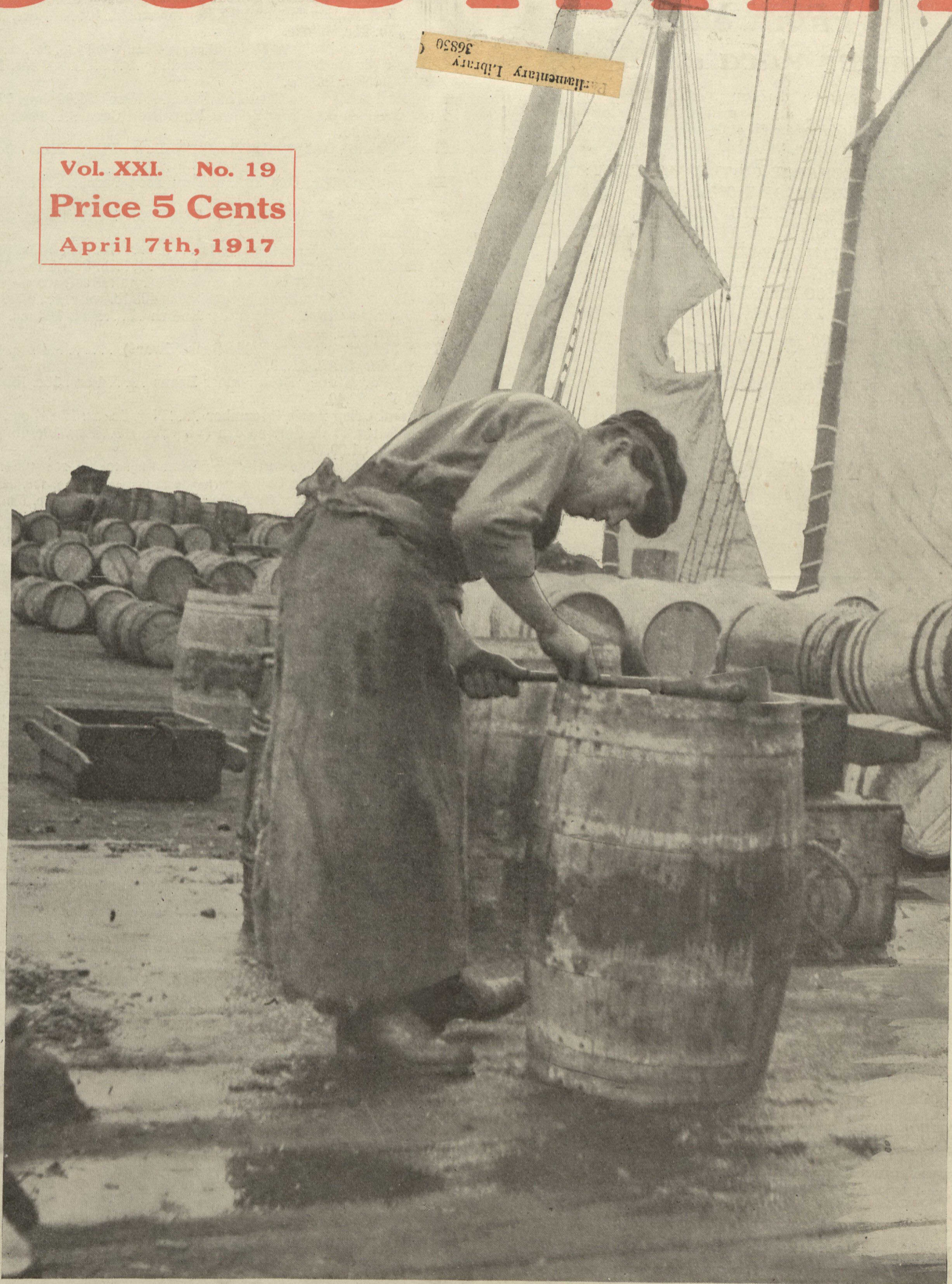
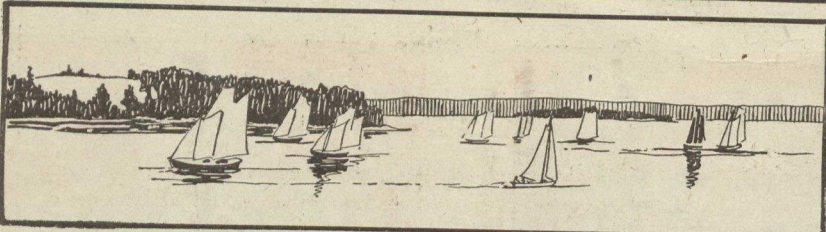


# CANADIAN COURIER

Vol. XXI. No. 19  
Price 5 Cents  
April 7th, 1917



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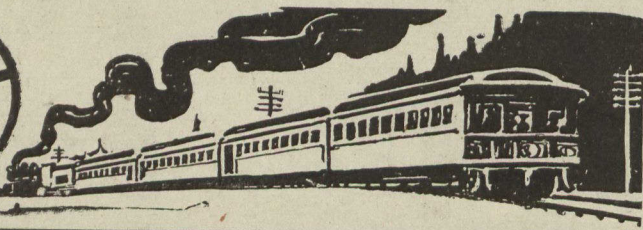
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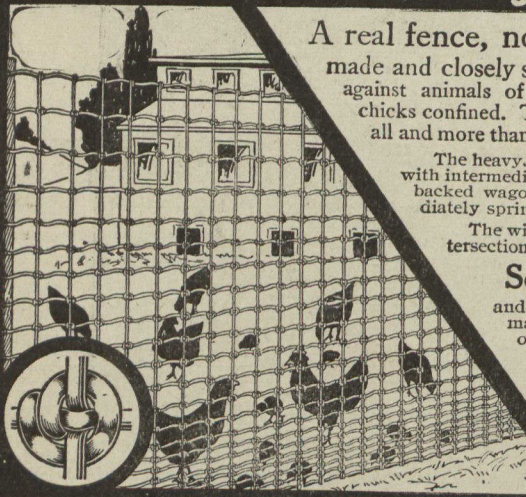
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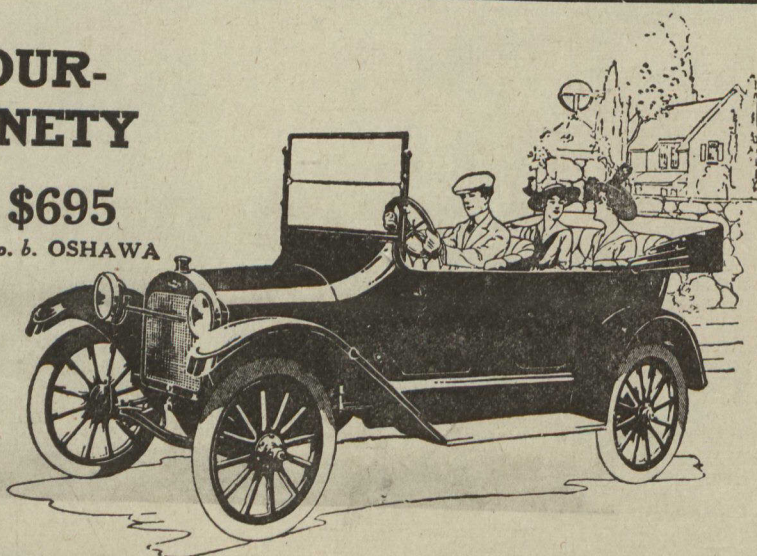
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# CANADIAN COURIER

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## As Others See Us

**E**VEN an overpowering sense of modesty does not prevent us from giving space to an editorial on Ourselves recently printed by the British Columbian as a leader article. The reason we do is that the editor of the British Columbian so ably re-affirms and emphasizes in a practical way what we have been saying ourselves as to the aims and opportunities of the Canadian Courier. The Western editor has not so far as we know taken his cue from anything but the average contents of this paper as he sees it on his desk from week to week. But he gives expression to a real germinating idea as follows:

### A Canadian Publication

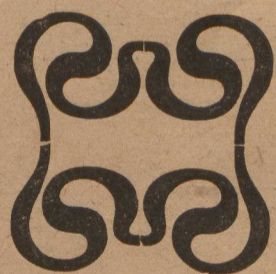
The Canadian Courier, Canada's only illustrated weekly magazine, is surely worth the money at five cents per. It costs money to publish an illustrated paper, and some more money to produce a readable weekly. And there is not the advertising support for monthlies or weeklies in Canada as in the United States. That is the reason the Courier is not equal to the Saturday Evening Post. But, however Canadians may regard the American periodical they cannot as true lovers of their country neglect the Canadian weekly, The Courier, and as five cents is a mere nothing out here in the West, the Western peoples, most of all, should gladly welcome the national

publication and see that it comes into their homes. Our young folks will see things from a truer national angle if they have such a publication as the Courier to while away their reading moments.

There is a breezy optimism about the new editor and a virile originality that appeals to a live Canadian. He is out to make the Courier different; and is bound to succeed if he gets half the support that is due him. The readers of this city and district will get their money's worth, will boost along a live Canadian publication and do a little bit to deepen national sentiment when they flip up a nickel for the Canadian Courier.

This is a fairly good follow-up to the estimate reprinted from The Editor on this page last week. That was an author's opinion. This is an editor's. Naturally the editor takes up the practical problem of advertising as the keynote of success in journalism. But if national sentiment has so much to do with circulation, as The Editor correspondent indicated last week, and quite as pointedly the editor quoted above, the advertising columns of the Canadian Courier are bound to show the results of circulation gained and kept and increased through national sentiment.

Meanwhile the press schedule of the Canadian Courier changes this week. In order to cope with our increasing circulation we are now closing up our forms on Friday of the week previous to the date of issue. This we expect will give the editor of the British Columbian a chance to get his desk copy of this paper the same week as that on the date line of the issue.



EXAMINE THEM FREE

EXAMINE THEM FREE

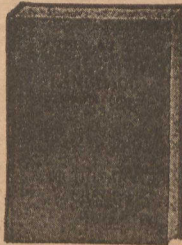
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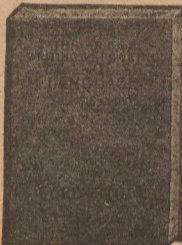
Of course you do—everyone does. And certainly the ambitious business man or woman can ill-afford to have his or her work marred by errors. Your work need not be; whatever your weakness, whether spelling, punctuation, word usage, you will find a great help in overcoming it in this valuable little book, **Dictionary of Errors**. It clears up in simple, easily understood language, the mistakes you are likely to make in grammar, letter-writing, pronunciation, and many other subjects.



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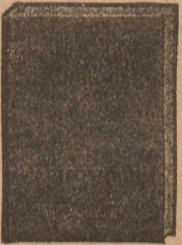


Shall and Will  
Infinitives  
Idioms  
Collective Nouns  
Errors in Tenses  
Errors in Pronouns  
Parts of Speech  
Etc., Etc., Etc.

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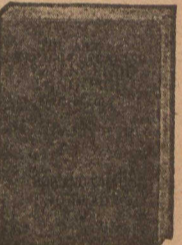
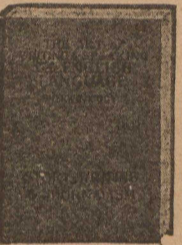
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Neōlin has been a great success. Because of distinct superiorities it is replacing leather for shoe soles.

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# CANADIAN COURIER

Goes to  
Canadians  
all over Canada

Vol. XXI.

April 7th, 1917

No. 19

## HODGE DISCOVERS *His* DIAPHRAGM

By AUGUSTUS BRIDLE  
Illustrated by T. W. McLean

*Dedicated to all masculine city folk of agricultural age who can't go to the front, but may go to the trenches in the harvest fields of Canada*

HENRY HODGE never dreamed he had such a strange, subconscious ego as began to waken in him those first days of spring, second year of war, 1916. Neither did Mrs. Hodge and the Misses Hodge, all of whom he scandalized by his behaviour.

We must remember that Hodge is the son of an Ontario farmer who spent his early days clearing a bush farm. He had, therefore, inherited a bushwhacking instinct, besides having spent his own boyhood on the farm. When it became necessary for the Governments of Canada to shout for increased production, as they did last year, and are doing still more loudly this year, Hodge's productive conscience was stung. His letters to the editor, printed in last week's issue, were the first evidence of his aroused state of mind. His pitching on of the load of hay capsized across the street-car tracks was the second. The performances to be narrated in this article are the third. And on the expectation of these regenerative antics Hodge called down upon himself the satires of Madam and the Misses Hodge.

"I'm sure he's daft, dears," said Madam.

"Ridiculous!" said the daughters. "Outrageous!"

"We're the talk of the neighbourhood," bemoaned Mrs. Hodge, knitting. "It's dreadful. For myself, I don't mind, dears. I knew Henry when he was fresh from the farm. In fact, when he courted me he wasn't sure but he'd become a vet—"

"Mercy on us!" chimed the twins.

"But I pinched him off it, dears. He often says now he wishes I hadn't. He could have gone to the front as a Blue Cross man. Oh, dear! He perfectly yearns to go back to something he used to be. Says it's atavism or something. Dears—look up atavism in the encyclopaedia."

Which of course they did all unconsciously to Hodge, who in the attic that morning had begun his rebaptism into the world of beef, brawn and diaphragm. He had long ceased to argue with the feminine Hodes on the matter. In the attic every morning as he rose from a straw tick on the floor and in nature's sublime altogether, began his personal crusade against physical inefficiency, he regarded himself as a cityized degenerate inspired by the war to become a real man again.

"The trouble with this whole business of decreasing production," he argued to himself at the open window, "is that thousands of men like me years ago went on strike against farm labour. We left the farm because somebody told us we

had brains enough to make a better and more picturesque living in town. It's all tommyrot. I haven't been picturesque in twenty years. I'm nothing but a citified drudge. Now, by George!

I'll be picturesque. This summer I'll be both picturesque and useful on the end of a pitchfork. But before

I do I'll have to get these kinks out of my muscles and re-discover my diaphragm."

"Well I'm sure I

But they're fussing themselves up so with togs that they don't even know it's possible to stretch themselves an inch most any direction and stay stretched all day."

Up in the attic Hodge put his creaky joints through a variety of exercises. The chief items on his attic programme were:

No. 1. Bending forward to touch the floor with finger-tips, knees remaining unbent.

No. 2. Bending backward till floor was touched by a stick long enough to reach from his nose to end of his arm; said stick being hoisted like a flag-pole at tip of nose and then swung slowly backwards.

Under ordinary conditions, when Hodge had conquered a manoeuvre like that he would have told everybody down at the office and the club the very same day. But under his new covenant with himself Hodge put a mysterious embargo on communiques from the attic, even to members of his own family.

Mrs. and the Misses Hodge might bait him with innuendos at breakfast and cumulative sarcasms at dinner. Serene in the conquest of his own dorsal vertebrae, having persuaded his liver and all adjacent organs thereto not to swing out of place with the violence done to his vertebrae in getting to the floor with No. 2 after a week's trial, Hodge could afford to wear the calm strength

of a self conqueror.

But No. 2 had been a terrible wrench.

He had done it only by giving himself a good two inches of wand to the good and gradually decreasing that to nil.

don't want to know anything about diaphragms," said Mrs. Hodge. "If that's what makes your father act so I think he'd better have his removed."

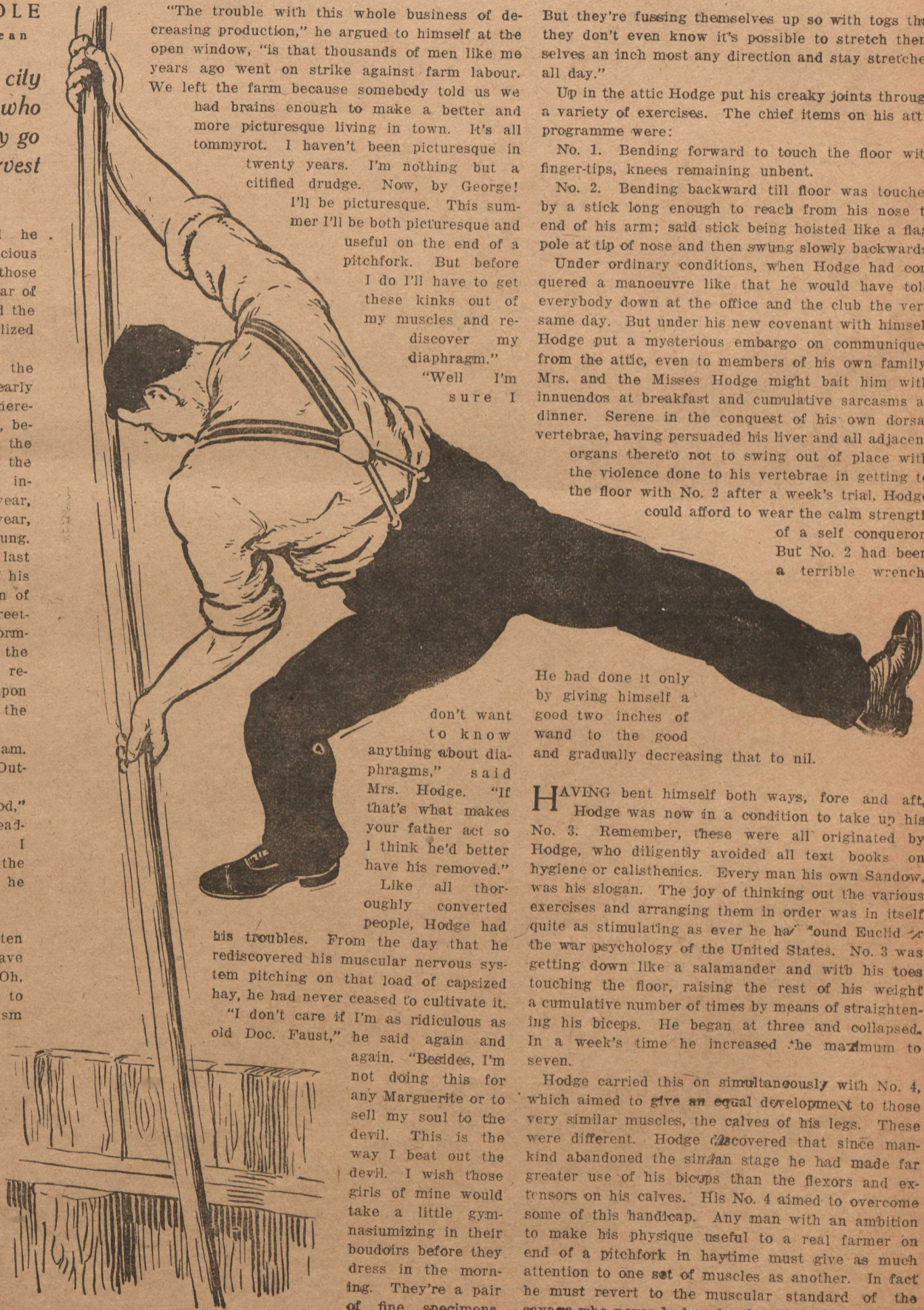
Like all thoroughly converted people, Hodge had his troubles. From the day that he rediscovered his muscular nervous system pitching on that load of capsized hay, he had never ceased to cultivate it.

"I don't care if I'm as ridiculous as old Doc. Faust," he said again and again. "Besides, I'm

not doing this for any Marguerite or to sell my soul to the devil. This is the way I beat out the devil. I wish those girls of mine would take a little gymnasiumizing in their boudoirs before they dress in the morning. They're a pair of fine specimens.

HAVING bent himself both ways, fore and aft, Hodge was now in a condition to take up his No. 3. Remember, these were all originated by Hodge, who diligently avoided all text books on hygiene or calisthenics. Every man his own Sandow, was his slogan. The joy of thinking out the various exercises and arranging them in order was in itself quite as stimulating as ever he had found Euclid or the war psychology of the United States. No. 3 was getting down like a salamander and with his toes touching the floor, raising the rest of his weight a cumulative number of times by means of straightening his biceps. He began at three and collapsed. In a week's time he increased the maximum to seven.

Hodge carried this on simultaneously with No. 4, which aimed to give an equal development to those very similar muscles, the calves of his legs. These were different. Hodge discovered that since mankind abandoned the simian stage he had made far greater use of his biceps than the flexors and extensors on his calves. His No. 4 aimed to overcome some of this handicap. Any man with an ambition to make his physique useful to a real farmer on end of a pitchfork in haytime must give as much attention to one set of muscles as another. In fact he must revert to the muscular standard of the savage who never had to develop his muscles in sets



because his daily work kept them all in exercise. Hodge's No. 4 he was compelled to make into a group. The first was standing on each leg alternately and swinging the other fore and aft, keeping the leg perfectly rigid and extending the arc an inch every now and then. His second was whacking himself on the posteriors alternately with the heel of each foot. His third in this acrostic was rising from his knees to his feet several times in swift succession, keeping his arms folded.

"YES," he argued to himself, talking aloud while Madam Hodge and the girls just rising from their downy couches in the rooms below heard it as a sort of Hindu monotone, "if I can get the muscles jacked up, the lungs and heart have got to fall into line. Increased exercise means increased air to the bottom of the lungs and quickened circulation in the arteries. The diaphragm is the grand net result. Confound those indolent women—I've a notion to get them all up here and give them a drill."

But Hodge very prudently restrained this impulse. He even locked the door, stuffed putty in the key-hole, and went at No. 5; which was on behalf of the muscles in the upper part of his legs. This involved imitating to some extent the soldiers at Swedish gymnastics; spreading his colossus out till the muscles began to crack and then fetching the legs together exactly like a pair of sheep shears, using his arms at the same time. The other phase of No. 5 was approximated from the ballet. In order to get the high kick, Hodge put in an evening at a burlesque house watching the girlies. He did this with the mental reservations, quietly pitying the thousand or more men who were smoking themselves half sick just watching the show, whereas he was doing it for the sake of cultivating his manhood on the principle of the Salvation Army, who used to say that the devil had no business to a monopoly of the best music. Of course this burlesque excursion got noised about among members of the club and was finally sifted down via the wives route to his own family. And the comments of Mrs. and the Misses Hodge on this crusade were so acrid that many a time Hodge felt like exploding his indignation. But he stoically resolved to adhere to his policy of self-repression. Let the ladies think what they liked. Hodge went after the high kick in the attic as a phase of No. 5. And by the advent of warm weather he had that up to an altitude of chin high.

No. 6 required horizontal bars which he rigged up and went at various movements known to all gymnasts; raising himself, entire weight, on both hands; pulling himself chin-high by his arms up to seven times; skinning the cat and a number of other hackneyed but quite useful exploits.

BY the end of this Hodge was limbered up sufficiently for the holding out of weights and the use of medium-sized dumb-bells. These he grouped as No. 7.

No. 8 he invented himself: lying flat on his back and with his hands under his hips raising his feet and legs and that part of his torso south of his shoulders into a perfectly vertical position. This gave him poise and a just sense of the ridiculous.

Of course, in all these attic diversions Hodge was careful to keep all the windows open and to do as many of them as possible in the altogether in the full sunlight of the east window. And Madam and the Misses Hodge never knew what glorified Greek snapshots of culturizing manhood Mr. Hodge was letting go to waste up there in his self-appointed monastery down till the end of March.

By this time Hodge was ready for a week's extension of his course in the backyard, as a prelude to going full tilt at the garden which this year he proposed to operate entirely himself from the spading and the lugging of manure unto the gathering of the crop in the summer and fall.

A useful preliminary to the backyard course, however, Hodge considered to be a crescendo Marathon around one block, block and a half, two blocks on the low run, clad in a sweater and

cap and running shoes, much to the amusement of the milkmen. This gave him a general tuning up for the grand performance pictured on a previous page which consisted mainly in vaulting. Hodge began his vaulting by the hand method; with great agility grasping the top of the line fence and hurling himself with a smile into the neighbour's yard, then back again; repeated several times considerably to the edification of people getting up in seventeen houses various directions; for the trees were not even budded as yet, and Hodge's athletic form could be plainly seen by half the block.

From hand-vaulting into his neighbour's yard, Hodge got to pole-vaulting over the high fence at the rear into the lane. Which he did not because it was absolutely needed in his business, but because he liked the sensation and found the exercise of hoisting himself on high the next best thing to taking the wings of the morning.

When Hodge really got to the point where he felt like a morning star because of the indirect discovery of his diaphragm, he was a dangerous man. But proud. Oh, yes, he went about realizing that his vest was 41 and his chest 44. No such discrepancy under his hat. Hodge was never a heady man. He knew how ridiculous he would be to strut. All the fellows down town observed was a spring in his step, a gleam in his eye and a glow in his cheeks; very commonplace symptoms. And of course Hodge may have been taking spring tonic.

If any of them had ever seen Hodge in puris nat. they would have known better. He was a self-remade man. He could have gone back to the bush



THE EMPIRE'S CHIEF PRIVATE SECRETARY.

NEXT to the Prime Minister of the British Empire, the most important personage in England is the private secretary, since everything that reaches him necessarily passes through the private secretary's hands. The private secretary is the Premier's chief confidant, his tactful adviser, his memory, and even his conscience.

Premier Lloyd George created a sensation when he announced that he had appointed a woman as his secretary, as this is almost without precedent, but quite characteristic of Lloyd George.

Miss Stevenson has gone up the ladder with the Premier. She acted as his secretary in connection with the preparation of the National Insurance Act, when he became Chancellor. When he became Minister of Munitions, she became second of his secretaries, of which he had five. She went with him to the War Office, and now is advanced to the role of principal private secretary. Miss Stevenson's brother was killed last year at the front in France, in the battle of Guinchy.

Among the best known of her predecessors has been Lord Rowton, the private secretary of Lord Beaconsfield; the late Sir Schomberg McDonnell, who was private secretary of Lord Salisbury, and Sir Algeron West, who was private secretary to Mr. Gladstone.

and held up his end on a crosscut saw beside a swamp elm. He knew that. He felt irrepressibly—

"By George!" he would say, lighting his pipe as he glanced over his shoulder at Madam Hodge. "I'd say 'dynamic' if she wouldn't giggle. Wait till I get at the garden."

Hodge's prodigiosities with the spade and the manure barrow are no part of this narrative in self conquest. Any man can dig a garden. Hodge did his better and quicker than anybody else on the street. But he sighed for bigger worlds.

When a man gets a rehabilitated virility like Hodge's, he is likely to find new worlds or make them. He was far too dynamic for all-day in the office and had too much ginger to remain a mere gentleman. In fact he went looking for trouble.

HE found it. The streets were full of things that irritated the new Hodge. The whole town he lived in felt like a badly run place. Half the people he saw were dawdling. In half an hour he counted fifty young chaps that looked like physical derelicts. Why weren't they at the front? Or doing something productive? Hodge would have taken a complete census of Canadian energy. Not to be a Prussian. No but free people should be as dynamic as slaves. Why should all these young and middle-aged men be at such low pressure? Why should there be a recruiting sergeant on every corner wasting effort trying to corral such men into the army?

Wasted energy, time, brains—everything. It made Hodge furious. But he wrote no letters to the editor. "Busted game!" he said, in robust vernacular.

But why doesn't public opinion stop this waste of mankind?"

Hodge was now an evangel. He had the feeling of the old-style Methodist brother who used to stop young men on the street and ask them how they were getting along in their souls. He said to himself that with all his attic culture he hadn't the courage of a country preacher. He was a rejuvenated hypocrite. What would Christ have said to him? The city, public opinion, the church, the club, the newspaper, the State, might dawdle along for a decade without making much progress unless people like himself took hold of things.

So one dancing May morning, as he walked down to the office, Hodge bumped into a covey of loose-jointed idlers at the door of a corner hotel. A sergeant was doing his best to convince two of these hangers-on that the world needed them elsewhere. But he was at his rope's end.

Hodge stopped and looked over the lot. He didn't like the rather cynical aspect of the gang, and he somewhat pitied the ineptitude of the sergeant, who was a good man so far as he went, but there wasn't very much of him.

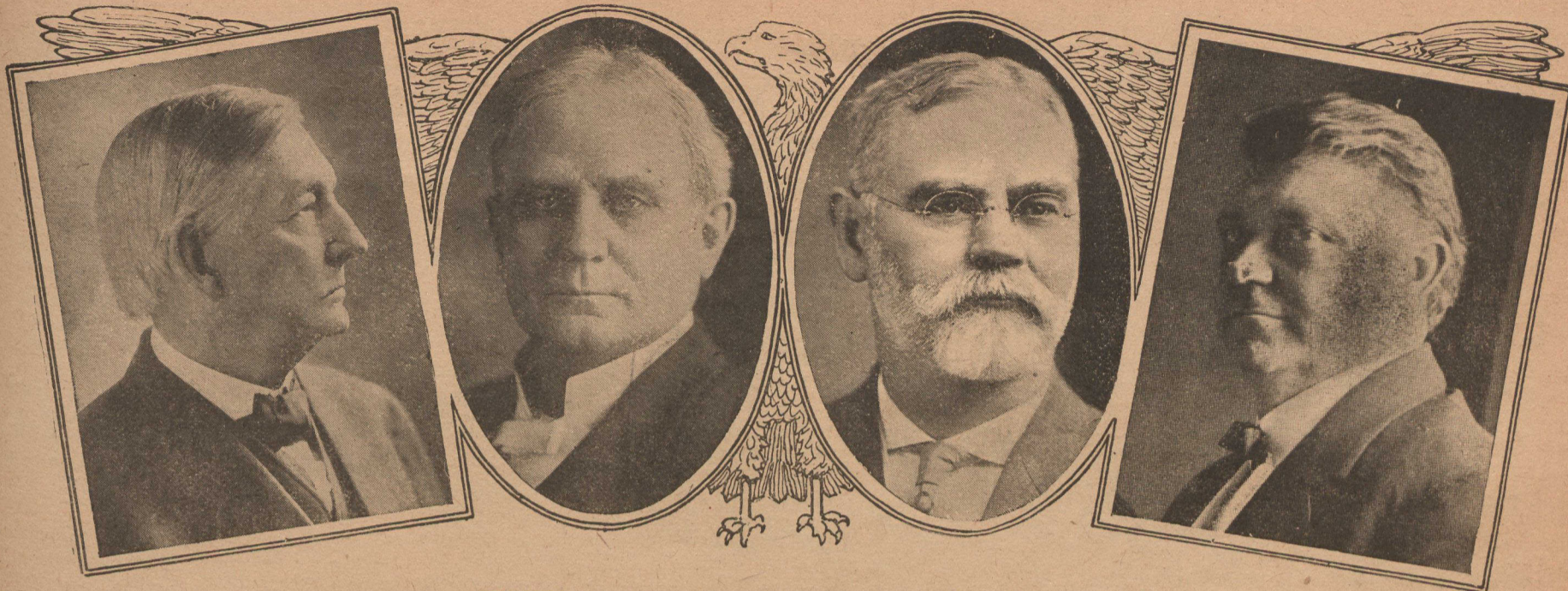
He walked right into the crowd with the energy of a policeman. They at once became hostile. This fellow had some sort of gospel up his sleeve. "I say, old cock," blurted one, in a slouchy hat, "are you lookin' fer trouble?"

"My dear sir," said Hodge, "if your name is Trouble, I am. Why don't you—"

IT was "Sikim" to a dog. The crowd knew at once what he intended to say. They closed on him like a high wind on a tree. The sergeant stepped back to see what he would do. But he never found out. Hodge himself scarcely knew that. But the five men in his immediate vicinity suddenly realized that this chin-up old cock with the genteel clothes and the iron-grey hair was somewhat related to the genus jiu-jitsu. It was marvellous how they found out. Hodge said nothing. He just put himself into action on any arm, leg or joint that came handy. As a mere matter of avoirdupois they could have chucked him over a street-car. But it was all too sudden. There was a fair percentage of alcohol in the crowd. They would have given a policeman a bad time. But there was some queer benevolence about this rejuvenated civilian.

"Who yer shovin'?" barked a coal-heaverish person. He grabbed Hodge. But he got the surprise of his life. He couldn't hold Hodge. While he was trying to do so Hodge removed

(Concluded on page 23.)



**S**ENATOR STONE, from Missouri, will not be among those who vote in favour of declaring that a state of war exists between the United States and Germany. Such a declaration would be far too drastic for the reactionary Missourian, who, if he were confronted with a real declaration of war, would leave the country.

**W**HETHER Champ Clark or J. R. Mann is to be Speaker of the new Congress depends upon a three-cornered bout somewhat involving Congressman London, pictured below. A Democratic majority in the House and a Democratic President do not of themselves entitle Congress to a Democrat chairman. If J. R. Mann, the astute old war-horse and Republican Floor Leader can organize the Independents on his ticket, he will be Speaker, and Champ Clark will go to the floor, until he becomes a candidate for the Presidency. And if J. R. Mann, pacifist, takes the chair, there will be war in the House. Clark got the Speakership in succession to Joe Cannon, in whose hands it was an institution.

**C**LAUDE KITCHIN, from North Carolina, is the Floor Leader of the Democrats and Chairman of the House Committee on Ways and Means. Next to J. R. Mann he is said to be the ablest parliamentary expert in the House. He will remain Democrat House Leader, whether Mann or Clark goes to the Chair.

## DECLARING A

**C**ONGRESS meeting this week has the most delicate psychological contract ever undertaken by a body of legislators. Congress will probably declare that a state of war exists between the United States and Germany. But the United States has not declared war upon Germany, neither has Germany declared war upon the United States. In all probability such a declaration of war will not be made, unless something more "overt" than has yet happened makes it necessary. Congress is not in a war-declaring state of mind. There are too many non-anti-Germans in the United States to make it comfortable to declare war. In Washington, for instance, there is a famous German cafe much frequented by Congressmen. To declare war on Germany would mean abandoning this cafe, unless Fritz and his staff should wear little stars and stripes on their lapels and quit speaking German. All over the United States there are hundreds of places temperamentally non-anti-German. There is also a sentiment of conciliation, pretty well summed up in a recent paragraph in a New York paper: "If war is declared, be careful how you abuse any so-called hyphenates. They may happen to be better Americans than you are."



**U**NCLE JOE CANNON, former Speaker, is here seen in company with his favourite long black cigar and togged for a feminine reception. It is quite certain, however, that he is not wearing these holiday togs in honour of the lady opposite, who is Miss Jeanette Rankin, of Montana, the first lady Congressman ever known in Washington. Miss Rankin will sit in the new Congress. Uncle Joe, in the House, rather as a sage than a czar, the repository of a vast fund of wisdom, horse-sense and parliamentary skill, has his private opinion of the lady Congressman.



## STATE OF WAR

resorted to conscription. In the event of more pressure to get a still bigger army, up to 500,000, our Parliament would probably be in the same predicament over compulsory service as Congress now is in the matter of declaring war.

Congress, however, has a large percentage of people openly opposed to war; pacifists, pro-Germans, Bryanites, middle-Westerners, who don't realize the danger of war; Southerners, constitutionally hostile to war but friendly to England; Socialists, who hate war on general principles, such as London of New York—but all Americans. Parliament at Ottawa contains no such diversity of sentiment. The Parliament of Canada was and is a unit for the prosecution of the war. But there are people in Parliament who would probably interpret President Falconer's address, in Convocation Hall last week, more pointedly than he did himself. Dr. Falconer deplored the Fractions of Nationalism in Quebec. "Outside of Quebec," he said, "there is a definite type of Canadian citizenship. From Halifax to Vancouver the people are substantially alike." Members of Parliament from this strangely united Canada might have as different an opinion about this as Congressmen have about the national unity of the United States. But the statement that "if both parties had joined in a common appeal to Canada as a whole, Quebec would have responded more generously," is one which admits of no doubt. Only what is this common appeal to Canada? Is it an appeal to Canadians on behalf of Canada, or to Canada on behalf of England and the Empire?

**T**HAT is just the problem which Congress faces over the state of war without declaration of war. Ten nationalities in the United States might at any time have rallied to the colours on behalf of some war-ridden monarchy in Europe; whereas none of the ten might move across the street for a war on the side of America. It's the problem of how to define Americanism that puzzles Congress, just as it puzzles some Canadians how to define Canadianism.

**C**ONGRESS, on behalf of the whole United States, desires to add into the sum total of Americanism as many of the diverse elements as possible. An American writer, on another page of this issue, remarks that we in Canada have the same problem of mixed nationalities as they have in the United States. In spite of that we went to war within five minutes of the time war was declared by Great Britain upon Germany. We did not ourselves declare war. But we went to war quite as vigorously as though we had. So far we have had very little difficulty with the alleged non-anti-German elements in the country. This term includes all who are not willing to fight Germany, either on behalf of Canada itself or for the sake of the Empire. Our difficulties might come if we



**S**ENATOR UNDERWOOD, of Alabama, is a Democratic possibility for the Presidential nomination in 1920. He was formerly Floor Leader of the Democrats in the House until he went to the Senate.



**C**ONGRESSMAN LONDON, from New York, is a Socialist, one of a small group of Independents who may decide whether there is to be a Democrat or a Republican in the Speaker's chair. He is opposed to war.

# A POLITICAL VACUUM CLEANER

**A**MONG the silent, workaday personalities who belong to the essentially new regime in the West, count on Albert Bluelock Hudson, Attorney-General of Manitoba. There's a big significance about the advent of a man like Hudson to the public life of the West. No man in the Norris Cabinet so well exemplifies the spirit of the protest movement that put machine politics on the shelf in this Province. This has little or nothing to do with party politics. The result would have been the same if Hudson were a Conservative. It has, however, a great deal to do with Hudson; and it's the personality of this lawyer pushed up from plain business into public life that helps to make the new way in Manitoba feel as much ahead of the old machine game as the elevation of W. M. Martin did to the Premiership of Saskatchewan.

The new men in the West are not all a protest against either one party or the other. They are a kick against the machine, no matter which political trademark it bears. And Attorney-General Hudson, of all the new men who have stepped out and are yet to step out into an evangelized public regime, is the most silent, the hardest-working and the most consistently determined.

A glance at the physiognomy of this man is something. Short, thick-set, bulldog-jawed, suggesting the steam roller, he flattens down the roads of progress for other men without pausing to consider who's hurt. On a hot day he will be found in shirt sleeves, quietly getting through a mass of laborious details. If he is suddenly asked for his opinion on any phase of public administration, he comes at the answer with a curious mixture of off-handedness and political precaution.

There is a free-and-easy atmosphere of cordiality about those old Legislature halls of Manitoba that may be gone when the Legislature moves into the new building. A. B. Hudson's shirtsleeves demonstration is part of it. But Hudson is not a countryman. He is a townsman, a hard-working lawyer who, before he took over the Attorney-Generalship, was building up a business of far bigger dimensions than he can ever hope to make out of interpreting law to a Province.

**‘W**HY is he our Attorney-General?’ The man I queried, a friend of Albert Bluelock Hudson's boyhood, thought for a moment and replied, “Because he's his father's son.”

“If ever force of character came to its due recognition,” he went on, “it happened in Bert's case, but it was the force of character, primarily, of his father and mother. The father, especially, stands out in my memory as one of the most upright of men, with no compromise in him when it came to a question of right and wrong. He was a Presbyterian of the old school—I don't know whether that had anything to do with it? Bert was born in Pembroke; I knew him when he was a boy at school, at Portage la Prairie. I was considerably older than he, so my impression may not count for much, but I always thought of him as a boy who took things very seriously—almost solemnly. A great boy for ‘grinding’ at his lessons, a hard worker at whatever he undertook; a plodder, if you like. But his plodding has carried him pretty far.

“Another thing—as I size him up—you can't budge him once he makes up his mind. And that's a very cool, deliberate mind, weighing questions well before deciding; a legal mind to the nth power. And he won't be hurried. You remember, perhaps, that at the time of the Royal Commission, when all the graft was discovered the papers spoke of his handling of

*Hon. Albert Hudson, Attorney-General of Manitoba, is in public life to make a clean job of it—or leave it alone*



By INTERROGATEUR

Illustration by Cappel

witnesses—it was very impressive. He did not brow-beat them; he gave them time; and if he thought a man was telling the truth he was given every chance to express himself in his own way without being bullied; but some of those witnesses found that the quiet manner was mighty misleading—that it felt like a thousand of bricks when it cornered the would-be evasive.”

It was as a lawyer that Attorney-General Hudson made his initial reputation—not as a politician. It is as a man in whom the people, Liberals and Conservatives, have the utmost confidence that he appears as the outstanding figure in the public life of the West. The people believed him when he told them of how their leaders had fallen—they have still great faith in him as in one who will see to it, as far as he is able, that graft and corruption shall remain in the category of the absolutely discreditable.

There is a rumour that he would much prefer to drop his honours and go back to his legal plough—that when fate took him from the arena of his triumphs she treated him somewhat scurvily in regard to loss of income and, possibly, interest in life. Of this one may be sure that in his own good time, and when he is ready, he will drop it all if he feels like it. For he believes (though this was not said in connection with any hint of resignation) that a man can always find time to do what he likes best. He will never be the slave of hours and minutes.

Leave it to him, then, to find the way out if he wants it. Oh, yes, you can leave a whole lot to him! Put it all out of your mind. He has a docket for many little things that worry some of us a good deal.

Albert Hudson came to the West while quite

young—he was born in 1875. He graduated with honours when attending Manitoba University, obtaining the degree of LL.B. Practising law in Portage la Prairie, the magnet of Winnipeg drew him, and he soon became one of the city's leading barristers. Senior partner in the firm of Hudson, Howell, Ormond and Marlatt—his services were requisitioned in the most important cases in the province, and by his legal colleagues his sterling qualities and his keen legal acumen were appreciated at their full worth. He was elected a Bencher of the Law Society after preliminarily filling a vacancy.

**T**HE Gimli Election Petition to unseat E. L. Taylor, and the Macdonald Election Petition to unseat Alex. Morrison were entrusted to Mr. Hudson. It was largely his skill that forced the advisers of Mr. Morrison to admit corrupt practices.

He first came into political prominence in the Manitoba General Election of 1914, when he successfully contested Winnipeg South against Lendrum McMeans. The Roblin Government was still in the saddle, and though by means of their machine majority they managed to burk the enquiry into their methods, he kept at them until public opinion was thoroughly aroused. The developments which followed were inevitable. At the 1915 Provincial election, Hudson ran up a record majority, over 4,000. In his great speeches there was no attempt at phrase-making or wonderful oratory, but instead a marshalling of a vast array of facts obtained after weeks of investigation. Concise, almost bald in delivery, his statements presented a damning indictment, and their very repression heightened their effect.

The outward impression of quiet dignity in the Attorney-General, free from any pompous blemish, denotes the quality of strength which is in him. His eyes are expressive—dark-brown; not piercing, not particularly searching; simple, frank,

honest and reflective. He has a very delightful smile which wonderfully takes away from the ultra-serious habit of the man, from the quiet deliberation of his speech. He is most approachable, not seeking the limelight, but willing to say what he has to say, if asked to do so, and he is never at a loss for a word.

**W**HEN I told him I had been “wished on him” by the Canadian Courier, the courteous gravity of his manner lightened and a little smile crept into the corners of his mouth. He did not want to talk about his Prison Farm project—“still too immature, though we are making progress”; but he was quite willing to speak of the “Government, which had kept its promises,” being evidently proud of its record. “The most advanced legislation in Canada,” in some respects, was passed at the last session. He admits it is an experiment—“you can't legislate men into being good.” “But,” he said, “there has been a revolution in the public conscience during the last two years—partly, no doubt, it was the war which stirred men to more serious conceptions of their obligations; partly, perhaps, the economic pressure which forced men to a little more stock-taking. But we had the people of the province behind us in our investigations. It is interesting, perhaps, or would you find it so? that during the session of 1914 we Liberals met every Saturday in informal conference with men of varied leanings—though in opposition to the Roblin Government—representing various organizations—temperance and social workers, and so on, trying to map out a programme which, if carried out, would secure certain broad reforms. We

(Concluded on page 26.)



# BACK TO THE OPEN ROAD

**T**HE romance of a road—there is no more fascinating topic than this in all the history of geography.

Thousands of years ago, deer and bear and fur-clothed man silently wore a path through the silent forest. To-day the tooting automobile rushes along the same pathway. Between them, if the route happened to be in England, came, epoch after epoch, Celt, Roman, Saxon, Norman; trader and troubadour, friar and pilgrim, mercenary in armour going to war and gallant in velvet going to love, men in coaches and Kitchener's army—all going the self-same way as the first deer that forced its way through the forest from one drinking place to the next.

From the beginning, when first things moved upon the dry land, they have moved along practically the same lines, for those were the lines of least resistance. Chance had nothing to do with it. The first deer wanted what the last man wants: water and the places where grass grows. And the first deer wanted as the last man wants, to get from one place where these things are to the next by the easiest and quickest route. Therefore the print of the motor tire is over the spore of the deer. Where there was water and grass, to-day there is transportation and farming. Where these meet there is a city. Between two such places of maximum advantage there is a road as in the beginning there was a trail between one pasture and another, between one hunting ground and the next. Are we not to-day just deer and wolves, those who take from the earth and those who take from them their concentrated grass? The route that was easiest for the deer and the panther is the easiest for the waggon and the motor truck. As for the stone-age man, so for the motor-cycle the most level route is the most easily travelled. Therefore the highway runs where the trail ran.

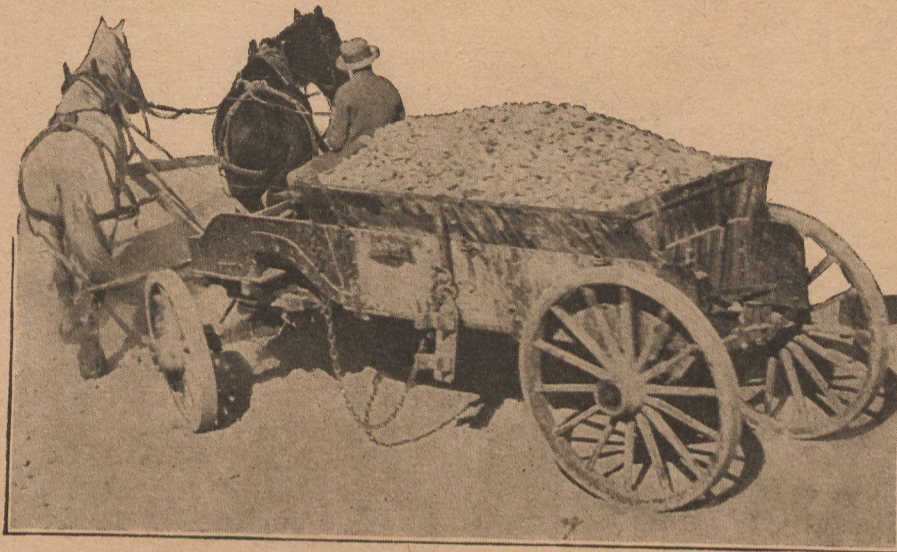
In Canada the redskin followed the game trail from one hunting ground to another. The coureur-du-bois followed the Indian. The fur trader and the missionary trod the same path. The pioneer simply widened it to make room for his ox waggon. The township put stones on it. The county macadamized it. The province will cement it. The Dominion will nationalize it.

From the discovery of Canada until the advent of the steam engine, the roadway was of secondary importance only to the waterway. Along it, and along it alone, came news, supplies and travellers. Back along it, and along it alone, went grain to the grist mill or waterway and furs to the city. It was the one connecting link between clearing and settlement, between settlement and civilization. Steam robbed it of its prestige. Gasoline is giving it back its importance. The loads and the travellers that left buggy and waggon for freight car and day coach are coming back to the road in automobile and motor trucks.

**E**VERY year the flood of traffic is flowing back from the railroads into its old channels of the highways. Every year more men revolt from the despotism of the time-table in favour of the freedom of the steering wheel. Every year more strongly the leather of back seats sucks away those who sat upon railroad plush. It is the call of the open air. It is the advance of the democracy of travel—to every man his own time, his own speed, his own destination. It is the revolt of free will against universalism. The open road, with its new lure of the auto, is wooing the traveller back from the interloping railroad, and the traveller is returning to his old love.

One result of this return of the traveller is that provincial legislatures all over Canada have been busy for the last ten years, and are still busy this spring, enacting laws to make the highways fit to

*Gasoline is Giving Back to Country Roads the Traffic of which Steam Robbed Them; Therefore, all over Canada, Provincial Legislatures are Trying to Supply the Motorists' Demand for Better and More Roads*



By HEW TRILL

bear the renewed strain upon them. In this they are not in advance of the need, but are rather frantically trying to keep up with the demand. This is true in Europe also.

**I**T is well worth mentioning in this connection that the ever-increasing American automobile tourist traffic represents a ductile flow of wealth that Canadian governments have come to recognize as one that must be tapped to flow along Canadian roads. Therefore, in Quebec and Ontario and other provinces of the Dominion, laws have recently been passed granting reciprocity in motor licenses. This has been done to enable American travellers to come and spend their holiday money in Canada without the annoying necessity of taking out Canadian licenses. "During the last year, since automobile license exchange with the United States went into effect, it has been estimated that upwards of 50,000 foreign cars entered Ontario, conveying probably 200,000 people," says a memorandum from the Ontario Motor League, presented to the Government this session by the president in support of the provincialization of a highway from Windsor and Detroit on the Michigan border to the Quebec boundary. "If the expenditure of these visitors were only \$5 each, on the stay averaging a single day, the money left in this province by these visitors would be \$1,000,000. The building of a trans-provincial highway would induce thousands of motorists to visit this province and to spend considerable time here which would mean that a very considerable amount of money would be spent in this country by motor tourists from the United States. In fact, it might be shown that the revenue to the people from this source alone would be sufficient to justify the building of this highway."

The Province of Quebec, in the last five years, has spent upwards of \$20,000,000 in constructing over 2,000 miles of improved highway. It has cut the great King Edward Highway through to the American border from Montreal, to tap the American motor traffic on the improved roads of the Eastern States. And to carry it on to Quebec, it has built a highway along the shores of the St. Lawrence to the city of Quebec.

New Brunswick and Nova Scotia each have their systems for supplementing local effort with provincial grants. In the prairie provinces, where there are no county organizations, the provincial governments have undertaken the work of opening the country by main trunk lines running perpendicularly to the railway lines. This is done under general schemes of payment dependent on the degree of settlement.

In British Columbia, where the natural scenic advantages of the country are realized as special bait

for the American tourist, the problem presented has been a particularly difficult one. The country is sliced up by mountain ranges into isolated districts where alone population is possible. To connect these fertile valleys by motor roads, the Government has spent \$15,000,000.

**O**NTARIO, at the present session of the Legislature, is considering a Provincial Highways Act. By it the central government will take over a large proportion of the cost and all the responsibility for a system of trunk roads from Windsor to the Quebec border with laterals running all over the province. The province, in this legislation, recognizes that it is unjust and inequitable to leave upon municipalities the cost of constructing and maintaining highways wide enough and good enough for the motor traffic, which simply passes them by as so many spots on the landscape. Supplementary legislation, also introduced at this session, provides for the betterment of county feeders to these interprovincial highways and for the provincial control of

those portions of such roads as run through scattered municipalities.

Every province in Canada in the last ten years has developed a highway department of the provincial legislature. In this Ontario led the way. Highway legislation has not induced the traveller to return to the road, it must be remembered. The return of the traveller has forced the governments of the provinces into action.

The commercial traveller, also, is taking to the automobile for his rounds in country districts where railway connections are difficult and tedious. That is the beginning of the return of the trader. The Ford, too, takes the farmer to the city department store now, when ten years ago the buggy would have taken him and his wife to the village "emporium."

And speaking of farmers, an argument which delegations to governments all over Canada make when they are advocating good roads, is that they will reduce the price of living in the city by enabling the farmer to bring in his produce himself. Already along the Hamilton-Toronto highway, in the summer time, may be seen the auto-trucks of progressive fruit growers taking apples and strawberries from farm gate to tradesmen's entrances. This is a development capable of infinite expansion, and every advance in it adds to the importance of the road and detracts from that of the railroad.

The fact of the matter is that the auto-truck is beginning to rival the freight car as successfully as the motor is rivalling the Pullman. Manufacturers, too, are beginning to wake up to the fact that they need no longer grovel to those despots of industry, freight agents. They begin to realize that they do not need longer to wait his unimpeachable pleasure. They can load their goods on an auto-truck in their own yards in Hamilton, say, and then, in their own good time, deliver them to their customer's door in Toronto. It is a case of "Be your own freight agent, by the no-change, no-reloading, no-delay route—and make your own schedule of charges."

But one thing is necessary for the very great development of his system of delivery all over Canada, and that is good roads and more good roads.

**T**HERE is one great logical development of the good roads systems of the various provinces that still remains to be decided. That is a trans-continental highway. It is as logically inevitable as was the linking up of the township road to the county system and that to the provincial highway. With the improvement of provincial roads all over Canada, the linking up of these roads to form a motor road from Halifax to Vancouver becomes every year more feasible.

(Concluded on page 26.)

# THREE CARDS *on the* WEST FRONT

ANY statement of the position of the armies at the moment of writing would almost certainly be inaccurate before it ap-

peared in print. For the German retreat still continues in echelon formation, although always at a diminished speed. Rearguard actions have been fought steadily since the Germans first left their trenches, and this means that one section turns around and fights a retarding action while the other sections move rearward. On March 23 the Germans had been expelled from 853 square miles of French territory, and from 366 towns and villages, but they were still in possession of 7,126 miles of French territory. That is to say, they had abandoned rather less than one-eighth part of their French holdings, and they were still moving eastward, although much more slowly.

There is no need to enter into any subtle explanation of the retreat of the German armies. They retreated because they had to retreat, and because their trench systems were being systematically destroyed by the British bombardment. But actually the retreat involves no new departure. The battle of the Somme dates from July, 1916, and the Germans began almost at once to fall back. The withdrawal was then very slow. It was measurable by yards, and we may easily believe that it was then a willing retreat, since it straightened out a salient that was not worth defence. The withdrawal at a steadily increasing speed continued until November, when winter called a halt to the fighting. The battle was resumed in February, and the German forces continued to fall back until a week ago, when they ceased to defend themselves, set their faces eastward, abandoning fortifications.

To talk about a strategic reason for the retreat is mere nonsense. The strategic reason was the British artillery, and shell supply that had accumulated during the winter until it was nearly inexhaustible. Photographs of the bombarded trenches show that they were reduced to mere heaps of rubble, that the dug-outs had caved in, and that even the deepest subterranean chambers had become uninhabitable. Never before since the beginning of the war, not even at Verdun, had the bombardment been so continuous or so destructive. No human endurance could survive it. And in addition to the bombardment, there were the nightly raids at unexpected points, a sudden invasion of the German trench by some score or so of men who busied themselves for some few destructive minutes, and then withdrew with their prisoners as silently as they had come, leaving wreck and demolition behind them. Small wonder that the German authorities should decide that trench warfare had reached the limit of its possibilities. Even though we admit that the German withdrawal began with the deliberate abandonment of a useless salient, it none the less remains a fact that the Germans, after holding grimly to their fortifications for two years and a half, have now been forced to abandon them by a blasting process that they could not resist.

At the moment of writing (on March 23) the greatest extent of the German retreat is about thirty miles, and their line now runs nearly straight from Arras to Laon. That is to say, instead of occupying

*Germany Must Hold the New Line; or Retire to the Rhine, or Give Battle in the Open*

By SIDNEY CORYN

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two sides of a triangle, it occupies the third side. The centre of the present line is about forty miles from the Belgian frontier, but we shall have to wait

it will presumably be too heavy for new ones, especially as there seem to be no topographical features about the Lille-Laon line that specially facilitate

its defence. We are by no means bound to assume that the German withdrawal is in obedience to some deeply laid plan to secure new advantages. If this were so, it would have been accomplished long ago. As a matter of fact, the two armies have been engaged in a trench battle for over two years, and that battle has now been won by the Allies. It is a

fact that cannot be covered by any amount of specious explanations. The Germans have been beaten out of the trenches that they have declared a dozen times to be impregnable. They will now do what they can to mitigate their great defeat, but to assume that they have something "up their sleeve" is merely to surrender to what we may call the German myth, that has been created and fostered by their own extravagant claims to military invincibility. And the best corrective is to remember that they have evacuated their fortifications, not because they wished to, but because they had to, because they had no choice.

The Germans have now three alternatives before them. They can hold a new line of fortifications, if the pressure of the Allies behind them will permit them to do so; or they can withdraw steadily to their own frontier and the shelter of the Rhine; or they can offer battle in the open upon a colossal scale. If they entrench themselves upon a new line of fortifications which will necessarily be weaker than the old ones they will at once encounter the same processes of bombardment and raids that have just proved themselves to be irresistible. If they retreat to the Rhine it will be a confession to their own people of utter and calamitous failure. If they give battle in the open they will be outnumbered and outgeneraled, as was the case on the Marne. To attribute something magical to the military capacities of Von Hindenburg may conceivably be presently justified by the events, but up to the present time there are no facts to sustain it. Von Hindenburg won great successes against Russian forces that were either criminally misled or pitifully wanting in munitions. He has yet to prove himself against western troops with every resource behind them, and western generals who have borne the brunt of three years of war. And we may note

as significant that Von Hindenburg's first military move since taking command in the west is to retreat.

A BATTLE in the open will be something quite different from all battles that have preceded it. It will be quite different even from the battle of the Marne. At the Marne we have a German advance that is turned suddenly into a retreat after a pitched battle on ground, not of German choosing, and therefore without even the most elementary fortifications. If the Germans should be willing to accept battle anywhere along their present lines the choice of ground will be theirs, and they will have plenty of time to prepare the rough-and-ready trench fortifications that will serve as temporary cover to their men. A trench of this kind can be dug in an hour or two, and it will be adequate for the purposes

## DILEMMA: AN AMERICAN PRAYER

BY FLORENCE CONVERSE.\*

O JESUS, if your good Samaritan  
Had come along the road to Jericho  
An hour earlier; if he had heard  
The cries for help; if he had found those thieves  
Half-killing that unhappy traveller—  
Would he have waited, peeping round the turn,  
To give the helpless victim time to offer  
His coat, and cloak also, and other cheek?  
What would a neighbour do? O Son of Man,  
That day you call the nations unto judgment,  
Do not forget—we gave two pence for Belgium.

O Jesus, were you thinking of the Germans,  
Or Turks, or Austrians, or French, or English,  
Or Russians, or Italians, when you said,  
"Be not afraid of them that kill the body,  
But cannot kill the soul; fear rather him  
Who may destroy both body and soul in hell"?  
Or were you thinking of old Master Mammon,  
Who laughs to see his puppets, Peace and War,  
Obedient to his hand that pulls their strings,  
Dancing his Dance of Death? O Prince of Peace,  
How shall we slay the slayer of the soul?  
How shall we know your peace from Mammon's peace?

O Jesus, when we're set on your left hand  
Among the goats, we wonder will it be  
Because we took up arms and did our bit,  
Killing our quota, reddening the shambles?  
Or will it be because we always said—  
America first!

\*In the April Atlantic Monthly.

a while before we know whether the Germans intend to make a stand on the Lille-Laon line or whether they will fall back beyond the Belgian frontier. It would be futile to try to predict a movement that in all probability is still undetermined. Indeed, there could be no definite plans until the nature of the pursuit had unfolded itself. If the British and the French are able to keep in close touch with their enemies, if they are able to bring up artillery of sufficient calibre, it may easily prove impossible for the Germans to make a stand anywhere in the sense of occupying new trench lines. It is hardly likely that there can be anywhere a new trench line comparable in strength with the old one that had been perfected by nearly three years of effort, and that none the less proved to be untenable. If the artillery attack was found to be too heavy for the old lines

of a battle that will not last more than a few days. Rapidly constructed trenches are very embarrassing to cavalry, and so also is wire thrown loosely on the ground.

It is hard to resist the conviction that the war is now in its last stages, and this in spite of the contrary views of some of the Allied commanders. But to view the problem from the military standpoint alone is to view only half of it. There are other factors that do not come at all within the purely military vision. First there is the Russian revolution, which promises not only a stiffening of the Russian fighting power, hitherto paralyzed by German court intrigues, but that also carries with it the deadly menace of contagion. Secondly, we have the hunger situation in Germany, and the shortage of copper, which cannot be hidden by official mendacities. And, thirdly, we have the imminence of American participation, which will be substantial enough even though it should be confined to money, motor boats and moral support. This is not the place to weigh these factors or to assess their effects. We can all of us do this for ourselves, and however moderate may be our calculations they will not conceal the desperate straits to which the Central Empires now find themselves reduced. None of the extravagant estimates on one side or the other can remove this unalterable conviction.

## Belloc Agrees With Coryn

It is interesting in this connection to observe Hilaire Belloc's forecast of the German's next move. One may conclude, he says (within the limits of uncertainty attaching to all war), that the Bapaume Ridge is of serious and even vital importance to the enemy as he is now situated, and that if he is compelled to abandon it, it will be the signal for an attack by him elsewhere.

For this sector—upon which, without the least doubt, he is suffering the initiative of his opponent and is being compelled against his will to a rather perilous retirement—though it is the sector covering his main communications and therefore one of high importance to him, is, after all, only one fragment of the long line between the sea and the mountains which he has to defend, and upon any point on which he can concentrate for his last offensive.

We know that such an offensive is contemplated, for the whole purport of every measure he has undertaken during the last two months must be its delivery—his refusal to come south in the Balkans, so far; the halt—imposed upon him, indeed, but accepted—upon the shortest line between the Bukovina and the Danube; the analogy of all his past action—would convince us; apart from ample other evidence which cannot, of its nature, be discussed.

The Prussian never invents; he first copies others and then himself; and this attachment to routine has not served him so badly in the last two hundred years that we can afford to ridicule it. It has very grave disadvantages, but it goes with the mass of highly detailed but slow preparation which is in his case synonymous with organization. The enemy has certainly concentrated for a last offensive, but where it may be delivered, even a conjecture as to its theatre, is obviously no matter of discussion.

The point for us to notice in connection with this problem of the Bapaume Ridge is that if upon that very important sector he finds himself embarrassed he will trust to the effect of his offensive elsewhere to deliver him. He has held these lines in the Artois strongly since the weather stopped the main battle, but not more strongly than was needed for mere defence, and if he has pared down his strength here to the limit of safety and has been compelled to successive losses of ground up to what is now obviously a danger point, he is the more obviously determining a chief blow elsewhere. It goes without saying that his power to deliver such a blow and to continue it is not untrammelled. He has a superior enemy before him who can forestall such a blow if he chooses, or allow it to be delivered first if he chooses, and the superiority of that initiative of the Allies will be clear enough in due time.

# FOREIGN FINGERS in OUR B.C. PIE

It used to be said before the war—and by military authorities, too—that, in case Canada was attacked from the Pacific side, our logical

obligation would be to ungrudgingly hie ourselves to the territory east of the Rocky Mountains and surrender the intervening country to the invaders—that intervening country being the whole of the Province of British Columbia. If conditions are allowed to remain after the war the same as they were before, the people who have believed in that somewhat drastic policy will be justified in continuing to do so.

It was common knowledge before the outbreak of hostilities that our Pacific Coast would be helpless in the event of attack, and while the mobilization of troops for the Canadian expeditionary forces, together with the partial renovation of some of the old-fashioned fortifications, has considerably altered the state of affairs since then, no one in a position to know the true situation will deny that British Columbia's future security rests in the establishment of much more powerful means of defence than it has been provided with in the past. For Canada without British Columbia would be like a man who had lost his right arm. To some Easterners that statement may seem like an exaggeration, but British Columbia's greatness has not yet been brought to the test. When a substantial start has been made in the development of the province's vast natural resources then will the people of Canada begin to appreciate its truth.

There is everything in British Columbia to make it eventually the Pennsylvania of Canada. With boundless resources of iron, coal, lumber, water-power and incalculable quantities of other raw materials, there is nothing lacking to make the province one of the greatest—if not the greatest—industrial communities in the Empire. The province's prosperity hinges on the degree to which her natural potentialities are developed, but the question does not end there.

In the past British Columbia has been a source of raw materials. She has given freely of her resources to supply the markets of the world. Her coal supplies the seaports of the Pacific Coast from Nome to San Francisco and further south. Her lumber is beginning to be known in every place where timber is used for construction purposes. Thousands of tons of copper have found their way to the United States. British Columbia salmon is a well known commodity as far away as England, and other products also find a ready demand overseas. If British Columbia is to go ahead on a permanent basis, however, instead of impoverishing herself by disposing of her natural resources in the

## Americans and Other Outsiders Seem to Appreciate Coast Opportunities Better than Canadian Capitalists

By CHARLES L. SHAW

raw state, she must provide herself with the facilities to carry on manufacturing in connection with those resources. She must be able to put the finished article on the market. In this way she can retain millions of dollars which in the past have gone to alien countries which have been in a position to make the most advantageous use of her raw produce.

An illuminating example of the case in point is furnished in the copper situation. British Columbia is one of the biggest copper-producing countries in the world. She has been shipping copper in the raw state to the United States for years, her output being naturally increased by the demands created by the war. Yet every ounce of ore had to be sent to the other side of the 49th parallel to be refined. There is not a single copper refinery in B. C., and only a few smelters. One of the latter was purchased a few days ago by a group of New York capitalists.

What is the result of all this? Simply this, that British Columbia has been losing tremendous profits right along, and that she has been absolutely dependent upon a foreign country for the development of her mines. As a consequence, the country has little or no control of the outlet of its copper. It is unquestionably a fact that Germany, at the outset of war, was in possession of large quantities of B. C. copper, which had gone to the United States to be refined and purchased there by German agents. Had British Columbia had her own refineries that copper could have been kept within the Empire.

The exact figures—were they obtainable—showing the proportion of alien and British capital invested in the metalliferous mines of British Columbia would surprise the majority. A prominent mining authority states that well over 70 per cent. of the capital is American, and that estimate is probably a conservative one, for it is steadily becoming more difficult to name off-hand the companies controlled by British money. British Columbia labourers and miners get the wages; the profits go over the line. That is the regrettable aspect of the province's present mining prosperity.

It is estimated that there are 40,225,000,000 tons of the best iron ore in British Columbia; these resources have hardly been touched yet. Some day the country will become a great steel manufacturing district. That "some day" will be when capital can be induced to invest, and it must be British capital

if we would have prosperity and development on a permanent basis.

It is claimed that there are 12,000 unworked, in fact, virgin-soil, Crown-

granted claims in B. C., many of them capable of being operated. They stand idle for want of capital. The zinc mines have had to rely almost entirely upon the smelters and refineries of the United States. Not only is that a bad condition from the Imperial standpoint, but it is a serious handicap to the mines being operated, as the American smelters take as much as 66 to 77 per cent. of the value of the zinc shipments for shipping and other charges. If the mines of British Columbia can make money under present conditions, is it not only just to suppose that their profits would increase manifold if the present difficulties were thrust aside by the substitution of British for American capital and the opening of the way thereby for the establishment of refineries and more smelters in the province? Capital is an essential for the development of any country, and if local capitalists cannot be persuaded to invest, it must come from elsewhere. Hence alien control of industries.

And right there lies the really crucial aspect of the whole question of the advancement of our Pacific Coast. Owing to the war there is naturally a general scarcity of ready money, but there also seems to be in most quarters a general lack of enterprise. Not that the people distrust the natural wealth of the country and do not realize that its development will mean benefit to everyone. The real fact appears to be this: The people of the West have suffered the misfortune of having in years gone by been able to make money too quickly. The effect of real estate booms on the sentiment of the people has been a great handicap and will continue to be so, unless something takes place to counteract it. The average Westerner, in prosperous times, will sooner invest his earnings in a piece of land for speculation than put it into a company for the development of the country's natural resources. There is lots of money in British Columbia, but the people who have it are holding back, waiting for dear knows what, because never in the country's history was there such an opportunity for the investor as at present. I know of a man who tried to get some B. C. capitalists interested in a proposition to make commercial use of the vast quantities of seaweed that grow along the coast. He proved that the undertaking was practical and found that there was a wonderful demand for his produce, yet he couldn't raise the money after months of trying. Another scheme was launched for deep sea fishing off the coast of B. C., and yet, while thousands of dollars are being made right now in the halibut business

off Prince Rupert, the proposition has temporarily fallen through for the same reason—lack of ready capital and enterprise.

Under these conditions what wonder is there that the industries of the country are being extensively financed by foreign interests?

The need of ships has been keenly felt since the beginning of the war on the Pacific Coast, for the scarcity of freight vessels has caused the country's biggest industry—lumbering—to be paralyzed. British Columbia has now begun to build lumber schooners for herself, a case of necessity being the mother of invention. Out in British Columbia the status of the lumber industry is a reliable business thermometer. When it is flourishing, other business is thriving. When there is a depression in the lumber camps and sawmills, there is invariably a slackening in other branches of enterprise, extending all the way down the line from the transportation company to the country general store.

The steel shipbuilding industry, which is also

beginning to take root, presents a situation which is exceedingly gratifying in one aspect, but disappointing in the other, for while ships are being built they are being built for foreigners, and as soon as they leave the ways they will fly the flag of Norway or some other nation from their masthead. The Wallace Shipyards, of Vancouver, have contracts for the construction of five steamers for Norwegian account of 8,800 tons each, and one for Japan of 4,500 tons. It is anticipated that further orders from these two countries will be received almost immediately. Now, the Wallace Shipyards would much prefer to build steamers for British rather than for foreign account. Contracts have been repeatedly offered British owners at prices lower than the present contracts with Norway and Japan, yet they have been invariably refused. British owners will not pay Pacific Coast prices. The result is that, while our Pacific Coast is laying the foundations for an extensive shipbuilding industry, it is not building up a mercantile fleet for itself in the proportion

that it should under the best circumstances.

Here we have again as the cause of the whole situation lack of local or British capital.

Competition between British Columbia and the Pacific Coast of the United States in the lumber export business has been keen for years past. The war placed the lumber interests on both sides of the line in pretty much the same position owing to the tying-up of tonnage. Had the capital been available, the war would have given B. C. a wonderful opportunity of taking advantage of the situation by building ships as fast as possible in order to reach the world's markets before the United States could recover from the temporary shipping paralysis.

On the contrary, however, the Americans were able to get into the shipbuilding business first, and the early bird is catching the worm. Sixty wooden schooners, motor-equipped, are now building in yards between Seattle and San Francisco, whereas less than a sixth of that number are actually under

(Concluded on page 25.)

## BERMUDA: OUR NEW PROVINCE?

**B**ERMUDA has become better known to many Canadians since the war than it ever was before, partly owing to the fact that Canadian regiments have from time to time been stationed there on garrison duty. The men of these regiments coming from different towns and villages, in their letters home have praised or otherwise described the islands. Some wives have accompanied their husbands thither; other relatives have gone there and taken houses so as to be near their "boys." Some have liked the different life and have entered freely into its different phases, others have found it "dull," but all have written to friends or sent "postcards." Thus a certain part of Canada is now personally interested in Bermuda.

On the other hand, Bermuda, accustomed hitherto to the presence of "English" soldiers, has seen a Canadian regiment for the first time, has had also an opportunity to see French-Canadians and hear French spoken on the street. So that Bermudans feel as if they had entered into a nearer relationship with Canada in consequence. Hence the two people feel better acquainted than ever before.

Though from the earliest time Halifax and Bermuda have been in the closest relations, yet Canada, being such a large country, Canadians even in the East have not felt a "personal" interest in what was going on in Halifax itself, or how that sea-port stood in relation to more distant British colonies. So in a way the war has helped to introduce Halifax to Canada itself, and now Canadians

*That Island and the West Indies might at least be drawn closer to us in trade even if the Imperialist's Political Union is refused*

By VICTORIA HAYWARD

Photos by Edith S. Watson



Net-mending, Peggy's Cove, N.S.

are realizing that whereas Halifax has been known abroad favourably for many years, the rest of Canada has not meant a great deal to the average person outside the Dominion until this great war thrust inland-Canada to the front in a way that even the shrewdest, most far-seeing mind could not have foretold.

**B**ETWEEN Halifax and Bermuda there is the Halifax and Bermuda Cable, making instant communication possible. There is also a regular line of steamers with frequent sailings carrying freight, mail and passengers. In the old days of sailing vessels and "ships-of-the-line" there was equal in-

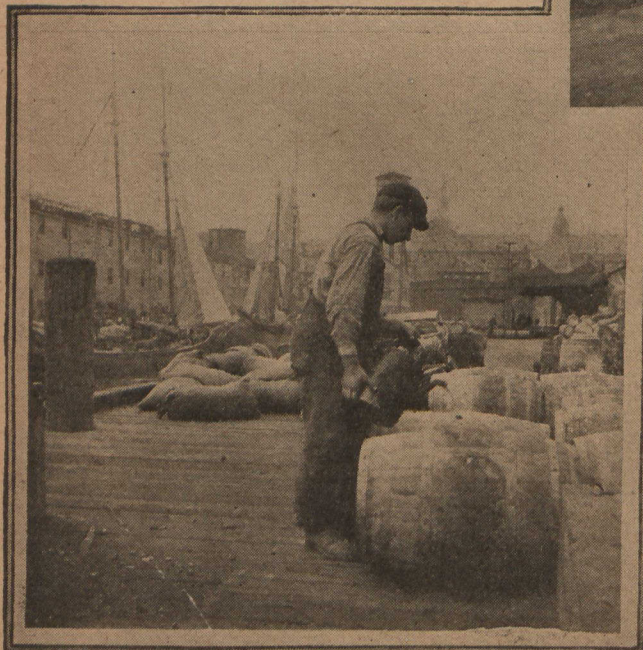
terest and friendliness between Halifax and Bermuda. The old editions of "The Nova Scotian" frequently speak of the arrival or departure of the "Bermuda Packet" with mails, passengers and freight. Many of the tablets in St. George's Church, Halifax, erected to the memory of brave British officers, show the word "Bermuda" in some connection or another with the life departed. It is the same in the graveyard at Halifax, where the words "a native of Bermuda" may be read on many a tombstone.

**A** NUMBER of Halifax merchants at one time were Bermuda men. Bermuda names are among the most prominent found in St. John's, Nfld., and many are the same as those of Halifax. In the past there have been frequent Canada-Bermuda marriages between persons high in the life of both places. So that there is also the same blood uniting them into one people; and now this war draws men nearer to their fellows, and Bermuda and Canada is no exception.

What did Canadian soldiers see and do in Bermuda? In what is it different?

They saw coral islands and sub-tropical vegetation set in clear, transparent, rainbow-tinted waters, beneath skies of summer, flecked with drifting, tender clouds. They saw and lived in houses built of coral stone and roofed with the same material, all glistening like white marble from thousands of coats of whitewash.

They saw green grass in winter. They did not see snow on the ground or ocean water frozen over into fields of ice. They



On the quay at Halifax.



"By the wind she is, sir!"

played "cricket" or "boated" or held "open air concerts" in January.

They enjoyed "recreation" rooms and "teas" and were generously served by ladies desiring to assist them in feeling happy and at home.

Many idled an hour or two away each day angling with "hook and line" for the gay-coloured fish that live in Bermudan waters.

ON Sunday they attended "St. Peter's," the oldest church and one closely associated with all the history of the islands. Perhaps they realized that English sovereigns and princes of the Royal blood have sat in those same pews, not to speak of men of famous English regiments—the Grenadier Guards and nearly every country regiment, many men of whom have already made the supreme sacrifice.

Everywhere, in bloom, they saw Easter lillies, crimson hibiscus and ponciana, growing in profusion beside the coral roads. In the stately homes they saw a splendid type of architecture peculiar to the Bermuda Islands.

For the first time they understood "a military station" outside Canada. Many looked upon the great Dockyard with its ships and machine shops and dock, and were surprised and interested in those symbols of British naval power. Yet others were interested in Bermuda, as the winter playground of the American tourist.

All were no doubt doubly interested and pleased when they ran across any article in the shops that bore the stamp of "the maple leaf." For by the Halifax boat many a Canadian product finds its way to the Bermuda market. Of late years Canadian butter and cheese have gained high favour in Bermuda over similar products from "the States." Canadian flour also has won its way to the hearts of Bermuda housewives. Seed potatoes, from which are raised the famous "Bermuda potato," so highly esteemed in New York, all Canadians will be pleased to hear are grown in the Annapolis Valley, or in the Evangeline region of Grand Pre.

The potato produced in the iron-red soil of Bermuda does not have a thick, clay-coloured skin like the Nova Scotian stock, but is a bright, pinkish-appearing tuber, reaching a perfection of growth

connoisseurs? Why some of the onion-boxes full of the delicious Bermuda onion, of which the American thinks so highly, do not find their way back to the land from which the boxes come. Possibly this is a way in which Canadians will help Bermuda in the future.

Exchange is fair and the Bermuda farmer, strange as it may seem, eats Nova Scotia potatoes when his own are not in season; for Bermuda is not a climate in which potatoes will keep over



In the public market at Nassau.

the other hand, no doubt, fresh lettuce, parsley, carrots, and celery would be welcome in Halifax in winter.

BRITAIN is calling on the colonies through this great war to live closer to each other and in nearer trade relations. If Canada, with her vast resources, can build up a fleet of swift steamers and can produce dainty, light material such as England has been in the habit of supplying to Bermuda and the West Indies, and such as Spain and France supply to Cuba and the French Islands, she can build up a good trade for herself with the more southern colonies, and Bermuda might make a good half-way house. But already the United States has stepped into this market, though the colonies, if they could indeed do so, would feel called upon to trade with Canada in preference, for the sake of the Empire.

Already Bermuda sends many of her boys to get their education at Canadian schools and colleges, and this is a splendid beginning for a better social and closer business relationship. In summer many a Bermudan "runs up to Halifax" to get a whiff of cool air and the change of climate "his soul craves."

It now remains for Canada, being the larger, richer country, to keep the trade of the British colonies this side the Atlantic, in British channels. Already the United States is making strenuous efforts to get in a wedge and may be successful unless immediate measures to forestall her are taken.

Formerly little Nova Scotia schooners with a load of codfish and potatoes, and others with oats and hay from Cape Breton or Prince Edward Island would make the run to Bermuda in the late fall or winter months and sell their cargoes at auction. But the fish would often be in a bad condition and the potatoes likewise.

Now-a-days these "traders-on-their-own-account" are never seen; either they were not able to compete with the semi-weekly steamers from New York, who can deliver American fish in perfect condition of a quality and in such quantity as the market calls for, or the time occupied by the voyage and the Atlantic gales proved too hard for such small craft. At any rate, the United States now supplies fish.

It remains for the business men of Canada in concert with their confreres in Bermuda to perfect closer and perhaps entirely new business relations between the Dominion and the Bermudas.

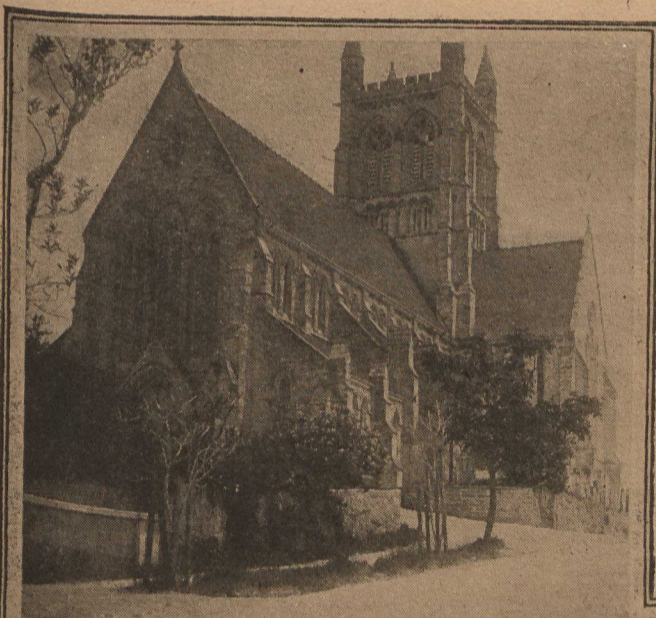


Aunt Peggy's, at St. Georges.

from one season to another—and "Bluenoses" and "codfish" from Halifax, frequently appear together on Bermuda tables in company with the delicious native Bermuda bananas and bottles of olive oil.

Bermuda produces Easter-lily bulbs for the New York market. A few find their way to Canada, but the Canadian florist could sell a great many more, if Canadian churches everywhere and Canadian families formed the habit of using the flower generously as the emblem of the happy Easter-tide. Bermudans send to Canada for their Christmas-dinner "geese." The Canadian should not be backward in having "Easter flowers" from Bermuda.

ONE sometimes is able to buy Nova Scotian apples in Bermuda, but more of them would be welcomed by Bermuda housekeepers; and berries, except cranberries, are never seen on the market there. On



The Cathedral, Hamilton.

through all the winter months, and a delicacy of flavour that is very "fetching" in New York. Bermuda onions, vying with the potato for first place in the markets of the United States, are put up in a box, the material of which is grown in the woods and sawed in the mills of Nova Scotia or Prince Edward Island.

The Bermuda farmer sometimes wonders in his heart why some of his "new" potatoes are not demanded by Canadian



Palmettos close beside the Devonshire Dock.



### The World's Easter

**E**ASTER is here. The annual Lenten period is over, or will be midnight of the last day this week. The world is still in its long Lent caused by the war. To-morrow our church choirs will sing "Hallelujah! Christ is Risen." Never in the history of choirs was it so true as it is this Easter of 1917. The old Adam and the devil has been a long while smouldering in the world. In August, 1914, it began to blaze. The conflagration is beginning to die down. Truth and the new life must come back to the world after the long Lenten tide of war. Easter with the bursting buds and the songs of birds is dawning in the world. Christianity is not dead. Faith is higher than ever. The resurrection of the true and the beautiful is on the wings of the dawn. And Easter, 1917, sees the eastern hill-tops rosy red, somewhat with fire and blood as yet, but golden-tinged with hope of a new world.

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### The Lion's Day

**K**ING ALBERT of Belgium, natus March 31, 1875. On the date of this paper's title page the King of Belgium has his birthday, and his third since the declaration of war. They say that March may come in like a lamb and go out like a lion. Surely March never had a better lion to go out on than this real young king, friend of his people, soldier superlative, mechanic, statesman, democrat, and altogether hero head of the most stricken land in Europe. To no king of all history have fallen burdens of greater heroism. No king ever lived to see his little kingdom steam-rolled once and back again under the weight of the world's champion destructionists. The kingdom that saved Paris made it possible by the battles of the Ypres to save Calais. Belgium and Canada united to help block Germany from the places whose occupation would have been, on one hand, the downfall of France, on the other, a practical invasion of England. Canada, the biggest small-population country in the world, has that much in common with Belgium, the littlest and about the same population. We are glad of it. There was a great Belgian here a week or so ago—Ysaye. Another eminent Belgian will be here again very shortly—Sarolea. Some day we shall send the Governor of Canada down to Halifax to welcome King Albert of Belgium on his first visit to Canada. Europe knows him as the great king of a little country. France knows him as the king whom

her royalists would have made King of France two years ago. America knows him as head of the land that has struck the heart of the New World. Canada, ally of Belgium, big of size and little of stature side by side—wishes the hero king of Belgium many happy returns of the lion's day. But no more birthdays in war-time, Albert, if you please.

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### Scratch a Canadian

**A**LL indignation over German lies is now and forevermore out of season. The latest concerning the alleged outrages perpetrated by Canadian search officers on the sacred bodies and souls of the Bernstorff-Hatzfeldt party on board the Frederick VIII. at Halifax is too ridiculous to make any Canadian editor or heading-writer let his indignation boil over. These Germans are so accustomed to lying that they simply can't help it. The truth is not in them. They killed it long ago on the dear old Rhine. When a German editor can't invent a calumny he gets the colic. He doesn't like colic. Hence the calumny. Only the lies are always so infernally thick-headed. There's absolutely no art or finesse in German lying, except to the fag-bound German people who are always bamboozled by stupidities so long as they are malicious enough. A mere perversion of the truth is not enough to satisfy these Junkers. They require blue vitriol. Three years ago the Chancellor could dignifiedly justify the scrap of paper incident. He can do so no longer. The German hate, always an idiotic outbreak, since ever the Prussians twisted the doctrines of Nietzsche into a tissue of lies, has failed to do anything serious to England. It comes out now in a cat-spat at Canada, because Canada at Ypres blocked the blood-hunter's path to Calais. "They are cultured creatures indeed these transatlantic auxiliaries of our dear cousins on the other side of the Channel," says the editor of Zeitung am Mittag, "but they will be all the better for the German polish they are doomed to receive before our field-greys are through with them." Don't worry Herr Zeitung. We have made you good and mad on the battle-field. All you had to do to create the canard about Canadian inspectors insulting your holy Bernstorff was to recall a millionth part of what your own estimable officers did in Belgium and anywhere else they got a chance. We are not German enough this side of the water to play tit-for-tat with you. All we ask is to take our share of the tuck out of your field-greys on the battle-field. Meanwhile, you do not even make us indignant, because you are just a good people gone clean crazy, and so used to lying that you wouldn't recognize the truth unless it hit you a smack in the face.

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### Educating the Educated

**E**DUICATION in Canada continues to be a subject for the cloister. During the week of April 9, the Ontario Educational Association will meet in Toronto. Twenty years ago the editor of this paper attended some of these conclaves of learning. In those days Dr. J. A. McLellan used to empty the rooms of all other sections up at the old Normal School when he was announced to deliver an

# EDITORIAL

oration on the Mathematics of Literature or the Essence of Compound Ignorance—Ignorance of Ignorance. No doubt the sessions of the O. E. A. in those days were far more academic than they are now. In fact there was no attempt to make them anything else. Only the inevitable Macreary-like performances of McLellan, the Ulsterite yearnings of good old "Tommy" Kirkland, the dispassionate psychological deliverance of Dr. Stanley Hall of Clark University—not forgetting the pedagogic chivalries of James L. Hughes—only such episodes as these prevented the O. E. A., or its equivalent in those days, from being a totally academic version of Pentecost.

The 1917 session at the University of Toronto seems to be much less academic in subject matter. We note this as part of the programme: The Bearing of the Ideals of the Belligerents in Education, by President Falconer; Democracy and Education, by Prof. Brett; La Bonne Entente, by Prof. Sissons; Science and Research in Canada, by Prof. A. B. Macallum; Fifty Years of Confederation, by Prof. Wrong; The War, Liberty and Democracy, by Prof. Milner; National Ideals in Education, by Dr. A. P. Coleman; Economic Factors in the History of Canada, by Prof. Skelton.

It will be seen at a glance that this is not a convention to discover anything whatever about education. The O. E. A. congress is a symposium. And of all deadly intellectual sins the symposium is one of the worst. We have no doubt all the gentlemen above mentioned will read papers or deliver addresses of monumental worth, clothed in the best of King's English. The positions they take will be incontrovertible. Anybody who takes notes of this symposium may come away a wiser and not necessarily a sadder man. But when it is all over the cause of Canadian education which is supposed to be the particular business of the Ontario Association, will be advanced about as much as one of those Canadian glaciers—so well known to Dr. Coleman—progresses in the same space of time.

President Falconer is as well able to discourse on a subject requiring four nouns, three particles and four prepositions to define as any other man in Canada. The subject is probably a good one. Its title is misleading. His address on a United Canada in Convocation Hall last week made such good reading that we have hope of the President being able to make even this formidable title mean something. But suppose that on the bulletin boards of Massey Hall or the Arena Gardens we should read this:

How Will Education Emerge From a World War? That depends a good deal upon the Ideals of the Belligerents. Hear President Falconer on this subject, Monday, April 9, at 10.30 a.m.

That would be, of course, a species of advertising, an art not practised by any respectable professor.

La Bonne Entente should be a timely subject. From our knowledge of his mentality, Prof. Sissons is well qualified to discuss it. But what has it to do with education? Will he draw the curtain and show his auditors darkest Quebec; or will he tell them that Ontario in trying to enforce Rule 17 is acting like an intolerant Prussian?

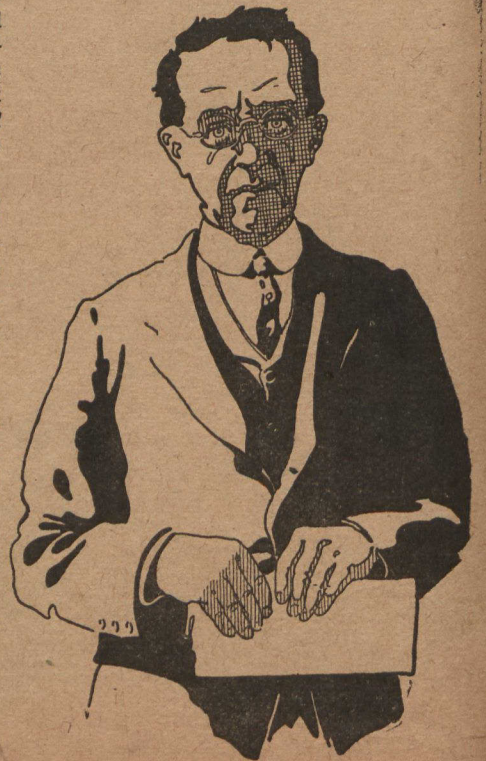
Who of course so well able to discourse on Science and Research in Canada as Prof. A. B. Macallum? This unimpassioned devotee of the microscope and modern organization has lately become identified with a move-

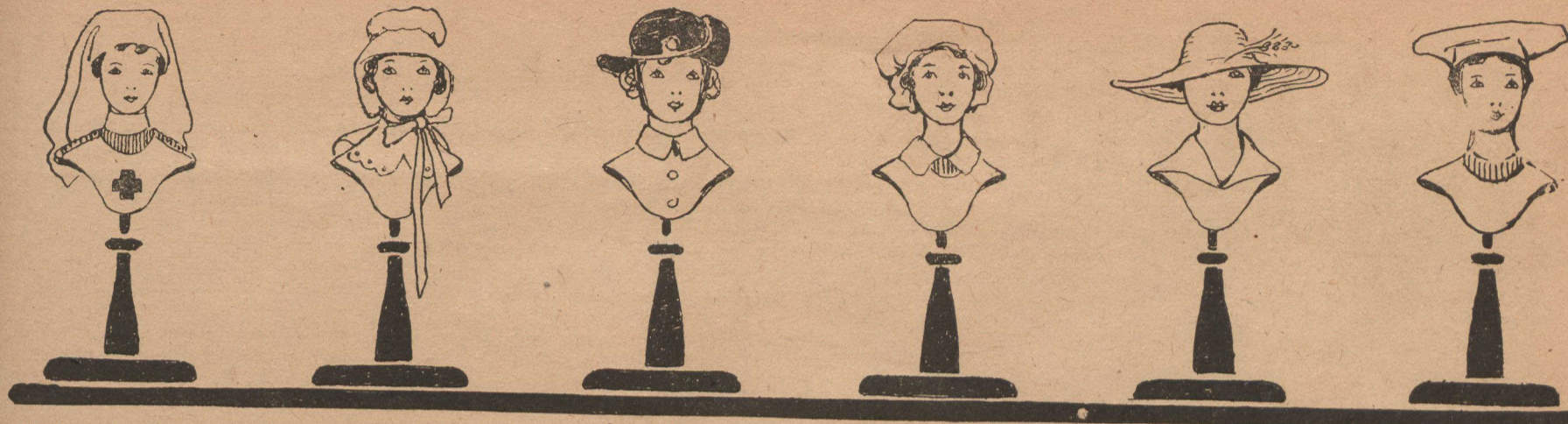
ment to co-ordinate colleges and factories in Canada by the laboratory route. What he has to say on this subject, if told with the impetus of experience, will not be lost on an intelligent audience. But if Prof. Macallum had this subject thrown up in moving pictures to an audience of 5,000 we can imagine even the Toronto Telegram taking some notice of it.

From that we are inappositely jolted into Fifty Years of Confederation by George Wrong, Professor of History. Another good man gone wrong. This, we take it, is not an historical congress, but an educational convention. What can all Prof. Wrong's knowledge of Fifty Years of Confederation have to do with Fifty Years of Mis-Education in Modern Canada? Prof. Wrong goes out a good bit among common worldly folk. He dines sometimes at the National Club and gets into electrical contact with Col. George Denison. He even writes for the press. Why should he not lift his voice to "noi polli" in the common synagogue, as his great father-in-law, Hon. Edward Blake, used to do when winning elections in Durham?

We leave this query with the learned Professor of History and pass on to War, Liberty and Democracy, by Prof. Milner. Now here is a breezy, club-fire academic of whose good qualities in common convocation we have abounding proof. Many years ago we knew Milner as the uncompromising Roman who set such stimulating papers in Latin. There was no doubt about the virility of those questions. And there is no doubt about the essential "punch" of the Professor whom we have since come to know personally. If he puts War, Liberty and Democracy on a lectern, however, and reads it in Convocation Hall, instead of bellowing it out as J. A. McLellan used to on the subject of compound ignorance, we promise to get up and leave the hall, slamming all the doors behind us.

With these trifling comments on the programme and the personnel of the occasion we have no doubt that the 1917 session of the Ontario Educational Association will go just as far in promoting the cause of education in Ontario or the whole of Canada as anything of that character would in a place like Convocation Hall.





# THE EASTER HAT - SHOP

*Recent Importations from Paris and London*

**P**ARIS hats in the approved styles for Spring are now being shown together with a number of exclusive models from London. The display embraces many examples, each embodying every quality that is to be most desired in head gear. They are seasonable, suitable and smart. You will note that the prevailing note in fashions this year is simplicity. Hats are almost devoid of trimming, but the new models include a variety of shapes and are calculated to lend beauty or distinction to the wearer.

I.

**O**UR first model is imported from Paris and consists of a square of white lawn fastened behind the head and allowed to flow behind in simple folds. It comes only in white and is occasionally ornamented with a small red cross. It is perhaps the most popular of all the styles this year and is worn by queens, princesses and peeresses. It is probably the most universally becoming of all the models and is seen in a variety of styles, some of which are especially adapted for Canadian women, and may be worn either at home or abroad. If you are thinking of taking a continental tour this season it is really essential. Do not dream of trying to cross the ocean without one!

II.

**S**UN-BONNETS have come into their own again since gardening is all the rage. Whatever style of headgear you select you positively must have one of these as well, for surely you have a tiny strip of lawn that may be made productive, or a roof that may be trained to answer the same purpose. Perhaps you have a conservatory, and I am sure you would not be so unpatriotic as to fill it with palms and orchids. The modern conservatory must contain potatoes in pots and spring onions in bulb-bowls. If you have none of these, apply for a plot of vacant land. I believe in most of our cities these are oversubscribed, but it is rumoured that the golf-grounds will soon be utilized and pleasant little foursomes will be arranged on Saturday afternoons to train the beans and prune the corn. If the war has left in you a remnant of vanity you will select your sun-bonnet with care, for it may be had in all colours and when seen with the background of a garden the plainest of women may inspire a poet to write a sonnet or an artist to paint a picture. We advise you not to hesitate to secure one of these models, for they are selling very rapidly.

III.

**W**E can't wear muslin and print head-dresses all the time; some days must be dark and dreary, and the plain felt hat in navy blue or khaki is the most useful of all. Model No. 3 is most popular in London, and is worn especially for outdoor sports, such as driving motor-ambulances, collecting

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

tickets in trams and buses, and a variety of other pursuits. It is frequently ornamented by a badge and may be worn turned up at one side or not and with or without a chin-strap. Ladies who have adopted the first model must have one of these as well, in either felt or straw. The style is so popular that it has been adopted by thousands of people who are devoting much of their time to patriotic work at home, but the badge and the chin-strap and the jaunty turn-up at the side make it popular in the most exclusive military circles.

Just a trifle broader and straighter than this model is the sombrero, which 5,000 British women who have enlisted in the auxiliary army corps, are now wearing in France. There are 25,000 additional women in training for this work as at the front, recruited from expert mechanics, automobile drivers, cooks, stenographers, waitresses, packers, telephone operators and women trained in farm work. The pay is low, but the positions are in great demand, and a position of this sort would secure you the right to wear an ornament on your sombrero that a princess would envy.

IV.

**M**OB-CAP, model number four, comes sometimes in khaki, but usually in blue, and the pretty frill about the face is most becoming. Of course you know that the most up-to-date society girls in Canada have gone in for munitions and have given cachet to this simple style. The Parisian models are usually

more of the tam-o'-shanter shape, without the frill, and are worn by thousands

of French women between the ages of 18 and 60. In Britain, too, the shapes are varied and the style is even more fashionable there than it is here, for munitioners, aircraft builders and workers in many other useful trades have adopted it.

V.

**T**HE "farmer's delight," or "Cowbreakfast," is a style which we predict will cause a furore not only for the spring, but for the summer. It is very new and very smart, and is worn for outdoor sports, such as strawberry-picking, ploughing or haymaking. It may be purchased in a variety of shades, but in the hot sun will soon revert to a neutral tint, so we advise the fashionable straw-colour. Romance lurks in the sweep and tilt of this yellow sun-hat, it casts a shadow that lends mystery to the eyes and an added glow to the cheek. It may be worn without ornament, but a wreath of natural grasses or flowers often enhances its beauty.

VI.

**T**HE last model comes only in white, and is the very last word in smartness—the Army Cook. Statistics of a year ago report 20,000 women have replaced men in this department, and during the past year the number must have been at least doubled. They are even employed at the front now close behind the firing line. Do we treasure the helmets worn by our grandfathers in battles long ago? Future generations will be equally proud if, when they say, "Grandmother, what did you do in the great war?" you can produce your cap and badge of Army Cook.

**I**N this Easter Hat shop, dear madam, we carry only the most fashionable styles—those worn only by the best people. Of course other shops are showing more elaborate models, and if you prefer them—trimmed with ribbons and feathers and laces—you will find that, just down the street, a variety of styles for slackers are being shown, but do you want to invest your money in anything so common? Seven million women representing the best blood of Britain have laid aside these models for the duration of the war. We have other styles not on view: the forester's hat, the policewoman's, the carpenter's. Do you know that twenty British women carpenters are now wearing it in France? We have odd peaked caps for motor drivers and commissionaires, there is even some demand for models for women who are replacing men in building, mining and quarrying.

Elaborate styles are unsuited to the serious worker and a woman's capacity for her job is often judged by her personal appearance. A ticket-collector might look very charming in a Gainsborough hat, but she would inevitably be judged an incapable member of her profession. The old proverb truthfully asserts that a fine woman can do without fine clothes, but women engaged in war service must have special clothes to meet their special needs—and hats to harmonize.

Surely we can find something you will really like! Think it over and call again.

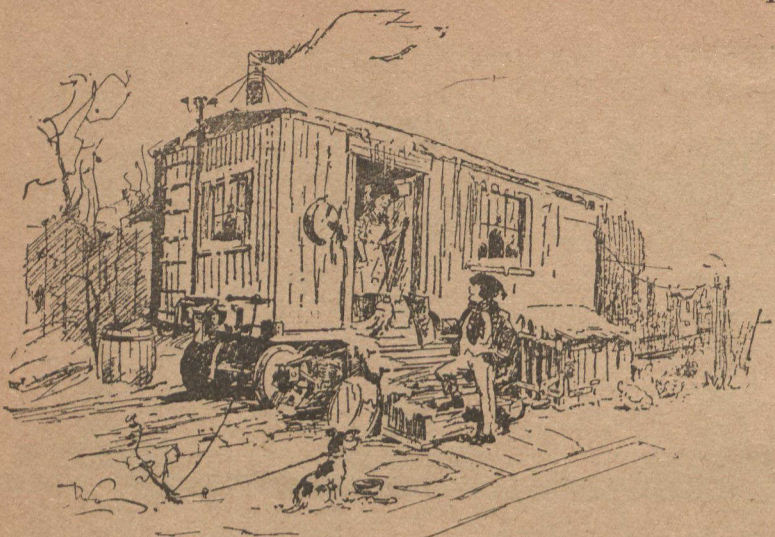


# THE HOLY CITY QUARTETTE

*Tunes, Tenors, and Tinkling Tittivaters  
all in a Modern Epic*

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By EMERSON HOUGH



Keeping house in a box car on the side tracks.

"YOU know my business," began Mr. Wesley Brown; "and you know my ideas and you know me. I'm a hardwood scaler for the Jones-Adams Company. I work all the way from Mexico, where the gents wear directoire pants in January, as far north as Michigan, where every lady wears ear muffs on the Fourth of July. Still, I get some spare time. You know me. There's two sorts of folks in the world, starters and joiners. I'm one of the first sort.

"Always start something. No matter where you are, or what's your business; start something! Now, between meals, so to speak, I've started fire companies, benevolent societies, fraternal lodges, reading circles, lecture courses, dog fights, I don't know what all, clean across the country. But on the whole I don't know as I ever pulled off anything that kept me busier for a little while than my Holy City Quartette. That was at Sidonia Centre, Michigan North Peninsular, U. S. A. As an artistic business undertaking, that was a peach even if it didn't come out quite the way I figured.

"You didn't know I could sing? I can't. No true voice culturist can. Look at John De Risky. When he gets short on voice, he starts a voice factory. Look at Calve. She's strong on the bit now, but you'll see the day when she'll either be teaching a few select pupils from the Best Families, or selling pie across the counter somewhere. It don't take voice to start a quartette. What it needs is genius. That was what I furnished.

"Here I was, in the exact centre of a country that has one railroad train a day—when it gets through. When it does, it don't bring no mail except one or two story papers and a few sacks of Michigan Bibles. That's what they call mail-order catalogues on the road. Now, all they do in Sidonia Centre in the winter is to sit around the family table, which they bought by number in the catalogue, under the cheerful glow of the lamp which they bought the same way, and read fine print about cut-rate cereals, and near-sausage at four and two-third cents a pound, and mahogany tables at \$5.68, and twenty-two inch creep de China, as good as new, at twenty-three cents a yard, and flour, ham, sheet music, Oriental rugs, sugar, tea, coffee, objects dee art in Perian marble, axe handles, wall paper, paint, plows, garden seeds, violins—oh, well, I got one of their \$3.29 violins myself. There wasn't anything from a pint of cider to a house and lot you couldn't buy by mail. So, oft in the stilly night, as the poet says, when the thermometer got around forty below, Sidonia Centre simply tore into the fine print and fractional currency.

"THAT was how I come to start my choir. Right then the mail-order house was making a special drive in sheet music of the Holy City, as sung by Madame Helen Somebody-or-Other before Crowned Heads, at two cents a sheet, satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. There was so much of this music in Sidonia Centre at these prices that it would have been criminal not to start a choir. We didn't have any church yet, only a schoolhouse. But I knew the progress of modern civilization would catch Sidonia Centre before long. Besides, I could see money in a choir as a popular attraction, there being no manner of public entertainment likely in a country where the men live all day with snow down their backs, chopping spruce and the women are confined to the recreation of frying buckwheat cakes

and near-sausage—when the train gets through.

"At the house where I boarded there were two young folks I will call Miss Sue and Wilbur. In the summer they worked with a circus, whose headquarters was Baraboo. Wilbur was known as Senor Sinuando, the Human Snake. He was a professional contorter. Miss Sue was known on the bills as Mademoiselle De Novelli, the Peerless Contatrice. Them two was engaged. Wilbur, he admits to me that the first time he heard Miss Sue's metso jar the paint off the boards of the back seats in the performance following the evening show, he fell for it strong; and Miss Sue, she said that when she saw Wilbur walk up of an evening on his hands, with his feet in the air, and his head peeking so cute from between his legs, she felt as though she couldn't get along without him. Miss Sue was about two hundred in weight and she had a facial expression that looked like a scared rabbit—though that was not her disposition by no means. She was a peerless contatrice, also fearless. When she cut loose with her metso for fair, it would jar window panes four blocks from a given point. She was my contralto from the start.

"NATURAL, too, Wilbur was tenor. Aside from the valuable training a tenor gets as professional contorter, he looked like a musician. He was sort o' willowy, with a large Adam's apple that walked up and down his neck when he got bashful, which was a good deal of the time. As a boy he had heart weakness, which made it unwise for him to split wood, so that as there was nothing else to do at Sidonia Centre, he branched out into other lines in foreign parts, at Baraboo, Wis. His voice was sweet, but not very strong. You couldn't hear him two rods in a mowed meadow, but I cast him for tenor, it being alleged that he sung such. When a newspaper accuses a man of a crime, it always says 'it is alleged.'

"These two being engaged, they had to go into the choir together anyhow. I didn't care so much for Wilbur's voice as I did for Miss Sue's. It had both volume and timber, and you know I'm a timber expert. She had other outlines of a real prima donna, too. Her disposition was not what you would call right sunny, and her regular breakfast was eight plates of buckwheats and three helpings of near-sausage. I could guess who would be the real works in the happy little home her and Wilbur was going

to set up as soon as they got the price to buy it in the mail-order catalogue. When they walked over to the log schoolhouse for practice, Miss Sue led the way. Wilbur usually following on his hands, looking right cute and hopeful. Poor worm, I felt sorry for him.

"There was some doubt as to who ought to qualify for soprano in our choir, but I finally determined to sign the wife of the station agent. Them two had just been married and was keeping house in a box car on the side tracks, salary twenty-five per, and the car grajerly getting furnished from the mail-order book. Her new name was Nordenskjold—which was descriptive. Maybe she caught it in the box car which was draughty. Once I heard her talking over the telephone, with Dr. Doty, the leading physician and hardware merchant. She was telling him she'd made the team as soprano, and asked him if he couldn't do something for her cold—seemed like she couldn't get over it somehow.

"Oh, by dear badam," said he, 'of gourse you gan. Id's nothing but a slide dasal divviguldy widge will yield to dreadmend, ad leazd in the zbringdime.' Then he sneezed in the telephone. 'I'm droubled thad way myself, oggasionally,' says he.

"When I tell you that Dr. Doty was the sole remaining chance I had for a bass singer, you can guess the answer. It looked cloudy, but I went against it. Here I was with a new yellow violin, and time on my hands, and the town full of the Holy City, in sheets, and the choir habit firmly fixed in my system. If I was alone on a desert island, I'd start a quartette. But not again, maybe, with just the talent I had in the Holy City choir. As the Frenchman says, 'Jamais Jamais!' which means, 'No, thanks.'

"NOT that I have anything against that tune myself, because I haven't. Once I heard it in Boston—organ built all over the end of the house, and a man playing it somewhere. Tune just sort of rolled out, and when it got to 'Jerusalem' it made my spinal bones crawl. My spine crawled also when my quartette sung it for the first time. Say, if Colonel I. Zangwill had been among those present with us that night in the log schoolhouse, he'd like enough have forgot all about his Home, Sweet Home, and would have took to the tall spruce.

"Now, there they stand, these four human specimens, in the new log schoolhouse across the tracks,



Standing-room only on the sidewalk near the tracks.

back of the only slightly damaged melodeon, at which Dr. Doty sets with a line of only slightly damaged playing. Anybody who can sing bass can play a melodeon some, and that's no wrong tip in natural history. I stand looking into their trusting quartette countenance. How can I make a kick? I started



the quartette myself, didn't I? Besides, so much depended on it. The whole town was in on the game. We was due to become a public institution. When I first saw their team line I admit I weakened; but after that I resolved to make good, if such a thing might be. Not that they was not the worst I ever seen, and I have saw some, as the saying goes.

"My new yellow fiddle missed combustion on two of its most useful strings every time I begun to play. I don't think she had a octave on her whole keyboard. She was an arpeggio, like enough. Anyway she missed a peg or so every once in a while. When she done that, as leader, I only waved the bow and beat time right earnest. There was other ways of knowing we was trying to get at the Holy City, because there was nothing doing in Sidonia Centre except the Holy City. You couldn't stroll out for a little walk on your snow shoes of a bright winter morning without meeting the grocer's boy beating time with a copy of the Holy City in one hand while he lifted up his voice and sang. If you went out in the logging camp, where the men was chopping, you'd see 'em all hurry through their lunch at the noon hour, and then each lumber jack'd lean up against a stump, haul out his copy of the Holy City and sail into it for fair until the foreman called time. You couldn't pass a window without getting evidence of disappointed Holy City vocalists that couldn't make the choir. If you went out of a night to pay a social visit, there sets the utter and entire family around the \$4.98 centre table, lifting up their voices and handing you out 'Jee-roos-sa-lum!'

"AS for the choir, 'the town fell for it in mass,' as Walt Whitman says. There was standing room only on the sidewalk near the tracks when we was practising in the log schoolhouse. Once in a while we had to raise the window for air when we was practising our formation plays, and occa-sioned a flute-like note of Wilbur, or a section of Miss Sue's metso would float out to the public, which was waiting at the dead line. The log schoolhouse was right across the track from the station, and sometimes when we opened the window, Nordenskjold could hear his fair-haired bride's voice wrestling with the score where it says, 'Lift up thy voice and seeng!' When he sees what social distinction has come to him, a poor labouring man he goes into a trance. They found him asleep at the switch one evening, waiting for the window to open again; and a couple of hours later a man come down the track from Allensville to ask how he had got two log trains together in a head-on collision. But that was, only one of many crimes committed in the name of the Holy City. I have maybe started fifty choirs, but when I think of that one—!

"Wilbur come to the first rehearsal in his Sunday clothes, with a pink tie done in a wide bow. Miss Sue was gowned in lavender, with a pale heliotrope tie around a hand embroidered collar that cost twenty-two cents. Right here was where relations got strained, early as it was in the game; because a station agent's wife can't do much at twenty-five per, even with rent free in a box car. Such as Mrs. Nordenskjold had, she done with. For Doty and me it didn't make so much difference, because we was leading citizens and could discard mere conventionalities.

"Doty he sets up the melodeon and throws back his hair like a strong Englishman rejoicing to run a Marathon race where there ain't no competition. From my earlier observation of bass melodeon players, I knew what he'd do. He'd pull out that Vox Populi stop at the east end of the melodeon until it wobbled like a woman confessing her sins, and then he'd cast a pleading glance on me asking to be turned loose in the same room with that melodeon, just to show what class he was in.

"Ladies and Gentlemen,' says I, 'you will please take your places back of the melodeon—'

"There I seen difficulty again. 'Why not in front of the melodeon?' asks Miss Sue, smoothing down her heliotrope tie.

"Doty he hands me the high sign of distress.

'Why, Miss Sue, in that case' says I, 'the organist would be hid!'

"In the other case,' says Miss Sue, severe, 'the Metso would be hid!'

"A choir master has to use diplomacy. I had to explain to Miss Sue that her voice couldn't be hid, nowhere, nor her personal popularity suppressed. She compromised by standing at the far end of the line where half her new clothes would show. The station agent's wife, owing to the methods of the heartless corporation that furnished the box car, was the only one willing to stand behind the melodeon. Anyhow, I got the team formed up the best I could.

"Now, my dear yung friends,' says I, 'please bear in mind the necessity of a composed attitude. Let your eyes pass over the audience with a lofty and stern expression. A superior demeanor is desirable in persons of your situation in society. At the start, let the sheets of the music be held lightly but firmly at about the elevation of the waist and at an angle of about forty-five degrees, which should be preserved when the music is raised to the level of the chin. If your hand shakes, lean on the melodeon; but in no case display any uneasiness or anxiety as to the results.'

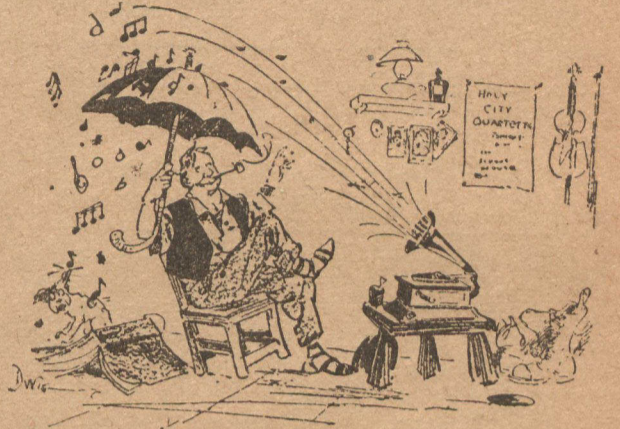
"That last was hard doctrine for me, for I was sure uneasy. Wilbur's Adam's apple began to walk up and down his neck, and the sweat stood on Doty's face; but after several false starts they got the flag and away they went. I will not go into details; but confidential, what they did to the Holy City was a lasting shame.

"I rang the bell for another start. I had a sudden idea that since the whole field never would get away with anything but a ragged start and end in a dis-habeel finish best thing to do was to make it into a cantata, and divide it into parts. Says I, after explaining the idea, 'My dear young friends, after this Dr. Doty will execute a few bars in advance, after I kick him in the back, an act, of course, not perceived by the audience. Then I take the rail with the violin, and carry the running for a few stanzas. When I raise the bow and wave for anyone of you to begin, please lift your sheet music with dignity and composure to the level of the chin, get set and wait for the gun. Remember to produce the tones from the lower chest, as much as possible, by the operation of the diaphragm.'

"MISS SUE gave a startled look at me, and I saw I was in wrong on the instructions. She didn't have time to record a protest on the charge of having a diaphragm on her person, for right then Wilbur got loose, and began to tell, sweet and thin, about what he was dreaming in regard to the Holy City. After that it was go as you please. I didn't

the spark somewhere.

"I was patient. I cooled 'em out, and put in a little time showing them how to carry their handkerchiefs, explaining that it was customary for a tenor to wear his stuck up his left coat sleeve, whereas in the case of a soprano it might be allowed to hang gracefully from the left hand. Then I starts in to explain the value of the round mouth in producing chest tones, when I happened to take a look at Wilbur. His mouth was round permanent, round as a whistle, anyhow, and no man knowing



It was my master's voice all right.

his occupation could accuse him of harbouring any diaphragm at all. Perhaps my suspicions showed in my gaze, because right then Miss Sue breaks in, insisting for a rising vote on a division of the score. 'I think Wilbur ought to have the place where it says Hosanna in the Highest,' she allows.

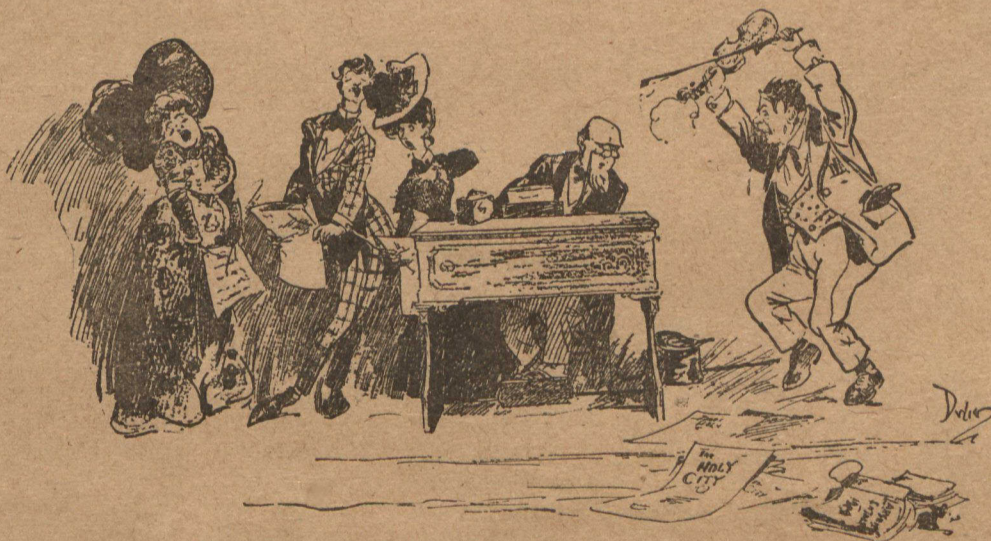
"Certainly, certainly' says I, 'that goes, because Wilbur certainly is the highest Hosanna, if not the main scream. But now, let us resume. Let us throw enthusiasm into the game. Miss Sue, when you see Dr. Doty pull out the tremolo and play with crassed hands, why, you cut loose your emotions and get carried away by Jee-e-rusalem, deep and strong. Wilbur and Mrs. Nordenskjold remain looking over the audience until you break through with the H-o-o-ly Citee. Then all the rest of us get into the mass play, hit the ball hard, and rush it down the middle of the field for a touchdown. Jee-roo-sa-lum, Jee-ROO-sa-lum, everybody bunched as close as possible. Doty with all the stops out and both pedals down furnishing interference for the runner, and me calling the signals from the side line when necessary. Understand now, we finish on the keen lope for Jee-roo-salem, all together. Wilbur at Hosanna, and Miss Sue busy with short-arm work, clinched with the H-o-o-ly Citee. Now then—'

"Say, it's so much more kind-hearted to start a quartette than it is to launch a soloist; because in the former case you make four people happy instead of only one. You ought to seen the contented look that come on them four faces when I finished coaching them. The whole quartette wiggled its feet to get a good hold on the floor, waiting for the word to get away. What happened? I decline to answer. But we repeated it, da capo and otherwise until by eleven o'clock Doty was exhausted. By then, the birdlike notes of Wilbur could not be heard four seats back, and the station agent's wife was in need of dope or the battery. Miss Sue outstayed the bunch; which shows the benefit of training on buckwheats and sausage. About midnight I closed the practice and we started home.

"All Sidonia Centre was waiting to receive us, lined up along the railroad track. Me? I ain't any fool, and I saw my finish right then. I knowed Miss Sue had resolved to run that choir. She was that chesty you could have hung a flatiron on her new heliotrope tie. She led Wilbur by his lily-white hand, and paid no attention to common folks. Two influences bust all quartettes eventually—marriage and jealousy.

"From that time on things went from bad to worse. Miss Sue got that jealous of Wilbur standing

(Concluded on page 27.)

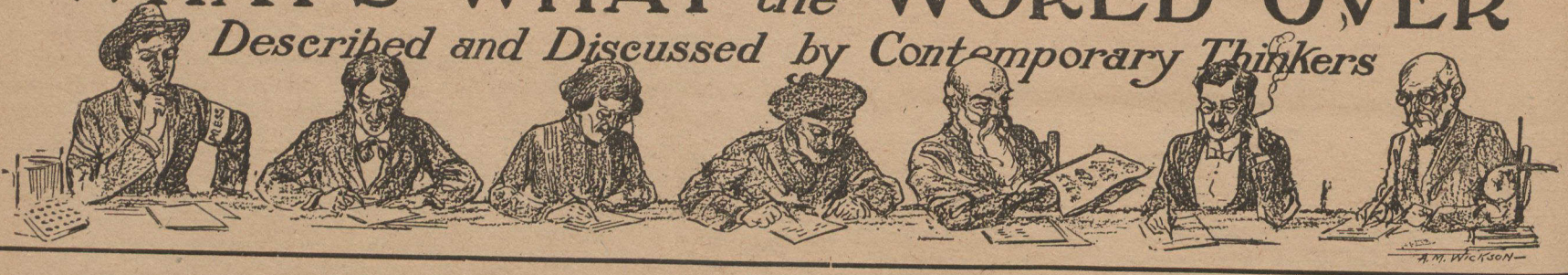


What they did to "The Holy City" was a lasting shame.

need to arrange the music in parts, them constructing the score as they went along. When the tenor had come under the wire Miss Sue was at the head of the home stretch, singing metso with her eyes set; and when she struck the 'Ho-o-ly Citee' she made the lamp flicker. Doty he give the melodeon the time of its life. As for the station agent's wife, she blew up at the turn, and when it came to 'Jee-roos-sa-lum' two spaces above the bars, she refused the hurdles, and I had to cover up with the two remaining strings of my new violin, the other two having lost

# WHAT'S WHAT *the* WORLD OVER

*Described and Discussed by Contemporary Thinkers*



## ENGLAND AND JAPAN

*Does the Future of the Alliance Depend Upon Russia*

NOTHING at this moment furnishes so much food for speculation as the new alignment of the powers likely to follow in the wake of Armageddon. This is the opening observation of K. K. Kawakami, the Japanese journalist, writing on "England and Japan" in the Atlantic Monthly.

In the present world-war, as during the preceding decade, the Anglo-Japanese alliance has proved to be of mutual advantage to the high contracting parties. Will it survive the great upheaval which is shaking Europe from its foundation? With Kiauchow restored to Chinese sovereignty, and with Russia becoming more and more friendly toward Japan, has the *raison d'être* of the Anglo-Japanese alliance virtually ceased to exist? In a word, what will be the future of the alliance?

That its future depends largely upon Russia's attitude after the war seems inevitable. If, at the peace conference that is to follow the war, Russia is given what she has been coveting, she will continue to be friendly with Great Britain and will keep Germany at arm's length. In that case there is no reason why Japan should not renew the alliance with England, though perhaps in more or less modified form. She has already entered into an entente cordiale with Russia. By renewing the alliance with England, she will become a party to a triangular combination and thus secure herself against the not improbable revenge of Germany. England, too, will be anxious to participate in such



"WE'RE READY TO TESTIFY, TOO."

—Kirby, in New York World.

a combination, for she knows that she will have to bear the brunt of Germany's bitterest enmity for many years after the war.

If, on the other hand, Russia is dissatisfied with the outcome of the peace parley, and shows herself inclined to be reconciled with Germany, Japan will of necessity hesitate to continue the alliance with England on the same basis as hitherto; for it is a

foregone conclusion that Japan will avoid, if she can possibly do so, another disastrous war with Russia, knowing that her resources are too limited to cope with Russia's tremendous potential power. Japan's present relationship with Russia is one of entente cordiale, and not one of alliance; for the recently concluded convention provides no mutual obligations of the high contracting parties to extend armed assistance to each other. On the contrary, the Anglo-Japanese alliance, in its present form, obliges either high contracting party to render armed assistance to the other in case either is involved in war, defending its territorial or special interests mentioned in the treaty. Should Russia and England cease to be friends as the result of the peace conference and eventually become involved in war, into which Germany might easily be drawn as Russia's ally, England, on the strength of the present alliance, would oblige Japan to open hostilities against Russia and Germany. The instinct of self-preservation must impel Japan to avoid such a disastrous course.

It is not unthinkable that Downing Street views with some little uneasiness the growing friendship between Tokio and Petrograd. It is rumoured that soon after the fall of Tsingtau Marquis Yamagata, dean of the elder statesmen of Japan, expressed himself in favour of entering into an alliance with Russia. His idea in urging such an alliance was, of course, to prepare against Germany's possible revenge. He entertained no thought of superseding the Anglo-Japanese alliance by an alliance with Russia. In official circles, however, it was feared that Great Britain would by no means be pleased if Japan were to take steps toward the conclusion of an alliance with Russia. This was undoubtedly the circumstance which caused much delay in the consummation of the new convention with Russia, which was to have been signed almost a year before Count (now Marquis) Okuma, in a statement for the press, made it plain that the delay was due to the negotiation which had to be conducted with the British Government.

There is no room to doubt that Japan has been fastidiously considerate of the susceptibilities of the British Government—so much so, indeed, that a Tokio newspaper sarcastically inquires if Japan's foreign department is in Downing Street. Yet the alliance terminates in 1921. Will it be renewed, or will the two powers have come to the parting of the ways? The key is in Russia's hands. It does not take a prophet to foresee that Russia's attitude and disposition will be the determining factor in the realignment of the powers in the Far East.

Much has of late been said of Japanese discontent with the alliance with England. But the public has forgotten that before Japan began to complain of England's "selfishness" many British newspapers and publicists had long been assailing Japan. As early as 1908 such men as Lord Stanhope and F. B. Vrooman, and many others, openly attacked Japanese ambitions, and urged the readjustment of England's Far-Eastern policy. The same sentiment has been voiced in not a few English newspapers. At that time Japanese publicists and press made no reply to such expressions of unfriendliness. Japan's whole attention was turned to the recuperation of her energy and to the readjustment of her position in Manchuria. As she gradually recovered from the shock of the Russian war, however, she began to cast about and found that England's attitude towards her had been far from cordial.

But it was not until after the fall of Tsingtau that a few Japanese newspapers and publicists openly attacked the British policy in the Far East. The reader will recall that when Japan decided to enter into the war England dispatched a cruiser and a

contingent of troops to participate in the siege of Tsingtau, the German stronghold in Kiauchow. Officially Japan extended to them a cordial hand of welcome, but at heart she felt that England was intruding in a field where her assistance was not needed. The Japanese felt that their western ally must either be distrustful of them or entertain motives other than those of expediting the reduction



THE REBELLIOUS PUPIL.

Teacher: "Maybe you'll feel more like playing when I'm through with you."

—The New York Times Magazine, March 11, 1917.

of Tsingtau. No public comment was made to that effect, but the feeling was in the air.

Upon the fall of Tsingtau one or two newspapers in Tokio came out with the assertion that England, on the strength of the part she had played in the capture of Tsingtau, coveted the northern half of the Tientsin-Pukow line controlled by Germany. It was also rumoured that she was averse to the extension of Japanese influence in Shantung, formerly Germany's sphere of influence. How true these statements were only those within the inner official circles at London and Tokio can tell. The fact remains that they did no small injury to the cordial relations between the two nations.

In the celebrated Japanese demands presented to China in January, 1915, Japan expressed the "wish" that China would grant her the privilege of constructing a railway connecting Wuchang with the Kiukiang-Nanchang line, in which considerable Japanese capital had been invested, as well as the railways between Nanchang and Hangchow and between Nanchang and Chaochow, provided that Great Britain would not object to the concession. These cities are in the Yangtse Valley, which England has long since staked out as her own sphere of influence. Whether England checkmated Japan's scheme to secure the above-named railway concessions is not known, but the significant fact was that the British press severely criticized that particular phase of the Japanese demands. At any rate, Japan failed to get the concessions.

Most Britishers in China are anti-Japanese. They

believe that the Japanese are their inevitable rivals in the Far East, and cannot understand why their Government should tie its hands by an alliance with Japan and render itself unable to check Japanese ambitions. They can see only the two billion dollars they have invested in China, and they resent the gradual incursions of Japanese trade into the field long monopolized by them. They often fail to see the situation in the broader light of international relations. What would have become of British prestige in the Orient had England, lending ear to the ill-considered counsels of her citizens in China, bade good-bye to Japan in 1911?

But this dog-in-the-manger attitude is not restricted to the Britishers. The Japanese entertain the same sentiment with regard to certain parts of China, notably Manchuria, where their investments amount to two hundred and fifty million dollars. The blame is on both sides. The idea of the exclusive "sphere of influence" is pernicious and must be modified, if not abandoned. To one looking at the situation from a detached point of view, it seems incomprehensible that England cannot be more generous toward Japanese enterprise in the Yangtse Valley. The "valley" has an area of 362,000 square miles in area. One fails to understand why she should be reluctant to see Japan build there a few hundred miles of railway which would, after all, benefit her as much as Japan. In the Japanese sphere in South Manchuria, measuring 90,000 square miles, we know of no instance wherein British enterprise has been hindered by the Japanese. When in 1913 the British Government, on behalf of the Anglo-Chinese Corporation, sounded the Japanese Government as to whether objection would be made to the corporation's project to lay a railway between Kingchao and Chaoyang in Manchuria, Japan cheerfully indorsed the plan.

As for trade competition, no one should complain of his defeat so long as his successful rival observes the rules of sportsmanship. Despite all the unkind things that have been said about the Japanese, one must concede that their commercial success in China has been due largely to their perseverance, industry, agility, and frugality. You cannot succeed in business in the Orient by spending four hours a day in a luxurious office, devoting the rest of the time to golfing and dinners and social gath-



#### A VOICE FROM THE GRAVE.

It is reported that Villa has written the President asking recognition—News Note.

—Weed, in Philadelphia Public Ledger.

erings, while your Asiatic rivals work fifteen hours or more every day and are satisfied with offices or shops which offer no personal comfort. And this is merely one of the many factors that enter into the reckoning.

The growing friendship between the natives of India and the Japanese has furnished another cause for suspicion, not to say irritation, on the part of

England. It is nothing new that even bona fide Japanese travellers and merchants in India are subjected to espionage by British officials. Not only have the Englishmen in India been suspicious of those Japanese likely to come in contact with the radical elements of the Hindu population, but they have also shown a propensity to exclude Japanese commercial enterprise from the country.

On the other hand, the Japanese see no reason why they should act as England's watchdog for India. Suppose India rose in rebellion while England's hands were full in Europe: would Japan be required to quell the insurrection by virtue of the alliance treaty? The provision of the existing treaty is not clear as to Japan's duty in such a case. Japan would undoubtedly prefer British rule in India to that of Germany or Russia, if the country had to be dominated by some European power; but the point is that she would be reluctant to take part in crushing the just aspiration of the Hindus for independence and freedom.

After all has been said and done, we might still have safely predicted the renewal of the alliance five years hence, had it not been for the difficulty of forecasting the post-bellum attitude of Russia. Once again we say, the key is in Russia's hands.

### NEUTRAL MORESNET

*An 860-Acre Republic that Germany Rolled Over on the Way to France*

THERE is, Ch. Flor. O'Squarr assures us in the Contemporary, a neutral territory smaller and far less populous than the principality of Monaco, a sort of tiny state, which has been neutral by treaties to which Prussia had appended her signature for a century past, long before the solemn diplomatic conventions guaranteeing the neutrality of Belgium and the Grand Duchy of Luxemburg. This flagrantly autonomous state, which the Gotha Almanac fails to mention, whose independence was suppressed, and which was violated at the beginning of the war, is Moresnet. The neutrality of Moresnet was the first "scrap of paper" to be torn up by insolent Germany in August, 1914.

Situated on the Belgian and German frontier, at the boundary of the province of Liège and Rhenish Prussia, close to Aix-la-Chapelle, and only a few miles from Verviers, Neutral Moresnet—the name under which this territory appears on the map—is a parish of 860 acres in area. It is a fraction of a larger territory which was formerly designated by the general name of Moresnet, but was, under the treaty of 1815, divided into three parts, one of which is a Belgian parish, the other a Prussian, and the third for a century, up to the time of the war, neither Prussian nor Belgian, but Neutral Moresnet.

To sum up the antecedents of this unusual situation, in principle Moresnet's history was that of the Duchy of Limburg, which has never formed part of the German Empire. When united to the Duchy of Brabant in the thirteenth century, Moresnet was with it transferred to the House of Burgundy; then it passed under Spanish domination and was counted, after the Treaty of Utrecht, amongst the Austrian Low Countries. Holland, in parcelling out the Duchy of Limburg, made no change in the administrative conditions of Moresnet, and later, under the Revolution, when France was organizing her northern conquests, it was to the essentially Belgian province of Aubeil that Moresnet was attached.

Finally, after long preliminaries, the King of Prussia and the King of the Netherlands met solemnly at Aix-la-Chapelle to put their signatures to a treaty called the Boundary Treaty, which finally sanctioned the neutrality of Moresnet. This treaty is dated June 26th, 1816. It was still in full force on August 1st, 1914. It stipulated that part of Moresnet should, beyond all possible dispute, be joined to Prussian territory, and that another part be assigned to the Netherlands. As for the third portion (the triangle of 860 acres) it was to be thenceforward governed by a "common administration." The two high contracting parties anticipated the intervention of an international commission for the final division of Neutral-Moresnet between Prussia and Holland, but that commission never met, nor were its members ever appointed.

If an inhabitant of Moresnet—or, rather, a native

of Moresnet—has a suit to bring against one of his countrymen, he can summon him, according to his choice as plaintiff, either before the tribunal of Aix-la-Chapelle; the defendant cannot ignore the summons; and then the Belgian or German judges will at once forget the national codes in the practice and respect for which they have been instructed; they will even, if



All he has left.

—Harding, in Brooklyn *Express*.

necessary, give decisions contrary to the Belgian or German law; they will judge the people of Moresnet as the latter desire to be judged, namely, according to the Napoleonic code such as it was under the First Empire. This is required by the Treaty of Boundaries, signed at Aix-la-Chapelle on June 26th, 1816, by the King of Prussia and the King of Holland.

The position is the same in penal matters. In the case of a misdemeanour the Burgomaster of Moresnet has the culprit arrested and sends him, as he chooses, to either Aix-la-Chapelle or Verviers. The miniature republic then pays the costs of justice, including the keep of the criminal if he is condemned to undergo a term of imprisonment.

Indeed, the Treaty of Boundaries signed by the two kings in 1816 specifies that the annual rent payable by the Sieur Dauny, by the terms of his contract—40,000 francs—shall be divided between the two Governments guaranteeing the neutrality, and collected in their name by the two Commissioners. Further, the Treaty of Boundaries stipulated that the Society of Zinc Mines should be obliged to hand over their products to the copper works of the Low Countries and of Prussia at the prices fixed in the deed of concession—that is to say, for almost nothing. Now, in 1816, sulphuretted zinc, lead ores, pyrites, and other similar metals extracted at Moresnet were very rare on the continent of Europe, as also in the countries across the sea. The Treaty of Boundaries thus conferred on the copper works of Prussia and the Netherlands a valuable superiority over similar industries in other countries.

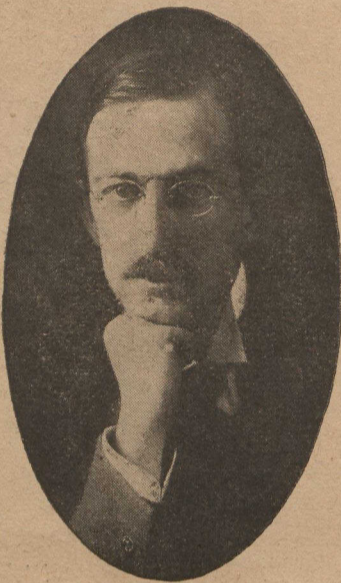
On two occasions roulette and trente-et-quarante attempted to make a conquest of Neutral Moresnet. First, in 1869, the gaming at Spa was about to disappear; a Belgian company attempted to transfer it to Moresnet, but the two Commissioners of Eupen and Verviers opposed it. The last attack was in 1903. Roulette had been surreptitiously insinuated into Belgium under the aegis of the casinos and clubs, by the illusory guarantee of simple municipal concessions on the edge of the law. There was play at Spa, Ostend, Namur, Dinant, Blankenberg. By judicial decree the green tables were overthrown, cards and stakes were seized, croupiers were dispersed. Roulette attempted to find refuge in Moresnet, under cover of the Treaty of Boundaries. A Belgian shareholder, as notorious in France as in Belgium, rushed to make his offer to the burgomaster of the neutral state and its ten councillors.

# LITTLE PLAYS AND OTHER SHOWS



The Authors of "The Lost Silk Hat" and "The Post Office" and all those little semi-domestic plays, see in this picture of Richard Walton Tully's "Flame Girls," just the kind of thing they abominate.

*A curious complication of stageries seen in the hub of New World Theatricals*



And Tully Knows it

By

**T. BERNARD PRESTON**

**D**OWN in New York as the season draws to a close we are reminded of colossal contrasts on stage. Leaving out grand opera, you might make an Ibsen triangle of plain shows, Little Theatres—and G. B. S. Take your choice what shaped triangle it is and which side you prefer to be the longest. The Little Theatre in various styles and names is the newest note, though it attracts the least number of people.

Since the earliest days of the drama, as in Greece, when a production was a solemn and awe-inspiring spectacle, there has been a tendency to regard it with less and less of the "reverence that finally kills" (as Miss Constance Collier put it to us, one day), and to take it more easily, more intimately, in other words to relate it more closely to actual life. This idea of familiarity is doubtless what made for the simplicity of setting of the Elizabethan days (when some of the audience actually sat on the stage), and surely that was the golden age of English drama, if, indeed, Shakespeare may not justify its claim to the greatest of all theatrical eras. Since then a false sophistication has removed the stage, for a while, beyond such personal touch; but the evolution of experience always sifts out artificialities, and progressive cities, we have in mind New York, particularly—are at last taking the drama again in earnest, simple, heart-to-heart fashion. This manifests itself just now in the plentiful crop of successful productions on a little scale, of little plays, mostly one-act plays, which are engrossing the attention of the public and stimulating the art both of playwrights and of actors. There was a saying: "Good goods come in small packages," which might be paraphrased: "Good plays come in small packed houses."

In this group of pioneers, the Washington Square Players are easily the leading lights. Beginning but a little over a year ago with modest ambitions, such as attempting to play but twice a week, painting their own scenes, making their own costumes, to say nothing of their plays, they have come to having a studio where they do such things for other producers, as well as inaugurating a school for players, while they have not lowered the excellence of their work on the boards, but have gone on raising it ever higher. Their plays range from works by Maeterlinck

and Chesterton, to indigenous products, such as "the Clod."

And there are others: the Bramhall, the Bandbox, the Provincetown Players, the Neighbourhood, the Portmanteau, etc.; there has even been a series of one-act plays for children; and an attempted series, under the name of "The Nine O'Clock Theatre" in a private house! Then there is the Little Silver Theatre Club, which plays to audiences of no more than two hundred private members plays written especially for it; we rather wonder if in this case the exclusiveness of the scheme will not prove its undoing.

But of all these workers in the field, after the Washington Square Players, of course, the Neighbourhood and Portmanteau Players are the most conspicuous; the Neighbourhood has rather specialized in Shaw's plays, with Lord Dunsany on the side; the Portmanteau has reversed the menu.

**T**HERE has seldom been such a meteoric rise in the favour of those who go to the play as that of this extremely—and deservedly—popular Irish peer, who at present, after being wounded in the war, is again somewhere in the trenches, quite unaffected by the attention his works are attracting. Modest to a fault, unconscious prose-poet and symbolist—for he disclaims the idea of writing allegories—he is at once simply sincere and elaborately versatile. True, he seldom, if ever, deals with romance; he is too cosmic for that (though he has written a delightful bit of playfulness about "A Silk Hat"), but his "Night at an Inn," dealing with the consequences of theft and murder overtaking, through supernatural means, a party of sailors, and "The Gods of the Mountains," in which seven beggars are turned to stone by seven jealous stone gods they had impersonated, are a far cry from "The Glittering Gate," which presents decidedly modern ideas of the future life, and "The Queen's Enemies," which unfolds no moral but depicts the awful and consummate revenge of a woman at bay. Again, "Argimenes and the Unknown Warrior" strikes the pathetic note, in its conception of a king reduced to slavery and hunger. His plays are small as to length and detail, but they loom large in subject-matter and impressiveness.

Shaw is going strong in no less than four plays, in New York: "Getting Married," with William Faversham and Henrietta Crosman, a comedienne of rare refinement and insight; "Great Catherine," in which Gertrude Kingston plays the Russian empress with most convincing naturalness; "The Inca of Perusalem," a piquant satire on the Kaiser and British royalty (were Mr. Shaw an American, and did he treat his country as he is doing the land to which he actually owes allegiance, it is doubtful if he would be so well applauded in New York); and "Over-ruled," a story of two married couples tangled and extricated—the usual conventional immorality for the author to jibe at.

**H**ERE are the names of some of the "shows" that make any theatre page of a New York Sunday look like a Persian rug in design:

Nazimova, in "Ception Shoals," a play about an impossibly ingenious young woman, who incidentally displays her physique in a manner not as attractive as is intended.

"Le Rubicon," by the French Players, a play true to the so-styled "French" type, by a Frenchman strangely enough; very well done, though it might seem "raw" in English.

"Lilac Time," in part by Jane Cowl, in which she takes the heroine's part; a war-play and a bore-play: pretty soldiers, martial girl.

"A Successful Calamity," with William Gillette, by his cousin, Clare Kummer, a well-acted modern comedy, not very unlike Willie Collier's "Nothing but the Truth"; may it justify its name!

"The Great Divide," by William Vaughan Moody, revived by Henry Miller; when first produced, this was pronounced the greatest American play ever written; if such really be the case—we would hesitate to affirm it—the American does not seem appreciative of its benefit.

"Johnny, Get Your Gun!" a farce that is but tolerably farcical, and a sorry one.

"The Life of Man," by Andreyeff (the Washington Square Players, for once, give a five-act play), produced with striking new effects in stage lighting, but so doleful in tone that it seems to leave no light in the rest of life.

"Love o' Mike," a "comedy with music"—on the part of the orchestra, at any rate; the vocalists are inaudible and merely look as if they were singing.

And "It," an absurd melodrama, based on the absurd presumption of Japan's enmity to the United States; though the author seeks to exculpate himself for his distrust of the Orientals by making it a "dream-play," and not presenting it as actual; it

(Concluded on page 27.)



HENRY MILLER

His revival of *The Great Divide* is one of the rejuvenated chestnuts of New York.

# From our OWN Garden

By F. P. M. COLLIER

ONE evening, in the Ottawa drawing room of a very old and distinguished family, some years ago, a few guests were gathered, among them a parvenu who, by chance, had managed to force this evening's hospitality from the hostess, whom she knew slightly, and of whose titled connections, and social eminence in the Old Land, she was never tired of prating. Upon the table sat an artistically arranged bowl of exquisite roses, and our parvenu friend pounced upon them and gushed ecstatically. Then she enquired as to the greenhouses whence they had come.

"From our own garden," replied an elderly daughter of the house, proudly, and the visitor gushed some more.

"Oh, I didn't know. Who is your gardener?" for the family had made no secret of their very modest circumstances.

"I'm my own gardener," was the calm and significant reply.

"Oh, yes, I know, but who does your digging, and the rough work, it must be quite a task to get some one to do things just right?"

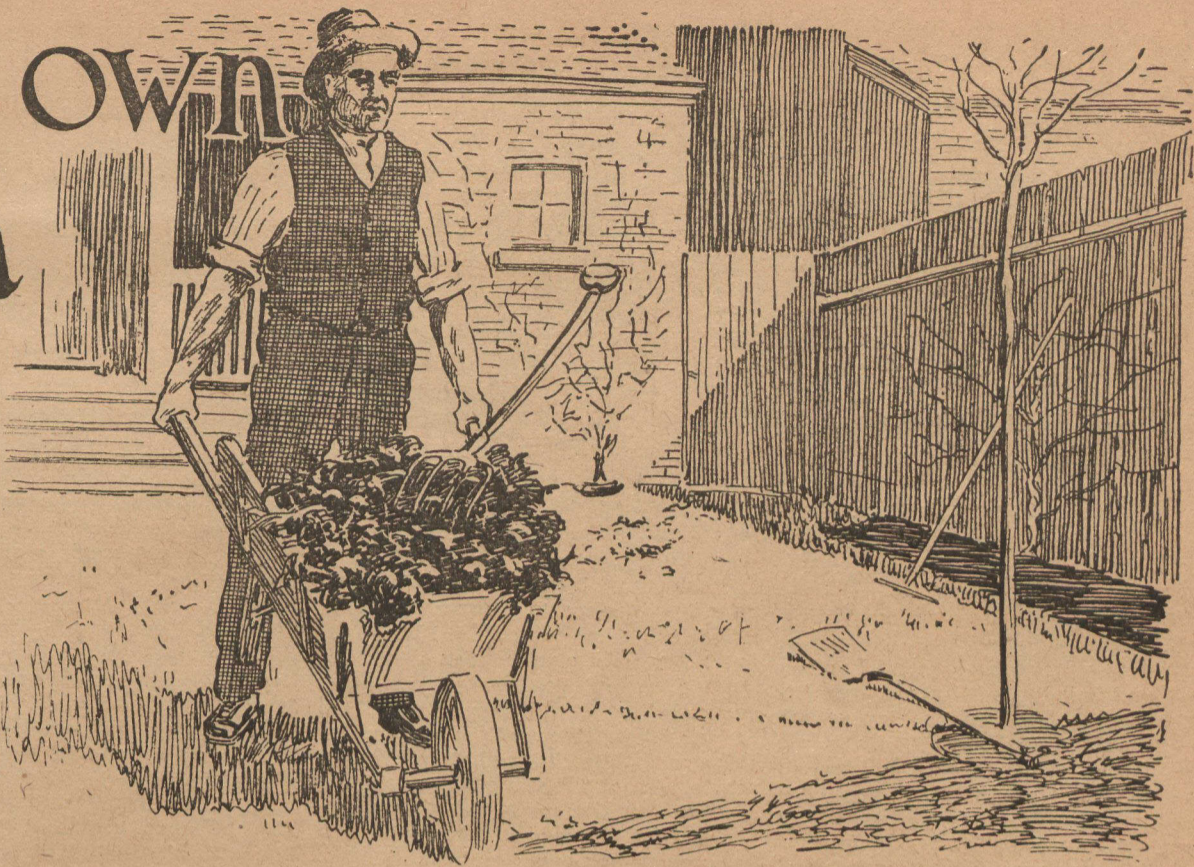
"I do it all myself," was the composed but emphatic rejoinder. And the look of astonishment and disgust that illuminated that woman's countenance was worth travelling to see.

By the time this war is over that perverted idea should be stamped out. And we shall be able to hold up our heads with the choicest of English gentlemen as rival diggers and planters of gardens.

About that same year a charming Consort of one of our Governors must have vaguely sensed the result of our indifferent attitude towards horticulture, for I had the pleasure of touring the Capital whilst a whole season's Flower Garden competition was in progress. Before I understood I was jealous for the honour of Toronto, in that Ottawa so far surpassed her in the beauty and bloom of her back and front gardens. Then the matter was explained. Prizes for the best-kept and finest garden had been offered by Her Excellency, and all through the year an official inspector examined and reported the condition of each competitive area. Those not competing had to bestir themselves, or look ugly by contrast. I was taken to see the three prize winners in the fall, and the first one was merely the common backyard of a very unpretentious house in a very inartistic street, transformed into a riot of bloom and beauty. No conventional design, no costly exotic distinguished the winner. Simply a well tended, well nourished abundance of coloured loveliness.

NOW, Toronto has very nice parks and rule made Hyacinth and Tulip beds in the spring. She has fine flowering shrubs, and well-kept lawns, and many pot plants, and geometric flower beds in the summer; and very handsome coloured vines and flaming maples, and purple and scarlet berries in the autumn. But for all that she hasn't the first sturdy symptoms of downright good old-fashioned gardening. The population of Toronto, neither in its wealthy, middle-class or labouring section can be said to have attained or tried to attain the gardening habit. Each class in itself dabbles in the art as the ordinary boy drums at the piano, not because he enjoys it, but because somebody else deems it desirable.

If your neighbour has cultivated some unique floral species, you must try your hand at something else next year. It costs you, doubtless, a new hose and a watering can, a tidy little sum for decent clay, and perhaps more still for a man to do the digging. You buy rare potted plants or expensive oil beans or try the latest fashion in sweet peas; and you spend your summer nights hurling tin cans at marauding cats,



and your idle moments making acid remarks about the destructive proclivities of your neighbour's hens and dogs, and squabble directly or indirectly with the parents of small boys, or even girls, who will persist in batting their balls into your yard, and dashing recklessly over the fence after them. The large army of manual labourers accord the flower business scant favour, but they usually manage beds of green onions, and that with a few rows of lettuce too frequently comprise their gardening investment.

But if people are going to garden this year to help win the war, they must do so with a thorough and intelligent knowledge of what they are about. They cannot go in as novices and learning by experiment arrive at the desired result of efficiency in three years' time. They must dig, and plant, and cultivate to get a crop this year, if they do it is going to strike a blow at the high cost of living, and help win the war, and that is why the campaign is started.

If you are going to begin in earnest there are just three phases of the undertaking necessary to successful gardening that should be thoroughly grasped in their essentials so as to make your returns sure. First, fertilization or the quality of your soil, and the amount and kind of cultivation necessary. Then comes your selection of seed, and the final disposing and tending of it.

Gardening this year is to be utility gardening or gardening for profit. There must be no extravagant prices paid for tomato plants, so that we may vie with the professional as to the earliest date upon

which we can place fruit on our table. There will be no time to waste in house sowing of lettuce in March, so that we may transplant outdoors and boast home-made salads for Easter.

Generally speaking, everybody has a back yard, even if it only be twelve by fourteen. If it is sod-covered, so much the better, for sod fibre is the very best kind of loam for horticulture. Visit the yards of country professional gardeners in May, and you will find huge blocks of grass sod piled one on top of the other, and left to rot that the florist may have the choicest mould in which to box tomatoes, cabbage or annuals. Invest in a good spade and dig your garden as early as the frost will permit, and if it is covered with grass, dig deeply, and turn your sod upside down, and it will rot. Don't shake out all the roots and throw them away, you cannot afford to waste fertilizer in the city. If you have poor, unpromising clay, get a few barrows of stable manure if possible, spread it evenly, then dig as carefully and as often as you can. Don't neglect your natural sources of enrichment. Wood ash makes a good fertilizer; dig holes in your plot and bury refuse instead of throwing it in the scavenger's pail. Potato and fruit peelings, bones and fat, all food refuse and animal substance should be buried in the clay rather than squandered in the ash barrel. And dead leaves! and dead grass! oh, the folly and cruelty of the autumnal pyres of dead leaves that every year belch their smoke to heaven as they proclaim aloud the filching of substance from lawns and tree roots!

(To be continued.)

## SLAV MUSIC in an ENGLISH CHURCH

By THE MUSIC EDITOR

WHEN an Anglican church becomes a Russian cathedral, something must have been done out of the common. St. Paul's Anglican, Toronto, was the scene, a few days ago, of a completely Russian programme, given under the direction of Healey Willan, organist and choirmaster. Three-fourths of the programme was given on the organ. But Russia, of all civilized countries in the world, has no pipe organ music, because Russia has no organs. All the music in Russian churches is given by choirs, unaccompanied.

The only way Healey Willan could get a pipe-organ entertainment out of Russian music was to play transcriptions from operas, symphonies and piano works. Without a remarkable organ, almost an orchestra—and more—in itself, such a performance would have been a dismal fiasco. A thousand people sat in the long nave of the greatest Anglican church in Canada and listened for an hour and a

half to a solemn, stately, pageant-like rendering of one thing after another, Tchaikowsky, Rachmaninoff, Moussorgsky and Glazonow. The choir of the church contributed three numbers, two of them, The Cherubic Hymn and the Hymn to the Trinity of Tchaikowsky.

It was all very novel; almost bizarre, but quite beautiful. St. Paul's itself is a strange, grey-cold place, with nothing but two huge flags and three little stained-glass windows in the orient end—orientate southwards here—of the church to release the cloister-like chilliness of grey-stone and dark-brown woodwork. No big auditorium in Canada has such a problem in sound-waves. Nothing but the organ can conquer the reverberation at all, and even that sometimes fails. The choir was continually losing ground, no matter how true the pitch or how perfect the tone. Oddly, the bass section of the choir suited

(Concluded on page 23.)

# Opinions of Other People

**An American Reply**  
From Indianapolis

**From a T.B.D. Man**  
H. M. T. B. D. Star

**Monocle Man Rebuked**  
Melville, Sask.

## AN AMERICAN REPLY.

Indianapolis, Ind.,  
March 20, 1917.

Editor:

The writer has been reading a February copy of your estimable paper, and was very much interested in the article headed "The Congressional Orchestra." The Canadian view of the Congress of the United States is not surprising, but we hope the Canadian people will believe that the actions and speech of some of its members are not representative of the feelings of all Americans. The writer is proud to belong to the class which believes that the Allies are fighting our war for us—that the English navy stands between us and destruction.

The events of the past few days indicate that we, too, will be privileged to join the great fight of Democracy against Absolutism, and there are many who view the prospect with eagerness. The neutrality of this country has been the source of great humiliation to every true American. We are Allies now, and it thrills every nerve in our bodies to know that at last we are squarely on the right side.

We believe the people of Canada do not understand how hard our problem is, and the writer wishes to set forth a few of the many different views which have been expressed.

Our population is extremely cosmopolitan. There are millions of German-Americans and Pro-Germans, both private citizens of influence and men in public office. Some of us believe that consideration for their feelings should have no bearing at all on the question of right and wrong, but the policy of our government, up to this time, has been otherwise, and we have had to be loyal, at least. We can be loyal now with no twinge of conscience—with no feeling that we are hypocrites—outwardly neutral, but in reality Pro-Belgian.

The public opinion of your country, no doubt, is greatly divided also. It cannot be otherwise. You will be able to point to a group of citizens in the Dominion to correspond to every one mentioned here. We thoroughly understand that it is the policy of our President that is so inconceivable to the Allies, as it is also to some of us.

We have people here who believe all war is wrong. Some of them are religious and some are not. They make this statement without any thought. It sounds Christian, and they think it covers everything. They think that all fight for progress is wrong, and has been since the world began. According to this theory all the wars of the world fought in the cause of Freedom have been wrong—our Civil War was wrong; it was wicked to use war as a means of freeing the slaves at that time, and it is outrageous for the Allies to fight to free the Belgians.

There is another kind of American citizen who calls himself a pacifist, but who gives the lie to the word. We will waste few words on the German-American who opposes war between

Germany and this country. He is really not at all opposed to war—in fact, he believes in it deeply, but just does not want it now. The time is not ripe for Germany to conquer America. That will come later in the Kaiser's plan for world empire. But when the "world empire" comes—as many Germans believe it will—the German-American knows there will be a place for him, so we have his loud voice leading the chorus of weaklings opposing war.

The Canadian people, of course, know that Germany has been making war on us for many months. A few of us have known this, but the majority are just waking up to the fact. The Zimmerman note has revealed to us that we will have to fight Germans on our own soil, and we know we will have plenty of them to contend against. There are only a few, comparatively, that are not tied to the Kaiser's apron strings.

Some believe that commercial rivalry between Germany and England started the war. The writer talked to an American who had never heard of the assassination of the Arch-Duke Francis—who did not know that this was the spark that started the fire. Such ignorance is widespread. The ordinary American is too busy being prosperous. He doesn't realize how selfish he is in danger of becoming. His moral muscles are becoming soft and flabby from disuse. They need electric treatment, and it will take a strong current to bring them back to normal.

We know the people of Canada will admit that President Wilson has a heavy burden. That he should have been more firm in upholding the rights of Americans in the past is clearly evident. We hope the ever-increasing effrontery of the Hohenzollerns will strengthen his nerve. Some of us believe that we have other Americans better fitted for this crisis. But perhaps a stronger government would not show up our weaknesses, and that our faults are greatly in evidence we should be thankful.

Very truly yours,

AN ALLY—Miss Helen Sickels, 506  
East Walnut St., Indianapolis, Ind.,  
U.S.A.

FROM A T.B.D. MAN.

H.M.T.B.D. "Star."

C/o G.P.O., London, England.

The Editor:

Have just run across, quite accidentally, a copy of the "Canadian Courier." I am a resident of Ottawa, and for the last two years have been over here doing my bit as a signalman. The above destroyer, of which I am one of the crew, is incessantly doing patrol duty, which is the limit for monotonous but vigilant watch-keeping, especially in my department, which is aptly termed the "Eyes of the Fleet." Now I am constantly up against it for something to read when not watch-keeping. I get quite a

**'Equality in Babies'**  
Stouffville, Ont.

**Alleged False Patriots**  
Vancouver B.C.

**Canadian Northern Defended**  
Toronto

bunch of English magazines, but alas, no Canadian, hence I am writing to ask you if you would kindly forward the "Courier." . . . I had the pleasure of being in the "Battle of Jutland" last year, and from what I saw and heard the "Germans" must have thanked God that our Fleet did not meet them four hours previously. There are things I could tell you but must not, which makes by blood thrill with admiration for this "Silent Navy" of ours. We are not in the "Limelight" like the army, but this "Silent Navy" is and undoubtedly will be the deciding factor in this war, which I fervently hope will end this year.

Yours truly,

F. HARVEY LEE,  
Signalman R.N.V.R.

MONOCLE MAN REBUKED.

Melville, Sask.,

March 20, 1917.

The Editor:

Will you allow me space in which to register a protest against the Courier's publishing any more of such stuff as that featured in the Courier of March 17, under the Monocle Man's signature?

If it was intended as humour there are a whole lot of us who fail to catch the point. In the light of what women have done and are still doing to help the Empire such statements are in very bad taste to say the least.

Why print the biased opinions of a man who seems to be quite rational on most other topics save that of woman suffrage?

Such statements as that "they must keep the government in the hands of the possessors of force," that "bayonets only are to be counted in the great council chamber of humanity," and that women "ought not to be given the destiny of the nation to play with," belong to the Stone Age.

If the Canadian Courier is honest in wishing to be an up-to-date weekly, it should march with the times.

The ease and alacrity with which a Tory Premier like Mr. Hearst put such an advanced measure through is, after all, not the question. The great fact that the Ontario women have the vote at last, is what really counts.

E. G. BAYNE.

"EQUALITY IN BABIES!"

Stouffville.

The Editor:

I should like to say that I have been reading the Courier for some time and have found some very interesting articles in it. But I should like to take exception to the article in Mar. 17, "And now—Equality in Babies." I think that the Monocle Man had better look through spectacles for a while and perhaps his view would be a little less distorted. He simply mentions the countries where there is no franchise, and all admit that Russia, Germany, Austria and Japan are not countries in which we would envy the women's position, and in Russia not even

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the men's as far as political freedom goes.

Then with regard to France—in one of the elections there was a woman who wished to be nominated as a candidate for one of the higher offices, to show, she said, that France was in sympathy with the movement to enfranchise women.

I am rather surprised that such an article should find its way into columns in which otherwise I found nothing but good, sound reading.

I might say that your correspondent said nothing with regard to the women of Finland and the good work they are doing, or any other country in which women hold the franchise.

(MISS) BEATRICE BRAIN.

**ALLEGED FALSE PATRIOTS.**

Vancouver, B.C.

The Editor:

As Canadians, we are now being shamed by the loudly proclaimed and self-advertised patriotism of certain of our citizens; in what manner are they serving their country that they should claim praise?

Lately, a "Call to Employers" was sent out by the President of one of our great Canadian Banks, in which all and sundry were exhorted to aid recruiting by employing returned soldiers. Let us see what the Canadian banks are doing to help recruiting. At the beginning of the war many bank-clerks volunteered and were assured they would be taken back on the staff on their return from the front; but, as the war did not seem likely to end in a few months, the bank directors realized that they were liable to have several hundred men leave their employ to fight for freedom and the Empire; they then declined to promise re-employment, and insisted on all volunteering for service resigning their jobs; in some instances, allowances already earned were not paid when the resignation was sent in, nor the guarantee premium or pension payments returned; the places of these fighters have in most cases been taken by young and inexperienced girls at a wage of \$25 to \$40 per month instead of the \$50 to \$125 or more salary that was earned by the men they have replaced; as these young women are so poorly paid and ignorant, they are a detriment not only to the bank's clients, but also increase the work of the remaining male staff. The banks have nearly all made larger profits in 1916 than the previous year, and can afford to give a part of the salaries thus saved to the Patriotic Fund—excellent work from the bank's view-point, but hardly patriotic!

Hundreds of capable, steady men, ineligible for active service, from 45 to 65 years of age, can be had in our cities at \$60 to \$75 per month, who would be only too thankful to take the places of the fighting clerks. Would not the employment of these good citizens be more helpful to the country and assist in recruiting, and, incidentally, help the banks and other large employers, and keep our people at home fully occupied in "business as usual"?

J. J. MACDONALD.

Editor's Note: In our issue of March 3 we published an article showing how a certain great Canadian bank had sent 1,000 men to the front—up to six months ago. One passage of the article deals with the man-and-salary question as follows:

"It has been a strain upon the bank to let so many men go, with but little warning in many cases, but not only were no restrictions placed upon them, but the first three hundred were given indefinite leave of absence with six months' salary, which means that each man will return to his own position when released from the front. As the number of enlistments have increased, it has been found impossible to follow this course in every case, but each member enlisting will receive consideration after his return, and liberal allowances are being made to every man."

**CANADIAN NORTHERN DEFENDED**  
The Editor:

Dear Sir,—Reading from day to day in almost every newspaper in the Province the continuous criticisms on the Canadian Northern Group, I have vainly looked for some appreciation of the efficient work that the Canadian Northern Railway is now doing.

It is difficult to imagine the distressing straits that many of the Ontario districts would have been in this year had it not been for the Canadian Northern Railway. The C.N.R. has not only carried large quantities of grain to Canadian Northern points, but they have been the only means of supplying many Grand Trunk points which it would not otherwise have been possible to reach.

Being a large shipper of grain from all parts of the Canadian West, I see and experience daily, the really splendid work the Canadian Northern is doing. Such efficiency as exists with the Canadian Northern to-day is only possible through co-operation of men of the keenest brains in their operating departments.

Without seeking to detract from the work of the other railroads under trying circumstances, such as experienced at present, there is no doubt that the other railroads are a very poor second and third to the comparatively new road. Naturally the Canadian Northern, being a newer organization and much less wealthy, has not moved as many cars from Fort William as the Canadian Pacific has done, but shippers who have been shipping from Regina, Moose Jaw, Saskatchewan, Calgary and other important Western centres have some idea of the enormous amount of grain that the C.N.R. road has carried.

Considering the fact that my company has handled nearly four million bushels of grain in the past year I can fairly judge of the transportation merits of the different transcontinental railroads, but to verify my own idea I discussed the question with many prominent manufacturers and shippers and the unanimous opinion was freely expressed that the Canadian Northern had "got them all beat" for running time.

The other roads have been embarrassed to certain points more or less for months now, the Canadian Northern not at all. And in addition when once a car is loaded on Canadian Northern rails, say, from a point fifteen hundred miles West, one can almost calculate to a day when it will reach its destination in Eastern or Western Ontario. Not only that, but a telephone call daily to the Canadian Northern General Freight Department keeps one posted as to the whereabouts of the particular car in question—No loss of time—just mention the car, initial and number, the information is secured immediately. It is not unusual for the C.N.R. to take the trouble to phone shippers or consignees that a particular car is held up at some point owing to some slight mechanical defect, has been repaired and will go forward by next train.

To discover the whereabouts of a missing car on the other roads after two months tracing usually results in a shattered nervous wreck, enormous telegraph and telephone bills, being at last convinced that the particular car never existed, that it was never paid for, and that the bill of lading is not reposing, mildewed, in the safe, when the phone "ting-a-lings" and the Railway has discovered that the particular car has been lying all the time on some back switch at final destination.

The contrast given here is not an exaggeration. It is customary to be tracing cars that should be at final destination, in Western Ontario, to find that by mistake they have been carried on to Montreal.

The staffs of all the railroads are invariably courteous, obliging, and do all that they can to assist consignees and shippers, but the operating executive seem to be far behind the Canadian Northern in getting results.

Yours truly,  
FAIR PLAY.

**Hodge Discovers His Diaphragm**

(Concluded from page 6.)

the man's legs from under him. At the same moment a pal sprang on Hodge's back. Hodge turned and rammed the man's rear-guard into a pole; meanwhile he got his Sandowized clutches into two separate collars and yanked two men together in a head-on collision. He found himself with the sudden ability to set all the others against one another in a scrimmage, even while they all made a lunge upon him.

Suddenly he ducked and fairly snow-ploughed the gang away from him; and he stood on the edge of the curb, just half a moment—long enough to chuck his cards to the gang and invite them all down to his office to see him on the King's business.

Then he got away. He ran. Hodge had never run so since the last time he tried to herd cows into a gate. But he knew as he ran that he had discovered his diaphragm, and that before crops were in that spring he would be in a far different business than brokerage.

(Which is to be the theme of our third article on Hodge).

**Slav Music**

(Concluded from page 21.)

the place best.

But the organ had its own way. A marvellous instrument—played by a man who understands this Casavant now as well as he knew any of the English organs in London.

With this organ, Willan did about as he liked on his Slav programme. He had no canons to observe. Some of the transcriptions were mainly his own. His rendering of the Rachmaninoff Prelude was a gigantic blur of glorified declamation. The Andante from Tchaikowsky's Fifth Symphony was remarkably like an orchestra. The only thing the organ failed to imitate in this was the victims. It was a fine piece of inspirational melancholia. The Chanson Triste of the same composer was a mawkish miserere quite unsuitable to the organ, especially at that tempo. Willan got himself forgiven for this, however, in his Battle of the Somme rendering of two Moussorgsky numbers in one, Andante Maestoso and Kieff Processional.

**Buehler to the Blind**

BLIND men—a score and more—heard Ulysee Buehler, Swiss-American pianist from Pittsfield, Mass., play a considerably romantic programme last week in Toronto. The greatest work on the list was the second most famous Sonata of the composer who made many of his greatest works while he was stone deaf—the Appassionata. Bach, Beethoven, Brahms, Chopin and Mozart in a select category of masterpieces made up the bill, and Mr. Buehler, who is a man

(Concluded on page 28.)

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**What Brings the Merry Mining Boom?**

By INVESTICUS

It has been observed ere now on this page that the trusting public may look for a mining boom any one of these bright spring days. It is quite as certain to come as are the dandelions on your front lawn. The newspapers will shortly blossom like the rose with full page, half-page and quarter page advertisements. Prepare, therefore, your soul for the great ordeal. To mix the figure up a little more I should say, put your money away down in the stoke-hold of your ship, batten down the hatches, pull down your ear flaps on your hat and hold your breath. If you don't you will stand an excellent chance of catching your death of ear-ache and losing your money. It might be as well also to borrow a pair of smoked glasses or motor goggles to keep the gold dust out of your eyes. The mining sharps are sure going to make a killing.

Now mind you, if you can be a mining sharp and do the killing yourself—why all right; go right ahead. We have no editorial duty toward you, brother, except to help put you in jail if you allow your technique to get clumsy, so that the victims have time to squeal before you have slit their weazand with a paper knife. But if your technique is neat and your prospectus within the law as prescribed by the statutes of the province of Ontario—we shall do nothing but speak of you respectfully and with bated breath. The gentle art of trimming the public is by no means a poor accomplishment. It takes brains and courage and patience. If you can get away with it without having the public trim YOU—well, may your shadow never grow less and may your children treat you with some show of respect. The public these days is a fairly wily beast. And the public that pays most sincere attention to the mining sharp is the public that earns its own skinning, if I may use the figure.

Now if you don't intend to abandon all other work and pleasure in order to learn to be a mining sharp, let me

tell you how to get skinned with a minimum of pain. Of course the first step is always pleasant, just like sin. You read the pretty advertisement and it makes you feel nice all over. You've a slight tickling in the region of your wallet pocket and a few visions of being able to buy your wife a vacuum cleaner without embarrassing your tailor. You read all about the new mine which has been discovered and you go down and see some samples of ore, and you fill out a slip applying for shares — and bingo!—where are you?

And why? Because it is as necessary to have a mining boom once in a while, or an oil boom, or a real estate boom, as it is for children to have crying spells when they are young, or for you to have an occasional period of high pressure. The boom is, for the body politic, a sort of Turkish bath, or general shaking up of all the purses in the body politic's precious pockets. All the old tight-wads are loosened up and all the niggards and ne'er-do-wells get a new lease of interest in life. But a mining boom can only come every so often, like Christmas. There has to be time for the folks to forget the last mining boom. Then there has to be a time for them to re-accumulate a little money—the money which the successful operators in the last boom have been spending on Broadway since that happy epoch closed. Then there must be a certain salutary restlessness on the part of the public, a desire for excitement. All these conditions being present—the boom is ripe. It is ripe to-day. The money that munition workers and munition exploiters have been making hangs heavily in their pockets. They don't want more money—what they want is excitement. But they find excitement in risking the gain of more money by gambling all that they have—even that which some of them have not.

The sad truth of the matter is, that some of them WILL make money. That is always the way with mining (Continued on page 26.)



Prince Henry demonstrates the new virility of England by doing cross-country, trans-river runs with as little on him as the law of the Empire allows. He is here seen coming up out of a river.



## Foreign Fingers in Our B. C. Pie

(Concluded from page 12.)

construction on the Canadian side. As an illustration of the profits made by the operation of timber-carriers from Pacific seaboard ports, it may be cited that the first of the motor-driven windjammers launched since the war in the United States, carrying lumber from Oregon to Australia, netted the owners \$40,000 on the one trip.

Whether Government control of shipping would be a good thing for Canada it is difficult to say. But this fact stands out above all others: That more home capital must be invested in B. C. shipbuilding and that, instead of laying down ships for foreign countries—even though it is a profitable business—our Pacific shipyards must be given sufficient inducement to build them for our own Empire. Such is the geographical situation of British Columbia, such the nature of her industries, that a great mercantile marine for her is a necessity that cannot be overestimated.

Regarding the problem of population, British Columbia will have to exert every effort after the war to bring settlers within her borders and care must be taken to have them of the right type. In order that her industries may be enlarged and perpetuated, the province must have the people—people who are enterprising, persevering, willing to go into the unsettled districts and till the soil and who, above all, are devoted to their country. It is realized that when the inevitable flow of post-war immigration from east to west begins, there will be all sorts and conditions of people in the pilgrimage. To make them prosperous citizens will be British Columbia's first care.

**B**RITISH COLUMBIA needs population more than capital, for the right kind of population makes capital. If B. C. had a population corresponding to that of Ontario on the basis of area, she would boast of 4,250,000 people. There is no doubt that that will be a thing in fact within a few years, but so far British Columbia is far behind the mark. In spite of her enormous area of 38,000 square miles, she has barely 400,000 people—only one-tenth as many as she should have according to the ratio in Ontario.

The checking of the immigration of Orientals, which is now just as serious as ever before, is a duty that the province must carry out, but the problem involves too many complications to be dealt with here. Encouragement to European settlers and to white labour seems to be the best course and, if properly accomplished, should be the one way of avoiding the "yellow peril" without ill-feeling or bloodshed.

The war has proved to us that industrial prosperity alone does not make a nation prepared for foreign aggression. To have British capital monopolize our industries and to have those industries extensive are essential achievements for British Columbia, as well as any other section of Canada, but while we are striving to attain them the people must not lose sight of the importance of increasing the effectiveness of the coast defences to a corresponding degree.

Who knows what the national commercial and military situation may be in, say five or ten years from now? We cannot count too strongly on alliances of to-day. The shadow of the Far East—the Orient—is becoming steadily more pronounced over the Pacific Coast, both in Canada and the United States. We know that China is awakening from her sleep of centuries and will some day assert herself in no half-hearted terms. We know that the shipyards of Japan are working day

and night, turning out merchant ships with which she hopes one day to control the trade of the Pacific. The Orient is gradually coming to a true appreciation of her power, and is preparing. Canada will be neglecting her sacred duty if she does not also prepare. Our Pacific Coast must be ready to meet any contingency.

Canada has been playing the part of a mariner who launches his ship into a gale without taking life-saving apparatus with him. The impending hurricane is in the offing, but it is approaching. Can the bark withstand its fury?

In case of an emergency, Eastern Canada has the vast fleets of the

Motherland within her beck and call. Her position is not nearly so precarious as that of the West. In case of an attack our Pacific Coast must wait for weeks for assistance, and those weeks might prove fatal.

Canada's part in the present war will be worth while even if the only result were to be the realization of the helplessness of the West Coast and the need for adequate defence.

It is ridiculous to suppose that British Columbia can be rendered safe by the provision of one second-class cruiser to patrol her 630 miles of coastline, and a handful of garrison soldiers and a few ancient small-calibre guns to guard her area of over 383,000 square miles.

Wealth worth developing is worth keeping.

## A Political Vacuum Cleaner

(Concluded from page 8.)

crossed out a lot of many individualistic suggestions and compromised on the most important—prohibition, electoral reform, higher standards of public life. We had no specially eloquent speakers, but our campaign literature was of the very highest quality and appeal. It won us a hearing with fair-minded men and it gave us the power we asked for. Three things stood out in my mind as essential. Electoral crime in certain aspects had reached a climax. I determined to prevent its recurrence. There should be no more impersonation—no more spending of the people's money at elections—no more delay in the trial of Controverted Elections.

"We have passed laws which may need amending as time goes on, but it is pretty safe to say that the way of the impersonator has been made very hard. Edward Brown should have been a member for Winnipeg if he had not run up against this evil—any man will have a square deal now.

"Several of those who contested elections swore that their expenses were nil—they at least did not pay out any money—said others might have spent something in their behalf, but they knew nothing of it. Well, we've set a limit to such expenditure—\$500 and \$750 for town and country. A man running for election here-

after must be prepared to swear that no more than this was spent. We consider this amount legitimate.

"And hereafter the 'preliminary objections' by which trials in Controverted Elections may be delayed indefinitely, will be swept aside.

"Prohibition has been in the main successful; there will be no turning back."

The Attorney General welcomes the advent of women into public life; their appearance in the Legislature even would have no terrors for him, nor would it surprise him very much. (By the way, on the very day of my interview the Winnipeg Telegram published an item with this head-line: "Conservative candidate for Roblin may be chosen from the 'weaker sex'"; this is the constituency rendered vacant by the resignation of F. Y. Newton; "there is talk in the constituency," according to the Telegram informant, "of a woman being placed in the field by the Conservatives.")

Mr. Hudson says that in the matter of women's suffrage Ontario has been the biggest surprise of all. "Why, a little while ago I was talking with some public men of Ontario and they spoke of us here as wildly radical! There are dangers in the West, no doubt, in regard to the foreign element, but I don't see why the objections would be any greater to the wo-



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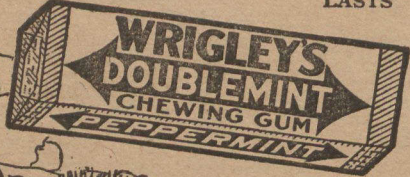
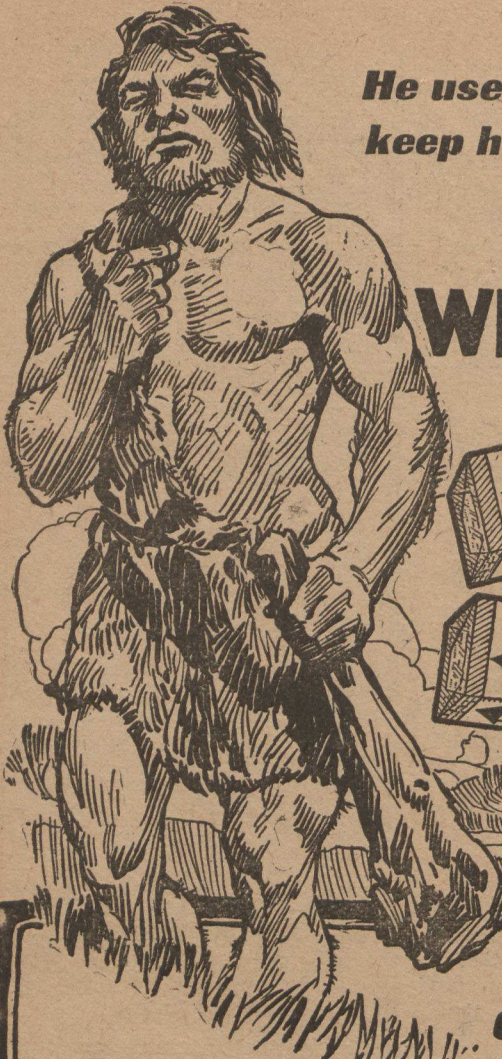
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men than to the men—and they would not be so likely to be corrupted. One element that will come to the front and have to be reckoned with is the feminine labour vote—it is these women who will study public questions more than, apparently, the leisure class."

On the Attorney-General's official desk was a great mass of white hyacinths in potted bloom. No, he and his wife did not go in for their culture, but he liked them about him. Golf, he hinted, was one of his distractions from the cares of state. Curling—and his tone was regretful—belonged to past days.

### Turn of the Road

(Concluded from page 10.)

But there is a great gap that appears to be fixed. It is the thousand miles north of Lake Superior. Ontario is not particularly interested in it. Certainly it is not interested enough to build a road across it entirely at its own expense. The country through which it will have to pass is practically a wilderness and always will be. It is the one link in the federal highway which no province would be willing to undertake. The matter has been under discussion between departments for some time. In many quarters it is said that this would be a right and proper thing for the federal government to undertake. Possibly that government might assess the various provinces with proportionate costs for a stated portion of the outlay. It has been suggested that the work might form an excellent opening for the employment of returned soldiers after the war.

Two more feasible routes than following the north shore of the lake are suggested. One is to go north as far as North Bay and New Liskeard, and thence by joining the colonization roads of the clay belt, west through Cochrane. The other is to follow the route of the Transcontinental across this stretch. Either of these routes would serve a far larger farming population than a line along the north shore of Lake Superior.

Ten years ago motor-cars were luxuries; to-day they are almost household utensils. As they become more numerous they demand better roads and more of them. In reply to this demand the governments of all the provinces of Canada are working for better roads, and are linking up the roads which they have improved. It now remains to join these roads across their provinces to make a motor track across the Dominion.

### Holy City Quartette

(Concluded from page 17.)

next to the lady soprano that she took him to task. Now, any tenor has got a sensitive soul, and Wilbur he gets grieved over this. He gets so despondent that one morning he goes out into the woodshed and tries to hang himself. He couldn't, because he stretched so! When they carried the news of this rash act to Miss Sue, it was her for the carbolic acid at once. She, too, escaped, and it was, I always thought, by reason of the borax in the near-sausage, which like enough proved an antidote. They didn't kill 'em-selves, but naturally enough they damaged their external or internal vocal works considerable for some time. Meantime the station agent allows his wife is as good as any circus performer that ever come up from Baraboo; and to make matters worse, Doty gets took down with pneumonia from going out in the night air while in a perspiration.

"In these days no man can achieve

success without getting jumped on. The rival social set in Sidonia Center, just to get even with me, started a fire company, and they persuaded Wilbur to run at the head of the team, where he didn't really need no voice nor no diaphragm. By'n' by they got Doty into the fire company, too, and soon after that the Jones-Adams Company ordered me south.

"It was too bad. If we'd got into any kind of concert pitch we'd have taken the money away from Sidonia Center that winter like robbing blind babies; but now—not! When you start a choir, as the French say, chassey le fam, which means, 'look out for the women folks.' The next quartette I start will be two, one for men and one for women, and several hundred miles apart. I'll bet Corried a month's salary he couldn't have floated the Holy City Quartette that winter, with J. P. Morgan for angel and Ed. Harri-man ahead of the show with the paper. There are some industrial undertakings which have to be tools at the physiological moment. Any such moment in the history of that quartette meant Miss Sue.

"I shall not go back to the scenes of my further activities. 'Jamais! Jamais!' as the French say. And, I'll tell you why. Something happened after I left; and you can bet a thousand dollars it was Miss Sue. Other day, down in Mississippi, where I was scaling logs for Jones-Adams, I idly turns over the pages of a Michigan Bible, and what do you think I see? Oh, nothing, only a special drive in National phonograph records, giving 'The Holy City, as sung by the Holy City Quartette of Sidonia Center, Mich.' I got one. Yep, it was my master's voice all right! I couldn't help knowing Miss Sue's metso even in a gutty-perchy choir invisible!"

### What Brings Ye Merry Mining Boom?

(Concluded from page 24.)

booms and race track gambling and real estate speculation. There are always enough winners to encourage the other people to take a flier in the mining stock-market.

There ARE good mining properties now just as there always have been and always will be if the Guggenheims don't plumb poor old Mother Earth's pockets too soon. There is money to be made in the mining business, and made honestly by honest speculation. There ARE honest mining brokers and there ARE honest mining advertisements. But be careful. If you aren't going to be careful in reading the mining ads. it would be far, far better for you to stake out an acre of swamp up in York county and open an office at the corner of King and Yonge to sell shares in it. Heaven knows, even swamp water may cost us something before this war is over, and you would make more money selling that to the credulous than in buying certain stocks from the wily.

#### A Recipe.

An Irishman who is noted for his wit went into a public-house the other day and called for a glass of beer. The tumbler was not full enough for Pat's satisfaction, so he quietly asked the publican how many barrels of beer he sold in a week.

"Ten," replied the publican.

"I think," replied Pat, "if yer stand me a pint I could put yez on a plan to sell eleven barrels a week."

"Agreed," said the landlord, handing him a pint. "How now am I to do it?"

Pat, taking a big drink at his new pint, "Always fill your glasses."—Tit-Bits.



## Buehler to the Blind

(Concluded from page 23.)

of 55, as before remarked looking not unlike Samuel Gompers, gave them all a truly artistic rendering.

Not big in virtuosity, not astounding in poetics, nowhere dazzling or extraordinarily captivating, Mr. Buehler's second programme in Toronto was still a very cordial, clean performance. This man is another and sincere enthusiast of the sensible deutic type. He lives in his music, does not pose as a great solo virtuoso, but does prove

himself a most eminent master of ensemble playing in which he has done a deal of big pioneer work. Mr. Buehler is, above all things, a teacher. His solo work is an exposition of the human side of good piano playing as a phase of art. His choice of works for his first one-man appearance in Toronto was designedly from standard masterpieces. And they were done with a delightful mixture of sincerity, elderly poise and mellow experience. Mr. Buehler has no tinge of the grand manner whose decadence was noted by Huneker in a recent issue of the

Courier. He played the Sonata Appassionata without a touch of solemn abandon. This is the work which Huneker declared that D'Albert, the nominal Scot, played better than any other artist he had ever heard do it. Mr. Buehler's rendering was a mezzotint of highly agreeable quality; the sort of interpretation that would please a number of music students much more than it would dazzle a mob. That is why the blind folk enjoyed it so. Buehler's playing is the impersonal sort that makes no demand on the sight. In the Brahms' Waltzes—

10—he was peculiarly at home. Brahms, however, was not a supreme waltz maker. Those ten were quite enough to demonstrate that he knew how if anybody really wanted him to do it. The Chopin Scherzo in B flat minor is an old favourite of Paderewski and of Rubinstein; as Buehler gave it a modified form of passion, done with true regard for all the quiet graces of interpretation. In the climaxes he left somewhat to the imagination, but gave a lovely legato rendering of the parts where staccato is not noted in the score.

# KING—OF THE KHYBER RIFLES

## CHAPTER XVI.

WHEN King awoke he lay on a comfortable bed in a cave he had never yet seen, but there was no trace of Yasmini, nor of the men who must have carried him to it. Barbaric splendour and splendour that was not by any means barbaric lay all about—tiger skins, ivory-legged chairs, graven bronze vases, and a yak-hair shawl worth a rajah's ransom.

The cave was spacious and not gloomy, for there was a wide door, apparently unguarded, and another square opening cut in the rock to serve as a window. Through both openings light streamed in like taut threads of Yasmini's golden hair—strings of a golden zither, on which his own heart's promptings played a tune.

He had no idea how long he had slept, but judged from memory of his former need of sleep and recognition of his present freshness—and from the fact that it was a morning sun that shone through the openings—that he must have slept the clock round.

It did not matter. He knew it did not matter in the least. He had no more plan than a mathematician has who starts to solve a problem, knowing that twice two is four in infinite combination. Like the mathematician, he knew that he must win.

From Yasmini's point of view he had no ground to stand on, unless he should choose to come and stand on hers. She had men, ammunition, information. He had what he stood in, and his only information had been poured into his ears for her ends.

Yet his heart sang inside him now; and he trusted it because that singing never had deceived him. He did not believe she would have left him alone at that stage of affairs unless through over-confidence. It is one of the absolute laws that over-confidence begets blindness and mistakes.

She had staked on what seemed to her the certainty of India's rising at the first signal of a holy war. She believed from close acquaintance that India was utterly disloyal, having made a study of disloyalty. And having read history she knew that many a conqueror has staked on such cards as hers, to win for lack of a better man to take the other side.

But King had studied loyalty all his life, and he knew that besides being the home of money-lenders, thugs and murderers, India is the very motherland of chivalry; that besides sedition she breeds gentlemen with stout hearts; that in addition to what one Christian Book calls "whoring after strange gods" India strives after purity.

Not that he was analyzing thoughts just then. He was listening to the still small voice that told him half of his purpose was accomplished. He had probed Khinjan Caves, and knew the whole purpose for which the lawless thousands had been gathering

THE hero of this story, Captain King, was the only officer of his set in India who was not "placed" shortly after the war began. While his brother officers were on their way to the front, or on garrison duty in India, King was apparently unattached and loafing. But—

The General in charge of the forces in India had uses for King. He had secret information of a great plot being prepared among the hill-tribes up through the Khyber Pass. And one of his helpers was the famous Yasmini, whose entrancing beauty is the centre of a secret cult to whom her lightest wish is law. King's orders, therefore, are to follow Yasmini.

Ismail, one of "Her" men, is King's guide. After meeting her lieutenant, Rewa Gunga, he departs from Delhi for the Hills with Ismail and thirty of Yasmini's humbler followers whom he rescues from jail. On the way through Rewa Gunga disappears; and King, to ensure safety, dressed himself as a native hakim, one of the men who practise modern medicine without license. In this disguise he takes the name of Kurram, and goes on to the Khinjan Caves to find Yasmini.

King has learned, through a former failure to reach the Caves that the price of entrance is the life of an English officer, taken in the teeth of written law. Therefore he gains permission to enter by saying that he has slain Captain King. Ismail is his witness; and when they finally appear before Yasmini and her followers, it is Ismail who produces as proof the actual head of an Englishman, and Yasmini decrees that King shall live.

Then she takes him into her confidence, explaining that for long she has searched for a man strong enough to rule with her; but though she has tried many, among them a German prince, all have failed her tests. King, she thinks, is the one who will fulfil her hopes; so she tells him the many war secrets she has learned, and which he has risked his life to find out.

By TALBOT MUNDY

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and were gathering still. Remained, to thwart that purpose. And he had no more doubt of there being a means to thwart it than a mathematician has of the result of two times two, applied.

Like a mathematician, he did not waste time and confuse issues by casting too far ahead, but began to devote himself steadily to the figures nearest. Knots are not untied by wholesale, but are conquered strand by strand. He began at the beginning, where he stood.

He became conscious of human life near by and tiptoed to the door to look. A six-foot ledge of smooth rock ended just at the door and sloped in the other direction sharply downward toward another opening in the cliff side, three or four hundred yards away and two hundred feet lower down.

Behind him in a corner at the back of the cave was a narrow fissure, hung with a leather curtain, that was doubtless the door into Khinjan's heart; but the only way to the outer air was along that ledge above a dizzying precipice, so high that the huge waterfall looked like a little stream below. He was in a very eagle's eyrie; the upper rim of Khinjan's gorge seemed not more than a quarter of a mile above him.

Round the corner, ten feet from the entrance, stood a guard, armed to the teeth, with a rifle, a sword, two pistols and a long curved Khyber knife stuck handy in his girdle. He spoke to the man and received no answer. He picked up a splinter of rock and threw it. The fellow looked at him then. He spoke again. The man transferred his rifle to the other hand and made signs with his free fingers. King looked puzzled. The man opened his mouth and showed that his tongue was missing. He had been made dumb, as pegs are made to fit square holes. King went in again, to wait on events and shudder.

NOR did he have long to wait. There came a sound of grunting, up the rock path. Then footsteps. Then a hoarse voice, growling orders. He went out again to look, and beheld a little procession of women, led by a man. The man was armed, but the women were burdened with his own belongings—the medicine chest—his saddle and bridle—his unrifled mule-pack—and, wonder of wonders! the presents Khinjan's sick had given him, including money and weapons. They came past the dumb man on guard and laid them all at King's feet just inside the cave.

He smiled, with that genial, face-transforming smile of his that so often melted a road for him through sullen crowds. But the man in charge of the women did not grin. He was suffering. He growled at the women, and they went away like obedient animals, to sit half-way down the ledge and await further orders. He himself made as if to follow them, and the dumb man on guard did not pay much attention; he let women and man pass behind him, stepping one pace forward toward the edge to make more room. That was his last entirely voluntary act in this world.

With a suddenness that disarmed all opposition the other humped himself against the wall and bucked into the dumb man's back, sending him, weapons and all, hurtling over the precipice. With a wild effort to recover, and avenge himself, and do his duty, the victim fired his rifle, that was ready cocked. The bullet struck the rock above and either split or shook a great fragment loose, that hurtled down after him, so that he and the stone made a race of it for the waterfall and the caverns into which the water tumbled thousands of feet away. The other ruffian spat after him, and then walked back to where King stood.

"Now heal me my boils!" he said,

grinning at last, doubtless from pleasure at the prospect. He was the same man who had stood on guard at the "guest-cave" when Ismail led King out to see the Cavern of Earth's Drink.

The temptation was to fling the brute after his victim. The temptation always is to do the wrong thing—to cap wrath with wrath, injustice with vengeance. That way wars begin and are never ended. King beckoned him into the cave, and bent over the chest of medical supplies. Then, finding the light better for his purpose at the entrance, he called the man back and made him sit down on the box.

The business of lancing boils is not especially edifying in itself; but that particular minor operation probably saved India. But for hope of it the man with boils would never have stood two turns on guard hand running and let the relief sleep on; so he would not have been on duty when the message came to carry King's belongings to his new cave of residence. There would have been no object in killing the dumb man, and so there would have been an expert with a loaded rifle to keep Muhammad Anim lurking down the trail.

Muhammad Anim came—like the devil, to scotch King's faith. He had followed the women with the loads. He stood now, like a big bear on a mountain track, swaying his head from side to side six feet away from King, watching the boils succumb to treatment. He grunted when the job was finished, and King jumped, nearly driving the lance into a new place in his patient's neck.

"Let him go!" growled Muhammad Anim. "Go, thou! Stand guard over the women until I come!"

The mullah turned a rifle this way and that in his paws, like a great bear dancing. The Mahsudi with a sore neck could have shot him, perhaps, but there are men with whom only the bravest dare try conclusions. In cold gray dawn it would have needed a martinet to make a firing squad do execution on Muhammad Anim, even with his hands tied and his back against a wall.

"What meant thy message?" growled the mullah. "There came a Pathan to me in the Cavern of Earth's Drink with word that yonder sits a hakim. What of it?"

KING had almost forgotten the message he had sent to Muhammad Anim in the Cavern of Earth's Drink. But that was not why his eyes looked past the mullah's now, nor why he did not answer. The mullah did not look around, for he knew what was happening.

The very Orakzai Pathan who had sat next King in the Cavern of Earth's Drink, and who had carried the message for him, was creeping up behind the women and already had his rifle levelled at the man with boils.

"Aye!" said the mullah, watching





the captain sahib call me a scoundrel—or some worse name if he loves me very much, for the English are a strange race—

"Thou art a dreamer!" said King. "Untie my hands; the thong cuts me." The Pathan obeyed.

"Dreamer, am I? It is good to dream such dreams. By Allah, I've a mind to see that dream come true! I never slew a man on Indian soil, only in these 'Hills.' I will go to them and say 'Here I am! I am a deserter. I seek that pardon!' Truly I will go! Come thou with me, little hakim!"

"Nay," said King, "I have another thought."

"What then?"

"You, who were seen to slay a man a yard this side of the border—"

"Nay! half a mile this side!"

"Half a mile, then. You who were seen to slay a fellow soldier of your regiment, and I who am a political offender, do not win pardons so easily as that."

"Would they hang us?"

That was the first squeamishness the Pathan had shown of any kind, but men of his race would rather be tortured to death than hanged in a merciful hempen noose.

"They would hang us," said King, "unless we came bearing gifts."

"Gifts? Has Allah touched thee? What gifts should we bring? A dozen stolen rifles?—A bag of silver? And I am the dreamer, am I?"

"Nay," said King. "I am the dreamer. I have seen a good vision."

"Well?"

"There are others in these 'Hills'—others in Khinjan who wear British medals?"

The Pathan nodded.

"How many?" asked King.

"Hundreds. Men fight first on one side, then on the other, being true to either side while the contract lasts. In all there must be the makings of

many regiments among the 'Hills.'"

King nodded. He himself had seen the chieftains come to parley after the Tirah war. Most of them had worn British medals and had worn them proudly.

"If we two," he said, speaking slowly, "could speak with some of those men and stir the spirit in them and persuade them to feel as thou dost, mentioning the pardon for deserters and the probability of bonuses to the time-expired for reenlistment; if we could march down the Khyber with a hundred such, or even with fifty or with twenty-five or with a dozen men—we would receive our pardon for the sake of service rendered."

"Good!"

THE Pathan thumped him on the back so hard that his eyes watered.

"We would have to use much caution," King advised him, when he was able to speak again.

"Aye! If Bull-with-a-beard got wind of it he would have us crucified. And if she heard of it—"

He was silent. Apparently there were no words in his tongue that could compass his dread of her revenge. He was silent for ten minutes, and King sat still beside him, letting memory of other days do its work—memory of the long, clean regimental lines, and of order and decency and of justice handed out to all and sundry by gentlemen who did not think themselves too good to wear a native regiment's uniform.

"In two days I could do the drill again as well as ever," he said at last. Then there was silence again for fifteen minutes more. "I could always shoot," he murmured; "I could always shoot."

When Muhammad Anim came back they had both forgotten to replace the lashing on King's wrists, but the mul-

lah seemed not to notice it.

"Come!" he ordered, with a side-wise jerk of his great ugly head, and then stood muttering impatiently while they obeyed.

He had twice the number of women with him, but none of them the same; and he had brought five ruffians to guard them, who pounced on the captured rifles and claimed one apiece, to the Pathan's loud-growled disgust. Then the women were made to gather up King's belongings, and at a word from the mullah they started in single file—the mullah leading, then two men, then King, then the Orakzai Pathan, and then the other three. The Pathan began to whisper busily to the man next behind and noticing that King looked straight forward and contented himself; his heart was singing within him unexplainedly; he wanted to sing and dance, as once David did before the ark. He did not feel in the least like a prisoner.

They marched downward through interminable tunnels and along ledges poised between earth and heaven, until they came at last to the tunnel leading to the one entrance into Khinjan Caves. Just before they entered it two more of the mullah's men came up with them, leading horses. One horse was for the mullah, and they helped King mount the other, showing him more respect than is usually shown a prisoner in the "Hills."

THEN the mullah led the way into the tunnel, and he seemed in deadly fear. The echo of the hoof-beats irritated him. He eyed each hole in the roof as if Yasmini might be expected to shoot down at him or drench him with boiling oil and hurried past each of them at a trot, only to draw rein immediately afterward because the noise was too great.

It became evident that his men had been at work here too, for at intervals along the passage lay dead bodies. Yasmini must have posted the men there, but where was she? Each of them lay dead with a knife wound in his back, and the mullah's men possessed themselves of rifles and knives and cartridges, wiping off blood that had scarcely cooled yet.

When they came to the end of the tunnel it was to find the door into the mosque open in front of them, and twenty more of Muhammad Anim's men standing guard over the eyelashless mullah. They had bound and gagged him. At a word from Muhammad Anim they loosed him; and at a threat the hairless one gave a signal that brought the great stone door sliding forward on its oiled bronze grooves.

Then, with a dozen jests thrown to the hairless one for consolation, and an utter indifference to the sacredness of the mosque floor, they sought outer air, and Muhammad Anim led them up the Street of the Dwellings toward Khinjan's outer ramparts. They reached the outer gate without incident and hurried into the great dry valley beyond it. As they rode across the valley the mullah thumbed a long string of beads. Unlike Yasmini, he was praying to one god; but he seemed to have many prayers. His back was a picture of determined treachery—the backs of his men were expressions of the creed that "He shall keep who can!" King rode all but last now and had a good view of their unconsciously vaunted black-guardism. There was not a hint of honour or tenderness among the lot, man, woman or mullah. Yet his heart sang within him as if he were riding to his own marriage feast!

Last of all, close behind him, marched his friend, the Orakzai Pathan, and as they picked their way among the boulders across the mile-wide moat the two contrived to fall a little to the

rear. The Pathan began speaking in a whisper and King, riding with lowered head as if he were studying the dangerous track, listened with both ears.

"She sent her man Rewa Gunga toward the Khyber with a message," he whispered. "He took a few men with him, and he is to send them with the message when they reach the Khyber, but he is to come back. All he went for is to make sure the message is not intercepted, for Bull-with-a-beard is growing reckless these days. He knew what was doing and said at once that she is treating with the British, but there were few who believed that. There are more who wonder where she hides while the message is on its way. None has seen her. Men have swarmed into the Cavern of Earth's Drink and howled for her, but she did not come. Then the mullah went to look for his ammunition that he stored and sealed in a cave. And it was gone. It was all gone. And there was no proof of who had taken it!"

"Hakim, there be some who say—and Bull-with-a-beard is one of them—that she is afraid and hides. Men say she fears vengeance for the stolen ammunition, because it was plenty for a conquest of India. So men say. So say these here, for I have asked them."

"And thou?" asked King, struggling to keep the note of exultation from his voice. He did not believe she was hiding. She might be staring into a crystal in some secret cave—she might be planning new mischief of any kind. But afraid she was surely not. And just as surely he could vow she was working out her own undoing.

"I?" said the Pathan. "I swear she is afraid of nothing. If she has taken all the ammunition, then we shall hear from it again and from her too!"

"And what of me?" asked King. "What will the mullah do with me?"

"His men say he is desperate. His own are losing faith in him. He snatched thee to be a bait for her, having it in mind that a man whom she hides in her private part of Khinjan must be of great value to her. He has sworn to have thee skinned alive on a hot rock should she fail to come to terms!"

THAT being not such a comforting reflection, King rode in silence for a while, with the Pathan trudging solemnly beside his stirrup keeping semblance of guard over him. When they reached the steep escarpment he had to dismount, although the mullah in the lead tried to make his own beast carry him up the lower spur and was mad-angry with his men for laughing when the horse fell back with him.

Far in the rear King and the Pathan shoved and hauled and nearly lost their horse a dozen times at that. But once at the top the mullah set a furious pace and the laden women panted in their efforts to keep up, the men taking less notice of them than if they had been animals.

The march went on in single file until the sun died down in splendid fury. Then there began to be a wind that they had to lean against, but the women were allowed no rest.

At last at a place where the trail began to widen, the mullah beckoned King to ride beside him. It was not that he wished to be communicative, but there were things King knew that he did not know, and he had his own way of asking questions.

"Damned hakim!" he growled. "Pill-man! Poulter! That is a sweeper's trade of thine! Thou shalt apply it at my camp! I have some wounded and some sick."

King did not answer, but buttoned

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his coat closer against the keen wind. The mullah mistook the shudder for one of another kind.

"Did she choose thee only for thy face?" he asked. "Did she not consider thy courage? Does she love thee well enough to ransom thee?"

Again King did not answer, but he watched the mullah's face keenly in the dark and missed nothing of its expression. He decided the man was in doubt—even racked by indecision.

"Should she not ransom thee, hakim, thou shalt have a chance to show my men how a man out of India can die! By and by I will lend thee a messenger to send to her. Better make the message clear and urgent! Thou shalt state my terms to her and plead thine own cause in the same letter. My camp lies yonder."

HE motioned with one sweep of his arm toward a valley that lay in shadow far below them. As far as the slope leading down to it was visible in the moonlight it was littered with what the "Hills" call "hell-stones," that will neither lie flat nor keep on rolling, and are dangerous to man and beast alike. Nothing else could be made out through the darkness but a few twisted tamarisk trees, that served to make the savagery yet more savage and the loneliness more desolate. The gloom below the trees was that of the very underdepths of hell itself.

The mullah pointed to a rock that rose like a shadow from the deeper blackness.

"Yes," said King, "I have seen." And the mullah stared at him. Then he shouted, and the top of the rock turned into a man, who gave them leave to advance, leaning on his rifle as one who had assured himself of their identity long minutes ago.

As they approached it the rock clove in two and became two great pillars, with a man on each. And between the pillars they looked down into a valley lit by fires that burned before a thousand hide tents, with shadows by the hundred flitting back and forth between them. A dull roar, like the voice of an army, rose out of the gorge.

"More than four thousand men!" said the mullah proudly.

"What are four thousand for a raid into India?" sneered King, greatly daring.

"Wait and see!" growled the mullah; but he seemed depressed.

He led the way downward, getting off his horse and giving the reins to a man. King copied him, and part-way sliding, part stumbling down they found their way along the dry bed of a water-course between two spurs of a hillside, until they stood at last in the midst of a cluster of a dozen sentries, close to a tamarisk to which a man's body hung spiked. That the man had been spiked to it alive was suggested by the body's attitude.

Without a word to the sentries the mullah led on down a lane through the midst of the camp, toward a great open cave at the far side, in which a bonfire cast fitful light and shadow. Watchers sitting by the thousand tents yawned at them, but took no particular notice.

The mouth of the cave was like a lion's, fringed with teeth. There were men in it, ten or eleven of them, all armed, squatting round the fire.

"Get out!" growled the mullah. But they did not obey. They sat and stared at him.

"Have ye tents?" the mullah asked, in a voice like thunder.

"Aye!" But they did not go yet.

One of the men, he nearest the mullah, got on his feet, but he had to step back a pace, for the mullah would not give ground and their breath was in each other's faces.

(To be continued.)

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