadian woman and sacred to her sphere. How different after two years of war this building will be, since knitting has replaced embroidery and hospital dressings monopolized the time devoted to patch-work and lace.

**BUT**, to our surprise, the long avenue of cases filled as in former years with bed-spreads of elaborate linen crochet, with patch-work quilts of silk and cotton—even of cigarette trophies. There were also drawn-work doilies, be-ribboned tea cosys, poetical pillow-shams—this in war time! Useful handicrafts such as plain knitting were not in evidence, but there seemed to be no scarcity of hand-painted ornaments decorated with roses and bunches of grapes. We felt that we had seen those very articles last year and the year before last, and go on back to the dim days when, grasping our mother’s skirt, we gazed at them in admiration. Possibly in those days we might have appreciated the case of silk-embroidered cushions, especially one which received a first prize; but then nearly every entry in this class won a prize! A cupid floating on a background of black satin, his body solidly embroidered in shaded grey silk, his face in pink, and a tray which he carried aloft, in approximately natural shades. Roses figured prominently in this case, sometimes padded into high relief that they might effectively leave their imprint on any soft cheek that rashly rested upon them. Nor was there lacking a certain spirit—is it patriotism which spends itself embroidering crossed flags on a square of khaki?

**THE** school children’s artistic efforts, shown in the same building, cannot be too highly commended, but amateur painting should have no place in an exhibition. There were, however, some good examples of handicrafts, interesting bits of pottery decorated in original designs, and odd pieces of wood-carving and inlay. The best collection of handicrafts was contributed by the Women’s Art Association, and included a mixture of everything from homespun to jewelry. But there was only one exhibit that suggested even remotely that the country is at war, and that was Lady Eaton’s case of soldiers’ comforts, a timely reminder of the acceptable gifts to send our boys—mufflers and house-wives, fruit cake and jams, socks knit by hand and by machine, the latter made by the Duchess of Connaught herself, who has set the example of devoting this plethora of fancy-work, we believe that there are few women who have not devoted much of their time to war work. It seems invidious to praise a few where all have done so nobly, yet there has come to our notice this week a story of the sympathetic service of a lady who will replace in position, and possibly rival in Patricia; the tale of what another lady who bears a famous name has done for our brave soldiers overseas.

**A Model Military Chapter**  
 NONE but soldiers’ wives, mothers and sisters may belong to the Military Chapter of the Daughters of the Empire in Calgary, and this has ensured unusual devotion, for their Red Cross department is busy, not one but six days every week, even during the holiday season, and five sewing machines are kept constantly busy by

the 150 members, who, divided into working units of 12 to 15, have furnished over nine thousand articles, paying for all the materials. Much of the investigating for the Patriotic Fund of that district through deep snow and over rough roads was done by these courageous women, and the sum of \$1,776 was paid out to soldiers’ families before the inception of the Patriotic Fund, thereby relieving great distress.

**SINCE** September, 1914, this Chapter has raised \$8,903.50 by means of Military Tournaments, Tag Days, Band Concerts, Bridges, Teas and personal donations, which have been applied chiefly to the Red Cross Society, Returned Veterans’ Home, and Servian Fund. They also furnished magazines and papers to the C. E. F. and presented the colours to the 137th Battalion of Calgary. The officers of the Chapter who have held office continually since its organization are: Mrs. Ernest Cruikshank, wife of Brigadier-General Cruikshank, G. O. C. of M. D. No. 13, Alberta; 1st Vice-Regent, Mrs. Geo. MacDonald, wife of Lieut.-Col. MacDonald, O. C. 12th O. M. R.; 2nd Vice-Regent, Mrs. A. T. Linton, wife of Major A. T. Linton, 103rd Calgary Rifles; Secretary, Miss Ethel Egbert, daughter of Dr. W. Egbert, Hon. Paymaster, 103rd Calgary Rifles; Treasurer, Mrs. H. J. Robie, wife of Major H. J. Robie, 137th Overseas Battalion, C. E. F., Calgary. Two of the members are overseas—Mrs. Bell, wife of Colonel Bell, of the 31st Overseas Battalion, and Mrs. Stanley Jones, wife of the late Major Stanley Jones, Princess Pats., but whether at home or abroad every member of this energetic Chapter is “doing her bit” and setting an example of consecrated industry.

### Lady Byron

**I**N the earliest days of the war a great scarcity of matches was evident, and, knowing the dire disaster this would prove to Tommy, Lady Byron immediately procured and sent 10,000 boxes, with—“A match for a matchless soldier, from Lady Byron,” printed on each box.

Letters which she received from scores of the lucky regiment, from the Colonel to the newest Tommy, in eager thanks, and sometimes even the little empty boxes returned, after having been carried through Mons and other heavy encounters, proved what a very happy thought this had been. Christmas came, with its cold, penetrating winds, and Lady Byron packed up 1,000 warm, brown woollen sweaters, and forwarded them to the 9th Buffs. “A warm greeting from Lady Byron,” on the little card attached to each, must have added a glow to both heart and body. Plum puddings by the 50s and 100s found their way to the men in the trenches from the same source, and the subtle, never-failing pleasure derived from many a thousand cigarettes came as a message of cheer to the men at the front from Lady Byron.

**ONE** of the largest and most far-reaching pieces of work has been the establishment of a Rest Home for military nurses on furlough. Built on the edge of Hampstead Heath, with its bracing air and its delicious fragrance of things growing, Sisters, exhausted with the terrible strain of war, become rested; ears dulled by the terrible song of artillery

(Concluded on page 28.)



Lady Byron, whose husband is a descendant of the great poet. She is one of the most interesting war workers in England, and has carried out original plans.



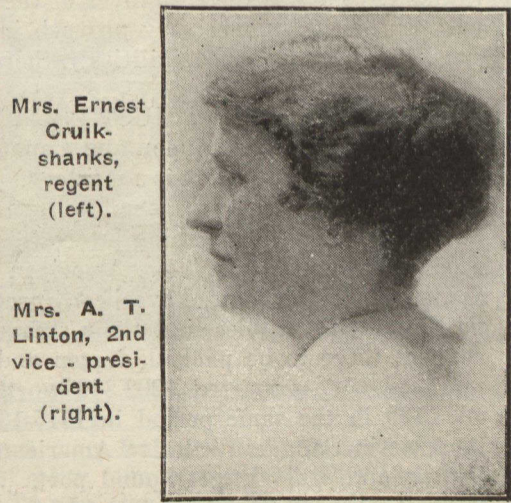
Lady Maud Cavendish, eldest daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire, bringing a light meal to one of her patients at Blakewell Red Cross Hospital. Lady Maud cycles from Chatsworth every morning, bringing with her many delicacies, and her kindness is much appreciated by the Tommies. She will probably accompany her parents to Canada.



Officers of the Military Chapter, I.O.D.E., Calgary.



Mrs. H. J. Robie, treasurer (left).



Mrs. Ernest Cruikshank, regent (left).

Mrs. A. T. Linton, 2nd vice-president (right).

# E D I T O R I A L

ONE OF THE THINGS to be hoped for in this country is the appearance of mills and factories on the prairies. Such a development would have certain interesting effects: By easing the prairies of their dependence on Ontario factories it would tend to reduce the friction between the East and the West; by creating a local industrial interest it would encourage in the West a more nearly sympathetic and comprehending attitude toward tariff matters; by making western cities producers as well as brokers and distributors it would create large and steady local markets for certain products of western farms; by increasing the number of alternatives from which the western boy might choose a career it would tend to counteract the spirit of restless migration, a spirit which is useful only up to a certain point. In other words, it would help the population in each district to "take root." By increasing the variety of productive occupations it would not merely reduce the possibilities of "crop failures," but would ultimately foster the growth of the arts, a growth which is by no means unrelated to the mundane foundations of an all-round community.

And this consummation is by no means a dream. Heavy manufacturing might never cross the Red River, but for light industries there is already a list of raw materials. We read that on the chief river in Manitoba—the Winnipeg—175,000 continuous 24-hour horse-power can be obtained, and 313,000 horse-power under a proposed river-regulation scheme. In Saskatchewan and Alberta the North Saskatchewan River yields 14,700 horse-power at one point. A single installation on the Bow, in Alberta, yields 15,000 horse-power. The possibilities are infinite.

In the West, quite as much as in Ontario, a Hydro-Electric policy co-ordinated with an immigration policy might, after the war, achieve important results.

AFTER ALL, CHILDREN ARE NOT TOYS for parents. A motto to this effect should be printed on suitable cards and issued by the Government to family doctors to be slipped secretly, at appropriate times, into the palms of new possessors of infants. In the old world the nations, surrounded by infinite possibilities of war and hardship, learned to regard their children seriously as the future trustees of national aspirations and traditions. In the new world, remote from enemies, surrounded by easier conditions of living, there has been a tendency to regard children as mere objects of affection. Pretty pegs on which to hang our love, our pride, and our hopes. The Americans have become a race of sentimentalists, "emotional dram-drinkers," paranoics and materialists partly because Americans are bad parents. It is not we that condemn them, but their children. We Canadians tend to imitate Americans and it's time we stopped.

It is good for man to play with his children. It is bad for his children to be played with too much. The Lord didn't invent them to make vaudeville for dotting parents, to be exhibited to the neighbours in showy clothing and prompted to make speeches or lisp songs for the entertainment of callers. The children of the great in England are as carefully shielded as prize colts on a Canadian farm. They live quietly, hidden away from the living rooms where their sire may, if he must, lose his temper and their dam exercise her skill in scandal-mongering. They are at least given half a chance to preserve their nervous systems until they are fourteen years of age. But under the American system, which we tend to copy, we produce St. Vitus dancers at fourteen, neurotics at twenty, neurasthenics at twenty-five and divorcees at thirty. The parent who foregoes the pleasure of constant fondling, and suffers the pain of denying the apple of his or her eye the bauble it thinks it wants, is the true lover of the child. Spare the rod and spoil the child is an unnecessary proverb in houses where children are regarded as moral responsibilities rather than toys.

AMERICANS HAVE JUST ESCAPED being prohibited from buying Canadian salmon and Canadian halibut. What saved them at the last minute is a mystery. What lay behind this attempted Washington enactment was not spite, as might first have appeared, but anxiety for American fishing interests. The best halibut waters on the Pacific Coast are Canada's. American fishing vessels, being unable to elude our police boats, have been forced to operate out of our ports, getting their supplies and their crews there and leaving their finny cargoes there to be packed, frozen and shipped through to American markets. We exported \$202,340 worth in (11 months) 1913-14, and \$333,129 in the same period in 1915-16. Every dollar of this serious increase in Canadian sales to Americans was so much lost business to Seattle and other Puget Sound ports. The story of Canadian salmon is even more interesting. Though our sales of canned salmon to Am-

ericans are falling away to almost nothing, our exports of dog salmon and fresh salmon have risen in the period just referred to, from \$193,449 to \$486,406.

These figures illumine the attempted action of the American Senate.

THE SHELF WAS HIGH. The books on it had not been opened for a long time. The volume plucked down was shabby, binding faded, title half worn off, dust on the upper edges. The book had been long neglected. It looked heavy, dumb, lifeless, dead. Its covers almost creaked with age as they opened.

But their opening was like a flash of sunlight on a dripping oar. Three lines leapt to the eye and sang into the inner ears:

"And down the long and silent street  
The Dawn with silver sandalled feet  
Crept like a frightened girl."

There are not many more beautiful descriptive passages in many books. There were others in that same dull-looking, shabby volume. How—who could have said that book was dead? Like a modest philosopher, its covers had to be opened.

SUPPOSE SOMEBODY SAID to a high school boy, "Here, son, I'll pay all the expenses of a university course for you. Come on. Jump in. I'll drive you to the Registrar's office right away."

That boy would have to choose between Arts, Medicine, Practical Science, Law—and so on. Before choosing he would have to say what career he wished to follow.

So now Lord Robert Cecil and Sir George E. Foster talk of the "world-wide tariff scheme," which the Allies will draw up. Canada is to have her place in it. Her representatives will ask and obtain tariff concessions from her Allies, and will in turn grant return favours.

But what favours are we to set our hearts on? And what favours shall we be bound to withhold. Our free traders would gladly open wide our tariff doors to outside manufacturers. Our extreme Protectionists would keep out all but those things most necessary to Canadian industry. One class of Canada would take advantage of the occasion to get new markets for our wheat. Another would say: we must "feed" our wheat to a great Canadian population and sell the product of the labour which the wheat has made possible.

In other words, what career do we seek for Canada? A vendor of raw materials only? An agriculturist only? Or an industrial career? And if industrial—along what special lines?

We are like the lad. We must get into our heads some sort of notion about our future. One can't go a journey without an objective of some sort.

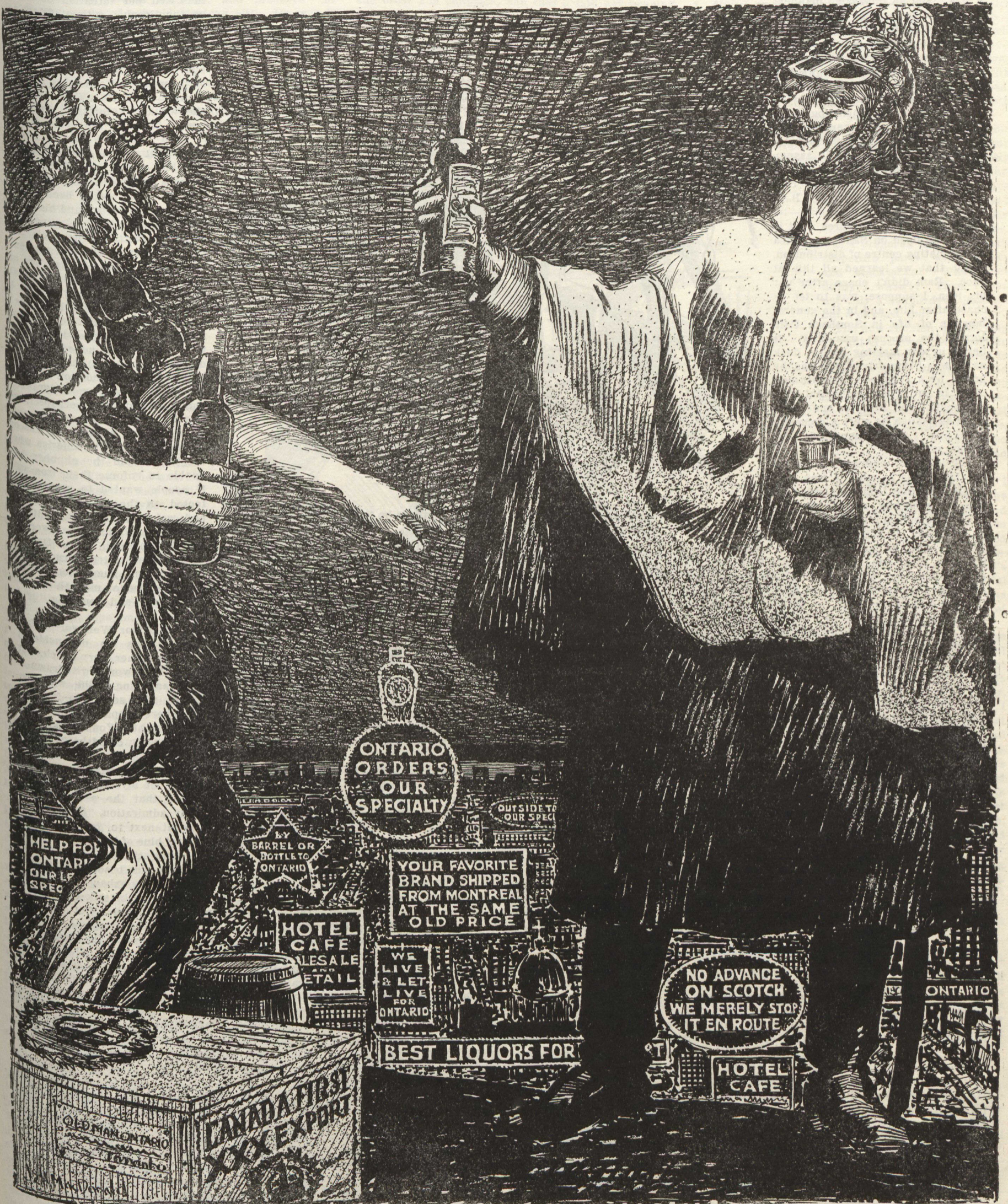
WE HAVE A BRAND of economic experts nowadays who seem to be particularly fond of making predictions. Whenever a big crop seems a sure thing in any large area of the country these wise sociological investigators proceed to tell us exactly how, by means of a tremendous income from the land, the farmers will begin to pay off their mortgage indebtedness and acquire wealth in the form of capital investment for the future. Which, of course, always makes the average man feel optimistic, which we all like to do. And if crops were always good and human nature always logically thrifty we might take the prognostications of these comfortable experts as our regular pabulum of good cheer.

Unfortunately, crops are not always good, and human nature sometimes strikes some curious parabolic curves in economies when they are. So that the rosy predictions of the expert always need careful revision in the light of facts even in the best of years. When crops are less bountiful than in boom years the same experts tell us a far different story. When they strike a run of poor crops over a fairly large area they at once begin to dilate on the privations and destitutions that are sure to arise. The more flamboyant the expert happened to be in a boom year, the more dismal his croakings in a year of some poor crops. That is the peculiarity of this brand of expert. He is neither a consistent bull nor a bear. He is an extremist. It matters very little to him for the sake of argument whether he drives us to one extremity or the other. He is not anxious to educate us. He is more intent on exciting us, and he would as lief do it one way as the other. What we are looking for now is a school of economic experts who will analyze conditions constructively year by year, who will believe that the average individual is not a mere alarmist believing in some supernatural agency of good or bad times outside the collective energies and wisdom of the community.

# THE TOAST MUTUAL

Midnight on Mount Royal, September 16th, 1916

DRAWN BY J. E. H. MACDONALD



**KAISER:** The Drys are driving you out von Bachaus. You have lost Russia, France, part of England, and all the bars between the Rockies and Ottawa. Ontario was your Canadian headquarters, too. Mein Gott! how your lines are shortening.

**BACCHUS:** Speaking from experience, dear Billikins, you've lost Roumania, Italy has declared war, Bulgaria and Turkey are in a bad way, and that little Greece spot is pretty nearly rubbed out. I won't advise you to take a little of your own medicine. The best thing you can do is to take as much of mine as possible. Billikins, here's to our last great stamping-grounds. To you, the Rhine. To me—the St. Lawrence.

# A BOLT FROM THE BLUE

By LLOYD OSBORNE

Illustrations by E. Fuhr

HE was very tall and thin and black and intellectual looking, with expressionless eyes and an impassive manner; and in time (everything took time in Santa Dominica, the earthquake was the only thing that ever really hustled us), and in time we awoke to the fact that we had a Prophet in our midst. That he was an East Indian was much sooner apparent. When you see a smoke-coloured gentleman in a turban and vague, white underpinning, you cannot go far wrong in assuming him to be a child of the Orient. What we later realized was that Ram Zafaryab Chadderjee, B.A., was the bearer of its treasures—its moral and mystic treasures, that is—and had fixed on Santa Dominica as a radiating centre of distribution.

Not that we learned all this at once. Ram didn't chase after us; his idea, I suppose, was to let us chase after him, and in the general languor of life in Southern California, the process was slow. It began by our meeting him at dusk as he was being driven in a shabby buggy by a Japanese servant; and often, in our crude Occidental way, we would honk him to one side, more as though he were a domestic road hog than an imported East Indian prophet.

But soon, of course, we got to speculating as to who he was, and where he came from, and what he was for generally, and by degrees worked ourselves into a mild frenzy of curiosity. It grew frenzier and frenzier when it came out that he was living in the Grierson place—an immense and lonely house four miles from town, which had been built years before and never occupied, the story going that some millionaire had intended it for his son who had died of consumption before he could be brought West. This may have been a legend, but at any rate the Grierson place had never been inhabited, and stood as solitary on its hill as a tomb.

Here on the lower floor the Prophet was said to be installed, and the description of his abode varied with the imagination of the narrator. Some would have it a scene of Oriental luxury, a satrap's camp, with scented fountains, priceless rugs, and mysterious tapestries behind which voices hushed, and feminine forms rustled as you obtruded your prying nose. Others declared that Ram slept on the bare stones, an ascetic saint, and ate nothing but a little boiled horse feed. I rode up there one day to see what it was like for myself, but all I found was a ghostly stillness and a freshly painted board with "Silence" on it. I suppose a gentleman oughtn't to have tried the doors, which were locked, or have rapped loudly with his crop against the windows, or have cried out "Halloo, there," in the tone of a chauffeur backing his car into an old lady—but all this I did, and did in vain, as far as raising a pin-feather of Ram Zafaryab Chadderjee, B.A.

MRS. MARTINGALE was more successful, and I cannot help thinking that her resplendent motor played its part in bridging the gulf. That the Prophet allowed himself to be discovered by the richest, the most fashionable, and certainly one of our most charming women spoke well for his powers of divination. But he refused all her lures, explaining with what Mrs. Martingale termed "a beautiful graciousness" that a Prophet could not be expected to call, or lunch, or be put up at the Country Club. He was here, he explained, in answer to some faithful hearts—unknown, precious, longing hearts—that had been attuned to his across the void of half a world. Mrs. Martingale, who was always delightfully impulsive, and always delightfully eager to be first in everything, wanted to know what about her own, and was piqued to find that it had played no part in calling the Prophet to Santa Dominica.

"When that means more to you than that," he had said, indicating the setting sun in contrast to the diamonds at her neck, "then come back to me, and ask again."

"And do you know," bubbled Mrs. Martingale, in telling us all about it at the club, "there was some-



"What was he to do?" he asked, "What was he to do?"

thing so hypnotic and strange about him, so persuasive and irresistible, that if it had been my garnet brooch I believe I would have thrown it down, then and there, and got my heart into tune."

"While he would have picked up the garnets, and put them into his vest pocket," said Tom Martingale, who was a railroad man with few illusions.

"If an angel descended from heaven, and offered Tom a new religion on a gold platter, he'd reach for his gun, and turn in the police alarm," observed Mrs. Martingale, sweetly. "After all, if anybody is to discover a new religion, why shouldn't it be a Hindoo, instead of a German scientist or a Boston professor? Haven't they been contemplating over there for thousands of years, thinking things out on the tops of pillars and mountain peaks? Is it fair to Ram to condemn him before we have heard his side of the case?"

"What is his side of the case?" I asked, for Mrs. Martingale, while full of general information about the Prophet, had not been specially elucidative of his views.

She wrinkled her pretty brows as she tried to recall them.

"He's rather a woolly sort of Prophet," she said at last, "all parable and purr, and with such a sudden, bright, chipmunk way of looking at you that you have to say you understand when you don't. His views? Let me see! That we are all kind of sodden and earthy, and need purifying and uplifting, and can only attain it one step at a time like a baby learning to walk. That is putting it much too plainly, I know, but it's about it. Oh, yes, and a lot more about vegetarianism, and the subordination of the will, and doing everything he says, and walking bare-foot on the grass every morning at dawn, and tuning up generally with the Infinite, whatever that is."

It sounded to me very much like the usual prophet prattle, and my interest in Ram rapidly declined. The women, however, were much more pertinacious in plying Mrs. Martingale with questions, and it was evident from the way that some of them stuck to the subject, that the Hindoo had been wise in choosing Santa Dominica as the scene of his operations. Mrs. Hedley said it was high time we had a spiritual awakening, and Miss Gibbs seemed to think that wireless telegraphy showed it to be a much more complicated universe than we had given it credit for, and asked us to explain (if we could—but couldn't) a true dream she had had of a drowning uncle. Mrs. Wentworth, a pale, high-bred old lady one always associated with lace and smelling salts, told us how you could bury East Indians alive for

indefinite periods, which she could attest by a magazine article she had at home, if she hadn't lost it; and indicated her intention of calling on the Prophet without delay, not to bury him alive, but to sample some of the first baby steps in his new religion. She said this smiling, but not without an underlying seriousness and a sort of faint defiance. Then Miss Gibbs declared she would go, too, and the boom began.

AFTER this we grew accustomed to seeing the Prophet ensconced in touring cars, and surrounded by a cooing band of worshippers. His turban and his sneaky black face made a startling mark amidst all those parasols and French bonnets, and the reverence with which he was treated was not a little galling to behold. But Santa Dominica was too lazy not to be tolerant; and though there was a good deal of chatter and resentment, nothing aggressive was attempted. It was indeed the charm of Santa Dominica that you could be any kind of a fool you liked, and not be bothered by a tyrannical public opinion; and perhaps it was this that had made it such a centre of wealth and culture. It was one of the few places in America where the grocer and the plumber were unable to enforce their iron yoke. If people wanted to prance bare-footed on the grass at daybreak, and welcome the rising sun with Oriental salutations, they were free

to do it to their heart's content in Santa Dominica. The permission may have been a trifle grudging, and I won't say there were not some suggestions of riding prophets on rails, but all ended, as most things ended in Santa Dominica, in talk and touching the bell for the waiter.

It was a shame about Elinor Wentworth, though. Her old-lace-lady mother was too unconsidered a social asset for us to miss her very much, but to have our divine Elinor Wentworth withdrawn from circulation was quite annoying. She was one of those exquisite blondes who seem too fragile, too ethereal, for a world where people eat mutton-chops and have to jostle and fight. You thought of her as a flower, which at a breath could be extinguished forever—as an angel, whose little foot had but touched the earth, and whose fleecy wings were still a-quiver. I am able to let myself go about Elinor, since everybody knows that the personal element never entered into my admiration. She was an insipid little person to sit next to, for after you had gazed into the wonderful blue of her eyes, and gloated over her golden hair, and stifled a gasp at so much radiant perfection, there didn't seem anything left to continue with. She was as exhausting as a lovely landscape, and as impossible to talk to, or at least that is always how I found her. But as a room decoration, as a delicate masterpiece of human faience, Elinor undoubtedly was a joy forever. And so you can imagine my exasperation, all our exasperation, at learning we were never to set eyes on her again, except perhaps in a motor with that sooty Hindoo. Yes, the adherents of the new religion had decided to do without us; their telephones were being disconnected; invitations to dinner came back through the Dead Letter Office; thirty-six of our friends had climbed to a higher plane, and had drawn up the ladder after them.

OF course, Fred McCall was the hardest hit of anybody. Fred, you know, had been engaged to Elinor, and being a specially earth-bound person, had not been included among the elect. He had lost Elinor before he was aware of what had happened. He, and now you could hear him roar for blocks. He wanted something done about it instantly, and raced up to me as a person to do it. I don't know why it is, but bores and nuisances and people with a grievance run to me as naturally as children to their mother. Fred had his lawyers, not to speak of more intimate friends than myself, yet it was I who had to bear the infliction of his bursting heart. Fred, I ought to explain, was the one jarring note



in Santa Dominica. He was a short, thick-set chap, with vigorous tawny hair and an energy that the climate had been unable to quell; he was as disturbing to our aristocratic calm as a bumblebee in a mosquito net. The dream of his life was to make us a second Los Angeles, while it was the dream of ours to stay just as we were, and preserve the drowsy charm of our old Mexican city. He was in the real estate business, and would have been in oil, too, had we allowed him to disfigure the beach with derricks, which we wouldn't.

WELL, there he was, in a highly wrought-up condition, demanding sympathy and assistance. What was he to do? Great Heaven, what was he to do? He had come straight to me as the one person, et cetera—here was Elinor's letter dismissing him. A letter—! And that with a house bought and furnished, and the date set for the wedding! Cruel? Why, it was incredible! They had spirited her away; she had been forced to write it under compulsion; the old lady had never thought him good enough for Elinor, and was now in cahoots with that black scoundrel to break it off. What about breaking him? Taking him by the scuff of the neck, and—

I smoothed Fred down, gave him a cigar, and told him genially that he was a darned fool. To tar and feather the Prophet, or make a martyr of him in some other ignominious fashion, struck me as most unwise. Indirectly it would be an insult to Elinor and her mother, and the worse he lambasted the Hindoo the angrier and more resentful they would feel. After all, what was wanted was not revenge, but to win the girl back. Impugning the old lady's sanity or instituting habeas corpus proceedings were the suggestions of a lunatic. I told Fred that the right way to deal with a prophet was to give him rope, lots of rope—miles.

"There'll be a row in that upper plane before long," I announced. "Prophets don't last, at least modern ones don't, and sooner or later there will be a lady-complication, or a missing diamond stud, or something wrong with the cash box—and then down they'll all come like people in a busted airship."

"But what am I to do in the meantime?" groaned Fred.

"Forget it," I replied, in the vernacular. "That's the basis

of all philosophy, ancient, modern, and to come—forget it. Hustle on your own low-down plane; exert your exuberant talents in getting folks to buy lots; take it from me that it will all come right."

"You seem mighty sure about it," said Fred, dubiously. "Anybody can see that you aren't engaged to a New Religionist." He lapsed into gloom, and then asked, somewhat at random, whether I thought feathers would stick to crude petroleum. "It's so easy to get crude petroleum," he said.

"EASIER than driving any sense into your silly head," I exclaimed, out of all patience. "Here is a situation of great delicacy and complexity, a situation screaming for tact, and you propose to resolve it like a wounded bull. When you are snorting around the arena, stuck all over with little red flags, with Mr. Matador Ram, B.A., uttering shouts of triumph and a delighted audience whooping, then perhaps you'll wish you had listened to muh!"

"I don't like your slangy way of putting things," said Fred. "I am bad enough cut up already without being made a joke of. If you can't help a fellow, just say so, and let it go at that."

"It's you who won't be helped!" I cried. "Now listen: women are always dazzled by renunciation; it appeals to something in them that we don't have; there's a nun-streak in all of them, an innate love of hair shirts and bare boards and half a slice of bread for breakfast, if only you can persuade them it's for their spiritual welfare. You never hear a prophet advocating a full dinner pail or pate de foie gras

and champagne. He lifts his emaciated hand, and says, 'My daughter, you must sacrifice everything!' If he didn't, he'd never get the women! Elinor at first will be very happy up there; the pathos of eternal separation from you will make her deliciously wretched; then she'll begin to get bored and mopy and cross and snappish, and they'll find her peeping over the edge, and wondering what you are doing."

Fred sighed heavily. I really felt very sorry for Fred. It was such a commonplace little romance, his and Elinor's. Rising young real estate man, fluffy blonde of twenty, general conspiracy to throw them together, dinners and dances to help it along, proposal on moonlight picnic with everyone in the secret, modest house with garage on De La Guerra Street, bell of roses and Episcopalian clergyman, honeymoon at Del Monte, steady advance in acre property and resultant prosperity, two tots and a Japanese curse—it all seemed as inevitable as death or taxes. And



"Fred's face was beaming from ear to ear; he hugged me like a bear."

now it was all knocked higher than a kite. I guess poor Fred was entitled to sigh.

"It's been a wonderful comfort to talk to you about it," he said. "Yes, a wonderful comfort. A fellow can't travel far without hope, and I was about all out of mine till you gingered me up. My only idea was to lick the stuffing out of the Hindoo, but you have decided me to leave him alone and wait. Though I hardly know how I am going to do it; waiting is the worst thing I do; it's awful just sitting around and waiting."

"You needn't stop work," I observed. "Of course, you must work. Work is the universal panacea. If it wasn't for work the gutters would be running with blood, and the majority of the human family would be in jail. No, you go out and boom for all you're worth; sing your glad song of climate and opportunity; talk of the profitable orange and the generous beet, and of agricultural gold mines awaiting the tickle of the hoe. Take the enchanted Easterner by the ear, and hold him tight till you've got his wad. Work, my boy, work—and leave the rest to Time."

Fred brightened visibly at the idea. While his fiancée had fallen under the spell of one prophet, here was he surrendering to another! His faith, his acquiescence were immensely flattering. It put me into quite a glow about him—good old Fred. He asked me, with a naive new belief in my omnipotence, for the probable date of Elinor's disillusionment. I answered two months, not caring to shake my position by any appearance of haziness. Well, why not?

A raft of things could happen in two months, and he wouldn't be likely to blame me if the young lady climbed down a little before schedule. But what if it were the other way around? Well, life is all risk, especially for prophets.

LATER on I wished I had kept my good advice for myself, instead of getting excited and wasting it on Fred. Fred ought to have been a curbstone Socialist, he had such a talent for invective. When the two months had expired and there was still no Elinor, he boomeranged back to me with blood in his eye. If I had been a wicked railroad, side-tracking a shipment of fresh apricots in Death Valley, he couldn't have gone for me any worse.

Busybody and meddler were the mildest of his expressions. Hadn't I spoiled everything by my damned officiousness? Wasn't Ram now so securely entrenched, bodyguarded, live-wired and burglar-belled that personal violence was almost out of the question? And how else was the rascally charlatan to be got rid of? Say, was I prepared to join a small desperate party with masks and blackjacks? What, certainly I wasn't? Then I was not only a double-dyed jackass, but a coward, too!

The new religion was belying all anticipations, and putting other wiseacres than myself to shame. Its adherents had doubled, and it seemed to be meeting a long-felt want. From what one heard it seemed just the thing for dyspeptic people, with large fixed incomes, who were tired of idleness and bridge.

In a most interesting talk I had with Miss Gibbs, the sprightliest of old maids, and an ex-convert, who had broken away to have an ulcerated tooth seen to (not being satisfied with the new religion's treatment)—in that delightful talk with Miss Gibbs I was struck by her unshaken belief in the Prophet's sincerity.

"He's a dear, good man," she said, "and oh, so kind and gentle and saintly that it ought to be true, even if it isn't. He says he is perfect, and really, do you know, he is. No, I haven't a word to say against the Purple Brother, as we call him. It was that horrible getting up at dawn, and the monotony of the diet, and having nothing to read, nor any gossip or news, that brought me back. I wasn't good enough, too earthy, you know. I missed

my home comforts and the Country Club and my breakfast on a tray, and when it came to needing a dentist and being oomed over instead, I just quit. Secrets? Oh, they're safe enough in my keeping! I'm not a renegade, only a backslider."

"And Elinor?" I inquired. "Tell me about Elinor Wentworth."

Miss Gibbs' faded eyes flashed.

"That's where I fell out with the whole crowd," she exclaimed. "It was a shame to make her break it off with Fred McCall, and spoil her life. She's simply pining away, poor baby, and moons about like a ghost. But what can one do? The old lady is such a domineering old thing that Elinor has about as much chance as a kitten tied up in a gunny sack."

"Too bad, too bad!" I observed.

"JUST rotten," replied Miss Gibbs, with spirit. "There ought to be an age-limit for New Religionists, the same as there is for minors in saoons, nobody allowed under twenty-five, you know, and arrested if they are found on the premises."

"It's a pretty black look-out for Fred, isn't it?" I said.

"What a man's way of looking at it," she returned, indignantly. "Fred will still be Fred when Elinor is lying in her poor little grave; just as boomy and hustling and get-there, when she'll be a patch of daisies. It's Elinor's side of it that's the tragedy."

I accepted the report with humility; one has to admit the pre-eminence of women in sentiment; in

comparison man is a poor, india-rubbery article, with almost offensive powers of recuperation. We can invent airships and discover Poles, but in love we have to concede their three-million-years-old supremacy. I conceded it to Miss Gibbs, conceded it handsomely, and warmed by her returning consideration, I bleated a little bleat about my own sad position.

"You see, I've been promising Fred it would all bust up," I said. "As a person who has outlived a whole row of prophets, I felt it was a pretty safe statement. But it has put me in an awful hole; Fred holds me responsible, don't you know; in the interests of peace and quietness I held him back from taking—er—"

"It will never bust in our time," interrupted Miss Gibbs. "At least, not from any fault of the Purple Brother's, if that's what you mean. I've had him under a microscope too long not to know that he's transparently sincere, transparently honest, and so good that it's a perpetual strain to keep up with him."

"I don't see how that squares with his detaining Elinor," I said.

"Oh, he's not detaining Elinor," Miss Gibbs protested. "Everybody is as free as air. You must try and do what you think right, that's all; and he won't even advise you what that is, or puts you off with a parable. He says the curse of all systems has been authority, reducing people to the level of sheep."

"But Elinor is pining away for Fred," I said. "Doesn't he see it, or doesn't he care?"

"To a person on the Purple Brother's plane," returned Miss Gibbs, "such things are about as important as the humming of that fly on the window. No,

the real nigger in the woodpile is Mrs. Wentworth, who's one of those grabby old octopuses that will never let go anything they like. To her the New Religion is simply a sort of bomb-proof, in which she can keep Elinor away from all the Freds and Toms and Willies and Harrys, and have her all to herself."

"Then you don't think anything can be done?"

"Nothing at all."

"And Elinor's bound to stay in the bomb-proof?"

"Has to."

"And Fred's out in the cold forever?"

"As far as Elinor is concerned, yes."

"And my position as the blighter of his life is to be permanent?"

"I guess so."

"And the Purple Brother's there for keeps?"

"Indeed, he is."

"Would you mind if I utter a loud yell of despair?"

"No, go ahead!"

I rang the bell instead. They are poisonous things, those baldheads, but what else had I to turn to? When all the world is dark and drear one might be excused, even by a temperance reformer, for ordering two frappe. As I sipped mine I reflected that crude people like Fred McCall are often better inspired in an emergency than those of the highest culture. He had been for attacking the problem with tar and feathers, and the summary use of a rail. Woe's me that I had dissuaded him. The whole disaster was my fault; I had wrecked two young lives; I was a shadow across that cold hearth on De La Guerra Street.

Yes, I was in the Cain class; unborn generations scowled at me; the air of the Country Club was thick with them, all scowling. They seemed to ask, "What are you going to do about it?" and that less for infor-

mation than to rub it in. Do? What could I do? What could anybody do? It had all got away from us like a balloon, and we could only point at it in the sky, and—

I was thankful I had to go to New York on business; Fred had got on my nerves, and besides I need an occasional glimpse of the roaring old town to make me properly appreciate Santa Dominica. I like to stand in the thickest of it, and declare I wouldn't have it if they gave it to me. I like to see Wall Street swirling, and contrast my lowly and contented lot with those harassed bandits of finance. I like to see paper money again and oysters and straphangers and frosted windows and Washington Square and newsboys darting in and out of the theatre crowds—all the life that once I shared and loved and hated, and finally broke away from.

I PLUNGE into it once more; I splutter and blow and strike out; I emerge a week later, two weeks later, much refreshed; and hurrying into my clothes, I call loudly for my ticket home. Blessed ticket home! I scan the punches and find them correct, though dissenting somewhat from my personal description thus also briefly noted by the pale young man that punched it; I run my eye lovingly along that two-foot slip of God's continent, and wonder at what precise inch I may go over an embankment or burn alive in my splintered Pullman. I buy a pound of chocolate in case of being snowed up; sew a hundred-dollar bill in my undershirt in case of being held up; I tip the striped highbinders that put me into my cab; struggle with more hachetmen at the station; bid farewell to the last Black Hand in the cavernous depths of the car. Home again, thank Heaven, to orange trees and blue mountains and

(Concluded on page 28.)

# THE BLIND MAN'S EYES

CHAPTER VII.—Continued.

By WILLIAM MCHARG AND EDWIN BALMER

SINCLAIR, however, it appeared, had not yet finished his examination. "Will you pull down the window-curtains?" he directed.

As Connery, reaching across the body, complied, the surgeon took a matchbox from his pocket, and glancing about at the three others as though to select from them the one most likely to be an efficient aid, he handed it to Eaton. "Will you help me, please?"

"What is it you want done?"

"Strike a light and hold it as I direct—then draw it away slowly."

He lifted the partly closed eyelid from one of the eyes of the unconscious man and nodded to Eaton: "Hold the light in front of the pupil."

Eaton obeyed, drawing the light slowly away as Sinclair had directed, and the surgeon dropped the eyelid and exposed the other pupil.

"What's that for?" Avery now asked.

"I was trying to determine the seriousness of the injury to the brain. I was looking to see whether light could cause the pupil to contract."

"Could it?" Connery asked.

"No; there was no reaction."

Avery started to speak, checked himself—and then he said: "There could be no reaction, I believe, Dr. Sinclair."

"What do you mean?"

"His optic nerve is destroyed."

"Ah! He was blind?"

"Yes, he was blind," Avery admitted.

"Blind!" Sinclair ejaculated. "Blind, and operated upon within two years by Kuno Garri!" Kuno Garri operated only upon the all-rich and powerful or upon the completely powerless and poor; the unconscious man in the berth could belong only to the first class of Garri's clientele. The surgeon's gaze again searched the features in the berth; then it shifted to the men gathered about him in the aisle.

"Who did you say this was?" he demanded of Avery.

"I said his name was Nathan Dorne," Avery evaded.

"No, no!" Sinclair jerked out impatiently. "Isn't this—?" He hesitated, and finished in a voice suddenly lowered: "Isn't this Basil Santoine?"

Avery, if he still wished to do so, found it impossible to deny.

"Basil Santoine!" Connery breathed.

To the conductor alone, among the four men standing by the berth, the name seemed to have come with the sharp shock of a surprise; with it had come an added sense of responsibility and horror over what had happened to the passenger who had

Canadian Serial Rights held by the Canadian Courier.

been confided to his care, which made him whiten as he once more repeated the name to himself and stared down at the man in the berth.

Conductor Connery knew Basil Santoine only in the way that Santoine was known to great numbers of other people—that is, by name but not by sight. There was, however, a reason why the circumstances of Santoine's life had remained in the conductor's mind while he forgot or had not heeded the same sort of facts in regard to men who travelled much more often on trans-continental trains. Thus Connery, staring whitely at the form in the berth, recalled for instance Santoine's age: Santoine was fifty-one.

BASIL SANTOINE at twenty-two had been graduated from Harvard, though blind. His connections—the family was of well-to-do Southern stock—his possession of enough money for his own support, made it possible for him to live idly if he wished; but Santoine had not chosen to make his blindness an excuse for doing this. He had disregarded, too, the thought of foreign travel as being useless for a man who had no eyes; and he had at once settled himself to his chosen profession, which was law. He had not found it easy to get a start in this; lawyers had shown no willingness to take into their offices a blind boy to whom the surroundings were unfamiliar and to whom everything must be read; and he had succeeded only after great effort in getting a place with a small and unimportant firm. Within a short time, well within two years, men had begun to recognize that in this struggling law firm there was a powerful, clear, compelling mind. Santoine, a youth living in darkness, unable to see the men with whom he talked or the documents and books which must be read to him, was beginning to put the stamp of his personality on the firm's affairs. A year later, his name appeared with others of the firm, at twenty-eight, his was the leading name. He had begun to specialize long before that time, in corporation law; he married shortly after this. At thirty, the firm name represented to those who knew its particulars only one personality, the personality of Santoine; and at thirty-five—though his indifference to money was proverbial—he was many times a millionaire. But except among the small and powerful group of men who had learned to consult him, Santoine himself at that time was utterly unknown.

There are many such men in all countries—more, perhaps, in America than anywhere else—and in

their anonymity they are like minds without physical personality; they advise only, and so they remain out of public view, behind the scenes. Now and then one received publicity and reward by being sent to the Senate by the powers that move behind the screen, or being called to the President's cabinet. More often, the public knows little of them until they die and men are astonished by the size of the fortunes or of the seemingly baseless reputations which they leave. So Santoine—consulted continually by men concerned in great projects, immersed day and night in vast affairs, capable of living completely as he wished—had been, at the age of forty-six, great but not famous, powerful but not publicly known. At that time an event had occurred which had forced the blind man out unwillingly from his obscurity.

This event had been the murder of the great Western financier, Matthew Latron. There had been nothing in this affair which had in any way shadowed dishonour upon Santoine. So much as in his role of a mind without personality Santoine ever fought, he had fought against Latron; but his fight had been not against the man but against methods. There had come then a time of uncertainty and unrest; public consciousness was in the process of awakening to the knowledge that strange things, approaching close to the likeness of what men call crime, had been being done under the unassuming name of business. Government investigation threatened many men, Latron among others; no precedent had yet been set for what this might mean; no one could foresee the end. Scandal—financial scandal—breathed more strongly against Latron than perhaps against any of the other Western men. He had been amongst their biggest; he had his enemies, of whom impersonally Santoine might have been counted one, and he had his friends, both in high places; he was a world figure. Then, all of a sudden, the man had been struck down—killed, because of some private quarrel, men whispered, by an obscure and till then unheard-of, man.

THE trembling wires and cables, which should have carried to the waiting world the expected news of Latron's conviction, carried instead the news of Latron's death; and disorder followed. The first public concern had been, of course, for the stocks and bonds of the great Latron properties; and Latron's bigness had seemed only further evidenced by the stanchness with which the Latron banks, the Latron railroads and mines and public utilities stood firm even against the shock of their builder's death. Assured of this, public interest had shifted to the trial, conviction and sentence of Latron's murderer;

(Continued on page 29.)

# What's What the World Over

*New Phases of the World's Thinking Recorded in Current Periodicals*

*The Fool Caterpillar*

*Brusiloff, the Man*

*Why England is Great*

## THE FOOL CATERPILLAR

*Marched Seven Days in a Circle, Says  
Abbe Fabre*

JEAN HENRI FABRE, the quaint, kindly French naturalist, has recently been amusing himself by studying the social and other habits of a kind of caterpillar, the "Pine Processionary," as it is called. "He is a rope-dancer all his life," comments the droll student in an article in the Fortnightly Review. "He walks only on the tight-rope, a silken rail placed in position as he advances. The caterpillar who chances to be at the head of the procession dribbles his thread without ceasing and fixes it on the path which his fickle preferences cause him to take. The thread is so tiny that the eye, though armed with a magnifying-glass, suspects it rather than sees it. But a second caterpillar steps on the slender foot-board and doubles it with his thread; a third trebles it; and all the others, however many there be, add the sticky spray from their spinnerettes, so much so that, when the procession has marched by, there remains, as a record of its passing, a narrow white ribbon whose dazzling whiteness shimmers in the sun. Very much more sumptuous than ours, their system of road-making consists in upholstering with silk instead of macadamizing.

"What is the use of all this luxury? Could they not, like other caterpillars, walk about without these costly preparations? I see two reasons for their mode of progression. It is night when the Processionaries sally forth to browse upon the pine-leaves. They leave their nest, situated at the top of a bough, in profound darkness; they go down the denuded pole till they come to the nearest branch that has not yet been gnawed, a branch which becomes lower by degrees as the consumers finish stripping the upper storeys; they climb up this untouched branch and spread over the green needles.



A WISE PRECAUTION.

"What! you are barb-wiring the telegraph lines?"  
"Yes—in order to stop the passage of the enemy's wireless!"

—Le Rire, Paris.

and from the bough, by a no less angular path, they go back home.

"Apart from sight and smell, what remains to guide them in returning to the nest? The ribbon spun on the road. The spreading maze of the pine-needles is, especially at night, a labyrinth. The Processionary finds his way through it, without the possibility of a mistake, by the aid of his bit of silk. At the time for going home, each easily recovers his own thread or one or other of the neighbouring threads, spread fanwise by the diverging herd; one by one, the scattered tribe line up on the common ribbon, which started from the nest; and the sated caravan finds its way back to the manor with absolute certainty.

"The use of this silk-tapestried roadway is evident from a second point of view. To protect himself against the severity of the winter which he has to face when working, the Pine Caterpillar weaves himself a shelter in which he spends his bad hours, his days of enforced idleness. Alone, with none but the meagre resources of his silk-glands, he would find difficulty in protecting himself on the top of a branch buffeted by the winds. A substantial dwelling, proof against snow, gales and icy fogs, requires the co-operation of a large number. Out of the individual's piled-up atoms the community obtains a spacious and durable establishment.

"The enterprise takes a long time to complete. Every evening, when the weather permits, the building has to be strengthened and enlarged. It is indispensable, therefore, that the corporation of workers should not be dissolved while the stormy season continues and the insects are still in the caterpillar stage. But, without special arrangements, each nocturnal expedition at grazing-time would be a cause of separation.

"The several threads left on the road make this easy. With that guide, every caterpillar, however far he may be, comes back to his companions without ever missing the way. They come hurrying from a host of twigs, from here, from there, from above, from below; and soon the scattered legion reforms into a group. The silk thread is something more than a road-making expedient: it is the social bond, the system that keeps the members of the community indissolubly united.

"At the head of every procession, long or short, goes a first caterpillar, whom I will call the leader of the march or file. Nothing, in fact, distinguishes this caterpillar from the others: it just depends upon the order in which they happen to line up; and mere chance brings him to the front. Among the Processionaries every captain is an officer of fortune. The actual leader leads; presently he will be led, if the file should break up in consequence of some accident and be formed anew in a different order.

"The processions vary greatly in length. The finest that I ever saw manoeuvring on the ground measure twelve or thirteen yards and numbered about three hundred caterpillars, drawn up with absolute precision in a wavy line. But, if there were only two in a row, the order would still be perfect: the second touches and follows the first.

"By February I have seen processions of all lengths walking about my greenhouse. What tricks can I play upon them? I propose to make the caterpillars describe a closed circuit after I have destroyed the ribbons attached to it and liable to bring about a change of direction.

"On the shelf with the layer of sand in which the nests are planted stand some big palm-tubs measuring nearly a yard and a half in circumference at the top. It provides me with a circular track all ready-made. I have nothing to do but wait for an occasion propitious to my plans.

"On January 30th, 1896, a little before twelve o'clock in the day, I discover a numerous troop making their way up there and gradually reaching the cornice. Slowly, in single file, the caterpillars climb the great tub, mount the ledge and advance in regular procession, while others are constantly arriving and continuing the series. I wait for the string to close up, that is to say, for the leader, who keeps following the circular moulding, to return to the point from which he started. My object is achieved in a quarter of an hour. The closed circuit is realized magnificently in something very nearly

approaching a circle. When all preparations are finished, a curious sight awaits us.

"In the uninterrupted circular procession there is no longer a leader. Each caterpillar is preceded by another on whose heels he follows, guided by the silk track, the work of the whole party; he again has a companion close behind him, following him in



A POINTED QUESTION.

Neutral: "But, Your Highness, how is it that a great genius like you needs so many generals?"

Crown Prince: "I must have someone to bear the burden of my errors."

—Punch, Melbourne.

the same orderly way. And this is repeated without variation throughout the length of the chain. None commands, or, rather, none modifies the trail according to his fancy; all obey, trusting in the guide who ought normally to lead the march and who has in reality been done away with by my trickery.

"From the first circuit of the edge of the tub, the rail of silk has been laid in position and is soon turned into a narrow ribbon by the procession, which never ceases dribbling its thread as it goes. The rail is simply doubled and has no branches anywhere, for my brush has destroyed them all. What will the caterpillars do on this deceptive point? Will they walk endlessly round and round until their strength gives out? Or will they, after many attempts, succeed in breaking through their closed circuit, which keeps them on a road without a turning? Will they make up their minds to swerve to this side or that, which is the only method of reaching the green branch over yonder, quite near, not two feet off?

"I thought that they would and I was wrong."

Fabre then describes how for seven days, resting only at nights, the caterpillars marched round and round, looking for food.

"If the road does not vary, the speed does. I measure three and a half inches a minute as the average distance covered. But there are more or less lengthy halts; the pace slackens at times, especially when the temperature falls. At ten o'clock in the evening the walk is little more than a lazy swaying of the body. I foresee an early stop, in consequence of the cold, of fatigue and doubtless also of hunger.

"Now for a little arithmetic. For seven times twenty-four hours the caterpillars have remained on the rim of the tub. So as to make an ample allowance for stops due to the weariness of this one or that and, above all, for the rest taken during the colder hours of the night, we will deduct one-half of the time. This leaves eighty-four hours' walking. The average pace is three and a half inches a minute. The aggregate distance covered, therefore, is considerably more than a quarter of a mile, which is a great walk for these little crawlers. The circumference of the tub, the perimeter of the track, is

feel the keen night air, the next thing is to return to the shelter of the house. Measured in a straight line, the distance is not great, hardly an arm's length; but it cannot be covered this way on foot. The caterpillars have to climb down from one crossing to the next, from the needle to the twig, from the twig to the branch, from the branch to the bough;

exactly four feet five inches. Therefore the circle covered, always in the same direction and always without result, was described 335 times.

"Experience and reflection are not in their province. The ordeal of a five hundred yards' march and three to four hundred turns teaches them nothing; and it takes casual circumstances to bring them back to the nest. They would perish on their insidious ribbon if the disorder of the nocturnal encampments and the halts due to fatigue did not cast a few threads outside the circular path. Some three or four move along these trails, laid without an object, stray a little way and, thanks to their wanderings, prepare the descent, which is at last accomplished in short strings favoured by chance."

## BRUSILOFF, THE MAN

### An Intimate View of the Great Russian General

CHARLES JOHNSTON, writing in the Atlantic Monthly, on "Brusiloff," observes that there is nothing hap-hazard or extemporized, no element of mere luck, in what General Brusiloff has accomplished; no single factor of effort or training or science has been lacking in his lifelong preparation, and no element of devotion or consecration. Heredity, too, has played its part, and early environment has had a share in the ripening of his genius.

Alexei Alexeievitch Brusiloff comes from the great traditional school of Russian military prowess and skill, the Caucasus, where, among mountains far overtopping the Alps, the armies of Russia have fought for generations against the valorous savage tribesmen of whom the Cherkess, in the north, and the Kurds, farther south, are outstanding types. His father, a former General Alexei Brusiloff, won renown in the Caucasian wars; he was serving with the Russian armies in the Caucasus when the present war hero was born there, some sixty years ago.

It was natural, therefore, that Alexei Brusiloff and his two younger brothers should all three enter the profession of war. It was equally natural that, with their old Cossack blood, the two soldier brothers should, when they had completed the courses in the Russian military schools, find their way into the Tver Dragoons. In everything that had to do with horsemanship, Alexei Brusiloff was supreme. Slender and light, with the figure almost of a jockey, he is to-day one of the best cross-country riders in Russia. In the training and management of horses also he excels; as between the rough method and the gentle, he strongly advocates the latter, and has always enjoined it on his regiments.

In 1809, the Emperor Alexander I. founded an Officers' Cavalry School in Petrograd, and it became a tradition that the more martial members of the Imperial House should give to this school much of their time and care. The Grand Duke Nicolai Nicolaievitch the elder put at the head of it Colonel Sukhomlinoff. From the Tver Dragoons came Alexei Brusiloff. Colonel Sukhomlinoff was so impressed by his qualities that he made Brusiloff his adjutant.

The Grand Duke Nicholas the elder, and two of his sons, Nicolai Nicolaievitch the younger and Peter Nicolaievitch were frequent visitors at the Cavalry School. Thus it happened that Alexei Brusiloff was in constant association with the two men who were Commander-in-Chief and Minister of War in the summer of 1914. As a result, he was, at the outset, given command of one of the four Russian armies which were the first to move.

As a result of his excellent work at the Cavalry School, Alexei Brusiloff was (before the war) transferred from the Tver Dragoons to one of the mounted regiments of the Imperial Guards, with the same rank—a rare and exceptional honour, and one which gave him an opportunity to prove his quality as a soldier.

For in these crack regiments of the Russian army there is always the likelihood that an atmosphere of social elegance and easy-going gayety will prevail over the sterner military virtues and Alexei Brusiloff immediately found himself under the pressure of this tendency. He reacted vigorously, with a humorous result: he began to carry out the theory, which had long lain in his mind, that the training for war should be almost as rigorous as war itself; that the condition of actual warfare should be the goal of all manoeuvres. In his own practice, this took the form of long and arduous cross-country gallops, in which he himself always took the lead, seeking rather than avoiding darkness and rain and foul weather. But this was not at all acceptable to some of the spoiled gentlemen of the Guard, and protests, backed by high social influences, found their way to "the Highest Personages." It is credibly recorded that, to such a protest, General Brusiloff made answer: "If Your Majesty will guarantee that the enemy will only attack on fine days, I will countermand the night-

riding!" But the guarantee was not forthcoming, and the night-riding went on. During the winter, when General Brusiloff's troops, often up to the shoulders in snow, were attacking in the Carpathian passes, one remembered that wise reply.

Alexei Brusiloff rose steadily to the command of



A Rascal he can Tackle!

—Passing Show, London.

his regiment, of a brigade, of a division, and then of an army corps, the Fourteenth, stationed at Lublin. Several years earlier, he had married a cousin from Courland; their son, who is also an Alexei Brusiloff and a daring cavalry officer, has been decorated for valour in the present war.

General Brusiloff, like most men of his class in Russia, speaks French admirably. More than that, he knows France and the French army well. General Brusiloff knows Germany also, has watched the great Prussian manoeuvres, and has learned all that can be learned of the military science of the enemy.

General Brusiloff was a widower when he was made commander of the Fourteenth Corps at Lublin. Shortly after he had taken his new post, he married the second daughter of the late Madame Jelihovskaya. General Brusiloff's bride was living in Odessa. The first important town on the railroad from Lublin to Odessa is Kovel. There General Brusiloff and his bride met and were married. Kovel, therefore, now comes into his biography for the second time.

At Lublin, by virtue of an international kinship, I



THE GERMAN DANGER IN THE DUTCH INDIES.

German Agent: "Look here, I'll give you all the money and all the weapons you want so that you can rise and overflow your Dutch oppressors!"

—De Telegraaf, Amsterdam.

had the good fortune to be General Brusiloff's guest, in the late summer of 1911, less than three years before the war. If I were to seek for a single phrase, to sum up the impression made by his personality, it would be, I think, distinction—personal distinction in a high degree. But one may associate the idea of distinction with a certain kind of weakness, of

over-refinement. In General Brusiloff, on the contrary, distinction is as the fine edge on a sword-blade of highly tempered steel. Distinction, with great personal charm, which expressed itself at once in the perfection of his hospitality, and in a delightful gift for teasing, a ceaseless flow of delicate banter that bubbled up like a spring of crystal water, creating an atmosphere in which anything like gloom or despondency was unthinkable.

He was always in uniform, whether undress, or, when some function was in preparation, the full parade uniform of a lieutenant-general. And, on all occasions, the perfection of neatness—of grace also, as becomes a man who is an admirable dancer, as well as an admirable horseman. One felt that a slovenly or slipshod attitude would be impossible for the finely tempered steel of his slim, muscular body. I was struck by his close personal knowledge of his men, and spoke to him of it. "Yes," he said, "I know them all personally. But that is not the point. The point is, that they should know me; so that not one of them shall hesitate an instant, in time of war, in recognizing his commander!"

Two little incidents remain in one's mind, as expressing his gentleness and tact. We went, on one of our walks through Lublin, to the ancient ghetto, in which pre-Russian Poland had confined its Jews; it lies without the city gate and, oddly enough, one found the old Russian church in the same quarter, equally exiled by the Poles. The Jews there still affect the old costume, a kind of long, rather dingy overcoat, a rusty cap with a glazed peak, and somewhat rusty high boots. And the odd thing is, that their boys, even the youngest of them, wear a miniature copy of the same costume. One of these little chaps, with sleek hair and dark, keen eyes, seeing the officer's uniform, drew himself up very straight, clicked his heels together and saluted. Acknowledging the salute, the general turned to me and smiled; "I should like to hug him," he said, "but they would at once make an 'incident' of it!"

Another little scene: on one of the country roads just outside Lublin, a little chap, this time a genuine little Pole, came trotting along the road on an old nag. The boy's knees were pulled up almost to his chin. General Brusiloff, standing in the middle of the road, cried "Halt!" as though the boy had been a squadron of dragoons. The terrified youngster pulled up short. Then the corps commander stepped to the side of the old horse and lengthened first one stirrup-leather and then the other, and put the boy's feet back into the stirrups. Then, starting him once more on his way, he commented whimsically: "They would quote that as an instance of the Russian oppression of the Poles!" It was, by the way, one of his griefs that all his efforts had won almost no cordial response from the Poles and Lublin; they remained icily aloof, in spite of his kindest overtures.

Very like General Foch in certain qualities, he is like him also in this, that he is deeply religious; in the highest sense a Christian mystic. And, speaking of things mystical, he talked one day of a book he had been reading, the story of a modern Antichrist—a man supremely endowed with intellectual power and exercising a fascination over masses of men, who, in the name of material well-being, of the earthly paradise, was seducing men's souls from every vestige of spiritual faith. "I believe," he said, "that the author's idea is a true one. There is an Antichrist and we shall have to fight him!"

## WHY ENGLAND IS GREAT

Havelock Ellis Analyzes the Building of Race Character

THE English are not only, as has often been observed, the most individual of people, but England is also the most individual of nations, says Havelock Ellis, in an article on "The Genius of England," in the North American Review. That is the natural result of the peculiar position of England as a citadel in the sea. At the outset, the strong and adventurous alone might dare to approach the forbidding shores of this island, to seize and to hold it. A process of selection was thus exercised on all would-be invaders. Only the men of vigorous and original individuality could be tempted to this hazardous enterprise across the waves, only such men could overcome the risks of this dangerous coast and achieve success in their daring task.

When once the island was peopled by a strong race its qualities as a citadel could be utilized. For a thousand years there has been no great hostile invasion of England. The various bands of daring adventurers who seized the land, once firmly welded together, have been free to develop their native characteristics as individualistic sea-faring

(Continued on page 23.)

# MUSIC AND PLAYS

## Three Band Conductors.

WHEN three hundred clarionets, oboes and French horns began to shudder into a pianissimo over a torch-lighted field it sounded suddenly like the first faint horns of a new dawn. That many is a safe estimate from the aggregation of 800 bandmen who played in the great spectacular tattoo farewelling H. R. H. the Duke on the occasion of his last visit to Toronto. The place was the grandstand circus of the Canadian National Exhibition. For a few moments it seemed like a touch of a new world. The vast extension of that sombrely cheerful body of tone from the wood-winds and the French horns was a universal note that lost sight of bands and bandmen, khaki and crowd—even the Duke, who was inconspicuously huddled down in the Royal box the width of the lawn from the conductor.

The conductor was big John Slatter, bandsman of the 48th Highlanders, who must have got cold creeps from those wood-winds such as he never had before. When the full aggregate of the massed bands played to the dousing of hundreds of glims the old camp-fire hymn, Abide With Me, the concourse of 20,000 people in front took up the melody. It was a solemn moment.

Otherwise—leaving out the agreeable choral hymns sung by men's, women's and boys voices from behind the simulation of Westminster Abbey, at the close of the pageant following the tattoo, the massed bands performance was an affair of colossal and inspiring noise. No such aggregation of instruments was ever before heard in Canada; in America only at the Peace Jubilee at Boston fifty years ago. All the bands from Camp Borden combined with several local bands. The ensemble was overpoweringly huge. In spite of a disastrous reverberation and the fact that the bandmaster was not high enough up to be conspicuous, the gradual building up of the mass was a great success. There were a few seesawings of tempi which the echo did its best to obliterate. A number of the pieces were not successful in themselves. Some of the individual bands were not up to a high standard. But the general effect was remarkably good, and must have been achieved only at the expense of some searching and humming rehearsals at Camp Borden. We have no hesitation in complimenting Bandmaster Slatter as heartily as the Duke did when he had him summoned to the Royal box. Big John is a veteran of sound band music. Few military bandmasters in this country wear so well with the public and are so popular with players in any regiment or battalion. He knows what he wants and gets it; is never rattled by circumstances and is always sure of his ground when it is his business to give good military programmes. Of late years he has not been giving quite the variety of good music with his own band that he used to give some years ago. But he remains a big, steady and encouraging figure among the bandmasters of Canada, who would be sorely missed if he were to abdicate the 48th.

BANDMASTER CONWAY, whose band played twice a day at the Exhibition, is a new package of unusual elements. Conway is the most restrained, popular bandmaster that ever performed at the "Ex." He is even more subdued than Rogan of the Coldstream Guards, who sometimes seemed to be nodding a bit. He budes not an inch one way or another from his desk, and if he were suddenly to take a walk with his baton into the midst of his band to work up a climax, half his players would fall from their chairs. Climaxes and diminuendoes are all the same to him so far as his own movements are concerned. He gets both and everything else as sedately as a professor picking books from his library shelves. Finally his band is first-rate. Technically it is up to a high pitch. But it fails in inspiration. A certain degree of abandon in a conductor is always effective in open-air work. Conway's Band seemed to be afraid to give the people thrills—which everybody wants on an occasion of that kind.

OWING to having lost a sheet of our music (Information) last week we announced that Mr. Frank Welsman would be at the Conservatory right away, sprained ankle and all, to look after his pupils. That is a mistake. Mr. Welsman will be at his home at 2 Walmer Road, Toronto, for that purpose. He is reserving

from 4 to 5 o'clock each day for interviews.

CONDUCTOR VON KUNITZ, of the Toronto Symphony Band, comes much nearer to the Createore style without a few of Createore's blandishments. With a small band he gets surprisingly big dramatic effects, due to his experience with symphony orchestras. Some people think he has too many extravagant motions. If so, he errs on the safe, popular side. It is as necessary for a popular bandmaster, even in big music, to exaggerate as it is for an actor to exaggerate his face by means of make-up and his voice also. In his work for two seasons now with the Symphony Band Mr. Von Kunitz has demonstrated that he knows how to give big, serious music something of the picturesque "punch" that it needs to make it popular. A lot of people never

think any big thing is good unless it is delivered with something of a spectacle. To do so may be sometimes a serious concession in a man of such thorough and scholarly musicianship as Mr. Von Kunitz. But after all he is the "doctor" and a very good judge of how much concession he can afford to make for the sake of getting the groundlings a little higher.

## Cherniavskys on Tour.

THE first American tour of the Brothers Cherniavsky, starting on the Pacific Coast in October, has been booked through the New York offices of Maud Allan, the dancer, who has established herself as an impresario by directing her own tour of the entire country this season. The famous trio of Russian musicians—Leo, the violinist; Jan, the pianist, and Mischel, the 'cellist—has been appearing on the concert stage ever since



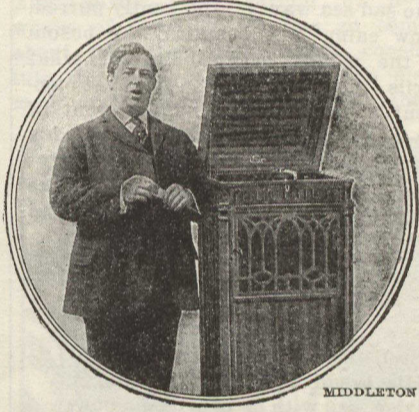
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the youngest, Mischel, was five years  
old—eighteen years ago. Since their  
organization they have toured nine-  
teen countries: Russia, Austria, Ger-  
many, Hungary, Great Britain, France,  
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### Maud Allan Manages Girl Violinist.

[SOLDE MENGES, the girl violinist,  
will make a tour of the United  
States and Canada this season un-  
der the direction of Maud Allan, the  
dancer. Miss Allan is rapidly coming  
to the fore as a manager. Besides  
managing herself during her second  
American tour which begins in Sep-  
tember, she will direct Miss Menges'  
tour and, through the Maud Allan of-  
fices, will book the tour of the  
Cherniavsky Trio—Leo, Jan and  
Mischel, the violinist, pianist and  
'cellist.

Isolde Menges has been playing in  
London for the past two seasons. Her  
success was instantaneous and lasting.  
The peculiar freshness of her work  
and the manner in which she grips  
her audience were particularly noticed  
by the critics. She is the daughter of  
George Menges, a Spanish violinist  
and teacher. Her mother was also a  
violin teacher. She was born in  
Brighton, England.

Her father was her instructor until  
she was thirteen, when she was suf-  
ficiently advanced to give her first  
concert. Then followed a long period  
of study at the Imperial Conservatory,  
Petrograd, under Professor Leopold  
Auer. That most reticent of masters  
said of her: "She has without doubt  
one of the most remarkable talents  
for the violin that has ever come un-  
der my notice."

### Supers Unappreciated.

THE theatre supernumerary, says  
Charles Burnham, in the Theatre,  
has been described as "one who plays  
many parts, and yet obtains applause  
in none." His name is not printed in  
the playbills, and he is always un-  
known to his audience. Even the per-  
sons he is supposed to represent upon  
the stage invariably remain anonym-  
ous. Both as a living and a fic-  
titious creature he is denied individu-  
ality, and has to be considered collec-  
tively, massed with others, and in-  
separable from his companion figures.  
He is not so much an actor, as part  
of the decorations, the animated fur-  
niture, one might say, of the stage.

Have you ever realized, while seated  
in a theatre, watching with intense in-  
terest, some exciting and absorbing  
drama, what would happen should the  
"supers" refuse to appear? Were any  
member of the company to be taken  
ill or decline to act, their part would  
be quickly filled with a substitute, but  
the "mob" of the stage requires num-  
bers and careful drilling, in fact many  
hours of preparation, and an army of  
"supers" is not a thing of the moment.

The exigency of the dramatic situa-  
tion at times makes the "super" the  
very backbone of a melodrama, a vital  
necessity in most of Shakespeare's  
plays, and an important detail in all  
plays requiring numbers on the stage.  
What would Coriolanus do without his  
"army," Camille without her guests  
for the "ball scene," or any of the  
numerous war dramas of the present  
time, without their "armies"?

There is a record of a manager who  
once endeavoured to overcome the  
need of "supers" for a performance of  
"Richard III.," by having the fighting  
forces entirely represented by a pano-  
ramic host. This innovation was  
greeted with as much, if not more de-  
rision than fell to the lot of the unfor-  
tunate "super." The custom of aug-  
menting the real "mobs" with painted  
ones, still prevails in our theatres with  
more or less effect.

For many years supernumeraries of  
the theatres were the objects of al-  
most constant ridicule by the patrons.

At many of the so-called "popular-  
price" houses, the habitudes of the gal-  
leries looked upon the "supe" as an  
hereditary enemy, and considered it  
their positive duty to audibly instruct,  
admonish and otherwise criticize them,  
which they did to the enjoyment of the  
auditors in the lower part of the  
house. When, as often happened, the  
"supers" appeared in tights, their tor-  
mentors would liken their limbs to  
those of the classic beauties of the bur-  
lesque stage. Such remarks as: "Say!  
you got Lyd Thompson beat a mile!"  
or "Hey! Bill! Put more stuffin' in  
'em!" were frequently interpellations  
of "Richard III.," and other plays. It  
was formerly the custom in theatres  
whenever a play required more than  
one scene in an act for its unfolding  
to use what were termed "front  
scenes." Often they would represent  
a furnished room, so that when it be-  
came necessary to change the scene,  
a "supe" was sent upon the stage to  
carry off the furniture. Immediately  
upon his appearance, cat-calls, whist-  
ling and abusive remarks regarding his  
personal appearance would greet the  
unfortunate individual from all parts  
of the house, while the derisive cry of  
"supe!" "supe!" would resound  
throughout the theatre. Another of the  
duties of the "supe" in former days  
was to shake a cloth painted to repre-  
sent water, so that it would have the  
effect of waves, whenever a play re-  
quired that scenic illusion. Others  
crawled under the cloth to assist in  
stirring up the painted ocean. At a  
performance requiring such an effect  
given in Niblo's Garden some years  
ago, the heroine of the play sat by  
"the sad sea waves," and gently purred,  
"how calm, how beautiful the bosom  
of the mighty ocean. But oh, what  
perils lurk beneath!" At that mo-  
ment a "super" choking for want of  
air under the dusty cloth, poked his  
head through an opening and gave vent  
to a sneeze, which so upset the  
"heroine," she was unable to proceed  
and the curtain had to be lowered.

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# What's What the World Over

(Continued from page 20.)

adventurers, and on that basis to elaborate their culture and display their special genius.

Many of the most marked and the most discrepant traits of the Englishman are accounted for when we bear in mind that he is thus the outcome of a special, perhaps unique, process of selection. That process has made him adventurer and pirate, dreamer and poet, passionately devoted to freedom, independent to the verge of eccentricity, resourceful and versatile, not only a stern moralist peculiarly apt for piety but an aggressive colonizer and a hard-headed, practical man of business. It is necessary to emphasize this factor in the causation of the Englishman because it seems usually to be overlooked.

Roughly speaking, the earlier invasions were of dark peoples and the later invasions of fair peoples. The result has been that, notwithstanding the high degree of amalgamation which has been taking place from the west side of Britain holds a first, the population which is largely of dark pigmentation, while the population of the east side is almost throughout of light pigmentation. These external differences in appearance are associated with equally marked internal differences in temperament. Thus the whole country constitutes a kind of electric battery with an eastern pole and a western pole, whereby a continuous circulation of energy takes place, the two unlike elements forever stimulating, reinforcing, and moderating each other. So are formed vital currents which have often produced friction, and yet largely served to generate the vigour of the English people.

The well combined product of these early waves of invasion which we are pleased to call "Celtic" constitutes a permanent and clearly marked element in the collective whole of "England." These people possess a natural distinction, an inborn refinement, quite independent of material civilization which often stamped their features and is marked in their gracious carriage and courteous speech. This is found in every division of the Celtic race in Britain, however variously modified, alike in Ireland and in Scotch Highlands, in Wales and in Cornwall. It seems to testify to the undoubted fact that these people have behind them a much more ancient culture than the later English. They are of alert intelligence and quick wit, democratic in their instincts, ready of response to the appeal of the ideal, impassioned orators, imaginative in vision and impetuous in action, yet with a certain coolness, sometimes even hardness of temperament, which often seems to preserve them from their own excessiveness, and enables them indeed to mock at the excessiveness of others, for they seem too emotional themselves to overrate the value of emotion. The vivacity of their nerves makes them not only dreamers and idealists but apt also for action, and even too readily fighters. In all these respects the Celtic side of Britain has an individuality of its own which distinguishes it from the Eastern side in which the elements brought by later waves of invasion remain predominant.

The "Anglo-Saxon" wave furnished what is usually considered to be the Germanic element in the English. Strictly speaking, this came, according to the best modern opinions, from the south of Denmark and the adjoining region still further south and to the west. It was made up of two

or three tribes, the Angles, who seem to have come from Angel in Schleswig, and the Jutes, probably from Jutland, and the Saxons, from the region immediately to the south of Denmark, not identical with modern Saxony, so that we must not too hastily assume that it is from a sense of blood-relationship that even in the Great War of to-day there has been more good feeling between the English and the Saxons than with any of the other German peoples to whom the English have been opposed. On the whole this invasion was that of a Low German population, with Scandinavian affinities.

The Anglo-Saxons extinguished civilization (Roman) in Britain, although they brought with them a culture of their own which has sometimes been underrated. They constituted, moreover, an element which was destined to be of high value in the final development of the English nation. All the Germanic tribes have possessed, as Ferrero has pointed out, the precious aptitude to act as a cement to other racial stocks, binding together elements which have sometimes been of higher qualities than themselves. Like all the Germans, they cultivated caste distinctions, the violation of which was punishable by death. This caste feeling still flourished even when the Anglo-Saxon was overlaid by new waves of invasion. It has so come about that the Anglo-Saxons constitute the solid, persistent plebian element of the English population; this



Another Bomb that Failed to Explode.  
—Star, Montreal.

is expressed even in physical type, and the heavy peasant of a Saxon focus like Surrey and Sussex shows nothing of the distinction of the Highlander or the Cornishman, while these predominantly Saxon regions have produced the minimum proportion of English genius. The Anglo-Saxon has ever possessed a sturdy obstinacy, an independent commonsense, well typified by the South Saxon peasant, William Cobbett. Though "terrible for bravery and agility" the Saxons were fundamentally conservative from the first, the least apt to wander of all Germanic tribes, and in the great Germanic migrations of the early centuries after Christ, Saxons and Frisians and Angles still clung to their old ground on the bank of the Elbe. It is, perhaps, not an accident after all, that England has been named from the Anglo-Saxon. He has not been her brain, but he has perhaps been her backbone. Without the Anglo-Saxon England would be impotent; in every conflict of war, in every task of peace, he has been the weapon and the implement.

The last great invasion was that of

the Normans. It was the most fatefully decisive of all and set the final seal on the genius of England. The Norman was ultimately of the same stock as the North-men of the preceding wave of invasion. It was that fact which gave so much significance to the Norman Conquest of England. Of all the Norman conquests in Europe, as Freeman pointed out, that of England alone proved permanently effective, and the reason was that only in England were they on a soil over which their own seed had already been plentifully sprinkled. Here alone their potent genius could work on congenial elements and achieve permanent results. Yet the Normans' task of invasion was harder than any that went before, needing all the energies of the great general and consummate administrator who achieved it.

Every fresh invader of England had added to the strength of England. After the Norman Conquest, no further conquest seems to have been found possible. England had become what later the French Ambassador to Charles II. found it to be, "one vast citadel." The Normans, it must be remembered, were the most vigorous race of their time. They represented the finest flower of strong northern individuality developed in the favourable soil of the orderly Latin civilization of France. In all things excessive, as their own ancient chronicler noted, they infused something of that excessiveness into the composite English blood. Yet they were no longer pirates. They were trained in warfare and government; they knew how to found principalities and kingdoms even in the far Mediterranean. They cultivated the arts with daring and brilliant success, and they had a passion for law, even to the extent of contentions. Their primitive energy of ruthlessness had become transformed into a genius of organization and an instinct for just, if severe, administration.

The extent and the significance of the Norman invasion of England has sometimes been underestimated. It is, throughout, the Norman spirit which has dominated England and largely directed English policy in the world. It is the Norman aristocratic dominance, Norman orderliness, Norman administrative energy, which have formulated the English oligarchic constitution and controlled the growth of English dominion.

With the Norman invasion the elements of the English character were all brought together. Nothing further was needed but their permeation and elaboration, their slow development to self-consciousness. There have been minor infusions of new blood since, but these have merely served to reinforce elements already existing. Though small in amount, these later migrations have been precious in quality, for they have been attracted by that spirit of freedom and toleration in England which has offered a home to the finest-spirited refugees from neighbouring lands. Thus it was that England accepted the Germans and Dutch, liberated the Jews, admitted numerous groups of artisans from Flanders who brought both their skill in handicraft and their sturdy independence to enrich the land of their adoption, and welcomed the French Huguenots, who, in the congenial English soil, were free so to develop their high intelligence and lofty character as to take rank among the most typical representatives of the English genius.

### Twisted Wisdom.

The more waist the less speed.  
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INTEREST PAYABLE HALF-YEARLY, 1st APRIL, 1st OCTOBER  
PRINCIPAL AND INTEREST PAYABLE IN GOLD

**ISSUE PRICE 97½**

A FULL HALF-YEAR'S INTEREST WILL BE PAID ON 1st APRIL, 1917  
THE PROCEEDS OF THE LOAN WILL BE USED FOR WAR PURPOSES ONLY

The Minister of Finance offers herewith, on behalf of the Government, the above named Bonds for subscription at 97½, payable as follows:—

10 per cent.	on application;
30	“ “ 16th October, 1916;
30	“ “ 15th November, 1916;
27½	“ “ 15th December, 1916.

The total allotment of bonds of this issue will be limited to one hundred million dollars exclusive of the amount (if any) paid for by the surrender of bonds as the equivalent of cash under the terms of the War Loan prospectus of 22nd November, 1915.

The instalments may be paid in full on the 16th day of October, 1916, or on any instalment due date thereafter, under discount at the rate of four per cent. per annum. All payments are to be made to a chartered bank for the credit of the Minister of Finance. Failure to pay any instalment when due will render previous payments liable to forfeiture and the allotment to cancellation.

Subscriptions, accompanied by a deposit of ten per cent. of the amount subscribed, must be forwarded through the medium of a chartered bank. Any branch in Canada of any chartered bank will receive subscriptions and issue provisional receipts.

This loan is authorized under Act of Parliament of Canada, and both principal and interest will be a charge upon the Consolidated Revenue Fund.

Forms of application may be obtained from any branch in Canada of any chartered bank and at the office of any Assistant Receiver General in Canada.

Subscriptions must be for even hundreds of dollars.

In case of partial allotments the surplus deposit will be applied towards payment of the amount due on the October instalment.

Scrip certificates, non-negotiable or payable to bearer in accordance with the choice of the applicant for registered or bearer bonds, will be issued, after allotment, in exchange for the provisional receipts.

When the scrip certificates have been paid in full and payment endorsed thereon by the bank receiving the money, they may be exchanged for bonds, when prepared, with coupons attached, payable to bearer or registered as to principal, or for

fully registered bonds, when prepared, without coupons, in accordance with the application.

Delivery of scrip certificates and of bonds will be made through the chartered banks.

The issue will be exempt from taxes—including any income tax—imposed in pursuance of legislation enacted by the Parliament of Canada.

The bonds with coupons will be issued in denominations of \$100, \$500, \$1,000. Fully registered bonds without coupons will be issued in denominations of \$1,000, \$5,000 or any authorized multiple of \$5,000.

The bonds will be paid at maturity at par at the office of the Minister of Finance and Receiver General at Ottawa, or at the office of the Assistant Receiver General at Halifax, St. John, Charlottetown, Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg, Regina, Calgary, or Victoria.

The interest on the fully registered bonds will be paid by cheque, which will be remitted by post. Interest on bonds with coupons will be paid on surrender of coupons. Both cheques and coupons will be payable free of exchange at any branch in Canada of any chartered bank.

Subject to the payment of twenty-five cents for each new bond issued, holders of fully registered bonds without coupons will have the right to convert into bonds of the denomination of \$1,000 with coupons, and holders of bonds with coupons will have the right to convert into fully registered bonds of authorized denominations without coupons at any time on application to the Minister of Finance.

The books of the loan will be kept at the Department of Finance, Ottawa.

Application will be made in due course for the listing of the issue on the Montreal and Toronto Stock Exchanges.

Recognized bond and stock brokers will be allowed a commission of one-quarter of one per cent. on allotments made in respect of applications bearing their stamp, provided, however, that no commission will be allowed in respect of the amount of any allotment paid for by the surrender of bonds issued under the War Loan prospectus of 22nd of November, 1915. No commission will be allowed in respect of applications on forms which have not been printed by the King's Printer.

**Subscription Lists will close on or before 23rd September, 1916**

Department of Finance, Ottawa, September 12th, 1916.



Subscriptions for

# WAR LOAN

YIELDING PRACTICALLY

5.1/3%

# DOMINION OF CANADA

As with the previous Loan, we predict a great success for this issue. During this period of stress our Government needs our help and counts upon our patriotism. But a chance is given investors of placing their money in securities of the highest grade, upon terms the liberality of which will, perhaps, not be fully realized until the return of normal times.

If this Loan were issued to yield 4 1/2%, instead of about 5 1/3%, the price would be 105.41, instead of 97.50. A 4% yield (the basis on which the Dominion Government bonds sold so recently as 1914) would mean a price of 111 for the present issue.

We will forward your application, procure your allotment and render other services free of charge to you.

To ensure allotment application should be made at once

Investment Bankers

**A. E. AMES & CO.**  
53 King St. West, Toronto, Canada

Established 1889

(To avoid delay we suggest using form below, if regular form is not on hand.)

## Dominion of Canada Loan Due 1931

MESSRS. A. E. AMES & CO.,  
53 King St. West, Toronto, Canada.

Date.....1916

Dear Sirs:

I hereby authorize you to enter my subscription for \$.....

Dominion of Canada Loan in accordance with the terms of the Official Prospectus.

Name in full <sup>Mr.</sup> <sub>Mrs. or Miss</sub> .....

Street address (or P.O. Box) .....

Place ..... Province .....

# The New Canadian Loan

Free of any expense to you—

- We shall make delivery and accept payment at any point in Canada or the United States.
- We shall hold in safe keeping, if you desire, the Government Interim Certificates pending delivery of definitive Bonds.
- We shall attend to all details in exchanging Interim for Final Securities, and placing the latter in your possession.

ASK FOR OUR APPLICATION FORM.

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 G. A. Morrow - Vice-President  
 J. W. Mitchel - Vice-President  
 J. A. Fraser - Secretary  
 W. S. Hodgens - Treasurer  
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LONDON, ENG., BRANCH  
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 A. L. Fullerton, Manager

# Lend to Your Country

by investing in the Second Canadian War Loan announced to-day. It is your opportunity to help win the war. Those who cannot bear arms can enlist their financial support—It is a patriotic duty to assist to the full extent of your means. The security is absolute—a direct obligation of the Dominion of Canada. At the purchase price

**the Income is 5.30% per Annum**

Don't delay! Telephone or telegraph us at our expense the amount of your subscription and we will place it promptly. If you prefer

Fill in this Form—Now—and Mail to Us.

## Dominion of Canada 5% War Loan

Wood, Gundy & Co.,  
Toronto.

I hereby request you to record my subscription for \$..... of the Second Dominion War Loan in accordance with the terms of the Official Prospectus, and I hereby engage to pay the instalments as they shall become due.

Name .....

(State whether Mr., Mrs. or Miss)

Address .....

Your subscription receives all care, without charge, if entrusted to us, and our efficient organization is at your disposal for resale of the Bonds.

# Wood, Gundy & Co.

Canadian Pacific Railway Building  
Telephone Main 7437

Montreal

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New York

## MONEY AND MAGNATES

### Too Poor to Buy the War Loan

A CERTAIN Canadian thrust his hands in his pockets. He had risen from lunch. He was thinking about money. Right hand pocket? Two coppers and his keys. Left hand? Three quarters, a dirty dollar bill and a button.

"Pooh!" he said,—though he was really thinking of his bank account, not his pockets, "Haven't any money!"

He withdrew his hands. He rebutted his coat. He ascended to the club's cigar stand and bought two two-for's. He lighted one and strolled back to his office. He rang for his stenographer and dictated. But in everything he did he kept saying to himself: "Haven't any money. No. Haven't any. . . . If I had . . . wish I could . . . but I haven't."

By five o'clock he believed it.

He had to—to be comfortable, because he had been reading about the new Canadian war loan.

His living expenses, by the way, were about a thousand a month.

#### II.

Now this man went out that night and made a speech at a recruiting meeting.

It was a good speech.

It ran like this:

"You men who haven't enlisted aren't being honest with yourselves. You think there are reasons why you can't go. You imagine you can't. You deceive yourself by saying: 'Oh, I couldn't arrange for my family to be

looked after.' You think of insurance and you say: 'I haven't any money—'"

Right there the speech broke down. It limped.

It stopped.

The Canadian sat down.

People cheered, but he was uncomfortable.

He hurried home. He called for his household budget. He drew a blue pencil. He cancelled the new car he thought he needed. He wiped out the proposed new wing for his house. He cut off the appropriation for new rugs.

What with one little economy and another little economy he scraped up a trifling ten thousand dollars and bought one hundred war loan bonds.

#### III.

There are a lot of people that way, but they aren't all rich people.

Take the case:

A grocer read about the war loan.

"Gee!" he sighed. "That'd be a pretty nice thing. . . . Wish I was rich. . . ."

He reached for a scoop with one hand and a bag with the other.

He became absorbed in weighing out "quarter's worths" of sugar so as to have 'em ready for the Saturday night trade.

The store cat rubbed herself against his shoes.

The cracked bell on the store door jangled and a customer came in.

She was a large, kind, talkative woman and wanted four quart sealers.

She was doing-down peaches.

While the grocer got the sealers she talked. Then he talked. They both hoped that "everybody" would buy the new war loan bonds. They agreed it was a duty. O yes. 'Specially of rich people.

Then they forgot the war loan.

#### IV.

It doesn't matter what made the grocer wake up. But he did.

So did the woman.

First of all the grocer wasn't certain.

He added up his bills payable.

He totted up his bills receivable.

He ran across some old "bad debts" and added them up too. They amounted to two hundred dollars.

"If I could collect half of that," he thought, "I would . . ."

So he tried.

And he did.

\* \* \*

The woman customer had a much harder time of it.

She had never seen a whole hundred dollars except once when she had won a prize in a guessing contest.

But now—she had no son to send to the front.

—She had knitted all the socks she could and rolled bandages at the church

—so she set her mind on getting together one hundred dollars for a war loan bond.

It seemed as far away as a star, but she was determined.

It took her a long time, but she succeeded. She made a kind of pickle which only she could make and sold it through the grocer. That made her a little. She cut down on the household expenses and she collected some money that was owing to her husband . . . .

You understand she succeeded.

#### V.

This is the point:

Every house in Canada could own a war-loan bond if it wanted to.

You say: "Impossible!"

Wrong.

You say: "Then show how to do it."

Impossible.

Each man must show himself, but the fact is that there are few people who can't somehow get together \$100 and then—

It isn't merely patriotic to buy a war-loan bond.

It isn't just a duty.

It is the very best of GOOD BUSINESS.

It is an opportunity.

The first bonds of the Canadian war loan were sold at a premium not long after the issue.

They were unsurpassed security.

They give over 5% interest.

They are as good as gold itself.

Some rich men buy fewer war loan bonds than they could afford—if they only thought so.

Some poor men are buying more than seems at first possible.

But that rich man errs on the wrong side; the poor man on the right side.

To subscribe to the new loan is not only good citizenship but good business.

#### A LASTING IMPRESSION.

E. H. Sothern was invited to a formal luncheon a few days ago. Among the guests was a distinguished lawyer. He chatted with the noted actor about the theatre and told him how much he enjoyed his acting.

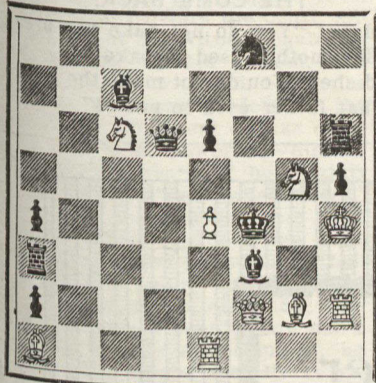
"Yes," said the lawyer, "you have given us many, many pleasant evenings. I regret your retirement exceedingly."

"Naturally," says Mr. Sothern, "I was much pleased until as the luncheon broke up the lawyer clasped my hand and said: "Goodby, dear Mr. Mansfield, I shall never forget you."



Address all correspondence to the Chess Editor, Canadian Courier, 30 Grant St., Toronto.

PROBLEM NO. 77, by H. ROHR.  
La Strategie, 1906.  
Black.—Eleven Pieces.



White.—Nine Pieces.

White to play and self-mate in two.  
Problem No. 73, by F. Paletzsch.  
White: K at KRsq; Q at QB3; R at QKtsq; B at QR4.  
Black: K at QR3; Q at QRsq; Bs at QBsq and KB7; Ps at QR2, QR4, Q4 and K5.

White mates in three.

SOLUTIONS.

Problem No. 72, by W. J. Faulkner.  
1. R(Q5)—Q6; 2. RxPch; 3. RxKtch;  
4. R—QB5ch; 5. R(Q7)—Q5, QxB mate.

Problem No. 73, by J. Kotrc.  
1. R—K4, KxR; 2. Q—Kt2 mate.  
1. ...., PxR; 2. Kt—K3 mate.  
1. ...., KtxR; 2. Q—QKt3 mate.  
1. ...., P—B5; 2. R—Q4 mate.  
It would seem that the White King should be on QB7, as there is no mate after 1. ...., QKt any.

Problem No. 74, by V. Holst.  
1. Kt—B7, R—K3; 2. Q—Kt8, any move;  
3. Kt—Q6 or K5 mate.  
1. ...., R(Ksq)—K4; 2. Q—Kt7, any move; 3. Kt or P mates.  
1. ...., R—Q5; 2. Q—Kt8, RxQ;  
3. Kt—K5 mate.  
1. ...., R—Q6 or Q7; 2. Q—B4ch, any move; 3. Kt—Q6 or K5 mate.

A SUBTLE SACRIFICIAL THEME.  
The following two compositions, of the sacrificial type, can be compared with interest. In the first position it being necessary to unpin the White Knight, to mate, the two sacrifices form, in advance, a safe haven for the White K on KB4. In Hocker's problem the initial sacrifice opens the diagonal path for procedure by the White King, whilst the following move of the Knight decoys the Black Bishop for the same protective influence as in both of Holzhausen's sacrifices.

By W. F. Holzhausen.  
White: K at KKt5; Q at Q7; Bs at QBsq and K8; Kts at Q5 and KKt3; Ps at QR2, QR3 and KR2. Black: K at QR5; Q at QKt4; Rs at QKtsq and KKtsq; B at Q6; Ps at QR4, QB5, KKt3 and KR4. Mate in four. 1. Q—Kt4, PxQ; 2. Kt—B5! PxKtch; 3. K—B4, etc.

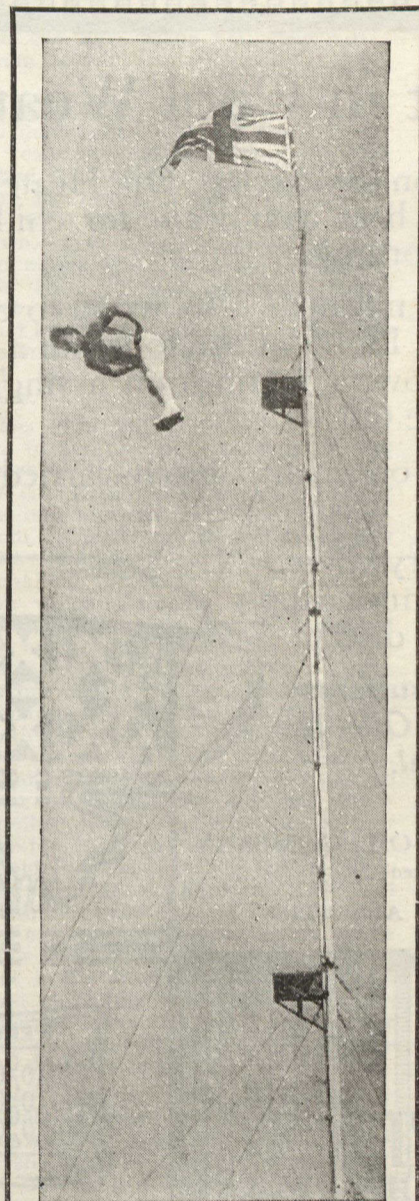
By H. Hockner.  
White: K at QB4; R at Qsq; B at KKt7; Kts at QKt3 and K5; Ps at Q6, KB2, KB3, KR2 and KR4. Black: K at KB5; Rs at QB4, K2, K3, K5 and KB4. Mate in five. 1. R—Q3, PxR; 2. Kt—Q2, BxKt; 3. KxQP, RxPch; 4. K—K2, etc. If 1. ...., PxP; 2. RxPch, K—K5; 3. R—K3ch, etc.

A SOUTH AMERICAN BRILLIANT.  
The following very fine and little-known specimen of the Evans' Gambit was contested between Dr. Caldas Vianna and A. Silvestre at Rio de Janeiro in 1900. We had the good fortune to come across it a matter of a year after in the "Australasian," to which publication we are also indebted for the annotation:

Evans' Gambit.  
White.  
1. P—K4  
2. Kt—KB3  
3. B—B4  
4. P—QKt4  
5. P—B3  
6. P—Q4  
7. Castles  
8. Q—Kt3  
9. P—K5  
10. R—Ksq  
11. B—KKt5  
12. KtxKP  
13. P—B4  
14. QxP (c)  
15. PxKt  
16. R—KBsq  
17. Kt—Q2  
18. QR—Ksq  
19. B—B7ch  
Black.  
A. Silvestre.  
1. P—K4  
2. Kt—QB3  
3. B—B4  
4. BxKtP  
5. B—R4  
6. PxP  
7. P—Q3 (a)  
8. Q—B3  
9. PxKP  
10. B—Q2 (b)  
11. Q—B4  
12. KtxKt  
13. P—KB3  
14. R—Qsq  
15. PxP  
16. QxP (d)  
17. Kt—K2 (e)  
18. Q—QB4  
19. K—Bsq

- 20. B—Kt6 dis. ch
- 21. BxB
- 22. Kt—K4
- 23. RxKtch
- 24. Kt—Q6 (h)
- 25. K—Rsq
- 26. Q—Q5ch
- 27. Q—K4
- 28. Q—K6ch
- 29. R—B6 (k)
- 30. Q—B5ch
- 31. RxRch
- 32. QxRch
- 33. R—K3 mate (l)
- 20. B—B4 (f)
- 21. KtxB
- 22. Q—Kt3 (g)
- 23. K—Ktsq
- 24. PxP dis. ch
- 25. P—KR3 (i)
- 26. K—R2
- 27. K—Ktsq (j)
- 28. K—R2
- 29. KR—Bsq
- 30. K—Ktsq
- 31. RxR
- 32. KxQ

(a) PxP is the compromised defence. Black avoids its intricacies only to meet with an even more complicated game.  
(b) Probably best. Paulsen's defence, Kt—R3, seems unsatisfactory on account of 11. B—KKt5, Q—B4; 12. Q—R3.  
(c) After 14. BxKt, Castles, Black would



OUR AMUSEMENTS.

This unfortunate man was one of the amusement attractions at a popular amusement resort in the city of Toronto. This snapshot of him may be the last he will ever have taken. At the time he was snapped the photographer had no idea that in less than two seconds the man would land on the edge of the basin in which he customarily ended his 140-foot dive from the top of the flag-pole for the "amusement" of the spectators, and that he would afterwards be lying in a hospital betwixt life and death. This is a form of civilized art that does not represent human progress either in the performer or the spectators. When millions of men are being sacrificed in a great war for half the flags in the civilized world it is no time for any man to risk his life in any such foolhardy exploit under the Union Jack.

have had the better game.  
(d) He has no better.  
(e) If 17. ...., Q—K6ch, then 18. K—Rsq, QxKt; 19. QR—Qsq ch, Kt—K2; 20. RxKtch and White mates in three by 21. R—B7ch, or 21. Q—K4ch.  
(f) If 20. ...., K—Kt sq, then 21. Q—Kt3ch wins. If 20. ...., Kt—B4, then 21. Kt—K4, Q—Kt3; 22. BxKt, PxP dis. ch; 23. K—Rsq, QxQ; 24. BxB dis. ch, K—K2; 25. Kt—B5 dis. ch, etc.  
(g) Nor can he get a satisfactory game by giving up the Queen by 22. ...., Q—Q4; 23. RxKtch, QxR; 24. R—KBsq.  
(h) A marvellous move. Three pieces can take it, but none with safety.  
(i) A fine variation runs. 25. ...., QxQ; 26. KtxQ, P—B7; 27. KtxB, R—Q8; 28. R(B5)—Bsq, P=Q; 29. R—Q8 mate.  
(j) Still the Knight cannot safely be taken, for if Pawn takes, mate in two follows: If Rook takes, then mate in three by 28. R—B6 dis. ch, K—Ktsq; 29. R—B8ch KxR; 30. Q mates. If 27. ...., QxKt, then 28. R—B6 dis. ch, followed by RxQ and wins.  
(k) Threatening 30. RxPch and 31. Q—B7 mate.  
(l) A fitting conclusion to as brilliant a game as anyone could desire. The Knight, which nine moves ago was offered

to Black, is still en prise, the Queen has been sacrificed and the Rook is the only other piece White has left.

Solver's Ladder.  
(Fourth Week, Sept. 9.)

	No. 67.	No. 68	Total
J. R. Ballantyne	2	0	49
J. Kay	2	2	40
P. W. Pearson	0	3	38
R. G. Hunter	0	0	32
R. A. Leduc	0	0	29
W. J. Faulkner	2	3	21

The prize for this month goes to Mr. Ballantyne, whose rise to the top has been of the mushroom order, due to his discovery of several cooks. His solutions to Nos. 65 and 66 must have met with misfortune, as they never came to hand. He has our hearty congratulations.

Solver's Ladder.  
(First Week.)

	No. 70.	No. 71.	Total
J. Kay	2	3	45
P. W. Pearson	2	3	43
R. G. Hunter	2	0	34
R. A. Leduc	0	0	29
W. J. Faulkner	2	3	26
J. R. Ballantyne	2	3	5

Correct solutions of Nos. 61, 62, 63 and

## NEW WAR LOAN

See particulars on another page of this issue.

Let each one help make this loan a success.

Send us your application, together with cheque for 1st instalment, payable to THE MINISTER OF FINANCE, and we will look after it for you WITHOUT CHARGE. Send for circular and application forms.

### JOHN STARK & CO.

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We own and offer a wide range of Canadian City Bonds to Yield 5% to 6.30%.

Particulars Upon Request

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Give your tires all the air they need.  
The only way to KNOW whether or not your tires have enough air is to measure it with a

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For Sale by Tire Manufacturers, Jobbers, Dealers, Garages or  
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64 received from "Yukon," Dawson City, = 44 points.

There were no correct solvers of No. 69, the 4 mover by W. Pauly. Mr. Faulkner sends a cook, however, by 1. P—B3; 2. R—KK7 or KR7, etc.

Our column of Sept. 9 was unfortunately published without proof examination. The submitted problems should number 75 and 76. In the last variation of the commentary on Kohnlein's 7 mover, 1. . . ., B—R4 at once, is, of course, at Black's command.

In column of Sept. 2, the problems should number 72, 73 and 74.

Mr. Hunter's solution of No. 65 was overlooked. We have added the two points to his score.

#### To Correspondents.

(J. P. B.) In No. 68 1. . . . Kt—K3; 2. Q—Kt4? B—Kt4! no mate.  
(P. W. P.) In No. 70. 1. Pxp, QxQ! no mate.

## Bolt from the Blue

(Concluded from page 18.)

shimmering seas and the spacious, noble South.

Fred was the first person to greet me on the Santa Dominica platform. His face was beaming from ear to ear; his hand closed on mine in a grip of steel; he hugged me like a bear, and waltzed me exuberantly into a brakeman, and then into a checkerboard earl with an eyeglass. Say, but wasn't he glad to see me! Say, but it was corking to see me! Say, he hoped I'd overlook the late unpleasantness, and come to the wedding! Yes, by Jupiter, his and Elinor's! Splendid, wasn't it! Simply great, eh? Who'd have thought it a month ago? Hadn't I heard? The Purple Brother had skipped. Yes, had skinned out like the Arab! Hadn't even stayed to fold up his tent, but had melted like hot wagon grease! Had been traced to San Diego and across the border into Mexico, scooting for all he was worth!

And the New Religionists?

All back at the old stand, except Mr. Paton, who had gone to Europe, and the Titcombes, who were recuperating at Paso Robles Hot Springs. Great wasn't it! Just as I had said, little though he had believed it. Nothing doing without the Purple Brother, you know.

Something in my look startled Fred, for he stopped in mid-career and gazed at me with open mouth.

"This isn't any news to you," he said suddenly. "You can't fool me! You knew it already!"

"I did and I didn't," I answered, evasively.

"What does this mean?" he demanded.

"Only that I am the modest hero of this occasion."

"What's that? I don't understand."

"Only that I seen my duty and I done it."

"Then you did have something to do with getting rid of him."

"Oh, yes," I returned. "In fact, I had a whole lot."

"A whole lot?" repeated Fred, more mystified than ever.

"To cut a long story short," I explained, "and not to bore you with the mental processes that led me from one brilliant deduction to another till I reached the intellectual culmination of my life, let me say that I walked into a Broadway telegraph office, and lightly taking a pencil tied to a string, asked (in the hope that it had been reduced) what was the rate for ten words from New York to California. Undeterred by the fact that a soulless corporation still insisted on a dollar, I gracefully seized a form, and—"

"And wrote, of course," put in Fred hurriedly. "Wrote what, that's what I'm after?"

"I just took a chance, old man, a million to one chance, and with no more to go on than my natural intrepidity and general disbelief in prophets, I telegraphed: 'Ram Zafaryab Chadderiee, B.A., Santa Dominica, California. Leave New York to-night. Meet me at the train. Blue Eyes.'"

## Work for Women

(Concluded from page 13.)

are made glad by the note of the thrush and the blackbird. The Home is called Blue Bird's Nest, in anticipation that the happiness of Maeterlinck's Blue Bird will reign there. All

the hangings, woodwork, and furnishings are of various shades of blue. In carrying out this idea, Lady Byron concurred with the colour specialists of the day—that blue is the colour most restful to the nerves. Nurses from South Africa, Australia, Canada, as well as from all points in Britain, have rested here, and gone back to their work, renewed in the strength essential to them, by the kindness and thought of Lady Byron.

As chairman of the Polish Relief Fund and on the Committees of Serbian and Montenegrin Relief and Italian Relief, Lady Byron does good service. Perhaps because the Tobacco Fund is so essential to the personal comfort of our men, Lady Byron is also interested in it and is on the committee. Realizing our obligation to look after the comfort of the soldier at the front in all ways, Lady Byron has given of her thought, of her means, and of herself to the work. After the

war, when the various workers have scattered to their homes in the different Colonies, many a grateful thought will be wafted back to Blue Bird's Nest and its kind founder, by the Sisters who found there a touch of home and its comforts.

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MISS MARY GALBRAITH, the Assistant Treasurer of the city of Winnipeg, is an unusual woman in an unusual occupation, who has made unusually good. So good, in fact, that to her fellow-citizens she has become an institution as useful and unquestioned as the City Hall itself. For over 18 years Miss Galbraith has been an efficient worker in the City Treasurer's department in Winnipeg. At first and for some years she was simply an assistant to the Treasurer, but for the past decade she has held the position of Assistant Treasurer, and has been invested with all the powers which that position entails,

notably that of conducting the whole department in the absence of her chief. As the Treasurer's office in Winnipeg handles in the course of the year a sum of from \$10,000,000 to \$14,000,000, it can be readily seen just what this means. Miss Galbraith is an enthusiastic Daughter of Empire, and has been Regent of the Lord Selkirk Chapter for the past two years. She is a feminist and an advocate of the extension of women's activities in larger spheres, but better than the mere belief in these things she is a fine exponent of the best ideals of what woman may be, and commands both affection and respect from all who knew her.

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# The Blind Man's Eyes

(Continued from page 18.)

and it was during this trial that Santoiné's name had become more publicly known. Not that the blind man was suspected of any knowledge—much less of any complicity—in the crime; the murder had been because of a purely private matter; but in the eager questioning into Latron's circumstances and surroundings previous to the crime, Santoiné was summoned into court as a witness.

The drama of Santoiné's examination had been of the sort the public—and therefore the newspapers—love. The blind man, led into the court, sitting sightless in the witness chair, revealing himself by his spoken, and even more by his withheld, replies as one of the unknown guiders of the destiny of the Continent and as counselor to the most powerful,—himself till then hardly heard of but plainly one of the nation's "uncrowned rulers,"—had caught the public sense. The fate of the murderer, the crime, even Latron himself, lost temporarily their interest in the public curiosity over the personality of Santoiné. So, ever since, Santoiné had been a man marked out; his goings and comings, beside what they might actually reveal of disagreements or settlements among the great, were the object of unbounded and often disturbing guesses and speculations; and particularly at this time when the circumstances of Warden's death had proclaimed dissensions among the powerful which they had hastened to deny, it was natural that Santoiné's comings and goings should be as inconspicuous as possible.

It had been reported for some days that Santoiné had come to Seattle directly after Warden's death; but when this was admitted, his associates had always been careful to add that Santoiné, having been a close personal friend of Gabriel Warden, had come purely in a personal capacity, and the impression was given that Santoiné had returned quietly some days before. The mere prolonging of his stay in the West was more than suggestive that affairs among the powerful were truly in such state as Warden had proclaimed; this attack upon Santoiné, so similar to that which had slain Warden, and delivered within eleven days of Warden's death, must be of the gravest significance.

CONNERY stood overwhelmed for the moment with this fuller recognition of the seriousness of the disaster which had come upon this man entrusted to his charge; then he turned to the surgeon.

"Can you do anything for him here, Doctor?" he asked.

The surgeon glanced down the car. "That state-room—is it occupied?"

"It's occupied by his daughter."

"We'll take him in there, then. Is the berth made?"

The conductor went to the rear of the car and brought the porter who had been stationed there, with the brakeman. He set the negro to making up the berth; and when it was finished, the four men lifted the inert figure of Basil Santoiné, carried it into the drawing-room and laid it on its back upon the bed.

"I have my instruments," Sinclair said. "I'll get them; but before I decide to do anything, I ought to see his daughter. Since she is here, her consent is necessary before any operation on him."

The surgeon spoke to Avery. Eaton saw by Avery's start of recollection that Harriet Dorne's—or Harriet Santoiné's—friend could not have been thinking of her at all during the recent moments. The chances of life or death of Basil Santoiné evidently so greatly and directly affected Donald Avery that he had been absorbed in them to the point of forgetting all other interests than his own. Eaton's Had Connery in his directions said anything to the trainmen guarding the door or to the passengers on the platforms, that had frightened her here? When the first sense of something wrong spread back to the obser-

vation car, what word had reached her? Did she connect it with her father? Was she—the one most closely concerned—among those who had been on the rear platform seeking admittance? Was she standing there in the aisle of the next car waiting for confirmation of her dread? Or had no word reached her, and must the news of the attack upon her father come to her with all the shock of suddenness?

Eaton had been about to leave the car, where he now was plainly of no use, but these doubts checked him.

"Miss Santoiné is in the observation car," Avery said. "I'll get her."

The tone was in some way false—Eaton could not tell exactly how. Avery started down the aisle.

"One moment, please, Mr. Avery!" said the conductor. "I'll ask you not to tell Miss Santoiné before any other passengers that there has been an attack upon her father. Wait until you get her inside the door of this car."

"You yourself said nothing, then, that can have made her suspect it?" Eaton asked.

CONNERY shook his head; the conductor, in doubt and anxiety over exactly what action the situation called for,—unable, too, to communicate any hint of it to his superiors to the West because of the wires being down,—clearly had resolved to keep the attack upon Santoiné secret for the time. "I said nothing definite even to the trainmen," he replied; "and I want you gentlemen to promise me before you leave this car that you will say nothing until I give you leave."

His eyes shifted from the face of one to another, until he had assured himself that all agreed. As Avery left the car, Eaton found a seat in one of the end sections near the drawing-room. Sinclair and the conductor had returned to Santoiné. The porter was unmaking the berth in the next section which Santoiné had occupied, having been told to do so by Connery; the negro bundled together the linen and carried it to the cupboard at the further end of the car; he folded the blankets and put them in the upper berth; he took out the partitions and laid them on top of the blankets. Eaton stared out the window at the bank of snow. He did not know whether to ask to leave the car, or whether he ought to remain; and he would have gone except for recollection of Harriet Santoiné. He had heard the rear door of the car open and close some moments before, so he knew that she must be in the car and that, in the passage at that end, Avery must be telling her about her father. Then the curtain at the end of the car was pushed further aside, and Harriet Santoiné came in.

She was very pale, but quite controlled, as Eaton knew she would be. She looked at Eaton, but did not speak as she passed; she went directly to the door of the drawing-room, opened it and went in, followed by Avery. The door closed, and for a moment Eaton could hear voices inside the room—Harriet Santoiné's, Sinclair's, Connery's. The conductor then came to the door of the drawing-room and sent the porter for water and clean linen; Eaton heard the rip of linen being torn, and the car became filled with the smell of antiseptics.

Donald Avery came out of the drawing-room and dropped into the seat across from Eaton. He seemed deeply thoughtful—so deeply, indeed, as to be almost unaware of Eaton's presence. And Eaton, observing him, again had the sense that Avery's absorption was completely in consequences to himself of what was going on behind the door—in how Basil Santoiné's death or continued existence would affect the fortunes of Donald Avery.

"Is he going to operate?" Eaton asked.

"Operate? Yes; he's doing it," Avery replied shortly.

"And Miss Santoiné?"

"She's helping—handing instruments and so on."

Avery could not have replied, as he did, if the strain this period must impose upon Harriet Santoiné had been much in his mind. Eaton turned from him and asked nothing more. A long time passed—how long, Eaton could not have told; he noted only that during it the shadows on the snowbank outside the window appreciably changed their position. Once during this time, the door of the drawing-room was briefly opened, while Connery handed something out to the porter, and the smell of the antiseptics grew suddenly stronger; and Eaton could see behind Connery the surgeon, coatless and with shirt-sleeves rolled up, bending over the figure on the bed. Finally the door opened again, and Harriet Santoiné came out, paler than before, and now not quite so steady.

Eaton rose as she approached them; and Avery leaped up, all concern and sympathy for her immediately she appeared. He met her in the aisle and took her hand.

"Was it successful, dear?" Avery asked.

She shut her eyes before she answered, and stood holding to the back of a seat; then she opened her eyes, saw Eaton and recognized him and sat down in the seat where Avery had been sitting.

"Dr. Sinclair says we will know in four or five days," she replied to Avery; she turned then directly to Eaton. "He thought there probably was a clot under the skull, and he operated to find it and relieve it. There was one, and we have done all we can; now we may only wait. Dr. Sinclair has appointed himself nurse; he says I can help him, but not just yet. I thought you would like to know."

"Thank you; I did want to know," Eaton acknowledged. He moved away from them, and sat down in one of the seats further down the car. Connery came out from the drawing-room, went first to one end of the car, then to the other; and returning with the Pullman conductor, began to oversee the transfer of the baggage of all other passengers than the Santoiné party to vacant sections in the forward sleepers. People began to pass through the aisle; evidently the car doors had been unlocked. Eaton got up and left the car, finding at the door a porter from one of the other cars stationed to warn people not to linger or speak or make other noises in going through the car where Santoiné was.

As the door was closing behind Eaton, a sound came to his ears from the car he just had left—a young girl suddenly crying in abandon. Harriet Santoiné, he understood, must have broken down for the moment, after the strain of the operation; and Eaton halted as though to turn back, feeling the blood drive suddenly upon his heart. Then, recollecting that he had no right to go to her, he went on.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### Suspicion Fastens on Eaton.

AS he entered his own car, Eaton halted; that part of the train had taken on its usual look and manner, or as near so, it seemed, as the stoppage in the snow left possible. Knowing what he did, Eaton stared at first with astonishment; and the irrational thought came to him that the people before him were acting. Then he realized that they were almost as usual because they did not know what had happened; the fact that Basil Santoiné had been attacked—or that he was on the train—still had been carefully kept secret by the spreading of some other explanation of the trouble in the car behind. So now, in their section, Amy and Constance were reading and knitting; their parents had immersed themselves in double solitaire; the Englishman looked out the window at the snow with no different expression than that with which he would have surveyed a landscape they might have been passing. Sinclair's section, of course, remained empty; and a porter came and transferred the surgeon's handbag and overcoat to the car behind in which he was caring for Santoiné.

Eaton found his car better filled than it had been before, for the people shifted from the car behind had been



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scattered through the train. He felt a hand on his arm as he started to go to his seat, and turned and faced Connery.

"If you must say anything, say it was appendicitis," the conductor warned when he had brought Eaton back to the vestibule. "Mr. Dorne—if a name is given, it is that—was suddenly seized with a recurrence of an attack of appendicitis from which he had been suffering. An immediate operation was required to save him; that was what Dr. Sinclair did."

Eaton reaffirmed his agreement to give no information. He learned by the conversation of the passengers that Connery's version of what had happened had been easily received; some one, they said, had been taken suddenly and seriously ill upon the train. Their speculation, after some argument, had pitched on the right person; it was the tall, distinguished-looking man in the last car who wore glasses. At noon, food was carried into the Santoine car.

KEEPING himself to his section, Eaton watched the car and outside the window for signs of what investigation Connery and Avery were making. What already was known had made it perfectly clear that whoever had attacked Santoine must still be upon the train; for no one could have escaped through the snow. No one could now escape. Avery and Connery and whoever else was making investigation with them evidently were not letting any one know that an investigation was being made. A number of times Eaton saw Connery and the Pullman conductor pass through the aisles. Eaton went to lunch; on his way back from the diner, he saw the conductors with papers in their hands questioning a passenger. They evidently were starting systematically through the cars, examining each person; they were making the plea of necessity of a report to the railroad offices of names and addresses of all held up by the stoppage of the train. As Eaton halted at his section, the two conductors finished with the man from the rear who had been installed in Section One, and they crossed to the Englishman opposite. Eaton heard them explain the need of making a report and heard the Englishman's answer, with his name, his address and particulars as to who he was, where he was coming from and whither he was going.

Eaton started on toward the rear of the train.

"A moment, sir!" Connery called. Eaton halted. The conductors confronted him. "Your name, sir?" Connery asked. "Philip D. Eaton." Connery wrote down the answer. "Your address?" "I—have no address."

"You mean you don't want to give it?" "No, I have none. I was going to a hotel in Chicago—which one I hadn't decided yet."

"Where are you coming from?" "From Asia." "That's hardly an address, Mr. Eaton!"

"I can give you no address abroad. I had no fixed address there. I was travelling most of the time. You could not reach me or place me by means of any city or hotel there. I arrived in Seattle by the Asiatic steamer and took this train."

"Ah! you came on the Tamba Maru." Connery made note of this, as he had made note of all the other questions and answers. Then he said something to the Pullman conductor, who replied in the same low tone; what they said was not audible to Eaton.

"You can tell us at least where your family is, Mr. Eaton," Connery suggested.

"I have no family." "Friends, then?" "I—I have no friends."

"What?" "I say that I can refer you to no friends."

"Nowhere?" "Nowhere." Connery pondered for several moments. "The Mr. Hillward—Lawrence

Hillward, to whom the telegram was addressed which you claimed this morning, your associate who was to have taken this train with you—will you give me his address?"

"I thought you had decided the telegram was not meant for me."

"I am asking you a question, Mr. Eaton—not making explanations. It isn't impossible there should be two Lawrence Hillwards."

"I don't know Hillward's address." "Give me the address, then, of the man who sent the telegram."

"I am unable to do that, either." Connery spoke again to the Pullman conductor, and they conversed inaudibly for a minute. "That is all, then," Connery said finally.

He signed his name to the sheet on which he had written Eaton's answers, and handed it to the Pullman conductor, who also signed it and returned it to him; then they went on to the passenger now occupying Section Four, without making any further comment.

Eaton abandoned his idea of going to the rear of the train; he sat down, picked up his magazine and tried to read; but after an instant, he leaned forward and looked at himself in the little mirror between the windows. It reassured him to find that he looked entirely normal; he had been afraid that during the questioning he might have turned pale, and his paleness—taken in connection with his inability to answer the questions—might have seriously directed the suspicions of the conductors toward him. The others in the car, who might have overheard his refusal to reply to the questions, would be regarding him only curiously, since they did not know the real reasons for the examination. But the conductors—what did they think?

Already, Eaton reflected, before the finding of the senseless form of Basil Santoine, there had occurred the disagreeable incident of the telegram to attract unfavourable attention to him. On the other hand, might not the questioning of him have been purely formal? Connery certainly had treated him, at the time of the discovery of Santoine, as one not of the class to be suspected of being the assailant of Santoine. Avery, to be sure, had been uglier, more excited and hostile; but Harriet Santoine again had treated him trustfully and frankly as one with whom thought of connection with the attack upon her father was impossible. Eaton told himself that there should be no danger to himself from this inquiry, directed against no one, but including comprehensively every one on the train.

AS Eaton pretended to read, he could hear behind him the low voices of the conductors, which grew fainter and fainter as they moved further away, section by section, down the car. Finally, when the conductors had left the car, he put his magazine away and went into the men's compartment to smoke and calm his nerves. His return to America had passed the bounds of recklessness; and what a situation he would now be in if his actions brought even serious suspicions against him! He finished his first cigar and was debating whether to light another, when he heard voices outside the car, and opening the window and looking out, he saw Connery and the brakeman struggling through the snow and making, apparently, some search. They had come from the front of the train and had passed under his window only an instant before, scrutinizing the snowbank beside the car carefully and looking under the car—the brakeman even had crawled under it; now they went on. Eaton closed the door of the compartment carrying something loosely wrapped in a newspaper in his hands. Eaton finished his cigar and went back to his seat in the car.

As he glanced at the seat where he had left the magazine and his locked travelling-bag, he saw that the bag was no longer there. It stood now between the two seats on the floor, and picking it up and looking at it, he found it unfastened and with marks about the lock which told plainly that it had been forced.

His quick glance around at the other

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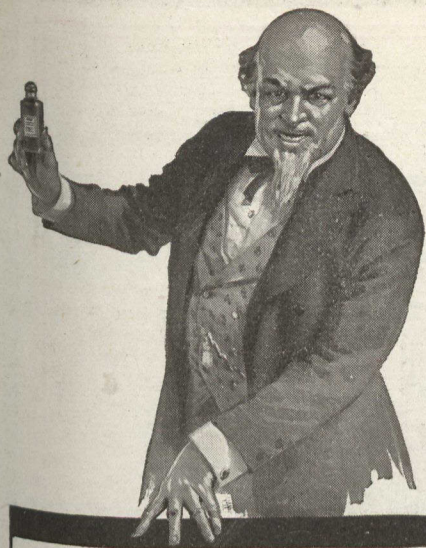
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passengers, which showed him that his discovery of this had not been noticed, showed also that they had not seen the bag opened. They would have been watching him if they had; clearly the bag had been carried out of the car during his absence, and later had been brought back. He set it on the floor between his knees and checked over its contents. Nothing had been taken, so far as he could tell; for the bag had contained only clothing, the Chinese dictionary and the box of cigars, and these all apparently were still there. He had laid out the things on the seat across from him while checking them up, and now he began to put them back in the bag. Suddenly he noticed that one of his socks was missing; what had been eleven pairs was now only ten pairs and one odd sock.

**T**HE disappearance of a single sock was so strange, so bizarre, so perplexing that—unless it was accidental—he could not account for it at all. No one opens a man's bag and steals one sock, and he was quite sure there had been eleven complete pairs there earlier in the day. Certainly then, it had been accidental: the bag had been opened, its contents taken out and examined, and in putting them back, one sock had been dropped unnoticed. The absence of the sock, then, meant no more than that the contents of the bag had been thoroughly investigated. By whom? By the man against whom the telegram directed to Lawrence Hillward had warned Eaton?

Ever since his receipt of the telegram, Eaton—as he passed through the train in going to and from the diner or for other reasons—had been trying covertly to determine which, if any one, among the passengers was the "one" who, the telegram had warned him, was "following" him. For at first he had interpreted it to mean that one of "them" whom he had to fear must be on the train. Later he had felt certain that this could not be the case, for otherwise any one of "them" who knew him would have spoken by this time. He had watched particularly for a time the man who had claimed the telegram and given the name of Hillward; but the only conclusion he had been able to reach was that the man's name might be Hillward, and that coincidence—strange as such a thing seemed—might have put aboard the train a person by this name. Now his suspicions that one of "them" must be aboard the train returned.

The bag certainly had not been carried out the forward door of the car, or he would have seen it from the compartment at that end of the car where he had sat smoking. As he tried to recall who had passed the door of the compartment, he remembered no one except trainmen. The bag, therefore, had been carried out the rear door, and the man who had opened it, if a passenger, must still be in the rear part of the train.

Eaton, refilling his cigar-case to give his action a look of casualness, got up and went toward the rear of the train. A porter was still posted at the door of the Santoine car, who warned him to be quiet in passing through. The car, he found, was entirely empty; the door to the drawing-room where Santoine lay was closed. Two berths near the farther end of the car had been made up, no doubt for the surgeon and Harriet Santoine to rest there during the intervals of their watching; but the curtains of these berths were folded back, showing both of them to be empty, though one apparently had been occupied. Was Harriet Santoine with her father?

(To be continued.)

### KEEPING IT UP.

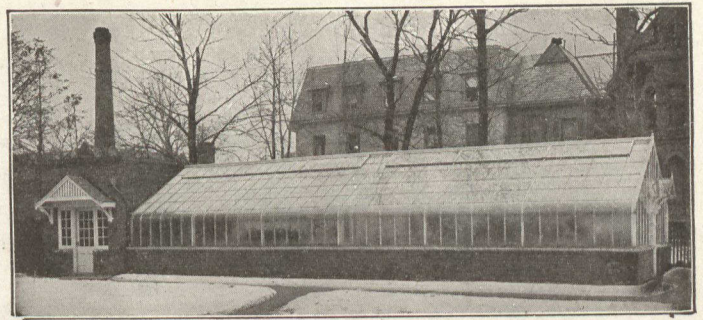
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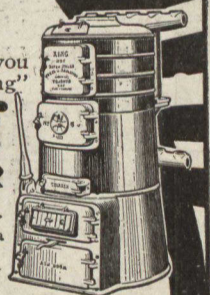
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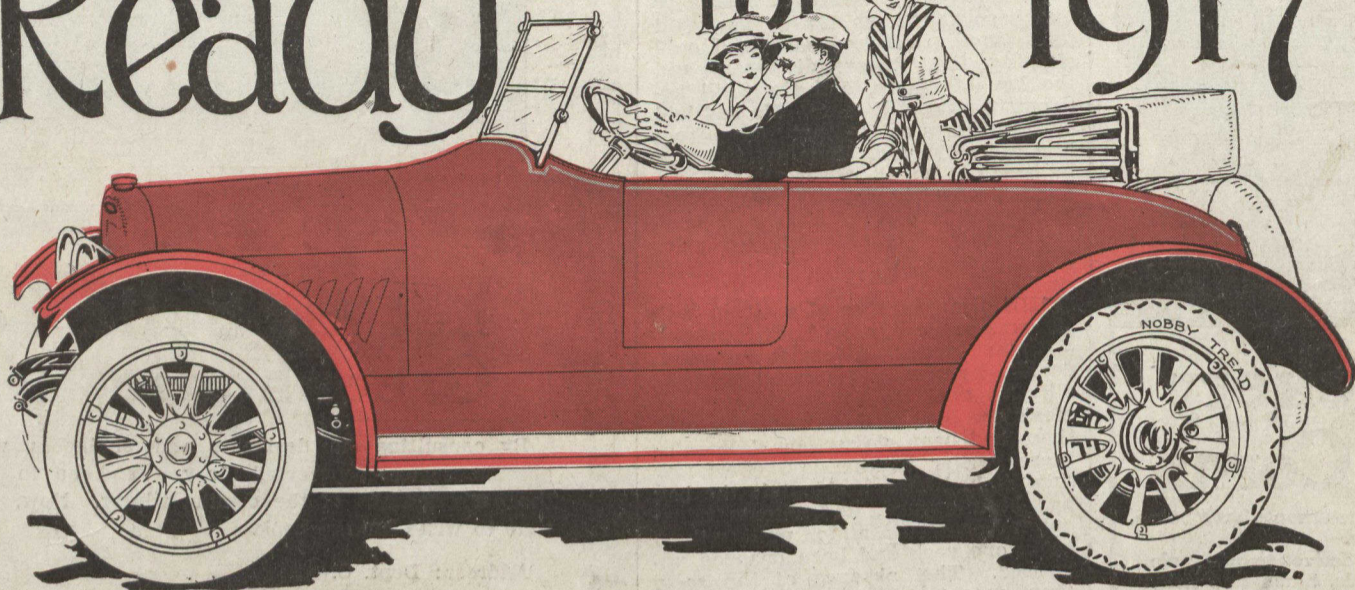
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4 Passenger**

## ROADSTER

Motor—Gray Dort, 4 cylinder, cast en block, L-head type, bore 3¼ in., stroke 5 in., speed 2,000 R.P.M., horsepower 28. Cast iron removable heads. Timing gears—cast iron helical cut. Carter Carburetor. Thermosiphon cooling, 3 gallon tube and fin radiator. 4 quart oil pump and splash lubrication. Westinghouse two unit starting and lighting system. Connecticut battery ignition. 12 inch cone clutch with 6 compensating springs. Three speed and reverse selective transmission, with double row new departure bearings. Universal joint. Gasoline tank under cowl. I beam Heavy Duty front axle. ¾ floating rear axle, with forked tube torsion and Hyatt High Duty bearings. 10 inch internal expanding and external contracting brakes. Pressed steel frame. Springs—front 37 in. elliptic, rear 50 in. full cantilever. Left-hand drive. 16 in. irreversible worm and nut type steering wheel. Gear shift lever—centre control. Emergency brake, right pedal. Service brake, clutch pedal. Accelerator pedal. Spark and throttle control on steering wheel. Artillery type wood wheels. Detroit demountable rims. 30 x 3½ Dominion tires. Nobby tread rear. Westinghouse electric lighting. Linoleum covered running board. Lock ignition switch. Dashlight, ammeter, roborail, footrail, clear-vision windshield, one-man top, tools, equipment complete. Wheel Base—105 inches. Weight, 2,080 pounds.

**New Ideas in Design! New Notions of Comfort! New Proofs of Gigantic Power!**

The biggest, best surprise for 1917 is here—a car that will merit the enthusiastic praise of Canadian motorists. Big and graceful; luxuriously roomy; a car whose style and character stand apart in any crowd. Examine this new Shamrock Gray-Dort Roadster.

A new-idea roadster—designed to hold the road, make easier-going. Yet roomy as a touring car, giving full comfort for four passengers. A car with roadster qualities and touring comfort. The ideal small-family car.

Undoubtedly style and design are its first appeal. But there's even more solid satisfaction in the stout, strong frame; the mechanical perfection; the built-in quality that makes all Gray productions famous.

Above all there's the same wonderful motor as gives renown to the Gray-Dort Touring Car; the same motor that Peugeot-famed Planche created—giant-like in its reserve of power; velvet-like in its purr and smooth running.

Note, too, that the deep-cushioned comfort is in Roadster and Touring-car alike. Note, also, that price is the same for both.

**GRAY-DORT  
MOTORS, Limited**

**Chatham, Ont.**

American Factory at Flint, Mich.

**Gray-Dort Motor Sales Co.**

488-90 Yonge St.—TORONTO—1081-5 Dundas St.